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The Otterbein Aegis



December 1916

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TOUCHDOWN OTTERBEINI!—St. Mary's Game.

The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXVII

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, DECEMBER, 1916.

No. 4.

Football and Character

Coach, Hal J. Iddings.

FOOTBALL is primarily an intercollegiate game, although at one time such was not the case.

During the last fifteen years it has developed by quick strides into the college game, annually enlisting the physical skill of some thousands of college athletes and furnishing enjoyment for other thousands, even millions, of spectators.

That certain faults should creep in was inevitable since football growth has been out of all proportion to football supervision. As the boom town on the prairies growing suddenly into a city over night wakes up in the morning to find itself without the proper municipal regulations, so football, attaining unexpected prominence in the athletic world, discovered, attached to itself certain evils with no legislation to meet the situation.

We are all acquainted with those evils which at one time threatened the existence of the game, and with the subsequent reformation in 1905, when the football rules committee and others interested in preserving the sport foreseeing that drastic measures were needed, proceeded to act. That they acted wisely is proved by the fact that today football is flourishing as never before.

Several factors have contributed toward putting football on a higher plane than formerly. The National Intercollegiate Athletic Association recently formed, and composed of fac-

ulty members, alumni and coaches of the leading universities of the country is perhaps the controlling force in establishing and keeping the sport on its present high level. Also faculty influence, sadly lacking at first, has lent its steadying aid and is inclined now more than ever before to see in football a lasting value. Today undergraduate support is more sane and the standards of coaches eminently above those of some years ago.

Admittedly, football has passed through a stormy career. While there are those who profess to see grave dangers to academic ideals in certain conditions surrounding the game, but not of it such as excessive publicity and exaggerated importance in public and intercollegiate circles, still we may feel sure that the main, if not all the faults within the game, have been corrected.

Certainly football must confer benefits else it would have succumbed long ago to adverse criticism. That it has survived all attacks seems to me sufficient proof that it has very real values. Let us consider what these may be.

Football undoubtedly develops the quality of individual initiative. The American game, unlike English rugby, gives the player something to do all the time, permitting him at the same time to add such excess efficiency as is within his power. Divided into attack and defense the game gives two branches of play very dissimilar, offer-

ing plenty of room for versatility and initiative, both team and individual. The player is constantly facing new situations in which he is compelled to exercise a high order of physical and mental courage as well as quick judgment. The sudden changes in the game so familiar to the spectator call for quick action and quicker thinking. No two moments of play are alike; no two games identical.

Mental superiority is just as valued on a football field as elsewhere and commands its rewards. A quick brain is faster than any pair of legs. Mental poundage is at a premium. Two of the men most generally mentioned for positions on the All-American football team for this year weigh less than one hundred and fifty pounds.

Football at present makes a strong demand on all the fine qualities. The player is looked upon as representative of his institution and expressive of its ideals. This puts him under a heavy obligation and one of which he is generally conscious; that he so commonly fulfills it is worthy of notice.

Control of temper when in the heat of conflict, fair regard for opponents' rights and a strict adherence to the rules of the game are demanded and uniformly evident. Self denial is another cardinal virtue of the aspirant for football honors. He adheres to a more or less strict diet, and faithfully follows training rules even though they forbid pet indulgences.

Here is what a prominent ex-football man says football did for him:

"I learned to control my temper, to exercise judgment, to think quickly

and act decisively. I learned the meaning of discipline, to take orders and to carry them out to the best of my ability. I learned to meet, know and size up men. I learned to smile when I was the most discouraged fellow in the world, to better control my nerves. I learned to work out problems for myself and to apply my energy more intelligently—to stick by the ship. I secured a wide friendship which money can't buy." Evidently Mr. Kennard of Harvard found football decidedly profitable.

But it is not the player alone who is made better and I believe this to be the chief value of the game. I differ first, last and for all time with those who say the spectator only stands and waits. The entire student body as well as alumni through mass meetings, cheering sections in the bleachers and home-comings enjoy the opportunity of participating in its benefits. Nowhere else do they have the chance of meeting in a body and voicing through their support of the team their college loyalty—regard for the institution that has taught them new and higher ideals—the kind of loyalty, perhaps, that later in life finds expression in civic pride, that builds the Y. M. C. A. and public libraries, that values common good more than personal gain.

To many I am sure football is not the spectacle of a group of athletes butchering one another to make an American holiday; nor is it the reversion of the character building of the class room to the primeval strife of the football field.



The Evolution of Football

Glen O. Ream, '18

FOOTBALL is America's oldest sport. The spirit of the game seems to have been born into our veins, for after the countless attempts to abolish it, it has only taken a deeper root in the fertile soil of American pastimes. Football may be and has been reformed many, many times, but it can never be entirely abolished. The project of eliminating it as a major college or high school sport is very much akin to the good player: he is tackled often but always comes up smiling.

The game is not American in origin. Nor is it played by only a few nations. In fact, football is played in some form or other by nearly all nations. Even the Eskimos in their icy areas participate in contests very similar to the weekly combats of our own country during the autumn months. The balls used by the various peoples are generally similar, being constructed by placing a bladder within a leather case and then inflating the bladder. The Filipinos are most original in making their footballs. They cut out thin strips of bamboo and bind them closely together, thus forming a ball which has an unusual amount of elasticity.

Football has its beginning long before the time of Greece. The Ancients played a kicking game which they called "Follis." Later on the esthetic Greeks themselves took up the game. Their game was very much the same as their predecessors' except that a larger number of players was used. But for the actual beginning of football as we know it now, we owe the Romans, those rugged warriors who made fighting and contests religious

duties. Their game was akin to present day Soccer. The feet and hands were both used, the ball being carried as well as kicked.

"Harpastum," as their game was called without doubt gave origin to the English form of play from which we have directly derived our great sport. The idea of the Harpastum was to score points by means of a so-called "conquering cast" or throwing the ball into the opponent's goal; not a great deal unlike modern basketball.

Cricket is generally considered as England's most venerable and best liked diversion. But long before Cricket grew to be popular, football was not unknown, especially in the northern part of The Isles. There is an old story that one of the oldest footballs was the skull of a Danish invader which was kicked about the Rhodee at Chester every Shrove Tuesday. Owing to the scarcity of skulls, however, a new form of ball had to be invented—a kind that could more satisfactorily be adapted to the various requirements of the growing game.

In those days the contest was not played between teams of a stated number of participants, but whole townships would often get into the scrimmage. Sometimes the towns would be the goals and then the rush would last all day long. One old writer describes such a grand melee in this manner: "Over hills, dales, hedges, ditches, yea and the thorow bushes, briars, mires, plashes and rivers whatsoever you shall sometimes see twenty or thirty lie struggling together in the water, scramble and scratching for the ball."

Now wouldn't that be a quaint sight in our day.

As early as 1175, in England, Shrove Tuesday was set aside as an exclusive football day. The first historical account of this can be found in Fitzstephen's History of London. The next historical account of the game is found dated 1365. At that time Edward III made a grand effort to abolish football, or Pila Pedina as the game was then called. Of course he failed in his attempt, but right there Mr. Edward Third started something. He was the first Abolitionist.

In 1388 Richard Second tried the same thing, but he too was baffled. Three other kings following Richard Second, likewise a Scottish and English Parliament tried the trick but fell far short of their purpose. So the story goes or rather comes down to the present time. Kings and parliaments have desisted their cries for abolition, but in many places school boards and college trustees have imitated remarkably well their dignified and royal predecessors in trying to tear away from American people a game that is so akin to the very struggle of life itself.

At one time brute strength was the sole requirement of players. The burly, brainless fellow was the only man who had any chance at all to make the team. Mass plays were the vogue. Phalanxes, Flying Wedges and other mass formations were used entirely.

It was purely a question of brawn. Nowadays a man may be comparatively light in weight, but still a star on the team. Signals have become more numerous and complex since the game has become more open. No other feature has done so much to open up the game as the forward pass. In the olden times there were no such occasions as when a strong armed, sure-eyed, steady nerved back raises the pig skin aloft, poises an instant and then with the speed of a bullet whistles the pellet away up the field to a flying team mate who catches the ball on the dead run and thus completes the modern forward pass for a big gain of thirty yards or more. The forward pass has been the subject of many a regulation committee. Whether to limit the distance of a successful pass, to make fewer men eligible for it, or to abolish the play entirely are all points that have been discussed many times. The forward pass has revolutionized football. It has rendered the fleet-footed chap, though light but possessing a good set of brains, a most valuable asset to the team. Trick plays, too have crept in. By means of them, the featherweight team can make its heavy opponents look most ludicrous indeed. Football has truly undergone an evolution. From its unsystematic primal state it has evolved through the centuries to a wonderful game that is a combination of mathematics, science, art, ethics, religion and physique.



Mother Brent

Lois L. Adams, '19

"Alicia is late this evening, Dicky."

The canary in the old brown cage ruffled his yellow feathers and twittered a bird answer to the gentle voice.

Mother Brent sat by the fire in the little flat awaiting her daughter's return from work. The cozy little flat, with its soft colors, cheerful fire and abundance of pictures formed a fitting background for the little old lady in the wheel chair. Mother Brent and her daughter had lived in these very rooms ever since the accident that had killed Alicia's father and made her mother a cripple.

From her wheel chair Mother Brent had laid the table for two, and had lit the shaded lamp. From the tiny kitchen came the singing of the tea-kettle.

"Our little home is very comfortable this cold night, Dicky boy," said Mother Brent; "even if Alicia does smile and call it 'cozy clutter'," she added a little sadly.

The door opened and Alicia Brent entered. Alicia was not like her mother. She was tall and pale—very erect and dignified.

She could be very cool and distant, or, if she chose, very gracious. One could imagine Alicia Brent mistress of a stately old-fashioned house of many rooms.

She came in hurriedly. Her eyes were shining with excitement or exercise, and she gave her head a characteristic little toss as she unbuttoned her worn gloves.

"Something wonderful has happened, little mother," she said. "Something that will effect both of us—will take us away from this grinding life and

this unspeakable little flat."

Her mother's eyes darkened.

"Have you had a promotion, dear" she said gently.

The girl hesitated.

"Y-es," she said at length. "We will talk about it together after supper."

They ate the meal almost in silence. Neither of them referred to the subject uppermost in the minds of both. Once the girl remarked that it was snowing, and Mother Brent replied:

"You must wear your overshoes, tomorrow."

Finally they had finished. Alicia guided her mother's chair to the fire-side and sat down on a little stool beside her.

The firelight glinted in the hair of the girl. The mother waited in silence. Finally she said:

"Are you going to tell me, Alicia?"

"Yes—but—mother—it is going to be harder than I thot. It seemed very easy when he—It is about Randall Irwin, mother."

Mother Brent's slight figure stiffened, but she said softly:

"Yes?"

"He asked me—he wants me to marry him—and I have said 'yes'—that is if you are willing. We will live in that fine old home on Bartlett Avenue," the girl hurried on. "You know, mother, he became junior partner of the firm last week. He will be rich—but it is not that," Alicia hesitated shyly—"he is the only real man I ever knew, except my father. I know you think you would not like him—he is not your sort—but you would not have to see him often. I'm sure he

would not expect to marry my family."

Mother Brent winced:

"No," she said, in a choked voice, "he would not marry your family—and what would become of your mother, Alicia? Have you thot of that?"

The girl turned at the tone, but her mother's face was in shadow.

"Yes, I have thot," she said slowly. "But mother, you like it here, don't you? And of course, I should visit you often—and I would get a maid to wait upon you, and you would be happy and comfortable."

There was a little silence, and the canary pecked at his seeds.

"You will decide soon, won't you mother? Remember, I am so anxious."

Alicia dropped a cool kiss on her mother's cheek and went into her own little room.

Left alone, the little woman in the wheel chair covered her face with her cold hands. What had Alicia said? To marry Randall Irwin—and go away? To be rich? But that would be to leave her invalid mother! No, Alicia had not meant it, surely.

The little old lady's face quivered. Alicia was her baby.

Randall Irwin! Alicia's mother had no reason to dislike him, but suddenly she hated him fiercely. He was hard and cruel. He would take away her daughter—and leave her with nothing—but some money and a maid.

The little lady's head came up defiantly. Her eyes were hard. He should not! She would tell Alicia "No!" Her daughter had always obeyed her wishes.

She opened her lips to call Alicia—to tell her—and then a sentence rang through her mind. She remembered the girl's face in the firelight when she had said:

"He is the only real man I ever knew, except my father."

Alicia's father! If he were only here! Mother Brents lips slowly closed. Her tense figure relaxed. She was remembering.

For a long time she sat gazing into the fire.

The sleet pattered on the window panes.

The canary had been long asleep.

When Mother Brent at last straightened up in her chair, her face was pale, but her eyes shone clear and steady behind their wet lashes.

"He would say 'yes,'" she murmured half aloud.

"Alicia," she called.

She could hear, in the next room, the sound of her daughter springing up to answer her call.

The canary, roused by his mistress' voice, began to twitter.

Mother Brent smiled at him.

"We are both getting old, Dicky bird," she said.

The New God

George A. Sechrist, "17



O thinking man or woman today needs arguments to persuade him or her that our civilization is insecure and that the nations are drifting rudderless. Of all the rea-

sons that might be attributed to our present state of civilization, probably the most momentous is the magical power which we have deluded ourselves into believing that science pos-

esses. For more than a century the nations of the world have been struggling for scientific supremacy and have, almost, if not entirely lost sight of the God of our fathers.

The modern world today has persuaded itself that all it has to do is to hand over its fortune to science; science has accepted the trust and just now science with a "neutral" stare is presenting to us the results—the bombarding aeroplanes and the Zeppelins which are used to kill babies, the high explosive shells and the Krupp guns, the submarine, the gasoline pumps which the Germans employ to spray their enemies with, in order to burn them to death more efficiently. And more than that we have behind the firing lines the spectacle of whole nations utilizing every atom of its scientific and industrial organization to destroy human life. It is wicked, it is insane, it is anything you like—and yet it is simply what we have permitted ourselves to do.

We are now confronted by the problem of our motives. Why is it that we have allowed science to run about in a state of frenzy, to be not a savior, but a destroyer. One of our motives is fine, unselfish, idealistic, the desire to make the world a better, cleaner, healthier place to live in; the other is the lust for gain. In our pursuit for gain we have allowed ourselves to be bound hand and foot, making no distinction between Right and Wrong.

Why is it that we have been so stupid as to allow science to dominate us. It is not enough to say that our greed blinded us, it is not enough to say that we have modern scientific warfare because we wanted modern scientific factories. Greed accounts for much but not for all of our folly. Our false idealization of science is therefore re-

sponsible for the rest.

Let us suppose that a poor and ignorant farming community has settled upon a land of average fertility. They have no doctors and every once in a while the accumulated filth in the midst of which they live causes them to suffer from a terrible epidemic, which they call a "visitation of God." Crops are uncertain; if they are good the farmers cry, "God is merciful," if they are bad the farmers cry, "God is angry with us for our sins." They cannot travel for they have bad roads. The men work all day in the fields and the women all day about the house. They make their own clothes for there are no factories. Their life is at best full of toil. And they ascribe every event whether good or bad, to the will of God.

Into the midst of such a community comes a group of quiet black-coated men, who with incredible rapidity alter and transform the life of these people from top to bottom. They know where to find metals and coal; they erect strange buildings full of strange things that make more cloth in a day than a toiling woman could make in a life time; they build roads and railways; they build sewers and hospitals. Shops spring up, men become rich in a year and all of a sudden God ceases to send pestilence upon the community, no matter how much they sin. What process, I ask you, then goes on in the bewildered mind of that community? These quiet men, who worship a new diety called science, have transformed the world; it is they who have overruled the elder God, who sent disease and poverty and crops, good or bad, according to His temper. Therefore the mind of the community draws the only conclusion possible to it—that the new

diety is a greater god than the God of their fathers. And so the community enshrines science, and prostates itself before science and all its works.

Science, to be sure, cannot save the world, for the plain reason that science is not Divine. But what has been the history of the past century? It has been the age of the machine. The railway and the steamer have annihilated distance. Darwin came and we began to speak of Evolution instead of speaking of God. We discussed and believed, in not the Fall, but the Rise of men. The earth was suddenly revealed to be a storehouse of inexhaustible wealth. Trade was no longer between town and town, but between continent and continent. The sky yielded its secrets. New inventions were poured out in floods, until we were so amazed that we lost the power of wondering at anything.

Science was to abolish War, and disease and ignorance and crime at some time in the future. "Leave it to science," we said and in the meantime do all you can for your individual self.

What was worse, most of us took our own advise. We left all the rest to scientific experts: Government we turned over to the politicians, law to the lawyers, health to the doctors, science to the scientists, religion to a dwindling body of clergy and morals to I don't know what.

Then came the awakening. Germany proclaimed the Holy War in the name of science and signalized her entrance in to the militant service of that God Science by ravaging the women and children of Belgium and France, by ravaging everything save the soul of Belgium and France.

The vast majority of we Americans have been shocked by what Germany has done, but we have forgotten them

almost as fast as she has committed them. Why should we remember them? Do we not find it especially easy to forget our own sins? It is because we Americans like the Germans have sinned the sin of Greed, it is because we too have bowed down our heads to deified science. And the extent to which this moral cancer has eaten into our souls is made manifest by our moral insensibility. Our traditions of liberty have been perishing, and in their place we have erected shrines to prosperity, by which we mean "Greed," and to efficiency by which we mean "Science." This, therefore, is the danger that menaces the American people today: not, as we have vainly imagined, the danger that we might be forced into war, or that we might be attacked after the war, but rather our secret idolatry of the god that is also the god of the Germans—the God Science.

If America is to be the nation among nations, we must take some stand in regard to the present war. As we stand today we are neutral. Our President and our Congress have plainly and openly declared that we stand for neutrality. Do we not know that neutrality is morally wrong? Is there any clear thinking man or woman, who believes that this nation could face the Almighty God morally pure? Neutrality means indifference. It does not mean even-handed justice, for justice takes an active part in the affairs of men, whereas, we are decidedly not taking an active part. We are, indeed, making money, but that is for our own private pocket. We feel that something has happened when Germany sinks our ships and kills our citizens. Many of us believe something ought to be done to bring the intolerable assassins to justice, others of us,

tho of pure American descent, are saying of our innocent dead, "It serves them right, what business had they to be in a place where they could cause us trouble."

It is not my purpose to propose that we should join the Allies; but I do propose that we should strive to make ourselves spiritually and intellectually fit to join the cause of humanity. One definite step that we as Americans can take, is to purge ourselves of the worship of science. If we fail to do this

we shall continue to drift until we are damned, until our names are written in the records of history as of those who thrust themselves out of the fellowship of nations. The cause of humanity is one in which we can enroll, whether we join the Allies or not.

We must overcome the idea that Science reigns supreme over humanity and the ideas which are rooted in this belief we must trace out one by one and destroy it as we would destroy so much poison.

Otterbein Athletic Club

R. W. Smith, '12

THE meeting of the Board of Directors of the Otterbein Athletic Club December 9 closed the third year of the existence of the club. Reports show that there is a great deal of difference in the organization now and at the time of a similar meeting two years ago. Then four or five constituted a self-appointed committee to direct the work of the club; now there are three well organized local clubs and several are in the making. Westerville, Dayton and Anderson have flourishing local organizations, which are furnishing together about \$600 of the funds of the club for this year. Everywhere all are working for the betterment of athletics in general in Otterbein and the broadening of that field.

It is hard to prophesy, but from present indications the future of the Otterbein Athletic Club is assured. It is a force in the activities of the college long recognized as badly needed. The Varsity "O," though fulfilling some of the needs, failed to meet all the requirements because of certain internal conditions. The Athletic Association

has its own field, as has the Alumna Association. I feel that the Otterbein Athletic Club has more of a chance to become a real force than any of the above organizations, because it has a definitely fixed purpose in view and is truly representative of the whole Otterbein, its alumni, the ex-students, the students and the friends of the institution. In addition, it is on a firm financial basis.

As I have said before in various communications, the Otterbein Athletic Club aims to give, first, financial assistance in obtaining adequate coaching; second, to do a certain legitimate work among students and prospective students; and, third, to organize the alumna spirit into a working force for the benefit of Otterbein athletics.

Furnishing aid in the coaching department took most of our funds this year, but during the coming season we hope to fulfill our whole mission.

Funds from the local clubs and from private individuals to the general club this year will amount to about \$800. Next year our aim is to secure \$1000. We have ten year pledges amounting

to half this sum, so we are reasonably sure of reaching the goal. Our membership will then amount to nearly 200.

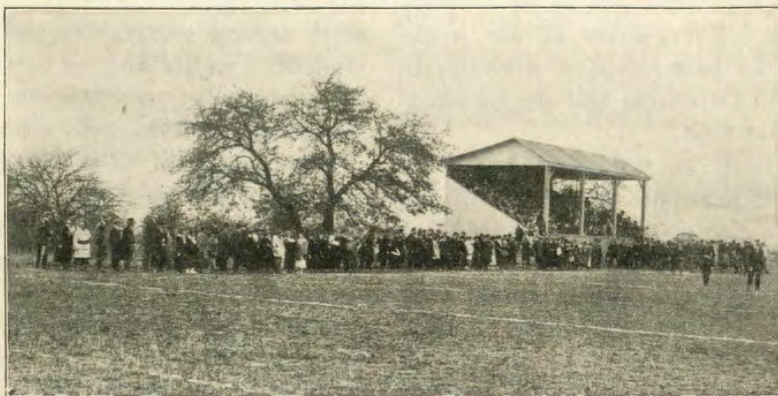
To date, our work has been mainly of organization and we have been meeting with pronounced success wherever we have concentrated our efforts and the alumni understood what the club was aiming to do and what it stood for. It has been our strict rule, and will continue to be so, that the club officers do nothing whatever to cast aspersion upon the good record of Otterbein athletics. The things that the Otterbein Athletic Club is doing for the athletics of the school are what every other school in the state is doing to boost its teams. This is a day

of specialized advertising and educational institutions can use no better form of advertising than the concerted boosting of its alumni.

There are probably many of the alumni and ex-students of Otterbein, who have not become acquainted with the workings of the club; to these we extend greetings and say that we desire to furnish any information they may want. The officers of the club are: Homer P. Lambert, president; Fred H. Rike, John Thomas, F. O. Van Sickle, vice-presidents; O. B. Cornell, treasurer; R. W. Smith, secretary; C. O. Altman, chairman, P. E. Wineland, W. M. Gantz and R. W. Smith, executive committee.



FOOTBALL SQUAD 1916.



ST. MARY'S GAME.

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Unpraised Heroes.

Just now when everyone is turning his attention to the summary of the football season, to the choice of the all-state and all national teams and when the football stars of each college and high school team are being publicly lauded for their work, we are forced to wonder whether all this is just. Certain it is that everyone of these men deserves the mention which he is receiving, and it is not our intention to take away in the least any of the praise which is due the star. However, we cannot help believing that for every man who is being thus brought before the public, there are a dozen who have fought just as well and who have shown themselves to be four square men to the same extent as their more fortunate brothers who are receiving the more prominent mention. The finger of popularity points out on

every team the hero of the season and is prone to forget that, but for the consistent help of the other men on the same team, the star could not have shone so brilliantly.

But among all the neglected heroes there are none who deserve more than they receive to a greater extent than the second string men. True, it may be that the hope of making a place on the first team prompts many of these men to come out, yet we must not forget that once this hope has passed, the only incentive that causes these men to report for practice, day after day, is their loyalty to their team and school. Without a good second team it is impossible to build up a first class varsity aggregation and just so far as the first team deserves the praise which we are giving them, so far does the second team merit our praise for their spirit which has made the success of the first team possible.



REVIEW OF FOOTBALL SEASON

Many a day has rolled by since our Alma Mater has been represented by such a football team as that of the season just closed. Out of nine games, characterized by exhibitions of clean, hard playing and splendid coaching, six of them materialized in glorious victories. With Denison, Kenyon, Ohio and Wesleyan in a row to start the season off, the most loyal fans were wont to shake dubious heads. But steeled to supreme effort by complete confidence in Coach Iddings and Captain Counsellor, our men waded into the conflicts like true warriors.

Denison and Kenyon in order fell crushed at Otterbein's feet for the first time in a decade or better. These defeats were severe blows to both conquered schools—blows from which it took nearly the whole of the remaining season to recover. In the next contest with Ohio University, Otterbein's colors were forced to half mast by a 13-0 loss. The defeat was honorable and probably a good thing after all; for the pang drove our boys to work like sin for the clash a week later with Ohio Wesleyan at Dayton. This game proved to be one of the finest examples of college football ever witnessed in the Gem City. Several hundred loyal fans journeyed from Westerville to help swell the thousands-strong crowd at Highland Park. The features of the 8-0 calcimining administered to the Methodists were the All-American tactics of Elmo Lingrell and "Red" Miller.

St. Marys, Marshall and Muskingum came next. Of these three Marshall was the only one to escape from the path of Otterbein's powerful machine. The score, 6 to 12 was not discouraging though. Time worn alibis could be brought forth but excuses are often best unsaid.

The two final games of the season with Marietta and Heidelberg were looked forward to with a great deal of trepidation. Marietta has always proved a most formidable opponent to any Otterbein team. When the whistle blew, hostilities opened with a vengeance, and scarcely six minutes elapsed before Marietta's line shivered in front of a smashing attack and reluctantly fell back to allow Lingrell to crash through for a touchdown. From that juncture forth, though they braced at critical moments and by getting away with one or two lucky breaks, slipped over a total of twenty points to our six.

The Heidelberg game was a "beauty." Both teams fought evenly for supremacy. With her 'scutcheon blotted by only one previous defeat, the Tiffin squad rushed into the lists eager and confident. Otterbein waxed stronger and stronger as the battle progressed, while her opponents gradually weakened. Ten minutes before the close of the final period the score stood 0 to 7 against Otterbein. Two minutes later the count was tied. Then by a wonderful show of endurance and eagerness our Tan and Cardinal warriors began a final charge

down the field for the concluding points of the game. Heidelberg was outplayed and beaten by a better team.

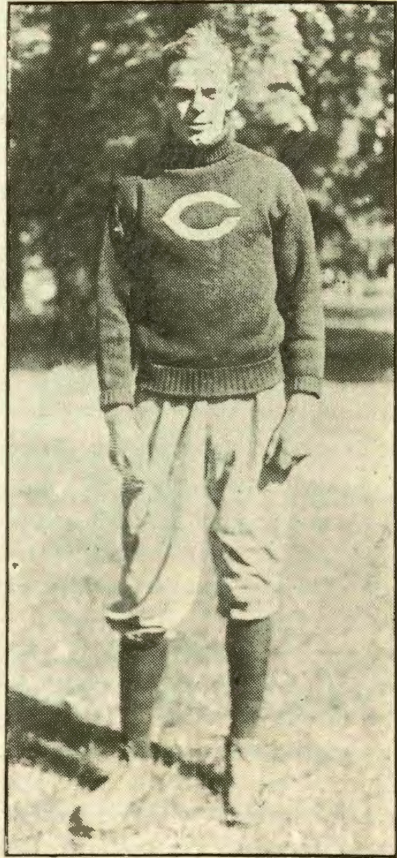
The season of 1916 has been glorious from every point of view. Old Graas have been rejuvenated, who had been thought lost to their Alma Mater long since. This fact is particularly glowing. Our great lament will be the loss of Lingrell and the entire right side of the line including Harley Walter, whose steady playing has rendered him so dependable a center. Our left wing remains intact and with the splendid prospects of new material next year, our hopes rise high. But we shall miss so much those stalwart sons who have thrown so many thrills into watching throughs the past season.

Coach Iddings deserves a Lion's share in the year's success. His quiet, but firm manner has made a deep impression. We sincerely wish for him back next season.

COACH IDDINGS—Altho Mr. Iddings had a splendid lot of material to work on this fall, we feel that we owe the biggest share of the season's success to him. He brought us a system of instruction that has won fame in years past. He is a firm believer in hard work. "If you loaf in practice you will loaf in the real game," is a motto to be remembered. It certainly seemed cruel to be driven up and down the field so relentlessly those sultry afternoons of the early season, but take it from us the man who stood in line for the battle on Saturday could laugh to scorn a Uhlan charge though it were bearing down upon him not a yard away.

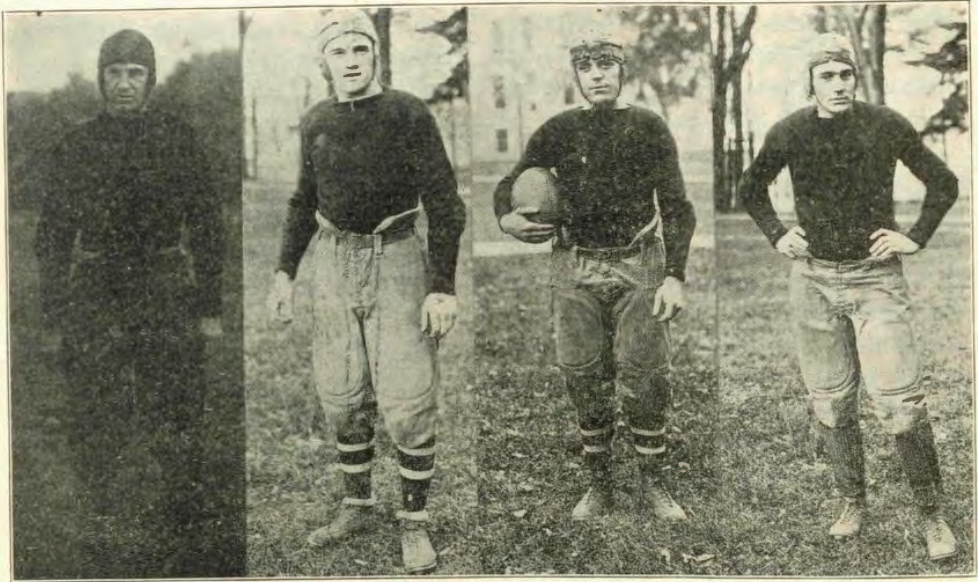
Mr. Iddings has a personality that forbids a man instinctively to complain or ask why. We do not mean that he is brutal or inhumane like so many

coaches we read about; far from it. He would a great deal rather lose the game than risk an injury to a one of his players.



He is a man of very fine judgment and knows how to get the most out of a player. He gains utmost respect from all whom he meets and that fact alone speaks the most audibly for the real man, whether he be a coach or what not.

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes and martyrs the greater part will never be known till that hour that many who were great shall be small, and the small great.—Charles Reade.



"Bill" Counsellor, Cap't. '16 Glen Ream, Cap't.-elect Elmo Lingrell L. H. Higlemire

Counsellor—When Coach Iddings came on the ground last fall he immediately declared that he had never encountered a more natural and capable leader than "Bill" Counsellor. He was right. Bill holds the respect of every man from the biggest star down to the meekest "scrub." Our captain is one of the most aggressive tackles in Ohio. This popular athlete graduates in the spring and leaves behind an enviable record. He has not lost a minute of play in three consecutive seasons. A veritable 44-centimeter on one hand and a human Gibraltar on the other. "Good-by Bill, how we hate to see you leave."

Ream, Captain-elect—Glen O. Ream, of the class of '18, was honored by his teammates by a unanimous election to the "big chief" position of the 1917 squad. A better selection could not have been made.

Ream is qualified in every way to fill the position. In the first place he is a gentleman, a clean, consistent player. Next he knows the game and

has the ability to put his knowledge into practice. His terrific line plunging during the past season has labeled him as "the best fullback on the Otterbein team for years." His tackling has been spectacular, and he pulled the pigskin out of the atmosphere just far enough behind Denison's goal line to give Otterbein the first victory of the successful 1916 season.

Lingrell—How useless are words to express the universal opinion of Elmo Lingrell as a football player. His name flashes in heavy type from every newspaper write-up. We are proud to repeat the statement that has come to our ears so often this season from competent authority: "Lingrell would make a place on any team in the world." His weight combined with tremendous speed make him a terrible opponent. His terrific line-smashing and forward passing explain the season's success to a large extent. "Ling" graduates in the spring. 'Tis sad. We shall wait long for another like him.

Higelmeyer, tackle—With his Her-

culean proportions and determined jaw, "Hig" certainly must present a formidable appearance to an opponent. We are sure too, that he does the work. The foe crouches and springs only to fall back from the impact with our invincible left tackle. This giant can

charge like fury, too. His choice feat is blocking punts. Many a time this pet stunt of his has aided a teammate to smother the ball dangerously near the opponent's goal line. Higelmire's hardest game this season was at Marietta. "Hig" has another year in Otterbein and we are glad.



Russell Gilbert

Roy Peden

A. H. Sholty

"Red" Miller

Gilbert, quarter—"Gil" has but little to say for himself, but his work at quarterback this season speaks for itself. He was on the job from the first practice until the final whistle blew at Heidelberg. He is a "plucky," level-headed player. Kicks, knocks and bruises only make him play the harder, and not until both ankles were "jimmed" would he leave the game at Kenyon. The game did not go so smoothly for Otterbein when Gilbert was forced to leave the fray. With every game he picked up steam and at Heidelberg he capped the climax with a 35-yard run, which helped Otterbein win. He is admired by every Otterbeinite and we all hope that he will stick to the Tan

and Cardinal until his college days are ended.

Peden—Although playing the difficult double role of offensive half and defensive end this plucky Pennsylvanian has finished an excellent season. Peden is about the lightest man on the team, but his unflinching grit has rendered him a most reliable player. He grows better with every contest. He is fleet-footed and steady nerved. He is a man who takes advice well, nor does he complain of a hard task. Roy has two more years with us and by the time he finishes will have a fine record not only in football, but other sports as well.

Sholty, guard—Quiet and grim determination characterize this man's style of play. His broad shouldered body proved the proverbial stumbling block to many an onrushing foe this season. His strong fort is to tear open large holes for Otterbein backs to smash through. At this strenuous trick he is an adept. He puts forth his best at every play. A gentleman from the word "Go," and always on the job. Who could wish for a better combination? Sholty graduates this year and leaves a place hard to fill.

Miller, end—"Red" certainly is a

star of no small magnitude. His fearless blocking and tackling have caused many an opposing backfield to tremble and steer clear of his territory. He is head over heels in every play, pulling sensations ceaselessly. "The most wonderful end in years," is a title which he well deserves. One of Miller's specialties is tearing down the field on punts and nailing the opposing quarter in his tracks. Truly, Miller is a bright light and Otterbein fans far and near are proud to list his name high on the Scroll of Fame. Our one lament is that he remains so short a time among us.



"Bill" Evans

Harley Walters

Mundhenk

R. P. Mase

Evans, guard and end—This season's "find" is wrapped up in the personage of William Evans, a brawny son of Pennsylvania. "Red" as Coach Iddings so fondly addresses him, played only a mediocre game on the second team last year. This fall Mr. Iddings soon discerned line material in him and promptly set out to bring it forth. As a result a future star has been discov-

ered. Bill earned his first letter at Otterbein in a hurry, and is justly proud of the same. He has two more years in Otterbein and we are looking for him to shine. He is young, has a strong physique and lots of "pep."

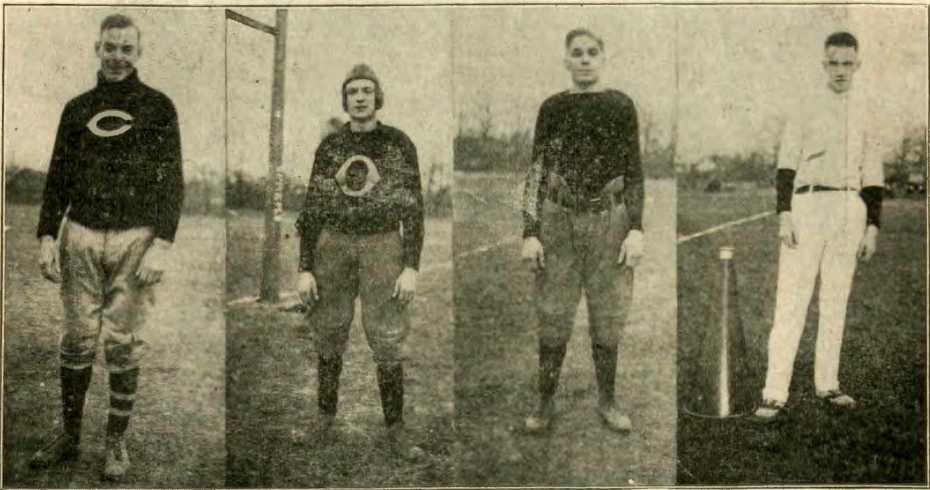
Walters, center—Coach Iddings certainly found a dependable man for the important center position when he picked Harley Walters. We never saw

a man like this Lima athlete; he always has more "pep" left after a game than any other player on the team, although he uses pounds and pounds of it in the fray. This, his last season, finishes another for him without losing a minute of play. "Lardy's" passing is extremely accurate, thus completing the first essential to a center's responsible job. Harley played a strong game at guard, but we all agree that he makes an even better center.

Mundhenk, end—Here is another husky chap who has certainly shown himself to be possessor of an abundance of natural football ability. Last year he sustained a broken collar bone during early practice and consequently was forced to remain out of active service for practically the entire season. This fall "Mundy" came out with

blood in his eye and very soon made his ability known. He is big and muscular and when he tackles an opponent he hits him like a steam engine. "Mundy" has another year at Otterbein.

Mase, guard—This big man possesses all the earmarks of a stellar player for 1917. Because of the abundance of guard material this season, Roscoe could not get in full time, but worked a sufficient number of quarters to earn his letter with "oodles" of time to spare. He has lots of grit and many times plows his way through the opposing line with disastrous effect upon the hostile attack. It wouldn't surprise us a bit to view Perlee from the tackle aspect next year. Next season will conclude his football career at Otterbein, so we are looking ahead with no little expectancy.



Coach Iddings Earl Barnhart R. H. Huber "Cocky" Wood, Cheer Leader

Barnhart—No man on the reserve squad deserves more credit than Barnhart, another Pennsylvania lad, who possesses the characteristic stamina of so many from that particular neck of the woods. He has been carried on every trip for three seasons and has

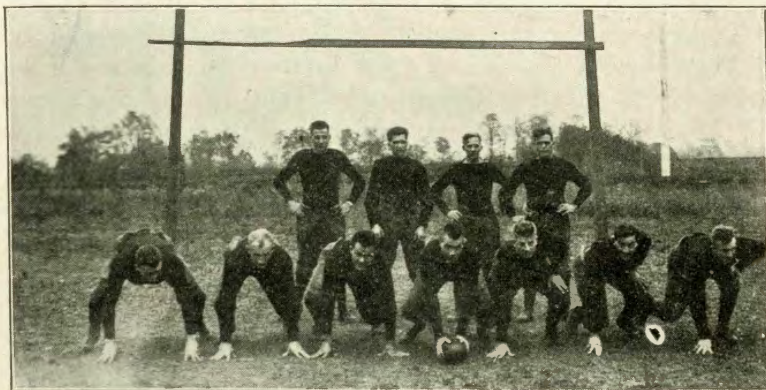
served considerable time in the 'Varsity lineup. He worked full time at right half in the Marietta contest. If some big chap who has more meat than he knows what to do with, could loan Barney about twenty pounds, wouldn't we be happy.

Huber—Ramey's job has been somewhat versatile this season, sub-quarter, left and right end. He was used quite often and in every instance he has shown fine spirit and abundance of football sense. He has a good head for directing plays from the quarter position, and also is a sure tackler. On the several occasions that he has been called upon to work at end, he has performed his duty with effective precision. He will finish school in two more years, in which time we are anticipating that he will climb rapidly to the top.

The Cheer Leader—Its a mighty

easy thing to knock a man in another position, but its another thing to fill that position yourself. Among those who get knocks—but deserve praise—is a college yell master. Its no easy task to get four or five hundred heads of various dimensions to see the same thing and say the same thing at the same time. This is the task of the cheer leader—and "Cocky" Wood has filled the position with credit for the last two years.

The yelling has been unusually good this year. A yell at the right time always injects pep into a team. "Cocky" has been on the job this fall at the right time.



THE WINNING TEAM OF 1916

OTTERBEIN, 21; MUSKINGUM, 0.

Westerville, Nov. 10.—Before a large crowd of "home-comers" and students, Otterbein punched over another victory to be added to an already heavy-laden scalp belt. The visitors brought with them a light but formidable team. The day was ideal, yet the game was comparatively slow until the last quarter when the Cardinal men steamed up and jammed two touchdowns over in quick time. When play ceased, Otterbein had first down on Muskingum's 15 yard line. Two minutes more would have meant another score. Miller, al-

though suffering from a bruised back, played a great game. The manner in which he and Peden tore down upon Muskingum's quarterback at the instance of a fumble punt and crushed him behind the line, was great to witness. Gilbert exhibited some classy open field running.

The Lineup:

OTTERBEIN, 21.		MUSKINGUM, 0.	
Miller.....	R. E.....	Gibson	
Counsellor, (C).....	R. T.....	Tallunt	
Mase.....	R. G.....	Gillogy	
Walters.....	C.	Gallup	
Sholty.....	L. G.....	Kuhn	

Higlemire.....L. T..... Schearer
 Evans.....L. E..... Price
 Gilbert.....Q. Bothwell
 Lingrel.....L. H..... Atkinson
 Ream.....F. Frost
 Peden.....R. H..... Moorhead

Touchdowns—Lingrel 2, Ream.

Goals—Lingrel.

Safety—Bothwell.

Substitutions—Muskingum: Cane for Fröst; Smith for Atkinson; Atkinson for Bothwell; Kirk for Atkinson; Bothwell for Moorhead.

Referee—McClure, State.

Umpire—McDonald, State.

Headlinesman—Mattis, Otterbein.

Time of Quarters—12½ minutes.

Score by quarters—

Otterbein	6	2	0	13—21
Muskingum	0	0	0	0—0

Marietta, 20—Otterbein, 6.

Marietta, Nov. 18—Some game, but we lost 20 to 6. Marietta has always given Otterbein a pretty tough rub and this year she proved no exception to the rule. The game was contested hotly from the very beginning. Otterbein started the scoring scarcely six minutes after Referee Eichenlaub called the game. This was quite a shock seemingly, but Marietta tightened up and prevented further scoring. Both lines played airtight defense, and consistent gains through that means were few. Marietta's first touchdown came by the straight football route, while her other two came as a result of a forward pass and triple pass respectively.

Lingrell, Gilbert and Miller were Otterbein's sparklers, while Hayes, Whiting and Westphal loomed up most conspicuously for Marietta.. Lineup:

Marietta (20)		Otterbein (6)	
Hunter.....	L. E.....	Peden	
Artman.....	L. T.....	Higelmire	
Myers.....	L. G.....	Mase	
Cox.....	C.	Walters	

Eaton.....R. G..... Sholty
 Aumend.....R. T..... Counsellor
 Meister.....R. E..... Miller
 McIntosh.....Q. B..... Gilbert
 Whiting.....L. H..... Lingrell
 Hayes.....R. H..... Barnhart
 Westphal.....F. B..... Ream

Sub—Herr for Eaton, Skinner for Hayes, Peters for Hunter, Huber for Miller, Evans for Mase. Touchdowns—Hayes 2, Westphal, Lingrell. Goals kicked—Whiting 2. Referee—Eichenlaub, Notre Dame. Umpire—McClure, O. S. U. Time quarters—15 min.

Otterbein, 14—Heidelberg, 7.

Tiffin, Ohio, Nov. 25—Otterbein officially closed the football season of 1916 in the contest with Heidelberg. The game was a thriller and many flashy plays were pulled off despite the cold weather and slippery field.

Heidelberg commenced the point getting when Captain Clarke got away with a pretty forward pass for a 30-yard run to a touchdown. From that instant, though, both teams played a great defensive game.

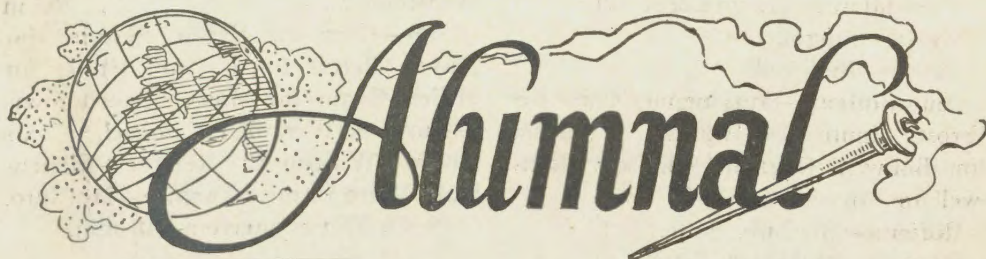
Otterbein's scoring came in the last period. The enemy had gradually weakened until the final punch, when they were completely lifted from their feet. Lingrell registered all of Otterbein's points. Gilbert's flashy open field running and Miller's great defensive work featured. This was Heidelberg's second loss of the season. Lineup:

Otterbein (14)		Heidelberg (7)	
Mundhenk.....	L. E.....	Smith	
Higelmeyer.....	L. T.....	Reinbolt	
Evans.....	L. G.....	Kauffman	
Walters.....	C.	Kelly	
Sholty.....	R. G.....	Davidson	
Counsellor.....	R. T.....	Bittikoffer	
Miller.....	R. E.....	Butcher	
Gilbert.....	Q. B.....	Sayger	
Lingrell.....	L. H.....	Clarke	

Peden.....R. H.....Shick
ReamF. B.....Jeane

Subst.—Mase for Evans, Lynn for
Jeane, Lotz for Bittikoffer. Touch-

downs—Lingrell 2, Clarke 1. Goal-
kicks—Lingrell 2, Jeane. Referee—
Eckstrom, Dartmouth. Umpire—
Young, Wooster. Time periods—15
minutes.



'06

Dr. J. W. Funk has moved to East
Pittsburgh, Pa., where he has gone into
partnership with Dr. A. E. Roose.

'82

Rev. A. P. Funkhouser, D.D., a man
who has filled some of the very promi-
nent positions in the church, lectured
Sunday evening, Nov. 12, in the First
United Brethren Church on the "Life of
the Appalachian Mountaineers." The
lecture was very interesting and instruct-
ive.

'88

Mr. Fred H. Rike was given a banquet
on his retirement from the Presidency
of the Greater Dayton Association, and
was presented a handsome calfskin
bound copy of the action of the associa-
tion praising him for his pioneer work
in developing the great civic organiza-
tion.—*Watchword*.

'72

Mrs. Lillian R. Harford of Omaha,
Neb., National President of the W. M.
A., spoke at the First United Brethren
Church, Sunday evening, Nov. 19.

Home-coming day was a great time
for the "old grads." A large number
were back, enjoying themselves at the
game, the supper, and the open sessions
of Philopronea and Philomatheia.

'96

Sunday evening, Oct. 29, Miss Helen
C. Schauck, daughter of Judge ('66)
and Mrs. J. A. Shauck, surprised her
friends by announcing that for two years
she had been married to Mr. Richard
Emory. The couple will make their
home in Chicago.

'05.

Word has been received from E. M.
Hurst, who recently left for Africa, that
he arrived safely.

'76

We regret to announce the death of
Mrs. J. T. Mills on Oct. 19 at the home
of a daughter. Mrs. Mills was Miss
Mary Keister, and was married to
Bishop J. S. Mills while he was pastor
at Westerville.

'07

At a dinner given Oct. 31 by Mrs.
Warren B. Thomas, Columbus, the en-
gagement of Miss Mary Weinland to Mr.
Arthur M. Crumrine was announced.
The marriage will be an event of the
coming winter.

'08

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Weaver, of West
Chester, Pa., have established a prize of
ten dollars for the best work done in the
third and fourth year mathematics.

Alumni, please notice. One of the functions of the Aegis is to give the Alumni the news of Otterbein. One thing they like to hear about is how their old classmates are getting along and what they are doing. We try our best to get Alumna news, but we cannot do much without your help. What you are doing will be of great interest to your classmates. So please send any items concerning yourselves which you think would be interesting, and by doing that you will help us better to serve you.

'70-'69.

The Religious Telescope recently honored the members of Miami Conference, who have been in the Conference more than thirty-seven years, by printing their pictures on the front page. Among this group were two very prominent Otterbein men, Bishop G. M. Mathews, '70, and Dr. J. P. Landis, '69, President of Bonebrake Theological Seminary.

'16.

Miss Norma McCally has resigned her school at New Albany, Ohio, and is at home in Dayton, Ohio.

'16.

Miss Verda Miles gave a musical concert, Dec. 8, 1916, at Jackson, O. assisted by Hulah Black, '17.

Ex. '91.

Mrs. J. H. Francis gave an address in one of the Columbus churches, Sunday, Dec. 3.

'87.

Mrs. Azalia Scott Detwiler is the state superintendent of Mothers' meetings for the Pennsylvania W. C. T. U.

'07.

Miss Mary Shauck Weinland of Columbus was married to Mr. Arthur Milton Cumerine, Nov. 18, 1916.

'06.

Dr. J. W. Funk, of East Pittsburgh, Pa., spent Thanksgiving in Westerville.

'14.

Miss Myrtle Metzgar, who is a student in the Missionary Training School in New York City, was called home on account of the very serious illness of her brother, Dwight Metzgar.

'11-'16.

Grace Coblentz, '11, Edith Coblentz, '13, and Catherine Coblentz, '16, spent Thanksgiving with their mother, Mrs. Mary Coblentz.

'16.

Miss Blanche Groves, of Warsaw, Ind., is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. M. Gantz, '06. Miss Groves has been singing in evangelistic services in Pymont, Ind. After New Years she will resume her work.

'05.

The Aegis wishes to express heartiest congratulations to S. W. Bates, '05, of Webb City, Mo., on his recent election to state senatorship.

Mr. Bates, or "Sard," as he is popularly known, spent a year in O. S. U. law school immediately after leaving Otterbein, thence finished his law course in the state of his present residence. At the time of his election as state senator Mr. Bates was serving as prosecuting attorney of Jasper county, Mo. "Sard" was captain of the football team in '04, and was baseball captain for two years. He was also president of the Athletic Board and Y. M. C. A. The Aegis wishes him well.

12:30

Gentleman Caller—"You needn't take the trouble to show me the door, sweetheart."

Sweetheart—"Oh! it is no trouble, it's a pleasure."

Prominent Alumni

JOHN H. FRANCIS.

Of all the many who within the walls of old Otterbein have received that training and have developed that nobility of purpose which enabled them to go out and take their place as leaders and servants of their fellowmen, perhaps no one is as worthy of mention on this occasion as John H. Francis of the class of '92. Though now superintendent of the public schools of Columbus, Ohio, with a reputation which is nation wide, his early life was humble enough. He was born on a farm near New Paris, Ohio, the elder of two sons of poor parents. His father died when he was quite young, leaving him to struggle for his education. He attended a common country school and, upon finishing there, taught for some time. In 1887 he came to Westerville with his mother and brother and entered Otterbein. While there he showed those traits of character which were later to make him successful, gaining quite a reputation as one who wasn't afraid to fight for what he thought was right. In June of 1892 he married Miss Lou Hott, who was also a student at Otterbein, and a daughter of Bishop Hott. In the same year he took up a position in California as teacher in the San Joaquin Valley College, which was then a small United Brethren school. Within two years he outgrew this place and became a teacher in the High School of Los Angeles. While here he became the ardent advocate of many "new fangled" ideas, and soon, as principal of the Polytechnic High School, was given a chance to try them out. His success with them won for him the superintendency of the Los Angeles schools. Under his super-

vision these schools became the most progressive in the country and he rose rapidly in fame as an educator. In 1913 he explained his theories before the National Educational Association, and the discussion which followed brought him nation-wide recognition which resulted in his election last May to the superintendency of the Columbus schools.

As a man, John H. Francis is a man. A man with a striking personality which gives force to his ideas, a man clean-cut to the core, a man who will fight for his convictions to the finish but with never a thought of foul play, a man to whom Otterbein can well point and say, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

MRS. R. L. HARFORD

That same executive ability which Mrs. L. R. Harford once used to sway her Philaethan sisters now wields the thousands of members of two national organizations, the Woman's Missionary Association and the Young Woman's Christian Association. Mrs. Harford, who is the daughter of Rev. J. B. Resler and a sister of Prof. Frank J. Resler, graduated from Otterbein in 1872 and her career has been remarkable. She belongs to that class of exceptional American women who have the courage to partake in public life and the ability to make themselves leaders in whatever they attempt.

Then as now teaching was a popular vocation and this was the course chosen by Mrs. Harford, who spent a part of her senior year and her first year out of college as an instructor in the Westerville public schools. One year later Mrs. Harford was elected to the faculty of Lebanon Valley College

where she taught for a year. Her services here were ended when she was married to Mr. Keister, who then was teaching in the Dayton Theological Seminary.

In the fall of '75, she with six other women called a convention in Dayton to organize the W. M. A. and was made corresponding secretary of the organization. After her husband's death in 1880 she became general secretary of the organization and was made the first editor of the *Woman's Evangel*. This position she held for thirteen years, resigning at her marriage to Mr. Harford in 1893. In 1905 she assumed the responsibility of the national presidency of the W. M. A. which position she still holds. To Mrs. Harford goes credit for a large part of the organization work of this association for she traveled from coast to coast in its interest.

She was again honored in 1915 by being called to Los Angeles as chairman of the National Biennial meeting of the Y. W. C. A. This was of special significance inasmuch as there was a dissention regarding an amendment to the constitution. Her apt diplomacy and genial executive ability at once put her in favor for the presidency of the organization and she was elected to that position at the close of the meeting.

Mrs. Harford has proved herself a worthy member of Philalethea, and an admirable product of Otterbein.

EZEKIEL BORING KEPHART, 1865

Ezekiel Boring Kephart was born in Clearfield County, Pa., Nov. 6, 1834. That he had the great advantages of Christian parents and a Christian home is abundantly witnessed by the fact that that home has given the United Brethren Church two bishops and one editor of the *Religious Telescope*. His

early education was such as was afforded by the district schools, but he was not satisfied with that. In 1857 he entered Mt. Pleasant College, and remained there until the college was incorporated with Otterbein. While he was at Otterbein he preached his first sermon at a school house, a little ways south of Westerville. He graduated in 1865, taking the B. S. degree. In 1870 he took the A. B. degree and in 1873 the A. M. degree.

In 1869 he was elected to the presidency of Western College, Iowa, where he remained thirteen years. As a college president he was liberal and uniform. When he had decided upon a course of action, that course was followed out without fear or favor.

It was during this presidency that he was twice elected to the Iowa State Senate. While a Senator he aided in the recording of the Iowa laws, and also did a great deal of the shaping of the Iowa Public School system.

The General Conference of 1881 honored him by electing him as a bishop of the church. His long experience in church, college and state had made him more competent, perhaps, than any other one man in the church at that time to deal with the perplexing questions that the next few years were to bring forth. As an active bishop he continued until the General Conference of 1905, when at his own request he was relieved from active duty. Still he could not stop working. He was elected financial agent of Indiana Central University. While in Indianapolis on college business, he was stricken with heart disease, and after a sickness of about twenty minutes died, Jan. 24, 1906.

Bishop Kephart was not as oratorical at all times, perhaps as some preachers, but there were times when his sermons had tremendous power. As a

bishop he was the most rigid parliamentarian that our church has ever had, so that even yet it is no uncommon thing for ministers to remark about the quickness with which business would be dispatched if Bishop Kephart were in the chair. He will ever be remembered as one of the most influential men that Otterbein has ever given to the church and the world.

MRS. MARY GARDNER FUNK

Mrs. Mary Gardner Funk is one of our Chiorhetean alumnae who is well known among us, and whose culture and charming personality has won for her many friends and admirers.

Her life since her graduation from Otterbein in 1881 has been one of inspiring service and replete with rich and varied experiences. Besides being a delightful home-maker, she very ably assisted her husband in his ministerial work. The first appointment which Rev. Funk received was a circuit of three charges and it was im-

possible for him to hold services at all the churches each Sunday. They realized that this situation meant the loss of great opportunities for the up-building of the church, so Mrs. Funk agreed to supply the pulpit of one charge every Sunday morning. She smilingly tells how she took up this work, with great fear and trembling, but her efforts were greatly blessed and she became a wonderful influence in the church and community. With the taking up of work in new fields, Mrs. Funk continued in her helpful assistance. While in school Mrs. Funk won literary distinction, having taken first honors at several oratorical contests. After leaving Otterbein she took up the work more extensively and wrote quite frequently, both prose and poetry, for "The Watchword" and "Evangel" and papers of that kind.

Her unselfish sacrifice and her untiring service has been such an inspiration to us. Mrs. Funk is a loyal Cleiorhetean, a staunch Otterbein alumna, but above all a true woman.



The Bishops Council of the United Brethren Church met in the Columbus Fifth Avenue Church during the week beginning November 13. Otterbein had the rare privilege of hearing two of the bishops during the council. Bishop W. M. Bell gave his lecture on "America, Whence, Whither," Wednesday evening of that week in the local

Brethren Church. Bishop H. H. Fout also visited Westerville and occupied the pulpit in the Sunday morning service.

The Sunday evening service was in charge of the Woman's Missionary Society. Mrs. L. R. Harford, of Omaha, Nebraska, National President of the W. M. A., gave a very interesting talk

on the progress of the missionary work of the church.

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"The touchdown," by Marion Short was the subject of a four act comedy presented by the Junior Class in the college chapel, Wednesday evening, Nov. 22. Much credit is due to all members of the caste. Every person acted their part well. The proceeds from the play will be used as a nucleus of a fund to publish the 1917 Sibyl.

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Chapel services were resumed Tuesday morning, Nov. 28. The days of no chapel,—and consequently an unfamiliarity with the events of the day, have led many a mother's son or daughter to "swear off" on chapel "cuts." The pipe organ is being erected in record time and the dedication date will soon be announced.

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The Junior Class of the Domestic Science Department honored the 1916 football eleven with a dinner in the department's dining room Tuesday evening, Nov. 28. The other invited guests were the manager, coach and director.

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Darwin's Theory.

Professor, lecturing on the rhinoceros—"I must beg you to give your individual attention. It is absolutely impossible for you to form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

COCHRAN HALL ITEMS.

Haven't you always heard it said, "the more the merrier"? Well, its all a mistake! When we came back from our respective homes, having partaken of our respective turkeys, we found that the favored few that had remained here at Cochran Hall over

Thanksgiving had experienced a much "larger" time than we ever had when we were all here. They had a four-course dinner on Thanksgiving—with real butter—and a party which lasted all afternoon and evening. (Whisper.) Some of the gentlemen actually stayed from two until plumb ten o'clock! They said the decorations were wonderful, but they were on us, for the girls got in our rooms—by hook or crook or skeleton key—and utilized anything and everything that could afford effective decoration. Quite a howling success—in fact we still hear a faint echo of the "howl." It would pay us all to spend our vacations at Cochran Hall after this.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

"The Balanced Life" was the subject November 14. Opal Gilbert, as leader, made a plea for a more consistent Christian life.

What are your "College Idols"? That was the question which confronted each one of us at this meeting. Grace Armentrout was the leader.

As a special feature for Thanksgiving we had a joint meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. We had special music, a fine attendance and quite an interesting leader—Katherine Wai, who had as her topic, "Traditions."

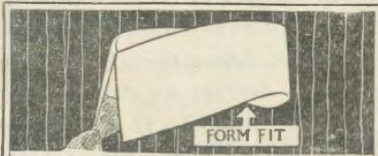
Hulah Black was the leader for December 5. She conducted a very interesting and helpful meeting. "Unknown Parts" was her subject.

Y. M. C. A.

Elmo Lingrel was the speaker at the meeting of Nov. 16. His subject was, "Our Y. M. C. A." "This Y. M. C. A. is not as popular with the students as the Otterbein Cemetery. Let's fix up the parlors and make them inviting."

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"We'll fix that," responded the bright young doctor. "Get one of those bag-pipe players to come over and have him play some Scotch tunes to cheer him up."

The order was obeyed, and the following conversation occurred next morning:

"How's the Scotchman?" said the doctor.

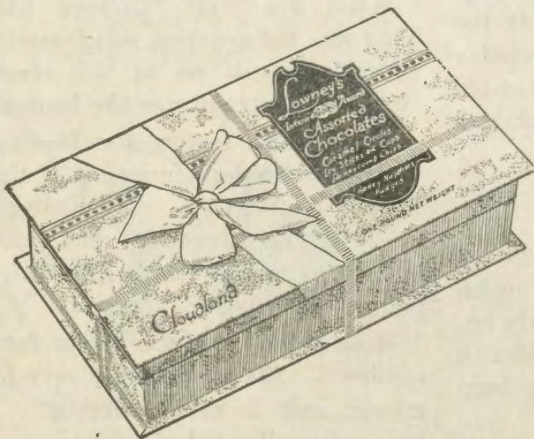
"Oh!" answered the little nurse, "he's much improved, but thirty others have had a relapse."

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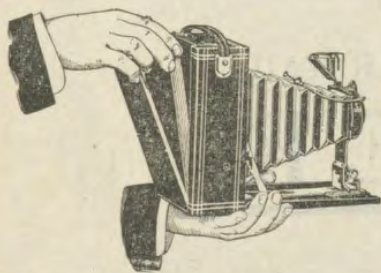
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