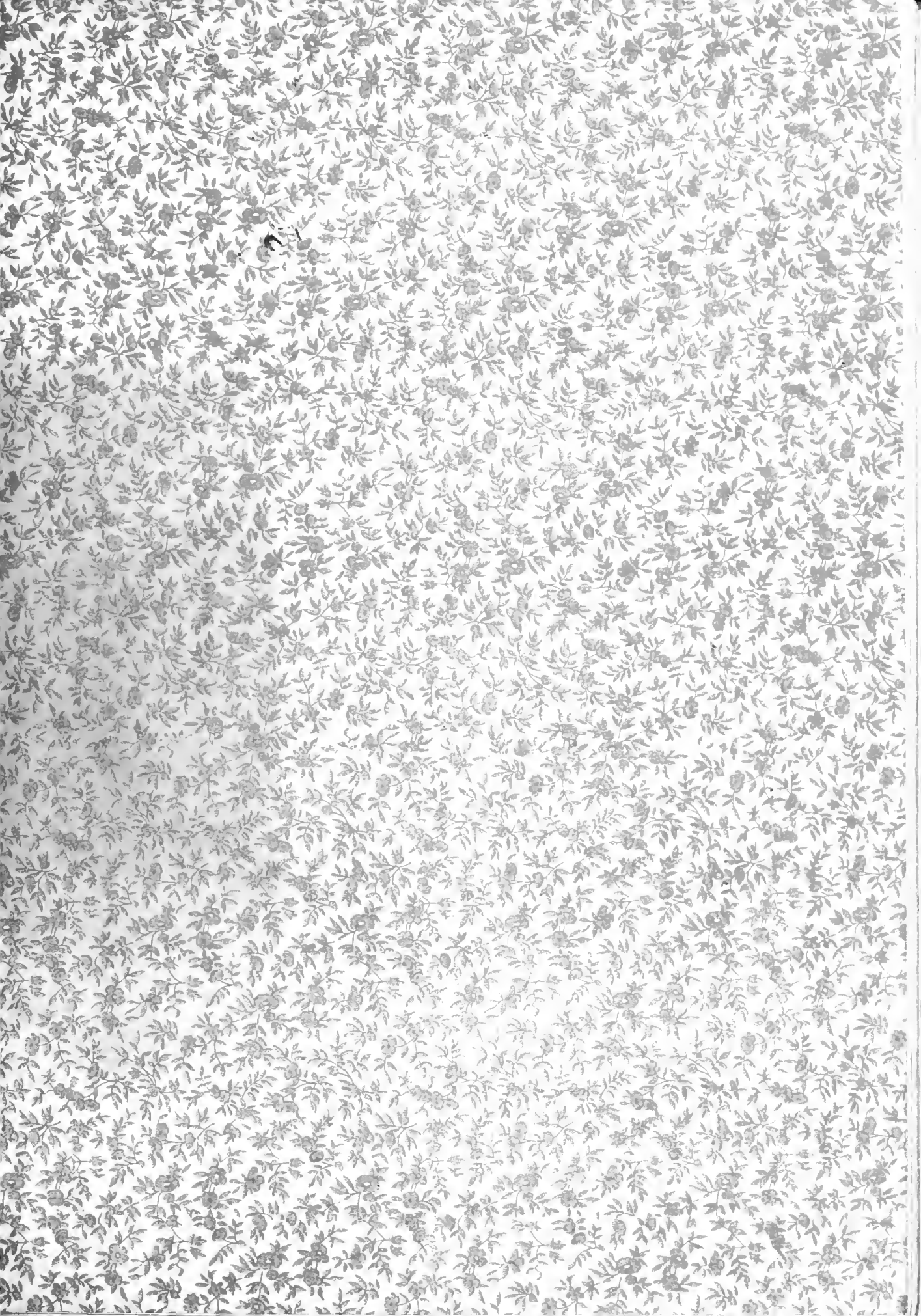


THE KODAK
1907

le L. Chapman '08

Claysville

Pa.



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THE

KODAK

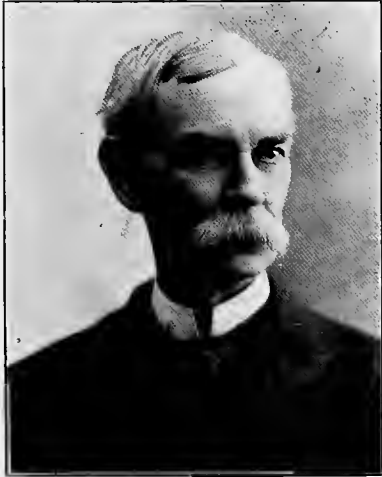
AN + ANNUAL + +
PUBLISHED + BY
THE + JUNIORS +
AND + SENIORS +

Dedication



To Professor and Mrs. R. G. Wynne

who have spent their lives in making
the world brighter, happier
and better and whom all
know to honor and esteem, The Kodak
of nineteen hundred and seven
is gratefully and lov-
ingly dedicated



PROF. R. H. WYNNE.



MRS. R. H. WYNNE.

Board of Editors



Editorial Board

BEN S. JOHNSON, '07	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
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ROY MAIN, '09	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Assistant Artist Editor</i>



BOARD OF EDITORS.

1906---College Calendar---1907

FALL TERM, 1906.

Sept.	25—Fall Term begins, Matriculation Day	- -	Tuesday
Nov.	6—Anniversary of the American Literary Institute	- - - - -	Tuesday
Nov.	20—Anniversary of the Neotrophian Literary Society	- - - - -	Tuesday
Dec.	19-21—Examinations	- - - - -	Wed.-Fri
Dec.	21—Christmas Recess begins 4 p. m.	- - - -	Friday

WINTER TERM, 1907.

Jan.	8—Winter Term begins	- - - - -	Tuesday
Feb.	22—Joint Celebration of the Literary Societies	-	Friday
March	12—Anniversary of the Adelphian Literary Society	- - - - -	Tuesday
March	28-30—Examinations	- - - - -	Wed.-Sat.
March	30—Winter Term ends	- - - - -	Saturday

SPRING TERM, 1907.

April	2—Spring Term begins	- - - - -	Tuesday
June	13—Examinations	- - - - -	Thurs.-Sat.
June	16—Baccalaureate Sermon, 11 a. m.	- - - -	Sunday
June	16—Annual Address, 8 p. m.	- - - -	Sunday
June	17—Final Chapel Services, 10 a. m.	- - - -	Monday
June	17—Inter-Society Contest, 8 p. m.	- - - -	Monday
June	18—Field Day, 10 a. m.	- - - - -	Tuesday
June	18-19—Annual Meeting Board of Trustees	- -	Tues.-Wed.
June	18—President's Reception, 7 p. m.	- - - - -	Tuesday
June	19—Class Day, 2 p. m.	- - - - -	Wednesday
June	19—Exhibition of College of Music, 8 p. m.	-	Wednesday
June	20—Annual Commencement	- - - - -	Thursday
June	20—Exhibition of Ade'phian Literary Society, 8 p. m.	- - - - -	Thursday

Board of Trustees

TERM EXPIRES JUNE, 1906.

HON. THOMAS W. PHILLIPS - - - - - New Castle, Pa.
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TERM EXPIRES JUNE, 1907.

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 J. E. CURTIS - - - - - Wellsburg, W. Va.
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TERM EXPIRES JUNE, 1908.

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 CAMPBELL JOBES - - - - - Claysville, W. Va.
 A. L. WHITE - - - - - Wheeling, W. Va.
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 DR. CADWALADER EVANS - - - - - Pittsburg, Pa.
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 GEORGE M. JACOBS - - - - - Fairmont, W. Va.
 THEODORE J. ALLEN - - - - - Charleoi, Pa.

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A. C. PENDLETON, <i>Secretary.</i>	

In Memoriam



Mrs. Lena Moos, wife of Professor Jean Corrodi Moos, was born in New Philadelphia, Ohio, December twenty-sixth, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight. Her parents were both natives of Germany, and her mother, Mrs. Hupfel, who survives her, still lives in New Philadelphia, Ohio, where Mrs. Moos spent her girlhood days; where she received her early education; and where she was confirmed while still a young girl as a member of the Lutheran church of that place.

In eighteen hundred and ninety-one, July ninth, she was married to Professor Moos, whose counterpart and companion she was until death did them separate, March second, nineteen hundred and seven. She left two children, a baby girl thirteen days old, and a boy five years of age.

Mrs. Moos had lived here in Bethany for nearly ten years. She had helped to make one of Bethany's model homes, and had earned the right to the high esteem in which she was held in this community for her Christian character, her cultivated tastes, and her capable womanhood. Friends whose privilege it was to be admitted to her home circle will cherish grateful memories of her gracious and warm-hearted hospitality. As a member of the faculty, as a neighbor, as wife and mother, her example was an inspiration, and her life as she went in and out among us day by day was serene and beautiful.

To the bereaved husband, and to the family and friends, the faculty of Bethany College extend heartfelt sympathy, with the highest regard for the memory of her whose loss is a common loss, giving grateful thanks to Providence for what she has done and what she was.

PHILIP JOHNSON,
A. C. PENDLETON,
R. H. WYNNE,

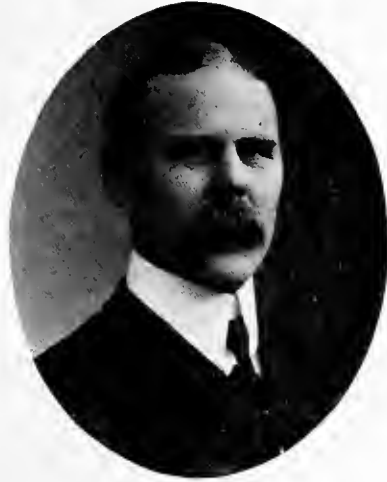
Committee from the Faculty.

**The
Faculty**





PRESIDENT THOMAS E. CRAMBLET
A. M. LL.D.



PHILIP JOHNSON, A. M., B. D.
Professor of The Mrs. Sarah B. Cochran Professorship of Philosophy, Greek Exercises and Church History.



E. W. McDIARMID, A. M.,
Professor of Latin Language and Literature.



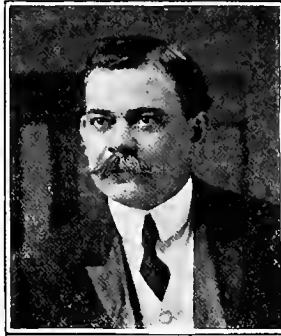
JEAN CORRODI MOOS, A. M.,
Director of Department of Music and Instructor in Piano, Voice and Theory.



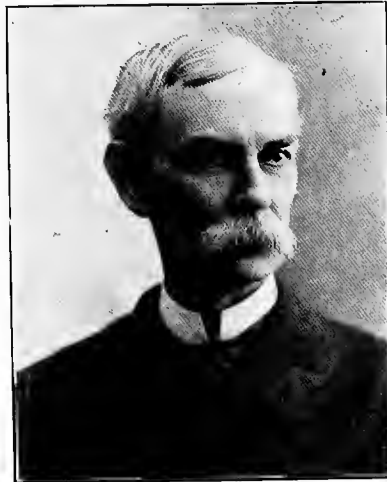
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*Vice President and Dean of the
College of the Bible, Professor of
Biblical Literature and Doctrine.*



R. H. WYNNE, A. M.,
*Professor of Hebrew, Economics,
and Christian Doctrine.*



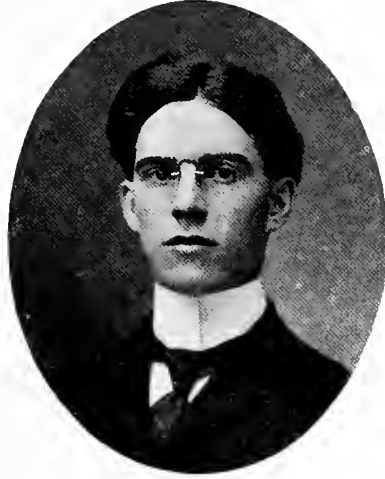
MISS GENEVIEVE KITTREDGE,
Professor of Art.



MISS ELMA R. ELLIS, A. M.,
Professor of Greek and History.



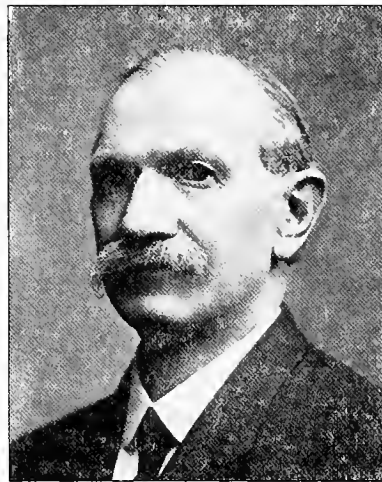
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Professor of Natural Science.



I. F. NEFF, S. M.,
Professor of Mathematics.



F. T. McEVoy, A. M.,
*Professor of Shorthand, Typewriting
and Bookkeeping.*

Introduction

ANOTHER happy year has glided gently by, another tearful June has come with its commencements and farewells. Another Kodak comes to carry the old year into the new, to cheer the future by happy remembrances of the past. It comes begging admittance to your hearts and homes; it comes asking careful consideration and kind treatment. Not because of any mastery in Art or Literature, but because its pages have been touched by the vital finger of the college boys and girls, who have imparted to it something more enduring than honor and more precious than gold.

It has been the aim of the Editors to hold up the mirror of college life, and show, as best we could, the form and features of all those whose life stage has come within our view. No doubt the reflections will please some and disgust others, but we are hoping that they will at least amuse all.

We have tried to give everybody the "Square Deal," and if all contributions have not been published you may know that they were weighed, sifted, submitted and condemned. We have experienced some disappointments, waiting for help that never came. But hoping you will forgive our shortcomings and pardon all necessary slams,

We remain, tired and sleepy,

THE EDITORS.

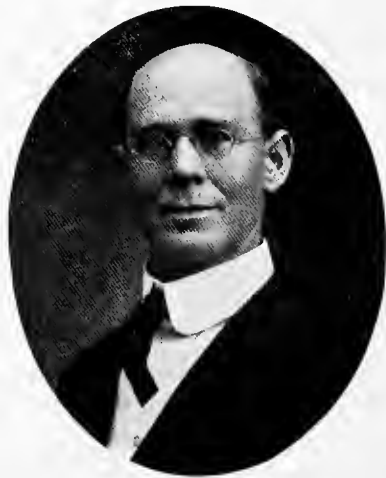




*G. A. MALDOON,
West Alexander, Pa.*

A. B. MINISTERIAL, A. M., PRES.
OF SENIOR CLASS, A. L. S.,
KAPPA ALPHA.

"Nothing too good for the Irish."



*H. O. LANE,
Bethany, W. Va.*

A. B. MINISTERIAL, N. L. S., V.
PRES. SENIOR CLASS.

*"You don't understand that, you
don't understand Socialism."*



*W. V. SHANNON,
Charleroi, Pa.*

A. B. CLASSICAL, A. L. I., KAPPA
ALPHA.

*"I don't want to run this class, but
just let me tell you this."*

*BEN S. JOHNSON,
Cadiz, Ohio.*

A. B. CLASSICAL, ED.-IN-CHIEF OF
KODAK, A. L. I., KAPPA ALPHA,
VALEDICTORIAN '07.

*"I just tell you, Potter, I've too
much work to do."*



*HELEN L. TINSLEY,
Lexington, Ky.*

BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY, LITER-
ARY EDITOR OF KODAK, A. L. I.,
ALPHA XI DELTA, SALUTATORIAN
'07.

*"Wretch! I feel like cuttin' up
Jack."*

*R. G. MANLEY,
Scranton, Pa.*

A. B. CLASSICAL, MANAGER KODAK,
A. L. I., SIGMA PHI EPSILON.

*"My, Oh my; When are you going
to pay up?"*





*EUNICE L. ORRISON,
Morristown, Ohio.*

PH. B., Y. W. C. A., CLASS PROPHET, PRESIDENT OF JUNIOR CLASS '05-'06, TREASURER OF SENIOR CLASS '07, A. L. I., ALPHA XI DELTA.

"Um dear! I never will find the right one."

*HAROLD W. CRAMBLET,
Bethany, W. Va.*

A. B. CLASSICAL, N. L. S., SIGMA NU.

*"I'm going to the Minstrel practice,
Papa."*



*EFFIE BISHOFF,
Braddock, Pa.*

PH. B., PRES. OF Y. W. C. A., A. L. I., ALPHA XI DELTA.

"Mr. Gibson told me so."



J. F. JAMESON,
Plimpton, Ohio.

A. B. MINISTERIAL, HUMORIST
EDITOR OF KODAK,

"Felloes, I've got another scheme."



BERTHA M. KLEEBERGER,
Columbus, Ohio.

PH. B., CLASS HISTORIAN, SECRETARY
SENIOR CLASS, A. L. I., ALPHA XI DELTA.

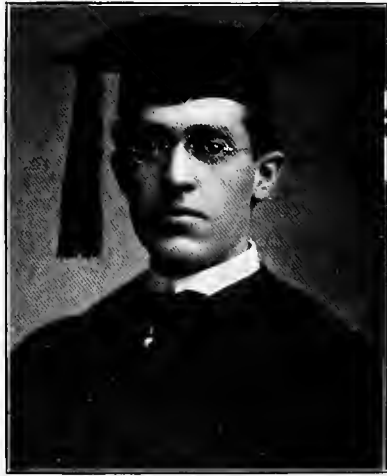
*"Yea I knowe, I knowe Don(t)
you?"*

CHAS. E. FOWLER,
Uhrichsville, Ohio.

A. B. CLASSICAL, CLASS ORATOR,
N. L. S., KAPPA ALPHA.

*"This Senior Class will break me
up, but ain't we having fun?"*





*E. B. QUICK,
Cincinnati, Ohio.*

A. B. MINISTERIAL, KODAK ART-
IST, N. L. S., KAPPA ALPHA.

*"Just ready to commence it to-
night."*

*MABEL POOLE,
Wellsburg, W. Va.*

MUSICAL B., M. L. S.

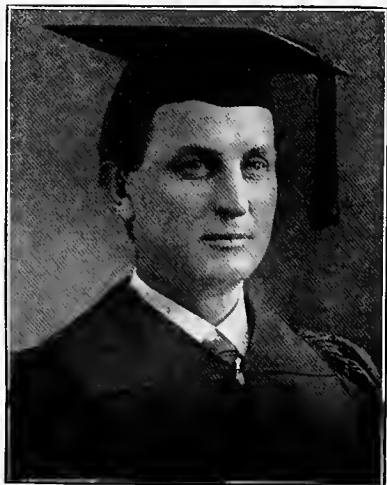
*"Oh! I wish you would cheer me
up."*



*J. W. UNDERWOOD,
Bethany, W. Va.*

A. B. MINISTERIAL, CLASS GRUM-
BLER, MANAGER BASE BALL
TEAM '07, N. L. S., KAPPA AL-
PHA.

*"That's good, Prof. I'll use that
for a sermon."*



FLORENCE CAVENDER,
Connellsville, Pa.

MUSIC B. INSTRUMENTAL, V. PRES.
Y. W. C. A., PRES. MUS. LIT.
CLUB, ORGANIZATION EDITOR OF
COLLEGIAN, A. L. I., ZETA TAU
ALPHA.

*"Do you think I will win Jack's
heart to-night?"*



J. E. WEAVER,
New Philadelphia, Ohio.

A. B. CLASSICAL, N. L. S.

*"What's the use of studying this,
Prof.?"*

MARIE VIRGINIA ANDERSON
Wellsburg, W. Va.

MUSIC B. INSTRUMENTAL, MUSIC
LIT. CLUB, ZETA TAU ALPHA.

*"I
am going to be a
teacher."*





CALLIE WILSON CURTIS,
West Liberty, W. Va.

PH. B., GRADUATE OF WEST LIBERTY NORMAL, KING'S SCHOOL OF ORATORY, AND CHAUTAUQUA CLASS 1891. STUDENT IN CORNELL UNIVERSITY. ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL IN THE WEST LIBERTY STATE NORMAL SINCE 1895.

MAUDE IONE JEFFERSON,
West Liberty, W. Va.

P. B., GRADUATE OF MOUNDVILLE PUBLIC SCHOOL. STUDENT IN W. VA. AND CORNELL UNIVERSITIES. INSTRUCTOR IN WEST LIBERTY STATE NORMAL SINCE 1899.



CLAUDIA VAUGHAN JEROME,

West Liberty, W. Va.

FORMERLY OF PITTSBURG, PA., STUDENT OF STATE NORMAL OF WEST LIBERTY, ATTENDED BETHANY COLLEGE 1906.



Class of 1907

COLORS · PURPLE AND WHITE

MOTTO: "Vtrum Omnia Vincit."

CLASS OFFICERS.

President, - - - - - G. A. MALDOON
Vice President, - - - - - H. O. LANE
Secretary, - - - - - BERTHA KLEEBERGER
Treasurer, - - - - - EUNICE ORRISON

MISS EUNICE L. ORRISON,	MR. J. F. JAMESON,
MISS EFFIE BISOFF,	MR. HAROLD W. CRAMBLET,
MISS HELEN L. TINSLEY,	MR. CHAS. E. FOWLER,
MISS BERTHA M. KLEEBERGER,	MR. H. O. LANE,
MISS MAUDE I. JEFFERSON,	MR. R. G. MANLEY,
MISS CALLIE W. CURTIS,	MR. J. W. UNDERWOOD,
MR. BEN S. JOHNSON,	MR. E. B. QUICK,
MR. G. A. MALDOON,	MR. W. V. SHANNON,
MR. J. E. WEAVER,	MISS DAISY S. COOPER,

Normal Course.

MISS CLAUDIA V. JEROME.

Music Course.

MISS FLORENCE CAVENDAR.
MISS MABEL POOLE.
MISS MARIE V. ANDERSON.

Class History

WELL, at last, the time has come toward which we have been looking for so many years. The goal of all our school days has been reached. Even in the grammar grades our aims were formed and through all our High School days that aim or ideal proved our bright, shining, guiding star. That aim was, to be able some time to wear the cap and gown, that insignia of dignity and responsibility. With what longing eyes did we look up on the Seniors of past years and wonder if we would ever reach that exalted state! But at last our aim has been realized and how different we feel. Some slight feeling of our coming responsibility came over us when we saw the Seniors of '06 lay aside their robes forever. We began to realize dimly that our college days, too, were soon to close upon us. Still we saw the blessedness and responsibility of Seniorhood ahead of us.

How strange it seemed to come back in September and hear the usual announcement for a Senior meeting and to feel that we were the ones to attend it. The Senior class meetings are phases of the Senior life that will never be forgotten by any of its participants, with the heated discussions on the different vital questions which were brought up. Often the supper hour found us still at our posts warmly upholding our own views. These meetings could almost equal the faculty meetings, especially in some of the unanimous decisions given.

One thing which will long be remembered by the class is the banquet given by Mrs. M. B. Meyres in honor of the Seniors at Evergreen Vale, the home of Alexander Campbell. The banquet was held on the evening of February 7, 1907. It was a very joyous, happy occasion for all those present. It is always a pleasure to be able to spend a few hours in the old dining room, around which so many fond memories cling, but this night was particularly pleasant. The table was very prettily set with a large centerpiece of beautiful carnations, and candles shedding their soft light over all. The banquet was partaken of with much laughter and wit. Mingled with these sounds was heard the soft strains of a harp. The strains of Yankee Doodle and Dixie were particularly well received.

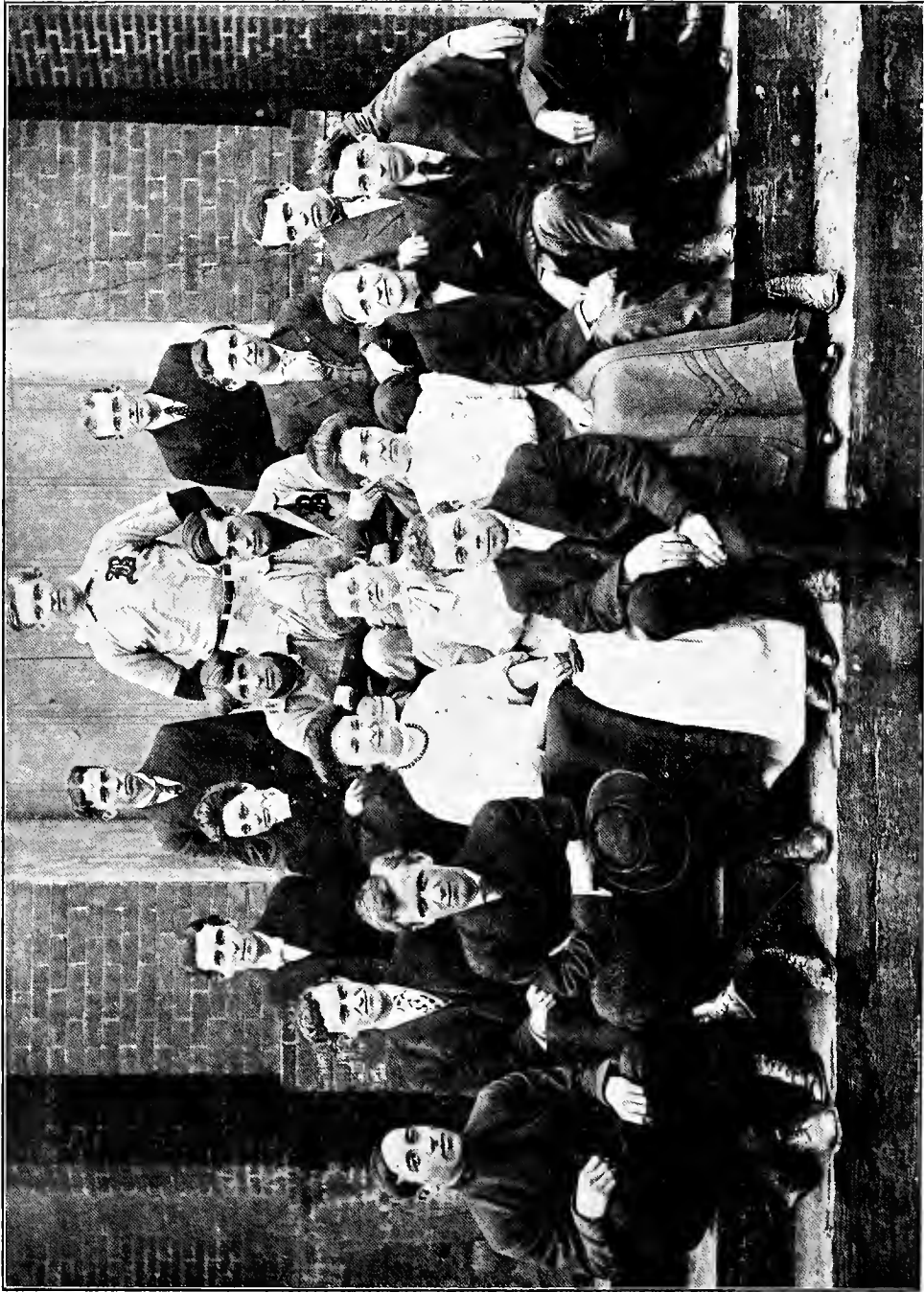
Several pleasing toasts were given, expressing to our worthy hostess the appreciation due such an entertainment. When the time came for parting, all left feeling that the evening had done us very much good.

In spite of the fact that some Juniors tried to cause some disturbances we all felt it was good to be a Senior.

Our chapel orations are a thing of the past. Many weighty problems of state have been ably settled by our orators. '07 has always been noted for her fine oratory, and from the time we were Sophomores she has been ably represented in all the contests. What a task it has been to write and give these orations, but how free we feel now to look back and think it is all over. We showed the great interest we feel in oratory and the deep sympathy we have for the orators, by attending the first Junior orations of the class '08 in a body, lending them our undivided attention and criticism.

That little word "last" is fast coming to be one of the most important words in our vocabulary—the last chapel orations, the last criticism from the faculty, the last term of school, and many other phrases, and yet we are looking forward trying to see through the thin veil of the future and fathom the depths beyond. It is with sadness that we feel our school days drawing to a close, but we feel that our motto, "Verum Omnia Vincit," will still lead us on to better and greater things. We will be glad to cast our mantles upon the Seniors to be and wish them all the joys and good fortune which have been ours.

BERTHA KLEEGER.



JUNIOR CLASS.

Junior Class

MOTTO: "Aim High and Believe Yourself Capable of Great Things."

COLORS: PURPLE AND WHITE.

President, - - - - - GEO. S. McCLARY

Secretary, - - - - - GEO. VAIDEN

CLASS ROLL.

ALICE NOFCIER	CHAS. P. HEDGES,	J. W. WARREN,
GEO. VAIDEN,	C. L. CHAPMAN,	C. N. FILSON,
E. J. DOLEY,	W. K. WOOLERY,	E. J. JOBES,
GEO. McCLARY,	W. T. POTTER,	RUTH DEWITT,
BLISS PICKLE,	F. W. LONG,	E. C. JOBES,
EOLA SMITH,	E. N. DUTY,	CATHERINE FETTY,
C. M. SMAIL,	J. J. SMITH,	ALICE NOFCIER,



History of Junior Class

ANOTHER year's history has unfolded itself. The Juniors, whose deeds this history is to summarize and set before you, have flourished for a brief season and now at the end of this collegiate year, lo, stand forth as the Seniors of '08!

Beside those who have toiled and strove through the three, or perhaps more, preceding years together, two strangers came among us last fall, not, however, to remain strangers long, but by "bonds of affliction," namely Junior orations, to be firmly established as a part of the class.

Some of the best material of the College is in our class. Let me prove it. Our girls stood well at the head of the list of those who made the highest grades in the class room during the year; C. N. Filson was one of the team of debaters which won the inter-society debate last year; C. M. Smail is editor of the Collegian; Geo. McClary is one of the most promising young ministers in school; Kirk Woolery and J. J. Smith are on the regular basket ball team; C. L. Chapman won the

gold medal last year for being the best athlete in school; John Warren and F. W. Long are base ball enthusiasts, filling good positions; E. J. Doley is a Schwab in financial matters. He is business manager of the Collegian and by his well-planned, well-executed efforts has effected a marked improvement in our college paper; E. C. and E. I. Jobses are two of the best musicians in school, playing piano and violin, respectively. And so we might continue until every member had received mention, but this enough to prove our point. Of course, we have our faults, but find them out for yourself, we're not going to tell tales!

The Juniors and Seniors clashed once this year and we must admit the Juniors were the aggressors. The Seniors were being pleasantly entertained one evening at the Barclay homestead when a crowd of the Junior boys went out, walked upstairs and took possession of the Senior lids. They then met in a Junior's room down town and for a time hilarity reigned supreme, as they beheld one another in Senior caps.

Then a council was held and it was decided to garnish chapel hall with festoons of caps so the caps were bundled together and the boys started up across the campus. But the Freshmen, who were in serious danger of losing their pink and white prettiness and simple innocency, by keeping such late hours, were gathered around the college entrances and appeared violently opposed to the Juniors' plans. After a slight skirmish the Juniors took the caps back and hid them, well, somewhere, it wasn't known exactly where for two weeks or so. At least we dare any Senior to declare solemnly he knew at the time where those caps were. Many of the Juniors were seen bare-headed during this time. It looked somewhat as if the Seniors had counted a great deal on their lids and paid scarce attention to their hat supply so persistently they took the Juniors' hats.

But at last it all ended, the caps were given back and all was once more as if these things had never been.

The evening of our first orations passed off very pleasantly, all the speeches were good and no one forgot or blundered in any way to mar the delivery. Of course, we were criticised next morning and received some pretty hot shots, but then the foremost soldiers always bear the brunt of the fight. One more appearance "on the boards"—of Chapel stage—the last time that we are Juniors stand together and our history as a class is ended. Bear with us kindly, then, for a few short months, for in June, 1907, we pass out of your lives as Juniors.

Muckety, muckety, muck rake!
We'll give 'em all a shake!
Here's to the Juniors and their fate,
Here's to the class of 1908!!

A JUNIOR.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Sophomore Class

COLORS : RED AND WHITE.

MOTTO : "*Semper Fidelis.*"

Officers.

MISS MABEL MERCER, - - - - - *President*
MISS ANNA SMITH, - - - - - *Vice President*
W. B. YANCEY, - - - - - *Secretary*
H. W. CADWELL, - - - - - *Treasurer*

CLASS ROLL.

HERBERT SMITH,	CLARK B. DUNN,
C. V. DUNN,	MARY GRAY,
MISS DORA REMINGTON,	MISS ANNA SMITH,
MISS ALMA PITMAN,	MISS EDNA PRITTS,
T. B. IMHOFF,	C. B. SCOTT, JR.,
T. HIROKI,	R. J. BENNET,
E. G. CASEY,	H. W. CADWELL,
JOS. FINLEY,	MISS HELEN MARSHALL,
J. D. PASCOE,	MISS EFFIE GRIFFITH,
WALTER W. BRUNS,	MISS ANNA CARPENTER,
MISS MARY COLBURN,	MISS BESSIE SMITH,
W. B. YANCEY,	MISS MAVIS HUDSON,
MISS RUTH BURDINE,	MISS MABEL MERCER,
MISS LEAH MAIN,	MISS IDA MEANOR,
ROY MILLER,	O. J. HOWEARTH,
JOHN RIDDEL,	FRANK McEVOY,
J. R. CLUTTER,	HERBERT PROTSMAN,
C. N. JARRETT,	W. E. HOOTMAN,
CLARENCE EVANS,	

History of Sophomore Class

THIS article is not written to prove that there is a Sophomore Class in Bethany. That fact is widely known. But it is written to give a brief account of its glorious history and still more glorious hopes.

The Sophomore Class of '07 is the result of evolution.

It has evolved from the Freshman Class of last year. It has, indeed, lost some of its members, but this is more than recompensed by the addition of some splendid new ones. So the Sophomores of '07 are quite in tune with the history of the world, a splendid example of development.

We are no longer Freshmen, nor would we be. We see now how little Freshmen have to be proud of. We have passed that stage, and look down from our vantage ground. We feel that the Freshmen of this year may well learn lessons of wisdom from us. But they don't seem to learn very fast. The time will come when they will see their mistake. But that will not be till they are Sophomores, for that is when the mind begins to appreciate great principles of truth.

Last year our class won a signal victory over the Sophomores. We hung our colors in the top of a small tree on the campus, and guarded it like a lion guards her whelps. About midnight we were assailed by the enemy. The struggle was long and fierce; but the Sophos finally lost one of their leaders, and had to give way. So when the morning broke "the flag was still there."

This year has been a noble one for the Sophomores. We have grown in wisdom and stature, and in favor with "the President." We have had our difficulties and conflicts, but through them all we have come without dishonor. As the rough, uncouth stone, tossed about by the waves of the ocean, becomes a smooth and shining pebble, so we tossed about by the waves incident to Sophomorphism, have been smoothed of many of our inequalities. But we are not yet ready to be tossed upon life's beach. We shall yet remain two more seasons; and if two seasons have already done so much for us, what may be expected of us when the college waves shall have tossed us two more years?

So while our past is great, we trust our future will be yet greater, not only in college, but also in life's great school. We shall live to bless humanity.

All honor, then, to the Sophomores of '07, and the future Senior Class of nineteen nine.

C. V. DUNN.

Freshman Class

COLORS: GOLD AND BLUE.

MOTTO: "*Facta Non Verba.*"

CLASS OFFICERS.

President, - - - - - PERRY A. JONES
Vice President, - - - - - CRAIG HAVERFIELD
Secretary, - - - - - T. N. SMITH
Treasurer, - - - - - R. P. SLIFER

CLASS ROLL.

C. G. ALDRICH,	L. C. CORNETT,
P. C. PAUNOFF,	D. E. DAVIES,
P. A. JONES,	W. SURBLED,
T. N. SMITH,	W. J. COTTON,
J. C. HAVERFIELD,	E. H. BARBER,
W. A. BLAIR,	G. H. MILLER,
L. D. ROBINSON,	W. R. SANNER,
S. E. EALES,	H. L. ICE,
J. W. MARTIN,	W. CRAMBLETT,
F. H. BRINKMAN,	J. H. HAVERFIELD,
A. F. BAGBY,	C. A. DEVAUL,
R. E. SLIFER,	C. A. HARE,
L. M. BANBOROUGH,	M. LEWIS,
I. P. HARBAUGH,	T. M. MOORE,
W. H. RITNAUR,	J. C. MCWILLIAMS,
C. R. HOOD,	J. H. CHAPMAN,
F. H. MERRIMAN,	H. M. MARSHALL,
G. S. MORLEY,	F. L. MAINE,
L. R. HILL,	A. LINVILLE,
W. G. DOWNING,	G. L. BRADFORD,
W. A. YOUNG,	G. RAMSEY,
R. E. YOUNG,	C. RAMSEY,
J. U. JACKSON,	H. E. BURKE,
B. R. JOHNSON,	J. ANCHIAM,
W. F. CORWIN,	

FRESHMAN



CLASS MOTTO: "*Facta Non Verba.*"

COLOR: BLUE AND GOLD.

History of the Freshman Class

THE hands of time point to September, '07, and another energetic freshman class crosses the threshold of Bethany College. This year's class was unusually large, yet within our ranks there has been harmony and a college spirit which has more than once asserted itself. As time wore on, the shyness, which came from strange surroundings and threats of the 'Old Buffalo,' was laid aside and the "Freshies" became a dominant factor in "Books and Biz."

We have not wrestled with stacked rooms and breathed pepper smoke in the wee hours for fun, but we have learned what the "Sophs" and even the Juniors had failed in two years to comprehend, that organized effort would put a stop to all pranks of our time worn opponents.

We saw that in order to accomplish anything we must break the way, we must clear the track of all the bumps left by our predecessors, for to follow their examples meant woe as great as theirs.

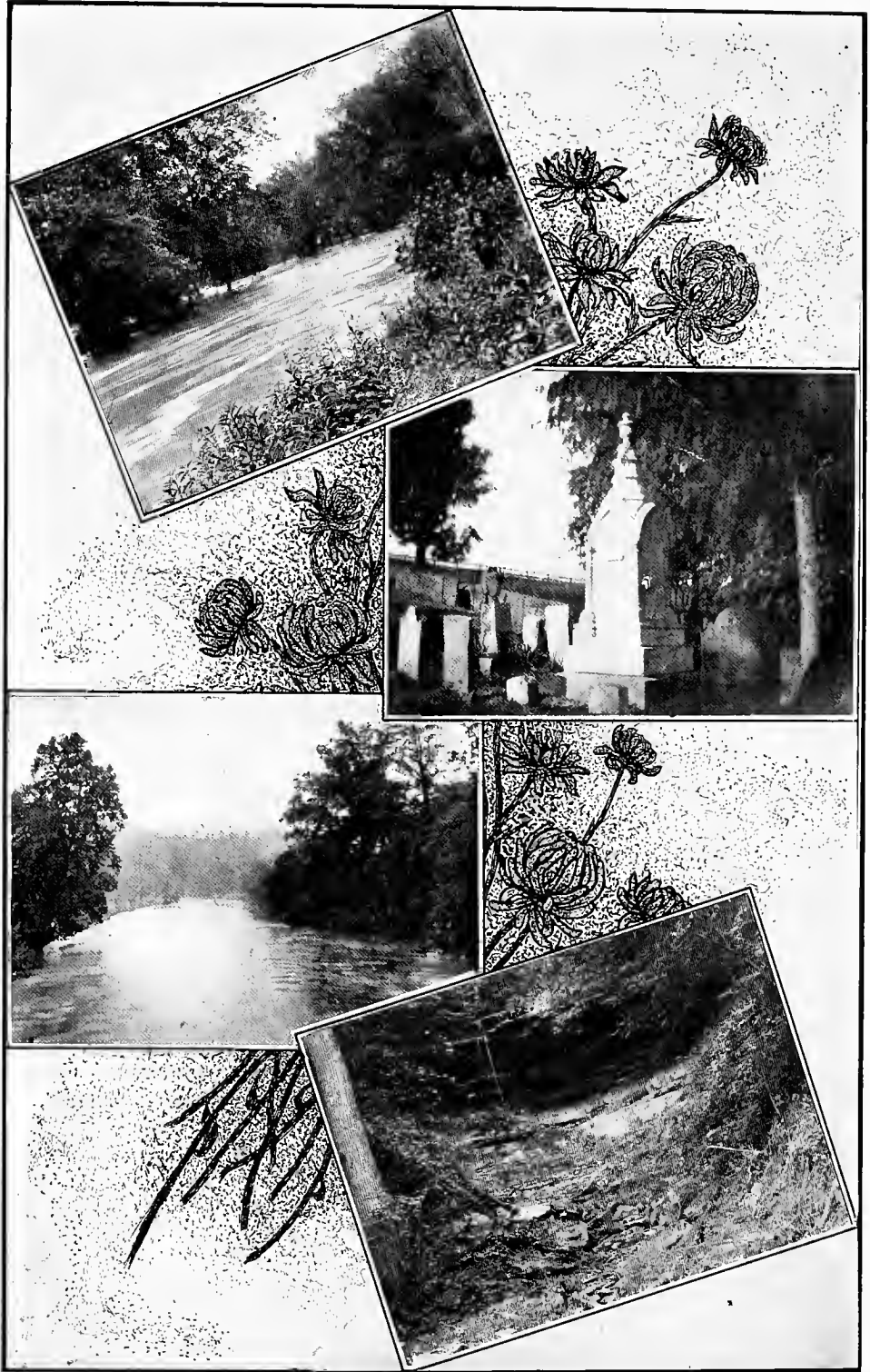
In a meeting in the early part of February, the following officers were elected: President, Perry A. Jones; Vice President, Craig Haverfield; Secretary, T. N. Smith; Treasurer, R. P. Slifer; Captain of the Campus, Markley Louis.

We waited for the "Sophs" in our meetings, but they were so "Bizzy" elsewhere. Surely their courage had not failed them. What could the matter be? We resolve to find out, so when they called their first meeting the freshmen visited them en masse. We were met at the door by their giants, but who could withstand such a rush, not the "Sophs?" The air was filled with the dust of conflict and the pant of heroes, but not long, for finding that two bodies could not at the same time occupy the same space the "Sophs" retired and the '10's remained victors.

Victories of this kind were not our only stronghold, but we were in the front ranks in class and on the athletic field. We have only begun our college career, we have only tasted of the tree of knowledge, but may that one taste lead us on to higher and nobler things.

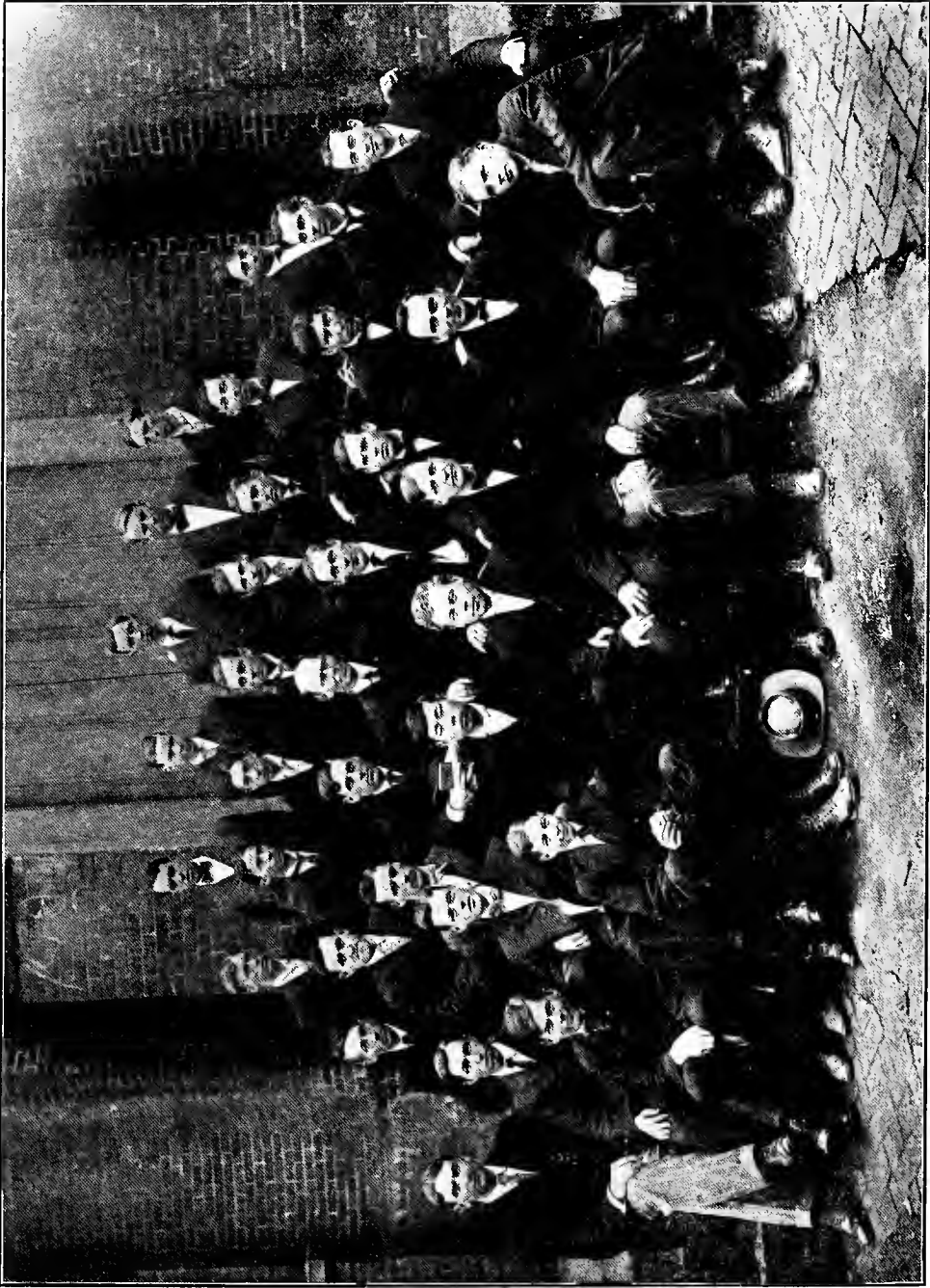
To further victories then let us march and when time shall have removed our ranks, may it be said, "None have defended their standard more valiantly than the illustrious class of 1910?"

PERRY A. JONES.



Literary Societies





NEOTROPAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



Officers of N. L. S.

President - - - - - J. E. WEAVER
Vice President - - - - - WARREN T. POTTER
Secretary - - - - - W. J. COTTON
Treasurer - - - - - CHAS. P. HEDGES

COLORS: RED AND WHITE.

MOTTO: *Quaerimus Verum.*

Gentlemen of the Neotropan Society :

"I am called to a gracious task."

THE fair friends you see around you have commissioned me to present you with this banner. It is a simple token, but it will be valued and measured by the motives of the hearts of those who give it.

"Its device invites you to glory, though by no unhallowed means. Faith, hope and justice, must twine the wreath for the brow of the true hero, and behold from the spirit of Truth you are exhorted by these to conquer.

"The free spirit of Christianity has made it woman's privilege to encourage the noble, the good, and the brave, and we would fain believe that the gentlest rustlings of banner folds, will ever be to you as sweet music, murmuring the fond hopes which we cherish for your fame.

"In after years you may forget these halls, you may forget one another, but you will not forget the gentle hearts that thus invite—you will not forget this banner under which they invoke you to conquer!

"Then take it from us, from us who would have you be faithful and true. Take it as the standard bearer takes the banner of his much loved chief, take it and with a fearless and hopeful brow, and righteous arm, bear it in the face of all danger, discouragement and wrong, and in coming years, gladden our hearts by the record of your names, foremost and best on the annals of time."

This speech represents one of the mile-stones in the history of the N. L. S. They are the words of Miss Virginia Campbell—now Mrs. Thompson, of New York City—on the occasion of the presentation of the first banner ever given to any Literary Society of the College. The banner possessed by the A. L. I. was purchased twelve months later by themselves. Years have passed away since that silvery moonlight evening of July, 1854. This beautiful token of the respect of many fair friends perished in the flames of '57, but the memory of that inspiring time still lingers in the halls of N. L. S. urging the members to push ever upward toward the achievement of the goal embodied in this speech.



AMERICAN LITERARY INSTITUTE.



American Literary Institute

President - - - - - HELEN L. TINSLEY
Vice President - - - - - EOLA SMITH
Secretary - - - - - MARY CORNETT
Treasurer - - - - - A. F. HANES

COLORS: BLUE AND WHITE.

MOTTO: *Lux descendit e caelo.*

History of American Literary Institute

THE education of any student is incomplete without the training of literary work. The college course gives the student priceless gems of knowledge and the literary society teaches him to use it in the most attractive form and manner.

Realizing these truths fourteen students met in the session of 1841 and organized what is now known as the American Literary Institute of Bethany College. The work was taken up at once with much earnestness and vim and the hard drill and steady training in practical writing and thought brought splendid results to its members.

Since that time the American Hall, with its valuable library of a thousand volumes, has been destroyed twice by fire, but the progress of such loyal sons was not to be marred by such an obstacle and new quarters were soon secured in the college building. Here for twenty-five years these bold Americans have striven to live up to their motto:

"Lux Descendit E. Caelo."

In the year 1897 they threw open their doors to the ladies of the college, adding refinement and grace to the society and giving mutual strength to all. We are proud of the bright record of our beloved Institute. From her halls have gone many renowned men. She has given to her Alma Mater four presidents, to other colleges and universities, five, to the church many of its best workmen, to journalism many of its most talented writers and many of her sons and daughters are standing now on the ladder of fame and honor.

With pride we recall the names of our alumni: Moses E. Lard, A. W. Campbell, R. H. Wynn, Charles Louis Loos, W. R. Warren, W. H. Woolery, Robert Moffet, A. McLean and Hugh McDairmid.

Their noble examples lead us to keep the good work moving and this year some faithful labor has been done by its members.

We have tried to vary our usual programmes a little in order to make them more attractive. Several times a mock trial has taken the place of the programme, also a parliamentary drill which was very helpful.

In this age when every man has opportunities for public speaking --from the most humble of business men to the statesmen--the world is beginning to recognize the indispensable value of literary societies. So to the classes which are yet to leave our society, we bid you nourish it with intellectual feasts and brotherly love, and cherish it as fostering all that is good for you, that you may be a benefit and honor to the country in which you live.

Prize contest oration of State contest held at Morris Harvey College, Barboursville, W. Va., April, 1906. Delivered by Mr. Frank Smith, A. L. I., Bethany College:

True Objects of National Ambition

From the beginning of time, the important historical periods of the world have been marked by the rise, progress, and decline of national life. In a passing review of the ever-changing procession of the onward movement of nations, the question of interest to the student of history is to discern and linger with those ideals that have maintained themselves as an abiding element in the culture of the race.

It is my intention to consider what, in our age, are true objects of national ambition, what is true national honor, national glory—what is the true grandeur of nations.

Before the Christian era, the conquering Romans landed upon the shores of an island inhabited by an uncivilized people. For almost two thousand years this island has been in a process of change. Its inhabitants advance to a higher stage in their methods of life; a semblance of nationality is seen in their government; revolution after revolution takes place. At one time the people are engaged in civil strife, attempting to free themselves from unbearable taxes—the imposition of a harsh and tyrannical king. Again they wage wars with France and Spain, and gain nothing but the animosity of the people which is yet fostered in no small degree. But after a history of many years, Great Britain, tested and tried by foes without and strife within, takes her place among the head servants of the nations of the world. Throughout her existence, England's characteristic traits have been her freedom of speech and of the press in politics and her freedom of faith and conscience in religion.

Spain, at one time, the mistress of the seas, commanding wealth, and protected by great armies and navies, carrying out her policy of greed and revenge, declines from a leading power to a kingdom of little strength and influence.

With one exception, the history of the nations of the world extends through many years of time. In marked contrast to these, the United States of America is born in a day and takes her place upon the roll of nations. Her growth has been steady and her rapid progress in the onward march of events into a world power is worthy of admiration and receives the highest praise. She has reached a height not yet attained by other powers. The whole world looks to her with open eyes. Great problems have been presented for solution, relating both to domestic and foreign affairs, and she has been instrumental in bringing about results satisfactory to the powers of the world and greatly for the elevation of man. She stands out prominently as an advocate of just principles, freedom in religion, advancement in educational privileges and honesty in politics—ever striving to bring about a better condition of affairs at home and abroad, and to bless and uplift humanity.

True objects of national ambition are not found in military achievements. At one time, that country whose armies returned from the field, bearing the spoils of war, crowned with many victories, headed by their generals who had led them to success, was cited as having won national honor, whose fame and glory was spread throughout the land. But to-day the feeling against war is stronger than ever. Civilization has reached a stage where it looks upon it with horror. It seems to ask, where in the moral code is found its sanction; where is the command "Thou shalt not murder" restricted to the individual; where is the nation given privilege to slaughter her people by millions in relentless war? Ah, the days of war are drawing to a close. Its awful results are portrayed to us in true pictures. Society has reached a place where it will no longer endure it. Man's relation to man is becoming more and more sympathetic, and his interest in his brother forbids him to engage in cruel and useless war. In the eyes of Christian judgment it is wrong. Vain are its victories, infamous are its spoils.

There are some instances where war has seemed inevitable. In the recent difficulties in the far East, Japan felt that her national existence was endangered. Russia had obtained a foothold in Manchuria and she was looking with eager eyes, awaiting an opportunity to extend her tyrannical sway to the province of Corea. When affairs had reached a climax, and the whole world was anxiously awaiting the outcome, Japan with her army and navy came to the front and engaged in the greatest war of modern history, inflicting overwhelming defeat upon the Russian Monarch. She is worthy of honor for her efforts to solve such a great national question, and the world unites in giving her the glory she rightly deserves.

But just at the time when the enthusiasm of the Japanese is at its highest, when they are expecting to strike a decisive blow to Russia, America, bearing the olive branch, appears upon the scene and by her timely interposition shows that the war can be settled by peaceable methods. Hail then, that grand republic, over which the proud stars and stripes, the emblem of truth and liberty, shall continue to float. Hail, thrice hail to America for her part in bringing the bloody contest in the Orient to a close. Honor to her representative to whom the whole world looked for advice. All due honor to President Roosevelt for his courage, for his indomitable will power, who by his wisdom and determination has proven a benefactor to the world.

True grandeur of nations and a worthy object of their ambition must be peace. The world has reached the place where it no longer desires war. It cries for a peaceable settlement of all questions. We must hate war and strife and contention, and in our domestic dealings in the home or in the state, or in our dealings with the world, strive for honesty and attempt to benefit man and uplift the race.

Another object of national ambition should be the production of great men. In consideration of this, our thoughts turn to the Fathers of the Republic. Men of lofty ideals, men of character, men whose desire was to elevate their fellows. In successive periods, we see them

first on the bleak New England shores. They come from the wasted bands of Raleigh, from the heavenly companionship of William Penn, from the anxious councils of the Revolution, and from all those fields of sacrifice which, in obedience to the spirit of their age, they sealed their devotion to duty with their blood. Her great men are the nation's pride, her defense in time of war, and her helmsmen throughout her existence. America is justly proud of the men who have figured prominently in her history. Men like Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley are shining lights. Their lives are examples of true heroes and are worthy of imitation. We must have men like these. It is not wealth that should receive our best attention, but the production of strong, conscientious, Christian men, for

"Not gold, but only man, can make
A people great and strong;
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky."

National ambition should tend toward liberty, unity, power and prosperity. These are our possessions to-day. We have not proved ourselves unworthy of a great ancestry; we have had the virtue and the courage to uphold what they so firmly established. Just what problems will be presented to us in the future, what responsibilities will be resting upon us, we cannot presume to foretell, but may it be our highest aim to strive for such a solution as will bring about the greatest good to the entire race. The idea of human rights has been strongly emphasized by the American people. Liberty is our watchword. Liberty and law have always been united in our minds, and the concentration of the whole community to protect the rights of each and all its members is the grand idea upon which our institutions are built.

The greatest desire of any nation should be to free herself from all those influences that degrade the individual and the state. On every hand forces are engaged, which if not curbed, will prove ruinous. There is corruption in society, corruption in politics, yes even corruption in the church. The greatest evil existing in our midst is the saloon. On every corner, with its brilliant lights and enticing music, it is found. Its doors are always open, inviting the youth of the land within, and through its awful influence, it is sending thousands of lives to destruction. Oh America, proud America! rise in your glory and drive this great curse from your doors. If permitted to remain, its destructive influence will widen until it has completely undermined our government.

Mormonism has placed a dark page in our annals. Its teachings are false and in open rebellion to the law. The very mention of the name causes a feeling of contempt to rise within us, and we blush with shame when we must admit the presence of such an evil in the land.

Corruption in politics has greatly increased during the past few years. Every conceivable scheme has been undertaken by office seekers to accomplish their desires. Men in public places, and at the heads of great private concerns have given their attention to securing vast sums of money, caring little whether their methods were fair and honest.

But I would not have you look at the state of the nation in a pessimistic way. No, the situation is brighter and the future holds better things in store for us than ever. Individual responsibility is being emphasized and each citizen is coming to know that he is a part of the government and he is taught to realize that his interests are the nation's interests. In direct opposition to the forces that degrade are those that tend to uplift. Never before has there been such an antagonistic feeling towards the saloon. Every effort is being made to overthrow it, and the day is approaching when, like the Hell Gate in New York harbor, this awful gate to Hell will receive a blow that will destroy its very existence. The cry of the people is to prohibit the Mormon's retaining his seat in Congress, and although this may not be granted, yet the day is not far distant when a representative from such a people will not be given voice in our government.

National ambition is a subject which is comprehensive and transcendent in its importance. It pertains not only to our own nation, but to all nations; not only to the present age, but to all ages. It applies to things which are as lofty as truth, and as universal as humanity.

There is but one remedy for all the evils that exist within the nation. Such evils will never yield but to the principles of universal justice and love, and these have no sure foundation, save in the religion of Jesus Christ. Christianity is the only true remedy for war and intemperance; Christianity will solve all problems relating to government; Christianity is the root of every reform, the door to all institutions that tend to elevate man. "Not Christianity in name only; not such as characterizes any sect to-day, but such as lived in the soul and and was manifested in the life of its Founder; a religion that presents man as an object of God's infinite love—a religion, the essence of which is self-sacrifice, self-denial, that proscribes among its worst sins the desire in man for rule and dominion over his fellow creatures, which knows nothing of rich or poor, high or low, bond or free," and the nation that strives to attain these lofty ideals, that strives to instill them into the lives of her citizens will grow and prosper and will be a power for good in the world.

"And thou, America, then shall never fail,
But with thy children, thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all;
These are thy fetters. Seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders where
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies. Who shall then declare
The date of thy deep founded strength, or tell
How happy in thy lap the sons of men shall dwell."



ADELPIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



The Adelpian Literary Society

OFFICERS.

<i>President,</i>	- - - - -	W. F. WILLS
<i>Vice President,</i>	- - - - -	F. W. LONG
<i>Secretary,</i>	- - - - -	MRS. A. O. HANSON
<i>Assistant Secretary,</i>	- - - - -	MR. C. L. KNIGHT
<i>Treasurer,</i>	- - - - -	MR. C. N. JARRETT
<i>Critic,</i>	- - - - -	MR. C. V. DUNN
<i>Marshal,</i>	- - - - -	MR. A. O. HANSON

COLORS: GOLD AND PURPLE.

MOTTO: "*Neglect not the gift that is in Thee.*"

THIRTY-SIX years ago, in the minds of a few ministerial students, the Adelpian Literary Society was conceived and brought forth.

For a while it lived and thrived, but being actuated by a narrow spirit of "ministers only," it weakened, sickened and died—died to its old self of narrowness and bigotry, but was born anew, born of the spirit of unselfishness and true brotherly love.

Under the present regime, it has flourished until about fifty young men and women crowd its halls on each Monday evening to listen to programs of literary merit, upon all topics under the sun.

Judging by the work it has done and the enthusiasm of its members, it is certainly destined to play an important part in the Literary proficiency of Bethany's future graduates.

W. F. W.



MUSIC LITERARY CLUB.

Music Literary Club

The students of Bethany College School of Music, believing that a fuller knowledge of music and its general literature would be of incalculable benefit to them, formed a club December 12th, 1902, to promote this object.

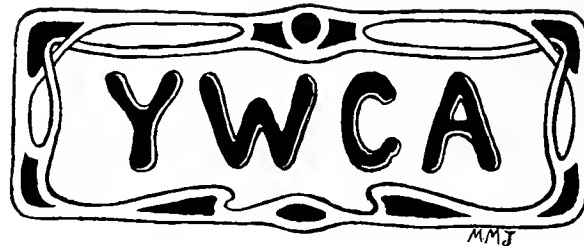
OFFICERS.

<i>President,</i>	- - - - -	FLORENCE CAVENDER
<i>Vice President,</i>	- - - - -	MABEL POOLE
<i>Secretary,</i>	- - - - -	MARIE ANDERSON
<i>Treasurer,</i>	- - - - -	ALICE NOFCIER
<i>Librarian,</i>	- - - - -	MR. JOBES

COLORS: LIGHT BLUE AND YELLOW.

MOTTO: "*If Music be the Food of Love, Play On.*"

FLOWER: Yellow Rose.



Young Women's Christian Association

President, - - - - - EFFIE BISHOFF
 Vice President, - - - - - FLORENCE CAVENDER
 Secretary, - - - - - ELIZABETH GATTS
 Treasurer, - - - - - MAUD JOHNSTON

Motto: "Not by Might Nor by Power, but by My Spirit; Saith the Lord of Hosts."

COLOR: WHITE.

"The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them." —Ruskin.

ABOUT twelve years ago the young women of Bethany College felt the need of spiritual development and out of this desire grew the Young Women's Christian Association.

Although weak at first, it has grown to be a great power for good among the young ladies and many grand and noble women have left its ranks to go out into the world to bless humanity by their loving service.

This year's work has been very successful and we have much for which to be thankful. A devotional meeting is held every Wednesday evening and a fifteen minutes' prayer service every morning before breakfast. In these meetings the girls come together all on an equal and take part, each in her own sweet way, exchanging thoughts and opinions and are blessed abundantly. A Bible class meets every other

Sunday afternoon for the study of the Bible and by this we are strengthened by becoming more familiar with God's word. Once a month a joint meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. is held and together we have most helpful meetings; then, also a mission study class meets once a week for its separate work.

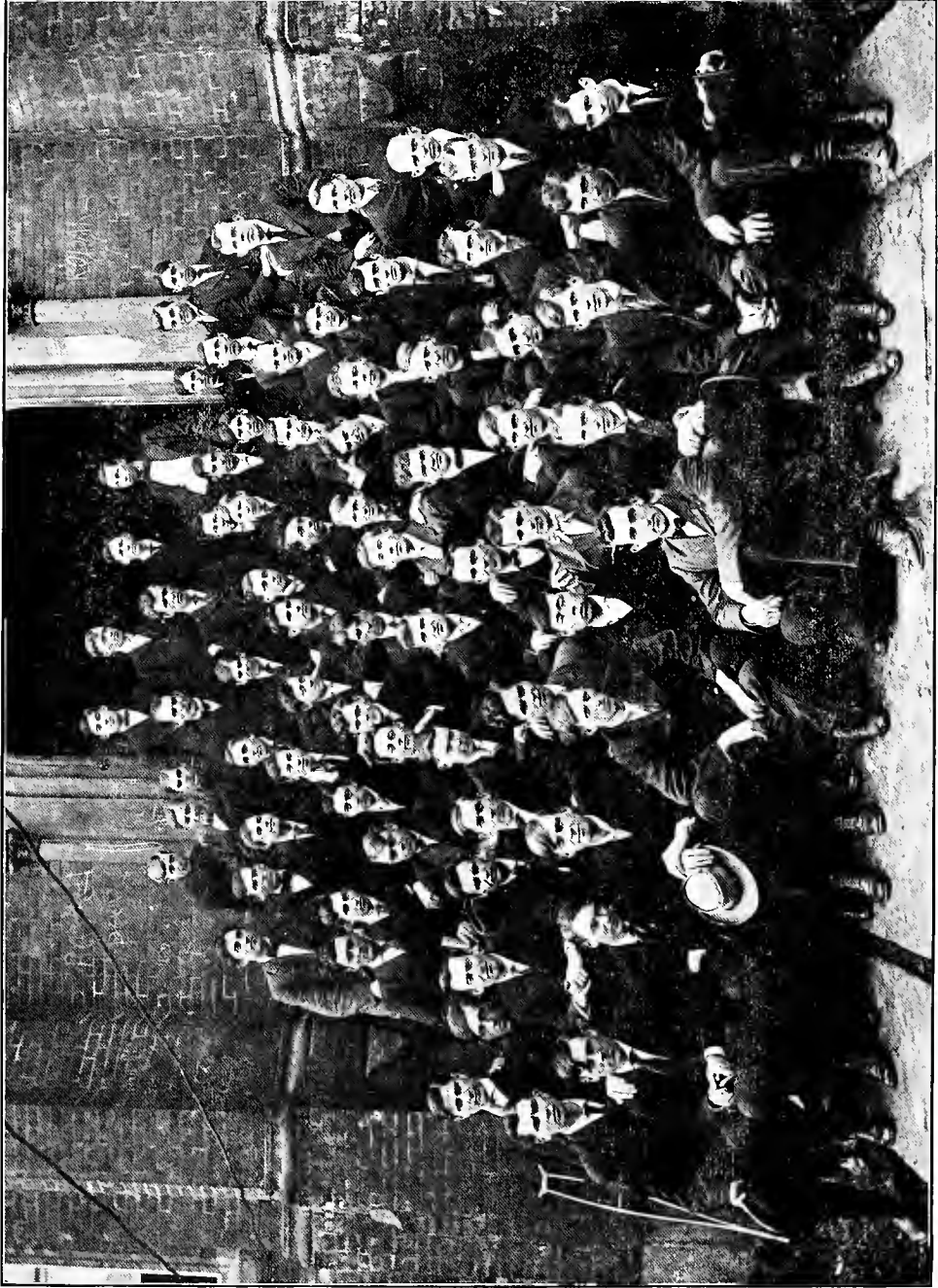
Last summer we sent two delegates to the summer's conference at Winiona Lake, Ind., and expect to send two more this coming summer. These conferences are an indispensable value to the associations and our delegates always come back filled with a new spirit to work for their Master. The Association raised money for the state work and gives freely when an urgent call comes for money.

For more than a quarter of a century there have been in this country two national bodies of Women's Christian Associations, known respectively as the "American Committee" and the "International Board of Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations." In December these two were united in one to be known as "The Young Women's Christian Association of the United States of America." The Bethany Association belonged to the "American Committee," but now has her membership with the union association.

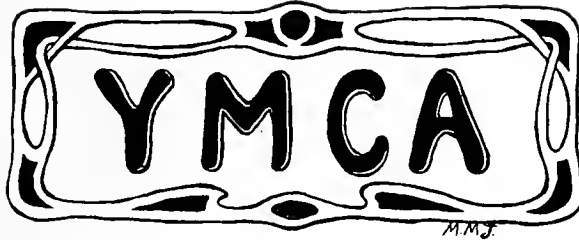
We feel that we are part of a great movement in our country for this great association stands for right and justice; for fair conditions in every way for women everywhere, that there may be physical, moral and spiritual well-being among all the young women of all this broad land.

The success of this union means earnest work and service from each branch association and that is what we are striving after in our little circle of girls.

The importance of this work cannot be impressed too forcibly upon every young woman entering college, for above all, we women need the truest of spiritual life, which means true acquaintance with the Divine Father and His Son. Such acquaintance means service. And as we look forward to the next year's work our watchword must be loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ and our Heavenly Father, and His great overwhelming love in having given us His Son. Love and loyalty to the Christ, love and loyalty to the Heavenly Father, will mean service—and in our instance, service for the young womanhood of the world.



Y. M. C. A.



Young Men's Christian Association 1906-7

OFFICERS.

P. M. BABER,	- - - - -	President
WALTER W. BRUNS,	- - - - -	Vice President
C. V. DUNN,	- - - - -	Secretary
G. S. McCLEARY,	- - - - -	Treasurer

MOTTO: "Ye Are the Light of the World."

COLORS: PURPLE AND GOLD.

HISTORY.

THE Y. M. C. A. of Bethany College is about sixteen years old, having been organized in 1891. Since that time it has been a potent factor in the moral and religious life of the school, and numbers among its members some of the most prominent men among the Disciples.

We sincerely regret that our esteemed president, P. M. Baber, could not be with us this year; but we are glad to know that he has recovered from his long sick spell, and we hope to see his familiar face among us next year. His place, however, has been efficiently filled by our energetic vice president, Walter W. Bruns.

In many respects, the past year has been one of the best in the life of the organization. Our membership of eighty-four, considerably exceeds any for the last few years, and is probably higher than ever before. The attendance has been good, especially since the beginning of the new year. Every one that attended was helped, and those that did not attend missed a feast of good things.

The Y. M. C. A. has endeavored to keep in touch with the entire student body. In the very first of the school year, a reception was given to all the new boys. It proved a success. All became acquainted, and many of the new boys became members. Besides this, a canvass of the entire school was made, to ascertain the religious status. Only two or three were found that did not profess Christianity.



THE STUDENTS' VOLUNTEER BAND.

The Student Volunteers' Band of Bethany College

MOTTO: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation * * * and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

ROLL.

President, - - - - - HERBERT SMITH
Vice President, - - - - - CHARLES P. HEDGES
Secretary, - - - - - MYRA P. HARRIS

MARGARET BILLICK, F. W. LONG,
L. F. CARTER, J. P. MCLEOD,
MRS. ALLEN HANSON, E. B. QUICK,
ALLEN HANSON, A. G. SAUNDERS,
EMMA HERTZEL, C. V. DUNN.
OCTA J. HOWEARTH,

ON the 14th of February, 1906, during a visit of C. B. Titus, missionary to China, and with his assistance, the Students' Volunteer Band of Bethany College was organized.

The purpose of the Band is as follows: To study matters pertaining to foreign missions, to aid spiritual and intellectual growth, and to foster a missionary spirit among the students that may be encouraged to become volunteers for foreign missionary work. These objects have been kept constantly in view, and as a result, good work has been accomplished. The Band has met on alternate Thursdays throughout the school year, and in conjunction with the Mission Study Class, has done much to foster a good missionary spirit in the College community. Never before have there been so many students in college preparing for this work.

To all who have not chosen their life's work, to all who want to make their lives count for most, to all who want to fulfill to the letter their Saviour's last command, the Volunteers' Band sends forth an urgent call to this, the greatest, grandest, and most honorable work that is given to any man to do.



G. L. WHARTON.

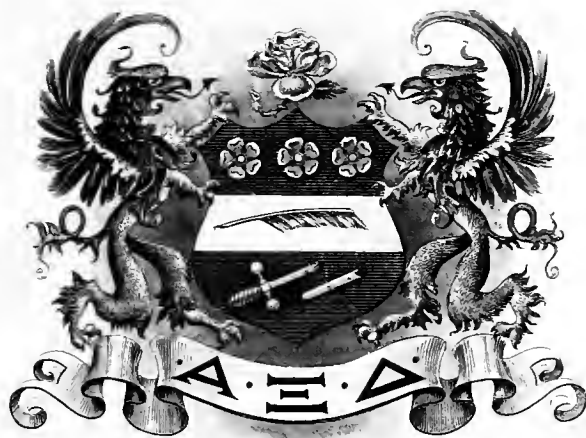
ON the 4th of November, 1906, a cablegram was received from Calcutta stating that G. L. Wharton had died of cancer of the stomach.

Brother Wharton was born in 1847. He received his education in Bethany College, graduating in 1876, and is one of whom Bethany is justly proud. Being convinced that India needed the gospel and that God had a place there for him to fill, he resigned the pastorate of the Richmond Avenue Church, Buffalo, to become a missionary to that sad land. He went out in 1882, being the first missionary sent out by the F. C. M. S. Brother Wharton came home twice on furlough. The second furlough was prolonged on account of his health and the education of his children, two years being spent as minister of the church at Hiram, Ohio. While at home the missionary passion burned in his soul and he was anxious to return. He left his family in America to take up the work to which he had devoted his life. On reaching India he preached and taught in the college at Jubulpore. Brother Wharton gave nearly twenty-four years of devoted service for the redemption of India, and in the midst of this labor of love was called to the palace of his King. His death was a surprise and a great loss. He rests from his labors, but the work goes on and shall continue until India is redeemed.





ALPHA XI DELTA SORORITY.



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Alphi Xi Delta Sorority

Founded April 17, 1893.

COLORS : LIGHT BLUE, DARK BLUE, GOLD.

FLOWER : *Pink Rose.*

OFFICIAL ORGAN : *Alphi Xi Delta Journal.*

SORORS IN FACULTATE.

ANNA MARY KEMP.

SORORS IN COLLEGIO.

1907.

EFFIE BISHOFF.
EUNICE ORRISON.
BERTHA KLEBERGER.
HELEN TINSLEY.

1908.

KATHARINE FETTE.

1909.

HELEN MARSHALL.
MAVIS HUDSON.
MABEL MERCER.
MARY GRAY.
ELIZABETH GATTS.
JESSIE SMITH.
ANNIE SMITH.

1910.

MARY CORNETT.

PLEDGE.

MARY LEWIS.

A Bit of History

“Greatly begin. Though thou hast time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim is crime.”

FOURTEEN years ago, on the seventeenth day of April, at Lombard College, Galesburg, Illinois, ten young women declared themselves an organized band with light and dark blue for a banner, the pink rose for an emblem. For a name they choose the Greek letters Alpha, Xi and Delta. This was the nucleus of what is now the national sorority of Alpha Xi Delta. Gold was added to the banner to distinguish it from one of a similar institution.

At the time of founding there was one sorority in Lombard College. The qualifications of its members were not so much those of scholarship and character as the trivalities of wealth and social attainments. In consequence a group of young women with the opposite attributes had been drawn into a bond of friendship so true and strong that they resolved to organize a society with aims that would eliminate this false standard in college circles. Thus the budding sorosis found a place.

Soon the desire to interest other colleges and other young women grew and expansion followed until now there are chapters of Alpha Xi Delta in the following educational institutions: Lombard College, Galesburg, Ills.; Iowa Wesleyan University, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Mt. Union College, Alliance, Ohio; Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.; University of South Dakota, Vermillion, S. D.; Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio; Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.; University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.; University of Illinois, Champaign, Ills.; Tufts College, Boston.

Alpha Xi Delta has not confined her interests to herself alone, but is one of the nationals in the Inter-Sorority Conference, which has done much toward the betterment of social conditions among young women in large colleges and universities. The conference is composed of one delegate from each sorority having more than five chapters and no chapters in schools below collegiate rank. At the last meeting, in

September, nineteen hundred and six, the conference was composed of delegates from the following: Phi Beta Phi, Kappa Alpha Theta, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Delta Gamma, Alpha Phi, Gamma Phi Beta, Alpha Chi Omega, Delta, Delta Delta, Alpha Xi Delta, Chi Omega, Sigma Kappa, Alpha Omicron Pi.

The object of this conference is to consider all questions of interest to the sorority world. One important work done by it is the organization of Women's Leagues for Social Service. These leagues are designed to bring about the co-operation of deans, Y. W. C. A. works, sorority women and members of all similar organizations in the work of bettering social conditions in our large schools, thus aiding the self-supporting woman in her struggle for an education.

Mrs. Ella Boston Sieb, president of Alpha Xi Delta and president of the last conference, was one of the leading promotors of this new phase of work taken up by the conference. The value of such work can scarcely be appreciated in the small school, but its benefits has been proven in the great universities of our country.

Fraternities have existed in Bethany for several years, but it was not until June, of nineteen hundred and three, that a Greek letter society for women was established. Two of the Seniors of the class '03 had gathered about them a circle of friends whose similar interests in the various phases of college life made the friendship doubly strong. The Freshman in that circle will ever remember the feeling of security and absolute trust which she felt when these Seniors welcomed her amidst all the new strangeness of those first days. This circle felt that they would like to be drawn even closer by something which might continue and in which others in years to come might share. Consequently, a petition was presented to the officers of Alpha Xi Delta, a charter was obtained and Delta Chapter was installed.

The principles which prompted this step were some of the same upon which the sorority was founded. It has always been the aim of her members as they come and go to stand for the highest and best, to encourage college spirit, and to make the world see that a college education for women is worth while.



SIGMA NU FRATERNITY.





Sigma Nu Fraternity

Founded at Virginia Military Institute, January 1, 1869.

COLORS: BLACK, WHITE AND GOLD.

EMBLEM: White Rose.

ROLL OF EPSILON CHAPTER.

SENIOR.

H. W. CRAMBLET,
H. A. SCHAFER.

JUNIOR.

C. N. FILSON,
C. L. CHAPMAN,
G. W. MCCEARLY,
C. M. SMALL,
B. F. SMITH,

SOPHOMORE.

JOE FINLEY,
E. R. OSBORNE,
C. E. EVANS,
H. J. PROTZMAN,
F. L. MAIN,

FRESHMAN.

J. H. CHAPMAN,
PAUL BLAYNEY,
R. B. YOUNG,
W. A. YOUNG,
J. C. MCWILLIAMS,
P. A. JONES,
T. U. SMITH,
FRANK MERRYMAN,
C. O. ORRISON,
HAROLD MARSHALL,

PLEDGE.

T. B. IMHOFF.

Sigma Nu

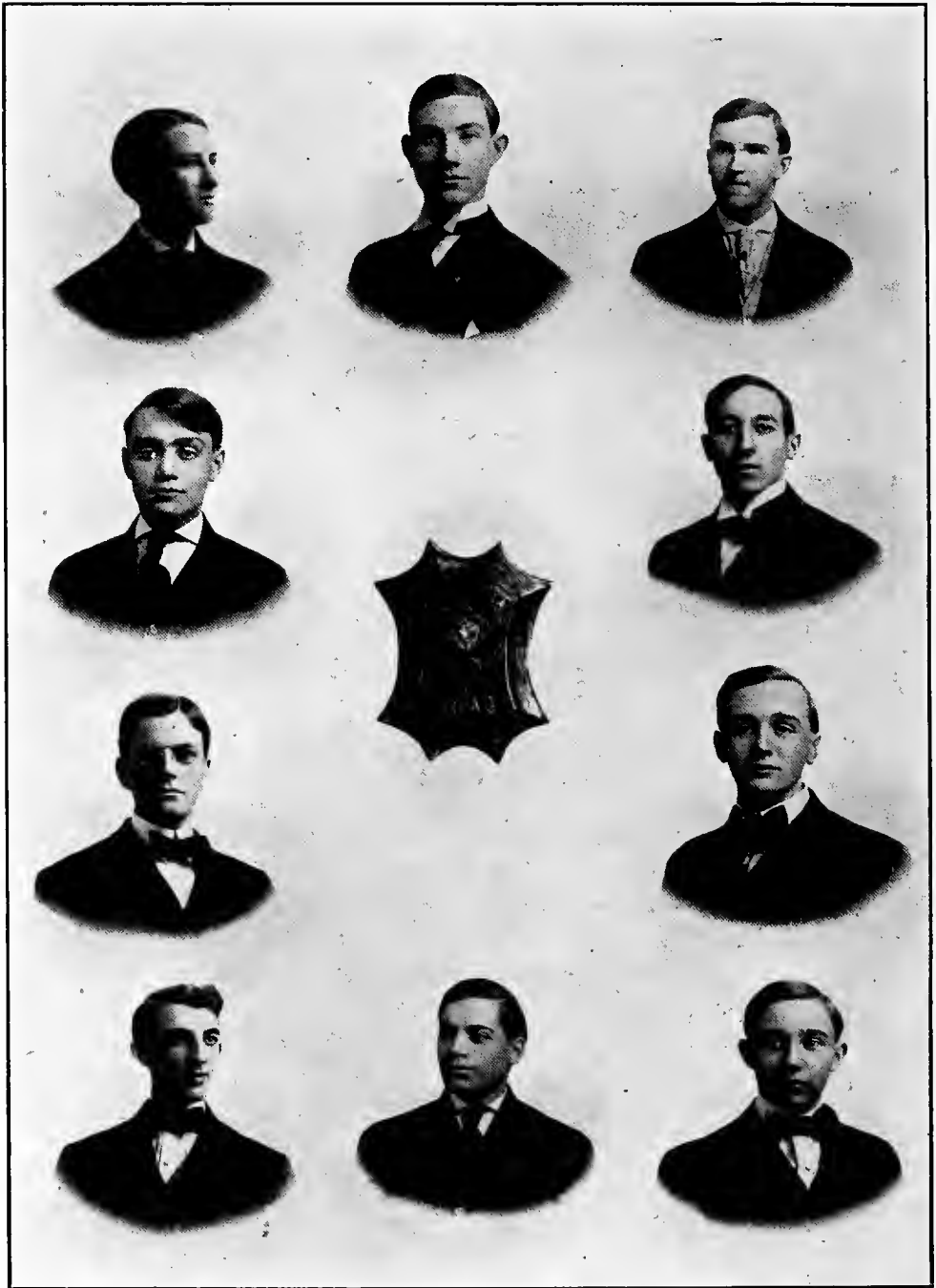
THE Sigma Nu Fraternity was founded January 1, 1869, at the Virginia Military Institute. In this year a large body of students was in attendance at the institution, who, although boys in years, were men of experience, many having served in the Confederate army. Discord and uneasiness pervaded over the student body and many secret societies were organized, Sigma Nu being chief among them. It was little dreamed at that time by the founders that Sigma Nu would ever become anything more than "a local organization." The leader of the new order was Cadet Frank Hopkins, of Mablevale, Arkansas. To him is given the credit, more than any other individual, for the founding of the fraternity. Around him were gathered six other cadets, all living in the south. The immediate cause of the organization was opposition to the Alpha Tau Omegas, who then were the leading society at V. M. I. Extension was never thought of until about forty men had been initiated before commencement. Then it was very evident to the members how easily the order could be extended to beyond the walls of the V. M. I. Already the new order had done much towards bringing together the Northern and Southern factions existing in the school. The organization was more perfected and centralized, the ritual revised, new signs and symbols chosen and a constitution adopted. Thanks to the broad minds of the charter members, such a ritual was adopted whereby the old time chivalry of the Southland was united with liberal Northern ideas and a fraternity was organized that could extend to colleges and universities in all sections of the country, North, East, South and West. The principal publication of the fraternity has been a periodical journal issued six times a year called the *Delta*. The first issue was published in 1883 with only three chapters alive and in running order. The journal derived its triangular name from the trio of existing chapters. The first national convention was held at Nashville, in 1884. Since then the fraternity has been steadily and rapidly growing. Her amazing progress since '84 has been one of the most phenomenal developments of fraternity annals and for this remarkable growth Sigma Nu has been applauded by all Greekdom. The *Delta* is recognized by all competent fraternity critics as being one of the best fraternal organs issued.

Epsilon Chapter is the second oldest in the fraternity. The close of this session marks a successful year in the history of the local chap-

ter. In all twenty-four have had their names on the roll call this school year. Brother McAllister, of Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, and an alumnus of Gamma Iota, Kentucky State College, was present at all the meetings but never affiliated with the chapter on account of his short stay in school, being in college only for the fall term. Brother Herman Schafer, of Bridgeport, Ohio, left school during the winter term and has accepted work in a real estate office at Norfolk, Virginia. Brother Errett Osborne, of Seattle, Washington, was compelled to give up his schooling on account of his eyes. He left for his home Xmas with the expectation of becoming a real estate magnate. Brother Blayney, of Claysville, Pennsylvania, left Bethany College at the end of the winter term and has located in Pittsburg, working for a drug company. Blayney will again be with his fraternity at the opening of school next year. Brother Orrison, of Morristown, Ohio, was compelled to leave school at the close of the fall term on account of his health. He is now on the road, traveling for his father's cigar factory. These five were good men and their places are hard to fill. The chapter is very fortunate this year in that it loses only one man by graduation, Brother Harold Cramblet. At least seventeen men will return next fall and such a formidable phalanx with which to begin, Epsilon should prosper as never before. The chief characteristic of this chapter is the mixture of its aggregation. Some are athletes, some orators, some philosophers, while a *few* are hard students. The balance are good natured worthless scamps, who can be dubbed with that singular epithet, "good fellows." Sigma Nu is represented in nearly all phases of college life. Some of her members preach every week, some go on "biz" every day, some play tennis every day, some are on the ball ground ever afternoon and some report at faculty meetings at the end of every month or oftener if so desired, by President Cramblet. The preachers play the most prominent part, they being represented in all the different phases enumerated. The different honors and offices held among the college students by Sigma Nus can easily be studied on the pages of the Kodak.

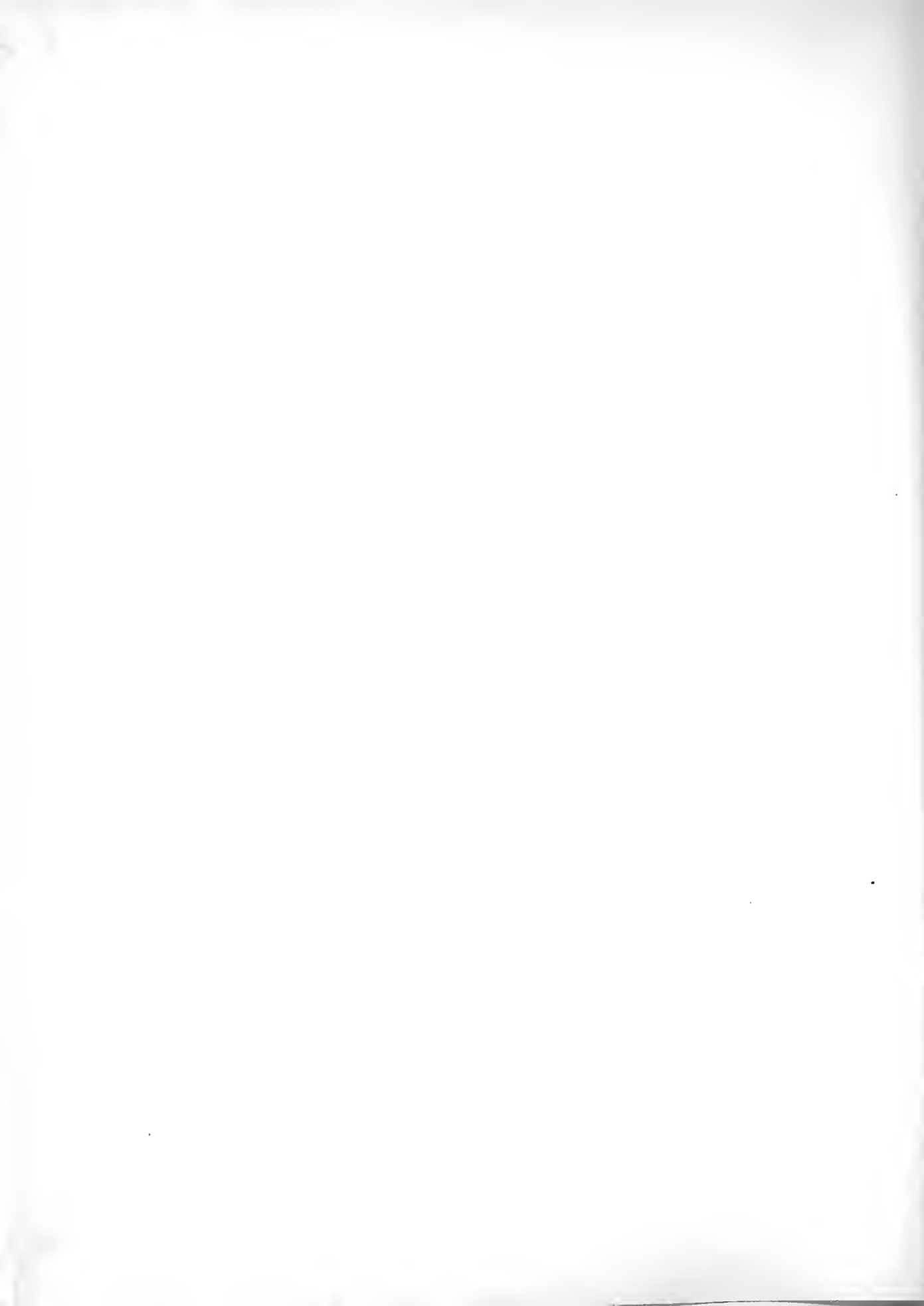
Old Epsilon is about to realize a long cherished dream. The charter members even discussed it—but were unable to do anything except hope and pray for the time to come when the Sigma Nu fraternity would own a house for the chapter. Through powerful outside help a fifty year lease has been granted by the College Trustees and the erection of a house has already begun. The boys hope it will be completed and ready for occupancy by September. The new house will be a handsome, modern brick house, three stories high, with accommodations for eighteen men. It is situated in a pretty place on the college campus, convenient to main college building, gym, and athletic field. The latch string will always be found outside, and inside a bunch of fellows ever ready to entertain all wayfaring Greeks.

JOE. FINLEY.



BETA THETA PI.





Beta Theta Pi

COLORS: PINK AND BLUE.

FLOWER: American Beauty Rose.

Psi Chapter, 1860.

E. W. McDairmid,
Frater in Facultate.

JUNIORS.

W. K. WOOLEKY,
J. W. WARREN.

SOPHOMORES.

ED. G. CASEY,
L. H. MAYERS,
T. A. JACKSON.

FRESHMEN.

F. O. CARFER,
C. L. MERCER,
A. F. BAGBY,
W. A. BLAIR,
J. U. JACKSON.

PLEDGED.

F. A. CARMON,
W. J. COTTON,
L. D. ROBINSON.

History of Beta Theta Pi

THE Beta Theta Pi Fraternity was founded July 4, 1839, at Miami University, by John Riley Knox. Those to whom he confided the project and who later rendered him valuable assistance in preparing the constitution and ritual were Samuel Taylor Marshall, David Linton, and James George Smith.

There were at this time but six fraternities in existence and the fraternity system as such was in its infancy. Alpha Delta Phi was the only fraternity in Miami, or west of the Allegheny mountains, at the time Beta Theta Pi was founded. At that time there was a rather wide spread prejudice against fraternities at Miami, not only among the student body but also among the faculty. As a result of this, great care had to be taken in the selection of men. The members and organization itself was kept a profound secret for some years, as they realized that the slightest indiscretion would have caused the collapse and ruin of the infant project.

The fraternity was intended to become a wide spread organization of college men and the founder lived to see the fulfillment of this intention in the most satisfactory manner.

The form of the organization had hardly been determined upon before efforts were made to extend the society. The first branch, or chapter, was established at Cincinnati University, April 8, 1840. Since that time chapters have been constantly added to the roll until now the fraternity number sixty-nine chapters.

These are about equally distributed throughout the North, East, South and West, extending even into Canada, thus making us one of the very few International Fraternities in existence. We recognize no state lines, we recognize no sections, no divisions, but hand grips into hand, and eye looks into eye, and heart beats against heart—all loving, loyal Beta brothers. Many of the other fraternities have had an origin in some other organization as a basis. We are proud to say, however, that this fraternity has never tried to win a chapter of another fraternity from its allegiance and has always refused to admit recreant chapters of other fraternities.

It has become increasingly difficult to secure a chapter from a fraternity. In recent years petitions have been received by every convention and from most of the prominent colleges, where the fraternity is not represented.

One of the most notable features of fraternity life in recent years is chapter house life. This is a feature that has come to stay. By going into houses it has been found that the fraternal spirit has been promoted, business habits formed, and much pleasure derived therefrom.

Beta Theta Pi owns or rents sixty houses. It has more of its chapters in houses than any other fraternity, and its success in this respect is the envy of its rivals.

The government of the fraternity is vested in a board of six trustees, of whom three are officers: the president, secretary and treasurer. Each serves for three years and one official and one non-official retires each year. This system works admirably and the government is efficient and thorough.

The convention of delegates from the under graduate chapters meets each year in mid-summer. Each chapter is entitled to one delegate, whose expenses are paid by the general fraternity. In addition to this a district convention is held every spring.

The official organ of the fraternity is the *Beta Theta Pi* magazine. It appears eight times a year. Six of the numbers are regular magazine numbers; two are subrosa.

The membership of the fraternity is made up entirely of college men. We have never elected men to membership by reason of their pre-eminence and prominence in the public eye, nor for the lust their reputation, already gained, might add to the fraternity's renown. Beta Theta Pi has never elected foreign dukes, cannibal kings, great soldiers, or fighting admirals to membership because they were distinguished.

The great body of the fraternity is not in college. Our law provides that alumni chapters may be formed by any ten members living in one locality. There has been of late years a noticeable increase in the number of alumni associations, which are now to be found in fifty-six localities. These chapters do not have the power to initiate men, but any Beta may become a member. There are now over fifteen thousand names on the roll, including men in all walks of public life.

We count among our prominent men:

One Vice President of the United States.

Four Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Twenty-three Governors and many others, such as Circuit Judges, United States Senators, members of Congress, United States ministers, Cabinet and bureau officers, Justices of State Courts, and college presidents.

Bethany Chapter, the Psi of Beta Theta Pi, was established in 1860, by Alfred Thurston Pope, of Louisville, Ky. Mr. Pope had formerly been a student at the University of Indiana, and became a member at that place.

After entering Bethany College he immediately began to establish a chapter, it being the first fraternity at Bethany, in fact the establishment of this chapter dates back earlier than the organization of many of the fraternities of to-day.

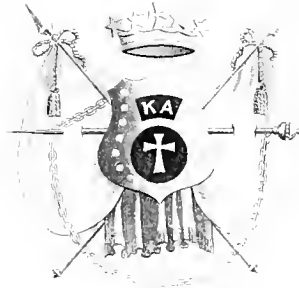
Since that time "Old Psi" has been very successful and now we look back over the past with pride. As regards the future we are predicting great things for old Bethany, which will also mean great things for us.

During the year 1905 we were fortunate enough to secure a very desirable chapter house, which was furnished by the active chapter and the alumni and serves as a home for both. Many of our alumni have visited us during the session, and to you who have not we bid you welcome.

It always gives us great pleasure to entertain any man who worthily wears the badge or bears the name of Beta Theta Pi.

We assure you that the same spirit found around the shrine of Wooglin in days of yore is still fostered in our hearts.







Kappa Alpha Fraternity

COLORS: CRIMSON AND GOLD.

FLOWER: Magnolia and Red Rose.

BETA BETA CHAPTER, 1907.

SENIORS.

W. V. SHANNON,
B. S. JOHNSON,
C. E. FOWLER,
G. A. MALDOON,
J. W. UNDERWOOD,
E. B. QUICK.

JUNIORS.

W. P. POTTER.
G. A. VAIDEN,
E. N. DUTY.

SOPHOMORES.

GEO. W. HURT,
F. R. MILLER,
F. N. McEVoy,
W. B. YANCEY.

FRESHMEN.

J. S. EALES,
J. W. MARTIN,
H. E. BURKE,
J. C. HAVERFIELD.

History of Kappa Alpha

AT last the din of strife had ceased. The loud thunderings of war had echoed and re-echoed through the heavens for the last time. The mighty God of War had finally disappeared, leaving behind a land desolate and bare, torn and ravaged by terrible scenes of carnage.

At last the dove of Peace and Brotherhood had returned and put to cowardly flight the huge vultures of division, strife and desolation.

At last a divided land was reunited and the cruel wounds of severed ties for the first time bore unmistakable signs of healing.

Forth from a land in the misty somewhere. Forth to a land broken with strife, a crier came crying. Lift thy head O thou South, broken in strength but valiant in Spirit. Forget thy recent defeats and draw together in closer brotherhood. Let your hearts beat in unison and your hands work in accord. Keep your eyes high upon the real goal of truth and honor and ever strive for that true knightly reverence and respect for virtue and purity.

The mysterious crier all unseen breathed forth his noble words into the discouraged heart of the wounded and bleeding South and she, feeling the warm and life giving breath, again lifted her proud but drooping head and received into her almost shattered breast a new courage and desire to bequeath to her future sons that noble spirit and high standard of life which had to some degree actuated her early sons.

The noble influence quietly but surely pervaded and permeated the depressed and fallen people and all that Southland were seeing again the beauty of high ideals and noble inspirations.

When suddenly appeared a rider in knightly garb,
Whose lance was long and from its barb
Was lifted a banner of crimson and gold,
Which to this world this message told.
Kappa Alpha, dear K. A., dear K. A., dear K. A.,
Kappa Alpha, dear K. A., Kappa Alpha, dear.

It was in the year 1865, at Washington and Lee, in old Virginia, that Kappa Alpha first opened her eyes and beheld the beauties of a brightly illumined world.

Her founding was at first obscure and her birth was not pretentious, but her soul was great, high and broad and forth from it issued streams and rivers which flowed on with long calm waves through endless channels and on the crest of each wave as they rolled in stately grandeur might be seen in shining letters of crimson and gold these words, Virtue, Truth and Brotherhood.

Yes, Kappa Alpha since her beginning has gradually grown, spread and flourished and now throughout the South and West may be counted forty-eight active chapters, each of which are proud to hold aloft their silken banner bearing their motto excelsior and press on higher and higher for the honor of Kappa Alpha.

To-day the South has practically recovered from the ravages of civil strife. Kappa Alpha has trained in their formative period many of the men who have done most to bring about the condition of higher development in the present day South. Not alone is Kappa Alpha's influence limited to the South, but throughout this great nation she has influenced her sons to such a degree that many of them have stepped far to the front and are now leading, with careful judgment, some of the greatest present day reforms.

We, then, her sons who still sit at her feet and list' to her words of teaching, may cry, All hail to thee, Fair Kappa Alpha, for thy power to lead thy sons into paths of virtue and of greater usefulness. Much as we love and reverence the general Order of Kappa Alpha, I believe deep within our hearts there exists a richer and more tender love for our own little Beta Beta. Let me tell you of her birth.

In the heart of West Virginia, nestled among the high and ancient hills, there lies a small and ancient hamlet, which has long been noted for its wealth of old historic relics. This small but beautiful hamlet was probably first christened by its founders, who being religiously inclined, were unable to find a suitable name for such an ancient spot, among the profane names of modern times, so turning back the pages of history, they spanned the lapse of ages and decided upon the time honored and historic name of Bethany.

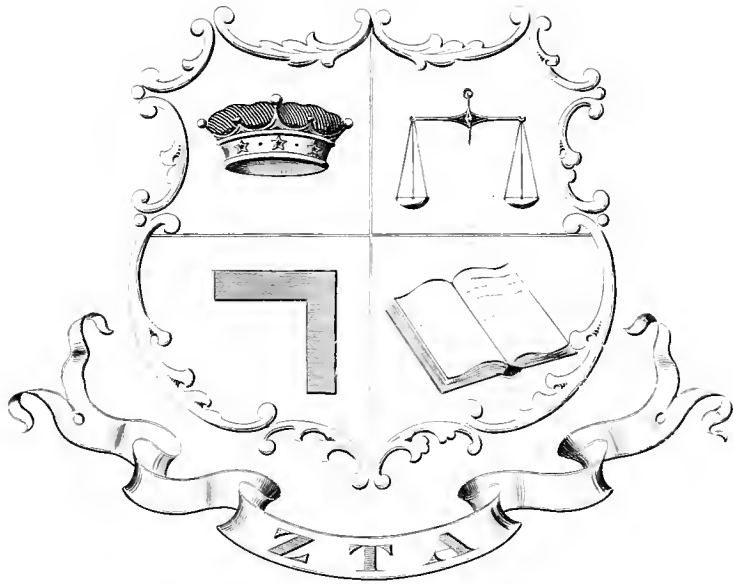
In the spring of the year 1902, in this ancient and historic hamlet, a babe was born to Kappa Alpha. Never before had nature bloomed so radiantly and never before had the solemn and stately hills looked with so much pleasure upon the little college hamlet.

Upon the night of the birth of this baby chapter, the little band of boys gathered around their honored and venerated Pater Hamilton. Many words of wisdom and counsel did he speak, which sank deep into the hearts of the young men never to be forgotten, and in the small hours of the morning these boys plighted their faith and love for Kappa Alpha and the newly born little Beta Beta.

Beta Beta can no longer be called little, in the sense of weak, for she has grown strong by overcoming difficulties, and the motto of her boys has been and ever shall be onward and upward, ever higher and higher, until we reach that goal which true and noble effort is ever striving to attain.



ZETA TAU ALPHA.





Zeta Tau Alpha

Established 1898.

COLORS: TURQUOISE BLUE AND STEEL GRAY.

Established, 1905.

SENIORS.

MARIE ANDERSON,
FLORENCE CAVENDER.

SOPHOMORES.

MARY COLBORN,
EDNA PRITTS,
MARGARET ELLIOTT.

JUNIORS.

RUTH DEWITT,
RUTH BURDINE.

FRESHMEN.

ANGIE VAIDEN,
OLIVE HUSTON,
MARY CARMEN.

LONG ago in the dim distant past, when the world was young and love reigned supreme thru'out the earth, there lived in sunny Greece a band of nymphs so fair in form and face that they were known all over the land.

There in the delightful valley, fragrant with the perfume of white violets, they banded themselves together, thus forming a sisterhood to last thruout the ages. They took their colors from the evening sky as they stood on the summit of Mt. Aetna and watched the glorious light fade from the sky. Far to the sunset, they could see the rippling waves of the blue ocean leaping to kiss the steel gray clouds arising from the depths of the sea.

Zeta Tau Alpha is one of the youngest, yet we believe one of the most successful fraternities in the Greek world, and never has the future seemed so bright.

The fraternity was organized at the Virginia State Normal, Farmville, Va., in the year 1898. And was chartered as a legal corporation by the Legislature of Virginia, on March 18th, 1902.

Zeta Tau Alpha was merely a local with local aims. A year or two afterwards suggestions were made for extension and the following year preparations were made for her to become national.

The early life was not progressive, but we did not despair. Rome was not built in a day, and neither can a fraternity be in good condition in a few weeks or months—it takes time.

The first convention was held in the year 1903, and up until that time there was not very much accomplished. The following year a convention was held in Cleveland, Tennessee. From the year 1904 until the third Biennial Convention, which convened at Knoxville, Tennessee, there were seven chapters recorded.

At present our chapters are located as follows: Beta, Judson College, Marion, Alabama; Deta, Randolph-Macon, Lynchburg, Va.; Epsilon, University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.; Zeta, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.; Theta, Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.; Iota, Richmond College, Richmond, Va.; Kappa, University of Texas, Galveston, Texas; Lambda, Southwestern University, Austin, Texas. Alumnae Chapters—Hampton Roads, Va., Farmville, Va., and Richmond, Va.

On the 10th day of January, 1905, ten girls met in the mathematics room of the College building and organized a local sorority, which

they named Upsilon Alpha Epsilon. They petitioned Zeta Tau Alpha Fraternity and it was with deep interest and enthusiasm that they followed up the "red tape" and awaited a charter to be granted them.

A few months later, just when their hopes were growing faint, on the 9th day of March, they realized that they had sprung into a new existence and were installed as Theta Chapter of Zeta Tau Alpha.

All the charter members have gone from their Alma Mater but two, and they graduate this year and go forth into the world, made stronger and more able to meet life's difficulties, through the blessed influence of fraternity life.

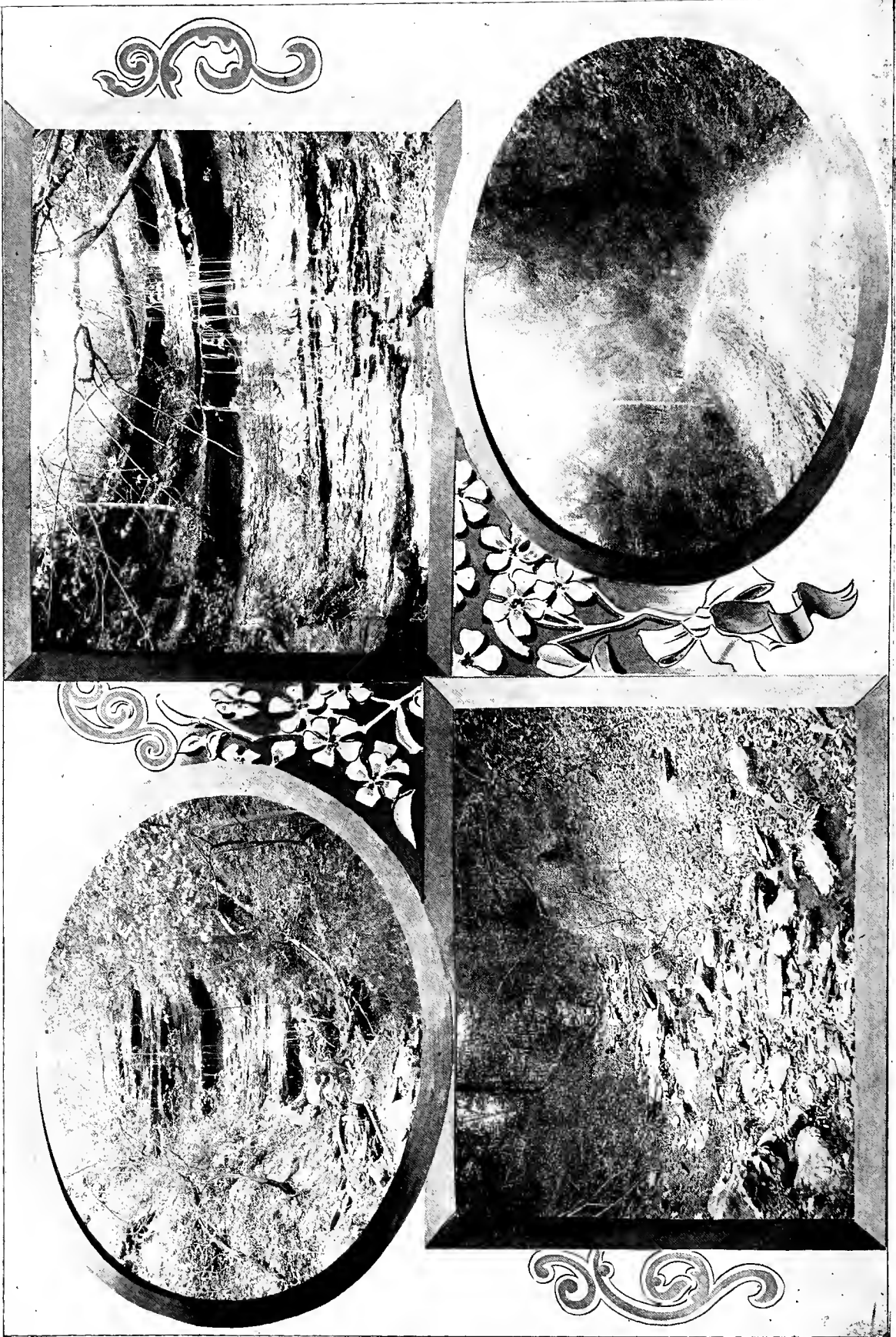
The present chapter has been very successful and strives to maintain the standard that Theta has always held. We deem this past year one of much progress under difficulties, with even brighter hopes for the future.

Fraternity life is by no means a small part of our education and to the life of every fraternity girl comes a love and deeper sympathy for those about her.

It may be truly said that the fraternity is the open door to the upbuilding of a beautiful character, tho so many enter carelessly and exit carelessly, leaving unlearned the lesson that fraternity might have taught.

It takes sympathy, understanding, and unselfishness to get the best good out of life and the fraternity should develop just these things.

We are proud of the name sorority and the distinctively feminine organization it implies, but we are prouder still to claim our right to that name by the strength, depth and purpose of our fraternity life.





1906-1907

FOOT BALL TEAM.

J. W. WARREN, - - - - - *Manager*
C. L. CHAPMAN, - - - - - *Captain*

BASKET BALL TEAM.

J. J. SMITH, - - - - - *Manager*
FRANK McEVoy, - - - - - *Captain*

BASE BALL TEAM.

J. W. UNDERWOOD, - - - - - *Manager*
BERT IMHOFF, - - - - - *Captain*

TENNIS.

E. N. DUTY, - - - - - *Manager*

1907-1908

FOOT BALL TEAM.

ED. CASEY, - - - - - *Manager*
C. L. CHAPMAN, - - - - - *Captain*

BASKET BALL TEAM.

W. B. YANCEY, - - - - - *Manager*
GEORGE HURT, - - - - - *Captain*

FOOT BALL



UNFORTUNATELY Bethany did not have a representative team on the gridiron last fall. J. W. Warren, the manager, had prepared an excellent schedule, but when school opened material was so scarce that it was utterly impossible to get a team together which could in any way carry out the schedule. After several vain attempts to arouse enthusiasm among the students and to get them out for practice, the schedule was entirely cancelled.

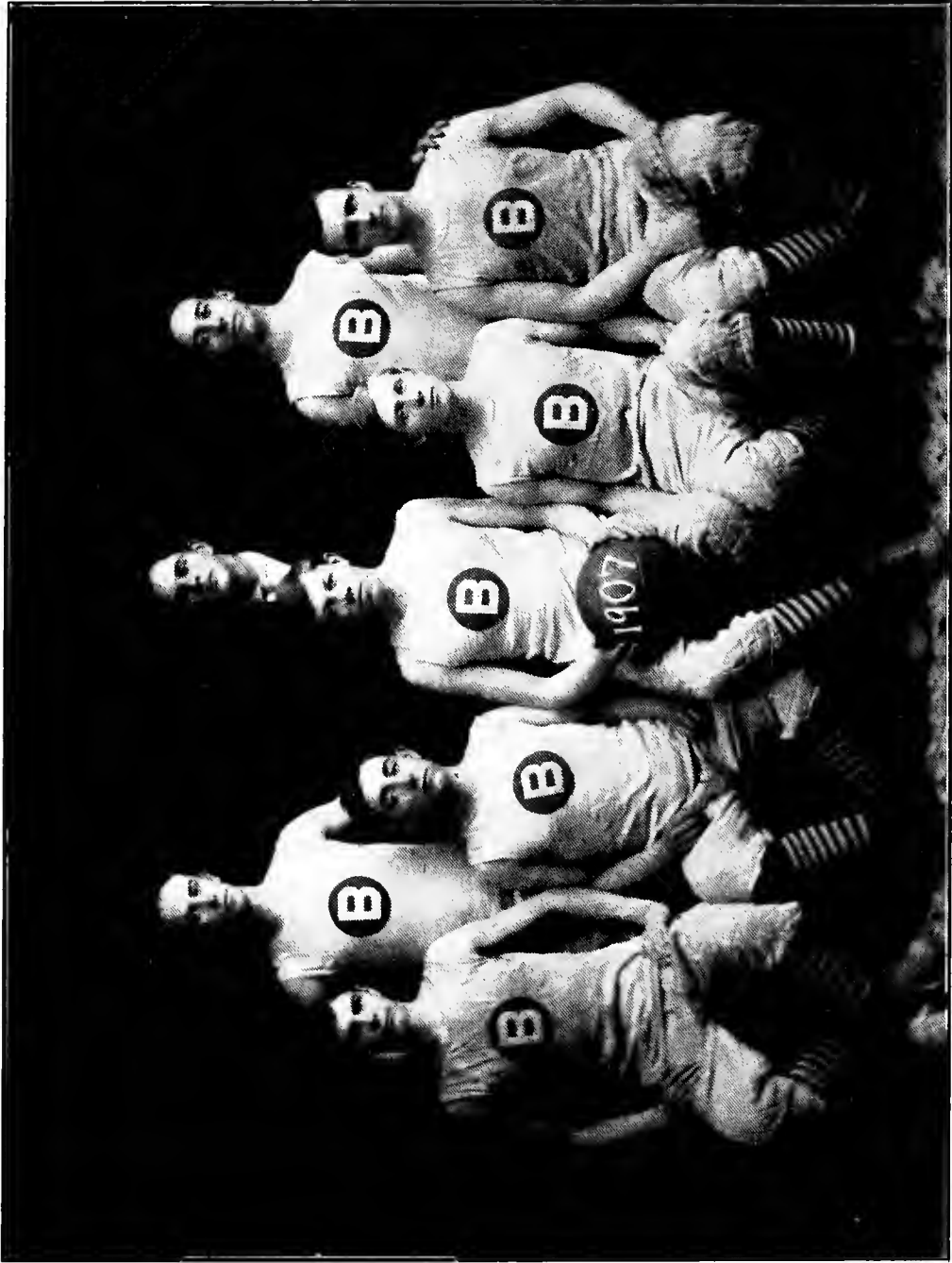
However, a Freshman team was organized which played with several nearby high school teams, being defeated but once.

Worth Yancey, from Kentucky University, and at one time a Virginia man, also full back on the All-Southern team, entered school late in the fall, and has been secured as coach for next fall.

C. L. Chapman was retained as captain for next year and Ed. Casey elected manager.

Casey has been working hard on the schedule and already has secured several good games, and is on the lookout for good men.

The strongest team in the history of the College is contemplated for next year, and this anticipation can be realized by the student body coming out and trying for the team, and influencing good players to enter College next fall.



BASKET BALL TEAM.

Players and their Positions

McEvoy,	- - - - -	<i>Left Forward</i>
HURT,	- - - - -	<i>Right Forward</i>
YANCEY,	- - - - -	<i>Center</i>
LEWIS,	- - - - -	<i>Left Guard</i>
HAVERFIELD,	- - - - -	<i>Right Guard</i>
WOOLERY,	- - - - -	} <i>Substitutes</i>
SMITH,	- - - - -	
RIDDELL,	- - - - -	

Schedule

- Follansbee 21, Bethany 17, at Wellsburg.
- Thistle A. C. 18, Bethany 45, at Home.
- Acme A. C. 14, Bethany 57, at Home.
- Phoenix A. C. 25, Bethany 22, at Steubenville.
- Phoenix A. C. 12, Bethany 67, at Home.
- Muskingum 31, Bethany 29, at New Concord.
- Muskingum 51, Bethany 23, at New Concord.
- W. V. U. 20, Bethany 18, at Morgantown.

Basket Ball Team of 1907

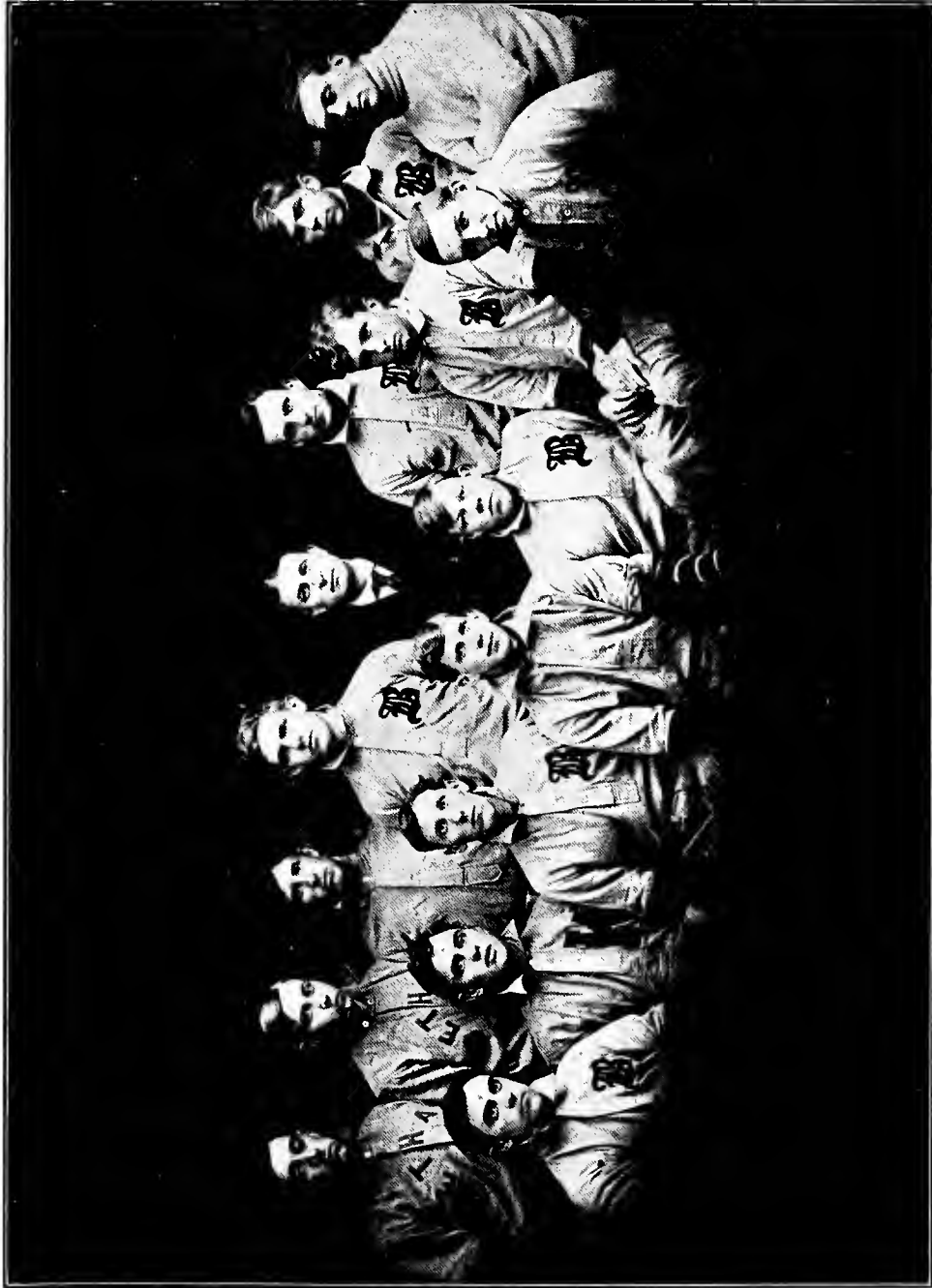
The 1907 basket ball team was undoubtedly the best that has ever represented old Bethany on the floor. Altho not a heavy team, yet what it lacked in weight it made up in speed. During the season 260 points were scored against 172 of the opponents. McEvoy, left forward and captain, very ably led his men. His excellent playing was the feature of most games.

J. J. Smith was elected manager at the beginning of the year. Shortly after he resigned and H. A. Schafer was chosen as his successor. By his leaving school W. B. Yancey was appointed as manager for the remaining part of the year.



Our Coach

EUGENE CURTIS, who as coach of the Varsity nine for 1907, has been of inestimable service in developing one of the strongest teams Bethany has had, was a student in the College in the years 1895, 1896, 1897. During those years he played left field on the College team, and was a fast and accurate fielder, exceling in long throws to the plate. His batting was consistent and timely. At present "Oude," as he is familiarly known, is playing right field on the Grand Rapids team, of the Central League. He is among the premium sluggers of that organization. His many friends in Bethany watch his career with interest.



BASE BALL TEAM.

LEWIS (Sub.), JACKSON (Sub.), LONG (P.) CHAPMAN (1 B.) UNDER-
WOOD (Manager), YANCEY (M. F.), HURT (Sub), FOWLER (C.).
Second Row—JONES (P.), MILLER (C.), EALES (2 B.), IMHOFF (R.
F.), McEVoy (3 B.), BURKE (S. S.), PROTZMAN (L. F.).



Base Ball Team of 1907

THE 1907 base ball team has the brightest prospects of any team that has ever represented this College. With plenty of material on hand and under the able coaching of Eugene Curtis, an ex-Bethany player and now with Grand Rapids, of the Central League, the team soon rounded out in playing form.

We opened the season at Wheeling on April 17th, holding the League team down to the close score of 6 to 3; on the following day we were again defeated by the same team 8 to 0. The Wheeling papers spoke very highly of the work of our team.

Saturday, April 20th, W. & J. defeated us 7 to 1 on a very muddy field, part of the game being played in a blinding snow storm.

On April 24th we held the fast Steubenville team, of the P. O. M. League, down to a 3 to 0 score.

Then on the 25th we journeyed to Pittsburg to battle with the fast Pittsburg College nine; we were defeated, however, in a very exciting game 7 to 3.

Saturday, April 27th, the Follansbee team, of the Ohio Valley League, met us on our home grounds; they proved an easy proposition, being defeated 9 to 5.

All the games in the future will be easy ones for old Bethany—she has started, nothing can stop her. With the heavy games all over and nothing but college games on our schedule, we naturally look forward to one of the most successful base ball seasons in the history of old Bethany.

Field Day

ONE of the features of Commencement Week that is looked forward to with much anxiety is Field Day. Considering the handicap under which the students are held by not having a suitable field and no athletic trainer, very creditable records were made.

Bethany has material which, being developed, would be able to compete with any school its size and would prove a drawing card to many students.

A gold medal was given by Mr. F. H. Main to the contestant winning the most points in the meet. C. L. Chapman secured the prize by making 23 points; T. B. Imhoff came second with 20 points, and W. K. Woolery third with 18 points.

Following are several of the records:

120 YARD HURDLE.

17 Seconds.

First—Chapman. Second—Morgan.
Third—McCleary.

100 YARD DASH.

11 Seconds.

First—Chapman. Second—Imhoff.
Third—McCleary.

STANDING BROAD JUMP.

10 Feet 4 Inches.

Tied for First—Chapman and Woolery.
Third—Potter.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

5 Feet 9 Inches.

First—Woolery. Second—Potter.
Third—Jarrett.

RUNNING BASES.

14 Seconds.

First—Chapman. Second—Imhoff.
Third—McCleary.

SHOT PUT.

43 Feet.

First—Jarrett. Second—Imhoff.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

19 Feet 5 Inches.

Tied for First—Chapman and Imhoff.
Third—Heddleston.



The Athletic Board

1906 and 1907.

ATHLETICS in Bethany College are controlled by a Board of Control, composed of three members from the Faculty and three from the student body. This has proved a very satisfactory way of eliminating all internal trouble. The Board acts as an advisory committee also; it elects the managers of the different teams, the student body nominating them.

Prof. Johnson, Prof. Neff and Prof. McDiarmid were appointed from the faculty and G. A. Vaiden, C. N. Jarrett and J. W. Warren were chosen from the student body.

Mr. Vaiden and Mr. Warren both left school later in the year and G. S. McCleary and J. W. Yoho were elected as their successors.

SCHEDULE 1906.

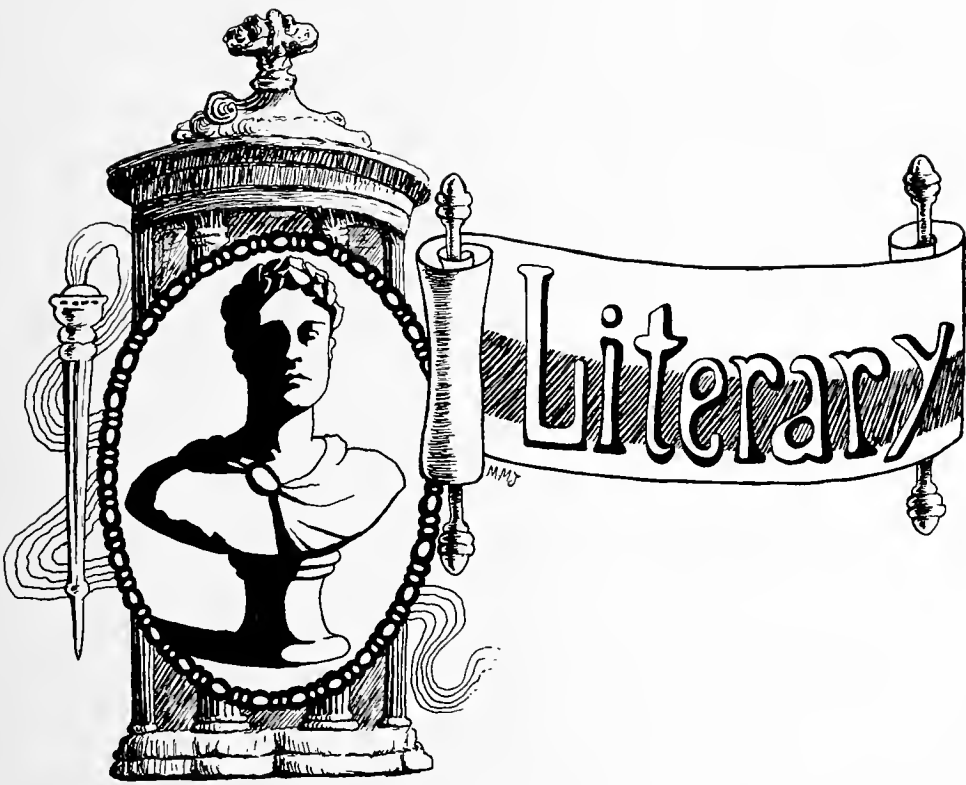
- April 20—Waynesburg 5, Bethany, 2, Waynesburg.
- April 21—W. & J. 10, Bethany 3, Washington.
- April 23—Morris Harvey 14, Bethany 2, Home.
- April 28—Toronto A. C. 6, Bethany 7, Toronto.
- May 7—Scio 0, Bethany 6, Home.
- May 12—Scio 6, Bethany 2, Scio.
- May 15—Franklin 1, Bethany 5, Home.
- May 18—Franklin 8, Bethany 2, New Athens.
- May 25—Pittsburg College 16, Bethany 1, Home.
- June 2—Pittsburg College 6, Bethany 0, Pittsburg.
- June 12—Mt. Union 6, Bethany 4, Home.
- June 13—Mt. Union 4, Bethany 0, Home.
- June 14—Alumni 8, Bethany 9, Home.

SCHEDULE OF 1907.

BASE BALL.

- April 17—At Wheeling—Wheeling 6, Bethany 3.
- April 18—At Wheeling—Wheeling 8, Bethany 1.
- April 20—At Washington—W. & J. 7, Bethany 1.
- April 25—At Pittsburg—Pittsburg College 7, Bethany 3.
- April 27—At Bethany—Follansbee 3, Bethany 9.
- May 4—At Bethany—Scio 1, Bethany 12.
- May 9—At Toronto—Toronto 5, Bethany 10.
- May 11—At Bethany—Bethany vs. W. L. S. N.
- May 13—At California—Bethany vs. C. S. N.
- May 16 and 17—At Buckhannon—Bethany vs. W. V. W. U.
- May 18—At Bethany—Bethany vs. W. & J.
- May 25—At Bethany—Bethany vs. Pittsburg College.
- May 29—At Bethany—Bethany vs. Franklin College.
- June 1—At Scio—Bethany vs. Scio.
- June 3—At West Liberty—Bethany vs. W. L. S. N.
- June 8—At Athens—Bethany vs. Franklin College.
- June 13—At Bethany—Bethany vs. Muskingum College.
- June 18 and 19—At Bethany—Bethany vs. Mt. Union (Commencement games).





“Bethany Forty Years Ago”

I ENTERED Bethany College in October, 1864. Alexander Campbell was still living and the college president, though he had ceased to have any active connection with it.

The Civil War was not ended until the following April. There were some ninety students in attendance and they were a fine body of young men. The largest delegations were from Illinois, Tennessee and Kentucky. The disturbed conditions of those States had greatly crippled their schools and Mr. Campbell's reputation as a preacher and teacher had drawn them to Bethany.

A more suitable man for such a purpose and in such a time could hardly have been found. Bethany was isolated and quiet. It was aside from any of the great national highways. The mail arrived but three times a week, being carried from Wheeling. If a daily paper was taken by any one I did not know of it. Any news from the front was usually so belated it had but little interest for us.

The wars of Caesar, I think, interested us more. For this reason, perhaps, I do not remember of any serious outbreak among the boys because of political differences, although the students from the North and the South were about equal in number and were naturally warm partisans for their respective sections.

That October Mr. Campbell attended the missionary convention in Cincinnati.

That was probably the last time he ever left his home for an extended trip.

I think the students of that day enjoyed a great privilege in being able to visit Mr. Campbell at the old mansion and to listen to him discourse on the great themes which had occupied his mind during his long, active and useful life, and which he had advocated with such power that he had become recognized as one of the ablest and most forceful personalities in the intellectual and religious world. The hospitality at the old Bethany mansion seemed unlimited and a night spent under that roof is not likely to be forgotten.

There was family worship both morning and evening, conducted in person by Mr. Campbell, at which all about the house were expected to be present and all would assemble at the table for the regu-

lar daily meals and remain standing until he had reverently expressed our thanks.

During the following summer Mr. Campbell occupied the Bethany pulpit Sunday mornings alternately with Prof. Loos.

W. K. Pendleton, whom every boy lovingly called "Billy K.," was Vice President and on his shoulders chiefly rested the business of financing and governing the college.

Besides attending to these duties he gave a lecture on the Bible of an hour every day to the whole study body, when it assembled for chapel exercises. These lectures were prepared with much thought and care and the students were carefully examined on the subjects taught and were given credits for proficiency the same as in any other studies. He also taught mental and moral philosophy, belle letters, etc.

Little did we appreciate then and little do we appreciate now the great burden he was carrying.

As a personality in directing and influencing the students, socially, intellectually and morally, developing in them that which was good and useful and checking that which was profane and coarse, Mrs. Pendleton was not second to her husband in the thirty years of their comradeship there. He came from one of the proudest families of Virginia, and she from one of the most illustrious families of Ohio.

They were both strong in intellect and high cultured and all these gifts with which they were so richly endowed were consecrated and given to their work at Bethany.

Prof. C. L. Loos taught both Latin and Greek. He usually had some assistance by tutors, taken from the students in higher classes and sometimes from other sources. We thought then and doubtless most of us think still, that no other boys could have a teacher so good and with such a profound knowledge of those languages, and we also felt that he would have no patience with delinquencies in our manners or morals and this fear and the respect and love we bore him was perhaps no small element in the power of the faculty to maintain almost perfect discipline among the students.

Prof. Loos, besides his duties in the College, was also the preacher for the church. For the latter part of this year B. W. Johnson was the teacher of mathematics. I was not in attendance in other classes and I am not certain as to the occupants of the other chairs.

Dr. Richardson lived at Bethpage, and was the physician for the students and the community in general, to the extent that he was will-

ing to make visits. But it was as a teacher and a man intimately associated with the student life that he is remembered. He was always looked up to as a conscientious and sympathetic spiritual guide.

He was a charming writer and because of his literary style and strength of thought he was an interesting preacher. Christmas, 1864, came on Sunday and Dr. Richardson preached the morning discourse. The thought he developed was that it is an awful and more serious thing to live, rather than that felt in the common expression "It is an awful thing to die." It was one of the most notable sermons I have ever heard and the deep impression it made when delivered still abides with me. The sermon was afterwards published in the *Harbinger*.

We were a happy lot of students, but outside of the literary societies and one Greek society, we had no organizations. We played few games and I do not remember of a student who had the reputation for even mediocre acquirements in singing or on any musical instrument and yet the officers of the College so completely filled our lives at the the expense of everything else that I felt we were the busiest of mortals. We visited back and forth and talked of College affairs, we took long walks, especially by moonlight and to the places of romantic interest around Bethany.

Among the students in attendance during this session and who have since become prominent, I remember Jabez Hall, J. L. Pinkerton, W. C. Dawson, Hugh McDermid, J. L. and George Darsie, J. L. and F. W. Allen, George T. Oliver, M. L. and J. M. Streator.

There are others whose class standing was higher and from whom, for that reason, more was expected, who have been lost sight of. If they still live they may be just as useful to their families, to the Church and to the country in more peaceful and quiet walks of life.

WILLIAM O. FOLEY,
Point Marion, Pa.

Bethany in the Field

COULD we summon to Bethany all the old boys who have trod the student's path within her sacred precincts and made her classic walls echo to their tread, what an army of true and noble spirits would rise up into view!

Who can estimate the value to the medical profession of such men as Christopher, Turner, Coleman, Crenshaw, Willis, Curtis, Williams, Brown, Myers, Dabney, and Lobinger—ranking, as some of them do, among the noted specialists of the land? We honor them for their successful fight against the ills and ailings of humanity (for a moderate consideration!), and keeping abreast of the times in the rapid and ceaseless advances of medical science.

What a worthy list of men Bethany has, in part at least, equipped to fill honorable positions at the bar and on the bench; to defend the innocent and punish the guilty; to vindicate justice, equity and righteousness; to magnify and honor the laws of our land by their rigid enforcement; to crush out the spirit of lawlessness that stalks abroad like a devouring pestilence over our land; to bring swift and certain retribution to crime and safety and security to human society. In it shine the names of Richardson, Pendleton, Challen, W. B. Smith, Hunt, Reid, Campbell, Lea, Nelson, Allen, McAlister, Snow, Hawley, Davidson, White, Cochran, Winn, Champ Clark and others no less conspicuous and honored.

And but for Bethany men we might never have read such papers as *The Dayton Journal*, *The Wheeling Intelligencer*, *The Indianapolis Journal*, *Christian Standard*, *Christian Commonwealth*, *Missionary Intelligencer*, *Christian Leader*, *Christian Evangelist*—papers that sparkle like a morning dew drop, breathe the freshness of the clover field, nip like a crisp November frost and make us feel the impetus of new and ever broadening life.

The very names of Robert Graham, A. R. Benton, John H. Neville, J. W. McGarvey, Charles Carlton, John Shackelford, Alexander Milligan, H. W. Everest, J. B. Grubbs, W. H. and L. C. Woolery, J. M. Trimble, W. S. Giltner, B. T. Jones, W. P. and B. O. Aylesworth, C. L. Loos, H. N. Mertz, B. S. Dean, E. V. Lollars, B. A. Jenkins, E. O. Lovett and E. Garrison suggest men who have been and are now renowned as educators and second to none in our broad domain. How many youth have felt the stimulus of their in-

tellectual life and inspirations! How they have added their own fresh stores and accumulations of knowledge for the interest and illumination of scores and hundreds!

To them are they indebted for their ability to think clearly and strongly on all subjects, the unfolding of their mental powers, and the facts and truths which fill and enrich their minds.

How we well nigh and justly, reverence the glorious host who have crossed the flood and received their crowns, but who, when on earth, plead for the union of God's people on the basis of God's word with a brevity, a directness and a completeness unexcelled! William Baxter, Moses E. Lard, Elisha Pinkerton, Joseph King, A. S. Hale, Sterling McBride, T. C. McKeever, Philip Galley, P. B. Wiles, H. S. Glasier, Henry S. Lobingier, Henry Haley, A. E. Myers, J. Z. Taylor, O. A. Burgess, C. C. Foote, J. H. Dood, Fred Hoofman, Alexander Proctor, Thomas Munnell, George Blattenburg, John A. Brooks, and L. A. Cutler are the men into whose labors we have entered and of whom this world was not worthy.

And to-day in the van of the army and in the thickest of the fight are F. D. Power, Jabez Hall, L. L. Carpenter, F. M. Dowling, Levi Marshall, C. J. Tanner, W. S. Priest, G. W. Mackley, H. L. Willett, W. R. Warren, Allen Wilson, W. J. Wright and the peerless missionary propagandist, A. McClain.

And of them all, no more worthy place belongs to any than to the dear boys who are or have been unfurling the banner of the cross to the breeze in far away and heathen countries—the lamented G. L. Wharton, E. T. Williams, W. P. Bentley, W. H. Hanna, John G. McGavran, W. H. Erskine, B. L. Kershner. All of whom live embalmed in loving and everlasting remembrance.

Men full of earnest striving and noble doing, full of the variety of constant growth and progression, full of exalting aims and ever enlarging usefulness are the type and substance of those whom Bethany has sent forth to make hearts happier, burdens lighter, homes brighter, lives sweeter, communities pleasanter and the whole world the richer and better.

GEORGE DARSIE,
Akron, Ohio.

Selected from Dr. Power's Life of President W. K. Pendleton

Haec Olim Meminisse Jurabit.

COLLEGE life is always *sui generis*. In different institutions it differs, but the general feature of this period in every student's experience and every such nursery of youth are substantially the same. A picture of Bethany life in the latter sixties would be a picture which every alumnus would recognize. The building on the hill had not been marred by fire. The society halls in the north wing were intact, and beautiful halls they were with open roof, well carpeted floors, photographic groups of graduating classes of successive years hung on the walls, long lines of chairs on either side for the members—the President's seat at one end of the room on a raised platform, and the rostrum for speakers at the other, while the table and seats of the critics were midway the hall. Boys were said to be on "performance" when on the program, and the exercises consisted of readings, recitations, original essays, orations and debates, each in turn being gravely and learnedly criticised by the two men chosen for this important function, who also passed upon the merits of the decision.

There were four of these halls, three of them used by the American Literary Institute, the Neotrophian and Adelpian Societies, and the fourth as the College Chapel. Back of this part of the building a little way was a long, low, ramshackle structure, euphemistically styled the "gymnasium." The new Commencement Hall in the south wing was in process of erection and was first used by the class of '71. The corridor and tower were the great features of the splendid architectural plan, the one for songs and tramps, and the other for its imposing beauty and the music of its bell. The town was a veritable sleepy hollow, sombre and still, save when incarnadined and made vocal by the college boys. The town folk were the kindly sort that have always made Bethany. Curtis and Kerr, and Lauck and Davis, and Campbell and Hawkins, and Stewart and Lewis, and Lockhart and Rogers, and Ulrick and Gibson, were some of the familiar names.

Scattered over the place everywhere students boarded or roomed singly or in clubs. Perhaps the most famous of the latter class was the Kit-Kat, which had rooms under the College Building. No institution connected with Bethany, it is safe to say, ever achieved so distinctive a place, or lingers more fragrantly or flagrantly in the halls of memory. Its bill of fare was not equal to that of the Waldorf-Astoria, nor its table talk quite up to that of the great Kit-Kat of the Eighteenth Century, when Steele and Addison, Congreve and Dryden, Walpole and Stepney, sat about the board of Christopher Catt and ate his mutton pies, but it was a noble institution in its way, and the portraits of its members would have done honor to Sir Godfrey Kneller's canvas. Another club was the Virginia, whose bill of fare was printed in Latin, *ab ova ad mala*, and whose members lived in the back rooms

of the Curtis store building; and a club by the same name that kept house in the first building on the left at the foot of the College hill as one entered town.

Those were days of plain living and high thinking. Bethany beet was noted for its toughness of fibre, and Bethany treacle for its delicacy of flavor. Mush and milk were a famous confection; potatoes and apple sauce were regarded as a sumptuous meal. Cove oysters and sardines and crackers, apple butter, eggs and apples helped to make late hours in the student's rooms endurable. Appetites were enormous. One boy thought nothing of eating a dozen hard boiled eggs at a sitting after devouring everything in sight at the club. Another kept a frying pan on hand, and at midnight often would prepare a dish fit for Prince Henry, with a quarter of a peck of potatoes and a dish of garlic, and consume it as a sedative before retiring. The same boy on one occasion, when he got a fair show at a city restaurant, ate ninety cents worth of farinaceous tubers of the Early Rose variety when they were selling at twenty-five cents a bushel on the streets, and boasted of the achievement. Half a dozen Virginia boys, brought up on hot bread, gathered one night about a huge pan of fresh biscuits just from the oven, and entered upon a competitive eating match. One declared that he could eat as many as his friend, the potato fiend, but he consumed only six, while the other Lucullus easily disposed of nine and was still a hungered.

Bethany society at this time was very delightful. Such homes as those of Dr. Richardson, Col. A. Campbell, Albert Allen, Prof. Loos and President Pendleton welcomed the students. Three of the faculty were bachelors, and could not contribute in this large way to the social life of the institution, but were exceptionally gracious and friendly in all their intercourse with the boys. Many of the village people contributed to make the student's life home-like, and Wellsburg, and even Wheeling, had some share in this ministry. "Biz" was brisk. The girls of Bethany—who can ever forget them! Some had been the girls of Bethany since the foundation of the College and had rejoiced in the triumphs and wept over the valedictories of class after class. Some, it may be, had penned little perfumed notes and dispatched them by the Bethany small boy to more than one favorite, served as "steady company" for them at prayer meetings and society performances, crowned them with blossoms on Commencement Day, even entered into tender relations with them, and then—found others more agreeable to their coy and inconsistent fancy; "yet many a boy came to know at Bethany the best woman that ever lived. The girls of Bethany—they are the staid maidens now, but they stayed for many Commencements before they became matrons!

Diversions were few. An occasional ride to Wheeling or Pittsburg to hear such men as Gough or Wendell Phillips was a red letter event, and a visit to Wellsburg was even a matter of record, but many of the students never stirred beyond the limits of the little town. Books and society absorbed them. Base ball was a favorite outdoor game. Winter always brought fine skating on the creek, and sledding on the hillsides, and when the season of mud was not with us, there were splendid walks along the pike or over the hills. The banks of the Buf-

falo afforded charming strolls for the reflective youth, and Three-State Hill, Logan's Hollow, the Lone Grave, the Camp Ground, the Falls and Bethany Mansion were some of the attractive spots. Now and then a peripatetic lecturer came around, but the evening amusements were mostly provided by the College talent. Holidays at Bethany were like angels' visits. President Pendleton had the University of Virginia idea, and Thanksgiving Day, the week of Christmas and the twenty-second of February were the only let-ups in the College year.

Hazing was never carried to any extreme in those good days. Certain followers of the baser sort would, at rare intervals, indulge in "snipe shooting," when the unsuspecting plebe was conducted to some recess among the hills out of sight of the college, and set to watch while his companions set out to explore the caves for the birds. Left alone to his meditations, he would come to himself after a time and have to find his way home as best he could. The process of "smoking out" was also resorted to once in a while. A handful of red pepper on a layer of ashes covering some live coals in a scuttle and placed in the hallway, soon sent the young man, struggling for breath, to a window, which, like as not, he would find securely fastened. The Kangaroo Court was an ancient fraud, which sat in a barn or some other out-of-the-way temple of justice, and some smart Aleck or clownish Freshman would be summoned to appear before it. Judge and jury, lawyers and witnesses, were all in regular session, grave and absurd charges made, the case argued as for life or death, and sentence imposed in due and solemn form.

Greek fraternities were a popular feature of Bethany life; the Delta Tau Delta, the Phi Kappa Psi, the Beta Theta Pi and other fraternities, were well represented here, and added much to the social pleasure and the formation of close friendships. Great secrecy attended the meetings, and a general air of mystery gathered about their doings, but they had their place in the College program.

The religious atmosphere of Bethany was always wholesome. The Church and its services had an exalted place. Prof. Loos was the preacher at this time, and his pulpit work was admirable. In every respect he was a factor in the development of student character. His sermons were always instructive and forceful, and his life an illustration of what he taught. He "allured to brighter worlds and led the way." As Chaucer says:

"Christ's lore and his apostles twelve
He taught and first he followed it himself."

President Pendleton usually presided at the Lord's table, and his beautiful and appropriate remarks always made that ordinance a most holy season. What a rare devotional volume those communion talks would have made—an anthology indeed, which would have richly adorned our Church literature. Now and then Dr. Richardson or Elder A. W. Campbell would break the loaf. Occasionally a student was invited to preach in the evening. This was a supreme honor, and the boys were his most appreciative hearers. The prayer-meetings had also a worthy place. Many of the students had fine voices and the singing was full of inspiration. There was no instrument, and serious consequences might have followed its introduction among the anti-organists. Many of the

young men were practiced speakers, and there were few pauses. The women took no part. Generally Prof. Loos led, and had only to give the meeting a slight impulse—it ran itself. Few of the students ever neglected this mid-week service.

A number of the young men were preachers and practiced on the churches near Bethany. One remembers delivering an alleged sermon at Dutch fork on his nineteenth birthday! He took a chum along with him. He failed on the sermon and his chum on the Lord's prayer, and they did not go again. The same young theologian wrote a sermon of great length and profundity, practiced it for a week in Logan's Hollow, and got it off on the Independence congregation. He preached an hour and a quarter and they slept the sleep of the just. He was not called to serve that church. Later he preached at West Liberty and was for a time preacher, Sunday school superintendent, Bible class teacher and sexton at six dollars a Sunday. Finally he was for a brief period the pulpit supply at "Little Washington," where they paid him ten dollars a week, and when they asked him if that was enough he said: "Yes, it's more than the sermons are worth." This practicing was great for the preachers, but hard on the churches.

The faculty of the College was not large at this time, but strong. Five as faithful men and as gifted teachers as the land could afford filled the chairs. President Pendleton was the father of us all, and "Billy K." was the title by which he was affectionately and proudly known among the boys.

President Pendleton at this time was at his best. Who can forget his morning lessons on the Bible, delivered before the chapel class! In political economy, what lively times were sometimes enjoyed when the question of free trade versus protection was under consideration! The class is in logic—hear him: "Let me caution you, gentlemen, against trusting too much to dictionaries when you would distinguish nicely and correctly between words that differ. A dictionary gives you all the uses of all writers of almost all ages. The scholar, the thought-builder, the regulative and creative mind wants the essence, the abstract power of the word, and that is simple and one, not mixed or many. When he uses it he knows what he is about, and there is no confusion in what he says. Nine-tenths of the wars among minds grow out of this: the combatants don't understand one another's words—don't for the most part understand their own words. It is a word war—more learnedly, a logomachy. Grant me ambiguity in the terms, and I can prove anything. For example:

One cat has one more tail than *no*-cat.

But *no*-cat has two tails;

Ergo, one cat has three tails.

Crack this logical nut, and you will discover the force of what I have said about ambiguity in the terms by which and on which we reason."

How clear and conclusive always his own statements! What a charm he could throw over the hard, cold, dull pages of that text-book on logic! It's most stupid facts became under his touch as interesting and luminous as the old sorites of Themistocles about his infant son commanding the whole world: "My infant son rules his mother. His

mother rules me. I rule the Athenians. The Athenians rule the Greeks. The Greeks rule Europe. Europe rules the world."

But it was metaphysics which proved a veritable ecstasy to the students under Mr. Pendleton. When himself a student in the University, he had shown a special aptitude for this great branch of philosophy which deals with the conceptions or principles at the basis of all phenomena, and in a famous will case in which Garfield, Black and others figured, when Mr. Pendleton was under examination by Judge Black, and the discussion drifted into the realm of metaphysics, a distinguished lawyer of Virginia, Judge Robertson, of the Supreme Court of the State, who was present, said that never in all his life had he been so highly entertained or so impressed with the ability of any man as he was with the President of Bethany College.

Sir William Hamilton was quite equal to the Wizard of the North when interpreted by this master hand. All the hardest things in those three great sub-divisions of philosophy—Psychology, or the Science of the Phenomena of Mind; Nomology, or the Science of its laws, and Ontology, or the Science of Results and Inferences—were made easy and even fascinating under the President. They seem far away now and somewhat misty through the vista of years, but the old boys will remember how really entertaining he made the most abstruse and bewildering discussions. His department was regarded as furnishing the capstone of the course. As a teacher he is remembered, but most reverently and affectionately as a man. If the question were asked of those who were under his instruction, "What did you think of the president?" it is probable that with one voice would come the answer, "He was the noblest gentleman I ever knew."

And what could be better? "What is it to be a gentleman?" asks Thackeray, "It is to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow citizens and the love of your fireside. To bear good fortune meekly, to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil and good to maintain the truth always. Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as a gentleman, whatever his rank in life may be." As thorough a gentleman as ever dwelt in the courts of kings, was the miracle of a man that looked into the face of Jesus Christ on the road to Damascus. His apology to Ananias, the High Priest; his greeting to Agrippa; his words to his persecutors: "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness"; "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am save these bonds"; his address on Mars' Hill: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that you are very devout"; his precepts: "Bear ye one another's burdens"; "In honor preferring one another"; "Honor all men"—all show the high Christian courtesy of the great Apostle to the Gentiles.

It was said by an English poet of the Master Himself:
"The best of men
That ever wore earth about him was a sufferer.
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit—
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."



E. LEE PERRY.

Lines to a Senior

Think thou! Time's endless years have come and gone,
A new for each that dies.
An endless future waits. Thou standst between
Two great eternities.
Thy years are few. For thee three score and ten;
And when thy life is done,
Time's gloomy annals will be brighter made
If thy life is a sun.

Look backward! Now some twenty years have passed,
Since the earth to thee was born.
Reflect. What is the record of thy life,
Since that fast-fleeting morn?
Are any pages dark? Then blot them out
With deepest sorrow's tears.
Are any white? Then multiply them oft
In future days and years.

Look forward! Life's journey lies before,
Life's duties but begin;
Beyond there lies success which thou mayst claim
If swift the race is run.
If with the good and true thou wouldst be known,
And make thyself a name,
On yonder goal thine eye must centered be,
As the hunter's on the game.

Look upward! He who made the universe
And said, "Let there be light,"
Will lead thee on, though darkness gathers round,
And say, "I am thy might."
Seek not the passing praise of erring men,
Nor riches, honor, fame,
Except for good. Seek right, and God will give
An everlasting name.

The Centennial and Bethany

WITH an institution as with an individual, the best and most precious things are not bought with money, character, spirit, love and sacred memories. The shrines of the world are not erected in the name of Mammon and Mars, but sometimes by their aid for the preservation of holier principles and nobler services. The warrior is honored also as he has contended for the rights of the down-trodden and in defense of the truth; the man of wealth only as he uses his means to promote the best interests of the race and some holy cause. The value of men and institutions can never be estimated at short range nor by immediate results.

Time enough has elapsed for us to estimate some things of Bethany's value to a great cause and the entire Kingdom of God. We may at least indicate the trend of her influence. Judged by all standards, she has no peer; no educational institution in America has yielded greater blessings; from no isolated and quiet community has emanated such mighty influences. Each path of this humble village was marked by the feet of holy men, who, in their humility, realized that they walked with God. Each building and every hillside is vocal with the life's testimony of the Campbells, Pendleton, Richardson, Woolery, Tribble, Milligan, Graham, Loos and many, very many, of God's noble men. From Bethany has flowed a stream of ten thousand students, the depth of whose influence is sounded in the lives of McGarvey, Power, Moffett, McLean and others who mark the deepening spiritual life of America. Scholars, statesmen, business men call her blessed.

With each spring-tide the carpeting of glade and glen with the most beautiful and fragrant wild flowers, the covering of the hills with verdure, is but the renewal of the prophecy of the life and fruitfulness of this great institution and a testimony that Bethany still fragrantly exists in the hearts and lives of a prosperous and growing people. She can have no rival in the heart of the churches of Christ.

But in gratitude—did I say gratitude?—they should endow Bethany College with at least a half-million dollars by the centennial. This would insure her continued usefulness forever. Great educational institutions depend not only on the history and glory of the past, but their efficiency and ability to meet the present and future needs. Bethany has two of these qualifications. Taken as a whole, Bethany has never had a more efficient faculty than at present, all of whom are serving at a sacrifice.

Never in her history has she had so large an enrollment, nor a more mature and promising body of students. Yet the glory of her history for the second century of the restoration must be decided by the attitude of her Alumni and those who have been blessed by her past.

Bethany's centennial aims are modest and attainable: the completion of the interurban railway; the finishing and filling with good books of the Carnegie Library; the endowment of the College with at least \$500,000; the enrollment of six hundred students; the preservation of the historic church building, from which has sounded forth the word of life and the plea for Christian union for nearly sixty years; the rebuilding of the College chapel and halls destroyed by fire years ago; and thus the restoration of one of the finest specimens of architecture in America, and, as a last suggestion, the erection of a memorial church building to the honor of the noble heroes of the cross whose lives have been connected with our Jerusalem and Bethany. Our final aim is that at least fifty thousand disciples visit the home of the restoration in 1909.

W. B. TAYLOR.

Valedictory

JUST as in a great orchestra, no instrument is pleasing when played alone, but all together produce the grand symphony; so each separate little human life, incomplete and without beauty in itself, has still its harmonious chords to sound in the grand symphony of life. Each isolated soul is a silent instrument, each selfish soul a discordant one. More and more as years go on does the world need each individual. There is small place for the hermit life and still less for the selfish life. The race is so closely knit together that only that heart beats naturally that beats in harmony with the great heart of the world. As the purpose of the ages moves nearer its fulfillment, it is a small soul indeed that can live for its own small purposes. To the noble heart "no human need can be foreign," but duty and a universal sympathy call imperatively, "Find your place in God's plan and fill it."

Sometimes in the whirl of crowding life the soul would fain seek out some happy valley, where it could shut out the cramping cares and jarring coarseness of the workday world, where, as Rasellas vainly tried, it may expand its finer powers and draw nearer to the infinite perfection.

There lived in mediæval Florence two brothers blessed with wealth, position and superior talent. They came from a family keenly sensitive to beauty and possessed of the rare power of transferring their beautiful conceptions to canvas. It was the dearest wish of each to develop his artistic passion. But Florence was in turmoil; the Gibelines were trying to exalt the aristocracy and blot out the glory of their democratic freedom. Against them were the Guelfs, the party of the church and people. By virtue of their wealth and prestige these brothers felt it a duty to the citizens to join the struggle against the tyrant Gibelines. But the older brother turned away, saying, "I have no taste for such a life. Let Florence take care of herself, I go to develop my finer soul and work out the high destiny of my genius." The younger brother's heart bled when he saw the rights of his fellow citizens trodden underfoot and the glory of liberty-loving Florence ruthlessly torn away. Sadly turning from the quiet of his studies he plunged into jarring public life and used his wealth and influence for the Guelfs. But his party failed, and, like the great Dante, he was exiled, robbed of home and fortune, and, worst of all, the wealth of art and training, to be had only in his native city. He went to England and, driven by adverse circumstances, spent the few remaining years of his life at menial labor in the

fish market of the foreign capital. The artist who turned away from the need of the citizens used wealth in a life of artistic study. His aim was to paint a Christ that should be the embodiment of perfect love. His picture was perfect in feature and color, but, try as he would, the expression he sought evaded his brush. The face was as Tennyson said, "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." At last, discouraged, he started for a year of travel, planning on his return to take up the picture again. He went to London and sought out his brother. Surprised and deeply grieved, he found him lying dead in a poor lodging of a dingy quarter. Turning from the deathbed, he noticed an easel standing where the scanty light fell on it, and lo! he saw the exact counterpart of the picture he had left in Italy. But no, the face was not the common face of cold perfection, but the face that had vaguely haunted his discouraged soul and evaded his patient skill; on it rested the dignity of divine self-sacrifice and from it shone the smile of perfect love. The selfish painter bowed in shame; he wept and knelt in reverence before the majestic picture as though the Christ himself stood in that poor room. He read the secret of the dead man's power. By sacrifice for his native city, by his tender sympathy for her citizens, by sorrow and pain and suffering, his heart conceived the divine sympathy, the glory of perfect love that shone in the face of his Christ.

Not in the stagnant seclusion of any palace of art can the soul draw near perfection, but in the cottage in the vale, where it can work and pray, where it can pity the slaves of vice but keep itself free from the slime of sin, where its love can flow to poorer souls, and its strength can lift them up. The life that shuns this duty, that refuses the ministrations of sorrow, has made the grand refusal, for—

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."

The class of 1906 has withdrawn a little while from the strenuous activity of the world to spend a time in quiet preparation. We have been living on a mount of vision, but we can build no tabernacles here. Again we must go down into the valley among the thronging multitude. We have been filled with trust in other hearts; we have learned the sustaining power of unfeigned friendship and the inspiration of kindred souls. Our lives have been little streams, that springing from widely separate sources, flowing out, converged into the river that moved on in one strong current, until now it must again divide and mingle in the sea of active life. It has been a happy time. In the falling of the year we came when lavish autumn flung her glory round this quiet sacred spot.

Four times we have seen the gorgeous splendor fade to glistening white; four times we have watched the gentle spring work her wonder on these beautiful hills. Here, like one happy family, we have been secluded for a while to catch a nobler and a broader view of life. Do you wonder that while working toward this day we have dreaded its approach and that this evening's sunset will close for us a happy, happy time? Well we know that many a time through coming years our hearts, with deep homesickness burning, will turn toward this sacred hill. We shall cherish only happy memories. Whatever of our college life may have been hard or disagreeable will melt away as the rugged outline of mountain scenery softens in purple distance.

In a secret and a sacred place each soul has a magic garden. Within its charmed hedge are only sunny days or days whose hovering clouds bring a softened, soothing darkness. Only bright and tuneful birds hide in the foliage; only fragrant, beauteous flowers drink the dews. Its lawns are velvety; its trees magnificent; its shade refreshing. And there by wondrous magic the blessed memory spots of all the dear dead years are gathered, the rooms held sacred, and the scenes best loved. No other but one soul has the talisman to enter there. And yet this garden is not solitary; but on its walks, in its cool nooks and transfigured dwellings move the choice souls we have known along all the pathway of our lives. As life goes on the borders of this new eden are continually widened until it shall be lost in the Paradise Regained.

After today in the charmed garden of some of us will rise this grand old building, with its corridor and chapel; there will be the campus, with its trees and walks; and, best of all, the college friends we've known and learned to love. And I doubt not that a visit to this garden will give us strength for many a battle and save us from many an unworthy act. If its spell casts over us a sadness, it will be—

"A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain."

For the people of the village we can have none but the kindest memories. You opened your homes to us and made us forget the longing for the homes we left behind. We shall often think of the happy days spent in them and the dear friends there.

Honored president and faculty, we know that to you our best interests have often been dearer than they were to our ourselves. If we tried

we could not banish the inspiration, the love for true culture, and the high ideals you have brought into our lives, but your precepts and example will be to us an uplifting power. Our lives will be nobler and better for their contact with you. You will have our life-long gratitude.

Fellow students, as the end of our association has drawn near, we have realized that our lives have grown together more closely than we knew. The places you hold in our hearts no others can fill. The class of 1906 leave you with best wishes for your success through your college life and your whole life wherever a kind providence shall lead you. We grieve at these broken associations, but cherish their sweet memory:—

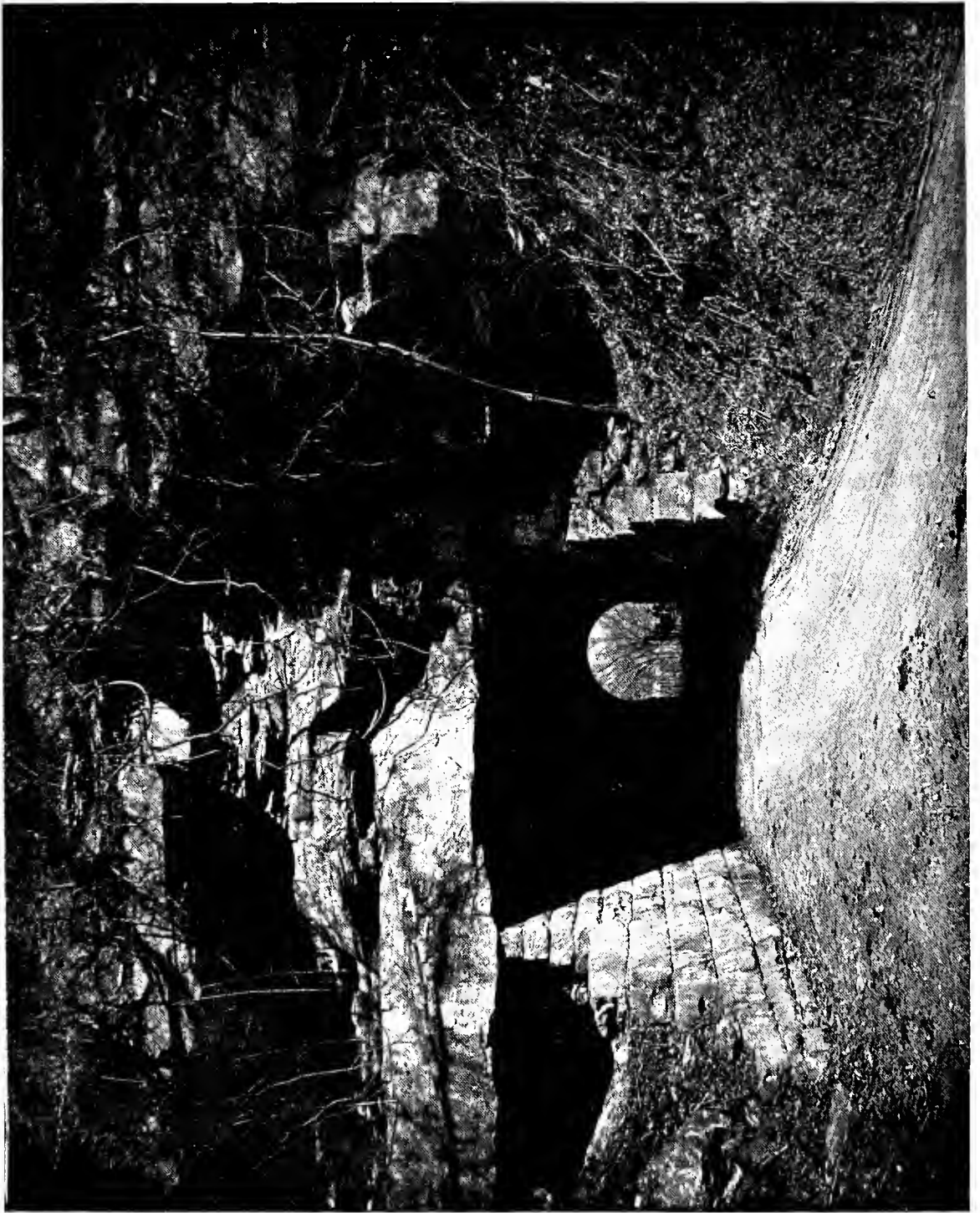
“For with hearts aglow,
We agree 'tis sweeter yet
To remember than forget.”

Classmates, it is the time when we must turn away from these scenes, the brightest of our whole lives, hitherto. We hope we have learned here the tactics of a noble warfare; that we go out prepared into a waiting world and shall lift high the green and white, as well as the old rose, and return grateful honors to old Bethany. The tie that binds us cannot be broken; wherever we go, whatever we do, we shall have the strength of mutual sympathy. We can say each to all and all to each—

“Only be sure thy daily life,
In its toil and in its strife,
Never shall be unobserved;
We pursue thy whole career,
And hope for it, or doubt, or fear.
So hast thou kept thy path or swerved,
We are beside thee in all thy ways,
With our blame and with our praise,
Our shame to feel, our pride to show,
Glad, angry, but indifferent, No.”

To our friends, our president, our faculty, our alma mater, farewell.

MAY MADDEN, '06.



Unwritten History of the Bethany Church

VERY few people realize how truly the Bethany Church is a continuation of the Brush Run congregation, in a real fact, the mother Church of the Restoration, if we consider the Campbells instead of the Stone the chief factor in it. The Bethany Church is the Brush Run Church translated, which was organized as a congregation of immersionists in June of 1811. It later was received into the Redstone Baptist Association, with a distinct and written statement that they would be guided only by the Scriptures.

The members of the congregation were badly scattered, Mr. Campbell himself living more than ten miles away. Because of the removal of Thomas Campbell, the widening duties of Alexander Campbell, the opposition of the Presbyterians, who dominated the community religiously, and the jealousy and intrigues of the Baptist preachers within the association, the congregation declined. Mr. Campbell and his father were finally impelled to take membership with the church at Wellsburg, on the Ohio river. Before this, however, in 1815, Mr. Campbell raised a thousand dollars and aided in erecting a meeting house in Wellsburg.

Here they retained their membership until the spring of 1829, when the church was organized at Buffalo, now Bethany. The records of the Wellsburg Church contains this historic statement: "In the spring of 1829 Mr. A. Campbell, his father, T. Campbell, their families and several others withdrew to organize a new society at Buffalo, thus very much weakening our congregation." The exact date has been lost. Mr. Campbell sat in the Constitutional Convention of Virginia in the winter and spring of 1829 and did not return home until about the first of May. So the Bethany Church was organized in May, 1829.

An old newspaper clipping states that the new church was organized and held its meeting in a warehouse on Mr. Campbell's farm, near the mill, and that the members of the Brush Run Church, who were in sympathy with "the reformers," united with the new congregation and the Brush Run Church was disbanded. If this record be reliable, and I believe it is, because the account of the place of meeting is confirmed by Mrs. Decima Bartlay, the daughter of Alexander Campbell, then the Bethany Church, whose first membership was made up of the Campbell.

and their brethren of the Brush Run Church, is the mother Church of the Restoration.

The original meeting house was moved from its foundation on the banks of Brush Run creek, which is now overgrown with weeds and briars. The building was first used as a blacksmith shop, and now for a stable. The first building in Bethany was a small stone building on the site of the present house. In this Thomas Campbell preached his farewell sermon June 1st, 1851. Immediately after it was torn down and the present building erected in its place. From its pulpit Mr. Campbell preached for years. Mr. Pendleton, Pres. Woolery, Profs. Milligan, Graham and Loos have stood here to break the bread of life to men.

It is now proposed to preserve this building. In the coming years, when Christian union shall be an accomplished fact, this will be the most valued building in Christendom, taking its place with Asbury and Epworth and Old South Church. To meet the growing needs of Bethany College and the community, the brotherhood should erect a memorial building in honor of those who succeeded in this glorious ministry.

WILL B. ROLYAL.

A Graduate

<p>Once he was a Junior Prep, Green as grass; But with pride he bore the title Of his class How he pondered verb and noun, And his Latin, with a frown; And loved a lass.</p>	<p>Then became a Senior Prep, Full of pride; And with scorn looked on the Juniors To deride. Studied Cicero and Greek Seven days in every week. Affection died.</p>
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Then he joined the Freshman class,
 No more a Prep;
 But as awkward as a soldier
 Out of step.
 He was angry and amazed
 When by others he was hazed.
 Now Cupid's prep.

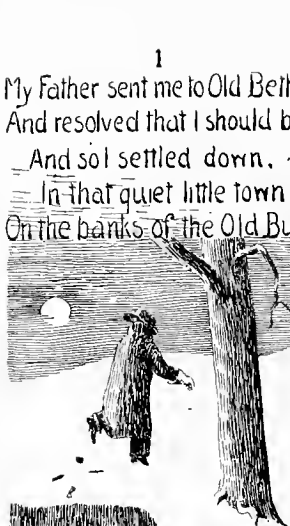
<p>Then he's numbered with the Sophs, True and brave; But he's called before the Profs, As a knave. Realizes with a sigh That his grades are not so high. Cupid's slave.</p>	<p>Then he's on the Junior roll,— Hopeful gleams; And he's on the way to glory, So it seems. But his money's getting low, And one word has struck a blow To all his dreams.</p>
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Senior! Now the six years' race
 Has been run;
 Every outlook has the brightness
 Of the sun.
 Honor, land, and honor, wait
 On his name, for it is great,
 And *they* are one.



OLD BETHANY:

1
My Father sent me to Old Bethany,
And resolved that I should be a man.
And so I settled down,
In that quiet little town,
On the banks of the Old Buffalo.



On the banks of the Old Buffalo, my boys,
Where Old Bethany evermore shall stand,
For has she not stood
Since the time of the flood,
On the banks of the Old Buffalo.

2
As Fresh they used me rather roughly,
But I the fearful gauntlet ran;
Oh, they shook me so about
That they turned me inside out,
On the banks of the Old Buffalo.



3
We passed through all these trials nobly,
And then as Sophs our turn began,
Oh, we hazed the poor Fresh so
That they longed for Heaven I know,
On the banks of the Old Buffalo.

4
And then I made my social entree,
And joined in many a social band,
And by my cunning art
Stole many a maiden's heart,
On the banks of the Old Buffalo.



5
At last we joined the Senior circle,
And spread our fame o'er all the land,
While we crowned our goblets high
With the hopes of "by and by,"
On the banks of the Old Buffalo.

6
Then sing aloud for Alma Mater,
The Green and White be in the van,
For with her motto high
Bethany's name shall never die,
On the banks of the Old Buffalo.





JOKES

-07

McFEIN-

The President's Annual Address

I. GENERAL REMARKS.

Introduction. "There are two classes of students at College; those who come and those who are sent. There are two classes also who leave College; those who go and those who are sent. This is a formative period of your life. Like the tender sapling, if when it is young it should be trampled upon, or marred in its symmetry, it can never grow so beautiful again. Every student is a sapling. * * * * *"

He Urges Upon Us. "Although the catalogue says matriculation is three dollars, I have thought it wise to add an extra fifty cents to each day any student should stay over time between terms. Let me urge upon you to remain as long as possible with your loved ones."

PART II. HE BECOMES SPECIFIC.

"I have never had any trouble concerning social relation of young men and young women, with few exceptions. Therefore, I think it wise to have strenuous rules for this department of our work.

He Speaks of "Biz." Let it be understood, no young man shall court a young lady after the weather becomes hot, unless they seek the shade of the campus trees. I urge upon you, young gentlemen, to have regular company, and to accompany some young lady to prayer meeting. It is understood that if there is any change in biz relations to be made, either in pitching or being pitched, you must consult the president of this institution."

"If courting couples persist in eating supper at Hudson House or elsewhere, they must do so at a late hour and the drive home must be made in single rigs not earlier than one o'clock A. M. Therefore seek ye first biz and its riches and all credits will be added unto you. It is understood students are here for biz, and that no study shall interfere with your love affairs. The violation of any of these principles will be, by unanimous decision of the faculty, punished by suspension."

He Speaks of Feasts. "Let me urge upon you the importance of observing feasts. It is understood, that students must have at least six midnight feasts each week. Papers and orange peelings may be thrown in boxes placed in hall for that purpose, but all tin cans must be thrown from the windows upon the campus."

Minstrels "Our College athletics must be kept up. I pay the base ball players' board, room-rent, washing, traveling

a Necessity. expenses, tuition, and buy balls, bats and suits. There are, however, incidental expenses that must be met; for which I strongly advise minstrel shows, at least three every year. This of necessity will take much labor and cause much weariness of the flesh. Hence stimulants must needs be had. I suggest cigarettes and tobacco. All tobacco juice and cigarette stubbs may be left upon the chapel floor, but all beer kegs must be removed from the chapel.

PART III. HIS LOVE FOR STUDENTS.

“It may be some of you new students will not be *He Speaks* homesick very long. For tho you are strangers *to Homesick* in a strange land, but if you fail to be present as many *Students.* as three times at chapel or if you show any disposition at theft—stealing books from the library, or tearing magazines, you will have to buy a ticket back home. ‘I once knew a student in New York,’ I have no doubt the same thing happened in Texas, ‘who formed the habit while in colege of tearing magazines, and when he later visited a library in New York City, for the same offense was seized by the civil authorities and hanged.’”

“In conclusion let me urge upon you to redeem the time wisely and well. To make the best use of these passing golden opportunities.”

“It is understood no student shall be excused from chapel. The greatest place to develop your spiritual capacities. A holy, quiet, and sublime place for worship. Here we worship according to the dictates of our own conscience and you must do the same. If we stand up you must likewise stand up. Here nothing but kindness and rejoicing. Here no unkind words are spoken. No squelchings uttered, no exaggerations. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow you in the days that are to come.”

The Millenimum Will Have Come

- When Yoho gets a hair cut.
- When Gabriel (Johnson) blows his trumpet.
- When Pasco graduates.
- When President weighs 125 pounds.
- When Bethany gets cement walks.
- When the trolley line is completed.
- When Bruns gets Luna.
- When the historic clock keeps time.
- When Ice gets enough eggs.
- When Prof. Workman gets fat.
- When McMullin goes on biz.
- When Prof. Taylor ceases to be historic.
- When Duty grows a mustache.
- When Alcorn throws up his job.
- When Bethany has another minstrel.
- When Prof. McEvoy leads chapel.
- When Prof. McDarmid laughs like Prof. Taylor.
- When Miller ceases to fill his regular seat in faculty meeting.
- When the Seniors orate to a crowded house.
- When all the faculty go to chapel.
- When the Juniors get enough money to buy Senior caps.
- When the syrup runs out at Phillips' Hall.
- When the money paid to repair the library is used for that purpose.
- When every student buys a Kodak.
- When the honor system is established.
- When Miss Dewitt is able to make Professor Wynne understand.
- When Prof. Johnson and Miss Kemp go to Norfolk.
- When the unanimous decision of the Faculty means the vote of every member.
- When the library has books.
- When the use of pepper has been forgotten.
- When Prof. McEvoy can walk a twelve -inch plank without falling into the creek.

When no tin cans are to be found on the campus.
When President succeeds in keeping Miss Main from the library.
When Ben gets Miss Tinsley.
When Mully forgets his (fe)mail.
When George Vaiden says *here* instead of *heah*.
When Mrs. Bourne's quiet bell refuses to ring.
When Quick ceases to be slow.
When the boys' hall is kept warm.
When "Bos" sits straight in class.
When Fowler learns to play ball without his girl.
When Dunn wears a linen collar.
When Cook is altogether cooked and Dunn is altogether done.
When the Bethany girls quit powdering.
When Garner ceases to talk about Esperanto.
When President C. gets a new horse.
When Kentuckians quit talking about Kentucky.
When Quick gets his cartoons ready.
When the members of the Faculty keep both feet on the floor.

“Love Rough Road”

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

CINCINNATUS - - - - - *A Forlorn Lover*
MOODEY, - - - - - }
A MAIDEN - - - - - } *Three Bethany Students*
A YOUNG MAN - - - - - }

Scene I. [Campbell Mansion. 11 P. M. Winter. Room upstairs.]

Chorus sings—

The great grey clouds roll o'er the hills,
And in the late hours gather ;
Then o'er the roofs and rocks and rills,
The swirling snowflakes waver.

Cincin. (looking out of window before retiring).

To snow, or not to snow : that is the question :
Whether heaven and earth will so combine their powers
To make the feathery flakes of beauty fall
In quantity enough to fully hide
The wooden-walk which I for love have made,
And thereby give me chance to show my love,
By rising in the early dawn and sweeping,
With my broom in hand, the spotless snow.
Or shall the chilly blast blow far away
The rolling banks of angry clouds, and leave
My heart a painful desolation, filled
With intense longings for some means whereby
The idol of my life may see how true,
How steadfast are the fountains of my love.
But now the striking clocks command to bed.
To bed : to sleep : perchance to dream. And in
My slumbers sweet I shall be with my dear.
In bliss my soul shall dwell and longings deep
Shall for the time be satisfied, until
The clock's alarm shall rudely drown my joy,
And bid me rise to face the chilly morn.

(Retires.)

Scene II. 4 A. M. Winter morning.

Chorus Sings—

The hills and shrubs and gurgling streams,
By winter's sheens are covered,
And full two feet beneath the sheens,
The warm board-walk lies smothered.

(Intermittent clock's alarm.)

Dingle! lingle! lingle! lingle! lingle! lingle!
Ding! ing! ing! ing! ing! ing! ing! ing! ing! ing! ing!——

Cincin. (with snore)—

Oh drat that cursed invention! Must my peace
Be always crushed by that infernal thing!
I'll take it by the throat and with a zeal
Terrific, hurl it into boundless space.
I'll not by it be ruled! Once more to sleep!
(Rolls over and snores.)

(Clock's alarm).

Dingle! lingle! lingle! lingle! lingle!
Ding! ing! ing! ing! ing! ing! ing! ing! ing! ing! ing!——
Ding!!! — — — — —

Cincin. (thoroughly roused)—

Oh Heavens! the thing will drive my sleepy brain
Unto the verge of dark despair. No rest
Will be for me, so out I'll jump, and view
How deep the fall of spotless snow has been.
(Grasps clock and viciously turns off alarm.)

Scene III. Cincin. sweeping board-walk with broom.

Chorus Sings—

The sun's white rays turn night to dawn,
And kiss the whole land lightly,
The brisk winds blow the stainless lawn
And fold the clear brook tightly.

Cincin. (wrapped in muffler)—

Ah, Moodey boy, this is a chilly wind.

Moodey (lightly)—

Why, man, this is a breeze that makes the blood
Course through the veins with vigorous speed and sends
The foggy feelings of a fuddled brain
Spinning o'er the tops of houses into

Endless space. 'Tis such an exercise
At such a time as this that warms the heart,
Improves the taste, and feeds a fervent love.

Cincin. (feelingly)—

It surely warms the heart, improves the taste;
Why say you that it feeds a fervent love?

Moodey—

Aren't you in love?

Cincin.—

What then? Suppose I am.

Moodey—

And when the college clock shall strike the hour
That calls each student to the college hall,
Think you not that she will come this way,
And trip along between these banks of snow
First past this famous study-door, then through
The gate, along the road, across the bridge,
Up through the town, right to the chapel hall?

Cincin.—

Suppose she make this course. What follows then?

Moodey—

Why you would follow!

Cincin.—

Come! speak to the point.

Moodey—

Well, then, you are in love; you make this walk,
There comes a heavy fall of snow, and you
Rise up before the break of dawn to sweep
It on each side to bare the wooden walk.
The maiden comes; she stubs her dainty toe,
And falls a painful thud upon the walk;
Then wishes you would take your broom
Where snowflakes never fall to melt away.
Your soul then burns, your passion flows with zeal,
The fervor of your love tenfold doth grow.

Cin. (shaking fist in M.'s face)—

Moodey! Smell that! I've had enough from you!

(Exit Moodey, laughing.)

Scene IV.

Chorus Sings—

The whitened network of the trees,
Bespeaks an angel's bower ;
And every trembling eager breeze,
Sways down a crystal shower.

Cincin. (soliloquizing, sweeping vigorously)—

Oh, what a thing it is to be in love.
The entire channel of a man's desires
Is flooded with a stream of feelings new.
How strange the paradox then found in him.
He loves, and fears ; his eyes are sharpened keen,
And yet his sight is dimmed, unselfish, still
He trembles lest a foe should balk his love ;
He wills to make a name but fritters away
The time in which his goal must be attained.
One moment he adores, the next he hates—
But this I know : My love can never fail—

[footsteps approach]

Ye Gods ! Has time flown by so fast as this ?
The school's first morning bell is ringing now,
And here have I so busy been with work
And thoughts, that hunger even has not informed
The hour—who's that now coming with my girl ?
What shall I do ?

Youth (comes leading maiden, bows politely to *Cincin.*)—

We thank you much, my man.
'Tis passing kind of you to be concerned
About the way in which our feet must tread.
Here ! take this dime, 'twill help you in a pinch.
Just keep the good work up and more will come.

Cincin. (muttering in despair)—

Is this how love must be repaid ? Let heaven
Witness that my wrongs are large, and that
I have no wish to live. I'll end my woes
By plunging headlong in the stream below.
To sky and earth, to school and hills ; Good-bye !

(Plunges into stream and drowns.)

E. J. DOLEY.

What Some People Have

Miss Dewitt—A "Quick" fellow.
Miss Elliott—A "Young" Fellow.
Miss Noufcier—A "Long" fellow (sometimes).
Mrs. Knight—A "Short" fellow.
Miss Smith, J.—A Fleet fellow.
Miss Carpenter—A "Know" fellow.
Miss Cooper—A Wood-chuck.
Miss Griffith—A Weaver.
Prof. McDearmid—A Wife.
Prof. Johnson—*None*.
Miss McDowell—A Martin.
President Cramblet—A Son.
Miss Dickens—A Barber.
Miss Kemp—A perpetual smile.
Prof. Taylor—A historic collection of magnificent specimens of marvelous beauty.
Prof. Neff—An eye for mathematics.

Some Things We Would Like to Know

Which way the Buffalo flows.
How the street cars will turn around when they get in Bethany.
Where Deak Martin learned to sprint.
Where Bennet learned to ride.
Why the President is jealous of Beeson.
If Éales is too slippery for the girls to catch.
If Yoho ever had a hair cut.
If Hood would go on "biz" if he could make good.
Who Miss Mercer passed the "Pickle" to.
What grade Evans makes in his private lessons with the cornet.
Does the President want another minstrel.
Why Wayne Long looks at the glass so much.
If Bradford can live any longer.
If Surbled didn't get a Cole-burn.
If "Bos" will take post work next year.
When "Biz" will graduate.
When the "Cotton" will do to pick.
What brought about the utter moral degeneracy of Mr. Potter.
Why Bethany is so patient.
Ans.—She has so many Jobes.

A Letter from Bethany

BETHANY, W. VA., Jan. the 10th, '07.

My dear Pa and Ma and All the Rest:

I got here alright yesterday night all O. K. and am gitten settled now.

You know the trains doesn't run no further thai Wellsburg so we git off there and a man puts us in a big two horse buggy and brings us out here to the College. My! You Couldn't hardly believe how much them buggies holds. The one I was in had seven boys and eight girls and six trunks and fifteen suit cases and two milk cans and a chicken-coop and a box of bread and a keg of beer. They said the beer was for some Italians who work on the new trolley line. I didn't see them git it though. My! what big buildings there are at the college. Lots bigger than any at home.

The first thing I did this morning I went to breakfast. My goodness! it was just like a thrashing or a butchering at home.

There was one girl at our table, her name was Maud, who was always telling one fellow that he looked just like her brother.

There is a table in the middle of the room they call the biz table. I don't know what its for. The boys and girls sit closer together at that table and eat longer than the rest. When they finish eating they put their elbows on the table and talk very low. I guess they are the business managers of the college or something like that. I would like to be at that table too. May be I kin some day if I study hard like they do.

Next we all went to the college where they have a long board walk with a roof over it and iron railings so you wont fall off. Here they have to walk with the girls every morning.

Next we went to chapel were they sung and prayed and read the Bible and a big fat man that Jerry Weaver calls, Uncle, made a speech and said he would urge upon us to use the moments wisely and well redeeming the time. I dont know what that all means yet but may be I will some day if I study hard. I guess he is the president.

Then we went to the classes. The professors are awful smart. When I left the classes I went and told the professors good bye. I aint homesick yet. guess Ill soon be too busy to git much homesick. Well supper is soon ready and I guess I must close. Write soon.

Your loving son,

ELI EVANS.

Last Days of the Bethany Hack

EVER since before the time the memory of man was big enough to walk—much less “run to the contrary”—even from the time when Bethany began to stand on the banks of the old Buffalo, it had been decreed that every student who had the honor of writing his name in “the big book down in my office” should take that delightful, seven-mile drive over the well-kept limestone pike, along the picturesque banks of the sunkissed and “shadow-bend”-ed Buffalo, in one of those “comfortable,” elegantly furnished, milk-can vestibuled and otherwise modernly equipped hacks of which he read in the annual catalogue. It was thus that J. W. Underwood and J. W. McGarvey, C. E. Fowler and C. L. Loos, Harold Cramblet and Champ Clark, G. A. Maldoon and A. McLean, J. E. Weaver and J. S. Lamar and all the rest of the illustrious class of '07 and the few men of other days, who are worthy to be named with them, came. It was thus that Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, McKinley, Bryan and Roosevelt would have come had they ever read that fetching, unchanged, Pilatonian (“what I have written I have written”), description of those hack rides. How unfortunate that they never got a catalogue in the plastic days of their youth! For did not our own hearts burn within us as we read that well-written paragraph about Bethany's location and how to get there! And during the long journey from our home to Wellsburg, when our hearts were sore and our cheeks tear-stained over the parting from our loved ones, the one cheerful thought was not of the new friends we should make, the knowledge we should absorb, the “cases” we should develop nor of the ram hide—mute witness of what we are supposed to know—that we should carry away, but of the delightful ride along the winding Buffalo. That would be glory enough and to spare; worth all it cost and more. And when weary and worn we alighted from the train, how our eager, hungry eyes leaped from

one sort of conveyance to another until they at last rested on a "Bethany Hack." There it was. Can that first view and its heart thrills ever be forgotten! Could some Edison put the tongue of a Beecher, the pen of a Shelley, the brush of an Angelo and the chisel of a Praxiteles into one instrument of delineation and portrayal, and could a god come down from the heights of Olympus to wield it, he would be powerless in his effort to describe that "ancient of days"—a Bethany Hack—standing there with all the marks of the centuries upon it. There it was, the battle-scarred hero of ten thousand successful trips, the burden bearer of the ages, the transport of all sorts and conditions of men, the common carrier of every commodity under the sun. Yes, there it was, with its mud bespattered box, its wheels which ran hither and yon, its motive power of bones and gristles wrapped in horsehide, its torn and tattered curtains flapping in the wind or held in place by plastering lath. There it was, rammed and jammed and filled and then some from whiffletree to endgate with young men and maidens waiting to begin that delightful drive. Cautiously we inquired if there was room for another and were assured that there was "plenty." Somehow we managed to get in and sit down on six inches of air and seven-eighths of an inch of oilcloth cushioned seat. There was no place for our feet save to put them into the common heap, pile them up six deep. But that was not all. The next train brought four more students, who also found plenty of room. At the feed store we took on a bale of hay, the bakery furnished a consignment of bread, the hardware merchant placed on board two spools of barbed wire, at the ice plant we got two hundred weight of solidified water, the saloon furnished six dozen bottles of beer.

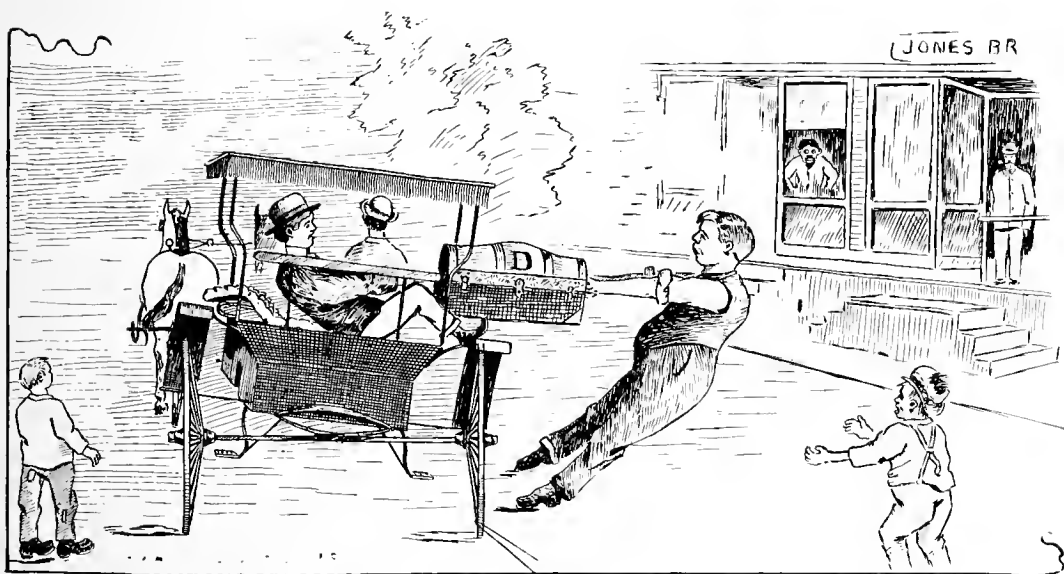
Under such conditions and with such comforts who could ever forget the magnificent and picturesque scenery, the sweet, fresh, country air with the spirit of the Campbells still in it, and all the other joys and delights of that first ride in a "Bethany Hack!" No bloated capitalist in his own private car with all the conveniences and luxuries of travel that

filthy lucre can provide ever had such a ride. Nay, verily. Though we spend half a century in a tannery or a fish market, the aroma we caught that day from the sweet-smelling fields will linger in our nostrils still. The sublimity and grandeur of the scenery through which we passed can never be forgotten. And we shall bear forever branded on our bodies the marks of that delightful ride. And it was only an earnest of what fate had in store for us. For the student-preacher there were hundreds of such joy-bringing experiences.

But progress knows no sacred thing. It respects neither age nor worth. It reverses not even that around which our very heart strings twine. Upon all alike it lays its ruthless hand and casts them into the scrap heap. And yet so long had the "Bethany Hack" eluded its grasp that some had come to feel that in spite of advancing civilization the Bethany hack service, like the winding Buffalo, was destined to go on until the earth shall melt and the heavens are rolled together as a scroll. But the fates had otherwise decreed. Even a Bethany hack cannot block the highway of civilization. The sound of the hammer, the cry of the mule driver and the thud of the Dago's pick are heard in the land. The new trolley line is nearing completion. We are in the last days of the Bethany hack. More and more does it rattle and creak as it goes. Less and less are its wheels able to follow each other in the way. Soon it shall be gathered unto its fathers.

To some future philosophical historian will be the privilege of giving to the Bethany hack its rightful place in the history of the nation. No small part has it had among the forces of the Restoration movement. Here among these hills have great leaders been trained, and the old hack received the raw material, the world's diamonds in the rough, at Wellsburg and bore them hither. And when, after four to six years of grinding and polishing, they were fit for the Master's use it was the old hack that bore them again out into the great world for service. What

would the Church of Christ be today were it not for the influences upon it of this Restoration movement? What would the Restoration be without Bethany College? And what would the College be without the Bethany hack? It has been the cornerstone of the foundation upon which we have built for ourselves, our fellows and our God. Let every loyal Bethanyite, therefore, drop a tear for its passing and pray the god of hacks that its ashes may rest in peace and its influence may never end.



Remarks on Base Ball

Line-up.

<i>Catcher,</i>	- - - - -		PRESIDENT
<i>Pitcher,</i>	- - - - -		NEFF
<i>First Base,</i>	- - - - -		MOOS
<i>Second Base,</i>	- - - - -		JOHNSTON
<i>Third Base,</i>	- - - - -		TAYLOR
<i>Short Stop,</i>	- - - - -		MCDAIRMID
<i>Left Field,</i>	- - - - -		WORKMAN
<i>Center Field,</i>	- - - - -		WYNNE
<i>Right Field,</i>	- - - - -		ROLLINS
<i>Chief Knocker,</i>	- - - - -		PROF. McEVOY
<i>Home Plate Sweeper,</i>	- - - - -		PROF. DUNN
<i>Score Keeper,</i>	- - - - -		MISS KITTREDGE
<i>Chief Rooters,</i>	- - - - -	MISS PENDLETON, MRS. BOURNE AND MISS ELLIS	
<i>Pennant Wavers</i>	- - - - -	MISS KEMP AND MRS. STOCKDALE	

Notes on Plays and Players

President got the unanimous decision of the umpire.

McEvoy led the hitting (knocking) list.

Prof. Taylor made a historic hit.

Mrs. Bourne's rooting was sublime.

Prof. Wynne was ruled out for joking the other players.

Prof. Rollin refused to bat or run for fear it might injure his voice.

Prof. Johnston's playing was on a fundamental psychological basis like that of Yale.

Prof. Moos's average was "von ninety von."

Prof. Neff's playing was rather angular.

Prof. McDairmid was quite a stopper (caesar-seizer).

Prof. Laboringman's playing was full of theory and little practice.

By sweeping the plate Dunn got a hit.

Miss Pendleton made "a distinction without a difference."

Miss Kittredge marked a score for "Fatty."

Miss Ellis told how beautifully the Greeks played ball.

Preparing to be a Minister's Wife

BARCLAY'S Girl" had just curled herself up comfortably on the top of the trunk, and "Sunny Jim," the little red-headed Mercer girl, and yours truly, were artistically arranged about the room in attitudes of comfort, when "The Lady From Fairmont" entered—it happened to be the "Lady from Fairmont's" room. Barclay's Girl had been doing all the talking—as usual, and her subject was not of particular interest, for with one accord we all stopped to hear what the "Littleiest" (pet name for Mabel Mercer) and the "L. from F." were talking about.

"Not all Catholics are wicked, do you think?" "Littleiest" was inquiring anxiously. We smiled behind our handkerchiefs, for this was an old, much-mooted question—and then "Sunny Jim" (the other occupant of the room) turned the talk to "preacher's wives." This was a topic of peculiar interest to one or two of our company and the discussion grew lively.

"A preacher's wife," says I, who am not looking preacher-wards. "A preachers' wife is an object of pity." A great clamor from the bunch caused me to wait a moment before continuing; then I resumed.

"I have never beheld a well-dressed preacher's wife—they invariably wear clothes of three seasons previous, and are never as careful as they might be of their front hair. Barclay's Girl was inclined to argue the matter with me, but the "Lady from Fairmont" came to my rescue. "The Lady from Fairmont" is tall, dignified, and sometimes austere, but she is human. She is well-dressed too, and always takes particular pains with her front hair. But she has a preacher! And in the silence that followed my declaration, we waited while she prepared to speak. It was almost as if it were an A. L. I. impromptu she was giving—the pause preceding was as painful.

"It is true," she said sadly, "they never look nice—they are careless and old-fashioned," and she looked over the assembled company uncertainly— "I'm saving that slate-colored hat I hate, for future use."

And it was right then I slipped out unnoticed, for I had a "scoop" for the Kodak.

Biz Rules in Bethany

FROM A GIRL'S STAND-POINT.

PAY lectures, Christian Endeavor, and Church"—fifty (50) girls and two hundreds (200) boys!—it seems like a shame doesn't it? In our discussion of the subject we have been unanimously agreed man is necessary to feminine happiness, and our belief has been no less decided that "it is not good for men to live alone."

But it is always just a little difficult to lay a finger on the place wherein the biz-rules are entirely detrimental to the general welfare. Yet that they are detrimental is not for a moment doubted. Old students returning sigh for the rules of "The Airly Days," and new ones are made to feel that they have missed a priceless experience.

The boys have grown careless and rude—the girls have ceased to spend profitable moments before the mirror. Sunday nights are conspicuous for the changed appearance, when particular pains have been taken by both sexes.

But alas! How often the rules have nipped in the bud the biz aspirations of the young Knight Errant, and the fascination of a collarless existence has enticed him within its thrall! How often a maid (through the decree of the biz rules) grown accustomed to long evenings attired in a kimona, fails to respond in the proper manner to a biz note; refusing to leave her life of ease even on such nights as the Faculty deem wise, thereby choking out the little spark of sentiment that the young Romeo has found and fanned into a flame. With Whittier we think that: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these—it might have been." Ah, cruel fate! Do we not know how infinite would be the benefit to the young men if they could but receive the culture of the young ladies' presence for an hour a day, say, in the parlor? Do we not realize how much of the current news we miss by being forbidden masculine company?

How we long not to "Hide our light under a bushel!"—What unlimited opportunity we might have to let our lights shine, were we not bound down by the odious and ever-present biz-rules! At every turn they meet us—restricting, constraining. Some bold and reckless spirits assert that "Rules are made to break," but it is not true. Rules are made to chasten—and how subdued we should all feel, under the constant discipline!

But always there has been the possibility of there being too much of a good thing—and continuous pressure cannot fail to produce heat.

This is no threat—Ye Powers That Be—but simply a warning. Patiently as we bear the yoke, we cannot answer for our posterity. And so we suggest in all good faith and with due reverence, that unless there be some relaxation of the Bethany biz-rules—the prophet has foretold aright, and there will be — "After us, the deluge."

Phillips Hall

TO write of Phillip's Hall and her pleasant memorial, means to write of a place and of scenes which equal and surpass all the rest of Old Bethany in true history meaning.

The graduate who has forever left behind her halls, and who in leisure moments while sitting beside his own warm hearth stone dreams of his happy College Days, which now seems so full of brightness, and are now full bathed in rich tints of roses. He dreams most sweetly when across his mind flash the memories of Phillip's Hall. Possibly the same graduate in years gone by, as a bashful boy, for the first time slowly made his way to the hall and on tiptoe climbed the steps and called down the girl whom he dared to think he loved best. But alas! how cruel are the Fates: a sharp refusal and hurried retreat left him utterly alone. No longer did the sun seem to shine, or the world to contain any brightness.

But time erases the memories of unpleasantness, and paints all in hues of golden. Possibly the dreams recall to mind memories of suits of a more successful outcome, or of pleasant times on the campus during moonlight evenings, or possibly, of buggy rides that did not necessitate an early return and many other memories which bring a smile to the lips of the unconscious dreamer.

Again in a more modern sense Phillip's Hall has come to be known only as another name for "girls." This, however, is only natural, for what boy is there who has a girl at Phillip's Hall that does not think of her when that mystic word "Phillip's" is mentioned.

Still again Phillip's Hall has a very different meaning to a large class of boys who are vainly trying to keep soul and body together by living upon the uncertainty of feminine society, instead of good nourishing food. These same young men drink long at their separate founts of nourishment, for it is not at all uncommon to see many isolated couples feasting royally upon looks and smiles, until the waiters driven to desperation rather rudely break in upon them with the information that the clock has long since struck three and dinner is over.

Still another time has the real meaning of Phillip's Hall been laid aside, and those of the more prominent students, who were undoubtedly an authority upon the management of girls, and the making of Biz-rules, have unanimously christened this old time honored hall as "Bethany's Modern Convent." Why such an appellation should be given to this Sanctuary of stolen boys' hearts must remain a mystery, unless the reason has been whispered around that the new biz-rules allowed the girls to speak to the boys on the street provided they did not look up and were accompanied by a chaperon.

The massive walls of the hall and the sublime and dignified bearing of the Matron, and the half shy, and half daring actions of the

girls give to Phillip's Hall a rather mysterious and mystical atmosphere. The solemn and forbidding exterior deceive one into the belief that the inmates are at all times quiet and studious and never given to College jokes, and freshmen initiations. Such a belief, however, is utterly wrong.

No one knows save these deceptive inmates of numberless room stacks and midnight feasts, which are shared with the boys who are covertly standing below, under just the right window. No living being outside this convent has ever seen on dark and stormy nights those hideous and ghastly white robed figures, roam silently through the halls and rooms, or heard the wild shrieks and moans of many hysterical victims maddened by the orgies of the terrible spirits. Such scenes are beyond description and only those who have witnessed them can realize the confusion and terror that reigns at such times.

These deceptive inmates at other times, even approach the sphere of the ridiculous. Would it not be heart-rending to see a fair damsel dragged from her couch in the wee hours of the darkness, by masked feminine marauders and driven to a vacant room to be tormented? What a weird sight it would be to see this same fair damsel fantastically jiggling with streaming hair, ghastly expression, and lily white feet upon molasses and fly paper. At the same time singing with the sweet strains of a nightingale "Everybody works but father." Just to think what a shame and how embarrassed the poor dear girl would be. And to make her embarrassment more intensified, the other girls—her would be friends, gathered in a circle around her in rain-coats and shawls, night caps and slippers, curlers and plaits cry with greater and greater vehemence "Lift your feet; make them fly." We must not linger to see the outcome of such an unearthly proceeding, but must pass to what is even more foreign; to the opinions of outside particular friends.

Ah! the lights are turned low. We see some half dozen of the fair ones stealthily open their doors and step into the hall. How weird the curious figures in their kimonas stand out in the glimmering light, quickly several take their usual stooping positions, and the others with short swift runs easily clear the stooping forms. My! how they do enjoy it, and what is even better, nobody in the world knows what they are doing. How could anything be more favorable for the girls to have fun than solitude, utter silence and a glimmering light.

Well, times must utterly change and this world must come to an ignominious end, and the whole universe crumble into a miserable heap before College boys and girls will abandon their harmless fun and frolic.

Still, we love those ancient and vine-covered walls, and the forbidding aspect of the old and time honored building, and we even think lots of those same "deceptive inmates" and always will there be a place in the hearts of Bethany's sons and daughters for Old Phillip's Hall.

A Smoke-Out in Bethany

IT was a dark, gloomy evening. The chill November wind howled through the branches overhead, and flittering here and there across the arches of the sky, could be seen a few stray snowflakes, the first messengers of approaching winter.

A group of boys had gathered on a dark street corner, and were discussing the various questions that had arisen in prayer-meeting, from which they were just now returning.

"Excuse me from changing the subject boys," said one of the group, "but what shall we do to-night? I'd like to do something thrilling, something that would make our blood boil."

"All right," returned another, "just come up to my room where we will not be annoyed, and we will talk the matter over. I think that would be great."

Only a few minutes had passed until they were all comfortably seated around a glowing fire.

"Now to business boys," said Stroth, "what shall we do?"

"Suppose we get one of Owen's horses and paint it green and white," said Norman; "horses can be loyal to the college as well as students."

"Why not give the Dorm, boys an old-fashioned smoke-out, one that they will remember for awhile? I am sure they would appreciate our kindness, for I know that they would not want to go home Holidays, without first having had the experience of an old Bethany smoke-out. Here, Flave, what do you say? you are the only Dorm, boy in the crowd. Are you with us?"

"Well yes, boys," answered Flave, "I'd do most anything reasonable, providing I could see my way through. I don't exactly like the idea of being a Benedict Arnold, but I wouldn't mind that so much if I could only think of some way to get into my room afterward, without waking my room-mate. You know if he found out that I had been a traitor, there would be trouble in the camp."

"I see a way out of that all right," said Stroth, "just come down here and bunk with me to-night. He will not suspect anything."

"All right," returned Flave, "that's what I shall do. But what about Prof.'s dog? It is almost impossible to get in there without him raising a disturbance. We will have to dispose of him somehow. We might steal him and bring him down town somewhere, if we had any place to put him."

"You may bring him to my room and I will give him the best

seat in the parlor," said Slem, "but for my part, I don't care for the fun of stealing him."

"All right, boys," replied Stroth, "you fellows get the buckets and pepper, and Flave and I will get rid of Duke."

"Well now," said Flave, when they had reached the Dormitory, "we are here, but how are we going to get the dog?"

"Can't we toll him out?" inquired Stroth.

"No," replied Flave, "I'm afraid not. Mack can always tell when anyone bothers his dog. However, you stay here, and I will go in and see what I can do."

In a moment he was gone, but soon reappeared at the door, dragging Duke by the collar. This was drawn so tight around the poor dog's neck that he did not have a chance to give the alarm, although he tried hard to do so.

"Give him to me," said Stroth, "I'll carry him."

No sooner had he said this than away he went, bearing the faithful watch-dog in his arms. Flave tried hard to keep up with him, but arrived at Slem's just in time to see the animal placed securely in the back room. After everything had been prepared for the final blow, they all retired to rest until the proper time should come for the attack.

It was early morning. The old clock in the college tower had just peeled out the hour of two. Scarcely had the echoes died away, when five boys, each carrying a pail of live coals and a bag of pepper, glided out of the door of the little dwelling and hastened their steps towards the boys' Dormitory. Each one knew exactly what he was to do, and they wasted no words in unnecessary conversation. Cautiously they entered the back door, pausing momentarily to listen, lest someone should discover them, and foil their well-laid schemes. They soon stationed the buckets in the best possible places, sprinkled the pepper on the live coals, and then made a run for the open field to wait the result. They had not long to wait. Soon a light was seen in one of the rooms, then in another. Bang! went a window. Bang! Bang! Everybody seemed to be getting warm at the same time, and wanting fresh air.

"Surely Cotton must be trying himself at the furnace tonight," laughingly remarked Flave, "he doesn't generally keep the Dorm this hot."

"Perhaps it is necessary tonight," replied Norman, "it seems as though they must all be taking fresh cold from the way they sneeze."

"Yes," chimed in Slem, "they cough like they might have consumption, perhaps he is trying to give them a sweat."

When the sport had been enjoyed long enough, they shook hands all round, pledged themselves to secrecy, and dispersed to their different rooms to enjoy the rest of the night in sleep.

FLAVE.

A Night in the Study Class as Seen by a Member

JUST as the old historic clock was booming out the hour of seven P. M., a small but studious crowd assembled in the commercial room to increase their knowledge. The class was called to order by our beloved tutor, Mr. Jameson. But this order did not last long. The silence was broken by Sanner, better known as "Joe Gans," on account of his fighting qualities, who commenced to rap violently on the table with his fist, and suddenly exclaimed: "Mr. Jameson! Mr. Jameson! will you please come here." "Whereupon "Josie" had our tutor assist him out of his nightly intellectual swamp. In the meantime bedlam and confusion reigned supreme among the rest of the class. McMullen and Merryman amused themselves by throwing chalk at Evans and Downing, our two most studious members, until Merryman unfortunately took bad aim and hit the frowning visage of Mr. Jameson, causing great denunciation to fall upon the head of the unfortunate chalk slinger. After this little incident a quiet half-hour ensued. This silence was due to the fact that Hill and Sanner amused themselves by reading some of our most popular weekly magazines, such as "Happy Day," "Tip Top Weekly" and others. At eight o'clock Mr. Jameson allowed us ten minutes intermission to get a drink, smoke a cigarette, or anything else that we might wish to do, and he also made the following amendment to the constitution: "The door of this study class will be locked at ten minutes after eight, and any member who is not here by that time will not be admitted to the said study class until he makes arrangement with the President." But Hill, the schemer, quietly slipped the key into his pocket as he made his exit, and when he returned at half past eight, he was promptly asked by Mr. Jameson if he had seen anything of the missing key. He declared that he had not, and suggested that that key might be found on the floor, near the door, where he had quietly placed it when Mr. Jameson wasn't looking. After a diligent search the key was found, and restored to its usual place. At about fifteen minutes of nine we were favored by a visit from Prof. McEvoy, who cautioned us for the twentieth time not to use the typewriters. After this visit a ten minute conversation ensued, and at last to our relief the clock tolled the hour of departure and we wearily went to our well earned repose.

FREDERICK McMULLEN.

Our Fire

THE old historic clock had struck the hour of one. The night was intensely dark and still save for the faint moaning of the wind. Any one awake in Phillip's Hall could have heard, had they listened, other sounds than that of the wind, they could have heard the crackling, fear-awakening noises of fire.

Somewhere on the second floor a tiny clock struck the half hour. Then came sudden alarms, quick hurrying to and fro, lights, and the noise of opening and shutting doors.

The faint murmur grew and grew, the girls came rushing out of their rooms in the halls. They asked in frightened whispers: "What is it! Oh what is the matter?" Some one cried "Fire! Fire! the whole second floor is burning."

Only one more whiff of the penetrating smoke and one glance out of a side window at the great column of flames pouring from the second story windows was needed to confirm this answer.

Then began the heroic fight of the hall girls, and their one brave assistant. Anything that could be utilized to carry water in, was seized. One fluffy, yellow haired girl enthused with the desire to join the throng of water carriers and unable to find a bucket, rushed wildly to her room and returned with a splint basket carefully lined with oil paper. In this she undertook to carry water.

Meanwhile on the other floors singular things were happening. One girl called to those passing her door and excitedly asked them to please help her throw a mattress out of the window. She explained that it would be so springy to jump upon. Another girl wandered disconsolately about the hall, clad in an extremely short skirt, fancy lace waist, with brilliant red blanket thrown across one shoulder. Indian fashion, she carried a poorly packed suit case, from which various articles of attire were dropping. Following her was a girl clad in a blue waist, green skirt, and black plumed hat. In this picturesque garb, this suit of many colors which rivaled the brilliancy of Solomon's attire she accosted the water-carriers and hysterically begged them to please take her for a walk on the campus.

During this exciting time a number of the hall girls hurried over to call the Dorm boys to assist in putting the fire out. They ran up and down the hall of the Dorm and pounded with vigor upon the doors. One auburn haired girl wanted to go up to the second floor and had to be held back by force. But soon by the aid of a Prof., a few boys, and faithful water-carriers the fire was extinguished, and by three o'clock all were peacefully sleeping.

Miscellaneous

One morning after walking a long time with Miss Fetty, Smail was heard singing, "I am satisfied."

Prof. J. to Tike, who is collecting laundry bill.—"I,—I haven't the change now Tike."

Tike—"Dat's all right, dat's all right, I git it next time."

Prof. J.—"But suppose I should die?"

Tike—"Dat's all right, dat's all right."

Underwood's revival sermon—"Bounded on the North by the Aurora Borealis, on the East by primeval chaos, on the South by the Procession of the Equinoxes, and on the West by the Judgment Day.

What would it have been had he not been sick?

One o'clock Hebrew class—Prof. W.—"Mr. Potter, you may read the next sentence." Potter remains silence and continues to dream.

Prof. W., (looking over his glasses)—"Wake up slowly."

Miss Fetty expected to remain and take some work in the Summer school, but recently discovered that she will have enough credits to graduate next year without this work. While Smail, only a few weeks ago, declared it would be absolutely necessary for him to remain in summer school, he seems to think now that he has credits enough.

Prof. J.—"Mr. Underwood, what is a quadruped?"

Underwood—"I don't know, professor."

Prof. J.—"Is an elephant a quadruped?"

Underwood—"I don't think it is, professor."

Prof. J.—"Why isn't it?"

Underwood—"Because it has a trunk."

Duty in Economics class:

"Professor, does the government pay the railroads anything for carrying the mail?"

It is reported that Miss Mabel Mercer has added to her collection of pictures, Pope Pius.

Prof. W.—"Miss Smith, you may read your outline."

Miss S.—Reads the outline which is rather short.

Prof. W.—"Why, you are short and sweet aren't you."

It is told of McCleary, that one day while waiting for a car in Wheeling, he stepped into the Art store to feast his hungry eyes for a few moments. In turning around his elbow struck an object which apparently fell from the counter. He hastily caught at it, but only touched it as it seemed to fall behind him. Again he madly grabbed

in that direction and this time succeeded in catching the object which to his astonishment and embarrassment proved to be the head of a lady who was trying to keep out of the reach of his warm embrace.

We can imagine the expression of his face as he was seen a few moments later leaving the city on a limited car.

Ritenour—"I wonder if this isn't Miss Lee's first case. I am sure it is the first one for Ice."

Manly in International Law, while trying to arrange a time for the class to recite—"How about the forenoon, professor, are you full all morning?"

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand."—Mabel Mercer.

Miss Orrison and Mr. Cook, casting shy glasses and giggling. Prof. catches them and remarks: "Tell us the joke." Each becoming very much embarrassed blush exceedingly and refuse to speak.

Prof.—"There must be something between you."

Some of the girls would like to know what happened to Smith's alarm clock on the morning of March 8.

How "Bos" rules the college: "Bos" rules his mother; his mother rules his father; his father rules by unanimous decision.

It is reported that Lane is likely to become a socialist. Since it is very difficult to get Mr. Lane to express his views along this line, we cannot say definitely. However, if it is true we presume he has disposed of his pigs.

Mrs. Main is advertising for a bottle of Maple Syrup which mysteriously disappeared. Possibly the girls at Phillip's Hall know something of it.

Prof. W. in Physiology class—"If I stood on my head the blood as you know would run into it and I should turn red in the face. "Now Ely, what I want to know is this; how it is that while I am standing in the ordinary position the blood doesn't run to my feet and turn them red?"

Ely E—"Why sir, because your feet ain't empty."

Miss J. to Mr. C. at dinner table—"Mr. Cotton you are just like my brother."

Beason in Greek—"Cyrus having cut off the heads of the enemy he then killed them."

Johnson in Greek—"This optimist mood is the hardest thing I ever struck."

Cadwell in Cicero—"And Cataline left the city, carrying his wife with him."

McEvoy in Virgil—"Aeneas left the burning city, his little son holding his hand, stepping in his tracks, and his wife following at a distance on a pony."

"When a 'Dunn' comes to the hall some people begin to shift."

Finley to Prof. McEvoy—"I am going to get married and settle down."

Prof.—"You had better stay single and settle up."

Miss Kleeberger to Prof. Bourne—"I'll just tell you there are some thoughts in my commencement oration so deep and so well connected that it would take a 'Smith' to draw them out."

Miss Poole to Mr. Young—"I want you to quit playing 'swiss' or whatever you call it, sir."

Mr. Young—"To be sure if you will allow me to play Poole."

J. D. Pasco is a longfellow, but no poet.

Smail is not quite so slow as a snail.

Miss Marshall—"Oh my, Helen! I cannot solve that riddle, so I'll just 'pitch' it aside."

Miss Johnson has a new pet—a Kangaroo.

Miss Kleeberger did her "Duty."

Prof. W. in Economics—"Mr. Duty, can you recite on that topic?"

Duty—"No professor, I can't make that 'clear.'"

Prof. W.—"Miss Kleeberger, can you make that clear to Mr. Duty?"

Miss K.—"No professor it is impossible."

Prof. W.—"Too bad you can't help one so near to you."

Doley to McLoed in Neotrophian Literary Society—"Our musician's shoes need polishing—but that doesn't make any difference because the music comes from their souls."

Why did John Haverfield get sick after going on biz? Possibly Miss Corwin can answer this.

Ask the girls at the Hall about the gentleman caller at their rooms on the night of March 12.

McMullen—"If that old historic clock continues to run at the present rate, commencement will come on May 21 this year."

Ask Miss Orrison when the roses bloom.

The following is a partial list of those who saw us personally, and by paying the amount of money opposite their names secured our promise not to roast them.

President T. E. Cramblet, \$327.49 to be used for the benefit of a minstrel sometime during the next school year.

Prof. Taylor, \$213.27, to be used as the beginning of a library fund to build three libraries; one in Iona, Mich., one in Chicago, and one in Kentucky.

Prof. Johnson, \$49.60, to aid some worthy student in Yale.

Prof. Workman, \$150, to be used as the committee sees fit.

Prof. McEvoy, \$27, to purchase pepper for "smoke-out."

Prof. A. C. Pendleton, \$339.45 $\frac{3}{4}$, to establish a German school of decorum for the purpose of training members of Faculty to sit as becomes ladies and gentlemen.

Prof. McDairmid, 23 cents, as a permanent fund to be used at the "unanimous decision of the Faculty," to repair Pres.'s driving harness.

Miss Ellis, \$1,000 to erect a stable for the much abused college "pony."

Miss Kitridge, 15 cents, to build a reception room for her art department. Suggested by Mr. Filson.

Mrs. Bourne, \$500.00, to help some one take a trip across the ocean for broader culture.

Prof. Rollands, 10 cents, for voice culture.

Prof. Neff, \$75, to be used in buying tickets home, by all poor souls "flunking" in his department.

Prof. Wynne, 5 cents, to be used for purchasing suitable, up-to-date joke books.

Prof. Moos, 3 cents, to furnish expensive music for his pupils.



COLLECIAN STAFF.

**Our
Advertisers**

FOR SALE

President Cramblet's Old Historic Cow

For various reasons it has become necessary to part with one of Bethany's most noted relics, a progenitor of the bovine tribe, "Bossie." The aforesaid "Bossie" is well known throughout the dairy circles, and centers of this state. During three months of the year her milk is guaranteed to be absolutely pure and wholesome for children, for during that season water is too cold to be applied to the milk for fear of putting the butter on cold storage.

Her personal appearance is most attractive. She wears a beautiful coat of black fur tinged here and there with pretty patches of brown. Her head is the crowning feature of her physical make-up. She is open-faced, bearing marks of a conscientious critter. Her eyes are of a dark blue at all times, casting sympathetic glances toward those who own her. Her horns are long and have a graceful curve toward the North star.

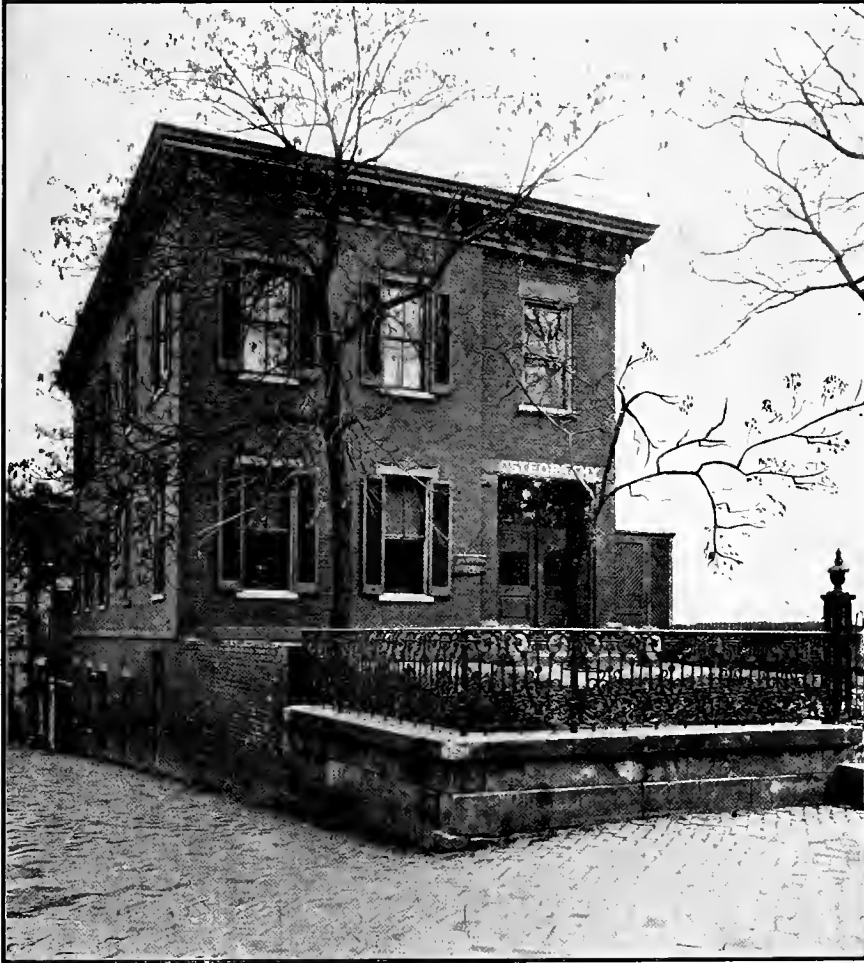
These aforesaid horns have proved very useful for hanging clothes upon.

Anyone wishing to purchase this undying proof of Bethany's historicity, either for her milk, a thing of beauty, or to use her horns for a clothes rack may see her at any hour of the day as she feeds on the hillside north of the college campus.

The President urges upon all, whether prospective buyers or not, to pay a visit to the hillside and note the excellent qualities of this cow.

Conditions of Sale

Ten per cent off for cash. Fifty cents addition for each day late after this appears.



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Would make acceptable meat for Phillip's Hall. Prof. Taylor takes great pleasure in showing these shoats. Give him a call.

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WANTED

A few more hogs—Mrs. Stockdale.
Something more to do—John Underwood.
Some new dictionary—Hess Willard.
Someone with whom to go on biz after June 1st—Miss Orrison,
Miss Anna Smith, George McClary and Harold Cramblet.
A place to preach—Worth Yancey.
A home—Chas. Filson.
A college like Richmond—Ritenour.
A young man just like my brother—Maud Johnston.
A sweetheart—Miss Kemp.
A fake biz note—Miss Gatts.
Some one to look after Effie next year—Jerry Weaver.
A new biz case for next year—C. M. Smail.
A good book on College ethics—Joe Finley.
One more look into her dreamy eyes—L. W. Barclay.
Some more onions—C. H. Hood.
A few more pictures—Jas. McLeod.
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S. E. C. Table

SITUATED due West of the Biz table in the Phillip's Hall dining room and near the door, through which comes tri-daily, our potatoes, syrup, bread, and oleo; is a mysterious table known as the "S. E. C." table. Its members consist of one professor, two students—almost married one sophomore girl, who is always looking forlorn, two Smiths, and a Jones—who boasts of having poor relatives in every community on the face of the globe, a Junior brother dearly beloved by our President, and noted by the S. E. C.'s for his many jokes, a tall slender sophomore brother, and last, but not least, a Senior sister, who never broke a biz rule.

This name was given to this club in the chilly days of February, when on account of an unanimous desire on the part of all at this table, to break the monotony of College Board. A supper at the Craft House was planned for. One can imagine the happy faces of this group as we left Phillip's Hall, on this memorable evening, having pre-arranged for the feast, and prepared ourselves to do justice to such a sumptuous supper. An unusual amount of fun, jokes being interspersed and laughter kept up throughout the hour. Feeling that this group of students were so exceptionally congenial for College people in a public dining room, the members decided to organize themselves into a secret club. This was done, and the sign having been decided upon, the name chosen was "S. E. C." Surely if the other Phillip's Hall boarders had been present at this supper, they would have had no trouble in guessing this mysterious, yet appropriate name, as well as some of the other secrets of the club.

During the year, we have had some distinguished visitors, among whom were Misses Curtis and Jefferson, weekly visitors from West Liberty, Miss Coen, of Wheeling and Mr. Smail, who lamented continually because he couldn't be at table No. 1. We suspicioned that there is some attraction for him. And when we noticed the waiter from that table, bringing notes to our visitor marked *personal*, and see his face turn crimson as he read them, we understand Cupid is near. Miss Gatts visited our table one day and Mr. Hanes lost his loyalty for "S. E. C." Can some kind spirit tell us why? We were sorry to have Mrs. Bourne absent from our table on account of illness, but rejoice that she is able to be with us again, and is enjoying the happy association of our Circle.

There is one very queer thing we would like to have answered: Why does Charlie Filson sit and gaze into space and be so meditative on the first warm days of Spring?

"Perry you are late this morning."

Cheer up, Mavis, May will soon be here.

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Jessie Smith and Mr. McClary—members of the sweet pickle society.

Charlie Filson—"Pass the salt please."

Mr. Hanes—After the reformation—"No coffee for me, thank you."

Effie Bishoff—Perfectly contented and satisfied; some kind father has pre-arranged it so.

Why won't Mr. Jones stop drinking coffee? Ask any S. E. C.

"Mr. Bamborough, may I have my third cup of coffee, please," Mavis,—Anne.

Charley—"Who day dreams?"

George—"Who plays philopeno?"

Mrs. Bourne, after spilling contents of the plate of beets on the table cover—"Oh! Pshaw! The thing was too full any way."

Mr. Bamborough—"There is no more, I am pretty sure, I'll see. I'm sorry."

Miss Orrison, full of cheer, who plans for nice things—Special feast and etc.

Eunice, melancholy—"Well! no, things are not like they used to be."

It will be a sad time when S. E. C.'s shall have eaten their last meal together at the old S. E. C. table. We are no longer like the child who has planted a flower and continually digs it up to see if it is still growing. Our friendship is like the oak of the forest—tried and strong. We may forget much we have learned of Latin and German, but, when the cold world makes us chilly with her storm and hail we shall not forget to stretch out our hands of friendship and warm them by the radiant heat of cherished memories. We shall be as constant as the Stars, Eternal Celestial. As the Constellation Orion is held together by an unchangeable law, so shall S. E. C. be united by best wishes and an untired friendship. So to thee, Jessie, Effie, Mrs. Bourne, Mavis, Charley, Ardenne, Eunice, Perry, Anne, and Mr. Bamborough, farewell!

Written by two Members.

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Biz Center

No doubt the most attractive table in the dining room of Phillips Hall is the one known as Biz Center. It is not known whence came this name, but it is very suitable. Nowhere in the room is there such a display of affinity between the young men and the fairer sex, and all who gather round the festal board in that section of the room seem supremely happy.

This table is ably waited upon by Blue Ribbon Johnson, who smiling gracefully bears the many delicacies from the kitchen to the hungry ones at Biz Center.



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Joe Finlay and Miss Naufseur are an exceedingly interesting pair, as their beaming countenances smile upon each other. When Joe appears at the table and finds his fair friend not present he wears a sad expression, as though he were saying, "Alice, where art thou?" When she is present, however, Joe's face beams with smiles.

Mr. Martin and Miss McDowell are also very remarkable. Their conversations are not often heard by those around, but they are usually lengthy, sometimes extending beyond the limited meal time.

Will Young always spends the meal hour in animated conversation with Miss Elliot, and when someone dares ask for bread, butter, etc., Will never hears, but is so absorbed that his ears are closed. As a result of this negligent conduct many hunger and thirst. It seems that Miss Elliot may yet become *Young*.

Miss Vaiden seems not to have any particular friend at this table, yet often the quiet, timid, smiling Goff D. Ramsey often steals a glance at her from the corner of his eye. That glance seems to say that he would welcome a conversation with Miss Vaiden.

George Vaiden and Miss Gray have been a happy couple, but, sad to relate, Miss Gray's lot has been made almost unbearable by the departure of George for his home.

These make up the "bizites" at this table, but there yet remains one individual, A. H. Jordan, who sits all alone at the end of the table, seemingly sadly dejected, and our sympathies go out to him.

We all feel proud of "Biz Center," and hope the people who assemble around that table may enjoy all their life at Phillips' Hall. The watchword of "Biz Center" seems to be "Give me biz, or give me death."

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“Needmore”

“NEEDMORE” is located just southwest of “Biz Center.” This is composed of individuals from almost every clime. Occupying one side of this “Oasis” among Uncle Sam’s sons and daughters, may be seen one who hails from far away Bulgaria—the indispensible “Poole Carrion,” who has been dubbed the “trusty” by the hall girls. Seated just opposite this foreign son we notice the “Barber” who never shaved any one for fear of cutting his own throat, and whose “first word was his noblest.”

Then at the north end of “Needmore” is seen Mr. McCloud, a gray haired sire whose only hope is that he may taste of “Carmel—S—Sweet” before old age shall cease to fleet.

Facing this venerable aspirant may be seen Miss Kittredge, the art—ful one, who swings the sceptre of discipline over the other nineteen. Seated among these four we behold the crafty Yankee of the North, and the soft eyed Southerners of the South. Many wonderful things happen at “Needmore.”

During a meal all we “need” is a little “more.”

All seated. Miss Kittredge calls for the butter, spreads a little on her bread, takes a bite, raises her eyes, casts one long lonesome glance over “Biz Center” at Charley, turns to Mr. Rowlands and says, only, only *seven* more weeks until commencement—“excuse me please.” Then the fun begins.

Mr. Cotton opens up by giving Miss Johnston the following problem: If a Kangaroo leaps four feet at a jump and slips back one and one-half feet, in how many jumps would it take a real short-legged one to come from the old Campbell homestead to Phillips Hall. Miss Johnston—Now I understand what you mean. You are just exactly like my brother, I just know what you are going to say every time.

At this moment Jerry catches a vision of Effie as she glides through the door. Throwing two good sized potatoes and a piece of pie in his mouth, accompanied by a glass of water, he immediately makes his exit. The echo of his footsteps is caught up by the voice of Mr. Rowlands saying that the only thing that holds him at “Needmore” so long each meal is the musical voice “Fiz” Robinson calling for the syrup. Silence reigns for a short while, but is broken by Paul, who tries to

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tell us that over in Bulgaria it is customary for the girls to go and take the boys to—. But is interrupted by Miss Poole, who says, well, that's where I am going. Then Paul beaming over the table, says, you vont haf to go neer tat far Miss Poole. Jackson smiles. Miss Poole gasps for her breath, Miss Johnston exclaims what is that they are saying about me? I didn't catch it, but McMullen, the practical joker, did. And everybody in the dining room knows it, for he gives vent to his feelings in fits of spasmodic laughter that would sliver the heart of a hollow log.

The meal is about over, few are left surrounding "Needmore." Our waiter, Mr. Tra—te Harbaugh, the pessimist, strides around the table with a kingly bearing, takes one scrutinizing glance at each remaining couple, begins to jerk the now deserted chairs from under the table. Those who are still seated immediately vacate, leaving with the pleasant hope of returning, and feeling better for having been there.

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Not Enough

IN THE sea of Hunger there is a long narrow island called Satiety. It is bounded on the north by narrow straits, on the east by realms of Classic lore, on the south by Biz Center and on the west by dissatisfaction.

In sight is a harbor where shipwrecked "Weavers" hove round.

This island is inhabited by a colony of jolly mariners, thrown on the shore at various times by the adverse storms of fate. And the natives have become very kind owing to the influence of a modern missionary.

Here shelter is provided in the kindly shadow of Mt. Hood, and at the Rittenour each day, they gather with Hallowhan around the festal board, to nourish their bodies and refresh their souls with bread and laughter.

In this pleasant spot the Myrtles twine and the Maybell droops its head, while all in Happie's band revel in the sports of the Marryman and the music of Cornett's. King James and Queen Catherine reign peacefully together in this prosperous age of Elizabeth the II.

The people are very industrious. At present the Carpenter is busily engaged in erecting from the tall Shunnate, which grows on the northern shore, a cold storage for Pickles. Here Ethel Corwin is heard knocking and calling for Pickle, and there always is Mor (ley).

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Greek Table

BREAKFAST at Miss Ellis' table, 450° N. from the biz table, is poorly attended. The young ladies frequently absent themselves, purposely and otherwise, and Mr. T. N. Smith mostly otherwise. "Too late, no more coffee now," is his usual greeting. Not so with his old comrade, "Bob," Mr. Robert Young, a very busy man. His schedule is full and he realizes the need of three meals a day to keep up his vitality. Occasionally his chair is vacant at supper and he tells us next morning how he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion and slept the sleep of the just. Every one has his favorite dish. Mr. Protzman eats pickles with a vengeance. (What a sign!) Mr. Smith has a great fondness for syrup, and regularly indulges in onions unless it is Sunday evening when Miss Kleeberger doesn't. With all Mr. Beeson's desire for eggs, when he can't get one, he sweetly suggests, "Let's eat all the bread." Miss Cooper is a new comer and she has so charmed Mr. Beeson that he says a word now and then. There is some kind of wireless telegraph going on between Miss Kemp and Mr. Eales, for they often burst out laughing from no visible cause. Mr. Eales has been known to even leave the table at such times. Great discussions often come up, going all the way from the race question to the latest news from the student body. These are ended by a gentle nod from Zens, giving permission to go.

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The Pride of the Bunch

TWELVE thirty and the dinner bell is heard calling the school boys and girls to the room set apart for the serving of delectables prepared by "Archie" in the room at the rear, commonly known as the kitchen.

It is to the table you first approach upon entering, that I call your attention.

We feel that any elucidation, demarcation, or specific codification of regulation for table etiquette heretofore laid down either in prose or poetry, epic or lyric, equivocal or unequivocal, to be utterly inadequate to meet the demand. And in consequence of unlimited experience and vociferous erudition, and to relieve the members of other tables from indigestion and intimidation, we shall proceed to enumerate some general maxims adapted to all conceivable occasions by the persons seated at this table.

"Fleet" Bagley is kept busy trying to fill the enormous capacities with something, nothing, 'tis here, 'tis gone, and the poor boy makes as many as twenty different journeys to the kitchen in search of would-be food, and returns each time with empty shadows, sitting like ghosts, to drive the boys and girls from the hungry table.

"Bennie" Colborn never makes two bites out of a biscuit.

"Grinny" Evans pours tea and coffee into his saucer and lowering his head, sips it so as to avoid the rattle of spoons.

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"Ted" Pritts puts her elbows on the table in order to inconvenience her neighbor, "Grinny."

"Jarrett" grasps his pie firmly with both hands and deliberately draws himself over to it.

"Riddle" Roddell chews with his front teeth and always conducts conversations with an empty (?) mouth.

"Hess" Willard has had such thorough practice with the sword and mistakes his knife for same and always forgets the presence of his fork.

"Bugs" Anderson was not *long* enough to last.

Misses Leonard and Huston also dine at this table. "Nuf ced."

"Bashful" Blair had the unpleasant task of quietly removing from the lemon sauce what he supposed to be some one's fishing line, but upon investigation by himself and others, found it to be only a golden tress from a fairy's brow set free.

"Toots" Cavender is the greatest curiosity and monstrosity at the table.

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The Table of Freaks

THIS most interesting of all tables occupies the part of the room nearest the kitchen and S. W. from the "Biz." table. Its position is determined largely by the appetites of the hilarious buich—which creates a family daily in the larder—that flank its sides.

Our waiter is Mr. Caldwell, a prime favorite, and in great demand because he was never known to serve soup with whiskers on the side.

The presiding genius is Mr. Long, who loves base ball and biscuits. His capacity for the latter is only exceeded by his speed in the former. His favorite song is: "The Girl That I Left Behind" in "A Flat."

On either side of the table are the near-giants, Pascoe and Bradford. They are a series of surprises and mirth manufacturers. The way Pascoe's hand can steal along the cover and purloin the dessert from Mr. Long is always encored by the five or six of us by whom the hand passes.

Mr. Pascoe doesn't laugh like other folks. He isn't built that way. The top of his head turns back on a hinge and when out of the way, the laugh comes gurgling up in staccattos, which resemble the sonorous tones of a broken caliope. All mastication by the entire body of diners is suspended during these bursts of feeling.

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Mr. Bradford deserves notice also. His penchant is toward milk and the way he covers his dessert with the lacteal fluid always insures him a "steady job" while moving it. Mr. Bradford is also troubled with a peculiar notion that maybe sometime he will get enough to eat and to encourage himself as much as possible, always fills his pockets with biscuits from the pantry and draws upon them to the envy of the rest of us—when the general supply is exhausted.

Mr. Ice is located at the extreme west end of the table. Near him is chained the Oleo for obvious reasons. When we, at the other end of the table, wish it up our way, Mr. Ice removes the chain and as it wanders into a warmer climate, each man takes a slash at it. After it appears on the table seven or eight times, it becomes very knowing and resents familiarities, by traveling incog and hiding in pie pastry and corn cakes.

Space forbids us to even mention the remainder of the eighteen lusty youths who surround this festal board, but suffice to say they are always found to be hilarious, hungry and happy.

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My Dearest Motherkin:

Oh, dear! There is so *terribly* much to tell, I hardly know how to begin. Maybe if I start with the trip I can do better, but I'm just *dying* to start to right in the middle and tell about the girls—and boys. There are some perfectly *sweet* boys here—one called Roy—Miller I think his last name is. He has the dearest black curly hair, and his eyes get so soft when he looks at you! My heart just *throbs* when I talk to him! But I **MUST** get back to where I want to begin!

You know you told me it was going to rain? Well, I came straight off and forgot my umbrella, so when I first noticed the car windows were all splashed, I was so disgusted with the weather and everything I almost came getting off the train and going back home. But there was a bride and groom in the chairs in front of me, and I got so interested in watching them I forgot all about my troubles, and, you know, I think it would be perfectly *grand* to be a bride! Well, I was so engrossed in watching them (the bride and groom, I mean) that I never noticed how the man across the aisle was staring until he spoke to me. I was so angry, and I just gave him my haughtiest stare and never pretended to hear him! And oh, he was **SO** fine looking! But, of course, I know it won't do to speak to men on the train, and the girls would be horribly shocked, so I took no notice of him at all; but I could see he kept on watching me all of the time. Well, that was adventure number one. Number two began at Wellsburg, and it was

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perfectly *de-lightful!* I said it was raining. Well, at the station at Wellsburg (that's the little town where everything ends) I was standing there helplessly looking at my trunk check—for in spite of all father's directions—I hadn't an idea in the world what to do with it—when up comes the swellest fellow, and takes off his hat and says: "Are you Miss So and So, going to Bethany?"

Well, of course, I *wasn't*, but I *was* going to Bethany, so I told him, and I suppose he saw how ignorant I was, because he asked me if he might help me. Said that was the last train until morning and the young lady he was expecting hadn't come, so would I not give him the very great pleasure of my company? He had a buggy and so on and so forth. I was only too delighted because Wellsburg isn't a very prepossessing town, and Mr. McCleary (that was his name) was a *very* prepossessing young man!

I will not tell you about our drive, only it was lovely, and we became quite good friends. He is from *Washington*, mother mine, and knows all sorts of senators and things!

We got into Bethany at nine o'clock, and I was so tired and sleepy I could hardly thank him properly when he helped me out at the door. The interval when I had to sit in the parlor and wait for the Dean seemed like a thousand years, and when she finally came, I hardly noticed her I was so busy staying awake while someone prepared my room.

But the next morning—that was Sunday—to-day—about eight

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o'clock, somebody knocked on my door and asked if I were up. Well, I had been sitting looking out of my window for an hour, because I hadn't any idea where to go and I was so charmed I ran quick and opened the door. It was a tall, blonde girl, with her hair parted on the side and a black and white percale shirt-waist suit (very simply made with the Peter Pan collar and cuffs and a sailor tie), who stood in the door, and she held out her hand in the friendliest way imaginable, and said, "My name is Orrison"—just like that. I gave her my hand and told her my name was Smith, which, of course, wasn't telling much, but she seemed satisfied and came right in.

The girls here are just lovely, but they don't give you a minute's time to catch your breath. Actually I have not rested for a moment since this morning. It's go, go, go, every minute and my feet ache so I am afraid I can't wear my new shoes. They are dreadfully tight, but the man who sold them to me said they would be all right after I had worn them a little. I went to church with Miss Orrison this morning and a Miss Cavendish (I'm not certain about that name), took me down to call on a Mrs. Main this afternoon. Miss C. has perfectly *stunning* clothes! She is the swellest girl I've seen. Her hat is a great, big, droopy, plummy, horse-hair braid affair, and the most becoming thing you ever saw! I tried it on, but it isn't my style at all.

Mrs. Main has a daughter and two sons, and there were about a

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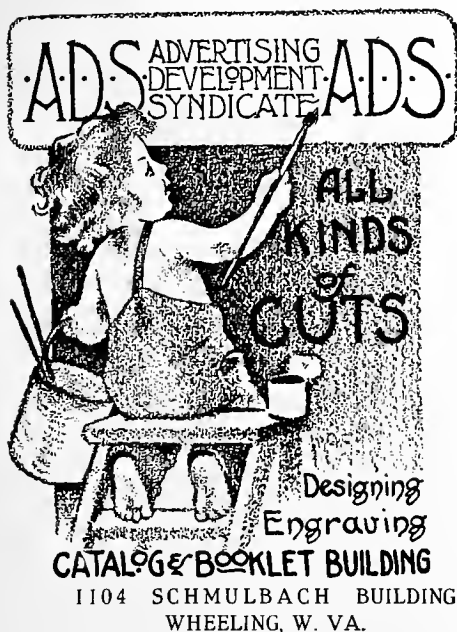
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dozen other boys on the porch when we were there. There were some other girls, too, but of course I didn't notice them much. The boys were awfully good looking—except one, a Mr. Warren (Miss Cavendish's friend), but he is so *distinguished* looking.

I went to church this evening with a crowd of girls, who were all just lovely to me, and I met some more boys. I wonder if any of them will like me? I like them all so well I'm afraid I would find it hard to choose between them. I wore my new suit and all the girls were very enthusiastic about it. I suppose they do that way with every one, though.

I forgot to tell you about Miss Main's dress. It was perfectly *beautiful*. It is sheer white organdy over white silk, and the skirt is shirred into a low Princess. The whole hem, and six inches above the hem is hand-embroidered, and the waist is made with a square neck, embroidered all the way around, and a hundred of the tiniest pin tucks all underneath that. Then the blouse is embroidered elaborately, and the tiny baby sleeves are, too. It is the prettiest thing you ever saw, and I was just sick with envy when I saw it. Maybe this description will help you to plan my new one. The prettiest thing about

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this one is it is so *simple*. I do love to see a dress made *simply*—the simpler the better!

Well, the lights go off at eleven, and my watch says ten minutes till, so I must close. I will write again soon—there are such *loads* to tell. I send my love to all, and don't tell Tom I wrote to you. I promised to write to him the minute I arrived, and I just haven't had the time.

Well, good night. I'm so tired and so pleased with everything except the hills. I never *could* bear to climb hills! It may not be so bad if I have some nice boy to help me. Say! a funny thing I forgot to mention was that the boys here hold on to their girls' arm. Isn't that queer? They told me it was a Bethany custom. I kind of like it—if only I knew what to do with my hands! I'm going to ask some of the girls how they do. Well, I must close. Love to all, and write soon to your loving daughter,
ANNA SMITH.

P. S.—Don't dare tell Tom I mentioned any boys. He's that frightfully jealous, you have to be *so* careful what you tell him!

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