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AEGIS*

*PHILOMATHEAN
NUMBER*



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The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXVII

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 3.

The Super Woman

ETHEL M. MEYERS, '17.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:

"What will the superwoman be of whom
we sing

She who is coming over the dim border
Of far tomorrow, after earth's disorder
Is tidied up by Time? What will she
bring

To make life better on tempestuous
earth?

How will her worth

Be greater than her forebears? What
new power

Within her being will burst into flower?"

This stanza seems to embody the question uppermost in all minds today. Those who look at the new woman thru the distorted lens of false education or prejudice see Dr. Mary Walker, whose dress offends our sense of propriety. They see the raving woman on the platform, or the suffragettes throwing stones thru glass windows and defacing costly specimens of art. These no more represent the genuine new woman than does the goggle-eyed dandy represent true manhood.

Fanaticism marks every new movement. The new woman is not to be judged by the standard of public sentiment which has often condemned the right. It ridiculed Columbus, Roger Bacon, Socrates and Fulton. It pronounced the making of table forks a mockery of the Creator who gave us fingers to eat with.

Any close observer of life will notice that the leading feminine characteristic is a defensive one, that the great end of

all female effort is protection to herself and her children. With the safety of the future members of the race in her charge, woman thru the long ages of evolution has developed a wonderful intuition for warding off danger.

Since the dawn of the historic epoch, with some exceptions, women have been entirely under the domination of men. It is worth mention too that the stages of civilization have always been determined by the position woman has held in the eyes of man. So, gradually a new woman is being formed (not as formerly from the rib of man which is the crook-edest part of man) but she is being developed from the struggles and hardships of past centuries.

Of all the dispossessed, women have been the poorest thru the ages. Of the deadened brains, theirs have been the most blunted, of the tired hearts theirs the most wearied. Inexorable nature has laid upon the female the burden of the race's life, while inexorable man has been content that she should willingly take upon herself the burden of the race's service.

So she has toiled thru the centuries and the bloom of her youth has withered before that youth was past.

Thru all time women (as a class) have been silent. And when as many women as men are free to express themselves, they will struggle for earth's inheritance together.

The Renaissance was the first age of women. One has but to turn to Shakes-

peare to know the great ladies of western Europe during the 16th century. There, indeed, we see our own desires and whims pictured by his Beatrice, Portia, Rosalind, Viola, etc. These show us the glowing time as no historian can do. No doubt Shakespeare in the 20th century would have been a suffragist and perhaps a militant. However all this opportunity for women, at this time came not as a conscious gift from man, but a crust fallen from his table.

Then later man's attitude changed toward woman and she became frail, false, fickle, changeable and all the rest. Ever since she has been struggling to throw off these ideas.

But now the day of woman is at hand when the final cause is won, the human race will have entered the promised land. But the human family must cross that threshold together. Half the race, the mothers half, must not drag behind in the triumph march. Therefore the woman movement is the next step forward for us all.

Yes, the home is the woman's sphere. Not the home as it was yesterday with its simple shaded path, but the rugged road that leads from the door step to every department of human endeavor. "Today the four posts of the home are the four corners of the earth."

The greatest inevitable force which has brought on this new woman is "Industrialism."

Yesterday in the days of our grandmothers bread was baked in the home oven. All the clothes were made from flax, grown, spun and woven in the kitchen. Yesterday the children played under the orchard trees or in the great kitchen before the roaring fire-place. But today every child is menaced by the dance hall, low theatre and places of questionable amusement.

Mechanical inventions brought water, light, and heat into the house and car-

ried refuse out. Inventions reduced the actual labor of preparing food and clothing and transformed the agricultural people into a city dwelling and industrial one. This brought the house bound woman into touch with her neighbors.

To this hard working farming people, children were an economic asset. They were put to work in the kitchen, dairy, and fields with work for all. But in the city in the machine age, children had nothing to do and financially speaking, they entered the debit account. Consequently families became smaller.

If the farmer's children were an economic value, his wife was more so. In the good old days it was only the Arcadian shepherd who begged his sweetheart "to live with me and be my love." The real formula would sound something like this:

Marry me and bear me children. Cook my food, my children's and that of my farm hands. Wash the dishes, empty the water. Keep the house and clothes clean. Make the fire, bake the bread, make jam, pickles, candles and soap. Spin, weave, and dye all stuffs for our clothing. Knit the family stockings. Don't forget to sew my buttons on. Keep the scrap for the pigs. Run the dairy and feed the chickens. Keep the egg money if you like,—you can buy the groceries with it. Teach the children their letters. See that they go clean to church and school. Nurse me when I am ill and always greet me with a fresh smiling face when I come in after a hard day's work in the fields. Obey me in all things. I shall need an extra hand at harvest time. Do this for me and I will cherish you and support you for life.

The result of this equal (?) partnership is easy to trace. Go to an old graveyard in New England and read the head stones. "Hepzibah, beloved wife of Simeon Doolittle, age 32. Also Sarah, his second wife age 43." And then a few

tiny head stones next a much larger stone "To the memory of Simeon Doolittle, who passed away in the fullness of his days, age 83."

Who said they wished for "them good, old times"?

Meantime it is good to be a woman today. In every land our sisters are learning the great lesson of co-operation and sex loyalty. Colleges are open to women as well as men. They are being developed physically and the fainting female is seldom seen and never admired. Let no man say that the cry of womanhood is a whim for we are at the concentric point of many generations, the conclusion of the ages. She has tried every other way except the ballot. She has struggled against the prejudice in men and tradition in women. She has borne the iniquities of the double standard; she has wept, prayed, petitioned and has been a clinging vine. Yet against unnumbered handicaps she will prevail.

The very fact that women are different from men gives a fundamental reason for suffrage. Men cannot think and feel for women. The most chivalrous men cannot fully supply the physical, mental, and spiritual necessities of women.

But do not think for a minute that woman suffrage will solve at once all the ills of the race. It is hardly fair to require women to correct in a few decades the accumulated masculine mistakes of uncounted generations. They will make mistakes just as the "superior" sex.

Democracy is a succession of stumbles forward and without woman, it is an attempt to walk by hopping on one leg. The blows of woman suffrage will fall naturally for human uplift. It will strike child-labor and white slavery and be for mother's pensions and the establishment of public parks.

The most vital question of all asked is,

"Will suffrage tend to unsex woman?" Will it take away the tender touch, make coarse the soft note, dry the tears of sympathy and deaden the mothers' heart?

Daniel Poling gives us this example. He says: "One summer I went home to the great city by the Oregon river. It was the Fourth of July and there was a great parade. First were the mounted police followed by the mayor carrying the Bible under his arm. Behind him were over one hundred boys of his Sunday School class; behind these were 12,000 men, women and children singing, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers'."

The reason, a few months before, for the first time in history, the women had voted and elected a reform administration. He says, "Mother and sister helped, their two votes to father's one."

"That night I went to bed in the old home. Midnight came and I had not slept. My heart was stirred by a hundred emotions. Then across the threshold of the quiet room, came soft as an angel, a figure of white. The cold comes down at night in the northwest. Mother feared I might be uncovered and chilled in my sleep. Often as a boy she found me thus. Close to my bed she came, and in the dim moonlight I saw her stooping, I closed my eyes. I felt her fingers touch the coverlet. She tucked it deftly then, a pause—light as a breath her lips brushed my forehead. Mother a voting citizen of Oregon had not changed.

"Today she is as tender, true, pure and wise. Her voice is one that counts and it speaks for every interest of home and country with authority. All the world needs the mother quality. May the day come when she can use her mother love not only for her family, but for all humanity.

"She will bring virtue, but it will not be The pale white blossom of cold chastity

Which hides a barren heart. She will
 be human
 Not saint or angel—but the superwoman,
 Mother and mate and friend of super-
 man.
 To motherhood, she will bring common
 sense,
 The most uncommon virtue. She will
 give
 Love that is more than she-wolf violence,
 (Which slaughters others that its own
 may live),

Love that will help each little tendril
 mind
 To grow and climb,
 Love that will know the lordliest use of
 Time
 Is training human egos to be kind.
 And best of all she will bring holy faith
 To penetrate the shadowy world of
 Death
 And show the road beyond it bright and
 broad,
 That leads straight up to God."

An Affair of Peanuts

C. A. BENNETT, Ex. '17.

"Jing-jing!" remarked the telephone.
 "Is that you, little girl?" asked Brian
 Born, perfectly at random.

"It is not!" intoned a voice from the
 other end. "This is C. W. Ketchum."

"Shoot!" Brian tightened a suspend-
 er buckle—for he was in the act of dress-
 ing.

"Hem. I understand you have a
 twelve-acre remnant out at Utopia Addi-
 tion you'd like to get rid of cheap. Is
 that so?"

"Sure. A thousand dollars an acre."

"What?"

"You heard me whistle."

"What do you want of that property?"

"What do you want of it?"

"Well—hem, you see, Senator Hissup
 and I own, in partnership, about sixty
 acres out there, and your little piece cuts
 into ours like a wedge in a pie—"

"And you want the whole pie?"

"That's the idea, roughly expressed.
 It's all low-grade stuff, but we thought
 we could get it off our hands as cheap
 building lots. But, of course, if you're
 going to be nasty—"

"Don't crowd me. I'm thinking."

"I should think you could be a little

obliging!" Ketchum's voice rasped
 slightly.

"You and Hissup have been darned
 obligin' to me, haven't you Uncle Nervo?
 Good-night!" Brian hung up the re-
 ceiver.

This conversation, between Ketchum's
 office and Brian's bedroom in the Grand
 Hotel was the aftermath of a feud royal
 which had raged between the Little
 Booster and the Big Booster for the past
 three weeks, beginning with Brian's dra-
 matic discovery that Ketchum and State
 Senator Hissup, in league, were secretly
 undermining Brian's reputation in the
 Booster's Club.

"And now the dear old soul thinks I
 ought to be a little obligin'!" murmured
 Brian, with a twisted smile, as he knotted
 his mercerized tie and prepared to go
 down to breakfast. Down in the grill,
 at an inconspicuous table, he saw Leo-
 pold Egg, the cigar dealer, devouring the
 staple after which he was named. Brian
 slid into the vacant chair opposite. He
 picked up the morning's Globe. His
 eyes focused on a prominent headline
 that ran:

WARING'S CIRCUS TO WINTER HERE

John W. Waring, Great Show Magnate,
Arrives This Morning to
Purchase Tract.

"Dot vill be a great ding for der town," commented Leopold.

"Will it?"

"Vell, von't it?" pursued Leopold.

"Dirk of all vat a great enderbrise like a circus vill add to der town!"

"A circus never adds anything to a town except a smell." Brian's gaze still centered upon the headline. "Funny!" he said finally, "I know that old guy Waring. Year and a half ago I was in Chicago waitin' for a train. I was at the Annex. A tall old preacher lookin' human with Angoras on the side of his face stood at the bar, drinking rye out a short glass. 'That's John W. Waring,' whispers the barkeep. I noticed the old party was blind in his right eye, so I crossed over and made his acquaintance. Before nightfall he had told me the story of his life, some story!—offered to make me press agent, and put me on to how he lost his right window. Seems he was an elephant trainer when he was sixteen. One day a baby elephant named Violet caressed Waring on the side of the head with her trunk—good-bye eye!"

"He'll be here on der nine-thirty," interrupted Leopold. "Ketchum und Hissup hass gone down in dere ottomobile to meet 'im."

"Ketchum and Hissup!" Ketchum's motive for telephoning so early in the morning to get an option on the despised Utopia lots was now dazzling plain. Brian signed his breakfast check, and bounded to the lobby upstairs.

As he lolled over the desk, pretending to scan the names in the register, he was disappointed to see Ketchum and Hissup enter on the flanks of an unrecognizable third party. The stranger, a florid

young man, clad with distinction and surveying the world with the bovine eye of power, was apparently somebody; for the spaniel-like Hissup fawned, while Ketchum addressed him with large pompous gestures. The three brushed by Brian as if he were not. The latter, however, held his ground close to the register, and was rewarded by seeing the stranger with a large flourish bend to the book and sign himself, "Jno. W. Waring."

"Excuse me, Mr. Waring," said Brian cordially. "How you've changed! When I met you in Chicago a year 'n' a half ago you were sixty-five years old and had one eye."

"My father," said the magnate coolly, looking over Brian's shoulder. With the inky pen still in his hand, he added the abbreviation "Jr." to the name already signed.

Brian was not surprised later in the morning to see the two real estate men and their intended victim whoofing out toward Utopia Addition in a gray torpedo shaped car. Nor was he amazed that noon to have Ketchum approach him politely, but without warmth.

"How much for your option?" he asked.

"Four thousand," said Brian.

"Come! That strip is no bigger than a rug."

"If a herd o' elephants are going to wipe their muddy feet on my rug, they got to pay for it."

"Let's get down to brass tacks. I'll give you four thousand for a clear title on the whole piece."

"Oh, sir, how kind you are to an orphan girl!" mocked the Little Booster.

Ketchum withdrew in time to avoid open profanity, while Brian slouched over to the news stand and turned the pages of an aviation magazine, chuckling blithely.

When it was explained that young Mr. Waring was a graduate of Yale, and interested in the circus merely from a scientific point of view, the taint of the sawdust was wafted utterly away.

He had been in San Bruno four days now, and the competition among real estate dealers was fast reaching the frenzied stage. But he assured Messrs. Ketchum and Hissup that, could they get possession of the disputed twelve acres, he would buy in a minute.

"Your price is steep, Ketchum," he explained, "but it looks as though that were just the spot I wanted. There's exactly the right amount of sea breeze sweeping over the place to benefit the animals,—especially camels."

Ketchum assured him that camels would grow to prodigious height in Utopia Addition.

When Ketchum encountered Brian in the hotel rotunda that noon, he wound his arm around the young man's shoulder with an air so affable that Brian all but fainted.

"Brian," cooed Ketchum, "I've been thinking that a lot of our little misunderstandings have come from our not getting more closely in touch—"

"How close do you want to get for a touch?"

"We're giving a little dinner party at my house tonight. Brian, I want you to meet Mrs. Ketchum and the family. Will you be with us?"

"Dress suit?" asked Brian, after a giddy pause.

"Well, it would be better," replied Ketchum, attempting to be tactful, but managing to look superior.

"Will that man Waring be there?"

"We expect him."

"You're on, Lord Algernon," was Brian's way of accepting.

However, it was not eagerness for the Ketchums' proffered social upliftment

that urged him most forcibly to attend their dinner. The magnet that drew him thither was Waring—Waring, the adroit, who came to San Bruno on his own indorsement, and handled menageries, as it were, with silk gloves.

Brian sent a telegram East before he went forth in search of a reasonable-priced dress suit.

Late that afternoon, Brian, locked in his bedroom, devoted much time to dressing and more to rehearsal. He bent a hundred pins, scratched his thumbs, and invented new and ingenious oath combinations in an attempt to restrain a climbing necktie. Finally, being thoroughly pinned and buttoned together, he stood before the glass and struck the various poses suitable to one entering the world of fashion. First he bloated out his chest and bowed left and right to a circle of imaginary duchesses. Next he leaned against the door, lit a cigarette, crossed his feet, and surveyed the giddy whirl through the half-closed eyes of one long ago jaded by the unceasing round. And at last, by way of dramatic climax, he strode majestically to the mirror, tendered a lofty handshake to empty air, and drawled: "Good evening, King! How are all the little kings? And the Queen, she is well, I hope? What—she has the pip? Oh, mercy!"

As he set out to walk to the Ketchum mansion at 7:15, he was aware of a strange hollowness at the pit of his stomach; and this was not due entirely to the unusual lateness of the dinner hour.

"Buck up, old man!" he commanded. "Don't be noisy or say anything fresh, and Ketchum can't get anything on you!"

It was 7:35 by his dollar watch when he stood before the frowning buttresses of the Ketchum house. He took a deep breath, rebuked the windmill tendencies of his dress tie, and a moment later found himself being bowed into the pres-

ence. Brian did not commit the solecism of shaking hands with the butler when the latter reached out for his hat—he had seen the trick laughed at in a vaudeville show, so he was on his guard.

Somewhere in a lighted room beyond he could see the pompous Ketchum addressing a silk-clad harem. Ketchum seemed insultingly oblivious of Brian's arrival. There was an icy sea of polished floor between the hall and the drawing room. It was apparently up to him to brave this slippery terror. He got along very well as far as the door of the drawing room; but, just as he was stepping forth to Ketchum's outstretched palm, the rug beneath his feet tobogganed, and in the whirlwind effort to right himself he plunged with the force of a football hero against a Chinese servant who was entering with a tray of cocktails.

A hawk-faced dowager, who proved to be Mrs. Ketchum, scurried forward.

"So clumsy of Wong," she said, dashing over Brian a cold smile that seemed to hiss, "Die, insect!"

Brian could distinctively feel the pins slipping out from underneath his dress tie. While the confused Wing mopped the liquor from the floor, Mrs. Ketchum led Brian among her guests, handling him with tongs. Miss Ketchum, a hard-eyed beauty whose interpretation of charm was to take down the masculine conceit wherever encountered, said, "How d'y do?" and refused to shake hands. There was a slender, tender young person who smiled at nothing, and a Miss Parks (or was it Sparks?), who, although plainly plump, attempted to palliate that unfashionable fault by imitating the grand Miss Ketchum's air of willowy hauteur. The suave Mr. Waring occupied the center stage, displaying to advantage a lavender silk waistcoat with wonderful green buttons.

"Chilblains!" said Brian to himself, standing in the center of a deserted rug.

The patient Wing came swinging in again, bearing a trayful of cocktails in copious glasses of rich design. Brian, ordinarily temperate of habit, took one because the act both killed time and fortified him against whatever ordeals were to follow.

He found himself talking affably to the tender, slender girl who kept her eyes on his necktie with a fixed, mysterious Mona Lisa smile.

"You know what the fly said when he crawled into the Swiss cheese?" he inquired, by way of conversation to that mocking young person.

"No; what?" she smiled.

"He said, I'm lost. Can you blame me?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mona Lisa.

"Y' see, in the real estate business we get to know more about the outside o' big houses than the inside."

"Oh!"

He suddenly noticed that the guests were passing into dinner, and that Mrs. Ketchum was regarding him with a look of intense dislike.

If the invitation to dinner was intended by Ketchum as a poultice to Brian's wounded feelings, it acted like a mustard plaster. As he had resolved before entering the house not to let Ketchum "get anything on him," he kept silent most of the meal—a state of behavior that drove him almost insane. He sat between the stout Miss Sparks and the Mona Lisa person, who turned their lovely ivory shoulders upon him.

Once the Mona Lisa turned to him long enough to inquire: "Do you play polo?"

"Come again!" said Brian. She never did.

John W. Waring, Jr., on Mrs. Ketchum's right, found constant appreciation

for his monologue, and expanded into boasts as the dinner progressed.

Waring kindly included Brian in the conversation at frequent intervals, an advantage which the sharp-tongued little Celt could not refuse.

"My father had a trained yak whose name was Pong—" began Waring, on a new anecdote.

"My father had a trained bull whose name was Con," broke in Brian.

The whole table concentrated the eye of scorn upon the brash offender, who appeared absorbed in the fowl before him. Deigning merely a pitying glance, the circus magnate went on with his tale.

"Dad has only one eye, you know, but he's not sensitive about it. He lost the eye in a peculiar way. Dad is a very accomplished performer on the calliope, and about ten years ago he was trying out a new instrument. He had just begun playing "Maiden's Prayer" when a spark flew out of the smokestack and got poor father in the left eye—very painful. His left eye has been missing ever since.

"Which eye did you say Mr. Waring?" inquired Brian distinctly.

"The left one," said Waring, with a perfectly level gaze.

At the moment of dessert the circus man spoke feelingly of San Bruno as a site for a menagerie:

"This climate will be especially beneficial to my jaguars and capuchin monkeys. Yes, San Bruno will be very helpful to all my animals."

"Just how helpful will your animals be to San Bruno?" Brian asked promptly.

"Think of the vast amount of provisions we will consume—"

"Peanuts, for instance?" inquired the pert young man.

At the mention of the harmless necessary nut, the suave Waring, for some unaccountable reason, became so con-

fused that he spilled wine in his nessel-
role.

"I leave the peanut business to peanut minds," he finally managed to retort.

Brian heard the Mona Lisa smile out loud and the icy Miss Ketchum murmur: "Good!"

They had coffee in the palm-filled inclosed patio of the house.

At last Brian was put in charge of the unwilling Miss Sparks, who sat beside him and yawned like a torpid reptile.

"Would you mind opening the window?" she gasped.

"You've saved my life!" said Brian, crossing to a French door in the hall, close to a jungle of palms and high-backed chairs. Somewhere within those depths he could hear soprano and basso engaged in domestic argument.

"Why did you ask that insufferable little bounder?" asked Soprano Voice.

"Darling, I know he's the limit; but he's got something we need—need bad," replied Basso Voice.

"The miserable little clerk!" (She pronounced it 'clark').

"Of course, he doesn't know how to behave like a gentleman!"

Brain opened the door, then tip-toed around the room in such a way as to avoid the torpid Miss Sparks. He approached the jungle of palms and chairs from the other side of the room and found Ketchum and his wife still engaged in domestic parley.

"Good night!" said Brian drily.

"Must you be going?" inquired the lady.

Ketchum accompanied Brian to the lobby.

"Now, my boy," he whispered, with a warm pressure of the palm, "I hope you'll be reasonable and let us have that option—"

When they were outside, he continued: "I want that option right away. I'll give

you four thousand for it—"

"It's gone up to eight," replied the Little Booster, as he melted into the darkness.

"Can you beat it?" he kept asking himself, as he walked along.

But one sweet, consoling thought caused him to forget all pain. That man Waring was a fraud before whom Hisup and Ketchum were going like lambs to the slaughter. Brian could not, for the life of him, fathom Waring's confusion at the mention of peanuts; but he saw plainly that the man was not the son of John W. Waring.

"A telegram for you, Mr. Blaney," said the night clerk at the Grand, as Brian entered.

As he read its contents his features gradually relaxed into a broad grin; and once locked in the privacy of his boudoir, he tore off his dress collar and threw himself on the bed.

"Peanuts!" he chuckled. "O you peanuts!"

Next morning Brian announced himself on the telephone to the circus man. "I'm resting," complained the latter.

"Let me up and I'll sing you to sleep," Brian reassured him. So he was shown up to his room.

"What can I do for you?" asked the distinguished individual, who, clad in a silken bathrobe, sat on the edge of his bed.

"Pardon me if I bore you," said Brian, with elaborate ceremony. "I just dropped in to have a little dialogue with you on the subject of peanuts."

"Peanuts?" inquired the magnate, sitting up.

"Read this," demanded Brian, handing the telegram of the night before to the elegant person on the bed.

Although the muscles of Waring's face were as set as stone, his bull-like eyes popped and his cheeks became sick-

lied over with the pale cast of guilt.

"For heaven's sake, don't turn me over to the cops!" he whispered.

"Turn you over and advertise to the world what a Rube town this is? Nay, nay, Doc Cook! You're safe there, Mr. Baxter."

"Well, what d' you want?"

"I want you to start East by the next train. The hotel will keep your baggage for the bill," said the Little Booster.

Brian gathered together several articles of silver and jewelry, which he recognized as local merchandise, and laid aside more than a dozen new neckties.

"You'll leave everything in this room just as it is, said Brian. "You ain't going to leave San Bruno with much of anything except your nerve."

"Just one thing—" began Baxter, starting for a small desk in the corner.

"Got your cash there, have you?" smiled Brian, reaching the desk first. In an obscure pigeonhole he found a substantial roll of yellow-backed bills. The big man snatched for them, but Brian adroitly slid them into his pocket.

"That's robbery!" Baxter groaned.

"Thanks, Raffles. I don't know who you touched for this roll, old man. But don't you worry. I'll just keep it to make good your debts after you're gone. Get your hat."

It was a silent ride taken at considerable speed as they had little time to make the seven-fifty two. Brian bought Baxter a ticket to Chicago, and gave the defeated grafter sufficient money for traveling expenses.

"This'll support you in the style to which you are accustomed," he remarked. "And now, I'd like the key to your room in the hotel."

As the train pulled into the station, the two men were surprised to find themselves shaking hands.

"Say, kid," said Baxter, dropping into

native vernacular, "you're a queer bird. If you'd kept your trap locked for a few hours longer, you could have broiled that lobster Ketchum to the tune o' ten thousand bucks."

After a hasty dinner at the hotel, Brian, armed with Baxter's key, went up to the suite of rooms formerly occupied by the fleeing lion. He was engaged in sorting out and labeling various articles of value, with the intention of returning them quietly to their defrauded owners, when the telephone rang and visitors were announced.

"Show 'em up!" Brian answered.

Ketchum and Hissup, accompanied by Obrey O'Malley, a contractor, filed in. When they saw Brian in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a cigarette and coolly rifling a trunk, their surprise was intense.

"Well! What are you doing in that trunk?" gasped Ketchum.

"Looking for peanuts," smiled Brian.

"That isn't a joke?"

"You bet your life it ain't!"

"Why, Mr. Waring isn't here!" exclaimed the soft-voiced Hissup, after looking through the two rooms.

"You surprise me," said Brian.

"Before he comes back we'll have time for a little business talk," said Ketchum.

"Plenty!" said Brian.

"You're playing a dirty game on us, but we acknowledge you've got us cornered. We'll give you eight thousand for that option."

"I've decided not to sell you that option at any price."

"Why?"

"It won't be good for you to have it."

"Shucks!" exploded Ketchum.

"Peanut shucks!" agreed Brian.

"Why the deuce are you howling 'peanuts' all the time? Is it a joke? I can't see the point." Ketchum's face purpled.

"Maybe you'll join me in a laugh after you read this," suggested Brian, handing the three visitors a telegram. Three mouths dropped open and six eyes popped wide as O'Malley read:

"I have no son named John W. Waring, Jr. Anyone taking that name is an imposter. Have no interests in San Bruno quarters. Beware of college-bred faker named Baxter, once employed in my circus as peanut butcher."

John Waring.

Living Life

THURSTON H. ROSS, '17.

There has never been an age in the world's history when man's nose was so close to the grindstone as it is today. The twentieth century is an epoch of the most intensive application imaginable. On every hand we find method, system, concentration and practicality. In the great city there is a never ending turmoil. All the hum and bussel of the world proclaim the intensity of human life and endeavor. Each sun rises on a new earth, a more intricate mechanism, and sets on a panting, seeth-

ing, gulching sphere of madmen who are suiciding in their vain attempt to live, a world more awful, more terrible, than ever before. The beginning of every day finds greater demands being made and heavier taxes being placed on human life but man only groans under his burden and toils onward.

Everyone admits that living is man's most sacred obligation and his most important duty, yet how many of us are striving so hard to make a living that we forget to live? How many men have

spent their lives getting the proverbial few dollars ahead and then one day finding themselves closing up life's books without having had a chance or having taken advantage of the opportunity to enjoy the fruits of their labors. Maybe they have lived many years but the final questioner comes not demanding how long you have lived but how much you have lived. And a man cannot have lived much who has spent all of his time in action striving to reach the goal and no time in reflection. He may have seen much of the earth but the world cannot be seen to be appreciated, it must be thought. No matter how much one sees of life he has not lived until he has put himself away in the quiet room and contemplated the *causa causorum*, the essence, the root principle of those things which he passes in his ordinary pathway of existence, and has made a strict examination of those common place objects which are so likely to be entirely overlooked.

Moral law does not demand a race of life, it rather advocates a walk of life, Does not the man who strolls thru the forest get closer to Nature than he who goes thru on horseback? Is it not true also that he who jaunts thru on his horse finds deeper communion with the manifestations of woodland being than he who travels thru in a railway coach? Why then should we whirl thru our three score and ten years with but one idea in mind and that to finish the race speedier than the other fellow or to have gathered more material gain in our mad rush into the mirage of financial success or popularity? Why do we pass over the modest jewels of everyday life in search of a phantom prize as intangible to us as are the northern lights to the maddened explorer crazed by the intense pursuit of his vain endeavor. Why not put away the idea of making a living, pause, and

live? Abandon intensive living and begin extensive living. Don't rush madly over the pearls of today to scratch in the pebbles of tomorrow! Now is the time when life is the brightest to you: now is the period of your most satisfactory existence. Yesterday is forever gone and tomorrow will never come, so live, today and live, not hard, but well.

Come away with me from the clatter of hammers and ring of anvils and we will visit a world where every one should spend more of his time. Enter the paradise intended for you and contemplate the chaste luxury of an unfettered imagination. You are far, far away from the city, the country, everywhere in fact. No place is tangible but all is aesthetic, pure, mystic, beautiful. The muses are yours to aid in calling other spirits to enliven your sojourn in man's most luxurious garden. You are surrounded by objects of your own choice and are a king with more power than any terrestrial monarch. Leap, dance, play if you will—shout and enjoy the voluptuous fantasy presented by your abandonment of the material world. Visit the nooks and corners of your own imagination and you will travel in a country more wonderful than words can describe; a land to which earth can find no parallel. How much more desirable it is to be a disciple of the aesthetic than a slave of the material.

Drop your task some day and look at a flower, a lowly dandelion is a rare study. Examine its symmetry and study its shades. Penetrate into its very personality and it will speak to you. It has a message for your tired soul and if you will only listen you will learn its language and be comforted by its solace. But better let it grow half hidden in the grass than pluck it with the feeling that you are in possession of a meaningless, senseless, thing. Meet the little flower as a peer for it will not confide its secret to

an egotist who has the least feeling of superiority. One of man's greatest faults is his idea of kingship and mastery. Of course he is the ruler of the world but his power does not necessarily imply despotism. A man will fondle a contract for a month or hug a column of figures for half a lifetime and not have the least feeling of feminism but how often he sneers at the song of a bird, the roar of the cataract, or even the snarl of the tempest declaring that these things are of no vital interest to him but are creations for the inspiration of women and poets. How often we find people letting a sheet of paper stand between them and living! How many men are trying to live in terms of dollars and cents, or within the artificial confines of a world of profits and loss, or stocks and bonds! Their lives are fashioned in the shape of a wedge, probably starting with broad views and cosmopolitan ideas but as they become absorbed in their callings the path narrows until they have entered the walled channel where turning around and retracing their footsteps is impossible. They are bound down by a chain of their own forging and they have driven themselves to become beasts of their own burdens. They have faltered at the sight of their own courage and have fallen victims to the illusions of their own powers. They have forsaken the fountain of life to be swallowed up on the maelstrom of industry and living, to them has become a process rather than an art.

Now let me tell you a little story; one which will illustrate several ideas of which I have spoken. Long ago there lived an old man who was a philosopher-sculptor. His home was on the shores of Greece where he lived alone, not caring to participate in the artificial life which then existed in his country. One day a youth from a wealthy and respec-

ted family came to him and asked for a rule of good living. The young man had traveled for several years and had consulted many wise men but he had not been satisfied with their advice and had come to the house of the old sculptor late in the evening almost in despair. The old man refused to talk with him that night but promised to give his answer the following day. The young traveller could not sleep but sat before the lamp all night awaiting the dawn. When the first lights of the morning were visible over the hills the old philosopher entered and ordered the youth to follow him. He took him out thru the garden into his studio and showed him a bust, a chisel, a maul, and then the statue of a beautiful Spartan maiden. Pointing to the bust the old man said, "This is the likeness of my teacher, Tilicles; a man of much wisdom and judgment."

Then taking up the chisel and maul he explained that those were the tools which old Tilicles had used, and lastly, pointing to the statue of the Spartan maiden, he said, "This is the work, the product of the skill of noble Tilicles. My teacher had the idea, the beauty of the Spartan maiden in his mind before he chose the marble at the quarries, and before he cut into the block. Let the marble represent your life possibilities over which you are the master. The chisel and the maul were next used to shape the idea into the stone. Let these tools be the representatives of the occupation from which you will maintain yourself and satisfy your material needs. Your idea will be sure to develop your life, so make it noble as did Tilicles make his idea for this statue. Your marble is a gift from the Gods so waste it not. But above all, the tool, the occupation for making your bread is as exterior to the idea and the living itself, to the essence

of a satisfactory life, as are these rough tools of my old master exterior to the beautiful statue of the Spartan Maiden.

So model in your mind a high ideal for living life, anticipate the noble product of your efforts and do not, as so many of your fellow men, forget the art to bless the tool."

Men and women, how many of us here tonight forget to love and respect the art of living according to the idea which we know to be right and natural, and worship the meaningless, senseless tool, the necessity of making a living?

And why?

Mrs. Steinbrunner's Letter

HOWARD A. SHELLEY, '19.

"Any mail for Mrs. Steinbrunner?" inquired a weak, little voice at my elbow. I turned and surveyed the questioner. She was an old woman, wrinkled, and thin of frame, with a faded remnant of a shawl thrown about her shoulders. Her yellowed hair, twisted and rolled into a tiny knot at the back of her head, was partly covered by a black bonnet with strings tied in a neat little black bow beneath her pointed chin. There was a tender appeal in her withered face, which was intensified by the sad expression in her jet black eyes as they intently followed the postmaster in his search for the morning mail.

At last his search finished, he faced Mrs. Steinbrunner and dropping his spectacles to the end of his nose, gazed solemnly over them and silently shook his head, "Immer nichts," she sighed brokenly; "Kein wort von Karl."

The light died from her eyes on her lashes, and drawing her tattered shawl about her she hobbled away from the window.

I became suddenly curious to know more of the sorrow of the sad old woman. "Who is she?" I asked the postmaster.

"Mein Herr," he began, "it is indeed a pitiful case, yet she is but one in a million vainly seeking news from their beloved at the front. Every morning at ten

o'clock her head pops up before my window and she asks the same question. Then I pretend to look carefully for the letter that I know is not there, just to please her. One morning, I felt an unusual pity for the poor old dame and put the question, "Are you looking for a letter from your brother, husband, or son?" Her grief so long pent up broke in a torrent of sobs and she told me all about him. He was her son, a tall handsome boy, well built, with red cheeks, blue eyes, and blonde hair. The rest of her sad tale consisted mainly in reiterated motherly exaggerations of his high and noble character and how she hoped day after day for the letter which did not come, at last partially regaining her composure, she dried her eyes and turned to go away, "Maybe tomorrow it will come," she said, "Karl would not forget his mother."

"Karl Steinbrunner, Karl Steinbrunner," I repeated, trying to remember where I had heard the name before.

"Yes," answered the postmaster, "perhaps you have heard of him. Reports is that he died valiantly during the siege of Leige; but I had not the heart to tell her."

As I left the post office, I could not shake off the memory of Mrs. Steinbrunner. A vision of that pale face and sad eyes filled with a vain hope, rose before

me at every step. I saw in my fancy her beloved Karl, mangled or perhaps torn to shreds by a bursting shell, a wasting corpse on a deserted battlefield. How much longer could she stand the anxious strain of waiting? She should wait no longer, for tomorrow the cherished letter would come. I would write it myself. A few minutes later I was at my desk. A transformation took place. I became at once a mighty hero, and a loving son writing to a doting old mother. What marvels I accomplished: It was my brain that mapped the plan by which a whole army of prisoners were captured. Who tended the wounded and nursed them to gradual recovery? Where would the army have been without me? Honors and medals had been heaped upon me. How proud I was, not of the laurels, of course, but of such a kind mother to whom I felt indebted for all my fame. I appended a last endearing phrase and deliberately signed below it, "Karl Steinbrunner." At nine-thirty the next morning I was at the postoffice; at nine-forty-five I paced anxiously back and forth counting the granite blocks in the floor. Each squeak of the door brought me to a standstill. At last the door swung open just enough to admit her tiny form, and she came tottering to the window. Folding her small hands on the sill, she asked in the same dry little voice, any mail for "Mrs. Steinbrunner"? The

postmaster turned and looked aimlessly through the mail. His eyes became as big as saucers as he pulled from the heap a large envelope and a smaller blue one. Three times he read the addresses; then, after adjusting his spectacles and lowering his eyebrows, he read them again. At last with a reluctant glance he handed the mail over to the little impatient lady. You should have seen her handle my letter. She kissed it twice and then tore it open. Her mouth turned up at the corners and her black eyes sparkled as she read. "See," she cried joyfully, triumphantly, to the postmaster as she raised her eyes for a moment, "Karl would not forget his mother." The postmaster stretched his lean neck from the window like a turtle. In vain he tried to read over her shoulder. I felt a delicious thrill of self-satisfaction. The old lady's face shone with joy as she devoured the last page of "Karl's" letter. With a quaint little chuckle she read and kissed the signature and, as she folded the letter and returned it to the envelope, a heavenly smile was on her face. Then the blue envelope, it shook in her trembling hands. Her features puckered in agony; she swayed, caught at the desk, and sank to the floor, the blue letter dropped from her fingers. One glance was sufficient. It was a formal notice of her son's death in the seige of Leige.

A Bit of Ancient History

LYLE J. MICHEAL, '19

About the middle of the twenty-fifth century B. C. politics upon the earth were becoming very corrupt. There was graft in every office and a fair election had not been held in several decades. The lovers of fair play thruout the country had done all in their power to right affairs, but to no avail. Conditions were

going from bad to worse and as local authorities were no longer able to cope with the situation it came to the direct notice of Jehovah. Now He had been keeping one eye in this direction for some time and was only waiting till the lesser authorities should exhaust all their resources.

Jehovah was a very good executive and he was not long in formulating a remedial plan. His great idea was that of wiping out the population of the earth with a flood and then starting the race anew. The project met with a great deal of opposition at first but after much discussion in cabinet meetings his general idea was adopted, and Jehovah assumed full power in its execution. It was thot best to provide for the escape of some select few, for it would be very bad political principle to destroy the whole party.

Now it so happened that there was a man, prominent in social circles and influential in the party, by the name of Noah. As another point in his favor he was an ardent supporter of the administration. Because of these qualifications he was chosen by Jehovah to head this party that was to be saved and to superintend the reconstruction of the government afterward. If the earth was to be covered with water, as was the plan, a vessel must be provided for this "Safety First" expedition.

As was to be expected in a crisis of this kind the navy was in a very deplorable condition, probably due to a policy of watchful waiting on the part of the administration. Therefore it was necessary for Noah to build a ship of sufficient size to carry himself and family thru the period of destruction. Noah was a man with a great deal of ingenuity and a strong advocate of the theory, "If you would have a thing well done, do it yourself," so the plans and drawings having been made and approved by Jehovah he went down into the navy yard and superintended the building of the boat in person. It was constructed on the order of a transport, since the idea of saving the animals in the National Zoological Gardens had been added to the original plans

The laying of the keel was a time of great ceremony and offered an opportunity for much comment on the part of the opposing faction. The vessel was a mammoth affair, some four hundred fifty feet in length and with a seventy-five foot beam. It was constructed of cypress, planed, grooved and dove-tailed together, and the whole was covered with a bitumenous compound, lately discovered in a government laboratory. It was divided into three decks and a captain's bridge. Unlike the ship of the present time, this one had a roof over it. This was to protect the upper deck from storm and make it habitable at all times. The hold or lowest story was arranged to accommodate the animals and the latest approved cages and stanchions were provided. In the after part of the second deck the propelling mechanism was installed. It was of an altogether new type: one which had never been used before and one which has not been heard of since. By a special device the animal heat arising from below was changed into energy and this conveyed to the tripple screws beneath the stern. The provisions for the voyage were stored in the forward part of the deck. It will be seen that no fuel was necessary and this gave much more room for stores. The upper cabin was taken up entirely with staterooms, for the convenience of the passengers.

The leading journals had been following the construction and for a week before the day set for the launching, people were arriving from all parts of the habitable world to witness the launching ceremony. This formality was the scene of much pomp and splendor. Noah's youngest daughter-in-law had the honor of tossing a bottle of Coca Cola at the prow of the vessel as it glided off the dry dock and thereby christening it "The Ark."

Up to this time the project had been opposed by all the petty politicians and ward healers but now when they saw the Ark itself and realized that the coming flood would be a serious proposition, there was a great demand for reservations upon the boat, for its maiden voyage. But the eight that were to ride the Ark had been chosen and all others were turned away. As soon as possible the animals were placed on board, the ship laden with stores and the passengers registered.

Noah and his wife occupied the principal suite of staterooms with their three sons Ham, Shem and Japheth and their wives in the remaining ones. Because no crew was necessary, none was taken on board. The course of the ship would demand very little attention from Noah and the sons were to look after the needs of the animals.

When all was in readiness, Jehovah closed the hatches, placed his seal upon them, and the great voyage had begun. The first day out all went well but by the third dog watch of the second day clouds began to gather over head and before the next morning the Ark was in the throes of a mighty tempest. The rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew and beat upon that vessel, but it was swamped not for it was well built. Its designer had foreseen all possible circumstances and it was constructed to outride any wave. The storm raged for three days and the women on board were nearly hysterical, because of its fierceness. But they were destined to see more than three days storm. The wind was terrific, the thunder piercing and the lightning was so intense that often a single flash would light the sky for an hour. The rain continued to fall until even Noah had doubts as to whether it would ever stop raining, but at the end of forty days the rain ceased and the

winds became more calm. Noah mounted to his bridge and by use of the sextant determined the location of the vessel. He found it to be directly over the spot where the metropolis of the country had been before the flood. Upon sounding he found the water to be over a hundred fathoms deep at this point. Noah took soundings each day and after ten days the readings showed that the water was subsiding and within a few days the earth would be nearly dry. He then kept a watch on the bridge at all times to be on the lookout for land. He sent out a homing pigeon in hope that it might bring back some evidence of land being near at hand. But it returned empty billed. The next day he sent out an eagle and in the evening it returned with a ballot box in its talons. The next morning a dove was released and it failed to return. This was sufficient evidence that land was not far away. Noah got out the glasses and late the next day sighted Mt. Ararat in the distance and ordered full speed ahead in this direction. Off this port he dropped anchor and as soon as Jehovah issued his quarantine clearance, he glided into the natural harbor. Of course everything that had been here before the voyage was now destroyed, but with the help of his sons Noah soon succeeded in raising a flag pole and the eight persons held a regular old-fashioned flag raising political rally. The men pledged themselves to Jehovah and his platform; while even the women cheered, for the trend of affairs pointed toward woman suffrage more now than ever before.

The four families separated after everything had been unloaded from the Ark, each to set up in his own part of the earth, a set of political principles which should be in accordance with the plan of their guide and protector—Jehovah.

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EDITORIAL

Let us satisfy our consciences and trouble not ourselves by looking for fame. If we deserve it we shall attain it. If we deserve it not we cannot force it. The praise bad actions attain soon dies away; if good deeds are at first unworthily received, they are afterwards more properly appreciated.—*Seneca*.

OUR GRADING SYSTEM

The mid semester grades will soon be given out and to many they will bring great joy while others will feel a keen sense of disappointment. The relatively new system of grading was inaugurated during the first semester of the school year of 1915-16, and is theoretically the best system of grading in America, having been adopted by some of the leading Universities of the country. Yet in Otterbein the system has failed to produce

the assured results, due largely to the fact that the different professors of the college have put their own individual interpretation into the application of this method of grading. This has practically defeated the whole purpose of the entire system and made it far inferior to the older methods of grading.

For instance, some of the professors compliment their students with A's and B's and very few if any ever go below C. Across the hall the other professors mark their students down below the average and here you will find C, D and F students in abundance. Expressed in percentage, A means to some professors, a grade of 98 to 100. While to others it means anything above 94. The student inquiring of his various professors receives almost as many different answers as the number of professors interviewed. The entire system manifestly lacks uniformity, at least it is not uniformly applied in Otterbein. As things are an av-

erage student doing mediocre work may receive a grade of A, while in another class a good student doing excellent work may receive a grade of C. We might go a step farther and state that such is not merely a supposition but a known fact.

We will not discuss who is responsible for this state of affairs, but we would ask, who suffers for this absence of consistency. Every one will answer that it is the student, and all will agree that the students should not tolerate a continuation of the present conditions. In a school like ours where the Democratic spirit is prevalent the voice of the student body should have some weight in deciding questions that vitally concern their present and future welfare. For the benefit of the students and faculty we have printed below a definition of the grades as originally adopted by the institution and as now interpreted by the President.

DEFINITION OF THE GRADES.

The grade A means that, in a number of students so large as to exclude accidental variations, this student would be found ranking among the very excellent students. Only unusual attainments in this subject shall be recognized by this grade.

The grade of B means that the student ranks among the great majority of those who are superior to the medium students in this subject.

The grade C means that the student would be found ranking with the fifty percent medium students of this subject.

The grade D means that the student ranks among those who are inferior to the medium students in this subject, but whose attainments seem worthy of some recognition.

The grade X means that the student

is conditioned in this subject, perhaps through sickness or unsatisfactory work and may be given opportunity to remove the condition.

The grade F means that the student has failed in this subject.

Generally, in a class sufficiently large to justify such classification, fifty percent of the class should be classified as average or C students, twenty percent above the average or B students, twenty percent below the average or D students, while the remaining ten per cent should be divided among the X, F and A class according to the merit or demerit of the students.

This is the substance of the theory of Otterbein's grading method as originally adopted and now interpreted, but not universally agreed upon.

OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Until recently strangers who have read our college publications would never have known that Otterbein boasted of possessing four of the very best literary societies to be found anywhere. This is more or less due to the fact that because of the former unhealthy animosity that existed between the rival societies but little has been published about any of them. This former undesirable condition has been supplanted by an equally desirable friendly rivalry and each have come to see and openly acknowledge the merits of the others. And in spite of the rumor that society work is declining in Otterbein, the Alumni who return occasionally testify that the contrary is true.

This number of The Ægis has been dedicated to the Philomathean Literary Society. The frontispiece is the interior of their hall, and the literary numbers are, with one exception, Philomathean productions.



Our readers will notice that we have omitted our Alumnaal notes. Next months issue will be an Athletic-Alumnaal special.

President Clippinger led chapel Monday morning, Oct. 16, and gave a talk on the early history of Otterbein. He gave an interesting story of the first meeting of Philipp William Otterbein and Martin Boehm, and told how the institutions which now bear their names were founded.

Annette Brane entertained Otterbein at a feed in her room Wednesday evening, Oct. 18. 'Prep' Myers, alis Kid Otterbein, reviewed the football season in a very interesting manner. The defeat of Wesleyan was also predicted by the aforesaid young gentleman. The "feed" and boxing match were the preliminaries of Otterbein's largest and best (yes, it was the last) football rally. Later C. R. (Chuck) Hall spoke for the Dayton Alumni and enlisted many recruits for the "On to Dayton" movement.

Enough to Carry—A minister came to an Episcopal church to speak and was asked by the rector, "Do you wish to wear a surplice?"

"Surplice"! cried the visitor. "Surplice! I am a United Brethren. What do I know about surplices? All I know about is a deficit!"

Mrs. Reed McClure, a returned missionary from India, occupied the chapel period Thursday morning, Oct. 19. She

gave many interesting facts about missionary work.

The opening recital of the Music School was given Tuesday evening, Oct. 24. An excellent program was rendered.

The College Band has reorganized with the following officers: President, Elmer Barnhart; vice-president, Fred Kelser; secretary-treasurer, Omer Frank, and manager, Charles Merrill.

Sunday evening, Oct. 29, was given over to a hymn service. Dr. E. A. Jones and Rev. E. E. Burtner gave short historical sketches of the most popular church hymns.

Hallowe'en was celebrated by Otterbein students and faculty Tuesday evening, Oct. 31, in the Association parlors. The party was arranged by the joint class social committees. The parlors were packed with goblins, clowns, ghosts, negroes, imps, gypsies and what-nots.

Henry M. Hyde of the Chicago Tribune and Technical World Magazine, spoke before a large audience in the chapel Wednesday evening, Nov. 1. He appeared on the Citizens' Lecture Course and spoke on the subject, "The Wholesale Manufacture of Criminals." Manager Harrison of the Redpath Bureau announces that Dr. Charles E. Barker, ex-President Taft's physical advisor, will speak here on March 22. He will speak on "How to Live One Hundred Years."

Heroic treatment—"That Scotchman

in Bed 25, is so depressed, I'm afraid he'll die," said the nurse anxiously.

The Science Club met Monday evening, Nov. 6, in Prof. Schear's recitation room. Alice Hall read an interesting paper on "Canning and Preserving." Marguerite George then discussed "The Pearl Industry" and Richard Bradfield spoke on "The Present Statues of Chemical Research in the United States."

Election day brought Michigan, Nebraska, Montana, California and South Dakota into the dry column. These and other victories were celebrated Tuesday evening, Nov. 8, in the U. B. Church by the Anti-Saloon League officials and friends.

Friday, Nov. 10, was a big day in Otterbein history. Postal cards had been sent out to the alumni by the local association, inviting the "grads" here for the home-coming. The game with Muskingum was a great victory for Otterbein, 21 to 0. After the game a supper in the U. B. Church was enjoyed by students, faculty and alumni. Philomatheia and Philophronea held special sessions in their respective halls in the evening. Both societies had special programs arranged which were greatly enjoyed by the alumni.

The pipe organ has arrived at last and is being installed. There will be no chapel services during the installation of the organ. It is thought that the organ will be in place in two weeks.

Dr. A. P. Funkhouser gave a very interesting lecture on "The Southern Mountaineers" at the church service Sunday evening, Nov. 12.

The election winners are out spending their money and enjoying their friends' discomfiture. The losers are wearing clothes backwards, coaxing mustaches,

and doing many other freak stunts. George Dresback and "Prexy" Summerlot are going to ask for a recount before they carry out their bets.

COCHRAN HALL ITEMS.

Cochran Hall entertained her share of "home-comers" over last week end. Lucy Huntwork, Margaret Marshall, Marie Hendrick, Ruth Koontz, Nettie Lee Roth, Helen Byrer, Vida Van Sickle, Myrtle Winterhalter, Dorothy Gilbert, Erma Noel, Edna Bright, Mae Baker, Claire Kintigh came back to see us all in general, and some in particular. Many parties, breakfasts and pushes were given in their honor. We surely were glad to see them and hope a similar occasion will bring them back soon again.

Miss Ethel Resler was visiting Alice last week.

Mary and Martha Stofer were delighted to have their mother and uncle, Mr. Jefferson Cover, visit them over the week end. It was too bad about Sunday dinner!

Mrs. Soar and Mrs. Tinsman of Mt. Pleasant, Penna., were among Westerville visitors. Florence was quite delighted to see her mother and fairly walked on air—figuratively speaking.

Annette Brane had as her guest Miss Isabel Towle of Dayton.

Honoring Miss Hornbeck, Ruth Fries entertained a congenial party to breakfast. Reports say that the "moon" was out—quite a queer phenomenon for that time of day.

Among other Cochran Hall guests were Miss Cleo Cowger and Kathleen Smith who were visiting Minerva Russell, Leona McMahon, Ganelle's sister, Cecil Richmond who came to see the Gilbert girls, and Faye Elleman, Betty Henderson's guest. Miss Grace Eckweld spend Sunday afternoon and evening with Alice Hall.



OHIO, 13—OTTERBEIN, 0.

Athens, O., Oct. 14—Unable to withstand the Mase plunges of Ohio's heavy backs, our hitherto undefeated "grid-ders" were forced to take honorable defeat. Ohio's line, too, proved almost invulnerable at critical points. "Get Lingrel," had been the slogan of the Athens men for two weeks prior to the game. And they surely gave evidence of their intentions. Our smashing hero was hit hard in every play. At that, though, Lingrel tore off a few substantial gains which threw a scare into the Ohio team. The contest was fought at top strength throughout. Ohio's first touchdown was well earned. Her second was the result of a long run from an intercepted pass and unintentional interference on the part of Referee Lambert.

OTTERBEIN, 0.

OHIO, 13.

Mundhenk	L. E.	Jones
Higelmire	L. T.	Sahm
Evans	L. G.	Evans
Walters	C.	McCreary
Mase	R. C.	Herington
Counselor	R. T.	Goddard
Miller	R. E.	Rust
Gilbert	Q. B.	Fuller
Lingrel	L. H.	Eberts
Peden	R. H.	Kurtz
Ream	F. B.	Hegley

Touchdowns—Kurtz, Rogers. Goal—Rogers. Substitutes—Otterbein: Sholty for Mase, Huber for Mundhenk, Mundhenk for Ream; Ohio: Rogers for Eberts, Bash for Fuller, Wendt for Bash, Dailey for Gahm. Referee—Lambert, O. S. U. Umpire—Prugh, O. W. O. Head linesman—Marsh, Amherst.

OTTERBEIN, 8—OHIO WESLEYAN, 0.

Dayton, O., Oct. 21.—As a result of prodigious labor on the part of Dayton Alumni of both schools, the annual tilt between Wesleyan and Otterbein was staged at Highland Park, "Gem City," Ohio.

A large crowd witnessed the game, considering the doubtful weather. The contest was a hummer, with the Tan and Cardinal warriors doing most of the humming. Only once, during the last 3 minutes of the first half, was Otterbein's goal threatened. Punting came frequently for both teams.

Otterbein's first score resulted from a safety on a fumbled punt in the second quarter. Six O. U. men crushed the unfortunate quarter back, Battelle, to the ground two yards back of his own goal line. For the second score, our mighty Lingrel plunged directly through Wesleyan's center for a touchdown. A locomotive could not have even deflected this play. A punt-out failed. Score, 8-0. The contest ended with the ball in Otterbein's possession on her own 40-yard line. Miller caused many a Wesleyanite to moan by his spectacular tackling and blocking. "Who is that end?" "Get him!" rang from the stands.

Line up:

OTTERBEIN, 8.	WESLEYAN, 0.
Miller	R. E. Ternin
Counsellor (c)	R. T. Thompson
Evans	R. G. Day
H. Walter	C. Stephenson
Sholty	L. G. Porter

Heglemire.....L. T.....Boyer
 Mundhenk.....L. E.....Edwards
 Gilbert.....Q.....Battelle
 Lingrel.....L. H.....Watkins
 Peden.....R. H.....Walters
 Ream.....F. B.....W. Evans

Umpire—J. J. McDonald.

Touchdown—Lingrel; Safety, Battelle. Referee—Paul McDonald.

OTTERBEIN, 55; ST. MARYS, 10.

Westerville, Oct. 29.—Even by using several second string men during the latter part of the contest our Cardinal Knights succeeded in running up a high score against the light, but aggressive St. Marys eleven. Straight football prevailed, although several long gains were pulled off from forward passes. One instance in particular when Barnhart, substituting for Lingrel, dodged and squirmed down the field for nearly 40 yards. St. Marys' first score resulted from a pretty drop kick, by Captain Windfield. Her touchdown resulted from a pass to a fleet-footed Mexican. Captain Windfield was a bear to upset. His good-natured spirit won local admiration.

The lineup:

OTTERBEIN, 55		ST. MARYS, 10	
Miller.....	R. E.....	Rudd.....	
Counsellaor (C).....	R. T.....	Bush.....	
Sholty.....	R. G.....	Blinn.....	
Walters.....	C.....	Hitzel.....	
Mase.....	L. G.....	Murphy.....	
Higlemire.....	L. T.....	Windbiel (C).....	
Mundhenk.....	L. E.....	Mendez.....	
Lingrel.....	L. H.....	Punch.....	
Ream.....	F. B.....	Virent.....	
Peden.....	R. H.....	Ryan.....	

Touchdowns—Ream 3, Lingrel 2, Gilbert 2, Barnhart 1, Mendez 1.

Drop Kick—Windbiel.

Goals from touchdown—Gilbert 4, Lingrel 3, Windbiel 1.

Substitutions — Otterbein: Barnhart for Lingrel, Evans for Mundhenk, Huber for Gilbert, Gilbert for Huber. St. Marys: Kubkosky for Rudd, Oring-

ton for Bush, Shovlin for Punch, Summers for Ryan, Genard for Blinn, Hyden for Murphy, Haskett for Kubkosky, Miller for Haskett, Gilvary for Genard.

Referee—Hoyer, Ohio State.

Umpire—Mattis, Otterbein.

Headlinesman—Altman, Otterbein.

Timer—Bailey, Otterbein.

Time of quarters—15 minutes.

MARSHALL, 12; OTTERBEIN, 6.

Huntington, W. Va., Nov. 4.—Unable to solve Marshall's aerial attack or "Science vs. Beef," as the Huntington Journal Dispatch states it, Otterbein lost to the worthy Marshall team. The locals scored first when N. Workman gobbled up a fumbled punt and raced for a touchdown.

Miller, an ex-Marshallite registered Otterbein's only touchdown by smashing through a fake Normal formation and scooping a fumble. Marshall's second score was well earned. Out of 28 attempts at passes, the Normal team completed 18. Forward passing was the only hope. Lingrel was well watched, but broke away several times. Twice his spurts were good for touchdowns, but penalties, real or imaginary, called the ball back. Our men fought hard but luck broke in favor of the enemy.

The Lineup:

MARSHALL, 12.		OTTERBEIN, 6.	
E. Shephard.....	L. E.....	Mundhenk.....	
Higlemire.....	L. T.....	Winn.....	
Evans.....	L. C.....	Hallandsworth.....	
B. Shepherd (C).....	C.....	Walters.....	
Counsellaor.....	R. T.....	Davisson.....	
Sholty.....	R. C.....	Price.....	
Miller.....	R. E.....	N. Workman.....	
Gilbert.....	Q. B.....	B. Workman.....	
Lingrel.....	L. H.....	Fisher.....	
Ream.....	F. B.....	Yeager.....	
Peden.....	R. H.....	Carter.....	

Touchdowns—N. Workman, B. Workman, Miller.

Umpire—Wilson, of Ohio.

Referee—Sheton, of W. V. U.

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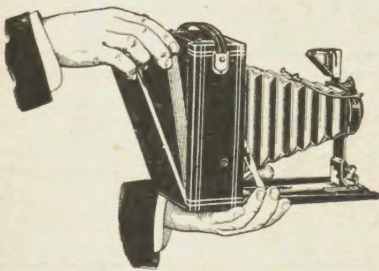
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