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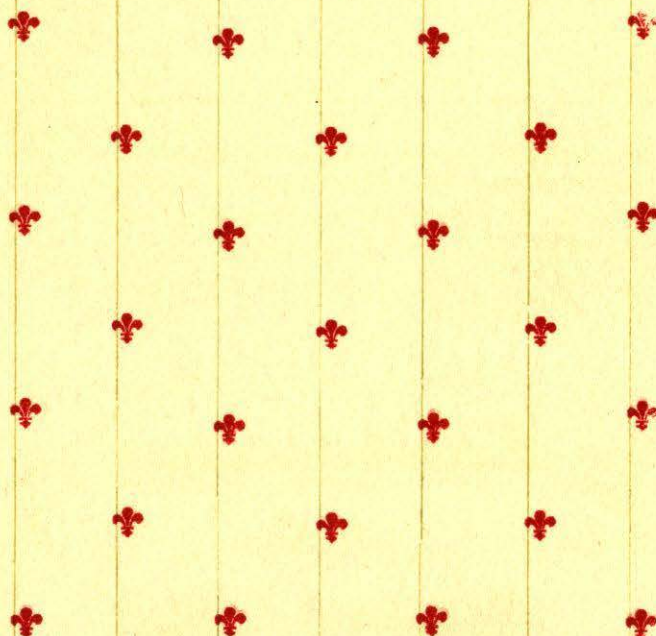
PARTHENON

DECEMBER

VOL. II

1902.

NO. III



PUBLISHED AT HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

By The Faculty And Students of Marshall College

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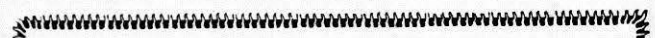
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THE PARTHENON

VOL. 1

DECEMBER 1902

NO. III

Published by

THE PARTHENON PUBLISHING CO

Huntington, West Va.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

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Editorials.

A COURSE of lectures or talks to our boys on "The meaning of the Franchise in Our Civilization" would be timely, healthful and interesting.

SOME teachers and writers of ethics and pedagogy deplore the use of "don'ts." Perhaps this is well, but who does not know that if one wants a woman to read a thing, pry into a thing, investigate a thing, court a "thing," or marry a "thing," all

there is to do is to label it "don't." Why, then, not label the "dos" "don'ts" and the "don'ts" "dos." There is such a thing as negative teaching as well as such a thing as teaching negatives,

YOUNG man, there is no poverty however great in this land of rivers, rains, and water-works that will excuse a dirty shirt or collar, or a collarless neck. Use economy, but not to the extent of neglecting these small but very essential elements in personal appearance.

If the young ladies of the school, or young gentlemen either, wish any special permissions such as a visit home, letters from parents should come direct to the principal asking such privilege, and not through the child.

Do you know, my young friends the name of any well-to-do man in your county who might be prevailed upon to contribute \$1,000 toward a hall for boys or girls? If so, 15 or 20 such would mean a fine hall for you by next September.

W. W. SMITH, the editor of the Athenaeum—the students paper at the university—has just resigned to accept the position of high school principal in the Morgantown schools. Mr. Smith is a Marshall College graduate, class of '96,

WHITE, clean teeth, white, clipped, well-kept finger nails, well-blackened shoes, a good hat, and cleanliness as to all other parts, these are the silent surface marks of a gentleman. Carefulness and consideration for others feelings these complete the list, Give me these and I'll risk the rest.

ALL thanks, all honor to the man or woman who is learning to make skirts for ladies without the vent that embarrasses her and those near her every time she gathers her skirts or assumes a twisted attitude in sitting. Welcome, a thousand welcomes for her sake and for the boor who laughs at such exposures, to the pin that holds, the button that stays, or the pattern that dispenses with, this neglected part of too many good women's attire.

LET the debates in the literary societies become more and more the feature of the programmes. Let music, too, have a large place and the recitation, too, when well done, is a good feature, a very good one. Let the essay writing be confined to concrete subjects, subjects about which the writer has either some personal experience which he can put in good form, or has read and studied it carefully and for months. If we are not mistaken essay-writing, and oration as well, belongs to the scholar, the man of large experience, the mature man or woman; and by mature we mean "seasoned" by years of study and experience. The debate is the most valuable ex-

ercise our young men and women can engage in in their literary meeting. It teaches young people to think consecutively, accurately, and logically, and to express themselves intelligently, forcefully, and gracefully, but at the same time cautiously. It encourages independent inquiry, full and unprejudiced investigation, and critical and accurate habits of reading and making notes. There is nothing in a young person's school life that so relieves him from the bondage of prejudice and political or religious bias as the habits of careful and independent investigation with a view not only to defending a position but with a view as well to knowing the merits of his opponent's position. But debate should not be regarded as something to be prepared within a week or two. That means only a discussion, and a little is earned thereby. Every debate in the societies should be announced at least one month ahead,—and three months were better still,—so that the debaters may be able to instruct, not simply entertain. The societies should be places for instruction, and unless they are, they fall short of their purpose. Every debate should be looked forward to as a time when battle royal is to be done, when young people appear in their strongest role. This should be so of everything done in the societies.

Good reports come from the current History Seminary. There is no better thing for young people in our school. It is the grossest carelessness

ness and waste of energy to let the history of one's own time pass by unnoticed and then pick it up by books which dish it out by periods and by dates. Learn it now and it becomes a part of one; learn it later and one never truly knows it. There is no part of the busy world today in whose economic, civil, social, and religious, happenings every young person should not have a lively interest. Keep in touch with these countries now, daily if one can, and review them semi monthly, again monthly, and finally once per year. This will result in concrete knowledge, in the accurate, philosophic study of history.

There are a few nameless animals that mask in human attire in our towns and cities to lure to ruin the innocent girl from the country. "Demon" for him is title modest, but "man" such an one to call (yet he calls himself gentle-man) is a travesty upon the sex that is supposed to protect womankind. He who would abet, to say nothing of lead in such satanic work (this word is too gentle; whatever else his majesty, Satan, has done to injure the race, he has never stooped so low as this)—is too vile to move among civilized men. Alas! He not only moves among us, he is welcome in many of our finest parlors with our daughters, and our fathers—not unfrequently our mothers too—know him and his nature. Is this, at last, not a very strange, a very contradictory word? Gentle-

men are passed as boors, men as heroes, demons as gentlemen, heroes as vagabonds, a spade as a rusty old shovel and the opposite. And so it will be while money is the measure of a man and poverty or misfortune the badge of mediocrity. When manly instincts, manly impulses, and manly qualities shall have been made the "sine qua non" of admission to the dignity and rank of gentleman,—and this will be when women demand it—then will these counterfeits of human character be classed where they belong to the great blessing of the race.

Here and There.

Beginning with the winter term there will be some important changes in the department of oratory. Each pupil will receive both class and private instruction instead of class instruction only. The course of study will include as before the evolution of expression and the Perfective Laws of Art. In addition to this, special selections and orations will be read. The plays of Hamlet and the Merchant of Venice will be studied and many of the scenes from these will be presented by the class.

Edgar Flowers of Memphis, Tenn., class of '86, was a welcome, interesting and interested caller at the college Thanksgiving day. He is still loyal to Marshall and will send his daughters all the way from Memphis here to school.

The new band instruments came the last week of November, fine sil-

ver plated ones, and Prof. Abel conducted the first practice Friday the 28th.

Thanksgiving for the faculty: Principal L. J. Corbly and wife, Prof. Meredith and wife, Miss Hackney, Miss Orr, Miss Wright, Miss Fay and Miss Brake at College Hall. Mrs. Everett and Miss Smith at Mr. McDonald's up the Ohio river, Profs. Myers, Fitzgerald, Ripley, and Neff at their homes in the city, Prof. Scott with friends in St. Louis, Miss Cummings' Miss Ware, Miss Nash, Miss Muenz, and Miss Spahr with friends in the city, Prof. Abel at home in Catlettsburg, Ky, Miss Johnson at home in Marietta, Ohio, Miss Hayes with friends in Parkersburg.

Thanksgiving for the students: Too numerous to follow closely, but we caught the following: Miss Hoiles and Northcott up the Ohio with friends, Miss Braley at home, Miss Mohler at home and Miss Quesenbery with her, Misses Specht and Nash at home, Miss Harris, the Misses Turner at home and Miss Harper with them, Miss McKendree at home. Miss Hare with friends in Ceredo, Miss Huddleston with friends in the city, Mr. Smith at home. No others have been reported.

The principal of the school wishes herewith to express his very high appreciation of the spirit shown by a number of the business men of the city in giving worthy young men from among our student body some-

thing to do for a short time each day and on Saturdays, or both, thus helping them to defray their school expenses. We most heartily thank these gentlemen for these favors. There are odds and ends of business that college boys can do as well as any one and which they are glad to get to do to help a little with their expenses. How much better to give these things to worthy young men who are trying to make something of themselves than to give them to the trifling cigarette smokers that lounge on the streets, and in worse places, too lazy to study, too good-for-nothing to be in school getting ready for a respectable life and a useful career. Again we say, "our very kindest thanks to several of our business men," among whom are Mr. Northcott, Mr. Broh, Sanford Robinson, the Union Savings Bank, one of the livery stables, Mrs. Parsons, and others whose names we have not yet learned.

O. C. Chambers will be among the new students for the winter term. We welcome such good material back—heartily welcome them. Miss Mattie Knapp and Florence Riggs are among the old students to return then, also.

Supt. Cole of the Huntington city schools and Prof. Holroyd, the oldest (in experience) of all the normal school faculties, took the "Shriners Degree" in masonry at Charleston Nov. 20th [Gentlemen, our kindest sympathies.] Prof. Holroyd has

been connected with the Athens normal school for 20 years. It was a pleasure to see Principal Thorn and Supt. Laidley at the meeting. Among the 37 candidates was an old Marshall student, Harry Barrof Putnan, now a successful young dentist of Charleston.

Miss Peebles, one of the leading members of the troupe that played "King Dodo" in this city recently, is a personal friend of our vocal teacher, Miss Fay, and was a pleasant caller at college Hall the 22nd.

The normal schools will have two of their regents and one ex-regent in the senate of the next session of the of the state legislature, and one ex-regent in the House. The normal schools will certainly be well cared for.

Waitman Barbe was a welcome and interesting caller at the college the last week of November.

The Congress elected at the last election will be the first under the new appointment—the 58th Congress. It will meet the first Monday in December, 1903, and will be composed of 286 members. The 57th Congress was composed of 257 members. Neither of these estimates includes the Senate. Why called the "short session?"

The city of Huntington will build two new ward school buildings before the opening of school next September; an 8-room building in the

East End and a 14-room building with high school appointments near the center of the city.

It is estimated that the improvements already under headway in Huntington will bring 2,000 new people to the city within a twelve month.

Monongalia county will send a new representative for our winter term.

Fannie Wysor's school will close this month and she will be with us soon again.

Ruth Wysor may be out for the winter term completing a term of school for a "near" relative.

Rev. Stone, Rev. McCarthy, A. J. Wilkinson and Supt. A. C. Kimler have been welcome visitors lately.

Huntington now has five good banks in successful operation.

Valentine, Newcomb & Carder of this city have the largest dry goods house between Pittsburg and Cincinnati.

The new iron mill is running and the new furniture factory is well nigh completion. Several other new enterprises are on the way.

The fine large pressed-brick, stone-trimmed business house on the S. W. corner of 11th and 3rd is an ornament to the city. If now the S. W. corner of 10th and 3rd and the S. E. corner of 11th and 3rd were treated to new edifices, 3rd avenue would look city like indeed.

The city public library grows steadily. It will add decidedly to 9th street.

It has not yet been decided where the new government building is to stand.

We are to have new subways under the C. & O., tracks at 20th and 18th streets.

Jake Davis has purchased the large lot on the N. E. corner of 3rd and 16th opposite the college, and will build himself a home and large mess hall for students. This will greatly improve our campus front. Also the shaggy lot on the S. W. corner of 16th and 3rd is to be covered with new dwellings, two of which are already on the way. Good.

An order for a new lot of library books is out, and will be here for the winter term.

Dr. Caldwell, of Dennison, gave a successful and very entertaining lecture on Greek architecture and Greek sculpture to a good audience in commencement hall recently. The doctor is a most delightful gentleman as well as an interesting lecturer.

TRIP CHIPS.

CONTINUED.

The evenings aboard ships are spent in almost all kinds of time-passing—not unusually time-killing—sports, games etc. This may be said of the days, indeed, but more especially of the evenings. Before referring to the painful experience of

tonight let us take a review of some pretty day at sea on a large ocean steamer. One rises to suit his feelings unless his feelings conflict with breakfast hours, in which case he must take his choice between sleep, and breakfast, and if in favor of the former, then starve till noon or "tip" his steward for bringing his breakfast to him. Sometimes the steamer is loaded beyond its dining-room capacity, in which case there is a "zweiter Tisch" as the German would say—a second table. If one has a preference for the "first table" and especially for a particular place at table, he should see the chief steward as soon as possible after going aboard, slip a piece of money in his hand if he would be really sure of getting what he asks, and speak for his table and place at table; otherwise he will certainly come out at "zweiter Tisch." Breakfast for first table is usually at 8, for second table at 9; sometimes 7:30 and 8:30. In this there is always greater freedom for first class passengers than for second class—first and second class passengers eat in different dining rooms and occupy separate parts of the vessel. Second class passengers are usually called by a bell, first class passengers by a cornet. I like "zweiter Tisch" because I can sleep later, and as most days grow long for me when aboard ship, I usually sleep late unless there is something unusual to call me early. Well, we'll say up at 8 a. m. Ready for breakfast. Quite a number of the early-

risers have been up for from one to three hours, have been promenading on deck till they are thoroughly hungry, while I have little appetite. Breakfast over all who are able are soon on deck promenading, chatting lively, laughing, racing etc., etc. Later, lounging, gaming, reading, napping, forming new acquaintances, singing, whatnot. Lunch is served on deck at 11, especially on European steamers. For first class this usually consists of lemonade, coffee, tea or chocolate, and cakes, sandwiches, fruit etc. For second class this is always much simpler. Dinner at 12 to 2. Sometimes 1 to 3. For first class this is a "fussy" meal. For second class much less so. For steerage—just peep over the railing and see! It is perhaps as good as most of them have at home, better than some have, worse than a few have, but it would be called "pretty hard" by the average American. There is lunch again at 3, or 4 p. m., according to the dinner hour. This is about as the a. m. lunch. Then supper at 6 to 8 and table lunch at noon. After supper one sees more people on deck than at any other time of day; but about nine they begin to retire and the number decreases slowly till the midnight lights are put out, and even after that not a few lounge about the decks till one, to two o'clock. Concerts, dancing, parties, special games, anything to add life and pass the dark evening hours. Most people seem happy; but there

are some who have good reasons to be sad, some are naturally moody and pessimistic and the sea intensifies this feeling with many, while still others are seasick and would be if there were not a wave. They are truly miserable if their feelings are reflected in their looks—and now and then by their acts. I usually stay up late at night because I prefer to be awake at night when at sea—I scarcely know why, but I find myself growing out of this feeling more and more each trip. If the day is stormy of course the scene is changed. Decidedly so if very stormy, for now and then all passengers are fastened below to escape the danger of the big waves that boldly invade the decks and sometimes sweep every loose thing away—some things that were not loose till they loosened them. Even when the sea is but medium the decks are little thronged, the number that get to meals is greatly reduced, and the premises seem half forsaken. Wind or rain, neither has any charm for most people at sea, and I am among the "most." A pretty moonlight night on a smooth sea is a most delightful time, however, to anyone who can like the night at sea, at all, and such I can. Especially is a clear night and a smooth sea delightful on the Mediterranean. Here I would stay up all night out of pure delight did I consult my own feelings; but deliver me from the windy, choppy, cold, rough North Sea. I want to get out of sight of this.

Tonight is one of those very pretty ones that are somewhat common on the eastern Atlantic, but as stated in my last article, nearly all passengers were abed early in order that they might be up early to see land as it first appeared in view. I stayed up late, however, as I had seen the Scillys before, and their famous lighthouse. I hear a strange noise down in the neighborhood of the steerage and investigation reveals a sad spectacle. A poor mother, a nice-looking woman, evidently born and bred above the grade of associates one usually finds among steerage passengers, had come aboard at New York with a bright little girl of a few months' age. The voyage had been happy to her, not because of her surroundings, for they could make no normally constituted human being happy, but because she and baby were soon to see husband and papa. But flux had attacked the little one two days before, and friends said the physicians paid little or no heed to its needs. Of that I cannot speak, but certainly the disease had made remarkable headway, for the little one had died a few minutes before, and, despite the urgent and piteous pleas of the almost distracted mother who wanted to bury her babe ashore, the white little form was slipped into a crude sack, a piece of iron was attached, and baby was quietly dropped overboard in the most matter-of-fact manner, only the noise of the ship rushing through the sea, and the most pitiful wailing of

the poor mother, the one serving to drown the other, paying ceremony to the unusually sorrowful occasion. Few things have I met in travel or at home that appealed so strongly to my sympathies; and should I pass the Scillys a thousand times I'm sure there would always be sorrow mixed with my joy at seeing land—even a rocky, barren, isolated island like any one of these has a joy to me at sea.

It is fortunate if the new traveler pass these islands at daybreak, for that means, if the ship be at least a medium one as to speed, he will sail along the southern coast of England in close view of land nearly all the forenoon, will see the landing at an English port, a French port, and then go to bed and rise again in time to see the chalk cliffs of the strait of Dover,—most large German vessels stop at one English and one French port.

See that flag running up the staff at the south-west point of England called the "Lizard," then see the one go up our main mast. Now watch that combination of small flags, different colors going up our mast and up the flag-pole ashore. They are reading the name of our ship and asking whether all is well with us. This news is at once telegraphed back to New York, to the vessel's destination, and to all commercial centers.

"Rock-ribbed" indeed, rugged, and crooked are the cliffs off south England most of our distance, but gar-

den-like are the fields. But yonder is old Plymouth, historic Plymouth. We are to stop there one hour. It is just 11 a. m. We leave at 12. A handsome tug comes out in the harbor to meet us, takes off the mail, some express, and a number of passengers for England and Scotland. Plymouth is a pretty harbor, well fortified, and seemingly well kept. The houses are substantial as we see them a little distance away, and the hills are as smooth as a lawn save where the shrubbery and houses stand, and a large flock of sheep grazes on the hillside facing the bay.

Off for Cherbourg, France, our next stopping place. We are there at six; but we are 18 hours ahead of time at Plymouth, and have gained another half hour crossing the channel; hence the message from the Lizard indicates that we may reach Cherbourg by 6:30 to 7. No tug awaits us in the harbor as we approach. What a beautiful France one sees as he enters Cherbourg harbor from the west! Truly these hills look like lawns and gardens perfectly kept. Our gifted French friend who is the wife of the Berliner aboard, went into ecstasies as she neared her native land. She laughed, then cheered, then waived, then cried. French born and reared, American for a number of years where she married a successful and handsome young German business man of New York who is now on his way to Berlin to open a Berlin house for the firm, but French to the heart she is and loves

her native France just as we love the Stars and Stripes; shall I say "loves France more"? How refreshing to see patriotism, love for native land no matter what that land or what that flag. I honored and admired this gifted lady (who spoke French, German, English and Italian fluently) more than ever, (for I had already learned to admire her), when I noted her tender love for her native land. "I shall always love France 'best' no matter where I live; I can't help it," she said as she cried; and I answered, "I should not try to help it if I were you, and so I would have every American lady who would a-princing, a-baroning, a-marquising, a-duking, a-lording, or just any title-hunting going, feel. Some of us think Americans are the most patriotic people in the world. I hope for our sake that it is true, but I have yet to feel that it is true.

But "let us not give up the ship." We are in the splendidly fortified harbor of Cherbourg. Whistle after whistle the Pennsylvania makes to reverberate among the hills and the captain walks the deck extremely impatient, for he has made a finer run so far and would lose not a moment; but he loses a half hour before the tug steams out of the harbor to meet us and take off our French cargo. Then eastward ho! It grows dusk, land fades from sight except the revolving lights in the light-houses, and we all go down to bed, for today has been a busy sight-seeing day. Some fog at day break, but yonder

only about a mile or two distant are the chalk cliffs, and there is Dover, where Caesar first saw the Britons. Glance at those vertical cliffs from 20 to 100 feet high, and see what chance Caesar stood for launching his "naves onerariae" and his "naves longae." The scene calls to mind the 23 chapter of the 4th book of his commentaries. One can appreciate the sentence he wrote afterward, "*dato signo et sublati ancoris circiter milia passuum septem ab eo loco progressus, aperto ac plano litore naves constituit.*"

Out of the strait and again out of sight of land. Cold day and the wind grows severer every hour till by dusk the sea is a sight indeed. By the hundreds one sees fishing smacks sails, and steamers—big ones, small ones, tramps almost all kinds—here, and ocean-goers must go around the boats of the fishermen, they have the right of way, the waves are high and are striking us at right angles to our course. Our good ship lists to accommodate herself to this side force and rides the waves with astonishing smoothness, though one by one the passengers withdraw to their state-rooms sea-sick, till not half of us are left on deck. In such a sea one is profoundly thankful that he is on a big vessel and one built for steadiness—and I was glad. Feeling that our good ship would meet all emergencies even in this rough and somewhat treacherous sea, we are to bed again somewhat early, for it has grown cold from

the fierce north wind—direct from the arctic seas with no land to temper it—and even an overcoat on deck is not enough when the spray from the waves dashes across the ship.

Land is in sight when called for breakfast, and by 10 we are at Cux Haven, the seaport for Hamburg at low tide, and almost always for steamers of heavy draught. What skirmishing to get ready to go ashore. Let us describe this landing on a foreign shore in our next, for there are several items that would be of special interest to new travelers, and some things they should know in advance.

Interesting to See

Prof. Ripley running across the campus to catch a "down" car.

Mr. Warth kicking with his left foot.

Mr. Shumate kicking at the ball.

Miss Smith defending co-education.

Mrs. Everett cornering a student with a poor lesson.

Mr. Lively reading Walt Whitman.

Guilty faces in the psychology class.

Mr. Meredith and Mr. Corbly blowing the tuber and the baritone.

Miss Fay retreating from the band practice.

Mrs. Quarrier out of patience.

Mr. Hamilton wondering which Okey.

Miss Hackney feigning innocence.

Miss Wright playing golf.

Dave hunting up recalcitrants.

Miss Jackson pouting.

A group of "caught" boys explaining why.

The faces of the students when "no school Friday" was announced.

A number of guilty ones asking, "did you mean me?"

The normal seniors in the model department.

Miss Hayes running.

Miss Brake holding on.

Miss Cummings lecturing a senior.

Miss Orr playing chaperon.

Mr. Fitzgerald taking "dropped" students home.

Miss Johnson obeying a Parthenon suggestion.

Miss Ware late.

Mr. Neff cutting off his mustache.

Mr. Scott seeing fair play.

Gertrude getting Greek.

Mr. Parker with the nightmare.

Mr. Donaldson causing the nightmare,

Mr. Cole asleep.

Mr. Pettry laughing at Miss H. and Mr. L.

Edith explaining what will not explain.

Mr.——hunting "Simmons."

Athletic Notes.

Now prepare for base ball.

What has become of basket ball?

If you know of a good ball player who is going away to school give us his address—we want him.

The game scheduled with Charleston for December 6, had to be cancelled on account of a disagreement in regard to the terms.

Ironton on the kick off sent the leather sailing to Marshall's fifteen goal line, from which Marshall in a series of well executed runs advanced it to within ten yards of Ironton's goal line before the referee's whistle brought a close to the half. In the second half Ironton rallied and fought hard to make a touchdown and even the score. They forced Marshall to lose the ball in the center of the field and made several five yard gains, before their advance was checked and they in turn lost the ball. Thus the ground was contested until the close of the half, when the game ended with another victory to the credit of the college boys.

Much correspondence has passed between the Manager of our own foot ball team and that of Athens Normal School in regard to a game. When a game was possible Athens insisted that we should play only students who had been in school for the whole year, regardless of the fact that we agreed to play only students, but none of them entered before the second week of school. When it finally became too late to arrange a game. Athens asked us to meet them at Bluefield, promising to pay about two-thirds of our expenses. Of course no right minded man would pay out expense money to give another

team a chance to make money. The matter stands now that we have offered to play them "any time" at "any place" for a guarantee of our expenses, which we could have promised them for a game here had they not insisted on the ridiculous claim above that all players must be in school from the first day.

The second team's record has been especially good. They have not met a single defeat and have played four games. On Thanksgiving Day the last game was played with the result that the Ironton, Ohio, team was beaten by the score of 6 to 0. It was played during a blinding snowstorm and the gridiron was in places veritable pools of mud and water. Marshall won the toss, up close to defend the northern goal, and immediately started the game by kicking the ball into Ironton's territory. Ironton started bravely against her opponent's line, but their ray of hope was as a candle light in a windstorm—it went out, Ironton lost the ball on downs, and her crowd of rooters preserved an almost deathly silence until in the second half, for Marshall's backs, Garred, Enslow and Robinson, dashed against their broken ranks and carried the pigskin to Ironton's five-yard line, where it was fumbled. Ironton's first attempt to gain ground was a failure and on the second, they fumbled the ball, and Harper, having seized it, dived across the line and made the only touch down of the game. Frank Grass kicked goal.

Hall Notes.

Miss Fay, the instructor in vocal music, who has been ill for several days, has so far recovered as to be able to meet her classes as usual.

Miss Mary Wheat has been on the sick list for some time.

Mr. A. L. Craig made a short visit at the Hall not long ago, as the guest of his sister Emma.

Miss H. says she will never have to advertise for a Cook.

Mr. Fitzgerald complains that he can not see well at night and wishes that we had heads like jack-o'-lanterns so he could more easily recognize us.

If it is a sure sign one is soon to be married when a teacher or friend does not recognize him, then there is no doubt we will soon have to be buying wedding presents for the Librarian.

Should I divulge which one of those very dignified personages who exercise great authority over us crawled in through the parlor window the other day, I am afraid my veracity would be doubted, so, for the sake of my reputation, I am silent.

It is interesting to know that Miss Crook's favorite hymn is: "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

O, Blanche, do explain to us the merits of naphtha soap.

If six girls can eat a quart of chowchow Saturday night how many meals can they eat on Sunday? There are six girls who are perfectly willing to illus-

trate and solve the problem a second time, if some one will furnish the chow-chow.

"Oh, Amy!" quoth the busy Bee, "A few more days of toil and Christmas comes!" "Yes," answered she, "and won't that be just 'Roy'-al?"

Who was it felt slighted because they were not invited to make the faculty committee a visit? Never mind, girls, an opportunity may be awaiting you.

Misses Grace and Elsie Lilly will spend their holidays at Point Pleasant.

Virginia says eating potatoes makes one white, and we've all been eating more of them in consequence.

Miss Hayes has been suffering from a very severe attack of sore throat.

There was truly a whole week that the timid Hare was afraid to roam beyond the Campus gates.

It may not be of interest to the readers of the Parthenon, but it certainly is inspiring to write Hall notes with the sound of some one snoring in the room above, in your ears.

Camilla says she dearly loves red hair-ribbons and Fels-naphtha hands.

It is said that Miss J, wishes many and various improvements made in the College campus so that it will become a beautiful park. Then instead of hearing "Campus her" when a girl has broken a rule it will be "Park her."

Erosophian Notes.

Was Mr. B's excuse for absence a few weeks ago a legitimate one.

Mr. A. S. Jones and Mr. Everett have recently become members of our society.

We were glad to have with us at our last meeting, if for only a part of the session, a number of the members of our sister society.

One of our very literary young men seems to be peculiarly fond of Milton. He actually reads "Paradise Lost" at the Saturday evening socials.

This term is nearing a close; examination week is almost here; and every one is rushed with work. It may seem unreasonable, but really for the past few meetings in our society, both the affirmative and negative debaters have spoken at the same time; that they might aid each other and settle the question sooner. The general discussion is usually "lively."

Business College Notes.

Miss Lona Rutherford has gone home to spend the holidays and to take a short rest.

Miss Nellie Colley has been acting stenographer for a few weeks for Vickers & Ingram city.

Miss Sallie Williams supplied at the C. & O. station for a few days in the absence of the regular stenographer.

Miss Lydia Thompson has a position in the Pearl Coal Mining Co's store at Dingess, W Va, Miss Thompson makes an excellent cashier and stenogaapher,

so we hear.

R. L. Trice has been teaching shorthand at Ashland, Ky.

Herbert Walker has accepted a position with the Scranton Splint Coal Co., Pratt. Co., W. Va.

J. R. Ramsey, formerly with American Car and Foundry Co., city, has accepted the position as stenographer with O. P. Wheat, Insurance Company, City.

Miss Alice V. Muenz, assistant teacher in Shorthand and Typewriting, is acquiring some actual business training by working part of the day in the office of one of our prominent law firms, Smith and Graham, City. In her absence from school Miss Spahr has charge of the Typewriting Department.

We are beginning work on our new catalogue. We should be pleased to have a photograph and letter from all our former pupils who are holding positions. This will be quite a favor and we ask you to act promptly, please.

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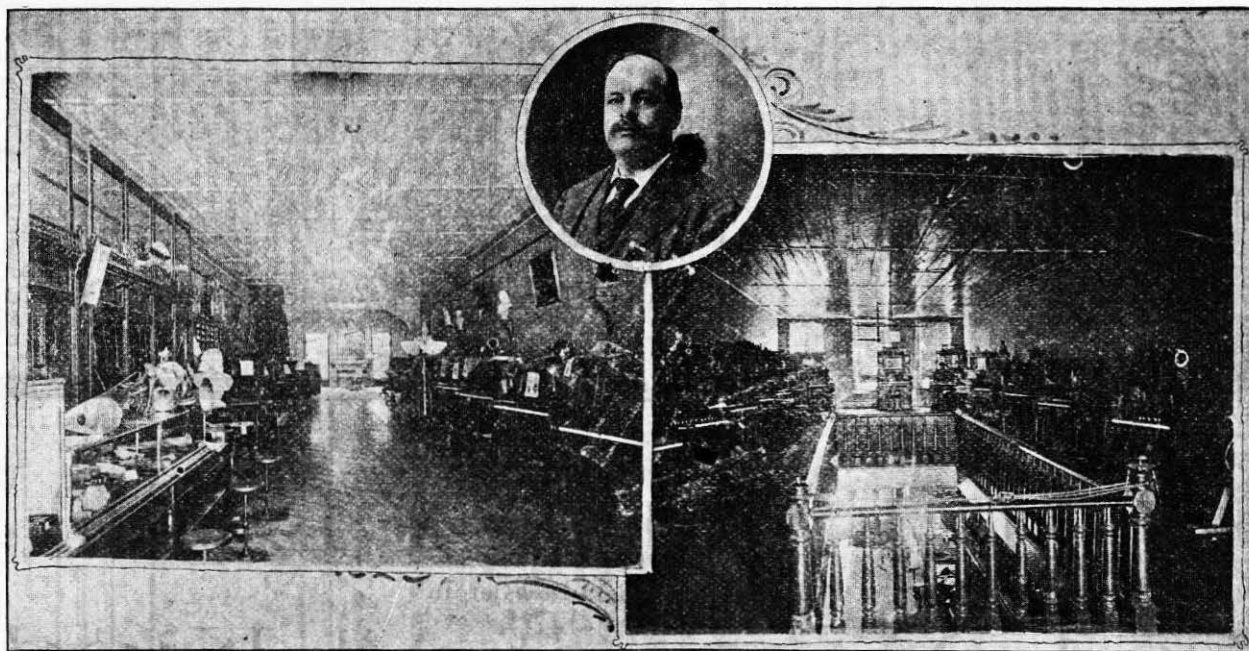
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