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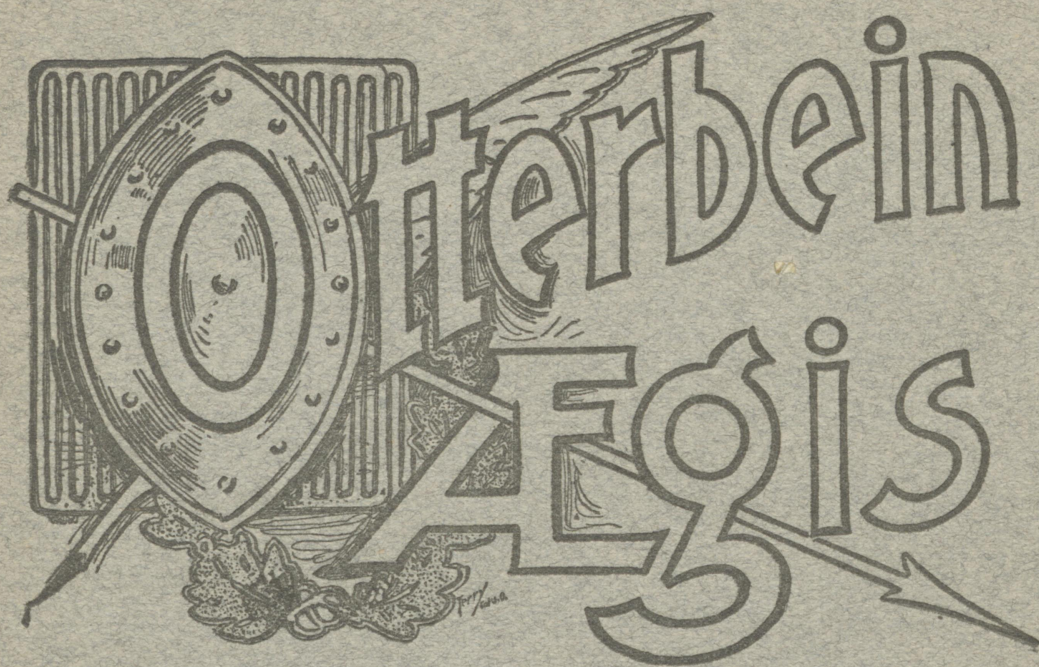
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W. T. J. Sanders




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MAY, 1906

....SIBYLLINE NUMBER....

A decorative flourish consisting of two symmetrical, upward-curving lines that meet at a central point, resembling a stylized 'W' or a pair of wings.



VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1906

No. 9

Storm and Sunshine.

By J. W. AYER, '07.

(A STORY)

The dark and bleak December day
Was growing old 'neath skies of gray.
Loud the angry wind was howling,
Sighing, shrieking through the tree-tops,
Driving blinding drifts before it,
Till one looking o'er the landscape
From the snugly fastened casement
Felt the chilly, biting storm gusts
Pierce into his inmost bosom;
Felt a shudder through his being
As his soul became attuned with
Nature's mournful, frantic moaning.

'Tis a time for meditation,
Time for turning one's gaze inward,
And for pleasant reminiscence
When without all things are dreary
And Dame Nature seems forbidding.
Then it is that youth and age may
Find much solace in each other.
One in telling, one in hearing
All the stories of a life-time.

I.

In a cottage on the hill-side,
Up among the oaks and beeches,

Whence in summer time a streamlet
Laughing leaped down to the river,
Sat an old man by the fireside.
As old John, the silent hermit
He was known throughout the country.
For the current of his speech was
Chilled and frozen like the brooklet,
Which no longer laughed and sparkled,
But lay mute beneath the snow-drifts.
There he sat before the fire-place
Gazing on the logs within it,
While the ruddy, dancing fire-light
Tinged his ashen face with redness,
And his thoughts went, roving, roving,
Over times that were no more.

Thus that winter's eve I found him,
When I climbed through storm and snow-drifts
To his low, secluded dwelling.
Welcome warm the old man gave me
By his side before the chimney;
And ere long the ice had melted
From the fountain of his feelings,
So a flood of pleasant stories
Trickled o'er his long sealed lips.
Closer still and ever nearer
To himself I felt him draw me
By each incident related,
For they seemed part of his being.
Yet as one sometimes feels vaguely
Something which his friends keep dark
So I felt that there was something
In his soul deep down secluded,

Which had kept him strangely silent,
Which had often made men wonder,
And which like a mighty burden
Weighed on every thought and action.
Still I dared not ask him of it
Though he sat there grimly silent,
Gazing blindly in the firelight.
Far into the night thus sat we,
While the flickering flames grew fainter,
And the dancing shadows darker
On the rough walls of the dwelling.

But at length a falling fire-log
Sent a shower of sparks wild dancing
Up the wide-mouthed open flue,
And a glare of light effulgent
Burst into the utmost corner
Of the raftered cottage room.
On a picture fell the glimmer,
On that picture gazed the old man,
On the faded, gray old portrait
Of a sweet faced happy maiden.
All the evening he had stolen
Frequent, fleeting glances at it;
Now my presence quite forgotten
On that face he fairly gloated.
Sighed deeply then he started
To himself at last returning,
And again he turned toward me
As with wondering gaze I met him.
In his eyes a strange light sparkled.
In his breast heaved pent-up feelings.
On his cheek so pale and sunken
Something like a tear was glistening.

"Yes, I'll tell it all," he murmured,
"For too long I've hept it hidden;
Though I've felt my very heart would
Burst and thus divulge the secret.
Many a tear that picture has caused me.
Ah, who knows what mute reproaches
Those bright eyes and happy features
Have sent deep into my bosom?
They remind me that not always
Was this dwelling dark, deserted,
And not always without loved ones
Did I rove about these hill-sides.
Yes, they tell me—Ah, I shudder—
That I've caused myself this sorrow;
Caused myself this desolation;
And still worse have brought to naught all
Of the plans and aspirations
Of the ones I should have cherished.
Yes, alas, have snapped life's thread for
Those who should be dearest to me.
But the story, 'tis as follows:

"Years ago, across the river,
In a house not large, but homelike,
Dwelt a farmer and his family.
Father, mother, sister, brother
Made complete that happy circle;
While about this very fire-side
Where this lonely night we're sitting,
Such a number used to gather.
So indeed 'tis little wonder
That the children of these households
Often times would meet each other
When upon a day of pleasure
They would loiter by the river.
Little wonder that quite often,
In the quiet of the evening
Underneath the mellow moon-light
On the bosom of the river
Hanged a little boat suspended,
Naught but sky beneath, above it.
And within this little vessel
—But I scarcely need to tell you—
Were two youths and two young maidens.

"Thus much in each other's presence
With our friendship ever ripening
Dwelt we, till one day for college
Frank, the son and I departed.
Here our friendship grew still stronger,
As we shared the petty troubles.
O! the flood of pleasant memories
Which arises in my bosom
And still surging ever upward
Pours its waters o'er mine eye-lids.
But why linger any longer?
Though we're weaker, yet we're stronger
Than when by those passionate storm-gusts,
Youthful joys and youthful sorrows,
We were tossed about and troubled.

"When at last our alma mater
We had left, our work completed,
Left her sacred halls forever,
To our homes beside the river
We returned, and there together
With our sisters and our parents;
With our school-mates, friends and neighbors
Spent the quiet summer evenings.
Summer quickly passed and Autumn,
In her gorgeous, rustling garments,
Bowed and smiled and sighed before us.
Then another scene of parting.
'Twas the last, and yet we knew not
What a cloud should gather o'er us.

"Down beside the blue Potomac
Went the comrade of my boy-hood,
There to study laws and justice;

While to classic, proud old Boston,
To acquaint myself with poets,
With the authors new and ancient,
On the same day I departed.
For a while as prompt as sweet-hearts
Frank and I would write each other.
Then there came that awful struggle,
Rending this fair land asunder,
Which with all its bloody horrors
Made the whole world stare in wonder."

Here the old man paused a moment,
And the storm wind ever rising
Fairly shrieked among the branches,
Buffeted the firm fast windows
As to force a speedy entrance.
Then a sudden vigorous knocking
Told us that 'twas not the storm wind
Which alone was seeking entrance.
In there stepped a stalwart figure
Youthful, strong and full of vigor,
Shaking from his heavy fur coat
Icy breath flakes of the Storm King.
"Sir, my name is Frank Coligny.
By your publisher I'm sent here
To procure your latest story,
Which he wants immediately."

This he spake and my companion
From a desk drew out some papers,
Handed them unto the speaker,
Who straightway took his departure.
Much I wondered, for I knew not
That an author, who was sought out
E'en at midnight, sat before me.

"That young man," my friend made answer,
Taking up again the story
Where he had left off at his entry,
"Bears the name, yes, wears the form of
My old comrade, Frank Coligny.
In the struggle for the Union
Frank and I were drawn most sharply;
And our views, we found, conflicted.
Greatly wrought up then I branded
Him as traitor to his country,
Wrote unto Marie, my sister,
Loved by him as I ne'er loved her,
Telling her in words most bitter,
That she must give up that coward,
False to me, to her and country
Else I'd ne'er be called her brother.
'Did she do it;' do you ask me?
Do you think that such a woman
As that picture there before you
Could be turned aside so lightly?
Silently without complaining

Still she went about her duties.
No one knew how those words hurt her.

"Finally the war was ended.
Then afraid to face my sister
'Cross the foaming sea I traveled.
Thought to ease my troubled conscience
In the study of the treasures,
Arts and music of the masters,
Thus engaged, I met in Florence
No one other than Coligny.
There we met and yet we spoke not,
For when love is turned to hatred
Fierce and bitter is that hatred.
Although I had oft repented,
Oft had wished that I might see him,
Now I felt my anger rising,
Raging like a demon in me.
So I turned away and left him,
Left him standing there in anger.

"On that evening in my chamber,
Lying on a stand before me,
Was a message dark with blood spots.
'Twas a challenge to a duel,
Full of bitterness and scornful.
'If you fear to fight a coward
Well may you neglect this challenge.'
Thus it ended. And I angry
Thinking not what I was doing
To the ones already injured
Quickly sent my acceptance.

"In the laurels on the mountain
Which o'erlooks that classic city,
With our rapiers as agreed on,
There we met each full of vengeance.
At the word began the struggle.
How the cold steel flashed and glittered,
Ringing sharp as thrusts were parried,
Till the song birds of the forest
Screaming wild their nests deserted!
Finally I siezed the moment;
Turned aside his well aimed rapier;
Thrusting quick then cut his cheek through.
When they saw the bright blood trickling
From his face, the well versed seconds
Called a halt, for had not honor
Been sufficed by that first blood-shed?
But Coligny never heeding
Fairly shook with pent-up anger,
And with teeth tight clenched he shouted,
'To the death we fight this duel!'
'To the death!' I wildly answered
And ere long I felt the keen steel
Stinging deep into my bosom.
Then I reached and plunged my weapon

Fair into his trembling body.
 I shall ne'er forget that moment.
 O! that awful look he gave me
 As he dying, I sore wounded
 Fell back on our two attendants.
 Gone was all the bitter anger;
 Gone was all the thought of vengeance.
 'John,' I heard him faintly whisper.
 'Frank,' I answered. Then I fainted.

"Many a month I lay in weakness
 Wondering: had I really killed him?
 Till a messenger reported,
 That he died that very evening
 Ere they reached a place of shelter.
 Told me too that they had written
 To my sister, whose address was
 On a letter in his pocket,
 Telling her the entire story
 Of the scene upon the mountain.
 Well I knew she could not bear it
 When she learned that Frank was murdered
 By the hand of her own brother.

"'Twas three years ere I was able
 To desert that wretched country.
 Then I hastened to the home-land,
 There to ask, if she was living,
 Ere too late, Marie's forgiveness.

"When I reached this dear old dwelling,
 Solitary, dark, deserted,
 Habited by naught but owlets
 With their wailing, and flitting,
 Claw-winged wild bats, were its chambers.
 And the home across the river
 Was as dark and blank as this.

"When I asked, the neighbors answered,
 (I had changed so no one knew me)
 That Marie had been so broken
 By her grief for friend and brother,
 Both of whom had died in Europe,
 That the family vainly hoping
 Still to save her life disposed of
 House and goods and then had left for
 Some more healthful, sunnier climate.
 That the other family also
 Whose bright son had died so strangely
 Sold their homes and went none knew where.

"Much I searched, but unrewarded.
 Not a single trace of loved ones
 Was there found in all my seeking.
 So I bought again the home-stead,
 And have lived a life secluded.
 With my pen have made my living;

Written much. I'm known in letters
 By the name of Jacob Houlton.
 Now you know me, as no other,
 Both as man and as an author.

"Do you wonder, then, I ask you,
 That I'm troubled by that picture
 Of the sister whom I've murdered?
 Do you wonder that at night-time
 I can feel those eyes upon me,
 And can see in dreams before me,
 Weltering in his oozing life-blood,
 Pale and dying Frank Coligny?"

He ceased. The last spark in the ashes
 Faded slowly, then darkened and died.
 Naught was heard but the clock on the mantle
 And the dying wind moaning outside.
 Then I left him alone and trudged homeward,
 Musing deep on the story I'd heard.
 It was touching to think what he had suffered
 All the years without speaking a word.

II.

Winter passed, and then the spring-time,
 Filled with song and scent of roses,
 Whispered sweet o'er stream and woodland.
 And the willows by the river
 Gently bowed to meet their image,
 Till they dipped their fresh green branches
 Down into the placid water.

On an evening sweetly quiet
 Stepped Jake Houlton from his cottage
 Down toward the peaceful river.
 Wondering I stood and watched him
 From a distance 'mongst the willows.
 Jacob Houlton, he the author
 Whom I'd read and loved from boy-hood;
 He the hermit on the hill-side,
 Whom no man had known or honored;
 He the man so deeply human,
 Who had sinned, repented, suffered;
 He whose real name, John H. Frankland,
 Was a secret in my keeping.

From the shore-line's purple shadow
 On the other side of the water,
 Pushed a skiff into the current.
 Straight toward the spot it headed,
 Where my aged friend was standing.
 His dim eyes the old man shaded
 As he peered across the river.
 "Can it be," he mused in wonder,
 As the boat was drawing nearer,
 "Frank Coligny still is living?
 Yes, 'tis he, and there's my sister!"

Then his eyes were dimmed by tear drops,
And like willows in the current
He stood trembling with emotion.

Now the skiff had reached the shore-line,
Grating on the rattling pebbles.
In it sat three aged persons.
In their midst a rosy maiden,
And her brother, too, the oarsman,
Who with steady stroke had driven
Cross the stream the gliding vessel.
'Twas the youth, who on that evening
While the old man told his story
Had arrived through howling winter
To procure Jake Houlton's novel.
It was Frank Coligny junior,
And his father, Frank Coligny,
With Marie, the aged mother
Sat upon the seat before him;
While Amelia, once the sweet-heart
Of John Frankland was the other
Of the happy, aged trio.

What a meeting by the river
On that quiet summer evening!
There they told in brief the stories
Of their lives long separated.
How Coligny had recovered,
Though that man had thought him dying,
Who had written to his sweet-heart,
And had so told suffering Frankland;
How by accident in Georgia
He had met once more the sister
Of our hero, and had brought her
From the shadow of the charnel
Back to life and strength and beauty;
How the sister of Coligny
Had despaired of ever seeing

Him, who wrote to her so harshly
Of her brother's rebel notions,
And who far away in Florence,
She was told, died in a duel.
Yet she never loved another,
But in the family of her brother
Lived a life of simple duty.
All of this they told that evening,
And how Frank the son was reading
That last book of Jacob Houlton's
Had his interest so awakened
In the man and his surroundings,
That he told his father of him.
Also how back to the homestead,
Just across the peaceful river,
They had returned, and now had come to
Find that author—well they knew him—
Knew the writing of John Frankland.

Slowly sank the sun red flaming
Shooting level darts all golden
Through the sweetly whispering tree-tops;
While upon the rippling water
Diamond waves and gold were mingling;
And the birds their good-night carols
Sweetly sang among the branches.
Then the silence of the twilight
As the silvery stars came peeping
From the azure vault above us.
Words were whispered of forgiveness;
Vows renewed while tears were glistening
As they slowly climbed the pathway
To the cottage on the hill-side.

They were gone. The moon rose o'er the hill-
tops
And smiling looked down on the scene.
My heart swelled with a mighty emotion
When I thought what life's drama must mean

Black and White.

E. C. WEAVER, '10

AGES ago the tidal waves of im-
migration came rolling forth
from the gray and mystic
dawn of antiquity. Onward and on-
ward it swept, east and west from the
great valleys of southwestern Asia,
on its mission of encircling the globe.

On its crest it bore the white man
and his family. These, filled as they

were with the spirit of adventure, as
they passed along, sowed the seeds of
civilization in every valley, laid the
foundation stones of empires in every
clime, converted the wilderness into a
fruitful garden and gave the world
her industry and law. Although, in
their pathway they saw the bones of
their ancestors, victims of their own
ambitions, bleaching in the sands of
every desert or washed upon the
shores of every sea, yet they mur-

mured not at this for they knew that this sacrifice was not in vain but paved the way for the following generations to regions unexplored and to achievements yet unknown to man.

But during all this time there dwelt in the land of Africa another race of men. Within the seclusion of this proverbial "dark continent" the man with the black skin for ages lived and moved and had his being. While others were engaged in the pursuits of civilization, the black man was content to stay at home. Since, indeed, as to the achievements of others, he was both ignorant and indifferent, he found his every joy and sorrow and all objects of his ambitions in the haunts of his native wilds. By heredity and environment those powerful determinants of character, he was a savage.

Howbeit, times have changed. Despite the fact that for many centuries these two races varied so widely in respect to characteristics and achievements, to-day the negro is found in every land and mingling with every people.

How such a change has come about well may we ask. We cannot hold responsible the negro, for to migrate from his native home was contrary to his desire. Nay, the responsibility rests upon the shoulders of others. The white man, for the love of gold, snatched him by force from his native shore, bound him in the chains of slavery, and placed him on the markets of the world.

Thousands of these black faces were thus scattered broadcast throughout the civilized world like tares among the wheat. These, falling as

they did in the rich soil of civilization, immediately took root and began to grow. As a result, the same hands that sowed the seeds in days gone by have today resting upon them one of the gravest problems that any race of men has every tried to solve. In America alone is heard the cry of countless voices that the tares are rooting up the wheat. The final competition of the races is upon us and from every side we hear the perplexing question "What place shall the negro hold in this broad land when the process is complete?"

Methinks I see a mighty army, eighty millions strong. At the head stands the American white. We love our mother race and look upon that man as the embodiment of the highest civilization that the world has ever known. We believe that the heart whose every pulsation sends the pure Anglo Saxon blood beating through the veins of the true American citizen is not only the throne of the highest virtue but also is the noblest handiwork of God.

At the foot of the army stands the negro of unmixed blood. For some reason, I know not why, he is despised. We look upon the blackness of his skin as the stamp of an everlasting curse. We are wont to consider him as the lowest type of manhood and the most despised of humankind, and that the heart which beats within his breast drives mischief through his every vein and forms a workshop for the deepest vice.

Thus, from the highest to the lowest, we see the great American people in order of their intelligence. However, as we look along the line, if our

vision tells the truth, we see, even nigh the head, thousands of black faces, and likewise near the foot we see the whites. We need not wonder at this for the vision is self interpreting. It simply means that the negro is ascending the ladder toward the heights of American civilization, and that the footstool of the white man, under which he stooped and groaned in the bonds of slavery, but from which he was set free by the immortal Lincoln, has become the important step, and has placed him in a strategic position to play his part in the final competition of the races.

Just what his part shall be is difficult to say. As we travel up and down the thoroughfares of our land and listen to the voices of the public, we hear four great opinions concerning the destiny of the American negro.

The first of these is that he be sent back to his native land—separation. Gladly would we welcome such a plan and thus undo the work of our forefathers, but we fear it is too late. Suppose, on the one hand, that we summon today every available ship that floats beneath our flag for the sole duty of transportation. At the end of one year, to our dismay, we would find an increase in our colored population, for the number of births among those left behind would be greater than the number of persons thus transported. Suppose, on the other hand, that such were possible, they are citizens of the United States and refuse to leave, for they, like ourselves have breathed the air of liberty.

We are the American people. We boast that our government is built

upon the rocks of independence and equal rights to all. We hear the song of freedom as it rings from all the trees and echoes back from every mountain side. But where do we find that principle which can send a freeborn citizen into exile simply because his skin is black? Ah! when we stoop so such a principle this grand old republic will rock from her foundations.

The second opinion is that the negro be placed in servitude to his white brother—subjugation. Was it not through this very means that he was first brought to our shore? Does not the blush of shame rise to our cheeks as we call to memory that epoch in our national history when we held in our hands the chains of human slavery; that day on which, after generations of oppression, the cry of the oppressed arose to the God of nations? Would we not humbly hide our faces in the dust when we remember how that same God sent a swift and horrible judgment upon the heads of the oppressors, requiring as a sacrifice the life blood of half a million of America's most noble sons?

In the face of such conditions where is the man who dares to tolerate the thought?

The third great opinion is extermination. Some men, as they look out into our national horizon, fancy they see the black clouds of a race war lowering upon us, which shall result in the extermination of the blacks. That such a war may come is possible, and we believe that the defeat of the blacks would surely follow, but defeat does not and can not mean extermination.

Any enlightened people in looking down the ladder of civilization by which they have ascended from barbarism, can ascribe every step in that ladder to some mistake seen and corrected. One of these mistakes was the extermination of the conquered by the conqueror. But men saw their mistake and corrected it, and it has proven so important a step that it stands out before the world today fixed and immutable as civilization itself.

We Americans claim to hold the heights of the world's enlightenment. But should we return to such barbarity and murder in cold blood, of the unfortunate in war, ten millions of our own citizens, their blood would surely be upon our heads and we would suffer retribution for our sins. Not, perhaps, by fire and brimstone from the sky, nor by the earth opening her mouth to receive us as it did our brothers blood, but through the natural workings of an equitable law, old as eternity, immutable as God.

The fourth great opinion concerning this problem is one which, above all others, is unwelcome to our thoughts. One which makes our blood run cold within our veins and from which we shrink like from the jaws of death. However, our abhorrence for the thought will not reverse conditions as they stand nor alter the purposes of Him who changeth not. So let us turn about and face the unwelcome thought of race amalgamation.

As we turn the great searchlight of truth upon the actual relations between the blacks and whites some stubborn facts are brought to our

view. What do we interpret from the fact that every man who has one drop of negro blood within his veins longs to be white, but since he knows this cannot be, bends every energy to mingle with the whites? What do we interpret from the fact that among our lower classes are and always shall be found those willing to mingle with him thus giving him a point of contact with our race? What do we interpret from the fact that among our so-called colored population we find that a goodly proportion of them are neither black nor white, but who owe their existence to the dreadful work of amalgamation? What do we interpret from the fact that every case of intermarriage between the races carries the blood of the white man deeper and deeper into the veins of the negro race?

Ah! are not these facts signs of the times, as it were, fingerboards of the Almighty that he who runs may read?

Much as we abhor the thought, the fact remains that, as the negro casts his color at our feet, we are slowly but surely absorbing it, thus giving him the promise of a time sure to come in the world's history when his skin shall be no longer black. With this end in view, the thought of amalgamation, which hangs in our national pathway, like a deep gloom of discomfiture and unrest has become to the Afro-American, none other than a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day, leading him safely through the parted waves of our low society, to be his guide throughout the centuries in the wilderness of transfiguration, and finally to bring him safe into the

promised land of his desire.

But after all why need we be so selfish? Do we envy the dog the crumbs that fall from our well spread table? Then why envy the negro as he gathers a few of those whom we have cast aside, and upon these builds his hope? Come, let us reason together and take courage in the thought that the Afro-Americans of today are but the precursors of a superior race—voices in the wilderness crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord;" and that out of the debris and refuse of our own beloved race a light has arisen to brighten their pathway, to become the hauntings of their fond anticipations, the beckoning of their everlasting ideals, and the morning star of Ethiopia's hope.

Cupid.

Nothing in life is certain. We may glide along in our gallant barks for many leagues without meeting any great obstacles or misfortunes; but we have no promise of such a quiet sea throughout our voyage. Sooner or later our peaceful journey will be retarded by adverse winds. Waves of trouble will arise and our joy be turned to sorrow. We are told at every turn to beware of the rapids. But despite all this, our indifference that germinated and put forth its branches during our season of calm, shades us with such comfort that we become oblivious to all warnings. It is not until we have been confronted by calamities repeatedly that we are brought to a realization of the uncertainty of life.

There is however one thing before us that we know with absolute

certainty, can never be escaped. This one thing is death. It matters not where we go or what we do, we may depend upon it that sooner or later the "Pale horse and his rider" will boldly confront us.

With this in view, is it any wonder that the hearts of all the students were torn with deepest distress at the death of fairy Cupid? Yet, the stern, presumptuous, dogmatic faculty deliberately and maliciously crushed out his very life and hastened off his spirit to the realms of high Olympus.

For several reasons not fully understood, his body fell into the hands of the Juniors and by them the funeral rites were performed. The body was prepared for burial at the Bale house on West Main street where for some reason not expressed, his death was mourned with exceptional agony and most bitter wailings. Here the funeral train was formed, and then proceeded slowly to the Association building where the funeral was held in the presence of a vast audience which had gathered together to pay their final token of respect to the "darling boy." The following address was then delivered by Ira C. Flick:

"Freshman, Sophomores Seniors and bereaved friends. We have met to day for a sad and sorrowful occasion. In the casket before you lies the remains of a most loved and cherished friend. Death is so common that we come to look upon it without realizing its effects. But when it strikes down one who has such a world-wide circle of admirers; one who has lived for centuries but still retains his youthful form, character and characteristics, we are awed and stuned, and overcome with uncontrollable grief. But friends,

as he is of divine decent, perchance he is not dead, but only asleep.

Oh, think of the influence of our little friend! How many desolate hearts he has cheered! How many happy homes he has established! How many a youthful couples he has drawn together with an uncontrollable passion! He has caused the union and dissolution of kingdoms; has influenced the various departments of government; has put conscience and heart into a merciless and heartless commercial world. In fact nothing has seemed impossible for him. Witty, mischievous and affectionate he was, and he has had a host of friends in every age and every clime, from the royal palace to the most humble cot; and he numbers his conquests by thousands.

Now the little spirit has winged its flight and he who was so beloved by all beings both divine and human, is now resting in his latest sleep.

Oh friends we cannot help weeping as those who have no hope, for with his departure love must disappear entirely and the future indeed is dark.

His illness was of long duration. The doctors of the town announced his case as a serious one early this year. But within the last few weeks the symptoms became decidedly worse, and last week the case became so serious that the local doctors called in specialists from the city of Dayton. But all to no avail. All love and kindness was unable to save our darling boy. But friends, console yourselves with this one thought; as he is of divine origin, perhaps he only sleeps.

As all here may not have been acquainted with our darling child (at this point every heart was melted by Ayer's mournful exclamation, "I knew him,"

and Miss Lambert's broken moan, "Alas, he was my friend,") we will give a short sketch of his life: He was the son of Aphrodite and the grandson of Zeus the ruler of the universe. He married Psyche, and in all her troubles resulting from their long separation he followed and encouraged her until they were finally reunited. Since then he has lived a long and useful life, and has been beloved by all. He received his death blow January 31, 1906, from those whom he supposed to be his friends. In his intense agony he patiently awaited the death summons which came on groundhog day, at 8:55 A. M. Iris descended and Cupid was gone."

W. E. S.

The Senior Push.

Among the characteristic features of the fall term are the class "pushes" and class "fights." It seems to be a source of exquisite pleasure to some students to muster up a goodly force and undertake to break up such a "push." Just wherein lies the enjoyment is difficult to ascertain; whether it be in the bruised faces, the sprained joints, or torn clothes, is an open question. That there is some enjoyment or at least some sort of fascination about it, is evident, from the fact that from year to year the old custom still survives.

Last fall, however, the senior class, by means of clever finesse, outwitted their fellow students entirely. Instead of having their jollification in the dead of night, as usual, they filled their baskets quietly and scampered off for a hay ride in the middle of the day. It was, indeed, quite a spectacle to see these digna-

taries exultant over their triumph, riding of like so many kings and queens. Their wagon was trimmed in red and green—very appropriate colors for such an exalted band. The team was full of life, and being animated by the merry shouts of laughter of the jolly students, pranced along the road like show horses.

Their departure, of course, soon spread over the town like wild-fire; but everywhere it was recognized as a clever victory for the seniors. Nevertheless it was borne in upon the soul of one lone student to muster up a force and pursue the happy band. Poor fellow! His heart was broken; for all that he ever loved, or ever hoped to love, was on the wagon. His efforts, however, were all in vain. His plans were ignored and scorned by everyone. But the more he was spurned the more he burned, and quite beside himself with love, he roamed over the whole city, rushed wildly through every street, and called savagely for allies. His friends did their best to quiet him, but "Alas! The ignorant minds of prophets! What do prayers, or what do petitioners avail a raging lover?" His heart was on the wagon and he must follow it. Finally blinded by passion he took to himself one faithful companion and set out in hot pursuit. By this time the seniors were a mile below the cross-roads and looking back through the dust saw two specks in the distance. Nearer and nearer they drew till finally they took shape and soon were recognized by the indignant students. The raging lover and his "Good man Friday" rode up rather close to the wagon

before any of the men went to the trouble to frighten them back. A few sentinels were then stationed behind the hedge to await the return of the pursurers, while the wagon moved slowly on. This little trick was successful and Porter and Browne soon found themselves caught in a trap. With seniors behind them and seniors before them, thinking time was very limited. They dropped their bikes and took to the woods. The exaltant seniors then gathered up the wheels and went on their way rejoicing. The boys perceiving this were again in sore distress; Porter because further pursuit was impossible and "Friday" because his wheel was gone. Finally it was decided to let the latter try to overtake them on foot and see if he could recover the property. So down the road he dashed like a young meteor. The great tears ploughed though the dust on his cheeks and fell like rain drops on his bosom. Approaching the wagon he cried in accents weak and broken, "I want my bike." To be sure he got it, after promising not to be naughty any more, etc., etc., for who could be so hardhearted as to refuse one so contrite and so penitent.

The seniors did not stop again until they had reached Minerva Park. Here they had jubilee and spread their table. What followed is needless to relate, only to say that "Van" and Whetstone each caused the downfall of a full grown pumpkin pie, which caused them both grief for some time. Finally as the twilight hours were drawing nigh, the tired students returned to the village much elated over the success of their trip.

A Dream.

TALK about dreams. People in the days of yore had so much to say about them. They were powdered



over with great diligence. Kings and queens had dreams that went down in history and are even read to this day. Every court had its prophets and soothsayers to in-

terpret the dreams that disturbed the slumbers of the royal heads. But we must not think that the dreamers are all dead, for many still survive to puzzle the minds of the wisest sages. One evening very recently, Miss Belle Sherbondy had one of the most remarkable dreams that ever went down on record. As the sun was drawing near to the western horizon she drew her chair up to the window and with pen in hand began to describe the sunset. Her eyes wandered out over the green fields and met the lurid rays of the evening sun as it seemed to touch the tree tops of a distant forest. A thrill of joy and ecstasy went through her and, as if by inspiration she penned the sentence:

"The gorgeous sky was glowing with radiant splendor." But there she stopped. It was too much for her. All her vitality seemed to melt away beneath the strain. She threw herself back in her chair and was lost in fairyland. It seemed to her that she was sitting by her writing desk, and a handsome young man came to the door. She recognized him as her old lover whom she had not seen for more

than three years. A cry of pure delight arose from her lips, but just as she was about to give him a hearty reception, he vanished from her sight. In the astonishment of the moment she scarce knew what to do. Throwing herself on the couch she began to brood over her disappointment. In this frame of mind she picked up a cushion and magazine and started for the cemetery. She seated herself against a tall tombstone and began to read; but this was soon cut short by the evening shadows. Then looking through the magazine at the various illustrations, she was suddenly astonished to see a lurid brightness flit across the pages. While wondering what this might be she heard a mysterious sound behind her. Looking around she beheld a shrouded form which addressed her thus: "Aha, my friend, you are frightened, fear not for no harm shall befall you through me. I have heard your sad musings as you was setting in the twilight, and I have come to bring you a bit of timely warning; mark what I say; let no man deceive you, be firm." Here the figure vanished and left our friend in a flood of doubt. Suddenly another form much like the former, though more youthful in appearance, arose from another corner of the cemetery and addressed her thus! "Cheer up, my friend, for all is well and you've no time to fret. I was once in Otterbein myself and understand the trials of college life; but the cares which trouble you will vanish at six o'clock to-morrow morning, providing you do not follow evil advice."

Here he vanished and our friend was left in greater bewilderment than ever. But suddenly the scene was entirely changed and she seemed to be in

Chicago, sitting in her room at the desk pondering over a poem which was to appear in the next issue of the Journal for which she was working. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and her brother calling at her door asked her to get ready quick and run down to New York to President Roosevelt give a lecture in the "Metropolitan." The airship was now making the trip in a little less than an hour, and was due to leave in forty minutes. Having never yet ridden in the new airship she was somewhat loath to do it, but when her brother insisted she consented to go.

At ten minutes before five o'clock they stepped into the little boat which would soon be shot from a cannon with just enough force to bring them safely to the great metropolis. After they had already been on their way for fifteen minutes she asked her brother why they didn't start, but to this he replied that they had started some time ago.

But just then came a time of real embarrassment. She accidentally glanced toward her feet and there, oh horrible! there her shoes were not. In her great excitement she had entirely forgotten them. How could it have happened? What was she to do? In this calamity her mind refused to act any further along such lines and so she awoke from her sleep. It was a great relief to find herself still sitting in her room in the Geiger house and know that it was only a dream.

Oratorical Contest

The State Oratorical contest was held at Otterbein this year. The association of which O. U. is a member is composed of Heidelberg, Baldwin, and

Otterbein Universities and Antioch College. The contests are held annually, and although Otterbein has most always made a very good showing, we have not won first place for some time. Just why this has been the case we do not presume to fully explain, but we do propose to state a few reasons that bear directly upon it.

The most obvious of all these is the lack of interest on the part of the students. How can our representative be expected to make the best possible showing, unless we not only give him our support, but also the benefit of a local contest. To think that out of our entire student body this year, only one man could be found who was willing to enter the field is certainly anything but inspiring. There should have been at least four or five contestants, then each one would have done his best to win the first battle and consequently have been much better prepared for the big fight.

The responsibility however does not rest entirely with the students. The University itself is equally amenable. It is the college that receives the honor in case of a victory, and why should not its orators be recompensed in a substantial way. If those who win possibly first or second places in the local would receive some credit many students who at present cannot afford to spend the time for it, would then be justified in doing some work in that line. This is done in some colleges and it is only right that it should be. A student will receive at least as much benefit from this work as from the same amount of time spent on his regular work in the English department, so why should he not receive some credit

OTTERBEIN AEGIS

Published on the 20th day of Each Month of
the College Year,
In the Interest of OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY.

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Westerville, Ohio.

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Subscription, 50c. per Year, in Advance.

Single Copies, 10c.

Subscriptions will be continued until the paper
is ordered stopped by the subscriber, and
all arrearages paid.

REMIT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT

Entered at the post-office, Westerville, Ohio, as
second-class mail matter.

PHILOPHRONEAN PUBLISHING CO.,
PUBLISHERS.

—DIRECTORS—

E. M. RYMER, President. K. H. RYMER, Secretary
J. F. NAVE, Treasurer.

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EDITORIAL

The greatest difficulty found in connection with this issue was to find place for all the copy that was submitted. We now feel as though we had been looking at a mountain and behold it faded away into almost nothing.

Two specials to which we would like to call attention: The alumna article by E. E. Burtner and the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. statistics. The last mentioned figures were hard to get, the records being incomplete. In your judgments of the merits or demerits of this issue, we beg leniency.

Are you going to stay for commencement? They are going to lay the cornerstone of the Ladies' Hall. It will be a great occasion. You want to be there.

Otterbein is moving forward. The Ladies' Hall and now the new Conservatory! We believe in *Greater Otterbein* and *one thousand* students in attendance. Last year we said five hundred and almost made it. Now,—Boostr.

One of the most interesting lines of study in modern literature is that of the trend of the novel. Years ago the novelist was looked upon as the occupant of a position somewhat akin to that of the poet or artist. He was hedged off from all practical things and supposed to live in a dream world of his own, where he would be continually surrounded by creatures of his own imagination. The novel consequently was looked upon only as a piece of fiction; as something unreal and imaginative ever as a flight of fancy.

However, as time wore away the novel began to take on a more serious nature. Novelists began to write with some definite end in view, instead of simply trying to amuse the public. Grave questions of public concern were brought to notice through its pages. One genius after another has given attention to this kind of writing until at the present time this phase of the novel has grown to be a most important one.

Inasmuch as we are living in an age of specialists it is not surprising that we so often hear the question, "Does it pay for a man who has chosen his vocation in life, to spend

four or five years in college before beginning his special education?" True it may be that many men have been able to choose wisely in regard to a profession before ever going to college; but nevertheless college life very many times, if not always reveals a man to himself so differently from his previous life that not infrequently does he find it advisable to change his plans for the future entirely. But granted that the vocation has been rightly determined, and furthermore, consider the question only from a financial standpoint—for that is the point most interesting to so many people today—and see if even then it pays to take a good look at yourself through the strong microscope of a college curriculum.

Without doubt, if a young man who is just considering this question, could be shown by actual statistics that it has paid others, he would be easily convinced in favor of the college course; and this is just what President Hyde of Bowdoin College proposed to do in his recent book, "The College Man and the College Woman," by giving a table of the average yearly earnings of 774 of Bowdoin's graduates. Out of this number 64 have entered the medical profession, which proves to be the most remunerative of all, affording an average income of \$4,687. The Legal profession follows with a representation of 115 men and an average income of \$4,577. Journalism comes next with 7 representatives and an average income of \$4,227. An so on it goes through all the profession. The ministry proves to be the least remunerative, its 68

representatives receiving an average income of \$1,559.

To be sure these figures are only the averages of some of the graduates of one college and for this reason some presume to question their reliability as an average of college men's earnings, but nevertheless the proof is conclusive that the professional man without a college training must be content with a lower salary than that of his college-bred brother; for no such averages can be obtained from a similar list of non-college men.

W. E. S.

Oratorical Contest.

Continued from Page 13.

for it.

We have among our students men enough who with the proper training could soon be developed into good orators. But when they receive scarcely any encouragement, and even some "cold water," they cannot be expected to indulge in the work at all. It is certainly to be hoped that from henceforth there will be a greater interest manifested both by the faculty and students.

Mr. Leroy Smith, of Greensburg, has been visiting his brother in Westerville during the past week.

Mrs. Ellen Miller, who was living with her sister, Miss Antrim, on West College avenue, died very suddenly Friday evening, May 11. A hemorrhage from the lungs was the immediate cause of her death. She was well known to all the college people here and her death is a great shock to all. Miss Antrim will have the sympathy of all the student body in her sad bereavement.

LOCAL ITEMS.

By W. E. SCHEAR, '07.

The sixth number of the Citizens' Lecture Course was given in the college chapel April 17. One of the most enjoyable entertainments of its kind that we have ever heard was given by the Whitney Brothers Quartet. Every number was encoed, and Mr. E. M. Whitney, the reader, was called back repeatedly. One of the most beautiful of his selections was the story of the "Red Cardinal." In its rendition he not only displayed rare talent, but also manifested his own love for nature.

The seventh and final number of the course was a lecture by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis on the subject, "Oliver Cromwell." This lecture was announced four times before it was delivered. It was finally given on May 2.

Without doubt the course this year has been superior to any one previously given at this place, and it has been a success in every way. The committee furnished a good course and by virtue of the liberal patronage of the students and citizens, were able to have a surplus of one hundred and ten dollars. This will be used next year to make the course even better and stronger, if possible, than the one just closed on the night of May 2. The committee certainly deserves the heartiest congratulations of all patrons of the lecture course.

On the night of April 30, the Pennsylvania students had a very pleasant time at the home of Mrs. Kring. At 7:30 o'clock they gathered, Mrs. Kring and Mrs. Henry entertaining. All were cordially received by their kind hostesses.

The fore part of the evening, so they say, was spent in talking and laughing. In the course of time, however, the musicians among them gave a little display of their skill. Miss Jamison and Miss Lillie Ressler rendered a piano duet. Miss Jamison sang a song. Miss Belle Sherbondy gave a reading. By this time the hostesses proceeded to serve the refreshments which were indeed quite elaborate.

The feature of the occasion was the "mountain spring" which was built up of stones and moss, and filled with punch. People who have never lived in a hilly or mountainous country can have no conception of the beauties of a bubbling spring, where the cool fresh water is poured forth in a constant stream by the hand of nature. The old well with its old oaken moss-covered bucket sinks into insignificance alongside of the moss-covered spring, the fountain-head of the rippling brook of which the poets love to sing.

The girls of the Y. W. C. A. gave their annual May-morning breakfast in the Association building, Saturday morning, May 5. Six tables were spread and decorated with flowers and class and college colors. The classes vied with each other in the decorating of the tables and great pains were taken to make the tables attractive. The Juniors were quite fortunate in being able to secure an abundance of violets, their class flower. The breakfast was well attended and much enjoyed by everyone. The bill-of-fare was good and well served.

Miss Blanche Yager assisted Prof. Barrington in a recital which he gave in

Columbus at the "Hartman," April 23.

Miss Nellie Iles, of Logan, O., sister of Clifford Iles who was in school a part of this year, visited friends in Westerville during the first week in May.

Mr. Arthur Ward, who for several years has been a missionary in India, visited President Bookwalter and family over Sunday, May 6.

In spite of the recent cold spell the cemetery was not forgotten even on the coldest night; and it is said, too, that Jones didn't mind it at all, though the steps were quite cold.



Seen Since the Rules came Into Being.

Hanger is thinking about publishing an English translation of "Virgil's Æneid." The following is a sample of the work: "*Tertia iam lunae se cornua lumine corplent.*" "The three horns of the moon are now filling themselves with light."

Some people say a student wont steal—chickens, but we know that some of them do. Invite us all around next time, but don't have it on Sunday evening.

The newest kind of a reception. Time,—about 9:30 P. M. Personelle, Serenaders and persons being serenaded. Manner of reception, cold water from second story window.

If you do not believe that the girls at the Ressler house know what tickles a boy's palate ask Burtner, or any of the boys that visit that house and find out. Even then there are others who are willing to swear to the aforesaid fact.

Mr. J. W. Funk, '06, went to Dayton Friday, May 4, to attend the annual Bible conference given by the U. B. S. The meetings this year were led by J. Campbell White, of Allegheny, Pa.

G. A. Lambert, of Anderson, Ind., very generously gave \$25000 to the University for the purpose of building a new Conservatory of Music. The work on the building will be begun as soon as possible. The architect is already at work.

Messrs. Beougher and Trimmer, of Circleville, O., were in town a few days recently looking after their boys. They found all behaving alright except "Dad." They thought he was losing too much sleep.

Talk about sunbonnets! If you want to see some come to chapel some morning. All colors, shapes etc. It is not supposed that they are for sale. Neither bonnets nor wearers look cheap.

Have you asked Van or Flick

where they got those roast chickens they took to the Senior push? Better not, might embarrass them.

The corner stone of the Philip G. Cochran Memorial Hall for Ladies will be laid some time during commencement. Better be at commencement for that reason if none other.

Just come and see if you don't believe that Westerville is a pretty place with its paved streets well watered to keep down the dust. Don't come after night. Some thing is wrong with the lights. At least in the day time one can see tiles where the lights ought to appear at night. We wish that a court or somebody could get the knots untangled so that we might have the town lighted for commencement. We will have some light even if we have to make it ourselves.

Noticed how the Seniors have been working on the class day program? They are going to do something worth while. So *they* think.

It is said that some fellows went fishing in Big Walnut creek. They actually got in. Ask Shumaker, Hogg, Brown or Weaver to tell you about it.

The Misses Henry entertained a select few on May 12 in honor of Miss Grim, a friend from Pennsylvania.

The picture mania has come among us again. The Boys' societies and the Seniors are making trips to Columbus for that purpose nearly every day. Hope the cameras do not suffer.

Fishing parties are in order. Ask "Dad" about that lunch on the pla-

teau back of Houghton's house. Then ask about "four four-pound bass?!"

Everyone on with your thinking caps. The committee on arrangements for the corner stone laying of the Dorm want songs for the occasion. Where are the musicians and poets?

Who has heard about the Alumnae tablet for Ben Hanby. It has been so on the Q. T. that a person has to "make a noise like" finding out things before anything is ascertained. It is however hoped by Hon. Whitney to have the arrangements complete and carried out at commencement time.

E. E. Burtner, '06, spent Sunday, May 13, at the home of W. H. Trimmer in Circleville, O. He delivered an address at a Sunday School convention there in the afternoon, and "Dad" says that he made a good impression upon the people.

Dr. W. R. Funk, of Dayton, was in town Friday, May 11, on business.

They say Hix Warner is now courting his sister. Wonder why?

Marcus A. Phinney is working for Mr. Schrock, south of town.

Ask Elbert Rymer about his summer's job. He went to W. Va. some time ago and has been acting very mysteriously every since. Whether he has something under his hat is hard to tell (we do not refer to his brains.)

On January 18 Buchtel College celebrated the eighty-fifth birthday of its founder, John R. Butchell.

BASEBALL TEAM



Top row left to right—Funk, 1st B.; Flick, Capt. & catcher; Mgr. Rymer; Grabill, p; Titus, r. f.;
Middle—Smith, p & f; Spitler, c; Strahl, ss; Libecap, m; Hall l. f.; Kring, 3rd B.
Bottom—Second team—O. Hall, Sanders, McFarren, Young, Bailey, Kohler, Ressler.



F. W. McDONALD, '06, *Editor*

We are pleased to be able to present to our readers the cuts of all the athletic teams that have represented Otterbein the past year. We had thought to write concerning the year's athletic record, but decided that the cuts would amply suffice for any matter which we all know.

O. S. U. 8, OTTERBEIN 4.

On Wednesday, April 18, Otterbein met defeat for the third time this season in the shape of a victory for Ohio State University. The score, which was eight to four does not give a very good idea of how evenly matched the two teams were. Had it not been for the costly errors made by Otterbein the score would have been much more nearly even. Smith pitched for Otterbein and was in good form, but the support behind him was poor. The State men could only ring seven hits out of him. On the other hand our men obtained five hits from Benchholter and Brindle.

During the first inning each team scored two runs, but at the end of the second Ohio State had a lead of four runs. This ran on until the fifth, when Otterbein raised her score by one point. During the seventh each side scored one run. In the eighth Ohio State scored the final run of the game.

The game was a very poor one to watch on account of the errors made. This has been a feature of every game this season and our men should make a

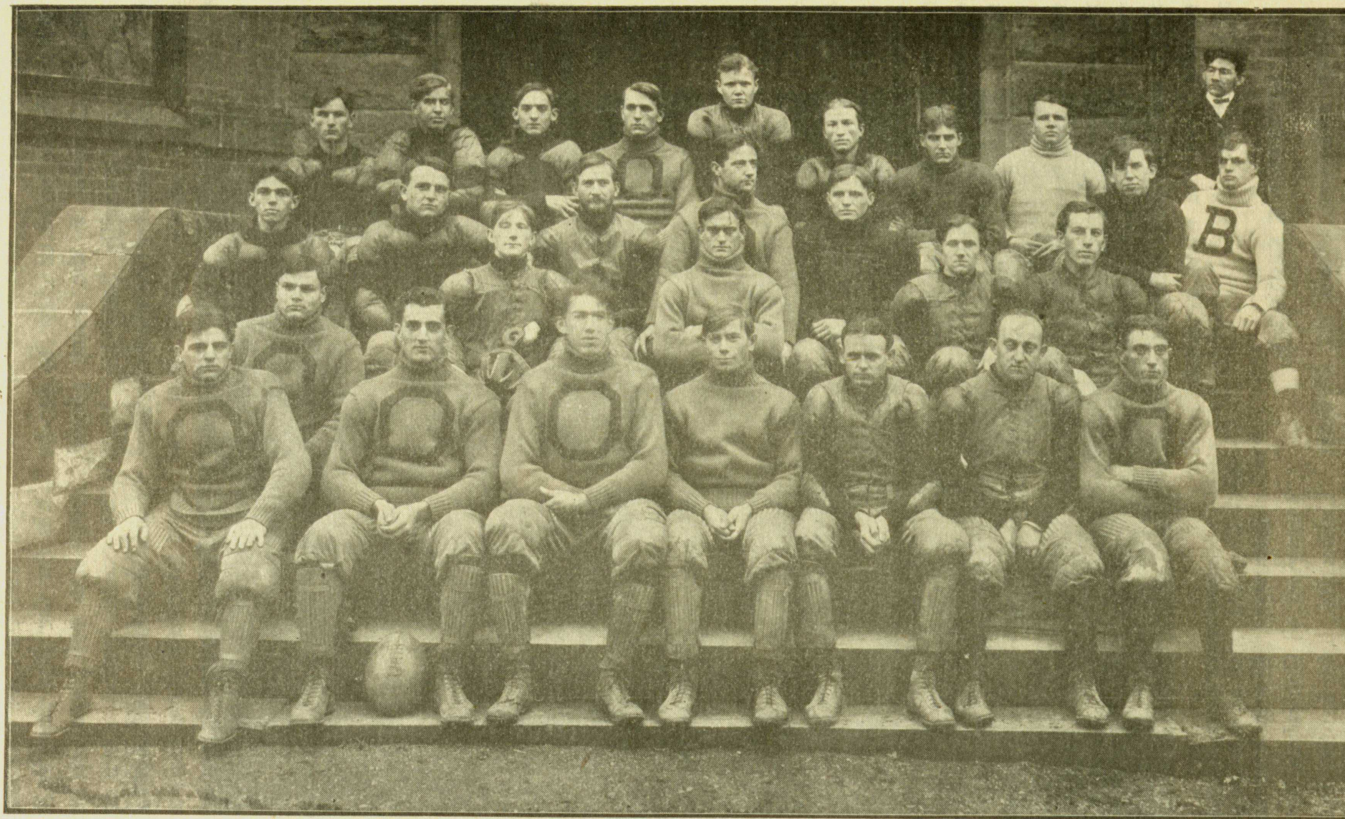
hard try to stop it, for it is very evident that had it not been for errors we would have had a good chance of winning.

O. M. U. 13, OTTERBEIN 12.

On the Saturday following our defeat at the hands of Ohio State, we were handed another by Ohio Medical University. This was really the most disgraceful defeat so far this season, for the earned runs were few on either side. Errors were made by the wholesale on both sides, but Otterbein managed to get the record on errors once more, getting ten of them to O. M. U.'s nine.

The hits also ran up pretty well on both sides, and counting by them alone it would seem that the game should have been ours. We made twelve hits to eleven for O. M. U.

The first inning found eight men scored for O. M. U. and five for Otterbein. This was a very bad inning for both teams and the errors were thick on both sides. Both teams settled down then and played good ball with the exception of the fourth inning when four runs were scored by each team. In the sixth Otterbein scored one run and two more in the seventh. Neither team scored in the eighth. Then in the ninth inning a fly from a Medic bat, dropped by an outfield player, let in another run for O. M. U. Otterbein failed to cross the plate in her part of the inning and thus the game ended in favor of O. M. U., the final



	Shoemaker	Monger	Albright	Ayer	Hall	Myer	Rogers	Dunham	Coach Beane
	Jones	Sthaley	Flick		Black	Spitler	Ressler	Risley	
	Rosselot	Liebcap			Titus				
Ash	Vansickle, Capt.	Bailey	Weaver	Whetstone	MacDonald, Mgr.	Clymer			

score standing thirteen to twelve.

DENISON 8, OTTERBEIN 1.

Although the score of eight to one in favor of Denison in the game played with them at Granville, Saturday, April 28, is the most uneven one made against us so far this season, yet it does not mean that Otterbein played her poorest ball in this game. In reality, it was the best exhibition of fielding put up by our men so far this season. The fact is that we were simply outclassed, both out-fielded and out-batted.

The game was the fastest of the year, being ended in one hour and fifteen minutes after the first man stepped up to bat. This, too, with eleven "soakers" by Denison, some of them for two and three bases, and five good clean hits by Otterbein during this hour and a quarter. Den-quarter. Denison's pitcher suffered at times, also, by having his curves landed for two-baggers.

It may have been a little different in the final score if the base running on our side had been a little more heady. This was, to a great extent, due to poor coaching. However, this would have made no difference as to which side had the most runs at the close of the game, for we were beaten without any poor base running.

Grabill for Otterbein pitched good heady ball and never allowed himself to go up in the air, even when being hit the hardest. Pine also pitched a good game altho it was the fine team work back of him which did the work as much as it was his curves.

OTTERBEIN 5, KENYON 3.

Friday afternoon, April 27, Kenyon was compelled to lower her colors to Otterbein after a fast game of baseball. Our team went to Gambier a few weeks ago but was defeated by this same bunch

of players. When they came down to play the return game luck was against them, and they were defeated by Otterbein for the first time in baseball. The game was well played on both sides until the seventh inning, when errors by Kenyon's shortstop and several timely hits gave Otterbein three runs and the game. Smith was in great form, holding Kenyon to one scratch hit until the ninth inning, and striking out fourteen men. Crosby for Kenyon pitched good ball but was poorly supported.

OTTERBEIN 10, HEIDELBERG 8.

Friday afternoon, May 4, Otterbein defeated Heidelberg by the score of 10 to 8. Heidelberg got busy in the second inning by pounding Graybill for two runs. Otterbein was unable to do anything with Mathias until the fourth inning, when by scoring three runs they put themselves one to the good, but Heidelberg scored six runs the next inning and things looked bad for Otterbein. But a game is not lost until the last man is out in the last inning. Having this in mind, Otterbein in the eighth inning hit the ball when hits meant runs, and scored three runs. The next inning Platt went into the box for Heidelberg, but he was an easy mark and when the smoke had cleared away four men had crossed the plate. The game was loosely played on both sides. Graybill held Heidelberg to six hits and struck out nine men. The team was weakened by Keller and Funk being out of the game on account of injuries.

OTTERBEIN 10, CAPITAL 5.

Saturday, May 5, our baseball team journeyed to Columbus, to play Capital University. As in the previous game, our team was handicapped by our regular first and second basemen being injured. In the first inning both sides scored, chiefly through errors. The game

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM



Top row left to right—Hansford, Worstell, Stouffer.
Middle—Goode, Mgr. Maxwell, Ressler.
Bottom—Capt. Ressler, Gerlaugh, Funk.

was about evenly played until the fifth inning, but from that time on Otterbein was not passed. Smith pitched good ball and toward the last of the game was practically invincible, making the Capital batters look like high school batters. Had he received the right kind of support the score would have been much smaller. As in last year's game our outfielders caught only one ball, which goes to show that not many balls were hit past the infield.

E. & J. 5, OTTEBEIN 3.

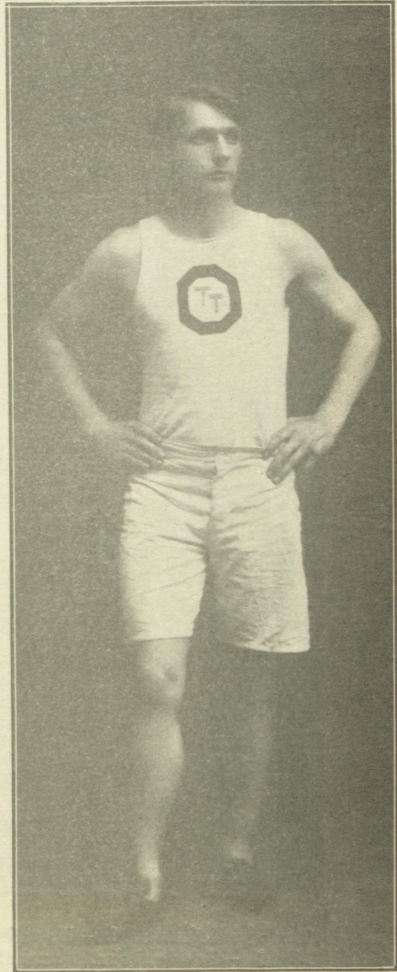
Saturday afternoon, May 12, Otterbein met defeat at the hands of Edminston & Johnson Business College team from Columbus. Our boys played a good hard game from the start, but were out-batted. E. & J. took the lead in the second inning and were not passed. Although the score was tied once, Otterbein was unable to make hits off of Japp when hits meant runs, and did not get a safe drive until in the fifth inning. In the sixth inning Otterbein did her best batting and scored two runs, and had men on second and third but could not bring them in. Again in the ninth inning after two were out, Otterbein filled the bags, but the next man was an easy out. Otterbein's outfielders caught every ball in reach except one that Graybill and Hall let fall safely between them. Again Otterbein was handicapped by two players being out of the game. Libecap and Funk were unable to be in the game on account of injuries. E. & J. had at least four "ringers" and these men won the game for them.

Crack Athletics.

Just how successful our team will be from the standpoint of winning remains to be seen. So far we have met only one team, and that in a practice meet. Still the showing made against North High

of Columbus is not discouraging to say the least. But for the work of their man Cook they would not have won a single first against us.

There will be two dual meets with other colleges both of which will be held on the home field. The dates for these contests are, Wittenberg, May 19, and Denison, June 2. Both of these schools



CAPTAIN AYER

have strong teams and Otterbein may well be proud if she can beat either of them. Everyone will remember the exciting contest with Denison last year, and from all indications they will have

BASKETBALL TEAM



Top Row left to right—Weaver, Strahl
Middle Row left to right—Voorhes, Mgr. Snavelly, Clymer,
Bottom Row left to right—Smith, Capt. Kring

TRACK TEAM



Back row left to right—Bailey, B. Hall, H. Davis, Worman, Libecap, Rogers, H. Young, Munger, Mathias, Risley, Myers Mgr.
 Middle row—Clymer, Voorhies, Nunemaker, Huddleston, Capt. Ayer, Knox, Warner, Funk.
 Bottom row—Porter, Rymer, Crecelius, Eyman, Kline, Baird, Karg, Ressler Morris.

a still better team this season. As to Wittenberg we have been able to learn very little. This much we do know however, that their mile runner has a record only 3-5 of a second less than that held by Captain Ayer of our own team.

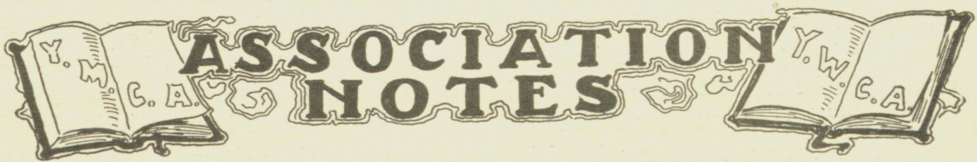
Whether we win or not, and we are in it to do so if at all possible, surely the men deserve credit for their consistent work. With only a few old men on hands a strenuous effort has been made to develop new material, and the noble manner in which the men have responded has been an inspiration to all. Throughout the winter term regular practice was held in the gymnasium and some promising men have been brought out.

Among the old men again in school, are Flick and Bailey, both working on the weights, and Ayer and Funk. These men both hold local records and should make it interesting for anything sent against them. There is a great number of new men who deserve mention for consistent work if not for records made. And we might add that the showing made

by some of these is gratifying in the extreme. With another year of work they should make first-class men. Libecap especially is showing in great form. Although he is handicapped by being compelled to play baseball, still he is able to do the 100 yards in 10 2-5 seconds and throwing the discus, and has been able to hurl it about 95 feet. Ressler and Weaver are working consistently at the two-mile run; while Risley should be able to make a good showing either in this or in the half or mile.

Among those whom we have lost are Ditmer and Bennet. The former together with Libecap would form a team will be greatly missed at the weights.

Now, just a word about finances. Of course we are anxious that you be interested in this work from the stand-point of loyalty, but there is another side which must not be overlooked. Come out and see a first-class sample of the finest, fairest, cleanest sport in the whole curriculum of college athletics. J. W. A. of sprinters hard to beat; while the latter



F. A. RISLEY, '08, *Editor*

Y. M. C. A.

April 18.—The regular Thursday evening session was changed to Wednesday. This meeting was the beginning of a series of Life Work meetings to be conducted through the spring term. E. A. Lawrence led the devotional service. Mrs. James Haig favored us with a solo. Rev. James Haig gave us a vivid view of city mission work by describing different homes and public places which were thrown upon the canvass by means

of a lantern, and by telling the method of dealing with the various classes of the city poor people. The audience was moved to disgust at the grip of sin upon men's lives and again to pity at the utter helplessness of the poor to shun the awful temptations to which they are subjected. The hour was one of profit and from the very description of the mission work we were nearly able to feel the touch of the Master.

April 26.—Faculty Session: Prof. A. P. Rosselot, leader. Subject: Are We

Being Led? Prof. Rosselot told us of the great responsibility in choosing a vocation for life. These selections are not made in a day. The college man may form his decision to do the greatest good possible, but his position is so great to learn of the opportunities to do good that constantly he is confronting new conditions that year by year he is bound to change his plans if he will live to his convictions. Dr. F. E. Miller told us that he desired our sympathy and support in his work and left the idea that the faculty often as individuals craved the friendship and co-operation of the student body, and that the faculty are human beings subject to the short-comings of the same kind as we.

May 3.—Lake Side Session. C. E. Worman conducted the devotional service. Many Lake Side views were placed upon the canvass. W. G. Snively spoke upon the kind of acquaintance and friendships formed at Lake Side Conferences; O. I. Jones, Bible Study and Mission Study Classes; F. A. Risley, Sports, Recreation and Athletics; W. H. Trimmer, Life Work Meetings. E. C. Worman drove home the truths uttered by the other speakers. The fellows who had been there wished for another such treat. Several new men are making inquiries is also doing well at pole vaulting.

Crececius, Nunemaker, Clymer and Morris are doing well at the quarter; while Young, Porter, Davis, Eyman, Rogers, Hall, and others have been working at various events. Knox is improving in and looking toward Lake Side. The delegation from Otterbein bids fair to be a goodly number. During the meeting there was special music by the quartet.

Of places fitted as ideal spots to hold a Student Y. M. C. A. Conference, none better than Lake Side could be chosen. The summer resort season has not opened in full. The students are just leav-

ing college where he has been held comparatively close for a year. Lake Side is situated where the cool breezes of Lake Erie invite those who tarry upon her shore to her refreshing water either in boating or bathing. The groves and churches give fine opportunity for the conference, and the athletic field and the surrounding country furnishes the greatest diversity for recreation. In fact Lake Side with her surroundings and the opportunities of the conference in that time of year, is nearly a paradise for ten days.

Monday evening, May 7.—Rev. Wilbur C. Swearer who has been working for eight years as a missionary among the Koreans gave an interesting address before the members of Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. He is now traveling in the interest of the Student Volunteer Movement. For forty-five minutes Mr. Swearer held his audience with riveted attention while he spoke upon the work in Korea, laden with hardships, temptations and joys. He found the natives eager for the gospel and ready to embrace the salvation purchased by Christ. Long ago Buddhism came into the land and won the people, but they turned from it nearly five hundred years ago, because it furnished nothing to satisfy the soul. Since then Confucionism has been the state religion, but the Koreans are gladly turning from it to the true God.

Y. W. C. A.

The meeting Tuesday evening was exceptionally good. The subject, "Our Responsibilities," was skillfully treated by the leader, Miss Mamie Groves. She outlined the subject: our responsibility to God; to our fellow-men; to ourselves. Miss Adrienne Funk sang a solo.

The Cabinet met in its regular meeting for the month, Tuesday evening. Several

of the members of the Cabinet are planning to attend the Summer Conference at Winona Lake, Indiana, August 31 to September 11, 1906.

The devotional meetings have been especially interesting this term. Some of the meetings have been led by new girls.

Mrs. Scott and the girls of the Art Department are to be congratulated upon the beautiful posters they have been furnishing each week.

The May Morning Breakfast was the event of special interest to the girls for the past week. The committee work was all done systematically, and each committee seemed to leave nothing undone. Each class decorated a table most beautifully. The ladies of the faculty also decorated and waited upon a table. About two hundred people were served to an excellent two course breakfast.

The girls are very grateful to the young men who so gallantly assisted where their help was needed, also to the citizens of Westerville for their cheerful response to what was asked from them.

The Associations and their Influence

There are two golden threads woven in the warp of the fabric which constitute the history of Otterbein University. The students of Otterbein may look with pride upon our alumni who conceived the great good which might be accomplished by the organization of a college Y. M. C. A. The fruit of their foresight was seen in the organization of our Y. M. C. A. which was perfected in 1878 and was the first college Y. M. C. A. in Ohio. The beginnings were small but gradually expanded aided by the methods of Eastern colleges.

Four years later, 1882, the Y. W. C. A. was organized, and since the two

Associations have worked hand in hand to give Otterbein's students the best moral and Christian training possible. The Y. W. C. A. may also look upon its beginning with satisfaction because it was the first of its kind in Ohio and third in the United States. Two years later the Association furnished the first State Secretary, Mrs. Nellie Miller.

The two Associations fitted up a recitation room in the main college building where they held their devotional services until the students made an heroic effort in helping to raise funds for our present Association building, which was built in the year 1894, being the first of its kind in the state. Otterbein though not large has always held a place in the front ranks when new projects are launched.

From the beginning of the Associations the Christian atmosphere of Otterbein may largely be contributed to them. The result of their good influence may be seen by scanning the horizon and finding men and women in Japan, Africa, China and the Philippines, who are giving their service to the Master to win the benighted races to his gospel.

Turn to several of our large cities and find men doing efficient work in associations who received their training within our portals. Again behold the number of pulpits scattered throughout our broad land occupied by men who were brought to light by the persistent labor of the men and women of our Associations.

These visions give us some idea of the breadth of the influence of the organizations. The following tables will aid in observing the number of students touched by their work.

Y. M. C. A.

No of Men in College	No. of Men in Y. M. C. A.	Active	Associate	No. of Men in Bible Study	No. of Men in Mission Study	Year
169	102	93	9	43	...	1891-92
196	146	139	7	58	...	1892-93
169	163	68	...	1893-94
148	140	1894-95
145	1895-96
140	75	38	35	1896-97
119	96	34	...	1897-98
114	1898-99
147	1899-00
.....	119	32	25	1900-01
114	110	92	18	58	18	1901-02
140	100	62	35	1902-03
128	116	97	19	80	48	1903-04
158	125	108	17	95	52	1904-05
217	184	152	32	94	62	1905-06

Y. W. C. A.

No. of Girls in College	No. Girls in Y. W. C. A.	Year
130	57	1897-98
144	63	1898-99
141	50	1899-00
.....	60	1900-01
243	85	1901-02
172	135	1902-03
254	80	1903-04
243	103	1904-05
372	1905-06

Squibs.

Weinland is becoming very much interested in Phychology and goes to class quite frequently. He is very practical too in his work and seems to think that the only real way to master science is to make practical experiments wherever possible. Consequently one day this term when the chapter on "Somnambulism and Hallucination" was before the class, our friend thought it would be nice to make an experiment along that line; so he immediately took some steps preliminary to such a task, but we are sorry to say the time was too short for the completion of the work. He got nicely to sleep when the bell cut short his scientific research.

In the early part of this term Dr. Scott's third Latin class took up the love story of Dido and Aeneas. Only one lesson, however, of the usual length was permitted by the Dr. Then in his characteristic way he announced to the class that it would be necessary to read the book a little more rapidly than the previous one. "For," he said, "if we spend too much time on this long story, it is hard telling what might happen. Dido tell in love and then rushed through the whole city; just like a deer when it is wounded, bounds through the woods with the fatal arrow sticking in its side, so with Dido who, burning with love gave those outward signs of her passions. And, that is just how it is at the present time; you can always tell when a student is in love. If you call on them to recite they say they are not prepared." The very next day three of the girls and one of the boys "flunked."

One day recently the Freshman English class was discussing Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice; and the attention at the time was directed to the character of Portia. The discussion had become somewhat animated and quite interesting, when, Dr. Sherrick turned to Mr. Weaver and asked if he thought Portia was justified in secretly assisting Bassanio in the choosing of the casket. Mr. Weaver then, as he is wont to do, discussed the matter at some length closing with this sentence: "The promise she made her father was a hard one and she had a perfect right to give a hint if she could to the man she wanted, for the happiness of her

whole future life depended entirely upon the fates as it were." "After all" saith the professor then, "is not that just like a woman?" "I don't know," replied the boy, I've not had much experience with them." "Well, never mind Mr. Weaver, you will get experience yet."

The following is an extract from President Roosevelt's speech at Annapolis delivered upon the occasion of the placing of Admiral Paul Jones' body in the chapel of the Naval Academy. It shows the spirit of the American sailor. And it equally well sets forth the spirit of all loyal Americans, whether they be Regulars, State Militia, citizens or students:

"In his fight with the Serapis, Jones'

The Cumberland sank, her flag flying, and her guns firing with the decks awash, while, when summoned to surrender, Morris replied, 'Never! I'll sink alongside!' and made his words good. Immediately after the Cumberland was sunk, the Congress was attacked, and her commander, Lieut. Joe Smith, was killed. After fighting until she was helpless, and being unable to bring her guns to bear, the ship was surrendered; but when Smith's father, old Commodore Joe Smith, who was on duty at Washington, saw the dispatches from Fort Monroe, that the Congress had hoisted the white flag, he said quietly, 'Then Joe's dead!' Surely no father could wish to feel a prouder certainty of his boy's behavior than the old commodore showed he possessed when he thus spoke."



Not So Silly as He Looks.

ship was so badly mauled that his opponent hailed him, saying 'Has your ship struck?' To which Jones answered, 'I have not yet begun to fight.' The spirit which inspired that answer upbore the man that gave it and the crew which served under him through the fury of the battle, which finally ended in their triumph. It was the same spirit which marked the commanders of the Cumberland and the Congress, when they met an equally glorious though less fortunate fate.

For a Happy Life

The following "Recipe for a Happy Life" is the composition of Margaret Navarre in 1500:

Three ounces are necessary first of patience.

Then of repose and peace of conscience a pound is needful.

Of pastimes of all sorts too should be gathered as much as the hand can hold.

Of pleasant memory and of hop three good drams

There must be at least, but they must moistened be

With a liquor made from true pleasures which rejoice the heart.

Then of love's magic drops a few—
But use them sparingly, for they may bring a flame.

Which naught but tears can drown.
Grind the whole and mix therewith
of merriment an ounce

To liven; yet all this may not bring happiness.

Except in your orisons you lift your voice

To Him Who holds the gift of health.

What's Doing in Other Colleges.

Recent statistics show that there are 429 colleges and universities in the U. S. with a total enrollment of 175,000 students.

Lebanon Valley College has started a canvas for \$200,000. Four new buildings are planned for, two of which have been completed.

Carnegie gives to Muskingum College \$20,000 on condition that twice the amount is secured by the college authorities.

The Case faculty and students celebrate an annual college supper, in which the jokes and fun bring the two together in fellowship. Such an event is not out of place in any college.

O. S. U. is about to start a course in Esperanto, the new universal language springing into favor. State is the second institution in the country to offer the study of this language. The language itself was compiled by Dr. Zananhof, a Polish physician, in 1888. It is quite commonly used abroad.

The University of Nebraska has a new Junior-Senior society, known as the "Common of the University of Nebraska." Members are chosen by popular vote of the male barbs. The object of the organization is to promote a more democratic spirit among the students and to discourage cliques.

The baseball game between Yale and Cornell this spring is their first

game in fifteen years. It will be played at Yale.

Columbia University received a gift of \$150,000 on condition that no more football is to be played.

The University of Pennsylvania basketball team carried off the championship in the east this year. Columbia and Harvard follow next in order.

Nine Cornell students recently went to Cuba with one of the professors, purely in the interest of science.

A system of student government has been adopted at Swarthmore College.

A gymnasium being constructed at Leland Stanford University is to be the largest in this country and the second largest in the world. It will be completed in September.

The newspaper correspondents at Cornell have organized a Press Club, in order to prevent the sending out of false reports.

Ground has been broken for a new library building at Yale.

At Milan, Italy, there is to be held next summer an International Convention of Students. Not only Olympic games but debates, contests in oratory, etc., will be held.

Red haired students of Washburn College at Topeka, Kans., have organized an "Incandescent Club," to exploit the achievements of red-headed people. Minnesota has a "Red Owl" league.

Denison celebrates her diamond anniversary next June; the college was founded in 1831.

ARE YOU HERE?

Name.	Characteristics.	Ambition.	Favorite Study.	Weakness.	Favorite Expression.
Anderson	Fiddling	A Raff	Has none	Lamb-like	"Wouldn't that squelch you?"
Bartlett	Entertaining	Biologist	Campus work	Eyes	"It's just so sweet."
Belt	Military	Hospital-ity	Applied science	Youth	"I used to, but not any more."
Buttermore	Naval	Full schedule	Butterflies	Frowning	"Come along."
Collin	Teachable	Repute	Arithmetic	Short	None.
Gifford, Estella	Scrumptious	Virtuoso	Vocabulary	Stoppage	"Now I know, Prof."
Gifford, Maybel	Tender	Ditto	See above	Molasses	See above.
Hall, Mrs.	Seasoned	Right Rev.	Dignity	Chicken	"Yes, I know all about it."
Hanger	Patient	Grace	Astronomy	Fearful	"The stars flew."
Henry, Lillie	Lonesome	Not to be lonesome	Fishing	Long walks	(Whispered, hence unknown.)
Hensel	Hobson-like	Li Hung Lang Lee	Bells	After money	"Are you going to the game?"
Karg, Myrtle	Not for sale	Chair in English	Expression	Fiddling	"I'll be a Fiddle D. D."
Karg, Una	Chubby	To find an opposite	Weight reduction	None	"I am not for sale."
Keller	Attends church	Italian juggler	This	Slow	"Howdy! Howdy!"
Kirkbride	Heroic	Songster	To seem young	Cold-blooded	"Hello, scout!"
Kline	Joking	Tennis	Fun	Lovable	"Our folks is alright."
Kohler	Free	The Bench	Bicycling	Quiet	None.
Latto	Butting in	Unknown	Too many	Fidgets	"Look here, Funkhouser."
Libecap	Chummy	Athlete	Physical culture	Serious	"Is that right, Fritz?"
Luh	Knocker	Politician	Applied numbers	Occupied	"I don't care."
Matthias	Quarrelsome	An estate	Bugle calls	Butting-in	"Oh, yes'm!"
Meyer, Geo.	Homesick	Suicide	Not music	Big words	"See what Georgie has!"
Mumma, G.	Not from the pyramids	Another volunteer	Smiles	Youthful	"Ha! ha! ha!"
Nisewonger	Staid	Mouer-like	Society	Sober	"Good morning, sir."
Phinney, Mrs.	Tidy	Sophomore	Fossils	Gone	"I feel young yet."
Powell	Mighty	A "Dowie"	Elocution	Little	"Little but mighty."
Ressler, Ethel	Artful	A lady	Sam	Caps	"That will be alright."
Ressler, Roy	Preoccupied	A beard	Football	Forgetful	"Sisters are alright, but—"
Rock	Colonial	Cremation	Frank	Pretty	"Ask Frank."
Rymer, Wm.	Self-assertive	Preacher	Latin	Sad	"It's not so."
Saul	Eloquent	A date	Co-eds	Unsystematic	"Believe I saw you before."
Sechrist	Sisterly	A little older	Love songs	Sleepy	"Oh, you!"
Spitler	Sporty	Joe	Manners	Noisy	"How is the doctor?"
Strahl	Funny	Play shortstop	Rule book	Coaching	"Gee, Mulligans!"
Weber, A. F.	Taking it easy	Marry Ruth	Nature	Flunking	"The Story of Ruth and Jacob."
Welsh	Sleepy	To be rich	Somnambulism	Wide-awake	None.
Worstell, Clara	Tall	To love some one	To be little	Talkative	"My big brother—"
Young, Ethel	Talkative	Ask Rosselot	Frenchy	Quiet	"Where is my man?"
Young, Harry	Wants a girl	Not to be refused	Bible	Bad looks	"Enough."
Roberts, Grace	Quiet	Y. M. C. A. work	Musicians	Youth	"Yes, sir!"
Yearly	Unassuming	School marm	Piano	Short	None.

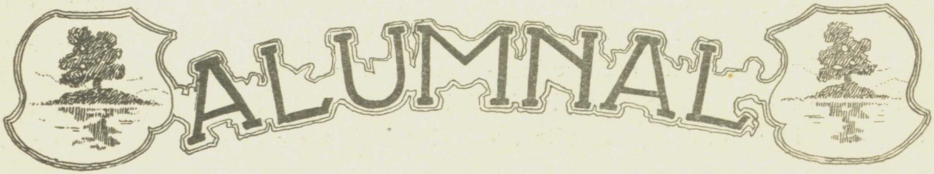
Name.	Characteristics.	Ambition.	Favorite Study.	Weakness.	Favorite Expression.
Mouer	Quiet	D.D., LL. D.	Depth and coolness	Verbiage	(Across the campus)—"How are you?"
Snively	?	?	Steam rollers	Noise	"Whoe-e-e-e!!!"
Worman	Pleasant	Pugilist	Music—vocal	Bald	"It's not so!"
Funk, N. R.	Famous	Secretary to Governor	None	Cutting Chapel	"By Heck!"
Myers, L. E.	Peculiar	To edit a Sibyl	College and class yells	Lisping	"When I first came in."
Trimmer, W. H.	Energetic	To get through	Greek	Girls	"Fhperty flop! Rubber neck!"
Ayer	2:40 in the shade	2:39 or die!	Pedagogy	Nerve	"On your toes."
Bailey, O.	Pacer	To grow tall	Girls	Grace	"Tennis club will come to order."
Kring	Swell	To remain small	Art of debate	Out of place	"Yes, she did."
Worstell	Bum	To contract for life	Lumber	Tardy	"Oh, it was just awful."
Staley	Uncertain	Circus life	Oratory	Superficiality	"Gosh!"
Cooper	Staid	Right Rev.	Anything	Stiff neck	"Yes, sir"
Weaver, J. H.	Afraid of Prexy	Coachman	Violin	Sold	"We go dis side down up."
Bale, Ora	Likes vinegar	A second Mrs. Eddy			
Courtright, Mary	Chewing gum	To do everything right	How to laugh	Frivolous	"Oh, I'm so sorry."
Kiehl	Studious	Professorship in Oxford	Greek roots	Spend-thrift	"Yes, boy!"
Streich, Edna	Reserved	To learn to walk	Literature	Blushes	"Scat!"
Laughbaum	Ministerial	Grave-digger	To run the school	Funny	"Don't let that worry you any."
Funkhouser	Dignified	Not a D. D.	Epithets	Love of the bottle	"Yes, I am."
Hall, R.	Bright	A good grade under Prof. Sherrick	No. 1	None	"It was just this way."
Ressler, L.	Serious	A missionary	Everything	Young yet	"Alright!"
Titus	Sober	A ladies' man	Repartee	Hard to find	"See the beauty in yonder scene."
Warner, Dot	Flighty	To wed	Nothing but leaves	Goo-goo eyes	"Oh, isn't this horrid."
Truxal	Primp	Stage	For exams.	Afraid	None.
Moore	Literary	Romance	French	Talkative	"It made me mad, and—"
Park, Georgia	Decided	Gibson girl	Novels		"I was opposed to the annual."
Porter	Semper acrid	Canvasser	Club affairs	Once bald	"Where there's a will—"
Sayre	Smiling	Rev.	English Literature	Girls	"And her name was—"
Schear	Sharp	Martyr	Wit	Tight	"If I only had a dime."
Singer	Whole-hearted	To get thro Latin	Horses	Untidy	"Where the tan and cardinal wave."
Smith, F.	Beardless	Fame	Anything in English	In love	"No time to shave."
Warner, Dot	Bluffer	To settle down	Beauty	Sad	"Oh, say, people."
Weinland, M.	"Kind of—"	An artist	Music	Sold	"Nothing in all Europe—"
Baird, Hester	Willing	Poetess	Character	Brevity	"Now, Harold, that's enough."
Barnett, F.	Droll	School marm	Botany	Uncertain	"Oh, I just couldn't."
Bennett	Outspoken	Floor walker	Piano	Blushes	"Get there some day."
Billman	Dark	Light, golden hue	Tacitus	Anxious	"I like to study under Dr. Scott."
Bookwalter, Lulu	Studious	Princess	Novelettes	Outspoken	"I never thought so."
Dean	Jolly	To teach school	How to act	Rich	"Wait till I ask the folks."
Gardner, Mabel	Maidish	Domestic	Will's points	None	"I'm looking for a man."
Gaut	Just so	Pomance	Gossip	Company	"Oh, go along!"
Henry, Pearl	Giggling	To get along	S. S. lessons	Sold	"Ha! ha! ha! ha!"
Knox	Steady	Athlete	Not girls	Good looks	None.
Lawrence	Flowery	Lawyer	Sociability	Age	"A very evident situation."
Risley	Moralizing	Circuit rider	Etiquette		"Any man that will do it—"

At Denison there was held a basketball game between the Tubs and the Windsplinters, the former being the fattest and the latter the leanest men of the college.

The fraternities at Ohio Wesleyan have organized an Inter-fraternity athletic association. They arranged a serious of basketball games and will

take up other branches of sport in their season.

Amherst College has, by unanimous vote of the student body, adopted the honor system. Freshmen caught cheating will be suspended for a term, while guilty ones from the three upper classes will be expelled.



E. E. BURTNER, *Editor*

The greatest glory of any college is its alumni. If this is not true, then it has no glory, for anything short of a good record in education is a serious reflection upon it. But by giving to the world a perpetual stream of cultured and strong men and women it performs a work than which there is none nobler. Therefore, the worth of a college cannot be determined by any method other than the one which considers the manner of persons it gives to the world.

It has been the desire of the editor of this department to find some statistics concerning the students that have attended the institution for a greater or shorter length of time. But in the early days it did not occur to the faculty that a serial record of students should be kept. However, there are those living who can give a fairly accurate estimate of the number. It is the belief of those who are best fitted to know that there have been in these fifty-nine years at least ten thousand persons enrolled as students. When

we think of this we are confronted by the condition universal among colleges. That is the fact that comparatively a very few who enter the schools of higher education ever complete a course. But when we call the roll of graduates and see what grand, good things they have done for the world, and when, too, we reflect upon how much the college has done for that large number who for but a brief time lived its life and felt the beat of its heart, we can but be grateful, in our rejoicing and pride, for such a college.

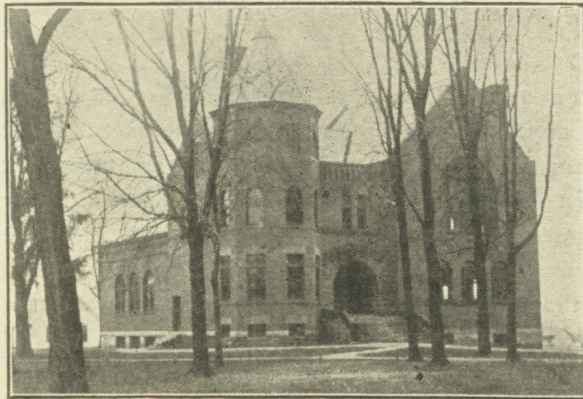
Information concerning the alumni is much more abundant. Including the class of 1905 there have been 630 graduates in the Literary departments. Of this number 427 were men and 203 were women. There were living then 559 of whom 379 are men and 180 are women. There have been born to the alumni 820 children, 420 boys and 400 girls. Of these there are living 331 boys and 331 girls.

It is difficult to classify the alumni. A hurried and somewhat imperfect re-

view of these is attempted. The difficulty comes in when we call the roll of the women. Where any of them have continued for some length of time in definite work they have been classified. However, if they taught school just to pass the time away until they became housekeepers they have not been classified. Again some have changed from one profession to another. In such cases we have given the last one as their profession. If, for instance a minister has gone into the educational work he has been classified with educators. The following results are

mention the names with a few facts of their lives, of those who have been most prominent among the alumni. We must beg of our readers that they be as lenient as possible in their criticism of this effort because it is difficult to make selections and for many obvious reasons the names of some whom we should like very much to mention will not appear. Gladly indeed would we pay our tribute to all.

She school continued for ten years without a graduate. In 1857 two ladies, Sarah Jane Miller and Mary Kate Winter received the degree M.



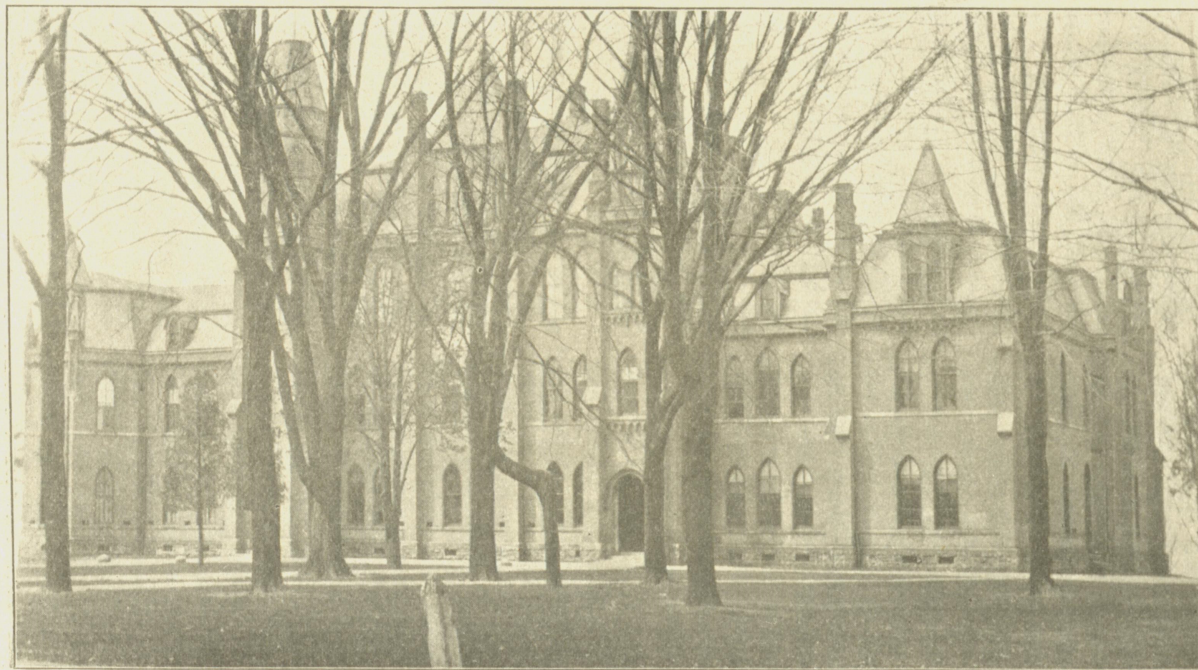
ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

the approximately correct. There have been 175 in educational work 120 ministers including five persons in Christian association work, 37 lawyers, 38 physicians, surgeons and dentists, 19 in journalism, 87 in business of various kinds and 9 have been musicians not counting those who have been graduates of the musical conservatory.

There have been forty-four graduates from the Conservatory of music, and seventeen of the School of Art.

In this review it is our purpose to

A., Mistress of Arts, which was then known as the Young Ladies' course, later as simply the Ladies' course. It was discontinued 1876. It is no mean distinction to have been a member of the first class for it meant to stand at the head of a long and honorable list of names. These ladies both were born in Washington county, Pa. Miss Miller continued her study here for two years in the classical course. She then became Principal of the Ladies' Department of Western college, Iowa. Nov. 1, 1863 she died.



MAIN BUILDING

Miss Winter, in June, one year after her graduation, was married to Benjamin R. Hanby, '58. After his death she taught school for twelve years at Onarga, Ill. She was principal of the Ladies' Department at Otterbein during the school year 1886-7. She has since had residences in Chicago, Ill., Los Angeles, Cal., and is now living at Alhambra, Cal.

In the class of 1858 there are two names of which the college is particularly proud. One is that of Daniel Eberly, of Cumberland county, Pa.; received from Otterbein the degree A. M. in 1861. He is remembered by the college as an educator and was for the year 1871-72 the President of Otterbein. He served Lebanon Valley College for a number of years as professor of Latin and lecturer in philosophy. He was a life-long and intimate friend of Bishop Kephart. His life has been a very valuable one to the church.

Among all of the sons of this college, none are more widely known or loved than Benjamin Russel Hanby. He was the son of Bishop Hanby; was born in 1833, at Rushville, Ohio, and received from Otterbein in 1861 the degree A. M. He married in June, 1858, Miss Winter, '57. His life was short but it left an impress upon the world that shall never be effaced. Wherever freedom is sacred and men love each other, and by whomever a tender heart and a great soul is revered, the memory of Benjamin R. Hanby will be sweet there. His fame rests largely upon the immortal song, *Nellie Gray*, but he was the author of many other very sweet songs and hymns. He died March 16, 1866, at Chicago, Ill., and was buried in the cemetery at Westerville. His grave is marked by a very modest and inexpensive monument, but it is a spot most sacred, and almost every student of Otterbein has frequently lingered about his grave only to leave it with purer thoughts because of his life.

In the class of 1860 was John Emanuel Guitner. To mention his name is sufficient for the memory of him pays his tribute. He received his A. M. degree three years later. In 1862 he began his career as a teacher. He was a great linguist and although he was professor of Greek, other languages were familiar to him. Beyond question he was the greatest Greek scholar in the United Brethren Church and was everywhere recognized as a thorough scholar.

Prof. Guitner was very alert and often surprised his friends with something new. For instance when the Revised Version of the Bible was being prepared, almost before it was ready to be presented to the public, one morning in conducting the chapel exercises, he began to read from a copy of the Revised Version. This incident is in every way characteristic of his humor. No words can do justice to the beauty and power of this life as he gave it, through those many years, to the college.

In the class of 1861 was another young man destined to be a pillar in the church. This young man was Henry Garst. He was born at Germantown, O., in 1836. In 1864 he received from his Alma Mater the degree A. M. He was in the pastorate until '69, when he was elected professor of Latin. Since that time he has been in the constant service of the college. He was for the years 1886-89 its President, and also occupied the chair of mental and moral science for eleven years. He graduated from Lane Seminary in 1867, and was the first theological graduate in the United Brethren Church. Dr. Garst has always been a man of convictions and has never hesitated to frankly but kindly express himself. For this reason he has been at times on the firing line. Otterbein has never had a better, stronger *friend*. In his last years of service he has not been less

active than he was in his younger years. His life still speaks and will never be silent.

Ezekiel Boring Kephart was born in Clearfield County, Pa. He graduated from Otterbein, 1866, taking the degree B. S. In 1870 he received the degree A. B.; in 1873, A. M.; in 1881 the college conferred upon him the degree D. D., and in 1883 Lebanon Valley College conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. After several pastorates in Pennsylvania, he was elected president of Western College. Some of his most valuable service was done among college students. Many strong men today are what they are because Bishop Kephart laid his hand upon them and put new life into them. He was state senator of Iowa and most of the school law of that state is now as he wrote it. From 1881-'05 he was a Bishop of the United Brethren Church.

Bishop Kephart was a great man physically; never in his life did he miss an engagement because of sickness. He had a giant intellect and a heart to match it. He was firm in his convictions and stood for them. His wisdom made his outlook very wide, his counsel broad and safe. Seldom indeed is there found a greater soul than Bishop E. B. Kephart.

John Allen Shauck, '66, was born in Richland county, Ohio. He received the degree of LL. B. from Michigan University, 1867; from Otterbein the degree A. M. in 1869, and LL. D. in 1897. As a lawyer he began his career in Dayton. His ability has been more than ordinary and hence he has advanced in his profession to the position of Chief Justice of the Ohio Supreme Court. He commands the respect and confidence of his associates and of all who know him.

George A. Funkhouser, '68, was born at Mount Jackson, Virginia. He received his A. M. degree from Otterbein, 1871, at which time he graduated from

Western Theological Seminary. In that year he became professor of New Testament Greek of the Union Biblical Seminary at Dayton, Ohio. Since then he has been a member of the faculty there. As an expounder of the Word and an example of godliness he has been the inspiration of many young men. There are many today in whom he lives so that his life is multipresent. He might have filled other places of usefulness well. In fact was once elected Bishop. His declination thrilled the conference as it is seldom stirred. Such is his devotion to his work.

In the year following Dr. Funkhouser's graduation, Josiah P. Landis graduated. He was born at Brickville, Pa. In 1872 he received from Otterbein the degree A. M. and from Wooster University, 1880 he received his Ph. D. degree. After a few years in the pastorate he was made, in 1880, professor of Hebrew Exegesis and O. T. Theology in Union Biblical Seminary in which position he still remains. He is prominent not only in his own church thought but is recognized everywhere as a high-class scholar. He is a great *teacher* and is therefore filling to the brim his vocation.

George Martin Mathews graduated in 1870. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1882 he graduated from Union Biblical Seminary. For a number of years he was a pastor, including in his pastorates Summit Street and First Church, Dayton, Ohio. He has also been in the editorial work. In 1901 he was chosen Bishop to fill the vacancy made by Bishop Hott's death. Bishop Mathews has remarkable heart power. This quality, combined with intellectual strength, breadth of vision and noble character, make him worthy of the position of leadership which he now holds. At the last General Conference his election was almost unanimous.

Louis H. McFadden, '74, was born at

Zanesville, Ohio. In 1877 he received from Otterbein the degree A. M. He was professor of Natural Science at Lebanon Valley College, Pa., from 1876 to 1882, when he transferred to the Science Department at Otterbein. Since that time he has taught constantly. Prof. McFadden is a scientist. He loves it and teaches as if it has a message to him which he gladly shares with his pupils. He is thorough and earnest, and has but one requirement for the students and that is faithfulness.

Easily one of the most distinguished graduates of Otterbein was William Miller Beardshear, '76. He was born Nov. 7, 1850. Three years after his graduation he received from his *alma mater* the degree A. M., and in 1891 he received from her the degrees D. D. and LL. D. He spent two years in Yale Divinity School. Before he went into the educational work he had several pastorates in the United Brethren Church. From his pastorate at Summit Street, Dayton, Ohio, he was elected president of Western College, which position he held for eight years. In 1891 he became president of Iowa State College at Ames. In this position he remained until his death, August 5, 1902. At the time of his death he was the president also of the National Educational Association. He was also president and director of the Iowa Teachers' Association, and for four years was a member of the United States Indian Commission.

All of these positions only witness to his power and usefulness. Dr. Beardshear had a gigantic mind and was a lovable man. He was an inspiration to all young men who knew him. When he left Western College one of the students was afterwards asked a question concerning his esteem for him. In tears he replied: "We miss his prayers in chapel." When we think of this in the light of the fact that he was one of the

greatest educators in America, we can form some conception of the magnificence of the man.

Among the alumni of Otterbein few have been esteemed as has Thomas J. Sanders, '78. He is from Wayne county, Ohio. As a boy he was thoughtful and revealed clearly that he was to be, yea, was a philosopher. He came to Otterbein in the early seventies. In 1881 he received from Otterbein his A. M. degree and his Ph. D. degree from Wooster in 1888. His life has been devoted to education. His election to the Presidency of Otterbein, 1891, was a wise choice. During the ten years of his leadership the college passed through an awful crisis. He won confidence and held it. Those were trying days. Any man who could endure such a fire must be pure gold. But his faith in the mission of this college and the church whose child it is, together with his faith in God made him calm and firm.

Since 1901 he has been professor of Philosophy. As a teacher he is conscientious, painstaking and strong. He is a *teacher*. His ability to take a class for an hour and acquaint it with some great truth may well be envied. And, too, his life is exemplary.

In the same class was William J. Zuck. He was born at Mt. Pleasant, Pa. In 1881 he took from Otterbein his degree A. M. In 1903 Lebanon Valley honored him with the degree D. D. He has devoted his life to education. After one year as principal of Shenandoah Institute, Dayton, Va., and two years as professor of English in Lebanon Valley College, he was elected to the chair of English at Otterbein. He remained in this professorship for nineteen years. For six years of this time he was treasurer of the college. Since 1903 he has been college pastor at Lebanon Valley College.

Prof. Zuck's career has been a busy

one. He possesses many talents which make him useful to the college. Being a strong speaker he was representative. As a teacher he was careful and persistent. No student ever received a production without it bearing evidence of having been carefully examined. As a teacher he is clear and impressive. His mind is refined and his breadth of knowledge fits him admirably for such an important position.

Lewis Davis Bonebrake graduated in 1882. In 1887 he received his A. M. degree from Otterbein, and in 1896 he received the degree Ph. D. from Muskingum College. In 1901 his *alma mater* honored him with the degree LL. D. and the following year Ohio University conferred upon him the same degree. He is best known as the State School Commissioner of Ohio. Few people realize the amount of work he did in this office. He established the state normal schools and is the author of most of our school law. There is scarcely a community in this state to which he has not spoken concerning the question he had at heart. Upon some subjects he is among the best authorities in the United States. Mr. Bonebrake has a big heart, a great brain and a massive body—is a splendid man and an honor to the institution.

The class of 1882 numbers among its members Abram Paul Funkhouser who was born at Dayton, Va. His has been an active life. He has always been a true citizen and has made the interests of his fellows his own. He was one year president at Western College and for one year was associate editor of the *Religious Telescope*. One of the things for which he will be remembered longest is that he is the founder of Shenandoah Institute, now known as Shenandoah Collegiate Institute and School of Music. Recently he was elected president of Lebanon Valley College. It is not too much to say

that Mr. Funkhouser has one of the keenest intellects that has ever gone out from this college. He is a strong preacher and an untiring, persistent worker. We predict for him a successful service in his present position.

Frank E. Miller was born in Clearport, Ohio. In 1887 he graduated from Otterbein and in 1890 received his A. M. degree, and in 1892 his Ph. D. degree. Immediately he began his career as an educator. He was professor of Mathematics in Northeastern Ohio Normal College for one year and was president for one year. Then he entered the Department of Mathematics at Otterbein and since 1893 has been professor of Mathematics.

When it is said that Prof. Miller is the strongest mathematician in the denomination, or that he is known to the great mathematicians, we have only a faint idea of the man. The man is even greater than the mathematicians. No one has a deeper sympathy for young life or understands it better. And no one is more remembered by the students than Dr. Miller.

Sarah Margaret Sherrick, '89, is from Fayette County, Pa. For three years she was professor of English in Lebanon Valley College, Pa. From there she went to Yale University, in 1892, as a graduate student. In 1896 she received her Ph. D. degree. Dr. Sherrick has the distinction of being the only woman in the United Brethren Church who has this degree. In 1902 she became instructor in French here and in 1903 was transferred to the chair of English Language and Literature. Dr. Sherrick is scholarly and is well qualified for her work. Her standard of work is high, and she is a credit to her department.

Charles Snively, '94, was brought up at Massillon, Ohio. Dr. Snively began his work as a teacher in the public schools

of his town. After the completion of his course here he entered the graduate department of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., from which school he received his Ph. D. degree three years later. The following year he was made professor of History and Economics at Otterbein. Words of commendation would seem weak instruments for expressing the esteem in which he is held. His department is strong and attractive because he brings to it excellent scholarship. We can only desire that his years of service to this college may be as many as those of some who have been on the faculty.

Noah Edward Cornetet, born at Taylorsville, O., entered college in the early nineties and graduated in '96. In 1902 he received the degree A. M. For three years he was professor of Greek and Latin at Avalon College. He is one of the strongest students Otterbein has had. His mastery of his department is thorough. His type of mind is suited to the Greek language for he is clear and clean cut in his thinking, and is capable of appreciating and vivifying the nice, close distinctions with which the Greek language abounds. His habits are those of a scholar. He loves hard work and—well, he thinks his students do also. He is a strong speaker and is therefore an inspiration beyond his class-room.

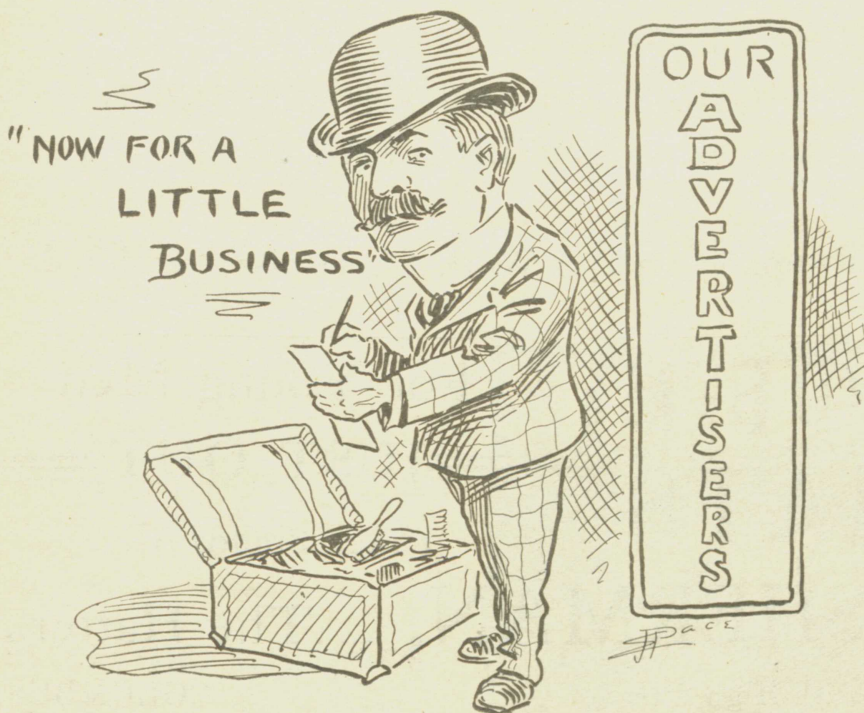
Next to last but not least of those whose names appear in this review is Alma Guitner. She graduated in 1897 and in 1904 received her A. M. degree. She spent a year in Germany in special preparation for her department. From 1900 to 1904 she was instructor in German in Otterbein. In 1904 she was made professor of German. Does she know German? Yes, she knows too much and imagines that her pupils can remember all that she tells them (and she can tell many things). But to lay aside jesting,

Miss Guitner is an able teacher. She has a thorough command of German and is familiar with its literature.

Edwin Poe Durrant, '04, was born at Berlin Cross Roads. Early he became interested in books and was for some time teacher in public schools until he was able to begin his college education. He has made a specialty of "bugs and rocks." After his graduation he continued his special studies and was elected professor of Biology and Sociology in Otterbein. Prof. Durrant is an excellent instructor. His motto is hard work, which is said to be the best motto for a successful teacher. We bespeak for Prof. Durrant a long professorship.

In looking over these names the writer regrets that space would not permit mention of many other worthies of this college. Old Otterbein may well have a just pride in such excellent names as those of John A. Kumler '62, James Morgan Strasburg '65, David Denman DeLong '70, Samuel E. Kemp '70, Daniel L. Bowersmith '71, Charles Hiram Kira-cofe '71, Peter Wagner '71, Samuel J. Flickinger '72, Charles A. Bowersox '74, Albert L. DeLong '74, J. I. L. Resler '74, Isaac A. Loos '76, Joseph A. Weller '76, Edwin L. Shuey '77, S. W. Kiester '77, W. W. Ferrier '78, G. P. Maclin '79, E. S. Lorenz '80, Lawrence Kiester '82, L. F. John '83, Thomas H. Sonnedecker '83, L. E. Custer '84, D. E. Lorenz '84, Tirza Lydia Barnes '85, William Smythe Reese '85, Maude Etta Wolfe Schlickter '87, F. H. Rike '88, B. E. Moore '88, Edwin D. Resler '91, Francis M. Pottinger '92, A. C. Flick '94, W. A. Garst '94, T. G. McFadden '94, A. T. Howard '94, J. R. King '94, William Curtis Whitney '95, J. E. Newell '97, and Alzo Pierre Rosselot '05.

Miss Truitt, of Thornton, Ind., is visiting her sister in Westerville.



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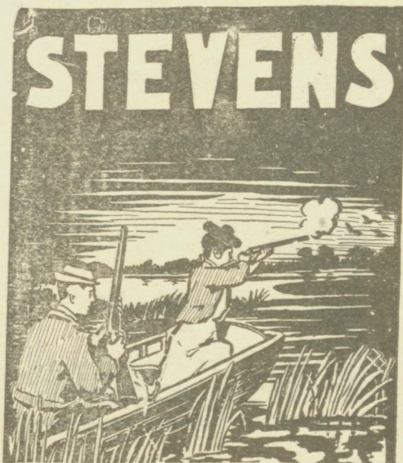
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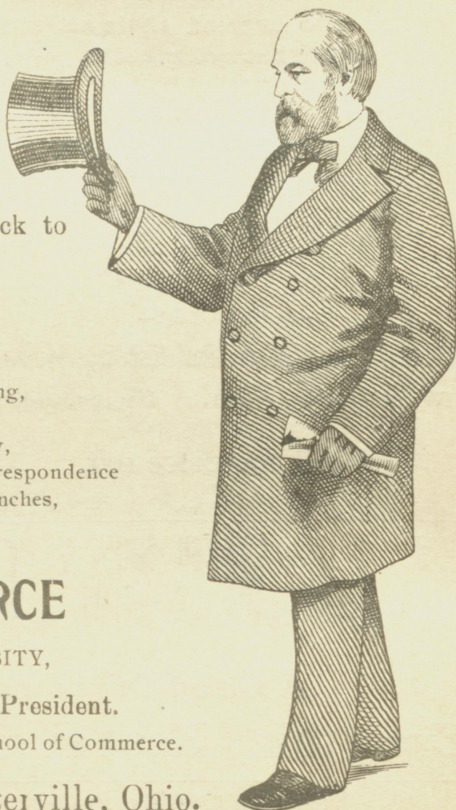
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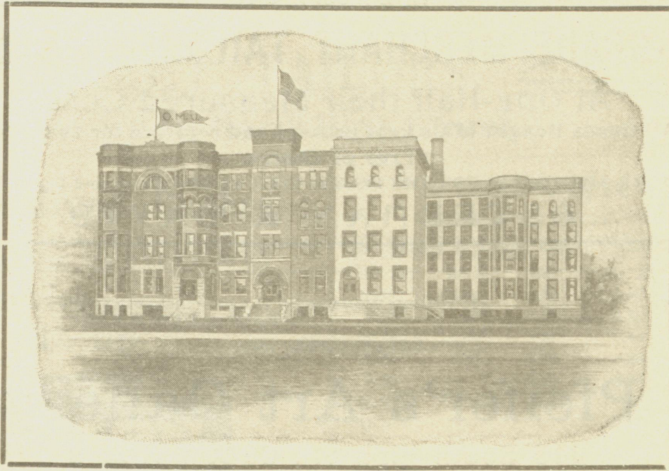
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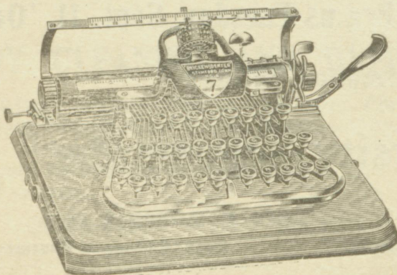
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