The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

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Editorial.

In a recent conversation with an underclassman it was learned that many men, on account of either over or non-preparation, were not taking the full prescribed college course. From an actual canvass of the college it was discovered that a considerable number of the men were what is known as special students. Whether or not this is the case in other colleges it suffices to say that this number is too large for Kenyon. In looking over the list of graduates one is surprised to find so few in proportion to the number of matriculates and others who have entered Kenyon. Upon a rough estimate about three-fourths of the men who do not graduate are special students, and the question naturally arises, “Should students be permitted to select their own studies while underclassmen?” Without attempting to answer at any length we might offer a few facts that, from time to time, have come to our notice. The special student has no goal in the form of a degree to look forward to, he is in college not because he is actuated by a desire of learning, but because it is the “proper thing” to have two or three years of college polish and because he desires to please his parents, who wish him to shine in society. In short, about the only explanation for his presence in college is to “kill time” between the leaving the preparatory school and his entrance into the
world. Having this time on his hands he proceeds to dispose of it in the manner most congenial to his tastes. Those studies that require the least time in their preparation are selected. The work is done in a desultory manner, if done at all. The required number of recitations per week are not attended. Notice the effect upon the other men. They see others getting through their work with little or no effort or preparation, much time is given to society or outside diversion. the special seems and is, to all intents, leading an envious life of ease. Naturally, his work in time is neglected, and the regular student falls so far behind in his studies that he is forced to drop some and join the ranks of the special. After a short career, realizing his folly, he either braces up and endeavors by hard work to repair the results of his “loafing times,” or else, as is most frequently the case, becoming disgusted with himself, he drops everything and leaves college. He has given up all hopes or pretensions of a profession or the name of an educated man, simply because he desired to follow in the footsteps of some one who had “time to kill.”

This may appear to be an exaggerated case, but parallel ones are to be found not only in our own, but in other colleges. The only remedy for this evil is, let the special student, if he desires to retain that name and position in college, take a sufficient amount of work, not less than the person who is studying for a degree, to keep his time fully occupied, or else let there be no special students. If at the end of the day a college man can not account for all of his time spent with profit to himself and others, he is injuring himself primarily, he is injuring others, and last, but not least, he is injuring his college.

IN THIS number we print the likeness of the Rev. Dr. Henry G. Perry, ’53, of Chicago, Ill. Dr. Perry is one of our most enthusiastic western alumni, and was the first president of the Chicago Alumni Association. We also publish some Kenyon memorabilia which he has kindly written for the Collegian. From his account we may learn that the men of to-day do not differ in the matter of college spirit from those who drank at the fountain of learning in the early fifties. In this connection it is gratifying to note that the old customs and traditions of the college have changed only so far as the exigencies of the modern day demand.
THE small number of attractions on the Lecture Course this year clearly demonstrates that a radical change is needed in the amusements of the college men during the Easter term. The meagre attendance at these lectures does not warrant the securing, each season, the services of more than three of the best men on the platform of to-day. We have been assured that if the expenses were guaranteed by the student body, the managers of the Lecture Course would be enabled to give us what we demand. It is generally known that what money is made by these lectures is devoted to the furthering of athletics in the college, and it is to the interest of every undergraduate to see that this sum is as large as possible. The chief difficulties, however, to overcome are the few auditors and the large admission fee, made so by the exhorbitant charges of the lecturers. Since these two obstacles can not be conquered on account of the existing condition of affairs in college, there remains an alternative to be proposed. Once or twice each term let the professors of the various departments deliver a popular lecture to the students upon some subject connected with their fields of work. Let the attendance at these lectures be at the will of the individual student, and an admission fee be charged.

The value of these lectures would be manifold, besides furnishing diversion they would inculcate knowledge in an acceptable and pleasant form; they would teach the men in the different courses the value of the studies they are not pursuing and would instil into the minds of the scientific men respect for the classics and vice versa. People are inclined to look down upon Latin and Greek, mathematics and science because they are entirely ignorant of their use and value.

That these popular lectures have been well received in the past is attested by the attendance at Professor Ingham’s lectures on “Heat” and “Sparks and Rays.” No doubt a talk on the “Theory of the Higher Algebraic Curves” would not excite peals of laughter from the few loving public, but it would be as diverting as an analysis of the motives that influenced Washington to cut down the famous cherry tree.

Who knows but that discourses on the recent archeological discoveries in Greece and Italy, the science of paleography, the advances
in natural sciences and higher mathematics may not tempt the undergraduates of Kenyon to specialize and browse in fields hitherto neglected by the majority of college men? At any rate, the experiment is worth trying.

Banquet Song of '99.

W. H. M.

BROACHED is the festive keg,
Come gather nigh.
Discard dull care without
A tear or sigh.
Pass 'round the beakers filled
With Hoster's best,
And drink to our dear class
With old time zest.

Though growing stern and wise
With worldly cares,
And weight of learning on
Our shoulders bears,
Yet sometimes we must throw
This all aside,
And with the tipsy stars
All care deride.

The Source of College Song.

E. F. B.

IN THE last number of the Collegian, the question is asked why we do not have more Kenyon songs. The lack of them is noted repeatedly and can be explained only by an ebb of College spirit. There is no lack of talent, no doubt indeed, but college song is not the product of ambitious talent, but of that vigorous and generous college spirit, which the lyric muse, that would haunt the springs of college life, loves to obey. It is not inopportune therefore to
discuss again this time-worn topic, to idealize it if you please, for our estimate of our college life, like that of individual success, should be, not how relatively rich and successful it is, but how far short it fails from the ideal which it might attain.

What is college spirit? Is it only ambition for high scholarship, or for athletic, social, musical, or literary success? College spirit is none of these things, it only results in them. College spirit is that which, springing from the college man's devotion to his Alma Mater, by his constant touch within her common life, urges him to excel, to contribute something of his own to her common excellence. The college man as such—and I say man, not student—knows no greater satisfaction.

What hinders the growth of college spirit? The hundred students of Kenyon College, a hundred distinct types of human nature assembled together under one roof, form a separate community in this sequestered village of Gambier. We are a little state, as it were, with constitution, laws, issues, apart from the rest of the world. Here man by intimate contact must learn to study man, and four years of experience of such intimate associations, selected out of the current of every-day life, have value more than that of classroom drill, and second only to that of home and family influences. Now shall this state maintain a patriotic unity? It is natural and right that its citizens should find among themselves associations that are congenial, fraternity, society, or individual, and therefore exclusive—but not seclusive. There is constant danger that the students substitute or prefer these personal relations to those toward their college. Each student should endeavor to become common among his fellows. The man who is highest is the most common, for he understands life so well, that, wherever it is there he can be also and feel its pulse beat with his own. The setting up of arbitrary, self-sufficient distinctions, kills the growth of college spirit.

The rise of party spirit in honorable party issues is natural, and to be expected, but the fostering of hostile faction does not promote college spirit.

The matter and manner of welcoming new men has some bear-
ing. We all know from experience how warm this is at Kenyon. It is good for the unsophisticated freshman to get a hearty simultaneous introduction immediately to the whole of Kenyon, but sometimes a sensitive nature can not understand it all. Then a line should be drawn lest malice take the place of good will, and the new man become embittered against his fellows. This does not tend to promote college spirit.

If we wish to develop a healthy college life, we must subordinate all particular interests to the interest of the whole. Let us continue to strive to represent and to see that the excellence of our Alma Mater is well represented. Her past must not, is not likely to be forgotten. Hayes, Stanton, Davis, Matthews, Turpie, Hurd, McCook and others adorn our firmament. They are our guiding stars. Let us be worthy of them, and of the Kenyon they loved to honor.

The old rivalry between the literary societies should be revived, and good fellowship promoted both in the classes and in the whole student body by an occasional social gathering, by the annual banquet. Let not the college songs be forgotten. The two, spirit and song, produce each other. College humor also need not be neglected. A legitimate practical joke now and then, or a caricature, a burning of analytics, or a St. Patrick's Day flag rush between the under-class men, serve to enliven the time.

Finally, the whole question turns upon the attitude of the individual student in and toward his college. He is in college what he contributes to its current of life and thought. He becomes what he takes from it. He contributes his personality to the whole stock and receives it back again till the end of his course, stronger and richer to do service in life. When every pulse of our college life beats in unison to a common thrill of devotion for our common Alma Mater, then shall we have the true song of true college spirit. A healthy and a generous Kenyon spirit is the fountain-source of Kenyon song.
THE fall of 1890 saw the first foot ball ever played at Kenyon.

An old, round, black rubber association ball had been knocking around the college for years before, and occasionally it had been kicked promiscuously about in front of Old Kenyon, but there had never been a game played. In fact scarcely a man in college had ever seen a regulation Rugby foot ball, much less a game according to rules. The college was thus in a good receptive condition for the game, there was nothing to unlearn, no faults of play, no bad form to get rid of.

That spring, if memory does not play me false, the Ohio Inter-collegiate Athletic Association was formed. Kenyon had a base ball team in the field and it was determined to play foot ball in the fall, but where the material, coaching and the like were to come from were sore puzzles to some of us.

Of the other colleges in the association Buchtel was like ourselves, entirely ignorant of foot ball. O. S. U. and Denison had played one or two games the year before, while Wooster had what was called the champion team of the State. At that time the title did not convey much meaning or necessarily carry with it any high degree of skill, for the game was almost unknown throughout the whole State.

When the fall term opened good fortune was with us. W. H. Foley joined the class of '91. His experience in foot ball at Quincy, Mass., Academy, and at Harvard, had made a foot ball crank of him, and he set to work to convert the rest of the college. At the same time Prof. Brusie, who had been captain of one of the crack elevens of Williams, came to K. M. A. as a teacher. He sowed the seeds of foot ball mania there and found among the new boys some few who had played before.

A subscription list was started in college and around the town. By this enough money was raised to buy a ball and some cheap canvas suits, the pants entirely unpadded. Practice was begun under
the direction of Foley, who was elected captain while I was made manager.

The work was slow, at times discouraging, but the boys turned out nobly, and assistance was rendered by some of the students at Bexley. Occasionally scrub games with the cadets, under Professor Brusie, also helped, but the knowledge of the game possessed by most of the boys when we played the first game with Denison, at Granville, was very rudimentary. Practice had been indulged in every day, but something more was needed, actual experience in a game.

Denison won the game, 10 to 0, but the work of the Kenyon eleven was gratifying. W. S. Walkley and Charley Walkley as half backs, B. H. Williams as center, F. H. Doolittle as full back, and Guy Buttolph in the line at tackle or guard, showed up in surprising strength for new men who had never before taken part in a game. Foley showed his experience, but there was a woeful lack of team play and the signals were not known any too well.

In a practice game with the K. M. A. a short time after the Denison game, occurred the most severe injury ever sustained by a Kenyon player. "Parson" Cox, a tall, loosely jointed Bexley student, an Englishman, and a man who did much at Granville to make a decent showing for Kenyon, was taken out from the bottom of a scrimmage with a back almost broken. For months he lay in a Cleveland hospital encased in a plaster jacket, and I believe he never entirely recovered.

The second game of the year was with Wooster, on the Kenyon field. The Wooster team was composed of big men, and in their number was an Indian, a Carlisle student, I believe, who was a terror. Strong as an ox, he was a thorough foot ball player, and taught our team many good things that day. One of the principal things was the futility of trying to stop a man by a high tackle. It was a magnificent sight, if it was excruciating to Kenyon nerves, to see him walking down the field with three or four Kenyon men clinging to his shoulders and arms.

The Denison game stood the team in good stead in the game with Wooster, and until our team became worn out by Wooster's heavy men, put up a struggle that made the Presbyterians open their eyes. As it was, a blocked kick from behind Wooster's goal resulted in a
safety, and those two points were the only ones secured against that team the whole season.

Buchtel did not play foot ball that year, and the third game of the season was a return game with Denison on the Kenyon field. Kenyon showed a wonderful improvement in her play, especially in team work and tackling, and easily defeated Denison, 22 to 8, in the first game ever won from a college team.

The last game of the season, for there were but four scheduled that year, was the Thanksgiving contest with O. S. U. at Columbus. The last Denison game gave heart to the team. Practice was indulged in as never before. When the day came the whole college was there, the crowd was less than forty I believe, and yet we felt reasonably sure of victory over O. S. U.'s five hundred.

The first half sent Kenyon stock way down below par. O. S. U. plunged through the line and made two touch-downs but failed goal on one. The manve could not cross the line once. With the score standing 10 to 0 it looked blue when the second half opened. But Kenyon stock began to burn. The O. S. U. team had worn itself out in its plunges of the first half. It was not fresh while the Kenyon men had received their second wind. To make the story short Kenyon piled up 18 while O. S. U. could get near Kenyon's goal but once and then the danger was only momentary for O. S. U. was held for downs and Freddy Doolittle's good leg soon sent the ball past the middle of the field and the State University's tired warriors could not bear it back again.

That victory with a score of 18 to 10 closed Kenyon's first season and it was one not to be ashamed of. Starting out a perfectly green team the very rudiments of the game had to be learned by all but two or three of those who played. In addition it was hard to find enough men in the college and seminary capable of playing the game to form a team with its substitutes. I do not believe the two institutions combined had over fifty students. In some of the games the assistance of two K. M. A. players assisted materially and without them it would have been hard to have made out at times.

In spite of lack of numbers and experience and coaching, the members of the eleven worked like Trojans. They appreciated that if they were to uphold the standard of Old Kenyon they must work
all the harder on account of the lack of numbers and because of utter ignorance of the game which prevailed.

Of the new material developed the undoubted star was W. S. Walkley. He was a natural foot ball player, and he played the heady nervy game of a veteran after but little experience. He weighed less than 150 pounds but I do not believe there was a better half-back in the state that year. He never knew what it was to be afraid and he never lost his head.

F. J. Doolittle at full-back played a remarkably good game and showed promise of the splendid player he afterwards developed into.

G. H. Buttolph made an excellent guard and was especially good at breaking through the line. There was little interference to break up in that day except a wedge, perhaps, at kick-off.

At center B. H. Williams found a place for which he was ideally fitted. Even as a green player he was hard to beat and I am not surprised that with experience he was counted one of the very best centers in Ohio, when Ohio colleges were playing much faster foot ball than they did in 1890.

Charles Walkley generally played the companion-half to his brother, and his game was only second to that of "Willie."

H. W. Buttolph at tackle played that position with Kleinhaus and Ben Stark of the K. M. A., both exceptional athletes and experienced foot ball players. That he held his own is sufficient praise.

Foley as quarter-back, captain and coach had his hands full. Certainly he developed a wonderful team, considering numbers and the utter ignorance of the game possessed by the whole college at the beginning of the season. As the father of foot ball at Kenyon he deserves a warm spot in the memory of the lovers of the game.

Poor "Parson" Cox and his unfortunate experience have been spoken of. A kindlier, more loving heart never bowlled over a man in a fierce struggle for the pigskin.

A. W. Duerr, Rifenberick, O. E. Neff, G. H. Post and others whose names I do not recall, were of valuable assistance to the team in its struggles to get a foot ball education. The loose play and lack of team work and interference might be laughed at now by Kenyon teams with their paid coaches, but a truer spirited, more courageous, more self-sacrificing lot of men never wore the manue.
I have paid but scant justice to the men who composed the team and their work. Statistics and papers are not at hand, years have erased many things from my memory, but if I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the sacrifices that many of these men made, nor shall my heart cease to thrill when I recall some of the stirring incidents of "Early Football in Kenyon."

The Rape of the Lock.

C. F. C.

'Twas an evening in spring
On a seat
So petite,
Sat my love with the golden curls;
'Twas a curl that I spied
As it wantoned beside
Her cheek of red roses and pearls.

That curl became mine
Very meet
And so sweet,
And I treasured it highly, but now
'Tis the season of rain,
The curling-iron's bane
And the curl's but a tuft, I avow.

Our Foot Ball Coach.

We are glad to present to our readers in this number an excellent likeness of Mr. J. B. C. Eckstorm, whom the students recently elected as coach for the foot ball team next season. The members of the Coach Committee have been hard at work since the close of last season making arrangements to secure the services of a first-class man for next fall, and through the kind interest of the president, and promises of more generous support on the part of the alumni and the student body, have been able to engage what we have long desired at Kenyon, an eastern coach, a man of recognized ability and wide reputation.
Mr. Eckstorm comes to us with the very highest recommendations, and with the hearty co-operation of every man in college, we feel sure that Kenyon will have a team next season which will be able to hold its own with any college in the State. We give below an account of Mr. Eckstorm's life, clipped from The Dartmouth:

"John Bernard Christian Eckstorm was born in Madelia, Minn., in October, 1873. At the age of thirteen he moved with his parents to Chicago, where he has since made his home. After several years in the grammar schools of that city, he entered Lake View High School, from which he was graduated in June, 1893. It was at Lake View High School that Captain Eckstorm began his athletic career. For four years he played on the football team, first as end rush and later as half back. During his senior year he was captain of the team which won the championship of the Chicago High School league. He played four years on the base ball team as pitcher, establishing a reputation as a base ball player. He was also a member of the athletic team, taking part in the shot put, hammer throw, short distant runs, and the broad jump. In the latter event he holds the high school record of 20 feet 1 inch. While in the high school his mind was not entirely centered upon athletics. He also took an active part in literary work, and was an associate editor of the High School World. Besides performing the duties of the high school, he was an active member of the Lake View Cycling Club and the Chicago Cricket Club. In the fall of 1894 Eckstorm entered college, taking the Latin-Scientific Course. Immediately he became prominent in athletics, and at once took his place as half back on the Varsity eleven, in which position he has played admirably for four years, assisting greatly in winning four championships. During his freshman year he played on his class foot ball and base ball teams, being the captain of the latter. He was also played for three years on the Reserves. As a captain, Eckstorm has been both popular and successful. His method of training has been admirable throughout. It is a very noticeable fact that there have been fewer accidents in the practice this year than ever before, a fact which is indisputably due to the method of training which he has pursued. His own strict training and enthusiastic playing inspired the men with confidence and respect. He has been quick to discover the weaknesses of his team, and as quick in finding a remedy for them.
REV. HENRY G. PERRY, LL. D., '53.

OF CHICAGO.
He carefully studied his men and thus succeeded in maintaining harmony throughout the season. During his captaincy, Dartmouth has not only played strong games against the best teams in the country, but has also defeated her opponents in the championship series by larger scores than ever before—a success due in a great measure to Eckstorm's infusion of enthusiasm and courage and his example of faithful, conscientious training. Socially, he is an excellent fellow, and has the respect and admiration of the entire college. He is a member of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity, of Theta Nu Epsilon, and of the Casque and Gauntlet Senior Society. The undergraduates and alumni feel greatly indebted to Eckstorm for his magnificent work and will point to him with pride as one of Dartmouth's most successful captains."

The following gentlemen have been appointed to serve as a committee to raise the necessary funds for the foot ball team next season: D. A. Williams, '99, Captain; C. R. Ganter, '99, Manager; A. E. Fillmore, '01, Asst. Manager; L. W. Wertheimer, '99; J. B. Myers, '00, and they take this means of informing the alumni and friends of the college that contributions for the support of the eleven will be very thankfully received.

Early Days in Kenyon.

[The following response to our request for a contribution to the Collegian is from the Rev. Dr. Henry G. Perry, of Chicago, a member of the class of '53.—Ed.]

THIS theme so suggestive to a veteran alumnus serves to call to mind events many years past, making it difficult to determine just what may prove most interesting in perusal. One's individuality in the premises, however, materially assists in attempted narration.

In the late forties, before one could journey by railroad from my residence in Cleveland, Ohio, to Gambier, the bounding four-horse stage coach managed by a driver equipped with a long whip and winding horn, received myself and luggage, a "sub-fresh" bound for Old Kenyon. To my youthful imagination there was never such a ride as we rolled forth grandly from the beautiful city. Genial host Winne, of the Mt. Vernon House, greeted me early the next
morning, with most hospitable cheer, after being jolted and shaken up day and night over the rough country roads. After a hearty breakfast to which I did ample justice, I proceeded on my way until Gambier was finally reached. The memory of this trip, tiresome to the average reader of the Collegian nowadays, was my entrance into the world and has therefore impressed itself most vividly upon my mind. It was the vogue or fad then as with many now, "to go east to college." I had intended to follow the fashion but Bishop McIlvaine's promptings prevailed to decide me for Kenyon, and with this I am to this present time satisfied. For awhile I was the only student from the Forest City, like a lone pelican in the wilderness, but soon came James T. Sterling, George T. Chapman, Horace Canfield, Alfred Pease, William Crawford, Nelson Sanford, Theodore Morse and others to swell the delegation from Cleveland and incidentally to receive instruction at Gambier.

I had been "passed" already (at a visit to the Western Reserve College Commencement) by authorized examiners on a basis for Yale, but the Rev. Dr. Bronson, President of Kenyon, upon scanning my credentials informed me that the "Faculty had its own examination." I was cited before that august tribunal accordingly, put through my proper classic and mathematical paces and bade await the official decision. I waited until I had completed the course of study and having graduated in 1858 as salutatorian of my class, concluded on my own part that I had been "passed." At any rate I had my degree and that was worth waiting for.

The most engrossing thing in the olden time was the Literary Society, where essay, forensic, extempore speaking, oration and debate were exacted thoroughly in constant routine, and had much to do with preparing, shaping and making of men for business and public life. Such exercises may still be practiced in some way, but in my day they were most highly honored and observed. I trust that it is so now. On the other hand, amusingly, deeds of desperation, almost were sometimes furtively enacted even among the sub-freshmen who boasted a certain association of their own. A person who shall be nameless, roaming over where this "society" held secret conclave was suspected of eavesdropping. Assaults upon his ideality to move him were attempted with no success. Blood-curd-
ling tales of haunted chambers and evil spirits at midnight with uncanny groan and grunt had no effect upon the offender. The suspect had to be ousted at all hazards. This same person was also suspected of appropriating the fuel that the other fellows carried up for their own use. A stick of stove-wood was primed with squib-powder and placed in a prominent place. Delusive bait. The stick was taken and placed slyly into the old-fashioned stove. A moment after there was a loud report, the fated stove front blew away with a thud. Ashes, soot and rusty stove-pipe fell about the head of the offender. A crowd rushed in to save what was left of the wreck. The dazed victim of the joke was hustled into an empty upper room and after having had the soot carefully rubbed into his hair he agreed to move. Everything was hushed up and he was eventually initiated "into the mysteries," a wiser by odds if not a better boy.

Of the upper class society fellows in my day were Judge M. M. Granger, Rev. Dr. G. A. Strong, and Rev. Dr. J. B. Thomas, (with whom I roomed when a freshman), Dr. E. H. Grant, Dr. S. B. Thrall, Hon. J. S. Brasee, Hon. E. T. Spangler, Lieut. C. W. Fearn, Rev. James Trimble, Rev. J. Hochuly and Dr. H. H. Morrell, all men of marked ability, some of whom are no more. In addition to these men I remember well the "old fellows" Hayes, Stanton, Davis, Matthews and other "bright lights" who have been repeatedly referred to as successful graduates and exemplars. Whether members of Phìo, or Nu Ëi Kappa they both graced and edified their respective societies. Apropos to duty and diligence in the pursuit of knowledge I have known individuals, some nights in society, to participate in every exercise on the list, contributing also a witty paper for the "Punch Box." No opportunity of this kind was ever missed.

Cupid also held silent court upon the Hill of Learning and had his devotees to the tender passion, as the tell-tale wanderings of ardent youths in the pale moonlight and leafy shades testified. Tom. Moore told the solid sentimental truth when he sung so eloquently, "O, There's Nothing Half so Sweet in Life as Love's Young Dream."

In this connection I may note that Kenyon's sacred memories embrace the early death of my chum Frank Sewall. The remem-
The most glorious "Fourth" all avowed down to the villages humblest citizen.

Occasionally the fellows would embellish the buildings, unship doors, daub mottoes on the sills, spirit away the college bell-clapper, or place a dummy on the spire. One morning, just as John Hochuly was about to begin roll-call at week-day Chapel, (east wing), a muscular overgrown Shanghai rooster made his presence known with a quasi religious cackle, much to Prexy's surprise and chagrin. The roll-caller, with the students to a man went for chanticleer who dodged up and down, around, over and across the seats on a flying-run, top and bottom, here, there, and everywhere until one of the astute Seniors with the aid of a cane smuggled the cock into a corner. Captured, he was incontinently cast forth into the outer world and the service was finished. Prexy mildly remarked that the episode might be treated as an "inadvertence" which he hoped, however, would never again transpire.

In sentimental summer-time, or when moved by pangs of unrequited affection, our "Instrumental and Vocal Quartette,"—flute by Ganter, guitar, a second flute, my violin, Sage with a viol and a triangle by volunteer Chaffee—tried nerve and tympanum of patient Hill-folk. The most popular, at least the oftenest performed arias were "Come, O Come With Me," "Kenyon Serenade," et id omne genus. These from the band were relieved by vocal outbursts of "The Lone Starry Hours," "Roll On Silver Moon," etc. A chief trial and draw back was striving to keep Chaffee from perpetual and effervescing obligatos on his triangle. When the whole band for an encore played the numbers of its repertoire together in one prolonged rapturous rivulet of mottled harmony, called the "Union Waltz," and was expecting a big seed cake perhaps, with a gallon or so of sweet cider to be passed out for refreshment. Chaffee's irrepressible triangle demoralized the tout ensemble and compelled us to steal away with not so much as a wave of the hand from the window, or a pitcher of butter-milk and stale doughnuts.

Much more could be said about the "Early Days in Kenyon," but I stay the pen. There was good, faithful, honest, hard-working students then as is doubtless the case now at Kenyon. In recitation
room, chapel, church service, Greek Testament, and every college requirement was exemplary attendance, punctuality and progress.

As to relaxation and amusement, base ball and foot ball without any modern savagery were the principal diversions. We sought the Kokosing for swimming, skating, fishing and even boating. There Jethus at tandem driving and Nimrods for hunting, as game in considerable variety was not at that time scarce. I remember that at our Christmas dinner, one holiday recess, the table was garnished with a plump, "wild, twenty-pound turkey," shot by one of my companions, at least, he said it was "wild" and weighed "twenty pounds" and that he shot it. It was a lusty, toothsome fowl demanding a certificate no more than "good wine needs no bush."

I will close this desultory sketch with brief extracts from my poem read in 1883 at the reunion and banquet of the Kenyon College Alumni Association of Chicago, of which organization I was the first president, 1877-1880. The poem was suggested in a measure from the publication originally of the "College Olympiad," from my pen, and read in under-graduate days at a public Philo exhibition. "Those Merry Men of Old" and "Memory Bells" may be aptly quoted as voicing my appreciation of "Early Days in Kenyon," a subject to which possibly ample justice has not been done by the writer. If so, accept the apology of an old alumnus of the college.

Where, where are all the merry men
Who used to come together
In summer eve or autumn morn,
Or spring or winter weather?
They're gone, all gone to other homes,
The glad, the brave, the bright and bold
From haunts that rung of Greece or Rome,
Those merry men of old.

Where, where are all the merry men
Who loved the social glee,
The flow of wit—the page—the pen,
The wild, the lofty, free?
They've left the loved old College keep,
And many slumber, calm and cold,
In mute, unbroken, dreamless sleep,
Those merry men of old.
Where, where are all the merry men
Whose souls were wont to burn,
Year after year, to grasp and gain
The much there is to learn?
Their course in full is finished now,
Marks, grades and honors told,
But when to meet again, and how,
Those merry men of old?

MEMORY BELLS.

O, memory bells, sweet memory bells
Of glorious Academe!
How in the hearts’ cynosure dwells
Like some perennial dream.
Yet lingering in its native home,
‘Neath humble roof, or palace dome,
The music of such lofty theme:
The salient intonation swells,
Subsides, revives again, and tells
The tale peculiar o’er,
To College Days of yore.

O, memory bells, fond memory bells!
Whose chimes peal forth forever,
Though, hap, some wayward note rebels
Against your glad endeavor.
The harmony of years ago,
Floats forth as rich and tuneful on
As ever. Ring out! and never
While heights of Helicon, and dells
Arcadian are sung, shall spells
Of grief or carking care
Your priceless worth impair.

Kenyon Alumni Association, of Central Ohio.

DR. FRANCIS W. BLAKE, ’80.

THE Kenyon Association, of Central Ohio, held a most delightful meeting at the Columbus Club on Wednesday evening. Col. Jas. Kilbourne, President of the Association, occupied the head of the table, having on either hand as the guests of honor, President Peirce,
of Kenyon College, and Professor Benson, who holds the affection and esteem of all Kenyon’s sons. After an elaborate menu, served in the perfect manner and appointment which characterizes the Columbus Club, President Kilbourne bade all a hearty welcome and introduced as the toastmaster of the evening the Hon. Albert Douglass, of Chillicothe. Letters of regret for their enforced absence were read from Col. Chas. E. Burr, L.L. D., of Columbus; Hon. John J. McCook, of New York; Francis B. Swayne, Esq.; The Rt. Rev. John Hazen White, D. D., Bishop of Indiana; The Rt. Rev. Lewis W. Burton, D. D., Bishop of Lexington; Mr. Wm. P. Elliott, of Chicago, the enthusiastic promoter of alumni enterprise; Prof. Davies, of Bexley Hall; Captain E. Morgan Wood, of Dayton; The Hon. Moses M. Granger, of Zanesville; The Rt. Rev. Boyd Vincent, D. D., Florien Giauque, Esq., and Mr. N. L. Pierson, of Cincinnati; Mr. J. H. Dempsey and Mr. Wm. C. Reynolds, of Cleveland; Mr. P. W. Harnwell, Secretary of the Chicago Alumni Association; Mr. Francis T. A. Junkin, of New York, Secretary of the Kenyon Association of the east.

A communication from Judge Granger, of Zanesville, was also read, in which he strongly sustained the educational value of the small college, and deprecated the half apologetic attitude assumed toward them sometimes even by their own graduates. He also indicated how each alumnus could promote the welfare of his Alma Mater. These words carried conviction, not only because we respect the judgment of so able a man, but because we know that Judge Granger has proved the sincerity of his utterance by his actions.

In a most happy manner the toastmaster called upon several of those present for impromptu remarks. Professor Benson gave many interesting reminiscences of early days at Kenyon, and spoke most feelingly of the life-long friendships formed in college days. President Peirce spoke most convincingly of the educational resources of Kenyon. He expressed the hope that her alumni would encourage their interest in her welfare, and suggested toward its attainment that they should be present during the commencement exercises during the last week in June. The Hon. Thad. A. Cromley, of the Ohio Senate, spoke briefly, saying that while his public offices for education has been mostly in furthering the interests of the Ohio State University, he felt that he had in no way militated against those of his Alma
Mater, as each had its sphere of usefulness which did not conflict with the other, and that his interest in Kenyon had in no way abated. Dr. Francis W. Blake, the Secretary of the Association, being called upon to explain its lapse in activity during some years past, succeeded in diffusing the blame pretty evenly over Central Ohio. He thought that many old students had forgotten what good times were to be had at these meetings, while others had not had the opportunity to find out the same, but that he was sure that those present would want to come again and would bring others with them. Hon. D. B. Kirk, of Mt. Vernon, urged the strengthening of the Association in Central Ohio as a most pleasurable duty. Dr. Chas. S. Hamilton recalled his student life at Kenyon with great pleasure, and set forth the advantages to be derived from the encouragement of athletic games among the undergraduates. Col. James Kilbourne being called upon, said that the rumors of war now hovering about us, recalled the times of his graduation (1862). His reminiscences extended over his army experiences, and brought forth warm tributes to the high characters and brave hearts of Kenyon's sons with whom he came in contact during those trying times.

The officers chosen for the ensuing year were: President, Col. Jas. Kilbourne; Vice President, John B. Deshler; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. Francis W. Blake, all of Columbus; Executive Committee, the President and Secretary, ex-officio, A. N. Whiting, of Columbus; Albert Douglass, of Chillicothe; D. B. Kirk, of Mt. Vernon.

After "Auld Lang Syne," Col. Kilbourne asked how many of those present would promise to be at the meeting next year, and every one responded enthusiastically in the affirmative. With this assurance Col. Kilbourne promised on his part that there would be fifty men present at the dinner next winter.

Others present were: Dr. Edwin F. Wilson, Ed. M. Mancourt, E. M. Fullington, Enrique C. Miller, A. N. Whiting, Chas. Wardlow, Dr. Yeatman Wardlow, Curtis Claypole, Rev. E. Howard Gilkie, and Chas. E. Tuller.
JOHN WILLIAMSON HARVEY.

John Williamson Harvey.

As Dr. Peirce so well said in his opening address to the students gathered in chapel on the afternoon of the beginning of college for the present term, there was indeed a feeling of sadness felt by us all, on returning to the Hill from our brief vacation, to find that one of our fellow students had been so suddenly called from our midst by his Heavenly Father. Full of life, enthusiastic, generous, and manly, with a kind word for everyone, John Harvey will indeed be missed by all who knew him and the sudden blotting out of a life so full of hope and promise must forever remain one of those mysteries which man can never explain; one of the acts of Him who doeth but for the best.

Alumni Notes.

The following account, clipped from the New York Tribune of March 21st, will be of interest to the friends of our alumnus:

Dr. John Calirigeros Zachos, who has been curator of Cooper Union for the last twenty-seven years, died yesterday at his home, No. 113 West Eighty-fourth street. Dr. Zachos was born in Constantinople, Turkey, in 1820. Both his parents were of pure Greek blood and natives of Athens.

After the war of the revolution of 1824 in Greece was over Dr. Howe, who at that time brought many Greek boys to this country to educate them, brought Dr. Zachos to America and placed him in a preparatory school at Amherst, Mass. Dr. Zachos received his preliminary education at this school, and afterward was graduated in the class of 1840 from Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

Following his graduation Dr. Zachos studied medicine at Cincinnati, Ohio, but at length determined to adopt literature as his life's work, and became a lecturer and teacher. Horace Mann at this time was principal of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, and Dr. Zachos went with him as assistant principal, a place which he held for a number of years.
At the outbreak of the war Dr. Zachos enlisted under General Saxton, got a commission as surgeon in the army and was stationed at Paris Island, S. C., of which island he was practically governor during the rebellion.

The question as to whether or not the negro was capable of receiving education was at this time agitating the country, and the Boston Bureau of Education decided to experiment on a number of negroes in order to settle definitely the question one way or another. These experiments were intrusted to Dr. Zachos, and he was able to show that the Africans could be educated.

At the close of the war Dr. Zachos studied for the ministry, and was ordained a Unitarian minister and was later connected with the Theological Seminary at Meadville, Pa. In 1871 he came to New York City as curator of Cooper Union, which position he has held continually since. He formed an intimate friendship with Peter Cooper during the latter’s last years, and there was great harmony of thought and intent between the two in relation to the policy of the Union.

While in Cincinnati, Dr. Zachos married Miss Harriet Canfield, but was a widower at the time of his death, as Mrs. Zachos died two years ago. Three children survive him: Mrs. A. W. Dodd, who married Lieutenant Dodd, of the navy; Miss Helena Zachos and Robert H. Zachos.

Dr. Zachos was best known as the educator of the young, and thousands of persons in this city who received their education at Cooper Union will learn of his death with a feeling of personal loss. A friend of his said yesterday: “He was a man of lovable nature and genial and kindly temperament, with a mind of the most classical Greek type.”

The New York Herald of the same date gives some additional particulars as follows:

Literature was the profession adopted by Dr. Zachos early in his life in America. He was an authority on English, besides being noted for his talent as an elocutionist. Chief among his works are the “New American Speaker” (1852), “Analytical Elocution” (1861), “New System of Phonic Reading” (1863), and “Phonic Primer and Reader” (1864). He also edited the Ohio Journal of Education in
1862. The stenotype, for printing a legible text from the English alphabet at a reporting speed, was invented and patented by Dr. Zachos in 1876.

'66. The pardonable pride Old Kenyon takes in securing the services of her illustrious alumni for the annual address on Commencement Day has been more than vindicated by the able efforts of Hon. Frank H. Hurd, Judges Turpie and Ricks, Col. John J. McCook, John B. Leavitt, LL. D., and Florien Giauque, A. M., to secure Dr. N. P. Daudridge, A. M., of Cincinnati, Ohio, as orator for that day.

The interest taken by the alumni and others in this feature of Commencement Day has been steadily growing, and promises this year to show a marked increase in the attendance at Rosse Hall (restored) on the occasion of our first address from a member of the medical profession.

'72. Hon. Albert Douglass, of Chillicothe, Ohio, presided as toastmaster at the banquet of the Central Ohio Alumni Association recently held in Columbus.

'80. Dr. Francis W. Blake, of Columbus, Ohio, recently paid a short visit to Gambier, the guest of his mother and sister on East Brooklyn avenue.


'92. Lewis Williams, who is at present teaching at Cheltenham Military Academy in Pennsylvania, spent his recent vacation with relatives at Monroeville, Ohio.

'93. Robert J. Watson, who for the past two years has been prevented from continuing his studies on account of ill health, last month took the examination for admission to the bar in Columbus.

'94. Fred R. Doolittle, who is also teaching at Cheltenham Academy, stopped off for a day or two with his parents at Gambier.

'96. J. O. F. Little, of Zanesville, Ohio, recently visited friends on the Hill.

Bexley, '99. Mr. H. St. C. Hathaway and wife spent the Easter vacation in New York City.
College News.

COLE, '01, was called away suddenly on March 20, owing to the fatal illness of his sister:

Wright, '99, spent part of his vacation in Fredricktown.

Little, '96, visited friends in Gambier, March 30.

Williams, '01, passed the greater part of the Easter holidays in Columbus, the guest of some old Ann Arbor friends.

The college preacher on April 17 was Rev. Mr. Hewitt, of St. Paul's Church, Columbus.

Rev. Mr. Blake, of Lafayette, Ind., spent a couple of days on the "Old Hill" visiting his son, J. V. Blake, '00.

Smith, '01, left Gambier, March 30, for Washington, D. C., where he spent the vacation with some Texas friends.

The typhoid fever scare for a while threatened to drive away all the occupants of the west wing. Rice and White took a room at Mrs. Russell's immediately on returning after the vacation; and Mann has been making his bed at home since last term. They have since returned to the wing, however, and are all attending to business at the same old stand.

Curtis, '01, and Lewis, '00, have left college permanently. The latter will, for the present, remain in Cleveland, but promises to pay us an occasional visit at Gambier.

Jenkins, '99, held services during Holy week and on Easter Sunday at his mission in Galena. The remainder of his vacation was spent in Columbus.

Mr. H. B. Grier, of Steubenville, was the guest of his sons, W. A. Grier (Bexley) and H. G. Grier, '00, for several days last month.

A very picturesque scene was presented on the campus on Sunday, April 17, when the seniors made their first appearance in caps and gowns.
Cole, '01, has for some time been suffering from an attack of kidney trouble at his home in Akron. Though not dangerously sick he will be unable to return to his studies this term.

Owing to circumstances unavoidable in making railroad connections, or rather in not making railroad connections, Stocks, '98, and Magee, '00, were obliged to begin their vacation with a moonlight pedestrian trip from Welker to Findlay, a journey of something like twenty miles.

We are pleased to note that Goshorn, '01, who was stricken with typhoid fever during the vacation, and is at present lying in the Mt. Vernon hospital, is gradually improving. His symptoms have been from the first of no very critical nature, and he has had, moreover, the very best of care, his mother having arrived from Kansas shortly after the beginning of his illness, so that we anticipate his speedy recovery.

Fleming, '99; Foster, '00; Davies, '00; Dimon, '98, and Hurst, '01, made up a party that drove down to Granville, April 17, to attend a reception given by some of the Denison University men.

The changes in the heating system were finally completed during vacation.

Dimon, '98, visited in Cleveland during the holidays.

Blake, '00, spent his vacation with friends in Tiffin, Ohio.

A meeting of the Assembly was called on March 30 to hear and act upon the report of the Committee on Foot Ball Coach. The committee presented the names of four applicants for the position, but recommended Mr. J. B. C. Eckstorm, of Dartmouth, whose services the Assembly unanimously voted to engage.

Hurst, '01, spent the latter part of his vacation visiting friends in Granville.

About twelve of the college students have became so infatuated with Gambier that they would not leave during the Easter vacation.

President W. F. Peirce and wife left for Chicago, April 16, intending to be gone about ten days.