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Miss Lestia Beardley

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1893.

No. 7.

OTTERBEIN ÆGIS



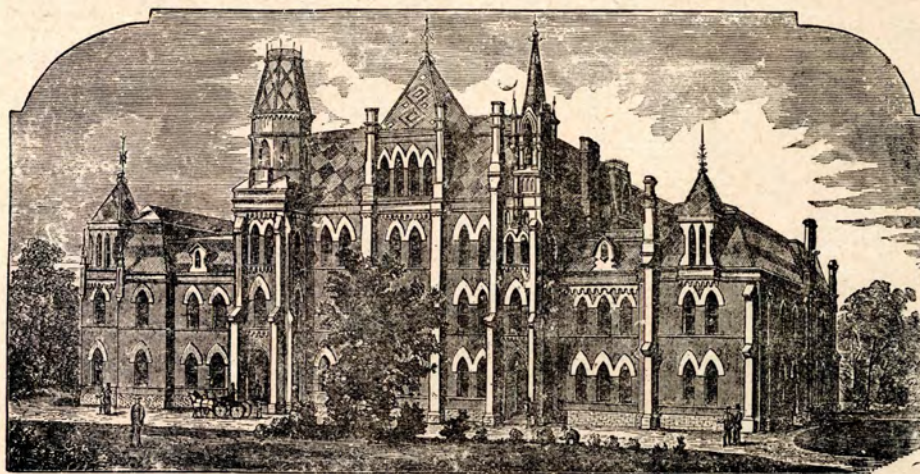
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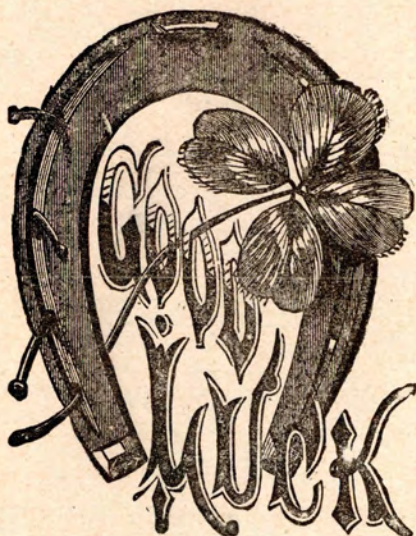
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EDITORIAL.

As we go to press, the winter term is drawing to a close. The work in the classroom has been prosecuted with vigor, and the usual high standard maintained. There has been but little interruption to the regular and proper duties of the college student, and it is not believed that many students will fall below the average required to exempt them from final examinations. No doubt there are many whose term record will not show up as could be desired; but it is true in college life as in the larger life in the world, that "every man shall bear his own burden,"—every one writes his own record.

THE southeast corner of the campus already shows signs of what, in a very few weeks, will be a busy scene. Two carloads of heavy lumber for the new building have just arrived

from the pine forests of Michigan. Most of the brick were delivered last fall. The stone-masons will complete their work in two or three days. The heavy timbers will then be put in place, and the bricklayers will begin as early in April as the weather will permit. Competent judges have said that the foundation walls have withstood the cold and frosts of winter well, and are in fine condition. There will be no delay in pushing the work as rapidly as the season warrants.

THOSE who have subscribed to the "building fund" will take notice that the money will soon be needed. As many as can do so, should arrange to lift their notes or pay their subscriptions at an early date. Our friends who have watched with interest this enterprise, and have not yet named the amount of their subscriptions, must do so at once. Upon their assurances and promises, the work is to be carried forward. It has been the desire from the first that the building draw no funds away from the general treasury of the college. Not less, indeed, is the hope to be able to dedicate it free of debt. All this is easily possible if those who have already subscribed will meet their pledges at an early date, and others from whom help is expected will generously respond. Let us have one pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

TUESDAY, March 7, 1893, marks an important epoch in the history of the Otterbein athletic association. By a unanimous vote of the members it was decided that none but *bona-fide* students would be allowed to repre-

sent Otterbein on either the football, baseball, or athletic teams. This action was taken to prevent the importation of foreign baseball talent in the future. During the past few years college baseball in this state has had a decidedly professional aspect. There is scarcely any college team in the state which does not have one or two, and in some instances five or six, members who are receiving a consideration for their ability as baseball players. This professional element has ruined baseball as a sport in the colleges where it has existed.

We feel proud of our athletic association for the action they have taken in regard to this matter. For besides being the first college association in the state to take such action, they have adopted this course knowing that it will prevent Otterbein from putting a baseball team in the field this season.

The attention of the baseball management this season will be given entirely to the development of throwing and catching talent, and the talent which shows itself this spring will be put to work next winter in the "ball cage" of the new gymnasium building. Thus it is thought that next season we can put a team in the field, composed wholly of *bona-fide* students in the university, which will be able to make a creditable showing against the other college teams of the state. It is to be hoped that other colleges will catch the spirit of this movement and take similar action in regard to their athletic teams. This plan must sooner or later be adopted by every college that wishes to receive recognition in college athletics.

WE give our readers this month a very interesting arrangement of Longfellow's principal poems in the article "A Ramble in Longfellow," by Miss Lela Guitner, class '92. Miss Guitner has been giving excellent satisfaction as assistant professor of English in the col-

lege. Next term she will have American literature.

MARCH 15 the students of the musical department gave a delightful pianoforte recital in the Philophronean hall. The students had invited a large number of their friends, and entertained them by excellent renditions of the old masters. Professor Kinnear surely deserves credit for the good work the musical department is doing this year. Every student who possibly can, should avail himself of this opportunity for a high order of instruction.

A BICYCLE TOUR IN EUROPE.

L. E. CUSTER, D.D.S.

III.

Although it was the middle of June, the breeze from the North Sea was quite cool at Scheveningen. As we strolled along the beach in our bicycle suits, we looked and felt much like four freshly hatched chickens. Our feet were not mates; they "interfered," and our teeth chattered; so we were not long in getting off for Amsterdam. The road for miles led through a dense forest. We passed many residences of wealthy merchants, and except for the ever present canals of fungous green water, this would have been a paradise. These canals, which conduct the water to a central reservoir where it is pumped up by the windmills and carried off to the sea, are probably five feet wide and two feet deep. They take the place of fences, and mark the farm limits. One separates the cow from the corn and the pig from the back door. Instead of an elaborate iron fence about the front yard, there is one of these beautiful green canals.

While the scenery was monotonous, the natives, their habits, and dress, supplied the deficiency. In Belgium and Holland the dog is used for drawing carts and small vehicles. It was a common sight to see a cart filled with

shining brass milk cans drawn by a dog on one side of the tongue and a woman on the other. Another combination was a dog drawing a cart with a big, lazy man in it. The draught horse of this country is a noble animal, and much attachment exists between driver and horse. We frequently saw a driver share his dinner with his horse. There is a noticeable absence of machinery of all kinds. Nearly all work is performed by hand.

We saw Leyden in the distance, but did not stop till we reached the suburbs of Haarlem, where we had a splendid luncheon at a summer resort; and there being a piano and several band instruments about, we celebrated.

It was three o'clock when we left Haarlem. The road, except for a slight bend midway, is perfectly straight to Amsterdam, fifteen miles distant. A railroad, canal, and brick-paved road run parallel the whole distance, and when we were at the bend we could see both cities. We were soon in Amsterdam and splendidly situated at the Hotel Ameracain. We attended a concert that night, and the next day being Sunday, it was mostly spent in Ryk's museum and in walking about the town. Amsterdam contains many fine paintings, some statuary, and a large armory which was very interesting indeed. The city is so completely cut up with canals that it requires over three hundred bridges to furnish passage way. It is difficult to believe that such massive buildings are constructed on foundations of piles.

At 4 P.M. June 18 we wheeled out of Amsterdam for Essen, Germany, some one hundred and thirty miles to the southeast. We passed through Weesp, of Van Houten Cocoa fame. Mr. McIntire being a wholesale grocer, we were informed of the manufacture and the relative value of the different brands, so that even Weesp, was not without interest to us. We passed the summer residence of the young queen, which is a beautiful spot indeed. The people in this section of the country all

seemed to be in good circumstances. The houses in the towns, and even in the country, with their plate glass windows kept scrupulously polished, were beautiful. There is generally a shower of rain every day in this section, and at this time of the year the foliage is exceedingly dense. At dusk, after a ride of thirty miles, we stopped at Amersfoort, a fortified city.

On account of a rain storm in the morning, we did not get away till about noon. We crossed the frontier of Germany, but were not annoyed by pompous custom officials. We could feel a gradual rise in the land. The roads were not good. This is generally the case on all frontiers. We have the same thing illustrated in our own country,—the division fence is always a poor structure. Every man is afraid to improve his own farm limits for fear his neighbor will get the benefit of it. Our road led through a hot, barren waste, but as we got farther into Germany, we came to forests. In the woods deer frequently crossed our path ahead of us, and enormous jack rabbits were constantly scurrying out of our way. The soil became more productive, and signs of returning civilization were on either side. At Arnhem we were impressed by the many beautiful parks and residences. The roads were now becoming very good, and by six o'clock we arrived at Emmerich, having made fifty miles since noon.

Next morning we were off for Essen. It rained again, and at noon we rolled into Wesel completely covered with mud. Just out of Wesel our road led through the very middle of the grounds used by the western division of the German army for artillery practice. The grounds, which were perfectly level, covered perhaps ten square miles. On the north was a range of hills toward which all firing was done. We had the audacity to ride out and seat ourselves in the very center, but the

reader need not fear, for we were careful enough to be back of the cannon. One battery after another came on the scene, and went through maneuvers with shot just as though they were in an engagement. First they fired at long range with remarkable precision at a target on the hillside some two or three miles distant. Then an object was rapidly drawn across the field, and this was fired at. First a single gun would open fire, and at the close all would fire in unison. The noise was deafening. We were there able to form an idea of the terrors of war. Since we were not ordered off the grounds, we became tired after a while and left of our own accord. This experience was quite a fitting introduction to Essen, the seat of the great Krupp gun works, where we arrived at five o'clock.

It was noticeable in all countries that manufacturing is engaged in almost exclusively in coal regions. We would go for days without seeing a single manufactory, when all at once we would roll into a section where everything was alive and black with industry. So we found Essen in the very center of a coal region. The evening was spent in a delightful stroll about the city. We visited the old cathedral, and stood long before the beautiful bronze statue of Alfred Krupp, erected in the public square by the citizens.

In the morning, after a vigorous use of razor, soap, and water, clothes brush and machine-oil remover, we set out to visit the great cannon works. None of us were burdened with any extra adipose tissue, so that in our tightly fitting bicycle suits we felt that it was the right of anyone to call us lean, lank, and perhaps, awkward. Among these big Germans we keenly felt that we were curiosities. When we applied at the main office for admission, we were met by a corpulent porter in uniform, who scowled upon us with a sort of well-what-do-you-four-imita-

tions-want-here-anyway expression on his face, and savagely said, "*Du kann nicht.*" We considered ourselves fortunate to get on the street alive again. Although we were not permitted to visit the works, we walked the length of the street which runs through the center, and viewed them through the numerous gates on either side. The works extended along this street for perhaps a mile, and to visit the whole plant would require at least a day's time.

We resumed our wheels at ten o'clock, hoping by night to reach Cologne, where our trunks had been forwarded from Antwerp. The country between Essen and Dusseldorf is quite hilly, but the roads being macadam, we made good time. The most of the afternoon was spent in a shed waiting for a rain storm to subside, after which it required half an hour before one could ride without becoming decorated with the native water colors. We arrived at Dusseldorf in time to get some German money. After riding about the city and watching the practice of the infantry, of which there is a large garrison at this city, we set off for Cologne. We were stopped at Neuss by another rain storm, and it being late in the day, we concluded to spend the night there.

We had about the same fare for several days,—not that the country afforded no variety, but we had been in small towns without a printed bill of fare. We knew enough German to order from a card, but when thrown on our own resources, we could only say, "*Kalbsfleisch mit eier*" (veal cutlets with eggs), and make ourselves understood. So it became the proper thing for one of us to look wise and order the same old dish. Tired of this dish, we were passing a bakery when one of us saw what we took to be a strawberry pie. It was about the size and shape of a silk hat after having been embarrassed by the weight of a two-hundred-pound person, and had no

lid on it. This was the first pie we had seen since we landed. Europeans are not familiar with the use of these dyspepsia discs. We purchased the pie, and for fear it would not be delivered, one, guarded by the other three, carried it to the hotel. Only the wooden plate remained to tell the tale.

Thursday morning, June 23, we awoke and found it still raining. As much as we disliked traveling by rail, we boarded the cars for Cologne. We could not be satisfied to remain at Neuss so short a distance from Cologne, where our trunk and mail awaited us. When we alighted at Cologne, we mounted our wheels as though we owned the city, but were stopped by a big policeman who bade us dismount and walk to our hotel, which fortunately was near by. We might ride anywhere in the streets of London, crowded with men, women, and children, but these poor helpless policemen of Cologne, Leipsic, Berlin, and Vienna must not be subjected to such dangers. The cyclist stands in much greater danger of being injured in a collision than the pedestrian. The pedestrian is already on the ground, and the very worst that can come to him would be that he might be knocked over or badly scared, while the cyclist is in a most awkward position. He has some distance to fall and can never alight upon both feet at once. The polite way to fall when you see that your equilibrium is irretrievably lost, is to limit your gyrations to an area of not more than one square. If the people see you are falling, you will be sure to have right of way and plenty of room. It is hard on the machine to run square against a wall, and telegraph poles are best mounted with spikes. When the supreme moment does come, select a soft spot, and above all things be graceful. If you have broken any bones, say nothing, and if you have only filled your wrist with small pebbles, consider yourself fortunate and proceed immediately to tighten some imagin-

ary loose bolt which caused the accident. It is considered quite the thing, no matter how badly you may be hurt, to smile all the time. Before ever the Germans come to the conclusion that there is more danger to the cyclist than the pedestrian in case of a collision, it must go through a course of philosophical reasoning, of beer drinking, and of experimentation which cannot be hoped for in the present century.

After securing rooms at Hotel Du Nord, the writer was the unfortunate one selected to recover the trunk. After an hour's search it was located at the custom house just as the officials were going to lunch. Knowing that it takes a German an hour to drink a glass of beer, I returned to the hotel, and found the rest of the party bathed and shaved, and sitting about, ready for their citizens' clothes. It was a stormy hour that was spent waiting till it was time to go back, but there would have been a blizzard if it had been known that I was not to return till four o'clock. I sometimes think hunting for a trunk in a German custom house is preferable to sitting about for four hours in expectation of the trunk's arrival. A new cabman was secured, and since he read the directions with a knowing expression, no anxiety was felt. When I alighted from the cab, I found we were not at the former place at all. After some discussion between driver and officials, he drove to another warehouse, with a similar result. Becoming disgusted with the pantomime between the driver and officials at this place, I mounted a freight car and made out the building half a mile away, toward which I directed the coachman. Some may call this a dumb driver, but I believe he had all the sense the law allowed him,—he was being paid by the hour. When we arrived there, I was informed that it would not be opened till three o'clock. There stood the evasive trunk, but I must wait an hour till the proper official had had his after-luncheon

nap before I could show him that it contained no tobacco or whisky.

These were moments for reflection. I knew that the air was blue in one room of the hotel. I realized that every moment of my absence must be accounted for; and there in silent mockery sat the driver dozing at our expense. It was a mile to another, or he would have been discharged for his presumption. 'Three o'clock finally came, but it was fifteen minutes after when his highness—the man who makes you unpack everything—arrived. He was not satisfied till I had taken out everything. In the bottom I came upon a piece of gossamer cloth used for keeping our books dry, which had been left in by mistake. This they seized upon as though they had found a dutiable article. They looked wise and cast significant glances at one another, then at me. It was taken into the office, and after some twenty minutes' examination it was returned, and I was allowed to depart with the wily trunk. I had more difficulty in getting the clothes back into the trunk than one would experience in returning the ribbon to Hermann's plug hat. But under the combined weight of two assistants the lock closed.

My conscience was clear, but I trembled as I approached the hotel. Fortunately it was allowed me to give an account of myself before any threat was executed, so that when I finished, being careful to give the officials the proper amount of blame, I had won my hearers. The discussion was turned upon the custom officials, during which we spoke very disrespectfully of them.

When we had donned our citizens' clothes, which had been so tightly packed for two weeks, we were so engrossed with the attention we attracted that we quite forgot our recent experience. We, from force of circumstances, were introducing a new style which was quite a departure from the native costumes. The vest and coat, jealous of the

conventional crease in the front and rear of the trousers, had endeavored during their stay in the trunk to outdo any previous attempts in that direction, and so we found sharp creases regardless of figure running in all directions. We excused the absence of pattern on the ground that it was their first attempt. But we were worth looking at a second time as we walked out of the hotel that evening.

Up to this time we had traveled by bicycle five hundred and fifty-six miles, without an accident to our machines or ourselves which could not easily be remedied. We had not only been in good health, but were becoming strong riders. No one would have recognized us as the four pale faces who arrived at Liverpool four weeks before. We had tanned, and our noses and ears had had a sorry time of it. Our appetites were not only the absorbing topic of the day, but possessed that property themselves to a wonderful degree. We often to this day sigh for them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A POET.

What is poetry? It is a special language, the language of verse, with its measure and its rhythm, with its bold metaphors,—a peculiar state of the mind which finds its natural expression in this kind of strange language, which all races have known and distinguished from ordinary prose.

In the most familiar, as well as the most sublime, poetical sentiment, it is not our intelligence alone which is set in movement; it is our very soul, it is ourself. Science sees things quite differently; it dissects, measures, weighs, combines. Poetry, on the other hand, sees with a direct and comprehensive glance, with a synthetic look, while science sees analytically.

Is poetry a luxury which does not belong to the people,—something which will turn men

from the humble occupations on which their daily existence depends? Admitting this we might go further and reserve religion, which is closely allied to poetry, for the exclusive use of the leisure class. Poetry is not, any more than religion, a matter of luxury, misplaced in education. When we consider the severe practical labor to which almost everyone is bound to day, do we not see that the active faculties incessantly employed need to be renewed and strengthened by a simple, disinterested view of human affairs or nature; that is to say, by poetry? We are critical, critical in the extreme; we do not praise our poets of to-day, we admire the poets of the past. The bud of the rose is beautiful, but only the perfected bloom is beyond the rest.

We do not require a master poet to spring forth in this age. We have enough poetry to feed the souls of men for generations to come. But we do need students of poetry. Think you that our masters were fed upon prose, never heard nor read anything else until something arose within them, which they expressed in words and it proved to be verse? I think not.

In 1759 in a clay-built cottage about two miles south of the town of Ayr, lived a Scottish peasant father, mother, and son. The father was a man of strict religious principles; the mother was a very sagacious woman and possessed an inexhaustible store of ballads and legendary tales, with which she nourished the infant imagination of her ever willing listener. This child's mental development was not neglected, even under the most depressing circumstances. At the age of fifteen his studies were completed, and he was considered the principal workman upon the farm. Walking to his work he studied Shakespeare verse by verse. His venerable father now died, and it was the next four years, working upon the farm, that were the most important of his life. It was here he

felt that nature had designed him for a poet, and here his genius wrote those strains which will make his name the admiration of every civilized country. His sensitive nature being wounded, he determined to go to Jamaica. In order to get the necessary money he published some of his best poems, and the world received one of the finest volumes of poetry ever produced from the pen of Robert Burns. His poems were received with great admiration, and he was invited to come to Edinburgh, soon to find himself feasted, flattered, and caressed. After basking for some months in the noontide sun of popularity, he resolved to return to the shades from which he had emerged.

So he, with his bride, began life on a farm. For some months he felt almost all that felicity which fancy had taught him to expect. But he obtained a situation under the government, and the farmer sank into the exciseman, and from this time his moral career was downward. However he still continued to cultivate the muse.

The cloud behind which his sun was destined to be eclipsed at noon, had begun to darken above him. At the age of thirty-seven, an age when the mental powers of man have scarcely reached their climax, Robert Burns passed into that still country where the heaviest laden wayfarer at length lays down his load. His lyre had many strings, and he had equal command over them all, striking each, and frequently in chords, with the skill and power of a master.

Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy and was entertained by it in the usual fashion, speedily subsiding into censure and neglect, till his early death again awakened an enthusiasm for him which has prolonged itself to our own time. His life was a hopeless struggle with base entanglements which coiled closer and closer round him till kind death opened him an outlet. What do we

find in his writings? His heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature, and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning. The daisy falls not unheeded under his plowshare. Over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul. A Scottish peasant's life was the meanest and rudest of all lives until Burns became a poet in it. One peculiar merit of his poetry was his indifference to subjects, and the power of making all subjects interesting. The excellence of his poetry is the result mainly of his sincerity, his indisputable air of truth. There are no fabulous woes nor joys, no hollow, fantastic sentimentalities; the passion that is traced has glowed in a living heart. Horace's rule, "If you wish me to weep, you must weep yourself," is applicable in a wider sense than a literal one. To every writer it says, "Be true if you would be believed."

There is but one era in all the life of Burns; we have not youth and manhood, but only youth. For the world still appears to him in borrowed colors; he expects from it what it cannot give to any man. Listen to the wild farewell which he sings to Scotland when exiled from his loved country:

"Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those.
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Adieu, my native banks of Ayr!"

Contemplating the sad end of Burns, and how he sank unaided by any real help, uncheered by any sympathy, we think with reproachful sorrow that much might have been done for him by counsel, true affection, and friendly remembrance. Who will say we learn nothing from the life and works of such a man? For ages the flowers of poetry were not sought in the desolate fields of poverty. Even Homer, the father of poetry, does not look down to the poor, but up to the kings of men.

But tragedy slowly gave way to comedy.

Tragedy lives in the palace, comedy in the cabin. The Redeemer of human life said, "Blessed be ye poor." And across the darkness of many centuries we find a poet of the poor in Scotland. In Burns the joy of existence and sympathy of nature helped to mitigate the rigorous severity of that life which enters with its sharp edge into the soul of a poverty-stricken man.

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless folly laid him low
And stained his name.

"Reader, attend: whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flight beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root."

LIZZIE COOPER, '93.

A RAMBLE IN LONGFELLOW.

In a retired spot in one of Boston's finest suburbs is a stately old mansion guarded by many noble lindens.

It is the home of one of those rare old New England families whose very name suggests all that is genuine and refined, and the whole atmosphere of the place breathes of grace and dignity.

Without, a heavy mantle of white has spread over all, and the last lingering *snowflakes* are still falling. Within the house comfort and luxury prevail, and the refined taste of the occupants is evident on every hand.

In the library an open fire relieves the shadows by its cheery glow, and lights up the face of a fair young woman who, weary of reading, has withdrawn from the cozy window-seat and now reclines in a great armchair, while one hand gently toys with the leaves of a favorite volume.

It is an *afternoon in February*, and the silvery chime of the *old clock on the stairs* has just pealed the hour of four. It is a fruitful hour for meditation, and sweet *Beatrice*, catching the inspiration, resigns herself to quiet musings. Let us listen as she half unconsciously gives expression to her thoughts:

"To-day is the anniversary of our beloved poet's birth. Longfellow! how we love to linger over that name so dear to every American heart! As long as there are lovers of poetry his sweet songs will be sung, for they are but the natural overflow of a tender, sympathetic soul, and call forth a response from the universal heart of man. 'Tis pleasant to have spent a leisure hour on this his special day in reading his choicest lyrics, and feeling the influence of his true, loving spirit.

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.
Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice;
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

"Preëminently a poet of the people, he does not indulge in forced and impassioned outbursts, but appeals quietly and strongly to all the deeper feelings and affections of the human breast.

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn *voices of the night*,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme."

"Longfellow has infused into nearly all his writings the spirit of his own surroundings,—his love of nature, of home, even of dear old Craigie house where he lived so long. He beautifully fulfills his own injunction:

"O thou sculptor, painter, poet,
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art."

How long these musings might have continued I cannot say, for at this moment the library door opens with an eager rustle, and a radiant face peeps in. With a cry of joy Beatrice springs forward and clasps her friend *Evangeline* in a warm embrace. Their faces remind one of an *April day*, smiles and tears each struggling for the mastery, as the two girls meet thus for the first time after a year's separation,—a long, long year to friends as devoted as they.

"O Evangeline! when did you come?" questions Beatrice at last.

"I just reached Boston to-day, my dear, and I had to see you the first thing," replies Evangeline with a joyous ring in her voice; "and here you are, the very same Beatrice I left a year ago, only sweeter and dearer than ever."

"Well, this is a glad surprise. I was just sitting here in an unusually quiet mood, when you came in like a *gleam of sunshine*."

And truly Evangeline, in the beauty of her rosy *maidenhood*, does resemble a sunny ray that brightens all it touches.

Long and happily the two girls talk of their varied experiences during the year, their friends, their work, their travels, forgetful of time and surroundings.

"This has not been literally a *day of sunshine*," says Evangeline, "but I am so bubbling over with happiness I feel like exclaiming with Longfellow:

"Oh, life and love! Oh, happy throng
Of thoughts whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?"

"I'm not poetical, as you are, Beatrice, but this is an unusually blissful occasion!" and a ripple of silvery laughter is surer proof of her delight than any words could be.

"You not poetical, Evangeline? You are a poem in yourself of the very sweetest kind. But your speaking of Longfellow reminds me of my visit to Cambridge last *autumn*. I do not wonder that the poet so loved the dear old place. 'Tis imprinted with *footsteps of angels*, and the *spirit of poetry* seems to dwell in every nook and corner. Cousin Walter calls it *the terrestrial paradise*. I rose at dawn every morning to watch the *sunrise on the hills*, and could anything be more lovely than the Brighton meadows and the Brookline hills? We often went down to the river Charles, and spent hours wandering along its banks or rowing upon its crystal waters.

"But the spot I loved the best was a little glen among the hills, where a tiny brook rippled and danced in the sun. The grass is greenest, the sky brightest, the *flowers* fairest there,—the *flower-de-luce* the loveliest of all. The bridge, a picturesque old rustic bridge that spans the brook, was my especial delight, and there I often lingered alone, reading the "*Psalm of Life*" and thinking my best and truest thoughts. There was but one *rainy day* during the three weeks I spent there. A fearful thunder storm began to rage in the forenoon, and the rain continued all day. One funny incident occurred during the storm. Just at dinner time, when the wind was in the height of its fury, the lightning flashing and thunder crashing, the *Spanish student* who boarded next door to my cousin's came tearing down the street with *Hiawatha* strides, his umbrella turned wrong side out, and his eyes starting as though he thought the next moment would number him with the *dead*. I know nothing but the prospect of a dinner could have induced him to venture out at such a time. The witnesses of the spectacle, my cousin, whom I call *Walter von der Vogelweid*, and I, beholding him from the open window, were convulsed with laughter, when suddenly there came a terrific crash, and the lightning struck the hemlock tree just in front of our house."

"Perhaps that was a warning to you not to make fun at the poor student's predicament," laughed Evangeline.

"If so, I assure you the warning was heeded," returned Beatrice with a smile.

"Did you visit the village blacksmith, Beatrice?"

"Indeed I did,—saw him at his 'flaming forge,' and heard 'the bellows roar.' But the good part about it is that I became acquainted with his daughter, a most charming young lady. She is a magnificent soprano, sings in the church of the *Good Shepherd*, and is acknowledged chief among the *singers*. We wished her to sing a *Christmas carol* at our festival this winter, but she could not leave home. I hope you may hear her sometime. She bears you away on the wave of song until you feel that you have surely reached the *happiest land*."

"But, Evangeline, you have not yet told me what your plans are for the coming year."

"Well, my dear, that is too extensive a subject to enter upon now, for the day is done, and I promised mother I would be at home by the children's hour; but as you may imagine, I am full of hopes for the future. These ten months of European travel and study have prepared me to enter upon my art work with the keenest zest. I shall convert that sunny southwest room that was always my favorite retreat, into the coziest little studio imaginable, and there ply my brush in true artist style. I am most fond, though, of sketching from nature, and can hardly wait for spring to come, so that we can go out on sketching expeditions. But since it is not always May, I shall be content with studio work for a while."

"Yes, Beatrice, I shall devote my best energies to your special instruction in my beloved art. Listen, your tea bell is ringing. Well do I remember that song of the bell, but thank you, Beatrice, I really cannot take tea with you this time, so you must practice resignation. And now, Beatrice, you will come over to-mor-

row; come early and stay until twilight. We can ramble all over Europe together. I'll render an "Outre Mer" of my own for you. I have so many sketches, too, in which you will be interested, from one of the *Cumberland*, the steamer on which we sailed, to the *lighthouse* that greeted us in the harbor on our return. The latter is not my work, however. You will wish to see "*Three Friends of Mine*" and "*The Blind Girl of Castel Cuille*." My last large picture I call "*The Hanging of the Crane*," an illustration of domestic life. I remembered what a Longfellow girl you are, so I made several sketches for your special benefit; such as *the castle by the sea*,—one that pleased my fancy, on the Isle of Wight; *the belfry of Bruges*, that quaint old Flemish city; *the wayside inn*, where we had a thrilling experience on one of our expeditions through Switzerland; also some little scenes from the Alpine village through which passed

"A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!"

"Now I must go, for your tea is growing cold. Good-bye, and a happy day to-morrow!"
LELA GUITNER.

MEMORIAL MINUTE.

The following paper prepared by Dr. Garst on the death of Dr. Booth, was passed by the faculty of the college:

"The faculty of Otterbein University have learned with deep sorrow of the death of Rev. B. F. Booth, Dayton, Ohio, general missionary secretary of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, for twenty-three consecutive years a trustee of the university, and for nine years, except one, the president of the board of trustees, which position he held at the date of his death. The faculty wish to record their high appreciation of Dr. Booth as a man and a Christian, and of his intelligent devotion to the cause of education in the church, and especially of his long and efficient services to the university in his many years' service as trustee. They wish to testify their earnest sympathy with the widow and family, and they pray that God may grant them his sustaining grace in this sore bereavement."

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

A missionary Bible reading was given by Professor Haywood on the 2d instant. The line of thought was the divine plan in the world's history, showing by the Scriptures that all nations are finally to be evangelized. The reading was instructive, and enjoyed by all present.

Rev. Henry Stauffer, of the Mayflower Congregational Church, of Columbus, formerly a student of Otterbein, addressed the boys on the 16th instant. He spoke on the subject of personal work, emphasizing the influence of a strong Christian personality, broad and liberal views of life unbiased by prejudice, as being necessary in reaching men. His address was not only highly appreciated, but a source of strength to the boys who heard it.

T. G. McFadden, incoming president of the Y. M. C. A., accompanied by Charles Funkhouser, attended the presidential conference at Denison. Doubtless the influence of this conference will be felt among us.

The following are the officers of the two associations for the year beginning with the spring term:

Y. M. C. A.: president, T. G. McFadden; vice president, S. C. Markley; recording secretary, Alfred Bookwalter; corresponding secretary, Charles Funkhouser; treasurer, M. B. Fanning; usher, Mr. Deller.

Y. W. C. A.: president, Anna Yothers; vice president, Mabel Duncan; recording secretary, Kittie Cover; corresponding secretary, Ada Lewis; treasurer, Mary Mauger.

The following are the names of those who have paid their subscriptions to the new association building in part or in full during the month: F. D. Wilsey, \$100; Mira Garst, \$50; Tirza L. Barnes, \$25; Mary Grimm, \$5; A. T. Howard, \$50; C. R. Kiser, \$10.

COLLEGE SONG.

There is a name inscribed,
 In pretorian strokes of art,
 Upon the cherished memories
 Which linger in my heart;
 A name which thrills my inmost soul
 With fancied merry glee,—
 Where'er the weary years may roll,
 My heart is turned to thee.

REFRAIN.

O. U.! O. U.! Hi-O-Mine!
 Shout for glorious Otterbein!
 O. U.! O. U.! Thou art mine;
 Shine thou forth in every clime.

There kept in tend'rest reverie
 Are all thy gifts and joys,
 And all the glorious chivalry
 Of alma mater's joys.
 Thy classic halls and corridors,
 Thy campus, and thy lanes,—
 Those mem'ries of enchanted lores
 Enamored still remain.
 Naught else can thus with joy profound
 Enrapture with delight,
 Save Him whose love can know no bound,
 Whose kingdom knows no night.
 Thou art a tribute to his name;
 He beckons with his hand;
 Thou canst his ev'ry promise claim,
 Triumph in every land.

J. ADDISON SEIBERT.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Miss Helen Shauck has been unwell for some time.

C. F. George filled the pulpit at Hebron on Sunday, February 25.

A. C. Streich, '93, spent March 3 to 6 with his uncle in Columbus.

Mrs. S. E. Kumler, of Dayton, is visiting her sons, Richard and Barry, here.

Mr. Bunker has been quite ill of late, but is now able to resume his college work.

I. F. Stoner has been compelled to relinquish his studies on account of sickness.

The ranks of the freshman class have recently been swelled by the admission of Miss Fannie Anderson and Mr. Tracht.

Mr. I. G. Kumler, class of '91, is in town as traveling agent for D. L. Rike & Co., of Dayton.

Mr. Bates, having paid a visit to his parents on February 25, has returned with renewed energy and vigor.

On March 8 a crowd of young folks assembled at the home of Miss Bard and spent the evening in merry-making.

The athletic association has decided to hire no ball players this season. This is the course that will pay in the end.

Mrs. Good and family, late of Trenton, have moved to Westerville. Mr. Paul Good will reënter college in the near future.

There has been some sickness among the students this month, but they are now mostly able to take up their college work.

L. K. Miller has been elected captain of the baseball team. "Doc" is an old hand at the game and will make a first-class captain.

J. R. King spent Sunday, March 12, in visiting friends in Columbus. He preached for Rev. A. E. Davis both morning and evening.

Rumor says the wedding bells will soon be ringing in Otterbein's classic halls. We predict a merry time when Pennsylvania's delegation arrives.

Harry Hunt, a former student at Otterbein, now pursuing a course in electrical engineering at Ohio College, spent a week visiting his father, Dr. Hunt, of this place.

The sudden death of his father has recalled Mr. Maxwell to his home. Mr. Maxwell has our sympathy, and will receive our welcome when he returns next year.

About eight students who are pursuing the commercial course in the university will complete their work in a few days. Miss Bender has given general satisfaction in this department.

C. E. Byrer has been threatened with congestion of the lungs, but through prompt attention and good medical aid, he has eluded the attack and is now out again.

A. C. Biggs has returned to his home in Gambier on account of sickness. We shall hope to see his pleasant countenance in our midst again at the beginning of the spring term.

Miss Flora Speer, class '92, who has been engaged as organizer for the Woman's Coöperative Circle, spent a few days in town looking after the interests of the circle and visiting her many friends in this place.

A very high grade concert was given in the college chapel March 17 by the Columbus troubadours, the mandolin and guitar club, and the Otterbein quartet, under the direction of Professor E. D. Resler, class '91, superintendent of the public schools of this place. The proceeds are for the benefit of the public school library.

We note with sorrow the dangerous accident which recently befell the two children of Rev. W. R. Funk, a former student of Otterbein University, and now pastor of the United Brethren Church in Greensburg, Pa. While crossing the railroad track at Greensburg, they were struck by a passing train and seriously, although not fatally, injured.

The third annual baseball concert was held March 11 in the college chapel. Mr. Lambert at the piano, Mr. Cavendish as vocal soloist, and Mr. Bunker as violinist, all of Dayton, Ohio, proved themselves artists of no mean reputation. The Columbian and Otterbein quartets also furnished selections. The audience was not what it should have been, no doubt due to the inclement weather.

The public sessions of our literary societies are always pleasant and instructive; then the literary work is most excellent, the music the finest, and everybody feels best. The public

session of the Philaethean society which was held in the Philomathean hall March 9, was in harmony with the unwritten law of these occasions. Among the many excellent productions of the evening that of Miss Stevenson on "Chronicles" was especially good. The music throughout the session was very good. The large audience enjoyed the session, and will be glad to go again.

The lecture of Mr. H. H. Emmett on "The North American Indian" was one of the best of the entire course. Mr. Emmett first spoke of the origin of the Indian, which he traced to the people who dwelt on the Nile and Tigris. The natural character of the Indian was quite different from that of the reservation Indian. He excelled in virtue and honesty, in love and reverence for his parents. The story of the injuries suffered by the Indians seems incredible. The remedy which Mr. Emmett offers for existing troubles is to give the Indians schools and farms, to make them self-supporting. Pride and humanity and our national honor demand that we protect the Indians in their rights, that we make them happy and prosperous.

On the evening of March 4 occurred the public rhetorical of the third section of the junior class. The first oration was by Mr. Flick, who extolled the moral greatness and heroism of "Political Independence." He was followed by Mr. Thrush on the subject "The Hero as Preacher." "The Saxon and Goth" was ably handled by Mr. Mosshammer. Mr. Swartzel gave a pleasing and practical oration on "Life a Struggle." The comparative merits of pleasure and virtue were graphically portrayed by Miss Anna Yothers in an oration entitled "Hercules' Choice." Mr. Kline delivered an oration on "Manifest Destiny" which was well received by the audience. Mr. Scott followed in a well written production that brought home to his hearers the losses and injuries entailed upon mankind as

the "Price of Indifference." The last orator was Mr. Howard, whose able speech on "Crushed Virtue Crowned" was a fitting *finale* to the excellent program.

The Cleiorhetæan literary society held a public session March 16. The program announced "an evening with the Greeks." The program throughout consisted of Greek characters and characteristics. In the latter half of the session a play, "The Ladies of Athens," was rendered in a very pleasant and effective manner by eight ladies, representing the leading ladies of Athens. The costumes were fine and gave the session a very strongly Grecian appearance. The whole program was rendered without a jar, and although the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, the interest of the audience was held throughout. The music also was highly appreciated by all.

PRESENT prospects augur well for the spring term. There will be another large increase in the enrollment, and there is reason to believe that an exceptionally excellent class of men and women will be represented in the newcomers. The new association building will likely be under roof before the term closes. A year ago no one was so visionary as to dream of a possibility like this. Athletics this spring are sure to be quiet, but it will be the quiet of careful and confident

preparation for future triumph. Henceforth through the year every student has his eyes set on commencement,—especially every senior. The voice of the secluded orator preparing his commencement speech will soon be heard oozing out through the crevices of many a locked and darkened room. Tailors and dressmakers will anon be busy on graduation suits. Meanwhile many old students and friends are planning to spend commencement week in the "dear old village." Though the class is not so large, the occasion promises to be one of as much eclat as was last year's memorable week. The smaller size of the present class is not to be taken as in any sense a hint of inferiority. Visitors to commencement will find them, as we already know them to be, as able to maintain the credit of the school as any of the classes preceding.

A QUESTION.

If mile is shorter than smile,
And a kiss is good for a Miss,
And a miss is as good as a mile,
Is a smile then more than a kiss?
—Exchange.

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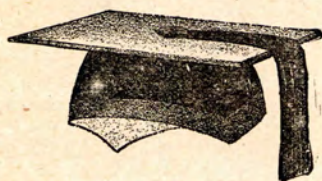
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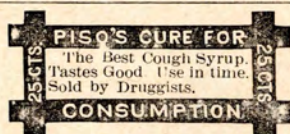
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| 0 | Cleveland..... | Leave | *8 00 | *8 00 | †1 00 | †3 25 |
| 5 | Euclid Avenue..... | Leave | 8 14 | 8 14 | 1 19 | 3 41 |
| 9 | Newburg..... | Leave | 8 25 | 8 29 | 1 30 | 3 56 |
| 26 | Hudson..... | Leave | 9 00 | 9 11 | 2 10 | 4 35 |
| 34 | Cuyahoga Falls..... | Leave | 9 14 | 9 25 | 2 20 | 4 50 |
| 39 | Akron..... | Arrive | 9 25 | 9 37 | 2 30 | 5 00 |
| | | Leave | 9 29 | 9 40 | 2 40 | 5 05 |
| 41 | South Akron..... | Leave | | 9 48 | 2 48 | 5 13 |
| 45 | New Portage..... | Leave | | 9 56 | 2 55 | 5 19 |
| 46 | Barberton..... | Leave | 9 45 | 9 59 | 2 58 | 5 21 |
| 52 | Clinton..... | Leave | | 10 10 | 3 08 | 5 32 |
| 53 | Warwick..... | Leave | 10 01 | 10 14 | 3 12 | 5 36 |
| 58 | Marshallville..... | Leave | | 10 26 | 3 29 | 5 47 |
| 63 | Orrville..... | Arrive | 10 19 | 10 35 | 3 37 | 5 55 |
| | | Leave | 10 23 | 10 42 | 3 42 | Ar. |
| 71 | Apple Creek..... | Leave | | 10 55 | 3 56 | 7 30 |
| 77 | Fredericksburg..... | Leave | | 11 06 | 4 06 | 7 45 |
| 81 | Holmesville..... | Leave | | 11 14 | 4 14 | 7 53 |
| 87 | Millersburg..... | Leave | 11 01 | 11 27 | 4 25 | 8 05 |
| 93 | Killbuck..... | Leave | 11 12 | 11 40 | 4 35 | 8 18 |
| 99 | Black Creek..... | Leave | | 11 53 | 4 50 | 8 32 |
| 107 | Brink Haven..... | Leave | | 12 12 | 5 08 | 8 50 |
| 111 | Danville..... | Leave | | 12 22 | 5 17 | 8 59 |
| 116 | Howard..... | Leave | | 12 31 | 5 26 | 9 08 |
| 120 | Gambier..... | Leave | 11 55 | 12 40 | 5 35 | 9 17 |
| 126 | Mt. Vernon..... | Arrive | 12 04 | 12 50 | 5 48 | A.M. |
| | | Leave | 12 09 | 1 00 | 6 08 | †6 30 |
| 131 | Bangs..... | Leave | | | 6 18 | 6 40 |
| 135 | Mt. Liberty..... | Leave | | | 6 26 | 6 48 |
| 139 | Centerburg..... | Leave | 12 30 | 1 28 | 6 36 | 6 58 |
| 145 | Condit..... | Leave | | | 6 50 | 7 11 |
| 149 | Sunbury..... | Leave | | †1 49 | 6 59 | 7 20 |
| 151 | Galena..... | Leave | | †1 52 | 7 04 | 7 15 |
| 158 | Westerville..... | Leave | 1 04 | 2 06 | 7 19 | 7 37 |
| 170 | Columbus..... | Arrive | *1 25 | *2 30 | †7 45 | †8 05 |
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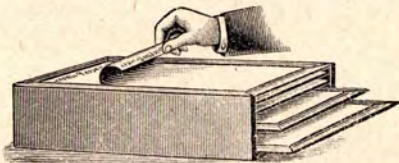
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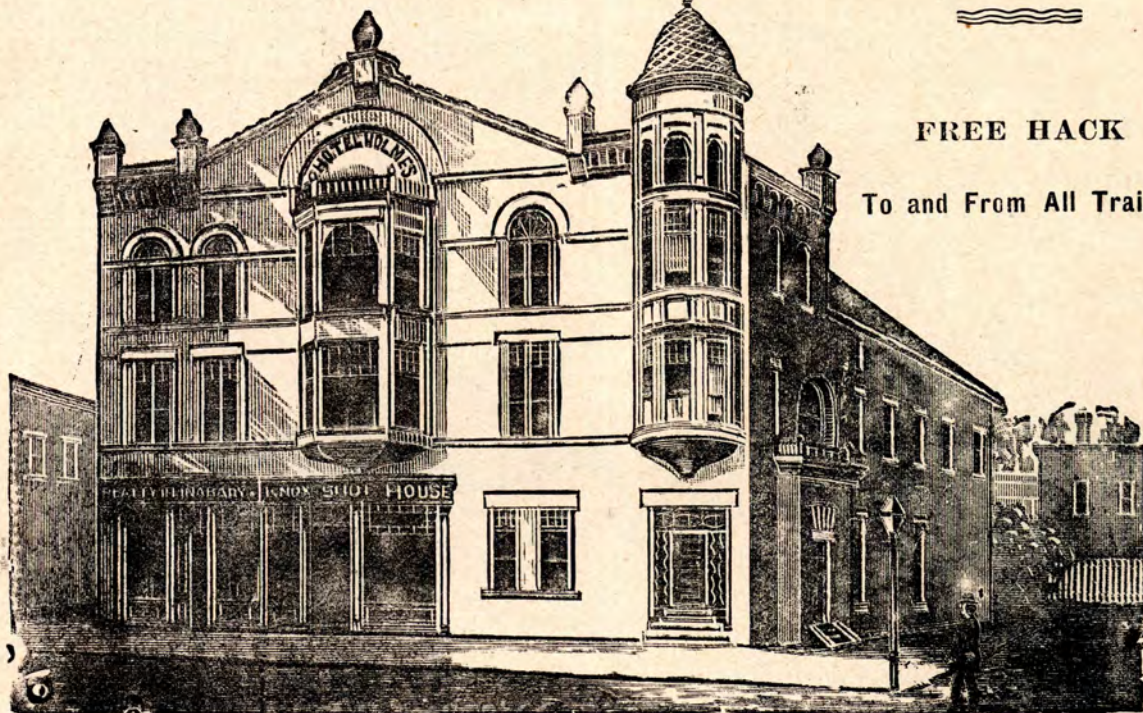
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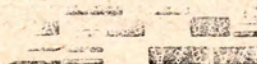
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