

Otterbein University

Digital Commons @ Otterbein

Otterbein Aegis 1890-1917

Historical Otterbein Journals

10-1915

Otterbein Aegis October 1915

Otterbein Aegis

Otterbein University, Aegis@Otterbein.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/aegis>



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Otterbein Aegis, "Otterbein Aegis October 1915" (1915). *Otterbein Aegis 1890-1917*. 254.
<https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/aegis/254>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Historical Otterbein Journals at Digital Commons @ Otterbein. It has been accepted for inclusion in Otterbein Aegis 1890-1917 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Otterbein. For more information, please contact digitalcommons07@otterbein.edu.

*THE
OTTERBEIN
AEGIS*



OCTOBER NUMBER

1 9 1 5

Initial Stationery, Correspondence, Card Board, Birthday Rings, Fobs, Official 'O' Pins, Fountain Pens, Bibles and Popular Copyrights.

at the

University Bookstore

Attention! Otterbein Students
Winter Garden

Under Management of E. D. CLIFTON. Nuf ced.

DAYS'
Bakery

Opp. The
Bank of
Westerville

Bread, Cakes, Pies, Pan
Candies and Doughnuts

FOR FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY WORK

See E. R. TURNER, Agent for

RANKINS' NEW METHOD LAUNDRY

ALSO DRY CLEANING and PRESSING.

Headquarters at Norris'. Work Called For and Delivered. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Bucher Engraving Co.

For Cuts of All Kinds
The Best Work Possible

55-57-59 East Gay Street Columbus, O.

Just a Little bit Less than any of the Rest

Are the premiums per year, per thousand

A. A. RICH, Agent

Students

Take your shoes to

COOPER

For first class repairing. He has installed a new finishing lathe. A good line of Strings, Rubber Heels, and Polish, always in stock.

WORK GUARANTEED

A SPECIAL JUST NOW

A jar of Matchless Cream for the Complexion, for 10c-worth 25c-Get one at

Dr. Keefer's

Still a Special Price on Pennants

—AT—

“Dad” Hoffman’s Rexall Store

Get the

“Push Makings”

at

H. Wolf's Sanitary Market

14 College Avenue

W. H. GLENNON

DENTIST

12 West College Ave.

Open evenings and Sunday by Appointment
Bell Phone



Kimonas and Bath Robes

Domestic Science
Aprons, Dust
Caps, etc.

Brane Dry Goods Company

No. 3 N. State St. "Honesty First" Westerville, Ohio

"Just the Stuff"

HOT CHOCOLATE

With Whipped Cream, and
Sunshine Sugar Wafers - 10c

At

WILLIAMS'

Tailors for Young Men

Our Fall Goods are best ever shown by any tailor in City of Columbus. Come in and let us make your Suit or Overcoat.

We can save you from \$5 to \$10 on your clothes.

Our \$18.00 Suit or Overcoat is equal in every way to the \$25.00 and \$30.00 elsewhere.

EAGLE Tailoring Co.

N. COHEN, Prop., 531 N. High St., 9 doors S. Goodale St.
Citizen Phone Main 5158. COLUMBUS, O.

GOODMAN BROTHERS JEWELERS

No. 98 NORTH HIGH ST.

High-Grade Printing

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

PAPER

Publishers of Public Opinion

The Buckeye Printing Co.

18-20-22 West Main Street

WESTERVILLE, OHIO

The Orr-Kiefer Studio

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY



“Just a Little Bit Better Than the Best”

ORR-KIEFER

*Special
Rates
Offered
to
Students*



COLVMBVS.O.

*Highest
Honors In
National
Competition*

We Do All Kinds of Picture
Framing---*Right*

199-201 South High Street

Citizen Phone 3720

Bell Phone 3750

IN MEMORIAM

John Gulitt

Died October 22, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen

A true friend and a loyal supporter of Otterbein

We shall miss him

Contents

My Country, Right or Wrong. Oration	7
Lydia Garver, '16	
Romance of An Old Fashioned Dress. Story	9
Lucile Blackmore	
Not Salary but Opportunity. Oration	12
Helen Byrer, '16	
Editorial	15
Athletics	17
Locals	20
Alumnals	22
Association Notes	23
Cochran Items	24
Forensic	25
Exchanges	25

The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXVI

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, OCTOBER, 1915

No 2

My Country, Right or Wrong

By Lydia Garver, '16.

In 1805, Philip Nolan, a lieutenant in the United States army was influenced by the plots of Aaron Burr. When Burr's accomplices were brought to trial, Nolan in a fit of anger exclaimed, "Damn the United States. I wish I may never hear of the United States again." Such violent words used against the country he loved so well, shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding court, and he resolved that the bold dashing lieutenant should have his wish fulfilled. Nolan was placed upon a ship which was setting out for a long voyage and orders were given that he should in no way hear anything of the United States again. For fifty-six years, the man without a country was held a virtual prisoner on the seas and only once during this time did he hear the name of his fatherland mentioned. One day, he met a young man on the ship and gave him these words of warning, "And for your country, boy, and for your flag never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, never look at another flag and never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember that you belong to your country as you belong to your own mother."

In his extreme old age, he called Danforth, his friend into his room, one day. He had made a little shrine, for around a picture of Washington was draped the stars and stripes. Then in his dying state he begged for some knowledge of his own land.

"There is not in America a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now.

There has never been one taken away. I thank God for that."

Danger or no danger, Danforth felt that he had acted the tyrant over the sainted old man who had years before expiated in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason. As Danforth began telling him of the happenings during the fifty-six years he had lost, a blessed smile passed over his white face and he drank in every word. The next morning, Nolan was found to have breathed his last. In his worn Bible these last words were found:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans? Say on it:

In Memory of Philip Nolan
Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.

He loved his country as no other man loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands."

No young school boy has read "The Man Without a Country" but that his heart has been touched and at the same time stirred by a warmer love for his native land. He resolves in his steadfast little heart to live so true to her that all she may bestow upon him, he may deserve. There is no human being however depraved who does not want a country to serve. "I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills" is an expression of truly patriotic sentiment. But what is patriotism? Who is the true patriot?

The patriot proudly speaks of "my family, my tribe, my state." Loyalty to the father was the earliest form of patriotism but gradually loyalty to the father extended itself to loyalty or patriotism to the nation or state. This form of patriotism naturally led to a false con-

ception of patriotism. This is national egotism. The egotistical nation feels that there is absolutely nothing in the other nations which is worthy of emulation or adoption. This patriot speaks of Japs, Chinks, Hunkies, Dagos, without the slightest respect. Such a man may consider himself a patriot but as a real true representative of nationality, he is merely a fool. His patriotism is irrational and hence a danger to his country. His patriotism asserts that wherever or whenever the flag is raised and no matter under what circumstances, it shall never be hauled down. His patriotism says defiantly, "My Country, right or wrong," flaunting at peace advocates. He revels in glowing descriptions of America as mighty in battle or as mistress of the seas with hundreds of battleships which may rest unwelcome guests in the ports of foreign lands, each bearing witness that in this nation of ours "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal", there is a disposition to forsake the principles of the fathers in the lust for power.

From the story "A Man Without a Country" we have all learned to love our own America more, but have we purposed in our hearts to serve her loyally and truly not only on the battle field but in the home as well? Many Americans cheer and jump to their feet when "The Star Spangled Banner" is being played yet they do not hesitate to cheat Uncle Sam out of a postage stamp or to resort to fraud and graft in public office. Some would be glad to be great generals or to be sent on some great mission but to do a soldier's duty in their home town, they are unable.

What has been the cause of this present war? Has it been a real desire to uplift humanity or merely a desire for personal aggrandizement? For personal glory? General Grant has said, "There never was a war where the issue could not have been better settled some other way." Napoleon attempted to conquer the world for his own honor and glory, not for the glory of France as he announced. He was not a real patriot but a selfish ambitious man, who wanted to be very popular. Many soldiers are not

patriots today for their real selfish purposes are merely hidden behind the cloak of patriotism. It is that kind of patriotism which shows itself when people say, "I am for my country right or wrong. I stand up for my country's interests even if they are against the interests of the happiness and comfort of the rest of the world." People who speak this way may love their country and may have great devotion for her in their hearts, yet there is a baseness there of self. What this selfish patriotism, unchecked will lead to is seen in the present war. The French think only of France, Russians only of Russia, Germans only of Germany, and English only of England and in their fierce hatred, they are doing their very best to make Americans think only of America.

Which is the nobler inspiration, which evinces the loftier patriotism, supremacy in war or the art of destruction, with hundreds of millions of our wealth locked up in ships, forts and arsenals and thousands of men withdrawn from the peaceful pursuits to man these instruments of death, or supremacy in industry, in trade, in science, in art, in education, in literature, with health, wealth and happiness for all our people and, because we have charity for all and malice toward none, enjoying the good will and friendship of all the world?

"Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength but it is tyrannous to use it as a giant."

The true patriot must lay aside the selfish interests of his own country and place uppermost the interests of humanity. The true patriot says "My country when she is right and when she is wrong my life to set her right." The true patriot must be loyal to right every where against wrong anywhere. When the actions or demands of his country conflict with the rights of humanity, he must stand for humanity. True patriotism puts into government "I am my brother's keeper" and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Above all nations is humanity," said Elihu Burritt.

And thus it comes to pass that patriotism is not something afar off that concerned our fathers forty or fifty years

ago, but a duty and a virtue which comes very near to us. The best patriot is the man who cares not only for his own country but for all men in all countries as well. The greatest men have worked for men every where just because they were men. The man who has this wide and deep love for human beings in him is not very often found to be a man who wants to stir up war. Wyckliffe, the great teacher, John Howard, the prison reformer, Abraham Lincoln, William Lloyd Garrison, Jane Addams, Billy Sunday, Henry Ford, and all those who have tried to make the world a better place to live in, have been true patriots.

But do not think these patriots want less of that fine quality we call courage. They need more courage because their greatest deeds are not wrought when everyone around them is in a state of excitement. Sometimes their work has to be done when they are alone and when it is more difficult than on a field of battle.

If we are true Americans we ought to say, "I want to serve America. I want to be allowed to help all the people who are trying to make America as great a

country as possible. But I am a human being before I am an American and I will not kill Japanese or Germans that Americans can be selfishly advanced."

What the country needs is veneration for the flag which stirs the heart rather than moves the tongue; love of country which honors its greatness more than its bigness, and talks of its responsibilities rather than its achievements and a thought of its mission large enough to hold it in brotherly relations with all other peoples. The evidence of love is found in deeds, not words.

Let America oppress the weak, raise her flag, where and when she has no right, have "America first" as her motto no matter who may suffer and she will have plenty of Philip Nolans. But let America give men justice, freedom and equal treatment before the laws, let her stars and stripes stand for honor and purity, let her fight for justice against injustice wherever injustice attacks justice and America will not lack for true patriots. Then America will be honored far and near, her lamp shall shine like the sun, not because she is powerful but because she is upright and free.

Romance of An Old Fashioned Dress

By Lucile Blackmore

The clock struck five. Soft, low, warm voices floated through the pretty chinz-lined room. "It's the loveliest dress, Rose," cried Myra, "I never saw it but once. But now I must go. Good-bye, I hope you will go and have a beautiful time—a beautiful time,"—the chanting voice floated upward as she descended the stairs.

"Five o'clock, Oh goodness! And I promised Aunt Bessie to help her. What will she think?" Mrs. McIvar, picking up an open letter from the floor crushed it in her pocket. Having tied a pretty lace scarf over her shoulders she smoothed back her hair with the blue flower in it, for she had always noticed a deeper tenderness in Richard's tired, dark eyes when she went to meet him with a blue flower in her hair.

"O, Aunt Bessie I forgot, I quite for-

got!" cried Rose as she entered the dining room.

The table was already beautifully arranged with blue china, old silver and a slender vase of pink roses. "Eliza helped me. I got along very well," said a tall, silvery-haired woman, who stood by the sideboard arranging the glass-ware.

It was all she said, but the quiet voice and averted face made Rose turn cold. At that instant hearing footsteps in the hall she cried, "It is Richard! O, Auntie, Richard is come!" And the young wife ran to meet him, but her feet felt heavy. It was something that Richard smiled and touched the blue flower in her hair.

Later amid the dinner and cheerful talk a star or two came out in Rose's sky.

"You don't mind Richard? You

don't mind if I go? I'm sure you won't miss me you are so busy."

Mr. McIvar was walking thoughtfully up and down the garden path when Rose came down and read her letter to him telling him what she wished to do. Drawing her hand through his arm he listened silently as they walked in the cool autumn night.

"You won't mind if I go, Richard?"

Richard lifted himself a little from his bent attitude and looked about him. Rose was silent; she realized now more than ever how alien his mood was to hers.

"Sometimes I wonder my Rose," he began, "if you realize how dear all this is to me—the sweet silence, the home after all the worries of business, after the strife, the feuds, the hate of rivals. But I've won! The prize is mine tonight. I've won it!" He turned to look at the beautiful face pressed close to his shoulder. "So you wish to go away, Rose? You wish to go where, to New York?"

"Aunt Marion urges it," said Rose almost humbly. "You know I have not been down there since—since we were married, Richard. Auntie says they want me for a few weeks in my old place."

"Will you go at once?" asked Richard. "Well I am going away too so there will be nothing to keep you."

"Going away, Richard; you going away?" The young wife's heart leaped; the flush deepened in her cheek. If only he would ask her to go with him.

He was speaking, "Ah, yes, you may go any time, any day, but you must not stay out here any longer in this chill air."

He led her up the steps into the softly lighted hall. Hesitating for a moment she saw Richard putting something into the leaves of his notebook.

"Good-night Richard," her voice trailed off wistfully.

"Good-night, Rose," was the calm reply.

At last! At last all the joy of the old life of luxury came back again as Aunt Marion, a large, handsome

matron took Rose's two hands in hers with warmest welcome. "Yes, you are changed,—not quite such rosy cheeks, and—shall I speak it boldly,—just a little rustic, but we'll soon do away with that."

Then kissing her niece on both cheeks she said, "Maurice Fenwick has come back handsome and wilder than ever. He is coming here this evening. You won't mind now that you are married."

Rose felt her heart leap; a sudden sense of temptation to come made her feel weak. "I wish—" she began hurriedly.

"You wish what; that you had married a rich man?"

"I wish Maurice wouldn't come," said Rose.

"Nonsense. He has been off, Heaven knows where, the last two years. There will be theatre parties, a dance Thursday evening and then—"

"I've forgotten all my dancing, Aunt Marion," said Rose laughing.

"Nonsense, you will remember it quick enough once you hear the music and have a good partner. You ought to hear Percival play the Faust Waltzes. I hope you brought some pretty dresses."

"Dresses, O I don't know," said Rose blushing. "My husband is not rich you know and he has many expenses. But he will be rich now," she continued, remembering the conversation in the garden when her husband, had said, "I have won the prize."

Later Rose was turning out some dresses at which Mrs. Clifford gazed in scorn, when all at once she gave a little scream of surprise. "Why what have you there, child?"

Rose held up a dress of antique satin of heaviest, purest texture, white once but now mellowing into faint creamy age and embroidered with clusters of softest, richest, deep-colored purple heliotrope blossoms.

"Good heavens, child! Where did you get it?"

"Aunt Bessie gave it to me the night before I came away," said Rose simply. "It was her mother's dress."

"There is nothing like it in New

York and you won't have to alter it any. That short, round waist is all the style and look at those bows of pale ribbon and that lace puffed and frilled. Have you just stepped out of a picture frame in some old tapestried room, *Madame La Maquise*?"

Nothing would do but that she try it on then and there. But she did so reluctantly for she seemed to see Aunt Bessie's sad and tender face as she had brought her the offering saying, "It was my mother's dress. I am too old to wear it. For Richard's—my boy's sake—I give it to you. Wear it, dear, and be blessed as my mother was blessed."

Rose collecting her thoughts, found Mrs. Clifford pulling her into her boudoir where a long mirror reached from floor to ceiling. "O, how lovely," she was saying. "You must wear the dress Thursday evening."

Hearing a step upon the stair Mrs. Clifford turned to utter a surprised cry, "Maurice! Are you here? Rose! Here is Rose too, Maurice."

Rose turned her face, pale at first, but blushing now. "I'll remember Aunt Bessie's words," she thought as Maurice came closer. His brow quivered a little under the heavy hair and the old quick glance, the old sure words of devotion came too markedly for Rose's good as he said with courtly bow, "I greet the *Heliotrope Beauty*."

Thereafter her picture was shown in the shop windows, her praises were sung in the society journals and the presence of the *Heliotrope Beauty* was desired everywhere. For a little while Rose found life sweet. Then she began to be afraid for Maurice Fenwick came too near.

In reply to an invitation he would say, "Will Rose—Mrs. McIvar, be there? Then of course I shall come," or "Rose is not to be present! Then why should I come if she stays away?" To Rose it was poisonously sweet. Other men fell back from her side when Maurice Fenwick came up as if he had sole right.

One evening after a great dinner at a crowded reception a noble, white

haired lady came up and spoke to Rose. "You will forgive a stranger if she takes a liberty?" asked the sweet-voiced woman. "I have heard many speak of you. My children have your picture. You are very beautiful, my dear, but I hope all this flattery will not spoil you and make you forget that life has many stern duties."

"I know—I know," cried Rose impulsively, "I know this cannot last, I will remember what you say," and tears came into the soft lovely eyes.

"You will not be offended?"

"Offended!" Rose took the speaker's wrinkled hand and pressed it to her cheek. "I like to hear you speak so," she murmured, "you help me in what I most wish to be."

"I am glad of that, my dear and now I wish to introduce a friend to you. He is here in the city to receive some honor and reward for great discoveries he has made in science. He is going abroad soon to represent our governor at one of the proudest, most aristocratic courts of Europe."

Rose waited while she stepped aside. Presently some one touched her arm. "My dear, let me present to you this dear friend of mine." Rose looking up exclaimed, "Richard," and clasped her hands with the old childish gesture. Richard bowed low so that whatever expression his face wore was hidden. Someone called the old lady's attention and in a moment Rose's hand was under Richard's arm.

"How are you?" he asked bending toward her. "Are you frightened little one? You must not be frightened now with me."

O, the comfort to Rose of having him near, of feeling his touch. "Are you angry with me, Richard? O, how glad I am to have you here," Rose almost sobbed.

"Angry with you, Rose? Angry with you, my Rose?" he exclaimed with a smile in his dark eyes.

His voice was enough—yet not enough. Her vain little heart was too fond of others' praise perhaps, but it was filled with love and devotion to Richard to life's far end.

"My Rose, my sweet, little Rose, how shyly you look at me. I am glad to have you with me once more."

"How good you are to me Richard, Richard I have been good," she said as she clasped his arm. "My heart has been good, Richard, it has!"

He smiled as he touched the little hand on his arm. Had he doubted her—he? They passed out of the crowded parlor into a high-roofed hall. The scent of flowers was everywhere. A few people were walking about admiring the gorgeous scene.

Rose looked up as Richard stepped aside a moment. The lofty dome was heavy with ornamentation. It looked as if—ah! Heaven! what was that? From above the table a huge mass of metal, flaming lights, glass and bronze and death dealing fire came crashing down.

Rose gave one quick gasp as she sprang and caught Richard. Thus they went down together. In the midst of her pain she dimly felt that she was losing her clasp on Richard's motionless body.

"No! No!" she moaned. "Don't take him away," Then she heard a voice saying, "dead, quite dead."

One day when she was able to sit up a little they came to her asking softly if she could bear a little surprise,

just a little shock of joy. But Rose shook her head and turning her face to the pillow shed a few, slow, feeble tears.

Someone came across the porch with a slow step, someone looking thin and worn, large-eyed and quite as if just risen from a great sickness. Rose clapped her hands. "Richard," she whispered, "you have not forgotten me in that other life. But say you forgive me. Say you love me once more before you go away into the darkness.

"Rose, my Rose!" He stretched out hands of life to touch her. "Did you think me dead, Rose?"

Heaven and earth seemed to disappear as these two in each other's arms fled upward from height to height of supremest joy and love content.

"Thank God, O let us thank him," she whispered and they knelt in the shadows.

Days after that when Richard's love and presence had made her strong enough, Rose asked, "who was it that died that night? Who was it Richard?"

Richard pressed her face to his shoulder with a tender pity in his voice as he answered, "It was Maurice Fenwick."

Not Salary But Opportunity

By Helen Byrer, '16

My brother's welfare as well as mine
God always has in thought
And love for all is the plan divine
In the Master's lesson taught.

The characters in history that exert the greatest fascination over us are not those of eminent statesmen or scientists, but those who have been distinguished for their philanthropy. We see in them a dignity that is unique.

Too many of us are blinded by money. In our vain attempt to get higher and higher salaries we sacrifice our opportunities. We are like the rich neighbor that Walton describes when he says: "I have a rich neighbor

who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money that he may still get more money. He is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich,' and it is true indeed, but he considers not that 'tis not in the power of riches to make a man happy, for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, that there are as many miseries beyond riches as there are this side of them. We do not possess the happy state of mind in which we can say, 'I have enough.' We forget that honors are silly toys, titles

but empty names, and that sorrow dwells beneath a king's robe as much as beneath a peasant's frock."

If we live for our own selfish gratification, indifferent to the rights and woes of others, if we surrender ourselves to a covetous spirit, living poor that we may die rich—as we sow, we reap. The things we lived to enjoy cease to gratify, and our noblest sentiments are buried amid the rubbish of our own sordidness. Broken hearts, ruined fortunes, disappointed wishes, soured tempers, infamy and shame are usually the rewards of those who seek for wealth.

It is our pride that causes us to seek for riches, to fix our eyes upon those who are richer than ourselves; it is the humor of mankind to be always looking forward and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honor. After all, that is the motive for seeking wealth, merely to be a superior. The man dominated by pride is the most pitiable of objects, for his pride of wealth may be smitten down by an unexpected turn of the ever revolving wheel of fortune.

I do not say we should not be ambitious, for we should strive for the highest material gain. But it should be the ambition of us all to be useful, not narrow or selfish. The difference between one man who lives a useful life and another who lives a useless life is simply this, the one improves his opportunities for doing good and making others happy, while he ministers to his own well being, and the other lives only for himself. Life is but brief, it comes but once to each of us, yet it is full of opportunities for usefulness. Opportunities are the golden spots of time, like the pearl in the oyster shell, of much more value than the shell that contains it.

Every man is given a chance in life. Our opportunities correspond to our position, our means, our ability. God expects from no man what He has not given him power to do. You remember perhaps the legend of mediæval time of the young maiden, who, one evening as the twilight was falling, rowed out in a skiff on the lake which

lay before her father's castle. As the dreamy twilight descended she fell asleep and while she slept the string of her beautiful pearl necklace broke and, one by one, the precious gems dropped into the still waters of the lake, till when she awoke she found that her gems were gone forever. How many of us have allowed ourselves to slip easily along while we slumbered, unaware of or unheeding the golden opportunities which were slipping away forever as the moments sped. There are some opportunities that we cannot create, we must take them when God gives them or never. The man who lets them slip is pronounced a fool. The historian writes concerning Hannibal that when he could have taken Rome he would not, and when he would he could not. Wonderful is the intelligence with which we can perceive the value of anything we have lost. The collector of household treasures may see in a shop window a little bit of china, a picture, or a quaint old volume which he intends to bargain for some day when he shall have more leisure, so he passes it a hundred times, indifferent to its merits. But he discovers some day that it is gone, and then in a moment the doubtful shepherdess becomes the rarest old china, the dirty looking bit of landscape an undeniable masterpiece, the quaintly bound book, a choice selection. The thing is lost, and we regret it for all that it might have been, and there are no bounds to the extravagance we would commit to regain the chance of possessing it. Demonth said, "They who misuse their opportunities forget even the good which the gods send them."

The ant provideth her food in the summer. How wise. How well. No year has two Junes. May never comes twice in the same year. The ant without guide, overseer, or ruler, knows this and makes the most of it. As every life has a summer, so every life has a winter. Summer and harvest are proper seasons of actions, opportunities for armies to take the field. The winter which follows is not a fit season for action. It is an awful thing

for people to think that the whole year will be summer, that one day will be as advantageous as another. When the harvest is ripe the reaper must take down his sickle and toil at the ingathering of the grain if he would have bread to eat in the days of winter. The fisherman must spread his net in the season when the fish are abundant and watch his opportunity to catch the passing school. There are things which cannot be done at any time, but the opportune time must be laid hold of and improved. It is wonderful how the door of opportunity swings back in life, it is even more wonderful how it swings back again as if to declare that mercy is not to be trifled with.

Then when we see opportunities let us not keep ourselves in reserve for some stupendous occasion. There is not a moment without a duty; wherever people are found it is possible for us to do good. Long ago was the command given, "Bear ye one another's burdens." We must raise up the fallen, bear the infirmities of the weak, bear one another's trials. This metaphor is taken from travellers who used to ease one another by carrying one another's burdens, wholly or in part, so that they might more cheerfully and speedily go on in their journey. As in architecture all stones are not fit to be laid in every place of the building, but some below and others above the wall, so that the whole building may be firm and compact in itself, so in society the strong are to support the weak, and the weak the strong. The difference between man and beast is that the beast has forethought only for himself, but the man has forethought for others also. We touch only a few persons, but each of these comes in contact with others, and thus the good deeds we may do pass along. Good work done by many hands is better than the extended philanthropy of an individual, for what is this but the effort of one man to make amends for the neglect of a thousand.

In a city of Switzerland, it was the custom to have all the clocks of the city an hour ahead of time for this

reason: Once any enemy was moving upon the city and their strategem was to take the city at twelve o'clock, but the cathedral clock struck one instead of twelve and so the enemy thought that they were too late, and gave up the assault. So the city was saved. Thus, instead of putting our duties off until a later time, let us follow their example and turn our clocks ahead of time. He who is wise to see and prompt to act when the opportunity is presented will win success and honor. Not to do the plainly revealed duty of the moment is to entail weakness, disappointment and suffering. We shall be punished for the good we neglect as well as for the evil we do.

'Tis but a little thing

To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by
fevered lips,

May give a shock of pleasure to the
frame

More exquisite than when nectarean
juice

Renews the life of joy in happier
hours;

It is a little thing to speak a phrase

Of common comfort, which by daily
use

Has almost lost its sense, yet on the
ear

Of him who thought to die unmourned
'twill fall

Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears, relax the knotted
hand

To know the bonds of fellowship again
To know that another of the dread
family is near and feels.

Let us then seek for greater strength, that there may be no shrinking of duty, no shamefacedness, no wavering. If we aim at the elevation of ourselves and others, if we seek to act on the highest level of righteousness and truth, if we are diligent, unwearied, and persistent in well doing, then in due season we shall reap the harvest, reap it in a heightened and expansive nobility of character, in an intensified and enlarged capacity for doing good, and in the eternal enrichment of the divine plaudit, "WELL DONE."

THE OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

Established 1890

Incorporated 1890

Published the middle of each month in the interest of Otterbein University, by
THE PHILOPHRONEAN PUBLISHING CO.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

R. H. Brane, Pres.	G. L. Glauner, Sec'y.	E. H. Dailey, Treas.
J. W. Funk	T. B. Brown	E. L. Baxter
J. M. Shumaker	S. C. Ross	C. D. LaRue

Entered at the post-office, Westerville, O., as second-class mail matter.
Price, 10c per copy, 75c per year, payable in advance.

Subscription and change of address should be sent to the Circulation Manager;
advertisements, etc., to the Business Manager.

Contributions and Items of general interest are requested by the Editor from all students,
alumni and friends of Otterbein.

Stanley C. Ross, '16	Editor-in-Chief
Joseph O. Todd, '17	Associate

F. J. Vance, '16 Local	J. M. Shumaker, '16 Business Manager
F. E. Sanders, '16 Athletics	E. R. Turner, '17 Assistant
J. S. Goughenour, '16 Alumna	W. K. Bingham, '18 Assistant
R. L. Roose, '18 Association	R. G. Kiracofe, '19 Assistant
K. P. Mase, '18 Forensic	T. B. Brown, '18 Circulation Manager
V. L. Phillips, '17 Exchange	R. F. Peden, '19 Assistant

THE COLLEGE AND THE NATION.

Our nation was founded by men, among whom the trained mind occupied less of a place than it does among our modern race. If we count as education only that training which comes from within the college walls, then few of our nation's fathers were educated. But if we count that man educated who knows how to live so that his life may be of the greatest benefit to his fellow-man, then we can safely say that those men who "brought forth upon this continent a new nation," were educated in the highest degree. Following these men, however, there has sprung up a class of officeholders, some with and some without education, who are, nevertheless, uneducated. They have had corrupt administrations; they have exploited the poor; they have broken their oaths, and in the meantime have so entrenched themselves in their political strongholds as to be well nigh unconquerable. College men, some of them. Graduates of our proudest institutions of learning. Small wonder, then, that with such representation the college is none too popular in some circles. It would seem but natural that the laboring man should hate that institution which trains his oppressor.

A college man has within him the accumulated knowledge of the ages. Powerful as he has shown himself in our national life for evil, he has given evidence, too, of the good inherent in him. During the last twenty years there have come from our medical schools thousands whose lives have been dedicated to the relieving of suffering. Those men are nameless; their works alone are known. Equal thousands have gone forth to the ministry, to the law, to business, to all the professions, and these, too, are nameless. But, during the last twenty years, only one college man has succeeded honestly in the noblest field this nation presents to her sons. Surely no greater field of opportunity can exist, than that of caring for and guiding the nation. Though a man be president of the nation or dog-catcher of Westerville, he has the opportunity of contributing his mite or abundance to the raising or

lowering of the ideals of his country. So far the contribution of the college man, with but one exception, has been negative. That exception is Woodrow Wilson. In three short years he has done much to erase the stain of the college man's indifference to his nation. He has dispelled the notion of the inefficiency of the college professor in practical fields. In the remaining five years during which he will hold office he will do more to raise the standard of the college man in the nation. But one man, no matter how great, nor how much of a statesman he may be, can in no wise lift the disgrace of years of neglect, on the part of the college man, of the affairs of the nation. That is the problem of the men who are now in college. Men, if you will not do so for the sake of the nation, or for your own sake, then for the name of the college that calls you son, bear your share of the burdens of this country, and show the world that a college education can make a man, and not an imitation.

OUR STRENGTH.

When Mohammed, having commanded the mountain to come to him, found himself disobeyed, he went to the mountain. As man counts success in this world, Mohammed was successful in life, and it would seem that some of the things in his life which made for success can be traced in this incident. When things came not to him, he went to them. In other words, he worked for what he received.

Otterbein was founded in 1847 upon little else than faith and prayer. It stands in 1915 second to no college in the country. Those intervening years represent toil, effort, and worry. Our college has received nothing for which she did not work, and nothing that she did not richly deserve. There is not a dollar in her endowment which does not represent toil. Those who have supported this institution have done so, for the most part, only at enormous sacrifice. Today we stand on a relatively firm basis, with just pride in a success which came only as a result of effort.

Not alone has this spirit of effort been manifest among the supporters of the college, but it has transmitted itself from them to the student body. Many times has an energetic corps of students secured for itself things which the University was in no position to give. The most notable of these achievements was the Association building, which is almost entirely the result of the efforts of the student body. Lately we have had the Athletic field given by the class of 1913. It has since that time been placed in condition for use almost entirely through the efforts of the student body. To cap the climax, a grandstand has been constructed almost wholly by volunteer labor coming from the student body and the faculty. As overseer of the work and himself a ceaseless worker on the structure, the student body owes a debt of gratitude to Professor Rosselot for their new grandstand.

To those who inquire for the reason for Otterbein's firm footing, and for her honored and respected place among colleges, accomplishments like the above are the answer. May this spirit of effort never cease to be a part of Old Otterbein.

OTTERBEIN UBER ALLES

For the past decade the dream of "Prexy" and the Faculty has been a "Greater Otterbein." To this end they have sacrificed and toiled incessantly; and in a measure they have laid the foundation upon which they hope to see their dreams materialized. Otterbein is in a good healthy condition, and it is natural to expect her to grow and develop into a greater institution.

However, as an institution, our needs are many. A large Gym, near the new athletic field, a new Science hall, with modern equipment, and improved Chapel and Y. M. C. A. buildings, would all add much in making Otterbein a more attractive school. But an institution to be great must have

more than fine equipment, for, after all, the faculty and student body determine the character of the school and, traced to its final analysis, Principle, Disposition and Spirit are the things that build up or tear down any institution. And progress is measured by the Kind of spirit, disposition or principle manifested.

Experience has taught men and nations that an enemy within is more to be feared than a foe without. Germany has realized this, and out of many small factions, clans and states has formed a gigantic nation, with its spirit embodied in a national song, "Deutschland Über Alles." Tradition tells us that in ages past that our Old Otterbein was divided into several clicks, clans and factions. Then, they tell us, Society spirit was predominant, and on the Athletic field you would hear Hurrah for Philophronea, or Philomathea, instead of Yea Otterbein! To those who have recently entered school this may seem strange, for since the beginning of the school year 1915 Otterbein has been above every interest.

Dare we predict that Otterbein has passed through her dark ages in this respect? Are we entering upon a new era in which the slogan shall be "OTTERBEIN ÜBER ALLES?" Here's hoping.



FOOTBALL

Otterbein 12—South High 0

The Cardinal and Tan opened her season this year on her own field, and "pulled out" a victory by defeating the South High team by the score of 12 to 0. It was a hard-fought game from start to finish, and aside from the many fumbles, Otterbein made a fair appearance for the first game. Our team thruout the entire scrimmage showed lack of experience and head-work. At many times the interference was poor and fumbles were frequent, but all this was to be expected with so little previous practice.

South High came up with a strong team and were accompanied by a good, loyal rooting squad, which kept the grandstand in an uproar the entire time. South's team, altho much lighter than Otterbein's, played a hard, consistent game thruout and many times were plugging our line for good gains, but all in va'n.

For Otterbein, Lingrel was the best

ground-gainer and many times he made first downs by bucking South's line for six or ten yards at a time, and had the honor of making the first touch-down of the season. Huber also made many pretty gains. Schnake showed up well also and made a pretty catch of a thirty yard forward-pass just at the end of the first half. First half ended in Otterbein's favor by the score of 6 to 0.

In the second half Otterbein lost a great deal of ground by penalties, and often times was going for certain touchdowns, when costly fumbles occurred. In the last quarter, on South's ten yard line, "Ling" took the ball across for the second and last touch-down. As both goal-kicks failed the final score stood 12 to 0.

Taken all in all, this was a splendid opener for the team. Captain Lingrel was "on deck" at all times, tearing off from eight to twenty yards whenever called upon. He is quick and speedy, and in an open field, he lays a good many low, with that terrible straight

arm of his, before he is finally tackled.

The line averaging 170 pounds is especially of good material this year, and very few gains are made thru this stone wall.

SUMMARY

Otterbein (12)		South (0)
Miller	r.e.	Robinson
Counsellor	r.t.	Cannon
Walters	r.g.	Jackson
Booth	c.	S. Keaton
Bale	l.g.	Mangold
Higelmire	l. t.	Gockenbach
Peden	l.e.	Thornton
Ream	q.b.	Bonowitz
Neally	r.h.	Senfer
Lingrel (c)	l.h.	Smallwood
Huber	f.b.	Smith (c)

Touchdowns—Lingrel 2.

Substitutions—Otterbein: Schnake for Miller; Miller for Schnake; Schnake for Miller; Gilbert for Ream; Ream for Neally. South: Feldman for Thornton; Laicher for Cannon; Sherman for Bonowitz. Referee—Creveling, Columbus Athletic Club. Umpire—MacDonald of South High. Head Linesman—Altman of Otterbein. Time of Quarters—10 minutes.

KENYON 12—O. U. 6

Otterbein lost a hard-fought game on our own field to Kenyon on Oct. 2. Kenyon has been a rival for years and we hoped to capture their scalps by having them on our own gridiron this season, but luck was against us. It was an ideal day and there was plenty of "pep" and fight thruout the game.

Both teams played straight football the first quarter, but neither side made many gains and considerable punting was the result. With only a few seconds to play in the first half, Kenyon's quarterback, Shafer, intercepted a forward pass and was tackled when only a few yards from our goal line. On the fourth down Schoffsball received a short pass and fell over the line for Kenyon's first touchdown.

There was no more scoring until the fourth quarter, when Walters by a sensational catch, snatched the ball in mid-air and rolled over Kenyon's goal for a touchdown. With the failure to kick goal, the score stood 6 to 6. Every-

thing now looked good for another touchdown. Our backfield was making good gains thru Kenyon's line and around her ends. But something very unexpected happened. Schnake was called upon to make a forward pass, which was intercepted by Kenyon's big fullback, Olenberg, who made a 20 yard run for a touchdown. The half soon ended, making the final score of 12 to 6 in Kenyon's favor.

It was a fast well-played game thruout. The Kenyon team at all times was fast and full of fight. Otterbein outplayed Kenyon in many ways, and our defeat is due to a great extent to our poor and uncertain tackling.

Otterbein (6)

Kenyon (12)

Peden	r.e.	Kinder
Higelmire	r.t.	Williams
Mase	r.g.	Steinfeld
Booth	c.	Zeman
Walters	l.g.	Van Vorhiss
Neally	l.e.	Ader
Ream	q.	Shafer
Lingrel	l.h.	Goldberach
Huber	f.b.	Olenburg
Barnhart	r.h.	Lowry

Substitutions—Otterbein: Miller for Neally; Neally for Barnhart; Schnake for Miller; Gilbert for Ream. Kenyon: Schoffsball for Golberach.

Touchdowns—Kenyon, Schoffsball, Olenburg. Otterbein, Walters.

Umpire—Hoyer, O. S. U. Referee—Lambert, O. S. U. Head linesman—Dr. Gantz, Otterbein. Time of Quarters—15 minutes.

OTTERBEIN 0—MARIETTA 27.

On Oct. 9 Otterbein's warriors "stacked up" against one of the hardest teams in the state. The team left Friday morning and arrived in Marietta Friday evening, thus having plenty of time for a good rest for Saturday's game. The day was ideal and the boys were in fine spirits, but Coach Drumm's machine was too much for them. Marietta's team was especially strong on the offensive, but the forward pass, with which she has been so successful in the past two years against Otterbein, was easily broken up. The Cardinal and Tan suffered much from heavy penalties which were at many

times unjustly thrust upon us. Marietta made their first touchdown in the first quarter in about six minutes of play. In the second quarter Hayes bucked the line for the second tally after which he kicked goal. Another count was made in this quarter by Turnbull, who picked up a fumble and ran for twenty yards for the third touchdown. The last touchdown was made in the third quarter, totaling four touchdowns and three goal-kicks.

For Otterbein, Lingrel and Gilbert were the shining lights, while Meister and Turnbull seemed to be the stars for Marietta.

SUMMARY

Marietta (27)		Otterbein (0)
Sutton (c)	l.e.	Peden
Turnbull	l.t.	Higelmire
Williams	l.g.	Mase
Miller	c.	Booth
Wikstrom	r.g.	Walters
Aumond	r.t.	Counsellor
McIntyre	r.e.	Schnake
Hayes	q.b.	Gilbert
C. Freshour	l.h.	Lingrel (c)
D. Whiting	r.h.	Ream
Meister	f.b.	Huber

Touchdowns: Hayes, Meister, Turnbull, Pond.

Goals from touchdowns: Hayes 3.

Substitutions: Otterbein, Sholty for Mase. Marietta, Richardson for D. Whiting; Artman for Williams; Whiston for Wikstorm; Reinmun for Whiston; Dawes for McIntyre; E. Freshour for Wikstorm; Nye for Sutton; Hart for Pond; Pond for Meister.

Referee—Jones of Denison. Umpire—Allman of Western Reserve. Head linesman—Hinman of Marietta.

Varsity vs. Seconds

Considerable interest has been created lately in local football circles

by the playing of regular scheduled games between the Varsity and the Seconds. Two such scrimmages have already occurred, and we hope that the proposal of playing one of these games each week will be carried out. It is not only a stimulus to the players, but also to the boosters of the team. The first of these games occurred on Oct. 6th, as a good practice for the Marietta game. The "Scrubs" put up a good fight the entire time, and at times showed some genuine football "stuff." Especially were the Seconds good in breaking up forward passes and in their tackling. At the latter art, Bingham and Brown were the best.

The Varsity, altho at times a good many weak spots were uncovered, made a good appearance and secured 37 points in the 40 minutes' time. Lingrel and Huber hit the Seconds' line hard for good gains. Gilbert, at quarter, played his position in great style, displaying plenty of nerve and real football ability. Peden also made good on the triple pass, and secured three touchdowns.

Lingrel made the longest run for the Varsity, when he covered 65 yards for one of his touchdowns. For the Seconds, Oppelt broke loose on a clear field, after intercepting a forward pass, but slipped down at the end of his fortieth yard, only to be trounced upon by Huber, who was close on his heels. However small their end of the score may be, the Seconds are to be commended for holding a heavier and much more experienced team to so low a score.

Score: Varsity, 37; Seconds, 0.

Touchdowns—Peden 3, Ream 1, Lingrel 2. Referee—Martin. Umpire—Altman. Time of quarters—10 minutes



LOCAL EVENTS.

"CLASS DAY SCRAP"

Monday, Sept. 27, was a day long to be remembered by every student in Otterbein. This was the day set aside for the contests between the Freshman and Sophomore classes. At 10 o'clock the running contest took place. The two-mile square north of town was used as a track and the Sophomores came off victorious. Owing to the recent rains, the road was somewhat muddy, but the square was made in the comparatively short time of about ten minutes.

At 1 o'clock, a large crowd gathered on the bridge on West Main Street to witness the "tug-of-war." The first rope was not long enough and a chain, which was then tried, broke. A rope that was both long enough and strong enough was finally secured and the "tug" began. The Sophomores were relentlessly drawn into the chilly waters and many of them swept off their feet.

The third event was made doubly interesting on account of the fact that the score was tied. The tie-up took place at 4 o'clock on the athletic field. Each man was given a rope and the class which succeeded in tying up the largest number of the other classes' men in 30 minutes was to win. But in 8 minutes, every Sophomore was either tied up or carried off of the field. Thus the day was won by the Freshmen.

The manner in which the events of "scrap day" were carried out and the square deal which was given to each class, is due in a large measure, to the careful supervision of President Clip-penger.

CLASS PUSHES

The defeat given the Sophomores on "Scrap Day" did not dull their ardor in the least, for on that same evening, they loaded themselves on wagons and rode to Worthington where they enjoyed a royal good time. Games and

songs furnished the chief means of entertainment aside from the bounteous supper which was served.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 5, about seventy Freshmen made their way to Devil's Half Acre, where a lively evening was spent. Frankfurters were roasted over a log fire and sandwiches, hot coffee, pickles and ice cream were served. After the "eats," short speeches, yells and songs made the evening interesting. All agreed that they had had a very jolly time.

On account of rain, the Junior push, which was to have been held at Round Stone Hollow, was held in the Gymnasium, on Monday, Oct. 4. Interesting games were played and fine eats were served.

The last few weeks have been rather taken up with "pushes." The last of the four College classes to hold their push were the Seniors. Like the Juniors, the Seniors went to the "gym" for their push which took place Monday evening Oct. 11. A large number of interesting games, both new and old-fashioned were played. The "eats" were exceedingly plentiful, and each did full justice to his share.

The student body has been especially favored by some excellent "chapel talks" by noted men, within the last week or two. Friday morning, Oct. 8, Rev. E. J. Pace, a missionary from the Philippines spoke in chapel. The theme of his talk was, "Be what you seem." "Do not live a lie."

On Monday morning, Oct. 11, Mr. F. E. Buckland, a noted lecturer, who has traveled extensively spoke to the students on the subject "City of Jerusalem."

Two distinguished men were present Tuesday morning, Bishop A. T. Howard and Dr. W. W. Ferrier, editor of the Pacific. Each favored the school with very helpful remarks.

Neva: "I was outspoken in my sentiments in English today."

Ruth: "I can't believe it! Who out-spoke you?"

FOOTBALL RALLY

The college spirit lying dormant at Otterbein, was suddenly brought to light and raised to the highest pitch, Wednesday night, Oct. 1, when the first athletic rally of the year took place. A long line of students led by the college band marched up College Ave. to State St., where the band played and songs and yells were given. They then marched to the chapel where the Seniors did their stunt. It was a very impressive wedding ceremony, in which Clifford Schnake, the bride and Don Weber, the groom, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Flossie Broughton. To the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March, the bridal party filed into the chapel. Helen Moses acted as maid-of-honor, Mary Pore bore the ring and Catherine Coblentz and Lela Shaw acted as flower girls. The whole ceremony was exceedingly impressive, and tears of sympathy for the grief-stricken parents streamed from the eyes of every onlooker.

H. D. Bercaw presided over the events of the evening. Speeches that were full of the Otterbein "pep" were made by Captain Lingrel, Coach Martin, Manager Glunt, Ruth Drury, Lydia Garver and H. B. Kline. An excellent football reading was ably rendered by Prof. Fritz. Songs and yells added much to the enthusiasm of the evening.

After the speeches in the chapel, all adjourned to the athletic field back of the College building, where a large bonfire was set to burning. Each of the other classes then, did its stunt. The Freshmen burned Kenyon in effigy, the Sophomores led a goat, bearing the motto "Get Kenyon's Goat," around the fire and the Juniors demonstrated how to get Kenyon.

This was one of the best athletic rallies Otterbein has seen for a long

time. Much spirit was aroused and we hope it will keep going.

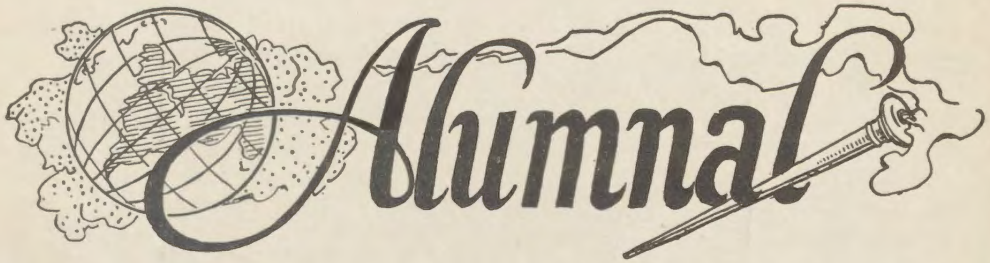
Wednesday morning, Oct. 6, Prof. Fritz of the Public Speaking department very ably conducted the chapel service in honor of James Whitcomb Riley. A short account of Riley's life was given and the following poems read: "Wet Weather Talk," "The Literary," "The Lecture Course," "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" and "The Poet of the Future."

"The Most Exciting Incident of My Life"

R. P. Ernsberger, '17

Once to every man and nation,
Comes a moment to decide,
In the fight 'twixt truth and falsehood,
On the good or evil side.

These words of Lowell, I had revolved over and over again in my mind, as we sat at the table, sipping our cups of tea. The sweet young maid opposite me was gay and full of laughter, while I was morose and thotful. For I knew by the love light in her eyes, she was soon to reach across the table, take my hand in both of hers, and whisper words of love, that would mean, I would have to decide. Eagerly yet loathingly did I await that moment, it came at last—when with a glowing smile she grasped my hand and asked me to pledge my life with hers, for "better or for worse." How my heart leaped within me. The little cry was stifled in my bosom, and I answered, "Oh! how sudden!" At this she arose and glided around the table, bent over me, and whispered in a voice of music, words I shall ne'er forget. With an irresistible power of magnetism she drew me to her, and with a feeling of wonder, and a catching of my breath, I felt my arm encircle her neck and as I drew her closer I heard a whisper, "Will you?" and with a flutter of my heart, I answered, "Yes." With her warm kisses falling upon my face like rain, and her prayers and in vocations of blessings upon me, I began to wonder—had I decided right.—(Portrayed for 1950.)



'14.

J. H. Hott, who is Secretary-Treasurer of Shenandoah Collegiate Institute at Dayton, Virginia, reports a very successful year. He is now engaged in re-organizing the Literary Societies with a view to greater efficiency.

'15.

J. C. Steiner, who is teaching Agriculture and Chemistry in Pandora High School, visited friends at Otterbein, October 7, 8, and 9. He is enjoying his work very much, but says that he often thinks of Otterbein. That is not surprising to the initiated.

'14.

Edwin Somers was married in August to Miss Luella Hilty, of Bluffton, O. The couple left soon after for Northern Illinois, where the groom is principal of a High School.

'15.

P. A. Garver, of Strasburg, entertained several members of the football team after their victorious contest with Wooster. "Phil" visited Westerville during the week of October 18.

'14.

E. C. Farver, who has received his Master's degree from the University of Illinois, is now teaching mathematics at Park College, Parkville, Missouri. He has a class of ninety in freshman mathematics besides classes in advanced work and astronomy.

'84.

Otterbein was represented at the inaugural ceremonies at Lafayette College on October 19 and 20 by Rev. Daniel E. Lorenz, Ph. D., D. D., pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, of New York. At this time President John Henry MacCracken, Ph. D. LL. D., was inaugurated. Just about one week be-

fore this time his brother was inaugurated as President of Vassar College. Our President Clippinger was present at the latter ceremonies.

'70, '94, '94.

Bishop Mathews will meet all the district superintendents of his conference on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 9 and 10 at Westerville. Following this, on Thursday Friday, Saturday and Sunday there will be a meeting of the Bishops and Bishops' Cabinet of the United Brethren Church. On Wednesday night there will be stereoptican lectures by Dr. W. R. Funk and Dr. John King on the United Brethren Publishing House, and Otterbein Home. On Thursday and Friday mornings, addresses will be delivered in Chapel by members of the Bishops' Cabinet. Other addresses will be given from time to time by visiting speakers, among whom will be Mrs. May Howard, '94.

'78.

Sunday October 10, Prof. T. J. Sanders had charge of the corner stone laying of the Fifth Avenue United Brethren Church at Columbus.

'77, '02.

Mrs. T. J. Sanders has just returned from a visit with her son, E. A. Sanders, of Jersey City, N. J.

'94.

Bishop A. T. Howard, who was on his return trip from the eastern Conference, led Chapel Thursday, October 13.

'83.

L. T. John, formerly pastor of a Congregational Church in Iowa, goes to York, Nebraska, to be the College pastor.

'03.

B. F. Cunningham, of Riverside, California, has been quarantined because of diphtheria in his family. His daughter has been seriously ill.

They are at present visiting friends and relatives at Anderson, Indiana.

'01.

Mrs. Sherman Lyke, formerly Miss Ethel Yates, is visiting Mr. W. A. Young and G. W. Stockdale, of Westerville.

'05.

Rev. E. J. Pace, missionary to the Philippines, had charge of the Annual Bible study rally. While in Westerville he preached and led chapel.

'09, '10.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Keister, report a daughter born October 8. Mrs. Keister was formerly Miss Myrtle Karg, Class of '10.

'78.

Dr. W. W. Ferrier, of Berkeley, Cal., visited former friends and classmates of Westerville. While here he gave a brief but very interesting talk in Chapel. Dr. Ferrier has been editor of "The Pacific," one of the leading Congregational papers, for the last eighteen years.

'15.

E. H. Nichols, of Jamestown, N. Y., recently returned to Westerville on a business trip. While here he visited friends and conducted Chapel. He reports a good beginning for his work.

'05, '07.

Rev. E. M. Hursh and wife (Miss Mary Lambert, Class of '07) have returned from Africa to the United States.



Y. M. C. A.

EFFECTS OF EUROPEAN WAR ON MEDICAL PROFESSION

A large attendance of members and friends of the Y. M. C. A. heard Dr. J. W. Funk, '06 speak on the above subject at the meeting of Sept. 30, 1915. The speaker brought out in his talk how the medical work was progressing. He told how liquor was being banished from all of Europe. The different diseases that were so common in other wars are now almost unknown, due to sanitation and vaccination. This war is causing much insanity, blindness, deafness, etc., but these cases are few when we consider the number of men involved in the war. The address was full of statistics. but they were presented in such a way as to be very interesting and every man left the building more thoughtful than when he entered.

BIBLE STUDY RALLY

Rev. E. J. Pace, of the Class of '05, spoke to a very large audience on the evening of Oct. 7, 1915.

The speaker took his text from the first verse of the "Gospel of the Devil" which reads as follows: "Look out for number one." This sin of selfishness might be called the only sin, and love—the only virtue. During his talk, Rev. Pace spoke very highly of Dr. Miller. He said that while he was in school his life was as wax, and Dr. Miller was the die. He brought out in a splendid illustration the fact that if a person wants religion for himself he must pray for others.

After this splendid address, many men enrolled in Bible Study Classes.

During the past week the Y. M. C. A. has been conducting a Whirlwind Membership Campaign which has been very successful. A few men have not signed up, but it is hoped that every man in Otterbein will belong to the Y. M. C. A. in a few days.

Y. M. C. A.
TIME.

Helen Ensor.....September 28.

When God planned the universe there was a time for everything and all was done in perfect harmony. Just

so may we regulate our days. If we talked less and concentrated more, we could save 50 per cent of our time. Most of us do not know how to study; to pick out the essential points in a lesson and fix them.

Although we all want to succeed in class work, the essential in college is for us to learn to live. The people who amount to much, who stand out clearest in our memory, are those who had time for Y. W. C. A., for Sunday school and church services and for their literary societies. So it behooves us to know when we are going to do a thing how to do it and then to get it done.

POPULARITY.

Janet Gilbert.....October 5.

Popularity is a word we often use without considering the diversity of its meaning. The popularity that is the false worship of the world we would not wish. But some have not the courage to stand still when the crowd moves on or to move on when the crowd stands still.

Christ was both popular and unpopular. So is anyone who does much. To be popular as Christ was popular means service for God, and that means 'appiness in our hearts.

GETTING AND GIVING.

Miss Alma Guitner.....October 12

College girls are so richly blessed that it is for them to stand behind the women in Y. W. C. A. work, those who are carrying Christ to the girls in the shops and factories of our cities and to those in pagan lands.

For such work we should give cheerfully, not grudgingly. If we have taken stock in Christ's kingdom, surely we are interested in the outcome.



Miss Bessie Keck and Miss Humphrey, teachers in Van Buren High School, were dinner guests of Cleo Garberich, Sept. 26.

Hazel Beard entertained Miss Doris

Simmons of Freemansburg, W. Va., for the week-end.

A sumptuous spread was enjoyed in Alice Hall's room, honoring Mrs. Fries, who visited her daughter Ruth for several days.

With open arms, all welcomed back Misses Helen Eldrige, Ruth Koontz, Dorothy Gilbert and Tillie Mayne for the week-end.

Estella Reese and her guest, Miss Rhoda Bässinger of Pandora, enjoyed the hospitality of Professor and Mrs. Altman, Oct. 8.

Mrs. Clements and members of the Dutch House entertained with a four-course dinner Saturday evening, Oct. 9, for the pleasure of Mr. J. C. Steiner. Several girls from the Hall were present.

Mrs. Carey entertained Mrs. Noble and little daughter at Sunday dinner, Oct. 10. Other guests were Messrs. Calvin Steiner, Carl Gifford, Homer Kline, Rodney Huber and Floyd McClure.

Miss Irene Weaver of Grant Hospital, Columbus, O., was a guest of Mae Baker Sunday evening.

Helen McDermott (carefully inspecting a lubricous, gummy substance), "What kind of jelly is this?" Edna Miller, "La Pages, I guess."

Mr. Waldo Suter of Bluffton College visited in Westerville for several days, assisting Stella Reese to make up her back work in Campstry.

A Dutchman in describing a span of horses which he had lost said:

"Dey vas mooch alike, specially de off one. One looks so much likt both, I couldn't tell todder from vich; ven I went after de one I always got de oder, and I whipped de one most dead 'cause de oder kicked at me."—Ex.

He: "Have you read "Freckles?"

She: Oh, no, that's my veil."

Miss Weik to Peden: "If you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop."

In History: "There were 100 lives killed."

FORENSIC NEWS

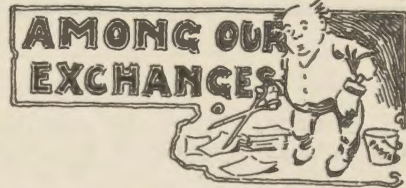
A number of important changes have recently been made in the Public Speaking Council. Heretofore custom has dictated the policy of the Council, but custom in many instances has been a poor dictator. Especially was this true of the financial situation. No dependable means of financial support had been in use and only the door receipts of plays or collections taken at debates were available to meet the monetary needs of the Council. This year, by consent of the faculty, the Council will receive a 25-cent fee from every regularly matriculated student, and while this is not a copious amount, yet it is believed that this will be a decided improvement over previous conditions.

A new constitution has been adopted which embodies a number of commendable features. Of these the inter-society oratorical contest is one of the best. The constitution specifies that each literary society shall hold a contest for the choice of a contestant for the inter-society contest in oratory. The winner of each society contest shall then meet his opponent from the other literary society, and the winner of this contest shall represent the college in inter-collegiate oratorical contests. One hour of college credit is given to each of winners in the society contests, while an additional hour of credit is given to the one who will represent Otterbein in the inter-collegiate contests. This is certainly an excellent idea and it is to be hoped that it will bring forth the best literary talent in the college, without creating any undue inter-society feeling. Another important innovation is the placing of three faculty members on the Council. The head of the public speaking department is a member of the council and of the executive committee as well. Two other faculty members must be chosen as members of the Council, one of whom shall hold the office of faculty treasurer. His duties shall be to countersign all

checks issued by the regular treasurer and also to manage the general finances of the Council. Besides these changes which have already been mentioned the respective duties of the various offices have been clearly outlined, and in addition articles for the operation and regulation of the inter-collegiate debates, in keeping with past custom, have been included.

Officers were elected under the new constitution as follows: President, S. C. Ross; vice president, John Garver; secretary, Helen Byrer; treasurer, Edna Miller; faculty treasurer, Prof. C. O. Altman. The faculty members chosen were Dr. Charles Snavely, Prof. C. O. Altman and Prof. C. A. Fritz.

Let us hope that the first year under the new constitution will be a highly successful one for Otterbein's Forensic Department. With the co-operation of the student body as a whole it cannot be otherwise. Be a booster.



"Black and Red." Your September number is one of interest. The departments are well arranged and worth reading. Especially is your page given to sidelights on homesickness one of interest and very appropriate for the issue. There are some timely suggestions that will make us think when we hear that a "Freshie" is homesick.

We like your exchange articles. They are not the usual "cut and dried" kind, but on the contrary, furnish very interesting reading. There seems to be a "snap" about it that is often sadly lacking.

Your athletic notes and jokes are just what we expect from a college publication.

"The Phreno Cosmian" is a live college publication. Your timely cut of the football squad on the front page is a good idea. Your men look like husky warriors and our best wishes are with you and them.

The College Monthly



THE PAGES OF THE "ÆGIS"
 Could be filled with arguments why
 you should wear WALK-OVER
 Shoes, but "the proof of the pudding
 is the eating"—

"Let your next pair be
 WALK-OVERS"

For man and woman . . . \$3.50 to \$7

Panama-Pacific Exposition judges
 awarded WALK-OVER Shoes the
 Grand Prize at San Francisco.

WALK-OVER SHOE CO.

39 N. High St., COLUMBUS, OHIO

Prof. Guitner: "Give the principal
 parts of 'schicken—to send."

Dresbach: "Schicken, hen, geroos-
 ter."

Mose: "How can a ghost get into
 an empty room?"

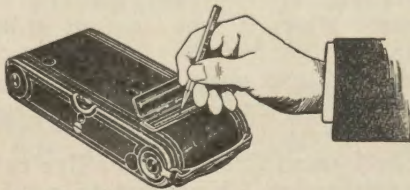
Levi: "Vy, dat's easy. Vit a
 skeleton key."—Ex.

GOTHIC THE NEW
ARROW
 2 for 25c **COLLAR**
 IT FITS THE CRAVAT



CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., MAKERS

The only store in town where you can get



Eastman's KODAKS
 and **SUPPLIES**

The Up-to-Date Pharmacy

Ritter & Utley, Props.

Films Developed Free.
 Eye Glasses and Spectacles.
 Full line of A. D. S. REMEDIES.

Printing Done at Lowest Price.
 Examination Free.
 Your Trade Solicited.

"Students for Students"

We Are in Business

At 81 West College Avenue
(3rd house east of Conservatory.)

Text Books, Stationery, Note Books.

Large line of Dictionaries in stock.

Specialty—Varsity "O" and Literary Society Pins.

**NOTICE—Give Us Your Orders Now For
Second Semester Books**

TYPEWRITERS—For Sale or Rent.

MAKE YOUR WANTS KNOWN TO

BENDER & RAPPOLD

(Formerly "At the Tent")

College Avenue
Meat Market

Thompson & Rhodes

GUARANTEED
Hole-Proof Hosiery
and
Marathon Basket Ball
Shoes at
Irwin's Shoe Store

The Otterbein Aegis

The Literary Magazine of the College for a Quarter Century

Published Monthly

Subscription Price per year 75c

T. B. Brown, Circulation Mgr.

R. F. Peden, Assistant

JOHN W. FUNK, M. D.

Office and Residence
63 West College Ave.

Office Hours { 9-10 a. m.
1-2 p. m.
7-8 p. m.

G. H. MAYHUGH, M. D.

Office and Residence
21-23 East College Ave.
PHONES

Citizen 26. Bell 84.

C. W. STOUGHTON, M.D.

31 W. College Ave.
WESTERVILLE, O.

BOTH PHONES
Citz. 110. Bell 190

B. C. Youmans

The Barber

Shoe Shine in connection.

Shop closes 8 p. m., except Saturdays

The Old Stand

No. 1 North State

For FINE CANDIES, FRUITS
PRESERVES, JAMS AND
JELLIES FOR SPREADS.

J. N. COONS

Bell 1-R. Citz. 31.

Visit the modern
Barber Shop

at
4 S. State St.

Frank Zartman

Proprietor

Students of "O U"

You are invited to

The New Restaurant

8 North State Street
HOME COOKING

FOR

**CANDY, FRUITS
and NUTS**

And all that's Good to Eat

SEE

WILSON the Grocer

Westerville, Ohio

Marguerite: "Do you mind if I embroider while you talk, Herbert? I always like to keep my mind occupied."

A Complete Grocery

NUTS, FRUITS, CANDIES,
CHOCOLATE AND
PRESERVES.

C. W. REED, Grocer

SUBWAY

SUITS PRESSED 50c

SUITS CLEANED \$1.00

Ladies Clothing Cleaned and Pressed

Located at Brane's

R. Glenn Kiracofe

The Columbus Railway & Light Company Westerville Daily Time Card

Lv. Spring and High Columbus for Westerville	Lv. College Ave. Westerville for Columbus		
5:35 a. m.	4:35 p. m.	5:34 a. m.	3:34 p. m.
6:35	5:05	6:34	4:34
7:35	5:30	7:04	5:34
8:35	6:05	7:34	6:34
9:35	6:35	8:34	7:34
10:35	7:35	9:34	8:34
11:35	8:35	10:34	9:34
12:35 p. m.	9:35	11:34	10:34
1:35	10:35	12:34 p. m.	11:34
2:35	11:35	1:34	
3:35		2:34	

The freight or baggage car leaves Columbus for Westerville daily at 9:30 a. m. and 4 p. m. daily except Sundays and leaves Westerville for Columbus at 7:20 a. m. daily and 1 p. m. daily except Sundays.

To remind you—

That we appreciate your patronage.

White Front
Restaurant

A. E. WAGNER

The Culver Art & Frame Co.

North State Street

JOBBERS and

Manufacturers of

Picture Frames, Mouldings, Mirrors, Picture

Backing, Furniture Novelties, Sheet

Pictures, Portraits, Portrait

Frames, Convex Glass

Order early to avoid Christmas rush.

Visit the Old Reliable

BAKER ART GALLERY

SPECIAL RATES TO ALL
OTTERBEIN STUDENTS.

For the Best In



Photography

The largest, finest and without
doubt the best equipped Gallery in
America for making the best photos
known to the Art.

Baker Art Gallery
COLUMBUS, O.

A. L. GLUNT, Student Representative.

The House of Howald.

Quality is Economy.



Distinctive Furniture For the Home

For over a quarter of a century, this House has special-
ized in Quality Furnishings. Our years of successful exper-
ience enables us to offer you the proper service.

THE F. G. and A. HOWALD CO.

34-36-38 N. High St.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Furniture

Floor Coverings

Draperies