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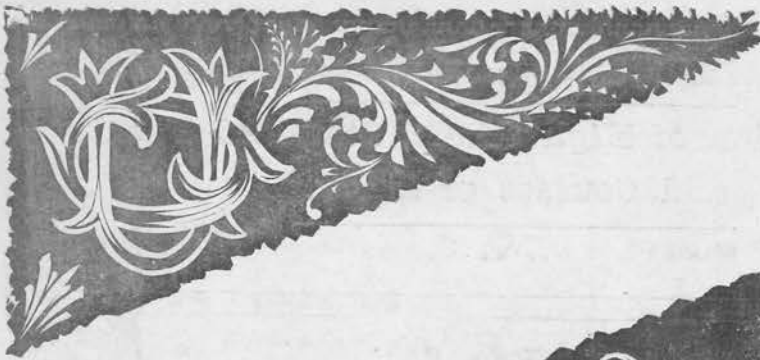
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Dr. T. J. Sanders.





# Overbein Edgdis

JANUARY NUMBER

1901

## Contents

Editorial .....	5
The Potency of Determination.....	6
A Midnight Escapade.....	9
Harnessing Niagara.....	12
Y. M. C. A.....	13
Y. W. C. A.....	14
Banquet in Chicago.....	14
Alumnals.....	15
Locals .....	17
Installation Program.....	20

  
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## Editorial

CHRISTMAS, with its general good cheer and giving of gifts, has come and gone again. This Christmas giving is a very fitting custom; and, in accord with the spirit of Him who was born on that day, the gifts are never limited to those from whom we expect gifts in return. Thousands of poor families enjoyed Christmas dinner with double zest because it contrasted so strongly with their ordinary fare. Liberal giving, coupled with the present great prosperity, made it possible for practically everybody to enjoy a good Christmas dinner. But charity that is limited to Christmas time and to gifts of material necessities can hardly be called charity. Real charity must go deeper,—to the great underlying causes that have made poverty possible.

It is not charity to relieve suffering caused by injustice, it is not even tardy justice. Real charity strives to help the poor by making them able to help themselves, thus striking at the very root of poverty. In other words, charity means the giving of opportunity, the strengthening of purpose. It is a pleasure to note that the philanthropy of to-day is coming more and more to see that "the gift without the giver is bare," and the only true help is self help.

THE most striking development of the Government Postal Service at present is the extension of free mail delivery to the rural districts. This branch of the service is being steadily extended and it is only a question of time till the whole country will enjoy daily mail. This movement is but a type of what is being done on other lines to bring the rural districts into closer commercial and intellectual touch with the cities. Electric railways, telephones, and improved roads are making the most rural districts practically suburbs of the cities. It is interesting to conjecture what will be the final result of all this. Will it check the rush of population to the cities? Will it tend to fill the empty country churches and rapidly emptying country schools, or will it hasten their desertion? Will the country school, the country church, the country post-office and store soon be a thing of the past, or will they return to their former importance in the rural community? These are some of the questions that naturally arise, and are questions that only time can answer. But whatever the result will be in particular cases, it can hardly be doubted that the general effect

will be good, for it will bring city and country into practical unity.

**A**NOTHER century has begun. Time, the great revealer of secrets, has started to write the history of another hundred years. What will their story be? Who can see ahead of the writer? The pages are all white now, what wonderful things will be written on them, what great achievements, what great failures perhaps, when the century has passed? Perhaps by that time we shall know how to harness the sunbeam, directly, and make it do our work. Perhaps then we shall have flying machines, submarine boats, international tribunals, postal systems, and currency: we may have nitrogen compounds from the air, sugar from sawdust, iron and aluminum like dirt. Perhaps then all our social problems will have been solved, saloons, sweat-shops, capital and labor, factory problems, slums. By that time perhaps science will have discovered the supreme good, (which religion has known for a long time) and law and love will be found to coincide. By then we may have learned that all material things are but signs, the earth itself nothing but a symbol, the means taken by the great Mind in revealing itself to our minds. Perhaps!

### The Potency of Determination

A. W. WHETSTONE, '02

**A**LL human kind may be divided into two classes: those that circumstances rule and those that rule circumstances. Persons of this first class, of whom there are almost a countless number and who compose, indeed, the greater part of the human family, exhibit a strange weakness of the will. Strong in many respects, with fine abilities perhaps and with no mean talent, yet they show a want of decision and firmness. In persons of this class you may expect to find men of irresolute

character and of wavering purpose. They hesitate in cases of emergency and pause and wait where they should exhibit decision and energy. They are governed by no fixed purpose. Plans lightly made to day are easily cast aside to-morrow for others only less valuable. Opposition intimidates them and easily turns them from their course. Difficulties drive them to the very verge of despair. Easily persuaded, easily turned aside, they become uncertain as leaders, unstable, vacillating, and wavering, and as such have no fixed value in the world.

Others are almost directly opposite these: such compose the second class. This class is not to be compared with the first in numbers, but what they are wanting in this respect, they make up in real value and effective work. Firm as a rock, they bow neither to storm nor to wave, but preserve their position even as steadfast as the eternal hills themselves. Difficulties are only so many fresh inspirations to renewed exertion. Opposition is only an occasion for a fuller display of decision and energy. They have the happy faculty of turning stumbling blocks into stepping-stones, of wringing victory from apparent defeat. Hard to be persuaded, except by soundest reason, it is impossible to drive them. When their decision is once made their complete success is assured; it is only a question of time and means. With a firm foothold on solid ground they have the strength to defy even fate itself.

Now, I do not maintain that the human will is omnipotent, that it is infallible or unlimited. There are, of course, difficulties and adverse circumstances that even the human will and human strength cannot overcome. A man may be so situated and so surrounded by adverse circumstances that he cannot work his way through them, nor over them, nor around them. But such combinations of adverse circumstances are extremely rare in human life.

A stern determination, formed after a careful survey of the whole situation, is half the battle; while industry, pluck, patience, and persistence

furnish the remaining elements of success. And the fact that a stupendous mountain of difficulties, when once we have determined to cross it, sinks into an insignificant mole-hill, is a practical exemplification of that old maxim, "where there is a will there is a way." It does not require a very large stretch of the imagination to call to mind persons of personal acquaintance who may be said to be representative men of each of these classes. All the world's greatest generals have been men of indomitable energy, of inexorable will. Their brilliant exploits have, for the most part, been the direct result of determination followed by persistent labor. It was this that made them great.

But as potent and as valuable as energy and will are, they must be controlled by reason; otherwise they would avail nothing. Without these powers so governed no one is able to be master of himself? And when viewed in this light, it becomes a question of vital importance. Allow a few examples—well-known examples of men of startling genius and energy, but who failed in this particular. The war-like son of Philip had seen misfortunes and disasters gather thick and fast around a fallen monarch and a sinking empire: he had seen the Persian king seated upon a tottering throne; which he now possessed for his self: he had conquered a world, but he could not conquer himself. He died at thirty-two years.

The idol of the French people, the man before whom kings quivered and empires tottered and fell and whose genius has challenged and awakened the admiration and astonishment of the entire world, the man who almost mastered Europe, found no task harder than to master himself. He died in middle life.

Edgar Allen Poe, whom some foreign critics have pronounced the greatest poet America has produced, who could charm the ear with his melodious verse, died at the age of thirty-eight. The black raven that alighted on his bust "the pallid bust of Pallas" above his chamber door, was his own uncontrollable passion. He never mastered himself.

But few men have exhibited greater energy than Lord Byron. Born in high station, with wealth and power at his disposal and with an unrivaled talent, he wrote commendable verses at twelve, published his first volume at fifteen, directed the sharp point of his misanthropic scorn at the *Edinburgh Review* at seventeen and by the first two cantos of "*Childe Harold*" became famous at twenty. Stung to fierce anger by sharp criticism, unfortunate in his marriage, he pronounced a curse upon his native land and left it forever. His literary activity on the continent was enormous: his debaucheries unlimited. With the fire of indignation smouldering in his breast, he flung back to his native shores the resentful scorn of his passionate, uncontrollable will: he himself was his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert.

It is, then, impossible to overestimate the value of persistent effort, of pertinacity of purpose, of inflexible, unbending, unyielding resolution, tempered by reason. This was one of the secrets of that governing power that characterized the Romans. Witness how Cato at the age of eighty-four years ended every one of his speeches in the Roman senate with that famous dictum "*Carthago delenda est.*"

Continuing steadfast in this one purpose he soon brought it about that the whole senate concurred in "*Carthago delenda est.*" Rome then threw off the mask behind which she had concealed her real purpose. The legates returned to Carthage and announced the decree to the Carthaginians. The instant this fulminating decree became known to the people of fated city, nothing was heard but shrieks and screams of loud lamentation. They were astounded with surprise. They were distracted with horror. Some cast themselves down in the dust and rent their clothes; others were unable to give vent to their grief except in broken sighs and deep groans. Others with the air of suppliants lifted their hands toward the gods and implored mercy and justice. Then the mad rage of fierce anger took possession of the people and in an uncontrollable mob



they slaughtered every Italian in the city. Rage and chagrin and despair were regnant among the people. But soon this gave way to calm reason. All unanimously resolved to yield the city only with their lives. Carthage exerted herself to the utmost to avert the impending danger. The whole city was suddenly transformed into a workshop. They applied themselves with almost incredible zeal

to the manufacture of weapons of war. The squares, the public buildings, the temples and shrines even were converted into workshops. The whole city resounded with the clang and clatter of the hammer and ringing anvil. On every hand was heard the din of preparation—the noise and tumult of that despairing energy which had lost all sense of fear. Women were everywhere present with their husbands and brothers, aiding and encouraging them and the work. Men and women worked day and night. Women sacrificed their hair for the manufacture of bow strings. Their presence and their courage were an inspiration to the men. With such incredible zeal did they work that in a single day were made one hundred and forty shields, three hundred swords, five hundred javelins, and a thousand arrows.

But the Romans were now knocking at the very gates of the city. A short time—a lull before the storm—a moment in which the destinies of two nations seemed to hang in the balance and then these ancient enemies leaped to the struggle, the one fighting for existence, the other for her destiny. Courage was met with courage; strength met with strength; bright swords of the one flashed back the reflected light to the other as if in defiance. But brave as the one was, nothing could withstand the irresistible impetus of the other. Battlement by battlement, rampart by rampart, street by street, block by block, the vengeful Romans made their way into the city. The combat was carried on from the housetops. Buildings were burned as soon as taken. Above the clash and din of battle, amid the smoke and dust of conflict, rang out the shrieks

and screams of women and children. For six days the slaughter continued. The streets were cleared by dragging the dead and wounded off to the pits and casting the living, the dying, the dead indiscriminately into them. No quarter was asked; none was given. The struggle finally narrowed around the citadel. But a remnant of that populous and opulent city survived.

These retreated to the citadel and there proposed to defend themselves to the last. But the commander proved cowardly and secretly gave himself up to the Romans who showed him a prisoner to the valiant defenders. They were at once thrown into a fury of desperation and vented horrible imprecations against him and in their blind fury set fire to the citadel. His wife who had determined to share his fortune with him and had repaired with her two children to the stronghold, now dressed herself in as much splendor as possible and appearing at the top of the tower accompanied by her children called down, "O Romans, I call not down curses upon you, but may the gods of Carthage, and thou in concert with them, punish according to his just deserts, the false wretch who hath betrayed his country, his gods, his wife, his children." Then addressing him: "Perfidious wretch, thou basest of men, this fire will presently consume both thy children and me. My curse be upon you. Go, grace the gay triumph of thy Roman conquerer and suffer the merited punishment."

She no sooner had pronounced these words than she cast herself and her children into the roaring flames, and her example was followed by the few remaining heroes. They had made their last stand in defense of their altars and their homes. Thus triumphed Roman tenacity over her most dreaded foes.

What thoughts must have moved in the breasts of the Romans when they beheld the ruin and desolation wrought by the work of their own hands! What must have been the thoughts of Marius when years after, an exile from his native land, he wandered among the ruins of Carthage, of which city there was not



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left one stone upon another! Did Cato have a presentiment of the result when time after time he thundered out in the Roman senate "Carthago delenda est." Although Cato died before he saw the result yet he had his triumph. That was old Cato's day.

## A Midnight Escapade

P. H. KILBOURN, '02

IT was a mild, mid winter evening, not very cold nor yet what could be called a warm winter evening. The moon sailed in its fullness over the buildings of the smoky city. A dark cloud occasionally floated over its face and changed the deep shadows into a deeper one which shrouded the entire city in temporary darkness. I had only been out of school about a year and a half, and as I stood waiting for the street car, which was to take me to my home, thoughts of my old school life rolled back upon me, and I thought what a typical night it would be for a raid on somebody's well stocked cellar and strongly-barred henhouse, to lay in the necessary supplies for a midnight chicken roast and half a night of merry making.

As I said, I was waiting for a street car and it happened to be the last one at that. The streets were almost deserted and I had begun to think that even now I might be too late for my car, when I was awakened from my reverie by the appearance of a lady who came straight up to where I was standing. Surprised at her actions I wondered what she could be doing on the streets at this time of night without an escort. But to my astonishment she soon made known the cause. For after numerous apologies for being so bold, and hoping over and over again that I would not think her too forward she told me the predicament in which she found herself.

She had been detained at a friend's home longer than she had expected, and had just reached the street car line in time to see the last car about two squares away and going in

that direction which she had to follow. She said no cabs were handy and thinking I looked like a fairly decent sort of a chap, she had finally obtained enough courage to make a request of me. With my surprise and curiosity growing stronger every minute I listened to her attentively, and was finally greeted by the request that if I possibly could do so, and would walk to her home with her I should be amply repaid.

I was in very good spirits that evening, and feeling somewhat flattered by her remark as to my looking like a fairly decent chap—for you know the fair sex have many ways of influencing us weaker creatures, and how far flattery goes, many a poor unfortunate can tell—I nevertheless stopped a moment to think about it. My street car was now about two squares away, and I must soon decide whether I would go my way and let this strange woman go hers, or whether I owed it to her as a lady to see her safely to her home. For a moment I looked at the figure by my side. She was nicely and neatly dressed and with rather a sweet face, on which was the troubled expression of one who didn't know whether she was addressing a friend or foe. The gong of the car insisted that I must act quickly, and as generally is the case the woman had her way, and as my last chance to ride home passed me I was walking in the opposite direction.

I learned from our conversation that my companion was a married lady, and my suspicions beginning to rise, I wondered how it happened that her husband had not accompanied her on a midnight trip such as this had proved to be. But I thought whatever it was I was in for it, and I would now see it through, for I knew nobody would be waiting or worrying about my late home coming.

A little over an hour's walk brought us to a large tenement house. From the outward appearance I was not very favorably impressed with the home of my friend, but after the previous performances I was ready for most any surprise, so I thought. We mounted the steps and entered a wide and very plainly



furnished hall. From this we went into another room which was by no means illy furnished. She requested me to be seated until she should call her husband. My first thought was, now is my time to get out of this, but feeling in my right coat pocket the cold muzzle of my Smith & Wesson, a determination to give as good as I receive combined with my curiosity, nerved me to stay.

As yet nothing whatever had been done to especially arouse any suspicion except the trend of affairs as they had occurred. Presently a pleasant looking gentleman in a smoking jacket entered, and judging by his appearance, he had been indulging in a nap. We were all seated and a conversation was begun. The affair was all gone over in detail and each part carefully explained by the wife to her very attentive husband. He seemed perfectly satisfied with her explanation, and after profuse thanks for my kindness, began inquiring about me, my business, etc. I found my new acquaintances very agreeable and chatty, but soon expressed my intention of leaving, remembering however nothing had been said as yet about my reward. This was, of course, something to me, for I was never known to be flush, and sadly, circumstances had left me in the same plight once more.

When I arose to go my host and hostess expressed a wish that I should spend the remainder of the night at their home, as it was now late and quite a long walk and a chilly one at best. As I thought of this I was almost tempted to curse myself for having come a step. Then as I looked at the warm fire and seemingly pleasant faces before me I accepted their invitation and agreed to stay. As it was now about two o'clock and I quite ready to retire, a light was brought and my host escorted me to the third floor into a very plain but withal comfortable looking room. We had been in the room but a short time when he asked me to excuse the light for just one moment, and picking it up he went out of the room, and much to my surprise and dismay slammed the door behind him, this being fol-

lowed by the grating sound of a bolt slipping into place.

I made a sudden grab for the door knob and pulled with all my might, but alas! it was locked securely—I *was trapped*. My first impulse was to draw my revolver and fire through the door trusting to luck to either hit my captor or burst a lock, or hit something that might cause a change in my environments, for certainly they were influencing me very strongly just at that time. But on second thought I decided to wait a while and look about me.

I walked over to one of the two windows to see if the outside world would not present a more agreeable sight to my anxious and eager eyes than the dark room which was now my prison. There shone the moon as beautiful as when I stood looking at it while waiting for my car. How glad I was that I could look on one familiar object, for all else was strange and very discouraging to me. Far below I saw some scraps of old iron and rubbish. There were no buildings near save some old houses whose roofs were nearly on a level with my window, their distance however putting an end to the hopes I had of jumping to something and making my escape by that means.

As I turned from this hopeless view I saw a door over in one corner of the room. Good! thought I, a probable means of escape! On trial however, my heart sank again, for the door was locked. I hammered on it but no results. Suddenly I happened to think of my room key which might unlock it, and I found that it really would. Now that it was unlocked I hesitated to open it, lest I should get myself in a worse fix. But that could scarcely be, so I pulled it open. Imagine if you can the horror which possessed me, for the lifeless body of a man fell out against me and with a thud dropped to the floor. This was awful! and every move seemed to make things worse. The white face made more ghastly by the moonlight, stared blankly up at me, a face bearing evident marks of rough handling.



That convinced me of what was awaiting me, but how had the death of this man been brought about and how did my captors expect to get at me. Unnerved and weak, I seated myself on one of the two chairs which the room contained and began to think how I would ever gain my freedom. Although ignorant of how I was to meet my fate yet by no means did I give myself up as lost, realizing fully however, that I was to be murdered and robbed in some way, but how, that was the question. I thought of how it might happen in numerous ways and decided how I would act in each case. Then my thoughts turned to my home and friends, and I wondered if I should ever see them again. Presently I began to feel a drowsiness coming over me and detected a faint and peculiar odor in the room. The problem was solved—I was to be drugged and then my captors could do with me as they pleased. But I did not think that way, and decided it would not be so. I went to the window and with my knife carefully and noiselessly removed a pane of glass. Then drew my chair over to the window and seated myself where the cool, pure air would strike me, having made up my mind I would be ready for my intended murderers when they made their appearance. With my revolver in my hand I sat and waited; the drug becoming more powerful, and I shuddering to think it might yet overcome me, removed another pane of glass and made an opening through which I could stick my head. As I looked down the temptation to jump was strong, but to jump seventy-five feet was almost as sure a death as the one planned for me. I had waited for about an hour and three-quarters—a seeming age—and had begun to think I would have to wait awhile longer, but I knew daylight would bring help from without, in spite of the fact that my previous calls for help had been useless. I had frequently looked at my watch and it was just seven minutes of four when I heard a faint footstep in the hall. Then followed the sound

of hushed whisperings. All was still within and the bolts were slowly drawn back, the door pushed open and two men entered. I had planned to affect unconsciousness and with my gun in my right hand hanging down out of their sight, I waited until they were both well inside. The first to enter, saw the body of their former victim lying as I had left it and made the remark, "Well, I see our friend has made a discovery, and by this time no doubt is telling the old boy there how it happened, for I see he is sleeping peacefully." "Not agreed," thought I, as I raised my hand quickly and gave him the benefit of a 32. Luckily they had rested entirely on the power of their drug to do the work and had no weapons ready for immediate use. I had scarcely pulled the trigger before I was on my feet and leaping toward the door. I was down those steps and out through the front door almost as quickly as I tell you. But as I came down the last flight of stairs I saw the woman who had got me into the scrape, standing at the bottom with a gun in her hand and asking me to stop. I might have shot her, but hating to shoot a woman I came on down and as the result bear this scar on my cheek. I struck her and knocked her far enough to put her out of my road, at the same time letting out an oath that perhaps I had better not repeat.

In the street again I immediately hunted a policeman, but of course none was to be found. At last I met a blue coat who returned with me to the scene of my adventure, but too late, the birds had flown, all but the dead one whom I first discovered. He proved to be a man of wealth who had disappeared a short time before and no clew had been found as to his whereabouts.

"But here's where I leave you," said the traveling man with whom I had been sharing my seat. "That picture there reminded me of the little affair, the only experience of the kind I ever had or want to have. Good-day."

Well, thought I, as the train rolled into the

little station where my friend left me, "I don't know, that sounds like—but he is a traveling man and that accounts for it."

## Harnessing Niagara

J. O. ERWIN, '02

**T**HIS is an age of great advancement along material and utilitarian lines. With our huge battleships driven by ponderous engines and carrying their multiplied thousands of tons in armor and armament, swift ocean liners like great floating palaces, lofty bridges, and wonderful tunnels, when mechanical and electrical engineering are daily winning marvelous triumphs over nature's forces, one hardly has time to be amazed at one achievement till some other feat of human ingenuity claims our wonder and applause. Development along one line paves the way for advance along another. Thus the recent development of electric science has rendered possible many things which could not be performed without its agency. Just so the ability of transforming motion into electrical energy and then back again into motion and into light and heat has rendered possible the transformation of a portion of Niagara's thunder and foam into useful labor.

So in this utilitarian age when the tendency is to turn everything to practical account, it is perfectly natural that the enterprising Anglo-Saxon, after coming for so many years to gaze at Niagara's matchless beauty and listen to its ceaseless thunder, and to feel his soul expand in the contemplation of its ponderous and overwhelming exhibition of force; should set about the task of harnessing this giant, waiting to become his obedient servant able to perform tasks in comparison with which the marvelous tales of Arabian Nights sink into insignificance. There is something fascinating in the idea of man with his puny, physical strength taming and bringing into practical use a power of which we can form but a feeble conception. It forcibly illustrates the sway the human intel-

lect has gained over material forces by its keen insight into the manifestations of these forces.

Mere figures and scientific technical descriptions are not very interesting, and I will not attempt an accurate description of the processes and appliances with which Niagara's foam and thunder are turned into mechanical energy. The object is just to get a view of the salient points without going into details. According to the best authority 275,000 cubic feet of water per second, or 30,000,000 tons per hour, plunge over the precipice and into the abyss below. The change in level from above the rapids to below the falls is 216 feet, giving the cataract the possibility of 7,000,000 H. P. A modern locomotive of the largest and most powerful type has a capacity of 1,700 H. P. Now if we could harness Niagara and turn its full power into tractile force, it would out-pull 3,977 ponderous locomotives. This illustration becomes more striking when we consider with what ease only one locomotive draws a heavy Pullman train. Just imagine 3,977 heavily loaded trains rushing over the country at forty-five miles an hour, and you get a feeble conception of what 7,000,000 H. P. means.

At the present time two companies hold the franchises and operate power plants at the falls. The largest is owned and operated by the Niagara Falls Power Co. Above the rapids and a mile above the falls the water is led off from the river into a short wide canal 1,000 feet in length by 250 in width. On the edge of this is situated the power house, which is built over a huge wheel pit 180 feet in depth and 330 feet in length, at the pit are set the ten upright turbine wheels.

Eight large penstock or stand-pipes, each eight feet in diameter, lead the water from the canal above to the wheels below. Each penstock terminates at the bottom in a closed drum within which the wheel turns. A superficial knowledge of hydrostatics will show that at this head or height of water column there would be a tremendous pressure in the drums at the bottom. The water escapes with great violence through the wheels, giving each one a

capacity of 5,000 H. P., and it would take four ponderous locomotives to hold one water wheel, since there are ten of these turbines the capacity at present of the power house is 50,000 H. P., and the company propose to build another on the opposite side of the canal of equal capacity making 100,000 H. P. After the water has moved the wheels it is led away from the bottom of the pit by a tunnel 7,000 feet in length which discharges into the gorge below the falls. In the power house directly over each turbine is placed a ponderous dynamo, which transforms its energy into electric currents. An upright hollow steel shaft over three feet in diameter, couples the turbine below with the heavy field ring of the dynamo above.

Manufactures located on the lands of the company consume nearly all the electric currents. Only about 7,000 H. P. being transmitted to Buffalo to operate the street car lines of that city. A few years ago when the scheme of utilizing the power of the falls began to be put into operation it was the popular idea that the power would be transmitted long distances to the great cities of the east. Truly it was a pleasing and fascinating conception to think of New York or Boston feeling the throb of Niagara. But experience has shown that it is much cheaper for manufactures to locate in the neighborhood of the falls than to transmit the current long distances on account of the great resistance and cost of a line.

Perhaps the largest consumer is the Union Carbide Company, which turns the currents into the fierce heat of their electric furnaces in which the ingredients of carbide are melted and reduced. It is certainly a striking illustration of the conservation and transformation of energy. Here we have the cold water of the river certainly very different from any thing like a furnace, then the force of gravity gives it motion, and in obedience to the force it creates mechanical motion in the turbines which is transformed into electric energy by the dynamos. In the furnace this electric energy assumes the form of the most intense heat, the heat is

expended in bringing about a chemical rearrangement in the atoms of certain ingredients and we have as a result the chemical known as carbide. We put the carbide in our lamps or automobiles and get from it light or motion again. We are surrounded by and make use of forces whose real nature is wrapped in mystery. We know that by certain mechanical appliances we can transform visible motion into what we call electricity, and then into light, heat, or motion again. Light, heat, energy, motion, electricity seem to be but the visible manifestation of something closely akin to human life itself, which the mind cannot fathom. We cannot but feel the mind drawn out toward the source of all life and power as we contemplate Niagara with its matchless beauty and mighty rush of waters.

### Y. M. C. A. Notes

W. C. May was elected vice president, to fill the vacancy caused by D. J. Good not being in school.

The Association always gladly welcomes the new boys in their midst on Thursday evenings. Join the Association at once and plan to spend the one hour in the week in their prayer service. It will quicken your own life. We would also urge you to unite with one of the Bible classes and thus form a habit of systematically studying the Bible daily.

The Y. M. C. A. is practically a creature of the last half of the nineteenth century. Yet it is a huge banyan, whose original root was in British soil, but throwing out branches on all sides has reached across continents and oceans into new countries, bending down to take root in Papal, Pagan, Moslem, and Heathen communities, until there remains scarcely a land in any clime where this gigantic and beneficent growth has not reached.

Standing on a platform unsurpassed by any other organization, it has moved forward so grandly, increased so marvelously, that we can truly say it is one of the wonders of the nine-



teenth century. No other movement is so thoroughly organized for the salvation of the young men; none other so eager and able to help those who need help. We clip the following from the January number of "Association Men" which gives a faint idea of what has been done. "The Nineteenth Century Exhibit of the Y. M. C. A."

"There are now 6,192 branches with 521,000 members, among 50 nations speaking 35 languages. Its sphere of influence extending to many times that number. The 1,439 American Associations have 252,000 members, of whom 32,000 are college students, 37,000 railroad men, 5,000 soldiers and sailors, 1,650 Indians, 1,000 miners, 5,000 colored men, 23,000 boys. The gymnasiums enroll 77,000 men and boys, the educational classes 26,000. The annual attendance upon Bible classes exceeds 500,000; the religious meetings 2,500,000; a daily attendance at the buildings of more than 100,000. 1,400 secretaries are employed; two schools for training officers are conducted; \$40,000 per year contributed for association work in foreign lands, where 20 secretaries are stationed. Naval Temperance League with 2,000 members. 359 buildings costing 320,378.000. A building erected every nine days for the past year. Property valuation exceeds \$24,000,000. Money given and pledged for work and buildings in 1900, over \$6,600,000. 27 state committees employ 57 secretaries and expend \$152,000 annually. The international committee employs 43 secretaries and expends \$140,000; publishes three periodicals and fifty pamphlets annually."

Every member ought to read this number of Men and learn the influence of the Y. M. C. A. in every land.

### Y. W. C. A. Notes

Miss Lenore Good, '98, has been secured as our Bible teacher for this term. The class will meet every Friday afternoon at four o'clock, and upon each member of the class

individually will depend the increase in Bible knowledge that she can receive from this work.

Thirty seven girls were in attendance at our first meeting for the new year. We spent a blessed and helpful hour together, having for our topic, "How to begin the new year."

At our last meeting the chairman of the missionary committee presented to the girls the line of study for the mission class this term. South America is the country to be considered, and all girls interested in mission work should, if possible, avail themselves of this opportunity.

The state executive committee has just put into the hands of our local association a number of copies of "Favorite Quotations," got out by the state Association and to be bought by the Association girls and their friends. The money is to help in the state work which is much in need of funds. Any one desiring a copy may apply to the president of our Association for it.

In this, the beginning of a new college term, a new year, and a new century, our Association girls could make no better beginning for each new day than by keeping the morning watch. Will not every girl consider this question very prayerfully? Those who are keeping it will tell you what it means to them.

### Banquet in Chicago.

THE Chicago Alumnae association of United Brethren Colleges held its annual banquet, the evening of Thanksgiving Day, in the parlors of the Leland Hotel of that city. The hotel is one of the largest and finest in Chicago, and the accommodations afforded the Association were first-class in every respect.

About thirty members and guests were present, and at 7:00 p. m. all repaired to the large dining-hall set apart for the occasion,



and partook of an excellent supper. The menu was elaborate, consisting of seven courses, and the viands were in keeping with the Thanksgiving season.

The feasting in the dining-hall ended, the party returned to the parlors, where was enjoyed "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Prof. J. M. Strasburg, principal of one of the public schools of the city, and president of the Association, served as toastmaster, and called out the following who spoke briefly on the subjects named: Bishop E. B. Kephart, D. D., of Annville, Pa., "The Power of Ideals;" Dr. G. A. Funkhouser, of Union Biblical Seminary, Dayton, Ohio, spoke of the work of the Seminary and its hopeful growth; Dr. I. L. Kephart, "The End of Education;" Dr. L. Bookwalter, president of Western College, Toledo, Iowa, told of the work of that school and its heroic, successful struggle to cancel all its financial liabilities; Dr. T. J. Sanders, president of Otterbein University, gave a brief survey of the work of that institution and its honorable record among the denominational colleges of Ohio; R. v. S. M. Stoltz, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Streator, Ill., gave a brief but very practical address on the importance of sustaining the smaller colleges.

These were followed by brief impromptu addresses by Hon. S. P. Gary, Mr. W. E. Ernst, Mr. L. L. Hamnicht, Mr. G. W. Little, and others.

Among others present who were especially noticeable, but called away before the impromptu addresses closed, were Rev. W. O. Foley, of Chicago, formerly assistant editor of the Religious Telescope, who was accompanied by his wife; also Mr. Edward Everitt, of Chicago; Miss Maud Reese, daughter of President Reese, of Westfield College; Mr. Carl Owen, of Westfield, Ill.; Mr. Daniel Surface, of Richmond, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Horace Rebock, of Chicago; and Mr. and Mrs. Allen, of Chicago.

The secretary of the Association gave a

very encouraging report of the organization, and the officers of the previous years were all re-elected.

Otterbein University, Westfield College, Western College, and Union Biblical Seminary each had several representatives present at the meeting, and had not the time fallen on Thanksgiving Day, the attendance would have been much larger.

Excellent piano music for the occasion was rendered by Professor Hillestead, of Chicago, and Miss Maud Reese, and on the clarinet by Mr. Carl Owen.

The purpose of the Association is to perpetuate a strong bond of union and fraternity between all who may reside in or any ways near Chicago, that have ever been students in any United Brethren school. All such are invited to send their names at any time to Mr. Walter S. Diller, 1510 Masonic Temple, Chicago, for membership. The purpose is a most worthy one and should be encouraged. It will be seen that membership is not confined to graduates, but embraces any who may ever have attended a United Brethren College.—Religious Telescope.

### Alumni

Miss Maude Ruth, '98, is teaching in the public schools of Scottsdale, Pa.

F. S. Beard, '99, formerly editor of the ÆGIS, is superintendent of the schools of Rawson, O.

Geo. Comfort, '99, who has been at Union Biblical Seminary since his graduation, has entered the new century with increased enthusiasm. A lady of Canada is the cause. The ÆGIS wishes them a long and useful life.

F. J. Resler, '93, teacher of voice, Iowa Agricultural College, Ames, Ia., is spending his vacation at Otterbein. He reports a heavy loss by the burning of part of the oldest building, but states that other buildings are in the

process of erection and that the outlook is most encouraging.

We are glad to notice that D. M. Scott, '94, of Seymoursville, W. Va., is recovering his health, which for several years has been broken down.

Miss Otis Flook, 'co, is teaching in the public schools of Arcanum, O. She came to Westerville and spent vacation with her parents.

F. S. Minshall, '96, formerly missionary to Africa, is now pastor of the First U. B. church Indianapolis, Ind. We wish him prosperity in his new field.

J. C. Blackburn, '95, superintendent of schools, Scottdale, Pa., was recently admitted to the bar at Greensburg, Pa. We wish him success in his new field.

W. R. Rhoades, '96, assistant principal of the high school at Findlay, shows his interest in athletics by developing an enthusiastic football team in the school.

R. L. Blagg, '92, gave his presence and enthusiasm at the football game at Springfield, Thanksgiving. He is subscription agent of the Ladies' Home Journal of that city.

Charles A. Funkhouser, '95, is now Attorney at Law with his office at 601 and 602 Reibald building, Dayton. We hope he may be successful in his new vocation.

J. O. Rankin, '85, Attorney at Law, Kansas City, has been compelled to take a vacation for some months on account of ill health. We are pleased to note that he has about recovered his usual health. He was editor of the Otterbein Record one year of his school life.

While many are entering the new year with higher "ideals," and not a few the new century with "that better determinate," C. C. Cockrell, '96, has in no uncertain voice exclaimed—"Yes, I will take a resolution, myself." The fortunate lady was Miss Edna McDermott. The ceremony was performed at Leroy, O., and their

home will be at Mansfield, O. Mr. Cockrell has a position as mailing clerk from Pittsburg to Chicago. He has many friends in Otterbein and an enviable record in athletics. We wish him the usual courtesy.

Horace M. Rebok, '86, is the author of a well written and beautifully illustrated brochure entitled, "The Last of the Mus Qua Kies, recently put out by the U. B. Publishing House. Price 35 cents. The Mus Qua Kies are the Foxes, whom the French called Outagamies, who played a conspicuous part in the history of the country about the Great Lakes and along the Mississippi river for more than two hundred years after they were found by Jesuit missionaries. Four hundred of these Indians yet remain on a reservation in Tama county, Iowa, closely following the customs and habits of their ancestors. The author has succeeded in doing for this tribe, for whom he was the United States Agent for a number of years, what Francis Parkman accomplished in general for the Indian tribes of the northeast. Just now Mr. Rebok is engaged in the work preliminary to the publication of an illustrated weekly review, with offices at 635 Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

### A Wonderful Invention

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### Locals

La Grippe is tormenting several of our number.

Oscar Zehring, formerly one of our number, gave us a friendly call last week.

L. C. Henry has returned home to accept a position in electrical engineering.

Rev. Marshall led the chapel service of Monday morning, Jan. 14th.

The Philophronean Literary Society has organized an orchestra of fourteen members.

The ladies' basket ball team will play a ladies' team of Columbus in the near future.

W. O. Turben, of Rushville, accompanied by his brother, spent several days with us recently.

Protracted meeting is in progress in all the churches. Union meetings are held each afternoon and at different churches throughout the week. The night sessions are conducted by the pastors in their respective churches. This

new custom seems to please a good number and the attendance is fair.

The Westerville Electric Company have about completed the lighting of college chapel by electricity.

Will DuBois is now assisting his father in his occupation and has again joined the college band.

Skating was quite good recently and many enjoyed it so much that they almost forgot they were in college.

The Misses Robertson, Brockman, Thompson, Barnes, and Messrs. Lesher, Walters and Walton are again with us.

H. U. Engle, the second bass of the Otterbein Male Quartet, entertained the remaining members to dinner on Sunday, Jan. 13.

WANTED—Ladies and gentlemen to introduce the "hottest" seller on earth. Dr. White's Electric Comb, patented 1899. Agents are coining money. Cures all forms of scalp ailments, headaches, etc., yet costs

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H. Carl Schaff, who has been with one of the most famous military bands of U. S. for two years, is at home visiting his friends.

A few students did not return this term, but this number has been greatly exceeded by new ones, the number being about twenty-five.

The Otterbein Male Quartet, whose pictures appear in another part of this edition, have been doing much work for institutes and giving entertainments, with the assistance of Prof. L. B. McNamee. Three of the members are of the class 1901 and that means the last season of the organization. A number of high schools have already secured their ser-

vices for commencement and they are ready to fill such engagements or give entire programs as mentioned above. Address Otterbein Male Quartet, care of H. U. Engle.

Rev. Birchby of the Presbyterian church conducted devotion at chapel on Tuesday, the 8th, and gave a very interesting talk to the students.

The lecture of Jan. 19, by Dr. Willits was right up to date. The generally listless hearer was not present, that he was one of the delighted listeners was all due to the manner, charm and plainness of the speaker. The lecture was very interesting as it was a delightful mingling of the grave and gay, humorous and pathetic, yet each auditor felt that when it was ended, that he not only had spent a pleasant evening, but could carry away much

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that would be of benefit to him. We can say also, that the lectures of the course this year have met the approval of the entire community.

The third session of Arthurian club was not held on Jan. 5th, but on the 12th. The program was interesting and the meeting was the most enjoyable yet held.

The Otterbein Male Quartet have secured the assistance of Prof. L. B. McNamee, our teacher of oratory, and are filling a good number of engagements.

The "All Stars" of Westerville won a game of basket ball from a scrub team of the college Saturday, Jan. 12th. Score, 7 to 14. Players: Stars—W. Lloyd, G. Lloyd, Jones, Flick, Hempstead; Scrubs—Oldt, Miller, Lloyd, Hughes, McLeod.

The Seniors declared the representative affair out of date and decided unanimously to make their own speeches, and that each

member of the class appear on commencement day. It was also decided that there should be both a forenoon and afternoon session.

Rev. F. P. Sanders preached at college chapel Sunday morning, Jan. 13th. The discourse was a very able and stirring one and so delighted his many listeners.

The oratorical association officers are working up its interests and the prospects are fine for a good number in the contest. The time for the local contest was postponed.

The Athletic Association held their first session on Saturday, Jan. 12. A new amendment to the constitution was voted, viz., that an assistant business manager in both football and baseball be added to the regular list of officers. It was also agreed that two teams were necessary in baseball as well as football and steps were taken to equip two regularly uniformed teams. The outlook for baseball was never so bright as at present, and as this new movement

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s commended by all, there is no doubt but that Otterbein will dawn the new century with the finest baseball team that has ever appeared on her diamond. It was further decided that there be a regular schedule of games of basket ball to be played by the regular college classes and the power was given the athletic board to arrange schedule of games.

Jan. 28th is the time of our next lecture. Now, you backward and bashful boys begin the century aright by seeing to it, that those girls need not come and go all alone, or have to stay at home fearing to venture in the darkness.

The college band began the year with two rehearsals a week. We hope to see this continued, for it means an organization of first class to appear at the first commencement of the new century. The membership now exceeds 20.

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Chaplain's Address....."Choice Motives"  
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H. M. Kline  
Inauguration of Officers  
Mandolin Duet—"Barlow Medley".....Brodie  
Earl F. Bohn and P. H. Kilbourn  
President's Inaugural....."A World Crisis"  
R. J. Head  
Music—"Crossing the Bar".....Crowley  
Philomathean Glee Club  
Storyette....."In Time of War"  
P. H. Kilbourn  
Clarinet Solo—"Fantasia on 'Philmathea'"...Trigina  
E. L. Weinland  
Extemporaneous Speaking  
Music—Two-step—"Across the Continent".....Swartz  
Philomathean Orchestra  
Adjournment

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7.30	4.30	7.30	4.30
8.30	5.30	8.30	5.30
9.30	6.30	9.30	6.30
10.30	7.30	10.30	7.30
11.30	8.30	11.30	8.30
P. M.	9.40	P. M.	9.40
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