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STORY NUMBER

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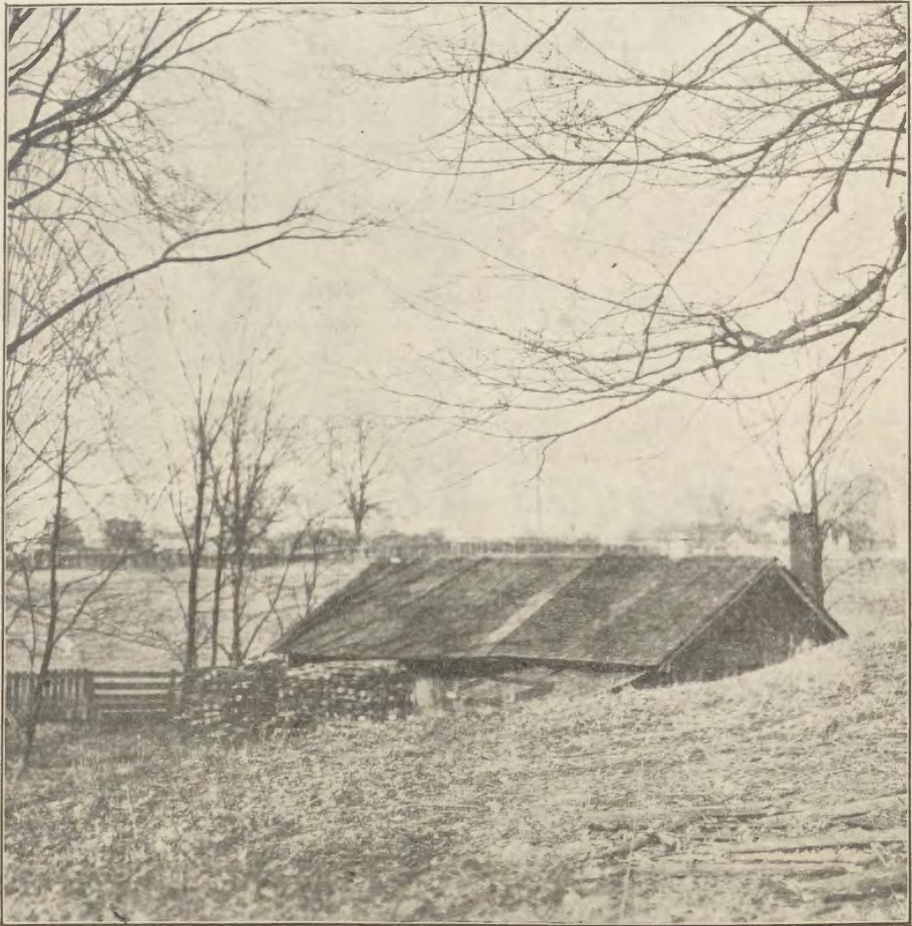
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WESTERVILLE, OHIO



THE SUGAR CAMP..

The Otterbein Aegis

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WESTERVILLE, OHIO, FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 6

A Woman's Way

(By E. B. Learish, '15.)

OH, she is an angel sent from a blissful paradise to make happy the heart of a poor harum-scarum like me. At last I've found the one I have been looking for. Now I know that there is a just God who presides over the affairs of men. Who could have seen my need and sent this angel with the form of a nymph, the grace of a gazelle and the complexion of a delicate rose, if it was not God? Why, her presence lifts me from old mother earth far away from the groveling mass of humanity. She was made for me and I'm going to have her."

"What's wrong now, you crazy idiot? Been to a meeting of the Holy Rollers or had too many cocktails?"

The first speaker almost fainted at the sound of voices; for he had thought himself alone. The room was dark when he entered, and he had thrown himself into a large leather upholstered chair and spilled out this soliloquy. His chum who usually retired early had, on this particular evening, fallen asleep in a chair in a corner of the room and was awakened in time to hear some of his friend's outburst.

"Confound you, Jud. Why aren't you in bed? Because I take a notion to soliloquize once, you find it convenient to be sitting here listening. But I'll not recall a word of it. I'm enthusiastic. To-night, I met the fairest girl on earth. Oh she's a peach!"

"Well, I'm from Missouri when it comes to that. I'd like to know what any angelic creature with gazelle-like grace, nymph-like form and rosy cheeks means by coming into this God forsaken town."

"Why she did not come, Jud, I tell you. God sent her here for my special benefit. Of course she says that she's going to be old Rosenberg's stenographer, but that's only God's means of getting her here. Oh, she's great!" And with this, Carl Lawson jumped up and started to do a two-step about the room, but came to himself when his shin bumped into the posterior end of a rocker.

Carl Lawson was not a lunatic escaped from an asylum. He was one of a few young men who had come to Burgetstown to make a start in life. The city as the patriotic citizens of the place called it, had had a mushroom growth. It came there as a result of a manufacturing experiment of A. L. Rosenberg, of New York. The material and shipping facilities were there, and all that was needed was a factory with the employees necessary to operate it. Lawson had come to do duty as a shipping clerk, and had fallen in with Judson Philips, another office man. These two chose to spend their time in the new town together.

To Lawson, the new environment was not pleasing. He liked the companionship of the fair sex, something that was not easy to be had in Burgets-

town, for, as Aunt Susan, the negro cook, expressed it, "Girls wuz as scarce in Burgetstown as bartenders wuz in heaben."

The town was not without a few girls, however. Rosenberg's daughter was there most of the time, but, as Aunt Susan would say "She wuz took." Then there was the landlord's daughter, but she was not considered seriously by the young men because she had a wart on her nose. The proprietor of the general store also had a daughter, but she was so crosseyed that she always walked at an angle of ninety degrees from the direction in which she appeared to be looking.

So when June Holloway arrived in town, and was introduced to Carl, that promising, dignified citizen of Burgetstown surrendered unconditionally.

The following day was the brightest that had ever dawned on the new city, that is, Carl Lawson thought so. The other inhabitants went about their daily tasks without a thought of this day being superior to any other. As Carl viewed the blue of the heavens which in the distance blended with the green of the mountain, he imagined it to be a world in which he was placed for the purpose of making a name for himself and of sharing the glory with someone else. That someone he had found at last. He spoke her name aloud and, startled at the sound of his own voice, he turned about to see if any one was near. A laborer was just crossing the street and Carl was sure that he had heard him. The old familiar sounds had a new meaning to him that day, for in everyone he seemed to hear her name. The locomotive in the switchyard puffed out, "June Holl-o-way, June Holl-o-way." A horse trotting along the street clattered it. That the anima-

occasionally made an extra sound by over-reaching made no difference to Carl. He put that sound in as a slurred note.

The work of the office proceeded for a time very nicely. Presently Jud came around to have a word with Carl. He stood by the desk unconsciously fingering some of Carl's orders. He looked down. "Getting mixed in your dates are'nt you," he said, as he glanced at the orders. "Why," Carl answered. "Here," said Jud, "is an order for Bonner and Co. dated June 24, and this is May 24 unless I have slept a month. There you have made the same mistake on that," he said, pointing to the next order on the piles. "If you are not careful Old Rosenberg will fire you." After Jud left him Carl found six more orders dated in the same way, June 24.

A month slipped by with Carl making one call upon June. "Why don't you go to see the girl oftener if you like her," Jud remarked one evening as their conversation ran in matrimonial channels. "Tell her that you like her and try to come to some agreement. I don't know just what would be the proper thing to say under the circumstances, but if I were dead stuck on a girl like you are on June, I'd surely let her know about it."

"I guess you don't understand women, Jud," said Carl. "You see you must give them time. Go to see them once in a long time just to make it appear that they will allow you to call only once a month. They like that. Then sort of keep going oftener until you make it three nights out of seven with an occasional extra thrown in. Then when it comes to that, and you find a favorable time, just tell her that she is the greatest creature on God's green earth, that you can't live with-

out her, that she is in your thoughts day and night, and—and that you want her to share your happiness and to be mistress of your mansion. That's about the way you must do it, Jud. I understand the ways of women pretty well."

On a certain night during the early days of August, if one had stood at the edge of town on the road leading to Fords hill, he might have seen the hero of our story enter a small one-story shack. If he had examined closely he would have seen over the door a sign which read, "Aminta, Egyptian Palmist." There Carl had gone to learn his fate. He did not see how his case could be other than he had considered it daily since he first met June, but then a few words from the Palmist would confirm his belief, and also give him a point of approach when the time came to make the proposal.

The Palmist's name by no means suited her appearance. Asquinta would have been more appropriate because of the peculiar squint of her eyes. Her features were of the coarse slavic type with high cheek bones, large hands, and her voice corresponded with these features.

At a sign from her Carl sat down in a chair. She took his hand, scanned it closely for a moment, and began the revelation. "Your grandfather came from Sweden," she correctly stated. She was right again when she said he formerly lived in Philadelphia. Everyone in town knew that. Then she made a venture. She knew that every young man has one of two motives in having his fortune told. Either he does it for fun, or he is in love. This young man was too serious to be there for fun, so she said, "You are in love." She did not need to look at his blushing face to know that the guess was

right. The twitch of his hand told that. "You have not been in love with this lady a long time," she continued; for she knew that one who had been in love with a girl for a year ceases to blush when the fact is suggested. Then with a liberal fee in view she began to tell Carl what he had really come to hear.

He left Amintas house with his previous convictions confirmed. She was made for him. The palmist told as much. They would be married and live happily, with all the great and small blessings that home life brings.

The September days came and went with Carl only to the twice-a-month stage in his courtship. Only one thing of note had happened in that time. That was the addition of a new inhabitant to Burgetstown's population. I do not mean that that was the only addition. It was the only addition that was conspicuous. It was conspicuous because of the conspicuous character of the new inhabitant. There are two classes of people that are always singled out from the ordinary mass of humanity—the extremely homely and the delicately beautiful—and the newcomer belonged by birth and by all subsequent physical deformation to the former. His nose, which always attracted one's attention first, because it came within the range of vision several seconds before any other part of his anatomy, falsely proclaimed him, "A Hebrew of Hebrews." His large ears stood out on either side of his head as far as his nose did in front. His six feet of bony frame was bent forward at the upper extremity, producing a considerable bump. The bifurcated portion also swung forward at the bottom producing two feet of immense understanding. Large bony hands and limbs made up the rest of

this specimen, who was made according to Scripture—"fearfully and wonderfully." His name was Howard Wisely but he was appropriately christened "Bones" by the force.

Bones was always the same, an easy-going matter-of-fact fellow, with "Charity toward all and malice toward none." But one thing caused Carl to look on him with suspicion. He had seen him talking with June once at the office, and had even seen them leave the office together. But he consoled himself by comparing the homeliness of the one with the beauty of the other, and was satisfied that nothing serious would come of such friendship.

The October days passed swiftly, and Hallowe'en came. "Must be going somewhere Carl," said Jud, as he observed his chum putting on his best clothes. "Is this the night you propose to the girl?" "Make a success of it, old fellow."

"Just wait now, Jud, you would spoil the whole thing if you were trying to win that girl. I tell you, a fellow has to drive slow. I'll reach the proposing stage about Christmas or Easter. Don't worry, I'll get her. I understand the ways of women. To-night I'm going to a Hallowe'en party where she stays. I am going to look my best and pass another milestone on my matrimonial highway."

At the party, they sang, played games and told wierd and gruesome tales. One lady gave a reading from the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." "There is the Ichabod of this occasion," thought Carl, as he eyed Bones. Then a stick with a row of candles was brought, and the candles lighted. Each was to blow once, and the number of candles left burning told the number of years the person would

live the single life. It came Carl's turn. "Seven years," June announced. The only one left was Bones. He made a noise like a cyclone, but put out every blaze. "Why, Mr. Wisely, that means that you will be married within a year," exclaimed June.

Supplied with apples, candy, and popcorn, the party broke up into pairs. It was an exceptionally warm evening for the time of year, so, many sought a suitable place on the large veranda. To the disgust of Carl, June and Bones were together. He sulked and went off to himself to a secluded corner. Soon a couple came and sat down a few yards from him. He knew their voices. Their conversation drifted from one thing to another until finally Bones, in his matter-of-fact way, said "Miss Holoway, you said when I blew out the candles, that I would be married within a year. Now I want you to help me fulfil that prophecy. Will you?"

Carl ground his teeth and mumbled a cuss word. It was an awful moment for him.

June rested her chin on her hands a moment as if in deep thought. Then she turned and said, "Yes, Mr. Wisely I will, if you really want me."

When Jud awoke the next morning, Carl was packing his trunk. "Ho, ho, what's up now?" he asked. "Jud," the answer came, "this is no place for a respectable man to live in. I'm going back to Philadelphia."

"What will become of the girl?"

"The girl be hanged, there ain't no girl any more."

"Oh, proposed and was turned down?"

"Proposed! Turned down! No, suffering cats, no. But that homely jayhawk did, and she took him. How

do I know? Didn't I hear them. Oh, if I only had the brute by that long nose of his; I'd stretch it a yard." And Carl stamped around the room, throwing things right and left.

"Can't tell much about these angelic creatures, called women, and their ways?" said Jud.

"Confound you, who said anything

about women's ways?" and Jud ducked out of the room in time to escape a flying hair brush.

At ten o'clock Carl Lawson stood at the paymaster's window. "Yes," he graciously lied, in answer to the paymaster's inquiry, "I must go home on the next train. I just received a telegram that father is seriously ill. Goodbye."

St. Agnes' Eve

(By Flossie Broughton, '17.)

The soft mellow light of the setting sun spread over the hazy Italian landscape a golden hue. The earth seemed glad that night and had put on her most gorgeous dress to do honor to one of her holiest of daughters, for it was Saint Agnes' Eve.

Marcia sat at her open window watching the lights and shadows chasing each other over the city. She could see the ruins of an ancient temple with its proud but broken pillars. Then letting her eyes travel over the historic place, they rested upon the pinnacle of a church pointing a pure white finger heavenward—the church of St. Agnes. Marcia's face grew dreamy. She was thinking of the stories that her old nurse had told her of how on St. Agnes' Eve a maiden might learn of her future mate. She wondered how many girls were thinking just as she was this same night. Remembering the old charm, she drew off her left stocking and her right garter and began to knit the two together chanting softly, merrily:

I knit this knot, this knot I knit,
To know the thing I know not yet,
That I may see,
The man who shall my husband be.
Not in his best, nor in his worst array,

But what he weareth every day.
That I to-morrow may him ken
From among all other men.

Now tonight in the land of dreams her true love would salute her with a kiss.

Marcia remained thoughtful as she began to recall other stories of the beautiful St. Agnes, this Roman girl who had suffered so cruelly and was now honored by the whole Catholic church as the saint of goodness, of beauty, and of purity. She had even walked these very streets, a modest, graceful girl with extraordinary beauty of face and figure. Perhaps she had once knelt in the same ruined temple of the gods. In fancy Marcia pictured to herself the life of Agnes and wove into it many of her own interpretations. How at that time in the reign of Diocletian, there were many wicked, licentious men set only on gratifying all the passion of their evil hearts.

Many a wealthy nobleman looked upon fair Agnes with favor and desired to possess a wife with so much charm and beauty. Chief among these was Gaius Loranus. In vain they schemed and plead. She knew too well the degenerate life of the Roman

court. Each time she shuddered and turned away as the snake-like gaze of Gaius Loranus met hers.

But Agnes no longer went to worship the great gods in the temple with its lofty carven pillars and costly shrines. She no longer took part in the gay processions in honor of Juno or Venus with the other Roman girls bedecked with garlands of flowers and dancing to the rude music of the harps or pipes. She now belonged to the despised band of the worshipers of the unknown God. She had seen her vision and found a Savior.

This was the only charge that her persecutors could bring against her, but that was enough in the reign of Diocletian. Calm and steadfast in her faith, she had been taken before the king, the tyrant.

Marcia could almost see the royal court, the gorgeously dressed men and women, with hard proud faces and haughty bearing, and in their midst, a slender figure in a white tunic, who seemed entirely unconscious of her surroundings, and unmoved by threats of torture. How pure, almost angelic, she looked in contrast to the sinister dark browed Gaius, her accuser. When all threats failed, Agnes was sentenced to the most horrible fate to be imposed upon a young girl—she was sent to the public brothel. Here her only companions were women hardened in sin and crime. Instinctively these poor creatures recognized in her a superior-being; they felt as if they were in the presence of something holy. Hushed were their coarse jests, and their rough laughter was softened. As if by some miraculous charm she seemed protected. In a far corner of the room Agnes stood apart. No one dared touch her or even come near her until Gaius Loranus entered.

His piercing black eyes sought her out, held her horrified. Then raising her eyes heavenward she breathed in anguish, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Approaching her, he touched her arm; instantly he was struck blind. Horrified he dropped on his knees before her. Consternation seized the whole wretched crowd, and, pushed back as by some supernatural power, they crouched against the farthest wall in a frightened heap, leaving her alone with the blind Roman at her feet.

Agnes, daughter of pity as of purity, at last yielding to his pleadings to pray to her God to restore his sight, lifted her eyes on high and prayed to the God of the universe to give back to this evil man of Rome his sight. Slowly, dimly, sight came back to him, and, humbled and thoughtful, he left the chamber with its frightened women in gaudy dress and sin marred features, and cast one look at the lonely white robed figure praying.

Diocletian, angered by the miracle performed by a follower of this despised Christian faith, issued the order for her death on January 20, at sunset at the place of execution outside the city walls. Here, surrounded by the jeering crowds of the followers of Jove, fair Agnes met her death at the hands of the axman, and became forever the saint of purity to all generations to come.

In a magnificent chamber in the chateau of Gaius Loranus sat a dark haired man crushed and dejected. At sunset he dropped his head into his hands with a moan. He was her real executioner.

The bells from the white church without the city walls recalled Marcia and looking out over the city veiled in the twilight, instead of seeing the

church, she seemed to see the figure of Agnes pointing heavenward.

The sound of a chant caused Marcia to look down into the street. The annual St. Agnes' Eve pageant with garlands and torches was passing gaily through the streets of Rome. They were leading a snow white lamb

as once the Roman girl had been led through the same streets a thousand years before, to the same spot beyond the walls where then was the place of execution, now a temple. To Marcia's listening ears came the solemn chant, "Pter noster, qui est in coelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum, adveniat regnum tuum."

A Legend of Love

For many sad and weary years
 Saint Valentine had wandered far,
 And with his own fair Cupid son
 Had labored long to hearts unbar.

And Mother Moon on snowy clouds
 Her silv'ry boat sailed to the Sun,
 Then sought this king for arrows bright
 That Cupid might make two hearts one.

"Oh, Mother dear and Father, too,
 My arrows bright are broken all;
 Why hearts so few who really love
 And youth so cold unto my call?"

Thus Cupid cried 'mid many tears,
 Saint Valentine then calmly said,
 "Why Son, 'tis fame, self, riches, too,
 That breaks so oft thy darts in twain."

"Each dewy night," said Mother Moon,
 "I gently search the world for love,
 There is a place I softly guard
 Where hearts are true as stars above."

The silv'ry boat with all these three
 Hung by a cloud close to a tree,
 The stars played with the happy stream
 Beneath the bridge of joy and glee.

Two lovers came to this glad spot
 And Cupid sent a shining dart,
 Then seeing thru each countless age
 The love god knew they ne'er would part.

Whene'er the world turns from true love
 Saint Valentine and Cupid, too,
 Go to this bridge and stream of joy,
 Then to the hearts that still are true.

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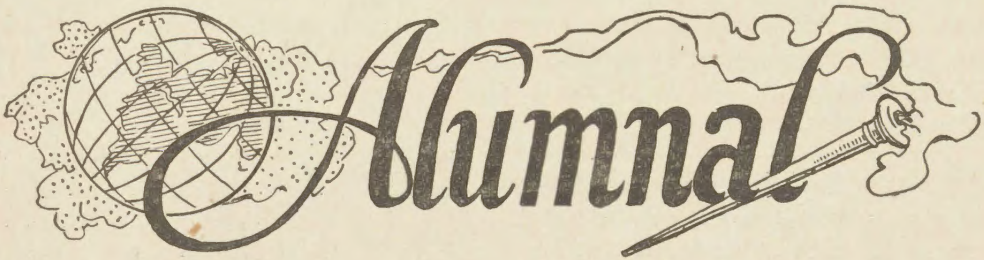
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OUR HERITAGE.

February marks the anniversary of America's two greatest men, one the father of his country, the other its savior. There exists not one who, justly claiming the crown of American citizenship, would gainsay the great principles of freedom and equality introduced to the world through the efforts of Washington. Nor is there an American who does not unconsciously bow his head in reverence over the whispered name of Lincoln. He it was whose undying faith in God and man proved to a skeptical world that a free nation is yet a strong fortress in times of strife. With a heritage such as they have given us it is small wonder that American men gave their lives that the soil of Cuba might be free, or that American gold and talent are being poured out to make of the philippines a nation.

True to our heritage, we have thus far led the world in war, even as in freedom and mercy. But now there have come trying times, indicative of another and more stringent test. As we fought for honor's sake once, can we keep peace for honor's sake now? Europe, mad with the devastation of war, is daily tempting the blood of America. Within our country there is ever an opportunity for speech or action tending toward the warlike. But now, if ever, it is ours to show the world that America's patriotism stands as firmly in peace as it does in war. Let us prove to the nations of the world that we can deal justly and impartially even with the fever of conflict about us. Let us prove to the warring world that we battle not for wealth, nor power, nor glory, but only for freedom. Only let us do this and in years to come it will be said of us, even as of Washington, "First in war, first in peace, and first among the nations of the world."



'75. A. J. Wagner, of Avondale Church, Columbus is engaged in a very successful evangelistic campaign. He is being assisted by Rev. A. B. Cox of East Main St. Church, Newark, who just closed a series of meetings with over four hundred conversions.

'06. Rev. E. E. Burtner, our successful college pastor, is chairman of the Central Committee of the Westerville Evangelistic Association which is conducting a special Tabernacle Evangelistic campaign with Dr. J. W. Oborn in charge. Great crowds attend these meetings and the interest is intense. The students are taking an active part in the meeting.

'10. Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Lutz are visiting relatives in Westerville. Mr. Lutz has been engaged in the Government Service, traveling extensively through California, Washington, Hawaiian Islands, and Alaska.

'92. Mr. George L. Stoughton has been appointed Secretary of the State Industrial Commission by Governor Willis. Mr. Stoughton for a number of years has been associated with the public life of Westerville serving as Mayor and Postmaster. For more than a year he has been one of the most successful Field Secretaries of the Anti-Saloon League of America.

'11. G. W. Duckwall, superintendent of schools, Grove City, Ohio, attend-

ed the Franklin County Teachers' Association meeting at the College Chapel, Saturday, Feb. 6.

'12. C. F. Sanders, Otterbein's Star Athlete, has resigned his position as teacher in the Indianapolis High School and accepted a fine position at the South High School, Columbus, Ohio. "Tink" will coach the athletic teams and probably teach some Science.

'93. Wm. H. Fouse, principal, of the William Grant High School in Covington, Ky., was a recent Westerville visitor.

'14. H. E. Bon Durant who has been doing Association work at Helper, Utah, has been transferred to Grand Junction, Colorado, where he will have charge of the Boys' Department in the Y. M. C. A.

'03. Wallin E. Richel, assisted by J. G. Spears has just closed a very successful revival campaign at St. Clair Avenue Church, Columbus, Ohio. Over fifty conversions are reported.

'12. The Aegis extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Harkins, of Pleasantville, who announce the birth of a son, Dwight Earl, on Sunday, Jan. 24.

'14. Martha Cassler, of Holsopple, Pennsylvania, spent a short time visiting friends in Westerville.

'12. M. A. Muskopf, who receives his Master's degree in Chemistry from O. S. U. this year, visited Westerville friends recently.

'78. Dr. T. J. Sanders was called to Burbank, Ohio, on account of the illness and death of his father Mr. Isaac Sanders. Mr. Sanders was in his eighty-four year and had been ill for some time. The many friends of Dr. Sanders extend their heartfelt sympathy.

'07. J. Warren Ayer, of the Madison-

ville High School with thirteen of his boys visited Otterbein Friday and Saturday, February 12 and 13.

'95. Mrs. Daisy Custer Shoemaker, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been spending several days in Westerville at the bedside of her mother, Mrs. Mary Custer, who has a severe attack of pneumonia.

'12. The Aegis extends its sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Huber of West Mansfield, Ohio, in their loss of an only daughter.

LOCAL ITEMS.

On Thursday morning, Feb. 4, Dr. S. S. Hough, Foreign Missionary Secretary was present in chapel and told how the Missionary Society of our denomination was formed. It was not generally known among the students that the first society was organized here at Otterbein by a group of students, sixty years ago. The first missionaries sent out by the society went from Otterbein to Africa in 1855. They were W. J. Shuey, D. K. Flickinger and Mr. Kumler; of whom Mr. Shuey alone survives. Since then there have gone out from Otterbein probably seventy-five students to the various mission fields of the world.

The Sixtieth Anniversary meeting of the Board is to be held here in May and Dr. Hough advocates the establishment of a memorial of some kind, to be placed on the campus and unveiled at this meeting.

At the close of Dr. Hough's address, a motion was made and carried unanimously that steps be taken at once for carrying out this plan, and President Clippinger was authorized to appoint

a committee to have this in charge. The committee appointed consists of Prof. N. E. Cornet, chairman, Dr. E. A. Jones and Prof. Guitner, of the faculty and P. M. Redd, C. R. Bennett, Miss Lydia Garver, and Miss Edna Miller representing the students. This committee has organized, and decided upon Bishop A. T. Howard as the speaker for the unveiling.

An auxiliary corresponding and co-operating committee was appointed consisting of Mr. A. A. Moore of Barberton, Ohio; Mr. Hulitt, of Hillsboro, Ohio, and Mrs. L. R. Harford, of Omaha, Nebraska.

Subscriptions are already coming in, and the movement promises to be very popular, as the recognition of our heroic missionaries deserve to be.

Be sure to ask Roose about his new relatives. He'll be glad to tell you!

Otterbein Missionary Memorial.

In May, 1915, on the campus of the college, there is to be unveiled a marker. This will contain the names of all Otterbein students who have served in

a foreign missionary field.

We desire to make this occasion and memorial inspiring. To do this there should be many participants. The call is for small offerings. **Let every person who wants an interest in such an epochal movement send his gift at once** to the chairman of the Marker Committee, Prof. N. E. Cornetet, or to the Treasurer, P. M. Redd, or to Doctor S. S. Hough, Foreign Missionary Secretary.

"Dad" Harris is not in school this semester. As he says, he has been here about six years and still hasn't his prep work out. However "Dad" has succeeded in making himself the best janitor in the state, which is a distinction fairly won. Many times during his term of service, has he had to haul down the Prep or Freshman colors, or rescue Mary Jane from a perilous position on telegraph pole or tower, or care for some homeless pig which strayed into his bailiwick. But "Dad" was always equal to the occasion, and even the Sophs say that if you get ahead of "Dad," you have to go some.'

He is now cosily located on the Shrock farm below town, and we wish for him a life as sweet as the maple sugar and molasses for which the old sugar camp is famous.

The Faculty dropped a bomb in the Senior camp on Feb. 9., when it was announced that the Seniors would not be excused from the final examinations at the end of the second semester. As yet it has not been explained fully why this time-honored custom should be abolished. Probably more will be said later. We refrain from publishing the comments heard concerning this action.

The letter system of grading was in-

troduced at the beginning of the semester. C represents the large class of medium students. B shows that the student is above the medium, and A classifies him with the few best students. D ranks the student below medium, and F means failure. X does not mean a ten spot. It's the faculty's encore.

You'd be willing to pay \$5.00 for a Sibyl five years from now. Get one while they're cheap.

Miss Winterhalter (coming from her first recitation in Philosophy)—"I feel a new wrinkle in my head already."

"The young man led for a heart,
The maid for a diamond played,
The old man came in with a club
The sexton worked in with a spade."

—Pgh. H. S. Journal

Heard before Bible Exam.—"Look at those fellows trying to connect 'the following' with early Hebrew History."

"What is failure? It's only a spur
To the one who receives it right,
And it makes the siprit within him
stir,
To go in once more and fight."—Ex.

She (after she had seen his Physician's certificate.)—"And will you always be my genetic and eugenic mate?"

He (Darwiningly)—"Yes, my darling little natural selection."

She—"Then you may take me as your co-operative worker in the process of evolution," and putting on their rubber gloves they went out hand in hand in search of a disinfected minister.—Springfield Student.

Prexy teaches Dr. Sander's Psychology class, Monday Feb. 8. "Dad" Lybarger 'cuts.'

Prexy announces in Chapel that the class in Beginners' Algebra will be taught by Mr. Gifford as it was too heavy for the regular professor.

Dr. Jones (in Bible class)—"What man in the Bible had no father?"

Brenneman—"I don't know."

Dr. Jones—"Joshua, for he was the son of Nun."

Prof. McCloy—"Miss Wai, what is a locus?"

Miss Wai—"A point."

Prof. McCloy—"Do you mean that anyone who has a point has a locus?"

Shumaker—"It's better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall."

If a body see a body,
Flunking in a quiz.
If a body help a body
Is it anybody's biz?

Every lassie has her laddie,
To whisper words of love,
And every lassie had a daddy,
To knock on the floor above.—Ex.

At a luncheon given to a number of girl friends at her home at 1071 East Columbus Street, Columbus, the engagement of Miss Ona Milner to Prof. J. H. McCloy was announced. Prof. McCloy is a professor in the Department of Science and Mathematics at Otterbein.

Professor—"And why are you late, Mr. Smith?"

Smith—"I stopped at the library for a moment."

Professor—"I see—and what did you do with the moment."—Ex.

An Ominous Adage.

When a lady patient living far from town had to telephone for her physician she apologized for asking him to come such a distance.

"Don't speak of it," said the doctor cheerfully, "I happen to have another patient in that vicinity and so can kill two birds with one stone."—Advance.

COCHRAN HALL.

"Mother Carey's Chickens" are surely enjoying the beautiful springy days. They are delving deep into the secrets of nature—"bird study" is the latest fashion.

Prof. and Mrs. Faust and Miss Six of the evangelistic party were guests at dinner Wednesday.

Last Tuesday evening Elizabeth Richards delightfully entertained at a sumptuous dinner party, in honor of Miss Martha Cassler, '14. The young men?? were nearly as popular as Tillie's friends from Columbus a few weeks ago.

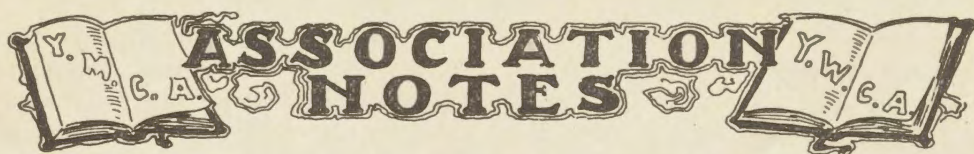
Our golden-headed photographer has come to be such a frequent visitor at the Hall, that some girls mistake him for the janitor.

Notice! The Misses Blackmore and Noel clean their room Wednesday, Feb. 17, 1915. There's a reason!

In spite of the seeming bluntness of Cupid's dart, numerous boxes of candy and bunches of violets were in evidence during St. Valentine's season.

Cochran Hall girls never were so patriotic before !!! Washington is to have another birthday and many girls are already packed to spend the weekend in celebration at home.

The Misses Noel and Blackmore entertained at a six o'clock dinner on Saturday evening, in honor of their guests, Miss Nelle Shupe of Dayton, Miss Maud Owings of Martinsburg, Ohio and Miss Ruth Maxwell from St. Paris, Ohio.



Y. M. C. A.

Visions.

Rev. O.T. Deever, General Secretary of Young People's Work of the United Brethren church was present and spoke in the meeting of December 17, 1914, from the subject "Visions."

He cited Paul as a man of character and a man of vision and impressed the necessity of a vision to the highest spiritual development of the individual.

The vision of Paul was three-fold:

I. It was a heavenly vision. This was undoubtedly the strangest experience that Paul had ever had. It revealed to him the relation of the spiritual life to the material, the immortal to the mortal.

II. Paul saw himself, looking in the great looking-glass of God's word. He saw himself as he really was, a persecutor, prejudiced against the followers of the new faith, the blood of many people on his hands.

III. Paul saw Jesus Christ in all the nobility of his character. With this vision came the inspiration for a life of sacrifice. All cannot be preachers or missionaries, but everyone can serve humanity in his own sphere of life.

Is College a Good Place to Backslide?

The meeting of January 8 was led by P. M. Redd, a student of Otterbein. This was a very practical subject as many college students come from Christian homes and fields of work in their home church. It seemed to be the opinion of many who participated in the informal discussion following Mr. Redd's address, that the general

tendency of the underclassmen is to be very reserved in Christian work at college in the presence of the more experienced, better educated upper classmen. If the student is careful in selecting companions, he may not have an opportunity to "backslide," but may continue to have his Christian experience broadened even though he may not be taking an active part in the work.

War for the Right in the Far East.

J. Edgar Knipp ten years ago was forced to leave his work among the natives of Japan because of ill health; but recently he has heard the call to the Sunrise Kingdom again and with Mrs. Knipp was on his way to his future work when he visited Otterbein and addressed the Y. M. C. A. meeting of January 15, and spoke from the subject given above. There was something grand, almost pathetic—to the writer, at least in the figure of the "little old man," as he spoke the whole message of his heart—a plea for the unchristian natives of Japan.

The outlook is most hopeful, Mr. Knipp states; many victories have already been won in the far east. He cites the fact that as late as 1872 Christians were forbidden to worship, yet a few years later religious liberty was granted to the people by constitutional amendment. This new impetus ever since has been directing all its force against the liquor problem—yes, Japan has her liquor trouble—and the social evil. The latter evil was pointed out as the one threatening young citizenship of Japan.

Mr. Knipp briefly outlined his gen-

eral plan of work throughout the different parts of the Shiga province of about eight hundred thousand population. He believes that the foundation of a Christian structure should be laid in the far East, and that one of the most efficient methods of laying such a foundation is by no other means than Sunday School work.

The final message of this man of consecration, power, and purpose was an earnest appeal to young men to allow themselves to heed the voice of God—wherever He calls, go. "How can I make my life count for most?" you ask. "If God calls to the far east," said Mr. Knipp, "do not fail to respond—help open the casket of possibilities with the key of salvation."

Informal Meeting.

Mr. A. S. Wolfe opened the meeting of January 21, by a few brief, well chosen remarks upon the subject "Eternal Life Insurance." The speaker emphasized the confidence which everyone should have in God as productive of assurance of Eternal life. Many lose confidence in God, lose sight of the ideal set up in their own lives, and consequently fall short of their own standard of living. "Striving for an ideal," says Mr. Wolfe, "gives a man the consciousness that he is pleasing God."

The meeting proceeded in a very informal manner after the presentation of the above remarks by the leader. Several brief addresses were made by various members of the Association present, prayers were offered and a general atmosphere of devotion created, which was exceedingly impressive and proper as the school and churches of Westerville were about to enter into a revival meeting. These informal meetings ring true with the

deep religious experiences of the student body, and somehow after being in such a meeting we are of the opinion that the "old fashioned speaking meeting" of our early days is yet a wonderfully inspiring service, even when conducted by the college youth of today.

Y. W. C. A.

Jan. 19, 1915.

The subject of the Y. W. C. A. meeting led by Dorothy Gilbert was: "Words! Words! Words!" The leader based her remarks on three kinds of words namely: the unkind words, apologetic words and kind words.

Unkind words are so easily spoken but so hard to forget, "Slamming" is a habit, though perhaps unnatural, yet if cultivated may become a most grievous fault. This habit so prevalent among college people should be guarded. Often a "slam," meant only in fun wounds deeply. Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:

"We flatter those we scarcely know

We please the fleeting guest,
But deal full many a thotless blow

To those who love us best."

The apologetic words or those which our pride will not let us utter, are perhaps the most difficult to speak. Men and women gifted in the art of speech find it almost impossible to ask forgiveness, just to say: "I'm sorry" or "I was wrong." Stubbornness is a great obstacle in the way of peace and harmony between individuals.

Catch words or cheer words carry with them such a wealth of happiness and sunshine. A pleasant "Good Morning" or a cheery smile often brightens the day for someone who is sad and unhappy. Someone has said, "Keep smiling until ten o'clock A. M. and you will be pleasant the remainder

of the day." If you want to be popular, make the kind and cheery words uppermost in the expression of your life.

Jan. 26, 1915.

"Not to be Ministered Unto," was the subject of the Mission Study Rally, led by Marguerite George. The girls were delighted with the special speaker, Miss Vera Blynn, who is the Young Women's Secretary of our church. Miss Blynn spoke of two things necessary in the life of every college girl: the first thing is to **look**. So often college girls do not look beyond their own circle, which has a diameter no larger than their own interests. There is a beautiful picture of the cross and the Christ, bearing on his head the crown of thorns; big arms are outstretched as if to embrace the shadow and sorrows of the whole world. Underneath the picture are inscribed the words: "So Wide is My Love." Every girl's love should be broad and deep enough to embrace art, music, science and many more educative arts—then she should realize that the world is full of human beings and it is her duty to **look**, to study and to try to understand the peculiar needs of those about her.

When the college girl has opened her heart and mind to the sorrow and happiness of humanity, then it is her responsibility to take the call to service upon herself. Helen Kellar was deaf, dumb and blind but a woman of strong character took it upon herself to teach Helen Kellar, and the results have been remarkable. Jane Addams took it upon herself to improve conditions existing in the city and her efforts were crowded with success. Queen Victoria's governess impressed upon her the need of responsibility and Queen Victoria took it upon herself to

rule righteously. It costs sometimes a great price to shoulder responsibility. Even Christ must have been discouraged and sad, when He took upon himself the burden of the world; but His example should be an inspiration for His followers today. Shall we not examine our hearts and ask: "Have I looked?" "Have I taken upon myself, my share of the responsibility?"

Feb. 2, 1915.

Claire Kintigh led the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Tuesday evening. The subject was: "Lifters and Leaners." The special feature was the talk by Miss Six, one of the evangelistic party.

The women of America are shown more courtesy and more privileges than in any other nation, due to the fact that the gospel of Jesus Christ has been so firmly rooted among American people. So often religion is thought of as a thing apart and outside of one's life, but the religion of the true Christian is tangible; it is that powerful force within, which makes life worth the living.

Miss Six spoke particularly on deaconess work, or the specific Christian work for young women today. The call is strong for consecrated young women to perform definite service for God in our large cities. The field is so wide, embracing opportunities for stenographers, book-keepers, nurses, teachers; there are splendid training schools in Chicago and elsewhere, in which young women are fitted for work of this kind. The remuneration in dollars and cents is small, but the blessing obtained from sacrificing one's desires in service for others, is abundant and well worth the cost.

Feb. 9, 1915.

Miss Ina Fulton was the leader of

the Y. W. C. A. service on Tuesday evening. The meeting was a memorial of the death of Grace Hoadley Dodge, National Y. W. C. A. Secretary.

Miss Dodge was one of the most beloved women of America. Her strong character showed most forcibly the power of God in her life. She was especially influenced by Dwight I. Moody, whom she knew personally. Miss Dodge was for twenty-five years engaged in social service work. Her interests were many: she was counselor of working girls' clubs, teachers' colleges, National Travelers Aid Societies and the Public School Board of New York City. Miss Dodge possessed great social prestige, remarkable executive ability and considerable wealth; the latter, she consecrated to the Master's service, giving spontaneously to the poor and afflicted.

Her personal influence and magnetism was far-reaching. She was a special friend to working girls and bettered conditions among them. Yearly she sent special greetings to foreign students in America.

Miss Dodge was a leader almost without a peer—Her death was a blow to the Association workers of America. Everywhere the question is being asked: "Who will the next leader be? We can but trust to God's providence to raise up another to fill her place and carry on the noble work for which she has planned and labored so faithfully.

Feb. 16, 1915.

"\$10,000, How I Would Spend It," was the subject of a very interesting meeting, led by Alice Ressler. The leader developed the topic in a clever manner, presenting the idea of spending the \$10,000 for Missions abroad. She spoke particularly on Japan and its needs.

Japan is a very beautiful island, but to our missionaries who go there its beauty is almost lost in the hardships endured on account of the severe climate. For this reason, the discouragements are perhaps greater than in any other land. The people of Japan are in general more intelligent than those of China or India, and thus it is more difficult to win them from their heathen worship; they can only be won by the love of God working through the individual efforts of our missionaries. The greatest needs now for greater evangelization in Japan are more and better equipped buildings for schools, churches, and comfortable homes for our American missionaries.

Short messages on Missions in Africa, the Philippines, Turkey and Burma were presented by other girls of the Association.

There is no continent so wealthy in material resources as Africa, yet perhaps there is no continent where one finds as rude and savage a people. The great need is for young people to go as teachers, that the men and women of Africa may be lifted to a higher place of living.

The people of the Philippines are a struggling people. The poverty existing there makes it more difficult to educate and christianize the people. The call is for more prayers, more means and more leaders to carry the gospel.

The great need of Turkey today, is the education and enlightenment of her women. They are held in bondage and degradation by the unchristian customs. Our missionaries who have been able to penetrate the lives of these women, find them very responsive to the love and tenderness shown them.


 A decorative logo for "FORENSIC NEWS" featuring the text in a stylized, serif font within an ornate, scroll-like border.

GLEANINGS FROM THE KANSAS CITY CONVENTION.

(By Manuel Manongdo, '17.)

There is not a greater challenge, a challenge worthy of acceptance by any loyal citizen, whose desire is to see his country prosper and maintain peace, a peace that not only reigns throughout the nation but in every home, than that challenge of the anti-liquor movement, the I. P. A., to College Students. It is a direct challenge to College Students, but putting the question nearer home, it is one directed to every good citizen. The college men and women of to-day will be the leaders of tomorrow. They will be the persons who can do a great deal along this question of the present day, through the aid of the pen and through that sacred possession of each individual, the ballot.

It is not the aim of any anti-liquor movement to collect sums of money so that the organization can employ men who will receive fairly good salaries to their own advantage only, as some persons believe, but to help others to live a better life. The aim of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, whose convention, was held at Topeka, Kansas, from December 29 to January 1, inclusive, is to train men and women ready to fight for the cause. It is its aim to wipe out in this country the liquor traffic, or as Mr. E. H. Haydock, the winner for the first place in the oratorical contests puts it, the aim of the movement is to put an end to "Our National Parasites."

In the convention, the liquor question was fully discussed as to its lamentable effects upon society, its effects upon our physical body, its effects

upon the economic questions, nay, its effects upon our own dear homes. Home is the only place where the father, the mother and the little ones should share the true happiness of life. But how many a mother is not able to participate in the joys of a home because of King Alcohol; how many children are deprived of a college education or even a high school training because of the greedy desire of some men whose only ambition in life is to accumulate wealth, and to whom it matters little as to whether or not selling strong drinks to the innocent ones means the robbing of the pleasures of some mothers or depriving some children of an education. Alcohol does not only keep those persons who use it in a miserable and disgraceful position but "It makes drunkards," as Hon. John P. St. John puts it, "And the Bible tells us that no drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of God."

The Challenge is directed to you and to me. What should be our share? It may be that you and I are fortunate enough to have a father, a loving mother, brothers and sisters who shun to taste this liquid of shame that will lead men and women to everlasting condemnation of their soul, but, there are those, whose lives are cursed and blighted by it. It is for these that we must work.

Alcohol creates disturbances in our community, alcohol corrupts our government, alcohol lowers the standard of our manhood and womanhood, alcohol stains our flag, and alcohol leads our souls to an everlasting perdition. It must be put to an end, it ought to be wiped from the face of the globe. The Challenge is at hand. What is your share?



Otterbein vs. Capital.

On Jan. 16, the Capital team and fans made their annual invasion of Otterbein's territory. It was the first game for the home team, while the Lutheran squad had already engaged in several battles. What the outcome would be was doubtful, and the crowd was kept in a state bordering on hope and fear during the entire game.

Capital began the scoring and, for most of the time, kept a lead of several points, but the lead was never so great as to be extremely alarming. They had no advantage over the Tan and Cardinal so far as passing and general floor work was concerned, but they were more accurate in their shots for the baskets. When there was any kind of an opportunity for a throw, the ball was sure to pass through the ring. But that can not be said of Otterbein's shots. Often the Otterbein players could not locate the basket when there was ample opportunity. If they had been as successful as the Capital players in throwing goals from fouls the story would have been different, for to this Capital owes her victory.

The old players played the game well with the above mentioned exception. But special praise is due to the new players. Moore, Lash and Sechrist did some splendid work. Watts, however, was one of the best performers. He was going at high speed through the entire game, and won from his opponents considerable praise.

Capital, 31.

Reuter
Pertner
Buss
Nesper
Reckert

Otterbein, 26.

L. F. Sechrist, Lash
R. F. Campbell
C. Schnake
R. G. Watts
L. G. Converse,
Moore

Field Goals—Sechrist 2, Campbell 3, Schnake 2, Watts, Converse, Reuter 6, Buss 2, Pertner, Nesper, Reckert. Foul goals—Pertner 9, Schnake 4. Referee—Hamilton, Notre Dame.

Otterbein vs. Kent Normal.

As a side attraction to the Wooster trip, the Otterbein quintet journeyed to Kent and showed the Normalities how the game of basketball should be played. It was a new experience to the Otterbein players, for they had to play on a cement floor. But that did not worry them much. When there was any falling to be done they graciously allowed the Kent players to do it. The scoring was entirely one sided, with Lash the chief offender. He scored sixteen points. The other players came in for their share, however. Only once did the Kent boys score by a field goal. No one seems to understand just how it occurred, but it is thought that a Kent player climbed up to a basket and dropped the ball through, with Campbell's assistance.

Otterbein, 56.

Lash, Sechrist R. F.
Watts, Lash L. F.
Schnake,
Campbell C
Moore R. G.
Converse L. G.

Kent, 5.

Snyder
Court
Carpenter
Jeroshy
Swigart

Field Goals—Lash 8, Watts 3, Schnake 4, Campbell 6, Sechrist 4, Converse 2, Carpenter. Foul goals—Schnake, Campbell, Court 3. Referee—Smith.

Otterbein vs. Wooster.

The five-point hoodo seemed to follow the Otterbein quintet when they clashed with the Wooster aggregation, Jan. 23. To lose the Capital game by that number of points was aggravating, but that another should go with that same small margin to the opponents' credit was doubly so.

Those who saw the game say that it was fast and hard fought. For several minutes neither side was able to score. Then the Presbyterians began by tossing a field goal. Otterbein followed with another, and then gained a short lead which she held for a time. But the Wooster lads led at the end of the first half, 18 to 12. Again, in the second period, Otterbein gained a slight lead but finally lost it.

For Wooster, Eddy was the leader in scoring points, six field goals being credited to him. For Otterbein Campbell was the leader, with only one goal behind Eddy.

| | | |
|-----------------------|-------|---------------------|
| Otterbein, 28. | | Wooster, 33. |
| Sechrist, Lash | R. F. | Gingrich |
| Watts, | | |
| Campbell | L. F. | Eddy |
| Schnake | C | Martin |
| Campbell, | | |
| Watts | R. G. | Donnelly |
| Converse, | | |
| Moore | L. G. | Carleton |

Field goals—Campbell 5, Schnake 4, Lash, Sechrist, Eddy 6, Gingrich 5, Martin 2, Donnelly 2, Carleton. Foul goals—Schnake 6, Donnelly. Referee—Parrott, Cleveland.

Otterbein vs. Heidelberg.

The Otterbein fans were given a very agreeable surprise when the word was received that the team, with three

regulars on the bench because of a faculty ruling, had won from Heidelberg 34 to 26. Only a fair showing was all that the most sanguine expected. But the new players made up to dash and determination what they probably lacked in experience and were able to carry off the honors.

Heidelberg scored first and held the lead for a short time. Then the Otterbein team started and would not allow their opponents to pass them in the race. Seven points were made by the Tiffin team by the foul route in the first half, which aided them considerably.

In the second half the Heidelberg team came back with a determination to win. But the Tan and Cardinal boys were equal to the occasion. So closely fought was this half that with only a few minutes to play the score was a tie, 26 to 26. Just then, however, Campbell shot one at long range which seemed to be a signal for others, for Sechrist made two in quick succession.

Much praise is due the new men for their excellent playing. Kuder played stellar ball and made five goals, a good record for his first Varsity game. Campbell, of course, was the center of the team in more than one respect. His playing and management inspired confidence in the other players.

| | | |
|-----------------------|-------|------------------------|
| Otterbein, 34. | | Heidelberg, 26. |
| Sechrist | R. F. | Ankeny, Faust |
| Kuder | L. F. | Smith |
| Campbell | C. | Stinchcomb |
| Watts | R. G. | Neff |
| Moore | L. G. | Locke |

Field goals—Sechrist 3, Kuder 5, Campbell 3, Watts 2, Ankeny, Smith 6, Stinchcomb 2. Foul goals—Campbell 8, Smith 8. Referee—Trautman.

Otterbein vs. Ohio Northern.

With confidence in their ability to

play real varsity basketball, the members of the Otterbein quintet left Tiffin, Feb. 6, to meet another worthy opponent at Ada that night. This proved to be another hard fought game. Otterbein took the lead at the beginning of the game and held it throughout. But the play was different from that at Heidelberg, for the guards kept the Otterbein forwards covered so closely that they were compelled to shoot from a distance. In this Sechrist excelled. His work brought cheers from the spectators a number of times. Campbell also won the admiration of the crowd by his splendid playing.

Like the Heidelberg game this one was very close in the last few minutes. 29 to 28 was the score with a little over a minute to play. However, that was sufficient time for Otterbein to make four more points and to put the game on the safe side.

Otterbein, 33. Ohio Northern, 29.

| | | |
|----------|-------|--------------|
| Sechrist | R. F. | Engh |
| Kuder | L. F. | Kemery |
| Campbell | C. | Baine, Young |
| Watts | R. G. | Parson, |
| | | Barnnett |
| Moore | L. G. | Dawson |

Field goals—Sechrist 5, Kuder, Campbell 5, Watts 2, Kemery 5, Engh 5, Young 2, Dawson. Foul goals—Campbell 7, Kemery 2, Engh. Referee—Breckeisiam and Martin, alternating.

Otterbein vs. Antioch.

The second game of the season on the home floor, Feb. 13, was an easy victory for Otterbein. The Antioch men did some excellent passing and were quite successful in shooting goals, but they were unable to score enough to overbalance the Varsity's work.

For the first ten minutes the score was kept close. Then the Tan and

Cardinal players began to work. Sechrist jammed one after another through the ring until he had seven to his credit in the first half. Kuder came next with five. But it was in the second half that the Varsity ran away from the visitors. This was due to Schnake who took his old position at center. He shot nine of the twenty goals that were made in the last period.

It must be said to the credit of the visitors that they displayed a good type of basketball at various times in the game. However, they were unable to fathom the fast team work of the Varsity.

Otterbein 69.

| | | |
|-------------|-------|------------|
| Sechrist, | R. F. | S. Fess |
| Kuder, Lash | | |
| Kuder, | L. F. | L. Fess |
| Campbell | | |
| Campbell, | C. | Garlough |
| Schnake | | |
| Watts | R. G. | Funderburg |
| Moore | L. G. | Brown |

Field Goals—Schnake 9, Sechrist 7, Kuder 7, Campbell 5, Watts 3, Lash 3, S. Fess 7, L. Fess 5, Funderburg 5. Foul Goal—Schnake. Referee—Sanders.

INTER-CLASS SERIES.

Seniors vs. Juniors.

The second game of the inter-class series was played, Jan. 16, by the Junior and Senior teams. At the start the Seniors began to do some scoring, and before the Juniors awoke the 1915 team had a comfortable lead. The first period ended with the score standing 27 to 6.

In the second half there was a remarkable change. The Seniors, pleased with the outcome of the first half, and confident of an easy victory, made some substitutions and changed their line-up. On the other hand the Jun-

iors came back strong and succeeded in doing some scoring. Daub was the Senior star, and Weber had that distinction on the other team.

| | | | |
|---------------------|-------|---------------------|--|
| Juniors, 20. | | Seniors, 33. | |
| Weber | R. F. | Daub | |
| Sanders | L. F. | Zuerner, | |
| | | Kline | |
| Shumaker | C. | Kline, Garver | |
| Huber | R. G. | Arnold | |
| Senger | L. G. | Bronson | |

Field goals—Weber 6, Sanders, 2, Shumaker, Daub 8, Zuerner 4, Garver 2, Bronson 2. Foul goals—Weber, Sanders, Daub. Referee—Gammill.

Freshmen vs. Academy.

In what was the most hotly contested game of the inter-class series thus far played, the Academy team were the victors by a score of 21 to 19. In the early stages of the game the preparatory lads took all the courage from the first year men by taking a 12 to 2 lead. However, in the second period, the Freshmen took a new start and had the score tied with only fifty seconds to play. But that short time was sufficient for the Academy team to score two more and win the game.

| | | | |
|----------------------|-------|---------------------|--|
| Freshmen, 19. | | Academy, 21. | |
| Kuder | R. F. | Cook | |
| Bunger | L. F. | Reese, | |
| | | Weimer | |
| Todd | C. | Browr | |
| Barnhart | R. G. | Peden | |
| Mayne | L. G. | Weimer, Ream | |

Field goals—Cook 3, Reese 2, Brown 2, Weimer 2, Kuder 6, Bunger, Todd. Foul goals—Reese, Cook, Weimer, Kuder 3. Referee—Gammill.

Sophomores vs. Juniors.

The Junior class team was handed its second defeat, Jan. 30, when the Sophomore squad, with the dash and spirit of a real Varsity team, had them at their mercy. Indeed, the teams were so unevenly matched that the game was not interesting. The

Sophomores began to pull away from their opponents from the start until near the end of the first period, they had the enormous lead of eighteen points.

In the second period the Junior aggregation were a little more succesful, but not sufficiently so to make the Sophomores exert themselves.

Garver and Myers were able to score at will, and Walters came in for his share of points. The remarks of the spectators suggest that Turner was the star performer.

| | | | |
|------------------------|-------|---------------------|--|
| Sophomores, 30. | | Juniors, 12. | |
| Garver | R. F. | Weber | |
| Myers | L. F. | Sanders | |
| Walters | C. | Shumaker | |
| Turner | R. G. | Huber | |
| Counsellor | L. G. | Senger | |

Field goals—Garver 5, Myers 5, Walters 3, Turner, Sanders 2, Weber, Huber. Foul goals—Walters 2, Weber 3, Sanders. Referee—Gammill.

Seniors vs. Freshmen.

On Feb. 6, the Senior class team had the Freshmen team for an opponent. The Freshmen were handicapped by the absence of Kuder who had gone on the northern trip with the Varsity squad, and consequently were no match for the strong Senior team. The score of 30 to 5 at the end of the first period shows how completely the first year men were outclassed. They did slightly better in the second period, but that was due more to the fact that the Seniors did not play so strenuously. Daub was able to toss goals almost at will, and gets the credit for thirty of his team's fifty-eight points.

| | | | |
|--------------------|-------|----------------------|--|
| Senors, 58. | | Freshmen, 18. | |
| Zuerner | R. F. | Bunger | |
| Daub | L. F. | Barnhart | |
| Bailey, Kline | C. | Todd | |
| Bronson, | | | |
| Smith | R. G. | Mayne | |
| Arnold | L. G. | Frank, | |
| | | Bingham, Mase | |

Field goals—Daub 15, Zuerner 5, Todd 4, Bronson 3, Arnold 3, Bailey, Kline, Mayne. Foul goals—Bunger 2, Zuerner 2. Referee—Gammill.

Academy vs. Sophomores.

The Academy team furnished a surprise to the spectators in the game, Feb. 13. The strong Sophomore team had to work all the time to make the score 13 to 8 at the end of the first half. Indeed, for a time it seemed that the second year men were scheduled for a defeat. But they soon began to work in their usual form, and, in the second half, put themselves beyond the danger line. No individual stars were developed in the game. Each player worked hard and played rough, thus exhibiting some indoor football.

The line-up:

| | | | |
|-----------------------|-------|--------------------|--|
| Sophomores 25. | | Academy 11. | |
| Garver | R. F. | Cook | |
| Myers | L. F. | Reese, | |
| | | Weimer, Evans | |
| Walters | C. | Brown | |
| Counsellor | R. G. | Weimer, | |
| | | Ream | |
| Turner | L. G. | Peden | |

Field Goals—Myers 4, Walters 1, Garver 3, Counsellor, Cook, Reese, Weimer, Brown. Foul Goals—Cook 3, Walters. Referee—Gammill.

How They Stand.

| | W. | L. | Pct. |
|------------------|----|----|------|
| Sophomores | 3 | 0 | 1000 |
| Seniors | 2 | 0 | 1000 |
| Academy | 1 | 1 | 500 |
| Juniors | 0 | 2 | 000 |
| Freshmen | 0 | 3 | 000 |



The Pharos. Excellent organization and review of the football season given in snappy manner. "The 4,000 mile boundary between Canada and the United States is a strong contrast with the strongly fortified boundaries between Germany and the Allies."

The October Tatler hails from the land of Amateur poetry with a bright look into the future expressed thus by the Freshman:—"We are the only class in school with a first chance at everything. We've no regrets only a clear road ahead, and a chance to make our record anything we choose."

Purple and Gold,—little but complete. "If I were a giant and a lad of not more than three years should spit in my face, I would not be expected to grow red in the face and begin to fist him. But let some pigmy nation offer either real or fanciful insult to our flag and we are expected to declare war and if any of us demur, we are scoffed at as either unpatriotic or cowardly, while the fact is one might be both and yet be Christian."

Washington-Jeffersonian. The November number is about the most peaceful war number conceivable. Continue fighting in your cultured way. "Now is the time. Ah, friend, no longer wait to scatter loving smiles and words of cheer to those around whose lives are now so dear. They may meet you in the coming year. Now is the time. Of what shall a man be proud if he is not proud of his friends."

The Wooster Literary Messenger is all that its name implies, a magazine that is always sought by our exchange readers. "They that walk in miry places must look well for the stepping stones."

The Spectator,—always near the top. "Two things greater than all things are;—The first is Love, and the second, War!"

The Aegis, Buckskin High School, breathes forth the spirit of a wide awake school. "I believe I can, therefore I will."

The Spectroscope, Mt. Pleasant, Pa., is well organized but the lack of cuts is noticeable. "I am inclined to think that a girl's wit is quicker than a man's in a tight place,—if the place is tight enough."

The Sodian has it. Every one is

looking for them, although Dr. Stough, the Evangelist, says, "they are the greatest curse to mankind." The Sodian writer describes it thus: "She was young, very good looking, a true child of the age, very modern and up-to-date."

The Bethany Collegian has the right ring in "True Culture." "Whatsoever a man seweth that shall he easily rip."

What keeps up the standard of the College Chronicle, did you ask? Just glance at the front cover of the second January number: "The keynote of this number is Enthusiasm."

The Philomath Chimes gives a good review of the Biennial National Convention of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association held at Topeka, Kansas. "John Barleycorn has two strikes called on him" declares Billy Sunda.



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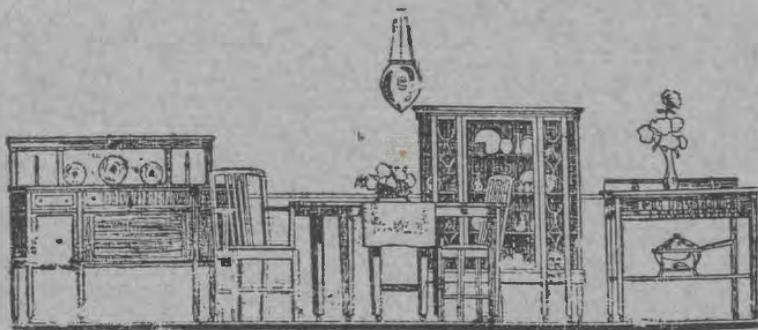
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