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OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

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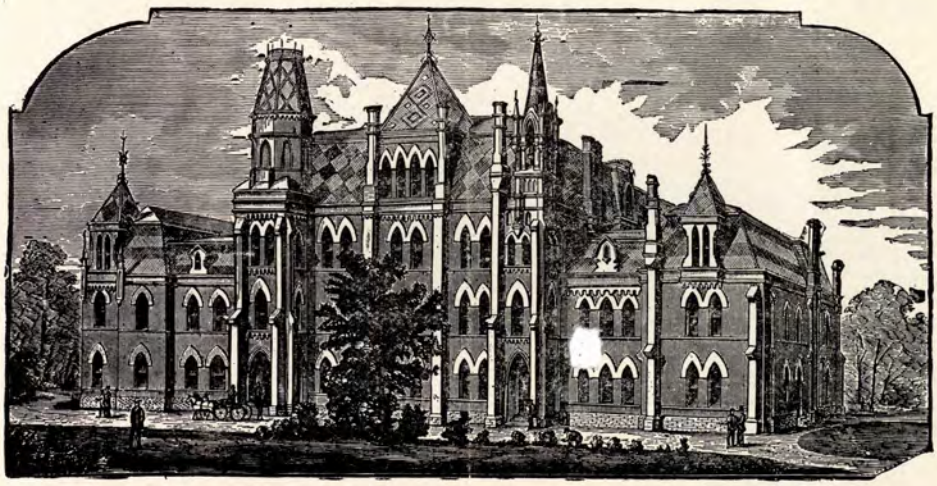

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EDITORIAL.

WE thought that we had gotten rid of class '94 forever, but when about a dozen of them filed into chapel the other morning, clad in cap and gown, and after services gave their familiar yell, we began to realize how frail are human hopes. However we could not help cheering them in their little escapade.

THE large number of new students who have entered this fall is the subject of general remark. In looking over the audience at chapel exercises it looks as though about half of the faces were new, and without flattery it can safely be said that in intelligence the new students are much above the average of their class. This is certainly a very encouraging feature of the "New Otterbein," and bodes for her a high standard of scholarship in the future.

IT is very gratifying to see the interest which is being manifested in the Department of Art. Under the skillful tutorship of Miss Sevier, this department was a great success last year, the work accomplished being of a high standard of excellence. The number of students is almost as large at the beginning of this year as it was during the entire time of last year, and it would be no presumption to say that this bids fair to be a year of unrivaled interest in this line of culture. Miss Sevier has the love of all her pupils, which adds greatly to her success as an instructor.

FOOTBALL practice began at the earliest opportunity. From the number who are participating it will doubtless be a matter of little difficulty to procure a first-class eleven. The old boys are enthusiastic and the new ones are not much behind, judging from the way they take hold of the sport. We have the material of which football men are made, and with proper training we can put a team into the field that need not fear defeat. With Markley as manager, Stoner as captain, and Seneff as center we will be invincible and carry victory throughout the state.

THE large number of new attendants this year gives to the professional "rider" a broad field for operations. It is not to be denied that a healthy rivalry between literary societies contributes much to the life and prosperity of a school, and that to a certain extent it should be fostered, but there is a limit where this custom merges from a help into a nuisance. The man who is noted for his general usefulness to the new boys may well be looked upon with distrust, for no man is so altogether unselfish as to neglect his legitimate work for the sole benefit of others without some sinister purpose. Boys

who are in college for the first time are hurried away to a favorable environment where only one side of the society question can be fairly seen. It does not seem fair to rob a fellow of the power of a free choice, simply because he is so unfortunate as not to understand existing circumstances. Misrepresentation is a common feature of our riding system. Y. M. C. A. work, which should be held as sacred, is used as a cloak for this system of deception, and instead of yielding harmony in our student life, it is made to yield distrust, and sometimes even strife.

What is wanted is honesty, and a true sense of manhood, coupled with a due respect for the rights of others, and a due appreciation of the fact that all new students are liable to be deceived by appearances, and should be left free to choose for themselves. This would be meeting men on manly principles, and would remove the prime cause of dissatisfaction between the members of opposite societies.

And now comes to our ears the sad and awful report that, after being buried for a year, senior and junior publics are to be unearthed. We had hoped that we had gotten beyond such childishness, but our hopes seem to have been in vain. We got along during last year very well without these old time nuisances and no one was heard to regret their departure, nor to demand their return. There is one consolation, the junior publics will not be long, and if there is no mistake in the tone of the senior class, their exercises will be still shorter. It is hard to understand why, after having made a step in advance, the school should again sink back into her old ruts. The juniors and seniors do not enjoy publics any more than their audiences nor are they benefitted any more by them. These things may do for the childhood of education but Otterbein is old enough to put away childish things.

This is the beginning of a new life to many who are now entering college for the first time. There seems to be a tendency in many thus situated to get out of touch with the outside world. The student should remember that while a college course is intended to broaden the intellect, and to give one a foundation upon which to build, yet unless he keeps in constant sympathy with the great questions of the day he will miss largely the intent of his school work. To gather new ideas from one's studies is fascinating to the student's mind, but to learn their application to life is the true meaning of development.

The mistake so often made is to take all of the school work one can possibly carry, and to neglect even a cursory review of the daily news. This may be a rapid way to attain to a degree, but it is a very poor way to broaden the intellect, and the student will soon find himself a book-worm rather than a broadening, energetic man, who is becoming able to see through and to grapple with the great problems of life. Study your text-books for a foundation, but do not neglect to build upon your foundation as soon as it is laid.

This year opens up a new era for Otterbein. Relieved of her financial embarrassment she has nothing to fear from any other source. She has many warm supporters, and a noble faculty of faithful instructors. She has a splendid record, and as faithful a body of students as any school can boast of. There is now no reason why the ambitious student should seek any other college for instruction, for her future is secured and she will ever be a true *alma mater* to all of her loyal children. In the quality of work done she has already been on a par with all other first-class colleges of the state, and her graduates have been able to attain to and to hold positions which would be an honor to the graduates of many schools bearing a higher reputation. There is still much to be done, and especially in a financial way, but the same energy, spirit and love which have brought her through safely so far will certainly succeed not only in lifting the last cent of debt, but will give to her an endowment which will make her independent, and insure her permanency. It

is not merely a duty now of the Church to support her oldest and best school, but it is her great opportunity to build an institution which will be her glory in time to come.

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

No department of the college opens this year with brighter prospects, or more certain evidences of greatly increased interest, than does the Music Department. It is the general verdict that the committee in charge of this important branch of the college work have spared no pains in securing the best teachers and that their choice in this regard has been most fortunate.

Prof. Hermann Ebeling, of Columbus, who has charge of the instrumental work, and of the chorus and theory classes, is a man of more than local reputation, and is a musician of rare attainments. Besides being himself a remarkable performer, he has a rare ability to impart his ideas to pupils and impress them with the true meaning and beauty of music, of which so many musicians (so-called) never dream. Besides he is a broad-minded, wide-awake and energetic man, enthusiastic in his profession and full of good plans and purposes for our Music Department. He has already given a great impetus to the idea which many have cherished—of having a grand pipe organ in the chapel, and from the amount of interest developed during the short time he has been with us, it seems certain that it is only a matter of a little time until this plan will assume definite shape.

Miss Rike, in charge of the Department of Vocal Culture, is the daughter of that staunch friend of Otterbein, D. L. Rike, of Dayton. Being thoroughly cultured and excellently fitted for her work, she is giving the best of satisfaction and is meeting with splendid success. Most of us have had opportunities of hearing her sing and no one has failed to be charmed by her excellent voice or to note the great power and sweet simplicity which are prominent characteristics of her singing.

It is understood that both Prof. Ebeling and Miss Rike will be heard in a public recital in the near future.

The number of pupils already enrolled and the general satisfaction expressed by them assure us that this department will speedily assume the high place in college work that it should occupy.

A Music Department whose name shall be known far and wide, and which shall give added luster to Otterbein's growing fame; a magnificent building adapted and devoted solely to the needs of the department; a music hall with pipe organ, grand piano, and seating capacity of eight or ten hundred. These are dreams we may confidently expect to see realized in the very near future, along with the many other bright possibilities which the earnest, consecrated, energetic friends of O. U. intend to make realities.

ADDRESS AT THE FORTY-EIGHTH OPENING OF OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY.

BY PRESIDENT T. J. SANDERS.

Students of Otterbein, Friends and Citizens:

With joy we greet you and meet you on this occasion. We heartily welcome you, one and all, young and old, new students, and old students, to this opening of the college year. The times are auspicious, the sky is bright, and as we look toward the future, we see the bow of promise and of hope. The night is past; the day is at hand; the sun has arisen in his strength, and bids us go forth to work and wait, work and wait, transform and subjugate, transform and subjugate, look up and lift up, look up and lift up, till life becomes transfigured and earth becomes our Eden.

With a right royal welcome, as you come from the field, the kitchen, the town, the crowded, noisy city, the cool, refreshing retreat, from counting house or sacred desk; indeed as you come from all the varied walks and conditions of life, some with joy to renew old friendships, others with dread and fear and trembling, and all leaving loving, anxious

hearts at home, to you all, for the forty-eighth time in its history, Otterbein University, with a right royal welcome, swings open its doors.

This forty-eighth year ought to be the best in our history. It can be so. It will be so, if we all do our duty fearlessly, courageously, hopefully, prayerfully. If we all do each day and each hour the duty, whether it be small or great, that lies nearest to hand, it must be so, for institutions as well as men, "can rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things." With a hearty good will, let us all, teacher and taught, dedicate ourselves to this worthy task, invoking the blessing of heaven upon us.

Life is a boon, a rich gift, a treasure, the richest and sweetest our Father can give. He gives us life, akin to his own, and then gives us a material world filled with infinite riches and beauty, for the development of that life. The world is simply a great school for the education of each man, woman, and child in it. It is the action and reaction of mind and matter that gives us consciousness, and only when the world without becomes a world within, idealized and spiritualized, is the process complete. Worlds to conquer! Yes, worlds to conquer, that is our province, our mission, worlds without and worlds within. What a duty, what an *opportunity!* To conquer this world, that hangs upon nothing in the infinite depths of space, and turns upon its axis a thousand miles an hour, and flies through space at the rate of twenty miles a second; this world that seems to be the place where God is working out the great moral problem of the universe, this great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world, what an *opportunity!* This myriad sided world has means for the culture, growth and training of the myriad sided mind. The world with the infinite azure over our heads by day, and the fleecy clouds that on it float like phantom ships; and by night, in silent, solemn majesty, march the heavenly hosts; the gorgeous sunsets, that baffle the artist and the finest effort at description by the masters; the ocean of atmosphere that comes to us washed and cooled by mists and rains and morning dews, and by ocean, lake, river and the mountains whose peaks are hoary with eternal snow, the atmosphere, that bears on its bosom the song of birds and hum of bees and the rich perfume of every clime; old ocean, with its gray and melancholy waste, the beautiful inland seas, the majestic rivers and sparkling brooks; the beautiful islands that lie nestled in the bosom of the sea, and seem to give us visions of a fairy land, an enchanted land; the continents, great and wide, with every variety of soil and climate; with lakes and rivers, mountains and plains,—these all become for man the great theater for training and culture, for triumph and mastery in the external and objective realm, and so, only another name for *Opportunity*.

"Know thy opportunity," was the motto of Pittacus, one of the seven sages of Greece. This motto, with others, was inscribed on the Delphian temple. Oh! that we might know our opportunities and blessings while we have them. Oh! that we could appreciate life, the world, our homes and friends before they are gone, forever gone. Whittier has a beautiful poem entitled, the "Barefoot Boy." The first stanza:

> "Blessings on thee, little man,
> Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan!
> With thy turned-up pantaloons,
> And thy merry whistled tunes;
> With thy red lips, redder still,
> Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
> With the sunshine on thy face,
> Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
> From my heart I give thee joy;
> I was once a barefoot boy!"

And so on and on he goes magnifying the simplicity, the joy, the care-free, the princely life of the bare-foot boy, till in the last two lines he exclaims:

> "Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy
> Ere it passes, bare-foot boy!"

Youth is full of opportunity, surrounded by opportunity, indeed, as Emerson would say of America, is but one other name for *opportunity*. To be young, to stand in life's open door with all its sublime and divine possibilities, to have

life before us and not behind us, and forever behind us, to have the fresh life-blood tingling through our veins and throbbing through our hearts, to stand in all the richness, the freshness, the glory and grandeur of the morning, as the sun in all his effulgence girds himself to climb the eastern horizon and fill the world with light and life, and health, and comfort, and cheer,—to have life before, and not behind us, and to be able to make choices in the light of this fact, while it is not yet forever too late, ah! that is OPPORTUNITY. Young lady, young gentleman, you are to be most heartily congratulated upon the fact of your youth and the great possibilities and opportunities that lie before you. Accept gladly this situation; study to know your possibilities and powers; meet life bravely, heroically, faithfully; transmute all its experiences into power and rise constantly on the stepping stones of your dead selves to higher things.

It is as true as it is trite, that this is a wonderful age, wonderful in every conceivable way. In every department of human achievement there is boundless activity. So rapid and so varied are the changes that we are almost bewildered as we attempt to contemplate them. When I was a student in this college, I bought from an agent a book entitled "The Footprints of Time" in the introduction of which are these words: "It is our happiness to live in an age whose master-pieces of accomplishment, in science, industries and commerce, put to shame the extravagant fictions of Oriental tales and the wonders ascribed to the gods and heroes of ancient mythology.

"The changes produced by recent investigations and discoveries are so vast and so rapid that it is difficult to follow them or comprehend the power and thoroughness of the transformations that are taking place in the world around us. The applications of steam and electricity astonish us by their widespread influence on the condition and relations of men; the ease and speed of movement and intercourse, constantly increasing, are ever putting us in new and unfamiliar situations. We have hardly accustomed our thoughts and habits to one before we are hurried on into another. The constantly clearer and more abundant light shed by science and the press does not suffice to keep our minds fully up to the progress that goes on in all departments of life.

"It is plain that we have entered on a new era, the most extraordinary and momentous the world has ever seen. The old and imperfect is being cleared away and everything thoroughly reconstructed. The explanation is that we are now setting up the grand temple of civilization, the separate stones and pillars of which each nation and age was commissioned to hew and carve, and, so to speak, left in the quarry to await the time when, all the material being ready, the Master Builder should collect all the scattered parts and raise the whole edifice at once, to the astonishment and joy of mankind.

"All the institutions and civilizations of the past may be considered temporary, erected in haste from the materials nearest at hand, not for permanence, but to serve the present turn while the special task of the nation or age was being performed. The races and ages nearer the birth of mankind worked on the rougher parts of the edifice, that entered into the foundations; those grand races, the Greek and Roman, furnished the noble outline which the nations of modern Europe perfected while they supplied what was still lacking for use and adornment.

"America was reserved, designedly, for so many ages, to furnish a suitable and unencumbered location for the central halls and mightiest pillars of the completed structure. Our fathers cleared the ground and laid the foundation deep down on the living rock, that is to say, on Human Right. That they seldom failed to place stone, pillar and column in just position, the work, as we find it, proves, and we have little to do but to clear away the rubbish, beautify the grounds, and put the whole to its proper use.

"We begin to see that Time, Thought and Experience have not wrought in vain, that

Progress is not a phantom of the imagination, that the human race is essentially a Unit, that it has been growing through all the centuries and is now approaching the prime of its manhood, just ready to enter on its special career with its grandest work still to do. The energies of all the races are preparing for unheard of achievements. The world was never so completely and wisely busy as now, and America stands between modern Europe and ancient Asia, receiving from, and giving to, both.

"Her institutions are founded on principles so just and so humane that, when administered with due wisdom and skill, they will embarrass and restrain the proper activities of men at *no point*. America stands a *model* which other nations will carefully copy, in due time, as they can adapt themselves and change their institutions. It may not be a *literal* copy, a servile imitation; but there is little doubt that our Declaration of Independence will finally enter, in spirit and potential influence, into the intimate structure of all governments."

These words, written twenty years ago, and true to the time, are true to-day with redoubled force and significance. The achievements of twenty years ago are paled into insignificance in the light of to-day. Men are running to and fro and knowledge is being increased. In every department of human interest there is boundless activity. A book in science or art or philosophy seems to be out of date before its leaves are dry from the press. Men hesitate to buy a new gasoline stove, a sewing machine, a reaper or mower, to heat a house, to build an electric car, to put up an electric light, to buy a new book on psychology or theology, lest, haply, ere these are in their hands, new and better ones can be found.

The limitations of space, and time, of mountain and sea are being taken away. Railways and electric wires are girdling the earth. There are no hermit nations. The ends of the world are being brought together. All nations are our neighbors; and the men of all races are our brothers. The English language is becoming a world-language. In A. D. 1700 it was spoken by six millions; in 1800 A. D. by twenty millions, and in 1900 A. D. will be used by one hundred and twenty millions, a gain in two hundred years of twenty fold. "As Roman government pacified warring populations, so Christian powers are shutting the gates of Jairus. Arbitration is the international law of Pan America."

Already we see the dawning of the transcendently more glorious twentieth century. Each age, like the seed, is the ripe fruit of what is past, and the life-germ of what is to follow. Surely we are "heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." Surely

> "We are living, we are dwelling
> In a grand and blissful time;
> In an age on ages telling
> To be living is sublime.
>
> "On, let all your soul within you
> For the truth's sake go abroad;
> Strike, let every nerve and sinew,
> Tell on ages, tell for God."

Yes, the age in which we live, this "grand and blissful time," is opportunity, unparalleled *Opportunity*.

Young people, I hail with gladness your coming to college at this time. It means that you are to seize the opportunities and prepare for the coming age.

In the *Independent* of August 2 is a brief but beautiful article by President Thwing, of the Western Reserve University and Adelbert College, entitled, "College Another Name for Opportunity." This so perfectly suits my purpose that I quote it:

"The college is another name for *opportunity*. It is the doorway through which the young man can walk into the treasure-house of humanity's achievements. It is the rock into which the young man can lay the timbers of the ship of his life, and in four years, fit and equip it for the voyage of his career. The college may be called less an agency than a condition. It is less a power working for him than a power which he himself makes powerful for his own uses. It is opportunity. Oppor-

tunity the college is for entering into fellowship with the masters.

"The book opens to him this communion. Great libraries are the tools with which he works, the atmosphere he breathes. Opportunity the college is for coming into relations with the masters of the present. No professional or other class has all great spirits. But in the college are gathered the souls who have ceased to worship at the altar of the forum or of the market place, who are no longer striving to receive the benedictions which most men are struggling to hear. They are searching for truth; they are seeking to inspire young lives with the beauty of holiness; they are endeavoring to 'think God's thoughts after him.' All of them are making moral good an ideal, and many of them are intellectual priests to humanity. The college means to the student association with such men.

"It is also opportunity for the foundation of choicest friendships. College students represent a selective process; they are, in a sense, a survival of the fittest. The ties that are knit among these men are the worthiest, as they are the strongest and most lasting. They approach the most closely to the relations of the family. Opportunity the college provides for the beginning and growth of proper habits—physical, intellectual, ethical, spiritual, of work and of leisure, of personal conduct and of public service. In each of these respects the college should be at least as influential as the home. The college is opportunity for securing the point of view for all questions. This point, it may be said, has length and breadth and height; it is long and broad and high. I often think the college means the point of view for all life.

"Opportunity is the name of the college for training character, for disciplining, enriching, instructing the intellect, for giving to the passions of boyhood the self-control of manhood, for fostering high ideals, for purifying affections, for making learning holy and holiness winsome, for prompting the will to obedience to the intimations of truth.

"The college can do far less for a man than it can be a chance for the man to do for himself. The college cannot make the student a scholar. It cannot teach him to see straight and think clear. Straight seeing and clear thinking are arts, to be learned by doing. The college can not cause him to become a friend to the masters of the past or of the present. Friendship is not a manufacture. The college can not stand over him every moment with a reprimand of scorn on her lips and a whip of wrath in her hand, commanding him to form habits of accuracy and thoroughness in his work; the college is not the overseer of a gang of slaves, nor is it a house of correction or a reformatory.

"The boy does far more for himself through what the college is and offers than what the college can do for him. The college boy, using the books under wise guidance, makes himself the great scholar. He comes into choice companionships and sweet friendships because he is himself a choice companion and a good friend. He is fond of Plato because he has a bit of the Platonic spirit in his own soul. He likes Plato because he is like Plato. If he yields to base temptations, heeding the solicitations of vanity or of appetite, his subjection is proof that he had in himself some kinship with the living ghosts of evil. The ideals he follows are of his own following, the work he does is his own work, the struggles he makes are his own. The habits he forms, he forms himself. Examples beheld, inspirations of words spoken constantly, warnings made through failure, hope breathed in noble success, are of no avail if his own determination flag."

So it comes to pass that our birth, our life, our youth, the wonderful world, the wonderful age, and this intensified little world called college and college life is but *opportunity*. Some of us are here for the first time and have a whole college course before us; some have partially completed the work and that is past, forever past. We all stand before a new year. The record is to be written. It will be what we make it. With what measure ye meet it shall be measured to you again. You will get what you give, measure for measure, pound for

pound. Every hour of faithful toil in obscurity means so much of triumph and mastery in the hour of trial. If you give diligence, faithfulness, honesty, purity of thought and nobility of purpose, these will all appear in the footing-up of the year. To accomplish our purpose, we must call into requisition the third great power of the mind—the will. By this we must hold ourselves to steadiness of purpose, hold to oneness of aim, till the work is done and we are victors. We must do this or all is in vain. Says the quaint old English poet, George Herbert:

> "Man is no star,
> But a quick coal of mortal fire,
> Who blows it not,
> Nor doth control, the faint desire
> Lets his own ashes choke his soul."

Our wills must be vigilant and strong; with steadiness of aim and purpose, we must control our faint desires, follow them secure their purposes and ends. The real joy of life comes from the realization of ideals, the consciousness of mastery and triumph. All feel some spiritual and ideal good yet unattained. Longfellow says:

> "That even in savage bosoms
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings
> For the good they comprehend not;
> That the feeble hands and helpless,
> Groping blindly in the darkness
> Touch God's right hand in that darkness
> And are lifted up and strengthened."

There is little hope for him who is content with present attainments. We should each and all break through the rind, the bondage of the present or realized self and attain to the future, ideal self. We should reach forth and hold the ideal against every counter interest of life. We must lose the lower self that we may find the higher self. The lower self must be sacrificed to the higher self, this is the law of self-sacrifice. "He that findeth his life shall lose it." After all, every choice in life is a choice between these two selves, the lower and the higher. Here in these choices, in man's own subjective kingdom, are fought the decisive battles—the Gettysburgs and Waterloos. Here is the sublime, heroic, life-and-death struggle. Mastery here gives supreme delight and a consciousness of dignity and spiritual worth. Let each one of us say to our souls, in the language of the poet:

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,
> As the swift seasons roll!
> Leave thy low vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

IS IT A PRACTICABLE IDEAL?

BY NOLAN RICE BEST, '92.

The new student of this fall has doubtless heard already a good deal about all-around manhood." He will hear more. And surely the ideal, as it is habitually put by college students, must stir the blood of any but a dullard. It is a sorry soul that, hearing, is not moved with a wish to realize something of the breadth of life the conception implies. But a student will not need to be very old in college experience before he discovers that after all there are few of his schoolmates who in any wise approximate to the popular standard of "all-around men." If he should choose to inquire of some of us who now have left of our college days only the memory, he would find the majority confessing that though we thoroughly admired the ideal, it was the illest success that met our efforts to develop an aptitude corresponding to each feature of our surroundings, as we thought we would like, or even ought, to do. The fact is, I believe, that the notion of sphericity, in the shape collegians commonly idolize it, is a long way beyond the possibilities of the average student. It is only a man of peculiar natural versatility who can really play football, read Greek, and conduct prayer meeting with equal adaptation. Speaking for the ordinary fellow,—and generalizations about extraordinary persons are foolish,—it seems to me that the prevalent college conception of the most worthy climax of manly development, must be

modified in some particulars, or be stamped as beautiful indeed, but impracticable.

This article is intended to suggest, specially to the new student, a double change of viewpoint which the writer thinks will bring into sight an all-around manhood practicable to the most moderately endowed of us all. Let us, first, learn to regard the rounding-out we desire as a rounding-out of sympathies more essentially than of abilities. It is idle for anyone to hope to acquire facility in every line of action to which circumstances might direct his attention. It would do him no special good if he could. Men succeed by concentration, not dissipation, of energies. "Gifts differing" is as irrevocable and infrangible a law of intellect and body as of spirit. A man is morally under obligation to spend himself chiefly upon the culture of those powers that promise most for usefulness in the world. He has no right to fritter his strength away miscellaneously.

But when you speak of broadening sympathies, you can mention no mete or bound to their spreading tide. It is nowadays the noble privilege of every man to climb to a height where he can say with a truer meaning than the old Latin poet could put into the words: "Nothing human is alien to me." Thence the swift eye travels with interest regions that the busy foot will never find time to turn aside into. To love all men; to rejoice with all, and sorrow with all; to delight in all advancement, to take pleasure in all goodness and truth, and to cry courage to all who stand for uprightness and honor—these are marks of a truer and broader manhood than any that can be expressed in material terms. And toward this elevated plane of race-wide human interest the shortest and straightest road sets out from the college. Let the new student determine to travel it. He can begin by cultivating an enthusiasm—a straitly curbed enthusiasm if you like, but an enthusiasm—for athletics, though he knows he cannot sprint the hundred-yard dash. He can encourage the oratorical association, though he has no hope of appearing in a contest. He can work faithfully in a humble place on a Christian Association committee, though he recognizes that he possesses no qualities of leadership that will introduce him into the cabinet. He can give assistance in arranging a college reception, though bashfulness and awkwardness prevent his enjoying the gayeties of the company. Of course, just so far as abilities serve, one will doubtless be eager to participate wherever his interest and enthusiasm go. But it is a triumph of broadness, as well as of unselfishness, when one reaches that standing where intellectual and physical capacity set no limit upon sympathy. Such a man must realize something of Paul's word to his brethren: "All things are yours." And this is an "all-aroundness" of character possible to us all.

More briefly I would urge, as a second modification of the prevailing ideal, that new students eschew the notion that symmetry of development means prominence and pre-eminence. Whoever holds to this idea sows for himself both disappointment and defeat. He gets his gaze fixed on a lure of deceit, and goes astray from all that is worth striving after. It is the curse of youth to be so prone to measure itself by comparison with its immediate environments, satisfied only when its pinnacle overtops the loftiest neighboring tower, but satisfied wholly then. But excelling others is no part of character. It cannot truly be said to be a part of success. When a man finds himself anxious to do better than another, and not simply anxious to be better, he is already growing awry. He is living in the eye of men, not in the eye of God. He needs to force himself down into the darkness, where he can work on his life-fabric solely for its own worth. Making the most of yourself is an end alone. Any ulterior object, save the service of God and humanity, vitiates your ambition. Beware of laboring to become an all-around man in the expectation, or for the sake, of shining.

The recent performance of the Phormio at Harvard seems to have given an impetus to the Latin department. It is proposed to invite Archbishop Satolli to give an address in Latin.

EULOGY—BENEDICT ARNOLD.

BY J. C. BLACKBURN, '95.

No tombstone marks his grave; no marble shaft sacred to the memory of Benedict Arnold, rears its proud summit into heaven's blue dome.

The name once linked in honor with that of Washington is now the synonym of ignominy and shame. Across the pages of American history is written "Arnold, Arnold the traitor." The soldier as he departs for war, the child upon its mother's lap is taught to look with horror upon the name and character of Benedict Arn ld.

Arnold, Arnold, better had it been for thee to have perished on the field of battle, than to have lived a life torn by vain suffering and remorse!

He whom America has called an alien was born and reared in the colony of Connecticut. Untaught by precept or example, his passions were untrained as those of the painted savage. In the lineaments of his countenance, in the luster of his flashing eye, in the scorn of his proud lip one might read the ruling passion of that life—it was pride, unbending pride.

You may stop the bison in his mad career, or roll back the foaming cataract, but seek not to curb or crush the pride of the proud man!

A ruler by virtue of ability, it might be said of Arnold as of another "that he preferred to rule in hell than to serve in heaven." Peace and inaction were the only things he feared; failure was worse than death. War and strife were his native elements and in them he reveled with all the pleasure of the petrel in the presence of the great storm king.

When the battle of Lexington called forth the colonists to defend home and liberty, the soul of Arnold was thrilled with that patriotic zeal which kindled all New England in a blaze. He buckled on his country's sword and went forth to fight her battles. Woe be to him who caused Freedom's sword to be sheathed in her own vitals. With Arnold as leader Ticonderoga and Crown Point soon fell. From the St. Lawrence to Long Island Sound, from Lake Champlain to the sea, the foreign foes and domestic parricides found neither safety by day nor rest by night.

Then was conceived that campaign, which none but patriots dare undertake, none but heroes could accomplish. Amid the snows of December, Arnold crossed the wilderness of Maine to attack Quebec. The toils and sufferings of that journey have hardly a parallel in the annals of warfare. Now rowing their frail barks up the rocky streams, now dragging them over the mountains; in the midst of rain and snow, with branches of spruce as their only couches; the only sounds which disturbed the monotony of the long nights, were the howl of the wolf and the cry of the panther. With war and maybe death ahead, they bravely marched on, for Arnold led the expedition. Not in the history of Cæsar, or Napoleon, not in the campaigns of Hannibal and of Washington is there anything to compare in boldness and endurance with this expedition of Arnold. Though defeated and wounded, freezing and on the verge of starvation, yet through the mists of suffering and distress, shine the rays of manhood and heroism. In the years that followed there was no truer patriot or braver soldier than Benedict Arnold. He saw those beneath him raised above him; he saw those about him violate the first principles of justice, but his heart was ever his country's shield, his sword her defense. When defeat and disaster had fallen heavily upon the army of Washington, who opened a rift in the clouds of despair and let in the rays of hope? Truth must tell you Arnold. When the hordes of British and Indians poured down upon our northern boundary, when St. Clair and Schuyler were sent reeling southward, who struck the first blow that turned back the wild wave of invasion? History answers Arnold. Go with me to the field of Saratoga. Liberty and union are here balanced against slavery and death. Should Burgoyne succeed, the noblest purpose for which man ere lived or died, will be frustrated and Freedom will spread her wings and sail to fairer climes. The success of the Americans means the realization of the dreams and hopes of groaning ages. The eyes of France, of the world are upon that battlefield. Deprived of his command, forbidden to fight within his guarded tent, Arnold stands. He sees his troops march past; when before did they go out to battle and he not there? Never. He hears the beating of the drums, the shrill sound of the trumpets, the rattling of musketry, the cannon's opening roar. Can it be that the fate of freedom

is being decided; that his friends and followers are fighting and falling and Arnold not there? Arnold to whom the smoke of battle is as the breath of incense, and the cannon's roar the music of the spheres? But hark! a louder shock of battle than before. The sounds of combat draw nearer. Hear that fierce shout of triumph! The British, the Indians are winning. Shall the patriot army thus be defeated? Not while an Arnold survives! (Were all the sentinels in camp gathered around him, they could not detain him.) He breaks from the hands of the guard; he escapes; he is gone; he mounts his black charger. "Back Arnold" cries Armstrong. But he better had spoke to the wind. See the black steed and the fearless maddened rider dash where the bullets fly thickest. "Oh heaven," he mutters, "death if thou wilt, but victory." Hear the shout of his soldiers as they see their beloved commander. "Onward to victory" he cries. "Shall minions of darkness and tyranny conquer our patriots and freemen? Charge Livingstone! Mason and Wesson move on! Let triumph and victory perch on our banners, else give me a glorious death!" They hear him; they obey him; they follow. Like the mighty power of a thunderbolt, the resistless force of an avalanche, the unbroken line rolls onward. Up to the British and Hessians, over them, through their line of battle, up to their very fortifications. Thus moves Arnold along the whole line of the battle, where the cannon's roar is the loudest, where the harvest of death is the thickest there is that black charger and his fearless maddened rider; and wherever Arnold is present, shouting and leading and fighting, the British and Hessians give way to him, the lines of the Americans advance. The British commander has fallen, his soldiers fly in confusion. Ere darkness shrouds that field of combat the stars and stripes float over the British fortifications.

As that banner, decked with the gems of night, arose grand and glorious out of the smoke and confusion of battle, the human heart heaves a sigh of relief; France extends her maiden palm across the sea to help support that standard; from the lips of the sons of America breaks forth a song of thanksgiving and joy, and the angels standing on the battlements of heaven take up the glad refrain "America, America is free."

Arnold the leader, Arnold the hero, Arnold the patriot, has established the cause of his country—ingratitude and calumny were his reward; he risked his life in her behalf, she spurned him from her side; his headlong, reckless valor had saved her on the field of battle; she called him passionate. Oh, say not that the hero of Saratoga is the traitor of West Point! The brave man is the true man, and who in the history of mankind ever excelled Benedict Arnold in bravery? Say, rather, in a moment of anger and madness, overcome by pride he yielded; stung to the quick by insults and injuries, he reeled, he tottered, he fell from the lofty heights of Saratoga to the bottomless pit of treachery and despair. By pride the angels fell. Arnold was only a man; he was subject to human frailties.

But tell me not he was mercenary. The gold of Philip may have silenced the tongue of Demosthenes or Judas betrayed his master for silver, but he who braved cold, hunger and death, for the sake of liberty never sold his native land for gain. Yes, Arnold fell. But neither heart can conceive nor tongue can tell the agony of remorse he suffered for that one action. Though doomed to live and die in a foreign land, his tenderest thoughts and recollections clustered around the land of his nativity. The exile stands on that far away shore and turns his wistful longing eyes back to the hills and dales of fair Connecticut. He sees the down-trodden and oppressed, the outcasts of other lands finding in America a safe retreat; and he turns his ear to hear the welcome voice of pardon sound across the waves. But alas! no voice is heard. Thus waiting and watching, the years come and go, the flashing eye grows dim, the proud form is bent with age; Arnold totters on the brink of the grave. Oh, America! America! hast thou a smile of welcome for all the children of men and none for thine own erring son? Must the gray hairs of him who gave thee freedom go down in sorrow to a foreign grave?

Truly mercy, nay justice—is a jewel not found in the minds of men. The angel of death draws near; but Arnold has met him unmoved on a hundred battlefields and he'll not

shrink to meet him now. In fancy he is again on the field of Saratoga. Again he sees his troops march past, he hears the sound of strife, he breaks away from his guard. Hear thou Cynic! hear the dying man feebly cheer his soldiers on to victory. Charge Livingstone! Mason and Wesson move on! Let us have victory and freedom, or give me an honorable death!

Arnold the soldier, Arnold the hero, Arnold the patriot, convicted of treason by sinful men has taken his appeal to the throne of Eternal Justice.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Many faces are missed and tenderly remembered. Many new ones are with us, and gladly do we welcome them and hope that the Association may prove of as great benefit to them as it has to others.

A cabinet meeting was held at the home of the president, Miss Ada Lewis, on the evening of Sept. 10. All the members were present, and a great deal of inspiration was received from the excellent account of the Lake Geneva Summer School as given by Miss Edith Turner.

The first gospel meeting of the year was an auspicious one, and if it is an index of the Y. W. C. A. work for the year, we may expect a much greater benefit to arise from our meetings this year than heretofore. A deep spirit of earnestness and entire consecration pervaded the entire meeting. The subject, "What Has Christ Done for Me?" a very personal one, was well commented upon by the leader, Miss Ada Lewis.

THE Y. M. C. A. WORK.

The Association work of the year was opened on the evening of Sept. 6, that being the date of its first regular meeting. W. B. Gantz, '95, was leader and gave a short, but impressive talk on the subject, "Our Besetting Sins," setting forth the importance of college men guarding with scrupulous care the inner, the heart life; and that unless this be done, no student can hope to attain a symmetrical development of his manhood physically, mentally, spiritually.

The outlook for the Association work of the year is most promising indeed; at the first opportunity given for uniting with the Association, twenty names were proposed and received. It is pleasing to note the interest taken in the work both by members and non-members. If the opening of the work is an indication of the year's work, we shall certainly see gratifying results from our efforts to help the boys of Otterbein.

On Saturday evening, September 8th, the Young Men's and Young Women's Associations gave a joint reception to the students in the literary society halls of the University. It was an evening enjoyed by all present. A card having on its face the name of the bearer was pinned on each person, and the evening was spent very pleasantly by old acquaintances being renewed and new ones formed. A short program was rendered. The music was furnished by Miss Rike and F. J. Resler. Prof. W. J. Zuck gave an address which was pleasing both in matter and manner of delivery; his words were appropriate to the occasion, emphasizing, especially, the friendship among college students and the importance of placing themselves under the direct influence of the Association work. The professor's ideal of a college student is certainly a lofty one and might well elicit the aspirations of every student of Otterbein.

LOCALS.

A. C. Flick, '94, will attend Columbia College this year.

J. A. Barnes will pursue a four years' course in theology at Princeton.

J. A. Shoemaker, '94, is reading law with a leading law firm of Pittsburg.

W. V. Thrush, '94, is attending Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati.

Dick Kumler, of class '94, arrived in Westerville on the 15th and spent a week visiting friends.

Walter Gump and John Miller, of Dayton, are among the new students who have entered this year.

Miss Lenore Good spent the greater portion of the summer visiting relatives at Trenton, O., her old home.

M. B. Fanning entertained a few of the members of the class of '94 with a dinner at the hotel on the 10th.

I. L Oakes and wife, '94, are residing in Dayton, O., where Mr. Oakes is attending Union Biblical Seminary.

Miss EdDith Crippen, ex-'98, is not in college this fall, owing to her health having been poor dur ng the summer.

Mr. Ezra Anderson. of Dayton, O , has entered for the year. His brother Frank will travel this year for a school book house.

Fred Minshall, class '95. is in Denver, Colorado, teaching school. He expects to return at the beginning of the winter term, and graduate with his class in June.

Bishop Hott was in Westerville Tuesdav, Sept 11, and at chapel conducted the services and gave an interesting address, which was enthusiastically received.

The Y. M. C. A. opens the year's work under promising circumstances, and everything betokens a good year's work. The attendance at all the meetings thus far has been excellent.

A number of our boys attended the State Fair and the inter-collegiate football games at Columbus on the 6th, 7th and 8th inst. "Cæsar" Garst refereed the Wittenberg-O. S. U. football game.

Miss Verna Fowler, of Mt. Vernon, O , visited friends here at the beginning of the term. She will not be in college this year, but will pursue her studies privately, preparatory to going to a Boston ladies' school next year.

A new and popular feature has been introduced into the Christian Association building. One of the committee rooms has been designated as the "Trophy Room," and a number of the baseballs and footballs won in match games, together with photographs of old baseball and football players and managers, placed therein. The pennant won in '92, in the Athletic League of Ohio Colleges contests is hung on the wall, together with the cardinal and tan banner presented by the ladies to the Athletic Association.

Messrs. R. A. Longman, O. Shank, C. A. Funkhouser, and E. Barnard spent the summer in Pennsylvania.

Paul Good is not in college this term, being engaged in taking care of his invalid grandfather, at Trenton.

Dr. Garst spent the first few days of the term at Germantown, O., attending the sessions of the Miami Annual Conference.

Frank Resler, '92, left Tuesday, the 25th, for Chicago, for a two years' course in vocal music under an eminent teacher.

Lloyd Thomas, the efficient and popular pitcher of the '94 baseball team, spent a few days here at the beginning of the term.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Howard, '94, arrived in Westerville on Sunday morning, the 9th inst., and remained until Monday noon. "Central" and his wife received an enthusiastic reception.

"Cæsar" Garst and Marshal B. Fanning, '94, left Thursday evening, Sept. 13, for Harvard, where they will pursue their studies further. They enter the senior class and will be graduated next June.

The orchestra which leads the music at chapel is making a very creditable showing, considering the fact that they have played together for so short a time. The members are: Messrs. W. A. Gantz, John Miller, Walter Gump, Jesse Gilbert, and Frank Clemens. Steve Markley wields the baton.

Prof. Allen Gilbert, Ph. D., of Yale College, arrived on the 17th and spent several days visiting his brother Jesse and renewing old acquaintances about town. On Wednesday morning he conducted the chapel exercises and made a very interesting talk afterwards. Prof. Gilbert is a graduate of class '89.

On Monday morning, Sept. 10, a number of class '94 appeared at chapel in their caps and gowns and occupied their old seats. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Howard, M. B. Fanning, Geo. D. Needy, T. H. Bradrick, jr., W. A. Garst, J. A. Barnes and Miss Cornell. At the close of the exercises the chapel resounded for the last time with the "rah! rah! rah!" of the '94 class yell.

Dal Davis spent several days at home on business.

Prof. Wagoner was unable to meet his classes for a short time on account of sickness.

The pleasant countenance of J. C. Blackburn is again seen among us. The "Senator" has been studying law during his absence.

George Francis, who has been in California during the past year, is now in school for the purpose of completing his college course.

The University of Virginia has a representative in Otterbein this year in the person of Mr. Frankum. Mr. Frankum will enter the sophomore class.

The Davis Conservatory of Music started off with a large number of new pupils under the efficient management of the new musical committee, Messrs. E. Ressler, Ed. Weinland, and Judge Shauck. Prof. Ebeling, of Columbus, has charge of the piano and violin teaching, and Miss Susan K. Rike, of Dayton, who has studied under eminent artists both in this country and in Europe, has charge of the voice cult ure.

S. C. Swartzel, class '94, visited friends in town recently.

Prof. Zuck spent Sunday, the 23d, in Pennsylvania, where he attended the closing sessions of his home conference.

Hezekiah Pyle, class '94, stopped over to renew old acquaintances, while on his way to enter Yale Divinity School. He left us on the evening of the 25th inst.

The football team have been vigorously exercising for the past few days, and are getting down to good work. The prospects are fairly good for a good team.

Walter Kline, class '94, while on his way to Columbia College, stopped to take a final farewell of Otterbein. Mr. Kline will take post-graduate work at Columbia.

S. R. Seese, after an absense of a year, has resumed his work in school. Mr. Seese has been engaged in the active ministry during the year. He will make the forty-eighth member in the Freshman class.

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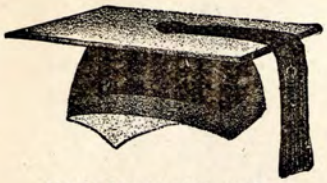

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	A M	P M	P M	P M	
Cleveland Lv	*8 40	*8 00	†12 45	†3 25	.. ..
Euclid Ave.....	8 52	8 11	12 57	3 40	.....
Newburg	9 04	8 29	1 12	3 55	A M
Hudson	9 40	9 12	1 55	4 35	†5 35
Cuyahoga Falls	9 55	9 30	2 10	4 50	5 53
Akron ..... Ar	10 03	9 40	2 18	5 00	6 03
Akron Lv	10 07	L 9 45	2 23	L 5 05	L6 08
Barberton	10 22	10 01	2 37	5 21	6 24
Warwick	10 36	10 16	2 52	5 36	6 38
Orrville ..... Ar	10 53	10 35	3 15	5 55	6 55
Orrville Lv	10 58	10 42	3 22	Ar	‖7 10
Holmesville	.....	f11 12	3 52		7 42
Millersburg.....	11 35	11 22	4 03		7 52
Killbuck	11 48	11 35	4 16		8 07
Brink Haven.....	.....	11 59	4 41		8 38
Danville	.....	f12 14	4 52	10	8 49
Gambier	12 32	12 22	5 10		9 09
Mt. Vernon .. Ar	12 40	12 32	5 22	A M	9 22
Mt. Vernon .. Lv	L 1 00	L12 42	‖5 27	†6 30	9 27
Mt. Liberty.....	.....	.....	5 45	6 50	9 45
Centerburg.....	1 25	1 12	5 54	6 58	9 54
Sunbury	.....	f1 33	6 13	7 22	10 19
Galena	.....	f1 36		7 26	10 23
Westerville.....	1 54	1 57	6 29	7 37	10 36
Columbus.....Ar	*2 15	*2 15	†6 55	*8 05	11 00
	P M	A M	P M	A M	A M
Cincinnati.....	*6 00	*6 35			
	P M	A M			

NORTH BOUND

Central Time.	3	27	35	9	7
	A M	P M	A M	P M	P M
Cincinnati	*8 00	*8 00	.....	.....	.....
	Noon	Night	A M	P M	P M
Columbus.....Lv	*12 10	*11 55	†6 00	†12 30	†4 30
Westerville.....	‡12 30	12 20	6 25	12 57	4 57
Galena	.....	f12 32	6 38	1 11	5 10
Sunbury	.....	f12 36	6 42	1 16	5 15
Centerburg	‡12 57	12 54	7 05	1 46	5 35
Mt. Liberty	.....	f 1 02	7 13	1 56	5 45
Mt. Vernon.. Ar	1 17	1 20	7 28	2 15	6 00
Mt. Vernon.. Lv	L 1 22	L 1 30	L 7 33	Ar	‖6 20
Gambier	1 32	1 42	7 44		6 33
Danville	.....	f 2 01	7 58		6 49
Brink Haven.....	.....	2 10	8 05		6 59
Killbuck	2 12	2 42	8 33		7 33
Millersburg	2 22	2 54	8 46	5	7 45
Holmesville.....	.....	f 3 05	8 56		7 55
Orrville ..... Ar	2 55	3 40	9 27	A M	8 28
Orrville Lv	3 00	4 00	9 32	†7 15	8 38
Warwick	3 18	4 26	9 51	7 34	9 01
Barberton	3 32	4 49	10 08	7 52	9 18
Akron ..... Ar	3 45	5 05	10 25	8 09	9 35
Akron Lv	3 50	L 5 20	L10 30	8 14	9 40
Cuyahoga Falls ..	4 02	5 34	10 42	8 27	9 50
Hudson	4 15	5 50	10 55	8 45	10 05
Newburg	4 50	6 30	11 30	9 25	P M
Euclid Ave..... .	5 01	6 46	11 43	9 38	Ar.
Cleveland .....Ar	*5 15	*7 00	†11 55	† 9 50	
	P M	A M	A M	A M	

* Runs Daily. †Daily except Sunday. f Flag Stop
‖ Meals. L Lunch.

☞ Where no time is given trains do not stop.

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