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OTTERBEIN ÆGIS



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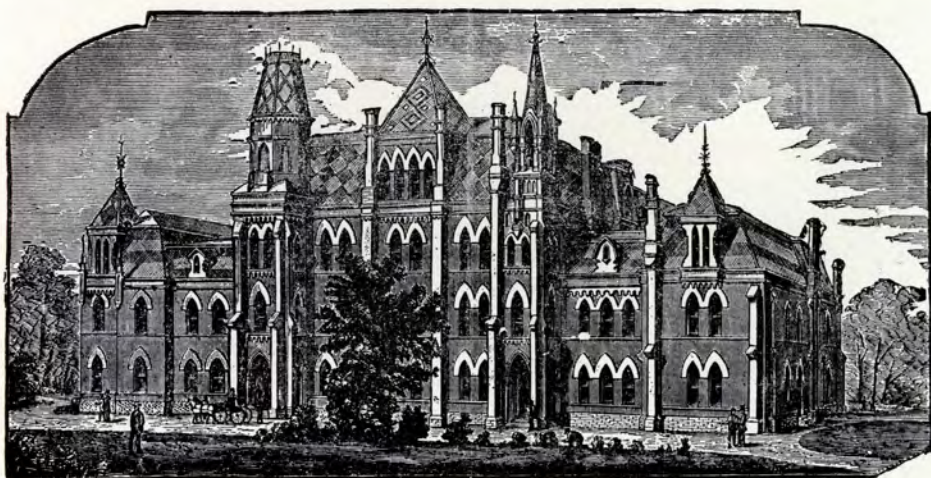


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OTTERBEIN AEGIS.

VOL. VI.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, MAY, 1896.

No. 9.

SHORT SKETCHES OF THE SENIORS.

A. B.

WILLIAM HOLLAS ANDERSON,

Of Lake Fork, O., was born July 4, 1860, at Mohican, O. At the age of two and one-half years, he was bereft of his parents, his father having been killed at the second battle of Vicksburg. From this early age to the present time, Mr. Anderson has been forced to make his own way in the world and '96 can well be proud of the gentleman. He has had wide experience as a teacher and out of the last six years, two were spent at the Seminary and four at Otterbein. Mr. Anderson is well prepared for life's work and besides his many excellent qualities, he possesses a wife.

LULA MAY BAKER,

Class Treasurer, was born at Keedysville, Md., May 14, 1874. She has had wide acquaintance with educational institutions, being a graduate of the Keedysville High School, a student at Kee Mar College, from which place she went to Lebanon Valley College, graduating there in the musical department in '92. The last four years of her life have been spent in Otterbein. She has excellent musical ability and in many ways exhibits good traits of character. Otterbein will enroll her next year as a student of music.

FRANK ORVILLE CLEMENTS

Has been a Westerville lad from start to finish. Born Nov. 9, 1873, within distance of our Otterbein, nothing else could be expected of this gentleman, than a full course in O. U. Surrounded by college students all his life time he soon saw the advantage of a system-

atic course of study. So in his record, he will be found regular in curriculum, occupying seven years to finish his course. The gentleman has chosen chemistry as his special line of work, and hopes to spend two years investigation upon the subject, followed by one year east. He will spend his summer vacation at Chautauqua.

NOAH EDWARD CORNETET

Was born June 2, 1867, at Taylorsville, Highland county, O., and spent his youthful days much as good boys do. The gentleman has had considerable experience in the outside world, having taught two years, followed by four years of preaching. This undoubtedly prepared him well for college work, for no brighter and more conscientious worker can be found in '96. He also has a wife and two very promising children. After a short rest at his home in Hillsboro, the gentleman will preach. On account of his ability much is expected of him by his classmates.

CHARLES ROBERT FRANKUM

Comes from Dayton, Va., at which place he was born Dec. 28, 1872. Shenandoah Institute has him enrolled as a graduate, this event occurring June 8, 1892. For two years after this, he was principal of Linville High School. Two years ago he saw fit to finish his education at Otterbein. Mr. Frankum has ability along more than one line. He is a ready speaker and if he chooses some line of work congenial, we predict success. The gentleman expects to teach the coming year.

JASPER MAURICE MARTIN

Came to Milford Center, Ohio, Oct. 22, 1872. His early education was begun at the Marys-



	MINSHALL.	CORNETT.	LONGMAN.	RHOADES.	FRANKUM.
	CLEMENTS.	STONER.	HOSTETLER.	ESCHBACH.	MARTIN.
MILLER.	SHAUCK.	RICHER.	THOMAS.	DOTY.	
ANDERSON.		BAKER.	MAUGER.	SHROCK.	

ville schools and shortly before graduating from the High School, the gentlemen engaged in teaching for a period of two and one-half years. From this line of work, which seems to fit one so well for college work, he attended the Central College Academy. After graduation, he taught in the Academy for one year. O. U. has ranked Mr. Martin as one of her good students for three years. The gentleman has good prospects for the future, working the coming vacation for a large bridge firm in Columbus with a possibility of teaching the ensuing year.

FREDERICK STANLEY MINSHALL

Hails from Chatham, Ont., but thrown as he has been with loyal sons of Uncle Sam, we always expect to keep him. He was born at Thamesville, Ont., March 17, 1869. Everybody knows Fred and everybody likes him. He first became acquainted with Otterbein in 1884. Not that it took him twelve years to finish the course, but like others in the class, many a year was spent at hard work. After such struggles, Fred graduates from O. U. the friend of all. A versatile writer, a clear and logical thinker, a clever and powerful man. The gentleman intends to be a circuit preacher, so he says, which means that he will travel some and preach occasionally.

WILLIAM ROBERT RHOADES

Came to Butler, Ind., Sept. 28, 1876. While yet a boy, his parents moved to Ohio and Mr. Rhoades began his school work at Fostoria, graduating from the High School at that place. After this he entered the Fostoria Academy and took a preparatory course two years in length. After a successful period of work as tutor in the Academy, he came to O. U. Two very profitable and successful year's work permit the gentleman to go out in '96. He is every inch a man, dignified and scholarly. Will teach quite likely.

CLARENCE BIRCH STONER

Calls Sulphur Grove, O., his home and happened to discover that fair spot Oct. 7, 1873.

His early career was as uneventful as well could be, considering the life and energy he possesses. He graduated in 1887 from the High School at Sulphur Grove and in the fall of '90 came to Otterbein. This step Birch has never regretted for he has made for himself a wide circle of friends. The gentleman is another one of the brightest members of the class and will spend the coming year studying law at some prominent school of the state.

PH. B.

JESSE ERNEST ESCHBACH, CLASS HISTORIAN,

Was born at Warsaw, Ind., July 23, 1874. He graduated with honors from the Warsaw High School in 1892, being the valedictorian. The following year he came to Otterbein where he has enjoyed many distinctions and occupied important positions in college circles. This is due to his ability as an all-round student. A very bright and able young man. He has not planned out his future course of action sufficiently to give a definite announcement. He however will study law perhaps at Ann Arbor and take his final degree at Harvard.

EDWARD EVERETT HOSTETLER

Is an Indiana gentleman and can be reached by mail at Peru. He entered upon a successful life's career April 3, 1867. The five years just before entering O. U. were spent in applying the principles of pedagogy. Edward is known to the young and to many citizens of the village as the champion pole vaulter of the state. To his classmates he is known as a smart, energetic young man, one that will succeed wherever you put him. He has spent four years and one term in Otterbein and has always identified himself with college improvements.

WILLIAM LEVI RICHER, CLASS PRESIDENT,

Also claims Peru, Ind., as his birthplace and sets the date Dec. 21, 1872. He graduated in 1886 from a country school and afterwards attended North Manchester College for one

year. In the fall of 1890 he entered O. U. with the intention of graduating. Because of many amiable characteristics he is well liked, especially by the girls. The gentleman has always shown a fondness for mathematics, although his class work has all been exceptionally good. In the near future he expects to take post graduate work in mathematics at Johns Hopkins. The coming year will probably be spent in teaching.

WILBERT RAY SCHROCK

Was born west of Westerville Aug. 27, 1873. He graduated from the Westerville High School May 27, 1891. Ray has spent a large portion of his life upon the farm and may remain there next year. His arrangements or plans for the future are not definite. His special line of work has been science and as soon as circumstances will permit he expects to devote his entire attention to some branch of the great field of knowledge. His college life has lasted five years. A quiet, studious gentleman, whom the writer much admires.

B. L.

EVA BYRDE DOTY

Was born at Findlay, O., Jan. 13, 1875, and can be found at Bowling Green, O. Her father is a preacher, and owing to this, Eva is hard to locate. She graduated from the Bowling Green High School in '92 and has spent the last three years of her life at O. U. Miss Doty possesses good musical talents and expects to spend the coming school year at some eastern school where the musical opportunities are exceptionally fine.

RUFUS ADOLPHUS LONGMAN

Was born at Germantown, O., Jan. 12, 1869. Altho Mr. Longman has but lately joined the class, yet his classmates feel that he has always been with them. He has spent five years at Otterbein and in more than one way has manifested his abilities. He is a fluent talker and a very capable man. Immediately after commencement, he leaves for York, Neb., where

he assumes charge of the First U. B. Church. This is also the college pulpit, making Mr. Longman college pastor.

IDA MAUGER

Arrived at Etna, Licking county, O., March 3, 1872. After a very eventful childhood she entered Shaucks High School, where she spent four years. Her experience with Otterbein and Westerville people lasted six years, two years being spent in musical study, and the last four in college work, which allows the lady to go out in '96. She is much loved by her classmates for her quiet, modest bearing and for her many good qualities. Her work next year, as far as she can tell at the present, will be musical study at some good institution.

LOUIS KOSCIUSKO MILLER, VICE PRES.

Was born at Clinton, O., July 11, 1873. His early years were spent in the public school where he diligently applied himself to his studies. "Doc," alias "Pasiphae," is a genial good fellow, and is a favorite with all with whom he has come in contact during his five years at O. U. His absence will be felt on the baseball team, in which he has filled the position of shortstop. "Doc" possesses—what so many lack—plenty of good sense. He expects to take a vacation of one year before entering his life's work. May his mantle fall on worthy shoulders.

HELEN CAMILLE SHAUCK, SEC'Y AND POET,

One of the most gifted members of the class, was born at Dayton, O., May 3, 1877. Helen, by her genial and energetic ways, keeps all class work moving, and much of the success that comes to '95 will be due to her efforts. She has spent five years at Otterbein and has made in that time a host of true friends. Her musical talent is very rare, her abilities unnumbered, and owing to this, her friends will expect much of her. After a summer vacation spent in visiting her old time college friends, she intends to seek out some prominent eastern institution and there finish her education. It is unnecessary to say that her musical ability will be carefully trained along with regular college

duties. Otterbein loses one of her best daughters in Helen.

KATHERINE THOMAS

Was born at Johnstown, Pa., Dec. 10, 1875. Four years ago Katherine, who by the way survived the flood, came to Otterbein, where she has been a universal favorite. She has always proved herself a faithful, conscientious student and expects to continue her studies next year at some eastern school. Doubtless Miss Thomas and Miss Shauck will arrange to go east together, being such intimate friends at O. U. We can safely claim for Miss Thomas many excellent qualities that but a limited few possess, and we would advise people not only to watch the career of '96 people, but also this lady in particular.

"THROUGH COLORADO SPRINGS AND THE GARDEN OF THE GODS."

F. S. M., '96.

COLORADO SPRINGS, perched upon an eminence on the eastern slope of Pike's Peak, is a beautiful little city of 11,000, modernly equipped and free from almost every feature by which the eastern dweller is accustomed to characterize the West. The streets are broad and well shaded, the dwellings cottage-shaped, wide and commodious, ample gardens, mountain water, electric lights and transportation facilities of every description. There are churches of different denominations, public schools, a college and public halls, where as a suitable centre, conventions of different kinds are quite frequently held.

In the business portion of the city are the various hotels, wholesale houses, warehouses, curio-shops, assay and mining offices, beside the almost innumerable number that supply the "et ceteras" of life. The springs from which the city takes its name are not here but eight miles away, which accounts, in great part at least, for the great number of hacks, omnibuses and carryalls lined up about the depots and on certain street corners, each labeled with its respective destination, some to "The Peak,"

some to "The Garden," some to "The Springs," some "The Caves," and the drivers shouting out their accommodations to passers by, produces not a little confusion and adds to the stranger's first impression that it is a vigorous and active little place.

The city is scattered over quite a large area and in general appearance is a veritable villa, everything is laid out on broad and generous principles characteristic of its inhabitants, to the fullest extent of the phrase. Here the poor man comes for wealth, the rich man comes for pleasure while the purity of its atmosphere is a boon to invalids and its transparency has wrought many a stranger woe. The busy hum of life pervades all things and a seemingly happier and more contented people is elsewhere difficult to find. Besides being far famed as a health resort and the richness of its gold deposits, the beauty and grandeur of its surrounding scenery is hard to excel.

On the eastern side of the city, and, beyond the gulch, is Colorado Springs College with its beautiful stone buildings and magnificent sweep of campus, beyond this the receding tops of the foothills stretch away to the Kansas plains, while a like view is seen toward the south. On the west and between the city and the mountains is a valley several hundred feet deep a mile wide at this place and ten miles long, in the northern end of which is the Garden of the Gods. On the opposite side of the valley, the mountains rise like a great wall, shutting all things else from view. Indeed the whole western and northern horizon is mountains, rising from right and left as far away as the eye can pierce, changing in color from blue to gray and from gray to brown as their bold fronts sweep by, increasing in stature, rugged beyond description and rent by great chasms and cut by deep canons, rising still higher tier upon tier their rocky summits now scraping the clouds, now cleaving them in feathery streamers, now gazing sheer upon them from above. And yet boldly from the centre of them all seventeen miles away northwest, rises hoary old Pike's Peak, 14,147 feet above sea-level,

now clad, majestic and beautiful, his icy crowns still sparkling in the sun as in the day that gave him birth. From his base a tributary of the Arkansas starts on its way to the sea, which washing the iron pyrites of the mountain along its course resembles the river Pactolus with its sands of gold.

The scenery of this whole region is of the wildest nature. The beauty of the massive prevails. Everything is of huge proportions and so unsymmetrical in shape, so irregular in outline that it almost defies description. The foreground toward the west is occupied by the foothills and the miniature table land upon which the city itself is built. Away in the distance is the little village of Manitou just at the base of the peak where the springs are situated. An artist could find no better place on earth to study the varying forms of clouds, the sunrise and sunset tints and all the forms of mountain scenery.

It is as a health resort that Colorado Springs is known to the world and its proximity to the Garden of the Gods, without which popularizing antecedents it would be known only as a small mining town. Modern civilization has not yet found it expedient to construct a railroad through the last named place and up to this time two old time highways have supplied the demand. One of these taking a westerly direction leaves the city and descends immediately into the valley. The other, following a more circuitous and more scenic route, leads due northward four miles then westward one. As a person passes along the latter of these no vegetation of any consideration appears, the trees, except here and there a few transplanted ones, have been swept from valley and plain and far up the mountain sides. The grass which in the early spring gave promising growth parches in the August sun and the only growth that breaks the dull monotony of the brown earth is the unsympathetic looking cactus and sage brush.

Directly before us, as we journey on, the two red sandstone cliffs of the gateway slowly rise to view. They are yet three miles away,

though it seems incredible to believe them even one. We meet many vehicles on the way for travel on this road is heavy. We passed two "prairie schooners" that were bound for the gold camps. By the time an hour has elapsed, we are standing on the verge of the valley and out before us like a panorama stretches the Garden of the Gods. The feeling that comes to one under such a circumstance is hard to describe. The world seems to have receded, suddenly into a bygone age and a person is led unconsciously into a meditation of the fearful age that produced the awful convulsion of which these things alone remain to tell the story. Great masses of rock weighing hundreds and thousands of tons are as thickly scattered about, as though a great mountain had bursted and rolled into the valley below. There is no order or arrangement to anything, nothing but suggestions of the awful Being to whom human life is a mere incident and mountains in His hands are but moulds of clay. From the midst of this waste rise several cliffs of red sandstone, varying in height from twenty to eighty feet, with every evidence in their structure and relative positions of having been at one time parts of a great mountain that shot its peak high into the heavens which, after the lapse of time by the action of the elements is now well nigh destroyed. Viewed from the distance and in the dim light it suggests the old battlefields of the giants who, armed with rocks and trunks of trees opposed the power of Jupiter. Here are great masses of igneous rock piled up in the wildest confusion, there sections of sedimentary formations standing sheer on edge as though some mighty hand had lifted them bodily from their beds. If gods delight in disorder and lawless grandeur, then this place has been rightly named; if in beauty of color and symmetry no more unbecoming term could have been applied. Shrubs of different kinds have sprung up wherever sufficient moisture permitted, giving it, if perchance, a still more weird appearance. Verdure is quite luxuriant along the little stream that rushes boisterously over and through and around the rocks and

winds away to the southward, while the scrub pines find hard luck trying to maintain themselves on the barren rocks. Here and there are small artificial lakes, upon which some prospecting or romantically inclined Yankee has chosen to erect a summer residence.

If a person be afoot he may descend immediately into the valley from this point, if in a vehicle or burroback a circuit of two miles is necessary to make the descent. The road that winds northward on the verge of the valley leads southward in its trough and after many a twist and turn passes straight westward through the gateway. At this place it is no more than twenty feet wide and on either side the cliffs rise and overhang eighty feet above and their soft surfaces are marred and defaced by people who seek fame by placing their names in conspicuous places.

A little beyond these two gigantic sentinels a number of smaller pedestals appear, about twelve in all, giving to their imaginative christener, doubtless, a fancied resemblance to the forms or thrones of the ancient gods. In the northernmost cliff is a cave, some fifteen feet high, and is the result of a wedge-shaped section of sandstone, under the action of water, dissolving and running out a small aperture below. A curio seller has his stand near by, where with file and saw he manufactures little images of various designs. Three or four signs are stuck up in noticeable places, "No dogs allowed," while one, which evidently indicates the sacred character of the place runs thus: "Private property keep out." The distance from this point to the springs is covered by scenery, so commonplace, that it almost sinks from sight compared with the massive walls of granite that now rise from either side. The peak is no longer visible only huge barriers of gray and brown stone that obscure the sun almost at noonday. Directly ahead is Little Ute canon, to the right is "Great Ute," two fearful gorges that open their mouths on the valley. How many ages must have elapsed to wear those hideous rents, 'tis folly even to suppose, and how high these same mountains were, before

the action of time had rolled their summits into the valleys, probably no mortal, for certain knows. Here on every hand are evidences, however, that these great masses of rock lying scattered about were at one time loosed from their rocky thrones and sent thundering down over crags and precipices to the depths below.

To the right, up Great Ute canon, are two places of scenic interest the "Cave of the Winds" and "Rainbow Falls," a trail over the mountains from this point leads to the famous Cripple Creek gold regions. The village of Manitou lies just ahead up Little Ute canon and the real ascent of Pike's Peak begins. Here are the mineral springs, iron, sulphur and soda, bubbling naturally from the ground. Different companies have appropriated them for money making purposes and erected hotels above or around them. The best springs are those farthest up the canon, at this place too ends the Garden of the Gods.

"BILL" NYE.

J. P. WEST, '97.

WITHIN the last few months America has lost two of the happiest and most congenial spirits which have ever written verses to give cheer to tired minds, or penned lines to lighten the cares of life. The first of these was Eugene Field, the delightful poet and essayist, the other was that prince of all good fellows, the gentlest of all true men, he who held unchallenged a front rank among American funny men—Edgar Wilson Nye.

Both were just in the prime of life. Field was forty-five and Nye was forty-six years old. These two men had lived together, they had dined together, they had written together, they had delighted immense audiences together from the same platform, they sympathized with each other, they thought together, they had become the warmest friends; and who doubts but that in that far off eternal world of joy they are still loving each other and living together?

"Bill" Nye as he is most familiarly known

was born in Shirley, Maine, the birthplace also of the great philosophical humorist, Josh Billings. At the age of two years according to his own story he took his parents by the hand and led them to the West. They settled in Wisconsin and his father being a farmer, he followed the plow until twelve years old, at which time he entered an academy and there received his education. In 1876 he went to Wyoming where he studied law and was admitted to the bar.

There, as he says, he practiced law in a quiet way, "though frequently warned by the authorities not to do so." The profession not proving lucrative enough for him, he drifted into journalism, writing a Sunday letter at the rate of \$1 per column. The sum which he received in one year from this source amounted to \$60 and he said that this amount so dwarfed his income from his law practice that he decided to take up newspaper writing as a profession. He soon became editor of a paper called the "Boomerang." This paper was published over a livery stable and at the door he had a sign advising callers "to twist the tail of the gray mule and take the elevator." A long time afterward he wrote an ode to the mule. A part of it runs like this:

Thou timid, trusting, orphan mule!
 Few joys, indeed, are thine,
 Thou thrice-bestricken, madly,
 Mournful, melancholy mule,
 And he alone who strews,
 Thy pathway with his cold remains
 Can give the recompense
 Of melancholy woe.
 He who hath sought to steer
 Thy limber, yielding tail
 Ferninst thy crupper band
 Hath given thee joy, and he alone.
 'Tis true he may have shot
 Athwart the zodiac, and, looking
 O'er the outer walls upon
 The New Jerusalem,
 Have uttered vain regrets.
 Thou reckest not, O orphan mule,
 For it hath given thee joy.

Attention was first called to his humorous writing on account of his vigorous English. His reply to a college professor who asked him

to answer in the columns of the Boomerang, "What is literature?" furnishes a good example of this. The following was his answer; "Cast your eye over these logic imbued columns, you sun-dried savant from the remote precincts. Drink at the never-failing springs of forgotten lore, you drop-sical wart of a false and erroneous civilization. Read our "Address to Sitting Bull," or our "Ode to the Busted Snout of a Shattered Venus de Milo," if you want to fill up your thirsty soul with high priced literature. Don't go around hungering for literary pie while your eyes are closed and your capacious ears are filled with bales of hay."

During his two years work on the Boomerang, Nye earned a fortune and with it came fame. His writings were copied in every sheet that saw the light of day, and as his identity was not yet known thousands of readers wondered who this new genius of the Wyoming uplands was, whose humor was to be compared with that of Burdette, Nasby and Ward. Then an explanation appeared that the writer of these sketches was "Bill" Nye and from that day his name has been the insignia of fun and laughter in every sanctum and home in America.

The first of his letters to attract general public attention was written in 1881. He had been appointed as a court commissioner in the West; but the office affording no considerable remuneration he resigned. About this time a letter purporting to be his resignation appeared. It was directed to the Department of Justice. After describing in his best humor the inconveniences and poverty of his office and asserting that he was about to die "from exposure and a temporary stagnation of underclothes, I now resign," said he. "Congress may take such action as it may see fit. Whatever appropriation is made will be thankfully received and receipted. I would also receipt my winter pants at the same time. I resign while I have the manhood still left to overmaster my fiendish desire to embezzle the coal hod and front door of my office. Yours with a passionate desire for grub."—"Bill" Nye.

He now came East and began to write for a large number of papers in every section, and continued the same until his death. In the last few years he filled important lecture engagements with Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. So whether writing or lecturing, in the last fifteen years his name has been inseparably associated with the greatest humorists of the world. The last few years of his life is so familiar to all that it needs not to be reviewed further than to note that it was passed in quiet in the beautiful home at Asheville, North Carolina, where he was surrounded and blessed with all the richest luxuries which nature could provide.

"Sometimes it is perfectly tiresome waiting for a man to die so that you will feel safe in saying what you think of him." These are words from the last letter which he furnished the papers and which appeared the day following his death. And how true they are! But now, so recently he has gone from among us, it is impossible to determine just what place "Bill" Nye made for himself in the field of letters, but we know certainly, that at the time of his death he was the most popular and the best representative of that school of humor to which he belonged. He was chief among those fun-makers who have given to America its reputation for humor, and the jokes which originated with him and his associates have become quite as popular in Europe as here. So popular indeed did they become that they found many cheap imitators in England.

In commenting on the humor in England he once said: "If we scan the English literary horizon we find the humorist up a tall tree, depending from a sharp knot thereof by the slack of his overalls. He is just out of sight at the time you look in that direction. He always has a man working in his place however. The man who works in his place is paring down the half sole and newly pegging a joke that has recently been sent in by the foreman for repairs."

"Bill" Nye was a commentator on every day life, a humorist of the people, one whose pen touched every condition of life and every subject worthy of attention. It mattered not

whether the subject was Benedict Arnold or matrimony, whether the circus or Cicero, whether etiquette or eloquence, whether oysters, oratory or bloomers all were touched by his pure humor, salient wit and keenest satire. He observed everything and never failed in seeing the things which would afford subjects for his happiest thoughts.

He recently became interested in the opening up of the unsettled tracts in the West. The following was his observation on Oklahoma: "Greece and Rome may flaunt their lurid history in our faces and point with pride to their deceased orators and warriors and statesmen, but Rome never held out such inducements to the vexed and the hopeless as the young commonwealth of Oklahoma. Greece may boast of her greatness, but where is she to-day? Five cents worth of ammonia would remove her from the map of the world. But regard Oklahoma! With good board at \$8 per week including use of roller towel, bar soap and iron sink, one may in 90 days obtain a residence and a divorce at a cost that seems a mere bagatelle."

He believed that truth was an essential ingredient of all true wit and however quaint his expression or grotesque the exaggeration the element of truth was always kept in mind. Some have thought that a large measure of his success as a humorist was due to the conscientious manner in which he had studied his theme and had gone to the depths of it to find the cold facts.

In politics "Bill" Nye was an ardent Republican, and although it was not generally known, he was a very adroit politician. However in his speeches and writings he never allowed his partisanship to show itself. Mark Twain once asked him what he thought of the Democratic party. After relating an instance in which a Democratic drugstore man gave out a box of "Rough on Rats" for a package of "Russia salve" he concluded that "what the Democratic party needs is not so much a new platform as a car load of assorted brains that some female seminary had left over."

The great humorist had a reputation for very

MANAGERS



W.L. RICHTER
1906



F.O. CLEMENTS
1906



J.M. MARTIN
1906

ÆGIS.



L.A. BENNETT
1907



J.F. FOTHERGILL
1907

EDITORS ONLY



E.E. HOSTETLER
1906



J.E. ESCHBACH
1906



J.B. OTTERBEIN
1906

great gentleness and amiability and more than once has his genuine good humor been a boon to his companions. He very aptly compliments himself on this point in one of his letters. "I am" said he, "thoroughly refined and have a sweet nature, so sunny at times that I have to be careful not to sit too near the ferns in the conservatory, and often when I am feeling well one smile will prematurely ripen a lemon tree."

Although 'Bill' Nye was singularly adapted for humorous writing on account of the happy faculty which he had of looking at the ludicrous side of everything, yet there is little questioning that if he had so desired he would have been famed as one of the keenest satirists of his age. But he gave to the world a full measure of fun, and many a disconsolate and weary soul has been made happy by the warmth and glow of his humor. Every sentence of his discourse beamed with sunshine and there is hardly a home in America in which he has not bound some most beautiful rainbow hopes. The humorist who sowed smiles not tears, who did what he could to lift the burdens of life from many shoulders—

"Has gone to the land of no laughter,
The one who made mirth for us all."

TO "BILL" NYE.

O "William," in thy blithe companionship
What liberty is mine—what sweet release
From clamorous strife, and yet what boisterous peace.
Ho, Ho! It's thy fancy's finger tip
That dints the dimple new and kinks the lip,
That scarce may sing, in all this glad increase
Of merriment. So, pray thee, do not cease
To cheer me thus, for, underneath the quip
Of thy droll sorcery, the wrangling fret
Of all distress is still. No syllable
Of sorrow vexeth me. No teardrops wet
My teeming lids save those that leap to tell
Thee thou'st a guest that overweepeth yet
Only because thou jokest overwell.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE BROKEN HEART.

J. E. ESCHBACH, '96.

Centuries before the red man had pitched his
rude wigwam in the picturesque region of

northern Indiana and while yet the only sounds
echoing and re-echoing in the surrounding for-
ests were the chirpings of chipmunks or the
melodious calls of the bobolinks, Nature in
gayest attire and happiest mood passing through
a secluded and well nigh impassable spot came
upon a dying eagle.

Her tender heart was deeply touched and as
the fond and loving mother stooped over her
expiring child and read in those half closed eyes
the dreary tale of a drearier life, the gentlest
feelings of compassion and pity overcame her
and bending nearer she whispered in accents
kind and low, "My child, thou proudest and
mightiest of the airy tribes, thy life is almost
ended and death will soon conquer thee as in
time she will all earthly life, even I, the pos-
sessor and ruler of all must sooner or later bow
to her unmistakable decree, and as a fitting re-
ward for your dutiful life I give thee my loved
one these last remembrances of parting friends"
and in the shades of the lofty hills sad
Nature poured over the prostrate body of her
dead king tears. Ay! grievous tears, the
loosened springs of a broken heart and as the
waters buried from Nature's sight the mourned
one, the glistening sheets spread in rippling
waves across the eagle's remains and to-day
nestling among those beautiful scenes is a lake
of the purest, bluest and most sparkling water
in exact form and truest picture of the dying
eagle.

One wing of this mighty, living monument
tips with graceful curves the fields of waving
wheat and growing corn while across its placid
bosom steals the far away tingle of the herds-
man's bell or the simple harvest song. From
the other gently rising hills withdraw to the
shadowy protection of giant oaks and grand old
maples. On the brow of these hills overlooking
with indescribable splendor the waters beneath,
the wearied citizens of the neighboring popu-
lace have hidden their odd and fantastic sum-
mer homes. Massive rocks o'ershadowing the
cool, sequestered pool, on whose surface the
pure and spotless lily, with jealous heart, en-
tices you; murmuring rivulets with their rustic

bridges; arbors and ivy covered walks; flowers from every clime in endless profusion; beauty adorned and unadorned, this invites you to its wondrous abode.

Midway between and in plain view of these scenes, the same yet so different, between these scenes of peace and quiet on a graceful little knoll jutting far into the blue waters, stands the small, weatherbeaten home of the Crosbys. The little white cottage was once a beautiful sight with its slopes of softest green stretching from its very doors to the waters below, dotted here and there with bushy shrubs and tastefully arranged flowers; with its broad, well kept walks now winding in and out amidst the dense shadows of towering elms, now losing themselves in the sandy beach or perhaps alluring the pleasure seeker to the shapely skiff at its mooring gently rocked by the tiny waves with their never ceasing lap! lap! lap! Alas! Not so now. One cold gloomy day the workmen of the neighboring ice plant bore the lifeless and mangled body of the father to his earthly home while a gracious God welcomed a faithful, loving soul.

Gaunt poverty took a father's place in the family circle. The widow, true and noble woman, bravely and patiently took up the family cares. Love, immutable, almost divine, love to God and her children, was the one bright star in her waning life. Each day the struggle became more severe, each day trouble dropped a few more tears on her wrinkled brow and slowly and sadly the streaks of gray stole through her once jet locks, and left her more beautiful, more patient and more noble.

To educate and make a true man of Tom was the all absorbing aim and object of her life. Tom, her idol son, Tom, the future hope and support of an aged mother and loving sister. Day and night she labored with this end in view. Nothing was too good for Tom. Willingly did she work and willingly would she have died for him.

Tom, kind but impetuous, noble but self-willed, the recipient of the love and every thought of a mother and sister, had learned with the good of his books and the evil of his com-

panions that a boy is a boy as long as he shares the joys and sorrows of his early home. To be a man one must brush up against men, must go out in the great wide world and taste its cruelty and harshness for himself. Many long, weary hours did Tom ponder over these questions. With thoughts of his departure ever arose the sweet, sad face of his careworn mother and he would bury his ambition under the nobler feelings of love and duty, but the still small seed of discontent grew in spite of himself and he could not part with the attractive visions of wealth, honor and fame.

Tom Crosby had reached his Rubicon. For days his nature was swept by the coldest blasts and brightened by the warmest rays that ever touch a young man's life. A mother's love was pitted against a youth's ambition. Too good to forfeit the one he was too ambitious to lose the other. Within the storm continued day after day. One bright June evening as the great moon stole from behind the eastern hills and forests, tipping the dancing waves with silvery crests and painting strange grotesque figures on the landscape about, Tom wandered down to the pier determined to settle forever the great question of his life. One, two, three, four hours and Tom is still there. The moon is slowly sinking in the west when he arises and starts with unsteady step for the cottage hidden amongst the trees. 'Tis over. One more soul has settled his destiny and chosen for God or self. To-morrow night he would leave the old home, mother, sister and friends and seek his fortune in the distant metropolis.

Nothing daunted he slips away and soon reaches the city where he finds employment. His close confinement, the novelty of scenes about him, the constant rush of life at first engage all his time and little is left for recreation and more pleasant duties. Buoyant, hopeful lad that he is, he often writes of his glowing prospects and promises a speedy return when he will be able to lay at their feet the spoils of an easily conquered world and himself shall be permitted to share its pleasures and blessings. After a few months of busy, happy days the

glitter of city life began to wear off, the routine of his employment once learned becomes commonplace and uninteresting and Tom looks elsewhere for his times and places of amusement.

Like many a country lad in the city without friends, seeking life and pleasure he soon became the tool of every whim and caprice of his changing nature. After the day's work he could be seen wandering about seeking some outlet for his restless, pent-up spirits. The worst places are, Tom soon learned, the easiest and earliest found. He fought the tempter long and hard. Every approach to his better and nobler nature was zealously and persistently guarded. A willful youth withstanding sin and its allurements with nothing but his better resolutions and high-strung pride is certainly treading on slippery shoals. So it proved with Tom his weakness was found and conquered. The cheap theaters yielded to the bar room and gambling table. His face soon began to tell the tale his lips refused to utter and one morning after a carousal a little worse than common he received his dismissal with a dogged, obstinate air. His descent became more rapid until he finally shipped on the lakes where his life and companions persuaded one that nothing remained but the end. Tom awoke to his condition, he believed himself slowly dying and with thoughts of death but one spot, so dear and far away as to appear in another world, shone forth from the dark and awful past. He gave up his present life and with the lightest heart he had known for years started home. Ah! Home. The laughing child delights in its beauties and pleasures, the father and mother rest in its peace and comfort, the sin accursed man, awakened by its recollections, turns from his sin and seeks in it the hope and promise of a better and happier life.

* * * *

The hush of the Sabbath hung over the world. It was early summer. The wind crept through the ripening wheat and lulled their laughter into murmurous hymns. The birds went deeper into the forest and caroled less noisily than in hours ago. There do exist

spots upon the earth that so nearly approach our ideals of Paradise that sorrow and sin seem impossible in them. The country around Old Eagle was such a place. Even in its wildest state ere civilization had touched it there was such wondrous beauty in its greenness and in its undulations that the Indians as they lazily paddled their canoes over its glassy surface had a vague fear that it was sacred ground on which their prophets alone dare hunt.

To Tom as he took his way from the little station along the paths he had known so well years before, and what a boy once learns he never forgets, it seemed that with each breath of the open air his boyhood drew nearer to him. In thought he was living over the old days. He felt as he believed he could never feel again, a keen enjoyment in the pure beauties of outdoor world. The associations of the past four years grew more and more hateful the nearer he approached the scenes of his childhood. How much should he tell Mary and his mother? What would be their greeting? were some of the questions which flew through his brain. He would sit down and think it all over before he went to the cottage. Near at hand was his once favorite arbor now fallen into decay and ruin. As he entered it all the hurly burly of his life seemed to drift away and he was a boy again.

Throwing himself on the cool earth floor he gave himself up to thought, and with thought came troubles, doubts as to how it would all come out. Fears arose and with them came the baffled tempter and Tom yielded. He drew from his pocket a flask, the only witness and companion of his past life, he drowned fears, troubles and manhood all in one draught. Now he could answer them and all would be well. Staggering to his feet he made his way with difficulty to the cottage. The little house so cruelly and sadly left, the threadbare couch with its comfortable cushions, the well worn Bible lying open on the table at its side, now viewed with indifference, might an hour ago have told a pathetic tale to a returning son. The couch on which Tom had sobbed out many

a boyish trouble now held for the first time the head of a drunken man.

* * * *

The worshipers are slowly wending their ways from the little stone church on the hillside, stopping now and then to exchange a friendly greeting with some kind neighbor and then passing on to their homes. From their midst appears a lone woman, more gray than the others, who with bowed head thoughtfully and devoutly wanders down the hill across the laughing rivulet and nears the Crosby house. The mother during years of loneliness and trouble, now weak and feeble, has never ceased hoping for Tom's return. To-day all through the service her faith has been just as strong, her prayers just as fervent as the day he left. Never for a moment has she thought but that he must return and as she nears the cottage he seems nearer and dearer than ever before.

The half open door and a footprint on the sill betray an unknown guest. Her heart quickens, joys spring up, a hope almost dead revives. The room was dark after the glare of the outside world, she raises the curtain and as the light sweeps across the room revealing the sleeping occupant, the sadness and loneliness of years melt away and dropping beside the couch she shed the sweetest tears a world can ever know, a mother's, shed on God's altar, a tribute to his goodness and mercy.

"My boy, my boy, at last you've come. O Tom, it's your mother, don't you know me?" and she pressed kiss after kiss on his fevered brow. Tom, half aroused from his drunken slumber, raises himself the mother still clinging to him, "What is it, where am I, who are you, get away, I'm sick of this life, I'm going to leave, I must go, yes, go home to mother, get away I say," and with a push he frees himself. The mother totters and falls. O God in thy tenderest mercy look down on the youth who thoughtlessly or ruthlessly strikes his mother!

In a moment the drunken stupor had left him and hastening to the mother lying so

white and still with upturned face, Tom tenderly bore her to the couch. A doctor was summoned. All too late. The hurt to the body was slight, was nothing, but the heart was broken and all a doctor's skill, all of Tom's prayers and tears could not heal it.

In a few days, days of sadness and darkness Tom, lonely and friendless, followed the only creature he had ever loved to the churchyard near by. The sin of Tom Crosby's life had borne its fruit. There were no kind faces, no comforting words to cheer and heal his broken life. Through the wounds of his past life was infused the blood of a better. He was aroused by a bitter blow and an awakened hope to try once again the battle of life. His work was even more energetic than was his ambition ennobling. But he could never forget that last appealing look of his departed mother. He was never at peace, never at rest. The great sin was a cloud to his young life and like a cankerworm it sought his very heart chords.

Over the mother's grave a massive shaft of pure, white marble reflects the golden rays of a setting sun, at its base beautiful and costly flowers sip the morning dew of a kind heaven. But all in vain. Nothing satisfies. Nothing brings peace. His very being goes up in his intense cries to God for hope, mercy, forgiveness. The gates of heaven are forever closed to Tom Crosby. God and heaven long ago made their last appeal to him. There is nothing but dread and despair for poor Tom. He sees it coming, his sinful life becomes clearer and clearer. It is closing in about him. He cannot stand, he fights but all in vain. He has tried and failed, the light is growing fainter and fainter. Tom is sinking. Yes sinking away and amidst the torments and miseries of a lost life he yields to darkness and to death. Pitying neighbors laid the son beside the mother. To-day the gay excursionist climbing Fern Cliff and standing beside the desolate graves gazing from the marble shaft at his side across the peaceful waters to the deserted cottage may read in one the purity and endurance

of a mother's love, in the other the ruin and death of an only son.

VALUE OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

E. E. HOSTETLER, '96.

EACH person who desires to make the most possible of life should carefully consider the question of a college education. No ambitious young person will deny that it is a grand opportunity as well as a sacred duty to do his best with the time and talent at his command. He who does well but not his best, does not his whole duty, and therefore wastes some of life—the most precious thing he can have. As Franklin so wisely said: "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time for that is the stuff life is made of."

In this age of intense activity and material advancement, people are wont to think that they have neither the time nor the money to spend for college education. In their haste to get rich they enter business or professional life unprepared and find when too late, that they have made a mistake and with regret they spend life on a far lower plane than they otherwise might have done. The cost of an education is considerable. Like a building enterprise it usually foots up more at the end than was originally estimated; yet, after it is completed, who would have it undone for the cost of it? The cost in time is still more important. From one to two thousand dollars is a small item compared to from four to seven years of the most active and vigorous period of life. But while the cost is great the value is far greater.

As a business investment alone it pays and will yield the most permanent and satisfactory results. In practical business life the educated person has great advantage over the uneducated one. No difference what the calling or business he expects to pursue, the former will command a greater compensation than the

latter. Promotion in business often comes suddenly but it comes to him who is prepared for it. Suppose that a person without special education receives an annual income of \$300; this at six per cent. would represent a capital of \$5000. Then with a liberal education suppose the same person could command \$900; this would represent a capital of \$15,000—an increase in capital of \$10,000. This is a conservative estimate. Furthermore such a capital is of the safest and surest kind. It cannot be taxed or mortgaged, or destroyed by famine or financial crises. As long as life lasts it will tend to increase in power and efficiency.

We are entering upon an age in which education is one of the prerequisites of a lucrative position. Employers prefer the best trained men for their most responsible positions and will pay the highest wages for such. Not because they hold a diploma, but because their service is more valuable. It is a fact acknowledged by political economists that the more intelligence workmen have the more efficient is their labor.

In the learned professions, however, we find the greatest value of a thorough education. The man of ordinary ability who builds a good foundation in a classical college and then places upon this a professional training may hope to take the foremost rank in the sphere of active life. President Thwing is authority for the statement that, of the 15,000 names of men appearing in Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*, over 5,000 are college men. And from the whole number of non-graduates in this country, but one out of every ten thousand has so wrought as to deserve such recognition as is found in a *cyclopedia of biography*; while of the college men, one out of every forty has attained such recognition—two hundred and fifty chances to one in favor of the college man.

True this country affords ample opportunity for the so-called self-made man; but all men are self-made if ever made, whether college men or not. Each one must educate himself.

No teacher or college can do the work for him, he must learn to do by doing; he must gain power of intellect by applying himself faithfully to the acquisition of knowledge; he must seek the truth and the 'truth shall make him free.' The college cannot make a wise man out of a fool, it cannot create new faculties for the mind, it cannot help those who will not help themselves, but it can supply the most favorable conditions for physical, intellectual and moral development. Here the student meets the brightest and best intellects of the land; here is strength to strength opposed in healthy rivalry; here ability is tested; here character is crystallized; and here foundations are laid for success or failure according as the means at hand are utilized. It is a fact that a few who go through college do not apply themselves and at the end find out that they are not educated in a true sense. But such cases of failure, however, are far rarer proportionally among college men than among non-college men. Most college students know that they must stand upon their own merits and that they will be measured by the knowledge at their command and their ability to do.

The greatest and most precious advantage of a liberal education is the capacity for enjoyment. True happiness comes from usefulness, and the greater the opportunities for usefulness, the greater is the room for happiness. Nature has a thousand harmonies to one discord, if we but know how to manipulate the keys. Every side of one's nature is the source of pleasure, and the amount of such pleasure is in exact proportion to the degree of development attained. Science, mathematics, language, history and philosophy are open doorways to fields of thought and investigation that afford indefinite scope for enjoyment. They are new worlds of conquest, and he who explores them, lives a larger, nobler and happier life than he can possibly live who sees but the material things about him. The charm, the beauty, the grandeur, the sublimity of these fields of knowledge are to the ignorant as a sealed

book. Each person's world is bounded by the limit of his knowledge. Life is measured not by days but accomplishments. Ten years of highly cultured life are far better than a hundred years of narrow existence. These are some of the reasons why fifty years in our enlightened age are worth more than five hundred in the antediluvian period.

College education is not the end but the beginning of this larger life. It does not make one perfect but lifts him upon the tide which will bear him onward toward perfection. It is the doorway to social position, to influence, and to power in the world.

THE HAREBELL.

L. A. BENNETT, '97.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

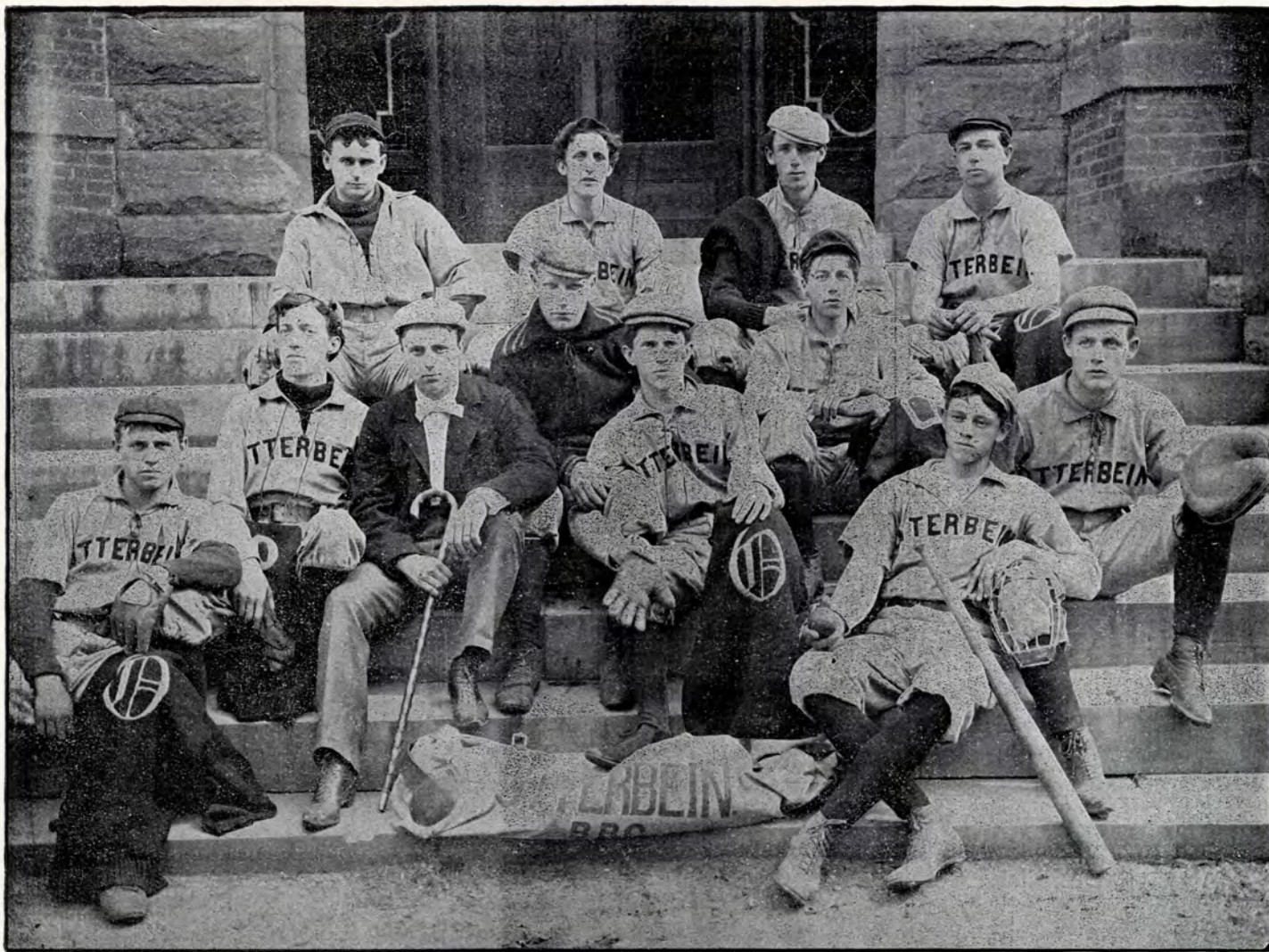
SCALE some mountain side. Spread out before you are beautiful forests, dancing cascades, thundering cataracts, playful rills, pendent outcrops of granite, mountains, hills, valleys and landscapes sweeping away until they melt in the distant azure. In the far distance the sun is shooting his splendid pencils of splintered gold in level splendor from his setting disc and is kissing the clouds and as it were is fringing them with emerald and fire or flinging a jeweled crescent upon their darkening heaps. The inimitable and inexpressible grandeur almost overwhelms the mind. As the twilight deepens and the broad bending arch of the deep blue firmament from many points of view rains a shower of splendors over the earth then it is that the little harebell looks up from its rock-nestled bed and causes many thoughts wondrous and mysterious to come trooping up. As one notices the special characteristics of the beautiful harebell he or she is

made to reflect upon the universe replete with mysteries and to wonder by what marvelous alchemy the particles of matter are transmitted into the ovate and lanceolate leaves, into the long petiole and above all into the bright blue bell-shaped corolla. Many ought to be the silent inquiries shrouded in mystery that could throng the gateway to the mind of that person who stands there looking down into the face of that harebell, while worlds are rolling above, worlds are rolling below, worlds are rolling around and heavenly diadems with disheveled hair of streaming fire are answering the roll call for duty as guards of the soon to be shadowed world. Professors confound and perplex us by asking questions relating to the principles of optics but no professor has ever asked questions as difficult as those that are naturally suggested to any curious mind when for a moment his mind is permitted to dwell on the mysteries of the universe.

Why does one little seed produce wheat, another corn, another melons? What is the philosophy of color? Why is it that apparently the same particles of matter are formed into the fair color of the most fragrant honeysuckle and the darker and more variegated hues of the beautiful rose? Cast a seed into the ground, it enlarges, in a few days the germ sends up a stem and down a root, the plant drinks in the nutriment and it shoots upwards; soon its long conical blades droop in verdant curves to the earth and the flower upon its top drops a dust upon the silken flower on its side and a long ear of corn is the reward of the farmer's toil. Do you understand it? All of us soon come to know that we are dwelling upon the crust of an awful creation about which we know but little. How much do we understand of the celestial, atmospheric and geological phenomena? All nature organic and inorganic; animate and inanimate; terrestrial and celestial; solid, liquid, gaseous is teeming with wonders and crowded with mysteries. Many are the beautiful pictures photographed on the retina from nature's vast

domain of scenery, which, wafted along the optic nerves to our cerebral depositories serve us not only for pleasure, for delight, for revel, but also make us grasp in some measure the mysteries of this universe, incomprehensible and unutterable.

But if we confess ignorance of the laws which govern such phenomena as already alluded to, what is the sum of our knowledge of the higher laws of life? Are we able to understand the wonderful arrangements and economy of our own bodies? The authority of the will over organs of motion, the contraction and dilation of the heart, or the laws governing the secretion and circulation of fluids? The anatomists and physiologists are confounded. How do we live? How do we reason? How do we love and hate? How is it and why is it that we are affected by the beautiful and sublime? Explain if you can your knowledge of the present, your memory of the past and your glad and happy anticipations of the future. Such questions have in ages past baffled the head-masters of the world and to-day reappear to us in all their reality ever to remind us that the compass of man's knowledge is limited, and though we have the panorama of the universe for our text book, yet we shall not be able to comprehend the workings of mind or the marvelous transformations of matter until we shall receive instruction at the feet of Him sitting in his royal emporium, where eternity stores its commerce and where hang the keys which unlock the mysteries of this world of ours. Holy Writ tells us that we shall tread upon streets of flashing gold and maybe there will be gleaming spires and crystal dome spangled with pearls and glittering with the diamond frost then shall it be, when we, surrounded by the flowery escarpments of heaven's eternal landscapes, shall look into the face of the harebell by the aid of light reflected from the fountain of light and shall be able to know more about the little unasuming, blue-capped mountaineer.



	MILLER.	TETER.	LLOYD.	KELLER.	
BUSHONG.	CLEMENTS.	LONG (CAPT.)	MATHEWS.	CLARK.	MATHEWS.
	MATHEWS (MGR.)	JONES.			

BASEBALL RESUME.

THE Otterbein baseball team stands at this time accredited with six games won and five lost. Considering the general fact that in four of the games lost, the score was



PROF. RUDOLF AND PROF. MEYER
AS ROOTERS.



"DOC" WAITING.

very close (never being more than 4 runs difference) and furthermore lost to colleges having the strongest teams in the state, we cannot consider the condition or rather result of the season thus far to be anything but good. Space will not permit an extended account of the games and since the itemized score giving individual records cannot be given, we will speak in a general way of the games and players. Since our last issue the best and closest game of the season occurred at Delaware which

resulted in our favor by a score of 9 to 8. This was a fine exhibition of ball playing—many



TETER WITH HIS EYE ON IT.

difficult plays being made upon both sides. Clark pitched the game and proved too good for the Wesleyans. The last games have all exhibited good ball playing and could easily have been won by our boys if they had shown a little more life

and had been a little stronger at the bat. The fielding, taken in an individual and general sense, was of good order and with but a little work with the stick, several defeats might have been victories. The trip to Antioch and Wittenberg was quite successful all things regarded. Barring weakness at the bat and any amount of really bad luck the result might have been still better.



"DEAK'S" BASE HIT.

been victo-
ries. The
trip to Anti-
och and Wit-
tenberg was
quite success-
ful all things
regarded.
Barring weak-
ness at the
bat and any
amount of
really bad
luck the re-
sult might
have been
still better.

In both games the fielding equaled, if not surpassed that of our opponents. Time and time again the bases were filled, but the runs never came in. Why was this? Entirely due to

weak batting. Otterbein's team can play ball from the word go and if the management was



"MID'S" HOME RUN.

place should be ready to work and work continually. Let the captain urge the boys up,



"BUSHY" WIPES UP THE EARTH.

Now, O. U. and Westerville people, four or five games are yet scheduled, and if you will turn out and show some interest in your team, why then expect more of them. I am positive it will help some at least the manager. Try it.

better supported, some very neat articles of ball playing would result. There are some things that should be changed. Practice should be more regular and at the same time more vigorous. A man to hold his

place should be ready to work and work continually. Let the captain urge the boys up, make them put more life and snap into the games and not wait until the game is half through before hard playing begins. Of course faults in any team can be picked out, but considering all things the season has been fairly successful.

The trying position of manager has been ably filled by M. H. Mathews. He has given us more games than in any former year and has done exceedingly well along financial lines.



KELLER LIMBERS.

might say, but there has been no team work the entire season. The infield showed signs at



MATHEW'S OUTSHOOT.

Mathews has the happy faculty of doing anything when he once makes up his mind, and and from the start has worked hard and earnestly and as a result can show a finely managed season. The team individually has been good, very good we

the beginning of the season of developing into "phenoms" but the development--there's the difficulty. The battery when it did work was up to date, but there was another difficulty, it didn't always work. The outfield was both good and worked, and as a result

were all right with the exception of a weakness

at times of batting. But the team couldn't be expected to become "home runners" when they



CLEMENT'S LATEST.



"DAD" STEALS.

never have anything but "sissy" balls to bat. We close by again saying our failure or success as it was, was due to team rather than individual work.

Short summary of games to date. North High School 2; Otterbein 18; 17th U. S. Infantry 12; Otterbein 11; X-Rays (local team) 10; Otterbein 17; Kenyon 21; Otterbein 27; Wittenberg 21; Otterbein 7; O. W. U. 8; Otterbein 9; X-Rays 5; Otterbein 9; Capital University 16; Otterbein 9; Antioch 4; Otterbein 6; Wittenberg 10; Otterbein 6; Oberlin 14; Otterbein 10.

C. E. Bonebrake, of Columbus, and L. D. Bonebrake, of Mt. Vernon, both of '82, were with us several days attending the reunion of the family which celebrated not only the sixty-seventh anniversary of the birth of Rev. D. Bonebrake their father, but also the anniversary of his wedding.

OTTERBEIN ÆGIS.

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EDITORIAL.

WE have finished. The story of our success and failure can be told much better by our advertisers and readers than by ourselves. We cannot say, as is usual on such occasions, that we have done our best, but we have done as well as could be expected from the support we have received.

To run a college paper is not the easiest thing in the world if you have the unanimous support of the students and alumni, but when you are not only completely ignored by a large portion but even bitterly opposed, then your task becomes doubly difficult and you may be privileged at almost any time to witness the destruction of fondest hopes and aspirations amidst the triumphing of your enemies.

We have tried to represent all interests of the college fairly and when this has not been the case it has been the interest's fault as much as ours.

To our friends and supporters we return our sincerest thanks for the courageous way in which they have talked and written for us and

although the paper is theirs as much as ours we shall ever regard them as personal friends. To those who have so obstinately and persistently opposed us are due also much of our thanks. Competition is the life of trade and the closer the competition the livelier the trade. We have prospered under your opposition and to-day are stronger than ever. Nothing so builds up a paper as her enemies. So with new subscribers and a nice little surplus we close up our year's business praying benediction on our dear old college and her loyal children.

CLEIORHETEA.

DAISY CUSTER, '95.

Home of my heart I sing of thee—
 Cleiorhetea, Cleiorhetea;
 In thy dear hall I love to be—
 Cleiorhetea, Cleiorhetea;
 From far off Maine's tall whispering pines,
 To California's farthest mines,
 Thy own illustrious glory shines—
 Cleiorhetea, Cleiorhetea.
 And when that happy day shall come—
 Cleiorhetea, Cleiorhetea;
 That calls thy loyal daughters home—
 Cleiorhetea, Cleiorhetea;
 What welcomes from their own proud hall,
 What honors then before them fall,
 What memories will they then recall—
 Cleiorhetea, Cleiorhetea.
 A lasting friendship claims us now—
 Cleiorhetea, Cleiorhetea;
 And deathless laurel binds each brow—
 Cleiorhetea, Cleiorhetea;
 And history alone will tell
 How we adore the college bell,
 And that dear name we love so well—
 Cleiorhetea, Cleiorhetea.

PHILALETHEA.

MRS. L. K. MILLER.

Phila-le-the-a! Phila-le-the-a!
 Thou daughter of our Otterbein!
 While years remain, come loss, come gain,
 No star like thine shall ever shine.

CHORUS.

O Otterbein, no name like thine!
 O Otterbein, no name like thine!
 Firm stand we here to guard, to guard thy fame.
 Firm stand we here to guard, to guard thy fame,

Phila-le-the-a! Phila-le-the-a!
 How precious is thy name to me!
 I'll bear thee, love, where e'er I rove,
 O'er mountains hoar, o'er raging sea.

CHORUS.

Phila-le-the-a! Phila-le-the-a!
 Our God we pray to to guard thee well;
 To him we bow in worship now,
 His praise to sing, His love to tell.

CHORUS.

April 28, 1893.

SHINE ON, PHILOPHRONEA!

A. T. HOWARD, '94.

There is a name I love,
 'Tis music, soft and sweet,
 A name, unspotted, sacred, pure,
 'Twill be my joy to keep.
 'Tis known throughout the land,
 Its radiance shines afar.
 Lead, lead me on, Philophronea,
 Thou art my guiding star.

CHORUS.

Then shine on, Philophronea,
 My dear old Philophronea,
 This heart of mine shall thee enshrine
 No other idol know.

How oft when sad and weary,
 Forlorn, dejected, tired,
 Remembrances, treasured so dear,
 My waning zeal inspired.
 Though care held strong dominion
 And darkness reigned afar,
 A light broke o'er my pathway drear,
 'Twas from my guiding star.

CHORUS.

Mid scenes, bright, gay and happy,
 We plucked the fairest flowers,
 Companionshiped with luxury
 Spent happy, happy hours.
 The path to sweet contentment,

Inviting, stood ajar,
And from its portals, silvery, sheen,
Shone forth my guiding star.

CHORUS.

Then, brothers, be ye loyal,
Our standard, bear it high;
Win o'er the world by cultured strength;
We'll conquer by and by.
To this our idoled fancy
Your heart's devotion give;
So long as suns shall shine on suns
Shall Phiiphronaea live.

CHORUS.

Tune—"The Last Cigar." Key—Ab.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, Wilbur D. Bennert passed from the earth life May 11, 1896, and since he was a member of the Philophronean Literary Society of Otterbein University and also two of his brothers are members of the same society, therefore,

The society extends sincere and heart-

felt sympathy to the members of the bereaved family and all relatives and friends of the deceased.

It is recommended that a copy of this memorial be sent to the family and also that it be published in the OTTERBEIN ÆGIS and Dayton Herald.

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S. R. SEESE.

ALUMNALS.

C. R. Kiser, '92, was with us several days about the middle of the month.

W. L. Kline, '94, visited friends week before last.

O. L. Shank, '95, visited friends for several days a week or so ago.

Lawrence Keister, '82, dropped in upon us for a short visit the first of the month.

H. Elsie Thompson, '92, expects to attend the commencement exercises this year.

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S. W. Keister, '77, spent Friday afternoon and evening, May 15, with o'd-time friends.

Nolan Rice Best, '92, spent Sunday, the 17th inst., with his parents. We are glad to state that the gentleman has wonderfully improved in health.

The graduated class of the Seminary, otherwise known as class '96, contains two of our alumni—G. D. Gossard, '92, of Mercersburg, Pa., and A. J. Wagner, '75, of Baltimore, O.

T. A. Gruber, '89, spent Sunday, the 24th inst., with us. The gentleman has hopes of permanently locating in Columbus, and of course if this transpires we expect to see much of him.

Mrs. Mary Palmyra Nease (Keister), '78, has been with us several times the last month. She delivered a very helpful talk at the anniversary of the Y. W. C. A. the first of the month.

Being somewhat of a baseball enthusiast,

the editor of this department cannot help but speak of the wonderful enthusiasm and loyalty manifested by B. V. Leas, '91, at our recent game with Delaware. Would that college spirit would run as high in all alumni.

M. B. Fanning, '94, has presented to the library a fine copy of Macrobius bound with the best morocco in college colors. The book is both valuable and handsome and Mr. Fanning has the thanks of our energetic librarian and the students in general. Who will be next?

F. J. Resler and wife, '93, have accepted a very fine offer at the Iowa Agricultural College, located at Ames, Iowa. It consists of directoral work for Mr. Resler who has charge of the whole Conservatory of Music with Mrs. Resler as instructor in piano. The college is quite large and the conservatory is in a very flourishing condition, so it means much to O. U. people to see such a position occupied by our alumni. Wm. M. Beardshear, '76, is president of the Iowa State Agricultural College.

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Cleveland L	*8 10	8 00	†1 40	
Euclid Ave	8 22	8 12	1 50	
Newburg	8 34	8 25	2 03	
Hudson	9 10	9 05	2 35	
Juyahoga F	9 23	9 19	2 48	
Akron	9 35	9 33	3 01	
Barberton	9 51	9 50	3 16	
Warwick	10 07	10 07	3 32	
Orville A	10 28	10 28	3 56	
Orville L	10 33	10 33	4 10	
Holmesville	11 02	†11 04	4 39	
Millersburg	11 12	11 16	4 40	
Killbuck	11 22	11 29	4 50	A M
Brink H'v'n	11 49	11 56	5 17	5 45
Danville	11 58	†12 06	5 26	5 54
Jambler	12 16	12 25	5 45	6 12
Mt. Ver Ar	12 30	12 40	6 00	6 25
Mt. Ver Lv	†12 48	12 45		6 30
Mt. Liberty	1 09		6 23	6 39
Centerburg	1 17	1 12	6 32	6 57
Junbury	1 34	†1 34	6 48	7 20
Salena	1 39	†1 39	6 53	7 25
Westerville	1 52	1 52	7 05	7 38
Columbus	*2 15	2 15	†7 30	8 05
	P M	A M	P M	A M
Cincinnati	*6 00	6 40		
	P M	A M		

NORTH BOUND

Cent. Time.	3	27	35	7
	A M	P M	A M	P M
Cincinnati	*8 00	*8 00		
	Noon	Night	A M	P M
Columbus L	*11 45	*12 35	†6 00	†5 05
Westerville	12 09	1 06	6 27	5 33
Salena	12 20	†1 21	6 40	5 46
Junbury	12 25	†1 26	6 44	5 51
Centerburg	12 42	1 51	7 04	6 13
Mt. Liberty	12 51	†2 01	7 12	6 23
Mt. Ver Ar	1 08	2 20	7 28	6 45
Mt. Ver Lv	1 13	2 25	7 33	6 50
Jambler	1 28	2 40	7 47	†7 00
Danville	1 46	†2 59	8 00	7 20
Brink H'v'n	1 55	3 09	8 12	7 30
Killbuck	2 24	3 41	8 42	P M
Millersburg	2 36	3 55	8 53	
Holmesville	2 46	†4 06	9 05	
Orville A	3 20	4 45	9 37	
Orville L	3 25	4 55	9 42	
Warwick	3 45	5 18	10 02	
Barberton	4 01	5 37	10 17	
Akron	4 20	†6 05	†10 36	
Juyahoga F	4 32	6 17	10 48	
Hudson	4 45	6 30	11 02	
Newburg	5 20	7 05	11 42	
Euclid Ave	5 31	7 16	11 57	
Cleveland A	*5 45	*7 30	†12 10	
	P M	A M	P M	

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