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Otterbein Aegis September 1916

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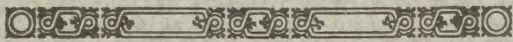


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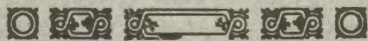
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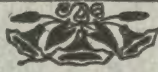
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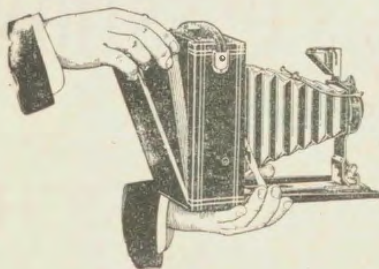
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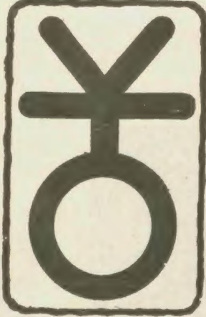
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SUMMER SCHOOL, 1916

The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXVII

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, SEPTEMBER, 1916

No. 1

A Certain Rich Man

(Thurston Ross, '17.)

IT was quite a coincidence that Felix Garford should permit his beautiful daughter, Cecilia, to engage in charity work on Sunday afternoons. In fact it was almost unbelievable that the millionaire widower would even consider the proposition of letting Cecilia go down and do missionary work among the very slums that had robbed him of his son and wife. For years he had detectives stationed in the underworld that they might find the one son, Anton the heir to Felix Garford's millions; the old miser had sat late into the night planning revenge on the inhabitants of the shadows of the great city. For had they not stolen his son for gold? Had they not demanded and received a magnificent reward and yet withheld the son? Old Felix could trace the figure of his boy in the shadows thrown by the firelight; he saw him in his memory tablets just as the youngster tripped out of the hall that Sunday morning in May to play his violin in the Sunday School. The child's mother had never permitted Anton to play for his father before this morning when in Sunday School the little fellow would have a selection in the Great Church. Imagine the pride of the man; Little Anton would play the violin in his presence for the first time—at St. Luke's. The boy tripped happily down the steps and climbed into his pony cart. The little outfit almost floated around the corner and Anton passed forever from the avenue.

Two letters came. One said that a large amount of money should be hidden at a certain place and the child would be returned. Felix, in a cold sweat counted out twice the desired amount and complied with the orders. The boy did not come home. The man next placed a corps of active detectives on the scent and the day after received the following note.

F. M. Garford:

You think you can work us, you viper. You can't. We know you have the police on us. We will get revenge. When you receive this note, the boy will be blinded.

Signed, Your Champions.

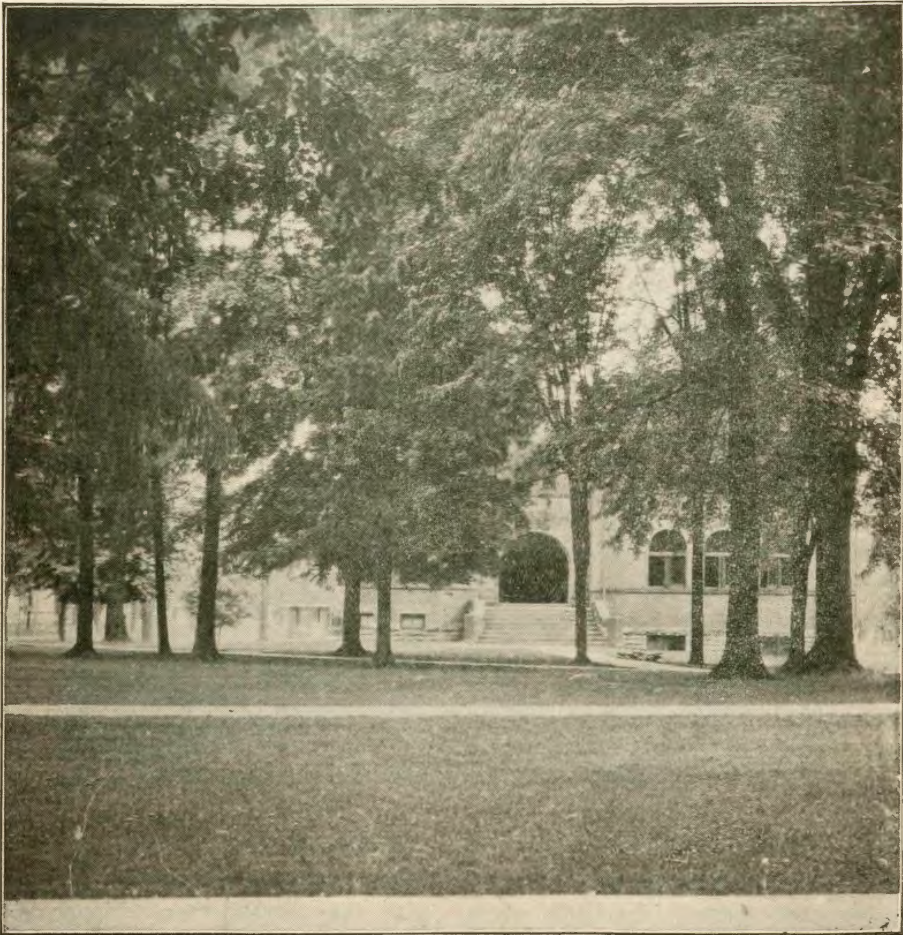
Mrs. Garford fell sick. She lingered in a delirium four days and then Felix Garford was alone except for his two months' old daughter. Up to this time Garford had been a good rich man. From now on he was a miser. The kind heart was turned to stone; he cared for nothing, no one. The nurse executed his orders in relation to Cecilia. He executed his own in relation to the world. But as Cecilia grew she loved the church. There was a fascination for the mighty turrets of St. Luke's. The great organ had a message which went to her heart and in this atmosphere the girl grew to be a woman, loving all and loved by all. People spoke of good Miss Cecilia with a kind of reverence, but what a pity, they would often whisper as they followed the graceful figure about the congregation that old man Garford

keeps her in such tight hold. Considering these things it was no wonder that the old ladies shook their heads in approval when the minister read Miss Garford's name in the list of charity workers for that afternoon.

The big Garford car left the church at two o'clock. The chauffeur was under orders to obey Cecilia for the first time in his service. Her first order was to the lowest of the slums. She was almost hidden in the piles of good things she had packed in the car. But this was a holiday for her and she was going to make the best of it. Go faster, please, she called, the afternoon is

short and we must make the best of it. The car lurched onward with the added power. The streets were becoming crowded with the poorer classes. A great jail was passed. The streets narrowed. What a dismal place, she thought, but it is here that the present humanity buries her sins. Those four walls contain—just then there was a kind of thud, and a cry. The car stopped and Cecilia realized that someone had ventured too far from the safety zone.

A young man, ten or twelve years older than herself was carried into the car. He clutched tightly a violin, and



Association Building

a card dangled from his ragged coat bearing the words, "I am blind." He was unconscious and an occasional moan was all that told the girl that life still lingered. We will go home now, please; and the car sped from the shadows.

Felix was angry. He expressed himself as being real good and mad. He did not care to see the vagabond and hoped he didn't die for the sake of the house. But finally after much persuasion by Cecilia, the old man went to the room where the young man lay. His head was almost covered with bandages and he had not recovered from his delerium. But now he spoke—"Take me to papa—267 Fifth avenue please." Felix shrank back; then rushed forward. He shouted;

he cried; the bandage was torn off and the father knew his son. Then the son found his father.

It was on White Sunday that the giant organ of St. Luke's rolled forth its ponderous note and the choir sang its anthem as never before, for the Garford's. For the first time in twenty years the Garford pew was full except for mother. "Felix Garford had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit just as the apostles did long ago," said Deacon Nestor. "I knew 'twould come." And Felix had found again the spirit, a new radiance, even brighter than the earthly happiness of finding his son, lighted the wrinkled brow as Anton, his Anton, led the great organ through the fifth movement of Violin Religisio.



Carnegie Library

The Heart of Womanhood

(Ethel Hill, '18.)

"Queen rose in the rosebud garden of girls." Yes, but what makes her this? It is not wealth, it is not beauty, nor is it brilliancy, but the unfolding of the beautiful and delicate petals of womanliness. It is the subtle fragrance of these petals that will distinguish her from every other flower in the garden.

Look at the various types of women; modest, retiring women; aggressive women; iron willed women; sweet, earnest, self sacrificing women; what in each of these has the old world first of all looked for but womanliness? Some it is true have risen until their work has placed their names in the history of Music, Art or Literature, but the mass of women have quietly and earnestly striven in their own little spheres to so use their womanly talents that they might lighten the burden of the world. By womanliness we do not mean those little feminine fancies, tastes and prejudices peculiar to our sex, but we do mean those qualities of intention, sympathy and understanding. Her power to heal, to guard, to guide.

Yes, it has ever been this bigness of heart, this atmosphere of sweetness and tenderness that the world has looked for and loved. Is it not to these qualities in the woman that the child unconsciously raises a little, round face full of trustfulness? Is it not to these characteristics that the man bows his head in respect?

Character must form the foundation for these virtues. It can hardly be separated from them at all, so dependent are they on each other. But if we mean by good character merely the prompt doing of one's duty, keeping

as pure and good as possible, then womanliness is infinitely more than that. It would be little to say of a woman that she simply does not destroy where she passes. She must revive, inspire. Her character is not complete without these womanly charms, and it will follow that the stronger the character, the broader the field of knowledge, the higher will be the type of womanliness.

We said the world expects and loves womanliness; men and children love it. More than that they need it. The world needs it. This ever-changing world presents new problems to us daily, or perhaps old ones in new gowns. Take, for instance, the business man of the city who mingles all day with people wrapped in their own desires. Problems arise; they discuss them but ever with an eye single to their own selfish interest. There are a multitude of opinions. He gropes for the true proportion. In the smoke of the battle a clear vision is sometimes impossible. This man goes to his home, lays the situation before his wife or sister. If she is a thoughtful, intelligent woman she will weigh the problem seriously, delicately and then give him her decision. He may have the broader outlook, but hasn't she, in the quiet of her own home, a little removed from the struggle, caught the truer vision? His tendency is to measure by the standard of man, while hers is by the standard of an ideal.

Is not the influence which can uplift and hold a world to a high standard an influence which that world needs? The big world problems today; the movement for a more wholesome life among our city children; the

settlement work among the immigrant people; social service work of all kinds; surely these need the tact, the skill, the judgment coming from a woman's tender heart rather than mere justice from men. Yes, the world needs womanliness.

The children of that world also need it, they expect it, crave it, that perfect understanding that comes from a sympathetic heart. Nothing can assure a purposeful future for a child's life like a noble ideal and who can instill in that little life the sacredness of that ideal but a womanly woman? Tennyson says of such a woman, "Happy is

he with such a mother! faith in womankind beats with his blood and trust in all things high come easy to him, and though he trip and fall, he shall not blind his soul with clay."

Ruskin has beautifully expressed it in these words, "You can not think that the buckling on of the Knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of fashions. It was the type of an eternal truth that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails."

But we have been looking at women



Alum Creek

whose womanliness was developed through the quiet of a home. The home has always had a quiet power to bring out and strengthen those finer qualities of womanliness for that has been and always will be her truest sphere.

We can, however, hardly fail to recognize that there has been a decided change in the economic conditions of our country. Formerly men lived in colonies tilling the soil, producing by their own hands whatever was used within that colony. Each woman's work was much the same, that is, her house work, and it occupied the most of her time. *Evangeline* and *Priscilla* were types of this colonial period and the story of each well shows that the stress of those times demanded all the love, sympathy and poise in a woman's nature. It was a strenuous life but at the same time, a simple and an independent one.

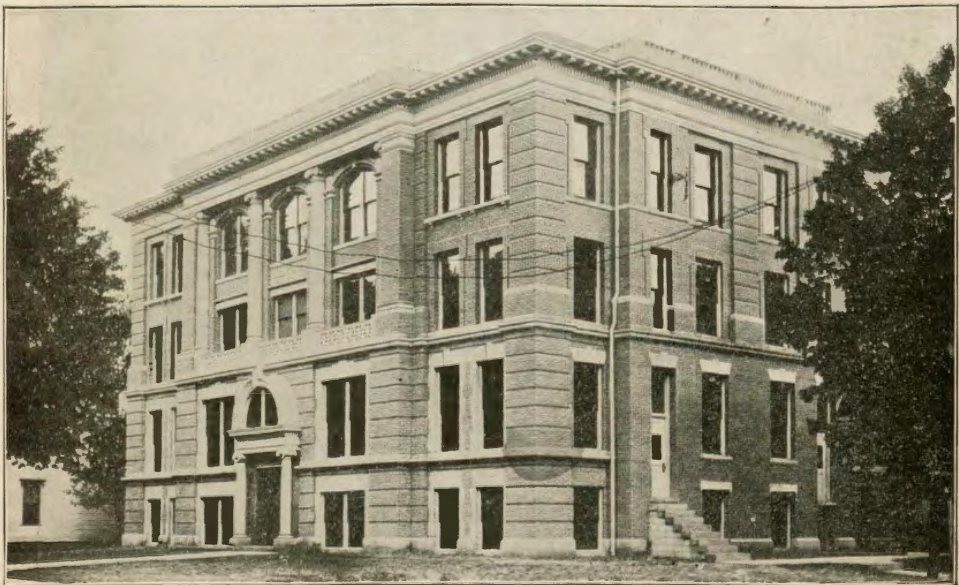
What a contrast to our complicated life to-day. Now the success of a man's daily work depends in a large

measure on how the other fellow lives up to his task. Our country has progressed from the colony stage to that of the most aggressive nation of the world. Factories have lightened the burden of the home and in them have called for laborers from the home. All these changes have created a demand for innumerable kinds of office work.

Walk down the street of any city, look at those high buildings with their rows and rows of windows. Back of most of those windows are offices where men and women bent over desks apply themselves to their tasks.

Could such a change come about and not invade the home and could it invade the home and not effect woman? No, it has had its influence and as a result has produced two new classes of women: The women who support themselves by their own labor and women of leisure.

Industry has brought wealth and wealth a forced idleness to a few. While the reason for the multitude of women in the business today is prob-



Lambert Hall

ably that women as a class are not protected as in former times. Now, if a woman finds herself alone in the world, she is too proud, too independent, while her own strength lasts to rely on others. She seeks employment, supports herself and perhaps a family.

Factories have prepared the way for larger and better equipped stores and who do we find carrying on the work in these stores. How few are the offices not open to women. What a large percentage of women and girls we find in the business training schools!

A glimpse at these conditions shows us that woman's work no longer confines itself to the home, and we vaguely wonder if the new branches of occupation can do all for her that the home has done. If womanliness is the quality which above all others distinguishes woman today.

But she has done more than simply work under others. She has gone out bravely and alone into the field of law, medicine, even politics.

We have hailed joyfully as rightly we should, the changes which have brought woman to the front. She has made herself capable and her capabil-



Commencement Scene

ity has been recognized. We are glad that she may express her own views, that she may help to enforce them even in affairs of state. We are proud that she may take a place beside man in his most strenuous hours and be his help in office, school, courtroom, hospital, everywhere. All doors are being opened to her. Why are we glad? Because we know her power in the home, her ability to tighten up the loose cords that they may respond with a true tune and we like to see that influence branching out beyond the limits of the home to purify and ennoble all with which it comes in contact.

But even while we rejoice into our heart steals a fear; not that she is incapable of the work, but of this: how far can she venture into the strife and confusion of the world and keep her vision clear, her womanliness predominant?

Surround her every day by people to whom the keen edge of honor has been dulled, who laugh at the little discrim-

inating differences between the fine and the common. Will she remain unchanged? Place her in a world where money is the god, where undue stress is laid on the artificial. Will her ideal remain constant? Will honor, virtue and genuineness still hold first place in her life? Let her associate, as she must, with people below her standard. Cause her to greet with a cheery Good-morning men who are unfit for companionship. Can she stand the test?

Some women have and where there is such a victory, it is glorious. But were these women extraordinary? Is the average woman equal to the task? The question for us, however, is no longer, Shall woman go out into the world? That seems already to have been settled; rather this, how under existing conditions shall she best retain her greatest God given charm, her priceless pearl?

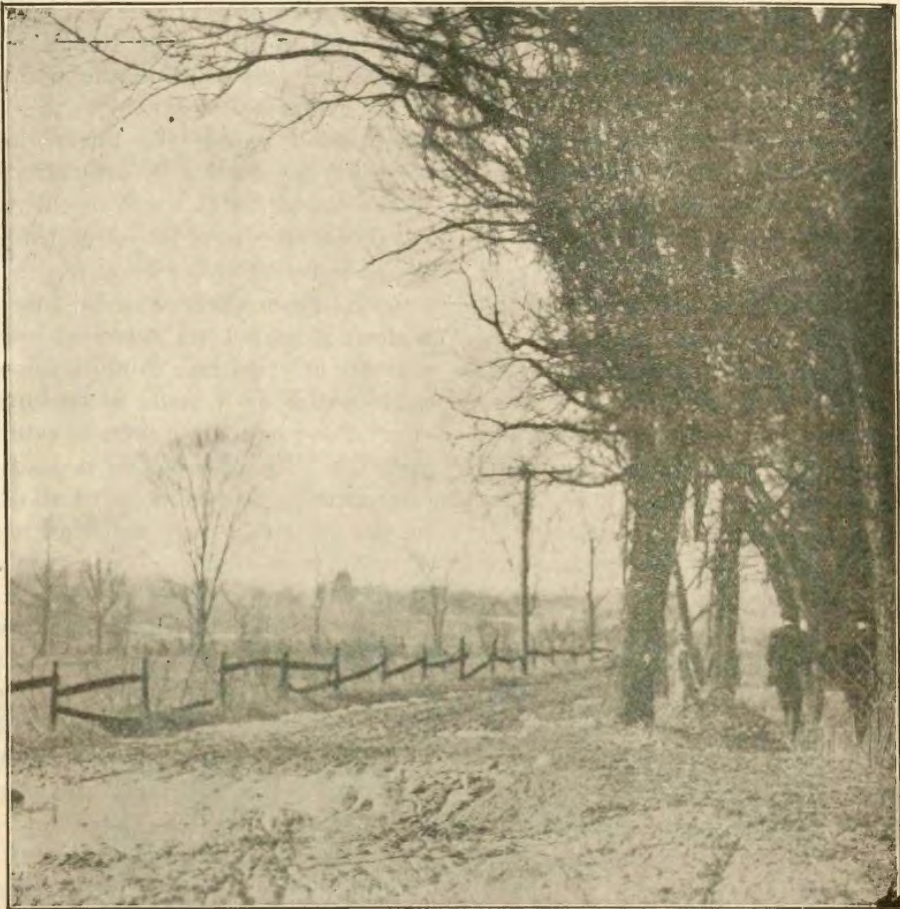
Thinking seriously of this then let us not boast too much of our advancement but face the question squarely,



Alum Creek Bridge

does womanliness shed the same soft glow of honor and purity in office, store and factory that it has in the home. Can there be two personalities, one for the office, another for the home, and neither of them become dwarfed? Mrs. Nuruh has said, "A woman has fulfilled her destiny only when she has become by every available means the most womanly woman possible." If this quality of womanliness is neces-

sary to the world and to its people, we should recognize the seriousness of the situation and seek earnestly for the most complete ideal of sweet, pure, courageous womanhood. It will take us outside the selfish world where pleasure is the goal, into the larger selfish one where joy is the crown, not the aim. And then the world may know the height and depth and power of womanhood.



Cross-Country Walk

Life Standards

George W. Jude, '91,

First editor of *Aegis*. Written especially for this issue.—Editor.

One of the objects of a college education is to qualify the individual to measure up to the conditions and requirements of life. These conditions and requirements, as they apply to different individuals are exceedingly various and uncertain. Of a college class of fifty members it may be safely prophesied that no two will meet the same conditions or achieve the same results in their post-graduate careers. Of some we are accustomed to say they have failed and of others that they have been a success.

This leads to the consideration of the standard by which success or failure may be measured or estimated. It is certain that not all persons can achieve exactly the same results. Individual talents do not permit of this. Neither do the varied social and economic needs and conditions of life permit of it. It is self-evident that not all persons can attain to high stations in public or private affairs. It is equally apparent that not all persons can become millionaires. It is equally certain that not all persons are endowed with equal certain capacity to make the most of such talents as they have.

The practical question is, what is the standard by which may be measured the sum total of the efforts and achievements of each individual, and the conclusion reached as to whether or not such individual has succeeded or failed. Is it wealth, is it station in life, is it extraordinary achievement in some particular line of effort, is it the accumulation of a large amount of knowledge? All of these things are praiseworthy to a certain extent but

may they not be accompanied with other characteristics which may compel the judgment of failure upon their possessor? If success is only for the brilliant, the exalted in life, the possessor of wealth and the famous, then the great mass of humanity are necessarily foredoomed to failure.

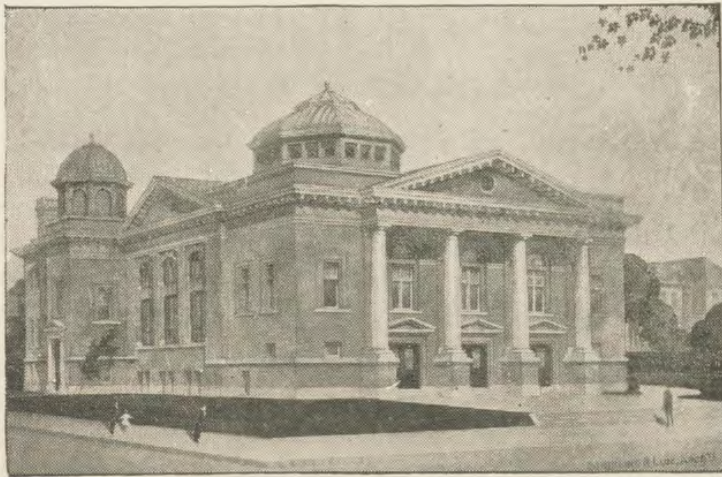
Is not the true standard of success of the individual the development of the capacity to extract from life a maximum of the sweet things to be had as he passes along the pathway of his career and to avoid to the fullest possible extent the bitter things to which human life is subject? Excessive ambition to excel in the various achievements of life often leads to disappointment either because the ambition is never realized or because the realization is not accompanied by the pleasure anticipated. Ambition is valuable so far as it leads to reasonable effort along honorable lines of achievement; it is a curse when it leads to discontent and a withering of all other talents except those which lead to accomplishment of the sole object to ambition. To appreciate and enjoy what one has is better than to have more and enjoy it less. To have a few friends and neighbors and be happy and contented with them is better than to know many people, even of high rank, and to be ill at ease and uncongenial with them. To have few talents and use them well and meet the smiling approval of ones associates in life is better than to have many talents and be envied or hated by our neighbors. Fame is an empty bubble unless it is accompanied by comfort and

real satisfaction in life. Napoleon with all his genius of war and government brought little of rest, comfort and satisfaction either to himself or to his fellow men. Measured by true standards he was a complete failure. Harriman, the American financier, with all his wealth died an early death from overstrain, and received little but curses and criticism from his contemporaries. Many noted men and women become the target for more or less continual jibes and criticism, whether just or unjust, and are obliged to die before they are fully appreciated.

Wealth is probably the most common object of ambition. It is doubtless the most common standard of measure of success. And yet it is a true saying that it is only three generations from shirtsleeves to shirt sleeves. It is common knowledge that solid comfort and peace of mind is less

often found in the sumptuous home than in the circle of the modest household. As a child is pleased and delighted with a new toy and then casts it aside and asks for something else to entertain him, as in adult life when a certain goal of ambition in wealth, station or fame is reached, a longing for something still greater soon sets in and no greater comfort is felt than before.

It is desirable, therefore, that as early as possible the lesson should be learned by each individual, how to measure real values in life and to gain the true conception of standards of merit. How this can best be accomplished is another subject and cannot be considered in this brief statement. But the aim of all education should be to contribute to the development of such a conception in every person. There is no better place than in ones college career to learn this lesson.



The United Brethren Church

An Essay on Bones

By a Freshman

Bones is the lattice work on which the body grows. If you didn't have some bones, you would be shaped like a custard pie. If I didn't have no bones, I wouldn't have so mutch shape as I now have, and I would not have so mutch motion, and my teacher would be pleased, but I like to have motion, especially in this suit ma hired me. If I had no bones, my brane, heart, lungs and blood would be lyin' around loose in me, all mixed up like readin' matter in a yellow journal, and I would get hurted, but now only my bones get hurted. I am mighty glad my ske'etun was put on the inside before I wuz finished, 'cause it looks better there.

If my bones wuz burned, I would be brittle because it would take all the animal out of me. If I wuz soaked in

acid, I should be limber. Teacher showed me a bone that had been soaked, and I could bend it. I should rather be soaked than burned.

There is a grate many kinds of bones. There is the crazy bone, the wish bone, the soup bone, the trom-bone, the bone spavin and the back bone. The back bone is situated just inside the peel on the other side from the front side and is filled with rubber.

There is another bone called the skull, and it has bumps on it. Sometimes there is branes on the inside of the skull.

When bones is ground up fine, they make a good fertilizer. It gives me a lonesome, scattered feelin' and brings tears to my eyes—to think that I might be used on an onion patch.

That's all.

Get Up!

(Helen Bovee, '19.)

There was not a sound, not a stir. The quiet was infinite, the silence inexpressible. It was as if all the little whisperings, squeakings, flutterings, buzzings, hummings, and murmurings usually heard in even the stillest nook had been carefully collected, securely fastened in some ponderous iron box, and sunk in the midst of the ocean. No more could be heard than in the vault of some old Egyptian mummy, left mouldering for centuries. What a place for sleep, serene celestial sleep! Then they charged! The Germans,

the English, the French, they all charged, all at once. Cannons roared, battleships sank, men were torn to atoms, others took the'r places, they drew nearer, nearer. Then it began to thunder, the heavens were rent, huge cracks opened in the earth, the cannons roared again. Nearer and nearer they came. A million horsemen came tramping, stamping, crashing right into the room right by my bed, right on the window sill—on the window sill—oh, to be sure, my alarm clock! Ten minutes till chapel.

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ON YOUR MARK!

Another school year has started; for many this is the first year in college and for others the last. It is a question in the minds of several just how to get the most out of their college course. A very important factor, so often overlooked, is that of getting properly started.

Leading educators of today are placing special emphasis on first impressions, early teaching and training. For they realize that the first impressions are the most lasting and that early teaching and training play a great part in habit formation and character building.

Successful coaches and athletic directors always lay stress on the first few minutes of play. They tell us that many games, races and contests have been determined by the first few minutes of action. Many a hundred yard dash has been lost because the spikers slipped a few inches at the start.

The law of a good start is universally true. The first few days spent in college so often determine the entire college life. So many individuals and organizations fail because they appear on the scene when the bald side of opportunity is turned.

For everyone, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior this is a new start. The way to make the best of it is to do today what ought not be put off until tomorrow.



Miss Cora McFadden, '77, of Dayton, was selected by the Board of Trustees, to serve as Dean of Women. She succeeds Mrs. Teresa Carey who has resigned as matron because of ill health.

Mrs. Nellie L. Noble will act as dietitian for the Dormitory.

Four Honorary degrees were conferred during the Commencement of '16.

General Morris Schaff of Boston was given the degree of Doctor of Literature. Frank D. Welsey of New York was made Doctor of Law. M. R. Ballinger the degree of Doctor of Divinity and Lulu Mae Baker that of Bachelor of Music.

"Ever take Quinine?" asked the Senior.

"Naw, who teaches it?" Asked the Freshie.—Ex.

"Is this a second hand store?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'd like to buy one for my watch."

Prof. Fritz Married.

Soon after school was out Prof. C. A. Fritz migrated, persuing an easterly direction. It is stated that he made his first stop at Endeavor, Pa. There he found Miss Ethel Mae Scherer, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. John F. Scherer, awaiting his arrival. On June

18 they were married and immediately returned to Westerville, Ohio, where Prof. and Mrs. C. A. Fritz spent the summer.

Prof.—"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?"

Student—"He has cold feet."

An optimist and a pessimist,

The difference is droll;

The optimist sees the doughnut

And the pessimist sees the hole.

—Ex.

Miss Blanche Bascom, director of Otterbein Art department, and Rev. E. Wayne Robinson, of Sherman, N. Y., were married at Columbus, Ohio, June 27, 1916.

President W. G. Clippinger was re-elected president of the Ohio Sunday School Association at the annual meeting held at Findlay, O., in June.

Sixteenth annual session of the Southeast Ohio Conference of the U. B. Church was held in the First United Brethren Church of Westerville, O., Sept. 7 to 11.

Sophomore—"Do you like pop-corn balls?"

Freshman—"I don't remember having ever attended any."

Teacher—"Why did Caesar build a bridge across the Rhine?"

Student—"Because he was too proud to use a "Ford."

Miss Anna Coffield and Floyd McCombs, of the class of '17, were married at the home of the bride June 24.

It was reported that G. L. McGee was married to a widow with two children soon after his graduation. We cannot vouch for the veracity of this statement. As to the time, place and the girl we are also in the dark.

Teacher—"Willie, this is the worst composition that you have ever written. I shall write and tell your father about it."

Willie—"Don't keer if ye do. He wrote it for me."

Miss Jennie Mae Brown, B. A., has been chosen head of the Art depart-

ment, to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Miss Blanche Bascom. Miss Brown is a graduate of East High School of Columbus, Ohio State, Art Academy of Cincinnati. She also studied under Miss Bascom and has taught at Blue Mountain College, Blue Mountain, Miss.

The college chapel platform has been permanently enlarged and footlights installed.

A new pipe organ costing approximately \$4,500 is to soon be placed in college chapel.

The unusual, unheard of thing happened during Summer School. The Philophronean and Philomathean Literary Societies united in a joint literary session. The program was a success in every detail. Philalethea and Cleiorhetea followed suit and in many ways surpassed the men's societies.



Yea, Otterbein! Yea, Otterbein!
O-T-T-E-R-B-E-I-N, Otterbein Yea!

At the opening of school last year the outlook for the greatest college game, football, was just a little dubious. The greater part of the team were new men, raw recruits. Coach Martin was on the job and from the very first day saw that every man had plenty to do. By hard and consistent driving he developed a team that made their opponents sit up and take notice.

The fact that nearly every tan and cardinal warrior of last year has returned, with some mighty fine specimens of beef among the new comers makes the football outlook look mighty fine to Otterbein supporters.

Athletic Director Martin, Coach Iddings and Captain "Bill" Counsellor have already got their heads together and are planning for the biggest football season in the history of Old Otterbein.

Fellows, we have the stuff! It's up to us to back the team in every way possible. Some of the fellows are playing their last season of football and are going to play their best. We have a pretty stiff schedule before us. Our first opponent is Denison. We beat them in baseball last spring—why not do the same in football. The following is the football schedule:

Sept. 30—Denison, Granville

Oct. 7—Kenyon, Gambier.

Oct. 14—Ohio University, Athens.

Oct. 21—Ohio Wesleyan, Delaware.

Oct. 28—St. Mary's, Westerville.

Nov. 4—Marshall, Huntington, W. Va.

Nov. 11—Muskingum, Westerville.

Nov. 18—Marietta at Marietta.

Nov. 25—Heidelberg, Tiffin.



Hal J. Iddings, Coach.

Coach Iddings comes to us this fall for the first season. With his experience as a football player and coach he is fully capable of handling Otterbein teams.



William Counsellor, Captain.

"Let's go." Bill has earned his present position by hard and consistent playing. His supply of "pep" never gives out. He fights from the first kickoff until the last second of play. Breaking up interference and tackling are his strong points.

"Bill" was made for a football captain. He understands the game, keeps a cool head and uses good judgment at every stage of the game. The team and student body are back of our captain.

R. F. Martin, Athletic Director.

R. F. Martin turns over the coaching job to Coach Iddings. He has served well and faithfully his positions as coach and athletic director since coming to Otterbein.



Alumnal

'82

Dr. L. D. Bonebrake of the class of '82, died at his home in Indianapolis, Ind., June 27. He has been a prominent educator in Ohio for many years. He leaves a daughter, Miss Margrett Bonebrake, and a brother, William M. Bonebrake, of Columbus, O.

'15

Harold Platt was selected by the Board of Education to teach in Westerville High School. He will teach History and coach athletics.

'11

Rev. Warren H. Hayes and Miss Ella M. Ba'e were married at the home of the bride July 18. They immediately left on an eastern trip. They sailed Aug. 26 as missionaries to Japan.

'05

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hughes of Los

Angeles, Cal., visited their friends and relatives in Columbus and Westerville during the summer.

'14

J. R. Schutz, who was married in June, spent his honeymoon in the hospital, following an operation for appendicitis, has fully recovered and is living happily in Pandora.

'16

S. C. Ross is teaching in Genoa, O. He could have taught elsewhere but he preferred to be near Findlay for some reason or other.

'01

W. H. Trump after teaching in Otterbein summer school returned to Circleville, O., to take up his work as superintendent.

Among the Alumni attending Columbia University last summer are Miss Grace Collins, c'ass of '11; Harris Bear, '03; Garnet Thompson, '11; Leviah Sherrick, '11, and Mary Belenbaugh, '12.

'10

Albert S. Keister attended Chicago University last summer.

'15

A rumor states that Archibald Wolf was married last spring.

1916??

As yet we have not learned the whereabouts of the famous class of '16. By next issue we will be able to report.

'11

Prof. G. E. Muthersbaugh, teacher of Physics in the Steubenville High School, spent the summer in Columbia University.

'16

Latest reports state that W. Rodney Huber is working with the American Book Co. of Cincinnati.

'15

Miss Vida Van Sickle, of Van Wert, Ohio, who taught at Palestine, Ohio, will teach at Canal Winchester this year.

'16

Miss Norma McCalley of Dayton will teach at New Albany, Ohio, just east of Westerville.

'14

DeWitt Bandeen spent the summer in Westerville studying the commission form of government. He represented the Bureau of Municipal Research of New York.

'16

Miss Dona Beck of Dayton is scheduled to teach in Ohio City this year.

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