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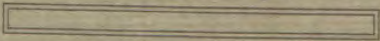
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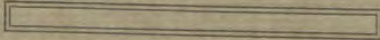
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ALMA GUITNER, '97,
Professor of German Language and
Literature.

The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXV

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, OCTOBER, 1914

No. 2

Glimpses of the Fatherland

(Alma Guitner, '97)



LIKE thousands of other American tourists my mother, sister, and I were in Europe this summer when war was declared. It was our intention to spend two months in travel, devoting the greater part of our time to Switzerland and Germany. We had had one delightful month abroad and had enjoyed to the full our journeying in England, Scotland, Holland and Belgium. Just a week before the declaration of war we arrived in Germany. After spending Sunday in the historic old city of Cologne and worshipping with hundreds of its citizens in the magnificent cathedral, we turned our thoughts from the beauties of art and architecture to the wondrous beauty of God's great out-of-doors. Some one has said that man made the city, but God made the country. And there is certainly an inspiring and uplifting attraction about the world's beautiful natural scenery which is largely lacking in the great works of human genius. So we were glad to turn aside for one day from visiting art galleries, cathedrals, and palaces of kings, and instead of that to rest both body and mind in traveling by steamer from Cologne to Mayence on the River Rhine.

The Rhine is wonderfully dear to the heart of every German. It has been the scene of many battles from the early centuries, and a great many ruins of castles bear testimony to the conflicts fought out here years ago.

But the vine-clad hills, the grain fields of the sunny slopes along its banks, and the rocky heights on which stand some of the finest castles in Germany give a picture of peace and quiet grandeur that is pleasant to contemplate. It is no wonder that the German loves the Rhine and is willing to give his own life's blood, if need be, that the watch on the Rhine may preserve the historic river as "Germany's stream not Germany's boundary." Legend, myth, and history are combined here and make the river and the surrounding country a most interesting and fascinating part of the German Empire.

A little more than an hour after our steamer had left Cologne we passed Bonn, a thriving little city, famous as the birthplace of Beethoven and as the seat of an excellent university. It was here that the present emperor received his university training, and his six sons were likewise educated here. After passing Bonn we began to see more beautiful scenery. Little towns nestle down along the water at the foot of high hills, and not infrequently a handsome castle or a picturesque ruin crowns the top of the hill. Just a few miles from Bonn on one of the peaks of the Siebengebirge, or Seven Mountains, stands the fine old ruin of the Drachenfels. In a cavern among the vineyards about half way up the mountain side lived the dragon, which, according to the legend, was killed by Siegfried, one of the greatest of old

Germanic heroes, and even to this day the wine grown here is called Drachenblut, or dragon's blood. Almost opposite the Drachenfels stands the Rolandsbogen, one single arch still remaining of the castle said to have been built by Roland, the nephew and paladin of Charlemagne. A short distance up the valley of the river Ahr and back of the town of Remagen on the Rhine is the Apollinaris spring, from which the company controlling it fills thousands of bottles daily to ship to all parts of the world.

As the steamer approaches the busy commercial city of Coblenz a beautiful view appears. The city is situated at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine, and opposite it is the strong fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. Out on the point of ground between the two rivers rises the majestic equestrian statue of Emperor William I, said to be the finest purely personal statue in the world. Castles and ruins are more numerous between Coblenz and Mayence and within a few miles are seen the ruins of Sternberg and Liebenstein, popularly known as the hostile brothers, of Thurnberg and of Rheinfels, and the castle of Katzenelnbogen. Rheinfels is generally regarded as the most imposing ruin on the river and is now the property of the emperor.

Not long after we passed these old castles we approached the narrowest and deepest part of the river, where the Lorelei rock rises precipitously to a height of four hundred and thirty feet above the river. Here the current is very swift and in the olden times many shipwrecks occurred, which led to the superstition, so beautifully immortalized in Heine's ballad, that a nymph dwelt on this rock whose singing so entranced the sailors that they were drawn by it into a

watery grave. Heine's poem is always sung as the steamer passes the Lorelei; and on our journey this summer, when the stars and stripes were seen waving from the castle of Schonburg almost opposite the Lorelei and it was learned that the castle was owned by a wealthy New Yorker, some one on board started "The Star-Spangled Banner" and all the Americans on board joined heartily in the song.

Between Coblenz and Bingen there are twenty-two castles and ruins, nearly everyone of which has some interesting bit of legend or history connected with it. Quite as interesting, however, as these are the hill slopes covered with beautifully terraced vineyards or with well cultivated fields of grain and below at the water's edge a quiet village, with its church towering among the dwelling houses "like a mother-swan ready to gather her cygnets under her wings."

When our Rhine trip was ended and we had enjoyed a good rest in Mayence we started for Heidelberg, that most characteristic of university cities, situated so attractively between the Neckar and the mountains behind. We remained here only long enough to see the castle and the university. The latter was founded in 1386 and is justly famous as the oldest university in the present German Empire, and also because it can point to an illustrious line of great scholars who have given instruction in its halls. In olden times the university authorities were the only ones who could exercise any jurisdiction over students and the career, or university prison, was as necessary in academic life as the lecture hall. Heidelberg is one of the few universities in Germany that still have a career, and it is always pointed out to the sightseer quite as faithfully

as the Aula or the lecture-rooms.

From Heidelberg we went on to Freiburg, a beautiful city in the midst of the mountains of the Black Forest; and as we tarried here until after war was declared, it became our home for four weeks. It was fortunate for us that the war overtook us while we were in so delightful a place as Freiburg. Although it was a time of great anxiety to us, not knowing how or when we could return to the United States, yet we feel that we could not have been more pleasantly situated than we were. Freiburg is also a university city and is a place of some commercial importance as well. Owing to its location not far from the French and Swiss boundary lines, large numbers of soldiers passed through the city during the days of mobilization and we had the opportunity of seeing many of them. They were a fine body of men, strong and stalwart, and they marched out joyfully with patriotic songs on their lips and with that enthusiasm which is born of a sense of justice and righteousness in their cause.

Newspaper reports, especially during the first weeks of the war, gave the impression on this side of the water that the tourists who were in Germany suffered more seriously than those in other countries of Europe. That idea is entirely erroneous and should be corrected. It is no doubt true that those tourists did suffer inconvenience, who became panic-stricken and attempted to leave Germany at once while none but military trains were running. Few of them, if any, suffered more seriously than was occasioned by long and tedious journeys on trains and possibly by lack of good meals at proper times owing to the fact that dining cars were not attached to the trains. It is not true that

there was a scarcity of food in Germany and Holland; and as the prices of foodstuffs were fixed by law during the first week of the war, anyone who attempted to make exorbitant charges was subject to a heavy fine.

It was difficult for travelers during the early days of the war to secure cash for certain kinds of negotiable paper that they carried with them. In this respect the rich were, if anything, in a worse situation than those of more modest means; for letters of credit, especially those of English bankers, were not so easy to cash as some other kinds of money. American Express cheques proved during the war to be the best means of all for carrying money. They were cashed in Freiburg without discount all the time, and in other cities they were equally satisfactory. In most of the principal cities of Europe where there were tourists from the United States an American organization was effected, the officers of which took the lead in making arrangements for the securing of passports for those who did not have them and in doing anything else that seemed advisable in special cases. The Germans were as kind as possible to the Americans and other foreigners in their country. Every consideration was shown us and every effort was made by railroad and banking officials so that American citizens could secure money and railroad facilities as quickly as possible to enable them to return home speedily. The quiet, systematic manner in which the Germans met every exigency of the war, their wonderful relief work as conducted by the Red Cross during the weeks we observed it, and the intense loyalty they showed for their fatherland speak eloquently of the strength and character of the German people.

America's Problem and Its Solution

(H. E. Richer, '14)

We are living, we are acting,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

Many people are not aware that we are living in extraordinary times. Few suppose that the years of peaceful prosperity in which we have been quietly arising to great national distinction, is the pivot on which is turning the history of this country, and through it the history of the world; and fewer still imagine that the destinies of mankind for centuries to come can be seriously effected in the United States. But it is a well established fact that no generation appreciates its own place in history.

It is evidence of a narrow and thoughtless mind to imagine that the existing condition of things is final. Certainly no condition of society that has ever yet existed has been final and none ever can be until perfection is reached; and surely no one will contend that society as now organized is perfect; no one will imagine that man has already attained the highest development of which he is capable.

We, the American People, have indeed in the past accomplished many wonderful feats. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, our forefathers gallantly fought for liberty and won. In the middle of the nineteenth century the true lovers of union and freedom, fought to the death in that awful struggle for the preservation of their country and the freedom of their fellow-men. But is there nothing that we, in this, the beginning of the twentieth century can do to show ourselves worthy of the great name which these

heroes have won for us? Ah! My friends, there is to-day confronting the American People a problem, the correct solution of which will win for us the admiration of nations, and the approval of Almighty God.

Someone has truly said that "History is the record of a sad procession of world tragedies." Nations and empires have in turn risen to greatness only to fall. Before the death-blow was struck from without, the evidence shows in every case the ravages of a titanic foe from within, under whose operations, the vitality and strength of the nation were submerged in a general degeneracy. For centuries the world's philosophers and historians have looked on helpless, appalled, overwhelmed. Only in the last few years, has the mystery been solved by scientific, philanthropic, sociallogic, economic and moral authority the world over, identifying this relentless internal destroyer of nations as alcoholic poisoning.

The great nations of Europe are just now engaged in a dreadful and devastating war. In fact the whole world pales before its horrors. But is there no greater foe to humankind than war?

The most carefully compiled and authoritative statistics show that the total number of killed and wounded in battle in all the wars of the world from the earliest dawn of history until the close of the Russo-Japanese war to be 2,800,000. On the other hand we find that alcohol is killing more than 3,500,000 white men every year, twice as many as have been killed in all the world's wars during two thous-

and three hundred years; so that ex-congressman Hobson comes to the inevitable conclusion that alcohol is ten thousand times more destructive than all wars combined.

Degeneracy has been the **cause** of every nation's downfall, **war** but the occasion. Resting upon degenerates, their institutions have been blighted, and sooner or later in the struggle for survival when struck by a foreign foe they have fallen never to rise again. This is the sad history of Babylon, Ninevah, Tyre, Greece, Rome, and Gaul.

The history of every nation that has risen and fallen in the past presents two fundamental stages; first temperance, vitality and prosperity, second, intemperance, degeneracy, and destruction. We have reached the beginning of the second stage in American Life. This degenerating process, the herald of the last stage in a nation's history, is at work in our country through the agencies of the licensed saloon. When degeneracy has gone much further it will be too late. At the present rate it would not be long before abnormals and degenerates would swamp our cities and overrun our states. Nature will not tolerate a race of degenerates. When Persia degenerated, Greece was on hand to strike. When Greece degenerated, Rome was ready, when Rome degenerated, Gaul struck, and if America degenerates, she must perish. In this generation we must take our choice. There is no alternative. We are in the death grapple. All the pages of history are crying out to America, "Conquer the Liquor Traffic or perish." The first law of nature, self preservation, demands of our nation the death warrant of the saloon—

America's problem. Do any of you my friends, doubt that this is America's problem? Statistics show that alcohol is killing the American People at the rate of two thousand men per day, every day in the year, while 95% of all acts and crimes of violence is the direct result of men being put down by alcohol toward the plane of savagery. The Saloon is striking at the integrity of the reason and is the chief cause for idiocy and insanity. It is wiping out self-control, self-respect, sense of honor, and the moral sense, and is producing tramps, paupers, and vagabonds. It is turning men into monsters and women into harlots. It invades the ballot box to corrupt it. It weakens the administration of Justice. It is dulling the edge of endeavor. Liquor is the polluted stream which flows into the current of public affairs and poisons all it touches. Wherever it comes, it brings sorrow, and wherever it goes it leaves remorse.

If you do not know of its black and blighting record, look at the long and sad procession of its victims. Go to our courts and see the crimes it has caused and the criminals it has made. Go to our prisons and read the story of its tragedies in the listless eyes and hopeless faces behind the bars. Go to our police courts and see the driftwood of humanity it has caused. Go to the divorce courts and hear the causes which dissolve the holy bonds of wedlock and send families adrift. Go to our homes where the slimy serpent has crept. Hear the oaths and curses and revilings and imprecations from thickened tongues and maddened brains. See the wife and mother as she pales in horror with a bruised and broken heart. See the children as they huddle and shiver in fright. See that heavenly spot, Home, turned into the

very depths of hell. And this, my friends, in America!

We have now established the fact that alcohol is the greatest enemy of mankind and that the destruction of the licensed saloon is America's greatest problem.

Let us now look for a moment at the progress of the past and the hopes for the future in the solution of this problem.

From our earliest history, religious assemblies, political conventions and reformers' societies have, by oft repeated resolutions, made the whole world acquainted with their beliefs and convictions in regard to the liquor traffic. But these representative bodies, expressing only beliefs and convictions, neither made nor declared laws. They in no wise settled the question. They did however take the necessary first step in the accomplishing of any mighty reform.

Touching the abolition of liquor traffic as all other reforms, we may divide society into three great classes, friends, enemies, and those who are indifferent. The latter is the largest class. Most needed reforms tarry not because so many oppose, but because so many don't care. It is from the indifferent that recruits and victories must be won. This work of agitation, these disorganized bodies performed. They aroused public sentiment, and in this country, omnipotence alone is mightier than public sentiment.

Then came the second logical step in this great war, that of unity and organization of the opposing forces.

Military science has laid hold of the mighty power of organization, and never has the world seen such armies as exist to-day in Europe. Politics have seized upon the same principal, and other things being equal, the party

that is the best organized wins. Manufacturers and business men of every sort are amassing capital, thus developing a power that crushes competition. Even sin is organizing, and we see gambling and lottery combines powerful enough to shake a great state, while the liquor business has become the "liquor power" by virtue of organization. If bad men can combine for bad ends, surely good men ought to be able to combine for good ends.

On the 24th of May, 1893 in the college library building at Oberlin, Ohio, before a small company of Christian men, stood a man with a message pleading the merits of an untried theory as the solution of **America's Problem**, a theory uniting and organizing all people, regardless of sect, sex, creed, religion or political relief into one common mighty moving force against America's foe. That man was Dr. Howard H. Russell and the theory that he advocated on that eventful day was the plan of the **Anti-Saloon League**. The wisdom of Dr. Russell and the efficacy of his plan are indisputably shown by the actual results obtained.

The policy of the Anti-Saloon League ever since its inception has been to go just as far and as fast as public sentiment will justify. It confines itself to law enforcement and sentiment building when that is the only policy public sentiment will sustain. It initiates precinct, ward, township, county, and state local option just as public sentiment will permit. By this untiring progressive policy, more than half the counties of the republic, multitudes of incorporated villages and cities, and ten entire states containing all told over fifty per cent of our population have outlawed the saloon. The traffic has been driven

from army and navy, from immigrant stations, and from the national capitol; but the crowning triumph of the past, which the temperance forces of the nation have obtained, was the passage by the national congress of the Webb-Kenyon Bill prohibiting the shipment in inter-state commerce of intoxicating liquors intended to be used for the violation of the laws of any state to which the shipment is consigned.

These in brief are the achievements of the past, but great though they have been, they have not been final.

America is now standing upon the threshold of the third and final stage in her death struggle with the curse of the ages. In December, 1913, following in the wake of the greatest temperance convention in the history of the world, there was introduced in our National Congress the Sheppard-Hobson Bill, a proposed constitutional amendment to be submitted by Congress to the states for ratification, prohibiting forever the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes in the United States and her possessions. National Prohibition, the triumph of America, the destruction of America's foe, can be secured through the adoption of this amendment by Congress and ratification of the same by the necessary three-fourths—thirty-six states.

The time for a nation-wide movement to outlaw the drink traffic is auspicious. Organization is now established and in operation in all parts of the country. The forces that definitely oppose the traffic are in accord as in no time in the past. The moral, scientific and commercial aspects of the problem are being more intelligently put before the public than ever before. The narrow, and emotional appeal is giving way to a national determined

conviction that a traffic being the source of so much evil and economic waste and the enemy of so much good, has no rightful place in America's civilization.

It is now highly probable that the proposed amendment will be adopted by congress and submitted to us, the citizens of the United States, for ratification.

My friends, what are we going to do about it? We have the moral and legal right to conquer. The enemy is in our midst. The call to defend our land was never greater than at present. It is just as dishonorable and unpatriotic to neglect our duty to the public in time of peace as in time of war. The weapons are in our hands. So, also, is the future. It was by the sacrifice of time, of talent, of treasure, and of blood that our forefathers brought America to the place to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitled her. If we wish to see our country speed on from glory to glory we must be willing as were they to sacrifice our time, our talent, our treasure, and our blood, if need be, in order to protect, purify and defend her sacred honor.

Although we have been for a long time in the darkness, we are now coming into the marvelous light. Prohibition is winning. We have met the enemy and they are destined to be ours. Conscientious citizens are stepping out from under the ban of fear that dominated the mind of Pilate, and regardless of the babbling multitudes are saying, "We stand for purity and righteousness."

Standing firmly upon this rock of faith in Almighty God and gazing intently into the mists of the future, we can see shining clearly through the fog of doubts and fears the blazing

star of Victory. **And America shall win.**

We know no North, we know no South,

No kith, no clan, no creed;

We're sons and daughters of the free,

Our bond one common need.

In this melting-pot of peoples,

God hath set this truth on high—

"Righteousness exalts a nation,"

And this ancient wrong shall die.

We've enlisted in His army,

We'll obey His sovereign word,

We stand at Armageddon

And we battle for the Lord.

The glorious day is dawning,

Our redemption draweth nigh.

'Neath the star-emblazoned banner,

"King Alcohol must die."

The Beginning of the End

(By Anetta Brane, '17)

"My, I'm tired. But wasn't that wedding a perfect scream?"

Aunt Molly's hands went up in holy horror. "Gracious, Ann, you shock me more every day with your awful slang. Don't you know it's not at all becoming and lady-like? You must remember—"

"Oh, I know that I am almost seventeen, and the oldest daughter, and must set a good example for the other children, and all that. But now wasn't that a gorgeous wedding? Helen was a dream in that wonderful shimmery—creation they call it in the society column. Do you suppose that when I'm married I can have a dream like that? I——"

But Aunt Molly interrupted me. "You had better say 'If I get married' Men do not admire vulgar girls even though there are many of them these days."

Of course I knew what she was driving at. She thinks that if you use a little slang you are going straight to destruction. And the poor soul doesn't know that I do it mostly for her benefit. Now she isn't really my Aunt Molly at all. She is a cousin of some degree or other, wears false curls, and has had a sad life. That's why

mother took her in. But I'd be sad too if life were one perpetual shock to me as it is to her.

"Aunt Molly, I was going to tell you something when you interrupted."

"Why, I didn't interrupt you."

"Oh, didn't you? All right."

I knew by that that she wasn't listening and I wasn't going to waste any sweetness on the desert air. I went to my room and soon mother came in and I started on her. I knew that she'd be interested no matter what I had to say.

"Mother you remember how I always teased Uncle Jim to tell me how he met Helen, and all about their love affair. Well, I'm just going to find out. Isn't that exciting? He came to me a couple of days ago and said, 'Say, Little Girl, come here a minute.' I knew by that he wanted a favor, so I went over to him and said 'Well, what do you want me to do.' That made him laugh. 'Well', he said, 'I guess you've got it right. I do want you to do something for me. Of course, there's a reward. You know how they always do all sorts of stunts to a bride and groom. What I'm asking of you is to be on our side and help put one over on them. We've

got it all planned, but we must have a third person, and you're the one we want. Will you do it?"

I nearly refused, but I had sense enough to ask "What's the reward?"

"You've an eye to business, haven't you," he said. "You remember how you always teased to know how, why and where I fell in love with my wife-to-be. Here's the proposition: you join our ranks and I'll let you read for yourself out of this." And he pulled out a little black book. It was his diary!

"I'm yours," I said, holding out my hand for him to shake on it.

"You're a brick, Ann," Jim said, using my hand like it might have been a pump handle."

"That's all right, so are you."

* * * * *

Mother left me, laughing, and calling me a silly little girl fully fifteen minutes ago, and I've spent all that time trying to find something in this fool little book about Uncle Jim's getting engaged and I can't even find a word. I don't know what time of year it began, or I'd know more where to look. I'm going to try St. Valentine's Day. If he's got a really, truly girl he'd at least mention her then.—Here it is.

February 14.

"Weather man made a raise—lots warmer. Mother and father home from the South. Wonder whether they brought a young alligator for Bess's young hopeful. Was there ever such a kid?—A decided St. Valentine's spirit at the office. Never thought of it myself. If I'd have been doing it, I'd have combined February 14, and April 1. Amounts to the same thing. When they're kids they send pictures of pink and white babies with wings and no clothes. When grown they're

ashamed of naked babies and substitute candies and flowers, but with the same sentiments—'To my dearest Dear,' or 'My sweetest Sugar plum.' What mush!"

He's disgusting and not a bit romantic. I wonder he ever got a girl. Who ever heard of Cupid with clothes on?—Here it is! He's got it marked—way back in June.

June 6.

"Cook on a toot. Mother away. Got breakfast. Enough smoke to call the fire department. Ran over a cat going down town. Poor cat! With a possibility of getting run over eight more times. Invitation to Sue's moonlight garden party. Sounds Good."

June 7.

"Cook's back. Toot or no toot I'm glad to see her and told her so. Sue called up again but I sure wish she hadn't. She's got a woman from England for me to meet. Bet she's an old maid with money and false hair. Just because I'm a bachelor at thirty is no reason for having folks sicked on me."

June 10.

"Worked hard all day in hopes of forgetting the woman with false hair. When I got there this evening I steered clear of the hostess as much as possible, without being nasty. Some good fortune brought me face to face with a most delightful young thing. Now I don't mean to be insulting or slanderous by calling her a "thing", but she really is indescribable. I hardly know whether she was a fairy, or a wood nymph, or what. She dropped so suddenly from I don't know where. Told me I looked horribly bored and uncomfortable, just as if I were having financial troubles, or had left a sick child at home. That broke the ice. I told her all about my fears and

tremblings in regard to the English woman. She seemed to think it a high joke, and suggested that we deliberately run away from the crowd. I must confess that I yielded. Funny part of it is, I didn't know her name, and hated to ask her. Must call Sue up tomorrow and find out."

June 11.

"I sure am a peach!!! Called up Sue to find the girl's name and she is the woman from England. Great Guns! What a mess I've made of things. She left Sue's this morning. No chance to see her again. The worst part of it was that I liked her—she's just a little different from the common run of girls, though I couldn't tell just why. Shades of Caesar, what a fool I am!"

June 13.

"Lots of work. Stenographer on her vacation and broke in a new girl. She's quick and intelligent though. She'd be good looking too if it were not for the skinned back hair and glasses. She reminds me of someone I know, but I can't think who."

June 16.

"Ah, tread softly! I am the unsuspecting victim of the Black Hand. A mysterious and anonymous missive came to me today. This is how it read: 'It may be plain, but it isn't false.' Who could get sense out of that? I turned it inside out, upside down, hind part foremost to find something that would give me a clue, but nothing doing. I've been careful about opening any packages for fear a bomb will be next."

June 20.

"Did you ever wake up to find yourself asleep? I did today. I've had Sue's charming friend in my office for a week as my stenographer and never knew it. I got the combination this morning when I got this second note: 'Some people are born rich, some achieve riches, while others have riches thrust upon them. I'm classed with none of the those. I'm really uncomfortably poor.' Of course she has to rub it in that I called her an old maid with money and false hair. Confound it! I'm going to pretend that I still don't know her, but just wait till her last day at the office."

June 25.

"This is her last day as my stenographer. Toward the end of the morning I called her in to take this dictation:

June 25.

"My dear Miss Lee:

'I am now thoroughly convinced that it is not false, but I must admit that I like it fluffed out about your face lots better than taken straight back with a doughnut effect. I don't even object to curlers if they are necessary. And you don't have a nose for spectacles! They are horribly unbecoming.

As for money it is the root of all evil. So if anyone leaves you some, give it to an orphan asylum. Then you will have the comfort of knowing that you are not being married for your money.'

* * * * *

That was all she could stand. She was just bubbling over. She held out her hand and said, 'I guess we're at quits, Mr. Norton.' I reckon maybe we are."

The Law of Kindness

(Ruth Ingle, '15)

Once upon a time there lived a king who desired very earnestly to be good. His father had been wicked—so wicked that many of his subjects hated him, and the Queen, who was not a very wise woman, sought to change her husband's character by pointing out to him all the defects in his rule. And so, in rearing her son, she made the mistake of telling him many things that he must not do, but neglected to teach him the art of making himself loved.

When the young king came upon the throne he let it be known that he wished to be a good king. Soon he married a beautiful princess from a neighboring realm, and when he became an ideal husband his people were pleased, and began to hope for better times than they had seen during the reign of the old King. He banished all designing and reckless men from his court, stopped extortion, removed bad men from office and put good ones in their places, and then settled himself upon his throne, to become a just and honorable monarch.

Years passed, and the King devoted himself to the avoidance of evil, but somehow he failed to make his people love him. There had been some who had loved the old King, for he could be a jolly good fellow when he chose, but few there were who really loved his son.

By and by a famine came. No rain fell, and blight ruined the corn. The crops failed, and when winter came, many poor folk suffered. The King ordered certain sanitary measures to be taken, and saw to it that there was no thieving, or any other crime which the hard times might encourage. But,

still, murmurings and grumbings arose on every side, and one day a delegation of the citizens came to the royal palace and demanded that the King do something for their relief. He hastily sent for his council, but they gave him no consolation, for they advised him to wait until Spring, when perhaps the crops would be better. At last he summoned Fra Dominique, an old hermit who lived near, and who was reputed to be very wise.

"What shall I do?" cried the King, in despair. "My people are turning against me—me, who have always been called Rudolph the Good!"

"What hast thou done?" asked Fra Dominique.

"Done?" cried the King, mistaking his meaning. "I have done nothing! I have never ground down my people as my father did, and yet they turn against me."

"But what hast thou done to make them love thee?" asked the sage. "Hast thou gone among them, taking bread to the hungry, and comfort to the sick? Hast ever spoken a cherry word to old women or toil-worn men?"

"Ah," broke in the king, with a smile, "thou dost not understand. Thou hast lived in thy mountain-hut for so long that thou hast forgotten how the affairs of men are conducted. Those are not kingly tasks. It is for a king to rule, not to act as almoner or physician."

"Nay", replied the hermit. "Then I cannot help thee," and he went away.

Now the young Queen, who had been born in a happier kingdom, heard the words of the hermit and thought long about them. And after the sun had set she slipped out to the home

of Simon the gardener, whose wife was ill. There she learned much which gave her food for thought. The next day she took bread and wine and went forth into the town, trembling and afraid, but steadfast in her purpose. She called at the old cobbler's shop and left food for his starving babies, then visited the crusty old miller, giving him gold for flour which she left in the homes of the needy.

The next day she went forth again, and the next, and the next. At first the people received her coldly, but soon they came to bow and doff their caps to her as she passed, and finally to follow her in the streets, and kiss the hem of her robe. Her heart went out to the stricken and forlorn, and they came to call her "Madeline, the Kind."

She saw that she was doing little to alleviate their sufferings, so one day she sent all of her jewels by a trusted messenger to her father, and early in the Spring, great wagons came across the mountains, laden with grain, and flocks of sheep were driven into the valley to provide food and raiment for the stricken people. Then came the sowing and cultivating of the fields, and with the prospect of better crops the people ceased their murmurings and the King rested in peace. One day he rode out as had been his custom before the famine, and was saluted as formerly.

"There rides Rudolph the Good," said some.

"Ah, yes," said others, "but wait, and thou mayest catch a glimpse of his Queen, Madeline the Kind."

At the head of his glittering cavalcade, the King passed on beyond the town, and out among the rich fields, and his heart swelled with pride.

"Ah", he thought, "see what it is to be a good king."

And then he bethought him of Fra Dominique, and being in the mood, he urged his horse up the winding path to the hermit's hut. There he found the sage poring over an ancient manuscript.

"Good-morrow, Fra Dominique!" he cried, leaping from his horse, "and how is this gay world using thee?"

"Better than I deserve," said the old man.

"Why sayest thou so?" asked the King. "Thou art a good man."

"One may be as good as a saint," quoth the hermit, "but he is an old man who has lived long enough to do all the good that the world deserves of him."

"Thou speakest in riddles," laughed the King. "See yonder rich fields with their growing corn, and men singing at their work? They are happy because they have a good King, Fra Dominique."

"Nay," answered the hermit. "It is because they have a good Queen. Listen, and I will tell thee all of it. There is but one amulet that can ward off woe—one talisman that can bring sleep to the pillow of king or peasant. It is the talisman Goodness. On one side of it is written the word Morality, and on the other Kindness. It is useless and incomplete without both. To do no evil is not all of Goodness. To be kind is not enough. Wear this talisman and thou shall indeed be a good king."

But the King, already tired of good advice, leaped upon his horse and led his merry cavaliers down the mountain side, while Fra Dominique bethought him of a certain rich young ruler who had kept the law from his youth up, but when the Master bade him go and sell all that he had and distribute unto the poor, he went away sorrowful, for he was very rich.

Morality, though it is essential to a rich, happy life, comprehends only the "Thou shalt not" part of the Decalogue. It takes no apparent account of the first and greatest commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." It is merely negative and passive. It clears the way for the soul to grow, but it does not make it grow. There is a cultivator needed. Our Christian religion teaches us that faith without works is void, and the good king was only half good, after all.

If we are to make any good resolutions at the beginning of this new school year, let us take a little thought on the subject of kindness. Brahmin, Mohammed, Confucius—all were moral, but our Master alone taught the great truth that it is only with the addition of kindness that morality makes goodness. It makes the world a better place to live in, dries up tears, heals wounds, feeds the hungry, comforts the distressed.

It takes a grown-up mind to understand the meaning of this virtue. Only one great Teacher understood it thoroughly. When we were children, if we could keep one day free from any serious childish sin we were puffed up with pride, and supposed that doing good deeds was a virtue reserved for mothers, and a few other sinless people.

It is not easy to be kind. It means more than mere forbearance and amiability, for gentleness is a mark of power, not of weakness. And how it helps the soul to grow! How it extends the personality to include other people! It gives us direction, poise, purpose. It affords something for one to live for when all else crashes in ruins about his head. I believe a

really kind person would never think of suicide.

And the best of it is that anyone can be kind. It requires no special talent, no unusual advantages of training, but it does need practise.

The word itself is derived from "kin," or "relative." It may be that at first man had only an animal instinct of kindness toward his children; this was slowly extended to include alligiance to a tribe. But it is not naturally narrow or exclusive, and now it is coming to include the whole world. It is not proud to be a sheltered virtue, but walks hand-in-hand with the wretched and unfortunate through mud and mire.

Nor is it alone the poor and ignorant who are in need of kindness. The whole world cries aloud for it. None are so rich, none so proud or so self-satisfied but they are conscious, deep down in their hearts, of the need of some one's good-will and understanding. With more of this good-will and understanding, I believe the great nations of the world would not now be plunged into a war which will retard civilization for years.

The wisest man in the world had for his ideal woman one "in whose tongue was the law of kindness." This is in one sense an unwritten law, but in a larger sense it is the most widely-written of all laws, for it is engraved deep in the hearts of many who have been able to rise out of discouragement, despair, perhaps ruin, because of the thoughtfulness and kindness of someone with much of the Christ-spirit in his heart. This law is worth obeying not only because it makes others happier, but because it helps us to grow. May we not only be lovers of truth, but let us wear that talisman of Goodness, which has on one side Morality, and on the other Kindness.

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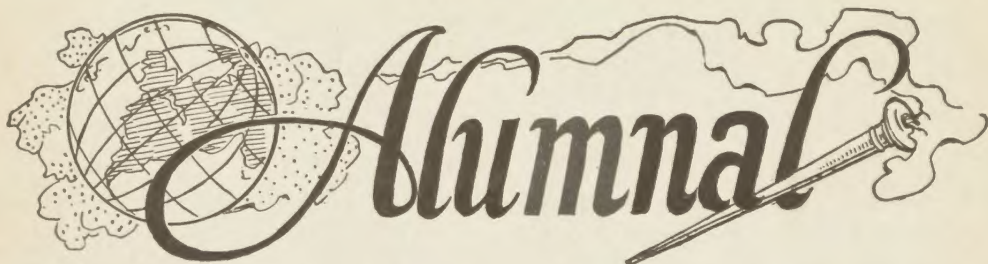
FOOTBALL

What is the place of Athletics in the life of a small college? This is a question which is frequently discussed and is of interest to all college students as well as their friends.

Just at this season of the year the discussion is upon football as it is recognized as the intercollegiate game of the Autumn season. On the question of our relation to this sport, we may have various ideas. Some of us may not be able to play, others for various reasons may not wish to play, while still others because of financial conditions may not be permitted either to participate or even witness the game. All these positions and conditions are perfectly legitimate and each one must decide for himself just what he should do in regard to this line of activity.

We must all remember, however, that under present conditions, every college is judged by those who represent her in intercollegiate activities of which football holds a very prominent place. Other colleges, as well as the outside world, are forming opinions of Otterbein by coming in contact with her football men. Otterbein has always stood first of all for clean playing and sportsman-like treatment of her opponents. Her men go into the game to win but to win by fair means or not at all.

Otterbein's ideals have ever been high. This has been true in athletics as well as all other lines of activity. Old and new students, the future is in your hands. What shall these ideals be? Our coach stands for clean athletics. Our candidates for the team have agreed to obey a fine set of training rules. They are giving time and strength to prepare themselves to fight for Otterbein and her noble ideals. It now behooves every loyal son and daughter of the old school to give them the support which they so much need. Support athletics in the way you feel you can and in so doing you may have a part in bringing glory to your chosen college. The Aegis proposes "nine rah's" for the coach and every man on the football squad, and wishes for them a very successful season.



'61. Mr. Thomas L. Evans, and wife, of Decatur, Ill., spent a few hours in Westerville, October 5. Besides President Clippinger, Mrs. J. E. Guitner, a class mate, was the only person with whom Mr. Evans had been acquainted. The "old grad" seemed highly gratified over the material growth of the institution and intensely interested in the plans for a greater Otterbein.

'75. Rev. A. J. Wagner, who for thirteen consecutive years, has been the efficient pastor of the Avondale Avenue United Brethren Church, Columbus, Ohio, conducted a recent chapel service.

'85. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Z. Kumler, of Dayton, Ohio, recently celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their wedding. Their home was handsomely decorated with beautiful flowers and potted plants, and the social atmosphere of the occasion was charming. Very many friends tendered greetings and congratulations.

Class of 1911.

Rev. Ira D. Warner, was accorded a very kind and cordial reception, by the members of the Oak Street Church, Dayton, Ohio, thus expressing their appreciation of his character and services as their minister, which relation Mr. Warner sustained to them last year, and to which he has been reassigned for another year.

B. F. Richer is spending the winter in Chicago and is enrolled as a post-graduate student at the University of Chicago.

Rev. Lewis Moore, visited a few days in Westerville, previous to the sitting of the Sandusky Conference of which he is a member. Mr. Moore was reassigned to the church at Rising Sun, Ohio.

Vernon E. Fries and wife (Mary Sechrist, '09) announce the birth of a son, William Henry. Mr. Fries is now employed as teacher of English in the Stivers High School, of Dayton, O.

G. E. McFarland, of the Richwood High School, spent a few days in Westerville visiting his parents and witnessing the Otterbein-Muskingum football game.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Harkins, visited in Westerville and worshipped with us Sunday, Oct. 11. Mr. Harkins is principal of the High School at Pleasantville, Ohio.

'12. K. Yabe conducted a very pleasing Chapel exercise recently. He recited several thrilling experiences through which he has passed since coming to this country for an education.

Mr. Yabe has just closed a five-day meeting at Olivet where R. E. Penick, '13, is pastor. Several conversions,

and a quickening of the spiritual life of the membership are reported.

Class of 1913.

T. H. Nelson, Educational Secretary of the Dayton Y. M. C. A. visited his mother and sisters, here recently. He is enjoying his work very much.

F. A. Hanawalt spent the week-end in Westerville, visiting his parents and witnessing the Otterbein-Muskingum game.

John D. Good was appointed pastor of the New Florence charge by the recent session of the Allegheny Conference.

Miss Katherine Maxwell has accepted a splendid position as an instructor in the Lancaster High School.

H. L. Mayne, of Chicago, Ill., is spending a short vacation in Westerville.

R. H. Brane has completed the new front of his store. He has also repaired the interior and restocked it in the most up-to-date fashion.

Class of 1914.

Mr. Harry E. Richer and Miss Ethel Shupe were married at the bride's home in Scottdale, Pa., Tuesday Sept. 29, Rev. B. F. Richer, '11, of Chicago, Ill., officiating. The occasion was just a quiet home wedding, only near relatives and friends being present. Mr. and Mrs. Richer will reside, for the present at the Richer homestead near Peru, Ind. The Aegis and their host of Otterbein friends extend congratulations!

Miss Nell Shupe spent a few days in Westerville visiting her many friends and witnessing the Otterbein-Muskingum football game. Other members of the class who spent the week-end in Westerville and witnessed the game are, Boneta Jamison, Ruth Maxwell and Esther VanBuskirk. Rev. J. O. Emrick, of Hillsboro, spent a few hours in Westerville, Friday, Oct. 9.

'70. Bishop G. M. Mathews will occupy the Westerville U. B. Pulpit Sunday morning, Oct. 25, the occasion being the second annual New Church Day. The members of the congregation are desirous of collecting a large sum in cash of the subscriptions already made, and receiving several new pledges for the new church fund so that the work of construction may be started at once.

'10. John F. Smith, Superintendent of Schools at Reynoldsburg, Ohio, visited Westerville friends, Oct. 10th and 11th, and witnessed the football game.

The following weddings occurred in June but the notice has just come to us.

Myrtle Saul, '12, and Carl Smith.

Naomi Jameson, '09, and John Strubble.

'04. Miss Edna G. Moore, has gone to Albany, N. Y., where she will prepare herself for the work of a Librarian.

'05-'06. Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Shively are among the Missionaries who recently sailed for the Orient. They are returning to their work after a period of rest and recuperation in the United States.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Professor A. R. Spessard, director of Otterbein's Glee Club has announced the names of the successful candidates for positions in this musical organization. Quite a number of men were selected from the new students, which makes the club larger than last year. Several rehearsals have been held with results betokening an organization of entertainers capable of pleasing music lovers of the most fastidious taste.

The club is composed of the following members, Director, A. R. Spessard; first tenors, F. W. Kelser, Dean Fleming, B. C. Peters, C. E. Watts, F. G. Jacobs; second tenors, C. E. Lash, S. B. Wood, W. M. Sharp, F. H. McCombs, H. C. Plott, L. B. Mignery; first bass, E. B. Learish, P. E. Zuerner, Harry Reese, C. M. McIntyre, W. A. Maring, I. M. Ward; second bass, J. M. Shumaker, Richard Seneff, W. R. Huber, T. H. Ross, R. P. Mase, A. W. Neally, John Garver. Prof. Don L. Burke will accompany the club as reader. Homer B. Kline was elected manager.

Mr. B. E. Ewing, ex. '16, of Columbus, and Miss Florence Barr were married Oct. 1, Rev. J. H. Harris, '98, officiating.

On Monday evening, Sept. 21, the members of the Cleiorheteian and Philophronean Literary societies, held a "Push" in honor of the new students. Early in the evening the merry crowd hiked to the Randall home north of town, where the large lawn, containing comfortable seats and lighted with

many lanterns, awaited them. After a season of singing the college songs, and giving the yells the crowd did ample justice to the "eats" which had been prepared to suit the queen's taste. A number of games were then played, after which the journey home began. Strolling along by the side of a gay companion all home-sickness was dispelled, and each one felt that the evening had passed all too quickly.

The Price of War.

What a cruel and brutal thing is war, to separate and destroy families and friends and mar the purest joy and happiness God has granted us in this world; war that fills our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors and that devastates the fair face of the beautiful world.—Robert E. Lee.

I find this life upsetting quite; things never seem to come my way. It's hard to get asleep at night and hard to keep awake by day.

Freshman—"What is your idea of a genius?"

Sophomore—"My idea of a genius is a man who can make a mountain out of a molehill, and then sell it for gravel."

Stung.

The old gentleman went into the parlor the other night at the witching hour of 10:30 and found the lights out and his daughter and a dear friend enjoying a tete-a-tete in a corner by the window.

"Evangeline", said the old man

sternly, "this is scandalous!"

"Yes, papa," she answered sweetly, "It is candleless because times are hard. Lights cost so much that Ferdinand and I said we could get along with the starlight."

And papa turned about in speechless amazement and tried to walk out of the room through a panel in the wall paper.—London Mail.

"Kickoff"—"These Y. M. C. A. membership cards are no good. I got soaked like the Dickens at the Cleveland Y. M. C. A. last summer."

"Dresbach"—"How was that?"

"Kickoff"—"I took a bath."

Prof. "Rudy" (at Y. M. C. A.)—"I haven't any notes and I don't know whether I would use them if I had. I don't like 'ponies'."

Wolfe (in Drama)—"Miss McFarland, won't you change your name so you can sit down here with me?"
(Results, no change in seating as yet.)

The Junior class met recently and reorganized the Sibyl staff, which had become depleted, owing to the promotion of several members to the Senior class, and the non-return of others. The publishing of the Sibyl is a worthy project and deserves the hearty co-operation of all the organizations and students of Otterbein. Plans are being made to introduce new features and by using originality to make this Sibyl the best ever. The new Board is as follows:

Editor-in-chief—S. C. Ross.

Business Manager—E. L. Boyles.

Associate Editor—Dona Beck.

Assistant Business Managers—F. E.

Sanders, H. D. Bercaw, D. R. Weber, J. M. Shumaker.

Local Editors—Lydia Garver, Norma McCally, J. S. Goughnour, Pauline Shepherd.

Faculty Editor—Helen Eldridge.

Class Editors—Helen Byrer, Mary Pore.

Association Editor—Stella Lilly.

Art Editors—A. L. Glunt, F. J. Vance.

Myrtle Harris, Edna Bright.

Music Editor—Rowena Thompson.

Athletic Editor—R. J. Senger.

Society Editor—Myra Brenizer.

College Publications—G. L. McGee.

Alumna Editor—Mae Baker.

Forensic Editor—Clifford Schnake.

Calendar Editor—Ermal Noel.

Subscription Agents—C. D. LaRue, C. A. Hahn, Katherine Coblentz.

Our Freshman boys are having such
An awful time to choose;

Not finding out who's who so much,
As finding out who's whose.

—College Chronicle.

The classes have completed their organization by electing the following officers:

Seniors.

E. B. Learish, President.

C. M. Campbell, Vice President.

Ruth Cogan, Secretary.

Ruth Weimer, Treasurer.

H. B. Kline, Yell Master.

C. R. Bennett, Social Chairman.

Juniors.

H. D. Bercaw, President.

Dona Beck, Vice President.

Helen Byrer, Secretary.

Pauline Shepherd, Treasurer.

D. R. Weber, Yell Master.

D. R. Weber, Social Chairman.

Sophomores.

J. B. Garver, President.

W. M. Counsellor, Vice President.

Flossie Broughton, Secretary.
 Laura Cornetet, Treasurer.
 A. W. Neally, Yell Master.
 Ethel Myers, Social Chairman.

Freshmen.

E. L. Baxter, President.
 Ruth Drury, Vice President.
 Elouise Converse, Secretary.
 Harold Bunger, Treasurer.
 H. R. Brentlinger, Yell Master.
 Ruth Fries, Social Chairman.

Academy.

L. S. Hert, President.
 Fred Gray, Vice President.
 Edith White, Secretary.
 Harry Roberts, Treasurer.
 H. W. Hall, Yell Master.
 Ople Hopkins, Social Chairman.

Miss Hulda Bauer (reading from Comus)—“What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield that wise Minerva wore, wherewith she freezed her ‘toes’ to congealed stone?”

Monday evening, October 12th, was a glorious night. Nature did her best to favor the jolly Seniors on their evening of merry-making. Two large hay wagons conveyed the happy group to Central College where a veritable banquet was spread in readiness for the appetites made keen by the ride through the crisp October air. After the chicken, pumpkin pie, etc. had mysteriously disappeared, the chairs were pushed back so that all might indulge in the laughter evoked by the after dinner speakers. When they could laugh no more they started homeward, arriving in time for the girls to win the commendation of Mrs. Carey. The evening was thoroughly

enjoyed by all, and some of the older members of the class remarked that they felt almost young again.

The Choral Society under the direction of Professor Bendinger is making marked progress and bids fair to become the best Otterbein has had. There will be about sixty voices when the organization is complete. They are taking up as their first production, Mendelsohn's well known, “As the Hart Pants.”

The Sophomores held their “Push” on Monday evening, October 5th, in Round Stone Hollow. Between forty and fifty were in attendance and a rousing good time was had. Strange to say, they were not molested to any great extent by the mischievous Freshmen, who have been known on similar occasions to be uninvited guests.

After completing their organization the Freshmen decided to hold their initial push at Shrock's Ford. A great deal of precaution was taken, because they neglected to get permission from the Sophomores, so they placed a vigilant guard around their “Eats” and kept a watchful eye to avoid surprise. All enjoyed themselves but probably breathed more freely when they were safe at home again.

Yes, the “Preps” held a Push also, and they went to the Devil's Half Acre at that. All got back safe, for they took Professor West along as chaperon, and he guided them through the dangerous ways with a skillful hand. When the refreshments had disappeared, and the embers burned low, several speakers lauded the Preparatory bunch, and then the walk home began.



Y. M. C. A.

"Religion and Education."

The men of Y. M. C. A. were given the opportunity of hearing the college pastor, Rev. Burtner for the first time on the evening of September 24.

From the subject, "Religion the Base of Education" these gems may be noted: Religion is not only obedience to duty; that is formality. Neither is it a set of beliefs; that is neither independence nor self-dependence—it is icy coldness. Neither is it an expression of feelings; that is something bordering upon superstition. In fact it is dangerous to even attempt to limit religion. True religion embodies all of these.

With religion and a part of it, must be associated the simple command "Grow up"—grow up in mind and body, with a conscience, in full realization of all our powers.

The moving force of religion is Faith—a power of the mind or certainly as reason or imagination. Without it emotion becomes superstition, conscience would only be aroused by expediency.—The highest powers will never be developed unless with them is developed also religious faith—and no other belief takes this stand but that of Jesus.

Professor Wagoner addressed the Association on Thursday, October 1st.

Following are some gems:

"Small things often result seriously in people's lives."

"Anywhere, at home, at school, these little things may become habits, and wreck lives."

"Above all other precautions is this one: be clean."

"Morality may even become a habit and means nothing unless backed by a pure life and noble character."

"The highest type of standard for true living is the Bible."

"Bible study in a careful systematic way should be pursued by every one."

"The Bible truths have guided men for ages; they have been exactly what men crave and nations need."

"The individual who learns his Bible never is sorry of his knowledge of the Book of Books."

"The Price of Decision."

The above was discussed on Thursday evening, Oct. 8th by W. E. Roush, senior student.

The golden text of his discussion was: To choose we must reject. The price we pay for the thing we choose is the thing we reject. Times come when all must choose between highest and lowest things of life. Even in college a price is paid for being here; many are out of college because they are not willing to give up temporary benefits. We may pay the price and take anything we want.

When we make decisions for character we must give up the lowest ideals in life. The opportune time for such decisions is in youth, and even in living the college life, the greatest thing to be sought for is formation of character. Each must choose of himself. Above all do not neglect to sacrifice lower for higher things in life.

Y. W. C. A.

A most timely subject, "Fights and Fighters" was discussed in the meeting led by Miss Ina Fulton. In the battles of daily life, there are three great fights in which every person must constantly engage, namely: tongue, time and talent.

Perhaps the hardest fight is that one against speaking evil. If we train our tongues to speak only the good and pure, we must stop to read the separate inscriptions on the three golden gates: first, "Will my words do any good?", second, "Are they true?", third, "Are they kind?"

Especially among college students is there a constant struggle for more time. If a routine is mapped out for our daily work and "First things put first," then our time will have been used to the best advantage. The taking time for the "Morning Watch" is an essential factor in the life of every Christian girl.

Then there comes the fight against our talents. So often the opportunity of witnessing for the Master is passed by, because of the lack of confidence in one's self. Our talents, whether there be one or ten, are God-given and we should use them to his glory.

The Financial Rally in Y. W. C. A. on Tuesday evening, Oct. 6, proved a most gratifying success from every stand point. The subject, "May I Have a Share?" was most ably presented by the leader, Miss Edna Miller. The general opinion has always been that the finances of an organization are aside from the devotional, and hence, merely mechanical; but we are coming more and more to realize that our giving should be the natural output of our devotions. The fruit of the

spirit is kindness shown towards each other; a Christian is known by his fruits, so our National Y. W. C. A. Board is building institutions in our cities that the working girls whose pleasures are so limited may really enjoy wholesome recreation and feel a genuine happiness in their hearts.

The leader pictured Christ's Last Supper with His disciples; this was a test, and there was one found who would betray Him. Just so does the Master test us—there is a work big enough for each of us to have a part. Shall one of us betray Him? Will we refuse the task laid upon us? Shall we not, rather, show the fruit of the spirit in our hearts by asking: "What is my share?", and then giving that share with a prayer that it may forward the coming of Christ's kingdom on earth.

"Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare
Who gives himself with his alms feeds
three
Himself, his hungering neighbor and
me."

Mrs. A. L. Funk of Westerville, who is deeply interested in the work of the Otterbein girls, addressed the assembly in a most impressive manner. She spoke of the feast in the house of Simon, the leper. The Jews, the disciples and Lazarus were present in honor of the supreme guest, the Master. Martha was serving but Mary sat at the feet of Jesus. She remembered how Jesus had taught her great truths, raised her brother from the dead and in fact, transferred her life. So as her gift for these many blessings she brought an alabaster box of rare and precious ointment—an ointment used only by the rich in company, or by kings and queens or for the burial of the dead. It was the

price of man's earnings for a whole year, not just a quarter or half pound but a pound size. Mary broke the alabaster box and poured forth the precious ointment, unstinted, unmeasured, uncounted; then she wiped the feet of the Master with the braids of her hair. **It was Mary's way of giving,** the pouring out of her heart, the perfume of her devoted life. Just so, God wishes each of us to have some alabaster box to break over the Master.

A most interesting Y. W. C. A. service was led by Miss Dona Beck on the practical subject: "Mountains of Daily Life." We sometimes think of the selfishness, vanity, malice and envy in our lives, as volcanic moun-

tains; but after the smoke, lava and ugly stones are cleared away, we find underneath, the gold, silver, and clear sparkling water of our true characters. Every life must naturally contain some mountains. When we have surmounted the hills of difficulty and attained the summit, then our view of life is most gratifying and our characters have been made the stronger by struggle. If we would tone down the ruggedness, and form smooth plains in our lives, we must have faith and even more—our hearts must be centered on something worth while.

It is beautiful to think of God as the great mountain in each life—one which we do not wish to get rid of but which we welcome as the mountain of power, purity and love.



FOOTBALL.

Otterbein vs. Miami.

The football lid was lifted Sept. 26, when the Tan and Cardinal warriors met the strong Miami team at Oxford. From the beginning it could be seen that Otterbein had little chance of winning the game. Their opponents out-weighted them twenty pounds to the man, and displayed some real state-championship football.

The first discouraging feature of the game was the injury of Plott, which occurred in the first five minutes of play, and kept him on the side lines the remainder of the game. He was one of the men on whom the team and

school had based their hopes for a successful game. With his help gone, things looked bad for Otterbein.

Two of the enemy's touchdowns were made on intercepted forward passes, but the others were made by pounding the line and swinging around the ends.

Otterbein 0

Campbell
Bailey
Walters
Counsella
Weimer
Elliott
Bronson
Daub
Lingrell

L. E.
L. T.
L. G.
C.
R. G.
R. T.
R. E.
Q. B.
L. H.

Miami 40

Herbert
Butterfield
Zimmerman
Hull
Early
Rogers
Ross
Reed
Pierce

Ream	R. H.	Laudry	Weimer	R. G.	Hanley
Plott	F. B.	Pruden	Booth	R. T.	Goodard
			Plott	R. E.	Shaffer
			Daub	Q. B.	R. Finsterwald
			Lingrell	L. H.	McReynolds
			Ream	R. H.	Palmer
			Campbell	F. B.	Hendrickson

Summary—Touchdowns—Pierce 3, Crawford 2, Laundry 1. Goals from touchdowns—Pierce 4. Substitutions: Miami—Baer for Zimmerman, Bader for Hull, Mattern for Ross, Hansbarger for Reed, Loudonback for Pierce, Crawford for Laundry, Laundry for Pruden. Otterbein—Campbell for Plott, Barnhart for Campbell, Garver for Barnhart, Booth for Counsellor, Hess for Weimer. Referee—Profith, Ohio Wesleyan. Umpire—McCray, Cincinnati.

Summary—Touchdowns—Palmer 3, Shaffer 1, Rogers 1. Place kick—R. Finsterwald. Goals from touchdown—R. Finsterwald 2, Palmer 1. Substitutions—Ohio—McKee for E. Finsterwald, Reiohni for Holsington, Corner for Enblehart, Tyree for McConnell, Horn for Hanley, Hart for Goodard, Riley for Shaffer, Rogers for R. Finsterwald, Mann for McReynolds, Ott for Palmer, Bash for Hendrickson. Otterbein—Huber for Bronson, Garver for Ream.

Otterbein vs. Ohio.

The home team met its second defeat at the hands of Ohio University, Oct. 3. The team was yet in poor shape from injuries the players had received at Miami. Plott started the game at right end but was soon compelled to retire because of injuries. Elliott, who was suffering from an injury on the neck, took his place but was in no condition to play. Bronson was hurt in the third quarter of the game, and for several hours was in a critical condition.

These facts coupled with the fact that they were playing a team stronger than the Miami team, could not fail to spell defeat for Otterbein. The backfield of Ohio worked splendidly, and had little difficulty in boring through the line or skirting the ends in the first half of the game. They made two touchdowns in the first quarter and duplicated the performance in the second with the addition of a drop kick.

In the second half the team began to get together. They held Ohio to one touchdown, but it was too late then to retrieve the damage of the first half.

Otterbein 0.

Bronson	L. E.	E. Finsterwald
Bailey	L. T.	Holsington
Walters	L. G.	Enblehart
Counsellor	C.	McConnell

Ohio 36.

Otterbein vs. Muskingum.

The first home game of the season and the first contest on the new athletic field was played Oct. 10, when Muskingum came to oppose the Tau and Cardinal. Old J. Pluvius insisted on being present, which marred the occasion somewhat, but did not stop the Otterbein warriors from getting away with a 20 to 0 victory. Nor did it stop their enthusiastic admirers from turning out in full force.

Captain Elliott was out of the game because of injuries, and Plott captained the team. Watts was in the lineup and added much to the effectiveness of the backfield. Several long runs by him brought the ball on three different occasions within striking distance of the goal. Lingrell was also a good ground gainer. Twice it fell to his lot to carry the ball across the line. Watts was the other fortunate fellow, scoring the final touchdown in the last period.

Because of the rain, fumbles were frequent, with Otterbein the chief offender. Once when a line buck would have carried the ball across, the ball was fumbled by the Varsity and a score lost.

Muskingum's team perhaps outweighed the Varsity slightly, but there was a lack of spirit and enthusiasm. Only once did they show that they could fight. That was in the last part of the second period when they came within striking distance of Otterbein's goal.

The game proved to the Otterbein students that their team can play football when they get together.

Otterbein 20.

Bronson
Counsellor
Weimer
Booth
Walters
Bailey
Daub
Plott
Lingrell
Watts
Campbell

R. E.
R. T.
R. G.
C.
L. G.
L. T.
L. E.
Q. B.
L. H.
R. H.
F. B.

Muskingum 0.

Sinclair
Montith
Decore
Cogsil
Jeffrey
Shearer
Hecker
Morrow
Gibson
Booth
Bell

Summary—Touchdowns—Lingrell 2, Watts 1. Goals from touchdown—Plott 1, Campbell 1. Substitutions—Otterbein—Huber for Lingrell, Converse for Watts. Muskingum—Wilson for Jeffrey, Garges for Wilson. Referee—Prugh of Wesleyan.

Otterbein Seconds vs. Lancaster.

The second team began the season in good style. Captained by Watts, they journeyed to Lancaster, Oct. 2, and succeeded in bringing home the better end of a 6 to 3 score.

Otterbein had the Lancaster boys guessing all the time. Garver made a touchdown just at the close of the second period, but the ball was declared by the officials to have been put in motion after the time for the quarter was up, and the score was not allowed. Lancaster scored three in the second period, and Otterbein made it three to the good when Watts scored a touchdown in the third. Watts and Converse were the strong offensive men,

while Huber was a tower of strength on defense.

Football Rally.

The first football rally of the year was held Wednesday evening, Oct. 7. The fellows gathered at the corner of Grove street and College avenue, and, led by the college band, marched through the town and back to the college again. The chapel was crowded to overflowing. There the band played the college songs and the crowd made the building ring with, "O, we're proud of our Alma Mater."

The addresses were given by Dr. Jones, Prof. Burk, Manager Van Saun and Mr. Glunt. The bashful football men beat an inglorious retreat at this time, leaving only one warrior, C. M. Campbell, to face the formidable array of admiring ladies and handsome gentlemen. But he did justice to the occasion.

With the speeches over, the crowd went to the old athletic field where the loyal Freshman, under the supervision of H. B. Kline and Manager Van Saun, had piled a great stack of material for a bonfire. While the flames lighted up the scene, the various classes performed their "stunts."

The affair was slightly marred by the accident to Captain Elliott. While helping to move an old street car to the field for the fire, he received an injury to his foot which will probably keep him out of the game for the remainder of the season. But the rally stirred up much enthusiasm for the game with Muskingum.

Officials Elected.

At the Athletic Board meeting, Sept. 30, P. E. Zuerner was elected track manager, and F. E. Sanders baseball manager. Mr. Sanders has de-

clared his intention to prepare the new athletic field for service next spring.

On Oct. 1, a meeting of the Athletic Association was called for the purpose of electing a cheer leader for 1914-15. H. B. Kline was unanimously elected, and was given permission to choose the necessary assistants.



Guests! Guests! Guests!

The girls of Cochran Hall were delighted to have in their midst for the week-end several of the girls of last year. It surely seemed like "old times" and of course, it was their presence and enthusiasm which won the Muskingum game Saturday.

Angel Alley, Third floor, was the scene of a very informal reception, Friday evening, given to about thirty-five girls, in honor of the "girls of 1914" who were guests in the Hall. The young ladies indulged in friendly recollections of former years and a general jollification followed. Delicious refreshments were served by the "angel" hostesses. The guests of honor were Nell Shupe, Ruth Maxwell, Boneta Jamison, Mae Tish and Nettie Lee Roth.

Saturday evening, Ruth Ingle entertained in honor of her summer school room-mate, Nell Johnson. Friendly associations of the summer were again renewed and a very pleasant evening was spent by everyone. Several vocal and piano selections of pleasing character were rendered, and then a delicious lunch was served.

Ruth Fries reports that the (Mr.)

Moon was lovely Saturday night, but it won't be visible again for some time

The popular man at Sunday dinner—"Steve" from Dayton. He and Boneta chaperoned a bunch of girls on a long walk in the afternoon—and those girls are still enjoying the fun.

Anyone wishing to commit suicide inquire of Lydia Garver for information! She attempted swallowing her fork at dinner the other day.

Miss Myra Brenizer and Miss Cora Bowers were very pleasantly surprised by visits from their mothers, during the week.

Prizes Offered.

In order to create more interest in the Annual Hallowe'en Masquerade, the Sibyl Board is offering two prizes for the best costumes worn that evening. There will be one prize each for the men and women, each prize being a credit of one dollar on the 1915 Sibyl. The photographs of the successful ones will then grace the pages of the Sibyl.

Let all Otterbein put on her festive garb and make this Masquerade the best ever.

Contract Let.

After considering prices from four Companies, the Sibyl management has let the contract for engraving to the Canton Engraving Company, of Canton, Ohio. These people have a department devoted exclusively to college annual work, and for this reason should be able to handle the work in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. As for prices, the management is convinced that they are the lowest ever secured for Sibyl engraving.



This month we wish to limit our Exchange comment and compliment to a few of the weekly papers that come to our desk.

Among these is the College World, Adrian, Michigan. It is surprising how much real college "dope" those four little pages contain. It covers the entire gamut and that briefly and well. It is fairly well organized, the Campus Notes department being the most complete. However it falls down in the Editorial department, that space containing anything from Current Events to the continuation of a News Item from first page. But if the editor must get up the entire paper as many of the College Paper Editors almost have to do, perhaps he is excusable in this oversight. You are always welcome.

The Black and Magenta, Muskingum College, comes as a somewhat hilarious paper. The jokes are prominent, the departments in good condition, and the editorial timely. So timely is that of the October 5th Edition, partly taken from the Ohio State Lantern, that it is worth while to rewrite a part of it here that it may be passed on among our student body. The article has just treated of the advantages of the student and the sacrifice made back home, and then follows with what the student owes in return. "Also he owes it to his parents, his sisters and brothers to give them an intelligent account of his life at the University. Not a note saying, 'All well, hope you are the same, send another check,' but a lengthy letter full

of details and appreciative touches. Some day, and a very few years from now, probably, you will be wearing a white carnation in honor of your mother. (You may be wearing one now.) Then you will be glad that you wrote her often, and that you told her frankly that you appreciated her.

If you do not write her often, you will be sorry with a sorrow that cannot be atoned for by a carnation on Mother's Day. A few postcards to your friends will serve to keep alive friendships that have become strained a little since you have come to college. After all the home folks are a pretty good sort."

From the Mt. Union Dynamo we copy a half dozen appropriate **Don'ts**:

"Don't try to be naughty. The fellows don't care if you are a preacher's son.

"Don't preach. There is too much competition.

"Don't take yourself too seriously. You probably are not worth it.

"Don't take yourself too lightly. Everyone else will do that.

"Don't try to be funny. Nature has already done a great deal for you.

"Don't anticipate making a new pun. There are none."

So says Johann Freidrich.

The Ohio State Lantern: Wireless telegraph apparatus has been installed in connection with the Observatory of the Ohio State University, for the purpose of getting the correct time each day from Washington, D. C. The wireless is being used for this purpose in many sections of the country, as it has the advantage of speed over the old method. It is stated that the time as received here is correct to one seventh of a second. At present it is not planned to take other messages over the University Wireless.

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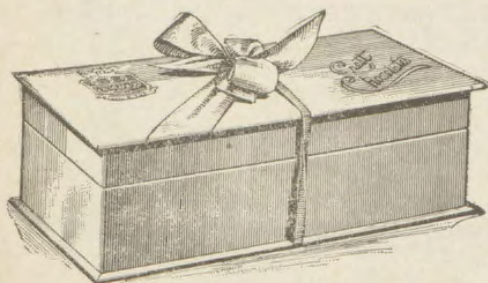
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10:35	9:34
11:35	10:34
12:35 p. m.	11:34
1:35	12:34 p. m.
2:35	1:34
3:35	2:34

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Schutz—"Gee, I saw a seedy looking guy up town today."

Steiner—"Who was he, the mayor?"

Don't spend too much time boasting of your grandfather. Fix it up so that your grandsons will be proud of you.

Miss Pflueger in History—"Prof., I'm not sure of my date."

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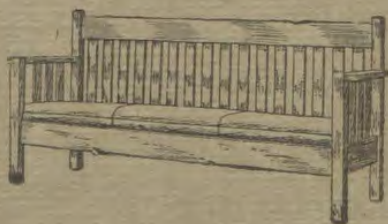
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