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OTTERBEIN AEGIS



*“ 'Tis spring time on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away
And glimpses to the April lay.*

—Whittier

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COLLEGE PASTOR
Rev. Elmer E. Burtner

The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXVI

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, APRIL, 1916

No. 8

Prometheus Unbound

(Mary Edna Bright, '16.)

WE are not born into a world conventional and ready-made, furnishing the same aspect to all.

Each individual views it from a different angle and whatever he thinks of the people and things about him constitutes his philosophy which he must wear as he wears his clothes. Now he may be in somewhat the same situation as the youngest girl of a large family, forced to be forever apparelled in dull, sombre brown because that happens to be the oldest child's favorite color. His philosophical clothes have been handed down from his father and grandfather. He is a Methodist and a Mason because his father was. If one seeking to learn the reason for his political faith should ask, "Are you a Democrat because your father was?" he would receive an affirmative answer. Then there are some who borrow their philosophy. You are all familiar with those people who are continually borrowing. One never knows whether the garment they are wearing to-day is their own or not. Whenever any conscientious scruples regarding certain acts arise it is so much easier for them to say, "Everybody does it," or, "Everybody thinks so, I'll not trouble myself to think it out." To still another and very select group belongs that "rigidly righteous" and unco' good" individual who is forever posing as an example to his sinful fellow creatures. He represents duty frozen in effigy. He gets his philoso-

phical clothes ready-made. Just as some folks allow Dame Fashion to dictate the height of their collar and width of their hat brim without regard to comeliness, so he adopts standards of living as set forth in the Scriptures never attempting to adapt them to his own civilization and his own personality. Yet most rarely do we find the man who is not ashamed to wear homespun, who is willing to endure the ridicule and censure of the crowd because he has the deeper satisfaction of knowing that what he wears is woven out of the warp and woof of his own nature, that it has been cut and fashioned to fit him alone and that therefore it must be right.

Why is it that this man is a lonely figure amidst the motley crowd, self ostracised? For no other reason than that he is not willing to surrender his individuality to the soulless body of society. Because he has learned from bitter experience that if one of her members ever dare think and act for himself he will be crushed in the grip of her inexorable laws; that she is a tyrant who like all of her kind maintains her strength with the life blood of her subjects. He sees thousands worshipping at her altar, bringing sacrifices of love, duty and cherished ideals, but they are a shrinking, cringing mass. Nor do they all come impelled by a common motive. In many respects they are like Bernard Shaw's parrots. About three-fourths of them

agree that it is better to stay in the cage than out as long as there is plenty of hemp seed and Indian maize inside. Then there are idealist parrots who persuade themselves that it is the mission of the parrot to minister to the happiness of the private family by saying, "Pretty Polly." In the sacrifice of their liberty to such an altruistic purpose these parrots find their soul's satisfaction. There are even a few theological parrots (you all know them) who are convinced that imprisonment is the will of God because it is unpleasant. Finally there are those rare specimens of the "prunes-and prisms" class who think it cruel that any be permitted to leave the cage lest they fall a prey to cats and dogs and coarsen their delicate nature in an unprotected struggle for existence. And so it happens that when nine hundred and ninety-nine parrots remain inside and but one free souled parrot demands freedom for self realization, the nine hundred and ninety-nine must either let it out or kill it. They usually kill it and for their ghastly work employ many means. Most frequently, however, it takes the form of withering scorn, stinging ridicule and bitter hatred. Meanwhile everyone applauds, for is he not an enemy of society.

But why is it that the cage does not give us the opportunity to assert our individuality, a cage constructed by our school officials, legislators, bishops, and elders and by ourselves as members of a family. Surely the interests within ought to be sufficiently numerous and varied and the outlook sufficiently broad to satisfy. It ought to be so, but how can it when our schools are maintained by an inflexible, graded system, graded according to age, locality and ability to pass a written examination? When the de-

generate, the feeble-minded, the normal healthy child and the exceptionally brilliant are all put through the same grinder, what can one expect but intellectual hash? Or can we expect the cage to satisfy when we would turn the reins of government over to the unbridled populace, when we would permit direct Democracy to drag the stronger, greater spirit down to mediocrity, to reduce all men to a dead level? Furthermore can spiritual prophets and seers arise when our church membership is hemmed in and bounded by set creeds, "the work of men's hands?" Nowhere can one find a bigger crowd of moral cowards. It may be hard for the church members to answer all the questions of the creed, but it is still harder not to do it. We have more respect for the wretch who goes his own way than for the respectable man who is respectable because he dare not be otherwise, because he fears to wear his own label. Yet it is this latter class of people that the Church with its creeds and discipline breeds and nourishes. And what else can we expect than that the child brought up under a relentless ideal of morality by so-called Christian parents, will rush headlong to perdition as soon as opportunity offers? As long as children are taught to respect the rights of parents, to be seen and not heard in the presence of elders, to consider themselves legal slaves to parental sovereignty, the parrot will demand freedom and vainly beat its life out against the cage of established society and things as they are. Nor are children the only victims of the conventional lies and misconceptions of society. A modern Prometheus might better be represented by a woman. Since her creation we have considered the kitchen and nursery her

proper sphere and you will not believe, for you have blinded yourself to the fact, that not all women have a natural inclination for children and domestic life. Of course they may be fond of children, but only as they are fond of their dog; and they may admire and enjoy a well regulated household, but much as they would admire and enjoy a beautiful painting. Does it shock you? Are you afraid to face it and wish to draw the curtain for fear of what the strong sunlight reveals—a pathway strewn with the wreckage of old ideals and duties? Then look ahead and call up your courage for the way to freedom must be through the wreckage. When we begin to realize that woman is a separate individual and not a mere appendage to man's domestic felicity, that there are women who know themselves to be a misfit in a home, when we shall cease to label them with such disrespectful titles as "old maid", "spinster", or "lady-in-waiting", when we shall honor her as we do the mother who fulfills her office well, then we shall not find so many selfish ingrates, so many shirks, so many soft pampered jelly-fish, so many parasites seeking to attach themselves to the first "elegant" as are now substituting themselves for home-makers. When we shall no longer consider marriage as the only haven and goal of a girl's existence, when woman, breaking from society's demands of wifehood shall refuse to marry unless she feels that that is the profession for which she is eminently fitted, then what need we of the problem play to arouse the public conscience? What need we of divorce courts to poultice open sores?

To dare think for yourself, to wear your homespun philosophy may shatter a bushel of your most cherished

ideals and the clatter may be jarring to the super-sensitiveness of your sensory nerves. You may have to plow up your pretty weeds, exposing a mass of worms feeding upon the roots, but you will let in light and air upon a mass of decaying rubbish. New ideals which are less an illusion than the old replace them and the pioneer, the parrot who dares think for himself, though denounced and heaped with calumny and scorn is really the savior who is sweeping the world clear of lies; he is the seer, the trail blazer who goes ahead and plants the outposts for the civilization which is to come after. His conduct does not conform to current ideals because he is the Realist Moral-ist, the man who is strong enough and courageous enough to plunge ahead to the place of perfect freedom from whence he can look down from above upon the squirming, cringing devotees of convention.

"It takes great strength to bring your life up square,

With your accepted thought and hold it there;

Resisting the inertia that drags back From new attempts to the old habit's track.

It is so easy to drift back, to sink; So hard to live abreast of what you think.

And courage too. But what does courage mean

Save strength to help you face a pain forseen?

And the fierce pain of hurting those we love

When love meets truth, and truth must ride above.

But the best courage man has ever shown

Is daring to cut loose and think alone. It takes great love to stir the human heart

To live beyond the others and apart.
 A love that is not shallow, is not small,
 Is not for one or two, but for them all.
 A love that asks no answer, that can
 live

Moved by one burning, deathless force
 to give.
 Love, strength and courage; courage,
 strength and love
 The heroes of all time are built there-
 of."

Antelope of the Cliffs

(Joe Hendrix, '17)

The August sun was gilding with bronze and red and gold the mighty crags and the stony gorges of the Sierra Nevadas. The simmering, blistering heat rose in waves over the dwellings of sun-dried brick, crowded into the crevices of the cliffs. It was a hot, cruel summer in that time when still the white man's country was only a narrow strip around the Mediterranean. Here in the Sierra Nevadas, lived, struggled and sacrificed a strange race of warm-hearted, ignorant people. Far up in a rocky ravine, hid from the view of the wanderer in the gorge below, was a little village, huddled in under the cliffs. To reach the village one must needs clamber up a long stony path and at last climb a ladder of rope and sage branches to the roof where he would find the entrance to the village. The rude dwellers lived in one large community with a common store house and a common water cistern.

As the sun rolled to the westward he sent down his cruel, relentless rays from the hot, glassy sky and made the rocks and the sun dried bricks of this primitive dwelling almost unendurable in their heat. For days the mountain stream in the ravine had been dry and the supply in the cistern was fast diminishing. A hostile tribe held the gorge below and the miserable wretches in the little village in the ravine were almost destitute.

The little community was made up of several families, descendants of a common ancestor. The leading man in the tribe was Chigauouk, "mountain eagle." A few years before, he had married Antelope, the beautiful daughter of the tribe in the gorge below, and the question of her dowry was the cause of the present enmity. Their little son had attained the age of five when the summer of the great famine came upon the tribe.

The heat of the afternoon was terrible and Antelope and her active son, Manlua, with several other mothers and children were panting in the terrible heat of the gorge. The men had gone in a last desperate effort to find water farther up towards the plateau. The women and children waited in despairing silence for their return. The water in the cistern was scarcely enough to keep them alive through another day, such as this had been.

Just as night was drawing its curtains over the simmering desert, the men returned exhausted and desperate. They had found no water and were determined to make a dash past the hostile village to gain the river below. The solemn council was called; men and women drew into a circle upon the roof and amid the terrible silence of despair the old priest and father of his clan prayed to his god, "Oh god of the mountain gorges, Oh god of the sun in heaven, hear thy

wild children in despair. Our food and our water is gone, our strength is fast sinking, our enemies surround us, god of the mountain gorges, be our shield."

When the fervent prayer was over, all the circle sat with bowed heads. There was no noise save the low breathing of despairing men. Far over the gorge was heard the shrill cry of the mountain lion and the mournful calling of the ill omened owl. Slowly and sadly the old man rose; there was the impress of sorrow on his old face yet the high temples, the clear eyes and the broad forehead bespoke unusual nobility of character. In a low voice he addressed the council, "My children, the god of the mountain gorges has frowned upon the springs and dried up the rivers; he has blown upon the air and dispersed the clouds. Our cistern is empty, our store of food is almost gone and our enemies are close upon us. There are two things we can do, my children, two things." A hush more profound than the night had fallen upon that little band. Every ear was intent to hear the old man's words. Of course they could try to slip past the enemy and get water but what was the other thing that might be done? The old man passed over this plan quickly, then in a voice of despair he said, "It can not be done my children, we are too few and too weak, but listen; when the brave Chigauouk led home the loving Antelope as a bride he carried her dowery with her. You all know the terrible struggle which followed and how we escaped the enemy and repulsed them; but you do not know that the beautiful Antelope need only go back to them and be offered on the altar of the sun god, then there will be peace between us, we will be per-

mitted to find water. The old chief of their tribe has said it and it is the law." His final words came out like a sob and he sank to the ground. Long and profound was the silence. The brave Chigauouk drew his blanket over his bent head. Every one looked at the ground except the beautiful Antelope. Her eyes stared off to the opposite cliff. The snarl of the jaguar and the plaintiff bleat of an antelope caught in his claws came clearly across the gorge. The beautiful Antelope sprang to her feet, spread forth her arms to the darkening sky and spoke to the despairing council. Beautiful was that daughter of the wild mountain gorges, tall and supple as the antelope whose name she bore, dark of hair with black eyes bright as living coals. Queenly indeed she looked in the simple white blanket draped from one shoulder and hanging down to her well-formed ankles. with a sad smile on her beautiful lips and a wonderful glow in those eyes of jet, pointing a graceful hand to the cliff beyond, she cried in a low musical voice; "As yonder antelope gives its life to the jaguar to save its young, so the beautiful Antelope, wife of Chigauouk, gives her life to that terrible jaguar her father's tribe." The noble form of Chigauouk shook as if in one great sob under the hiding blanket.

The old priest arose and in a quivering voice announced that the council was ended. Heart broken, but hiding their sorrow the humble people drew away from the circle, leaving alone Chigauouk and his faithful wife. For one long minute the brave Chigauouk kept his blanket over his bowed head. The noble Antelope stood above him and looked down upon him with a sad smile on her beautiful face.

When Chigauouk removed the blanket from his head there appeared, not the beautiful, well-formed youthful face of an hour before, but the haggard face, the sunken eye, the feeble glance of an old man. Neither uttered a word. Each knew that within an hour Antelope would have to go down the gorge to the home of her fathers and each knew the terrible doom awaiting her there. Long in silence they sat, then as one person, they arose and walked over to where their beautiful boy was sleeping. Longingly and wistfully did Antelope look upon her sleeping child, then kneeling by his side she kissed him and softly said, "Ah, my dear, dear boy, I die for thee and for Chigauouk." When she arose there was a light in her eyes which had never been there before, it was the light of sacrifice.

Chigauouk and his beautiful Antelope climbed down the ravine to the path in the gorge and stood together, looking for the last time upon those rocky walls, glittering under the feeble light of the summer moon. Far away a coyote howled, near-by a desert lizard stirred in its dusty bed, and far off on the mountain-side a bird scolded feebly in its disturbed slumber. All seemed at peace. The time came to part; Chigauouk held his Antelope in one long embrace and then they parted without a word.

Down the lonely path she climbed, this noble woman, climbed to a horrible death, all for her son, all for her loved ones, all because she loved. On and on she went, now extending her arms to the night and praying for strength, now humming over some low sweet lullaby that she had so often used to lull her own dear boy to sleep. Around her was only the vast silence, intensified rather than relieved

by the gliding lizard or the prowling wolf. After hours of struggle Antelope reached the home valley and climbed towards her parental village, just before the dawn.

The gray sky was turning to pink and all was excitement in the village, for, was there not to be a great sacrifice to the sun-god this morning? Had not the beautiful Antelope returned and was not she to be burned, a living sacrifice, to the great sun-god, just as he appeared over the mountains?

The long line of worshipers came out from the village to the low plateau where stood the two priests with the queenly Antelope. There by the rude stone altar on which she was soon to kneel, stood the noble sacrifice. Her hands were bound, her robe was torn and trailing in the dust, yet there was in her jet black eyes, that unquenchable fire that burns in the eyes of the brave.

The light in the east quickens from gray to red and then to gold. Now the sun-god will soon appear. The priests, accompanying the actions with a weird chant, place the noble Antelope upon the altar and around her arrange the fuel. Kneeling with her face towards the home of her husband and son, stretching her hands to the heavens she prays, "Oh, thou god of mountain gorge, hear now the voice of thy daughter; my life I give freely for those I love, take thou me to thee." The golden disk of the morning sun appears above the crags; the priests are lighting the fagots, the flames mount around the noble woman who is still saying, "My life I give freely for those I love," and falling on her face into the fagots, she gave that noble life for love.

All day long Chigauouk paced the path before his dwelling, all day long

he murmured only, "Antelope, my own true Antelope." Worn by his vigil of sorrow, he, with his boy, the little Manlua, climbs now to a rocky mountain spur just as the great rolling sun is sinking to rest in the distant Nevadas. Long do Chigauouk and his son sit on that bare plateau. Night comes on, the jaguar snarls and screams on yonder cliff, the mournful owl mouns the hours away.

There over the eastern peak climbs the August moon, white, beautiful.

Chigauouk staggers to his feet, stares at the mountain crest, glorified in its robe of light, and cries, "Antelope, Antelope." Taking Manlua in his arms and stretching forth his hands towards the whitened crest, he calls in a low, vibrant voice, "Antelope, I come, I come." A quick step over the precipice, a crash, a gurgling moan . . . then silence. The jaguar screams on yonder cliff, the lizards glide across the sand, the ill-omened owl flits by and all is silence, all is peace, for Chigauouk has gone to join his Antelope.

An Evening Song

(By Marie Hendrick, '16.)

"Look here, Jack, this paper says the Boers have joined forces with the English in the Transvaal. We'll have to show that to Val. He'll raise the roof!"

"And why should Bester make a fuss because a handful of niggers 'way down in South Africa have stuck their finger in the pie? You just said, 'Hm!' when Turkey joined the scrap; but when some of the Boers have a little war-dance and murder a few settlers in the name of war, you get as excited as when Pinkie made a touch-down. You give me a pain."

"Well, rave on, old man, and show your ignorance. I thought you knew your history better than that," Harvey replied with a quite a superior air. "Why, your 'muchly' worshipped Val Bester was a Boer. Hush, here he comes."

It was the custom of a crowd of fifteen or twenty college fellows to congregate in the dormitory library, Saturday night, to talk over and replay the day's baseball game and to sing the latest popular songs. Once in a great

while, a man perhaps nine or ten years their senior, would come in to hear their rollicking songs and perchance to sing one of his own. He had gained some prominence as an author and was very enthusiastically welcomed as a brick by the upper classmen, and worshipped from afar by the "preps" and freshmen.

It was small wonder that Jack was surprised as he looked at Val, for his conception of Boers and this well-dressed, clean-cut man certainly did not correspond. He stood with his mouth open gazing at Bester. Jack would have admired any man of his height and build even had he lacked his idol's personality. But where was the black man's kinky hair and dusky skin? His hair was black, coal-black in fact, but that wave could hardly be called a kink—and what was more, his eyes were gray. Altogether, Afrigander or no Afrigander, he certainly was pleasing to the fleshy eye.

"That was some game you fellows played today. Congratulations. Give me a yell on the strength of that. Are you ready? Now—Come on now, let's

have a song or two. Can't stay longer than nine."

Bester seated himself at the piano and began with their college marching song. He liked its spirit and rythm. The men sang heartily as they wandered from one familiar piece to another.

During a pause, Harry told of the news he had read. The boys were surprised to see Bester's face cloud and darken. He seemed to be struggling to hide some emotion. Without a word, he turned to the piano, hesitated, then began to sing, "An Evening Song." Slowly and rather brokenly at first, but as the song carried back to his home and friends, his deep voice increased in volume until it thrilled his listeners. Val's voice always affected them that way. Then Pinkie chirped up: "Val, won't you spin one of your yarns for us?"

They drew their chairs closer, and those on the floor stuck other pillows under their heads. Bester began:

"When I read in the papers of the awful war in Europe, it brings to me all the dreadful memories of the Boer war. I never think of the war but that the strains of the song I just sang run through my head. You see, Sis and I were reared by a dear old 'Taut', for our parents were killed in a railroad accident near the Kimberly mines, where Father had gone on business. Sister was then ten, and I was two years her junior. Louise had very early shown remarkable musical ability, and was given every opportunity to develop her talent. I, too, was forced to learn what I could of music. Had to drag through many weary hours practicing when I wanted to be flying kites, riding horses, or playing soldier. But with Sis it was very different. By the time she was twenty-

two, she had gained quite a little attention as a promising contralto prima-donna; had been with an operatic company for a year.

"How well I remember when the war was announced—that September night, the twenty-ninth to be exact. It had been an unusual summer; the grass was scorched by the intolerable heat; the whole country was in the worst condition it had been for years.

"Some friends of ours were entertaining for Louise that night, before she left for her concert trip. She was pretty in the white gown she wore, tall, slender, dark. She had roses in her hair. I can smell their sweetness yet. It was stifling so I had led her to the little porch-balcony. The witching strains of a waltz by Strauss came up to our cool retreat. The moments went but not a word was said. Then the music swelled to a crash of joy. Laughingly, she chided me about my silence, called it one of my moods, and said I was an awful bore. Then the theme changed and the long waltz ended. The laughter died on her lips as she turned to tell me she was sorry for wounding me. I scarcely heard her words for I saw a messenger coming toward me with a note. My fears were realized when I read it. It said: 'I must leave for the Natal frontier tomorrow.' She read Commandant General Joubert's note ordering me to proceed with the Johannesburg commands to Volkrust, in the morning.

"Everyone knew, of course, that we were in for a supreme crisis. The relations between us and Great Britian were strained to the bursting point. An armed collision was inevitable.

"Louise had scarcely realized the full import of the note, when our hostess came to her begging her to sing. She looked at me, I nodded, asking her

to sing my favorite song, just once more before I left. Her voice quivered and almost broke, but Boer maidens are above all courageous.

"The next morning, we left for Natal," he said abruptly. His face hardened as he continued:

"The war continued for four years, the odds against us. Enough of that—I'll give the details some other time. But let me say that in that war I was given to understand that God first made England and Englishmen, later, in his spare time, he made the other bit of earth and its few inhabitants. On the whole, they reminded me of German sausages in slack tights. Pardon me for speaking bitterly.

"Near the close of the war, some refugees from Johannesburg came to our camp. I questioned some of the women and learned that my home had been sacked and burned, and my sister taken prisoner. One woman told me how Louise had sung songs in the prison to cheer the prisoners. How like her."

Here Val paused a moment, cleared his throat, and then went on:

"Two months before the close of the war, while attempting to cross the British lines, I was shot down, horse and all, and captured. The rest of the escort were killed. But another officer and I were shipped to St. Helena under banishment for life.

"I always thought it an honor to be imprisoned on the same desolate island, by the same enemy as the greatest soldier the world ever knew, Emperor Napoleon; and afterward I was made to feel indignities just as they were heaped on Napoleon eighty-three years before. I can easily realize the feelings of the Emperor as the isolation of that dismal rock, coupled with revengeful treatment, was eating his

heart away. But I was more fortunate than Napoleon. I got away from St. Helena alive. Granted a respite, I returned to Africa to settle my personal affairs. The country was in a pandemonium. The fields were laid waste by the cruel ravages of war. I was struck with horror; my brain refused to work. The English had turned my mining interests over to a British corporation, and confiscated the rest of my property. It was all unbearable, so much so that I cut short the time granted me, to accept the lot of an exile. I was told that Louise had died in prison but I have always doubted this. Poor little Sis, how I would like to see her.

"But I am glad by countrymen are strong enough to conquer their hatred and join forces with an old enemy. It is better so. After all, civilization seems a failure all because of the scrambling for more fame, more power, more gold. Nations gaze with throbbing hearts on the tragedy while the curtain is drawn and the terrible play is permitted to proceed."

Bester sighed as he finished, gazing absently into space. Then, turning again to the piano, played his favorite song. This time he did not sing it.

He said "good night" to the awed and sympathetic group. When out in the night he decided to walk to relieve him of his restlessness. He walked rapidly, reaching the outskirts of the city before he realized it.

The moonlight and the balmy air of the young June night quieted his nerves and soothed his troubled brain.

At a rose-wreathed door stood a woman, sadly gazing through the dark trees at the silver moon. She seemed to feel a chill breath of dear, dead days and sent her love with a star to her homeland. Her piano gleamed in the

moonlight, waiting in vain for her tender touch. Soon her hands wandered over the keys, sending an old refrain sobbing out into the beautiful night. She sang a song of sadness and of motherland. She thought of triumphs of days when she held people fast. Like one in a dream, she saw a sea of faces before her, their lips parted in rapture, and herself a queen of song again. She sang it sweetly, wildly,

like the glorious swan-song of a dying heart.

A man passed, paused, came slowly back, and listened there—an audience of one. She sang, her golden voice was as fraught with passion as when she charmed a thousand eager ears. He listened, trembling, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. She ceased and was still as if to pray. There was no sound. Then Val Bester uttered a sob of joy. It was Louise who had sung "An Evening Song."

Faith

(Stanley C. Ross, '16.)

An animal is conscious of nothing which it has not seen or felt. Man, however, knows many things either through the exercise of his great power, reason, or his great gift, faith. From the time when the embryonic reasoning of man first began its feeble existence until today when reason stands higher than ever before in the history of the world, man has tried to make his mind triumph over faith; in other words he has tried to enthrone reason and dethrone God.

The instinctive religion of the pagan has passed into the warm fire of Christianity, and from thence it shall pass—where? Pagan Greece embraced the religion of many gods and passed it on to Rome whose philosophers subjected it to reason and cast it away. For many years the learned men of both Greece and Rome had no religion because they could not reach it through reason. Then came the Teacher of Galilee—the God-Man whose lessons have made civilization. He never did anything except through faith, and the greatest of His pupils has classified faith as one of the three cardinal virtues. Yet today we do not accept His

religion of faith. We treat Christ as if He were a theorem and His teachings as mere theories capable of refutation or proof by syllogisms. We go even further and say, "Prove God. If you cannot I shall not believe in your religion for I must have proof for all things." Not only do avowed atheists come out with such declarations, but even those "whose delight is in the law of the Lord" are trying to put limits on Him. They are trying, in other words, with a finite mind to get a comprehension of the infinite.

It is far from my intention to say that our religion is unreasonable, but I do say that those who attempt to reach God through the exercise of pure reason are bound to fail. Faith alone can reach Him. It is impossible to prove the Bible by pure reasoning, but he who assumes the truth thereof and lives accordingly, will in the end come to the conclusion that it surely is true. There is no simpler law in existence than that embodied within it. It is only man made inquisitive reasoning and philosophy which have surrounded what was once simple by clouds of doubt. Why are some of the miracles

of the Book doubted? If God be the all powerful God of our religion, could He not have performed that which seemed best to Him? And who are we to question or deny the rights of God? To what ends are the quibbling questions of Philosophy raised? Why must we listen to theories as to the origin the work and the final end of the Creator? Why must our God be constantly questioned as to His acts? Can we accept everything said by man with faith, and must God set his teachings in syllogistic form before they will be believed?

Mathematics, the strictest of sciences, is founded upon faith—in other words on axioms—truths which cannot be proved. Every science rests in the end on an unprovable basis, and still most of the world will accept a book of science as truth before it will the Bible. Your simplest forecast of the morrow is based on the faith that there will be a morrow. Prove to me that there will be a sigle minute of time after this one. Give me assurance that we shall ever stand again in this hall. Tell me why you think the sun will rise again above the eastern horizon. Yet in spite of the fact that these things admit of no proof, we assume them true, live accordingly, and find proof of that truth in the living of the assumption. Then why not drop our theories as to the reason for this or that act of the Supreme, and prove by assumption His immutable truths.

Look for a moment at the accomplishments of man that have been due to the faith of some one person. Rather should I say, point out to me if you can, one invention or one discovery which is not the result of unquestioning faith on the part of the inventor or discoverer. Faith built the first steam engine, and later made it drive

a boat. Faith sustained Morse through years of privation and toil before the dream of a telegraph became a reality. Faith gave Washington power to make our nation, and again gave Lincoln power to save it. Faith crossed the unknown Atlantic with Columbus, went with Livingstone through darkest Africa, and stands with Woodrow Wilson today. The scoffing of critics, the laughter of fools and the quibbling of philosophers could not change in the least the firm conviction of these men that their course was right. And it is the names of these men which have become immortal. Their faith has been justified in their works.

But what is this all about? Just this. Into our Christianity there has come a factor which is slowly but surely eating out the heart of the religion. We are following, in many cases, a religion without a God. Church is put above Christ, and theological quibbles above practical working Christianity. Our faith is lacking, we wish to fortify ourselves by reason and in our zeal for this reason we neglect things of real worth. A master mechanic makes a drill. How, the apprentice does not know; he only knows that it will bore through steel. There is no syllogistic proof for this, but by practice it is found to be true. And did you ever think of the fact that the apprentice, ignorant as he is of the process by which the drill was made, can secure from it results equal to those of the maker. From an analogous consideration it seems that less discussion as to the reason for certain of the truths of our religion and more practical use of them would be of immeasurable value to mankind.

China and Japan are no longer struggling in the darkness of heathenism. They are no longer unable to help

themselves. They have eagerly grasped every portion of western civilization except its religion. They have put away their own religion and today Japan especially stands as an atheist nation—one without a God. The very thing that makes the civilization which they are embracing has been spurned by them because it is questioned by us.

Here, surely, is a rich harvest. All honor to the few who are striving to gather it; but what of those who remain meanwhile in the straight laced coats of their own self approbation, passing time by philosophizing on the extent of God's power. No one is afraid to subject Christianity to reason, nor does anyone fear to inquire into the history of its Founder, but while there is work to be done, in Heaven's name let us stop talking and do it.

Hundreds of thousands of people in our own country are looking scornfully at a religion which is occupied only with its own robes. Do you—can you—blame the poor for wondering at a religion which rears magnificent edifices in which the members may hold dress parades, while within a few hundred feet there is sickness, starvation and death for the want of

a few dollars? A discussion as to the authorship of the Pentateuch or as to the identity of Daniel may have value as intellectual training, but when it comes to helping some one in real trouble it somehow is not worth very much. Practical Christianity can live and grow even though neither of these momentous questions are settled. The need is more Christians who will waive such questions until a time comes when there is no more practical work to be done; more Christians who would rather win one man than to discover the answers to all the philosophical questions ever raised; in a word more Christians with Faith as their standard. These are the ones who at the end will find their questions answered by their own living, while those others will still be traveling in their little thought circles, obvious to the great ultimate fact that God is God.

Then let us strive to preserve the true proportion of life and put first things first. Let us be sure of our duty and then dare to do it, obvious alike to theory and fanaticism. Let our work be with practical truths not with transcendent imagination. Let our best efforts be those which come of unflinching faith, and may our bequest to the world be deeds, not words.

Report of the President of the Y. M. C. A. for Year Ending April 1, 1916

(Elmer L. Boyles, '16)

Another year of the Y. M. C. A. work is now a matter of history. As every other administration we had visions and plans in our minds. In many ways we have fallen far short of our hopes but we feel that our ideals were high and that in a measure we have been of service as an association

to the student body, the faculty, the town and to our Heavenly Father.

At the beginning of the year a whirlwind campaign for membership was carried out under the direction of the Membership Committee. As was the case last year only paid up members are considered members. A follow-up

campaign resulted in the securing of a goodly number of additional members.

In the weekly meetings a decided turn for the better was brought about through the efficient and commendable work of the Religious Meetings committee. The average attendance was greatly increased due in a large measure to the varied and interesting meetings arranged for by this committee. Subjects of special and vital interest were presented. These subjects covered a field broad enough to interest every man in school. The following professors brought very helpful messages: Professors Cornet, Schear, Jones, Fritz, Altman, Spessard, and Weinland. Among the other speakers were Rev. H. A. Smith, of the Presbyterian Church; Bishop W. M. Bell, Dr. J. W. Funk, Rev. E. J. Pace, Rev. Mr. Hawk, of the Methodist Church, Rev. A. C. Bane, of the Anti-Saloon League; Dr. Fries, Dr. Brubaker, Rev. E. E. Burtner, the College pastor; Professor Alfred Vivian, Dean of the College of Agriculture, Ohio State University. Among the most helpful and inspirational meetings were those led by students.

Rev. E. J. Pace conducted the annual Bible Study Rally. Through his efforts and the tireless working of the Bible Study Committee sixty-five men enrolled. The interest was very fine. The course of study was completely changed. The Freshman text was "Students Standards of Action," The Sophomore work was a "A Life at its Best." To the Juniors the book "The Manhood of the Master" was offered. The Senior study was "The Meaning of Prayer." No post graduate course was offered this year.

"Steam" was the subject presented by Prof. Spessard who conducted the finance rally. Owing to unusually heavy drains on the student body earlier in the year this rally was not very successful. Because of the shortage of the funds it was deemed advisable to withhold the customary missionary money as well as the fund for the state association work.

Under the supervision of the House Committee a cabinet was installed in which to keep the records and property of the Association. Electric lights were also installed in the main auditorium.

Special music was provided at times by the Music Committee. This is one phase of the work that we feel has been neglected somewhat and ought to be greatly strengthened.

The Handbook Committee presented each of the new students a very acceptable and useful handbook at the opening of school last fall.

The chairman of the Employment Committee dropped out of school for one semester necessitating a new man. After the position was finally filled and the work understood the efficiency of this department raised rapidly. About \$6,400.00 were earned by the fellows that worked during the year.

The Deputation Committee was able to supply gospel teams every time a call was received.

In closing this report I, as president wish to thank each of you men especially the Cabinet members for the hearty co-operation and helpful suggestions you have given the past year and I bespeak for your new President an even more loyal co-operation.

THE OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

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Incorporated 1890

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OUR POLICY.

By some good fortune we are privileged to greet the readers of The Otterbein Aegis. We assure you that it gives us pleasure to meet with you between the pages of this college monthly. If in any issue you find anything worthy of praise please give it to the members of the staff and our contributors, for they are the ones who make the paper. On the other hand, if you have any criticisms to offer or any clubs to throw please send them our way, for we are responsible for all of the material that enters these pages. We shall always welcome with pleasure friendly criticism.

In taking up this work we have been advised to make a few changes; and, after thinking over the matter we have decided to follow the suggestions of our superiors. Up until this time The Otterbein Aegis has endeavored to fulfill the requirements of a literary magazine and a monthly newspaper. For more than twenty-five years it has successfully met these requirements and has ranked high as one of the best college monthlies. We believe that the law of the universe is progress, and that progress necessitates change. In harmony with the demands of this law we have decided to make this paper predominantly a literary publication. In order to increase the number of literary productions we will need to eliminate some departments and limit others. Special attention will be given to the Alumnal department. By careful work we believe that we can place in the hands of our readers a literary magazine truly representing Otterbein brain, spirit and life.

Every generation that passes idly over the earth without adding to that progress remains unscribed upon the register of humanity and succeeding generation tramples its ashes as dust.—Mazzini.

LOCAL EVENTS.

The Glee Club had a successful trip from March 9 to March 12, giving concerts at Bryan, Van Wert and Pandora.

On the evening of March 13, W. A. Joubert appeared on the last number of the Citizen's Lecture Course. He gave a thorough discussion of the Mexican situation.

On Sunday morning, March 12, there occurred a series of explosions in the parlors of Cochran Hall. The result is a watchful waiting policy and a set of Chemistry office hours.

The Ohio State Board of Health held an exhibit in the Association parlors from Tuesday, March 21 to Friday, March 24. Illustrated lectures were given in Lambert Hall.

The Collegiate Alumni Association entertained thirteen Senior girls at the home of Mrs. Spencer on East Broad street, Columbus, Saturday afternoon, March 25.

Students, Alumni and Faculty all suffer a great loss by the death of J. L. Morrison. Father Morrison died March 27, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. W. Jones, on Vine street.

Great enthusiasm was aroused among Otterbein's friends in Dayton and Germantown on the evenings of March 31 and April 1, when the Otterbein Glee Club appeared before them.

Ruth Fries and Alice Hall entertained a number of Otterbein girls and

the members of the Glee Club on the evening of March 31, after the concert.

Time of Night.—An Irishman accosted a gentleman on the street, late at night, with a request for the time. The gentleman, suspecting that Pat wished to snatch his watch, gave him a stinging rap on the nose, with the remark, "It has just struck one." "Be jabbers," retorted Pat, "Oi'm glad oi didn't ax yees an hour ago!"

Honorable Beecher W. Walthermire, Commissioner of Public Utilities of Ohio, has been selected as Commencement speaker. The class of 1916, will stage "Much Ado About Nothing." A. L. Glunt has been elected Manager of the play and Professor Fritz secured for coach.

The Freshman-Junior Banquet occurred on the evening of April 5 in Cochran Hall. E. D. Clifton acted as toastmaster.

The monotony of Chapel was broken Friday morning, April 7, when the Seniors marched into Chapel in their "academic costumes" and found their seats occupied by the Juniors. For a while it looked as though the government was facing a great crisis. The administration plead for "peace at any price" and the enemy withdrew.

The Glee Club was greeted by well filled houses at Galion and Bowling Green on the evenings of April 6 and 7. The club reports splendid treatment at both places.

"The Seven Last Words," a sacred cantata by Theodore Dubois, was given by the choir at the Sunday evening service, April 16. The soloists were: Lucile Blackmore, Blanche Groves, F. W. Kelser and Prof. Spessard.

The Dedication of the new church will occur on April 30, 1916.

Tombstone Eulogy—A quarrelsome couple were discussing the subject of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone, my love!" was the affectionate reply.

Shakespeare's "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark" was read by Prof. Fritz on the evening of April 11. The reading was given for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. George Eisler, efficiency expert of the Anti-Saloon League of America, spoke to the Sociology class Wednesday morning, April 12, on the subject, "The Christian's Duty Toward the Immigrant."

The baseball season was opened Friday evening, April 14, when the students gathered on the New Athletic Field and held a baseball rally. The large bonfire followed by "pep" music and "pep" speeches did much towards winning the game the following day.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Garver have arranged to give the bells to the new church in memory of their deceased son, Herbert.

The State Intercollegiate Prohibition Association met in convention at

Otterbein from Friday afternoon, April 14 to Saturday evening, April 15. In the State Oratorical Contest, DeLloyd F. Wood of Ohio Wesleyan was awarded first prize. Second place was won by Kelly O'Neal of Hiram College.

Mount Union's Negative Team went down to defeat before Otterbein's Affirmative team on the Initiative and Referendum question on the evening of March 24. M. S. Czatt, H. R. Brentlinger and V. L. Phillips represented Otterbein and T. O. Griffith, C. B. Richeson and H. R. Lewis represented Mount Union. The judges were Rev. Mr. Smith of Columbus, Rev. H. H. Smith and A. W. Perkins of Westerville.

The prohibition oratorical contest was held in the College Chapel Thursday afternoon, March 30. O. S. Rappold was awarded the first prize, and was selected to represent Otterbein in the state contest. E. L. Baxter and Kathryn Coblentz were awarded the other prizes.

COCHRAN NOTES.

Miss Anna Tang, of Oberlin, who was visiting Catherine Wai, was the honored guest at Edna Farley's birthday push. The "box from home" appealed to her as much as any of the rest.

Ruth Drury seems to be recuperating nicely after having her tonsils removed at Grant Hospital, Columbus. At least two people seem happy that she is able to be "out and around" again.

Edna Bright had as her guest Miss Nell Carter, of Ohio Wesleyan.

Esther Van Gundy's mother was a welcomed visitor for a few days.

We are sorry to learn that Alice Hall was forced to go home, on account of illness. Here's hoping she will soon be back, feeling "tip-top."

Who said a mere snow storm could stop an early morning breakfast? I guess not! We'll snap our fingers in Nature's face and have the best kind of a time.

Miss Ethel Calhoun spent the week end at Cochran Hall, as guest of Vida Wilhelm.

Lydia Garver was called home on account of the death of her little brother. She will not return till after Easter vacation.

Cleo Coppock—"Isn't it silly of all these fellows trying to raise mustaches."

Helen—"Yes, and Tom's trying it too, isn't he?"

Cleo (hesitatingly)—"Why, I didn't notice last night."

Y. W. C. A.

The High Board Fence.

March 21—Bertha Corl

The meeting with Miss Corl as leader was as interesting as the subject is original. We were fortunate in having Miss Seitzel as our special speaker. She represents the Young Women's Training School at Cincinnati, and told the girls the purpose and work of that splendid institution, where girls are preparing for definite Christian service.

Not in the Curriculum.

March 28—Rachel Cox.

Miss Maude Kelsey, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, was present at this meeting and

gave an inspiring address to the girls, as well as a number of young men who were invited to hear her. The call of the mission field was the theme of Miss Kelsey's talk, and her strong appeal to the student could not help but impress the receptive heart.

Blue Monday.

April 4—Estella Reese.

Happiness is man's inheritance and if you are intent upon having it you will find it no matter how dark the over-hanging cloud. Smile and be cheerful in spite of trouble and worry and the blues will never get the better of you.

"But the man that's worth while, is the man that can smile

"When everything goes dead wrong."

Aeroplanes and Submarines.

April 11—Lois Neibel.

This meeting was not as warlike as you might suppose. The leader quite aptly compared the standards and ideals of our lives with aeroplanes and submarines—are they high, noble and worthy of imitation, or are they low and unfit to be examples to the college girl?

Y. M. C. A.

C. D. La Rue spoke on the subject, "Snakes," at the meeting of March 16.

G. O. Ream had charge of the meeting March 23. Subject, "Power".

R. B. Thrush spoke on the subject, "The Boy, the Future Citizen of the Country," at the meeting of March 30.

In the absence of President Clippinger, Dr. Jones took charge of the meeting of April 6 and installed the officers-elect. Dr. Jones also gave a very helpful talk to the men.

The following committee chairmen have been appointed by the president, E. R. Turner:

- Devotional—V. L. Philips.
- Bible Study—J. P. Hendrix.
- Missionary—L. S. Hert.
- Membership—J. B. Garver.
- Finance—H. D. Cassel.
- Social—J. C. Siddall.
- Music—R. P. Mase.
- Employment—Walter Schutz.
- House—A. W. Neally.

- Intercollegiate—H. R. Brentlinger.
- Deputation—G. O. Ream.
- Hand Book—A. C. Siddall.

The gas lights in the Association Building have been replaced by electric lights. Two beautiful chandeliers, the gift of the Cleiorhetean Literary Society, have been placed in the auditorium.

S. C. Ross spoke on the subject, "The Unselfish Life," at the meeting of April 13.



Tennis Schedule.

Otterbein's tennis squad composed of "Hen" Bercaw Capt., Ross, Sen-ger and Ressler are confronted by the following stiff schedule for this spring:

- April 18—Ohio State at Columbus.
- April 28—Kenyon.
- May 6—Ohio Northern.
- May 11—Kenyon at Gambier.
- May 13—Ohio Wesleyan at Dela-ware.
- May 25—Capital.
- June 2—Wooster.
- June 3—Capital at Columbus.
- June 5—Wittenberg.
- June 10—Wooster at Wooster.

* Heidelberg has been recently placed on the baseball schedule. The game will be played May 19, during the Ohio Northern trip.

Otterbein (3—Ohio Northern (0)

Baseball officially opened at Wester-ville April 15 when Otterbein's "team of doubts" came through with a fine victory over the Ada men. Mund-henk, our new twirler worked like a king, holding his opponents to only 2 hits. Haller behind the bat caught a wonderful game although his right thumb was smashed. Ream, both on second and at the bat made the star dust fly. Lineup:

Otterbein	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
Gilbert, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Weber, 3b	4	0	2	0	3	1		
Ream, 2b	3	1	2	2	6	1		
Lingrell, ss	3	0	0	1	0	0		
Booth, 1b	4	1	1	13	0	0		
Garver, rf.	3	0	1	2	1	0		
Schnake, cf.	4	1	0	0	0	2		
Haller, c	4	0	1	9	3	0		
Mundhenk, p	4	0	1	0	2	0		
*Fletcher	0	0	0	0	0	0		
Total	33	3	8	27	15	4		

Ohio Northern	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
Rudolph, 3b	4	0	1	1	1	1	0	
Mills, cf.	3	0	0	2	0	0		
Carlson, p	4	0	0	0	3	0		
Dailey, ss	4	0	0	0	1	1		
Slater, lf.	4	0	0	3	0	1		
Dawson, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	1		
Kerr, rf.	2	0	1	1	0	0		
Richards, 2b	3	0	0	1	1	0		
Smith, c	3	0	0	7	3	1		
Totals	30	0	2	24	9	4		
O. U.	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	x-3
O. N. U.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0

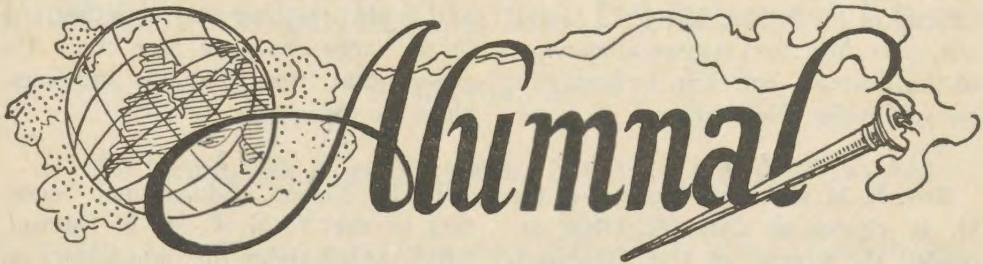
*Ran for Mundhenk in third.
 Stolen bases—Ream, Fletcher. Two base hits—Booth, Garver. Double play—Ream to Booth, Garver to

Ream. Hit by pitched ball—Ream. Sacrifice hits—Schnake, Dawson. Base on balls—off Mundhenk 2, off Carlson 2. Struck out—by Mundhenk 6, by Carlson 7. Umpire—Mr. Prugh, of O. W. U. Time 2:05. Attendance—350.

Track Schedule.

Manager Phillips announces the following track schedule:

- April 29—Denison at Granville.
- May 5—Kenyon.
- May 13—Open.
- May 20—Ohio State Seconds at Columbus.
- May 27—Open.
- June 3—St. Marys at Dayton.



'72

Mrs. Lillian R. Harford (Lillian A. Resler), of Omaha, Nebraska, is visiting at the home of her brother, Frank Jordan Resler, class of 1893, on Grove street. Mrs. Harford has been in Dayton during the past few days attending a meeting of the trustees of the Woman's Missionary Association of the U. B. Church, of which she is president. Mrs. Harford is also president of the National Young Women's Christian Association.

'82

Charles E. Bonebrake, for fifteen years, connected with the editorial department of the Ohio State Journal, and the one of the oldest newspaper men in central Ohio, died at Lawrence Hospital, Columbus, Friday, April 7.

He had been ill for some time, and his death was due to pneumonia and peritonitis setting in after an operation. Mr. Bonebrake was born in Westerville, August 13, 1857, and spent a great part of his life here. He graduated from Otterbein in 1882, and immediately went on the editorial staff of the State Journal. When his brother, Dr. Lewis Davis Bonebrake, also of the class of 1882, was elected state school commissioner, Mr. Bonebrake became chief clerk for two terms.

Mr. Bonebrake was always very much interested in the affairs of Otterbein. When in 1901-1902 there was an agitation on for the removal of the college to Dayton, Mr. Bonebrake made a thorough canvass of the territory about Westerville, especially in

Columbus, where he did practically all of that work, and was very instrumental in securing the amount of money required to keep the college in Westerville.

'77

Mr. E. L. Shuey celebrated the anniversary of the beginning of forty years continuous service as teacher of a young men's class in the Sunday school of First U. B. Church, Dayton, April 7. More than ninety guests, some from a great distance, former members of his class were present.

'87

S. F. Morrison, Omaha, Neb., was in Westerville in attendance upon the funeral of his father, Mr. J. L. Morrison. Mr. Morrison is general manager of the German American Coffee Company, Omaha, Nebraska.

'87

Rev. E. M. Counsellor, pastor of the U. B. church at Dunkirk, Ohio, attended the funeral of J. L. Morrison and spoke on behalf of the students who found a home with Mr. Morrison.

Dr. O. B. Cornell has been appointed health officer of the village of Westerville under the new Commission form of government.

'92

Nolan R. Best, editor of the Continent, a leading Presbyterian paper printed in New York City, stopped in Westerville on his way home from Chicago to visit his father, Rev. James Best, and his sister, Mrs. Frank McLeod (Mary Iva Best, 1903). Mr. Best is a trustee and very loyal supporter of Otterbein.

'03

D. F. Adams finished a graduate course in Agriculture in the Univer-

sity of Minnesota, last January. Mr. Adams has been director of the University Farm for the last three years.

'11

Grace D. Coblentz, teacher of German and English in the high school at Miamisburg, Ohio, spent her spring vacation in Westerville, visiting her mother and sister.

'13

Camp W. Foltz stopped in Westerville over night, March 31, on his way to his parents' home in Akron, Ohio. He gave piano recitals in Philadelphia, Shenandoah Collegiate Institute, Dayton, Va., and Clay, W. Va. Mr. Foltz is pursuing studies in Boston, and is also teaching and directing one of the large choirs in that city. He reports that Irene (Ex. '13) and Gretchen are doing fine.

'13

T. H. Nelson, Educational Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Dayton, Ohio, visited his mother and sisters on Park street, April 2.

'10

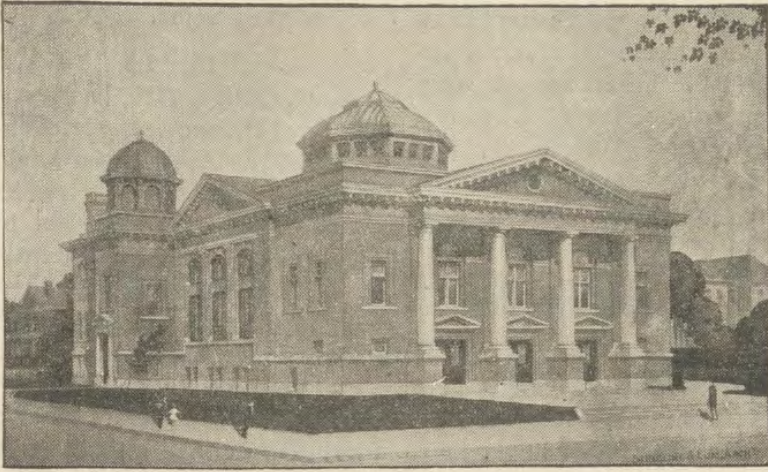
Word has been received from Anderson, Ind., that Mrs. Homer P. Lambert, who has been seriously ill for some weeks with typhoid fever, is doing as well as could be expected, and hopes are being enteretained for her complete recovery.

'13

Nelle Homrighouse, a graduate of the Fine Arts department has accepted a position with the Culver Art and Frame Company.

'07, '01

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Clark Worman are in Westerville visiting Mrs. Worman's mother, Mrs. J. E. Guitner, and sister Prof. Alma Guitner, of the



First Church of the United Brethren in Christ Westerville, Ohio

To be Dedicated April Thirtieth, Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

Sunday, April 30, will mark a new epoch in the history of the United Brethren Church, of Westerville. For years this congregation has labored and prospered without a temple of worship, and are now looking forward with pleasure to the dedication of their new church. Bishop G. M. Matthews, D. D. LL. D. of Dayton, Ohio, will deliver the sermon at the morning service, which is to be followed by a financial statement of the Board of Trustees. The afternoon service is to be a fraternal service. Rev. J. B. Hawk of the Methodist Church of Westerville, will speak in behalf of the churches of Westerville; Rev. R. A. Hitt, will speak on behalf of the Southeast Ohio Conference; Rev. W. G. Stivers, of Columbus, will represent the former pastors. A sermon by Rev. S. F. Daugherty, former College pastor, and Dedicatory services in charge of Bishop Matthews, will be the special features of the evening service.

Special music will be rendered by the choir. Musical director John A. Bendinger and Organist G. G. Grabill in charge of the large choir will render special music at teach service. The Hallelujah Chorus, by Handel, will be given in the morning. Unfold, Ye Portals, by Gounod, in the afternoon and Gloria, by Mozart, at the evening service.

Much credit is due to the faithful work of the Board of Trustees, former apstor, S. F. Daugherty, and our present pastor, Elmer E. Burtner.

class of 1897. Mr. Worman is the student secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Madras, India. He has the distinction of being the first Student Secretary sent to foreign fields by the Y. M. C. A. His position is a very important one as Madras has the largest Christian student population of any city in India. Mr. and Mrs. Worman first went to India in 1910 and this is their first furlough.

They left Madras, February 26, and sailed from Colombo, Ceylon, March 2. On their way home they spent a week in China and two days in Japan. In Kobe, Japan, Mr. Worman had a short visit with Rev. B. F. Shively, 1905 and wife (Mary Grace Resler, 1906.) They arrived at Vancouver April 8, and Westerville April 14, having been on the way one day less than seven weeks, which is

counted a very fast trip, coming by way of the Pacific.

' 15, ' 15, ' 94

E. H. Dailey, 1915, has just finished a tour of the western states in the interest of the Anti-Saloon League, and is now in the state of New York engaged in similar work. The league is making there the most extensive campaign they have ever conducted. It is expected that meetings will be held in every city, town and hamlet in the state. Mr. Dailey's work is going in advance and making all arrangements for these meetings, similar to the work of the advance men of the Chautauqua bureaus. In his recent work of this kind in the state of Virginia, he visited almost every town that has a post office. Following him, Homer B. Klñe, '15, and T. H. Bradrick, '94, visit each place, and see that every thing is ready for the meetings.

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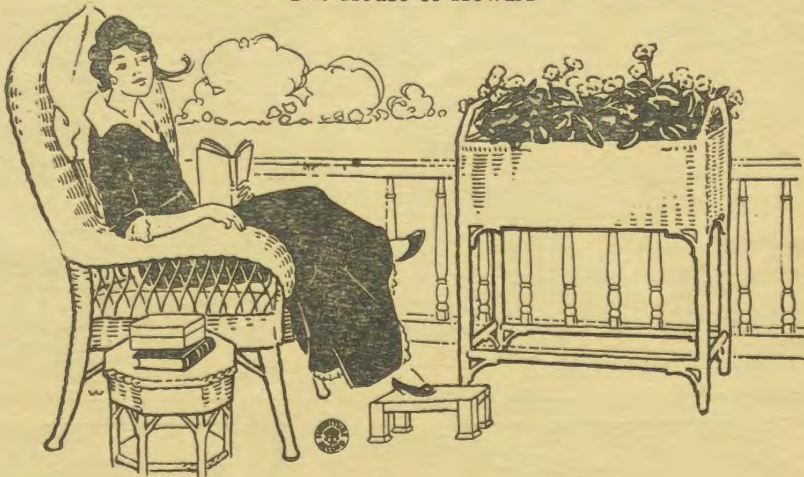
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