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<https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/aegis/102>

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Dr. T. J. Sanders.




Otterbein Egis

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September Number

1900




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OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

Vol. XI.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 1.

Published the 20th of Each Month of the College Year.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS:

Editor OTTERBEIN ÆGIS, WESTERVILLE, OHIO.

BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS:

Business Manager OTTERBEIN ÆGIS, WESTERVILLE, OHIO.

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Subscription, 50c a Year in Advance Single Copies 10c

Subscriptions will be continued until the paper is ordered stopped by the subscriber, and all arrearages paid.

REMIT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO SUBSCRIPTION AGENT

[Entered at the postoffice, Westerville, Ohio, as second-class mail matter.]

PHILOPHRONEAN PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS.

BUCKEYE PRINTING CO., PRINTERS, Westerville, Ohio.

Editorial

AFEW years have had a more auspicious beginning for Otterbein than the present one. As early as Saturday and Monday the students began to come in until on Wednesday, September 5, a large crowd of students and friends filled the chapel to hear Rev. A. A. E. Taylor, D. D., L.L. D., former president of Wooster College, deliver the opening address. The subject of his discourse was, "Education as a Remedy for a Hasty Age." He spoke of the causes producing the conditions of to-day. A few of those named were: The opening of a continent, the discovery of unlimited resources of wealth, the planting of a nation of freedom offering civil and religious liberty to all, growth of invention and discovery, the application of machinery, the growth

in general education, all these conspire to produce a greed of gain which is accompanied by a feverish impatience to begin life's work without sufficient preparation. He showed all the professions are overcrowded and that a great number of those who have entered upon their work unprepared are continually failing.

Systematic education includes instruction, training, and self-government. To learn to think deeper is to rise higher. The way to get ahead in life is to get a head on you. Man's moral powers must also be trained. The will must be trained that all the powers may be made to pull together and in the right direction.

The advantages of education may be summed up under two heads. (1) It increases one's happiness. While this is not supreme it must not be ignored. It is the secret of happy old age. (2) Education increases the power for usefulness. It is infamy to die and not to be missed. A life unused is like an unlighted candle dropped into a lake.

The common objections that it is a waste of time to get an education, and that many succeed without long years of preparation were next considered. It is true that some exceptional few do succeed, but they do this by exhausting subsequent labor. Even these never equal what they might have done with thorough preparation. But then there is a large army of those who have failed and so saddened their lives.

It was a masterly address throughout and entirely worthy of the speaker. Everybody gave him their closest attention and all went away feeling that their work through the year would be better for having listened to Doctor Taylor.

STUDENTS, new and old, THE ÆGIS wishes to extend to you a most cheerful greeting in the beginning of this college year, the first of the new century. You are to be congratulated in that the opening of college has found you here brim full of energy, running over with enthusiasm, eager to be at hard work, and ready for the pleasures as well as the responsibilities of college life. You have no doubt determined that this year will be the best you have ever spent in Otterbein. You have resolved to seize every opportunity to make yourself and others better, to help the college and everything connected with it in every possible way; but in all your resolutions please do not forget THE ÆGIS. Remember that it needs your hearty support, your active interest in its welfare to keep it up to its former high standard of excellence. If you have a good article, an interesting story, or a choice bit of news do not hesitate to send it in. We have plenty of room for it and will gladly use it.

FOOTBALL has been compelled to overcome more or less opposition almost ever since it has become a popular college game. That this is in a measure unjust, appears from the fact that almost all of it comes from sources which have little or no connection with the college and from people who have only vague ideas of what football really is. But those who have every opportunity to form an unbiased opinion are almost unanimous in its support. It is almost impossible to find anyone oppose it who has ever played the game. On the contrary they are its greatest advocates. If it is, as some say, harmful and not beneficial to the student body why is it that the students support it so loyally and enthusiastically? If it is deleterious to the interests of the students and college why do the faculties of the great majority of colleges approve of it?

The detractors of the game say that it is too rough and dangerous. It is rough but this

same roughness is what gives it a peculiar value. The average student needs the rough exercise and the severe arduous training necessary to become a member of a good football team. It is good to counteract the weakening influences of close confinement and hard study. As far as the danger is concerned no young man in good health and free from physical deformities need fear any great injury if he trains and dresses properly. What does it matter if the players do get bloody noses, bruises and hard knocks? It gives them fortitude and endurance that can be obtained in few other places.

The benefits of football need only to be enumerated; it gives one a finely trained body. It makes him master of that body. It can take a man who is a bundle of nerves and return him a bunch of nerve. It goes far in developing those physical and moral attributes which we like to see in our ideal men. Then its effect upon the student body is beneficial. There is nothing more able to arouse college spirit. It brings many a bookworm out of his den, and fills his lungs with good fresh air as he gives the yell along the side lines. Truly football fills a peculiar yet important place in college athletics, a place which cannot be filled by any other sport. Therefore let us support the team with all the vigor and vim we possess.

EDUCATION is only a varnish and culture does not touch character." But varnish is an excellent thing in its uses. It preserves, lessens friction, gives brilliancy and finish. Culture may not immediately touch character, but it fashions manners, and character without good manners is the rough log without hewing and fitting for the structure.

Education and culture do not mean a little cramming of the catechism in a crowded, ill-ventilated tenement. They mean broad and varied social opportunity and experience, with good industrial conditions and a commensurately high standard of living. The talk

about education and culture being only a varnish is very much like the hackneyed statement that "you can't change human nature," which is entirely fallacious. Every step toward industrial improvement, social advance and personal freedom is a step toward permanently changing human nature. That is the only way in which human nature, which is only another word for general culture, of the most advanced people has been differentiated from the savage. To change human nature, that is to permanently improve the character of the people, is the chief object of civilization, and it is only because industrial prosperity, social diversification, education and culture promote this end, that churches, schools, libraries, theaters and good manners have social justification.

The Power of the Novel

The human drama in these later days is engrossing to all serious-minded people, and wherever the moral or spiritual fact or experience is dramatized by the novelist with even a fair degree of power, the novel which results is certain to have a wide reading. The world-wide movement which has already made such modifications in the social conditions, and which is essentially effecting such a revolution in the relations of men with men and of class with class, finds its way into art through the insight, the observation, and the skill of the great novelist. The best novels, entirely aside from their dramatic effectiveness, gain an immense power simply from the fact that they deal with questions in which all are interested, and introduce with great directness, that human element which is to-day part and parcel of every religious political or industrial problem. The same impulse which gives the novel such a hold upon readers produces also the great novelist, for behind every widespread literary movement there is always a vital movement of experience; and the great

writer, while his power resides in his own personality, is, in a deep and true sense, the child of his time and the interpreter of its thought. If the novelist has not touched the very highest points of achievement, he attests beyond all question the vitality of the movement in which he has shared and the reality of the art to which he has contributed. And it is probably safe to conclude that the novel will not lose its attractiveness until the interests of men are shifted from the distinctly human element in all problems now pressing for solution upon society.

Causes and Results

E. D. NEEDHAM, '02

LET our minds wander back to the long ago. Let them go into the bivouac of a great army. On the morrow a city is to be contested for, a nation's honor upheld. Throughout all the town and far beyond to right, to left, to rear, the camp fires glimmer. Soon the sleeping soldiery stirs. Then the laugh, the song, the oath are heard on every side. Ere long the drum, the bugle, the sharp command spur the columns into motion. All move in unison, but to the mind of the common soldier all is confusion. Batteries of artillery, squadrons of cavalry block the way. Among these the long columns of infantry wend their way. The impatient troopers from gun and saddle taunt and curse the toiling infantry, who are not slow to respond. All join in hurling maledictions at their leader who, they say, is responsible for the delay. Yet all obey in blind faith that the commander has cause for every move.

The battle is over, the victory is won. All the nation applauds the general who directed the campaign, and praises the rank and file by whose devotion victory was made possible.

We may well wonder at such scenes as these. But do we ever think of events just as wonderful in their small way that happen every

day about us? Watch the little child as it obeys its parents, scarcely knowing what it does, not knowing why it does, not even knowing whether it is right or wrong, yet trustfully obeying because of the love and trust the Divine Creator has placed in the heart of every little child.

Then we see parents obeying the laws of Society, Custom, and State, obeying laws of Society because they want to be well thought of, obeying laws of Custom because they know of no other way, and obeying laws of State because they love or fear her. Under our government of the people, for the people, and by the people, it is love of country rather than fear that governs. But across the storm-tossed Atlantic, in turbulent Europe, where the sun never shines brightly through the warcloud that hangs over her, where the earth trembles beneath the tread of mighty standing armies, that do not stand but are kept hurrying hither and yon, and where common people are trampled under the iron heel of aristocratic royalties; or going westward to the Celestial Empires of Asia, where the people cower before that giant Superstition, where the air is stagnant with ignorance, and where social progress ceased to exist two thousand years ago; what reigns there? It is fear of life not love of country.

Let us notice in which continent science is making its greatest strides. It is in America. Because science flourishes in the light of peace under the incentive of public approval. It does not grope in the dark, but seeks for knowledge in the light of its own learning. That is, as each natural scientific principle is discovered and proved, this principle is used as a basis from which other laws are discovered. But no rule of any science is made a law until the cause is known. If everything in science has a cause, which by seeking we can find, then history also must have.

Let us turn back history's pages and learn some lessons from the experience of others in the ages long past. Look at the power and

beauty of Ancient Greece, with her Socrates, one of the wisest and greatest of men, with her Aristotle, with her favorite leader the great Alexander, and with her beautiful temples erected to the Gods, glorious monuments to Greece and a reproach to the rest of the world; or the glory and might of Rome with her Caesar who conquered 300 nations, her Cicero, whose eloquence drove anarchy to destruction, and with her seven hills, her games, her triumphs, Rome! which meant everything that was great and grand, and glorious.

But where now is Ancient Greece, where now is mighty Rome? Rome divided against herself fell to pieces many centuries ago. With her, the civilization of the world fell thundering to the ground to be dormant for eight centuries.

But why should classic Greece fall, who for so long had been the bulwark of civilization against the barbarians who dwelt to the eastward? The Greeks lost their heroic love of country through the neglect of the most important institution of any country. That is the home. Greece had need of warriors. Her youth were taken when very young by the government and all their lives were spent in the camps and fields. As time went by they lost the love of home that had inspired their fathers, because they had no home to love. When the hour of supreme trial came they were wanting, and Greece until this day is a servile nation.

May Europe take heed from the lessons of the mystic past. The Germans are not what they were under Frederick the Great. The French are not what they were under Napoleon and the Empire. And that is because the barracks and the parade ground are taking the place of the home and the free school.

No country need fear for her future as long as the home is honored. For it is the cradle of the nation, the mold from which the characters of men and women are cast.

The day is coming when the grandeur of Greece and the splendor of Rome will be excelled in thrice blest America. Once blest

when the joyous peal of liberty shivered the yoke that stretched from over the sea. Twice blest when she flung to all the world the proclamation that "all men are free and equal" and backed it with her best blood and treasure. Thrice blest in the unbounded energy of her people, who are developing her great resources, who have leveled forests and raised cities, who have linked every town and city by the electric spark, and who have bound the continent with highways of steel.

Why are great men, great? Why do people attain wealth, honor, wisdom, fame, everything which creates history and makes the world better?

If we ask the voice of public opinion it will tell us that men attain all these because in their youth they have set their mark high, then have sacrificed everything to their ambition, that they have worked early and late, and at last win fame through force of will power and mighty exertions. This is all true, but there is more to tell. For many to-day are seeking the highest pinnacle of learning who have the will and the intellect, but who fail miserably because they have not the physical ability. Truly great men are strong men.

See Napoleon! Where is there one like him? His endurance enabled him to keep the saddle for a whole week with scarcely one hour's rest. He scaled the dizzy Alps and descending crushed Italy to the dust. He invoked the blessings of the pyramids. He basked in the scorching sun and breathed the plague of Asia Minor. He marched his legions over fallen crowns and shaking thrones whither he pleased. In all the glory of his physical strength, the star of his destiny hung highest in the heavens. At his will kingdoms fell and Empires rose. He was at the height of his ambition, at the zenith of his power. Because he was stronger than others untold thousands fell in his mad career.

But we see another picture. Health is going; disease is coming; the "man of destiny" is sad, sulken, gloomy, less active; his star is low in the heavens; all men are against

him and his beloved people; Waterloo is lost; now he is dead. But this man by the might of his genius and by the strength of his arm has written some of history's brightest pages.

The most beloved of Americans, the immortal Washington, had the strongest arm in all Virginia. Yet that arm was the one which wrested freedom from powerful Britain and gave us our priceless liberty. That same arm launched our ship of state, and taking the helm guided her safely over bar and shoals, among rocks, and through storms and tempests until she was safe on the sea of national progress.

Greater still was Abraham Lincoln, the boatman from the "Father of Waters," who guided this same ship of state through the perils of civil strife without the loss of one single spar. Who sundered the bonds of servitude in America at one effort, and who taught us to strike with all our force, with all our might, at one place, at one time.

As the days go by, we are learning from the philosophy of history. We know how great men have lived, let us then in sincerity of heart agree with that one who has said: "There is no excellence without great labor."

How Prince John Kept His Trust

N. FAITH LINARD, '01

EVERYONE called him Prince John, although his real name was John Barton. When a young man goes to college, he is known by his life, and if any special talent or heroism is shown, he receives a name accordingly. That was the way with John Barton. He had been given the name of Prince John on account of his heroism, and because he kept the trust which he had taken unto himself. He scarcely ever heard his real name, and used to say that he had to write home to find out what it was.

He was not exactly handsome, but he possessed that most beautiful of all gifts, a kindly heart, and all with whom he came in

contact, felt the influence of his noble character. He knew well how to value a college education, for he had worked seven long years in order to obtain the means to finish his course. His soul had been filled with the longing to know a broader and a fuller life, and when his hopes were realized, he felt that he had taken one step in his life, that would make him a better and a wiser man.

Broadstone University was the college of his choice, because of the great facilities which it offered to the thorough student. From under the trees on the beautiful campus, one could see for miles and miles across the valley; across the fertile fields and waving forests, up to where the verdant hills seemed to bear the clouds upon their bosoms. It seemed to John Barton that this was the place where his soul had been longing to be, where he could satisfy that intense yearning for something greater.

There was but one in all that body of students who was his enemy, and that was Sid Raynor, a fellow noted for his narrow, mean disposition, although popular in some things on account of his ability. But he was in the habit of becoming intoxicated, and had already been suspended for this offence, and was, at the time when Barton entered school, under the careful watchfulness of the faculty, with the promise that if he became intoxicated again and came to the hall in that condition, he would be expelled. The fear of this kept him from over-stepping the bounds of propriety for a while.

It was during Barton's first year that Sid Raynor became his sworn enemy. Barton had been chosen as referee for a foot race, in which Raynor was to be one of the contestants, and the prize for which was to be ten dollars in gold. When the race was run, it was evident without doubt that Raynor was beaten, but only by the short distance of three or four inches. Barton was sure that he was deciding as he should, but Raynor became angry and declared that the referee had cheated him and that he had won the prize. However Barton stood by his decision, although the whole

student body might have decided against him, and in favor of Raynor's claim. But a student can measure his fellow student as no one else, and they knew that Raynor was not to be trusted, while Barton was what he should be.

From that day, Sid Raynor was a sworn enemy of John Barton, although John had never thought of wounding him personally, and had only stood by his decision because he knew it was right to do so. He seemed to take Sid Raynor to himself as a trust, after that, because he felt it his duty, and because he believed there was something manly in the boy who was to all outward appearances, so very rough and uncouth in his behavior.

But it was not until Barton's second year at Broadstone that he was able to keep the trust that he had taken unto himself, to its fullest extent. It was one cold, wintry night in December. The snow had been falling rapidly all day, and at six o'clock, when John Barton went up to his room, it was six inches deep. It was one of those nights when the very air seemed frozen, and as John entered his room he felt grateful for its warmth and comfort. Arranging his books before him, he settled himself for an evening's enjoyment with his studies. He had translated his Latin and Greek and was deep in his Psychology, when he was startled by the cry of "Fire!" beneath his window. Hurrying to his window, he threw up the curtain and the sight which met his eyes, for a moment, almost made him breathless. His room was about one square from the college buildings and dormitories, and in full view of the hall in which Sid Raynor roomed. And now, as John Barton looked from his window, he saw flames creeping out from under the roof and licking the edge, as if in hungry greed for more fuel.

With a cry of horror, he snatched up his hat and bounded down the stairs. "Oh, the boys!" he cried as he ran, his only thought being for those in that burning building who were his own true friends. It was only a very few moments until he reached the burning building where the firemen were already doing

all in their power to save the dormitory. They fought as only such men can fight, who are striving for human life. The water falling back upon them froze upon their clothing, until it seemed that they must give up the struggle. But still they fought on. When Barton arrived upon the scene, he gave one look upward toward the windows, and he knew that many of his truest friends were held in that death-trap. With a great prayer in his heart he rushed into the building and groping his way through the suffocating smoke, found first one door and then the other, doing all in his power to help his fellows escape. Twice he carried a burden of human life down those already burning stairs to the open air. Thus he worked on and on until his strength was almost exhausted, and a great prayer of thankfulness went up from the heart of that crowd when they thought all were saved.

And still those awful flames burned on; hideously they curled and wreathed themselves in and out of the windows, and then burst forth in some fresh place, wickedly defying anyone to stop them. Barton was talking to Dr. Prescott, President of the University, and together they were looking at the angry flames, which were now beyond all control. Suddenly Barton started, and in a voice strained with anxiety, he cried, "Where's Raynor?" "Oh, I believe he is in his room," some one answered. "Some one bring a ladder quick!" he cried as he sprang forward. Willing hands placed the longest ladder against the wall. "Oh Barton! you'll be killed; don't risk your life that way!" a dozen voices cried, and some one tried to hold him back. "No, I must go, he is my trust," he answered, and those around him saw such a look in his face that it caused them to fall back and make way for him.

Already the roof above Sid Raynor's room was in flames, and seemed ready to fall at any moment. Barton knew that his strength was failing, and yet it seemed to him that some superhuman force was holding him up. He reached the top of the ladder, and found to his horror that he could not reach Sid's window

even from the very top. His head reeled, he felt ready to faint, and it seemed as though his very life were going out of him. Looking around for some means of support, he found nothing but one brick projecting a little from the wall. He thought that by placing his foot upon this and working himself slowly upward, he could reach the window ledge. With a mighty effort, almost creeping it seemed, he placed his foot upon the brick, and clinging to the wall as best he could, he slowly raised himself until he could catch the window-ledge with his hand. Then he pulled himself upward by almost superhuman strength and fell over the ledge into the room.

He knew that he had not a moment to lose for the floor was growing weaker every moment and he could hear the roar of the flames above his head. Groping about, his hands, at last, fell upon the form of Sid Raynor, asleep, intoxicated by the wine that he had been drinking during the evening. Barton lifted him up and walked to the window, and stepped upon the window-ledge. As he stood there, he wavered and tottered for a moment. The crowd, spellbound by the awfulness of the danger, gave a mighty cheer as he appeared. "Hold on, John, we are coming to help you," some one called.

That cry seemed to strengthen him. He put his foot over the ledge, placed it upon the brick, then slowly let go his hold upon the window, and as he started downward placed his foot upon the ladder. It seemed that Sid's weight upon his own overtaxed strength would throw him forward. Just as he let go the window, a terrible crash within told that the floor had fallen and at the same time the roof fell, throwing a shower of dust and sparks in every direction. For a moment the crowd swerved, thinking that the brick wall would fall, but it still stood in its place. Slowly Barton came down the ladder and willing hands took the burden of Sid's body from him.

Scarcely had his trust been given up when John Barton, overcome by the great strain, fell to the ground, an insensible form. No shout-

ing now, for more than one strong man was weeping. Dr. Prescott stood by Barton and wept like a child. Loving hands carried him to the President's own home; when the doctor came, he found that there was still life, but said that if he ever rallied after such a terrible strain, it would be a miracle. The night and the next day passed; while people were sorry for the loss of the hall which had burned, yet they scarcely seemed to think of that, but only asked if Barton were still living.

In the meanwhile Sid Raynor had come out from his intoxicating sleep, none the worse for having been in such terrible danger. When they first told him about Barton he cried like a child. He went to his bedside and nothing could induce him to leave. He surely was another man; it seemed that he could not do enough for the man who had almost given his life for him. At last, after many days, days in which Barton's life hung in the balance, when it seemed sometimes that the noble soul had almost gone to its God, he opened his eyes, and the first one who grasped his hand was Sid Raynor. He could not speak, he could only clasp his hand in silence, but his soul spoke, and Barton understood.

Days and weeks followed before Barton was able to be about again; but the first day that he was able to ride away from home, Raynor was with him, and in heart-broken words, told him of his sorrow and thankfulness, and then he said, "John, you know there is this verse, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends,' and you laid down your life for him who then was your enemy. But I'm a different man, now, and, God helping me, I'll never go back to my old life again. You are my prince, John; and after this, I shall always call you Prince John. 'Why Sid,' said Barton, clasping his hand, 'you were my trust, and I just kept that which was entrusted to me.' They clasped hands and looked into each others' eyes, and—they understood.

Pure white seal oil.

FOUTS.

The Great Ice Age

I. N. BOWER, '03

EVERY school boy has taken a handful of snow in his fingers and molded it into a snowball, and yet, common and simple as this operation is, it illustrates a principle that goes far toward explaining one of the paradoxes of Nature. The particles of snow, under the pressure of the boy's hand, melt at their points of contact, and when the pressure is removed, unite to form a solid mass. This mass may be made to change its shape indefinitely by applying pressure on different sides.

And this is exactly what happens in glaciers, or rivers of ice, for the ice under the pressure of its own weight changes its shape continually to fit its channel and pushed on by the mass of snow and ice behind, slowly but certainly flows,—a river of solid ice. These rivers of ice are found in the higher valleys of the Alps, in Alaska, and in many other parts of the earth. Fed by the eternal snows of the mountain peaks, they creep down the valleys with slow but resistless motion. The rocky walls that hem them in, turn but do not stop their course, and even the rocks are torn loose and ground to fragments in their onward march. Thus with slow majesty, moving but a few feet or a few inches in a day, they glide far down toward the plains below and at last melt in the warmer air, becoming rivers of muddy water. Or if near the sea, they will push out into the sea and float away in huge pieces of ice, called icebergs. Thus these rivers of ice have existed for ages, fed by eternal snows above, consumed by increasing warmth below.

Geologists tell us that these glaciers are but the last weak survivors of a time when all northern lands were covered under a great sheet of snow and ice that, creeping slowly southward from the regions of the north, stopped not in its resistless course for forest, or hill, or valley. This time, when the unmelted snows of many winters accumulating

through the centuries had reared great mountains of ice in the north, may well be called the Great Winter of the Earth, the Great Ice Age. As to the cause or causes of this great change in the earth's climate, Science can give no definite answer. While numerous theories have been advanced, no one has received the full acceptance of scientific men, and an alluring field for original investigation is still open.

In North America the snow collected north of the Great Lakes, and a river of ice hundreds of feet in thickness and a thousand miles broad swept slowly down from the north spreading ruin and destruction in its path, and reaching at the time of its greatest extent, as far south as St. Louis. Then, grandly, slowly, as if it disdained to hurry, this icy monster vanished. For centuries the snows collected year by year; for centuries this mighty leveler of the continent crept slowly southward; for centuries the sun's rays beat hot upon it before it disappeared; and though other centuries have passed since then, the signs of its former greatness still remain. Its works remain to show that it did something more than destroy. It was also a builder. At first thought we might suppose it was a great evil and nothing more, destroying all plant and animal life and checking in its frozen grasp all life and progress. But not so, for although it held in the chill of death all lands over which it extended, it was but preparing them for higher and more abundant life.

Hills were leveled; valleys were filled up; barren rocks were torn to pieces and ground into soil of surpassing fertility; the way was made level for the iron horse; the crooked ways were made straight. The one-time waste of snow and ice has become the garden, the granary of our land. One half the people of our nation live where once no life could be, and our largest cities flourish where Boreas once roared. The Great Lakes, a priceless gift to commerce, were formed by this mighty builder; thundering Niagara and the placid lakes of Minnesota, were alike sculptured by this chisel of ice. Thus we see that what at first sight appeared a curse, was a blessing in disguise;

what seemed destruction, proved to be creation; what appeared to be death, was but fuller life.

And is it not ever thus? Are not all things good, if we could but see them so? Even trouble and pain and bitter sorrow have their destined work to do; night does but usher in a brighter day. If Lincoln had never been rail-splitter, would he ever have been president? If it had not been for Bedford Jail, would we ever have had Pilgrim's Progress? But while we are ready enough to grant that trouble and disappointment are good things for other people, we are not so ready to admit it when we encounter them ourselves. When trouble and uncertainty roll upon us like clouds, when the storms of life cast down our highest aspirations, when our fondest hopes are ground to pieces before our eyes, when cold despair lays his icy fingers on our hearts, it is difficult for us to believe that all will be well in the end. With rebellion in our hearts we cry out against an unjust fate and bewail our miserable lot. Sick with sorrow and overcome with grief, we find the world a hollow mockery and life unendurable.

And yet there is probably nothing in this world that does us more good than pain. A certain amount of hard knocks is good for a man; it smooths down and softens his peculiarities and brings out the hidden strength and beauty of his character. The rugged wall of fate often checks our mad rush to destruction and changes the whole current of our lives. Like a certain flower of our gardens that gives out its richest perfume only when crushed, man is at his best when he feels himself to be weakest.


Shall we then be impatient because we cannot see the end from the beginning? Shall we judge the Eternal Plan from the experience of our little day? The Great Builder spent ages in preparing the world for our dwelling place, and shall we be perfected in an hour? The great ice-sheet required centuries to disappear from the earth; shall failure and trouble and sorrow vanish at our bidding? Rather let us trust that the all-wise plan, which we see

everywhere in Nature, shapes our destinies also, and will constantly unfold before us into something better and nobler;—and let us say with Tennyson,

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Football Outlook

C. A. KELLAR, MANAGER.

 WING to the poor showing made by Otterbein in the last two seasons, it was deemed absolutely necessary by the Official Board of the Athletic Association to procure a coach for this year's team. So in view of this necessity the management has secured a football coach, who is in every way suited to the requirements of the situation. Mr. Flowers, who is by this time too well known to need an introduction, has quite an enviable reputation as a player and instructor of football tactics, and as is evident from the esteem and respect shown him by the players and students, is the man who can lead us on to victory if any one can.

And now that we have a good and capable coach, let every man show his loyalty and grit, and don a suit and come out faithfully for practice. If each man does his duty we can not help but have a winning team. We only ask you to do your best. There are some men in school, who if they could overcome their scruples against playing would greatly strengthen the team. Now is not the time to hold back. Come out and play even if it is at the sacrifice of some hobby or fancied discomfort, and in a few years you will not miss your time and energy, but will be glad to say that you played on Otterbein's crack team of 1900.

One other thing might be said and that is that we need your support financially as well as on the field. And it is especially requested that if any of the alumni feel disposed to help the good cause along by a good subscription

don't wait to be asked but send it in to the manager, who will greatly appreciate your interest and aid.

The following is the schedule: September 29, O. S. U. at Columbus; October 6, Denison at Westerville; October 13, Ohio University at Athens; October 20, Marietta at Marietta; October 27, Heidelberg at Tiffin; November 3, Denison at Granville; November 10, O. M. U. at Columbus; November 17, O. W. U. at Westerville; November 24, open; Thanksgiving, Springfield.

J. H. FLOWERS, COACH.

In the athletic world there is no sport which possesses a man as wholly and completely as football. When once he learns the game so that it becomes a study to him and he can understand the niceties of the various formations and plays, he then thinks football, talks football, and dreams football. Yet for all this there is no other sport, game or recreation, which if played in moderation will so well develop the man physically, mentally and morally. First it teaches him to rely on himself as a man. He learns that he can stand a great deal more punishment than he supposed. Second, after he plays a while he begins to think why this is done and why that is done and seek new plays for himself. The exercise also tones up the tired brain and makes it work more actively. As to the moral effect, a successful football player must first learn to control his temper, and if he does this thoroughly in a game, he has passed a trying ordeal.

So much for the benefit of football, and now in regard to Otterbein's prospects, I would say that while they are not as bright by far as they could be, were some of the heavy students able to spare the time to play, yet we have a number of good willing players, who are going at the game in the right way, and that is by practicing faithfully every day. We don't need to have a heavy team to win a portion of the games we play, but a good, fast, willing team, that will never say die, but fight it out till the last minute.

As coach of the team, all I ask is the hearty co-operation of the entire student body, Faculty and Alumni, and we will have a creditable team. Let every man who can or would like to play don a suit and be on the field every day. Everybody put their shoulder to the wheel and it must move.

I. W. HOWARD, CAPTAIN.

Line up! Line up! Steady boys!
Make it fast, but make it sure!

These are common every day expressions to the boys on the gridiron, but here it is meant for more than those who don the mole skin and canvass. What we mean here is for all ye lads and lassies, young and old, students and alumni to line up, and give the boys your support. Show an interest in the team, cheer the boys on to victory. Victory can often be attributed to the support and enthusiasm given by "rooters" on the side line.

The football boys are working hard, they mean business, they have a very stiff schedule before them and they need and long for the united support of all Otterbein's students, alumni, and friends. The team will be composed strictly of college men. Professionalism is barred out. The game will be straight, pure football, and many victories will be ours. Therefore, lift up your heads, O ye people. Lift up your heads ye everlasting rooters and let a shout of enthusiasm come out.

Geneva Conference---Y. M. C. A.

L. S. HENDRICKSON, 'OI

THE Y. M. C. A. is not limited by the walls of the prayer room, nor its enthusiasm circumscribed by the same narrow limits. At the close of the college year a ten days' conference is held at each of the following places: Northfield, Mass., Ashville, N. C., Pacific Grove, Cal., and Geneva, Wis. More than four hundred men, repre-

senting one hundred and seventy colleges, met at Geneva.

It is impossible to give more than a faint idea of what this great gathering meant. To develop the spiritual power was not its mission entirely. It stood for a larger life to the whole man. Nature has wrought with an exquisite hand to give Geneva power to uplift the soul into a higher realm of being. Here the student may begin the day, 'alone with his God, in the dense forest on the rugged hillside, calling to mind the Mount of Olives, where Christ loved to be alone. During the morning hours he will find himself with the multitude, anxious, earnest, enthusiastic, in their love for humanity; face to face with the great problems of life. He will hear plans discussed for individual improvement, and methods devised for the betterment of mankind in general.

In the afternoon, he is as free as the dusky warrior of five hundred years ago to engage in games with his comrades, run across a varied landscape, paddle his canoe, or plunge in the crystal tide. In the quiet of the evening he will sit on the green grass, in the grove on the shore of the lake, in meditation unbroken by the rush of the busy world, hear the sighing of the leaves and the ripple of the waters against a rocky shore, listen to the earnest words of some consecrated man, give ear to the voice of him who loved to teach by the sea.

He will look into the dim future with a greater determination to conquer in the conflict of life. He will return to his home with more zeal for his institution of learning, a greater desire for physical development, an increased ambition for intellectual advancement, and a more determined and definite purpose for spiritual achievement. Such is Lake Geneva.

We constantly strive to be first in perfection of methods as well as lowest in price.

J. W. MARKLEY.

Geneva Conference---Y. W. C. A.

GRACE A. WALLACE, '01

NO girl can attend a Geneva conference and return without being made better and stronger. There is something about the place that gives one a great desire to be good and to do good; but how could the influence be other than uplifting, when one is associated with the devoted leaders of the State and National work and four hundred of the best girls of our colleges of the United States.

The leaders were all good this year. Dr. Erdman, of Philadelphia, and Bishop Hamilton certainly could help anyone to live better. It would do one good to look into their noble faces.

Bishop Hamilton as he appeared in the auditorium, his hair snow white and his countenance so bright, said we could never be as good as our parents unless we were as much better than they as our opportunities are better than theirs.

Dr. Erdman was comparatively a young man but consecrated to his work. He showed the girls how wrong it is to hold on to ties that will draw from them the influence for Christ. Be a girl to whom all girls will come for advice.

This was considered the best summer the girls have had at Geneva both in work and members. There were four hundred girls in camp. Sixteen city associations and one hundred and sixteen college associations were represented.

This was the tenth conference at Geneva and there were many greetings sent in from friends and other conferences.

The Ohio and Michigan girls were sorry to have with them for the last time as their leader, Miss Helen Barnes, but they follow her to her new work among the factory girls with their prayers; and they welcomed Mrs. Nellie

Adams Lowry, of Westerville, Ohio, as their State Secretary.

Y. M. C. A.

On Sept. 6, the Y. M. C. A. held a short devotional service after which a reception was given to the new students.

The Y. M. C. A. is recognized as one of the most important organizations in the University, and no young man can afford to remain outside or absent himself from the meetings.

The subject of missions will also receive more attention and a class will be formed in order to study "The World's Evangelization in This Generation." Already the Volunteer Band is organized, and there is no doubt but what there will be some addition to its membership.

Several new features have been added to the work, one of which will be in the nature of a lecture course. Prominent Christian men will be secured to speak upon different lines of Christian work. Already some have offered their services, and it is hoped that this will prove very helpful to all who attend as the lectures are free.

Probably never before has the Young Men's Christian Association of Otterbein University been better organized than it is at the beginning of this year. With plans well laid, every department fully equipped, the Association out of debt, and money in the treasury, there is no reason why this should not be the best year in the history of the Association.

Bible study is to be emphasized during the year and to meet this part of the work four Bible classes have been organized under competent leaders to take charge of the same. This is a department that needs to be encouraged and supported by every member. The

habit formed in college of studying the Bible daily and systematically will prove one of the greatest blessings to a man's life in later years. Let every student become a member of one of these classes.

Y. W. C. A.

The first Y. W. C. A. cabinet meeting occurred Saturday evening, Sept. 8, from four to five.


The Otterbein Young Women's Christian Association was represented at the Lake Geneva conference by Grace Miller and Grace Wallace.

From seven to nine of the evening of Sept. 5, the Association received and entertained about ninety girls in the Association parlors. A thoroughly good time was enjoyed.

The girls met Tuesday evening Sept. 11, for their first prayer service. The president led the meeting taking for her topic Gen. 12:2. Fifty girls were in attendance and the meeting proved a source of deep spiritual blessing.

It is with regret that the Otterbein Y. W. C. A. gives up the state secretary, Miss Helen Barnes, who has been called to work among factory girls. But it is glad to welcome in her stead Mrs. Nellie Adams Lowry, who is a resident of Westerville, and a personal friend of many of the Association girls.

"Otterbein Reunion"

N Tuesday, August 28, a reunion of all Pennsylvania students, present and past, of Otterbein University, was held at Idlewild Park. Over forty of the loyal-hearted were present, and a profitable, as well as enjoyable day was spent. At noon hour all gathered around the large table especially prepared for the occasion. A comparison of the "points," "pushes," "hunts," "duckings,"

and work of other days with those of the present, interspersed the more substantial part of the dinner.

At the close of this part of the program, the advisability of forming a permanent organization was discussed. The result was an enthusiastic organization with the following officers:

President—John Shoemaker, Esq., '94, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Vice-President—F. O. Clements, '96, Altoona, Pa.

Secretary—Miss Maude L. Ruth, '98, Scottdale, Pa.

Treasurer—Miss Edythe I. Updegrave, Johnstown, Pa.—Conference Journal, Pa.

Citizens' Lecture Course

The committee on lecture course for the coming season, presents to the public the following excellent course:

Gamble Concert Company, October 3.

Dr. William Quayle—Victor Hugo, November 13.

G. A. Gearhart—The Coming Man, December 1.

Dr. A. A. Willetts—Sunshine, January 18.

H. Spillman Riggs—Musical Fits and Misfits, February 8.

Parker Concert Company, March 30.

The course promises to be the best that has been presented. The entire six entertainments will be given for the small sum of one dollar. Do not miss this one great phase of culture, as well as delightful entertainment.

Alumni

Miss Adda May, '99, spent a few days here at the opening of school.

Alma Guitner, '97, has been chosen to assist in the teaching of German. After her graduation she spent a year in Germany, in college work. This will increase the efficiency

of the department of modern languages. Miss Guitner has also had some practical experience as teacher.

The class of '98 may be pleased to learn of the arrival of Joseph Paul Harris whose father was one of their honored members.

J. F. Yothers, '97, was the guest of his many friends at the opening of college, and the distinguished guest at the marriage of Prof. F. O. Clements, '96.

W. G. Tobey, '99, who has been teaching at Reliance, Va., has had a rather unpleasant vacation on account of sickness. We are glad to learn he is convalescing.

M. I. Comfort, '98, also a graduate of Union Biblical Seminary, occupies the pastorate at Berlin, Ontario. He fills the unexpired term of R. J. Head, who comes back to finish his course.

Bishop Kephart, '65, gave a pleasing and instructive talk to the students on Sept. 18th. He always brings good cheer and enthusiasm by using timely suggestions, and good advice. He is always sure of a hearty welcome.

C. E. Byrer, '97, completed the theological course at Gambier in June, and shortly afterward was made rector of the Episcopal church at Cambridge. THE ÆGIS wishes him abundant success in his chosen vocation.

Rev. E. M. Counseller, '87, has done five years of efficient work as pastor of the First United Brethren church at Shelby. His membership has more than doubled and a new church and parsonage have been erected.

W. O. Lambert, '00, and Loretta Adams, '03, were married at Westerville, June 27th. After partaking of the delicacies of the season the bride and groom were delighted by a serenade from the Cleio girls, expressing their joy that Cupid's darts had once more been effective. After spending time in visiting at Plain

City, they went to their home at Grove City where Mr. Lambert is principal of the public schools. THE ÆGIS extends congratulations.

T. G. McFadden, '94, after taking some work in Ohio State University and Johns Hopkins University, goes to Harvard to continue his work in science. He spent two years as assistant professor in science in Otterbein and consequently enters his work with the good wishes of many friends.

W. C. Whitney, '95 has been chosen assistant professor of science. He comes to us with two years experience in the medical profession, having taken three years of work at the Chicago Homeopathic school. He will find a number of students in his department, as the work is increasing along this line.

Charles Snaveley, '94, has been appointed to the chair of History. After his graduation Prof. Snaveley spent three years in Johns Hopkins University, specializing in history and political science. He has also had two years of practical work as teacher. This work in O. U. should be of a high grade as the faculty has been greatly strengthened.

September 7th was also a pleasant day to two more of O. U's highly esteemed friends, F. O. Clements, '96, and Luella Fouts, '89, were married at the home of the bride on North State street. On the same day they started for their new home at Altoona, Pa., where Mr. Clements has a position as chemist of the Pennsylvania railroad. Mr. Clements since his graduation has taken advanced work in Ohio State University. He has kept in touch with our student body, and will be missed among us. The O. U. girls will greatly miss Mrs. Clements, as she has done splendid work as Physical Director. We extend our best wishes for a happy and successful career.

For best bread, cakes and pies go to J. R. Williams.

Locals

Everette Shank was here recently.

M. Rogers visited his daughter on Sept. 12.

H. M. Kline is now one of the "naughty ones."

Ice cream and ice cream soda dopes at J. R. Williams.

The chapel choir has sixteen voices and is assisted by two cornets.

Perley H. Kilbourn was elected assistant manager of football team.

I. W. Howard is having a short vacation, as W. F. Coover is in town.

A Sunday school orchestra of about a dozen pieces is organized for the year.

The U. B. Sunday school held a picnic at Minerva park Saturday, Sept. 22.

Reverend Roberts, of Auglaize conference, conducted chapel services on Sept. 6.

George B. Kirk, formerly of O. U., has been here shaking hands with his many friends.

Miss Ada Kumler, accompanied by Miss Bell, of Dayton, spent a few days at O. U.

The church choir is now under the management of Prof. Newman, as director, and Miss Lula M. Baker, pianist. The members of the

choir feel much gratified to have the privilege of being under such proficient instructors.

That sweet cream butter is fine, try it.

FOUTS.

Make our store your headquarters when in the city—Goodman Bros., Leading Jewelers.

Students.—Kindling for sale at reasonable rates. Inquire of Virgil Dehnhoff, West Main street.

The new frontispiece used first in the June issue is the handiwork of Andrew Spayd of Westerville.

Wanted; a yell for the academics, as the name Prep is out of date and all old rhymes cannot be used.

Euterpean band is again organized under the direction of C. F. Helmstetter. About eighteen members have been secured and the prospects are good for a fine organization.

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Silver Medal, Photographers' Association of America.

Mr. Helmstetter is an accomplished musician and director. THE ÆGIS wishes him the best success.

Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 15 and 16, was the last quarterly meeting service. The meetings were well attended.

Misses N. Faith Linard, Grace Miller, Messrs. L. M. Barnes, I. W. Howard now compose the church quartet.

Miss Mary Best pleased her many hearers at chapel by the excellent rendition of a vocal solo on Sunday morning, Sept. 2.

Reverend W. R. Funk, business manager of the U. B. Publishing House, shows his loyalty to O. U. by sending his son.

We aim to tell "the whole truth and nothing but the truth" about our goods.

J. W. MARKLEY.

Dr. C. K. Teter, who was for several years an Otterbein student, and for the last year practicing dentistry here, has sold his place of business.

A. W. Whetstone, of VanBuren, returned home on Friday, Sept. 14, to deliver the annual address in the convention of C. E. of which he is president.

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P. S.—When in the city make our store your headquarters. It is a good place to meet your friends.

The student body welcomes the return of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. May, Misses Iva Riebel, Mabel Thompson, Messrs. J. B. Hughes, R. J. Head and E. L. Truxel.

Tennis is, we are glad to say, revived. Old and new members are seen indulging daily in the delightful sport. Join the club it will cost you but a dollar for a life-time membership.

W. E. Ward surprised the natives on his return by being in company with one of the fair sex and introducing her as Mrs. Ward. THE ÆGIS wishes them a happy and prosperous future.

This college year promises to be the greatest in the history of Otterbein. The enrollment already surpasses all records. About two hundred and twenty-five students are already enrolled.

The class '01 organized on the morning of September 17. I. W. Howard was chosen as president, U. M. Roby as vice president,



Miss Jessie Kohr, secretary, and Miss Ola Rogers, treasurer.

The Freshmen were the first to organize and like all "freshies," will proceed to set examples for the other classes. Miss Mabel Thompson was elected president, and Clyde N. Long secretary and treasurer.

Beware! now "points," the nights are colder
You must cease sitting upon the boulder.

On Monday evening all football and athletic admirers of Otterbein and Westerville met in the college chapel for the purpose of creating a broader and deeper spirit along the line of athletics. Never in the history of Otterbein has such a meeting been held. The crowd was large and quite enthusiastic. Members of the faculty and a number of the alumni were present and gave interesting and spirited talks on athletics. Our worthy coach, Mr. Flowers, and his classmate, Mr. Englis, coach of O. M. U., added many words of information. College and class yells, together with

songs and instrumental music, and the appearance of the new band assisted greatly in making the meeting a great success.

Exchanges

The "Independent" for Sept. 6, is a fiction number containing, among other articles, three well written stories.

The "Spectator" was one of the first of our exchanges to appear and is fully up to last year's standard. It has an excellent exchange column which is an unusual but commendable feature for the first issue of any of our college publications.

We are glad to say a good word for the publications of our home church: The "Telescope," "Watchword," "Woman's Evangel," and "Searchlight." They are all up-to-date and are the equals of any papers of their kind. They ably represent the various interests of the church.

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