

Prof. W. J. Green

The Otterbein Record.

A COLLEGE MONTHLY.

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WESTERVILLE, OHIO.

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VOL. V.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, MAY, 1885.

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MOSAICS OF LITERATURE.

III.

THE FIRST ENGLISH NOVEL.

BY PROF. W. J. ZUCK, '78.

In the study of literature, no less than in that of history, chronology is an essential feature. By this it is not asserted that the date of every writer must be known in order to an accurate knowledge of the comprehensiveness and richness of our literature; no more, indeed, than the ability to fix accurately the date of every event in history makes one conversant with the true philosophy which it teaches. History must be studied with the open atlas and the chart of the unfolding centuries, if its real lessons are to be learned. In like manner, if we are to enter into the spirit and understand fully the marvelous growth of our literary history, we must unroll the map of England and the chart of her kings and queens. Some idea of the times and the great questions of state and church that agitated the English world when these writers lived, is absolutely necessary to a fair appreciation of their works.

After Bede (673), the father of English prose, six and a half centuries elapsed before the advent of Chaucer (1328), the father of English poetry, and half as much between Chaucer and Defoe (1661), the father of the English novel. These are well marked beginnings of three distinct branches of our literature, while about these names may be grouped a host of writers, inferior or supe-

rior to these founders. Nor were these successive steps taken arbitrarily or by accident. They had an exact countermovement in society and the mind itself. Literature is, at all times, the camera in which we see the thoughts and actions of a people, and when these undergo violent or sudden change, they are exposed to our view with the causes that produced them. It was for Bede, at a time of universal darkness, to inspire many with the desire of learning, and six hundred pupils listen to his instruction, only to become active workers in the fields of science, art, and prose literature, when their great master is taken from them. When the long period of midnight that had settled down over Europe began to show signs of coming dawn, it was for Chaucer an opportunity "to celebrate the marriage of literature and life—to study character modified a thousand fold by close contact with life." In the eighteenth century, we reach another stage of development. The drama had become so corrupt that it was in universal disfavor; the essays of Addison, Swift and Steele were less popular, and the demand for a new form of literary entertainment was increasing. There was one able to meet the demand, and his success at once attracted to a new and inviting field a large company of other writers. The English novel starts off in its career from the pen of Daniel Defoe, who gave to the world a book destined to become the most popular work of pure fiction in the English language.

Who has not read "Robinson Crusoe?" Who, indeed, even in mature years, has not sketched its pages, either to renew the thoughts and feelings of his youth, or to seek

an intelligent cause for its wide-spread fame? The youth, hardly able to spell out the longest words, pours over its narrative with increasing interest and delight. But all of this is to satisfy a craving of our nature. We wish to know what others are doing; and, if this wish cannot be gratified by seeing adventures in reality, it must be by seeing them in imagination. The child asks: "Tell me a story," before he can pronounce the words clearly. The young man wants "something exciting," while the middle-aged and old are constantly inquiring: "What is new?" History in part meets this demand; but, as it records chiefly the doings of great men in positions far beyond the reach of the mass of mankind, the historiæ is thrust aside and the novelist called in. This is the secret of Defoe's success. Crusoe is a man of the ordinary type, and as "steel responds to steel," or "like attracts like," the world will be drawn to him.

This line of thought leads to the inquiry, whether in this first of English novels there is anything debasing or corrupting. In our century of sensational and *clap-trap* literature, it is well to ask such questions, and draw the line somewhere between what is valuable and what is worthless. Is "Robinson Crusoe" a story that we need not fear to recommend to our boys and girls? To answer this question fully would require an analysis of the work, and surely that would be superfluous here. In his work upon theories of education—*Emile*—Rousseau says: "Since we must have books, this is one which, in my opinion, is a most excellent treatise on natural education. This is the first my Emilius shall read: his whole library shall long consist of this work only, which shall preserve an eminent rank to the very last. It shall be the text to which all our conversations on natural science are to serve only as a comment. It shall be our guide during our progress to maturity of judgment, and

so long as our taste is not adulterated, the perusal of this book shall afford us pleasure." It furnishes food for the youthful imagination in the very way in which it delights to revel. It is full of invention, but not of "the blood and thunder kind"; and the appropriateness of incident, possibly the greatest charm of "Robinson Crusoe," makes it one of the best books for boys ever written.

The originality of the author has been the source of much discussion among the critics, and, probably, has taken more time than it really deserved. The conclusion must ever be that, even if Defoe knew of the work of Selkirk, he could hardly have received from it the notion of his hero on a desert island. Even if he did, Selkirk's fiction would have been comparatively unknown, had not the genius of Defoe wrought it over, by which it was given new life and simplicity. It will be more profitable for us to dwell upon the hidden truth or moral of the story. And we think there is an underlying stratum of truth that will attract the attention of the most thoughtful reader. Defoe himself informs us that the story, though allegorical, is also historical, and that it is the beautiful representation of a life of unexampled misfortunes. "There is a man alive," says he, "and well known, too, the actions of whose life are the just subject of these volumes, and to whom all or most part of the story directly alludes." Nothing could be more clear than that it is substantially the story of a real life. Now, whose life did the author know so much about as his own? This work was the child of his old age, written, indeed, at the close of a wonderful career. Being a man of great intelligence, stirring habits and a zeal that many times brought him into trouble, his ideas and aims were far in advance of his age, and his life one of almost absolute isolation. Shut up in prison, compelled to stand in the pillory, denounced by the House of Com-

mons and a bankrupt in business, what had Defoe in common with his fellow-men? His immortal production, then, is what Mr. Foster calls it, "the romance of solitude and self-sustainment." It is the story of one who was compelled to live by himself, independent, at least in external things, of the influence and help of others. In an important sense, the reader calls himself "Robinson Crusoe." He remembers the time when he was dashed against the rock-bound coast of some desert island, and felt himself to be alone. There are times when he must walk alone. Even his dearest friends can render no assistance. In every heart there is a most holy place, where only the high priest of one's own personality may enter. No one would wish even those he most loves to turn aside the curtain that conceals all he has thought or felt in that inner sanctuary. He adopts the language and sentiment of Selkirk,

"I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute."

Thus, a train of thoughts is developed, which we dare not follow further. Shallow as it may appear to the casual reader, this first of English novels has in it something of the biographical element which makes a man speak and think from greater depths of feeling than is possible in a purely imaginary story.

MAY, 1885.

* * *

CONFLICT BETWEEN LABOR AND CAPITAL.

[By request of several readers, we publish this, the first-honor oration of the Inter-State Contest, delivered by A. J. Beveridge, of DePauw University, May 7, 1885.]

Most conflicts in society result from reactions. Power accumulates in the hands of the few; is abused, the many mistrust, some bold mind inflames their discontent and leads them into the opposite extreme. What was

the French revolution? The reaction of the masses against the oppression of caste, with a Danton and Rosseau to lead it. What is modern skepticism? The reaction against the healthful conservatism of creed, with an Ingersoll to lead it. What is the socialistic tendency of modern politics? The reaction of labor against capital, with a Henry George to lead it.

Few problems have been solved from the stand-point of such extremes. Upon the passionless heights between whence unprejudiced reason may sweep the whole field of thought, is ever found the comprehensive truth; and, only when extremes have met upon this common ground, has this final truth been reached. The result of the French revolution was the rejection of extremes and the union of individual liberty and social restraint. The issue of the conflict between science and dogma must be the rejection of extremes and the union of faith and reason. The ultimate solution of the labor problem must be the abandonment of extremes and the union of labor and capital.

This conflict of labor and capital is the question of the age. It is filling the universal mind, dictating political platforms, anon bursting into riots and strikes like the complaining murmurs of a coming storm, already tracing upon the walls of our legislative chambers the fatal "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*." It was this conflict that, but eight years since, kindled the flames of Pittsburg; sent a swift terror to every city in our land: this, that inspired the late riots in Hocking valley and South Bend; this, that but yesterday shook London with an earthquake strange and fearful; this conflict between labor and capital waxing fiercer and fiercer, running bullets unseen, training guns invisible, mustering forces unconsciously that, if unchecked, will one day rouse us with drum beat and bugle call.

Increasing population brings it each day

nearer. Already we have one million unemployed men; already two million laborers in secret organization; already fifty newspapers, spreading the gospel of sedition and excess, and our population is doubling every twenty-five years.

Great cities cradle this conflict, and with a Chicago, a New York, a San Francisco, a score of cities equal to Paris, what must we expect? With an hundred others equal to Marsailles, what? When the fortunes of Vanderbilts and Goulds — ill gotten, ill-kept — are filling the masses with bitterness, what? Ah! was Macauley dreaming when he told us of our coming Huns and Vandals? Was Carlyle dreaming when his prophetic voice warned America of that nearing struggle that would strain our nerves and break our hearts? Was Wendell Phillips a madman when he said that the problem of the rich and poor would yet try our souls as slavery never tried them? A problem, this, to which we must earnestly address ourselves now, ere extremists have thrown labor and capital into conflict.

Already these extremists are moving. Already, in behalf of toiling poverty, have the splendid intellects of Rosseau, LaSalle, Spencer, and our own gifted George, proclaimed war against our social system. They represent ideas, and they must be heard, for an idea glowing with the immortality of some man's convictions cannot be put aside but by the strong hand of convincing argument.

These social extremists demand the overthrow of our social system. They see wealth, powerful and heartless; poverty, ignorant and revengeful; among the poorer classes, drunkenness, theft and murder are rife and spreading, and say: Surely poverty causes this, or why does it exist among the poor alone? But the poor have equal rights to happiness with the rich. Why do they not have it? Because society is unjust; because conditions are unequal; because one

man owns a thousand acres, while his neighbor is famishing. Their remedy is clear: right the injustice; make property common, as air is common and sunlight and starlight are common. Surely the land belongs to all, just as the air and sunlight belong to all. Make conditions equal, as nature made them equal. When all have plenty, no Jean Valjean will take the forbidden loaf; at the gates of the rich and mighty will no Lazarus beg for crumbs.

But their argument rests on false premises. Vice and sloth and attendant wretchedness do not prevail, because of poverty; poverty prevails, because of them. It is the old, old problem of human nature; its frailty, and its fall and human nature, they disregard.

But, is their remedy just? What gives property its value? Some man's toil — some man's thought. Yonder marsh is worthless; but drain it, and it teems with richness. Now, is it right, when one man gave it value, for all to enjoy it equally? Manifestly, not! Equality of condition is neither right nor natural. Great capacity deserves more than mean capacity. An Edison deserves more than his engineer. The parable of the talents flashes back the vision of natural justice, and upon natural justice is modern society founded; and, though the rains descend and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it, it shall not fall, for it is founded upon a rock.

Their remedy is as impossible as it is unjust. Could you make property common, condition equal? Who should dwell upon the shores of grand old Hudson? Who amid the sage-bush of Missouri? Who should choose? Who decide? Would there be no favoritism, no fraud, no dissatisfaction? Ah! look just beyond this frost-work of fancy and there flashes the glisten of bayonets and the swords rough-ground of anarchy — aye! grim and blacked warriors standing to their smoking guns. Equality of condition is im-

possible, until every sunlit mountain and laughing valley are level plains, climate alike the world around, and all men equals in body and brain. Indeed, man is like nature; here a crag, and yonder a dell of dew, where fairy spirits keep their home; there a Jungfrau, with beetling cliffs and crown of snow, yonder a level, generous plain, anon a dismal swamp where pestilence broods.

Equalize conditions and every motive to effort dies in the breast of man. The sweat of the brow, no sweat of the brain; never a glorious deed or a work of genius, if improved condition does not reward it. Better the blast and whirlwind of enterprise than the dreamless sleep of such equality. Voiceless yet would be the golden harp of Shakespeare; silent the song of Milton; still the fairy fingers of Mozart; unfilled, unfilled with westward winds, Columbus' sails; unrequited, our temples of learning, and wrapped in the shadows of a dream undreamt, this mighty, mighty civilization, but by the magic touch of private enterprise.

No; not equality of condition — equality of privilege, is the principle of justice! Equal privileges to build fortunes, if one can; to lead armies, if one can; to be a Heracleus or Humboldt, if one can. This principle it was that gave us liberty without license; that handed the instant lightnings down to Garrison and Phillips; that called to arms the soul of Lincoln; that stormed those heights at Lookout; equality of privilege, and the tattered battle flags that flashed in the curling smoke of Yorktown, at Gettysburg, at Shiloh; the sacred moss-grown monument of those who fell upon all the furrowed fields where our heroes fought for the rights of man, call upon us to preserve that principle forever.

Thus, because it ignores nature and justice, is the theory of our social spoiler false. Let them attempt to execute it and our landowners' cannon will teach them how practical

it is. God grant that America shall never test it! God grant that ere socialism visit us with torch and sword, some Cæsar, some Cromwell, some Napoleon shall rise and save us from ourselves.

Is our society, then, sufficient to solve this problem of labor and capital? Yes; it is sufficient. In the name of popular education it is sufficient. In the name of temperance reform and pure public sentiment, it is sufficient. In the name of Him who, "despised and rejected of men, bruised for our iniquities and wounded for our transgressions," yet with a gentleness unspeakable is soothing and winning the hearts of men, our society is sufficient to solve this problem.

But if society is equal to the question, why the conflict! The solution means the removal of the cause. What then is the conflict? Not society's injustice? No! It results because right relations have been distorted; because demagogues have cut the cords of confidence binding labor and capital together. Loss of confidence, mutual distrust is the moving spirit. Labor and capital have forgotten what each owes to the other. Capital has forgotten that labor creates all its wealth; forgotten that labor is human with sacred rights; forgotten that "rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gold for a' that"; forgotten this, and fixes wages not where they should be—but as low as labor can live on toil. Labor has forgotten that capital alone can give it employment; forgotten that capital, like all force, must be massed to accomplish great ends, and that scattered it would be powerless as the shorn Sampson; forgotten that labor receives ninety-five per cent. and capital but five per cent. of all the value industry creates, and that capital is the directing force that renders that industry possible; forgotten the true nobility of labor, that the "purest pathos in this world is brave struggling, not repining"; that every force today is lifting labor up.

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

W. C. STUBBS, L. W. KEISTER, A. A. NEASE,
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G. F. BYRER

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MAY, 1885.

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ONE of the most important and practical questions to the student is: "What shall I read? Into the spirit of what author may I drink with most profit?" One glance into a college library will show that this question is not always answered in the wisest manner. For, is it not a fact that the books with broken binding and loose leaves are too often of the sensational and exciting kind? Such reading may do for the idler—for him who neither studies nor thinks—but from the student we should expect better things. Even the wise student is often at a loss how to lay out a plan for reading, which shall bring to him both pleasure and profit. In laying out this

plan, he should ever keep in mind his life-work. His reading should fire his soul with lofty sentiments in regard to that very work. It should inspire him with the spirit which he will need in accomplishing that work. If he has chosen the law as his profession, how unwise for him to pore incessantly over Tennyson and Hawthorne, to the utter neglect of writers acute in logic. Let him turn rather to Chillingworth and Berkley. Or, if he hope at some time to be a power in the pulpit, how unadvisable for him to spend his nights with Scott or E. P. Roe. Far wiser were it to catch the spirit of a Hall, a Jeremy Taylor, or a Simpson. One should also consider his own mental peculiarities. If so intensely practical that his style is destitute of all grace, let him turn to the poets. Milton may lend to him a beauty—perhaps a splendor—which will make him more attractive to his own hearers. If his depth of thought leads people to nod a sleepy assent to much that he says, then let him turn to Goldsmith and Irving. Or, should weakness of thought be the peculiarity, then seek to get near the heart of the rugged Carlyle. From him catch light and fire. Even if a "few eccentricities are absorbed," this were better than utter weakness. Thus one's deficiencies may be overcome, in a large measure, by judicious reading. Thoughts shape the character. Reading determines the nature of the thought. Then choose the authors whom you would be most like.

.

WHY can there not be something done to increase the number of students in the university? This seems to be a timely inquiry. It is no doubt true that the students who are here receive the same care as though there were more, except in so far as an increase of students would call for increased facilities; but the advantage would come to the institution in increased interest, in increased sup-

port, and in a widening of its sphere of influence for good. The founders of this school designed that it should be a center of influence for right and truth, such as would be felt throughout the church, as well as an important element in the higher education of the state. To reach this result most satisfactorily, her influence must reach the greatest possible number, which must be done by securing an increased attendance. There are, no doubt, many students who could be secured, if the proper efforts were made to draw them this way. Many colleges devise means to this end, and by various means, they often are quite successful in this respect. Why should not Otterbein follow their example, and adopt some means that will double her attendance? Numbers of young people yearly go elsewhere to school, simply because there is no proper effort made to have them attend here. The question is, can the school afford to move on in careless indifference, and allow these youths to go to other places or stay at home? It certainly cannot without defeating the very purpose for which it was organized. It is time we were becoming alive to our own interests, for we may be assured others will not do the work for us.

* *

"WONDER is the mother of knowledge." Suppose we study astronomy. In this science our minds are drawn out into endless, infinite space. We think of the solar system—the celestial sphere—the universe. New, strange and great things, which we do not well understand, excite our emotions, and we wonder: Whence came the heavenly bodies? What are they and what will they be? Who originated the plan of the perfect movements of the planets and stars? What harmony! What magnitude! Our minds are lost in wonder and amazement. The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork.

The thoughts of the human mind are also

greatly surprised in the science of botany. Here real beauties of nature are seen. In the proper seasons of the year the seed germinates; the plantlet grows, bears leaves, buds and branches; the flower blossoms, and the fruit ripens. But *how* different developments are made cannot be fully explained. There is something deep in this systematized knowledge. We ponder over its vastness. Our beings are such that we love to ramble in the vegetable kingdom. Who is not attracted by the beauty of the flowers, or the fresh mountain scenery? How often do we search for flowers by the quiet lake or the woodland's rippling stream!

* *

THE newspaper has come to be the great educator of the day. The thousands of papers that daily pour into the houses of every class of society must necessarily have a vast influence upon the life, character and opinions of those who peruse them. The improved facilities of today place these means of becoming acquainted with the world within the reach of the rich and poor alike. Poverty has scarcely laid its hand so heavily upon any family of this broad land, that it is not able to avail itself of the advantage of these periodical visitors. Some idea of the magnitude and influence of the press may be had from the number of papers published. At the beginning of 1885 there were 12,973 papers published in the United States. During the year 1884 the increase was 823, the largest proportion being in the western states. The study of these statistics forms an interesting chapter in the progress of our country.

* *

FOUR independent railroad lines now bind the continent together from ocean to ocean. Telegraph lines reach every gulch and cove throughout the great mountain regions of the far west, and we have no longer any frontier.

(Continued from page 135.)

Let the toiler pause and think! For his sake thrones are falling and the world is yielding to the royalty of thought and toil. For his sake science searches the mystery of force and life, and, at the portals of the tomb, almost grasps the mystery of death. Every influence, whether college or church, whether statesman's thought or law of matter, whatever today is a living force, is shaping in this nineteenth century the very age of the working-man; yet underneath with silent, modest might, is the hand of capital guiding moulding, building. Labor and capital must remember these things; labor must remember that a capitalist deserves more than a workman for the foresight and responsibility that create enterprise; capital must remember labor's rights; give labor the wages of justice—wages that rise and fall when profits rise and fall—confidence must be restored and this problem will vanish like frost in a flood of sunshine.

But confidence cannot be restored while three classes remain in society, the ignorant, the criminal and the poor; and if the school cannot overcome the ignorant, the church the criminal, and both united to temperance, the indigent—then, alas for the future of society!

Thus, universal education becomes a social necessity. Ignorant labor cannot reason justly. It is the ready victim of every plausible fallacy. To ignorant labor capital seems the hoary tyrant whose heavy burdens it has borne through storm and blast, with rags and hunger as its only recompense. Well may capital mistrust; well may it tremble when political power is in the hands of ignorant poverty. You can not remove the power; you must destroy the class; you must enlighten labor. Enlightened labor can think rightly. It knows that capital is the motor power of the age. It is ever changing places with capital—the incompetent heir with the

able employe. Enlighten labor, educate the people and our ignorant class will fade away like the memory of a troubled dream.

But whence the criminal and indigent? The victims of capital? Not so! I questioned statistics and from its darkest pages I read the answer. Our poor spend \$1,000,000,000 every year for intoxicants. Labor, worth \$1,000,000,000 more, it is nearly incapacitated by intoxicants. Three-fifths of all poverty, nine-tenths of all crime comes from intoxicants. Here is the efficient cause of all poverty and vice; here the master spirit that is pitching the tents and lighting the camp fires of distrust. This is more than a matter of sentiment—it is a matter of safety. The \$2,000,000,000 yearly taken from labor's pockets must be saved—an economy which almost alone will eliminate the criminal and indigent classes and solve this riddle of our future.

But of itself it cannot solve it. The great need of our business civilization is immaculate conscience; a conscience as tender to suffering as a mother's heart, as swift to smite a wrong as the shaft of an angry God! It alone can establish absolute confidence between labor and capital. Capital without conscience means tyranny; labor without conscience means anarchy. A practical element this we must not neglect, and we need not neglect it, for out from the shades of Gethsemane, out of the riven tomb, He of the thorn-crowned head is walking down the troubled ages, lifting from bruised and staggering man the burden of his woes, speaking peace to every heart, conscience to every soul, and here, here where Christianity is the basis of society, here where childhood's first sweet lisps learn at mother's knee and from mother's loving lips the story of that Ineffable one, a story that gleams along our lives and gilds the silvered head with flashings of immortal glory, we know that a spotless conscience may be a universal fact. Back of

Christian faith lies conscience, and back of conscience lies confidence. The church must come to the rescue of our modern conscience, shipwrecked as it well nigh is in the storm and tempest of this century's struggle for gain. It ought to be, therefore, it shall be, must become the logic of society. Capital must be humanized; labor Christianized. The might of Christian labor! It is the sublimest force in history. It was Christian labor that awoke to the morning cry of Paul Revere and rallied on the green at Lexington; Christian labor that out from the yearning arms of home, marched forth into the flame of battle and sent God's thunderbolts smoking against our national sin; marched forth not for itself, but for justice to the slave, and to Christian labor our hope must be anchored in this conflict of today. But faithless labor—but let that procession that but yesterday marched through Chicago declaring robbery just; or the one that last year made Berlin tremble—let the barricaded streets of Paris—let these show you the fury of labor without conscience, without God! Then let the song of Bethlehem's morning stars peal on, peal on, peal on till its trembling melody touches every troubled spirit, touches them in the vaults of greed, and the homes of the lowly and the camps of sin—touches and soothes and wins. Let the bugles of conscience sound the truce of God through the whole world forever.

Our society is indeed equal to the problem. Only a loss of confidence has caused this conflict; only the indigent, the ignorant and the vicious destroy confidence, and when these barriers to mutual trust have been leveled—and they will be when we have a sober, an intelligent and a Christian people, and we will have them—the sounds of this conflict will die away as the distant thunders of a stormy night recede and die before the breaking of a summer's dawn. With confidence restored, right relations will result; labor and capital will join hands, and this problem of the ages will forevermore be solved.

LOCALS.

Peas.

Public.

Lectures.

New points.

Band music.

Bogus boguses.

Freshmen and seniors.

The usual run-up at public.

Thus endeth the third chapter.

That is a "wind-mill" for you.

Oh! what's eating you? Come on.

I would like to make a remark before you all go.

Can any one tell why Brown, the junior, drives out to the creamery so often?

Bishop Dixon preached a very able sermon in the college chapel May 10th.

The Otterbein Enterpean band rendered some excellent music at the last public.

Amos, be careful how you turn down the car lights, or some might think you love darkness rather than light.

The seniors are preparing their faces for commencement—that is, they are preparing them on paper to distribute to the four winds.

Miss Johnson being in attendance at the Women's Missionary board meeting, did not hear her classes on the 7th and 8th.

The lectures delivered by Rev. D. W. Sprinkle, on Andersonville and other southern prisons, was one of great interest and profit to all who heard

it. The house was not what it should have been. Students, you should remember that you cannot afford to miss a single lecture, as our lectures are first-class.

The business men of Westerville have hired our Euterpean band to give open air concerts every Saturday evening. Now the Euterpeans have a chance to show their ability, and they have been improving the opportunity.

The seniors have had their examinations, and are now as free as the wind—at least you would think so, if you should see the loafing around, and how they make everybody else feel miserable. But, woe to you, seniors, your day is coming when we shall have our revenge, if it has to be taken in the form of a bogus.

The senior editor of the RECORD, with two of his satellites, called upon Mr. L. C. Shuey, secretary of the Xenia Y. M. C. A., and found him very pleasantly situated in that city. He is devoting all of his time to the duties of his office, and seems to be doing a good work for the young men of that city. From here the party proceeded to Dayton and other points of interest, making the round trip in six days.

How delightful it is for lovers to go out walking (?) on these lovely starlight nights. Being housed up all winter, they enjoy the pure atmosphere. The season is so inviting, too. As they walk along and meditate over their present surroundings, they are inclined to think that all nature approves their association. The sky appears so beautiful, the stars shine with a strange brilliancy; Venus is especially full and clear tonight. Oh, how I long to be on some beautiful isle of the sea! (This was composed by the RECORD's devil.)

The following was the programme for the last Junior public: Prayer by Rev. W. J. Davis; music; The first speaker was L. D. Brown, subject, "Alexander Hamilton," followed by E. B. Cassel, on "The Influence of Opposition in Establishing Truth"; music, Irene Polka, xylophone, with orchestra. Miss Jennie Gardner spoke on

"Beauty from Desolation, and W. S. Gilbert on "Our Convictions"; music, "Return of Spring," quartette for brass, F. E. Miller, W. S. Gilbert, S. F. Morrison and R. M. Shanley. "Usefulness of Science" was discussed by Miss Nellie Knox, and "Mind Your Own Business," by Mr. S. B. Kelley; music, quick march, "Othello," by Otterbein Euterpean band. Thus ended the last public of the year.

A number of our students attended the northwestern inter-state contest, which was held in Columbus, Ohio, May 7th. Nine states were represented—Nebraska, Wisconsin, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, Iowa, Colorado. The orations on the whole were fair, but not what one would expect for an inter-state contest, as we heard one man say, he pitied the other speakers of the state if some of these were the best. The first honor was awarded to Mr. Beveridge, of DePauw university, Indiana. And if we are able to judge, he was by far the best speaker of the evening. Mr. Bender, of Knox college, Illinois, received the second place. There was some difference of opinion whether Illinois or Iowa should have the second place, but the decision of the judges was well received.

PERSONALS.

Elmer Cunningham has quit school and gone to Kansas.

Bishop Dixon occupied the pulpit in the chapel Sunday morning, the 10th.

'84. E. I. Gilbert is engaged as shipping clerk in the U. B. publishing house.

'87. J. A. Cummins, who has been sick with fever for some time, is recovering.

'68. Rev. G. A. Funkhouser has been elected senior professor of Union Biblical seminary.

Mr. Miller, of Clearport, Ohio, spent a few days of last week in town, visiting his son, Frank.

Professor Guitner attended the inter-state oratorical contest held in Columbus the evening of the 7th.

Professor Garst delivered a lecture before the students of the U. B. seminary, in Dayton, Tuesday evening, May 5th.

'80. Rev. E. S. Lorenz will represent the Philomathean society at the anniversary of the four societies next commencement.

'78. Sol. Weiner is the historian for the alumnal association this year. J. M. Beaver, '76, is orator, and Mrs. R. S. Kumler, poet.

President Thompson and Professor Garst will spend some time attending general conference, which is being held at Fostoria.

'68. Rev. G. A. Funkhouser, will deliver the the annual sermon before the Christian association on Sunday evening, June 7th.

'73. Rev. F. A. Ramsey, after spending several weeks in western Pennsylvania for his health, returned on the 11th, much improved.

'81. Mrs. Funk, of Scottdale, Pennsylvania, is in town visiting her old home. She will remain here for some time, although not until commencement.

Rev. H. L. Nave, pastor of the Presbyterian church at this place, and an honorary member of society, has resigned his pastorate here and accepted a call to Kentucky.

'80. L. E. Brown is principal of the high schools at Fort Sydney, Nebraska, where he has been engaged for the past two years. He is pleased with the country and is doing well.

H. F. Shupe, of Scottdale, Pennsylvania, spent last Sunday in town visiting his brother and friends. Mr. Shupe graduated at the Union

Biblical seminary this year, receiving the first honors in his class.

J. O. Rankin, G. F. Byrer and G. B. Shupe spent a part of last week attending the commencement exercises of the seminary at Dayton, and on their return stopped for the oratorical contest in Columbus.

'82. F. P. Gardner, who, for almost a year past has been editor and publisher of the Central Ohio Review, recently sold out to the firm of Keller & Landon. The success of the paper during this time has proved Mr. Gardner's abilities as a publisher.

'78. W. M. Fogler is a "much officered" man. He is president of the bank of Vandalia, vice president and director of the Vandalia Paper Mill company, city attorney, member of the board of education, and president of the Vandalia lyceum.

Captain A. R. Keller, of the firm of Keller & Landon, who have recently purchased the Central Ohio Review, has moved to town just recently. He is an old student of the university, and is certainly well fitted for the work upon which he has just entered.

NOTES AND EXCHANGES.

Chapel exercises have been abolished at Madison.

Only a few European institutions edit college papers.

The April *Academica* gives base ball news a prominent place.

Seventeen is the average age at which students enter American colleges.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* contains several interesting papers on Shakespeare.

Cornell, Michigan and Virginia universities have made chapel attendance optional.

The *Wabash* for April publishes the oration of A. J. Beveridge, who took first honor at the interstate contest.

Some of our exchanges want an inter-collegiate press association for the improvement of college journals. Keep the ball rolling, brethren.

The *College Speculum* has appeared on our desk. It is a quarterly, published by the students of Michigan Agricultural college, and is chuck full of interest.

An exchange says: "In a number of colleges the students have formed mock congresses, following as nearly as possible, the United States congress." Well, some colleges must indulge in frivolities.

The commencement exercises of the Union Biblical seminary, at Dayton, were held Wednesday evening, May 7th. Nine gentlemen and two ladies composed the class. The seminary has enjoyed a very successful year, and has a bright outlook for the future.

"THE OTTERBEIN RECORD is published by the Philophronean literary society of Otterbein university. Its pages are replete with interest, and the editorials and contributions reflect credit on the university."—*Western Christian Advocate*.

While reading our exchanges, we conclude that, as the school year draweth to a close, ye editor

writeth his mirth-provoking dun, while ye delinquent subscriber enjoyeth his paper and laugheth at the melancholy countenance of the business manager, who looketh for the funds which cometh not.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Mr. G. F. Byrer has been elected president of the society for the ensuing term.

The Philophronean society have recently purchased thirty volumes of new books.

Miss Minnie Eaton's school life has been suddenly brought to a close by the death of her mother.

The Philalethean society has lost six active members from their number, who have been compelled to be out of school this term, all of whom expect to be back next year.

Capt. A. R. Keller, an old member of our society, and who was one among the number who organized the Philophronean society, accompanied by his daughter, Hellen, made us a pleasant visit on the evening of the 3d inst. The Honorable Captain made us an excellent speech, stating some of his experiences during the late war. He closed his speech by donating to our society library a volume of Shakespeare, which he captured at the battle of Stone River.

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