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# The Otterbein Record.

A COLLEGE MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.

WESTERVILLE, O., NOVEMBER, 1883.

No. 2.



## OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY, WESTERVILLE, OHIO.

**ITS DESIGN.**—To furnish young men and women the advantages of a thorough education, under such moral and religious influences as will best fit them for the duties of life.

**LOCATION.**—The University is located in Westerville, Ohio, on the Cleveland, Mt. Vernon and Columbus Railway, twelve miles north of Columbus. Situated in a quiet town, the University is yet within easy reach of the Capital City, and has railroad connection with all the larger cities of the state and country.

**RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.**—This is a Christian institution without being sectarian. Pupils of any church, or of no church, are admitted. All are required to attend morning prayers during the week, and church on Sabbath. Regular recitations are held during the week in Bible History, and N. T. Greek. The students have a regular prayer meeting once a week. International Sunday School lessons are studied by classes every Sabbath morning. A Sunday School Normal Class is organized at the beginning of each year and conducted by the President.

We seek to govern by an appeal to the student's own sense of right and honor. When it is evident that a student is deriving no profit from his connection with the University, he may be privately dismissed.

**COURSES OF STUDY.**—There are three—the Classical, Philosophical and Literary—which are equal to those of our best and oldest Colleges. A Preparatory prepares for College and for Teaching. Instruction is given in Vocal Music, on Piano, Organ, Violin and in Theory; also, in Pencil Drawing, Perspective, Crayoning and Oil Painting.

**REMARKS.**—Both sexes are admitted and recite in the same classes. The Winter Term will commence January 3, 1884, and end March 21, 1884. The Spring Term will commence March 25, 1884, and end June 11, 1884. The next Annual Commencement will be June 12, 1884. Expenses unusually moderate. Tuition and incidentals, \$30 per year; rent and care of rooms from \$10 to \$20; boarding from \$60 to \$100; text-books from \$10 to \$15; fuel, light, etc., \$10 to \$20. By economy \$150 will enable one to spend one year respectably.

For special information, address the President,

REV. H. A. THOMPSON, D. D.,

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### THE DOCTOR PRESENTS THIS MONTH SOME NEW TESTIMONIALS

In regard to his Treatment of Catarrh:

From the Rev. J. S. MILLS:

Dr. G. T. BLAIR, Dear Sir:—Permit me to gratefully testify to the merits of your treatment for Nasal Catarrh. After suffering from a severe chronic catarrh of the head and throat for many months, your mild and specific treatment has effected a thorough, and I believe a permanent cure. I can cheerfully recommend your treatment to those similarly affected.

Yours truly,

J. S. MILLS.

From Mrs. C. E. Chambers, wife of a prominent farmer, Delaware, Ohio:

Having suffered six long years with what is commonly known as nasal catarrh, and to describe my symptoms or to give you a partial account is beyond my powers of description. Suffice it to say, I had become so thoroughly diseased through my nasal organs that it was difficult to breathe. There was a constant discharge from my nose of a thick, tenacious matter, very offensive at times; "droppings" into my throat with a constant irritation. My disease had become so obstinate it had extended to my stomach, producing a constant burning and "water brash," spitting up particles of mucous matter. After eating, my food distressed me, and I had all the symptoms of a confirmed dyspeptic. My hearing was impaired, and my condition was indeed most miserable. I had given up all hope of recovery, having tried nearly every available remedy, but thanks to a kind friend, I was persuaded to try your most excellent treatment, to which I am indebted for complete recovery from the dreaded disease, and I but speak the sentiment of a truthful heart when I cheerfully recommend your valuable treatment to any person who may be suffering from a like affliction.

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# The Otterbein Record.

A COLLEGE MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.

WESTERVILLE, O., NOVEMBER, 1883.

No. 2.

## SANDALPHON.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,  
In the legends the Rabbins have told  
Of the limitless realms of the air,  
Have you read it, the marvellous story  
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,  
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How erect at the outermost gates  
Of the City Celestial he waits,  
With his feet on the ladder of light,  
That, crowded with angels unnumbered  
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered  
Alone in the desert at night.

And the legend, I feel, is a part  
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,  
The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden  
The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
To quiet its fever and pain.

## LETTER FROM BOSTON.

BY LAWRENCE KEISTER, '82.

BOSTON, Oct. 5, 1883.

The College of Liberal Arts of Boston University is found on Somerset Street. The building is a new brick, a view of which may be seen in *Harpers' Weekly* of March 3. Throughout it is well arranged for the uses of the school. There are six or eight nicely finished and furnished recitation rooms, a chapel on the first floor used for prayer service, and above on the third floor is Sleeper Hall, which seats above five hundred. The school needs no larger hall, as the Commencement exercises are held in Music Hall. To the right of the entrance, the front part of the

building, is the gentlemen's study. In the rear of the flight is the ladies' study, which is very tastily finished, and ornamented with paintings, busts, etc. It is a very inviting place, but calls are received elsewhere. Just below is the gymnasium, with all needful apparatus. The building is designed for the use of the College, but we Theologues have the use of the recitation rooms in the afternoons. There is, properly, only one literary society connected with the College. This meets once in two weeks, and perhaps then does less than you do each week, in the line of essays, orations, etc. Let Otterbein encourage her societies, and let the societies of Otterbein be animated by love for good, faithful literary work. The College here would do well to have more of it. There are three secret societies which are also somewhat literary—two of gentlemen and one of ladies. Not long since the students presented the Greek play, "Orestes," in a very praiseworthy manner. It was so small that one actress recited 150 lines. Not having heard it, I can pass no opinion, but suppose if I had heard it, it would have been all Greek to me.

Several of the Professors of the College stand high as scholars and teachers. Prof. Lindsay excels in language, and Prof. Bowne is well known in philosophy. Yet, I think Prof. Bowne is not so well known or so widely known as he deserves to be. He is well known in Germany, and the *Boston Monday Lecturer* paid him a high compliment by quoting and endorsing the words of Ulrici. I thought of writing a short notice of him for the *RECORD*, but could not get the necessary data. I have learned, however, that in early life Prof. Bowne was a cab driver in New



York City, and his conversion turned his mind to philosophy, in which field he has become one of the brightest intellects in America. He is described as a small man, not remarkable in appearance, but one that might easily be taken for a common clerk. He is now in Europe, but returns for the coming school year. This is good news for us Theologues, since we are free to enter his classes.

Of the other teachers in the college I know little. I know more of the Faculty of the Theological School, and would be glad to present the group to you. At once you recognize Dr. Warren, as President. His spectacles, his beard sprinkled with gray, his dignified bearing, suggest his position, while his fine forehead and benevolent face indicate the cultivated heart and intellect.

That small, retiring man a little behind the rest, is Dr. Latimer, the dean of our school. He wears side-beard, so common in Boston. He is as pleasant as he looks, and often his smiling face is lit up a dozen times more than now you see it. His ample forehead and refined features are indicative of the strength and quality of his mental fiber. His "Systematic Theology" which is now in press, will doubtless be accepted as the standard work on the subject throughout the M. E. church. He is familiar with German Theology and Philosophy.

Dr. Townsend is also below medium height, but has a bright black eye and a well formed head. His dark hair and jet black beard may at first appear forbidding, but a more refined Christian gentleman is seldom found, as a little acquaintance shows.

That old gentleman with clean shaven face and heavy head of hair, is Dr. Lindsay. He is very pleasant as a man and a teacher, and is well informed in language.

That quiet little man with full beard and short supply of hair, is Dr. Sheldon. He has written a history of Christian doctrine, not

yet published, which is highly estimated by competent critics.

Taken together our faculty form a fine group. Not only for their fine appearance, not for their learning do their pupils esteem them, but rather for their noble characters.

Boston would be rather confined and dreary to me if it were not for the broad acres open to the public, in the Common and the Garden. Yet these are not the only places to get fresh breezes while recreating. I sometimes walk out a short distance beyond the Garden to the shore of Charles river, which has been crowded back from its original place. I enjoy standing on the granite wall which forms its shore near Beacon street, watching the ebb and flow of the tide, and getting some fresh ocean breezes. The wrinkled waves which rise and sink in response to the throb of ocean's bosom, and their restless beating on the shores are always new and interesting. The rising waters are instinct with energy, and gather in ridges and knots like the tense muscles on the arm of a brawny man.

We are now in that part of the city called Back Bay. This is the newest part of the city and is laid out in regular squares. Fine residences appear on every hand. Brown stone fronts are common. To some of these palatial residences the entrance ways are by fine columns of the Doric order, the Ionic or the more ornate Composite or Corinthian. A glance in at a window reveals the fact that the interior does not fall short of what would be expected from the appearance of the exterior. Our hasty glance at the lace or damask curtains, the rare flowers, the costly urniture, the marble statues, the paintings on the walls, is a prophecy of what might be seen rather than an actual revelation. These are the homes of wealth and if we go back a few squares we may find ourselves on Beacon Hill where live the elite of the city.

Beacon Hill and North End are the social poles of the city. The capitol with its gilded



dome crows the one; close tenement houses rise from the dirt in the other.

Boston has its low, degraded population along with its intelligent and virtuous citizens. Once I went to Paine Hall where infidelity and atheism hold forth. What I saw in the haggard faces and restless eyes of those who gathered there was more than enough in my mind to overthrow the doctrines and arguments presented by the speakers of the occasion. To one of the speakers who addressed us the remarks of Parson Brownlow seemed very appropriate. On one occasion Brownlow and Yancey were to speak on some question in dispute. Yancey spoke first and made some severe thrusts at Brownlow. When Brownlow arose to reply, after spitting as his habit was, he began by saying, "This Yancey here is the butt-cut of original sin." But these leaders of infidelity do not speak to audiences like those which gathered in Tremont Temple the past winter to listen to Joseph Cook, or even those of the smallest Christian churches of the city. Tremont Temple is used for church purposes, though it is well suited for a lecture hall, and many lectures and entertainments are held in it. It belongs to the Baptists. Park Street church, sometimes called "brimstone corner," a name coming down from the days of Lyman Beecher's pastorate, is a fine old church. The clock in its tower often reminds me of the passing hours.

New Old South church is a beautiful stone building. Its graceful tower rises to a dizzy height; It is finely finished within, but the acoustic properties are bad.

Trinity church is a grand pile. It is built in the form of a Greek cross. It is spacious and massive, yet beautifully finished. When looking up into the high central part from which hangs the huge chandelier, one feels like taking hold of the end of a pew to steady himself. It cost \$850,000, and that is about the briefest description I can give of it. It

was built large I suppose to correspond with the pastor, Phillips Brooks, who weighs over three hundred pounds. But he is a grand preacher, one of whom the Episcopal church may well be proud.

The Central Congregational church is also very fine and beautiful within and without. Dr. Jos. T. Duryea is pastor, and a grand good man and preacher he is. He is a small man but he is a deep Bible scholar, and the truth bursts forth from his lips and flashes from his whole being. He is every inch a man. He is a thorough scholar and how easily he unfolds the hidden treasures of the Book. Says Dickens, "An idea, like a ghost (according to the common notion of ghosts,) must be spoken to a little before it will explain itself." Now the Dr. can speak to the ideas and it is wonderful how they obey. He speaks with ease; unfolding his thoughts without effort but when some terrible conception bursts in upon him it seems almost to rend his body till it finds utterance.

### HISTORY OF CLASS '83.

[CONCLUDED FROM OCTOBER NUMBER.]

'81-'82.

At the Annual meeting in 1881 the Class elected M. Alice Dixon President. During the year the Class politics ran very smoothly, this might with propriety be called "the era of good feeling."

Near Christmas some one conceived the idea of a Class-party. It was approved by the Class and all necessary arrangements were made. The party was held at the residence of President Thompson. Only one member, Mr. Wickham, was absent. About eighteen guests were present. Within, all went merry as a marriage bell; without, pale-sheeted ghosts went wandering to and fro in the darkness of the night and near the shadows of the tomb, for one spokesman informed



this motley crowd of Preps. and College-underlings, that if they did not disperse we would fill a grave-yard with their carcasses. "Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro," and the only answer to the bloody threat, was the sound of their hurrying hoof-beats as they disappeared in the darkness beyond. The festivities ceased not till the large hours drew to a close, and then we parted for the night, wiser, better and happier. This was the first and last Class party.

When the class made its debut upon the rostrum its fame spread far and wide. Each appearance was honored with a large and intelligent audience, and on several occasions boguses graced the performances.

In the hight of prosperity the year rolled away, and vacation came once more.

'82-'83.

On the 31st of August 1882, the Class appeared for the last act of the College drama. At the Annual meeting the Class elected Wallace McCormick Wickham President. Under the administration of this gentleman the class has been blessed with great peace and prosperity. Although a society man, his rulings have never been warped by society prejudices. Without fear or favor he has ruled in righteousness, and when the time came to decide a question of order of Class-politics, he had the moral stamina to decide it, and then to stand by his decision. May he live long and prosper.

The name of the Class stands connected with several reforms. Within the last two years, the Philomathean and Philophronean Societies have revised and printed their constitutions and by-laws, and Class '83 has furnished the chairmen for both of the committees. It is also through the efforts of Class '83 that the Societies have decided to present diplomas to the graduating members free of charge, also that the old and ridiculous custom of presenting Society diplomas on the rostrum in the chapel, has received its death-

blow. The Senior Class expressed to the Four Societies the preference of all but three of its members to receive society diplomas in the society halls, but to no effect. It then met and passed the motion, "That the Senior Class, as a class, refuse to accept Society Diplomas on the rostrum in the chapel." The effect of this motion was almost instantaneous. Within a week two of the societies took occasion to present diplomas in their halls. Another Society took such action twice and rescinded twice, and probably if there had been another regular, private session, it would have taken the progressive action a third time. Of course the old custom is not yet dead, but it has received a mortal wound.

At the Annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Association, of the United Brethren in Christ, held in the Chapel May 15th, 16th and 17th, the Class became inspired with the missionary spirit, and subscribed \$25.00 toward the erection of a Mission Chapel at Rotofunk, Africa. The woodsman's ax shall sound the praise of '83 in a heathen land.

On the 26th of May the Class took a signal step in another field of usefulness, namely, literature. On that day appeared a beautiful volume of poems, from the pen of our Class poet, Mr. E. B. Grimes. Mr. Grimes is wholly in love with the muses, and, after he has tarried for a time at the Pierian Spring, his poetic nature will bubble over, and send forth its crystal streams to refresh the prosy walks of life.

Our class has also distinguished itself by its musical talent. Dan formerly played in the band, Sam blows the clarinet, and Flick plays the violin; Tom has distinguished himself as a chorister, Tina as an organist, Jessie by her interludes, and Brene once sang vengeance in the choir.

For four years have the members of Class '83 mingled in the society of the Faculty and Students of Otterbein University, and of Westerville, and to them we owe the kindest of



feelings. To them our memories shall often recur in appreciation of the tributes of friendship and favor, with which they have strewn our pathway among them.

To-day we are full of life and hope. What the years will bring we know not; but we trust that when the music of the spheres shall sound the requiem of '83, we shall meet on the evergreen shore, where class-meetings never break up.

W. C. REBOK.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Jabez Oliver Stevens, of the Class of 1884, died at the home of his wife's parents in Westerville, Ohio, aged twenty-seven years. The deceased was to all human appearance a stout, healthy young man, having a bright prospect for a long and happy life, and was cut down very unexpectedly in the prime and vigor of manhood. He was a close student, modest, moral and upright in his dealings with his fellow men. He was an earnest, active worker in the church and Sunday School, and died trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Redeemer. For the two past years he was Principal of an Academy in West Virginia. While there engaged in teaching and managing that institution he completed a good many of his Junior and Senior studies. He entered Otterbein at the beginning of the present College year expecting to graduate in the classical course with the class of '84. But his fond hope shall never be realized. His work is left unfinished, his books lie closed. At dead of night of the 18th of October, the four Literary Societies of Otterbein, paid honor to his remains in forming in a procession and accompanying his body to the train. Slowly and sadly moved that procession! Many hearts felt sensibly the solemnity of the occasion as with bated breath and measured step they neared the depot. Reading then the

unwritten history of our late friend in the light of that history which is known, we can realize that his ambitions were high, his ideals noble, and his theories just. He lived, he loved, he labored and he died! He left behind him a memory laden with the perfume of kindly and generous actions; going out from the encircling arms of those who would make his home-life happy, breaking the cords that bound him to his young wife, our school-mate and friend, calmly and peacefully passed out from the bright sunshine of life into the dark shadow of death! He has fallen almost at the threshold of his career, and while lamenting that the years of one so full of promise could not have been prolonged, we can scarce find it in our hearts to repine that he has gone to his rest. We would not again revive the busy brain nor again renew the throbbing of that heart; we would not disturb the repose in which he sleeps; but if the solemnity of this call shall teach us to realize the comparative insignificance of earthly things, if it shall help us to feel that this transitory life is but a step in the series of infinite existence, a mere harbor where we furl our sails before we launch upon the great ocean of eternity, if we can more justly estimate ourselves and appreciate the duties which each day devolves upon us, then we shall have learned from this melancholy event the beneficent lesson which in the goodness of Divine Providence it was designed to impart. He has parted in the meridian hopes of a successful life, like a vigorous tree cut down in the wealth of its summer bloom ere the bright green of a single leaf had been seared by the blight of autumn. Rest in peace.

"Stricken by fate's unyielding grasp,  
Severed from love's detaining clasp,  
Summoned in life's bright noon;  
Thus was our dear one called away,  
Scorched by the fever's fervid ray—  
Crushed by its fell simoon."

"Ne'er gathered the Reaper fruit more fair,  
Never the shadow of dark despair  
Fell on a deeper woe:  
Gone from his task but half complete,  
Gone from caresses kind and sweet  
Into death's arms of snow."

J. P. S., '85.



# THE OTTERBEIN RECORD.

A COLLEGE MONTHLY.

OCTOBER-JULY.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Year, Postage Paid.

J. P. SINCLAIR,	- -	<i>Managing Editor.</i>
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R. E. GILLESPIE,	- -	<i>Business Manager.</i>

NOVEMBER, 1883.

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AS AN addendum to the article by W. C. Rebok in our contributed department, we take pleasure in saying that which Mr. R.'s modesty has forbidden him to mention. In the Oratorical contest of 1883, Mr. Rebok was awarded the first honor and R. P. Miller of the same class, the second honor.

TO EVERY student is put the question at the beginning of his college career, "Do you intend to join one of the Literary Societies?" Many times this question is answered affirmatively; yet a good number of students are undecided as to whether they will at the present time join or not. Much time and experience are necessary before one is able to speak his own thoughts; much training is required before his efforts are crowned with success. Therefore, he who spends one or more years while in college without joining a good liter-

ary society, loses much and reaps a less abundant harvest in the wide literary field during his collegiate career. The more training we have in declamation, debates, essays, orations and society work in general, the more proficient orators and writers we become. Genius may do much for a man, labor will do more. Natural ability may astonish the multitude; rigid application will enable it to convince and persuade the minds of all.

THE power to concentrate one's mind to the best advantage on the subject in hand is one of acquisition. Time and effort are required for most students to apply their minds rightly to their studies; yet the most sluggish and dull minds can be educated so as to make astonishing strides in the conning of lessons. Practice reading pages of works not too deep or abstruse in thought, and after reading one or two, ask yourself "What are the lines of argument, the important thoughts, and import of these pages?" Many persons read, and even pretend to study in a dreamy, misty state of mind. Nothing is more detrimental to mind, nothing more destructive to man's reasoning powers than persistence in this erroneous kind of reading and study. The mission of study is to invigorate, strengthen and increase the mental powers. The dreamy student makes no positive advancement, gains no stronghold in the conflict against ignorance; wields no weapon for Truth and Right. Arouse, ye sluggards in the dreamland of stupidity; bestir yourselves! Gird on the armor of an earnest, progressive and wide-awake student. Think as you study. Nobly acquit yourselves as men. Read and reflect.

THE College year has actually begun. The College classes as well as the Preparatory Classes have their ranks complete. Silently, though effectually, these ranks of college mechanism are pursuing their various studies. Like the deep and mighty waters that engirdle



our continent is the mental energy of college-going persons felt in this the golden age of thought, reflection and advancement. The colleges of America are the centers of a power, which, in the near future, will rival the powers of infidelity and feudalism. Men of disciplined minds and strong intellects will, in a few decades, lead the masses into regions of unexplored thought and truth. A new era is beginning. The old is rapidly closing. Reason and revelation are in the front ranks of the world's leaders. Truth, and not *assumption*, is the basis on which is being built the grandest structure of intellectual and soul mechanism. False dogmas, doctrines, and science are being supplanted by true ideas, laws and principles. What means this mighty thirst for knowledge? Whence this power of discernment between the true and the false? What do the signs of the times signify? Have not the salutary influences of our colleges so swayed, so turned the minds of men that a broader and truer philosophy of all things which concerns mankind is being established. The signs of the times rightly interpreted signify beyond doubt that Christianity must be and is the power behind the wheels of progress; and that our own Nation is to be the most powerful and effectual factor in the new era. What rich fields for investigation in science, philosophy, religion and politics are before the rising generation! Those who to-day are leading their fellow men, were the students in our colleges fifteen or twenty years ago. Oh, noble mission is thine, young man, who to-day, hast the advantages offered by American Colleges! What a mighty power the colleges of the past century have exerted on the thinking world! Young ladies and men, make the best of your time, talents and advantages. Drink deep at the fountain of knowledge. Fitly qualify yourselves for the positions which will be yours to fill. Not profession, but possession of ability is the test of the present age.

It was when he was on his second missionary journey that St. Paul, impelled by the divine Voice that would "send him far hence unto the gentiles," came at a very opportune time to Athens, the seat of philosophy,

"the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence."

As the great apostle had not manifested an inordinate eagerness to visit this great city and to brave the assaults of Greek philosophers and the barbarity of the Roman soldiery, so after his arrival he leisely used the prerogative of the Roman citizen, "passing through and observing the objects of veneration," enjoying the freedom of the city, appreciating with his cultured taste the superb art-treasures of the Agora and the Acropolis, in no haste to give the city's corruption rebuke, until the coming of Silas and Timotheus. What must have been the degree of Paul's sorrow, as well as indignation, when he beheld those splendid fanes, those perfect sculptures, wrought no less by the brain than by the cunning hand of Phidias or Praxiteles, numerously gracing the Parthenon, the Pnyx, the museum and the market, works whose remnants, preserved to our day, but corroded and disfigured by time, furnish our artists and sculptors their rules of art and their veriest inspiration! For at once with the sight he observed the use made of these edifices and images.

While he beheld them he thought of the base uses which were made of all this wealth of material and skill; and while he was filled with sorrow for the blindness of their superstition and for their eminent devotion to their false religion, he was righteously vexed at the debasement of such excellence and beauty to the unholy rites and ceremonies of their heathen worship. His irritation (a term warranted by the original Greek) led him to dispute not only in the synagogue with the Jews and proselytes, but also in the market, daily, with all who habitually visited that place, eager, as were their fathers in the golden days of the



academy and the public walks, to tell or to hear some new thing. Here Paul met the disciples of the Porch and the Garden, the followers of Zeno of Citium, whose practice of temperance and self denial and injunction to follow nature were either neglected or perverted by the so-called Stoics of this latter day, and the followers of Epicurus, who certainly did not teach the atheism and sensualism which have been attributed to him, but which doubtless were believed and practiced by many later Epicureans. Here were numbers of those deluded souls who took for their creed a submission of self to the ills of life on the one hand, or fled to an immature and reckless enjoyment of its blessings on the other, because the ablest efforts of the philosopher, continued through the ages, had failed to find through nature and science the source and method of the spiritual life.

To these as well as to the vulgar demons Paul preached Jesus and the resurrection as the solution of all those problems of life which had perplexed their best and greatest thinkers since the days of Anaxagoras.

This Jew, who thus invaded the very seat of the world's learning, meeting culture with culture, pointing out to citizen and foreigner that in their religion which responded though darkly and imperfectly to the true notion of God, and proclaiming the religion of the lowly Nazarene, superior to all philosophies, a proclamation in which he could well use the eloquence in which the heart plumes for its flights, must needs be stigmatized as a *spermo-logos*, a sower of words.

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## LOCALS.

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Publics begin.

The grapes are gone.

New points begin to appear.

Ask Sked for—Joseph Cook.

The boys are very quiet this term.

The Preps. have their winter supply of apples.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year."

Miss Gilbert made a mash—she sat down on some fellows new hat.

Winter begins, and the overcoats and fur hats are seen on the streets once more.

The Astronomy class is taking occasional observations of the heavenly bodies.

The Senior Class recently spent an afternoon in the woods hunting hickory nuts.

A small senior is reported to have gone hickory-nutting recently, and caught a little wolf.

The college nine last Saturday beat the Lock boys for the third time by a score of seventeen to four.

O. U. still adds new facilities for learning. R. K. Porter, teacher in short hand, has secured a class.

Quite a number of students went to Columbus on Friday evening, October 19th, to attend the Democratic rally.

As usual, at the last election the students were troubled concerning voting. When will this trouble be removed?

The College Orchestra has become somewhat prominent. On the 17th it went to Delaware to play in the opera house.

Conundrum: Why didn't that certain Junior introduce his lady to Joseph Cook after his lecture? Because *she* declined.

The Columbus Business College has established a branch school here and is offering very cheap rates to those who wish to attend.

The faculty have prohibited the young ladies and gentlemen from taking any more evening strolls. Now they will have to be content to remain in the parlor.

Nutting seems to be the rage. For several Saturdays, quite a number have gone to the woods in search of nuts. It is astonishing how few nuts are found for the time which is occupied and the number of students who go.



The Chemistry class has gone over the first part of the work and is now having experiments in the new room which has been especially prepared for this work.

A new and more powerful furnace has been placed under the chapel. This is a good improvement. Now the chapel will be comfortable these cold mornings.

The base ball club has acquitted itself nobly this term. The boys have played several games and each time have been victorious. May they be as successful in the future as they have been in the past, is our wish.

The Senior Class had their first party at the home of Miss Lida Cunningham, on October 17. It is reported that the party was a grand success and at a late hour they separated wishing that the parties which are to be held in the future may be as enjoyable as the first.

The Junior has class at last held its annual election which resulted as follows: Pres., Carrie Zeller; Vice Pres., A. F. Crayton; Sec., C. N. Queen; Treas., R. N. Thayer.

The Juniors and Seniors have received their rhetorical assignments. This year the custom was changed and the Juniors are required to speak first. This was somewhat unexpected, and they remonstrated, but the Prof. was immovable. The first division will appear on Nov. 3, "if the muses are propitious" and the Sisters are willing and ready.

The editors are anxious for all their friends to call on them and loiter in their rooms when they are at work. It is highly enjoyable to be thus favored with company.

Query: Wonder why that Junior declined that Platonic osculation at the depot the other morning, when his lady took the train for home?

Rev. Joseph Cook delivered his famous lecture on the subject, "The Seven Modern Wonders of the World." Friday evening, Oct. 26. This was the first lecture of the season and was very well attended. It is hoped that the association will be instrumental in securing other good lecturers, and that this may be a sample of the lectures which are to follow.

Prof. McFadden, Sr., has been sick for several days and on this account the Philosophy and Chemistry classes have not recited. Prof. McFadden, Jr. has now taken charge of his father's classes and will continue until his father becomes better.

Prof. Shuey gave his Senior preparatory rhetorical class a reception on Saturday evening, Oct. 27. The class is quite large and it is reported that they had a splendid time.

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## PERSONALS.

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Mr. C. Shanley visited his son, J. N. Shanley, last week.

'84. J. O. Stevens died at 12:30 p. m., Thursday, Oct. 18, 1883.

Mrs. L. Davis, of Dayton, is visiting her nephew, W. Y. Bartels.

Dellie Clifflin was the guest of her parents last Saturday and Sunday.

Clara Walcutt, of Columbus, was married to Mr. Pope, Thursday, Oct. 19.

Charles S. Judy, formerly of class '85 is teaching near Germantown, Ohio.

'83. C. Hall and L. F. John paid Westerville a flying visit several days ago.

'80. Ida M. Zent and Jennie Huddle of '81 have been visiting Cora A. McFadden, of '78.

The mother and sisters of J. O. Stevens were with him during the latter part of his illness.

'84. J. N. Glickinger was absent from his classes several days attending his family reunion.

'86. Maud Dwyer was absent from recitation several days last week, on account of sickness.

'83. S. S. Spencer has begun the study of law under O. U. Aldrich, LL. D., of Columbus.

Professor T. McFadden was not able to hear his classes last week on account of sickness.



'61. Prof. Garst was absent from town several days last month attending the "Flickinger Reunion."

'85. W. C. Reese, who has been in Michigan on business for sometime, has returned to the ranks of "The Noble Juniors."

'84. W. H. Cochran gave his classmates quite a treat, in the shape of an oyster supper, Wednesday evening, October 17.

'82. J. B. Phinney is teaching in Thornville. A letter received from him lately, stated that he was enjoying himself hugely.

Prof. Garst preached the funeral services of J. O. Stevens. He also performed his marriage ceremony about two months before.

'84. C. E. Walters was married Wednesday evening, Oct. 3. He has the hearty congratulations and well-wishes of his classmates.

L. E. Custer and S. S. Spencer made a short visit to Delaware, Oct. 20, calling on Misses Clara and Mamie Custer, at Monnett Hall, while there.

'84. D. E. Lorenz is again in his classes, from which he was detained for sometime by the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, J. O. Stevens.

'83. We are very sorry to lose from our midst Alice Dickson who removed with her parents to Chambersburg, Pa., the latter part of last week.

Laura Resler Loose writes home very interesting letters from Leipsic, concerning her visits to the U. B. Missionary Stations and among the peasantry of Germany.

'71. Ada J. Guitner is still teaching in the Seminary at Jacksonville, Illinois. She was accompanied on her return to work this fall by Oella A. Bacon, of '79, who has secured a position as teacher in the same school.

Mrs. Ewing, not being as successful in securing pupils in vocal music and elocution as she had anticipated, returned to her home in Maryland several weeks ago. This is rather unfortunate, since this is a department which should receive especial attention.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

Mr. D. C. Arnold and Mr. Hendren visited the Society hall on the eve of the 5th and made some appropriate speeches.

"Mog" says that Democracy is on the "war path;" that Judge Hoadly has been elected governor and he will fill the Presidential chair.

The Society held a general debate on the Question, "Is Lynch Law ever Justifiable?" on the eve of the 12th. The Prep., Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior all contributed their speeches with an earnestness which rivalled "ye olden time," of Michael Stine and Prof. Tom.

The Philomathean Society held their election on Oct. 25. The following officers were elected: President, E. J. Gilbert; Vice President, A. A. Rothrock; Censor, F. A. Z. Kumler; Recording Secretary, J. L. Bright; Critic, D. E. Lorenz; Treasurer, S. B. Kelly; Chaplain, C. N. Queen; Anonymous Reader, G. P. Maxwell; Librarian, W. S. Gilbert; Assistant Librarian, W. O. Mills; Chorister, C. N. Queen. Installation exercises held Friday eve, Nov. 2.

The Philophronean Society held their election on Friday eve, October 19, the following officers were elected: President, W. H. Cochran; Vice President, W. C. Stubbs; Critic, L. E. Custer; Recording Secretary, A. L. Crayton; Corresponding Secretary, H. W. Miller; Chaplain, N. P. McDonald; Chorister, S. F. Morrison; Censor, J. J. Spencer; Sergeant at Arms, L. W. Kiester; Librarian, J. P. Sinclair; Assistant Librarian, J. F. Detweiler; Treasurer, J. O. Rankin; First Judge, R. N. Thayer; Second Judge, G. F. Byrer; Third Judge, M. N. Miller.

## OUR PREP.

As ye "RECORD Scribe" sat in his sanctum buried in a deep soliloquy, and revolving in his mind the great problems of life, as he thought what a great deluge of talent had been poured out upon the American people on the 14th of last June when the great Class of '83, spoke their little pieces, shed their last tears, said their last adieus and departed from these classic halls, he fancied he could see them in



their several vocations in life. He could see them engaged with the mysteries of red tape, medicine, theology, science and art. As the thoughts of yesterdays were thus soaring above, he was suddenly brought to earth by the entrance of a man, a man, yes, a man with unkempt hair and haggard countenance, and as the light of the midnight lamp fell on his face, as I saw the wild light in his eyes, the paper collar and red necktie, I recognized him as a Prep., only he poured into my ears his tale of sorrow and pain, of joy and pleasure.

#### HE ATTENDS THE JUNIOR PUBLIC.

I asked him his opinion of the Junior public. He stopped short, a smile began to break over his face and as it lengthened into a broad grin, he jumped two or three feet into the air, cracked his heels together and yelled "whoopy, that's the thing;" it was the finest illustration of leaking gas bags I ever saw, why I tell you I have been to "quiltings," "cornhuskins," "log rollins," "spellin matches," and "the last days" at a district school where they had big dinners and little boys spoke, "You'd scarce expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage," but not one of 'em was a shadow to this Junior public. Why! I sat there with my mouth open, my eyes strained to their utmost, and my ears on the alert to catch the slightest sounds from the lips of the immortal Class of '85, nor was I disappointed. Some of the soul rending words as they spoke of Philosophy, History and Logic, was enough to draw tears from a crocodile. Then again as they described scenes which transpired ages ago I could almost hear the shouts of the old "Greeks" at the contests and see the haughty Romans with their big curved noses walking up Broadway, with firm and steady tread to the music of "The girl I left behind me," while Proud Old Rome which sat upon the seven hills reverberated to the strains of the "Star spangled Banner,"

I tell you I never had any idea of History till I heard these cultured Juniors give their ideas thereon. What I enjoyed and what thrilled me the most was when those dear fellows talked to us Prep's. so condescendingly. Why when I listened a little while and understood that they were taking time and pains to exhort us and to explain many things which a Prep. is not expected to know. I felt big, and circulating

around among the audience, made myself conspicuous to let people know I was one of those Prep's. and I guess I succeeded, for I heard some of the people say yes there's a Prep.—look at the hay seed—he's a regular mossback, and such like compliments. I felt so puffed up with my importance that I believe I will remain a Prep. the rest of my days. Oh! immortal Markwood, how I wish you were here to share in the joys and triumphs of the Prep.

Finally the orchestra wound up kind of sudden-like and the people went home. I stood in the hall and watched the "points" go by and as I saw boy after boy go by with a damsel as accompaniment, somehow or other I began to feel sad and a sort of longing came over me to be at home again where I used to go buggy riding and sparring. I tell you a feller can't get along without a girl. Just then a Freshie spied me and said "Hello, Green, why have'nt you got a point?" I told him I couldn't find any, and he told me to go over to the Ladies' Hall and I could get a point. That gave me an idea, so I asked him how they done over there, and he said for me to call for the Lady Principal and she would get me a girl, she and told me how nice it was to sit in the parlor and chat and pass the time away. So one evening I put on my trotting harness and went around.

#### HE CALLS AT THE LADIES HALL.

Well, when I got to the door my heart was in my mouth, but I shut my teeth, grabbed the door-bell and gave it a jerk. I thought that it would never do to be fainthearted now, for hadn't I paid my tuition, and surely that implied all the advantages of the institution; and if Saum Hall wasn't one of the advantages that came in the regular course of O. U., then what was? Just then the door opened and I saw I was not acquainted with the person so I said, "Good evenin', madam, I'm very happy to see you; I hope you are well. My name is Mr. Adolphus Green of O. U., preparatory department. The boys call me green prep.; what might your name be?" She kind of smiled, the way my girl's mother does at home, and said, "Good evening, sir. I am the matron, whom did you wish to see?" Well, now, that did kind of take me down. A Matron, thought I, what kind of a professor is that? Then recollecting that she was waiting for an answer and not knowing



else to say, I asked if the Lady Principal was to home? She said yes, and I asked if I could see her. She told me to walk into the parlor, and as I didn't say anything, she opened the door and I followed her. I hadn't more than got inside when I was nearly taken off my feet—such a sight you never saw. The boys at home don't know nothing to what I've learnt since I've been here. There was ten or twelve boys sitting round the room, with a girl sitting close to each feller; and as I stood there looking, with all the eyes I had, my friend, the Freshman, hollered out and said, "Hello, Green! How do you find yourself?" Then a couple of big feelin' sopht heads said "howdy," and a tall Senior, with a standing collar, said, "Mr. Green!" Well, by this time I had spoke to all the boys, and began to look around at the girls; and a pretty creature what had been pounding the pianer, said, "How do you do, Mr. Green?" Now, I hadn't looked for that, and it nearly floored me. By this time the Matron, who had been holding a chair for me, said, "Mr. Green, allow me to prevail on you to be seated;" and I sat, and telling me she would send the lady down, she left the room. She hadn't more than left the room when all them fellers just haw hawed and laughed, and you bet no one can beat me on that so I joined in on the chorus; and I'll bet if that Matron knowed how we laughed after she left she'd felt most awful mortified. Well, I hung on to my chair like a martyr and looked as unconcerned as you please, while the company seemed to take great delight in the color of my tie and symmetry of my boots, and my appearance in general. I guess they dont know what style is. Well, when they had

satisfied themselves with taking notes on the appearance and excellency of my wardrobe, my friend, the Freshie, got up and getting two chairs put one on each side of me, then he went over and spoke to two of the prettiest girls in the room, and what do you think? Why, they got right up left their high-toned fellers and walked right over and sat down on each side of me. You bet those fellers was bored. Then to cap the climax, Freshie led off in a hearty laugh, in which all the rest joined, not excepting me. You bet I saw how bad they were left. Well, by this time I was the center of attraction, and those fellers finding they had no influence when I was around, all went home and I had to entertain the whole crowd, but you bet I kept them laughing anyhow. Pretty soon in come the Lady Principal and she smiled and said, "Good evening!" I said "howdy!" and I could see she was pleased to have a gentleman of my standing calling on her girls. She asked me what I wanted to see her for. I said "Oh! nothing in particular. I just thought I would call around and see how things were getting along." She said, "Is that so?" and then said it was seven o'clock and the girls must go to their rooms. I was just thinking they had better leave me with my girl if they was going to. But my girl started to go and I stopped her and asked her if she couldn't stay awhile. She said she would like to be excused, so I asked her if I could have her company to the next gatherin' in the neighborhood, and she said her company was engaged, so I had to excuse her again. I gave her goodbye, and taking leave of the Principal, I went home, but I will have that girl yet, and don't you forget it.

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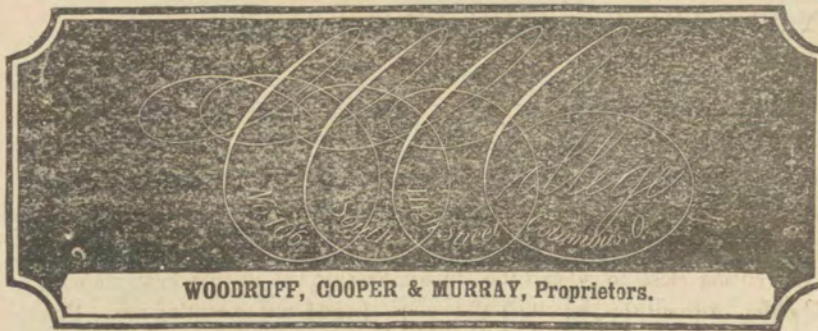
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