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Dr. J. Sanders

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 3.

# OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY




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## College Vandalism

College life always was and still is full of mysterious incidents. The college still is the home of lascivious students, and still must contend with their mean and outlandish pranks. Some students are barbarians and are as wild and untamable as any savage ever was. Some by continuous study come to such a nervous tension that they will resort to tricks to divert the mind and bring the needed reaction. Others are naturally mean. There is an eternal spring of mean action born in them. They well know the right and seemingly would rather do it, but naturally and thoughtlessly do the wrong.

Some do pranks and tricks that are so

marked for ingenuity that the meanness of the thing is unnoticed. The cleverness of a deed often overshadows its meanness. Others do things that are down-right mean, and they know that they are mean and they do them because they want them to be mean. Some delight in wanton destruction, others in odd construction. The first belong to the lowest and meanest class of vandalism, the second to the highest class of college trickery. The plans of each are often well laid, and this is the only commendable part of college pranks. Carrying them out is often rude and barbarous. Never do anything that is not well planned—long and broad and deep, at least two weeks before hand. If you have planned it to be mean never do it. Don't plan anything that way. Never do anything that you would be ashamed to have each and every member of the faculty and everybody else know. Be guided by common sense and your sense of right and never do anything that would not meet the approval of all. It is best never to begin nightly escapades, because you can't quit it. Never get intoxicated and attempt to do something, it will always turn to mischief, and cause you a life-time regret. Ever so much learning cannot efface it. Your college course will almost seem a curse.

You are judged by what you do, people can not know your intentions. However good your motives may have been you may have to pay the penalty for what others have done. Let mean intentions alone and lookout for vicious actions. Be energetic and vigorous with all the life and energy of youth, but let it all be exerted during the day, and the sleep of a whole night will replendish the



store. Let the tricks incident to college life go by unnoticed. They are the results of the exuberant spirit that bubbles over in the night. A college course goes through night and day. See and love the doings of the day, hate and spurn the deviltry of the night.

College tricks, like rolling and throwing stones, gather nothing but lots of trouble and care and shame. Remember then that college life to you is just as much as you enjoy it, and you will enjoy it only in every honest action that you do. It is a success only as far as you can benefit others, and you can benefit others only in that in which you have benefited yourself.

RASTUS LLOYD.

#### Students' Request

The question is continually being asked by the wide-awake students, "Why don't the faculty give public lectures for the benefit of the student body?" But it seems as if no one can give a satisfactory answer. The students are eager for such a move and if there is no action taken the faculty must be at fault, if fault it may be called. As it is, the only entertainment given by the faculty during the year to which all the students are invited to be present is the baccalaureate sermon. Each professor is a specialist in his line of work, yet we hear nothing from him outside the classroom. It would be quite a treat to hear a spirited lecture from our worthy faculty at least every month. The lecturer would be none the worse for the effort and the students would be greatly benefited. We believe this is due the students and we can but hope to hear from our honored faculty in the near future.

#### Literary Work

Perhaps no organization connected with the college has so much to do with moulding the life-work of a student as the literary society, yet in many instances no part of the college course is so sadly neglected. It is here the student acquires a knowledge of parliamentary law and the best way to tell that which he may have

to impart to others. No one can afford to pass through college without connecting himself with one of these organizations. It is here the social side of his nature is cultivated and the rough edges gently(?) removed. By taking an active part in literary work while in college, he is better able to command respect after leaving his *Alma Mater*. Speaking makes a ready man, who is ever in demand. To have a knowledge of everything and not able to impart anything is worse than to have a knowledge of a few subjects and able to impart all of it. The student who does his best in the literary society, when he goes out to battle with the realities of life, will make an enviable record for himself and be an honor to the college from which he graduates. Don't remain an associate member until you are a senior, for that is detrimental to your success, but join active and improve the "golden opportunities."

#### The Ends of Education

The real end of education is to make man free. Down through the ages he has struggled onward unconscious of the final destiny which awaited him. Each object which is conquered is just so much freedom obtained. The triumph of the freedom attained must be given to him who conquers, but the sum total of all freedom belongs to the world. To attain the general end of education, the world must unite as a whole, to conquer the yet unknown, and make it the common property of all. The individual to become free must develop from the finite into the infinite, from the natural into the spiritual. As man approaches the infinite, he approaches the Absolute, which can never be attained. If he could, man would become the Absolute. As it is education is never finished, and will furnish man subjects for study, not only through the longest life, but throughout eternity. Education, then, as we speak of it, is only relatively complete and graduation is truly only the commencement of education. As education is only relatively complete, and



its end is freedom, then freedom is only relatively possessed. Man is free only so far as he controls himself and is unlimited by his surroundings. The question is often asked, "is not our civilization at its flood-tide?" and "will the next cycle only hurl us back into the slavery from which we have been freed?" We can only answer that so long as man allows himself to be directed by the Absolute, it can not retrograde. Man's aim is to conquer and there are but few things impossible for him to accomplish. The ultimate end is truth and the truth shall make him free.

**Law Against  
Football**

The recent enactment of the Georgia legislature prohibiting the game of football within the state will undoubtedly have an ultra effect upon the game throughout the football world. The law provides that no game of football shall be played where an admission fee is charged. The penalty for each offense is a fine of one thousand dollars and one year in the penitentiary. This law is the results of the fatal injury of a young man of the State University of that state. This young man's mother made an appeal to the legislature not to pass this law and prohibit a game that her son loved so well, even if it was the cause of his death.

This is very strange action on the part of a mother, to defend something that caused her so much sorrow in the death of her son, all because he loved the game so well. But such fatalities as this one must hasten the death of football at the hands of the law. Its life now depends upon its merit as a physical developer over its demerit as a life destroyer. May it live and its players, too. But if both can not live let it die, and the law stand guardian of its grave.

**Wanted**

Answers to all those letters the football manager sent to the alumni. So far he has heard from about half dozen. What are you going to do? Why

don't you answer yours, and why don't you do it right away? If you knew how badly they are needed those notes would all be returned. Hustle up and return them, don't be told about it any more.

**RELIGION.**

G. B. KIRK.

**M**AN is a soul and has a body. It seems that not long since there were those who maintained that he was a body that had a soul. The old notion aided in the rise of that repulsive idea, his total depravity. But now, only a few love to think of him in the old way. Since he is a soul he must in the nature of spirit be related to spirit. If he were totally depraved there could be no longing for the good; and if his nature is absolutely without the good that very inherent desire for a relation to the good, since natural, must be evil.

Religion being the true relation of man's spirit to the absolute is the divinest relation in the world. No relation, no religion. Doctrines, creeds and dogmas are man's formulae of his interpretation of religion. They are not religion. No crime has ever been committed in the name of religion as above defined. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was not a religious affair. Nor was it committed in the name of religion. It was perpetrated in the name of Catholicism and the pope. In the name of a fanatical creed. Those outrages in Armenia were not done in the name of religion, but because there was no relation to the Infinite. They were done in the name of Mohamet and the sultan. That unconcern among "Christian" nations was not born of true religion. It was criminal selfishness and greed of the mercenary. Man, that he may be in harmony with his natural self must relate himself to God. Some think that in religion the feeling of dependence is the leading feature. Others hold that a true relation to the Infinite Spirit make man less finite and more independent.



Since man's religion is his relation to God and his creed the formulated statement of his interpretation of that relation, reason commands that we respect even the most absurd creeds, not as creeds, but as the result of mental activity and spiritual contact. That is a fine charity which is broad enough to look above fanaticism to the real meaning of creeds and dogmas. It is well to remember that many of our ideas are taken from a Book in which comparatively few trust, which some think divine; others despise and reject.

Liberalism, so-called, the boor of the age, feigning liberal views, while in fact, intensely fanatical on dogmatic and doctrinal affairs, complains that others are not liberal while they would were it in their power, burn at the stake of popularity all who do not come into harmony with their own "liberal" notions. The real truth is that the most liberal minded are found in orthodoxy. Until recently the scientist defined everything. To day he does not know the definition. He knows how certain elements act and what they produce when united; but he does not know the elements as things. He knows them as bundles of truth. Mind cannot grasp matter, and to understand it one must grasp the thought, idea or reason in the thing. Matter cannot be penetrated. It may be separated. It cannot be gotten into. Its atoms may be gotten among. Mind is inviting. Mind may be explored and entered. Matter is inert—cannot move itself. Mind is self active. Yet, with all the better attributes on the side of mind there are those who persist in their endeavor to relate their spirits to matter and calling it religion. These do not understand God as the "eternal uncaused self cause," as "the only Being in the logical necessity of whose existence there can be no condition."

The atheist has no religion for he is not of his own accord related to the absolute. He knows nothing but "moral orders," "persistent forces," "absolute harmonies," "supreme ideas," etc. He makes the reasonable and the phenomenal, God. He never thinks of God

as transcendently imminent and imminently transcendental to all these "moral orders," etc. He does not see that the world is moved and thrilled by spirit nor recognize that there exists in man's nature and God's a "unity of substance" which makes it possible for them to communicate. He respects the exclusive and inert more than the inviting and self-active. There is a fair analogy between the endeavor to relate one's soul to matter and calling it religion, and expecting to find the compliment of a good appetite in the perusal of recipes.

Rosenkranz says that religion cannot be produced in man by education in external matters; that its genesis belongs rather to the primitive depths in which God, himself and the individual soul are essentially one. Such a thought should enkindle a desire to relate ourselves to him since there exists the "unity of substance" which makes a relation possible. There is no inspiration in thinking we are totally depraved. To think that there is some good in us is an inspiration to attain a nobler fortune. But, a man's relation to the Infinite is seldom closer than his preconceived notions suggest. The religious ideal which one sets up for himself is always attainable and once attained, reason rightly guided, sets it higher. When one begins to think concerning religion, i. e. after he has passed through the stage where he adopts an idea just because his favorite preacher says it is true, or through the stage of imagination and mental picturing he must see God in everything. This is the time when youth, if not properly guided, falls into skepticism.

Any idea concerning religion which does not stand the test of pure reason is false. All truth is reasonable, but much depends upon the powers of the analyst. Religion is a relation, therefore a fact. Reason made all facts. And a fact is a bundle of truths. All truths being founded in reason may be discovered by reason. A relation cultivated under the guidance of child-formed opinions and a faith blinded by prejudice is hardly religion. Nothing but a rational faith suits a sound and intelligent mind. Biblical quotations move him none. Tradi-



tions do not satisfy him. Higher plane curves are as simple to the advanced student as was arithmetic when he was preparing, and a rational faith is as simple to the thoughtful as that from tradition is to the emotional.

The religion founded on reason frees from the traditional and superstitious, knows only truth, and seeks to lead its subject to a true conception of his relation to the absolute. When the world looks through forms and ceremonies to religion, and learns that forms are not religion, when she sees that religion has no particular form, then it will see that there is no history of religion and hence no place for tradition because the absolute spirit has no history for it is always transcending history and traditions. All boasted traces of religion must remain untraced save in tracing an individual's opinion of his own relation. Let the forms, made sacred by age, decay and may every man's own spirit attest the essence of religion through his own mysterious impulse to the Infinite, and his reason lead him through the impulse to a "true philosophic basis" on which he may rest his faith secure. Let him think until he come up to self comprehending universality and until he find nought but absolute harmony of spirit in a religion of faith in universal reason.

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THE HAND DIVINE.

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O. W. BURTNER, '98.

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**N**EXT to the knowledge of God the best study for mankind is man. History on the one side is a record of the doings of men and one learns the philosophy of humanity from the story of the race. On the other side is the study of God; for the Divine Ruler has not left the world to itself, but is continually acting in it, and bringing to pass his great designs. God is sovereign; man is free; and we have recorded things human and divine as they move together in the world. It will be the part of practical wisdom for us to

meditate upon that which has ruled the ages of the past and which ever holds the destinies of men and nations. The greatest dangers of our day lie in the non-recognition, or rejection of a Supreme Being. A gloomy view of human existence is prevalent, or well nigh universal. That nations are born, gradually grow to maturity, and then fade away and die, seems to be the operation of an invariable law. It is sad, indeed, to think that our splendid civilization must decay and fall to ruin like that of Egypt, Greece, Babylon and Rome; and that where now stand our busy marts of commerce, shall some day be a wilderness with nothing to remind men of the power and glory of a previous age, but heaps of dust and ivy-colored ruins. Is this our destiny? Must this the most blessed and glorious spot of earth God has given for the abode of man, even our own United States of America, endeared to us by noble deeds, by the years of sacrifice and by the blood of our fathers, fall to ruin as do the nations that forget God? Unless we heed the lessons of the past, surely so. There is an inborn principle in man to trust in earthly power; and as often as a people has failed to recognize the Divine hand just so often it has heaped upon itself ruin and desolation, and made crimson its pages of history. Let Babel speak: Let Nineveh, Assyria, Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome, speak: Empire after empire was allowed to rise, grow strong, and decline without making men better. Thus the proudest works of man are short-lived and "dust to dust" concludes his noblest song. The earth has seen no more brilliant days than the glory of Rome. What Rome could not do could not be done by any earthly power. But Rome, the mighty, with her pride, her dominion and wealth surrendered to barbarous hordes. After 4000 years of fruitless experiment the world was a failure. It could not make a man or injure a God. Failure was written everywhere in the earth from Eden to the cradle of Bethlehem. The infatuation of power permeated the Jewish na-



tion at the time of our Lord's advent. His birth was their greatest disappointment. No helmeted legions were to tramp the continent at his command. The emancipation of humanity from sin was his scheme, simple but sublime. The star told the secret to the astrologers of the East, and the angels informed the Judean shepherds by singing a noted song. Though that angelic choir has long since taken up its celestial abode, and the heavenly depths have resumed their accustomed calm, and though they sang, "when Greece and Rome were young, and when nations loved the art of war" yet even now we may hear their sweet, melodious voices proclaiming, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Thus was ushered in that memorable epoch in the world's history, the Christian era, when men began to walk with steadier step in the ascending way. But hark! what do we hear? Many are blinded by the power of sin, and seem to be wrapped in a mystic shroud. They venture the question, who thus rules among the children of men? We know that man was ruined by the fall and that a deliverer was promised. But his appearance in the earth is a mystery to us. He comes as man; yet he is God. Then:—

"Draw if thou canst the mystic line,  
Severing rightly this from thine  
Which is human, which divine?"

Listen! From over thousands of leagues of territory regardless of the barriers of hills, valleys, or mountains, and even from across the murmuring, briny deep, borne on the evening zephyrs, comes the answer, yea Heaven and earth take up the sweet restrain, "Tis the hand divine." Belshazzar saw it, and trembled as it wrote his doom upon the wall. Constantine, the emperor of the world, recognized it when he saw a shining cross in the Heavens, bearing the significant inscription, "by this sign shalt thou conquer," and the world then began to march behind the banner of the cross. The rise of the papal empire is truly a remarkable phenomenon, covering a period of 1500 years.

The Pope was clothed with the full prerogative of an infallible, spiritual sovereign. The hand divine was securing brave reformers. The church of Rome could martyr Savanrola, Huss and the Waldenses; but there were millions to follow them. The voice of Almighty God had broken the silence of centuries. All hail the descending day.

Luther, Calvin and Knox were gleaming against the ruddy dawn. The days are past and gone forever when kings and queens shall tremble before the bishop of Rome. But not alone in the records of the past do we note the influences of the Divine One. The present is no less crowded with amazing events and phenomena, while the future may reveal ever sublimer truths, and greater displays of divine workmanship. Nature, and the laws by which she works, establish truths proving the divinity of God, unapproachable forever. Behold the heavens incomparably bright by day, or at night when the sky is merry with 10,000 stars, joining hands of light; or descend into the caverns of the earth and there contemplate the works of nature and of nature's God. Go where the wild flowers bend and drink from the mountain brook and there scattered on the grass as if Oreads had cast their crowns at the foot of the mighty steep. See the streams leaping down from the rocks and clattering over the white pebbles beneath. Look at morning coming down the mountains, and evening drawing aside the curtain from heaven's wall of Jasper and Amethyst. In visions stand on some lone spot of earth and look far away into the untried realms of ether about the sun, and there behold other world's each rotating in its orbit and performing its annual revolution in perfect harmony with fixed laws. They have space for their foundations. We see the silvery brightness of mercury, the mild radiance of Venus and the fiery splendor of Mars. By the aid of the telescope we may gaze upon Saturn with "sky-girt rings," and seven moons, and view Jupiter with his belts and satellites. Unsurpassed by



any other is the vision. With such awe-inspiring scenes pictured before his eyes, is it surprising that man is lost in wonder and admiration, and ask from whence cometh the power that hold the world's at bay? We can but accept the forced conclusion, 'tis the hand Divine, and believe that hand to form the

"Golden everlasting chain  
Whose strong embrace holds heaven and earth and  
main."

But aside from all this we notice another picture. Man walks the way of life in darkness. See a mortal who for the first time fully realizes what it is to be lost. With clouded eyes and darkened soul he pleads for pardon. The darkest hours are just before the dawn of heavenly light. Like a sea shell murmuring of its far-away home in the briny deep, so his troubled, weary soul sighs for peace and rest. All is darkness. Naught but sin comes to view. Perdition itself would be relief.

"But low, new visions burst upon the view,  
They reappear in glory bright and new,  
And to their sweet embrace a soul is given,  
And on the wings of peace an angel flies to heaven."

Behold the picture: Most beautiful, sublime—too vast for words, too deep for tears. Sculptors have tried to carve it in wood and stone. Artists have sought to paint—poets to describe in verse; but all attempts of portrayal have but enshrouded it in the deepest gloom. Ah, 'tis not for man to portray the works of God. Infidels and atheists may question the existence of a God if they will, but when the genius crested waves of the restless sea of human thought shall have settled into calm, when—

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself,  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,"

then the friends and foes of Christianity, those who support and those who assail, shall sleep together in the dust.

Scepticism, robbed of nourishing soil in which to sow its seed, will be but a land of perpetual snows where flowers never bloom and the plants of humanity never grow, and

specter-like shall vanish away. By the side of tyranny, oppression and intolerance it shall lie down to its eternal doom, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." And when the curtain falls and the heavenly hosts with harps proclaim that time shall be no more, happy we, yea thrice happy, who hope—

"Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
About him to lie down in pleasant dreams."

Then let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever. Let us plant in our hearts His banner—the white mantle of immortal truth. For that banner is grander than ever waved from crimson leaves or autumn woods, from the marble shafts of art, or above the fields where men have died for liberty; for it floats on the sunlit mountains of eternal life. Yes lift high the gates and let the King of Glory in. I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty, "and let the whole earth be filled with His glory." Dedicate our broad lands as a temple of honor to the Most High. The angel of religion shall be the guide (over its steps of flashing adamant,) *while within, justice returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, shall near her serene and majestic front.* And the future chiefs of our republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, shall be men of truth and piety. Then sound His praises. Herald the tidings in every clime. Ye streams that go dancing to the sea, waft his name on your bosom. Ye soft skies wreath yourselves in smiles and weep tears of joy. Ye silent voices of nature whisper it to the winds. Ye purple hills tell it to the stars. Ye fiery battalions that tread the celestial way sing it to the music of the spheres. And from the banks of the Ganges. "From Greenlands icy mountains, and India's coral strand," from the shores of the Pacific, and from Alpine heights, will come the legitimate response, "The Morning Dawneth;" and over every barrier they will come—they will come to unite around the cross of one Common Redeemer, until soon in heaven's courts will be



heard the glad announcement—the day is at hand. O Divinity, noble is thy work; thou art the brightest manifestation of life. No limit can be set to thy unfolding. Humanity bows at thy tribunal, acknowledging the sway of thy scepter, and marshaled under thy banner march forward to conquer death, and with thee to scale the battlements of glory. Great is the name of our God, and all nations shall praise Him.

And this I deem prophetic of that time,  
When all the horrors of this curse shall cease,  
The radiant dawning of that most sublime,  
And sovereign reign of peace.

#### THE PRESENT STATE OF THE JEWS.

W. C. REICHERT, '99.

[Oration delivered in Philophronean Society, October 15, 1897.]

**T**HERE is no need on my part, to introduce you to this unique people. At a mere utterance of their name, there flashes into your intellect, a representation of them in their most habitual form, either that of a wandering peddler or of a crafty merchant and financier. Who can dwell on them without recalling some of their characteristics, either those of their Biblical history or the prominent part in which they have figured during this world's turmoil? Ages ago, they were created as a special race by the hand of God and full sovereignty and a complete set of laws were administered to them. In consequence of this distinction, we find recorded the most noble kings, the most inspiring psalmists and prophets, ever produced on this globe.

Centuries have rolled by since this scene of the world's history. Babylon has crumbled to dust, Greece, once boastful of its intellectual and military glory, has long since passed its zenith, and that sovereign Roman has been vanquished, never to rise again. But has the Jew disappeared in consequence of these world-changes? Our answer is, "No." For the Jew to-day is as distinct an individual as in

the days of Abraham. You will find him scattered over this whole civilized earth, notably in Russia, Germany, France, England and in our own country.

But is his individuality the same as in the days of yore? When we recall the centuries of injury, contempt and persecution of them at the hands of our fathers and that inborn hate and thirst for revenge so characteristic of them, we must come to the conclusion, that their inner conscience has experienced a total change, and that such words as tolerance, the cornerstone of Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*, and liberality, the light of the nineteenth and dawn of the twentieth century, cannot bridge over the yawning chasm of so deadly a dissension. The Bible portrays to us the pride and energy with which he faced the most powerful nations of the ancient world; the unyielding defiance with which he greeted his Roman conquerors; the spiritual intensity, which has been his marked feature for all ages; the sea of misery, which he has crossed; and now we witness the final glory, of which he is the recipient, since the chain of prejudice and persecution has in some degree at least been severed, and his penetrating energy has once more open field. The Jewish people is one of astonishing vigor, the rehearsal of whose achievements is a narrative of the history of this world.

But what is the present state of the Jews in comparison with that of the Christian people of Europe and America? Behold a picture of the present! The most successful business firms of Europe are controlled by Hebrews; banking is their national monopoly; they have the most brilliant parliamentary leaders in Germany; the power of journalism is in a great degree wielded by them. In no field however, is their ability so conspicuous as in business; whether as great practical operators or as political economists, no class of people has so close a hold of both theory and practice. The ill repute, which has been accorded to commercial agents, has of course fallen abundantly upon the Jews. Accusations of exceptional avarice have been charged against them, which in a



majority of cases we find to be unfounded.

How different from the view of men half a century ago, has come to be the judgment of to-day with respect to taking interest for money? To take interest is the unquestioned right of every lender, but whether this interest be great or small is a matter that ought to be left to take care of itself. If the risk is great, the borrower must expect to pay accordingly; if small, the lender contents himself with a trifle. The picture which has been drawn of Jewish avarice, I grant, is far from being an entire fiction, but let the circumstances always be remembered. If the Jew grew greedy in his money lending, the world often closed to him every avenue of effort except in the one narrow channel. By some peculiar agency men, who in the past have been treated with the utmost derision and hate, are seen by our unprejudiced minds to have proclaimed true principles, too extensive for the comprehension of a bigoted people. A debtor who, through luxurious habits of life and squandering, fails to make his just payment to a hard working creditor, and who in turn forecloses his mortgage promptly, are we not enlightened enough to refrain from always calling such creditors only hard-hearted money sharks, and for charging them of grinding the faces of the unfortunate-stricken? Is it not far more fitting for us to regard them as *reformers of the greatest value in the discipline and education of society*? What lessons the influence of such lenders in a community teaches to the indolent and impunctual! The thrifty and diligent have nothing to dread; the chief result of such influence is to expel shiftlessness—to make all careful and industrious. It may be asserted, that the Jews through the long ages in which they have been characterized as greedy and covetous, *administered to this world a most important schooling*.

Doubtless they are sometimes ravenous, but it cannot well be otherwise. From time immemorial the Jew has labored under the greatest disadvantages. He has been jealously excluded at all times from the handicrafts of Europe

and admittance to the higher professions or public life was refused by an equal sternness. So there was no path left to him, except in the one despised direction. What wonder then, that a desire of taking the largest possible advantage of this hard world, which has maltreated him so cruelly, should have sprung up within his breast and become hereditary? Notwithstanding the cruel treatment he received, the Jew has been known to have frequently surmounted his prejudices, and to have played the part of the good Samaritan even toward his persecutors.

But in conclusion let us cast a brief glance upon the doings of the foremost Hebrews of to-day. Every member of the great Rothschild family is a baron or a count. He can enter the royal courts of England, Russia, Germany and that of France, and his visits are regarded as of high honor. Any member of this world-famed family can command a duke, or even a sovereign with perfect self possession. When four years ago, the czar unmercifully persecuted the Jews and strove to expel them from his domains, the hand of Rothschild motioned, "Stop." The czar immediately yielded, for he knew to carry on a war without the assistance of the Rothschild family, was utterly impossible. No nation in Europe to-day can expect to carry on a war for any great length of time, without having money advanced by the Rothschilds. The diplomacy of the European nations is guided to a large extent by Hebrew minds.

The Jew has settled permanently in our own country, but his characteristics have a tendency to develop differently from those in Europe. This doubtless is due to the fact that he is subject to no persecution and comparatively little prejudice in our own country. No class of people in our country is more thrifty and industrious than the Jew. He is an intense enemy of intoxication and dissipation. The children and children-children of the emigrated Jew are educated, enterprising, law-abiding and loyal American citizens.



## WHEN MATILDA GOES KNEIPPING.

MARTHA LEWIS, '99.

## CHAPTER I.

RALPH Hastings had experienced a wretched night, and before dawn he arose, took his regulation cold plunge, and dressed with an air which showed that his usual enjoyment of these matutinal processes was replaced by extreme vexation. He sat by the east window of his room, looking gloomily upon a scene which was adapted to fill any heart with pleasant emotions.

Across the street, which was one of the most attractive in the village of Prospect Hill, was an old-fashioned home estate. Immense trees arose from the thick, green, velvety turf, tenderly shaded a quaintly shaped, roomy house, and seemed almost to touch the azure sky, blushing at the approach of the king of day.

Why did Ralph gaze, with unappreciative eyes, upon such beauty? The previous evening he had given to Agatha Warren the highest compliment and honor which a pure, noble-hearted man can give to a woman, only to receive a refusal accompanied with an air of surprise which mystified and nettled him, and which sent him on his summer vacation trip earlier than usual, and with some very unfavorable thoughts of women in general.

He had made the mistake which is so often made by men. He would be quick to condemn unwomanliness, yet he failed to realize that there is one standard for man, another for woman. He reproached Agatha for accepting his attentions, forgot that the social code did not allow her to refuse them, for fear that, by doing so, she would seem to acknowledge what it forbids woman to acknowledge until man takes the initiative. His love had had not a sudden blossoming, but a slow, steady growth, which did not materially change the character of his attentions. Her friendship had remained unchanged, but how could she answer an unasked question? So there was another chapter added to the old story, a might-

have-been pleasant friendship was broken, a true woman was honestly sorry, and a good man was sure that the world would never again be a happy place for him.

Suddenly the gloom upon Ralph's face was succeeded by astonishment. He leaned forward and exclaimed: "Who is that, what is she doing, and why, in the name of all that is queer, is she doing it?" The second question was answering itself. On the lawn, across the street, a young woman was running, in a gingerly manner; her face was shaded by a broad-brimmed, white organdie hat, both hands held her skirts somewhat above the conventional height, and her feet were destitute of shoes and stockings. As Ralph looked in wonder, the girl sprang back, shrieked, turned, and, with more speed than gracefulness, ran toward the house. Meanwhile, unseen, of course, by Ralph, a shining little snake, fully as terrified as the fleeing girl, glided through the grass.

The who? and why? will be answered in

## CHAPTER II.

Matilda Kingston had spent her eighteen years in New York City. She always had been delicate and had been reared by an unusually conventional woman, a cousin of Mrs. Kingston. Matilda's parents had been killed by a runaway horse. She, herself, was thrown from the carriage, and at first it was thought that she was not seriously hurt; but, afterwards, the shock proved to be greater than she could well endure. Had she been allowed to live in the country, in a wholesome, natural way, probably she would have recovered rapidly and thoroughly.

On the contrary, she had been kept in the schoolroom, at piano and easel, in parlor and ball-room, at the theatre and fashionable resorts, until her nervous system was almost shattered. One celebrated physician after another had left Matilda, as a physician usually leaves his patients, worse than when he began to treat her. But, a new star had appeared in the medical galaxy. A shrewd German doctor had found a new way to add to the health of his patients and to the weight of his own purse.



His name was "Kneipp," and his method of treatment, which he had cunningly made the fashion, was to insist that his patients run, in dewy grass, at sunrise.

Matilda's cousin was willing to do anything fashionable, so she had come, for the first time in years, to spend a summer at her ancestral home in Prospect Hill, and this morning Matilda was "Kneipping" for the first time. The result of which procedure will transpire in

#### CHAPTER III.

While Ralph was looking upon the scene and events which were described in a previous chapter, and wondering "what? why? and who?" the breakfast bell rang. Although he had been refused by Agatha Warren he was not inclined to refuse to eat one of the tempting breakfasts which his landlady was an adept in preparing. Besides, he was eager to learn all that he could about the young woman whose strange actions had aroused his curiosity. His landlady was an old inhabitant of Prospect Hill, it was early in the season, and he was the only boarder, as yet, in the house; so that he could ask questions with freedom, and with the prospect of having them satisfactorily answered.

He began by asking if the house across the street was a private asylum for insane persons. To the landlady's astonished and vehement: "For the land's sake, no! What put such an idea into your head? You must be privately insane, yourself,"—he replied with an amused laugh, and then told her what he had seen. "Well, of all things that beats me!" she exclaimed. "Clara MacIntyre owns that place, but she hasn't set foot in it for twenty years until this summer, but, who the girl is is more'n I can tell."

Hasty footsteps were heard on the porch upon which the long windows of the dining room opened; a frightened voice cried,—“Oh, Mrs. Allen, do you know what to do for a snake bite? Miss Matilda's been bit and the doctor aint home and his folks don't know when he will be.” “For the land's sake!” gasped Mrs. Allen, starting at the trembling girl, “Who are you and who's Matilda?” But Ralph interrupt-

ed,—“There's no time to be lost, I'll ride to Oak Crest and bring a doctor, thank fortune I have my tandem.” And he was off in a twinkling, while Mrs. Allen ran over “to see if there was anything she could do,” very glad to renew her acquaintance with Miss MacIntyre, and to learn the reasons for her coming to Prospect Hill, and the particulars of the morning's events. Before these subjects had been thoroughly discussed Ralph returned on his tandem with Dr. Brooke of Oak Crest.

By way of parenthesis, said tandem had been bought while Ralph was expecting the answer “yes” to a certain question, and, in consequence, was planning to spend his summer vacation in the village where Agatha Warren resided, and to live tandem with her for a few weeks, preparatory to living side by side with her the remainder of their lives. But, “The best laid plans of mice and men oft gang alee.”

“Come in with me,” said Dr. Brooke. “I may have to cauterize the wound and shall need some one besides the women who would probably scream and faint.” Ralph's own heart failed him at the thought of seeing, even for a moment, such an operation; but, when he saw Matilda's pale, terrified face, and heard her entreaty: Oh, Doctor, is it poisonous? Will I die?” he could think of nothing except to assist in averting or lessening the danger, and he became as cool and self-possessed as Dr. Brooke himself. The women did scream when Dr. Brooke produced his cauterizer and set the iron rod to grow hot in the blaze of the alcohol lamp. “Get out of here, every one of you,” he commanded brusquely, and, while they speedily obeyed, he examined the small foot which had been wrapped in flannel wrung from hot water, because, as Mrs. Allen said, “Hot water and flannel are good for most everything.”

What was the astonishment of the anxious few, when they heard peal after peal of laughter issuing from Dr. Brooke's capacious chest. As he closely inspected her foot he asked of Matilda: “How did you happen upon a snake?” He was secretly amused at her recital of her



first trial of the new cure, of which he had heard. He had perceived that the only wound upon her foot was a mere scratch, such as a fallen twig might have made, and that the snake had not bitten her. Accordingly, his relief so intensified his keen sense of the ridiculous that a hearty good laugh could not be restrained.

Miss MacIntyre and Mrs. Allen came from an adjoining room, the latter with her usual and familiar "for the land's sake!" and the former with her polished "I really am at a loss, Dr. Brooke, to understand your levity." He explained, advised Matilda to "go Kneipping" every morning, and then said to Ralph, who had discreetly withdrawn to a window when the doctor began to examine Matilda's foot, "Well sir, can you see me home?" Ralph signified that he could do so, and in his eyes was a gleam of interest and pleasure, the reason for which will appear in

#### CHAPTER IV.


When Ralph returned from his second trip to Oak Crest, he found by his plate, at luncheon, a note from Miss MacIntyre, which was an invitation to dine with her, "quite informally," at six o'clock that evening. To the invitation were a few words to the effect that she had known his father and mother, that she knew his own name as that of a successful and deservedly popular young artist, and that she took pleasure in extending an acquaintance which had commenced in so peculiar and summary a manner.

Miss MacIntyre, Matilda and Ralph sat on the broad veranda, during the twilight hour, conversing upon the many topics which occur to those who find that they have common acquaintances and congenial tastes, when Matilda sprang from her seat and ran down the path to meet a young man who walked hurriedly from the gate. "I never can teach her proper reserve. Oh, I had forgotten that I sent a telegram to Frank," said Miss MacIntyre. She glanced at Ralph and perceived by his expression of courteous comprehension that her words, in connection with the events of the morning and Matilda's manner of meeting the young

man called "Frank," had revealed to him the relation existing between them. Introductions and another general discussion of the fright, its cause, and other kindred subjects followed, until the hour demanded that Ralph should take leave. Frank Raynor could stay only a portion of the next day. He was junior member of a law firm, and his vacation would not commence until October, when he and Matilda expected to take their bridal trip.

Ralph spent many pleasant hours on Miss MacIntyre's veranda, and in riding with Matilda. Her engagement being known to him, he could pay her many attentions, in a perfectly friendly way, with no compromise to her, to Mr. Raynor or to himself. But, his landlady said that he spent more time in his room than he had spent during his other vacations, and that he was working upon a picture which was always closely covered whenever she entered the room. The summer days passed rapidly, and in September the principal characters of this story returned to their homes. In October dainty wedding cards were left at Ralph's address.

When Mr. and Mrs. Frank Raynor returned from their wedding trip, they found in the hall of their home a large flat box. It was found to contain a life-size picture of a young woman, barefooted, running, with upheld skirts, across a beautiful green lawn. In one corner were the initials "R. H." Across the lower end of the heavy frame were carved, these stanzas, appropriately illustrated:

"When Matilda goes Kneipping at the first faint peep  
of dawn,  
With her petticoats uplifted and her shoes and stockings gone,  
All the dewdrops on the clover and the apple-blossoms  
sweet  
Jilt the loving little breezes, just to touch her dimpled  
feet.  
"And the baby sunbeams kiss her through the meshes of  
her hat,  
Leaving freckles on her forehead just about the size of  
that—  
'Till the jealous little cloudlets, in the blushing eastern  
sky,  
Push in between the maiden and the sun's flirtatious  
eye.



"Oh! the robins in the lilacs, and the red birds in the fir,  
The cat birds in the cherry trees, sing songs of love to  
her.

"And the grass grows green with envy and the roses  
blush and sigh,  
And the modest Easter lilies turn their heads away  
and die.

"For she's very shocking, as she dances down the lawn,  
With her petticoats uplifted and her shoes and stockings  
gone.

"But Matilda mocks the roses as she gaily swings along;  
She doesn't mind the freckles, and she doesn't mind  
the song;  
She doesn't mind the cloudlets, and she wants to feel  
the kiss  
Of the wicked little sunbeams, but to-day she stepped  
on this—

"And Matilda is quite shocking, as she tears across the  
lawn,  
With her petticoats uplifted and her shoes and stockings  
gone."

#### A VACATION EXPERIENCE.

—  
ADA BOVEY, '94.  
—

COME, Max, let's take a walk," said Flossie Smith, as she was leaving the college library with Max Duff. "You don't need to put in all of your time studying even if you are a Junior. A walk will do you good; besides I have something very important to tell you."

Max Duff was a close student, but she could not resist the temptation to take a walk, especially with the prospects of "something very important" before her. So she assented, and the girls walked leisurely down a shaded side street towards the brook.

"Well," began Flossie, with eyes sparkling and face all aglow with enthusiasm, "guess what Martha Norton and I have decided to do?"

"I am sure that would be a difficult task," replied Max, "for there's no telling what you and Martha are likely to do when once you take a notion. But don't make me waste any of my mental strength guessing, for I shall need

every bit I can command for that horrid analytical recitation."

"That's so; I had forgotten that it was spring. Well, you have seen that general agent that has been around here for several days, haven't you? You know he is trying to secure book agents among the students."

"Yes, I've seen him, and have had occasion to know something of his business. But Flossie, I do hope you haven't taken an agency, for I fear you are not exactly adapted to that calling," said Max.

"That's just exactly what we are going to do, and he is to meet us at Uncle John's this evening to draw up the contract, and give us some instruction and training. You know I was not going home this summer anyhow. Vacation is so short, and it is so far out to Montana, so I was going to stay here with Uncle John. But this agent was telling us how much money he made during vacation canvassing for this same book; and I thought I might just as well be earning some money too, and surprise papa.

"Why what are you laughing at, Max, one would think you had a fit; everyone is looking at us, too; for pity's sake quit, and tell me, what is the matter."

"Matter! Why you guileless little creature! How can I keep from smiling a little when I think of my dear friend Flossie Smith as an agent, and raking in the money at the rate of twenty-five dollars a week, and maybe more."

"Maybe you think I can't do it," retorted Flossie. "Mr. Maynard said he never made less than that, and some weeks he made as high as sixty and seventy dollars. He says this is a book that sells itself; that nearly everyone wants the book, and people are glad for an opportunity to get it. Then besides, think of the fun we will have! It will be so nice to get out and do just exactly as we please. And now Max, the reason I wanted to see you so particularly is that we want you to go along with us. Martha says you must go, and you are to come up to Uncle John's this evening. Mr. Maynard expects you, too."



"I don't know why he should expect me," said Max. "He spoke to me about taking an agency, but I told him I had cares enough, without being burdened with a vast sum of money yet. And I'm very much afraid that you are doomed to bitter disappointment if you are counting on making lots of money. And as to the fun—well, if we three are together, we could not help having a little fun. I would like to try it awhile just for the experience. But where do you expect to canvass?"

"Well, our headquarters are to be at Loveland, but we have three counties engaged, and if we get these all worked before vacation is over, we can have more territory in another state."

"Headquarters! my! that sounds big! And if the name of the place is any indication of its character, you have certainly chosen the right place. But how did you happen to choose that place? Do you know anyone there?"

"No, I don't know anyone there, and I never saw or heard of the place before. But Martha says there is an old school teacher of hers living there, and she is going to write to him to meet us at the train, and help us secure lodging. You'll go with us, wont you, Max?"

"Well, I hardly know. That is so far from home, and the expense will necessarily be considerable. It would make us feel rather cheap if we should get there, sell no books, and have to write home for money to come home on," said matter-of-fact Max. "It is well to look at all sides of a question before deciding. Besides, I doubt whether father would let me go."

"Oh Max," said Flossie, "you must go. It will be such a nice trip, besides the money, you know. I believe your father will let you go; he is so good, and allows you to do about everything you want to do."

"Yes, but that is because I am rather careful about what I want to do. In this case I scarcely know what I want. I believe I will ask him, though, and if I can go, I will be on hand this evening. But here we've spent a whole hour, and I did want to look up this Parabola business a little. I suppose I'll have to recite by

inspiration, only I don't usually seem to have a great supply of analytical inspiration."

"Well, success to you," said Flossie, "and I will look for you to-night."

\* \* \* \* \*

Evening came; and so did Max Duff and Martha Norton. When Max got there she found Martha already there, and she and Flossie were discussing that all-absorbing theme, book-agency, and wondering anxiously whether Max would come.

"O Max, can you go?" said both girls at once, before Max had fairly gotten inside of the door.

"Yes," said she. "I managed to muster up courage enough to speak to father about it. I approached the subject very mildly, I can assure you, and with many misgivings. I told him all about it, and where you intended to go, etc. He examined the floor closely for a few minutes, then asked me if I really wanted to go. I told him I thought I would like to try it, and help pay my own expenses in college. He smiled a little dubiously, and said I need not count on making much; that I would do well if I made expenses. But he said if I wanted to try it, he had no objections; that if I did try, I should try my best to make a success of it. He said he thought it would be a good experience for me, and give me a chance to be thrown upon my own resources for awhile. So I told him I guessed I would try it, and here I am."

"I guess we will surprise him on the earnings," said Martha, confidently. "I expect to make enough to pay all of my expenses next year. I must do it," she added with an emphatic nod of her head.

Martha was an orphan, and was helping herself through school. She was very ambitious, and had great confidence in her own ability to do successfully most anything she undertook. She was the oldest of the three girls, and they naturally depended on her leading, especially Flossie, who was her most intimate friend in school. Max was one of that independent class of girls, who have an opinion of their own



on all subjects, and are not easily influenced.

"Now, girls," said Martha, "we must decide when we are going, what we will take along, and everything. I expect to go to my uncle's for a little visit before we begin the summer's work. How soon do you girls want to go after commencement?"

"I think we will need about a week at least to rest up, study our book, and get ready for our onset," said Max.

"I suppose so, but don't wait too long, for I am anxious to begin," said Flossie.

"I'm afraid you will be just as anxious to quit," said Max, "but of course, since we have decided to canvass, we want to get at it as soon as possible. However, I don't see how we can go before the second Monday after commencement."

"Agreed," said Martha. "I can have my visit over by that time. I will go up to Loveland that morning, and will secure lodging with the assistance of my old teacher, and be to the depot to meet you girls when you come."

"That's a capital plan," said Flossie.

"Now girls, what will we take with us?"

But just then there was a rap at the door, and when it was opened, in walked Mr. Maynard.

"Good morning, ladies," said he, "all ready for your first lesson? Why, Miss Duff, have you finally decided to accept my offer?"

"Yes," replied Max, "my father promised to help me devise ways and means of disposing of my income, so I thought I would avail myself of the rare opportunity of putting in my vacation in such a delightful manner. Then, too, when I thought of those poor people going to rack and ruin for want of this book, and how grateful they would be to any one for bringing it to them, my sympathetic and benevolent nature got the better of me, and I surrendered."

Mr. Maynard looked at her a moment, hardly knowing how to take this speech. Did she really believe she was doing something benevolent, or was she slyly making fun of what he had said?

"We are certainly glad to have you on our list, Miss Duff, and I think you will make a successful agent."

"Time will tell," said Max; "I hope you are right, but don't count on too much from me."

Mr. Maynard then drew from his portmanteau a very legal looking document, and had the girls sign it. Flossie said it made her feel like quite a business lady to sign such business-like looking papers.

Next followed a course of drill in the merits of their book, and Mr. Maynard brought up the objections that they would be likely to meet, and told them how to answer them.

When he left, the girls said they believed canvassing was really a delightful and exhilarating employment, and even Max began to believe that it would not be hard to sell their book; for certainly it did seem to be very useful and instructive.

The next three weeks were very busy ones. There were examinations, and commencement, with its crowds of visitors and entertainments, banquets and the like. When it was over everyone was worn out, and most of the inhabitants apparently went into hibernation.

Martha left for her uncle's the next day after commencement; but Flossie and Max busied themselves about the fascinating duty of getting ready for their trip, these two young ladies doing the talking and their friends doing the work.

*(To be Continued.)*

#### ALUMNAL NOTES.

E. L. Shuey, '77, is now connected with the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, O., having charge of the advertising department.

On the 21st of last month H. L. Pyle, '94, was ordained to the ministry and installed as pastor of the First Congregational church at Olean, N. Y. The local press of that place, in reporting the services, speak in the highest



terms of Mr. Pyle, who is regarded as a man of great promise in his denomination. Mr. Pyle graduated from Yale Divinity school last year, and immediately received the call to his present charge.

H. H. Haller, '97, is attending Union Biblical Seminary, at Dayton, O., this year.

O. B. Cornell, '92, teacher in the public schools at Hilliards, O., spent Sunday, Nov. 7, in Westerville.

F. O. Clements, '96, has been appointed assistant instructor in chemistry at Ohio State University, Columbus, O. Mr. Clements will continue to take advanced work in that science.

Miss E. Luella Fouts, '89, has charge of the ladies' physical culture department in Otterbein. A large number have entered the classes, and much interest is being taken in the work.

Miss Alma Guitner, '97, of Westerville, O., spent the last three weeks visiting with her sister, Miss Lela Guitner, '92, proof-reader at the United Brethren Publishing House, at Dayton, O.

M. H. Mathews, '97, spent a few days in Westerville during the latter part of October. Mr. Mathews is connected with the United Brethren Publishing House, at Dayton, O., and is also manager of the Dayton Athletic club football team.

We learn that J. E. Eschbach, '96, has recently passed through a severe illness, but that he is now on the way to recovery. Mr. Eschbach has a good position in the public schools of Warsaw, Ind., where his work has been highly satisfactory.

Rev. T. H. Kohr, '72, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Westerville, O., has been holding an interesting series of special services for the past two weeks. Each evening a ser-

mon is preached by some prominent divine of the Presbytery. On Monday evening, Nov. 15, Rev. M. DeWitt Long, D. D., '76, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, of Columbus, O., preached an able sermon on the subject, "Ruth's Wise Resolution." He was heard by a large audience, including a number of students.

Otterbein has been honored in the election of L. D. Bonebrake, '82, to the office of State superintendent of public instruction. After graduating from Otterbein, Mr. Bonebrake immediately entered upon educational work, in which profession he has steadily risen. For some year's past he has been a member of the State board of examiners and superintendent of schools at Mt. Vernon, O., and has come to be regarded as one of the foremost educators of the state. A man of great power and breadth of mind, energetic and progressive, endowed with a splendid physique and commanding presence, Mr. Bonebrake is peculiarly fitted for the arduous duties of high public office. His experience and success in teaching will enable him to do much for the public school system. The State is to be congratulated upon securing so efficient and competent a man for the responsible duties devolving upon the superintendent of its public instruction. Mr. Bonebrake has the best wishes of the ÆGIS and his alma mater for his future success.

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#### FOOTBALL.

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Otterbein defeated Denison October 30, on the former's grounds by a score of 18 to 0. Denison played a fast snappy game but lacked team work.

On November 13 Otterbein was defeated by Ohio University at Athens by a score of 24 to 0. This is the first defeat suffered by Otterbein this year. In fact the worst one suffered for several years. It was a game marked with unusual hard luck for Otterbein, the fact that



she didn't score can hardly be explained. Several times having the ball within a few feet of Athens' goal line, then losing it on a fumble, offside play or forward pass. Both teams played poor defensive ball, each making good gains through the other, Otterbein's line outplaying Athens'. While Otterbein was badly defeated it was wrongly treated. Any college that will play a football coach should be barred from inter-collegiate athletics. And one that will stoop so low as to play its coach under an assumed name after denying its intention of doing so, surely ought to be spurned by all colleges believing in honorable athletics. Athens has a good team, a mercenary team, without a gentleman connected with it. A team that will win but must pay a high price by bringing the athletics of the college into shameful disrepute. No college will engage in athletic contests with them, that does not follow the disgraceful practices known to be capable of them.

#### LOCALS.

The Philophronean, Philomathean and Philalethean societies have given their first open sessions of the year. The programs appear below:

##### Philophronea.

Chorus.....	Philophronea Society.
Critic's Address .....	The Home of Great Men J. S. Gruver.
President's Valedictory.....	Growth of Democracy S. E. Shull.
Music {a Hushed in Slumber.....	A. J. Mundy
(b Fishing.....	Glee Club.
President's Inaugural.....	Is Our Nation Secure? O. W. Burtner.
Music {a When Day Fades.....	D. Buck
(b Story of a Tack.. ..	J. A. Parks Philophronean Quartet.
Oration .....	Luck E. G. Lloyd.
Music, Cornet Polka—Honeysuckles .....	Casey Karl Schaff. Ivan Rudisill, Accompanist.
Invective.....	Lord Byron W. O. Lambert.

Eulogy.....	Lord Byron J. H. Harris.
Music—Until the Dawn.....	J. A. Parks Glee Club.
<b>Philomathea.</b>	
Chorus—Philomathea.....	Society
Chaplain's Address .....	Danger Ahead R. J. Head.
President's Valedictory .....	Treatment of Crime B. L. Kumler. Inauguration of Officers.
Music—"Senegambia" March .....	Voelker Philomathean Orchestra.
President's Inaugural Address—	Shall Hawaii Be Annexed? L. B. Bradrick.
Instrumental Trio.....	Selected C. A. Keller, Chas. and Robert Crippen.
Reverie.....	W. L. Barnes.
Music—Yatching Glee.....	Culbertson Glee Club.
Current News.....	G. L. Graham Roll Call.
Music—Waltz.....	Haunting Eyes Philomathean Orchestra. Adjournment.

##### Philalethea.

Chorus.....	Philalethea SOCIETY.
Essay.....	Correlation of Elementry Studies IOWA FRANCES MILLER.
Piano Duet—The Last Hope.....	Gottschalk, Op. 16 EFFIE RICHER, MARIE KEMP.
Address.....	Woman's Share in Primitive Culture GRACE BRIERLEY.
Recitation—"The Famine".....	Longfellow MARY ZEOLA HERSHEY.
Vocal Solo—Thine Eyes of Blue.....	C. Bohm MARGARET ACTON BRADRICK.
Critique.....	Les Miserables NELLIE ALCYONE SCOTT.
Oration.....	International Arbitration ANISE RICHER.
Piano Solo—Grande Marche Triomphale.....	Lysberg MARTHA LUCILE NEWCOMB.
Current News.....	MARIE KEMP ROLL CALL.
Music—Legends.....	Mohring PHILALETHEAN QUARTET.
ADJOURNMENT.	



The Remenyi Concert company opened the Citizens' Lecture Course, on October 30. The most covetous could ask no more and the most vivid imagination could never have formed any idea of Remenyi's playing. He seemed to see nothing in space but music. He thrilled his hearers, he charmed them. Even reporters lose consciousness and in amazement drop their pens. With his playing from the masters he carries you to the stars, and when he touches the Hungarian melodies you feel as though you were in the realm of mystery, haunted or haunting—a ghost.

The Preps held their first social on the evening of Nov. 13. They anticipated trouble from the classmen, but since '01 has left them the Preps are not deemed worthy of attention. They went armed. Their cry was: "War to the knife! Knife to the hilt! On to the social!" On order of General Supt. of Exchequer Shirey, none were admitted unless they could exhibit the necessary seven cents. Their chief plays were: "King William," "hide the button" and "drop the handkerchief." After some of the most distinguished had given toasts, they all departed unconscious of any loss save the seven cents.

Wednesday, Oct. 27, at 8:00 p. m., at the home of David Thompson, near Frankfort, Ind., the youngest daughter, Olive Frances, was married to J. Edward Engle, of Frankfort. There were about seventy guests present, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Whitney, '95. Miss Thompson was a student here in '90-'93 inclusive, and paid particular attention to music. Since leaving Otterbein she has taught music in the vicinity of Frankfort and has been eminently successful. The groom is proving himself a successful business man in the city of Frankfort where they will make their home. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney joined them in their wedding trip to St. Louis. The ÆGIS and all their Otterbein friends wish them good fortune.



## Cleveland, Akron and Columbus RAILWAY

### SCHEDULE.

IN EFFECT JULY 5, 1897.

#### SOUTH BOUND

Cent. Time.	2	28	38	8	
	A M	P M	P M		
Cleveland L.	*8 50	*8 00	†1 40		
Euclid Ave.	9 00	8 12	1 50		
Newburg ..	9 13	8 25	2 03		
Hudson ..	9 45	9 05	2 35		
Juyahoga F.	9 58	9 19	2 48		
Akron .....	10 10	9 33	3 00		
Barberton ..	10 24	9 50	3 16		
Warwick ..	10 39	10 07	3 32		
Orville { A	11 00	10 28	3 56	A M	
Orville { L	11 03	10 33	4 01		*6 00
Holmesville	11 33	†11 04	4 32		6 30
Willersburg	11 44	11 16	4 43		6 41
Killbuck ..	11 56	11 29	4 55		6 53
Brink H'v'n	12 23	11 56	5 25		7 21
Danville ..	12 31	†12 06	5 35		7 30
Gambler ..	12 48	12 25	5 55		7 49
Mt. Ver { Ar	1 00	12 40	6 10		8 05
Mt. Ver { Lv	†1 05	†12 45	6 15		8 10
Mt. Liberty	1 21		6 34		8 21
Centerburg	1 29	1 12	6 42		8 39
Sunbury ..	1 44	†1 34	7 00		9 00
Salena ..	1 49	†1 39	7 05		9 05
Westerville	2 02	1 52	7 18		9 18
Columbus	*2 25	2 15	†7 45		9 45
	P M	A M	P M		A M
Cincinnati.	*6 00	6 40			
	P M	A M			

#### NORTH BOUND

Cent. Time.	3	27	35	7	
	A M	P M	A M	P M	
Cincinnati.	*8 00	*8 00			
	Noon	Night	A M	P M	
Columbus L.	*11 30	*12 35	†6 00	†3 30	
Westerville.	11 53	1 06	6 27	3 58	
Salena .....	12 08	†1 21	6 40	4 11	
Sunbury ....	12 13	†1 26	6 44	4 16	
Centerburg ..	12 31	1 51	7 04	4 38	
Mt. Liberty ..	12 39	†2 01	7 12	4 47	
Mt. Ver { Ar	12 53	2 20	7 28	5 05	
Mt. Ver { Lv	1 00	†2 25	7 33	†5 15	
Gambler ..	1 11	2 40	7 47	5 30	
Danville ..	1 29	†2 59	8 00	5 59	
Brink H'v'n ..	1 38	3 09	8 12	6 11	
Killbuck ....	2 09	3 41	8 42	6 56	
Willersburg ..	2 21	3 55	8 53	7 17	
Holmesville ..	2 31	†4 06	9 08	7 32	
Orville { A	3 05	4 45	9 37	8 30	
Orville { L	3 10	4 55	9 42		P M
Warwick ....	3 30	5 18	10 02		
Barberton ...	3 46	5 37	10 17		
Akron .....	4 05	†6 05	†10 36		
Juyahoga F.	4 17	6 17	10 48		
Hudson .....	4 30	6 30	11 02		
Newburg ..	5 05	7 05	11 42		
Euclid Ave.	5 16	7 16	11 57		
Cleveland ..	*5 30	*7 30	†12 10		
	P M	A M	P M		

\* Runs Daily. † Daily except Sunday. ‡ Flag Stop  
| Meals. L Lunch.

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