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Geo. T. Sanders

Vol. VII. MARCH, 1897. No. 7.

OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

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PLAY BALL! One strike, two strikes, three strikes, and you are out! That is the exclaim which will soon be heard coming from the big man who will watch the ball as it goes out and in, and up and down from the pitcher's box over the plate into the catcher's hands.

The season for the most interesting of all college sports is almost here and before we appear again the diamond will be leveled, the field cleared, the bags put down at the bases, and a merry crowd will be watching from all quarters of the campus while the game goes on.

The outlook for a good team is very gratifying. Many of the aspirants have been at work for some time in the ball cage, batting, catching and pitching, in anticipation of the campaign on the diamond. The management has been hard at work, too, and a schedule has been arranged which will eclipse any made in recent years. The engagements include the best teams of Ohio colleges and one good eastern team will cross bats with us.

Then there is another gratifying feature which will characterize our team work and that will be the absence of any professionalist on the team. Every man will be a bona fide student and work without pay. The manager has said emphatically that no pitcher or batters will be hired for games this year. And this is the right thing to do. We have men who can twist the ball, hit it when it goes over the plate, or catch it when it does not go behind the back-stop. We don't need professionals to do that for us. A little hard work will make some of our men proficient in this work. This will make our games more interesting. They will be just what they ought to be, purely amateur, and we shall have the satisfaction that it is *all* our team.

Then let us congratulate ourselves on the outlook. A well-managed, hard-working, *Otterbein* team, contesting with the best players of the state is enough to inspire enthusiasm in every student's soul for this most popular sport. It will commend itself to all our alumni, the faculty and everybody concerned.

It shall be our policy to support and encourage the game at all times. Each month we shall give an accurate account of the games played, so that all our readers may know just what is being done by the team and what fame they are winning over the state.

IT IS President McKinley now. The country has at last inaugurated its political redeemer. The stone that the builders rejected in 1892 has become the head of the corner, with a protective tariff, reciprocity, good money and prosperity in the wall. A Christian gentleman, a loyal patriot, a mature statesman has hold of the helm of the old ship of state and soon we'll be sailing on smoother seas.

The peaceful and beautiful scene which attended the inauguration of the President is a matter of great pride to the American people. No other nation ever witnessed such an event. It speaks much for our system of government and for the unpartisan pride of every citizen in the events which so concern them.

Let us hope that the times will change. We believe they will do so. Everything seems to augur a prosperous period in the administration of the government. Whatever others may say or do there is no doubt as to the desire and purpose of the chief executive. His part will be done well.

But while we shall note with interest every movement of the President, we should not forget the first lady of the land. In her we shall find a splendid pattern of American women. Kind, cultured and queenly she will lead a life at the Whitehouse which shall at all times receive the highest approbation of all. The beautiful example set by Mrs. Hayes in prohibiting wines from the president's table has already become her creed and, for the next four years at least, we shall find such purity, gentleness and grace in the president's home as will be in beautiful contrast with that of any other country of the world.

THE oratorical contest is over and our representative has been duly selected. Interest in this annual meeting increased rapidly until the time of the contest. Every one had his favorite and felt confident that his friend would be the winner. Some of course were disappointed. The choice is a good one and all will be interested in his success at the state meeting. We see no reason why he should not win first honors there. Let us give our representative all the encouragement we can, and if possible send a good sized delegation along to show our interest in his success.

The annual meeting has already been held, our officers chosen and the work of the association will now be directed to the contest next year. Interest in the association is increasing among the students and it is believed that next year the association will have a large and enthusiastic membership.

THE Senior class is keeping in touch with the progress of the times. Having a few weeks ago decided to have a class representative, they have gone to work in real earnest on their theses and many have them well under way. The subjects will probably be ready for publication next month.

A few days ago the class elected the representative, Dr. John W. Simpson, ex-president of Marietta College. He is an eloquent and scholarly man, and all who hear him on commencement day will enjoy a rare intellectual treat.

Just recently the class decided to wear the Oxford cap and gown during the spring term. This idea is all right too, but the caps and gowns should have been decided upon early in the year. Surely they would have added as much grace and dignity to the class during the first two terms as during the last term.

SUBSCRIBERS who are in arrears will do us a great favor by remitting at once. Postage stamps, postal notes, checks, or any convenient form of remittance will be gladly accepted. We hope no one will be negligent as to this as this is a special effort and all back subscriptions must be paid very soon. $ $ $ Can you not attend to it at once?

LITERARY

INVECTIVE — AB DUL HAMID II., SULTAN OF TURKEY.

J. B. GILBERT, '97.

SINCE the sun, on the morn of creation, first peeped forth from his palace in the sky, gladdening the earth and all that dwelt upon it, man has ruled with the sceptre of power and man has learned to be ruled. Down through the annals of history both sacred and profane, we read of servant and master, tribe and chief, kingdom and monarch, nation and ruler. The monarch of a nation is but the canvas, historical events the colors and the people behind that monarch the artist who portrays, in colors that time cannot efface, the course of a nation and the destiny of persons or provinces under his authority. Under such sway of authority, nations have risen and sunk into oblivion, Despotism and Tyranny have been driven back into the pandemonium from which they have issued and Justice and Liberty have and will triumph.

In the onward march of time, civilization has often been interrupted and almost lost sight of by the overshadowing of the awful hand of Tyranny, Oppression and all the category of monsters "that flesh is heir to." Thus in the closing days of the nineteenth century, this garden spot of history, this emerald in the diadem of centuries, there has been drawn across the page a tale of horror written in the blood of thirty thousand Christians; the nations of the globe have stood aghast at the cruelty of one of their fellow rulers. All this at a period when England and the United States have time to quarrel over a little strip of territory in South America and when all the powers of Europe are at the height of their glory and could easily wipe the offending monarch from the face of the earth. But England, who has boasted her imagined power to master the whole world, stands by in disgusting impotency while Ab Dul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, is saturating his realm with the blood of innocent men, women and children, all because they will not fall down and worship his heathen deity.

All through their existence the Armenians have lived loyal to their faith as Christians, and, though subdued and almost exterminated again and again, they have yet had sufficient hardihood to rise up to and beyond their former position. Their natural endowments have led to their being called "the Yankee of the East." The Greeks have a saying that "a Greek is as good as two Jews but an Armenian is equal to two Greeks." So, with this shrewdness, they have easily risen to positions of honor wherever they are found and even in the Turkish empire, till within the last three years, they have occupied the chief posts of honor under the Sultan.

In 1893 the Armenians suffered greatly from raids made upon their property and even upon their lives by the Kurds, a lawless, nomadic race of people, who deem anything the sun shines on as theirs for the asking. The Armenians received no protection from the Turks, to whom they were subordinate and of course in their manly sturdiness strove to defend themselves, thus further enraging the Kurds, who devastated whole cities and spared the lives of none who came within their grasp. In the ensuing year, the Armenians plead their inability to pay the taxes imposed by this Sultan, the embodiment of brutality, as a result of the ravages of the Kurds. From this the Turks lay the burden of these inhuman atrocities on the shoulders of the Armenians, claiming that they had rebelled and started an insurrection. This is true but the cause of the trouble lies not in that quarter. The Turks had imposed taxes which were simply robberies, nothing more and nothing less, and in return would not even grant them protection of their lives against a fierce race of people, who were the enemies of law and order. Under these circumstances who would not rebel? These conditions are much worse than those

against which the best blood that was ever shed in war was poured out on American soil, when our forefathers showed old England that free-thinking people could not and would not submit to taxation without representation. But here we have taxation not only without representation but without even protection of life. Who then, I say, would not rebel?

On their refusal, or rather failure, to pay these enormous taxes, the Sultan, the personification of all that is brutal, vicious, fanatical and inhuman, set these savage blood-hounds, the Kurds, to work on the helpless Armenians, with the authority of the government to support them in all their deeds of horror, and in many cases the soldiery of Turkey were not outstripped in brutality by the Kurds themselves. At the hands of these merciless, savage, bloodthirsty fiends, outrages were committed, in contrast with which, the worst of the bloody scenes of the French revolution in Paris become more tolerable. Pen fails to portray the horror of these wholesale butcheries; the mind refuses credence to tales of murder undreamed of by half civilized savages. Babes were torn from their mothers' arms and pierced with the sword before her helpless eyes. Wives were chopped in pieces in the presence of powerless husbands, and loving brides were compelled to see their husbands torn in pieces and they not even allowed one farewell word. Dead and dying alike were piled together in a heap, the whole mass saturated with oil and then set on fire amid the groans and prayers of dying victims. All this because the Armenians dared to be men; would not worship Mohammed and give up the faith which they believed to be the true one and which had been handed down to them through generation after generation of honored ancestors.

Who is responsible for all this? This murderous miscreant, bloodthirsty brigand, inhuman villain, barbarous Sultan, Ab Dul Hamid II. He it was who thrust the vile, murderous, loathsome hand of the assassin into the heart of the Armenian family to pluck the fairest of the flowers that bloom, just to satisfy his fiendishness and quench his thirst for blood. The tread of his foot can be traced through this district by heaps of ashes, which mark the spot where once stood a happy home, a prosperous city or a miserable hovel, and the touch of his hand can be recognized by a mound of earth, which covers some manly bosom or innocent, broken-hearted mother, daughter or babe sacrificed to his fanaticism.

Historians in after years can truly say, here lived, ruled and died the Nero of the nineteenth century, the man whose peaceful pastime was slaughter and whose way to the hereafter was paved with the bodies of butchered victims.

Holding his photograph in my hand, I almost expected to hear the snarl of the beast, so stamped is it with brutality. Thus from his outward appearance to his inmost soul, he is black as Stygian darkness. At the hands of this infamous coward, this blot on the page of history, merciless deeds were committed, which cause the heart of woman to stand still with horror, the manly bosom to heave with hatred and even the Furies themselves must turn aside their faces from scenes, in comparison with which, the field of battle is soothing.

After the shrieks of helpless victims, shot, stabbed and torn to death, have died away, the land is made even more desolate by the gaunt, bony hand of Famine stretched with menacing clutches over the homeless populace. What does he do or even allow to be done to relieve this want? Nothing. Relief sent from foreign lands is not suffered to enter the ports of this detestable autocrat. Why? Because the Armenians have dared to thwart his will; have shown the tyrant that hearts with royal blood throb under bosoms that have not the robe of ermine.

Truly, God made man, but the divine will has been grossly abused in the production of a fiend such as Ab Dul Hamid II.

Assyria and Babylon have been so long and so completely forgotten in their decay, that men must delve to the very bowels of the earth

to recall even their forgotten names. So will Turkey be, if monsters with hearts of adamant and minds too narrow to thrive on the free air of heaven continue to guide her steps. Even now this hated Sultan sits on a throne worm eaten and tottering, wields a sceptre that rules but to kill and governs subject whose every smile conceals a stab. Master of all the Moslem world, he holds at his beck and nod millions of men as blood-thirsty, as fanatical, as merciless as himself. Who in those eastern lands can lie down to sleep with such a monster on the same continent, and feel secure? Who knows but that when morning dawns, it will be but to show him streets red with blood and loved ones cold in death?

Here in the presence of this worse than beast, Civilization must stop till it has kicked aside, with deserved disgust, this relic of a thousand years ago, when men's lives knew no hope for the future save in the caprice of the despot. What a hope in life! What a cradle of ambition, when

"each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry,
New sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with 'Armenia' and yelled out
Like syllalle of dolour!"

Oh, thou curse of nations, thou shame to decency, how long will it be ere the sod saturated with truly royal blood, dripping from thy sword, will be rolled back to cover thy carcass, more useful in death than living?

In that glad day when the breath of life will have been denied thee, tears will change to shouts of joy, funeral weeds will fall off and hymns of praise will encircle the world, while heaven answering back will sound its glad hosannas.

The chapel mixed choir has been supplemented by a male chorus, which occasionally furnishes special music. On two occasions, male quartets have sung at chapel services.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

L. WALTER LUTZ, '97.

EVERY great reform movement in the history of our country has had its heralds to direct the attention of the people to it, and prepare the way for it. Prior to the struggle of breaking the bonds of England's rule, there arose a Samuel Adams and a John Hancock, electrifying the whole country, from north to south, with enthusiasm. So great was their influence, and so much did England hate them and feel the effects of their outspoken patriotism and zeal, that King George offered pardon to all the colonists, if they would return to the allegiance of England, except to Samuel Adams and John Hancock. And down in "Old Virginia" Patrick Henry fired every heart with his eloquence. Thus was our people prepared to gain the freedom and liberty they now enjoy.

So, again, when the time came that this nation, destined to be the grandest nation on the face of the earth, should free herself of that national curse of African slavery, the "Battle Cry of Freedom" rings from New England's rocky shores, from those whose lives are filled with holy and inspired zeal for the emancipation of the colored race. And one of greatest, perhaps the greatest, influence brought to bear at that time, was the appearance of a piece of fiction, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "Life Among the Lowly," written by the world renowned Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"This greatest of American women," as she is called by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, was the daughter of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, and sister of the famous Henry Ward Beecher, and was born in a New England town, Lichfield, Conn. As a child she was imaginative and amiable, and unusually brilliant in mental capacity, reading voraciously of the classic romances and making metrical translations of Virgil and Ovid. At the age of fourteen, it is said that she taught Butler's Analogy in the

seminary at Hartford, of which her sister was principal.

When her father became president of Lane Theological Seminary, she accompanied him to Cincinnati, and four years later she married Professor Calvin Ellis Stowe. Here she also fell under the influence of events, which from the standpoint of the world's gain from her, were more important in her life than her marriage. In that city in the years preceding 1850 she became zealously interested in the conditions of slavery, which led up to the great crisis of '60. She studied the facts connected with the slave holding states and the ugly sectional problems they gave rise to, with eagerness and thoroughness. She sometimes even took an active part in the anti-slavery agitation by assisting the fugitive slaves to escape to Canada, and offering her house as a refuge for them, until Lane Seminary itself was threatened by rioters who sympathized with the Southerners. The details of Mrs. Stowe's acquaintance with and interest in matters of slavery agitation had a direct and all powerful effect on the production of her great story, the most famous and widely known book ever written in America, and probably the most universally read secular volume that has ever been given to the world.

It was in 1850 when Mrs. Stowe and her husband removed to New Brunswick, Maine, that her enthusiasm in the cause of abolition rose to a fever heat with the fresh agitation of the "runaway slave question." There, also, she found a great many people who did not understand the cruelties and inhumanities of slavery, as well as a great many good people favoring abolition, who had considered that whatever might be their private views, the South should be left to work out its own salvation in the matter of the slave holding question. But when the Dred Scott case and the fugitive slave law had made it obligatory for people outside the limits of slave holding states to return runaway slaves, the great problem took a new aspect and Mrs. Stowe determined to publish the facts she already knew, and make the public know what slavery really was, as it existed in the South. It was then when in the cold North, she looked towards the sunlit South, and beheld, with tenderest pathos, beneath fair skies, all the horrors of the widespread and blighting evil of human slavery, with its curses of lust and lash, broken homes and bleeding hearts; hate and cruelty and greed on the one hand, and the dogged endurance of hopeless war on the other. No longer could she restrain the pent-up fervor and enthusiasm in her sympathetic breast, but with an inspired pen wrote that story which exerted a moral influence in politics unequalled in the history of English fiction.

Uncle Tom's Cabin made its first appearance as a serial in the National Era, an Abolition paper published at Washington, D. C., by her old friend Dr. Bailey, in 1851, during the intense excitement which the Compromise Measures and Fugitive Slave law had caused throughout the North. The eagerness with which the installments were awaited and read surpassed that of any other work that ever appeared in this country, but of course, in that form it could have but a limited circulation. So on March 20, 1852, just forty-five years ago, the story appeared in book form.

Neither had Mrs. Stowe nor her friends any conception of what the book would amount to, indeed at first she was very despondent. She said, " It seemed as if there were no hope; that nobody would hear, nobody would read, nobody would pity; that this frightful system, which had pursued its victims in the free states, would even at last threaten them into Canada." But it immediately attained such a tremendous success as no work of fiction ever before or since, so that in the language of Byron, " She woke up one morning and found herself famous." And to-day it is read by all the civilized peoples of the globe. A very high tribute to the power of its simple pathos, its charming characterization, effective grouping, and noble sincerity is shown in the famous people who at once hastened to array them-

selves under the banner of her friendship. Charles Kingsley, George Sand, Frederick Brenner, George Eliot, Charles Dickens, and many other noted people were proud to know the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In 1856 Macauly wrote to her: "I have just returned from Italy where your name seems to throw that of all other writers in the shade. There is no place where Uncle Tom is not to be found." When the "little Yankee woman" went to Europe in 1853, she was greeted with one continuous ovation. Each town visited, devoted itself to the task of giving her the handsomest reception in its power, and the best and the least accessable houses of English society were thrown open to her.

While Uncle Tom's Cabin is her masterpiece, it does not by any means include all of her literary attainment. She led an active literary life, contributing a number of articles to various periodicals, besides many other good works—so many, and of such a high nature, that, had she never written her masterpiece, she would yet have been one of the most successful novelists. To Mrs. Stowe and her writings, George Sand paid the following compliment: "I cannot say she has talent, as one understands in the world, but she has genius, the genius of goodness, not that of a man of letters, but of the saint—pure, penetrating and profound, the spirit that thus fathoms the soul."

She was born to the great life-work for which training and natural predilection alike prepared her. She had the elements of power which made her mighty in the world of morality, and yet never took one gem from the crown of her true womanliness. Mrs. Stowe was always first to deny that the great triumph of her book came as a result of literary art. Indeed, she went further, and with almost mystical literalness, insisted that she herself was not the author of the story, but that it was imposed upon her, and she was simply the writer. In her introduction she says: "The story might be less said to have been composed by me than imposed on me. The book insisted upon getting itself into being and would take no denial."

It is said that late in life, when her failing powers made it impossible for her to speak as one living in a world which she seemed to have left far behind, she was accosted in the garden of her country retreat, in the twilight one evening, by a good old sea captain, who was her neighbor for the time. "When I was younger," said he, respectfully holding his hat in his hand while he spoke, "I read with a great deal of interest, Uncle Tom's Cabin. The story impressed me very much, and I am happy to shake hands with you, Mrs. Stowe, who wrote it." "I did not write it," answered the white haired old lady gently, as she shook the old captain's hand. "You didn't," ejaculated he, in amazement, "why, who did then?" "God wrote it," she said, "I merely did his dictation." "Amen," said the captain reverently, as he walked away thoughtfully.

She passed the last days of her noble life in retirement at Hartford, Conn., where a few days after her eighty-fifth birthday, one beautiful day last summer, this philanthropic soul passed into immortality, not "unwept and unsung," but for whom many a tear unbidden trickled down the cheek, and many a sympathetic breast heaved with tenderest affection for that greatest of women, whose pen was far mightier than the sword to cause men's hearts to bleed with pity for their fellow-beings! Harriet Beecher Stowe is dead, but she just as truly lives in the hearts of our people, as she ever did, and her name will be cherished and adored as long as the brilliant sun of civilization shall shed its effulgent rays upon the God-given land of Freedom!

Harvard has raised the standard in English for admission to the university. This together with the move of Cornell in no longer making Latin and Greek necessary to the degree of A. B. gives some indication as to the trend of college curriculums.

ENGLISH IN THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM.

J. S. GRUVER, '98.

THE most important of the present-day problems in education is, how much time shall be given in our colleges and universities to the study of English?

It is a question of great moment, one upon which the happiness of our people and the preservation of our institutions depend. To act in defense of the English in the higher places of learning is a duty resting upon all loyal citizens. The college curriculum will not be above criticism until the English course is placed on an equality with those of other languages.

English is too often treated as a study of little importance, although it should be the first object of a student to master his native tongue.

I do not say that the Classical language should be dropped from the course of study; for such a thought is foreign to my purpose. On the other hand I would encourage anyone to obtain a classical education, but never at the sacrifice of English. What I do affirm is, that if either the English or Classical course must be limited let it be the Classical. The highest aim of the teacher should be to make the student conversant with the language he will use in after years.

Whether English will become a universal language or not, no one is able to say; but it has at present a wider sphere than any other living language, and has within its ranks the most powerful intellects the world has ever known. To be a master of the English language means more than to be a king. It will bring more true pleasure than the mastery of all ancient and foreign dialects. To be an accomplished scholar in English is to be not a follower, but a leader of men. The English language may not be as smooth as the Greek nor as flexible as the Latin, although interspersed with both, yet it meets every emergency of the age.

The English and Classical courses should be placed side by side in the curriculum and the diploma of the one course be honored equally with the diploma of the other course. Many students would be eager to embrace the English instead of the Classical course. Almost every student recognizes his inability to express himself in his own language. This should not be and would not be if more time were spent in the study of English and a larger place given to English in the college course.

Enter any one of the four college classes, listen to the students as they recite, and in each class you will find those who are deficient in English. A man may know and still not be able to tell that which he knows. If there is any subject in which every well informed man should be proficient, it is the use of his own language. Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the statement that we should be educated first in our own tongue, since through that medium we assert that which we believe and convey our thoughts to others.

Had the Greeks devoted as much time to the study of other dialects to the neglect of their own, they would not have left a language and a literature of such a high order. Then can we do any better than to follow the example of the ancient philosophers?

English should be given as much time in the curriculum as Latin or Greek. It should be a required and not an elective study. Almost every institution of learning is wanting in the department of English, not that the instructors are incompetent, but the deficiency lies in the prescribed course of study.

English composition is seriously neglected by the majority of students of to-day. Incorrect wording and phrasing are due to the limited amount of work done in the department of composition. That which a man thinks and knows, he should be able to present to others in an intelligible manner.

"Reading," says Bacon, "makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man." How can a student become accomplished, ready and exact, if he neglects the

most valuable part of his college course? A student should have instilled in his mind the fundamental principles of the language in which he thinks, writes and speaks. Does he do any of the above in a foreign tongue? Certainly not in our country. Then why not give to him that which will be his support in all the realms of thought?

English contains inspiration for every vocation and tends to elevate, strengthen and ennoble those who follow its teaching.

It lies in the power of the college to correct this evil and to see that the curriculum embraces a thorough and extended course in English. Place the two courses on a level in honor, and the youth of our country will be free from embarrassment in choosing the English course instead of the Classical.

Every nation should be zealous to maintain a high standard of education in its own language and for its own people. Then may the day not be far distant when the colleges of our country will place the English language for American student above that of other languages in the curriculum.

AULD LANG SYNE

REMINISCENCES OF SAUM HALL.

BY D. W. COBLE, M. D.

FROM August, 1859, to June, 1862, I occupied room No. 21, second story, southeast corner of Saum Hall. The first year a number of advanced students roomed in the hall. D. A. Tawney, of Gettysburg, Pa., was a senior. He became a Presbyterian minister after graduating. I met him in 1863 at Gettysburg soon after the battle there. His father's home was on a part of the battle-field.

Henry Bonebrake, now a rich banker in Los Angeles, Cal., used to saw wood around town and for the boys at the hall, (then everybody burned wood). He owned his own saw and saw-buck; he got ten cents an hour. That was as good physical exercise as modern baseball or football. I saw him a few years ago at his bank in California. We talked over the old college days as well as our army life and what we have been doing since we left Saum Hall.

Daniel Surface was one of the roomers. During the war he was in the army as a correspondent for the Cincinnati Daily Gazette. He has lived in Richmond, Ind., since he came out of the army. I find the following song written by him in one of my old college books:

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

O, what a wonderful age of progression,
When students can sin without making confession,
And have a good name at the end of the session
For obeying the faculty's rule.

CHORUS.

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Students are getting so hard.

At prayers in the morning, just see the hard cases
Walk up to the front and sit down in their places;
And oh! how they listen and lengthen their faces,
Obeying the faculty's rule.

CHORUS.

They go to the city without a permission,
And often come back in a fuddled condition;
But still are maintaining the highest position,
Obeying the faculty's rule.

CHORUS.

A great annoyance to the students in the hall was a number of town cows grazing at night in the hall yard and in the streets. Many of them had on bells, and made a doleful noise through the night. One night the boys captured six or more of the cow-bells, and at about midnight they rang them through the three stories of the hall. For a number of mornings at five o'clock these bells were rung from different rooms, until they were all captured by the students annoyed, and disposed of. One bell was retained by Jacob Merrill, who rang it a number of mornings, until he was locked in his room for half a day, when he gave up the bell by passing it out through the transom above his door.

For several springs Dr. T. McFadden, pro-

fessor of natural science, took the students into the woods west of town, in wagons, to get a lot of trees which were planted around Saum Hall and in the present college campus. These are some of the trees you now so much admire around the college buildings. Some of the boys claimed certain trees as their own. I find the one I planted did not grow.

In the fall of 1860, I had a two weeks' run of malarial fever. Dr. T. McFadden of the faculty attended me. He asked me one day what I could eat. I told him that nothing tasted good, but some watermelon. He said it was not a proper diet for a sick person, but it did not appear to do me any harm. While convalescent I sat at the south hall window, well wrapped up, in an easy chair, and listened to a political speech made by Hon. S. P. Chase in front of the college building. It was just before Lincoln was elected president.

Rev. John A. Kumler, now of Springfield, Ill., was a brave Democrat in Saum Hall, and supported Douglass for president. He caused many political controversies, for there were issues then that immediately preceded the great war.

Geo. A. Funkhouser, now of Dayton, came from Virginia. After being in college three years he served in the Union army three years, then returned here and finished his college studies. He assisted one night in fastening a long rope to the bell on the old college chapel. Having closed the trap door to the belfry securely, the bell was then rung nearly all night, to the great annoyance of the janitor, who I think was a student by the name of Stonestreet. He was afterwards in the army and was killed at Richmond, Ky.

Rev. J. P. Landis, now of Dayton, was a student who served in the army three years. He used to repeat the following stanza from an old Knickerbocker magazine:

> "Boys, when you court you should deport
> Yourselves with circumspection.
> It is a sin to seek to win and
> Trifle with affection."

James A. Strasburg came from Virginia. He was loyal and served in the army. He used to tell the boy not to "Snicker two times." He used to assist the poorer students in ther lessons in mathematics and Latin. He was blamed for stealing an interlinear translation of Livy from Henry A. Guitner, to keep him from imposing on Prof. Walker, whose daughter he afterwards married.

Prof. A. J. Willoughby, now of Dayton high school, was a favorite student, always cheerful and in good humor. He was very kind to me when I was sick with fever. He could imitate the quack of a duck to perfection. He was nicknamed by the boys, "Weafy." He could move his scalp backwards and forwards on his head by some muscular movement that astonished the new students and frightened some of the ladies in his classes.

The main college library was in Saum Hall in a room to the left on the lower story as you enter the building. The room was also used for recitations. We recited Greek in the library room at 5 a. m., which was rather an uphill business when we were out late the night before. The front room to the left of the entrance of the hall was also used for recitations. In it Prof. John Haywood heard his classes. He is, so far as I know, the only teacher of that time now living.

One morning as he unlocked his desk to get his grade book a lively rooster sprang out of the desk, causing a general laugh among the students until the rooster escaped into the yard. Joseph Martin, of Union county, was blamed for putting the rooster into the desk. His son graduated a year ago, a credit to his parents and the college.

There are many other incidents that occurred about this time that I might mention, but will not do so at present.

Another inter-collegiate debating league composed of Miami, Marietta, Ohio and Cincinnati Universities is being organized. This is the second league of this kind organized in the state this year.

ALUMNI CORNER

PERSONALIA.

'92—U. S. Martin is doing well in the practice of law at Dayton, Ohio.

'92—Rev. Charles W. Kurtz is doing excellent work as pastor of the United Brethren church at Eaton, Ohio.

'92—L. B. Mumma is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Hamilton, Ohio. Mr. Mumma is an excellent young man and a very influential Christian worker.

'76—Dr. W. M. Beardshear, president of the Iowa Agricultural College, has returned from his extended trip to South America, and has resumed his duties as president of the above college.

'76—Rev. M. DeWitt Long, D. D., preached a very edifying sermon in the Presbyterian church at Westerville March 1st. Rev. Long is now a very efficient pastor in one of the Presbyterian churches in Columbus.

'92–'94—John A. G. Bovey spent a short time, March 10-11, with his sister Miss Ada Bovey, who is receiving instruction in music from our efficient professor, Gustav Meyer. Mr. Bovey is still working for the National Prohibition Party.

'72—Mrs. L. R. Keister-Harford was elected to membership in the Board of State Managers of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition to be held in Omaha, Neb., next summer. She is also president of the Omaha Woman's Club, an organization of 700 women.

'92—Rev. G. D. Gossard, who has been in very ill health for some time, has so much improved that he has decided to take work in one of the Eastern conferences. Mr. Gossard is capable of doing efficient work, and we hope he will soon be entirely recovered to health.

'93—Prof. and Mrs. F. J. Resler have resumed their work in the Iowa Agricultural College where they have charge of the conservatory of music. They have had a vacation of about two months, during which time Mr. Resler has taken special instruction in music in New York city.

'84—Rev. Joseph Jansen Spencer is the author of a very excellent character sketch on Gen. Frances A. Walker, which was published in the February number of the Review of Reviews. Rev. Spencer is very successful in his work at Brookfield, Mass., where he is pastor of a large and wealthy Congregational church. His church is run on the institutional plan.

COLUMBUS ALUMNAL ASSOCIATION OF O. U.

THE evening of Feb. 18 was one long to be remembered by the graduates and friends of Otterbein University, in Columbus. It was the occasion of the third annual reunion and banquet, which was held in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. building. The committee on arrangements had spared no efforts that would add to the enjoyment of those who were present. A unique program had been prepared. The supper, which was served late in the evening, was most delicious and bountiful.

Dr. J. W. Clemmer was president, and Hon. D. L. Sleeper, speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives, was toastmaster. Prof. Henry Garst, spoke on, "Otterbein Fifty Years Ago." "Jacob's Blessing," was the subject of a toast given by Mrs. Nellie Flickinger Myers. Rev. M. DeWitt Long had for his subject, "The Otterbein Man in the World," "Present Day Student Life in Otterbein," was the subject of a toast given by Edith Sherrick, representing the class of '97. Fred H. Rike spoke on, "Local Otterbein Associations." "The Coming Semi-Centennial," was responded to by President

Sanders. The speakers all seemed to be at their best, and the kindliest feeling and good will prevailed throughout the evening.

The delightful evening, the large attendance of the members of the association and the careful work of the committees all combined to make this one of the most pleasant meetings in the history of the association.

DIFFERENTIALS

THE ART DEPARTMENT IN MASQUERADE.

A MASQUERADE social was held at the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Bennert on the evening of March 8. With one exception, the party consisted wholly of artists, the teacher, Miss Sevier, and those who are enrolled in some one or more departments of the art work.

About noon of the above date it began raining and kept it up so incessantly that the masqueraders became fearful that the weather would so deport itself as to interfere sadly with the arrangements for the evening, but later some invisible couriers of the air brought messages to our overhanging nimbus-guests that their presence was demanded in another quarter in order that the physical economy of the universe might be preserved, so they were hurried away and made it possible for old Mother Goose, the Parisian and Spanish ladies, the fortune teller, and others to congregate while the moon, nearing its first quarter, reflected its faint light through a cloudless sky.

All the characters were well represented, none failed to elicit laughter and while some were readily identified, because Nature in her apportioning of fat earth had inlaid it more abundantly in some and less in others, still there were some who successfully challenged and baffled careful attempts at identification. The old Bostonian, "Mother Goose," was present in the person of Miss Sevier, who was suitably costumed to imitate the good old woman, who with songs and ditties in days of yore, annoyed the people so much in and about the great "Athens of America."

Miss Wallace with her gray locks, her frilled cap and neat white apron, brought vividly before us our conceptions of the far-famed Martha, the housewife of Mt. Vernon. Another character that has witnessed the rise and fall of nations and by a certain palmistry of hands and trick of cards is able to forecast one's life, yes, a veritable fortune-teller, with a certain altruistic mien, gaudy red dress and trappings many, was present in the person of Miss Morrison. To some degree all things are evoluting, perhaps, monkey—ape—man; for a truth, leg-o'-mutton—butterfly—tight sleeve. Miss Miller truly represented the Paris lady of to-day with all the fruits of evolution, such as tight sleeve, ruffled skirt, ribbons and knots and tangles.

Miss May with her silvery hair, her tight-fitting cap, and kind and loving disposition well typified the "old grandmother," as she sat in her low rocker, deftly plying her knitting needles. Mrs. Bennert with her short dress of bright red trimmed in green, white straw hat with red ties, and a strap of books, was a fair representative of the country school girl. The fine black and yellow costume of Miss Hain was very pleasing and well calculated to represent the Spanish lady, who can boast as none others of the many discoveries of her countrymen. The country parson, by whom many a double-seated canoe has been set afloat on the ocean of life, by whom many a congregation has been lulled to sleep and for whom many a poet has rhymed, was fittingly represented by Mr. Gilbert with his linen duster, silk hat and valise filled with sermons, etc. Miss Guitner, with her gaudy and short dress, her flaring hat highly decorated and her rings, beads and bracelets, was truly a type of the modern gipsy. And lo! the new woman was present also in the person of Miss Gilbert, who with her bloomers and cane was a fair type of the species. Miss Sherrick, with her hair hanging in two long braids and with her short dress and small apron with pocket, was typical

of a little girl. Mr. Bennert, wearing a dress, hoops, bonnet and boots, represented Jefferson Davis, who was betrayed when he was going to a spring after a pail of water. With a little more skillful manipulation of the "wire works" in the outfit, the gentlemen would have been a good "double" for the illustrious character which he represented. The quaint and old-fashioned costume and cap of Miss Ruth was well intended to remind one of the old settlers, who with sturdy purpose, pure aims and high resolves colonized this our beloved country, when, too, instead of oil and china painting the old spinning wheel gave employment to mothers and daughters. Miss Richer, with her hanging curls, her short dress and wide-brimmed hat, was a fair type of our modern rural school girl.

After sufficient time was spent in scanning one another, the head masks were removed. Twenty pounds of sugar was fast being made into taffy, which gave employment for the many hands present. Some games were also indulged in during the evening. Finally, just before dispersing, the class was agreeably surprised when it was made known that Miss Sevier had some ice cream which she had ordered especially for the occasion. We ought all have words of cheer for persons pursuing art work and while all of us cannot be artists yet we can cultivate a taste for art and should not be contented unless our homes be made beautiful with the works of art.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

THE second annual contest is over. All the contestants were as ambitious as Demosthenes, but only one could be the Demosthenes of the occasion. There were a few sleepless nights and a few hours of longing and then all was over. Five of our young orators put themselves to the task and gave us a contest of unusual interest and merit. Every fellow worked hard and any of them would have made a good representative. But only one could be first and thus it always is. We have chosen a good representative and with the good training which he is undergoing, we are confident that he will make a splendid showing in the state contest.

A good sized audience was present and the association was honored by the presence of Congressman and Mrs. John J. Lentz, of this district, who were interested visitors. The following was the program :

Music.....Selected
G. W. Katzenmeyer, Crippen Brothers.

E. G. LLOYD.....Edgar Allen Poe

J. B. GILBERT.....Invective Against Ab Dul Hamid II

Piano Solo—La Campanella.....Liszt
Miss Edith Creamer.

O. W. BURTNER.....Immigration and Our Government

J. E. NEWELL.....A Problem

Clarinet Solo—Old Kentucky Home.....Masten
J. B. Gilbert, accompanied by the Band.

R. J. HEAD.....The Trend of Events

Music.....Selected
G. W. Katzenmeyer, Crippen Brothers.

At the conclusion of the program the ranking and grading of the judges was made up by the executive committee and the places awarded in the following order: Head, Burtner, Newell, Gilbert, Lloyd. The following shows the grades and ranks of each :

	Lloyd.	Gilbert.	Burtner.	Newell.	Head.
Delivery	80-4	85-3	95-1	75-5	90-2
	80-5	85-4	95-1	90-3	92-2
	70-5	75-4	85-2	80-3	90-1
Thought and Composition	51-3	44-5	45-4	53-1	52-2
	85-5	96½-3	99-2	90-4	99½-1
	60-4	75-3	85-1	75-3	80-2
Sum of Ranks	26	22	11	19	10
Average Grade	71	76¾	84	77 1-6	83 11-12

The judges on delivery were Supt. Shawan, Judge Bigger and Prof. French, all of Columbus; on thought and composition the judges were Supt. Walton, of Westerville; Prof. Irish and Mr. A. C. Barrows.

On March 5, the association met for the yearly organization in Prof. Scott's room. The various interests of the association were considered, especially with reference to the coming state contest at Miami University. Miss Lenore Good, E. G. Lloyd and Robert

Funkhouser were elected as delegates to accompany our orator, Mr. Head, to the state contest.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Robert Funkhouser; vice president, O. W. Burtner; secretary, Maude Barnes; treasurer, L. M. Barnes.

ECHOES FROM SPRINGFIELD.

DOUBTLESS no larger and more earnest delegation ever left Otterbein for any state meet of any kind, than that of the Y. M. C. A. on Friday morning, Feb. 19, for the state convention at Springfield, Ohio. Earnest and long had been the preparations, and when the final enlistment of delegates was made, it reached the unparalleled number of forty-one.

According to a previous request of the state committee, Otterbein took two well-practiced male quartets to assist in the music, especially in the noonday meetings held at the factories throughout the city. With us also were Rev. Fries, Prof. Wagoner, Prof. Zuck, and on Saturday, President Sanders. On account of the great numbers which thronged the city, the committee on entertainment was very slow in getting the delegates located, but once stationed, each one found they had come to one of the best convention cities in the state.

The convention itself was one of renewed inspiration to all, especially to those having been associated with the state interests for many years. In numbers it surpassed the Mansfield convention of one year ago by three hundred, making a convention of nine hundred.

The strongest Y. M. C. A. leaders of the whole country had been called and a program of rare interest was rendered from beginning to end. Amongst these inspiring leaders were such men as Luther D. Wishard, of New York; J. Wilbur Chapman, of Philadelphia; L. L. Doggett, Springfield, Mass.; C. C. Michener, New York; E. L. Shuey, Dayton; President Canfield, of O. S. U.; T. S. McPheeters, of St. Louis; Judge Baldwin, of Logansport, Ind.; and others.

Otterbein's yearly report in the college conference showed our association work during the past year to be surpassed by none in the state.

The supreme hour of the convention was reached on Sunday afternoon in the city hall, when Dr. Chapman "turned the search light of the Holy Spirit" upon the hearts of two thousand men, and asked for a more complete surrender for the enduement of the Holy Spirit for service. That hour, when nearly two thousand men surrendered themselves for a new spirit of power, and delegations remained long after in earnest prayer for its coming, is one never to be forgotten. Little of the spirit of inspiration received from such a mount of privileges can be realized by any except the actual participant.

LOCALS.

(Dr. Garst in Ethics class)—"Now this subject of engagement for matrimony is one of great importance, and to save any subsequent trouble, ought to be carefully and long considered before making—"

(Johnny Stiverson, anxiously) — "Well, Doctor, how long a consideration would you advise?"

Perhaps the best baseball concert ever given in this place, was given on Saturday evening, March 13. Every phase of the program was complete. The Schubert quintet, of Columbus, rendered the main part of the program. This was supplemented by the best talent of Otterbein, thus giving an entertainment of rare merit indeed. A large audience was present, which made the entertainment one of profit to the baseball manager.

The last lecture of the Citizens' Lecture Course was given on Thursday evening, March 11, by J. Williams Macy, humorist, who rendered a program of readings and solos. The

entertainment was unique, and enjoyable, but could scarcely be rated as anything but second class. The lecture course thus closed, although not equal to some of preceding years, has been one of interest and instruction, and everyone who has availed himself of its opportunities has been well paid thereby.

On Wednesday morning, March 3, Mr. Bigsby, a graduate of Rugby, England, a lecturer of much merit, who for some years has been lecturing before the American colleges, and has in this capacity appeared before almost every American college, addressed the student body here at chapel, for ten minutes, and so won his way into the hearts of his hearers, that he was invited to stay and give a pay lecture in the afternoon. In the afternoon he met the students in the chapel and gave a very interesting and instructive lecture, on his alma mater, Rugby, and its famous teacher, Thomas Arnold, which will long be remembered by all who heard him.

On Wednesday evening, March 3, at the home of Milton and Lockie Stewart, a very unique reception was given by the girls of the Senior class to the '97 boys. It was doubtless the most successful social occasion in the history of the class. The arrangements by the ladies of the class for the evening's entertainment were carefully made, and skillful'y carried into execution. In due time a gracious repast was served by our popular caterer, Mr. Williams. At the close of the repast very fitting toasts were given by six members of the class. Music was furnished by the Senior male quartet. '97's sons and daughters have always stood in the front in all except social events, and she now steps to the front in this last and important phase.

A very unique Senior open session was held by the Philophronean Literary society on Friday evening, March 5. The following program was rendered:

Music—Philophronea ..... SOCIETY

Essay ..... Pestalozzi
J. F. YOTHERS.

Oration ..... A Melancholy
C. E. BYRER.

Music { a. Far on the Hillside ..... *Schmolzer*
b. Like the Woodland Roses ..... *Franz Mair*
GLEE CLUB.

Essay ..... Some of Our Flowers
H. H. HALLER.

Music—Hunter's Song ..... *Bishop*
GLEE CLUB.

Oration ..... Life by Death
W. G. STIVERSON.

Music—Nightingale ..... *Swiss Folks Song*
PHILOPHRONEAN QUARTET.

Debate..... Resolved, That Conscience is Always a True Monitor of Right and Wrong,
Aff.—D. I. LAMBERT. Neg.—L. W. LUTZ.

Music—Comrades in Arms ..... *Adam*
GLEE CLUB.

On Saturday evening, March 6, the women of the U. B. church gave a very gracious reception to the new converts of the revival just closed, to which all the students were invited. The reception took place in the parlors of the

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Association building. At an early hour, the rooms were filled with happy people, young and old, students and others, each one earnestly engaged in making his happiness and good cheer reach as far as possible. After due time was spent in receiving and being received, J. W. Everal as chairman, called upon the rendition of a brief but unique program. Mrs. Wox, on the part of the women of the chapel, gave a warm welcome to the "young and old, youths and maidens, little children and bald headed bachelors." M. H. Mathews, representing the student body, responded very fittingly, in which his suggestion for the furnishing of the Association parlors by the people of Westerville, drew forth earnest applause. The music of the evening was furnished by two quartets from the Y. M. C. A., two quartets from the Y W. C. A., and mandolin and guitar duets. Immediately after the rendition of the program, the audience adjourned to the gymnasium below where dainty refreshments were served to the many present.

OUR SCISSORS.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Lake Charles Student, of Lake Charles, Louisana, and are pleased to place it on our exchange list. It has been our desire to secure exchanges from all sections and thus to become acquainted with the college life of the country. We now receive exchanges from Maine to California and from Wisconsin to Louisiana. These are on file in the library and one can very profitably spend a little time here in coming in touch with the college life of the country.

There are more students in the colleges of Ohio than in the colleges of any other state. At present there are 16,000 young men and 8,000 young women being educated in these numerous institutions.

Student government is rapidly increasing in popularity. The movement is extending even to the preparatory schools. The student of the future will have a share in the government of his college.

The Ohio inter-collegiate oratorical contest, of the old association, was won by Gregory, of Wooster, with Brelsford, of Denison, second.

4,000,000 books are drawn annually from the public libraries of Germany.

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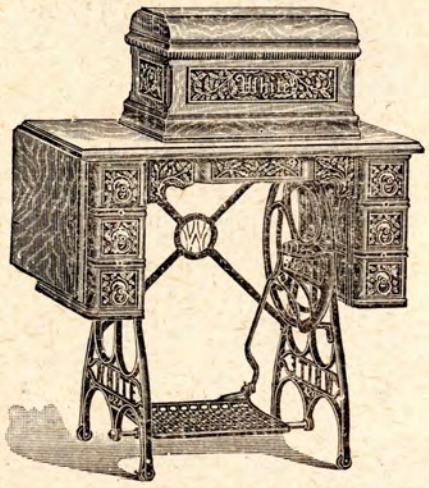

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SOUTH BOUND

Cent. Time.	2	28	38		8	
	A M	P M	P M			
Cleveland L	*8 10	*8 00	†1 40	.....	.....	.....
Euclid Ave	8 22	8 12	1 50	.....	.....	.....
Newburg	8 34	8 25	2 03	.....	.....	.....
Hudson	9 10	9 05	2 35	.....	.....	.....
Cuyahoga F	9 23	9 19	2 48	.....	.....	.....
Akron	9 35	9 33	3 00	.....	.....	.....
Barberton	9 51	9 50	3 16	.....	.....	.....
Warwick	10 07	10 07	3 32	.....	.....	.....
Orrville A	10 28	10 28	3 56	.....	.....	.....
Orrville L	10 33	10 33	4 01	.....	.....	.....
Holmesville	11 03	f11 04	4 32	.....	.....	.....
Millersburg	11 14	11 16	4 43	.....	.....	.....
Killbuck	11 26	11 29	4 55	.....	A M	.....
Brink H'v'n	11 53	11 56	5 25	.....	*5 45	.....
Danville	12 02	f12 06	5 35	.....	5 54	.....
Gambier	12 20	12 25	5 55	.....	6 12	.....
Mt. Ver Ar	12 30	12 40	6 10	.....	6 25	.....
Mt. Ver Lv	‖12 48	L12 45	6 15	.....	6 30	.....
Mt. Liberty	1 09	.....	6 34	.....	6 39	.....
Centerburg	1 17	1 12	6 42	.....	6 57	.....
Sunbury	1 34	f1 34	7 00	.....	7 20	.....
Galena	1 39	f1 39	7 05	.....	7 25	.....
Westerville	1 52	1 52	7 18	.....	7 38	.....
Columbus a	*2 15	2 15	†7 45	.....	8 05	.....
	P M	A M	P M	.....	A M	.....
Cincinnati	*6 00	6 40				
	P M	A M				

NORTH BOUND

Cent. Time.	3	27	35		7	
	A M	P M	A M		P M	
Cincinnati	*8 00	*8 00	.....	.....	.....	.....
	Noon	Night	A M	.....	P M	.....
Columbus L	*11 45	*12 35	†6 00	.....	†5 00	.....
Westerville	12 09	1 06	6 27	.....	5 28	.....
Galena	12 20	f1 21	6 40	.....	5 41	.....
Sunbury	12 25	f1 26	6 44	.....	5 46	.....
Centerburg	12 42	1 51	7 04	.....	6 08	.....
Mt. Liberty	12 51	f2 01	7 12	.....	6 16	.....
Mt. Ver Ar	1 08	2 20	7 28	.....	6 35	.....
Mt. Ver Lv	1 13	L2 25	7 33	.....	6 40	.....
Gambier	1 24	2 40	7 47	.....	‖6 55	.....
Danville	1 42	f2 59	8 00	.....	7 15	.....
Brink H'v'n	1 51	3 09	8 12	.....	7 25	.....
Killbuck	2 22	3 41	8 42	.....	P M	.....
Millersburg	2 34	3 55	8 53	.....	.....	.....
Holmesville	2 45	f4 06	9 03	.....	.....	.....
Orrville A	3 20	4 45	9 37	.....	.....	.....
Orrville L	3 25	4 55	9 42	.....	.....	.....
Warwick	3 45	5 18	10 02	.....	.....	.....
Barberton	4 01	5 37	10 17	.....	.....	.....
Akron	4 20	L6 05	L10 36	.....	.....	.....
Cuyahoga F	4 32	6 17	10 48	.....	.....	.....
Hudson	4 45	6 30	11 02	.....	.....	.....
Newburg	5 20	7 05	11 42	.....	.....	.....
Euclid Ave.	5 31	7 16	11 57	.....	.....	.....
Cleveland	*5 45	*7 30	†12 10	.....	.....	.....
	P M	A M	P M			

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