1918

Mirabilia, 1918

Marshall College
Dedication

To the many Brave Young Men, Students and Graduates of Marshall College, who so nobly have answered
The Call of Democracy and Humanity, and
whose Patriotism and Devotion Merit every
Honor that can be bestowed upon
them, we, the Juniors of Marshall College Lovingly Dedicate
this, the Ninth Volume
of the Mirabilia.
"WITH THE COLORS"

ACKERMAN, HENRY A.
ADAMS, NORTON
ALFORD, W. J.
BAKER, EDGAR M.
BALDWIN, CHAS.
BALLARD, SHERMAN
BEUHRING, RAYMOND
BLACKWOOD, OWEN
BUCKNER, MICHAEL
CALLAHAN, JESSE JULIAN
CALLARD, CARL
CALLARD, COLIN
CALLIS, HAYWARD
CAMPBELL, HERBERT
CAMPBELL, J. K.
CARR, D.WITT
CHAMBERS, CUSH
COOK, FRENCH
CORBLY, JOE
CORNWELL, DON
CRAIG, J. S.
CRARY, HERMAN L.
CUNDIFF, WM. ISAAC
ENGLISH, JOHN M.
DAVISON, HUGH M.
DEARLIEN, STERLING J.
DERBYSHIRE, CHAS.
DILLE, CHAS. A.
DORSEY, DANIEL M.
DOSS, HARVEY
DOUGHERTY, DUNCAN
DUNN, WM. S.
ENOS, JOHN
ENSIGN, ELY
EPLING, PERCY
FADELY, SIDNEY
FARMER, JOHN D.
FERGUSON, ARTHUR
FERGUSON, L. J.
FERGUSON, SAM. J.
FERRELL, RICHARD
FOSTER, W. M.
FOWLER, WM. DENVER
FRAMPTON, CHAS. E.
GARRARD, VINSON
GARRETT, FRED
GAUTIER, CLAUDE V.
GERLACH, HARRY
GUTHRIE, JEROME E.
HAGAN, JULIAN
HOGG, WILLIAM
HOLLANDSROTH, IVAN
HOPKINS, ALONZO
ISABEL, IRVING L.
JONES, MACON
JONES, RICHARD S.
KAY, ROBERT, H. C.
KOONTZ, P. D.
LAKIN, CHARLEY YORK
LAMBERT, HENRY S.
LEE, RAYMOND
LEONHARD, JAMES C.
LESTER, CLYDE L.
LOWRY, ELMER FRANCIS
LYONS, J. W.
LYNCH, GEO. M.
MCCUTCHEON, RANDOLPH
MARSH, PRICE L.
MARTINDALE, IRVIN L.
MELROSE, BASCOM
MIDDLETON, GUY E.
MILHOAN, ASA WADE
MILLER, J. CLAUG
MITCHELL, WALTER
MONROE, HARR
MONROE, JOHN
MOORE, JAS. E.
MOORE, WALTER S.
MORROW, GEO.
MAYN, IVAN
OSBORN, ROY
PATTERSON, SULLA L.
PERRY, SHELBY
PERRY, WALTER
PETERS, WM. LOUIS
PETTRY, B. L.
PICKENS, DON M.
PICKENS, FRED
RED, FRED WILTON
REED, CLARENCE P.
RICE, CESCO L.
RIDENOUR, LESTER
RIGGS, WALTER
ROBERTS, NARCISUS
ROBINET, MIKE J.
ROBBINS, J. H.
ROLLISON, ROY D.
ROBYN, FLOYD M.
SCANLON, CHAS.
SHANNON, THOMAS J.
SHAWVER, SAMUEL
SHEPHERD, WM. A.
SIBLEY, AUSTIN M.
STANARD, EARL
SUTPHIN, ROY
TALBOT, C. REX
TEMPLE, FRED
THOMAS, WILBUR P.
THORNBURG, CHAS. I.
THURMOND, ROBERT.
TITUS, ROY
TOMPKINS, ROGER WM.
TRUMP, WADE
TURLEY, BASIL
TWEEL, NAF
TYREE, HAROLD B.
VICKERS, ALVIN
WALKER, TAYLOR E.
WATTERS, H. CLARENCE
WATTERS, HULITT
WELTNER, FRED P.
WEST, GEO. FRANKLIN
WHEAT, CHAS. W.
WHIELDON, HAROLD
WILCOXEN, MAX W.
WILKINSON, EARL
WILSON, MINTER
WILLIAMS, ALVIE
WILLIAMS, WM. MILBURN
WINGET, WALTER
WINTER, CORIN F.
WINTERS, ERNEST E.
WISE, CHAS. WM.
WOLCOTT, BYRON A.
WORKMAN, BRADLEY J.
WOODS, CLEO
WOODS, KYLE
WRIGHT, CHAS. S.
WRIGHT, JULIAN M.
YEAGER, RALPH A.
YORK, JOHN Y.
YOUNG, HARRY K.
* Red Cross Nurse
Foreword

It is with a feeling of honest pride that we submit this, the ninth volume of the Mirabilia, to your inspection and criticism. The eight previous volumes have set a high mark, one to which we can scarcely hope to attain, for the task of publishing the 1918 Mirabilia has been no slight one; many great obstacles, such, perhaps, as have confronted no other Mirabilia staff, have been overcome; conditions have been most discouraging, but with the loyal and unwavering support of the students and faculty, the task has been finished, and we invite you to proceed, humbly asking your forbearance toward the many faults that so plainly manifest themselves in this little volume.
O. I. Woodley, President
Albion College, A. B.
Columbia University, A. M.
R. M. Wylie
Physics
Denison University, A. B.; A. M.

Kate M. Fuller
English
Randolph-Macon, A. B.

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

Harriet Dale Johnson
Latin
Denison, A. B.
J. M. LeCato
*Agriculture and Biology*
University of Michigan, A. B.
University of Illinois, A. M.

*Vera Andrew*
*English*
Western Reserve University, A. B.
Columbia University, A. M.

*Mrs. Elizabeth F. Myers*
*Librarian*

*Margaret May Higgins*
*Literature*
University of Chicago, Ph. B.
ANNA L. DE NOON  
Mathematics  
Marietta College, A. B.

LOU M. ALLEN  
Vocal Music

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

EDITH M. WILSON  
Second and Third Grades  
William Woods College, A. B.
Orie S. Whitaker
*Domestic Science and Art*
Student Teachers' College,
Columbia University
Graduate Georgia Normal and
Industrial College

Lucy Elizabeth Prichard
*History Methods*
Vassar, A. B.

Elizabeth M. Stalnaker
*French*
West Virginia University, A. B.
Columbia University, A. M.

Frances C. Burgess
*Geography*
University of Chicago, Ph. B.
Olla Stevenson  
*German and French*  
Northwestern University, A. B.; A. M.  
University of Marburg and Berlin, Germany

W. A. Childs  
*Manual Training*

C. E. Haworth  
*Literature*  
Colgate University, A. B.; A. M.

Lettie E. Jennings  
*Secretary*  
West Virginia University

Mrs. Naomi Everett  
*History and Economics*  
University of Chicago, Ph. B.  
University of Sarbonne, France

Louise Fay Haworth  
*Voice*  
Private Study

R. J. Largent  
*History*  
West Virginia University, A. B.

H. B. Shipley  
*Director of Athletics and Physical Training*  
Maryland State  
University of Illinois

E. E. Myers  
*Drawing and Art*  
Pittsburg; Cincinnati; Harvard
H. J. White
Chemistry
Maryland State, B. S.

Mildred McGeorge
Piano

Mrs. Florence Jackson Parker
Review Work

Ora B. Staats
Treasurer—Registrar

Anne Washington Raynor
French and Spanish
University of Chicago, Ph. B.

Mary L. Donaldson
Biology
Mount Holyoke College, A. B.

Mrs. Harriet Lyon
Supervisor of Model School and Observation
Edinboro State Normal Training School,
B. Ed.; M. Ed.
Inter-State School of Methods

John E. Norman
Chemistry
Ohio State, B. S.
SIX-YEAR SENIORS
Senior Class History and Officers

Officers:

President: Clyde Lester
Vice-President: Herma Johnson
Secretary: Mae Newman
Treasurer: Frances Newell

Colors: Blue and Gold
Flower: Sweet Pea

Although the '17 Class graduated since the beginning of the war, the '18 Class is the first class to finish with war conditions during all of its senior year. Even our president was taken from us on the first of April, when he left for Camp Lee. Hence, it may be called the first war class. When we graduated from the secondary course, there were more boys than girls; but many of our class are in the service, either here or in France, making our number of boys only six. We think, however, that they make up in quality what they lack in quantity. Our class has done its “bit” here in school, as the Y. M. C. A. fund and Red Cross records will show.

We did not start out to be a war class when we came from country, town, and city of our State to make the Freshman Class of 1912. All the war we knew was carried on between ourselves and the upper classmen. We were good warriors even then, and showed we were not to be imposed upon. As the greenness wore off, we began to “pick on” the incoming Freshies of later years, and the “hill-billies” who used to invade our territories for the spring term. But years brought learning and discretion and we began to find that there were a few things we did not know, and that possibly some of these “greenies,” and surely some of the faculty, could tell us some of them. The secondary years were great years. We grew both in numbers and knowledge, and at last attained our reward in June, 1916.

Our guide through the secondary course was truly “a gift of the gods,” for who has not felt the influence and inspiration of Miss Johnson? She is a teacher, instructor and guide in the highest sense and is ever a friend to the student. In the college course, we have had two advisers: Miss Stalnaker looks after the credits of the Normal students and sees that they take such courses as will make them the very best teachers; Miss Hackney watches that the Academics do not waste their time in profitless studies which will not bring good credit at the higher institutions of learning. Outside of these more practical services, they both have ever been willing and anxious to do us any service or give any advice that would mean advancement for us in any line.

The autumn of 1916 brought a great addition, even a multiplication, to our class, when high schools and other “prep” schools of our State sent forward sons and daughters to swell our number. These new students brought with them “pep” and industry, and we have made great records in scholarship and athletics. Those noted for scholarship, during our stay in these
"classic halls," are too numerous to mention, and the "AA" students are ever a modest lot; but athletes are far otherwise. Many of those whose names are famous in the athletic lore of Marshall are from our class, among these names are: The Workmans, Hollinsworth, Bob Kay, The Knodes, Ed. Shepherd, Echols, McCarraher, Dorsey, Yeager.

Our college years have been full of work with as much fun on the side as the law allows. Our fun has not been united through the class much, but our first Senior Day, on March 15, proved what fine folk we were; and we are resolved to have more class jollifications in the future. For though we "fuss" a great deal about the deficiencies of our school and class, we have a real love for them and the greatest "knockers" in our midst will have a feeling of sorrow at leaving the old school.

We have spoken much of athletes and warriors, but one of the most important features of our class has been slighted. What's that? The girls, of course. Don't you believe that they are important? Ask any one who has noticed our course through the years. Ask the teachers under whom we have received instruction or those in the model school who have seen the way our Normal girls practice what has been "preached" to them. Ask the fiancés of over half a dozen who flash diamonds and fraternity pins. Ask those in charge of the Red Cross work-room where we have rolled "interminable yards of gauze." You will find that the girls of our class are important in the eyes of others than themselves.

Another prominent feature of our class activities is our class meetings. If you have never attended one of these affairs, your education is not complete. They are all much alike. They are called in a great hurry to discuss some important and pressing question. The question is discussed, pro and con, voted upon and accepted, amended, then rejected, and, finally put off until the next meeting. All this discussion and voting is held to the accompaniment of much chatter on irrevelant subjects, and much pounding for order. These class meetings last and last until we are starved, and the luncheon bell has rung; then some humane classmate rises and moves we be adjourned. The history will "follow suit" and close, likewise.

Frances Oberholtzer, Historian.
Clyde Lestef,
Fort Gay, W. Va.
President Erosophian, President
Y. M. C. A., Classical

Clyde holds a high place in all student activities, for he is trustworthy, capable, and industrious. To see "Grandpa" during school hours, or when he is smoothing the way for bewildered experimenters in physics lab, no one would ever think that he wasted any time on the girls, but he is never happier than when he is with "Helen." We appreciate his splendid qualities, and know that the nation will some day hear from him.

Frances Newell,
Chester, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Story Tellers’, Delta Pi Gamma

What is a good sport? Well, Frances is one, fun-loving, and dependable. She is a good teacher, and one of the stars of the college French class, where she can "parlez-vous" with the ease of "une Francaise." We think that she will be one of the host of good teachers that our school has turned out, and we know that she will ever be busy, happy and cheerful.

Herma Johnson,
Kenova, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Story Tellers’ Club

One of the friendliest and most loved girls in school, that’s Herma. Every morning while she was in the dormitory, we could hear her cheery "Good Morning," which brightened the day for everyone. She has won our love by her sympathetic nature, for she

"Laughs with the glad,
And weeps with the sad."
We most heartily wish her success wherever she may go.

Mae Newman,
Huntington, W. Va.
President Story Tellers’ Club,
Y. W. C. A., Classical

Well, Mae just loves to talk, and she always has something to say that is interesting to her hearers. She is one of the best workers in school, being always ready to do what she is called upon to do. Mae is a very excellent student, and the star of the second year physics class, which is saying a good deal. We have not heard her latest decision as to what she intends to become, but are quite sure that she will be happy and successful in whatever course she pursues.
Olga Renier,
Sistersville, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Story Tellers', Delta Pi Gamma

A bright, lovable girl is Olga, ever ready to laugh and having a genuine interest in everything around her. She is as happy and interested when working as when at leisure, and she certainly knows how to work. It is indeed a great privilege to hear her converse in "la belle langue Francaise," for she can speak that beautiful language to perfection. We think she will make a very excellent teacher, but she will surely not teach long, as she is so fond of the "boy" in her home town.

Louis Roberts,
Huntington, W. Va.

This is a rather silent fellow until you know him; yet when among his close friends, he is jolly and entertaining. He came to Marshall from H. H. S., and during his two years here he has been a faithful loyal student. His specialty is math and science, and he does his best work in these subjects. His classmates feel sure that there is a big position waiting for him.

Lelia Robinson,
Gary, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Delta Pi Gamma

It may be this brilliant senior doesn't like to laugh and have a good time, but it is our modest opinion that she does. However, she knows how to work, and has been one of the leaders in the Red Cross room. Her lessons are always prepared, a thing somewhat unusual these troublous times. May your life always be one of joy and sunshine, Lelia.

Marie Kuhn,
Huntington, W. Va.
Story Tellers' Club

Bright, witty, and capable is Marie. Before becoming thoroughly acquainted with this worthy young lady, one might think her to be of a pessimistic disposition, but it's all a mistake. She has a habit of saying funny things without knowing it, and she loves to argue. We predict for Marie a very successful future as a teacher, business woman or any other career she may choose.
URZULA COFFMAN,
Fort Spring, W. Va.

Lawrence McLain,
Huntington, W. Va.

Our simple words cannot express,
The high esteem and tenderness
With which we shall remember thee
May joys be thine on land and sea.

Y. W. C. A., Erosophian

Urzula is a girl of quiet disposition, but well known to all. She is a girl of good common sense, and is skilled in the most useful arts of cooking and sewing. Although her ambition is to be a school teacher, we think she will make a better housekeeper for "John," lucky fellow! Good luck to you, Urzula.

FRANCES OBERHOLTZER,
Huntington, W. Va.

Story Tellers' Club

How we have enjoyed having Frances as a classmate! Always witty and good-humored! Always happy! Yet she never becomes so absorbed in good times as to forget her work. Her grades are always good and she is a dependable worker in the Red Cross room. To us Frances seems an ideal type of a college girl. Here's to you from "18," "F."

HELEN WOOD,
Kenova, W. Va.

Story Tellers' Club

Although she has the reputation of being the most dignified member of the class, Helen always has a smile for everyone, whether in the classroom or not. Accordingly, she has won many friends here, and we are sure that her lovable nature will brighten her pathway all through life. The fact that she is an excellent student can be easily shown by the many AA's on her card.
Newman Wittenberg,
Huntington, W. Va.
Newman, "son of Witt," is a jolly good fellow, full of life and humor. We have never learned how he makes such good grades when his afternoons are spent at the bank, and "society" claims his evenings. Nevertheless, he has shown special talent along several lines, one of which has been learning college French by "inspiration." He has, during the year, designed a gas engine which he claims will run. (We haven't time to argue with you, Witt.)

Helen Blackwood,
Huntington, W. Va.
This is the baby of our class; she is just a little girl yet. Last year she graduated in the academic course, and this year she has tried her luck in the normal course. We can't imagine Helen as a teacher, for she is very fond of giggling and of getting into mischief. Yet she is a capable girl, and we feel sure that she will be successful in any work she undertakes.

Stella Haemon,
Bramwell, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Story Tellers' Club,
Delta Pi Gamma
Here is one of the most loved and highly esteemed girls in Marshall. She has a happy, jolly disposition and is very efficient in her work. Stella is modest and retiring, and one sees very little of her, except during class or in the Red Cross room. We suppose that she spends her spare time writing to "Doc." No matter what course Stella pursues in life, our hopes are for a long life full of happiness and prosperity.

Iris Klinzing,
Huntington, W. Va.
Did you ever see a girl who was never known to frown? Well, here is one! Iris always takes everything that comes with a smiling countenance, and the world ever has need of such optimists. Also, as a matter of course, she is a hard worker and efficient in all her studies. Everyone loves Iris, and we all join in wishing that fortune will always be kind and generous to her.
Eugene Caldwell,
Huntington, W. Va.

"Gene" is another member of the class who came to Marshall from the local high school. On account of his quiet manners, his intellectual abilities have not been known to all; but Gene can talk and give lectures, too. "Benny" found it out a long time ago, and for several months he has been a very proficient helper in shovin' that dreaded "blue pencil" across our English themes.

Macy Watts,
Huntington, W. Va.
Story Tellers' Club

Macy, who is known to all the class as "Ichie," came to us from Huntington High. Not only is she good in books, especially French, but also she stars in athletics in general and basketball in particular. We had all hoped to find "Ichie" teaching in the public schools but we are afraid she will turn to a "Sycamore."

Annie Yates,
Huntington, W. Va.
Classical

Here is indeed a true child of Marshall! Annie has been a Marshallite for just sixteen years; isn't that a record? As a classmate, she has ever been enthusiastic and eager to do anything for her class. She is an expert in preparing refreshments, which may partly account for her popularity with the boys, but it is more than likely that the charm of her personality is responsible for this.

Mary Margaret Wells,
Parkersburg, W. Va.

Here is another quiet, dignified member of the Senior class. Although she has been in our midst but a short time, Margaret has proved herself a friend to all. Like many other people possessing great intellects, she is very precise in her answers and always open to conviction along any line of thought. Margaret has many talents, and we predict for her a busy, happy future, though we know it will not be one of single blessedness.
Helen Steele,
Elgin, Illinois.
Classical, Erosphian, Y. W. C. A.

This is Helen’s first year with us, yet she has manifested an interest in all student activities worthy of the most experienced Marshallite. She has more than her share of pep, and does not hesitate in supporting anything that will help forward a worthy cause. In addition, she is an expert kodak enthusiast and an accomplished pianist. Our best wishes follow you wherever you may go, Helen.

Mary Ankrom,
Paden City, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Delta Pi Gamma

Mary has been with us two years, and has always been efficient in her work. In addition to her school work, she has knitted several sweaters for “our boys,” and has been very kind in instructing the earnest but uninstructed in the art of knitting. Mary has proved to be a very able teacher, and we predict that she will soon have great success along this, one of the most useful lines of human endeavor.

Viola Miller,
Ronconorte, W. Va.
President Y. W. C. A., Classical, Story Tellers’ Club

Quietness and dignity well become this member of the ’18 class. She never seems to be worried at all about her lessons, but A’s always have a prominent place on her report card. Domestic Science and Art have been her specialties, and she is well versed in both. Good luck to you, Viola. Our sincere wish is that you may be as successful all through life as you have been at dear old Marshall.

Orpha Caroline Kemper,
New Haven, W. Va.

Orpha graduated from Pomeroy Ohio, High School, but she came to us from Ohio State University. She has proved her worth not only in solving Trigonometry problems, but also as assistant librarian. She is always in a hurry, and usually wears a smile, except when in the Library, then she tries to act dignified. Orpha thinks she will take a course in the supervision of playgrounds, but the Dorm girls doubt this.
Irene Watts,
Huntington, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Story Tellers' Club

Here is a recently gained member of our class, and a very valuable one she is indeed. Irene is an all-around athlete, yet does not neglect her studies. Especially does she show her brilliance in English, where she and Mr. Franklin always agree beautifully (?). We feel sure that Irene leaves us well equipped for any contest in the world.

Lillian Wilson,
Huntington, W. Va.

This is Lillie's first year with us, but in that time she has become an indispensable member of our class. She has proved to be a standby, for she never fails to do what is asked or expected of her. Her work in the Red Cross room has been commendable. She is an excellent student, as well as a good classmate, and is as popular with the faculty as she is with her classmates.

Gladys Stanley,
Huntington, W. Va.

Who is there at Marshall who does not know this delightful little person? Dainty, and elusive. Gladys reminds us of a gay butterfly who, flitting along in an airy manner, touches only the bright and happy spots of life. Her disposition has won the admiration of all the teachers and students. She has captured many hearts of the opposite sex.

Helen Rhodes,
Y. W. C. A., Erosophian

The most studious girl of the class of '18 is pictured here. She has never been known to fool away her time, but is always studying. Her excellent grades show that her study is not in vain, either. Helen has lovely blue eyes which always have a smile in them. In fact, she is one of the prettiest girls in the Class of '18. We don't know exactly what Helen wants to do, but we think she will go on to college and soon be a very learned woman.
IRENE HENRY   OLIVE DOWDY

HELEN JOHNSON   STEWART KNOE

MARY McLAUGHLIN

LOIS OLMSTEAD   ROBERT KNOE

Bessie Morus,
Huntington, W. Va.

When it comes to class spirit or any other kind of pep, we can always bank on Bess having more than her full share. The amount of energy she develops when occasion demands is simply astonishing and this characteristic has been of great benefit to the class of '18. Here's to one of our most loyal and enthusiastic members.

Dewey McCarragher,
Phoenixville, Pa.

"Small, but mighty," is his slogan. And we find his words are true; For we think that there is nothing That he'd hesitate to do.
Of all the days of this wonderful year,
The Ides of March was by far most dear;
Twenty-four girls in Green and White,
With the Orange and Blue made a pretty sight;
And eight Senior boys with green neckties,
Wore the Orange and Blue as you may surmise,
Making the first view of the kind this year,
And no other scene could be half so dear.

Many remarks and glances passed,
As the Seniors went from class to class;
Even the teachers did not disregard
The harmonious effects of the Senior placard;
Some granted privileges to the Class of '18,
Others made holiday to honor the scene.
Four hours were passed this happy way,
By the Senior Class on its Senior Day.

But one great hour was yet to come,
That wonderful hour from twelve to one.
On the chapel stage the class did march
On this long remembered Ides of March.
Songs were sung and dances danced,
Stories were told and a lecture advanced;
The hour was a joy to be held most dear,
But, alas! the photographer did not appear.

This is not all of this wonderful day,
At eight in the evening came the roundelay;
Songs and dances and private chats,
Games and "eats" and all like that;
Decoration and shamrocks, and numerous mints,
Green and White ice cream are only hints;
For too numerous are the joys of that day
To permit of detail, just let me say.

The girls and boys this life enjoyed
While painting fond memories which will ne'er be destroyed;
For the joy in their hearts can not be expressed,
And its lasting value can only be guessed.
You will never know just what did pass,
Unless you were in that '18 Class;
But all things must end, so the poets say,
And at last came the end of this wonderful way.

At eleven o'clock good-nights were said,
And then came the thoughts of off to bed.
The girls from town, and the boys of the class
Sought their homes with happy laughs;
But when the Dorm girls to their rooms had departed,
The havoc wrought there made some broken-hearted.
But no one was hurt, no one deeply grieved,
And all is now well, it is believed.

Clyde L. Lester, '18.
Over-the-Top
Senior Secondary Class History and Officers

Officers:

President ........................................ Maurice Foose
Vice-President ................................ Chauncey Wright
Secretary-Treasurer ............................... Wilma Diehl

In these days of making the world safe for and against the different "ocracies" and "isms," it seems trivial to write about so painfully peaceful a thing as a Senior Class. But possibly with so much splendid material this history can be made to stand out from the everlasting succession of class histories which mar the pages of a year book.

I am not going to make you take my word for the perfection and excellence of this class, but I'm going to give you the opinions of the great and near-great of Marshall College.

Dr. Haworth, Marshall's excellent and far-famed literature instructor, says:

"The boys with all their noise and all their joys yet have poise.
The girls, rare pearls, with worlds of curls are fit for Earls.
They've made quite a rep, by the pep in their step;
One must keep hip with the Seniors.
Remark: "Doc" may not be a poet but he sure knows how to throw it.

Mr. Wylie, Marshall's well known instructor in physics, scientifically remarks of the girls:
They are gay
As a ray
Of sunshine in May.

Oh Mr. Wylie!
Of the boys:
Their heads contain not a cavity
They know specific gravity
They can weigh
All the day
So to say
But the very hardest part
Is that the teachers have had to start
To stay up nights
Preparing for the next day.

Miss Johnson, after paying tribute to the various and many virtues of the class, adds that there were three things she knew the seniors could do: decline "amo;" conjugate "stella;" and speak in the auditorium so they could be heard.

Miss Hackney mathematically described the symmetrical and geometrical charms of this class and arrived at the algebraic conclusion that we would do.

Others extended favorable criticism, but let it suffice to say that Mr. Franklin argued logically on the merits of the class for an hour. This ought to prove absolutely that this class has never had a rival in Marshall.
Senior Secondary Class History---Continued

With this authority I ought to be able to stump a corporation lawyer. Nevertheless, a few concrete examples may help to illustrate our pep, spice and other elements essential to a perfect class. Look up the records of football, basketball and baseball and see how many of the stars were Seniors. Mr. Shipley could not have gotten along without the Seniors. We also had a number of parties and hikes which gave the girls opportunity to prove themselves charming hostesses and the boys, excellent players of tucker, etc. The pep of the class certainly was in evidence at these parties. In the field of dramatics the Seniors scored. The play we gave was a great success. Why? Because it was given by the Seniors. Everything we do, we do well. These are just a few little things but they may serve to illustrate that this class is one of action, not a grandmother's excuse.

It has been said that history repeats itself. An example of this truth is found in the histories of this class in its various stages. Each history has been a repetition of the preceding, each an account of things well done.

In 1914 a bunch of green Freshies entered Marshall. Yes, we were green, green and white through and through, but we soon rubbed our green on some of more dignified standing; in other words, we made our mark. That green has never rubbed off and some still look at the Senior Class with green eyes. Every year since then we have made our mark and made our presence felt.

As history has repeated itself in the past, it will in the future. The different members of this class will go out on their different missions to their various homes but the world will hear of and honor each one because they will do things.

The Seniors wish to express their gratitude to Miss Denoon, who, as class officer, has so carefully guided and skillfully directed this class. No small share of the success attained by the class is due to her excellent guardianship and her reward will be the fruit she shall reap from the seeds she has sown.

Perry M. Duncan, Historian.
Maurice Foose,
Wheeling, W. Va.
Vice-President Classical,
President Erosophian

"Sheriff" one of the busiest
students in school. He was on
both the football and basketball
teams, having been captain of
the former. He is president of
the Senior Class, president of
the Athletic Association, a member
of the Mirabilia Board, and
assistant U. S. Marshall. But in
spite of all the other affairs that
claim his
attention, Foose is a good student.
He is indeed one to claim the pride
of Marshall.

Virginia Ranson,
Huntington, W. Va.

"She walks in beauty, like the night,
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tendered light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

Wendell Reynolds,
Hurricane, W. Va.

Classical, Erosophian

"Lefty" is a student that excels
in his studies, especially in history.
He may well be called the Webster
or Burke of our class, for he will
argue all day to make you believe
Mr. Reynolds. He should make a
good lawyer, and the fact that he
has been chosen to draw up the
class "will" shows his growing
reputation along that line. We feel
safe in predicting that the dome at
Washington will ring with his
thrilling voice before many years
have passed.

Mae McLaughlin,
Poughkeepsie, New York
Erosophian, Y. W. C. A., Classical

Hats off to Mae when it comes to
dramatic or oratorical ability!
She is also a master hand at
tennis and other outdoor sports.
The truth is, we consider Mae about the
ideal type of an all-around Amer-
ican girl.
Myrtle Boone,  
Ronceverte, W. Va.

We don't know what Miss Boone wants to be,  
But this we know, she *can* brew tea.  
She's good at her lessons, yes good at them all,  
But she shines her best at a society ball.  
She has many friends and chums so dear,  
Who hope to see her here next year.

Rebecca Lewis,  
McAlpin, W. Va.

"All who joy would win, must share it;  
Happiness was born a twin."

Rebecca long ago must have learned this strange saying for she is the essence of joy. Big hearted, sympathetic and unselfish, she stands out quite prominently in the Senior class. When it comes to arranging for a hike or party, here is one girl upon whom you can depend to make the affair a success. Winsome and attractive, coupled with her success as a domestic science student, the man who wins her can consider himself lucky.

Polly Duncan,  
Huntington, W. Va.

Here is one of the youngest members of the Senior Class, and also one of its best students. It might be said that he is the Raphael of the class, since every *Mirabilia* published since his entrance at Marshall has been largely illustrated by his drawings. He has been Art Editor of both the 1917 and 1918 *Mirabilia*. However, his main delight is arguing—with Mr. Franklin.

Carl Pettry,  
Colcord, W. Va.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Here is one of the Seniors' three letter men in athletics, football, baseball, and basketball. The outstanding feature of Carl's career as an athlete is his consistency in all three sports and at all times. You can always count on Carl giving all there is in him. A natural athlete, he loves the game. He is of the quiet unassuming type and has his full share of admirers. Further, he is a good student. He has never expressed his future desires, nevertheless success is sure to meet him.
Benjamin Howard Pettry,
Colcord, W. Va.
President Classical, Reporter Athletic Association

This young man is the epitome of all that is cheerful and good-natured. Nearly every morning he fills the halls with the melodious strains of such masterpieces as the "Old Time Religion," or "I Wish I Was Back on Paint Creek," etc. A reward is hereby offered to anyone who can prove that he has never missed a game played on the Marshall field, or even a pep meeting since his entrance here.

Mary Burnside,
Y. W. C. A., Classical

To the Green and White she'll e'er be true.
And we think perhaps to another White too:
Of course you know of whom we tell,
Princess Golden Locks, you know her well.
In physics she shines, and also in art,
And even her English warms poor Benny's heart.
And when from Marshall she makes her start.
We're sure in life she'll win a great part.

Howard Sedinger,
Guyandotte, W. Va.

There was a young man from Guyandotte.
Who used to play ball on a vacant lot;
And did it so well, as we've heard tell,
He's the best catcher now Marshall's got.

In chemistry he plays many tricks,
And mixes things that just won't mix:
O'er his "s he does pine? this star of our nine,
And we hope he won't get more than six.

Alberta Kessel,
Kenna, W. Va.
Erosophian, Y. W. C. A., Classical

Alberta is one of our most studious classmates. There is no task too great or none too small for her to "tackle." She contemplates teaching as a profession, but if the war does not prove disastrous, we think, from the ring on her finger, that her career in that line will be short.
LEONA MOREHOUSE,
Huntington, W. Va.
"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined."

Here is a girl who has won many an admirer through her graceful dancing. Beautiful, vivacious with always a sweet smile, many are the hearts that beat faster when she is present. And by no means are these alone her accomplishments. A good student, she stands out prominently through her knowledge of German. A future life of happiness awaits our Terpsichore.

LESTER PATTERSON,
Huntington, W. Va.
"Alas! the love of women! it is known, To be a lovely and a fearful thing."

Although as the above verse shows, Lester may (?) waste a great deal of valuable time with the fair sex, yet he by no means neglects the less important things of school life, for example, his studies. This year he has starred in physics, and we predict that he will one day become a great scientist. Luck to you in all things, Lester.

NELLIE COULTICE WOOD,
Kenova, W. Va.
You may think Coullice a rather odd name, But still it comes in for its share of fame; She's a very good student along all lines, And will ever be happy, or so say the signs, There is no doubt but that she'll make good, For if anyone could, we'd say Coullice Wood.

CLYDE BONAR,
Belleville, W. Va.

Here indeed is the ideal type of American manhood. An excellent athlete, captain of the next football team; he is also one of the most reliable and consistent supporters of all the student activities. In his stay at Marshall he has made a record of which any one might well be proud. We are sure that for a man of Clyde's type there can be nothing but the best of success in the world.
BROMLEY YORK,
Huntington, W. Va.

The inadequacy of our impoverished verbiage, when confronted with the Herculean and appalling prospect of daguerreotyping this grandiloquent coagulation of metaphors and excrecencies, transcends the hitherto unconquered capabilities situated within the enormous confines of our cerebral fastness. In the first place, he has a theory—when not in Franklin's room. Secondly, he has a talent: he speaks French with Mrs. Everett. What more could he want?

CAROLYN RENNER,
Huntington, W. Va.

Although generally considered quite a modest and unassuming girl, nevertheless, she has made a consistently good record for attendance and scholarship. It is upon such students as this that the solidarity of the class and school greatly depend. Judging from her accomplishments here, we have not the slightest doubts but that she will certainly succeed.

CHAUNCEY WRIGHT,
Ceredo, W. Va.

Classical Association

There is a young man named Wright,
In chemistry he sho' am bright:
In English he's good, so we've understood,
But in French he shows his great might.
A scientist we're sure he'll be,
Unless he runs off to sea,
And if he does this, 'Twill not be amis.
For he'll then be a ship Wright you see.

JESSIE BAILEY,
Huntington, W. Va.

"Tell me, is she not designed,
The eclipse and glory of her kind?"

Whoever claims to have seen a frown on this fair brow must be cross-eyed. She thinks she will become a teacher, but her baby curls, formerly known as "beau-catchers," will probably deny her that pleasure. Indeed, if there were more like her, the world would have fewer bachelors.
MARGARET BURT

WILLIAM NEWTON FRASURE,
Ceredo, W. Va.

"Laughs where there's fun, is candid where he can,
But vindicates the ways of God to man."

"Deacon" is a Methodist minister, being pastor of the M. E. Churches at Ceredo and Kenova. He is educating himself that he may better understand and expound God's truths. His strong point has been the "perspective" of the "invisible" to Mr. Myers, Literature, and English.

RETHA MYERS

MARY E. PERRY

CARL WEIDER,
Huntington, W. Va.

This boy is keen as a razor,
He's always cutting, you see;
He "cuts" his French and English
And even his chemistree.
And too, he's quite a chauffeur
When bumping about in his Ford(?)
And the rattle-tap-tap of the engine,
In his heart strikes a merry chord.

MATSON PARSONS

MARY E. PERRY

RACHEL WILSON
SENIOR SECONDARY WILL

E, the Senior Secondary Class of Marshall College, a State Normal School, located in the City of Huntington, County of Cabell, State of West Virginia, being of sound mind and disposing memory, and realizing that we must soon leave the sheltering arms of dear old Marshall to pursue our education in higher institutions of learning or to take upon ourselves the duties of our chosen occupations, do make this, our last will and testament.

We give, devise, and bequeath our class property, characteristics, and spirit, as follows:

To our beloved schoolmate, friend and companion in adversity, (especially if there be a fracas at hand) Mr. Leslie Heck, we do bequeath the marvelous brilliance of our beloved classmate, companion, and friend, Mr. Perry Duncan. Let it not be understood, however, that we wish to insinuate by this bequest that the said Mr. Heck is, in any way, lacking in mental ability, but that we take the attitude that “To him that hath shall be given.”

To our honored and distinguished friend and sister, Miss Lora Kessel, who is so well known by the ability with which she executes the duties of her office, the presidency of the Sophomore Class, we do bequeath the graceful dancing of our popular friend and classmate, Miss Leona Moorehouse.

To the beloved, honored, and revered preceptress, Mrs. Harriet Lyon, we wish to bequeath the good-natured “line” of our noted classmate, Mr. A. M. Foose. We do this, not because we believe the beloved Mrs. Lyon to be lacking in the ability of clearly expressing herself,—for the Dorm girls can give ample proof that she can make herself understood—but because we realize with what difficulty she can persuade the young ladies of the Dorm to see things in the right light. Now if she but had the famous “line” that so strongly characterizes Mr. Foose, all that would be necessary when the fair maidens came with a request that could not be granted, would be to press the button that starts the “line,” and the wish would vanish like magic, while the unsuspecting girls would listen in dumb amazement.

To our beloved instructor, the one who is ever present to present his difficult task, and who is ever anxious to hold his students up to receive the derision of the class,—to honorable Mr. W. H. Franklin, we wish to affectionately bequeath Mr. Howard Petty’s boldness with the ladies. It is indeed with some trepidation that we put such a powerful weapon in the said Mr. Franklin’s hands, but we know of no one who has greater need of the above characteristic, for it seems that his appetite suffers severely from the proximity of so many charming maidens in the Dorm, owing to his extreme modesty and bashfulness.
SENIOR SECONDARY WILL--CONTINUED

To our patient, systematic, and deserving librarian, Mrs. Elizabeth Myers, we wish to leave a liberal share of our blessings. We are aware of the fact that she has, for many years, been the patient and able instructor of library etiquette; we also realize that, to be an efficient teacher of this art, one must be able to clear his voice distinctly, to snap his fingers sharply, to ring the bell clearly, and to read a newspaper and at the same time see through it vividly. Therefore, every member of the Senior Secondary Class wishes to dedicate his voice, fingers, and eyes to this worthy cause, by bequeathing them to this beloved representative of the noble art.

Now we have but one more object to devise. With our dearly beloved President of Marshall College we wish to leave an enduring memory of our class. We wish him to remember that the boys of our class have ever been faithful in their attendance at chapel; that when they whispered in chapel, and he asked them to call at the office and explain their conversation, they did so immediately; that they have dutifully refrained from smoking in the basement; that, when they were not in class, they were in the library or study hall; that, whenever a member of the faculty sent one of them to the office, they accepted their reprimand docilely; in fact, we would have him remember that every one of us has kept the "few simple rules" to the best of his ability. Now in order that our beloved president may not forget the Class of '18, we deem it wise to leave some reminder of our past obedience.

For nearly four years now, the German soldiers have been devastating Europe, bringing want, sorrow, and destruction wherever they have shown their hideous faces. When at last the murderous race of the perfidious Hun is run, and their inimical leader is deposed, the Senior Secondary Class is going to ask that they be allowed to dispose of him. And when their request is granted, what do you suppose they are going to do with him? Why, don't you understand? We are going to give him, body and all to our beloved president. So now, dear recipient of our grace, he is yours, mustache, withered arm, insidiousness, purple robe, and all. Do with him as you wish, but we suggest that he be placed on exhibition as a warning to all autocrats, at home and abroad.

We appoint our beloved son, the Junior Secondary Class of Marshall College, our next in line as aforesaid, executor of this, our last will and testament, and direct that he shall serve without bond, which we know him to be unable to furnish anyway.

In witness whereof, we have signed, sealed, acknowledged, published, and declared this instrument as and for our last will and testament, in the City of Huntington, County of Cabell, State of West Virginia, this twenty-ninth day of March, one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

(Signed) THE SENIOR SECONDARY CLASS OF MARSHALL COLLEGE,
Per Jenk Jenkins.
SENIOR SECONDARY PROPHECY

For weeks the organization editor of the Mirabilia had been hounding me to give her the prophecy. Oh, why! oh, why! had I, whose mind was as barren of imagination as a cornfield after a cyclone, been chosen to write so important a document? Fate had surely smiled darkly on me and the class when I was awarded that privilege. Waking and sleeping I saw always that one word “prophecy.” In desperation one bright spring day, I seized paper and pencil and set myself to my task. The day was one that could have inspired the Sphinx, but unhappily I wasn’t the Sphinx, and my spirit refused to soar. After staring for an hour at the blank sheet, I threw down my pencil in disgust.

I’ll read awhile, thought I. Then perhaps I’ll be in a more ethereal mood. So snatching up a copy of the Little Lame Prince, which I had been reading, I ran to the river bank and seated myself on a bench sheltered by an old apple tree. I opened my book and began to read the chapter in which the prince is given a magic travelling cloak by his fairy godmother.

“O, dear!” I sighed. “If only there were fairy godmothers and magic travelling cloaks nowadays, I would just have to wish myself in the future; then I could write a true prophecy, and wouldn’t have to bother with my imagination.”

“Well, there are fairy godmothers and magic travelling cloaks nowadays,” said a soft voice. I looked up and beheld a queer little old lady like the one in the story. She spread on the ground a funny contrivance of cloth, which turned out to be a magic cloak, and bade me seat myself upon it. She said the minute I touched the cloak I would become invisible; when I wished to begin my journey, I had only to say “Abra cadabra dum dum du;” and when I wished to return home, I must say “Abra cadabra tum tum ti.” Of course I thought I was dreaming; but impelled by some strange force, I murmured “Abra cadabra dum dum du.”

Immediately the cloak begins to ascend. At first I am terrified, but I soon become accustomed to the gentle motion. The first thing I know I am in the auditorium of old Marshall itself. A teachers’ meeting is in session. The president is just introducing an eminent psychologist, Miss Rebecca Lewis! I long to ask her the whereabouts of Myrtle Boone, but the cloak seems to be in a great hurry. In leaving, however, I see another familiar face in the audience, that of Carolyn Renner.

Gradually houses become fewer and soon I am in the mountains among the coal fields. The cloak bears me toward one of the miserable little miner’s hunts. Gracious! have any of the Class of ’18 fallen so low? I am soon reassured. When I enter the cabin, I see a weeping woman. Suddenly there is a knock, and in walks one of those “angels of mercy,” a settlement worker. It proves to be Myrtle Boone. The woman’s woes are innumerable, but she is greatly cheered by the news that the president of the coal company, Carl Pettry, has consented to raise the miners’ wages. There is no more news to be had from that source, so the cloak moves on.

The next scene which appears before my eyes is a court room. A divorce suit is in progress. The judge is a woman, Coulter Wood. (Mr. Franklin’s A’s have not been for naught.) A newspaper reporter in the person of Matson Parsons is noting all the expressions, facial and otherwise, of the victim. He is a poor wretch who has twice before been stranded on the bleak
SENIOR SECONDARY PROPHECY, CONTINUED

shores washed by the sea of matrimony. It dawns upon me that he is Carl Weider. (And I had always thought that he would make such an ideal family man!) I overhear a conversation which informs me of the occupation of another classmate. The talkers are discussing famous baseball players. During the course of their remarks they speak with great enthusiasm of the latest star catcher, Howard Sedinger.

Leaving the court, I am attracted by shouts to a low, rude, wooden building. Upon entering I immediately realize that there is no cause for alarm. The building is a tabernacle, and the man so vehemently addressing the multitude is the former "Deacon," now Evangelist Frasure. I tarry only a moment, but in that time I have another startling revelation. The Evangelist announces that there are present two great missionaries from China, Miss Retha Myers and Miss Lois Kessell.

I next find myself floating by the seaside. The cloak begins to descend, and soon I can distinguish people sporting in the sand. It is obviously a summer resort. The cloak lights, and as I gaze about, I am struck by the familiarity of two figures. A faultlessly dressed gentleman is seated before an easel, sketching a lady, sitting on a sand-pile. She is saying pettishly, "My dear Perry, you simply must get me out of this scrape. How could I help breaking the contract with my manager when I didn't feel like playing my role?" "Oh, Mae," he replies, "you needn't worry. Did you ever hear of my losing a lawsuit?" Surely you have guessed who they are, Mae McLaughlin and Perry Duncan.

Glancing toward the promenaders, I see two conspicuous figures, one ambling along with his hands in his pockets, the other lightly lilting. Ah, so the proud beauty has yielded at last! The couple are Howard Pettty and Wilma Diehl. Howard is ogling a fair life-guard who is either Jessie Bailey or her twin sister, and as I have never heard of her having a twin, it must be Jessie herself.

The next place I land is at Washington, D. C., on the steps of the Capitol. A party of tourists are nudging each other and pointing to a distinguished-looking man ascending the steps. I catch the words "Foose, Secretary of State." I scrutinize the gentleman closely and recognize my old friend, the "Sherriff."

The cloak now whisks away to the library of a stately old mansion. The owner must be a "Jack of all Sciences," for the walls are lined with books treating on every phase of science. Presently in comes the master of the house. I imagine my surprise when I recognize Chauncey Wright. He takes down from a shelf a volume entitled The Fourth Dimension and How I Discovered It. It was written by Lester Patterson. A book on scientific farming is lying on the table. Impelled by a sudden impulse, I pick it up and look at the author's name. The name is that of Clyde Bonar.

Just then the doorbell rings, and a man enters the library. "Wright, how is your housekeeper, today?" he asks. "Why, hello, York. Miss Blankenship says she is much better." "Will you please have her come here a minute? I want to give her a few instructions and hurry on." In a moment a fresh-looking nurse enters. When she sees the gentleman, she addresses him very respectfully as Doctor York. I turn over in my mind the names York and Blankenship. How stupid I am! The doctor is Bromley York, and the nurse is Daisy Blankenship.
It is growing dusk, and I would fain turn homeward, but there are yet four of my classmates whom I haven’t seen, and I can’t return without seeing those four. The cloak flies on and as darkness overtakes us we reach the metropolis of the East. The sights in that great city bewilder me. While I am lost in contemplation of such marvelous scenes, my eye is caught by an electric sign which reads “Studio of Carter and Davis.” I enter the studio. On the walls are enough diplomas and medals to fill a curio shop. But what interests me most are two women, one seated at the piano playing divine music, the other reading a newspaper.

She who is reading the paper suddenly exclaims, “Lillian, I see that Mary Burnside is married. She married a veteran whom she met in France when she was a Red Cross nurse. It says that he was one of the many sufferers whom she saved by her tender care.”

Who can they be who seem to know Mary Burnside so well? Why Lillian Davis and Elizabeth Carter, of course. As soon as I recognize the girls the cloak flies out of the window and carries me to a brilliantly lighted theatre. The attraction is the famous French danseuse, Mlle. Fifi. I have always longed to see the beauty; so I beg the cloak to admit me to the theatre. The request is no sooner made than granted. The performance has not yet begun; so I scrutinize the audience. In the right box sits a second Rockefeller, whose picture I have often seen in connection with oil wells. His name is Reynolds. Reynolds! I have not yet seen Wendell Reynolds. I wonder if it could be possible—yes it is. He is Wendell Reynolds! With a burst of music, out floats upon the stage airy little Mlle. Fifi. Where have I seen those golden curls before? On the head of Leona Moorehouse; and they have not yet been sold. Mlle. Fifi, the French danseuse, is Leona Moorehouse.

I have now seen all my old classmates. They have all become prominent men and women. What other class can boast such treasures? I am light-hearted; now I can prophesy truly. “Abraealbra tum tum ti” I whisper; and away goes the cloak through the darkness. It is beginning to drizzle, so I urge the cloak to hasten. It does hasten, but it hastens downward. It goes so fast that when I land, I see stars. I sat up. The cloak was nowhere to be seen. Besides me the bench that I had occupied earlier in the afternoon was overturned. I was clutching the copy of the Little Lame Prince so tightly that I had pinched my finger. To add to my discomfort, the drizzle turned into rain. I quickly picked myself up and scampersed into the house.

“Where have you been all afternoon?” I was asked. “From your looks, I should say you had been asleep.” “No,” I said. “I haven’t been asleep.” And I smiled wisely.

Virginia H. Ranson.
THE Short Course students are members of the composite Junior Class, and accordingly have no separate organization. In fact, this is the first year they have been given a separate section in the Mirabilia. But the class has made such great progress since its recent organization that it may well look forward to greater prominence and power in the years to come. This year the class has held several separate meetings, and has manifested much class spirit.

The Short Course Class is comparatively new at Marshall College but it has been organized long enough to prove its valor and worth. The Class has as its nucleus, students from all parts of the State. Some of us have been fortunate enough to come up from the Freshman Class of Marshall, but the majority of the class come from high schools in all parts of the "Little Mountain State." The combined force is invinciable. The Class is distinguished in that it is the first entirely "co-ed" class to graduate from Marshall College.

This class is not a large one, but it is quality, not quantity, that counts in the composition of an all-round class. Every member is a star, and we think the class compares favorably with any that has ever graduated from Marshall College. In the classroom we have made a consistent record with which any class could well be satisfied. Our mental ability has never been surpassed. Our temperament is such that we are satisfied with our opportunities, but not content until we have made the most of them. Our social activities are entirely in keeping with the advancement along other lines. The tireless determination and persistency with which we have attacked obstacles, as well as our bright and sunny dispositions have won an important place, and the many organizations in which we are well represented will feel the loss when we are gone.

While we have been patiently pushing toward the goal, we have been led in the paths of many pleasant associations. The memories—how they will come back to us!—those sweet old days spent at Marshall College. Even in the heart of the great city, the fragrance of crab-apple bloom, and the perfume of lilac buds, and the dewy violet, will fill our senses as fond memory carries us back to Marshall's campus, where, mayhap, we have paused to hear Love's whisper, or laughed in pleasure deep, or wept our tears.

Now at the close of the year we stand in the verge of the future. What the future holds for us, we cannot say, but it cannot be that our lives are mere bubbles cast by eternity to float a moment on its waves and then sink into nothingness. Leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back to Marshall College, we, the illustrious class, hope like the moon, to shed our mild and benignant rays, on and influence the globe.

ZELMA McCULLOUGH, Historian.
MARY ARNOLD,
Ravenswood, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Classical, Erosophian,
Story Tellers
"Bethink thee on her virtues that
surmount
Her nat'ral graves that extinguish
art."

EVELYN WISE,
Charleston, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Erosophian
"For where is any other in the
world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's
eye?"

LEOLIA BLESSING,
Point Pleasant, W. Va.
Classical, Erosophian
"My tongue will tell the anger of
my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will
break."

BEULAH BLESSING,
Point Pleasant, W. Va.
Classical, Erosophian
"I never knew so young a body
with so old a head."
Emma Owens,
Y. W. C. A., Erosophian
“‘I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to
digress.’”

Helen Cline,
Williamstown, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Classical, Erosophian
“‘I am as true as truth’s simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of
truth.’”

Ruth Fankhauser,
New Martinsville, W. Va.
Classical, Erosophian
“‘Good name in man and woman
Is the immediate jewel of their
souls.’”

Mary Courtney,
Ronceverte, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Classical, Erosophian
“‘She had tongue at will, yet was
never loud.’”
Florence Denning,
Ravenswood, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Classical
"My heart is as true as steel."

Zelma McCullough,
Mole Hill, W. Va.
Erosophian
"The choice and master spirits of this age."

Elsie Grimm,
Ravenswood, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Classical, Erosophian
"I am constant as the northern star."

Willa Lowther,
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Classical, Erosophian
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."
Frances McClung,
Roncoverte, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Classical, Erosophian
"Let come what will, I mean to bear it out."

Maude Wriston,
Huntington, W. Va.
"The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light."

Lucy Belle Peters,
Fort Gay, W. Va.
"I had as lief not be as live to be in awe of such a thing as I myself."

Winnie Sutphin,
Seth, W. Va.
Y. W. C. A., Classical, Erosophian
"I had rather seal my lips, than to my peril, speak that which is not."
Olla Petit,  
Ona, W. Va. 
"Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice 
To change true rules for odd inventions."

Gladys Hall,  
Charleston, W. Va.  
Y. W. C. A., Erosophian  
"I'll not be tied to hours, nor pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself."

Ruby Calvert,  
Huntington, W. Va.  
Classical, Theta Mu  
"Tis glory calls and beauty leads the way."
ZELMA ANKROM

Mae COLE

MAMIE HAYNE

CLADYS FARMER,
New Martinsville, W. Va.
Classical, Eosophian
"I know what 'tis to love."

FLOSSIE MORGAN,
Porter's Falls, W. Va.
Classical, Eosophian
"The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

HELEN HOLT

BEULAH JORDAN

AMY PETERS

EVA STEERE
E, the Short Course Class of nineteen hundred and eighteen of Marshall College, of the City of Huntington, County of Cabell, and State of West Virginia, being of remarkably sound mind and brilliant intellect, do hereby make and publish this, our last will and testament, declaring null and void all other previous documents made by us.

To the Faculty of Marshall College, and especially to our class officer, Miss Prichard, we leave our heartfelt appreciation for guiding us through all our many trials and temptations.

To the Freshies we bequeath a baby cart, providing their class officer, Miss Andrew, will agree to push them through their four years of hard work free of charge.

Upon the Sophomores we bestow our class colors, motto, and flower; and sincerely hope they will love, honor, and appreciate their true significance, as we have.

To the Junior Class we give and bequeath all our good looks, ambitious, good behavior, and brilliancy.

To the Seniors we leave all valuable knowledge that we may have left behind and not used.

To the College Juniors we leave all our dignity, which most of us have gathered in the Dorm, and we hope that it will be of considerable more value to them than it has been to us.

To Mr. LeCato we leave all the many and various bugs which we have gathered in entomology.

To Mrs. Myers we leave the many snaps of her fingers she has given us, and the considerable energy it required to give them all.

Upon Miss Burgess we bestow the knowledge of winds, rocks, climate, ocean currents, and atmospheric regions which she forgot to give us; and we hope she will forget to give this said knowledge to all her future classes.

To Mrs. Lyon we leave all the experience she has gained in protecting us during this year.

To Don Weser we give the "gift of gab" now in the possession of Leola Blessing.

To "Benny" Franklin we bequeath the wads of gum we have left under the chairs and tables in his room.

To Dr. Woodley we leave our ability to interpret his numerous gestures in class, and hope that he will pass it on to his next classes.
SHORT COURSE WILL, CONTINUED

To the victims under Miss Prichard we leave our unlimited amount of patience.

To the Freshman girls we leave Helen Holt's art of painting, although some of them have already become quite proficient in that art, to judge from observation.

To the Latin students, under Miss Johnson, we bequeath our heartfelt sympathy with their struggles to obtain a passing grade.

To Mr. White, with due honor and respect, we leave a box of white talcum powder to cover his frequent blushes.

To the college library we leave a volume, "How to Teach and Bluff," compiled by us from our observations and experiences here.

We direct that all the remaining residue of our estate be left in charge of our esteemed friend, Dr. C. E. Haworth, to be used to the best of his knowledge.

We do hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint Messrs. C. M. Workman, Coach Harold Shipley, and Miss Lilian Hackney, under heavy bond, as the executors of this, our last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF: We, the Short Course Class of Marshall College, City of Huntington, County of Cabell, State of West Virginia, have hereunto set our hands, and affixed this our seal, on this twenty-fourth day of April, nineteen hundred and eighteen.

(Signed) SHORT COURSE CLASS OF 1918.

Signed, sealed, and witnessed before us by the Short Course Class of 1918, as their last will and testament, in our presence and hearing, who have at their request subscribed our names as witnesses.

ERVILLE ELLIS SOWARDS,
EBENEZER KENTON TAYLOR,
ANTHONY HOWARD PETTRY.
SHORT COURSE PROPHECY

had been in France for some time, visiting some of the
ruins of the villages that had been destroyed and never
been rebuilt since the war with Germany. In one of the
dilapidated villages I found an old hermit. She had been living
in the ruins of an old church that had been partly destroyed.
Being missed when the Germans made their raid she had lived
there ever since. I was very kind to her, and it was not very
long till she was telling me all about my past. Everything was
so true that I begged her to tell me about my classmates of '18.

Evelyn Wise came first. She had graduated from W. V. U.,
Columbia and Oxford, with the degrees of Ph. D., L. L. D., B. S.,
and a few others. Then she surprised the world by marrying a
noted doctor.

Zelma McCullough was a natural born cook, or at least our
Domestic Science teacher used to say so. This has been proved
to be true, as she is now at the head of the Home Economics
Department at W. V. U.

Amy Peters. Amy taught for several years, but this was
only temporary as she was just waiting for the war to cease and
her aviator to return home. Now they are living a peaceful,
happy life in the country.

Florence Denning. Disappointed and broken-hearted in
love, she entered a Catholic Convent, there to spend the rest of
her days in sorrow, but usefulness.

Elsie Grimm always could entertain at Literary by her
debating. Now she is travelling with the Redpath Chautauqua
circus as a famous lecturer on Home Economics, but it is rum-
ored that she will soon be practicing what she preaches.

Maude Wriston was always very calm and sweet in college,
always trying to help others. Now she is doing Missionary work
in the slums of New York and is living a life of usefulness.

Mayme Hayne was always writing stories. During the war
she wrote several articles on Patriotism and Democracy for the
leading papers and magazines. She went to Europe to gather
new ideas and ever since has been writing books that have made
her famous.

Olla Petit was known as a quiet, demure little maiden, but
her time was always put to good use. For a time she took Dr.
Haworth's place as teacher of Literature, at Marshall, but has
given that up and is living a life of perfect solitude, but winning
great fame as a poet.

Helen Holt. We always admired Helen's clothes and win-
ing ways. For several years she was a model in John Wan-
emaker's store, in New York. Now she has a beauty shop of her
own which is the stopping place for the millionaires of the city.

Lucy Peters. Lucy was Miss Prior's history star, but
her work did not end at Marshall. After spending several years
teaching history in the leading colleges of the country, she has
gathered material for a history which is said will excell Elson,
McMaster, and Fiske.

Winnie Sutphin. Winnie is a natural geography star.
After studying Geography at the University of Chicago, she has
taken Miss Burgess' place as teacher of Geography at Marshall
College.

Flossie Morgan. Flossie was never very interested in
school work and we never knew quite why. But we understand
now as a soldier came marching home after the war was over and
they are now living happily on Riverside Drive, New York.
Willa Lowther. We always thought Willa would marry Joe after the war, but we were greatly disappointed. She suddenly became interested in music and advanced so rapidly that she is travelling abroad with Padarewski.

Mae Cole. Mae took a special course in Pharmacy, and taught chemistry for a long time in the University of Michigan, but tiring of this she became a leading druggist in Philadelphia.

Mary Courtney. Mary had a roaming nature, as she was never known to be in her room while at the Dorm. She still has this characteristic as she is a saleslady for a very large department store in Chicago.

Zelma Ankrom. I remembered that Zelma had always said she would be an old maid. She has kept her word, as now she is travelling over the United States lecturing on Woman Suffrage.

Mary Arnold. Mary was a Red Cross nurse for some time during the war. She saved the life of a brave American officer, and now they live happily among the West Virginia hills in a beautiful little bungalow.

Leolia Blessing. While in college, Leolia was always known for her argumentative ability. Now she is famed as being the first lady member in Congress from her native State.

Helen Cline. Helen took kindergarten work for a time at Columbia University, and now she is at the head of a large kindergarten school in New York City.

Emma Owens. Emma could always sing like a lark. Now she is touring Europe and amazing the world by her wonderful musical ability.

Beulah Jordan. Beulah always had a very sweet and lovable disposition. After doing city mission work in Chicago for a number of years, she went to China as a missionary, and has won the honor and admiration of the Chinese.

Ruth Fankhauser. After studying medicine at W. V. U. and John Hopkins University, Ruth has become a very efficient doctor, in Baltimore.

Francis McClung. After studying dancing with Mrs. Vernon Castle, she is now travelling through Europe with her and becoming world famed for her gracefulness.

Beulah Blessing. After studying in many of the larger colleges of the country, Beulah is now Professor of Psychology in Vassar College.

Eva Steere. Of course I heard Eva was married after the war was over. Kay returned home from France, and now they are living in a beautiful valley of California.

Ruby Calvert. Ruby had long ago taken Miss Whitaker's place as teacher of Home Economics. But she married a Sheriff and is now practicing what she had taught.

Gladys Hall. After teaching English in Mr. Franklin's place, at Marshall, she married "Dummy," and they have lived very happily ever since, in Charleston.

Gladys Farmer.
Juniors
JUNIOR OFFICERS AND HISTORY

President..................................................ERVILLE SOWARDS
Vice-President............................................MARGUERITE CAVENDISH
Secretary-Treasurer......................................ELSIE MARIE GRIMM

Motto:..................................................HONESTE QUAM SPLENDIDE
Colors:..................................................PURPLE AND WHITE

In prehistoric days there was a prophecy that a class, composed only of broad-minded students, should be formed in the twentieth century for the purpose of leading the world. This class was first formed in the fall of 1913, but, according to custom, it was reformed in 1917, with the officers noted above. Such a valued class could not be permitted to go through the world unchaperoned, so after careful consideration, Misses Hackney, Fuller, and Prichard were chosen to see us safely in our seats of honor (as well as our chapel seats.) Of course we have conducted ourselves with the great and imposing dignity becoming our high and noble position.

Although we have one representative on the various athletic teams of the school, this year, many of our boys who would have been winning honor for their alma mater on the athletic field are now doing more noble duty in helping Uncle Sam "make the world safe for democracy." Former members of our class are now in France, and scattered through the various camps of the country. We feel that we can point with pardonable pride to the record of our boys with the colors.

Those who have remained have also shown the famous '19 "pep" in other ways than in athletics; for example, the Mirabilia this year is a gigantic undertaking, and one whose successful accomplishment merits a great deal of well-deserved praise. In fact, every phase of school life has felt the benign influence of the Class of '19. No matter whether in the classroom, on the campus, or in "society," the shining light is always the brilliant intelligence of some member of the Class of '19. As social leaders, we are the greatest class that has ever been, or ever will be at Marshall(?) . Although so far we have had only two parties and an up-to-date hike, these gatherings were not "halfway," they were real socials. Our plans for the future along this line are of a far more ambitious nature, and, if carried out, will easily prove the statement made above.

Thus, as has been shown, when it comes to "pep," we have it in superfluous quantities. I stop, but only because I lack words to sufficiently praise this world-leading Class of 1919.

Lucile Todd, Historian.
JUNIOR POEM

Marshall has six classes,
Each claims to be the best;
But it seems that only the Juniors
Can fully pass the test.
First, we’re ahead in numbers,
Our roll has fifty-nine;
Ten ahead of our closest rivals,
With the others away behind.

Next, we’re ahead in spirit,
In pep, and in class pride;
You’ll find no more loyal classmates,
Though you travel far and wide.
We solidly stand together,
Each for the common good;
There are no cliques nor “bosses,”
For each does what he should.

In all the organizations,
Just look for them anywhere;
And you’ll always find that the Juniors,
Are doing their fair share.
At the Classical, Erosophian,
Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.:
Who’s doing good work? I ask you,
It’s the Juniors you know you must say.

And now we come to class-work,
With the Juniors again in the lead;
For they do the tasks assigned them,
With accuracy and with speed.
In chemistry, French, analytics,
Entomology, physics, and trig,
Literature, English, and methods,
In all the Juniors loom big.

And we fear it’s the same old story,
When it comes to social life;
For e’er with hikes and parties,
The Juniors’ brains are rife.
Our hike on the ninth of November,
Was the only one “pulled off” last fall!
And for parties and things on short notice,
Each Junior can answer the call.

You see, we’ve proved our contention,
In the preceding forty lines;
Without ever having to mention
Our most ambitious design.
Of course that’s this Mirabilia,
The crowning success of the year;
The fact that we’ve finished this task
Proves we’re the best class around here.

E. E. Sowards, ’19.

JUNIOR ROLL

ACADEMIC
GRACE ADAMS
MARY ELIZABETH ADAMS
MARGUERITE CAVENDISH
MARY HARRISON
ROSALIND HOFF
SAM LOVE
TAYLOR MORRIS
CHARLES RAWLINGS
VERA REED
LUCILLE RIFFLE
ERVILLE SOWARDS
MARY SAWYERS WARD
MARY COURTNEY
FLORENCE DENNING
RUTH FANKHAUSER
GLADYS FARMER
ELSA GRIMM
GLADYS HALL
LUCY PETERS
OLLA PETIT
EVA STEERE
WINNIE SUTHIN
MACDIE WRISTON
EVELYN WISE

SHORT COURSE
ZELMA ANKROM
MARY ARNOLD
BEULAH BLESSING
LEOLIA BLESSING
RUBY CALVERT
HELEN CLINE
MAE COLE
MAMIE HAYNE
HELEN HOLT
BEULAH JORDAN
FRANCES McCULLING
FLOSSIE MORGAN
EMMA OWENS
AMY PETERS
FERNE BALLE
HARRETT BENJAMIN
FRANCES BURNS
IVA CROTTY
MARY DUDLEY
ROMA GERLACH
MYRTLE HEDRICK
HAZEL HINCHIN
CURRY HOYLMAN
BLANCHE KLINE

ANNIE LEAR
LILLIAN McCURDY
OLIDA MIDKIFF
SYBIL MOSSMAN
CORDELIA PIERPONT
GOLDIE RICKSON
RUTH ROLES
MARTHA RUSSELL
PANSY STALEY
ANN SHEIN
JUNIORS
SECONDARY

Camouflage
JUNIOR SECONDARY OFFICERS

President.....................................................Kenton Taylor
Vice-President.............................................Carl Eckard
Treasurer.....................................................Lucy Callaway
Secretary....................................................Zelma McCullough

Colors:......................................................Pink and Gold
Flower:......................................................Pink Rose

JUNIOR SECONDARY ROLL

INA BLALOCK
ALEXANDER BOOTH
ELSIE BUNN
ETZEL COPEN
THELMA COX
VIVIAN RICE DAVIDSON
HELEN ECHOLS
CARL ECKARD
PERCY EPLING
MARY FALWELL
LEONA FRYE
SUSIE GAY
MILDRED HAPTONSTALL
MARGARET HEROLD
DON JENKINS
FLORA KITCHEN
ROSE McCUE
RUTH McCUE

DON MACDONALD
ZELMA McCULLOUGH
HILDA McVAY
CARL MEYER
ZULA MILLER
MARGARET MILLER
THEODORE MORGAN
ELIZABETH MYTINGER
GOBLE PORTER
GLADYS REID
ROBERT SMALES
KENTON TAYLOR
IRENE TONEY
TAYLOR WALKER
PEMBROKE WHITNEY
MARY WORSHAM
WALTER YATES
T was in the fall of 1915 that representatives from the best homes of West Virginia and neighboring States enrolled at Marshall College as Freshmen. As soon as these boys and girls got acquainted with Marshall and started their work in earnest everyone in school, from the President to the handyman, recognized the inevitable; that is, they realized that these young people, who were making AA’s in their classrooms and conquering their opponents in the field, made up the best class that had ever enrolled at Marshall College.

As Sophomores they had an advantage over themselves as Freshmen; they had had a year’s experience, and, as they were far-seeing, they saw what lay before them. Although what the future held for them was three years of hard work, the realization of this fact did not weaken them, but made them stronger. They rushed fearlessly and determinedly into Sophomore studies and gained a glorious victory.

Now, as members of the Junior Secondary Class, they have self-confidence along with their courageous spirit as Freshmen and Sophomores. Only one foe is formidable to them, and that is the great world war. The Juniors Secondary are not cowering before this terrible enemy that is ruthlessly snatching classmate after classmate from them; they are facing it bravely; their spirit is not broken.

The Juniors are helping with the war not only by joining the Thrift Stamp Club as a unit and working in the Red Cross Room and every other possible place, but they are considerate even in their social affairs. Instead of the movies and a dance all in one evening, they decided (in one of their energetic and swiftly-moving class meetings) to have a party at the home of their delightful little class officer, Miss Margaret Higgins. Of course Miss Higgins was not present when the arrangement was made, but, as the Juniors Secondary knew that their class officer would approve of their wise decision, it was not necessary for her to be present.

This class has a future. In as much as its career heretofore has excelled that of all other classes in Marshall College, its future in Marshall will be equally as bright. After school days are over and the boys and girls of today are the men and women of tomorrow, the Juniors Secondary will not fall behind their standard, but, when the bravest, strongest, and most upright men and women of the day are struggling to reconstruct civilization, the world will be proud to own those who were members of the Junior Secondary Class of Marshall College in 1918.

Elsie Bunn, Historian.
SOPHS
SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

President .............................................. Walter Mitchell
Vice-President ........................................ Lora Kessel
Secretary ............................................... Virginia Mahan
Treasurer .............................................. Roxana Yoho

Colors: Blue and Gold

SOPHOMORE ROLL

ROBERT BRINKER
ANNA BRONSON
BESSIE BROWN
NELLIE BROWN
MARIAN BURT
TERELIE CARTER
DOROTHEA COX
FLORENCE CRUM
THOMAS DOLAN
ELSIDE FALWELL
LUCILE FERGUSON
MARY FITCH
VON FRANKLIN
VIVIAN FRAZIER
MARY GREENSLAIGHT
GARNET HALE
WIRT HATFIELD
E. J. HELLER
MARY HITE
MAYE HOUCHINS
AUDREY IRWIN
MARIE IRWIN
GRACE JARRETT
FLORENCE JUHLING
LORA KESSEL

NILA KETCHUM
RAYMOND LAMBERT
FRANK LESAGE
BERNARD McCULLOUGH
VIRGINIA MAHAN
MINNIE MONARCH
MARY NASH
FRED PYLES
SYLVIA QUESENBERY
GEMMA RIFE
GALLIE RIGG
FLORENCE STARKEY
MABEL STEWART
OMER TABOR
CHARLES TALLMAN
MILDRED TAYLOR
NAIF TWEEL
GLADYS WADE
EVERETT WALKER
HELEN WALLACE
HELEN WALLIS
OPAL WARD
FRANK WATKINS
ROXANA YOHO
AND there were giants in those days. When months and
years push us all into the far distant past, there will be
students of our Alma Mater who, in looking over the
records of old Marshall, will utter these very words, ‘‘And there
were giants in those days.’’ As they speak, they will be think­
ing of the Sophomore Class, the Class of 1920. Never before in
the history of Huntington’s collegiate institution has such a
class been known. Much might be written of the records of its
various members in the field of scholarship, athletics, and debate,
but there is no need of that. Unintentionally other classes would
be made to suffer invidiously by the comparison.

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

It is enough to acknowledge rightfully the place to which
the Class of ’20 has attained in its thus far short career. Were
we to presage future events in the light of the past, and present
attainments, where would we be led? The present reveals evi­
dence of much in the Sophomore Class. When the future tops
its latent possibilities, each member will come forth in true works
that will be in truth a fitting offering to dear old Marshall.
Truth, strength, fidelity—these are the foundation stones upon
which we build. For the honor of Marshall we shall ever stand.

CHARLES TALLMAN, Historian.
FRESHMAN OFFICERS

President .............................................. Carlos Evans
Vice-President ........................................ Janice Calvert
Secretary .............................................. Asa Carson
Treasurer .............................................. Frank Tallman
Colors: .............................................. Pink and Green

FRESHMAN ROLL

Lillian Ashworth
Ruth Berry
George Biggs
Martha Bonar
Dorothy Branthoover
Juanita Brewer
Alfred Callard
Janice Calvert
Asa Carson
Anna Lewis Carter
Beulah Chaffin
Ross Cobb
Flavia Du Vail
Jesse Earle
Imogene Egerton
Carlos Evans
Edith Franklin
Virginia Frazier
Elizabeth Gatch
Edward George
Otto Gilkinson
Carline Hall
Homer Hatfield
Mary Haynes
Winnie Kincaid
Mattie McCullough
Zula Marsh
Flora Mathis
Odessa Mathis
Catherine Moriarity
Orison Parsley
Emmett Perry
William Porter
Frankie Sanson
Ona Sanson
Catherine Shannon
Ina Lee Sharp
Paul Shingleton
Clyde Sowards
Thelma Sowards
Frank Tallman
Ruth Taylor
Nancy Verlander
Don Weser
THE tread of soldiers could be heard last fall, leaving homes and school to take their stand in the ranks of the American army. The call of democracy had been sounded. Man after man marched out unhesitatingly to do his part in the great struggle that had begun. Marshall men were there. They had clearly seen their duty, and unreservedly they went about to do it.

At the same time there were scattered through our State young men and women who were thinking earnestly and clearly. How to do their bit—that was the question uppermost in their minds. They considered long. At last came the courses mapped out in unmistakable clearness. Each course led straight to Huntington, West Virginia’s foremost city and the result was the Freshman Class of Marshall College.

On September 18, 1917, forty-five boys and girls entered Marshall College as Freshmen. Never before had such a class entered this institution; never were the members of a class actuated by higher ideals, ideals of preparation, of service, of patriotism. From out the terrifying holocaust of nations they had calmly marched, guided by cool and practical reason. It was for them to prepare. Here they were to take the places of those who, more privileged, had marched off to make ready for an immediate attack against a subtle foe. They were here to do, to act in preparation for their country’s later needs. And full of realization were they of the importance of that which lay before them. Could any class be favored more? It has potential intellectual and physical energy, later to be utilized in upholding ideals national and international. Therefore, it is a matter of no wonder that the Freshmen this year have upheld in a new way the traditions of old Marshall. It is no wonder that they have in a new way manifested in all activities the spirit of old Marshall. In the classroom, on the athletic field, and on the campus, Freshmen this year have shown themselves to be what was hitherto considered an utter impossibility for them. Into the college cauldron were they thrust; they stood the test, and as good metal unalloyed they merged in thought and action with the men who heretofore have led old Marshall on to glory. To the Freshmen the upper classmen may now look for vision and leadership. Wherein lies the true significance of the Master’s truthful paradox, “And a little child shall lead them.”

FRANK TALLMAN, Historian.
YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

President...........................................VIOLA MILLER
Vice-President......................................STELLA HARMON
Secretary.............................................VELMA KESSELL
Treasurer............................................MARY ARNOLD

The Young Women's Christian Association was organized in March, 1903, by Miss Bridges. The first president, Miss Butcher, was chosen from the faculty, but since that time all officers have been chosen from among the students. The following young women have served as presidents: Frances Crooks, '04; Sallie Humphreys, '05; Esther Crooks, '06; Charlotte Wade, '07; Sybil Ball, '08; Susan Witten, '09; Hila Painter, '12; Anna White, '13; Florence Hughes, '14 and '15; Nora Taylor, '16; Mary Bonar, '17; Viola Miller, '18.

Up to the beginning of the session of 1907-08 the Y. W. C. A., together with the other associations of West Virginia, belonged to the Southern Conference. In the reorganization of Ohio and West Virginia, the Association attended the East Central Student Conference, held at Mountain Lake Park. For the last five years the delegates have attended the Summer Conference at Eagle's Mere, Pennsylvania.

MARY ARNOLD
PACKIE ANDERSON
FERNE BALLE
MARSHA BONAR
MARY BURNSIDE
LUCY CALLAWAY
HELEN CLINE
URZULA COFFMAN
FLORENCE CRIM
CLARA CRIM
FLORENCE DENNING
HELEN ECHOLS
BESSIE ECKARD
LUCILE FERGUSON
VON FRANKLIN
EDITH FRANKLIN
LEONA FRYE
ELSIE GRIMM
GLADYS HALL
STELLA HARMON
ELIZABETH HEROLD
MARGIE HEROLD
HAZEL HINCHIE
MARY HOYLMAN
GRACE JARRETT
HARRIET JOHNSON
HERMANA JOHNSON
ORPHA KEMPER
ALBERTA KESSEL
LORA KESSEL
VELMA KESSEL
ANNA MARY KESTER
NILA KETCHUM
BLANCHE KLINE
MISS LAWRENCE
WILLA L. LOWTHER
FRANCES McLUGHLIN
MAE McLAUGHLIN
VIOLA MILLER
FRANCES NEWELL
ELIZABETH MYTINGER
EMMA OWENS
ISABEL PARISH
FLORA PARSONS
MATTIE PARSONS
OLGA RENIER
GOLDIE RICKMON
GEMMA RIFE
RUTH ROLES
LELIA ROBINSON
MARTHA RUSSEL
DOLLY SAYRE
HELEN STEELE
EVA STEELE
MABEL STEWART
OLILLA STEVENSON
WINNIE SUTPHIN
EVELYN WISE
OPAL WARD
IRENE WATTS
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

FALL SEMESTER

President: CLYDE LESTER
Vice-President: WALTER MITCHELL, TAYLOR MORRIS
Treasurer: WIRT HATFIELD
Secretary: CLYDE BONAR

The Young Men's Christian Association of Marshall College was organized by Geo. E. Tibbitts, in February, 1905. It has gradually grown in strength and usefulness, usefulness dominating this year. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are the two most essential organizations in school, their work being of a wider range, as well as more upbuilding. The Y. M. C. A. develops the young men mentally, morally, spiritually, and socially, and encourages physical development. At the beginning of each semester, and the Easter semi-semester, members of the Y. M. C. A. meet the trains to welcome and assist new students in any way feasible. At these times, also, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. give three receptions at which new students, old students, and faculty join together in getting acquainted and having a general good time.

The Y. M. C. A. now has its devotional exercises in Society Hall at 6:45 Tuesday evenings. At these meetings the members discuss together their spiritual duties and problems. Occasionally some noted speaker addresses the meeting, and this year the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have had several joint meetings.

This year has been one of enormous opportunities and much work for both Associations. Although the membership has been somewhat small, owing to the small number of boys in school, the work has been well looked after. Clyde Lester was sent to Charleston to a meeting preparatory to the Students' Friendship War Fund campaign, and Carl Eckard was sent to Davis-Elkins College to the Annual Conference of the Student Volunteer Union of West Virginia. Many of our former members chose to go with the colors instead of returning to school this year, and some have made their choice after being with us a short time. Among these was our Vice-President, Walter Mitchell, and Treasurer, Wirt Hatfield. May the teachings and lessons of the Y. M. C. A. and God's blessings go with them in their new life. The influence for good and the true worth of the Y. M. C. A. can never be fully known.

Since its beginning the Y. M. C. A. has had the following presidents: Nyde Henson, '05; Ira Davisman, '06; L. G. Hoover, '07; D. F. Moore, '08; H. O. Fast, '09; Archibald MacQueen, '10; J. L. Hypes, '11; C. W. Miller, '12; H. L. Benedict, '13; H. P. Higgins, '14; W. S. Dunn and Price Marsh, '15; H. C. Callison and Wesley Dorsey, '16; John Montgomery and L. E. Cox, '17; Clyde Lester and Clyde Bonar, '18.

Clyde Lester, Historian

SPRING SEMESTER

President: CLYDE BONAR
Vice-President: ERLVILLE SOWARDS
Secretary: FRANK TALLMAN
Treasurer: CARL ECKARD

The Y. W. C. A. has kept in the background while the men were getting out the War Fund campaign. Clyde Bonar, Walter Mitchell, and Ira Davisman, have been able to fill the women's necessity for some social work. There are now twenty-six members of the Association, with the following officers: Clyde Bonar, President; Erlville Sowards, Vice-President; Frank Tallman, Secretary; and Carl Eckard, Treasurer.
THE Classical Association of Marshall College was organized in the fall of 1910 by the Greek and Latin students who felt the need of the promotion of classical education and culture. At first the group was small and did not attract much attention, but it has grown in number and spirit until it is now one of the largest and most enthusiastic societies of the college.

The meetings are held on the third Saturday evening of each month, in a beautiful and cozy room, which is used only by the society, and which is appreciated very much by us all. It is appropriately decorated with sections of the Parthenon Frieze extending around three sides of the room; busts of Sappho, Hermes, and Homer, which are the gifts of four of our alumni, are on brackets on the walls; the Winged Victory stands in one corner on its boat prow; and a copy of Diana and the Stag, and one of Pallas Athene are on pedestals in the room.

Anyone who has had one year of Latin or Greek is eligible to membership in the Association. The programs are always of the greatest interest, and are very instructive as well. After the program has been rendered, a social hour is enjoyed by all, which not only provides a means of social pleasure and enjoyment, but helps to create a feeling of fellowship in the hearts of the members, moulding many valued friendships.

When we have gone out from the college walls, and our thoughts return to our dear alma mater, we shall always think of the many happy and helpful hours spent in the Classical room. May the Classical Association ever continue to grow in membership and enthusiasm.

MAY ARNOLD, Historian.

MARY ELIZABETH ADAMS
VERA ANDREW
ZELMA ANKROM
MARY ARNOLD
FERNE BALLE
LEOLIA BLESSING
BEULAH BLESSING
CLYDE BONAR
MARSHA BONAR
MYRTLE BOONE
MARY BURNHAM
JANICE CALVERT
RUBY CALVERT
MARGUERITE CAVENDISH
HELEN CLINE
ETZEL COPEN
FLORENCE DENNING
OLIVE DOWDY
PERRY DUNCAN
CARL ECKARD
GARRY ECKARD
RUTH FANKHAUSER
GLADYS FARMER
MAURICE FOOSE
KATE FULLER
ELSIE GRIMM
WIRT HATFIELD
ELIZABETH HEROLD
HARMETT HINCHIE
RUTH ROLES
ORPHA KEMPER
ALBERTA KESSEL
CARA KESSEL
VELMA KESSEL
ROBERT KNOKE
STUART KNOKE
CLADE LESTER
REBECCA LEWIS
WILLA LOWTHER
CARL MYER
MARGUERITE MILLER
VIOLE MILLER
FRANCES MCLUNG
MAY McLAUGHLIN
FLOSSIE MORGAN
TAYLOR MORRIS
SYBIL MOSSMAN
FRANCES NEWELL
MAE NEWMAN
MATSON PARSONS
HOWARD PETTRY
CARL PETTRY
CORDELIA PIERPOINT
LUCY PRICHARD
VIRGINIA RANSON
VERA REED
OLGA RENIER
WENDELL REYNOLDS
GOLDA RICKMON
LEILA ROBINSON
WALTER YATES
DOLLIE SAYRE
H. B. SHIPLEY
ERVILLE SOWARDS
HELEN STEELE
MABEL STEWART
WINNIE SUTPHIN
CHARLES TALLMAN
KENTON TAYLOR
LUCILE TELL
HELEN WALLACE
OPAL WARD
IRENE WATTS
H. J. WHITE
CHAUNCEY WRIGHT
ANNA YATES
For anyone thinks that oratory died with Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, or others of our forefathers, we ask him to visit the Erosophian Literary Society and see if he is not under a false impression. Every Erosophian is an incipient orator desirous of cultivating his oratorical powers, and the object of the society is to aid its members in realizing their forensic ambitions.

Since 1894, the year in which the Society was organized, many of Marshall’s students have been fore-sighted enough to take advantage of the marvelous opportunities which the Society affords, and have found the training of untold value in life after leaving college. Social life is not only a help, but a necessity in the life of a well-rounded student. In reviewing the incidents of college days we recall the profitable hours spent in the Erosophian Hall amid a profusion of intellectual and social advantages which will always be among the undying thoughts of the happy days spent at Marshall. A graduate who has grown out from his alma mater without availing himself of the great privilege of being an Erosophian has made a breach in his life forever.

If one carefully compares this year’s record of the society with those of former years which were so full of devotion and enthusiasm, he finds no reason to be discouraged; for never before has debate been so elevated, or oratory laured in more gorgeous embellishment. While we like to think of the glory of the past achievements wrought by Erosophians who are now scattered over the land, and who are exerting a powerful and generous influence, we feel sure that future history will carve the present Erosophian’s name in the niche of eternal fame. He will be the very embodiment of all that is best and noblest in American manhood; a better helmsman, a steadier steersman, to guide the vessel of the republic will not be found.

As fond memory carries us back to old and cherished haunts and wayside places, may we as loyal Erosophians always cherish the memory of the golden hours spent in social activities and friendly rivalry in our hall. ZELMA McCULLOUGH, Historian
**Story Tellers’ Club Officers, History and Roll**

President: Mae Newman  
Vice-President: Helen Wood  
Secretary: Herma Johnson  
Treasurer: Sybil Mossman  
Sergeant-at-Arms: Irene Henry

The Story Tellers’ Club was first organized in November, 1915, under the head of the Prichard Story Tellers’ Club, Miss Prichard, a member of the faculty, organized the Club. In 1916 Miss Vera Andrew took charge of the Club. She has succeeded in creating a great deal of interest in the useful and entertaining art of telling stories. Last year Miss Carpenter, a story teller of national reputation, visited the club, and greatly helped in creating new and more intense interest in the activities of the Club. This year we have had many interesting meetings, and have made great progress under the inspiring leadership of our efficient president.

The object of the Club is to give its members practice in story telling, and to enable them to learn and appreciate the world’s famous stories and fables. Since the time of Aesop the world has learned that story telling is an excellent means of teaching great truths, and even the Great Teacher employed them extensively in presenting His teachings to mankind.

It has always been customary for the club to meet every two weeks in the south parlor of the college. After the stories are told refreshments are served by the hostess appointed.

Misses Sybil Mossman and Ruby Calvert delightfully entertained the club this winter at the home of the former. A wide range of stories were chosen for this year: Stories with apperceptive basis, Stories with a sense appeal, Thanksgiving stories, Stories with suspense, Christmas stories, Stories with a climax, Snow stories, Stories of patriotism, Animal stories, Irish stories, Stories with instructive interest, Bird stories, Fairy stories, and Flower stories.

VERA ANDREW  
HELEN WOOD  
REBECCA LEWIS  
FRANCES NEWELL  
SYBIL MOSSMAN  
MARY ARNOLD  
FRANCES OBERHOLTZER  
HELEN JOHNSTON  
MAE NEWMAN

VIOLA MILLER  
OLGA RENIER  
IRENE HENRY  
RUBY CALVERT  
STELLA HARMON  
HERMA JOHNSON  
MARGUERITE CAVENDISH  
MISS COX  
MARIE MORUNEY, Honorary
“Interminable folds of gauze,
For those whom we shall never see—
Remember, when your fingers pause,
That every drop of blood to stain
This whiteness falls for you and me,
Part of the price that keeps us free
To serve our own, that keeps us clean,
From shame that other women know.
O saviours we have ever seen,
Forgive us that we are so slow!
God! if that blood should cry in vain,
And we have let our moments go!”—Amelia Burr.

ITH the inspiration of so many Marshall boys in the army, the girls have worked most diligently in the Surgical Dressings room. They received a splendid start in the fall, under the direction of Mrs. Woodley, who worked untiringly that all who were interested might receive the instructions necessary to make them expert workers. It was through her efforts that the room was equipped and classes organized. Many of the girls received their pupil’s cards, and a few have been ambitious enough to work for instructor’s cards, so that they would be able to organize and teach the course at home.

More than twenty thousand dressings have been made and sent away up to date. Sweaters, socks, helmets, and comfort kits have been made and sent to our own Marshall boys in the various camps and in France. Lately the great need of the refugee children of France and Belgium has appealed to them, and many little garments have been made for those unfortunate children.
THETA MU CLUB

Officers:
President .................................................................... Rebecca Lewis
Secretary ...................................................................... Viola Miller
Treasurer ....................................................................... Matson Parsons

The Theta Mu Club, which was organized three years ago by Miss Effie Wilson, assistant in the piano department, has grown steadily from the very first. This year we have had many very interesting programs. Our meetings are held on the first Saturday afternoon of each month. The programs were devoted to modern artists as well as to modern music.

Sarah Moriaty, our Irish nun,
Is rather quiet, but full of fun.
Matson Parsons with her thoughts wants to flee
When anyone mentions dear Camp Lee.
Hazel Robinette came from Athens, you see,
And is a musician, we'll all agree.
Gemma Rife is very wise,
Which is revealed by her brown eyes.
Roxie Yoho is very fair,
With her beautiful smile and pretty hair.
Gertrude Claypool is a quiet, demure little thing,
But this we all know, she surely can sing.
Ruby Calvert's a jewel, we know 'tis true,
If you could eat her cooking, you'd say so too.
And we all think that Quindora's a sight,
For changing her name from Schweitzer to Wright.
Daisy Blankenship and Pansy Perry are two town girls,
They both keep the poor boys' heads in a whirl.
There's Esther Neff, from Guyancotte,
It must be agreed she does a whole lot.
Mary Warsham, Vera Reed, and Marie Kyle
Were members only a little while.
There's Julia Swentzel, bright and happy,
And Nan Temple, full of fun, and snappy.
Miss Effie Wilson, we'll have to say,
Loves each member in the good old way:
And now we're sure we'll always hold dear
The many fond memories we've gained this year.

Myrtle Boone, as we can see.
Spends her time in writing to "Phan," Camp Lee.
Lucille Ferguson, our latest in rank,
Is always in some mischievous prank.
Florence Juhling, with her eyes of blue,
Is quite a pianist, we know 'tis true.
And Hazel Kirby can sing and play,
But would rather talk the livelong day.
Viola Miller, our six-year Senior,
Will never commit any misdemeanor.
And Rebecca Lewis, our President true,
Will c'Er be a credit to Theta Mu.
THE FEAST OF THE LITTLE LANTERNS

This year we, the Girls’ Glee Club of Marshall College, under the direction of Miss Allen, decided to give the Chinese operetta, “The Feast of the Little Lanterns.” The proceeds from this are to be given to the Y. W. C. A. so that they may be able to send a delegate to the summer conference.

We began work with as much energy as possible, but soon discovered that learning the words and music was by no means all of our task. Just try running with short “Japanese” steps fanning, smiling, holding a lantern aloft, and singing all at the same time. It was lots of fun, but was not as easy as it looks. If we could only have scowled it would have helped, not the scowl of a grouch, but just you try to smile and think real hard at the same time. Nevertheless, we did it. Next we had to learn to get up and down gracefully. (I wonder if the Chinese are subject to rheumatism. If they are, we are certainly sorry for them.) Wouldn’t it be lovely to be able to do a thing gracefully by simply being told to do so? As to the final results, to you who suffered the misfortune of not seeing us, let me tell you we were grace personified. (?)

At least after much practicing, the dress rehearsal arrived and went as such rehearsals usually do. Suffice it to say, “The less said the better.” But on the other hand, we are sorry for you if you missed it, if we “do say it as shouldn’t,” for it was mighty good. Our princess, Miss Stella Harmon, was charming in the part, and portrayed so well the varying moods of the princess,—her grief at the thought of losing her childhood home, her excitement when she learns her long lost sister is alive and near, and her joy when they are reunited. The part of Mai Ku, the graceful juggler maid, was most cleverly taken by Miss Mae McLaughlin, whose voice delighted the audience. In the art of juggling, one might consider her a past master. Of course we all disliked Ow Long as Ow Long, but not as Miss Emma Owens you may be sure, and we could not have done without her. We do hope though, that she has no influence with the Emperor, for we would hate to have a “law in China about such things.” And we must not forget delightful, capricious little We Ling, Miss Sylvia Quesenberry, who, through her discovery of the locket, was really the means of reuniting the long separated sisters. Last, but not least, all praise should be given to our accompanist, Miss Helen Steele, who was always ready and always goodnatured at the many, many interruptions and directions to “play it again, please.”

We hope that the homage paid to the old dragon will result in his blessing us, and that the coming year will find us doing still better work, for we believe it well worth the time and effort that it takes.

Between the first and second acts, Miss Leona Moorehouse, accompanied by twelve girls, presented a Chinese dance before the Emperor, whose part was taken by Asa Carson. Miss Moorehouse portrayed very well the actions of a person under the influence of opium, and charmed the audience with her dancing.
THE course consists of piano, history of music, teacher's training, and harmony, and is quite a difficult one. For this reason very few students have wholly completed it. The ones who have attained this signal honor are George Lewis Strickling, Jessie Elizabeth Stark, St. Elmo Fox and Lillian Virginia Davis.

The music department is under the direct supervision of Miss Mildred Maegeorge, who studied piano for three years in Berlin under Alberto Jonas, and harmony and counterpoint under Hugo Kahn and Walter Wyrowitz. One has only to listen to her rendition of some of her favorite classics to realize that she was an apt pupil under great masters. She is assisted by Miss Effie Wilson, who is not only an excellent musician, but a woman of charming personality.

Among the enjoyable features of this department are the weekly recitals, which are a source of both pleasure and valuable instruction. These are held every Monday afternoon; here we learn the art of playing in public creditably and to criticize intelligently. Then, too, there is the class in teacher's training, and the girls in it look forward eagerly to its meetings, because that is the time when we get to be teacher and Miss Maegeorge is pupil. We go by the saying that "practice makes perfect," and as we must have some pupil to practice upon, we take our beloved teacher, Miss Maegeorge, and attempt to teach her. When the class begins, she immediately becomes a child, and we take turns teaching her.

Another source both of profit and pleasure is the music club held by Miss Wilson, at which the girls become accustomed to playing before the public. Here they also learn of the lives of famous composers, as well as of modern artists. Many enjoyable evenings are spent in this way.
Lillian Virginia Davis

Lillian is one of our most charming and accomplished girls. At first she impresses one as being quiet and somewhat reserved, but a more intimate acquaintance reveals to her friends a charming personality and a delightfully winsome nature. If you do not know her just go out of your way enough to become acquainted. She is worth the trouble and more. She is one of the few who have really fallen in love with their work and consequently richly deserves the diploma and honors received this year.

St. Elmo Fox

St. Elmo Fox is one of the most earnest and successful students, her loving, generous, and thoughtful disposition making her many friends. Having finished her normal course in 1910 she has since made music her one thought. She was of the class of 1917, but was delayed in receiving her diploma until 1918 on account of illness. However, her brilliancy at the piano was in no manner dimmed because of her delayed recital, and she was greeted with much enthusiasm. Miss Fox having taught for the last three years, is becoming well known as a successful teacher.

Elizabeth Ware Carter

Dame Fortune has certainly chosen this little lady for one of her favorites. Her bright, sunny face has won for her a host of friends. She is unusually gifted in the art of music, being one of the youngest pupils to receive teacher's certificate. Because of her musical ability and charming personality, we predict for her a brilliant future in the musical world.
FRIDAY night, April 16th, the Senior Secondary Class came before the public with two playlets by John Kendrick Bangs, "The Fatal Message" and "A Proposal Under Difficulties." Both plays made a decided hit with the people of Huntington, and compliments were heard on all sides. The productions were under the direct charge of Miss Harriet Dale Johnson, of the Latin Department, to whom great credit is due for the success of the amateur performance, though the acting was as good, if not better, than many professional performances. The advertising and business end of the play was under the charge of Perry Duncan and Carl Weider of the Senior class, and the financial success of the performance, which was exceedingly good, speaks well of their management of this end of the affair; especially considering the number of other amusements going on in the city.

The plays are humorous, and as given by an all-star cast of Seniors, furnished an enjoyable evening to the many who witnessed them. The first play, "The Fatal Message," made a decided hit with the audience. The scene was laid in the library of Perkins' mansion; the time, a few hours before an amateur performance. At the rise of the curtain we see Mr. Thaddeus Perkins (Howard Pettry,) who is in charge of the curtain of the amateur dramatic performance, railing to his wife, Mrs. Thaddeus Perkins (Virginia Ransom) cast for Lady Ellen in the amateur performance, over the fact that they have transformed his library into the scene of the night's tragedy as he styles it. Next enters Mr. Robert Yardsley (A. M. Foose,) the stage manager of the amateur performance, who informs the Perkins' that Mr. Chester Henderson, cast for one of the parts in the performance, was suddenly called to Boston on some pretext or other and could not take part in the play. However, he quiets their fears in announcing that he telegraphed Mr. Edward Bradley (W. N. Frasure) to take the part and secured a reply that he would be on hand promptly and know his part letter perfect. Mr. Jack Barlow (Carl Pettry,) cast for Fenderson Featherhead in the performance, enters and relates an experience he had riding on street car and rehearsing his part. Next enters Mr. Edward Bradley (W. N. Frasure,) the understudy, his wife (Elizabeth Carter,) who is cast for Lady Amaranth, and Miss Andrew (Jessie Bailey,) who is cast for the maid. All being present, they begin the final rehearsal before the night's performance. "Bob" Yardsley (A. M. Foose) being stage manager, has his hands full directing the performance, correcting mistakes after mistakes, and incidentally has his trouble with each one of the amateur thespians and Mr. Perkins (Howard Pettry) who is continually playing with the curtains and making things generally miserable for everyone. The climax comes when Mr. Bradley (W. N. Frasure,) the understudy, and Mr. Barlow (Carl Pettry) both come in at the same time, and it develops that Mr. Bradley (W. N. Frasure) has learned the wrong part. However, he produces a telegram showing him to be in the clear and then they all jump on "Bob" Yardsley (A. M. Foose) who made the mistake in writing the telegram, he intending to direct Mr. Bradley (W. N. Frasure) to take Henderson's part when he wrote Fenderson, the part that Mr. Barlow (Carl Pettry) was cast for. The crowd suddenly hit upon the idea of having Mr. Perkins (Howard Pettry) read the part for the evening performance. Dinner being called by the maid, Jennie (Mae McLaughlin,) they all leave for the dining room, leaving Mr. Perkins to study the part. Mr. Howard Pettry, as Mr. Perkins, with his peculiar
style of humor, was exceedingly good; Miss Virginia Ransom, as Mrs. Perkins, gave some excellent examples in her supposed rehearsing of her lady Ellen part—regular Macbeth style; Mr. Foose, as the stage manager, had his hands full raving at the mistakes being made in the final rehearsal and keeping Mr. Perkins from playing with the curtain. The whole was a full hour of fun from start to finish, and kept the audience in an uproar all the time.

The second play, "A Proposal Under Difficulties," was a scream from start to finish. The gist of the play is as follows: Robert Yardsley (Perry Duncan) and Jack Barlow (Wendell Reynolds) are suitors for the hand of Miss Dorothy Andrews (Leona Morehouse,) a much loved young woman. Mr. Yardsley is the first to arrive at the Andrews’ home. His expressed purpose is to propose to Miss Andrews that afternoon. Feeling shaky over the matter he hesitates what to say to her and incidentally rehearses, getting down on his knees and facing the sofa where he imagines his lady-love to be seated. While in this act, Jennie, (Mae McLaughlin,) the housemaid, chances in, listens and thinks the words are intended for her. Being astounded, she informs him that she is already engaged to the coachman, but admits she will accept him and does. However, before Mr. Yardsley can correct the impression made on the simple-minded maid, the door bell rings and in comes Mr. Barlow who is also of the same mind—to propose to Miss Andrews this very afternoon. Both are surprised to see each other present, and each contrive schemes to get rid of the other. However, both stick, when in comes Miss Andrews and they flock towards her. During the conversation each is as sarcastic as possible with the other. Miss Andrews rings for the maid for tea, but Jennie does not answer. Upon going for the tea herself, she overhears portions of conversation going on between Jennie and the coachman, who are quarreling over the break in their engagement, she also hears of a threat being made by the coachman to kill somebody. She reports the matter to her suitors. This decidedly upsets Mr. Yardsley. Jennie, the maid, returns to the parlor to speak with Mr. Yardsley. She attempts to attract his attention with a duster and he attempts to wave her away. However, she falls headlong into the room, and then the explanations. The whole situation is cleared up, Mr. Yardsley explaining that the proposal Jennie overheard was not intended for her but for someone else. He admits saying all Jennie accuses him of saying, and adds that he should have used stronger words, and says what he should have used, then tells her they were all intended for her (Miss Andrews.) He asks for her answer. She asks what Jennie said, who of course said yes, and this is her answer. This all takes place in the presence of Mr. Barlow, who tried to interrupt the affair and make Mr. Yardsley look like a fool. But the tables are turned, Mr. Yardsley gets the girl, Mr. Barlow agreeing to be the best man at the wedding. Mr. Duncan, as the hero, making the proposal under difficulties was fine; Miss Morehouse, as the much-loved young woman, was charming; as for Mr. Reynolds, his was an embarrassing position and he acted well; Miss McLaughlin, as the maid made a decided hit in this clever piece of acting.

All’s well that ends well. So it was with these two one-act plays. The players were admirably chosen for their respective parts, and the players are to be congratulated on their splendid success, and Miss Johnson, the director, comes in for a good share of the honor as the director. Half the proceeds of the affair was turned over to the Mirabilia Board to help defray the cost of publishing, for which the board extend their sincere thanks.
OR years back there has always existed an Athletic Association composed of the students of Marshall College.

This year is no exception in that respect. Athletics during the school year had a somewhat stormy career. To rectify matters, a new Athletic Association was formed along different lines than in the past. The students this year have more to say than they have had heretofore. A new constitution has been adopted to conform with the new workings of the Association. Instead of the faculty having it all to say when it comes to athletics, the students have the most to say except as to finances. The chief power of the Association is vested in an Executive Committee, composed of students elected from the various classes. On this committee the Freshmen have one representative, the Sophomores have two, the Juniors Secondary have three, the Seniors Secondary have four, and the College Juniors and College Seniors two representatives each. This committee has its officers elected by the male student body, thus insuring capable students as officers. The president and the other officers of the Athletic Association are ex-officio members of this committee and its officers as well. The president of the Association is the Chairman of this committee and has charge of all matters brought before it. On this committee is also two members of the faculty, Coach Shipley and Mr. LeCato. They have the right to vote, but being in the minority the students’ will holds sway. Theirs is mostly an advisory capacity, Coach Shipley being the director of athletics and Mr. LeCato taking care of the financial end for the faculty. It is this Executive Committee that awards the letters to the men who deserve them, that arranges inter-class games, and in general promotes the welfare of athletics at Marshall. With this new arrangement of things the students at Marshall are made to feel the importance of their co-operating and doing all in their power to make athletics a success.

The Williams’ Colored Singers were brought to Marshall under the auspices of the Athletic Association. This was done for the purpose of helping out on the financial end of athletics. The affair was in charge of Mr. Foose, as manager. The receipts of the performance were shared with the singers on a percentage basis, and a neat sum in behalf of athletics was realized.

Below are given the names of the students from the various classes as represented on the Executive Committee:

Freshmen..................................................FRANK CRIST
Sophomores.............................................TOM DOLAN, WALTER PERRY
Juniors Secondary....................................KENTON TAYLOR, DON JENKINS, CARL ECKARD
Seniors Secondary.................................DENVER SMITH, D. W. CABLE, H. PETTRY, CARL PETTRY
College Juniors......................................TAYLOR MORRIS, E. E. SOWARDS
College Seniors.................................LAWRENCE MCLAIN, JOHN MccarraHER
NOTHER season of football has passed into history at Marshall College. If its classification as a successful or unsuccessful season depended on the number of victories scored, the season would be considered a failure, but it was not. Marshall, during the season of 1915, had in the field one of her greatest teams. The breaks were not with her. Success in football, however, does not entirely depend on the number of games won. So it is with the season of 1917.

A review of the team and material would not be amiss. To begin with, the male student body numbered scarcely eighty, half of whom were first year students. The material was small and light in weight. Experienced football players were at a premium, even the Captain-elect from the 1916 squad not returning. Thus a team had to be developed from almost totally green men—a difficult task in itself, and more so with little material from which to choose. However, a team was formed, rounded into shape, and played its schedule. It was the lightest team that ever represented Marshall College in football, and it had one or the hardest schedules a Marshall team was ever called upon to face; yet the team never winced, though defeat stared them in the face on every hand.

And why may the season of 1917 be considered a successful season? Because of its indomitable spirit. The team had scarcely learned the signals when called upon to play its first scheduled game with Rio Grande. Enthusiasm ran high, all anxious for the fray and off for a good start. Alas, no team showed up. Keen was their disappointment. However, they prepared to meet their next foe, Denison University, the first game of the season. At no time was there more than eighteen men out for football, mostly green material and light, barely enough for a team, much less enough for a scrimmage, and then the fear that a good man might be injured and thus kept from playing. With such a team, having only signal drills, no scrimmage, and never having played a game for the season, Marshall stacked up against the strong Denison University team on their home grounds. Denison was represented by seven letter men. On the way over to Granville, Ohio, the team elected their Captain, Foose. To cap the climax, the team’s captain was not able to start the game on account of an injury, only playing the last quarter. The final score was a small matter, but the spirit was the big thing. Their coach back home confined to his bed (Mr. LeCato having the team in charge,) their captain on the side lines for the first three quarters, outweighed twenty pounds to the man, facing an experienced team who had already played two games, and composed of seven letter men, Marshall went down to defeat. But not an inglorious defeat! At times Marshall played their opponents to a standstill, but they were not equal to the task physically—the spirit was there, but not the physical endurance.

Thus Marshall went through her season, the breaks against her, a schedule arranged entirely out of the question for a Marshall team, everywhere staking up against teams that never outweighed them by less than fifteen pounds to the man and composed of experienced men, except the last two games, Morris Harvey and High School. Injuries also handicapped the Green and White on every hand.
FOOTBALL---Continued

Thus the season runs, Marietta, Otterbein, Georgetown, Lewisburg, and Muskingum, each game a repetition of the other except as to scores which were gradually cut down, though the teams played became better. With these obstacles to overcome, the team of 1917 rises above that of former teams in the greatest thing to be had—spirit, made possible only by true Marshall men, such as Captain Foose, Cable, McCarraher, McDonald, Smith, C. Pettry, H. Pettry, LeSage, Watkins, McCullough, Taylor, Bonar, Eckard, Perry, Crist, and Sedinger.

Particular mention should be made of Manager Epling who proved quite helpful to the team; of Coach Shipley whose coaching made possible the good record considering the material at hand; of Captain Foose, whose leadership made possible the record of “SPIRIT.”

Review of the Two Important Games of the Season

M ARSHALL 7— M ORRIS H ARVEY 7

Marshall, for the first time during the season, won the toss and defended the North goal. For once the team was up against their class. Morris-Harvey scored their only touchdown around left end on a criss-cross which took our boys unawares. Goal was easy. Marshall scored her only touchdown through straight football and kicked difficult goal. During the game Marshall gained three times as much ground as their opponents but the breaks were against her. The whole backfield, Smith, Macdonald, Cable and McCarraher were at their best; on the line Foose at right tackle and Bonar at center were going good.

M ARSHALL 0— H IG H S CHOOL 12

Again Captain Foose won the ties for Marshall and defended the North goal. This game was played in a sea of mud and water. When the game was over you could scarcely recognize the boys. Workman, for High School, scored the first touchdown around left end, making a twenty-five yard run. Their other touchdown came in the third quarter after a fumble by Marshall on her twenty-five yard line. Fumbles were made all the time by both sides but again fate decreed that High School should be favored. Cable, Foose, Pettry, and Macdonald were the outstanding players for Marshall.

R ESULTS

Marshall College 0 ......................................... Denison 94
Marshall College 0 ......................................... Marietta 68
Marshall College 0 ......................................... Otterbein 37
Marshall College 0 ......................................... Georgetown 33
Marshall College 0 ......................................... Lewisburg 38
Marshall College 0 ......................................... Muskingum 28
Marshall College 7 ......................................... Morris Harvey 7
Marshall College 0 ......................................... High School 12
MARSHALL, for several seasons, has not been represented on the floor with a basketball team that has played a regular schedule. This season Marshall had a first team and a reserve team playing a regular schedule of games, showing that basketball is still a major sport at Marshall. The season as a whole was somewhat better than football. However, the jinx still followed. The record of the first team shows only two games won, but on closer examination it is found that the games lost were always by a close score, proving that whoever beat Marshall had to fight for victory, and fight hard. Aside from the first game of the season with Marietta College where our boys were entirely outclassed, each game was full of thrills and the outcome always an uncertainty until the last minutes of play. The reserves were not so fortunate as to win any of their games, nevertheless they were replete with exciting incidents to which those that witnessed them can well testify. Both teams made trips away from home and were well received wherever they went. For the first team it is difficult to pick any stars as each had their off days, and at one time or another were individual stars in their particular line. Hatfield, H. Pettry and Captain Shockey were the individual and consistent stars of the reserve.

Following are the members of both teams, with positions played:

**First Team**

McCartaher, Captain ........................................ Forward
Cable ......................................................... Forward
C. Pettry .................................................... Forward

B. Knite .................................................... Center
Winnes ..................................................... Center
S. Knite .................................................... Guard
Foose ......................................................... Guard
Martin ......................................................... Guard

**Reserves**

Shockey, Captain ........................................ Forward
Jenkins ....................................................... Forward
H. Pettry ..................................................... Guard and Forward
Watkins ...................................................... Guard
Taylor ........................................................ Guard
Hatfield ....................................................... Center

**Results**

**First Team**

Marshall College 20 ..................................... Marietta 44
Marshall College 31 ..................................... Morris Harvey 39
Marshall College 30 ..................................... Greenbrier M. A. 39
Marshall College 26 ..................................... Kentucky Wesleyan 24
Marshall College 26 ..................................... Morris Harvey 29
Marshall College 48 ..................................... Spencer High 19
Marshall College 39 ..................................... Morris Harvey 34
Marshall College 37 ..................................... Huntington High 42

**Reserves**

Marshall College 13 ..................................... Gallipolis 42
Marshall College 13 ..................................... Ceredo 27
Marshall College 36 ..................................... St. Edwards 40
Review of Games

Marshall 20—Marietta 44

The first game of the season! Marshall was completely outclassed in this game but fought bravely on. The game was replete with long shots in which Marietta's star forward was the star. Cable, however, for Marshall did some fine shooting. The game was played at Marietta.

Marshall 31—Morris Harvey 39

This was staged on the enemy's floor, a small back room. Nevertheless, the preachers had to fight to win. In this game everybody fought hard and it would be difficult to pick out any particular shining light. The guards did effective work guarding while the center and forwards were also fighting hard.

Marshall 30—Greenbrier Military 39

The first home game of the season went to the visitors but not without a hard fought battle. It seemed an off day for Marshall's forwards since they couldn't find the basket. Knod at center was at his best, as well as Pettry at guard.

Marshall 26—Kentucky Wesleyan 24

Victory at last! Marshall won her first game after a hard uphill fight. The guards, Knod and Foose, did excellent work, and McCarragher at forward was at his best in ringing goals.

Marshall 26—Morris-Harvey 29

Another hard fought game went to the Preachers. The game had to go extra time to decide the winner. The forwards for Marshall had luck against them. They hit all around the basket and what otherwise would have been goals were misses. The team as a whole showed excellent team work. McCarragher and B. Knod were the stars for the locals.

Marshall 48—Spencer High 19

This game was played at Spencer and was a pleasure jaunt for our boys. Spencer Hi was completely outclassed. Knod, at Center, McCarragher and Cable, at forwards, each registered six goals, the others being divided between Pettry and S. Knod, guards.

Marshall 29—Morris Harvey 34

The scene shifts to the little back room, at Barboursville, Marshall to redeem her two former defeats. The gods decreed otherwise and Marshall again went down to defeat. Hard fought from the start to finish, Marshall's whole team played excellent ball. Cable, at forward, was the individual star for Marshall.

Marshall 37—Huntington High 42

The most important game of the season ended on the wrong side of the ledger. Hard fought from start to finish, extra time needed to decide the winners. Winters, Cable, and McCarragher, at forwards, played excellent ball; S. Knod and Pettry, at guards, were guarding close; and B. Knod, at center, was in it from start to finish.
BASEBALL

BASEBALL has fared better than any other major sport. Marshall, despite handicaps, has gotten together a rather fast team and while the season is not yet over, predictions are that she ought to do better than break even with the remaining teams to be played. Up to this writing she has won seven games out of thirteen. The greatest satisfaction is in knowing that Marshall has retrieved her defeats at the hands of Morris Harvey, in basketball, by defeating her twice in baseball, in clean, decisive games. Also she has never been shut out. This season has also seen the revival of inter-class games, notably the Faculty-Collegian game, Faculty-Senior Secondary, and Senior Secondary-Collegians, all of which proved more than interesting.

REVIEW OF GAMES

Marshall 3—All Stars 2

Marshall is off to a good start, winning her first game of the season. She had no easy time doing it, as her opponent had indeed an All-Star cast. Holstein pitched, allowing eight hits, while Marshall garnered twelve. Cable and Sedinger were shining lights at the bat.

Marshall 12—Kentucky Wesleyan 2

Again Marshall romped home with victory—an easy matter as the score shows, Evans pitched a great game. Scores were easily made, and hits easily secured.

Marshall 9—Kentucky Wesleyan 2

This game was but a repetition of the previous game. Holstein pitched and had the ministers at his mercy, while the Marshallites hit and scored almost at will.

Marshall 9—Morris Harvey 8

The score indicates a hard fought game, and it was, going two extra rounds. However, the old Morris Harvey luck was at hand and only through errors on the part of Marshall was she able to keep up in the scoring line. Holstein pitched a good game, while at the bat Cable did some heavy hitting, two singles and a two-bagger in five times up.

Marshall 8—Fairmont Normal 5

The first game of the eastern trip brought home the bacon in easy style. Bob Knodle pitched and allowed Fairmont seven scattered hits while our boys came away with eleven. S. Knodle secured two hits out of two times up, and Bob Knodle, McCarracher, and Cable secured two each in four times up.

Marshall 3—West Virginia 9

The first defeat of the season, though by virtue of superior pitching the victory belonged to Marshall. Carl Pettry pitched this game and well deserved victory, only allowing University five scattered hits, but alas, errors proved quite fatal. Marshall secured eight hits in this game and earned her runs. From reports coming from those who witnessed the game, Pettry outpitched their star twirler, Captain June.
BASEBALL TEAM
REVIEW OF GAMES---Continued

Marshall 4—West Virginia 13

The loss of the previous game to West Virginia disheartened our boys so much that victory was almost hopeless. Evans pitched but the University won the game. Singular to note, Marshall secured but five hits to be divided among her pitchers, Evans getting three and Carl Pettry two.

Marshall 2—Staunton Military 6

At Staunton our boys ran up against the best ball team on the entire schedule. The team is equal to any Class D team. However, our boys made a fair bid for victory but success did not crown our efforts. Holstein pitched a rather good game, while Cable and Bob Knodé were the heroes at the bat.

Marshall 4—University of Virginia 15

At Charlottesville our boys met the worst defeat of the season. However, it was more a fluke than a deserved defeat. The team was not half as good as West Virginia University, but they defeated our boys by a worse score than did W. V. U. Evans pitched and deserved to win. He had the team behind him that ought to do it with hands down, but the gods of fate decreed otherwise.

Marshall 2—Virginia Polytechnic Institute 3

Again Marshall lost what by rights she deserved. Marshall outplayed V. P. I., outhit her opponents, and outpitched them. Marshall secured eight hits to five for V. P. I., Bob Knode getting three hits out of four times up. Carl Pettry pitched this game and deserved to win, completely outclassing his opponent, but an error at a critical moment and a little hard luck robbed Marshall and Pettry of a well deserved victory.

Marshall 7—Morris Harvey 1

This game proved conclusively that Morris Harvey was no match for our boys. Evans pitched in fine form, allowing the Ministers but two little hits, while our boys got eight. Bob Knodé and Evans were heavy with the bat, getting two each out of four times up. Evans also had ten strike-outs to his credit in this game.

Marshall 3—Partridge 9

Another loss is registered, without a doubt an off day for Marshall, both for pitching and at the bat. Partridge secured fourteen hits to seven for the Normals. Pettry pitched but was off color in the box at least. Bob Knodé pitched the last inning but he too was off color, the "birds" securing four hits in the final round, scoring three runs.

Marshall 3—Partridge 1

Revenge is sweet, and just to show these birds that they were not so much after all, our boys defeated them to the tune of three to one. Evans pitched, allowing but three scattered hits. Cable's three bagger in the first inning, with the bases full, did the work, and it only remained for Evans to hold this lead which he did easily.
LITERARY
One of these hot sultry evenings of the year found Jean in her room earlier than usual. She was sitting by her window, evidently with the intention of studying, for, in her lap lay an open book. Her thoughts could not have been with Caesar and his Gallie Wars, however, for now and then over her face flitted smiles that brought the dimple in her cheeks, and a little sigh would escape from her lips.

Jean was a pretty girl, tall, straight, and very graceful. Her black wavy hair, arranged so neatly on the top of her head, brought out more distinctly the features of her face and the whiteness of her skin. The curved eyebrows and the thick eyelashes, together with the pink in her cheeks, softened her big brown eyes into dreamy wells.

The other girls, laughing and joking to each other, were just beginning to come in off the campus and go to their rooms to study for the coming examinations. Some were singing. One song made Jean stop and listen. She gave the trunk, on which she was sitting, a few kicks with her dainty feet. Something about the song, perhaps it was the happy care-free way in which it was being sung, made Jean more anxious for the night to come. The song was one that was sung at the ball games—"Blue Ridge will shine to-night, Blue Ridge will shine,"—and Jean took up the catchy little song and kept it going over in her mind.

It was beginning to grow dark, and Jean became restless and excited. When would it ever be nine-thirty? She shot a swift glance at the clock and jumped down off the trunk. Goodness! was it only eight-fifteen? How could she possibly wait another whole long hour!

Dr. Stone, the president of the college, in his room in the east wing of the building, walked the floor in a deep worried thought. He was puzzled over something, and now he was evidently trying to decide what to do. Finally his head came up with a jerk. Conclusion final! And he started toward the open door with his hat in his hand.

Now Max was just the finest boy in the world. A handsome lad, with light hair and a pair of bright blue eyes. He was strong and well built, and the star on the ball team. He sat in his room on Fifth Avenue, reading when the clock struck nine. Max looked from his book, "Oh, half an hour yet, I ought to have time to finish this story," he told himself as he shifted his position to a tenser one, and shuffled his feet about under his chair. Then hovering close over his book, he began the story again, while the ticking of the clock sounded louder and louder to his ears each minute.
THE STROLLERS--Continued

Fifteen minutes past nine! The last touch of powder was put on, and Jean started. Tiptoeing along, Jean thought she had never heard the hall make such noises. The creaking of the boards as she put her foot down and took it up again almost startled her. She could not remember of their making noises like that before, even the many times she had gone over them. She caught her breath as she started down the steps. Suppose the preceptress should hear the squeaking of those abominable steps and should send her to her room to stay for the rest of the night! What would Max think when he came and did not find her? Oh, the preceptress must not hear! How about sliding down the railing? Oh—oh! A shudder ran over her, “Suppose I should fall off and—,” but she could not finish that dreadful thought. She must manage to meet Max who would be waiting for her out there.

It seemed ages to her while she was creeping down those steps; and then another thought came to her. What if Mrs. Norton’s collie should be at the door and bark at her! She had a dislike for dogs anyway, and especially she hated Teddy, for he always looked ferociously at her, and not long ago he had growled at her as she passed Mrs. Norton’s door. “Oh dear, what shall I do!” And then too she remembered what keen sense of sound dogs always have, and Teddy seemed to have more of that sense than was his share. He was always perking up those little old ears of his and giving a yelp or two, and he always seemed to be sure he was hearing something unusual. Jean was almost sure he would hear her. If he should run out at her and bark, she was positive her heart would jump right out. She swallowed hard, but could she make her trembling knees go on.

Then King Arthur and his knights passed through her mind (her literature lesson for that very morning,) and she remembered how they had fought and even killed for the ladies of their heart. Then she thought if they could do that for the ladies they loved, she surely loved Max enough to face Teddy for once; so she summoned up her courage to prepare for the encounter with her lion and started on.

The bottom of the steps was reached at last, and to her great relief Teddy was not to be seen. She hurried to the door, and the next moment she was looking down the old college walk for Max.

Clouds had gathered, and it was so dark she could not see very far away, but she thought she could see his figure coming now. Oh! it must have been he, for now down at the foot of
the hill she heard his footsteps. Rushing softly down the steps she threw her arms about the figure, with the exclamation, "Oh Max dear, I thought you were never coming."

"Why! Hello here! What's that? I assure you young lady I was not expecting such a—cool—reception as this."

"Oh—why, Dr. Stone! I thought you were my brother from-Westling—that was coming on that late train," stammered Jean, clasping her hands in the most desperate manner, and looking wildly about into the darkness for the belated Max.

"Ah, indeed, and since when, Miss Jean, does this train run? Perhaps this is your brother coming now, and he will be able to inform us of the matter," finished Dr. Stone.

Just then Max came round the corner of the building, whistling the old familiar song—"Blue Ridge will shine to-night, Blue Ridge will shine." Then suddenly the tune stopped short, as Max came face to face with Jean and Dr. Stone.

"Well, young man, it seems as if I have seen you before. But tell me how is Westling these days?" jokingly asked Dr. Stone.

"What, sir," asked the astonished Max, "what about the—wedding?"

"Oh, a wedding. I hadn't heard about that," continued Dr. Stone, perhaps we had better have a conference before—the priest arrives," said Dr. Stone, becoming more serious.

"We won't have to go that far, Dr. Stone. I can explain matters right here, if you wish, said Max.

"Well, since this is your last year, Max, I will give you the privilege of explaining here, but let me have the explanation right away," replied the president.

"We are to be married on the twelfth of June," began Max, "but we hadn't intended telling you quite so soon. Shall we have Dr. Stone, Jean?" asked Max as he turned towards Jean laughing.

"Yes, indeed, we will forgive him this time for spoiling our meeting to-night, and let him come if he will promise never to interrupt us again," answered Jean, her eyes twinkling with merriment.

"Then, Max, my boy, we will have that conference on the twelfth of June. Good-night."

HELEN ECHOLS, '19.

Note:—This story won first prize in the English IV short story writing contest, in which many stories were entered. A copy of the 1918 Mirabilia was the prize.
THE FIRST GOLD STAR

"Here they come! Here they come!"

As if a martial command, "Eyes Right" had been given, all turned in that direction. Those who were not blest with more than five and one half feet of stature were standing on tip-toe to catch the first glimpse of Marlow's brawny contribution to Uncle Sam.

When President Wellman had requested that the company of engineers that had gone from Marlow University be permitted to return on Thanksgiving Day to witness the annual game between their Alma Mater and Dawson, the War Department did not hesitate to grant it, in as much as the university had volunteered to bear all the expenses of their trip.

One could see at a glance why the entire school and town had turned out to welcome the return of the heroes of the gridiron, court, and diamond. There was Captain Herman, "Bunt," Manley, who had stopped many line plunges in his position at center. His lieutenants were Fred, "Red," Richards and Carl, "Freek," Lawrence. These had played opposite ends in the famous Marlow line. The remainder of the company were just as skilful in other sports, but because of the inability of the War Department to commission an entire company of captains, these were just sergeants, corporals, and privates. As they all marched past, led by the university band, the blood seemed to rise in the veins of every spectator. Everything was forgotten in the excitement of the moment.

Small wonder then that no one noticed Claude Knight as he stood in the entrance to one of the downtown business houses. He, however, was not feeling the joy that the other spectators felt. He admired and envied every man who passed. His name had been enrolled in the membership of the company before it had gone to camp, but because of injuries received on the athletic field, he had been declared unfit for regular army service.

How he ached now to be among them. As his former schoolmates passed, he recalled the football and baseball games he had gone through with this one, he saw some on whom he had inflicted fraternal initiatory degrees. Now he was apparently out of their lives.

"Why so melancholy, Claude?" It was his fiancée, Lillie Wilson. "I have been searching for you ever since we left the campus."

"You know why I am not so jubilant over the home-coming of the boys as others are," returned Claude.

"But you know, Claude boy, that we cannot spare all the boys; besides we are depending on you to win the game this afternoon."

Lillie thought by saying this she might take Claude's mind away from the trend it had been following for the last half hour.

After the boys turned down East Broadway toward the university, Claude and Lillie jumped a passing automobile, any of which was always at Claude's command, and went out to the large assembly hall where the boys were to be welcomed with a delicious dinner. Soon Claude had entered into the spirit of the occasion and had forgotten the depression that he had felt a few hours before.

"Here they come! Here they come!"

The throng that filled the concrete stadium rose to its feet as one man. The band struck up "Gold and Blue." All the atmosphere seemed to quake as the pent up enthusiasm of the Marlow alumni, graduates, and lower classmen gushed forth.

"Bully for Knight!" Yelled the pep leader as Claude trotted on the field, followed by his golden eld team-mates. They went through a short snappy signal practice. Then in answer to the referee's whistle, all lined up for the kickoff.
THE FIRST GOLD STAR—Continued

The Dawson quarter-back caught the ball and was downed after a scant twelve yards run. Line plunges could not gain the coveted ten yards. Marlow lost on the same tactics. End runs lost ground for both teams. The first half became a kicking contest between Knight and the Dawson full-back. Neither seemed to have the advantage. When the whistle blew ending the first half, Marlow trudged to the gymnasium where their bruises and bumps were taken care of by the trainer. Soon the three minute call was given and the "Gold and Blue" started toward the field again. Just a few yards from the gym Claude met Lilie.

"I know I am disobeying one of your wishes, Claude, but this telegram came to our box during the first half, and I thought you might want to read it."

Claude read the telegram and let out a whoop that rivaled the noise made by the Marlow rooters. With a hurried "Thank you," he hastened on to the field where the teams were again lined up in kick-off formation. From the first minute of the second half a difference in the strength of the Marlow team could be noticed. No substitutions had been made, but something had been done that could not be accounted for. Line plunges that had failed before, now netted six and eight yards. End runs were successfully maneuvered for first downs. The little quarter led all the interference when one of the half-backs carried the ball. Then he would take the ball and side-step the Dawson defense for twelve or fourteen yards. When the last whistle blew, Marlow had scored twenty-one points against Dawson’s none.

When the coach asked Claude for an explanation of the change in offense, the latter produced the telegram which read, "Report to local Examination Board for examination not later than Saturday, November 30." Two more days.

Claude drove home from Marlow with his parents. They reached Newkirk about noon Friday and immediately after lunch he presented himself for examination. The one that he now underwent was not nearly so stringent as the regular army examination. To this fact Claude owed his ability to pass.

He returned to Marlow the following Monday morning. The announcement that he was to leave for camp on Friday of that week, was received with much surprise. The days and nights intervening were filled with pleasure for the little star of the Gold and Blue. On Monday night his class held a farewell reception in his honor. Tuesday night the Athletic Association gave a theatre party for the football team. On Wednesday night the Y. M. C. A. held a reception during which Claude was presented with a comfort kit. Then on Thursday night the Kappa Tau excelled all others in their attempts to make the quarter-back’s last school days his happiest.

When on Friday morning the Rock Island flyer rumbled into the Marlow station, it seemed that the entire citizenship of that city had assembled to give the young Marlowite a good send-off. His parents and Lilie were feeling the exultation that Claude evidenced from the good wishes and hearty handshakes from so many friends. The bell began to ring and the Flyer started. With a last good-bye to his parents and sweetheart, Claude swung aboard the last Pullman. Thus Marlow saw the little figure that had so often worn the gold jersey trimmed in blue, start to enter the big game on the side of humanity.

The first letters that Lilie received from Claude described the life in camp. Others came telling of his promotion to a lieutenancy in the Engineers Corps. Then came the one relating
THE FIRST GOLD STAR--Continued

his unexpected transfer to New York. At last, after an interval of three weeks, a card came announcing his safe arrival in France.

In the meantime, the usual routine of student life was transpiring at Marlow. Of course, all the students were interested in Claude’s welfare because he was the first Marlow student to reach the scene of the great conflict. Then he was missed at his guard position on the basketball team and behind the bat on the baseball team.

Of course Lilee missed him more than all. She was always smiling, however, because, just as regularly as the mail could be received from across the sea, she received long cheery letters from her soldier boy.

“Who is it? Who is it?” was the question the students were asking each other as they filed into the large assembly hall on March 3, 1918, and saw the gold star that had been attached to the big service flag. No one seemed to be able to answer the query however, and quickly the student body settled into a reverent silence, waiting for the entrance of the President. Soon he came. The usual opening exercises were observed and President Wellman started to speak.

“Students of Marlow,” began the president, his voice trembling with the feeling that possessed his great heart. “We have seen our football heroes go to defeat against great odds and against superior foes, without grumbling or shrinking from their duty. I have here a telegram from the Secretary of War, telling me that one of our students has been defeated for the last time. The wire reads as follows: “President I. N. Wellman, Marlow University. Dear Sir: I regret to inform you that Claude C. Knight, known as Identification Check Number 4502, was instantly killed in action on March 1, 1918.”

The gasps came as from one mouth.

As they filed out of the auditorium, no student spoke above an awed whisper. They had been dismissed with the announcement that a Memorial service would be held at three o’clock the following afternoon. When that time came, all those who had welcomed the company of engineers back on Thanksgiving Day now assembled to honor the memory of the one who would not return.

That night at the Kappa Tau house, the Gold Star was permanently imbedded in the marble slab that rested just above the fraternal coat-of-arms. Each man who could boast of a brotherly relationship with the Marlow hero, pledged himself that night to give as freely as their martyred brother had given. In less than two weeks, these pledges were made good. The Kappa Tau house was closed and fourteen more stars were added to the service flag at Marlow.

On May 20, at eight-thirty, when the Frisco Express began to pull out of Alene, one of the Pullman seats was occupied by a lithe, trim, little figure dressed in a neat black and white suit. A smile covered her face. Only one glance would be needed to recognize Lilee. She had changed in that she was more beautiful. All her other efforts and donations had been so feeble that she was now enroute to New York where she would enter the nursing service.

At Marlow the gold star that had been placed at the top of the service flag, now had placed beside it a blue one which contained a white cross in the center. This one represented Lilee. As the students had always seen Claude and Lilee together in Marlow life, so now they remember them as inseparable.

Thus the gold star had inspired Marlow to a deeper consecration to the great cause.

G. Thomas Martin, ’19.
THE RAVINE

This is our scene of beauty, haunt of dryads and naiads;
Path of an ancient streamlet, bordered with trees so graceful.
The stately elm, how it loves thee, and the smooth-skinned sycamore also,
Each lovelier far and more perfect than the boasted tree of old monarchs,
The golden plane tree of the Persians. O relict of Nature’s dominion,
Sing me the song of thy being! Sing of the scenes thou hast witnessed!
In the now far-distant ages, when hoary time was much younger.
Sing of the many wild creatures, the preyed upon and the preying,
The aerial things and the finny that have found a home in thy borders.
Thou singest of many such tenants to him who will list to thy singing.
O give me an ear turned to hear thee, to catch thy faintest whisper!
And quicken my dull comprehension, that I may the more understand thee.
I hear thee tell many stories, more beautiful each, more appealing
Than those of the fairies and satyrs, the fabled folk of the ancients.
I see the timid deer feeding, the graceful doe and her darling,
Cropping the tender herbage, and quenching their thirst in thy streamlet.

I see the Myriad insects, the thousand-shaped, delicate creatures
That flitted about with they zephyrs, and passed a brief space in thy keeping.
I see the young Indian maiden, the unfettered queen of the forest,
Waiting at death of day to keep her tryst with her lover.
And now I see the first paleface, the hardy old hunter and trapper.
Building his camp-fire beside thee, and broiling his fish and wild turkey.
And now I see thee encircled with the busy hum of the white man,
Loved by his sons and daughters, the fair young seekers of knowledge,
More lovely than Indian maiden, more beautiful even than naiads,
And thus has the scale ascended, but who will say it is finished?
Who next shall drink in thy beauty? Who lovingly hear thy soft whispers?
Shall worthier eyes yet behold thee? Or some future one sing thy praises?
Alas! I can hear not thy answer, thou only murmur most sadly.
Forgive me, I humbly implore thee! I now know why thou murmur.
I have tried to purloin from the future what man is kept from knowing.
So now farewell, dear comrade, I am better off for thy telling,
I’ll think of thee forever, and I treasure thee in my memory.

ERVILLE SWORDES, '19.
The Whine of the Slacker

Every Tuesday now is meatless
And the Wednesdays all are wheatless;
But soon we're going to win the war.
Next my victuals all come sweetless,
And my home is also heatless;
Now what next for me in store?

Oh, my socks have all got feetless,
And my trousers they are seatless;
Sure I'm getting sad and sore.
 Everywhere I go is treatless,
And my beds are getting sheetless—
My, I hate the Kaiser more and more.

My feed box is getting oatless,
And my pig sty, it is shootless—
Oh, why don't they end the war.
See, my back is getting coatless
And my pockets are all noteless—
Gee, the wolf is at the door.

All the girls I meet are flirtless,
And I'm getting almost shirtless—
I can surely bear no more.
If those soldiers would get wiser,
And jump in and kill the Kaiser,
That would surely end the war.
—I. M.

SCHOOL ALPHABET

A is for Andrew, whose A's are so rare,
B is for Burnside with beautiful hair.
C is for callers to Dorm girls, so few,
D is for Denning, another won't do.
E is for Edith, in the window she sits,
F is for Frances who loves to knit,
G is for Grace, who rooms in suite E,
H is for Helen, right near in suite C.
I is Ignorant, of course there are none,
J is for Johnson—the red-haired one.
K is for Knole, whose home's far away,
L is for LeSage who's with us to stay.
M is for Mae, a student of fame (?),
N is for Newell (it won't long be her name.)
O is for Orpha, assistant librarian,
P is for Pettry, the famous comedian.
Q is for "Questions," of course there are many,
R is for Rhodes, who fusses with "Benny."
S is for Steele, a girl of first class,
T is for Teddy, who died, alas!
U is for "Us," which means the school,
V is for Victory, and win is our rule.
W is for wishes when things go dead wrong,
And for X, Y, and Z we will say "so long."

—ELIZABETH HEROLD.
SEEN ON THE DORM BOARD

He that is faithful in that which is least will be faithful also in much.

Even a child is known by its doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.

To thine own self be true; thou canst not then be false to any man.

Think of these things.

No more going to the drug store at any time without permission.

No more hanging around, sitting, or walking at the Sixteenth street entrance (inside or out,) or Sixteenth street campus. Many more times of disobedience will mean a leave of absence. Please don't spoil your happiness and that of other girls by keeping me cross all the time.

Girls, don't ever carry your gum below the second floor. I want you all to be true ladies, and gum-chewing is not the mark of a true lady.

Do not sweep the dirt into the halls, nor leave the waste-baskets outside the door. It makes a bad impression on visitors.

Please never let me see you talking to the boys in the halls, someone might think you were running after them. You may not mean it so, but Mrs. Bristowe says it is better to stand and wait.

From this time forth six-year Seniors may entertain their callers in the South Parlor when the faculty are not occupying it. If a member of the faculty should happen to come in, you must leave at once. Also anyone who has an out-of-town caller may entertain them there.

Go to bed when the 10:30 bell rings. No visiting afterwards.

Be at your meals on time, if you don't, Mr. Woodley is going to take a hand.

My girls shall never go to Vanity Fair.

I am sure all my girls will be ladies at the party to-night. Do not go outside the parlor, and come to your room immediately when the bell rings.

Do not hang around the drug store nor on Sixteenth street, people are liable to make remarks.

Girls, you are just as dear and sweet as you can be, but you must go to Sunday School and church.

DORM RULES

Study in your own room from 2:00 to 4:00, and from 7:15 to 10:00 unless you have special permission.

Lights put and kept out after last bell, unless you have permission (nobody but Seniors or very close friends granted permission.)

If you want to study after 10:30, have a feast, or stay with anyone, get permission and save yourself trouble, for you can not do the work you are here for, unless you do as you should.

Rules for all after the Reids and McCues' brief trip to the Frederick: Hereafter, I have a book in my room, and when you have gotten permission, just before you start downtown, come quietly and sign up, putting down the time you left. When you return, come to my room and sign, putting the time you return. The time limit away from building will be two and one-half hours, unless special permission is given.

You are to enter no buildings without permission, except stores, the post office, picture shows, and Park's. Go to no other places.

Get permission from no one but me, unless I am out of town. Do not call up and say you are going to do so and so, get your permission first.
A DAY IN THE DORM

At six forty-five in the morning we hear
A sound that would almost deafen your ear.
This happens to be the rising bell
That says to get up if you would be well.
Our breakfast we find to be war-bread and mush;
Oh my! we think we've had mush enough.
But of course of the war-bread we mustn't complain,
For to be patriotic is our highest aim.

The class bell rings at five of eight,
Then a flurry and hurry, or we will be late.
With "Where are my books?" and "How is my hair?"
We scamper away with never a care.
For five weary hours we must sit in class
And listen to lectures as dry as burnt grass.
We're most starved to death when one o'clock comes,
But we rush to the mail box, hoping for some.

When we go to our tables, our hopes are all sped,
For we find only beans and burnt corn-bread.
After lunch we go for a walk, but Oh, me,
We're sure in great danger if some boy we see.
When the bell rings for two, to our rooms we must go,
We're expected to study, but we don't do so;
For you know its so nice to visit and chat,
Or read a good novel, or something like that.

When the bell rings at four, for a walk we may go,
Up Sixteenth Street way, or the drugstore, you know.
If we see a man, we must e'er look away,
Or we "won't be ladies," they all do say.
At six o'clock sharp (?) to our dinner we go,
But although we are starved, it's no use we know;
For it's always the same, it changes none;
Meat we can't chew, and potatoes half-done.

If we have a dessert, there's many a sigh,
For it's sour apple sauce or gooseberry pie.
Then we go for a walk till the bell rings for seven,
When we go up to our little heaven.
Till ten we're expected to study and work,
But ah me! I'm afraid there's a few who will shirk;
For it's nicer to visit or have a great "feed,"
And hide from the "Lyon" if there's a need.

To our little white beds we don't always go,
When the ten-thirty bell tells us to do so;
But we turn out our lights and wait till we know
All is quiet, then to a party we go;
Or a "midnight feed" or a masquerade
Is the most fun that ever could be made.

But we're always asleep sometime in the night,
And up the next morning, happy and bright.
In spite of all rules, and "don't's" and "can't's,"
Dorm life is the best, we all have to grant;
For we're always happy, and jolly, and gay,
Never having a care the livelong day.—M. A. '19.
THE MARSHALL DORMITORY

In the fall of last year there landed in town
The jolliest crowd that could ever be found;
To the Marshall Dorm they everyone came,
To join in her honor and build up her fame.
No happier crowd could ever be seen,
So noble and true as the girls of '18.
Gladys Farmer comes first with her cheerful smile,
Flossie is next who laughs all the while.
Emma and Blanche are the happiest of all,
They laugh and they sing from spring until fall.
Zelma is sweet, but how she can tease!
And Von is in love, we really believe.
Elsie is tall, and sweet and fair.
Florence, her room-mate, is fond of red hair.
Grace Jarrett is one we would miss in the Dorm,
She sings and whistles through every storm.
Marie is known to make many an A,
And Audrey’s as bright, we all must say.
Helen is sweet, so quiet and mild,
Terlie is surely a mighty nice child.
Fritz and Bess just love to dance,
Whenever there is the slightest chance.
Elizabeth Mytinger’s a queen, we all know,
And no one is sweeter than our own “Flo.”
Leona’s our preacher, “Brother Watkins” by name,
And our choir leader’s Willa, when a meeting’s the game.
Elizabeth Herold is known for her smile,
Mae’s our musician, and sings all the while.
Helen Steele is so nice, with a voice sweet and low,
Mary Burnside must always look just so.
Helen Echols is famed for her pretty brown eyes,
Matson Parsons we know to be very wise.
Viola is president of the Y. W. C. A.,
Garnet would make you laugh all day.
Rebecca and Myrtle look just alike,
But to say they are sisters is not at all right.
From South Carolina is Anna Lear,
Edith’s so happy and sheds never a tear.
Mabel Stewart is known for her pretty clothes;
Stella is lovely, as everyone knows.
Then come our twins, Rose and Ruth McCue,
And we have Inez and Gladys, too.
Ruth Strohmeier goes to the Model School,
And Elise is known to break many a rule.
Irene studies from morning to night;
Shirley Burgess we know is very bright.
Roxie is from Franklin’s town;
She’s a girl that is never known to frown.
Catherine Shannon sings like a lark;
Glenna Kincard is an algebra shark.
Vera Reed is so full of fun;
Myrtle Hedrick we know is the brilliant one.
Mary Hoylman is loved by all,
And the same may be said of Gladys Hall.
THE MARSHALL DORMITORY---Continued

Beulah makes many a double A,
Leodia always has something to say.
Martha Bonar is as good as gold;
Olive is married, although she’s not old.
Zula’s a Senior, we’re sorry to say;
Frances is another so happy and gay.
Lelia is pretty, graceful and sweet;
Evelyn’s the one we all like to meet.
There’s Cordelia Pierpoint who talks all the time;
And Margaret Frazier, so modest and kind.
The Kessels we have, three sisters in all,
Velma and Lora, and Alberta so tall.
Lucy is busy and good and kind;
Ruth Roles is the sweetest one you’ll find.
Mary Courtney, we know, a good housewife would make;
Winnie Sutphin, we think, a soldier will take.
Mae Houchins is known for her eyes of blue;
Hazel’s the kind that will always be true.
Sarah knows every lesson well.
Hazel Kirby ever has something to tell.
Opal is never known to be slow;
Ruth is the happiest girl we know.
Hazel and Packie we shall not forget;
For they’re the funniest we’ve seen yet.
Golda and Fern are sisters they say,
For they’re never apart the livelong day.
A girl we all like is Opal Ward.

Flora is ever studying hard.
Mildred Taylor’s a quiet, industrious girl;
Martha does things in a rush and a whirl.
Berta and Docia have not long been here,
But to us all they are very dear.
Our little French maid is Olga Renier;
And there’s Clara who is never known to fear.
Mary Ankrom is known as “The Faculty’s Pet”;
Wilmie is little, but pretty you bet!
Anna Lewis is one who has a good time;
Florence Juuling’s the girl we all like fine.
Winnie Kineaid is busy all day,
Hellen Wallace is ever happy and gay.
Helen Rhodes is the one we want when we’re blue,
She can cheer you up as nothing can do.
Edith Franklin’s our baby and never afraid;
Mary Arnold’s a busy and dear sweet maid.
Nila’s a quiet and modest girl,
Gemma to us is a precious pearl.
Florence Crum is always calm and mild;
Lucile is the nicest kind of a child.
Eva and Anna come last on our list,
When they leave the Dorm, they’ll surely be missed.
Then here’s to our Dorm that we all love so well,
And the many good times we shall always tell;
May her daughters ever as happy be seen,
So noble and true as the girls of ’18.
Sept. 18—Once more the portals of learning have flung open their doors to all who care to enter in.

Sept. 19—The Freshmen appear to be in great excitement and terror, as they wander about the buildings in search of their various classes and teachers.

Sept. 20—Mrs. Lyon calls her girlies together, and lays down laws and regulations of the Dorm.

Sept. 21—First student meeting. The rules of the school were read for those who couldn’t read.

Sept. 22—The football material appears to be a little light.

Sept. 24—Second week started. The Freshies are not quite so excited by now. Coach Shipley was taken for a Freshman by mistake.

Sept. 25—Mrs. Lyon began to show her authority in the Dorm. A certain group of Juniors in Suites D and E were the victims.

Sept. 26—Short periods and chapel. We feel very insignificant as we look up into the faces of the faculty as they sit lined so very dignified and stiff. It really seems they are looking through and through us, and we feel very uncomfortable. Dr. Wood, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, gives us a very interesting address.

Sept. 27—Short periods again, hooray! Karl Jansen, a famous orator, from Sweden, addresses us on physical culture. How to make love in a Ford, at thirty miles per hour was very graphically demonstrated for those who have never had the privilege of actually experiencing it.

Sept. 28—Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. reception. A great success in spite of the Freshmen’s timidity. It was really pathetic to see them embarrassed.

Oct. 1—Mrs. Myers is suffering dreadfully from the terrible behavior of the young men in the library. Already her fingers are numb from snapping them so frequently, and her voice is growing weak from clearing her throat so often. Boys, please be a little considerate of a poor old lady.

Oct. 2—Green Tomato Pie in the Dorm, causing much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Oct. 3—Chapel again. Dr. Engle, of the first Methodist Church, addresses us; very interesting and instructive.
Oct. 4—Class meeting of all classes, and election of officers in each. We think the Freshies made a bad choice in their President, as Tabor is too much of a baby to guide the affairs of so many other ones.

Oct. 5—Several of our young people attend a League Social at the Johnson Memorial Church (?), but are found out walking by Mrs. Lyon, against all rules of etiquette. The boys were holding to the girls' arms, and Squirrel Rawlings was smoking a cigarette. Of course Mrs. Lyon took her girlies right home, and there was a council held in her room until midnight.

Oct. 6—First football game at Denison University.

Oct. 7—“Red” Copen makes his dashing and brilliant entrance at the Dorm. He got rather fuzzed on his arrival, and had to ask Mrs. Lyon how to find his girl. He can be forgiven, because he is so little.

Oct. 8—Uncle “Benny” Franklin warns his English classes that it’s high time for them to be “getting on the job” and quit loafing.

Oct. 9—Teddy wanders outside the Dorm to some secluded spot on the campus, and Mrs. Bristowe is much terrified at his absence, insisting that the whole dorm engage in searching for him.

Oct. 10—Mr. Woodley leads the singing in chapel. Smothered (?) sounds are heard in the audience.

Oct. 11—Mrs. Lyon is very much worried because some of her girlies have gone to the Hipp, “There's no place for ladies to go,” is seen on the Dorm board.

Oct. 12—“Frankie” Watkins makes his entrance to the Dorm; he became so terrified at the surroundings that he declares he will never return.

Oct. 13—Marietta game. Very exciting?

Oct. 14—“Squirrel” Rawlings visits the Dorm; some of the girls are a little jealous.

Oct. 15—Mrs. Bristowe informs the girls that she wants them to get rubber soles and heels for their shoes, so Teddy's slumbers won't be disturbed.

Oct. 16—Many wails and groans are heard issuing from Miss Hackney's geometry room, also many pain-stricken faces are seen among her students.

Oct. 17—Y. W. C. A. “Candle Light Service” for new members; “Just a song at Twilight” very pretty and effective.

Oct. 18—Oh joy! short periods again; pep meeting in the Auditorium. The girls sit on one side and sadly look on while the boys practiced yells on the other. Poor weak creatures! It’s so unlady-like for girls to yell (?).

Oct. 19—Mrs. Myers escorts some of her most brilliant young men from the library to the Vatican. We dare say they were as meek as lambs in the awful presence of His Highness, and made resolutions to be so good as never to be brought back there again.

Oct. 20—Otterbein game at home. The field is very muddy, and some of the girls nearly faint at the sight of the team. First Classical meeting. President Howard Pettry arrives a little late to deliver his celebrated inaugural address.

Oct. 21—A group of young people want to go kodaking, but Mrs. Lyon insists that they take an old maid chaperon along. They all return home in disgust and anger.

Oct. 22—Mrs. Lyon declares she is going to leave the Dorm unless the girls act better. What if Miss Staats would take her place? Horrors! ! ! !

Oct. 23—First number of Peoples Entertainment Course at City Auditorium. Myrna Sharlow, a prima donna soprano of Chicago, makes her appearance.
Oct. 24—Dr. Haworth teaches some of his favorite hymns in chapel, so he won’t be so embarrassed when visitors come.

Oct. 25—The first snow, which nearly lasted all summer. Everyone enjoys sleighing, either as spectator or participant. One load hits a tree and greatly damages the campus.

Oct. 26—Short periods and class meetings. Grandpa Lester and Walter Mitchell debate on woman suffrage at literary.

Oct. 27—Georgetown game away.

Oct. 29—Miss Johnson discovers that some of her supposedly most brilliant Latin students have been “riding a pony.” Much loud talking and suffering ensues.

Oct. 30—Mr. Woodley is gone, and as a result, a group of psychology students are happy. We won’t object if he stays a weed.

Oct. 31—Class meeting after chapel. “Benny” is outraged because some of his English students are fifteen minutes late. He donated each a large tardy mark, and entertained the whole class by caustic comments the rest of the period.

Nov. 1—Howard Pettry is thought to be insane because Miss Diehl actually ignores him. Too bad, Pet, try again.

Nov. 2—First meatless day. Did not cause much commotion, because it had been expected for several days. Our teeth will be saved some extra chewing. Some Dorm girls are fearful that three-cent postage will play havoc with their correspondence.

Nov. 3—Halloween masquerade and dance is the Dorm gymnasium. However, no boys were allowed there, as Mrs. Lyon thought her girlies could have so much better time by themselves. She forgets that we have “old maid” parties all the time.

Nov. 5—The boys are about to starve because of the poor eats at the club. It’s a shame; they have to live on beans, and there are a great many rocks in them that they can’t chew up.

Nov. 6—John is sick, so the Dorm girls have nothing to eat as a result.

Nov. 7—Students’ War Friendship Fund Campaign. Marshall goes over the top with a subscription of $2,554. Great excitement and enthusiasm prevails among the students.

Nov. 8—Mrs. Lyon is having great sorrow, as some of her sweet girlies were having a party last night, and she was attracted to the room by the fragrant odor of onions.

Nov. 9—Junior hike. The Juniors are some hikers! Many “matches” are “lit” up.

Nov. 10—Great football game at League Park. W. V. U., vs. V. P. I. Of course W. V. U. won.

Nov. 12—The Pope declared there is too much loafing in the halls and drives a gang into the library to give Mrs. Myers a few happy moments.

Nov. 13—Edward Amherst Ott comes in the second number of the People’s Entertainment Course with his great lecture “Sour Grapes.”

Nov. 14—Dr. Anthony, of the Johnson Memorial Church, addressed us in chapel. Class meetings, and again “Benny” gives us tardy marks.

Nov. 15—Mr. Woodley reveals some of his wonderful experiences and adventures in New York, much to the pleasure (?) of his psychology class.

Nov. 16—Red letter day! The unparalleled Juniors decide to put out the Mirabilia and get to work. Miss Hackney objects strenuously because the class meeting takes the most important members of her trig. class. The topic, “Should Dorm Girls be Allowed on the Streets Without Chaperons?” is discussed in Erosophian, part of the woman haters and old maids taking the negative side.

Nov. 17—Game with Muskingum College played away. Second Classical meeting. President Pettry does not show up.
Nov. 19—Miss Mae Schreiber, of Boston, visits college on a trip lasting a week or more, and treats us to some very liberal doses of Boston culture on the installment plan. Not so bad after all, when we get dismissed from classes.

Nov. 20—Miss Schreiber addresses the faculty and student body on a topic which we could not locate.

Nov. 21—Food conservation talk in the auditorium by Miss Whitaker, Mr. Hoover having suggested it. A great sigh was heard from the Dorm bunch, for they have been eating Hoover soup all along. For fear that no one has tried this delicious dish, we give the recipe here: A quart of water for each person, add one bean. Let boil brown and serve hot. If it is too rich, add more water.

Nov. 22—Rah! rah! rah! The boys serenade the Dorm and build a big bonfire on the campus. The racket was deafening. The naughty boys kept the girls awake, and did not let them take their beauty sleep that they needed so much. Many a ballin' out was given to those found looking out their windows. Disgraceful!

Nov. 25—Freshies are forced to go tieless, as they actually are going to try to have a party to-night. Several pretty scraps in the halls before the eight o'clock bell rings. Several get called to the office. The Erosophian takes a yell practice, as Mrs. Lyon is not in, and tomorrow we play Morris Harvey. Another pep meeting held in one of the Dorm rooms before Mrs. Lyon returns, also a parade. Some racket!

Nov. 24—Mrs. Lyon finds that most of her girls are planning to yell at the ball game, and with tears in her eyes and anger in her heart, she calls them together for a lecture by the Pope. Of course he said: "Don't yell under any conditions, it's a mark or undignity and unrefinement." But did we? Sure!

Nov. 26—"Rummy" Cable almost fell over today, when a pretty little girlie asked him a question, and he really had to speak to her. It's a shame that some people are so bashful.

Nov. 27—Red Cross concert in the Auditorium. Mr. Childs shows his great ability as a musician, and Marguerite Cavendish charms all by her whistling.

Nov. 28—Deacon Frasure preaches our Thanksgiving sermon in chapel. The class presidents were lined up in the faculty's places, trying to look dignified. It looked to us like their knees would not act just right, wonder what the matter was.

Nov. 29—Thanksgiving! Football game with the High School. The Dorm girls have a dinner for once, which was certainly enjoyed by all.

Dec. 3—Back again! Many of the Dorm girls look happier since being home a few days.

Dec. 4—Dr. Haworth is "gripping" again. We do hate to hear of his illness, but what a relief to get out of Literature.

Dec. 5—Chapel once more! The Pope hopes we have had a fine time Thanksgiving. Some of the Chapel Skippers' Association are called to the Vatican for explanations. Mrs. Torrence, a Marshall alumna and missionary from China, gives the Y. W. C. A a very interesting talk about her work there.

Dec. 6—Grandpa Lester declares he will get married as soon as he can find a good-looking girl that can cook and has a good disposition. We're afraid you're in for a long hunt, Grandpa.

Dec. 7—Musical recital. This was a great relief to us, as perhaps now the music students will practice on some new pieces.

Dec. 8—Miss Stevenson is called away by a death in her family. We are very sorry to see her go, and she has our sincere sympathy. Mrs. Lyon is away, and Mrs. Bristowe loses several pounds in running up and down the stairs trying to keep the girls quiet. The football banquet comes off. Some
chicken! And didn’t “Red” lead yells? Bonar elected captain for next year.

Dec. 10—It is so cold in the library that Mrs. Myers has to take her studious few to the Society Hall. The boys are a little noisy.

Dec. 11—Mrs. Bristowe declares she is having a time keeping Teddy warm these cold nights, and no wonder! The Dorm is as cold as a refrigerator.


Dec. 13—Joint meeting of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. A very good attendance. “There’s a reason.”

Dec. 14—Francis McMillen, the great violinist, comes in the third number of the People’s Entertainment Course. Fine.

Dec. 15—Classical night. The council of the twelve gods and goddesses; the sweet domestic tranquility of Jupiter and Juno was very conducive to conjugal aspirations.

Dec. 17—Small pox scare! One case in the Dorm. After a faculty pow-pow, we are told we had better go home. All the Dorm girls are vaccinated before leaving.

Jan. 7—Back again! Everyone telling what they had to eat at home, and what they got for Christmas.

Jan. 8—Dorm girls about to freeze. Mrs. Myers is just about crazy, as she must still stay in Society Hall. My! we all wish it would warm up again.

Jan. 9—Chapel again. Dr. Anderson tells us about lions. He says that some of us meet them every day. The Dorm girls can hardly see how this can be possible.

Jan. 10—Mrs. Lyon’s bulletin board empty for once all day. We wonder how she started the new year thus.

Jan. 11—Marshall goes en masse to the tabernacle to hear Dr. Anderson talk on “Baldness on the Outside and Inside of the Head.”

Jan. 13—Miss Hoppe, our new German teacher, arrives from Chicago University. We think she is all right, if we could only understand her.

Jan. 14—First Mirabilis Board meeting; our trials and tribulations have just begun. Miss Hoppe decides she is creating too much interest because of her German ancestry, so she folds her tent like the Arab, and silently hops away.

Jan. 15—The much talked about Fresh-Soph debate fails to materialize. We wonder which side got cold feet first?
Jan. 16—Messrs. Reed, Clark, and Robinson, members of the Anderson Evangelistic party, visit us in chapel. Mr. Reed plays several selections on the piano for us, and gives some recitations "In the Usual Way." Mr. Clark sings some war songs, and Mr. Robinson gives a very interesting talk.

Jan. 17—Dorm girls poisoned on tomato soup. Some time!

Jan. 18—Many Dorm girls still unable to come to class. Students go to tabernacle en masse again, or perhaps in links would be a better way of saying it, as the streets are so slippery that we have to hold on to another to stand up at all.

Jan. 19—Classical night. "Red" Copen stars as the lion, displaying wonderful dramatic ability.

Jan. 21—Freshman picture party. Of course the children had to have plenty of chaperons, so Mr. Franklin and Miss Andrew both went along.

Jan. 22—Mrs. Lyon is worried because the girls want to go to the tabernacle so much. It isn’t good for their health to lose so much sleep and be out every night.

Jan. 23—The celebrated Fisk Jubilee Singers at the City Auditorium. Their program certainly was fine.

Jan. 24—Mrs. Lyon finds some of the girls hiding in a clothes press of their neighbor’s. As a warning to others, she composed them two weeks.

Jan. 25—Mr. Robinson, of the Anderson party, gives an interesting talk to the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A., after which some go in a body to the tabernacle, where they have reserved seats. However, some of the boys prefer to play set-back. Accordingly, there was only one representative of the Y. M. C. A. there.

Jan. 26—Mrs. Lyon is very angry to-day, and to console herself, she posts a lot of rules on the Dorm board. She declares that she never in her life saw such a bunch of girls.

Jan. 29—Much excitement in the Dorm, caused by the finding of a large brooch in the potatoes. It develops that it belongs to one of the colored cooks. Everyone is studying hard for the exams, and Mrs. Lyon, Mrs. Bristowe, and Teddy get some rest.

Jan. 30—First exam. Everyone is quaking in their shoes. Did you notice how the teachers are being talked about? Some were perfectly lovely, and others were—we’d hate to say.

Jan. 31—Exams all day. Everyone looks pale and weary. Even the teachers look faint.

Feb. 1—Still more exams! Terrible! But how nice to know they’re over. Miss Lamont meets girls with High School girls at First Methodist Church. Mr. Robinson meets boys with High School boys, at Presbyterian Church. The High girls are very unladylike, and we can appreciate our superior training along that line. Marshall donates $45 to Dr. Anderson.

Feb. 4—Enrollment day. Fine chance for lovers to converse. The College Juniors have their first party in the Dorm parlors, with the basketball team as guests. Some time, erede mihii.

Feb. 5—Mrs. Lyon informs the Dorm girls that one of the Senior privileges will be entertaining callers in the South Parlor, otherwise, it is for the faculty only. Many jealous hearts result.

Feb. 6—Kenton Taylor has the great privilege of enjoying Mrs. Myers’ escort to the Vatican. You have our sympathy, Kenton.

Feb. 7—Extra student meeting. Dr. Anderson gives us a farewell address. The Auditorium is so cold that we are crowded into Society Hall. Some members of the Chapel Skippers’ Association jump out of the window.

Feb. 8—Mrs. Myers ill; the library is some noisy place.

Feb. 11—Mrs. Lyon is very cross. Yesterday she was terrified
to find the parlor light off, and several couples in the room. And to think of a six-year Senior being with us too! She has informed the maid to watch the light after this.

Feb. 12—Another meatless day. Beans and corn bread at the Dorm and club also. Abe didn’t have so much on us when it comes to slim diet.

Feb. 13—Mr. Ross, a musician, from New York, entertains us with some selections on the piano in the Auditorium. The Martin quartet also gave us some pretty good songs. We prophecy that Tom will put Caruso on the blink some day.

Feb. 14—Frank Watkins is looking faint. We believe it is because he is failing to make a hit with one of Mrs. Lyon’s girls.

Feb. 15—Everything is dead to-day, nothin’ doin’ a-tall.

Feb. 18—Nothing exciting except Mr. Franklin has a bad cold and is very cross; we hope he will get better before tomorrow.

Feb. 19—Captain de Beaufort, a Belgian military officer, gives an interesting and instructive talk at the City Auditorium. Gladys Farmer wonders why he carries that cane.

Feb. 20—Captain deBeaufort shows us some very interesting slides and photographs of the war in our Auditorium. Mrs. Everett thought he was a German and left the room in indignation.

Feb. 21—Short periods, hooray! Organization of the class War Savings Stamp Societies. Mr. LeCato chaperons the Dorm girls to the Morris Harvey basketball game.

Feb. 22—The Erosophian has charge of the Washington’s Birthday exercises in chapel. Miss Steele, Miss McCullough, Mrs. Dowdy, Grandpa Lester, Clyde Bonar, and Erville Sowards give a very interesting program.

Feb. 25—Mrs. Lyon has found one of her sweetest little girls visiting with her chum all night. She is terribly sorry.

Feb. 26—The Misses McCues, Reid, and Strohmeier have grown tired and weary of the dull Dorm life, so they dined at the Frederick this evening. Mrs. Lyon is terrified at their absence and calls all over town to find their whereabouts. They finally show up at 10:30 P. M.

Feb. 27—Chapel and short periods, everyone rejoicing as usual. Mr. Woodley urges the girls to work in the Red Cross room, and Miss Higgins tells them they must take physical training if they expect to graduate.

Feb. 28—One of the Dorm girls leans against a wash basin, breaking it from the wall. The water almost covered the second floor. Many screams were heard. The night watchman was almost as excited as the girls when he had to come up and fix it.

March 1—Water turned off in city. Dorm girls are terrified at having to go without their hands and faces washed. Mr. White carries water nearly a mile so Teddy can take a bath Senior Secondary party at Dorm.

March 4—Miss Kessel and Grandpa Lester are seen talking together a great deal in the library. Wonder what’s so interesting?

March 5—Mrs. Lyon didn’t sleep much last night, as she found a bunch of her girls having a midnight feed. She is completely heartbroken to think that they would be so rude and unrefined, and besides, losing so much sleep, too.

March 6—Sailors, Red Cross nurses, milkmaids, colonial dames, and others from the Model school give a very interesting entertainment for the Junior Red Cross in the Auditorium.

March 7—Leslie Heck has his hair combed and a tie on, wonder of wonders! We think he must have his eye on a certain Dorm maiden. For her sake we wish you fisherman’s luck, Leslie.
March 8—Faculty music recital by Miss Maegeorge, Mrs. Haworth, and Miss Wilson. Some affair. Dolan has a race with the flowers.

March 11—Frank LeSage almost scares Miss DeNoon by having his algebra lesson.

March 12—Weber Male Quartet comes on the Entertainment Course. Those readings certainly were great, n'est-ce pas?

March 13—Dr. Hoyt, of the Congregational Church, gives an address in chapel. Frank Tallman and Tabor are reprimanded for talking in chapel.

March 14—"Doc" Haworth tells us of his childhood days. Some chap you were doc. Some one thinks Whitney belongs to the Model School. Why don't you grow a little, son?

March 15—Ides of March. The Seniors let us have short periods and then show off in chapel to get even with us. Our day will come, though. Prof. Caldwell expounds some mechanics that are far too deep for the underclassmen.

March 16—Prominent Sophomore loses two hours sleep, as he thought we were going to have school to-day (Saturday) and came in on time. Sad to relate, however, he could not gain his accustomed corner in the library for an hour.

March 18—Mrs. Lyon catches Florence and "Red" taking their noon-day stroll. Consequently, the Dorm board is filled with new rules about walking with the boys.

March 19—"Doc" Haworth absent; great rejoicing in Junior Literature. We guess something must have happened to his steamer.

March 20—Chapel seats reassigned to us, and the class officers have a hard time locating us all again. Dr. Wood gives an interesting talk.

March 21—Two prominent Seniors and a Junior play Words-worth on Ritter Hill, while the chauffeur goes for an extra tire and some gasoline.

March 22—Red Cross benefit recital by Miss Higgins’ class in interpretive dancing. The six boys in the sword dance seem a little nervous.

March 23—School to-day, but short periods. "Doc" forgets to come.

March 25—Editor LeSage is winning great fame these days. The Howel to-day was a howling success. Keep it up, Frank, we're all with you.

March 26—Dr. Haworth's literature class is serenaded by Messrs. Roberts, Morris, Sowards, and Cammack.

March 27—Mr. Norman home again. He makes a talk in chapel on Thrift and War Savings Stamps. We are glad to see him back.
March 28—Mrs. Myers sends several girls over to the Dorm in search of library books. They were not found.

March 29—St. Elmo Fox gives a piano recital. Many go home for Easter.

April 1—All Fool’s Day. The Rotarians, however, show their wisdom by partaking of a delicious dinner prepared and served by the Domestic Science girls. Some feed. Group pictures for the Mirabilia were not taken.

April 2—Mr. Franklin has a new suit. Have you noticed how Miss———smiles?

April 3—Separate meeting of the boys and girls to plan for the parade, instead of chapel.

April 4—Drill for parade in the gym. The formation for the U and S have some mix up. Miss Higgins almost loses her sweet disposition.

April 5—Teddy Woodley Bristowe passes away. Dorm in deep mourning; all business operations cease in respect. Augusta Lenska sings at the City Auditorium. Kentucky Wesleyan baseball game. Of course we won, 11—2.

April 6—Patriotic Parade! We go to a baseball game during school hours, and practice for the parade. Did you see those white trousers? Say, didn’t we do our part in the parade? Marshall sure did shine to-day, sans doute. Prominent Sophomore escorts a College Junior from the balloon ascension. Didn’t you have the car fare, Tabor?

April 8—First of the series of Dorm lectures. Mrs. Woodley tells of her visit to Camp Lee. All the girls are ambitious to be soldiers.

April 9—Second lecture, on “Broken Hearts and Broken Dishes,” by Mrs. Bristowe. She tells us not to flirt with the new waiters.

April 10—Third lecture, by Mrs. Lyon, on keeping our rooms clean, chewing gum, flirting, loud talking, etc. We hope this is the last.

April 11—Mrs. Lyon ill; everything quiet in the Dorm for once.

April 12—Georgetown forgets to come to play a game. The Seniors Secondary show how well they can act. Some stars in our midst.

April 13—Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. reception. According to Hoover’s advice, eats were tabooed. The new students are about the most bashful bunch we’ve ever met here. We hope they will get over it soon.

April 15—Miss Prichard springs a Latin test to the surprise of her Vergil class. Some grades result.
April 16—Morris Harvey baseball game. The girls yell, but Mrs. Lyon hasn’t found it out. We win, 9–8.
April 17—Great rejoicing in chapel over our victory. Boys practice yells while girls look on. Team leaves on baseball trip. All wish them good luck. Several Dorm maidens go to the depot to see them off.
April 18—Miss Burgess has lost her glasses and can’t see. We feel so sorry for her, but get a review, as she can’t see the lesson.
April 19—At last! A day bright enough for the *Mirabilia* groups to be taken. Mr. Sowards tells of the “Caress of an Editor,” at Erosophian.
April 20—Boy’s “dress parade” at school. Didn’t Mr. Cobb look funny? Classical meeting, but many had gone to that picture show. Pluto could not produce his lights when he carried off Proserpine.
April 22—Game at Morgantown. Don Jenkins is almost hit by a screen from a Dorm window.
April 23—Mr. LeCato chaperons his class bug hunting.
April 24—French classes show off in chapel by singing (?) some French songs. The graders teach us the new song, “Amerie, My Country.” Five-minute speaker from High School.
April 25—Edward Howard Griggs, the celebrated lecturer, gives us an interpretation of a fine old Spanish drama. It certainly was worth while.
April 26—Boys allowed to visit special Dorm friends on porch of evenings until 8:00 p. m. Few have come so far. Let’s hope for the future.
April 27—Baseball team returns home. A. C. A. meeting of Junior High and Marshall girls, at Mrs. Moore’s
April 29—Morris Harvey game, at Barboursville. Bunch of students go on truck. The noisy gang almost scared the farmers to the hills. We won, 7–1.

April 30—Nothing special to-day, except “Benny” is looking glum. Wonder who’s the cause.
May 1—Girls rush out to watch their faces in the dew. Trusty Tallman writes a note to a Freshman girl in chapel. The Domestic Science girls go to see “Pollyanna,” on Rotary dinner tips.
May 2—Ruth McTammany gives a talk in chapel. It was especially interesting to the “Prince of the Blue Pencil.”
May 3—“Feast of the Little Lanterns,” by the Girls’ Glee Club. Didn’t Hazel Kirby make some Chink? And how about Asa Carson, as Emperor?
May 4—College Juniors hike. Mr. White chaperons, much to the delight of the party.
May 6—Game between the Collegians and Faculty. Some all playing put up on both sides. Score, 14–13, in favor of the Collegians.
May 7—“Doc.” Haworth’s tin lizzie goes up in flames. He is almost heartbroken over loss. Onions for dinner in the Dorm. We knew it while still in class.
May 8—Father Altmeyer nobly expounds upon the advantages of studying the classics.
May 9—Miss Prichard springs a test on the methods class. Weeping and wailing result, also some extraordinary grades.
May 10—Junior party in Dorm parlors. The baseball team was invited, but some of them decided to go for a pleasure trip to Kentucky instead. Mrs. Lyon finds some Dorm girls having a slumber party in Suite E. Was she angry? Oh, my!
May 11—Girls in slumber gang “porched” till 10:00 a. m. The *Mirabilia* staff work night and day.
May 12—Leona Frye and Willa Lowther go to Catlettsburg, shocking!
May 13—*Mirabilia* Board working like sixty.
May 14—Calendar completed. Au revoir!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Nick Name</th>
<th>Besetting Sin</th>
<th>Redeeming Feature</th>
<th>Outcome</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mary Ankrom</td>
<td>&quot;The Pet&quot;</td>
<td>Bossing</td>
<td>Running errands</td>
<td>Preceptress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uzula Coffman</td>
<td>&quot;Zula&quot;</td>
<td>Writing to John</td>
<td>Common sense</td>
<td>Sailor’s wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Blackwood</td>
<td>&quot;Baby&quot;</td>
<td>Sucking her thumb</td>
<td>Talking</td>
<td>Suffragist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stella Harmon</td>
<td>&quot;Stedgie&quot;</td>
<td>Dancing</td>
<td>Sweet disposition</td>
<td>Matrimony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irene Henry</td>
<td>&quot;Tardy&quot;</td>
<td>Herself</td>
<td>Drawing</td>
<td>Art teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herma Johnson</td>
<td>&quot;Smiles&quot;</td>
<td>Her appetite</td>
<td>Speaking to everyone</td>
<td>A graceful dancer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Johnston</td>
<td>&quot;Red Top&quot;</td>
<td>Picture Shows</td>
<td>Her grin</td>
<td>?? ?? ?? ??</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iris Klinzing</td>
<td>&quot;Ira&quot;</td>
<td>Flowers</td>
<td>Her loyalty</td>
<td>A pedagogue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marie Kuhn</td>
<td>&quot;Coonie&quot;</td>
<td>French</td>
<td>Being popular</td>
<td>Conjugal bliss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary McLaughlin</td>
<td>&quot;Mac&quot;</td>
<td>Putting on</td>
<td>Her eyes</td>
<td>Teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Viola Miller</td>
<td>&quot;Prim&quot;</td>
<td>Piety</td>
<td>Going to church</td>
<td>Bachelor Maiden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frances Newell</td>
<td>&quot;Frank&quot;</td>
<td>Talking about &quot;Pitt&quot;</td>
<td>Singing</td>
<td>Social Favorite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lois Olmstead</td>
<td>&quot;The Suffragette&quot;</td>
<td>Quietness (?)</td>
<td>Woman Suffrage</td>
<td>Political Boss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olga Renier</td>
<td>&quot;French&quot;</td>
<td>Talking of her lovers</td>
<td>Being jolly</td>
<td>Soldier’s wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lelia Robinson</td>
<td>&quot;Slim&quot;</td>
<td>Chaperoning</td>
<td>Dancing</td>
<td>Red Cross nurse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gladys Stanley</td>
<td>&quot;Bob&quot;</td>
<td>Watts</td>
<td>Mischief</td>
<td>Chauffeur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macy Watts</td>
<td>&quot;Ichabod&quot;</td>
<td>Singing the scale</td>
<td>Basketball star</td>
<td>Choir director</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Wood</td>
<td>&quot;Woodie&quot;</td>
<td>Tardiness</td>
<td>A’s to Mr. Franklin</td>
<td>Stenographer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eugene Caldwell</td>
<td>&quot;Gene&quot;</td>
<td>Idleness</td>
<td>Making witty remarks</td>
<td>A.B., A.M., Ph.D., L.L.O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olive Dowdy</td>
<td>&quot;Mrs.&quot;</td>
<td>Guy</td>
<td>Darning socks</td>
<td>Taking care of Charles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orpha Kemper</td>
<td>&quot;Orphie&quot;</td>
<td>Making breaks</td>
<td>Using Senior privileges</td>
<td>A flirt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clyde Lester</td>
<td>&quot;Grandpa&quot;</td>
<td>Making speeches</td>
<td>Critic</td>
<td>A farmer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dewey McCarragher</td>
<td>&quot;Little Mac&quot;</td>
<td>Social activities</td>
<td>A ladies’ man</td>
<td>Night watchman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laurence Mclain</td>
<td>&quot;Bunkey&quot;</td>
<td>Laughing</td>
<td>Yelling</td>
<td>Ford II</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mae Newman</td>
<td>&quot;Goode&quot;</td>
<td>Story Tellers’ Club</td>
<td>Good grades</td>
<td>Hasn’t decided yet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frances Oberholtzer</td>
<td>&quot;Fannie&quot;</td>
<td>Talking to the boys</td>
<td>Flirting</td>
<td>We’d hate to guess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Steele</td>
<td>&quot;Lady Elgin&quot;</td>
<td>Getting lost</td>
<td>Everything</td>
<td>Red Cross nurse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Rhodes</td>
<td>&quot;Rhody&quot;</td>
<td>Washing</td>
<td>Latin</td>
<td>Vassar alumna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louis Roberts</td>
<td>&quot;Louie&quot;</td>
<td>Good times</td>
<td>His optics</td>
<td>Piano tuner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lillie Wilson</td>
<td>&quot;Lil&quot;</td>
<td>Colorado</td>
<td>Brilliancy</td>
<td>Teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newman Wittenberg</td>
<td>&quot;Witty&quot;</td>
<td>Bashfulness</td>
<td>Falling in love</td>
<td>Lieutenant in France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annie Yates</td>
<td>Just Annie</td>
<td>Disagreeing</td>
<td>Her ear</td>
<td>Doctor’s wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. S. Knodle</td>
<td>&quot;Grandpa&quot;</td>
<td>Ice cream with cherry on top</td>
<td>Eating</td>
<td>Janitor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Knodle</td>
<td>&quot;Bob&quot;</td>
<td>Breaking dates</td>
<td>Love for the Dorm</td>
<td>Preacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bess Morus</td>
<td>&quot;Cutiey&quot;</td>
<td>Criticizing recitations</td>
<td>Her size</td>
<td>&quot;Bug” teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irene Watts</td>
<td>&quot;Kilowatt&quot;</td>
<td>Making eyes at Mr. Franklin</td>
<td>Arguments</td>
<td>Politician</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# SHORT COURSE CHARACTERISTICS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>Nickname</th>
<th>Noted For</th>
<th>Appearance</th>
<th>Failing</th>
<th>Ambition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ZELMA ANKROM</td>
<td>&quot;Tommy&quot;</td>
<td>Biting off words</td>
<td>Independent</td>
<td>Tennis</td>
<td>Suffrage lecturer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARY ARNOLD</td>
<td>&quot;Peggy&quot;</td>
<td>Kindness</td>
<td>Sweet</td>
<td>Smiles</td>
<td>Country bungalow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEOLIA BLESSING</td>
<td>&quot;Bless&quot;</td>
<td>Gift of Gab</td>
<td>Indescribable</td>
<td>Mouth</td>
<td>Sailor's wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEULAH BLESSING</td>
<td>&quot;Boo&quot;</td>
<td>AA</td>
<td>Wise</td>
<td>Study</td>
<td>Columbia professor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HELEN CLINE</td>
<td>&quot;Dat&quot;</td>
<td>Meekness</td>
<td>Quiet</td>
<td>Size</td>
<td>Kindergarten teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RUTH FANKHAUSER</td>
<td>&quot;Rudie&quot;</td>
<td>Size</td>
<td>Happy</td>
<td>Questions</td>
<td>Red Cross nurse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLADYS FARMER</td>
<td>&quot;Farmer&quot;</td>
<td>Disposition</td>
<td>Cheerful</td>
<td>Talking</td>
<td>Home in Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EMMY OWENS</td>
<td>&quot;Jimmie&quot;</td>
<td>Perseverance</td>
<td>Smiles</td>
<td>Curiosity</td>
<td>Go to Wesleyan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EVELYN WISE</td>
<td>&quot;Pet&quot;</td>
<td>Opinion</td>
<td>Determined</td>
<td>Charleston</td>
<td>Old maid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEULAH JORDAN</td>
<td>&quot;Betty&quot;</td>
<td>Timidity</td>
<td>Silent</td>
<td>Too perfect</td>
<td>School teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAE COLE</td>
<td>&quot;Babe&quot;</td>
<td>Silence</td>
<td>Glad</td>
<td>Rapidity</td>
<td>Missionary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARY COURTNEY</td>
<td>&quot;Country&quot;</td>
<td>Quietness</td>
<td>Industrious</td>
<td>Meekness</td>
<td>Domestic Science Teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FLORENCE DENNING</td>
<td>&quot;Flo&quot;</td>
<td>Primping</td>
<td>Little</td>
<td>&quot;Red&quot;</td>
<td>Housewife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ELSIE GRIFF</td>
<td>&quot;Gin&quot;</td>
<td>Studying</td>
<td>Fall</td>
<td>Silence</td>
<td>Vassar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WILLA LOWTHER</td>
<td>&quot;Bill&quot;</td>
<td>Being late</td>
<td>Jolly</td>
<td>Lyric</td>
<td>Joe's wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRANCES McCLUNG</td>
<td>&quot;Fritz&quot;</td>
<td>Dancing</td>
<td>Attractive</td>
<td>The boys</td>
<td>Old maid teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FLOSSIE MORGAN</td>
<td>&quot;Shorty&quot;</td>
<td>Telling Jokes</td>
<td>Short</td>
<td>Teasing</td>
<td>School ma'am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LUCY PETERS</td>
<td>&quot;Billie&quot;</td>
<td>Talking</td>
<td>Bright</td>
<td>Smiles</td>
<td>U. S. senatress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WINNIE SUTPHIN</td>
<td>&quot;Dutch&quot;</td>
<td>Avoid-thoughts</td>
<td>Heavy</td>
<td>Tormenting</td>
<td>Smith prof.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAUDE WRESTON</td>
<td>&quot;Weet&quot;</td>
<td>Calmness</td>
<td>Kind</td>
<td>Modesty</td>
<td>Poetess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAYE HAYNES</td>
<td>&quot;May&quot;</td>
<td>Quietude</td>
<td>Serious</td>
<td>Hair dresser</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HELEN HOLT</td>
<td>&quot;Handsme&quot;</td>
<td>Complexion</td>
<td>Pimping</td>
<td>Artist's model</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ZELMA McCULLOUGH</td>
<td>&quot;Lu&quot;</td>
<td>Brilliance</td>
<td>Graceful</td>
<td>Hesitating</td>
<td>General's wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AMY PETERS</td>
<td>&quot;Polly&quot;</td>
<td>Hair</td>
<td>Witty</td>
<td>Sadness</td>
<td>Just Olla</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OLLA PETT</td>
<td>&quot;Pet&quot;</td>
<td>Disposition</td>
<td>Too Good</td>
<td>Bob</td>
<td>Happy Home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EVA STEERE</td>
<td>&quot;Eve&quot;</td>
<td>Sweetness</td>
<td>Good looking</td>
<td>The Sheriff</td>
<td>Miss Whitaker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RUBY CALVERT</td>
<td>&quot;Bub&quot;</td>
<td>Good Looks</td>
<td>Industrious</td>
<td>&quot;Dummy&quot;</td>
<td>Home in Charleston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLADYS HALL</td>
<td>&quot;Glad&quot;</td>
<td>Smile</td>
<td>Happy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## THE GREAT AND NEAR GREAT

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Nickname</th>
<th>Favorite Expression</th>
<th>Failing</th>
<th>Amusement</th>
<th>Ambition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wilma Diehl</td>
<td>&quot;Deal&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Got a letter!&quot;</td>
<td>Her wiggle</td>
<td>Posing</td>
<td>Movie Star</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard Pettrey</td>
<td>&quot;Big Pet&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Well, I'll be...!&quot;</td>
<td>The girls</td>
<td>Spooning</td>
<td>Fond husband</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don Jenkins</td>
<td>&quot;Cutie&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Well, I say&quot;</td>
<td>Dignity</td>
<td>Primping</td>
<td>Preacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew Winters</td>
<td>&quot;Snooks&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Ye Gods&quot;</td>
<td>Studying hard</td>
<td>Loafing</td>
<td>To weigh 300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Roles</td>
<td>&quot;Rufus&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Go and stay put!&quot;</td>
<td>Bill</td>
<td>Eating</td>
<td>Happy home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenton Taylor</td>
<td>&quot;Taylor&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Choice Maiden&quot;</td>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>The Dorm</td>
<td>Yale catcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maye Houchins</td>
<td>&quot;Houchins&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Good gracious!&quot;</td>
<td>Those eyes</td>
<td>Writing letters</td>
<td>Preacher's wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Dolan</td>
<td>&quot;Cardinal&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Isn't she cute?&quot;</td>
<td>Thrift stamps</td>
<td>Smiling</td>
<td>Go back to Ireland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Burnside</td>
<td>&quot;Pet&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Oh, sugar!&quot;</td>
<td>Hair</td>
<td>Posing</td>
<td>Mistress of White House</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Leseage</td>
<td>&quot;Sage&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;That devil!&quot;</td>
<td>Eyes</td>
<td>Library</td>
<td>Preacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Watkins</td>
<td>&quot;Fifteen&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Good looking girl&quot;</td>
<td>Bashfulness</td>
<td>Smoking</td>
<td>Bachelor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don Macdonald</td>
<td>&quot;Fat&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Oh, Lord!&quot;</td>
<td>Flirting</td>
<td>Jitney riding</td>
<td>Harvard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Omed Tabor</td>
<td>&quot;Sissy&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;That's a small iceberg.&quot;</td>
<td>Size</td>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>Doctor</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Clyde Bonar        | "Bone"        | "No more bread."
| Von Franklin       | "Frank"       | "Seen Pat?"                 | Too good          | Cleaning her room| To get married    |
| Lucille Ferguson   | "Kid"         | "Don't ask me!"
| Charles Tallman    | "Trusty"      | "Hello, Mary!"
| Mildred Haptonstable | "Maid"      | "Nothin' doin'"
| Eeville Sowards    | "Sowards"      | "Meeting please come to order" | Writing notes in chapel | Talking | Brooks | Bungalow for two |
| Perry Duncan       | "Donkey"      | "What'd I think I am?"    | Goodness          | Offices           | Editor            |
| Bernard McCullough | "St"          | "Really!"
| Hazel Robinetta    | "Bobbie"      | "Good night!"               | Size              | Working           | Lawyer            |
| Caelos Evans       | "Dick"        | "Got a date!"              | Timidity          | Arguing           | Lawyer            |
| Thomas Martin      | "Tom"         | "Sure Mike!"                | Height            | Writing to Nathan | Missionary        |
| Daniel Cable       | "Rummy"       | "Pretty soft, huh?"        | His grin          | Sleeping          | Statesman         |
| Hazel Kipby        | "Jack"        | "You fool!"                 | Loud talking      | Flirting          | Professor         |
| Howard Sedinger    | "Sid"         | "You're nuts!"             | Too quiet         | Loafing           | Baseball star     |
| Pembroke Whitney   | "Tiny"        | "A-tall!"                   | Flirting          | Good humor        | Statesman         |
| Rex Hoke           | "Hic, Hae, Hoc"| "Humphs"                   | Laziness          | Studying          | Professor         |
| Wendell Reynolds   | "Lefty"       | "Gee whiz!"                 | Ice Cream         | Arguing           | Preceptress       |
| Hazel Hinchee      | "Cutey"       | "My Lord!"                  | Boys              | Going to pharmacy | Public speaker    |
WANTED

A good wife—"Benny" Franklin
Someone to love—Frank LeSage
A red headed man—Florence Denning
A new pair of hair curlers—Dr. Woodley
A large box of rouge—Misses McCue and Reid
A man to keep—Gladys Farmer
Some late Paris styles—Packie Anderson and Hazel Hinchée
A new red sweater—Bob Smales
A quart box of powder—Wilma Diehl
A hair tonic that will put out a fire—"Red" Copen
A permit to walk around the campus in the evening with a special friend—Student Body
Several new members—Y. M. C. A.
A husky frame—Perry Duncan
A boy my size or taller—Hazel Robinette
The girls to quit flirting with me—Frank Watkins
A new black hat—Stuart Knodle
A good looking girl—"Si" McCullough
A paper of pins—Howard Pettry
A new girl; Freshman preferred—Charles Tallman
A home in "Ole Virginny"—Ruth Roles
More hearts to break—Edward George
A new kind of giggle—Carline Hall
The Dorm parlor partitioned—Dorm Callers
A snapping machine—Mrs. Myers
Scholars more capable of learning—The Faculty
Musical talent—Roxie Yoho
To grow—Hatfield
Anything literary—The Mirabilia Board

Chemistry class with a little more sense—Mr. White
A horse—Senior Latin Class
An alarm clock—Helen Echols
More brains in French I—Miss Raynor
Lights out—Mrs. Lyon
My "Daddy"—Helen Steele
A date—"Red" Copen
Trips to Morgantown—The Twins
A letter—Wilma Diehl
More holidays—The whole school
To dance—Leona Moorehouse
Something to eat—Howard Pettry
To play tennis—Mae McLoughlin
More young lady rooters—Coach
A box of candy—Hazel Hinchée
More sleep—Anne Lear
"The" Doctor—Stella Harmon
To go down town—Garnet Hale and Bessie Brown
"395"—Fern Ball
Silence—Mrs. Myers
To go to Sunday School—The Dorm girls
Jokes for the Mirabilia—Mr. Sowards
To clean the "Suite"—Mary Burnside
To knit—Martha Russell
A letter from Persia—Elizabeth Herold
Couches in Literature VI—Dr. Haworth
To be on time—Sybil Mossman
To know his lessons—Andrew Winters
Something to do—Mr. Workman
WANTED--CONTINUED

$\$\$\$—Miss Staats
"AA"—Elizabeth Mytinger
"Jack"—Frances McClung
The Captain—Mary Ankrom
Harleigh—Olga Renier
To sing—Bob Smales
A good lesson—Mr. Large
W. S. S.—Lucy Calloway
A girl—Perry Duncan
To laugh—Don McDonald
A Professor—Mildred Hamptonstall

DORM LIFE

Dormitory life is the life for me,
If you don't think so, just come and see;
We do most anything we want,
Except in the halls to the men folks talk.
We start the day with the rising bell,
Which makes us turn in our little white beds,
And say words of praise to this honored bell,
Which might if heard, send us to ———?
We jump from our beds twenty of eight,
To get our breakfast very late;
We sit at our table and then look down,
Bacon and muffins, the same old round;
How's your bacon? Mine is tough,
Oh, Lord haven't we had bacon enough?
Our classes start at eight o'clock,
And at each class our teachers we shock.
Especially in "Ag" when one member suggests,

A party—Juniors
To study in the library—Frank LeSage
The "Agent"—Margie Herold
A song—Miss Allen
A shave and hair cut—Mr. Frasure
Less marks to work off—Inez Reid
More peace—Mrs. Lyon
Smaller feet—Taylor and Whitney
To get letters from the girls—Mr. Lester
More temper—Miss Steele.

A beef course, with a hungry stare, is best.
Five straight periods we sit and dream,
In English lab, Mr. Franklin we see.
From nine to eleven, Oh! dear me,
But thanks to Chapel once a week,
Which gives us a rest from this awful freak.
When school is out, we all make a dash,
For the mail box and our letters at last,
Excited faces, some glad, some sad.
"Did you get a letter?" "I didn't, I'm mad."
The lunch bell rings and we slowly go down,
To our beans and corn bread and tongue cut round.
But we enjoy it nevertheless,
Its a change from breakfast and home, you bet.
From two till four, our lessons we get,
For at night we may feast,
And all school work forget.—G. R. '19.
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF—

All the girls in the Dorm had aunts to invite them out Sunday evenings?
All the cups in the Dorm had handles?
We had short periods every day?
Every chapel lecture were interesting?
Everybody would write something for the Mirabilia?
We should be State Champions again?
The boys knew how to yell?
All the Dorm girls would have "pep" enough to come to a Morris Harvey football game in sight of their rooms?
The Six-year Seniors could agree on anything?
The College Juniors could have a party?

The Senior Secondaries could always have their own way?
The Junior Secondaries could find their seats in chapel?
The Sophomores could boast of as many AA's as they can D's?
The Freshmen could wear their ties every day?
"Benny" would forget to mark someone for being two seconds late?
The Parthenon came out every week?
The bulletin would say "Students call for checks?"
More boys would attend Y. M. C. A.—when it is not a joint meeting?
The boys were not afraid to come to the Dorm?
Everybody would come to a class meeting?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

Miss Whitaker would be seen without Sybil?
Clyde Bonar would smile?
Mary Ankrom would give a girl a compliment?
"Red" Copen would talk to some other girl?
We would see a cheerful sign on the Dorm board?
Miss Raynor would cheer up?
Frances Newell would laugh quietly?
Everyone could tell the twins apart?
All of us would get our lessons?
One of Mr. Franklin's English classes would begin work within five minutes after the bell had rung?
Hazel Hinechee would go out walking without Ferne Balle and Goldie Rickmon?

Someone in the college physics class would write an experiment?
Olga would forget to forget?
Mary Ankrom would cease to be "petted?"
Martha Russell would have a birthday?
Frances Oberholtzer couldn't talk?
Macy Watts didn't get her "daily?"
Only one piano were ever played at a time in the Dorm?
Everybody sat in their own seats in chapel?
Everybody on the Erosophian program would come?
"Pitt" would forget to write to Frances Newell?
The girls were allowed to yell at ball games?
Some town girls would attend Y. W. C. A.?
Epling (talking to Mae McLaughlin in the library): "Do you know Watkins?"

Mae (after a few moments of deep study): "What kind of a book is it? I don't remember ever reading it."

Epling: "Ha! haw! haw! haw! he! ho! He is a—he is a boy!"

Daughter: "Yes. I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, biology, pomology, bibli—"

Practical mother: "Stop! I have arranged for you a thorough course in roastingology, bakology, stichology, darnology, and general domestic hustleology. Now get on you working clothesology."

Mr. Copen (to a classmate): "I am not afraid of work. I can lie down and sleep by it."

Mrs. Smith (thoughtfully): "I'm afraid that I shall have to stop giving Tommy that tonic the doctor left for him."

Mr. Smith (anxiously): "Why, isn't he any better?"

Mrs. Smith: "Oh, yes, but he has slid down the banisters six times this morning, broken the hall lamp, two vases, a pitcher, and a looking glass; and I don't feel as if I can stand much more."

Dr. Grover (waiting in the hall for Mr. Woodley): "This certainly is a fine school you have here, young lady. Do you know what the enrollment is?"

Girl Student: "I think it is about—"

Another Girl Student: "I know, it's six dollars."

Two women were strangers to each other at a reception. After a few moments' desultory talk, the first said rather querulously: "I don't know what is the matter with that tall, blond gentleman over there. He was so attentive to me a while ago, but he won't even look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband."

A little girl was sent to the corner grocery store by her mother to get a quart of vinegar.

"But, mamma," said the little one, "I can't say that word."

"You'll have to try," said her mother, "for I must have vinegar, and there is no one else to send."

So the little girl went with the jug, and when she reached the store, she pulled the cork out of the jug and set it on the counter.

"There!" she said to the astonished clerk, "smell of that and give me a quart."

First year physics experimenter: The temperature remains the same while the baby (it should have been body) is changed from a liquid to a solid."

Mr. Largent had just been telling about the Battle of the Pyramids, and asked Miss McCue to recite.

"Well," said she, "Napoleon just climbed up on a pyramid and told his soldiers that forty centuries was lookin' down upon them."

Mrs. Bristowe (seeing a Dorm girl's muff on the bed): "Why Teddy, I'm surprised at you, get down at once!"
Mr. Frasure: "Mr. Franklin, what kind of a punctuation mark do you put after a cuss word?"

Mr. Woodl ey (talking to "Red" in the office): "Mr. Copen, do you smoke cigarettes?"

"Red" Copen: "No, thank you, Mr. Woodley, not so soon after lunch."

Lamp low,
Smack! Smack!
Goldie shouts
Through a crack,
Saw you, Hazel,
Caught you now!
But no cryin’
Or I’ll tell the "Lion."

Patriotic Lady: "Now, young man, why aren’t you at the front?"

Young man (milking cow): " ‘Cause there aint any milk at that end, Ma’am."

Miss Andrew: "What three words do students overwork most?"

Mr. Sedinger: "I don’t know."

Miss Andrew: "Right."

"It’s disgraceful," said old Farmer Hodge, "how some people spell nowadays. Why, there’s a man built a coach-house in our village, and he went and spelled carriage g-a-r-a-g-e!"

Little Tommy: "Papa, what is meant by beastly weather?"

His Father: "When it’s raining cats and dogs! my son."

Ruth McCue: "Any fashions in that paper?"

Inez Reid: "Yes, but they’re of no use to you; this is yesterday’s paper."

A FRESHMAN’S POEM

Mary had a little cold,
It started in her head;
And everywhere that Mary went,
That cold was bound to spread.
It followed her to school one day,
’Twas not against the rule.
It made the children cough and sneeze,
To have that cold in school.
The teacher tried to drive it out,
She tried hard, but—kahchoo!
It didn’t do a bit of good,
The teacher caught it too!

Mr. Franklin: "How would you punctuate the following:
‘The beautiful girl, for such she was, was walking down the street.’?"

Big Pettry: "I think, Mr. Franklin, I would make a dash after the beautiful girl."

Bonar: "Boys, I knew a fellow one who never played a game of football but what he had an arm or leg broken. He played in every game of the season, too."

LeSage: "Did you say he was a human centipede, Bonar?"

Mrs. Bristowe: "What is a food speculator?"

Maye Houehins: "A girl who goes light on the meat in hopes that there will be enough dessert."

Mrs. Bristowe (meeting Bonar on the street): "Have you seen anything of Teddy Woodley Bristowe?"

Bonar: "No, Mrs. Bristowe, I have not."

Mrs. Bristowe: "Well, if you do, tell him his mother is looking for him."

143
"Any old shoes thrown at the wedding last night?"
"No, the people were saving them for farm work."
"Any rice?"
"What! With foodstuffs so high?"
"Confetti, then?"
"Say, I guess you don’t know how paper has gone up."

Nervous passenger (during the thunderstorm): "Ain’t it dangerous to be on a street car when it’s lightning so?"
Calm passenger: "Not at all; you see, the motorman is a non-conductor."

"Professor Diggins, the famous archeologist, is said to have discovered half a dozen buried cities."
"Mrs. Diggins ought to be proud of him."
"Well, yes. But she would probably have more respect for his ability as an explorer if she didn’t have to find his hat for him nearly every time he leaves the house."

Frank LeSage: "Bob, I heard that your girl eloped with a boarder."
Bob Smales: "No, it was only a rumor."
"Oh! Look at that funny man, mamma; he’s sitting on the sidewalk, talking to a banana peel."

Tabor (Sadly): "I don’t think I am long for this world."
Gilkinson: "How is that, Tabor?"
Tabor: "I am only five feet, six inches."

Perry Duncan: "How are you, this morning, Deacon?"
Mr. Frasure: "One day older than I was yesterday."

"What is the difference between Don Maedonald and an umbrella?"
Answer: "An umbrella can be shut up."

Mr. LeCato: "What insect gives the most trouble to man?"
Student: "I don’t know."
Mr. LeCato: "Well what one gives you the most trouble?"
Student: "Body-lice."

Coach Shipley: "Pet, why aren’t you holding your hat in your right hand?"
Howard Pettry: "I have a splinter in my hand."
Shipley: "Been scratching your head, I reckon."

 Caller at the Dorm: "What time do you have dinner here, from six to six-thirty?"
 Dorm maiden: "No, from six to six-ten."
 Miss Burgess: "How was iron ore first discovered?"
 Mattie McCullough (timidly): "I think they smelt it."

Mr. LeCato: "What kind of hay do you raise, Miss Denning?"

Florence: "Red top."
Gallie: "I have a piece of Chinese money."
Teacher: "That is not Chinese money, that’s a washer."
Gallie: "Well, aren’t the Chinese washers?"

Mr. McKay (in psychology): "Doctor, what would be the result if you would turn all of us boys loose?"

Mr. LeCato: "Write your name on a piece of paper and put ‘Poison’ under it."

Flossie Morgan: "I wish we had short periods and chapel every day, I’m getting so religious."

Von Franklin (in Latin): "George, have you a ‘pony?"
George Biggs: "No, I’ve always wanted a Shetland, but I’ve never got one. I hope to get one next summer."
Miss DeNoon: "Who is the sailor boy out there?"
LeSage: "French Cook, I think."
Miss Marsh: "What! Are they sporting a French cook in the Dorm?"

Notice on Dorm board: "If you don't come to dinner on time after this, Mr. Woodley is going to take a hand."

Flossie Morgan (musingly): "I wonder which of my hands he'll take."

Hazel Kirby: "Are you partial to boys or girls, Mrs. Everett?" "I'm always partial to boys."

Mr. Franklin: "This is a class in English, not a tea-party, and I want no one to come in my class late."
Shortly after, a girl came in and took her seat.

Mr. Franklin: "How will you have your tea?"
Late Girl: "Without the lemon, please."

Ruth Roles (returning from a trip into Kentucky): "The Kentucky Belles seem to be scarce where we were to-day."
Edith Franklin: "I'm sure I didn't hear any, why do they have them?"

She: "Au revoir."
He: "What does that mean?"
She: "Good-bye, in French."
He: "Oh! I see; well, 'Submarine!'"
She: "What does that mean?"
He: "Good-bye, in German."

Bobbie had been taken by his father to the circus. The youngster came home round-eyed with excitement and flushed with enthusiasm.

"Oh, ma," he exclaimed, "if you go once to the circus, you'll never want to fool away time going to church."

The Bare Idea!
The naked hills lie wanton in the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked;
Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees—
What wonder is it that the corn is shocked?

Mr. Norman: "Did any of you ever see an hydrated oxide?"

Taylor Morris: "An hydrated ox-hide?"
Miss Fuller (in English class): "What is a scarab?"
Kenton Taylor: "Something that you carry around with you."

Alex. Booth: "A concealed weapon."
Davidson: "A bug."

Little Miss Fink
Swallowed some ink;
Mistook the stuff for water.
But don't you think
That bothered Miss Fink—
She promptly swallowed a blottor.

Teacher: "How can you divide four potatoes among three people?"
Dunce: "Mash 'em."

Do you know that—
The trees leave in the springtime, and yet are here all summer?

One way of reducing is to run around the house three times before arising every morning, abstain from breakfast, dinner, and supper, and sweep the house every evening after retiring?

That a potato cries every time that an onion comes close to its eyes?
THE MIRABILIA STAFF

Editor-in-Chief...........................................Erville E. Sowards
Assistant Editor-in-Chief..............................Mary Arnold
Business Manager........................................Kenton Taylor
Advertising Manager.....................................Don Jenkins
Assistant Business Manager.............................Etzel Copen
Art Editor..................................................Perry Duncan
Organizations.............................................Mary Elizabeth Adams
Literary.......................................................Ruby Calvert
Senior Write-ups..........................................Gladys Hall
Humorous.....................................................Margaret Cavendish
Calendar......................................................Lillian McCurdy
Athletics......................................................Maurice Foose
Acknowledgment

As the Mirabilia goes to press, we take this opportunity of expressing our deepest gratitude to all those who have lightened the heavy tasks incident to the publication of this volume. Only the support and co-operation of every one has made this book possible. Especial mention must be made of the Senior Secondary Class, who have most loyally supported and helped, by work, both artistic and literary, and by financial support and contributions. We wish to extend our thanks also to the fair inhabitants of the Dorm whose cheering presence has brightened many a weary hour in the editorial sanctum sanctorum, especially on Domestic Science days.
ATTENTION!

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS
ANOTHER ALPHABET

A is for Arnold, that brilliant girl,
That takes everything with a rush and a whirl.
B stands for Bonar, our waiter tall,
Who brings bread to big ones, little and all.
C stands for Copen with fiery hair,
Who loves a Dorm maiden sweet and fair.
D is for Dolan an artist great,
But was never known to have a date.
E is for exams, those awful pests,
But "Benny" assumes they are only a test.
F is for Foose, our busy man,
Who works all day as hard as he can.
G is for George that fickle flirt,
But some say he never did study or work.
H is for Hinchee, brassy and bold,
Who never passed the "Lyon" without a scold.
I denotes ignorance and we all have our share,
For anyway this the teachers declare.
J is for Jenkins so neat and prim,
When he sees something funny he always grins.
K is for Knodes our athletic stars,
Who came to us from Maryland afar.
L is for love never found at the Dorm,
Its very unladylike, Mrs. Lyons informs.
M is for McCulloughs, five in all,
One handsome lad, and four sisters tall.
N stands for Newell, jolly and gay,
But a dignified Senior, we must say.
O is for Owens, Emma so dear,
But even a mouse will give her a fear.
P is for Pettrys, the champions strong,
And the girls around them ever do throng.
Q is for queer, the Reids and McCues,
Who live at the Frederiek and the Dormitory too.
R is for rules, and we have enough,
The Dorm is made of that kind of stuff.
S is for Sowards, the business man,
He works from morning till as late as he can.
T is for Taylor, the noisy lad,
Who was never known on earth to be sad.
U is for us, the Marshall "ites,"
And never has any been so bright.
V is for vain, but we have none of this,
For this, Marshall is surely amiss.
W is for Woodley, our president grand,
We know for the right he will ever stand.
X is for Christmas, the best time of the year,
When our hearts are filled with the greatest of cheer.
Y is for Yoho, Roxie so fair,
Who is known in the Dorm for her pretty brown hair.
Z is for Zelma, who has her own way,
And can never keep what she has to say.
THE PRIDE OF WEST VIRGINIA

Enter any time.
Tuition payable monthly.
Individual Instruction.
School continues throughout the year.
No charge for placing graduates in positions.
No charge for diploma.

BOOTHE BUSINESS SCHOOL
This is the only School in the State that has constructed its own building.
Location, Courses, Work, and Teachers first-class in every respect.

Boothe Corner    HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA    Boothe Building
THE DORM CALAMITY

On April the fifth, nineteen and eighteen,
The saddest thing happened that you've ever seen;
When Teddy Woodley Bristowe, the pet of the Dorm,
Passed into eternity on this bright morn.
This was caused by the hand of some deadly foe,
Who fed him poison to cause him to go.
In the northeast corner of his mistress’ bedroom,
His life passed away entirely too soon.

For this doggie was only half-past ten,
And was said to be wiser than many men.
During his illness not a sound could be heard,
No one was allowed to speak even a word.
His mistress was sorely stricken with grief,
And no one could give her any relief.
But she tried not to let poor Teddy know,
Because she knew he was suffering so.

The best physicians of the town,
Tried to save him and win great renown;
But all their efforts were in vain,
And poor Teddy could not with us remain.
Mr. Lecato worked day and night,
And no less was the labor of Mr. White,
For they knew his death would be a great loss,
And for their efforts they deserve a Red Cross.

But when it was known that poor Teddy was dead,
His mistress fainted; not a word was said.
But every one wept and sobbed aloud,
And a great many screams were heard in the crowd.
Mrs. Bristowe was ill for three days and nights,
And no one was even allowed in her sight.
She neither slept, nor drank, nor ate,
For sad, sad, SAD was this, her fate.

This doggie had always the best of good care,
And was never even allowed a scare.
He couldn't act as other doggies do,
When he went walking, his mistress went too.
He couldn't get dirty, nor soiled, you know,
But had a good bath every day, just so.
In his mistress’ bedroom he would always sleep
On a soft, downy pallet, so clean and neat.

Of the best Dorm food he always ate,
On the kitchen floor or a nice clean plate;
It was served in courses in the very same way
That the Dorm girls get theirs every day.
The funeral was held the very next day,
And everything was done in the very best way.
In a lovely corner of the campus he lay,
Awaiting the dawn of the Judgment Day.

M. A. '19.
CONNER
The College Grocer
THE PLACE TO GET GOOD EATS
BEST CANNED GOODS
FRESH PRODUCE
Corner Fifteenth Street and Third Avenue
HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

IN TUNE WITH YOUTH
A man is measured, not so much by his years, as by how “fit” he looks. Northcott-Tate-Hagy Company’s Clothes give all men—the older “boys” as well as the younger—that alert, virile appearance in tune with youth and action.
At $20.00 to $50.00
Northcott-Tate-Hagy Co.
926-928 Fourth Avenue
HUNTINGTON

WE SPECIALIZE IN DISTINCTIVE FOOTWEAR.
Featuring many EXCLUSIVE STYLES which will appeal to the Young Man and Young Woman in College.

THE BON TON BOOT SHOP
Style without Extravagance
946-8 Fourth Avenue Frederick Hotel Building

I desire to extend my Sincere Appreciation to the students of MARSHALL COLLEGE with whom I have come in contact this year, and to express the desire that we will have relations that will be to our mutual advantage next year.

M. RICE
PHOTOGRAPHER
STUDIO 808 FOURTH AVENUE
NEAR LYRIC
THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE

Helen Blackwood not sucking her thumb.
The McCues not powdered and painted.
Howard Pettry studying.
Mrs. Lyon giving Mary Ankrom a "ballin' out."
The Dorm board not full of rules.
Garnet Hale being dignified.
Mary Burnside with her hair combed.
Willa without Leona.
Anyone but Seniors in the South parlor.

A Dorm girl at the Hipp or Camden Park.
Miss Statts with a smile.
The Pope teach a class without using gestures.
"Snooks" Winters behave in the Library.
Edith Franklin when not talking about "Uncle Benny."
Dolan draw a cheese box.
Dr. Woodley's Arithmetic when published.
Dr. Haworth teach Shakespeare to first graders.
A six-year Senior have to take a chaperon.

DID YOU EVER---

See Carl Eckard with a girl?
Know of Leona Frye having her lessons?
See Lucy Callaway in a hurry?
See Don Jenkins with his hair combed?
See Fritz McClung dance?
See Don Weser at the Dorm?
Hear Leolia Blessing talk of her fellows?
Hear the McCues and Reids speak to another Dorm girls?
See Clyde Bonar blush?
See Bob Smales awake?
See Mary Hoyman without a smile?
See Suites D and E quiet?
Hear Von and Edith Franklin talk about "Uncle?"

Play "Jacob and Ruth" at the Erosophian?
Hear Miss Johnson sing at Classical?
Go to chapel without having to sign a pledge for something?
Hear Deacon Frasure preach?
See Martin lead the songs at church?
See Howard Pettry silent?
See Miss Whitaker smile?
Hear of Frank LeSage cutting class?
Hear Mary Arnold whistle in the halls?
See Emmaline and Blanche when not singing?
See "Rummy" Cable grin?
See Mrs. Lyon's board empty?
See Mr. Woodley lead "America" in chapel?
"LOW SHOES" Says Uncle Sam

The Government is on record as recommending low shoes to conserve leather. This is no hardship, with such delightful new styles to choose from as you will find in our well selected stock. Pumps, Walking Oxfords, in patent, dull calf and kid—dark brown, gray—all made up in the better grades, the kind that "fit."

Henry Shoe Co.
915 Fourth Avenue
HUNTINGTON

CLOTHES for Young Men and Men who stay Young.

This illustrates the back of the new "Recruit" and "Militare" spring models. See them before you buy yours.

SPRING SUITS
$18.00 to $40.00

Oxley, Troeger & Oxley
"THE SMART CLOTHES SHOP"

Agnew's Hat Store
MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S HATS
Always at a Saving Price
Designers—Manufacturers—Retailers
923 Fourth Avenue

W. ARCHIBALD WALLACE
PORTRAITS
By Photography

Motor Sales Building
HUNTINGTON
MARSHALL’S PART

What it takes to lick the Kaiser
Marshall’s got because she’s Wise(r);
So when you feel an awful jolt,
You’ll know that Marshall’s got a Holt.
We’ll furnish Steele, Wood, and Rigg,
And even a Parson who’ll jig.
And in the Kitchen we will Frye
As long as the Kaiser can tell a lie.

Moorehouse(s) will be along the Rhodes,
Where weary Walkers may leave their loads;
Where the Shannon Riffle(s), the Farmer and the Miller
Toil that Uncle Sam may soon be Weller.
Everything that other people hoard,
Even the Castle, shall be a Child’s Ward,
Just to show them that we fight White,
As we know that we’re always in the Wright.

We have Parsley, Bunn, and Roles,
Also Berry(s) from the Knowles;
We Wade the Marsh for the Kuhn,
That Sammies may be fed by DeNoon.
After we’ve made them Fuller,
In accordance with the rules of Hoover,
We’ll give them a Balle
In the big dance Hall.

So when the Kaiser pulls a Bonar,
And forgets to make the distance Weider,
Marshall can go over the Hite
And beat them in the fight.
When the Monarch de-Cline(s) to rise,
People with tears in their eyes
Will give Blessings, and the band will play,
Marshall will Shein.
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.

::: Buy Direct from the Manufacturers :::
Catalogue Free for the Asking

West Virginia School Furniture Co.
HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA
Confidential Hints to the Needful

Wilma Diehl—You had better get a new walk and cut the posing.
Omar Tabor—See if you can’t grow a little bit; you’re entirely too small ever to become a Farmer.
Leslie Heck—We think that a hair-cut, a shave, and a shoe-shine would add very much to your appearance.
Chauncey Wright—We advise you to take more sleep, so you can wake up.
Hazel Kirby—Don’t flirt with the boys; it’s very unladylike.
Carlos Evans—Your laughter is getting rusty, it needs some lubricating oil.
Thomas Martin—We would like a solo in chapel some day, so school would be dismissed.
Frank Watkins—Paste some court plaster over those dimples, they make you look like a sissy.
Robert Knodde—Don’t curl your hair, Ferne would like you better if you would wear it straight.
Frank Tallman—Your walk is awful tough, Frank, please try to improve it a little.
Daniel Cable—Rummy, did you ever try an anti-fat remedy? If you were a little skinner, you wouldn’t look so short.
Miss Prichard—You would be more popular if you wouldn’t assign so much history to the methods class.

Mr. Frasure—Deacon, don’t flirt with the girls, remember your wife and children at home.
Wendell Reynolds—Don’t break dates with the Dorm girls; Mrs. Lyon won’t think so much of you.
Kenton Taylor—It is said that you are becoming entirely too familiar with the Dorm; we suggest that you stay away for a while at least.
Eugene Caldwell—People would have a better opinion of you if you would speed up your voice and not talk so drowsily.
McCues and Reids—We advise you to leave the Frederick and board at the Dorm for a while; people are liable to say that you don’t think the latter place is good enough for you.
Mr. White—It’s pretty bad for one of the Marshall faculty to be as bashful as you are, try to get over it.
Mrs. Myers—Why don’t you get a bell and save snapping your fingers so much?
Don Macdonald—Don, we sure would like to see you get a new grin, your old one makes you look bad.
Leolia Blessing—Put a soft pedal on your voice, you talk too loud for any woman.
“Snooks” Winters—Put some pads on your coat, and you won’t look so much like a beanpole.

W-W-Who’s Who?

Allen, Loud Music—She flourished in assembly, especially especially on “Keep The Home Fires Burning.”
Andrew, Vivacious—An assistant to Benny in more ways than one.
Childs, What A.—He had a great come-back, especially in the performance for the Red Cross.
DeNoon, A. Long—A good second to Hoyle, having attained it by geometrical rules.

Franklin, Willie Harvard—Born in ’01. When quite young he choked on a laugh, and has been smiling ever since.
Hackney, Lovely—Although a mathematician, she prefers to spill French and German on her pupils.
Haworth, C. Easy—With his head in the clouds, and his feet on the ground, he explains Wordsworth, but stays shy of baseball.
LeCato, Jimminy Machinery—‘‘Back to the farm” is his motto, but no one has ever caught him practicing what he preaches.
Where You Get What You Like and
Like What You Get.

Manhattan Restaurant
“The Place to Eat”

318 Ninth Street, Huntington, W. Va.

Huntington’s Ideal, Home-Like
Department Store

Whether you desire to purchase
or not, you will find in Our Store
a most pleasing atmosphere of
genteel courtesy combined with
excellent service and—

STYLE —————

Supremacy

Linked with

Quality and Satisfaction

The Anderson-Newcomb Co.

Huntington, West Virginia

The Opportunities of Business

Opportunities in commercial lines were never better than
they are to-day. There is an increasing demand for young
people in every department of business. We are receiving more
calls for bookkeepers, stenographers and clerks than we can
possibly fill.

A Good Government Position

A position as stenographer, typist or clerk with the govern-
ment might interest you. More office workers are now needed
than ever before and Civil Service examinations are not diffi-
cult for those who complete our course. These positions are
not all at Washington. We are sending students to Nitro, and
the Nation’s Armor Plate Plant, South Charleston, at begin-
ing salaries from $100 to $160 per month.

A postal card will bring you information.

Capital City Commercial College

Marshall’s Junior Four-Minute Men

In line with the wishes of the National Organization of Four-Minute Men, at Washington, the Senior Four-Minute Men of Huntington, through their Chairman, organized on last April 5th, a Junior Four-Minute body of speakers, composed of representatives from the various schools in the City of Huntington. The Junior organization is in charge of Mr. Wilson, of the Public Speaking Department of Huntington High, as Chairman. The organization of such a body calls attention to the good work that has and is being done by the Senior Four-Minute Men, and the good work that may be accomplished by a Junior organization to speak at the various schools-rooms and elsewhere as the occasion demands. This is accomplished by the exchange of speakers among the schools of the city.

Marshall’s representatives in this body are A. M. Foose, of the Senior Secondary class; and Eugene Caldwell, of the College Senior class. The first speaking was done by the Junior speakers at their respective schools until a program could be started. The second week found the beginning of the exchange of speakers among the schools of the city. Huntington High sent their representative, Wm. Maier, to speak at the Chapel exercises of Marshall, while A. M. Foose had the honor of addressing the Assembly of Huntington High, at their weekly gathering. The following week saw Eugene Caldwell addressing the High School Assembly. This is the first time in the history of the two schools that an exchange of speakers among the students has ever taken place.

The speakers handle their subjects like old-timers, and judging from the enthusiasm with which they are greeted, the Junior Four-Minute organization is a fixed body, at least for the duration of this world war. They are doing a good work and are reaching a class more effectively than can be reached by any other set of speakers.

HEARD IN THE DORM

“Can’t you read plain English?”
“Was that your ring or mine?”
“Oh! that awful hash!”
“Oh! If they could only win one game.”
“I wish someone would break up that piano.”
“Let’s go get a drink.”
“Hello, Harry, are the girls there?”
“Mrs. Lyon, may we have the south parlor?”
“Did I get a letter?”
“Mr. Workman, I’m nearly famished.”

“Where is my chewing gum?”
“Bob-White(?)”
“Just wait till spring comes!”
“Do you have lab?”
“Oh! If I only passed!”
“Don’t you want to see me about something?”
“You are a dear, sweet girl.”
“Hope I don’t get caught.”
“Lend me some soap.”
“Take your own seat in chapel.”
“May I be excused?”
New and Dependable Footwear

If your shoes come from here you can rest assured you have the Newest Patterns and the most dependable footwear that money can buy.

Watters Shoe Co.
Fitters of Feet
932 Fourth Avenue

COLLEGE MEN

are always welcome at this shop. You will find the “snappiest” Suits, Shirts, Neckwear, Hats and all other articles of “Young Men’s Correct Apparel” at moderate prices.

The Rea Co.
Hotel Frederick Bldg. Tenth St.

THE HUNTINGTON HOTEL
HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Headquarters Football and Baseball College Teams

You WILL Have No “Kick” (after the game.)

A. E. KELLY, Proprietor

GREGG SCHOOL
of
SHORTHAND AND BUSINESS

“The Business School of Service”
The Business School for Teachers.

Our Specialties:
GREGG SHORTHAND, BOOKKEEPING, PENMANSHIP, TYPEWRITING, and ALL other Branches that go to make up a first-class BOOKKEEPER or STENOGRAPHER.

CIVIL SERVICE
Write for Particulars
Ninth Street between Fourth and Fifth Avenues
Thompson-Pierce Building
HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA
Useful Hints to New Dorm Girls

1. If Mrs. Lyon comes when you are having a party or feed, just crowd under your bed or hide in the clothes presses.
2. Save all your old chewing gum to put your pennants and pictures up with; its much cheaper than tacks.
3. We advise you to not look cross at Teddy; he may bite you.
4. When the boys serenade, lock your door and turn out your lights. You can climb in your windows then, and Mrs. Lyon will think you are only in bed.
5. When you want a feed, you can slip sugar, salt, bread, cake, onions, etc., from the table in your napkin, being careful to keep it in your pocket, so Mrs. Bristowe or Mrs. Lyon won’t see it.
6. Save all your powder cans; they make good salt and pepper shakers.
7. If you want to visit at night, wait until Mrs. Lyon makes her first inspection trip around to the rooms; its perfectly safe to do so then.
8. If you get too hungry to live, go to the kitchen and ask John for something to eat, being very, very careful that Mrs. Bristowe or Mrs. Lyon won’t see you. He will give you something if there is anything to give. Mr. Workman always keeps apples in his work-room; don’t be afraid to ask him for them.
9. You will always be safe in taking your callers into the Faculty parlor after Mrs. Lyon comes in to visit. She only comes around once.
10. If Mrs. Lyon gives you a ‘‘ballin’ out,’’ don’t faint; stand up and take it like a man. She will admire your nerve.
11. If you room on upper third floor, remember the classical steps when going to class; they are so much nearer. Only be sure Mrs. Lyon or Mary Ankrom don’t see you.
12. It will pay you to get on the good side of Mrs. Lyon at the beginning and be sure and never express your opinion of her where she will hear you.
13. Never be sitting on the arms of the chairs when Miss Staats is around if you don’t want a good ‘‘ballin’ out.’’
14. If you don’t want to go to Sunday School and Church on Sunday morning, stay perfectly quiet in your room and lock your door. You will be safe.
15. Don’t make up your bed and straighten up your room in the morning; lock the door so Mrs. Bristowe can’t come in. You can sleep so much longer.
We have the exclusive agency in this city of the Regulation

**MAH-HOF MIDDY SUITS**

In Linen and Men's Wear Serges
Also the Youthful and Attractive

**BETTY WALES DRESSES**
The prettiest of all Summer Dresses.

**DEARDORFF-SISLER CO.**

---

**ONLY ONE**

of the hundreds of Books on our Display Counters. We make a specialty of current Fiction and invite your mail orders. Ask for our monthly list of new books. A copy sent anywhere on request.

We sell Kodaks and Films and do high grade finishing. Send us your rolls to be developed and printed. We are opposite the Postoffice, in the center of the city, and you will find a cordial welcome here whether you want to buy or look.

**THE S. SPENCER MOORE CO.**

118 Capital Street, Charleston, W. Va.

---

To the Marshall Seniors and Students—

"THE SHOP OF YOUTH"

Presents Exclusive Apparel in Chic Youthfulness

**COATS, SUITS, DRESSES, BLOUSES, SKIRTS, MILLINERY**

ROSE THE SHOP

911 Third Avenue

Followers of Fashion will be satisfied on your first visit to this store,—we are satisfied every time you return. Our service is always at your convenience and we invite your inspection of our merchandise.

A COMPLETE LINE OF READY TO WEAR MILLINERY, SILKS, DRESS GOODS, DRAPERY, FLOOR COVERINGS, Etc.

**ZENNER-BRADSHAW CO.**

"The Fourth Avenue Store"
For Sale—One-half my knowledge. Clyde Lester.
For Sale—My knowledge of "spooning." Don Weser.
For Sale—One-fourth of my height. Rex Hoke.
Wanted—A number of new curlers. Flossie Morgan.
For Sale—Physiology (in perfect condition.) Red Copen.
For Sale—Part of my width. Thomas Martin.
Lost—All hopes for a wise "Diehl." Finder return to Howard Pettry and receive liberal reward.
For Sale—Freckles, an abundant supply. Edith Franklin.
Painting Lessons—Very reasonable. Helen Holt and Beulah Chafin.
Hair Dressing—All late Paris styles. Inez Reid and Hazel Hinchey.

For Sale—Book, "Life at the Frederick." Misses McCues and Reid.
To Let—A number of baby carriages. Freshman Class.
For Sale—Book, "How to get Short and Fat." Rummy Cable.
Reference: "Snooks" Winters, Miss Burgess, Big Pet, and Miss DeNoon.
Knowledge of Bug Catching can be applied to animals, either male or female. See Mr. LeCato.
Lessons—On Giggling. Don Jenkins.
For Sale—Book, "My Experiences and Travels in New York."
Very stirring and thrilling. Dr. Woodley.
How to be beautiful. Mary Burnside.
Advice on when to wear a red sweater. Bob Smales.
For Sale—Book, "How to be good," by Frank LeSage.
For Sale—Book, "How to Teach Rural Schools." Mr. McKay.
Banks Supply Co.

"The House of Service"

MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES

Huntington, West Virginia

Emmons-Hawkins Hardware Co.

BASEBALL GOODS, GUNS, FISHING TACKLE, CUTLERY, GAS AND ELECTRIC CHANDELIERS, CABINET MAN- TELS, TILE HEARTH, STOVES AND KITCHEN UTENSILS

HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

CENTRAL GLASS CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND DISTRIBUTORS

Plate Window Glass
Picture Mirror Glass
Beveled Plate Glass

Wind Shield, Store Front Construction, Odd Size Mirrors.

Large Stock at

20th St. and 2nd Ave. Huntington
Extracts from the Daily Howl

The boy who was handed the chicken leg from the Dorm window the other night is reported to be resting easier. The doctor says it is a severe case of foot-and-mouth disease.

Mr. Martin, the silver-throated warbler who charmed the audience in chapel the other morning, has handed in his application as a reporter on the staff of the Howl. The said Mr. Martin being a man of function, is the leading candidate for the position.

Mr. Cable, the noted man of beauty and form, has been offered a position as a fashion model, in which it is safe to say that he will make a big success.

Mr. Gilkinson, the star boarder at Collins', was found washing his feet in the wash basin. It is said that Miss Burgess has put in her bid for the soil that was obtained from the basin.

Trusty Tallman has been mentioned in the report that is sent in to the Safety League to receive the Legion of Honor. He was the victim that removed the dirt out of the wash basin.

Heavy Hatfield has broken off diplomatic relations with Heck.

Mr. Patterson is thinking seriously of joining the Masons.
Miss Boobenette has at last decided to work algebra.

Mr. Carlos Evans was a Sunday afternoon caller at the Dorm, Sunday.

We, the editorial staff of the Howl, cannot be convinced that there is so cruel-hearted a person who dwells in this said institution of learning, who is so cruel as to prohibit the Dorm girls from reading the only school paper in the State that has the Associated Press, The Daily Howl. Therefore, if there be such a person, let him or her come forth from their shell, and state the said facts that have led them to express their opinion so freely.

A telegram has just been received stating that Omer Tabor does not find berrypicking as soft as it used to be. It is feared that this news will affect the dear boy's health, as he is inclined to be rather delicate anyhow.

The boys have asked Deacon Frasure to hold a revival at Catlettsburg, Kentucky, guaranteeing at least one attendant every day, and three on Saturday. They have made no provision for Sunday. Do your duty, Deacon.

Trusty Tallman is seriously considering joining the family circle at the Dorm. Go to it, Trusty, we're for you.

Notice: All gents who have received a special invite to Miss Higgins' eating rally are hereby requested to have their paws scrubbed and talons well trimmed. Failure to observe this request may result in serious personal injury or loss of life.

The Chapel Skippers' Association will hold its regular meeting Wednesday, at the regular chapel hour. Do your duty, brother, and be present.

Dorm Notes: My girlies must not yell at the ball games. It might put their squawlers out of commission.

All maidens hit the tick by ten o'clock. Teddy is rather nervous, and a loud noise disturbs him.
REYMER'S, JOHNSON'S and PURITAN CHOCOLATES

EATON, CRANE and PIKE LINENS

Students will find that their every need is supplied at this store. Our complete lines of Box Stationery, Toilet Articles, Box Candy, Books, Pillow Tops, Pennants, College Pins, Sporting Goods, Kodaks and Supplies, Etc. coupled with our courteous and efficient service makes this store the one place for students to come. We also have at your disposal, absolutely, the best and most up-to-date Soda Fountain in Huntington. We offer you all of the old and new Drinks and Sundaes served in the way that you like them best. Our Fountain is positively sanitary and is under the supervision of an expert soda dispenser which means that every drink you get at our place is sure to please you.

TRY A MARSHALL PUNCH

OR A COLLEGE SPECIAL

and see for yourself the quality of our drinks.

COLLEGE PHARMACY

F. R. BANKS, Proprietor

Third Avenue and Sixteenth Street

WATERMAN FOUNTAIN PENS

VICTOR SPORTING GOODS
Could the Dreams of a Dreamer Come True

We had been working almost an hour in the Red Cross room when someone suggested that a story be read. After the reading of the story, "Why He Came Smiling Out of Hell," a discussion followed on various phases of the war. When it came time to go home, I was still thinking of the things that had been said. I was fatigued and soon retired. When I reached the wonderful land of dreams, Aladdin had a big, dreamy dream for me.

Three years had closed since the United States had entered the war, and the dark cloud of famine and slackness was hanging low over the Allies. I was enrolled at Marshall College, studying French, Italian, chemistry, and physics, and not saying it conceitedly, I was a star in all these classes.

One day I was making a famous speech in French (President Wilson's answer to the Pope) when the door opened and an American officer stepped in, shouting in a loud voice: "America needs you, why sit you here idle? We want you to work for Uncle Sam, will you?" I walked up and saluted him.

"I will," I said, while my heart almost burst with patriotism. I walked out of that room the first and only volunteer. The officer, who was Capt. Daniel Boone, asked me if I wanted to be a worker or a soldier. I told him a soldier. I was put in a training camp in New York, where there were already a few girls in training. I soon became a captain and would soon be a general. My uniform? You'd just have to see it to understand, it was great! The coats and skirts were just like the men wear and the skirt was just a peachy walking skirt. I was so proud of my uniform that I said I would be ashamed to wear anything else.

One day I crossed over to visit Long Island. I had a most glorious good time strolling around and smiling at the young men, who I must say, are just like the girls—crazy about a soldier. I went to see the aviation school where I met a young man I had known in Huntington, W. Va. He asked me to fly with him and I did. When he flew back to mother Earth I was enthused about flying machines; I took one apart and put it back together with some suggestions of improvements, much to the amazement of everyone present. The training master walked up to me and gave me a hard look.

"Look here, Miss——"
"General Lucy Marlowe Calloway," I supplied.
"I am glad to know you, would you like to be an aviator?"
"Yes, I would," I answered. He assigned me to my rooms, and I began another training course; but I was glad, for I learned rapidly. Soon I was given a medal for being the best and most courageous aviator. It was now near time for us to go "Somewhere in France."

One night, the last one in the dear old U. S. A., for the next night we were to sail, I was asleep in the hammock under an elm tree, when suddenly I was awakened by the sound of approaching hoofbeats of a horse. I stood at attention and very alert, with one hand on my gun and the other on my sword. The horse and rider stopped a few paces in front of me.

"Who is it?" I asked, while drops of perspiration stood out on my forehead.

"I come to you as a friend," said a voice, the sweetest I had ever heard, I put up my gun and ran with outstretched arms to meet her, for I knew it was she—my Joan of Arc. She embraced me and called me her child, and told me I could end the war, as she would give me the power. She told me what I could do when I went to her country: I was to use a chemical combination as a means of ending the war. This was stored away a few miles from Paris, France. When she gave me the last instructions, she threw a liquid over me and my machine and told me that no German could ever harm me now. She seemed a little sad as she kissed me and said "Au revoir."

After she rode away, I stood for hours in that moonlight thinking and praying for our country. Never could I describe the floods of patriotism that were in my soul. With a prayer to God, I resolved to carry out the plan and be the Joan of America.

The next day we set sail. As the ship swept away from the shore, we stood and saluted while the band played "Good-bye Ma, Good-bye Pa, Good-bye Mule with your old Hee-Haw." Three weeks passed, and we had made a safe journey and landed in France. I was sent with other aviators to a camp near Paris.
Florentine Hotel

HOME-LIKE—EUROPEAN PLAN

Rates 75c, $1.00 and $1.25

Corner Third Avenue and Ninth Street

CANDYLAND

"THE HOME OF PURITY"

FOR

Home Made Candy, Sodas, and Sundaes

TRY OUR "MARSHALL SPECIAL"

Satisfaction Guaranteed


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.

"A Dollar Saved is a Dollar Earned"

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.

You Save Money on Everything You Buy Here. Come in and Let Us Convince You.

Morrison Department Store Co.

831-833 Fourth Avenue

HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA
Could the Dreams of a Dreamer Come True---Continued

At the first chance I slipped away and found the treasured chemical. When night came, well laden with my weapons, I flew over the German trenches on the border of France; and, by means of a machine attached to my flyer, I poured on the enemy the deadly liquid. Then I returned to camp and reported. The next morning, France and the other Allies went wild over the glorious news. Night after night I went about my laborious task. I was fast becoming famous. Germany dwindled and dwindled away, the main forces were now dead. The Kaiser was doing the goose trot. He called back his army from Russia, from Italy, and the sailors and aviators. He called and he called, saying, "Ah Devil, why hast thou deserted me?"

The conditions in Germany were just as I wished them to be. I called our fine Americans, and the French, English, and Italian troops together; and what a sight I have never since beheld,—just miles and miles of those strong, fine God-fearing soldiers. I cheered them and they cheered me. I climbed upon my machine and made a fine farewell address, in which I told them the war would end to-morrow if they would do as I told them. Then thunderous applause followed. I could read in their eyes, "Victory is ours." Upon closing I said, "If I should die, tell my country and President Wilson I did it all for them."

That last night of war came. I took a French officer with me. Well, we just finished with the Germans then and there. When we returned, I was the most distinguished person on earth. The chest of my uniform was covered with medals. Bright and early next morning, we all marched in and took possession of Berlin. A general from each country chained the Kaiser, put him in a wheelbarrow, and wheeled him around the city, so that he might take a farewell look; for this was as near heaven as he would ever get.

"How shall we kill him?" they asked me.
"I don't care, just so it's a long death," I answered.

A few days later found me on the good ship Mayflower homeward bound. How well I remember standing on the deck and looking out over that wonderous depth of blue, while the June sun glittered on my medals, my thoughts were of a handsome young man in America, with whom I was desperately in love and who I always believed was in love with me. As I said I was thinking of him, when the messenger boy brought me a huge box of old-fashioned roses. Anxiously I procured the card, yes, it was from him, and one of his poems was with it. I read and re-read the card, which said:

"For the world is full of roses
And the roses full of dew;
And the dew is full of heavenly love
That drips for me and you"

Yours forever,
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The voyage seemed very long, but finally we were in the harbors of "Home, Sweet Home." A multitude was there to meet us; mid cheers, flags waving, and singing, we landed. James Whitcomb Riley met me and as quickly as possible took me to the President. I was treated royally.

"What can I give to the dear little Joan of America?" he asked. A sudden feeling of sadness and homesickness swept over me. Was I on the road called Fame, by mistake? With my lips trembling I answered: "If you please, kind sir, I don't want anything, except to finish my education at Marshall College."

At that moment bells began to ring—loud brazen bells. I tried to see them, but I couldn't. Then—I am thankful to say—I opened my eyes and found myself in my own little cozy bed at Marshall, while outside my door the breakfast bell was lustily calling me.

LUCY MARLOWE CALLOWAY '19
The Frederick Pharmacy
Frederick Hotel Building
HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

PAUL DOBER & COMPANY
Merchant Tailors
CLOTHIERS, HATTERS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS
328 NINTH STREET

DRINK PEPSI-COLA
Bottled by
PEPSI-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY
HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

EDWARDS' NEW YORK STUDIO
HUNTINGTON
For High-Class work at Fair Prices. Amateur finishing
and Picture Framing. Developing Free.
PRINTS 3 CENTS EACH OPEN AT NIGHT
"Tell me a story, Grandfather," begged little Virginia, as she climbed up into his lap. She had been playing before the open fire with her toys, while the old man had been sitting in his easy chair dreaming of the days past and gone.

"What kind of story, baby?" he asked gently. "Of Indians fairies, or angels?"

"The one about the little picture, grandfather."

"All right, then," he answered, and with a sense of satisfaction she nestled her little head against his breast as he began:

"It was in the month of June, 1917, when everyone was talking about war. This was because the Germans, a very wicked people, had been sinking our ships as they crossed the ocean, and drowning our people. So our government decided to send soldiers over there to fight them. It happened that I was to go in June, 1917.

"After bidding my home folks good-bye, I started away to join the other recruits at a nearby town. They were a fine bunch of fellows, the best of the land, and they were still better when in their khaki uniforms and lined up in a row. Then we were sent to a training camp near Charleston, in my state. Here we drilled and drilled till we thought we could march better than Uncle Sam's National Guard.

"I was among the first to sail for France, in September of the same year. It was then that I found my comrade was James Milton, a former student of Marshall College, which institution we had both attended. Jim and I were mighty glad to be comrades, and many happy hours we spent talking of our college days, of our teachers, Mr. Franklin, Miss Johnson, Miss Hackney, and our President Mr. Woodley, and the rest. The days were long and hard in France, but we spent many happy hours in the Y. M. C. A. huts.

"Jim was the best fellow I ever knew; really, he was like a brother to me. We marched side by side and were always together. A fine looking chap he was, too. Tall, robust, and stern as a rock, with the blackest eyes and hair I ever saw. We got along fine until one day when we were out walking, we got a short distance from the German lines and were fired upon by their guns. The bullet whizzed past my face, and struck Jim. At first he did not appear to be hurt much; so by my help, we soon got back from the danger zone, and sat down among some bushes, the best place we could find for protection.

For a time he lay very silently; then I noticed that his breath began to come harder and he seemed to be suffering severely. Presently he closed his eyes, and with his breath coming short and quick, he said in a weak and trembling voice, "Tom, old pal, you have been a brother to me, the best friend I've ever had; but I will have to leave you in a few moments. Before I go I want to tell you something. You remember that little kodak picture I carry in my coat pocket. Tom get it now, please."
OF MUCH IMPORTANCE

We cannot do the work we should without the proper equipment, and a most important item in the equipment of a young man or woman for life’s work is a good watch; on account of the importance of “being on time.” Wrist watches for men and women, and the 12 size thin model watches for men are a specialty of ours, and also make most acceptable gifts, for graduation and all other occasions.

C. M. WALLACE
323 Third Avenue HUNTINGTON
The kind of Jewelry Store that you like to receive goods from.

Hutchinson Lumber Co.
Manufacturers
HARDWOOD LUMBER
ROBSON-Pritchard Building
Huntington, West Virginia

We refer to our efforts to supply really high-grade athletic goods with justifiable pride, and believe we have won the confidence and approval of the army of athletes in this section. In Baseball Supplies we will continue to carry a complete line of Goldsmith’s Guaranteed Goods. In Tennis Goods we have a complete assortment of Wright & Ditson and Victor Sporting Goods Co.’s lines. We make a specialty in Club Uniforms. When you need anything in the line of Sporting Goods we can furnish you the very best guaranteed goods at very satisfactory prices.

J. L. Cook Hardware Co.

STEPHEN LANE FOLGER, Inc.
Manufacturing Jewelers
CLUB AND COLLEGE PINS AND RINGS
GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS
180 Broadway NEW YORK

HANS WATTS REALTY COMPANY, Inc.
Real Estate, Insurance and Bonds
Phone 217 Office 313 Ninth Street
HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA
GranDfaTher'S StORy—CONTINuED

I quickly got the picture, and when once in his trembling hands, he pressed it to his lips, and then began once more: "Tom, she is the sweetest girl in all the world, and since I can't live to claim her, I could die happily if I knew she were yours. You know where she lives, on a large farm, near Huntington, W. Va. If you live to return, take this little picture to her, and tell her it was my dying wish that she be yours." After this he lay very quietly a few moments, and in a short time I realized that he was dead.

When the war was over, and the Germans were licked, I was among the lucky to get home. As soon as possible, I made my way to the home of Virginia Lewis, the girl of my dreams. She lived in a large, white country home overlooking the Ohio River and surrounded by broad fields and everything that told of prosperity. When I asked for her, I was told that I could find her in the rose garden back of the house. Jim had often told me of how he had bade her good-bye in the rose garden, in the beautiful month of June.

When I found her, she was weeping softly as she stood among a great bower of roses, and I thought her the most beautiful picture in all the world.

She started as I came forward, but when I introduced myself, she led me to a seat among the roses, where the warm June sun shone down upon us, and the birds twittered joyfully over our heads. I told her my story, while she wept softly, but bitterly.

At this time the old man was startled by the ringing of the supper bell and on looking down at his little granddaughter, found her sound asleep; how long she had been sleeping, he knew not; his eyes were overflowing with tears as he looked out over the fields to a little graveyard where there was a mound covered with snow. Then looking down at the little one nestled in his lap, he kissed her forehead as he said aloud:

"The same golden curls and eyes of blue that I found in the rose garden that lovely day in June, and the same, sweet name, Virginia."  

Mary Arnold '19.
READ

The Herald-Dispatch

PROGRESSIVE HUNTINGTON'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

The Newspaper With a Punch

The Advertiser

Huntington's Oldest and Foremost Newspaper
DAILY AND SUNDAY MORNING

The Advertiser gives you the News when it is "live", on the day it happens.

THE PARTHENON

Will be published NEXT YEAR

Every Loyal Alumnus will keep in touch with his school.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Address your subscription to

EDITOR THE PARTHENON
CARE MARSHALL COLLEGE
A HAPPY ENDING

Just about dusk one bright October morning, when all the valley would be beginning to settle down to the peaceful rest that comes at the close of one of those beautiful autumn days, the shrill whistle of a locomotive rang out through the valley; and the anxious crowd that had gathered at the depot knew that a special train of soldiers was approaching.

The train stopped only for a few minutes at the depot, but time enough for the soldier boys to raise the windows and throw out slips of paper with their names and addresses on them.

Among this crowd waiting at the depot was a girl who had come over to take the next train. She was about five feet, three inches in height. She had chestnut-brown hair and dark-blue eyes. She went out on the platform when the train passed and watched the soldiers throwing out the slips of paper. After the train had started on she happened to notice a slip of paper lying at her feet. She picked it up and put it in her pocket book, not thinking much about it. As she was going on her journey she got to thinking about the awful condition the world was in, and these soldiers who were going to fight for their country. She took the slip of paper that she had gotten at the depot, from her pocket-book and read it and wondered if this boy had any friends to write to him. The more she thought about it, the more she thought she ought to do something for him. So she decided to write to him.

After she reached home, she wrote him several letters before she ever heard from him. One day she got a letter from him, telling her that at first he thought she was just writing to him for pastime, but he decided that she had been trying to show him kindness and sympathy. He told her that her influence had been good, and that he would write to her in return. Things went on this way for some time and rapidly developed.

On Saturday before Christmas this young soldier got a furlough and unexpectedly came to see this girl. He went to the house and rung the door bell, and she came to the door. Of course, they were surprised at seeing each other. The soldier told the girl the story of his life; how he was early orphaned and that an uncle had raised him. Early in his life he had gone to the Great West and had started out working on a ranch in Colorado, and that he had been successful in his western life. He had left the property in care of his uncle until he returned from the great war that now threatened the devastation of the whole world.

On Saturday before Christmas this young soldier got a met by chance, were joined in wedlock. The soldier tried to get his wife to go to his home to live, but she did not think that she ought to. He gave her his favorite dog and his Liberty Loan Bonds and on the next day started back to camp.

Five years later, when the war was over, and America reigned supreme, some girls from Marshall College were out walking one day, and they noticed a man and woman approaching them. One of the girls recognized the gallant young soldier who had done his part for freedom, and his bride who had once been a Marshall student, that he had won by chance. The war was now over, and he had returned to his native country, where all pointed to a happy life.

MARY HOYLMAN, '19.
One of the big lessons which the students of America have learned this year is that Thrift and Economy are vital elements in success in life as well as in war. Those who have been induced to economize and save in order to help win the war are already beginning to realize that the saving habit and the War Savings Stamps which they have acquired with the habit are going to be of untold value to them in their daily lives after the war is over.

But the big argument for Thrift and Economy to-day is the fact that the practice of these virtues will help win the war. It is the duty of every man, woman and child to save and economize through the avoidance of unnecessary expenditures and invest the money saved in War Savings Stamps.

**SAVE FOR THE BOYS “OVER THERE”**

**BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS!**

**BUY THRIFT STAMPS!**

This space contributed by the MIRABILIA.
PUZZLERS

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are set?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth,
The nails on the ends of his toes?

What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?
Who plays on the drums of his ears?
And who can tell the cut and style
Of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,
And, if so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'm sure I don't know, do you?

KITCHEN LOVE

Dear little DUCKS. I've MUSTERED up suf-FISH-ent nerve
to tell you, Sweet,
That you are just the needed CUP
Of SAUCE to make my life complete;
My heart with love is BOILING o'er,
It BEETS for you for all its worth;
I swear, by GINGER, you are more
To me than any BIRD on earth!

Your gay FRENCH DRESSING pleases me—
I like the way that you "RAGOUT."
You're so well BREAD—it's plain to see
Your love I cannot be without.

Those cheeks of PEACH—the RADISH hair,
Ah you're the FLOUR of my life!
You're really such a wondrous FARE,
You'd BUTTER come and be my wife,
So come and LETTUCE fly,
Off to the DESSERT—ah, we must.
Your heart's the APPLE of my eye,
Your CREAMY lips the tender CRUST,
We'll live in MUSH-ROOMS by the sea,
On WATER-CREST and sea weed STEMS.
Dress in your best and fly with me!
Be sure to wear your GRAHAM GEMS.

Dear CABBAGES

I DOUGHNUT care to wed—
To YOLK myself with you. You see
An old and withered CABBAGE HEAD.
Would never, never do for me.
I'm sorry that you're in a STEW,
But though a DUCK I cannot fly,
I really CANTALOUCHE with you,
For I have other FISH to FRY.

Mrs. Everett: "Is Mr. Holstein in school to-day? Oh, yes! he went away on the ball."

He: "Should a boy make love before twenty?"
She: "No, too large a crowd."

Lucy Callaway (in history): "Mrs. Everett, when was the war of 1812?"

Smart Student: "Did you ever hear the story of the spark coil?"

Other fellow: "No."
Smart Student: "Shocking."
SALES MEN  Wanted To Sell

OUR WEST VIRGINIA GROWN NURSERY STOCK. Fine canvassing outfit FREE.
Cash Commission Paid Weekly. Write for terms.

THE GOLD NURSERY COMPANY
MASON CITY, WEST VIRGINIA.

F. F. SWANSON
Manufacturer of Fine MONUMENTS
Plant equipped with modern machinery.
CONSULT US BEFORE YOU BUY
321 Fourteenth Street
HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

FLOWERS
For the Sweet Girl Graduate
SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

J. W. DUDLEY SONS CO.
943 Fourth Avenue Phone 999

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

JOHNSTON UNDERTAKING COMPANY
Auto Ambulance Service
918 Fourth Avenue Phone 169
JOHNNY'S WARNING

I'm gonna bust a window,
An' muddy up the floor;
An' yell an' wake the baby up,
An' slam the parlor door;
An' eat with all ten fingers,
An' lick my plate, by jing!
An' never wash my neck an' ears,
'R face 'r anything.

I'm gonna squirm an' whisper,
An' cough like horses do;
An' miss my dern ol' 'rithmetic,
An' sass the teacher Joo;
An' spill my ink an' smear it,
An' bust the chalk in half,
An' draw a pitcher in my book,
An' laff, an' laff, an' laff.

I'm gonna chew terbacker,
An' puff a cigarette,
An' tear my pants an' scuff my shoes,
An' get my feet all wet;
An' ketch the mumps 'r somethin',
An' say my dollar's lost;
An' I don't keer, I bet I do!
I'm sick of being bossed!

Miss Burgess:  "Who gathers the rubber in Brazil?"
Lois Kessel:  "The Brazilian nuts."
Miss Prichard:  "Miss Lear, where did Magellan die?"
Anne Lear:  "I'm not sure, but I think it was in Philadelphia."

Mrs. Everett had told the class how the king made a knight by hitting him on the shoulder with his sword and saying "I dub thee knight." The next lesson she asked a girl how a man was made a saint. The girl replied: "'Why, the king hits the back of his neck with his sword, an' says 'I dub thee saint.'"

She:  "While you are asking papa for my hand, I will play something lively on the piano."

He:  "No, I wouldn't do that; you know some people can't keep their feet still when they hear lively music."

Miss Pierpoint:  "Mr. Franklin, what are the parts of speech?"
Mr. Franklin:  "What! Don't you even know that grade English?"
Miss Pierpoint:  "But I really want to know."
Mr. Franklin:  "Well, the parts of speech are the noun, pronoun, verb, adjective, adverb, conjunction, preposition, and the—the a-h-b-h-h. Jus wait a minute. Where's that grammar? Oh, yes, here it is! And the interjection, of course.

Little Willie had a very pretty governess, and on April first he rather startled his mother by rushing to her and saying: "Mamma, there's a strange man upstairs, who has just put his arm around Miss Wilson, and kissed her several times."
"What!" said the mother as she jumped up to pull the bell for the butler.
"April fool, mamma!" said Willie in great glee, "it wasn't a strange man at all; it was only papa."

Dr. Woodley's catch problems in Arithmetic:
1. A man had twenty sick (twenty-six) sheep and one died, how many did he have left? Answer 19.
2. A man had thirty horses; how many fore (four) feet did they have? Answer 15.
Every Graduate Placed in a Good Position. They make good. They stay put.

GET GREGG SHORTHAND
At a
"REGULAR"
GREGG SCHOOL

The West Va. Business College
The Best in Business Education
HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

STENOTYPY
BOOKKEEPING

In Huntington, the Best Little City Yet Discovered.
A seafaring young man had written to his mother that he was bringing home to her a number of presents, among them a striped Japanese kimono.

The mother showed the letter to a friend.  
"A striped Japanese kimono!" the visitor exclaimed when she came to the passage. "How nice!"

"Nice!" Answered the perplexed old lady. "You may think so, but will you kindly tell me what I am to do with the thing? I suppose I can keep it tied in the back yard, but what am I to feed it on, goodness knows."

"P'taters is good this morning, madam," said the old farmer making his weekly call.

"Oh, are they?" retorted the customer. "That reminds me. How is it that those you sold me last week were smaller at the bottom of the basket than at the top?"

"Waal," replied the old man, "p'taters is growin' so fast now that by the time I get a basketful dug, the last ones is about twice the size of the first."

Lunch party,
Black cloud,
Big hug,
(Not allowed)
Moon out,
Folks stare,
Wrong girls,
Boy swear.

Teacher: "I see Marconi has invented a device by which you can see through brick walls."

Junior: "Some one invented that long ago."

Teacher: "Who?"

Junior: "The man who first put windows in them."

The four year college course represented by Shakespearian comedies:

Freshman—Comedy of Errors.
Sophomore—Much Ado About Nothing.
Junior—As You Like It.
Senior—All’s Well That Ends Well.

What is a swimming hole?
A body of water entirely surrounded by boys.

Dr. Woodley: "How many in this class know one bird?"
Evelyn Wise: "I know the robin."
Dr. Woodley: "How many know five birds?"
Miss Wise: "I know five robins."

First Girl: "She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

Second Girl: "The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her."

First Girl: "I promised her I wouldn’t tell you she told me, so don’t tell her I told you."

First Fellow: "They say Longfellow often worked for weeks on a single line."

Second Fellow: "That’s nothing! I know a man who worked twenty years on a single sentence."

Stern Father: "I say, who was there to see you last night?"
Daughter: "Only Mabel, father."
Stern Father: "Well, tell Mabel she left her pipe on the piano."

She: "Generally speaking, women are——."
He: "Yes, they are."
She: "Are what?"
He: "Generally speaking."
RELIANCE

"PERFECT PROTECTION" Means:

- $2,500.00 in event of Natural Death.
- $5,000.00 in event of Accidental Death.
- $12.50 per week, for 104 weeks, if disabled by accident.
- $12.50 per week, for 52 weeks, if confined by sickness.
- $25.00 per month, during remainder of your life, if Totally and Permanently Disabled, by either Accident or Disease. No further premiums to pay in event of Disability. Full face of Policy payable to your beneficiary at your death.

Annual Cost to you at Age 22—$64.22

Can You afford to Deny Yourself Such Protection?

Reliance Life Insurance Co.
OF PITTSBURGH

B. W. Partridge, Jr.,
General Agent

Ed. S. Reeser,
District Manager

301-2-3 DAY & NIGHT BANK BLDG. HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

The vast majority of men die poor.
2 only out of each 100 succeed in business.
Many rich men, so-called, if they should die this week, would not leave a cent for their families.
You are not poor so long as you can earn a living and keep your life insured.

Talk with

J. C. RARDIN, General Agent
NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
1201 FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG.
Huntington, West Virginia

AT THE "FASHION"
EXTRA ORDINARY SAVING ON
WEARING APPAREL
and MILLINERY
During June, 1918

FIELD’ RELIABLE STORE
845-47 Third Avenue
He: "When I die, I want to be buried in a fireplace."
She: "Why?"
He: "So my ashes can mingle with those of the grate."

Caller: "Is Miss—-—-in?"
Servant: "She's engaged."
Caller: "I know, I'm what she's engaged to."

Freshman: "Why is water in the watermelon?"
Junior: "Because it is planted in the spring."

Teacher: "Why is it that Kentucky stands at the head in raising mules?"
Student: "Because that is the only safe place to stand."
She: "Say, do you know that they put egg in coffee?"
He: "Of course not."
She: "That settles it."

**WHAT IS A KISS?**

A kiss is a conjunction, because it connects; it is a verb, because it signifies to act and to be acted upon. It is a preposition, because it shows the person kissed is no relation. It is an interjection, or at least it sounds like one. It is a pronoun, because it stands for a noun; it is also a noun, because it is the name of an oscillatory action, both common and proper, second person, plural number, because there are always more than one. In gender it is both masculine and feminine. Frequently the case is governed by circumstances, and the lights according to rule one: "If he smite thee on the cheek, turn the other also." It should begin with a capital letter, be often repeated, continued as long as possible, and ended with a period. A kiss may be conjugated, but never declined.

---

He: "You know I am a college bred man."
She: "Yes, a four year's loaf."

A pig skin filled with air and rubber,
Twenty-two men of bone and blubber,
A kick, a punt,
A tackle and a grunt,
A skin to swell, and a crowd to yell,
A nose to bleed, a coach to heed—
That's football.

**EXTRA!**

Taylor makes another trip to the Vatican.
Gilkinson washes his feet in the sink.
Perry bought a cap-buster to rouse up the town.
Why do Taylor and Pettry stay clear of Lillian McCurdy?
Who is Judge Kennedy?
Why does Miss Andrew blush when you say "You're not serious, are you?"

Tallman's greatest consideration is his Hite.
If Leona Moorehouse would go away, would Chauncey Wright?
If Lucille Todd fell down, would McCarragher, or haul her with a Cable?
If Howard Pettry wanted to play cards, would Wilma Dichl?
Hazel Hinchee: "You can tell a Jersey cow by its hungry look."

Gladys Farmer (Introducing Ruth Roles): "Miss Blankenship, meet Miss Bunn."
ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS BOOK
Engraved by The CANTON ENGRAVING & ELECTROTYPE COMPANY
College Engravers CANTON, OHIO.
Mr. Franklin: “Don’t you know that you can use only one kind of paper in my class? In five years you ought to have found that out, when high school students find it out in a week or two.”

Lucille Riffle: “Well, but I was educated at Marshall.”

Who Am I?

Last year I did not want to embarrass my best girl by making her propose to me, so I asked her to be my wife. She said, “I would rather be excused.” And I, like a fool, excused her. But I got even with the girl, I married her mother. Then my father married the girl. Now, I don’t know who I am. When I married the girl’s mother, the girl became my daughter; and when my father married my daughter, he became my son. When my father married my daughter, she became my mother. Now my wife must be my grandmother. If my father is my son, and my daughter is my mother, who am I? I suppose, being my grandmother’s husband, I am my own grandfather.

Tragedies

The man speeded up to see if he could beat the train to the crossing. He couldn’t.

The man struck a match to see if the gasoline tank on his automobile was empty. It wasn’t.

The man patted the strange bulldog on the head to see if the “critter” was affectionate. It wasn’t.

The man looked down the barrel of his gun to see if it was loaded. It was.

Miss Whitaker: “How is the surplus fat stored in the body?”

Leolia Blessing: “As soap, isn’t it?”

Miss Burgess: “In India the streets are paved with rubber.”

Helen Blackwood: “It would make you bounce, wouldn’t it?”

Mary has a little dog.
It is a noble pup;
It stands upon its front legs,
If you hold its hind legs up.

Before a house where a colored man had died, a diminutive darky was standing erect at one side of the door. It was about time for the services to begin, when the parson appeared from within and said to the darkey: “De services am about to begin. Ain’ yo’ gwine in?”

“Ise would if I could parson,” answered the little darkey, “but den yo’ see, I se de crap.”

Roxie Yoho: “Mary where are you going this period?”
Mary Arnold: “To Mr. Franklin’s room.”
Roxie: “Well, I’m going to Miss Andrew’s. That’s just the same thing.”

Dr. Woodley: “Miss Owens, in what line is your thinking good?”
Emma Owens: “In agriculture.”
Dr. Woodley: “Well then, you know beans.”
Fifth Avenue Cafeteria
Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street

HOME COOKING
SELF SERVICE
POPULAR PRICES

TRY IT!

Union Bank & Trust Co.
“The Convenient Bank”
Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street

LEARN that you may EARN
EARN in order to SAVE

You 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.

BROH CLOTHING COMPANY
901 THIRD AVENUE, HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

The Best Place For Your Gents’
Furnishings and Merchant Tailoring

THE TOGGERY
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
The Adelphi Hotel Bldg. 439 Ninth Street

OFFICE HOURS:
10 to 12; 2 to 4; 7 to 8
Phones:—OFFICE 427
RESIDENCE 885

Dr. J. H. STEENBERGEN
Surgeon
DAY AND NIGHT BANK BLDG. HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

WHAT MAKES US TALK SO MUCH ABOUT
WALK OVERS
WE KNOW WHAT WE ARE TALKING ABOUT
WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP
935 Third Avenue
Spring is here,
The birds are singing;
The air is balmy,
The skies are blue;
All the little brooks are running,
And my nose is running too.

Miss Stalnaker: "Miss Ankrom, give me an example of a false perception."

Zelma Ankrom: "When you think you are going to sit down on a chair and it isn't there."

Beggar: "Please, mister, give me a dime for my three hungry children."

Pedestrian (hurrying on): "Don't need any more, thank you."

Lucy Callaway: "Mrs. Everett, tell us something about the battle of Ypres (pronouncing it 'Ye-pray')."

Mrs. Everett: "Eeps."

Lucy: "I asked about 'Ye-pray,' Mrs. Everett."

Mrs. Everett: "Eeps."

After class when Miss Hackney asked Lucy what Mrs. Everett talked about in history, she replied: "Oh, she just yawned all the time."

Mr. LeCato: "Name three breeds of beef cattle."

Miss Benjamin: "Hereford, Angus, and Bull Durham."

Mr. LeCato: "You are thinking of smoking tobacco, aren't you?"

Mr. Shipley (talking in chapel): "I am strong for the faculty, and I think the faculty are strong for me."

Lucille Todd: "Come on, let's cut class."

Hazel Hinehee: "No I don't think I should."

Lucille: "Come on, I saw a soldier out there."

Hazel was missing.

QUERIES

Why does Mary A. spend so much time in bacteriology lab?
What became of the Dorm girls' bay rum?
Why are Pettry and Taylor so friendly with Judge Kennedy?

Model School Teacher: "What animal has the greatest natural love for man?"

Boy: "Why, woman, of course."

Ireland is the richest country on the globe; its capital is Dublin every year.
WATTS, RITTER & CO.

"The House That Does Things"

Wholesale Dry Goods, Notions, Men's Furnishings, Floor Coverings, Etc.

HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Union Transfer Company

OLD RELIABLE

Phone Number 1

TaxiCab, Touring Cars and Baggage

Service Day and Night

THE FAMOUS "RED BUD" BRAND
CROFT-STANARD COMPANY

IMPORTERS AND EXCLUSIVE WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FURNISHINGS AND HATS
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

Huntington, West Virginia

HAGAN & COMPANY

PLUMBING, HEATING, ROOFING

SHEET METAL WORKERS

310 ELEVENTH STREET HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
The Dunsmore Business College, Inc.
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

This is one of the oldest Business Schools in the United States. It was founded by its President in 1872 and incorporated by the Legislature of Virginia 1884; reincorporated by the Corporation Commission of Virginia in 1914. A student’s ability and success depends largely on the reliability of the school he patronizes.

For Catalogue and Testimonials, address
J. G. DUNSMORE, President

Guyandotte Club Coffee
A Combination of the Finest Coffees Grown.
ROASTED IN HUNTINGTON.

If Service That Satisfies
Counts for anything with you, we hope you will "sample" our Service. We especially desire the

COLLEGE TRADE
If you need anything in Dry Goods, Staple and Fancy Groceries, Fresh Meats, Country Produce, Shoes, Notions, Etc., you’ll find here just what you want. We cordially solicit your patronage.

H. E. ADAMS & CO.
Department Store
1801 Eighth Avenue Phones 49 and 1222

FOUNTAIN DRUG COMPANY
Fresh Drugs, Ice Cream
Soda Water and Refreshments

EAT "BUTTER KRUST" BREAD
It's Better
Made by the
COLUMBIA BAKING & BOTTLING CO.
First In Strength--First In Service

STRENGTH AND CHARACTER
All plans for self-betterment must recognize character as the sound foundation upon which to build. Character is molded in large measure by habits. The Banking Habit is beneficial not only in that it builds character but that it also provides for future physical comfort, happiness and protection. You are cordially invited to open an account with

The First National Bank
Of Huntington
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $1,000,000.00

The Ohio Valley Bank
OF HUNTINGTON
RESOURCES OVER $800,000

OFFICERS:
J. W. HERON, President
M. J. FERGUSON, Vice-President
H. CLAY WARTH, Vice-President
H. C. WALBURN, Cashier
E. McLANE, Asst. Cashier

We Solicit Your Account Whatever Its Size.

Day and Night Bank
OPEN AFTER SUPPER
HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

The First Man Who Ate at the
BUSY BEE
Is Still Eating There.
Why? Because he can get what he wants, and
Relishes what he gets. Efficient Service to all.

The Busy Bee Restaurant
Busier than Bees
PICTURES THAT EXCEL

Can only be made by one who "Knows How"

PROCTOR'S Portraits have been Pronounced "The Best" by acknowledged, capable critics in this state, and this country, and abroad.

Paragon Printing and Publishing Co.

All Kinds of Printing, Binding and Ruling
Blank Book and Loose Leaf Manufacturers
Steel Die Embossers

PUBLISHERS OF THIS 1918 EDITION OF THE MIRABILIA

1012 THIRD AVENUE

Huntington, West Virginia
THE EDITOR'S COMMENT

If you do not like this book,
   Keep mum.
Don’t at me so frowning look,
   Be dumb.
Though its faults may myriad be
Don’t lay all the blame on me,
Or I’ll run off and go to sea,
   By gum.

If the binding’s not quite right,
   Keep still.
At least it’s colored Green and White,
   Brother Bill.
If the pictures are too light,
And the cartoons are a fright;
Just think once we’ve had to fight,
   Up-hill.

If your write-up is too true,
   How sad!
If some jokes here seem to you,
   Too bad;
And too long the stories are,
Or the rhyme gives you a jar,
Don’t let a frown your features mar,
   Be no cad.

For this book’s cost many an hour,
   Of thought.
In December snow, and April shower,
   As we ought.
We have toiled both night and day,
From November up till May;
And these books we sure do say,
   Should be bought.