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Otterbein Aegis, "Otterbein Aegis April 1917" (1917). *Otterbein Aegis 1890-1917*. 265.
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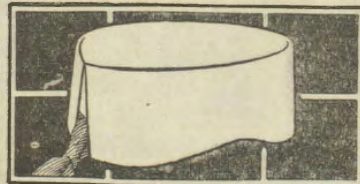
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The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXVII


WESTERVILLE, OHIO, APRIL, 1917.

No. 8

Constructive Substitution

A. W. Neally, '17

Note: This oration won first honors in the local and district contests and third place in the State Prohibition Contest. Daniel A. Poling as judge in the State Contest gave Mr. Neally first place in both constructive argument and delivery.

HE saloon as a social and economic institution, is doomed. Its condemnation rests, not only upon moral grounds, but upon increasing evidence of its tendency to destroy the most beneficial social institutions, and to check industrial and economic progress. However, if it is to be destroyed, some adequate adjustments and arrangements must be made, to supply its place.

When we consider the fact that 50% of those who drink do so because of the social opportunities which such action affords, then we understand why the saloon is known as "The Poor Man's Club," and there remains in our minds no doubt that this institution has ministered to certain characteristic human wants. The instinct for association, in a common place of meeting, under exhilarating conditions, is a part of man's nature. The saloon has proven an accessible means to this end. Where these social requirements have been overlooked the enforcement of Prohibition Law has been extremely difficult; where met—alcoholic excess has been practically destroyed. It is true that any man can, if he must, endure any situation he is called upon to face. So can the drinker face the question of Prohibition and relinquish the most important social center which he enjoys. But how much more humanitarian, how much more in accord-

ance with the teachings of Christ, would be the creation of some suitable, constructive, social substitute?

Ages of civilized advancement teach that those movements which construct in the wake of their destruction, bring to their age the noblest achievements. By the laws of the natural and spiritual universe the removal of any force or unit places upon the shoulders of the removing power the responsibility of creating some force or unit superior to that which has been removed. Prohibition is removing from the lives of millions of people the most important social medium which they possess and unless some institution is substituted, this great national movement loses much of its consistency.

But you ask—what shall this substitute be? No one can reply with certainty, but surely the problem is worthy of serious investigation and endeavor. Many things have been attempted and have met with varying degrees of success. Let us consider several of these and see what the attainments have been and what conclusions can be drawn.

In the large cities many churches have opened club rooms in their basements. The results have been only fair. The cause is quite evident. The church is composed of that group or element which has been most instrumental in the Prohibition movement.

Naturally the patrons of the saloon look upon them as their enemies. Furthermore, the church is in itself an imposing building and incites in the breasts of these poor people fear and awe, rather than trust and kindness. As a rule the church members are unable to meet these people on a sympathetic basis, they fail to understand them and their efforts fall short of the goal they seek.

Social centers and the movies have been instrumental to some extent in the solution of this difficulty—but in the former case the stronger appeal is to the younger generation and those who really need help are not reached. These people are poor, but self-respecting and they do not wish to be objects of charity. It is only natural, therefore, that they should resent this movement and reject this proffered aid. In the latter case there can be no real social contact. One goes and views the pictures and then returns home. There is no gathering of friends, no interchange of experience, confidences or gossip. The true spirit of social intermingling is absolutely lacking.

Finally we have the Y. M. C. A. Much good can and has been done by this institution—but even this organization has failed to reach the real heart of the matter. The high dues which a Y. M. C. A. is called upon to exact is, in itself, prohibitive, it being impossible for these poor people to meet such financial obligations. Then too the Y. M. C. A. is rather a polished and cultured institution, housed usually in a formal and awe-inspiring building. These poor classes are repelled rather than attracted and it becomes extremely difficult to gain their attention—much less their hearty cooperation and support.

Now let us determine just what this social substitute must have in order to

meet all requirements. First, it must be humble and free from all pretention. Second, it must give the opportunity for social contact and social intermingling, under wholesome conditions. Third, it must not possess any undue financial obligations, nor be founded upon charity. Two events during the past year possess encouraging significance and point the way to a practicable solution of the problem we have been discussing.

In the year, 1916, the state of Colorado went into the dry column. Rev. H. M. Hart, Dean of St. John's Cathedral, in the city of Denver, purchased at a low figure the fixtures of the most prominent saloon in that city. When the Prohibition law went into effect he leased a vacant room, cleaned it and furnished it with the fixtures which he had purchased. Soup, sandwiches, lunches and soft drinks were served. Books, newspapers, magazines and games were provided. The fixtures remained intact, the same freedom from pretention, the same opportunity for social contact, under the now wholesome conditions, prevailed. The men paid for what they consumed and were not dependent upon charity. The most remarkable thing of all was the complete success of the venture. The place was well patronized, the patrons were pleased, and the business is today a financial success—the profits being turned into the running expenses of a mission on the other side of Denver.

In the recent Annual Convention of the National Coffee Roasters Association, attention was directed to the fact that the sale of coffee in Prohibition States was increasing alarmingly. Steps were taken and resolutions adopted with the express purpose of formulating plans whereby coffee houses should be open-

ed in our large cities to take the place of the fast disappearing saloon. These men have had a vision, not only of financial but of social possibility and are preparing to make the most of their opportunity.

In the light of these two events allow me to suggest a practical and efficient remedy for the situation we have before us. Under this plan the Prohibition Organizations of our land would each create a department to deal with this problem. Finance and men would be allotted to this as to the other departments. Then when any city was about to become dry territory these departments would pursue a course similar to that followed by the Rev. H. M. Hart, placing these clubs, when established, under the management of some carefully selected and dependable person. Here, then, would be a place where the laboring man could, after the day's work was done, come in social contact with his fellows, where the desire for social intermingling could be satisfied. Here wholesome conditions would prevail and the payment for what he consumed would free him from any fear of charity and self-respect and contentment would be his. Once estab-

lished these clubs would be self sustaining and in a short while be able to aid in the establishment of more of their kind.

You say that money and men will not be forthcoming for this work? The answer is easy! Let the churches give to this movement the money spent in establishing club-rooms; let the social worker devote his time and energy, through his medium, to that portion of humanity in the crowded sections of our large cities; let us have from the Y. M. C. A. the heartiest co-operation and support. Then with the Prohibition organizations as organizing and directing forces these "Poor Men's Clubs" will aid, not only in driving out the saloon but will be effective factors in keeping the door barred against its reentrance into our social system.

We as social units form the links in the chain of society and upon our shoulders individually and collectively rests the responsibility of society at large. The problem which confronts us demands a satisfactory solution at our hands. As members of society, and as believers in the great national cause of Prohibition, we are bound, through duty, to this program of constructive substitution.

Brotherly and Sisterly Love

Thurston Ross, '17.

Riley and I had just arrived at Georgian Bay. I had opened a can of soup and a tin of corned beef and we had dined. Riley peacefully stretched himself on his blanket and I was propped up against a typewriter case smoking some civilized tobacco in a heathen pipe which had been purchased from a halfbreed twenty miles down the lake. After considerable hard work I managed to make the tent

stand upright in a most approved manner. Two boxes of matches had been consumed before the fire condescended to burn but Riley and I were happy even though Luck did treat us as total strangers.

"Nice country," I observed to Riley. He grudgingly agreed.

"Makes you rather lazy like though," I continued. More agreement.

"Why don't you get up and amble

around a little? Get up! Don't you know that we're in the wilds and our existence depends upon our communing with nature and combatting the forces which are bound to consume us if we don't keep on the move?"

Evidently Riley knew, for he rose and went over to examine the empty corn beef can. Riley isn't crazy about this essential to a complete camp bill-of-fare and turned away sorrowfully.

"Say, you're in love with this kind of living, aren't you, Riley?" I observed.

"No, I am not," he asserted with unusual enthusiasm.

I almost forgot to tell you that Riley is my dog and answers all my questions by wagging his tail. Between us we have perfected quite a system of conversation. If Riley means yes, he gives one complete wag; yes, yes, he wags two or three times; and yes, yes of course, he wags several times with great vigor. No is denoted by a growl or the emission of a kind of snort peculiar to Riley. No, very much no, is shown by putting his tail between his legs and looking at me in a rather threatening way. Thus Riley and I live and act and have our being. I had been working for a magazine in Boston, occasionally writing some stuff that passed the critics and proof readers but generally acted in the capacity of a goat for the boss. He always had me stay on the job late at night so that when his wife 'phoned I could answer that he was so busy he couldn't come to the phone. He was busy alright—gathering in the sheckels over the poker table, but the game worked and I was retained on the pay roll. But once the boss's wife had the butler or chauffeur or some male member of the household call up and I told the truth. The boss had a sitting with his wife and I had a vacation. He

couldn't fire me very well so he sent me up to Georgian Bay to recuperate and try to regain some of the common sense I had lost, telling me that if I improved and sent in some fillers for the art section of the magazine he would let me into his private office once more. I happened to have a friend who had borrowed some money from me and then died. The estate presented me with a hunting cabin motor boat to square things up so I bought some soup, blankets, corned beef, fish hooks, peroxide and a tent, and after loading in Riley, we started on our perilous voyage which finally ended in the bay, twenty miles from the nearest postoffice where any bills might be sent to me. I was at last safe, as long as the soup and fish hooks lasted.

We had spent a week at the bay and were getting to look like genuine natives. I had developed a couple of freckles and Riley's tail was full of burrs. On the morning of the seventh day I had gotten up rather early and was washing my face when I heard a noise in the bushes, and looking up there stood a woman. I felt just like old Robinson Crusoe did when he found the footprints in the sand. This was the first human being that had dared to desecrate our seclusion. She was good looking though and young so I smiled and said good morning. The angel replied and here begins the story.

In the course of two or three visits I found that she lived a couple of miles in toward the railroad, liked to fish and ramble about the woods. Our tastes coincided. She wanted to know all about the white lights and I felt that it was my duty to inform her. And let me repeat it, she was certainly a queen. New York missed it when they didn't get her to pose in opposi-

tion to Paris fashions. If she'd have donned the velvet and ermine and strolled around on tapestries for the movies there wouldn't have been a stenographer in Idaho who would have been seen on the street with a parisol and the rubes down in Kentucky would have stopped spraying their trees with Paris Green. That woman was a dream. But she had a fellow named Joe. She talked about him from the first, all of the time. I couldn't mention anything but she would connect it up with "my man." Finally one day I told her to cut it out, and like all fairies she accommodated me. Riley liked her too, and Riley's judgment is infallible. One day along toward the end of my first month my lady dropped around for a visit. We had nearly run the limit of formal conversation and I was about all run down on the white lights and so on. So I began to talk about religion. She was a "Skiddite" or "Pollite," or some one of the hundred other "ites" the Canadians subscribe to and believed that all folks were brothers and sisters and that stuff. I didn't have any scruples on changing my religion from a Quaker so I intimated that I wouldn't mind taking a look at her church some day. But first, I wanted to talk religion and get her soaring into the heights so there would be room enough in this brotherly and sisterly love business to draw from generalizations to particulars. In other words I would like to have loaded her into motor boat, written to the boss that I had taken enough of his cheek and visited the parson, twenty miles away. But she was pretty well educated in the art of staying within the realm of generalizations and when the sun had gotten around to the place it passes at three-thirty my heart's desire started for home. I thought I had known her about long

enough to see her part way toward her destination but she politely objected and I retreated to the tent where I began to plan another campaign and figure out some new mode of attack. That man of hers, that Joe, began to worry me. Still she wore no ring and I took it for granted that I had a free line toward victory. Before starting homeward she said that she would let me go to church with her the next Sunday and I began to plan. I got my linen collar out and carefully erased all the spots from it. My sport clothes were in the bottom of a bunker in the boat and were considerably mussed up but I put my trousers under the mattress of the cot and slept on them two nights. The consequence was that I got a pretty respectable crease. Riley became a little cold and unfriendly but I credited all of his poor spirits to jealousy and went coolly on with my preparations.

Sunday came and I was awakened early by Riley who seemed very restless. I got out and dressed for church. My person got more attention that day than when the boss sent me to write up Hettie Green's funeral. It was about eight o'clock when the new edition of Venus appeared on the hill and called. I went to meet her and Riley followed. We walked to the road about a mile and there stood one of those dilapidated conveyances which the Canadians call "serries." On the front end of it was hitched a horse who had evidently run out of corned beef and soup some months before. The driver was a happy looking fellow of about my age who had arms on him which looked capable of developing about a hundred horse power. He chewed tobacco and expectorated with a squirt similar to the stream emitted by these automatic fire sprinklers. I was duly introduced to this ignoramus

who was no other than "my man, Joe." He was good humored and ignored my grouch, for my dream had climbed up beside him and sat too close to suit me. I told him the same story I had given her of the whitelights but he preferred to talk of the new section of track the Canadian Pacific was putting in up near his place. For a solid hour before we got to the church he chattered away about that new hundred rods of track until I wished the whole Canadian Pacific system was in some other country than the Dominion. I wondered how this girl could tolerate that brute with me on hands. Why didn't she slap his mouth and fly into my arms so we could visit the parson? Then for her to call him her man. That was awful, almost unthinkable for this wonderful maiden to think of choosing him for a beau. But still I considered the brotherly and sisterly love theory and finally the church was sighted.

The church was a little frame building with a roof, four walls, lots of windows, a pine floor, numbered benches and a musty smell. These people only have church ever and anon because it is hard for the preacher to learn his sermons and folks don't like to impose upon him. They don't pass the collection plate, but rent the pews out instead. The front yard was packed, and when we stopped Joe left the lady to her fate and gallantly helped me from the step. This didn't do my spirits much good but I accredited it to ignorance and kept my mouth shut for as I have said before Joe was a regular man and I nothing but a pen pusher and liar for the boss.

We pushed through the doorway and the beautiful lady surveyed the pews. Joe gave his tickets to the puncher and requested an extra seat for the visitor beside theirs.

"All sold out on that row, declared the money changer in the temple.

Joe, scratched his head but my love came to the rescue. She arose to her full height and flashed her eyes. Surely this was the queen of women and I resolved to get her in spite of this farmer to whom she had taken such a liking. I licked a youngster back home once in a school yard fight who was bigger than I was and got a girl. Why couldn't I get this beauty in the same way?

"Are you absolutely sure that you haven't any seats in that row?" she asked. "I have a new convert to brotherly love."

The ticket man was not to be trifled with and answered with a firm NO.

"Well," said the woman I silently pledged my love to, "that is very strange." The seats next to us have never been taken since Joe and I have been married."

At that particular moment I took a hasty inventory of myself and without egotism, I will say that should anyone have put in a bid for my immediate purchase I could have been bought at a rare bargain.

My education on the stock exchange had taught me to get through crowds and my pugilistic experience had trained me well in the art of running. Between brotherly love and the rare luck of running out of tobacco my wind was excellent. Riley accompanied me and it was just 98 seconds after arriving in camp that Riley and I were on our way in the motor boat for civilization. I doubt not that the tent still stands by the sea and my safety razor still hangs by the mirror for I left them unmolested in my haste.

I wrote to the boss and told him that I had recuperated and believed I could handle his telephone correspondence all right once more. He let me come

back and since then I have been lying to the boss's wife and am making good in a new department of the magazine, Advice to the Lovelorn. But woe be

unto the man or woman who wants to know what I think about brotherly and sisterly love or Georgian bay either.

De Ole Time Camp Meetin'

James R. Henderson, '20

"Yo' chillins ob dis younger generashun ain't got no 'ligion like us niggers ob de days befo de wah done had," said Uncle Mose to a number of young "white childs" gathered around listening intently to what he had to say. "Bekaze de people am gittin mo' an' mo' wicked ebery day ob deir life, an' de Lawd aint wid 'em like he used ter be wid us. Anoder reason am dat de niggers don't hab no mo' camp meetins wid de 'right spirit' as us uster did, an' beings as dey don't, I'se gwine ter tell yo' ob one ob dem ole timey meetins.

'Bout two hours atter sunset de niggers wud begin ter gather frum all de plantations, some a foot and t'others in all sorts ob rigs. When dey all gits together, day would stan' around an' pass de time ob day befo goin in ter de meetin' place, which war a shack wid only a roof an er few poles to hold hit up, an' inside war ole benches sot-tin on de groun fo' de war no floo. In one end war de pulpit whar ole Pa'son Jonson 'livers his great sumons.

Bi'em'by de meetin would sta't, an de nigger wid de loudest voice wud step to de frunt and trike up de cord; den ebery budy wud jine in on de good ole song which 'ud make de sinners squirm in deir seats. Atter de fust song war ober, de one arm nigger wud cume around an take up de kelection. (I think dar mus' be some good reason fo' a one arm nigger ter all'ays take up de money.) When all de money am done got, an' de pa'son done

put hit in he pocket, he'd read a few scriptures, den pray, atter which he'd begin ter wahm up on de text—some-tin 'bout Jonah takin de awk and res-cuin de chil'ens ob Isereal frum de lion's den, or some udder one.

Time he done say er few good wo'ds



Pa'son Jonson.

some ole nigger wud up an say 'a—a—men,' den anuder wud say, 'praise de Lawd' an so on till tings begin ter

wahm up an some old sister done jump clean out'n her seat wid de "spirit" an begin ter shout—shout till de roof wud mos' wabble down—den she'd strike up a tune—de rest wud take hit up, den sum wud begin ter git a twitchin in de feet an begin ter dance, and cut de buck fo' all deys wor'f; still a shoutin an whoopin' till de white fo'ks am done wake up fer miles an miles around.

Now an den yo cud heah de pa'son say a wo'd o' two ter one ob de ole sisters sprawled out on de groun, woe out wid exhaustin, 'Yo had better git off'n dat hell boun' train ter nite an git

on de right track, an' don't let de debble punch yo ticket.'

T'ings wud die down fo' a while, fo ebbery budy am jest woe out, but not too tired ter sing, an de pa'son 'ud 'nounce de song ub, "Swing lo' sweet cha'iots comin fo' ter carry me home," or "De ole time religion am good enuf fo' me." Atter de song de pa'son wud pray—de meetin wud bus up an us all wud meander home whil de roosters am a crowin 'bout de next day am done broke.

Dese meetins wud go on fer weeks at er time, an us niggers wud be dar ebbery nite shoutin, singin an gettin rite wid de Lawd."



De Meetin' Place.

One College Paper

For several years there has been more or less agitation in favor of discontinuing the two literary society papers in favor of one college publication. This year has seen a much further development of this idea than at any previous time. The advisability of adopting the college paper idea is almost self-evident. Colleges on all sides of us, having much larger enrollment and located in larger towns support but one paper while we here in Otterbein have for many years past, struggled along, supporting two papers with but half the finance available in most other schools.

There were several reasons that gave rise to this condition. However the king pin about which the whole situation turned was the literary society spirit. Each society felt that its paper was a necessary part of its existence and our students in their zeal to further their literary society interests have too often, it seems, put society welfare ahead of college welfare. True it is, the old system has given the college two good papers. Nevertheless, each paper at various times has experienced serious financial embarrassment due to no other cause than lack of sufficient field for the support of two efficient papers. Even when things are at their best, each paper finds itself cut short of the support which would be necessary to its fullest development.

On the other hand should there be but one college paper this publication would at all times be free from literary society influence and would better represent the interests of the school at large. The best ideas from both the present papers could be incorporated in one publication. All students, both men and women would have a chance to become participants in the publication of

this sheet. A staff of exceptional ability could be chosen and college credit could (and undoubtedly will, if the plan is carried through) be given for the work done on the paper.

At present a joint committee representing the Review and Aegis has been appointed to investigate and suggest plans for the full development of the college paper idea. Their work is not yet completed, but most of the essential parts have been discussed and passed upon.

The plan of this committee which will be submitted to each of the present publishing boards is as follows:

First. The Aegis and Review shall disband their organizations and the two men's societies drop the field of journalism from their activities, in favor of one college publication.

Second. Each of the present organizations shall take care of its own financial situation.

Third. The college paper shall be organized without reference to literary society lines.

Fourth. A department of journalism under Prof. Altman shall cooperate with the staff in producing material for the paper and in the granting of credit.

Fifth. The editor shall have had his work in journalism previously and shall not be a member of the class.

Sixth. The first staff shall be recommended by a committee consisting of the editors, business managers and circulation managers who have just retired from the Review and Aegis Staffs, and one person elected at large from each of the four literary societies.

Seventh. There after, the retiring staff of the paper shall recommend the incoming staff.

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Eighth. There shall be an official board which shall officially elect the staffs and serve as the official body back of the paper. (Full decision has not yet been reached concerning the election of this body.)

This is essentially the plan as far as worked out by the committee. The

plan will be subject to the ratification of each of the present publishing boards. The first staff will probably be elected before Commencement of this year and be in force until the following April at which time re-election will take place, and thereafter regularly every year.

YOUTH.

I was a king ; at my command
Armies were gathered from every land,
And riches were mine in such a store
That monarchs envied — yet came
more,
And millions were ready at my word,
To till the soil or draw the sword.

But not here alone did my power lie ;
My skill as an artist never would die.
At my touch the canvass became
A beautiful landscape, a courtly dame.
From cold stony marble I could make
Beautiful figures, alive and awake.

Yet greater than this was my skill with
the pen ;
I had control o'er the thoughts of men.
Alas ! Who can tell where I now
might have been.
Had not my alarm started buzzing
just then.

—Helen Bovee, '19.

THE OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

Established 1890

Incorporated 1890

Published the middle of each month in the interest of Otterbein University, by
THE PHILOPHRONEAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Entered at the post-office, Westerville, O., as second-class mail matter.
Price, 10c per copy, 75c per year, payable in advance.

Subscription and change of address should be sent to the Circulation Manager;
advertisements, etc., to the Business Manager.

Contributions and Items of general interest are requested by the Editor from all
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EDITORIAL

THE INCOMING STAFF.

With the appearance of this issue the incoming Aegis staff makes its bow to the students and friends of Otterbein. The staff wishes to offer no apology for its appearance for such would be but an egotism turned over. We are not egotistical. However we are impressed with the seriousness of our work and will endeavor to publish a magazine such as will do justice to the society and school which it represents. Congratulating the retiring staff on the success of its efforts and wishing our co-publication, "The Otterbein Review" the best of success throughout the ensuing year, we bid our readers and friends "How-do-you-do" in this, our first issue of the Otterbein Aegis.

THE DIE IS CAST.

Throughout the three and a half years past our eyes have anxiously watched the European Conflict. We

had hoped that by some means we might be able to escape being drawn into the maelstrom of European War. We thought that certainly the warring nations would not persist in committing such outrages that we should be forced to enter the conflict in behalf of humanity. We believed there was still enough of the humane in the heart of the sternest militarist that we would escape the fate of those nations which for the past several years have been giving their very life blood to sustain their national honor and existence.

Yet all our hopes and beliefs have been swept aside as so many reeds before a hurricane. We are today in a state of active warfare, against the Imperial German Government. The die has been cast. It is our duty as men and women, as citizens of the United States to give our undivided support to our President and our country. True it is there are those among us who out of sympathy or kinship with our enemy, would readily sell our honor to

the German Government. This is no time to voice personal sentiments or sympathies. Our resources, our lives and our all belong to our country and these we should unhesitatingly give for the nation whose existence was bought by the blood of our fathers.

WHO'S WHO.

There is a vast difference between the person who gives his time and energy to student organizations because he likes his work and the person who uses these as a stepping stone to popularity. Ask a group of students to do a little work for the college. Very few are present. Again ask the same group how many are willing to preside at a rally or become class president. Oh, yes! they're all there.

Too often we overlook the fact that the man of worth is not the one who will take the honor but the one who will do the work.

A WORD BY MISS WISE.

Otterbein's social life is at low ebb—it is a tide which is out most of the time. Isn't it a sad fact that not once during the year is there an occasion for everyone to get together just for the purpose of having a good time? Of

course there are a few definite annual events such as the joint reception, the banquets and the May Morning Breakfast which take place with the same regularity as the earth moves around the sun, but these occasions are rather to keep up the reputation of the institution than to make the individuals in it enjoy themselves. Then there are the semi-annual class pushes which half of the members do not attend because "he" or "she" is in another class. No, most of time we have nowhere to go and nothing to do to have a good time and get acquainted. It is also true that we don't even know each other here at Otterbein—half of us are simply on "How Do You Do" terms with the other half. And on Friday and Saturday evenings especially, unless we have a "date" (in which "case" a pleasant stroll to the bridge is enjoyed) we sit around and long for something exciting to happen. But it never does and never will unless we do something ourselves. The trouble is, we cling too literally to a few ancestral traditions, and while we progress along other lines, our amusements have the same form those of our grandfathers had fifty years ago. Now is the time for us to get out of the rut.





If you can't do anything else to help your school get to the front you can at least hurry along and get out of the way.

A problem in Freshman Math.

Given: A girl in Cochran Hall. A fellow wishing a date. How to get the girls?

Solve by exchange of signs. Be sure not to get them mixed.

Mundy—"Each hour I spend with you is like a pearl to me."

Betty—"Aw, quit stringing me."

"The plot thickens," exclaimed the old woman as she sowed the grass seed for the third time.

Sophomore-Senior Banquet.

The annual Sophomore-Senior banquet was held April 18 at Cochran Hall. Never had the hall been more attractively decorated. The dining room, cloaked in Southern smilax and yellow jonquils together with the immense ferns behind which the orchestra was seated formed a fitting background for the girls in their dainty gowns and the men in formal evening dress. The following program was rendered:

Male quartet

Welcome—Clair Siddall, '19.

Response—Elmo Lingrel, '17.

Joy of the Morning . Harriet Ware
Cleo Coppock, '19

Toast—"Pick-ups," Judson Siddall, '19

Toast—"Willies," Annette Brane, '17

'19-'17—Words written by Helen Bovee, '19.

Extemporaneous Toasts

Toastmaster—Ramey Huber, '19.

"The schools of Los Angeles" was the subject of a very interesting lecture by J. H. Francis, '92, Monday evening, March 12, in the college chapel. The lecture was delivered in connection with seven reels of films. Mr. Francis, who is now superintendent of Columbus schools, had these pictures taken several years ago when he was at the head of Los Angeles Educational System. The lecture was given for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. A. P. Rosselot and Mrs. A. R. Spessard returned from Grant Hospital, Wednesday, March 14, where they had been confined for several weeks. Their Otterbein friends are very happy to know that both of the ladies have fully recovered.

A bill which is of great interest to Otterbein folks has recently been put through the Ohio Legislature and has been signed by Governor Cox. This bill provides that the name of Otterbein College shall be used officially instead of the name Otterbein University. The bill was presented by Senator Erastus G. Lloyd, a former Otterbein student.

It is reported that a number of strange men have been lurking around this locality of late. Upon investigation it has been found that they are game wardens. These men say they are determined to get the men who were out snipe hunting Wednesday evening, March 21. Up to date, no arrests have been made.

Eli Visits Saum Hall.

"Whene'er I see a fellow's name

Written on the glass,

I know he owns a diamond

And his father owns an ass."

—Eli Perkins.

Otterbein's only representative on the Mexican border returned to Westerville Friday, March 23. Wallace Miller served in the 8th Ohio Band, playing clarinet. He was also half-back on the championship football team. "Wally" is now on the reserve and in view of the trouble with Germany, may be called into service again at any time.

R. W. Moore, ex '17, who is now living on a Colorado ranch, spent a few days with Otterbein friends over the week-end of March 30.

The position of Janitor, Detective, etc., formerly filled by John Harris, is now in the hands of Mr. Bert Eisenhard. Mr. Harris resigned to become Superintendent of Buildings of the Steubenville Y. M. C. A.

Fully Experienced.

Employment Agent—"Have you the firmness and tenacity that enables you to perform your duty in the face of ingratitude and ungenerous criticism?"

Applicant—"I ought to have. I was on the staff of my school paper."

Led by the college band practically every student in school paraded around the streets of Westerville Tuesday evening, April 3. The crowd was not as jubilant as it would have been after a football rally, but instead everyone was feeling serious. After marching to the college chapel and listening to patriotic speeches by Dr. Snively, Dr. Jones, M. A. Cady, President Clippinger, Rev. Schatzman and Rev. Burtner, a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions, in which Otterbein pledged its royalty to the government and President Wilson.

The Otterbein Glee Club left Westerville Saturday, April 7, for East Ohio points. That evening the first concert was given at Beach City before a crowded house. The second concert was given at Canton before an audience of 1200 people. Barberton was the next town to be favored, the club appearing in the High School auditorium at this place on Tuesday evening. This audience was not as large as the others, due possibly to the Firemen's Ball which was held the same evening. The trip was highly successful from every standpoint.

Prof. Fritz has requested us to announce the arrival of a 7½ pound son, Thursday, April 12. Charles Andrew Jr. has taken up his temporary abode at Grant Hospital.

Friday morning, April 13, was the first morning for the Seniors to appear in Chapel wearing their caps and gowns. "Some did and some didn't." That evening the freshmen who saw to it that "the some didn't" were met after society by the Senior boys and given a joy ride in a Ford and cattle wagon trailer.

The annual Russell Junior-Senior Oratorical Contest and I. P. A. Oratorical Contest were combined this year and held Wednesday afternoon, March 28. To Wayne Neally, whose subject was "Constructive Substitution" went the laurels. The second prize was won by Vernon Phillips, his subject being "Prohibition Plus." Joe Hendrix came in for third place. His theme was "The Heritage of Alcohol." The following Friday evening, the District Contest was held in Columbus, Mr. Neally winning this also. Saturday evening, April 14, the State Contest was held at Delaware, the winners being, in the order named: Mr. Reichert of Cincinnati, Mr. Zosnick of Wooster and Mr. Neally of Otterbein.

The Freshman-Junior Banquet was held in the U. B. church parlors, Monday evening, April 16. The toastmaster, James Blue, was introduced by Miss Gladys Howard. Miss Grace Barr gave a reading entitled "The Squire's Rooster." Speeches for the two classes were given by the presidents, Herbert Hall and Thomas Brown. Toasts were given by Miss Helen Keller, Edson Doty, President Clippinger, Prof. Altman, Janet Gilbert and Lyman Hert. The music was furnished by Durant's orchestra. Special music was given by Miss Agnes Wright, Miss Gaynelle McMahon and Rollin Durant. All in all, the banquet was a wonderful success, the music, speeches, eats, decorations and clothes being pronounced by all "the best ever."

May 4, 5 and 6 are to be big days in Otterbein's history. These days are to be known as Visitation Days, and an effort is being made to get a goodly number of high school students to visit Otterbein on these days. The following program has been arranged:

Friday, May 4.

Registration of delegates.
Observation of work.
2:30 p. m.—Band concert.
6:30 p. m.—Open Sessions Men's Societies.

Saturday, May 5.

7:00 a. m.—May Morning Breakfast.
10:00 a. m.—May Morning Pageant.
Visit to Anti-Saloon League.
Automobile ride.
2:00 p. m.—Annual Inter-class Track Meet.
8 p. m.—Reception at Cochran Hall.

Sunday, May 26.

9:00 a. m.—Sunday school.
10:15 a. m.—Church.
1:30 p. m.—Conference and Rally.

There was a young man called Mundy,
Who wished every day was like Sunday.

For the "date" that he had,
You "bet" made him glad,
But he always felt blue the next Monday.

They had a "date" one evening:

'Twas quite a while ago.

They started at six-thirty

But they had no where to go,
So they walked the dusty streets.

Somewhat later in the season,

(It was getting pretty cold)

They started out together

With no aim in view, we're told
But to walk the snowy streets.

And so throughout the autumn,

The winter and the spring

Whene'er they were together,

They couldn't do a thing,
But walk the same old streets.

Do you think that in the future

When they've told us all "good-bye"
And have gone up there in Heaven,

That they won't learn how to fly,
But will walk the golden streets?



Ohio Wesleyan 10—Otterbein 3.

Saturday, April the 14th saw Otterbein's baseball team go down in defeat on Wesleyan's field in the first game of the season. The 10 to 3 score is the result of Malone's pitching and the lack of batting efficiency on the part of some of the tan and cardinal boys. We are inclined to believe that caps and gowns are the decorations which graced the funeral procession of our victory over Wesleyan. However we realize that this was the first game and but a try out of our material.

"Cocky" Wood is going strong, his pitching will give this season an advantage over the last year's successful season. The score:

Otterbein	AB.	R.	H.	P.	O.	E.
Ream, 2b.	2	1	0	4	1	
Grabill, ss.	3	1	0	0	1	
Booth, 1b.	3	0	1	7	1	
Lingrell, cf.	3	1	0	2	0	
Garver, 3b.	4	0	0	2	2	
Miller, rf.	3	0	0	2	0	
Gilbert, lf.	4	0	0	1	1	
Haller, c.	3	0	0	6	0	
Mundhenk, p.	4	0	0	0	0	
Wood, p.	1	0	0	0	0	
Totals	31	3	1	24	6	

Wesleyan	AB.	R.	H.	P.	O.	E.
Deardorff, 3b.	4	1	1	2	0	
Cardwell, ss. 1b.	4	2	1	4	1	
Revare, cf.	4	2	3	1	0	
Edwards, 2b.	5	2	2	3	1	
Stevenson, l. f.	3	1	2	1	0	
Guin, rf.	4	1	3	0	0	
Myers, 1b.	3	0	0	5	0	
Brewer, c.	4	1	1	10	0	
Malone, p.	4	0	0	0	0	
Hanson, lf.	2	0	0	0	0	
Battelle, ss.	1	0	1	1	1	
Totals	38	10	14	27	3	

Stolen bases—Ream, Grabill, Lingrell. Two base hit—Revare. Three base hit—Edwards, Booth. Home Run—Revare. Double plays—Grabill to Ream to Booth, Mundhenk to Booth to Ream. Struck out—By Malone 9, Mundhenk 1, Wood 3. Bases on balls—Malone 6, Mundhenk 2. Hit by pitcher—Brewer. Time—3:15. Umpire—James.

Our Track Material

While it is true that our track team will suffer the loss of Fellers, Barnhart, Love and Oppel, yet three of those men came out strong in their first season and Captain Neally has high hopes of finding certain first year men to fill their places.

Thatcher is one of the first year men who is already showing real track ability. He has had a great deal of experience in some eastern city meets and we are, therefore not doubting his worth. Wood looks good as a helper for Thatcher in the distances and Francis is coming strong with the hurdles. The old reliables, Miller, Higlemire and Lingrell will throw the discus and put the shot, while Peden will perform with the pole. No doubt Otterbein's pole vault record will be broken for the third time by Roy this season. Walters and Thrush will be out for the dashes, low hurdles and 440.

Coach Martin, has had some difficulty with the schedule because of Otterbein not being in the Conference. The first meet will be with Denison on the home track, May 19. The boys will also meet Saint Mary's at Dayton

June 2. Negotiations are open with other schools and more dates will be announced later.

Tennis Outlook.

We are on the verge of a tennis season which apparently should be a very successful one. The season will be led by "Doc" Ressler who has the honor of being the youngest captain of any branch of athletics that Otterbein has ever had. "Doc" has had one season of varsity experience besides his almost daily practices for the last three years. He is one of those non-excitable tennis enthusiasts that plays with a cool head and steady nerves.

Bancroft and Sechrist the ex-basket ballcaptain, are both in line for "Doc's" right hand man in the doubles. These players both have the stuff and are playing hard for the place. Brown and Grey are also stronger than ever and are worthy of Varsity classifications.

Another notable and most desirable phase of this year's tennis season is the schedule. Already Director Martin has secured a goodly number of dates and has high hopes of more.

The schedule is as follows:

- April 17—Ohio State at Columbus.
- May 2—Kenyon at Gambier.
- May 5—Capital at home.
- May 12—Ohio Northern at home.
- May 16—Kenyon at home.
- May 26—Wooster at Wooster.
- June 2—Capitol at Columbus.
- (Others pending.)

OTTERBEIN CAPTAINS - SEASON 1917.



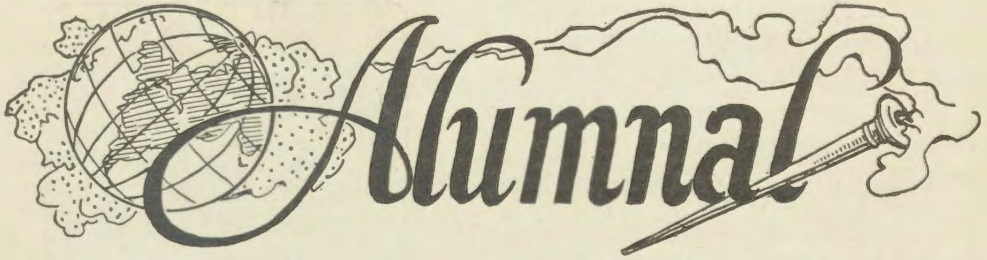
BOOTH



NEALLY



RESSLER

**1915**

Rev. E. H. Dailey is quarantined in Logan, Utah, for scarlet fever. He was on his way to Salt Lake City, in the interests of the Anti-Saloon League.

1891

Mr. N. R. Best, who but recently recovered from a serious illness visited Otterbein Monday, April 16, and spoke in the chapel.

1861

Dr. J. P. Landis, President of Bonebrake Theological Seminary visited Otterbein April 12 and 13. While here he spoke at Y. M. C. A. and in chapel in the interest of Bonebrake. He was accompanied by E. E. Spatz, '14 and J. E. Engle.

1877

Dr. S. W. Keister recently returned from Florida where he spent the winter.

1877

Mr. E. L. Shuey recently celebrated the 41st anniversary of continuous service as teacher of a young men's Sunday school class in the First U. B. Church at Dayton. At this banquet he presented each of his 105 pupils his photograph.

1876

The New York City Teachers' Association has made plans for a testimonial dinner to Mr. Frank D. Wilsey, on his retirement from the board

of education of New York City. The dinner will be given at the Hotel Astor on the evening of April 21.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All Alumni please give the following items close attention. The President of the Alumnaal Association has appointed the following committee to make nominations for the coming year: Ralph W. Smith, '12; Dr. T. J. Sanders, '78, and Prof. Rudolph H. Wagner, '92. They have made the following nominations:

For President—L. A. Weinland, '05; Noah E. Cornetet, '96.

For three Vice Presidents—Jesse E. Eschbach, '96; Bertha Richard Weinland, '13; Clyde E. Cowan, '04; Effie Richer Coover, '00; Nola Knox Hornbeck, '02; Jacob S. Gruver, '98.

For Secretary—Otto Bishop Cornell, '92; Alma Guitner, '97.

For Treasurer—Apperson A. Nease, '88; William Otterbein Lambert, '00.

For Trustees (two to be elected)—Nolan Rice Best, '92; John Haywood Francis, '92; Frank O. Clements, '96; Henry F. Detweiler, '76.

ALUMNAL DAY.

The plans for Alumnaal Day a year ago were executed so well, that it has been determined to hold much the same kind of a reunion this year. In the morning the classes of 7's, ('67, '77, '87, etc.) will have their reunions. At noon will be the annual Alumnaal luncheon. In the afternoon a program

of "stunts" similar to that of last year will be held in the chapel.

In the matter of entertainment a new feature is to be introduced. Instead of the Alumni finding rooms in town, it is proposed that they camp on the old athletic field back of the Administration Building. Tents and cots will be furnished at cost. However, each man should bring his blanket as bedding cannot be furnished. It is suggested that Alumni living in the same neighborhood make arrangements to come and camp together.

It is imperative that all who intend to take advantage of this plan should write to Prof. L. A. Weinland, '05, as soon as possible telling him who and how many are coming and how long they will stay etc., so that he can make the necessary arrangements.

Watch this department of the AEGIS next month for further information.



Senior open sessions, Easter vacation, and class banquets over, we are all beginning to have the spring fever.

Several days and especially nights before the banquets, were indeed exciting ones in the Hall. Each class had its share in the fun and accomplished its desired end.

Alice Hall's poor health caused her to leave us for the rest of the year. She was one of our most popular girls and certainly is missed.

Alice Ressler, Jessie Weir, Lois Niebel, Meryl Black, and Gladys Lake, delegates to the I. P. A. convention at Delaware and Betty Fries, Katherine Warner, Annette Brane, Martha Stofer and Edna Miller, who went over for the game and oratorical contest, report a splendid time. Those who stayed in Monnette Hall appreciate more than ever our own Hall.

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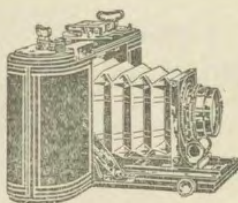
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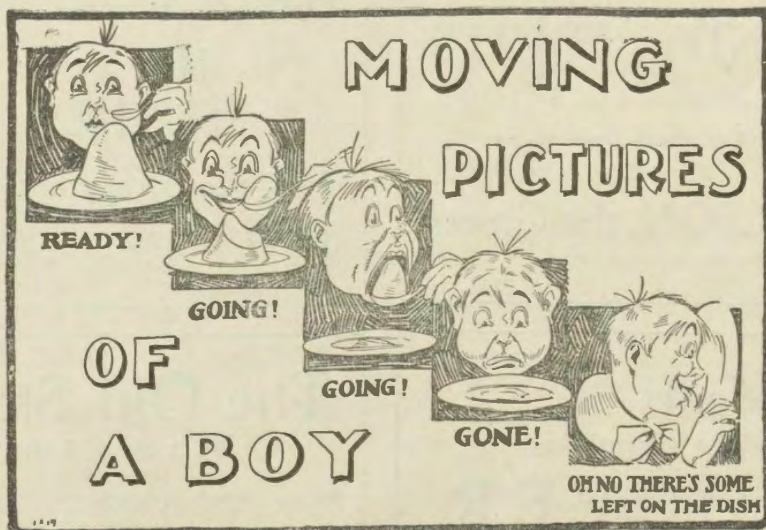
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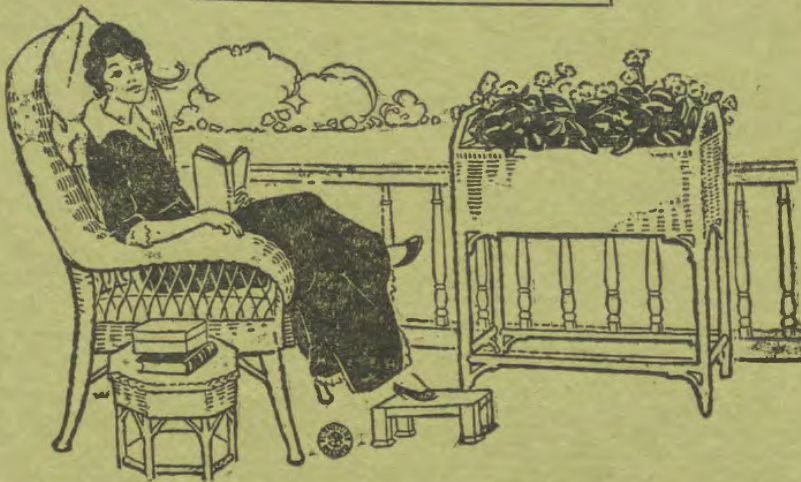
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