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*Thanksgiving
Number*



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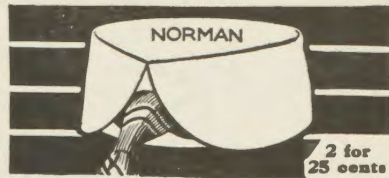
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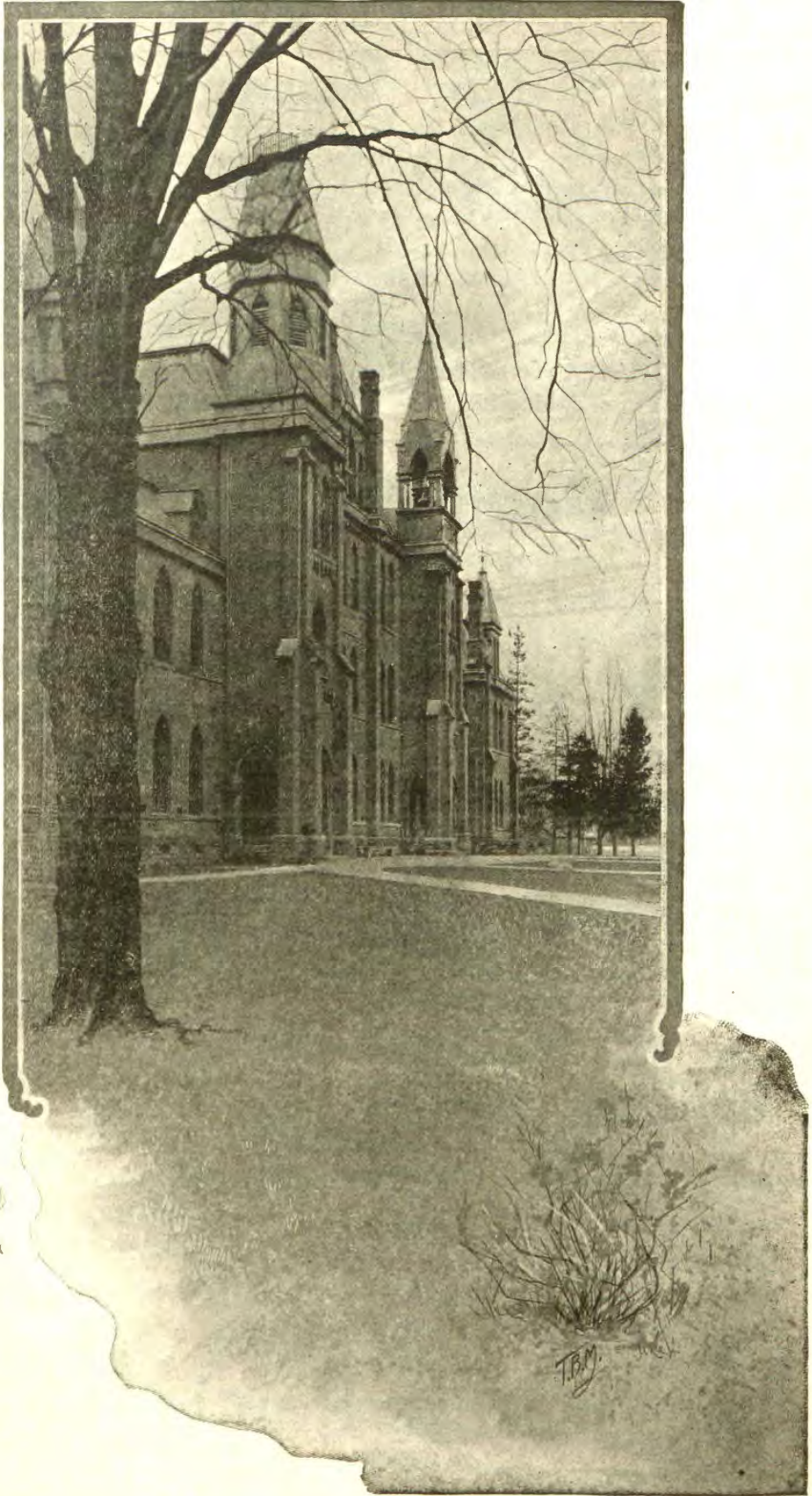
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WESTERVILLE, OHIO



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The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXV

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 1914

No. 3

The Evolution of the Stage

(D. A. Bandeen, '14.)

WHERE there are no morals the people perish. The world has had its renaissance of music and of art and today we are in the throes of a wide spread moral agitation. Go, if you will to the music halls of America, and you will hear the sweetest harmonies of the great composers. Wander through our art galleries, and you gaze upon the worlds most beautiful masterpieces. But, alas! your cheeks must redden with the blush of shame, should you visit that institution which so largely moulds the minds, fashions the conduct, and determines the destiny of this nation, the average American theater.

In the interest of his civilization both the Greek and the Roman built his theater as he built his market place and temple. In tiers of seats rising up the southern slopes of the Acropolis, at daybreak the whole people joined in viewing the religious dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, works that for beauty of form, depth of meaning, and poetical inspiration have never been surpassed. Then did the theater fulfil its true mission. Soon came the blighting days of the lower Empire. The gory spectacle of gladiatorial combat, the wild excitement of chariot race, caught the unbridled passion of the Greek and Roman populace, and that theater which was once the glory and guard of civilization has steadily declined until today, too frequently, it exists simply as an instrument where-

by the hungering of human hearts for amusement is coined into gold and cast as a ruthless offering at the feet of theatrical managers.

Stand with me at the entrance to the average American theater. The crowd is gathering. Teeming tenements pour out their stream of humanity. Numberless autos glide up and deposit their burdens. Elbowing each other in the hurried rush for tickets are all nationalities. Reproduce this scene where ever stands the theater and you behold a throng fifty times greater than is addressed by all the pastors of Christian churches.

Pass inside. Behold the expectant multitude! Like children are they, utterly careless about the morrow, living only for the hour, assembled for the deliberate purpose of submitting themselves to the power of the dramatist. A human keyboard in the hands of the playwright! Strike its lower keys and the darkest human passion will sound forth. Let the touch of the master fall upon the higher keys, and there is no passion too sublime to respond. Show these people a flag to die for, and they will reenact Thermopylae. Show them a deep wrong to be righted, and they will go on another crusade for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

The curtain arises. The play is on. But, alas! instead of a patriotic or a noble ideal, too often are we given "dramatized filth in tinselled trappings." To object to the detailed pub-

lication of the sensational Thaw case is to object to the nightly entertainment of thousands of theater goers who see all these things on the stage in far more sensational form. In four hundred and sixty-six Chicago theaters investigated one Sunday evening last winter, at the very hour when from a thousand pulpits was being preached the Gospel of Love, one sixth of Chicago's population was found listening to plays in the majority of which the leading theme was revenge. Not strange is it that in one week thirteen young lads were brought into the Municipal Courts of this same city, each one with an outfit of burglar's tools, and the confession that his waywardness had been suggested to him by seeing the play "Raffels the Amature Cracksman." Our modern theater has fallen into strange lines. Plays once attacked and suppressed, are now produced without hesitation, without fear, often without challenge. A dramatic critic has said, most theatrical managers agree, and inspection of today's paper in a hundred American cities will prove, that three-fifths of the plays presented depend for success, not upon musical rendition, not upon arousing noble emotion, but simply upon their appeal to our baser natures, or the exploitation of the depravity of American womanhood. Such plays as "Miss Innocence," "The Girl From Rectors," "The Blue Mouse," "The Easiest Way" and "The Egyptian Dancer" are deliberately planned to secure popularity by dealing grossly with the most sacred things of life. Far too often our American audience finds its worst nature appealed to, its dignity affronted, its self outraged.

The play is over. The curtain falls. And now upon all, temptations press heavily as they emerge from this house

of dreams. Fortunate indeed, are they if they do not re-enact for themselves upon life's stage the tragedy of this mimic world. The police courts with their records of crime, the broken hearts of mothers with their stories of ruined homes, the great book of eternity with its burden of sins against nature and nature's God—all cry this terrible indictment against the American Stage. The scenes and tragedies of the mimic world are re-nacted upon the greater stage of life.

To say that we are to blame for this condition is to cause us to shudder and grow sick at heart. But nevertheless, theatrical managers give us the questionable plays simply because we, the American people, crowd the Theater when such plays are on. The fault is with us—so is the remedy.

Already the rosiest sign of dawn has appeared. In the Chicago Lyric theater on the 14th of May, 1912, the Drama league of America was organized. This league has for its purpose and aim the purification of the Theater, which must come through the uplifting and educating of the people in America. We need but to recall the success of this league, which has already doubled its numbers; we need but recall the success of such players as Irving, Maud Adams, Terry, Mansfield, or Mantell to show how quickly the American people respond to the good, the true and the beautiful. Recognizing and supporting this good that exists, let us as college people agree to be a power for dramatic purity, and the things which now disgust will give way to that which uplifts and educates. Let us withhold patronage from the indecent stage, and indecency will wane. What agitation of the slavery question was to the United States; what agitation of the temper-

ance question is to Ohio; that the agitation for an uplifting and uplifted stage will be to the American home.

The human soul craves amusement. It is restless and seeks satisfaction. In the heart of youth, that craving is a divine spark which grows and takes character from the fuel consumed. If fed with fagots from the footlights the divine spark is transformed into a lurid, murky, roaring furnace of sin

and crime. Rather let us bring to the stage material that will strengthen mind and intellect, material that will mould the heart and deepen moral conviction—such food for reflection that generations now and yet to come will be led to higher planes of more exalted living. Then will the evolution be complete, and again as in days of yore, will the theater take its rightful place alongside of church and school as a beneficial, educating, uplifting power.

A Real Thanksgiving

(Helen Byrer, '16.)

From one corner of the spacious library, the big grandfather clock tolled the hour of five; dim twilight of late afternoon was stealing over the room. Before the hearth stood a large, old-fashioned arm-chair, in which reclined a woman of perhaps twenty-five years. Her eyes were closed, yet her face told of great mental agony. The bright golden curls, clustering around the forehead, as white as alabaster, tried in vain to coax back the smiles that were accustomed to play gaily over her beautiful face.

Yes, she was beautiful. During her school days in the Academy, Betty Rohrer had been considered the most beautiful and also the most popular girl in school. She was happy then, no frowns ever marred the sweet face. It was the old, old story of the man and the maid. Betty had been in school only a few short weeks, until she met Jack Levering. Scarcely a year had passed when they suddenly realized that they loved each other. Then during the remainder of their academy years, all too short, they had planned and longed for the glorious

future that awaited them. How often, on beautiful, autumn nights, as the moon looked down on the peaceful earth had they wandered along the river paths? How often, early in the morning, had they tramped over the meadows, still wet with dew?

At last their commencement day was near and Jack must decide upon his future work. He had always revered the beautiful trees and liked to spend hour after hour under their wide spreading branches. One afternoon, he took Betty for a long walk and then told her of his great desire, his desire to be a forester, to take care of those grand old stately trees that he so admired. He also told her of his dream house; told her how he had dreamed, time and time again of a little cottage, nestling so snugly among the pines; how he would return in the evening to find her waiting for him. He paused and looked into Betty's face. What was wrong? The smile had vanished and in its place was a cold, defiant frown.

"Never", she cried, stamping her tiny foot, "I want a fine, magnificent house and a retinue of servants. I've

always been accustomed to have them, and I'll still have them. Besides, the man I marry must be a lawyer, doctor, or some one in a like profession."

Jack argued and begged, but with no success; Betty was obstinate. The walk home was completed in silence. On reaching the Hall, she had left him with only a "Good-bye." The next year Jack had gone to Harvard and Betty had remained at her home.

Now, as Betty sat there before the fire place, her thoughts went back to by-gone days, and to Jack Levering. During the three years that had elapsed since their parting, her love for him had grown stronger; but her's was too proud a spirit to give in.

Slowly, she opened her eyes and once more, eagerly pursued the letter that lay crumpled up in her hands. Then her gaze seemed to penetrate into the very depths of the blazing logs, while many thoughts ran riotous in her mind. Should she accept Anne Hargrave's invitation to spend Thanksgiving with them at New Haven? Why shouldn't she go? She had never visited Anne and Dick since they were married and oh! how she would like to see them. And then the Harvard-Yale football game would be played there and she could get one more glimpse of Jack. Besides, Jack was an old chum of Dick's, and there might be some chance of even talking to him.

She bounded from the chair, and running to the little antique, mahogany, writing desk, hastily wrote a note to Anne, thanking her for the kind invitation and telling her when she would arrive.

* * * * *

Slowly, oh, so slowly the train crept past the telegraph poles. Would she never get there? With every revolution of the car wheels, her heart beat

faster and faster. After an endless time, the train finally arrived in the Union Station. As she descended from the coach, she searched eagerly through the crowd on the other side of the gates, and in almost an instant recognized her beloved Anne and Dick. Very affectionate was their greeting, and as they made their way to the automobile, more than one person turned to gaze at the happy trio, laughing and talking so merrily. During the ride, Betty, although her thoughts were of Jack, chatted cheerfully of old times. Nor was Betty the only one who was thinking of Jack, for Dick's thoughts were also of him. Feeling intuitively that Jack's moroseness for the last few years pertained to Betty, he had invited him to dinner that evening. But now he was beginning to wonder if Betty would be angry. They had decided not to tell her until after the game.

When their tiny home was finally reached, Betty ran eagerly from room to room, going into ecstasy over everything.

"What a perfect dream house, Anne. Oh, how beautiful everything is! You must be the happiest people in the world," she cried, hugging Anne. As she lifted her head from Anne's shoulder, Dick thought he detected a trace of a tear in her eyes. During lunch she was rather quiet, and more than once they caught her looking into space.

At last it was time for the game and as they took their places on the Harvard side, Betty thought that Anne certainly could hear her pounding heart. Not even a glance did she cast toward the huge sea of faces around her, for her eyes were riveted on the crimson team, trotting onto the gridiron. Could that big stalwart man,

with his head bent, be Jack Levering? For one moment the full-back raised his head and looked toward the grandstand. It was Jack! A little cry escaped from Betty, as she grasped Anne's arm. Her heart ached for him; she remembered how in other games she had witnessed, Jack, with his head erect and eyes flashing defiance, marched onto the field. Was it possible that this was the same man?

Both teams were lined up for the kick-off; the Blue team receiving. Jack stood erect in the middle of the field, waiting for the referee's signal. When it sounded, he lifted the ball to the far end of the field, into the arms of an opposing back, who was downed almost in his tracks by a Red end. After several unsuccessful end runs, the Blue's quarter tried the center of the Red line, but gained nothing, as Jack stopped every plunge right on the line. The Blues were forced to punt.

The Red quarter returned the ball to the center of the field, then sent Jack through the guard for eight yards. After a few end runs and forward passes, he again called for a full-back buck through center. Again Jack made the distance. The Reds got the ball to the ten yard line and then Jack carried it over. However he failed to kick goal. The half ended with the score six to nothing in the Red's favor.

The Blues kicked off to the Reds, but as Jack fumbled the ball, a Red man fell on it. After a couple of unsuccessful line bucks, a triple pass enabled the Blues to score. They, too, failed at goal. The Reds struggled harder but somehow they had a continual run of bad luck, and while trying to recover a bad pass, the Red quarter was thrown for a safety. The

score now stood eight to six in the Blue's favor and things looked desperate. But, by steady plugging and good running the Red's carried the ball to the enemies' thirty-yard line, where, after a consultation with the Red captain, the quarter back decided to let Jack try a field goal. Receiving a good pass from the center, Jack shot the ball squarely between the posts just a minute before the whistle blew. The Reds held the Blues safe for the rest of the game and the final score stood Harvard, 9; Yale, 8.

Deafening applause rent the air, hats found themselves spinning several feet above the heads of their owners; handkerchiefs fluttered in the breeze, and the entire grandstand seemed to rock. Slowly the crowd dispersed and as Betty, Anne, and Dick made their way to the street, not a word was spoken. Nor did Betty speak one word until they were home. Once more she had beheld her beloved Jack, and now all her old love for him was waging a battle with pride. How she wanted to send him some message if it was only a note of congratulation for the football victory. Then another thought came stealing like a thief in the night, what if he loved another girl? No, he could not love any other, he had told her that—

All at once, her thoughts were interrupted, as the machine stopped in front of the little home. Bounding up the steps two at a time, she flew into the house. Quickly she removed her wraps, and attempting to appear natural, ran to the piano and idly ran her fingers over the ivory keys; gradually the notes formed a soft melody and on and on she played as if in a trance. Anne and Dick pretended to read, but quite often Dick looked at

his watch and then glanced slyly toward the quiet, demure, little figure at the piano.

At last their plan was about to be carried out. The merry tinkle of the door bell rang through the house. Betty sprang from the bench and stood as if rooted to the spot.

"Dick", she gasped, "who is coming? You told me that you were not going to have guests for dinner."

Before he could reply, foot-steps were heard in the hall. Betty turned toward the door and saw standing there none other than Jack Levering.

"Jack", she murmured and was immediately crushed by two strong arms, "Oh! Jack."

Dick and Anne slipped noiselessly away.

"Betty, little girl, you're not angry because I came? When Dick invited me, I just couldn't stay away. I had to come."

He could not hear just exactly what she replied, but he knew that after three long years, he had found his Betty.

A half hour later when Dick entered the room, he found two people supremely happy.

"Oh, Dick, we are going to have a little home just like yours, only ours is going to be among the beautiful pine forests, and every year on this day we'll have a real Thanksgiving."

Lest We Forget

(Ina Fulton, '15.)

In these busy days when history is being made so rapidly that the star reporters on our daily papers are unable to record all that happens, it seems rather foolish to hark back in our minds to those days when America was young and when a certain Governor Bradford said "Let there be a Thanksgiving Day" and there was a Thanksgiving day. It was perfectly natural that he should say this—No human being who has thought of a new excuse for a holiday is willing to remain unhonored and unsung; no one who is in authority is willing to let it remain unfelt. The Pilgrim fathers had worked hard and they deserved a holiday; and when this idea of Thanksgiving Day was ventured by the governor, they all quite willingly answered "yea, yea." All things were conducive to the conception of such a day. Only one half of the original Mayflower company had died—but

they had been stern Puritans and had died in the faith, and moreover they were adults so that even Jonathan Edwards would have been assured of their ultimate destination—and they were thankful for this. Of the remaining half only three fourths were sick, and as Hope sprang eternal in the human breast they were thankful for this. They had had a good crop—even if it did consist mainly of corn and pumpkins. But small boys maintain that they could live on pumpkin alone if it were made into pie—so again they had cause to be thankful. And then when they considered their new experiences—who would not be sagacious if he had to be constantly on his guard to save his scalp, if he had seen "wolves and lyons sit back on thyre tailes and gryne—"

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to himself has said"

Oh, God, I thank thee that I am not so ignorant and inexperienced as these my brethren? Will anyone contend that the first Thanksgiving had not a firm basis?

We should know more of the temper and spirit of our puritan ancestors who conceived this holiday. Naturally if our ancestral tree roots back to the Mayflower, we like to spring from branches sound and without knots, and thus some have made us acquainted with a number of sternly Puritanical Pilgrim fathers. Religion of the long-faced variety was chronic with them. Therefore, on the first Thanksgiving day, there were two sermons, one in the morning, one in the afternoon. During these sermons they sat stiffnecked, —probably from holding their guns ready to convert the sinful Indians or usher them unannounced into Eternity. Now by many to-day, two sermons in one day are thought to be too much even if they are only twenty minutes long and are enlivened by stereopticon views. Not so with our fathers. The sermon, since this was a special occasion, meandered through at least three hours. To show their orthodox character I shall quote an extract from sixthly of the morning.

"Ye riche, if ye have come by youre moneys fair, rejoyce in them. Ye poor, be thankful that ye are not burthened by things of this vain world.

"Old men rejoyce that ye may laugh as ye see what fools the young be. Ye young, be glad that ye have prospects of living to be old and then may ye also laugh at young folks.

"Lean folks be glad of your spare ribs—fat ones be thankful that ye may gibe the lean ones of their spareness.

"Married folks be thankful for all your troubles big and little; single

ones, rejoyce, ye are much blessed in that ye have no little troubles any-way." Thus he ministered to their spiritual uplift. After this sermon a number of deacons went home to dinner with Deacon Eppes. The menu of the day was a "wilde fowle and a fat roebuck" both of which the Deacon had purchased of Epiwahboo for sixty shillings. Now after Deacon Jones had craved a blessing, word came that the Annanias tongued Indian had shot the game on the Sabbath. It was against the Law and the Prophets, also the deacon's conscience to partake of fraudulent meat. So Epiwahboo was summoned and tried while the meat grew cold, and the deacons decreed that he should receive forty stripes save one, and refund Deacon Eppes' money. The stripes were laid on and the Indian gave back the money and went sullenly away. Then did the deacons sit down and partake heartily of the meat, save one deacon who was not partial to venison. Verily, if meat had made their brothers to offend, they would punish their brother and eat the meat also. There runs in my mind another noble example of Christian eagerness. It was a custom to use much molasses at the celebration of Thanksgiving. One year the sap had run slowly and the yield of molasses had been small, too small in fact to celebrate aright. So these zealous Puritans postponed Thanksgiving until there was more molasses with which to thank God properly. In our own religious fervor we hardly overlap them today.

But it is enough. Let us consider our own Thanksgiving Day so soon to be celebrated. As then, so today proclamations are issued by authorities in which we are told why we are

thankful. We are at peace, they say. Yes, in spite of little Mexico's dire threats, the voice of the cannon is not heard in our land, except as the itching fingered gun manufacturer fires them to hear how they boom, or jubilant college boys shoot at civil law with blank cartridges. The I. W. W.'s and the Militant Suffragettes are mighty forces for peace.

Plentiful crops of corn and apples at least have been garnered. Be thankful that it is so—neither one is of much use to the Belgians and we ought to have some drug on the market at home.

Every clause could be similarly elaborated but proclamations are long and time is fleeting. But a few reasons for our own thankfulness should be mentioned.

On the coming 26 of November our waking thought will be one of thankfulness that God can hear us anywhere. So we will lie abed till the main event of the day. Perhaps the last petition may be for world peace, but of course first thing when we come down stairs we will at least read the headlines of the war news.

Suffragists will be thankful for the headway they have made, and the Antis will be thankful that no further gains were made by their sisters.

The destitute always feel happy at this time—they will have a feast today even if it does make the famine pangs gripe all the harder tomorrow. They are thankful to be considered as recipients of charity—if their pride is sufficiently broken—and it probably has been snubbed away by slumming parties composed of those whose position a turn of fortunes wheel has changed.

When the poor are thus made happy

the rich friends feel glad too. It is pleasant to see ones name in the paper as a benevolent soul—aye, it warms their hearts as they snugly repeat their creed—"I give to the poor every Thanksgiving." Just at this time we teach young Americans true altruism. It is a beautiful custom inaugurated in the public schools that on the day before vacation each pupil shall bring something to help make up baskets for poor people. The unselfish little men and women, quite thoughtfully go and select a jar of pickles from mother's cupboard, and with much travail of spirit and a great self sacrifice take a glass of jelly—the kind they don't like.

Students who for various reasons do not go home are made immensely happy by the commiserating adieux of classmates going to their homes. Those left behind are thankful that at this time as at no other they at last have opportunity and time to cultivate something—even if it is just indigo blues.

Thanksgiving comes at a happy time of year. All fruits and grains are harvested, and the trees, which a month before were decked with ultra oriental gorgeousness, now toss their naked brown branches up and down, back and forward in a shrieking wailing wind. Cheerfully the poet sings:

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

Yet it is a time to gladden our hearts if the milk of human kindness is dried in our breasts, if we belong to the royal order of "has beens."

Thanksgiving now as then is celebrated by a dinner, an uncomfortable dinner, for even the poor table creaks in pain. Of course Thanksgiving day

was originally intended as a feast day, altho it was announced as fast day. But recent investigation reveals the fact that in these days of simplified spelling the archaic word f-a-s-t has been simplified to spell feast and stand for what it spells.

But now to the dinner. As boys and girls we all enjoyed, at least until the next to the last kind of pie, those old-time Thanksgiving dinners. The tables groaned and later we groaned. They were all the same and as the novelist says: "The scene beggared description"—at least if not beggared description it almost beggared grandfather. A verse of an old song is all I need say of those dinners:

"Hurrah for the fun, is the turkey done?

"Hurrah for grandmother's mince pie, etc."

But those etcetera dinners are old-fashioned. Times change and, alas, Thanksgiving dinners change with them. Today the dinners are triumphs of art at least. But the menu is so elaborated by unintelligible, even to Prof. Rosselot, unpronouncable French names, that I shall merely refer you to the last number of any reliable woman's magazine for full directions for making any dish or folding the napkins in the latest approved fashion.

Family reunions are in order on Thanksgiving. As peacefully as a dozen boys of as many different nationalities, the grandchildren fight together. Some of them remember instructions to count one hundred before they strike, and in the meantime receive inspiration for rapid calculation. And then, forgetful of Biblical injunction to turn the other cheek, they make up for time lost in calculation. Meanwhile the married daughters discuss

how hard it is for mother to have all this fuss at home when she's getting old; but then "Of course, bless her dear old heart with all of us women here to help it won't be so hard after all." And then they talk in groups about the other groups and finally set out to help dear mother. They throw up their hands in holy horror when they find that mother has cleared away the dinner, set all the young hopefuls to cracking nuts instead of each others' heads, and is now coming to see that they are not overdoing themselves when they ought to be resting.

And these reunions are usually so pleasant. As a rule the brothers-in-law hold each other in the same bonds of brotherly love and respect as the French do the Germans. And Eliza never can see why brother George ever married his wife—"she's no housekeeper at all and she treats him awful—why she makes him wipe his shoes every single time before he comes into the house." Thanksgiving reunions are splendid opportunities to air one's views, and many a family skeleton is dragged out and dusted. And a certain gentleman of whom nothing good can be said save that he is certainly industrious smirks and shrugs his shoulders as his imps congratulate him on his masterpiece of handiwork—Thanksgiving family jars.

"We spend our days as a tale that is told." When evening comes we say: "Well it's over, what has Thanksgiving meant to me?" There may be something worth while in the tale, but oftener it is just a plain worthless story. Of course this is mother's Labor Day and she celebrates it with capital letters. As for the rest of us, we may lead a dog's life so to speak—eat and sleep;—or if we cannot sleep,

in order to escape the ennui of a few hours in our own company we go to a matinee. Usually Thanksgiving performances are benefit performances, and if so we go not to see the play primarily, but to help the cause along. If it is not a benefit play, and perchance we think of those working so hard to amuse us, we salve our consciences with: "They ought to be thankful to earn a little extra money."

Or many times we attend a football game. We seem once more to live under the Old Dispensation when God required sacrifices. We give him an offering not burnt but broken—not broken in spirit however, but in body.

"After the game is over,

"After the field is clear

"Help me to set my shoulder

"Help me to find my ear."

Do we feel a qualm of conscience as we think of a mother deprived of her only son—of a family circle broken by the enforced absence of one boy—and all for our selfishness? We argue then: "In these days of Fords and airships and accomodation trains, the families can easily come and be with their boy and see him play; and the hotel serves a splendid table d'hote dinner and the pianola grinds out "Home, Sweet Home."

Oh, yes we are thankful if we reduce it ad absurdum—but for such puny trifling, selfish, petty causes. In our celebrations next week let us be thankful for men who to remind us are inspired to write

"Lord God of Hosts we with us yet,

"Lest we forget, lest we forget."

"In November."

Soft, sweet and sad in its pathetic glory,

The pale November sunshine floods the earth,

Like a bright ending to a mournful story,

Or in a minor tune, a chord of mirth.

Before the wet west wind forever drifting,

The falling leaves fly o'er the garden walks;

The wet west wind the bare, gaunt branches lifting,

And bowing to black mold the withered stalks.

The blackbird whistles to the lingering thrushes,

The wren chirps welcome to the hardy tit,

While the brave robin, 'neath the holly bushes,

Sees what of berried store still gleams for it.

And the heart, sad for vanished hopes, in turning

Back to lost summers from the winter's chill,

Sees the rich promise through the weary yearning,

That heaven and spring will each our trust fulfill.

—Susan Kelly Phillips.

THE OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

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THANKSGIVING AND THANKSLIVING.

Much has been said in recent years about our celebration of the great harvest festival of the year, Thanksgiving Day. We are told that the proclamations of Presidents and Governors have become mere matters of form and custom, that the day has lost its original meaning and has become nothing more than a holiday. We are reminded that our thots are upon the turkey and cranberries instead of being upon the real basic meaning of the day. day.

To a great extent we believe that there are good reasons for these criticisms and, yet, we are not ready to admit that our present day celebration is an absolute failure. In reality, the question is not so much, shall we celebrate by feasting or fasting, as it is, what is the spirit and thot of the life of the individual. We believe that a real Thanksgiving is impossible without Thanksliving. As in all other affairs of life, the real life shows thru the external, and genuine Thanksgiving becomes a mere form of manifestation of all year living, a life of thankfulness and appreciation.

It would be folly to recount here the blessings and privileges for which each of us ought to be thankful, for he, who is not appreciative every day, will not be thankful upon Thanksgiving Day. Then, why have a special day? Merely to call our minds and thots to our duty of thankfulness, not only for one day but for every day.

Let us then catch the true spirit of Thanksgiving which is Thanksliving and let us get the appreciative and thankful spirit, so that whether we feast or fast on the appointed day, we may still find time to express thanks for the blessings received. Let us also carry this spirit thruout the coming year and be more appreciative of all favors received.



'07. Lewis E. Myers, of the Powers and Myers Chautauqua Industrial Art Desk Co., was married, Nov. 14, to Mabel Valletta Greene, in Chicago, Ill. After Dec. 12, they will be at home in Valparaiso, Ind.

'94. Dr. J. R. King discussed the theme "Aims and Methods of the Church Home in Child Saving" at a dependent Children Conference held in our neighboring City of Columbus, Nov. 11. Dr. King is superintendent of the Otterbein Home near Lebanon, Ohio.

'12. Rev. and Mrs. Mark A. Phinney announce the arrival, Sept. 25, 1914, of a daughter, Elizabeth Rosalie.

'14. Mr. Russell M. Weimer, who is teaching in the High school at Fairmont, W. Va., spent a few days with his sister Ruth. He also witnessed the Antioch-Otterbein football game.

'96. J. E. Eschbach, of Warsaw, Indiana, manager of the Press Bureau of the Republican Committee and candidate for the Indiana State Legislature, was re-elected to the Legislature on Nov. 3. Mr. Eschbach is right on moral questions and fearless in tactics on the enemy.

'98. Rev. J. H. Harris, Pastor of Grace United Brethren Church, Columbus, Ohio, received merited honor in being elected president of the min-

ister's council of the Capitol City. The first meeting of the year was marked by a vigorous program, which gives good promise for this year's work. Among the first official acts of Mr. Harris was to send an appeal to Secretary W. J. Bryan, to declare himself, while making speeches in Ohio, in favor of State-wide Prohibition, in harmony with his stand in Nebraska and other states. This letter, sent in behalf of the Columbus Ministerial Association, was signed by Rev. W. E. Bovey, '92, who is pastor of the North Congregational Church.

'61-'65. Judge John A. Shauck, '66, L. D. Bonebrake, '82, W. L. Curry, John W. Chapin, and Geo. W. Bright, compose a committee who made out a roster of the one hundred and eighty three soldier students and graduates of Otterbein, with their service. At a meeting of this committee and other interested persons, in the President's office, Oct. 3, plans were considered looking forward to the raising of money for the erection of a suitable monument to the Soldier students of Otterbein University who served in the Civil War. It will be counted a favor if the names of the nearest relatives of deceased Veterans are sent to the college office.

'92. Lebanon Valley College under the splendid leadership of President G. D. Gossard is making fine progress, having more students than can be ac-

commodated with the present equipment. It is interesting to note that this school has the largest Freshman class ever entering a United Brethren Institution.

'11. Rev. S. F. Wenger is attending the Lane Theological Seminary of Cincinnati, where he has been awarded a Scholarship.

'90. Dr. E. V. Wilcox who is head of the government experiment station at Honolulu, Hawaii, has recently presented the college library with a small volume of poems. Mr. Wilcox graduated from Otterbein in 1890. He took a bachelor's degree from Harvard in '92, a master's degree in '94, and his doctor's degree in '95 from the same institution.

'14. Mr. J. R. Schutz who is principal of the Pandora High School, the largest in Putnam county, took an active part in the fight for a "Dry Ohio," acting as chairman of the local committee. Prof. E. A. Jones spoke at a big mass meeting which Mr. Schutz, had planned on Sunday preceding election day. The professor is quite enthusiastic over his trip and will possibly want to go again, especially to the Schutz home, where we are told he received an abundance of good things to eat.

A large number of Alumni attended the Central Ohio Teachers' Convention in Columbus, Nov. 6 and 7. Several seized the opportunity and spent part of the time with Otterbein friends. Those recognized by the Alumna Editor are: Clara Hendrix, '13, Wilda Dick, '13, Maude Owings, '14, Ruth Maxwell, '14, Katherine Maxwell, '12, Edith Gilbert, '13, A. B. Newman, '14, F. E. Williams, '13.

Bishop A. T. Howard, '92, and Miss May Dick, '12, and Miss Hortense Potts, '13, received a very hearty welcome from the Cosands upon their arrival at Yokohama, October 14. They report a very pleasant voyage. Miss Dick and Miss Potts with several other missionaries went direct to Canton while Bishop Howard first visited the Japan mission. The Bishop expected to be in China about the second week in November.

'09-'11. Mr. Glenn Castle Arnold was married to Miss Minta A. Johnston, October 28, at Bowling Green, in the home of Professor and Mrs. C. R. Knouse. Mr. Arnold is now serving a pastorate at St. Marys, Ohio. After his graduation he taught in the high school at Waverly, and last year in the Seminary at Sugar Grove, Pennsylvania, besides spending twelve weeks in Chicago University. He is well qualified from an educational standpoint and otherwise to render efficient service in the Ministry. Mrs. Arnold graduated from the Art Department of Otterbein and has been the head of this department in the Sugar Grove Seminary for the past two years. The groom's father, Rev. W. R. Arnold, was the officiating clergyman. The couple is at home now at 520 East Columbia Street, St. Marys. The Aegis and their host of Otterbein friends extend congratulations!

'07. Mr. Nellis R. Funk was a business visitor in Westerville, Friday, Nov. 13. The United Brethren Year Book for 1915 is to be especially devoted to the temperance war fare and Mr. Funk was gathering statistics and other valuable information from the Anti-Saloon League.

LOCAL EVENTS.

The tickets for the Citizens' Lecture Course were placed on sale on Friday, November 6. The course promises to be exceptionally good, some of the best talent in the country appearing. The numbers are well chosen combining the musical, the serious and instructive, and the humorous. The season tickets have been meeting a ready sale among the students and towns-people. The course is made up of the following numbers:

November 13—Bohumir Kryl and Company.

December 9—Gov. Ashton C. Shallenberger.

January 14—Everett Kemp, Humorist.

February 1—Chancellor G. H. Bradford.

February 26—Weatherwax Quartet.

March 4—The Raweis.

On Wednesday morning, November 4, Mr. William D. Upshaw, of Atlanta, Georgia, was present at the chapel services and gave a most helpful and inspiring talk. His subject was, "Three Don'ts," and was developed by serious and humorous illustrations, drawn from the speaker's own experience or from his knowledge of life, especially of college life. Mr. Upshaw said, "Don't have the blues, or using his own phrase 'indigo subjectively;' Don't miss your lessons and Don't disappoint those who love you." Mr. Upshaw's life is the best testimony to the value of this advice, for after seven years of confinement to his bed, during his early manhood, his resolute spirit strengthened by his lofty ideals,

helped him to complete his college training and enter upon his life's work. In this he has been successful, for his paper, "The Golden Age," of which he is founder and editor, enjoys a wide circulation and is a power for good among its many readers.

Dr. Jones (in Bible.)—"Mr. Redd you may discuss 'Marriage vs. Celibacy.'" (The class in laughter) "Oh excuse me Mr. Redd, I didn't think of it at the time. Possibly you haven't had enough experience."

"Boots" Lash (in Economics) "Doctor, I can't get head or tail out of this thing."

Dr. Snavely—"Well it has both."

Prof. Burk (in Drama) to Miss Mills—"You're supposed to make love to the Fool."

Miss Mills—"No, the Fool is supposed to make love to me."

Freshman (writing to Father)—"Dear dad, send me \$500. Money makes the mare go."

Father (by return mail)—"Yours received. Inclosed \$50. That ought to be enough for a Jackass."

A ship without a rudder,

An oyster without a pearl.

But the strangest thing that we could see

Would be Shumaker without his girl.

Willie, aged five was taken by his father to his first football game. That

evening his prayer revealed how much he was impressed. Willie prayed:

God bless papa,
 God bless mamma,
 God bless Willie,
 Boom! Rah! Rah!—Ex.

Wear your learning, like your watch in a private pocket; and do not pull it out and strike it merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it; but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman.—Lord Chesterfield.

A student flunked against his will,
 Remains the same old blockhead still.
 still.—Ex.

Opportunity.

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
 When once I knock and fail to find you in;
 For every day I stand outside your door,
 And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.—Selected.

He—"Have you read 'Freckles'?"

She—"Oh, no! That's my veil."—Ex.

"What is a court of last resort, Pa?"

"Courting an old maid, my son."—Aerolith.

"Prof. "Jimmie" (in Algebra) —
 "We'd better multiply this out by long division."

On Wednesday evening, December the second, Professor Burk's class in Drama will present for the benefit of the Public Speaking Council, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." This is one of Shakespeare's greatest Romantic-

Comedies, and Professor Burk is leaving no stone unturned to make this presentation the greatest dramatic production that has ever been given on the University campus. To this end an entirely new stage setting, having a picture frame effect is being built and as Prof. Burk tells us the width of the new stage from post to post will be twenty-six feet, this being only a few feet less than the stages of our large theaters.

The scenery has been purchased from the theater at Minerva park, the several scenes being selected with great care so as to give an effect appropriate to the spirit of the play.

The various parts have been carefully assigned to the members of the class, so that with the excellent coaching of Prof. Burk, the play promises to be far from an amateur performance in all its phases. No one in Westerville can afford to miss this play, the first one of the college year.

Furthermore the debates need the support of all if we are to put out winning teams, so this is an opportunity for each one to show his loyalty and Otterbein spirit in supporting the Public Speaking Council, and our debating teams. The admission is only 25 cents with reserved seats 10 cents extra.

It has often been said that things happen at Otterbein and the truth of that statement was certainly made manifest on Friday afternoon, November 13, when the men on the Faculty and of the student body turned out enmasse, armed with shovels and wheelbarrows, in order to put the new athletic field in readiness for the spring baseball games and track meets. In laying out the new athletic field it was

found necessary to grade somewhat for the track and to fill in for the baseball diamond, so the loyalty of the student body was put to the test in making this transfer of soil.

It certainly was an inspiring sight to see the faculty members working side by side with the students, and we are led to believe that the few fellows who failed to respond (on account of superstitious beliefs, it being Friday and the thirteenth) were the losers rather than the enterprise they did not support. The work though strenuous, did not seem so, for all the workers were willing to do their share for Old Otterbein, regardless of tired backs and sore muscles. It was a time when even a "Prep" might vie with a Ph.D. with good success. The work done on Friday afternoon saved the Athletic Board over one hundred dollars, but its worth far exceeded that amount, inasmuch as it showed the real spirit found at Otterbein.

FORENSIC NEWS

On Saturday, Nov. 7 occurred an Intercollegiate meeting of more than passing importance. Representatives of five Ohio Colleges met in the parlors of the Association Building and formed the Central Ohio Intercollegiate Debate League. The object of the organization is to place Intercollegiate debating among the various schools of the league on a more systematic basis.

The schools that will participate in the work of the League and the men who represented them at the meeting are as follows:

Mt. Union Ray Lambert
Ohio Northern G. L. Kusian

Muskingum G. R. Johnson
Wittenberg E. J. O'Brien
Otterbein S. C. Ross

The agreements for the league are:

1. In the construsive argument each man shall speak for twelve minutes. The first four rebuttals shall be five minutes each. The final rebuttal speeches shall be eight minutes each.

2. The date for holding the debates shall be set by the conference which selects the question.

3. The names of the men to act as judges shall be chosen in the following manner:

Each visiting team shall submit to the home team not later than fifty days prior to their debate, a list of twelve or more names. The home team is at liberty to cross out any or all names. If the entire list is disapproved or if it is impossible to secure satisfactory judges from the aforesaid list, the visiting team shall immediately submit a second list. The home team shall secure from the lists submitted to them by the visiting team, three judges who shall serve at the debate at the home school.

4. No person shall be eligible for judge who is an alumnus of either of the contesting institutions, or who is in any way connected with either college by direct membership or by honorary membership in any college organization, or who, to the best knowledge of the team submitting the names, is interested in any philanthropic or official relation to either of the debating colleges, or who may be related to any student or professor in either school.

5. After the year 1914-15, each col-

lege shall on or before May 7th, submit to the president of the League, two questions for debate. The questions thus submitted shall be compiled in one list and returned to the colleges of the league without delay. Each college shall choose a representative, whom it shall instruct as to its preference and choice as regards all the questions submitted. On May 15th a conference of the delegates thus chosen shall be held at some central point, say Otterbein University, where the question for debate shall be finally decided by the ballots of the delegates.

The representatives of the debate league chose the following question for the ensuing season:

Resolved, That a state board of Arbitration with compulsory powers should be established in Ohio to settle disputes between employers and employees. Note—The constitutionality of this question is conceded. The alternative of a federal board shall be eliminated.

The dates for the debates are as follows:

March 12th., 1915 — Muskingum Negatives vs. O. N. U. at Ada.

Wittenberg Negatives vs. Muskingum at New Concord.

O. N. U. Negatives vs. Mt. Union at Alliance.

Mt. Union Negatives vs. Otterbein at Westerville.

Otterbein Negatives vs. Wittenberg at Springfield.

March 26th., 1915.—Muskingum Affirmatives vs. Otterbein at Westerville.

Mt. Union Affirmatives vs Muskingum at New Concord.

Wittenberg Affirmatives vs Mt. Union at Alliance.

O. N. U. Affirmatives vs. Wittenberg at Springfield.

Otterbein Affirmatives vs. O. N. U. at Ada.

The outlook is bright. Already fifteen or twenty men have signified their intentions of trying for the team and Prof. Burk who is exceptionally strong along this line should be able to send out winning teams.

The tryouts for the team will occur on December 7.

The tryouts for the Russel declamation contest will take place in the College Chapel November 23 at 3 o'clock. This contest is open to Sophomores and Freshmen. Ten persons will be chosen to take part in the final contest. The prizes are fifteen, ten and five dollars. It is not necessary to give the same reading at the preliminary contest that is given at the tryout although this may be done. No matter how long the reading for the preliminary may be, time will be called at the end of five minutes.



Lost! Strayed! Stolen!

White dog with long shaggy mane, beautiful brown eyes and shoe-button mouth. Answers to name of Gunpowder. Finder please return to Room 5, 3rd. floor. Suitable reward. No questions asked.

Esther Van Gundy's mother and Olive Wagle's father were week-end guests at the Hall.

About twenty girls from the Hall were chaperoned to Columbus Monday evening, to attend the Grand Opera Faust. All report a most enjoyable time.

Friday, Nov. 13, 1914—a red letter day in the history of Cochran Hall—President Clippinger and wife were guests at dinner. Come again.

Miss Ruth Drury wore a smiling countenance all last week, the effects of a visit from her mother and sister from Dayton.

The Misses Guitner, Gegner, Roeser and Jansen were Sunday dinner guests at the Hall.

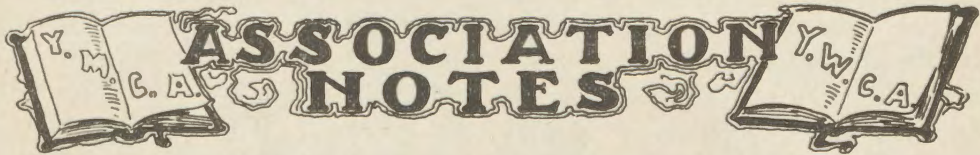
Cochran Hall girls no longer fear fire, since there were so many gallant rescuer in evidence on Sunday morn-

ing at two o'clock, when the fire alarm was given.

Norma McCally delightfully entertained a crowd of girls Friday evening; Welsh rare-bit and other delicious "rare-bits" were enjoyed. Admission 5c.

The Executive Board of Cochran Hall has been a very popular body, the last few days. Girls, new and old are watchful of their "behavior." The convicts are to be commended on their improvement in conduct.

The House of Silence—Cochran Hall at 9:55 P. M.



Y. M. C. A.

"Temperance Address."

In view of the Ohio State-Wide Prohibition and Home Rule Amendments submitted to the voters in the election on Tuesday, November 3, Rev. Milo Kelser, an Anti-Saloon League worker, devoted the Association services of Thursday evening, October 22, to a brief discussion of temperance. He remarked that Ohio would go dry on November 3, provided all dry men voted. It is interesting to know that there are about one and a quarter million voters in Ohio; and that the state is a license state today, because a few years ago, 800,000 voters did not vote on the question. "We must win the coming election," he said—"for the sake of the boys and girls—we must win for the sake of the national campaign."

"Prevention."

Rev. H. C. Elliott, member of the

Senior Class, spoke from this subject on the evening of October 29, using as a text that splendid passage of Scripture in I Timothy 4:12—"Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in purity."

These are the words of the older man, Paul, to the young man, Timothy and were primarily meant to prevent the younger minister from being entrapped. The adage tho' old, has lost none of its significance, when it states that that of Paul's instruction in the words—"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." In fact this might be given as the golden text of Mr. Elliott's address. Upon this he based his statement that, contrary to opinion among many, young men must not "sow their wild oats," for they inevitably must reap what they sow.

"We must keep pure if we desire to

prevent sorrow," quoting from Rev. Elliott, "Timothy was an example of manly Christianity, no doubt instructed at Paul's hand in the principles of true living. In order for any young man to be what he ought he must be a good example in truthful word and pure conversation, let no man despise his youth, and indulge not in even the slightest sin, knowing that each evil act weakens the whole character. These all spell one standard of purity for men and women alike; it is an unmanly act to expect less purity from ourselves as young men than from our mothers, sisters and sweethearts."

"Professor Rosselot Speaks."

The financial rally of the Association on November 5, was conducted by A. P. Rosselot, Otterbein's French Professor, who gave a forceful address having as its climax the emphasizing of the "Association as a Power in spreading the gospel of Social Christianity."

It was pointed out that the world was in a very peculiar stage of its history, with the ravaging war throughout all Europe, the victory of the liquor forces in Ohio on November 3, and the social unrest and labor agitation stirring the country far and wide. With these alarms in our ears there comes the question as it has come to thousands, "after nineteen hundred years of trial has Christianity proven a failure?" Professor Rosselot directed our attention to a scene in old Palestine many years ago when the Master Teacher spoke that wonderful discourse known as the Sermon on the Mount. In this great masterpiece is found the true essence of Christianity. While the three fundamentals—the fatherhood of God, divinity of Christ, and the immortality of the soul—are

necessary, there comes the gist of a larger message: the duty of man to man, the social aspect of Christian beliefs. This is the true solution of peace and civilization among the nations of the world. "Sad as it may seem, the church has failed in past years in carrying the social gospel to the nations. When personal salvation is emphasized to the neglect of social salvation it is over-emphasized."

The Young Men's Christian Association carries the gospel of Social Christianity as no other institution. In the midst of its activities, doctrinal matters and hair-splitting differences are forgotten in the larger work of aiding the Brother Man. This organization and the Red Cross Society are the only ones that appeal to the soldier. Does not the world crave a social service gospel? Then, "even as the soldier on the battlefield who refuses not to fight, so ought every member of this organization bear his share of the responsibility of its support."

Y. W. C. A.

The Bible Study Rally of the Association was a most inspiring service. Ruth Ingle led the meeting with Mrs. Frank Lee as special speaker.

The habit of regular daily devotions is one worthy of cultivation; that habit, of at a certain time, daily, turning the heart to God, forgetting self, worldly ambitions and desire, is a strong saving force.

In early youth, one should learn what prayer really means, for the first two petitions of "Our Lord's Prayer" are "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." Many times the things upon which the heart is centered must be surrendered, if His will is done.

No longer is the Bible considered as

chained to the pulpit or as belonging to a particular class of men. Anyone may use and test it as he chooses. Today the Bible exists as the greatest Book of the ages, studied for its literature, poetry, drama, fiction and history. It contains the most marvelous system of ethics ever known. The teachings of Jesus Christ in the Sermon on the Mount show powerful insight to human nature. Indeed, the fundamental truths contained within this Book of books are universally recognized.

A most interesting and beneficial service was led by Lydia Garver on Tuesday evening, with "Drifting" as the subject.

At some period in every life, there is a tendency to drift. The reason for drifting is the lack of a definite goal. A boat on a lake or river, if left to drift about aimlessly, endangers the lives within the boat; but if the anchor be fast or if the oarsman takes a definite course, all danger is forgotten. So in every life, Christ is the strong anchor, and a continual working for Him makes safety certain.

Paper boats launched on a creek, may be easily obstructed by sticks or stones, but the human hand may push them back into the current again. Just so, God watches the difficulties which tempt and cause lives to drift, then with His strong hand, He gently pushes the life back into the current of truth and righteousness.

The easiest thing in life is to drift; he, who selects the line of least resistance will drift so far that he will find it impossible to overcome even the smallest and most trifling difficulties.

A good motto is: "Rowing, not drifting." To row with a steady purpose, each day of one's life, is a sure remedy for drifting.

Flossie Broughton very ably presented the subject, "For Whose Sake?" in the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Tuesday evening.

The question: "For Whose Sake?" is a vital one, and may be answered in three ways: For sake of self, for sake of others, for the sake of the Master.

Every life must be something in character and strength of purpose before anything worth while may be accomplished. Selfishness is generally condemned, but an unselfish selfishness may be justified when the desire is to perfect one's own individuality, that it may be exemplary to others. No longer does one's reputation have weight, but the character, the genuine self, makes a lasting impression, and it behooves every person to refrain from compromising his character at any time.

The Christian ideal stands for sacrifice and service for others. It is easy to perform kindnesses for those one really loves, but it is the true Christ-like spirit to help those individuals who seem inferior and repulsive. It is Christ's command to do good to those who spitefully use you, by mingling with them and pointing them to God. The life of the Christian must be kept free from questionable habits for self's sake and for the sake of society.

Christ's work on the earth must be carried on by His followers. The services rendered in our large cities among the unfortunates, in bettering their conditions, is surely done as unto Christ and for His sake.

Jane Adams, Francis Willard, Maud Booth, Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton are among the noble women who have sacrificed for the sake of others and for the Master's sake.

Van Dyke's beautiful story of "The Other Wise Man" tells how that man gave up all his valuable jewels to save

the lives of others, and not until death came, did he find this King and Master. What a noble example this "Other Wise Man" is to the Christian today.

"The Second Mile" meeting led by Harriet Raymond proved a practical help to every girl present.

The first mile in a task is generally considered the mile of duty, while the second is one of pleasure or love of duty. This second mile may be quite aptly applied to the college girl's daily class work; she prepares the lesson assigned, and then if she really finds pleasure in her work, ten or fifteen minutes extra preparation will be added.

The business man who quits the instant the whistle blows or the bell taps, goes only the first mile, but he who finishes his task—works just a little longer, just a little harder, goes the second mile and profits by it.

In an athletic race, the first mile is covered with slow speed, while all the

time, impetus and strength are being gathered for the second mile, which determines victory or defeat. So in life a long time is spent in needful preparation, to know how to live and how to win in spite of discouragements and temptations.

Sometimes our criticisms of others are unjust because we fail to delve a little deeper into the hearts of those persons we would criticise. The poet has beautifully said:

"Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
And we'd love each other better
If we only understood."

Reinforcement and strength must be had to gain the second mile. Christ, with His love, and hopes and faith, stands in the background of each life and urges that the second mile be run earnestly and willingly.



FOOTBALL

Otterbein vs. Marietta.

On Oct. 17, the Tan and Cardinal met defeat at the hands of the strong Marietta eleven. However, the defeat was not disgraceful, for every man played football every minute of the game. The success of the Marietta team is due in a great measure to the umpire. Several times when Otterbein was within striking distance of

the goal, he would see an imaginary foul, and enforce a penalty of fifteen yards, which finally resulted in the ball going to Marietta.

The first half was Otterbein's. The team started the game with plenty of speed, and in a short time were dangerously near their opponents' goal line. Here they received a penalty of fifteen yards with the consequent loss of that coveted touchdown. Not

OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

daunted by this, the team kept hammering away, outplaying the Marietta team throughout the half. When time was called for the ten minute rest neither side had scored.

In the second half Marietta tried some forward passes which gave them a touchdown. Again in the last quarter, when Otterbein lost the ball on a fumble on her own eighteen yard line, the Marietta lads scored a touchdown by a wide end run.

Marietta 13.

Sutton	L. E.
Humphrey	L. T.
Miller	L. G.
Baume	C
Herliky	R. G.
Piggott	R. T.
Freshour	R. E.
Hayes	Q. B.
Herron	L. H.
Meister	R. H.
Hinman	F. B.

Otterbein 0.

Daub
Bailey
Walters
Booth
Weimer
Counsellor
Bronson
Plott
Lingrell
Watts
Campbell

Summary—Touchdowns: Hindman, Freshour. Goal from touchdown: Herron. Substitutions — Marietta: Aumond for Piggott, Martin for Freshour, Whiting for Hayes, Freshour for Herron, Pound for Meister, Richard for Hindman. Otterbein: Daub for Watts, Huber for Daub. Time of quarters: 13 minutes. Referee—McDonald, Notre Dame. Umpire Alleman, Western Reserve.

Otterbein vs. Denison.

In one of the most interesting games from the spectators' standpoint that has been played on the local field for years, the strong Denison team won from the Tan and Cardinal, Oct. 24. It was a game featured by successful forward passes by both sides. Every touchdown save one was made by the forward pass route, and even in that one case, it was a forward pass that brought the ball to the one yard line, from where a buck put it over.

The Denison team could do noth-

ing with Otterbein's line. Their bucks stopped on the side line of scrimmage. Their end runs were scarcely more successful. This led the Denisonians to resort to the forward pass. Roudebush and Thiele worked it for three touchdowns and Roudebush and Ladd for one.

Otterbein found it possible to puncture Denison's line and was as successful on end runs. But it was the pass that scored the touchdowns. A long one from Campbell to Daub gave Otterbein its first score. Plott failed at goal.

The last quarter began with Otterbein in possession of the ball on Denison's twenty yard line. Three plays took it almost to the line. A pass from Campbell, which Watts caught by a leap into the air, made Otterbein's final score.

Otterbein 12.

Daub	L. E.
Bailey	L. T.
Walters	L. C.
Booth	C
Weimer	R. G.
Counsellor	R. T.
Bronson	R. E.
Plott	Q. B.
Lingrell	L. H.
Campbell	F. B.
Watts	R. H.

Denison 33.

Thiele
Biggs
Smith
Reese
Marsh
Williams
Kidwell
Ladd
Swanson
Hinchman
Roudebush

Summary—Touchdowns: Thiele 3, Ladd 2, Daub 1, Watts 1. Goals from touchdown: Biggs 3. Substitutions: Clary for Marsh, Shauck for Williams, Stankard for Shauck. Referee—Prugh, Wesleyan. Umpire—Swain, Dickeson. Time of quarters—12½ minutes.

Otterbein vs. Wittenberg.

Otterbein captured her second game of the season on Oct. 30, when they outwitted the Lutherans at Springfield. The Lutheran contingent, however, were confident of victory until the last few minutes of the

game. Scarcely had the teams began the battle when Wittenberg's giant tackle rushed through the line, blocked a punt, and diverted the ball into the hands of a Lutheran, who raced across the goal line for a touchdown. Wittenberg failed to kick goal, and the score stood 6 to 0 for forty-five minutes, during which time the teams would take turns in carrying the ball to within striking distance of the goal, and courteously hand it over to the opponents.

In the last few minutes, the Otterbein lads traveled down the field to the fifteen yard line, and, by a neatly executed triple pass, Huber scored. Plott kicked goal, making Otterbein the winner by one point.

Wittenberg 6.

Goehring L. E.
Wendt L. T.
Morler L. G.
Young C
Detrick R. G.
Grosscup R. T.
Littleton R. E.
Bechtel Q. B.
Mahr L. H.
Ihrig R. H.
Kimble F. B.

Otterbein 7.

Daub
Bailey
Walters
Booth
Weimer
Counsellor
Bronson
Plott
Lingrell
Watts
Campbell

Summary—Touchdowns: Detrick 1. Huber 1. Goals from touchdown. Plott 1. Substitutions—Wittenberg: McNally for Littleton, Wilson for McNally, Littleton for Wilson, Dunmire for Bechtel, Bechtel for Dunmire. Otterbein: Huber for Daub, Daub for Watts. Time of periods—15 and 12½ minutes. Referee—Prugh. Umpire—Swain.

Otterbein vs. Antioch.

In a game that was a frolic for the Otterbein players Antioch met defeat on the local field, Nov. 7. From the start it could be seen that the team from Yellow Springs was no match for the Tan and Cardinal.

In the first few minutes of play Lin-

grell tore through Antioch's line and ran seventy yards for a touchdown. From that time Otterbein continued to score at will until, when the final whistle blew, eleven touchdowns were registered against Antioch.

The redeeming feature of Antioch's playing was the work of Fess. He seemed to be the whole team. He really had the Otterbein squad guessing several times during the game. But excellent playing by one man does not make a team, and his team was defeated.

Otterbein 71.

Daub L. E.
Bailey L. T.
Walters L. G.
Booth C
Weimer R. G.
Counsellor R. T.
Bronson R. E.
Plott Q. B.
Lingrell L. H.
Watts R. H.
Campbell F. B.

Antioch 0.

Van de Vort
Reigel
Nye
Garlow
Barr
McCracken
S. Fess
L. Fess
Finderburg
Wells
Brown

Summary—Touchdowns: Watts 3, Plott 2, Lingrel 2, Campbell 2, Bailey 1, Bronson 1. Goals from touch down: Plott 3, Lingrell 1, Campbell 1. Substitutions: Huber for Watts. Referee—Rosselot. Umpire—Gantz. Time of quarters—15 minutes.

Otterbein vs. Cincinnati.

On the evening of November 14, students could be seen at various places up town, with mingled expressions of joy and incredulity revealed in their faces. Early reports from Cincinnati had proclaimed Otterbein the victor by a 3 to 0 score, and the news was more than the most loyal supporter of the team could believe without further confirmation. All doubt fled, however, when telegrams began to come in from the manager and members of the team.

Otterbein began the game with the

usual dash and bulldog determination. The defense was impregnable, and this forced Cincinnati to use forward passes frequently. In offensive play Otterbein excelled her opponents also. Time and again our strong backfield would pierce Cincinnati's line for long gains. Of this quartet Campbell was the star.

Only once did Cincinnati look dangerous. That was when they carried the ball to Otterbein's fifteen yard line. There the Tan and Cardinal stopped them and forced them to try for a field goal. It was their only chance, and they failed.

In the second period Otterbein carried the ball to within striking distance of Cincinnati's goal, and Daub carried it across on a triple pass. But the referee said one of the players had made a forward pass of it, and the score was not allowed. Nothing daunted they went at it again, and in the third period, carried the ball to Cincinnati's thirty yard line, from where Campbell made a field goal. Thereafter neither side was able to score.

Cincinnati 0.

Palmer	L. E.
Fries	L. T.
Porter	L. G.
C. Gregg	C
Schneider	R. G.
E. Gregg	R. T.
Boss	R. E.
Richardson	Q. B.
Goosman	L. H.
Langenheim	R. H.
Baehr	F. B.

Otterbein 3.

Daub
Bailey
Walters
Booth
Weimer
Counsellor
Bronson
Plott
Lingrel
Watts
Campbell

Summary—Goal from field: Campbell. Substitutions—Cincinnati: J. Morris for Porter, Scallon for Baehr, Pease for Langenheim, Bachherms for Richardson, McHugh for Goosman. Otterbein—Huber for Plott. Referee—Clarke. Umpire—Black. Time of quarters—15 minutes.

O. U. Seconds vs. O. S. S. D.

The Otterbein Seconds played their second game of the season at Columbus against the Ohio State School for the Deaf team, Oct. 30. The team was not in condition to play a hard game because many of the best players had been taken with the Varsity whose ranks were depleted by injuries. The result was that the Seconds were defeated to the tune of 26 to 15.

The O. S. S. D. team could do very little through the Seconds' line, so they resorted to end runs and forward passes. In the former they were especially successful. With a strong interference they seemed to be able to baffle the Seconds and invariably made long gains.

The Seconds scored in the first quarter on a pass from Barnhart to Weber, and in the third through a buck by Barnhart and a safety. Considering that the majority of the team were playing their first game the result was quite satisfactory.

O. U. Seconds vs. O. S. S. D.

On November 14, the Seconds again met the O. S. S. D. team. This time, however, it was on the local field and the story is different. The mutes scored a touchdown before the Seconds awoke to the fact that they had a football game on. Then things took on a different complexion. The mutes failed to do any scoring in the last part of the game, while the Seconds scored three touchdowns. No goals were kicked and the score stood 18 to 6. The game was marred by constant wrangling.

The Athletic Association is now an incorporated organization. Steps were taken early in the year to have this done, and the final arrangements were

made by the secretary, Oct. 24. The charter has been framed and hung in the Association building.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Athletic Board, Oct. 28, J. B. Garver was elected assistant basketball manager.

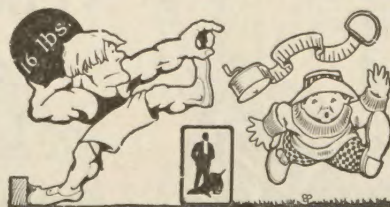
CONSERVATORY NOTES

The second recital of the Otterbein School of Music was given in Lambert Hall on Wednesday evening, November 4. The following program was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience of music lovers:

- Piano Quartet—Mitzi-Katzchen (Miau-Miau)
—Scherzo-Polka *F. Behr*
- Tressa Barton, Clara Kreiling, Verna Weston,
Elizabeth Richards
- Song—Slave Song *Del Riego*
Anna Mae Bercaw
- Piano—Bonnie Brise (Fair Wind) Barcarolle
Th. Lack
Ruth Van Kirk

- Song—Come Sweet Morning *Arr. by A. L. Lucile Blackmore*
- Piano—Puck (Elfe)—Op. 23 *J. Philipp*
Gladys Pearl Walcutt
- Song—A Red, Red Rose *Hastings*
Ruth Buffington
- Piano—Fruelingsrauschen (Voices of Spring)
Sinding
Grace Owings
- Song—Deserted *MacDowell*
Stanton Wood
- Piano—Valse Brilliante *I. W. Russell*
Helen Byrer
- Song—Candle Lightin' Time *Coleridge-Taylor*
Olive McFarland
- Piano—Sextet from "Lucia de Lammermoor"
Donizetti-Cramer
Clarence Hahn
- Songs—(a) Springtime of Love *Benj. Whelpley*
(b) Phyllis *Benj. Whelpley*
Ruth Brundage
- Piano Quartet—Galop de Concert, Op. 10
L. Milde
Alice Ressler, Ruth VanKirk, Helen Byrer,
Hazel Beard

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Announcement

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The Aegis takes pleasure in announcing that, as in former years, it will publish the Otterbein Calendar. It will be ready for distribution before the Christmas Holidays, and will contain a series of views of College Life as others see us.

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9:35	6:35	8:34	7:34
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