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# OTTERBEIN ÆGIS




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THIS is pre-eminently an age of young people, notwithstanding some have contended it belongs to woman. Others may say it belongs to the politician. This may appear to be the case but the young people lay claim to the first right upon it. They are pushing out in every direction, crowding our colleges and universities for a fuller equipment for their chosen vocation. Almost every church has its organization of young people for thorough and systematic Christian work. Though these societies are as numerous and diverse in religious views as the denominations they help to support, yet it is certain the one great aim

of all is "The Evangelization of the World" and "Overthrow the Power of darkness." Prompted by an ardent desire to do good, inspired by a zeal to emulate their great Master and Teacher and knowing the urgent need of their devoted strength they "Look up" while combatting the present evils and wait not the answer to their cry "Here am I, send me" inactive, but contend that their waiting may be a preparation for the more ardent duties to which they may be called.

WHAT a beautiful quartet of voices" remarked a friend to the editor as we were walking, upon an evening, along a street of a well known city. Directly in front and going in the same direction, were four young men whose rough exterior contrasted strangely with the exquisite blending of their melodious voices. They were singing a popular air—a soul-stirring melody. In sentiment it was so pure and poetic that one might well suppose it was a serenade from the "Spanish Student." But as the song concluded, the singers filed into a saloon seemingly unconscious of the divine accomplishment in vocal music which they possessed. The occurrence is too common. There is many a "mute inglorious Milton" who for want of proper influences or noble ideals or because of some vice wrought upon himself by potations from the fiery glass, has allowed the possibilities once within his grasp to pass by and now a prolonged sigh speaks volumes when he reflects upon what might have been.

IN this world so largely made up of grumblers how pleasant it is to meet a calm, unruffled character, a person whose life is

made up in kindly consideration of others. One, for whom the sun does not shine too brightly, nor the winter's blast too cold, who would scorn to say an unkind word and whose presence brings gladness the entire day. Generally, we think, such a jewel is to be found in the lower walks of life—one, perhaps, who has found little time for study but who knows the secret of human life, and devotes his time to making joyful the lives of others, and when he is called from the stage of action there is sorrow such as is not seen when the ranks of the politician is broken, or the golden sceptre laid down. For, too often, we fear, "Too much learning sometimes makes the heart splendidly null and icily dull." To be truly lovable one must retain something of the simplicity and humility of the common character. It was Lincoln who said "God must have loved the common people, He made so many of them." Yet Lincoln with all his greatness never forgot that he was a common man. Common love, common truthfulness, common simplicity, common interest in others transcended his life and made him the common man he was. Nor will it matter you or me with our mediocre powers what may be said of our achievements when we are gone. Even though we may wield a ready pen or an artist's brush, or woo the muse or charm with our beauty, all that will be forgotten in a world so full of scribblers, daubers or posers as this. But if some one shall stand by our coffin and say "She was so good to me," "He lent me a helping hand" we shall not have lived in vain. After all goodness is much the measure of a useful life.

THE average college student is running along at a very high pressure and possibly entertaining the beautiful fallacy that after college days are over he will enjoy a period of comparative rest and a good time. Dismiss it at once if such an idea has crept into your mind; for if you ever amount to a "little bit" you will always have more work on hands than

you can do and enough that you might do to keep several clerks busy. After all, the real happiness of life comes with the busy cares which throng it. I sometimes think that too many of us are expecting to be happy sometime, all too forgetful that he who seeks such an Elysium goes upon a "fool's errand". We are possibly living in a state of expectancy that the shadowy sometime and the unknown somewhere shall prove a Eutopia of constant convenience or an Arcadia of protracted bliss. The more earnestly happiness is sought the more completely is the seeker baffled. Those who seek her shall not find her; yet she knocks valiantly for admission with the common cares and duties of life's activity. It is universally acknowledged that it is the result of internal conditions and not of external surroundings.

Each day brings us a load of cares, duties and vexations, but along with all these come little rays of sunshine, "little chunks" of happiness—enough to cheer up the dark spots and make a harmonious, symmetrical whole. May be we can find it in doing our present duty nobly, or in the honest effort and earnest toil that we may find our rewards. Be that as it may a present happiness is the only boon promised mankind, the only one we can incorporate in our being. Thackeray well says:—"For my own part I know of nothing more contemptible, unmanly or unwomanly and craven than the everlasting sighing for happiness. Those who have the most of it think the least about it. But in the thinking about and doing their duty happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe! The heart and mind are brought—and reverentially be it said—in contact with the Creator and Ruler and Father of all the perfect bliss. Again, with leisure; it is a very pleasant garment to look at, but a very bad one to wear. The ruin of thousands—aye, millions—may be traced to it."



## America in the Balance.

GEORGE M'ULLOCH, '02.

(Otterbein's Oration in the State Contest).

**C**OLUMBIA, thou land of surpassing grandeur! "The joy of the whole earth, beautiful for situation;" with thy mighty flanks bathed in the surging floods of the boundless Atlantic and Pacific; at thy base the princely Mexican Gulf; with the Great Lakes, the giants of earth, and the far sounding Niagara gurgling at thy Northern frontier. Enclosed within are the Elysian fields of earth, teeming with wealth; with thy mountains bearing on their backs a precious burden of oak and pine, and holding within their eternal grasp metals of the richest hue; with grand rivers winding around their foundations and through thy broad, fertile valleys; and great stretches of rich highlands branching out in every direction. Beneath thy surface lie rocks pregnant with oil, vast reservoirs of gas and limitless acres of coal, with a thousand other ingredients that add to the wealth and comfort of the human race.

Thou art the home of freedom. Every wind that sweeps down thy mountain peaks and across thy plains carry thy messages upon its wings and sound them in every ear. The birds, the flocks and herds of thy ten thousand hills have taken up the strain and mingle their voices in that glorious song of freedom; a song unintelligible to the European when he first landed on thy soil, but after a few centuries of wholesome associations, he caught up the strain and became so enthusiastic in its sentiments that he forced the musket and cannon to sing it for him.

Thou hast stepped upon the stage of time to play a part in the great drama of nations. Commercially thou hast no peer. Within thy borders are intellects that will equal if not surpass any the world has ever produced; that have weighed the continents, bridled the elements, and marked out our course among the

twinkling bodies in the vault above us. What nation can furnish more illustrious names in the world of literature, in the realm of science, and in the field of invention. In war thou hast recently demonstrated that behind thy guns there is skill and manhood, and in thy gun cotton there is irresistible power.

Again, thou art a giant in patriotism. The moment thy pride is touched, a wave of indignation sweeps from shore to shore; party lines are eliminated and ten hundred thousand of thy brave sons place their bodies upon the altar for defense. Thus we behold thee a unit in magnificent compactness. The world looks on with wonder and admiration. The American is intoxicated with pride, and as he beholds the towering form and thinks of his own security, he imagines the republic firmer than the foundations of Gibraltar, which have stood amid the rise and fall of empires.

But in all this is there not a note of warning that sounds on your ears louder than a clap of thunder? Rome once stood on just such a lofty pedestal of wealth and influence, as that upon which we stand at the present hour. But when Rome in her pride, arrogance and security was the greatest, she was at the same time the weakest. It was those under currents, invisible to the outer world, and disregarded by the Roman in his ungovernable love for wealth and power, that swept eternal Rome from her foundations. Who is so blind that he cannot see these same under currents of licentiousness, intemperance, ignorance, monopoly, distrust and unrest surging up and down this great republic, disregarded by the throng in their mad struggle for wealth and influence? The political demagogue rides to power on these same surges that threaten our peace, yea our very existence.

Rome sent her warriors forth to conquer, and statesman's honors followed the soldier's triumph. America does the same. The Roman could buy his way to power and demand public favor. The American far transcends him in the proficiency of this art, and you need not leave the fair state of Ohio for signal illus-

trations along this line. The Roman, you say, plundered the treasuries of his provinces. Yes, but Rome furnishes no parallel to the debasing schemes of robbery unearthed in the state capitol at Harrisburg and to the canal steal of New York. You say the Roman bid for the privilege of collecting the tax and by the business became rich but unpopular. The American is more shrewd. He pays \$50,000 for an office that pays him a salary of \$5,000 and in the performance of the honorable functions of that office, wins for himself an amount vastly surpassing his outlay, and then retires an honored servant and public benefactor.

When such things are possible, it is evident there is something wrong, radically wrong, in the administration of our governmental affairs. There is something wrong in that government which constantly encourages monopolies and trusts, and allows the concentration of three billions of dollars to be wielded against American industries. There is something wrong in that country whose wealth is unbounded, whose garners are full of the very commodities for which the masses are clamoring, and yet one seventh of its industrious workmen are living on scant fare and many of them on municipal charity. Who can see this and not understand that discontent and unrest must follow, and that these will destroy public faith, and, making inroads on the peace of the commonwealth, invite foreign aggression?

Our watchword has been advancement, and with that love of truth, purity and honesty that has always characterized the American people, the standard of the nation has been pushed onward and upward until it occupies its now exalted position. But it is a most evident fact that the contest between the lovers of truth and honesty, and their antagonists is becoming fiercer every year. Tonight we see the great republic in the balance, and we may well stand with staid utterance and ask which way the masses will sway her.

We have watched the bitter contest in Pennsylvania, only to see the great advocates of truth retreat to rally their forces for another

onset. The saloon with all the powers of darkness seems destined to win the day and accomplish the awful work. Then let there be one universal prayer go up to the throne of justice, that the awful doom of Babylon—Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharson—Numbered, Numbered, Weighed, Divided, may never be enscribed on the walls of fair Washington. We cannot cover up the growing tendency of the times; the most optimistic see it.

Nor is the politician ignorant of this state of affairs. He sees the unrest and discontent and feels the nation rock at his feet. He gladly offers his prescription free, but for it we pay revenue. The disease is deeply rooted and its symptoms are dangerous. Political quacks have been prescribing for it these many years, but still the disease is eating into the very vitals of the nation. The Free Trade enthusiast, cognizant of the conditions, shouts his free trade doctrine as a cure for the social ills. Throw open our ports to the world and the difficulty will be removed. The Free Silverite steps upon the rostrum and cries for a larger per capita circulation as a cure for the social disturbances. The Goldite mathematically demonstrates that the silver cure is utterly void of all the panacean qualities that are claimed for it; that no amount of glittering coin can adjust the social inequalities. He would pacify the masses with the proposition that their only salvation is in their adherence to the principles of sound money. The extreme Socialist cries for an equal distribution of the nation's wealth, which under the present conditions would be as foolish as casting our pearls before swine. They would trample them under foot, then turn to rend those who made the sacrifice. All these proffered helps are useless and delusive, with but little virtue in any of them.

So long as the masses are ignorant of the great social problems, and furthermore are not able to judge intelligently, and with what few ideas they have founded on prejudice, so long will it be possible for the political demagogue to sway public opinion; overturn the most virtuous and logical policies ever presented to

the nation for decision; ride over the interests of the masses for personal and party gain. What every American citizen needs is an independent knowledge of all the social problems that confront the nation. This would necessitate the bringing of a college education within the reach of every citizen. O, haste the day! when Yales and Harvards shall be as numerous as our public schools; when the rich and the poor shall gather the pearls of life together.

What makes the great gap between our national senator and the man at the plow? It is not so much a matter of dollars and cents as it is that of intellectual superiority of the one over the other. What we want is not to bring the former down, but to lift the latter up and make them equal. With such a standard of intelligence, intellect against intellect, we can hope for a solution of the great social problems, an entire revolution. Under these conditions the politician will become a respectable citizen. Senatorships will change from financial grabs to offices of honor and trust. The mechanic, the plumber, the carpenter, the ploughman, will meet the national senator and cabinet officer on the same intellectual platform. Man will be united to man in fraternal love and esteem.

But how is this to be accomplished? We want a weapon with a penetrating power greater than that of a cannon; a force that will strike at the foundation of man's moral nature, arouse him to a sense of duty and obligation, and fan the spark of fraternal affection until it glows as a live coal, ready to sacrifice for his fellow man. Truth is the mightiest of weapons; the weapon with which Dr. Parkhurst shook New York City to its very foundation in defense of the American Sabbath; the weapon that will shake the United States from the Gulf to the Great Lakes; before which the ramparts of ignorance will crumble. Let truth be borne on the strong arm of popular intelligence, until every American citizen is lifted from a state of ignorance and degradation; so that when he is called upon to perform his duty to God and country, every vote will register a man.

Borne upon such a standard of intelligence

we will call an eternal halt to debauchery, stay the under-currents of unrest, turn back the tides of ignorance, weigh the republic down with justice, equity and righteousness, and establish it as firm as the everlasting hills.

### Personal Influence.

OLA ROGERS, 1901.

**I**NFLUENCE is a capacity for producing effects by insensible or invisible means. It is that unseen, gentle and mysterious power by which mind effects mind, producing by hidden means manifest results. The grace and grandeur of a truly noble life begets the silent wish in the beholder to be like it. The persuasive force of admirable traits in the character of our friends leads us to look for like gifts in ourselves and if not found, to plant and cultivate them. The generous benefactions of the benevolent stimulate and inspire others to give. How valuable to those around us is the true spirit of kindness in us. If we possess it, we possess a treasure more to be desired than all the jewels of the earth. Not only in the acts which we do, but in the words which we speak, we may be wielding an unconscious influence which will tell upon the welfare of others and which may settle their decisions when the balance hangs trembling before them. We little know the mischief that may be done by an angry word, an angry act, or an angry look.

Society is a great chain and in it we are all links. When one is touched or drawn, all are moved with it. We are members of one great body and when one member suffers all the other parts sympathize with it. We cannot if we would, avoid affecting others by our life, our words and our looks. The company we keep or avoid moulds others for good or evil. No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this con-



nection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe to which we can retreat from our relations to others where we can withdraw the influence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere our presence or absence will be felt, everywhere we will have companions who will be better or worse for our influence.

We touch chords every day that will not cease to vibrate, but will bless or curse man while being lasts. Our least acts are like pebbles cast into water—they start ripples that will roll until its undulations strike the eternal shore.

We are all educated far more by personal influence than by books and the apparatus of schools. President Garfield says: "The privilege of sitting down before a great, clear-headed, large hearted man, and breathing the atmosphere of his life, being drawn up to him, lifted up by him and learning the methods of thinking and living, is in itself an enormous educating power."

There are persons of but ordinary talent, who at no time seem to be doing very much good, but their lives present an uninterrupted succession of good deeds and their spirit and their works receive and impart increase by sympathetic contact with the sacrifices and toils of others. We cannot tell what such a person's *life* has done by telling what *he* has done. It works in the mother's soul; and she brings up her son on a higher plane. It works in that son and he comes to a stature to which he never would have come without it.

Emerson has influenced young men and women to think and to think for themselves, putting in them high hopes and high aims. Harriet Beecher Stowe through her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" exerted a most powerful political influence in helping to inflame the people of the north against slavery. The influence of Wendell Phillips through his long and useful life has done much to reform morality and religion while that of Ingersoll has done much to the contrary.

Both natural and acquired ability gives us influence which may be used as a boon and a

blessing to man or it may be wielded to wither and waste, to blur and blast the lives and hopes of men in both worlds. Let us take heed how we live. Let us ponder positions before we take them.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime;  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

"Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, may take heart again."

### Can America Cope With Arising Exigencies?

W. C. REICHERT. '99.

ON July 4, 1776, there was published to the world a manuscript, momentous in its destiny, experimental in its nature. A people abused by tyranny, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions, solemnly declared that they were absolved from all allegiance to the mother country and that they constituted a sovereign nation. What a wondrous spectacle! The like had never before been witnessed; here was a people, a confederation of rebelling colonies which proposed to set at defiance all the awe-inspiring traditions of royalty, which proposed to scorn the name of king and seek to recover and vindicate the Rights of Man. In Europe apprehension seized kings, unbounded joy the populares. Sir Thomas More would have hailed this new nation as his Utopia, the French people saw in this proposed republic the realization of the Arcadia of their philosophers.

What was regarded as a dream, was to be made a reality. At the end of an eight years' struggle, the attainment of the first step to this realization was conceded. Yet what was the outlook of the confederation of colonies in 1783 as a nation? The nation, if such at that period, was penniless and loaded with debt; its

armies were unpaid for the services to which it owed its very existence, and though there was an immense wealth in its soil and mines, years of peaceful industry were needed to bring it to light. Yet did this country fail to cope with the obscurity and gloom besetting its path? Did the chaos of existing conditions discourage it to the point of despair? Let us see. On May 25, 1787,—a most memorable date in the history of our country—delegates from the several colonies met to deliberate the living need of centralization, the second step attending the realization of the Arcadian dream. No precedent served this assembly as a guide; other nations had their constitutions shaped by centuries of evolution, but now for the first time in the world's history, four millions of people were by their representatives to choose a government for themselves. And how did the assembly satisfy the pressing exigency? It launched upon the troubled sea of experiment an instrument, which in the opinion of the keenest critics of Europe is said to be the most wonderful work ever created by human mind.

This experimental nation bravely faced the mighty problems and far-reaching consequences, following upon the inauguration of the principles of its constitution. In spite of the ill-concealed jealousy of European sovereigns, it expanded in prosperity, wealth, commerce and territory. Its rising power caused the second war for its independence, but emerging from it, contrary to the expectations of its enemies this country found itself more cohesive, more sinewy than the most optimistic of its citizens dared wish. Speedily recovering from the adversities of the war, a great era of prosperity set in; the fame of its rich unoccupied lands, its natural resources, drew a tide of immigrants from Europe, who, easily assimilated into American citizenship, added to the power and development of their adopted country. The slender chain of settlements along the Atlantic seaboard was rapidly expanding into a vast area, and by virtue of the fruits of a victorious war with Mexico, the

shores of this country for the first time were washed by the waves of two oceans.

So far in the course of its existence no exigency, no danger, no difficulty could bar the imperial progress of this great Republic. But the early days of perilous experiment were past. The time had now arrived when it was to witness the second great epoch of its existence; when the national integrity, the very inherent right of this great Republic to continue its existence was challenged and the constitution cited in negation of the cardinal principle of self-preservation. A fratricidal strife arose which cost hundreds of thousands of lives, billions of treasure and at such a fearful cost to both North and South, settled forever the two great issues of modern times,—that of involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime, and that of constitutional democracy.

This exigency of national dismemberment successfully coped with, all men were ready to join in repairing the wastes and enmities of the war. Europe stood amazed at the strength and the clemency of the great Republic, as was proved in the work of reconstruction. The hopes of its enemies had again been doomed to disappointment. Malicious thrusts had been made, prior to the war, that the peaceful, industrious pursuits of a majority of the people had unfitted them for war and that as they were used to personal freedom, they would never submit to the needful discipline of the army. But Europe learned that men will fight most cheerfully and bravely for a government that represents their will and promotes their prosperity and that happy home-life, so far from destroying courage is a strong incentive to it. From out of the chaos attending the close of the Civil War, a powerful nation arose which slowly at first, then rapidly welded its shattered sinews. It stood at the close of its second epoch with its people,—that great majestic mass of this Republic—as the champions of free institutions and constitutional liberties, as the highest exponent of enlightened citizenship.



America entered its third epoch upon the inauguration of a war with the monarchy of Spain, which added great glory to American arms and a new chapter to American history. The result of the war has occasioned a revision of geographies; the lines which denoted the limits of Spain and her possessions must be changed and the included territory be materially reduced. Those which bound the sovereignty of the United States must be correspondingly lengthened so as to embrace our newly acquired possessions. The colonial question now rests with Congress, the voice of this exalted commonwealth, that grand body of American citizens which finds its only parallel in the Athenian democracy of ancient Greece. Congress will find that it cannot disregard manifest destiny; we are destined as a people and a government to perform our part in the drama of extending civilization. Not only as for a century past shall the oppressed of all lands find welcome and refuge under the banner of the Republic, but with a high resolve the descendants of those, who gave us the charter of our national liberties must for other people and in other lands lift up the standard of civilization and assert the majesty of constitutional democracy. The Republic of the United States can not avoid, much as it would wish, this course that lies marked out before it. Though we neither planned nor expected such a pathway, yet by the evolution of events which no human power can control we are forced to pursue it.

Arguments against the constitutionality of holding the captured colonies of Spain will prove as fruitless as the opposition to Hawaiian annexation of last year. When constitutions clash with obligations, when they clash with the extension of free institutions they must be changed. If ours be of such a class it must be amended as not to conflict with the dictates of our national duty, so as to permit the full discharge of our moral obligations. But now the paramount question,—“Are we prepared to meet the exigency arising before us?” An answer in the negative falls little

short of treason! For what patriot will say that an American of TO DAY with a century's experience in self-government has been rendered less competent to meet exigencies, to establish new laws, to widen the jurisdiction of his government than were his ancestors in 1787 competent to launch the experiment of constitutional democracy upon this continent?

The United States stands to-day in the forefront of the world's governments. The virtue, intelligence and patriotism of its citizens is the cornerstone of its radiant splendor. No nation is better equipped to extend the majesty of law and of progressive civilization than we. He has studied to little purpose the history of his country and but poorly apprehends the spirit of its intelligent citizenship, who trembles at the phantom of so-called imperialism. Let such an individual, who doubts the ability of his country to cope with arising exigencies, read and re-read the history of his country since 1775 as recorded in any common school history, and a blush of shame will testify as to his previous narrowness and his conversion to the broad expanse of liberalism. In facing our confronting exigency of colonial expansion, let us remember that we are beholding the glorious sunrise of a *greater* America. Let us not apply vain efforts to obstruct the engine of destiny! The world moves.

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### The Divine in Art.

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S. OLIVE MORRISON, '88.

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**M**AN is an aspiring being. Confined by the narrow limits of the human he walks with feet upon the earth but in his Godlike stature towers with head among the stars. He seeks to know the mysteries of his being and the secrets of the universe. He tries to spell the alphabet of God's thoughts and gain communion with the Divine. His every effort that has been pronounced noble and sublime, has been the result of his attempts to express his concep-

tion of the Divine whether it has been wrought out with brush or chisel or pen. It is the divine element which throws a halo of glory over man's rudest structures and that laughs to scorn the power of the finger of Time to destroy his tributes to the Infinite.

The perfect expression of the Divine conception has been the tantalizing goal for which mankind has striven since creation's dawn. It has lured man into the fields of labor and wrung from him his grandest efforts and yet mocked him with despair. Not an altar has ever been reared, nor temple raised, no wondrous melody of the soul gushed forth in song, not a line of beauty traced that has not proved man akin to God and brought him nearer his great goal.

The conception of the Divine is universal. Wherever the footprints of mankind have been traced, there also have been found the evidences of his heavenly inspiration. And what are all the works of man but his attempt to embody his ideal and to satisfy his longing to erect some tribute to the unseen God? As a child seeks to grasp the sunbeam so he longs to grasp and hold the bright vision that flits before his mind.

The deepest struggle of the soul has ever been God-ward. And according to man's conception of God, so has been his highest art expression.

To a God of majesty and power were erected those structures of solemn grandeur upon the sands of Egypt and a God all powerful, righteous and eternal speaks from those colossal monuments and pillars of stone in the temples of Karnak and Luxor. Men to-day walk as pigmies among their gigantic ruins and still feel the awful presence of the Egyptian's God, who could create terror but never inspire love. It was their belief in the divinity in man and the immortality of the soul that prompted the Titanic labor that built those wonderful tombs, the pyramids.

Assyrian and Babylonian art is but an echo of Egyptian with the terrible accentuated but

without its simplicity and power because their religion lacked the purity and exaltation of the Egyptian. Although their artists' pen and chisel, held and guided by their narrow religious ideas, achieved wonders, yet they never gained that freedom which alone can form and mold the beautiful. Art is never greater than the artist. A nation's art can only reach that excellence which their religion represents.

It was the mission of Greece to give the world not only a religion of beauty but perfection in art. To the Greek was intrusted that exalted imagination which clothed the real with the ideal and threw the mystic garment of beauty around all he beheld. Gods and goddesses were conceived in the likeness of human beings, but human beings freed from every blemish and made august and beautiful by their artistic imagination. Their art, in its best period always pure and noble, was inspiring and elevated and appealed to the most serious and exalted elements of their nature and never to the coarser. Beauty, to them, was holiness.

It was when the religious belief of the Greeks was fresh and vigorous and their faith in the gods unbroken that their best art was produced. When Zeus ruled the world with his royal scepter and nodded his decrees from his throne, when Athena was sought for her wisdom, when the wing-footed Hermes carried swift messages of the gods and Hebe, glorious in immortal youth, refreshed them with cups of nectar, when Olympus was the home of the gods and the scene of their nightly revels, then it was that the Acropolis of Athens was filled with the immortal works of Phidias, and that wonder and despair of architectural beauty, the Parthenon, was erected to the honor of Pallas Athena. The serene and peaceful images of gods and goddesses looked down from shrines and pedestals, upon the petty cares of life with aloofness and untouched with any feeling for the infirmities of men.

Beautiful temples dedicated to some deity

crowned the hills of every Greek city and each vied with the other in magnificence. Not content to build alone to those they knew, Athens erected a temple to the "Unknown God."

When the gods of Greece fell from their lofty position then came the fall of their great creative genius. When religious faith wanes, art deteriorates for art cannot pretend; it can only express an idealized real. A temple was never more beautiful than the faith that inspired it. Unbelief never carved a line of beauty. Faith is natural, hence beautiful. Unbelief is itself a deformity.

Skepticism conquered the mind, immorality palsied the hand, is the epitaph inscribed upon the tomb of the ancient glory of Greece. Art wept the fall of its greatness when the glamour of divinity, which had been cast over their deities, disappeared and revealed only the human.

The history of Greece is but repeated in Rome. The gods of Rome were not idealized men and women, as in Greece, but the "rulers of human affairs and the prototypes of human virtues." With them justice was a passion and war its implement. Small need there was for the children of Mars to produce great works when they conquered the world and rifled it of its art treasures. Less sensitive and refined than the Greeks they never attained their perfection and always lacked that subtle, spirituelle charm which is the soul compelling utterance of a divine message.

The antagonism of the Christian religion to the subjects and ideals of pagan art resulted in the decline and decadence of antique art. Later it learned to appropriate the principles of pagan art to embellish its own subjects.

The advent of Christianity, heralded by the angelic choir, could not fail to appeal to the artistic impulse of those whose hearts it held in rapture. Men caught up the wondrous theme and bequeathed it to the centuries in stone, and on canvas and wall.

The middle ages witnessed throughout

Europe the building of the Gothic cathedral, that deepest and most passionate devotion of the heart offered in architecture and which has been called "petrified prayer."

Temples were no longer shrines where men poured out the wealth of their hearts' affection to graven images but a place for the worship of a living God.

The Gothic cathedral in form and distribution was a confession of faith. Built in the form of a cross, the vaulted roof was an emblem of man's free aspiring nature, the spires and pinnacles pointing heavenward called him from the beauty of the works of man to the imperishable glory of God and seemed an uplifted supplication for the mercy of Heaven.

In the absence of printed books the cathedral was the gospel spelled in stone. Open at all times for all who wished to enter who shall say that those who walked in the solemn hush and quiet of their dim aisles and knelt and meditated beneath their vaulted domes and arches did not there learn the lessons which gave the middle ages its martyrs and saints.

The great cathedrals of Milan and Cologne are types of Gothic architectural splendor and its lavish completeness which has never been excelled. But stone and marble were, at best, but cold and unsympathetic mediums to express all the divine tenderness of the artistic ideal.

Painting with the ancients had never reached perfection because it had not been an object of adoration. The artist, as if awaiting a worthy subject now impelled by a heavenly vision, dips his brush in those immortal colors and paints divinity and lo! that indefinable something which had eluded the sculptor's chisel now glows radiant from the canvas.

The names of Raphael and Michael Angelo will ever be associated with angel's faces and the marvelous portrayal of the scenes from the life of Christ. Angelo's "Last Judgment" will ever command the undying admiration of the world but before Raphael's "Transfigura-



tion" it will pause not only with wonder but with that deeper feeling of reverence which is the involuntary tribute of the heart to the divinity which speaks from the work.

Some of the conceptions of the masters are so beautiful, so divine that we may well believe that they in some glorious vision were lifted up above mortal cares to Heaven's very gates and there caught from the faces of angels that immortal beauty which they have portrayed.

Great as has been the gifts of the past to art the present is not without a worthy tribute.

This is called a materialistic age, an age in which art has been neglected, beauty without power to appeal and in which grace has been conquered by utility. Is this true or is it that the world has caught God's truer and grander ideal for the human race, that the loftiest and most magnificent monument man ever reared to God is the pure and spotless temple, the human soul? Shall we say the age is materialistic which seeks to raise this temple, that spends its money and energy not upon perishable marble and granite but upon restoring that more enduring temple of the soul?

The ancients made their gods in the image of man but Christianity strives to make men in the image of God.

When man's most wonderful and marvelous works of art shall have crumbled into dust, when history's scroll has been rolled together, and time been declared to be no more that grander and more stately temple, the soul, shall stand, built by faith, cleansed by tears, the realization of every truth for which man agonized and all the loveliness of which he despaired, wrought into beauty by the hand of God, the sublimest work of art, eternal in the heavens.

A number of rooters accompanied Mr. McCulloch to Yellow Springs and assisted in imparting life to the state oratorical contest. All report a good time and royal treatment at the hands of the Antioch students.

## State Oratorical Contest.

**T**HE annual contest of the State Oratorical Association was held at Yellow Springs, in the chapel of Antioch College, on the evening of April 14 and in all its salient features proved the most successful yet held. The character of the work was such as to show a marked interest in oratory among the colleges in the association. The chapel was appropriately decorated with beautiful plants and the colors of the colleges represented which augmented the enthusiasm and splendor of the occasion. The Otterbein delegation was the largest among the visitors and its presence was manifest on many occasions throughout the visit. The generous hospitality of Antioch College and the citizens of Yellow Springs drew from the delegates and visitors the warmest praises.

After an opening invocation Mr. George McCulloch, Otterbein's representative, appeared upon the platform and delivered one of the best prepared orations given the whole evening. Mr. McCulloch was in the best of spirits, earnest and confident. His oratory is natural and fluent to which he adds no mannerisms nor artificial gesture. (Read his oration in this issue of THE ÆGIS).

Then came Mr. C. H. Cockayne, of Heidelberg, who spoke on "The Basis of Judgment." The speaker began by quoting J. G. Saxe's poem, "The Blind Men and the Elephant." Truth is universal and eternal. All nature acts in accordance with law. Its various interpretations has given rise to many sects of belief. It is a sad fact and should teach man's insignificance to know that his judgment is often faulty. We must keep our senses bright and wide awake, our minds clear and our consciences true. Wait not for precedent but establish one. Mr. Cockayne was argumentative and in his delivery almost entirely depended upon his voice rather than gesture.

The next speaker was Mr. S. L. Day, of Antioch, who brought a well written and delivered oration on "The Future of Our Coun-

try." Mr. Day noticed the success of our country and from this foretold a successful future. Our resources are not exhausted. Our free schools should be the pride of every American citizen. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." The Bartholdi Statue of Liberty typifies our nation's mission to become the arbiter of the world's civilization. Mr. Day was in earnest and his fine orotund voice greatly helped an appreciation of his delivery.

Then came Mr. C. A. Croninger, of Baldwin, who showed some lack of confidence in his calm delivery. The speaker's subject was "Province of the Ideal." All have an idea of perfectness. The nature of the ideal is the supreme incentive to human achievement. To the lofty sense of the ideal the universe is one poem—God's grand Epic—and as the grand recital proceeds the ideal essays to carve a line that all the time may be read. The ideal is of infinite value to all. It is most manifest in the moral world.

Mr. Louis B. Blakemore, University of Cincinnati, presented "The Great Example." The oration was devoted to a delineation of the character of Christ. The speaker confronted the centurion, Pontius Pilate, and Napoleon with the question "What think you of Christ?" It is the brave and hopeful who have fought life's battles and won the world's victories. The world needs men who will follow the Great Example. The founders of our republic were men of character. Columbia's cry is for men.

The last speaker of the evening was Mr. J. T. W. Stewart, Miami, "America Our Country, Improvement Our Duty." The duty incumbent upon us is to improve. The history of our country was briefly traced. America looks forward to her greatness. Spain has neglected improvement and fallen to decay. Let us profit from the lessons of the past. No one will be left without work worthy of his powers. Let us then accept as our duty the work of improvement.

The following is the markings of the

judges and rank of each of the contestants:

JUDGES.....	THOUGHT AND COMPOSITION.				FORM AND DELIVERY.				GEN. AVERAGE.	RANK.
	PROF. DARST.	REV. HUME.	REV. VAUGHN.	AVERAGE.	MR. INGHAM.	MR. BENNET.	MR. HARLEM.	AVERAGE.		
INSTITUTION AND CONTESTANT										
Otterbein— Geo. McCulloch	87	89½	99	95 5/6	92	96	82	90	91 11/12	2
Heidelberg— C. A. Croninger	90	90	88	89½	95	92	84	90 1/3	89 5/6	3
Antioch—S. L. Day..	93	91	100	94 2/3	97	96	90	94 1/3	94 1/2	1
Baldwin— C. A. Croninger	92	91½	85	89½	94	94	80	89 1/3	89 5/11	4
Cincinnati— L. B. Blakemore	84	84	75	80	90	91	86	89	85	6
Miami— J. T. W. Stewart	85	86½	85	85½	92	93	92	91 1/3	88 11/12	5

The program was followed by an elaborate five course banquet at which covers were laid for one hundred. At the business meeting on Saturday morning the proposed amendment to the constitution was rejected on a tie vote. The amendment looked forward to the establishment of one system of judges instead of two as the orations are now judged. Ohio Normal University applied for admission to the association but was refused because of the standing of the school. The next contest will be held at Berea, the seat of Baldwin University.

### In Memoriam.

FOR the second time in its history the class of '70 has been visited by the hand of death. This time Jacob Landis Flickinger has been called from a life militant to a life triumphant. Mr. Flickinger was born at Seven Mile, Ohio, March 12, 1848, and died in Westerville, April 7, 1899. In the later sixties he entered Otterbein University where he won the appreciation of everybody by his honest application to study and kindness to students. He was graduated from the scientific course in 1870 after which he spent two years in the Law School of the University of Michigan, from which he was graduated in



1872. On July 27, 1871, he was married to Miss Frances S. Myers, who will be remembered as the first president of the Cleiorhetean Literary Society.

After his graduation in law Mr. Flickinger located in Hamilton, Ohio, and afterwards in Westerville. He began a successful career as postmaster of the latter place in 1875, and afterwards served one term as engrossing clerk in the State Legislature. While on a business trip to Chicago he was taken sick and, after spending several weeks in a hospital, returned home, February, 1898. His ailment quickly developed into a lingering dropsy which greatly harassed his closing days with acute pain.

While a student in Otterbein Mr. Flickinger professed faith in Christ, and though, as he said, at times negligent he never lost his hope in his faith. During his last illness he renewed his covenant and was happy in God's love. Though he desired to live, he was submissive to His will and prepared for the end when it came.

The funeral was largely attended by the students who bore a lasting tribute to the departed. Noticeable among the flowers was a beautiful decoration, the gift of the Cleiorhetean society, also, a splendid design from the local W. C. T. U. of which Mrs. Flickinger is a member. Mr. Flickinger was a member of the Philophronean society which adopted appropriate resolutions.

### Art Reception.

IN the evening of April 1st the Art Department was at home to friends in their rooms on the first floor. The walls had been beautifully brightened by selections from this year's work of the students in the department,—all the different courses being represented. Quite potent enough were these to elicit the warmest praises of the many visitors but the china table where were exhibited many pieces of finely painted china attracted

its full quota of enthusiasts. To vary the pleasures of the evening a pretty program of recitations and music had been arranged.

But if the pictures stood out in peculiar force there were noticed among them groups of most suggestive finish, and possessing merit not to be lightly passed. These bore the signature of Miss Bertha Monroe who this year graduates from the department. Miss Monroe's desire is not to cover the canvas but to produce a picture within itself meritorious. Not alone is story telling quality to be found in them but a *raison d'etre* and this is the secret of her success.

These receptions are becoming more and more an event of the college year and with the increasing work of the art department promise well to be made pleasanter and more delightful with each occurrence.

### Locals.

Miss Adda May, of Lewisburg, O., has re-entered college and will graduate this year.

A number of students availed themselves of the short spring vacation by going home. Those who remained in Westerville enjoyed themselves with various social pleasures.

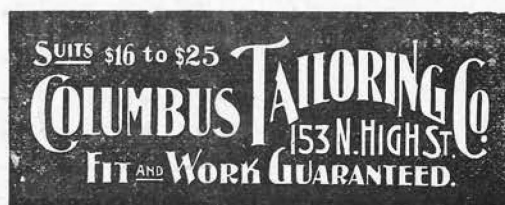
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Some of the seniors embraced the opportunity to do some work on their commencement theses.

Miss Maude Barnett, of Rich Valley, Ind., returned to college at the opening of the spring term.

Misses Alice Shauck, Edith Evans, and Ada Kumler spent Easter Sunday at their homes in Dayton, O.

On Sunday morning, April 2, Miss Jessie Landis sang at the West Broad Street Presbyterian church, Columbus, O.

H. K. Schaff, who has been O. U.'s popular cornet soloist for some time, has gone to the First Artillery Band now on Sullivan's Island, near Fort Sumter and Charleston, S. C.

Rev. F. S. Douglas, a former Otterbein student, died suddenly on March 21. At the

time of his death Mr. Douglas was pastor of the United Brethren church at Kearney, Neb.

Robert L. Kunkle, of O. M. U., spent Sunday, April 9, visiting old friends in Otterbein.

D. J. Good has left college to assume the pastorate of a United Brethren church in Maryland.

Miss Genevieve Arnold, of New Madison, visited among college friends early in the month.

Mr. L. E. Coleman, of the 160th Ind. V. I., was mustered out of the U. S. service at Savannah, Ga., on April 25.

Pres. T. J. Sanders, who was seriously ill during the first two weeks of this month, is now able to go about his active work. On his re-appearance at chapel Monday morning, April 17th, the president was accorded a modest

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oyation by the students, who are unanimous in rejoicing over his recovery.

F. B. Bryant spent several days at home about the middle of the month.

H. A. Warman, of Clayton, entered college at the opening of the spring term.

Prof. R. H. Wagoner assumed charge of his classes at the opening of this term and is steadily gaining in strength.

The annual fishing epidemic has broken out among the local followers of Izaak Walton. True fisherman's luck has generally resulted.

Miss Chloe Needles, of Hoytsville, is a new student in Otterbein this term. She is confining her attention to work in the conservatory.

The Business Manager of THE ÆGIS has a New Home sewing machine to sell. Anyone needing a good machine should write him at once.

Miss Mamie Rauck has been absent from her classes for the past two weeks, being temporarily in charge of the Bryant district school near Westerville.

The sound of the college bell is welcome after a week's silence. It is to be hoped that the superannuated joke of stealing the clapper will not be repeated soon.

Interest in track athletics is being worked up by the various captains, and a good team will be developed for the state contest which is to be held in Columbus this year.

Pedestrianism is the latest fad among the students. The girls of the senior class have formed a pedestrian club, and are conducting daily explorations of the country adjacent to Westerville. Others have taken up the idea, and the result is a general participation in this

most healthful and rational form of recreation.

Miss Ada Kumler had the misfortune to be thrown from her bicycle Tuesday evening, the 11th, and in consequence was unable to attend recitations for several days.

Prof. George Scott is treating his senior elective class to some interesting and valuable lectures on "Latin Literature" and "Recent Archaeological Discoveries."

J. H. Caulker attended the branch meeting of the Woman's Missionary society at Canal Winchester on Wednesday, April 19, and delivered an address on African missions.

On Saturday evening, April 15th, a small party of students assembled at the beautiful home of Prof. and Mrs. George Scott, and spent the evening in a most enjoyable manner. The host and hostess, assisted by Miss Leona Scott, proved themselves delightful entertainers, and made the hours pass swiftly by. Crokinole and other games, together with suitable refreshments, contributed to the pleasure of the occasion. Those present were:—

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A large number of students and members of the faculty attended the reception given in the association parlors on Monday evening, April 10, by the college pastor, Rev. L. F. John. As the guests arrived, they were accorded a hearty greeting by Mr. and Mrs. John. After a period of general conversation and amusement, a short program was rendered. Music was furnished by the Cleiorhetean glee club, the Philophronean quartet and the Philomathean mandolin club. Miss Zeola Hershey rendered a recitation in her own incomparable manner. Ice cream and cake was then served, followed by another social time, during which each guest succeeded in getting better acquainted with everyone else. The purpose of the reception, to bring the students and the church closer together, was accomplished in a most gratifying manner. All who were present enjoyed the occasion and felt themselves deeply indebted to the college pastor and his estimable wife.

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Cleveland & Buffalo.....	*1:40 am	*1:50 pm
New York & Boston.....	†9:15 am	†12:40 pm
Cleveland & Buffalo.....	†9:15 am	†12:40 pm
Local to Crestline.....	†9:15 am	†12:40 pm
N Y. & Boston Ex.....	*11:40 am	*4:15 pm
Cleveland & Buffalo.....	*1:40 am	*4:15 pm
Delaware & Cleveland.....	†4:15 pm	†9:10 pm
Local to Cleveland.....	†4:15 pm	†9:10 pm
Southwestern Lim.....	* 0:00 pm	*7:03 am
New York & Boston.....	*10:00 pm	*7:08 am
Buffalo & Niagara Falls.....	*10:00 pm	*7:08 am

### CINCINNATI SOUTH AND WEST.

	LEAVE	ARRIVE.
Dayton & Cincinnati.....	*2:10 am	*1:30 am
Louisville & Nashville.....	*2:10 am	*1:30 am
Southwestern Lim.....	*7:15 am	*9:55 pm
Dayton & Cincinnati.....	*7:15 am	*9:55 pm
Indianapolis & Chicago.....	*7:15 am	*9:55 pm
Dayton & Cincinnati.....	†9:25 am	†6:30 pm
Local to Cincinnati.....	†9:25 am	†6:30 pm
Dayton & Cincinnati.....	†1:00 pm	†4:05 pm
London & Springfield.....	†1:00 pm	†4:05 pm
Dayton & Cincinnati.....	*4:25 pm	*1:35 am
Indianapolis & St. Louis.....	*4:25 pm	*1:35 am
Louisville & Nashville.....	*4:25 pm	*1:35 am
Dayton & Cincinnati.....	*5:40 pm	†4:05 pm
Dayton & Springfield.....	†5:40 pm	*9:40 am

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