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The last term of the college year has opened with every assurance of being the happiest and best term of the year. Some of the students were compelled to drop out during this term, but others have come to take their places and the attendance will be increased a little over the previous terms.

There are many things which go to make this term especially pleasant, and, in fact one of the most celebrated and important in the history of the college. This is the term when Otterbein University will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. During the last week of the term hundreds of old students, alumni, friends, and benefactors will come together, and renewing the bonds which friendship has made in years past, will join in the great Golden Jubilee. It will be a memorable event in the life of the college and is being looked forward to with great interest and enthusiasm. A very attractive program has been arranged, which we present in another place, and we hope, and it is urged, that every person who has in any way been connected with the college will begin now to arrange to attend.

Then, too, it will be the time when it is hoped that the last dollar of the present indebtedness will be paid off. President Sanders is giving almost his whole time to this important work, and if he succeeds in this as he has done in other years, those who have labored long and earnestly to relieve the college of this embarrassment will be permitted to see the old bonds burned in the college chapel; for this it is proposed to do if the indebtedness is raised.

The prospect for a grand time during commencement week was never better. With the coming of nearly all the alumni and the visit of hundreds of old students, with class reunions and old class songs, interesting exercises of all kinds, music, songs, yells, parades and pleasures galore, with a graduating class, one of the largest and best in the history of the college, what more could conspire to make the coming celebration and commencement highly pleasing and abounding in interest and attraction? The homes in the village will be thrown wide open to entertain the visitors and every comfort possible will be provided for those who come. No one need hesitate to revisit these old familiar places, and it is hoped that all who can will come to visit the town.
and the college and especially to participate in the exercises of commencement week.

**LITERARY** societies in the colleges of Ohio have been the subject of comments of all sorts by some of our worthy contemporary "pencil pushers" during the past few months. Statements are noted which indicate that the standard of literary work in many of our colleges is not very high. The cause of this is not easily arrived at and there seems to be no suggestions as to improvement in this line.

However it is worthy of note that the colleges having the least interest in literary work are those in which fraternities have a firm footing and have practically usurped the place of the literary societies. Some are free enough to confess that the fraternities are a detriment to literary work. What the cause can be in other cases we do not exactly understand. But interest and enthusiasm in the societies should be awakened. There certainly never has been a time better given to the study of literary subjects for college students than the present. The college orator, essayist, story teller, historian, eulogists may now find abundant subjects on which to put his best study and thought. If these subjects will be taken up and studied with care in the literary societies, we will notice a revival in the interest in the societies of the state. Get to work if you want good societies. Doing nothing and talking about failure will only drag you deeper in the shallowness of your work.

The literary societies here were never in better condition than at present. A recent comparison of the work done and methods pursued in a number of colleges of the state showed beyond question that in literary society work we excelled the largest colleges. We may justly be proud of our four societies. All have a large membership. The rivalry is strong but at all times most friendly. The sessions are well attended. Programs are carefully arranged and the performers always do their best. The work done at private sessions is as meritorious as that done at public sessions. The halls are each year made more attractive and everything indicates their continued growth and usefulness in the college.

The work done in the literary society is of the highest practical value. Literary work carefully and thoroughly done is as essential to success in any calling as the study of the work in a particular department of study. To speak with ease and power, to think closely and logically in the pulpit, on the platform, or at the public meeting, to write rapidly and in pleasing style on whatever subject is chosen, are acquisitions which everyone should possess. Good literary societies help very materially in this and in no case should they be neglected or be supplanted by any kind of pleasure or association. Let us continue to be enthusiastic and hardworking in our literary societies. They are an enduring monument of literary zeal; they are the pride and praise of every Otterbein student.

Many of our subscribers have responded to our requests for subscriptions over due. For this promptness the subscription agent is very grateful. But there are many yet who have not settled with him. This is a special effort on our part and it is urged that all should settle at once and thereby avoid a second demand. The *ÆGIS* is flourishing but we must have our dues. So please send stamps, money order, postal note, or in any convenient form. $$ $$ $$ Do it to-day.

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I slept in the editor's bed one night,  
When no editor chanced to be nigh;  
And thought, as I tumbled that editor's nest,  
How easily editors lie.  

Professor—Late again. You'll have to get to class on time.  
J. P.—Couldn't help it, Professor. Some one hid my alarm-clock under my bed, and I slept over time.
AULD LANG SYNE

FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY THE EDITOR.

On June 24, 1857, just forty years ago, reckoning from the date of our commencement this year, occurred the first commencement exercises of Otterbein University. Although the college had been in existence for ten years no graduate had gone out from the institution. This year however furnished two graduates and students and faculty made careful preparation for the occasion. In order to make the exercises more interesting and lengthy a number of the undergraduates were placed on the program. The printed programs were neat in appearance and even at this day would be a good rival of those now used. In many respects they were superior. The following was the order of exercises:

Prayer
Music
The Materialism of the Age.....................J. A. Clarke
Music
The World's Literature..........................Milton Mann
Who Is She.....................................Melissa A. Haynie
Dress...........................................Lizzie Kumler
Music
The True Reformer.............................John Holway
A Husking Bodkin, a poem.....................B. R. Hanby
Music
Crooked Trees..................................M. Kate Winter
Character of Christ—Its Superiority........S. Jennie Miller
Music
Conferring of Degrees
Music
Benediction

The last two were the graduates. The former was afterwards principal of the ladies' department and is now living very pleasantly in Los Angeles, Cal. The other has been dead many years.

In a few instances in later years graduating addresses were given in Latin or German.

A study of the catalogues of those early days give us a good idea of the spirit of the times, and they give us some other ideas too, which the uninhibited would hardly suspect. The make-up of the pamphlet was somewhat as at present, but the descriptive parts were noticeably different. The course of study was short as compared with what we now have. Nevertheless, as the catalogue says, it was "designed to prepare students not for a particular calling in life but to fill any and every station with honor to themselves and advantage to the world."

In speaking of the college property it says: "The college property consists of eight acres of land, beautifully situated in the town of Westerville, Franklin County, Ohio; two large and commodious building—one a brick and the other a frame. The brick building is sixty-six feet long and three stories high. This building is fitted up for the accommodation of young ladies, to board, room and study. This is also the residence of the president and family. It is desirable that the ladies from abroad should room and board in this building, for the obvious reason that the faculty cannot be responsible for their improvement and correct deportment unless they are under their immediate care. The college building is seventy-six feet long and twenty-six wide and two stories high. Here are the college chapel, recitation rooms, reading room, library, apparatus and accommodations for the literary societies."

This was in 1852. And thus early the ladies were objects of special attention. But the learned heads of the college saw too, that the "males," as they were then called, should be looked after. So the catalogue of '56 tells about another brick building, and it was "for the accommodation of young men to board, room and study." Then there was this additional note:

"It may be well to remark also that immediately north of the college square the institution owns twenty acres of rich and beautiful land now in good state of cultivation. Students do the principal part of the work, superintend-
ed by a very competent Christian gentleman. The eagerness with which the students generally inquire for work and the hearty good will with which they engage in it every afternoon, is truly hopeful. Some of the students pay all their boarding this way."

Such an arrangement now would hardly suffice for the average farmer boy who gets to college. Their "eagerness" turns rather to football and baseball and it is in these that he enters with "hearty good will." But times were different then. They are becoming different even now. The boys looked after the fruit trees, some of which still stand, and did garden work in general. The lot was called the "College Garden." The boys received from six cents to ten cents an hour for work, this depending on the kind of work done. A small sum indeed, but they were unusually glad to get that. About this time it was proposed to make it compulsory to work in the garden—to have the boys go out in fine style every afternoon and work. The proposal gave rise to lively discussions. At the concluding exercises that year this question was debated: Resolved, that the manual labor system be made obligatory in this institution. Affirmative—John Holway, negative—W.D.Knepper.

Some of the young men rented small lots and cultivated them to make money out of them. Dr. Garst was one of those renters. He rented five acres for corn the spring '57 or '58 and paid $5 per acre for the use of it. He had a nice lot of corn coming on but the June frost nearly destroyed it. According to the theory of farming frosted corn, he began to clip it close to the ground but this soon proved too hard work for the future professor and he let the rest go without clipping. And lo, when the corn harvest came he had as good corn as those who clipped their fields. Of course that revolutionized the manner of growing frosted corn. He sold the lot of standing corn for $11 per acre. Thus he had a surplus of $25 for his labor. Prof. Guittner was here then also, but a sort of tradition relates that his proclivities did not run to gardening. The venerable Dr. McFadden had charge of the garden and he was styled the professor of scientific agriculture and manual labor.

[For lack of space our article is cut off here. The rest will appear next month.]

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**LITERARY**

**THE TREND OF EVENTS.**

R. J. HEAD, '01.

[Delivered at the Ohio State Oratorical Contest.]

In the great loom of time weaving the wonderful fabric of human destiny, there are innumerable shuttles passing rapidly to and fro. They mysteriously interlace the warp and woof of the countless events that form this incomparable texture. These shuttles are of every conceivable description—war, public opinion, individuals, communities, nations, empires, continents, and even ages—all playing their parts. They place their numberless threads of great variety of shade and color, of beauty and dimension, of quality and strength, into this one fabric of surpassing magnitude. But the question arises, can there be discerned from the completed portion thus presented to our view sufficiently well-defined marks and tracings to warrant us in saying that the design is this or that?

To this, answers may be given as perplexing as the question itself and as varied as the minds that think upon it.

Some reply, that in the midst of so much variety of opinion, so much vacillation of purpose, so much fluctuation of states and conditions, and so much perplexity and hesitancy of mind,—all that can be said is, "History repeats itself." Certain principles that have disappeared will reappear, and similar struggles for principles will occur again and again. Severe contests of might against right, of evil against good, and of darkness against light, will cause
widespread attention from time to time. Nations and continents that were once the vanguard and light of civilization, but have fallen to the rear, will again come to the front and exert their influence upon the peoples of the earth, as the world goes rolling on making its history.

All this and more might be said and be in accordance with truth; but it is equally true that "Coming events cast their shadows before." The ancients blazed not only one path but two, and upon one or the other of these every individual is traveling. Moreover, as the countless millions have gone on in their resistless march toward the final destiny of the race, these paths have widened and lengthened to immeasurable dimensions. Again, these paths repeatedly cross and recross each other and sometimes confusedly unite. Upon the one are found, carried along by their votaries, those principles and tendencies that hinder and degrade the race and tend to bring it to destruction; upon the other, are found those that help, uplift, and move the race on to universal peace and righteousness. At the crossings of these paths these rivals have met and those mighty struggles for mastery have occurred that have shaken the world and caused the hearts of brave men to fear and women to pray for speedy deliverance. Each succeeding age has received the gathered influences of the preceding, and then, adding its own contribution, it has transmitted them to the next until these forces gathering volume and momentum in their onward course, are larger and mightier than at any other time. On and on they rush marshaling their respective forces for the final struggle of Armageddon. Already the clouds of the gathering storm are lowering over our heads and soon it will burst forth in all its fury—thundering its peals of wrath and warning, flashing its fiery darts of devastation and destruction, and pouring its floods of indignation and iniquity upon us, till the whole heaven shall be ablaze and the air filled with deafening booms and ceaseless rumblings and all the world shall tremble with fear and the earth shall rock and reel as a drunken man.

Time and the numerous combinations involved in the development of this fabric prevent us from tracing more than two of the operating shuttles, war and public opinion. These must stand, the one for the evil, and the other for the good, tendencies that so strangely and in such diverse ways affect the welfare of humanity.

Although it must be admitted that war has sometimes been providential and its effects overruled for good, it is clear, on the other hand, that this is not its direct results, nor of the principles which it involves for its successful waging, but is the effect of some higher power mysteriously controlling all things for a wise and beneficent purpose. There is not an evil passion nor principle under heaven that it does not foster and develop. There is no sin nor crime emanating from hell, be it lying, deceit, plunder, sensuality, intemperance or murder, that does not receive the full sanction of war. Poverty, wretchedness, destruction and retrogression are invariably found in its train. Time and again has the world's progress been hindered by its ruthless hand as evidenced by the Peloponnesian War, the Punic Wars, the Wars of the Roses, the Continental Wars by Napoleon, and the Crimean and Russo-Turkish Wars. And to-day, though its devotees claim that the art of war has been humanized, that the lives and property of non-belligerents are protected and the rights and interests of neutrals conserved, yet in the face of this, the very best talent is employed in devising the most terrible machines for wholesale slaughter and destruction. Germany vaunts herself over her superior army, Russia glories in her numbers, France strains every nerve to make both her array and navy efficient, the British lion roars that he is master of the seas, and the American eagle jubilantly screams over his new navy.

What means all this? Does it mean that the dove of peace has spread abroad its wings and will permanently brood over and tenderly watch and foster all the arts and blessings of a
peaceful millennium? Does it mean that the "Unspeakable Turk" will cease to agitate all peoples by immediately becoming just and merciful? Does it mean that Russia's preparation for war will no longer go on, that the "Triple Alliance" will be broken up, that the understanding between France and Russia will not be necessary, and that the constant, anxious watching of the other powers by England will not be needed? Would to God that such were its meaning! But it is not. The greed of some of the nations, regardless of the rights and interests of others, will, sooner or later, be the match that will put all Europe in a blaze and completely fulfill that prophecy, "Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom."

O War, thou child of the devil, offspring of iniquity and embodiment of wickedness; thou destroyer of peace, desolater of homes, breaker of hearts, producer of streams of tears and rivers of blood; thou curse of nations, hinderer of progress and friend of tyranny, thou insatiable monster, hast thou not caused enough tears, spilled enough blood, and broken enough hearts to satisfy thee? No! No!! Up and down this fair earth of ours thou art stalking, continually leaving desolation, misery, and death. Unchecked, uncontrolled, thou destroyest peace, life, and property with devilish ingenuity and hellish cunning. Shrieks, groans, moaning lips, tearful eyes, mangled bodies, and crushed hearts have had no effect upon thy heart of stone. Prayers to stay thy hand have ascended in vain. The curses of an oppressed humanity have fallen upon thee unheeded. Rivers of blood flowing unceasingly have reprieved and appealed to thee unavailingly. Hearts torn, nations blotted out, hell filled, all to no purpose—thy insatiableness is incurable.

But listen! Thou hast already been arraigned before the tribunal of public opinion; thy doom is sealed. The sentence is, that thou shalt be relegated to oblivion, there to be tormented day and night by the ghosts of bleeding hearts and sighing lips of a once-afflicted humanity; and when peace shall have finished her beneficent reign of glory upon the earth, then the thunderbolt of an angry God shall strike thee and the curses of the formerly oppressed but now victorious and indignant race, shall bury thee beyond resurrection.

Little now remains to be said in regard to public opinion. Away back, several centuries before the Christian era, the power of public opinion had its origin in democratic Athens. There, in magnificent contrast to all the former tyrannical governments and to those that were still in existence, the Athenians, as a people, controlled their own destiny.

Many times and for long periods this growing power has been stifled; but it has as often re-asserted itself and has increased to such a degree that it can no longer be successfully resisted. It burst forth with the strength of a giant at Runnymede, and planted its proud banner upon the promised land of liberty—never permanently to be surrendered. It spoke in no uncertain tones when, in 1648, it established "The Commonwealth." It gained a most signal victory both in the colonies and in the old country by the success of the "Revolutionary War." It stamped, by the repeal of the "Corn Laws," in 1846, its indelible impress upon constitutional law. And, to-day its influence is gaining the ascendancy in France, Spain, Germany and Italy; and in the United States, Great Britain and her self-governing colonies, it is absolutely supreme. It—was public opinion that overthrew Tammany. It was this force that recently overturned a solidly entrenched and thoroughly corrupt government in Canada. It was this power that compelled Lord Salisbury to commit England to arbitration as a national policy. It was this powerful instrument that caused the Italian government to abandon the Abyssinian war and to pay an indemnity to a semi-civilized chief—even to the point of national humiliation. By this the German Emperor is restrained from building a navy as large as Victoria's. By this the American eagle has been made to see how criminal it was to scream of war, and the British lion to roar in retaliation; and by this
both have been constrained to negotiate for a permanent treaty of arbitration. Its intolerance of evils: its growing antipathy to war: its fostering of independent thinking: its recognition of the fact that it is the duty of the stronger nation to be the keeper of a weaker brother, so strongly and so recently manifested in Crete, Cuba, Corea, Egypt, Armenia, and the Transvaal: its discovery, that the geographical situation of the nations is intended to make them mutually dependent and, therefore, mutually helpful; that no nation is isolated and alone, but that all are so connected by modern invention and enterprise that the oceans are but streets for the world’s trade and commerce, and that a calamity to one nation is a calamity to all the world: its acceptance of the fact that an amalgamation of the races is going on in America, Africa, Australia, and the isles of the sea,—all these point to the final, universal recognition of the “Brotherhood of Man” and the “Fatherhood of God,” and that something must soon be done to make it a practical working force.

But how shall this be done?

The isolation of England, the growing power of the United States in the affairs of the world, her constant contact with England, will bind these two peoples together for their own interests and for the general welfare. Thus, a union of the English speaking peoples, the vanguard of civilization, the friends of the oppressed, and the guardians of the helpless will cause the forces to divide. Every man will flee unto his own—opposites will be arrayed against each other by an unerring moral affinity. Then, War’s Waterloo will be fought. Following this an international court of arbitration will be established with sufficient power to enforce its decrees. And thus will be inaugurated the millennium of peace and righteousness.

And thou, O public opinion, lover of good, hater of iniquity, praise of them that do well, punisher of the evil-doer, the instrument of righteousness and promoter of the welfare of humanity, thou, in this time of peaceful bliss, shalt be the potentate of potentates, resplendent in glory, and controlling for good the destiny of a united race.

THE REIGN OF SUPERSTITION.

ADA MARKLEY FRANKHAM, ’97.

[Delivered at Mythological Session of Cleiorthetean Society.]

Hought has always dominated the world. Primitive intellectual men moulded the customs, creeds and beliefs of their people. But once in the history of the world has perfect and absolutely pure thought held sway. Then the earth without being moistened by the sweat of man’s brow or cultivated by painful labor, yielded him all her fruit in rich abundance. With the committing of the first sin, thought was no longer pure. Man had stepped from the terrestrial paradise driven hence by the flaming sword of an angel, to baffle with the problems of life in a merciless world. Deeper and deeper he descended, corrupting his thought until he mocked his own Creator. Then the heavens opened, the deluge poured forth. The human race was saved by an ark, which rested on Mt. Ararat. The family of Noah perfectly instructed by Him in religious matters preserved for considerable time the worship of the true and living God in all its purity.

O! Ambition! Thou ruler of all, thou builder of cities, thou winner of battles, thou hast made us truly great! But thou hast another purpose. Thou has degraded life and made us miserable. Thou has lowered man until he kisses the dust. Yea, thou has made him forfeit his own soul. Thou didst attempt to multiply the bricks which should erect the tower from earth to heaven. But a mightier than thou reigneth. Babel fell. The great throng is terrified. Not understanding one another, they separate and scatter, speaking a diversity of languages and finding new abodes.

Hitherto Truth had been intrusted to the single channel of oral communication subject
to a thousand variations. It now became ob-
sure by an infinite number of fables. The
God of Jacob, the Ruler of the universe is for-
gotten. Truly, this is the midnight of history.
The wisest, the most upright men, those cele-
brated philosophers and great politicians, those
renowned legislators of Greece, those grave
senators of Rome are blind worshipers of some
demon, bowing the knee before gods of gold,
silver and marble, offering incense and prayers
to statutes deaf and silent, recognizing as
gods, animals, reptiles and plants. Not blus-
ning to adore a polluted Mars, a tarnished Ve-
nus, an incestuous Juno, a Jupiter blackened
by every kind of crime, and in order to cover
their own black hearts, they deify him a God, first
in rank, yielding his sceptre on Mt. Olympus,
hurling his thunderbolts over a dependent
world. Then did Neptune stir the waves
which cast the mariners against the rock-bound
coast. And Pluto held the keys to Hell.

Men knew now only the iron will of a
master, and obedience was their highest
thought. Conquest and subjugation had
thrown around civilization a charm which noth-
ing could eradicate. In life they suffered pun-
ishment from the supposed hands of the Gods
and in death they rested not. Men now
played their parts upon a dark stage in lonely
gloom, without a Savior, without a true
God. Deities were so numerous they knew
not whom or what to fall before. Thirty thou-
sand alone dwelt on earth. 'Twas then those
men of Athens erected the altar "To the
unknown God."

The reign of Superstitious Ignorance was
now at its height. Monuments, temples,
alterns and towers were erected on every side at
immense cost to these false deities. Man in-
deed dwelt in darkness and in the depths of
sin. The mythological stories now beclouded
the already confused brain. Questions of this
kind arose. What is man? from whence and
whither? What is life and what is death?
Answers gradually crystallized themselves into
stories of creation, gods, and heroes, fore-
fathers of men but magnified because unfamil-
lar, mysterious and remote. Pen is helpless
in attempting to portray such a state.

A nature loving people, they naturally wor-
shiped all nature. The moon to them was not
a lifeless body of stones and clods, it was the
horned huntress Artemis, coursing through
the upper ether or bathing herself in the
clear lake. Fleecy clouds hovering over the
battle field received the souls of falling heroes.
Phoebus or the sun drove westerly all day his
flaming chariot, retired in disgust from the
sight of men, wedded at eventide the violet
light, which he had forsaken in the morning,
sank as Hercules upon a blazing funeral pyre,
or, like Agamemdon perished in a blood-
stained bath or swam mightily through the
subterranean waters to appear eastward at day-
break.

The deities were not examples of purity, but
in order to authorize the crimes and corrup-
tion of the human heart, the gods are the
ones chosen by Myth and Fable to attribute
crimes the blackest, and murders the most hor-
rifying. Myths of the under world where
reigned Pluto with Proserpina his queen, of
eternal torment. Stories of the elysian fields
or the valley of oblivion had great influence on
the minds of the ancients. Thus they trod in
darkness, superstition, fear, and horror. The
wisest failed to delve beneath the profound
mysteries. The most learned were unable to
dispel the awful gloom. Clouds gathered
thicker and faster. Reasoning powers were
paralyzed. Power and virtue were dumb.
Man stood awed and dependent on whom, on
what, he knew not. But hark! Can it be the
virgin choir singing in the temple of Venus?
It cannot be, for such perfect notes were ne'er
struck on earth before, or heard by mortal ear.
"Hosanna in the highest. Peace on earth
good will toward men." O happy night!
when the Star of Bethlehem announced to the
world the birth of a Savior, a King. Morning
dawned, the great mystery was solved once for
all. A race was rescued from the powers of
darkness and brought into the light of the
Gospel.
The so-called divinities of Olympus have not a single worshiper among men. They dwell only in the realm of memory, and imagination. They are enthroned in the palace of art. Poets no longer sing of their worth. Ancient harp melodies have ceased. Altars, temples and shrines have long since paid their tribute to mother earth. The same sun which they adored still courses through space. The spirits of the race have returned to the God who gave them.

Thus lived and perished a people whose history shall remain as long as time endures. When century after century has passed on to be numbered with the silent past, the story of Aeneas and the fall of Troy shall not even then lose its charm. Men will ever relate the thrilling tales of battle and Stygian darkness. Names of Greek and Roman gods shall never fade from the page of literature. Let no perishable monument of stone be erected in their honor; but let them live only in memory. The star, the brightest which ever shone, shall shine on. Be all honor and praise to the Ruler of the universe, the Savior of mankind, who by his life and untimely death, broke the spell of superstitious night forever, turned darkness into light, and death into life.

CREATIVE MIND.


"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!"

This body which is the lowest part of man's nature compounded as it is of material elements, the base of whose construction as we are told is dust, is the most exquisitely constructed thing in the material world, the most wonderful of all chemical compounds, in truth it is the masterpiece of God's terraqueous workmanship.

It is a magnificent structure of more than 200 bones, clothed with muscles and tied together by ligaments and tendons, and having at least three grand cavities of wonderful functions and powers. The body is a municipality of bones and muscles, an organized human city of which the head is the capitol and palatial abode of royalty. This royal edifice is brought into intelligent connection with the outside world chiefly through five avenues: the skin with its million of pores and conical eminences, the papillae of touch, tells it what is cold or hot, hard or soft, rough or smooth; the nose with its Schneiderian membrane furnishes it with nature's choice perfumery—the essence of the heliotrope, the freshness of the lilac; the tongue located in the vestibule of the city market-house with its various papillae such as circumvallate tell it what is bitter and salty or fungiform tell it what is sweet and sour; the ear with its caverns, corridors and harp of a thousand strings is ever sending swift messengers over its nervous floor to the royal palace, and lastly we have in front the royal observatories whose arched and oval entrances are protected by doors which are hinged and fringed and whose retinal surfaces are ever crowded with creation's beauties. Within the palace of this great capitol we find chambers hung with curtains of woven filaments of the finest structure and textures of the most delicate membrane—yes, we say it is brain matter with its Dura-mater, Pia-mater and Arachnoid membranes, with its lobes and its convolutions, with its fissures and its sulci, wherein somehow that which we denominate the mind resides, adorned with the gorgeous paintings of imagination's artistic pencils, packed and crammed with memory's records, where judgment, reason and conscience sit robed in judicial conclave and where the human will sits enthroned diademed and sceptred.

The mind, says Reid, is that which thinks, remembers, reasons, wills. Says Hamilton it is that which perceives, thinks, feels, wills and desires. You see that the major genus in each of these definitions is lacking and until we can come to the realization of the truth so beautifully couched in these words of Tennyson:
"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here in my hand,
Little flower, root and all.
And if I could understand
What you are, root and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

I say until we can come to the realization of that thought shall we be content to define mind only with reference to its activity and say that it is that which thinks, feels and wills. The intellect is the power by which we know and think which in turn embraces several faculties of which the imagination constitutes one. In speaking of any of the phases of mind, philosophers have brought into service a well defined and universal terminology, but to avoid technicalities I shall define imagination to be the power by which we form ideal creations—to illustrate picture to yourself your home, the house in which you in your growing years have shared the joys and sorrows with loved ones, the old barn, the orchard, the woods, the old well and perchance the pond now in imagination you can tear down the old homestead and build a new one, you can plant a new orchard, you can erect a wind-pump over the old well, a structure which will obey the behests of the invisible couriers above us, and you can make clearings in the old woods. Thus you can cause a picture of a new and more beautiful home to stand distinctly before you. An adventurous explorer might as well expect to enter Mammoth cave and correctly map out all its dark and winding recesses with only a small torch for his light as for me to treat of this theme in an exhaustive manner.

The products of the imagination are two-fold—new combinations, new creations—we may combine different parts of actual landscapes and form landscapes such as we have never seen or we can form landscapes the parts of which are not copies of any that we have ever seen, thus the artist may paint the deep blue sky with its moon and myriads of stars and golden-misted comets, the earth with its vines and flowers and nodding trees, with winding stream and verdant glen, with emerald isles, crystal bays and glassy lakes and with continents around whose shores oceans roar and dash upon the rocks their diamond spray or Utopian like his studio seemingly will be the garden of the Hesperides, his palette the fields of Heaven and his pencil will serve the creative imagination and he may have all the colors on his palette gracefully and elegantly blended on canvas in such a way as to be an object lesson to the soul—it may be the picture will be one highly foreshowing that one far off divine event toward which all creation is moving.

There are three recognized forms of the imagination—Phantasy, Fancy and Imagination proper. Through phantasy the caricatures in illustrations and descriptions are given us—we can place the head of a cat on the shoulders of an elephant; or objects can be united by more natural laws of association giving us forms more attractive and we call it fancy; but it is from the imagination proper that have arisen all the great poems and works of fiction, all the great paintings, in short all the great works of art which commend the admiration of the world and crown their authors with wreaths of undying fame.

The imagination operates in obedience to laws and has a certain range of activity beyond which it cannot go but its laws and limits I shall pass and speak especially of its sphere. The objects of the world all about us afford the material for the play or exercise of the imagination but the manner in which it operates is varied. The size, shape, position and color of objects may be varied greatly—we can conceive of a geranium as tall as a pine tree, of a man’s eyes being at the elbows of pumpkins with sharp corners, of white grass in the meadows and we can conceive of forms more beautiful than any found in nature so the sculptor can embody in marble ideals of grace and beauty that are far superior to anything nature ever presented to him; we are able to deal with ideal events—yes the imagination enables us to picture to ourselves the lightning’s flashing and the thunder’s roaring as the deluge over-topped the mountains and swallowed up the
race, we can go with Moses to Mt. Sinai to receive the law, we can picture to ourselves the time when aerial vibrations caught up the beastly jargon of "crucify him," "crucify him" which awakened the army of the sainted dead, who bowing in reverence and adoration heard the awful words "It is finished;" and we can think of the time when all things will be absorbed in a universal theocracy, when governments shall be swallowed up and lost, when the Hindu with his Veda, the Jewish Rabbi with his Talmud, the Mohammedan with his Koran and the Christian with his Bible shall all go troop ing up and pile the volumes of their faith at the threshold of that world where the ties of friendship will never be sundered and where love will wear her bright charm of glittering links around us which will neither lose their lustre with age nor strength with time.

We can create for ourselves ideals of character. We do not read Dickens or Thackeray for their diction or well-balanced rhetoric but they call forth the highest tributes from us on account of their characterizations.

The imagination is of great value to us in every department of life, it contributes largely to our happiness, in truth it lights up the whole horizon of our being as the sun-rise gleams along the mountain top and lights up the world. All the products of the inventive genius existed in the imagination before they were constructed in iron and wood, no doubt but that the general fights his battles on the plains of the imagination before he marshals his regiments for the real conflict. Imagination is the very soul of poetry and of oratory. By the aid of the imagination the orator can play upon the keys of the minds and hearts of his hearers and like a great musician he can move his audience to laughter or tears, to enthusiasm or scorn. This faculty is not only a benefit to the poet, sculptor, artist, or orator but to each and every mind. It gives colorings to the incidents of life which might otherwise be dry and even repulsive. It is of especial value in the formation and development of character. By it we obtain ideals of what we wish or hope to be.

We grow nobler or more debased depending upon what our ideals of character are. Thus we are the architects of our own fate, painting it not on canvas or chiseling it not out of marble but realizing our highest ideal of that which is better than ourselves when we give a pure and refined shape to our warm, active spirit within us which will survive for eternity.

Friends, another child of Time, this day soon shall have measured out to us its portions, soon the hands of the clock's dial shall point to XII when this, the 10th day of April, 1897, shall be hearsed into oblivion and buried in a grave whose cerements are eternal, we may remember a few things that have happened this day as long as the heart has passions, as long as life has woes but only by the imagination can you look again into the distance and see the beautiful maiden whose rosy and laughing face with merry and kind eye looked over this beloved college town this morning in all the magnificence of dawning day; only by the imagination can you see again the millions of diamonds which old Helios made out of the particles of moisture that were nestled on fallen leaves or hung pendent from spears of grass; only by the imagination can you see the king of day climb the dome of the skies which has measured all the light for us since the earth was sent spinning on its axes and if you noticed him this evening it is only by the imagination that you can now see him going to bed in a bunch of amber clouds with his large eye growing red as sleep stole upon him.

How powerful the imagination,
How wonderful is man.

---

WE CAN SYMPATHIZE.

"My boy, you are weary and wan,
You are working too hard with your Greek,
To try from construction obscure
Some plausible meaning to seek."

"No, no!" he wearily said,
"The meaning I plainly can see,
But I'm worn out trying to make
The text and the pony agree."—Ex.
**BASEBALL**

**THE OPENING.**

"Batter up, please!" "Take your base!" "Ho! ho! now you're off." Everybody knows what this means. The baseball season is now on. The new suits and the pretty tan and cardinal caps have been donned. New bats have been thrown up and likewise new batting sticks have been purchased. Even new bags have been put down at the bases. Everything is in splendid condition for a pleasant season on the diamond even though the results of our first engagements do not seem to indicate a very strong team. However the work is improving rapidly and before we are far on in the season we hope to have a strong team and one that will win some games.

**APRIL 10.**

**Otterbein 1—X-Rays 8.**

On the above date the team played its initial game with the X Rays, the village nine. This was not a scheduled game but was designed for practice by both managers. The contest was a lively one and there was plenty of enthusiasm. But as the X-Rays is made up largely of men who have played in recent years on the college team they were soon in practice and succeeded in making the score pretty much in their favor.

**APRIL 16.**

**Otterbein 4—X-Rays 17.**

That was enough to take away the ardor of our most sanguine baseballists. The next day we were to play O. W. U. and many felt that we would not have a ghost of a show with the Methodist fellows.

**APRIL 17—AT DELAWARE.**

**Otterbein 7—O. W. U. 15.**

Now the time had come to play ball in earnest. Bright and early the team was off for O. W. U. Early in the day the team was in the city and a right royal welcome was given them. Our men were never received more kindly or treated more gentlemanly. At 2 o'clock both teams were on the grounds and the battle with bats and balls opened with O. U. in possession of the sticks. Bright and Burns were their battery, and Lloyd and Long were ours. For the first three innings everything was going our way. Mr. Bright retired and Clarke did the twirling, and woe to our flying colors—5 to 1 we had, and then 6 to 5 and up, up, up, it went like a balloon. The Methodists were wal­loping the United Brethren in fine style. Only once more did we get across the rubber. But it was the first game and we did better than we had hoped. The weak points were discovered and now it is known where work is needed. Here is the report as found on our score book.

**SCHEDULE.**

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**Struck out—By Bright, 5; by Clark, 9; by Lloyd, 2. Two-base hits—Perry, Bright. Three-base hits—Clarke, Kline. First base on balls—Off Bright 7; off Clark, 3; off Lloyd, 7. Time—2:47. Umpires—"Deak" Stoughton and C. L. Jones.**

**THE SCHEDULE.**

April 24—O. S. U. at Columbus.
May 1—Kenyon at Westerville.
May 8—Denison at Granville.
May 15—Capital University at Westerville.
May 31—DePauw at Westerville.
June 5—U. S. Barracks at Westerville.
PERSONALIA.

'96—Prof. J. M. Martin, who is superintendent of the public schools at Elmwood, O., recently paid us a short visit.

'96—Professors C. R. Frankham and W. L. Richer, instructors in Shenandoah Institute, Dayton, Va., will participate in the Semi-Centennial commencement.

'95—Rev. F. V. Bear is now attending the Bexley Hall Divinity School at Gambier, Ohio. He is also in charge of the St. John’s Episcopal Mission at this place.

'96—Miss Helen C. Shauk is spending a short time with college friends in Westerville. She will soon return to Cincinnati, Ohio, where she will continue her special work in music.

'96—Rev. F. S. Minshall, missionary to Africa, sends us good and encouraging reports from his work in that heathen clime. Mr. Minshall is a strong man and will do with his might whatever his hands find to do.

'60—We are sorry to note the death of Capt. J. Wesley Haynie, a son of G. W. Haynie, formerly of Westerville. He died at Carson City, Nevada, where he had resided for a number of years. Mr. Haynie was an influential man in his community, and at the time of his death was interested in the lumber and mining business.

'94—It was our pleasure recently to receive letters from Rev. A. T. Howard and Rev. J. R. King, written from Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Coast Africa. Mr. Howard is superintendent of the United Brethren missions in Africa, and Mr. King is superintendent of the Rufus Clark training school, which is connected with the above missions. These are thoroughly consecrated men and they are doing most effective and acceptable work. Their letters were full of love and sympathy for their alma mater.

DIFFERENTIALS

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Order of Exercises—Wednesday, June 23, 1897.


2:00 p.m.—Class reunions and reunion of former students.

3:30 p.m.—Grand parade of trustees, professors, graduates by classes, students, friends, citizens.

4:00 p.m.—Mass-meeting in front of the main college building; addresses by Governor Asa S. Bushnell, Bishop J. Weaver, D. D., Rev. W. J. Shuey, and others.

7:30 p.m.—Public celebration by alumni.

OHIO STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The second annual contest and convention of the Ohio State Oratorical Association has come and gone. April 8, delegates from Otterbein, Heidelberg, Antioch, Miami, Baldwin, and University of Cincinnati met at Oxford, Ohio, where a cordial welcome was given by the Miami students. The executive committee of the Miami Oratorical Association had provided commodious quarters for all the delegates. The committee consisted of
Messrs. Upham, Sullenberger, and Simpson, and deserve the thanks of the delegates as well as of the State Association for the admirable way in which they managed the contest.

The speaking took place in the Miami chapel, which was tastefully decorated. The music and oratory were of high merit. M. H. Mathews, '97, presided. The following was the program of the orations rendered:

Invocation: Rev. A. D. Hepburn, D. D., LL. D.  
A Future Life: H. C. Burr, Baldwin  
The Stranger Within Our Gates: Earl H. Watt, Miami  
The Trend of Events: R. J. Head, Otterbein  
Socialism: J. C. Geckeler, Heidelberg  
Symbolism: Lewis S. Hopkins, Antioch

The orations were interspersed with fine vocal and instrumental selections.

The Orations Were interspersed with Fine Vocal and Instrumental Selections.

The installation of the officers-elect of Otterbein as the place of holding the next contest, and proceeded to elect officers for '97-'98. The election resulted as follows: President Sullenberger, Miami; Vice President Kennedy, Heidelberg; Secretary Lloyd, Otterbein; Treasurer Storly, Baldwin.

The Otterbein delegates were Funkhouser, Lloyd and Miss Good.

M. H. M.

LOCALS.

The week's vacation between the winter and spring terms, afforded an opportunity for many of the students to visit their homes.

The Semi-Centennial class, '97, with its swelling numbers has at last made its appearance in caps and gowns. A new member has just been added to its list—that of R. A. Longman, literary '96.

Several of the Otterbein boys have received invitations from G. D. Gohn, who was in Otterbein in the spring of '94, to attend the commencement of the Senior class of Baltimore Medical College, of which class Mr. Gohn is a member.

On April 16, a very unique session was held by the Philophronean Literary society, in the form of a moot court, in which Chas. E. Plack, prisoner, being defended by attorneys Bennert, Burtner and Lloyd, was prosecuted by attorneys Byrer and Seneff. The society has just begun the repair of its hall and will have the work completed by June.

The installation of the officers-elect of Philalethea took place on April 22 with a unique program, as follows: Chaplain's address, Maude Ruth; president's valedictory, Nell Snavely; president's inaugural, Mary Murrell;
vocal duet, Martha Newcomb and Maud Barnes; oration, Estella Hall; character sketch, Anise Richer; critique, Nellie Scott; description, Verna Baker; discussion, Edith Creamer and Margaret Bradrick. A number of musical numbers were given.

Several new students are amongst us this term, as follows: Fred S. Beard, Van Lue; H. A. Cavan, Penn; W. E. Putnam, Beach City; Miss Rosa Long, Rising Sun; Mr. Bush and Mr. Lash. Also F. H. Ramayla, of Altoona, Pa., who was with us last spring term is again with us. Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Longman are also again in school this term.

Installation of officers took place in the Cleorhetean society on the 22d inst. The following was the order of the literary program: Chaplain's address, Nettie Arnold; critic's address, Faith Linard; president's valedictory, Lockie Stewart; president's inaugural, Marguerite Shull; oration, Bertha Lambert; romance, Eva Ranck; reading, Mildred Waters; review, Mabel Thompson; news, Ada Bovey. Good music was rendered.

On April 9, the officers elect of the Philomathean Literary society were installed at a private induction. The president's valedictory was given by Odus Bowers; the president's inaugural by H. R. Rowland. The remaining platform officers are filled by M. D. Long, critic; J. E. Newell, secretary. A Senior open session of much merit was given by the society on April 23, in which C. S. Bash, J. B. Gilbert, W. E. Crites, J. E. Newell and A. D. Bender were the speakers. Music was rendered by the glee club and an instrumental quartet.

EXCHANGES.

The first census of Russia is being taken. Cornell defeated Pennsylvania in their fourth annual debate.

There are about one thousand women in attendance at the medical schools of Tokio, Japan.

"Congressional Orators and Oratory" is the title of an interesting article in the Oakland, Cal., Ægis.

We have been much pleased with the comment on our literary articles by our exchanges from time to time.

The managing board of Harvard has decided to dismiss from the college anyone handing in written work not his own.

The Kansas College Presidents' Association have, without a dissenting vote, adopted resolutions condemning football.

The ocean is more productive than the land. An acre of good fishing ground will produce more food than the best farm land.

President Eliot, of Harvard, recommends

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that students study ten hours, sleep eight, exercise two, and devote four to meals and social duties.

Secret inquiry into the cases of ten or more successful inter-collegiate contestants has disclosed the fact that, with but one exception, the time spent by each in the preparation of his oration has been from one to three years.

—Oberlin Rev.

The April Earlhamite contains an extract on "Oratory" from the pen of Henry Lee Prescott, Professor of English of Indiana University, which every student interested in oratory should read. He uses the orations of the Indiana state contest as illustrations and points out dangers to be avoided.

The Watchword and Religious Telescope have shown the Aegis unusual courtesies during the year, giving us some favorable mention or making a clipping from our columns each month thus showing their interest and concern in our work here. The Search Light must also be mentioned in connection with these. Its letters from Messrs. Howard, King, Minshall and others of our alumni and others in the foreign field are always good reading. The U. B. church can well be proud of these splendid organs and the church can never repay the busy editors for their care and toil in editing their papers. We hope they may enjoy many years of growth and usefulness.

---------------

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Cleveland, Akron and Columbus RAILWAY

SCHEDULE.
IN EFFECT DEC. 7, 1896.

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<tr>
<td>Genoa</td>
<td>12:29</td>
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<tr>
<td>White City</td>
<td>12:18</td>
<td>12:18</td>
<td>3:51</td>
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<tr>
<td>Columbus</td>
<td>12:07</td>
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<td>Cincinnati</td>
<td>11:58</td>
<td>11:58</td>
<td>1:39</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Runs Daily. ± Daily except Sunday. S Flag Stop
| Meals. L Lunch. |
| Where no time is given trains do not stop. |

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