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### Otterbein Aegis November 1900

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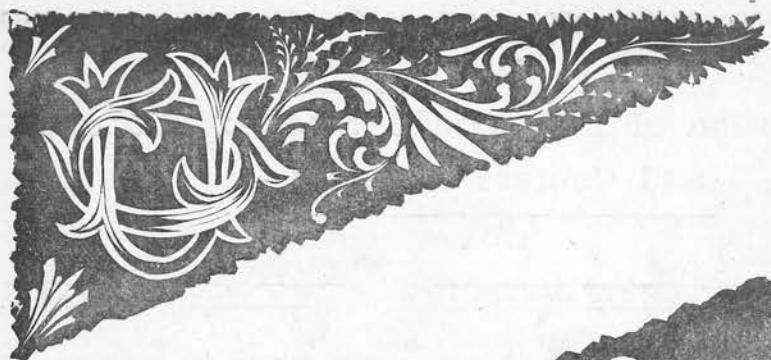
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Prof W. J. Zuehl





# Overbein Edis

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NOVEMBER NUMBER I

1900

  
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## In Endless Change

---

When budding April blossomed into May,  
When singing birds made melody all day,  
The world seemed made of music, birds, and flowers  
None thought of limit to those golden hours.

Then summer-time of life and growth and deed,  
Made promises profuse in grain and weed,  
And gave them up for autumn to fulfill,  
And, never questioning, we trusted still.

The blushing apples tint the orchard trees;  
The heavy corn sways in the passing breeze;  
So me buds make fruit, some, leaves; enough to know  
Where weeds have grown, with care good grain will grow.

The empty nest sways on the naked bough,  
In summer's haunts the north wind whistles now,  
The earth is cold and dead and white with snow,  
From these dead clods can ever green things grow?

Yet where each leaf fell off, a dozen more,  
Lie folded in the bud ; with bolted door,  
Life sleeps and heeds not till the storm is done,  
Then wakens multiplied 'neath pleasant sun.

I. N. B.

# OTTERBEIN ÆGIS


VOL. XI.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 3.

## The American Poet

B. F. CUNNINGHAM, '04.

MERICA is famous the world round. This assertion leads us to the ever perplexing question, why. Is it because thirteen colonies united and shed their blood for the sake of liberty? Is it because of the great rebellion, wherein were fought the great battles, which determined the unity of the nation and the freedom of the slaves? Is it because, like a young bride looking for the return of her lover; that Cuba stands on tiptoe, and beckoning, calls for America, saying, "America, my love, come over and help Cuba and save her from the hand of the oppressor." That he, like Menelaus, arms himself and fights for his love, and conquering, from the spoils of the battle he weaves a wreath of liberty and crowns her therewith. Is it because of this that America is famous? Yes.

But who has been the protection and inspiration of these things? The poet, yes the American poet. The greatest nation this world has ever produced, brought forth the greatest poet; namely, David. Nor was he the only poet of the Hebrews, Israel was filled with them. The deed of the crossing of the Red Sea was made everlasting by the song of Miriam. If I mistake not all great countries have produced great poets, and I think I am not far from the truth, when I say that all great countries have been produced by great poets. One thing is certain, America, to some extent, holds her place among the great nations of the world, because of her poets. It is conceded by all men everywhere, that slavery is a curse, and that north and south have been both benefited

by the freedom of the slaves; and not only were the negroes set free but the unity of the nation was preserved. You ask, "What has this to do with the American poet?" Simply this. It was the American poet, that inspired not only men to love freedom, but also to love to give freedom. Who can measure the influence of Lowell's or Whittier's poems in determining the disposition on the North in freeing the slaves? Therefore, if for no other reasons, the American poet should be read that Americans may learn to know the guardian of the Republic.

Again the American poet should be sought that we may learn the lessons that he has to teach us. One thing we may boast of, as a rule our poets were virtuous men and their poems have given such teachings that would be well for us to learn. Ruskin, the English critic, says, "A poet or creator is therefore a person who puts things together, not as a watchmaker, steel or a shoemaker, leather, but who puts life into them. His work is essentially this. It is the gathering and arranging material by imagination so as to have in it at least the harmony of the helpfulness of life, and the passion and emotion of life."

This is just what the American poet has done. He sings the lessons of life so beautifully and forcibly, which make such an impression upon our souls, that these songs become part of us. Let us notice some things the American poet teaches. This day of ours, when there is so much wickedness as well as goodness, demands men of decision; men who will not be led around by every political boss; men who will do whatever is right, however much it costs; men who when they see a thing is right will decide for it, in other

words, men of decision. Listen how beautifully Lowell puts it:

"Once to every man and nation  
Comes the moment to decide  
In the strife of good and falsehood,  
For the good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah  
Offering each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand,  
And the sheep upon the right.  
And that choice goes by forever  
Twixt that darkness and that light."

Not that the teaching is new, but the way it is taught makes such an impression upon our souls, that we realize

"It is prosperous to be just."

Another quality which is very essential to a man's character is love. Whittier looks at it in amazement and compares it to a boundless sea.

"Immortal Love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never ebbing sea."

In the vision of Sir Launfal we have another very beautiful lesson taught. Sir Launfal is riding in all his pride in search of the Holy Grail. Seeing a leper, he casts him a piece of gold in scorn, but the leper refuses it, and says,

"Not what we give, but what we share,  
The gift without the giver is bare."

But after the knight has spent all he has, and it is winter, one of these cold frosty days he spies a poor leper, and now his pride has been lowered and no more does he treat him like he did one in the summer, but his attitude is completely changed. He divides his only crust with him and gives him to drink from his own cup. Behold, instead of one beggar, Christ is made to say,

"He that feeds the poor,  
Feeds three, himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

And I believe that poem has inspired many a person to live so that Christ has said, "When I was naked, ye clothed me. Hungry, and ye fed me."

It was quite interesting to note in The La-

dies' Home Journal, an article on "Hidden Mysteries," crime that had been done and never been revealed. It did not take more than a page to relate them and elaborate upon them. The exception to the rule makes Lowell's lesson come home with so much force.

"Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone  
is strong,  
And, albeit she wander outcast now I see around her  
throng  
Troops of beautiful tall angels, to enshield her from all  
wrong."

It is a beautiful thought to think, that if we tell the truth, "we are encompassed about with a great cloud of witnesses." But listen again to the poet.

"Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the  
throne,—  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim  
unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above  
his own."

But is not my intention to tell you all the poets taught, suffice it to say. to him that seeks there are thousands of lessons to learn.

But the American poet should be sought because of his descriptions. As may be expected they are magnificent. Why should they not be? His whole environment has been such as would produce such descriptions. Surely the scenery, majestic, sublime has something to say. I do not know how to express it better than with the words of the English poet.

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then nature said, a lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown.  
This child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own."

This is just what Nature has done for the American poet. She has drawn her own image upon his soul, and he has simply transmitted it to verse. When you read Longfellow's *Evangeline* you forget to go on with the story, and your heart longs:

"For the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and  
hemlocks,



Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct  
in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their  
bosoms.

Hiawatha is description from beginning to  
end. Notice Lowell's description of June.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays;  
Whether we look, or whether we listen  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf, nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace.  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atitl like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives.  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—  
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?

But in descriptions the grandest of them all  
is Edgar Allen Poe. Not only do you see the  
forest, but you feel the breeze and you hear  
the rustling of the trees; not only do you see  
the sledge but you hear the laughter of those  
that are in it; and not only do you see the  
bells trembling on the horses, but you hear  
them.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy air of night.

When Edgar Allen Poe was living happily  
with his wife in New York, the cruel hand of  
death took her away from home. Before he  
had married this woman, Poe was fast drift-  
ing to ruin, but by her kind, womanly influ-  
ence, she was bringing him to the paths of  
rectitude. Hear how he describes her.

"For the moon never beams without bringing me  
dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.


And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

In conclusion, do not think we have seen  
our greatest poets, but these are simply mes-  
sengers preparing the way for one greater.  
Then wave on O stars and stripes, wave on,  
until one of thy sons shall strike up such har-  
monious strains, that the angel of light shall  
say, "David art thou playing thy harp?" and  
he shall answer, "Nay, my Lord, America."

## The Tale of a Norwegian Violin

M. M. THOMPSON, '04

HE highway between Aubrey and Bel-  
mont, traversing central Arizona and  
skirting Walnut creek, is by no means  
so seldom traveled as highways, or more prop-  
erly trails, in other portions of that far distant  
state. At almost any hour one might see  
cavalcades of miners with their outfits, cowboys  
going or returning with provisions from either  
of the two towns, or prairie schooners contain-  
ing whole families of emigrants going farther  
west to seek their fortunes.

About midway between Ambrey and Bel-  
mont stands, or used to stand, the little adobe  
cottage of old Petro Moevenson, a landmark to  
weary, thirsty pilgrims because of the unvary-  
ing hospitality of old Petro and his artless  
granddaughter Ragna. Though years have  
passed since the modest abode first came within  
my range of vision, I can still see, as though  
'twere yesterday, the neat walks, the low stone  
wall surrounding the dooryard, and the well-  
kept, though diminutive buildings. I can still  
here Ragna's silvery laughter and the thrilling  
strains of her grandfather's Stradivarius.

The younger Moevenson, son of Petro, had  
left dear old Norway, attracted by the stories  
of wealth so easily acquired in that paradise,  
America, bringing with him his aged father,  
his wife, and little Ragna, the flower of the  
Norse household. After two years of buffeting  
with misfortune, young Moevenson died, soon  
followed by his frail wife. Thus was Ragna  
left to contend single-handed with this rough

world, supported only by the failing strength of her grandfather, whose only interest in life was the preservation of his beloved violin and the hope that Ragna would treasure it all her life as he had done.

By dint of rigid economy they were enabled to live on the produce of their small reservation. For very little sufficed for these two whose tastes were the simplest, and still enough seemed ever to be provided. And scarcely a traveler passed without stopping to quench his thirst at the well, just within the yard and very often, if it chanced to be a family of emigrants, receiving something more substantial in the line of refreshment. Ragna's duties were rather arduous for a frail girl of sixteen, and her sole amusement lay in her lifelong friend, the violin. Every evening at twilight she played feeble old Petro to sleep with its soothing melodies. Her life, though apparently barren of all which makes life endurable to us who are inhabitants of more populous districts, was not unhappy. She was by nature innocent and contented and of that personality which finds pleasure in its own thoughts and fancies.

One evening just at dusk a horseman dismounted at the well to quench his own thirst and that of his beast. Attracted by the strains of the violin, which floated out to him on the night air, he approached the half-open door, but stood entranced by the picture which presented itself to his view—Old Petro sits in his easy chair, his rapt countenance displaying how his every nerve responds to the music drawn from his beloved Stradivarius by Ragna's delicate fingers. The girl is clad in a clinging robe of white. The loose sleeves fall back from her upraised arms, disclosing her supple wrists so ready to obey every command of the emotions. Soft golden curls frame her face, which in response to the music, looks almost ethereal, though its real beauty lies in the dreamy blue eyes, which are veiled by long silken lashes. The stranger without cannot withdraw his gaze from the mobile features of the youthful musician.

The music now plaintive as of souls seeking pardon, now swelling into a triumphant paean, now sobbing and sighing like the wind though whispering pines, now shrieking and moaning as a tempest in mountain passes, now ebbing away like the tide at noon-day, and the soft washing of the crags in the summer sunshine, now joyful and rollicking as the west wind, rises and falls with the soft cadences of consolation and comfort, and with one last sweet note dies away, for old Petro is asleep.

Harold Maverig, the young assayer, sighed as one awaking from a profound sleep and still as if under some magic spell, without realizing it, remounted and rode slowly away toward Trefoil mine where he had been expected for some time. But waking or sleeping he was unable to banish from his mind the vision of the Moevenson cottage and the impression made upon his heart by Ragna. By skillful inquiry he found out what you already know of its occupants and through one of the mine owners became a frequent visitor at the attractive home.

But Harold was not destined to be the only one attracted by Ragna's heart-touching music. Not many weeks later, the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by a party of gentlemen, while traveling toward a point of interest in the south-west, fell under the same magic spell. Lord Sterling in particular, who was a man of about middle age, seemed unable to remove his gaze from the valuable instrument from which the music was drawn, but followed it with his longing eyes until it rested in its customary repository, while the little virtuoso was loaded with compliments and tokens of appreciation. On the morrow, however, came all the dull routine of household duties and it was not until evening that she again sought the violin at Harold's request. Sorrowfully she went for her treasure, for Harold was to leave for Colorado on the morrow. She might never see him again, who had grown as dear to her as her own life. But—What! The violin is not in its case! Her grandfather cannot have removed it, for his trembling fingers long have

not trusted themselves to lift the rosewood treasure. Where can it be? There is absolutely no clue to the mystery. Ragna thinks it impossible that anyone could enter the house without her knowledge. No one in the vicinity could know its value or have any use for it. The only other explanation then implicates the visitors of the night before.

Harold, although compelled to leave on the following day, left instructions that the party of noblemen be followed and the whereabouts of the violin discovered. All in vain! The cavalcade seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth. Farther than Aubrey no trace could be found. So after much hopeless search the matter was abandoned. The poor old grandfather was inconsolable and refused to give up hope. Each day he asked if his treasure had yet been found, growing weaker and weaker with each new disappointment.

Harold, far from forgetting his newly found friends, eagerly looked for the good news that the Stradivarius had been restored to its heart-broken owner. But in vain. No such good news came. Time passed. He was sent from Colorado to South America, thence to England. For the life of an assayer of metals is oftentimes an eventful one. Having lived in New York the earlier portion of his life, Harold Maverick naturally found acquaintances in London who endeavored to make his sojourn a pleasant one. Through them he received invitations to teas, balls and receptions. A night or two previous to his departure for the other side of the water he accompanied a friend to a reception at the mansion of a Lord Sterling, who was quite renowned in musical circles for his valuable collection of violins, containing many whose value was incomputable. As a special favor to his friend, Maverick was allowed to see this collection. Just as they entered the hall where the instruments were kept, a violin was heard at the other end of the room. Harold started, clutched his friend's arm, and dragging his friend after him pressed nearer the performer. It was. Was it? Yes it certainly was Ragna's Stradivarius. But how came it in the posses-

sion of this Englishman? In an instant the truth dawned upon Harold. A Lord Sterling was in the ducal party which had partaken of Ragna Moevenson's hospitality the evening preceding the violin's disappearance. Harold drew his friend aside and told the entire story as well as his excitement would permit. But now that the violin was found, how was it to be regained? Stratagem and bribery were at last decided upon by Harold and his friend. Their plans were carefully laid and while Lord Sterling slept, the violin again disappeared from its abiding-place, and at dawn the next morning had started on its long journey.

The vessel sped on its way, but not so fast as Harold's imagination. The train flew over the prairies, but not so rapidly as Harold's anxiety. He had not heard anything of Ragna and her grandfather for over a year. Was old Petro still alive? Was Ragna still wearing out her life in that barren desert? How could he ever have lost sight of them so completely? Why had he left Ragna there so lonely and companionless? Could he ever forgive himself if aught of ill had befallen her because of his neglect? That one note of Ragna's violin in Lord Sterling's drawing-room had awakened all his latent love for her.


At last the train has reached Aubrey. The rest of his journey must be made on horseback. At his first opportunity Maverick breathlessly inquires whether the occupants of the adobe cottage are still there? Are still among the living? He can scarcely await the reply of the phlegmatic ranchman whom he has assailed with his inquiries. But at last the answer comes. "Yes, they are still there or were. The old man has been vibrating between life and death, may be dead even now." Maverick sought out the swiftest horse which he felt capable of managing, cumbered with his precious burden. And just as the twilight was falling came in sight of his longed for goal. Softly he dismounted and peeping in at the open door discerned in the half light Ragna bending over the poor old grandfather to catch the faint whisper—Have you found it yet?



Silently Harold entered the room and just as Ragna stepped back from the bedside, placed the violin in her hands. Smothering her startled cry of surprise, she turned again to the old man. A smile was upon his face. "Play," he whispered. And Ragna played as though an angel touched the strings and wafted the old man's soul to heaven on the wings of its melody. The tired eyes closed. The breath came more and more tardily. Never again would the weary lips ask the touching question.

Slowly the music died away. The violin slipped from her fingers and found a resting place in the old arm chair, which would never again feel the impress of its former occupant. Ragna felt herself encircled by a pair of strong arms. Her eyes met two others of tender brown, and read the old, old story. Ragna had found her reward.

### Football

F course our subscribers, that is, foreign subscribers, have been waiting for THE ÆGIS with bated breath in order to find out the results of those games we have been playing, but I dare say that your breath will come to you now with less effort and less "swipe" than ours has at times when trying to keep the cardinal and tan from trailing in the dust.

Since the last issue we have struggled for honors on three foreign gridirons. Those of Heidelberg, Denison and Ohio Medical.

On Friday evening, Oct. 27th, the team started for Tiffin, where is located the Heidelberg university. By means of street cars, palace cars, freight cars, ambulations, lay overs, and what not the place was reached. On our arrival we were greeted by some street urchins, who flung at us the same old gag—"I see your finish." The Heidelberg people had a hard-luck story to give us about how their team was all broken up through some dissensions, and that it would be necessary for

them to play some new men. But these "new men" turned out to be ringers put in for the occasion. This was the first time in the history of football that Otterbein and Heidelberg have met, so both teams went in to win, and a hotly contested game of twenty minute halves, interrupted with rag chewing and sideline disturbances, ensued, ended with neither side having scored.

On Saturday, Nov. 3, we met our Baptist rivals at Granville. Although we had beaten Denison a few weeks before by a score of 22 to 0 yet they all fostered a fond notion that they were going to return the compliment. As far as the side line was concerned they did their part but the team struggled in vain. Three times they were obliged to see their goal line crossed although we kicked but one goal, thus ending in a victory of 16 to 0 for Otterbein. About twenty-five of our loyal supporters were present to witness the victory, having gone by means of railroad, buggies, or bicycles.

With the next game it is our turn to tell the tale of woe. To tell the truth in the fewest words is to say we were simply out-played. The Medics are undoubtedly the heaviest team in the state, and it was impossible for us to puncture their line or run their end but for short gains. Although the score of 26 to 0 would seem to indicate a one sided game, yet I am sure that all the medical men fully realized that they had been in a game. \* \*

Hallowe'en was scarcely observed by the students, however, there was one party of about twelve that undertook to dedicate the fine new mansion of Mr. Bennett's on Home street, and as they entered after the small hours of the night, to their surprise there instantly appeared the proprietor before them with a shot-gun. Words cannot complete the story.

It pays to lead. Better let your neighbor take your dust than be blinded by his. Look out for new style Patent Leather shoes.

J. W. MARKLEY.

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## Editorial

WE have again passed through the most exciting experience with which the American people come in contact. Every four years the political element in the lives of the people is aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. This expression of interest and the spirit of patriotism demonstrated are commendable while limited to reasonable bounds, but when excessively indulged in, become disgusting in the extreme. Even men of conservative minds sometimes seem to lose control of their higher faculties and allow themselves to be unreasonably influenced by politics.

One of the primary objects of education is the symmetrical development of manhood without which man can not attain the real purpose of life. Education that does not bring about this self-control and does not guard against advocating extreme measures is defective and can not produce the results justly demanded of it.

The true gentleman does not lose sight of the fact that his fellow man has his sentiments and convictions as well as himself and acts in accord with his sentiments. The marks of a gentleman consist in the attitude he assumes on the questions of the day, his rule of conduct, and his consideration for the feelings of his fellows.

WE gladly acknowledge the receipt for inspection, of Mills' "Manual of Family Worship" published and sold at the U. B. Bookstore, Dayton, Ohio. After careful examination we thoroughly appreciate the value of the work and recommend its use in every home.

The book aims to intensify the religious life and to increase the number of families which observe daily worship. It presents a brief theory of the Christian family, from a sociological point of view, with a few of the best poems on this subject; it also offers a selection of the best poets of the Scriptures, as related to doctrine, duty, and devotion; it further presents a choice selection of hymns and sacred songs; and to these is added a number of devout prayers for the private culture of the devotional life. Price \$1.25.

## Cranks

MANY words in the English language assume varieties of meanings in the course of their history, and it is wonderful what vast differences exist between the subsequent meanings of certain words and their original applications. Some, of course, die; they can not stand the pressure of the influx of new words and constant changes made to keep pace with progressive thought.

The word before us is much used in its acquired meaning; however, in a more or less bad sense. When any one talks of a crank, the first thought that enters our minds is that of a queer person of one who thinks that



every body else is wrong but he, or that man was never made for progress. No innovation pleases him; whatever he feels, says, and does is the only thing.

There are, however, good cranks. Such that have benefited the world and are still benefiting it. Bad cranks or fogies, as a rule, do not think right and are therefore, a detriment to higher civilization. We shall not spend our time talking about them, people know them so well that they become tired of hearing of them. It is a great delight to talk of something good and noble. It gives us unlimited pleasure, then to mention a few good cranks to whom the world owes so much.

Our freedom from the multiplied errors of the Catholic church was due to the German crank, Luther. He and all the subsequent supporters of his creed must necessarily have been cranks to insure the existence of Protestantism. Watts was a crank, or else his improvement of the steam engine would have been impossible. Stevenson was another one. How we do love to ride on the railroad cars, rather than walk or drive wagons through the country! Fulton proved himself an invaluable crank, by disregarding the spurious prophecies of the Englishman who avowed that the crossing of the ocean by steam engine is utterly impracticable. It is a strange coincidence that bad cranks are always bad prophets also. We should not believe everything bad cranks say. Washington and his noble band of followers gave us this free soil. Do you ask whether they were cranks? I should say they were. Pullman, the inventor of the Pullman car, Elias Howe, Thomas Edison, and many others we might name, are men whose crankiness we are proud of. Why not call the founders of Otterbein University and many other colleges of the land cranks. They are. Professors must be cranks, and the day they cease to be cranks, let them quit the chair. The student must be a crank to accomplish anything reliable and permanent.

Cranks have given us the systematized

knowledge that we now enjoy—the glory of our age. To excel in anything, one must act in the fashion of a veritable crank. In this respect, the word becomes synonymous with the much used and expressive word, artist. An artist surely is a good crank. Do not care, then, if you are called a crank, just so you are a good one.

### Alumni

Miss Sarah F. Cooley, '98, is director of music at Selma college, Selma, Alabama.

Rev. F. S. Minshall, '96, goes to the First U. B. church at Indianapolis, Ind. We wish him success in his new field.

I. O. Horine, '94, remains faithful to his terra mater. He is with his father at Castine, and is enjoying prosperity.

D. M. Scott, '94, is still in poor health at his home at Seymoursville, W. Va. He has had two years' work in Union Biblical Seminary.

M. S. Beard, '82, postoffice assistant, Galveston, Texas, was unhurt in the disaster that recently destroyed so many lives in that city.

L. F. John, '83, was returned as college pastor. This is his fourth year in that field. He is teaching a large class in Missions this term.

G. P. Maxwell, '87, after his graduation entered Ohio Medical University, Lexington, Ohio, and is now a successful practitioner of that city.

L. L. Harris, '78, is nicely situated on a farm near West Florence. We are glad to note that the farm has not lost all its attractions to the cultured.

On August 2, Miss Olive Morrison, '88, and J. W. Jones, a graduate of Ohio State University, were married. They make their new home at Cadiz, where Mr. Jones is Superintendent of the schools. Mrs. Jones is well remem-

Judge of the Supreme Court and State Commissioner of common schools respectively.

W. S. Baker, '98, completes the work of Union Biblical Seminary this year. He also finds leisure to cherish his "Faith" in O. U. by occasional visits.

E. S. Tabler, '73, a prosperous farmer of Bedington, W. Va., paid Otterbein a brief visit at the opening of the year. He was accompanied by his son who enters the Freshman class.

G. G. Grabill, '00, is director of music at Geneseo Collegiate Institute, Geneseo, Ill. This is a former position of Dr. Meyer. THE ÆGIS congratulates Mr. Grabill on his achievement.

L. A. Bennert, '97, is doing good work as Superintendent of the schools of Westerville. He also finds time to attend some of the college organizations and come in contact with the student life.

S. W. Keister, '77, is still pastor at Mt. Pleasant, Pa. He and his wife, formerly Mary Nease, of the class of '78, have increased interest in O. U. as they have sent their daughter, Miss Alice.

J. T. Merrill, '62, superintendent of the schools of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was stricken with paralysis last month. It is hoped he may be spared to enrich the profession to which he has given his life.

J. A. Shauck, '66, and L. D. Bonebrake, '82, were both elected to a second term as bared by the students as she kept in touch with the student body after her graduation. THE ÆGIS wishes them a successful voyage.

Dr. Madge Dickson Mateer, '81, gave an interesting lecture on "China," October 15. She and her husband have been, for a number of years, in the employ of the Presbyterian Board as medical missionaries in the Shantung Province, North China. Mr. Mott's reference

to this work in his late book speaks words of commendation to her patient work.

Rev. R. W. Kohr, '94, pastor of the Presbyterian church at LaRue, was in Westerville from Wednesday to Friday of last week on business, and also to see his sister, Miss Jessie, who is a member of the present Senior class.

### Y. M. C. A. Notes

Read the November issue of Association Men, and catch the spirit that was manifested in the great convention of railroad men in Philadelphia last month.

"Do you know that the Studies in the life of Christ are the best I ever saw? It makes the life of Christ so practical." This was heard from one member of the class. Certainly no one who is in the class can help but be benefited.

Miss Mabel Milham, of Smith College, a traveling Secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement, delivered an earnest, soul-stirring talk to the young men, on Thursday evening, Oct. 25. She also met with the Volunteer Band and gave them some valuable suggestions.

Every member of the Mission Study class can consider it a high privilege to come in contact with the burning words John R. Mott, on "The World's Evangelization in this Generation." Surely this study will lead to more activity in missionary movements, especially as it has a competent instructor, Rev. L. F. John, who has a thorough knowledge of the History of Missions.

It is encouraging to know that the Y. M. C. A., of Otterbein, is one of the best college Associations in the state, both spiritually and financially. This fact appeared at the last state convention, and when the pledges were taken for the next two years, only one college pledged more to the support of the state

work. This is truly gratifying and should be an incentive for renewed efforts and zeal. The state work is of vital importance to all college organizations, and should have the earnest support of every member. In the meeting of Nov. 8th its interests were presented and the greater part of the pledge raised in a comparatively short time.

### Y. W. C. A. Notes

Mrs. Nellie Lowry, our State Secretary, gave a very helpful ten minute talk to the girls after chapel one morning of last week.

Miss Lenore Good, '98, has been secured as our Bible teacher and the work in the harmony of the gospels is proving interesting and instructive.

Miss Mabel Milham, one of the traveling Secretaries of the Student Foreign Volunteer Movement, was entertained by our Association Oct. 24-26, and gave to the various departments of our work some very instructive talks.

The Association has pledged money for placing blinds in our building and for papering our tower rooms. The matter has gone into the hands of the joint executive committee, and the girls' dream of the past four months will soon be a reality.

The prayer meeting of Tuesday evening, Nov. 6, proved to be one of the most helpful that our Association has had this year. The topic was "College Temptations," and the leader was Miss Rogers. Forty-seven girls were present and the hour together proved most beneficial.

At Heidelberg University, Tiffin, from Nov. 9-11 occurred the sixteenth annual convention of the Young Women's Christian Association. The convention opened at 2:30 p. m. with Mrs. N. B. Bacon, the State President, in the chair. There were in attendance about twelve

national and state officers, and about ninety city and college delegates. The various reports showed an increased and earnest effort to promote Bible study among young women. It is earnestly hoped that every girl at that convention went back to her work knowing more fully that the Lord expects much of us.

### Installation Programs

PHILOMATHEAN, NOV. 2, 1900

Music—"Philomathean" . . . . . SOCIETY

Chaplain's Address . . . . . "The Folly of Skepticism"  
D. J. GOOD

President's Valedictory . "The Development of Democracy"  
CHAS. A. KELLER

Inauguration of Officers

Music—Waltz—"Haunting Eyes" . . . . . *Moses Tobani*  
PHILOMATHEAN ORCHESTRA

President's Inaugural . . . . . "American Political Parties"  
HUBERT M. KLINE

Historical Sketch . "Sources of the American Constitution"  
EARL F. BOHN

Music—"Sailors Chorus" . . . . . *Joseph Parry*  
PHILOMATHEAN GLEE CLUB

Extemporaneous Speaking

Music—Two-Step—"Topsy Turvy" . . . . . *Louis V. Gustin*  
PHILOMATHEAN ORCHESTRA

ADJOURNMENT

PHILOPHRONEAN, NOV. 2, 1900

Chorus—Concert Waltz.....*Dudley Buck*  
Glee Club

Critic's Retiring Address.....*Links of Liberty*  
L. S. Hendrickson

Cornet Solo—Three Star Polka .....*E. M. Bagley*  
C. F. Helmstetter  
Accompanist: Prof. C. R. Newman

President's Valedictory.....*Pluck*  
I. W. Howard

Quartet—Queen of the Stars.....*L. O. Emerson*  
L. M. Barnes F. H. Remaley  
I. W. Howard H. U. Engle

President's Inaugural.....Does the World Want You?  
F. Oldt

Vocal Solo { (a) Irish Folk-song.....A. Foote  
(b) Love is a Bubble .....J. Allitsen  
I. W. Howard

Accompanist: Grace Miller

Oration.....Progress of the Nineteenth Century  
A. L. Boring

Paper.....B. F. Cunningham

Chorus—Comrades in Arms .....A. Adam  
Glee Club

1ST TENOR	2D TENOR	1ST BASS	2D BASS
Shirey	Yothers	Sanders	Bright
Caulker	Erwin	Boring	Brubaker
Whetstone	Remaley	Zuck	Hilderbrand
Pershing	Hughes	Howard	Bowen
Hursh	Snyder		Engle
	L. M. Barnes, Leader		

### Locals

Students are still coming.

Several of our boys were home to vote.

For pure White Seal Oil, call on Fouts,  
Postoffice corner.

I. W. Howard and Miss Kohr spent Sunday,  
21st, in Delaware.

J. B. Hughes was at home on account of the  
sickness of his mother.

Coach Inglis greeted his Pennsylvania friends  
by a call on Sunday, 21st.

Miss Koons, of Dayton, was the guest of her  
brother over last Sabbath.

About twenty students heard Joseph Jefferson  
on the night of Oct. 31.

Dorothy Kemp, of Lexington, Ill., was the  
guest of Mary Iva Best recently.

Mrs. Banks, the mother of our violin teacher,  
is now a resident of our village.

E. D. Needham has given up school life to  
accept a position as mail clerk on the Baltimore  
and Ohio Railroad. We are thus deprived of  
the associations of a neighbor, a classman, a

brilliant student, a friend, a devoted Christian,  
and a brother.

The Seniors are having extended discussions  
on representative and gown questions.

Mrs. J. H. Harris visited her parents and  
many friends the latter part of last month.

Misses Mae Ver Pruner, Laura and Grace  
Creamer spent Friday night, Nov. 2, here.

D. T. Bennert, our ex Editor, makes regular  
and frequent nightly escapes to the mountain—  
Mt. Liberty.

Politics were at a premium in O. U. this  
year, and the three leading parties were never  
so strongly represented.

Reverend O. C. Wright, our U. B. pastor of  
Columbus, was here recently shaking hands  
with his old friends of Scioto Conference.

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J. W. MARKLEY.

Z. Henry, of Irwin, Pa., made his first visit  
to Otterbein last week and was much pleased  
with the appearances of our town and college.  
Mr. Henry has both a daughter and a son in  
O. U.

Mary Iva Best was chosen recently as a  
member of the choir of the Second Presbyterian  
Church of Columbus. We congratulate her in  
being so fortunate to obtain such a position and  
wish her the best success.

The Arthurian Club held its first meeting on  
Saturday evening, Nov. 10th, at the home of  
Professor Zuck. The following is the pro-  
gram: Paper—"King Arthur in Story," Miss  
Kohr; paper—"A Socio-Political Reform  
Dream of Two Centuries," Mr. Head; paper—  
"The Conception and Charm of Robinson



Crusoe," Miss Rogers. Then followed a general discussion of the papers that created much interest and enthusiasm.

Choice fruit, Pure Buckwheat flour and canned goods a specialty. S. E. FOUTS,  
Postoffice Corner.

The days for tennis are almost gone, now this means that basket ball must take its place and we are glad to say that such is the case. We hope that not only class teams will appear, but also a first class college team.

On Oct. 25th, the five hundredth anniversary of the death of Chaucer, Professor Zuck, instead of having the regular ten o'clock recitation in Senior Bible, gave a very instructive lecture on the life of that great man and poet, Chaucer.

The academics still cling to the old name "Prep," and have suspended in front of the campus their double emblem. A dummy and a sheet-iron banner, colored red and black, and most artistically painted across it, is that soul stirring word, prep.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Parker, who were formerly connected with the Fostoria Academy and Business College, have charge of O. U. Department of Business. The room has been newly furnished, new typewriters of the latest model have been added, and the facilities for high grade work, equal to any high grade Business College in the state, have been greatly in-

creased. In the four weeks experience of the new instructors, the enrollment has increased from six to thirty students, and the outlook for a steady growth has never been better. In order to meet the demand of clerks and citizens, who are not able to attend day classes, a night school has been opened, and is meeting with splendid success.

On Tuesday evening, October 30th, the Juniors held their annual Hallowe'en push at the residence of Mrs. Holmes, on North State street. The early part of the evening was spent in playing charades, after which a genuine Hallowe'en supper was served. The dining room was decorated with potted plants and cut flowers in the class colors. After enjoying the delightful supper, the Juniors rose to the occasion and the following toasts were given: "The Chemistry of a Hallowe'en Sup-

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Silver Medal, Photographers' Association of America.



per," Ernest Sanders; "The Girls of '02," J. L. Shively; "The Boys of '02," Besse Detwiler; "College Politics and Imperialism," D. J. Good; "An Ideal Hallowe'en," Caroline Allen. The unique feature of the evening was the reading of the palms of the class by Miss Rownd. Altogether it was one of the most delightful evenings the class has ever spent.

W. O. Spiller, of O. S. U., was here last Sunday.

After an hour's lively discussion the Seniors have finally decided to do the right thing and wear caps and gowns.

Honest goods, right prices, good service, all of these have helped toward our success. Examine our line of underwear.

J. W. MARKLEY.

Professor Meyer shows his interest in the student body by giving \$25 as a prize to the one or ones writing the best essay on "Imperialism." The amount was divided in four divisions, and \$11, the greatest sum, was won by U. M. Roby, class '01.

On Monday evening, Nov. 5th, in the town hall, from 6 to 8 o'clock, occurred a debate on the question, Resolved, That the present administration is imperialistic. The affirmative

was supported by W. T. Trump and C. M. Bookman, the negative by B. F. Cunningham and P. R. Good.

Our pastor gave a special and interesting sermon to young men on last Sunday.

Misses Aston, Wallace and Powell attended the Y. W. C. A. convention at Heidelberg University at Tiffin.

A male chorus furnished the music at the Sunday morning service, Nov. 11, and quite a number expressed their appreciation of the change.

Tuesday evening, Oct. 30th, the senior class, whose ranks now number well in thirty, under the instructions and leadership of its social committee, were guided to the home of Mr. Ingalls, just north of our village, and there freed from all toil, torture, and torments of forerunners, freshmen, and faculty, they passed the hours in great delight. The evening was divided in three distinct parts; the first in games and merry making devices of Hallowe'en

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character; the second, that of regular banquet style, a grand supper, followed by a program of much interest, also characterized by laughter and mirth. The last was a story telling hour. All were seated in a large circle and in the center of the circle burned a flaming fire that gave forth a dark blue light, which made the faces appear as strange beings, or horrid ghosts. This appearance added much to make the stories seem more real. Throughout the entire evening, college and class yells and much singing was engaged in. Too soon, came the hour of parting, and after expressing to the hostess our appreciation of her excellent treatment we journeyed homeward.

Rev. Dr. M. D'Aubigne, of Paris, France, gave a very able lecture on Thursday evening at the Presbyterian church in the interest of the Protestant churches of France. He also conducted devotion on Friday at chapel and gave a short, interesting, and instructive talk to the students.

It is with deep regret that we must break to our readers the sad news of the death of one of our number and fellowstudent, Mr. C. O. Stults. He was a resident of Huntington, Indiana, and entered college at the opening of last year. He continued his work in school until October of this year, when he was compelled to discontinue his study on account of an attack of fever, which finally caused his death. No one ever respected and honored his college more than he. No one has ever lived a more upright, active, and devoted Christian

life. No one could have a higher appreciation of his associates than he had, and faculty and students can, and gladly speak in the same terms of him. Diligent as a student, loyal as a brother, and faithful to his God, one of noble aspirations and high ideals, how fitting those words of the poet:

None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but to praise.

The second entertainment of the citizens lecture course occurred on the night of Oct. 31,

## Our Holiday —

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and was given by Dr. W. A. Quayle on Jean Valjean. The chapel was well filled, and he held the attention of his audience for almost two hours in the portrayal of Hugo's hero.

We have been greatly pleased by the interest parents and friends have been taking in visiting our college this year. It gives us added pleasure to place in this list the names of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell.

### Exchanges

The Adelbert is a well edited and up-to-date magazine. A very readable article on the "Misconceptions by College Students" appears in the October number.

The Oberlin Review is one of our most regular exchanges and although we would be reluctant to criticize, we would say that the paper contains too much local matter to be of interest to all its subscribers. Some college

publications are devoid of a requisite amount of locals, but the Review is inclined to the other extreme in its editorials and throughout the paper.

Teacher—Who can tell me where is the home of the swallow?

Bobby—I kin, please.

Teacher—Where?

Bobby—In the stummick.—Ex.

The Athenaeum of Nov. 2 gives a full and interesting account of the life of the late William Lyne Wilson, former President of West Virginia University and a distinguished statesman and educator of that state.

We recognize the Tennessee University Magazine as one of the best college journals that come to us by way of exchange. All departments that go to make up a college paper are seemingly complete. The paper is comprehensive and affords a variety of good reading matter.

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A. M.	1.30	A. M.	1.30
5.30	2.30	5.30	2.30
6.30	3.30	6.30	3.30
7.30	4.30	7.30	4.30
8.30	5.30	8.30	5.30
9.30	6.30	9.30	6.30
10.30	7.30	10.30	7.30
11.30	8.30	11.30	8.30
P. M.	9.40	P. M.	9.40
12.30	10.50	12.30	10.50

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