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## Kenyon Collegian - September 1895

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# The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

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VOL. XXII.

GAMBIER, OHIO, SEPTEMBER, 1895.

No. 4.

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## Editorial.

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ANOTHER page of Kenyon's history has been finished and another band of her sons, transformed between one sunrise and sunset from undergraduates into alumni, have left her halls to test the worth of the preparation she has given them for learning life's secrets. To some of them, their college education means merely an entry into walks of higher education, to others it means an immediate introduction into the struggle for the debt which the world owes them. In either case, the lives of their predecessors who have received Alma Mater's benediction to gain success in business and honor in Church and State, offer types of manhood worthy of their highest emulation. No two fairer examples of these can be found than those who graced the graduation exercises of the Class of '95 with their talent. The one the scholar, the other the man—not *of*, but—in the world, each working for the same end, the elevation of mankind, but each in his own sphere and in his own way. Whether in the quiet of a study or in the passion of a political caucus,

each is putting fearlessly to use those talents with which he is endowed, for the advancement of what is best in himself and in his fellows. The world may never know them, but they who mount higher will have gained a lofty eminence.

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IT would be indeed hard for one to recognize in the gay scene of Monday evening of the Week the tranquil park of our work-day occupations. The witchery of the soft light from the overarching Chinese lanterns, the hum of many voices and the merry peals of laughter, the gallant forms and bright faces, the melodious strains of the band beyond, seem like the creation of the wizard's wand when there comes to our mind's eye the picture of a week before. No arch over the path then save that of the old maples, arms linked, through whose interstices gleamed the moonbeams, silvering the leaves with their light and casting fantastic shadows through the silent park — silent except for the occasional chime of bells in the church tower or the song of some students' serenading party on their way to the college. The old park's holiday attire becomes her well, and we have enjoyed her fetes most heartily; yet memory softens the roughness of what seemed to us "one continual grind," and we are again ready to say her work-day garb is the best of all.

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THE difficulty which has been experienced in the last few years in arranging a programme for the graduation exercises satisfying the ideas of all parties concerned, is one which no method yet pursued seems to have met successfully. Without doubt, the ultimate standpoint from which the subject is to be considered is that of the average commencement visitor, and that arrangement which tends most to interest him should, of course, be preferred. To that end, it is maintained on the one hand that the immature thoughts and oratory of a college graduate would only be tedious to an audience, while an address from some distinguished man, perhaps formerly connected with the college, would be far preferable. On the other hand, it is asserted that a desire to witness what the students themselves can do explains the visitor's presence there, that he has an opportunity at any time of hearing distinguished speakers, etc. A compromise between the two programmes must appeal to an objection less remote — the difficulties arising in deciding upon a satis-

factory basis for the class's representation; where the class is large and the speakers few, this objection is a serious one.

But is there no other solution of the problem? It is the custom in most, if not nearly all of the colleges in which the commencement address has superceded exercises comprising orations by members of the class, to have, in addition, a Class Day. The programme of these exercises is entirely under the direction of the graduating class and may be as varied in character as its talent will allow. Here, then, is the solution: Those to whom such exercises are most interesting can attend the formal graduation with the commencement address and the valedictory and salutatory; those who are particularly interested in the members of the class themselves and what they can do, will have for their edification the efforts of the class orator, the historian, the prophet, the poet, and others, the only basis of whose choice has been their ability. Class Day was once an established feature of Kenyon's Commencement Week, and hence in suggesting the inauguration of such exercises by the Class of '96, we are not advising the introduction of a new custom but the reviving of an old one.

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## College Scholarship.

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### AN ORATION.

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ARTHUR DUMPER.

IN AN age exalted by the doctrines and theories of evolution, nineteenth century scholarship looks abroad upon a conflict between two great tendencies. Chastened and spiritualized with a glory and power unknown to any preceding age, the idea of the true and the beautiful binds a holy congregation as with a silken cord invisible. Aiming at life in its beauty and fragrance, and vesting the dignity of man in relationships of noble worth, our age is instinct with the longings of Idealism. Opposed to the tendency toward Idealism, stands a luxuriant and far reaching Materialism in its soullessness and aggressiveness, dealing with men in the mass. Ruling almightily, it nips life in the bud and makes of man a mere occasion for serving its selfish and narrow end. In their best

phases Idealism tends to exalt man's intellectual and spiritual nature; Materialism tends to exalt man's powers for usefulness. To combine these two tendencies by utilizing the one and by spiritualizing the other, and thus to reveal man in his dignity, is the work of modern scholarship.

But, in order that the river may flow clear and sweet, its fountain spring must first be purified. A sad and melancholy smile, sprung from looking at life in its partial aspects, curls the lips of men in the waning of the century, and the effects of the blight reaching downward make their impression even upon the young. A misapplied scholarship is poisoning its thousands, belittling man, and outraging the deeper sentiments of his human nature. Betraying the righteous functions of scholarship, the spirit of a misty eyed criticism roams abroad seeking what of good it may devour; according to this criticism, man created in the spirit of *goodness* and in the image of deity becomes but a blind organism; love, the awakening tremor of the nervous system; affinity with the angels would be a myth, and "all life but the refrain of a song." Vandalism, no longer satisfied to destroy the monument, now seeks the sculptor, for men speaking fluently in the language of "Degeneration" proclaim no longer a Homer nor a Shakespeare, but a Genius, conditional on diseased nerves. Instead of "making the best ideas prevail," criticism misdirected and perverted, mars and dissects, as the surgeon with his scalpel, a beauty it can not create.

But no age, says the philosopher, is to be measured by its imperfection; and already signs of a reform in this department of scholarship are apparent. To hasten this movement a return must be made to simpler habits and simpler tastes. Scholarship, true to itself, must sing of hopefulness, not of hopelessness, must replace the enervating with the inspiring. To begin with, it must give the lie to the specious sham, which, proclaiming its royal roads and shortened methods, would make of scholarship the ambition of a day or the development of an idea. It must give the lie to the blind expediency which, while it properly makes moral goodness the indispensable requisite for the priestly function, demands for the lawyer only a knowledge of the statutes or for the doctor only a certain skill in diagnosis as the all sufficient preparation for their respective professions. Striving for quick results, men endeavor to annihilate time, see in our day the magical effects of a wonderful lamp, but fail to distinguish between man spiritual and man mechanical. The

virtues, energy, perseverance, hopefulness, are often branded as a category of commonplaces, in statement wearisome, by those who forget that in the long stretches of history only these are justified of their children.

Go back to the Greek, does scholarship speak there of royal roads, or of shortened methods? We find there, not haste nor a monstrous expediency, but rather leisure for thought, and harmony developed from "nothing too much." "Scattered from the lap of some wandering wind," the acorn grows silently in the forest a century of years, and only when the woodsman arrives with his axe in the *hundredth* year does the oak announce itself through the solitudes. And always the development of scholarship has recorded a steady growth, outward and upward, into the clear atmosphere of the truth, and a mighty protest against time serving and temporizing. The American college is in danger of missing its part in the development of a healthful scholarship. Staggering under the pressure of forces more or less in conflict with its rightful aims, the college is in danger of succumbing to the materialistic cravings of the day. An ever increasing tendency toward specialization is revolutionizing the curriculum, and the university idea, substituting greater closeness of vision for scientific breadth of view is taking the place of the college idea. At the cost of the foundation, a policy leading to one-mindedness rather than to culture is rearing its imposing superstructure; for a Spartan Materialism has not yet ceased to confound the whole and the part, and true to history, still prefers one-sided strength as of the soldier.

The elective system—when prematurely offered—the technical school, and the business college all represent the Spartan idea in the early stages of scholarship. It were folly, however, to call the growth of such institutions a worthless development; indeed, they meet a demand arising from the times, and in a limited sphere accomplish a true usefulness. Born of expediency and of the keen competition of life they have their grain of truth; yet they are in spirit opposed to the wisdom of a progressive evolution, since they are founded on an abnormal desire to begin life early. Colleges, in the broad sense of the word, they are not, and the effort to confound them must be denounced as false to the interests of all true culture. They can at best approach the college idea on but one side; for through narrowness of outlook they must perforce disregard the first requisite for a well-rounded scholarship. The

purpose of the college in an age when material well-being is more or less consciously striven for by the cultured and the uncultured, must be to keep in harmony with the best spirit of the times, and to serve the needs of higher scholarship. This means, if "education is to be as broad as man," not that the college graduate shall lay aside his cap and gown prepared to solve the problems of society, for the college does not pretend to make prophets, nor scholars, nor statesmen. Rather it means that the college shall qualify its graduates to take their places among men of honor, among men of broadened sympathies, among men touched with the truth of life. All that materialism, all that idealism, all that reason can demand of our colleges is that they, showing life to be more than a profession, bring men to a knowledge of their nobler selves. Surely college scholarship were a trifling thing did it only imply an accumulation of facts and principles; it becomes an indispensable thing for our humanity when the trained mind becomes the medium for a trained and disciplined character.

The scholar who is continually rapt in scientific wonder may be a very sublime personage, yet his isolated existence can excite only a meagre admiration. But find the truth vivified by character and you have discovered the secret of all progress—history, indeed, weaving herself about this concept with persistent fondness. For, after all, deeper than "the refrain of a song" moves the life of man, while there is a nobility which reigns in the midst of democracy, an object of all real hero worship. Men give names to this nobility; they call it Abraham Lincoln, and confide in it; Mark Hopkins, and believe in it; Phillips Brooks, and love it—of such goodness and attractiveness is all true greatness in its essence. The truest spirit of the times and the nobler purposes of scholarship will best be served then, only so long as nobility of character is developed as the chief end of college culture, while the detractors and vilifiers of our humanity will most effectively be silenced by a scholarship based upon the deep significance of human life.

## The Girl Who Won the Foot Ball Game.

A. N. S.

[From Harry L. Badger, Salem, Kennecut County, Connecticut, to John R. Masterson, 41 Grey's Hall, Wolcott College, Wolcott, Conn.]

\* \* \* BUT please understand, Jack, you are not to interfere in this business. As I told the Faculty, I haven't any explanation to make for my presence there that night; privately, I'll tell you that I can not explain for fear of consequences which I should regard as more serious than this. So, of course, if the guilty man, or men, won't confess, the Faculty were perfectly justified in taking the step they did. But my quarters here are better than I had any reason to expect. It's an odd little village, this Salem; they say the name means "Peace," and, by Jove! they couldn't find a fitter appellation for this quiet, secluded hamlet among the hills. Fresh from the noise and bustle of a great city, I felt like an anachronism when I first dropped into it with its fashions of fifty years ago and its customs of an age still more remote. Whom do you think I've found in my host, Jack? Do you remember that base ball team about which old Prof. Hedlow was telling us last Commencement week which defeated all the big university nines for two years? Well, this quaint, old-fashioned, unworldly little country parson, with his serious eyes and scholarly brow, was the pitcher for that team. He looks fully ten years older than he is. And Jack, I never half realized what there is in the classics until I heard him spout from the Medea; his eyes fairly sparkle as he unravels some particularly fine passage for you, and the Dean himself couldn't resist that infectious little laugh of the Doctor's over some of that old fogey Plautus' stupid jokes. But what I'm afraid will be the greatest surprise of all to you, old man, is that I've turned rank traitor to my long established principles concerning girls, and must admit at last there may possibly be a few here and there who will save the class from extermination under the divine Law of Economy. She is the Doctor's daughter. I was rather non-plused to discover I had been condemned to spend the winter under the same roof with a girl, but I didn't pay very much attention to her when introduced, although she seemed in some indefinable way a little nearer "the end of the century" than her neighbors. (I've learned since she has been two years at



Wellesley.) But, though a very attentive listener, she said very little, and I was rejoicing by the time tea was over that she was not likely to bother me. Sitting around the open fire after tea, the Doctor began to question me concerning athletics at Wolcott in the present generation, and I had given him what I considered a fair view of our prospects in foot-ball when Miss Alice suddenly asked: "Will Davis take your place at right half or will Thurlow be taken from the line?" You could have knocked me down with a feather, Jack. I've never had any difficulty heretofore in distributing my girl acquaintances who pretended to take an interest in athletics into one of two classes: First, those who thought they knew something and didn't; and second, those who didn't think at all. I believe I found the latter the lesser of the two evils. Well, to discover a girl whom I could not class in either category nearly destroyed my equilibrium. That girl absolutely knew the names and ability of every man on our team, and the prospects of our success with every other team in the League. Now, after a week's acquaintance with her, you would be struck dumb to see this woman-hating chum of yours who has often expressed a preference for boning out a tough Greek lesson over talking to a girl, on terms of the best fellowship with one of them, reading, studying, and talking with her as if he were not the shyest man in all Wolcott. But enough of this. I was very glad to hear of your election to the captaincy, but I don't feel that I should outline your policy for you as you request. However, I have no objections to offering you my private opinions. \* \* \* \* \* Keep Thurlow in the line; both the C. S. U. and Arceon have heavy rush-lines this year, and there is no fit material for right tackle. Try Davis, and work him hard—it's all you can do, confound it! \* \* \* \* \* Keep me informed as to all your plays and the work each man is doing, and believe me, old fellow,

Sincerely yours,

HARRY L. BADGER.

[From Miss Alice Brown, Salem, Kennebec County, Conn., to Miss Lucy Adelaide Gordon, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.]

\* \* \* \* \* And so you can imagine how eager I was to see this young man who had just been "rusticated" to my father's house for some college prank or other. Wasn't it horrid of that stupid faculty to suspend the captain and the star player of what everybody says is the best team Wolcott has ever put out? Just at the beginning of the season, too, be-

fore he could get them fully under way. At first sight of him I was never so disappointed in a person in my life. I had drawn such a romantic picture of him in my mind—a tall, ruddy, broad-shouldered young giant in a sweater and with other marks of athletic negligee, and above all, with that good natured air of superiority with which social lionizing seems to stamp these successful athletes. Of course I didn't expect to find him interesting as a man, but merely as a type—you know my craze for types. As you may recall, my personal experience with the genus has been confined to the few specimens your brother has introduced to me at the two or three foot ball games I've attended. So this highly colored creature of my imagination had, perhaps, but little ground for existence. Be that as it may, when father just before tea introduced a pale, slender young man with eye-glasses, carefully even fashionably dressed, and most fastidiously neat at every point, who bowed to me as self-consciously as if I were the belle of the Four Hundred, I experienced a pang of bitter disappointment. Why, Lucy, at the very first question I asked him, he blushed scarlet, and looked half frightened to death. But, though the athlete has been a disappointment, the man is perfectly charming, Luce. His bashfulness seems to be from ignorance of our sex, and I am rapidly bringing him to a realization of his lost opportunities. He not only can express his views on any phase of athletics clearly and directly, but his ideas on all subjects, derived from a wide range of reading, are very interesting when one can overcome his reticence sufficiently to make him talk. On the whole, I believe I'm better satisfied with the type of man I've discovered, than I would have been with the athlete. He exercises very regularly, and a longer acquaintance with him has given me a higher opinion of his physical ability. I've been wondering so often lately how such a man as Mr. Badger could have taken part in a college prank serious enough to cause his suspension. Good-by for this time, dear Lucy. I hear the dinner bell. \* \* \* \* (*Two pages omitted.*) Remember me to all the girls, and write soon to

Your loving friend,

ALICE BROWN.

P. S.—I intend to find out something about this business which has deprived Wolcott of its foot ball captain or have very good reasons for not knowing.

[From John R. Masterson to Harry L. Badger.]

\* \* \* \* Harry, it was horrible! We beat them, of course, but just think! Here's our Thanksgiving game with Arceon coming off in two weeks. Arceon shut out C. S. U. last week something like 40 to 0. We play the same identical team and only get one touch-down, and that on a fluke! And all the trouble lies in the right half—he can't run, he can't buck, he can't tackle. Can't you get your father to work the faculty for you, old man? Our only hope of beating Arceon depends on our getting you back. Haven't you any suspicion who that fellow was, Harry? By Jove, I'd like to get him within reach of my fist! \* \* \* \* What has become of your friend, Miss Brown? You haven't written a word about her since your first letter. Good-by, old man. Write soon.

Yours,

JACK.

[From John R. Masterson to Miss Alice Brown.]

MY DEAR MISS BROWN: In reply to your favor of November seventeenth, I am sorry to say I can give you little information in regard to the guilty parties in the scrape which caused Mr. Badger's <sup>own</sup> ~~hasty~~ justification. Personally, I have suspicions which point to a fellow named Rupert as the man. He is a cousin of Mr. Badger's, by the way, and his mother, a widow, knowing her son is inclined to be a little wild, has asked Mr. Badger to watch over him. It would nearly kill him, I know, if anything should happen to Rupert, and so I haven't dared to suggest such an opinion. Regretting that I can not be of more service to a friend of Mr. Badger's, and begging you not to consider the compliment you have paid me in writing in any sense a liberty, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN RAYMOND MASTERSON.

[Extract from the diary of Harry L. Badger.]

What a beastly dull day! I'll try to study for half an hour, toss the book into a corner, pick up the Indian clubs, put them aside to read, find even an account of the Yale-Harvard game palls on me, try a spurt on my wheel, and then come back as restless as ever. I wonder what has been the matter with Alice lately; her leaving home this morning leading the old Doctor like a lamb to the slaughter certainly caps the climax of her mysterious actions. I wonder why she was so much interested in

Cousin Bob yesterday? O, why can't he be a man! I believe I cried like a baby when I got Jack's letter the other day explaining the trouble he's having with Davis. \* \* \* \*

[Telegram from W. B. Winthrop, D. D., President of Wolcott College, to Harry L. Badger.]

Faculty has reconsidered its action. You are reinstated.

[Special delivery. From John R. Masterson to Harry L. Badger.]

DEAR HARRY: Just a few lines before this mail closes, dear old chum, to tell you how the whole thing happened. You have received Prexy's telegram, I know, but you can't get away from Salem before tomorrow, so here goes. You're a brick, Harry, for shielding Rupert, but it was abominably Quixotic. That little Miss Brown of yours did it all! She came down to Wolcott yesterday afternoon with her father and had Rupert come to the hotel. She was with him for about an hour, her father told me, and nobody knows just what happened. At any rate, she came before the faculty last night (just think of that—a girl) and, after making them promise not to bring the offender into publicity, showed them just what a fool you've made of yourself, Harry. Rupert left last night and much as the fellows may surmise, nobody will know more than you choose to tell. That girl's a jewel, old man. Whoopee! Now for the team that will show Arceon how to play foot ball! I can hardly wait to see you, old fellow! All the boys send love.

Yours,

JACK.

[Extract from a clipping from the *Boston Sun*.]

\* \* \* Neither side had yet scored. The excitement had now become intense. The thousands of spectators on the side lines who had been maintaining a steady roar during the whole of the keenly fought contest, were as silent as though under a spell. The ball, after rapidly changing sides, finally went to Wolcott. Slowly, by end runs, the lines moved down toward Arceon's goal. Third down, seven yards to gain and one minute to play. Can they make it? The ball is given to Badger whose cool words of encouragement and whose quick runs and sharp tackles have been half their strength. The line of interference starts for the left end, and but scarcely had it been set in motion than Wolcott's rush line gave way and the interference broke up. The Wolcott sym-

pathizers on the side lines gave a groan of despair, when suddenly little Badger, who had escaped notice in the scrimmage, darted out from a heap of players and was almost past the line before Arceon realized he had the ball. Like a rabbit he dodged in and out and then sprinted down the field. Baker, Arceon's full back, is the only man left to oppose his progress. Baker crouches low to frustrate one of Badger's well known dodges. An escape seems impossible. Badger bends down as if to ward off Baker's tackle and then, suddenly straightening up, leaps clear over Baker's body and touches the ball down between the posts ten seconds before time is called. \* \* \*

[From Miss Alice Brown to Miss Lucy Adelaide Gordon.]

\* \* \* Oh, Lucy! it was glorious! The crowd seemed stunned for an instant, then a shout went up that was almost deafening, "Badger! Badger! Badger!" and a moment after Mr. Badger was riding across the field on the shoulders of his friends. The Wolcott men went almost wild; the air seemed full of hats, canes and banners tossed up by howling enthusiasts. Whenever the noise relaxed the least in intensity, you could hear above the confused clamor from the hundreds of throats, some Stentor calling for "Three cheers for Badger!" and the crowd would catch fire again. I shall never, never forget that scene! But there was a little demonstration that night which I found rather embarrassing, and for which I fear I have a crow to pick with Mr. Masterson; a great crowd of the students came down to the hotel, and after a serenade, gave me three cheers for helping win that Arceon game! Did you ever hear of anything so silly?

But the best of all I have still to tell you, dearest Lucy. Your friend is so happy, dear—excuse her if she talks a little foolishly. After that Mr. Rupert had confessed that he was the guilty man and that Mr. Badger had only been there to try to induce him to keep out of mischief, I had only seen Mr. Badger once and that was on our way home. He thanked me for what I had done in a somewhat constrained manner, I thought, and then I did not see him until after the foot ball game. Oh, it was so lonely here during that long week! As soon after the game as he could get away, he came to me and asked if he might call on me that evening. He came and—we understand each other now. I have found another type—my first ideal \* \* \*

Give the girls my love and believe me always,  
Yours affectionately,

ALICE BROWN.

P. S.—We have decided to make no formal announcement until after Harry is graduated.

P. P. S.—What kind of a present do you imagine I received to-day? A real foot ball (the one used in the Arceon game) gilded and with these words inscribed on the side: "From the Wolcott College Athletic Association to the Girl Who Won the Foot Ball Game."

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### Alumni Resolution.

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THE members of the Alumni Association of Kenyon College desire to put on record a brief note of their appreciation of the life and character of their late associate, the Hon. William Key Rodgers of the Class of 1848. His early life was spent in Circleville, Ohio, where he was born and where his studies were pursued, until he was sent to Kenyon Grammar School to be prepared for college.

Among his classmates in Kenyon were not a few who gained places of usefulness and honor in the Church and State, but none gave richer promise than he of that to which he afterward attained. On the completion of his college course he studied law, and soon after his admission to the bar became a member of the firm of Corwin, Hayes & Rodgers, of Cincinnati, continuing in successful practice until failing health compelled him to retirement for a period, during which his mind (which has always been of a deeply religious turn) led him to turn his attention to the ministry. Accordingly, in 1859, he returned to Gambier and entered Bexley Hall, graduating in 1861. His only parish was St. John's, Lancaster, and during his ministry there he married the eldest daughter of Dr. Andrews, who for many years was President of the Ohio State Bank. Failing health again soon compelled him to give up work and he went to Duluth, Wis., where he engaged in business with Hon. R. B. Hayes. When Mr. Hayes became President of the United States he appointed Mr. Rodgers his private secretary, a position he filled with efficiency and credit. At the close of the Hayes administration Mr. Rodgers retired to private life in Columbus, Ohio, where he remained until the time of

his death, which occurred in the summer of 1894. His life, so comparatively uneventful in its details, was marked by a singularly pure and sensitive conservativeness. Very retiring in his nature, he never pushed himself into prominence, but no one capable of appreciating nobility of character ever came in contact with Mr. Rogers without being strongly impressed by the purity of his purposes and the earnestness of his endeavors. Those who knew him best loved him most, and he will be long remembered by many friends in whose minds will linger the memory of a gentle, upright, conscientious life.

*Resolved*, That this note be entered upon the minutes of the Association, and be published in the KENYON COLLEGIAN.

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### Commencement Week Events.

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#### THE COLLEGE BACCALAUREATE EXERCISES.

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COMMENCEMENT WEEK was formally opened on the evening of Sunday, June 16, with the Baccalaureate Exercises. At 7 o'clock the Seniors, preceded by their marshals, marched slowly up the nave to their seats; they were followed by the College and Bexley faculties and by the visiting clergy in the order of their rank, Bishop Leonard bringing up the rear. The Rev. Mr. Blake, of Cincinnati, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Denslow, the college chaplain, conducted the service. The Rev. Dr. Holland, of St. Louis, preached the Baccalaureate sermon, taking as his text John vi, 67-69; we regret that lack of space forbids a full account of Dr. Holland's able effort. In conclusion, he addressed the graduating class, in substance, as follows: "Young men, truth, truthfulness is what I would urge on you. It is co-equal with the mind, it is powerful or weak as the soul is strong or infirm. It is a shield protecting us from many sins which would otherwise prove too great for us. The stars which burn white, steadily and forever in the firmament, are its emblems. And grasping and holding aloft this standard, may you press on, following as your ideal Him to whom alone you can look for help, and through whom alone you may receive the words of eternal life."

## FIELD DAY.

FIELD DAY, June 17, was a perfect day for track athletics, and our men were just in the humor for breaking records, the unevenness of the new course handicapped the track events considerable, but still we succeeded in smashing five of our records—fifty yard dash, hundred and twenty yard hurdle, hammer, sixteen pound shot, and running hop-step-and jump. Records were established for the 12 lb. shot-put and the pole vault. An enthusiastic crowd lined the hill side and the contestants acquitted themselves very creditably. The following is a summary of the various events and their respective winners:

Handsome prizes were offered by Gambier and Mt. Vernon merchants for the winners in each event. The handsome gold medal for the best all 'round athlete went to Hollenbach; Blake was second in number of points; Doan, third.

*Fifty Yards Dash.* Entries—C. E. Doan, '97; H. A. Barber, '96; W. D. Blake, '97, and Howard Hollenbach, '96. Won by Blake; second, Hollenbach; third, Doan. Time, 5½ sec.

*Putting Sixteen Pound Shot.* Entries—Herb. William, '96; H. B. Sawyer, '96; D. W. Thornberry, '96, and W. D. Blake, '97. Won by Thornberry; second, Sawyer; third, Blake. Distance, 35 ft. 8½ in.

*Four Hundred and Forty Yards Dash.* Entries—G. H. Eckerlie, '96; Howard Hollenbach, '96, and C. P. Mottley, '95. Won by Mottley, second, Hollenbach; third, Eckerle. Time, 60½ sec.

*Putting Twelve Pound Shot.* Entries—C. M. Hubbard, '97; W. D. Blake, '97; H. H. Kennedy, '96; G. F. Williams, '95; E. R. Wilson, '96; and Howard Hollenbach, '96. Won by Blake; second, Wilson; third, Kennedy. Distance, 37 ft. 6 in.

*Standing Broad Jump.* Entries—H. B. Sawyer, '96; W. C. Lee, '96; C. E. Doan, '97; G. F. Williams, '95, and E. R. Wilson, '96. Won by Wilson; second, Sawyer; third, Doan. Distance, 9 ft. 3 in.

*Hundred Yards Dash.* Entries—W. D. Blake, '97; C. E. Doan, '97. Won by Blake. Time, 10¼ sec.

*Half Mile Run.* Entries—C. A. MacNish, '98, and Howard Hollenbach, '96. Won by Hollenbach. Time, 2 min. 45 sec.



*Running High Jump.* Entries—D. W. Thornberry, '96; W. C. Lee, '98; C. E. Doan, '97, and E. R. Wilson, '96. Won by Thornberry; second, Doan. Height, 4 ft. 6 in.

*Throwing Sixteen Pound Hammer.* Entries—Herb. Williams, '96; H. B. Sawyer, '96; D. W. Thornberry, '96, and Howard Hollenbach, '96. Won by Thornberry; second, Williams; third, Hollenbach. Distance, 72 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

*Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle.* Entries—C. E. Doan, '97; G. F. Williams, '95, and G. H. Eckerle, '96. Won by Doan; second, Williams. Time, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$  sec.

*Running Hop-Step and Jump.* Entries—W. D. Blake, '97; D. W. Thornberry, '96; W. C. Lee, '96; C. E. Doan, '97; E. R. Wilson, '96, and Howard Hollenbach, '96. Won by Hollenbach; second, Doan; third, Blake. Distance, 39 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

*Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash.* Entries—W. D. Blake, '97; C. E. Doan, '97, and Howard Hollenbach, '96. Won by Blake; second, Hollenbach. Time, 28 sec.

*Running Broad Jump.* Entries—W. D. Blake, '97; D. W. Thornberry, '96; W. C. Lee, '96; C. E. Doan, '97; E. R. Wilson, '96, and Howard Hollenbach, '96. Won by Hollenbach; second, Doan; third, Thornberry. Distance, 17 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

*Pole Vault.* Entries—W. D. Blake, '97; G. F. Williams, '95, and E. R. Wilson, '96. Won by Williams; second, Wilson. Height, 7 ft. 10 in.

*Mile Run.* Entries—Eckerle, '96, and Irvine, '98. Won by Eckerle. Time, 6 min. 23 sec.

The officials were: Referee, H. J. Eberth; judges, Will S. Walkley, W. E. Grant, R. B. Hubbard; starter, C. M. Hubbard; clerk, J. O'F. Little.

#### THE BASE BALL GAME.

Owing to the cancelling of the game with Springfield for Monday afternoon, a game was arranged with Mt. Vernon. A good crowd was in attendance, the day was cool and pleasant, but notwithstanding the favorable conditions it was found impossible to arouse any enthusiasm; the visitors played poorly and Kenyon men easily rolled up a large score.

While intercollegiate athletics always arouse enthusiasm, it seems impossible to stir up any great degree of it in contests with athletic associations and "town teams."

Esselbourne pitched a good game with a large number of strike outs to his credit. Straw came to the bat six times and made five runs. Wolverton let but one ball pass and played a good game. Powell, Sites and Snow played well, but all the Mt. Vernon men found difficulty in finding Esselbourne's curves. Taylor threw a splendid out curve, but Kenyon soon found it and placed them well into the field. Wolverton's batting was especially fine. Blake found a safe place for his hot liners in the centre field and sprinted the bases in ten-second style.

The following is the makeup of the teams and the score by innings:

MT. VERNON.					KENYON.				
Sites.....	Catcher.....				Wolverton.....				
Taylor.....	Pitcher.....				Esselbourne.....				
Severns.....	Short Stop.....				Myers.....				
Devis.....	First Base.....				Daley.....				
Snow.....	Second Base.....				Follett.....				
Hamilton.....	Third Base.....				Straw.....				
Hursh.....	Right Field.....				Jacobs.....				
Errett.....	Left Field.....				Blake.....				
Powell.....	Centre Field.....				Burnett.....				
INNINGS.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Mt. Vernon.....	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	2—5
Kenyon.....	2	0	5	1	3	3	7	1	*—22

Time of game, 2 hrs. Umpire, Wilson, of Kenyon.

#### THE PROMENADE CONCERT.

The weather clerk had evidently not learned of the new resolution of the trustees to close the college one week earlier, and consequently did not have the usual shower in readiness to threaten the Promenade Concert festivities. Chinese lanterns had been strung from tree to tree across the path as far as the college gates, while the Pugh Vidette Band in front of Rosse Hall discoursed sweet music for the enjoyment of the promenaders. Until a late hour the gay stream of pleasure seekers continued, apparently but little diminished by the groups which had separated themselves from it for quieter stations on the seats under the trees beyond the lanterns' light. The first day's events had been a most auspicious opening of the Commencement Week gayeties.

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THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

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There were eight entries for the singles this year and most of the preliminaries were necessarily played off before Commencement Week. It was found impossible from lack of time for each contestant to play every other one but the consequent drawing was as nearly fair as could be arranged. Prof. Peirce defeated Doan, C., 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, in probably the most hotly contested game of the preliminaries. Although Sawyer was defeated by Doan, E., 4-6, 4-6, his strong, swift playing gave evidence of good material for a tennis player with very little practice. Wilson won from Shontz, 7-5, 2-6, and Williams, A., from Clark, G. L., 6-0, 6-2. In the games between the winners of these preliminaries, Doan, E., defeated Williams, A., 8-6, 10-8, and Peirce won from Wilson quite easily in 6-3, 6-2. In the finals Doan, E., defeated Peirce in two very exciting sets, 6-3 and 10-8. Doan plays a "placing" game almost altogether—a style which would put even a player of greater endurance than Professor Peirce at a disadvantage.

Professors Streibert and Peirce and Doan, E., and C., were the only contestants in the doubles. The Doans won, 6-2, 7-5, in sets which showed team work far superior to that of their opponents.

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THE HARCOURT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

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The graduation exercises of Harcourt Place Seminary which occurred at Lewis Hall on the afternoon of June 18, were the best in many years. The exercises opened with a selection from the Lake Marine Orchestra, which was followed by prayer led by the Rev. Mr. Denslow. After an excellent rendition of Graben Hoffman's "Gondolier's Song" by the school chorus, the Rev. George Augustus Strong, Litt. D., delivered the commencement address. "Sympathy with Books" was his theme and his development of it, made as it was, by a scholar who felt so deeply the sentiment he expressed, has been declared by many in his audience, capable of judging, worthy of a place in literature. After another musical selection, the diplomas were awarded by Bishop Leonard. "With all My Heart" was the motto he bade each member of the class bear with her through life for the attainment of the highest development of her womanhood. The benediction followed. The members of the

graduating class were four in number: Misses Edith Matilda Cook, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Edna Lilian McCammon, of Carthage, O.; Jessie Pinny Fisher, of Marion, O.; Anna Aylette Rust, of Gambier, O.

#### THE K. M. A. DANCE.

The regular Academy dance was held as usual in the K. M. A. parlors, and was never more successful. A departure was made from the usual custom in having no programmes, but the readiness with which each dance was begun gave no evidence of a change from the usual order of things. The Lake Marine Orchestra furnished the music.

#### THE BEXLEY COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The sermon of the Bexley Commencement of Ninety-five was preached by Bishop White, of Indiana. He took as his text Philippians iii: 12: "I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." The theme was principally the grandeur of the work for which Christ had apprehended—the responsibility and earnest desire to realize what that apprehension meant. Short addresses were then made to the graduating class by President Sterling and Dr. Jones. The members of the class were E. S. Barkdull, E. S. Doan, and J. A. Howell.

#### THE ALUMNI MEETING.

Little business of any importance came before the annual meeting of the Kenyon Alumni Association, except an election to fill vacancies in that contingent of the Board of Trustees elected by the Alumni. The Rev. C. G. Currie, D. D., '57, of Baltimore, Md., was re-elected for three years. The Rev. C. S. Aves, '76, of Norwalk, Ohio, was chosen to fill the unexpired term of the Rev. J. H. Ely, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who had been elected to the permanent board. Henry L. Curtis, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, was elected to the place made vacant by the resignation of Dr. D. D. Benedict, '56, of Norwalk, Ohio.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, D. B. Kirk, '69; First Vice President, Rev. Mr. White; Second Vice President, W. P. Elliott, '70; Secretary, L. C. Williams, '92; Treasurer,

Charles H. Wetmore, '60; Executive Committee, Henry L. Curtis, '62; Neurologist, Rev. A. L. Putnam, '69.

The Rev. Mr. Ely was toast-master of the annual banquet held on Wednesday evening. The event was marked by two new features. First, the change of the place of meeting from old Philo to Lewis Hall, Harcourt Place; and second, the presence of the faculties of Bexley Hall, Kenyon College, and the Military Academy, whom the alumni had formally invited to attend. The latter feature was so successful as to give promise of its establishment as a regular custom. Good, strong speeches were made, emphatic in their denunciation of the evils which would harm old Kenyon, by President Sterling, Mr. H. N. Hills, Prof. Benson, Dr. Strong, the Rev. Mr. Gibson, Prof. Streibert, the Rev. Mr. Adams, Prof. Peirce, and others. Dr. Strong's speech was pronounced especially good. The banquet was closed with "Lauriger Horatius."

#### THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

A large and attentive audience attended the Commencement exercises in Rosse Hall, Thursday morning, the sixty-seventh since the foundation of the college. After a short service in the chapel, the clergy, the trustees, the faculty, and the graduating class marched in procession to Rosse Hall, where seats had been prepared on the platform for the dignitaries. The following is a programme of the exercises:

##### MUSIC.

Salutatory Addresses, The Second Honor, with Oration—"College Scholarship"  
ARTHUR DUMPER.

Oration, . . . . . "Loyola and His Ideal"  
GEORGE FREDERIC WILLIAMS.

Valedictory Addresses, . . . . . The First Honor  
GEORGE PARKIN ATWATER.

##### MUSIC.

Address to the Alumni, . . . . . "Civic Duties of College Graduates"  
HON. JOHN BROOKS LEAVITT.

##### MUSIC.

Alumni Poem, . . . . . "The Claims of Our Day on Its Men"  
REV. GEORGE AUGUSTUS STRONG, LITT. D.

This was followed by the conferring of degrees, as follows:

## BACHELOR OF ARTS.

George Parkin Atwater,	Cleveland
Albert James Bell,	Cincinnati
Edward Burson Braddock,	Mt. Vernon
Walter David Braddock,	Mt. Vernon
Dick Clippinger,	Toledo
Arthur Dumper,	Cleveland
Charles Pennebaker Mottley,	Bowling Green, Ky.
Lou Angus Sanford,	Portsmouth
Asa Raymond Williams,	Monroeville
George Frederic Williams,	Canton

## MASTER OF ARTS. (IN COURSE.)

Henry Wright Buttolph, A. B., '92; Edward Mansfield McGuffey, A. B., '76;  
Cassius Marcus Roberts, A. B., '78; Dr. Thompson Barrette Wright, A. B., '83.

## MASTER OF ARTS. (HONORIS CAUSA.)

Prof. H. W. Johnston, Jacksonville, Ind.

The Alumni Poem, and particularly the Address to the Alumni, merit special reference. Mr. Leavitt gave an account of the war which the Good Government Clubs and kindred organizations in the East have been waging against corrupt municipal government, and particularly that of the movement against Tammany in New York, with which he is so intimately associated. He concluded with a strong plea for the continuance of this work by the educated young men throughout the country, whatever their calling in life; on them depends the safety of their country's most cherished institutions.

The audience was dismissed with the benediction of Bishop White.

With regard to the future callings of the members of the graduating class, Atwater, Bell, Dumper and Williams, G. F., will study for the ministry; E. Braddock and Sanford will go into business; W. Braddock has been engaged as tutor in Latin in an Eastern school; Clippinger will study medicine probably at the U. of M.; Mottley expects to enter the Law Department at Harvard or Columbia, and Williams, A., will enter the field of journalism.

## THE SENIOR RECEPTION.

The Senior Reception this year, as usual, was well fitted to be the crowning event of all the pleasant times of Commencement Week. The Seniors took quite a step in advance this year by giving the dance in the

K. M. A. drill hall, thus avoiding the crush which has always been the drawback to receptions held in Philo. There has been a great deal of discussion on the advisability of this change, but the feeling that by the removal from Philo, the strictly college character of the event would be lost, has prevented previous classes from making the change. The increased enjoyment of the evening this year will, however, probably assure that hereafter the College dances will be held in the drill hall, at least until the College gets a more suitable hall of its own.

The weather made a vain attempt to lessen the enjoyment of the evening, and the rain fell continually; but once inside every one forgot the world outside, and all agree in pronouncing the Senior Reception as a most delightful farewell to Commencement Week, '95.

Mrs. Theodore Sterling, Mrs. George W. Foote, Mrs. Harry N. Hills, Mrs. Hosea W. Jones, and Mrs. John S. Braddock kindly acted as patronesses for the evening.

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### The News.

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G. F. WILLIAMS, of '95, and John A. Sipher, Oscar S. Adams, Robert B. B. Foote, and G. L. Clark, of '96, were elected to membership in Phi Beta Kappa during Commencement week.

It is rumored that Karl Kunst, '97-ex, will return to college in the fall.

C. Waite Phellis, formerly of '97, will enter Yale next year.

A class of four members was confirmed June 14 by Bishop Leonard.

Several picnic parties fearing lest a few hours of the week might otherwise be unoccupied, spent them at the caves.

The K. M. A. Field Day failed to materialize from lack of competition.

Mrs. Fay chaperoned a merry crowd of girls from Miss Phelps' school in Columbus, who spent Commencement week at the Theta Delta Chi House.

Owing to the overcrowded condition of the hotel, old Johnnie Wahl's house was utilized as the headquarters of a party of Mt. Vernon girls and their friends.

Frank Potter, of the State University, was the guest of C. P. Mottley, '95, and Mr. Wells, of Denver, Col., was entertained by Mr. Hines, of the K. M. A., during the week.

Miss Seibt returned home June 18 after an extended visit with relatives in Detroit.

James L. Wells, '64, who has taken a prominent part in New York politics, has been recently appointed Commissioner of Taxes and Assessment in that city.

Barber, '96, and Redhead, '96, performed their duties as marshals at the Baccalaureate and Commencement Exercises with a dignity surpassing that of the most respect inspiring Senior in the class.

The new members of the faculty this year will be: Griffith Ames, Instructor in English, and Mr. West, Instructor in French and German. Mr. West is a graduate of Oberlin, and has spent two years in Germany perfecting himself in these branches. Mr. Ames (a grandson of Columbus Delano), has been prosecuting post-graduate studies at Harvard.

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### Commencement Week Visitors.

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**R**T. REV. BOYD VINCENT, Cincinnati; Rt. Rev. W. A. Leonard, Cleveland; Rt. Rev. John Hazen White, '72, Indianapolis, Ind.; Archdeacon Brown, Cleveland; Archdeacon Edwards, Cincinnati; Rev. Dudley W. Rhodes, D. D., Cincinnati; Rev. A. B. Putnam, '69, Cleveland; Rev. Dr. Tinsley, Cincinnati; Rev. Mr. Atwood, Columbus; Rev. R. A. Gibson, Cincinnati; Rev. Mr. Cook, Philadelphia; Rev. C. G. Currie, D. D., '57, Baltimore; Rev. C. S. Bates, Bexley, '73, Cleveland; Rev. Alfred F. Blake, '62, Cincinnati; Rev. Charles G. Adams, '72, Bexley, New York City; Rev. C. S. Aves, '76, Norwalk, O.; Rev. J. H. Ely, Cincinnati; Rev. S. H. Boyer, '63, Compassville, Pa.; Rev. John D. Skilton, '88, Cleveland; Rev. George F. Dudley, '88, Washington, D. C.; Rev. W. H. Lewis, Bexley, '93, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Graham, Fostoria, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Dean, East Liverpool, O.; Mrs. Moses, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. Austin, Chicago, Ill.;



Mrs. W. H. and Mrs. C. A. Brown, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Judge and Mrs. Stanbery, Pomeroy, O.; Mr. and Miss McCormick, Indiana; Mrs. Crandall, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Werthmeyer, Pomeroy, O.; Miss Cora Hathaway, New York City; C. F. Goodwin and sister, Miss Alice Goodwin, East Liverpool, O.; John W. Jenkins, Columbus, O.; Miss Phelps and Miss Scherer, Alliance, O.; Miss Sullivan, New York; Mrs. and Miss Cleveland and Miss McKenna, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. Haneey, Chicago, Ill.; J. W. Gaskill, West Liberty, O.; W. H. Johnson, Miss Skilton, Monroeville, O.; W. W. Durrell, Cleveland; M. J. Hurley, Mt. Vernon, O.; Ellis O. Young, New Haven, Conn.; Frederick B. Ryder, Columbus, O.; C. L. Webb, Cleveland; Frank Potter, Columbus, O.; Mr. Wells, Denver, Col.; Mrs. Sanford, Portsmouth, O.; Mrs. Brown, Youngstown, O.; A. J. Workman, Granville, O.; Geo. W. Scott, Columbus, O.; Miss Bow, Miss Kelly, Miss Fullerton, and the Misses Kelton, from Miss Phelps' school, Columbus, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Evans; Geo. H. Davis, Levering, O.; Miss Straw, Carey, O.; Miss Geiger, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Ethel Rodgers, Columbus, O.; Miss Kirk, Miss Baldwin, and Miss Sarah Russell, Mt. Vernon, O.; Kenyon B. Conger, ex-'87, and wife, Akron, O.; Capt. R. M. Wood, Dayton, O.; Hon. T. P. Linn, '72, Columbus, O.; Hon. J. B. Leavitt, '68, New York City; Dr. F. W. Blake, '80, Columbus, O.; H. L. Curtis '62, Mt. Vernon, O.; D. B. Kirk, '69, Mt. Vernon, O.; Charles E. Burr, '65, Columbus, O.; Dr. T. B. Wright, '83, Circleville, O.; H. J. Eberth, '89, Toledo, O.; R. B. Hubbard, '91, Hartford City, Ind.; W. H. Foley, '91, New York City; Leo Ganter, ex-'91, Hartford City, Ind.; W. R. Gill, ex-'91, C. W. Hotchkiss, James Mathers, Cleveland; W. V. Kennedy, '92, New York City; John Follett, '93, Cincinnati; Robt. J. Watson, '93, London, O.; Clay V. Sandford, '94, Portsmouth, O.; George Bierce Adelbert, '94, and W. G. Meade, Adelbert, '96, Cleveland; F. W. Stewart, Oberlin College; Scott Hays, Cornell; C. C. Wright, ex-'96, Akron, O.; G. Karl Kunst, ex-'97 Wheeling, W. Va.; C. Waite Phellis, ex-'97, Mechanicsburgh, O.; Henry K. Foster, ex-'97, Urbana, O.; J. C. Blair, Toledo, O.; Fritz Putnam, Cleveland; Chas. Baldwin, ex-'95 (now of Boston Polytechnic School), Mt. Vernon, O.; Roscoe Sturges, Mansfield, O.; Morton C. Tilden, Detroit, Mich.; C. C. Bubb, Warren, O., and Geo. C. Wright, Cincinnati, prospective Freshmen.