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### Otterbein Aegis March 1917

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# The Otterbein Aegis

March 1917

CLEIORHETEAN  
PHILOLETHEAN  
NUMBER



FOR  
CANDY, FRUITS  
and NUTS

And all that's Good to Eat

SEE

WILSON, the Grocer  
Westerville, Ohio

---

Students

Take your shoes to

COOPER

For first class repairing. He has installed a new finishing lathe. A good line of Strings, Rubber Heels, and Polish always in stock.

WORK GUARANTEED

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FOOD

We Keep the  
BEST

H. WOLF'S

Sanitary Meat Market  
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B. C. Youmans

The Barber

Shoe Shine in connection.

Shop closes 8 p. m., except Saturdays

College Avenue Meat  
Market  
SPECIALS

BEEF, PORK, VEAL AND LAMB

RHODES & SONS

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The Old Stand

No. 1 North State

FOR FINE CANDIES, FRUITS,  
PRESERVES, JAMS AND  
JELLIES FOR SPREADS.

J. N. COONS

Bell 1-R.

Cits. 31.

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THE McDONNELL OPTICAL CO.  
69 East State Street Columbus, O

Eye Examiners—Lens Grinders

All kinds of Thermometers for Domestic Science, Chemical, Weather and house use.

Barometers, Hygrometers, Etc.  
Goggles and Magnifiers.

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SUBWAY

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The Home of Fine Pressed  
Clothes.

Students! If you want good  
work go to the Subway.

C. E. MULLIN, Jr.

VISIT  
**The "North End Grocery"**

48 North State Street

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Courteous treatment fresh and tempting supplies and prices right.

Consult us in regard to your boarding club needs.

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Bell Phone 59-R.

**C. K. Dudley**

Citizen 122

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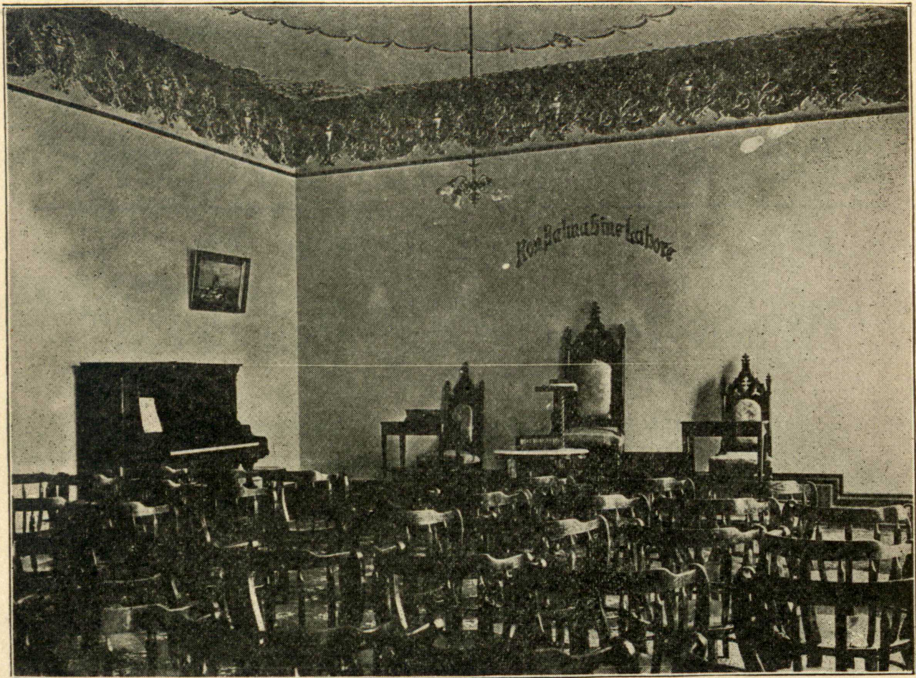
Mens and ladies Underwear. Cut flowers and plants on Saturdays.

**The Variety Shop**

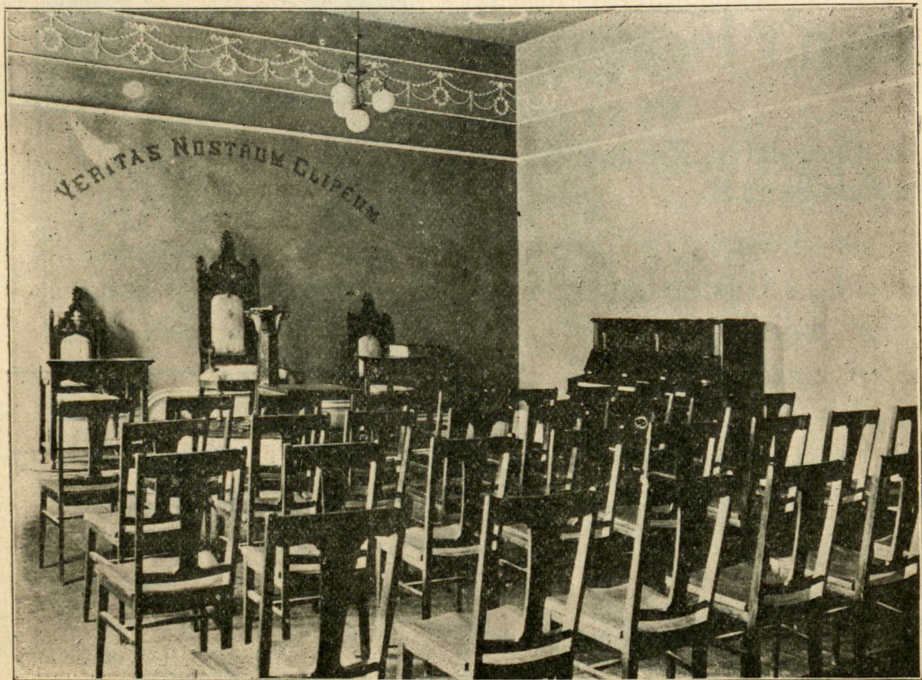
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CLEIORHETEAN HALL.



PHILALETHEAN HALL.

# The Otterbein Aegis

Vol. XXVII

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, MARCH, 1917.

No. 7.

## The Art of Failure

Edna E. Miller, '17.

**I**T has long been the custom to be thankful for our success and our deliverance from the ills that threaten us. Out of the gratitude of man's heart he gives thanks to God for the mercies and benefits so graciously bestowed. It is proper that we should be glad for our prosperity and power, for the continued favors we enjoy from providence, yet it seems as though we owe our thanks for failures just as well. Success without some steps of failure is impossible, and would be undesirable were it otherwise. By success we gain the esteem of ourselves and our fellow men but by our repeated failures do we learn what success really means. The process of walking, which is accomplished almost unconsciously, is really but a series of repeated falls. As Bagley expressed it. "Every man who succeeds climbs to success upon the carcasses of his dead mistakes." Similar to this is the old adage that he who never makes mistakes never makes anything. That man who has mastered the art of failure is on the road to success.

The great achievements of the world's history have grown out of failures. If Alexander had found his one more world to conquer the nations of the universe would today be subject to one common despot, and democracy would be unknown. From the downfall of Rome's imperial pride we have learned the lesson of internal dissension and luxurious idling. The down

trodden peasants and merchant class of autocratic France wrecked the stability of the nation in a bloody revolution, but out of the failure of military order bloomed the white flower of a glorious republic. If the Huguenots and Puritans had obtained religious liberty when they asked it, would we ever have founded our country with the pioneer blood that made it so rugged and enduring? No, instead our race would be the out-growth of a pampered aristocracy exploiting this new country for wealth and personal power.

Our own history is full of failures, for which we should be reverently thankful. Because our forefathers were just they claimed that taxation without representation was tyranny and demanded a voice in Parliament. Did they get it? No, they failed and failed nobly, for there arose a new and brighter vision of independent government, founded upon the rights of individuals rather than the divine right of kings, and the United States was born. When Henry Clay produced the Missouri Compromise the question of slavery appeared to be settled. But it was not so. Effort after effort, measure upon measure, proved but added fuel to the flame of internal strife, and only when the South tried to separate from the Union, in the seemingly failure of our whole national democracy, did the freedom of the negro and the unity of our commonwealth become real.

The great ages of real achievement come not in times of prosperity and plenty, but in the periods of stress and suffering. A common enemy, who threatens a nation's power will unite its people as no victory can. Invention and science prosper where they are needed to combat the opposing forces that degrade or destroy progress. The railroad and the telegraph grew out of man's failure to communicate with his distant brothers. The alarming plague of infantile paralysis has produced more medical investigation and improved methods of sanitation and sensible living than ages of education could have done. The great literary epochs are the direct outgrowth of the struggles that have threatened to undermine society, for these struggles have made men think. There is always danger in continued prosperity for the complacent self-satisfaction of unending success exposes Achilles' heel to the ever-present armies of selfishness and vanity, the enemies of progress.

This is graphically true of individuals as of nations for a man is a nation in himself. As long as he must struggle to obtain his existence, as long as the excitement of adventure is in his veins he will be on guard for dangers. But after he has killed all his enemies, when comfort and prosperity lure his mind to drowsy relaxation in enjoyment of his victories, ah then do the cobwebs creep across his eyes and he sees only himself, clear wonderful self, the master of the universe. Success vitiates man's activity, enervates him for effort and makes him satisfied with himself and the world. But failure stings his pride, prods into activity his sluggish ambition and spurs him on to profitable achievement.

The man who never fails never was born. Let this not blind our eyes,

however, to the mass of human beings who never admit failure. There is no creature in the universe so utterly despicable as he who is always right in his own estimation. "A wise man may change his mind but a fool never." Did you ever know some one who seemed never to fail, never to make the awkward mistakes you so constantly committed? Haven't you fairly longed for some way to test his judgment, something to break the monotonous poise of success, and make him human? Perhaps such a reign of good fortune may come to a man and his efforts and judgment for a time never fail. But he is lonely and selfish and narrow in his prosperity. Not until he fails can he realize the meaning of sympathy and friendship and love. His cold perfection must be melted into human kindness by the purifying experience of some great reverse. The soul of man is awakened only by suffering and a compassionate nature seldom evolves except from the valley of some defeat or bitter loss.

When man is most eager for activity and power often comes his barrier to success. The Wood Carver of 'Lympus was changed in one day from a towering giant to a bed-ridden invalid, but his soul grew more slowly from the the narrow existence of a cabin home to the broader sympathy that encompassed the world. Milton phrased the agonizing cry of a multitude of blinded souls when he dictated to his daughter those famous words:

"When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and  
wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide  
Lodged with me useless though my soul  
more bent

To serve there with my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning, chide;  
'Doth God exact day labor, light denied?'  
I fondly ask, but Patience, to prevent

That murmur soon replies, 'God doth not  
 need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who  
 best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his  
 State is kingly; thousands at his bidding  
 speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait?"

Out of Milton's blindness came the poetry that made him great.

Against the danger of hopeless submission to an opposing fate, which places limitations on man to test his courage and to prove his worth, there lies the danger of passive inaction where no obstacles are encountered. Far too often the present of a capacity to do many things inhibits the desire to do anything well.

"Be not content; contentment means in action.

The growing soul aches on its upward quest.

Satiety is twin to satisfaction;

All great achievements spring from life's unrest.

Prize what is yours,, but be not quite contented,

There is a healthful restlessness of soul  
 By which a mighty purpose is augmented,  
 In urging men to reach a higher goal."

Thus the world goes on, from failure to success, from weakness to pow-

er. Our age is a marvel of scientific skill and educational efficiency of our glorious civilization. Then came the War of Nations and August, 1914 sounded the knell of optimistic thinking. "Civilization has failed," men cried, "Christianity is a failure, else this war could not be." Pessimism has permeated the world's humanity and failure is on every tongue. But why despair, for in this very fact lies the hope of the world. This is the first war in all the bloody struggles of history when man has exclaimed that Christianity has failed. War and religion have far too often been close brothers. Civilization has always accepted war as an inevitable institution. But lo, in the present light of progress men realize that war is absolutely incompatible with Christianity and modern civilization and can never be tolerated in a world of enlightened ideals. The age of war is doomed and out of the gigantic failure of inadequate standards and selfish military power will come the brighter, purer age of universal brotherhood and world peace. From unbounded self satisfaction could come only decay, but out of the biggest failure the world has ever known will come the real meaning of international fellowship.

## Satire—White Lies

Helen Ensor, '18.

**O**DD life!" Must one swear to the truth of a song?"

Truth, one of the rarest powers possessed by man! Of all virtues given to humanity to wield and use as it pleases none is more abused than the pure truth. Very few people are in the habit of stating a plain fact. This is due to selfishness, carelessness, habit and some times ordinary dishon-

esty. The bank teller who steals a few hundred dollars is forbidden communication with the world of freedom for a period of years, because he fails to live up to true honesty. The school child appropriating to herself the book of a seat mate is reprimanded and cautioned against taking that which is not her own. To be despised and loathed is the fate of one who deliberately cre-



ates in his own mind an evil story, bearing no semblance of truth, regarding another.

There is one virtue, however, which has found a place in the life of practically every human today which is essential to good citizenship, honest living and an upright character. This virtue is none other than the White Lie.

We may despise in our hearts the one who deliberately tells a falsehood, but there is no such scorn for our friend who colors her story so that it may be pleasing and cheerful, for certainly one may say what one pleases about the little things of every day life!

If I should tell you that all the members of my family had the appendicitis at the same time you would say, "Why does she lie?" but if I should give my sister a slight attack of appendicitis simply after eating too hearty a meal, that would not be a falsehood, simply a white lie, and if I choose to make my sister sicker than she is I may do so, for white lies are legitimate!

There is nothing so satisfying to the individual as having a properly balanced image of everything registered in the brain. We see and hear ugly things, but in our creed of the beautiful and free we change the things with which we come in contact to suit our own individual tastes and preferences. But I presume it is the prerogative of an individual to make a thing beautiful if he does not care for the ugly and so sooner or later he sees not what is but what he wants it to be.

Every man and woman, especially the younger men and women idealize all that belong to them, their own home in Blankville the most comfortable, their chairs the easiest, their beds the softest, and their meals! This

state of affairs grows and grows until a stranger, hearing the reports and desiring to visit Utopia, tries to locate the place, and frequently needs a microscope to even find the little village on the map. Have we told untruths about our various country cross-roads? Certainly not. It is the privilege of any who cares to do so to make roses out of pumpkin blossoms, especially if one's friends will wear the roses!

Not only do we express our ideas in words, but by facial expression, a shrug of the shoulder or what not. And thus do we show our approval or disapproval. Never do we want to be known at our real value. Indeed the combined value of hundreds would be very small if each were taken for just what he is worth. But we are not here to be sincere and honest with those around us! Our business is to make the other person believe we are it, and to do this by means of the one agent, white lie, which is always at our command.

A commodity is ranked by the degree of usefulness to which it attains. In the social world we bow and smile to persons whom in our hearts we distrust and in whom we believe there is no honor. We inquire diligently about the physical welfare of an individual when it really would not bring sorrow to us if he "passed away!" We extend a hand and "so glad to see you," at the same time wishing the person were anywhere else in the world! "Do come again" is as old as it is familiar and of course we want to see the person who, in former days, has played a mean little trick on us! "Oh I am so tired I am just dead!" and "I was scared to death!" True enough, thousands of people die every day, but, unfortunately, how few are buried!

Indeed, if the white lie is to be valued by its use to humanity it is the

most precious possession one might have, and ranks highest in the utility list! Moreover, how easy to obtain and how difficult to rid oneself of such an ornament! But why should one desire to be rid of so wonderful language accessory!

I have often wondered why people are sent to school. What reasoning of parents could induce such intellectual prodigies to spend four years in an educational institution! A familiar conversation on the campus is "No! Haven't opened my book? Did you study?" "No, didn't have time, and don't know a thing." Self depreciation is commendable and naturally one knows by birth—by mere instinct if you please—the correct reading of French, German and Greek to say nothing of such everyday knowledge as the histories of nations, the detailed Bible stories of Saul and David! Small wonder we make crocheted yokes and play rook! We do not need to study. How well the white lie does its work—but tell me does not the text book on your desk look slightly worn?

To be liked, to be consulted, to have one's judgment honored is a legitimate desire of the soul. And how well one's soul develops in an atmosphere of double thoughts! We say audibly "You have a beautiful new dress," while our mind registers "I can't conceive of a more horrid dress for her!" "Your hair looks lovely," and at the

same time this thought is put away in a gray cell, "Makes me think of a sick cat with her hair combed that way." Again the white lie has saved us and our standing in certain circles is still secure! No one would want to say or have said to them the sentences quoted above, and of course it is impossible to keep still or even to modify one's statement!

This is an age of specialization. It is not enough that a man be a physician; he must have some special line—an eye and ear specialist, a specialist on children's diseases; we can find a specialist for practically every bodily ailment. Our young lawyers are not content to study Blackstone in the office of an old friend but must needs seek after some special phase of his work. He may be a corporate lawyer, a criminal lawyer or any of a half dozen other types. Well whatever he is he is sure of his field.

Now, since specialization is so very much in evidence and is more desirable for work in the future I admonish you all to cultivate the art of lying—white lying—if you choose! Make yourselves past masters of the art! Study the subject and look well into the rewards it will bring you! Remember that whatever you give and do will come back, "some forty, some sixty, and some one hundred fold," and the more and better white lies you can tell the better, the stronger, and more beautiful will be your character and personality!



## Nan's Career

Mary T. Siddall, '19.

**C**OMING home at last! Nan could scarcely realize that this was the day to which she had been looking forward for four long years. No, not long years but lonely years. Now she had her college course completed and was ready to take up her life work, teaching, making a home for motherless little sister, her brother, and her saddened father. Nan's home was on a big ranch and how she hated the ranch life and longed for the city to which she intended moving her little family.

All the way across the continent she had planned her meeting with Ned, her brother, for he would be there to meet her with the big wagon. And Kate had she really grown up! A call for San Carlos aroused Nan from her thoughts and she began gathering up her packages. At last, she was here. Her train was late and so it was after dark when she arrived. She hurried from the coach, but where was Ned? Was there no one here to welcome her? Ah, she heard the rumble of a wagon. In a moment Ned jumped from the wagon and gave Nan a rather cold welcome. A few minutes found them on the way to their home. Nan felt a keen disappointment for Ned had lost his boyish ways and seemed to be wrapped in deep thought. Surely father and Kate would give her a warmer welcome. As they approached the house the door was thrown open and there stood Kate in the doorway, a torn kitchen apron about her neck, and her cheeks aglow from the excitement of helping prepare a special feast for Nan. With one bound she threw her arms about Nan, who soon had to beg for mercy. Going inside Mr.

Hayes stood with open arms to receive his daughter. Surely these two welcomes made Nan feel as if she still had a place in their hearts.

After supper she longed for a few minutes to herself so she went to her room to unpack but instead she sat down and began to think. Where was Mac, he had graduated the year before. Ned had told her that he was doing fine. He had graduated from a medical school and had come back here to minister to these people. Such a narrow life, she longed for fall and her new position in the city. Mac and Nan had been childhood sweethearts. But what about Sarah, hadn't Ned told her that she was teaching now in the little school house and was going about with Mac. "Well, why should I care if she does," she told herself as she started down stairs again.

Now she must tell them of their moving to the city where Kate would have a chance for a good education and Ned a good position. Mr. Hayes sat very quiet while Nan talked and answered very, very slowly that he and Ned and Kate were mountain people and there they would stay. Nan was really provoked, so nothing more was said.

The next day found the disappointed girl on her way to see old Mr. and Mrs. Howell, Mac's parents. Dr. Mac was out on a call as luck would have it. At length Mr. Howell began to talk of the help she could give to people now. "Oh, but Mr. Howell, I can't think of staying here, you know I dislike this place. In the fall we will move to the city where I have a good position awaiting me."

"John Hayes leaving this country. Not on your life! Didn't we open this country ourselves? Didn't we put up all these buildings ourselves? You just can't leave Nan, we have been depending so much on you," finished the excited pioneer.

The argument grew so hot that all Nan could do was start home else she might be too hasty in her answers. Now, she was more determined than ever. As she was slowly walking home she was startled by a clear whistle, looking up she saw Mac coming at full speed on horse-back. How her heart thumped. She could scarcely realize Mac being in love with another girl.

Jumping from his horse, he fairly ran to her. "Oh, Nan, this is the happiest moment that I have had since you left for school. How are you? Oh, I needn't ask that. Nan you've grown up, your curls are tucked and your skirts to your ankles." Nan in order to keep her feelings under control, answered his questions with as few words as possible.

"Nan, can't you say you are glad to see me?"

"Oh yes, I am very happy to be back, if it is only for a short time."

"A short time, why Nan what can you mean?"

Again Nan related her intentions and even Mac's pleading was not sufficient to change her mind.

Mac left at the lane with one more final plea for himself but Nan was not to be swayed.

Thus the next month passed with no change of plans. Every one had ceased to speak of it to her but Mac. Hadn't she promised before she left for school to come back and they would work together, not even this had any affect now. Nan was so sure that Mac and Sarah were in love for

everyone was linking their names together, that she could not see that his every thought was of her.

One evening in July after Dr. Mac had returned home from an hour spent with Nan, he was unable to throw off his sorrows, so he walked the floor of his room trying in vain to think of some way to detain Nan. At last aroused by a light he went to his window to watch the dawn, but was horrified to see what he believed to be the dawn was a great fire fighting its way down the hill right to the Hayes ranch. Quick as a flash he burst out of the door, saddled his horse and away he went.

As he approached the house he saw the women of the neighborhood filling tubs of water for the men to fight the fire. When Nan saw him she ran to him saying, "Mac take care of father, he is with them up the hill." He started on a run to the scene, with fear in his heart as Mr. Hayes was an old man. Reaching the hill there he found the white haired father lying unconscious on the ground. He picked him up and started for the house. Before he had gone far Nan saw them and terror stricken ran toward them. Mac told her to fix a place for her father as he was injured very badly.

Along toward morning the fire was entirely out and the hill side was a mass of smoke. As the men, their eyes swollen and blood shot, came past the door Nan tried to thank them but finally she gave way to tears. She soon braced up afraid the people might think that she had given in to stay with them and invited them all to breakfast as her father would wish it.

Meanwhile a specialist had been summoned and after an age it seemed, he came from the room. Coming to Nan he said, "Miss Hayes, your father will never be strong enough to do any

farming again as he is too aged to successfully set broken bones." Nan gasped and turned away.

Hours and days of watching followed and when at last the old man regained consciousness Mac called for Nan. Going to her father's side she spoke his name. Opening his eyes he said, "Nan I never knew you looked so much like your mother, only she was not as strong as you. I should not have brought her to this rough country. But, Nan, she loved these hills and was always happy. We wanted to be pioneers, and when the work and the care of you children became too much for her she left it to me saying, 'Bring them up to love the hills and do what I have had to leave undone.' Nan, that is why we cannot leave the hills for we too love the mountains. You must go to the city alone if you care to go at all." With these words he again went into a deep sleep. While Mr. Hayes slept Nan did not leave her place beside his bed but sat and thought.

When her father again awakened it was to hear these words, "Father it is strange I never saw the beauty in the hills before but I love them too and want to stay and help you in everything." From this time Mr. Hayes improved rapidly.

Meanwhile Nan organized classes in canning, preserving, sewing, and in all kinds of cooking; also a music and history club. She was extremely happy but what of Mac?


That evening they were to have a special feast in honor of Mr. Hayes birthday. Nan starting on the run for the orchard to get some apples was stopped by Ned, "Nan," he said, "I want to tell you that Sarah has promised to wait for me until I can get the ranch on a paying basis and to be my wife, Nan, will you love her for my sake." "Oh Ned," was all she could find words to say and turning she fled to the house. There she was pushed out by Kate and sent after some ferns and wild flowers. Glad to be alone she started for the ravine. While she gathered the flowers she was so busy thinking and trying to realize what she had heard that she did not see Mac coming close behind her. When she had finished Mac called to her to wait for him, as he had some thing to say. Finally we hear Nan saying, "but Mac I can't give up my classes and disappoint the people and then I wouldn't have time to visit your patients and make you a home and cook your food—" "Now, Nan, maybe I wouldn't expect you to do all these things," interrupted Mac laughingly, "There is old Tim Higgins who allows his wife to come to town three times a year, no more and no less, but brings its you," he added roguishly, "I might make it four times with you and a new bonnet each year besides."

It was a very happy couple that came back to the house to the still happier father and furious little sister as she had been waiting for those flowers exactly two hours.



## The Trials on an Editor

Helen Keller, '20.

HE staff of the college paper was finally chosen. This staff is done every year, presumably in order that a greater number of people may make fools of themselves, until they become accustomed to the work of editing a college journal. Yes, the staff was chosen, the names were read in chapel, and a meeting called for eleven-thirty-five a. m. During the forenoon the bewildered, inexperienced person on whom the editorship had been so unceremoniously thrust, had interviewed the faculty advisor of the staff, trying to find out what the duties of an editor were. She was told that there was really not much work connected with her office. All she had to do was to write a few editorials for each issue, and see that the rest of the staff did their work. And the poor, deluded editor believed him—then.

The rest of the morning passed quickly for her, and about eleven-thirty most of the newly-appointed staff sauntered, or hurried, as their interest prompted, into the room afterward to be remembered as the site of many staff troubles. The faculty advisor gave a few general remarks upon the standard of the school, the former superiority of the paper, and the necessity of maintaining the aforesaid standard throughout the ensuing year. Then came the general discussion concerning the size of the paper. The business manager was of the opinion that great economy must be used in regard to the literary departments. The reason for his statement was that the former staff had bequeathed to this one, along with its departing blessing, a debt of some sixty-three dollars. He

stated emphatically that they should edit a small paper with as much advertising as possible, get as many subscriptions as the subscription agent could obtain, and then, when they were out of debt and had some money in the bank, they could edit a real paper. The assistant business manager agreed with his superior. However some of the other members of the staff most determinedly disagreed. No one would pay the regular price for a stingy little paper not worth the price of editing. Why have a paper at all, if one must be ashamed to own up to being a member of its staff? The argument grew hot, and might have grown hotter had not the faculty advisor intervened with a compromise. The question of the size of the paper was finally settled peaceably, at any rate for the first issue. Then the character of the paper was discussed. Someone suggested that the editor work out plans for this, as it was after twelve and the staff was hungry. Everyone but the editor herself agreed, and the meeting adjourned. But as the editor walked home to a cold dinner, doubts were rising in her mind as to the truth of the professor's statement that there was not much work connected with her office.

So she worked out her plans and started to collect material for the first issue. She told the sub-editors their duties as she understood them and explained what she wanted. These various editors promised to bring in the required material. So far, so good. She wrote her editorials, and then began a search for a good supply of stories and essays and descriptions from which she might choose suitable productions. But she found that these writings are

seldom to be had for the asking. Coaxing, threats, and even bribes are sometimes necessary to gain a desired end. Finally her literary department was completed, with the exception of one story. She tried in every class, and finally turned, as a last resource, to the assistant editor, who, the English teacher told her, did good work in Junior English. He said he was weak on plots, so the editor wrote a plot and he developed it into a story. During this time most of the sub-editors had seemingly forgotten their promises, for only two or three had given the editor their material. The sophomore class reporters said that nothing funny ever happened in their classes, and that they had had only one push; the freshmen's jokes could not truthfully be called jokes; and the local editor had been so busy she hadn't had time to do any of her work yet.

"She might at least have manufactured a new excuse," thought the editor, who by this time had lost faith in about a third of her school mates. But she sacrificed an afternoon-hike to help the local editor; she hunted for sophomore and freshman jokes; and finally she found she had the material for every department.

Then came the work of arranging the conglomeration. She had to copy half the locals, for the local editor, who, in spite of her instructions to use only one side of the paper, had been very economical and had written on both sides. When that was done and everything was arranged to her satisfaction, she had to correct each department—spelling, punctuation, sentence structure, capital letters—but why enumerate the faults that she found? When she had finished, she and the business manager, who had been telling her for the last week that the

printer wanted to start on the paper, went to the printing office with the material, there to encounter new difficulties. The editor explained, the business manager explained, and then they explained again, and finally the printer understood how they wanted the work done, and that troublesome pile of papers disappeared from the editor's sight for the first time in weeks.

But her work was not yet done. The next day the proof reading began. That was the only time the assistant editor really helped her. He read the manuscript and she corrected the proofs, until his voice grew hoarse, and then they changed places. There were about four hours of steady work that day and as many the next day, and then nothing to do but get regular lessons until the page proofs were ready. The editor had the privilege of reading and correcting these herself. She did not find many mistakes in words or spelling this time, only small errors, such as finding the exchanges under the cut for athletics, and the Freshman pictures labeled "Juniors." But rest was in sight so she hurried through her last task for the first issue.

The next noon everyone in school, so it seemed, was carrying a copy of the first number of the paper. Of course it was praised and criticised, as papers usually are. The editor enjoyed the praises but did not worry over the criticisms, for she was so glad to get a chance to rest and to think about something else for a little while, that she did not care a bit if the little rhyme was true that,

"A school paper is a wonderful invention,

The school gets all the fame,  
The printer gets all the money,

And the staff gets all the blame."

THE OTTERBEIN ÆGIS

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**EDITORIAL**

**THE RETIRING STAFF.**

With the publication of this issue the present staff of the Otterbein Aegis will receive an honorable discharge. It is usually customary for the retiring editor in reviewing the year's work to express his sorrows and apologize because he has fallen far short of his highest expectations. Ditto, we are not an exception. However, considering all things, we believe that we have given to our readers a magazine worthy of recognition when compared with other college monthlies. We wish to thank everyone who has had a part in making the Aegis what it has been this year.

The next editor will be Roscoe P. Mase. This gentleman has the reputation of being connected with more student activities than any other man in school. He is a live wire and has some ideas of his own in regards to college journalism which he expects

to put into practical use the coming year.

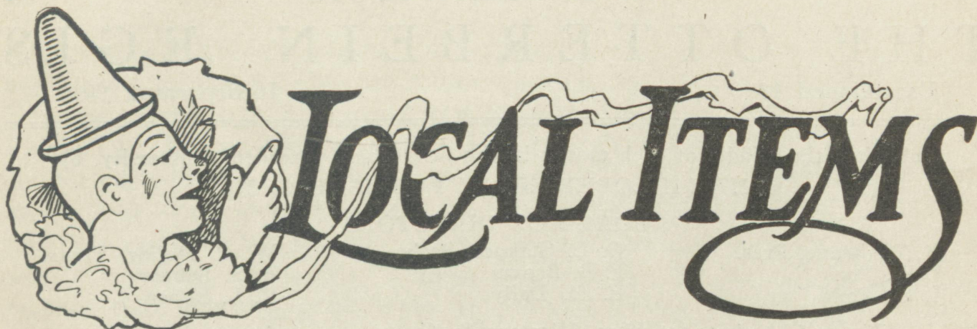
On retiring we have one suggestion to offer. We believe that there should be only one college paper in a school of this size and we would suggest that Otterbein should give college credit for work done in editing the college paper. This could be very easily done by offering a brief course in journalism.

We gladly turn over this paper to worthier and more competent men and wish for them the best success possible.

There's naught so vile that on the earth  
doth live,  
But to the earth some good doth give  
Nor ought so good but strained from  
that fair use,  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on  
abuse.

Virtue itself turns  
Vice being misapplied  
And vice by action  
Sometimes dignified.—Shakespeare.





Dr. E. A. Jones observed his seventy-fifth birthday on Sunday, Feb. 11. The members of his Sunday School Class, of whom he is the teacher, presented him with a large bouquet of carnations.

Messrs. J. R. Love and Wesley Thompson, seniors at Sidney High School, visited Otterbein on Saturday, Feb. 17, and the following day. Another week-end visitor was Edward Schutz, a freshman at Bluffton College, who visited his brother Walter. These men will all enter Otterbein next fall.

Reasonable Sobriety—A small henpecked man was about to take an examination for life insurance.

"You don't dissipate, do you?" asked the physician, as he made ready for tests. "Not a fast liver, or anything of that sort?"

The little man hesitated a moment, looked a bit frightened, then replied in a small, piping voice, "I sometimes chew a little gum."

The following regulations were adopted by the faculty at the meeting of Feb. 19, and were announced the following day:

1. Three Chapel cuts allowed. None from class.

2. Faculty to excuse for regular absences from Chapel and individual professors from classes for all legitimate reasons.

3. For all other Chapel absences, student to report his excuse at office in writing at the time of absence.

4. For each unexcused absence from Chapel in excess of three and for each unexcused absence from class, 1-5 of a semester hour to be deducted from his total credit for semester.

5. Chapel tellers and professors to make a monthly report of accumulated unexcused absences at the college office.

Immediately after the reading of these regulations, student opinion began to assert itself. Wednesday morning a student chapel service was held in the association building. At this meeting a committee was appointed to meet with the Faculty and ask that these regulations be withdrawn. This committee met and secured a promise from the Faculty that they would appoint a committee to meet with a committee selected by the entire student body to go over student grievances and come to some definite conclusions. The committee selected by the students consists of Clarence Booth, Glen Ream, Eugene Turner, Edna Miller and Ethel Myers.

Gave himself away:

Visitor—"This is a co-ed school, isn't it Mr. Phillips?"

Phillips—"Yes, it is."

Visitor—"How many girls do you have here?"

Phillips—"Only one."

Miss Margaret Wintringer, a noted temperance lecturer and writer, gave a wonderful exhibit of war posters regarding liquor, in the College Chapel Tuesday evening, Feb. 20. Miss Wintringer went to Europe at the outbreak of the war to study temperance problems. She returned only recently bringing with her this magnificent collection of posters which was greatly enjoyed by a large audience here on the above date.

The hearts of all Otterbein students, faculty and friends go out in sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. John T. Harris in their loss of a baby born on Tuesday, Feb. 20. For a time everything looked hopeful but on Wednesday a change for the worse came and the little life passed away Thursday morning.

Otterbein people were fortunate in being able to hear a number of splendid lectures at the Central Ohio Farmers Institute held in the College Chapel on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 21 and 22. The principal lectures were given by F. C. Ketner, '10, and John H. Francis, '92. Mr. Ketner spoke at every session save one, which was given over entirely to Mr. Francis.

Our Faculty: The following letter, which explains itself, was received recently by a student. "Dear Son, your brief letter came today. I am enclosing the check for the amount you requested. I have heard a great deal of the college faculty. I take it to be the faculty for spending money."

Affectionately, Father.

Miss Marion Elliott, a senior teaching at Spring Valley visited her mother over Sunday, Feb. 25.

Mrs. A. R. Spessard was taken to Grant Hospital on Feb. 21 for appendicitis. In an adjoining room is Mrs. A. P. Rosselot who was taken there for an operation which did not prove as serious as was expected. Mr. E. L. Weinland, '91, secretary of the Board of Trustees, is also in the same hospital, after an operation for appendicitis. With the death of the Harris child and the illness of Professors Wagoner and McClay, this seems to be a bad season for Otterbein folks.

The Science Club met Monday evening, Feb. 26, in Prof. Schear's recitation room. "The Early History of the Potato" was the subject of a paper by R. L. Roose. R. P. Ernsberger then spoke on "Learning Our Lesson" in which he reviewed, in a very interesting manner, the development of the chemical industry in this country since the war began. The last discussion was on "Cheese and Its Uses" and was given by Miriam George.

The fifth number of the Citizen's Lecture Course was given Tuesday evening, Feb. 27 in the College Chapel. The Otterbein Choral Society made their first appearance on the local lecture course. They were assisted by Cecil Fanning of Columbus, world famous baritone, and Mr. H. B. Turpin at the piano. The numbers were as well rendered and greatly enjoyed by a crowded house.

Mrs. Phoebe Curtis of the Ohio Sunday School Association led Chapel Wednesday morning, Feb. 28.

Our negative debate team lost to Heidelberg at Tiffin Friday evening, March 2, by a unanimous decision of the judges. The members of the nega-

tive team are Wayne Neally, Richard Bradfield, Floyd Rasor and Paul Weaver.

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Mr. Waldo Shumacher, a senior at Bluffton College, spent Sunday, March 4, with Walter Schutz.

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The Russell Junior-Senior Oratorical Contest has been combined with the I. P. A. Contest this year. The winners will receive prizes of fifteen, ten and five dollars each; and in addition, the one receiving first honors will represent Otterbein in the State I. P. A. Contest to be held at Columbus.

---

To those of us who were beginning to think that the student "pep" was a thing of the past, the last few weeks have been a great revelation. The first thing was the spirit shown in the student fight for representation in the making of regulations. Then came the Varsity "O" Initiation. Tom Bown—the dude, Bills Evans—the farmer, Red Miller—the small boy and Charles Fox—the woman suffragist certainly did create a sensation in their novel costumes. In the morning, 'the boys' escorted the fair ones to and from classes. The noon period was given over to fancy military drilling. A sacred (?) concert was given at two o'clock and no-one knows what went on in the evening, except those who have been privileged to attend similar functions. The appearance of a stray cow in Cochran Hall as well as the Y. M. C. A. delegates who requested lodging in the ladies' dormitory, and several other stunts have been the means of returning to our midst some of the old-time spirit.

---

The newly elected presidents and vice presidents of Ohio College Y. M.

C. A.'s were visitors in Westerville from Friday, March 9 to Sunday March 11. On these days a convention was held in the local Association building and speakers of importance were present from all over the state.

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The Women:

Men have many faults

Poor women have but two,  
There's nothing good they say  
And nothing right they do.

---

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

W. C. Miller, '17, led the meeting of Feb. 15, and spoke on the subject, "Character Building." Character is necessary to the man who aims to occupy the highest positions in life.

"Neutrality" was the subject discussed by Joe Hendrix, '17, at the meeting of March 1. The neutral man—the man who does not take a stand is not well thought of and is usually too lazy to make any decision.

"Popular College Sins" were discussed at the March 8 meeting. The meeting was a leaderless meeting and quite a few students were thus permitted to take part. The meeting was an experiment but proved to be such a great success that the men are all looking forward to another leaderless meeting.

---

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

The subject February 20th was "The Business of Being a Woman." The meeting, led by Irene Wells, was intensely interesting to every girl present. The annual election of officers was held that evening.

The Y. W. C. A. was fortunate in having Mrs. Phoebe Curtis speak February 27. Miriam George was the leader of the evening.

March 6 was installation session for the incoming officers. Edna Miller gave a splendid report as retiring president. Dr. E. A. Jones was the speaker for the evening, giving, as he always does, such a fine and inspiring talk, after which he installed the officers-elect.

With "Jane Adams" as a topic, Helen Ensor conducted a most interesting and instructive meeting, March 13.

#### COCHRAN HALL.

Yes, this is a very democratic school, and Cochran Hall claims a goodly share of that spirit. We welcome all kinds of animals from cows to college Y. M. presidents.

Mrs. spent several days with Edna last week.

We are mighty glad to have Mary Alice Meyers back with us again.

Last Friday evening the retiring cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. entertained the new cabinet girls in the parlors of Cochran Hall. Every one seemed to have a good time, especially the several "men" who were present. Edna Miller, the retiring president received a gift from her cabinet, as a token of appreciation of her good work.

We are sorry to have Helen McDermot leave the Hall. She is going to live with her family who have moved to Columbus.

Did you know that Helen Bovee "can find anything?"

More than a week ago a bevy of beautiful belles from Westerville enjoyed a treatre party at Keiths. The night was beautiful and moonlight and the ride home was never-to-be forgotten. Some said some things, others others.

#### FROM THE WINDOW OF THE MILL.

F. L. Schwecheimer, '20.

The steady grind of machinery has ceased for a time, and during the short respite the man who feeds the dusty stones into the maw of the crusher leans from his lofty window, cooling his warm face in the refreshing breeze and gazing out upon the scene below him.

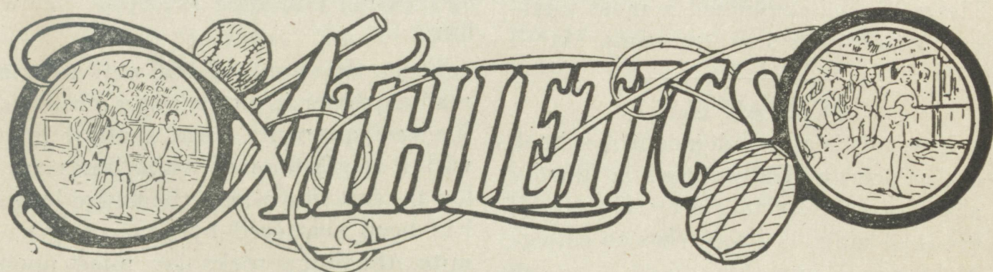
From the front of the mill to the road a quarter of a mile away stretches the vast quarry, a great shallow hole with a rough floor of white limestone. On the left side where the entire ledge has been shattered by tons of dynamite, the huge rocks lay piled upon each other in a long mass, giving an appearance of a miniature mountain range. A narrow ribbon of railroad track goes straight down the middle of the quarry to the opposite bank, then winds its way back at the foot of these towering elevations of stone. A hissing steam shovel pokes its bucket into the end of this mass of rock and dumps its cargo of stone into the waiting car, which a panting gray horse draws to the foot of the incline.

On the western bank the shanties of the Hungarian laborers peep out from among the trees of a shady grove, and a little nearer at hand the red glow of the forge can be seen through the open door of the blacksmith shop. In the distance green cornfields and meadows are interspersed with the slender derricks of the oil wells. Towards the south the roofs and spires of the village break the monotony of the landscape, and beyond this a silvery river bends itself under bridges and through woods and fields on its way to the lake. As the eye shifts to the west the vision rests upon the old abandoned lime quarry. The holes have long

before filled with water and now they seem like two tiny blue lakes, connected by a threadlike channel. A harps promontory of rock juts out into the nearest quarry, and from this projection gleam the white bodies of youthful swimmers as they leap into the cool depths below. The wooden

buildings have long been torn down and now only the great stone kilns remain, reflecting themselves on the mirror-like surface of the water like the crumbling ruins of an old castle.

But the whirl of the motor announces once again the starting of the crusher, and the man reluctantly leaves the window to return to his work.



### REVIEW OF BASKETBALL SEASON.

When the last whistle blew in the Kenyon game it announced the end of the 1917 basketball season. Twelve games were played, two of them being with Ohio Wesleyan and Ohio State before the Xmas vacation. These two games were sad defeats but, considering the practice the varsity had had prior to them we should be thankful that the difference in points was not greater.

The first game after the holidays was with Heidelberg at Tiffin. There the varsity held the opponents down to a small margined victory. The schedule was a hard one and the percentage of games won was below the fifty mark. However, we should take into consideration the strong teams Iddings' quintet met and the frequent attacks of the la grippe germs on some of the players.

Hal J. Iddings has won a warm place in the hearts of the Otterbein student body and Alumni for his efficient coaching. I dare say that there wasn't

a player who would not have done his best to please him.

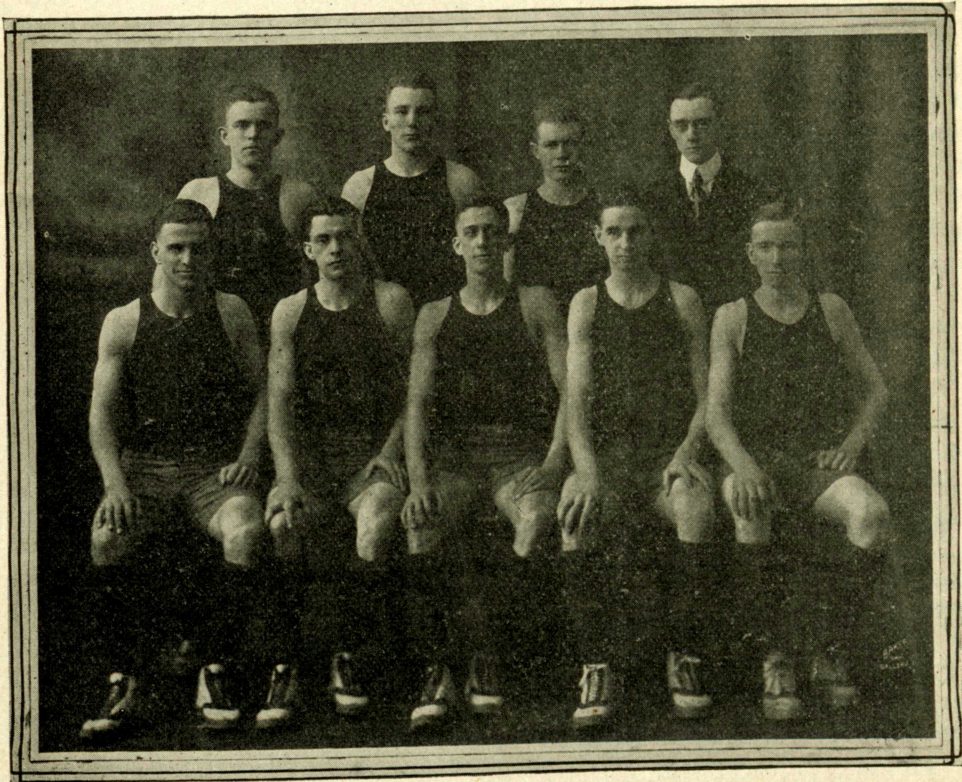
Captain Sechrist, W. Miller, "Dutch" Myers, and Turner are those who have played the last game for their Alma Mater.

Sechrist played an even floor and basket game throughout the season. His ability as a leader is undoubted and unique style of playing pointed him out as one working for the best interest of the team and not for his own popularity.

Big "Red" Miller carried his football fame along with him. A great number of the excellent passes were started by his advantage over his opponents at the jump off. Otterbein is sorry for the disappearance of his golden head from the athletic life of the college.

If anybody deserves credit it is Turner. He always played as though his whole life depended on the results of the games. His guarding was a hearty co-operation of speed and clean playing.

Fox although not making his appearance till rather late on the varsity



1917 BASKETBALL TEAM.

**Top Row**—Paul Miller, “Red” Miller, “Dutch” Myers, T. H. Ross, Manager.  
**Bottom Row**—Roy Peden, E. R. Turner, Capt. George Sechrist, T. B. Brown,  
 Lamont Fox.

because of a jimmed knee was a true genius with his bucketing. Great expectations do we have for his athletic future.

Roy Peden was a renowned for his speed and endurance. There never was a game apparently too fast or too full of bowlers for him. He will be one of Brown's right hand men next year.

"Tom" Brown captain for the next year's team played a whirlwind game at guarding. Whenever there was a mixup Brown was always right on the job.

"Dutch" Myers has won a deep respect both from the students and Coach Iddings for his true college spirit. This player has missed but twenty practice nights during all his four years in school.

P. Miller was always glad to do his best when called upon. Other men who helped to keep the team in good condition were "Huh" Meyers and Reams. All three of these players look favorable for next year's material.

Following is the summary:

Player	Field		Total Points
	Goals	Fouls	
Sechrist (c), l. f. . . . .	44	3	91
Fox, r. f. . . . .	45	35	127
W. Miller, c. . . . .	18	6	42
Peden, r. g. . . . .	8		16
Turner, l. g. . . . .	3		6
P. Miller, c. . . . .	1		2
Brown, l. g. . . . .	0	0	0
Myers, r. g. . . . .	0	0	0
Totals . . . . .	119	44	264

**Otterbein Defeated by Wooster.**

In a fast clean game at Severance Gym, at Wooster, Coach Iddings' quintet were defeated to the tune of 28 to 21. The game was a hard fought one. But the Otterbein defense was unable to break up Wooster's scoring machine

during the first half, which ended 16 to 7.

In the second half Otterbein came back strong scoring 14 points to their opponents' 12, all five of the Tan and Cardinals played through out the game, having no fouls called on them during second half. Sechrist and Fox worked cleverly as forwards while Turner played a star game at guard. J. Kirk and Quimby starred for Wooster.

Wooster (28)		Otterbein (21)	
Hole	L. F.		Sechrist
Kirp	R. F.		Fox
Bellingsley	C.		W. Miller
Duncan	L. G.		Turner
Quimby	R. G.		Peden

Substitutions: Wooster—Brannon for J. Kirp, Buchanon for Hole, Sinderman for Duncan. FiFeld goals—J. Kirp 4, Hole 3, Bellingsley and Quimby, Fox 2, Sechrist 3, Miller 2. Foul Goals—Hole 2 out of 5, Fox 3 out of 8. Referee—Mr. Gibson, Mt. Union.

**Music and Art (10)—Freshmen (6).**

The final girls' class game was by far the most exciting one of the season. Both the Conservatory and the Freshmen girls had good teams, although it was the first appearance of the former in the class elimination contest. The score stood 6 to 0 favoring the Freshmen until the last two minutes of the game. It seemed impossible for them to lose, but by the almost supernatural team work of the artists, they registered ten points while their opponents were at a stand still.

Mary Tinsman was a bear at guarding, causing her forward Mary Siddall to take one arm shots. Other players worthy of mentioning were Miles, Foor and Keller. Here is the line up:

Music & Art (10)		Freshmen (6)	
Siddall	R. F.		Foor
Miles	L. F.		Keller
Holmes	C.		Davis
McDermont	L. G.		Tinsman
Clow	R. G.		Howard

Field Goals—Miles 3, Siddal 2, Foor 1.  
Fouls—Keller 4 out of 6, Miles 0 out of 4. Referee—Walters. Time of halves—10 minutes.

**Freshmen (42)—Grace M. P. (17).**

In order to keep the Freshmen in trim for the final inter-class game, Coach Iddings staged a game for them on the home floor with the Grace M. P. Church of Columbus. Although the visiting team holds second place in the Columbus Church League, the first year men were victorious by a score of 42 to 17. The Freshmen especially showed good team work during the last of the first and the first of the last half. At the end of the first half the score stood 11 to 18 in favor of the Freshmen.

In the second period the youngsters came back strong and literally rolled in the baskets, despite the close guarding of the oppoing team. Sweckheimer and J. Miller were by far the best basketeters, but Smith and Captain Miller excelled on the floor. There was not a single interval, during the whole game, after the first three minutes that the visitors were in the lead.

**Freshmen (42) Grace M. P. (17)**

J. Miller	L. F.	Dutcher
Sweckheimer	R. F.	McIntyre
Miller (c)	C.	Schwab
Smith	L. G.	Jones
Myers	R. G.	Myers

Substitutions—Fox for J. Miller, Peden for Smith. Field Baskets—Sweckheimer 8, J. Miller 2, Captain Miller 6, Myers 3, Fox 1, Peden 1, Jones 3, McIntire 1, Schwab 3. Fouls—Miller 0 out of 1, Fox 0 out of 1, Jones 1 out of 1, MvIntire 1 out of 5, Dutcher 1 out of 2. Time of havles—20 minutes. Referee—Walters. Timer—Ross. Scorer—Siddall.

**Otterbein 32—Antioch 20.**

Our varsity came back strong against Antioch after the game with

Heidelberg. Evidently all the players had recuperated from la grippe. The game was speedy from beginning to end and showed head work on the part of the individual players. Brown and Peden guarded the Antioch boys so closely that they had few chances at their basket. Captain Sechrist was at his best. Due to Sechrist's clever floor work and passing Fox bucket ten of his attempts, tallying more than two-thirds of the whole number of points. This young player, apparently, has a basketball future equaling that of some of our well remembered alumni. Little and Taylor were Antioch's best men. The line up is as follows:

<b>Otterbein (32)</b>		<b>Antioch (20)</b>
Sechrist (c)	L. F.	Vonnorsdall
Fox	R. F.	Corry (c)
W. Miller	C.	Taylor
Peden	L. G.	Little
Brown	R. G.	Vondervort

Substitutions—Otterbein: P. Miller for W. Miller. Antioch: Jenkins for Corry. Field goals—Fox 10, Little 4, Sechrist 3, Taylor 2, Corry 2. Fouls thrown—Fox 2 out of 6, Corry 2 out of 9. Referee—Prugh, Ohio Wesleyan. Scorer—Siddall, Otterbein. Time keeper—Neally, Otterbein. Time of halves—20 minutes.

**Brown Elected Captain.**

Immediately after the Kenyon game, Tom Brown was elected leader for the 1918 basket ball squad. Tom has showed speed and endurance throughout the 1917 season at his guarding position. Few baskets were sacked by his forwards while he was on the floor. With his two years of varsity experience and one of those under the wise well-liked Coach Iddings, we are looking forward to his captaincy of a successful season. Fox, Peden, and Brown will undoubtedly be the back bone of one of the best teams among the Ohio colleges next year.



**Kenyon (34)—Otterbein (20).**

Coach Iddings' quintet was defeated by a score of 20 to 34 by Kenyon's fast team in the last game of the season. The game was characterized by roughness throughout. Kenyon boys had vividly remembered the defeat of last fall in football and at the same time some of our players had not forgotten what they could do. There was however displayed excellent floor work. The first half ended with the visitors in the lead by a score of 9 to 17. No substitutions had been made by either teams.

In the second period the tension of excitement increased. The wild enthusiasm of the audience put new life in the Varsity. Some of the varsity realized that that they only had a few minutes more to play for their Alma Mater. They were, however, unable to break up effectively enough Kenyon's passes. The score ended with a lead to the Gambier boys of 20 to 34.

Turner was easily recognized as the star player. Brown and Miller also played good game. Sechrist was lacking his basket eye but paid up for that by his fast floor work. Fox was the high scorer. Those who played their last game for Otterbein were W. Miller, Captain Sechrist, Turner and Myers.

Lineup:

Otterbein (20)		Kenyon (34)
Sechrist	L. F.	White
Fox	R. F.	Sanbourne
Miller, W.	C.	Abbott
Brown	L. G.	Zeman
Turner	R. G.	Love

Substitutions: Otterbein — Peden for Brown, P. Miller for W. Miller, Myers for Fox. Kenyon—Bowers for Sandbourne, Endle for Love. Field Goals: Otterbein—Sechrist 1, Fox 5, Miller, W. 1, Peden 1. Kenyon—White 4, Sanbourne 5, Abbott 1, Zeman 3, Love 1. Fouls thrown: Otterbein—Fox 4 out 8. Kenyon—Sanbourn 5 out of 8. Referee—Thiele, Denison. Time-

keeper—Neally. Scorers—Kelleher, Kenyon, Siddall, Otterbein.

**Boys Championship.**

Saturday evening, March 10, 1917 the fast freshman team defeated the heavy Junior quintet on the local gym floor by a score of 33 to 16. This contest was of no little interest in that the class championship honors were at stake. The freshmen team excelled in team work while the juniors shown brightest in football tactics.

The first half was slow due to exceeding roughness. In this initial period the freshmen were first to score, but the lead did not last long and this half ended in favor of the third year men by a score of 8 to 7.

During the second half it was nip and tuck until the middle of the half. At this time the freshies led by one point. Mundhenk was retired on account of roughness while the freshmen took on new hope and finished the game by a good margin, the score being 33 to 16.

Glen O. Ream, the junior captain was the star for his team while J. Miller was the shining light for the underclassmen. The lineup is as follows:

Freshmen (33)		Juniors (16)
J. Miller	L. F.	Ream (c)
Sweckheimer	R. F.	Mayne
P. Miller (c)	C.	Mundhenk
Smith	L. G.	Higelmire
Meyers	R. G.	Mase

Substitutions — Young for Mundhenk. Field Goals—J. Miller 7, P. Miller 4, Meyers 4, Ream 3, Mayne, Mundhenk and Higelmire. Fouls—Ream, 2 out of 3, Mayne 2 out of 2, P. Miller 3 out of 5. Referee—Gammill. Timer—Neally. Scorer—Siddall. Time of halves—20 minutes.

**BASE BALL.**

Another month will see us entering into one of the most successful baseball seasons the Otterbeinites will ever have had. How can it be other wise?

Last year the boys were victorious in almost every game. Only two of them are gone and we have in sight a large number to pick from to fill their shoes. Buck Haller has been eating and sleeping baseball for the last two months and we all are acquainted with his pregnancy of enthusiasim. Captain Booth began preparation for his leadership for this season last fall by staying out of football because of ill health. He is in excellent condition now and his pleasant smiles are but the outburst of joy due to the approaching realization of his dreams.

Joy Mundhenk has been swinging his arm so freely that it is dangerous to be near him. Just watch what this gen will do this spring.

"Cocky" Wood, "Fat" Lingrel, Reamy, Garver and a host of others are waiting impatiently for the first game. We all know the true value of these gentlemen on the field. Just imagine "Fat" Lingrel or Reamy knocking them clear through "Daddy"

Moon's house and the bases full and then you will have a very slight idea of the coming season. "Cocky" Wood is going to make things hum too. This chap is simply crazy about the game and has been absent very few times from practice while in school.

Director Martin should be congratulated for his securing of a wonderful schedule for this year. All the colleges are of high standing and a victory from any of them is worth rejoicing over. Here it is:

April 14—Ohio Wesleyan at Delaware.

April 21—Ohio State at home.

April 28—Muskingum at New Concord.

May 4—Ohio University at home.

May 11—Wooster at home.

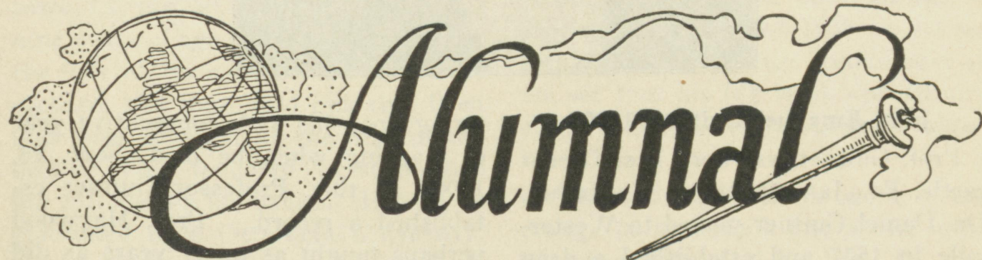
May 19—Capitol at Columbus.

May 26—Antioch at home.

June 2—Denison at Granville.

June 9—Capitol at home.

June 11—Alumni at home.



1915.

E. H. Dailey is planning a movement whereby the young people of the State of Ohio can get in the prohibition campaign this fall. Mr. Dailey has been working and directing campaigns through the South and Southwest all winter, but will start his Ohio work after Easter.

1916.

Katherine Coblentz, who has been teaching at Carroll, O., has been con-

finied to her home in Westerville on account of a very severe affection of the throat.

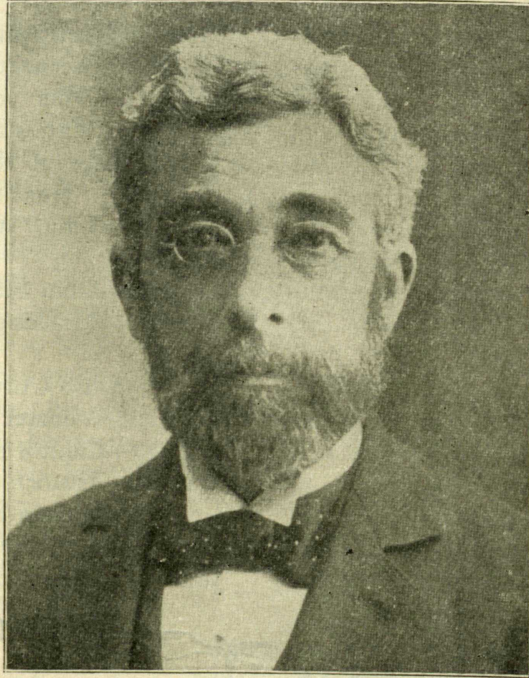
The following alumni have visited Otterbein during the last month: Ruth Maxwell, '14; Maud Owings, '14; Ermal Noel, '16; Cassie Harris, '15; and T. J. Vance, '16.

1915.

Frank E. Sanders has been elected principal of the Fairview High School near Dayton. Good luck, "Bones."

We are told not to remove the ancient landmarks. Applying this proverb to ourselves, it would mean that we should keep alive in Otterbein the spirit and ideals of those who devoted their lives to the service of Otterbein.

We wish this month to call the attention of our readers to two men, who, in the days of Otterbein's struggles for existence struggled with her, shared her burdens and aided in making her what she is today.



**John Emanuel Guitner, 1860.**

Prof. Guitner was born near Greencastle, Pa., Jan. 21, 1841. His father, Dr. Daniel Guitner moved to Westerville in 1857 and established a drug store, in which our subject worked during his spare hours while attending college. It was here that he gained that concentration of mind which was always so characteristic of him.

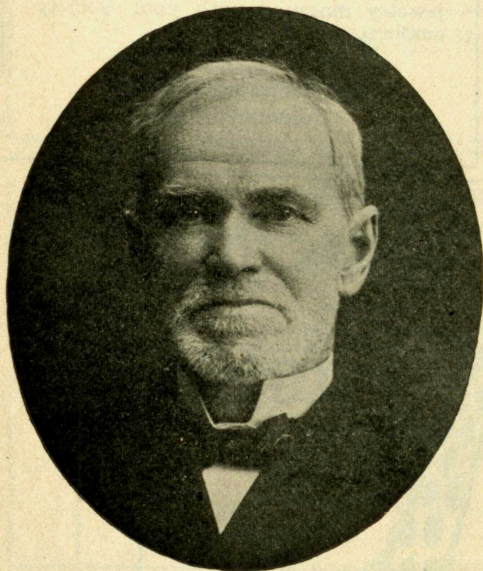
In 1862 he was appointed tutor of language holding this position until 1864 when he was elected Adjunct Professor of Languages. In this capacity he served one year, teaching the first French ever taught in Otterbein. In 1869 he was elected professor of Greek Language and Literature, and was en-

tering upon his 39th consecutive year of teaching when he died, Sept. 28, 1900. In this, Professor Guitner established a record. Prof. Haywood perhaps taught as many years as did Prof. Guitner, but there were intermissions in his term of service.

Nov. 22, 1866 Prof. Guitner was married to Miss Lydia Margaret Winter, who at that time was teaching music in the college. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Lewis Davis, President and founder of the college, as well as the Father of higher education in the United Brethren Church.

This shows the spirit and temperance of one of our great men. Scholarly, up-to-date in his methods, an ex-

cellent teacher, his influence has gone out over the world, as it is perpetuated here, and in the lives of those hundreds who have sat under his instruction.



Henry Garst, 1861.

Henry Garst was born near German-town, O., Jan. 30, 1836. When he was nine years of age his father died. After the funeral, his mother took him to the orchard, and there told him that from that time he must be the man of the house. This tendered to strengthen his will and fix his habits. In 1861 he graduated from Otterbein University. He would have graduated with Prof. Guitner, but an attack of malignant typhoid fever disabled him for a year.

Immediately after graduating he entered upon the active ministry in which he continued for eight years, being successively pastor at Miami Chapel, Dayton, Cincinnati and Miltonville. During his Cincinnati pastorate he enrolled at Lane Theological Seminary, graduating with the degree Bachelor of Divinity in 1867. At the time he was taking his theological course he was advised by some of the older min-

isters to say little about it as there were at that time a good many ministers who were opposed to theological training. In connection with Dr. W. J. Shuey he started an agitation in the General Conference of 1869 which ended in the establishment of Union Biblical Seminary (now Bonebrake Theological Seminary in 1870. Dr. Garst has the distinction of being the first theological graduate in the United Brethren Church, if we except William Otterbein.

In 1869 Dr. Garst was elected professor of Latin which position he held until his election as president of the University in 1886, in which position he continued three years. In 1889 he was elected professor of Mental and Moral Science and English Bible. He continued his efficient work in this department until 1900 when he was made Secretary and Treasurer of the college which position he held until 1905. In 1900 he was elected professor emeritus which honor he had until his death. During the year 1905-1906 he served as pastor of the college church, and so we see that his life work opened and closed with the active Christian ministry.

After retiring from his work in the college he undertook one of the most important labors of his life. In connection with the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of Otterbein, in 1907, he published his History of Otterbein University. He was the last of the older men connected with the college, and with the possible exception of a half dozen men, he was personally acquainted with the men who founded the college.

In Dr. Garst Otterbein University has a rich heritage which should never fail to inspire to higher and nobler ideals of life.

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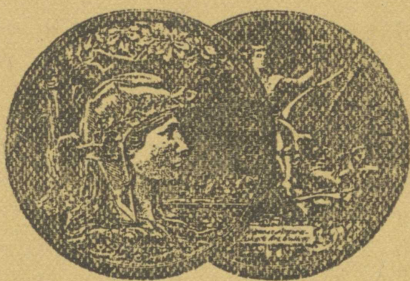
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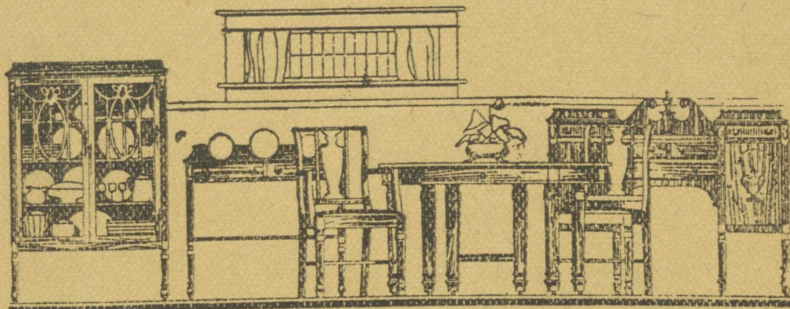
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