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Dr. Sanders

VOL. X

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 4.

# OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY




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**ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 13, 1900.**

For Information address the President,

**T. J. SANDERS,**  
WESTERVILLE, O.

# OTTERBEIN ÆGIS


VOL. X.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 4.

## Frontier Life

H. A. WORMAN, '03

S far into the darkness of the past as the light of modern history illuminates we find this country inhabited by a race of copper colored savages, prehistoric in origin, knowing not from whence they came.

In this savage condition the red man of the west lived and scarce knew a limit to his far reaching hunting grounds. He could sit upon the green carpeted coasts of the Pacific, watching its calm waters extend until they seemed to tenderly kiss the low hanging heavens and receive a portion of its deep blue serenity; then turning, he could hotly pursue the fleet footed deer over mountain, plain, and valley until he suddenly came in contact with the high tossing breakers of the stormy Atlantic. His northward trailing was interrupted only by snow and ice that characterize the cold northern latitudes of this continent. His southern march on the warpath was impeded by the impenetrable marshes and swamps along the gulf, and his blood curdling war whoop was drowned by the terrific roaring of the whirling, surging, seething waters of the gulf.

His skin thatched wigwam was his fort, his palace, and the primeval forest that completely surrounded him was his play-ground, his battle field, his hunting-ground—his world. He knew no such thing as time, and in performing a fete, looked only to the time when it should be completed, notwithstanding that it usually took two weeks—yes months and even years to accomplish it.

Such were his conditions when Lief the Fortunate—a god-defying seaman from the ice-bound shores of Greenland—first visited the

Atlantic coast in 1000 A. D. After Lief, came many other adventurers to this new country (as they called it) all for the special purpose of greatly enriching themselves in a comparatively short time. 'Twas not until 1607 A. D. that men began coming to this New World for habitation and of these I wish to call your attention to a special class, that class who, after having lived along the rock-bound coast for a number of years, grew dissatisfied with the hustle and bustle and turmoil and confusion of the rapidly growing cities that sprang up among them, and chose to live in the breast of the unknown wilderness of the far west.

Of this class, commonly called pioneers, many had passed their eightieth milestone in life's journey and could vaguely see the gilded dome of the temple closed within the shining walls of the city Eternal. But nevertheless they built their log huts neath the deep shades of the wilderness, resolved to wrest a generous living from its teeming soil or leave their crumbling bones within its deep shadowed bosom.

These actions the savage Indian regarded as intrusion and in a course of years grew to be a sworn, eternal enemy of the whites, resolved to extend to them no mercy but spill their life-blood upon the untrodden soil, whenever, wherever, and as frequently as the opportunity presented itself.

But the advancing movements of the pioneer were as relentless as fate, as irresistible as old ocean's onrolling waves. The restless, adventurous, pioneer still pushed on and on; penetrating deeper and deeper into the wilderness, ready to bid a stern defiance to all who opposed, and holding on to the soil he had so valorously won, with a grim unflinching tenacity. Though often rudely checked he was



never disheartened; sought out and harassed by a foe that neither pitied nor slumbered he still fought on and on; ever environed by peril, subjected to every variety of exposure and privation, frequently decimated by savage marauds and forays, and having those most dear to his heart killed, scalped or carried into captivity, he never turned back to foe, but boldly met him face to face or hunted him down with resolute heart, unquailing eye, and a cool, reckless courage that was almost sublime.

With kindled eye and expanded nostril he rushed into the conflict, inspired by the picture of his family and home in danger, and, knowing that he must be as brave as a lion, as cunning as a fox—daring when daring was the wiser part—prudent when discretion was valor's better self.

Some of the most popular heroes of this class of early settlers were Boone, Kenton, Harrod, Logan, The Poes, The McCulloughs and The Wetzels, to whom fear was utterly unknown, who all had a certain fresh dash of the wilderness in their ways and wanderings, whose very buckskin garments had the odor of the forest mould or herbage about them, and who soon learned to surpass even their swarthy foes themselves in woodcraft, in trailing, in artful strategy, and in hand to hand combat.

No doubt if you or I were to see an ancient inhabitant of this country, clad in his moccasins and indestructible buckskin garments, we would immediately wonder in what kind of house does he live? Very well—let us approach one of these huts at twilight.

The mopish owls are hooting in the trees above us; the wolf, approaching the dark entrance to his den, gives a last long yelp at the setting sun and is gone; the deer, blowing and exhausted from his hard day's chase to escape the deadly bullet of the hunter, looks cautiously about, sniffs the air, and lies down in the cooling shades of the forest primeval; the sun has just set, reflecting on the blue canopy of heaven all the beautiful, harmonizing colors of the universe, making the scene one

of the most gorgeous spectacles the eye can witness and bearing evidence of the magnificence of God's handiwork.

As we approach the low log cabin, the vigilant watchdog starts from his grassy couch by the doorway and sounds the alarm that strangers are approaching. The father—clad in hunting jacket, leggings and moccasins—sits by the open door holding the hand of his cherished daughter—his only child. He is courteous, hospitable, kind, yet, in his unshaven face there exists a wild, firm, defiant expression indelibly wrought by the wild forest life, and wilder Indian-warfare.

The log hut, which is usually of small dimensions, is decorated with raccoon, opossum, wolf, beaver, deer and other skins nailed upon its lichen covered sides. When the little family gathers around the huge log fire at nightfall, watching the stars glimmering dimly through the low roof above them, heedless of the cry of the prowling wolves in the forest, unconscious of the skulking movements of the fiendish redmen just outside the door, the father's soul fills with ecstasy, and he cries "Oh, wilderness, thou hast many charms for me secreted in thy deep bosom!" Above the old door that screechingly swings to and fro on two huge, wooden hinges, hangs the hunter's friend and the deer's most dreaded enemy—the hunting rifle. In the dark chimney corner sits the mother (clad in homespun) industriously wielding the spinning wheel, whose constant song of labor has been silenced by the looms of modern mechanical genius. While just above the huge pile of skins that occupies a dark corner of the room, hangs the old rusted sickle, whose feeble efforts are mocked by the labor of modern machinery.

Often in the early morning, during the hunting season, the hunter will walk hastily out, look anxiously to the woods, and snuff the autumnal winds with the highest rapture; then return into the house and cast a quick, attentive look at his rifle that is suspended by a pair of buck's horns. The hunting dog, understanding the intentions of his master, would

wag his tail, and by every blandishment in his power, express his readiness to accompany his master to the forest. The hunter can scarcely eat his morning meal of venison, which his wife has prepared for him, he is so anxious; not because he does not love her, his family, his home, but because he loves the wild freedom of the wilderness better.

During the hunting season, many pioneers assemble in groups, and, various as may have been their objects in emigrating, no sooner had they come together than there existed a perfect unison of feeling. Similitude of situation and commonality of danger operating as a magic charm, stifled in their birth all those little bickerings, which are so apt to disturb the quiet of society. Ambition of preferment and the pride of place, too often but hindrances to social intercourse—were unknown among them. Equality of condition rendered them strangers alike to the baneful distinctions created by wealth, as to other adventitious circumstances. A sense of mutual dependence for their common security locked them in amity, and conducting their several purposes in harmonious concert, together they toiled and together they suffered.

In their intercourse with others they were kind, beneficent, and disinterested; extending to all the most generous hospitality their circumstances could afford. That selfishness which prompts to liberality for the sake of remuneration, and proffers the civilities of life with an eye to individual interest, was unknown to them. They were kind for kindness' sake, and sought no other recompense, than the never-failing concomitant of good deeds—the reward of an approving conscience.

Such, were the conditions of the early pioneers of the regions west of the Appalachian mountains, and we might even now profit from the condition of their humbled virtues, hospitable homes, and spirits patient, noble, proud and free—their self respect grafted on innocent thoughts. From their days of health and their nights of sleep—their toils by danger dignified, yet guiltless—their hopes of cheerful

old age and a quiet grave, with cross and garland over its green turf, and their grandchildren's love for an epitaph.

## Thomas Jefferson, One of the Nation's Builders

W. F. COOVER, '00

THE old Dominion of Virginia has added many a name to that illustrious list of great men, who have, in very many ways, moulded the history of our United States. She has given us no greater name, excepting one, than the subject of this sketch, Thomas Jefferson, the "Drafter of the Declaration of Independence," the "Sage of Monticello." He was born at Shadwell, in Albemarle county, April 2, 1743. His ancestors were among the early colonizers, and had always enjoyed the reputation of being of the most reputable families. Peter Jefferson, the father of Thomas, lived at Shadwell, on the farm of Monticello, and upon the site of the future home of his son.

When five years of age, Thomas Jefferson commenced his youthful studies in an English school and at the age of nine he began the study of the classics, French and mathematics, under a private instructor, a Scotch clergyman by the name of Douglass. He remained with Mr. Douglass until his father's death, in 1757, when he became the student of a Mr. Maury, an eminent classical scholar of the time, under whose instruction he prepared himself for William and Mary college, which he entered in 1760.

Respecting his studies and pursuits while at this institution, Jefferson has given us an accurate account in his "Memoir." Says he, "It was my great good fortune, and what probably fixed the destiny of my life, that Dr. William Small, of Scotland, was professor of mathematics, a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly man-

ners, and an enlarged and liberal mind. He most happily for me, became soon attached to me, and made me his daily companion when not engaged in school; and from his conversation I got my first views of the expansion of science, and of the system of things in which we are placed." During his entire student life Jefferson was noted for his earnest application to his class-room work, and his proficiency in his studies. After graduating from William and Mary college in 1762, through the kindness and efforts of his friend and instructor, Dr. Small, he was received, as a law student, by Mr. Wythe, an eminent lawyer of Williamsburg. Having studied law for five years he was admitted to the bar in 1767.

Jefferson now enters upon his career as lawyer and politician, and it was through his great political ability that he is known in history as "One of the Nation's Builders." As a lawyer, he was not eminently successful. He entered the profession at a most favorable time, and soon found it not at all to his liking. It is said of him, that at the age of thirty-one, he was a prominent citizen, a good office lawyer and a rising young man with the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He was not at this time a brilliant man, but was laying the foundation for future success in a new realm, namely, that of politics, for which he had undoubted genius. His social position was changed at about this time from that of a yeoman to that of a rich planter by his marriage to a wealthy widow, and with his increase of fortune he built Monticello, the finest residence in all Virginia.

As a politician, Thomas Jefferson figured in every important assembly touching upon the freedom of the colonies. In 1769 he entered the House of Burgesses as a member from Albermarle county, after having canvassed every voter in his district. Here he met with such men as Pendleton, Bland, Nicholas, Randolph and Washington, all men of the highest standing in social and political life. During his term of office the assembly was twice dissolved by the royal governor. Jefferson was

a member of the convention to choose delegates to the first Continental Congress, while in the same year he wrote a paper supporting our rights to resist British taxation. In the year 1775 he became a member of the Colonial convention, one of the first organizations for the interests of the disunited colonies. It was during one of the meetings of this convention that Patrick Henry delivered his famous war oration "Give Me Liberty, or Give Me Death." Jefferson was also a member of the second Continental Congress with the reputation of being one of the best political writers of his day.

When Congress met again in the following year he served upon the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence with such noted men as John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston. To Jefferson fell the honor of penning the grandest Declaration that mortal man has ever drafted, and it told to the world in unmistakable terms the sentiment and will of a newly born nation. He far outclassed any of his worthy associates on this committee as a scholar and political writer, and if he had done nothing more, his name would remain fixed in the history of his country, and every generation would do homage to the man who dared write the Declaration which was adopted on that memorable Fourth of July, 1776.

His fame however does not end with this. As a political organizer and leader he far surpassed the great Alexander Hamilton, though he could not at all be compared with him in original and comprehensive genius. Hamilton was a financier, political economist and statesman. Jefferson was the greatest political writer, organizer and leader the Democratic party has ever seen. From 1776 until the year 1801, by successive steps, he reached the height of his ambition by becoming President of the United States. He was a member of the Virginia State Legislature, governor of Virginia, appointed minister to France, on Franklin's return home served as diplomat in his stead, was a member of Congress, Secretary



of State during Washington's term of office and was Vice President in John Adam's administration. As a member of the Continental Congress, as a member of the State Legislature and as President of the United States his life was most beneficial to his country. It is in these three offices that he may be justly termed "One of the Nation's Builders."

His work in the State Legislature was more important than in Congress. Through his influence religious freedom was established, entails were placed aside, as was, also, the law of primogeniture. He made war against the Slavery question, and, in the year 1778, succeeded in having a law passed prohibiting the importation of slaves. After two years of state law-making Jefferson followed Patrick Henry as governor of Virginia. Military government was needed rather than the controlling influence of a great politician. He failed to arouse that warlike spirit which was so necessary in the last days of the great Revolution. The administration was a popular one, but did not meet the entire demands of the time.

During his term of office as President of his country, the ship of state rode over the billowy sea of political and financial trouble guided by a steady hand and a calm intellect, ever shunning war, and working as he thought for the best interests of a united people. He caused the passage of the Embargo act which was aimed at Great Britain and France. Aaron Burr was tried for treason, and prosecuted by the best lawyers of the time. Tripoli was bombarded, and its haughty ruler brought to terms. Louisiana was purchased of France for \$15,000,000. The value of this transaction can scarcely be estimated. Napoleon Bonaparte said of it: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States. I have given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride." Jefferson had assumed unconstitutional powers in the purchase, but few ever questioned his prompt action, and the censure of the Federalist traders passed almost unnoticed.

In noticing his aims and motives throughout his illustrious career, three things are ever uppermost, political independence, religious freedom and popular education. He saw his party triumph guided by his own brilliant political leadership, he secured the passage of a law providing for religious freedom, and in his declining years, turning his attention to popular education, he became the father of the University of Virginia. The University was richly endowed by the state. Her courses of studies were mapped out, and her professors chosen by her founder, who, until the year 1825 was ever her fountain head of power.

After having served his country for forty-four long years, he returned to his home near Charlottesville to find himself encumbered with debt and unable in any way to recover his lost fortune. He lived on in his beautiful home of Monticello, entertaining and being entertained by the greatest men of the land. At last his brilliant career draws to a close. The "Drafter of the Declaration of Independence" the "Sage of Monticello" passes quietly away at two o'clock on the morning of the Fourth of July, 1826, just fifty years after the birth of a new and mighty republic, which he, as "One of the Nation's Builders" had helped to prosper and wealth. A granite shaft keeps guard over the resting place of this celebrated man, and the record of his noble work is carved on one of the brightest pages of American history.

### Invective---Mary, Queen of Scots

GRACE LLOYD, '04

**H**ISTORY records the lives and deeds of all great men and women. But in the various conditions and frailties incident to human life, it has been the sad lot of some of these to be wicked.

I am about to speak of one whom I have never known, have never seen nor heard—can only know from what I've read, and that is nothing more than someone else has said,



Historians for the most part give their own opinions, colored more or less, but all agree that Mary Stuart was wicked as she could be. If she wasn't half as bad as they say she was, she was still bad enough. The proudest and prettiest queen that ever graced a throne. The sharpest and shrewdest ruler that ever dared to reign.

At the age of eighteen she was the queen and idol of the Scotch. At this early age, wiser than any king, more crafty and cunning than the greatest politician Europe ever knew. An heiress to power and blessed with the power of attraction, with an elegance of manner, with a cheerfulness of temper, and with a queenliness in conversation that endeared her to all. Pope, priest, prince, poet, preacher and prophet, Protestant and Catholic, the stern and wise, the soft and foolish all swayed and fell before her matchless beauty. The English loved her, the French worshipped her, the Scotch idolized her. She was young and energetic. The fire of ambition flamed high with frame of steel and will of iron. With restless spirit and determined purpose she marched at the head of her armies, she endured the hardships of the field of battle along with the joy of the festivity of a queen's court. Often-times marching and fighting from morning till evening and dancing from evening till morning.

Her magnetic presence and personality influenced courts and countries. Princes and lords, nobles and dukes would meet with her favor then with her disfavor and death at the block, while a thousand courted her approval and stood ready to meet the same fate. Her ambition grew as the years went by. She longed to be queen of both England and Scotland. Elizabeth, the English queen, hated her with a rival hatred. While Mary was queen of the Scots she was also an heir to the English throne. It was a question of church, not state, should the Catholics or Protestants rule. Elizabeth was a Protestant; Mary was a Protestant in Scotland, a Catholic in Spain, both in England, and both in France. She was a Catholic and insulted the pope; she was a Protestant

and beheaded the reformers. She wooed the favor of every church and court, of every dogma and doctrine, of every king and queen, of every duke and dutchess, and won the admiration of each and every one,—yet in the end deceived them all. Her restless spirit could not be still, her ambition inflamed all Europe. Philip of Spain looked on with amazement. Francis of France had never seen the beat—while Elizabeth trembled on her throne at the cool duplicity and deception of this girl of nineteen. She wove a web of mystery about her actions finer than the twill and twist of the finest fabric.

Church and state were one, but the church was in two factions, each wanted to rule the other; a member of one faction was no friend of the other. Both born of a hatred that blossomed in Rome, bloomed in England and bore fruit in religious mass in several lands. But the anal-hearted, double-brained, two-faced Mary belonged to both. She stood as a statue of sunshine in the mass of the papists. She entered the congregation of the reformers like a representative of the perfect peace and joy that is beyond the skies. She deceived even the great John Knox himself. The pope thought his bitterest enemy was his best friend.

But there was a fascination in her person, a cheerfulness in her temper, a kindness in her manner, and an enchantment in her bewitching beauty that swept all Scotland and England to her feet. She could be a Catholic queen upon a Protestant throne. She could love her enemies and make them friends. Persecute her friends and hold them still. She was a wolf in lamb's clothing. She was the meanest and craftiest woman, with all the treacherous and traitorous characteristics of a painted savage. She was a Jezebel parading with all the fragrance of the sweet innocence of maiden childhood. She was a winsome woman with the heart of a hyena. A lying, tricky, treacherous queen, proud and pretty, and with a queenly bearing that never was surpassed.

From all that history tells I don't believe she ever possessed a noble sentiment. I don't

believe she ever thought a pure and kindly thought. Every motive and every purpose sprang from a wicked and malicious heart. She never did a kind act for any one that was not done in selfish mood. She would have been better had her ambition been milder. She would be queen of England. By the tact of her lying she kept Elizabeth at her mercy, for in the brilliancy of this art she far surpassed the English queen herself.

She marries a Protestant husband and asks the aid of the pope to leap over the border and establish the papacy in England. This wedlock was to further the interests of each in obtaining royal honor. Both had claims to the English crown and in this union their claims were united. But the husband opposed her nefarious schemes and wicked intrigues, and the royal family of Scotland is divorced. She calls the nobles to her side and takes up arms to drive him from his home and country. He calls his friends to oppose her. Husband and wife commanding opposing armies,—a household on the field of battle, a home filled with armies, a child born in the cradle of family war. A mother with her babe in her arms leading an army against her husband. A father with sword at his side willing to slay his wife and babe. Think of it!

But those armies never clashed. Mary saw that war was not her strongest fort. She laid aside arms and resorted to love and affection—a woman's keenest weapon. It settled the war. She called a truce and told her husband he could come back to the royal palace and stay in the country. The cruelties and agonies of war were not severe enough, not mean enough, there was an easier way. She was going to add horrors to war, she was going to bring him home and kill him. War was too open; her methods were more secret, more vile and vicious.

The husband came home, and never before was she so glad to see him, never loved him more nor treated him better. No royal home ever seemed happier nor sunnier than this one now. The king and queen and child heir were

united again. But whatever may have been her hopes, whatever may have been his fears, in a short month all was over. Mary was just pretending to be a true and loving wife. She still hated her husband with a stifling hatred and simply asked him back from war to murder him in the home. During this pretense of love and affection she was planning and plotting his death. During a sudden illness she removed him from the royal palace to a ruined and rickety old building, saying it would be conducive to his health. There he suffered untold agonies until the following night when a great explosion awakened all Edinburg, the tottering old building vanished, the sick king had gone to happier apartments. But the tears of sadness that will always flow from the eyes of a true and loving friend when a loved one dies, never fell from the eyes of heartless, shameless Mary.

Within three weeks she married her accomplice in the murder of her husband, one who would share and continue in her guilt. It was the beginning of the end. To marry a man fresh from her husband's blood drove the whole nation to revolt. Now the fair young queen, once the idol of a nation's heart, the pride of England, the joy of Scotland, the hope of Ireland is friendless and crownless. Her worshipers of a few years ago despise and desert her now. Fortune smiled upon her when she needed it least, but when she needed it most it stalked away with a laugh.

Every transgressor, sooner or later, must go the hard road that leads to the retribution block. Elizabeth sentences her to death, apparently because of her crimes, but really for envy's sake for Mary is prettier than the English queen herself. She hears the death sentence read. She places her head upon the execution block with the same smile, the same grace, the same cheerfulness that was characteristic of her entire life. There upon the murderer's block the fairest queen that ever reigned met the saddest, strangest, shamefulest death the world has ever known. While the executioner held up before the crowd the severed head with its twisted and tangled tresses,

with its blood-painted cheeks, with the palor of death upon its lips, a picture of pain that would have loaned agony to any death—crowds were carrying banners through the streets with this inscription painted upon them: "She murdered her husband and disgraced her son."

Thus ended an energetic life of disgrace. No tongue can tell the depth of her shame. No words have venom enough to describe the sinfulness of her deeds. The English language is inadequate to narrate the doings of this wicked woman's heart and hand. No prettier, sweeter, prouder queen has ever reigned. No meaner, viler, wickeder woman has ever lived. The saddest page in all the history of Scotland is the one that tells the story of her life and death. The flight of years may throw a mantle of repose about the deeds of some who are dead, but time with all its forgetful years can never wash away the memory of the wicked deeds of Mary, queen of Scots.

### Alumnals.

F. S. Beard, '99, formerly editor of this paper, has recently received a license to preach from the quarterly conference of Vanlue charge, Sandusky.

J. M. Martin, '96, of Marysville, superintendent of the Darby Township schools, is booked for a lecture on December 23 for the Irvin Lecture Course, at Irvin. Prof. Martin has made a specialty of Astronomy for the last few years and delivers a very interesting lecture.

F. J. Resler, '93, and wife, '93, of Ames, Iowa, are the guests of their relatives here. This is now the fourth year that Mr. Resler has spent at Ames as the director of the Musical Conservatory of the Iowa Agricultural College. Their vacation occurs at this time and thus explains their welcome presence among us.

E. L. Shuey, '77, who was formerly superintendent of the book department of the Publish-

ing House, delivered a very interesting illustrated lecture upon the workings of the National Cash Register, with which he is now connected. This establishment has many unique features in its treatment of its employes and is attracting attention all over the country.

Samuel Zechar, '99, spent a few days here the last of the month visiting his many friends. Mr. Zechar is pastor of the United Brethren church at Mt. Healthy, where he is doing most acceptable work. The old home of the Carey sisters is situated near this place of which Mr. Zechar has written a very interesting description for the Watchword of November 18th.

### BIRTH.

A. T. Howard, '94, and wife, '94, are rejoicing over the advent of a real Jap boy into their family. The little fellow arrived on the 4th of this month and claims Tokio as his birthplace, where Mr. Howard is the resident secretary of the Board of Missions.

### MARRIAGE.

The wedding of Mr. H. H. Haller, '97, and Miss Emma Puterbaugh, of Union City, occurred on the 22d of last month. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Dunkleberger at the home of the bride in Union City, where Rev. H. H. Haller is pastor of the United Brethren church.

### Magazine Review

The Independent is a valuable addition to any reading table. Its articles are of good length and upon the important questions of the day. In the number of Nov. 16, the students were especially interested in "The Mexico of To-day," "Professional Tendencies in College Athletics," "The Preparation of the Boers," and the Editorials. The Independent of Nov. 23, gives an interesting account of "The United States and Samoa," "Boers and British," and also touches upon Japan's work in China in an article entitled "Japan in China" by William N. Brewster.



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## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

**Thanksgiving**

Thanksgiving has again come and gone. To many of us it meant to meet around the family circle and to partake of a bountiful feast at the old table where so often we have enjoyed the rich repasts there prepared for us. We met with our friends and relatives and entirely forgetful of work and care thoroughly enjoyed a day telling of the happy events of the past year. To some, however, it meant to notice more keenly the absence of those who have been taken from them.

The family circle has been broken and upon this day of feasting and thankfulness the vacant place is all the more noticeable. Yet, amid joy and sorrow how wise to have set apart a special day to return thanks to Him who has done much better for us than we are able to think. A day in which the entire na-

tion seem to have one thought, one sentiment. Many are the commendable features of our own happy land but there are many things we would like to see different from what they are. It surely is a mark of prudence and wisdom for a nation to stop amidst such wonderful strides of activity and prosperity and return thanks to Him to whom it owes all things. But this should make a citizen no less alert against the evils and vices of the land. If a nation can get its citizens to attend to higher motives of life, to make the lower powers subservient to the higher, to make them think of the true business of life, then it has gone a long way in casting an everlasting benediction over its people. If the true sentiment of Thanksgiving is carried out, better citizens, purer politics, and a higher type of government will be the inevitable result.

**Contest in Oratory**

The time of the local contest is approaching and we have already heard the names of several who expect to participate in this exercise. Several are yet undecided whether to prepare for the contest or not. Too many are prone to consider this question in the wrong light. They hesitate to become contestants until in their own judgment, they are quite sure of success or winning first place. They seem to think if this is not attained, all of their preparation will be for naught. They value the honor to be conferred more than the training to be received.

To be sure it is gratifying to receive first place, it is a sign of development along oratorical lines; but those who shall seem to be among the unfortunates after the decision, should remember, that with the exception of the honor, they may have derived as much from the trial as the winner, that he may have had more experience than they, that some day this contest may be the cause of their success.

It should be the aspiration of every student to become a public speaker.

In every profession a man is judged by his

ability to express himself. One may be highly educated, but unless he possesses this quality, his culture is little appreciated. The educated man who is fluent of speech, and easy and graceful before an audience is the one that is ever in demand.

Surely any one who considers these facts will see the folly of a student spending several years in treasuring knowledge, and allowing his faculty of expression to go undeveloped. Then let as many as can, participate in the coming contest, and show that oratory is characteristic of Otterbein.

#### Culture

One of the most valuable things that can be produced by college training is culture.

The primary object of the college is the training of the mind and the preparation of men and women for the highest and best positions in life. This can only be accomplished when there is that harmonious development which makes perfectly symmetrical manhood and womanhood, which is the best definition for culture. The opportunities offered during a college course for acquiring culture cannot be equaled elsewhere.

Strictly speaking genuine culture is not wholly acquired. For as a foundation there must be a strong sense of personal honor which is the nucleus for the formation of character; the keynote on which the holding together of the whole arch depends.

It cannot be denied that by training of the mind and coming in contact with refining influences the most marked changes are produced even in the rudest and most uncultured persons, but genuine culture is only produced when there exists in the personality the germ of thrift and honesty.

Sometimes the very best and what would be the brightest intellect if developed is allowed to lie dormant and be practically wasted for want of cultivation and never becomes known to the world.

The Anglo-Saxon race is dependent for its

high advancement upon its culture which was produced by the blending of the Norman and English blood. This association rounded up and made smooth the rough places in the Norman character and put zeal and earnestness in the English. But if the necessary qualities had not been contained in the personal characteristics of these two races their descendants would never have attained their present state of social and literary merit.

The same is true of individuals. If there is not in the man or woman that necessary quality of sound intellect, the best training and most refined influences cannot make a truly cultured man or woman. This is nowhere more evident than in the student body. There are some who, when they enter college, are modest and unassuming and soon find themselves among the first in their classes and have for their friends the best element of the student body. Others are more presumptuous and soon find themselves in a position by no means so desirable.

Let a person of sound intellect, associated with good common sense, have the influences of a college training and noble associations and the result will be cultured, refined, elevating manhood and womanhood.

#### Vacation Reading

What books are best suited to the needs of vacation days? The rational person will take neither Kant nor "Dodo." For he will know that there is a grateful mean between the substantial and not easily digestible quality of the one, and the mere frothiness of the other. He will know for one thing that there is an abundance of literature which is the very best, yet which makes no strenuous demand upon the faculties, which can hold the attention without conscious effort, so smooth is the flow and so harmonious the form.

What reading for example could be more ideally fit for vacation days than the poetry of the "Fairy Queen" or the prose of the "Sketch-book?" Such reading as this, be-

comes a permanent intellectual possession, an influence molding imagination and character, and the retrospective charm naturally attaching to the memory of a vacation will be not a little enhanced by association with the imperishable beauty of such works of literary art.

If we are well advised we will leave the ephemeral and scrappy literature of the day for the day which brings it forth and not allow it to usurp our attention during the only part of the college year, when we are really free to enter upon enjoyment of our great heritage of books in a higher and better sense.

#### Christmas

As Nature robes herself in her mantle of white, we are reminded that Christmas is not far distant, and we recall that first Christmas day so memorable in history.

Almost nineteen centuries have passed, since the angelic choir heralded the birth of Christ to the humble shepherds, watching their flocks, by night, among the hills of Judea.


"Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you, this day, is born a Savior, which is Christ the Lord," rang out on the midnight air as the startled shepherds gaze up into the heavens. What a joyous greeting on that first Christmas morning! The institution of the festival in commemoration of the birth of Christ is attributed to Pope Telesphorus. At first, it was a holiday like Easter (there being no fixed date) but in the fourth century St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, obtaining an order from Pope Julius, made investigation concerning the day of Christ's nativity, and, as a result, the 25th day of December was agreed upon. Christmas always awakens the best impulses and best sentiments within the human heart, and, whether because of some peculiar form of faith or not, there is the same reason in nature for its celebration as there was in the time of our pagan fathers. Among the old

pagan nations, a festival was held similar to our Christmas.

The sun-worshippers believed that the sun had been overcome by the powers of darkness, and, as the days began to lengthen and he shed his warm rays over the land, they hailed the return of life. To them the season of Christmas was the promise of another spring, of plenty of sunshine and joy. Every where Christmas is a time for merry making when every one should be happy, for while the north winds whistle through the pines, within, around the Christmas fire all is warmth and merriment. Amidst our gay festivities, as we extend our greetings, we would not forget the beautiful simplicity of that first Christmas morn.

"And ever as the years pass by,  
And time reveals the heavenly plan,  
Still stronger grow the bonds of love  
That prove the brotherhood of man.  
So shall we learn to understand  
The simple faith of shepherds then,  
And clasping kindly hand in hand,  
Sing, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men!'"

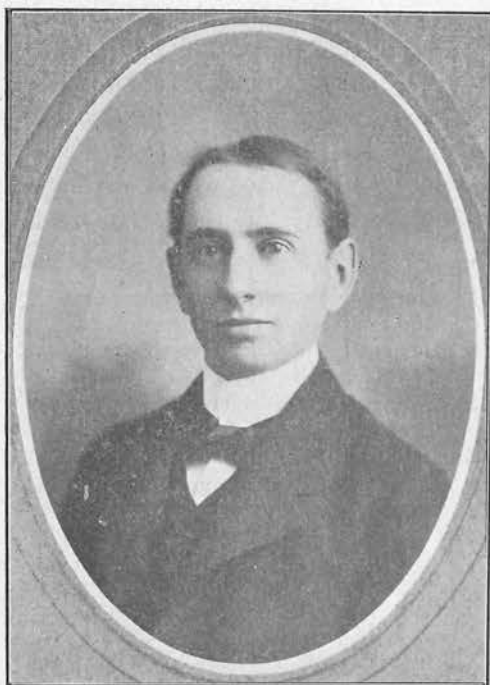
#### Football.

 HE season of '99 has now passed into history. The mud-laden suits have been safely stowed away in the Relic Room, awaiting the grand awakening of the fall of 1900. The uninflated "pigskins" have, for the most part, mysteriously disappeared; whither, no one is supposed to know, and no one is expected to ask any questions.

After a series of defeats, the forcibleness of which was rather heightened than diminished in the games with Kenyon and Wittenberg, the team wearing the cardinal and tan closed the season on Thanksgiving day by a glorious victory. The opposing team was our old-time rivals from Granville,—Denison. Long before the time of the great game, interest was aroused in the outcome of the contest. Denison was the favorite, as all scores indicated



greater strength than that displayed by Otterbein. In spite of this adverse opinion, the men constituting the Otterbein eleven had confidence in their own strength and ability. They were not supported in this fond dream of success, even by their fellow students. It was the accepted opinion that the Fates were individually and collectively working to our



J. F. BRASHARES, '02, Manager

downfall. But even the Fates as well as the Seer of college circles, were doomed to disappointment.

The day was one that was especially adapted to inspire that feeling of power and self-confidence peculiar to a football man. The brightness of the day seemed infused into the very being of the members of the team, as they sang, joked and gave college yells on their trip to the city of Dayton. Confidence pervaded all; every man was in prime condition, and although realizing the magnitude of the struggle to be engaged in, felt able to do best his allotted part.

At 11:30, the team took a light dinner at the Phillips House. From 12 to 1:30 the men remained in their room resting for the afternoon sport. At 2:00 o'clock the team left for the Athletic Park, arriving there fifteen minutes before the time for calling the game. The enthusiastic adherents of each college team greeted them from the side line with lusty cheers and college yells, as they came upon the field. There was a noticeable difference in the size of the two teams. Otterbein's heavy line, with the star tackles, Coover and Howard supporting its left and right end respectively, Griggs at center, Deller and Dresbach at left and right guard respectively, clearly overshadowed the Denison line. To this strong line, averaging 192 pounds, may be attributed, to a large extent, the success of Thanksgiving day. This was the only game in which Deller, the star center and guard of '93, was able to play; and he clearly demonstrated to all present, that he had not forgotten the art of the game. The fact that the four touchdowns of the game made by Otterbein, were through left guard, shows the confidence placed in him to do the right thing at the right time.

A pleasing feature was that the game started exactly on time. Precisely at 2:30 the referee blew his whistle, and Otterbein started the game by kicking off to Denison. The man receiving the ball was downed with a small gain, but this was quickly made up for by a series of trick plays on the part of Denison, which sent the pigskin across Otterbein's goal line for a touchdown after six minutes of play. Try at goal failed, and the score stood 5 to 0 in Denison's favor. This touchdown must, of course, be charged against Otterbein's half-backs and ends, although the ends are to be excused in one or two cases, from the fact that they were held and thus prevented from working tackles which otherwise would have been easy. It did not take long however for the ends to locate these tricks, and after the

first score, Otterbein's goal was never again in danger.

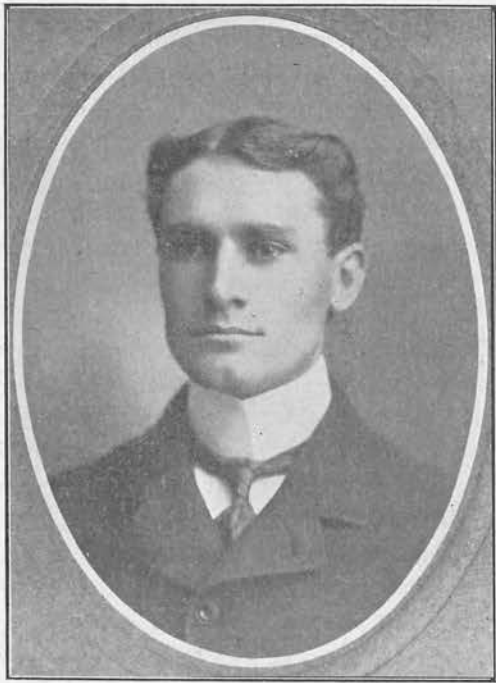
Coover again kicked off to Denison, who advanced the ball a short distance, and lost the ball on downs. Now was Otterbein's time to show what she could do. The first play called was an end run by Gantz, who behind an excellent interference, led by our plucky little quarter-back Shirey, went down the field for a gain of 40 yards. This evidently disconcerted the opposing team, while the effect on

effort to take the much coveted game. But it could be plainly seen that they were weakening, while Otterbein seemed to grow stronger with every play. Especially might be mentioned Howard, who not in his normal form at the beginning of the game, used his man as a plaything in the last half, responding nobly whenever called upon. During this half two more touchdowns were put down to Otterbein's credit,—all being made by the full-back Hall—and we were within five yards of another when time was called. Thus ended the game of the season. Score: Otterbein 21, Denison 5.

The game was without any roughness or unnecessary delays. This is in part due to the neutrality of the officials, who however displayed a woeful lack of knowledge of the rudimentary and fundamental principles of the game. Fortunately neither side was greatly injured by their ignorance, as they seemed especially intent on distributing their blessings and penalties equally, regardless of causes. But at least they made an effort, which in itself demands some commendations. The team played together better in this game than in any other. This is due to the coaching given for a week previous to the game by E. S. Barnard, sporting editor of the Dispatch.

The line men, individually and collectively, played a good game. Aultman at right end, Henry Hall at full-back and Shirey at quarter deserve special mention for brilliant work. For Denison, Capt. Swing and DeArmond played star game. The Denison players are gentlemen in every respect, and should be commended for their actions, both on the field and in their relations as students.

As has been the custom in past years, a part of the December issue of the ÆGIS will be devoted to an account of the individual constitution of the season's team. The following brief notes will enable one to make a comparatively good estimate of the strength of the team.



A. L. GANTZ, '00, Captain

our own team was to stimulate them to speedy work. Immense holes were torn in the Denison line through which Otterbein's backs, especially Miller and Hall, went for three, ten and even fifteen yards. Hall made the first touchdown on a straight buck, between Griggs and Deller. One more touchdown was made during this half, Miller missing goal for the last one. Score, Denison 5, Otterbein 11.

The last half was very interesting from the fact that the Denison men made a desperate

We feel that the Captain for next season, Mr. I. W. Howard, deserves first mention. To one reading the newspapers, it is hardly necessary to make any mention of Mr. Howard's ability as a player. In every game he has been marked for his aggressiveness and tact. Considering the fact that he never worked under a coach, his great ability at right tackle comes into peculiar prominence. We can only presage a wise and vigorous administration under Captain Howard's supervision.

Mr. Howard is 21 years old, is 6 ft. 4 in. tall, and weighs 200 pounds.



W. F. COOVER, '00, Left Tackle

The above portrait is a good likeness of Mr. W. F. Coover, Captain 1898, who has so well sustained Otterbein's record for having good tackles. In the fall of '96 Mr. Coover played his first match game against W. and J. In this game he displayed an ability for filling left tackle's position which has never since been questioned. He has been against some

of the best tackles in the state, but has never yet met his equal.

This season Mr. Coover was rather unfortunate in sustaining an injury to his back and later in contracting a serious case of erysipelas. These two accidents kept him out of some of the most important games; particularly O. S. U., W. and J. and Kenyon. This is Mr. Coover's last year in college, and it is with regret that we see him compelled to withdraw from the sport in which he has so distinguished himself.

AULTMAN is the man who has creditably filled the position of right end. He is small, but mighty. He was in school two years ago, and made the position of sub-end. His ability lies in his quickness, and the positiveness with which he convinces a man that he is "down." It is hoped that Mr. Aultman may be with us next year, and sustain the record which he has made.

FRANK OLDT, who never appeared on the gridiron until this fall, is one of the coming players. He has not had the opportunity to display his skill this season, as his position, left end, was filled by a man of more experience. Oldt is young at the game, and may make his mark.

NEEDLES filled the positions of left end, left half-back, full-back and quarter during the past season. His regular position, however, is left end. This is Mr. Needles' second season, and he displays a number of good qualities. He is very active, and should make a fine half-back.

H. E. SHIREY is the man who played Otterbein's quarter. For safe passes, quickness in starting and leading interference, it would be hard to find his equal. In stopping straight bucks, he was always in his place. We sincerely hope Mr. Shirey will be back next year to sustain his past record. This is the first year he has ever played on the Otterbein team.

HENRY HALL is only eighteen years old, but in the last game of the season, played the game of a veteran at full back. Last year he worked



faithfully on the "scrub" team. This year he was first tried at center, but his ability as a heavy line buckner caused his change to full back. He will in time develop into a good punter, although he was not especially marked in that respect this fall. His record was made in the Thanksgiving game against Dennison. Mr. Hall has a bright prospect before him. His weight is 166 pounds.

THORNE played left guard in the first part of the season, but his inexperience rather worked against him and his place was filled by another. He never saw a football game before coming to Otterbein, and under a good coach, will make a fine tackle or guard.

MR. DELLER was unable to play on the first team this fall, which was a great misfortune for the team. He was in school in '93, and distinguished himself at guard and center. Mr. Deller played in the Thanksgiving game, and clearly demonstrated what he was able to do. Weight 190, height 5 ft. 10 in. Mr. Deller is suited for any position in the line.

We have here a portrait of Mr. J. F. Brashares, the manager of 1899. Mr. Brashares stands unequalled for untiring endeavor to make the season a success in every way. His schedule for the season showed much wisdom and forethought. The first game and the last game each cleared a handsome sum. In his relation to the men, Manager Brashares was always courteous, seeking to accommodate them to the best of his ability. Although not authorized to make any statements, we feel safe in saying that Mr. Brashares has given the financial standing of the Athletic Association a great uplift.

DRESBACK, RIGHT GUARD. This has been his second season on the 'varsity. He is a steady and conscientious player. With the experience of two seasons and a little more aggressiveness we may expect great things from him in the future without fear of disappointment. Weight 180.

W. O. TURBIN, LEFT TACKLE. This has been his second season on the gridiron. By hard and faithful work he has shown himself

to be made of the right kind of "metal." He played in several games this season and filled his position creditably. He is bound to make a shining light on the 'varsity next season. Weight 165.

O. C. MILLER, LEFT HALF, has had two years of experience in the football realm and has worn the 'varsity uniform in several games this season. His characteristic playing has given him the name of "Plucky Reddy." He is a fearless player and is great on smashing up opposing interference. Weight 150.

C. O. STULTS. This has been his first year on the gridiron and he has proved himself to be a "comer." He has played sub-end this season but owing to his ability as a punter he will undoubtedly try for full-back next season. Weight 165.

A. L. GANTZ, CAPTAIN, plays right half. He has had five years of experience in football and is a hard worker and an excellent player. As captain he has shown himself to be a perfect gentleman as has been repeated many times this season by opposing teams and people on the side line. In him Otterbein loses one of the best half-backs she has ever had.

A. E. GRIGGS, AT CENTER, has made greater progress in this season's work, than any other man on the team. He is strong, active and willing to do his best work at all times. After the Washington and Jefferson game Griggs was a different man. If he trains for the game next season, and is drilled by a coach, Otterbein will have another Seneff at center. Mr. Griggs is 18 years of age, 6ft. 1 inch in height and weighs 220 pounds.

The substitutes for the team were willing workers. Messrs. Charles, Leshner, Vansickle and Caulker played halves of different games and proved themselves worthy of positions on next year's team. Charles was substitute guard, Leshner substitute tackle, Vansickle substitute center and Caulker substitute half-back. With these four men and such second team men as Peters, Thorn and captain Yost

Otterbein should have a much better team than usual this coming season.

Mr. Charles E. Keller, of Dayton, was elected manager of the football team for the coming season. He is a scholarly and energetic young man and has the confidence of the entire student body. Mr. Keller has always been interested in athletics. He was a member of last year's baseball team and is, at present, a member of the athletic board. If the electing of an interested and wide-awake young man as manager has anything to do with a season's success, we predict a good year, financially, for the team of 1900.

### Personals.

Did Thorn lose his nose-guard?

Frank Anderson has no spare time.

Mr. Herbert E. Hall is convalescent.

"Bob" Barnes had company Thanksgiving week.

We are glad to see Katharine Barnes among us again.

Howard Worman is taking great interest in basket-ball.

When does Captain Gantz smile most, on Wednesday and Sunday evening visits, or after

making a forty-yard run around the left end in a ball game.

Dellar gave us a lift in our last football game.

Howard did considerable holding—(in the Dennison game.)

"Jack Kilbourn spent his Thanksgiving vacation at Dayton.

Arthur Griggs entertained his mother over Thanksgiving vacation.

Does any one know where the Editor-in-chief was during vacation?

Mr. R. Bushong has appointed His Royal Highness, Ray, a committee of one, to procure for himself a girl for the winter season.

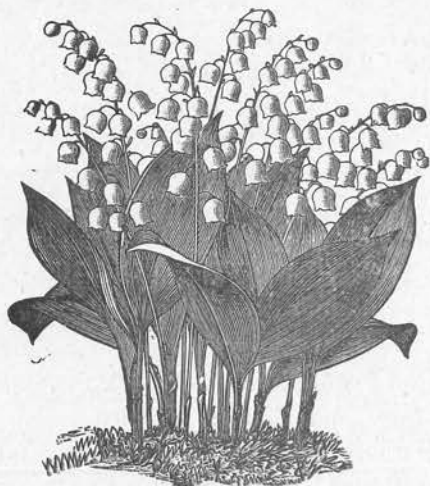
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spent a few days recently visiting her sister, Miss Marguerite.

Prof. R. H. Wagoner, a wide awake gentleman and football enthusiast.

The college pulpit was filled Sunday, Nov. 26, by the Rev. F. P. Sanders.

The Messrs. Miller, Linard, Ambrose and Knox were in evidence at the football game.

Miss Nannie Andrews of the Davis Conservatory of Music spent Thanksgiving in Granville.

Miss Georgia Scott and Miss Mamie Appenzeller visited a short time at the latter's home in Dayton.

Many of our students celebrated Thanksgiving by taking in the O. S. U. vs. Kenyon game at Columbus.

## Locals

Our Low Prices have brought quick responses from our students.

J. W. MARKLEY.

Mr. U. B. Brubaker has been confined to his room since Thanksgiving, nursing a sprained ankle which he received in a little rough and tumble sport on the campus.

Union Thanksgiving services were held in the Presbyterian church. An able address was given by Rev. L. F. John, the college pastor, and excellent music was furnished by a union choir.

Good will to all students to business too. We wish you one and all a merry and happy Christmas.

J. W. MARKLEY.

Miss Adelle Burger gave a farewell party to

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a few of her friends on Friday evening, Dec. 8. A taffy pull was the main feature of the evening. Miss Burger will be not in school next term on account of eye trouble.

Students make this store your home during the college year. Combine business with pleasure.  
J. W. MARKLEY.

Sunday evening, Dec. 10, a sacred concert was rendered in the chapel under the auspices of the chapel choir. Solos, duets, quartets and choruses were rendered in a manner that reflects credit upon those taking part.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 13, will occur the last lecture of the course before the holidays. It is given by John P. D. John on "The Worth of a Man." Boys, this is the last opportunity in '99 of making a "point." Improve the opportunity.

The first thing you do before Xmas, take advantage of the low prices we are making on Holiday Goods and buy a present for your points.  
J. W. MARKLEY.

On Saturday evening, Dec. 9, Prof. and Mrs. George Scott tendered a reception at their home, to the students of the Art department. This speaks for itself, for it is a well known fact that the honorable host and hostess are second to none in the art of entertaining.

Football season being over, the gymnasium is the scene of activity. Many students have joined the gymnasium classes and are doing systematic work in physical culture. Basketball is also indulged in by many, but the Athletic board has deemed it unwise to organize an inter-collegiate team. A scheme is now on foot whereby the gymnasium is to be improved and better equipped.

The Oberlin Review is not quite up to the standard of past years.

Short stories and poems seem to be popular with many of our exchanges.

The Rose Technic is almost an ideal paper for the kind of school it represents.

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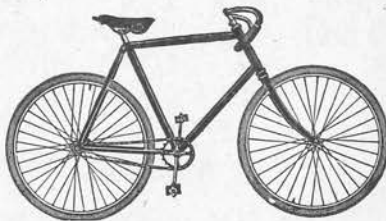
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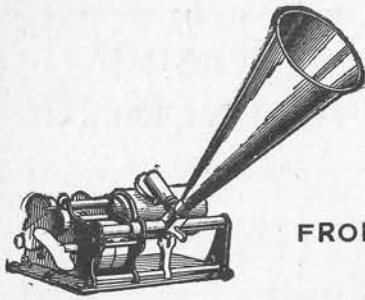
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