THERE is no topic which has caused more discussion, more declamation or which has brought out more protestations of a determination to do one's part, than the old theme of training. One assembly meeting after another has witnessed long discussions upon this question and the significant fact that it is a field where one may display college spirit to the greatest degree, has ever been put to the foreground. The discussions at these meetings have been heartily and full of promise. They have brought results; often fanning the dying embers of resolve and kindling the fires of determination. As agitating agencies these speeches are great. But they lose their power if they do not bring about concrete results. They fail in purpose, if, after a few days, the customary paths of fitful and insufficient training are resumed. The men who urge strict training are in earnest and as a rule do their part. Everyone must realize the value of training. None can gainsay it.

The men of Kenyon who are engaged in athletics do not train hard enough. A pall of apathy, an environment of half-hearted interest seems to have possessed us. The purpose of this article is to add what little weight it can to the agitation now in force for a season of good, hard, consistent training. As any deep knowledge of the systems or means of training is beyond our pale, we pause only to put this one question to the men who must train. If you have college spirit enough to engage in athletics, why is it not the best policy to carry such to the end and not only benefit more from a personal point of view but also contribute more to your Alma Mater? Such can be accomplished by hard training. Instruction as to training is at hand from one fully equipped to give it. If the advice of Dr. Dunlap is followed a good condition of affairs will pertain. The trust of the student body is placed in him and if those under his tutelage follow his advice we need have no fear of disaster.

It is our purpose to say a few words to the onlookers. It is the athletes who must do the training, but they must have not only the moral support of the student body but also the actual helping hand of those not engaged in training. To those who know the sweet solace of smoke, the longing for the denied pipe is well known. So if it is possible, it would be well not to flaunt this pleasure in the faces of those to whom it is denied. Let us refuse to lend the implements of smoke to one in training. When such a one seems about to break over, let us in a friendly manner remind him of his purpose. Then, too, the other phases of training, in regard to eating and drinking, can be made easier through the co-operation of the students not in training.

The fact has been amply enough demonstrated that Kenyon athletes do not train enough. This condition must be remedied. To have good teams we must have faithful training. Let all of us put our shoulders to the wheel and aid in the cause.

TRIAL BY JURY.

The Glee Club has already begun work on the comic opera, "Trial by Jury," which is to be given as soon after Easter as possible in connection with a minstrel show. These performances will be under the direction of the Puff and Powder Club and the men taking parts leading in the minstrel show and opera are thus elected to membership in the Club. It promises to be a most interesting and enjoyable entertainment and the men are going at it with good spirit.
COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE COLLEGIAN:

The time has come when something must be said concerning certain disturbing occurrences that have recently happened. The matter in question is the gross violation of the rules of behavior and gentleness that some individuals have indulged in on the occasion of the last two lectures held in Rossie Hall, under the supervision of the college and for the benefit of the men in college. The lecture given by Archdeacon Abbott was of great interest to many men in college and was closely followed by them. During the course of this lecture, some person or persons, evidently lacking in the qualities that go to make up a man, caused considerable disturbance by throwing a stone through a window. The behavior of those responsible for the noise and disturbance during Dr. Bank's lecture cannot be designated by terms severe or harsh enough to fit such actions. The throwing of stones or other missiles and the producing of peculiar noises (which may seem accomplishments to the producers but which are a sign of certain well-developed traits to others) marks out the man who has no right in the community. He has not the brains to be interested in anything of depth himself and he is so poorly equipped with judgment as to deprive others of their enjoyment.

It is with some feeling akin to gratification that it may be chronicled that the perpetrators are unknown to the writer. Furthermore he has no desire to make their acquaintance, save, maybe, as a study in degeneracy. Perhaps the persons responsible imagine that their actions smack of "the college devil." If so, may the Fates deliver us from such and that right soon. There can be no excuse for such actions. The place for such are the kindergarten, the degenerate community or the back-woods. He who so performs falls under one of three heads: he is either an infant lacking in brain power, or a degenerate whose mental propensities are perverted, or a victim of atavism, a modern savage.

The appeal is made to the men of Kenyon to stamp out this outrage. These tricks and smart aleck performances cause annoyance to all. The "submerged" portion, small it is and somewhat unimportant, of the college which is responsible must be corrected and welded to the Kenyon standard. If such reformation is impossible, the sooner we are rid of them the better.

—JUNIUS JUNIOR.

EDITOR OF KENYON COLLEGIAN:

In preparing for the recent debate with Ohio Wesleyan, the members of the debating team of Kenyon College and others interested in the question found that our Library was very inadequate. Now that debating at Kenyon is going to be one of the College activities each year, it seems that something should be done whereby our men may be able to prepare themselves more thoroughly for these debates.

The College Library is here for the use of the students of Kenyon College and in it should be found everything which will help to develop true Kenyon men. I was in the Library a few weeks before our debate with Ohio Wesleyan and in looking over the new books which had just arrived that day, I did not find one book which would interest any man in College. There were a whole collection of Old English books, some fifteen or twenty Latin books, a dozen or more French and German books, none of which will ever be used by the students of the College. Why could not any person desiring such books at any time notify the Librarian and she could easily procure them from the State Library? Then use the money which would be spent for these books in the purchase of books designed to aid our students and debaters.

It would be wise, I think, to have a Committee of four, chosen from the student body of Kenyon College to confer with the Faculty Committee on Library. I think the Faculty of Kenyon College will see that this would be in entire accordance with our Kenyon life.

I hope that something will be done along this line and should like to hear opinions on this plan from members of the Faculty and also from the student body.

—A SENIOR.

ASSEMBLY MEETING.

A postponed meeting of the Assembly was held on Monday, March 4. No reports were heard; but Chase, '08, and L'Hommeeh, '08, addressed the meeting in the interest of the COLLEGIAN and '08 REVEILLE respectively. There followed a lively discussion over the basket-ball situation in college; and it was, after much talk, decided not to disband the team, but to play through the schedule. The fact that the basket-ball men have not trained conscientiously was the principal objection brought up in the discussion. Naturally enough the talks on training given by Dr. Dunlap and Judd, '07, were of deep interest to everyone. Morrison, '09, in a few words, urged the men in college to be a trifle more considerate and not take current numbers of magazines from the library. White, '07, spoke of the work of the debating team, and asked for the hearty support and co-operation of every man in college at the coming contest.
DUDLEY CHASE.

On the 29th day of January, 1907, the last living link between the founding of Kenyon College and the Kenyon College of to-day, was broken by the death of the Rev. Dudley Chase, who was a son of Bishop Chase. He was here on the Hill with his father at the very beginning of building operations, and was a student in the college until his father's resignation and removal took him away. So it seems a fitting thing, in noticing his death, to give from his reminiscences such details as relate to Kenyon College and Gambier.

The Convention of the Diocese of Ohio held at Columbus in June, 1826, had decided to purchase, with the money obtained by Bishop Chase in England, eight thousand acres of land in Knox County, and had passed a resolution establishing Kenyon College thereon "forever." Bishop Chase at once proceeded to take possession of the land. With him went his son Dudley, then a boy ten years old.

"Father," he says, "mounted on his favorite horse Cincinnatus, and I on my little Indian pony, which was about the size of a Shetland pony, and had a closely cropped mane and tail. I called him "Jack-a-do-boy." Father and I made the advance movement, while Mr. Archibald Douglass followed with a wagon containing provisions and lumber. Arriving at the foot of the Hill we found that a path had been cut through the trees and brush directly to the spot where Old Kenyon now stands." Here were tall trees and a more open space, the rest of the level summit of the Hill being a tangle thicket too dense even for the wolf-hunters to penetrate the second growth of young trees and bushes which had sprung up in the track of a former hurricane. "A few boards were brought up and leaned against a chestnut tree, and there we sat down and ate our first meal on the Hill, of fried bacon and bread. Afterwards a tent-shaped shanty was built of boards slanted against a horizontal pole, with a chimney made of stones and sticks, and there Father and I lived through the summer months (near the site of the present Prayer Cross). We could see the stars at night through the crevices, and hear the haws and cries of the wild animals, wolves, foxes and wildcats, and the hooting of owls and calling of whippoorwills, and we were always glad to greet the sunrise. But our worst annoyance was the great number of rattle-snakes." At first meals had to be brought up the Hill from a cabin on the bank of the stream, just west of the end of the promontory, and water was carried from the spring which still runs from the side of the road near the Pump-house. "And I," says Dudley,

"was the small boy made use of for this work. Not only in coming up with my burden, but even when going down the Hill light of hand and heart I was in constant dread of the rattle-snakes. Going down I took long leaps whenever I heard the warning rattle, but climbing the Hill again I used a long stick to beat the way before me at every step."

"After some time we were able to bring the horses up, and to have a shed made in which to stable them near by. I often rode on my pony to Mount Vernon for the mail and to perform other errands, and when the winding path became a road, the Bishop and I often went abroad together, he on his faithful horse Cincinnatus. Our evenings, growing longer as the fall approached, grew duller, since our only artificial light was that of a "hog's land lamp." Once we had an 'invitation out.' This was to the comfortable cabin of a farmer who lived two miles up the stream, to attend a 'husking bee.' Having to use much persuasion to gain his consent, the farmer said to the Bishop: 'The married people and old folks will be in the house, where they will be glad to hear you talk, while the boys will be outside around the pile of corn husking.' As the farmer was a church-member, and promised that all things should be conducted decently and in order, his invitation was accepted, and in the dusk of the evening we started. For some reason I had no pony to ride that night, and must needs mount behind the Bishop on the crupper of the sure-footed Cincinnatus. As I could not clasp the portly form before me, I had to hold on the the button of his overcoat. Well do I remember, as we entered a dark passage in the descent, with the foliage nearly meeting over our heads, hearing the Bishop quote these words, which sent a shudder through my nerves:

'Hail! subterranean home of horrors! Death's last stage on the road to hell!'"

"Next I find myself in memory an inmate of a log cabin built on the present site of the Church of the Holy Spirit. There I remember the students used to come for their breakfast before daylight. The corn and rye bread had been baking all night in the Dutch oven—so primitive was our fare. Then a frame building was erected, called the "Forty-four" from its likeness to a ship of war. The upper story of this was the dormitory for the Grammar School boys, among whom I was now enrolled. It occupied the entire upper floor of the building, excepting space for a teacher's room overlooking the dormitory. The lower part of the building served as the School-room and Church. When the central part of "Old Kenyon" was finished, I entered the college department, and occupied
Room 31 in the center hall in the third story. One of my room-mates was James Wheat, afterwards a clergyman in the Church; another was a Spaniard who used to frighten me by sending his knife quivering into the door; another was J. B. B. Wilmer, afterwards Bishop of Louisiana.

"Casco" was a small cottage at the corner near Rosse Chapel, so named from the joint names of the occupants, Caswell and Cusack.

On a path going down the Hill was "the Hermitage," a small building which was the study of some Virginians.

It was the custom of the Bishop, in order to encourage industry in the students, to pay, at so much a square rod, those students who would grub up and prune the bushes on each side of the open road-way. The spot where I myself worked in this manner is now the site of Ascension Hall, and those trees which now overtop the buildings were many of them trimmed up by my hand when they were but bushes.

The Sunday School missions were an early feature of the religious efforts of the students. Indeed, this work was started before buildings were raised and students collected. Rails were fitted with legs and placed under the trees, and there in the open air, Church services and Sunday School teaching were begun. Afterwards, when the college was in operation, mission work was extended five miles in every direction from Gambier. Fifty students or more took an early breakfast on Sunday morning and scattered over the country, going two and two in Apostolic fashion, an older boy with a younger one, to teach the children of the squatters. I went out regularly with George Denison, to teach in a school-house, two and a half miles eastward, having to cross the river in a canoe. When we were returning one day, the river being full of floating ice the canoe was upset. My companion was tall enough to touch bottom, and so managed to save himself and me. But our soaked garments froze in the cold air, so that we made very respectable icicles by the time we reached the Hill.

And that winter came a tragedy to the Hill. Fresh snow fell, and two of the boys went hunting on a Sunday. One walked ahead with his rifle over his shoulder, while the other, one of the small boys of the school, followed in his tracks behind. Then the gun was accidentally discharged, in the usual way, the ball striking the lad in the forehead, killing him instantly.

"When I was about twelve years of age, there occurred what was called a 'revival of religion' in the college. Many of the young students not only attended the prayer meetings, but they had improvised oratories for private prayer in the thicket, cutting a path through the bushes and making a bower of bent branches, whither at noon-day they retired, perhaps two together, for their devotions. Well I remember many an earnest out-pouring of youthful devotional feeling, crude in expression but very sincere. I was then very earnestly desirous of being confirmed, but the Bishop advised me to put it off till I was more mature in judgment."

We now come to that stormy autumn, in the year 1831, when Bishop Chase felt himself obliged, for the peace of the Church, to resign the work which he had so heroically begun. It was on the day before the opening of the Diocesan Convention in Gambier, that young Dudley was with his father as he walked over the foundations of Rosse Hall. The Bishop looked over the rising building with much emotion, perhaps feeling a premonition that he should never finish it. He spoke of the benefactress for whom the Chapel was to be named, and then of those other true and ardent friends who were the real founders of Kenyon College. At these memories tears blinded his eyes, and he made a misstep on the loose flooring, falling between two joists and injuring one leg severely. His son with much difficulty helped him to rise and to get home. The suffering which resulted from this accident was so great that after opening the Convention on the next day and delivering his address, he was obliged to retire for two days, and it was from his sick room that he sent his resignation. Dudley was old enough to understand much of what was passing. He copied the address of the Bishop, and witnessed the proceedings of the Convention which so bitterly opposed his father. The resignation was dated September 9th, it was accepted on the 10th. Sunday, the 11th, Dudley speaks of as "the last, memorable Sunday." And he recalls how he thought the Psalms for the day ought to strike the consciousness of those present who had joined in the doings of the day before: "Are your minds set upon righteousness, O ye congregation; and do ye judge the thing that is right, O ye sons of men?"

A few days later the Bishop with his family set forth in a covered wagon for the "Valley of Peace," and left his beloved Kenyon forever.

Dudley Chase lived seventy-five years after leaving Gambier Hill. He was graduated at Trinity College and studied theology in Illinois. He served as a missionary in that State and as a rector in Chicago. He traveled over the plains to California, where he was made a chaplain in the army. He labored long and well, east and west, and the record of it all will be set down in its proper place, and many a heart will cherish his memory for some faithful service done; but as for us, here, we pause to drop our flowers on his grave, just because he was a boy who once lived five years on Gambier Hill.
THE KENYON-O. W. U. DEBATE.

On Thursday, March 7, 1907, the Ohio Wesleyan debating team came to Gambier to debate with the doughty representatives of Old Kenyon, the much-mooted question of the levying by the United States of a federal inheritance tax. The debate on this question was of double interest. Not only was it one in which the representatives of Kenyon were engaged, a thing in itself sufficient to enlist the support of all Gambier, but it was, and still is, a question of the deepest concern to the American people. The discussion was therefore not merely an academic one but one which, in its practical bearing, touches every tax-paying citizen of the country. Not only will the settlement of this question decide the question itself but it will go a long way toward deciding just how much power the federal government shall have, something which in these days very few people know exactly. However, the latter phase did not enter into the discussion at all, for by the terms of the question, its constitutionality was conceded.

The debate was held in Rosse Hall at 7:30 P. M. The hall was decorated with Kenyon banners and time after time the orators made the hall resound with the songs and yells. Ohio Wesleyan was not wanting in this respect also, for while there were not a great many of her sons present, it must be remembered that at an occasion of this kind, it is very hard to secure any support at all away from home.

The debaters appeared upon the platform a little after 7:30 and immediately the debate was started. The judges, Judge Bigger, Judge Evans and Judge Rogers, all three of the Franklin County Common Pleas Court, had already been assigned seats in different parts of the hall. At 7:40 President Pierce, of Kenyon, the presiding officer of the evening, introduced Mr. L. L. Riley, of the home team, who opened the debate for the affirmative.

Mr. Riley first stated the question, "Resolved that a progressive inheritance tax should be levied by the federal government, constitutionality conceded." He outlined the question and the argument of the affirmative and then started upon his speech proper. Mr. Riley's argument was devoted mainly to the ethical side of the question. He held that it was not just that enormous wealth should be held by a few and that this should go untaxed while the masses in the country, who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brains and bodies should be taxed for the necessities of life. He held that the existing conditions in this country were undemocratic, un-American and not in accordance with the principles of enlightened civilization.

Mr. Riley spoke eloquently and forcibly and was roundly applauded at the conclusion of his speech.

Mr. E. R. Shaw, of O. W. U., opened the debate for the negative. He defined the subject and stated what the affirmative would have to prove in order to establish their side of the case, driving home forcibly the point that the burden of proof rests with the affirmative. He then took up his argument, which he based chiefly on history and statistics. He said the inheritance tax had always been a war measure and as such had been a success, but could not be a success as a regular tax, even were more revenue needed, which he said was not so. He also made the point that there was a surplus in the U. S. Treasury now and no more money was needed. Mr. Shaw's speech was vigorously applauded by both friends and foes.

The second argument for the affirmative was made by Mr. R. C. Sykes, of Kenyon. Mr. Sykes devoted his speech largely to a refutation of the argument for the negative. He also compared the United States with the foreign countries of Europe where the inheritance tax had been successful and from these facts he drew the conclusion that it was practicable in this country. At the conclusion of Mr. Sykes' speech, Kenyon's loyalty and O. W. U.'s friendship were again shown by much applause. In fact this spirit of perfect friendship characterized the entire debate as it has always been a feature of our relations with Ohio Wesleyan.

The second speaker for Ohio Wesleyan was Mr. Wheeler J. Welday. Mr. Welday introduced a new feature into the debate by looking at the question from the point of view of the states and municipalities. He said that this was one of the few methods, outside of direct taxation, now open to the states as a means for raising revenue. He said that the states needed this source of revenue, that money was necessary to run any government and, without money, the state and local governments would decline and sink into desolation. He said further that the people would not stand any heavier direct taxation which was already too heavy in many cases. Mr. Welday proved a good exponent of the negative side of the question.

The last speaker for the affirmative was Mr. H. W. Patterson. He denied that the lessons of history were against the inheritance tax, saying that the Spanish-American was in itself a history-making epoch for this country. With it and following in its wake had come an entirely new order of things. It had brought about an economic revolution. In the last ten years the expenditures of the United States had jumped from five hundred million to a billion dollars,
while the revenues had increased a paltry hundred million. This country was now a world power with remote colonial possessions to guard and international complications to settle. To do these, an army, navy and coast defenses must be provided for and all these take money. He said that the tariff and all other sources of revenue were exhausted and the inheritance tax the only source of raising money remaining to the federal government.

The last speaker of the evening was Mr. O. A. Steen, of O. W. U. Mr. Steen proved to be an exceedingly forcible speaker and made many good points. His speech was mainly rebuttal and his summing up especially good. As he concluded his speech with a statement of what the affirmative would have to prove to win the debate and a claim that they had failed to prove one of these things, a burst of applause came from the Wesleyan rooters present.

Each speaker was allowed ten minutes for his regular speech and after these were finished, five minutes for rebuttal, the negative debaters speaking first. As a whole it may be said that the rebuttal was pretty even. By a vote of two to one the decision was awarded to the negative.

It is to be hoped that this is but the first of many similar meetings and that in their debating relations, Kenyon and O. W. U. may always be fast friends and worthy rivals.

LETTERS.

My recently acquired young friend, who sends me information of old friends and old Kenyon times and awakens memory of events long buried and forgotten under the accumulation of other forgotten facts and events, thanks. As I read over again your letter, I am reminded that but two of my class besides myself have as yet escaped the shears of Fate. John W. Foster is one, now living at Athens, Tenn. What's Johnny doing down in that corner of Dixie, I wonder? Teaching, probably. I believe when I last heard of him, that was his business, Athens! I was born not so very far from Athens, Ohio; at Welksville, Gallia County. My grandfather was a Gaul, and I am proud of the fact that he, as a young officer in the French army, helped to capture Cornwallis. But Athens, Tenn! I was down in that part of Dixie on Hooker's staff, after we drove the rebs off Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and started out for the hundred days fighting to capture Atlanta.

Athens is in a good country and mild climate. Johnny is not very aged yet. And Dave Turpie, Kenyon boy! Hon. David Turpie, Ex-U. S. Senator! Hoosier lawyer of distinction! Noted in college and society life for his freedom from church dogma. I have had occasion to pass through Indianapolis several times, but never thought an old Kenyon classmate was an honorable citizen of that bottomless mud-hole, which it was when I first visited it, in the winter of 1849.

Of the class of 1845, the last member died in 1893, Mr. James M. Smith, of Dayton, O. I do not recall Dewitt C. Loop, of the class of '46, living in Baltimore. There was a Dorsey from about that neck of deciduous timber first preempted by Lord Cecil. A very pleasant Dorsey he was. I think fought with the Rebs. Of the Class of 1847, only "Old Sol Sanford" is without the star, and lie, on his road to heaven, has camped for a brief season in Bernard Park, Los Angeles, California. I wonder if "Old Sol" was there five years ago, when one of those careless troglodytes threw a street car at me as I was peaceably crossing the street, hitting me on the right side of the head. That was at 7:30 in the morning, and subsequent events interested me no more until they laid me out on a plank for burial at the Police Station, at 3 o'clock that afternoon. The procession did not come off, for I protested and got off that plank with a broken shoulder and a bruised head, and after a few days, I went away from that inhospitable city to Frisco and Tacoma, where I was returned to a mended bones and health. Now I wonder, as there was much in the papers of the killing of his old time friend by a street car, if "Old Sol" Sanford was then in that semi-tropical village, and if he read the papers. No, I guess not, else he would have been around to see me.

He and Levi Battles were constant companions. I remember Thomas Ewing Miller, whose father was a trader in Mt. Vernon opposite Winne's Hotel and was the most noted man in town, familiarly called "Old Kinkey."

Of the Class of '50 was and is Judge Granger, of good repute; Col. Muenscher, ditto; The Rev. George A. Strong and The Rev. Jesse B. Thomas. They were all good boys and I hope are now all good and useful citizens. Martin of Lancaster I do not recall. Lancaster I can recall, as my early days were spent there in Parson's school, also in John Wright's and in the academy of Mark and John Howe, brothers. As schoolfellows, I had the children of Judge Sherman—Wm. Tecumseh, John, Susan and Hoyt. It was a good school, and here I obtained enough Latin and Greek to help me enter the Freshman class at Kenyon. Sixty-three years ago! A microscopic speck of the eternal years of God, but look at the deeds of accomplishment. It would take a large volume to index them; and do you
mark well that in the years to come greater deeds than those will be recorded in the book of time.

I missed noticing Eliphalet Andrews, the artist. When I was in Washington, 1877-'81, I saw Andrews frequently. He told me that I started him in his artistic life. When I had a room outside the college, he came in to see me, and to interest him I fastened a picture on the window-glass with some thin paper over it, and gave him a pencil to trace it. From that time, he said, he never omitted an opportunity to use either pencil or brush.

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NU PI KAPPA.

The question for the regular bi-weekly debate of Nu Pi Kappa which was argued during the evening of March 13th, was: Resolved, That compulsory attendance at chapel exercises be abolished.

The affirmative side maintained that the motives of the religious services are (1) to instill in the men a love for church going, and (2) to begin the day in a fitting manner by turning our thoughts toward the Maker. These two motives, they asserted, have failed entirely.

On the other hand the negative argued that a college youth is of all persons most apt to disregard his soul's welfare, and that he must therefore be reminded of his duty, even though it require stern measures to do so. They showed that the abolition of compulsory chapel would practically end all the morning prayers; in that case the school would cease to be a Church school and, thereby, it would defeat the very principles upon which Kenyon was founded and is maintained.

The decision was awarded in favor of the affirmative.

Speakers: Affirmative — Mr. Platt, Mr. Morrow; Negative—Mr. Albus, Mr. Wuebker.

The latter part of the evening was given over to an earnest discussion of the prolonged torn-up condition of the Nu Pi Kappa Hall. Earlier in the year President Peirce decided to throw open its doors for occupation by those who were forced to leave Old Kenyon to the workmen. The members of Nu Pi acquiesced and temporarily held their meetings in the Greek Room, hoping soon to return to the old stand. No sooner, however, was the hall vacated than the workmen stepped in and tore up the carpets and floor in order to run a few braces through. The work has been finished for some time but the floor still remains in the same bad condition. A committee was appointed to investigate.

ARCHDEACON ABBOTT'S LECTURE.

Seldom has pleasure and instruction been so nicely blended as was done by Archdeacon Abbott in his lecture upon "Three Hundred Years of the Church in America." The Archdeacon showed an enthusiasm for his subject that was infectious. To those of us who are churchmen his lecture was a revelation. We had never realized adequately the very large part played by the church in the settlement of North America.

While Archdeacon Abbott treated his subject in a chronological manner, he relieved it of the monotony that is so apt to characterize this form of narrative by anecdotes of an historical tune and by traveling frequently between the colonies and the mother country. Beginning with the settlement of Jamestown, the Archdeacon traced down with some minuteness the progress of the church in this country; its many vicissitudes and trials, all of which were overcome by the undaunted clergymen of the time. His few remarks about Bishop Chase served to dispel the rather prevalent view that his labor and achievements were of a purely local character. We all realized that the founder of Kenyon College was one of the great churchmen of his time and played no small part in the upbuilding of the church throughout all of the Middle West.

The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views under the charge of Dr. Ingham. As usual the slides added greatly to an intelligent understanding of the subject. At the conclusion of the lecture we could not but feel proud of the greatness of the church and also that Kenyon was a church college founded by a foremost Churchman of his day.

ROYALTY.

When great Queen Zarabella came to die,
Her captains and her councillors were called
To stand beside her gorgeous, purple-palied
Death-bed; and all her stately dames of high Degree were ranged in mournful order by.

Slowly the heavy, muffled moments crawled
Along, the while before her shadow-thrall'd
And dying gaze the Cross was slanted nigh.

At last her great Archbishop whispering said,
"The King of Terrors knocketh at the gate!"
She raised her hands as if to settle straight
An unseen crown of state upon her head,
Expanding visibly as she replied,
"Then let him be admitted!" and so died.

—ORVILLE E. WATSON.
BASKET BALL.

O. S. U., 42. Kenyon, 15.
On Saturday February 23rd, Kenyon met the O. S. U. basket ball team on the latter's floor in Columbus. Although State piled up a large score the game was strong and snappy on both sides. The team work of the O. S. U. team was excellent, and it was on account of their superiority in that particular department of the game that they won. Fouling was much in evidence on both sides and several points were added to the scores by baskets thrown from fouls.

The line-up:

The line-up:
Kenyon. O. S. U.
Dun  L. F. Moore
Luthy   R. F. Barrington
Jackson  C. Morton
Clark    L. G. Secrist
Brigman  R. G. Williams

O. W. U., 70. Kenyon, 10.
Kenyon was beaten by a large score by Ohio Wesleyan at Delaware on Saturday, March 2d. For some reason it seemed impossible for our men to find the baskets. Wesleyan played the faster game and knew their floor and baskets well. Their form and team work showed the effect of good coaching. Dean and Cameron starred for Wesleyan.

The line-up:

Kenyon. Ohio Wesleyan.
Dun  L. G. Dean
Luthy   R. F. Stroup
Jackson  C. Schatzman
Clark    L. G. Secrist
Brigman  R. G. Cameron

Manager Lord reports that Western Reserve has cancelled the basket ball game scheduled for March 16th, on account of the disbanding of its team. This fact is regretted very much as this game would have been the first athletic contest between the two colleges in a number of years.

Ohio University, 16. Kenyon, 37.
Kenyon defeated the Ohio University basket ball team at Athens, Ohio, on Saturday, March 9th. The game was snappy on both sides and the work of Dun and Clark for Kenyon and Jones for Ohio University was remarkable. The Kenyon team exhibited better team work and form than in previous games though many baskets were missed.

The line-up:

Ohio University.
Dun  L. F. Jones-Howard
Lord   R. F. Welch
Jackson  C. Brown
Clark    L. G. Boyd
Brigman  R. G. Bingham

Field goals, Dun 4, Jackson 3, Clark 5, Brigman 2, Lord 2, Jones 2, Welch 3, Brown; foul goals, Dun 2, Clark 3, Welch 2; officials, Cott, Kenyon, Dr. Jones, of O. U.

THE FIRST LARWILL LECTURE.

On Saturday evening, March 9th, Dr. Banks of the University of Chicago, gave the first lecture under the Larwill endowment fund. Dr. Banks was a member of the archeological expedition sent out by the University of Chicago to excavate in Babylon. His special subject was, "Bismya, the Oldest City in the World."

We believe that no lecture has ever been more thoroughly enjoyed than was Dr. Banks'. He showed immediately a scholarly enthusiasm for his subject and his splendid voice added materially to the enjoyment.

Bismya, as Dr. Banks conclusively proved, must be at least 12,000 years old and nearly all of its ruins were uncovered by his party. Invaluable information was obtained about the manners and customs of Eastern people — information which until this time had lacked authenticity. We who heard the lecture could not help but marvel at the patience that must have been required of Dr. Banks working away off there with a half hundred ignorant and almost savage Arabs.

If the lecture of Saturday night is a criterion of what the course is to be, we students should feel everlasting gratitude to Mr. Larwill. His generous bequest has filled a long felt need; Kenyon is so isolated from populous centers that we seldom indeed had an opportunity to hear speakers of national repute. The whole Kenyon constituency is very grateful to Mr. Larwill.

Three Seniors of Oberlin narrowly escaped expulsion from college recently and were hauled before the Faculty to answer the charge of smoking. Having pledged themselves to discontinue the use of the weed, they were placed on special probation. The decision of the Faculty was gratefully received by the students.
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ANNUAL DINNER OF KENYON ALUMNI.

The annual dinner of the Kenyon men of Columbus and vicinity was held at the Columbus Club on the evening of February 9th.

President Peirce was the guest of honor and gave a most interesting talk concerning the College and of personal experiences during the past Summer.

Most welcome as visitors from abroad were William P. Elliott, of Chicago, and Constant Southworth, of Cincinnati.

Introduced as the youngest man for his years), John Stone, '44, gave a most delightful and vivacious account of events of nearly 70 years ago.

The Hon. Talfourd P. Linn was toastmaster. W. M. Townsend was re-elected President of the local Association, and Francis W. Blake, Secretary.


DR. ORONHYATEKHA.

(For the Collegian.)

I see Dr. Oronhyatekha is dead. He was of the Class of 1862, came to Kenyon in 1858, a Mohawk Indian from Canada, a candidate for the ministry. His oration at Milnor in the sub-Freshman Class of '58 was, "The Achievements of the Mind." If he had remained he would undoubtedly have been an honor man. He occasionally wore an Indian costume and called on the young ladies of the Hill, much to their amusement. This costume was said to have been made among his tribe (for he was a hereditary chief), but my mother sewed on some of the spangles.

When the Prince of Wales visited Canada, he met Oronhyatekha, who had gone on to meet him. The prince offered to educate him. I believe he went over to England for awhile. This broke his connection with Kenyon. He became a physician putting out an "Indian Pain Slayer" acknowledged to cure pretty much everything under the sun. He afterwards became by sheer force of merit chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters, founded in 1881. In '50 he was a Philo. He was one of the founders of the K. A. X. society of some time duration in old Milnor, along with Doddridge, Dorris, Kaffer, Van Trump, Bronson and Grannis. This society was antagonistic to the Phi Deltas—two literary societies.

-G. B. P., '62.

LIBRARY NOTES.


Recently there have been several gifts to the Library. "Personal Idealism and Mysticism," by W. R. Igne, and the second year book of the University Club of the city of Washington, D. C.

Hon. James L. Wells has presented the Library a copy of his pamphlet on the completion of the "Harlem Ship Canal," together with a copy of his address to the "Board of Estimate and Apportionment," of New York City.

Two more interesting pamphlets have been received, one from A. D. Cole, concerning a Kentucky Law Case, and one from A. D. Rockwell.

In the March number of the Atlantic Monthly there is an instructive article by F. R. Guernsey, "The Year in Mexico." This is a summary of the events transpiring in the past year in that country. The Mexico of to-day is vastly different from the Mexico of yesterday. Foreigners, recognizing there a place open to talent, have introduced new methods of mining, manufacturing, etc., until now it is becoming a country up to the standard of modern civilization.

The condition in Russia has of late been attracting a good deal of public attention. Russia on the one hand, is being laid waste by a bitter revolution, while on the other, a famine, which is the worst in that country for twenty years past, now holds a large portion of the inhabitants in its cruel grasp. Two recent articles throw some light on this subject, one in the Literary Digest of March 2, entitled, "Devastation by Politics and Famine in Russia," the other in the Outlook for March 9, "The Russian Revolution."

"The Perils of the Republic," by Goldwin Smith, appeared in the last number of the North American Review. This is a clear and unbiased statement of the most conspicuous and dangerous conditions prevailing in the United States. The questions of immigration, labor, accumulation of wealth, homicides, lynching, etc., are exceptionally well treated.
THE CLASS OF '55.

We were seven! A man for every day in the week! I do not remember who selected Sunday. We all wanted it, of course. Seven is, in Scriptures, a sacred number. We were notoriously scriptural.

The motto of our class on graduating was:

\[\text{Hecce olim meminisse juvabit}.\]

It delights me now, in the autumn of life, to recall the scenes of college days. But it saddens me very much to look over the catalogues of dear old Kenyon and note how many names are preceded by that little star which sends forth gloom instead of brightness, because it tells me that so many whom I knew there are gone! Only three of our class are left. Rev. H. H. Messenger, Joseph H. Larwill and myself.

Andrews, LeDuc, Madeira and Hanford are gone! I recall only a few scattered reminiscences of them. First, let me speak of the living.

Messenger was a solid man and a solemn man. He was an "Integer vitae sacerisque purus,"—a dignified deacon among us. He laughed once during his college course, but he was always sorry for it afterwards, and proved the sincerity of his repentance by "never doing so any more." He gave lessons in vocal music at fifty cents a term or fifty dollars a minute. I forget which. I do not know how it has been with the rest of the class, but I have never tried to sing for fear of being arrested.

Messenger was ordained to the ministry and went out as a missionary to some far-off land. But as the cannibals prefer young lady missionaries he returned to this country and now has a parish in Mississippi, where he is doing good missionary work and deserves praise from everyone.

The College boys, instead of calling him by his right name, generally substituted the Greek equivalent. He seemed to me a very substantial angel. Moreover, while artists always represent a baby angel as a boy, a full grown angel is always a young lady. However, as he was not to blame for being of the wrong sex, no one questioned that he deserved to be called an angel. Whether he is married and surrounded by a gang of little angels, I know not. May long life and abundant blessing be his.

Joe Larwill was in many respects the star member of the class, a man of fine mind and noble heart. His genial wit and fine culture reminds one of "gentle Elia." After graduating he went, I think, to Montana, and started thence to China by an air line. Now deep his explorations or how many bonanzas he struck on the way to China I never knew. But if he struck as many as such a noble fellow deserves, he should have come out of that hole a multi-billionaire.

For a layman, he showed great reverence for the Apostles. He married a Miss Peters and he named his son Paul—a fine handsome youth, better looking by far than Paul of "Ye Olden time."

Larwill went afterwards to Oklahoma. As he is a very civil engineer he has no doubt exerted a civilizing influence in a land where it is nearly as much needed as it is in some parts of New York. May his pathway through life grow "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

As for myself, the less said the better for me. People often speak of "throwing the mantle of charity over the faults of others." In my case the circus tent of charity would not be large enough. Time and space would fail me to tell of them. But there are other obvious reasons why I do not wish to tell of them. I admit that during my college course, I was addicted to day dreams, and lost much valuable time from study in consequence thereof. I devoted too much time to mechanical inventions and no doubt the boys remember "Ray's Flying Machine," as they called it. However, I produced an invention which has since been developed and brought out before the public and has been worth an immense sum to its owners, though it brought nothing to me.

Immediately after graduating I was appointed Tutor in Latin. I was the youngest Latin Tutor ever employed in the College. Many of the students had been in College with me, and they knew that I was not a first class saint. It was difficult for me to put up a stern visage and maintain the "dignity which doth hedge" a tutor. But the students were always exceedingly kind and charitable in their judgments and when I resigned, noble-hearted President Andrews (blessings on his memory), gave me a better testimonial than I deserved.

After resigning I went to the North-west seeking health, and roamed over the prairies of Minnesota. I encountered more perils than I was aware of. Among these perils I must mention at least two. At one time I taught in a Young Ladies' Seminary, and afterwards I had a Class of charming young ladies in Latin. The peril was indeed great. "Homo sum et nihil humanum a me alienum puto."

Surrounded by such a galaxy of female beauties, I came near having nervous prostration, so I returned to Ohio.

Afterwards I held the position of Professor of Latin in an institution in Kentucky until the Uncivil War broke out, and then I broke away and returned to Ohio. I studied at the Divinity School in Philadelphia and was ordained to the
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ministry there. Was called to the rectorship of Calvary Church (Bishop White Memorial), was connected for two years with St. Stephens Church, Harrisburg, Pa. I was called to Grace Church, Harlem, in 1868, and by the blessings of God was enabled to build a new stone church in 1879. I remained Rector of that church for more than a quarter of a century. It has since been consolidated with Emmanuel Church. In the ministry, I have passed the "dead line," but am as much alive as I was thirty years ago and still find my highest happiness in working for the glory of God and the good of mankind.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have used all the space you can give me in this number of The Collegian. If you will allow me space in your next number, I would like to pay a loving tribute to the memory of those of the class of ’55 who are numbered among the dead.

D. Brainard Ray.

REMINISCENCES.

London, England,
February 19, 1907.

Dear Sir:

I only wish that I had something to say about the old days that would be worth while. I was not much in college life. I rubbed up my Greek under that excellent teacher, Prof. Trimble, and was tutor in Greek, for the two years in which I was cramming my theology at Bexley Hall, (for I did the three years in two, in company with that good friend of mine, William Fulton.) Besides, though only a little over 21 years of age I was married and kept house so that as I have said, I was not really familiar with the inside of college life proper. But the Faculty were very good to me. They gave both to Fulton and me what amounted to Honorory Degrees. I loved the place dearly and worked hard in those days, both in teaching at Kenyon and in my theological work at the Seminary. The faculties of both institutions were made up of strong, good men. I never knew a better man than Lorin Andrews, the President, who was as kindly as he was just, an American gentleman of the good old-fashioned type, in the days when phonetics had not yet come to be and when the people "loved the simple life," without knowing that it was simple.

Dr. Smith, too, the Head of Bexley Hall, was, perhaps, a little more refined in his ways than the others, as scholars are apt to be who are physically not very strong. But he was simple, too, and never saw any reason why a theological professor should not carry up from the store a jug of molasses or even a big salt fish, borne daintily by the extremity of the tail—if they happened to need these things at home. On coming to Gambier, after a week at the Hotel, my wife and I took possession of the only vacant house in the place, a newly built little bit of a wooden cottage. It was close to the house of Dr. Muench, who had formerly been Rector at Mount Vernon, but was now retired.

Our house had just two rooms, one of those rather small, and a lean-to, which was the kitchen. There was no door cut through to the latter, so you had to bring in the meals through the rain sometimes, but we newly married folks—a boy and a girl in fact—were never happier in our lives than when, after I had filled up the stove in the parlor with wood from the woodpile at the foot of the garden, we sat down to our supper of tea and soda biscuit as warm as their peregrinations from the kitchen outside permitted.

Yes, those were happy days. After supper the wife had her sewing and I had my books. And sometimes it was one o'clock before I got to bed, for the combined things, three years theology in two and teaching Greek at the College, were no joke.

But everybody worked hard in those days. In the seminary I do not think we had a single lazy man. Yes, there was one, Jeffreys, poor fellow, was rather indolent. But then he was fat, very fat, and was much distressed by the heat in summer. He detested Hebrew and was slow about it. I remember Prof. Trimble, who took the Hebrew beside his other duties, saying to him in his enthusiastic way, "Fly, Mr. Jeffreys fly, when you are reciting Hebrew." and Jeffreys, looking up in his torpid way, "Do I look like a man that could fly, Professor."

By association of contraries Jeffreys makes me think of Noakes who was thin and quick in his movements. He was in our class, too. His trouble was draughts. Dr. Smith would be in the midst of a gentle but intensely earnest discussion of the mild sort of Calvinism he affected, when Noakes would suddenly spring to his feet. "Professor, I know there is a draught coming in at the keyhole of that door. I have a piece of paper here rolled up and all ready for it."

Then there was Bonte, who was married and went afterwards to California. He and I were appointed once to debate the scientific accuracy of the Biblical account of creation. What a spectacle that was! Not the creation, I mean, but the debate. We were both as ignorant of science as babes—I was very orthodox then. It was six literal days of 24 hours—if the Bible didn’t mean that, then what did it mean? Surely a day is a day and if we can’t trust the Bible where are we, etc., etc., etc.?
Ecclesiastical History was then taught by Dr. Wing. He also managed the college business affairs with the country people and things would sometimes get mixed. I remember a man loudly bargaining about the college hay in the midst of a recitation that was going on about Gnostics, Eons and the Pleroma. But the calmness of Dr. Wing was not embarrassed, the hay-man had to pay more for the hay, and the Gnostics were resumed with triumph.

Professor McElhinney came before I left. I remember his first recitation. He had thought out very carefully how he was to manage those students, and of all the extraordinary things to imagine he hit on the notion of giving them beer. Nobody wanted beer. He himself didn’t and we didn’t. But in the midst of the interpretation of one of St. Paul’s Epistles, in came a servant man, or a “help” rather—there were no servants in those days—with a big tray and a lot of jugs of beer. The recitation was in his own house of course, and that was the first, but it was also the last, with beer.

So far as the College was concerned, during Andrews administration the students were orderly as a rule and industrious. The spirit of the place was good—occasionally it would happen that more “books” would come by express to a boy than seemed to find representation on his shelves. A raid was made by the tutor and the contents proved to be stronger than college authorities approved. But such incidents were nearly always mere bravado. There was no real drunkenness or serious misbehavior which probably was to be ascribed in some degree to the large number of men who were looking forward to the ministry. What was no less wholesome and important, there was no snobbery. The spirit was democratic without vulgarity.

In short, though I have known a number of institutions of learning since, both at home and in foreign countries, I know none whose moral tone is more healthy than that of Kenyon in those old days. I have every reason to believe that the same tone prevails still, and that what has been said of Andrews and Dr. Smith may be said with equal justice of those who now occupy their place. It will be a sad day for the United States when the big educational caravanseries with their many serious moral disadvantages come to be preferred by our people to smaller and more quiet houses of learning. I believe that it is in the latter rather than in the former that young men’s consciences and character are shaped for good. We need democratic gentlemen and the smaller colleges are the best instruments for their making.

—C. G. C.