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JANUARY 1917

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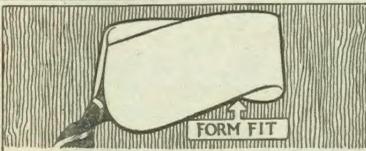
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The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXVII

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, JANUARY, 1917.

No. 5.

Paying the Price

J. O. Todd, '17.

SOME philosophers have taught that everything is in a state of perpetual change, and there is nothing immutable in the eternal process, nothing permanent. To this class of thinkers change is everything, while being, or permanence is but an illusion. At first thought, this is apparently true; for in nature the acorns of yesterday are the giant oaks of tomorrow, and the swamps, the wildernesses and the deserts in the process of time become the garden spots of the world. Through the process of evolution the barbarians and savages of the earlier centuries have today developed into the highly cultured and educated men of America and Europe. Seasons change; nations change; individuals change; seemingly nothing escapes this universal law of change. Although individuals and places are constantly changing, and friends of yesterday are forgotten tomorrow, yet in the universe there are eternally immutable laws and principles, controlling and determining the lives and destinies of men and nations. Change is only apparent, for the laws that govern change are themselves unchangeable.

One of the fundamental principles of life, so familiar and yet so easily forgotten, is that we get out of life what we put into it, or in other words we pay for what we get and get what we pay for. The mile stones of progress are red with the blood of martyrs and heroes, who have paid the

price for the many blessings that we are enjoying today. As American citizens we boast of liberty, equality and justice. And in our boasting we forget the hardships endured by our forefathers, the suffering and hunger of Valley Forge, and the wounds and flowing blood of Gettysburg. It was because these blessings were not to be had in Europe that these things were endured on American soil. But Europe is paying a price today that must result in greater personal liberty, broader social equality and more stable political justice.

It is not my purpose to repeat the glorious deeds of the heroes of the past, for their lives speak for themselves, but rather to look squarely into the face of the issues that confront us and ascertain, if possible, the safest and surest way to attain the highest and best for our individual lives. After all it is not so much a question as to what we have or do not have—but what we want and how badly we want it. What do we want in life? What is our highest ambition? We can have what we want provided we pay for our wares. The best and greatest things of life are not sold at bargain counters, nor are they found at gambling tables where games of chance are played. He who would give must first have something to give, for the dry spring has never cooled the parched lips of the way-side traveller. He who would live must first have something to live for,

for the winds have never blown favorably for the sailor who knows not to what port he is bound.

We often mis-judge men, for the brilliant, well-met and talented man we readily predict a successful career, while for the seemingly untalented man we unhesitatingly express our doubts. But often the plodder attains higher ground and does more work in life than the shining light. For this seeming contradiction there is a reason. Every man is more or less conscious of his ability or lack of ability. Too often the talented man, conscious of his natural ability, depends entirely on that to get him through life. Thus he drifts, following the line of least resistance, never developing his God given powers, and as his brilliancy fades he fades. On the other hand the plodder, conscious of his deficiencies, realizes that if he ever gets anywhere he must pay the price of hard and unceasing toil. He pays it and in him the dormant powers awaken and develop and with the passing of every year we find him forcing his way to the front.

What we attribute to genius is nothing more or less than the product of wisely used and properly spent brawn, nerve and brain. Alexander Hamilton said, "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor."

In Indiana, not many years ago, a newsboy, working morning and evening, literally forced his way through school. Life for him was a battle, but he had the stuff in him that real men

are made of. He worked his way from one position to another until elected Governor of the State. As Governor he made good, and by his influence introduced many progressive reform measures. Frank J. Hanly could have been re-elected to Governorship of the state had he been willing to sell himself to the Liquor interests of Indiana. He preferred honor to position and although his political head was cut off, he is honored and respected as a man of genuine worth by friend and foe.

Thomas Edison, the marvel of this age, started at the bottom round of hard work and has forced his way to his present position by unceasing toil. Helen Keller has been able to make the blind see, the deaf hear and the dumb speak by her sacrifice and labor. Jane Adams of Chicago has made life worth living to thousands by her patience and perseverance. Were we to ask these modern heroes and heroines the secret of success, would it be, "I have won by my talents, I have won by my genius or my brilliancy? Far from it. Edison says, "Genius is one percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration."

These with all others in life who have accomplished anything lasting and permanent have obeyed that inner impulse of the Divine in the soul. They have found their place in life and have sacrificed all else to fill that place. We are told that one great plan runs through the universe. He who has designed that the sun should give light by day and the moon by night, that the clouds should gather and the rains descend, that the grain planted in the earth should spring up and yield an hundred fold, that the trees should blossom and the fruit ripen all for the benefit of man, surely, has a plan

for the highest form of his creation. The individual who accepts this plan for his life will be in harmony with nature and nature's laws, and out of this harmony will grow an enlarged vision, a genuine happiness, and a deeper appreciation of life in its truest sense. To fit yourself into the eternal structure of human souls built by the Divinie, to harmonize your plan with the plan of the Infinite, and do well the task assigned you, this is true life! To do this means that we must sacrifice the lower, the lesser and the selfish things of life, to receive in return the higher, the grander and the sublime. It is only the genuine heart and soul purpose, born of necessity, justice or love, burned into the very nature, woven into the fabric of character, that will cause any man to pay the price of toil, sacrifice, suffering and misunderstanding, for his highest ideals. So few have the courage to do it.

In ages past the sweet voiced singers have sung their most beautiful hymns in honor of him "Who has slain his thousands and tens of thousands. The poet has given his most fascinating verse to him who has devastated the country, burned the city, slaughtered the men and bound as slaves the women and children. And the orator with his eloquence and brilliant flights has inflamed the hearts of his hearers to adoration and worship of the military hero. As time rolls on, the glory and honor that has illuminated the lives of Alexander and Napoleon is dimming with age. The age of hero worship is passing and men are being honored for what they have given and not what they have taken; for what they have constructed and not what they have destroyed.

The ideals of this age are changing.

New issues are to be met, greater problems are to be solved. Greater responsibilities rest on our shoulders, for already the golden age of science, invention and prosperity has dawned upon us. This age wants men, large hearted, manly men, men who will join in its chorus of labor and prolong its psalm of peace and good will.

This age wants scholars who have been trained in the schools of experience and self-mastery, to build on the foundation of the past a monument to science, art and culture unparrelleled in the history of the world. This age wants leaders, fearless men, with steady nerves, fixed purposes and clarified vision, to drive the reign of ignorance out and lead the reign of reason in.

God give us men! A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith
and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not
kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot
buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will
not lie.

Men who can stand before a dema-
gogue

And damn his treacherous flatteries
without winking;

Tall men, sun crowned, who live above
the fog

In public duty and private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb
worn creeds

Their large professions and little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife, Lo! freedom
weeps,

Wrong rules the land and waiting justice
sleeps.

The world is depending upon the
college men of today to answer these

calls. The untrained man will falter, the weakling faint, and the unmanly will fail. But he who has mastered himself and pays the price will succeed. For the best and greatest

things of life are not sold at bargain counters, nor are they found at gambling tables where games of chance are played. In life the best must be paid for the best. For we get what we pay for and pay for what we get.

Borrowed Diamonds

By Lloyd B. Mignery, '17.

From a distance the skyline of the Big City pointed its jagged edge toward heaven. Amidst the shadows thousands of men and women were born to live, struggle, love and die—often with the emphasis upon the "struggle" and "die". Those who possessed a home in the suburbs—where that jagged edge came to an end—were indeed fortunate. They were also more fortunate than rich, as the world counts riches, especially after the land shark had done his worst. Back there in the shadows of the skyline men grow desperate for the rights they crave in the suburbs.

Alfred Spangler Gregg lived beneath the skyline. His office was in the heart of one of the downtown manufacturing plants that all day had been pouring clouds of sickening smoke out over the city. By evening the mists were descending rapidly and between the clouds of smoke and rain the city was wrapped in darkness by five o'clock. Gregg watched all this with impatience from the office window.

He left the place in the dusk of the early evening and hurried along Chestnut street, three squares out of his usual way. But it did not matter; this was yet going to be a day of days for him. He moved heedlessly among heedless throngs with the mind of a man who has at last come to a decision. Only once did he waver, as if in doubt.

"Yes, hang it," he thought, "it must be done! Poor little girl. I can return it after our marriage—if it isn't paid for."

With new resolve he picked his way until confronted by a row of diamond merchant's windows. Again he paused—only to impatiently jerk a frazzle-edged fragment of newspaper from his vest pocket. His glance followed his finger along a line that read, "Diamonds loaned on thirty days trial, 40 E. Chestnut."

He cast a reassuring glance at the number of one of the doors. The crystal plate window of the house was heavily grated, and behind it was row after row of sparkling gems. Alfred Spangler Gregg passed these by with a shudder. The fog was chilling; he had also caught sight of the fabulous figures on the price tags. He walked in, to be confronted by a pair of sparkling dark eyes that peered at him from a thicket of black beard.

"Well, meester, what ees it—" came from across the counter.

Gregg shoved the newspaper clipping toward the man and interrupted with:

"I should like to arrange for one of these—a medium priced stone will do."

The little Jew behind the counter was quick to satisfy his customer—and himself. He exchanged a few words with the head of the Gregg firm.

Then a formal contract was drawn up, and Alfred Spangler Gregg left the store with the newspaper clipping, the coveted ring, and the contract slip bulging slightly from one corner of his vest pocket. The car that he boarded carried him past his rooming house, and on and on. Somewhere out there near the terminal, after the skyline had been left behind he alighted. He hastened toward a small, unpretentious dwelling and mounted the steps at a leap.

"Why, Al, dear, how excited you are," exclaimed the young woman who opened the door. Under the gas lamp in the hallway tiny drops of moisture twinkled on his clothing. But then there was something else that sparkled in his hand. The girl caught sight of this and let escape a half-surprised cry of joyful surprise.

"It's for you, Nora," he faltered.

The ring glided smoothly over the girl's finger as she, smiling, held it toward him.

"It's a shame," he continued. "To think, you've gone until three weeks before our wedding without a ring! You need not be ashamed any longer."

"I must find a good, strong box to keep it in at nights, or I'll be in torment," the girl began, "a horrid burglar might take it."

"Ta, ta, Nora dear, cross the bridge before you ever sight it—that's the way with you women. Wear it day and night. It's safest on your finger. All the devils in the city would not dare touch it there."

The overwhelmed, overjoyed girl buried her face on his shoulder and murmured, "I am so happy tonight. Only three weeks—can it be true, Al?"

"It must be true," the young man answered warmly, "nothing under heaven shall detain us now."

He left shortly afterwards. They were working overtime that night in the office and he had taken his supper hour to follow the instinct of soul that led him for the time away from the misty shadows of the jagged skyline.

During the last of the following four weeks the gloom deepened. At the end of the twenty-ninth day of the contract Alfred Spangler Gregg was walking his room in a fever. It was long since dark outside and the black figures of the calendar above his table showed the morrow to be the last day. "Pay, return, or stand prosecution." These were the terms of the contract.

Beneath the calendar was spread out on the table a note that had been crumpled in many places. For the twentieth time during that week he read the dainty band:

"Papa says that since I am his only daughter and she his only sister, we must have Aunt at our wedding. You remember the nice ties she sent you for Christmas, do you not? Well, she can't possibly come until later. Papa says we must put it off at least two weeks, dear, and really we wouldn't mind would we?"

Again he read the note and glanced at the diamond merchant's yellow contract slip in his hand. He impulsively thrust it from sight in a corner of his vest pocket—then stared hard and long at the black figures. No one knew what agonies he had suffered as he saw the days pass one by one. And there they were at last, the fatal figures; there could be no mistake. As the clock struck twelve he jerked the figure of the twenty-ninth day from the calendar. The thirtieth day of the loan had begun.

"Can anything under heaven beat that?" he swore. "Without Aunt

Josephine in the case we would now be married. It would have been a simple matter for the deuced jewelry to disappear and find its way to that pig-eyed Jew again before this day. But now—

He shook his head despairingly.

His hand wandered into the pocket of his coat and he started. He withdrew a black mask and stretched it across his eyes, to glance into the mirror. He jerked it off again with a groan, and stole out into the night with his last whispered words sounding through the doorway, "I've simply got to do it."

A ladder placed against the house touched the sill of the window of Nora's room. In a role that he had never exactly played before Alfred Spangler Gregg sneaked up this ladder with the black thing across his face.

A warm breath stole from an opening beneath the pane—a breath as the breath of his betrothed. As he had expected, the window was partially opened for ventilation. Cautiously he pushed it higher—then stepped into the liquid darkness within. A sudden momentary boldness now took possession of him; his hand became steadier, his step softer. One hurried flash from his light showed a corner bureau and, dimly, on the far side of the room, the ghostly covers of a bed.

In the second drawer of the bureau he came upon a small wooden box. After all, he thought, she has placed

her jewel here. He hastily grabbed this beneath his arm and turned again to the window. His head and shoulders were in silhouette against the open square when a long streak of fire shot across the room from within. Alfred Spangler Gregg clutched the box—and the rungs of the ladder before him. It mattered little that half of his vest was torn from his body as it caught on the top of the ladder when he slid downward.

He staggered thru the garden with the taste of warm blood choking him at every painful breath.

From the darkness through the shrubbery of the garden he saw two forms appear at the open window with a light. He saw them remove a piece of rag from the ladder; and although he could not see he knew that in one pocket Nora and her father were bound to find a yellow slip and a newspaper notice that read—"Diamonds loaned on thirty days trial.—40 East Chestnut."

A single shadowy glance into the box showed its emptiness. Alfred Spangler Gregg fell forward upon his face in the shrubbery. His hand clutched once at his throat and relaxed. The dull light of a glow-worm traced words that were dimly scrawled upon the bottom of the box at his side:

"Nora, dear, give this to Al for his collars.—Aunt Josephine."

But the eyes that stared into the shrubbery of the garden saw none of it.



Mr. Sassy Pa-Ma-La

Cleo Coppock, '19.

Have you ever seen one of those high, old-fashioned clocks all black with age and carved with the most grotesque figures? Just such a clock stood in our living room, it was an heirloom of grandmother's and was carved from top to bottom with tulips and forget-me-nots. There were the most wonderful flourishes on it and between them projected little bird heads. Everyone always marveled at its beauty. But that was before they looked at its face for, alas, on it was painted the face of a man, and a most horrible looking man at that. He was grinning and his eyes were so large that they seemed almost ready to pop from their sockets. The children hated this fellow and called him Mr. Sassy Pa-Ma-La. He was constantly looking across the room where was standing on a shelf a most beautiful china maiden. She wore a light green dress with oh, such a lovely girdle and the most dainty of green pumps. Beside her stood a young man. He was also made of china and was dressed in the same pale green material. In his hand he carried an aeroplane. These two china figures were engaged and they were very, very happy.

There was also another figure in the room, a huge plaster-paris Indian who was very marvelous indeed, for he could nod his head. He always took it upon himself to be the Godfather of the china maiden and when Mr. Sassy Pa Ma La asked for her hand in marriage he nodded his head in assent.

"But oh Godfather," mourned the little china maid, "I can never marry that fellow; I hate him. Just look what an ugly face he has; even he is ashamed of it, for he continually holds

his hands across it. And I know he has had many other wives."

"Yes," replied her God father, "Yes; but he is grand and tall and I know he is quite wealthy, for they say he has quite a few jewels inside of him."

Now, at these words, the china maid became quite frightened and turning to her companion told him all that her Godfather had said.

By this time it had grown quite dark and the Old Indian had nodded himself to sleep. But the old man was still awake and still staring at the girl.

"Oh," whispered the maid to the man, "I am quite afraid of that old Mr. Sassey Pa Ma La. I do wish we could get out of this room."

"Well, we can," answered he.

"I would like to know how. Why we are away up here on this shelf and if we jump off, that will be the end of us."

"Well, I'll see if we can't get the aeroplane to help us."

"The aeroplane was very glad to aid these two china figures and soon they were seated and ready to start. But alas, just as they were leaving the room one of the wings hit the door making a most terrible racket, breaking the aeroplane all to pieces and throwing the two china figures to the floor.

Then followed a terrible commotion. Mr. Sassy Pa Ma La began rocking back and forth, crying, "They are running away, they are running away." All the little birds began craning their necks. Even the Old Indian awakened and began to wobble back and forth, casting threatening looks at the two figures.

"Oh, the Old Indian is going to follow us. I know he is. Just see how he is nodding and looking at us," whispered the frightened maiden.

"Well," replied the china man, "I guess the best thing for us to do is to climb into that umbrella stand over yonder, we could stay there a while."

"No we could not. She would tell on us I am sure. Why, she and the Indian were once engaged and when anything like that happens some affection surely remains.

"Well, I guess we shall have to stay here on the floor all night then. Some one may pick us up in the morning."

Just then there was a terrible crash.

The Old Indian had fallen to the floor.

"Oh," sobbed the maid, "I can never leave now. I am so afraid that God-father has been killed. Let us stay by him until morning."

So it was in this position all of them were found on the next morning. The china figures were a little crippled by their fall but were well enough to be placed again side by side on the shelf. However the Old Indian had broken his neck in the fall and had to be mended with a bolt. Wherefore from that time on he could no longer nod his head and could never again give his assent to Mr. Sassy Pa Ma La to marry his daughter.

Mountaineer Life Among the Virginians

W. C. Miller, '17.

Just how dependent the individual is upon others and likewise how dependent the community is upon the country can partly, perhaps, be understood by taking a surface survey of the life among the Virginia mountains. Likewise we may see how man adapts himself to his environment, so that a study of the country in which he lives, brings to us the character and life of the individuals who inhabit that region.

As one visits the Eastern part of Virginia and crosses on over into the "Little Mountain State," they feel as an Irishman once said, that, there was so much dirt and earth that the only way to dispose of it was to pile it up. However the physical material that had barred the progress of man, today is being broken down and man is passing over these plies of stone and dirt. As progress is made, a large amount of the dirt is being loaded on cars and hauled away. The breaking down of barriers and removing of pro-

ducts measures the success of the mountaineer. The building up of a political and economic life in these high regions bring to us a most interesting evolution.

The Appalachian system of mountains so completely covers West Virginia that it has been called the "Switzerland of America." Over in Virginia lie the Alleghany and Blue Ridge mountains, and between them the fertile Shenandoah Valley. "The Home of the Savage Man" to the Indian but to the American the "Garden Spot of the World." Under these mountains and hills lie rich resources of coal, iron, lead, oil and gas. Coal under the pressure of the heavy Alleghanies that today is of such enormous commercial value is mined throughout West Virginia. The Norfolk and Western Railroad opens the great southern field which furnishes Pocahontas coal. The Chesapeake and Ohio opens the Kanawha valley while on the

north the Baltimore and Ohio road hauls away the product from the Pittsburgh veins. It is in the religious operated by these companies that I am to try to describe some of the individuals that make up society.

The home is the propagation and perpetuation of the race, as well as the controlling factor of industry, education, religion and benevolence, likewise of vice and crime. This is well illustrated in the coal fields where the housing conditions are similar, one to another in many respects. Here mountaineers and foreigners dwell in small houses generally well built, and lighted by the capital of the companies. Imagine long rows of one or two story buildings framed and painted alike, standing against a mountain side with the smoke of five hundred coke ovens lying beneath them. Then you may receive an idea of the dwellings in a mining town.

The whole village is often built with one style of houses. Whether it be a three room cottage or a five room house is determined by the coal operators. The inhabitants of these houses are subject to the companies for light, heat and food, the latter usually coming from one large store operated by the company. The miners receive liberal wages for their service but this wage is again returned to the company for necessities.

Labor organizations have done much to improve living conditions among these miners but there is no measure whereby the homes must be kept clean. The most unsanitary conditions exist among the foreigners and negroes.

Very little farming is done in the coal fields. However upon journeying to the mountain ridges, several miles distant from the railroads perhaps, a

few farms may be found. These farms produce largely vegetables and fruits. The recent administration in West Virginia has done much for these farmers by building good roads so that the products can be marketed with less cost. The larger part of the mountains are still covered by forests but the best timber has been cleared away by a "slash" and fires have destroyed much of what remained. However there is a great quantity of hard woods, largely poplar and spruce still left.

It was my pleasure to spend a few days in McDowell county, West Virginia during which time I observed the land with wonder. Late one evening I arrived at a mountain farm home to remain for a few days. Next morning looking out over the hills that seemed to extend forever I found myself very anxious to explore them.

The owner of the home told me that he had lived in his present home for forty years and had raised a large family. His remark meant large in number but one could readily believe that he was referring to the physique of his boys. While walking about I wondered whether a man could really make a living at such an altitude but later I was told that the products bring good prices and the cost of living is very small to the mountain farmer.

The diet is largely fruits and vegetables with some small meats that may be caught in the forest or perhaps raised. At breakfast we had a warm stack of buckwheat cakes and sorghum. Some corn is grown and also wheat but cabbages, tomatoes, potatoes and fruits are the principal crops.

The mountains form the setting of many stories, some of which are very interesting. The old feud between the Hatfields and McCoys that took place

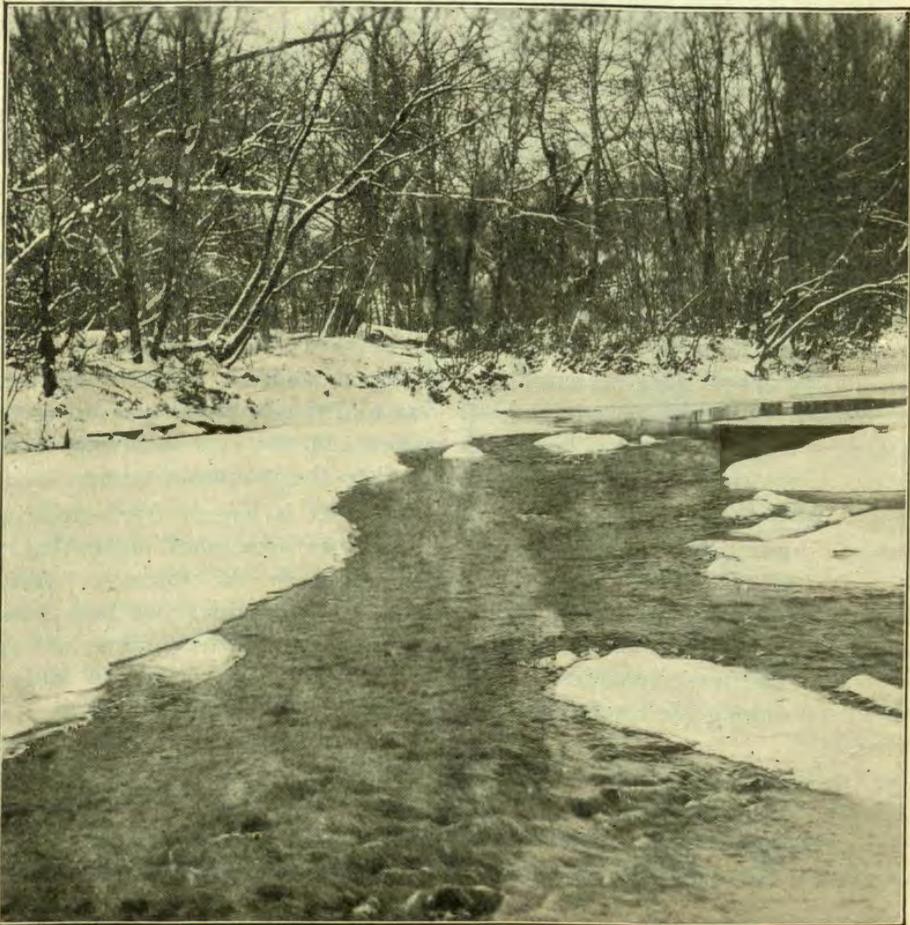
in the hills of West Virginia and the stories of development of coal and harvesting of lumber gives pleasure to many a reader for John Fox Jr. and Thomas Page have made these mountains the scene of their fiction.

Virginia has always been one of the foremost states in education. At boys' schools located in the heart of the hills and girls' seminaries on lofty heights are found some of the most delightful climates for training young people. Nor is West Virginia wanting in schools. The state normal schools, some six in number are providing teachers for the mountains where recent legislation has increased the building fund and teachers' salary.

Ever since Morgan Morgan built

the first home in the West Virginia mountains there has been a place of religious activities. Often the distance between houses of worship is great but the church has done so much in the social development of these regions that even this disadvantage has been overcome by the righteous mountaineers. The hearty mountaineers came from seekers of truth and today they find time to worship from the summits.

In concluding let us remember that Virginia, "The Mother of Presidents" and giver of men to a nation and West Virginia the home of patriotic men and women is today reaping the fruits of a hard toiled beginning and the liberties of our nation.



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AN ENLARGED CRANIUM.

There are people in the world who over estimate their real worth, while others willingly sell themselves below par. Then, there are those who have a fair estimate of true proportion and make an honest effort to fill their place in life. This class of people neither sound their trumpet on the street corner, nor deceitfully display apparent modesty when they have done something worthy of mention. In other words, some seek flattery, some shun it entirely, while others consider the source and pass it up for what it's worth.

We are told that, in some colleges in America and England, there are to be found rare specimens of humanity who think more highly of themselves than they ought to think. It is further stated, that it is not safe to place such parties in responsible position lest they assume an air of superiority quite beyond their natural dignity. To bestow upon them honor is unwise, since this has a tendency to swell the cranium beyond its normal size. Positions of authority always makes them top heavy, which results in considerable noise with but little significance. It is a head disease and has so far baffled eminent doctors and scientists. The worst part about it is, that the fellow who has it don't know it. It is no respecter of persons, since it attacks young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned and affects them all alike. Latest reports state that cold alum water has a tendency to decrease the swelling, yet this fails in extreme cases. Let us hope that Otterbein will escape the malady of the enlarged cranium.

OUR SOCIETY SPIRIT.

From all sides we hear that the literary society spirit is dying. We are forced to wonder whether this true, and granting that it is, whether it is for the best of the institution as a whole. As is true of the spirit underlying and accentuating all policies and organizations, the spirit of our societies is the thing that has been the power behind the throne. It has given us four societies which we are proud to believe stand second to none in their type of organization. If the spirit be dying does it mean that our societies will wither and degenerate to the mediocre? We are inclined to believe and certainly to hope that the spirit is not dying but changing, changing by loss of its undesirable part. There is no justifiable reason or excuse for the feeling of inter-society hatred that flourished here a decade ago. Certainly that part of the spirit was evil and nothing could be more pleasing than to see its rapid decline. On the other hand we must not forget that with the breaking down of this hatred the ever present danger of uprooting the wheat with the tares must be expected. Let us not lose our society spirit but rather let us substitute for hatred and jealousy the positive virtues respect and endeavor. Let us do everything in our power to raise our own society standards, but above all things let our efforts continue to be, as they have been in the recent past, constructive rather than destructive.

IMPROVEMENTS NEEDED IN Y. M. C. A.

We of Otterbein can be justly proud of the fact that our Y. M. C. A. building is the oldest college building for that purpose in the state. Nor have we much of which to be ashamed in the work our Y. M. C. A. has always done and the significant place it still holds in college affairs. As a religious organization it is good and we feel certain that the efforts of those in charge are and have always been sincere. Yet in view of the progressive policies of many such organizations, we feel there is still a great field of activity that as yet has not been touched.

Our parlors offer ample opportunity for improvements which if effected would make those rooms, rather than the shady nooks about town, the social center of the school. The basement could readily be equipped with bowling alleys and billiard tables and other game devices that would give the men of the institution access to these popular pastimes without the evil association of the commercial pool room. A swimming pool would be a most welcome adjunct to our dressing rooms.

Certain it is there would be some objection to the introduction of these things into our Y. M. C. A. Considerable expense would be entailed. Not all these things could be had in an instant but after all is said and done the thing that is most needed is someone who will make a serious attempt at brining these things into our organization. If we stop wishing and instead do a little active work in this line we will accomplish a great deal more than has been done by those of us who have been talking, and with good enough intent too, without getting anything done. Action removes doubt and there are always those who possess the means that will contribute to the right cause.



OUR BASKETBALL OUTLOOK.

The essential requirement for a successful team in any branch of athletics is good material to start with. This season we can not boast of an abundance of that coveted substance. There are some mighty good men out in uniform it is true, but stars have not been so numerous during the past two years as in days gone by. The great handicap in basketball at Otterbein is the limited gymnasium facilities. Our floor is by far too small to permit proper development of skill whether natural or acquired. Bring the best team in the state to our home floor and our boys will run them almost to death. But when our quintet meets the foe on hostile territory where things are of standard regulations, then comes the rub. Our boys are hopelessly lost. Not until Otterbein is favored by such conditions as are encountered away from home, can we boast of perfect basketball teams.

The fighting spirit shown so far this season has been splendid. Turner and Brown make a most formidable pair of guards. "Red" Miller of football fame is putting up some fine exhibitions at center. Peden and Captain Sechrist as forwards are very flashy to say the least. The latter is well known. His basket eye is keen and is carefully considered by opposing teams. George is a hard and conscientious player. He is a most capable leader. The season is yet very young, so we have much left to anticipate.

On the reserve squad are "Dutch" Myers, H. Myers, Paul Miller, Barnhart, Fox, Fellers and a few others. Owing to a sprained knee Fox was unable to show up for practice until recently. This man is in his first year at Otterbein, but shows lots of ability. Mr. Iddings who piloted the successful 1916 football team is in charge of basketball. His ability as a coach in both sports is conceded to be equal. He can be assured of perfect confidence from his men. Every athlete is working hard. Spirit is fine, so we must hope for at least an average season.

Ohio State 52-Otterbein 11.

Columbus Dec. 9—Otterbein bit off a pretty big chunk when she chose to open the present basketball season with Ohio State. Our team was extremely green and little could be expected from it, especially when crossing steel with worthy opponents like our neighbors in the capital city. State's big floor was a puzzle to our men. Her team was aggressive, but missed many chances to score. Norton was the big flash. The plucky captain did not play the entire game but was high scorer by a comfortable margin. Davies also shone.

Sechrist was Otterbein's big noise. Turner and Brown played stellar guard games. Poor passing due to inexperience greatly handicapped the Otterbein quintet. It will take considerable polish before Iddings' men attain a brilliant luster.

Ohio State (52)		Otterbein (11)	Peden	R. F.	Brokaw
Norton (c)	L. F.	Sechrist (c)	Miller	C.	Ensign
Leader	R. F.	Peden	Brown	L. G.	Thompson
McDonald	C.	Miller	Turner	R. G.	Watkins
Bolen	L. G.	Brown			
Davies	R. G.	Turner			

Goals: Norton 7, Leader 4, Floyd 3, Sechrist 3, McDonald 2, Lightner 2, Bolen, Davies, Johnson, Peden.

Fouls—Leader 3, Lightner, Sechrist 3. Substitutions—Lightner for Nolen, Bast for Leader, Courtney for Bolen, Johnson for Floyd, Floyd for Davies, Floyd for McDonald, Myers for Turner. Referee—Hamilton, Notre Dame.

Otterbein 13—Wesleyan 24.

Delaware, O., Dec. 16—One could hardly say that our second game of the season was more than ordinarily interesting. The contest was fiercely engaged but both teams lacked greatly in team work. Neither squad entered the fray with much more than two week's practice, so the showing was inevitable. Otterbein's play was consistent, though many attempts at goal were missed. On the other hand the Wesleyanites cavorted in spasms. At instances they went like world beaters, but they could not maintain the pace. As in the State contest our men were greatly hindered by a large floor. Our own floor is so small that it generally requires about three-fourths of a game to become familiar enough with the floor to present a fair showing.

Brown was a bear at all times. He received a hard bump early in the game, but pluckily stuck to battle. Captain Sechrist led in field goals. Miller played well and outjumped his opponent a good share of the time.

Otterbein (13)		Wesleyan (24)
Sechrist (c)	L. F.	Walters

Goals—Sechrist 4, Miller, Turner, Brokaw 3, Walters, Ensign, Thompson, Watkins, Haliday, Sifrit 2. Substitutions—Sefrit for Ensign, Haliday for Watkins. Referee—Collins, O. S. U.

Alumni 12—Varsity 24.

Westerville, Jan. 6.—The annual contest between the Dayton Alumni and Varsity proved to be a real battle this time. Close guarding by both teams kept the score low. The Old Boys surely had lots of stuff. They were going all the time. On occasions they bade fair to outdo their younger brothers along this line.

Stevens starred. He registered half his team's number of points. He was the most aggressive man on the floor. Often his clever tactics evoked from the spectators loud applauses. Leibcap was there with the goods too. His good natured manner made a tremendous hit. "Skinny" Weinland talked as much as usual. Mattis and "Hicks" Warner played consistently. Miller and Sechrist majored for the Varsity..

Alumni (12)		Varsity (24)
Weinland	L. F.	Peden
Mattis (c)	R. F.	Sechrist (c)
Leibcap	C.	Miller
Stevens	L. G.	Brown
Warner	R. G.	Turner

Substitutions—Alumni: Nelson for Stevens, Stevens for Weinland. Varsity: G. Myers for Turner, P. Miller for Peden. Goals—Sechrist 5, W. Miller 4, P. Miller, Mattis, Stevens, Leibcap and Weinland. Fouls—W. Miller 4 out of 13, Stevens 4 out of 15. Referee—Gammill. Umpire—Watts

Heidelberg 30—Otterbein 27.

Tiffin, Jan. 13.—A real basketball game was the one staged by our quintet and Heidelberg's fast team. From the bat off the game was fast and close Otterbein succeeded in maintaining a slight lead throughout the whole game but were beaten in the last minute of play by two long ringers scored for Heidelberg. Sechrist starred by his floor work and sensational long shots while all the boys played a superb game. Fox played his first in a varsity lineup. Sayger and Kelly were the best bet of Heidelberg.

Lineup.

Heidelberg (30)		Otterbein (27)
Faust	L. F.	Fox
Vosberg	R. F.	Sechrist
Kelly	C.	Miller
Wert	L. G.	Brown
Sayger	R. G.	Turner

Field goals—Sechrist 5, Fox, Miller 2, Peden, Turner, Sayger 6, Vosberg 3, Kelly 3, Faust. Foul baskets—Sayger 6, Fox 5, Miller 2. Substitutions—Heidelberg Mohr for Wert. Otterbein, Peden for Fox. Referee—Bliss of O. S. U.

Freshmen 26—Sophomores 10.

Preliminary to the Alumni game the two underclasses staged a real battle in which some old scores were avenged. The contest was hot and interesting to witness. Fox was the big man for the Freshman. Fellers and Huber were mainstays for the losers.

Freshmen (26)		Sophomores (10)
Miller	L. F.	Palmer
Sweckheimer	R. F.	Huber
Fox	C.	Fellers
Smith	L. G.	Barnhart
Myers	R. G.	Schear

Goals—Fox 5, Miller 2, Sweckheimer, Fellers 2, Huber, Barnhart. Fouls—

Fox 10 out of 16. Fellers 2 out of 4. Substitutions—Siddall for Palmer. Wood for Schear. Referee—Gammill.

Juniors Eliminate Seniors.

Before a small crowd of enthusiastic rooters the much touted Senior quintet was defeated by the Juniors five by a score of 29 to 20.

Owing to the fact that neither team was in condition the game resembled a wrestling match instead of a basketball game. Neither team displayed any passing ability and team work was lacking. The Juniors outclassed the upperclassmen in dropping the ball in the basket and in guarding. Ream bucketed the ball for the first count of the game. Walters scored first for the Seniors with a foul. Garver then dropped one in. Ream evened the count with a field throw. From here on the Juniors could not be stopped and the half ended with the score 15 to 10.

In the second period the Seniors took a spurt but the Juniors soon increased their margin and when the whistle blew for the second time the class of 1917 was humbled by the red and black quintet.

Ream was the shining light for the Juniors while Walters starred for the Seniors.

Lineup.

Juniors (29)		Seniors (20)
Ream (c)	L. F.	Myers
Mayne	R. F.	Garver
Mundhenk	C.	Walters (c)
Higelmeyer	L. G.	Lingrel
Mase	R. G.	Thrush

Substitutions—Frank for Walters, Walters for Myers, Myers for Thrush. Field Basket—Ream 7, Mayne 5, Walters 5, Mundhenk 2, Garver 2, Myers,

Thrush. Fouls—Mayne, 0 out of 5, Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee
Mundhenk 1 out of 4, Ream 0 out of 1, —Gammill. Timer—Neally. Scorer—
Walters 2 out of 7, Garver 0 out of 2. Siddall.



'78.

Dr. T. J. Sanders spent the holidays visiting his son, Prof. E. A. Sanders, '02, at Jersey City, N. J. While there Dr. Sanders attended several of the sessions of the Philosophical Department of the Convention of the American Associations for the Advancement of Science in New York City.

Ex '97.

Mrs. Rufus A. Longman died at her home in Cincinnati, Wednesday, Dec. 20, 1916. The funeral was conducted by Dr. T. J. Sanders, '78, Saturday, Dec. 23, 1916.

'83.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Bovey died at Alpha, N. D., Dec. 11, 1916. The funeral services were held at the Westerville U. B. Church conducted by Rev. E. E. Burtner, '06, assisted by Dr. T. J. Sanders, '78, and President W. G. Clippinger. Attending the funeral were three brothers, Rev. M. S. Bovey, '81; Rev. J. B. Bovey, '92; Rev. W. E. Bovey, '92, and two sisters Miss Ada Bovey, '94, and Miss Alma Bovey.

'82.

John B. Phinney of Tampa, Fla., was killed in a motor accident in San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 29.

'94.

Prof. A. C. Flick of the department

of European History of Syracuse University visited at the Karg home in Westerville during the holidays.

'02.

H. S. Gruver of Indianapolis spent Sunday Dec. 21 in Westerville.

'94.

Rev. J. A. Barnes of Wellesley Hills, Mass., spent the holidays with his mother and sister, Miss Tirza L. Barnes, '85.

'77.

Miss Cora A. McFadden, Dean of Women, visited her brother, T. G. McFadden, '94, of Jersey City, N. J., during the holidays.

'97.

Prof. Alma Guitner visited her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Worman, '07, '01, of Cambridge, Mass., during the holidays.

'15.

The Aegis tenders its heartiest congratulations to Rev. A. C. Van Saun of Industry, Pa., upon the arrival of his first born, William Arthur Jr.

'06.

Mrs. W. M. Gantz was operated upon at Grant hospital, Columbus, for appendicitis, Tuesday morning, Jan. 2. The latest reports are that she is rapidly recovering.

'16-'15.

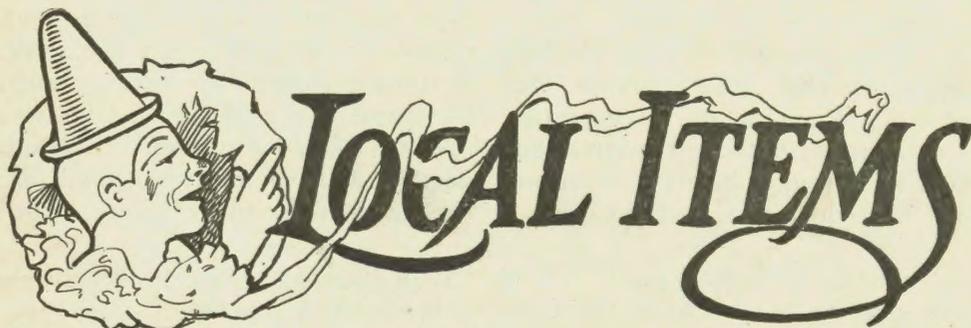
J. M. Shumaker and Miss Ina Fulton were married Wednesday, Dec. 27, at Johnstown, Pa., by the bride's father, Rev. J. S. Fulton D. D. Mr. Shumaker is principal of the high school at Claridge, Pa.

'15.

J. S. Steiner and Miss Frances Sage, were married on January 7 at the home of the bride. The Aegis wishes to extend hearty congratulations and best wishes for the future.

'03.

D. Frank Adams, who recently took a degree in Agriculture at the University of Minnesota is now director of the Agricultural Department of the Renville Associated Schools, Renville, Minn. Mr. Adams not only directs the agricultural work of the schools, but also holds community meetings. As this part of the country is largely settled by foreigners this phase of the work is very important.



The Parish Players appeared in the third number of the Lyceum course on Tuesday evening, Dec. 5. A very excellent program was rendered.

The Otterbein Glee Club gave their initial concert before a large and appreciative audience in the Linden Methodist Church, Friday evening, Dec. 8. The concert was promoted by the "Boosters" Men's Class of that church.

Captain Richmond P. Hobson gave his lecture on "Destroying the Great Destroyer" at a meeting held in the United Brethren Church, Saturday evening, Dec. 9. This lecture by the hero of the Merrimac is said to be one of the best ever delivered before a Westerville audience. Captain Hobson has come to Ohio to help in the Dry Ohio Campaign.

A little girl was shown her newly-arrived baby brother. Looking at him lovingly she said, "When will he talk mother?"

"Oh not for a long time yet," said the mother.

"Yes, but when?" persisted the child.

"Well, not for a year or so."

After thinking for a minute the child exclaimed, "How funny, Miss Clark read out of the Bible this morning that Job cursed the hour he was born."

Dr. J. G. Huber, pastor of the First United Brethren Church of Dayton, exchanged pulpits with Rev. Burtner Sunday, Dec. 10. Dr. Huber preached in the morning on the subject, "The Deity of Christ." In the evening the story of Johnnie McNeal was reviewed in a very interesting and helpful manner.

At the Science Club meeting of Dec. 11, H. B. Cassel read a paper on the "Scientific Investigation of Cancer," "Some Economic and Social Aspects of the Textile Problem" was then discussed by Meryl Black. Professor Weinland discussed the "Historical Development of Chemistry."

The Chapel period Tuesday morning, Dec. 12, was occupied by the president of Ohio State's Y. M. C. A. Mr. Dyer presented conditions as they are in the prison camps of Europe. After a brief presentation of facts an appeal was made for financial aid to help carry relief to the prisoners. This was the beginning of the campaign which resulted in the gift of three hundred and twenty dollars by students of Otterbein to this worthy cause.

A mistake?—A theological student was sent one Sunday to supply a vacant pulpit in a neighboring town. A few days later he received a copy of the weekly paper of that place with the following item marked:

"Rev. _____ of the senior class of Otterbein University supplied the pulpit at the Congregational Church last Sunday, and the church will be closed three weeks for repairs."

The second recital of the School of Music was given Tuesday evening, Dec. 12, in Lambert Hall. A special feature of the recital was a guitar and mandolin ensemble number, which was very well received.

An exhibit was held by the students of the Art Department, Friday afternoon, Dec. 15. Every phase of the work of the department was shown. The exhibit delighted all who were present.

The Christmas cantata, "The Star of Bethlehem" by J. Flaxington Harker was given by the choir Sunday evening, Dec. 17, before an audience that completely filled the auditorium of the church. The cantata was very beautifully rendered by the choir which consisted of forty-five trained voices. Professors Bendinger and Grabill are to be congratulated upon their efforts which made the rendering of the cantata such a success.

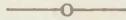
Two Otterbein students enjoyed their Christmas vacation by parting with portions of their anatomies. W. P. Hollar underwent an operation upon his throat, while Walter Schutz was operated upon for appendicitis. Both gentlemen have recovered and are back at their school work once more.

"Noah, there was a time in your career
When easily you could
By very simple means, indeed,
Have done exceeding good
But you, alas, were derelict
And lost the glory prize
By failing, when you had the chance
To swat that pair of fles."

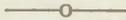
The following Otterbeinites attended the Intercollegiate Convention at Lexington, Kentucky over the holidays: R. M. Bradfield, M. S. Manongdo, L. B. Mignery, A. P. Peden and V. L. Phillips.

The new pipe organ in the Chapel was dedicated Friday evening, Jan. 5 by Mr. J. Lawrence Erb. Mr. Erb is president of the Teachers' National Music Association and Director of the Department of Music at the University of Illinois. The program was very much varied and every number was well rendered. President Clip-

pinger announced at the beginning of the dedicatory service that the organ was given by Mrs. Mary Judy Flickinger and husband as a memorial to Dr. Henry Garst. The organ itself is a very large one. Although it is not a full three manual organ it has the effects of a much larger organ.



C. W. Vernon was called home Saturday, Jan. 6, on account of the serious illness of his father. Since the word has been received that his father passed away the following morning.



The question to be debated this year by the Varsity Debate Teams is, "Resolved: That the United States Government should own and operate a merchant marine for our foreign trade." The teams have been chosen by Professor Fritz and are as follows: On the affirmative team are Captain V. L. Phillips, J. P. Hendrix and J. O. Todd. On the Negative team are Captain A. W. Neally, F. O. Razor and R. M. Bradfield. Otterbein's hopes run high with these two teams in the field.



"News are scarce" since Christmas vacation—not much excitement on except changing tables in the dining

room. I take that back—the girls at the south end of second floor had, for a while visions of standing out cold absolutely homeless. For further particulars see Betty. It is a very touching story of the "The iron, the maid and the towel."

"Our Prexy was over to see us! Incidentally he told us to go to—Sunday School.

We thought for a while that Helen Bovee had left us for good, but I guess they had no "Cherry dope" down in Florida.

Vera Stair had as her guest Miss Marie Brock of Barberton.

Gladys and Buddy entertained to a little dinner party last Sunday.

Miss Gladys Howard was guest at Oxley Hall, Ohio State. She went primarily (?) to see the Ohio-Wisconsin basketball game.

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