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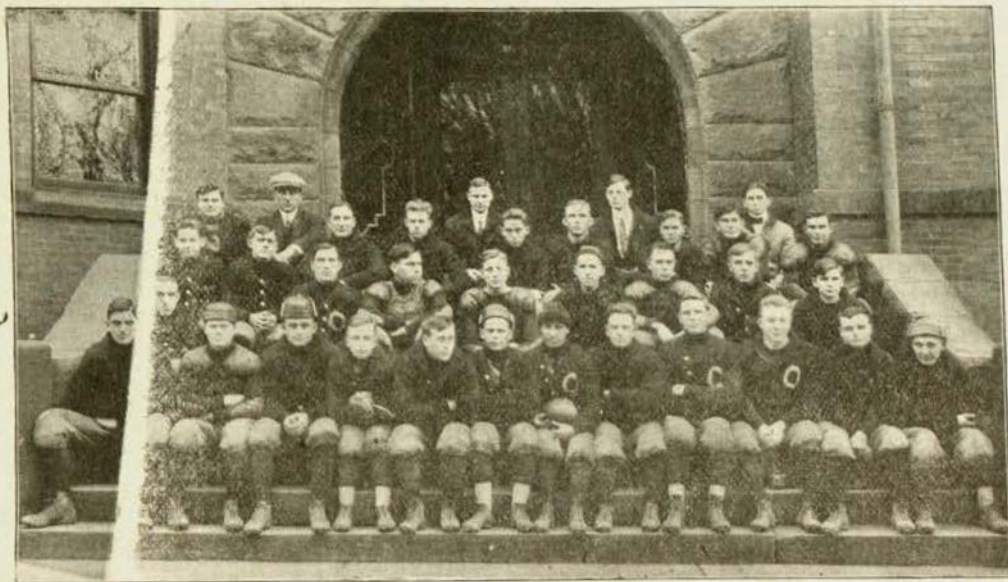
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OTTERBEIN FOOTBALL SQUAD

The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXIII

WESTERVILLE, O., NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 3

Down a Peg

By GRACE M. BRANE, '14

Chapter III.

SEVERAL days after the previous incident Betty Pieron started to chapel a little early in an unusually good humor. Everything had been right that morning, and she had all she could do to keep from dancing a jig on the sidewalk. As she went skipping into the corridor of the main building, she almost bumped into Stephen Todd who was walking along sulkily, his head down and his hands dug into his pockets as if he were trying to catch hold of his heels.

"Oh, hello," greeted Betty, pleasantly. Steve turned aside to let her pass.

"Hello," he answered, shortly. Betty stood still and looked at him for an instant.

"How irritable you are," she said, finally. "I might have talked to you a while, but—I guess I won't." And she turned on her heel and sailed down the hall, with her nose tilted at a most defiant angle. Steve gazed after her for a moment, then started in pursuit.

"I say, Betty, wait a minute, won't you?" he called, while he kept muttering to himself. "Now, ain't I the darndest fool? Did you ever see a bigger donkey? Betty!" he called again. But Betty was still several yards ahead of him, and kept going, her head high in the air. Several long strides

placed Stephen at her side.

"I'll be as good as the devil, Betty, if you'll talk to me," he coaxed, humbly.

"I couldn't think of talking to anybody who uses such language," she answered, coldly, and walked on.

"Of course I didn't mean that, anyway," he apologized, keeping up with her. "I meant—angel."

"I absolutely can't tolerate earth-angels," she said, obstinately, while Steve looked disgusted.

"If you aren't as contrary as the dev—I mean you're—you're an awfully perverse creature," he finished up, lamely.

"Well, I'm not grouchy, anyway," returned the girl.

"But you're as mean as dirt, and that isn't any better." Steve was getting angrier every second, while Betty was growing correspondingly amused. At this last thrust she laughed outright.

"Suppose we both reform?" she suggested, sweetly, although she would have given anything to be as angry as he. "He's almost adorable when he's mad, she thought. "I have half a notion to keep it up." But her good humor was infectious. Already it was working on Steve. He walked up to Betty and held out his hand.

"Betty, I'm a fool," he said, by way of apology, and they shook hands in

silence. After a moment he pulled out his watch.

"The chapel bell will ring in two minutes," he announced. Then turning half doubtfully to Betty, he said, "Let's cut."

He often had offered the same suggestion to her, and just as often been refused. Now when she promptly agreed he could hardly believe his own ears.

"Do you really mean it?" he breathed excitedly.

"Certainly," she laughed, "Why do you suppose I said it?"

Without waiting to answer her, he hurried her out of the building just as the first stroke of the bell sounded.

The morning was splendid. The leaves were constantly falling, and here and there over the campus huge heaps of of them had been raked together. It was just the kind of day to make one glad to be alive.

The fifteen minutes allotted for chapel passed all too quickly for the two delinquents. They sauntered back unwillingly to the building just in time for Stephen to get to his lecture. Betty's next class was not scheduled until the following hour. She was just about to start off to the science hall to get some books she had left there, when Eckert Fanning passed her.

"Good morning, Mr. Fanning." Betty said, quite friendly. Up went Mr. Fanning's eye-glass, and Mr. Fanning bowed simultaneously.

"Why, good morning, Miss Elizabeth," he smiled. "Isn't it superb?"

She supposed he meant the day, and agreed that it was, while inwardly she thought he was rather familiar with the use of her Christian name.

"I'm going this way," she told him, starting down the walk.

"Do you object to my going along," he asked, at the same time keeping beside her.

"Oh, no," she answered, as if that were impossible. She had hoped that he would come along, for she felt in the mood to impose her first lesson upon him. As they walked, Betty spied a heap of leaves piled up temptingly beneath a large tree. She ran over and nestled down in them while Fanning followed her at a more leisure pace. He stood in front of her and looked around awkwardly.

"Why don't you sit down, too," she asked him, after a little. "Or are you afraid to—to—bend?"

"Oh, I am just drinking in the beauties of nature, don't you know," he responded, and up went the eye-glass.

"Mercy!" sighed Betty to herself, thinking of the enormity of the task before her. But there was nothing like trying. "I hope he won't drink to much of the 'beauties,' though," she thought. "He might be unruly when he's drunk."

"Scotland is a pretty country," Fanning was saying, as he began to sit down by her in the leaves. "So is France, but Switzerland is a para—"

But unfortunately, he had made no calculation for the leaves pressing down under his weight, and he sat down with a thump, while his heels shot widely into the air.

Betty chewed her lips to keep from laughing. Finally, when he had settled down she controlled herself enough to speak.

"What did you find most attractive when you were abroad?" The question pleased him beyond description. He turned around and prepared to give it ample justice.

"Oh, everything was wonderful," he

began, "perfectly wonderful! Now, in London the stately old cathedrals were intensely interesting, as the French would say. They were so high, hollow, vaulty, don't you know." In his enthusiastic and extravagant gesture, he thoughtlessly laid his treasured monocle on his knee, and now it had slipped, unheeded by him, down among the leaves. Betty saw it, however, and secretly rejoiced. In the midst of one of the vivid descriptions, when Fanning closed his eyes in an extreme effort to be very impressive, Betty reached out quickly, grabbed the precious article and stuck it down into the pocket of her sweater. The next instant, when he glanced at her, her face was uplifted in rapt attention.

"But I am partial to Westminster," he continued. "I could spend hours and weeks at a time in that place."

Betty was beginning to wish he were there now, since he liked it so well.

"Now in Paris we went to the 'eglises' quite often," Fanning pursued. "They are so fascinating, don't you know?"

"Eglise—eglise," Betty repeated wrinkling her brow, thoughtfully. "Let's see. That means 'school,' doesn't it? I am horribly stupid in French." She told the lie just as unhesitatingly as if it were the truth. French was Betty's specialty.

"No," he told her, swelling up with

great importance, "That is 'museum.' In the great old museum there, I stood before the place where 'Mona Liza' hung."

"Poor thing," murmured Betty, assuming a most innocent attitude. "What did they hang her for?"

"Oh, my dear Miss Elizabeth," he said, shocked at her awful ignorance. "That was a famous painting which was stolen some time ago from the museum!"

"Cows?"

"Oh no!" he was horrified, "A woman!"

"Well," pouted his 'dear Miss Elizabeth,' almost strangling from suppressed amusement. "The name is awful cowish."

Fanning was more or less disgusted at Betty's feigned stupidity, but he recovered sufficiently to start a fluent tale about his trip up the Rhine. Betty was beginning to enjoy herself immensely just as the college bell rang, calling her to class. As she rose to go, she faced him abruptly.

"Say, do you ever swear?"

He was utterly stunned.

"Why—I—that is—I—that's an embarrassing question, Miss Elizabeth," he stammered.

"Oh, I just wondered," she said, carelessly. "Most boys do, you know." She was wondering what he was going to say when he missed his eye-glass.

(To be Continued.)

Glimpses of Foreign Universities

By EDNA G. MOORIS, Department of English

I did not go to Europe to study. On the contrary, I went for rest from work, for relaxation, and for travel. Therefore, what I saw of the universities was only the glimpses caught by a tourist. It was in Strassburg, I think, that I first got back into the familiar atmosphere of university halls and classrooms. We, the two of us who were traveling together, had just left the king's palace where we had been sliding over the fine inlaid, hardwood floors in huge felt slippers. A great pile of stone and mortar with a line of busts of famous men of letters on the front drew us across an open square. Referring to our Baedeker, we found that the building was a library, and that its columned neighbor was a university. It goes without saying, I suppose, that we investigated the latter further. We found a wide and deep entrance hall, just now with many students crossing and recrossing among its marble pillars. The men conspicuous for silk hats we hastily decided were professors. Apparently a lecture period was about to begin. Before everyone should vanish into a classroom, we must find someone kindly enough disposed to answer our questions. It must be one who spoke English, too; for we dared not detain any one long enough for us to stammer ungrammatical German. A pleasant-faced young lady readily became our victim. She herself was on her way to a lecture on Philosophy by a famous old professor. This was to be his last lecture before retiring. We might attend if we liked, but the doors would be closed so that we could not leave before the end of the hour. We

had to give up hearing him, for our watches showed us that supper time was sooner than that, and we were afraid to be late. We were staying for this once at a Y. W. C. A. home. The brisk little lady in charge, of whom I had borrowed an umbrella before coming out had warned me in both French and German against leaving it behind. And I was afraid of a woman so penetrating as to discover on first acquaintance that losing umbrellas was my besetting sin. We lingered by the door until a little old gentleman with much white hair, very distinguished looking, though he did not wear a silk hat, approached and entered. He was greeted by a loud and prolonged stamping of feet, deadened for us when the attentive janitor closed the door. Our theory about silk hats was smashed, nor did we ever frame a new one. By this time every one had left the central hall except us and the janitor, who had begun to follow us suspiciously. So we went to supper, after looking down cross-halls and examining inscriptions on the walls.

We saw more of student life in Heidelberg, the point next visited. Having arrived at our pension after the dinner hour, we were sent by Franklin Nehel to a hotel, where she said many students dined. We found them dining by corps. On the dark paneling of the wall hung here a line of funny blue caps, there a line of funny red caps, in another place a line of funny green caps, the colors being those of their respective corps. And beneath the caps sat the students, big blond men; but being used to football

cripples as proof of endurance and bravery among students, I could not help thinking these fellows disfigured by the sabre-cuts most of them bore so conspicuously.

Franklin Nebel thought we might see more students at the *Stadtgarten* after supper. There were not many people there, however, and there were fewer than we thought were students. Presently came a much bandaged individual, smelling extensively of drugs, with bunches of cotton sticking from the strips of cloth that criss-crossed his face. He took the other end of our bench. We studied him for a moment; then we announced in one breath, "He's been duelling." Just a little later came a similarly bedecked hero down the graveled path. Our bench-mate met him halfway and shook hands. They locked arms, and strolled up and down, heads high, expressions—so far as we could judge from the limited portions of their countenance that were visible—very conscious. They were parading their wounds, no doubt. Then I had another inspiration: "It is his opponent of last night." But reading later Mark Train on dueling in German universities, I concluded that I had been mistaken.

There were few students in the *Stadtgarten* because most of them were indoors at club meetings, as we discovered on our way home. Nearing an open window, we heard a loud burst of song; and passing, we saw a student's cheerful study, with bookshelves, tankards, and steins, the room now filled with young men. In a corner were a man and woman we judged to be visiting parents. As we were unlocking our street door, we heard a similar burst of song from an upper window just across. Delighted we

seated ourselves on the door step. We heard first a verse of song, then a speech, then music again. Their voices sounded enthusiastic, and, although we could not distinguish many words, we knew they were singing and drinking the health of "Alt Heidelberg." and were heartily enjoying their fellowship together. We went in reluctantly when we fancied passers-by were beginning to look at us curiously. We were entertained well enough within, however. In fact, I heard repetitions of what described above as late as two o'clock, and in my dreams still later. They were singing all around us. As it was just at the end of the summer term, I suppose the corps and the clubs were spending the night in a prolonged farewell.

We had an ambition to attend a lecture in historic Heidelberg. On Saturday we had found time for a short visit to the buildings and for some inquiries. A stout janitress had led us to a bulletin board and had discovered for us that, although the term was nearly over, there would be one lecture or two more on Monday. Accordingly on Monday we returned. For a small gratuity a janitor took us to a *Horsaal* where in a few minutes a lecture on history would be given. We took back seats and inspected eagerly the interesting old benches and desks. I felt sure that my seat had been occupied at some time by another American, perhaps an admirer of Roosevelt, for "bully" was carved in deep letters on the desk. A good many men and a few women came in soon, until the room was about two-thirds full. A gong sounded, and shortly after entered the professor, greeted by stamping of feet. He mounted the platform and began talking, the students busily making notes,

By the dates he put on the blackboard, and by the proper names and the few other expressions we caught, it was a lecture on mediaeval history. Discouraged by his rapid speech, I soon stopped trying to listen.

The buildings of the university, with the exception of the library, surprised us by being very small, plain, and insignificant in appearance. The library, however, was a magnificent new building.

Quite unexpectedly I made a brief visit at Oxford University, but only a brief one. The day was very unsatisfactory, for it was not in term time, and the quadrangles, dining-halls, and river were empty of students. And the weather was very hot and fatiguing. I retain only an impression of many, many very old buildings, ivy-hung; neat, grass-covered quadrangles; dark paneled dining-halls; and a pretty river with a boat or two gliding down it. We were surprised at the small size of the room where the degrees are conferred. By the time I reached the famous Bodleian library, I was too tired to look long at the books and manuscripts.

In Dresden where I stayed two months is a rather famous Polytechnic Institute, with a large number of students. Though I passed some of the buildings on daily walks, I never saw streams of hurrying people carrying books, nor any of those demonstrations of student life so common in American schools. I met three students at a tea one afternoon. Each wore a ribbon diagonally across his chest, the badge of his corps. One wore two ribbons, of which the one was a red, white, and blue combina-

tion. These were the colors, they said, of a corps which was founded by Americans studying abroad, but which now had more German than American members. One of the men, who already had his degree, explained to me that the course did not extend over any fixed number of years, but that each student attended until he felt that he was prepared for the examination for his degree.

I saw Berlin University for a few minutes in term time; in a very busy time, too. It reminded me more of home universities than any of the others. On the columns and on the walls of the great entrance hall were notices of lectures, of club meetings; of books to sell; of lessons to be exchanged, French for German, English for Russian, and so forth. We amused ourselves by reading those we could read, while we waited for the close of a period. The rush of students through the halls and corridors when the signal sounded was quite as rapid and confused as at a similar moment at Chicago University or Columbia. And a very interesting crowd it was. It was impossible to guess all the nationalities represented. Those crowding in a small refreshment room and crowding out again, eating rye bread sandwiches, were doubtless Germans, taking their second breakfast when they could get it; and some whose clothes were surely made by American tailors had time to throw their countrywomen a look of recognition.

This is all I can tell you of foreign universities. It is only impressions and passing glances, you see.

Mockeries and Realities

Russell Prize Oration

By ILLA M. BALE, '12

Aristotle has said that the office of tragedy is to purge humanity of its passion so that with a clearer vision, the mind can better see whether we are driving.

On the 15th of last month the whole world was shocked and staggered by the greatest ocean tragedy of all times. And the reality of that tragedy should serve to clear the vision of our age to some of its follies and its mockeries, to point a finger of warning to the inevitable destiny of its present course.

The accident with all its terrible consequences was a preventable one. It was the last and the greatest of a long time of sacrifices that this generation has offered on the altar of its worship, to the Gods of speed and luxury—the ruling passions of the age.

In order to advertise the Titanic and the line to which it belonged, the order was given to break all records, regardless of all hazards. And despite repeated warnings from other ships, of the proximity of icebergs, despite her inexperienced crew, despite her new untested machinery and woeful lack of life boats—the only answer to the warnings was an increase of speed and she rushed madly on thru the icefields to meet her eternal doom.

The world branded the action as "criminal negligence" and murder and so it was, but with all the gross recklessness displayed, this generation should pause before censuring the ship company and remember its own part as a potent contributor to the tragedy. The orders of the company to break records were merely an effort to cor-

rect the demands of the public, to appease the consuming passion and spirit of the age. It was only another expression of the decree that every humanitarian advance in history, the world over, has been purchased by suffering and loss of human life and oftentimes calamities are repeated again and again before the lesson is finally learned.

Everywhere we see evidences of this speed craze which has infested the present age. Our streets and highways are made dangerous by all sorts of speeding machines. Thousands of lives are lost each year when the lightening express trains, thundering recklessly along, plunge over precipices, or thru hastily constructed bridges, in their mad effort to save time or break speed records.

Aerial navigators are sacrificing their lives by the scores to satisfy the generation's demand for feats always more daring and dangerous than the last. Only a month or two since, an aviator was scoffed and hissed by 20,000 American people because he refused to brave a gale that he knew meant certain death, in order to furnish amusement at a pleasure outing. But on the next day, stung by the taunts of the crowd, he braved the elements and was plunged to an awful end.

In the industrial world, quality and durability are constantly sacrificed for rapidity of production. Amidst the rush for wealth in the present industrial system, there is found no time to provide for the ordinary safety and health of the great mass of laboring human-

copy

ity, whose lives mean nothing in the merciless march towards millions.

The appalling loss of life and suffering in mills and tenements without fire-escapes, factories without safety devices; the terrific mine disasters caused by the lack of proper labor protection, all these conditions are the direct results of the inordinate, insatiate passion for speed. And on the Titanic, as in the Triangle shirt waist factory, on railroads and in mines where laborers are regarded as the cheapest of raw material, the system was the same, gambling with human life for dollar profit.

Even for mere pleasures sake, we find humanity daily playing with death. Unless there is connected with the pleasures of today new and constantly greater elements and thrills of danger, they become tame and unenjoyable. High Diving--The Leap of Death, The Blue Streak, Loop the Loop, Motorcycle and Auto races--that almost without exception produce fatalities, these and countless more have become necessary to attract the crowds to our places of amusement and to meet the demands of the age. In the fact of the reality of the Titanic's awful holocaust, a direct result of this same passion for speed and disregard of danger and death, what hollow mockeries, the generation's passions are shown to be!

Turning with disgust and burning shame from the contemplation of the reckless negligence, the love of luxury and the speed mania that caused the tragedy, we behold with unbounded admiration a magnificent spectacle of splendid chivalry and heroism. We see husbands standing calmly and willingly upon the sinking deck, bidding their wives an eternal farewell and giving their chance of life to the

wives and children of other men. We see those men placing the wives of millionaires and of steerage immigrants, upon the same level of consideration and safety. We see class distinctions cast aside and trampled underfoot in the presence of grim death and for once the mothers of the race held sacred regardless of whether they came from the palace or the hovel. We see in that awful hour, the false standards of society swept aside, wealth, fame and brilliancy counting for naught and human life weighed in scales which tested real values.

To the everlasting credit of those gallant men, men who had played with millions, men who knew the pleasure of the worlds applause, men whose field of work and whose fame recognized the boundaries of no nation, these men saw not the poor struggling unknown, oppressed of foreign lands, but only the wives and mothers of the race.

When the time comes to die, or a crisis confronts us, which tests the metal of character, then fame, wealth and social rank, drop off human beings like a shorn fleece, and we stand in the presence of the great reality, bereft of all mockeries, resplendent or befouled in the mold of our real selves.

But some would belittle the heroism of the men of the Titanic by saying, "It was merely the fulfillment of the established law of the sea. However, while the world has come to expect men to die for women and children, there is no such thing as the law of the sea which requires that women and children be saved first. No national or international court or assembly has ever enacted such a law. It is simply a principle of idealty and Christian manhood-self-imposed and those men and nations have high honor

with whom this principle has come to be regarded as a law of the sea.

It was a fine thing, a noble thing and truly and really indicative of what is planted deep in the souls of men when, littleness and false standards and the mockeries of modern life are all swept aside. But in the very grandeur, heroism, and chivalry displayed in the obedience to the law of the sea, comes the mocking, shaming, condemning question "Why is it that the law of the sea in time of death toward the weak and defenseless womanhood and childhood is not equally the law of the land in every day life? Why is it that chivalry and heroism toward such as these seem to find expression only in Death's presence and are forgotten in the social and industrial life of our nation.

Were this so-called law of the sea applied to our industrial world, there would be no more stories from the mills of Lawrence and thousands of other factories of our land—where hundreds of women and girls are submerged annually in seas a thousand times blacker and deeper and more awful than the Atlantic; seas of hunger, privation, hopelessness, despair, and finally dehauchery and shame and all this as a sacrifice to the brutal greed of men in Industry in their merciless amassing of millions.

Were the law of the sea, the rule of the land, it would be no longer necessary for the N. Y. police to report each year, 50,000 girls missing—missing after frail, defenceless human hodies, weakened by toil, low wages and poor food are sunken into the low levels of vice as sacrifices to human greed.

Where is the beautiful law of the sea and where the heroism and chivalry of American manhood that they should

permit such outrages upon American womanhood to continue and multiply, unchallenged and unrehuked.

Thus, in the one redeeming resplendent feature of the Titanic's disaster we read a shameful mockery of the generations greedy passion, and our vision is once more directed to the rocky shoals toward which we are speedily driving.

Finally behind and beneath, the insatiate greed for luxury and wealth, permeating and leavening all these, lies the foremost folly of them all, the master mockery of the whole generation—man's egotistic belief in human supremacy and self sufficiency and his open rebellion and irreverence toward God's omnipotence.

The Titanic disaster was only another lesson of human impotency. And yet since the beginning of time, man's supreme endeavor has been to subdue the universe. Man boasts of his victories of science over matter, of his triumphs in electricity, mechanics, engineering, with chemical, medical and surgical achievements in the discovery of the poles, the mastery of the air, and literally drunk with these seeming successes he has scoffed at his Creator and the natural laws of His universe.

But in the midst of man's gloating, the skies open and the great levies of the Mississippi, those massive monuments to a century of man's achievements and genius in engineering are swept away like so much chaff; the earth quivers a few seconds and a San Francisco lies in ruins; or the most infinitesimal fragment from Greenlands expanse of ice, floats down the Atlantis and almost in the twinkling of an eye, the mightiest, most magnificent marine masterpiece ever produced by the mind and hand of man is crushed like the shell of an egg, and carries

1600 souls to an ocean grave beneath 2000 fathoms of water—flood proof, quake proof and unsinkable? What Mockeries in the presence and Reality of God and the inevitable laws of His Universe!

What a satire on modern civilization and human genius, In quick strokes of blackness, the sinking Titanic painted an imperishable picture of our civilization, its Realities and its Mockeries.

During the whole of that memorable Sabbath day of April 14th, there was among all those on board the fated ship no public worship of God. Not a service uttered, not a prayer offered, not a strain of sacred music played. The time was spent in revelry and carousal. The passengers had just risen from a three hour dinner of eating, drinking and merry-making when the accident occurred.

Not until they were in the presence of death and eternity did they think of God and it was not until the water had risen about the waists of the musicians that the band played "Nearer My God to Thee."

What a mockery of true reverence for God and yet how typical of the attitude of the whole age towards Jehovah! Forgetful of humanity's dependence upon His will and His wisdom throughout life—remembering its relation to Him only when the shadows of death close around.

Perhaps the Reality of the Titanic's fate was necessary to bring the present age to realize the awful mockery of its worship of the gods of speed and luxury. Perhaps too, in the very expression of noble chivalry and heroic

manhood displayed in the compliance to the rule of the sea, this generation will awaken to the mockery and shame of its grinding, gruelling, torture and murder of women and children, under an industrial system, doing the bidding of insatiate greed and passion for wealth. Finally in the solemn silence and grim gloom of the vast ocean space where lies all that it left of man's marine masterpiece—this present age may read a divine Judgment pronounced upon the mockery of man's boastful defiance of the omnipotent laws of nature. Perhaps man may realize the punyness of his finite genius, the absurdity of his egotistic attitude of self-sufficiency and may learn once more the need of his dependence on the will and wisdom of the Creator of All.

Let this generation heed the great lessons involved in the awful reality of the Titanic disaster. Let it purge itself of its mad consuming passion for speed, for luxury and wealth. Let it realize that a chivalry which confines itself to times of death and finds no expression in the social and industrial conditions of every day life is empty mockery. Let it make the sentiment "Nearer My God to Thee" its supreme rule of life rather than remember it only as a supplication in the presence of Death. Let the present age realize from this tragedy, as Aristotle has said, "Whither it is driving" and set about to correct its course.

Then, those 1600 heroic souls will not have died in vain; for upon the bodies of such noble dead, humanity will have risen to higher ideals and better condition of life.

THE OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

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EDITORIAL

OUR WISH

For twenty years THE ÆGIS has had to cover two fields—that of the newspaper and the literary magazine. Both fields are large and to do justice to either requires much hard labor. Since the advent of The Otterbein Review the ÆGIS has been striving more and more to devote her efforts largely to the field for which she was originally designed; namely, literary. In pursuance of this policy we have this year offered a continued story to our readers and have endeavored from time to time to secure contributions from the students and faculty that will be interesting to our readers and at the same time stimulate interest in such lines of work.

In this number of the ÆGIS we are glad to publish the winning oration in the Senior-Junior Oratorical contest for the Russell Prizes last year. In connection with the publication of these prize-winning orations we have secured the co-operation of the English department and there will appear in these columns articles prepared for the varied classes in this department. We hope that the students in all departments will have sufficient interest in the literary standing of OTTERBEIN to set aside their modesty long enough to let us publish the result of their efforts.

Otterbein Products

NOLAN R. BEST, '92



The subject of our brief sketch in this issue of the *Aegis* is Nolan Rice Best so favorably known in the world of religious journalism as well as in connection with a number of great movements for social reform.

Mr. Best began his thread of existence in the modest, well ordered home of a Presbyterian minister in Rich Hill, Ohio, on April 9, 1871. Though his parents were dark complected and crowned with somber locks Nolan R. fractured ancestral presuppositions and found himself merely a red-headed youngster, with no more promise of notoriety in the world than any other stripling so fortunate as to be blessed with sterling home influence. (And after all was not this latter condition a splendid stock in trade?) Although we have access to but few of his boyhood pranks and activities, there is abundant assurance that pranks were not lacking. Who ever heard of a red-haired youth whose whole time and attention were given

to acts of piety and composure? And even now in the midst of sober responsibilities the same glitter of youthful fancy, and buoyancy of spirit makes heavy tasks light and multiplies his splendid efficiency a hundred fold.

It would be delightful to picture the affections and filial admiration of Mr. Best's parents; to visit their cozy home on East Park Street in Westerville and note the beaming faces when "Nolan's" name is mentioned; but these scenes are too sacred for description, too full of meaning for casual interpretation, so we turn to a more legitimate field, his entrance into college and public life.

While a student in college Mr. Best displayed qualities of scholarship and revealed a special adaptation to the philosophical and educational branches. He was active in all legitimate student activities and especially devoted to religious organizations. He sometimes refers to his pranks in school but we are inclined not to un-

duly magnify this phase of his life. The exuberancy of a normal, wide awake college student often finds expression in other innocent recreations than faultless recitations and iron clad study hours.

After graduation from the Arts Course at Otterbein in 1892, Mr. Best accepted a position as proofreader in the United Brethren Publishing House at Dayton which position he served until 1895 when he was chosen managing editor of the "Daily Courier," a Zanesville publication. Although Mr. Best was remarkably successful in this field, we cannot but think that it was but a link in the chain of events which perhaps made possible his entrance into the field of religious journalism where he is still in the prime of a notable career.

Two momentous events mark the year 1898 as an epoch in Mr. Best's life; the first which has already been mentioned, his acceptancy of the managing editorship of the "Daily Courier," and the second, which is of much greater importance, his marriage to Miss Anna Fulton. We assume that the latter event increased Mr. Best's ability at least a hundred fold.

In 1901 Mr. Best was called to the editorship of the most important organ of the Presbyterian church, the "Interior" which was published in Chicago. In this position he showed to the world his exceptional powers and established an enviable reputation in works of moral reform. Among other activities, Westerville Citizens and friends of Otterbein will remember his activity in the National Headquarters Committee of the Anti-Saloon League of America. His energy in this direction had much to do with the location of that splendid institution's headquarters at Westerville. In 1910 the "Interior" and "Westmin-

ister," another important Presbyterian publication, were consolidated, with offices in New York City and Mr. Best was given the editorship. In this position he is spreading rays of morality and Christian intelligence to thousands of homes and hearts every week.

As a member of the committee on forms and services in the Presbyterian General Assembly Mr. Best drafted in 1903-06 the "Book of Common Worship," now so extensively used by that denomination. In 1912 was published his splendid little book "The College Man in Doubt," a work which immediately found an entrance to the heart of the thinking student. In 1903 he gave to the world a work more metaphysical in character, but none the less practical, entitled "Beyond the Natural Order."

After all is said about the merits and individual traits of this distinguished son of Otterbein, his place in our hearts is made impregnable by what he is in heart power rather than by his tangible achievements, however worthy they may be. We think of him as one who has by unquestionable methods and lofty ideals hewed for himself without "pull" or pretensions, the eminent place which he so worthily holds. Nor would this sketch be complete without reference to his unfaltering loyalty to his alma mater. Though a vital part in the organism of a sister denomination, his zeal for Otterbein is worthy of no small recognition.

To this worthy son of our beloved college we extend our sincere hope for a long life of prosperity and usefulness, for a continuation of health and mentality that will allow the realization of ideals lofty in character and freighted with good to mankind in general.



'11. Miss Marguerite E. Wriggle, the oldest daughter of Rev. E. F. Wriggle, was united in wedlock to Rev. Charles D. Yates, on October 9, 1912, at high noon. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride, her father officiating. Mrs. Yates is a graduate from Waitsburg, Washington, high school, having won the Spokane scholarship prize at her graduation. Since then she has been engaged in school work. Mr. Yates is an honored graduate of Otterbein University, Westerville, Ohio. He spent some time in Bonebrake Theological Seminary and is now pastor of the Third United Brethren Church at Spokane, Washington, also religious work secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at that place. Their many friends join in wishing them a happy and prosperous life.—Religious Telescope.

'78. Dr. T. J. Sanders attended the annual meeting of the United Brethren board of education, held at Dayton, Ohio, October 19th.

'03. Rev. W. E. Riebel, pastor of St. Clair Avenue United Brethren Church, Columbus, Ohio, is spending some time at his father's farm near Galloway, Ohio. Convalescing from the effects of a minor throat operation.

'97. Rev. W. G. Steverson, Chaplain of the Eightieth Cavalry, United States Army, and wife visited friends in Wes-

terville, October 18th, after which, in company with Mrs. Wm. Clark, they went to Washington D. C. where Mr. Steverson will likely remain several months with the hope of regaining his health.

'01. Mr. L. M. Barnes, who has been with the Peoples Bank Company, as cashier has moved to Anderson, Indiana where he has entered the employ of the Lambert Fuel and Grain Company. Mr. Barnes will take the position recently held by H. P. Lambert, '12, who goes out as city salesman for the company.

'07. Mr. Nellis R. Funk, of Dayton, Ohio, has assumed all the burdens, anxieties, pleasures and notoriety attendant upon fatherhood.

'98. The recent election placed Erastus G. Lloyd of Columbus on the roll of State Senators.

'00. Prof. A. L. Gantz who has been teaching in Sandusky high school, has been chosen superintendent of schools at Hopedale, Ohio.

'77. Judge C. M. Rogers, of Columbus, Ohio, was reelected as judge of Common Pleas Court of Franklin County at the recent elections. Judge Rodgers is held in high esteem by his constituency and his official record is above reproach.

'06. Mr. F. W. McDonald of Lima, Ohio, visited in Westerville recently.

'06. Mrs. Ora Maxwell Oldt spoke in the college chapel, Sunday evening, October 27th. The occasion was the anniversary of the Woman's Missionary society. Her description of a trip to the Orient was most vivid.

'92. Rev. J. A. Bovey, former pastor of the United Brethren Church at Bloomdale, Ohio, has accepted the pastorate of the First U. B. Church of Lima. The Lima church has a membership of nearly eight hundred.

'76. H. L. Frank of Tampa, Florida was in a serious automobile accident from the effects of which he will probably lose the sight of one of his eyes. Mr. Frank was formerly superintendent of schools at Marion, Ohio.

'94. Dr. J. R. King who has been an efficient missionary at Freetown, West Africa, has been appointed superintendent of the four thousand acre farm near Dayton, recently purchased from the Shakers by the United Brethren denomination. The farm will furnish a home for superannuated ministers of the denomination and will also support a large orphanage.

Dr. King is making a tour of Sandusky Conference at present, attending the joint sessions of the missionary institutes now being held under the auspices of the foreign and home committees of the Woman's Missionary Association.

'06. Rev. Sager Tryon, pastor of the United Brethren Church at Strasburg, Ohio was a visitor in Westerville, October 30th. Rev. Tryon also included Dayton in his itinerary.

'94. Rev. E. L. Seneff of Westerville recently entertained Miss Lela Seneff of Westfield, Illinois, daughter of Dr. D. R. Seneff, '72.

'11. Mrs. Estella Gifford Weaver of Johnstown, Pa., has been making quite an extended visit at the home of her parents in Westerville.

'83. Dr. L. F. John, pastor at Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania, read a paper recently at the Methodist Protestant ministerium of Pittsburgh on the "History and Work of the United Brethren Church."

'92. "A delightful reception was given in the parlors of the Ladies' Hall in honor of the new President, Dr. Gossard. Many town citizens and friends from neighboring places were present."—Lebanon Valley.

'83. Mrs. Justina Lorentz Stevens, a teacher in Steele high school of Dayton, spent a few hours with friends in Westerville, November 8th.

'92. Dr. O. B. Cornell of Westerville was a delegate to the Grand Lodge of R. A. M., recently held in Toledo, Ohio.

'05-'07. "Prof. and Mrs. E. M. Hursh will leave New York on November 7, on the steamship "Celtic," for another period of service in West Africa. Professor Hursh, during his stay at home, took post-graduate work in the University of Chicago, giving special attention to sociology and the study of the training of the child among the primitive African peoples. As a result of his work the University of Chicago conferred on him the degree of master of arts last August."—Religious Telescope.

The recent teachers' institute at Columbus furnished Westerville with many familiar faces among whom were seen J. W. Triump, '01, Leroy Mattis, '11, Helen Weinland, '11, G. E. McFarland, '12, Myrtle Saul, '12, Sarah Hoffman, '12, and H. E. Gifford, '11.

'01. Dr. Frank Oldt spoke to the Otterbein Y. M. C. A. men recently on "Medical Missions in China."

'12. Miss Grace Myers and Miss Ruth Detwiler were recent visitors in Westerville.

'96. A real surprise party was held in

honor of the thirty-ninth birthday of F. O. Clements on November 9th at the home of Mrs. Sarah Clements in Westerville. The occasion was entirely informal and thoroughly enjoyable. Light refreshments were served at daintily arranged tables.

'04. Mrs. Daisy Clifton Ditmer visited her mother and friends in Westerville, October 25.

'05. Mr. T. E. Hughes, secretary of the army Y. M. C. A. at San Francisco, California, has accepted a position as educational secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Oakland.

ASSOCIATION NOTES



Y. M. C. A.

Instead of outlining at length all the excellent talks of every Y. M. C. A. meeting, which most of us have attended, the editor believes that two short, pointed articles, the first one taken from the, "Ohio Association News," for August and September, and the second one from the September number of the "Association Men," will be justifiable, and well worth your careful reading.

The Y. M. C. A. Investment.

"Every boy that has come to maturity has cost the state—that is, you and me, one thousand dollars.

Some boys go wrong. When a boy goes wrong we not only lose our one thousand dollars, but we have to spend another thousand to protect ourselves against him.

The Y. M. C. A. is an organization of manly men, whose sole object is to keep our boys morally, mentally and physically right.

These right ones in turn keep others right. Thus the Y. M. C. A. is an investment that pays cumulative dividends, not only in cash, but in character.

Can you suggest a better investment?"

T. A. Craig.

Hammering Cold Iron.

"There is a not very elegant but quite understandable expression current among blacksmiths that embodies a first principle of the trade. It is this, 'Only one blacksmith ever went to hell, and that was for hammering cold iron.' Cold iron is not to be welded or molded. At white heat it is pliable upon his anvil. This principle is

just as true in handling men and boys. Reformation or character shaping is not to be wrought by a sign board or a set of rules; neither are men to be good because they are hammered and told to be good. Men are malleable, plastic and pliable for character affecting in the intense heat of swaying sentiment, blazing truth and kindling enthusiasm. Music and song have their part in the play of soul on soul. Fervor must go with faith and prayer with preaching. It takes intense and sweeping men to arouse inert or corrupt men to noble aspiration and self-sacrificing devotion. As well expect to make a weld of cold iron as to get results in spiritual awakening from many of our cold meetings as to expect to hold a Fourth of July celebration without a brass band to enkindle patriotism. It took the bugle call and the drum beat and intense appeal to enlist young men in the army, and most of them were under twenty. We have been too much afraid of enthusiasm and sentiment. For with the heart, man believeth unto righteousness."

"The Present Status of Medical Missions in China," was the subject of Dr. F. Oldt's very instructive talk on Oct. 24. He clearly pointed out the need and influence of surgery in China as well as the great opportunities along those lines.

On Oct. 31, W. H. Hayes used as his subject, "Our One Purpose." He emphasized the importance of a definite life purpose, especially for Christians, referring to an example to the life of Christ.

And on Nov. 7 Rev. S. F. Daugherty read and explained the first chapter of James, referring especially to the authority of the author and of the practical application of his teachings.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

Oct. 22 Miss Fernie Parsons, Leader, Subject, "The Hidden Idol." Miss Parsons discussed what an idol is. "Francis Bacon says, 'It is a prejudice.'" An idol is an image or something upon which our minds are determined. Many times we do not realize we have an idol, but let us make an introspection of self. Perhaps pretense, self-esteem, luxury, or a desire for popularity may be found there as an idol. When we are tempted to place any of these upon a throne, then we are able to recognize it is an idol, the claim of the antagonist.

Oct. 29. Miss Myrtle Harris, Leader. Subject "Dragging the Net." A lesson was drawn from the life of the disciples as fishermen. The disciples dragged the net all night without catching any fish. Our lives may thus be as useless as the toils of the disciples, if we do not have Christ in our lives. When the Christ is taken into our lives, then will our efforts be blessed.

Tuesday evening Nov. 5th, Miss Boneta Jamison opened the meeting by reading Thessalonians 1:16-21.

Mrs. Frank Lee, of Westerville, spoke to the girls on "Affirmatives."

A comparison of affirmatives and negatives expressed very forcibly the power of determination. An affirmative character carries with it the conviction of being capable and able to do what is asked. Confucius, in giving the Golden Rule to his people weakened it, by making it negative. Saying, "Do not do unto others, what thou wouldst not have them do to you."

Whether we are affirmatives, is shown in the way we accomplish our daily tasks. Let us strive to be more

like Paul, who says, "I can do all things."

On November 12th, Ethel Garn very ably discussed "Detachables." Any large machine is constructed of many different parts that are detachable. No part is worth anything, unless it is attached correctly and is in harmony with the machine. We are, each one of us, a detachable in this world. We have our special work to do and must not fail to find it, if we desire to be a benefit to the world. Obstructions must be taken out of our lives, if we would be one of Christ's detachables. Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life."

Mary Williamson favored the association with a vocal solo.

Twenty Years Ago.

Dr. Scott addressed the Y. M. C. A. November 3rd. The subject of his address was, "The Holy Land." His descriptions were realistic and very entertaining. We would be glad if all the members of the faculty would favor us with talks.

F. J. Resler and R. E. Kumbler saw the game between Otterbein and O. S. U.

M. B. Fanning and J. R. King were at Columbus on the 17th instant to see Julius Caesar by the Ward James Company.

Harry Behymer and Ora J. Smith, who were students at Otterbein last year have entered the Electric Medical College, at Cincinnati, Ohio. The Aegis wishes them success.

We feel very proud of the fact that President Sanders has been chosen to represent the educational interests of the U. B. Church at the World's Fair. He will prepare an address reviewing

the educational development of the church from the first until the present time. This, with other addresses of similar character will be published in book form, and in the future he regarded as valuable history. Not simply because we are proud to have our president honored by this appointment, but because of his ability with which he will perform the assigned task, we rejoice in the selection of Dr. Sanders.



Dear Editor:

Can you inform us as to how many letters Ann gets in one week from Columbus? All the Girls.

The deluded person who can truthfully say, "I'm the guy that came to Parliamentary Usage after Boneta," please inform that lady at once, as serious developments might set in through growing curiosity.

Miss Nettie Lee Roth had as her guests for several days, Miss Eva Greene and Miss Nell Rockey, both from Dayton.

There were a number of visitors to Cochran Hall during the recent "Teachers' Association Meeting in Columbus.

A reading club has been formed recently on second floor, "The Garden of Allah" being the literary production under present consideration.

We have heard that Ethel Shupe's friend has undergone a serious operation. He has had the meat taken out of his eye so that no one will question his ability to see clearly to pull the beams out of the eyes of his associates.

Miss Myrtle Winterhalter entertained guests Sunday, November 10.

An unique form of ducking took place when Ruthie went walking in the rain—not alone—and as a result she suffered for several days from bronchitis.

Miss Lydia Garver went home November 13 to attend her sister's wedding.

Evolution of a Girl's Push.

8:30—Push started. 10:00—lights out. 10:30—serenade. 11:30—transportation of mattress. 12:30—fortune telling. 1:30—original stories. 2:30—devotions. 3:30—stories continued. 4:430—alarm clock. 4:40—slumber. 6:00—slumber ceases. 6:30—lock step parade.

Roll call every five minutes during the night. Whose the guy that put the sh in Push? Ask Pat.



Arrangements have just been completed for a triangle of Ohio, Muskingum and Otterbein. Debating relations have been made with Heidelberg for a dual meet. However this agreement may be extended to include some other college, thus making another triangle. If this can be effected, then Otterbein will have taken her place among the colleges that, under the leadership of Prof. Fulton of Delaware, have instituted the famous double triangle plan for debates, which finally will include all the colleges. The question for debate this year is a live issue; "Resolved, that Commission form of municipal government should be adopted by all cities having a population of 5,000 or more, constitutionality granted." Otterbein should make a great effort to maintain the prestige obtained in debate

last year under the direction of Mr. Bale. Last year our teams won every debate except one. Let us enter into this with such enthusiasm as will bring victory to Otterbein this year. Prof. Heltman who took special work in debate in Syracuse University last summer will coach the teams. A large number of men ought to enter the preliminary, which will be held about the first week in December. Two teams of three men each will be selected and an alternate for each team.

The dates for the regular debates have not yet been decided upon and will be announced later.

Declamation Contest.

The third annual Russell prize declamation contest bids fair to be the most interesting contest yet held. The trial judges after a deliberative conference decided that ten contestants were well worthy to enter the final battle. And that number instead of eight has been selected from the fourteen who took part in the preliminary.

The successful ones to enter the final contest are: Messrs. Brobst, Raush, Emrick, Shannon, Stephens and Rasor, and Misses Roth, Mayne, Lyon and Parsons.

The final contests will be held in the college chapel on Monday evening, Nov. 25, at 7:45.

The following prizes will be awarded to the three best declaimers, first prize \$15, second \$10, and third \$5.

Otterbein students turned out very well, to the prayer meetings held this past week.

All colleges throughout the civilized world were asked to observe this week of prayer and it has been observed at Otterbein for some years.



South High-0. Otterbein Seconds-0

South High of Columbus played the Seconds on the home field, Friday, October 18. The continuous rain and sloppy field made the playing slow and tiresome. Metzgar and Zuerner played the best game for the Seconds.

Summary and Line-Up:

South High		Otterbein Seconds
Hoddy	L. E.	Schnake
Church	L. T.	Roth Weimer
Gibson	L. G.	Richy. LaRue
Essick	C.	Russell Weimer
Koetz	R. G.	Young
Karsh	R. T.	Kratzer, Paul
Levi	Q.	Shepard
Long	L. H.	Metzgar
Myers	R. H.	Daub
Ruhl	F. B.	Zuerner

Referee: Plot, Otterbein. Umpire: Dell, Oberlin. Time of periods 10 minutes.

St. Marys-14. Otterbein-12.

Otterbein's inability to break up St. Mary's forward passes lost the game that was played at Dayton, Saturday, October 19. Otterbein carried the ball for good gains through St. Marys' line but lost at critical times through failure to make good her forward passes and by penalties. Both of St. Marys' touchdowns were made by forward passes into the 10-yd. zone. Snaveley started the game at quarterback, a new position for him, but shifted to his old position when Summers was taken out in the second quarter on account of injuries.

Summary and Line-Up:

St. Marys		Otterbein
Focarty	L. E.	Hayes
Baczenas	L. T.	Bailey
Creeden	L. G.	Herrick

Grieve, Welch	C.	Farver
Clark	R. G.	Stitt
Farrell	R. T.	Berringer
Devereux	R. E.	Elliott
Mahrt	Q.	Snaveley, Bronson
Klein (c)	L. H.	Plott,
		Snaveley (capt.)

Sacksteder	R. H.	Summers, Plott
Avery, Miller	F. B.	Learish

Touchdowns: Devereux, Snaveley, Avery, Plott. Goals from touchdowns: Clark 2. Goals missed: Snaveley 2. Referee: Hinman, University of West Va. Umpire: Prough, Ohio Wesleyan. Head linesman: Solomonio, St. Marys. Time of quarters, 15 minutes.

Denison-60 Otterbein-3.

In a one sided contest Denison easily took the game, 60 to 3, on the home field, Saturday, Nov. 26. Berringer, Elliott, and Herrick were out of the game on account of illness, which somewhat weakened the team. There is no discount, however, on Denison's superior team work. Their delayed and forward passes worked most successfully. Learish played an excellent game, both on the defensive and carrying the ball. Plott was a consistent gainer, while Farver's tackling was noticeable.

Summary and Line-Up:

Denison		Otterbein
Mitchell	L. E.	Hayes
Ashley	L. T.	Bailey
Thompson	L. G.	LaRue,
		Roth Weimer
Reese	C.	Russell Weimer
Briggs, Bruce	R. G.	Stitt
Black	R. T.	Farver
Hendrichs, Ashcraft	R. E.	Garver, Daub
Deeter	Q.	Snaveley, Bronson
Rupp, Laad	L. H.	Sommers,
		Snaveley (capt.)

Roudebush R. H. Plott
Dunlap, Mathews F. B. Learish
Touchdowns—Rupp 8, Roudebush 1,
Mitchell 1, Reese 1. Goals from touchdowns
—Black 6. Place kick—Plott 1. Referee—
Hoyer, Ohio State. Umpire—Powell, Ohio
State. Head linesman—Clark, Ohio State.
Time of quarters—15 minutes.

Baehr F. B. Learish
Touchdowns—Heuck 3, Baehr 2, Stewart,
Summers. Goals from touchdowns—Flohr 3,
Plott 1. Referee—Fred Ham, Kenyon.
Umpire—Powell, Ohio State. Head lines-
man—Marty, Kenyon. Time of quarters—
15 and 12½ minutes.

Cincinnati-39 Otterbein-7.

The University of Cincinnati won a comparatively easy victory from Otterbein at Cincinnati, Saturday, Nov. 2. The game was loose and uninteresting. Cincinnati suffered several penalties. Summers got loose in the second quarter for a touchdown, Otterbein's only score. Little could be gained by forward passes. Learish and Plott played a consistent game. Farver, Stitt and Russell Weimer did the best work in the line positions.

Summary and Line-Up:

Cincinnati		Otterbein
Barr, Blau	L. E.	Hayes, Garver
Periy	L. T.	Bailey
Flohr, Russo	L. G.	Roth Weimer
Klein, Fangey	C.	Russell Weimer
Clyde	R. G.	Stitt
Tilden, Vinnedge	R. T.	Farver
Stewart, Berger	R. E.	Snively, Daub, Mathers
Howard	Q.	Bronson
Heuck (capt.)	L. H.	Plott
Fenke	R. H.	Summers, Snively

Antioch-26 Otterbein-6.

The defeat from Antioch on the home field Saturday, Nov. 9, is the hardest of the season for which to find excuse. The only thing that Antioch had over the Varsity was Capt. Fess's head work. Otterbein lacked team work. Learish, Summers and Plott played their usual hard game.

Summary and Line-Up:

Antioch		Otterbein
Dixon	L. E.	Hayes
Wood	L. T.	Bailey
Heife	L. G.	Garver
Patton	C.	Weimer
Richeson	R. G.	Stitt
Jones	R. T.	Farver
Wallace, Mensforth	R. E.	Elliott
Fess (capt.)	Q.	Bronson, Snively, (capt.)
Lingrel	L. H.	Plott
Funderberg, Copess	R. H.	Summers
Poike	F. B.	Learish
Touchdowns—Plott, Poike, Fess, Lingrel Mensforth. Goals from touchdowns—Fess, Mensforth, Wallace. Referee—Rosselot, Ot- terbein. Umpire—Eddington, Antioch. Head linesman—Zuerner, Otterbein. Time of quarters—12½ minutes.		



C. W. Foltz, '13, has been elected director of the Choral Society at Gambier, Ohio.

The Aegis wishes him much success.

G. D. Spafford, '13, is very energetic in securing engagements for the Otterbein Glee Club. He has already

secured engagements at Bowling Green and Chicago Junction and is now corresponding with parties at Fostoria and Findlay. The Glee Club will probably make trips to those places in the near future.

Sept. 16 at two thirty o'clock, Miss Florence Sheller, a former student of

Otterbein was united in marriage to Mr. S. A. Drummond an officer in the U. S. Army stationed at Ft. Wm. McKinley, P. I. Rev. E. J. Pace, U. B. missionary to the islands performed the ceremony. A large number of friends, including associates of the groom in the army, gave the couple an old fashioned serenade.

Otterbein is proud of the honor bestowed upon one of her students, Mr. Howard Weaver. He is now pursuing a course in journalism at Ohio State University and has been elected to membership in Sigma Delta Chi, an honorary journalistic fraternity. He has also been elected assistant manager of the basketball team.

Mr. Weaver has many friends in O. U. and all join in wishing him continued success.

Sept. 30th, 1911. C. E. Hetzler, '13, took unto himself a wife and is now very pleasantly situated in Westerville. Mr. and Mrs. Hetzler took great pleasure in entertaining the senior class on Monday evening, Oct. 28. The class enjoyed the amusements and refreshments furnished by the young couple, and were made to believe that married life in college is a success.

Rev. H. A. Thompson D. D., president of Otterbein for fourteen years (1872-86,) and a member of the faculty for twenty years appeared before the student body Nov. 8 and led the morning devotions and made a few remarks. He used, for his subject, "Why I am at Otterbein." His remarks were interesting and very helpful.

No doubt it is with much pride that the Antiochian refers to their honored President, Dr. Fess as being a can-

didate for Congress. Now that he has been successful we rejoice with you in that you will place in our next legislature a man in whom the people have the greatest confidence and one of which Ohio should be justly proud.

To the Readers of the Aegis:

I feel indebted to the Editor of the Aegis for consenting to give space from time to time for the publications from students in the Public Speaking department, principally from the Freshman class. These articles are written to be given orally in class and are printed not because of any particular rhetorical ability, but because, in my estimation, they show the result of some honest thought on the part of the author, because I feel that the thought developed is worthy of the consideration of the readers of this paper and in order to create in the students a purpose beyond the present need which often inspires to better effort. The articles have not been graded, but are selected at random.

I trust this plan will meet with the approval of the readers of this paper
H. J. Heltman.

An Otterbein Art Association has been organized recently and the membership includes all the present students of the Art department. The object of the Association is to promote interest in art among Otterbein students and friends. The officers are as follows:

President, Jane Dill,
Vice President, Ruth Trone,
Treasurer, Grace L. Straw,
Secretary, Dorothy Brown.

The Art Association wishes to call special attention of the friends and students to the fact that it now has a vigorous working department in Normal

Art, the object of which is to prepare its students for efficient teaching of art in the public schools.

On Friday evening November first was open session in the Philophronean Literary Society and the following program was rendered:

Philophronean Installation Session.

Music Selected

. Orchestra

Retiring Critic's Oration—

The Trend of the Under-tow

G. D. Spafford

Vocal Solo—

(a) Constancy Smith

(b) A Pearl for Every Tear . Liddle

L. M. Curtis

President's Valedictory Oration—

The Hindering Element

R. H. Brane

Cornet Solo—Evening Star . Wagoner

O. W. Briner

President's Inaugural Address—

Materialistic America

T. H. Nelson

Extemporaneous Speaking

Roll Call

Philophronea

Adjournment

After the president's valedictory Prof. Cornetel, on behalf of the Society, presented R. H. Brane with a beautiful silver cup, as a token of their appreciation of services rendered in the remodeling of the Society hall during the past summer.

In accepting the cup Mr. Brane

said; "Fellows this cup means much, and I appreciate it, but the spirit behind it means more. I do not deserve this because I did no more than any loyal Philophronean would have done under the same circumstances. This act of yours shows to me the true Philophronean spirit and it will spur me on to even greater efforts in after life."

Friday evening November eighth Philomathea had its regular installation session and the following program was rendered:

Philomathean Inaugural Session

(a) "La Morsaria" Morse

(b) "Foam Fountain" Boehnlein

Philomathean Orchestra

Chaplain's Address—The American

Newspaper

D. A. Bandeen

President's Valedictory—Necessity of Choice

C. W. White

Inauguration of Officers

Duer—"Barcarolle" Offenbach

Orchestra Accompaniment

L. Mathers C. Foltz

Essay—The Value of Medicine

. J. R. Bridenstein

President's Inaugural—Chivalry Now

C. W. Foltz

(a) "Serenade" Chadwick

(b) "My Own United States"

Thatcher

Philomathean Glee Club

Music—Philomathea

A large number of exective members were present and spoke to the Society.

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Exchanges.

To our list of high school exchanges we are glad to add the Brown and White. The literary work is especially good, showing much originality and careful thought. You have made a good impression and we extend to you a welcome hand.

We wish to call the attention of our readers, especially the oratorical aspirants, to the oration in the Washington-Jefferson entitled "Safeguards of Our Liberty." It is a model for clearness, unity, and impressiveness.

The Blue and Gold has distanced all of our exchanges thus far in the neatness, richness, and beauty of her October cover page.

The Spectator has a strong literary department in her October number. Such subjects as; "Missions and Col-

leges," "The Value of Christian Education," and "The Influence of Character" are worthy of the highest thought. The story, "Psychology Applied" is very interesting and well handled.

The author of, "A Day's Work in A. D. 2008," might well be spoken of as a person having an "Edisonian" imagination.

"Although the Progressive party has been defeated, progressive ideas will continue to prevail," thus saith Uncle Sam.

Muskingum College has expressed her belief in practical education by opening a department in domestic science. This is truly a progressive idea, and one that, let us hope, will be an incentive to the modernization of College education.

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Dr. Snavelly, after Hayes had finished reading a series of computations on the index system.—“Well, I don’t know what to think about this. I once heard it said that figures don’t lie, but liars do figure.”



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Daub to Prof. Wagoner.—"I don't
like the way Cicero writes; he uses too
many words."

Prof.—"Yes, he does use a super-
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Wolfe.—"She is my half-sister."

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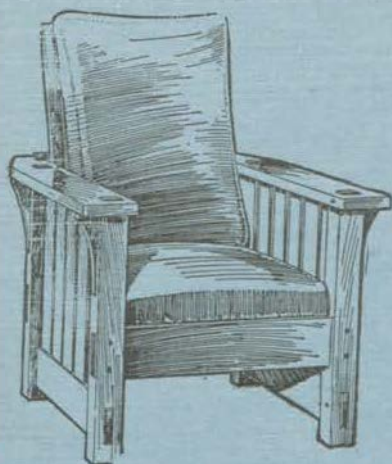
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