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VOL. X

JANURAY, 1900.

No. 5.


# OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY


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**ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 13, 1900.**

For Information address the President,

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WESTERVILLE, O.

# OTTERBEIN AEGIS

Vol. X.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, JANUARY, 1900.

No. 5.

## Originality, What Is It?

G. L. GRAHAM, 1900.

**I**F there is a time in life when we hear more about originality than another, it is when we are in college. At no other time in life will a better opportunity be afforded to observe originality and at the same time point out the plagiarist than in college. Just where originality begins and in what it consists is a question of some little dispute among learned men and sometimes students as well.

In many things that shall be said upon this subject, the writer does not claim originality. But as it is a subject that should concern us and is one fitting at this time and place in life, the writer has made a careful study and will give the opinions of great men, and historical facts concerning this subject. A proper understanding of what originality is and in what it consists, may sometimes keep us from branding another as a plagiarist who on the other hand may be perfectly innocent of such a petty theft.

One of the meanest things that any student, critic or any literary man can engage in is that of accusing or arraigning another for theft on the score of petty plagiarisms and co-incidences. One writer says that the small critics who stoop to this are like constables who thrive by catching thieves; they hunt down the culprits, not because their sense is outraged, but because they get a fee for hanging the offender.

While there is a great deal of plagiarism there is, however, not so much as we sometimes imagine. When Moliere was taunted with having plagiarized a scene here, a situation there, a character elsewhere, he replied:

"I recover my property wherever I find it." The whole philosophy of plagiarism lies in that sentence. A man of genius takes unhesitatingly whatever he can organize; a vulgar plagiarist is a vulgar thief, a liar, and a braggart. Nine tenths of what is denounced as plagiarism is not such but it is only such as the plants exercise upon the earth and air or the bee upon the flowers and honey suckles,—to organize the stolen material into higher forms, and make it suitable for the food of man.

Such a false accusation is only a manifestation of ignorance and narrow mindness upon the part of the accuser. Should we be surprised in this day and age to hear those about us accuse others of plagiarism or cribbing? If we do hear this we hear only a repetition of what has occurred all through history. Our best poets, our best writers have been accused of plagiarism and cribbing. Milton was branded as the "celestial thief." Shakespeare was accused of pilfering. yet he was acknowledged to be more original than his originals. When genius borrows, it borrows grandly, giving to the borrowed matter a life and beauty it lacked before. Byron who helped himself freely to mens' thoughts and ideas, declared that all other pretensions to originality are ridiculous.

Our best orators have also been accused likewise. Mirabeau got the ablest of his speeches from Durmont. Fox was often primed by Burke, and Burke by Boiingbroke. Rousseau borrowed largely from Sidney and Locke. Byron borrowed from Rousseau. The German, Klopstock, borrowed from Milton; Hendel from Vico. Gothe openly acknowledged his indebtedness to Shakespear. Webster's "Sea of Upturned Faces" was supposed to be very fine and very new, until some literary re-



trier scented it in the pages of Scott. Macaulay is deemed an original writer, yet few men have been more indebted to books for illustrations.

A person may be guilty of what is known as plagiarism not knowing the limit of the freedom allowed him in his writing. While there is much liberty granted to a person in writing as will be shown later on, however, there is a limit. Literal, bold borrowing; whether of the plan or treatment—substance or form—the thoughts or expressions,—of a work is absolutely indefensible. What do these forgoing statements mean? Do they debar us from using or borrowing another man's thoughts? Are we always to carve out everything anew. Dig down until we reach a product never seen or heard of before? No, it does not mean that. Burke says, "he that borrows the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own; 'he that uses that of a superior, elevates his own to the stature of that he contemplates.'"

"What is a great man," asks Emerson, "but one of great affinities, who takes up unto himself all arts, sciences, all knowables as his food?" From these statements are we to conclude that there is no such a thing as originality? Yes, if by originality we mean an absolute creation of new material,—an isolated act of bare imitation, instead of an act of adaptation or moulding, so as to resemble a new creation, and, indeed to be one. But if by originality is meant a just-selection and vitalizing of materials that already exist, a fresh and novel combination of ideas, imparting new life to what is combined, then the writer of today is as original as any that ever dipped a pen in ink.

Originality, as Emerson puts it is being oneself, and reporting accurately what we see and are. Higginson says that originality is seeing through a pair of new eyes, which being interpreted is seeing old things in new relations. In the light of these definition of originality by men who have stamped with the impress of their personal greatness the ages in which they lived, shall we say then that another is a plagiarist or a cribber if he uses a sentence or even

a paragraph of another and this happens to fall under our notice! Woodsworth, as soon as he heard a good thing, caught it up, meditated upon it, and very soon reproduced it in conversation and writing.

Webster made notes of striking things and used them when an opportunity was afforded. Emerson says that next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it. He also says that the nobler the truth or sentiment the less important the question of authorship. If a speaker or writer gives us inspiring lessons, it is not so important to us whose they are.

Mathew says that he is not a thief who borrows the ideas of a hundred other men and repays them with compound interest. It is one thing to purloin finely tempered steel and another to take a pound of literary old iron, convert it in a hundred watch spring worth each a thousand times as much as the iron.

Emerson says again that we are as much informed of a writer's genius by what he selects as by what he originates; that the profoundest thought or passion sleeps as in a mine until an equal mind and heart finds and publishes it; that it is as difficult to appropriate the thoughts of others, as it is to invent; that a great man quotes bravely and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good. Cicero says when a thought is expressed in the best possible language why try to clothe it in another garment perhaps not so good. The complaint so often made that "there is nothing new under the sun" is itself old—old as literature itself. Ovid complains of the early writers for having stolen all the good things. The early writers stole from the Greeks; the Greeks cribbed from the Egyptians; the Egyptians from the Antediluvians and they are supposed to have purloined from Prometheus, who stole the fire directly from heaven. It is an easy matter to raise the cry of plagiarism; but "there is all the difference between suggestion and plagiarism," says Henry Rogers, "that there is between making blood from blood, and receiving it into the veins by transfusion."

If the subject treated be not new, the method of treating it may be new. Two men play tennis with the same ball, but one directs it best. That which distinguishes one man from another in the art of speaking and writing then is the superiority in the use and arrangement of language. And the greatest thing to be aimed at is to give to our fellow-beings inspiring lessons, borrowing grandly repaying what we borrow with compound interest, giving it a new life and a new flavor. And above all be honest and true to our convictions regardless of what others may say. This is being one's self, which according to Emerson is originality.

### Goethe's Faust

MARTHA LEWIS, '99

**S**LOWLY reviving science in Germany, France and Italy gave to the world many workers who were believed, by the masses, to be in league with evil spirits. The most progressive minds had faith in hidden spiritual forces. Melancthon, himself, knew the Faust of the Faust Legend, and he considered Faust a sorcerer and magician. Almost every theologian believed in a personal devil who could and did make himself visible to mortals.

The first form of the Faust Legend is the book published by Spiess in 1587 and translated into English in 1590. This book gave to "Marlowe of the mighty line" the material from which he produced his tragedy, *Dr. Faustus*, which was acted in London in 1593. There was a real Dr. Faust. He was born in 1490. He studied at Wittenberg, and knew Melancthon. Dr. Faust had exhausted human sources of knowledge, but he was not satisfied. He appealed to Satan, who promised to serve Dr. Faust, for twenty-five years, on condition of receiving the soul of his master when the time should have expired. The compact was signed with the blood of Dr. Faust, and from

that time his life was one of indulgence. He went whither he would, all the luxury and beauty of the world were his for asking, no man could harm him, his skill in magic was exhibited at Maximilian's Court, he summoned Trojan Helen from Hades, compelled Satan to restore life to her, and then became her husband. Helen and her child vanished, the last moment of the twenty-four years came, a terrific storm broke at midnight, and, in the morning, Dr. Faust's dead body was found, bearing marks of a terrible struggle with infernal powers. His *Famulus*, or body servant, made a compact with Satan and suffered a fate similar to his master's.

This Legend was the subject of puppet-plays, and Goethe must have seen the performances, in his childhood. Later in life his studies in alchemy strengthened the impression made by the plays. Others, too, used the same material for tragedies. No fewer than twenty-nine dramas and poems on Faust were published, in Germany, during the sixty years which Goethe gave to meditation upon the theme. But he, only, penetrated to the type, the meaning, the thought of the Legend. In Goethe's "Faust" are three elements: presentation of the life of man as it is related to the lives of others, and a propounding of the problem of good and evil; presentation of his own phases of passion and thought, doubt and faith, his place in the world and his thought of the world; presentation of material which has no connection with the idea of the poem. Goethe's conception of the work dates back forty years before the first part was published, and sixty years before the second part was completed, and runs in parallel lines with his life. The creation and development of *Mephistophles* were the intellectual kernels of the work. It had to be laid aside until life's experience became sufficiently powerful to crush the shell and lay bare the ripened nut.

The fragment of 1790 was neither warmly received by the public nor warmly appreciated by the critics, who declared the language unintelligible, the German bad, the style inelegant,

and the incidents and expressions fitted to the comprehension of the lowest classes. There were then, as there are now, readers having not hearing ears, seeing eyes or understanding hearts. The completed First Part was received much more favorably. During the interval of eighteen years the Fragment had seized upon great minds, and the way had been prepared for agreement in the verdict that the book teemed with prodigious significance. Goethe's intellect and genius had impressed Germany, and her philosophers commenced to form and announce the true, abiding judgment. The older, philosophic criticism deals almost exclusively with the thought of the poem. The later, historic criticism deals with the unity or, rather, lack of external unity. Some of the most eminent critics think that the Fragment of 1790 is the real unity, and that the completed First Part of 1808 is a poem of antagonistic elements, split from end to end, and that it is a series of stratified scenes which can be scaled apart, one from another, along clearly defined cleavage lines. This opinion is stubbornly contested by other as eminent critics, who think that the poem is a unity arranged upon a basic principle, that it is the glorious result of the Titanson of the age and of the author himself; that it is the revolt against the entire Protestant conception of the Divine and institutions founded upon the Divine so conceived, a revolt whose essence and purpose are a more spiritual state of things; that Faust is the drama of life, of the contest between evil and good, between negation and aspiration; that the poem shows the solution of the problem of salvation is to be love and activity for others and the mediation of purity and innocence, called, in the poem, "Das Ewigweibliche," the Ever-womanly; finally, that Faust is one of the four literary Bibles and a world-poem.

The dedication was written when Goethe was nearly fifty years old, and after the work had been laid aside twenty-three years. Almost every friend and contemporary in early literary work was gone. The last two lines of the Dedication express the author's attitude towards life,

"What I possess I see far distant lying,  
And what I lost grows real and undying."

The prelude on the Stage delineates the three purposes of art: amusement, a vocation by which the manager may support himself; a means to the poet of voicing deepest inspiration, highest aspiration, and of portraying the progression of humanity in the circle from heaven through earth to hell and back again to heaven. The Prologue in Heaven unrolls the canvas upon which is depicted the origin of Evil. Mephistopheles offers to bet with the Lord that he can gain the ownership of Faust's soul. The Lord permits the attempt, but declares that man errs only because he has finite intellect and will with which to cope with infinite aspiration, that Mephistopheles cannot satisfy Faust with mere earthly pleasures, and that Faust will try them only until they prove to him that nothing can satisfy him except that which satisfies the Divinity in him.

In the first scene, Faust sits in an old Gothic room, a library, surrounded by alchemic appliances. He is soliloquizing and declares: "I have studied all that is to be studied, I am no wiser than before, I know that nothing can be known." He has no money, fame or honor. His last experiment has been magic, but the Earth Spirit shows him that he cannot pierce through the intricate relations of nature, he finds only formless essence and is in despair. He is interrupted by his Famulus, Wagner, the type of the commonplace, stupid persons who are found in all society. Wagner only disgusts Faust, who at last determines to take his own life. If the denial that truth can be known is really a conviction of any person, nation or age, then the entire world of man is a battle-ground, self-consciousness denying itself and struggling with its own power of receiving, producing and aspiring toward the true, the good, the beautiful. This was German philosophy at the time of Goethe's conception of the tragedy. Just as Faust holds the death-dealing draught to his lips, Easter dawns, and Easter bells ring. Choruses of women bring to his ears sacred words which, at one time, he had believed,



In the second scene Faust goes into the street, desiring to be a man among his fellows. But, ever in his mind is the question: "Can God reveal Himself to one who cannot know truth?" When he and Wagner return to their home a black dog accompanies them. This dog personifies selfishness. He appeared just when, during the walk and meditation, Faust had decided to resume his life as a physician solely for his own benefit. While Faust reads the first chapter of John's Gospel, the dog barks and growls so dreadfully that Faust suspects that the animal is the embodiment of an evil spirit. By the usual formula of exorcism the spell is broken, the dog disappears and Mephistopheles appears. He is an intellectual Devil. His plan is to present the opposite of Good, and he overcomes Faust because he argues skillfully along the line of Faust's own doubts. He makes a compact to serve Faust, and when Faust's happiness is so pure and complete that he exclaims to the passing moment: "Stay—thou art so fair," then Mephistopheles is to become the owner of Faust's soul. The search for happiness commences with a scene of course revelry. Faust is more than ever disgusted. Then Mephistopheles brings about the meeting with Margaret, as she comes from the confessional, so pure that she had nothing to confess. Although she falls, she falls through ignorant love, not through wicked passion. She is the helpless victim, the innate, essential purity of whose nature cannot be permanently stained. At the shrine of the Mater Dolorosa, touchingly she sings her prayer for rescue from worse than death. She feels herself a living sin, and bitterly exclaims:

"Yet, all that drove my heart thereto,  
God! was so good, so dear, so true!"

Margaret's mother takes a sleeping potion, given with no thought of evil results, and sinks into her long, last slumber. Her brother, in trying to avenge the betrayal of his sister, is killed by Faust. Again Margaret goes to the Cathedral. Her own conscience is her worst accuser, her real trial and condemnation are

internal and unseen. Her supreme spiritual agony is described in words which make this scene one of the most tragic in all literature. The counterpart to it is the closing scene of the Second Part.

Mephistopheles and Faust flee from justice, and engage in the terrible orgies of Walpurgis Night in the Hartz mountains, where the atmosphere is diabolically supernatural in the extreme. This scene has made the term "Brocken," the name of the mountain, a synonym for those most debasing experiences which come to some persons during their struggles from ignorance to knowledge, from evil to good, from reality to potentiality.

Even Mephistopheles cannot, for a time, meet the reaction which sets in upon the soul of Faust when he knows that Margaret is in prison because, driven insane by grief, she has killed their child. They go to her dungeon and listen to her ravings. She recognizes Faust by his voice, but she refuses to be rescued with the help of Mephistopheles, the one who conspired against her peace and purity. To be rescued by the Evil One is to be lost forever. Sorrow has given her wiser and clearer vision. Mephistopheles exclaims: "She is judged!" But a voice from above declares: "She is saved!" Mephistopheles and Faust disappear, hearing Margaret's faint cry to her lover: "Heinrich! Heinrich!"

So the first part of the drama ends,—negatively. The hero's innocent victim dies, not the guilty hero. He lives in order that he may learn that salvation cannot be imparted, that righteousness cannot be imputed, but must be worked out as well as worked for. Not yet has Mephistopheles won the wager. Faust exclaims: "O, had I ne'er been born!" Not yet has he bid the passing moment, "Stay!"

Here ends the microcosm, the world in little, Faust's life of passion, emotion and aspiration all for self. In the Second Part he enters the macrocosm, the world in large, and studies the machinery which develops society, government and the human race, and solves the problem of his destiny, and finds the only solution is



attruism, the world in little and the world in great existing each for the other.

The Second Part of the drama shows us the social whole, the events of which are on a scale so grand that allegorical representation of them is necessary. Revolution, war, founding of a republic, revival of industry, modern art, literature and science are produced by Mephistopheles to tempt Faust. He, however, is passing from the realm of passion to that of ideas, and the temptations finally overwhelm Mephistopheles, himself, who, indeed "always wills the bad, but always works the good."

In the opening scene Faust is sleeping while Ariel chants the healing influence of nature and time. Moral and spiritual wounds can be, must be healed, but not by continual remembrance and remorse, because these, carried too far, produce moral inflammation, just as irritation of a bodily wound causes physical inflammation. True atonement is not making a luxury of remorse, but it is going on with life cheerfully and bravely for others. Mephistopheles and Faust next appear at the Court of the German Emperor at Rome, the former as Court Fool. He proposes to remedy the ruined condition of the Empire by digging up the buried treasures of Rome, but all weighty matters are laid aside for the Carnival, which is an extraordinary masquerade, confusingly full of allegorical figures representing society and government. After the Carnival, the Emperor finds that he has been induced to sign a document which proves to be a decree to issue paper money redeemable when the treasure shall have been dug up. This measure was originated by Faust, under the influence of Mephistopheles, who hoped to corrupt Faust by launching him upon public life. Such prosperity follows that Faust is appointed Chancellor's assisrant. The Emperor commands an exhibition of magic, and orders Faust to summon Helen and Paris from Hades. Mephistopheles is bound to serve and assist Faust in all things, but, this is a dangerous task, not to his liking. He gives Faust the magic key which unlocks the door behind which are the

Mothers, mysterious, enthroned goddesses, timeless and spaceless. When Helen appears, Faust tries to sieze her. His aspiration toward beauty awakes, but he is not yet ready for abstract beauty which Helen typifies, and she eludes his grasp, but he is attracted by the vision and is drawn after it.

The scene changes to Faust's old library, where his former Famulus, Wagner, is trying to produce a human being by means of alchemistic art. Mephistopheles, by his magic, crowns the experiment with success, and the spirits, Homunculus, guides them to Thessaly, where we see the classical Walpurgis Night. Faust seeks only Helen, and goes even to Hades to implore her release. Helen, fleeing from the wrath of Menelaus, arrives at a Gothic castle whose owner proves to be Faust. They are married and Euphorion is born. He represents not only the union of beauty with him who seeks beauty, but also the union of the classic and romantic in art and literature. Some critics think that Byron was in Goethe's mind when he created the character Euphorion. This child of Helen and Faust dies, Helen disappears, but her garments become clouds upon which Faust is upborne never again to sink to his former level. This third act, "The Helena" is matchless both in mechanical execution and in the deep, ever increasing impression which it makes upon the reader.

Having consecrated himself to beauty, Faust demands activity. By winning a battle, Mephistopheles obtains for him a part of the realm which man cannot inhabit, because it is flooded by the sea. Faust has found his work for others. He wishes and tries to make this territory a fit home for man. In the last act is shown the accomplished work. Faust is one-hundred years old. Mephistopheles desires to satisfy him, and, by murder and conflagration, obtains for him the last tract of coveted ground. Faust only curses such inhumanity,, and Mephistopheles is baffled again.

It is midnight. Want, guilt, necessity and care stand at the door. Care, alone gains admittance, because she can slip through the key

hole. She bends 'over Faust whose eyes become blind, but true light shines upon his spirit. He is so happy in working for others that he exclaims: "Ah! still delay, thou art so fair," and dies. Mephistopheles fights for Faust's soul, but angels rescue it and the Mater Gloriosa gives it to Margaret who is to be the guide of the new-born Faust. Not yet has she entered the highest heaven, but now, by saving another, she! as come to the hour of her own complete purification and pardon. Mephistopheles has lost his wager, denial has denied itself.

"The Indescribable, here it is done:  
The Woman-Soul leadeth us upward and on."

In the First Part the chorus of angels and women awakens Faust from thoughts of suicide to human love and sympathy. In the Second Part they bring moral healing. Helen awakens aspiration, Margaret guides. The Mater Gloriosa points to the upward path. Goethe uses the abstract, neuter term "Das Weibliche." It is not any one loved woman, but the Ever-Womanly which has saved Faust. The aim of our mortal existence is to know ourselves in relation. The womanly sees relations, and the relation of the manly to the womanly is typical of the great law of the relation of individual and universal. The relation of the manly and womanly typifies unity with God, the lack of which unity is the only possible loss of salvation. Relation alone can create unity. God is both Father and Mother.

"Das Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinan."

## The Real and the Imaginary

A. W. WHETSTONE, '03.

**T**HERE is in every soul of any elevation, that prophetic gift by which there hangs over every step a vision of something higher and better, and nobler, and sweeter and purer.

Every man who is really and fully organized on a noble pattern, has hovering over him

visions, transcendently more beautiful than any material embodiment of it. He has conceptions of truth infinitely grander than any exhibition of truth which he sees on earth. This prophetic gift, this conception, this immaterial thing after which the real is patterned, is called a vision or an ideal. (The terms "vision" and "ideal" are used synonymously here.)

There is in the human mind the power to receive the truths which come to it through the senses. There is also in the human mind a power, as clear and distinct, to see things that are *not*. It is the power to see things in their imagined condition. This is called a vision or an ideal.

A vision then, as used here, is a perception of something higher and better than we have reached, either in single actions or in our life and character. It may even relate to single acts. The artist has a vision of his picture before he paints the real, and he is far from success whose painting surprises him by being better than he thought; he must have thought very vulgarly indeed. A child that sees an apple as large as it can hold in its hand, has no trouble in seeing an apple as large as it can hold in both hands, or twenty times as large and beautiful. He has the power to create it.

Among the ignorant, in all nations this power of fashioning pictures, visions, ideals, has existed. And it is where it has depended upon ignorance, that it has led to fantastic and even to impossible things. But however imperfectly it may have worked among nations in times gone by, this power of fashioning an imaginary thing and then having that imaginary thing come back and act upon the person that fashioned it, has been working out one of the most energizing and powerful elements that is in the human composition. For, although there is great use and great glory in the management of things that are, and are apparent to the senses, yet there is infinitely greater glory in the fashioning of things that the hand can not handle, nor the eye perceive, nor the ear hear.

Rightly used, this power of creating an ideal

—that is to say, anything more perfect in the imagination than its prototype—the power to put anything in the place of the thing that is before you, or that you have, is a power which lies at the root of all growth in the individual, and of civilization in a community.

The relations then existing between the ideal and the practical, the visible and the invisible, the real and the imaginary are of transcendent importance. It has been said that everybody in the world is either a Platonist or an Aristotelian—Plato standing for the ideal philosophy and Aristotle for the real and practical. But the perfect man unites them, and is at once both Platonist and Aristotelian. His feet standing on solid facts, his head goes philosophizing and his heart is the balance between them. So that it is wiser to say, that he who begins as an Aristotelian should end also as a Platonist, and he who begins as a Platonist should end also as an Aristotelian. For the two together bring a man where he can, if he will, obtain a conception of a type of manhood that is greater than either Plato or Aristotle—the perfect embodiment in this world, of the intellectual, the emotional, and the practical elements of life that are so often dissevered and represented partially. Some men being full of emotion, some being full of thought, some being full of morality, the true man is made up of them all in harmonious combination.

There is a perpetual, reciprocal interchange by which facts become principles and these principles become facts again. The relations of this truth to those experiences which have to do with the operations of life is a matter of great importance. You can say that the same thing is going on between the human mind and the visible world that is going on between the ocean and the sky. All the water is subject to evaporation. It rises in a continuous vapor, and when it has been held in the air long and flows through rills and rivulets and rivers back to the sea. The life of the sea and the land is dependent upon this continual change of visible water into invisible vapor, and of invisible vapor into visible water again.

There is a like circulation in the functions of the soul. We have the reality of the outward life lifted up by soul-power into the form of an invisible life, and we have the bringing back again of this invisible life as a means of carrying the process of growth and culture among men. This forming of loftier conceptions and applying them to practical life, is the continuous law of Christian civilization and of all civilization. The more you examine this process, the truer you find it to be.

Wisdom consists in the application of the higher invisible qualities which we have deduced; in bringing back again these invisible qualities and re-incarnating them in facts. He is not a painter who simply copies a tree just as it is. A photograph of a tree is not a work of art. But he who observing trees, brings to bear upon them the imagination, the fancy, the reason, the emotion, the laws of association, so that from the sight of them there rises in his mind an ideal conception, and then who brings back again to the canvas these idealized trees, even if he takes the visible ones for his model, adds to them those subtler graces which come from him and do not hang upon them. He who does this is an artist. First he takes things *seen*, and of these he frames, in the higher realm of thought, ideal conception. And if he would make these conceptions valuable, he reduces them to a visible form.

This double action which is going on, or ought to go on in all men, needs perhaps some development in reference to its application to practical and moral life.

Illumination is thrown, in the first place, upon Theorists in life; upon those who live to follow out and to deduce great truths. It is certainly right for men to reason and to carry their reason as far as they can. But he who dwells only in the higher and subtler elements, he who deals only with visions, ideals, seldom going back to facts, becomes impractical and unfruitful. He is a partialist and a partialist remote from life. He is neither very useful to himself nor a very safe guide to others. Theo-



ries and principles are to be tried by their relations to practical life.

You are able to see, secondly, what is the true sphere, and character of the reverist. Revery is the emotional nature of man touched by the imagination, rising out of facts and standing above them, having no other connection with them than in looking at them as pictures. A reverist is one, who having forsaken practical life, is dwelling in ether from which he never returns in any practical or beneficent form. How easy is the heroism which goes on in revery, when we have lost all sight of real life and facts and perform great deeds in the imagination. How easy it is for us to sit with closed eyes, in some shady nook, during the summer day and enact the part of a hero. How easy it is for us to go out as a victorious general! Marching no longer wearies us! With what ease we abstain from food! How brave we are in the endurance of all hardships of the camp! How, when the shock of battle comes on, we are knights—a Couer De Leon, every one of us! How we are wounded! How we are nursed, lying in our tent! And what wondrous gratitude springs up from our deep sense of obligation. Meanwhile all round about us are those who are going on with the realities of life which we do not share. We do not take hold and help in the duties of the household. We reserve for ourselves the best places. We are so refined that nothing that is rough must come to us. We become self-conscious and exacting. Thus, while the reverist is dwelling in visions of heroic life, he is, in fact, a selfish person.

Now, if revery acts in us, to quicken the dull sense which over-addiction to matter produces, then it is beneficial. But there are too many persons who think they are something when they are nothing. They think they are something because they dwell in such reveries. But their practical life is barren and poor and selfish and mean.

Thirdly, we may from this double-action of man, from the real to the invisible and from the invisible to the real, see the true position

of the meditator. Meditation is largely a running of the mind-mill. And certainly it does no good to run the mill with nothing in it. Thousands meditate when they have nothing to meditate upon. Meditation with them, consists in constantly checking themselves and bringing themselves back to the thing at hand, for as the thing at hand is nothing, it is hard to stay to it.

You may also perceive the position of men who are moralists, according to the common use of the term. There are many persons who are so disgusted with the visionary forms of life that they rebound to the other extreme. The question is, whether a man who stands on the ground which is usually called morality, has aspiration, whether he is endeavoring to develop himself and whether his conception of what his life and character ought to be, is such that the invisible is perpetually tending to his elevation and to the development of the visible in him. But those who are usually called moralists and who continually play round about their duty as fathers and husbands and neighbors and citizens, are so slavishly addicted to fact, that they give but slight notice to the higher visions of life, and having no picture spread out before them, having no constantly recurring conception that rebukes and condemns them all the time and leads them to higher endeavor, they become dim, dull, stationary and stagnant.

Some light is thrown also upon the proper use of fiction. According to the principles which have been developed, just so far forth as fiction enables one to rise above the vulgarity, the commonness and the sordidness of the real without separating himself from the practical, it is beneficial. But he who so reads fiction that he forgets to come back to practical life, reads it to his harm, to his positive damage. A reading of fiction which throws off care or brings knowledge to the minds of men is good and wholesome. He who reads fiction to rest himself, to lift himself above the dead level of the common real,

reads it to his advantage and profit. But he who reads it to abide in it, never giving back a better man to his household or business duties, is hurt by it. A man, to be benefited by the reading of fiction, must not only be lifted up by it above the affairs of earth, but must come back again to those affairs with renewed strength and zeal.

Now to be heroes in novels and never any where else, is demoralizing. To be full of overflowing sympathy in fiction that has no inspiration is demoralizing. If you find that the use of fiction brings you back to your duty with more alacrity, with more cheer and more aptitude; if you find that it makes you better in your relations to your fellow men, then it does not hurt you and you are at liberty to use it. But if you find that the use of fiction makes you morose; if you find that it gives you a distaste for work; if you find that it makes you unkind, disobliging and selfish, then you may be sure, that, whether it injures anybody else or not, it injures you.

Finally some light is thrown upon the emotional element in our nature. It is safe to rouse intense feelings and high excitements if they take on practical forms. But it is neither safe nor wholesome to have such feelings aroused if they do not take on such forms. Which is the better mother, the one that is intensely emotional or she that is very practical? The one that has a great amount of feeling, but comparatively little of the practical, or the one that has comparatively little apparent feeling and a great amount of the practical? There are many great hearts that turn the current of deep emotions into actual practical deeds. Some men have a cold sluggish, stupid temperament. Under the most stimulating influences they scarcely wake up. Others are intensely excitable. If you look at them they change color, and if you breathe upon them, quiver all over. And yet no more credit is due to the emotional man because he sounds quickly, than to the other. These unemotional men are as true to their nature as are

the emotional men and very likely they are better, for although the emotional men are sensitive to feeling, the unemotional men never use their feeling as a cascade to fill the air full of flying drops and vapor. They use it rather as a mill-stream with which to turn the wheel of purpose and activity.

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## Alumni

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C. A. Funkhouser, '99, entered the law school of the University of Michigan this fall as a Junior.

L. A. Thompson, '94, who was formerly a surgeon in the National Military Home, near Dayton, received an appointment as first surgeon of a regiment in Manila, the last of December. Dr. Thompson has left for the Philippines to join his regiment.

Mrs. Flora Bash, '75, and husband, who recently returned from China, spent the holidays as the guests of Prof. L. H. McFadden. Mr. Bash was employed by a syndicate of eastern capitalists to secure concessions and the right of way for a new railroad in central China in which the capitalists are interested.

R. A. Longman, '97, who occupies the position of "elder brother" in the Boys' Industrial Home, Lancaster, paid his Westerville friends a short call during the holidays. Rev. Mr. Longman is well liked at Lancaster and possesses special qualifications for the position which he now fills with credit and efficiency.

J. A. Barnes, '94, pastor of the West Broad Street Presbyterian church, was granted a four months' leave of absence by his congregation, in order that he and Mrs. Barnes might join the 1900 pilgrimage to the Holy Land and Egypt. They sail from New York Feb. 10, 1900, and the trip personally conducted by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, will include, beside the afore mentioned places, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, France and England.

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**EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.**

**M**EN, in every walk of life are greatly benefited by the egress of the Old Year and the ingress of the New. Though there is no visible or outward change, yet there is something about it that causes man to stop on his hurried march and think. As the Old Year leaves contemplation and seriousness reign in the minds of the more thoughtful, they begin to think of their condition, of their progress or retrogression.

There begins to dawn upon them a more direct cognizance of their actual place. Self is seen in many cases more distinctly in a clearer light than ever before. Weakness and strength, vilness and purity, ignorance and intelligence, potentialities and actualities, are weighed on the balance of conscience. No one can tell the many benefits that come from such an examination. And how happily it is that the

New Year finds the better class of men in this state of mind. Thus, and thus only, are they fit subjects for the New Year.

If man has not gone through the close scrutiny of self and does not act in accordance with that and the lessons of the past, he will be in no wise able to realize his better self; he cannot be the potent factor he ought to be, nor render the blessings to his community that he is under obligations to render. The man that heeds the instructions of the past and looks into the old self and purifies it, is swept on by the opening of the New Year into higher plains, with strong hopes and firm resolves. Then the true manhood begins to develop. Then it is, when man begins to solve the knotty problems of life upon right principles. Whether in school or upon the farm, in the pulpit or before the bar, he then faces his task like a man and thus becomes a blessing to humanity and an honor to his God.

"Time is indeed a precious boon,  
 But with the boon a task is given;  
 The heart must learn its duty well  
 To man on earth and God in heaven."

**I**N whatever pursuit a person is engaged or whatever kind of work he is doing, his success depends largely upon the degree of thoroughness with which he performs his work. It matters not so much, how much he does as how well he does it. What we need to emphasize more is the necessity for and the worth of thorough work.

A person is, to a great extent, what he makes himself and is inclined to do what satisfies him. If he has high aspirations and sets up for himself a high standard of workmanship, he will make better progress and reach higher attainments than if he is content with an inferior grade of work and satisfies himself by doing "as well as many others,"

We sometimes hear it said, that the grade given for class work amounts to nothing, implying that it matters little whether the



student receives a high or a low grade. The high grade stands for thoroughness to a large extent, while the lower one represents a more inferior grade of work. He may not be the brighter student who receives the higher grades, but it indicates thoroughness to that degree.

Let us set the standard high. Let the limit of our aspirations be an exalted one. And by honest effort, thorough work, and determined purpose, finally reach the goal of our ambition.

THAT wars have directly or indirectly resulted in some advantage to the world in past times, it would be vain to deny; and that their role of usefulness even between so-called civilized nations, is wholly at an end, it would not be safe to assert.

This however, may be said, that if war ensues between two nations, it is owing not to their civilization in any true sense, but to some lack in the civilization of one or the other or both—some predominance of the spirit of greed, some inaccessibility to the dictates of reason, some fault of domestic government by which crude passions and ignorant prejudices of the multitude or possibly the interested and partial views of a governing class, are allowed undue sway, some national arrogance, some aberration of public opinion. War in such a case, teaches sharp and much needed lessons, but, unfortunately, it does not invariably advance the cause of justice. It shows where power resides, but does not always indicate the right. It may chasten where chastening was less needed and exalt the pride of those who already were too insolent. Whatever evil it may destroy, it leaves new created evil in its path. All we can hope is, that upon the whole, the education of the world may be advanced by the dire experience. We need not, however, laud war on this account, any more than we laud the epidemic which, taking its origin in neglect of

sanitary principles attacks by its presence the weakly constitution in the community, and, having passed, leaves the average of constitutional vigor somewhat higher than before.

AT various times in the past there have been occasional protests against the formal manner in which the colleges confer honorary degrees, and alumni associations have gone so far in some instances as to demand the abolition of the practice. No system appears to be followed and there are no signs of a standard of merit. One man receives a degree who has really earned it by distinguished attainments or services in art, literature, science, law, medicine, morals or religion; another, because he has founded a scholarship in a college, or presented a building; another, because his friends have clamored for him to have it; another, because he has been preaching, or writing, or working, for many years, and all other men of his age in similar walks of life have received it; another, because he has been the victim of unjust persecution, or has had hard luck and needs to be encouraged, and another, (an all too representative case), because he is thinking of leaving something to the college, and the honor will add a spur to his generous impulses.

What is the result? The degree is made so common that the really deserving man hesitates to accept it, and it is worth nothing to the undeserving man who wears it. The degrees were devised for the purpose of recognizing eminent attainments or services in intellectual pursuits. When a man had pursued a certain course of study in law, or divinity, or other branch of learning, and had passed examinations which demonstrated his attainments, he received the degree as a certificate of his knowledge. Why not return to the early practice? Why not return to the old simplicity and truthfulness which ought to form the basis of every institution of learning?

Above all, why not remove from college honors the atmosphere of sham and humbug which is so fatal to everything it touches, and which, appealing to the sense of the ludicrous, which is so keen in Americans, deprives those honors of the last vestige of value by making them ridiculous.

It is a fact that a mercenary motive is the first one given in many cases in which the obvious merit of the recipient of the degree does not itself supply the explanation of its bestowal. All this could be remedied by having the degrees conferred on merit alone, as the recognition of distinguished achievements in intellectual pursuits. It is the duty of the college to stimulate and encourage intellectual growth in all possible ways. If they bestow their honors, not in recognition of intellectual achievements, but in return for material benefits, and in recognition of material success, to whom can the author, the poet, the painter, the scholar, the scientist, or other intellectual worker, look for encouragement and sustaining strength?

### Poem

W. T. TRUMP, 01.

The wild waves came dashing from the deep southern sea,  
Bearing the cry of a people who longed to be free.  
Their bright sunny isle was bathed in the blood  
Of those whose cry came across with the flood.

The Pearl of the seas was shrouded in gloom  
Must the hope of ambition go down so soon?  
Is there no one to help this people distressed?  
Is America deaf to the cry of the oppressed?

Not so; we may know from the nation's deep sigh,  
From her heaving bosom and the look of her eye.  
The blood had but spoken the woe of a people,  
Whom God had created, our brother, our equal.

Long! Long! We stood doubting our duty to do,  
While statesmen were puzzled what course to pursue,  
Just how to help Cuba, and not to offend  
The nation that crushed her, that, that, was our end.

He need not wait long a pretext to find,  
Who follows the bent of a God guided mind.  
When life's in the balance, his brother to defend,  
He strives like a hero, his help to extend.

Across sailed the Maine our greetings to bear  
To the down-trodden soldier now filled with despair.  
To the dark cruel Spaniard, engrossed in his pride,  
Who slaughtered his brother and mocked when he died.

The guest of a nation, in proud stately mien  
She sailed in the harbor through waters serene.  
Not seeing the hatred that lurked in the eye,  
Which scoffed at "Old Glory" when passing her by.

Out yonder they placed her where the deep swelling  
tide  
Concealed 'neath its bosom the engines devised.  
Then waited in silence the deed to commit,  
Under cover of darkness to blow up the ship.

A quiver! A crash! Oh God what a sight!  
To see human souls sent out in the night.  
Down, down they sank 'neath the waves' foaming crest,  
A shameful crime, 'gainst a national guest.

The world stood aghast at the treacherous deed  
As the news flew o'er it with the lightning's swift speed.  
While we gathered our dead from the dark gloomy deep  
And laid them away in eternity's sleep.

Could our nation's honor brook such an insult,  
And let Spanish treachery our sailors engulf?  
Ah! No! God had spoken and we must obey,  
Drive out the proud Spaniard let Cuba go free.

The call of our nation was met with three cheers,  
While out from our valleys came brave volunteers,  
To follow our colors, in gallant array,  
Marched the sons of the blue with the sons of the gray.

Then out from the shores of our dear native land  
They sailed with our flag; for her they must stand.  
'Remember the Maine' was ever the cry,  
She must be avenged; the Spaniard must die.

The emblem of liberty floated out o'er the sea,  
With a message of gladness to those who'd be free.  
The flag of the tyrant must now cease to wave  
Near the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Our flag is now hoisted, unfurled to the breeze,  
And floats o'er the people of the isle of the seas.  
From far down at Manila to Cuba's fair shore  
The flag of oppression will be seen never more.

We tore the false colors from San Juan Hill  
Though many a brave soldier his life blood did spill.  
Yet freedom is purchased, a people is blest,  
And tyranny driven from the land of the west.

## Personals

Griggs is proving faithful.

W. O. Turbin has not returned.

O. O. Zehring was here visiting.

Harry Arnold will be in school in the spring term.

Hugh Kline will not enter school for several weeks.

Ask the girls at the Yates house about the lamps.

Charley Keller is studying qualitative work in chemistry.

There is a lady in school who seems to enjoy *long* visits.

Senator Harbaugh preached several very interesting sermons.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Bryant are enjoying their work at Shiloh.

Mrs. Scott says that Prof. Scott spent part of his vacation fishing.

Willie Zehring spent a few days at Otterbein at the beginning of the term.

Anderson, Gantz, Lambert and Graham were admitted to the Senior class.

Grace Wallace received a flying visit from her sister, Mrs. Lowry, of Springfield.

The boys are preparing music for the next Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.—(book carnival?).

A. L. Gantz was formally introduced to Michigan society on the evening of Dec. 16, '99.

"Jack" Kilbourn and his mother spent a pleasant vacation with relatives and friends in Dayton.

Joe Brashares deserves credit for his hard work as manager of the '99 football team and

also for his earnest endeavor to treat all the boys alike.

Prof. L. H. McFadden says that Oldt is probably not the best penman in school at the present time.

Shively was studying the ceramic art the greater part of his vacation. The clay is all off his shoes now.

Anyone interested in the welfare of a particular lady should read Bennert and Shivley's dissertations on the art of wooing.

Prof. T. G. McFadden has reported some very serious delays since he gave his chemistry class the formula,  $Ki + 2 S = KISS$ .

Roby is after the class grade in International Law. He is sitting on a front seat, which gives him an unfair advantage of at least two percent. over all other competitors.

Lambert says, "The Injuns and Fillipinos were not treated justly."

Dr. Garst says, "Just as you think about that, Mr. Lambert."

## Locals

The Mossman club is still on top.

Revival meetings are now in progress at the college chapel.

What a peculiar sensation seizes a person when summoned to the President's office or is stopped by a member of the faculty.

Several new students made their appearance with the winter term and they are now enjoying that blissful art of being "ridden."

On Saturday evening, Jan. 27, will occur the local contest of the Oratorical Association. Four contestants will strive for honors.

On the resignation of Mr. Pearley Kilbourne as manager of the baseball team of 1900, Mr. H. E. Shirey was elected to fill the vacancy.



Mr. Shirey is hard at work getting everything in readiness for a successful season.

Miss Grace Brierly has been entertaining her mother for a few days.

Crowds, Cash, Compliments. They come, they bought, they wondered.

J. W. MARKLEY.

Keller and Sherrick stood out in the rain the night of the senior push smoking sulphur in their pipes of clay.

Bishop J. W. Hott has been spending a few days among us. He preached in the college chapel both morning and evening on the 21st.

The president of the Athletic Board states that personally he will have no time to indulge in athletics in the spring term. The query is—Why?

The ladies' societies have deviated from their usual custom and are holding their sessions on Friday evening. This will continue as long as revival meetings are being held.

The Philophonian quartet, composed of Messrs. Barnes, Dallas, Howard and Engle, go to Centerburg Jan. 24 and 25, to furnish music for the Farmers' Institute.

A new chemical balance has recently been added to the apparatus of the laboratory. So perfect is its poise that an atom or a vacuum may be weighed with the greatest accuracy.

The seniors have decided not to have a representative on commencement day but on the contrary each one will show their oratorical ability by speaking a little piece of their own invention.

The U. S. Civil Service Commission announces that the annual examinations for positions in the classified service will be held all over the country in March and April. There were over 8,000 appointments last year, and, judging from present indications, there will be nearly 10,000 this year. Anyone who

wishes, may try for a place without expense. One can obtain full information about the dates, places and character of the examinations, free, by writing the Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

To buy or not buy? That is the question. 'Tis true you may not possess the riches of the millionaire or the shining dust of a returned Alaskan, but with such tempting prices and splendid values as we are offering, can you afford to pass them by?

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Among the alumni who spent the holidays in Westerville may be mentioned: Miss Daisy B ll, '87, of Wellington; Miss Lenore Good, '98, of Mechanicsburg; Miss Anna Baker, '98, Columbus Grove; Miss Alma Guitner, '97, Muncie, Ind.; Mr. F. B. Moore, '97, Columbus Grove; Mr. L. B. Bradrick, '98, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Frankham, '97, of Mechanicsburg; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Harris, '98, of Dayton.

After the adjournment of the literary societies on Friday evening, Jan. 12, a book carnival was given in the Association hall under the auspices of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Some very quaint and original ideas were used in representing books. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all. The hour at which the lights were extinguished was not indicative that the guests had just dispersed. Suffice it to say, the janitor was in the conservatory sound asleep.

The following installation programs were excellently rendered by the Philomathean and Philophronean Societies in their respective halls on the evening of January 19:

PHILOMATHEAN.

Music.....Grand Inauguration March  
Philomathean Orchestra  
Chaplain's Address.....The Brotherhood of Man  
D. F. Adams

President's Valedictory.....Oratory  
G. L. Graham

Violin Solo—Legende.....*Bohm*  
J. D. Miller

Installation of Officers

President's Inaugural.....Forces in Development of Man  
W. T. Trump

Nordica Valses.....*Tourgee*  
Mandolin Club

Narrative.....E. W. Shank

Piano Solo—Polonaise, A major.....*Chopin*  
Ivan Rudisill

A Prophetic Satire.....H. A. Worman

Piano Duet {Grand Valse.....*Hunten*  
Galop Brilliant.....*Behr*  
Messrs. Grabill and Hewitt

Extemporaneous Speaking

Roll Call

Music.....*La Sernata*  
Philomathean Orchestra

Adjournment

## PHILOPHRONEAN.

Music {a. Proudly as the Eagle.....*L. Spohe*  
b. Hush! Hush!.....*W. H. Neidlinger*  
Glee Club

Critic,s Retiring Address.....The Evolution of a Nation  
W. O. Lambert

Solo {a. I'm Wearing awa' to Land o' the leal..*A. Foote*  
b. Good Night (Serenade).....*C. Dennee*  
I. W. Howard

President's Valedictory.....Conscience vs. Brains  
S. R. Seese

President's Inaugural—  
Things Evanescent—Forces Eternal  
F. A. Anderson

Music—Remember Now Thy Creator in the  
Days of Thy Youth.....*J. B. Rhodes*  
Philophronean Quartet

## Debate—

Resolved that Pleasure is the Purpose and Aim of Life  
Aff., H. E. Shirey. Neg., C. O. Callender

Music—Gay Hearts (Waltz).....*J. C. Macy*  
Glee Club

## YEA, VERILY!

And now it came to pass that on the first month and on the nineteenth day of the month that the ladies of the Senior class sent a decree to all the male members of the tribe, saying—"When the even is come, gather all yourselves together at the house which is called "Gym" and there it shall be declared unto you what thou shalt do." And it was even so that when darkness had come and covered the whole land, that about the ninth

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hour, as their custom was, the Seniors assembled themselves at the appointed place.

Now when it was noised about throughout all the tribes of Otterbein that a decree had been sent out, a few of the wise men were privily called together and it was demanded where the push should be held. And one of them answered and said, "in the parlors of the gymnasium," and they departed, and lo the lights shone before them and they rejoiced with exceeding great joy and when they drew nigh and came into the basement of the gymnasium, they saw the fiery furnace and they opened their boxes and presented unto it sulphur, rubber and many precious things. But being warned that they should not tarry long, they departed to their rooms, a back way.

Now it came to pass in that same hour as the Seniors were eating and drinking and being merry, that there came an odor from over against the register and the countenances of their faces were changed and their thoughts troubled them and one stood up in the midst of them and said, "Arise, let us go hence." And they straightway took their departure, sneezing, coughing and swearing vengeance as they walked along.

### Exchanges

It would be difficult to find a way in which the "Phagocyte" could be improved. Ohio Medical University is well represented by this

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paper. It would almost take a medical student to thoroughly appreciate "The Doctor's Wooing."

The Student's Herald has just started a story entitled, "What's in a Name," of which each chapter is to be written by a different person.

The College Transcript has devoted a column to what other papers say concerning O. W. U. This may seem a little egotistical, yet no doubt it is highly interesting to the student body.

The Y. M. C. A. boys should not fail to read Association Men. The principal features for January are, "Evidences of Association Progress," "Getting Results," and "The Gang Instinct."

The "Marysville College Monthly," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "Lesbian Herald," "College Forum," "Independent," and several others, though late in making their appearance are none the less welcome.

The Philistine is as fresh and readable as ever. It is an original little magazine, if not always in thought at least in the manner of expressing the thought. There is always something worth reading and thinking about in the "Heart to Heart Talks With the Grownups." The January number contains a poem entitled, "A Woman's Cry."

The "Independent" of Dec. 28, contains a poem, "Spartan Mothers," by Alfred Austin. "Our Duty to the Phtlippines," ought to interest all Americans, especially as its author, President Schurman, has had ample opportunity for investigation in those islands. "Two Views of the Boer," has also a temporal interest. The number of Jan. 4 gives some valuable statistics concerning the condition and strength as well as growth in the past year of the churches in the United States. According to this the United Brethren church shows a slight decrease in numbers. "Our

Standards of Political Morality," "Our Pacific Coast Development," "Traveling in Thibet," "Studio Talks with Dr. Horace Bushnell," and "Notes from England," are the chief articles in the number of Jan. 11.

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