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OTTERBEIN ÆGIS




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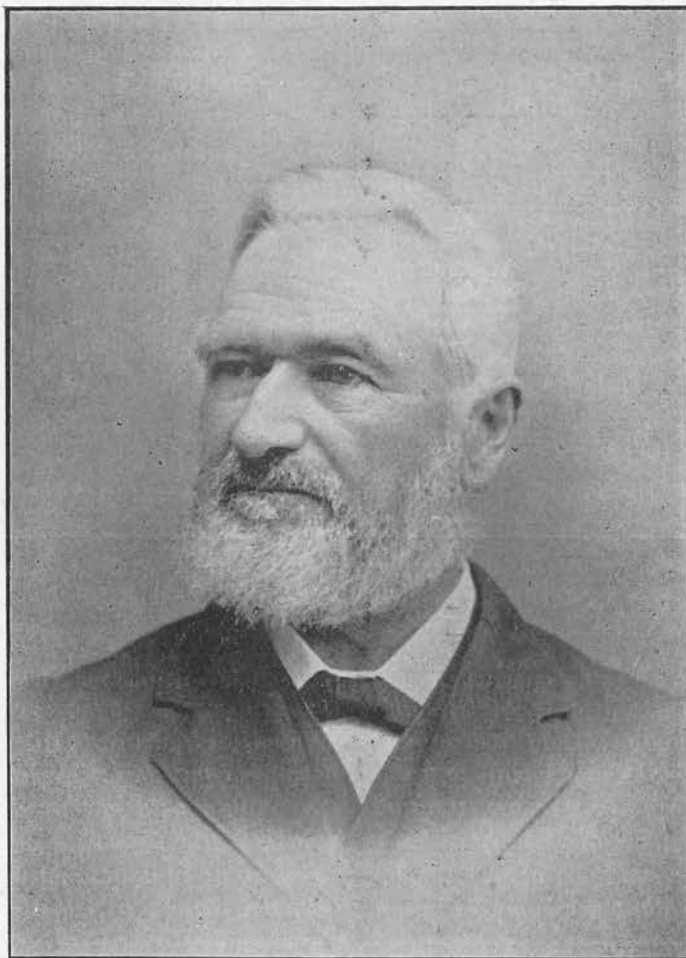
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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

Exercise

Give your brain sufficient food and an abundant supply of oxygen, and then give it a fair amount of good, hard work every day, if you wish to maintain it in a high state of healthy activity. Attorneys and clergymen who use their brains much are the longest-lived men in the state, showing plainly that regular brain work is good for the general health as well as for the efficiency of the nervous system in particular. The muscular system must be treated in a similar manner, if you do not wish it to become subject to fatty degeneration. An unused muscle shrinks and becomes soft and

flabby, presenting a marked contrast to the brawny arm of the blacksmith.

No student can afford to lower his general vitality by confining himself too closely to books or for the sake of mere idle gratification. He never knows when he may require all the energies stored up in his tissues. Mary an accident may bring a life of misery or an early death to one who would have passed unscathed through it, had he allowed his nerves and muscles to grow strong in glorious activity.

Politics

It is said that when the last Republican state convention met it was not known who should be the gubernatorial nominee. In two hours the present incumbent was decided upon. The reason given is that George Cox threw his support to the man upon whom he thought he could rely. Both candidates before that convention had probably made some concessions to Cox but he took the one who had, as he thought, most honor. Cox now comes forward with a bill known as the "ripper bill." It is a ripper. This makes the chief offices of Cincinnati appointive.

Of course Cox will really appoint, though through the governor. The constitution of Ohio prohibits special legislation of this variety but the bill gets around that constitutional objection by specifying "cities of such and such qualities." Nine-tenths of the respectable people of Cincinnati object to Cox and rightly so. And the legislature of Ohio may be cowardly enough to pass this bill.

There are some men in the Republican party who think something must be done to

appease the wrath of liquor dealers. They are quite troubled because of the Clark bill. This is a Republican measure. All of it is simply placing party above commonwealth. A sad mistake, an ignorant act and the doom of freedom. It is difficult to see how a legislator who votes for the "Ripper bill" or against the "Clark bill" can face his respectable constituents. If there is any reason why one should not be disgusted it is not apparent.

Beauty The quality that men most admire, that women most crave. Cosmetics do not impart beauty and constant grooming will not bring out the nonpotential.

If beauty is only "skin deep" some one has suggested that many persons should be skinned or that some have very thick skins. However this may be, the fact remains that there are many homely people. Some originally pretty have spent so much time before the glass that they are round shouldered.

Women read with eager eyes all recipes for beauty while their husbands are trying to make an honest dollar with which to help them "be beautiful."

Beauty is of the soul. It is the attitude we assume toward truth. Bright faces are always beautiful for we get in them a glimpse of a pure soul.

The man who "stands four-square to every wind that blows," is sure to be handsome. Cain's mark is soon stamped upon the wicked, and the mark of righteousness upon the face of its possessor. Gracefulness may be the domination of matter by mind, but beauty is the mark of approval of right thought and proper conduct.

Natural Education A natural education is not one, as is too often supposed, in which the student is left to grow up as he may, subject to the chances of his own environment, a prey to his own inclinations. It

is not one in which he is kept aloof from man, in a forced communion with non-human beings. Neither is it one unwisely trusted to the instincts of a natural but untrained affection. Still less is it one in which the old pedagogic drill in formal studies is thrown aside to give place to pseudo-scientific playing, a vague and formless trifling with objective phenomena. The real "natural" education is that aimed at in the best endeavor of to-day, in which the student is steadily, rationally and intelligently developed by trained and sympathetic minds, toward the best manhood possible to him. Such an education is not simply mental; it is physical; above all, it is moral. In it, the student's individuality is preserved, but is pruned and guided; he himself furnishes the impulse toward his own development, but the channels in which this force acts, the ends toward which it directs itself, are determined for him. A natural education is one in which the subject taught is secondary to the manner of teaching; in which the task done is subsidiary to the effect of doing it; in which the question to be asked at the completion of an intellectual step is not, What has the student learned? but, What has the student become?

Music in Education It would be too much to assert that everyone who is not musical, *i. e.* who lacks the sense of rhythmical form or of pitch, is lacking in the finer perceptions of poetry. But students of psychology know that temperaments which have no perception of either rhythm or pitch, tend toward the physical rather than the spiritual forms of emotion, and that those human beings who possess one or both in even a small degree, may, under careful direction, have their temperamental tendencies guided into higher channels. It is, in any case, a remarkable fact, that from a purely physical point of view much can be accomplished toward the establishment of health by the process of emotional self-con-

trol, indispensable to the artist. Attention has rarely been called to the enormous capacity of great musical artists in this regard.

As a science music should be taught as accurately, as reverently as any of the other sciences. "Art," says Taine, "has at once this peculiarity, that it is at once noble and popular, manifesting whatever is most sacred, and manifesting it to all." Does painting, does sculpture, does architecture deserve that description more than music deserves it? Do those who call it the most universal, did Robert Browning who called it the "queenliest of arts," err? Do they look for too great scope for it, when the scientist Helmholtz gave a large part of his majestic mind to the discovery of obscure details embodying its existence? Again, even as music is universal and scientific, so is it ethical. It is indeed of itself, as Plato said, "A moral law." It is also intellectual; quickening perception and awakening delicacy of insight; strengthening the whole mental grasp.

Our Common Schools

A. W. WHETSTONE, '03

KNOWLEDGE is that which a man knows. Intelligence is that which knows it. Knowledge bears the same relation to intelligence, as invested wealth does to that spirit of enterprise which creates wealth. The one is the active cause. The other is the product or effect or result of that cause. Mere knowledge will not save men. Intelligence is a preservative force. Intelligence is of more value to us than high culture, though high culture may be of more value to an old monarchy than general intelligence, and of more value to us, by and by, than just now.

It is giving eyes to the whole people to give them intelligence. It gives them training enough, at any rate, to guide them in their course. It gives them a certain instrument with which to resist the outburst of passion,

the warpings and bias of undue selfishness and interest. All things considered, general intelligence in all is better than high culture in a few.

Many things might be mentioned that contribute to the spread of intelligence, such as the transmission of thought by means of books and newspapers. But more potent than either of these is the Free Common School, as a factor in the diffusion of general intelligence among men. It is vital to our hope as a great united republic covering a whole continent. The common school gives to every child the one indispensable element, intelligence. Not only does it teach him by the master, but the scholars are all masters to each other. There is an atmosphere of intelligence in the school and a public sentiment of intelligence among the young and rising generation around the school house. Intelligence becomes, where common schools abound, one of the signs and tests of manhood. The question is no longer, "who can throw the heaviest weight farthest?" or "who can run and leap most like a deer, or hug most like a bear?" Another test of manhood is introduced; and it is no longer muscle that makes the man, but brain. Intelligence becomes popular in the village and in the district, and manliness goes up a grade where common schools abound.

Our common schools also equalize. For human life is incessantly creating diversity, and if such diversity were to be continued indefinitely some men or classes of men would grow mountain-high, while the less favored would lie valley-low. And so, a kind of aristocracy would follow classification. Classification inheres in nature, but it ought not to reign except throughout the generation where it asserts itself. Aristocracy is individual. It does not belong to classes in perpetuity. As an attribute of individual excellence and power, nowever, it carries with it ambition and aspiration, and lordly success. But if human life permits itself, by institutions, to hold these elevations for the prosperity of other individuals than those who have earned them, you have

instantly classified human society into an artificial aristocracy, and a low-lying common people.

Now, brain is owner and master in this world. Men may make resolutions, form combinations and devise plans, but as long as God keeps His original decrees unchanged, so long brain will be found to own and to govern. And they that have it will be masters. And they that have it not will be servants, with protest and rebellion, it is true, but under the decree of God. And the true equity which comes with an ideal democracy must be that equity which gives to every man an equal share of *brain culture*. He that has it not, is made by that very deprivation, lower than his fellow who has it. Do not misunderstand me! Democracy does not mean a universal level. It does not mean compulsory equality. It means *equitable opportunity*. Organized society will always be graded. True equity classifies men into superior and inferior. All that can be rightfully demanded is, that all men have education for their full development, opportunity for the use of their powers. After that, men must find their own level. The common school, by beginning early in the child's life, by affording not only the primal stimulus, but by opening the eyes of men, so that they can avail themselves of all the other *stimuli*, which, by and by they will meet, is keeping up a true democratic equality by giving to all men their own proper equal chance for brain-culture.

It is democratic, also, in the sense that it is bringing back again, to a common level, all the irregularities and inequalities which the various forces of active life produce. Knowledge, riches, skill, I have said, create classes, and so, inequalities. If in the spring you look over the cultivated field where corn grew the previous year you will see the ridges that remain. Now comes the plow to turn over the soil and all the old hillocks go down and lie level for the next crop. The common school is the plow that levels each generation of human life. All the children, without regard to excellencies of parentage, have to come

together and stand on a common dead level in the school house. And the teacher does not call the roll of the boys by their parents' altitudes but by the alphabet. And if A is a poor man's son and B a rich man's son, B comes after A notwithstanding. And the rich man's dunce stands below the poor man's smart boy, and *must*. In this little germinant republic of the common school, all the boys whose parents live in vastly different mansions, and with vastly different customs are brought down to the fellowship, and the brotherhood and communion of a common humanity. They are obliged to mingle together and they frame laws with each other. And it is a good thing to bring down to the original starting point all the elevations and inequalities produced by the various forces of active life and say to all the boys, "your feet must all stand on one level; now shoot your heads as high as you please." Liberty of growth and equality at the start is the law of a true democratic life, and this is what the common school gives.

It is, also, in the highest degree desirable, not only that the school should be *common*, but that it should be *free*; and not only that it should be free, but that it should be *superior*. No community can afford to let a primary private school be better than the free public school. You cannot anywhere else, so ill afford to be parsimonious, and call it economy, as in the administration of your common schools. Secure more buildings, larger edifices, better furniture, more teachers with ampler support, (for the support of our common school teachers, especially of women teachers, is a burning shame and a lasting disgrace to our civilization) with more capacity, bringing hither the noblest men and the noblest women. This is political wisdom. And no where is wisdom so squandered, or folly so regnant as where men are unwilling to be taxed and are parsimonious in those revenues which go to maintain free common schools for all the children of the whole community. The rich and the proud, the aristocratic and the arrogant may be unwilling to send their children with the "common herd"

but their children need it. It is one of the best features of their whole education. And they should be compelled to do it, not by law, but by the fact that they cannot anywhere else find a primary private school that is as good as the free public schools.

These schools should not only be free and common and superior but they should be *unsectarian*. If it be needful that the teaching of technical religion should be excluded from our common schools, for the sake of maintaining their universality, I vote to exclude it. If it be needful that the Bible should not be read in our common schools in order to maintain their universality, their freedom and their commonness, I vote not to read it. If the reading of the Bible obliges us to forego our principles of toleration, I shall maintain our principles of toleration. It was because our forefathers would not suffer others to impose their faith upon them that they came hither. And shall we, after three hundred years, with all the growing light and knowledge that has come down to us upon this subject, commit the fatal blunder that sent the Pilgrims across the sea in the dead of winter to lay the foundations of this noble republic?

What! cries out one with real and conscientious fear, "Do you purpose to bring up the children of the community a nest of infidels?" No! I purpose no such thing. You might as well say, "Do you purpose to bring up these boys in school in indolence?" We do not teach the mechanic arts in the common school. Society needs a hundred things that are not taught in the common school.

In the early primitive times, when a dozen functions clustered around one instrument, the teacher used to teach the Bible, religion and the catechism as well as the spelling book and the arithmetic; but in our day of general intelligence, we divide the functions of society, letting the church teach dogma and letting the common school perform the task of teaching intelligence. And because we take from the common school the special function of teaching religious history and dogma, do we therefore

take away religion from education? Let us not impose our religious books and convictions as a yoke upon others because we happen to have the majority and the power.


But are there no other ways of giving religious instruction? Do you suppose religion is all given to men when you have taught them the catechism? If a man can say the catechism, —the lesser catechism, the greater catechism, the Westminster, the Episcopal or the Lutheran catechism—without stumbling, from beginning to end, is he a saint? Is religion all taught through such instrumentalities? By no means. If the teacher that stands in the school is an example of justice, if the teacher is full of sympathy and goes down to the dull and the stupid, and with infinite tenderness lifts them up and supplies their wants, is not that teacher better than any catechetical instructor? You cannot help having religion taught in the school if you have a *man* or a *woman* there. But it will not be religious dogma. For is there a child that does not esteem "whatsoever things are true" and "honest" and "just" and "pure" and "lovely" and "of good report." Let those great underlying principles be taught. Any thing more than this is the duty of the church and therefore out of place in the school.

Therefore let our common schools take care of that for which they were instituted—namely—universal instruction for all the children of the whole community in the first elements of intelligence. Make the children readers. Give them such knowledge and training that may become thereafter their own instructors. This is the function of the common school. And you cannot tax too heavily nor tax too often to secure the fulfillment of that function. The wisest expenditure a state can make is for the support of the common school. For every time you educate a child, you stop up a leak in the hull of the ship of the commonwealth.

The greater part of Association Men for February is devoted to the Life and Character of Moody.

A Sketch of Paul Kruger

E. S. ZUCK. '02.

O describe the disposition, peculiarities, and character of a man whom you have not met nor even seen, is a task at once difficult and easy. It is difficult if one depends entirely on his own resources; easy if he finds in the words of those of more extended and accurate knowledge a skeleton for his sketch. The latter is my task, and at best I can only reflect the words and thoughts of others upon this subject.

Character to a large degree is just what a person will make it. We have our destinies in our own hands; we alone can say whether our characters shall be positive or negative, good or bad. Environment is a factor, however, in the formation of human character, which must not be overlooked. For example, place a man in the solitudes and fastnesses of a great mountain range, and naturally he becomes in mind and ideal as lofty as the snow-capped peaks that tower above him. A nature, bold, rugged, self-reliant, and God-fearing, becomes a part of his character. On the other hand, place him on the plains that stretch away to the north and the south, to the east and the west, apparently as level as a floor, until its edges touch the horizon, and he will take upon himself an entirely different disposition. He is impelled to rove and wander about, with no single spot as an abode and with no place for a home. So we shall describe a man who is the representative of a people who have to a large degree been fashioned as to character and nature by the country in which they have lived. To be sure they constitute only a small fraction of humanity, but nevertheless they deserve our attention inasmuch as they possess qualities to be admired.

John Paul Kruger was born in eighteen hundred and twenty-five. His father was the first settler in South Africa. His German parentage doubtless explains his many peculiarities, and his mode of life shows why he

bears so well his three score years and ten. Born with the oldtime manners of a German peasant, he has come to be the leader of a people. His early life was one of toil and hardship, one in which he grew and acquired the strength which now upholds him in his duties of state. His feats of strength as a boy are marvelous; some that are reported seem great enough for a Hercules or a Samson. In stature he is almost a giant, being six feet tall and weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds. His legs are long, his hands and feet large, though his head is small in comparison with his huge trunk. He is not an impressive looking man in his misshapen coat and trousers. His personal appearance is at times even repulsive. One description says that he is a stranger to the uses of a handkerchief when suffering with a cold, his fingers serving him instead, and that during an interview with the author of the description he spat continually into a waste basket near the table. His long, loosely fitting, black, frock coat is often grimy with dirt, and the huge, lumpy, black shoes often quite innocent of polish. His living is plain and simple, and consists chiefly of meat and vegetables. The meat is usually boiled, and the President is said to be especially fond of turnips, which he eats raw as well as cooked. It is only since Mrs. Kruger has become so advanced in years that servants have been taken into the house. Their former life as common people has been little changed by the dignities which have been forced upon them. Society is an unknown quantity to the President as well as to his subjects. There are no meetings for pleasure or amusement. When they meet it is either for business or for religion, and beyond this there is absolutely no social life.

No one gives him credit for intellectuality. His friends say that to a naturally shrewd intelligence he adds the wisdom of years and experience. His enemies on the other hand, allege that to cunning malevolence he joins an outrageous hypocrisy of religious motives. No one gives him credit for much education.

He can read and write the Dutch language of his people, but is said never to have ventured far into the common domains of history and geography. The former he holds to be irreverent and useless wherever it disagrees with the Scriptures, and the latter unnecessary in good citizens, who should love their homes and stay in them. Too great a knowledge of geography has made the Englishman of to-day, or according to his own famous statement, "The English care so little for their own homes that they have no hesitation in invading the homes of others." He pretends not to understand English. Whether he deems it beneath his dignity to recognize any language other than his own, or whether he lacks the intellectual ability to master a foreign tongue, the reader must decide for himself. He confesses, however, that once he attempted to learn the language, and his method was amusing as is his general line of conduct. He carried with him, on board the ship which first brought him to England, a Bible printed in both English and Dutch. He said that as the Bible was the only book with which he was familiar, he thought he could easily learn the English equivalents of the Dutch texts which he knew so well. He made just as much progress as might be expected from his method, and finally he told a fellow traveler that the Word of God seemed to him profane in the barbarous tongue of King James' version.

His Biblical manner of speaking in parables is not wholly to be laid at the door of religious habits of mind, much as it may suit the patriarchal pose which he affects. This parable point of view is a pronounced attribute of the South African native. Whenever a Kaffir wishes to say that he has done a good piece of business, he generally says he has killed an elephant or slaughtered an ox. All his life, formerly more than now, Paul Kruger has associated with the natives. In this way he has acquired his famous habit of never doing business in a direct or straightforward manner. He imagines that more is to be gained if a bargain is circuitously arrived at, just as a native

always sells his horse or hunting spoil as the property of an extremely avaricious and hard dealing friend. In diplomacy this method of transacting business is very prominent, especially as "Oom Paul" has learned by experience that the seeming plain and outspoken language of English diplomacy often contains a world of unimagined meaning and unthought disaster. It is impossible, not only in the larger affairs of state, but even in the minor negotiations, to get a direct yes or no from the Transvaal executive.

This brings up the question of the President's personal honesty. Until lately no one ever supposed that he had amassed his very ample fortune by the prostitution of his office. But such seems to be the case. In America he would likely be called a boss, or a boodler, such has been his method of doing business. Every concession granted in the Transvaal has, figuratively speaking, bought its way through the executive officials. His political policy is as unprogressive and corrupt as his conduct of government. Education is of no use to his mind, and the methods used by Englishmen in developing the resources of a country are contrary to the Holy Scriptures. The civilization in his republic is hardly on a level with that of America in seventeen hundred and seventy-five. Inasmuch as he opposes civilization and education, the two prime factors of Christianity, he is a thorn in the side of humanity, a barrier to the onward march of the world toward a nobler and higher ideal, toward a time when nations will no longer war, when man will love his fellow being as a brother, and when eternal peace will rule the universe.

The Slayton Jubilee Singers, who appeared here Saturday evening under the auspices of the Citizens' lecture course, remained over Sunday and gave a sacred concert in the chapel on Sunday afternoon to a large and appreciative audience.

Who Is Able To Judge?

CAROLINE LAMBERT, 1901

"Who shall judge a man from nature,
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore,
Of the deepest thought and feeling,
Satin vest could do no more."

In this great world of ours where the good mingles with the evil, where the sun shines alike on the just and the unjust, where the refreshing showers fall on both the rich and the poor man's crops, we have displayed people of every type and description. Each seeking to gratify self, to satisfy his own desires and longings and yet constantly criticising and judging either his less or more fortunate neighbor, who, as it appears to him, has never a care or sorrow to cross his peaceful pathway. This has been called an age of criticism. An age, in which if you would succeed, you must realize that life is not a dream but a stern reality—not like the globe rounded and smooth but like the polyhedron rugged and angular with its many faces and many sides.

The poet smiles triumphantly to himself when he beholds for the first time his poems in print. The whole literary world which has been awakened to new truths, new impulses, rejoices and applauds the new-born poet. Meanwhile the keen eye of the literary critic is not asleep. Scarcely has the fame of the late renowned author flashed round the world until the critics, with eagerness, begin to analyze, search, vex, probe and criticise the works of the poet, that within a fortnight he turns from the fragments of his inspired and carefully wrought works, with a look of astonishment and disgust. The historian, who has spent months and even years in careful study and constant labor, preparing and arranging the details of his history, finally completes the last page. No sooner has he glanced over the pages of his history in print and is just about to congratulate

himself on his work thus accomplished, when his attention is called to the works of another, greater and wiser than himself.

It has been called an age of discontentment, an age in which the "ifs" would seek to make us great. For, "If I were only you what wonderful things I would do." Were it possible to bridge that impassible chasm, we would pause and hesitate upon the brink of the coveted happiness and be as discontented as before.

The tourist, traveling in luxury and ease with all that wealth can afford to make life pleasant, grows wearied with the monotonous life of travel when he beholds situated on the bank of a mountain stream the peasant's vine-clad hut. He sighs as he gazes on that little hut with its peaceful calm surroundings and murmurs to himself, "I would I were to-day a peasant dwelling in that little hut with no gold save the golden sunshine, with no music save God's songsters of the air and the flute of the shepherd lad. To dwell there, it would be to me a little Eden, shut out from the sin and deceit of this world, free from the anxious busy cares of city life. Ah! it would indeed be rest to dwell there! The shepherd lad feeding his sheep on the mountain side caught a glimpse of the passing tourist seated in luxury and ease in the palace car. He gazed in rapture on the happy faces as they passed and murmured to himself, "Oh! I would that I might some day be somebody, that I might behold some of the grandeur and beauty of this world, that I might dwell elsewhere than here in this little valley, on the rugged mountain side, beside the little stream, with no music except the notes from my poor flute and the bleatings of my little lambs!" Alas! for the tourist, alas! for the shepherd lad! But would happiness be complete for them in their exchange?

The ambitious youth cries "I seek success and that I must obtain!" Success? Pray, tell me what is success? Is it the jingling of so many dollars in a professional's pocket or a bank check for the same? Well has it been said, "there is one thing in this world that is better than success, that is, to deserve success."

People, as a rule, pay for being amused or being cheated not for being served. Five thousand a year to your talker and a shilling a day to your fighter, digger and thinker, is the rule. Is the man who brings the greatest good to humanity and the world the one who receives the best pay? How much do you think Homer got for his Iliad, or Dante for his Paradise? Bitter bread and salt and going up and down other people's stairs. The man who discovered the telescope and first saw heaven was paid with a dungeon. The man who invented the microscope and first saw earth died of starvation. Did St. Stephen get bishop's pay for that long sermon of his to the Pharisees? Nothing but stones.

It has been called an age of injustice, an age in which "right is forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne." You smile and think it is only the pessimist's view. But, tell me, is this injustice when the poor starving man with not a penny that he can call his own, driven forth by his intense hunger, resorts to the last means and steals enough food for his evening meal. He is declared at once, in the eyes of the law, a vagabond, a villian and a thief and is thrust behind the iron bars, where he may rest for a fortnight, come what may of those dependent upon him. While, on the other hand, he, who is licensed in the eyes of the law, deals out the deadly poison day by day, draining thousands of dollars from the masses, even the comforts and necessities of life from suffering and starving humanity. This destroyer of homes, this agent of our country's destruction when the shades of night have gathered, folds the draperies of his couch about him and lies down to peaceful dreams, saying, "I have done no wrong." Need you then ask why "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn?"

Dares the man who treads the American soil in this atmosphere of liberty and freedom, who, if his intellect, common sense and perseverance be sufficient can rise from the log cabin to the White house,—dares he judge his brother in far-off India or China and call him be'low him-

self in intellect because he does not rise to similar positions of trust and honor? "A man's a man for a' that" says the American, whether he be the man at the anvil, at the plow or whether he dwell beneath the gilded dome of the capitol. The man who treads up and down the shores of the Ganges says to himself, "a man's a man for a' that, a man's a man for a' that" and he shakes his head and repeats it again, for there in that land of caste and hereditary rank where it is impossible for one to rise above the level of his ancestors, it cannot be interpreted to him as to the American man dwelling in this land of liberty and freedom. Shall the Christian judge what may be right for the Mohammedon, the Mohammedon for the Christian, or the Christian for the Jew? Can the one ask the other to entirely renounce his faith, his creed, simply because he, peering through the narrow windows of prejudice, imagines his faith, his creed to be the only true faith, the only genuine creed? The Christian maiden kneels reverently with bowed head and lifts her soul in prayer and adoration to the great God. The Catholic maiden with a heart as true, with a soul as pure, with desires just as sincere, prays to the same God in the way which a loving mother's lips have taught her, by counting her beads. Dares the one say to the other, my way is right and yours is wrong?

"Go, demand
Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever meant
That we should pry far off yet be unraised.

* * * *

And if indeed there be
An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom
Our dark foundations rest, could he design
That this magnificent effect of power,
The earth we tread, the sky that we behold
By day, and all the pomp which night reveals;
That these,—and that superior mystery,
Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
And the dread soul within it,—should exist
Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
Probed, vexed, and criticised?"


Who then shall judge man? None but He alone who guides the laws of the universe, who holds the destiny of nations in his hands, the

supreme ruler of mankind, the just God who balances the scales of truth and justice in His almighty hands. For—to Him,

"Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light,
Secret wrong shall never prosper,
While there is a starry night.
God, whose world heard voice is singing,
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles
As the pebbles in the sea."

America as a Power in the World

G. W. WALTERS, '02

NLY a little more than four hundred years ago, America was asleep. The moon on her undisturbed journey looked down upon this vast and beautiful continent yet reposing in the silence of death. It is comparatively a late time in the progress of human history. Many nations of the world have already completed their destiny. The last pages of Jewish history have long been written. Greece has ascended to the sublimest heights of grandeur. Rome from insignificance to seemingly imperishable glory. And even Northern Europe has been pouring out from her rich fountains invaluable treasures. All these many years passed out into eternity, all these decisive events glorified the world, while America slept. That far out into the "Sea of Darkness" was such a fair land with its fertile valleys, its grand mountain ranges, its lakes, its winding rivers bounded by banks of green, was not even a dream to the civilized world.

But it was not the purpose of the Creator that this part of the world should remain forever in silence and gloom. Its darkness was to be dispelled, and every part within its boundaries was to receive the vital touch of civilization. In His own peculiar way the work was done. When Columbus embarked on an unknown sea in search of a nearer passage to India, the land of undreamed riches, he little thought or knew that it was not his purpose that should be fulfilled, but the purpose

of the Creator,—not a shorter way to India, the hope and aspiration of the world, but the discovery of America, the will of God!

Soon the light of civilization illumined these dismal shores. It was dim. Only here and there the faint light glimmered like lonely stars in the silent night. Then we need but glance over the pages of her history to be impressed with her rapid growth. With proud but grateful hearts we trace her perpetual march of triumph and glory. But every American is compelled to pause at that memorable event in her evolution and progress when the hand of God threw open the blood-stained portals of liberty to our nation. The power of America was dawning upon the impassioned world. In the very short time of less than three hundred years, she demonstrates her power by humbling the mightiest kingdom on earth. But yet it was not complete. In the face of the most malicious and unrelenting mockery she rushed on, not with a passion kindled by her innumerable victories, but with a spirit consecrated to human liberty and God, until in the first pale light of the 20th century we behold her the imperial power of the earth.

We are proud of America for what she has been; but who is not a thousand times prouder of America for what she is. Let us not form in our minds that unpatriotic and unhallowed notion that it was more to be an American in 1776 than to day in 1900. The structure built by the wisdom of our early fathers still stands in unabated glory. Never could she truly demand greater love and respect than to-day, for when did she inspire us with greater hope and confidence. Everywhere from north to south, from shore to shore, in almost every department of business the acme of life and energy is represented. In respect to commerce and trade she has but few rivals. There is scarcely a province of any note with which she does not carry on some mutual business. As a military power let us give her a separate place since she has no equals. This is a statement which would not receive universal sanction; but we would remind those who hold it in question,

that the military power of a nation is not measured principally by the number of men she can marshal out on the field of battle, nor by the number of gunboats she has sailing the seas. There is something more than this that forms the foundation of military virtue. A love of country must prevail; a patriotism that rises above national pride, that is more than a common passion, that seeks no trivial honors; a patriotism that lifts the eager eye to a nation redeemed and exalted by the shedding of kindred blood. And when the black clouds of war deeply gather over our land, it is upon this sacred virtue that we build our hopes of victory.

But there is something greater and more sublime than all this, which we can not overlook. America is more than a commercial center, and more than a military power. Mars is not her God. Her God is nature's God. Ever since she broke down the ramparts of slavery within her own borders and gave freedom to a hopeful race, she has stood for the supremacy of human justice and liberty. She is not content with her own freedom. The American is not all of the human race! Recognizing the equality of all men, espousing the cause of right, believing in the universality of God's love, she must labor in the interest of all mankind! Herein lies the true greatness of America. Guided by these principles she can not help but reflect a civilization vaster and grander than any in all the world.

And now what can we say respecting her future? The age of prophecy is over. But does the past teach us nothing? Has the present no promises? Then let us believe in spite of all doubts and dogmas that there is still a higher and loftier height to which America will yet ascend.

A new feature at the church services is a small leaflet, entitled 'the weekly calendar,' which contains the announcement of all the services of the week, the Sunday morning service given in full.

Old Ocean

DAVID L. HURST

Thou ever-rolling, dark, mysterious sea!
Thou changeless emblem of eternity!
Thy billows sweep through every clime,
Defying all the storms of time.
Beyond the farthest reach of human sight,
Thy million breakers, glistening silvery white,
Come rolling on in their majestic sweep
To lash the frowning caverns of the deep.

What mystic power within the vague dim past
Marked out thy boundaries, chained thee fast?
In coming ages, what must be thy goal?
And when shall thy proud billows cease to roll?
Man, by the power of his ingenious might,
Sweeps o'er thy form, like eagles in their flight,
Oft to be sadly strewn prone at thy feet,
Enwrapped within thy watery, winding sheet.

In thy sepulchral bosom, dark and deep,
Great ancient warriors keep their last long sleep.
Here ships of costly treasure meet their doom,
And diamonds flash within thine ocean tomb.
Thou show'st the impulse of the human heart,
—Now wild, distracted, driven, torn apart,
Now still, subdued and tranquil, soothed to rest,
No wave of fear upon thy placid breast.

In sweet delight I could forever stay,
Surrounded by thy misty, heaven-tossed spray.
Bask in thy majesty, and find sweet rest,
Reclining softly on thy pulsing crest.
Soon I must bid thy beauties all adieu;
Soon shall thy heaving form be lost to view;
Yet, ages after I and mine are gone,
Thy storm-tossed, sun-kissed waves will still roll on.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

The week prior to the day of prayer for colleges was suitably observed by the Y. M. C. A., by holding half-hour prayer meetings each day from 12:30 to 1 p. m.

More than usual interest centers in the Ohio State Y. M. C. A. convention, meeting at Findlay, Feb. 22-25, as it is the first session since the change from annual to biennial conventions. The program is inviting from beginning to end. Besides prominent divines and college professors the program contains

the names of Gov. James A. Mount, of Indiana, Judge Seldon, P. Spencer, of St. Louis, and John R. Mott, who has made the Y. M. C. A. a world-wide organization. The delegates from Otterbein are Messrs. Graham, Hendrickson, Judy, Brubaker, Good, Wilson, Lambert, Snyder, Boring and Remaley.

The devotional committee have been judicious in their choice of leaders and the meetings on Thursday evenings are a source of help to those who attend. Several of the professors have shown their interest by leading the meeting and still more by attending. We appreciate your presence, professors, and have been helped by your talks.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 15, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Frank H. Remaley; vice president, D. J. Good; recording secretary, H. V. Bear; corresponding secretary, L. S. Hendrickson; treasurer, C. W. Snyder.

Personals

Dr. Garst is making the study of international law interesting.

There is a young man at the Mossman club who has a peculiar incentive for study.

Miss Marguerite Lambert has gone home to join her people in a trip to New Orleans.

Miss Olive Robertson, of Mt. Liberty, spent a few days with her Westerville friends.

Mr. G. W. Walters is able to be about again, after a serious attack of congestion of the lungs.

Rev. Geo. Browne, of the American Tract society, preached in the college chapel, Sunday morning, Feb. 18.

Mr. G. A. Sebald and Miss Katie Alder were united in marriage, Jan. 20, at the home of the bride's parents in Plain City. They are

now at home to friends at Middletown, where Mr. Sebald has entered business.

Rev. B. Bovey made a short call here last week.

Prof. F. O. Clements spent Sunday, Feb. 18, at home.

Mrs. Daisy Shoemaker, '95, visited at W. O. Baker's a few days ago.

Mr. Dellar was called home for a few days on account of the death of a cousin.

Miss Helen Shauck, '97, spent several days here with her many friends recently.

Mr. J. Gerlaugh presented the gymnasium with two hundred dollars worth of equipments.

Mr. Hugh Kline, of Dayton, and P. R. Needles, of Hoytville, made short "business" trips to this city a few days ago.

Mr. J. L. Shively is again able to attend classes, after being confined to his room several days on account of sickness.

Mr. W. F. Coover entertained his sister Miss Mabel, of Dayton, and his cousin, Miss Metta Beardshear, of Ames, Iowa, the first of the month.

She (enthusiastically)—Oh, George, don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true and the beautiful?

He—That's what I am here for, darling.—Ex.

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will settle the latter problem for anyone desiring this information.

Locals

Several students attended the Arion concert of last week.

Rev. D. W. Downey led chapel exercises Friday, Feb. 15.

The chapel choir is growing smaller. There may be a scheme on foot.

Uncle Tom's Cabin made its appearance at town hall a few days ago.

The Philaethean girls are making preparations for remodeling their hall.

Mr. McMillen thinks that the preparatory students are having too many prayer meetings.

The conservatory of music will give a recital in the college chapel, Saturday evening, Feb. 24.

Graham and Woolsey do not always agree on minor points in international law. Dr. Garst seems to favor Woolsey.

Prof. Schram, of Buffalo, gave a talk to the students on the 21st, for the purpose of organizing a class in memory drill.

About seventy-five students have procured tickets for the lecture on "Liquid Air," to be given in the Columbus auditorium by Prof. Chas. E. Tripler.

"Now soup," said M. B, while that commodity was being served at a certain boarding club, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

The Woman's "church work society" gave a reception on last Friday evening, and announced that the parsonage was now free from all debt. We compliment the ladies in their noble work.

A gymnasium tournament was given Thursday evening, Feb. 15, under the direction of Mr. D. J. Good, physical director. The pro-

gram consisted of record making in indoor gymnastics, following which occurred the Sophomore-Freshman basket ball game, in which the Sophies proved conclusively by a score of 14 to 2, that they could play ball.

Feb. 22d was observed as a holiday, and Judge Tod. B. Galloway, of Columbus, gave an address in the college chapel at 10 o'clock. Each of the literary societies furnished a selection of music.

Mr. Oldt has been under a heavy mental strain for several days, on account of the loss of his books and notes of Physics. Prof. McFadden advises the gentleman to take a course of instruction under Prof. Schram.

If you are interested in the discussion of the latest college news, board at the Miller club. The topic for this week is the "Sophomore-Prep Basket Ball Game." Last week, "Keyser's 'Future as a Lawyer,'" was disposed of.

The Juniors have organized a basket ball team with J. G. Sanders as captain and E. V. Bowers as manager.

Ira Flick was elected captain of the Preps, after the resignation of C. Long. They expect to win the inter-class championship, even though the Sophomores think they have a cinch upon that place.

One of the most delightful events of the social season was the Valentine reception given by the Misses Mable and Georgiana

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Scott and the Misses Ethel and Glenn Crouse at the Scott residence, on the afternoon and evening of February 13. The house was very tastefully and uniquely decorated with smilax and strings of hearts. In the dining room delicious refreshments were served. During the receiving hours, many of the faculty, students and friends of the hostesses called.

Delighted? Yes, that is the word for all students who come here for their shoes, and why not? Here is to be found all that you possibly conceive in new styles, shapes and shades, and you'll put your foot into it—into a good thing—if you buy these shoes.

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The local contest of the Otterbein Orator-

ical Association was held Saturday evening, Feb. 3d. It is said to have been the best contest in the history of the Association. The final averages were: J. H. Caulker, '02, 88 5-6; A. W. Whetstone, '03, 88 2/3; Miss Caroline Lambert, '01, 83 1/2; H. A. Wor- man, '03, 83. The following is the program in full:

MusicSelected
Philomathean Orchestra.

Oration....."Our Relation to the Dark Continent"
JOS. H. CAULKER.

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

L. M. Barnes, H. L. Dallas, I. W. Howard, H. U. Engle

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Oration..... "Who is Able to Judge?"
CAROLINE LAMBERT.

Music—Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 14.....Liszt
Martha Adell Roloson.

Oration..... "Our Common School"
A. W. WHETSTONE.

Music—Summer Fancies..... Olivier Metra
Philalethean Glee Club.

Oration..... "Then and Now"
H. A. WORMAN.

Decision of Judges.

Music—Dixie Kid..... A. Geibel
Philophronean Quartet.

Music..... Selected
Philomathean Orchestra.

Exchanges

The Dickinsonian contains several well written stories.

Pennsylvania College is well represented by the Gettysburg Mercury.

The February Philistine presents some views which are not altogether orthodox.

Does not food mold character? The Germans eat a great deal of sausage and they are very dogmatic.—Ex.

The University Herald devotes several columns every issue to a humorous article by "Honest John." It is a difficult task to write

something funny and for this reason we feel inclined to overlook the fact that "Honest John" sometimes forgets to put the humor in his paper.

Wanted—Rain, by umbrella plants. Agents to sell ties of friendship. A pugilist, to lick stamps, box cars and scrap paper.

So much true worth and humor's found

In our exchanges many,

That we are fairly at wit's end,

It makes us feel uncanny

To try to pick out purest gems

From such a goodly lot;

But time speeds on, we must to work,

Come scissors, then, and paste pot.—Ex.

In the Independent of Jan. 18, the principal articles are "Our Policy Toward Porto Rico," "The Injustice to the Colored Voter" and "The Objection to the Double Turret." "New York Daily Papers and Their Editors" begun in this issue is concluded in the next.

STUDENTS!

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"The Mazet Committee and Its Work," by Dr. Parkhurst, "The Ideal Band," by J. P. Sousa, and "Municipal Socialism in America," by J. C. Chase, are the most interesting articles in the number of Jan. 25. W. J. Bryan contributed an article for the issue of Feb. 1. In the same number Alfred T. Mahan treats of "The Transvaal and the Philippines." Mr. Harum Sells Pigs" is a bad imitation of the original Mr. Harum. Rear Admiral Sampson, Edwin Markham and Justin McCarthy are contributors for Feb. 8. Also Seumas McManus contributes a story.

A few of our exchanges keep up a continual criticism on other college papers. This may be alright, but remember that your friends are not the only ones that live in glass houses. The Wittenberger would do well to establish a home mission, and become somewhat milder in criticizing.

A priest who was out walking one Sunday, observed a little Irish girl playing and said to her: "Good morning, thou daughter of the Evil One."

"Good morning, Father," she replied respectfully.—Ex.

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