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COLUMBUS, O.
EDITORIAL.

No pastime can be found to better engage the leisure hour than that of poetic composition. True, the first efforts may be very crude. The verse may not scan. That essence of true poetry, soul, may be entirely wanting. Still a literary facility has been acquired, the value of which can not be determined. Choice words, strong figures, bold assertions, happy thoughts, all conspire to make expression elegant, and we know of nothing more fitted to help the imagination and produce these results than an hour’s communion with the poet’s muse.

While the thermometer is making its registers with chilling nearness to the zero point, field sports of course are impossible, but should be by no means forgotten. To those anticipating positions on the spring baseball team, we recommend the practice of such light exercises as will best retain the vigor of the muscles most needed in the positions the persons desire to play. The man who is in the best condition when the season opens is the man who will gain the place he seeks. A little time thus occupied will give very satisfactory results, and will not detract in the least from the most earnest prosecution of college work, which should demand our first attention.

And still it grows. What grows? The list of those who have given to the college five hundred dollars in cash. Since our last issue, Mr. W. H. Markley, of Sweet Wine, Ohio, and the Woman’s Co-operative Circle, have each contributed the amount named, and the indebtedness of the college has been reduced by just one thousand dollars. Not only has that much debt been wiped out, but the money necessary to pay the interest on that amount can now be used further to diminish the total indebtedness. This is the giving that helps. The roll now numbers five—one-tenth the number first asked for by the Aegis. These friends have done well, and have our sincere thanks. Many others are as able to do as are they, and we send forth an earnest appeal for more five-hundred-dollar cash donations.

With this month we begin some improvements that we trust will make the Aegis more attractive than ever. The contributed articles, “Housewifery—a bit of kitchen chemistry,” by Mrs. Laura Shrom, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; “The work among the colored people of the South,” by Miss Anna Scott, class ’91, Montgomery, Ala.; “Education vs Culture,” by Miss Flora Spear, class ’92; “The Grey and the Gold,” by J. A. Howell, class ’92, afford an interest equal to that of former issues.
The Woman's Co-operative Circle, of Otterbein University, has scored its first victory. It was organized only last June, and its growth in membership throughout the co-operating territory has neither been rapid nor general. But notwithstanding the difficulty in organizing the movement abroad, the women have turned into the college treasury their first donation, five hundred dollars. This shows what a little band of earnest, devoted workers can do. It shows also what a mighty arm of power this movement can be made, when once it is generally organized. Ten thousand members giving one cent a day means thirty-six thousand five hundred dollars a year. In a total church membership of seventy-five thousand, this movement ought to reach and interest at least ten thousand, and it can be done. And in this connection, we think the Circle has scored its second victory. It has been fortunate in being able to secure as organizer, Mrs. A. L. Billheimer, of White Pine, Tenn. Mrs. Billheimer does not come as a stranger to the college, or to the work she is expected to do. As a prominent worker and officer in the Woman's Missionary Society, she has acquired an experience and a zeal that will merit and win success for the interests she represents. She will spend all her time visiting the various towns and fields of labor in the church, organizing local societies and interesting the women of the church in the college. Wherever she goes, we trust she will receive not only a hearty welcome, but substantial help.

We are pleased to note the many cheering words of commendation concerning the last number of the Aegis. The Religious Telescope says: "The December number of the Otterbein Aegis came to our table enlarged and much improved. Its engraved title page is very tasty and appropriate. The frontispiece is a picture of the Otterbein Foot-ball Team. The editorial departments have unusual interest, the whole representing Otterbein University in a most creditable way."

By the way, how any United Brethren family can get along without the Telescope is a more difficult problem than the Aegis will undertake to solve. Its circulation ought to be doubled.

We are glad to note the well organized efforts that are being made for the liquidation of the college debt. If the Sunday School superintendents in the several co-operating conferences are careful to take up a collection as it has been provided for Otterbein University, it will not only bring a handsome sum into the treasury of the college, but will be quite effective in bringing the work of the college before the youth of the churches, and may we not hope for a largely increased attendance at Otterbein University, as a result of these influences? The Sunday School at Westerville took up the collection amounting to $26 during the holiday vacation. May the good work go on and Otterbein's prosperity be insured.

The winter term has opened with the old students back with few exceptions, and a very handsome increase of new faces, both of ladies and gentlemen. The work of the term is now well in hand, and our teachers are pushing it right along. And what is best of all, we are made to feel that study is not only a duty—in fact, the business for which we come to college—but a delight. As an evidence of our prosperity, we call attention to the large classes organized this term. The class in Physiology numbers thirty-five; in Civil Government there are forty members; in Lockwood's Lessons in English about the same number; in the class beginning German, the number exceeds forty, and in three or four other classes, the number exceeds thirty. It does us all good to see the class-rooms so full, and if our friends throughout the church will do what they can do so easily, the present number will not only be maintained but augmented during the year.
THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF A COLLEGE TRAINING IN ACTIVE LIFE.

V. HOUSEWIFERY — A BIT OF KITCHEN CHEMISTRY.

Next to the restful memories of child life, those of happy student life, cheer and linger in the heart when the trying years of midlife crowd their burdens—hard to bear at times—upon the busy housewife. Few women enter the after-college duties of their lives, realizing the tread-mill routine of existence that awaits them. This is peculiarly true of domestic life—so much so, that many women would gladly exchange the gain of years of study for the strength—physical—or knowledge of an ordinary servant. Sometimes in hours of weariness and discouragement, the question of its being worth while to economize and care for the littles of time and money for educating sons and daughters, would be answered with a decided no! But it is not so unprofitable as one might think, this stopping a few years to study; especially is this true of some of the sciences.

There is not a kitchen in the land but is a little laboratory. The simple boiling of an egg possesses interesting changes that are even scientific. Drop the cold white oval into a cup of boiling water; boil hard for two or three minutes; remove from the hot water and break it. Next the shell, the transparent semi-liquid albumen has been changed to a hard, almost rubber-like substance, while the center has scarcely felt the effect of the heat at all, and the golden yelk is almost unchanged. Into a cup of slightly warm or even cold water, drop another egg, place where it will heat, even rapidly, until the rising bubbles tell the story of diffusive heat, remove from the hot bath, and break. Slowly, but gently and thoroughly the heat has done its work. Like a delicate jelly the snowy albumen enfolds the golden globe—at once healthfully and delicately cooked. Everywhere within the domain of the kitchen, science has constant surprises for the eye "from which the scales have fallen" permitting it to behold its wonders. The making of a loaf of bread—from the mysterious growth and life of the yeast, to the transformed mass of puffy dough that is drawn from the glowing oven, golden-brown and fragrant—is a succession of wonders.

Who may denounce as ignoble or declare a waste of time any study that leads to the intelligent production of food necessary to maintain health and strength of body and mind for the duties of every day? The rivals—heat and cold—are made the useful helps of the intelligent housewife. The mysteries of the preservation of fruit and vegetables, the disarming of the invisible gases that invade the domestic realm of their deadly power, the healing of the deadly waters in the household spring or fountain—all these have their places in kitchen chemistry, and at various times and in unexpected places must be met and answered. In these days of restlessness and unsatisfied questioning; it is blessed to draw from the years past a memory of some principle or truth, which, though varied in form and expression, helps to solve each day's problems.

I would that some bright student might write a "Manual of Kitchen Chemistry" at once practical and interesting. Elaborate to thoroughness, and plain to helpfulness. It would be worth while to busy women, who may not think with logical exactness, but must think and act as well.

LAURA J. SHROM.

THE MODERN HERO.

His head was jammed into the sand,
His arms were broke in twain,
Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone;
He ne'er would walk again.

His lips moved slow, I stooped to hear
The whispers they let fall;
His voice was weak; but this I heard,
"Old man, who got the ball."—Muse.
THE CONDITION OF THE COLORED PEOPLE IN THE SOUTH.

Many of those who have studied the interests of the negro race are convinced that the colored people can do better in their old home than elsewhere. They know no other. They are deeply attached to this south-land, and are especially adapted to its climate.

A teacher who has been laboring with them for over twenty years, after a trip through the Northern States and Canada, during which every means was employed to learn the condition of the race in those sections where superior social and educational advantages are granted, returned fully convinced that the South was the place for them.

There, they are in a minority, and apparently have nothing for which to strive; while here, the very fact that they must band together and contend for every privilege, furnishes an impetus to advancement. Their great number, also, affords a chance for competition, another strong impelling force.

They are buying land in companies, thus forming colored settlements; nor do these communities seem to be lacking in ambition, judging from the efforts made to establish schools and build up respectable neighborhoods. There are many places in the rural districts where they have school only four months in the year, Northern people not being allowed to establish schools in those localities.

But in the towns they are awake to their own interests, and demand better treatment from the educational boards. As yet, however, a colored teacher must be satisfied with a monthly salary of about ten dollars less than that of a white teacher doing the same work.

This State has established three normal schools with industrial departments, one of which, located at Tuskegee, boasts that from its very beginning the teachers have all been of their own race. There is a growing desire to become independent; and it has been predicted that in a few years there will be no white teachers among them. The majority of the colored people deplore their ignorance, recognize its disadvantages, and are determined that their children shall have better opportunities. It may be said to their credit that the wages of washerwomen pay the tuition of hundreds of children.

The colored race are unquestionably a destructive people. They will never accumulate much until habits of thrift and economy are acquired. It has been made possible of late years for those living in the cities to have homes of their own.

Property-holders are building small houses and selling them to the colored people on slow payments; thus the possession of a home, one of the most sacred and refining influences of civilization, is open to them.

Religious emotion has ever been considered one of their peculiar characteristics. They are slowly learning, however, that noise is not essential to worship.

At the organization of one of the colored churches of this city, a resolution was offered and adopted, to the effect that order should always be maintained, nor could a more quiet, reverential congregation than assembles within its walls be found anywhere. One of the most encouraging features in laboring to uplift this people is their strong religious nature. Churches are found among them whether they have school houses or not, the church being used for that purpose. A decided contrast to the custom in our Western States where the school house is used for a church.

The simple faith and thankful spirit manifested by many of the poorest might well put to shame the multitudes of ungrateful complainers in this most favored land. Another very commendable characteristic is their kindness to the helpless. No house seems so small but that, if the occasion offers an orphan child or needy old person may find shelter and be received as one of the family.

Society organizations are popular with
A colored person considers the holding of a membership in one or more societies necessary to good social standing.

Hundreds of adherents are found to the world-renowned Masonic order and those of less repute. The churches have their various societies, children, even, being organized and paying monthly fees. Consequently, the society treasuries receive much of their scanty earnings. The lack of the ability to lay anything by, is perhaps the origin of this custom, as the societies pay doctors' bills and funeral expenses.

It is doubtful if there is anything that retards their progress more than intemperance and the tobacco curse.

While the habit of snuff-dipping is dying out among them, as well as among the whites, its place is being filled by cigarette smoking. Northern people are so accustomed to associating the ideas of snow and Christmas together, that they are apt to think of the South as having no holiday week. But it is even gayer here than there, especially with the colored people. In slavery days their masters gave them many privileges at that time; thus it came to be their great festive season, and so it still remains. Their settlements are made brilliant with fireworks; Santa Claus visits every home, no matter how poor. Each Sabbath School must have its Christmas-tree and every child its present.

New Year's Day was the twenty-ninth anniversary of the "Emancipation Proclamation." Throughout the cities and towns of the South the custom of celebrating that event has been adopted by the Afro-Americans.

In this city the chief attraction on that occasion was "Sherwood's Youth Band," which marched at the head of the procession. It is a band from Florida composed entirely of orphan boys traveling in the interest of a colored orphans' home in that State. After the parade the crowd gathered in one of their large churches to listen to a carefully prepared program. The president of the meeting was a young colored gentleman, a college graduate, and the principal of one of the colored schools.

The orator was introduced as a champion of the manhood rights of the negro. After paying due tribute to the memory of Lincoln, Stewart, Sumner, and other famous abolitionists, he spoke of the remarkable progress of the colored people since their emancipation, and mentioned as one of the best indications of the fact that there are now representatives of their race in all the professions. Ministers, lawyers, doctors, professors and editors are numbered with them, as well as manufacturers, business men, mechanics and farmers.

He called their attention to the many fine church edifices, business houses and other property owned by their people. He claimed, as do many leading colored men of the South, that in business, at least, the race prejudice has almost disappeared, and that a bright future lies before energetic young colored men.

Bishop Turner's plan of colonizing the Dark Continent with negroes from this country, did not receive the approbation of the speaker. They were American citizens, not only by right of birth, but from the fact that when our country was struggling for her independence, a negro patriot was the first to fall, and also in the late rebellion 200,000 colored troops fought for the preservation of the Union.

The present needs of his people were set forth; a higher standard of morality was named as the greatest; next, a stronger spirit of self-reliance and self-help, especially in educational matters; for, while a proper gratitude should be felt for the good accomplished by such institutions as Fisk University, still the time had come when they should establish their own schools, and maintain them by their own industry.

A very hopeful view was taken of their failure, as yet, to receive equal civil and political rights. The speaker urged his hearers to a greater persistency in their demand for this equality, and assured them that it was only a question of time, until their rights would be regarded.

The need of the farmers was then considered and they were advised to turn their attention to cultivation of other products, as the raising of so much cotton was becoming unprofitable.

It will take time for the negroes to outgrow the effects of their two hundred and forty years of servitude. But that they have made rapid advancement cannot be denied.

The pastor of a white church of this city, recently, stated in the pulpit, that the great question of the South would soon be, not what shall we do with the freedmen, but what will they do with us?

AMNA SCOTT.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.
It was only a ray of sunshine that fell athwart a faded and ragged carpet of a poorly furnished room; only a ray of sunshine, and nothing more, that caused a smile to play on the thin, wan lips of a fading life that spent the sunny hours of the day in that small attic chamber.

An early visitor, this bright beam came but for a little while — came to tell the good news to the occupant of that room that another morn had spread the eastern skies with its rosy robes. A little messenger of peace,— on wings of speed had it come its distant way — slanted through the boughs of an old linden, and stopped to cheer the suffering couch of a human being.

Whence had it come? Why must it haste away so soon, seeing that it was all the sunshine given to that life for one long, long day? And, too, some days were cloudy and it never came at all! A sad salt tear filled the watching eye, but was quickly wiped away, leaving only its stain. This common, every day occurrence was only a life's pendulum, swinging between a smile and a tear.

"Good morning," were the words I uttered, one bright morning in summer, to a barefooted boy who crossed my way.

"Good morning, sir," was the little fellow's reply, and, as he said it, his small, dirty face was but an index by means of which I read of the pleasure that filled his young heart.

What had it cost me to say good morning? Nothing at all — a mere breath.

It did seem so strange to him that notice should be taken of a dirty boy — a ragged, penniless street Arab. He had no home but the cold, dusty doorstep, his kindest friend the rough policeman with his "move on there!" ""Get out of this, you wretched brat!"

Why had I spoken as I did? He did not know — I could not tell; but I had spoken thus, and for this reason his feet seemed to run a little faster, his heart, somehow, beat lighter as he hurried past me with his cheery "good morning, sir."

Poor little fellow! He had hardly run a block away when a sigh, sad and long, passed from the lips from which the smile had hardly fled. I had breathed on a life chord, tuned to sweetest pleasure, but thrilling the deepest note of woe.

How pleasant are the gleams that slant through the crevices and chinks of the usually closed mortal breast. Though they may only come for a moment, they always bring the sunshine, joy and happiness that would arise from a life unsullied and unstained by coarse passions—by wicked and wayward thoughts. Speeding on their errands of mercy, these bright, sunny rays come, with their glad light, to the heart of him who stands behind the polished bar of the gilded saloon; to the breast of that one, whose world is now a narrow cell, built for him by the owner of that tempting bar; to the life of her, whose weary fingers eke out a mere existence in the struggle for the pittance to buy the bread promised to her, in the blush and bloom of young womanhood, by him who looks from the prison grating; to that poor, little soul, whose pinched and wasted cheeks wail forth the need of good food and air, demanding what those weary fingers would gladly give it if they only could.

How quickly flies the shuttle of our lives, with its busy, busy click! From the bobbin the thread is caught, and the web and woof of our existence is spun out ere time has scarcely seemed to flit away. Fine are some of the textures, coarse and rough are others. that the loom of life passes from its cradle, This one decks the form of wealth and receives the praises and admiration of a countless throng; that one is worn by a trembling frame, till, tattered and torn, the driveling fool himself makes fun of its rents and coarseness; this one drapes the casket of Dives; that one covers the rude, rough box of the workhouse of Lazarus. Lift these fabrics up to the light of day—hold these lives up to the garish light! What can be seen? What can we see? Silver threads among the gold; to each a side of grey and one of gold.

How much of joy and happiness there seems to be in some lives. To such, the burrowing beetle and the sightless worm are glad and happy playmates; the noisy stream, brawling as if its little heart would burst with levity, sings a sweet, sweet note to those ears; the daisy and the simple anemone are bosom friends to those breasts. On the horizon of such lives, clouds seldom hang; very few of the silver strands run through these finely-wrought fabrics; very little of the grey is seen.

But turn — turn quickly, and see the contrast! The happy bird, sitting and singing...
on the bough of its leafy home, is envied, and a wish is half expressed that it would hush its merry note; the tiny rill laughs too merrily as it races along in happy companionship with its mossy banks; the bright sunlight mocks the gloom of a saddened life. In such fabrics the golden threads are few—the side of gray is well shaded; on such lives clouds lower heavily, and sunbeams scarcely ever tinge their dark, black edges. But, yet, to every life there is a sunbeam; in every fabric there is a golden thread; the grey does not compose all of the web and woof of an existence.

It is the twilight of a summer’s eve. Feeling gloomy and sad, I make my way to the village churchyard, and there I see:

A common sight—the weavy bosomed ground,

Flecked here and there with white, the cloddish mound

And stone. All is not still. The mournful dove,

From yonder copse coos out her notes of love;
The drummer drums his solemn bark the while;

And distant low responds to neighboring stile.
The hum and buzz of insect life I hear;
The nestling birds that quarrel with their share;
The village church which rings its vesper bell;

I, lazy lounging, writing, break the spell.

A pleasant sight! Not far the laborer’s plot,

Which blossom-time has changed to vernal spot;

His cottage vined, which curls its smoky sea

To juicy board that waits the evening meal.
The carpet green of grass; the growing grain;

The wealthy verdure of the bleating plain;

Bright Lucifer, who hides his sleepy eye

Behind a cloud which floats the western sky,

Which tints with mellow ray the drowsy land.

I come to this spot with feelings of reverence and awe. Silently, with but the noise of my pencil jotting down my thoughts, I walk upon the “Acre of God.” With the exception of the throbbing life that beats within my own breast, and the gentle breathings of the drowsy world, all is still, solemn and silent. I have time to stop and think.

At my feet is a buried sun beam, a little golden thread. This ray of light once lit up the lamps of love in the eyes of parents; this tiny strand of gold once ran through the fabric of a loving mother’s life. Where it ends, a silver thread has been woven in by the spinner.

A pace or so away from these knolls of sod, I see a half spun web of grey draping a granite shaft, and in the shadow on that broken column I read:

- The uncarved slab, each polished granite shaft,
  Clean cut and named,—the work of human craft;
  Each splintered stone that marks a resting head,
  Is but these words in petrifaction read:
  Life’s grey and gold."

I drew closer to this web of grey; I gaze long and earnestly, but can only see, here and there, a dash of gold to relieve the dull monotony of the grey. It is a life that has been lived in the gloom and shadows of despondency; a fabric that has been spun from a bobbin on which was wound a silver thread, tied once, at every great length, with a bit of golden yarn.

How many shadowed and sunlit lives were buried here, I could not tell. How many gloomy brows and happy faces formed, beneath this mould, the worm’s riot ground, I would not guess at. All that I will affirm is that the chamber of the tomb was liveried with richly and poorly wrought tapestries, was decked with hangings whose one side is grey, the other gold, and each, and all, with silver threads among the gold,

I turn and walk a thoughtful homeward way;

Behind me death in all its quick decay;

Before me life its busy bustling throng

All panting, pushing, hurrying me along.
The stream is strong, I cannot stem the flow;

The rapid currents bear me where they go;

Adown their bosom wide I float the wave,

’Till brawling o’er its brink they empty in the grave.

J. A. Howell, ’92.

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OPEN SESSION OF THE CLEIOS.

Roll call.

Reading and approval of minutes.

Reports of retiring officers.

Chaplain’s retiring address.

Character vs. Reputation—Myrtie Ervin.

Music, Orchestra—Hamm’s Overture.

President’s Valedictory, “Wherein Lies Our Interest?”—Elvah Hamilton.

President’s Inaugural, “A Glimpse at the Germans”—Lesha Beardsley.

Music, Piccolo Solo—Cora Shaner.

Journal—Ada Bovey.

Piano Solo—Mrs. Maude Everal.

A Sketch—Ida Waters.

Violin Solo, Hungarian Dance—Daisy Custer.

Original Poem—Nannie Safford.

Orchestra—Hope of Alsace.

Roll Call.

Good Night—Vocal Quartet.

Adjournment.
Scholarly men and men of genius are not all men of culture. There are many characteristics which distinguish culture from knowledge, though the words are often used interchangeably. Very often we hear men who possess vast stores of knowledge called cultured men, which may or may not be true, and just as frequently men are judged to be learned when they are only cultured.

Dr. Holland tersely expressed this distinction when he said knowledge "relates to our mental possessions, culture to ourselves; knowledge is acquired, culture is developed." A man may crowd the mind with facts until he is a veritable walking encyclopedia and still he may not be cultured in the slightest degree. The acquirement of knowledge does in many instances lead to a development of culture and it ought to in every instance. Truly that education is defective which only stores the mind with facts and fails to inspire a search for the great, living principle which underlies it all, and of which facts are only the outward tokens.

The student of botany may be able to call your favorite flowers by Latin or Greek names long enough to make your head swim, or he may know the exact shape and size of the grains of pollen of all the different species, or he may know the structure of all the ducts and veins through which the flower receives its life—but this is not culture.

When he recognizes in the delicate or bright hues of each flower the matchless work of the great Artist; when he considers the peculiar adaptation of the structure and manner of growth of the plant to its surroundings as the provision of an all-wise Creator; when he opens his heart to the beautiful lessons of purity and innocence which they hold in their fragile cups; when he reads them as leaves from the great living book of nature—then indeed he is reading lessons of true culture.

As long as a man sees in piles of rocks only quartz, feldspar, hornblende, or mica mingled in various proportions the facts gathered serve him as knowledge; but when he realizes that these same elements have been weighed, measured and piled into mountain ridges or scattered among the sands of the sea by the Master-builder of the universe, then he gains something greater than knowledge—culture.

In like manner the study of any department of science, history or philosophy affords almost unlimited means of culture. If we broaden the field to include music and painting, the cultivation of taste, the development of the body, advancement in mechanical skill and the more homely arts of common life, cooking and housekeeping, we contend there is culture in these also, how vast the resources become.

As truly as there is knowledge without culture so is there culture where knowledge is lacking. That person whose heart beats in unison with the heart of the Savior of mankind, who quick, with loving sympathy and ready tact, always speaks the kind word and lightens the heavy burden, is truly cultured, though he be not able to read the simplest sentence or write his own name. He may not be cultured in the broadest or highest sense of the word but in its best sense. That culture gained by the development of the intellectual faculties alone is cold and lifeless, though it may be brilliant as the light of some far distant star, whose rays chill while they fascinate. To have warmth and life it needs the impulse of a heart which has forgotten itself in its thought for others.

No place in the world affords such unparalleled opportunities for obtaining both knowledge and culture as college halls. Yet should the student in his ambition commit the contents of every text book in the curriculum he would gain knowledge, but unless he studies his own experience and observes the world around him, he will gain no culture. The text book can only bring him to the window through which he can behold the vast realm of thought; to be cultured he must go beyond.

The world is calling for cultured men and women. Nothing is more essential to true success in life. The power which the possession of this attainment gives is truly magical in its scope and results.

The men who influence and mould public sentiment, those who come nearest the hearts of the people, are men whose lives are broad and wide, and whose thought instead of flowing in one channel flows in ten thousand channels.

One most effectual means of gaining culture is by associating with people who possess it. One cannot spend an hour in the presence of a truly cultured person without feeling a new inspiration to do and be more and
better, and without seeing more grandeur in life. The privilege of bearing culture to mankind is given largely to woman; because her sympathy is quicker, her intuition more unfailing, and because of the place God has given her in the home, she above all others is fitted to influence and refine those about her.

Therefore, if possible, let her seek and acquire knowledge, but as she values the worth of her womanhood let her not neglect the higher good, the greater power to be found in culture alone.

**FLORA SPEAR.**

---

**THE MAN UP A TREE.**

The movement to organize an oratorical association in Otterbein ought to be favorably regarded by everyone who has interest in the school. It has promise of good in it. Fusses? Well, maybe; but we had better have a fuss occasionally than not to have an oratorical. But to "a man up a tree" it looks like reasonable people ought to get along together without war, even if they don't think altogether alike. Bear and forbear, you know. A little more confidence all around. Anyway, let's have the oratorical; let's get into the State association—if they'll have us; and when we're safely in, we promise it will not be we who occupy the last pew. Not much.

**

The Y. M. C. A. ought, in a Christian college, to be the most important students' organization in it. That's what it is growing more and more to be in Otterbein. Young man, if you are not in line with the Y. M. C. A., you are not in line with the best interests of the school. Of course that's saying not very much, but this is saying a very great deal—you are out of line with your own interests, temporal and eternal. Maybe you don't think so, but just mark this, some day you'll think that very thing mighty strong even if you don't now.

**

Say, what would you think if next commencement were held in Otterbein's gymnasium, seated to accommodate twelve hundred people? Be somewhat surprised wouldn't you? How about being glad? Well, it's two to one that you have both those feelings before next June. How's that? Well, well, wait and see. The breezes are just whispering something about it, but they are not saying very much.

**

Otterbein, in common with some other schools, has had a great deal of class spirit of a certain kind—that negative kind that guys

---
the smoother road, the moonlight, the robes, the quiet of the night, the—the—the—well, we give it up, you know how it is.

That's a very ancient trick—asking the professor questions to kill time and cover up your poor preparation. Of course, we never do that sort of thing here in Otterbein. When students ask questions—like we do—to show how sharp they are or to run the professor up, it's a very dignified and profitable exercise. Little satirical, eh? Well, yes; the fact is that the question-asking class is generally a class that has a thought of its own. Thinkers are not made out of students who swallow textbooks whole. The men and women who let their thoughts and questionings run round the world, even if the said thoughts and questionings do get pretty thin by reason of spreadoutedness, are more hopeful than the men and women who glue themselves to a textbook page.

The very slippery days have come,
The dangerousest of the year;
And the gallant swain who seeth home
His frail and darling dear,
Alert and strong walks by her side,
And lends a manly arm
To avert the ills that might betide,
And keep his love from harm.
Full well she trusts his steady tread,
Nor doubts she e'en at all;
But this it is that racks his head,
"My, what if I should fall!"

EXCHANGES.

Garfield, '93, son of the late President, has been elected captain of the Williams foot ball team for 1892-93.—Ex.

Prof. Charles Chandler, late of the chair of Latin in Denison University, has accepted a professorship in the new Chicago University.—Ex.

Many of our exchanges published special holiday editions or came out with holiday covers. This not only added greatly to their appearance but it showed enterprise on the part of their management.

It is probable that A. A. Stagg will be appointed to the position of Professor of Athletics at Yale, when the new gymnasium opens next fall, instead of going to Chicago to take charge of athletics at Prof. Harper's University.—Ex.

We learn from the Lantern that Dr. Orton is recovering very rapidly from the paralytic stroke which he received a short time before the holidays. We unite with the Lantern in wishing the Doctor a speedy recovery; he is so well known by reputation that all are interested in his condition.

The students of the University of Ottawa, should be congratulated upon their excellent college journal. But few college papers have reached so high a degree of excellence as the Owl. It is unusually large for a student publication, and the literary standard is far in advance of many, the poetry being especially good.

This afternoon the thirty students of Heidelberg University, who recently assisted in organizing the Greek letter fraternities without the consent of the Faculty, received notices requesting them to withdraw from the institution, which they will do and will be accompanied by a considerable number of others. Ten of the offending students are members of the senior class, several are sons of regents of the college, and one the son of President Peters. The action of the faculty has been awaited with interest all over the country, as the University is the principal Western educational institution of the Reformed Church. It has been severely criticised by the citizens of Tiffin, for this act which will undoubtedly injure the college.—Ohio State Journal, Jan. 4.

ALUMNAL NOTES.

Mr. H. J. Custer, class '90, enjoyed a few days at home with his parents and friends during vacation.

Rev. M. S. Pottenger, class '91, was recently called to the pastorate of the First United Brethren Church at Knoxville, Tenn.

Mr. I. G. Kuhler, class '91, who has been engaged in business in Dayton since June, was in town over Sunday, the 10th inst.

Messrs. George and Charles Hippard, of classes '88 and '91, respectively, were in Westerville a few days during vacation, visiting their parents and other friends.

Miss Olive Morrison, class '88, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Morrison, during the holidays. Miss Olive is proving herself a
very successful instructor in the language department of which she has charge at Canfield, Ohio.

Mrs. F. A. Z. Kumler, of Trenton, Mo., daughter of Rev. D. Bender, of this place, and an Otterbein alumna, is lying dangerously ill at her Missouri home. Her mother and Dr. J. B. Hunt, the old family physician, have gone to her bedside.

E. A. Gilmore, class '90, professor in the North Eastern Ohio Normal College at Canfield, O., spent a few days during the holiday season visiting among friends in town. He is looking well, says he is enjoying his work, and reports a prosperous year.

Mrs. John H. Martz, nee Jennie Huddle, class '81, of Greenville, O., visited Miss Cora McPadden and other friends in town, during the last week. In looking through the college, she spoke pleasingly of the many improvements throughout the building since the days of the seventies and early eighties.

Daniel Surface, class of '62, is secretary and treasurer, is general manager in fact, of the Richmond (Indiana) Chair Company. Mr. Surface is an influential man in the city of Richmond. Among the many important and responsible positions held by him is that of member of the Board of Education. This position he has held for many years. Otterbein may justly have a feeling of pride and respect for her sons.

Mr. H. M. Crider, who did not complete his course, but was a student in O. U. in 1859 and 1860, with his wife made a short visit to the college a few days ago. He is now the well-known publisher at York, Pa. He has not forgotten his teachers, his school-mates, nor the many incidents connected with them. A year or two of one's life spent in Westerville and at Otterbein can never quite fade from the memory.

Mr. A. B. Hahn, '75, special agent of the Continental Insurance Company of New York, is very happily situated in the city of Richmond, Indiana. He is a credit to Otterbein, and, when visited by the president and agent, showed no little interest in his alma mater, and gave her substantial help. Mr. Hahn has reached, by faithful endeavor, almost the highest round in his business in the State of Indiana, and we rejoice in his success.

On New Year's Day the president visited in his home three and one-half miles southwest of Wooster, Ohio, Mr. John Sherrick, of the class of '72 and one of the best students ever sent out by Otterbein. Mr. Sherrick has regained his health; is a well-to-do farmer and much interested in his alma mater. A gift of $250 is evidence of this interest. We are glad to chronicle these gifts. Let the good work go on. This is the greatest need of the institution at present. In his spacious home is another of the good and true, Miss Kate Sherrick, his sister, who but recently sent to the Woman's Co-operative Circle $130 in cash. "The Lord God of Israel saith: * * * Them that honor me I will honor."

ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

A movement inaugurated during this month for an Otterbein Oratorical Association, has been enthusiastically furthered by the student body. The permission of the faculty for the organization has been given, and at this writing a constitution is in course of preparation by a committee. The organization will be completed in time to make application for admission to the State Oratorical Association at the coming meeting at Akron. Kindly expressions from a number of the Colleges composing the Association, give good hope that our suit will be immediately successful. In case it should be otherwise, the organization will be maintained and a yearly local contest held. In course of time we do not doubt that our sister colleges would begin to feel the advantage of having Otterbein's oratorical ability as an ornament to the State Association, and would make a place for us. At any rate our local organization can not fail of doing much local good.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS' SOCIAL.

The two Christian Associations held a joint social for new students in the Society Halls, Saturday evening, January 9th. The meeting was altogether informal, no program having been prepared. Refreshments were served from 8 to 10 o'clock in the Association Hall. The meeting was well attended, and the new students were given a hearty welcome and made to feel at home. All things considered, the evening was very pleasantly and profitably spent.

The week of prayer for young men, which should have been held in November, was postponed for special reasons until last week,
when it was observed. The interest shown in the meetings was very satisfactory, being well attended by students and faculty. The meeting resulted in one conversion, and a general revival of religious interest among the students.

It is with gratification that we note the prosperity that our Y. M. C. A. is enjoying. The membership now numbers 104 out of 134 boys in school. The membership committee is to be congratulated for its success.

Saum Hall was almost deserted during vacation, Miss Anna Yothers being the only one left to break the silence, that would have otherwise reigned supreme.

PERSONAL.

Such sleighing!

J. A. Bovey spent the holidays at Fulton.

Miss McCammon, of Galena, is in college.

New sophomores, Miss Murray and Miss Lewis.

Mr. Oldham and sister of this place, have entered school.

The School of Physical Culture began operations January 6, '92.

J. B. Bovey suffered several days with la grippe at the close of school.

Judge John A. Shauck spent Sunday, the 17th inst., in Westerville, with his family.

J. R. King preached at the North Berlin Presbyterian church the 10th inst.

J. N. Dickson filled the pulpit of R. A. Longman at Union Mission the 17th inst.

Rev. R. L. Swain held a series of meetings for four evenings, beginning Sunday, 17th.

Mrs. Dr. Lisle, of Marysville, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. H. Kohr, a few weeks ago.

There are twenty-nine students enrolled in instrumental music under Prof. Morrow this term.

Mr. W. E. Bovey and his lady, went to Columbus, Saturday, 16th, to hear the Bostonians.

Mrs. Prof. Reese, of Toledo, Iowa, was recently called to Westerville to the bedside of her mother, Mrs. Johnson.

Mr. T. E. Smith, of Hicksville, is among the new boys of this term.

Rev. R. L. Swain, college pastor, has been suffering from la grippe during the past week.

Have you seen the new spectacles in Otterbein University? O Santa Claus, why don't you come oftener?

Mr. S. A. Cooper, of Lamartine, is with us for the remainder of the year. He has entered the Business Department.

Miss Teresa Maxwell, Principal of Business Department, passed quite an enjoyable time during vacation, at Dayton.

Mr. D. F. Charles' success as a canvasser is verified by the fact, that he made about $30 during vacation selling fruit trees.

Mr. J. B. Bovey, class '92, left home a few days after school closed, and spent his vacation visiting friends in northern Ohio.

Mr. B. A. Sweet, superintendent of public schools, Clark County, Illinois, spent several days in Westerville visiting Mr. J. A. Barnes.

Prof. Haywood and wife spent several days, during the latter part of December, at Worthington, visiting Mrs. Yonel, the sister of Mrs. Haywood.

Miss Nora Angell, of Beach City, Ohio, has returned again to school and brought with her a new student. "Angels are good missionaries."

Mr. H. M. Milliman, of Hicksville, Ohio, has returned again to school and brought with him two new students, Messrs. Smith and Kleckner.

Mrs. Caroline Merchant, who had been visiting friends and relatives in Minnesota and Indiana, returned 30th ult., after a visit of six weeks.

Mr Francis Yaple, of Kingston, Ohio, who was last year a student in Otterbein University, spent several days in Westerville during vacation, visiting friends.

Mr. Ray Seeley, a former student of Otterbein University, now attending school at Ohio Wesleyan University, spent his holiday vacation at his home in Westerville.

The W. C. T. U. has offered a handsome reward to that member of the Westerville High School, who writes the best essay on "The evil effects of alcohol on the system.

Quite a number have entered the contest.
Mr. F. A. Anderson, of Vandalia, who was with us last year, has returned, and is again at work.

Mr. W. E. Kleckner, a new student from Hicksville, is on the sick list and unable to pursue his work.

Missouri now has a representative in Otterbein in the person of Mr. J. W. Smith. He is pursuing normal studies.

D. E. Strayer, of De Graff, Ohio, with W. E. Henderson, of Indianapolis, Ind., visited Guy Henderson a few days recently.

Mr. G. L. Stoughton, who has been teaching five miles west of town during the fall term, has entered school and will graduate with the class of '92.

Two choral classes have been organized by Prof. Ransom for the term. The one is to begin with the rudiments and the other is to take up advanced work.

We are glad to note that Prof. Zuck, who was confined to his room for about a week suffering with la grippe, is about again and attending to his school work.

The boarding club, who held forth at Mr. Marion Smith's last term, disbanded at the close of school. A new club has been organized at the home of Mrs. C. Merchant.

Sleighing parties have been the order of the day since the snow came. Sunbury, Worthington and Central College have been visited in turn by these parties of pleasure seekers.

Messrs. F. A. Anderson, E. W. Stine and J. O. Gross, after a vacation of six months, have returned to Otterbein University and are now ready for work. We are glad to greet them again.

Mr. J. M. Martin, a senior in Central College Academy, paid our school a prospective visit at the beginning of the term. His father was formerly a student of Otterbein.

Several of the students whose homes were quite a distance from Westerville remained here during vacation. They helped to keep things alive here, and to keep up the good reputation established by Otterbein.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Adams was gladdened a few weeks ago, by the return of their daughter, Nellie, who has been attending school at Delaware, Ohio. It is needless to say that Nellie spent a happy vacation.

Rev. Mrs. Billheimer, recently of White Pine, Tennessee, preached an excellent sermon in the College Chapel 11th inst. She has been engaged for the next six months to work in the interest of the W. C. C. O. U.

Several of our Otterbein University professors attended Ohio College Association, which convened at Columbus during the last week in December. Prof. W. J. Zuck read a paper which was both interesting and instructive, and showed care of preparation.

Messrs. C. B. Brown and C. M. Fisher, of Hicksville, spent a few days in Westerville during vacation. We heartily welcome them among us. They say there are others at Hicksville who ought to be in Otterbein University and that they are doing all they can to get them here.

Mr. F. J. Resler, accompanied by his mother and his brother, E. D. Resler, class '91, visited his sister, Mrs. R. P. Miller, at Homestead, Pennsylvania, during the holidays. The boys excited considerable comment among the social circles there by their singing. We are not surprised.
Mr. Walter Kline, class '94, who has been unwell for some time is again able to attend recitations.

Mr. E. J. W. Stine, of Alpha, after an absence of one term, has returned and again taken up his work.

The Y. W. C. T. U. gave a social at their rooms on the evening of the 16th, which proved to be quite a success.

Mr. J. O. Gross, of Dayton, after a short absence, has returned, and besides his regular course, has taken work in the Conservatory of Music.

Miss Murray, the president of the freshman class, has been promoted to the sophomore class. "Too good for the freshies," is the general verdict.

Miss Florence M. Cronise, professor of Modern languages, spent about a week visiting in Cincinnati. On her return she stopped at Dayton. She was present at the alumnal banquet.

During the holidays “Jack” Thompson visited in Cincinnati, and in a football game between Cincinnati University and “All Eastern Colleges” was selected to play his old position, right tackle. The eastern college boys won. You can draw your own inference.

At a recent election Mr. M. B. Fanning was chosen football manager for the coming year. At the same meeting L. L. Barnard was chosen captain. These men are hustling in their respective positions to make the coming season a most successful one. Mr. Fanning will go to Cleveland in a few weeks to engage a coach for a few weeks next October.

G. L. Stoughton and N. R. Best have been admitted to the senior class. The class now numbers twenty-six.

Arrangements are being perfected to secure Otterbein representation on the staff of the College Man, the New Haven students’ magazine.

The Christmas entertainment held in the college chapel on the evening of 24th ult. was well attended. The room being filled. Besides the treat given the children, there was also a literary and musical program which added much to the interest of the occasion.

The Young Men’s Christian Association held a week of gospel meetings in their hall, January 10 to 16, the opening of a revival campaign which it is hoped may be pushed with consecrated energy through the rest of the year. The college pastor held services in the chapel four nights, embracing January 17th to 20th. The Young Women’s Association held a series of prayer meetings this week. Already a deep interest is manifested, and four boys have expressed a determination to lead a better life by the grace of the Lord.

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