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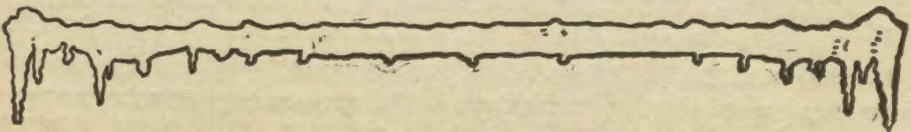
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Otterbein Aegis



FEBRUARY . . . 1916



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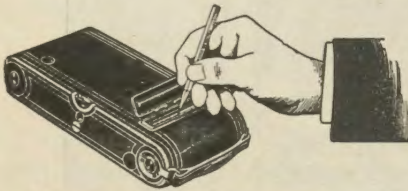
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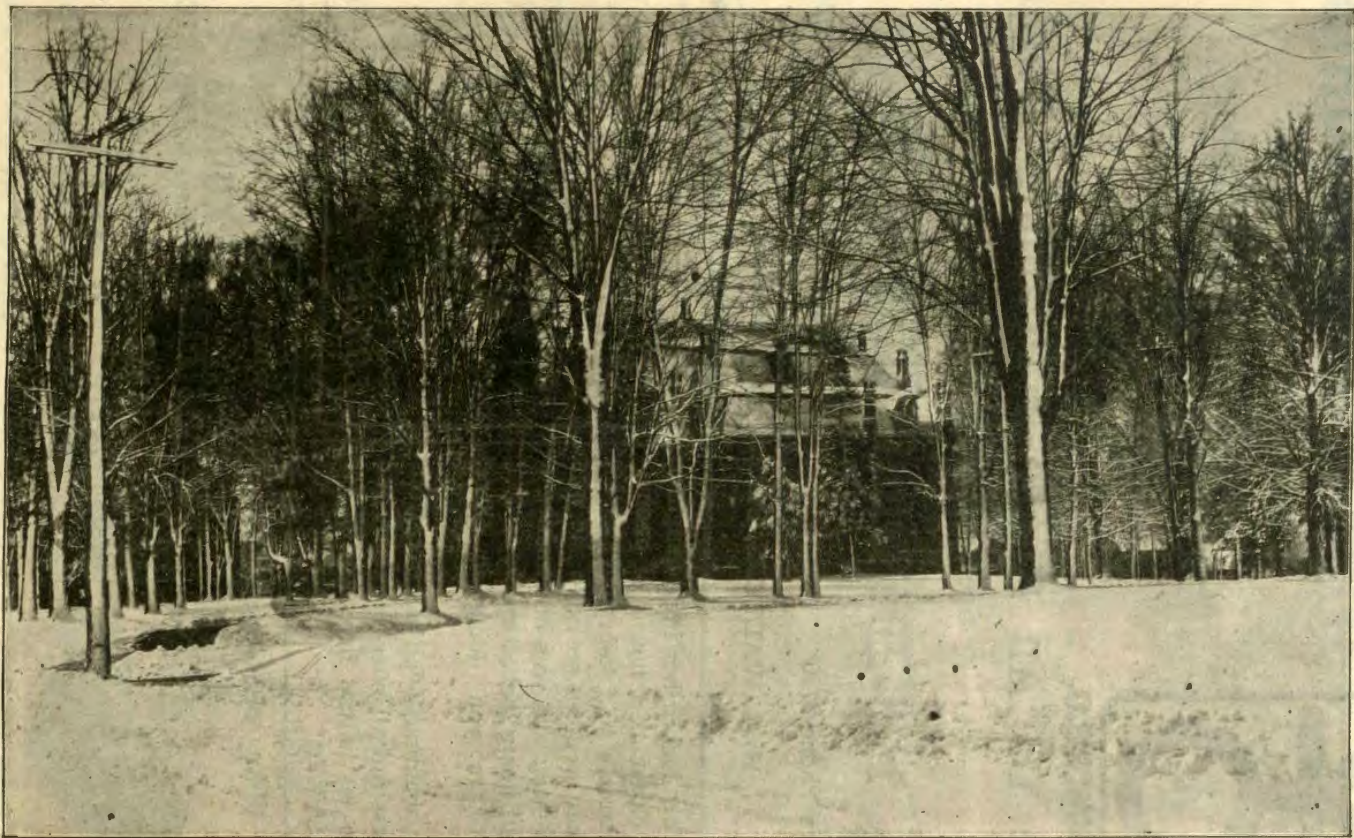
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THE CAMPUS IN WINTER.

The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXVI

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 6

PRO PATRIA

(Cloyce D. LaRue, '16)

IN this period of history-making, when nations are colliding and crumbling into ruins, when the cherished ideals of humanity are being sorely tried and shaken, when Christianity is being tested to its very depths, and when our own national peace is in the balance and the motives and purposes of our national leaders are being questioned as they have seldom ever been before, it is fitting that we turn to the pages of our history, and study and analyze the life and works and thoughts of the Father of our Country. It maybe that in our study we may find something which applied to our own lives and times, will give us breadth of view, depth of sympathy, and catholicity of spirit.

Today we are pausing between the natal days of the two greatest benefactors of our Republic, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Our debt to them and their co-laborers cannot be measured in the coin of the land, nor paid except in part and in kind. To them we owe the foundation and preservation of American Liberty, and the integrity of our Republic. They have given us our national ideals, those principles which we hold dearer than wealth or even than life itself, equity, justice, national and civic liberty, and National Honor.

Today it seems that these principles are in the balance. Shall they continue to stand or shall they be dis-

carded? Shall we make secure our National Liberty and Honor? Shall equity, justice, and civic liberty continue to be the guardians of our civil life, and shall they be extended to other peoples? We know what the statesmen of the present day say as to these questions, but, what would the 'Father of this Country' say were he to speak to us as he spoke in other days, and specifically, what would be his attitude toward President Wilson's program for adequate naval and military equipment as the best insurance against war and invasion?

President Washington was a firm believer in the efficacy of a strong, well-equipped army and navy as the best guarantee of peace. In his Second Inaugural Address, delivered in March, 1793, he said to the Congress of the United States, "I cannot recommend to your notice measures for the fulfillment of our duties to the rest of the world, without again pressing upon you the necessity of placing ourselves in a condition of complete defence, and of exacting from them the fulfillment of their duties toward us. The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion, that contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms with which the history of every other nation abounds. There is a rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld if not absolutely lost, by the repu-

tation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known, that we are at all times ready for war."

Ye men, who delude yourselves with the fancy that peace can be maintained by the waving of an olive branch or by the utterance of friendly speeches, think on these words of our first president, a man who held the reins of government in just such a time as that through which we are now passing.

Shall I review for you the history of those years? Shall I tell you the story of how, now England, and now France, and now both countries, insulted our flag and plundered our commerce? of how France demanded tribute before receiving our accredited ministers, and of that patriotic answer, "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute?" of that first Proclamation of Neutrality by President Washington? of the subsequent action of President Jefferson in almost destroying our navy by dismantling nearly all the heavy battle ships, and substituting therefor, small gun boats of one gun each for coast defence? of how France became so insolent that even Jefferson was forced to take drastic action in defence of our rights, and to direct our navy to defend our commerce and our flag? Shall I tell of those trying days prior to the War of 1812, when Great Britain plundered our commerce and impressed our seamen, taking them even from the decks of our ships of war?

An outraged nation could stand no more, and war was declared against the strongest nation of Europe, and the mistress of the seas. Our navy

numbered but sixteen ships, while Britain's battle flag floated over a thousand or more of the finest warships on the seas. Our half-trained militia were but few. Wellington's veterans were numbered by the hundreds of thousands. You know the course of that war, of how our little navy was soon blockaded and driven from the sea, but with the satisfaction of knowing that man for man, and ship for ship, it was the superior of any fleet upon the water, but helpless against overwhelming numbers. Why, I ask of you who profess to believe that strong armies and navies are useless, why was our coast ravaged from Maine to the Gulf, why was the new-built city of Washington given to the flames? Was it not because of the fact that an inadequate navy was soon overpowered, and then the way clear there were no land forces capable of meeting the invader on anything like equal terms. You, who maintain that militia, alone, are all that are needed to defend the country, must know that the militia defending Washington City broke and fled with scarcely the firing of a shot in defence of the city. You must know that almost the only battles won in Canada were won by the regulars after the militia had failed. Do not confuse the backwoodsmen of Jackson and Harrison with the militia. They were men born and bred in the woods where every man was a fighter and ready to meet any foe at any time. Their kind are no more. We must depend upon a standing army, supplemented by an efficient militia and adequate reserves. Did we win the war of 1812? No, the causes of the war had disappeared with the downfall of Napoleon, and in the final treaty of peace not one word was said concerning those things

which were mentioned as causes.

Will we learn a lesson from this struggle? Do we realize that today a Perry cannot go into the forest and hew out a fleet of war ships, or that a Molly Pitcher can not take charge of a modern cannon. Neither can an army of raw volunteers go into battle with the complex instruments of war in vogue today, nor can a modern battleship be built in less than a year.

Will you learn a lesson from the mistakes of the past? Will you take advantage of the lessons taught us by the disasters across the sea? Shall we arm for peace, or shall we, by willfully ignoring the lessons of the past and the dangers of the present, invite insult and injury without power of effective protest? I know that there are many who maintain that arbitration is all sufficient to prevent war. I do not know, for it has never been shown to do so when subjected to the acid test of human passions. Some questions may be settled by arbitration, but until there has taken place in the very souls of men some radical changes, until there shall have been

plucked from the makeup of men those qualities of honor, pride, and the willingness to give one's very life blood for those ideals and principles which are the very foundations of our institutions, and in their places substitute those qualities of slavishness, humility, and indifference, until this is accomplished, I repeat, nations will refuse to refer to a Court of Arbitration, questions of National Honor.

Gentlemen, the facts are before us. What shall we do concerning them? President Wilson is asking our cooperation in the vital task of placing our national defences upon such a footing as shall insure lasting peace. He has said that he knows not what the morrow may bring. He names no foe, he dares not, but to him the danger is real. He calls for our assistance. What answer will we give? What answer would Washington have given? "To insure peace, we must let it be known, that we are at all times ready for war." That, too, should be our answer, for while to neglect our liberties is to lose them, to neglect our nation, is to perish with it.

In Search For Eldorado

(Lola McFarland, '17)

It was a beautiful evening in May; the air seemed loaded with the perfume of blossoming trees and flowers. Jean left her house and went into her little flower garden to enjoy the soft spring evening. Since her parents had died three years before she had lived alone in this little white cottage covered with the fragrant honeysuckle where the bees hummed all day, which the butterflies and birds seemed to think a haven. Jean had spent her time painting china, writing stories for magazines and caring for

the sick of the village—in fact she had been called upon to fill almost every office in the neighborhood's curriculum, from pulling Johnny Jones' tooth to playing the organ in the village church. But one of her chief delights was in her little flower garden at the rear of the cottage, and inconceivable hours she would while away, arranging and doctoring them like a fond mother. She loved to take her work out there on a summer's afternoon for nowhere did she think the birds sang so prettily or the grass look so

green, or the air seem so sweet as in her own little garden. Everything seemed in delightful harmony here.

So of course to this spot she naturally directed her steps this lovely evening in May. Seating herself in the big, comfortable wicker chair she was soon lost in the beautiful idealistic story of "The Harvester and His Dream Girl." As she read, puckers began to cover her usually smooth forehead, and hard lines appeared at the corners of her mouth, and then without any other warning "The Harvester" found himself suddenly spinning thru the air to land in a peony bush. "Oh! why do people write such things when they know that nothing happens like that on this side of heaven. Imagine Samuel Briggs, our recent bridegroom, beating Sally that way; Oh! it's incomprehensible. All the farther their romance extends is to a cook stove and a brindle cow, and they will live here just as monotonous a life as I have lived for twenty-four years, eleven months and twenty-nine and one-half days. Samuel will sell his hogs and Sally will hang over her fence and gossip the whole day long. Oh! but I'm tired of this everlasting bickering and"—

At that moment Jean's lifelong and confidential friend, Margaret Drake, rushed into the garden all out of breath. "Oh, Jean, you just must help me out with the Children's Day exercises. There'll be from fifty to one thousand youngsters there tomorrow to practice and I haven't a soul to help me. Mrs. Jones is mad because I didn't give her Jimmie a speech all by himself, and Mrs. Smith is sore because her ugly twins can't stand on the front row; Mrs. Brown is raging because Jimmie Perkins told Bill Up-

hill and Bill Uphill told Josh Simpkin's wife's sister that I said that"—

"Oh! Marg, spare me, spare me, please. Why, I will, of course I will help. I don't know anything else but help. Help is my second name, I guess. Marg, do you know I've lived here twenty-four years, eleven months and twenty-nine and one-half days in the same old place, in the same old way, doing the same old monotonous things for people who never seem to appreciate it. They are so indolent, so uninteresting, so contented—contented, oh! it just makes me weary, yes, weary to the bone. What this town ought to do is put domestic science, art and music in the school, buy new benches for the park, paint the town house, do something to boost the town. But instead, they would much rather hang over somebody's saggy gate and gossip, gossip, gossip."

Margaret was amazed, overwhelmed. Was this Jean—quiet, sweet, happy little Jean. She couldn't believe her ears. And the next thing she heard made her c'utch suddenly to the arms of the chair. Jean had not mentioned Chester Morton's name for six long years, when she had returned to him the little ring which had promised such a bright, joyful future. What had been the trouble no one ever knew. But Chester had gone away soon after and came back only at intervals, the last time when his mother, his last dear one, had died. But although his spacious home was separated from Jean's home only by a hedge, they avoided all chance meetings during his visits, and the village gossippers were as much in doubt as ever concerning the broken engagement.

"Yes," Jean was saying, "I even heard today that ——, a friend of

mine I haven't seen for a long time (Margaret knew whom she meant, for she had heard the same tale), has lost all his money, yes every speck of it, gambling—nothing left but his house here and he is going to sell that. Isn't it too bad—he used to be such a good boy, and, and, and, Sally Bridges would have been talking yet if her beans hadn't decided to burn just then. Oh, I am tired, tired, tired, so tired of this. If I only had wings, wouldn't I fly though. Oh! I would be willing to be just an ordinary black crow. Anything to get away, away off from everybody I know and just be happy, happy, happy," the words trailed off between a sigh and a sob.

Poor Margaret, completely stunned, sat mute as a statue. She felt that the end of the world was coming, felt sure of it. What had come over Jean. The end of the world—it must be almost in front of Sam Smith's store now. Then she came to a little, for the next thing Jean said wasn't quite so rash.

"Look at Aunt Crete Minturn, how happy she is and she hasn't a place she can call a real home. She stays in one place until she becomes discontented, then picks up and goes where she can be happy. If it wasn't for Aunt Crete to run down to this burg, to cheer me up every once and a while I think I would certainly have given up the ghost long ago. Oh, Marg, tomorrow is my birthday and I wonder if she won't come—but, no, she was in Arizona the last I heard from her and was then thinking of going abroad in a few weeks. But then I just know she will remember me somehow—she hasn't missed one birthday yet but what she gave me some surprise. Go now Marg, rest easy, I won't change into a crow now, at least not until after tomorrow. I just feel that some-

thing is going to happen."

The next morning when Jean awoke, the sun was just peeping into her room; her mood of the night before had not left her; indeed she was more discouraged than ever. Then in a flash she remembered it was her birthday, her second thought was Aunt Crete—what surprise would she plan for her this year? She always was doing such extraordinary things. Excitedly, she leaped from her bed, in so doing, her foot struck something hard. Looking down to see what it was, she saw something, she had not seen the night before—there before her on the rug, lay a smooth round pebble, to which was tied a white card. How could it have come there? She looked around, somewhat startled, then remembered, on seeing the open window that she had forgotten to put in her screen and undoubtedly it had been thrown in. Picking up the mysterious object, she found printed on the card these words, "Come with me and search for Eldorado, be at station to take 10:05. Leave all expenses to your knight errant.—C. M." She stared at the missive several minutes before she could grasp its significance. Then her heart began to thump tumultuously. "Aunt Crete," she gasped. "Oh, I wonder how she knew I wanted to travel. She's going to take me on a little journey, I bet anything, this is going to be the best surprise yet. I wonder where Eldorado is?"

Such a bustle, hustle and scurry, that little cottage had never witnessed before in all its life's history. But needless to say, Jean attired in her trim little blue suit was hastening up the walk to the station when the 10:05 was whistling for Oldham. As she tumbled pantingly up the steps to the station platform, instead of seeing a

little, gray-haired woman, with spectacles, coming to meet her, she almost ran over the demure looking drayman of the village who handed her a package on which she read: "Am sorry, had to take 8:23 train, very urgent, will meet you at the Grand Central Hotel at C, tonight. Look in package. C. M."

Jean stumbled up the car steps, just as the train started to move. Quite breathless, she sank upon a seat and opened the package. Then to her great surprise, there came to light, a large roll of bills, amounting in all to three hundred dollars. "Oh, my, I wasn't expecting such a surprise as this. Eldorado must be an awful ways off to take as much money as that. This certainly is the most excitement I've had in a life time, but I'm just ready for anything now, if Aunt Crete wants to show me a good time."

Jean reached C. just at dusk that evening, and faithful to her commands, proceeded immediately to the hotel. All the while on the lookout for a gray-haired woman in spectacles and a brown suit. She entered the hotel lobby, no Aunt Crete. Why, that's funny! But maybe she registered and went to her room to rest, thought Jean; but the register revealed no such name as Crete Minturn. However, thinking that her aunt would soon come, she ordered a room and went there to wait her coming. After an hour's wait, just as she was growing rather impatient, the telephone in her room rang, and on answering, the hotel clerk informed her that there was a telegram waiting her at the desk. On the telegram, these words greeted her: "Must disappoint you, again, unhappy princess, business again urgent, but next meeting place,

Riverside Park, N. Y., 3 P. M. at the huge lily bed. Knight in waiting. C. M."

Well, I never knew Aunt Crete had so many business matters to attend to. She's equal to Henry Ford, sighed Jean.

However Jean's enthusiasm for this strange adventure did not wane but instead, was increasing at each new stage. She decided to spend the night in C, anyway, and having nothing else to do after dinner, she donned her wraps to go down town and see something of the city life while she had the opportunity. Going down on the street car, she sat beside two girls and was astonished on over-hearing their conversation to learn that a certain girl named Mabel was the meanest, most jealous and vain girl, they ever knew and that Jack didn't care for her at all, they just knew he didn't, but she just drew him on. After enduring this talk, as long as she could, she got off at a street which she thought looked rather attractive and walked slowly up the street. The shrill cry of the newsboys, fell on her ears: "Well known banker gets away with \$100,000, factory girls caged in burning building," was the essence of their call. Shivers began creeping up Jean's back, and just then being in front of a brilliantly lighted picture show and thinking this would be a wonderful cheerful place to spend her time, went in. After following, for an hour, a film which was called "The Unhappy Wife" in which a business man's wife becomes discontented with her home and husband—Jean left as soon as she saw the unhappy wife elope with an artist with bushy hair. Somehow, city life wasn't quite as she had anticipated but this was only one city of many.

The next day, until two o'clock, was spent on her way to New York City. She reached the park at the appointed hour, very much fatigued at seeing so many new things and tired and dirty from an all day's journey on the train. She found the lily bed without much trouble, a beautiful mass of pure white in a nest of green. But where was Aunt Crete—3:05, 3:15, 3:25, no Aunt Crete. "Well, I don't think Aunt Crete ever intends to meet me," she breathed as she dropped wearily upon a nearby bench. She sat there expectantly, scanning closely the passersby, and it was not until a very talkative young man decreed it his duty to sit down on the bench also and entertain her with remarks on the prospective weather and beauties of the park, that she decided she wanted to see the lily bed again and passing around it, she noticed one lily plant had fallen over and stooping to straighten it, she saw hidden partly by the foliage, a white square, and picking it up saw in the same printing her name and a few sentences: "Come, sail the sunset seas for Eldorado, tomorrow, on the *Olympic*, will wait you there. C. M."

Why Eldorado, must be in England, Europe or Asia somewhere, Aunt Crete is taking me abroad with her—wake up—Jean Browning, you stupid thing—you are going to sail on a real ship, on a real ocean and see nothing but sky and water for days and days. Oh! Bless you, dear old Aunt Crete—If I only had you here, I'd squeeze you for a month.

The next day, Jean sailed. But for the first three days, she didn't know whether she was sailing in the ship or the ship was sailing in her dizzy head. About the sixth day, out, a great storm arose and more than once did

Jean find herself performing such acrobatic stunts as she would not have dared perform in staid old respective Oldham. It is needless to say that when she arrived on England's shore, her body as well as spirits felt as though they had been doused thoroughly in the tub, just ready to be run through the wringer. "Aunt Crete, surely will meet me here," thought Jean; Eldorado must not be a great distance off. But no traces were found of that leading spirit. When she entered the railway depot at London, she heard her name being called and on identifying herself, a telegram was given her. It read, "Eldorado is farther on, but spend the night here, then gay Paris tomorrow. C. M."

That night, Jean spent in perfect horror. Word had been sent through London that it was a likely night for Zeppelins and for people to be on the watch. Jean trembled at the slightest noise. An innocent green bug, buzzing at her window, sent her pellme!! under the bed, thinking that the featherbed would be a sure defense against any Zeppelin.

The next day, she reached Paris, the beautiful city of her dreams. On passing through the streets such pitiful sights met her eyes that her heart fairly ached. She saw throngs of people crowded around a newstand to hear the report from the latest battle. She saw at the edge of the crowd, an old white-haired lady weeping bitterly, while her trembling old husband tried to comfort her. Their only son had been killed in that battle. Everywhere were sobs and hysterical weeping when a husband, sweetheart or father was reported to have lost his life in the awful massacre. Dispirited and grieved by this pitiful

scene she strolled on down the street. She saw women motormen and conductors on the street cars and at almost every corner she saw women acting in the capacity of traffic cops, steering the tide of street traffic. A great pity surged into her heart for them. Why, even at Oldham women and girls were protected, instead of being protectors.

That evening, she purchased a newspaper, thinking, perhaps she could find in the list of lost and found articles, her umbrella which she had carelessly left in some shop, that day. Carefully perusing its pages, her glance fell on something that attracted her attention: "C. M. vent Miss Browning de laisser Paris et d'aller a' Berlin, Allemagne, Mercredi, six Juin."

"Well, I am mighty glad that Eldorado isn't in France if all the towns here are like Paris," mused Jean.

Germany came to her sight for the first time a couple of days later. If Paris was much different than she had anticipated, Berlin was even more so. Instead of finding bunches of merry students on the streets, she saw only old men and women and children or if she did see a young man, he was most always crippled and maimed. When she entered the hotel, she saw a porter just starting to carry some baggage and on one of the suitcases, shone forth those mysterious initials C. M. It just looked like her aunt's suit case for all the world. There was no time to lose. Rushing up to the porter, she demanded where he was taking that suitcase and in the same breadth if she wore a brown suit and spectacles. He looked at her as if he thought she had just escaped from some lunatic asylum; but at last she pulled from him that the room he was destined for was No. 68, and that he thought the lady did wear a brown suit and spectacles.

Then Jean was sure. Ah, ha, she had caught Aunt Crete at last. She would slip in on her and give her a good surprise. Running ahead of the porter, she burst into room 68, crying out, "Ah, Aunt Crete, you're not so smart after all." I—Oh, excuse me. "I am Countess Credorosa Minkelreid Von Brinkerhoff"—a very majestic being loomed up before her—she did wear spectacles and a brown suit—but they weren't Aunt Crete's. Stammering something about getting into the wrong room, Jean turned and fled, almost running over the giggling porter at the door.

Jean was much embarrassed and a little bit discouraged from this adventure but yet her appetite was as strong as ever. She went into the big dining room of the hotel and sat down at a table to one side, behind a mass of palms where the music came to her but faintly and ordered her dinner. When the porter brought in her salad, she saw something white gleam from under the lettuce leaves, and when the waiter had gone, she investigated and found it was one of those eternal notes with which she was becoming so familiar. Next to the land of Sunshine, Italy. Are you weary of the long way to Eldorado? C. M."

"Oh—But I can stand it, I guess if Eldorado is in Italy, if I can be happy and rest contented there." This note was written in a feminine hand but to Jean's great surprise it had a very distinct odor of tobacco smoke. "Well, I do hope, Aunt Crete hasn't added to her crimes by taking to smoking," thought Jean, "But then perhaps the waiter, who brought it had been smoking or it may be just a certain kind of letter paper."

A week later found Jean in Italy; according to commands, she visited

Rome, Naples and Venice. But Jean did not find much enjoyment anywhere. The men seemed so tricky and keen, and the women so light and frivolous. Even a gondola ride by moonlight in Venice failed to give her much pleasure as she was in constant fear that her boatman was going to rob her. She felt that if Eldorado was much farther, she would have to give up trying to reach it. But when after two weeks, having gone wherever the mysterious spirit directed her, she found herself on the steamer bound toward home, she began to ask herself: What does Aunt Crete mean? Is there really an Eldorado?

On September 2nd, Jean boarded the train which would take her home to Oldham. It was evening when the train pulled into the little familiar village. There stood the same old rickety depot with its cinder walk and crowd of loafers,—Jean took a long breath, how sweet it looked. While strolling quietly down the street, looking into the lighted houses where dwelt happy families—even Samuel and Sally Briggs looked so happy, and hearing the merry laughter of children playing and the choir practicing in the church, she then realized what this little town and those dwelling therein meant to her. She didn't envy Aunt Crete now. This was her home.

She turned in at her gate and walked up the little gravel walk. Never did the little cottage look so beautiful to her as it lay there sleeping in the moonlight. Upon the door was a card with huge black letters easily legible in the moonlight, "Meet me in the garden, am waiting impatiently for you. C. M."

She had been fooled so many times by Aunt Crete's promises that she hardly had any faith left by this time. Slowly rounding the house, she enter-

ed the garden. The moon shone down transforming it into a truly fairy garden. She saw a form in the old wicker chair. Aunt Crete was here after all. She approached eagerly, then her heart leaped fiercely—for the figure rising and coming to meet her was not Aunt Crete. A tall man was standing before her. "Why, Chester Minturn" —"Yes, Chester Minturn or C. M. for short," replied the man laughing.

"You," was it you,—why Aunt Crete, where is Aunt ————— I thought —————.

"I would gladly change into Aunt Crete this very minute to save you such distress if it was in my power to do so. But Jean," he continued softly, "I heard you talking with Margaret that evening here in the garden. I was just on the other side of the hedge; I knew it wasn't the real Jean talking but I could sympathize with you for I had passed through such times. I have learned my lesson and I wanted you to learn yours. So I thought out that wild scheme knowing full well what its result would be. It took me six years to learn that one can never find Eldorado by searching for it but Eldorado is where the heart is. Don't you believe that? or do you still think you can find it over in some far foreign country or anywhere else but Oldham."

Silence reigned in the garden. Then a voice, which sounded as though it was coming from a great distance but which in reality only came from under the lapel of the man's coat—said faintly, but, yet with a firm finality, "No siree, Mr. C. M. chasing one man all over Europe for three months is enough exercise for me. Eldorado is right here."

Every night the moon shines down on the little garden and home where two souls had found their Eldorado.

THE OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

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OUR NEW ORGANIZATION IN ATHLETICS.

When work is taken up next September, Otterbein will have a system of physical education whereby the freshman class will be forced to devote a part of their time to regular exercise. To some extent this is made possible by the efforts of the Alumni who have formed clubs in all parts of the country and through this means are contributing financially and morally to the progress of physical education and athletics at Otterbein.

A great benefit arising from this system is that there will be a faculty manager under whose direction all games will be scheduled, and all expenditures, directly connected with the various teams, will be made. This is a great step forward in our organization, and one to which we have been long looking forward. Right in line with it, however, there is another step which we desire to mention and which, it seems to us, would be also of great benefit to the institution.

Never, in the past, have our athletic teams brought shame to us. Today our teams, in comparison with those of other institutions of our size, are ranked among the first. This is common knowledge, but officially it is not true. Because we are not a member of the Ohio Conference our teams are not given their share of recognition. We are therefore minded to ask, Why not join the Conference? To enter we would only have to signify our desire of so doing. The conference would readily admit us. We have everything to gain and nothing to lose by the step. Let us take it.



Otterbein (37)—St. Mary's (50).

Talking about real basket ball,—the large crowd which witnessed the contest with St. Mary's Institute of Dayton on the night of January 28, claims to have seen one of the liveliest battles ever put up on the local floor. The Dayton team is almost, if not the strongest team in the state. This is the first time, too, that they have ever visited Otterbein on such business.

"Wib" Moore received the bat-off, and immediately tossed the prettiest basket ever seen. Moore is to be commended heartily for his work during the remainder of the contest. He held the mighty Mahoney to only 4 baskets, a man who usually gets from 8 to 12 per game.

Turner, on the other guard fought his opponent like mad. Every minute saw this worthy lad in the hottest of the combat. At center, Schnake was securing the bat-off the greater part of the time. "Dutch" Myers played a wonderful floor game. He is a speedy man and makes a good partner for Sechrist. This last named gentleman again played his usual sterling game. His total aggregated ten baskets! This may be considered a wonderful feat to accomplish against the best basket ball team in the state. In the three games played so far this season, George has registered a grand total of 24 baskets.

Our men led St. Mary's 10 to 3 at one time. The visitors then spurted and evened the count. From that point on, the score remained tied by alternate baskets until it stood 36 to

36. The foe suddenly changed their style from close guarding to the bewildering open form. Before it could be checked, the damage had been done.

Lineup.

Otterbein		St. Mary's
Sechrist	L. F.	Hockwalt
Myers	R. F.	Mahoney
Schnake	C.	Krusling
Moore	L. G.	Windbiel
Turner	R. G.	Sherry

Field Goals—Sechrist, 10; Schnake, 4; Moore, 2; Myers; Krusling, 8; Hockwalt, 6; Mahoney, 4; Sherry, 3. Foul Goals—Schnake, 3 out of 13; Hockwalt, 9 out of 13. Substitutions—Sanders for Myers, Peden for Turner. Referee—Hamilton, Notre Dame. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Otterbein (15)—West LaFayette (35)

Expecting an easy mark, but finding a tough proposition, our fighting defenders of the Tan and Cardinal succumbed before a burly team of scrappy farmers down at West LaFayette. It was the opening game of a three day trip which was destined to be a miserable fiasco. Flickering gas jets and a rotten floor, which might have served, but poorly for a pingpong joust, made a very deplorable combination. The husky winners possessed a center who could jump higher than a balloon. Consequently there was a lack of team work on Otterbein's part because of the frequent loss of the bat-off.

LaFayette really merited the win, for they can certainly play the game. They have stacked up against some strong aggregations this year pretty

favorably. The long walk of over a mile from the town to the gymnasium somewhat weakened our boys for the fray. However, they were to use Shank's horses quite frequently during the two days following, so they should worry.

When Schnake went to forward, Tom Brown jumped center and showed up well. The farmers guarded tight as wax, so our chances at goal were few.

Lineup.

Otterbein (15) West LaFayette (35)

Sechrist	L. F.	Bucher
Myers	R. F.	Beck
Schnake	C.	Grimm
Moore	L. G.	Leighenmyer
Turner	R. G.	Little

Field Goals—Schnake, 2; Sechrist; Turner; Moore; Beck, 6; Bucher, 4; Grimm, 2; Leighenmyer, 2; Little. Fouls—Schnake, 4; Sechrist, 1; Grimm, 5. Substitutions—Brown for Schnake; Schnake for Myers; Peden for Turner. Referee—Wert of Bonbrake. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Baldwin Wallace (42)—Otterbein (23)

It was a real game which the Bereans won from our team. Revenge was extremely sweet for the lacing administered to them on our floor a few weeks ago. When the first half ended the score stood 19 to 13, which shows the spirit of contest during that period. As the second half progressed, our boys showed signs of weakening. The home team's floor was a dandy. Out of bounds were the rules and when the victors put the ball back into play, they used a bewildering combination of short passes which invariably advanced the ball to a shooting position.

Captain Schnake performed most efficiently for Otterbein. He was high scorer with 15 points. Our guards stuck to their opponents like leeches,

and were not shaken off but for a few minutes before the final whistle.

Wessel, Hathaway and Herbst respectively were high scorers for Baldwin-Wallace.

Lineup.

Otterbein (23) Baldwin-Wallace (42)

Sechrist	L. F.	Wessel
Myers	R. F.	Herbst
Schnake	C.	Hathaway
Moore	L. G.	Ansel
Turner	R. G.	Christ

Field Goals—Schnake, 4; Sechrist, 3; Moore; Wessel, 8; Herbst, 4; Hathaway, 4; Ansel, 3; Christ. Fouls—Schnake, 7; Herbst, 2. Substitutions—Peden for Turner, Brown for Schnake, Schnake for Myers. Referee—Schradt, Cleveland A. C. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Otterbein (18)—Kenyon (33).

Fatigued and travel-worn, our errant knights crossed steel with the Kenyon squad at Gambier, Saturday afternoon, February 5. Our men were woefully weak and in a sad condition for a basketball game. Rough tactics abounded throughout. Scarcely five minutes of play had taken place until Turner was tripped roughly to the floor by an opponent, thus receiving a wicked fall which compelled him to leave the fray. To make things worse, the referee called only a very few fouls. Otterbein attempted many shots but pocketed a very scant total.

The Kenyon rooters appeared quite enthusiastic. They cheered the arena blue,—with cigaret smoke. Indeed, so replete was the atmosphere with Omar fumes that our chaste battlers stifled beneath the fog. Depleted beer bottles scattered promiscuously about the premises, spoke of the week of high times just terminating.

The Tan and Cardinal squad returned to the Place Beautiful Saturday evening with heads lowered—Never

mind boys, Old Otterbein is still pulling for you.

Lineup.

Otterbein (18)		Kenyon (33)
Sechrist	L. F.	Sanborn
Sanders	R. F.	Day
Schnake	C.	Wood
Turner	R. G.	Steinfeld
Moore	L. G.	Goldberach

Substitutions—Otterbein: Myers for Sanders, Moore for Turner, Brown for Moore; Kenyon: Steinfeld for Wood, Lowery for Steinfeld. Field goals—Schnake, 5; Sechrist, 2; Moore; Sanborn, 5; Day, 5; Steinfeld; Goldberach; Lowery, 4. Fouls—Schnake, 2; Sanborn, 1. Time of halves—20 minutes. Referees—Becher and Swarthy-more.

Otterbein (17)—Northern (26)

Lacking a formidable attack and displaying a porous defense, Otterbein lost an unspirited contest to the Ada squad on our own floor Saturday night, February 12. The score 17 to 26, easily vouches for the disappointing result. Whether the local players were hoodooed or not is known. However it seemed an impossibility to get started. Captain Schnake has been slightly under the weather for the past two weeks from gripe symptoms, thus making it difficult for him to work at his former speed. George seemed a little off color too, for he failed to register his usual large score. Our guards worked hard enough, but apparently could accomplish nothing. The Northern team has been going pretty badly heretofore, but luck favored them in this particular instance. Judson starred for his team. Several of his baskets savored of the sensational variety. This same gentleman by means of his extraordinary reach blocked many an Otterbein pass.

On the whole, the contest was amateurish and sadly beneath the

standard of Otterbein athletes. Let's hope the spell is soon shattered.

Lineup.

Otterbein (17)		Northern (26)
Sechrist	L. F.	Dawson
Sanders	R. F.	Brooks
Schnake	C.	Bailey
Turner	L. G.	Fyke
Moore	R. G.	Judson

Substitutions—Myers for Sanders, Brown for Schnake, Parsons for Brooks, Brooks for Fyke. Field goals—Judson, 6; Dawson, 4; Brooks, 2; Schnake, 2; Sechrist, 2. Fouls—Judson, 2 out of 8; Schnake, 8 out of 13. Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee—Prugh, Ohio Wesleyan.

Juniors (19)—Academy (16)

It took all the stuff that the Juniors possessed to slip the small balanced defeat over the scrappy "preps". The upper classmen could pass with remarkable accuracy, but fell down at basket shooting; while the "preps" were afflicted vice-versally. The score might have read 50 to something, had the Junior forwards, touted as deadshots, delivered. On the other hand, the "preps" made good nearly every chance at basket, but due to the close guarding of Neally and Frank, these chances were very few. Haller was the big end of the scoring machine for the Academy. Miller's ability was not much less a factor. Neally and Walters starred for the juniors.

Lineup.

Juniors		Academy
Garver	R. F.	Haller
Walters	L. F.	Miller
Bennett	C.	Burnside
Frank	R. G.	Peden
Neally	L. G.	Elliott

Field Goals—Walters, 4; Garver, 4; Haller, 4; Miller, 2. Foul Goals—Walters, 2; Garver, 1; Haller, 4. Substitutions—Gilbert for Miller. Time of halves—15 minutes. Referee—Gammill.

Sophomore—Senior (Girls)

Following the Prep-Junior contest, January 29, the Senior girls defeated the Sophomore girls by a 10 to 3 score. The game was a very satisfactory affair, excepting the dislocated elbow which "Betty" Fries sustained during the early minutes of play.

In most every department of the game, the Seniors excelled the Sophomores. Their team work was marvelous. Verda Miles was expected to be a whirlwind at scoring, but the deadly guarding of Richards and Siddall kept the ball out of her hands.

Every player of the victorious team played a star game. It would be impossible to pick an individual light.

Esther Jones was responsible for a good share of the sophomore showing. She is a fearless and dependable player. Miss Kurtz, who replaced Miss Fries at center pleased the spectators with her fine ability. Helen McDonald glided about as light as a fairy, and shot fouls with extreme ease. She plays stationary forward, thus making a splendid companion for Miss Jones, who works the floor admirably.

Lineup.

Seniors (10)		Sophomores (3)
Miles	L. F.	McDonald
Byrer	R. F.	Jones
Thompson	C.	Fries
Garver	L. G.	Siddall
Kintigh	R. G.	Richards

Field Goals—Verda Miles, 3; Helen Byrer; Rowena Thompson; Esther Jones. Foul Goals—Helen McDonald. Substitution—Charlotte Kurtz for Ruth Fries. Referee—Gammill.

Junior—Academy (Girls)

In a game resplendent with many a thrill, the Junior girls subdued the Academy's gentle cohorts by a 7 to 3 count. The battle, which followed the

Freshman-Academy (boys) struggle Saturday night, February 5, was the best so far played this season by the girls' teams. Every player showed a perfect knowledge of basket ball rules and did her respective part in an irreproachable manner.

The most noticable work done by the defeated squad was the wonderful guarding of Miss McCullough and Miss Bauer. The latter guarded viciously, even resorting to football tactics occasionally. Being a little less experienced than the victors, explains the defeat of the worthy losers.

The Junior team is to be highly commended for their unusual ability and precision. By superior playing, in which Miss McGuire and Miss Wagle featured strongly, they were able to keep the ball in their own territory, most of the time. Miss Moog, whose height rendered her an enviable advantage, laughingly registered the three baskets scored by the upper class. We anticipate a lively mix-up when they meet the Senior quintet.

Lineup.

Juniors (7)		Academy (3)
Moog	R. F.	Clay
McMacken	L. F.	Bauer
McGuire	C.	McDermott
Dick	R. G.	McCullough
Wagle	L. G.	Wilson

Field Goals—Moog, 3; Clay, 1. Foul Goals—McMacken, 1 out of 3; Clay, 1 out of 2. Time of halves—12½ minutes. Referee—Gammill.

Academy (14)—Freshmen (28)

By putting up a classy exhibition of basket ball, the so far unfortunate "Freshies" registered their first victory of the season by slipping a 28 to 14 score over the scrappy "Preps". The conquered five possesses a wonderful pair of sure-shot forwards in Haller and Miller. They are death on

long shots,—especially from the side. The remaining members of their team play a hard consistent game. Bill Evans, however, was adjudged to be playing too hard and consequently was expelled from the arena.

Scarlet jerseys, insignia of the victors, flitted about the floor with clock-like precision. Passing, on their part was much more relied upon. Cook and Palmer as forwards constitute a formidable pair. Fellers, who relieved Cook early in the second period, did his share in an expert manner. Captain Siddall, who also entered the game late, proved his worth by tossing numerous consecutive fouls.

The game was hard fought every minute; but the fact that the players of both teams were seriously out of training was sadly evident. We believe that men should train as hard for class contests as our Varsity men do for inter-collegiate meets.

Lineup.

Freshmen		Academy
Cook	L. F.	Miller
Palmer	R. F.	Haller
Mundhenk	C.	Burnside
Hayes	L. G.	Gilbert
Ream	R. G.	Evans

Substitutions — Fellers for Cook, Siddall for Palmer, Eliot for Gilbert, Gilbert for Evans. Field Goals—Cook, 5; Palmer, 3; Mundhenk, 2; Ream; Fellers; Miller, 3; Haller, 3. Fouls—Haller, 2 out of 7; Cook, 1 out of 4; Siddall, 3 out of 3. Time of halves—20 and 15 minutes. Referee—Gammill.

Juniors (6)—Sophomores (10)

Deprived of the services of their two star men, Garver and Walters, the champions were forced to melt beneath the fierce attack of the scrappy Sophomores. Playing roughly, passing was little depended upon by either team. Bill Counsellor scored the first

Junior basket. Bennett and Neally aided greatly in getting the ball to shooting proximity.

For the victors Mayne and Oppelt secured an occasional basket. Captain Barnhart jumped center against big Bill Counsellor, and played a fast floor game. Betting was heavy against Barney's team, but he was not dismayed.

Lineup.

Sophomores		Juniors
Mayne	R. F.	Thrush
Oppelt	L. F.	Bennett
Barnhart	C.	Counsellor
Bingham	R. G.	Frank
Maze	L. G.	Neally

Field Goals—Thrush, Counsellor, Mayne, Oppelt. Foul goals—Oppelt, 6; Thursh, 1; Neally. Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee—Gammill.



Mrs. Hall of Dayton and Miss Iris Ford of Columbus came January 22 to stay for the week-end.

Sunday dinner guests January 23, were Lois Bicklehaupt, Marguerite George, Herbert Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Bercaw and Messrs. Clarence Ritchie, Homer Kline, Rodney Huber and Elmer Boyles.

Sunday dinner guests January 29, were Miriam George, Inez Bower, Helen Moses, Mrs. Sheller, Mary Clymer, Ruth Dick, Marian Elliot and Messrs. Lawrence Bennett and Elmer Barnhart.

Margaret Marshall returned for a week-end visit.

Miss Maude Hanawalt and Messrs. Brentlinger, Geiger, Vernon and Peden were dinner guests February 6

Cupid's darts are flying fast, Mable Weik has followed Leona Wheatly into the blissful? bonds of matrimony.

Annette Brane had as her guest for several days Miss Irene Neally of Marion. Both were entertained on Sunday at the Co-operative Club.

Dinner guests, February 13, were Miss Frieda Frazier and Messrs. Evans, Hall, Brown and Sanders.

We are very sorry that Janet Gilbert is forced to leave the hall because of ill health.

Dr. Sherrick—"Miss Reese, if you were writing a book, do you think the public should be concerned with your love affair?"

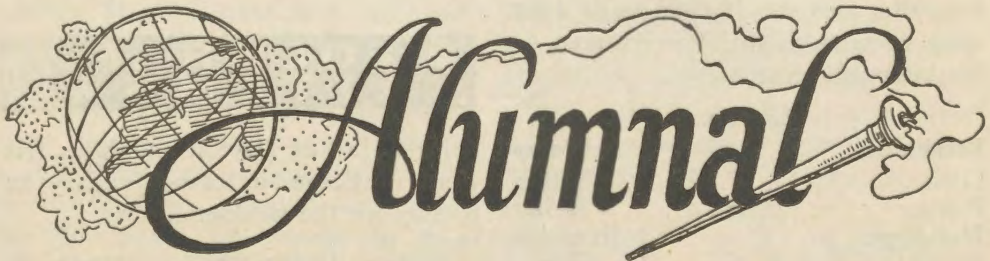
The Black-Bovee-Lake series of so-

cial events culminated in a Valentine party Monday night. Decorations and refreshments were carried out in cardiac formations.

Miss Marie Hendrick and Miss Florence Brown of Zanesville, a student in the Conservatory, are new inmates.

Miss Margaret Burton traveling secretary for the Foreign Department of the Y. W. C. A. whose home is in New York City was a guest of Katherine Wai on Wednesday.

Claire Kintigh assisted by Katherine Wai gave a dinner party Wednesday. She assures us that it was Pennsylvania grub—fit to eat, that the butter couldn't walk from the pantry to the table and that country sausage graced the banquet.



'10

H. B. Drury and wife (Ruth Williamson, '10) of Columbus, Ohio, were the guests of R. H. Brane, '13, and wife (Mary Brown, '13) on Sunday, February 6.

'09

N. F. Latto, of Westerville, has filed suit against the Toledo and Ohio Central Railroad Company for \$18,000. Mr. Latto had his foot hurt while in the employ of the company as civil engineer and has not been able to return to work since.

'15

Miss Margaret Marshall, of Dayton,

spent several days with friends at Cochran Hall.

'11

Mr. C. M. Hebbert, who is working on a Doctor's degree in the University of Illinois, made Dr. F. E. Miller a short visit on Wednesday, February 2.

'15

H. C. Plott and wife (Olive McFarland, '15) of Fostoria spent a few days during the first part of the month with the latter's parents in Westerville.

'10

M. E. Lutz and wife, of Navarre, have been visiting the latter's parents,

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phalor on Park Street.

'06

J. W. Funk and wife (Clyde Heckert, '09) announce the birth of a son, Robert, on January 19.

'11

James O. Cox spent several days in Westerville last month in the interests of the Powers, Myers and Company of Valpariso, Indiana.

'08

L. E. Myers and wife, of Valpariso, Indiana announce the birth of a son on January 6, 1916.

'10

W. V. Wales, school superintendent of Sandusky county, accompanied by several members of the Sandusky county school board, has been inspecting the centralized schools of Delaware county. Mr. Wales expects to establish similiar schools in Sandusky county.

'15, '12

S. R. Converse of Dayton and C. F. Sanders of Columbus were in Westerville Saturday, January 22, to see Otterbein defeat Baldwin-Wallace.

'09

The basketball team was glad to meet Mr. L. C. Hensel at Child's Restaurant, Cleveland on the morning of February 5. Mr. Hensel was much interested in basketball while in Otterbein, being manager of the team for one season.

'12

Mrs. C. F. Sanders (Ruth Detweiler), of Columbus, was called to Connessville, Pennsylvania, on account of the death of her grandmother.

L. H. McFadden, '74; E. L. Shuey,

'77; and W. A. Zehring, '98, were prominent speakers at the sixteenth annual convention of General Sales Agents of the Lowe Brothers Company of Dayton. The convention was held from January 10 to 13.

'15

Paul E. Zuerner has been meeting with good success as coach at Terra Alta, West Virginia. His football team was one of the best high school teams in the state. His basketball five also have been very successful, having but one defeat registered against them.

'13

F. E. Williams, of Miamisburg, Ohio is the proud father of a baby girl. Mr. Williams is the principal of the Miamisburg high school.

'10

Levitt Luzern Custer had several inventions on display at the Industrial Exposition held recently in Dayton.

'03

H. V. Bear, the superintendent of the Miamisburg school is the newly elected superintendent of the United Brethren Sunday school of that city. Mr. L. M. Troxell, '13, has been the superintendent of the Sunday school for the past two years and has built up a strong and growing school.

'89

Mrs. Frank O. Clements of Dayton, Ohio, has gone to Florida for a mid-winter trip.

'14

Miss Mildred Cook, of Oak Harbor, spent a few days of last month with her parents and friends in Westerville.

'12

M. A. Muskopf made a short visit in Westerville recently with Otterbein

friends. Mr. Muskopf received his Master's degree from Ohio State University last year, and this year is working for a degree in Chemical Engineering.

'15

H. W. Elliott, who is employed in the offices of the Goodyear Rubber Company at Akron, returned to Westerville for a short visit last month.

'59

Mrs. C. P. Landon, of Westerville, is recovering nicely from a severe fall, which she sustained some time ago at her home on South State street.

'12

Miss Catherine Maxwell, teacher of Mathematics in the Lancaster High School visited friends in Westerville and Cochran Hall on Sunday, January 30.

'13

Miss Ila Grindell, of Westerville, who is Superintendent of Missions in the Southeast Ohio Conference, recently spent a day in Dayton in conference with Bishop Howard and the missionary authorities.

'94

L. A. Thompson, surgeon at the National Soldiers' Home of Virginia, recently made a remittance to the Otterbein Athletic Club. He expects to visit Westerville at Commencement time.

'14

Miss Grace Brane, professor of English at Shenandoah Collegiate Institute, Dayton, Virginia, has returned to her home at Dayton, Ohio on leave of absence.

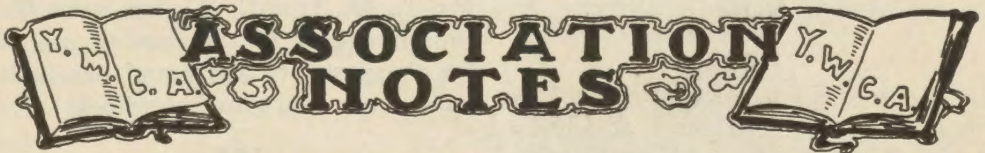
'15

J. B. Smtih, principal of High School at Mogadore, Ohio, spent a few days last week with old Otterbein friends.

'97

J. D. Riebel, of Galloway, made a short visit in Westerville last week.

The following alumni spent the week-end of February 20 with friends in Westerville: Miss Maude Owings, '14, of Wapakoneta, O.; Miss Ruth Maxwell, '14, of St. Paris, O.; Miss Iva Harley, '15, Dayton, O.; Mr. Fred Hanawalt, '13, and Mr. G. S. Mease, '15.



Y. M. C. A.

Steam.

Steam was the subject of a very interesting address by Professor R. Spessard on the evening of Jan. 20, 1916.

Man is a human locomotive. Without steam he is worthless, while with steam he can do great things. Many men carry loads, mount steep grades, and go through dark tunnels. These

men always deliver the goods. Dwight L. Moody because of his steam accomplished great things. Some human engines, because they have no steam, have to remain in the smoky engine yard. We can get steam through three steam pipes; our physical, mental, and spiritual self.

After Professor Spessard's address, a short financial campaign was conducted and approximately eighty dollars was raised.

Nicknames.

President E. L. Boyles addressed the men on the evening of January 27, 1916, speaking on the subject, "Nicknames."

What is a Christian? A little Christ. A representative of Christ. A Christ-like man. One who has entered into fellowship with Christ.

Why are you a Christian? Felt the need of Christ. It is the best life possible. To serve others.

How did you get started? Through the efforts of others. By repentance. Through the efforts of home and mother.

What happened when you became a Christian? Entered into a new life. Change of view. Follow conscience closer.

How do you know you are growing in the Christian life? By an increasing desire for service. Through work and by comparison.

Are you living up to your nickname, or in other words, are you a true Christian?

The Unanswered Prayer.

The above was the subject of a very interesting talk by Mr. L. W. Biddle on the evening of February 3, 1916.

God refuses some prayers because the motive is wrong. If we are disobedient to God, our prayers will not be answered. We are sometimes denied things so others will be favored by our unanswered prayer. Be on good terms with your brothers before you pray. Be Christ-like and your prayer will be answered.

Our Advantages.

On the evening of February 10, 1916, the men listened with a great deal of pleasure and profit to Professor Alfred Vivian, Dean of the Agricultural

School of Ohio State University.

Do we really appreciate our advantages? Do we recognize the greatness of our religion, and of the glorious country in which we live? In the Holy Land, the people live in dirty hovels, use crude wooden plows, and work for eight cents a day. In Egypt, five to twelve people live in a mud hut, while their one meal a day consists of a soup made of onions and linseed oil. In India, the people live on millet bread, and receive five cents a day for work. We are millionaires in comparison to other people. If anyone doesn't believe in religion, let them go to India. In countries where the prayer is, "Give us this day our daily bread," it is gotten. There is only one religion in the world for us and that is Christianity.

Y. W. C. A.**Oh, For a Spur.**

January 25—Norma McCally.

With Macbeth we all cry out, "Oh, for a spur to prick the sides of my intent," for it takes great strength to bring our lives up to our ideals and hold them there. Inertia would drag us back to old habits and it means hard fighting to live up to what we think.

Nature is one great source of inspiration. Only a cold hearted person can look upon a beautiful sunset and not be drawn closer to God and only a man of stone is not uplifted by a beautiful picture, a poem or a song. An influence greater than all these is that which our friends hold upon us. But Christ is the great spur and incentive. Let us light the spark of our ambition at the central fire of his love.

Women Now and Then.

February 1—Edna Bright.

Extracts from magazines of sixty years ago reveal to us a pale, drooping and delicate creature, who fainted upon slightest provocation and who bloomed but palely for a languid and suffering life if not for an early tomb. This hot house product grew from the belief that woman's finer moral and spiritual nature would be contaminated by contact with the world of men. Furthermore hoops, high-heels, and other foolish fashions made it impossible for her to make her way in a crowded street car or on the street. Consequently she like Golden Locks stayed at home and "sat on a cushion and sewed a fine seam" and was actually good for nothing.

We are glad, that there lived at that time one thinking woman, Mary Lyon, who was brave enough to face indifference and even opposition that she might found a girls' school. As a result we have today the Woman's College, the Co-educational school and the Woman's Annex and a woman who has proven that within her were latent powers as great as those of men.

The Big Girl World.

February 8—Mrs. Phoebe Curtiss, Sec. of Elementary Work for the State S. S. Association.

A wonderful place is the Big Girl World, but the most wonderful thing is the Big Girl herself. A wonderful part of herself are her Day Dreams for though she is misunderstood in her every day life, she is happy, for here everything is just as she wishes it. Yet there are some things not so beautiful in the Big Girl World. There are dangers of vanity, selfishness and affectation and others much greater.

But the beautiful thing in this Big Girl World is the opportunity for service. The crowning opportunity of

wifehood and motherhood does not come to all, yet there are countless smaller opportunities for giving something to the world. If we cannot all write books, compose music, paint pictures or do some great missionary work it does not matter so much with God, for after all it is not what we do that counts, but the spirit in which we do it.

The New Democracy.

February 15—Myrtle Harris.

President Thwing of Western Reserve said, "Women go to college that they may go from college better prepared, not to look on life, but to take their place on life." There is no place today closed to woman. She cannot hope to climb to the top of the ladder at once, but must work her way up and in so doing find her true place.

This was the annual election meeting and the following officers were elected:

President—Edna Miller.

Vice President—Annette Brane.

Treasurer—Ethel Myers.

Recording Secretary—Rachel Cox.

Corresponding Sec.—Ruth Conley.



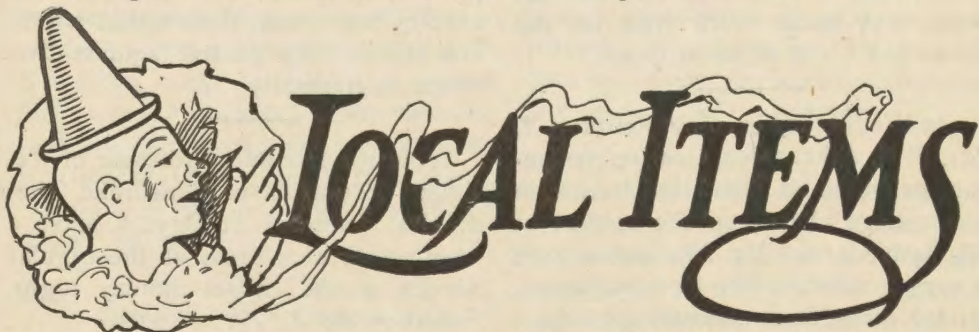
The men's debate squad has been working tirelessly in their preparation for the debates which are to be held on March the second. The teams have been chosen. The affirmative will be represented by M. S. Czatt, H. R. Brentlinger and V. L. Philips while the negative team will consist of S. C. Ross, E. L. Baxter and J. O. Todd. Professor Fritz has been doing all in his power to develop two powerful teams and from all indications we

will not be disappointed when our teams clash with those of Mt. Union and Muskingum. Our affirmative squad meets the negative team from Alliance on the home platform while our negative team goes to Muskingum. Here's success to the teams. Let's show our loyalty to Old Otterbein's chief forensic activity by our presence at the debate on March second.

The local Prohibition Association has arranged to have the State Pro-

hibition contest at this place. They are indeed fortunate in being able to bring this contest here and no student who is interested in prohibition or oratory can afford to overlook the opportunity presented by this meeting. April 14 is the date.

Final arrangements for the Russell Oratorical Contest have not yet been made as this issue goes to press, but this contest will be held sometime in the first part of March.



The Killarney Girls appeared as the fourth number on the Citizens' lecture course at the College Chapel, Monday evening, January 24. Mr. W. V. Harrison, of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, presented the six young ladies who comprise the company: Rita Rich, soprano and impersonator; Laura Werno, reader; Marguerite Andrews, contralto; Jean Kern, soprano; Josephine Max and Jeanette Whiteside, violinists.

The program was presented with a very unique setting, in which Miss Rich returns from America and is joyfully greeted by her girl friends. She sings new and old songs for them and they, in turn, sing for her. These songs consisted of many beautiful and well rendered Irish selections, such as "Wearin' of the Green," "Mother Machree," "Come back to Erin," "Irish Names," "A Little Bit of Heaven," "Sing Kate, Sing" and "My Wild

Irish Rose." Miss Rich also offered a beautiful Scotch song "The Hundred Pipers," and two clever Indian songs "Ichibuzzhi" and "Zouzimondi."

A great deal of rich Irish brogue was interspersed among these songs as they conversed with one another. Miss Werno gave several very expressive readings, one of which was "The Road that Leads from Home." Miss Rich, besides her many beautiful solos, gave a number of very clever child impersonations. Several of these were: "Katie's Letter," "I've got the Mumps," "Son, you Washed?" and a real "Bear Story." The violin numbers by Misses Whiteside and Max were very much appreciated by the audience. The entertainment closed with "Killarney," sung by the entire company. The audience enjoyed the whole program and only words of praise are heard concerning the whole entertainment.

A young lady entered a crowded car with a pair of skates flung over her arm. An elderly gentleman arose to give her his seat.

"Thank you very much, sir," she said, "But I've been skating all afternoon, and I'm tired of sitting down."

"This afternoon," announced the presiding officer at a conference of ministers, "Elder Jones will read a paper on 'The Devil.' Please be prompt in attendance, for Brother Jones has spent much time on the paper and is full of his subject."

On Wednesday evening, February 2, Mr. F. N. Athanasian, a native Armenian, delivered an illustrated lecture in the college chapel on the subject of his native land. Mr. Athanasian gave a very interesting and forceful lecture, giving many facts concerning his people and their persecutions. He opened his lecture with a short story of his life. During his early life, his parents died and, then, he entered upon a business career, working in Egypt, Turkey and Africa. It was in 1911 that he came to the United States, and immediately, upon arriving here, he felt himself called to the Christian Work in his own country. Since that time he has been working day and night, preparing himself to return to his own country as a missionary.

He gave quite a vivid description of the Armenians who came to worship the Christ-child, bringing gold, frankincense and myrrh. He also told of the conversion of the whole nation of Armenia, when Christ sent two of his disciples there to preach to the people.

The influence of the Mohammedans has been very detrimental to the nation. Many of the Armenian Christians have been robbed, persecuted

and killed by the Mohammedan Turks. The present war is causing much more persecution in Armenia than formerly existed, although it was then terrible enough. War is the signal for persecution to the Turk and this desire is being satisfied in the terrible slaughter of these poor Armenians.

Mr. Athanasian closed his lecture with a terrible arraignment of the Turks. He said that if Christian people only knew the horrible conditions as they now exist, they would surely rise up in holy protest against this crime on humanity.

Professor Honline, Professor of Religious Education in Bonebrake Theological Seminary at Dayton, gave a very powerful address at the regular service at the chapel Sunday night, February 13.

Professor Honline also spoke at the Chapel service, Monday morning. His main theme was religion. He compared in a very suggestive manner, the Bible and Science. He said that there is no conflict between Science and the Bible. The conflict is one of interpretation. Interpretations change. The Bible and Science, in themselves, do not change. New England, which formerly believed in witchcraft and founded that belief on the Bible, no longer holds to such a belief. The Bible has not changed. It is the interpretation of the Bible that has changed. Science reveals God's "method" in creation—the "how" of creation which the Bible reveals God's "purpose" in creation—the "why" of creation. Science teaches infinite love.

The Bible is a religious book. Its purpose is to teach religion, and we must study it from that standpoint—

not for the history it contains but for the religion. It is in this same manner, that a watch is a time-keeper, not a thermometer. It must be taken in the light of the purpose for which it was created.

Professor Honline closed his very forceful and inspiring address by giving three logical steps in Bible study. He said Christian people too often, especially in Sunday School study the Bible in a very unsystematic manner. The three logical steps he advised are, first, a general study of the Bible as a whole; second, a general study of each individual book; and, third, a special and more minute study of the different parts of each book, with reference to the lessons to be learned from them. "Use the telescope before the microscope," he said.

Otterbein Day Observed.

Otterbein Day was observed in both the Church and Sunday School services here on Sunday, February 6. The purpose of this day was to get the churches, Sunday Schools, Young Peoples' Societies, parents and friends to find one or more worthy and needy young persons, and begin to provide means by which they may secure a college education. No offering was taken and no funds solicited for the College, as it was thought that this new plan would meet with heartier approval and would ultimately be of more benefit both to the college and to the individuals by it.

In the Sunday School, Edna Miller and Glen Rosselot represented the student body, giving some very interesting talks. President Clippinger preached a very helpful sermon on the subject, "The Student as the Center of Educational Endeavor." The theme of his whole address was "the

individual student." He said that too much emphasis is placed on the school as a whole and the individual student is often neglected. But education is primarily for the student and we should never lose sight of this object. He laid great emphasis on the fact that it is the duty of the church to seek out worthy young people and to give them enough material aid to go through college. "This is the duty," he said, "of the pastors Sunday School teachers, parents and friends-- a work for which is given the greatest reward, the satisfaction of seeing the lives of others made better, broader, and more useful to humanity."

Two very interesting chapel services have been led by Doctor Jones in the last two weeks. On Tuesday morning, February 8, he presented some very interesting facts concerning the writing of "Onward Christian Soldiers." Then on Tuesday morning, February 14, he led the services in honor of the 107th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. He related an interesting incident concerning his assassination and read an appropriate editorial in honor of our martyred president.

"Farmers' Institute a Success."

The thirteenth annual Central Ohio Farmers' Institute was held in the College Chapel at Westerville on the four days of February 9 to 12. The very best speakers were obtained and the meeting proved to be a great success and one of the best Institutes ever held. An instructive talk on "Dairying" was given on Wednesday afternoon by Professor Oscar Erf of Ohio State University. In the evening Doctor W. O. Thompson, president of Ohio

State University, gave an address on "The Advantages of Farm Life." This was one of the very best addresses Doctor Thompson has given in Westerville. He said that he had not chosen this subject because the advantages of farm life were any greater than those of city life, for both have advantages as well as disadvantages. It is not a question of whether we live in the country or the city, but it is a question of what we are doing where we are. We should not be satisfied with doing just what we are required to do. Every man should be bigger than his business.

Professor Alfred Vivian, dean of the Agricultural College of Ohio State University gave an interesting lecture on the subject, "A Farmer's Trip Through Europe" on Thursday evening. The lectures he gave were very instructive as well as interesting and the pictures were beautiful, showing scenes of farm life in the different countries through which Professor Vivian had travelled.

The speakers Friday afternoon were Professor H. C. Ramsower of O. S. U., Doctor Jno. W. Funk and Reverend H. Alexander Smith.

Friday evening Doctor W. G. Clipping gave an address on "The College and Community Service." He brought out very forcibly the great service which the college is to the community in which it exists. Besides the material facilities it affords, its high ideals and standards of living are of the greatest value to the community. He outlined briefly the two-fold policy under way in Otterbein: First, in Christian work, fitting students both for ministerial and lay work and second, a course in agriculture, including a study of rural life and people, is planned.

Saturday afternoon the speakers were Professor F. W. Stemple of O. S. U., C. H. Vance and Mrs. Nellie S. Noble, instructor in Domestic Science in Otterbein. Mrs. Noble gave a very interesting discussion of the subject "Balanced Meals."

The Institute closed on Saturday evening with an entertainment given by the Otterbein Glee Club and Mrs. T. C. Tussey, reader. The program alternated by vocal and instrumental selections by the quartet and readings given by Mrs. Tussey. The program was much appreciated by the large audience. Every number was exceptionally well rendered and this program formed a fitting close to the week of the Institute.

The Art Department of Otterbein will hold a loan exhibition of pictures—masterpieces of art, during the week of March 4th to 11th. Many of these pictures are the finest in the country. They are loaned by the Curtis and Cameron Company of Chicago, through the kindness of the Culver Art and Frame Company, who obtained these pictures directly from this company. The exhibition will be held in the Association Parlors. It will be open at all hours of the day. Every one is invited and urged to come and bring your friends.

On Tuesday evening, February 15, the Otterbein Choral Society gave its annual mid-winter concert in the college chapel. The Society was assisted by Mr. Cecil Fanning, baritone, one of the most noted singers of the present day.

The first part of the program consisted of two numbers by Mr. Fanning and also a chorus given by six ladies

with R. R. Durant and Professor J. A. Bendinger accompanying on violins. Mr. Fanning sang as his first number the "Prologue—I Pagliacci" by Leoncavallo in a very pleasing and forceful manner. Mr. H. B. Turpin accompanied Mr. Fanning at the piano. As his second number, Mr. Fanning gave a group of songs, each one of which brought forth ringing applause from the large and appreciative audience. Mr. Fanning's work was certainly greatly appreciated by the people of Otterbein and Westerville. The Society was surely fortunate in securing him.

The second part of the program consisted of a rendering of the poem "The Highwayman" by Mr. Noyes.

An introduction and interpretative reading of the poem was given by Professor C. A. Fritz. This was given in Professor Fritz's forceful manner and

made the rendition of the poem in song much easier to understand and appreciate. The chorus consisted of seventy-six voices and the song was rendered with a great deal of volume the solo parts in "The Highwayman" in a most effective manner. Professor Grabill rendered the accompaniment at the piano most efficiently.

The program closed with a beautiful presentation of "It Comes from the Misty Ages" by Elgar. The whole program was a grand success and was no doubt, the best choral entertainment ever given at Otterbein. A great part of this success is due to the efficient and faithful training that Pro-

A. Lincoln Artz.

The Boston Transcript of February 2 announced the death of A. Lincoln Artz, a former Otterbein coach. Mr. Artz died from injuries received in an



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accident while in South Rocky Mountain, North Carolina. He lived in Sommersville, Mass. and leaves a wife and daughter.

"Link" Artz was well known to former Otterbein students. He was the first foot ball coach in Otterbein and really introduced the game to us. He gave us the knowledge of the game which enabled us to defeat O. S. U. by a large score. He coached the Otterbein team of 1890 and left a deep impression on all who knew him. Mr. Artz was a Dormouth graduate whose home was formerly in Dayton.

V. L. Phillips has demonstrated his

ability as track manager by securing a schedule which promises to be one of interest. So far there is only one team to be met at home. With the old and new material that dropped in with the Freshman class, Captain Thrush should make it interesting for the opponents. The following is the schedule:

April 29—Denison at Westerville.

May 5—Kenyon at Otterbein.

May 12—Muskingum at New Concord.

May 20—Invitation meet at O. S. U.

June 3—Open.



Two traveling salesmen met on a train.

"I have just come from St. Louis, where I did a tremendous business," said one, "How much do you think I sold?"

"How should I know," replied the other.

"Of course, you don't know, but what do you guess?"

"Oh, about half."

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 and Spring and Front at 5:15 P. M.

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 leave Westerville at 6:58 A. M. and 6:07 P. M.

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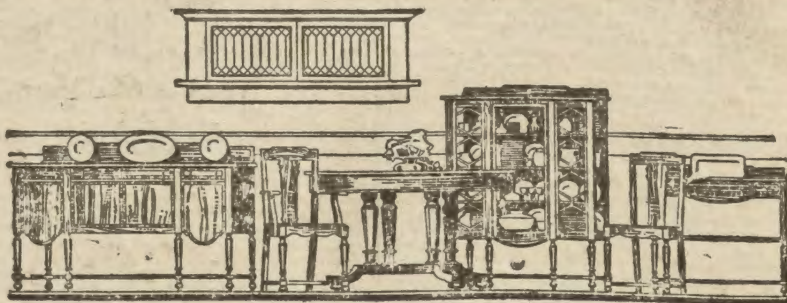
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