





T H E M O N T I C O L A

VOLUME XIII


THE BOOK OF THE JUNIOR CLASS OF WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY











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GREETING

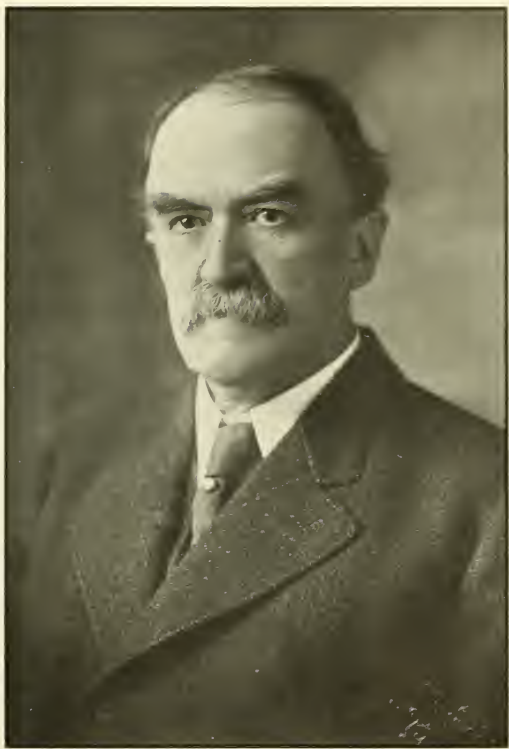
To all men everywhere who have ever known
Or shall ever know the love we bear for West Virginia,
The Junior Class, in her name, presents this Book.
We bring to you the record of one year
From out the life of West Virginia. Herein
Are gathered up some facts and fancies
Of this college year. May they, in days to come,
When we are scattered far and each has gone
His devious way, and only memories remain,
Bring back remembrance of our Alma Mater,
Dear West Virginia, and of each other.

Dedication.

IN keeping with long established custom we dedicate this volume to one worthy of the best work of our head and hands and hearts. As with one mind, it is agreed that such a one is that native born son of West Virginia whose private life and public service have proved him to be of the highest and best type of American manhood.

WILLIAM PALLISTER HUBBARD.

—The Junior Class.



William Ballister Hubbard.



MR HUBBARD was born at Wheeling, Ohio County, West Virginia (then Virginia) on December 24, 1843; and his entire life has been spent there. He was educated in the public schools of Wheeling, at Linsly Institute, that city, and at Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, from which he graduated in 1863.

In 1864 he was admitted to the bar, and for nearly a half century has practiced his profession, winning for himself the distinction of being one of the foremost lawyers of the state and ranking with the best to be found anywhere.

In 1865 young Hubbard, while yet only 21, enlisted in the Union Army and served till the end of the war.

He was chosen clerk of the West Virginia House of Delegates in 1866, and served in that capacity until 1870.

From 1870 to 1880 his time was largely spent in caring for and looking after his large law practice, and already he was recognized as one of the brainy lawyers of the Wheeling bar.

He was elected a member of the House of Delegates from Ohio county in 1880 and served one term.

In 1888 he was a delegate from West Virginia to the National Republican convention, which convention nominated General Harrison for President.

In the same year Mr. Hubbard was the Republican nominee for Attorney General of West Virginia; the ticket that year being headed by General Goff, in the

memorable campaign against Judge A. Brooks Fleming, for governor. The entire Republican ticket was defeated, by a very close vote.

The Congressional convention for the First district named him as a candidate for congress in 1890; but he was defeated.

In 1895 the West Virginia Bar Association, elected him as its president.

In 1901 Governor White named Mr. Hubbard a member of the state tax commission, whose duty it was to revise and practically make anew the state assessment and taxation laws. He was elected president of this commission and much of the arduous work devolved upon him. The tax laws framed by this commission are now in full operation throughout the state and mark a new era in the fair and equal taxation of every specie of property.

As he prospered in his profession Mr. Hubbard invested his earnings in the industries in and about his home city, especially in the iron industries, in which he and his family have been engaged for a half century. Repeated efforts have been made by the steel trust to absorb these industries; but he and his associates have resolutely declined to sell and have kept the ownership of these properties in Wheeling people.

In 1906 he delivered the convocation address at the University. He and his associates of the tax commission also donated their compensation as members of the commission to the University to found a fund, the interest of which is annually awarded as a prize for the "best original work bearing on matters of taxation in

West Virginia." This prize is open to all students of the University.

Mr. Hubbard was elected to the 60th congress in 1906, as a member of the House, from the First district and in 1908 was re-elected to the 61st congress, after compelling his political opponents to submit their candidacy for nomination along with his to a vote of the electors of his party in a district primary, wherein he was overwhelmingly nominated. Before assuming his duties as a national legislator he resigned from all the business directorates of which he was a member, that he might be entirely free to devote his undivided time to his public duties—and feel no conflict between public duty and private interest. In the halls of congress he has taken rank as a real statesman, with a sense of duty to provide for the needs, and safeguard the interests of

his people. He is a member of one of the more important committees of the House, that of Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

At this writing (April, 1910) he is a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Senator Scott, whose term expires in 1911, and his political and personal friends, whose name is legion, in every county in the state wish him the fullest measure of success in his candidacy.

In 1909 he was elected president of the State Board of Trade, which is the leading business and commercial organization of the state.

Mr. Hubbard has the degrees of A. B., A. M. and L. L. D. from his schools of learning and is a member of the Academy of Political and Social Sciences; of the American Economic Association and of the American Geographic Association, and of Phi Beta Nu fraternity.





Samuel B. Brown



AMUEL B. BROWN, Head of the Department of Geology, is one of the most popular instructors in the University. Not only has he a great store of learning and wit but also a charming personality which endears him to his students. His almost boundless knowledge of Geology, German, Geography and kindred subjects is equalled only by his appreciation of a joke and his kindness toward his students. He has a mild manner though he can be firm when occasion requires. He is good natured and generous to a fault. His slow, southern drawl is very delightful to hear. Some say it is soothing; if that is the case, let us hope that the students are few and far between who would yield to its influence. He is very progressive and keeps abreast of the times, especially in the matter of pronunciation.

He simply radiates cheerfulness and is one of the best cures for the blues around the University. Indeed, his cheery influence is such that one feels better for having known him. And no one can afford to leave the University without having basked for at least three months in the genial smile of our dear, beloved "Sammy" Brown.



Enoch Howard Vicars



WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY has sent her sons to win honor in every profession and in many countries. Even in far-off Japan, a man is holding a position of honor and trust, who received his first real impetus to learning under the old gold and blue. This distinguished elder brother to us, the undergraduates, is Mr. Enoch Howard Vicars of the class of 1890. While here he was an active college man, being editor of the Athenaeum and the Commencement Daily. For two years after graduation he was assistant in the preparatory school and then studied at Harvard, the University of Berlin and the University of Paris. In 1895, he won the Robert Treat Paine fellowship at Harvard, which gave him an opportunity for further study and travel in Europe.

Since 1898 he has been Professor of Political Economy and Finance at Keiogijuku University, Tokio, where

he instructs the Japanese boys, and is often the "most honorable" representative of the United States on state occasions.

One year after his arrival in Tokio he married Miss Kiyo Nellie Nishgawa. Her mother was an English woman and the daughter was educated in Germany and England. Before and since her marriage she has been a teacher of European language and customs to the ladies of the royal family.

Mr. Vicars has spent much of his time studying the customs of the people among whom he lives, and has gazed upon the wonders of the country, including the forests in miniature and the Emperor's Bridge, which no other foot than that of the Emperor has ever profaned. But whether resting in his garden with his two beautiful, almond eyed children or lecturing on profound subjects he sustains the dignity of the United States and West Virginia University in a "most honorable" fashion.



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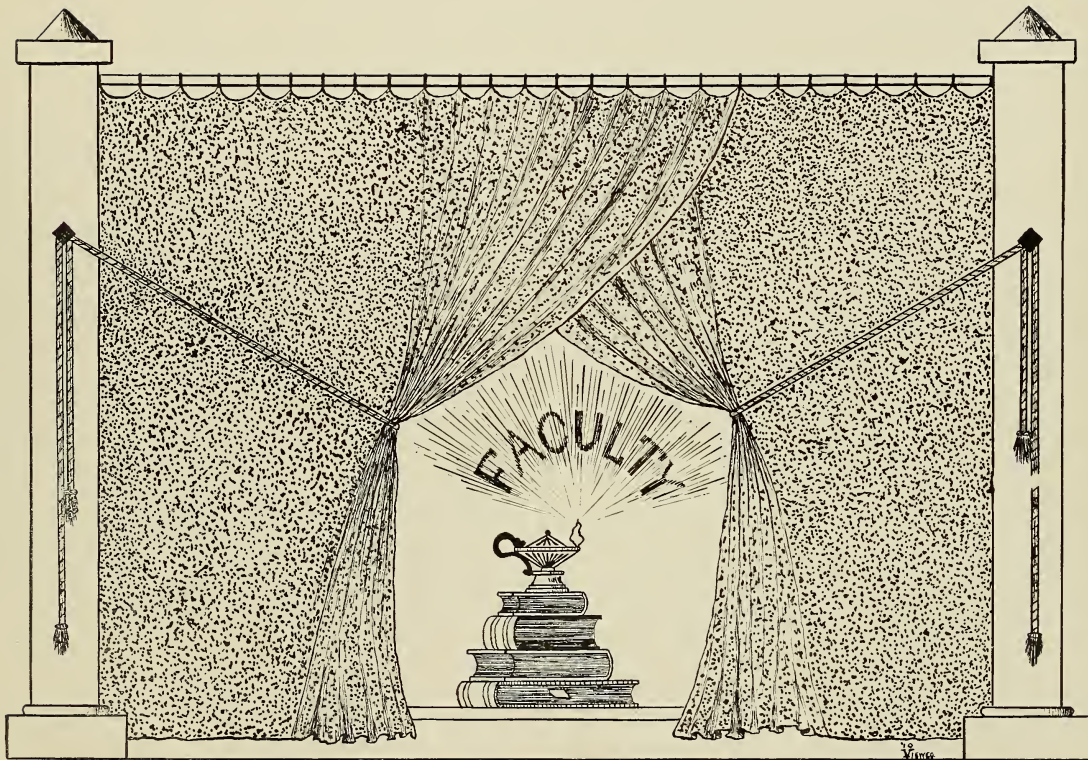
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HELEN LOVELAND TREAT,
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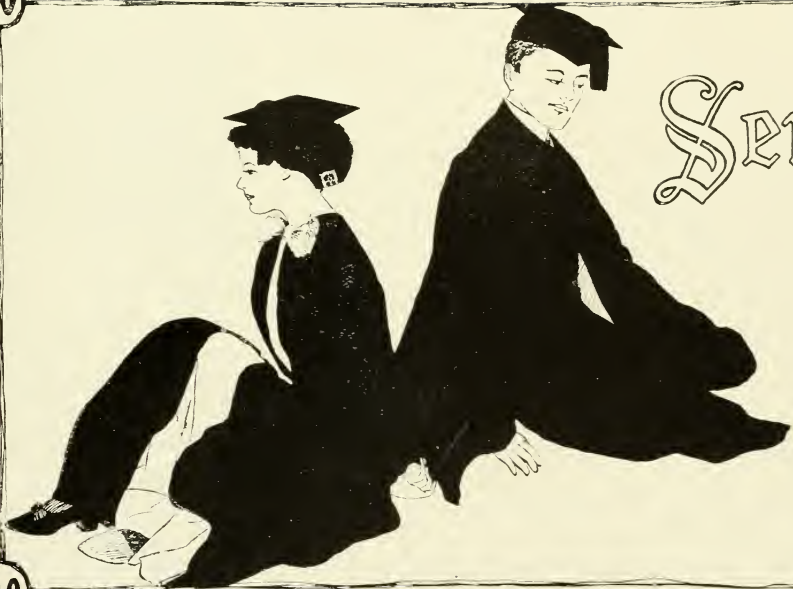
The
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Koelz '10

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Delta Tau Delta; Sphinx; Athenaeum Board; Class Baseball Team.



OLIVE IRELAND HODGES, A. B.
Y. W. C. A.; Student Volunteer Band; Women's League; English Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1909-10.



NYNA FORMAN, B. S.
Y. W. C. A.; Woman's League; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1909-10; "Junior Prom" Committee 1909.



ROY OLNEY HALL, LL. M.
 Kappa Alpha; Mountain; Areopagus;
 Parthenon Literary Society; Pres-
 ident Class '09; "Summit" of "The
 Mountain" '09, '10; President Par-
 thenon Literary Society '09; Cadet
 Major '08, '09; Winner of M. C. Lily
 Prize Saber for best drilled company
 of Cadets '08; Winner of Regents
 Gold Medal for Drill and Discipline
 '06; LL. B. 1909 West Virginia Uni-
 versity.



HARRY RUFFNER WILEY,
 B. S. C. E.
 Sigma Phi Epsilon; Mountain; Y. M.
 C. A.; Football 1908-09, 1909-10;
 Baseball 1906-07, 1907-08, 1908-09.



LEROY HOLMER MORRIS,
 B. S. M. E.
 Phi Kappa Psi; University Track
 Team '08, '09; Captain Track Team
 '09.



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 Phi Kappa Sigma; Mountain; Eng-
 lish Club; Y. M. C. A.; Columbian;
 Inter Collegiate Debate '08; Tex
 Commissioner's Prize '09; Cadet Ad-
 jutant '08 and '09; Cadet Major '09
 and '10; Military Ball Committee '08,
 '09, '10; Judge Advocate, Court Mar-
 tial '09; Students' Assistant in Eng-
 lish '08; Students' Assistant in Math-
 ematics '09; Associate Editor Ath-
 naeum '08, '09; Editor Athenaeum,
 Fall '09.



FRANK FEEVES, A. B.
Sigma Phi Epsilon; Y. M. C. A.



MARGARET ELEANOR MOCKLER,
A. B.
Y. W. C. A.; Woman's League; Retijos Jichancas; Wesleyan Club; Corresponding Secretary Woman's League 1909-10; Secretary Wesleyan Club 1908-09; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1909-10; Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Conference, Mt. Lake Park, 1908.



LUTHER SHERMAN BRITTON,
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Columbian Literary Society; President Columbian Literary Society, Spring 1910.



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Y. M. C. A.



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Phi Sigma Kappa; Y. M. C. A.



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Phi Sigma Kappa; Columbian Liter-
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dent College Literary Society, Fall
'07; Athenaeum Board '08; Historian
Senior Law Class '09; Counsel Com-
mittee Moot Court Trial '09; Inter-
Society Debating Team '10; Diploma
in Law '09.



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E. E.
Y. M. C. A.; Columbian Literary
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Lieutenant Cadet Corps; Treasurer
Senior Class.



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Y. M. C. A.; Parthenon Literary So-
ciety; Treasurer Class '09; Critic,
Parthenon Society; Graduate Pea-
body College for Teachers, Nashville,
Tenn.



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B. S. C. E.
Phi Sigma Kappa



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Phi Kappa Psi; Mountain.



KARL SPENCER LASHLEY, B. S.



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LL. B.
Delta Tau Delta; Mountain; Sphinx;
Athletic Board 1908-09.



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Phi Kappa Psi; Mountain; Sphinx;
Columbian Literary Society; Y. M.
C. A.; West Virginia Chemical So-
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Areopagus Secretary; President Sen-
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ager Class Baseball Team '09.



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Phi Kappa Psi; Columbian Literary
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Beta Delta Beta; Sphinx; Catcher
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Dramatic Club; V. V. Club; Athenae-
um Board '07, '08; President V. V.
Club '08, '09; Editor-in-Chief Montic-
ola '09; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '09, '10;
"Junior Prom" Committee '09; Chor-
ister Columbian Literary Society '08.



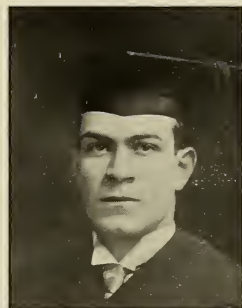
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B. S. M. D.
Kappa Alpha; Sphinx; Mountain; Y.
M. C. A.; Cadet Corps; V. V. Club;
President Sophomore Class '08; Bus-
iness Manager Monticola '09; Asst.
Mgr. Varsity Baseball Team '09; Man-
ager Varsity Baseball Team '10;
Varsity Baseball Team '09; 1st Lieu-
tenant Co. B '10; President V. V.
Club '09; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '10;
Varsity Track Team '07; Class Track
Team '07, '08; Class Basketball Team
'08, '09; Class Baseball Team '07,
'08, '09; Distinguished Cadet '07;
President Pan-Hellenic Baseball League
'09; Captain "Southpaws" '08.





JAY EDGAR BILLINGSLEY,
B. S. C. E.
Sigma Phi Epsilon; Y. M. C. A.;
Areopagus; Engineering Society;
Captain Class Basketball Team (3);
Chairman "Junior Prom" Committee
(2); Monticola Board (3); Athletic
Board of Control (4).



ROBERT LESTER BUCHANAN,
B. S.
Y. M. C. A.; Class Football Team
(1); Class Track Team (2); Track
Team (3); Distinguished Cadet (2);
Assistant in Chemical Laboratory
(3), (4).



ERNST BELL, K. A.



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B. S.
Y. M. C. A.



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Alpha Xi Delta; Parthenon Literary Society; Fairmont Normal Club; Y. W. C. A.; Grange; English Club; Beowulf Club; Woman's League; Editor-in-Chief of Monongalian 1909-1910; Secretary of Woman's League 1909-1910; Corresponding Secretary Y. W. C. A. 1909-1910; Secretary Parthenon Literary Society, Winter '09; Leader Inter-Society Contestants 1909; Monticola Board 1910.

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Kappa Alpha; Y. M. C. A.; Grange; Fairmont Normal Club; Parthenon Literary Society; Business Manager Athenaeum, 1909-1910; Vice-President and Bible Study Leader Y. M. C. A. '09, '10- Chaplain Grange 1910.



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Monticola Board '08 and '09;
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Secretary Students' Publishing
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Critic of Parthenon Literary Society.





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Woman's League; Woman's League
Treasurer; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet;
Athenaeum Board; Monongalian
Board.



DAVE HARMAN KAHN, B. S. E. M.
Theta Nu Epsilon; Mountain.



JOSEPH COCHRAN VANCE, A. B.
Parthenon Literary Society; Y. M.
C. A.; First place Regents' prize in
Declamation; Bryan prize in Political
Science (2); Regents' prize in
Composition (3); Declaimer, Parthenon
Literary Society (4).



ETHEL ICE, A. B.
Kappa Kappa Gamma; English Club;
Beowulf Gedryht; Y. W. C. A.; Dele-
gate Y. W. C. A. Conference, Gran-
ville, Ohio; President Woman's Le-
ague; Executive Committee of Wo-
man's League; Secretary of Junior
Class; Monticola Board.



RENA FRANCES TUTTLE, A. B.
Y. W. C. A.; Woman's League; Par-
thenon Literary Society; Secretary
Senior Class.



MAHALA DORCAS PRICHARD,
A. B.
Kappa Kappa Gamma; Y. W. C. A.;
Woman's League; Columbian Liter-
ary Society; Pan-Hellenic Associa-
tion; President Y. W. C. A. (3 and
4); Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Annual
Conference, Mt. Lake Park, Md.;
Monticola Board; Junior Class His-
torian; Junior Prom Committee;
Athletic Board; Treasurer Tennis
Club.



Certainly NOT! He's just taking
a cinder out of her eye

Senior Class History.

KING DANIEL I—PART 1

PROLOGUE.

Morgantown, Court of King Daniel I. Enter General Barbe in military dress. He announces his late victories and bids the king prepare to receive the captives who are being led hither.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

Room in Science Hall, King's headquarters. King seated on throne. Gentlemen of the Court in attendance. Enter General Barbe followed by crowd of prisoners of war. All kneel before the king and swear allegiance.

Scene 2.

Campus. Flourish of drums. Enter, from opposite sides, two armies in motley dress. Capt. Ryan's army under the "Orange and Black" meets the opposing host. They fight. Flag of truce sent up. Injured are carried off of the field. Struggle renewed. Retreat sounded. Lieut. Hall's host flees pursued by Ryan's force.

ACT II.

Scene 1.

Without the Gymnasium. Night, Lord Point's

forces besieging the stronghold. The besieged resort to the use of hose for defense. Nothing daunted the attacking force continues the siege. Soon an entrance is forced and the stronghold plundered. The besieged make their escape.

Scene 2.

Night, Street near Woman's Hall. Enter two men in disguise who station themselves as guards. Enter two others in painter's clothes carrying bucket of Sherman, Williams ready mixed guaranteed black paint. The decoration of Woman's Hall begins. Bell heard within. Sentinels sound an alarm. Workmen secrete themselves and wait for results. Bell rings again longer and louder, then ceases suddenly. No further sounds. Sentinels decide that the disturbance is due to an unreliable alarm-clock within, so orders men back to work. No further disturbance. Work done, painters retire with empty bucket.

Scene 3.

Monongahela River. Report of guns. Fort "H" has opened fire upon The "Orange and Black," who fires in return. Fight lasts until sundown when the latter

comes out victorious with the loss of but one man, two hats and a shoe.

Scene 4.

Night. On board a boat on the Monongahela near Star City. Report of gun heard from the bank. Searchlight reveals the form of a man. Boats pull into shore. Rescue "Mickie." Sounds of music within.

ACT III.

Scene 1.

Ladies' Parlor. Night. Temporary stage erected. Enter crowd of spectators. Players follow. Applause. Play presented. Exeunt players. Applause. Re-enter players in citizens attire. Rattle of dishes is heard without. Enter servants bearing loaded trays. Feasting follows. Reveling continues until late hour.

Scene 2.

Document Room, Library. Table covered with former editions of the Monticola, Saturday evening Post, Life and Ladies Home Journal, Editor Koelz and several wan looking assistants are seated at table. Enter Crewson bearing huge bundle of jokes and roasts. All retire meeting Louchery puffing and red in the face. He is bringing an immense basket filled with organization data which he hurriedly dumps upon the table and retires.

Scene 3.

Armory brilliantly lighted and draped with "Orange and Black" intermingled with "Gold and Blue." Enter Lords and Ladies in evening dress. Dancing begins. Twelve P. M. dancing interrupted by refreshments. Dancing continues. Two A. M. dancing still continues. Three A. M. Home Waltz. Exeunt All.

Scene 4.

Wharf. Gay crowd moving along the bank. No pursuing. No attacks in ambush. Embarking takes place peacefully and quietly.

Scene 5.

Document Room, Library. Enter Koelz bearing under his arm a small book bound in "Black and Orange." He soliloquizes on the "emptiness of emptinesses" "Enter Pidge, Louchery, Dorcas, the two Ethels, Helen, Eikman, Billingslea, Griffin, Clara, Smith, Allender, Crewson with bundles of Mother Goose Rhymes, Conundrums, Prof. Write Ups, Puzzles and miscellaneous parts of the Unpublished Book." General weeping. Material cremated. All retire with the sacred ashes in urns.

ACT IV.

Scene 1.

Campus. Two seniors appear. Others in gray caps pass and salute.

Scene 2.

Ladies' Parlor, Enter Ladies and attendants carrying boxes of unedas, jars of peanut, pickles, sardines, cheese and apples. A feast is spread. Noise in hall. Enter Sir Bob with one dozen dills. Feast continues. Enter messenger boy with telegram from "Mickie". Feasting discontinued with the disappearance of the edibles. Exeunt Ladies accompanied by knights.

Scene 3.

Campus. Stream of pilgrims in black robes appear and consult the oracle.

Scene 4.

Another Part of Campus. Enter solemn procession

under flag of "Orange and Black" at half mast. Workmen enter with tools and raise a stone to the memory of "The Orange and Black."

Scene 5.

Commencement Hall. King Daniel, Emperor Frederick, Kings of England and Italy, Bishop Reynolds and General Barbe enter in state followed by imposing procession in black that kneel before the King. King presents each of his faithful subjects with a document bearing his seal. Exeunt all.

ACT V.

Scene 1.

In front of King's Palace. King and Court seated. Enter Lords and Ladies for the coronation. King raises all to positions of state in his realm; some are made kings of countries subject to his power; some dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses, others go as consuls and ambassadors to foreign courts. The Gold and Blue is raised. All salute. Exeunt.







Junior Class Officers.

ROGER EARL WATSON.....President
HERMAN DEIDLER POCKOCK.....Vice-President
CLARA ELIZABETH DICKASON.....Secretary
FRANCIS WILLARD STEELE.....Treasurer
EDWARD HILL TUCKWILLER.....Historian



MARY A. ALEXANDER,
"O. Pete."

LEDA CORDELIA ATKESON.
"I really haven't any."



CLAY DILLIE AMOS,
"Say don't I want to see you."



CHARLES GEORGE BAKER,
"Ga—don the luck, anyway."



HYRE CLYDE BRAKE,
"Now young man!"



HOWARD ROBERT BARTLETT,
"Go to thunder."



EDWARD HENRY BEARDSLEY,
"Oh, what's the use."

HOWARD KENTWELL BURRELL,
"Well are you on."



GUY HERMAN BURNSIDE,
"By Heck."



ARTHUR ACQUILLA BRINDLEY,
"Pooh! Pooh!"

AGNES CADY,
"Oh, I'm so sleepy."



CLARK CULBERTSON BURRITT,
"Well, Well, Well."



LUCY CLARE CLIFFORD,
"What in Sam Hill."

STANLEY RHEY COX,
"Well it's about time to slip down
to Susan's."



GEORGE HAROLD CUMMINS,
"Parlez vous francais, monsieur."



HELEN MARGARET DE BERRY,
"Life is such a bore."

CLARA ELIZABETH DICKASON,
"It makes no never mind to me."



MOSES STARK DONALLY,
"Gaul—lee."



BOYCE RAY FITZGERALD,
"I don't care."

JOHN LEE GRAYSON,
"Do you really think so."



SYDNEY LOTH FRIEDMAN,
"Can't fool a cat."



SAMUEL HENRY SANGER,
"Its up to you."



PAULINE THEAKSTON,
"I have an idea."



EARL WOODDELL SHEETS,
"Don't bother me, I'm in a hurry."



GEORGE WALTER GROW,
"I have got you."

GEORGE TRUMAN TWYFORD,
"I'll be there."



HU SWISHER VANDERVORT,
"Just came back from Van Voorhis."



GEOGE HUTCHINSON GUNNOE,
"By good old Andrew."



ARTHUR BROWN HODGES,
"Oh, hell, I'm busy."



RICHARD JAY GOULD,
"Oh, Cut it."



GLENN HUNTER,
"Yes, I am a judge of feminine
beauty."

BERNARD LEE HUTCHINSON,
"You crazy dubb."



ROBERT ARBUCKLE HANDLEY,
"Me, too."



LORY FRANCIS ICE,
"I'm a quiet fellow."

NANCY PURLEY MORGAN,
"That's one on me."



CHARLES MELVIN LOUGH,
"Look's that way to me."



JAMES THOMAS MORRIS.
"Trot along, trot along."



EDWARD CURTIS OLDHAM,
"Oh, nothing."



HERMAN DEIDLER POCOCK,
"Oh, Beck."



MAJORIE BONNER PATTERSON,
"I don't like that."



ROBERT SIDNEY REED,
"Mirabile Dictu."



PEARL LOUISE REINER,
"Oh piffle, N. B. A. sub."



JOHN LOWRIE ROBINSON.
"Can't make me mad."



DAVID BRIGHT KEGER,
"I'm not scared."



LONNIE WATTERSON RYAN.
"Not on your life."



JAMES HARRISON RIDDLE,
"Cat's ankle."



GENEVIEVE STEALEY,
"Oh, bugs!"



GOLDIE SHEETS,
"What next."



WILLARD FRANCIS STEELE,
"Just wait, you'll see."

EDWARD HILL TUCKWILLER,
"Who are you."



HARRY COOPER STULTING,
"Be quiet, or I'll clew you."



CLAUDE SPRAY TETRICK,
"K'splash."



ROGER EARL WATSON,
"See what I've done."



ADAM F. KEYSER,
"Help, help, help."



RALPH THOMAS THAYER,
"Iz that so."

HELEN MERVIN WEISTLING.
"Woe is me."



STELLA REBECCA WILSON,
"You dear child."



EMILY JOSEPHINE WILMOUTH,
"May the lightning strike me pink."

SAM BIERN,
"No, indeed, sah."



THOMAS R. McMINN,
"Oh, pshaw."



Junior Class History.



IT now behooves me, since a record of the deeds of the truly great should be preserved for the benefit of future generations, to chronicle the history of the Class of 1911.

In the fall of 1907 the pious members and otherwise of the now famous Junior Class crept out from between the hills or rolled down from the mountain tops of West Virginia and hid them to Morgantown. "For", said they, "we must have wisdom and much learning".

And when the gray-haired leaders of the young beheld this goodly company of promising country bumpkins, they opened their eyes in wonder and murmured, "Look! who are here." It is needless to add that their amazement has been continually growing as they more fully appreciate the diligence, determination and intelligence of the members of this great class. Each one of these noble snake-hunters either stole or bought a book of number, and went in unto Johnny and immediately won his heart and good grace. Likewise, in other classes the Freshmen took the lead and were justly rewarded.

And when Tommy was satisfied that our credits were not counterfeit we organized our class and elected as leader Mr. B. Lee Hutchinson, the greatest football warrior since Samson. Under his leadership we met with success everywhere. On the gridiron the Sophomores quaked in terror, and the Preps prayed for mercy when the Freshmen appeared. In basket ball we were

invincible. As a matter of fact no team capable of affording us amusement could be found in the University.

Once when a reckless Soph suggested a boat-ride, a vision of the Freshmen arose in the eyes of each, and they said; "Let it not be". But the bolder ones would have it so. Accordingly they met with destruction at the hands of the Class of '11.

"The wages of sin is death".

We assembled again in September, 1908, and chose Mr. H. C. Stulting, President. Under the leadership of this famous masher our Sophomore year was a repetition of the victories of the Freshmen year.

And when we had annihilated all our opponents, we again took up our books, for it was most necessary to receive the commendation of our instructors in order to continue as members of the Class of 1911. Our strength of purpose now stood us in good stead, for none failed to connect, although one or two grew weary in well-doing and slipped back to the hills.

And now we are in our Junior year with a president no less illustrious than his predecessors, Mr. Earl Watson. This year has been and will continue to be one filled with duties and responsibilities. Although I am no prophet, yet I can easily foresee that there are to come about many things which shall in the distant future awaken memories of the Class of 1911, to its honor.

HISTORIAN.







The Guardian of the Campus.

A Fantasy.

IT was midnight by the hands of the old clock on Martin Hall. A pale moonlight fell over everything, half revealing the stately buildings round about. Down Falling Run, the shadows deepened, hiding the secrets of the night. Far off a gleam of misty silver marked the course of the Monongahela.

Tonight the old clock was very lonely. He had lived many years and his vitality was slowly failing. His hands moved painfully with rheumatic jerks and twinges, and his face was sadly marked by time and ill-usage. In his youth he had been the proud monarch of the campus with clean, smiling face, and hands moving so merrily at the passage of time. Then men looked at him with respect. His was the voice which ruled class room and hall. After a glance at his face the tardy student would scurry to work and even the president would hurry on his way, thumping his cane briskly around the circle.

Now all was changed. The throng passed by without a glance. "We've got to hurry", one would say, "the bell rang before we left Pete's class." "Aw that clock isn't right. You can't tell which are its hands and which is the overflow of Sophomore spirits anyway."

The old clock stared into the moonlight. Science Hall and Woodburn were stolidly sleeping. Perhaps theirs was the better lot. They had no feeling, no delicate nerves like a clock. Only keep their roofs from leaking and the vines out of their windows and they were happy.

Suddenly the old clock felt a soft touch, and peering down he saw a little sprite in cap and gown merrily clinging to one of his hands. "I am the spirit of unfinished recitations," it chanted. It was you who saved me from the sarcasm of Truscott, the fatherly surprise of Armstrong, and utter annihilation at the hands of Jack. Through you have I come to the realization of my hopes." Just then another sprite came around the tower, walking slowly and rubbing his eyes. "I am the spirit of tardiness," he said yawning. "You're a pretty good old chap, you are, to take all the blame when a fellow's late to class."

Then there came the sound of muffled drums, and a gallant phalanx of sprites on ponies came galloping in. Some rode with a bold, determined air; others kept their seats with difficulty. As the old clock blinked in amazement, a grim shadowy figure appeared, which continually placed rows of bayonets in their way marked "verbs," "translation," or "construction," and they fell by the way in spite of frantic maneuvering.

As the noise of the struggle died away, a whole crowd of sprites came fluttering about. Some sat down on a ledge of the tower, pulled books and notes from their pockets and pored over them oblivious to their surroundings. Others wildly tore their hair and glared at their books, now and then emitting a heartrendering groan. Near by a group of girls were making fudge on a chafing dish with a German grammar suspended by a string before them. From a dark corner came murmurs of "amo, amas, amat." Other sprites dashed around with buckets of paint and green caps, making them-

selves generally obnoxious, until seized upon and suppressed by others with Greek pins on their coats. Still others pulled their hats over their eyes, crossed their knees comfortably and with a bored expression, smoked cigarettes.

Just then there was a great commotion. "I appeal from the decision of the court," screamed a frenzied sprite, banging his fist on the tower and running his fingers through his hair. "I protest, your honor, that it is contrary to the statute of limitations——" Instantly he was pulled down and other sprites hopped wildly around screaming at the top of their voices.

The old clock looking around with a bored expression noticed one figure which took no part in the melee, but stood in dignified aloofness. He could not guess who it was, until peering closer, he saw a gold headed cane and a shining silk hat protruding from under his arm.

Several times he held up his hand for silence.

"Gentlemen—and ladies," he said, nodding toward the dark corner, "It gives me great pleasure to witness your outburst of youthful spirits, A—hem. It is my pleasant duty to announce that the old clock which has witnessed so many students of West Virginia University quickened into intellectual life is to be elevated to a still higher position on the new tower of Woodburn Hall to watch over future generations." Hurrah for Prexy and the old clock," yelled the sprites.

In the midst of the clamor the town clock in the distance struck one. The figure of Prexy began slowly to fade into the rising mist until only a bland expression remained. The sprites gathered up their books, urged their ponies into motion and scrambled down the ivy. The old clock, suddenly realizing that his hands had stopped short, started them again with many rheumatic twings, and went happily to sleep. Soon only the moon was left to watch over the campus.







FRESHMAM



SOPHOMORE

HIS MAJOR STUDIES.



JUNIOR



SENIOR

DURING HIS COLLEGE CAREER.





Officers.

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EDITH SCOTT SMITH	Secretary
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LEONARD JULIUS BERNSTEIN	Historian
EDGAR BOYLE SPEER	Cheer-Leader

Class Roll.

Asa William Adkins
Irene Marie Andris
Jackson Van Buren Blair
Jennie Boughner
Leonard Julius Bernstein
Lucy A. Beltzhoover
Walter Bruce Bradley
Arthur Acquilla Brindley
Edgar Duvall Bromley
Corwin Sage Burns
Alma Pearl Compton
Everette Ray Cooper
Ernest Daniel Conaway
Walter G. Crichton
Thomas Wilmer Crawford
Eugene Everley Evans
Wirt Garry Faust
Howard Franklin Fleisnman
Milton Dewitt Fisher
Charles Duffy Floyd
Sidney Loth Friedman
Walter Wesley Gaskins
Esther Jean Gilmore
Van Wagener Gilsen
Homer Davis Groves
Roscoe Pariott Posten
Charles Calvin Ryan
Earl Woodell Sheets
Leona May Smith
Edgar Boyle Speer
Harry Leslie Stilphen
E. T. Van Gilder
Homer Allen Lepps Walkup
Charles Bruce Wilson
Rhea Watson Warden
Fred E. Vandale

Mary M. Holroyd
Mabel Clara Hodges
Margaret Bradfield Hopwood
William Brightwell Jordan
Harry Alexander Kear
John James Kennedy
May Boughner King
Jose de Almedia Kirk
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Allen Bennett Lambdin
Esley S. Lively
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William Cleveland Lough
Kemble T. Manning
Cullen Guile Martin
Samuel John Morris
Logan McDonald
Thomas Roach McMinn
Earle Glancey McVey
George Morris Osborn
Beulah Frank Pickenpaugh
Thomas Clyde Pitzer
Clark Francis Poole
Cecil Omar Post
Melvin Herman Reinheimer
Frank Vanderslice Sander
Edith Scott Smith
Susan Louise Smith
Claude Carl Spiker
Harriett E. Steele
Marion Ethel Tapp
George Bowers Viewig
Harry Grove Wheat
Lewis Leitch Wilson
Gladys Mary Waters
Mifflin Marsh Watkins





Sophomore Class History.



To the Chief Scribe upon Athens, Judah, a Chronicle of the Sophs.

I. Who can utter the mighty acts of the Sophomeres? Who can shew forth all their praise?

II. Or who can speak of their wonderful achievements? Who can recount their glories?

III. For their coming to Athens was the appearance of a great light which brake forth; and lo its daily rising was marked with rejoicing.

IV. For it shewed the path to the simple and brightened the highway of the wise.

V. Yea, even the wanderers of the hosts of heaven were enticed by it, and behold, the comets came to draw of the magic light.

VI. Great were the achievements of the Sophs in physical contests.

VII. In those days there was no basket ball in Athens, for the game incurred the loss of many shekels.

VIII. But the Sophs in their great wisdom, thought it not meet that the game should be lost to the sons of men.

IX. And behold they engaged in it and excelled therein, and their heads were crowned with the laurels of victory.

X. And also in other manly sports which strengthen and renew the spirit of man, were they transcendent; even in football, and baseball, and active olympics.

XI. And lo; it happened that the Sophs met the Freshmen on the field of battle.

XII. And the Sophs said: Let us break the Freshmen bands asunder.

XIII. But Lueder had it not so, and he gave the hands unto the Freshmen and brought victory unto them.

XIV. For Lueder had consulted together with them with one consent and they were confederate against the Sophs.

XV. For like as a father pitieth his children so did Lueder pity the Freshmen for he knew the build of the Sophs.

XVI. In those days the minds of the Sophs were fraught with wisdom, and among their records were found many thoughts.

XVII. Yea, even the words of their mouths were like to precious pearls.

XVIII. And those who read their works were amazed and those who heard their sayings were filled with wonder.

XIX. For the words of the writer shewed knowledge and the words of the prophet carried truth to the heart of man.

XX. The tongue of man cannot tell the mighty acts of the Sophs nor can it recount their achievements.

XXI. Yea, the day cometh and the day goeth but the glory of the Sophs abideth forever.

The Chief Scribe.

FRESHMAN



Class Officers.

WAYNE COX	President
JAMES CORNWALL ALLEN	Vice-President
JOHN RIBLETT KEMPER	Secretary
CHARLES EDWARD HODGES	Treasurer
RAYMOND EARL CLARK	Historian

Class Roll.

Court Edgar Amos	Claude Dewis Hamilton	John Dorilas May	Howard Edward Weiss
Sebie Bailey	Grover Cleveland Hamilton	Nelle Margaret McConnell	Ray Elbert Baker
Virginia May Baker	Nellie May Herring	Howard Justus McGinnis	John Glenn Boughner
Walter S. Bambrick	Charles Edward Hodges	Vaun McMinn	Otto Dale Elson
Jackson Van Buren Blair, Jr.	John Howard Holt, Jr.	Charles Elmer Miller, Jr.	Richard Roeder Feller
Ray Maxwell Babbitt	Virginia M. Schley	Alexander Miller	Robert Ar buckle Handley
Elizabeth Cady	Neva Augusta Scott	William E. Muldoon	Marl Kcanan
David Lamont Cardin	Charles Elonzo Sloan	Russell Homer Paden	Frederick Earl Mealy
Raymond Earl Clark	Louise Stealey	Alvis Heber Peters	James Thomas Morriss
Wayne Cox	Harry S. Sydenstricker	Helen E. Purinton	George E. Taylor
Joseph Sherman Craig	John Paul Vandervort	Nicholas Hance Famsey	James Cornwall Allen
Arthur Jerome Dailey	Edith Gretchen Warrick	Bessie Jane Reed	Edward James Baugher
Anna Beulah C. Davis	Edgar Williams	H. C. Riggs	William Joseph Brennan
Gall Davis	Lawrence Grant Hoover	Harold T. Rogers	Francis F. Cooper
Robert Vance Duncan	Ollie Foster Hoover	Charles S. Robinson	John David Courtney
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Cecil Thomas Enlow	June Carey Houston	Pearl Scott	Neal Minter Heflin
Charles Roy Foltz	William French Hunt	Ivan V. D. Shunk	Harry Oliver Humes
Paul Jenkins Frazier	Oliver Paul Jcliffie	Fred Manning Smith	Pearl Randolph Kiger
H. Gail Garlow	Roy Levi Jones	Anna Gans Sturgiss	I. L. Miller
Eustus Thomas Goff	John Riblett Kemper	Harrison Foy Tucker	Denver Collins McCreery
Sidney Emmons Graham	Albert John Kern	Thurman Elroy Vass	Robert Ralph Rotuno
G. B. Grimes	H. H. Kerr	George Bonnie Wheeler	T. C. Shriver
Homer Willard Grimm	Daniel Kirson	Alberta Woodford	Dean Cooke Skinner
Sadie Fay Gusman	J. Bertharand Levy	John Benjamin Wyatt	Ivan R. Spears
Frank Hall	Frank B. Lewellyn	John Y. York, Jr.	Carl K. Sydenstricker
Jerome Venoir Hall	Mary G. Madera	Charles William Arnold	L. E. Sydenstricker
	Truman Morris Martin	Jane Clyde Hopwood	C. F. Tracy
	Ida Ruth Maxwell	Dennis Selkirk McIntyre	



The Mascot of the Law Department.

Bob was a member of the Law Department for several years.

He was as regular in his attendance upon the lectures as Professor Willey, himself, for they were inseparable. He occupied a place on the platform, it was said that he had become so familiar with the law that he did not always pay close attention, but would be times lapse into a nap. Nevertheless he always appeared to respect the dignity of the occasion and to be in

large measure responsible for it. On one occasion the Professor was called outside the lecture room for a moment, and the boys began to have a "rough house." Bob rose to the occasion, advanced to the front of the platform and began to command the peace in a very emphatic voice, but as soon as the Professor appeared he glanced at the door, retired to his place and gracefully surrendered his authority.

He was "one of the boys;" and there was a bond

of fellowship between them that was recognized on both sides. Occasionally he would get up during a lecture and take a stroll down through the audience, between the rows of chairs, the boys all giving him a love pat as he passed, and when he had made the rounds come back to his seat carrying the compliments of the boys with a pride that was manifest in every feature.

So he was a figure in all the class pictures. No picture was complete till Bob was in the group. No setting was ready for a picture until the inquiry, "Where's Bob?" was answered. So his likeness has gone all over the state and his name is as familiar to "one of the boys" as any member of a class.

Bob was the pink of a perfect dog. All that goes to make up an ideal dog, Bob inherited in a marked degree. In character, intelligence, and physical appearance he was all, and more, than a dog is expected to be.

It would be difficult to suggest anything that might add to his physique to make him a perfect dog. He was a very picture with soft snowy white hair adorned with pronounced spots of black and tan artistically distributed; a graceful form not too large or too small; a most expressive face and manner that bespoke intelligence of a rare degree, while every part of him, and every pose was expressive of animation,—a thing of life and a thing of beauty.

Everybody was Bob's friend. It could not be otherwise. There was nothing vicious about him. He was of a sensitive nature, refined in his tastes, polite to everybody, responsive to every attention, considerate of everybody's comfort, intelligently observing everything that was passing about him, with a genuine appreciation of all that was said or done, and as affectionate as a girl.

Nobody could look into Bob's face and watch its expression and believe that he was only a dog—within the common meaning of that word.

During the current year Bob met an untimely death in the prime of life. He had been strangely absent from lectures for several days, so as to excite general inquiry among the boys. What followed was reported in the Athenaeum of that date, which we herewith reproduce:

A TRIBUTE TO BOB.

Prof. Willey Pays a Tribute to His Best Friend.

(Caught on the wing by a stenographer of the law school.)

At the close of his lecture to the law class on Monday, Prof. Willey said:

"Before dismissing the class I want to take a moment or two to refer to a long time member of the law department who has recently retired. I should have referred to it before this but I could not trust myself. I can no longer be silent and honor his memory as it deserves.

You all knew him, and I think you all loved him. He has met with the law class here regularly for the last four years. He is known, and his name is familiar to the hundreds who have come in and gone out over the state. His face is familiar in all of the class pictures of that time. He was my best friend.

"Bob has gone to heaven!

"You say he was but a dog. But he was more than a dog. He was a noble character. There never was a better friend in the world—a truer, more loving friend in this world than Bob. He would have died for me.

"For four years he was at my side almost every moment in the day except when I was absent from Mor-

gantown. He was the first person to greet me in the morning and the last to kiss me good-night—too polite to kiss my face, he stood up and gave my ear a loving lick and went wagging off to bed. His morning greeting was not that of the ordinary dog, but as courtly and warm and graceful as any seen in a drawing room—and more sincere. He knew that I was his friend and that he was my friend; and that tie of friendship was as surely written in his soul as any words ever written in a book.

“Yes, Bob was more than a dog. He was more intelligent than some men—more sympathetic, more appreciative, more responsive, more companionable in many ways. He was always interested in everything I did—observed it closely and intelligently, and showed his satisfaction with the result.

“He knew the English language as no other dog ever did. I could talk to him with the same freedom that I would to a person. He looked me intently in the eye till he understood me perfectly. If he were lying on the rug in the parlor and the conversation turned on him he would raise his head and listen till he was satisfied. I was sitting on the pavement in the warm summer evening and Bob was begging me to take a walk with him. He persisted with much barking and tugging, while I pushed him away saying it was too warm to walk. Presently I said, with a good deal of emphasis, ‘I can’t go, Bob; I have no coat.’ He immediately turned about, went in the house, and presently, came trotting down stairs with my coat in his mouth. Then I surrendered, and we walked.

“Who that knew Bob did not recognize that he was more than a dog? Did anybody ever see a more intelligent face in any animal, man or beast? Did ever any-

body ever see see a thing of life, a more perfect, a more beautiful specimen of animal in all his parts?

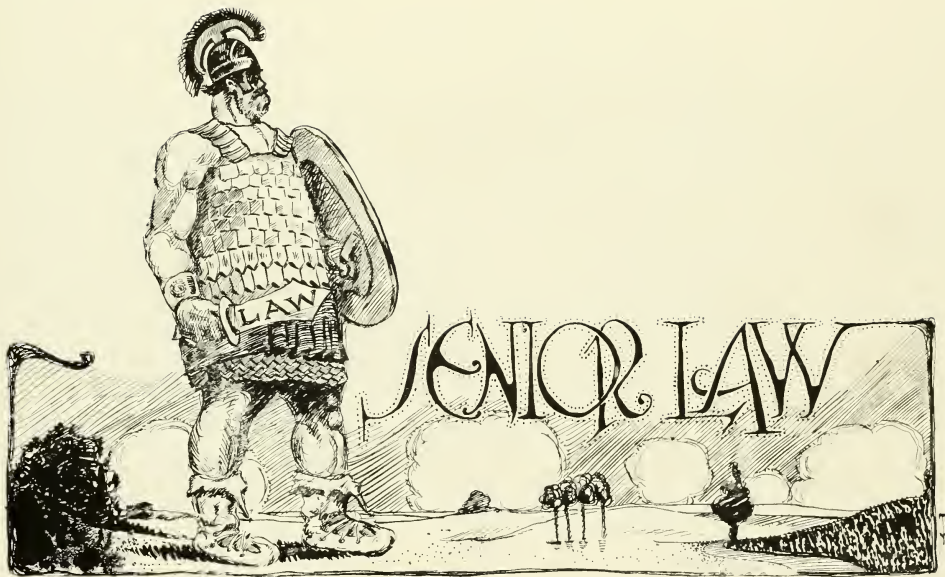
“And Bob was raised a gentleman. He belonged to a distinguished family of dogs in Baltimore—the most aristocratic family, it is said, in the state of Maryland. And he was raised by one whom I esteem the most of a lady of all the beautiful ladies of that city. Why should he not have been a gentleman? You will bear me witness that you have never seen Bob guilty of any act of impoliteness that would offend the most fastidious in this present or indeed any company in the world.

“I loved that dog, because he was worthy of love. And the more I compare him with men, the more I love and revere the memory of Bob. And the man who gave Bob poison will go to a worse place than Bob has gone. I hope and believe I will meet Bob somewhere in the great beyond; but I do not want to meet the man who murdered him—we could not live in the same place.

“The other night Bob was not in my study curled up at my feet as he usually was. I noticed that as an unusual thing. About 10 o’clock I heard him clambering up the stairway that leads to my study, falling down and getting up by turns. I thought some one had given him something to carry up to me, as was frequently done, and that he was having trouble with it. But I will never forget the pathetic look he gave me as he entered the door and fell at my feet. He was sick and had come for help. He at once had all the help that one friend could give another in an extremity. I finally took him to the parlor, turned up the fire, and said, ‘Lie here on the rug, Bob.’ He lay down, turned up his eyes at me and never removed that pleading look till suddenly he rose to his feet, staggered a few steps, lay down on his side, and with a little shudder that beautiful creature

passed to some other clime. With my hand on his heart
I felt the final throb. And I said 'Good bye, Bob, I do
not know where you have gone, but I will look for you,
and search for you among the mysteries of the hereafter.
It cannot be that so noble a creature is snuffed out like
a candle.'"





Class Officers.

BURRELL KEMP LITTLEPAGE	President
KARL HARPER WEADON	Vice-President
BOYD MILFORD SMITH	Secretary
EVERETT LEON HOGGSETT	Treasurer
BANTZ WOODDELL CRADDOCK	Historian

Members.

James Guy Allender.	Aaron Winer.
Van A. Barrickman.	Howard Curtis Barron.
Leo Carlin.	Frederick Henry Brinkman.
Wilbur Earl Cather.	M. Garibaldi Bufano.
E. F. Garrett.	Hubert Garrett Crogan.
Marion Champe Gilchrist.	David Arthur Cronin.
Foy Olney Hall.	E. F. Everhart.
Edward Frederick Herstmann.	John Henry Habermehl.
Adam Frederick K'isar	Justin Henderson.
W. G. Laville	Robert Simms Judge.
Austin Cock Merrill	Jasper Newton Kee, Jr.
John Lawsettee Mollison	Frank Witcher McCullough.
Trevey Nutter.	Roy Earl Parrish.
Boyd Milford Smith.	Elliott Clyde Scott.
Herbert Earl Stansberry.	Karl Harper Weadon.

University Court.

DEAN CHARLES EDGAR HOGG	Judge
WAYNE KENNEDY PRITT	Clerk
BANTZ WOODDELL CRADDOCK	Sheriff



Senior Law Class History.

IN the third year of the reign of Charles E. Hogg, Dean of the College of Law, and in the first month thereof, and of the Satrapcy of Uriah Barnes the first year thereof—in those days came the choice men of the hill tribes, and the select men of the low lands.

And when the tribesmen were assembled at the University, even at Morgantown, the leaders said one to another: Behold the class of 1907 did adopt the HONOR SYSTEM for their rule of conduct and it was good. Let us now, do even as they that our integrity might be above reproach and that men may know our high regard for the work whereunto we are called. And it was done.

And the tribesmen were sorely tried by the rules of Satrap Uriah Barnes; for that he did frequently admonish the tribesmen that if they did not yet have a purpose in life "for God's sake to get one". Whereas they knew the purpose of their coming and deserved not the admonition. And he did constantly preach to the tribesmen of the dignity of their high calling; so that the tribesmen were offended in him, and there was war between the tribesmen and Satrap Uriah Barnes. From the first month of the reign of the satrap even to the ninth month thereof was there war. Then there was peace.

And when the time was come for the second gathering of the tribesmen at the University, even at Morgantown, peace dwelt in the land and happiness and prosperity went as maidens, hand in hand.

There is a feeling abroad in the University that be-

cause the law students sometimes exercise their lungs in other ways than by making speeches to the "gentlemen of the jury" that they are a band of "ne'er-do-wells", lacking in dignity and without a fixed purpose in life. It is not the object of the writer to apologize for the Senior Law Class. Instead he desires to call the reader's attention to a few facts and let him draw his own conclusions.

The President of the University Y. M. C. A. is a law student. Both presidents of the literary societies for the fall term and the president of one for the winter term were members of the Senior Law Class. The president of the Dramatic Club is a member of the Senior Law Class. The editor-in-chief of the Athenaeum and one of the associate editors of the Monongalian are members of the Senior Law Class. Five of the literary society contestants are members of the Senior Law Class. One Varsity Foot-ball player and two Varsity base-ball players are members of the Senior Law Class.

Many of the teachers whose intellects command the admiration of their students, but few are there for whom their students feel a real and sincere affection. Dean Hogg is both admired and loved by every member of this class. The genius of his clear mind has been our inspiration and made to thrill with life and human interest, subjects which might have proven dry and tedious. His kindly interest and ever present sympathy in our work has brightened our student lives. Tho tireless in his own labors, he has never been too busy to hear our often trivial questions or to help us in our difficulties.

"HISTORIAN."

JUNIOR LAW



Class Officers.

ALBERT JOHN KERN	President
ROBERT MOSS FRENCH	Vice-President
LEWIS A. STAKER	Secretary
CHARLES E. MILLER	Treasurer

Class Roll.

Harry William King, Jr.	Guy Herman Burnside.
Charles William Louchery.	A. J. Dailey.
Kemble T. Manning.	Carl C. Douthitt.
L. L. McClure.	C. T. Enlow.
Charles E. Miller.	Boyce Ray Fitzgerald.
Rudolph Munk.	S. L. Flournoy
G. C. Powell.	G. H. Gunnoe
Fisher Scaggs.	J. V. Hall.
C. R. Morgan.	W. H. Hensley.
W. L. Poling.	G. F. Hedges.
Thomas West.	H. B. Hinds.
J. B. Wyatt.	L. F. Ice.
Edward S. Bock.	Lewis A. Staker.
Francis Willard Steele.	Robert Moss French.
A. P. Hudson.	Albert John Kern.
H. A. Bolin	





History of the Junior Law Class.

IN accordance with the usages and customs, sanctioned from time immemorial, it becomes my duty to contribute a history of the Junior Law Class to the Monticola. Trembling under the terrible responsibilities of the task of doing justice to the memory of this famous organization, I take the pen of Herodotus in hand with a prayer for the special aid of Clio. Time would fail me to relate them and all the pages of this book would not contain them, were I to attempt to record all the memorable events in the life of this class; so I shall have to be content with the mention of but a few.

Last September when the leaves were turning to purple and gold, the promptings of the spirits of about forty souls bade their possessors knock at the portals of the College of Law of the Old Gold and Blue for admittance to drink at the fountains of the knowledge of Blackstone. Our wills having confirmed the summons, without a *capias*, we appeared, in the due course of time, without laches, to learn the applications of the legal maxims, "*Ignorantium leges nemine excusat*", "*proxima causa, non remota, spectatur*", et cetera (as Cicero would mouth it), and a few other things. From the hills and valleys, the fields and cities, from the schools of theory

and the schools of experience, from farm, office, factory, and mines of the grand old war-born state of West Virginia and neighboring Commonwealths we came,—hearing the voice of the Mistress of the Law, we came to woo, and perchance to win her! When we all got here we found ourselves to be big and little, small and large; eyes that were brown, black, gray, and blue; hair from the black and straight to the red and wavy, the kind the girls rave about.

After going through the red tape of matriculation, the cross questions and silly answers without false pretenses, and having been "touched" for the usual fees, we assembled for the first classes. "The class will please be in order": it was the voice of our beloved Dean Hogg. He then began and so continueth to unfold to us the beauties of the common and statutory law. We were next introduced to Professor Willey, who looked us over with critical eye, sizing us up intuitively to be an exceptionally fine set of fellows. He "broke the ice" by telling one of his famous anecdotes which made the room ring with laughter, and did much toward making us feel at home. Then we met Professor Uriah Barnes under whose able direction we soon began to wax strong in the peculiar branches in which he is the instructor.

He has made us familiar with every decision in criminal law from Adam's first transgression down to the Age and Times of Theodore I and "Billy" Bryan, the silver-tongued orator of the Platte, "Bill" Taft, Aldrich, Tillman, "Steve" Elkins, and "Uncle Joe" Cannon. We noticed another instructor of pleasant manner in the College of Law, and upon inquiry found him to be Professor J. R. Trotter, of whom by closer contact in the winter term we grew quite fond.

In the course of about two weeks a meeting of the class was called for the purpose of electing officers. There were vigorous contests for each place with the results appearing on another page of this book.

The class by its individual members has distinguished itself in nearly every phase of University life. In fact the presence of members of the Junior Law Class in an affair marks it a success by conclusive presumption. What would the University be without the Junior Law Class of 1909-10? It would be as the fields without flowers and emblems, as a musical comedy without the principals and chorus. In athletics great are its achievements! It gave to the world the mighty football heroes,—Munk and Woodhouse. Then there is Charley Louchery, the great cheer leader and "thuser." On the baseball diamond, we have "Fatty" Wyatt, Charley Mil-

ler, "Young" Enlow, Skaggs, Hensley, and ad infinitum. In the school band you'll find Hines. It gave to the Dramatic Club, "Buck" King and "Judge" Kern, two stars in the realms of Thespis.

You can tell which picture is ours without reading the caption by looking for the most intelligent and best looking lunch herein contained.

During the year we observed two extra-special holidays; one to have our pictures taken, and the other in honor of the cadets on the occasion of the Military Ball. "That's fair enough."

We have been diligent in study and shall therefore stand before kings, as sayeth the holy writ. We, of course, have had our ups and downs, but have little cause for complaint. The death of "Bob," Professor Willey's gentlemanly dog who was an honorary member of the class cast some shadow but there has been much sunshine.

In the future I can see the mighty works to be accomplished by the members of this class, the positions of honor, profit, service, confidence, and trust they are to fill in the body politic and the large influence they are to wield; but I must pause for by strict construction I am trespassing on the office of the prophet. Selah.



Dr. J. N. SIMPSON,
Head of
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

Sophomore Medical Class.

Class Officers.

CECIL OMAR POST	President
HARRY LESLIE STILPHEN	Vice-President
J. S. CRAIG	Secretary
EVERETT ROY COOPER	Treasurer
GEORGE VANE SCOTT	Historian

Class Roll.

Arthur Aquilla Brindley.
Charles Calvin Ryan.
Samuel John Morris.
G. B. Wheeler.
Cecil Omar Post.

Harry Leslie Stilphen.
J. S. Craig.
Everett Roy Cooper.
George Vane Scott.

Freshman Medical Class

Class Officers.

CLAUDE DEWIS HAMILTON	President
TRUMAN ELROY VASS	Vice-President
HARRY COFFMAN	Secretary
EUSTACE THOMAS GOFF	Treasurer

Class Roll.

Fay Maxwell Babbitt.
Thomas Floyd Ernest Bess.
Walter S. Bambrick.
John Augustus Sanders.
James Garfield Coles.
Truman Elroy Vass
John George Brennan.

R. J. Stockhammer.
Constantine C. Psaki.
Paul Jenkins Frazier.
Clarence James Prickett.
Homer Willard Grimm.
Alvis Peters.

Department of Commerce.

DENNIS MARTIN WILLIS Head of Department
BENJAMIN WALTER KING Assistant

Enrollment.

Guy Vandervort Bailey	Lawrence S. Lewellen
Delia L. Barker	Sullivan Mascioli
Fred H. Burdett	Frank Madera Morgan
Nellie R. Cunningham	Elsie M. Norman
Mary A. Chalmers	Carl Newbrough
Priscilla Cole	Bertha L. Pixler
Cora Comley	Grady Pearcy
Rebecca Core	Kuby A. Rogers
Iona Blanche Deussenberry	Minerva Shelby
Mary Jettie Deussenberry	Bernard W. Schenerlein
Irl Noel Duling	Georgia A. Semans
Orton Everett Duling	Allan H. Striebich
Jessie Romaine Glover	Scott Swisher
Sara R. Garlow	Lulu L. South
Newton Haggerty	Janet A. Thomas
James Lawrence Hanford	Sue Utt
Anna Belle Hedrich	Sallie Shields Wade
Robert L. Hogg	Martha Waters
Mrs. Cora A. Hogsett	Noel P. Weaver
Texie E. Hughes	Homer Webb
Maude E. Irvin	Jackson Charles Wells
Leonard Nimrod John, Jr.	Bessie Pearl Winter
Roy Jarrett Jamison, Jr.	Elsie L. Winter
Daniel C. Keighron	Hazel E. Yarger
Anna B. King	French Arlington Yoke



From Left to Right, 1st Row—Miss Comley, Miss Chalmers, Professor Willis, Miss Norman, Professor King, Miss Cunningham.
2nd Row—Misses Elsie Winter, Hall, Marchand, Rogers, Core, Walters, Bessie Winter, Pixler.
3rd Row—Messrs. Wiener, Newbrough, Duncan, Misses Cole, Wade, Hughes and Mr. Hortsmann.
4th Row—Messrs. Manning, Reed, Wells, Misses Barker and Shelby.





YOU YOUNG FOLKS THINK WE OLD FOLKS
ARE FOOLS: WE OLD FOLKS KNOW YOU
YOUNG FOLKS ARE FOOLS—BECAUSE WE'VE
BEEN THERE.

DR. REYNOLDS IN CHAPEL.


A Toast to West Virginia



Here's to the Land of Laurel and Pine,
Where Men are brave and Women Divine,
Where Crystal Stream and Mountain Peak
Reflect their Tints in many a Cheek;
Where Honor, Truth and Love make great:—
Dear West Virginia the Mountain State.



H. L. Thompson



TO THE CO-ED.

Come, fill to the brim; here's a toast to the Gown!
Here's to the coed with merry blue eye, and here's to the
charmer with gray.
And here's to the one that is backward and shy, and
here's to the one that is gay.
Here's to the cold,
Here's to the scold,
Here's to the duck and the dove,
Here's to the slender,
Indeed, the whole gender.
It's the whole blessed bunch that I love!
Drink, drink, drink, drink her down.

"OLD GOLD AND BLUE."

And however we play may we profit by our own and
others' mistakes, always remaining loyal to "Old Gold
and Blue".

Will you then, gentlemen, arise and join me in the
toast and health.—

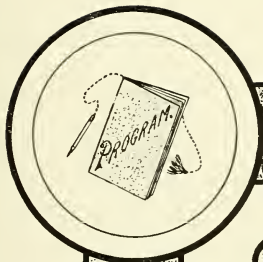
Fill with sparkling "dew" your glasses,
Drink to knowledge and to the true,
Drink to love and joy and pleasure,
All beneath "Old Gold and Blue."

—PROF. EMORY.

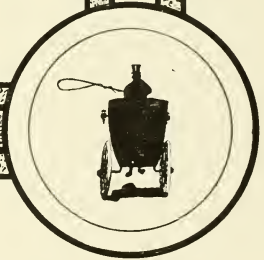
TO "MOUNTAIN DEW!"

"Here's a health, my brother!
Friendship, beauty, truth,
Love that thrills the bosom,
Hope that beckons youth,—
Pledge them all together,
All that's fair and true,—
Hands all round, my brothers,
Here's to 'Mountain Dew'".

"A woman is only a woman, but a cigar is a good smoke."



SOCIAL
SIDE.





Junior Week

Junior Program Committee.

Glenn Hunter	John Lowrie Robinson
Pearl Louise Reiner	Francis Willard Steele
Helen Merwin Weistling	Moses Stark Donnally
Clara Elizabeth Dickason.	

Program for Junior Week.

Monday Evening, May 16.—Junior Smoker.

Tuesday Afternoon and Evening, May 17.—May Festival.

Wednesday Afternoon and Evening, May 18.—Junior Picnic at Oak Park.

Thursday Afternoon, May 19.—Washington and Jefferson Baseball Game.

Friday Afternoon, May 20.—Washington and Jefferson Baseball Game.

Friday Evening, May 20.—JUNIOR PROM.

Saturday Afternoon, May 21.—Washington and Jefferson Baseball Game.



JUNIOR PICNIC.



JUNIOR SMOKER.



JUNIOR PROM.









Pan-Hellenic Dance Committee.

CHARLES WILLIAM LOUCHERY, President, ΣX
FRANK WITCHER McCULLOUGH, Vice President, $\Phi K \Psi$
JAY EDGAR BILLINGSLEY, Treasurer, $\Sigma \Phi E$
EDGAR BOYLE SPEED, Secretary, $\Delta T \Delta$

GEORGE HUNTER HARRIS, B T II
MIFFLIN MARSH WATKINS, $\Phi K \Sigma$
ARTHUR AQUILLA BRINDLEY, ΣN
WALTER WARREN POINT, Jr., K A
GROVER CLEVELAND LEMLEY, $\Phi \Sigma K$
ROGER EARL WATSON, H K A





View from Rusty Run
Mesa, Morgan June 19, 1916
Copyright 1916



View from Chest River Bridge
near Morgan June 19, 1916





7:30



9:30

PRESSING HIS SUIT.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE A FEW HOURS MAKE.





1852



Phi Kappa Psi

Founded at Jefferson College, 1852

COLORS

Pink and Lavender

FLOWER

Sweet Pea

West Virginia Alpha Chapter

Established May 23rd, 1890

Fratres in Urbe

Reverend A. M. Buchanan.	A. Ford Dickey.
Gilbert B. Miller.	Forest W. Stemple.
Joseph K. Buchanan.	

Fratres in Facultate

Frederick Wilson Truscott.	Madison Stathers.
William Patrick Willey.	James Russell Trotter.
Lloyd Lowndes Friend.	

Fratres in Universitate

1910

Leroy Holmer Morris.	John Chrisler Evans.
Frederick Rost Koelz.	Frank Witcher McCullough.
Robert Murray Gawthrop.	Austin Cook Merrill.
James Roy Eckman.	Rodney Milton Stemple.

1911

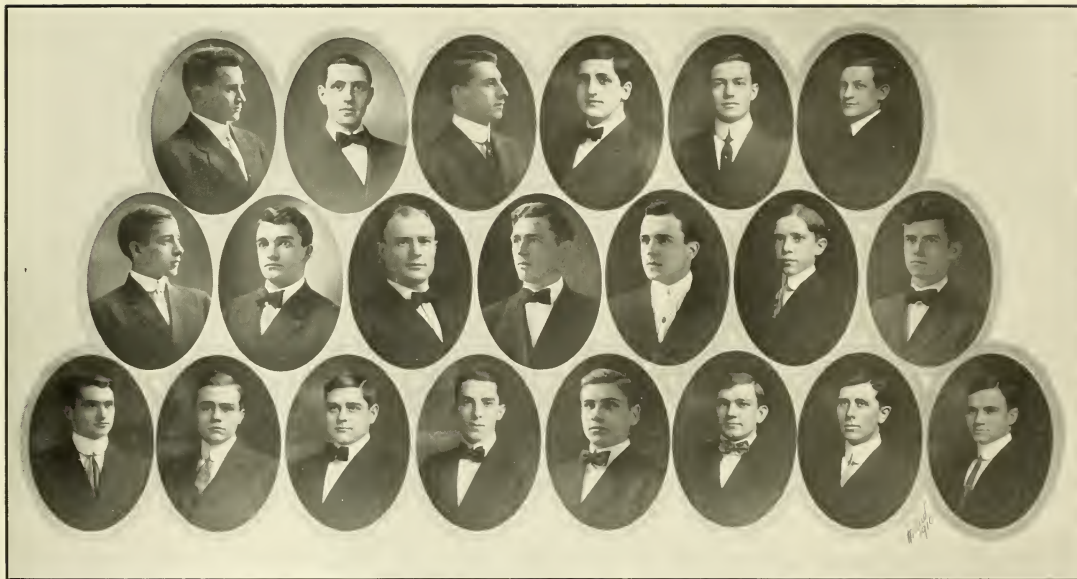
Arthur Brown Hodges.	Robert Sidney Reed.
David Bright Reger.	

1912

George Vane Scott.	Thomas Wilmer Crawford.
Clark Francis Pool.	John James Kennedy.
F. B. Lewellyn.	Thomas Roach McMinn.

1913

George R. Jackson.	Charles E. Hodges.
John M. McGill.	Roy L. Jones.



Roll of Active Chapters

Washington and Jefferson College.
Bucknell University.
Dickinson College.
LaFayette College.
Swarthmore College.
Amherst College.
Cornell University.
Columbia University
John Hopkins University.
University of Virginia.
West Virginia University.
Vanderbilt University.
Ohio Wesleyan University.
Ohio State University.

University of Indiana.
University of Illinois.
Northwestern University.
University of Wisconsin.
University of Minnesota.
University of Kansas.
University of Missouri.
Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
Case School of Applied Science.
Allegheny College.
Gettysburg College.
Franklin and Marshall College.
University of Pennsylvania.
Dartmouth College.

Brown University.
Syracuse University.
Colgate University.
Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.
Washington and Lee University.
University of Mississippi.
University of Texas.
Wittenberg University.
De Pauw University.
University of Chicago.
University of Michigan.
Beloit College.
University of Iowa.
University of Nebraska.



PHI KAPPA PSI HOUSE



Phi Sigma Kappa

Founded 1873

COLORS

Silver and Magenta

Delta Chapter

Established February 24, 1891

Fratres in Urbe

Walter H. South.
Theophilus Sutton Boyd.
William Mount Sivey.
Arthur Lee Boyers.
Prescott C. White.
David C. Reay.
Cassius M. Lemly.
Edgar B. Stewart.

Terence D. Stewart.
David Campbell Garrison.
James Carroll Frazer.
Frank S. Bowman.
Frank Batson Kunst.
Robert W. Fisher (Eta).
John Leps.

Fratres in Facultate

Russell Love Morris
Harry Anthony Eaton
Clement Ross Jones
Dennis Martin Willis

James H. Stewart
John Behuy Grumbein
Benjamin Walter King

Fratres in Universitate

1910

Grover Cleveland Lemley
Harry Anthony Eaton
Bantz Wooddell Craddock

Jasper Newton Kee, Jr.
LeVega Washington Burns
Trevey Nutter

1911

Walter L. Pipes
George Truman Twyford
Thomas Clyde Pitzer

Earl Pearcey
James Harrison Riddle

1912

Jackson VanBuren Blair, Jr.
Fred Earl Vandale
Grover Foster Hedges
Benjamin Walter King

Edgar Duval Bromley
Walter Gaskins
George Bonnie Wheeler
Van Wagener Gilson

1913

Harold Marr

Claude Dewis Hamilton



Roll of Active Chapters.

Massachusetts Agriculture College	St. Lawrence University
Union University	Massachusetts Inst. of Technology
Cornell University	Franklin and Marshall College
West Virginia University	Queen's College (Canada)
Yale University	St. John's College
College of the City of New York	Dartmouth College
University of Maryland	Brown University
Columbia University	Swarthmore College
Stephens Institute of Technology	Williams College
Pennsylvania State College	University of Virginia
George Washington University	University of California
Lehigh University	University of Pennsylvania

Alumni Clubs.

New York Club	Boston Club
Albany Club	Connecticut Club
Southern Club	Morgantown Club
	Philadelphia Club



Sigma Chi.

Founded at Miami University, Ohio, 1855

COLORS

Old Gold and Sky Blue

FLOWER

White Rose

Alu Alu Chapter.

Established May 18, 1895

Fratres in Urbe

Howard Llewelyn Swisher
Joseph Henry McDermott
Jean Valjean Cooke
Michael Eugene Gorman
Boaz Baxter Cox
Paul Hermans Martin
McLaren Bryden
John Arndt Yount

Alexander Gordon Tait
John Hoffman Schissler
John Alden Purinton
C. Everett Casto
L. D. Arnett
Justin M. Kunkle
Leonard Tobin

Fratres in Facultate

C. Edmund Neil

Frederick Lawrence Kortright

Fratres in Universitate

1910

Charles William Louchery
Richard Jay Gould
Carl Cassman Yount
William Sidney Laidley, Jr.

Ralph Thomas Thayer
Justin Henderson
Roy Earl Parrish
Burrell Kemp Littlepage

1911

Stanley Rhey Cox Lewis A. Staker

1912

Corwin Sage Burns

George Morris Osborn

1913

Frank R. Amos
D. Lamont Cardin

John Tait
Wayne Cox



Roll of Chapters.

First Province

Pennsylvania College
Bucknell University
Dickinson College
LaFayette College
Lehigh University
Pennsylvania State College
University of Pittsburg
University of Pennsylvania

Second Province

University of Virginia
George Washington University
Washington and Lee University

Third Province

West Virginia University
University of Cincinnati
University of Michigan
Case School of Applied Science
Western Reserve University
Albion College
Ohio State University
Missouri University
University of Wooster
Ohio Wesleyan University
Dennison University

Seventh Province

State University of Kentucky
Central University of Kentucky
Vanderbilt University

Eighth Province

University of California
University of Southern California
Leland Stanford, Jr. University
University of Montana
University of Utah
University of Washington

Fourth Province

Indiana University
De Pauw University
Butler College
Hanover College
Purdue University
Wabash College

Fifth Province

Northwestern University
Beloit College
Illinois Wesleyan University
University of Wisconsin
University of Minnesota
University of North Dakota
University of Illinois
University of Chicago

Sixth Province

University of Nebraska
State University of Iowa
University of Kansas
Colorado College
University of Missouri
Washington University

Ninth Province

Syracuse University
University of Maine
University of Columbia
Dartmouth College
Massachusetts Inst. of Technology.
Cornell University
Hobart College

Tenth Province

University of Mississippi
University of Texas
Tulane University
University of Arkansas



Phi Kappa Sigma.

Founded at University of Pennsylvania, 1850

COLORS

Old Gold and Black

Alpha Gamma Chapter.

Established 1896

Fratres in Urbe

Edward Miller Grant
Roy V. Hennen
John Gilmore Ross
David Hott, Jr.
Harry John Zevely
Edward Gregg Donley
Theodore J. Arthur

Samuel Grove Chadwick, Jr.
John Leisure Hatfield
Charles William Held
Charles James Hogg
Charles Stephan White
Lewis Dunn Beall (Delta)
I. Richard Ely (Delta)

Fratres in Facultate

Charles Edgar Hogg

Thomas Bond Foulk

Fratres in Universitate

1910

Edward Frederick Horstman
Irving Hayne Moran
Karl Harper Weadon

Donald Ross
Benett Randolph Bias

1911

Glenn Hunter
George Harold Cummins
Phinney Porter Thomas Reiner
Frank Phillips Best

John Henry Robinson
Harry William King, Jr.
Edgar Reed Lang

1912

Miffin Marsh Watkins
James Jackson Turner

Clyde Charles Pugh

1913

Marl Keenan

John Howard Holt, Jr.



Roll of Active Chapters.

University of Pennsylvania	University of Maine
Washington and Jefferson College	Armour Institute of Technology
Dickinson College	University of Maryland
Franklin and Marshall College	University of Wisconsin
University of Virginia	Vanderbilt University
Columbian University	University of Alabama
Tulane University	University of California
University of Illinois	Massachusetts Inst. of Technology
Randolph-Macon College	Georgia School of Technology
Richmond College	Purdue University
Pennsylvania State College	University of Michigan
Washington and Lee University	University of Chicago
West Virginia University	Northwestern University

Kappa Alpha.

[SOUTHERN]

Founded at Washington and Lee University, 1865

COLORS

Crimson and Old Gold

FLOWER

Red Rose and Magnolia.

Alpha Rho Chapter.

Established March 10, 1897

Fratres in Urbe

Dell Roy Richards	Leroy Taylor
William J. Snee	Thomas Fay Dille
Altha Warman	Thomas Edward Hodges
James Rogers Moreland	

Fratres in Facultate

Aretas Wilbur Nolan	Robert Allen Armstrong
---------------------	------------------------

Fratres in Universitate

1910

Roy Olney Hall	Adam Frederick Kisar
Verd Peterson	Edward Curtis Oldham
Robert Simms Judge	Walter Warren Point

1911

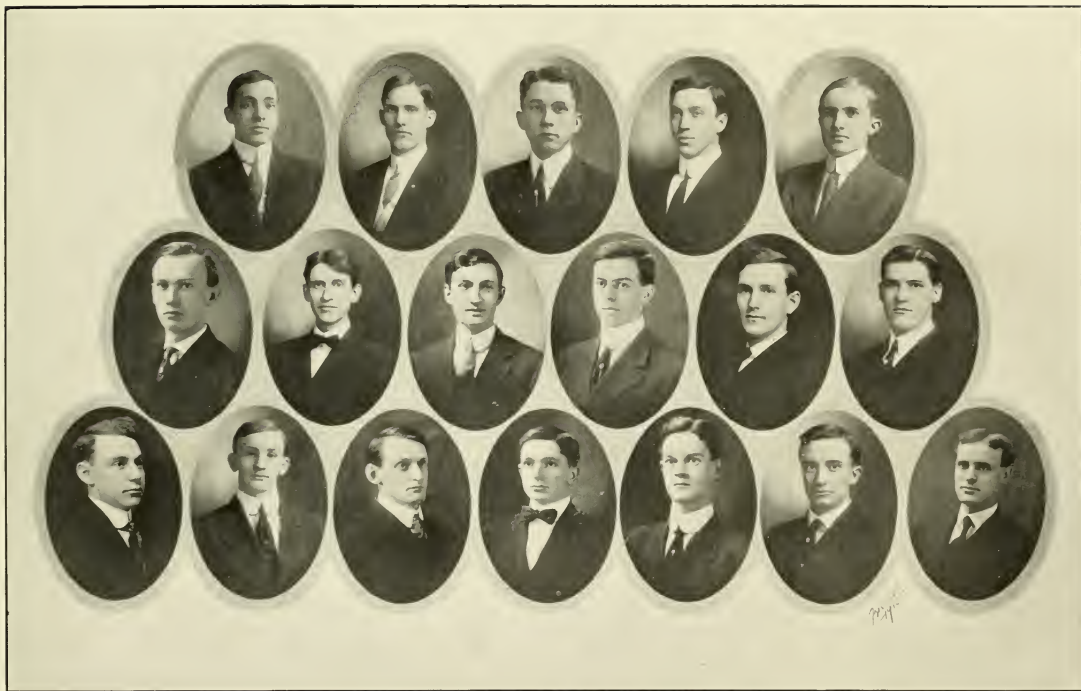
Earnest Bell	Charles George Baker
Earle Woddell Sheets	Hu Swisher Vandervort
James Evans Dille	

1912

Asa Williams Adkins	Otto Dale Elson
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1913

Verner Vadis Law	James Cornwall Allen
John D. Courtney	Richard R. Feller
Ed. L. Kyle	



Roll of Active Chapters.

Washington and Lee University	Transylvania University
University of Georgia	Kentucky University
Wofford College	University of Missouri
Emory College	Johns Hopkins University
Randolph-Macon College	Millsaps College
Richmond College	George Washington University
University of Kentucky	University of California
Mercer University	Leland Stanford, Jr., University
University of Virginia	University of Arkansas
Alabama Polytechnic Institute	Georgia School of Technology
Southwestern Univ. Georgetown, Tex.	West Virginia University
University of Texas	Hampden-Sidney College
University of Tennessee	University of Mississippi
Davidson College	Trinity College
University of North Carolina	North Carolina A. & M. College
Southwestern Univ. Greensboro, Ala.	Missouri School of Mines
Vanderbilt University	Bethany College
Tulane University	College of Charleston
Central University of Kentucky	Georgetown College
University of the South	Delaware College
University of Alabama	University of Florida
Louisiana State University	University of Oklahoma
William Jewell College	Washington University
William and Mary College	Drury College
Westminster College	





Delta Tau Delta.

Founded 1859

COLORS

Purple, White and Gold

FLOWER

Pansy

Gamma Delta Chapter.

Established May 24th, 1900

Fratres in Urbe

George C. Sturgiss (Delta Prime)	James D. Groninger ('06)
Joseph Moreland (Gamma)	Ross C. Shriver ('01)
James L. Callard (Kappa)	Shelby Taylor
Frank P. Corbin ('01)	P. L. McKeel
Willey S. John ('02)	

Fratres in Facultate

Simeon C. Smith (Beta Mu)

Fratres in Universitate

1910

John Lawsettee Mollison	Arthur Melville Jacobs
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1911

Moses Stark Donnally	Edward S. Bock
Bernard Lee Hutchison	Guy Herman Burnside
Clay Dillie Amos	Carl C. Douthitt

1912

Joseph Krause Crubb	Edgar Boyle Speer
Cecil Omar Post	Duffey Fleyd

1913

Paul Jolliffe	Hcmer Gail Garlow
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*Class
1910*



DELTA TAU DELTA HOUSE

Roll of Active Chapters.

Southern Division

Vanderbilt University
 University of Mississippi
 Washington and Lee University
 Emory College
 University of the South
 University of Virginia
 Tulane University
 George Washington University
 University of Texas

Western Division

University of Iowa
 University of Wisconsin
 University of Minnesota
 University of Colorado
 Northwestern University
 Leland Stanford, Jr., University
 University of Nebraska
 University of Illinois

University of California
 University of Chicago
 Armour Institute of Technology
 Baker University
 University of Missouri
 University of Washington

Northern Division

Ohio University
 University of Michigan
 Albion College
 Western Reserve
 Hillsdale College
 Indiana University
 De Pauw University
 University of Indianapolis
 Ohio State University
 Wabash College
 Wooster University
 West Virginia University
 Perdue University

Ohio Wesleyan University
 Kenyon College
 University of Cincinnati

Eastern Division

Allegheny College
 Washington and Jefferson College
 LaFayette College
 Stevens Institute of Technology
 Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
 University of Pennsylvania
 Lehigh University
 Tufts College
 Massachusetts Inst. of Technology
 Cornell University
 Brown University
 Dartmouth College
 Columbia University
 Wesleyan University
 University of Maine

Β Θ Π



Beta Theta Pi.

Founded at Miami University, 1839

COLORS

Light Shade of Blue and Pink

FLOWER

Pink Rose

West Virginia Beta Psi Chapter.

Established Sept. 15th, 1900

Fratres in Urbe

Fred C. Pienniken
W. H. Kendrick
R. C. Price

A. W. Lorentz
C. K. Jenness

Fratres in Facultate

Albert Moore Teese

Waitman T. Barbe

Fratres in Universitate

1910

Leo Carlin
George William Allison
Herbert Earl Stansberry

Ceorge Hunter Harris
Wayne Kennedy Pritt

1911

Lory Francis Ice
Lewis Lietch Wilson
Clark Culbertson Burritt

Harry Lucas Campbell
John Lee Grayson

1912

William Brightwell Jordan
Roscoe Reeves

Harry Alexander Kear
Foscoe Parriott Posten

1913

A. H. Peters
H. R. Tucker

D. C. McCreery
J. Y. York, Jr.

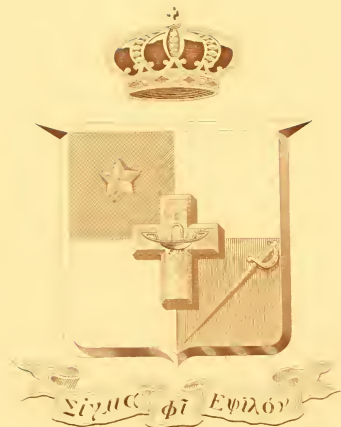


Roll of Active Chapters.

Amherst
Boston
Bowdoin
Brown
Dartmouth
Maine
Columbia
Futgers
Stevens
Wesleyan
Yale
Davidson
Hampden-Sidney
North Carolina
Virginia
Central
Texas
Missouri
Oklahoma
Washington
Westminster
California
Stanford

Colgate
Cornell
St. Lawrence
Syracuse
Toronto
Union
Dickinson
Johns Hopkins
Kenyon
Ohio Wesleyan
Vanderbilt
Ethany
Cincinnati
Miami
Ohio University
Ohio State
West Virginia
Beloit
Washington State
Chicago
Illinois
Knox
Michigan

Western Reserve
Wooster
De Pauw
Hanover
Indiana
Purdue
Wabash
Lehigh
Pennsylvania
Pennsylvania State College
Washington & Jefferson
Wittenberg
Case
Colorado
Denver
Kansas
Northwestern
Wisconsin
Iowa
Iowa State
Iowa Wesleyan
Nebraska
Dennison



Sigma Phi Epsilon.

Founded at Richmond College, Virginia, 1901.

COLORS

Purple and Red

FLOWER

Red Rose and Violet

Gamma Beta Chapter.

Fratres in Urbe.

Gaylord Dent.
George W. Price.
Guy Baxter Hartley.

Alexander Deacon Bell.
Ernest Claude Pixler.

Fratres in Universitate.

1910.

Harry Ruffner Wiley
Charles Moon
Jay Edgar Billingsley

Edgar Lewis Swearingen
Frank Reeves

1911.

J. B. Wyatt
Herman Deidler Pocock

Claude Spray Tetrick
C. E. Miller

1912.

Charles Bruce Wilson
Harry Grove Wheat
Walter Greig Crichton

Harman Haller Kerr
E. Y. McVey
Walter Bruce Bradley

1913.

Emmett Conner Baker

J. D. Ritter



Roll of Active Chapters.

Richmond College.	Randolph-Macon College
West Virginia University	Georgia School of Technology
Jefferson Medical College	Delaware College
University of Pittsburg	University of Virginia
University of Illinois	University of Arkansas
University of Colorado	Lehigh University
University of Pennsylvania	Virginia Military Institute
William and Mary College	Ohio State University
North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts.	Norwich University
Ohio Northern University	Alabama Polytechnic Institute
Purdue University	Trinity College
Syracuse University	Dartmouth College
Washington and Lee University	George Washington University

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania	Norfolk, Virginia.
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Sigma Nu.

Founded at Virginia Military Institute, 1869.

COLORS

Black, White and Gold

FLOWER

The White Rose

Gamma Phi Chapter.

Established February 24th, 1904

Fratres in Urbe.

Robert Rodman Green Arthur M. Lucas
Franklin Marion Brand

Fratres in Universitate.

1910

Thomas Shaffer Patterson Elliott Clyde Scott
Archie Huff Bullard

1911.

Arthur Aquilla Brindley Robert Moss French
George Columbus Starcher Lonnie Watterson Ryan
Harry Cooper Stulting Harlan H. Reynolds

1912.

E. H. Beardsley Logan McDonald
Wirt Gerry Faust Robert Clifton Grogg

1913.

John Leman Miller Raymond E. Clark
Robert Vance Duncan Thomas Hale Erwin
Lloyd Camden Gibson Howard E. Weiss



Roll of Active Chapters.

University of Virginia	University of Wisconsin	Williams Jewell College
University of Georgia	University of Illinois	Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts
University of Alabama	University of Michigan	Rose Polytechnical Institute
Howard College	Missouri Schools of M. & M.	Albion College
North Georgia Agriculture College	Washington University	LaFayette College
Washington & Lee University	West Virginia University	University of Oregon
Bethany College	Dartmouth College	Colorado School of Mines
Mercer University	Western Reserve University	Cornell University
University of Kansas	University of Nebraska	State College of Kentucky
Emery College	Washington State University	University of Chicago
Lehigh College	University of North Carolina	Iowa State College
University of Missouri	Tulane University	University of Minnesota
Vanderbilt University	DePauw University	University of Arkansas
University of Texas	Alabama Polytechnic Institute	University of Montana
Louisiana State University	Purdue University	Syracuse University
Cornell College	Ohio State University	Case School of Applied Science
Georgia School of Technology	Leland Stanford University	University of Pennsylvania
University of Washington	Lombard University	Pennsylvania State College
Northwestern University	Indiana University	Virginia Military Institute
University of Vermont	Mount Union College	Oklahoma University
Stephens Institute of Technology	University of California	
University of Colorado	University of Iowa	

Theta Nu Epsilon.

Founded at Wesleyan University, 1876.

COLORS

Green and Black

Theta Nu Epsilon.

Fratres in Urbe.

Justin M. Kunkle
Harry John Zevely
Albert Ford Dickey
Gilbert Benton Miller

C. Everett Casto
Charles A. Fowler
Scott Biddle
Robert Cole Price

Fratres in Facultate.

C. Edmund Neil

John Nathan Simpson.

Fratres in Universitate.

Carl Cassman Yount
Richard Jay Gould
John Lee Core
Burrell Kemp Littlepage
Dave Harman Kahn
Lewis Smith Core
Austin Cook Merrill
Boyd Milford Smith
Justin Henderson
Roy Earl Parrish
Walter Warren Point, Jr.
Charles William Louchery

Roger Earl Watson
Corwin Burns
Ralph Thomas Thayer
S. L. Flournoy
L. L. McClure
Lonnie Watterson Ryan
Jackson Van Vuren Blair
Edward Henry Beardsey
Clark Francis Poole
John McGill
Marion Campe Gilchrist



Kappa Psi.

Founded at Columbia University, 1878.

COLORS

Scarlet and Gray

FLOWER

Red Carnation

West Virginia Xi Chapter.

Established November 16th, 1908

Fratres in Facultate.

John Lewis Shelton
Justin Frank Grant

Albert Moore Reese
Frederick Lawrence Kortwright

Fratres in Universitate.

1910

Samuel John Morris

1911

Arthur Ecquilla Brindley

1912

Asa Williams Adkins
Cecil Omar Post

Harry Leslie Stilphen

1913

Walter Steenrod Bambric
Eustus Golf
T. E. Vass
R. J. Stackhammer
R. M. Bobbitt
H. F. Coffman

Clarence James Prickett
J. G. Colts
Thomas Best
J. G. Brennan
J. A. Sanders

ACTIVE CHAPTERS

Columbia University	Illinois University
University of Maryland	University of Tennessee
Maryland Medical College	Tulane University
Philadelphia College of Pharmacy	Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons
University of Alabama	Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons
Birmingham Medical College	University of Alabama
Vanderbilt University	Louisville College of Pharmacy
Massachusetts College of Pharmacy	Northwestern University
Medical College of South Carolina	
West Virginia University	

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

Philadelphia, Pa.
New York City.

Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.

The Areopagus.

Founded March 16th, 1910.

Officers

GLENN HUNTER	Senior Archon
JAY EDGAR BILLINGSLEY	Junior Archon
JAMES ROY ECKMAN	Grammateus
JOSEPH KRAUSE GRUBB	Thesaurites

Archons

James Roy Eckman	Phi Kappa Psi
Trevey Nutter	Phi Sigma Kappa
Glenn Hunter	Phi Kappa Sigma
Clark Culbertson Burritt	Beta Theta Pi
Joseph Krause Grubb	Delta Tau Delta
Charles William Louchery	Sigma Chi
Roy Olney Hall	Kappa Alpha
Robert Moss French	Sigma Nu
Jay Edgar Billingsley	Sigma Phi Epsilon







Pan-Hellenic Association.

Of Women's Fraternities.

Organized April 2nd, 1906.

Officers.

President, Mary Meek Atkeson, Alpha Xi Delta.

Secretary, Clara Elizabeth Dickason, Chi Omega.

Treasurer, Margorie Bonner Patterson, Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Official Delegates.

Alpha Xi Delta.

Lillian Ballard Smith
Leda Cordelia Atkeson
Leola May Smith

Chi Omega.

Mrs. Georgia Craig Truscott
Helen Blanche Vance
Clara Elizabeth Dickason

Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Margaret Buchanan
Dercas Mahala Pritchard
Majorie Bonner Patterson

Alpha Xi Delta.

Founded at Lombard College, Galesburg, Illinois, April 17, 1893.

COLORS

Light Blue, Dark Blue and Gold

FLOWER

Pink Rose

Iota Chapter.

Established May 8th, 1905.

Patronesses.

Mrs. Charles Edgar *Hoer* Mrs. Thomas Clark Atkeson.
Mrs. William Jackson Leonard

Sorores in Urbe.

Mrs. Carl Harrison Smith Mary Frances Chadwick
Mabel Jane Weaver Lillian Ballard Smith

Sorores in Universitate.

1910.

Ethel Averil Green, A. B. Ethel Crimm Peterson
Mary Stewart Fravel Mary Meek Atkeson.

1911.

Leda Cordelia Atkeson

1912.

Leola May Smith Edith Scott Smith

1913.

Nellie Mae Herring Nelle Margaret McConnell.



Roll of Chapters.

Lombard College
Iowa Wesleyan University
Mt. Union College
Bethany College
University of South Dakota
Wittenberg College
Syracuse University
University of Wisconsin
University of West Virginia

University of Illinois
Tufts College
University of Minnesota
University of Washington
Kentucky State University
University of California
Alliance Alumnae
Mt. Pleasant Alumnae
Boston Alumnae

Chi Omega.

Founded at University of Arkansas, April 5th, 1895.

COLORS

Cardinal and Straw

FLOWER

White Carnation

Theta Chapter.

Established June 2nd, 1905.

Sorores in Urbe.

Mrs. John Harrington Cox	Mrs. Edward Mentzer
Mrs. Frederick Wilson Truscott	Mrs. John Behny Grumbein
Mrs. Charles Russell Huston	Mrs. James Merton Callahan.
Mrs. Waitman Barbe	

Sorores in Universitate.

1910.

Helen Blanche Vance

1911.

Lucy Clare Clifford	Helen Riggan Knowlton
Emily Josephine Wilmoth	Clara Elizabeth Dickason

1912.

Esther Jean Gilmore	Edith Ellwood Coombs
Rhea Watson Warden	Mary Manning Holroyd

1913.

Edith Gretchen Warrick



Roll of Active Chapters.

University of Arkansas	University of Nebraska
Transylvania University	University of Texas
Union University	West Virginia University
University of Mississippi	University of Michigan
Randolph-Macon Woman's College	University of Colorado
Tulane University	Columbia University
University of Tennessee	Dickinson College
University of Illinois	Florida Woman's College
Northwestern University	Colby College
University of Wisconsin	University of Washington
University of California	University of Oregon
University of Kansas	George Washington University

Alumni Chapters.

Fayetteville	New York City
Washington City	Texarkana
Atlanta	New Orleans
Lexington	Lynchburg
Oxford	Denver
Knoxville	Milwaukee
Chicago	Des Moines
Kansas City	

Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Founded 1870

COLORS

Light Blue and Dark Blue

FLOWER

Fleur-de-lis

Beta Upsilon Chapter.

Established December 22, 1906

Sorores in Urbe

Mrs. Ethel Finnicum Moreland (Xi)
Mrs. Leanna Donley Brown (Gamma Rho)
Flora Fay Hayes
Lucy Wilson
Mrs. Adelaide Dovey Church (Psi)
Mrs. Anne Jones Fowler
Evelyn Sage Burns

Sorores in Facultate

Margaret Buchanan

Sorores in Universitate

1910

Nelle Steele
Ethel Ice

Mahala Dorcas Prichard
Clara Belle Lytle

1911

Nellie Dauphinee Stathers
Agnes Cady
Pauline Theakston

Marjorie Bonner Patterson
Pearl Reiner
Genevieve Stealey

1912

Susan Louise Smith

Lyda Jane Six
Edua Arnold

1913

Louise Stealey



Roll of Active Chapters.

Boston University	Indiana State University
Barnard College	De Pauw University
Adelphi College	Butler College
Cornell College	University of Wisconsin
Syracuse University	University of Pennsylvania
University of Illinois	Northwestern University
Swarthmore College	Illinois Wesleyan
Allegheny College	University of Minnesota
Buchtel College	Iowa State University
Wooster University	Missouri State University
Ohio State University	Nebraska State University
University of Michigan	Kansas State University
Adrian College	Colorado State University
Hillsdale College	Texas State University
Tulane University	Leland Stanford University
University of California	University of Montana
University of Washington	Kentucky University
West Virginia University	



The University Choral Society.

(Louis Black, Director)

PROGRAM FOR THE FOURTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON OF 1909-
1910, MAY 3, 1910

SOLOIST

Mr. John R. Roberts, Baritone

Old English Part—Songs:

Ravenscroft (1613).....In the Merry Spring
Croce (1560).....Cynthia Thy Song
De Pearsall (1759).....Caput aprī defero
The Society

Tschaikowski Pilgrims Song
Wallace Nest Thee My Bird
Damrosch Danny Deever
Mr. Roberts

Modern English:

Elgar My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land
Mendelssohn Farewell to the Forest
Gericke Chorus of Homage
The Society

INTERMISSION

Russian:

Tschaikowski Light Celestial
Cui Spring Delight
Tschaikowski Cherubim Song No. 3
The Society
Mendelssohn It is Enough
Mr. Roberts

Ladies Chorus:

Elgar The Snow
Violins assisting
Miss Margaret Horne
Mr. Howard Holt
Raymond I Wonder Why
Raymond Spring
Homer Precspice
Mr. Roberts

Sacred:

Zingarelli Go Not Far from Me
Mozart Ave Varum
Brahms Mary Magdalene
Beethoven Hallelujah Chorus
The Society

(Mrs. Louis Black, Accompanist)





The String Quartette.

Margaret Winston Horne
Harry Leslie Stillphen
Boyd Milford Smith
John Howard Holt, Jr.

The University Choral Society.

Members.

Sopranos

Miss Edna Babb
Miss Lulu Babb
Miss Cassandra Burnett
Miss Charlotte Blair
Miss Lucy Beltzhoover
Miss Anna Burk
Miss Catherin Beaumont
Miss Jeanette Clark
Miss Pearl Compton
Miss Jessie Fitch
Mrs. M. E. Gorman
Miss Lillian Garrison
Miss Jessie Glover
Miss Elizabeth Gebhard
Miss Mary Holroyd
Miss Mary Hogg
Miss Pearl Hodges
Miss Louise Haggins
Miss Elsie Jones
Miss Goldie Jones
Miss Marie Krak
Miss Rosa Ledley
Miss Ruth Maxwell
Miss Irene Madera
Miss Mary Mestrezat
Miss Ella Mattingly
Miss Susan Maxwell Moore
Mrs. R. H. Martin
Miss Adele Nicholls
Miss Elizabeth Quinn
Miss Maude Six
Miss Frances Stockton

Miss Mattie Stewart
Miss Iva V. Schock
Miss Regina Smith
Miss Nellie Weltner
Miss Rhea Warden
Miss Mary Williams

Altos

Miss E. Biersach
Miss Mabel Constance Foster
Miss Gertrude Hays
Miss Audra Hercd
Miss Margaret Horne
Miss May La Rue
Miss Edna Leyman
Miss Blanche Lazzelle
Mrs. James Moreland
Miss Pearl Feiner
Mrs. Grace Martin Snee
Miss Florence Smith
Mrs. Frank Trotter
Miss Helen Vance

Tenors

Mr. H. C. Brake
Mr. Raymond Creel
Mr. Eugene Evans
Mr. David H. Evans
Mr. Robert W. Evans
Mr. Richard Gould
Mr. John M. Gregg
Mr. Edward Horstman
Mr. V. V. Law

Mr. Frank Morgan
Mr. John McGill
Prof. A. W. Nolan
Mr. George Parker
Mr. David Roberts
Prof. C. W. Waggoner
Mr. Plumer Weaver

Basses

Mr. Charles Baker
Mr. John Courtney
Mr. John L. Core
Mr. Addison Clarke
Mr. Phillip Davis
Mr. Earl Davis
Prof. Tom Foulk
Mr. Wirt G. Faust
Mr. Robert French
Mr. Howard Holt
Mr. David T. Jones
Mr. Harry King
Mr. J. B. Krak
Mr. Samuel Morris
Mr. James Moreland
Mr. Charles Fyan
Mr. M. J. Sisler
Mr. C. H. Smith
Mr. Boyd Smith
Mr. B. W. Schenerlein
Mr. A. B. Williams
Mr. Ellis Yost
Mr. Carl Yount

West Virginia University Minstrels.

Swisher Theatre, February twenty-third, 1910

Director Charles E. Stout
Music Johnny Jones and Orchestra
Manager B. K. Littlepage

CAST

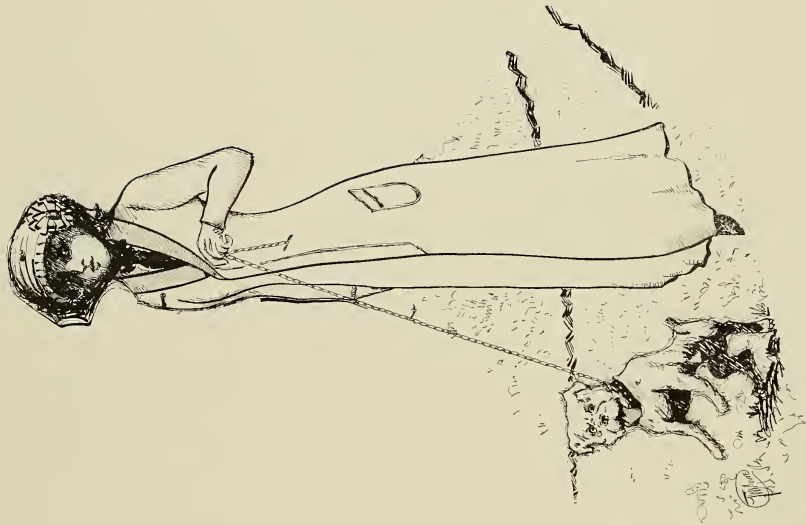
Interlocutor W. G. Marqua
Ends King, Watkins, Core, Littlepage
Soloists Maupin, McGill, Yount, Kinsey
Chorus—Ryan, Smith, Horstman, Parker, Vance, Yount, Carden, Gould,
Armstrong, Martin, Hodges, Courtney and Adams

SONG PROGRAM

Garden of Roses Maupin
Wild Cherry Rag King
Helen McGill
Liza Core
Any Old Port In a Storm Yount
Black Salome Watkins
Ballad Kinsey
You'll Come Back Littlepage

OLEO

Monologue Littlepage
Quartet Watkins, McGill, Yount, King
Violin Solo Holt
Acrobats Martin and Armstrong





SOCIETIES & CLUBS



The English Club.

Elected Honorary Members

Charles Henry Patterson, A. M.
Jerome Hall Raymond, Ph. D.
Josephine Raymond, A. M.
Powell Benton Reynolds, D. D.
Waitman Barbe, A. M., Litt. D.
William Jackson Leonard
Daniel Boardman Purinton, Ph. D., L. L. D.
James Russell Trotter, L. L. B., Ph. D.

John Harrington Cox, A. M.
Mrs. Pauline Wiggin Leonard, A. M.
Frederick Wilson Truscott, Ph. D.
Robert Allen Armstrong, A. M., L. H. D.
James Morton Callahan, Ph. D.
C. Edmund Neil, A. M.
Henry Sherwood Green, A. B., LL. D.

Alumni in Faculty

Simeon Conant Smith, A. M.
Lloyd Lowndes Friend, A. B.

David Dale Johnson, A. M.
Margaret Buchanan, A. B.

Alumni in City

Mrs. Bertha Browning Purinton, A. M.
Mrs. Georgia Craig Truscott, A. B.
Fred Colborn Fleniken, LL. B.

Rebecca Luella Pollock, A. B.
Lillian Ballard Smith, A. B.
Mrs. Maud Fulcher Callahan, A. M.

Alumni in University

Ethel Averil Green, A. B.

Leo Carlin, A. B.

Active Members

Mary Meek Atkeson, (Head)
Clara Belle Lytle, (Clerk)
Helen Blanche Vance, (Watch)
Edward Sidney Bock
Wilbur Earl Cather
John Cristler Evans
Horace Laban White
Susan Maxwell Moore, A. B.

John Arndt Yount, A. B.
Josephine Margaret Kunkle, A. B.
Mrs. Ethel Crim Peterson
Ethel Ice
Anna Grace Cox
Marjorie Bonner Patterson
Olive Inland Hodges

Seo Beowulf-Gedryht.

Organized February 29th, 1908

MOTTO:

Gaeth A Wyrð Swa Hio Seel

PURPOSE:

- (a) A Knowledge of the Epics and Minor Tales of all Lands.
- (b) Practice and Skill in Oral Story-Telling.
- (c) Social Intercourse.

MEETING PLACE

Hrothgares Heal—Reced

COLORS

Fealwe—Orange and Lemon

FLOWER

The Daisy

OFFICERS

Se Foran-Sittend	ETHEL ICE
Se For-Sittend	EVELYN SAGE BURNS
Se Boc-Weard	CLARA BELLE LYTLE
Se Hord-Weard	JOHN HARRINGTON COX
Se Micel Scop	HELEN BLANCHE VANCE
Se Lytel Scop	EVELYN SAGE BURNS
Seo Cwen Waes-Hael-Folces	MRS. JOHN HARRINGTON COX

MEMBERSHIP IN THE CITY.

ROBERT ALLEN ARMSTRONG	MARY MEEK ATKESON
EVELYN SAGE BURNS	ELMA PEARL COMPTON
JOHN HARRINGTON COX	ETHEL ICE
FREDERICK ROST KOELZ	CLARA BELLE LYTLE
THOMAS ROACH McMINN	ETHEL CRIM PETERSON
MALVIN H. REINHEIMER	HELEN BLANCHE VANCE
GLADYS MARY WATERS	HELEN MERWIN WIESTLING
EMILY JOSEPHINE WILMOTH	

The Mountain.

Founded June 3rd, 1904. . .

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

ROY OLNEY HALL	GLENN HUNTER
CARL COSSMAN YOUNT	JOHN LAWSETTE MOLLISON
BERNARD LEE HUTCHISON	FREDERICK ROST KOELZ
DAVID HARMAN KAHN	HARRY ANTHONY EATON
WALTER WARREN POINT, Jr.	LONNIE WATTERSON RYAN
LEO CARLIN	

THE MARSH

JAMES ROY ECKMAN	GEORGE WILLIAM ALLISON
JOHN CRISTLER EVANS	JAMES HARRISON RIDDLE
HARRY RUFFNER WILEY	EDWARD FRED HORSTMAN

THE MODERATES.

DANIEL BOARDMAN PURINTON	FREDERICK LINCOLN EMORY
CHARLES HENRY PATTERSON	CHARLES EDGAR HOGG
SIMEON CONANT SMITH	RUSSELL LOVE MORRIS
THOMAS EDWARD HODGES	JUSTIN FRANK GRANT
JAMES MORTON CALLAHAN	JOHN BEHNY GRUMBEIN



The Sphinx.

Honorary Members

Charles Edgar Hogg
Clement Ross Jones
Frank Roy Yoke

1910

John Lawsettee Mollison
Marcus Orran Bond
James Roy Eckman
Phinney Porter Thomas Reiner
Irving Hayne Moran
Arthur Melville Jacobs
Burrell Kemp Littlepage
John Thoburn Morgan

Charles William Louchery
Leo Carlin
Austin Cook Merrill
Justin Henderson
George William Allison
Halleck McGinnis Scott
Walter Warren Point, Jr.
Bantz Wooddell Craddock





The University Dramatic Club.



The college year of 1909-1910 has been marked by many changes, but no greater step in advancement and influence has been made than that of the organization of the W. V. U. Dramatic Club.

All universities of size and prestige have dramatic clubs, and this university, ever increasing its standard and fields of opportunity, saw the need of such an organization and promptly formed one.

This club is based upon a firm foundation, and neither political pulls nor social influence give one entree. The membership is composed of the successful candidates who have passed the dramatic test required by C.

Edmund Neil, the Director of the Club. That this test is worthy the name is evidenced by the fact that of the forty students who first expressed a desire to belong only eighteen passed the requirements.

The purpose of the Club is to study dramatic literature by producing plays, two of which will be public performances during the year. Mr. Neil instructs the members in the technique of the drama, and in the philosophy of scene and character building. Already it is considered one of the highest honors in the university to be a member of the club.

Officers and Members

C. EDMUND NEIL	Director
BOYD MILFORD SMITH	President
ARTHUR ACQUILLA BRINDLEY	Vice-President
EMILY JOSEPHINE WILMOTH	Secretary
MIFFLIN MARSH WATKINS	Treasurer

Irene Marie Andris
 Wilber Earl Cather
 Charles Hodges
 Pearl Hodges
 Mary Holroyd
 Albert Kern
 Harry William King, Jr.

Frederick Rost Koelz
 Frank Lewellyn
 William Laidley, Jr.
 Alexander Miller
 Pearl Scott
 Nellie Jeanetta Weltner
 Gretchen Warrick

Honorary Members

Simon Conant Smith
 Grace Gardner Neil



Ketejos Tichancas.

Established, November 23, 1908

COLORS

Lalo, Bardroy, Butacole

EMBLEM

Cacabi

CHUAJANI

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CALLI

Seniors

Helen Blanche Vance
Clara Belle Lytle
Margaret Eleanor Mockler

Juniors

Helen Margaret DeBerry
Emily Josephine Wilmoth
Genevieve Stealey
Helen Merwin Weistling
Stella Rebecca Wilson

Sophomores

Esther Jean Gilmore
Virginia Baker

Freshmen

Louise Stealey

Specials

Alice Engle
Elizabeth Gebhart



V. V. Club.

Established Spring 1908

Officers

Van	"PIDGE" POINT
Vice Van	"ANGIE" LOUCHERY
Viaticum	"KAISER" KOELZ

Venerable Pedestrians

"Kaiser" Koelz	"Angle" Louchery
"Brownie" Hodges	"Yank" Vance
"Pidge" Point	"Fuss-cat" Harris

Villain Creepers

"Hen" Hunter	"Bobbie" Reiner
"Second" Best	"Ammy" Wilmoth
"Bull" Yount	"Woofie" Fry
"Peggy" Scott	"Merry" McKinney



AGRICULTURE



Agricultural Experiment Station Staff.

JAMES H. STEWART, A. N.	Director and Agriculturist
BERT HOLMES HITE, M. S.	Vice Director and Chemist
WELTON MARKS MUNSON, Ph. D.	Horticulturist
WILLIAM EARL RUMSEY, B. S. Agr.	Bacteriologist
HOPACE ATWOOD, M. S. Agr.	Assistant Agriculturist
FREDEFICK ERNEST BROOKS	Associate Entymologist
FRANK BATSON KUNST, A. B.	Assistant Chemist
CHARLES EDWARD WEAKLEY, Jr.	Assistant Chemist
ARTHUR LINCOLN DACY, B. Sc.	Assistant Horticulturist
JAN HENDRICK BERGHUIS-KRAK	Assistant Chemist
OSCAR CHARLES BECK, B. S.	Assistant Chemist
WILLIAM J. WHITE	Clerk
MARTHA A. STEWART	Librarian
ALICE ENGLE	Secretary

University Grange.

Officers

Master	EARL WOODDELL SHEETS
Overseer	HU SWISHER VANDERVORT
Lecturer	ARETAS WILBUR NOLAN
Steward	ERNEST BELL
Assistant Steward	JAMES EVANS DILLE
Chaplain	VERD PETERSON
Treasurer	THOMAS CLARK ATKESON
Secretary	GEORGE COLUMBUS STARCHER
Gate-Keeper	VERNER VADIS LAW
Ceres	MRS. MYRTA NOLAN
Pomona	MARY MEEK ATKESON
Flora	ETHEL CRIM PETERSON
Lady Assistant Steward	LEDA CORDELIA ATKESON

Fairmont Normal Club.

FRANCES WILLARD STEELE	President
ROBERT SIDNEY REED	Vice President
ETHEL ICE	Secretary
MAHALA DORCAS PRICHARD	Treasurer
FRANK REEVES	Reporter and Football Manager
WALTER GASKINS	Basketball Manager

Y. M. C. A.



OFFICERS OF Y. M. C. A.

GLENN HUNTER	President
VERD PETERSON	Vice President
GEORGE T. MAX TWYFORD	Secretary
GEORGE BOWERS VIEWIG	Treasurer

CABINET

VERD PETERSON	Bible Study
WIRT GERRY FAUST	Devotional
EDGAR BOYLE SPEER	Membership
GEORGE BOWERS VIEWIG	Finance
CHARLES GEORGE BAKER	New Students
FREDERICK ROST KOELZ	Social
ANDREW ALPHONSO TORRANCE	Extension
WALTER WARREN POINT, Jr.	Advertising
BOYCE RAY FITZGERALD	Lecture Course

ADVISORY BOARD

ROBERT ALLEN ARMSTRONG	Chairman
OLIVER PERRY CHITWOOD	Treasurer
Aretas Wilbur Nolan	Howard Justus McGinnis
Terence D. B. Stewart	Glenn Hunter
George Bowers Viewig	Edward Hartman Munson
Ellis Ashby Yost	

Y. M. C. A. Work in West Virginia University



THE highest type of Christian manhood is the meaning and standard of the Young Men's Christian Association. To permeate the lives of all men in school with higher ideals and nobler aspirations is the purpose of this organization. **Helpfulness** expresses it briefly. Students need direction and motive for the highest life service, as much as they need technical and intellectual training.

This year the work of the Association has expanded and progressed beyond the high expectations of its most earnest supporters. New interest has been taken in the work by those formerly indifferent. Although the membership has not advanced more than fifteen or twenty percent, yet the number of members **actively** aiding in developing a strong vigorous Association has been doubled and trebled.

Lack of space prevents a detailed summary of activities undertaken this year. Suffice it to say that the sum and substance of the Y. M. C. A. work in the University is that it unites in one body all Christian men of the school, affords them ample opportunity to do real Christian service, and tends to elevate the moral tone of the lives of all students.



Young Women's Christian Association.

OFFICERS

1909-10

DORCAS MAHALA PRICHARD	President
GENEVIEVE STEALEY	Vice President
NELLIE GRANT HENDERSON	Recording Secretary
ETHEL CRIM PETERSON	Corresponding Secretary
HELEN MARGARET DE BERRY	Treasurer

OFFICERS

1910-11

HELEN MARGARET DE BERRY	President
EVA MYRTELLE FLING	Vice President
BESSIE REED	Recording Secretary
GLADYS MARY WATERS	Corresponding Secretary
JUNE CAREY HOUSTON	Treasurer





DIXIE—KAPPA ALPHA DCG



BUNK—DELTA TAU DELTA DOG



PHI PSI COLLIE



Womens'
League

Woman's League.

OFFICERS

President HELEN MARGARET DE BERRY
Vice President GENEVIEVE STEALEY
Recording Secretary ETHEL CRIM PETERSON
Corresponding Secretary MARGARET ELEANOR MOCKLER
Treasurer LUCY CLARE CLIFFORD

WOMAN'S LEAGUE BOARD

June Carey Houston	Lucy Clare Clifford
Genevieve Stealey	Helen Margaret De Berry
Ethel Crim Peterson	Ethel Ice
Margaret Eleanor Mockler	

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Faculty Members

Mrs. Purinton	Mrs. Stathers
Mrs. Chez	Mrs. Leonard
Miss Moore	

ALUMNI

Miss Moreland	Miss Buchanan
---------------	---------------



Columbian Literary Society.

Officers for the Fall Term, 1909

WAYNE KENNEDY PRITT	President
GEORGE COLUMBUS STARCHER	Vice President
ELIZABETH QUINN	Recording Secretary
ESTER KEMPER	Corresponding Secretary
PEARL HODGES	Treasurer
WIRT GERRY FAUST	Chorister
E. W. SPEAR	Critic

Officers for the Winter Term, 1910

GEORGE COLUMBUS STARCHER	President
PEARL HODGES	Vice President
ESTA KEMPER	Recording Secretary
REBECCA CORE	Treasurer
WAYNE KENNEDY PRITT	Marshal
WIRT GERRY FAUST	Chorister

Officers for the Spring Term, 1910

LUTHER SHERMAN BRITTON	President
ROBERT MOSS FRENCH	Vice President
NELLIE MAY HERFING	Recording Secretary
HYRE CLYDE BRAKE	Corresponding Secretary
JOHN ALEXANDER MacRAE	Treasurer
JOHN DONALD RYAN	Critic
ELIZABETH QUINN	Chorister
GEORGE COLUMBUS STARCHER	Marshal



Parthenon Literary Society.

Officers for the Fall Term, 1909

WILBUR EARL CATHER	President
CHARLES WILLIAM LOUCHERY	Vice President
SUSAN LOUISE SMITH	Secretary
ALEXANDER MILLER	Attorney
MARJORIE BONNER PATTERSON	Critic
EVA MYRTLE FLING	Chorister
HOFACE LABAN WHITE	Marshal

Officers for the Winter Term, 1910

JAMES GUY ALLENDER	President
SAMUEL HENRY SANGER	Vice President
PEARL SCOTT	Secretary
CHARLES MELVIN LOUGH	Attorney
GEORGE EDWARD RHODES	Critic
NELLIE GFANT HENDERSON	Chorister
WILBUR EARL CATHER	Marshal

Officers for the Spring Term, 1910

HUBERT CARRETT CROGAN	President
CHARLES MELVIN LOUGH	Vice President
BESSIE REED	Secretary
JAMES CORNWALL ALLEN	Attorney
CLARA BELLE LYTTLE	Critic
JAMES GUY ALLENDER	Marshal



Corps of Cadets.

CAPTAIN, HARRY ANTHONY EATON, 23rd U. S. Inf., Commandant
ORDNANCE SERGEANT, HENRY ST. CLAIR U. S. A. Armorer

FIELD AND STAFF

CADET JOHN CHRISLER EVANS Major
JOHN NATHAN SIMPSON Captain, Surgeon
CADET CHARLES GEORGE BAKER 1st Lieutenant Adjutant
CADET HARRY GROVE WHEAT 1st Lieutenant Quartermaster

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF

CADET HARMAN HALLER KERR Sergeant Major
CADET EUGENE LYON COLCORD Quartermaster Sergeant
CADET HOWARD CHARLES RIGGS Ordnance Sergeant
CADET ENOCH SMITH Chief Trumpeter

BAND

MR. WALTER A. MESTREZAT Chief Musician
CADET THOMAS CLYDE PITZER Principal Musician

COMPANY A.

CADET GEORGE WALTER GROW Captain
CADET NEAL MINTER HEFLIN 1st Lieut.
CADET HOMER ARTHUR HOSKINS 2nd Lieut.
CADET WILBUR EARL CATHEH 1st Sergeant

COMPANY B

CADET CLAUDE SPRAY TETRICK Captain
CADET WALTER WARREN POINT, JR. 1st Lieut.
CADET JOHN LOWRIE ROBINSON 2nd Lieut.
CADET FRANK VANDERSLICE SANDER 1st Sergeant

The Athenaeum.

Published by the Students Publishing Association of West Virginia
University

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The Monongalian.

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

Published by the Students of West Virginia University

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Helen Merwin Wiestling
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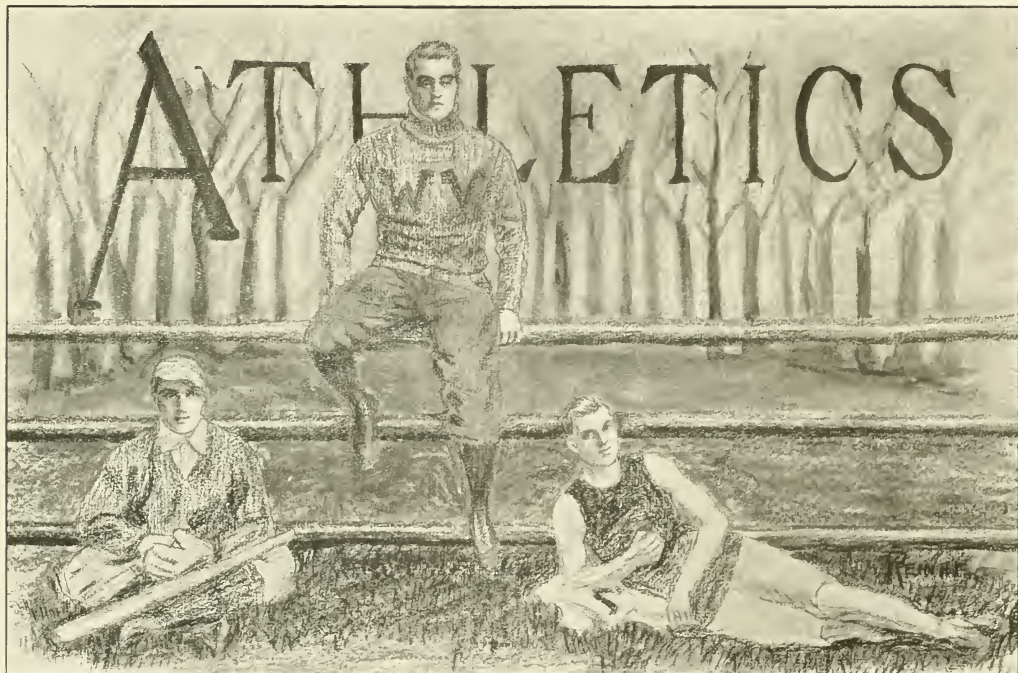
Athletics

Bernard Lee Hutchinson
Herman Deidler Pocock



Students' Publishing Association.

GLENN HUNTER President
CLARA BELLE LYTLE Secretary



Athletic Board of Control.

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DENNIS MARTIN WILLIS	Secretary
AFETAS WILBUR NOLAN	Treasurer
Anthony Wencil Chez	Harry Anthony Eatn

STUDENT MEMBERS

1910

George Crant Crewson	Jay Edward Billingsley
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1911

Guy Herman Burnside	James Harrison Riddle
---------------------	-----------------------

1912

Roscoe Pariott Posten

A decorative title 'FOOT BALL' is centered within a rectangular frame. The frame has a black background with white floral and leaf patterns. The text 'FOOT BALL' is written in a large, bold, serif font. The floral patterns include various leaves and flowers, such as a large rose on the right side and a sunflower-like flower at the bottom center.

FOOT BALL

Varsity Football Line-up, 1909.

Coach	LUEDER
Graduate Manager	FOULK
Student Manager	LOUCHERY
Captain	HUTCHINSON

TEAM

Right End	Wiley
Right Tackle	Bullard
Right Guard	Cole
Center	Woodhouse
Left Guard	Swearingen
Left Tackle	Yount
Left End	Hutchinson
Right Half	Merrill
Left Half	Munk
Full Back	Springer
Substitutes: Malone, Wilson, Hall, Amos, Feller, Floyd, Watkins, Sperling, Carden, McDonald.	

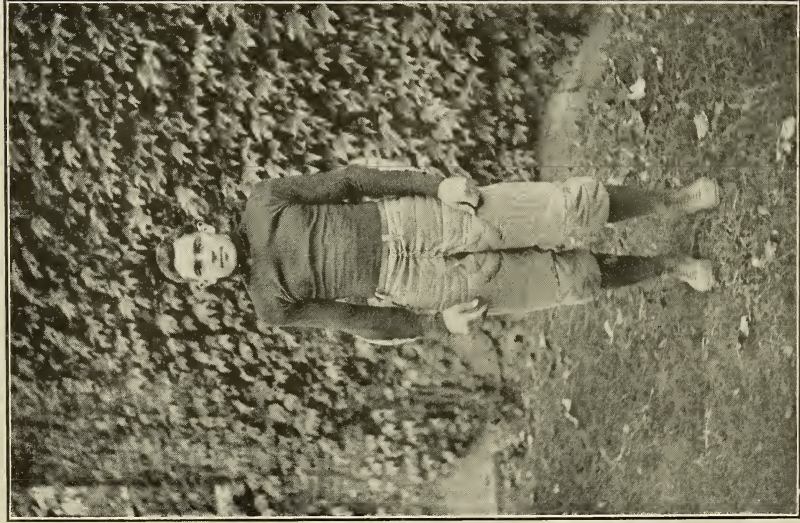
Scores, Schedule 1909.

Oct. 2, W. V. 15—Waynesburg 0
 Oct. 9, W. V. 0—U. of P. 12
 Oct. 16, W. V. 40—Slippery Rock 5
 Oct. 23, W. V. 6—Bucknell 6
 Oct. 30, W. V. 3—Marietta 0
 Nov. 6, W. V. 0—U. of Pitt. 0
 Nov. 13, W. V. 0—Penn. State 40
 Nov. 17, W. V. 49—W. V. W. C. 0
 Nov. 25, W. V. 0—W. & J. 18

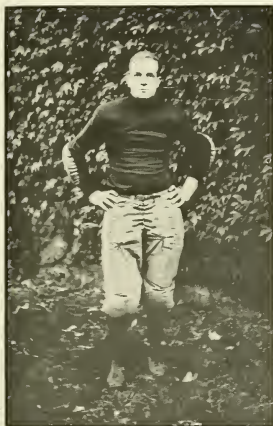




COACH C. A. LEUDER.



CAPTAIN LEE HUTCHINSON.



YOUNT

W. V. U. vs. U. of Penn.

In one of the hardest fought games of the season West Virginia lost to Pennsylvania by the score of 12 to 0. It was not until our team was worn out and in the last seven minutes of the second half that Pennsylvania succeeded in scoring at all.

Throughout the first half the ball see-sawed back and forth in the center of the field, neither team being able to gain any ground, and each being forced to punt frequently. When the whistle blew for the close of the first half the ball was on Penn's forty five yard line in West Virginia's possession.

As this was the second game of the season for West Virginia the length of the halves began to tell on our men in the last half. The Quakers used many substitutes throughout the game. After being held for downs four times inside fourteen yard line, they finally managed to cross the goal line through a clever forward pass from Captain Miller to Marks.

The second touchdown for the Red and Blue came just a minute before the game closed. This was secured by carrying the ball half way down the field, Miller making the score. The game ended. Score Penn. 12, W. V. U. 0.



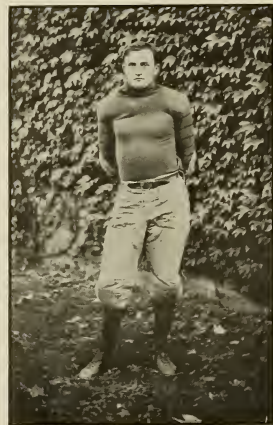
MERRILL



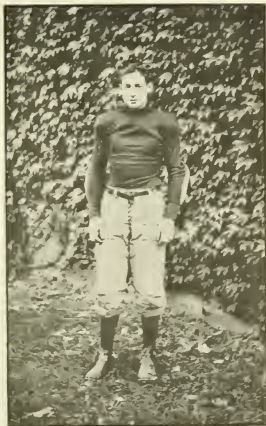
WILEY



WOODHOUSE



COLE



MONK

Bucknell vs. W. V. U.

A dismal cold and incessant rain marred the day of our first big game at home. About three o'clock the rain ceased, leaving the gridiron a sea of mud. Despite the threatening weather a large crowd turned out and were well repaid by a grand struggle between two almost evenly matched teams.

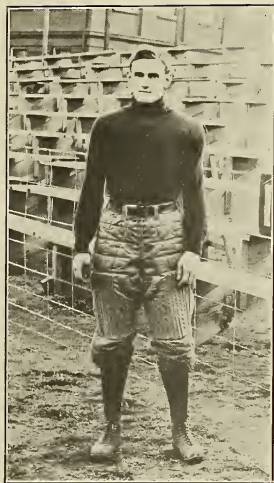
Bucknell kicked off to West Virginia. Each and every man on the team played with his utmost spirit and vim, and finally carried the ball to Bucknell's one yard line. There they lost the ball on downs. On the next play, however, Cole broke through Bucknell's line, blocked their kick and fell upon the ball for our only touchdown. Munk kicked goal.

West Virginia again received the ball from the kick off and by consistent line plunging and clever head work again carried the ball to Bucknell's twenty yard line. Here, however, Dame Fortune took a hand. By a great leap Bucknell's speedy half, Clark, intercepted a forward pass and before either team fully realized what had happened was off on his spectacular eighty yard run for a touchdown. O'Brien kicked goal.

In the second half the two teams played each other to a standstill. Altho the game ended in a tie score and was not exactly to our liking, yet it was a great game, and our men deserved and received great credit.



SWEARENGEN



CARDEN



BULLARD



McDONALD

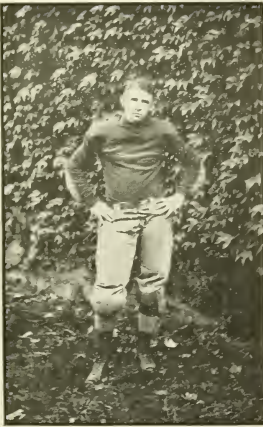
West Virginia vs. Pitt.

With odds of two to one against her and outweighed twenty-six pounds to the man, West Virginia met and played their old rival, Pitt, to a standstill.

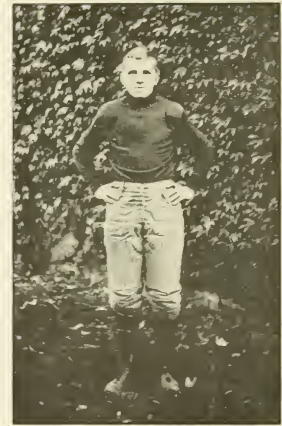
The superior training, skill and endurance of our light team, stood the test against the battering attacks of the heavy and superior Pitt team.

Pitt kicked off to our twenty yard line. Here practically began a great punting duel. Munk's kicking always kept the ball out of the danger zone and Pitt after two or three attempts to pierce our line, would either lose the ball on downs or would be forced to kick. After thirty minutes of gruelling play made constantly exciting by spectacular plays, tackles and bursts of speed, the half ended with the ball in our possession on our forty yard line.

With renewed and increased spirit Captain Hutchinson lead his nery team back for the second half. Our men were outweighed, but were neither out-classed nor out-generaled, and Pitt could do nothing with them. Every method of attack failed to gain for Pitt the coveted touchdown. Even the putting on of almost an entirely fresh team availed them nothing and the game ended with the score 0 to 0, which is considered practically a victory for the Old Gold and Blue.



PERCY



SPSINGER

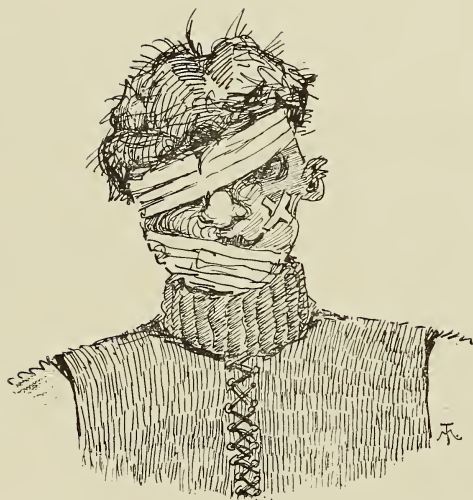


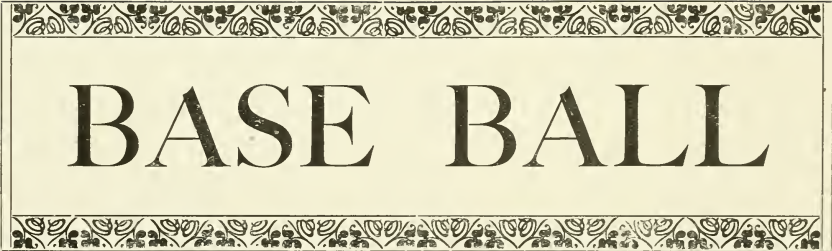
Football Term - First Down



Football Term - A Fair Catch







BASE BALL

Base Ball Schedule 1909.

AT HOME

ABROAD

April 16—			
W. V. U.	6	Bethany College	4
April 17—			
W. V. U.	16	Bethany College	7
April 23—			
W. V. U.	1	Clarksburg, W. Va.	5
April 24—			
W. V. U.	0	Clarksburg, W. Va.	2
May 7—			
W. V. U.	4	W. & J.	3
May 8—			
W. V. U.	13	W. & J.	6
May 11—			
W. V. U.	2	Cuban Stars	5
May 12—			
W. V. U.	22	W. V. W. C.	4
May 14—			
W. V. U.	4	Allegheny College	3
May 15—			
W. V. U.	9	Allegheny College	7
May 19—			
W. V. U.	1	Penn State College	12
May 22—			
W. V. U.	10	Univ. of Pitt.	5
May 26—			
W. V. U.	13	Muskingum College ...	2
May 28—			
W. V. U.	8	Denison College	4
May 29—			
W. V. U.	10	Denison College	4
May 29—			
W. V. U.	13	Denison College	0
June 2—			
W. V. U.	6	Waynesburg College ...	4
June 3—			
W. V. U.	9	Waynesburg College ...	2
June 7—			
W. V. U.	2	Pittsburg Collegians ...	1
June 8—			
W. V. U.	3	Pittsburg Collegians ...	4
June 11—			
W. V. U.	5	W. & J.	1
June 16—			
W. V. U.	9	Alumni	10

April 28—			
W. V. U.	0	Univ. of Pennsylvania .	2
April 29—			
W. V. U.		Manhattan College ...	Rain
April 30—			
W. V. U.		Princeton	Rain
May 1—			
W. V. U.	7	Navy	3
May 21—			
W. V. U.	4	Univ. of Pittsburg	0
June 4—			
W. & J.	4	W. V. U.	2

Base Ball Line-up 1909.

Graduate Manager	FOULK
Student Manager	SCOTT
Captain	NEBINGER

TEAM

First Base	Kee
Second Base	Shelton
Third Base	Hutchinson
Short Stop	Nebinger
Left Field	Vandale
Center Field	McMinn
Right Field	Wiley
Catcher	Merrill
Pitchers	Blake, Grigg

Substitutes: Backman, Hinerman, Wilson, Point, Felker.



Base Ball Schedule 1910.

AT HOME

April 15 & 16—Bethany College
April 22 & 23—Wheeling
May 5—Marshall College Normal
May 6 & 7—Westminster College
May 11—Allegheny College
May 14—Otterbein College
May 19, 20 & 21—W. & J.
May 27—W. V. W. College
May 28 & 30—Bucknell College
June 7—Hiram College
June 10 & 11—Ohio Northern
June 15—Alumni

ABROAD—EASTERN TRIP

April 27—University of Penn.
April 28—Maryland Agri. College
April 29—Georgetown University
April 30—A. M.—St. John's College
April 30—P. M.—Navy

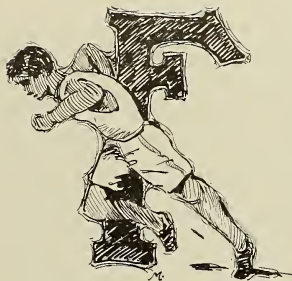
ABROAD—WESTERN TRIP

June 1—Notre Dame College
June 2—University of Michigan
June 3—Otterbein College
June 4—Ohio Wesleyan









Gymnastic Team.

The first gymnastic team was organized in 1906 by Director Chez. The object was to give our boys an incentive for advanced gymnastics, and to do extension work in the near by towns. The team has given demonstrations of all-around gymnasium work including parallel bars, rings, horse, horizontal bar, buck, tumbling, calisthenics, boxing, wrestling, and games at the Fairmont High School, the Kingwood High School, twice at the Mannington High School, and twice at the Fairmont Normal School. Besides these a trip was scheduled to Sistersville, New Martinsville, Middlebourne, and Wheeling. Wherever the team has given exhibitions considerable interest in physical training has been aroused.

MEMBERS OF THE TEAM FOR 1909-10

HERMAN D. POCOCK Captain

George W. Crow
George E. Taylor
Charles M. Lough

Frank V. Sander
Cullen G. Martin
Johnson L. Grayson



Candidates for Track Team.

Manager RICHARD J. GOULD

Captain LEE H. MORRIS

Allen B. Lambdin

Charlie C. Ryan

R. L. Buchanan

Frank Reeves

H. A. L. Walkup

Carl Yount

Charles Baker

Richard R. Feller

Howard McGinnis

J. R. Eckman

Edgar P. McCombs

Ernest D. Conaway

Arthur L. Fry



Students Awarded Football W. V. 1909

Rudolph Munk
A. H. Bullard
Lee Cole
Carl Yount
B. Lee Hutchinson
A. C. Merrill

L. L. Wilson
D. L. Carden
C. W. Springer
H. R. Wiley
E. L. Swearingen

Chas. Loughery, Manager, Monogram

TRACK—1909

L. S. Bachman
A. K. Shelton

W. H. Spencer
W. H. Starbuck

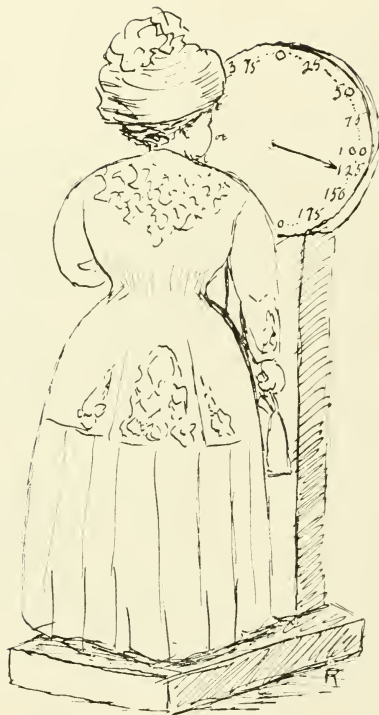
BASEBALL—1909

A. C. Merrill
L. L. Wilson
Mr. Grigg
Mr. Blake
J. N. Kee, Jr.
L. F. Backman
A. K. Shelton

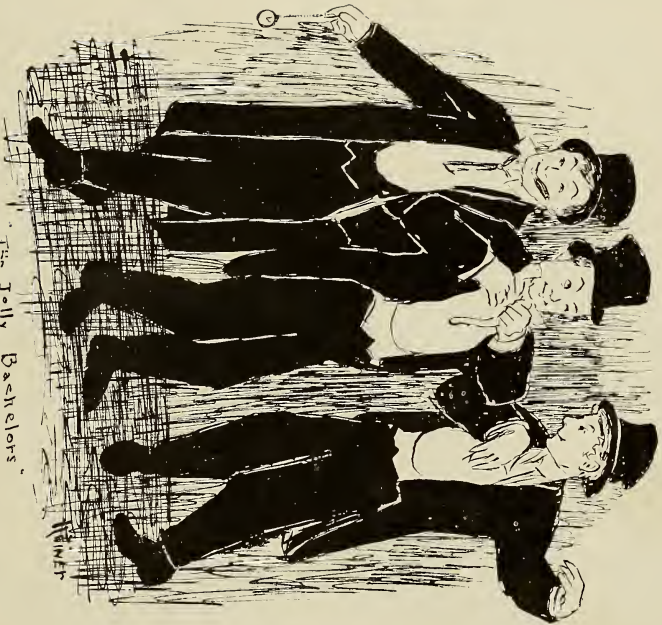
B. L. Hutchinson
Fred Vandale
Thomas R. McMinn
H. R. Wiley
W. W. Point, Jr.
Mr. Hinerman
Richard Nebinger



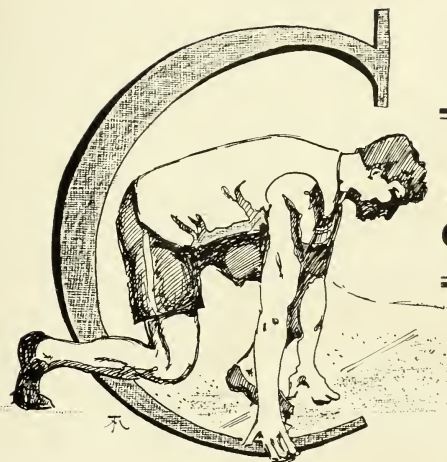
THE MAN FROM HOME



WOMAN'S WAY" !



The Jolly Bachelors
The Midnight Sons



SEPTEMBER.

Mon. 20—Members of the faculty laden with suit cases, boxes, bundles and green bags, hurriedly assemble at University after the summer vacation.

Tues. 21—A few '09 back for "rushing season." Daisy Prichard meets trains and mistakes a "domestic" for a new student and chases her into the alley door of a restaurant.

Wed 22—Big vacuum around Science Hall, caused by absence of Professor Hodges.

Thurs. 23—Classes assemble for assignments. "Rushers" throng the campus.

alendar

Fri. 24—The Law School applauds a dissertation by B. Randolph Bias of Mingo County. He instructs the Dean upon a nice point of law.

Sat. 25—Freshmen write to mamma, giving thrilling account of first impressions.

Sun. 26—Everybody busy handing in church letters.

Mon. 27—Prof. Black tells Choral Society to "yell like — well, simply screech." They do.

Tues. 28—Mr. Graves calls on "Miss Ringer" to translate, then blushes a beautiful rose pink at her unresponsiveness.

Wed. 29—Students visit Fair Grounds to see Gertie May, she of the sylph like "figger" at 419 lbs.

Thurs. 30—Two co-eds bet on the races. One wins all-ee time-ee. Other loses. Has to walk home.

OCTOBER.

Fri. 1—Reggie and a few friends give dance at Philips Hall.

Sat. 2—Foot-ball game with Wanesburg. Y. M. C. A. keg party in the gym.

Sun. 3—Good resolutions broken. Everybody starts to study.

Mon. 4—Dance committee and Philips scrapping.

Tues. 5—Large crowd at Chapel, as usual. Jack Hare still holding down his old seat.

Wed 6—Wednesday night girls awfully lonesome. Old cases graduated. No new ones formed.

Thur. 7—Miss C— receives telegram. Oh, no it wasn't bad news from home.

Fri. 8—Dance at Pangle's.

Sat. 9—Penn 12—W. V. U. o.

Sun. 10—Brite and fare.

Mon. 11—Sophs paint word "Hennery" on Woman's Hall once more. Joke so old nobody mentions it.

Tues. 12—After taking the oath of allegiance and signing their names seven times, the members of the faculty draw their first month's salary.

Wed 13—Mr. Cram leaves town. Takes french leave or rather, leaves French.

Thur. 14—Swing disappears from Woman's Hall porch. Light put up once more.

Fri. 15—Mr. Hunter visits Pittsburg via Connells-ville.

Sat. 16—Slippery Rock Normal 5—W. V. U. 40. Freshies get gay. Big scrap on athletic field.

Sun. 17—Duncan and Cox appear at Sunday School with black eyes and broken noses.

Mon. 18—Sophs post bills. Language shocks everybody on campus but the Freshies—they can't read.

Tues. 19—Nights frosty. Moving pictures become popular with strollers and loafers.

Wed. 20—First Monticola Board meeting. A date of great moment in college history.

Thur. 21—"Bobby" Blake in town. Calls on the only girl his size in town.

Fri. 22—President's reception. Big crush.

Sat. 23—Bucknell 6—W. V. U. 6. Crowd enjoys new bleachers. Teams enjoy fine swimming.

Sun. 24—Woodhouse lost in South Park. Fails to turn up after Bucknell game.

Mon. 25—Dr. Deahl dismisses his 11:30 class on time!! mirable dictu!

Tues. 26—Faculty take-off by Woman's League. Girls have great fun.

Wed. 27—Prof's. all sore. A day of reckoning!!

Thur. 28—English Club. Sadie's Parlour 11:30 P. M.

Fri. 29—Continuation of English Club 12:30 A. M. Room 11, third floor, Woman's Hall. 7 A. M. nine girls late to breakfast.

Sat. 30—Marietta 0—W. V. U. 3. Carl Yount lost in Parkersburg. Many loyal alumni at game.

Sun. 31—Clyde Scott's baby visits the Hall. Monticola calendar narrowly escapes being eaten up.

NOVEMBER.

Mon. 1—Dean Hogg arranges law library. Roy Hall stands on his head in order to turn on lights.

Tues. 2—Dr. Truscott forgets his handkerchief.

Wed. 3—Dr. Deahl to H. L. White: "Now we'll hear from you Mr. Black.

Thur. 4—Miss Moore fires our honorable Editor-in-chief from in front of Woman's Hall for smoking a Philips Special Stogie.

Fri. 5—Team has bad practice. Ted shows off his fine vocabulary.

Sat. 6—U. of P. o—W. V. U. o. Armory Dance. Teams go to see "Ikey and Abey."

Sun. 7—No dinner ordered for training table. Commissary absent-minded, but he was "so busy."

Mon. 8—Sammy Brown: Are the marks on a goose's bill real teeth?

Bright Student: No, they're false.

Tues. 9—Brownie breaks up the furniture in the Geology room.

Wed. 10—Speer takes a nap in History Class.

Thur. 11—Prof. Armstrong gets off joke in class—annual affair.

Fri. 12—Miss Moore warns girls of the hypnotist and the Arcade as wicked places of allurements.

Sat. 13—Penn State 38—W. V. U. o. A pink tea party with State as hosts.

Sun. 14—"Prex" Merrill goes to church. Cambria Glee Club in town.

Mon. 15—Prof. Brown: To what class of vertebrates does man belong?

Class: Snakes.

Tues. 16—Monk answers a question in the law school!!

Wed. 17—Buckhannon o—W. V. U. 49. First snow of the year. Game something of a frost. Large number of loyal "rooters" for Buckhannon.

Thur. 18—"Flip" Watkin's ankle gets well suddenly.

Fri. 19—T. N. E. initiation. Be these curious creatures escaped lunatics? No, the T. N. E. treasury is being replenished.

Sat. 20—Band Concert.

Sun. 21—Students write touching letters home.

Mon. 22—Geology students gamble on the green. Glen Hunter (Pres. of Y. M. C. A.) lost fifteen cents.

Tues. 23—"Brownie" gives the Monticola Board a masterly "cussing out." You ought to hear what he said to us!

Wed. 24—K. K. G. Reception. Visitors commence to arrive.

Thur. 25—W. & J. 10—W. V. U. 5. 'Nough said. "Another year is coming." Sad crowd. Beta Dance. Armory Dance.

Fri. 26—T. N. E. Dance. Might as well dance as weep.

Sat. 27—Visitors depart. Festivities over.

Sun. 28—Everybody tries to make up sleep.

Mon. 29—Blue Monday with a vengeance. Students settle down to "grind" for exams. Five men climb the Mountain. They "scaled" it before the Choral Society.

Tues. 30—Woodburn Hall students late to classes. Loop the loop around the building to back door.

DECEMBER.

Wed. 1—Profs. try to scare Freshies about exams. Miss Moore interviews the young ladies who have been doing society.

Thur. 2—Miss Fay acts as mail carrier for presuming student.

Fri. 3—Students Dance at Philip's Hall. Only four couples fell down. Was the floor slick or—? ?

Sat. 4—Christmas Sale at Armory. Tea booth very popular, also the Senior Tree. Everybody broke.

Sun. 5—"Jack" Sperling, Woodhouse, McDonald and "Kid" Peary leave for the west to seek their fortunes.

Mon. 6—Choral Concert.

Tues. 7—Last Chapel service. All students turn out and walk over with their professors.

Wed. 8—Second trial for Dramatic Club. Simeon enthusiastic as usual.

Thur. 9—Everybody working hard. Calendar Committee cramming too.

Fri. 10—First ice of the season. Students stop cramming and go for a skate.

Sat. 11—Pan-Hellenic Dance Boyd Smith and Harry King in "Fairyland."

Sun. 12—Too busy to go to church.

Mon. 13—Prexy's office popular. Students try to excuse all absences.

Tues. 14—Last day of recitations. Alas! the day of reckoning is almost here.

Wed. 15—Lewis Core, Joe Grubb, Rodney Stemple, Charley Louchery and Lee Hutchinson stay up all night to study Geology. (R. S. & L. C. won, score 500 to 200).

Thur. 16—Prof. Brown discovers that Charley Louchery copied the geological survey of Harrison County.

Fri. 17—Smallpox scare. Morgantown threatened to be quarantined. Students rush out of town.

WINTER TERM.

JANUARY.

Tues. 4—New students compliment the many fine views about the campus in its present condition.

Wed 5—Old students down-hearted. Santa Claus didn't bring us a new boardwalk around the end of Woodburn Hall. What have we done?

Thur. 6—Teddy Bock is back. Girls dee-lighted.

Fri. 7—It is a long while until examinations so we can all loaf a little.

Sat. 8—Y. W. C. A.—Y. M. C. A. Reception. Pidgie "shines in the "Reveries of a Bachelor." Great beauty show.

Sun. 9—Emily goes to church, first time this year—gets religion and goes to the Sabraton Mission, plays the organ and acts as first assistant. We are so proud of Emily.

Mon. 10—Farewell to the rats! Turban caps arrive by the carload and all the girls appear with stylish coiffures.

Tues. 11—Dr. Deahl forgets to meet his 11:30 class. Will wonders never cease!

Wed. 12—Slippery weather. We skate to school and slide back.

Thur. 13—Φ Κ Ψ gives a sledding party to Cheat. Brownie cuts his hand on a corkscrew. Now, how did that ever happen?

Fri. 14—Mass meeting in Commencement Hall to hear report from Rochester Convention.

Sat. 15—Matinee dance. We didn't want the hall Friday night anyway. Let the youngsters have it.

Sun. 16—"Bob" is dead. The student body sympathizes with Professor Willey and the Law Class in their loss.

Mon. 17—The chairman of the Committee on Classification and Grades, ably assisted by the President of the Y. M. C. A., the Captain of the football team and a few of the near-great, build a boardwalk around Woodburn Hall.

Tues. 18—The lull before the storm. All quiet in college circles.

Wed. 19—Junior Class Meeting. Under currents run aground.

Thur. 20—Blizzard stopped Lyman Howe's progress to the North Pole.

Fri. 21—Lee Hutchinson makes his weekly trip to Fairmont. Lee has become a philanthropist and is trying to promote the happiness of the Race.

Sat. 22—Capt. Eaton gives Armory dance to Phi Psi's—nine couples present.

Sun. 23—Everybody attends church that they may conscientiously be frivolous the next week.

Mon. 24—Rival Military Ball announced to be given at Woman's Hall. Thereafter men have great difficulty in securing partners.

Tues. 25—Monticola Board meeting. The editor tells us how worthless and generally good for nothing we are.

Wed. 26—Kappa Psi Banquet. Dr. Simpson narrowly escapes being carved up.

Thur. 27—Glenn Hunter so excited about the Military Ball that he forgot to attend the Turn-verein dance.

Fri. 28—Dance at Phillips Hall. Large crowd. Everybody practicing up for the Military.

Sat. 29—Y. M. C. A. Bible Supper. Address by Clayton S. Cooper.

Sun. 30—Miss Moore spends the day "calling" the girls for making out dance programs.

Mon. 31—Big Fight in Geology Class!! Our noble editor-in-chief attempts to assist young lady to remove coat. Mr. Grogg objects. They come to blows. Fortunately nobody injured.

FEBRUARY.

Tues. 1—Among the out-of-town visitors for this week we are especially glad to welcome Mr. Lee Hutchinson.

Wed. 2—Moving Day for ΣX 's. They prepare for visitors.

Thur. 3—Matinee dance. ΣX and ΦK Theatre Parties. "The Time, the Place, and the Girl"—for everybody.

Fri. 4—Afternoon— $\Phi K \Psi$ and $\Delta T \Delta$. Open House. Evening—The Biggest Military Ball ever!

Sat. 5—6:30 A. M.—Dance at ΣX House. 2:00 P. M.—Student Dance. Evening—Everybody all in.

Sun. 6—REMORSE.

Mon. 7—Profs all express hope that no one has let his studies interfere with his social duties!

Tues. 8—Choral Society Concert. Miss Christine Miller.

Wed. 9—Miss Wilmoth "flunks" in Sociology.

Thur. 10—"Jonah Day" for Calendar Committee. What will the Editor say?

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Sat. 12—Mr. Britton gives Mr. Allender a black eye.

Sun. 13—Bad day. W. H. cases hold down the parlor.

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Tues. 15—Dr. Deahl reads account of Valentine parties in the morning paper. Interviews the "social lights" in his classes.

Wed. 16—Mr. Starcher refuses to accept some chestnuts, stating that he has plenty in "Simeons" class.

Thur. 17—11:30 P. M. Everybody sleeping peacefully in their little beds except Helen Wiestling who with a few friends was having a business meeting in her room. Oh no, it was no feast!

Fri. 18—Committee goes to Moving Picture Shows to look for news—failed.

Sat. 19—Y. M. C. A. Stag Party. BIG DOIN'S IN THE GYM.

Sun. 20—See February 13.

Mon. 21—Woman's League and Y. W. C. A. Reception. George Washington's Birthday Dance.

Tues. 22—Who made a noise like a cherry tree? Was it Fred Koelz? Oh no, he isn't being initiated, he's just going to a party.

Wed. 23—Minstrel Show. Who has the money? Give it to the faculty.

Thur. 24—Cadet Band Concert enjoyed by a large crowd.

Fri. 25—Education students have a much needed rest.

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Mon. 28—Mr. Hunter returns from Charleston. How did Connelsville get along without him?

MARCH.

Tues. 1—Anthony Fiala lectured on the North Pole.

Wed. 2—Prexy calls the Law School down for smoking in classes. Mr. Flowney (after Prex takes

his departure)—"Who in — was that called me down?"
Thur. 3—First try-out for base-ball. Spring's coming.

Fri. 4—V. V's. initiate. All the initiates wear out shoe leather except Miss Wilmoth who rides the street car.

Sat. 5—Armory Dance, 7 couples. Phillips Hall Dance, 10 couples. Miss Moore addresses Pan-Hellenic.

Mon. 14—Student to Prof. Trotter—"How many sections will there be in 'Torts'?"

Prof. Trotter—"Two sections. I will teach one and Prof. Barnes the other."

Student—"Then there will be one in 'Torts' and one in 'Torture.'"

Tues. 15—Junior Prom. Committee meets. Plans for the best Prom. ever.

Wed. 16—Dr. Deahl teaches Miss Wilmoth to use a pointer.

Thur. 17—Mr. Scott, when called on in Equity, endeavoring to read from an open book in the row ahead, is interrupted by Prof. Willey. "Perhaps you could do better with a long distance spy glass."

Fri. 18—What is this awful noise!?! Mr. Finney has arrived with five trunks full of ties and other accessories.

Sat. 19—"Smiles" and "Dick" start "cheating" for this Spring.

Sun. 20—Everybody goes to church to pray for protection against the wrath to come.

Mon. 21—Jus Henderson lost in the White House. Never did find Room 132.

Tues. 22—A run on the drug stores. All the coca colas sold out.

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Wed. 23—

Thur. 24—

EXAMS. NUF CED.

Fri. 25—A grand rush for home to enjoy the long (?) vacation.

Tues. Mar. 29—Wild rush for a farewell course to Dr. Reynolds.

Wed. 30—Hal arrives. His many former lady loves rejoice.

Thur. 31—An awful blight has fallen upon the school. The Sports are discouraged and the French classes are unable to distinguish between French and a Boston accent.

APRIL.

Fri. 1—The man at home in "The Man from Home."

Sat. 2—Mountain Club initiates. Messrs. Stemple,

Powik, Louchery, serenade Woman's Hall girls. Wild applause.

Sun. 3—New Easter bonnets—and it rained! !

Mon. 4—Easter Dance.

Tues. 5—Rhea and Bob start on the downward course—they visit the Moving Pictures for the first time.

Wed. 6—A.—"Say, Jack, I had a good trip on water today."

J.—"How's that?"

A.—"Took a sale with Trotter."

Thur. 7—Miss Moore entertains English Club. Under classmen lulled to sleep by the strains of the French Song.

Fri. 8—Dramatic Club presents "One of the Eight."

Sat. 9—First game of the season. All the old stars back.





Stephen Benton Elkins.

STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS was born in Perry County, Ohio, September 26th, 1841. A few years later he moved to Missouri where he received his early education in the common schools. He graduated from the University of Missouri in the class of 1860. In 1864 he was admitted to the bar, and in the same year, he went to New Mexico to practice law. While in New Mexico he took an active part in the public affairs of that Territory, and was its representative in the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses.

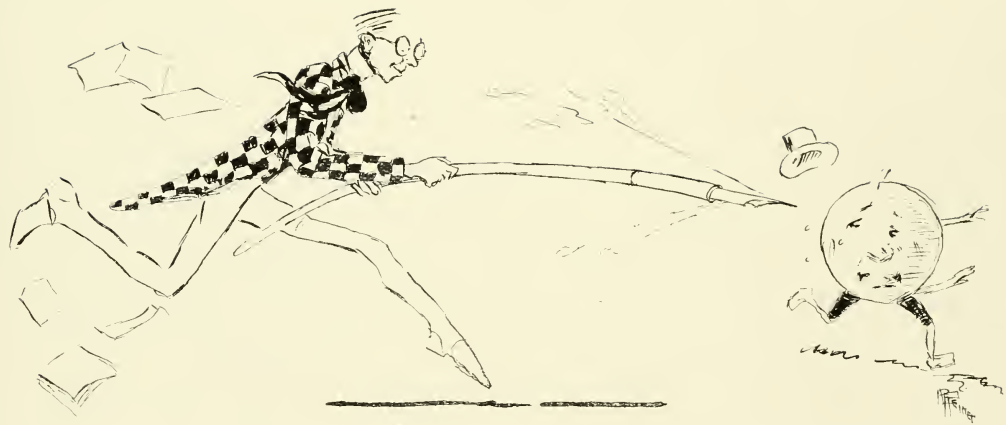
After leaving Congress he came to West Virginia and entered into business as a coal and railroad operator. Mr. Elkins ranks as one of the most successful business men of the country. He has had much to do in the industrial development of West Virginia,—opening up vast fields of coal, enriching and bettering conditions all over the state, and incidentally making a fortune for himself.

Mr. Elkins has done, and is now doing a greater work as a statesman. He was appointed Secretary of

the War Department in 1891, and served until the end of President Harrison's term of office. In 1894 he was elected to the United States Senate by the unanimous vote of the Republican Legislature. He was re-elected in 1907 for a second term which expires in 1913. Mr. Elkins is chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. As chairman of this committee he has had much to do with railroad rate legislation, and his name is connected with all measures that have to do with the betterment of railway transportation. Recently he has added to his fame by causing to be appointed a commission to investigate the causes of the high cost of living. Coming at the time it did, this measure has caught the public attention to a remarkable degree. And the public is now eagerly awaiting the outcome of the investigation. Mr. Elkins justly deserves the praise and honor the nation gives him, and West Virginia is indeed proud to have such a man to represent her in the United States Senate.

Nathan Bay Scott.

NATHAN BAY SCOTT is politically one of the most prominent men in West Virginia at the present day. And he has attained his position through honor and merit. When he was quite a young man he served several years in the Union army. When he left the army he settled in Wheeling, West Virginia. There he became interested in a number of business concerns and made himself universally respected. In 1880 he became President of the Second Branch of the City Council. Two years later he was elected to the West Virginia State Senate and continued in that office until 1890. He is a member of the National Republican Committee and also of the Executive Committee of that body. He was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue in 1897 by President McKinley and held that office for two years. He has been United States Senator since 1899 and during that time has done much for his state. Among other things in which he takes a prominent part, he is a member of the Rivers and Harbors Committee and has secured large appropriations for West Virginia.



F U N

Leaves from the Diary of a Mouse.

Jan. 29th—Unusual excitement in the Hall. The girls are all going around with long slips of paper and getting other girls to make marks on them. They call them programs. Don't know what those are, don't care, either. Found a delicious piece of cheese in a wastebasket on the third floor. Those girls up there are all right, they always have something good to eat.

Feb. 3rd—This morning at breakfast time ran into the dining room and hid under the sideboard to get away from the cat. Miss Moore was talking as usual. Heard her remark that the real Military would not be a bit nicer than ours. Gathered from the conversation that there is to be a party here tomorrow night. Guess I'll stay up to see it, there may be something I could eat.

Feb. 4th—Morning—Everybody very much excited. Girls say they don't know their lessons. Guess its to be a pretty big party. Didn't sleep very well last night, must have eaten too much dill pickle.

Noon—took a tour through the rooms this morning while the girls were all out. Some queer looking costumes hanging around. Counted fourteen black things that look like men's coats,—funny dresses to wear to a party, I think. Five or six shiny black hats, too. Took a nap in one of them—Didn't sleep very well, though, as it was rather hard.

Night—Well, the party's over and they didn't have a thing I liked except the cake—I did get a little piece of that. About nine o'clock, I got under the radiator in the back parlor and sat down to see the fun. The rooms were all decorated with red, white and blue things and looked so nice I scarcely knew where I was. When they came in each person got a little thing tied with

ribbon and with a picture of a girl on the outside.

The people that had on low necked dresses got ones tied with blue ribbon and those that wore coats got pink ones, I guess they were to represent boys. I thought the girl they called Miss Seven was the "belle of the ball." She wore a beautiful red dress. I'll bet her escort was proud of her. Miss Moore and Miss Horne were very handsome in their lace robes.

There were a lot of women to sit around and see that the people behaved themselves—and really Mrs. Vanderbilt had an awfully hard time, for some of those girls and boys acted scandalously.

All at once there was an awful noise. It sounded as though the electric iron had fallen on the floor. Then the music started up and they all commenced to march around. After that, at intervals all evening they skipped around the parlors. They stopped only to change partners. Sometimes two men would go after the same girl, then they would have an awful time trying to decide which should hop with her.

About twelve o'clock—perhaps it was two, I don't remember—some colored waiters I never saw before brought in the refreshments. There was pretty ice cream with cherries on top and very good cake with little flags sticking in it. I know the cake was good for I found some in the kitchen. They had candy, too. After they were all through eating they had what they called the Virginia reel—I don't know about the "Virginia" but they certainly reeled.

They skipped around some more after that and a lot of things happened that I could tell about but really I'm so sleepy I'll have to go to bed.

Cases! ! !

Why are college cases like dog hair?

Because they are bound to occur.

College Cases: Peculiar college phenomena most strongly illustrating the peculiar affinity between a vacuous, vapid, vainglorious, variegated, viscid, viridescent, voluble near-man nonentity, and an idle, impetuous, irresponsible, impressionable, inane, insipid individual called a co-ed. The result is an indistinguishable blur moving slowly along through unfrequented streets in the twilight; sometimes at lunch time it takes a peculiar sandwich effect when the component parts stand face to face, on the icy pavement in front of Woman's Hall, unconscious of rain or chilling wind. Thus they stand for an hour or so until they are pried apart unfeelingly by the cook with racuous dinner bell and a case knife.

Marriage: A very rare and unfortunate ending of a college case.

Popular Amusement Company: An organization composed of students who have cases. They very unselfishly furnish amusement and entertainment, either tragic or comic, for the University and the town generally and gossip for the Old Maid's Society in particular.

The Evolution of a College Case.

1. Case
2. Near Case.
3. Clear Case
4. Smear Case
Crash **!!!* !!! !!!
5. Beer Case
Finis.



ROASTS



What is the difference between Prof. Poyne and Prof. Cram?

One was discharged, the other went off accidentally.

(Prep in English)—"King Agrippa was the quarter-back on the Carlisle Indians."

Dr. Armstrong—"What unnatural phenomenon occurred at the Battle of Bethoren?"

Student—"Paralysis of the Solar System."

"Sammy" Brown—"Mr. Watkins, what do icebergs come from?"

Marsh—"From cold weather."

Prof. Brown was explaining some of the customs of the ancient people. One was that they ground up the bones of their ancestors and made a tea from them which they used for medicine. When he was through explaining, one of the students asked, "Professor, is that anything like the boneset tea we have nowadays?"

Prof. Patterson (reading theme)—"I started down the hill at a pleasant gait (gait)"—"Well, I wonder what pretty girl lived there."

Prof. Nolen—"I'll venture to assert that there is not a man in this class who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

Wirt Faust—"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers."

Lee—"Why have you got that bandage on your hand?"

Brownie—"I cut it trying to open a bottle. That's what I get for not having my corkpuller."

Student—"Professor, what time will we get through the examination tomorrow?"

Prof.—"I don't know whether you will get through at all or not."

Dr. Callahan's latest conundrum—"Why is the English people like a crop of potatoes?"

"Because the best part is underground."

Prof. Brown—"Only one man escaped in the explosion of Martinique. Where was he at the time?"

Class—"In prison."

Nell McConnell who used to Ernestly Con-a-way at her books is proceeding more lively now.

Miss Fling (In Zoology)—"Dr. Deahl—Oh, I beg your pardon, I mean Dr. Reese."

Dr. Reese—"I don't object to being ideahlized."

Prof. Trotter (In Agency)—"If I plant trees and raise peaches in one year—"

Fats Wyatt—"Hold on Prof. you can't do that."

Lee (Talking to Fairmont over the telephone)—"How nice and dark it is. I can see the moon, can you?"

Miss Core was giving a report on County Government.

Dr. Callahan—"Do they use tin plates at the poor-house?"

"Becky"—"Well, I don't just remember. It has been a good while since I was there."

George Osborne (talking about marriages)—"And the girl was more in love with my dog than with me."

Susan Smith—"As she couldn't get you she took the next best thing—your dog."

Then hastily apologizing, she added, "You know, I always say what I think."

Clara was talking about a north pole dance.

"I wonder what they would serve for refreshments," she said.

Alice—"Cookies, I suppose."

Some W. V. U. Favorites and their Specialties.

Glenn Hunter—"Ada."

Anna Long—"Wouldn't you like to have me for a
sweetheart?"

"Brownie" Hodges—"Blow the smoke away."

Girls of Woman's Hall—"Call around any old time."

Clare Clifford—"Gone but not forgotten."

Marsh Watkins—"I've always been a good old sport."

Virginia Baker—"Home, sweet home."

Miss Horne—"Annie Laurie."

Charles Baker—"I'm a military man."

Helen Vance—"Oh, where is my wandering boy
tonight?"

Clarke Poole—"Girls! Girls! Girls!"

"Emmy" Harris—"Cuddle up a little closer, lovey
mine."

Lee Hutchinson—"I wonder who's kissing her now."

Wirt Faust—"I want someone to call me dearie."

A Dictionary for Freshmen.

Armory, numerous waist places where arms are put around.

Campus, ground lying at an angle of from 45 to 90 degrees.

Censor, (Lat. census, sense; and or, without; without sense, or, without sense of humor) the fellow who took all the humor out of this book.

Chapel, a gymnasium.

Chapel Service, (deriv. from chapel, a gymnasium; ser., very; and vice; a very gymnastic vice, or a very vicious gymnasium) a thing to be avoided. Note absence of faculty.

Commencement Hall, (synonym brewery) a punching bag and a pipe organ; a place to commence or brew trouble.

Committee on Classification and Grades, a group of mirthless and restless lost souls under the impression that they must be ceaselessly busy with trivialities. Everybody else wonders why they were created.

Committee on Student's Aid, young and impecunious members of the faculty who have formed an alliance in order to borrow money from the students.

Committee on Ways and Means, a pleasant social group of inoffensive gentlemen, who have nothing to do but wonder why they were created.

Freshman, a very green lobster, under size and has to be thrown overboard.

Fife Cottage, the place where Gabriel will blow his fife or bugle first.

Gymnasium, a punching bag under a church or a pipe organ. Thus both are benefited.

Junior, nothing but lobster. A variety said by chorus girls and co-eds to be very succulent.

Library, a large room with alcoves and two easy chairs in each, occupied by a young man and a co-ed.

Martin Hall, a \$3,000.00 flight of steps and \$300.00 building.

Music School, a factory over head.

Political Economy, some chalk-marks on a black-board; a place to sleep.

(The) Preachers Association, an organized body of the clergy engaged to teach in the University but finding much saving of souls to do through the state: Archbishop, Nolan; Bishops, Purinton, Reynolds and Hodges; plain preachers, Cox and Armstrong; beginners (guilty only of first offence), Chitwood, Patterson, and Callahan.

Psychology, (gr. psuo, to breathe forth; cholera, anger, and Gee, an expression of rage) a place to swear.

Rhetoric, (gr. R-r-r, grind; and thor, a stove) the demnition grind; also a millstone to hang around the necks of freshmen before they are thrown overboard

Science Hall, where psychology and political economy are taught.

Senior, a full-grown lobster, as large as they get. **Sophomore**, a very soft lobster, gets very red when roasted. Much prized by girls at the K. M. dances.

Woodburn Hall, a large summer pavilion built in many styles of architecture and of all known materials. Repairs on the building always begin when the snow flies. Thus the teaching is accompanied by a kind of Anvil Chorus of hammers, saws and dynamite. Inside, a unique and wonderful combination. In the basement

they saw off your leg and in the attic you hear the screech and between there are many who are pleading. In other cells of this building there are many who are being vivisected. The word is derived from wood, denoting intention or obligation, and burn; ought to burn.

· **Woman's Hall**, otherwise known as the hennery, formerly beanery. Aristotle says, "Man is a bird without feathers." Woman is a bird with feathers, hence hen; hens peck; hens peck at beans. A very attractive building with the second story windows near the ground. Peans are often taken in by that way.



THE MERRY WIDOW
WITH
HELEN VANCE
AS LEADING LADY

FIVE MONTHS RUN!
BROWN HODGES
STARRING IN
THE BOSS
SECOND SEASON

THE RIVALS
AFTER A SUCCESSFUL
SEASON'S RUN
MR. SANGER
AND
MR. FITZGERALD
IN TITLE ROLES

COMING!
LULU LAYTON
IN
THE MATINEE IDOL
MOST POPULAR PLAY OF
THE SEASON

THE HALL COMPANY
PRESENT
EMILY WILMOTH
IN
THE LITTLE JOKER

BEST EVER!
THE THREE TWINS
WITH
CHAMBERLAIN,
CHITWOOD
AND
REESE
IN TITLE ROLES

WIRT FAUST
STARRING IN
THE HUMAN SHANK

NEXT WEEK!
MARY CHADWICK
IN
MISS INNOCENCE

THE HALL COMPANY
WILL PRESENT
VIRGINIA BAKER
IN
THE PASSING OF THE
THIRD FLOOR BACK
JUNE 11, 1910

THE Y.M.C.A.
PRESENT
GLENN HUNTER
IN THE ONLY AUTHORIZED
VERSION OF
THE DEVIL

THE HALL COMPANY
OFFER
GOLDIE JONES
IN
THE PARISIAN MODE

THE FOLLIES OF
1910
WITH
CLARE CLIFFORD
AND ALL THE OTHER FAVOR-
ITES, INCLUDING
MARY MCKINNEY,
CLARA DICKSON, ETC.

HAPPY
HOOLIGAN
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE
GUY ALLENDAR



MISS MOORE
AND
MISS HEDRICK
IN
GIRLS!!

MR. KRAK
IN
THE FLYING
DUTCHMAN

The Season's Show Bills.

THE W. V. U.
LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL

JUNE, 1910

That Reminds Me.

Marsh—"What becomes of all the pins that fall to the ground?"

Clyde—"I suppose they rust and fall to pieces."

Marsh—"Well, I just thought they might turn into terrapins."

Dr. Chitwood—"When Lord Darnley had David Rizzio killed, what did Mary Queen of Scots do?"

Curt Amos—"She blew him up."

Dr. Armstrong—"Miss Stone, what does 'ground-fings' mean?"

Louise—"Commentators."

Miller (translating French)—"Behold me, half past eight."

Fellow Student—"Well, I always knew Miller had wheels in his head but I never knew you could tell time by him."

Dr. Truscott (meeting Dr. Chitwood on University Driveway)—"Say, Chitwood, wouldn't it save time if you took a room in this part of town?"

Curt Amos (in History)—"The Radicals and the Purintons were two new religious sects."

Prof. Willey (in Negotiable Paper)—"Mr. Bock, suppose your horse is stolen and you buy it innocently, what's your title?"

Mr. Bock (cautiously)—"A horse is not a negotiable instrument."

First Student—"Why do people have golden weddings?"

Second Student—"To show to the world what their powers of endurance have been."

Dr. Callahan—"We shall again postpone our test until Monday."

Miss Prichard—"Oh, professor, I'll die if we don't get it over soon."

Dr. Callahan—"That's another reason for postponing it."

The following advertisement was seen in the Athenaeum:

"For Sale—One engagement ring almost new. See Ike Moran."

Possibilities of Women's Clubs.

THAT women's clubs can make themselves felt can be exemplified in this University. For instance an organization of women for philanthropic purposes could rule out all duties that interfere with social affairs except for two evenings each week; Sunday not included. A woman's rest club might set aside the time from one to three P. M. for rest hours during which door bells and telephones should not be rung nor the city clock be allowed to strike. Very helpful indeed would be a Surety Club requiring all male students to adopt some title or insignia to indicate their state with reference to matrimony. In other schools the Student's Humane Club has been instrumental in abolishing those abominable "8 o'clocks" thereby doing away a very disturbing element in a student's life—an early rising bell, and those hasty non-Fletcherized breakfasts. To assure Library patrons greater freedom of speech and especially to prevent private conferences from being interfered with a T. A. L. K. Club should be organized. Undoubtedly there is a place in W. V. U. for Women's clubs.

Engaged Girl Sketches.

A Woman's Hall Episode.

Kitty leaned on the window sill and gazed in ecstasy at the moon. "Engaged," she murmured rapturously. "Engaged!"

How she grieved for unhappy maidens who knew nothing of the unutterable bliss of being engaged!

A faint sigh was wafted to her from the adjoining room. It floated past her out into the moonlight like a lost soul wandering in eternity. "Poor Mary" murmured Kitty. No wonder she sighed. A senior and not engaged. How sad! How unspeakably sad. It was sadder than Anglo-Saxon. It was sadder than English Ten. It was sadder than anything. She could have wept for her.

The delicate odor of spear mint chewing-gum was wafted to her from the street. The ice man was telling the cook good night.

How disgusting! How dared the cook to be in love! How dared the ice man! How dared anybody except her and—

The sonorous peal of the ten-thirty bell reverberated through the silent corridors in Woman's Hall.

Reluctantly she turned from the window. She took off her Mary Garden braid and absently put up her front hair in curl papers. Dreamily she unscrewed the top of her cold-cream jar. How paltry it all seemed! Mary

Garden braids, and curl papers and cold-cream. How paltry!

She closed her eyes to shut out the sordid scene, and stood in fancy on Sunnyside bridge with Him. It was moonlight. He (of the Dramatic Club) clasped in his hand a severed tress of her golden hair.

"Promise me," she whispered, "that you will never part with that lock of hair."

He pressed the golden tress to his heart. "Never," he cried. "Torture could not drag from me this treasured token."

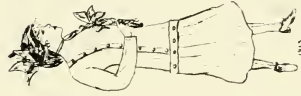
"How lovely! How poetical!" she murmured.

"You call me poetical," he answered, in his musical voice, "but you are Poetry."

How delicious! How perfectly lovely! Oh, that she could always stand on Sunnyside bridge and listen to such eloquence.

She opened her eyes with a sigh. Her dust-covered Greek grammar stared at her reproachfully from her desk. She turned the unfamiliar pages of her English History with a feeling of disgust. What did Greek Grammar have to do with love? What did English History have to do with it? Love was like Geology. It made you want to look out of the window and dream—and dream.

WVU Dresses for
WVU Girls



What Other Girls Tell Dolly.

When you are having a feast, pin trays and comb and brush trays make excellent plates in default of others.

If you want to make your room comfortable and enticing to other girls, have plenty of trunks with good soft trunk covers for them to sit on. Girls do not like chairs when they can get trunks.

At spreads some people have trouble getting the olives out of the bottles. In this case, hatpins are an excellent substitute for forks. Shoehorns do very well for knives and spoons.

It might be of interest to prospective brides to know that very good ironholders can be made from colored wrapping twine knit into solid holders with scalloped borders. These are useful as well as ornamental.

By careful cutting up-to-date waists may be made from the trains of superannuated Military Ball dresses.

When your best embroidered shirtwaist begins to have holes in it as the result of careless washerwomen, if you are a clever girl, you can work them as eyelets in the pattern.

A good way to get money to go home on is to have an auction and sell all the things you won't need at home. While there you can get a new supply.

A very good way to make pin money is, if you had English 10 to Simeon, to sell those themes to the sufferers under Pat. This has been carried out very well by various persons, who will testify to its success.

Good Manners and Good Form.

By Susan Maxwell Moore.

Is it proper for a boy and girl to stand on the front steps and talk before meal time?

EMMY.

Not before breakfast but it is perfectly correct before dinner and supper if they do not talk more than twenty minutes after the bell has rung.

Should I allow a young man to smoke in my presence?

CLARA D.

By no means. Fire-engines are more useful than ornamental.

How shall I announce the engagement of my roommate?

EMILY.

You might have the Dean of Women announce it at table or perhaps Prexy would consent to announce it in Chapel.

The other day I was criticized for walking with two boys at one time. Isn't it perfectly proper?

MARY Mc.

It is not, especially if the boys are taller than yourself.

Is it proper for a crowd of girls to eat tangerines at midnight?

HELEN.

Not if you are upper classmen because the Dean probably expects you to set an example for the younger girls.

Is it the correct thing to throw orange skins and apple cores into the waste paper baskets?

THIRD FLOOR.

Not at all. I think I have expressed my opinion several times before in this column.

I have a date with two men for the same dance. What shall I do about it?

NEVA.

It certainly shows very great carelessness on your part to get yourself into such a scrape. I should advise you to stay at home.

I wore a short-sleeved dress to dinner the other day and got called down for it. Isn't it all right?

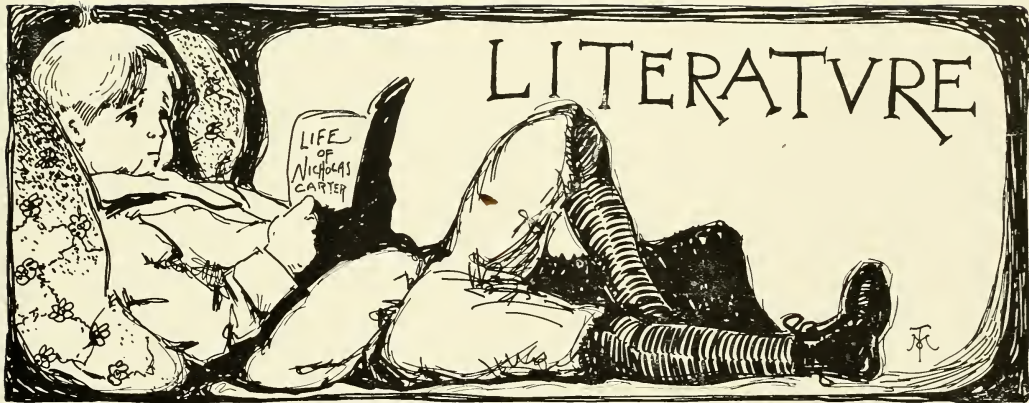
ALICE.

No. You should take your short sleeved dresses home and have long sleeves put in them. Besides, short sleeves are out of style.

Should I allow a young gentleman to help me across streets or up the steps?

ESTHER.

Not unless you are over sixty.



She Wears a Challenge in Her Hair.

J. Donald Ryan.

She wears a challenge in her hair,
A dangling sprig of mistletoe ;
Some coy contrivance holds it there,
And will not let it go.

Below, the questioning brows are arched,
And daring eyes with darkling depths ;
Where one by sandy desert parched
Might drink and rest,

The scarlet-vibrant bow is bent,
The while a dazzling look beguiles ;
The arrow from the bow is spent—
She smiles.

Yet who would dare his ardor vent,
And to that challenge make reply ?
Alas, I know it is not meant
For such as I.

Well know I that my goddess cares
But little how my armours fare ;
Yet must I worship while she wears
A challenge in her hair.

A Deal in Beef

FIRST PRIZE STORY BY
DAVID BRIGHT RAGER



DOMINGO SUAREZ lay in his hammock and smoked. His brother Miguel lay in another hammock nearby and smoked. They were sheltered from the hot Cuban sun by a roof of palm-leaf thatch which was built on a framework of poles directly in front of Domingo's house. The house itself, which had no floor and only one room, was also covered with thatch. Its walls were made of the thin stems of the royal palm which Domingo had picked up when they fell from the trees. They were cool and they were cheap and Domingo desired nothing better. In a little shed near the house their wives were cooking venison and talking. As fast as the meat was cooked, they hung it to the rafters far above the reach of the children and dogs by which they were surrounded. The children were not hungry, but the dogs were half starved and would have made short work of the venison if they could have reached it.

Domingo and Miguel were of pure Spanish blood. Their wives were black. There had been no Spanish girls in the region where they lived and so, following the philosophy of their race, they had married black women and were content. Their father had lived in the clearing beneath the palms. When Miguel had grown to be a man he had built a new house at the other end of the clearing while Domingo lived in the house that his father had left him. There was a clearing of a few acres around the houses. A part of it was given up to the cultivation of yams and plantain and maize. The remainder was enclosed by a high fence of palmetto

poles and was used for a corral. Domingo and Miguel did not own the land upon which they lived. It belonged to a rich Spaniard in Santiago who allowed them to live on it free of rent.

In the morning of this particular day Miguel had mounted his horse and, taking his gun and his hounds, had gone hunting and had brought home a deer. This meat, together with plantain and yams from the clearing, would feed their wives and children for many days: so there was nothing to do except live and eat.

It was nearly three o'clock and the sun was at its hottest, when they were disturbed by the appearance of two horsemen who rode into the clearing at a brisk trot. They soon reached the house where both families were collected.

"Good evening!" they called loudly.

Domingo sprang from his hammock.

"Good evening, Manuel Morro!" he exclaimed and rushed out to the two men.

Miguel followed him. Manuel Morro, a light colored mulatto of about fifty years age, dismounted and shook hands with them warmly. The other man who was a well dressed Spaniard also dismounted. Manuel introduced him briefly. "This is Senor Hernandez of Nuevitas," he said.

Domingo took their panting horses and led them into the corral, while Miguel brought out two home-made chairs with seats of deer-skin and invited them to sit down.

"Dolores, Fatima, coffee!" he yelled loudly to the two women in the shed.

By this time Domingo had returned from the corral and had climbed back into his hammock. In a few moments one of the women came with four cups of black coffee, one of which she gave to each of the men. The visitors accepted their coffee gratefully and drank it with relish.

Manuel Morro was well known to the Suarez brothers. He owned a plantation down on the coast five leagues away and was a man of importance in the thinly inhabited coast country. The man whom he had introduced as Hernandez was a stranger. When Morro had finished his coffee he took off his hat and took from its crown some cigars which he offered to the other men. He lighted his own and puffed in silence for a moment.

"Domingo," said he, "we are here on important business and must hurry. We have a plan by which we shall make ourselves rich, but we need the help of some good men or it will fail. I have known you and Miguel a long time and can trust you. If you will help us a few weeks we will pay you more money than you ever saw before. The work will be dangerous but, if you will help us, you will have money enough to live in Santiago and smoke the finest Havana cigars the rest of your lives."

Domingo's eyes glistened. "Mother of God!" he muttered in a low voice. "We will do anything for money. Danger is nothing. We have fought in the revolutions since we were boys and are not afraid. What is it you want? Is there to be another war?"

"No," said Morro, "Listen to me and I will tell you. Senor Hernandez has a big ranch at Nuevitas and needs

a lot of cattle. He has sold all his fat steers and must either get some more in the island or go to Venezuela for them. He told me all this when I was in Santiago a few days ago and I at once thought of a grand plan for all of us to get rich. We will live in Paradise the rest of our lives."

"In the name of the Twelve Apostles," broke in Miguel sourly, "tell us what you mean. We cannot get rich unless we know what is to be done."

"I am telling you as fast as I can" said Morro. "As I said, Senor Hernandez wants cattle and wants us to get them for him. He does not care where they come from, but he must have them. Now you know that there are hundreds of fine cattle on the Miraflores Ranch which those rascals, the Americans, own over at the mouth of the Toreda River. These men are villians. All Americans are villians and thieves and it will serve them right to drive off their cattle. Since the last revolution they have stolen our government and have kicked us out of the rich offices where our people used to live in ease when we had a Cuban president. The Miraflores Ranch is only four leagues from here and there is a trail to it that few men except you and Miguel know. A week from now the Americans will be celebrating their great national holiday, the Fourth of July. It will be a grand chance to drive off their cattle while they eat. I have been to the ranch and know their plans. The chief told me that all the men are to be gathered around the **Casa Grande**, where he lives, and are to see an American base-ball game. There will be none to watch the cattle, which are feeding several miles from the **Casa Grande**. With a dozen good men we can ride into the plantation at daylight of the fourth and before night we

can drive them all here to your house where we will camp for the night. The next day we will take them to Puerto Redondo where I live. On the third day we will load them on steamers which Senor Hernandez will get from Santiago and he will then have no trouble to take them to Nuevitas where he wants them. The Americans will never catch us. They have no cubans on their ranch. The fools hired Gallegos and Jamaicans and they have no one to show them the trails. If they tried to follow us they would get lost and, besides that, we could kill them if they should find our trail."

Until this time Hernandez had said nothing. He now spoke.

"Suarez, if you and your brother will find a dozen men and help drive those cattle to Puerto Redondo, I will give you two thousand pesos each. You can trust me. I have the money and, if you do not get it, there will be enough of you to cut my throat. What do you say?"

"That is a lot of money," said Domingo. "I think we will do it."

"Do it!" said Miguel. "Of course we will do it. Curses on the Americans! They are clearing out the jungle and driving all the deer to the mountains and soon we will have to work if we do not do something. It will be a grand revenge."

The plan of Hernandez, though daring, was feasible. The Miraflores Ranch, which lay at the mouth of the Toredo River on the north coast, was isolated by many miles of jungle from any other extensive plantation. Its only way of communication with the outer world was by means of the occasional freight steamers that the owners chartered to bring in supplies. It was entirely

unprotected by the Rural Guards. There were no roads leading away from it, except a few obscure trails that only the men of the jungle, like Domingo and Miguel, knew. It would be an easy matter to drive the cattle away, and the chances were few that the Americans would ever find them. It was the rainy season and the fierce torrents which fell every evening would destroy all signs of the trail of the cattle.

Hernandez and Morro spent the night at Palmyra, where the Suarez brothers lived, and completed the details of the raid. In the morning Domingo and Miguel scoured the trails for a radius of fifteen miles and by evening had gathered in a dozen of the most dare-devil cutthroats that a hundred years of war had been able to produce. The next day, long before dawn, Hernandez started to the railroad, which touched the north coast ten miles west of Puerto Redondo, and that night he reached Santiago. It took him another day to charter four small steamers to go to Puerto Redondo. He had plenty of money and offered a large cash sum for the use of the vessels for a week, which the owners were quick to accept. The steamers were coaled and provisioned in a great hurry by stevedores and sailors and, in a short time, had cleared from Santiago with the declared purpose of carrying cargoes of fruit from the north coast to New York. Two days later they anchored in Puerto Redondo which, though very small, had deep water. Morro had a narrow pier jutting out from the shore, where he had often loaded his own cattle onto coasting steamers when he wanted to ship them to the Santiago market.

The night of the third of July Domingo Suarez and his ruffians slept by a spring on the edge of the Mira-

flores Ranch. In the morning they rode quietly around the four hundred cattle which the Americans had imported from Venezuela a few weeks before, and by ten o'clock had them plodding along the trail which led to the Palmyra houses. As Manuel Morro had foreseen the unsuspecting Americans had allowed all their Gallegos and Jamaicans to gather the day before for the holiday event, so that it was an easy matter to drive away the cattle. Their grazing ground was not in sight of the manager's house, and it was too far away for the cries of the Cubans to be heard as they rounded up the cattle.

By four o'clock Domingo and his men had driven the cattle into the Palmyra corral, where they had hardly secured them before the tropical storm, which Morro relied upon to conceal the signs of their passing, had come up from the south-east across the great desolate jungle-wastes and was deluging the island.

The next morning the cattle were driven to Puerto Redondo, where they were turned into a field of Guinea grass on Morro's ranch and allowed to rest and eat. At ten o'clock that night a scout, whom Domingo had left to see what would be done at Miraflores, rode into Puerto Redondo and reported that the theft was not yet known at the ranch.

In the morning the cattle were separated into small herds and driven upon the steamers that, by turns, were tied up at the pier. Some of the steers made frantic efforts to escape when they were driven to the narrow gangway, but the Cubans surrounded them and goaded

them on until, in despair, they were forced upon the steamer.

When the last load was driven on board and all was ready to cast loose from the pier, Hernandez yelled to the deck-hands to haul in the gangway and started to go on board. In a moment he was seized roughly by Domingo Suarez and thrown upon his back. He attempted to release himself and might have succeeded, if Miguel, who was also on the pier, had not drawn his **machete** and swung it threateningly above Hernandez's head.

"You dog of a Spaniard!" growled Domingo, "you thought you would sail off with your stolen cattle and leave us without any pay. Where are our four thousand pesos? If you haven't them we will cut your throat and feed your carcass to the sharks."

Hernandez raised himself part way up and took from his pocket a heavy wallet, from which he counted the money in hundreds and fifties, and divided it between the two brothers. They threw down their weapons and helped him to rise.

"Senor Hernandez" said Domingo as he gave him a parting hand shake, "we are not angry because you tried to get away, but we remembered those Havana cigars."

Author's Note:—This story describes the possible fate of four hundred cattle which, in the summer of 1907, were stolen from an American ranch, on the north coast of Cuba, and of which only a few were ever recovered by the owners.

THE HATPIN

BY
J. DONALD RYAN

THE young man pulled from his pocket the frost-bitten rose which a few minutes before he had caught in passing from where it dangled in the crevice of an old brick wall. He frowned peevishly, then laughed a little as he counted the petals. There were eleven whole ones and a twelfth which had been pinched through at the middle.

"Eleven-thirty," he said aloud. "Berta is beginning to choose rather late hours for her appointments. I fear her reputation will suffer." And he tried to laugh again.

The dusk thickened as he stood in the centre of his room holding the mutilated flower, and the wind swept by outside the windows with a rising cadence of complaint. There was nothing soft or languorous in the November twilight. It rose from the ground with sombre insistence and crept in at the open windows, a sullen flood, bearing the death-blight of the summer.

The summer was dead, and buried with it was the pleasant follies of the past. Kindly hands beckoned into untrodden paths—Her sacred presence called him * * *.

The young man roused himself from the beginnings of a reverie, walked to a window, and tossed the rose carelessly outside. The fretful wind refused it, and a gust that billowed the embroidered curtains and set all the shades flapping laid the rejected offering at his feet.

"Very well," said the young man, and threw the rose on a study table that stood at hand. He hesitated a moment, then left the room to return with a tumbler of water which he poured into a saffron-tinted bowl and dropped the rose on its surface.

"You're the last," he said to the flower with decision, "I'll keep you to remind me of that."

It was nearly six hours later when the young man threw away book and cigarette, snapped off the lights, and snatching up his cap as he passed through an ante-room, hastened down stairs and into the street. He turned down a side street and met the wind where it issued with a shriek from a bleak alley; he shuddered with the first chill of winter and raised the collar of his overcoat about his neck. He was hastening by the nearest way to a certain corner at which he had often waited in former days—those days that already seemed a part of the past.

At the corner he saw a young woman standing. With a bluff protest the wind fronted him before he could cross the street and whipped a corner of his overcoat around a broken paling of the fence against which he was forced by its violence. He jerked his coat free impatiently and crossed the street with haste.

Beneath the white glare of an arc light the girl was waiting. The bright lips and midnight hair glowed in the radiance, while the paleness of her face made foil for the diamond glitter of her black eyes.

"It is time," she said, with a Latin gesture, and before the young man could speak. "I wait for you half a hour."

She paused for his answer. He made none, but avoided her eyes and allowed his own to wander over the fair lines of her graceful body, disclosed by the wind that fluttered her skirts.

The girl was young, but early matured, as are those whose blood is heated by the ardent sun of Italy. She might have served as a model for a diminutive Venus, but her eyes held nothing of the tender loveliness of that divinity.

So thought the young man as he diligently sought to avoid them by looking first at her billowing skirt, then at her coat-sweater brilliant in the colors of his college, and so up to the black fur toque which crowned her inky hair. Through the toque from side to side was thrust a single long and vicious-looking hatpin, which he had never seen her wear before. The head of the pin was fashioned in the shape of a dagger handle, tastefully wrought in gold. This, in conjunction with its abnormal length, served to convert the ornament into little less than a stiletto. In the filigree work of the hilt a group of little brilliants sparkled. The young man wondered which one of the fellows had given her this. There had been a time when he would have felt jealousy, but that time was past.

She caught his eyes and held them. "I come to ask you why you lie to me."

"What do you mean?" The young man shifted his position.

The girl drew from a pocket of her coat-sweater a ragged piece torn from the columns of a newspaper, and holding it so as to catch the rays from the arc light, read very slowly:

"The engagement of Charles Loomis Osborne, 1063 North Fifteenth Street, and Miss Clara Woodford, 875 Maple Avenue, has been announced. The wedding will take place in June, following commencement week at the state university, where Mr. Osborne is now in his senior year."

"Where did you get that?"

"From one of your home papers I find in your room when I go to see you and you not there."

"Well?"

"Why you tell me you not marry nobody else? Why you tell me you marry me?"

Osborne wrenched loose his eyes and again looked at the hatpin. There was a fascination in the brilliants almost equal to the fascination of her eyes.

"I thought you knew I was not in earnest about that, Berta. But if you really believed me I am very sorry."

"Yes, I believe it. I thought you—love me."

Osborne winced. "It's too bad, Berta—but if you try you will soon forget. As for that," he continued flippantly, "many a fellow in this old school would be glad to own you for mistress of his heart."

"It is not de heart dey give. It is only—"

"For instance." Osborne concluded, "the one who gave you that hatpin."

"Dis!" she exclaimed, in a sudden fit of animation. "Dis pin?" and she jerked the ornament from her toque, which fell at her feet. "No fella give me dis. My father bring it with him from Italia. You see de shiny stones? Dey are real diamonds. Listen! I tell you how he get it. My father steal it from a lady." She laughed. "Dis lady was ugly. She not lova husband. She jealous of pretty girls. One night dey both in cab—he die of heart," her voice sank to a sharp whisper, "but doctor say dey one little hole in his throat * * * *". My father work for dis lady—in de garden. One day he dig up a little box. Inside—dis pin!"

Unnoticed her toque had rolled before the wind to the edge of a long bridge. This bridge stretched across

a deep ravine which cut off one section of the town from another. Across the bridge the dark university buildings loomed behind the tossing boughs of many trees.

Both followed the rolling toque and Osborne picked it up. His agitation was visible. He started to speak but waited till a loud and wailing gust of wind should subside. Berta's eyes were again seeking his. He felt them on him but handed her the toque without looking up. She stood holding it in one hand and the glittering hatpin in the other while the shrieking wind hurried a grey mist up from the river and spread it over the sky, quenching the first stars one by one.

"You remember dis bridge?"

Osborne laughed uneasily. "I shall not soon forget it."

"You remember—down below—where you spread your overcoat for me?"

"Yes."

"How long ago was dat?"

"Six months."

"You have decide never to go dere again?"

"Yes." Osborne was staring hard at the hatpin in a desperate attempt to avoid the relentless eyes of his questioner.

"You will go with me dere—now?"

The wind ceased to moan and the night waited breathless and still.

"You will go with me dere—now." It was no longer a question.

Osborne made a final struggle to escape here eyes. His gaze swept the vicinity hopelessly. The sudden unnatural calm made all objects apparitions of dismay. The roots of two giant oaks on the slope of the ravine seemed to writhe with torture in the shadow. The trunks stood stiff and motionless with horror.

"Look at me * * * * * Come!"

He took her arm without a backward glance and walked down the slope to where the shadow of the bridge loomed black.

When some children, playing under the bridge next day, found the body they ran screaming to their mother. A crowd collected, the corpse was identified, and carried to the young man's rooms. Before its removal the coroner came and examined Osborne's body. His face wore the blank expression of a sleepwalker. There was one little hole in the throat.





The Guess Cake

BY
OLLIE FOSTER HOOVER



THE vacant house opposite the company-store at Pine Fork had been the scene of an unusual activity during the afternoon of a warm April day. The bustle was due to the discovery of the Keaton's cow, dead at the foot of a precipice and to the suggestion of Mrs. Kinzer, the wife of the new superintendent of the lumber camp, that something be done for the unfortunate family, for the Keatons were poor and there were all those children. Now, when the shadows were long the result of the work could be seen in clean swept floors, rude tables covered with white cloths, a row of cakes, and, in a back room, a number of freezers, some milk, eggs, and other essentials for the making of ice cream.

When Mrs. Searcy had observed from her white-washed cottage over the way that the menial tasks were done and the women gone, she came with a basket of sweet williams and violets and began to decorate the tables. As she moved about in arranging the sweet spring flowers, she carried herself with much dignity though there was no one to be impressed. She always walked with the haughty assurance made possible by a fine physique and a distinguished bearing, even though she were merely passing through one of the alleys to get a pail of buttermilk from a woman that kept a cow. Was not her husband head inspector of the lumber camp? Was not she the mother of twelve year old Glenna, the prettiest, brightest child to be found in a dozen camps? Did she not have one of the few five room cottages?

Did she not have a piano—the only one in the camp till recently—on which she played?

At this hour of the day the camp was unusually quiet. The noisy mill was still, the company store was closed, and the tired men and their families were at supper. Odors of coffee, fried potatoes, and onions floated out from the cottages. As Mrs. Searcy worked she looked frequently through the back door at the plain brown cottage on the slope where Mrs. Kinzer, the new-comer, lived. Mrs. Searcy had made her first call the day before. Now, she could look through the plain exterior and see those rooms made beautiful by the lavish expenditure of money and the exercise of good taste. She could see again the beautiful coloring of the rugs and draperies, the elegant simplicity of the furniture such as no one had ever seen in Pine Fork before. She could feel again the surprise at having been received by a gracious young woman, who had the unmistakable suggestion of the city's luxury and culture in her clothes and bearing.

All day Mrs. Searcy had felt disturbed. Friendliness and hostility towards this beautiful stranger, who had come to claim preeminence in Pine Fork, alternated in her mind. She was uncertain as to her attitude towards Mrs. Kinzer, but she was intensely interested. She had looked into a true mirror. She knew that though she put on her prettiest dress and carried herself with greater dignity than ever before—if possible—she

was thrown into the shadow and, accordingly, she was dissatisfied.

Just as she was finishing her work, Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Searcy's next door neighbor, entered the room. She held in one hand a large white cake, and with the other she grasped the front gore of a clumsy black skirt to keep it from under her feet. She had ascended the steps with difficulty for she was very stout, and she panted and wheezed as she crossed the floor and set the cake among the others. Two little girls, Glenna Searcy and Junia Willis raced in after her.

"Mamma," cried Glenna throwing back her long brown braids. "Just see that beautiful cake! The others make no show at all beside it!"

Mrs. Searcy automatically commented on the beauty of the cake, wondering at the same time if it were probable that any of Mrs. Kinzer's heavy dark hair were false. There were so many braids! Studied indifference to the merit of the cake was stamped on Mrs. Willis's plain honest face. She began to count a pile of saucers, but quit to talk.

"Law, Mrs. Searcy there certainly wuz some hard work done in these rooms this evenin'. They wuz a plumb sight. You know them Collines lived here last and there wuz tobacco spit and spider webs everywhere. Mrs. Grabill and Jimmy Brown carried them heavy tables from clear over to the Club House. But pore Mr. Keaton's a mighty good man and deserves it all. And wuzn't it nice of Mis Kinzer to make us think of doin' this? She's one sweet woman!" Mrs. Willis finished with fervent enthusiasm. Mrs. Searcy had been accustomed to hearing that unpolished speech of Mrs. Willis for several months. For the first time it grated on her. She had been hearing again in memory the

soft liquid tones of Mrs. Kinzer's refined conversation.

"Mrs. Kinzer's cake won't be any nicer than ma's," piped Junia.

"Well, that cake orter be good. Its got the whites of eighteen eggs in it and eggs are thirty-five cents a dozen," conceded Mrs. Willis.

"Oh Mrs. Willis" cried Glenna, throwing her arms around the big woman, "Do tell me what's in that cake besides eggs and flour and sugar, please! I won't tell anybody." Glenna was aglow with curiosity and excitement. Her brown eyes were shining.

"Law, child, nobody but me and the Almighty knows what's in that cake, and shan't till tonight. I drewed the curtains up and locked the door before I made it. Junebug shan't have a single guess at it, for if she'd happen to hit it, people'd say she'd peeped. And my ole man shan't guess either. But I tell you, gentlemen, that cake ain't going to be easy to guess. The harder they are to guess the more money they bring and I always make them hard. I made one over at Beaver and put a slipper of one of Junebug's dolls in it, and it never wuz guessed. The guesses amounted away up." Mrs. Willis began again to count saucers.

"I'm going to guess at this cake and win it too. You see if I don't! Come on, Junia, there's Mr. Fleming come to open the store door. We can get that ribbon now." Glenna ran off, her braids flying. The slower Junia followed.

"Them children are just like young colts, always loping around," said Mrs. Willis, turning around from watching the little girls. "Mrs. Searcy, you mustn't work here any longer. You'll tire yourself out and bring on one of them faintin' spells. You go home and

rest, dearie, and I'll cut these cakes. 'They ain't much more to do.'

Mrs. Searcy had always been proud and exclusive, but for several months she had shown Mrs. Willis a friendliness that had amazed the other women of the camp. They were becoming used to the intimacy now. When Mrs. Willis had moved into Pine Fork, Mrs. Searcy had made no effort to get acquainted, but for a long time pursued her old way of visiting none and receiving graciously only a few of her husband's friends. She preferred to spend her time in reading the late books to associating with the wives of the common laborers. But one day she was frightened by a dizzy, stifled feeling and by a severe pain at her heart. She sank to the floor unconscious. When she again opened her large dark eyes, she found Mrs. Willis bending over her with infinite kindness and solicitude in her dark Indian face. Mrs. Willis could not find enough to do to be commensurate with her willingness to be of help in that critical time. In that hour a sudden full-grown friendship sprang up, ready, like the genie of Alladin's lamp to manifest itself at any time.

Mrs. Willis with emphatic candor spread the news over the camp that she had been "raised" a servant girl, Mrs. Searcy did not heed. It was obvious that Mrs. Willis's face was homely, her clothes coarse, her manner rough, her cottage almost bare of furniture; Mrs. Searcy was apparently blind to everything but Mrs. Willis's open, kindly nature. Confidence advanced apace. Before the friendship was a week old, Mrs. Searcy had entrusted a secret that she had never confided even to her husband. Mrs. Willis told her chronic trouble, the unfaithfulness of her husband, and even related how she had hunted out and soundly beaten a woman who

had been receiving the money she and Junia needed for food and clothing. The friendship had done both good. Each with sunflower susceptibility had turned her better brighter side to the warmth of sympathy she found in the other.

But on this evening, when the memory of her call at the house on the slope was still fresh, Mrs. Searcy could not keep down her first feeling of contempt for her friend. The word, "servant" came to her mind again and again as fittingly descriptive. And when the cakes were cut and everything done, and they walked to their cottages together, Mrs. Searcy was annoyingly aware of the errors of speech, the awkward carriage, the homely clothes of the other, and was glad that there was no chance of Mrs. Kinzer's recognizing or even observing them in the dusk that covered the camp.

That night the kerosene lamps shown on a medley crowd in the house opposite the store. In the back room hurrying, chattering women turned freezers, dished out ice cream, washed and dried dishes. Young girls stepped briskly about waiting on the tables. Sawyers, stackers, filers, millwrights and inspectors assembled there intent on making merry, for this ice cream supper was a rare event in Pine Fork. The fumes of whiskey mingled with the smoke of tobacco. The much-observed Mrs. Kinzer was there, talking in her tender rising inflection to anyone who happened to be near. Mrs. Willis was at work among the women in the back room. Mrs. Searcy lingered near Mrs. Kinzer.

The company store was thronged with men of many nationalities. Laborers, widely differing in complexion, formed long chattering lines against the counters, waiting for the hurried salesmen to tender them the desired commodities in return for the desired "script" they pre-

sented. At half-past nine young Fleming put out the remaining loafers, locked the door, and hurried to the scene opposite. He was met by Mrs. Willis who had finished her work in the back room. Her new white shirtwaist made her face seem darker, her teeth brown-er, but her eyes were shining with good nature. That she possessed the feminine art of persuasion was ap- parent, for in a few minutes Fleming was standing in the midst of the crowd, holding up a large white cake.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. The laughing and talking continued. Someone shouted "silence!" The uproar subsided as one face after another turned to the young man, and finally ended with a "Wouldn't that jar you?" and a giggle from a young girl over in a corner, who was talking with a young man.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have in my hand a cake. There is some article in it known only to Mrs. Willis. Whoever guesses what this article is gets the cake. The guesses are five cents. Now let's have some guesses."

"I guess a fish hook," said the book-keeper. Every- one laughed, Mrs. Willis as heartily as any, for she was an inveterate angler.

"All right," said Fleming after he had put down the cake and had taken out his note book and pencil. "Any- one else have a guess?"

"A nickel," "a bean," "a penny," "a grain of corn," the guesses came fast. The excited men crowded close. There was much confusion in recording guesses and making change.

"A doll's apron," cried Glenna Searcy, holding high her nickel, while her face expressed intense interest.

"A ring," "a thimble," "a thread," "a bit of wood," "a button," "a grain of coffee," were shouted by others.

"A toy bank," said Glenna.

"A bead," "a potatoe," "a nutmeg," still the guesses came in scores.

"A glass," said Glenna her voice hardly audible in the tumult.

Fleming moved towards the girl. "What kind of a glass?"

"A tumbler," she said excitedly.

Mrs. Willis had stood watching the contest with interest. Her big form shook with laughter as she noted the eagerness of the den and the mock desperation of some on seeing in Fleming's smiling face that they had not guessed correctly. Fleming went to her, but returned in a few minutes and said:

"The cake has not yet been won. Mrs. Willis has suggested that, if there are no more guesses, the cake be raffled off."

Then the confusion began again, but in a few min- utes the crowd began to disperse. The book-keeper had secured the cake by a lucky draw.

As Mrs. Searcy started home with sober, disappoint- ed Glenna, she saw Mrs. Willis's face light up with satisfaction at some remark of Mrs. Kinzer in passing. She heard Mrs. Willis say:

"Yes, I'm glad I made it. I guess it brought half the money made. Come to see me, Mis Kinzer. You haven't got anything to do. Looks like you could run down 'most any time. Come Junebug, lets go home. I'm nearly dyin' for a pinch of snuff."

A moment later, Mrs. Searcy heard a young man call out from a cloud of tobacco to the book-keeper, who was some distance away.

"Heigh there! Morton. What was in that cake?"

"A glass," came the startling answer from a mouth

stuffed with cake. "Come over tomorrow, Ham, and we'll eat cake."

The next morning Mrs. Willis was up early. She put on an old felt hat of her husband's and went out to feed her chickens. The bright sunshine promised a beautiful Sabbath, a day on which small parties of young people would go off to other lumber camps on hand cars, and railroad bicycles. Mrs. Willis's honest face still wore the look of deep satisfaction it had worn the night before, as she planned that she, Mrs. Searcy, and the two little girls would go in the afternoon to hunt mountain-tea berries in the Riffe woods. But her expression changed to proportionately great irritation when she found that the hogs had destroyed a nest of eggs just ready to hatch.

"I could just cry!" she said, supposing Junia or someone was present to hear, "This is the fourth hen that's been broken up by them dirty hogs. The company ought to fence up these houses but they'll never do it. If the hogs ud come in our houses and live **they** wouldn't care. Livin' in a lumber camp ain't what it's cracked up to be. Oh, Mrs. Searcy, just see what the hogs done. I could just cry!"

Mrs. Searcy had just got up. She had heard Mr. Willis and had come out, though her hair was tousled and there were puffy ridges under her eyes. Dissatisfaction with herself, indignation because she thought Glenna had been mistreated, and uncertainty as to whom to blame had caused an almost sleepless night. Now she came to apply a carefully planned test.

"I slept hardly a wink last night," she began, looking at Mrs. Willis.

"Why, dearie?" The vexation gave place to kindly concern.

Two deep wrinkles came between Mrs. Searcy's brows. She began mechanically to pull out a basting from the sleeve of her kimona as she said:

"I thought you would know about it. Glenna was certainly cheated out of the cake last night, for she guessed exactly what was in it. The child cried herself nearly to death last night over the way Mr. Fleming treated her. I don't understand it, for he's always seemed so fond of her, that I've sometimes thought he was in love with her. I'm certainly going to see him to-day and give him a good going over. He's acted mean about it." Mrs. Searcy said these test words daringly. A glance at Mrs. Willis's face, so free from trace of guilt, had almost convinced her that Fleming really was the guilty one. Besides her friendship for this bulky, uncultured Mrs. Willis was now so inconsequential, that she was indifferent to the effect of her words. But she was almost frightened at the change that came in Mrs. Willis.

"Madam!" said Mrs. Willis, "I made that cake. I put that glass in that cake. I decided it had not been guessed. Mr. Fleming didn't have nothin' to do with it more than takin' the guesses. If you've got a quarrel to pick, go ahead. My back's broad and I can stand it!" These were the words of outraged honesty, and assailed honor. There was anger, but no consciousness of guilt in the stern visage that confronted Mrs. Searcy.

Mrs. Searcy trembled with anger, but she forced herself to say politely: "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Willis, I did not know it was your doings. I thought it was Mr. Fleming's fault. Still, that doesn't change the matter, Glenna was cheated out of the cake."

"Glenna guessed a tumbler! What wuz in it wuz a little glass belongin' to junia's toy water set, and it

had a gold ring around the top," panted Mrs. Willis.

Mrs. Searcy's eyes were becoming blacker and wilder. A tinge of red was appearing in her dark face. She was very angry, but she lowered her voice on seeing Mrs. Kinzer in a pretty morning dress cross the veranda of the house on the slope. She responded with quiet dignity.

"Glenna had that in mind, Mrs. Willis. She had heard you talk about your guess-cakes and she noticed you always put in something of Junia's. She was pretty smart about it. She guessed the cake all right."

"She didn't guess it, or she'd a said just what it wuz," said Mrs. Willis, who was beginning to see the matter in a different light in spite of herself. The thought that in her desire to have her cake bring in more money, she had been dishonest, did not improve her temper. She could never admit she was wrong, now. "She didn't say nothin' about it being a toy tumbler," added Mrs. Willis defensively.

Mrs. Kinzer had left the verandah, Mrs. Searcy laughed scornfully. "The guessers would hardly be expected to tell the exact size, color and smell of what they guessed. How absurd! However, one could hardly expect any more of servant girls. I wish I'd never heard of the old ice cream supper! I am sure I don't believe in guess-cakes and raffling things off. My church—"

"Your church, oh, dear me!" putting her hand over her mouth as if to hide her merriment. "**Your church! My church** don't believe in opium habits neither."

Mrs. Willis knew the weight of the blow she gave in thus alluding to Mrs. Searcy's secret. She knew that Mrs. Searcy was a victim of the carelessness of a physician, she knew that Mrs. Searcy had tried persistently

to break the chains that bound her. Mrs. Willis in her anger forgot that she had once listened sympathetically to Mrs. Searcy's painful confession. She now chose to see only bad in the woman before her. Mrs. Searcy was deeply offended; she turned and without uttering another word, walked into her cottage.

Mrs. Willis finished feeding her chickens and went into her kitchen. Her yellowish eyes were hard and her face was set in stern lines as she did her morning work. She did not listen to Junia's childish talk, and the little girl went out to play. Mrs. Willis watched sharply while Glenna left the house and went down to the river bank, where Junia and some other little girls were playing. "She didn't guess it," she muttered. She saw Glenna pull her rush hat down over her face, which was red and swollen with weeping. She saw Junia smile and greet Glenna, she saw Glenna turn her head and make no response to any of the greetings.

"Junia, come here." Mrs. Willis's voice rang out sharply. The child came reluctantly.

"Did Glenna speak to you?"

Junia would not answer.

"Junia, Mrs. Searcy has told Glenna not to speak to you," said Mrs. Willis leaping to a wrong conclusion through a misinterpretation of Glenna's action. "You've spoke to her and done your part. Don't you speak first next time."

The little girls had been inseparable playmates. Junia began to sob. "I've not done anything to Glenna."

"I know you haint. It's her ma's fault. Glenna's a sweet child," said Mrs. Willis with a momentary softening of her face.

That afternoon, Mrs. Searcy drew a rocker out on her porch and sat in regal state reading a novel. She

held her head very high. She looked little more than twenty-five in her blue dress. Mrs. Willis watched. After a while, Mrs. Searcy laid aside her book and went with Glenna to the house on the slope. Mrs. Willis's face grew harder. She was very lonely and much troubled, but she would not admit it. "She'll try to get in with Mrs. Kinzer, now," thought Mrs. Willis. "I just hope Mrs. Kinzer'll find out about the opium habit, but Kate Willis will be the last one to tell it."

When Mrs. Willis was feeding her chickens that evening, a window was pushed up and Mrs. Searcy said in icy tones.

"I wanted to tell you, Mrs. Willis, that it wasn't the loss of the cake I cared for. There's cake that's setting around in this house now, that never will be eaten, for we don't care anything about cake." This approach had called for all the courage Mrs. Searcy could summon, for she had begun to fear the big woman. She had worried for fear the story would go about over the camp that she quarrelled over the loss of the cake, and pride had conquered fear. "It was the way that Glenna was treated that angered me," she added.

"Mrs. Searcy, I can see you are wantin' to quarrel some more, but I'm too much of a lady to quarrel with you. I can't ever forget the way you've called me a cheat. I've lived in ten camps, I've lived in Tennessee, I've lived in North Carolina, I've lived in Virginia, but I never wuz called a cheat until I came to Pine Fork, West Virginia, and then it wuz by a woman named Maud Searcy. I'll always love Glenna, but I hain't no more use for you. I wish I might never see you again."

"I don't want you to love Glenna," snapped Mrs. Searcy, as she put the window down.

In the succeeding days, Mrs. Willis watched the

next house with sly and constant vigilance. Observation, interrogation, deduction, and analysis unduly exercised themselves inside her big skull. If a window blind were raised or lowered, she noted the change. If Mrs. Searcy sat on her porch at an unusual hour, Mrs. Willis sought a motive. If Mrs. Searcy lingered in conversation with any woman of the camp, Mrs. Willis found a reason. Mrs. Willis's world was a little world and it was upside down. All her kindly tendencies were for the time dormant, and her heart was full of bitterness. She had liked Mrs. Searcy and the quarrel had made an aching void. Few intimate friendships die without pain.

For many days the quarrel was the principal subject for gossip. Mrs. Willis discussed it with all the women. One day Mrs. Grabell, the woman that lived across the alley, came to see Mrs. Willis.

"They say that Mrs. Searcy's sorry she said anything and wants to make up," she ventured.

"Oh yes! I can tell a difference in her. She's not gettin' in with Mrs. Kinzer as fast as she wanted to. She'd make up all right but she's made her bed and she'll have to lay on it."

"Don't you think you orter make up and forget it?"

Mrs. Willis answered in an offended tone. "No ma'am, I don't. I might sometime forgive her, but I can't ever forget the way she's acted. I don't **know** that I could forgive her, for my heart's hard. I used to be a good woman, but when George got to doin' wrong, my heart got bad. I guess I could get back, but I've never done it. Mrs. Searcy'll have it to answer to her God the way she's acted. I'm done with her."

The other woman was silent awhile, but the subject was too interesting to be dropped. "Mrs. Searcy went to the ball at Panther last night, didn't she?"

Mrs. Willis laughed heartily. "A dog would have been tickled at what I saw last night," she said getting up. "She forgot to pull down the blind before she dressed, and it was this—," motioning as if powdering, "and this—" turning and twisting her big body as though seeing her reflection in a long glass, "and this—" working her fingers among imaginary combs and puffs of hair. "I vow it beat all! Old Jersey ud had to laugh," and Mrs. Willis sat down laughing heartily and wiping from the corners of her mouth some snuff that had escaped during her performance.

When Mrs. Searcy's anger cooled, she sincerely regretted the quarrel, though she still thought Glenna had been mistreated. She wished the good will but not the intimacy renewed. Although there were no more words, not even a "Good Morning" or "How do you do?" any accidental meeting with Mrs. Willis was very disagreeable, and living so near, encounters could not be avoided. And knowing Mrs. Willis's volubility and underestimating her sense of honor, she feared that her secret would be circulated through the camp and—horrible thought!—perhaps reach Mrs. Kinzer's ears. Mrs. Kinzer's opinion was now a matter of great consequence to Mrs. Searcy. To Mrs. Willis's great jealousy she went frequently to the house on the slope. Brought in contact with the attractive purity and refinement of Mrs. Kinzer, she desired more strongly than ever to break her chains, but she could not. She was always received kindly by Mrs. Kinzer, but to her great vexation was not accepted as an intimate friend. Mrs. Kinzer did not invite confidence and so the quarrel was never mentioned. However, Mrs. Kinzer heard about it through her servant and believed herself a remote cause in that she had suggested the ice cream supper.

One day Mrs. Kinzer was sitting on her verandah, looking listlessly over the little white cottages, which to one of the buzzards sailing senerely in the blue sky must have had the appearance of eggs nestled in hay. The camp was a hive of industry. The continuous whir of machinery was borne out from the huge band mill up the river. Men were loading cars from the acres of neatly stacked planks. A train of heavy logs came rumbling out of the forest. There were occasional blasts on the hill opposite, where some foreigners were making a new log road. Mrs. Kinzer was more alien to the place than were the foreigners.

She had not come to Pine Fork to work; she had not even come for the sake of breathing the mountain air fragrant with the breath of pines. She was there because her husband was one of the lumber company's best superintendents and she was a Ruth. She knew that she was the subject of two very diverse opinions, for the faces of the women of the camp plainly said, "Lucky Mrs. Kinzer!" while the letters of her friends had "Poor Grace!" written between the lines. She was comfortable but lonely. Her interests were in the minds and hearts of the people of her class. Pine Fork was her Siberia. She longed for something to break the monotony.

Mrs. Kinzer had tried to read and had tried to paint, but had failed to become interested. Now she sat lazily enjoying the warmth of the sunshine. The sight of Mrs. Willis starting off to the river with fishing tackle recalled the quarrel. She had been in the camp long enough to know that antipathies, jealousies and quarrels were rampant among the women. Mrs. Kinzer felt pained. Were these women not good enough to have the priceless boon of friendship? Would the breach

between Mrs. Searcy and Mrs. Willis never be closed? Suddenly a bold thought flashed into young Mrs. Kinzer's mind. Was the plan too daring?

The next day Mrs. Kinzer was sitting in her cool dimly lighted parlor. She was unusually beautiful in a thin white dress. Her eyes were soft and luminous, her cheeks were a vivid pink, as she talked to the woman sitting straight and dignified on the sofa, and to the bulky form in the big chair. She was apparently calm, but in reality very nervous. She had succeeded by a harmless stratagem in bringing the quondam friends together, and was determined to carry her scheme to a successful end. Mrs. Searcy responded to her tactful remarks with monosyllables and nervous laughter; Mrs. Willis sat silent as if she were at her favorite pastime.

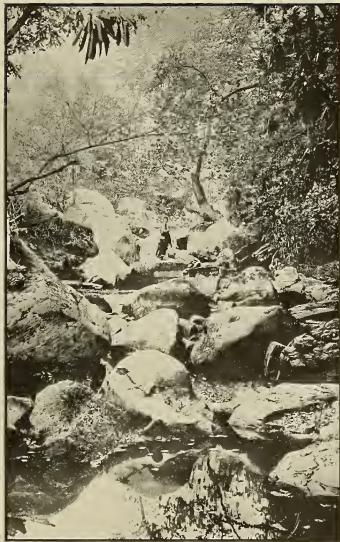
As Mrs. Kinzer talked, Mrs. Searcy relaxed more and more. Mrs. Kinzer became more at ease. She did not betray by word or look that she knew of the quarrel, she even left the two together while she gave some order to the servant. Her tact was exquisite. Her voice with its tender rising inflection and soft liquid tones made an eloquent appeal for peace. She drew them together over photographs of her friends, she

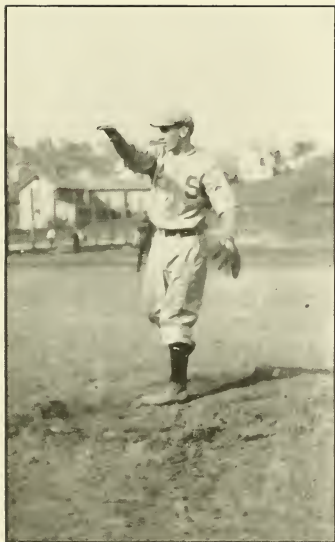
showed them her paintings. Hope rose high. She confidently expected to see the two women leave the house together with animosity quelled. Her silvery laughter was unrestrained, when Mrs. Searcy became very responsive and even Mrs. Willis was pliant.


A supper-bell tinkled. Mrs. Kinzer, chatting gaily led the way into the dining room. Suddenly Mrs. Searcy screamed, and the next moment was lying pale and unconscious on the floor.

When, after a long time she opened her eyes, she found Mrs. Willis working to restore her, just as on that other occasion months before. But this time—in spite of an evident good intention—there was a look on that big square face and a repugnance in the touch that caused Mrs. Searcy to turn her head and groan. She had seen such an expression when Mrs. Willis had handled the cold wriggling earth-worms, and she knew that the touch was no more loving. Mrs. Kinzer saw it all and understood. All the vivid color left her cheeks. In stumbling around in the dark, she had put her hands on the old corpse of a friendship—a friendship that could not live again.










IF this Book meets with your approval it will be due in no small measure to the many excellent drawings it contains. The editor wishes to express his thanks to Mr. Tom Moore, Miss Pearl Louise Reiner, Mr. Fred R. Koelz, Mr. George B. Vieweg, and Miss Mary Alexander, the artists who have contributed so large a share to the worth of this volume.





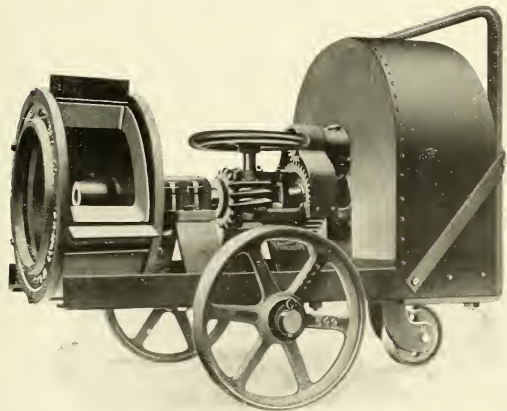


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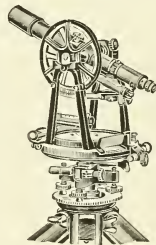
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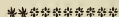
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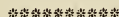
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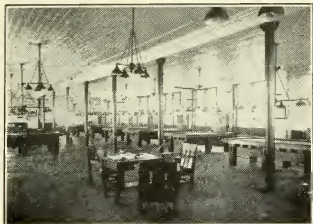
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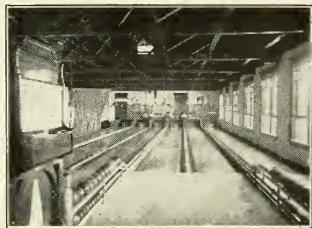
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