Otterbein Aegis January 1897

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Editorial Observations

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Locals,
With Our Scissors,
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EDITORIAL OBSERVATIONS.

With the opening of the new year the Aegis enters upon one of the most successful and prosperous years of its existence. Almost seven years ago when a little company of young men with no training or experience either in editing or managing a college journal, having not even a meager inheritance from any college paper which had existed prior to its first issue, put their heads together and published the Aegis, it required no small amount of energy, zeal and enthusiasm, but a great allowance of editorial wisdom and business tact to organize and put out the first number of the present organ of the college.

There was no subscription list, no advertisements, few students, a limited number of alumni and little encouragement from any source to inspire hope of success. There was hardly any other thought than that the Aegis would soon run its course from the cradle to the grave, as its predecessors had done. But wisdom and prudence have prevailed in all its departments and the Aegis still lives.

At the opening of this new year we have more subscribers than at any time in the past. Nearly half a hundred new names were placed on the list during the fall term, a record which surpasses any made in recent years. The business management has been completely successful, and if we may judge by the very large number of complimentary notices among our exchanges, the literary departments have at least been up to the standard of former times.

It is then in consideration of all these things that the new year opens up with us with a full measure of happiness and prosperity, and it is with infinite pleasure that the Aegis bespeaks to its friends, admirers and supporters everywhere a most pleasant and profitable year in whatever station or calling of life they may be.

INTEREST in the oratorical contest is dormant. All that is heard about it is the announcements in chapel calling for a meeting of the association. No one knows of a single student getting ready for the contest. It is true that the work of organization has been hindered because of the vacancy in the office of president. But that is settled now and we believe that the young lady who is at the head of it will now stir the matter up. But we should not wait for the officers to get started. Everyone should be interested. Be assured the officers will do their part. Why are we not doing
our part as students and teachers? Contests of
the mind and voice have in all times attracted
the widest attention. These battles on the
platform are the most important, keenest and
far-reaching of any waged in any form. De-
mosthenes and Æschines won the world's
everlasting honors in a contest in oratory.
Walpole and Pitt, Webster and Hayne, Blaine
and Conkling, and Henry Grady, the most
eloquent man who ever spoke before any
audience on American soil, all won their first
honors and fame in oratorical contests.

The Ægís wants to see a lively contest here
at the meeting next month, and then we want
to see our man head the list at the state con-
test at Miami University in April. As show-
ing the interest in the success of our contestant
at that time the Ægís has made arrangements
with Prof. Fox for the training and preparation
of the contestant for the state meeting. All
that is required of the winner here is that he
shall give whatever time Prof. Fox asks of
him for the preparation and we shall meet the
time. We hope that this may be an in-
ducement for some to enter the contest and
thus secure to the winner a good preparation
for the state meeting.

The question concerning the consolidation
of the libraries of the literary societies
with the library of the college is being agitated
by a few of the students and the professors.
The movement has already taken definite form
in as much as the two ladies' societies have
presented their libraries to the college. This
was done at the close of last term and during
vacation the books were carefully arranged
and classified with the other books of the
college library.

We believe this is a proper thing for all the
societies to do. It will show a progressive
spirit on the part of the societies and the ad-
vantages to be gained to the university and to
all students would be many and great. Large
expense would be spared the societies in
keeping up the libraries. Much money is
practically wasted each year in the purchase
of two or three sets of the same magazines,
and also in the addition of books. In a college
of the number of students of our own there is
no need whatever of two or three series of
books by the same author, as we find it here.
There should be but one library and that
should belong to the college. The gentlemen's
societies will be asked to follow the example
set by the ladies' societies, but at this time
there seems to be but little hope of reaching
such a conclusion. If the college had a cata-
logue for its books, or even had one under
way, there might be more inducement for the
societies to abandon their catalogues and give
their books over to the college library. As it
now stands there is little to be hoped for in
that line. However, time will work changes
and in a few years at least we will have but
one big growing and working library.

It is very gratifying to see the interest which
is being taken in the work at the gym-
nasium. Professor Prentiss and Miss Merritt,
who have charge of the classes, are very pro-
ficient in their respective departments, and all
who can should avail themselves of the oppor-
tunity for bodily culture. To know how to
walk gracefully and with ease, to breathe
rightly, to stand properly, to run well, in fact
to perform all the movements of the body in a
systematic and orderly manner and thus bring
into use every muscle of the body and secure
its proper development are acquisitions of the
highest importance to every man and woman.
There is nothing more attractive in the world
than a beautiful character shining and glowing
in a strong and well developed body. Every-
one can possess both of these and each can be
gotten without cost, but when they are once
lost or neglected they can never be regained.
Let every student see to it that the work in
the gymnasium is not neglected.
A REVIVAL IN COLLEGE.

J. W. STIVERSON, '97.

At this time when our attention is being turned toward the religious meetings in progress, a few lines which may seem a little like "gospel discourse" will probably not be out of place.

"Revival" is a significant and forceful term. We are delighted with the yearly revival in nature as manifested particularly in the trees, grass and flowers. We welcome a revival in the business world, which assures good trade and puts new life into the various phases of industry. And with no less satisfaction do Christian people witness a revival in the Lord's work.

Of course it would be well if matters in the business world could always be in a revived condition. But there are certain elements which come in and make it to be otherwise. The current is not regular, but rises and falls, becomes sluggish, then quickens its onward movement. So, too, it would be well if the Lord's work could always be kept in a revived condition. But elements enter which make it otherwise. In a word, we are too closely connected with "the world" to keep the revival fire glowing continually. Hence we see the necessity of these special seasons in which Christian people get farther away from some things and nearer to God. They then feel anew the joys of His great salvation. It is then they feel a deeper interest in those who are out of Christ. It is then that the great harvest field looks whiter than ever before.

A revival in college is helpful, first, to the Christian student. The one who buries himself in his text books and never looks up and out for anything else will soon part company with his spiritual life. A revival of religion will do him good. Again, ambition comes in contact with ambition. Widely different opinions rub up against one another. Jealousy is sure at times to peep forth with her "green eye" and see much that perhaps is not and never was. Thus a little jarring and discord will put spiritual life on the decline. The weekly prayer meetings will receive not much, if any contribution from that student, and he needs a revival of religion.

Second, it is helpful to the new student. Perhaps he came from a Christian home. The change in environment brings a strangeness of feeling to him. Through timidity he may be tempted to remain silent in the devotional meetings. Soon his studies and various things incident to school life wholly engross his mind, and he exchanges his Christian experience which profiteth much, for other things which profiteth little, comparatively. His parents wonder how these things can be in a Christian college. Chilly indifference which increases like a ball rolled in melting snow is liable to enter the student's life and displace all warmth and glow of devotion. It is not difficult for a boy in college to enter upon a course of dissipation which will insure only a harvest of regret, and will let him see the "black raven of remorse" instead of the "white dove of peace" forever perched above his chamber door.

'Tis sad but true that thus it happens with some. But with many their Christian life is a beautiful growth from the beginning of their college course to its end. And there is no more favorable place under the sun for spiritual development, than in a Christian college, if one wills it to be so. Nothing can so successfully counteract the destructive influence, as can a revival current, which like the Gulf Stream warms all that comes in touch with it. If the new student, at the crisis of his life falls in with this current, he starts his college course favorably.

Third, it is helpful to the whole student body. When the Christian's cup runneth over
it means a blessing to others. A baptism of
the Holy Ghost such as was witnessed in the
Association hall Sunday afternoon, the 17th
inst., makes the Christians to be deeply con-
cerned for their unsaved friends, and makes
the latter to think seriously about their own
condition. It touches, makes tender and melts
hearts. Without a revival one would scarcely
ever speak to his room mate about becoming
a Christian. Nor would the teacher in the
whole seven years' course of the pupil, ever
speak to him personally in reference to choos-
ing that "better part."

A revival is helpful in the study room and
in the recitation room. It gives tone to the
weekly meetings by making devotion sweeter
and more sincere. Without it, a college
would, in time, forget that there is so blessed
a personage as the Holy Spirit.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

"RASTUS" LLOYD.

E was born in the land of the pilgrim
fathers under the shadows of Bunker
Hill monument with its deathless memo-
ries. His father descended from a line of Ma-
ryland drunkards, his mother was an actress,
parents of no mean talent wandering hither and
thither after the manner of stage life.

But at the age of four we find him an orphan
in the home of one John Allan, a wealthy mer-
chant of Ayershire, Virginia, whose wife hav-
ing seen the child was so enamored by its
luminous, flashing eyes and black hair that
hung in graceful curls about its attractive brow,
that she advised his adoption into their home.
The child's beauty and precocity soon made
him the joy of the family, the pride of the
community. At the age of five he was enter-
taining visitors by recitation, song and dance.
Now he begins his school life a fondled and
spoiled child, the proudest chap that ever
crossed the door-sill of a school room. After
two years of previous training he goes to Eng-
land and enters school in the vicinity of Lon-
don, where he early displays such acuteness of
intellect, as to make him the recognized genius
of the school. But he soon grows weary of
the quaint and gloomy English school of the
time and returns to Richmond where he re-
ceives instruction prior to entering the Univer-
sity of Virginia.

But the pleasures of wealth and luxury had
now shattered his youthful yearning for knowl-
edge, and we find this preparation consisting
of carousals with the boys and fun with the
girls. At the age of seventeen he enters the
University of Virginia with all kinds of money,
careless and extravagant. Here opens his wild
and strange career in a manner fateful and pro-
phetic. The love of books yields to gambling
and drink. His room becomes a dramshop
and a rendezvous for gamblers. His wayward-
ness knew no limitation or cessation and be-
came such a pregnant evil, that the local
authorities decreed that he must leave the
town. Officers raid his damnable joint, but
Poe and his riotous gang had retreated to some
solitary nook of the rugged Alleghanies, where
they gambled and drank to their heart's con-
tent. It was while wandering about these
rugged crags and peaceful haunts that Poe first
conceived the idea of composition and made
his maiden attempt at versification. Returning,
he re-entered the university carrying off the
honors in French and Latin at the close of the
year after losing $2500 in luckless gambling.

This grieved and angered his master John
Allan, and now he must forsake the home that
reared him, that petted him, that loved him,
of which he was the pride, the joy, the only
heir, and go out into the world to meet his fate,—penniless, reckless, friendless, without
the power of making friends, proud solitary,
scornful, yet cultured, well-bred and attractive.

The tireless hand of time has gone four times
around the annual dial and added four years of
woeful wandering to his existence, before we
find him in the service of the U. S. army at
Fortress Monroe. He soon enters West Point
through the influence of his best friend, John
Alkan, who could not keep his anger forever. But his dignified and proud self would not bend to military discipline and restraint, but makes him a ranger through the world again, as it seems he was wont to be.

Driven by necessity to self support he chooses and enters upon a literary career as queer and mysterious as his nature. This he pursues without interruption save now and then by a startling love affair—I say startling for they were startling in the extreme. The chivalrous manner and almost tender reverence with which he approached women and the magic that held them to him were indeed wonderful. Yet this strange influence over the fair sex in every case brought grief to him as well as to them. Although he said, 'That neither the angels in heaven nor the demons down under the sea, could separate his love from the love of the beautiful Annabel Lee.'

But way down in the south, in a little kingdom by the sea, lived a girl who could be true to him, and she was Virginia Clemm. They enter upon the monstrosities of married life in a little cottage at Fordham, N. Y., where he enjoyed for a short while probably the happiest time of his life. But oh! how soon his frail Virginia begins to fail and fade away, and how he labors incessantly that she might be comforted.' From morning till night he knew no rest, from night till morning no repose. That blighting wind blew out of a cloud and chilled his fair Virginia and she was no more. Wrapped in the same military cloak that was her only shield from the cold in mortal illness, he follows her to the grave.

Now comes the darkest, saddest, gloomiest period that man can know. No language however rife with fervent terms of grief and woe can tell the sorrow and anguish of his soul. Exhausted, his mind is unbalanced, his reason de-throned. It mattered not whether he strolled by day or night the mossy causeway over Harlem river, brooding o'er his wasted past, or whiled his time in the garden with his flowers and pets, or paced his dingy cell delirious from drunkenness, his mind was ever turning to the beloved dead, of whom he said,

"My soul is sorely shaken,
Lest the dead who are forsaken,
May not be happy now,"

—the dead who lived with no other thought but to love and be loved by him, and whom he tried so hard to make happy. Whether he sought the quiet dreary ledge in the rear of his home, or sauntered at night-time up and down the garden walk arm in arm with his mother-in-law, his soul wandered through the ghoul-haunted regions of despair, and he was shaping the phantoms, fancies and dreams that came like grim spectres of the night. Is it any wonder that a life so melancholly, so sad, should dream dreams so gloomy, so strange?

But now he has told his last weird tale and sung his last dream. He leaves his wifeless home to return to the grateful haunts of his boyhood days. Here he visits his old resorts and the friends of his younger years. What must have been his feeling when he entered the old dram shop where he had spent so many fatal hours and revelous nights, as he paced back and forth across the rotten floor? It must have been a sad and lonely time of quick thronging memories. Methinks it was lonely for the place was deserted and rickety now. The walls had mouldered some, ivy vines entwined about the windows, and tall weeds had grown around the place. The silence now, contrasted with the noises then, made him lonelier still.

But this was only a spell, for while wandering o'er the scenes and recalling the pleasant recollections of his childhood, he falls in love and woos a lovely Virginia maiden. Before marriage he desires to return again to his northern home and at once starts for that cosy little cottage where lived his dearest friend on earth, but whom he was doomed never to see again. He arrives in Baltimore the next morning drunk and forlorn. He takes train for Philadelphia but takes the wrong one and is sent back in a stupid condition. A physician noticing his sorrowful plight enjoins him to be careful, that a few more drinks would finish him.
But his proud and haughty spirit that neither sorrow, pain nor anguish could shatter, that neither feared nor was humbled in death itself accepted no advice. He was chief and council too. In the afternoon he met some of his old military comrades and after enjoying a last drink together they go with him to the wharf, where they leave him awaiting a steamer. The next day (Wednesday) being election day he decided to remain in the city. Passing the night in carousing, the day following after having voted about fifteen times, he was found drunk, unknown, unconscious in a saloon on Canal street. He was born from here to a hospital where he suffered the keenest pain and deepest agony that human nature can. Force retained him on his couch. For three days, for four nights there he lay in an alarming delirium, emptily conversing with the ghosts, phantoms and spectres he fancied on the wall. Oh, the unendurable pain, the infinite anguish that he suffered there! All the implacable woes of a pitiless hell. ne'er could wring much deeper pangs. A death-like chill steals o'er his fevered frame. His face is black as black can be. The sad cold tear of death is on his famished cheek, and there is no one to comfort him. Presently he ceased raging and seemed peaceful, saying in commanding tones, “The best thing my best friend can do is blow my brains out.” Then gently turning his head he said, “Lord keep my poor soul,” and expired.

The news flashed through the streets that Poe the poet was dead in the hospital. Crowds throng to see the illustrious dead. They had seen him but a short while before lying drunk in the street and didn’t know him, nor cared to see him. But now all are eager for a lock of those black graceful curls, that twenty-five years before so enamedored the wife of John Allan.

Yet, on the the following day none, save four kindred wept o’er his mortal remains as they were lowered into the peaceful hush of a tombless grave—lowered into the land of his boyhood, buried amid the people where he spent his youth, where he labored most, where he suffered most. Yet in life they knew him not and in death mourned him not.

Thus ended the rarest and most romantic career the world has ever known, or ever can know. Such is the story, so dark and sad of a life and death each and both shrouded in one long, deep, mystic myth and mystery. Never before did the grave escomb so much of goodness, so much of meanness, so much of glory, so much of shame—a poet, a critic, a drunkard, a gambler, an opium fiend.

Others have sung more sweetly, others have lived more nobly, others died more peacefully, but what one has been all these? Many a time others would have hung their heads in despair, under the appalling suffering that he bore. Yet, he was proud, contemptible, crazy and dishonest. He lived and no one lived beside him. He wrote and no one wrote like him, none could write so well. He respected no one and few respected him. In him arrogance was supreme. One day his only friend, one who had many a time aided him when others would not, many a time released him from jail and published his poems, invited him to dinner. He vainly replied: “Your invitation to dinner to day has stung me to the quick. I cannot accept for reasons the most humiliating, my personal appearance. Lend me twenty dollars for a dress coat and I will come.” He didn’t go, for too well his friend knew that to lend him $20 was so much loss.

He was the spoiled child and petted darling of his parentage, the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of genius, simply so many blessings added to so many curses. Yet his genius made him great. None knew the charm of song so well as he, none could combine words in such musical rhythm or in sweeter melodies. His genius entwines about him a halo of renown that shall never lose the brilliancy of its beaming. Although his faults may dim its radiance yet it will continue to send forth its mellow rays of gorgeous beauties until the last small ripple on the river of Time has mingled with the great waves in the ocean of Eternity.
His name is known to every tongue and shall continue to be uttered as long as genius inspires the human heart to noble deeds—just as long as the gaunt and stately raven sits upon the bust of Pallas just above the chamber door and croaks—Nevermore!

And for the sake of those whose hearts were broken, for the sake of those who comforted him, for the sake of the worthy John Allan, and for the sake of his own worthless self, may his noble achievements never be erased from the imperishable record of fame!

The world gazes at his genius and is silent save to say that the relentless summoner bore him away too young. He died without that fragrance of sweet affection, without the burning tears of deepest sorrow that flow when great men die. He went to his long home and no mourners went about the streets. He passed to the invisible beyond at the noon of his manhood, and his mortal remains were consigned to the tongueless silence of the grave on the banks of the winding Potapsco, whose slow waters must ever chant a funeral dirge to this great man. This mean and hapless, reckless man!

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**AULD LANG SYNE**

**THE RELATION OF THE EAST TO THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY.**

BY BISHOP E. B. KEPHART.

[Read at the Dayton Alumnal Banquet.]

FIFTY years or more lie between the date of this banquet and the first dreams our fathers had of building a university for the church in which to educate her sons and daughters. The educational conception was about simultaneous in the church with the east and what was then called the west and as a result two institutions of learning were projected, Otterbein University in the west and Mount Pleasant College in the east. All the conferences of the church east of the Ohio River connected with the eastern project and those west of said river with the western. In 1856 and 1857 both the east and west conceived the idea of uniting the two schools named and in 1857 Mount Pleasant College with all its interests was transferred to and united in Otterbein University located at Westerville, Ohio.

For ten or more years, in a sense, the energies of the church were concentrated upon the university named, and up to the present with a slight deviation of a few years two of the eastern conferences have firmly stood identified with this the first and oldest school of our denomination. The very fact that the east has had an identification with the University in all her history makes this Semi-Centennial an epoch in which it has an abiding interest. And not only so but it is in the east where the denomination had its birth; it is here where our fathers, Otterbein and Boehm lived, preached, toiled, died and their graves are among us and the churches, too, whose walls were made to re-echo with their voices yet stand. These are sacred memories to the eastern mind and the fact that Otterbein University is located in the old west will forever link together the east and the west by ties never to be severed. Again in all the future of the United Brethren Church Otterbein University will be a great center of thought, culture and learning to the denomination in the east as well as in the west, and men and women who have in the years agoe tasted of its pure and pleasant fountains, will ever want to return hither again and again to slake their thirst. Her alumni and alumae, strong men and women, scattered all over the east secure to the University not only a warm friendship in this land of the rising sun, but also that which is most equivalent to a guarantee for that which is more abiding in this last and crowning victory over financial need. In a sense, from an educational standpoint, Otterbein University is the mother of us all, for she has in a high degree determined our educational polity as a church and I know not a school
within the denomination east or west in which at some time in its history an alumnus of this grand old mother of our schools has not stood at its head or in some other way been connected with its faculty, and thus she has entwined her life with the east as she has with the west, and in this Semi-Centennial her children and her grandchildren and her great grandchildren in the east rise up with her children in the west and call her blessed.

The east is not narrow in her conception of a true Christian benevolence—she has men and women, large hearted men and women, whose views leap far beyond all sectional lines and whose gifts are generously bestowed upon the worthy wherever found. It is this spirit of magnanimity in the east that has built and endowed so many of the schools of other churches in the west. It is this spirit also that has so often sent aid to our own struggling schools of the west, and this spirit will in this Semi-Centennial of Otterbein University come forward and share in the glory of helping to pay her last debt.

We of the east have always had a growing pride in this school that bears the name of the founder of our denomination. Her high grade of scholarship and the rank to which she has attained among the great educational institutions of the country are so complete and satisfactory that our eastern pride has in no sense diminished, but rather reached its culmination in this Semi-Centennial year.

With its grand history behind us and the promises of its bright future before us, it does seem that all that should be necessary would be to ask a great church for the $17,500 yet needed to pay off the last remaining debt of this mother of our schools.

I believe to this Jerusalem Jubilee of our Semi-Centennial of educational work, they will come from the east and from the west, even if they cannot come from the north and the south, and lay down their offerings in this crowning glory.

As I look into the future, I am impressed with the thought that what we do we must do quickly for surely great events thicken fast on the dial of time. The rolling wheels of God run swift and high but never backward. Today a decade of years is enough to revolutionize a world. The deep hidden forces of truth now sway the very scaffold erected by its enemies for its execution and the sound of the goings of God is heard throughout the whole earth. "Signs in the sun and moon appear, the sea and the waves roaring and the powers of heaven are shaken." The great seething, surging sea of humanity is to day as the rushing in of the tide, the nations are running to and fro through the earth and all things are replete with change and revolution, that the rubbish which has floated to us from antiquity may be swept away by that true light which came down from the skies, which is being assisted and rendered more effulgent by our schools and universities.

ITEMS OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

BY F. RIEBEL, GALLOWAY, OHIO.

I BECAME a member of the U. B. church at the age of seventeen, and entered O. U. as student five years later. I was present as a looker-on at the board meeting of sixty-three. The civil war then had reached grave proportions. The students of the spring term were so few that I blush to name the number, but at the June meeting of the board quite a colony of trustees appeared on the ground. The U. B. preachers of that period told me that I belonged to the best church on earth and that O. U. was the best college for me to attend.

I had thought that so much religion was only the portion of angels, until I saw the trustees, yet I was afraid something might happen to chill the good feelings of my faith. But no! I felt more sure when a motion carried to raise $60,000 to endow six professorships and a very tall man was authorized to send out circulars to the good brethren stating the fact that such endowment was greatly needed. It was thought
when the brethren fully understood this need, that they would respond with the money in a year or two. This was an idea so delightfully new to me that I said my church had the knack of doing things as they ought to be done. I felt a little shaky however, when the tall man, who is a known optimist, alluded to the debt in a way that showed the pessimistic grief-muscles in his face, but I concluded all was right, only that my thinking apparatus must be rusty, though it had no college rust as yet.

The college year of sixty-four opened with a better attendance of students, and at the June meeting of the board a goodly number of trustees was present. Gloomy expressions hung in nearly all faces and it looked as if something was wrong in the plan of the world. It was stated in this meeting that the faculty had not nearly been paid the past and some previous years. It was stated that scholarships had been sold too cheap and were now in the way of needed money. The agent also explained that the money realized from their sale had gone on the debt and to agents. This latter stirred up a nest of thoughts and a good deal of friction that was rubbed in by friction. It was also whispered that the man who was a sort of at-home agent had to borrow money of A and B for ten days or two weeks and then afterwards pay the parties the identical money just to keep up the credit of the college at home and its reputation abroad. This shocked me at first, but as I look across the years again I see that this had in it the wisdom of the serpent without any of its poison. During this year some of the professors took stock in an oil well that flowed exactly one barrel of oil, when the drill got fast in the hard-pan of common sense.

In June, of sixty-five, the O. U. trustees met as usual. The president of the board arose with great dignity and spoke of a serious situation, a small number of students and ten of these had been expelled during the year, and now their fathers complained of the mal-administration of discipline. Some of the professors had gotten hold of a patent during this year to make sugar and money out of sorghum. It was stated at this meeting that the scholarships had to be gotten out of the way somehow. The debt loomed up as never before. It was $10,000 beyond a doubt, and some bold spirit said interest and all would run it up to $30,000. The circulars had now circulated for two years, and the good brethren had not been responsive to what the college so keenly felt.

The cry of mismanagement was in the air so that most of the trustees became disturbed with a sense of things unknown. Then it was moved to have secret sessions, and the motion was lost. There was talk of selling the grounds and building. One brother said he felt like kicking the thing into Alum creek. A motion was next discussed for nearly a day to rent the college for a period of years. This did not carry, but to me it bored an eyehole into O. U. that gave me a wider outlook and may be a higher up-look.

My mind was next attracted by a vision in one of the then three literary societies, and this vision so flitted across the horizon of my life that I almost lost sight of O. U. during the remainder of the sixties.
Spencer's splendid success in his chosen field, and to have kindly expressions from him of the warm feeling which he has always had for his alma mater.

'70—Mr. S. E. Kemp is one of the lay delegates from the Miami Conference to the United Brethren General Conference, which meets at Toledo, Iowa, May 13.

'92—J. G. Bovey paid us a short visit Jan. 6. He was on his way home for a short vacation and rest. Mr. Bovey has been working for some time in the interests of the National Prohibition party.

'96—The last number of the Search Light contains a letter from Rev. F. S. Minshall, missionary to Africa. His descriptions of that tropical clime and of the voyage on the way thither are very interesting.

'94—Rev. I. L. Oakes, pastor of the U. B. church at Galion, is in the midst of a glorious revival of religion. Over one hundred souls have been converted, and the meeting is still in progress with unabated interest.

'95—Prof. J. C. Blackburn is succeeding admirably in the educational work at Scottsdale, Pa., where he is first assistant principal of the public schools. The University has a warm supporter in Mr. Blackburn, and one who is alive to all her interests.

'96—Rev. R. A. Longman and wife were recently the recipients of a very bountiful donation from their people at York, Nebraska. Mr. Longman has but very little work to do to complete the classical course in O. U. This he hopes to do soon and graduate with the present senior class.

'83—It was our pleasure during vacation to meet one of our honored alumni, Mr. E. B. Grimes, editor of the Dayton Evening Herald, the leading journal of the city of Dayton. When he first occupied this position he was the youngest editor of a daily paper in the state of Ohio. Mr. Grimes has a warm feeling for O. U. and all her interests.

'96—Prof. W. L. Richer, professor of mathematics in Shenandoah Institute, Dayton, Va., spent a two weeks' vacation at his home in Peru, Ind. We have good reports from Mr. Richer's work in the educational line.

OUR FACULTY.

RESIDENT Sanders contributes an article for the Quarterly Review in the current number, on "Our Educational Policy." Just recently he received from the University of Chicago the first number of the American Journal of Theology and accompanying the same was a letter from President Harper asking him to contribute an article for the Journal. The Journal is edited by the Divinity Faculty of the University of Chicago and among its contributors are the most eminent scholars of America and also of Germany, England, and Scotland. It is a matter of great pleasure that our good President is thus recognized and asked to think and write in company with the world's greatest scholars. On the evening of Jan. 15, he lectured at New Paris, Ohio, on "The Transfigured Life." The lecture was one of the course of entertainments which the young people's society of that place is giving.

Professor Zuck preached a very eloquent and scholarly sermon the first Sunday of the term on "Man created in the image of God." The professor's sermons are always of high merit.

Miss Johnson had to dismiss her classes three days last week on account of sickness.

Professor Miller has a class in Higher Plane Curves. The members of it are Messrs. Kinders, Yothers, Newell, Zehring and Miss Merrill. This is the highest mathematics ever taught in the University.

Prof Scott is busily engaged in classifying, marking and placing the books obtained from the ladies' societies.
Dr. Haywood has no classes this term. He is seen almost daily about the college and on Friday mornings conducts chapel exercises.

Dr. Garst is engaged outside of college hours in writing a history of the college. He has not missed a single recitation on account of sickness during his 27 years as professor here.

Miss Barnes looks after the interests of the library during the afternoons and is helping Professor Scott in his work in the library.

Professor Guitner is interesting his beginners with dissertations on the Greek roots. His classes in translation are making good records.

Professor Wagoner has complete charge of the preparatory students. He says the first year Latin students are doing the best work of any class he has ever taught.

Professor McFadden’s class in laboratory work is the smallest in many years, there being only seven members.

DAYTON ALUMNAL BANQUET.

LARGE number of alumni, students and friends of Otterbein University banqueted at The Newcomer in this city last Tuesday evening. The committee, under the leadership of Prof. A. B. Shauick, president of the Association, deserves much credit for the splendid provision they made for the rich feast of good things and the flow of soul which characterized the entire evening.

In many respects this was the best banquet which the Association has ever enjoyed. It was a peculiarly rare opportunity to greet such distinguished guests as Hon. David L. Sleeper, Speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives, Prof. L. D. Bonebrake, superintendent of the public schools at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and his cultured wife, Professors Guitner and Garst and President Sanders, of Otterbein University, and others of prominence in the various professions.

Professor Shauick served as toastmaster, and the meeting was favored with the following program, of a high order of intellectual and oratorical merit. Those who were present and made magnificent addresses were: Dr. Garst, upon “What the Miami Valley has Done for Otterbein University;” Professor Bonebrake, upon “Otterbein University and the Teacher;” Hon. D. L. Sleeper, upon “Otterbein University and the Profession;” Bishop Hott, upon “True Education;” President Sanders, upon “The Value of Broad Culture and Training;” U. S. Martin, upon “Otterbein University in General;” Rev. W. J. Shuey, upon “The Necessity of Heart and Mind Culture for the Denomination.” Regrets were received from Bishop Weaver, who was not permitted to attend. Papers were read from the pens of Judge John A. Shauick, of Columbus, Ohio, and Bishop Kephart, of Baltimore, Md., upon “The Relation of Otterbein’s Alumni to her Semi-Centennial,” and “The Relation of the East to the Semi-Centennial of Otterbein University,” respectively. Reference was made to letters received from Bishop N. Castle, Professors Miller and Zuck, and Mrs. President Sanders.

The central idea of the entire program was the approaching Semi-Centennial of Otterbein University, which will be celebrated next June with marked enthusiasm and delight. It was an evening of real social and intellectual profit and pleasure.—Religious Telescope of Jan. 6, 1897.

OTTERBEIN ASSOCIATION OF COLUMBUS.

THE Ohio State Journal of the morning of Jan. 15, gives the following account of the annual meeting in Columbus, Ohio:

“The Otterbein Association of Columbus held its annual meeting last evening at the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. The membership is composed of ex-students and graduates of Otterbein University, Westerville, and numbers over 100, some of whom are very prominent in business and professional circles. The election of officers resulted as follows: Presi-
dent, Dr. J. W. Clemmer; vice president, Rev. M. DeWitt Long; secretary, Mrs. Sadie Thayer Mowry; treasurer, Mrs. George L. Converse. During the past year the Association lost by death two of its most active and efficient members—Messrs. Daniel L. Bowsmith and William O. Guinther. Messrs. Geo. R. Hippard and Dr. Clemmer and Mrs. Dr. C. P. Landon were appointed a committee to draft resolutions of respect for Mr. Bowsmith, and Messrs. Ed. L. Weinland, George W. Bright and J. F. Rodgers for Mr. Guinther.

"It was decided to hold the annual reunion and banquet early in February and the following committee of arrangements was appointed: George R. Hippard, Dr. A. J. Timberman, Mrs. Dr. C. P. Landon, Mrs. M. C. Howard and E. L. Weinland. This committee is to meet Monday evening and fix the date and make other preparations. It is fully expected to make the affair one long to be remembered by those who participate."

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**DIFFERENTIALS**

**ABOVE THE CLOUDS.**

(CONTINUED.)

The most incomprehensible thing about a Freshman is his majestic self. His ideal self is a much larger affair because his majestic self is made up very largely of nonentities.

His wonderful literary self is shown by his rising at a late banquet to a toast on the subject, "The Potentiality of Higher Learning," as follows: "It is universally conjoined that collegiate training widens and expands the understanding of humanity. Just as the moaning winds extenuate the sails of the wooden ship as she perambulates over the briny salt sea, just so an emancipative education unfurls the capabilities of a homo, and practically directs him bounding on his curriculum with broader wings.

"The ways of an uncultured man are crossways; all his paths are paths of conglomeration and hallucination without any talisman or cynosure. But along with the glorious dawn of civilization and the liberating pace of progress, the all-illuminating blaze of educational development pierces his withered, chaotic soul and communicates to it magnetic torrents of discrimination. Now, the antique scales fall from his ocular organs in humble adoration like the hide from a snake.

"Just as the chrysalis emerges from its old grave clothes, takes on wings of beauty, and soars through the ethereal air, alighting here and there to hatch out cabbage worms, then mounting up in the incense breathing morn, escapes the grinding paddles of the industrious urchin, who himself is off and out of reach of his mother's paddle, (for he would sooner have a hot head and cool pants than to be hot all over), just so the college student evacuates his old shell of unclassified chaos, mounts upon the broad wings of classification fanned by the breezes of developed intellectuality, and with gay plumes of self-admiration streaming from his cap their splendor in the balmy air, he from the bottom of his nature lifts up his voice and cries, how incomprehensible it is to be a Freshman." Here he paused, having exhausted the air of the banquet hall.

**THE GRIDIRON.**

As I look down through the mists and shadows that overhang your world, I observe that the "gridiron" is now cold. Cold weather puts up a stronger "interference" than the most enthusiastic lovers of the sport are able to erupate. The frozen ground defies the "rooters." The "swipes," fairy like, are cutting figures on the ice in their frozen water-buckets. The linesman has "played a good guard" by giving the other side premeditated advantage "along his line." A fellow that plays halfback one year ought to play quarterback on two teams the next year. And a
fullback ought to play "sub." for two halfbacks or for four quarters.

After the "last half" of the last game the referee made a "fumble" by referring the whole business to me "Above the Clouds," who ordered the "left end" to kick the ball on the "right end" sending it over the "goal" for a 365-yard returning roll, to be again downed in the "center" by the "sure tackle," Time.

TERM POINT.

You may well imagine that a "term point" viewed from another world is a very interesting phenomenon. Some points are no longer points because they are projected indefinitely and vigorously into space and time. While they thus gain durability they lose endurance and become an extended nuisance before a disgusted public. A change of situation is advisable. If a flock could occasionally depart from its flint-beaten paths and realize that there is such a thing as change, it would be a good thing for the flock and also for the community in which it flocks.

A HYPOTHESIS.

Recently some of my learned courtiers have been trying to prove this hypothesis—that some people possess "duality of mind," i.e., an ordinary mind and an empty, thoughtless mind which they take with them to lectures and concerts. Another exhibition of uncivil, barbarous, chaotic conduct in the chapel during an entertainment will be all that is necessary to sum up the evidence. Of course the theory will include none of my readers; but if you meet any of these people, tell them that Cognander said (I assume this not as a characteristic name, but as a mere appellative) they are wise men without wisdom. Cognander.

The December Integral publishes extracts from a statement of Dr. Stephen H. Emmens who declares he has discovered a method for transmuting silver into gold, and expresses the opinion that gold, silver, lead, zinc and all other metals are identical in substance.

BEYOND THE PORTALS—IN MEMORIAM.

BY W. O. FRUES, COLLEGE PASTOR.

"There is no death. What seems so is transition; This life of mortal breath Is but a suburb of the life elysian, Whose portal we call death." —Longfellow.

His "portal" was opened for the spirit of Mary J. Erb-Scott, the esteemed wife of Prof. George Scott, on Sunday evening, Jan. 3, 1897. Only a few hours before the Death Angel's finger touched her mortal body and soon it surrendered its precious Christ-loving spirit.

The deceased was cultured and most highly esteemed. During the ten years she lived in Westerville she constantly grew in the adoration and affection of faculty and students of the University, the church, and all who learned to know her. She beautifully exemplified the virtues of Christ whom she learned to love and serve in the days of her youth. In disposition she was quiet, unassuming, generous, and perfectly devoted to those to whom she felt she owed her thought and service. From a tender tribute read at her funeral by Dr. Garst we quote the following: "I have never seen or known aught of her that is not wholly pleasant to remember; nothing that needs to be omitted or glossed over lest offense and pain be given to relatives and friends. If I should attempt to single out from her many charming characteristics the one that impressed me most it would be the cheery good nature and kindly smile with which she greeted all she knew."

When the door of Paradise opened for Mrs. Scott a soul entered which had become beautiful while on earth. All her earthly cares and duties had contributed to the making of a character which was forceful in life and triumphant in death through faith in the Christ.

Her funeral was conducted by the writer. President Sanders and Dr. Garst of the University made tender references to her high life.
and character. Rev. A. Orr, of Basil, read an appropriate Scripture lesson, while Revs. Kohr, of the Presbyterian church, and Creamer, of the M. E. church, offered prayer. Six professors from the University were pallbearers. A quartet rendered several appropriate songs. The floral offerings from friends were numerous and beautiful. The entire service was simple but impressive. Prof. Scott and daughter have the sympathy and prayers of a multitude of friends. May they be comforted with the thought that, "Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod, While the pure spirit is resting with God."

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Y. W. C. A.

Sunday afternoon the Y. W. C. A. held a meeting in the prayer room, which was very helpful to the girls just returning from their holiday vacation.

During the past week the girls have been divided into small groups, which have held short prayer services each day. These have been very helpful.

Y. M. C. A.

Throughout this college year it has been the burden of many young men that the Y. M. C. A., and all Otterbein might have a gracious revival, and that the young men not knowing Christ might be brought to Him. There is still a great work to be done amongst some who are unsaved. But already several have been reached. As to the gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Association, such a pentecostal shower has been received as was perhaps never known before. On last Saturday morning the young men met at 9 o'clock in the prayer room of the college and held a very precious meeting. In the evening the two Associations met in a joint service in the college chapel, and were led very close to God. On the following (Sunday) afternoon at 3 o'clock, the young men again met in the Association building, and in this meeting such a pentecostal shower was received as was never before witnessed by many. The entire audience seemed shaken as one man. Man after man seemed to leap from death into life—into a higher life than had before been known by many who had faithfully worked in the Master's cause. While there are others to be reached, we feel that as to the Association God has answered our prayers fully.

LOCALS.

Gracious revival services are now being held in the chapel and churches of the village.

A number of the boys are talking of enlisting for Cuba. Most of them want to be chaplain. Their sweethearts are perfectly willing they should go.

We know of a "free silver" father who won't send his son to Sunday school because his teacher, who is one of the professors, insists that he shall learn the "golden" rule.

The old reliable and never failing Weibling and Thompson clubs are doing a first-class business this term after a close-up during the last term. "Philosopher" Byrer is governor at the former, while "Judas" West holds the bag for the epicures at the latter place.

The Oratorical Association recently held a meeting, and active preparations are being made for the coming local contest which will occur on Feb. 13. To fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Otis Flook, Lenore Good was elected to the presidency. The Aegis has kindly offered to train the successful contestant in the local contest, for the state contest, under Prof. Fox.

Fifteen new students have entered this term, some joining the class to which they belonged last year. Those who have matriculated this term are, J. S. Gruver, Reliance, Va.; H. W. Engle, Beaver, Pa.; Clyde McConnaughy, Brandt, O.; L. D. Harris, Plantsville, O.; C. C. Cockrell, Burbank, O.; A. E. Ullery, Wes-
terville; J. O. Erwin, Dayton, O.; and E. G. Slemmer, Norwood, Mo. The ladies are Mayme Ambrose, Palestine, Ill.; Mary Pinney, Blendon, O.; Ola Schrock, Agnes Howell and Cora Longshore, Westerville; Rose Clymer, New Albany, O.; and Ollie Christopher, West Newton, O.

O. C. Ewry, who is serving as pastor of a small circuit near Sparta, was very completely and agreeably surprised by some seventy-five of the young people of his congregations at the home of one of his parishioners, Mr. Crego, at West Galena, on the evening of the 15th inst. Large tables loaded with all the delicacies of the winter season were set and a royal good time was had in his honor. Mr. Ewry was promoted to the Sophomore class at the opening of this term.

A very superior exhibit was given by the art department on the last Thursday evening of last term. The various exhibits, which were all of high merit, were well classified, and so arranged as to produce a beautiful effect. China and oil painting, pencil sketching and wood carving were each given a prominent place in the exhibit. From 7:30 to about 9:30 the art rooms were crowded with admiring spectators. The latter part of the evening was taken up with the rendition of a short musical program, consisting of a guitar solo, two vocal solos, and a ladies' and gentlemen's quartet. Refreshments were then served by the art department. Withal it was a happy and unique occasion and reflected much credit on the splendid work of Miss Sevier.

The Senior class now numbers 32 with at least two more to join the class before commencement, making one of the largest classes on record in O. U. The Junior class now numbers 19, and is rapidly growing. The Sophomores are in good spirits with 29 enthusiastic members. The Freshman class is in the same onward march, and bids fair to make one of the largest classes in school. The various departments are entering upon the second part of the year with enthusiasm, and we are now assured that the Semi-Centennial year of Otterbein will be a success.

WITH OUR SCISSORS.

"Knowledge and wisdom far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Another year with its changes, its bright hopes, and its good resolutions has just crossed the threshold of time. And the new year's reform has reached the desk of the Ex-scribe. Our chief has assigned us a permanent place...
for the future, so we have gone to work with our scissors. Yet we hope not to clip a great deal verbatim. Our idea of a model exchange column is not a word for word scrap book, or a lot of college journals which reminds one of the book lists of some magazines, or yet a place for the wholesale criticism of other oftentimes superior college papers. These have their place. But the primary aim of the exchange column should be to keep the reader in touch with outside college life and journalism.

Case is reorganizing her athletics.

Yale has graduated ninety-two college presidents.

The Seniors of O. S. U. are discussing the cap and gown question.

The O. W. U. Seniors are considering the advisability of having a representative.

Chapel services are so interesting at Cornell that seats have to be reserved for the students.

The students of Wooster are yet rather sore over their failure to secure the privilege of participating in inter-collegiate athletics.

The Notre Dame Scholastic is one of the most ably edited college papers we have had the pleasure of reading. It is a handsome weekly and always comes filled with good things. It is mature in thought, and a model in style and matter.

After an absence of some time our Quaker friend, the Earlhamite, has again returned. Pleased to see you again, old friend.

In England one man in 5000 attends college; in Scotland one in 520; in Germany one in 213; in the United States one in 2000.

O. S. U. and O. W. U., Oberlin and Adelbert have organized an inter-collegiate debating league. Each will have one representative in an inter-collegiate debate.

We are glad to welcome to our table the Washington Jeffersonian. It is a strong college paper and gives one a favorable impression of the institution which gave it birth.

We are pleased to see the demand that is being made by some of our college papers for clean amateur athletics. And the most hopeful thing about it is that the work in many instances is begun at home.

She was walking with my rival,
As they chanced to homeward roam,
It was from my garret window,
I was seeing Nellie home.—Ex.
### Cleveland, Akron and Columbus RAILWAY

#### SCHEDULE

**IN EFFECT DEC. 7, 1896.**

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