

1919

Mirabilia, 1919

Marshall College

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THE MIRABILIA

VOLUME TEN

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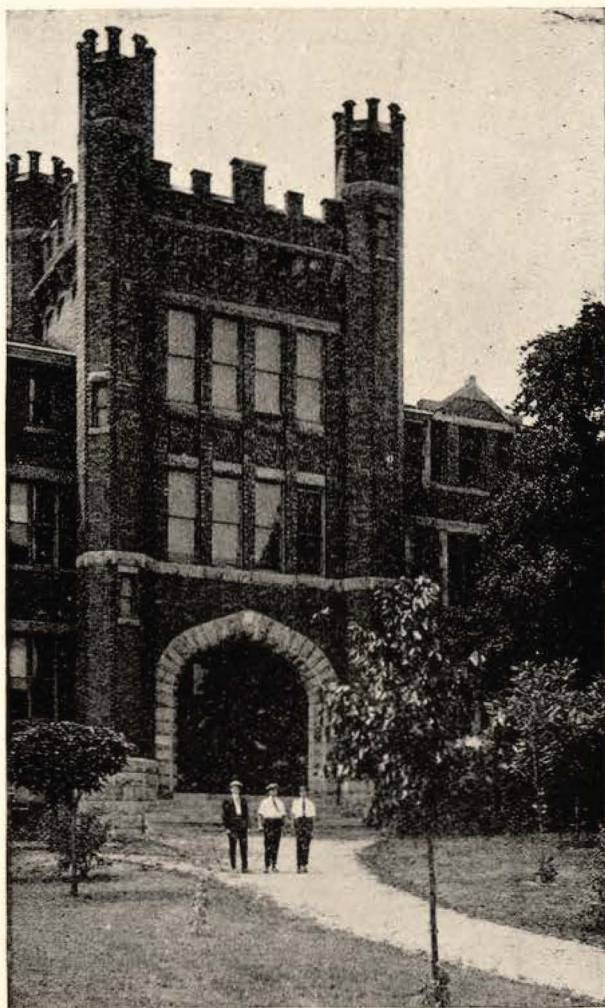
Published by

The Juniors of Marshall College

Huntington, West Va.

**We, the Juniors of Marshall College,
Humbly Dedicate this
Tenth Volume
of the
MIRABILIA
to the
Students of Marshall College
Who So Nobly Gave Their Lives
for the
Peace and Freedom of
the World.**









C. E. HEDRICK
History and Economics
Marshall 1904
Lebanon University, A. B.
Chicago University, A. M.



EFFIE MAY WILSON
Piano
William Woods College, A. B.
Cincinnati Conservatory of Music



ELIZABETH M. STALAKER
French
West Virginia University, A. B.
Columbia University, A. M.



HARRIET D. JOHNSON
Latin and History
Denison, A. B.

HELEN KIMBALL
Sargent School of Physical
Training.



W. H. FRANKLIN
English
Allegheny, A. B.; Harvard



VERA ANDREW
English and Literature
Western Reserve University, A. B.
Columbia University, A. M.



VIRGINIA CAVENDISH
Marshall
Michigan University, A. B.



MISS CLARE HEUSER
Domestic Science and Art
The Stout Institute
Teachers' College
Columbia University



ANNA L. DeNOON
Mathematics
Marietta College, A. B.



LOU M. ALLEN
Vocal Music



LUCY ELIZABETH PRICHARD
Latin and History Methods
Vassar, A. B.



GROVES
Agriculture
W. V. U., B. S., Agr.



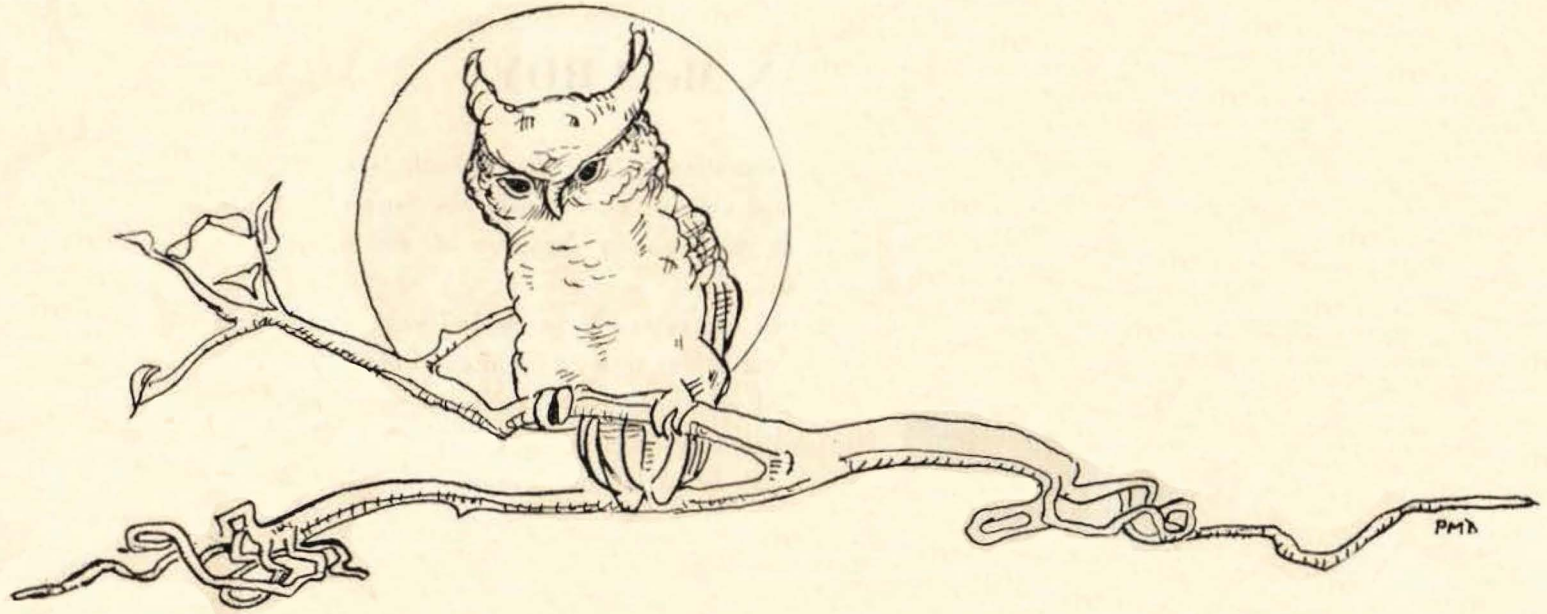
MRS. ELIZABETH F. MYERS
Librarian



EDITH M. WILSON
Second and Third Grades
William Woods College, A. B.



SENIORS NORMAL AND ACADEMIC



SENIORS

LILLIAN McCURDY



No quotation is truer than "Death loves a shining mark," and none of us, especially the Seniors, were prepared for the untimely departure of the Senior Class President.

In her two years with us she had won a place of the highest esteem, both with the Faculty and the student body, and would have completed her Normal work this spring. Her schedule and school work were hard and tiresome, but no one ever heard Lillian complain. She set about her work, easy or difficult, with her usual smile and a determination to win, which she always did.

Her influence will long be felt around Marshall because she was the symbol of honest study, clean sports, school spirit, and righteousness. Wherever she was she led, not by force, but by charming personality and wholesome knowledge.

Those who graduated with her from Huntington High in 1917 realize more fully their loss because of their better knowledge of her laughing nature.

She was the first to aid and the first with a joke, in fact, the words in Rev. Tyler's memorial address will best describe her, "When she was near, there was always good cheer."

ALLENE STEVENS

We certainly owe a lot to our class President. Allene is a star intellectually, socially and morally. All the class love and admire her, and all the members of the faculty highly respect her. She is a leader and we predict a brilliant future for her.



IVA CROTTY

Here indeed is an admirable girl, and a sincere friend. We've had her for only two years, but in that time she has made herself loved among us. If one wants something done and done as well as it could be done, get Iva Crotty.



MARGUERITE CAVENDISH

What Marguerite can't do — well, who can? She is the maid of all arts. Marguerite has spent fourteen years at Marshall, and I am afraid that the old institution will miss her merry whistle and gay laughter. To know her is an education in itself. She has enough class spirit for a dozen girls.



HELEN FIELDS

Helen has lots of school spirit and believes in doing things just about right. This is her only year at Marshall but she has made lots of friends. Helen was never known to be on time at an eight o'clock class. She is undecided as to whether she will be an interior decorator or an actress.



MARY HARRISON

Here's another girl who has been at Marshall for many a long year, and one that Marshall can well be proud of. Mary is rather quiet but can be depended upon to always do the worth-while things.



LUCILLE RIFFLE

Behold one of the most beautiful girls of the Senior Class. Lucille always has a smile for everyone. She has been at Marshall a good many years, and is a fine girl. I wonder if she really will teach school?



ROMA GERLACH

If you want anything done, just ask Roma. One only needs to look at those brown eyes to know that she is mischief personified. She is one of the most beloved girls in school, especially by the librarian?



MARY HAMMET

You have heard of still streams that run deep? Well, that's Mary. She is another example of Senior dignity. We have so few such examples that we are proud to tell you of those we do have.

GARRY ECKARD

As soon as he had done what he could for Uncle Sam, he came back to Marshall to finish with the class of '19. The class is proud of her returned sailor and soldier.



ANNA SHEIN

Anna, you forget where you are, don't you? Now, here's a jolly good sport, but Mrs. Myers can't see it that way. Anna's besetting sin is being in style. I think she would make a brilliant career as a designer.



CORDELIA PEIRPOINT

Cordelia is a refined, dignified Senior with high ideals. She is one of our very best and popular girls of the Dorm. And many of the "new girls" can remember how she made them happy with her smile and good natured greetings. We are confident that her effort in the teaching profession will be a success.



ANNA SAUNDERS

Anna hasn't been with us long, but she has won a place in the hearts of all who know her(?). She expects to pilot West Virginia's young hopefuls to Marshall next year. We wish you the best of luck, Anna.



HAZEL HINCHEE

Hazel's happy giggle may be heard most anywhere, regardless of time or place.. In spite of this she is a most dignified little Senior, though they did try to enroll her with the seventh grade.



ELISE COYLE STROHMEIER

"Leeze" after six years of probing into the lives of ancient Kings and Monarchs, and bluffing Miss Stalnaker in History of Ed., has come out well prepared to inflict this knowledge(?) on the next generation. She has been the life of Marshall College for six years, and leaves a legacy of alibis guaranteed to get one out of any kind of scrape. But even the best of us lack more'n wings to be angels.



GOLDIE RICKMON

"Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings." Oh, no; it's only Goldie and her uke. She's full of pep and come what may she pulls through every scrape (we'd like to know how) and tells us about them the next day.

ANNE LEAR

"Andy" came to Marshall two years ago, a demure little miss from South Carolina. But now, alas, there is never any fun going on but Andy can suggest "one better." In moments of stress, she is often heard to murmur, "My ducats, O! my ducats!" It must be fine to look so innocent that even the powers that be can't convict her of breaking rules.



ROSALIND HOFF

Rosalind is lots of fun if you know her well. Such a complexion—truly it is a gift of the gods. She is an accomplished musician and a star in gym class. Her hobby is trigonometry.



ALTA NEWCOMB

Oh, Alta! did I hear you say you didn't think you would ever teach? Oh, yes! It's the homemakers' course you are taking—in others words the diamond ring course. Here's luck to you! It will certainly be luck to him.



MARY DUDLEY

Mary is certainly a steady girl. Does she ever neglect her reference readings? I should say not. She has the admiration of all the class in Principles of Education for always knowing her lessons.



BLANCHE KLINE

Blanche is the "class jester" keeping those about her in perpetual good humor. She is a favorite among the students and teachers, and is always very studious, especially before class tests. Art and singing are her strong points, and we see her in the future brightening the life of some lucky farmer in the hills of West Virginia.



MARY HOLYMAN

Mary is a jolly good girl and a friend to one and all. She is an excellent student, and we know that she will accomplish whatever she undertakes. Her highest ambition is to be a doctor, or a doctor's wife. We think that she would make a most successful "Hart specialist."



GLADYS CARTER

This little lady of the brown curls has certainly won the hearts of all Marshall students. She is an earnest worker and a wonderful primary teacher. She is a prominent "Story Teller."

RUTH SIMMS

Although she has the reputation of being the most dignified member of the class, she is to those who know her a source of never-ending pleasure. Just look at Ruth's hair and you will remember the old proverb "That a woman's hair is her crowning glory." She is one of the shining stars in the class of '19, and we anticipate the day of seeing her name in the halls of fame.



BEATRICE McCOY

"Bea" is a new girl, but she has won many friends, who will always remember her as a girl of excellent ability in all things, especially in music and art. She leaves Marshall well prepared for her life work—a teacher.



SENIOR HISTORY

Didn't the six-year Seniors show folks how to give parties this year? Perhaps you have all heard the time-worn excuse: "Oh, I can't come; I haven't anything to wear."

First thing we did was to have a "Gym" party. Our class at that time was composed of twenty-six girls. Well, any girl who couldn't come to that party was simply giving herself away. And they came, too. After the games and contests in the gymnasium, did we have "delightful refreshments" served? Oh, no! We had a regular dinner. The tables were laid in the D. A. room in Science Hall. They were decorated with pink-shaded candles and ferns. Hand painted place-cards, in the form of girls in gym suits, showed each girl to her seat at the table. It is safe to say no one cared for a midnight lunch that night.

Second Senior stunt: Town girls had Thanksgiving dinner with the dorm girls. Mrs. Bristowe very kindly arranged to have one dining room for Seniors only. We had it to you that was some dinner. Between courses we went into the hall and gave yells and sang songs. I believe the Marshall faculty realize that girls can yell, too. Packie Anderson is as fine a cheer leader as Marshall ever produced.

Next, we had a motion picture party and refreshments at the Fountain. They had the tea-room arranged for us, using one long table. Now, what do you think we did next? The class of '19 entertained the dorm girls with a masquerade party. If you, who are skeptical, don't believe that was a success, just ask Myrtle Boone how much she enjoyed herself. Or ask any other girl who lives in the dorm, for every one was there except three girls who were ill, and almost raised the roof finding them to give them some ice cream and cake, because you know ice cream is good for sick girls.

Then that taffy-pull given by the officers of the Senior Class—now there is where we found out who were good designers and good cooks. And we found that some of the boys of Marshall, as well as the girls, could make lovely crepe paper hats and good candy and lemonade. Let's see now, who was it presided at the punch bowl? Well, I don't remember now. Ask some of the fellows who were there.

Now, to top things off to perfection, we hear that the Juniors are to give us a garden party. I suppose they have noticed that we have all kinds of affairs except formal parties in the north parlor. We are glad they have. We are looking forward with pleasure to that garden party, Juniors.



THE RAVINE





SENIOR SECONDARY

ELSIE BUNN

Elsie is the President of our class; the only girl President we have had, and I can truthfully add the best President we have had. Elsie is never happy unless she is doing something for someone else. She is faithful in all that is to be done. A-A student, and always ready for fun. Elsie is very quiet, sedate and modest. The '19 class is very fortunate to have her as one of her members.



ELIZABETH BELL HAROLD

If there's anything going on, count on Elizabeth being in for it. She's always "Johnny on the spot," when anyone mentions a dance, tennis game, midnight feast, or any sort of rollicking good time. Her motto is "Don't stuly only under high pressure." Nevertheless, if anyone were listing her general characteristics he would mention her quick wit, cheery disposition and fluent speech.



DON JENKINS

Here is Miss Johnson's pet student. This fact alone is enough to convince one of Don's wonderful ability as a student. He is one of the chief men on the 1918 "Mirabilia" staff and is now manager of the baseball team. As for the fair sex, we might say, the ladies look at him and sigh, especially "Betty".



JESSIE PATTON

Jessie is a quiet, unassuming young lady; but if you are ever lucky enough to possess her for your friend you will find that she is staunch and true. It is well known throughout the school that Jessie is deeply infatuated with "Benny" and his method of teaching English. This young lady always has a sweet smile and a kind word for everyone she meets. M. C. will be lonely without her next year.



ROXANNA YOHO

("Roxie" said not to mention Alex, so we won't!) Here is a girl of whom the class is proud. She has finished her four-year course in three years.



ELIZABETH CARTER

Elizabeth is one of the most charming and accomplished girls of our class. She possesses dignity, moulded with wisdom, and crowned with understanding. She not only graduates from the secondary course, but also graduates from music. Because of her musical abilities, we predict for her a happy future as a musician.

ROBERT SMALES

This deeply mysterious gentleman hails from Fayette County. In speaking of himself he says, "The most that can be said is very little." We don't believe this, however, for he seems to have a great many important affairs to discuss—how about it Julia? Bob is noted for his red sweater and his noted talks "On Raising Boys".



HARRY DONOVAN CHAMBERS

O, Harry! Harry! Really, he has the dearest brown eyes—the darlinest smile, and the most winning ways. Every girl in the '19 class is just simply "crazy" over him. But Harry is used to things like that! He does other things besides breaking the girls' hearts—for you ought to hear him in the French Class. He can cuss a cuss a cuss cela better than anyone else in the room. Harry, we only hope that you will be as successful throughout life as you have been getting by Mlle. Stephenson.



FLORENCE JUHLING

This little miss with her fiery red hair and deep blue eyes is a little Irish woman personified. She seems to be in love with her work at M. C., but she never lets a good time escape her. She is very industrious and has finished high school in three years.



VELMA KESSEL

Velma is one of the girls who believes that school is a place for study and not for play. As a result of this belief, she always has her lessons and passes her examinations with the highest grades. Velma has many talents and we predict for her a busy future.



KENTON TAYLOR

Here is the Senior's best athlete. In football and baseball you can always count on Taylor giving all there is in him at all times. Kenton is a wizard with the fair sex, also in the class room. He is one of Marshall's most reliable and consistent supporters of all student athletics.



GULIE MILLER

Gulie, with her raven locks and true blue eyes, is one of the quietest girls in the Senior Class. Did you ever get the full benefit of that smile of her's? If you ever do, you'll never be happy until you will get better acquainted with her. Gulie has not voiced her highest ambition, but we are sure if some one of the opposite sex does not take her "for his very own"—that we shall be proud in the near future to be able to say that Gulie Miller was our classmate.



ALEX BOOTH

"Alex" Booth is an Englishman whose heart is divided between his love for England and for Roxanna. Most of his time in school is spent in eating, and Miss DeNoon often wonders if he has anything left for lunch.



BEATRICE IRENE TONEY

This bright-eyed lady is the best mathematician in the '19 class. Ask Mitchell or Reich if you have a doubt. In Latin she is as good as the best—just a matter of head work, I assure you; but in English she is the limit. "Toney's" highest ambition is to be an engineer and construct bridges and tunnels; but, judging from the interest she arouses among the opposite sex, she will soon be using her mathematical knowledge in constructing ways to make housekeeping lighter.



MARGARET MILLER

Margaret is the quietest and most reserved little girl in the whole '19 bunch. Her greatest desire in this monotonous life is to remain a little girl, and no coaxing would induce her to dispose of her curls.



EVELYN STAFFORD

Good things come in small packages. Evelyn is a wee miss, but has a great talent for music. One can see music in her dark and sparkling eyes. But the trouble is the boys only see "Egypt" in her eyes.

WALTER BENTON YATES

"Oh, you Blondy; you've made a hit with me!" sings Miss ——? Walter's redeeming feature is that fascinating little turn-up of his nose. That's why the girls all fall for him. He is a great "ladies" man, too. Ask any Senior girl. Grades are things that never trouble Walter. He is as happy with a "D" as with an "A". He is a star in "Benny's" English and Mlle. Stephenson couldn't teach 11 o'clock French without him.



LORA KESSEL

Lora is one of the active girls of our class. She is very determined in her opinion and says just what she thinks. She is a faithful worker in the Y. W. C. A., in classical, ready to take some part. Judging from her accomplishments here, we have no doubts but that she will succeed in whatever she attempts..



MILDRED HAPTONSTALL

Marshall could not wish to boast of a more beautiful girl than Mildred. Those dreamy eyes with that "come hither" look! And then her winning smile! She is always delightful, charming, and happy; she is a good student, too.. With the poet of old we can well say: "To see her is to love her." (Isn't that true, Mr. ——?)



ELIZABETH MYTINGER

This queenly maiden came to us from the Greenbrier Valley. She impresses all who know her as an unusual girl. She possesses not only a wealth of personal charms and alluring beauty, but also a very fine and active mind. Whether it's French, or science, or tennis, Elizabeth is bound to shine. Whatever she undertakes in the future, her classmates have no fear for her success.



PEMBROKE WHITNEY

Here is an ideal type of student. "Tiny" is never too busy to have a good time, yet he always makes good in his studies. So far he has never been caught spiling to a girl, however, some of his friends know there is—but we mustn't tell.



ELENA MEADE

Why, of course, you know Elena! You would have to be in school only a few minutes and know she was around. Lena is the popular girl of the class. Did you ever know a girl that was beautiful, popular, lovable, graceful, full of pep? Well, it is Lena, then. Her eyes! I should say they can talk. Lena is a A-A student even if she does possess all these charms. We know that in the future Lena will make Madame Pavlowa ashamed to be seen.



CARL MEYERS

Who does not know our well-beloved little Carl, with his flowing auburn locks? "Society" is quite noted for his demureness and he is quite a vampire. You will find him at some "prom" or dancing at the Farr. He is a staunch admirer of Penn.

INA BLALOCK

This little miss of the auburn curls is a great deal more studious than she looks. You can see that she knows how to have a good time, but just wait until we tell you that Latin is her hobby. We don't know her ambition, but we know she will get whatever she goes after along that line.



LEONA FRYE

One of the best looking girls in the Senior Class. Always willing to help in any class activity. She is one of the few who has the ability to play real "jazz". If you have not heard her play, just try dancing by her music. Then you will know.



HELEN ECHOLS

Here indeed, is a true type of an American girl. Who has not admired her beauty and abilities? Helen is very studious, but does not let books interfere when athletics are in vogue. In these she shines as she does in all her classes and everything she undertakes. When she leaves Marshall her sweet smile and winning ways will be missed by all who knew her. As to her ability to make a big success in life, there is no question. Our sincerest wishes are with her.



LILLIAN DAVIS

Lillian is one of the most valuable members of the '19 class. She is a musician of great merit, a student of great ability, and a young lady of "considerable fine looks."

Go to "Tiny" for further information. But how about the telephone message she received on Monday, June 2?



SENIOR SECONDARY CLASS HISTORY

ELIZABETH J. MYTINGER

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT - - - - - E. BUNN
VICE-PRESIDENT - - - WALTER B. YATES
SECRETARY-TREASURER - LUCY M. CALLOWAY
HISTORIAN - - - - ELIZABETH MYTINGER

COLORS

Old Rose and Gold

FLOWER

Pink Rose

HIS1. A "Freshie" is green on the surface,
A "Sophie" is polished a bit,
A "Junior" is there when there's fun in the air,
But a "Senior" is simply "It"

Another year has rolled around and Marshall is again proudly sending out her class of Seniors. Did you get that? We said Seniors, and there isn't any camouflage to it, as there is to so many things these days.

When we came to Marshall four years ago, we were as diamonds in the rough. The Faculty early recognized the great possibilities and qualities that we possessed, and they at once set to work to polish us up a bit. We felt sure from the first that our class would send out second Henry Clays and Florence Nightingales. No one has ever doubted that at least one of our boys will, some day, be President of the United States. Even when we were Freshies, we could look down upon the beloved Seniors and others of that year because we had the

honor of sitting in the balcony in assembly—an honor that no other class has had since. At the end of this year, no one denied the fact that we were well on the road to a successful career.

The next year we came back as Sophomores. It was a great relief not to be called "Freshie." Our class was smaller, but we had "pep" all right. What we lacked in number we made up in spirit. Several of our boys starred in football and other sports.

At the last of this year the United States entered the great war, and many of our boys answered their country's call. We sincerely hope that these boys got along better in military tactics than some of those who remained here and drilled on the campus. Perhaps we should have painted the trees and ash barrels white so they could see them better.

Our Junior year was perhaps our hardest. Everyone's attention was turned to the winning of the war. How well we remember the many, many lectures on loyalty and service that we had to sit through. The "Pope" surely was patriotic.

We kept up with our school work and did our bit too. Our girls worked faithfully in the Red Cross room and made refugee clothes, besides keeping up the old class spirit. We saved our chewing gum money and cheerfully wore our old clothes so that we could buy War Savings Stamps. Didn't we shine in that patriotic parade last April? In the spring of this year, we had a great many memorable parties and weiner roasts. We feel sure that we know how to build fires and roast weiners to perfection. Alex's car is still all right too, and Red Copen makes a fine headlight.

At commencement all of us Juniors sat up and took notice, but we could not help but think what an improvement there would be next year.

Then came our Senior year and along with it English, to Mr. Franklin. If you don't believe we are some class from what we tell you, just ask "Uncle Benny." The Freshies and the other children

surely did look up at us with envy, and of course, we looked down upon them. They looked so young and inexperienced. "Prenez courage, mes enfants." But who said anything about Senior privileges in the dorm? We have been looking for them. Our girls surely did shine in gym work this year. Didn't we pull off some stunts in that exhibition?

This year we were delighted to have Miss Johnson join our class. If we have given her as much fun as she has given us, we will feel that the score is even.

Now that we are leaving Marshall, we feel proud that we can have such a splendid example for the classes hereafter. What class can boast of such nobility? We can truthfully call ourselves the "War Class." We backed the army. Our fame for this has spread wide and will continue to spread.

Our own early recognition of our ability has never been questioned either by us or the faculty. We have been polished now, and we shine as the brightness of the firmament.

We especially feel honored for having had as a classmate such a fine and promising young man as Carl Eckard, who paid the supreme sacrifice in the service of his country.

SENIOR SECONDARY PROPHECY

LUCY MARLOWE CALLAWAY, '20

It was a wintry evening. Outside the snow was banked high. The wind howled bitterly among the trees. Inside my cozy little house all was cheerful. I was now seated before the bright, warm log fire. Being an old maid I often spent hours recalling my school days. Tonight as I gazed into the warm, glowing flames of the fire, fond memory cast a spell over me: my thoughts rushed back to my classmates at Marshall College of 1919. Then the wish came that I might see and know where they were—but how? Then I thought of my good fairy “Wee Wee Lacticama,” as true and as good a friend as anyone might wish. Humming the quaint melody she had taught me, I whispered, “Come, Wee Wee Lacticama.” I waited breathlessly. Suddenly the light in the room grew stronger, a richer glow of red and yellow. I heard a slight rustle as if the wind had stirred an angel’s wing, and there she stood beside me.

“Good fairy,” I said, “show me my classmates. Let me see them as they are today.”

She waited so long that I feared I had asked too much. Then her sweet voice lisped, “Here is a magical picture book. The pages look blank to you now, but put it on the fire and see what happens.”

No sooner had the flames leaped up around the book than there came a change. The blank pages took on the aspect of a stage set for grand opera. First, dimly I saw the singer advance. Soon I could see that he was in Spanish costume. When he began to sing I was awe-struck. Who was this? Not Caruso, he was long since dead—but such a voice! Suddenly he turned and faced me and I recognized my old classmate, Robert Smales.

The picture now flickered, glimmered and grew blank. I saw

immediately another picture. The stage was not set for grand opera this time, but for a public speaker. Ex-President Wilson came forward to introduce not only America’s most noted speaker, but Europe’s as well—Elsie Bunn.

As this picture grew into dimness, another grew into clearness. The office of a lawyer is now seen. The great lawyer is seated at his desk writing words of might and worth. As he looks up, I recognize Kenton Taylor.

Immediately I see another picture. This time an artist’s studio. The pictures are noted for their beauty and grace. The genius is Leona Frye.

The next scene is in far away Persia. I see the good and noble missionary as she works, giving kindness and light to the people. It is Elizabeth Herold.

Immediately the picture changes. The mighty waves of the ocean are heard, and now a ship comes into view. I see the captain as he looks toward the shore, no other than Donald McDonald.

The scene goes abruptly to the music studio at Cincinnati Conservatory. The two noted professors of music are seated at the piano. At first I hear but faintly the wonderful, low, sweet music as the twittering of birds, and again of the sighing of winds or the rippling sounds of water. I recognize these musicians as Elizabeth Carter and Lillian Davis.

The next picture is at one of our noted colleges. Two sisters are here. They are very noted professors. One is professor of Latin, Lora Kessel. Her sister, just as distinguished, is professor of mathematics, Velma Kessel.

Next I see a beautiful dancer. She is dancing before an audience. She is very renowned for her beauty and grace, Elena Meade.

The next is the greatest doctor the world ever knew, Dr. Harry Chambers.

Now I see Helen Echols. Having graduated from several colleges of science, she is now head of the Domestic Science and Art at Marshall.

Next in the City of Washington, D. C., I see the greatest nurse of the day, now president of the National Red Cross, Jessie Patton.

Pembroke Whitney has become the very famous professor of the day, holding now the position as president of Harvard University.

Margaret Miller now appears. She is America's great athlete and is also director of physical culture at one of our best colleges.

Walter Yates surprises everyone by becoming head of America's wholesale drug company.

Gulie Miller has become a well known actress.

Ina Blalock, after teaching several years, is now a contented home-maker.

The next picture is in France. The two greatest civil engineers, known as Don Jenkins and Alex Booth.

The next scene is of the best circus now on the road. "Red" Copen startles everyone by his wonderful stunts as a circus rider.

Vivian Davidson appears to be director of a mock band.

The next picture is in New York at a very fashionable dancing studio. Carl Myers is the professor.

The scene now goes to Marshall College. Mary Falwell has taken Dr. Haworth's place as professor of literature.

Irene Toney is a successful teacher in the model school.

Next I see a lovely home. This home is warm with happiness and love. The mistress is Roxie Yoho.

The scene is now in Europe. The musical career of Evelyn Stafford is known to all. In France her favorite country, she is received with great enthusiasm.

With the Chautauqua in America I see two classmates. First, Mildred Haptonstall as an impersonator, and then Florence Juhling as a musician.

The last scene is at the Capitol. I see the beautiful mistress of the White House, our own Elizabeth Mytinger.

The magical picture book now vanished, thanks to Wee Wee Lacticima, my great wish had been fulfilled.

JUNIORE



W. E. ...



JUNIOR HISTORY

PRESIDENT - - - VIRGINIA WORKMAN

The Class of 1920 has practically started anew this year. Only a few of the original class remain. Owing to the fact that some have gone off to colleges and most of the boys with Uncle Sam. Quite a number of the class are from Huntington High. We are glad to welcome all who are fortunate enough to be in this class. We organized at the first of the year and at once started to having good times in the form of parties. We will have to admit that we did not have as many parties as we hope to have next year. Two more big events are coming off before the close of the year, a hike and the Junior-Senior party. We were about to forget to mention that the Juniors with the aid of a few others get out the "Mirabilia," which need hardly be mentioned here. Well, here's till we meet again next year.

SHORT COURSE

We, the four classes of the Short Course, do hereby bequeath to our less fortunate schoolmates and fellow sufferers, our several seats in these Halls of Knowledge, our fruitful efforts during the years past, our valuable experience with Uncle Benny and nightmares, our rare good looks and brilliant intellect, and our sincere wishes and honest convictions that you will look to us as shining examples, and, therefore, walk in the paths that your superiors have trod.

To our beloved teachers, we now grant the soothing balm of peace—blessed peace, and pray that their store of knowledge was not so heavily taxed that an ample supply was not left for their next victims.

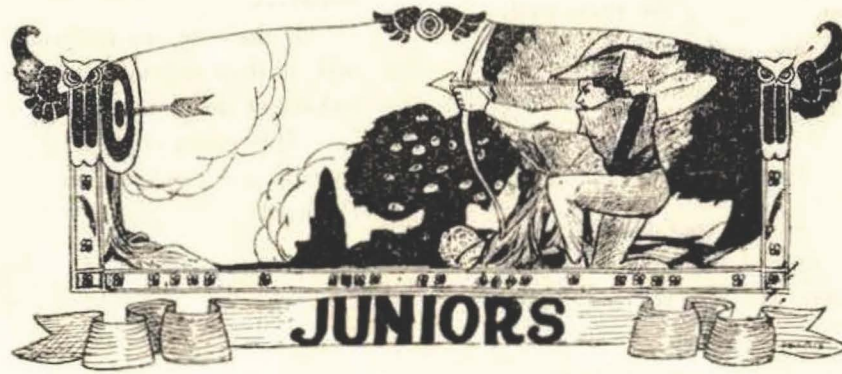
To the bleeding and yearning republic, we give the glad tidings that we are coming! For, lo! the whole universe is calling for "snap and ginger," so we piously offer our over-supply to their pressing needs. Make ready, O, ye people, to welcome the Saviors of Mankind! Our good and faithful work begins with a new era.

For our own specific use we jealously guard our trunk full of "methods," our carload of new ideas, and our excellent opinion of ourselves.

If there be any material of great value, over and above the aforesaid, it shall in gratis, be turned over to the Salvation Army for the making of doughnuts.

This manuscript, in the presence of all concerned, is legally accepted, and fondly dedicated to our beloved class-officer, Miss Lucy Prichard.

(Signed): DORA E. ATKINSON.
MILDRED K. HAPTONSTALL.
KATHRYN WERKHEISER.
MARIE ANDERSON.
INA BLALOCK.
GLADYS WADE.
VIDA PERRY.
LUCY MARLOWE CALLOWAY
ELIZABETH HAROLD.





HISTORY OF THE JUNIOR SECONDARY CLASS

ROBERT BRINKER, HISTORIAN

The Junior Secondary Class needs no eulogy to enumerate its qualities, for its merits are conspicuous to every one's admiration. High flown words and flowery speech would not secure it the recognition every class so much desires, for the actions and deeds of the class are sufficient proof of its excellence. It would seem conceit to praise the class as it deserves. The class may not have lived in the early period of the school, but nevertheless, it has imbibed the true Marshall spirit and now stands side by side with the other classes for the upbuilding and glory of our Alma Mater.

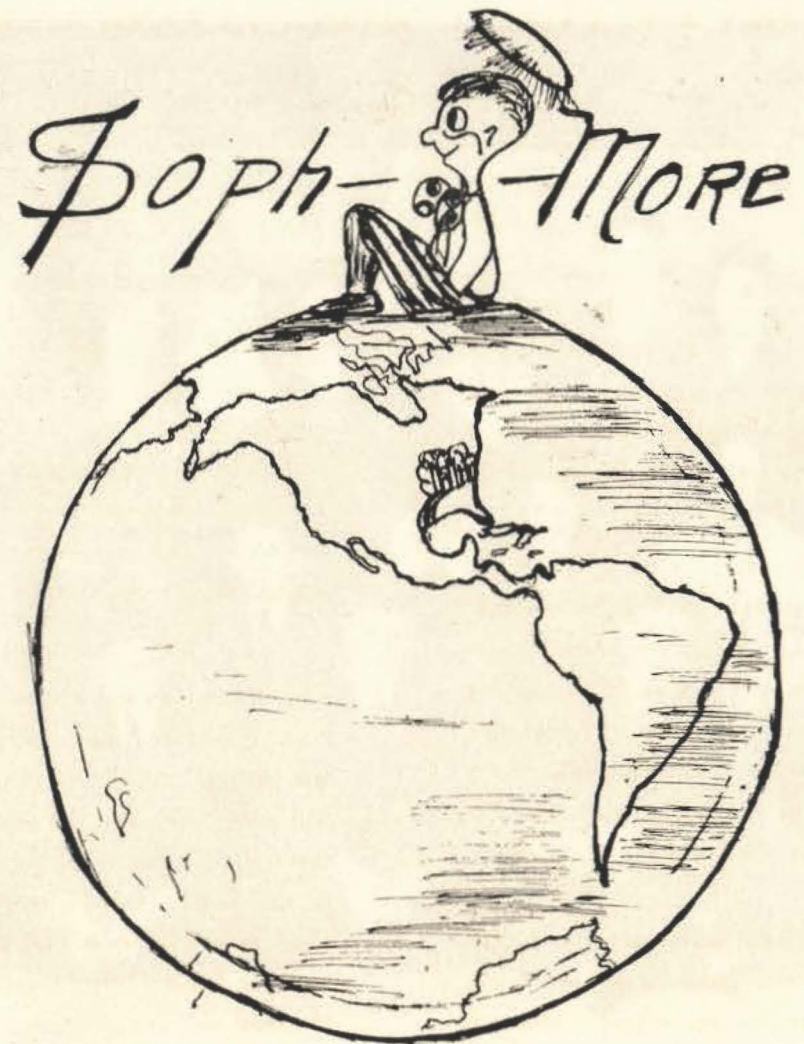
The class has been fortunate in possessing a class officer of so great ability and of such high aims. Under his leadership and encouragement the Junior Class has risen to the height upon which it now stands. The class as a whole, admires him and is grateful to him for the interest he has manifested in its welfare. The Class of '20 is also grateful to the entire faculty for their patience and tolerance since we have been climbing the first three rungs of the ladder of fame. No assistance that has been given the class by the faculty has passed by disregarded and unappreciated.

The Juniors are widely known for their social activity in the college and out. The parties given by this class have been great successes and red letter days in the history of our school. Most of

our social activity has been local and confined to the limits of the school, but one member of our body has aspired to become a T. T. (a society of very celebrated Huntingtonians).

Too much cannot be said about the abundance of Junior "pep" and class spirit. There are no strangers in this class; every one knows everyone else. The Junior Secondary Class is the largest in school and none has been a slacker in taking a part in all school activities. The class is represented in every society, club, and association in large numbers. With such enthusiasm and class spirit, it is no wonder it has reached its present standing.

As a closing word to the history of such a class, it would be well to prophesy, as the French say, **un peu**. The future will reveal the latent ability and the true excellence of the Junior Class. Its members will go forth into the world with high ideals and lofty thoughts. Genius will assert itself and the seats of the high and mighty will be filled by the aspiring members of the never-to-be-forgotten class of 1920. When in the years beyond the portal of our school, the memories most pleasant will be those that dwell upon the time when we were Juniors together beneath the ancient beech trees and ivy covered walls of Marshall.





SOPHOMORE HISTORY

By WILDA JONES

"Three cheers for the Sophomore Class,
A loyal, brave soldier is each lad and lass;
With a staunch, true heart, and a clear, strong mind,
They are striving in earnest to be of use to mankind."

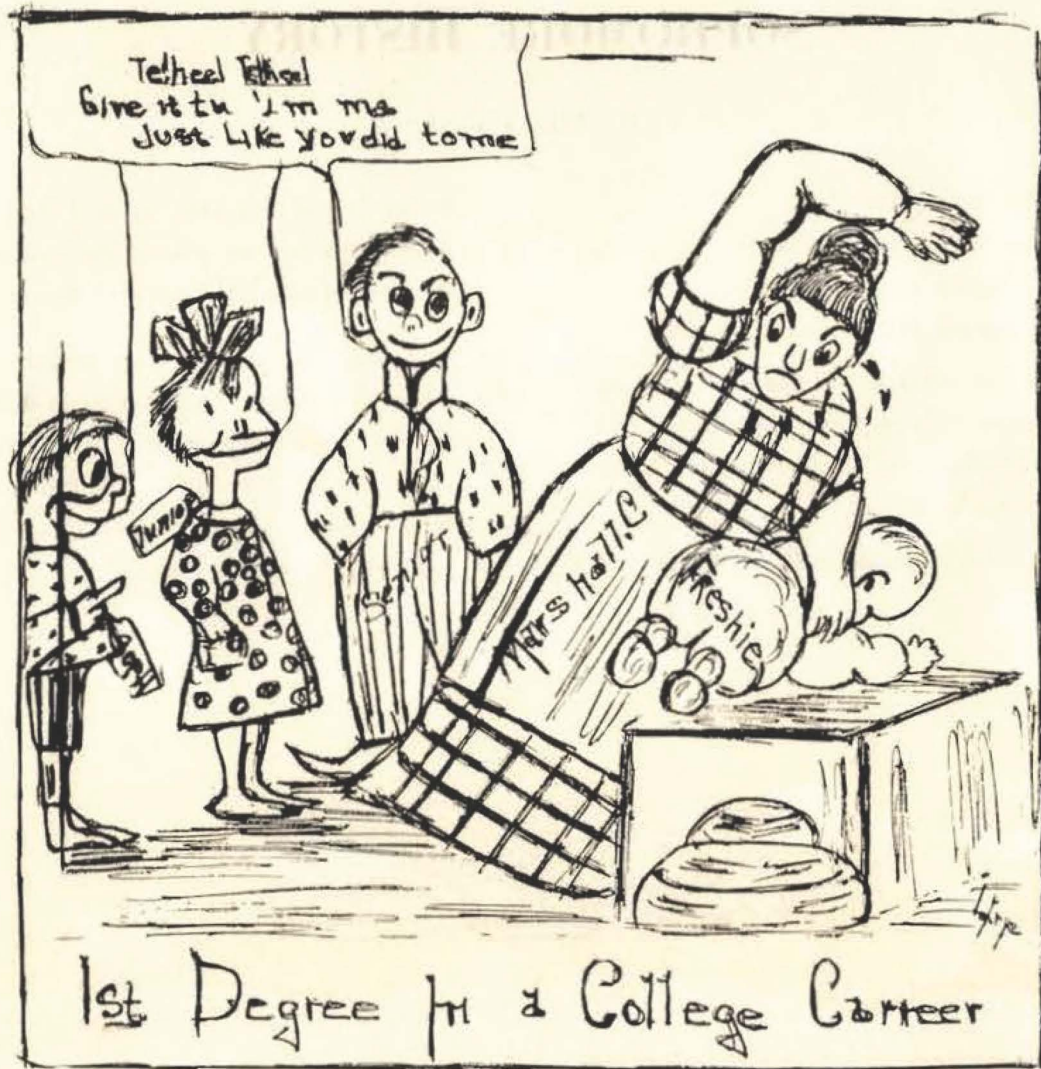
When it comes to picking the best class out of Marshall College, just look around until you see indications of the Sophomore Class of '18. Some indications are: Studiousness, liveliness, good looks, musical ability, athletic skill, and social leadership.

Such are the characteristics of the Sophomore Class, which met

at the first of this year, greeted their new members, and shook hands with themselves for passing the first year of the Secondary Course of dear old Marshall College with flying colors and good reports.

The class has had many joyful, social times together, making the school life happier, and stamping upon the hearts of each individual member fond memories that will linger forever. I say, again, "three cheers for the Sophomores, the promising class of '21; may it continue to grow and expand, following, as their guide the banner of truth, scholarship, and good will.







HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

By RUTH STROHMEIER

The Class of 1922 has now started to climb the ladder of success. We are just on the first rung, and we have three more years before the jumping-off place. And when we get there instead of leaping into obscurity and oblivion, as former classes have done, we are going to sail right over in our aeroplane to the heights of fame.

We are here—why? The Seniors say that it is because they showed us the way. The Juniors claim that we derived our inspiration from them. The Sophomores say because they boosted us. We say—we are here because Marshall couldn't get along without us.

We have often thought, but our modesty never permitted us to speak, of what would happen to Marshall if we were not here. Think

of the team, the Y. M. C. A., and the literary societies—they would be a sad wreck without our Freshman boys. The Y. W. C. A. and the girls' gym class would also be in despair without our girls.

But why frighten you so, for we expect to be here a little while yet. The Faculty just would not let us go—for how would they spend that hour on Friday if they didn't have us to discuss.

Perhaps we have done nothing very extra-ordinary this year, but we just dare anyone to say we didn't have "pep". There are three years remaining before we leave, in which we will have plenty of time to make our record such a good one that no one will ever forget "The Class of 1922".





HISTORY OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

By GLADYS CARTER

The Young Women's Christian Association of Marshall College is one of the most popular organizations of the school. This Association, together with the Y. M. C. A. is an important factor in developing the spiritual, mental, moral and social side of the student body.

Some delightful receptions are given during the year by the Y. W. C. A., and the Y. M. C. A., at which the Faculty and students ming'e together, welcome new students, and have a good social time.

The devotional meetings of the Y. W. C. A. are held in the Society Hall each Wednesday evening at 7:00. Practically all of the girls in the Dormitory are members and give their time to making the program interesting, instructive and helpful, because each girl realizes that unless she puts something into the meetings, she can take nothing away. So the girls go away from the meetings feeling g'ad that they were there. It is a rare thing for a girl to refuse to take part. Occa-

sionally some noted speaker or some person who is doing worth-while things addresses the meeting. We have had some interesting people with us during the year. The meetings are usually conducted by the student members, but the members of the Faculty encourage and help in any way they can.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Marshall College has existed since 1903. In March of that year it was organized by Miss Bridges. Since its beginning it has had the following presidents: Miss Butcher, '03, Frances Crooks, '04, Sallie Humphrey, '05, Esther Crooks, '06, Charlotte Wade, '07, Sybil Ball, '08, Susan Witten, '09, Hilda Painter, '12, Anna White, '13, Florence Hughes, '14 and '15, Nora Taylor, '16, Mary Bonar, '17, Viola Miller, '18, Lora Kessel, '19. Miss Kessel represented the Y. W. C. A. at the Students' Volunteer Union of West Virginia this year.

Officers of the Y. W. C. A.

PRESIDENT	- - - - -	LORA KESSEL
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - - - -	HELEN ECHOLS
SECRETARY	- - - - -	MARY HOYLMAN
TREASURER	- - - - -	VELMA KESSEL
PROGRAM CHAIRMAN	- - - - -	DORA ATKINSON

Members of the Y. W. C. A.

Anderson, Packie	Irwin, Audrey
Anderson, Marie	Jones, Wilda
Atkinson, Dora	Kline, Blanche
Bonar, Martha	Kessel, Velma
Ball, Martha	Kessel, Lora
Cobb, Bonnie	Kincaid, Winnie
Carter, Gladys	Midkiff, Evelyn
Carter, Terlie	Miller, Glenna
Calloway, Lucy	Mytinger, Elizabeth
Echols, Helen	Osborn, Mary
Epling, Mellie	Pack, Flora
Franklin, Von	Pharr, Lillian
Franklin, Edith	Perry, Vida
Frye, Leona	Sowards, Thelma
Honaker, Mae	Starkey, Florence
Hoylman, Mary	Sutphin, Grace
Houchins, Maye	Scullin, Blanche
Hale, Garnett	Werkheiser, Kathryn
Herold, Elizabeth	White, Hattie
Herold, Reta	Wallis, Helen
Irwin, Marie	

A, B, C Rhymes of Y. W. C. A. Members

A is for Audrey, a girl who can play.
B is for Bonnie and Blanche who laugh alway.
C is for Carter, Gladys and Therlie, too.
D is for Dora, a girl ever true.
E is for Elizabeth, two, Edith and Evelyn, dear.
F is for Flora's and Florence's cheer.
G is for Grace, Glenna and Garnett, gay.
His for Helen, Hattie and Houchins, Maye.
I is for Irwin, our Marie, to be sure.
J is for Jones, our Wilda, to be sure.
K is for Kathryn, a girl in a million.
L is for Lora, Leona and Lillian.
M is for Martha, Mellie, Marie, Mary and Mae.
N is for Naught but our Winnie, we say.
O is for Osborn, whose first name is Mary.
P is for Packie, a girl ever cheery.
Q is for Quaint, our Lucy, so sweet.
R is for Reta we'd like you to meet.
S is for Scullin, Blanche, you know.
T is for Thelma, a girl we love so.
U is for Unusual, our dear Martha Ball.
V is for Von, Velma and Vida all.
W is for Wallis, Helen so kind.
X is for Nothing, so never mind.
Y is for The year we've spent together.
Z is for Zephyr, the winds of fair weather.



HISTORY OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

By ERVILLE SOWARDS

The great work of the Y. M. C. A. during the recent war has made the aims and methods of this important organization too well known to everyone to justify their being repeated here. Suffice it to say that the Young Men's Christian Association of Marshall College aims to do very much of the same kind of work among the students that the big "Y" did in the camps among the soldiers. Needless to say, the importance of this work well justifies the hearty support of each and every Marshall student.

Last fall the great scarcity of boys in school did not permit an efficient and well-organized Association, especially as the majority who were present had had but little or no experience along this line. It is an accomplishment of which we can well be proud that any semblance of organization survived the trying days of the fall of '18. That such was the case is only another convincing proof of the old unquenchable Marshall spirit. May such a spirit ever animate Marshall students in every field of useful activity.

When old students began to exchange the bayonet for the fountain

pen, the Y. M. C. A. took a new lease of life, and the year's history really began. At the opening of the second semester, new interest was aroused, and the fine spirit of the fall kept up. Looking back, we pronounce the year's work a success.

The usual social program was carried out. In conjunction with the Y. W. C. A. receptions were given to new students at the beginning of each semester. Of course each was a decided success. Only the "continued continuity" of rain and shower prevented a big joint hike by the two Associations, which would have crowned the social activity of the year. We hope for better weather next time. In addition, several enthusiastic joint meetings were held. It is also worthy of mention that we sent a delegate to the state conference at Morgantown. Calvin Kenney was chosen, and ably represented Marshall at the conference.

Looking forward into the future, in the light of past achievements, we predict a leading part in the bigger and better Marshall that is to be, will be played by the Young Men's Christian Association.

Officers

FALL SEMESTER

PRESIDENT	- - - - -	ROBERT BRINKER
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - - - -	PEMBROKE WHITNEY
SECRETARY	- - - - -	ROBERT SMALES
TREASURER	- - - - -	BERNARD McCULLOUGH

SPRING SEMESTER

PRESIDENT	- - -	ERVILLE SOWARDS—GARRY ECKARD
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - - - -	HARRY WILSON
SECRETARY	- - - - -	DON JENKINS
TREASURER	- - - - -	GARRY ECKARD



HISTORY OF THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION

By ROBERT BRINKER

In December, 1910, a few enthusiastic sons and daughters of old Marshall organized the Classical Association. Since then the organization has steadily grown, both in membership and its relative rank among the other organizations.

The place of meeting is one of the most beautiful rooms at Marshall, and is decorated by sections of the Parthenon fringe, a reproduction of Diana of Versailles, the Winged Victory, and by busts of Hermes, Sappho, and Homer. Meetings are held on the third Saturday of every school month. Interesting playlets, tableaux, and talks

are given by the members. Refreshments are served and a social hour adds the crowning pleasure of the evening.

The Faculty has given this organization their assistance and support, for they realize the beneficent influence it has upon the life and spirit of the school. The Classical Association may be said to be a live wire, not of the destructive variety, but one that causes flames of school spirit and "pep" to burst forth. The future is exceedingly bright for the school and the Classical part in brightening the future cannot be overestimated.

Officers

PRESIDENT	- - - - -	KENTON TAYLOR
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - - - -	ERVILLE SOWARDS
SECRETARY	- - - - -	MARGARET MILLER
TREASURER	- - - - -	LORA KESSEL
HISTORIAN	- - - - -	ROBERT BRINKER



EROSOPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

History

The Hyperion Literary Society was established in 1894 for the young ladies of Marshall College, and the same year the young men established the Erosophian Literary Society. The first year they progressed as non-coed societies, but seeing that greater results could be obtained, they united in 1896, under the name of the Virginian Literary Society. In 1897, six of the most energetic members withdrew from that society and organized what has since been known as the Erosophian Literary Society.

Owing to the small number of old students, the society was not continued at the beginning of the current school year of 1918-19. February 21, 1919, a meeting was called to order by Erville Sowards acting as chairman. Officers were elected and an organization effected to continue the regular meetings of the Erosophian Literary Society.

From the year 1900 to and including the year 1909, there was an annual inter-society contest between the Erosophian Literary Society and the Virginian Literary Society. In 1909 these contests were

dropped on account of hard feelings which originated from them, but in 1912 and 1913 they were renewed. At the end of this last named year, the Virginia Literary Society was discontinued.

The purpose of the society is to advance the literary abilities of the members, especially along oratorical lines, and to help develop the social sides of the nature of its members.

Our society meets every Friday evening at seven o'clock and at every meeting our program is good. (Each member responds when put on the program.) This is one of the best parts of the school life. Years after we have forgotten the pleasures of the recitation room, we will remember the social activities and the friendly rivalries of the Erosophian Literary Society.

Judging from the number in attendance at every meeting, and the ability of its members, the society certainly has a great future before it.

MOTTO:

Fabricando Fabri Sumus

COLORS:

Red and White

Officers

PRESIDENT	- - - - -	GARRY ECKARD
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - - - -	VELMA KESSEL
ASSISTANTS TO VICE-PRESIDENT	- - - - -	
	- - - - -	ERVILLE SOWARDS, ROBERT BRINKER
TREASURER	- - - - -	HARRY WILSON
SECRETARY	- - - - -	OMER TABOR
CRITIC	- - - - -	ROBERT BRINKER

Enrollment

Prof. W. H. Franklin

Prof. R. J. Largent

Dora Atkinson

Martha Bonar

Martha Ball

Carl Boylen

Robert Brinker

Harry Butler

Lucy Calloway

Carleton Cobb

Millie Epling

Jean Edgerton

Garry Echard

Leona Frye

Von Franklin

Edith Franklin

Garnett Hale

Elizabeth Herold

Mae Houchins

Mary Holyman

Mae Honaker

Wilda Jones

Don Jenkins

Velma Kessel

Lora Kessel

Blanche Kline

Pauline Milam

Bernard McCullough

Evelyn Midkiff

Glenna Miller

Edith Phipps

Flora Pack

Helen Reynolds

Mayme Rice

Erville Sowards

Grace Sutphin

Thelma Sowards

Elsie Sowards

Romert Smales

Blanche Scullion

Omer Tabor

Kenton Taylor

Zama Taylor

Harry Wilson

Katherine Werkheiser

Ted Walls

Opal Ward

Pembroke Whitney

Hattie White





STORY TELLERS

HISTORY OF THE PEP CLUB

By ROBERT BRINKER

The boys' Pep Club has the novelty of being the first organization of its kind in Marshall College. It is in its infancy, so to speak, but its patrons and members have hope that it will develop into one of the most vital and helpful of student activities. It is many societies and associations unified and it embraces everything from yells to debates.

The plan was original, coming from the fertile mind of Prof. Largent. The Pep Club owes its growth and present vitality to his influence and encouragement. One evening near the beginning of the year when "pep" was on the decline, Prof. Largent called us together for the organization of this club. A splendid beginning was made by electing a competent set of officers: Pembroke Whitney, President; H. C. Boylen, Vice-President; and Bernard McCullough, Secretary.

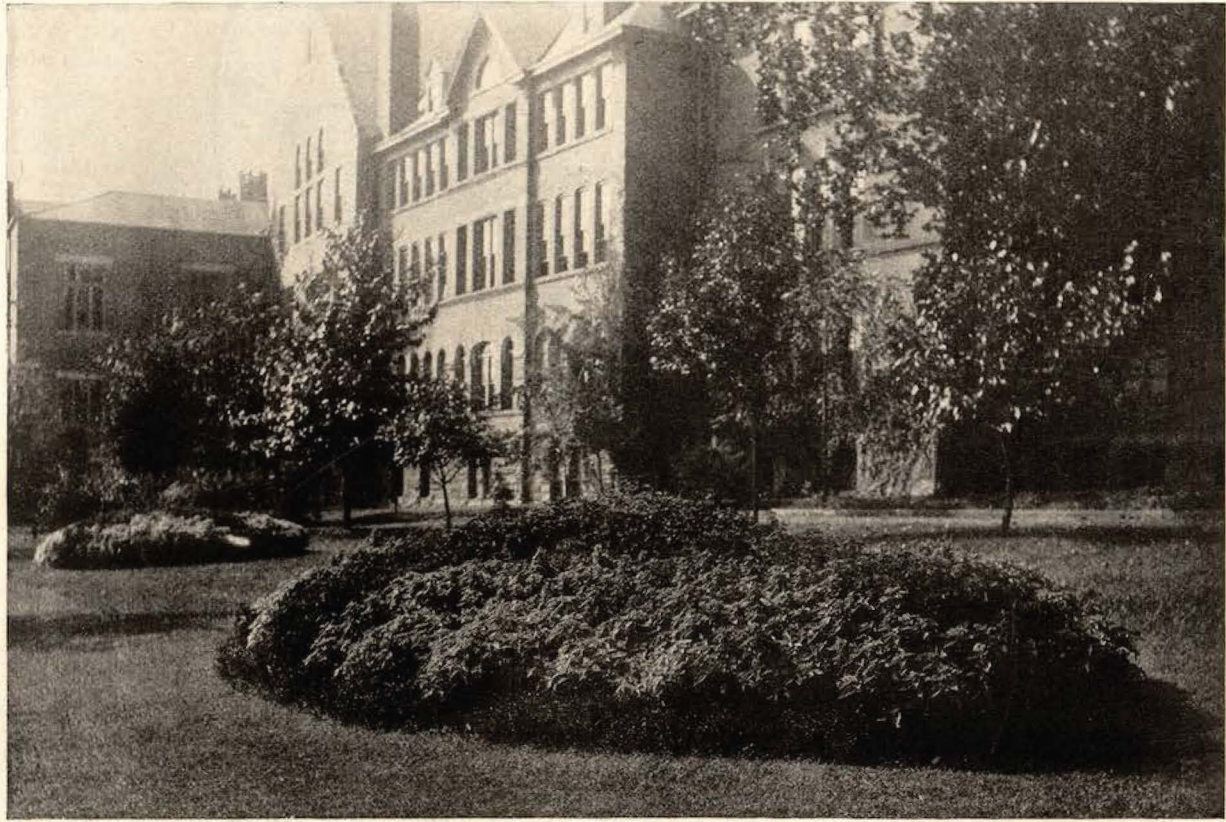
These officers exhibited remarkable leadership and ability in the program that followed. But since "variety is the spice of life" new officers were elected at the beginning of the second semester. The following officers were chosen: President, Kenton Taylor; Vice-Pres-

ident, Robert Brinker; Secretary, Garry Eckard, and Reporter, Don Jenkins. The interest of the male students of Marshall has kept its pace. The members of this club have striven to arouse every atom of "pep", if it be measured in such terms, they possessed, knowing that the life of the school was dependent, to some degree, on their exertions.

The greater part of the programs have been made up of extemporaneous speeches, mock trials, debates, jokes, club notes, humorous poems, yells, songs, and everything else that contributed to the arousal of "pep" and enthusiasm. It is a club composed of college boys and directed by the leadership of college boys. Such a club is destined to future fame and longevity.

The Faculty and the student body as a whole are coming to see the improvement that has been made since the organization of the Pep Club. No one has declared it worthless and unnecessary. May the students of Marshall perpetuate its existence in years to come with the realization of its true importance and its inspiring influence.







“OUR GYM CLASS”

When you boys pass the girls in the hall and hear them talking about dressed for “gym” do not get frightened, because they are referring to gym class and not “Jim.”

It comes once a week, usually from two until four. “Fall in” is the first command given and it is answered by the scurrying of girls across the room to their places in line. The next we hear is “attention” and we quickly draw ourselves up trying to remember all eight points of the correct standing position at once. After the command “at ease” has been given and the roll call taken, we straighten up again and go through military tactics. Any one who has been in the Army knows what that means, but I’m sure even you have some idea of what it is when it comes to that part of the training. After “facing” “guiding” and “dressing up” and executing to the rear in squads of four and single file and marching and “don’t be quick” around the gym, we are thoroughly warmed up and ready for calisthenics. These are what the girls like best.(?) But we dare not slouch; so we go through them, trying hard to execute the movement properly, remembering ourselves that they are good for us and what we need.

Next come the dumb bells. Before we are through with these our arms are ready to break, so when we are given a chance to rest we gladly take it. Sometimes it’s Indian clubs instead. We all love to swing clubs except that we can’t do it. They are almost sure to knock together or to hit our heads. But we like them and perhaps with a little more practice we may be able to master the art of swinging clubs.

In dancing we shine. Perhaps we can not come up to Mrs. Vernon Castle, still we’ve learned to keep time to the music, and to know when to start and what foot to use. Next comes the games, and in “Captain Ball” our light is still shining.

We have two picked teams. The Blacks and the Whites.

Volley ball has been popular and the girls all get into it. Everyone has an even chance in this game. All you need is a good, strong hand.

All you who like tennis and can play had better be brushing up and beating it to the tennis court. You are sure to find someone there to whom you can call “love.” And later on comes the tournament for you “good players”. But if you can’t play, now is your chance to learn.

The final game Dormitory Girls vs. Town Girls, is bound to be a good one.

So every now and then you see a girl limping, there’s no need to ask what the trouble is for she’ll tell you, “I took gym yesterday and I’m so sore I can hardly move.” But she says it with a smile, for you see we do not care for that, for we enjoyed it and are getting a lot out of it this year. All this we owe to our teacher, Miss Kimball, we deeply regret to say she will not be with us next year. She has been an admirable leader and her influence has been keenly felt by all those coming in contact with her and her work.

THE EXHIBITION

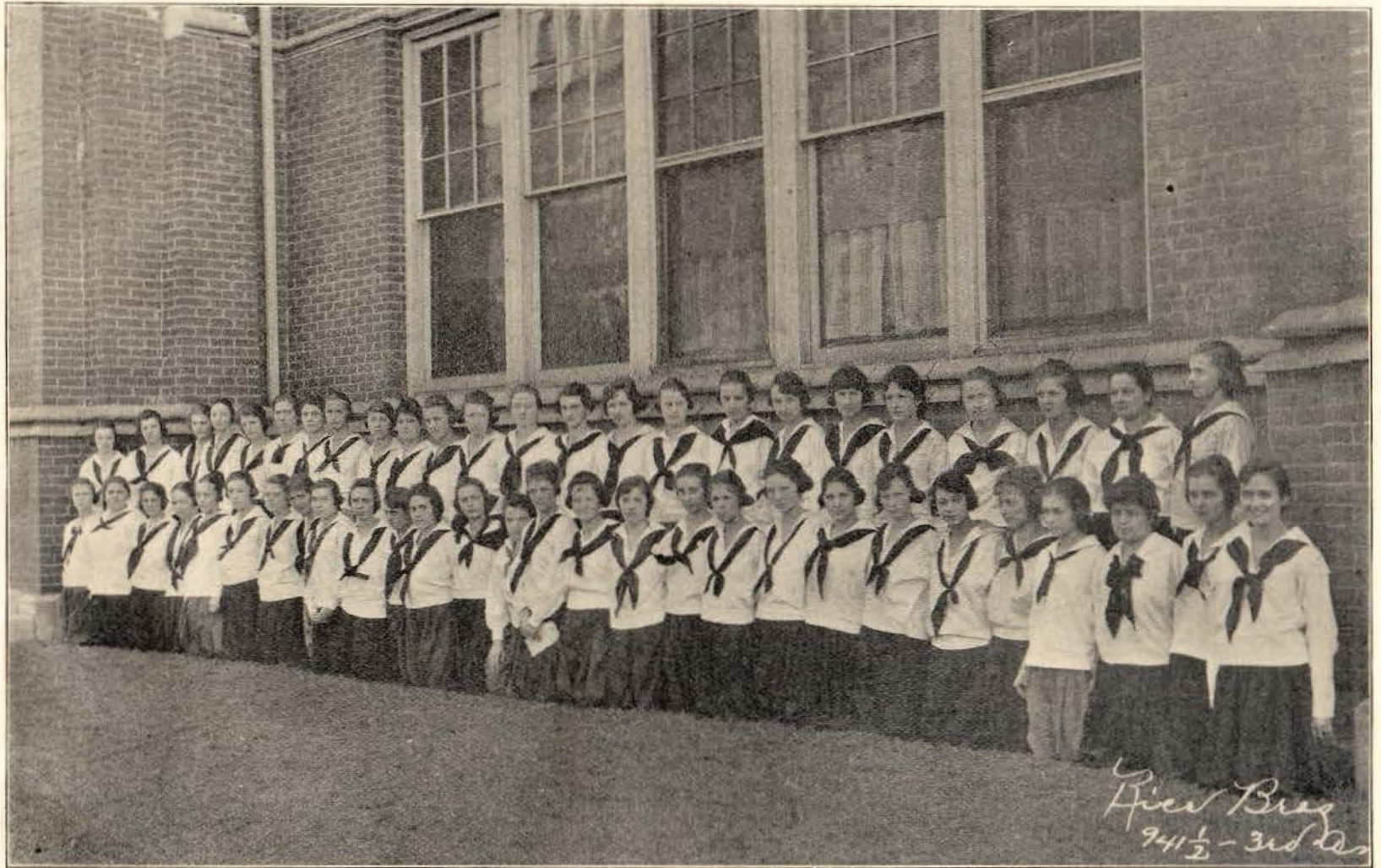
The following program was arranged by Miss Kimball, the girls physical director, for the gymnasium exhibition which was held April 18, at half past two on the College Campus. Two hundred and fifty pupils took part. This included the children in the Model School as well as the girls in the College who had taken gym through the year. The time spent in preparation for this has all come in the regular class periods and has followed the general outline of the rules, both in the Model School and in the College.

Program

Free play period—Model School children.

1. Military Tactics and Calisthenics—Girls' gym class.
2. Folk Dancing—First, second, and third grades.
 - (a) Klappdans.
 - (b) Carasol.
 - (c) Oxadansen.
3. Indian Dance—Fourth grade.
4. Dumb Bell and Wand Drill—Girls' gym class.
5. Folk Dancing—Fifth, sixth and seventh grades.
 - (a) Cheboga.
 - (b) Gustafs Skaol.

- (c) Vineyard Dance.
6. Volley Ball—Eighth grade.
7. Irish Dance—Elizabeth Mytinger and Elena Meade.
8. Races—Fifth and sixth grade boys.
 - (a) Forty-yard dash.
 - (b) Potato race.
 - (c) Three-legged race.
9. Sailor Dance—Eight girls.
10. Captain Ball—Black vs. White.
11. Dutch Dance.
12. Paralora Ganite—Elena Meade and Leona Moorehouse.



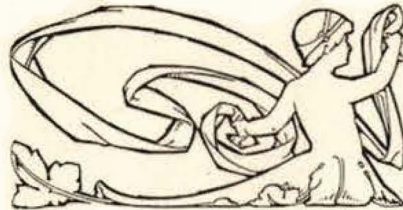
THE HIKE TO ESKIMO CAVE

Thirty girls had signed up to to on the hike, but Saturday morning being cloudy, only fifteen ventured to go.. We started about two o'clock and before we had gone far the sun came out and we had a nice afternoon for a hike. We crossed the city to Ritter Park and climbed the hills back of it; we halted at the top to see the river winding about at our feet; the view is very fine a this point. We started on through the woods, going without stopping again until we reached the cave. There part of us went for water and the rest went on to the cave. The crowd that started for the cave had a high fence to climb and Miss Kimball, especially, found it difficult. She was stranded on the top of this wire fence, swaying back and forth, one foot on one side of the fence and the other foot on the other side of it. We all held our breath, not knowing whether she was going on her face or otherwise, when she made a jump and landed safely on the ground.

We soon found the cave. It was surrounded with many smaller caves and spooky passages. We explored all these until the others joined us. Then we started our fire in the largest cave, and began to cook our lunch. The coffee was put on first, and it soon began to boil. The steak was cooked, and so, with the sandwiches, pickles and cakes, and the other good things, we sat down to eat.

Before leaving the cave we all carved our initials on a large rock where they could be seen by all who came to the cave.

It was getting late, so we began to think of starting home, for we were five miles away, and knew that we must be back before dark. At Four Pole Creek we stopped to rest and to have our pictures taken. It was a tired crowd that reached the Dorm that night, but we had had a good time and thoroughly enjoyed our trip to the Eskimo Cave.





Byrd Road
9-15-20 AM

HIKE No. 2

On Thursday morning, March 20, this sign appeared on the bulletin board:

IMPORTANT: Everybody Notice. Come to the hike on Saturday. Show some signs of "pep". Girls and boys and chaperones. Give 10 cents to Miss Kimball for food. Start at 6:30. All meet at the front entrance.

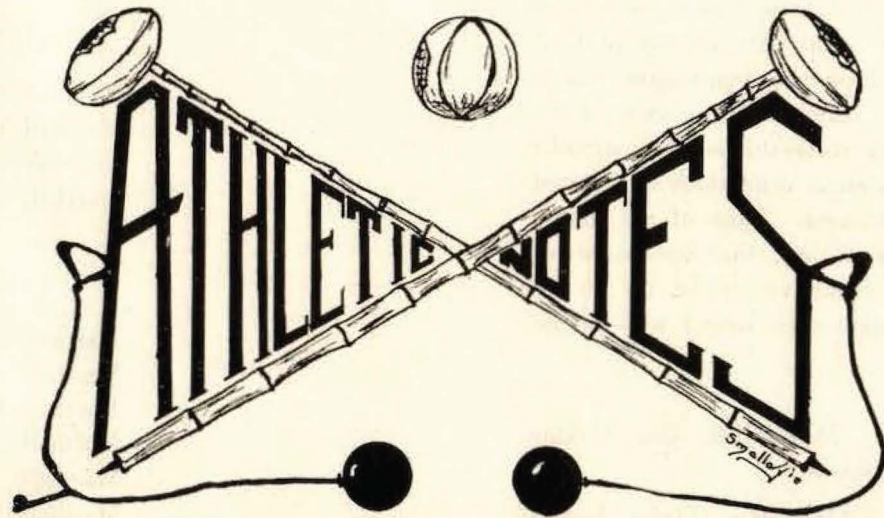
Who suggested a "co-ed hike?" Anyway we are proud to be popular in spite of the fact that we must be dragged out of bed at that unheard-of time on Saturday morning. We decided to try it anyway and signed up. Before noon of that day over forty appeared on the list. The Misses Kimball, Cavendish, and Cundiff, with Mr. Franklin, agreed to take the responsibilities of chaperoning the crowd.

Saturday morning came, a trifle cool and with no sun to greet us, but a little matter like that did not bother us. There were fifty-six in all, and we were quite a crowd as we started out loaded down with kettles and cups.

We hiked out Sixteenth Street to Bennett's Point, where we built a fire and started breakfast. It wasn't long before the coffee was boiling, and soon after we had some sticks in the fire frying our bacon, nothing ever tasted much better than that coffee and those bacon sandwiches, and the bananas and cookies and roasted peanuts.

We had to keep pretty close to the fire in order to keep warm, and soon after the eats were disposed of we started back real soon, about nine-thirty. Everybody agreed that we had had a good time. Now we are ready to go again soon.





BASEBALL

Owing to the unsettled conditions in general at Marshall this year, the prospects for a successful baseball season were not bright. However, we were fortunate enough to secure the services of Carl Ridgley as athletic director. From a somewhat unpromising bunch of candidates he succeeded in selecting a team, which, in view of the difficulties encountered, has made a very successful season; winning eight out of ten games. Owing to the lateness with which we entered the field, the schedule was somewhat meagre. Most of the games being played with nearby teams. Nevertheless, the representatives of the "Big Green" this year proved themselves to be up to the old Marshall standard; and can look upon their record with justifiable pride.

CAPTAIN—Carlos Evans MANAGER—Don Jenkins
 COACH—Carl Ridgley

PITCHERS—Evans, Cyrus CATCHERS—Taylor, Jordan
Shortstop—Echols First Base—Bolin Second Base—Eckard
 Third Base—Myers Left Field—E. Copen, Mitchell
Center Field—McCullough Right Field—Whitney

RECORD

AT HOME

Marshall 10; Enslow 1.
Marshall 14; Central 1.
Marshall 10; Huntington High 6.
Marshall 15; C. & O. Shops 3.

ABROAD

Marshall 0; W. Va. Wesleyan 4.
Marshall 2; W. Va. Wesleyan 5. .
Marshall 19; Princeton 0.
Marshall 1; Concord S. N. S. 0..
Marshall 5; St. Edwards 3.
Marshall 13; Morris Harvey Alumni 3.

TOALS

Marshall 89; Opponents 29.



Review of the Games

MARSHALL 10; ENSLOW 1.

Marshall is off to a great start, winning her first game of the season. The pitching of Capt. Evans and heavy hitting of "Si" McCullough were the features of the game.

MARSHALL 7; CENTRAL 1.

The Central High School proved easy picking for the big game, as the score board showed, however, it was a good practice game and gave the coach several pointers on picking out the first team lineup.

MARSHALL 10; HUNTINGTON HIGH 6.

In this, the third game of the season, we showed H. H. S. that we are really a college and not a high school. The catching of Taylor and the heavy hitting of Eckard, well supported by the rest of the team, brought home the bacon in fine, old-fashioned style.

MARSHALL 0; W. VA. WESLEYAN 4.

In this, the first game away from home, the Big Green team played consistently good ball. With Cyrus on the mound the Methodists were held to four runs, while Marshall had the misfortune to lose a first baseman, Mr. Bolin, whose leg was broken. The fielding of "Chuck" Meyers also deserves special mention.

MARSHALL 2; WESLEYAN 5.

Wesleyan blanked us in the first game, but we'd be blankety-blanked if she could blank us again. This time Evans was on the slab while Echols starred with the willow.

MARSHALL 19; PRINCETON 0.

The whole team starred in this wonderful game. Garry Eckard especially manifested the wonderful accuracy of his batting eye. Dick Evans proved himself the peer by getting a home run, a three-bagger and two singles. Incidentally his home run tore down a pig pen and let out a Princeton rooster. The wonderful fielding of Cyrus Pembroke Whitney elicited gasps of admiration from the fair damsels of Princeton.

MARSHALL 1; CONCORD NORMAL 0.

Dick Evans again proved himself a member of the galaxy of the Big Green twirlers by holding Concord to three scattered hits in twelve innings, and then winning his own game by smashing the horsehide sphere into the deep center for a home run. Eckard distinguished himself in fielding, while Taylor caught like a National Leaguer.

GIRLS' BASEBALL

Girls! Real live girls! Girls with pep! Yes, they have been found and developed by their coach and ideal, Miss Helen Kimball.

On the first of April hardly a girl knew one baseball rule from another; but now, they play a professional-like game.

The pitching is ably held down by Capt. Virginia Workman for the town team, and Marie Anderson for the Dorm.

The batting is of the most spectacular form. The Wilson sisters being the big hitters. In fact, any of the girls can ride the Marshall quince for a two or three base hit.

Marshall is following in the footsteps of the large colleges of the country, and has the first and only girls baseball teams in Huntington. Of course, the girls take the credit of having talent and courage, which it takes to play baseball, but they know that they would be as nothing if it were not for Miss Kimball's patience and ability as a coach trainer. They are grateful to her for giving them their place at Marshall and regret her leaving as only girls who have learned to love and regret.

Things and people may come and go, but the memory and glory of Marshall first girls' baseball team will last forever. .

Girls! Real live girls! Girls with pep and a good wing. Not the kind one would expect, but a trusty right for throwing nasty balls.

The batteries for the town and dorm teams are of super skill.

Capt. Workman being the twirler for the town girls and Marie Anderson for the dorm. "Jinny" has a wicked cut which always goes fair, while Marie holds the mound with a terrible windup and a ball straight from the shoulder. The catchers—Todd and Mytinger, pick up everyone that comes over the plate and can whistle the balls to any part of the field.

The basemen can't be beat. They play around the old sack as though they were feather beds. The shortstops are Al men and can pick off any ball put to them.

The fielders are always on their toes, and can judge the fall of a ball from the instant it leaves the bat.

The high tension wire of these teams is Miss Helen Kimball. No one can say enough of Miss Kimball's talent as a coach and as a friend of the girls. She has produced the team that put the ball in baseball.

No one can ever again say that girls can't wield the big stock. They are perfectly at home in the batters box and the expression "fanned out" is seldom applied to them. The Wilson sisters are the champion hitters and usually ride the apple for a two or three base hit.

They have got the coach, they have got the team, and all they need are the red socks.



WINTER SCENES



LITERARY

A DORM. CAMOUFLAGE

D. E. ATKINSON

It was Saturday morning in the dorm after one of those "perpetual motion" parties had been indulged in by the Junior Normals. As a specific result, I was tired and worn, desiring nothing in the world but blessed slumber. I had dragged myself out of bed and managed to get down stairs just in time to slide through the closing dining room door. But my breakfast of cold cakes and dry bacon only increased my drowsiness, so I returned to my room more asleep than awake.

I opened the creaky door, stumbled over a pair of shoes, tipped over a chair of clothes, and landed myself headlong among the contents of the overturned waste basket. With utterances too mild (?) to repeat, I gathered the broken members of my body together and arose with a mighty effort. Oh, that room. I looked around in despair, and profoundly wished that my roommate had put off spending the week-end at the "Old Maids' Retreat" until some more convenient time (for me). It must be cleaned, but how? Where should I start? There was no beginning; it seemed the end of everything. Even the pictures on the wall looked crooked, or were they merely horrified at the chaos, and were trying to sympathize with each other? I tried to look into the glass to see if I were awake, but I wasn't tall enough to see over the contents, and the table was too full to furnish standing space. I determined to go to work, and had already removed three shoes from the floor, and set the waste basket upright when I happened to notice the clock. Why, it was only 9 o'clock, and Mrs. Bristowe wouldn't likely be down for two hours. I had plenty of time to rest a while, then I could work so much more effectively.

I landed on the bed and was preparing for a gentle nap, when the door was opened softly and to my horror Mrs. Bristowe came in. She had to go slow in order not to step on things, but through a tedious process of careful meandering, she finally reached the bedside where I sat, too numb to move or utter a sound. Why didn't she say it, have it over with? Then I frantically got to work and endeavored to have the room so free from dust and in such perfect order that it would make one quite dizzy to gaze upon it.

But, very much to my surprise, she smiled sweetly, put her hand on my head, and told me to lie back down and rest.

"But—but—but," I stuttered. She gently stopped me by saying: "Never mind, dear; I understand. You are tired and worn out, and I should have had Nellie bring your breakfast up so you could have slept all the while. Of course, your room is a little mussed, but it's only natural that such a busy child as you should find little time for such commonplace things. I'll try to straighten things up a bit, for somebody may try to come in."

I was speechless with astonishment, and could only lie and stare at the amazing Mrs. Bristowe with both eyes and mouth open to their fullest capacity. Was the world coming to a speedy end, or had "Teddy" been resurrected? The floor was soon cleared of all unnecessary objects, and with a deft hand and quick step, she soon began to bring perfect order out of dire disorder. The pictures regained their poise, the mirror became visible again, the table ceased to groan under

its great weight, and the room took on an appearance of fairy'and. Mrs. Bristowe worked with a zest almost superhuman, talking and laughing all the while, until finally I relaxed upon my soft pillow perfectly happy and content. Life was all beauty, who said it was duty? With the final stroke of perfection, Mrs. Bristowe ceased her labor, mopped her wet brow, and thanked me sweetly for not interfering with her work. She straightened up the covers for me, made the pillow more comfortable for my little head, then with words of cheer, turned to leave the now immaculate room. She opened the door, but paused on the threshold to make some comment. I was unable to hear clearly so I awoke with a start, landed in the middle of the same disorderly room of two hours back, trembling and shivering before the scathing countenance of Mrs. Bristowe.



POETRY

Many cheers for the Mirabilia Staff,
In genius they are excelling;
Right from their source comes all their "dope"
And the source does all the telling.
Blest be their long hours spent
In the work they have completed;
Laud them as students of fame,
In places of honor, now seated
A kind word now to each.

Shout out their names aloud
Till the sound rebounds and echoes
Amid the cheering crowd;
Finished, now is their book,
Find it so—just look!

BE A BOOSTER

Do you know there's lots of people
Settin' round in every town,
Growlin' like a broody chicken,
Knockin' every good thing down?
Don't you be that kind o' grouch,
'Cause they ain't no use on earth,
You just be a booster,
Boost for all you're worth.

If some other fellow's willin'—
Sail right in, this country's free,
No one's got a mortgage on it,
It's yours as much as his;
If Marshall's shy on boosters
You get in the boostin' biz.

If things just don't seem to suit you,
And your work seems kinder hard,
What's the matter with a-boostin',
Just to help the 'Bilia along?
'Cause if it should stop a-goin'
We'd be in a sorry plight;
You just keep your horn a-blowing,
Boost 'er up with all your might.

If you know our Mirabilia's failin's,
Just forget 'em 'cause you know
That the Mirabilia's got some good points,
Them's the ones you want to know.
"Cast your loaves out on the waters,
They'll come back to you,"
Mebbe too, they'll come back buttered,
When some feller boosts for you.

If your thinking apparatus
 Is getting on the bum
Read the Mirabilia
 It will start it thinking some;
Then with a few bright pointers,
 You will some day see
That no one's brain gets rusty
 Who reads the Mirabilia,
And boasts for Marshall C.

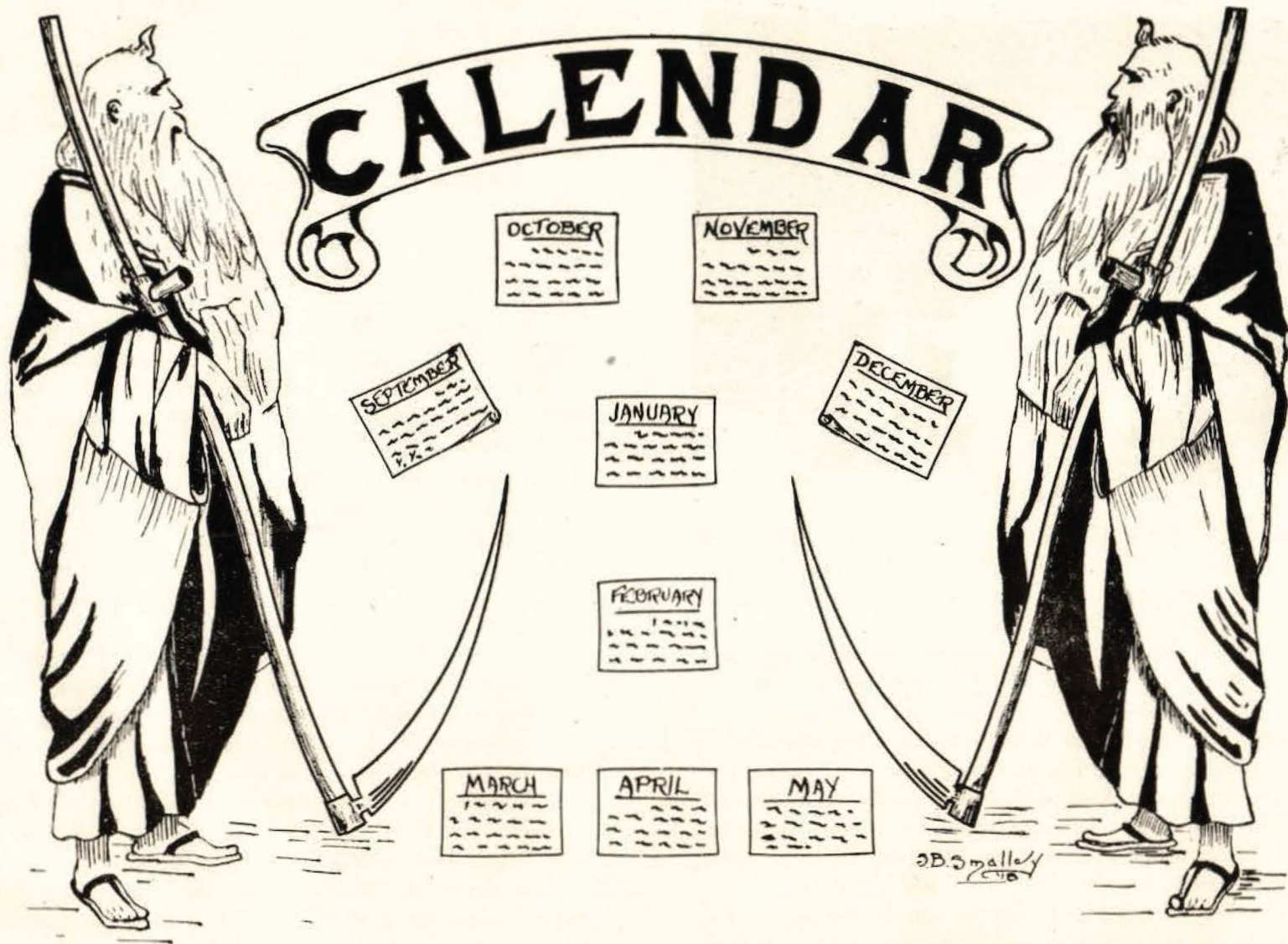
The editor works both night and day,
 Till the tips of his fingers are sore,
But someone is certain to sneer and say,
 That's stale, I've seen it before.

FAREWELL '19.

Should '19 be forgot
 When school days are brought to mind;
Those days so full of mirth and fun
 The joys we left behind.

And since our College days are gone,
 A few of us are glad;
But some of us look back and wish
 For the school days we have had.

We're probably scattering far and wide,
 In this great world of ours;
As time slips by us, thinking not,
 The years will just seem like hours.





SEPTEMBER

September 11. Marshall's doors are flung open! Where am I to go Room 14 or 35? Oh, dear, look at the tender Freshies. Are they ill, or just stage-struck? Tramp, tramp, tramp of many little feet keeping step to the lively music of Miss Staats' vocal chords.

September 12. Registration day. Have you registered yet? Poor boy he's too young! Thoughts of home and mother. Do they miss me very much? oo-ah-h.

September 13. One Freshie looks helplessly at the others, wondering who is ringing so many door-bells, and shivering at the sight of the stern-faced Directors of Knowledge. Some pupils, old at the job, report promptly for classes, but alas,—many poor creatures spend the day wandering aimlessly through the dark and hollow corridors looking for lost rooms.

September 14. Miss Kimball starts in right by persuading Mrs. Lyon's homesick "girlies" to indulge in a modest hike across the Ohio.

September 16. Everything is going to begin and keep going, so said Mr. Woodley. We start but we stop when we see "Uncle Benny." Some poor "greenies" timidly ask if he's teaching penmanship. Keep your courage sonny; this is a "Free Lunch Counter," everybody helps himself. Students Assembly—boys are conspicuous by their absence.

September 17. More students arriving. Tears and sobs heard clashing through the College Halls. Ah, blessings on the Lone Dorm Girl. Teachers looking over the great mass of raw material, wonder how many centuries will elapse before finished products are turned out.

September 18. Mr. Woodley calls the students of Marshall College to order in Chapel. He gives a tender speech of welcome, extending the right hand of fellowship and a warm smile to all "new faces." First meeting of Y. W.; Miss Johnson introduces the speaker of the evening, Miss Wood.

September 19. If anybody wants to know where Marshall's boys are, please cast thy eyes upon the Service Flag. Every girl's heart "leaps up and flutters thru midair" at the sight of a uniform.

September 20. The whole Dorm turns out to hear Ex-President Taft speak at the City Auditorium. Miss Staats should make his acquaintance, and "laugh and grow fat."

September 21. Big event of the season! Y. W. and Y. M. Reception. Everybody feels sorry for the other fellow, especially Mr. Woodley, who endeavored to teach us the "Soup Song."

September 23. Interesting student's meeting, did you say? We sang songs and pretended to be gay.

September 24. First number of the "People's Entertainment Course." The Dorm girls get to go and after the shades of night have fallen—how exciting! Dr. Parks Cadman.

September 23. Mr. Groves gets up "pep" enough to take agriculture classes for a stroll, in order to study physical structure of corn.



ADVERTISEMENTS

CALENDAR--Continued

September 26. Wails from the Dorm, indicating pangs of homesickness and hunger. Mrs. Lyons feeds us on taffy, but it doesn't seem to fill the empty cavities within—oh—for a table like mother sets!

September 27. The Domestic Science girls go to work in earnest—canning quinces being their first hard labor. Miss Heuser may be "petit," but we soon learn "her way is the only way" and her say the only say.

"Hearts of the World" patronized by Marshall students.

September 30. Student's Meeting. Mr. Woodley gives us "rules and regulations." If one isn't sitting in torment before Miss Hackney, Miss Stevenson, or "Uncle Benny," then one must sit motionless in the library, and cease breathing for fear of instigating Mrs. Myer's tireless fingers into their automatic snapping.

Mrs. Fassett speaks to Y. W. upon "Our Duty toward the War."

OCTOBER

October 1. Tear stains mark the cheeks of Mrs. Lyon's poor little girlies, especially the Junior Method Class, because of her absence. Excitement thruout the dim corridors resulting from the announcement of the marriage of Harriet Lyon. Will the girls sleep tonight?

October 2. Ah—the suspenders is broken. Mrs. Lyons "manless" and rejects all offers of congratulations. Oh joy,—oh boy—it might have been true, but think what would have become of her little angels.

Agriculture classes motors out to farm.

October 3. Miss Kimball begins physical examinations. Groans heard from every corner.

October 4. There's laughter in the air, and taffy in the hair! Y. W. gives Dorm girls a real "old fashioned taffy pulling." The "old"

girls act as the young gallants, camouflaged as soldiers, sailors, baseball players, timid school-boys, etc., and the "new" ones act as timid school lassies. All have a glorious time, and even Mrs. Lyons forgets to ring the bell.

October 7. Whispers of "Flu" and great excitement about closing school. Mr. Woodley tries to still our fears but doesn't succeed very well.

October 8. More excitement! "Flu" still raging—we all tremble and quiver, and cry for ma-ma! Mr. Woodley tells us at dinner that school will be closed for a few days. Discontent among Dorm girls; everybody thinking of nothing but home. "Are you going home?" the only question asked during these awful days of suspense. School closed for indefinite time. Good-by, Marshall, hello, Mother!



November 11. War ended! Armistice signed. All Huntington goes wild, Marshall students being no exceptions. Teachers try to begin school but dislike conversation with empty chairs. Big parade, and noise enough to suit even Don McDonald. Laugh, shout, and be merry; we don't celebrate every day.

November 12. Oh, the horrors of "breaking into" school work again! "Benny" sits and scolds at the numerous empty chairs.

November 13. Chapel. Mr. Woodley is "chuck full" of enthusiasm over war ending and tells us the past, present, and future of its great significance. He leaves us for a short stay in Washington.

Y. W. has "Candle Service," and increased enrollment.



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CALENDAR--Continued

November 14. New cases of "Flu;" everybody tries them, teachers included.

November 15. "Red" ventures into the Dorm parlors but soon makes a hasty exit. Tabor begins at the beginning and tries them all (almost). Wonder if he works alphabetically? Whose turn next?

November 18. The day was cold, and dark and dreary. Students meeting wanted by all. "Pep too let."

November 19. The depressing weather lays a stern hand on all.

November 29. Chapel, of course. Boston Orchestra entertains at the Auditorium—We got to use our free tickets again. Miss Andrew organizes Story Tellers' Club—Professionals jam.

November 21. Hot arguments in "Uncle Benny's" room.—The pleasure is all his.

November 22. More dates at the Dorm. Mrs. Lyon looks the new victims over.

November 25. "Flu" still raging. Several cases in Dorm. Students Meeting with scant attendance.

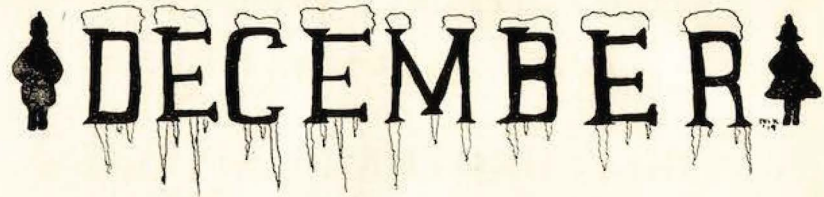
November 26. Story Tellers' Club meets and spins yarns and feasts on tea and candy.

November 27. Miss Allen calls for volunteers for Glee Club; few seem to be "Gleeful." Tomorrow being Thanksgiving, we give thanks for "open night" tonight in Dorm.

November 28. Count your many blessings. Mr. Woodley returns and partakes of the exquisite Thanksgiving dinner in Dorm. Something to be remembered—actually seen on Dorm table that memoral evening: shrimp cocktail, fruit salad, olives pickles, celery, hot rolls, cranberry sauce, turkey and dressing, sweet potatoes, creamed onions, mince pie, candy and peanuts. Also flowers, music, and high style. No wonder we are thankful.

November 29. Thanksgiving program of Y. W. C. A.

November 30: Saturday, and school! Ain't it fierce? Teachers say time must be gained somehow. Mr. Woodley tells of his "Heart-warming work in Washington."



December 2. Mr. Largent announces that Student's Assembly committed suicide, sad but true. General services held today.

December 3. Y. M. C. A. Mr. Franklin and Miss Maier seem to be quite friendly—They don't hesitate to compliment one another in the class room.

December 4. Chapel conducted by Mr. King. "Above all things else, guard your heart." Lass looks at lad and both sigh deeply.

December 6. Three parties in one night. Society is very rushing. The Junior Normals and Sophs entertain in Dorm parlor; the Senior Secondary have gay times at Copen's; While the Junior Secondarys enjoy themselves "Hugely" at McDonalds.

December 9. Do your Christmas shopping early.

December 10. Y. M. C. A.

December 11. With a mighty heave the flag pole comes up. Seen on the campus and in the building, several handsome sons of Uncle Sammy. Pit-pat goes the modest little girlies hearts. Do you blame 'em?

December 12. Judge Lindsay speaks at Auditorium. Marshall's very well represented. Girls count the days before Christmas. Do the boys?

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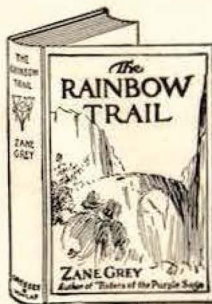
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CALENDAR--Continued

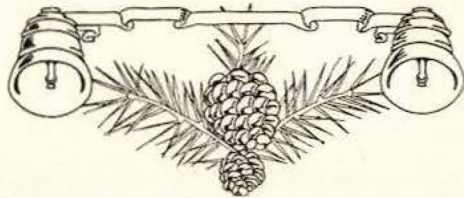
December 13. Miss Johnson feverishly seeks partners for her Sunday school boys. All girls rush for the place beside Mr. Boylen. So?

December 17. Who's going to study? Not I: Too near Christmas! Dorm girls are steady customers at the 5 and 10 cent store. Sh-h Secret clubs are mysteriously being organized.

December 18. Mrs. Everett falls victim to "Flu." Model school entertains with Christmas Program. Everybody's bubbling over with the Christmas spirit and good cheer.

December 19. Lessons are small "Skimptions" these days. What's the use? We'll study after Xmas (Maybe).

December 20. Good-bye Marshall; short periods; good-bye Marshall! All rush for the first train out. Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. Going home, Tra-lo-la-la.



January 1. Happy New Year (?) Oh—pshaw! "Aint it fierce?" A few forlorn, creatures travel in, more dead than alive, and report mechanically for classes. "Uncle Benny" begins "tests" which are to be continued, henceforth. Horrors!

January 2. New girls in Dorm (They have our soul sympathy). Old ones dropping in one by one. Classes try to be held, but the teachers do all the reciting.

January 3. Dr. Haworth takes a great flight of fancy, but drops back when the bell rings. Where would he go if there were no bells?

January 6. Death of America's Friend and Great Educator, Theodore Roosevelt. Dr. Haworth gives one of his fortunate Literature

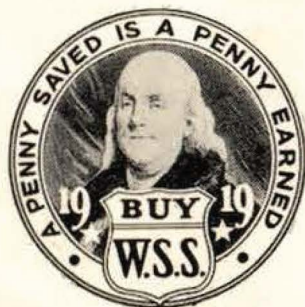
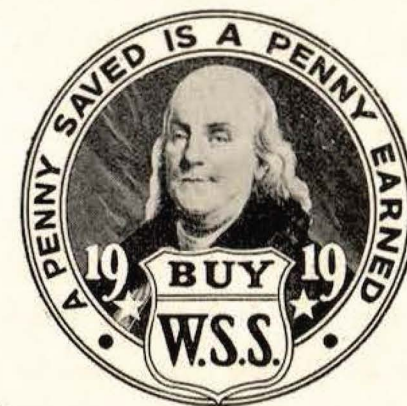
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W. S. S.

CALENDAR--Continued

classes a complete biography of his life. Some Dorm girls chaperoned by a teacher to "to be glad" with Pollyanna. The results are good for the present everybody is "Glad" even for friend muffins and prunes.

January 7. Story Tellers' Club is progressing nicely, fed upon tea and cakes. Miss Wright chaperons goodly body of Dorm girls to the play "Experience."

January 8. Chapel, Just the usual stunts. Dr. Haworth tries to stir up some pep in singing.

January 9. Faithful meeting of the Y. W.

January 10. Miss Heuser shows her colors by entertaining some teachers with delicious tea and equally delicious doughnuts—products of her Domestic Science Class.

January 13. The Seniors stars teaching; we feel for them.

January 14. Miss Kimball is working tirelessly toward perfection of military tactics in the "sweet lassies" of M. C. Can it be done? Sure you'll soon see.

January 15. Miss Wright leaves us to go to France to do Canteen work. We hold candle service in her honor.

January 16. Domestic Science Class entertains Mr. Woodley and men of Faculty with a dainty seven course dinner. Mildred has a Birthday Party at Dorm.

January 17. Mr. Woodley gives school a farewell address in Auditorium. He says he sees a great future for M. C. We hope so don't you?

January 20. The Psychology class appears at the Police Court. Shame on 'em! What Psychological outbreak have they been stimulating, with such an unsatisfactory response?

January 21. Story Tellers meet and perform. Miss Kimball is still striving toward the goal of perfection in gym performances.

January 22. Mr. Groves entertains the Agriculture class at the tobacco ware house.

January 23. Usual weekly meeting of Y. W.

January 24. Eleanor Hawkins entertains the Junior class at her home. All have a "splendiferous" time.

January 27. Mrs. Lyons takes her little girlies separately and gives them a gentle lecture. Ask Don Jenkins how he liked the movies this aft. Mrs. Lyons enjoyed them too!

January 28. Excitement in the Dorm. It takes all our time reading notices on the board.

January 29. Chapel boys give "peppy" yells, but all girls can do is smile out loud.

January 30. Mrs. Bristowe and Mrs. Lyon both sick—we're free from lectures and brown bread.

January 31. Several brave lads venture into Dorm parlors—Don leading gang.

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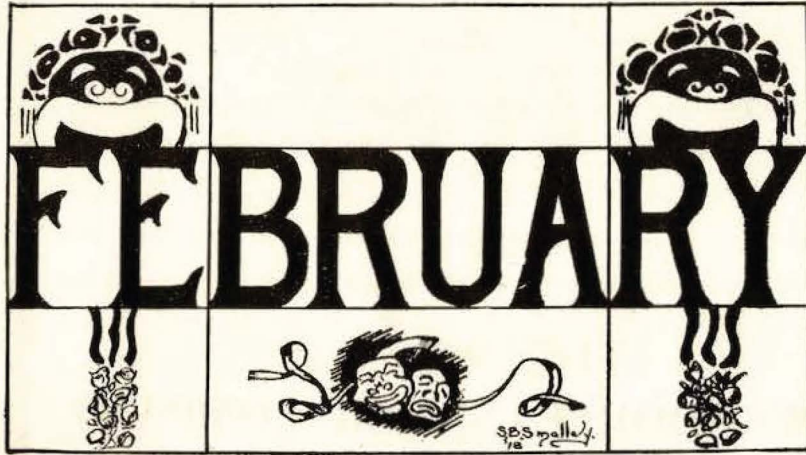
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CALENDAR--Continued



February 2. Ground hog day! So many ground hogs were carousing around one couldn't step without breaking on their shadow.

February 3. Beulah appears in Dorm and soon makes herself heard throughout the hollow corridors.

February 4. Story Tellers meet and enjoy an hour of tales.

February 5. Chapel exercises. Mr. and Mrs. Wylie are welcomed back to M. C.

February 6. Y. W. C. A.

February 7. Last day of grace! Teachers frantically try to bestow all their knowledge upon their poor frightened pupils, who shiver and shake at the mention of exams.

February 10. Lend me some paper? Where is my pencil? Oh, Miss Stalnaker, have mercy on us poor frail species of humanity! Paper, ink, pen, and shivers characteristic of day.

February 11. Horrors! The more they come, the worse they get, even the clouds weep in sympathy with us poor students of Marshall but their tear-drops freeze into snow flakes at sight of the exams.

February 12. Exams still hold us in their grip of steel. Dr. and Mrs. Haworth are guests at Dorm, and Mrs. Haworth stills the nervous quiverings of our tired souls.

February 13. Our new semester begins. We enroll and learn our fate. Did you pass? Naw, Uncle Benny flunked me flat. Miss Staats preaches keep "G" in the eight octave. Many new faces, among them several soldiers and sailor suits. We girls stop and look the second time—who wouldn't.

February 14. Short Periods, we find our rooms and proceed to get ready to begin our work for the coming semester. New pupils meet new teachers.

February 17. The Faculty announces that school has begun. D'ye hear?

February 18. Concert at Auditorium. Dorm girls turn out in a mighty troop. Boys go too—(two receding paralleled lines seem to meet in the distance).

February 21. First meeting of the Erosophian; they organize and begin just right. The Y. M. and Y. W. give glorious reception to the students and Faculty of Marshall C. Everybody meets everybody else. The assembly is divided into four theatrical troupes, each performing with exquisite skill.

February 23. Demobilization of the service flags at City Auditorium Everybody goes, but not all get in (?) Boylen, Jordon, McCullough and Brinker visit the Catholic Church. Who'd have thought we have so many Catholics in our midst?

February 25. Y. M. meets, reorganizes and begins anew with zeal untold.

February 28. Second meeting of Erosophian who says we have no "pep". Organization of Base ball team—Coach Ridgley shows a commanding hand. Three cheers for the coming team. Seniors give masquerade to Dorm girls. Oh, such looking specimens!

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PORTRAITS

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HUNTINGTON

CALENDAR--Continued



March 1. Mrs. Bristowe and Mrs. Lyon were "at home" to the young ladies and gentlemen of the school. The young gentlemen loose their way, are too timid, or at least make themselves conspicuous by their failure to appear.

March 2. Dr. Haworth gives a talk on "Art and Christianity" at the Christian Church. Hardrow Wilson, and other Marshall students go to sleep in the back row.

March 2. "Doc" isn't in our midst this sad day, "Hearts of Humanity" is patronized by numerous Sons of Marshall.

March 10. Who sat in the Dorm parlors yesterday? Was he rich? Who did he come to see? That are the question. Nobody seemed to know, not even Mrs. Lyon. Usual Monday morning lessons.

March 11. Spring weather. Some of the nature lovers bring in pussy willow sprays. Miss Kimball marches girls out in order and shoots them—we hope the results are good.

March 12. The girls take a second look at the boys in the dining room this morning. They changed overnight from Uncle Sam's heroes to just plain students. Chapel exercises, speaker Rev. Miss Kimball tells girls to sign up for prospective hike. Among the daintiest lassies are

Misses Omar Gabor, Red Coper, Olen Booth, and their playmates. Parlor night at the Dorm, the Strickling family being the honored guests. Mr. George entertains with music.

March 13. Miss Kimball hires a shock proof camera and tries it on the whole troop of lassies in their gym outfits. Poses for the Mirabilia Miss Johnson tells the girls of her trip to National Y. W. Conference. Boys practicing dutifully on baseball diamond.

March 14. The day of all days has come again Class meeting discussion and the usual commotion Editor Day lays down a few rules and regulations about the Mirabilia. Freshmen and Juniors have party Erosophion meets—heated discussion over question of League of Nations.

March 15. Miss Kimball and 14 of her girls hike out into W. Va., hills, a halt at a Boy Scout Camp, and cook supper; all have a glorious time.

March 16. "Squirrel" Rawlings escorted Mrs. Lyon to church, then had dinner with her in Dorm dining room. What's coming next? Edith helps entertain, isn't it interesting?

March 17. "The wearing 'o' the Green" is conspicuous, today although many poor souls already were sufficiently stamped. The clouds weep, and the winds moan.

March 18. Story Tellers Club have a special Irish Program, and invite visitors. Some of Mrs. Lyon's little girlies go to Daddy Longlegs. Y. M. tonight.

March 19. The brave Seniors teach under observation of numerous curious eyes, and they do it well, too. Our fellow sufferer, Mr. Durea speaks in chapel and creates quite a "sensation." Prof. Groves and his Agriculture class prune and train Mrs. Myers' property for her. We'll visit it again in September. Parlour night at Dorm Misses Wilson guests.

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IF A YOUNG MAN OWNS A SUIT OF FASHION PARK

he owns quite enough; if he doesn't, whatever suit he owns is not enough._____

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EARN IN ORDER TO SAVE

CALENDAR--Continued

March 20. Ooh, day of all days, we got out "likeness struck." Everybody sat out on entrance steps according to tradition and smiled before and after picture was taken. The Freshies dwindled to insignificance—but we can't blame the bashful babies. The Y. W. did the "dirty work" actually broke a plate. The photographer should have considered the crowd before exposing the camera. They say young ladies met tonight and discussed damages. The "Pep Club" makes music enough for all of us.

March 21. The "picture man" takes pictures of the gym girlies. Everybody look sweet! Erosophian has a snappy meeting and everybody takes part. Two parties in College Hall—one in Mrs. Wylies' apartments given in honor of Miss Johnston who leaves us for ten weeks' stay at Dennison University and the other in the Parlour given by the Jr. Normals for themselves and company. The majority loose their way and never get there.

March 22. Beautifully chaperoned and plentifully supplied with bacon and sticks, 60 of us sojourned at M. C. breakfast upon the coldest ridge known in these parts. All reported a "breezy" time.

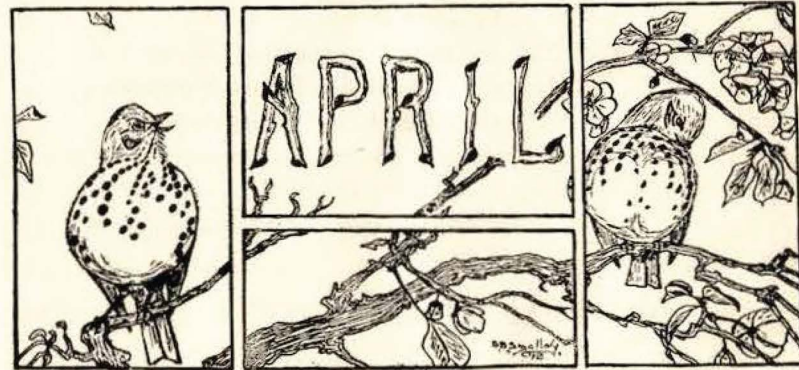
March 24. The girls stand afar off and gaze admiringly at the gallant heroes on the Base ball diamond. They're progressing; three cheers for Coach Ridgley.

March 25. Y. M.

March 26. Horrors! Police! Friend "Windy" is gagged and robbed while studiously poring over his lessons! For shame on the bandits for interrupting an occurrence so rare. Other excitement—the skeleton leaves its dark and gloomy abode, and perches itself upon the top-most peak of the flag-pole! Prof. Groves and the Agriculture class spend the entire day out on the farm pruning, spraying and eating. Ask Bob if he likes eggs. Uprising of the student body. Ex-Friend Banks, because of flat refusal to give a tiny ad to our beloved Mirabilia, is forthwith now, and forever struck from our shopping centers.

March 27. Miss Kimball is making rapid headway towards the "Exhibition" but Helen sprained her ankle, thus disabling her for her good work on Captain Ball for the time being. The Y. W. has a Story Telling Service.

March 28. Short periods then the hustle-bustle of home going! Some stand back and watch the others as they race for their trains, keeping the tears back with an effort, and wishing home was nearer. Club and Dorm practically deserted—poor remaining souls.



April 2. "Doc" Conducts Chapel and welcomes the New Spring Term Students. He says its time Miss Andrews favors us with a solo. Deacon makes his first appearance this year upon the plat form. He ungraciously announces his displeasure in appearing before his fellow sufferers, but tearfully declares that "he the victim is ready for slaughter." He gives us an excellent address upon "Climbers and Builders." Miss Andrews in the Form Parlour by several reading.

April 3. New students still arriving; there are tall ones, short ones; pretty ones; ugly ones! Our sympathy goes out to them. Teachers examinations held—we pity the victims.

CALENDAR--Continued

April 4. Listen to recitation ramble in the various rooms. Nobody hurt, it's just the regular sessions of the class meeting; the biggest clash tho comes from the Mirabilia Office (Rish and Day are having a gentle (?) discussion).

April 6. "Male escorts are the main topic of discussion in Dorm Boys are greatly endangered by passing thru College Hall to Y. M. meeting, but the modest girls all vote for Uncle Benny—which shall be the unfortunate?"

April 7. Tennis! Who said it? White lines, a smooth surface, and a dangling "porous textile" acts as magnet to draw moving object nigh.

April 8. M. C. Hurrah! Our baseball team is showing its true colors. Several practice games with Central High. Girls appear on campus, and so do the boys after the beacon sun has settled in the rosy west.

April 9. "Doc" leads singing in Chapel but nobody else follows. Our fellow student L. Gilmore, renders quite an enjoyable solo.

April 10. The sun shines, and the rain, rains, but tennis, goes on forever.

April 11. Excitement among the Senior Secondaries—somebody talks too much and Mrs. Lyon states that her girlies will attend no party outside of the Dorm. Erosophian! Everybory is there and talks to everybody else. The heroes from "Over There" are too thick to stir.

April 12. Marshall C! Marshall C! Rah! Rah! Huntington High vs. M. C. Of course, we were victorious. What else should you 'spect! Miss Stevenson says ladies shouldn't root at ball games but girls do as she says, not does, or Mrs. Lyon will have a private word with you.

April 14. Blue Monday. Sleeping disease is broadcast. Pictures arrive and everybody takes a look.

April 15. Baseball practice. Story Tellers' Club gives a Bird Hunt, and has a "twittering" evening of it. Joint Meeting of Y's Naturally there was a good attendance of both species.

April 16. Rev. Mauze of the First Presbyterian Church gives us the honor of hearing his friend and speaker, Mr. Gilheimer. He hits each and every one of us with "A clean cut right from the shoulder" and shows us what a real human is. Copy the "Blue Print" folks.

April 17. Day and Patterson spends their valuable time shooting acids in the chemistry Play-room.

April 18. Everyone almost happy, even Reich. Easter is rolling near.

April 19. Who said Ball Ga-sh-s-s-s Don't mention it.

April 20. Bunny Rabbit makes his annual visit. Wonders where Easter boquets were given—gratis—several found their sweet scented way to the Dorm.

April 21. Study? No; out of style these days. Wm. Jennings Bryan spoke at City Auditorium and we all listened.

April 22. Two Field Workers of the Y. W. spoke to the girls about their work tonight. Arise, Y. W., and bear thy cross.

April 23. Dr. Griggs highly entertains us at Chapel hours, then at the Auditorium this P. M.

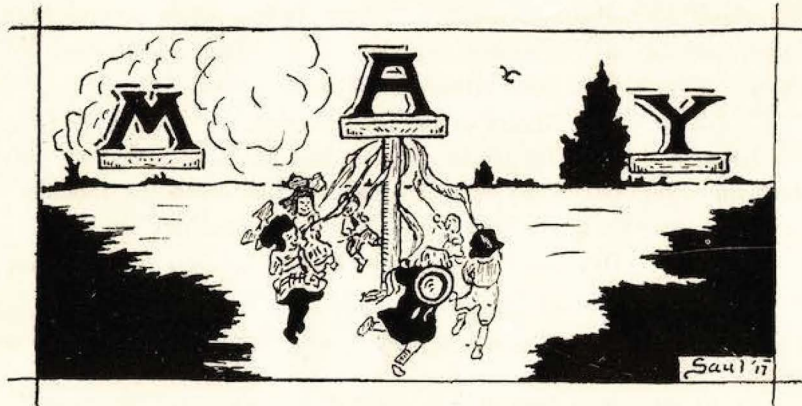
April 24. The French Veteran Band played into the hearts of every true American, hence every student of M. C.

April 25. Rah! rah! Kimball! Kimball! gym exhibition is a "howling" success. The elements sought to make it a "chilly" affair, but an excess supply of ginger overcame that difficulty.

April 26. We don't like the boosters anyway, do we Red?

April 30. Mr. Goodwin of the Y. M. C. A. gave us a very interesting talk upon his work. Our baseball team leaves for Buckhannon—good luck to the Green and White.

CALENDAR--Continued



May 1. Welcome bright May Day! We celebrate its coming by observing Ribbon Day. All the little girls, Mrs. Lyon, Miss Tudor, Don MacDonald, Mrs. Bristowe etc., don their gay ribbons and we enjoy the sights.

May 2. The Mirabilia Board says its job will soon be finished. Bally good news, by jove!

May 3. Boys return with bad news, they lost **something** and Ed Boylen (?) has a broken ankle, all we have is sympathy, but take our all.

May 5. A day packed chuck full of spontaneous combustions and hallucinations! We give it to the Senior Secondaries for being a "peppy"

bunch of individuals Rah! rah! ray! Seniors! The Hagenbeck and Wallace Circus took up the entire days flying minutes. Oh, the sights one sees on Circus Day.

May 6. Rain, rain, the swiftly falling rain, fine weather for the Race.

May 7. State Sunday School Convention held in city. We attend and broaden. The oldest member of the Alumni is in our midst at chapel. Welcome, comrade!

May 8. Oh, the measles, two victims in the Dorm pest bunk.

May 9. Several of the boys prefer mumps to measles, so they can "swell up and get the big head."

May 12. We wonder if there's any danger of the clouds "drying up" before Mrs. Myers does.

May 13. Ain't we pup'lar? Girls baseball is progressing superiously two "knock-outs" and three "touch downs" Betty is a shinning example to all the unlucky.

May 14. Chapel of course. The baseball heroes set out on another pleasure trip, so long, boys, show your colors.

May 15. Ur-r-ur-r-u-urh! who says we cant crow after neatly putting one over on Princeton, 19 to 0.

May 16. Consider the Seniors, how they strut; they toil not, neither do they sleep.

SENIOR HOROSCOPES

SIX-YEAR SENIORS

Name	Nick Name	Favorite Expression	Besetting Sin	Redeeming Feature	Outcome
Elizabeth Hammett.....	"Betty"	Oh Shucks	Too Good	Latin?	School Marm
Francis Burns	"Burnsie"	"Dearie"	Eyes	Dance	Cook
Iva Crotty	"Ive"	Kiss me, quick	Study	Dancing	Home Economics Teacher
Roma Gerlock	"Ro"	Heavens	Roberts	Raven Locks	Professor
Helen Field	"Cap"	Shoot	Natural Born Liar.....	Dreamy Eyes	Soldier's Wife
Mary Harrison	"Harr"	Mevey	Studying	History	Math. Prof.
Alta Newcomb	"Al"	"Pshaw"	Bows	Big Hat	Housekeeper
Elsie Strohmeier	"Skinny"	"Dear, Dear"	Too Many Associates.	Tall Stature	Teacher



FOUR-YEAR SENIORS

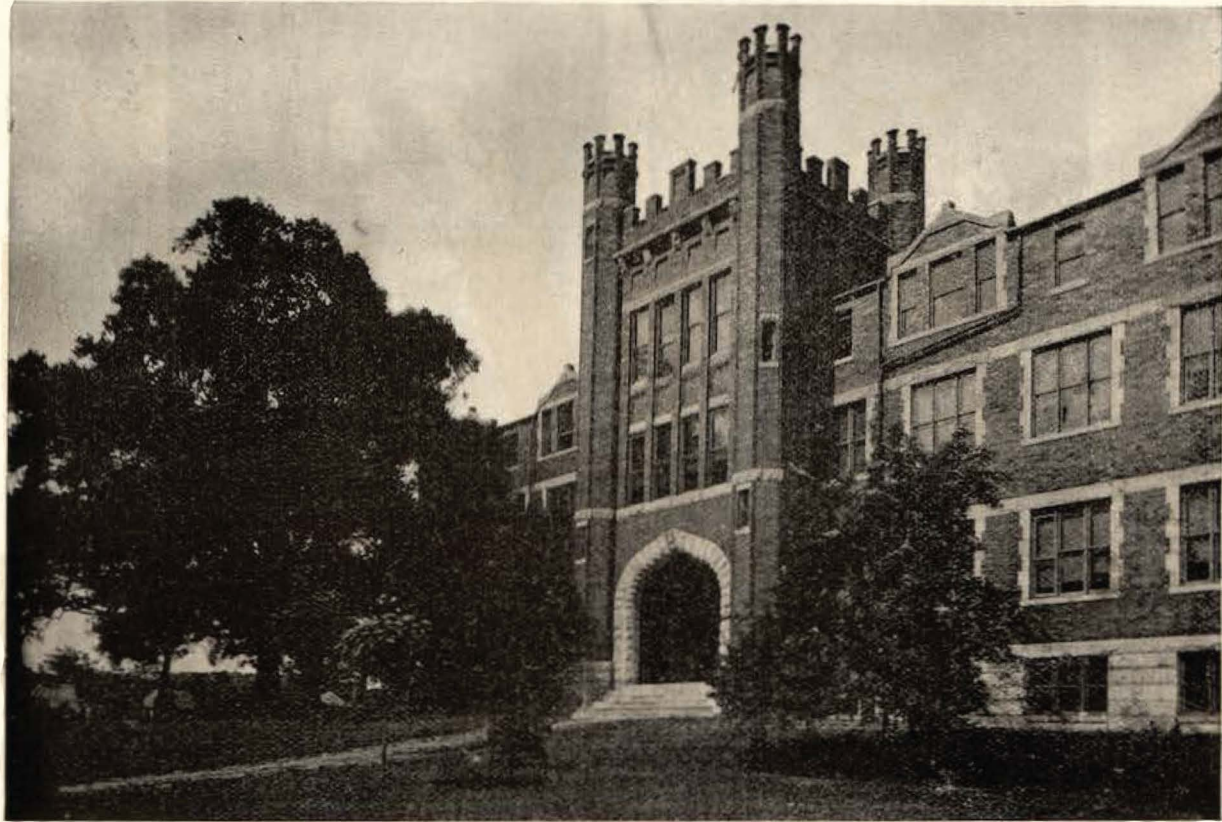
Name	Nick Name	Favorite Expression	Besetting Sin	Redeeming Feature	Outcome
Leona Frye	"Stonie"	"Giggle"	Kenova	Playing a Harp	Artist
Elizabeth Herold	"Lizzie Bell"		Howard	French	Housewife
Lora Kessel	"Kess"		Eating	Y. W. C. A.	Missionary
Velma Kessel	"Snuckura"		Sailor	Studying	School Marm
Elena Meade	"Dancing Topsy"		Flirt Posing	Her Laugh	Dancing Instructor
Gulie Miller	"Goo"	"Oh My"	French	Ability to argue with Benny	
Margaret Miller	"Marg"	"Oh"	Taylor		Teacher
Elizabeth Mytinger	"Betty"	"Oh Don"	Don Jenkins	Southern Brogue	We wonder
Jessie Patton	"Jess"	"Oh Gee"	Bonar's	Her Height	Preceptress
Evelyn Stafford	"Eve"	"Honey"	"The Boys"	Smile	Musician
Ina Blalock	Heinie	I don't know	Bob	Curls	School Marm
Elsie Bunn	Bunny	Darn it all	Class Meeting	Sweet Disposition	Lady of Leisure
Mildred Haptonstall	Happy	Honey	Flirting with Jerome	Mr. Brooks	Housewife
Don Jenkins	Cutie	Oh, Honey	Love for Miss Johnson	Good Looks	Lawyer
Carl Myers	Elizabeth	Oh Sugar	Social Activities	Ladies	Janitor
Robert Smales	Bob	You Misunderstand Me	Marie	Red Sweater	Philanthropist
Irene Tony	Pony	Oh, Mr. Franklin	Talking to Boys	Croquet Playing	Magistrate
Walter Yates	Sissy	Where's Edith	Society Boy	Pompadour	Pharmacist
Pembroke Whitney	Tiny	Pretty Choice	Garnet	Setback	Farmer
Kenton Taylor	Sissy	Oh-h Garnet	The Girl	His Grin	Woman Suffrage Leader
Elizabeth Carter	Betty	Heavens	Looking Pretty	Her Hair	Musician
Harry Chambers	Sir Machon	Going My Way?	Walks	Mary	Soloist
Vivian Davidson	Squirrel	Walk	Gum	None	Business Man
Lillian Davis	Lil	Evans	Smile	Happy Home	Helen Echols
Helen Echols	Emile	Great Day in the Morning	Primping	Eyes	Sailor's Wife

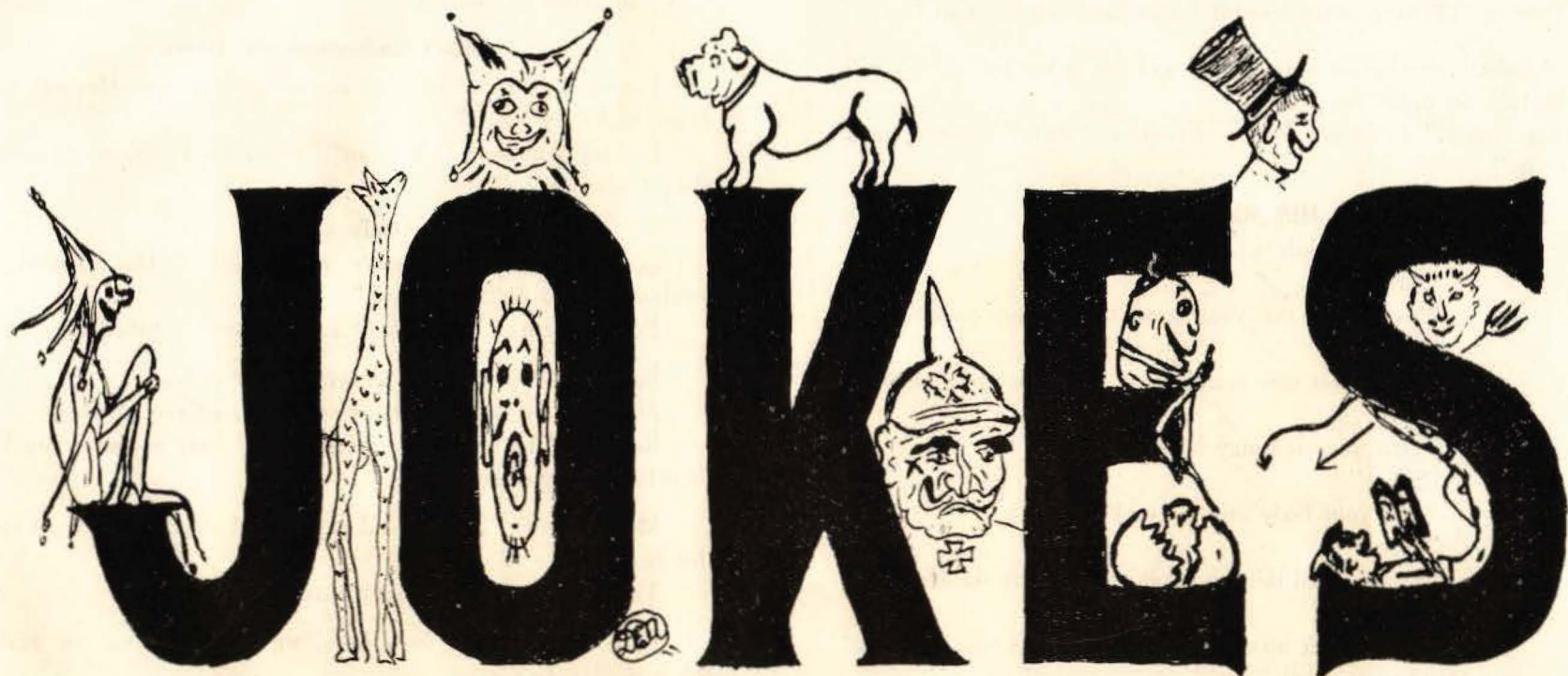


STUDENT CHARACTERISTICS

Name	Nick Name	Favorite Expression	Besetting Sin	Redeeming Feature	Outcome
Marguerite Cavendish	"Pep"	Slicke'n a bugs ear	Studying Bergen and Davis	Her Laugh	Teacher
Mary Dudley	"Jack"	Or Something and Things	Prin of E	Ability to recite	Oratory
Hinchee	"Duckie"	This is too slow	Lloyd	Cuteness	Actress
Rickmon	"Little one"	Oh Hum	Flirting	Sweetness	Primary Teacher
Riffle	'Crickett'	For Goodness Sake	Being Late	Sweet Disposition	Teacher
Gladys Carter	"Smiles"	Oh pshaw	Studying	Ability to Teach	Red Cross Nurse
Mary Hoylman	"Her"	Would you?	Studying	Good sense	French Teacher
Blanche Kline	"Betsy"	Well I declare	Derils Den	Municipal Ability	Fiddler
Ruth Simms	"Rufus"	Oh chess	Being a liar	Good Conduct	Matrimony
Norma Shein	"Little Ann"	I don't care	Talking	Art	Mrs.?
Beatrice McCoy	"Bee"	I should worry	Taking walks	Hair	Office Girl
Anna Saunders	"Anner"	Some Day	Jim?	Nose	Home Beautifier
Rosalind Hoff	"Rosie"	Is that Right	Skipping Chapel	Friendliness	Leader Among Women
Alene Stevens	"Hefty"	I'm a wreck	Shelton	Ability to manage	Y. M. Worker
Gary Echard	"Wap"	Oh Gosh	Sipping Honey	Seniors	
Erville Sowards	"Corporal"	Git	Talking French	Argumentation	Waiter
Pierpont	"Card"	Who's your latest	Curly Hair	Politeness	Teacher
Anne Lear	'Andy'	Censor	Quietness	Smile	Suffraget
Virginia Workman	"Bobbie"	Boys oh Boys	Talking	Good Disposition	Spinister
Don McDonald	"Fat"	You See	Studying	Good Looks	Chauffeur
Bernard McCullough	'Cy'	Think so?		Love for us Girls	Civil Engineer
Charles Rawlings	'Chuck'	Um-m-m	His Line	Physique	Society Rat
Lucille Todd	"Toddie"	My Golly	Speeding	Hair	Aviator
Mary Lewis	"Dimples"	Listen	Dates	Ed	Mrs. McCullough
Lucille Maier		Oh Hen	Dancing	Pitching	Social Leader
Carlos Evans	"Dick"	Oh Boy	Easy Chairs	Clusters of Curls	Base Ball Player
Virginia Hoff	"Betty"	Huhm	Heart Breaker	Ball Playing	Librarian
Charles Myers	"Hick"	Huh	Bashfulness	Good Looks	Big Leaguer
Adrian Bolin	"Abe"	You're Slow		Bravery	Political Boss
Floyd Wilmoth	"Windy"	Now Mrs. Lyons	Many Yells	Wit' Neatness	Rear-Admiral
Jerome Rich	"Jacob Jeromey"	High School	Ruth Strohmeier	Feet	Clerk Clothing Store
Marie Anderson	"Maria"	Just Like Friends	Affection for Bob	Knowledge	Peacemaker
Robert Brinker	"Bobby"	Dawgone	Poetry	Eyes	Col. Professor
Omar Tabor	"Tabby"	Oh Rats	Girls	Pink Cheeks	Doctor's First Aid
Wilda Jones	"Jonesy"	O I see	Ford Limousine	Julia	"Gob"







Lucille Maier: "Mr. Franklin, what would you say if you were blind?"

Mr. Franklin: "I'd say I was blind."

A Good Deal Of Sameness.

Mrs. Martin, "Beans are good Brain food."

Sheets: "I'll have brain fever if I stay here much longer."

"All the lower berths are taken," said the ticket seller. "You'll have to take an upper berth."

"Of course," quibbled 'Benny' Franklin, "there's always room at the top."

HIS MISTAKE

"You still wish to join?"

"Sure!"

"You realize that your throat may be torn open?"

"Sure!"

"Your chest torn asunder and your heart torn out?"

"Sure!"

"That your leg may be torn off?"

"Sure!"

"And your body torn in two?"

"Sure!"

"Knowing all this, you still wish to join the Holy Roller Church?"

"Holy Roller meetin'! I thought youse was organizin' a Marshall football team!"

She: "Do you think kissing is dangerous?"

He: "Sometimes. I kissed a Marshall student's best girl once."

From Barboursville to Huntington

Woman: "Now, if you don't leave at once I'll call my husband; and he's an old Morris Harvey football player."

Tramp: "Lady, if you love him don't call him out. I used ter play wid Marshall."

Might Be More Rotten

Dorm Girl: "This banana's rotten; take it away."

Waiter (confidentially): "Better eat it now, Miss, or yo'll git it in yuh salad fo' dinnah."

Didn't Understand the Terms

Farmer Taylor: "So your son wrote you from Marshall that he would make the nine?"

Farmer Whitney: "Yes, an' I wrote back, 'If yer do, send me five—I kin use it'."

Only a Trifle

Senior (trying to be polite at parting): "Dr. Haworth, I am indebted to you for all I know."

Dr. Haworth: "Pray don't mention such a trifle."

Benny: "My wife ran off with the chauffeur."

She: "Poor fellow, it must cause you no end of worry."

Benny: "Yes; it does. Every time I hear an auto horn I think he is bringing her back."

Mr. Groves: "What would happen if I should stick a pin through this frog?"

Tabor: "I guess it would croak."

Baseball Captain: "Now boys, we want a motto for this team. What shall it be?"

Freshman: "Swat the fly."

Alex: "Have you seen Don McDonald lately?"

Brinker: "Yes; I saw him over at the pharmacy."

Alex: "What did he have to say for himself?"

Brinker: "He didn't have anything to say for himself; he was with Lena Meade."

Dorm Girl: "Why am I not a good dancer?"

Leona: "There are only two things the matter, and that's your feet."

Davidson: "That Freshman's neck reminds me of a certain typewriter."

Mitchell: "Which one?"

Davidson: "Underwood."

"What's Aubrey Bryan looking so sleepy about?"

"Oh! He had a date with the bed last night and broke it."

Miss Wood: "Miss Stalaker, I never can find 'heck' in the library."

Miss Kimball: "When you are not here you are absent."
(How queer!)

Miss Weller: "What is 'residue'?"

Mr. Day: "Residue is what's left."

Mitchell: "Then I suppose if I was ten minutes late and the train had gone, I'd be residue."

Miss Cavendish: "Where do we obtain alcohol?"

Harry Chambers: "In Catlettsburg."

Hugh Day (in French) pointing to his head: "It takes me a long time to make connections up here."

York: "Have you any scratch paper?"

She: "No, thank you; I don't scratch."

Mr. Wylie: "Mr. Booth, for what are bleaching powders used?"

Alex Booth (scratching his head): "For distillation."

Boy: "Are you a Soph?"

Girl: "No; I just talk loud so people'll think I'm one."

Reich (in trig.): "Miss Hackney, are you going to start a taxi company?"

Miss Hackney: "I don't know; why?"

Richie: "Oh, I didn't know; everybody says you ride them."

Benny: "Don't believe everything I say."

Lucille M.: "I don't."

He (to Lucille Maier): "You've got a beauty spot on your face."
(meaning a speck of soot.)

Lucille: "Oh, Hen; I know it. I've got them all over my face."

NOTICE!

LOST: In the hall in front of room 52, an umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a bone head and bent rib. Return to Mr. Mitchell.

Don Mac. (to Florence Julling): "What makes your hair so red, Florence?"

Florence: "It is so wiry that every time I wash it, it rusts."

A Freshman (after his first algebra class): "Say; do you know that they have four-foot yard sticks in Miss DeNoon's room?"

"Jimmy, do you get along well at school now?"

Jimmy: "Yes, I've got big 'nuff to right my own excuses."

"Why did the salt shaker and the medicine dropper?"

"Because they saw the spoon holder and the lemon squeezer."

"What animal lives up in the clouds?"

"The reindeer (rain dear)."

She: "Do you know how to avoid eating toadstools in mistake for mushrooms?"

He: "No; please tell me."

She: "Eat Parsnips."

Bill: "Lucille, what's wrong with your car?"

Lucille: "I don't remember, but I think the garage man said there was too much wind in the windshield."

She: "Do you like a pop-corn ball?"

He: "I don't know; I never attended one."

Evelyn Stafford: "Have you heard 'Kiss Me Again'?"

Nash: "No; I haven't heard you the first time yet."

Mr. Franklin: "People always give eggs for Easter, so I guess I'll give a few on my cards."

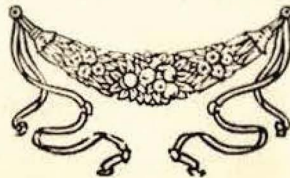
Watchful Mother: "Did you get the highest grade in your Latin exams?"

Freshy: "No, but I got horrible mention."

Miss Hackney (in trig. class): "Now, Miss Hoff, will you please turn around so the class can see your figure?"

She (in chem.): "I am going to write my name on glass."

Bromley: "No; let me scratch it."



MIRABILIA STAFF

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ASSISTANT	- - - - -	DORA ATKINSON
BUSINESS MANAGER	- - - - -	J. LESTER PATTERSON
ADVERTISING MANAGER	- - - - -	EVERETT F. WALKER
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HUGH M. DAY



BROMLEY YORK



VIRGINIA WORKMAN



VIRGINIA HOFF



J. JEROME REICH



CULLOUS MITCHELL

DORM LIFE

In order to be an angel of the dorm, chew well and digest the following:

Read carefully each morning, noon, and evening, the bulletin board; swallow contents whole and react accordingly.

Stop, look, and listen every time you start through a door to make sure an elder, a teacher, or Miss Stevenson isn't somewhere within a half mile headed your way.

Sympathize with the girls in all things, but agree with Mrs. Lyon on every occasion.

Never be late for meals over twice a day, and apologize sweetly to Mrs. Bristowe each time.

Wear a chess-cat grin plastered securely on your face, so folks will think you are good-natured and lovable.

Never break a rule when Mrs. Lyon or her agents are within smelling distance.

Eat everything on the table, and call for "seconds" but take refusal sweetly.

Don't smile on the waiter; he might blush and get red; and give you by mistake somebody else's white bread.

Go to Y. W. sometimes and borrow the president's pious expression.

Clean your room once a month unless Mrs. Bristowe is ill.

Return borrowed property when you feel inclined.

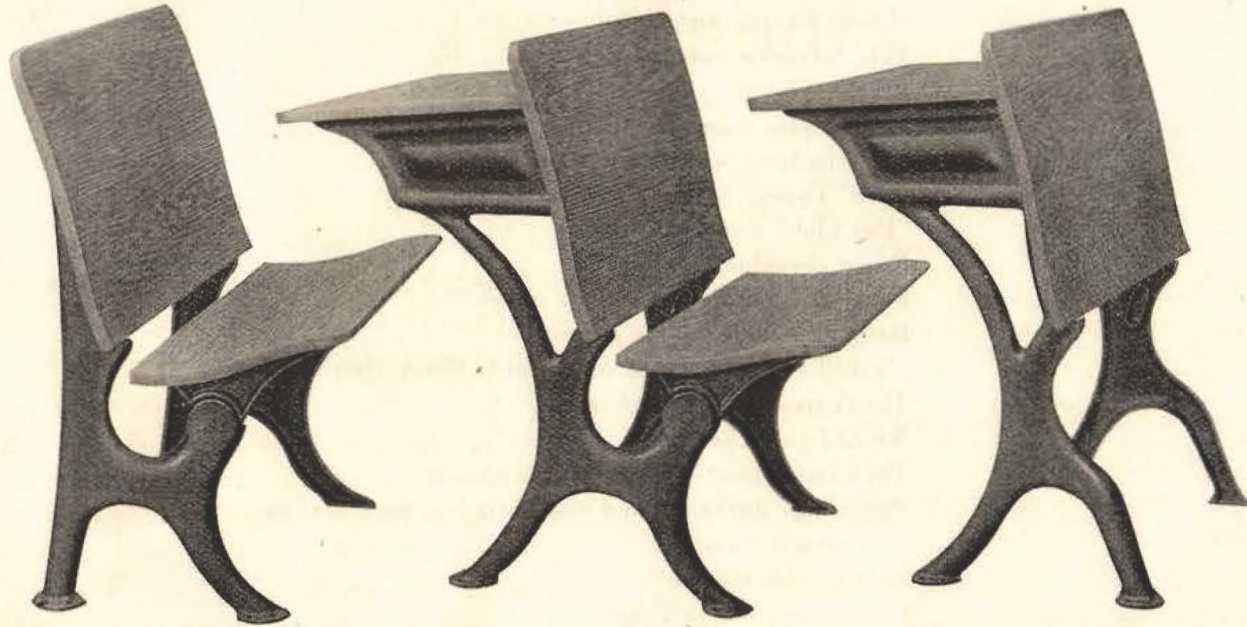
Study, unless you have something to do.

On "parlor night" dress up in your best bib and tucker, stumble as gracefully as possible upon slick floor if all benches are occupied and clap frantically at anything that's pulled off.

Be a "man hater" when there's none around. But be sensible when a good chance appears.

Avoid Sixteenth Street entrance and meetings in the hall unless you are sure Mrs. Lyon is eating ice cream at Parks, and has no spy-glass along.

White's New Sanitary Semi-Steel Desk



All goods sold under a positive guarantee to give entire satisfaction. We carry a complete line of blackboards, maps, charts, crayon, etc. Write us regarding your needs. We feel sure we can save you money on your school furniture and supplies and at the same time give you the best goods to be had for the money.

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CATALOGUE FREE FOR THE ASKING.

WEST VIRGINIA SCHOOL FURNITURE COMPANY
HUNTINGTON - - - - - WEST VIRGINIA

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF---

Robert Smales would talk?
Miss Stevenson quit sputtering?
Erville Sowards got a "C"?
Mrs. Meyers ceased to clear her throat?
Miss Hackney ceased to ride the Freshman?
"Red" Copen" would graduate?
"Pep Club" would bust up?
Benny ceased to grin?
Floyd Wilmoth forgot his fish stories?
Dorm girls ceased to flirt?
Mitchell and Mary Lewis would get to Chem. class on time?
The German Club would revive?
We had an orchestra?
The Latin students "horse" would go lame?
Psychology students would read their five hours a week
outside readings?
Young Cobb ate less?
Everybody went to Chapel?
J. J. Reich ceased to blow?
The Freshmen were "hazed"?
The Faculty ceased to be lenient?
Dorm girls would open their mouths at games?
Gerry Eckard took off his uniform?
The Sophs made less noise?
Lucille Maier forgot to dance?

JOKES

Things We Would Like to See Among the Seniors.

1. Lucille Riffle on time.
2. Mary Holyman with an unprepared lesson.
3. Every Senior attending class meeting.
4. Class pins with "pearls".
5. Lucille Todd in a ruffled dress.
6. Elsie S. singing high notes.
7. Erville Sowards when he wasn't grinning.
8. Ruth Simms doing something unladylike.
9. Roma Gerlach being disagreeable.
10. Allene Sternes flirting with the boys.
11. Kathryn W. when she had her credits straightened.
12. Rosalin Hoff angry.
13. Ann Lear laughing heartily.
14. Bee McCoy playing her violin.
15. A practice teacher with perfect lesson plans.
16. Hazel, Goldie and Ann separated.
17. Iva Crotty trying to be a vampire.
18. Mary Dudley misbehave in class.
19. Blanche and Anna S. not talking in Art class.

In the Movies

Leona: "What did the screen say, Mae?"

Mae: "I don't know; I wasn't listening."

Miss Stalnaker: "When does a cat start praying (preying)?"

Day: "When it gets perched on your window sill in the wee hours of the morn, and howls into low Hades for the condemnation of your sins."

Miss Andrews: "In 'Tam o'Shanter' it says no spirit could cross a river."

Nash B.: "Well, believe me, there's lots of spirits crossing the bridge at Kenova."

Mr. Brinker (in physics laboratory): "Miss Cavendish, why doesn't this cell shock me?"

Miss Cavendish: "It takes a lot to shock some people."

Mr. Hendrick: "There are some shows that are never shown."

Lucille M.: "Well, I never did see any of those."

Miss Stalnaker: "We're here because we're here."

Mr. Wylie (in chemistry class): "Chlorine gas was the first used by the Germans."

Bailey: "Ain't there a gas what looks like air, that you can't tell is around till you are dead?"

ADVERTISEMENTS

LOST, strayed or stolen, Mary's little lamb.

FOR SALE: One used key, to any fellow. Don McDonald.

FOR SALE: One horse and two ponies, all good trotters. A famous Latin student.

FOR SALE: Extra flesh. "Lengthy" Workman.

FOR SALE: Forty last year's Mrabilias. Mirabilia Board

FOR SALE: "Life on Sixteenth Street." A most useful book for all Soph. boys, but of little value without my treatise on bluffing.

LOST: All hopes of getting rid of Red Copen. Have had him for thirteen years. Anyone who wishes an interview call 48. Faculty.

LOST: A few baseball games; winners may have them.

WANTED: A book on speech making. Boylen

WANTED: A truthful alarm clock. Walls.

WANTED: A story book. Lucy Calloway.

WANTED: Some clothes for the skeleton. Shocked Faculty.

A patriotic advertiser, usually advertises in the M., kindly and most graciously seeks the patronage of the M. C. student body. My establishment is handy and at your service; near your beloved school.

College Pharmacy

ELLIS W. JONES, Manager



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EATON, CRANE AND PIKE STATIONERY

NYALL REMEDIES

ANSCO CAMERAS



Your Prescriptions are Compounded by Registered Pharmacists.

Meet Me at The College Pharmacy

DON'T----

Quarrel with Benny.
Be skeered of Miss Staats.
Stick your finger in nitric acid to see if it is hot or cold.
Chew gum while in room 53.
Have lunch in your rooms. (In the dorm.)
All be in on time in the morning; you might embarrass
the teacher.
Whisper in the library; talk out loud.
Put electric wires in your mouth to taste the current. The
result might be quite shocking to you.
"Skate on the parlor floor," said Mrs. Lyon. "It will cost
me a dollar to have it waxed."
Imitate the Statue of Liberty by snapping your fingers.
Cut your easy classes.
Look at those naughty boys, girls.
Think.
Flirt with burglars.

In the Dorm

Victim (at table): "There is a hair in the honey."
Waiter: "Oh; it's probably come off the comb."

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

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An Endowment Policy is the roof of the house that shelters the family. The owner may creep under himself, if he lives to pay for it.
LOOK AHEAD. Make provision for your dependents and for yourself. **DO IT NOW!**

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HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

Mrs. Syon commanded a negro chief to make some noodle soup for lunch.
"How do you make it?" asked the cook.
"Don't you know how to make noodle soup?"
"Use your head."

The good Samaritan recollect him,
Who has taken his place, some say?
The man who flops the pancakes,
Doin good turns every day.

Miss Andrews: "Use 'laid' correctly in a sentence."
Taylor Walker: "I laid in bed until ten o'clock."
Miss Andrews: "Correct use it in another sentence."
Taylor Walker: "I laid in bed until eleven o'clock."

CONNER
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WHY? BECAUSE HE CAN GET WHAT HE WANTS, AND
RELISHES WHAT HE GETS. EFFICIENT SERVICE TO ALL.

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SHEET METAL WORKERS

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Huntington, W. Va.

WANTED:

A shower bath for the Freshmen.
Anti-fat—Miss Ball.
Less hash—Dorm Girls.
A cute Soph.—my size.—Aubrey Bryan.
A permit to dance—Lester Patterson.
To know Spanish—Hatfield.
A boys' Dorm.
Someone to love—Robert Brinker.
Graduation—Red Copen.
Someone not so slow—Virginia Hoff.
Games with Morris Harvey.
A football team.
Less work to do—Everybody.
“AA”—Mr. Tabor.
A library assistant with a heart.
Mr. H. K. Brooks—“Hippy” Haptonstall.
A Freshman class meeting—Mirabilia Board.

Some place to go; something to do—New Students.
A College Prom.—Some live ones.
A tomb stone for the German Club.
A shave—Brinker.
A bungalow; “room for two”.—Lucy Calloway.
Another girl—J. J. Reich.
A horse named Virgil for a certain Senior Latin student.
A key to Benny's grin.
Better service in the south parlor.
A rat trap—Dorm girls.
More to eat—Young Cobb.
Another red sweater—Bob Smales.
A cute little Freshman—Any Dorm Girl.
Better attendance at Classical—Miss Johnson.
A letter—Mae Honaker.
A dance—Lucille Maier.
Another poodle dog—Mrs. Haworth.

Smaller feet—Harry Butler.
A flag for our new pole.
More knowledge—Freshmen.
Civilian clothes—Garry Eckard and Erville Sowards.
Children; not wooden blocks—Miss Hackney.
Thirty hours per day—Mirabilia Staff.
A long, tall, slim fellow—Lora Kessel.
Powder puffs—Senior Girls.
Society doings—Junior Secondary.
Moustache—Mr. Largent.
Hair tonic—Mr. Grove.
Good girlies—Mrs. Lyon.
To have callers every night—Dorm Girls.
Jokes and some more—Virginia Workman.
An escape from the cradle.—Ruth Strohmeier.
More “AA” and less flunks—Guess Who.
A ladder to open the Agriculture Department—Mr. Groves.
Mascot, none but best need apply—Baseball Team.

Larger student body—All.
Boys’ Gymnasium—Men of Tomorrow.
Extra pairs of glasses, so as all the students may see straight
—Mr. Franklin’s English Class.
A “classy girl”—Floyd Wilmoth.
A rugged anatomy—Perry Duncan.
To know the number of my chapel seat—Freshie.
A tennis tournament—A Fan.
School spirit and team support—Team.
New ways to sing smiles—Ezhorbious Quartet.
To giggle—A Soph Secondary.
Students Assemblies—Students.
Acquiescence and tranquility—Bob Smales.
A new Line—Brinker.
Some one to love—Don McDonald.
My Dadda—Lucy Calloway.
More Yells—Our Boys.
New Navy Stories—Wilmoth.

THE '19 CLASS

A is for all of us, the Senior Class.
B is for Betty, Don's better half.
C is for Cutting a thing we don't do.
D is for Davidson who likes to chew.
E is for Echols, handsome and dark-eyed.
F is for Frye, she's true and she's tried.
G is for Gulie, quiet as a dove.
H is for Haptonstall who is deeply in love.
I is for Ina, with bright golden curls.
J is for Jenkins who doesn't like girls.
K is for Kessels, Lora's the larger of the two.
L is for Lillian Davis but Evans would do.
M is for Miller, Myer, Mytinger and Meade.

N is for Naughty, Don McDonald will lead.
O is for Optimistic, the non-candidates.
P is for Patton who Benny's English hates.
Q is for Queer, Bob Smales, don't you know.
R is for Roxie, Alex B's her best beau.
S is for Silas, that's Tiny Pen's name.
T is for Taylor, A cad of great fame.
U is for Ugly, no one in our bunch.
V is for Velma, who in Virgil does stunts.
W is for Whitney, you've read of the boy.
X is for Xerxes, who lives at the Dorm.
Y is for Yates, Walter Benton, *s'il vous plait*.
Z is for Zeugma, Bennet 374, 2a.

Emmons-Hawkins Hardware Co.

BASEBALL GOODS, GUNS, FISHING TACKLE
CUTLERY, GAS AND ELECTRIC CHANDE-
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DAILY AND SUNDAY MORNING

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Member A. B. C.

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MISS A. MARTIN

CUT FLOWERS, PLANTS AND DESIGNS. CUT FLOWERS A
SPECIALTY

We will gladly take care of any orders from Marshall College.
314 TENTH STREET PHONE 74

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF----

We had a football team?
We had once again 2,000 students?
Boys didn't have to leave the Dorm at 10 P. M.?
Everybody was on time at 8 o'clock classes?
A flag floated from our new ag pole?
Rats ceased to promenade in the Dorm?
Boys had a Dorm?
Girls could yell at the games?
We had no afternoon classes?
We could sleep all day Sunday?
Town students would attend Classical?
More science were taught?
Boys didn't take toothache every time they were on a
program?
We had physical culture for boys?
Freshmen had class meetings?
Mirabilia board could put out a better book?
We all owned beech trees?
Everybody was on the good side of John?
Freshmen were endowed with knowledge?
Senior Secondaries could decide whether they are better
looking than their picture?
Flag poles did not have "skeleton's" for adornment?

TO BENNY

When he reads them out to us
We were inclined to fall
And we raised a terribly noisy din
For 'tis true that you and I
Received a bolt from out the sky
From our little cuts a graft grown sin
The large number thirty-three
And of days to make them up we had just ten
But we did our task at last
In a way quite far from fast
And we make the resolution
"Not Again."

It may be very, very nice
To cut his class, say once or twice
For, we knew we could make it up to him
(Or perhaps a little more)
The future was to usa little dim.

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TAILORED TO ACCENTUATE THE CHARM OF YOUTH
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HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

WHAT MAKES US TALK SO MUCH ABOUT

WALKOVERS

WE KNOW WHAT WE ARE TALKING ABOUT

WALKOVER BOOT SHOP

935 THIRD AVENUE

HAVE YOU CAUGHT IT? WHAT?

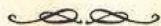
Miss Johnson's "Chuckle."
Davidson's "Friendly chatter."
Lucille Maier's "Oh Hen."
Brinker's "Er-Er-Er."
Mitchell's "Lost Chord."
Miss Hackney's "Manners."
Mrs. Lyon's Stately walk.
J. J. Reich's Reciprocal.
Huntington's Flu.
Red Copen's "Industrious habit of studv."
Carl Meyer's Dry Nature.
Bromley York's Girl Craze.
Freshman's Cuteness.
Bob Smaxles' Red Sweater.
Floyd Wilmouth's Navy Fish Stories.
Erville Soward's Brilliancy.
Lucille Todd's Bobbed Hair.
Mrs. Myer's Silence.

The Senior's Dignity.
Wall's Early rising.
The Sophs' Speed.
Miss Stallnaker's Infantile Millieur.
The Freshman's Humor.
Patterson's Diabolical Acid.
Mr. Wylie's Distance.
Virginia Hoff's Snap Shots.
Miss McGregor's Magic Touch.
The Janitor's Crankiness.
Cobb's Ability to Eat Beans.
Marshall's School spirit.
Bryan's Ability to Sleep in Class.
Lucy's Library Order????
The Library's Bell.
The Dorm's Spirit.
Mrs. Haworth's Poodle Dog.
Miss Allen's Friendly smile.
Cobb's Good Morning.

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THE YOUNG FELLOWS who want something beside economy in clothes will find in Our Clothes all the snap, style, vigor and good looks that belong in suits for young men—plus value in quality and reasonableness in price. And as for Hats—we don't take a back seat for anybody—you'll find exactly the stylish style you want, and at the right price.

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1042 FOURTH AVENUE

Phone 447

HUNTINGTON - WEST VIRGINIA

SCHOOL ALPHABET

A is for Alex, who makes all the noise.

B is for Bryan who shoots crap with the boys.

C is for Carter whose smile makes us cry.

D is for Durea whose words make us cry.

E is for Echard who sailory looks.

F is for Farewell who flirts with the books.

H is for Houchins who flirts with the crooks.

I is for Ina who is looking for Bob.

J is for Jerome who the cradle does rob.

K is for Kenny whose stature is small.

L is for Lester who for the ladies doth fall.

M is for Moorhouse whose dancing is just right.

N is for Nash who stays out all night.

O is for Labor a Junior's right name.

P is for Perry who has such fine hair.

Q is for Quesenberry who southward did go.

R is for Rieche who makes such a big show.

S is for Strohmeier who vampishly looks

T is for Taylor who is classed with the crooks.

U is for Unique which gives us a blow.

V is for Verlander whose good attendance does show

W is for Weller whose weight no one knows.

X is for Excellency which every one shows.

Y is for Yates whom every one knows.

Z is for Zip who got mud on his clothes.

To the College Students:

We are pleased to announce that we are better prepared to fill the demands of the College Students than ever before. -- Stylish and Dependable Clothes for Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths, and Misses, of Individuality and Cheapness. -- -- --

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Nice, clean, attractive line of Gentlemen's Ladies', and Misses' Furnishings of up-to-date types; at prices, too, that will make you smile. -- -- -- --
Gentlemen's, Ladies', and Misses' Footwear, in neat and nobby lasts of the most modern type, that is sure to give you lasting satisfaction and service. -- -- -- --

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----- COME IN AND LET US CONVINCING YOU. -----

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IF YOUR SHOES COME FROM HERE YOU CAN REST ASSURED YOU HAVE THE NEWEST PATTERNS AND THE MOST DEPENDABLE FOOTWEAR THAT MONEY CAN BUY. -- -- --



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FIRST CLASS PHOTOS

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NEXT

Greater men than I have lived but I don't believe it, Charles Rawlings.

This is a world of sweets and sour, Bromley York.

None but the brave deserve the fair, Floyd Wilmouth.

She is of stature somewhat low, Lucille Todd.

A minister, but still a man, Murvin Durea.

And from that luckless hour, my tyrant fair has led and turned me by a single hair, Kenton Taylor.

For I am not so old and not so plain and I'm quite prepared to marry, Boylen.

Haste is of the devil, Lucy Calloway.

A mother's pride, a father's joy, Brinker.

He hath a lean and hungry look, Walls.

I never yet saw man, Miss Staats.

Memory is fickle—trust her not but rely upon a pony.

I'm small but I have mighty big ways, Tabor.

Little thoughts expostulated in ponderous phrases sound like fire-crackers set off in an empty barrel, Smales.

Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, Deacon Frasure.

Yes, what I love determines how I love, Virginia Hoff.

No man wants more and gets less than I, Whitney.

Won't you be my sweetheart?—Brinker.

Who is he?—Virginia Workman.

What a fine man hath your tailor made of you! Carl Myers.

I to myself, I am dearer than a friend, Elizabeth Carter.

His work is warrant for his welcome, Mr. Largent.

I am what I am, Elizabeth Mytinger.

Oh, what noble minds are here, Mirabilia Board.

Work may be the greatest gift of God to man but it gets stale with me, Red Copen.

If I had to do it over again, I'd rather be born rich than pretty, Perry Duncan.

What's in a name?—Ruby Kaiser.

So womanly, so being and meek, Don McDonald.

She is pretty to walk with, And witty to talk with, And pleasant, too to think on, Leona Moonehouse.

Shall I waste in despair, Die, because a woman's fair?—
J. J. Reich.

Modern French Translation—

J. J. Reich in French Class—Vite! Votre chapeau. Your life or your hat!

Lucile M.—What do you suppose Ed meant by sending me these flowers?

He—He probably meant to imply that you were a dead one.

Prof. Booth,—What is a screw?

Booth—A piece of iron with wrinkles on it.

Why Julia, what're you looking through all those war records for?

J. Weller—I'm trying to find out who General Delivery is?

1st Person—Marshall certainly takes an interest in her graduates.

2nd Person—How's that?

1st Person—I had a letter from Miss Hackney this morning stating that she would be pleased to learn of any deaths of the graduates.

Freshie—What row are you in, Day?

Day—They put me in K, but I'm really in L.

**GREGG
SHORTHAND**

EVERY GRADUATE PLACED IN A GOOD POSITION.
THEY MAKE GOOD. THEY STAY PUT.

**GET
GREGG SHORTHAND**

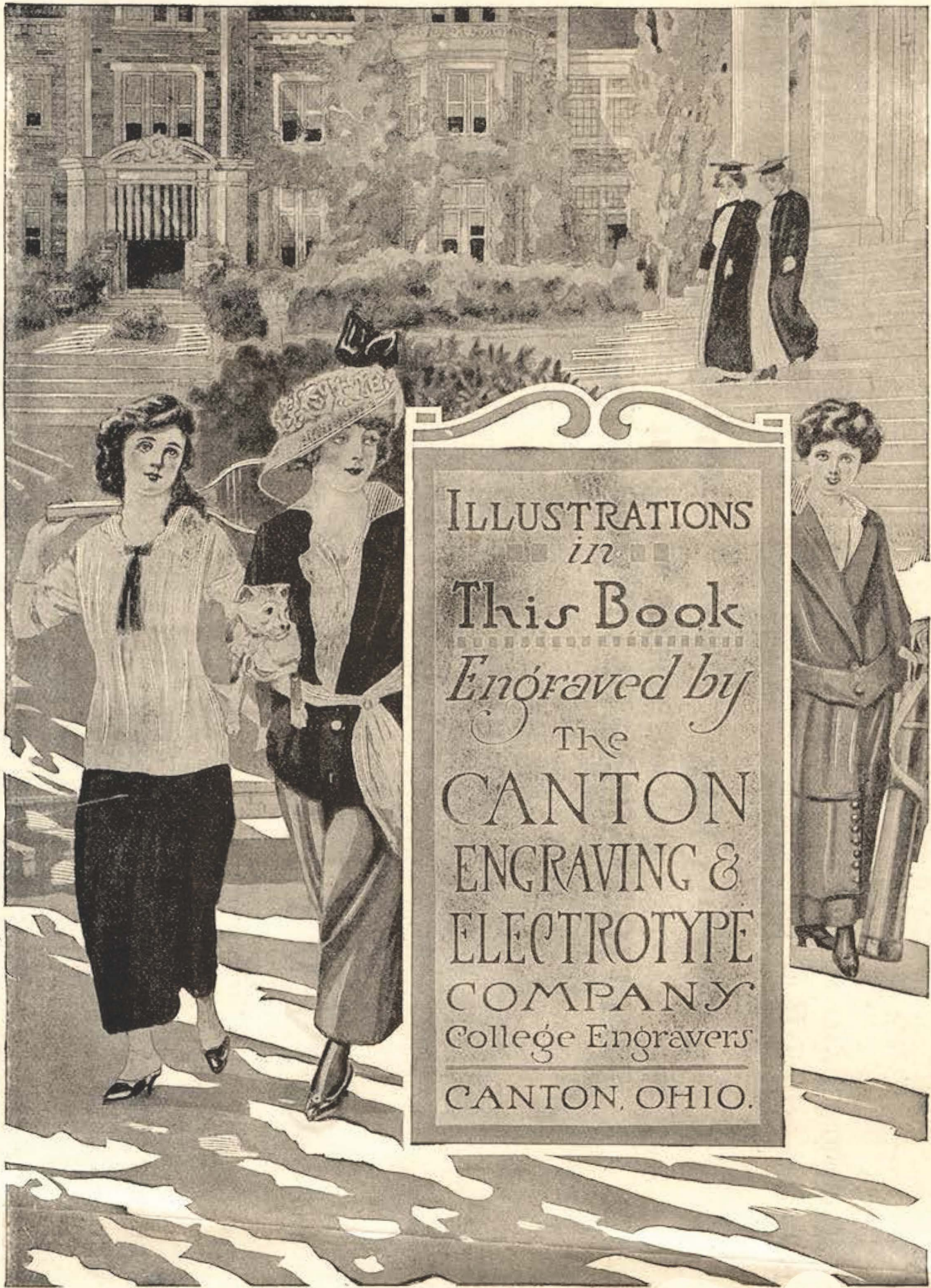
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