

MURMURMONTIS

1905



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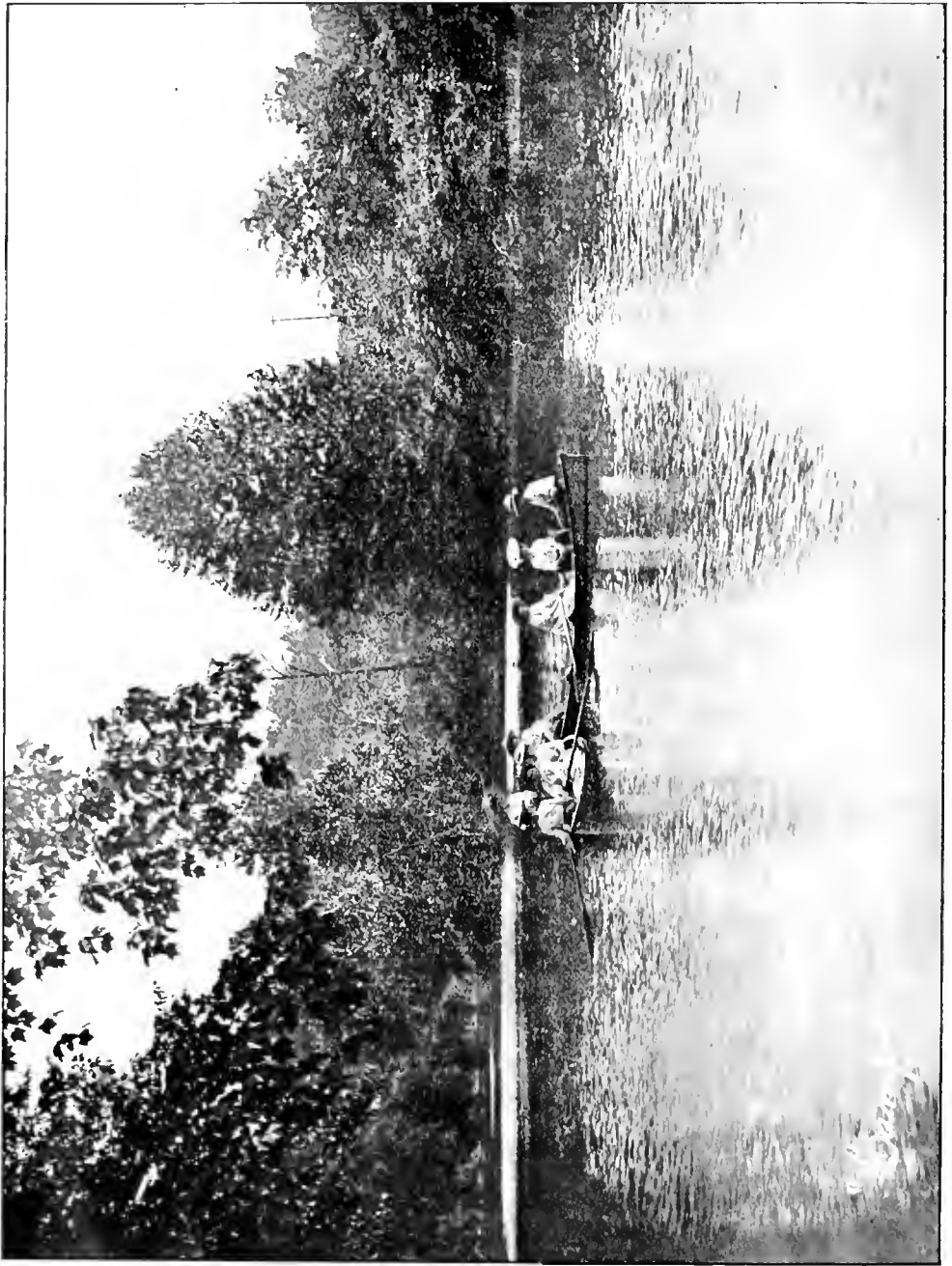
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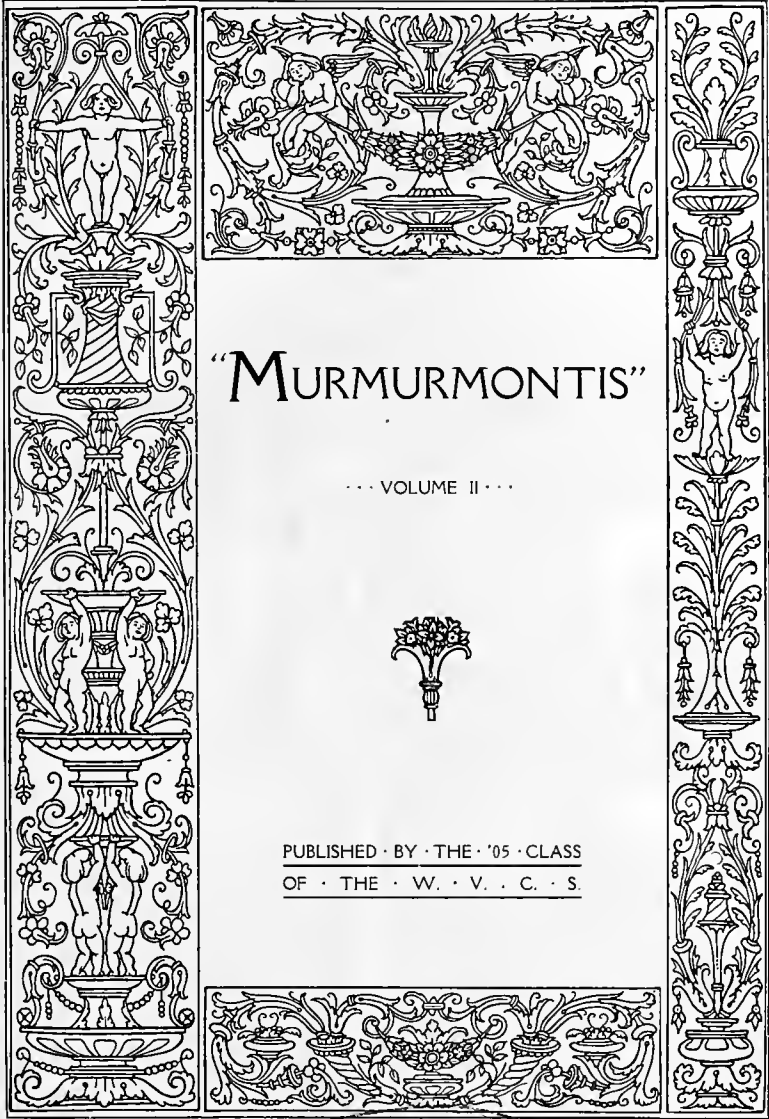
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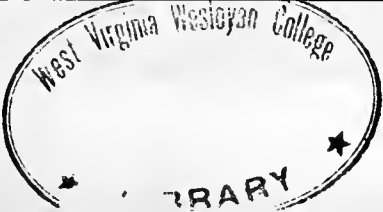


"MURMURMONTIS"

... VOLUME II ...



PUBLISHED BY THE '05 CLASS
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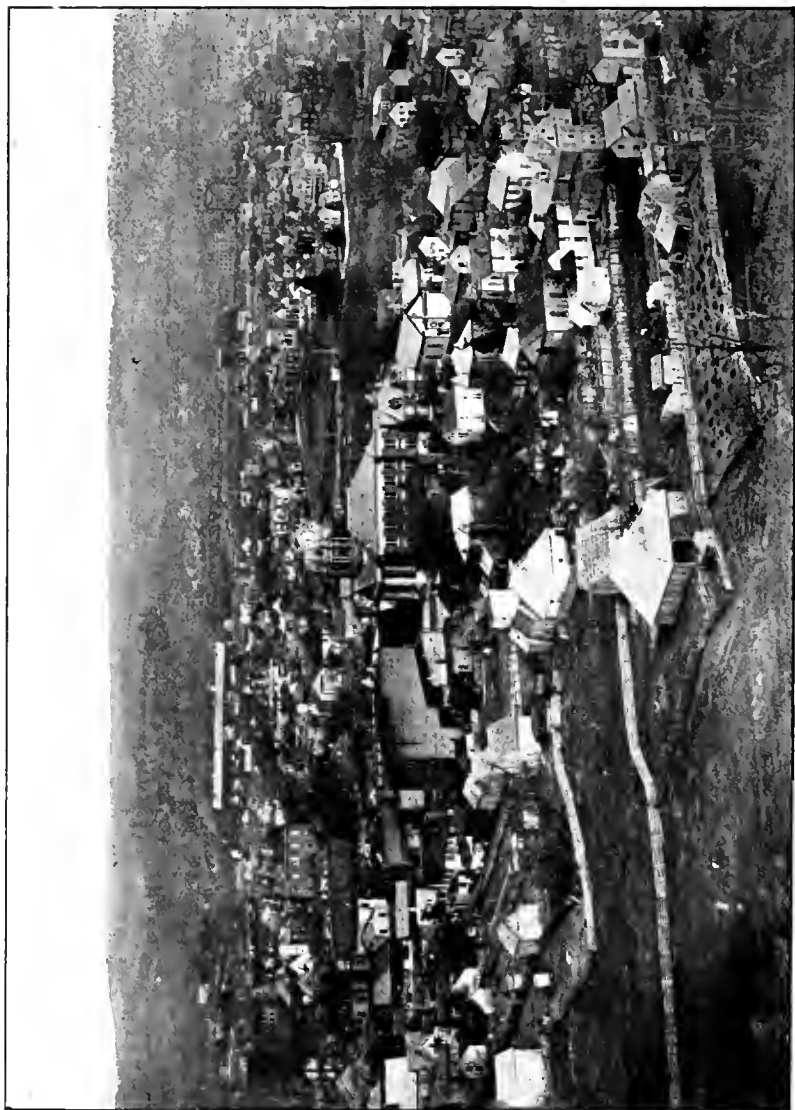


Greeting.



Greetings! Kind friends both far and near
Who love the school to us so dear,
Once more we come and bring to you
Our noblest efforts good and true.
Though we've not aimed at classic grace
That made the Greeks a cultured race;
Nor tried to soar in heights above
That we might sing of peace and love,
We've labored of those things to tell,
Which make the hearts with music swell;
And which as future years draw nigh
Will bring sweet memories of days gone by.
If in some distant, future time,
These pages to you bring joy sublime
We hope that you will kindly try,
To "Pass our imperfections by."
For this from errors is not wholly freed
If so 'twould lonely be, indeed,
And in this volume we present you now;
We've done the best that we know how;
And hope that you in future days
Will give to us our well-earned praise.

—EDITORS.



BUCKHANNON.

History of Buckhannon Town.



THE town of Buckhannon is located on a plateau one thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the sea. This plateau is watered by the Buckhannon river which has its source in the south eastern part of the county, and flows forth to its confluence with the Tygarts Valley. At the point where the town is situated the plateau averages in width one mile, and is so level that it is considered one of the most desirable locations in the State for a city.

The land, upon which the town of Buckhannon is built, was granted originally to Elizabeth Jackson, the wife of John Jackson. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Cummins. She sold the land to John Patton, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, who in 1815 sent Benjamin Reeder, his attorney in fact, to lay out the town. When Mr. Reeder came here he was very agreeably surprised to find so beautiful a valley so near the mountains, and so well populated by energetic people. In almost every letter he wrote to his employer he poured forth his enthusiasm in praise of the kindness of the settlers, the purity of the mountain water, and the abundance of material conditions necessary and important to the building of a town.

He was always impressed with the hills which bordered the town and made a most unique and artistic background. He acquainted himself with the pioneer history of the place, learned about the location of Bush's Fort in 1780, and its wonderful usefulness in preserving the pioneer settlers oftentimes from perpetual annihilation. The thrilling incidents, and eccentric life of William White who was killed by the Indians at or near the old ford below the town of Buckhannon about the year 1795, and whose grave, in the Heavner Cemetery, is still marked with a rough headstone bearing his name and date of death, were also interesting historical information to him. All these things tended to increase his interest for the new town.

The services of Jacob Lorentz, John Jackson, and Joel Westfall, the

latter two being surveyors, were secured by him, and thirty lots were laid out. He sold eighteen of these thirty lots at \$25 per lot and returned home. His employer Mr. Patton, soon after his return sold the residue of his land and lots to Joseph Warden who in turn sold them to Daniel Farnsworth who came from Staten Island, New York. On account of the numerous changes of ownership of the lands around Buckhannon at this time the new town did not experience, as was expected, a building boom, but just the contrary. The lots sold were turned into pasture and tillable lands. Daniel Farnsworth used this land until 1824 when the purchasers demanded a resurvey, and a relocation of their lots. Mr. Farnsworth complied with their request, and John W. Westfall and Augustus W. Sexton were secured to do the work .

The first pioneer settler built his log hut near the site where the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Buckhannon now stands, but the first real settler, Daniel Farnsworth, erected his house in 1822 on the north side of Main Street. He built a two story structure of hewn logs which is still occupied by J. J. Farnsworth, his youngest son. The second house was made out of small logs for George Nicholas, and the third was built by Levi Paugh, who soon after its erection sold it to Zedekiah Lanham.

Up to this time this village was called Buck Wheat on account of the adaptability of the soil for the raising of the cereal of that name. It was hereafter to be called, Buckhannon, after the name of the river flowing through the valley. This river received its name from a missionary by the name of John Buckhannon, who was sent out by the Church of Virginia, in 1797, to inspect and explore the extent of a proposed missionary field among the settlements of the Tygarts Valley, the West Fork, and Buckhannon rivers. The town of Buckhannon, the county seat of Upshur, was not incorporated until 1852—John O. Core, B. W. Burns, John Maxwell, W. H. Shultz, and M. J. Fogg were the first trustees; the first named was president of the board.

The first house of worship, known as the old Carper Church, was erected by the Methodists in 1852. The first Methodist minister of this church was Henry Comden who was on Buckhannon Circuit for several years,

and was a man of much power and considerable eloquence. Yet not so able, tradition tells us, as his wife, Mary, who on one occasion was not satisfied with her husbands exposition of the text, went forward to the pulpit and delivered, says our venerable informer, one of the most able discourses ever heard within the walls of the old church. The first Baptist Church was built in 1824. The first Presbyterian Church was built in 1849. The first United Brethren Church was built in 1871. The first Methodist Protestant Church was built in 1892. And the first Roman Catholic Church was built in 1891.

The first Court House was contracted for in 1851, immediately after the passage of the Act for the formation of the county, and was finished in 1854—perhaps during the summer of that year, as record informs us that the first court was held in the new Court House in September of that year, with Judge Gideon Draper Camden, of Clarksburg on the bench. A fire destroyed a good portion of this building in 1855, the cause of the fire being a defective flue. From the time of the burning of the Court House to its rebuilding the Court held its sessions first in the Baptist Church on Locust Street, and later in John Maxwell's carpenter shop. The rebuilt Court House had under it a deep basement which was fitted up for the country jail, and was thus used until the old Court House was razed by order of the County Court in 1897, and the present magnificent structure built on its site.

The first public school near the present town of Buckhannon was taught by Mr. Haddox in 1797. The sons and daughters of the pioneer settlers of this county were the pupils, and they are all long ago gone. The second school was taught in 1800 by Mr. Samuel Hall whose contract with the patrons states that he is to teach reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic. These schools were supplanted by the Public Schools. The first High School in the town was established by act of the General Assembly of Virginia, passed February 21, 1847, entitled, "An Act to Incorporate the Male and Female Academy of Buckhannon," the incorporators by this act purchased a lot and built a two story school house upon it. This school building stood near where the Episcopal Church now stands on Main Street. The first Principal was J. Wesley Webb.

For reasons unknown to us, this school was suspended some years prior to the Civil War, and an act was passed by the West Virginia Legislature in 1866, obtaining new trustees, and otherwise amending the Act of 1847, so as to enable the trustees to sell and otherwise dispose of this school property. The trustees sold this property on Main Street according to the Act, and put the money on interest until the establishment of another High School or Academy in the town. We can't say definitely whether this money was ever turned over to the Normal and Classical Academy or the Seminary, but we are under the impression that it was lost by a bad loan. Another attempt to establish an Academy of higher learning was made, by the Presbyterian under Rev. R. Lawson, just prior to the breaking out of the rebellion. This school was to be called the Baxter Institute after Richard Baxter whom Dean Stanley styles the chief of English Protestant school men, and the well known author of, "Saints Everlasting Rest." The location of the school was made, and to many it is a very singular coincident, that the site was the white oak grove near the present West Virginia Methodist Episcopal Conference Seminary. The war defeated the intentions of the friends of this proposed institution, and Presbyterian hopes for a High School in Upshur and Buckhannon town were temporarily dissipated.

The next effort toward the establishment of a High School in the town was the West Virginia Normal and Classical Academy in the summer of 1880, by a committee sent out by the United Brethren Church to lay before Buckhannon citizens a proposition concerning the location of an institution of learning in the town. The project met with a hearty response—\$5,000 were subscribed toward the erection of a suitable building. The Conference of 1881, approved of the action of its committee and ordered suitable grounds to be purchased at once. This school prospered, and had strong support from the citizens of the town until it was moved away in 1897 to Mason City, and from there to Ravenswood. The school property which was owned and controlled by the United Brethren Church through its trustees was purchased by the town, after the removal of the Academy, and is now known as the Academy Public School, corner of Kanawha Street and College Avenue.

—W. B. CUTRIGHT.

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REV. B. W. HUTCHINSON.

Biography of Rev. B. W. Hutchinson.



REV. B. W. Hutchinson, the first President of the West Virginia Conference Seminary, was born near Scottsdale, Pa., in the year 1859.

He received his early training in the public schools, and then prepared for college at Mt. Pleasant Institute, Mt. Pleasant being then his home.

In 1879, he entered Ohio Wesleyan University, where, in the year 1883 he graduated with the degree of A. B. In his Senior year he was President of the Young Men's Christian Association, when, during a great revival in the school, two hundred students were converted. During his Senior year he was also private secretary to Pres. C. H. Payne.

After his graduation Mr. Hutchinson taught awhile in Augusta Collegiate Institute, Augusta, Ky. Leaving this work he entered Boston University and graduated in the school of Theology.

Following his graduation in Theology Mr. Hutchinson was pastor of the following Churches: West Duxbury, Mansfield, and Central Church, Brocton, Mass., then at St. Pauls Church, Providence, R. I.

From the last named place in the year 1890 Pres. Hutchinson was called to Buckhannon to open the new West Virginia Conference Seminary. The school was then under a debt of twenty thousand dollars. In 1893 the debt was raised and in the year 1895 the new Hall, The Girls' Dormitory, was erected. Pres. Hutchinson continued his work in and for the Seminary till February, 1898, when he resigned to accept the Presidency of Genessee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, N. Y. In the year of 1901, received his Doctor's degree from Syracuse University, and in 1903 he resigned the Presidency of Genessee Wesleyan Seminary to become pastor of the First M. E. Church, Gowanda, N. Y. He is at present a member of the Genessee Conference.

Since he resigned his last educational post, Doctor Hutchinson has declined to consider or to accept the Presidency of two institutions. He has thus served persistent notice, that for the present at least, his chosen field, the ministry, shall have his attention.

During the years from 1893 to 1898 Pres. Hutchinson was a member of the Board of Trustees of his Alma Mater—this in addition to his duties here; and we venture now to predict that one with such educational ideals as his, cannot fail to touch and influence the educational world, even though the main channel of his energies lead now to other activities.



REV. S. L. BOYERS.

Rev. S. L. Boyers.



HERE present to our readers the likeness of the Rev. S. L. Boyers, a former President of the West Virginia Conference Seminary. His entire youth was spent in acquiring an education. Many obstacles confronted him in his endeavor to obtain a thorough educational training, but with an indomitable will he pushed steadily onward, and overcame them one by one. Not being satisfied with the training received in the public schools, he resolved to enter college. True to his resolve he entered and completed a course of study in each of the following: Ohio Wesleyan, Vanderbilt and Boston Universities from which he received the degrees—A. B., A. M., B. D., and D. D. He then returned to Boston where he spent a year in the School of All Sciences taking Philosophy, Metaphysics, etc. Nine years were then spent in school work—four in the public schools, two as superintendent of the Richwood schools, one as Professor of Latin and Greek in Nappa College, Cal. and two as President of the West Virginia Conference Seminary.

Rev. Boyers has been in the regular pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Central and East Ohio Conferences, eight years, during which time he has served some of the most important charges in those conferences. He has received into the church over eight hundred persons—a lasting monument to his faithful labors. He is a scholarly, refined, genial and thorough Christian gentleman, worthy of the confidence and fellowship of all good people.

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History of the Seminary.



THE educational institution at Buckhannon, maintained by West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is one of the finest educational institutions of our state. The Methodist Church has always been a great friend to education, especially in its more popular forms.

The Methodist Episcopal Church alone is at present conducting 166 schools with about 3,000 teachers and 47,000 students of all grades.

In Western Virginia many years ago the Methodists supported an academy at Clarksburg. The unhappy misunderstanding and division of 1844 proved fatal to this school and for over forty years the Methodists of the state were without a school of their own. After the Civil War was over and the new state firmly established American Methodism celebrated its centennial in 1866. At this time much work for education was done in the country and West Virginia Methodists began the effort for a school which never entirely ceased until after years of waiting it was rewarded with great success.

In 1876 Buckhannon presented to a committee of the West Virginia Conference a subscription of \$6,750 for the location of a seminary in the town, but the conference did not accept the offer then. In 1883 the conference appointed a committee on the centennial observance of the formal organization in 1784 of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This committee recommended the establishment of a seminary as an important object for the gifts of the people. In 1884 the conference was held at Buckhannon, and it appointed a Board of Trustees for the proposed seminary. This consisted of A. J. Lyda, Chairman; L. L. Stewart, Secretary; D. H. K. Dix, Treasurer; T. B. Hughes and Samuel Steele.

This board received contributions during the year and in 1885, the conference elected a board of eight ministers and eight laymen whose duty it was to receive proposals for the erection and endowment of a seminary, the conference to decide where it should be located. The ministers were A. J. Lyda, L. H. Jordan, J. A. Fullerton, Samuel Steele, E. H. Orwen, L. L. Stewart, H. J. Boatman, and A. B. Rohrbough. The laymen were H. C. McWhorter, H. K. List, J. C. McGrew, A. M.

Poundstone, B. F. Martin, Samuel Woods, Henry Logan and Nathan Goff. Judge McWhorter and Capt. Poundstone are still on the Board of Trustees. In 1886, death removed Dr. Samuel Steele and Hon. Nathan Goff. Rev. J. W. Reger, D. D., was chosen in place of Dr. Steele, and his name is very closely connected with the whole history of the seminary. In place of Mr. Goff, John A. Barnes was chosen, and he is still on the board.

Various places in the state were desirous of securing the location of the seminary with them. Parkersburg and Elizabeth may be mentioned among these. On July 13, 1887, the trustees met at Philippi to decide upon the place and the vote was in favor of Buckhannon. Two days later the trustees proceeded to Buckhannon to select a site but did not succeed. On August 29, they met again and purchased a tract of a little over forty-three acres for \$5,551.87. In October 1887, the conference met at Parkersburg and these proceedings were ratified. The trustees were also directed to proceed with the erection of buildings. The main building was finally completed during the summer of 1890, and on September 3 of that year the school was opened. A month later, the conference, which was in session at Weston, came in a body to Buckhannon, and the building was dedicated by Bishop Cyrus D. Fous. From the opening to the present the school has moved forward in a career of unbroken prosperity.

The first president of the institution was Rev. B. W. Hutchinson, A. M., B. D. Mr. Hutchinson was a native of Pennsylvania. He graduated at Ohio Wesleyan University and then entered the ministry. Later he went north and graduated at the Theological School of Boston University, and from there went into the New England Southern Conference. While a pastor in Providence, R. I., he was chosen president of the new institution. Mr. Hutchinson was a man of scholarly instincts, high standards and excellent business qualities, and much of the success of the school is due to his energy and wisdom. Early in 1898, he resigned to accept a similar position at Lima, N. Y. He has been successful there, and in 1901, he received the degree of D. D. from Syracuse University.

President Hutchinson began with a faculty of three teachers besides himself. During the first year three more were added. There were seventy pupils enrolled during the first term. During the year 201 different students received instruction. Since then every year has had a

larger enrollment and the teachers have grown tired of the monotonous announcement three times a year—"The enrollment for the present term is larger than for the corresponding term in any previous year." The enrollment of the current year (1903-4) will reach 550.

The work in the school has been continually increasing. At first it was confined to common English branches and the elementary classics pursued in preparation for college. Then a musical department was added and a department of art followed. In the spring term of the first year a business department was added and all these varieties of work have been constantly maintained.

The tendency has been to raise the standard for admission and constantly add studies of higher and higher grades. The school was chartered with full powers but not till June, 1903, did the Board of Trustees raise the courses to full College grade. The standard is that prescribed by the University Senate of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In 1891, five persons, one man and four women, received diplomas as the first graduating class. The first male graduate was William B. Cutright, now a lawyer in Buckhannon. The class of 1904 will number 42. There have been in all 337 graduates from the various courses. 1905 will see the first graduates in regular college work.

In 1895, the State Legislature passed a law which authorized the State Board Examiners to grant teachers certificates to graduates of the Seminary. This to some extent makes it a State Normal School but there is no connection with the state government except by this recognition of its work. It has sent out a large number of teachers to the public schools of the state, besides those who are teaching in private schools in other states. In the Seminary diplomas are given in the Classical, Scientific, Literary, Normal, Musical and Engineering Courses. Besides these, diplomas are given to the graduates of the Business College whenever they complete their work, though such students are not now counted as Seminary graduates. An enlarged Business course, leading to the regular Seminary diploma, is in contemplation. In the College the usual degrees are conferred.

Like most schools in this section of the country the institution is co-educational. Ladies and gentlemen are admitted on terms of perfect equality and work together in the classes without any unpleasant results. A reasonable amount of very pleasant romance has grown out of this

fact and thus far the history of the school is free from any tale of scandal. It is hoped and expected that it will always continue.

The moral and religious tone of the school has always been high. While it was established and is controlled by one religious denomination it has never been sectarian. Several different churches have been represented in its faculty and its students have been from a great variety of denominations. Even Jewish pupils have been received and treated with perfect courtesy in the work of the school. No institution could be more free from religious bigotry, and the clergymen of all the Buckhannon churches are in most pleasant relations with the school. The students themselves choose which church they will attend in the town and on any Sunday in term time students can be found in every local congregation.

The town of Buckhannon has a deservedly high reputation for intelligence and morality. For years past Upshur County has refused to allow the sale of liquor and Buckhannon has never in its history had a liquor saloon. Of course the sale of liquor is like theft and murder and all other crimes in that it cannot be absolutely excluded from any community of large size, but in Buckhannon the prohibitory law is well enforced and the temptation to drink is hardly ever presented to the students. The town has good society and the students associate much with the well-bred and kind-hearted citizens in their homes.

The buildings are on a hill rising with a gentle slope in the southeast part of the town. They consist at present of the Main Building, the Ladies' Hall, Conservatory of Music and the President's residence. The first is an imposing edifice built of brick. It contains the necessary offices, many recitation rooms, two halls for literary societies and a chapel which will seat 600 people. The Seminary began with this one building and its students found homes as they could among the families in town. This proved more and more inconvenient for the lady students as their numbers increased. In 1893, the project of a Ladies' Hall was adopted and in September, 1895, the finished building was ready for occupancy. It is built of brick, and it is so planned as to allow of the building on of a wing which will greatly increase its capacity. It contains parlors, a convenient kitchen and dining room and rooms for 80 young ladies. It is supplied with modern conveniences and is a healthful and pleasant home for its inmates. When President Hutchinson took charge of the school he built a residence for himself some rods to

the eastward of the Seminary Building. This house was afterwards purchased from him by the trustees and has since been steadily used as the President's home. The spacious Music Hall constructed of brick and stone, was added in 1902.

The Library of the school consists of some 5,000 volumes. These books are chiefly the donations of friends. In 1901, through the influence of Miss Adelaide R. Tompkins, of Pittston, Pa., the reading room was refurnished and a goodly number of volumes added to the Library.

The school has been without endowment till 1902. In 1901, Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, offered \$25,000, if this would be increased to \$100,000. The Trustees accepted the offer; and a campaign covering a year, planned and conducted by President Wier resulted in success. The largest individual subscription given under the offer was \$2,500, the gift of John D. Archbold, of New York. Some three years previously, on the Twentieth Century call, H. K. List, Esq., of Wheeling, donated \$2,500 to the school. But the largest individual giver to the institution next to Dr. Pearsons, was the Rev. J. A. Williams, of the West Virginia Conference, who, in 1894, gave \$3,000 towards the new Ladies' Hall. Including the endowment the material worth of the institution is in the vicinity of a quarter of a million dollars.

The more thoughtful see a great danger in the rapid material development of our state. Unless corresponding progress can be made in the intellectual, moral and religious development of our people the rapid increase of wealth will only bring coarseness, vulgarity and crime. True patriotism will strive for a symmetrical development which before many years may place our Mountain State among the foremost of the Union. To help a noble Christian school of the highest moral influences, but free from all sectarian bigotry, is a very practical way of doing such work.



Alumni Association.



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DIED FEBRUARY 8, 1904.

S. BRICE BLAIR, '94.

DIED FEBRUARY 2, 1904.

A Few of the Seminary's Prominent Alumni.

W. W. HUGHES, L.L. D.



W. W. Hughes entered the Seminary in the spring of 1892, but in a few weeks was obliged to leave on account of sickness. His school life properly began at the Seminary with the spring term 1903. He attended the spring and fall terms for two years graduating with his class in 1896. The following year was spent in post-graduate work, at the Seminary, and the year after that in teaching in the public schools of Weston. Then he attended W. V. U. and received his degree in 1900. In the fall 1900, he began practicing law at Weston. Later he became a member of the law firm, "Rucker, Anderson & Hughes" located at Welch, W. Va.

PROF. E. G. ROHRBOUGH.

E. G. Rohrbough entered the Seminary in the spring of 1893, and finished there in the year 1895; taught in the public schools one year and in 1896, entered Allegheny College. He was graduated from that institution in 1900 with the degree A. B. Since that time he has been teaching, except the spring and summer terms of 1900, when he was at the Seminary. He taught one year in the Brookville, Pa. public schools. Since then he has been teaching in the Glenville State Normal School.

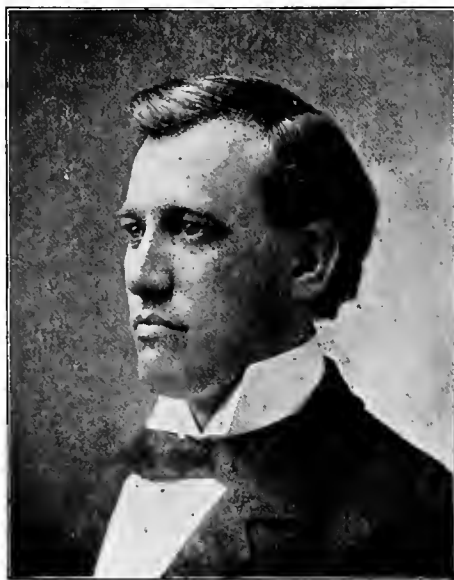


G. D. Smith was born in Monongalia Co., W. Va. in the year 1868. He began teaching at the age of seventeen and continued this occupation for three years. At the age of twenty he entered the West Virginia Conference of the M. E. Church. In 1890 he entered the Seminary and finished the course in three years. Since that time he has been stationed as a minister at the following points.

Newburg, Sutton, New Martinsville and First Church Fairmont.



W. BERNARD CUTRIGHT.



First male graduate of the West Virginia Conference Seminary; County Superintendent of free schools, Upshur County, W. Va., 1891-93; B. P., West Virginia Conference Seminary, '92; A. B., West Virginia University 1895-97; Student of Political Economy at Columbia University, Washington, D. C.; Principal of West Liberty State Normal 1899; Member House of Delegates 1899; Editor of Knight Errant and Buckhannon Delta; Attorney at-Law since 1899; and author of History of Upshur County.

The Expedition of Teachers to the Phillipines.



HE transport Thomas sailed from San Francisco on July 23, 1901, with a cargo of teachers for the Phillipines. We received a rousing farewell from a large crowd of people at the wharf, who with the strains of America bade us God-speed in our "mission." But we were not exactly missionaries.

It was rather a motley crowd of teachers gathered up from all over the United States, There could be seen the prim and precise New England school ma'am, and the gay and giddy young thing out for a lark; the old veteran, seamed with the cares of many schools, and the unbearded youth just out of Normal School or College. One could not help wondering sometimes whether some of them would accomplish anything in the way of teaching, but the facts are that comparatively few failed to do good work at their stations, and many of the most careless and happy-go-lucky ones had surprising success.

The first day out was spent by many in retirement, owing to the unusual and more or less unpleasant sensations caused by the slight rocking and pitching of the ship. But after the first day we sailed on summer seas and under azure skies, with scarcely ever a breeze to ruffle the velvety surface of the water.

Eight days from 'Frisco we reached Honolulu, and spent two days in seeing the sights in and around that beautiful city. The cones of extinct volcanoes, many colored fishes in the markets, fire-trees with blood-red blossoms, native women in Mother Hubbards, and native boys alongside the ship diving for nickles were the most novel sights.

On August 21, we anchored in Manila Bay, a mile or more from the shore, and finally on August 23, were taken ashore in launches.

The department had prepared quarters for us in old military barracks, and there each man was assigned an army cot and blanket, mosquito

net and towels, and made responsible for their safe-keeping. A restaurant was opened for us near the barracks, as the hotels in Manila were notoriously few and poor and expensive.

We were kept in Manila three or four weeks, having almost daily assemblies for instruction by the superintendents as to our duties and manner of life. Another reason for our long stay there was that we might have time to get clothing suitable to the climate, and lay in a supply of such other things as would be necessary for our existence and comfort out in isolated towns. Many purchased complete sets of kitchen and dining-room furniture, and provisions for some months, and no one of them regretted having done so.

While becoming acclimated almost every one was more or less sick. Many a poor teacher spent a night groaning with the tortures of cramp colic. The educational and health authorities were unanimous and insistent in their warnings to us as to our diet, that we should be very careful of what we ate, and that under no circumstances should we drink water that had not been boiled or distilled. And actual experience showed the wisdom of these directions.

The general superintendent, assisted by the eighteen division superintendents, assigned the teachers their stations. A good many red eyes followed the announcement of the assignments, as many did not get the stations that they thought they wanted. Some of course were put in Manila and other large towns. The others were scattered all over the islands. Some were sent to the mountain regions of interior Luzon, and had a weeks journey by steamer, ox-cart, and mountain trail to reach their stations, two hundred and fifty miles from Manila. Others were sent to southern islands so small that they are not on the map, where no other white man lived, and where the constabulary patrol-boat called perhaps once in two or three months. Many a teacher has been without a word from the outside world for that length of time.

The problem of living was a serious one for those living so far from civilization. At times they could get provisions from Manila, but most of the time they had to live on rice, chickens, fish, and fruit, with no bread at all. One teacher in Central Luzon said that more than once he was glad to get grasshoppers (locusts) to eat.

The more fortunate ones could get shipments of canned goods from Manila, and if they were so fortunate as to find a good cook they lived

fairly well; but canned meats and vegetables and milk and butter became somewhat tiresome after a few months.

The teachers first step after reaching his station was to see the presidente, or mayor of the town, and as probably the teacher did not know Spanish or the native language, and the presidente of course knew no English, complications naturally followed. Sometimes this house was a comfortable large-roomed frame house, but more often was a small bamboo and nipa shack. The writer lived some months in a hut whose principal room was not more than twelve feet square, the only other room being a lean-to shed with dirt floor. No other house could be procured.

After finding a house the next thing to do was to hire a "muchacho," or boy, to cook and take care of the house. The teacher was fortunate if he got a boy who had had experience before in working for Americans; otherwise the cooking was not much like mothers. In fact an inexperienced boy knew absolutely nothing about the American idea of cooking and cleanliness, and the teacher had to show him how to do everything. Imagine, if you can, a young fellow that perhaps never saw the inside of a kitchen a dozen times in his life—and there were such who went over as teachers—giving a Filipino instructions as to the proper method of cooking beans and potatoes.

The Filipinos gave the teachers a hearty welcome, and in nearly every instance tried to make the stay of the stranger in their midst as pleasant as possible. They are a courteous and hospitable people, and the best is always given the guest in a Filipino home, even though the master is a member or leader of one of the notorious bands of night-robbers that infest the country.

The school year is nine months long, in most parts of the islands running from June to February, March, April and May, the hot months are the vacation time. Every alternate year the teachers are required to teach in a one month vacation normal for the instruction of native teachers.

Most of the towns we found already supplied with native teachers who knew more or less, generally less English, and in other towns as soon as any one became somewhat proficient he was appointed teacher. After reaching our stations we had very little supervision. We were told to go out there and do the best we could, and not many questions were asked. If there were schools already we were to take charge of them; if not we

were to organize and establish them. If there were no school houses, part of our task was to persuade the native town officials to build them.

Many of the schools were held in private houses; some in convents; some in cock-pits; some in churches that had been battered to pieces during the war and were in a state of horrible disrepair; and a few in houses built for school purposes. Some of them had no seats at all, others bamboo poles for seats, and a few had fairly good modern benches. Blackboards there were none until the department sent out heavy glazed card-board to nail to the walls.

Some schools could get no books at all for months, and to others where not a pupil knew ten simple English sentences were sent American arithmetics and geographies, without any primary books at all. Of course these mistakes were finally remedied, and now the schools are fairly well supplied with American text books of the grades needed. Also new school houses are being built, and the native teachers are becoming more competent.

The schools in the Spanish times were under the direct control of the Spanish Priests and their methods were hoary with age. The Filipino children, who knew no language but their own, were required to spend most of their time in committing to memory the Spanish catechism and church doctrines. There were a few text books in the native languages, but they were very poor and very few. Of course in the University in Manila and some higher schools conditions were much better, but the above was the state of affairs in the great majority of schools throughout the islands.

The pupils were taught to study aloud in school, and the one that shouted the loudest got credit for studying the best. This habit was almost impossible to break up. One of the best native teachers that the writer knew said that he really could not remember anything unless he studied it aloud.

When it was announced that an "Americano" teacher had come, a sudden desire for education seemed to sweep all over the town. Swarms of youngsters of all ages, with clothing of all descriptions and often of no description at all came crowding in, light-eyed, alert, and mischievous, but never mean or stubborn or sullen. But after the teacher got the school organized into classes and began to require some work by the pupils, then their zeal began to flag.

The children were worthy descendants of their fathers. Very few of them are willing to do any hard work if by any possibility they can avoid it. And this spirit of chronic laziness is just as marked in their school work as in their ordinary daily labor. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, and it is real pleasure to teach those who will work. They are naturally quick to learn, and the advancement made by some of them is little short of marvelous. Some of the more intelligent young Filipinos are anxious to get positions as teachers, as clerks in the civil service, or as bookkeepers in business houses, and they work hard in preparing themselves for the positions.

The children knew practically no English, and as little Spanish. What little English they did know was vulgarity and profanity picked up from the American troops that had campaigned through the country. Of course we did not know the native languages. So our first and principal object was to teach them English. In fact our common title was "Teacher of English."

At the beginning we followed the object method pure and simple. We taught first the names of objects, then the names of actions, such as see, walk, hear and others of that kind. Then we made sentences, and finally began to use primers and first readers. The older pupils soon got beyond the object method stage, but with the younger ones it was a long and slow process.

This article has about reached its limit, else it might tell something of our experiences with depreciated Mexican silver, something of the peculiarities, both pleasant and unpleasant, of the climate, and something of the habits and manners of life of the natives.

Teaching in the Phillipines is by no means all pleasure, but it does have its pleasant features. Many who went over had no idea of what they were undertaking, seemed unable to adjust themselves to the conditions, as a consequence saw only the unpleasant things, and came home as soon as possible; while others, more optimistic and more adaptable, have enjoyed the life and the work, and are inclined to remain in the islands for some years.

—ROY REGER, '93.



MAIN BUILDING.

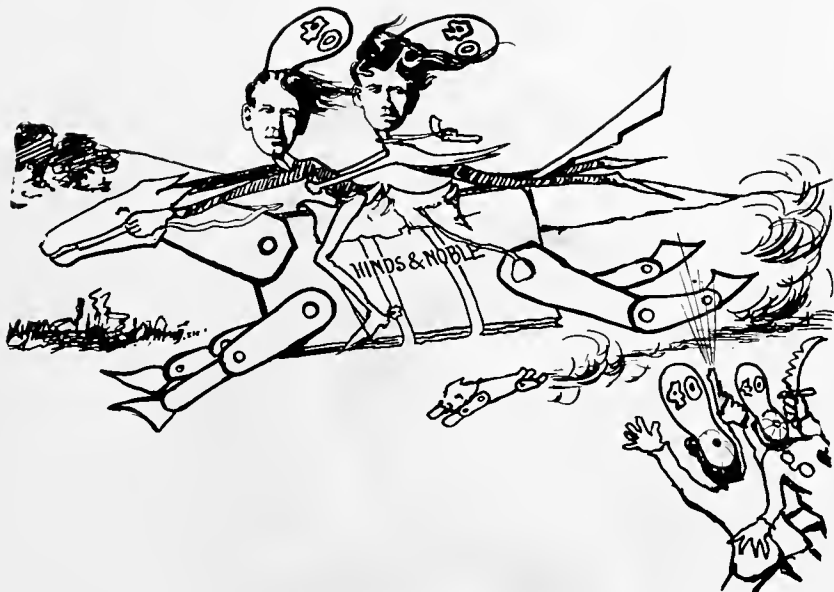


CLASSES.

Class of 1904.



D. K. PEARSONS,
For Whom the Class of 1904 is Named.



The D. K. Pearson Class.



1904.

OFFICERS.

R. HAROLD SIGLER.....	<i>President.</i>
J. R. FRANKLIN.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
LELA HUFF.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
GORDON LOWE.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
J. V. GIBSON.....	<i>Historian.</i>
L. S. BRITTON.....	<i>Prophet.</i>
C. A. SUTTON.....	<i>Poet.</i>

MOTTO.

"*Ut res eveniunt, ita accipite.*"

COLORS.

Olive and Silver.

YELL.

Hush! Look! See! Behold!
 We're the strong and we're the bold.
 D. K. Pearsons is our name,
 Far and wide extends our fame.
 The future holds a treasured store,
 For the Class of 1904.



CLASS
of
1904



Senior Class Roll.



1. BESS LILLIAN TALBOTT.....*Elocution*.....Belington, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
2. MORGAN M. BROOKS.....*Classical*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
3. LELA HUFF.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
4. JAMES RUSSELL FRANKLIN....*Literary*.....Hundred, W. Va.
President Excelsior Society Fall-term. Vice-President Class '04. Mana
ger Base Ball Team '04.
5. PITT LOUDIN HUGHES.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
6. R. HAROLD SIGLER.....*Scientific*.....Pennsboro, W. Va.
Chrestomathean. Right-fielder on Base Ball Team. President of Senior
Class.
7. CARRIE RUSMISELL.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
8. BLONDA STEELE BRAKE.....*Literature and Science*.....Jane Lew, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
9. NELLIE CUNNINGHAM.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
Excelsoir.
10. CHAS. AUBREY JONES.....*Literary*.....Deer Park, Md.
Chrestomathean fall-term President. Chrestomathean Collegiate Editor.
11. JESSE FRANK WILLIAMS.....*Classical*.....Marshville, W. Va.
Right-tackle Foot Ball Team. Winter term President Excelsior Society.
12. AUSTIN GEORGE HATHAWAY...*Scientific and Normal*.....Belington, W. Va.
Treasurer Chrestomathean Literary Society Winter Term.
13. ANNA CAMILLA MORRISON.....*Literary*.....Flatwoods, W. Va.
Secretary Excelsior Society winter term. Secretary Athletic Association.
Vice-President, Y. W. C. A.
14. JOSEPH VINCENT GIBSON.....*Literary*.....Tunnelton, W. Va.
President Chrestomathean Society winter term. Captain of First Foot
Ball Team Athletic Editor, Collegiate.



1904



Senior Class Roll.



1. MADGY CHIDISTER,.....*Music*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
2. VICTOR GOFF BENDER.....*Classical*.....Chapel, W. Va
Chrestomathean.
3. CLYDE OTIS WATSON.....*Classical*.....Bridgeport, W. Va.
Excelsior.
4. KARLE GORDON LOWE.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
Chrestomathean. Member Base Ball Team. Treasurer Senior Class.
5. DAISY SMITH.....*Literary*.....Pennsboro, W. Va.
Critic Excelsior Society Winter Term.
6. ORIN BENEDUM LYNCH.....*Scientific*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
Critic Chrestomathean Society Winter Term.
7. BERTHA ANNE WAUGH.....*Normal*.....Nicklow, W. Va.
Secretary Chrestomathean Society Spring Term.
8. EDNA KATHARINE MORRISON.. *Literary*.....Rock Cave, W. Va.
Excelsior.
9. THOMAS ROBERTS HALL.....*Literary*.....Grays Flat, W. Va.
President Excelsior Society Spring Term.
10. LUTHER SHERMON BRITTON....*Scientific*.....New Berne, W. Va.
Excelsior.
11. JEROME VENOIR HALL.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
12. LETA SNODGRASS.....*Art*.....Rosedale, W. Va. .
Secretary Excelsior Society Spring Term.
13. FREDERICK LEEANDER LYNCH..*Scientific and Literary*....Buckhannon, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
14. BLANCHE BEER.....*Normal*.....Buckhannon, W. Va
Secretary Chrestomathean Literary Society. Winter Term.
15. BARNETTA BALL.....*Normal*.....Elizabeth, W. Va...
Excelsior.
16. GILBERT MARION CONNER.... *Classical*.....Wheeling, W. Ya.
Excelsior.
17. MAGGIE BELLE SHAW.....*Normal*.....Nicklow, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.



1904

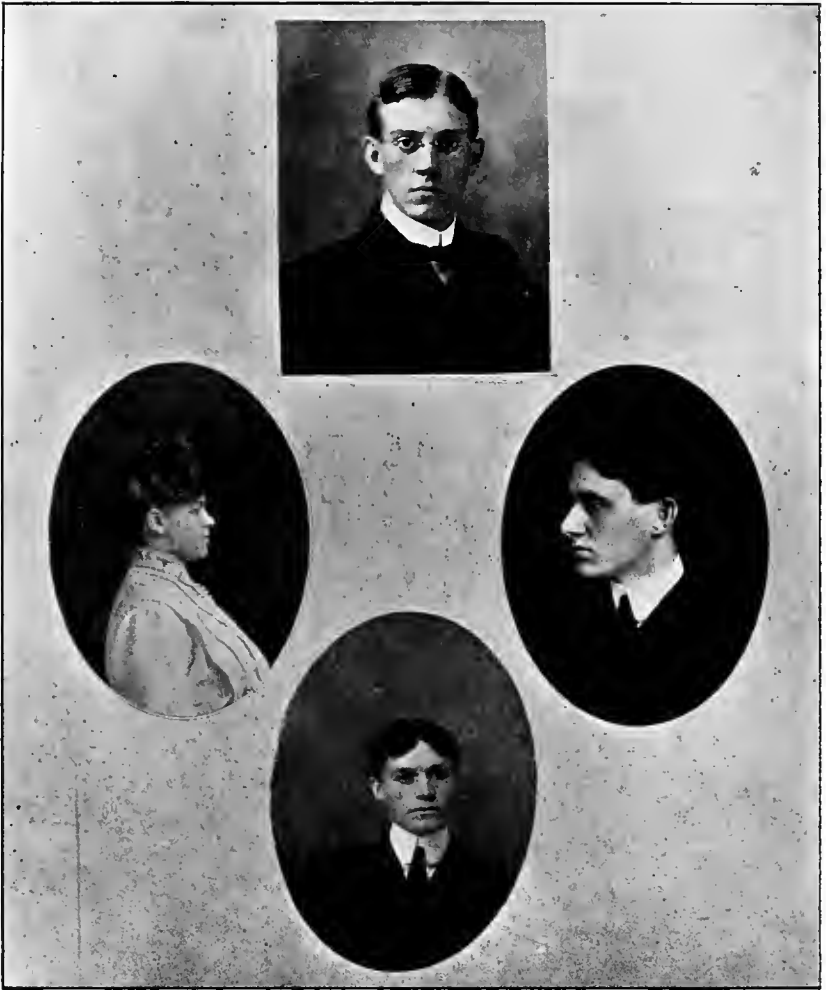


Senior Class Roll.



1. CLEOPAS SWECKER.....*Classical*.....Century, W. Va.
2. GLADYS MABEL FARNSWORTH...*Music*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
3. SYLVESTER CARSON GROSE.....*Normal*.....Sago, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
4. WILLIAM WAYNE ARNETT.....*Classical*.....Lowsville, W. Va.
5. NELLIE MCMASTERS RUMBLE...*Art*.....Wheeling, W. Va.
6. ANTHONY F. McCUE.....*Classical and Scientific*.....Persinger, W. Va.
Excelsior. Full Back on Foot Ball Team.
7. CHAS. ALEXANDER SUTTON.....*Normal*.....Bridgeport, W. Va.
Treasurer Excelsior Society Fall Term.
8. NELLIE GREY KIDDY.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. V.
9. HERBERT McCLASKEY BLAIR...*Literary*.....Weston, W. Va.
President Chrestomathean Society Spring Term.
10. HOMER SANFORD BUMGARDNER...*Classical*.....Craigmooor, W. Va.
Excelsior, Manager Reserve Foot Ball Team, Captain Basket Ball Team
11. EDWARD RUTHERFORD GROSE...*Science and Normal*.....Sago, W. Va.
Vice-President Chrestomathean Society Winter Term.
12. STELLA TROUT.....*Literary*.....Roanoke, W. Va.
13. EONA LOUIS LOUDIN.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
14. BYRD LEA PICKENS.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
15. HARRY QUILLEN YOUNG.....*Scientific*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS.



H. R. SIGLER, President.
MISS HUFF, Secretary. J. R. FRANKLIN, Vice-Prest.
GORDON LOWE, Treasurer.

Senior Class History.



THE omission of a record of the achievements of the Class of 1904, would be as great an injustice to future generations as to the Senior Class itself. The Students' of the West Virginia Conference Seminary for the next fifty years will not need this history to guide their footsteps and to give a pattern by which they may mould their character; but the most of those who have been in personal contact with our class may have graduated or "flunked" by 1930. After this time the student body will be seeking a model. Every one in connection with the school will admit that the class of '04 is authority in all questions and phases of school life. Being leaders in the year that the endowment began to affect the school the opportunities for our class were great and to my knowledge they have all been used to good advantage.

This is not the first year that the influence of the class of 1904 has been felt. The President of the Class of 1903 met his class with tears in his eyes and said, "I should not have forgotten it. It was my duty to meet Mrs. Martin but what can you expect, the way I am teased and worried with those pesky Juniors." Poor Jakey. We felt for him and no doubt he realized it before he got his "sheepskin."

The faculty has also deemed it wise to make special provisions for our class. New teachers from afar have been employed to train their energetic minds; new rules brought forth to curb their ambitious spirits. The class of 1904 was organized in September, 1902, and was named in honor of Dr. D. K. Pearson who generously endowed our school. After the class officers were elected everything went quietly along, but on the

quiet a plan was forming itself, the materializing of which marks the Pearson Class as the instigators of the highest step taken by a Seminary Class. In November of 1902, an Editorial Committee was appointed and instructed to consider the feasibility of issuing an Annual. "Murmurmontis" Volume Number 1, is the result.

In Athletics our Class ranks first. In the inter-class contest in June, 1903, the Pearson Class took six of the eight contests to be competed for. On Thanksgiving Day of 1903, the Foot Ball Team made up of Seniors and Post-graduates defeated the team of Juniors and Freshmen, preps and business students by a score of six to nothing. The high standing that Athletics has taken in the Seminary in the last year is in a large part due to the participation and support of the Senior Class. The reception given the Martin Class by the Owl Class was pronounced the most elaborate that had been spread in the hall, and the reception given to the Owl Class, before Christmas Holidays by the Martin Class was attended with zest and enthusiasm by the Owls.

Now that we have enrolled the last time and have but one term's work before us, we have begun to wear our '04 caps without fear.

—HISTORIAN.



Senior Class Prophecy.



1. The vision of the prophet which he saw concerning Seniors and Senioresses in the days of Jonathan, king of the Semites.
2. Hear O heaven, and give ear, O earth; for he hath spoken; I have nourished and brought up a Class and they have rebelled against me.
3. The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his masters crib! but Seniors doth not know "phelosophee."
4. A scheming Class, a class laden with iniquity, a class of evil doers: they have broken "me" rules and have provoked me to anger.
5. Your new moons and your mid-night feasts "me" soul hateth they are a trouble unto me. I am weary from fearing them.
6. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight.
7. If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat fat meat and moon shine.
8. And the Juniors shall see thy righteousness, and all the preps thy glory and thou shalt have a new name, even the name Alumni.
9. Thou shalt no more be termed "flunkers" neither shalt thou ride ponies any more.
10. Arise, shine; for thy light is come and the glory of learning shall rise upon thee.
11. Who is this that cometh from College? fair as the sun clear as the moon and terrible as an army with banners.
12. The Seniors, the Class of 1904.
13. Remember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old.
14. The beasts of the field shall honor thee, the ponies and the owls because thou troublest them no more.
15. And it shall come to pass in later days that the house of Jesse shall be established and Anna the Prophetess shall dwell therein.
16. Behold, all other classes shall be as a drop in a bucket, and counted as small dust of the balance.
17. Thou hast brought me small cattle for an offering even unto the holy of holies hast thou brought kine, and various other offerings hast thou made.
18. Therefore I will remember thee in the day when I make up my jewels.

Senior Class Poem.



True friendship is the golden chain
That binds the world together;
It renders less the saddest pain,
And adds to pleasure ever.

The friendships formed in college-days
Are those that most endure;
Tho' "Time and Tide" diverge our ways,
These friendships are secure.

Dear classmates, now my soul's annoyed,
For we e'er long must part.
May mem'ry serve to fill the void
That rends our sadden'd heart.

Three years we've wrought with noble aim—
Three years we've spent together.
Strangers each when first we met—
But now we're friends forever.

Friends who, as time with native right,
His wonted journey treads,
Will stand like some benignant light,
That round it lustre sheds.

The Latin, Greek and Spanish phrase
May from our mem'ry fade;
Our social life in college days
Eternal worth has made.

Each from his fellow something learns;
This goodly truth I trow,
True honor comes to him who earns
By honest sweat of brow.

Now, as we board the ship of life
In seas, untried and new,
Let each sail boldly to the strife ,
Some noble deed to do.

Let "Forward" be our guiding word,
And Duty be our creed.
For hark! This earnest cry is heard,
"True men, brave men we need."

Now class-mates, all, as though a cloud
Were rent with thunders roar,
Send up this shout, prolong'd and loud,
God bless our Class of 1904.



A decorative rectangular border with ornate, symmetrical flourishes at each corner and along the bottom edge. The top center features a small, upward-pointing flourish.

CLASS

OF

1905.

The W. R. White Class.



1905.

BOYD HUFF.....	<i>President.</i>
W. P. McCUE.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
GRACE HARDESTY.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
F. W. CUPP.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
L. S. CORE.....	<i>Historian.</i>
KARL ALLMAN.....	<i>Prophet.</i>
BESSIE IRENE CLARK.....	<i>Poet.</i>

MOTTO:

"Ad Summum constantia studcoque."

COLORS.

Blue and Gray.

YELL.

Rizzlety, razzlety, rizzlety rye!
We're the class that never says die!
Mix 'em up, tear 'em up, chew 'em up alive!
Rah! Rah! Rah! 1905.



1905



Junior Class Roll.



1. KARL ALLMAN.....*Scientific*.....Lorentz, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
2. GRACE ELIZABETH TOWNSEND..*Music*.....Buckhannon, W. Va..
Excelsior.
3. CHARLES H. MANOWN.....*Literary*.....Philippi, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
4. HELEN MILDRED WOOD.....*Music and Literary*.....Oberlin, Ohio.
Excelsior. Music Editor "Murmurmontis"
5. EDWIN JAY HEAVNER.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
Treasurer Chrestomathean Society Spring Term. Captain Reserve Foot
Ball Team. Athletic Editor "Murmurmontis."
6. HARRY SHARPS.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
7. ALTA SCOTT.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
8. ETHEL HOPE CLARK.....*Scientific*.....Washington, D. C.
Excelsior. Treasurer Y. W. C. A.
9. FINNEY LEE LAKIN.....*Literary*.....Tunnelton, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
10. GRACE HARDESTY.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
Chrestomathean. Secretary Junior Class.
11. ROY McCUSKEY.....*Classical*.....Wheeling, W. Va.
Treasurer Excelsior Society Winter Term. Business Manager "Murmur-
montis." Treasurer Y. M. C. A.
12. JAY ROSS MANOWN.....*Literary*.....Kingwood, W. Va..
Chrestomathean.
13. CHARLES HENRY HARTLEY....*Literary*.....Huntsville, W. Va.
Excelsior.
14. TENSIA MABEL ASH.....*Classical*.....Clarksburg, W. Va
Chrestomathean.
15. E. BERTON REESE.....*Classical*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
Chrestomathean. Photographic Editor "Murmurmontis."



CLASS
of
1905



16. RITCHIE ALEXANDER IRELAND. *Literary*. White Oak, W. Va.
Chrestomathean. Assistant Editor-in-Chief "Murmurmontis."
17. FLOSSIE SNODGRASS. *Literary* Rose Dale, W. Va
Excelsior. President of Y. W. C. A.
18. CLYDE O. LAW. *Classical*. Lawford, W. Va
Chrestomathean.
19. LOIS FLORENCE SIMMONS. *Literary*. Buckhannon, W. Va.
Associate Editor "Murmurmontis."
20. HOWARD RAY HECKERT. *Literary*. Cairo, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
21. FREDERICK ALBERT FORSTER. *Literary*. Moundsville, W. Va.
Treasurer Excelsior Society Spring Term. Editor-in-Chief "Murmur-
montis."
22. LEWIS SMITH CORE. *Classical*. Mt. Morris, Penn.
Excelsior.
23. MABEL ROYE WIER. *Literary*. Buckhannon, W. Va.
24. HERBERT LOWE SMITH. *Classical*. Wallace, W. Va.
Excelsior.
25. WILLIAM F. HAWSE. *Scientific*. Rock Oak, W. Va.
Excelsior. Substitute on Foot Ball Team.
26. JOHN W. GILMORE. *Scientific*. Jollytown, Pa.
Chrestomathean. Left Tackle on Foot Ball Team.
27. ROBERT ORIN PHILLIPS. *Scientific*. Buckhannon, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
28. FREDERICK WILLIAM CUPP. *Literary*. St. George, W. Va.
Vice-President Excelsior Society Spring Term. Treasurer Junior Class.
Right End on Foot Ball Team.
29. ARLICE CHRISTIE BILLINGSLEA. *Elocution*. Amos, W. Va.
Excelsior.
30. BESSIE GIBSON. *Elocution*. Tunnelton, W. Va.
Chrestomathean. Associate Editor "Murmurmontis"
31. ROSA MACE. *Literary*. Hackers Valley, W. Va.
32. BESSIE IRENE CLARK. *Literary*. Buckhannon, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
33. KATHERINE HENDERSON. *Literary*. Buckhannon, W. Va.
34. EMMER FLEMING CORE. *Literary*. Buckhannon, W. Va.
Excelsior.

35. BOYD HUFF.....*Classical*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
Chrestomathean. President of Junior Class.....
36. JACOB FRANCIS SHREVE.....*Classical*.....Burchfield, W. Va.
Excelsior.
37. ETHEL METTA EDGEL.....*Literary*.....Smithville, W. Va
Chrestomathean.
38. HARTER RAY SMITH.....*Literary*.....Good Hope, W. Va.
Excelsior.
39. JEROME DAILY.....*Scientific*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
40. HENRY GAY.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W Va.
41. HOMER ARTHUR HOSKINS.....*Scientific*.....Weston, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
42. PEARL McCUE.....*Scientific*.....Hookersville, W. Va.
Excelsior. Vice-President of Junior Class. Quarter Back on Foot Ball
Team.
43. BESSIE ETHEL METHENY.....*Literary*.....Buckhannon, W. Va.
Chrestomathean.
44. FLOYD ELLIS TALLMAN.....*Scientific*.....Belington, W. Va.
Excelsior.
45. JASPER H. HAWSE.....*Literary*.....Rock Oak, W. Va.
Excelsior.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS.



HUFF, Pres.
McCUE, Vice-Pres.

MISS HARDESTY, Sec'y.
CUPP, Treas.

History of the Junior Class.



THE history of this class, although of ordinary length, is one that strongly indicates a promising future.

Our class is made up of about fifty-eight members. These members are younger and smaller in stature, though not in virtue, than those of any other class that the Seminary has ever graduated. This fact goes to prove that a crown of distinction is awaiting a goodly number of our Junior enrollment. Our few flunkers have been discarded, so that we may not do as our immediate predecessor has done, that is, carry the stragglers through to our Senior year, and by the friendly aid of the stronger in examination, take them to the platform on Commencement Day.

As Freshmen we organized in the year of nineteen hundred and two about three weeks before Christmas. In our first meeting all officers were elected and a start was made for our future prosperity. We first united for the common cause of protecting ourselves from the vocal eruptions of the ancient Pearsons and the very important Martins. We not only succeeded in this but prospered in all our undertakings of the Freshman year.

During this first year we made thorough preparation for the year to come, and also cultivated a strong class spirit. In the fall of nineteen hundred and three most of our former class with a few students from other schools, enrolled as Juniors in the Seminary. About a month after our enrollment a meeting was called, for all who would graduate in nineteen hundred and five. There was a good turnout at this assembly. Then, in a few days, we received the roll from the faculty and pro-

ceeded to elect officers. We also decided to publish a Murmurmontis. At the time of this meeting the staff is working at the Annual with perserverance and zeal which must result in the highest. One of the prominent features of our class, is the cunning by which she forces the D. K. Pearsons to take her dust. In the race for class hats, the Juniors received their assortment about a week before holidays, while the Seniors did not appear under theirs until some time in January. Though we do not wish to speak against Baldy's good taste for head apparel we feel that forty cent caps look like the last rose of summer, beside the Junior's selection from "Spaldings' Best." The Class of '04 began the practice of taking the Junior hats, but when the '05's saw that peace could not be reached without some open warfare, they warmed up to their work. The Pearsons began to complain about the inconvenience of this strife, so at their entreaty our boys ceased hostilities but retained their spoils:

In Literary Societies our members always perform when put on the program, and do this as well as they are able by an excellent preparation. They are very prominent in athletics, especially in foot ball, where our sturdy lads dive around the end, head-first, as invincible as a buffalo run.

Now as we stand on the threshold of Seniority, and perceive all of our Junior undertakings completed, we feel as if we have dropped a great burden from, our shoulders. We bid the little Freshmen to bow their heads manfully to the yoke which accompanies Juniority. We leave them our work and bid them follow in our tracks.



Junior Class Prophecy.



WAS in the city of Calcutta one evening along about the middle of August wandering around seeking what I might find. I entered a small shop that stood near me and purchased a small hunk of that divine compound known in civilized countries as Limberger. I bought it that I might inhale the perfume that arose from it, that it might impart to me some of its powerful strength so that I could continue my wanderings till late in the night.

Ever and anon I introduced between my ruby lips this chunk of what, judging from their remarks, the people in the street seemed to think was a concentrated extract of hen fruit about six months overdue. Finally I fell into a stupor brought on by the great strength of the Limberger.

I do not know how long I had lain there, but when I regained consciousness no one was in the street except one old man who was bending over me. When he saw that I was awake he said. "My son, I have been waiting centuries for you to come. I have something to show you. Follow me."

I arose and followed him without saying a word. He led the way from the city into the country. As we traveled on, an uncanny feeling began to come over me, and a supernatural light began to spread around us. The old man, seeing that I was frightened, cheered me up by saying that there was no danger and that we would soon be at the end of our journey.

We began to ascend a mountain and after a climb of several hours we reached the top. Just as we reached the summit my guide pulled his mantel off and threw it over my head. Then he said, "My son, when I first saw you, I recognized you as a member of the Class of 1905, which in a few years will be swaying the opinions of the people of the United States. Look." With this last word he jerked the mantle off of my head. The sight that I beheld dazzled my eyes. I seemed to be look-

ing at a huge picture, but what a picture it was. The whole of North America seemed to be lying almost in reach of my hand. Seeing my inquiring look the old man said. "That is the United States as it will appear thirty years hence."

I saw great work of improvement upon every hand. The Panama Canal had been built and was a great success. Looking again I saw that Canada had been annexed and that Mexico was under the protection of Uncle Sam. The trusts had been abolished and the money question had been settled in a way that was satisfactory to both the great political parties. The Mormans in Utah had been persuaded to lay aside plural marriage which had caused a great overflow of Utah old-maids and grass-widows into the remainder of the country. A member of the Class of 1904 had married Carrie Nation and was using her famous hatchet to split kindling for breakfast fire. Direct wireless telegraphic communication could be had with Mars from a station on Pikes Peak. Jules Verne's dream concerning a trip to the moon had been realized and the terminal on Earth of the "Projectile R. R. Co.," was at Buckhannon. Above the door of the depot was written "Plat open at Smith's Shoe Store every Tuesday Morning at seven o'clock." New York City had a reform movement that had come to stay and Tammany had been ousted to return no more. Woman suffrage had been obtained and all over our great land women were voting and enjoying the campaign boodle and the campaign drinks just the same as men.

Turning to my old guide I said, "Who brought about all these things?"

"All these," said he, "was done by the Class of 1905." "Did the Class of 1904 amount to anything?" I asked for I was very anxious concerning the "grave Seniors." "They did not come to anything of importance," said he, "I heard the other day that one of them had been elected dog pelter in his native village and that another was herding hogs near the head-waters of Sand Run."

I was about to ask more concerning this great class when upon looking around I discovered that the old man was gone. I started to run down the mountain side shouting lustily for him when I slipped and fell. The next thing I knew I was lying in bed with the sound of the six o'clock bell ringing in my ears and I knew it was time to get up.

Junior Class Poem.



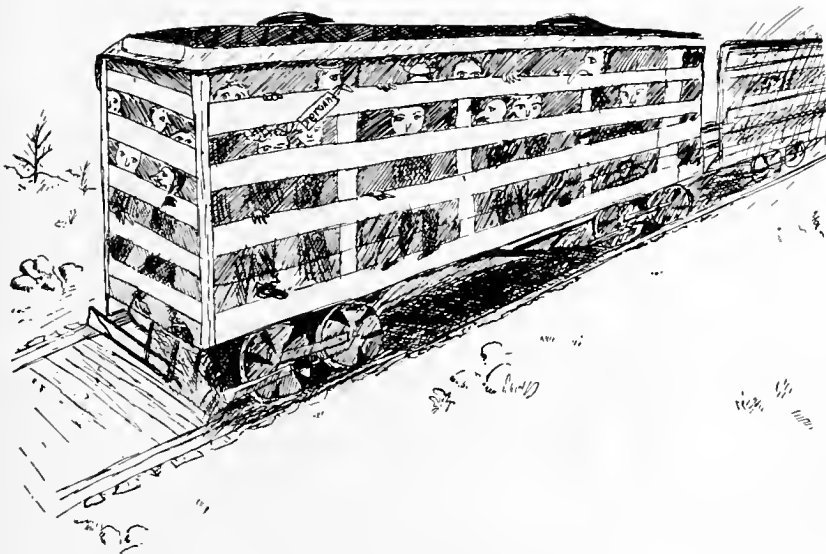
Long life to the class of nineteen and five
With fifty members so loyal and true;
Here in these halls the old song we'll revive
Of the blue and the gray, and the gray and the blue.

Dissentions ne'er in this class shall arise,
But true to each and to all will we stand,
Till e'en the praise shall ascend to the skies
Of the blue and the gray joined hand in hand.

Trial and trouble we'll not try to shun,
And only the path of ease aim to seek;
By labor and strife is the victory won,
Not by vain deeds and words easy to speak.

Our Junior year full of pleasure has been,
With its sunshine and joy, yet shadows a few.
Shadows that flee when kind Friendship is seen
Cementing the times we hope again to renew.

A few more weeks till we part at the train,
The days that are gone we shall not forget;
But Juniors true, may we all meet again
When the sun on our Junior days has set.



The Freshmen Class.



1906.

OFFICERS.

B. W. ROBERTS.....	<i>President.</i>
P. C. WILSON.....	<i>Vice-President.</i>
NELLIE McCONNEL.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
RAY JONES.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
H. C. CALDABAUGH.....	<i>Historian.</i>
HAL. F. MORRIS.....	<i>Prophet.</i>
OMA BARNES.....	<i>Poet.</i>

MOTTO.

Laboramus Victum.

COLORS.

Old Rose and White.

YELL.

Hi! rickety spankety spain!
 We are the class that has the brain!
 Beat us, rout us, nix! nix! nix!
 We are the class of 1906.



1906

Freshman Class Roll.



1	JAMES PICKENS,	11	HAL F. MORRIS,
2	LILLIAN MOORE,	12	A. F. WARD,
3	B. W. ROBERTS,	13	GRACE SIGLER,
4	JESSIE SHAFFER,	14	W. C. PICKLES,
5	C. D. O'NEAL,	15	H. H. WOOD
6	ADA CHAPMAN,	16	BLANCHE HARDESTY,
7	R. F. POLING,	17	T. F. HARDMAN,
8	GROVER HEDGES,	18	IVA FARNSWORTH,
9	R. M. STEMPLE,	19	G. N. STEYER,
10	OMA BARNES,	20	D. L. MOON.

1906



Freshman Class Roll.



1	LAURA BRAKE,	10	NELLIE McCONNELL,
2	LURA LAW,	11	E. R. JONES,
3	H. E. CALDABAUGH,	12	ARTHUR MARPLE,
4	A. D. PRUNTY,	13	GRACE McCLEARY,
5	A. B. HALL,	14	C. A. LYNCH,
6	P. C. WILSON,	15	W. A. McCUE,
7	DELLA CLAYPOOL,	16	W. B. TALBOT,
8	BESSIE DORSEY,	17	B. C. SINGLETON,
9	LELIABELLE HOARD,	18	ALFREDA CARNEY.

The History of the Freshman Class.



O write the history of the Freshman Class, and its members would be to write volumes, and though these volumes would be exceedingly interesting and highly entertaining, yet only a few facts can be given here concerning the class.

Whence we came and who we were no one knows; but now, who we are and whither we are going, all know. Some of us have a faint recollection of once being "Preps," but that was in the dim past and does not concern our present history.

We were organized in September 1903, and were surprised to find among our number some of the brainiest, wittiest, and hardest working students of the Seminary. We contribute something to the success in every department of our institution. The foot ball team would have had to go out of the business had it not been for the Freshmen's timely aid; also we are a prominent factor in this seasons Base Ball Club. We take an active part in society work. Some of our members have appeared against members of both the Senior and Junior Classes and have no reason to be ashamed of their work.

While the Juniors were prowling about at nights, hanging dogs and dummies we were wrapt in deep thoughts pertaining to hanging the various things of life in their proper places. While the Seniors were striving so earnestly to take a poor, old, crippled cow up three flights of stairs into the Seminary Chapel, we were giving our attention to the nobler thoughts of how to climb the golden stairway that leads to the lofty temple of fame and honor. While the "Preps" were foolishly searching the forests for snipes, and then getting home-sick because the Juniors and Seniors made sport of them, we were diligently searching for the difficult places in the next day's lessons, to such an extent that many of our number were made sick because of over zealousness in study.

So numerous are the Freshmen, that in class yells the Juniors and Seniors cannot be heard; especially was this demonstrated at the depot, just before the Holidays, when departing for our homes.

But it is unseemly to boast. It is our purpose to persevere. All great forces move silently.

It is not only as a class that we figure so prominently in the affairs of the Seminary; we are an illustrious class, viewed either collectively or individually. The faculty fully realizes this fact, for quite frequently some one of our number has been called into the office to consult with the President.

But to laud our glories further is useless for all know of us. Let the ages, from generation to generation to come, sing aloud the praises of the class of 1906.

HISTORIAN.

Freshman Class Prophecy.



COME near ye Seniors, and hearken, ye Juniors: let the Preps hear: let the Sem. and all therein listen to that which shall befall the enemies of Ours, The Freshman Class which is destined to be the greatest class ever begotten by this our Alma Mater. Pay ye heed unto that which is said of the Class itself.

We shall give justice unto our enemies. Ye Juniors and ye Seniors, sons and daughters of the Evil One, thy transgressions are multiplied before thee: thy sins testify against thee, thy transgressions are with thee, and as for thy iniquities, and evil towards us, we know them. Transgressing and lying against us, and departing away from us, speaking oppression and revolt, conceiving and uttering from thy fluffly hearts and muddled brains, words of falsehood: all this ye shall be sorry for. Because we roar like lions and fight like tigers, we shall cease neither day nor night until we have broken the walls of thy little learning and stand victors. Thus shall our enemies be dealt with. But the varied successes of the members of our class may now be of interest to you.

Our beloved President, Roberts, is going to be one of the most bitter opponents of "El Diablo," and when the great trials of life come, G-R-A-C-E shall comfort him. Stemple shall be a prosperous lumberman, and shall not lose on Ash. Our "Class Beauty," Miss Hardesty, shall be lost in wonder at the love tales told by the Senior 'Gib.' Webster shall be put to shame by the eloquence of Wilson, in his great political Career. Moon shall have more (Moore) sermons for the press, than Talmage ever dreamed of. In Mathematics, Pickens shall be to Prof. Mills, as a diamond is to glass. Miss Sigler and Miss McCleary shall bring American Schools of Music into first rank by their excellent methods of teaching. Graham will, in the conquests of some foreign nation, pre-

fix the handle of General to his name, and not only in war but in love will he win. Wood the Philosopher and Drake the Botanist will never know the pleasures of married life, but will become bachelors of the most hardened type. During the Presidency of Berrell, the West Virginia Conference College will attain the climax of her glory. Miss Farnsworth will tame the vicious Wolfe, and he will thereafter lead a life of submission. Jones, Caldebaugh and Hall will bring fame to their descendants by their most able diplomatic careers. Mexico and the West will give Miss McConnell a broad field for her Home Missionary Work. All the sweetness, and descriptive powers of Mrs. Browning and Jean Ingelow will be brought out in the poems and writing of Miss Law. Talbott and Ward will corner the grain markets, clearing millions of dollars and will empower their Secretary, Steyer, to surpass Carnegie in the giving of costly and useful Libraries. Miss McNutt will become an artist whose paintings will easily take first prizes. McCue will be a prosperous Western farmer, while Murphy and Poling will become Rail Road Magnates. Singleton is now forming an Insurance Company which will be the strongest the world has ever known, and he will be its President. Hess will win fame as an instructor in all the latest bear dances. Prof. Morris will corner the Radium market and by the use of radium make all coons look white. And Marple who has been elected Sky Pilot of our class, will do missionary work on a commission. Miss Claypool will succeed Miss Dorr as preceptress of the Ladies Hall, and will teach the art of making Goo Goo Eyes instead of reading French. Ten years from now if you will visit the cities of London and Paris you will find in each, a Hospital with the name of Jarvis at the entrance. In the one you will find Hedges as Chief Surgeon, in the other Surgeon Board will be in charge. Lively as a poet will rank with Byron and Shakespeare. Swecker will make a good cabin boy, on some fishing schooner. Miss Hoard, the girl of ambition, will be one of the best of English Elocutionists. Miss Shaffer and Miss Dorsey will found Boarding Schools, which will give out learning, that will do credit to teachers so ably fitted for the work as they will be.

Now what has been prophesied has been prophesied. If like some of Hicks Prophecies, some things do not come true, blame the weather and not the Prophet.

Freshman Class Poem.



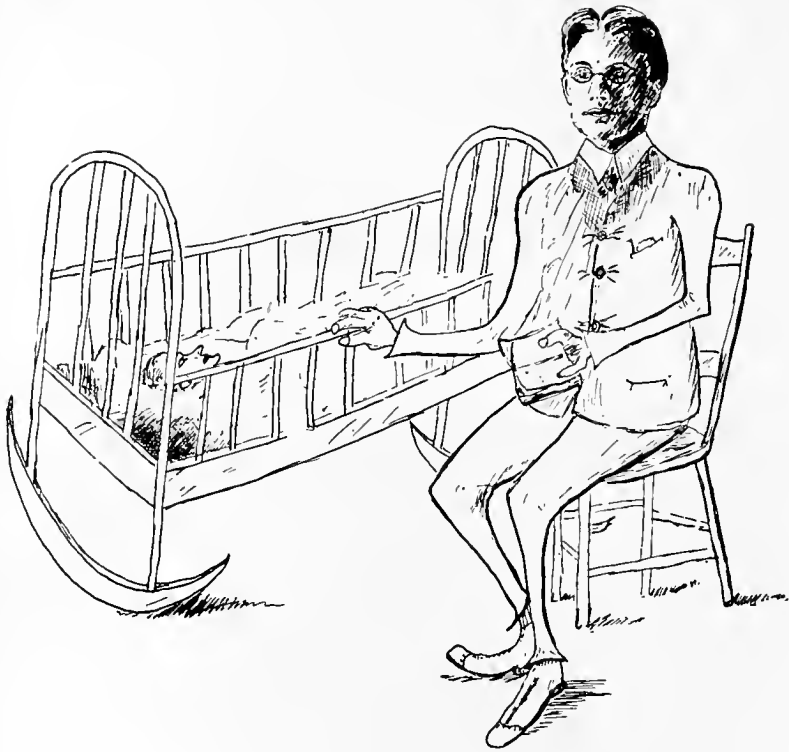
On the silvery Buckhannon the Seminary stands,
Beckoning like a giant with its mighty hands,
It says to all who wishes, knowledge to acquire,
Go and have an interview with the president, Dr. Wier.

We students of the Freshman Class have seen him long ago,
And we are learning fame and wisdom, as we can plainly show.
But the Juniors and the Seniors haven't enough brain,
To put up an umbrella when they are in the rain.

Like a little brooklet they try to slip away,
But they don't get very far until they hear the Dr. say,
"Of your examinations I sadly disapprove
So you will have to try again or your five cent caps remove."

But when we're Seniors we'll adopt a nobler plan,
We'll put away such childish things and then become a man;
Our work will be complete in every single part,
For the Freshman Class is noted for its skill and art.

We'll do our very best, be it great or small
And always firmly stand and never take a fall,
Then in 1906 we'll greet you with surprise
For you thought we Freshmen could never be so wise.



Prepdom.



OFFICERS.

O. E. KARICKHOFF.....	<i>President.</i>
E. B. MOORE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
A. MORRISON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
FLUNKING TRIPPETT.....	<i>Treasurer.</i>
W. X. Y. Z. CLEVINGER.....	<i>Historian.</i>

MOTTO.

C₂ H6 o

COLORS.

Drab Yellow and Handsome Green.

YELL.

Hobble gobble, ribble rabble, miggie munks,
 We're the class that always flunks.
 Hubble dubble, hubble bubble, higgle hin
 Look at us and watch us grin.

To the Prep.



Dear little prep,
We welcome you here
To this fountain of knowledge,
To Juniors so dear.

No doubt you are lonely
And oft think of home;
And resolve in your hearts
Never more to roam.

But remember little ones
As you go through this life;
If you wish to become great
You must enter the strife.

So cheer up darlings
And ope your drooping eyes;
Think of the heights we've attained;
Follow our footsteps and be wise.

The Story of the Little Prep.



ESUNS as preps hasnt did so powerful orful much as yet like Juniors has to make us fameful! But you al knows that were just kome from back in the countrie and has been here only a little time and hasnt had much of a chance to did big wonderfull things such as like the Seniors thinks thayl dopretty nigh sune:

Weuns has had to work hard somewhat all our lives a huskin punkens and drivin the gooses to pastor and such like things as our daddies and mammeys wanted us then to do such. But weuns goed to the publick schules now and thereabouts and thereinn obtaned the rudments of Eddication such as bestt we could. We then komed to the semnary and here us is a doin just the best we knose how to du. If cours usens haint dun much as yet but wees expectin to dun wonderfull and grate like things in the futur: we has lerned somewhat in figurs but none of we as het are very profecent i has a bruther Bil and a sister Sal to hom tho thats good in syperein, thayve been clean over to Fractures and goin back anuther time yet. Weuns is rele gud in spellin and grammer altho our techer says we have sume rume fur improvement but then nobodiyies can becum perfect all at unce you knowes.

Weuns has sum in our clas as knows a big deal site about History to allso they can tels al about the vents of history bout georg Washintun findin the Noarth poal and Bufflo bils rekord in congres and many other vents that even the Senors dont kno about exzzackly.

in coarse they most alles get beter grades as weens du but herd sum of em say that thay road thru on Ponys i dont knowes thay does that but mebbe well find out fore long and then usuns can mak gude grades to allso?

Sum of our boys has did gud in athleticks to we has a boy as can run a mile in 10 minits if coarse the time pends a little on how fast he runs and how large the mile aint. We has sum gud lukin girls in our clas to and thats sunthin usuns can brag about i likes em all pritty wel to somewhat they does wel in there clases too also.

Takin inter sideration every things we thinks we has didd mity wel and has improved tremensuly sumwhat and in the futer weuns tends to did even more as the Juniors & Seniors has did

Hopping this will interest you sumwhat
i wil close

Vary affectuntly and allays yures

P. S. more next time.

—HISTORIAN.



Juniors in College Course.



Oda Earl Karickhoff.



Oda Earl Karickhoff on March 15, 1880 made his presence first known in this world to the people of Rural Dale, a small village in Upshur Co., W. Va. Here in this quiet country-town inspired by the nocturnal croak of the frogs and the chirp of the crickets he received his youthful training. Like many other youths,

"He grew and waxed strong,
But he didn't grow very long.

In the fall of 1898 he enrolled as a student at the Seminary. Little would one have thought at the time that this little white-haired boy would ever graduate, but under the tender care of a merciful Faculty he finished the Seminary Literary Course in 1901. The following year he enrolled in the regular Classical Course and will receive his A. B. in 1905. During his student life here he has not been without his share of honors. He is actively engaged in nearly all phases of college work. In 1904 much of his time was utilized in endeavoring to organize an "Old Bachelor's

Association" but we are sorry to say, though not to his discredit, that the undertaking failed. Karry is an earnest student, an amiable and obliging friend, and to some extent, at least, a "ladies man." His highest ambition is to become Mayor of the city, Hodgeville, and his eminent ability for the position will doubtless secure him that office at the next election.

I. E. Ash.

I. Emory Ash, better known as "Daddy" came from Tyler County, W. Va. to the Seminary in the Fall of 1899. He completed the Classical course in 1902. Up to this year (1904) he has been taking post-graduate work. When the Seminary stepped up into College work I. E. Ash was one of the first to enroll in the college course. If the fates are willing and if "Daddies" age or some other cause does not interfere with his health he will be one of the illustrious members of the new college's first graduating class.

Daddy has been a land-mark here in the Seminary ever since his entrance. He was President of his class in his Junior year. He was the first President of the Athletic Association. He was elected manager of the foot ball team of 1903 and 1904. He has been been managing editor of the Collegiate since 1902.

Mr. Ash is a student who makes himself felt in school life.



James W. Mahood.

James W. Mahood was born in Benwood Marshall Co., W. Va. September 13, 1876 which day was immediately made a National Holiday by special Act of Congress. Between the ages of twelve and twenty he was an employe in the iron mills and glass factories in the vicinity of his nativity. Feeling the need of a broad education he entered the West Virginia Conference Seminary in the fall of 1897 and graduated in the Classical Course four years later. In obedience to the scriptural injunction "that it is not good for man to be alone" James, in the spring of 1901 took unto himself a wife—an act upon his part which as yet he had no reasons to regret. In fact he is the only member of his class who has been thus blessed with a helpmeet—a distinction of which he should be proud. He was admitted on trial to the West Virginia Conference of the M. E. Church in 1902 and was appointed to Duffy Charge, which appointment he served for one year. He reentered the Seminary in the fall of 1903 and will receive his A. B. in 1905 after which he will follow his chosen profession, the ministry.



Elmer Bemuth Moore.

When Elmer Bemuth Moore came to the Seminary he left all knowledge of the word fail in his native county Pocahontas. During the past years of his school life here in the Seminary he has risen by degrees almost to the summit. He was a born orator but for lack of practice his oratorical powers lay dormant until he came to the Seminary. Four years of active work in the Chrestomathean Literary Society has made him such a logical reasoner and eloquent speaker that undoubtedly he will be a great power for good in the pulpit where his future work lies.

He is an Anti Foot Ball man and although in a hopeless minority has the courage of his convictions. He is of a sober practical disposition and has never been the victim of any delusion except Ponce De Leon's fountain of youth.





DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

Teachers.



J. J. JELLEY, Director.



MRS. J. J. JELLEY.



MISS ETHEL BARNHILL.



MISS BESSIE L. WHITING.



MISS JULIA WILSON.

Seniors in Music.



Pianoforte Recital.



MISS GLADYS MABEL FARNSWORTH.

MISS MADGE CHIDISTER.

Class 1904.

Assisted by MISS GRACE TOWNSEND.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Mulde Duo—Two Pianos } | } <i>Andante and Pondo.</i> |
| 2. Sinding—Marche Grotesque } | |
| 3. Prelude—E Minor } | } <i>Mendelssohn.</i> |
| 3. Presto—E Major } | |
| 4. Minuetto—B Minor | <i>Schubert.</i> |
| | MISS CHIDISTER. |
| 5. Vocal | <i>Selected.</i> |
| 6. Henselt—Si j'etais un oiseau | <i>Etude.</i> |
| 7. Nocturne B. Flat, Minor } | } <i>Chopin.</i> |
| 7. Etude G Flat, Major } | |
| | MISS FARNSWORTH. |
| 8. Impromptu—F Sharp, Major | <i>MacDowell.</i> |
| | MISS CHIDISTER. |
| 9. Vocal | <i>Selected.</i> |
| 10. Caprice—B Minor | <i>Mendelssohn.</i> |

Orchestra parts supplied on second piano by Miss Townsend.

Juniors in Music.



ROSETTA McWHORTER.



HELEN MILDRED WOOD.



GRACE ELIZABETH TOWNSEND.

Pianoforte Recital.

Class 1905.

- | | | |
|-----|-----------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. | Sonata, Op. 26 | |
| | Andante and Variations. } | <i>Beethoven.</i> |
| | ROSETTA McWHORTER. | |
| 2. | Idylle, Op. 26. } | <i>MacDowell.</i> |
| | Czardas, Op. 24. } | |
| | GRACE ELIZABETH TOWNSEND. | |
| 3. | Adago, A Flat Op. 10. | <i>Beethoven.</i> |
| 4. | Hark, Hark the Lark. | <i>Schubert-Liszt.</i> |
| | HELEN MILDRED WOOD. | |
| 5. | Vocal | <i>Selected.</i> |
| 6. | Moments Musicaux, C Sharp, Minor. | <i>Mozzowski.</i> |
| | ROSETTA McWHORTER. | |
| 7. | Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14. | <i>Mendelssohn.</i> |
| | GRACE ELIZABETH TOWNSEND. | |
| 8. | Tremulo Etude. | <i>Gottschalk.</i> |
| | ROSETTA McWHORTER. | |
| 9. | Vocal. | <i>Selected.</i> |
| 10. | Duo. Two Pianos. Chromatic Galop. | <i>Liszt.</i> |
| | ROSETTA McWHORTER. | |
| | GRACE ELIZABETH TOWNSEND. | |

Pianoforte Lecture Recital.



BY



EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

Seminary Chapel, Wednesday Evening, January 20.

PROGRAM.

Allegro from Sonata, Op. 53.	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Turkish March from Ruins of Athens.	<i>Beethoven-Rubinstein.</i>
Des Abends, op. 12.	<i>Schumann.</i>
Traumeswirren, op. 12.	<i>Schumann.</i>
Der Ritt der Walkuren.	<i>Wagner-Brassin.</i>
Feuerzauber.	<i>Wagner-Brassin.</i>
Toccata, op. 41, No. 2.	<i>Moszkowski.</i>
Impromptu in A Flat.	<i>Chopin.</i>
Berceuse.	<i>Chopin.</i>
Ballade, A Flat.	<i>Chopin.</i>

Lost and Found.



LOST—In neighborhood of Choral Room Tuesday between 2:30 and 3:15 P. M., the nerve of some twenty students. If found return to The Harmony Class.

LOST.

ON ATHLETIC FIELD—Thanksgiving Day several shrill voices and lots of temper. If found return to Sem. students.

LOST.

At Seminary Reception, a Good Time. If found keep it.

FOUND.

In Conservatory Building, several high notes. Apply at office.

1904 GIRL (after final exam)—Has been writing two hours and three-quarters without thinking a single instant.

SHADES OF HAMLET.

At a Seminary Reception.

HE—"Why wont they let us dance?"

SHE—"Oh, there's too much Methodism in this madness."

SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

Sweet Girl graduate

Met a horrid Mr.

He fell in love with her,

Smack'd his lips and kr.

Naughty girl graduate,

She is now a Mrs.

Living in the wild, wild West

On bread, cheese, and krs.

AN OLD ADAGE UP-TO-DATE.

A rainbow in the morning

Is the shepherds warning.

A rain beau at night—

Is the maiden's delight.

Grinds.



“Nothing harsh is meant, so there!
Its all in fun, and don't you care.”

Conservatory:—“Harmony in uproar.”

Harmony:—“If flunk we must, the Lords will be did.”

Prof. Jelly:—“A fervor of mind which knows no separation.”

Mrs. Jelly:—

“Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman.”

Miss Barnhill:—“The poor lad has been waiting a long time.”

Miss Whiting:—“Love has made those hollows.”

Miss Wilson:—

“A soaring nature—nature ballasted with sense,
Wisdom without her wrinkles and pretense.”

SENIORS.

Gladys Farnsworth:—“She tells you flatly what her mind is.”

Madge Chidister:—

“Hang Sorrow! Care will kill a cat;
And therefore lets be merry.”

JUNIORS

Grace Townsend:—“And still she smiled and talked.”

Helen Wood:—“Full of life and full of glee.”

Rosetta McWhorter:—“I'm all the daughters of my fathers' house,
and all the brothers, too.”

Students.



Jean Pollock:—"I want to meet a man."

Lee Frank Everhart:—"With an 'I-turn-the-crank-of-the-universe' air."

Francis Isherwood:—"Delta Tau Delta."

Eva Stuart:—"Why, she is a sensible girl, save in loving men!"

Bess Gibson:—"A rattling tongue of saucy and audacious eloquence."

Elta Lawrence:—"I hope to get safely out of the turmoil."

Thos. Hall:—"An unextinguished screeching shakes the skies."

Tensia Ash:—

 "And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes.

 'Tis a pity to limit ones love to a pair."

Ora King:—"Too late—you cannot enter now."

Alma Woodburn:—"She will talk; good gods, how she will talk!"

Lois Simmons:—"She looks as clear as morning roses, newly washed with dew."

Earl Hosler:—

 "'Tis sweet to love, but oh, how bitter!

 To love a girl and then not git her."

Tiva Ballinger:—"I just wanted to know, you know."

Elizabeth Jackson:—"I never killed a mouse or fly."

Mattie Pettit:—

“Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous tho' coy and gentle tho' retired.”

Bessie Dorsey:—“What is the persecuting voice that haunts me?”

Claude E. Goodwin:—“ 'Tis love that makes the world go round.”

Bessie Clayton:—

“And if she will, she will,
You may depend on't;
And if she wont, she wont,
And there's an end on't.”

Harry Hall:—“A lady killer or a saint—which?”

Arlice Billingslea:—“With countenance demure and modest grace.”

Burton Reese:—“How long, O Lord, how long!”

Virgie Phillips:—“She has many a string to her bow.”

Nellie Rumble:—

“O! I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
Or sit beside a school marm,
And hold her by the hand.”

Traumerei.



One Golden summer's morning I wandered by the banks of a murmuring stream. I laughed softly with its waves, and stooped to pluck the flowers that grew upon its banks. One of these, more beautiful than the rest, I laid against my bosom; I kissed its tiny petals, when, lo! They took shape, and it stood forth the winged Spirit of my dreams.

"Child" said the Spirit, "Wilt go with me?" I clasped my hands in wonder "Yes, gladly," I cried, and straightway we rose in the air, up, up, through clouds and mists, till we reached the mountain top, the gateway of a new world. At first I saw nothing but clouds upon clouds albeit of an ethereal brightness and beauty. Yet soon came the sound of music falling in waves of piercing sweetness upon my ear. I saw a sunny grove with trickling streams. Fair forms wandered in its shade; fairest palaces rose beyond.

"The palaces are for thee, the groves await thy step," said the Spirit.



He leaned toward me. The light of his brow shone on my face. Yet when I would I could not follow. Invisible hands held me. My soul grew troubled.

“Nay, sweet Spirit, I cannot yet be thy companion,” I cried, and turned to descend the mountain alone. The path was bright with the glow from the Spirit World, but my footsteps faltered. I saw care approaching.

“Come with me,” he said. I put my hand in his and smiled. But my face was wet with tears. And we descended the mountain together.



Department of Art.



MRS. T. W. HAUGHT, Teacher.



Art Studio.

The aim of this department is to develop in the students mind a correct idea of form, color, composition and design, and to give a thorough training in all fundamental principles of Art

The regular students are requested to give careful attention to object drawing, drawing from casts and life before color is used—then enough work is required in water color, oil, and china painting to enable the student to work independently in each medium.

A graduate of the department is prepared to work independently or to enter intelligently upon work in the best art schools.

Students may take a part of the course and be classed as Special Students.

The Studio is supplied with models, studies and casts suitable for work in all classes, and with a collection of photographs of masters of art, their paintings and sculpture. The students have access to the best art magazines and books on art and artists.

Special china painting classes are organized. The sketch class meets one a week and sketches from life, students acting as models.

Classes in out-door sketching are organized in the spring and fall. Our exhibition of students' work is held at the end of the school year.

Seniors in Art.

Students in the Department of Art.



NELLIE RUMBLE,



LETA SNODGRASS.

1904.

ALMA JACKSON,

1906.

GENIVIEVE STACK.

Special.

MRS. C. L. BARLOW,
MISS JULIA BENDER,
MRS. CODY,
MISS NELLIE DAUPHINEE,
MISS LOTTIE FARNSWORTH,
MISS CARRIE HARDING,
MR. E. J. HEAVNER,

MRS. CHARLES HOLT,
MISS JULIA LATHAM,
MISS IVA D. MCCRAY,
MRS. DAN PIFER,
MRS. RIDER,
MRS. FRANK TROTTER,
MISS BESSIE L. WHITING.

MISS WINNIE WIER.



ELOCUTION.



IVA D. McCRAY, Teacher.

Senior in Elocution.



Recital of Elocution,

Given By

Bessie Talbott.



Vocal Solo	Mrs. U. G. Young.
Ninety and Nine	Richard Harding Davis.
Mammy's Love Story.....	Julia B. Tenney.
(a) Imphen	Anonymous.
(b) Cuddle Doon.....	Anderson Alexander.
Vocal Solo	Mr. Goodwin.
The Losing of Mr. Stubbins	Alice Hegan Rice.
The Odd Man	Eugene Field.
The Clover Meadow	Byron King.

Students in Elocution.

Senior.



BESSIE TALBOTT.

JUNIORS.

ARLICE BILLINGSLEA,

BESSIE GIBSON.

SPECIAL STUDENTS.

ASH, TENSIA

LOWE, IRETA

BARNES, OMA

LEWIS,

BILLINGSLEA, ARLICE

LAW, LURA

BOWMAN, MAUD

MOON,

BARNETT, MISS

MASON,

BALL, ARTHUR

MCCORMICK, ANNA

BUNGARDNER, HOMER

MORRISON, LELA

BOARD,

MCINTYRE, HATTIE

DOWNES, OCIE

MCHEMRY, JUDITH

EDGELL, ETHEL

PIFER, MARY

FAULKNER, KATHERINE

SMITH, HARTE RAY

GIBSON, BESSIE

STOYER,

GOODWIN, CLAUDE

STOUT, ISADORE

HOSSLER, EARL

TALBOTT, BESSIE

HATHAWAY, AUSTIN

WILLIAMS, ZELLA

HALL, CLARA

WILSON.

ORGANIZATIONS



Y. M. C. A.



OFFICERS.

C. E. GOODWIN	<i>President.</i>
H. S. BUMGARDNER	<i>Vice-President.</i>
T. R. HALL	<i>Secretary.</i>
L. S. CORE	<i>Corresponding Secretary.</i>
ROY McCUSKEY	<i>Treasurer.</i>

MOTTO:

Christo et Ecclesiae.

COLORS:

Red and White.

TEACHERS OF BIBLE CLASSES:

PROF. W. O. MILLS,

PROF. J. J. DECK.



Y. M. C. A.



ROLL OF MEMBERSHIP.

ASH,	GIBSON,	McCUE, W. P.
ALLMAN,	GILMORE,	MURPHY,
BRAKE, A. K.	HALL, T. R.	O'NEAL,
BRAKE, B. S.	HALL, H. C. B.	REGER,
BRAKE, C. A.	HATHAWAY,	ROBERTS,
BENDER,	HICKS,	RAINE,
BUMGARDNER, H. S.	HARTLEY,	SMITH, H. L.
BRITON,	HAMRICK,	SMITH, H. R.
BURRELL,	HOSTLER,	SHREAVES,
BONAR,	HOSKINS,	SWECKER, C.
CASTO,	HANIFAN,	STOYER,
CARNEY,	IRELAND,	THOMAS,
CALDABAUGH,	JONES, C. A.	TALLMAN,
CORE, L. S.	JONES, E. R.	WILSON,
DEARIEN,	KELLAR,	WHITE, OSCAR
EVERHART,	HARICKHOFF,	WHITE, I. F.
FRANKLIN,	LAW, C. O.	WOLF,
FALLEN,	LAW, O. G.	WILLIAMS,
FINLEY,	McCUSKEY,	
GOODWIN,	MOORE,	

The Young Mens Christian Association.



Since the organization of the Y. M. C. A. in the Seminary a little over three years ago it has accomplished a great amount of good. Each year has been some advancement over the preceding one and this year has been no exception.

The Y. M. C. A. has proved to be a great factor in the religious life of the school. The members of the association have been quite active in the special revival services that have been held each year and through their earnestness and zeal many have been led into the Higher life. The devotional services held on Wednesday evening of each week have been very profitable. Oftimes we hear some young man say that these meetings are the best in the school. This is because of the freedom found in them.

The work of the Bible Classes this year has been very good. There are more enrolled than ever before. These classes are intensely interesting and with Prof. Mills and Prof. Deck as teachers the members are being brought into a broader knowledge of the Bible, and into a deeper and richer christian experience.

The association organized this year its first class in the Study of Missions and this has proved to be a most interesting study. The Class has been very fortunate in securing as teacher Rev. G. W. Pollock, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who spent several years in India. The class is now studying a book on that country and has an enrollment of about twelve which is a splendid showing considering it our first attempt along this line.

The Y. M. C. A. is doing a noble work in the school and we hope and pray that as the years come and go its influence and power may be increased and that many through its instrumentality may be led into a broader and more complete life.

Y. W. C. A.



DAISY SMITH.....*President.*
ANNA MORRISON *Vice-President.*
KATHERINE MORRISON *Secretary.*
ETHEL CLARK *Treasurer.*

MOTTO:

“Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts.”

COLORS:

Dark Blue and White.



The Y. W. C. A. Roll of Membership.



BALL, BARNETTA
BALLINGER, NATIVA
BARNHILL, ETHEL
BEER, BLANCHE
BENDER, JULIA
BILLINGSLEA, ARLICE
BOWMAN, MAUDE
BROOKS, BLANCHE
BROYLES, EVA
CARNEY, ALFE
CHAPMAN, ADA
CLAYTON, BESSIE
CLARK, ETHEL
DAUPHINEE, NELLIE M.
DORSEY, BESSIE
DORR, LOWA M.
FAULKNER, KATIE
FORD, ELEANOR
FRIEND, SADIE
FURBEE, DAISY
GIBSON, BESS
GIBSON, BLANCHE
GOLD, LOTTIE
HAUGHT, MRS. T. W.
HUBER, HULDA
IRELAND, ELLA
JACKSON, ELIZABETH
KEMPER, ORMA
KING, ORA
LAWRENCE ELTA

MCCLEARY, GRACE
MCCONNELL, NELL
MCCRAY, IVA D.
MCHENRY, JUDITH
MCNUTT, ANNA
METHENY BESSIE
MORRISON, ANNA
MORRISON, KATHARINE
MORRISON, LELA
POST, MATTIE
RIBLETT, JENNIE
RUMBLE, NELLIE
SHAFFER, JESSIE
SHARPS, RUTH
SNODGRASS, FLOSSIE
SNODGRASS, LETA
SMITH, DAISY
SMITH, ISA
STOUT, ISADORE
STONESTREET, BLANCHE
TOWNSEND, GRACE
TREVY, OLIVE
WHITING, BESSIE
WIER, MRS. JOHN
WIER, WINNIE
WILLIAMS, ZELLA
WISMAN, PEARL
WOODBURN, ALMA
WOOD, HELEN

Importance of the Young Women's Christian Association.



The school girl finds, besides the regular routine of classwork, many things to occupy her time and broaden her education. The literary society and other organizations of the school are of great value and should hold an important place in her student life; yet the Christian Association is of far greater value than any of these and therefore should hold the place of greater prominence in her student life.

The Work of the Young Women's Christian Association is far-reaching and varied. Its influence on the life of a school is incalculable. Its purpose is well expressed in an article of the Constitution which reads as follows: "The object of the association shall be the development of Christian character in its members, and the prosecution of active Christian work, particularly among the young women of the institution."

No work could be more important. The aim of every girl should be to make the very most of life and without the spirit of Christianity she will certainly fail in the attainment of this end. The work of the Association affords training along all lines of Christian work. The loving, Christian spirit of its members proves a help, in numerous ways, to younger students entering the school and shows to them the beauty of Christianity.

The social department is an important factor in the work. Many students are first reached through this and then brought into the Christian life. The fervent enthusiasm with which the members work in preparing receptions for new students, often appeals to hearts that otherwise would remain untouched.

The meetings of the Association form a tie to bind its members in sacred sisterhood and in union they work with their motto ever in view—
"Not my might nor by power but by my spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."



LITERARY SOCIETIES

Excelsior Literary Society.



OFFICERS.

<i>Fall.</i>	<i>Winter.</i>	<i>Spring.</i>	
J. R. FRANKLIN ..	JESSE WILLIAMS ..	T. R. HALL	<i>President.</i>
T. R. HALL.	C. A. SUTTON	FRED. CUPP	<i>Vice-President.</i>
MATTIE POST	ANNA MORRISON ..	LETA SNODGRASS	<i>Secretary.</i>
C. A. SUTTON	ROY McCUSKEY. ..	FRED. FORSTER	<i>Treasurer.</i>

MOTTO:

"Esse quam Videri."

COLORS:

Pink and Blue.

Organized September 11, 1890.



EXCELSIOR HALL.

Excelsior Roll of Membership.



ASH,	GOODWIN,	REGER,
BRITTON,	GROVES,	ROBERTS,
BALL,	HALL, T. R.	RAINE,
BUMGARDNER, H. S.	HALL, HARRY	PICKLES,
BUMGARDNER, A. G.	HOSTLER,	SUTTON,
BOARD,	HARTLEY,	SHREVE,
BURRELL,	HARRISON,	SMITH, H. R.
BALLENGER, MISS	HAWSE, WILLIAM	SMITH, H. L.
BOWMAN, MAUD	HAWSE, J. H.	SMITH, DAISY
BILINGSLEA, ARLICE	HICKS,	SMITH, ISA
BRAKE, LAURA	JENKINS,	SNODGRASS, LETA
CORE, EMMER	LYNCH,	SNODGRASS, FLOSSIE
CORE, L. S.	LAWRENCE, ELTA	STONESTREET, BLANCHB
CUNNINGHAM, NELLIE	McCUE, A. F.	STOUT, ISADORE
CUPP,	McCUE, W. P.	STROTHER,
CLOVIS,	McCLEARY, GRACE	STEYER,
CUPPET,	McCUSKEY,	TOWNSEND, GRACE
CONNER,	McCONNEL, NELLIE	TALLMAN,
CALDABAUGH,	MORRISON, ANNA	TREVEY, OLIVE
CLARK, ETHEL	MORRISON, LELA	VINCENT, MAUDE
DEARIEN,	MORRISON, CATHERINE	WOOD, HELEN
DOWNES, MISS	MOON,	WOODBURN, ALMA
DORSEY, BESSIE	MAHOOD,	WILLIAMS,
EVERHART,	MARPLE,	WISSMAN,
FORSTER,	NEWLAND, C. H.	WEBB,
FRANKLIN,	NEWLAND, GRACE	WATSON.
FORD, MISS		



SPRING TERM OFFICERS.

BILLINGSLEA, Chor. TOWNSEND, Cor. Sec. FORSTER, Treasurer
SNODGRASS, Sec'y. HALL, Pres. CUPP, Vice-Pres.
REGER, Critic. HARTLEY, Marshal.

History of Excelsior Society.



THE beginning of the Excelsior Society may be said to date from September 11, 1890, when President Hutchinson called the student body together for the purpose of forming two separate societies for literary work. The names of those wishing to join these societies were taken and divided by the Faculty as equally as possible. Each body met and organized and by casting lots the room on the south side of the main building fell to the division then known as Society No. 1 composed of the following charter members:

G. E. MORRIS,	BRANNON, MAUD	ROHRBAUGH, T. M.
ATHA, W. H.	FLEMING, MABEL	ROHRBAUGH, F.
ASPINAL, ROBT.	FLEMING, ESTELLE	REGER, ROY
BUCKEY, D. P.	HORNER, BLANCHE	TAMBLYN, J. E.
BARLOW, C. A.	JOHNSON, C. B.	WILLIAMS, C. N.
CARPER, A. B.	KARICKHOFF, J. L.	HORNER, HENRIETTA
CHAMBERS, A. W.:	LEONARD, BERT	LOUDIN, CARRIE M.
FUNK, J. H.	MORRISON, HOMER	MORRISON, LAURA
HINKLE, A. M.	MORRIS, W. S.	POLING, MAY
HARVEY, J. S.		

A. F. Chambers, W. F. Dailey, Ione Stone, J. S. Harvey and G. G. Lynch were appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws. The name "Excelsior" and the motto "*Essc quam videri*" were chosen, and the realization of this motto has ever been sought and attained by our members, both in school and after life.

The end of the first year found the Excelsior Hall carpeted and nicely furnished, all at the expense of the Society. Soon afterwards an excellent piano was purchased, and from that time on the room has been well kept, new furniture being added year by year until now it compares favorably with any room occupied by a similar body. We have promptly met and paid all expenses for furniture and equipment and there are now no outstanding accounts.

The active members at present number 84. It has always been the aim of the Excelsior Literary Society to give programs of high literary merit, adhering closely to the recognized Rules of Order, thereby fitting its members for active participation in public life, such as at the bar, pulpit or press.

It is impossible to name in this sketch all those who deserve recognition, but it is sufficient to say that the Excelsior Society has been well represented among the young men of affairs in West Virginia and other states. Its influence has been felt and acknowledged by hundreds of young people, and its work has only begun.

Chrestomathean Literary Society.



OFFICERS.

<i>Fall.</i>	<i>Winter.</i>	<i>Spring.</i>	
C. A. JONES	J. V. GIBSON	HERBERT BLAIR	<i>President.</i>
GORDON LOWE.	E. R. GROSE.	B. S. BRAKE	<i>Vice-President.</i>
BESS TALBOTT	MISS BEER	BERTHA WAUGH	<i>Secretary.</i>
S. C. GROSE	A. G. HATHAWAY	JAY HEAVNER	<i>Treasurer.</i>

MOTTO:

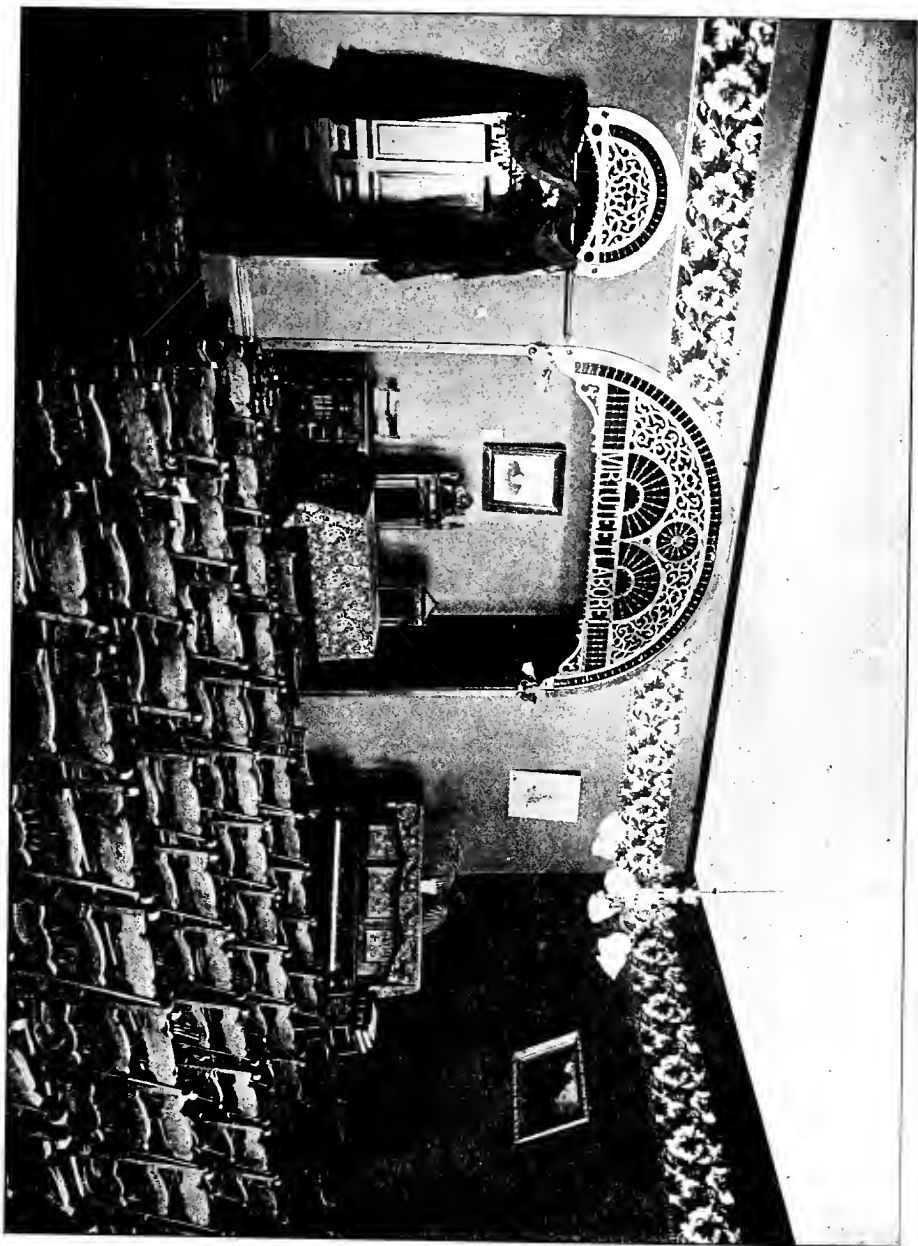
"Virtute et Labore."

COLORS:

Orange and White.

Organized September 11, 1890.

CRESTOMATHAN HALL.

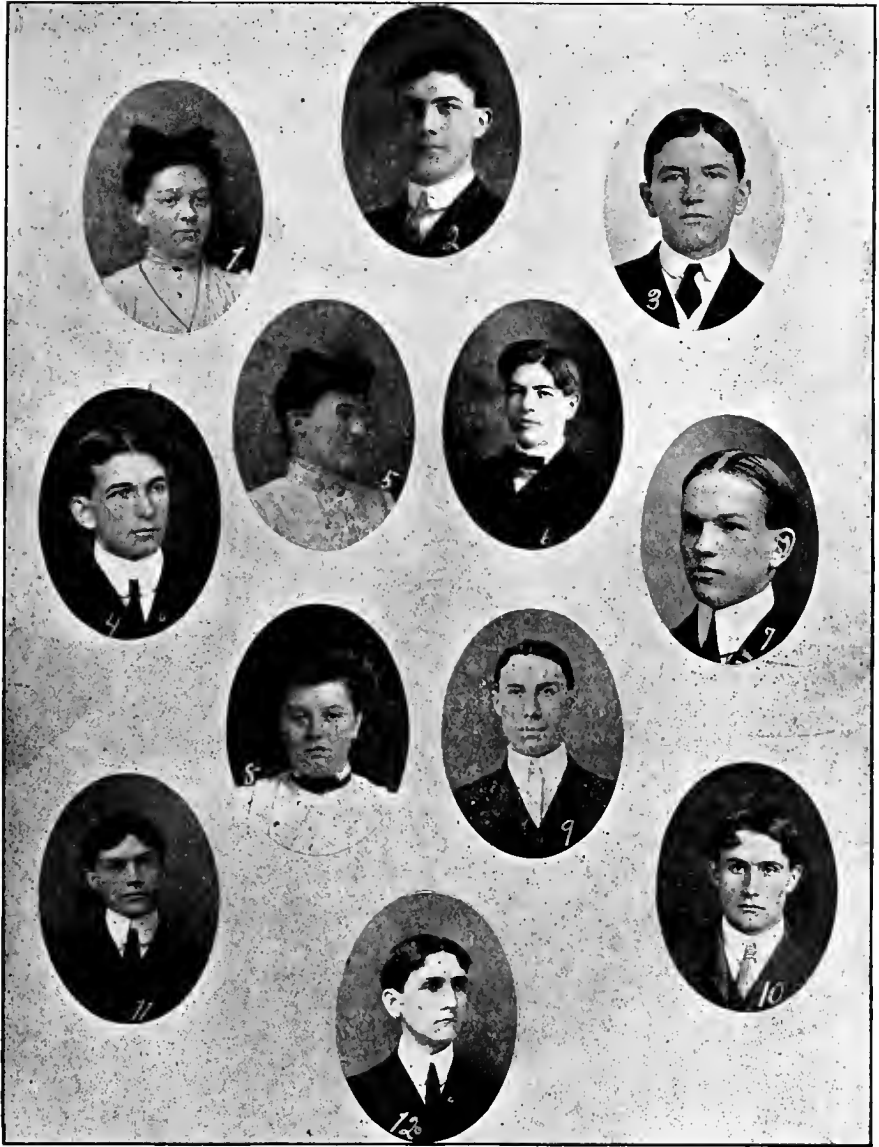


Chrestomathean Roll of Membership.



ALLMAN,	HARDMAN,	MCCRUM, MISS
ANDREWS, MISS	HANNIFAN,	MOORE,
ASH, MISS	HATHAWAY,	MORRIS,
BARNES, OMA	HEAVNER,	MURPHY
BENDER,	HECKERT,	NEWBURY, MISS
BURNSIDE,	HOSKINS,	NUTTER,
BEER, BLANCHE	HUFF,	NOSE, VERNIA
BRAKE, A. K.	HARDESTY, BLANCHE	O'NEAL, C. D.
BRAKE, B. S.	HARROD,	O'NEAL, MISS
BROWN,	HALL, A. B.	POLING,
BLAIR,	HAZLETT,	PRUNTY,
CASTEEL,	HEDGES,	PHILLIPS,
CARNEY,	HENNINGS,	QUEEN,
CHAPMAN, ADA	IRELAND,	REESE,
CALLIHAN,	JONES, C. A.	RILEY,
COOK,	JARVIS,	RADABAUGH,
CLARK, BESSIE	JONES, RAY	SHAFFER, JESSIE
DYER,	KARICKHOFF,	SHAW, MISS
DENNISON, MISS	KING, ORA	SIGLER,
FELTON, GRACE	LAKIN,	STEMPLE,
FELTON, GRETCHEN	LAW,	SINGLETON,
GIBSON, BESSIE	LOWE, GORDON	SHRADER,
GIBSON, J. V.	LOWE, IRETA	TALBOTT, BESS
GILMORE,	LYNCH, FRED.	TALBOTT, C. M.
GENO, MISS	LYNCH, ORIN	WAUGH, MISS
GROSE, E. R.	METHENY, BESS	WILSON, P. C.
GROSE, S. C.	MANOWN, CHARLES	WILSON, MISS
HALL, J. V.	MANOWN, ROSS	WHITE.
HARDESTY, GRACE	MACE, ROSA.	

Crestomathean Officers.



FALL—WINTER—SPRING.

7. JONES, Pres. 11. LOWE, Vice-Pres. 8. TALBOTT, Sec'y. 10. GROSE, Treas.
2. GIBSON. 9. GROSE. 5. BIER. 4. HATHAWAY. 6. BLAIR. 12. BRAKE. 1. WAUGH. 3. HEAVNER.

Chrestomathean Literary Society.



THE Chrestomathean Literary Society was organized in the first year of the school's history by a small band of students, with Prof. J. F. Ogden as leader. W. B. Cutright, now a prominent lawyer of this state, was chosen as first president. These pioneer Chrestomatheans were given a bare hall on the north side of the building, and left to shift for themselves. But, like the pioneers of our state, they were thrifty lads. The membership increased, and the organization grew. Progress was made in every line, till to-day the Chrestomathean Literary Society is one of the prime factors of the school. We have an enrollment of one hundred members. Each and every one of these will testify that he has received great benefit from his society work. This hall has sent out men who have already made themselves prominent in all lines of activity.

Looking over the history of our achievements we have just cause to be proud. We are proud of our work. We are proud of our hall. Our success has come "*Virtute et Labore*," and we owe it to nothing else. But above all we are proud of the internal harmony that always existed. Our domestic relations are always adjusted peacefully and to the satisfaction of all.

We extend a hearty invitation to all students to become members of our number. We need new members, and we have to have them. Our members do not ever remain in school, but complete the course honorably, and go out into other fields. He who is accomplished in literary work can find an intelligent audience in our hall, and the beginner who desires improvement can find it there.

The Value of Literary Societies.



IN considering what is the most important part of school work, that from which a student gains the most practical and useful knowledge, it may be said that it is the Literary Society. This assertion is made by the leading educational men of to-day.

The world is in need of broader minded men; of men that are qualified in every way to lead in the great National and Political questions of the age, and we must have such men to fill these places. A man may be highly educated as far as completing a College Course and yet his education is not practical. If he were called upon to deliver an address, he would not be able to do so for lack of practice. A man's education can be of no service to the world if he does not use it in some way.

The man who is worth millions is not any better off than a beggar if he will not spend his money. It is not money alone that gives him comfort but what he gets from the use of it. So is the case of the educated man who never uses his education.

In the class room the student gains information that he expects to be of use to him, but for lack of time he gains very little practice in speaking or presenting his views on any subject. But from where then does this practice come? It is gained in the Literary Society and there alone.

In the Literary a person has the opportunity of using what he has been hoarding away in the class room. It is there that the bashful boy or girl by taking part in the exercises loses his or her timidity.

Many of the able speakers trace their best and most important training in oratory back to their school life in the Literary Society. No one wishes to be excelled in any phase of life; he will work harder when opposed than when he is not, he will put forth his best efforts and in that way will give us the best work of which he is capable. We see this carried out in school among the students, but especially in the Society work.

When we hear a student in his first attempts to perform on the Literary Society program and then hear him as he appears on the programs from time to time, we cannot help noticing the vast improvement that he has made. His addresses are better prepared and better delivered. Such practice is the most helpful in school. It is here that the boys and girls learn to recite, learn to write essays, learn to make and deliver their orations. By the *extempore* they learn to speak on subjects without preparation, to be able to respond when called upon.

In a responsible way the Literary is a very important element, It belongs to the students: it is governed by them, they are accountable for the conduct in their halls. Anyone who is chosen by the members to preside over the meeting feels this responsibility and exercises his best judgment in all questions of importance. In this way he not only gains the practice in exercising justly his authority but gains self-confidence in his own ability which is needed at some time by every one.

The Literary is also very important as a social feature in the school. In a great many institutions the boys and girls never meet except in the Literary Societies and in the occasional socials given by the school. As the society meets weekly it is more important in social training than in any other part of the school work.

Every student who wishes to get the best out of the school and the most for his time, must become a member of its Literary Society.



Athletics.



L. O. SMITH, Coach.

Foot-Ball.



THE first week of September, 1903, saw the beginning of the second year of athletics at the West Virginia Conference Seminary.

At that time Mr. L. O. Smith, the famous half-back of the West Virginia University, took charge of the foot ball squad and in a short time had two teams running signals, catching punts, kicking and taking other forms of training that go to make the perfectly trained foot ball team. Those days of training under that scorching September sun, will long be remembered by all those who played on the team of 1903. But there came a change. And what, you may ask. Not a student in all the body that attends the Seminary forgets Marietta, Marietta our Rubicon. Although our defeat was humiliating, yet we will say for Marietta College that she played a clean honest game.

Our next game was played with the Western University of Pennsylvania. The day was wet, the ground was slippery and muddy. Neither team was able to do fast work but on a bad decision of one of the officials the game went to W. U. P., final score being 5 to 0.

The next game was played with Grove City College on our own grounds. At the end of the first half the score stood 10 to 0 in favor of Grove City. At the beginning of the second half the Varsity was seen to take a wonderful brace and within five minutes play the goal line of Grove City was reached and Varsity had scored; soon after the goal was kicked and the score stood Grove City College 10, Varsity 6. The ball was carried to the center of the field and kicked off and by a series of line plunges Grove City carried it to the Varsity's five yard line. It was one of the most exciting times in the history of the school when the Varsity held for three downs and on the fourth got the ball on a fumble and carried it twenty yards down the field. Varsity carried the ball over



VARSITY FOOT-BALL TEAM.

Grove City's goal line, scoring for the second time. Goal having been missed the score stood Grove City College 10 Varsity 11. After that as there were but a few minutes of play left, neither side was able to score; final score, Grove City College 10, West Virginia Conference Seminary 11.

In rapid succession followed games with West Virginia University, Muskingum College and Grafton Athletic Association, the last of which games was played in a drenching rain and mud ankle deep.

Grafton kicked off to the Varsity and by straight line plunges the ball was within a few seconds of play carried over Grafton's goal line. That first touchdown took the life out of Grafton and after that it was easy work throughout, and although the rain never ceased, spectators stood about the sidelines in rubber boots and rain coats and cheered wildly as the Varsity made run after run.

At last the referee blew his whistle, signaling that the game was at an end, and Grafton, or what was left of it was allowed to go unmolested to their hotel, final score being Varsity 45, Grafton Athletic Association 0.

The next and last game was played November 26, at Clarksburg, with Ohio University, and although the team was covered with mud and dirt, the result of the Grafton game, the orange and black did not once falter but scored repeatedly on O. U. The final score stood W. V. C. S. 15, O. U. 7.

In speaking of the work of the foot ball teams we must not overlook the reserve team in which great hopes are centered for the coming season. This is the first year of the organization known as the West Virginia Conference Seminary Reserves. The team though light, played hard and got off fast as was well illustrated in the game with the Clarksburg Tigers which ended in a score of 32 to 0 in favor of the Reserves.

To the Reserves we will say, as the child is father of the man, so is the Reserve Team father of the Varsity.



Reserve Foot-Ball Team.



1st Row: Hughes, Jackson, Pickens, Hazlet, Ireland, Stemple, Curry, Wells.
2d Row: McCleene, Hawse, Graham, Heayner, Jenkins, Jackson, Steele.

Base Ball Team.



Base Ball.



THE second year of Collegiate Base Ball in the West Virginia Conference Seminary will officially open on April 14, when California Normal meets the Seminary on her grounds.

The season in base ball last year was a decided success. Among those losing to the Seminary were Marietta, Bethany, Fairmont, Parkersburg Athletic Association, while the Seminary went down in defeat to but two aggregations, West Virginia University and Grove City College.

The base ball team of 1903, of which Otis Fling was Captain and Chas. Barnett was manager will ever be remembered in the Seminary as one which despite the way in which it was handicapped, made a clean record for itself, but as will always be the case, our hopes are placed in the team of the coming season of 1904, not the team of 1903.

Owing to the energy and enthusiasm of its manager, a splendid schedule has been arranged, and although the schedule is a hard one, we expect to come out at the end of the season with flowing banners and shouts of triumph.

The material for the base ball team this season is excellent and there is no reason why the Seminary should not stand among the foremost in this part of the country. The men who constitute our body of athletes are men who can swing the scythe as well as the ball bat; their training never ceases, for they go from the diamond into the harvest field.

The following is the schedule arranged by Manager J. R. Franklin:

California Normal at Buckhannon.....	April 14.
Bethany College at Buckhannon.....	April 21, 22.
West Virginia University at Morgantown.....	April 25.
Waynesburg College at Waynesburg.....	April 26.
California Normal at California, Pa.....	April 27.
Waynesburg College at Buckhannon.....	May 2, 3.
Marietta College at Buckhannon.....	May 12, 13.
Ohio University at Athens, O.....	May 17.
Muskingum College at Muskingum, O.....	May 18.
Marietta College at Marietta, O.....	May 19.
Parkersburg Athletic Assn. at Parkersburg.....	May 20.
W. V. C. S. Alumni at Buckhannon.....	June 2.



SEM BASKET-BALL TEAM.

Hanifan (Mgr.) Lynch. Lowe. Jones.
Poling. Brake. Sutton.
 Bumgardner.



FOOT BALL BASKET BALL TEAM.

GILMORE.

HAZELETT.

CUPP.

HAWSE.

JENKINS.

MCCUE.

GRAHAM.

Basket Ball.



But a short time intervened between the closing of the foot ball season and the opening of the basket ball season. Teams were soon put to work, the use of the chapel having been obtained for the purpose of practising. A complete schedule had been arranged for the season, but owing to some misunderstanding with the faculty all games were necessarily canceled. Just what reason the faculty gave for this action, we were unable to learn; not the least daunted by this misfortune, the Basket Ball boys arranged games among themselves. They chose a team from the members of the foot ball squad, and on several successive Saturdays the F. B. Basket Ball team met the First Basket Ball team. At first it was an overwhelming defeat for the Foot Balls but in the last game of the season the Foot Balls defeated the First team in a hotly contested game, the score ending 7 to 9 in favor of the Foot Balls.

Basket Ball having been firmly established, we hope that the next year will find a complete schedule with a well-trained team to back it.

TENNIS.



ALMA LAW WOODBURN,
President of the Tennis Club.

It was some time before the tennis courts took on an appearance of life and entered the athletic circle of the school, but as the weather became cooler and students and faculty became familiar with their new work and surroundings, the tennis courts began to be more frequented until at last the courts and surroundings were filled to the overflow and many a jealous youth has had to stand idly by and watch another bat balls across the net to his fiancee.

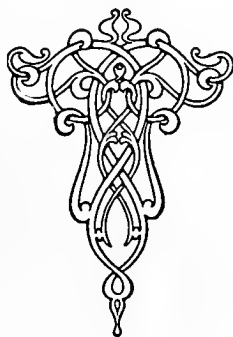
The Tennis Club can boast of a number of good players and we can see no reason why tournaments could not be arranged. It would make school life more interesting, it would help the cause of athletics, as well as build strong physical and mental men and women. Tennis is one of the best exercises that a young woman can take and therefore should be helped along as much as possible.



PUBLICATIONS.

“Murmurmontis”

Volume II.



Published by the Class of '05.

Editorial Staff — Murmurmontis.



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HELEN MILDRED WOOD,
Music.



JAY HEAVNER,
Athletics.

Editorial.



IT is the ambition of every man and woman to excel, if possible, those who have labored before them. No sooner is some great work accomplished by man, than from all sides voices innumerable are resolutely whispering, "I'll do something even greater than that." Happy it is for the world and society that man possesses at least a desire to surpass his predecessors. It is this desire put into action that distinguishes this generation from the preceding one; that distinguishes the society of to-day from that of yesterday; that distinguishes the action of an individual now from his action of a moment ago. It was this desire burning in the heart of every loyal Junior that characterized the preparation of every page of "Murmur-montis" Volume Two. No sooner was the first edition in the hands of the present Juniors than they avowed their determination to excel those who labored so diligently and faithfully in the publication of the first Seminary Annual. True it is our predecessors achieved conspicuous success, but we, in presenting this, our annual, invite our readers to to scrutinize each page and then decide according to the merits of the work, whether or not it holds the place of preeminence.

In the preparation of this work we have endeavored to secure, as far as possible, original matter. There are, however, certain facts that must be reproduced year after year, for without them the annual would be incomplete—after these certain facts have been given a place, there is still room for original work. We have taken advantage of this and produced some original work which we hope may be of interest to you.

Although the Annual may be a mere summary of classes, societies and organizations, yet these will serve, in future years, to bring to your memory many things that occurred at the Seminary during your student life. The very sight of the athletic teams will take you back to the hotly contested battles on the "gridiron" and "diamond" when you tried to

help the boys win the victory by your lusty cheers. A glance at the various classes will remind you of the many happy hours you spent in the class-room with your classmates, and how you were urged forward on the "flowery paths of knowledge," by your instructors. The societies will serve to recall the pleasant companionships of school-life, the time you listened in almost breathless suspense to your favorite orator, and when you yourselves would have given almost all you had to have had your name taken from the program, and thus be relieved of your misery. All these will freshen your memory with the numerous incidents in which you were a participant and which made your school life a happy and enjoyable one.

In regard to the preparation of this annual we have no apologies to make. We have done our best. We may have erred many times, but "to err is human" and if these imperfections do not escape your critical eye we hope they will escape any unjust criticism.

The publication of this annual like all others has not been without toil and sacrifices. Oft times while our more fortunate companions slept, have we labored to produce something that would please you. Many an hour spent by others in social intercourse, have we utilized in trying to make these pages as attractive as possible.

But if this "Murmurmontis" contains a jest that will bring a smile to a single one of its readers, if any of its articles add a single thought to the wisdom of the world, if in future years any of its pictures bring pleasant memories of bygone days to the heart of a single loyal Seminary student, then indeed we do not grudge a single moment of toil bestowed on its compilation, and our work will not have been entirely in vain.





T has always been the ambition of the editors of the Collegiate to make it representative of the school. To keep abreast of the growing condition of the Seminary it was necessary at the beginning of the present year to very materially enlarge the Collegiate and make other important changes in its makeup.

It should be the pride of every student while in school to make every department of the school representative. And the paper which a school publishes is as distinctly a part of the school as any other feature. Indeed there is no better means for the public to judge of a school's merits than by the publications which it supports.

Of course the burden of responsibility for the success or failure of a school periodical rests with the management. But it is equally true that no board of managers however competent they may be can make a paper what it should be without the co-operation of the student body and all others interested in the welfare of the school.

Hence the necessity that each one should do his best to make his school publications the very best possible and in so doing he is not only helping the school but also improving himself.

A noted educator once said that the student who made the most of his school life was not the one who tried to see how much he could get out of it but how much he could put into it.

The editors realize whatever success has been achieved has not been entirely the result of their own labors but the co-operation of all interested in the success of the Collegiate.

It is hoped that every student and friend of the Seminary will continue to feel a growing interest in the success of the Collegiate and give it his hearty support.

The present years editorial staff is composed as follows:

G. C. KELLAR, '01.	} <i>Managing Editors.</i>	
I. E. ASH, '02.		
M. D. STRATHERS, A. B '99		<i>Alumni.</i>
L. S. BRITTON, '04.		<i>Excelsior Literary Society.</i>
C. A. JONES, '04.		<i>Chresto. Literary Society.</i>
C. E. GOODWIN, '03.		<i>Y. M. C. A.</i>
LETA SNODGRASS, '04.		<i>Y. W. C. A.</i>
DAISY SMITH, '04.	} <i>Locals.</i>	
J. F. THROCKMORTON, '03		
J. V. GIBSON, '04		<i>Athletics.</i>





Throckmorton. Ash. Britton. Smith. Gibson. Goodwin. Snodgrass. Stathers. Keller. Jones.

Historiam Faciamus.



DOES History repeat itself? Fortunate will it be for the field of journalism if this truth of the ages continues to perpetuate itself down through the present generation. The talent and experience found in this staff could not but make themselves felt in the great onward movement of contemporary literature, were its record of this year to be a thing to loom up on the horizon of the magazine world in after years, for its splendor would be more brilliant than a South African diamond. Little did we know of the wondrous powers that lay in embryo, when the present staff was selected from the student body. To tell the truth it was with fear and trembling that most of them were given their portfolios, but their marvelous development has far exceeded the hope of the most sanguine. Indeed they have surprised their own self-appreciation, although the greater number are Seniors.

Now there is the Alumni editor. He has made himself very popular by his glowing accounts of unparalleled actions of Sem. graduates; yet he has formed a kind of custom of waiting for some of them either to die or get married, before he puts his talents to work. It is to be hoped that the editor of next year will be able to picture a young man sailing across the broad expanse and casting bread upon the waters in memory of friends in America; then the readers may have some idea of the present editor as he becomes an *habitant de Paris*.

What would a school paper be without a localist? Ours can be found in almost all localities about the school. He is one in whose presence most of the cases become only friends and against whom all must guard in their talk, for a mighty tool is his pen when directed against the fellow who has a sweetheart at home. The girls at the dormitory will hardly let the hall localist sit at the same table with them, so afraid of them are they. The one consolation for these is found in the fact that a prophet is never without honor except among his own people.

The two society editors are noted for their precocious powers of oratory. Both have carried off laurels for their society. The Chresto editor carries out the old idea that valuable things are done up in small packages and that in the small genus homo is often found the most gigan-

tic intellects. He is destined to fill the editorial chair of some great paper and to fill the columns with the impetus received during his stay with the Collegiate. The Excelsior editor is the Socrates of the crowd. Perhaps he is not so prepossessing in appearance that we stand off in wonder when something of beauty comes from his silver tongue. His humor is laughable and he never lets another tell a story more impossible than his own.

Few at first sight would think our athletic editor a representative of his profession, but let it suffice to say that he is all his title pretends. "Our Own" have shown up brilliantly on many a hard fought field when related by his clever pen. As captain of the foot ball team he was a man beloved by the fair sex on the line and revered and shunned by those on the opposite side. Some things about him may be questionable, but his ability as an athletic writer is beyond the touch of every exigency of time, lot or circumstances.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever" is a fact that our Y. W. C. A. editor brings out in every touch of her brush. She is untiring in her effort to make the ugly appear beautiful, the ungainly graceful, and the thoughtless intelligent. May the devotedness of her editorial position give her encouragement in her artistic sphere. Deacon is the fellow who has charge of the Y. M. C. A. department. Through his noble work he has been promoted to a chair on the platform where he is director of all the harmonious wailing of Chapel exercises. He has a wonderful propensity to escort and mix with the faculty. He plays foot ball, base ball, his vocal chords and occasionally preaches.

Then there is our managing editor, inevitably half submerged beneath a pile of manuscript. His inky fingers, disheveled hair, and prematurely wrinkled brow all give proof of the toils of an over taxed editor. Yet from his pen flow words that are smoother than oil and sweeter than honey. From this same pen we yet expect productions that shall startle the world.

And last, but not least comes our other managing editor he who has risen through his own merit from the alcove to the rostrum, from the the students bench to the professor's chair. From his new position of dignity in these academic halls he looks benignly down upon his former fellow-students while his active brain is carefully forming some new and startling paragraphs for the edification of his fellow mortals. Let his good work go on.



Literature.

The Little Blue Flower.



(Translated from the Spanish.)



BOY of six died at the dawn of a beautiful summer day, and his guardian angel descended to seek his innocent soul, and returned with it to the skies.

They soon lost sight of the wheat fields where the lark sang, the forests where the laughter of the wood-cutters resounded and the gardens covered with flowers and fruits. The guardian angel had looked at nothing. But when, in their flight, the angel and the spirit of the boy passed over a poor hamlet, the angel stopped and sought out a little lonely street, along whose sides they saw some wretched huts.

The grass was growing up between the stones of the street as proof of its silence and abandonment. In many places ashes scattered by the wind, coarse pieces of broken earthenware and other remains of deserted homes lay scattered over the ground.

The angel looked sadly for a long time upon the poor and forsaken place, but suddenly its celestial gaze rested upon a little blue flower which a ray of the sun had opened and which seemed to smile on the earth; the angel uttered a cry of joy, and went to pluck it. Meanwhile the accompanying spirit asked the angel why he had passed over so many beautiful scenes without observing them and why he now stopped before this little insignificant flower.

In reply the angel said: "My friend, look down there toward the end of that desolate street; at a short distance from us you will see a hut, whose roof has been caved in by the rain and the snow, and whose damp walls are covered with ivy; look closely at this dismal dwelling place."

"Oh," exclaimed the spirit, "What a poor shelter now that time has destroyed it."

"When what I am going to tell you happened, not much more joy was there than now. There was a wretched hut in which dwelt poverty and honesty; the family was composed of father and mother and their two children; the daughter, a girl of twelve, all day tended a herd of cows; the son a boy of six, weak and sickly from his birth, was in want of those costly attentions that drive away the pains of sickness and that strengthen

the more delicate natures. But, alas! poverty oppressed the poor family, and the parents worked all day in order to bring home at night a little bread and cheese for themselves and their children."

"Ah," the innocent spirit exclaimed, "I did not know that there were poor people in the world. My room in the mansion of my parents was draped with rose-colored silk and laces. I had toys of gold and silver, and many attentive servants cared for me. If I had imagined that there was so much pain and misery, my mother should have given to the poor the money spent for my toys."

"There is so much grief, my innocent friend," responded the angel, "that the angels in heaven weep when they look upon the earth; when you are an angel pray for those who suffer here below."

"The poor child who lived in that hut," continued the angel, "lived in the shade, and never saw the sun except from the window of the only room of the house. All day he was alone. His mother washed clothes at the house of a rich landlord, his father worked in the fields; his sister tended the neighbors cows. By the aid of the two little crutches that his father had made from willow branches, he walked to the door, but there the sun never shone, so narrow and obscure was the street. And he could do this only on bright days, when it was neither cold nor windy and when the air was not damp.

"His parents could not sacrifice even an hour of their toil to take him to the fields, for their toil was hard and cruel, and occupied every minute, of their lives. As to education they were able to instruct him only to love God above everything else, because he is Father of the sad."

"As soon as summer came to guild with its warm light all the earth, the poor creature would sit in the bright light which, though not the sun, was reflected before his door; he watched the light playing on his delicate little hands and said to himself with a smile, 'already I am better and before cold weather comes again I shall be well.

"And he believed it firmly, for in the heart of boys, as in the heart of men, the creator has placed hope. The unhappy child had never seen the verdure of the meadows nor the foliage of the trees, he was ignorant of everything in nature. Sometimes the children of the village brought him poplar branches which he spread carefully over his bed; and when he slept he dreamed that he was in a beautiful valley in the shade of great trees, that the sun was shining through the foliage, and that the birds were singing and hopping joyfully about him.

"One Sunday his sister, who loved him dearly, obtained permission from the farmers, whom she served as shepherdess, to go to see her sick brother and she took him a little blue flower, which, root and all, she had plucked from the field.

"He received the humble gift with great joy. The brother and sister planted the flower in an old flower pot which they filled with earth; they watered it carefully and God made the plant prosper so that after a few days it was covered with little leaves. Cared for by the small and weak hand of a suffering child, it constituted not only the garden but also the universe of the poor sick boy, for that little flower represented to him the meadows, the forests, the gardens, the rivers, in a word the whole creation.

"While the boy lived, no care was lacking to the humble plant; he gave it all the air and light that the narrow window would admit, and every night he watered it, bidding it good-night as if it were a friend. The little blue flower grew to be a beautiful ornament for the little earthen pot in which it had been planted.

"One day a change came into the home. God called the innocent martyr, predestined to eternal happiness.

"At nightfall of a beautiful day, he became ill with fever and had to lie on his little bed; the next day he was worse; the children of the village, his friends, came on Sunday evening and covered his bed with green branches, and flowers of the field; his parents wept and his sister, aware of what must follow, was deeply affected; she took the flower pot from the window and placed it near his little pillow, on the only table of the wretched room in order that he might see it until death should close his eyes.

"The little flower seemed to smile when the little boy returned to the bosom of God.

"The grieved mother wished to leave the village; the owner of the hut came to rearrange it. He had everything thrown away that the family left as useless; the little blue flower which had lost its only protector, was thrown away in its earthen pot with the rubbish; its fragile shelter of clay broken, it remained among the ruins where I have just found it."

"And how do you know all this?" asked the spirit of the boy.

"Because," replied the angel, "I am the same poor sick boy who walked with crutches, and who was born only to suffer. God has repaid me for

the pains that were of short duration, giving me all the joys of Paradise; but the happiness that I enjoy to-day makes me forget my sorrows of earth and I shall consecrate the most beautiful star of heaven to watch over this little blue flower that I have just found, and that I am going to transplant in the celestial gardens."

The angel took the flower, and the spirit of the boy, and resumed his flight to the celestial regions where the light is eternal and the sun never sets.

—L. J. HANIFAN.



The Adventures of Abineleck and Gideon.



1. And it came to pass during the reign of Prexy that there came a day which was known unto the students of the W. V. C. S. as Halloween.

2. And about the fourth watch darkness came over this land even over the campus of the West Virginia Conference Seminary.

3. And Abineleck the son of Jerubbaal spake unto Gideon the son of Joash and said unto him let us go away unto the Sem that we may worship the gods, as was the custom of the Israelites on that day.

4. And they betook themselves from their places of abode and went up unto the Sem.

5. Now there dwelt near the Sem a tribe who were called the Moabites children of the Amilites and their ruler was Naomi and they were at war with the Philistines.

6. Now when Abineleck and Gideon drew nigh unto the temple, they saw a figure clad in white raiment standing by the wall of the temple and they knew not whence it came.

7. And they trembled with fear and their countenances became as that of dead men.

8. And Gideon spake unto Abineleck saying let us bow down and worship this our god.

9. And behold there came a voice as from the clouds saying, "This day hast the Philistines come down upon the Moabites and this is an image of Naomi their ruler.

10. Now they were all the more frightened and cried with a loud voice saying "O, Beelzebub, god of our fathers, deliver us from the hands of this evil one."

11. And the voice said unto them "Fear not, but take up this image which I have caused to be a spirit and flee lest the Philistines come upon thee."

12. Therefore they took up the being and fled and the Philistines followed them.

13. Seeing the Philistines coming they were seized with fear and fell down with their faces upon the earth.

14. And Gideon cried out saying, "O, Beelzebub, why hast thou forsaken us" but Abineleck could not speak.

15. And the same voice came from the clouds saying, "Fear not, I am with thee, but flee before the Philistines come upon thee.

16. And they arose and took up their flight.

17. And they came into strange lands and knew not which way to go.

18. And behold there came a cloud from the east and it hovered over them, and when it lifted behold there stood before them an object clad in a white garment and a crown upon its head.

19. And it spake unto Gideon and Abineleck saying, "Follow me," and they obeyed.

20. Now when the Philistines were no longer to be seen their leader vanished.

21. Whereupon they began to fear and the voice from the clouds spake saying, "Fear not but flee unto thy abode."

22. Now when they drew nigh unto the abode of Gideon which was in the land of Shechem, they heard the Philistines coming upon them.

23. And straightway Abineleck began to fear, but Gideon said, "Let us hasten for we are nigh unto my abode."

24. Whereupon they hastened and fled unto the abode of Gideon.

25. Now there dwelt with Gideon three other men whose names were Deborah, Barak, and Abinoam.

26. And Gideon shouted, "Awake! Awake! Awake! Deborah, for the Philistines are upon us.

27. And Abineleck said unto Barak and Abinoam, "Arise and behold the spirit which Beelzebub has sent unto us."

28. And they did arise and beheld the spirit which Beelzebub had given unto Gideon and Abineleck, and it shone seven times brighter than the sun.

29. Now the Philistines came up unto the abode of Gideon but could not enter.

30. Now Abineleck did not abide with Gideon, but had his abode in the land of Goshen.

31. And Abineleck tarried with Gideon all night, for great fear was upon him.

33. And when it had become light Abineleck arose and departed from the abode of Gideon, and journeyed into the land of Goshen.

34. And the voice of Beelzebub spake unto Gideon saying "Keep this my beloved Na-o-mi until I shew unto thee the place where she must go.

35. Now there dwelt near the Sem. in the land of Beth-she-mesh another tribe who were called Levites and their ruler was called Ash-dad the son of Bo-az.

36. And it came to pass that in the second day after the spirit of Naomi had come unto Gideon, that the voice of Beelzebub spake unto Gideon, saying.

37. "This shall be no longer called Naomi, but it shall be called Ash-dad the king of the Beth-she-mites, And this shall be their last year in the land of Beth-she-mesh, and thou shalt possess the land."

38. And the voice said unto Gideon and Abineleck. "Flee to the uppermost parts of the temple and place Ash-dad there so he shall be seen by the Moabites, the Israelites, the Hittites, the Gittites, the Philistines, and the Beth-she-mites.

39. And Gideon said unto Beelzebub, "Shall we do this alone."

40. And the voice answered saying, "Go and fetch Anak, the son of Rekem that he may help you."

41. And Abineleck departed and fetched Anak.

42. And the voice spoke unto Abimoam saying, "Go and help Gideon." and he obeyed.

43. Now darkness had come over the land and Gideon, Abineleck Abimoam and Anak went up unto the temple.

44. And the voice said unto Gideon, "Take heed, for Sihon a Beth-she-mite dwelleth in the temple." But Gideon feared not.

45. And they proceeded to the uppermost part of the Temple and placed Ash-dad so that he could be seen by all the tribes.

46. And they departed from the temple, and went unto the abode of Gideon.

47. And the voice of Beelzebub spake unto Gideon and Abimeleck saying, "Go unto the land of Debir and tell these things unto Manasseh, a maker of pampling, that he may come and view Ash-dad."

48. And they went unto the abode of Manasseh and cried with a loud voice saying, "Awake, awake Manasseh and see the things Beelzebub hath done."

49. But they could not wake him.

50. Then the voice said unto Gideon, "Place writings at his door that he may know these things." And Gideon obeyed.

51. Now when it had become light Manasseh found the writings and went up unto the temple, and saw Ash-dad.

52. Now when the Beth-she-mites saw this image of Ash-dad their king, they were very wrath, and bare him away, we know not where.

53. But the Beth-she-mites shall soon depart from the land of Beth-shemesh and the Israelites shall possess the land.

Through the Seminary Year.



WHEN the last lingering days of August have faded away and the beautiful month of September is ushered in amidst all the pomp and glory of nature, when the hot days of summer begin gradually to grow into the cooler and more refreshing days of autumn, the West Virginia student, released for a time from all the cares and anxieties of books, bids farewell to father, mother, brothers, sisters and friends, and once more hastens back to college. From every portion of our "little mountain state" sons and daughters of farmers, miners, bankers, merchants, lawyers and—alas for the faculty—ministers, hopeful of success in their various departments of work, eager to become prominent in some line of activity, assemble at West Virginia's beloved institution of learning. During the first few weeks of September every train bears to the Seminary the cream of West Virginia's manhood and womanhood. Crowds of anxious boys and girls, assembled at the railway station listen intently for the puff and groan of the massive locomotive which is speedily conveying their companions and schoolmates back again. When at last the train arrives, joyful are the greetings to the old student and sweet the welcome to those who for the first time have decided to cast their lot with the Seminary students.

The opening day of the school year presents to the casual observer a scene of varied interest. Endless handshakes take place among the students and faculty, glad to be in each other's presence again. Here it is the new student sees visions of greater and grander possibilities than he had yet realized. His heart and very life are carried into realms of distant greatness where he, as he looks upon the grandeur and learning about him, hopes to be absolute lord. Class and club distinctions are for the time obliterated, and everybody meets upon the common ground of love and friendship. Even the stately and revered Senior as he struts gallantly across the halls has a word of welcome and encouragement for his more unfortunate brother. Here and there, can be seen a "veteran

prep," a flunker of many years, advising a certain course of study to the new-comer adding confidently, that the rejection of this course would in later years cause him unceasing sorrow. It is now nature is robed in her garments of yellow, purple and gold. Gentle autumnal breezes play among the leafy branches of the slender pines and maples that dot the Campus. Here and there reclining in the cool shade afforded by some leafy maple may be seen the gallant youth whispering words of love to the maiden from whom he has long been separated, or perchance to some new girl who by her airy gracefulness has already captured his too easily won affections. In a few days all, even the most prepossessing post-graduate have enrolled and are ready to begin their regular school work which to the average student means a great deal more than mere book review.

A nucleus of foot-ball players is seen on the athletic grounds tossing the ball too and fro. Among them are a few of last year's players who have won laurels for themselves in many a hotly contested game; and others who for the first time, have enlisted their services in the cause of athletics desirous of coveting that fame and prominence which rightly belongs to the truly great athlete. They are surrounded by a large circle of bystanders who are speculating upon the success of this season's team and each individual player. The old players they know are tried and true, so the new recruits are at the time the centers of attraction and the subjects of the greater part of the conversation. Here the blatant prep is in all his glory. He knows decidedly more about foot-ball than the Captain or the professional coach and is ever too willing to impart his extraordinary knowledge of the game to his fellow preps and the oft too inquisitive Freshman. He tells them of the glory achieved by last year's team, how they rushed through the enemy's line and scored an easy victory; but as he gazes upon the present players with a shake of his head peculiar to his sect he ventures to assert that this year's team will never be able to win a single game. The accommodating scrub lines up again and again, only to be knocked down and trampled upon by the regular team but he is preparing the team to meet some opposing one and is willing to make this sacrifice in order that the "regulars" might become more effective. Soon some opposing team meets "our boys" on the gridiron. Then every loyal Seminary boy and girl is on the athletic ground and if inspiration and enthusiasm are potent factors in the winning of the game our boys have manifold chances of success,

for upon every side can be seen the waving of pennants urging them on to victory and can be heard the lusty cheers of the boys and girls as some favorite player rushes madly toward the goal. These are gala days in Seminary life and all feel a sting of sadness when they must close. When the November snow begins to cover the ground we are reminded that the foot-ball season is nearing its close and that we must select some other diversion as a passtime for the long winter months.

Examinations come all too soon for the unwary student and the idler begins to cram. He has made himself conspicuous every where else during the term except in the classroom, and here he has become conspicuous as a "flunker". Now like a drowning man grasping for a straw he seizes the critical moment and with a desperation almost driven to madness attempts a momentary exertion of his latent powers yet hoping to avoid the stigma of disgrace. But alas! the golden moments of study neglected by him are put on record as fatal to his class standing. However great his efforts he soon enters into the realization of the fact that he is doomed to irretrievable disgrace. Then in his remorseless agony he repeats that beautiful line of Dryden's some what changed, thus:

"Bitter is pain after pleasure." Examinations are soon past and on the following day the student must enroll for the Winter term. It is during this term the Seminary students do their best work. Then if ever the student exerts every iota of his heretofore latent energy in order that he may enhance his intellectual attainments. In the depth of winter solitude there are many diversions that woo the too easily won student from his tasks. The lights of hospitality beam out across the drifting snow from some home in town welcoming him to partake of some enjoyable social function. To this even the most diligent of students is sometimes forced to yield, for his memory is yet green with those former occasions of hilarity and merriment in which he was a participant. Occasionally some well known play at the opera house is too much of a temptation for the average student. So with an air of indifference relative to his school work or to the mandatory remarks of an irate faculty he hastens to the play house and passes the evening in the enjoyment of some well known comedy or tragedy.

The long looked for vacation is near at hand. Everybody seems to be in a state of restlessness except that calm and sedate body known as the faculty. In an almost incredibly short time the rooms which groaned

under the heavy tread of the student are lone and desolate. The street corners frequented by him, where he made the silent midnight hours hideous by his frantic yells, are now deserted. The out going express carries all to their various homes all over the state. We shall not attempt to follow them through their holiday vacation, but suffice it to say that it is the most enjoyable period of the year. How quickly it passes by! Ere the student has hardly robed himself in his holiday garments he must cast them off and return to his work. During the first few days of the new year the Seminary students prepare to make their mid-winter pilgrimage to that institution which with joy they had deserted only a short time before. How different their coming from their departure. They come not in a single body but as the passing of the moments, one by one. In a few days the last straggler, overfond of holiday revelry, comes reluctantly in and reports in his classes. After these few weeks of separation with a determination expressed in his every action to soar to heights unreached before he sets resolutely to his task. But how soon is he called from his books. As he casts his eyes towards the river some cold, crisp morning, he sees it a glistening sheet of ice. Here and there he sees a straggler gliding smoothly across this icy highway and he knows it will bear. He can restrain himself no longer but with skates in hand he hastens to join his companions many of whom are already enjoying the sport. All day long a mass of humanity is gliding too and fro upon the glassy stream. Among them are skaters of all kinds of proficiency from the novice who makes a few unsteady strokes to the professional who glides o'er the glistening surface in a thousand beautiful curves and graceful evolutions. 'Tis indeed great sport and all deplore the warm rays of the winter sun and the somewhat grayish cloud rising above the western horizon.

As the shortest month of the year draws to a close the Winter Term examinations begin. But unlike many other things, let us pass them quickly. A few days vacation is ahead and the tired worn-out student needs a rest. Some hie away to their homes to receive the much-needed recreation; others remain in town and take opportunity of the holidays to equilibrate their mental apparatus.

Coincident with the March storms is the beginning of the Spring Term—last term of the year. Now the student begins to determine how he can accomplish the most work with the least amount of study. Of all the terms of the school year the Spring Term is surely the most

auspicious and enjoyable. Nature everywhere after an almost dead silence of many days is thrilling with new life. The merry birds exiled by winter's cruel storms have returned to their summer homes and from every pinnacle can be heard the warbling of melodious notes vieing with nature to make happy the heart of man. The tiny blades of grass shoot forth from their hiding places and clothe the old mother earth in a robe of beautiful green. The soft gentle south winds kiss beautiful red buds on the maples and the warm Spring showers breathe into them the new breath of life. The side walks and avenues lately bare and unsheltered are now arched by a dense leafy foliage. The almost inaudible murmur of the river speaks to the student in a language understood by him. Soon its placid surface quivers beneath the bow of a boat and trembles under the dip of the oar. Many are the happy hours spent by the boys and girls as they glide gently over its quiet bosom.

Ere the March winds cease to whistle through the branches of the trees, the base ball players begin their practice. The same fringe of enthusiasts that watched the foot ball practice are present now and engage in the same speculation concerning the chances of a winning team. Many of the old players are not back and all despair of getting any one to fill their places. But now as some one throws a beautiful curve, an almost silent whisper passes from lip to lip and he is at once recognized as one who will win laurels for the team at home and abroad. Soon some opposing team meets our team on the diamond and then if ever the dormant spirit of every student is fired with irresistible enthusiasm. Base ball is the center of interest until Commencement.

After many long weary days of anxious waiting Commencement, happiest time of the year, comes at last. During the first week of June, lovely month for the occasion, the Annual Commencement exercises are held. For many months the anxious Senior has haunted the Library and pored over dusty volumes of ancient lore to obtain material to make his Thesis immortal. The last day arrives. The Senior receives from the hand of the President his diploma, which testifies that he is a graduate of the West Virginia Conference Seminary. He has struggled hard and long against disadvantages and failures that he might obtain the coveted parchment, and justly does he merit it.

What Commencement means to the Senior; what tender ties of love and friendship he breaks with bitterness; what happy days he leaves behind and with what measure of confidence he enters into the actual duties of life we shall not attempt to relate. We leave this to some future diviner who with a touch of poetic genius unknown to us, may be able to do justice to a theme, at once so beautiful and inspiring.



HANGING ROCK.

The Little Fisherman Urashima.



Translated from the Spanish. By Harry E. Sharps.



HERE lived a very long time ago on the coast of Japan a little fisherman called Urashima, an amiable boy, and very active with rod and line. One day he went out in his little boat to fish but in place of catching a fish, what do you think he caught? Well he caught a large turtle with a very strong shell, an old face, wrinkled and ugly, and very odd little tail. It may be well for you to know a thing which doubtless you do not know, and that is Japanese turtles live a thousand years. Urashima, who was not ignorant of this said to himself: "A fish would taste as well for dinner as the turtle—even perhaps better. Why must I kill this poor little creature and deprive it of living yet nine hundred and ninety years? No, I do not wish to be so cruel. I am sure that my mother will approve what I do." Thereupon he threw the turtle back into the sea.

A short time afterwards it happened that Urashima went to sleep in his boat. It was the very warm time of summer when almost no one resists a siesta. Hardly had he fallen a sleep when there came out from the bosom of the waves a beautiful girl, who entered the boat and said: "I am the daughter of the God of the Sea and live with my father in the Palace of the Dragon. The turtle, which you caught a short time ago and so generously placed anew in the water in place of killing it, did not depart. It was I, sent by my father to see if you were good or bad. Now as we know that you are good, an excellent boy, who despises all ruelty, I have come to take you with me. If you wish we will be married and live happily, more than a thousand years, in the Palace of the Dragon, beyond the blue seas."

Urashima took one oar and the marine princess the other; they rowed and rowed until they arrived at the Palace of the Dragon, where the God of the Sea lived and ruled, as a king over all the dragons, turtles and fishes. Oh how beautiful was this place! the walls of the palace were of coral; the leaves of the trees were of emeralds, and the fruit of rubies; the scales of the fishes were silver and the tails of the dragons gold. Think of all the most beautiful, elegant and brilliant that you ever saw,

place them together, and perhaps then you will conceive how the palace appeared, and all this belonged to Urashima. And why not? He himself was the son-in-law of the god of the sea and the husband of the adored Princess. Here they lived happy for more than three years, passing each day among those trees with leaves of emeralds and fruits of rubies. But one morning Urashima said to his wife: "I am very contented and satisfied here. Nevertheless I wish to return home and see my father and mother, my brothers, and my sisters. Let me go for a short time and I will return soon." "I do not like to have you go," she responded. "I fear much that something will happen to you. But go and take with you this box. Be careful not to open it for if you open it, you will never succeed in returning to me." Urashima promised to take care of the box and not to open it for anything in the world. Soon he entered the boat, sailed a long time, and finally disembarked on the coast of his native land. But what had occurred in his absence? Where was the cottage of his father? What had become of the village in which he used to live? The mountains to be sure, were there as before. It was marvelous that all had changed in such a manner in only three years.

A man happened to pass near there and Urashima asked him, "Are you able to tell me, I pray, where is the cottage of Urashima, who used to live here?" The man replied: "Urashima? Why do you inquire for him? Indeed it is four hundred years since he disappeared while fishing. His father, his mother, his brothers, the children of his brothers have died centuries ago. This is ancient history. You must be crazy when you seek for such a house. It has been in ruins for hundreds of years.' Suddenly occurred to Urashima the idea that the Palace of the Dragon, beyond the sea, with its walls of coral and its fruit and rubies, and its dragons with tails of gold, must be a part of the land of the fairies, where a day is longer than a year in this world, and that his three years in company with the Princess had been four hundred. It was worth nothing to him to remain now in his own country, where his parents and all his friends had died, and where even his own village had disappeared. Amazed Urashima then thought he would return immediately to his wife. But where was the road which he ought to follow? Why had he not marked it? At this moment he thought, "If I open the box which she gave me I will discover the secret and the road which I seek."

Thus he disobeyed the orders which the Princess had given him, or else in his confusion he forgot them at that moment. At any rate, how-

eve-, Urashima opened the box. What do you think came out of it? A white cloud which was floating over the sea. He shouted in vain for the cloud to stop. Then after he had opened the box he remembered with sadness what his wife had told him. Now he did not have the means by which he could return to the Palace of the God of the Sea. Soon Urashima was neither able to cry out, nor to run to the beach in pursuit of the cloud. Suddenly his hair became white as the snow, his face filled with wrinkles and his shoulders were bent like those of a decrepit old man. Then his spirit failed. And finally he fell dead on the beach.



Until the Evening.



It is the close of a summer day,
Soon man and beast will be at rest;
Evening comes with the sun's last ray
And the singing bird now seeks its nest,

The night's still shadows slowly gather,
All Nature is hushed and still;
This day's sun has set forever
Beyond the shadow of yonder hill.

The forget-me-nots of heaven's blue sky.
Lend their sparkling light to earth below
And gazing with awe at the beauty on high,
We wonder why God hath loved us so.

That he places beauty at every hand;
On the mountain and by the sea,
With hidden flowers and trees so grand,
From hill to hill, and lea to lea.

Yes, he loves us even as His own,
And even until the end.
With heart and hand may His will be done,
And every knee in reverence bend.

Oh make evening of our life to be
As still and starry as this;
Take our weak tempted soul to Thee
Forgiving all our acts amiss.

—BESSIE IRENE CLARK.

A Freshman Writes to His Pa and Ma.



DEAR MA AND PA:—After so long a time I will write and tell you that I got here all O. K. I like it very much and all of the boys seem to like me and some of the girls look kind a sideways at me too and you know thats a pretty good sign that they think something of me. I got somewhat tired sitting on the train because it went so slow coming up here. So I got off and walked a while to rest myself, and when the train caught up with me again I stepped on and rode the rest of the way.

You know Pa you told me to save my money as much as I could. Well I made a good bargain the day I came here. I was getting somewhat hungry so I bought a ginger roll from a man, licked all of the molasses off and sold the roll to another man for three cents. Dont you think that is making money?

The next day after I got there one of the boys took me up to the college and showed me around. They've got a great big building here where they keep the girls. It has a fence all around it so if they get out of the building they can't get over the fence. We boys can jump over but the girls can't do that. I'm mighty glad that I'm a boy I tell you. The next building that we came to was a big flat one something like our stable. All at once I heard a terrible noise coming out of it somewhere. I got awfully scared and cried out "It's haunted." "It's haunted." But my companion calmed me by saying that it was the School of Music and that the noise I heard was some one singing. I didn't get scared any more but it has always been a mystery to me what great crimes the students have committed that they must endure such terrible punishment.

Then we met a sober looking fellow who shook hands with me and asked me how I was getting along. I said "Alright," and then asked him if he was a Prep (A Prep is somebody that's not anything else.) He looked kind of surprised and told me that he was a member of the faculty, but I couldn't see much difference between him and some other fellows that they called Preps.

Well, I enrolled and they said that I must be a Freshman before I could be anything else. There is a whole lot of us Freshmen here. And I tell you we are fresh and green too. We look about as green as our big pasture field after a June rain. I dont like to stay with them but

I guess I'll have to. They're going to publish a book here and we have to get our pictures taken and have them put in the book. I got mine taken the other day down at the Picture-takers and it is real good too. I wish we could have him at home a few days to take our goats.

I went out snipe hunting with the boys one night. I didn't want to go but they coaxed me to go along and hold the sack to catch them in while they drove them into the sack. I finally went just to please them. When we got out of town a short distance they told me to stand at a certain place and hold the sack and they would go out and drive the snipes into the sack. I held the sack and waited a long time but couldn't see any snipes coming in nor I couldn't see anything of the boys either. After I waited about two hours I got tired and started back to town. I didn't catch any snipes but I thought the snipes would catch me before I got back. But I heard afterwards that snipes wouldn't touch anything green so I'm mighty glad that I'm a Freshman.

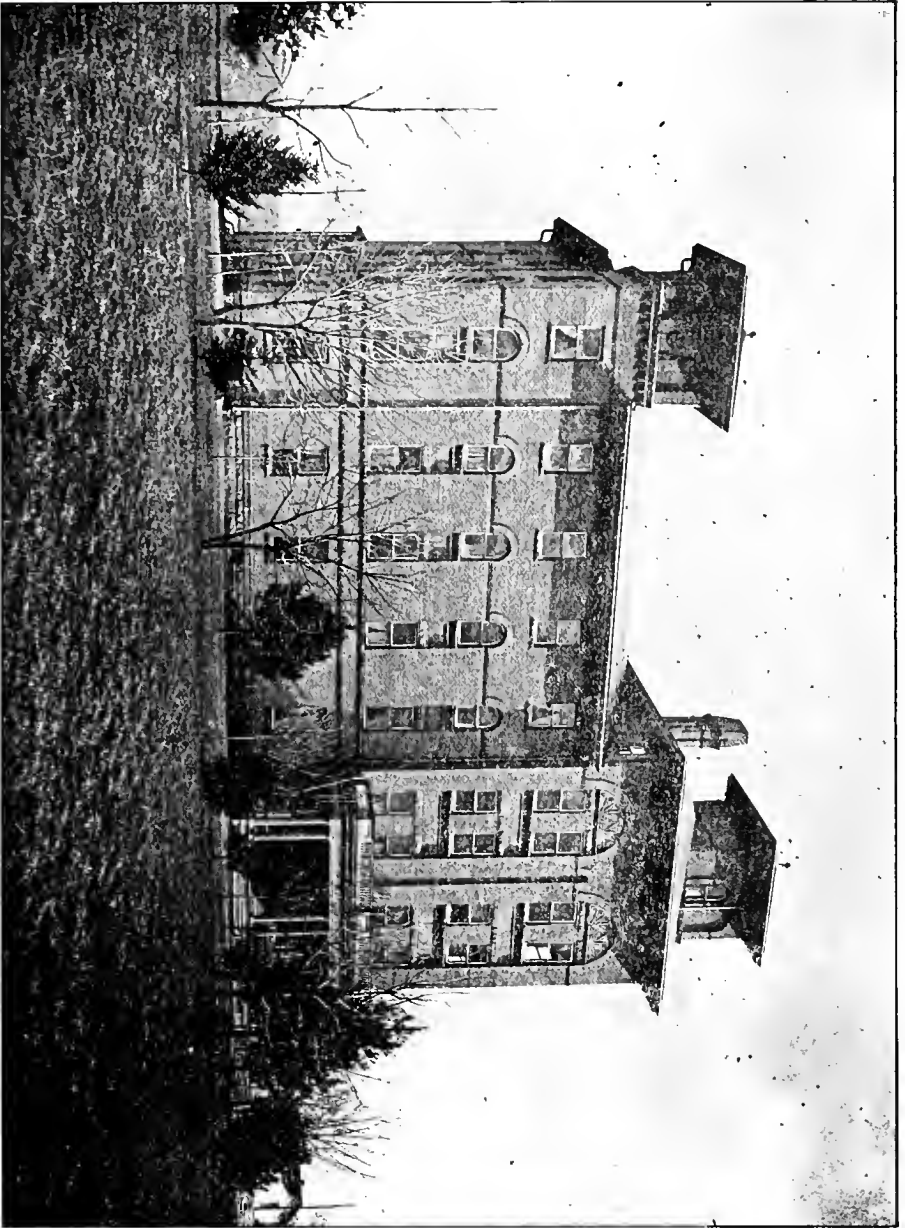
I board at what the boys call a club. Its a pretty good place to board. We have a change of grub every meal. For breakfast we have oats, prunes and toothpicks, for dinner prunes, toothpicks and oats, and for supper toothpicks, oats and prunes. So you see we dont have the same bill of fare three times in succession. I wish we had our old gray horse here. We could keep him fat on the oats thats left over.

I go to church every Sunday just like you told me to do. I dont like those boys that stay at home and study on Sunday. But some of them do it. Well I guess I'd better close for this time.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

I remain as ever, your dear

JOHNNIE.



LADIES' HALL.

Hall Life.



PERHAPS those who have been so unfortunate as to be deprived of the countless and indescribable pleasures of Dormitory Life, may be interested to know something of them.

Students often get incorrect ideas of such a life and sometimes actually think that Hall Life is unpleasant. But then people will think absurd thoughts.

The Ladies Hall of the Seminary offers so many benefits and pleasures that we can enumerate only a few.

First we may speak of the good associations. I think we all know the influence of associates on one's character and thus can appreciate the worth of good companions. In the Dormitory we have ten persons who are above criticism. There is one of these for about each half dozen girls. They room on the various floors and eat at the various tables so that one or more of them may be found at all times and in all places. It is needless to speak of the remarkable influence of such intercourse. We are showing this all the time by our excellent and ever-improving conduct.

These ten persons show their great love for us by their constant care over us. To say that our home among them is pleasant is certainly expressing it mildly. Indeed we imagine ourselves at home and in mother's care when the matron comes around with her motherly, "Good night Little Ones." She is perhaps more careful than our mothers that we do not have too many dainties on our bill of fare and thus not injure our health.

The teachers are all so anxious about our welfare and so desirous of our company that they go with us everywhere even to church. If we go walking alone we must tag ourselves for fear of getting lost and in this way causing the faculty untold grief. One of them said recently they were going to take their walks every day with the girls, for teachers as well as girls, need fresh air. Now some of the boys run at sight of a teacher because they imagine that the faculty wants to keep them from walking with the girls. An erroneous notion of course for they wouldn't prevent the boys from taking a walk when boys, as well as teachers or girls, need fresh air.

To some, it may seem unjust to campus girls for tardiness or absence from meals but here as in every case, the preceptress knows best. Girls have to have something to make them remember. They must have their meals and a horrible dream of six weeks on the campus may help them waken in time for breakfast.

Sometimes we grow peevish, as all children do, and want to criticise our superiors for going visiting on Sunday, being late to meals when they choose and doing numerous other things that we must not do; but then we remember that what is wrong for us is all right for them because, for some inexplorable reason, they are above criticism. So we just keep on hoping that some day we will be faculty too, and know how it feels to be good.

Another great advantage of Hall Life is the bell as a signal for every motion. It tells us when to eat, when to sleep, when to rise, when to study, and when to take our recreation. In fact all of our actions are directed by its promptings.

Finally and best of all is the benefit of good example. Nowhere is better verified the old proverb that example is better than precept. The girl of Cornell University is our ideal, and little by little we are learning to tread in her footsteps. If perchance, through ignorance of the principles of Moral Conduct we are led to do something that is unlady-like at the next "squelch meeting" on Monday morning we are sure to hear the well-known words, "Why girls I can't imagine the girls at Cornell doing such a thing as that."

Of course that act is never repeated, but we may err in another point and must have our ideal brought before us again in the same way.

Thus we are improving day by day and all the while consoling ourselves with the thought that by the time we are ready for college we will be so thoroughly trained that even the girls at Cornell would not be shocked at our conduct.

Time Will Tell.



SITTING at the top of a high hill are a man and a maid, both flushed and breathless with their hard climb. Below them is stretched a most beautiful landscape. The grass is warm and green for the month is June. The hills melt away into the blue ether in the distance while close by the meadows throw their perfumed fragrance to the air. The little brook at the foot of the hill makes music for the drowsy cattle that drink its waters and the birds that flit from branch to branch sing as if to burst their little throats. All nature is bright and happy and gay for is not summer near?

"The man," and "the maid," seem indifferent to the beauty around them, but rest silent and gloomy beneath the sturdy oak tree. They were college students, these two and the year was nearly ended. He was to graduate and she was to finish the next year. They were talking of their plans for the future for they were lovers.

He was to go to Europe and there make a name for himself and her and when he was famous, to come back and take her to be his wife. She was to wait for him faithful and true. Two days passed. Two warm bright days, and at last he was graduated with honors. Congratulations were showered upon him, but he cared for only one voice, and that was the sweet gentle voice of "the maid." That night was a warm, quiet, moonlight night. The moon was full and shed its soft brilliant rays upon the two lovers as they took their last walk together. The grass was springy beneath their feet and the trees cast long dark shadows across their way.

The sky was a deep dark blue above them, and the few stars that outshone the radiance of the moon, blinked kindly down upon the quiet world. The fireflies and glow worms seemed to riot on this June night and invite the wanderers to forget their woe. They came to the silent river, flowing between the dark hills like a silver ribbon, while the soft lap, lap of the ripples on the shore, makes a sweet good night hymn, and sings to sleep the violets that nod on its banks.

The birds in the trees, whose branches dip in the quiet stream, chirp sleepily to each other and seem to resent the interference of the two lovers "The man" and "the maid" in their wanderings by the sleeping river,

come upon a tiny boat moored on the bank. Silently the two take the places side by side, she taking one oar and he the other and pull out and up the river. On they go, ever silently, until they come to an inlet all quiet and flooded with moonlight. Into this inlet they pull their boat and here they sit and dream, he, with his arm about her slender form, her head upon his shoulder, and her hand within his. Finally they must say "Farewell" and here, under the silent sky and twinkling stars amid the radiant glory of the summer moon, they say their last "farewell" with many vows of faithfulness and love, but "time will tell."

* * * * *

Many years have passed. The same June weather, the same hill and scenery; the birds again are singing as they used to sing; the tiny brook is still making music for the cattle that drink its crystal waters; and the same warm haze is on the hills that seem still to kiss the blue heaven; the same oak shelters a man and a maid.

He is the only son of a famous physician, she the only daughter of a proud and happy mother. To look at them you would say that "Father Time" had stayed his flight and that they were the same man and maid that had sat there years ago; but no, this man is just his fathers son and the maid her mothers daughter.

Again it is three day before Commencement and these two are talking over their plans for the future. Again commencement day and again congratulations are showered upon the favorite and again it is the one voice that makes his heart leap with noble ambitions. Again it was the same quiet, warm, moonlit night and again the trees threw their long dark shadows across the path of these two lovers. Again they pulled their little boat up the silent river that still sang to sleep the violets along its shore. Once again the ripples lay against the boat, and silently these two sit and dream. Once again amid the same vows of love and faithfulness these lovers say "farewell", but as before "Time Will Tell.

A. L. W.

The Sweetheart and the Pipe.

(Translated from the Spanish by J. F. Throckmorton.)



EVERY day on going to the University, I passed by a certain store, and always stopped to contemplate the show window. It contained many pipes—a complete collection, from the most modest of cherry to the most luxurious of amber and gold. But none so beautiful as that one. What simplicity! What elegance! How the window was set off by that meershaum, white and brilliant in its case of red violet. I would have given anything to possess the pipe. But I never had money enough to buy it, for I supposed it would cost much.

I finished my course, took the examination and obtained good marks in all the studies. The satisfaction of my parents was expressed in a sum of money; and now with the money in my pocket, I thought only of realizing my golden dream.

For the last time I stopped to contemplate the show window, to enjoy my triumph. Then I resolutely entered the store. "That one?" "Yes, the second one from the left." I placed the pipe in my pocket and inquired the price. It was much less than I had expected, and this made me think that I might have purchased it long ago.

I now had the desired pipe and this satisfied me. I cared for it with affection, I carried it every day, I looked at it every five minutes. As it was in the time of vacation I did not have to study but spent much of my time in walking. One day while passing through a street I saw seated on a balcony, a fair girl, with beautiful blue eyes. While I was looking at her she disappeared. I passed, but looked behind me and thought: "How beautiful." On the following day I returned and saw again the girl of the balcony as I called her. On the next day I did the same, and again on the following day until it became a regular habit. From that time I cared much less for the pipe and being preoccupied with those blue eyes—the object of my dreams and illusions—it happened once that eight days passed without my cleaning the pipe. Everything reduced itself to the girl of the balcony.

At last I made the attempt and one day after seeking phrases for four hours—I wrote a letter, just as all those have been and will be written in similar cases. It was without date, short, but I do not know how many sheets of paper I used in order to make a fair copy of the happy note.

On the following day I stopped in front of the house, and tossed the letter into the balcony, then as if I had done something bad, not daring to look behind me, I proceeded on my walk. That night I slept little but smoked much. I tried to conjecture what the answer would be but the great arguments I imagined in my favor were destroyed by contrary reasoning. At last I slept.

I awaited the hour when I could return, I walked all morning like a madman, and when I came in front of her house she was on the balcony; she showed me a little paper, she let it fall and as I had done the day before, disappeared. On bending over to pick it up, I collided with an old man who was passing and the pipe fell from my mouth and broke into little pieces. I did not mind it and walked hurriedly on in search of a place where I could read the precious message. It was a favorable reply. Then began a period of happiness which lasted two months.

Then came the first quarrel and by a cause that was no cause at all we continually quarrelled. Finally our friendship was broken and when I reflect I realize that it was with the sweetheart and the pipe as it has been with many other things. I eagerly desired them at first, then was indifferent, later became disgusted and finally forgot.

And it must be so because it is the law of life. From century to century men have lived in this manner and nothing has succeeded in changing the progress of the feelings. In the gradual scale are, first the illusion then disgust, later truth, afterward———nothing.

Good Government.



INCE the earliest ages of civilization mankind has made a ceaseless struggle for good government. Innumerable ideas of government have existed and every nation is an example of different ideas applied. The record of these experiments is our inheritance; to improve their imperfections, avoid their errors, and apply their excellence to our institutions is our mission. Upon us rests the responsibility of the ages—to vindicate the capacity of mankind to preserve the lessons of the past and apply them to the solution of present problems. If we have not the genius and statemanship to give good government to our people, then we acknowledge that a republican form of government is unequal to the emergency which confronts it. We are said to stand the latest and, if we fall, probably the last experiment of self government.

We condemn the political pessimist, who without faith in our institutions sees our certain fall. We have faith in the future of our country. Undoubtedly it is the greatest government of all ages. Our country offers civil and religious liberty, industrial progress, social happiness, educational opportunities, and individual prosperity to more people than any other nation ancient or modern. We do not lack appreciation of our nation's collective majesty or her past and future glories. Indeed these are the themes of incessant speeches; but these sentiments oftentimes fail to produce proper appreciation of individual duties in public office and private life.

While we deprecate the political pessimist, we also condemn the optimist who portrays our institutions as invincible and eternal, without weakness or danger. Indeed this inclination among our people is in itself an impending peril.

It is difficult to convince an American that our institutions are in any danger at all. This sense of security sometimes leads to an utter indifference as if we seemed to think that good government is a sort of machine which our forefathers invented and to which they gave perpetual motion. There is no patent device for producing good government.

We need not fear for the perpetuity of our form of government, or our overthrow by any foreign power; but we may retain our form and forget our fundamental principles. There is no patent device for producing good government. Our nation depends absolutely and entirely upon the men who compose it. Other nations may depend upon the divine right of kings; but ours depends upon the divine righteousness of its manhood. Just as every age fails to appreciate its own importance in history, so we oftentimes fail to realize our individual responsibility in good government. We in this age do not have to face tasks such as our fathers faced; but we have our tasks and acknowledge ourselves degenerate if we fail to perform them.

No thoughtful citizen fails to see many dangers threatening our institutions. No one should allow our greatness to conceal our defects, and no one should allow our prosperity to obscure our needs. Among our many needs none is greater than purity in politics and pure men in public life. The perpetuity of American liberty and good government demands men of untarnished character and unfaltering patriotism—men of their own minds and hearts, men who are not blinded by love of gold, and who live above the pollution of corrupt politics.

Indeed it is more important to have pure men in politics today than ever before, as our interests are greater and the opportunities of corruption more abundant. No intelligent American can fail to see that our all-absorbing greed for gold is an ever increasing evil. We boast of being the richest nation of all the earth; we pride our selves in our great power, yet fail to realize that increasing wealth will prove our destruction unless accompanied by increasing intelligence, honor, and self control. There is no meaner man among us than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, regardless of every principle, bent only on making money and applying it to ignoble ends. We may have only a few such men, but there are many approaching this type,—men whose whole energies are exerted in making money and whose ideas are only material. Such men are either indifferent to government or are interested only when they think it will pay. It would be better if such men were always indifferent, but often every energy is exerted in obtaining some important position. Such men are a curse to our country, and do more harm than any other class.

Democracy, in relying on the average citizen relies on his personal interest in good government and the public virtue of the community

Money often overcomes the former motive, because the interest of the average man in good government seems less than the gain by which wealth tempts him. Individual virtue depends largely on the standard maintained by public opinion of other average men. The sight of wealth often prevails over sense of duty, thus lowering the standard and leading to entire indifference to public good. It is not alone among the masses that this influence is apparent; it taints the election of senators by state legislatures; it induces officials who ought to guard the ballot box to tamper with returns; it produces legislation in the interest of commercial undertakings; it defrays enormous expenses of national campaigns; and it always demands ample reward for every expenditure and obtains important positions in all departments of government. If these are the fruits of liberty and equality, dark indeed are our prospects. But they are not the fruits of liberty and equality, rather of our optimism and indifference which have underrated the inherent weakness of human nature and the difficulties of maintaining good government. We forget that the problems of government and the dangers which beset society are ever present in new forms and from different directions. In the early days of our republic was no maxim more popular among us than "Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom." The desire for freedom formed our nation. Freedom seemed the one essential and freedom was our boast; but in our eternal vigilance against old dangers we failed to note new ones. Thus abuses were suffered to grow up, and good citizens, engrossed in other affairs, allowed politics to fall into the hands of mean men.

Because bad men engage in politics, better men often refrain from active participation. Instead of being an excuse for inactivity, the condition demands increased attention. The only rational remedy for such evils is in the honest and intelligent exercise of the ballot. We must remember that the right of franchise is not only a privilege, but a sacred duty. If good people are afraid to assert themselves, if they shrink from active participation in political life and continue to lament the amount of evil existing, how can we hope for better conditions?

Every American citizen should be a politician in the true sense of the term. Pure politics is a part of good government, and no man can be a good citizen unless he takes an active interest in public affairs. We may differ on all prominent political issues, but we cannot differ on purity in politics if we expect our republic to endure. We should con-

sider purity in public servants as an indispensable necessity. We must make dishonesty in public office an unpardonable sin and punish perpetrators by eternal elimination from public position. Perhaps we are all anxious to apply this principle to offenders in the opposite party, but we are often inclined to overlook errors in our own. We need less blind obedience to party and less disposition to palliate political sins. We are inclined to confuse partisanship with patriotism, and to place party above principle. While we believe in political parties as the only method of maintaining good government in a republic we should always consider party success as the means and not the end.

The greatest need of good government is in our large cities. Indeed in some cities good government is almost unknown. In them are thousands of immigrants ignorant of our institutions and indifferent to our good. Unholy ambition, greed of gold, and party politics have removed almost every restriction from the right of franchise. Perhaps in all of our cities the majority desire good government, but with fatal folly they divide on unimportant issues and allow mean men to gain control. If the present increase continues we shall see in our experience the city population exceed that of the country. Unless city conditions improve we may expect to see our entire nation dominated by corrupt politics when the city gains control. Should such condition come about it would be an almost fatal blow to popular government; but we believe that, while many dangers exist, if our needs are only realized and our people are awakened to their sense of duty, all will be well.

The greatest need of young Americans is political, parental, and religious reverence. We lack reverence for religion, reverence for law and reverence for all authority over us. This is the result of an exaggerated idea of independence and equality. Such ideas carried to excess, lead to a form of anarchy, and free institutions are in danger when people lack reverence for law, which must originate in reverence for God. We rejoice in our estate in "A government of the people by the people, and for the people;" we rejoice in a republic, the work of our own hands and we should rejoice; but suppose we cease to believe that there is any power above us, any eternity before us, or any thing in heaven or earth but what our senses tell us of. Would our sense of duty and love of law maintain our institutions? History teaches that civilized society rests on religion; and that good government exists only among religious people. Republics live by virtue; and the more demo-

cratic we become, the more we grow conscious of our power; the more we need to live, not alone by patriotism, but by reverence, religion, and self control. Yet we need more patriotism, not so much the patriotism that will fight the foreign foe, as the patriotism that will stand by our homes, our schools, our churches and supply our country's needs. We need higher, purer, patriotism, patriotism not only proud of our past deeds, but jealous of our fair fame. We need more patriots to live in our country's service, than to die in her defense.

Doubtless we have millions of men ready to risk their lives on the field of battle to preserve our nation's honor; but good government depends more on living honest, active lives and loving our country all the time. Yet with all our loyalty, love and patriotism, good government cannot exist unless we look to the Great Ruler of the universe for guidance. Our nation's prayer should ever be,

"Lord, God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

L. S. BRITTON, '04.



Trade Unionism.



ISTORY is not a record of the masses. It is a thrilling picture of their leaders. Its pages, resplendent with the glory of war and the carnage of battle are not a portrayal of the daily struggle for bread. Back beyond all these, are unnumbered thousands, nameless upon the records of man, whose struggles for higher and nobler conditions are behind all religious and political freedom, behind the growth of new ideals. Yonder in the mines, among the cotton mills, along the railroad tracks, are the men and women without whom Anglo-Saxon civilization would have been an impossibility; without whose efforts for advancement the ease, education and refinement which we enjoy could never have been.

"This that they call organization of labor is the vital problem of the world." It has its foundation in the desire of men placed in humble circumstances in life to better themselves, and upon its solution hangs the whole problem of government and of civilization. Essentially, it is a problem of intelligence and of advancement, and as these increase, more and more absorbing becomes the question of Capital and labor. To-day no more engrossing study confronts the world. Their relations to each other are so important and so complex; their interests so diversified, yet so similar that even to economists and students the result is uncertain.

Capital has too often held the advantage among the people; different standards for employer and employee have been upheld by too many. The public has condemned in employees that which they have approved in employers. Even economists viewed with alarm the advance of the laborer, and men forgot that the toiler, striving day and night for the bare necessities of life was a man who desired only his share in the good things of life and an opportunity to at least behold the beauties of the world around him. That he has often been mistaken, often unjust in his attempts to better himself is only a human error, and many influences have often wrought upon him and made these things a necessity. Trade Unionism is the result,

Conditions in England and in America will best illustrate the problem.

The people are the same with similar ambitions and desires, and similar circumstances in life, although in England the older settlement has advanced the problems more than in the United States. The limited conditions of England's manufacturing industries and the freedom of territory in this country create the chief difference. It has always been possible for the dissatisfied workman in America to obtain free land. This was not possible in England, hence the problems which face us to-day with the concentration of our people, have been faced in England long ago and in a measure solved. What has been too often true there, may never be true here, but the tendencies are the same.

So great have been the changes of a century that a glimpse backward reveals almost incredible conditions. The introduction of machinery revolutionized industries, rendered impossible former home manufactories, concentrated the working people into a few centres and made them dependent upon the wealthier classes for their living. What had been accomplished by the loom in the home was now accomplished on a much larger scale in the manufactory. England began to change from a land of farms and pastures to a land of manufacturing towns, and with this came an oppression of the working class scarcely paralleled in the world's history. A half century has passed since the idea that with no artificial checks upon human action "the welfare of the whole nation would be attained by allowing each individual to pursue his own interest" regardless of others, received a merited infamy, and yet even today from a glimpse of what this principle meant for England's working man, the student recoils with horror and pity. It is as if a blinding light had been suddenly cast into a deep Inferus, revealing a swarming mass of torturing fiends and tortured victims." Low wages were paid, the longest hours possible were required, and the policy of employers seemed to be to require as much as possible without destroying life. Machinery was run at its highest tension, and differences of age or conditions were ignored. Men worked in ill-ventilated mines fourteen hours a day at the most arduous labor and under the most atrocious sanitary conditions, and at 35 were cast aside, broken in body and mind. "The mines swallowed up children at an age when they could not even have been admitted to school and threw them back upon the pauper rates of the parish at an age when they should have been in the full vigor of manhood." In the manufactories conditions were even worse. Men, women and children worked 14 to 16 hours a day without a chance for anything better, children were treated worse than brutes. In many cases, one set of

children arose from sleep and another set immediately occupied their beds. Whipping was employed to keep them at work and cold water was dashed in their faces to keep them awake. Little wonder was it that suicide was resorted to as a relief from labor. With increasing population came lower wages, and men came "to believe in the idea of an iron law of wages, a cruel, immutable law, by which the pay of workmen was fixed at the lowest point compatible with mere existence." Labor meetings were prevented, and every effort was made to keep the laborer down. Men were practically slaves, bestialized. The work of a galley slave was scarcely a comparison. There was no thought of the future, no hope of escape from the remorseless tyranny of the employer. Such were the conditions of a laboring hell, when in 1844, the first attempt at organized labor was made and a ray of hope dawned upon the hearts of men who had not known that they were men. For the first time, the public awoke to what was going on.

The employer was not entirely to blame. The crude and barbarous ideas relative to competition too often left him no alternative but to secure the largest amount of labor for the money expended. Labor is a commodity, just as coffee and sugar, but there is a vital difference. Labor must be sold day by day or it is gone forever, and upon its sale the necessities of life depend. In the buying and selling of labor, competition is easily carried too far and the future of the race endangered thereby. Competition cannot, must not, be trusted. In England the law did not allow the laborer to move from place to place, as our people do, hence men were practically slaves. The meanest, most grasping employer fixed the standard of labor, and all others must force down wages and compete or lose. Here was the disadvantage of unorganized labor. An employer could easily do without the work of one man who objected to conditions, because another was there to take his place. It was much easier to lose one man than to lose all. One worker standing alone is helpless. By uniting into an organization, the laborer could compel changes or stop work, and capitalists preferred to lose a part rather than all of their then enormous profits.

In America, everywhere are trade unions, yet today the Southern cotton mills and the sweat shops of our cities are a terrible reproach to American civilization, and in these non-union labor presents an example of individual contract systems so much believed in throughout our land. 168,000 children are employed at wages of a few cents a day. Beginning

ework at from five to six years of age, at from twelve to fourteen th deadening, monotonous labor has left them illiterate and listless, to become the tramps that throng our streets. Thousands of breaker boys in the mines of Pennsylvania are blighting the hope of the future because the fathers desire to receive their insignificant wages. If the Trade Unions had done nothing else than prevent this elsewhere, their benefit to society would be inestimable, for nothing is more criminal than this dark spot on advancing civilization.

But labor unions have other reasons why they should exist. A standard of wages for the same work in different parts of the country is an improvement to all. Low wages in one locality must soon lower them in another. It has been said that unions were wrong in not permitting the more industrious men to work extra time, but the criticism is unfair. Longer hours with improved machinery, which shorter hours have necessitated to economize labor, would take away the advantage for which these organizations have fought, and sooner or later the rate of hours must adjust itself to the demands of the people. The high wage shops cannot hope to compete with the sweat shops of our cities, where wages are crowded down to the lowest notch, and where some one is always ready to take the worker's place. It is to gain a better living that trade unions recognize as their fundamental principle the fact that under normal conditions the employee cannot bargain advantageously with an employer for the sale of his labor. Unionism has taught men of all races fraternity and loyalty, and by compelling shorter hours of labor has brought the laborer an opportunity to educate himself, and thus advance the intelligence of the race.

• Three weapons of trade unions are subject to criticism—strikes, the boycott, and the treatment of the "scab," but we must remember that these are necessities which are employed only for the time being, and are passing away as laborers increase in intelligence. Persuasion and arbitration are now preferred to force and intimidation, and a clearer understanding by employer and employee of the necessity of one to the other, will soon eliminate the lawless acts. Labor unions are large, and all unionists receive the blame for the violence committed by a few, but the sentiment was well expressed by John Mitchell who in 1902 said that if the great Anthracite coal strike could not be won by fair means it must not be won at all. The sooner employers recognized that Trade Unions are just as legitimate as combinations of capital, the sooner they will obviate much of the existing unpleasantness.

Today, Trade Unions, where power is in their hands, are unfortunately adopting some of the methods of monopolies. Forgetful of the fundamental principles which have brought about their great growth, they have caught the fever of combination as Capital has caught it, and without realizing what it means have built up great organizations which hold prosperity in their control. The one desire is to benefit themselves, regardless of others. The last step is the effort to monopolize the labor market, and although this may succeed for awhile a re-action must inevitably come. Unionists already see their danger. "Unless this great force is turned to substantial methods for bettering industrial conditions rather than gaining temporary or personal advantage, then all this great movement must be lost."

As citizens of the most enlightened nation in the world, we need to recognize more than we do, that combination in both capital and labor is a natural outcome of our civilization, and that it is only by the control and fair management of these that the permanance of our institutions is assured. A great need for economic education spreads over our fair land, and we need better to know the laws upon which our combinations are based. Back of all, there is a law of nature which in the end will control. The advancement of the laborer is a necessity if our civilization is to advance. Our government, our principles of justice and equity, the spirit of our institutions, demand that he be given his chance, and we need more and more to lift him up, and not to cast him down or condemn his just attempts to bring joy and comfort to his home, which after all, is the seat of all that is best in human society.

CHARLES A. JONES, '04.





W. B. MATTHEWS.

The above is a portrait of the Honorable W. B. Mathews who has recently offered a prize of Twenty-Five Dollars to the Seminary student writing the best essay on the subject "Good Citizenship." A brief sketch of his life appears on the next page.

William Burdette Matthews.



WILLIAM Burdette Matthews, the subject of this sketch, was born in Marshall County, West Virginia, August 27, 1866. His boyhood like that of many other great men was spent on the farm in doing the chores which commonly fall to the lot of farmer boys, and in attending the district school during the winter months. At the age of sixteen young William graduated from the district schools and he then entered Moundsville High School from which he graduated a year later with high honors. He taught school six terms in his native County, and was for two years county examiner of teachers. Although he was very successful in teaching yet his youthful mind was not content with this, but eagerly longed for a college education. Accordingly he entered Waynesburg College from which he received the degree of A. M. in 1889. The same year he entered Columbian University and in 1891 received the degree of LL. B. from that renowned institution. One year later he received the degree of LL. M. from the same institution and was admitted to the bar of his native state in 1892. He practiced his chosen profession at Moundsville where he was eminently successful. His superior ability, however, soon attracted the attention of the leaders in state affairs and Mr. Matthews was called into public life. The first official position held by him was that of Chief Clerk to the Auditor of State, a position of great trust and responsibility, since all public appropriations are disbursed by him. In the year 1900 he was one of West Virginia's presidential electors in the electoral college. Without solicitation he was in 1892 appointed assistant Attorney General of the State which position he ably filled until recently when he was again promoted, this time to the Chief Clerkship of the Supreme Court of Appeals, one of the best and most honorable positions among the civil offices of the State. He is now systematizing the work of his new office and is making a splendid showing there.

Mr. Matthews is also very energetic in Church affairs and has held various official positions in Church work. He was for three years president of the State Epworth League and was Lay Delegate to the last General Conference of the M. E. Church and is delegate elect to that of 1904.

In 1900 he married Miss Elizabeth Blundon, daughter of a Methodist Minister, and has a bright little one year old daughter whom Mr. Matthews expects some day to send to the Seminary for the purpose of receiving her literary training.

Mr. Matthews is undoubtedly one of the foremost men both in Church and State activity. Although comparatively a young man yet he has held some of the most important positions of the State. Commanding, as he does, the respect and admiration of all who know him the future opens very flattering for him.



SARAH ESTHER.

One year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm.
Burdette Mathews of Charleston. Mr.
Mathews regrets that the Seminary
was established after his school
days were over, but hopes
to matriculate Miss
Sarah Esther in
the great class
of 1920.

For further particulars see "Murmurmontis" for that year.

Miscellaneous.



Relying upon the truth of the statement that—

“A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.”

We have endeavored in the following pages to present to our readers the humorous side of school life. We hope that it will be accepted in the same spirit in which it was written. Remember that its all just for fun and that you share it at our expense.

Laugh and grow fat.

BRIBES OFFERED THE MURMURMONTIS.

BY THE FACULTY:—

Four courses credit to each member of the staff if no grinds on the faculty appear.

BY GIBSON:—

Two brand new jerseys if the Murmurmontis does not mention his old one.

BY DOC:—

Three dates at the Ladies' Hall if the preceptress is not roasted.

BY NOTORIETY SEEKERS:—

Their ill will if they are not recognized.

BY THE STUDENT BODY:—

A large number of subscriptions if the Murmurmontis contains anything definite.

BY THE SENIOR CLASS:—

A number of Hinds & Noble ponies if they are well represented.

BY THE STOCK DEALERS:—

A fine jersey heifer to the editors if they would not mention the old cow that was found in the Chapel.

BY THE HALL GIRLS:—

Their everlasting love if the editors would roast the Hall rules.

Losses, Wants, For Sale, Etc.



All those desiring space in the want Column Please apply to the Business Manager or the Editor-in-Chief.

FOR SALE.

A large number of wellbred ponies suitable for all kinds of work. As these ponies are in very bad condition caused by constant use, will sell at a bargain.

No donkeys or goats.

—SENIOR CLASS.

FOR SALE.

An up-to-date office desk, used only a short time in editorial work. Solid Mahogany throughout with marble top, well varnished and in excellent condition. Would prefer to sell to the editor of some magazine.

Price reasonable.

—C. D. A. JONES.

WANTED.

Five largesized bottles of "Fetcher-quick" hair grease. Send at once.

—O. B. LYNCH.

LOST.

Somewhere between the Post-office and my room a large brass cork puller. Finder will please return same to owner and receive a suitable reward.

—E. B. MOORE.

W-A-N-T-E-D.

To correspond with some wealthy girl. Must not be over forty years of age, medium height, dark eyes, auburn hair, good disposition, should weigh at least 198 lbs. and must be able to read and write.

Widows need not apply unless exceptionally wealthy.

Address.

—O. E. KARICKHOFF.

Box 561, Hodgeville, W. Va.

WANTED.

Some one to love me real hard.

—WOODBURN.

WANTED.

A revised and up-to-date Dictionary.

—C. A. SUTTON.

FOR SALE.

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder one-half of my popularity. Will sell cheap.

—A. F. McCUE.

WANTED.

A pair of long pants to graudate in.

—EMMER CORE.

Sears, Roebuck & Co.,
Chicago, W. Va.

SIRS:—The trousers you sent me recently were at least 10 inches too short. Please make them 12 inches longer and thus allow for shrinkage.

Yours truly,

JESSE WILLIAMS.

LOST.

My good health. I am not at all "Stout" this year.

—THROCKMORTON.

WANTED.

A room for three and board for nothing.

—HARRISON.

WANTED.

A more detailed copy of "Rip Van Winkle" that would give an account of what became of Rip's dog.

—A. G. BUMGARONER.

WANTED.

A large number of second hand sermons for my own private benefit.

—J. W. MAHOOD.

FOR SALE.

A very large quantity of ribbon. Will sell at a bargain.

—FRESHMAN CLASS.

WANTED.

To get a case with some one.

—SAM STEELE.

WANTED TO KNOW.

How the Juniors got their hats so quick.

—EVERYBODY.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

An assortment of second hand Senior Caps, well made from French cheviot with pasteboard beaks. Will sell cheap or give away. Original price 11c. per dozen including postage. Call at once.

—SENIOR CLASS.

WANTED TO KNOW.

What became of the formulas in Sutton's Trigonometry.

—STUDENT.

WANTED.

An organization of all the old bachelors.

—REGER & KARICKHOFF.

TO LET.

One-half of my upper story to the lowest bidder.

—CONNER.

WANTED.

A few more subscribers for the "Mumurmantis."

—EDITOR.

Senior Grinds.



W-LL-A-S:—

“Stately and tall
He stands in the hall.”

M-RR-SON:—“Take all else I have but never my lover.”

BR-TT-IN:—“Hope I may die if I am not just the thing.”

R-M-LE:—“She’s a slender little girl.”

S-TT-N:—“O that I might have the vocabulary of a Webster where-
with I could speak.”

TRO-T:—

“Not of the finny tribe is she
As by her name you’d think she’d be.”

LY-CH:—“There’s not a hair between me and heaven.”

BE-R:—“An argument against temperance.”

CUN-NG-AM:—

“She’s just a little girl you know,
Scarcely old enough to have a beaux.”

H-TH-WAY:—“His head is a perfect vacuum.”

SH-W:—“O could I get but one idea of my own, then I’d be happy.”

S-GL-R:—“Perhaps he will grow.”

WA-GH:—“She speaks in tones like roaring thunder.”

GR-SE:—

“His “pedes” touch the earth down here,
But his “caput” wanders in the Celestial sphere.”

M-RR-SON:—“My all! My all! for some true lover.”

H-GHS:—“A dapper little man.”

MC-UE:—“He is a very popular boy.”

FR-NK-IN:—

“If ye’d ask me who is goodie
I’d just tell ye it is “Woodie.”

BR-KE:—“He is a creature of Circumstances.”

KI-DY:—“She’s only a woman and woman can be won.”

G-BS-N:—“One minute in her presence is better than all future without
her.”

H-FF:—

“A corpulent girl is she,
As beautiful as a blooming tree.

AR-N-T:—“Another argument against economy.”

BE-D-R:—“Irresistible and impetuous, but very docile.

C-NN:—R:—

“An old bachelor is he,
Sad, dejected, melancholy.”

W-TS-N:—“He has an unbounded stomach.”

CH-D-S-ER:—“A bloomin little lass.”

GR-SE:—“I am neither saint nor devil.”

SM-TH:—“Beauty is akin to death.”

J-N-S:—“What a loss to the wisdom of this world my death would be.”

B-MG-RD-R:—“I consider myself a gentlemen.”

BL-IR:—

“Beauty has no attraction for me,
I neither love nor loved will be.”

SN-DG-SS:—“My heart is my own.”

L-WE:—“A breaker of lassies' hearts.”

TA-B-TT:—“Avoirdupois.”

BR-KS:—“An encyclopedia in breeches.”

H-LL:—“He yields to temptation.”

FA-N'S-RH:—“A child of innocence.”

LY-CH:—“Much inclined to childish prattle.”

LO-D-N:—“She's more to be pitied than censured.”

YO-NG:—“He's weak in the upper story.”

RU-MI-EL:—“Tall, thin, lank and bony.”

HA-L:—“I am just what I am and nothing more.”

PI-K-NS:—“She could have been worse.”

Did You Ever See—

Conner smile?
Allman dance?
Jesse without Anna?
Bumgardner twice with the same girl?
McCue without a scheme?
More walk?
Smith daggerhorse?
A wise Senior?
Jones make a speech?
Heckert grin?
Lynch's bald pate?
A Freshman that knew less than the faculty?
Karickhoff with his best girl?
A Murmurmontis like this one?
McCuskey in a hurry?
Jenkins without a sweater?
Sam Steele study?
Deacon and the Deaconess?
An egotistical Junior?
Clevinger chaw tobaccer?
A Cow go to Chapel?

Answers to Correspondents.



Early in the season it became evident to the editors of the "Murmurmontis" from the numerous questions of various natures addressed to them that a special editor would be required for that department. The board of editors were fortunate in securing the services of the learned Dr. Pe Wong from Changfang who will cheerfully answer all inquiries addressed to him.

K-NG.

We think you are very foolish for wanting to marry at such an early age. Although, as you say, you love him dearly and you think that he loves no one but you yet you are entirely too young to think seriously of matrimony. We would suggest that you give your attention at present to your education and when you become older you can better decide who would make you a good husband, also by that time you might find out that there was very little true love on either side.

H-CKS.

It your hair is coming out very bad we would advise you to consult some competent veterinarian at once. There are several reliable hair preparations on the market which might prove very beneficial to your hair. We would advise you to stop using the mixture of lamp-oil and molasses which you are using, as it may cause some disease of the scalp.

K-R-C-K-FF.

If you are of age and really want to get married we see no harm in advertising for a wife. There are many wealthy girls throughout the country who desire to get married if the chance presents itself, and you can reach them in no better way than by advertising. You ask also for a form. We submit the following form which we think would suit you.

WANTED; A WIFE.

By a young man of medium height, light hair, blue eyes, good education, light complexion and a pleasant disposition. Will send photograph if desired.

Please send a description of yourself and a photograph.

Address

.....

D-ARI-N.

We see no reason why you should have such a hatred against the colored race, if as you say, they have never harmed you. There are good and bad people among all races and we think that if you bring your good common sense to bear on the subject your prejudice to a great extent will be removed.

K-LL-R.

If true love exists between both parties and you are really in earnest we see no impropriety in writing very frequently, but every day is entirely too often. You should wait at least before you write your next letter until the previous one has reached its destination. She has been very patient in tolerating you this length of time. You should use better judgment hereafter.

GO-D-IN.

You say you received a letter from one whom you love with the letters S. W. A. K. written on the outside of the envelope. We have sent you the key to these letters by private letter [and hope that you are in receipt of it. We would have thought one of your standing and experience would have known at once what words the letters stood for.

A-H.

If you think your mustache really adds anything to your personal beauty you should be proud of it, even though your companions do not wear one. We see no reason why you should want to color it black, for the sample you sent us has a very nice color—one that no one need be ashamed of. It may perhaps make you look a few years older, but it adds greatly to your dignity.

D-UP-IN-E.

It was thought by the ancients that fondness for pickles was a sign of true love. This tradition has been handed down to us but is simply traditional and you need not accept it as being true. If you have no other evidence than this that you are in love you need not be alarmed for your case is not serious.

BR-KE.

You may get the books you spoke of from Hinds & Noble, but we would suggest that you be very careful lest the Faculty discovers that you are in possession of such books. Most faculties would not tolerate the use of such books under any circumstances whatever.

M-ON.

Yes "Prince Albert" and "Swallow Tail" coats are again in style this season but we believe that either kind would not be very becoming to a man of your height. You may try one though and satisfy yourself as to whether or not it is becoming to you. We would suggest however that you wear a "Sack" coat as they are also very stylish.

FR-NK-IN.

It is not the best of policy to deceive a young lady in that way. If your are engaged to another girl you should be frank and confess it. We advise you to complete your education first.

R-B-RTS.

You can get a ring suitable for an engagement ring at any first class jewelry store. You should not purchase one too showy; a plain band ring is very suitable.

BR-YL-S.

You can secure a book on "Love, Courtship and Marriage" from any first class book store. A man of your age and standing need not be in a hurry to get married, for most great men do not marry at an early age.

It is not a disgrace to be an old bachelor.

Junior Class Grinds.



AL-M-N:—

"A great dancer in his own mind, but a regular jumping-jack in the sight of others."

A-H:—

"A few flashes of silence would greatly improve her conversation."

B-LL-NG-L-A:—

"She has a melancholy expression, and on account of this it makes one feel bad to look at her."

CL-R-, B:—

"Some people manage to talk a great deal and say very little."

CL-R-, E:—

"A country pedagogue of high degree."

C-R-, E:—

"Children should be seen and not heard."

C-R-, L. S:—

"I feel that I am going to be a great man someday, that is why I am so dignified."

C-PP:—

"I am *one* of the great things that originated from small things."

D-IL-Y:—

"Men are known usually by their deeds, rather than by their words. However, this is in exception."

E-G-LL:—

"Childish and baby-like."

F-RST-R:—

"The little end of nothing whittled down to a point."

L-W:—

"The wild man from Borneo."

L-K-N:—

"Doctor:—Young man you must quit studying so hard, you are ruining your health."

M-CE:—

“Now is my chance to be busy, for this is leap-year.”

M-N-WN, C. H:—

“I know that I am rather slow to catch on, but if you give me time I get there.”

M-N-WN, J. R:—

“Slightly tongued-tied, but after all a very nice little boy.”

M-TH-NY:—

“No, she hasn't her mouth full of mush, or anything else, it's just her way of talking.”

M-C-U:—

“Some small men are great but the majority are not.”

Mc-US-EY:—

“He is so good that he is good for nothing.”

Mc-W-O-T-R:—

“All right in her way, but she weighs too much.”

PH-LL-PS:—

“Base-ball pitchers, mail-carriers and preachers are all known by their delivery.”

RE-S:—

“I can write a hand which even the Dr. cannot comprehend.”

Sc-TT:—

“I always look up in order to get a view of the celestial world, for I know I will never reach it.”

SH-RP:—

“I always wait for the spirit to move me before I do anything.”

SH-E-E:—

“Some day I will charm thousands with my beautiful voice in the same way I now charm those who sit about me in Chapel.”

S-MM-N:—

“Waddles like a duck.”

SM-TH, H. R:—

“I have many reasons for taking elocution.”

SM-TH, H. L:—

“I see no reason why the state should not support me in the hospital at Weston.”

SN-DG-A-S:—

“Geometry has done me some good, for I have learned how to circumscribe a circle.”

T-W-S-ND:—

“She, like music, hath charms to soothe the savage breast.”

T-LLM-N:—

“All men who have red hair and red faces are not Irishmen.”

W-TH-RS:—

“Who said the faculty could make her cry?”

W-D:—

“Don't notice me, I often take giggling spells.”

G-BS-N, BESS:—

“Sweet sixteen—alas it has flown,
Once I was young, but I have grown.”

G-BS-N, BLANCHE:—

“I can see that I am doomed to be an old maid.”

G-Y:—

“A modest young man who never allows the young ladies to get near him.”

H-RTL-Y:—

“His great lack of common sense is supplied by an abundance of non-sense.”

H-CK-RT:—

“Freckled face, funny grin,
Big head without, but nothing within.”

H-FF:—

“A fellow of infinite jest, of the most excellent fancy, but, alas! that's all.”

H-ND-RS-N:—

“I am not as old as I look.”

H-W-E, J. H:—

“In truth not unlike a grinning monkey.”

H-W-E, W. F:—

“Billy is not to be blamed for what he does, for it is the nature of the beast.”

H-A-N-R:—

“In him thou seest a man wise in his own conceit.”

H-RD-ST:—

“It is not true that R—— is old enough to be my father.”

I-E-A-D:—

“Thou art one of the things that tower.”

W-LS-N:—

“No, she is not asleep, it is just her sleepy way.”

W-ER:—

“Slow, slim, silent.”

Snapshots and Hotshots of the Faculty.



Faculty Poem.

Prexy is a gentleman,
Prexy is a peach,
But his ideals are so lofty,
That they're far beyond our reach.



DR. WEIR.

Trotter reads the Bible
In a mournful tone of woe,
And tells us if we're not good,
To heaven we'll not go.



PROF. TROTTER.

But while we are in Latin Class,
He tells us jokes galore;
And when we see the point the less,
We always laugh the more.



PROF. HUNTER.

Ich bin ein wee bit Deutscher Mann,
Und recht good natured we ich Kann;
Und yet mein class es ist so bad,
Ich fell mein selbst doch immer sad.

Hunter is a modest youth,
Hunter is a daisy;
The Freshmen so embarrass him,
It almost drives him crazy.



PROF. DECK.



PROF. MILLS.

Haight is an artist by marriage,
Of stately and dignified carriage;
In more ancient days,
He'd have passed for a sage,
This man who's an artist by marriage.

Broyles is our business man,
Our bills he makes us pay;
He steps out on the platform,
And duns us every day.



PROF. KELLAR.

Most divinely tall and most divinely fair,
With ruddy cheek and golden hair.

"Daddy" Mills is a professor,
Who loves to do a favor,
And at his help you must not scoff,
For he does all the labor.



PROF. HAUGHT. PROF. BROYLES.

He tried to act serene, sedate,
He tried to curb his tongue;
And people made allowances
Because he was so young.

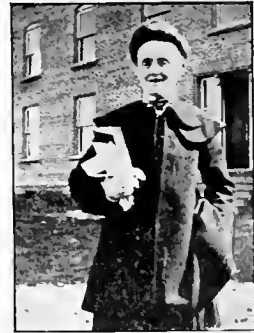


MISS DORR.



MISS DAUPHINEE.

This lady is so full of grace,
Her airy form fills all the place
N. B. She learned those lessons all by heart
Out of a volume of Delsarte.



MISS MCCRAY.

Some people called her a flirt,
But the lawyer didn't mind;
When they told him she would surely hurt
His practice, he was blind;
And he laughed and shook his head;
"Her cases are many, indeed
And she will bring them to me" he said
"For cases are what I need."



MISS BARNHILL.

Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun shines above,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt we love.



PROF. JELLEY.



MRS. JELLEY.



MRS. HAUGHT.
See Miss Broyles,
How she toils,
Up the Oaken stair;
Down she falls,
And she calls
"Have I mussed my hair?"



MISS BENDEN.

Helen was a preceptress
Till in love she fell;
Now she is a "Cooktress"
And with Tom doth dwell.



MISS BROYLES.



It seems to me
My fate will be,
To become a nice old maid;
To have a cat
And all like that,
To be proper, prime and staid.

Julia Theresa teaches music
To the boys that her adore;
Julia Theresa teaches harmony
On the topmost floor.

Julia Theresa hears the glee club
Sing their joyous lays,
"May I from measles be delivered,"
Julia Theresa prays.

"Phi Kappa Phi
Its the frat for me"
Madison Stathers cries;
"And Lo (we) the girl
My bride shall be"
His heart as quick replies.

Music hath power to charm a toiler
But mine hath power to burst a boiler,—says Whiting.



Jokes and Fun.



Every day use of Classical Language.

A Seminary Professor while traveling through Harrison County in passing a meadow heard a driver say the following:

“Abandon the direct progression to the straight thitherward and deviate by inclinatory and abberant dextrogyration into the dextral incidence.”

It was an amateur farmer by name Chas. A. Sutton saying “Gee Buck” to his oxen.

STUDENT.—Why does Jones laugh every time he makes a speech.

POST-GRADUATE.—Because he thinks of the great joke he is playing on the real composer of the speech.

DR. WIER.—“Have any of you boys a match?”

HOSKINS.—“I have.”

DR. WIER.—“Of course this old smoker has.”

HOSKINS.—“I have quit smoking Doc.”

DR. WIER.—“I am sure the tobacco trade is injured.”

Traveling man to student going home on the train at vacation.—“Who is that young couple sitting in yonder seat?”

STUDENT.—“Mr. Franklin and Miss Woodburn.”

TRAVELING MAN.—“She has worshipful eyes and she looks up to the gentleman as if there is some strong attraction between them.”

STUDENT.—“Perhaps there is.”

The following is an exact copy of a chapel excuse handed to the Faculty by a student.

BUCKHANNON, UPSHEAR KOUNTY, W. VA.

To the onorable presdent and facilty of the W. Va. Konference Semnary:

I, W. X. Clevenger could not be at Chapill on the 31 day of Novimber, 1904. A boy broke my glaces and I gitted a pice of glace in my eye and I goed down towne to git the Docker to pull it out.

Signed.—W. X. CLEVINGER.

SUTTON (in Trigonometry Class).—“Prof. I can’t get onto the racket of these problems.”

PROF. MILLS.—“We’re not playing Tennis now Mr. Sutton.”

While out horse-back-riding Miss Dauphinee's horse suddenly stopped. Just then she saw Dr. Wier and said. "Uncle John, what must I do to make my horse go?"

DR. WIER.—"Just twist his tail Miss Dauphinee."

PROF.—"What became of Jerusalem after the crusades?"

STUDENT.—"He died."

MISS DAUPHINEE (reading "Rip Van Winkle.")—"A termagant wife is a tolerable blessing if so Rip was thrice blessed."

BIG BUM.—"Did he have more than one wife."

MISS DAUPHINEE.—"What figure in this sentence 'I am tired to death?' "

MARPLE.—"I call it Hip per bowl."

A student in Prof. Hunter's class asked a question not pleasing to the professor, to which he replied.

"Fools sometimes ask questions which wise men cannot answer."

Graham replied, "That's the reason that twenty-one flunked in your English History Class. "

MISS DAUPHINEE (in American Literature).—"Mr. Core what is Poe's Raven about?"

MR. CORE.—"About the Raven, I believe."

DAD ASH (in Committee meeting).—"It is not that I have any fish to fry but—

PROF. TROTTER.—"Well Mr. Ash take your skillet off the fire then."

MISS TREVY (to one of the new girls).—"We have a bell at 9:30 for resurrection."

JESSIE (to Mabel).—"Mabel do you really think Sweeney loves me?"

MABEL.—"Why of course "Shaff" out of his sight."

CHAP (to Panzy).—"Panzy you dont seem as sociable as you used to."

PANZY.—"Oh, Miss Dorr has all my social privileges."

In the China painting class Miss Whiting declared that if she did not darn her stockings on Sunday morning before she got up, she wouldn't have any "darned" stockings to wear."

A marriage was reported to have taken place among some Post-Graduates and Seniors for both Gibson and Jenkins had for one day laid away their never failing jersies to don a white collar and tie. When Jenkins was questioned in regard to the matter he looked very much surprised, and said, "Ge-no."

Miss Dauphinee in Jr. English Class said.

"To thirst for men is not a matter of indifference."

Freshman Class Grinds.



B-RN-S:—

“She totters like a child.”

B-RR-LL:—

“A bony, little man.”

BR-K-E, LA-R:—

“I know not for what I live.”

BR-K-E, A:—

“Some were born for great things, but not I.”

CARNEY, A:—

“Describe her, who can?”

C-LD-B-GH:—

“Lord, show me my brains.”

CH-P-AN:—

“I’ll be hanged for a chicken thief if I love him.”

CL-YP-L:—

“What do you think of her?”

D-RS-Y:—

“She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant to think about.”

FA-W-RTH:..

“As quiet as a mouse.”

GR-H-M:—

“I have forgotten what the inside of a book looks like.”

H-RD-STY:—

“Ask Joe.”

H—D:—

“Unknown.”

H-SS:—

“Alas! Alas! My feet will not keep quiet.”

H-LL:—

“Although never a flunky,
He has the face of a monkey,
And the brains of a donkey.”

- H-RD-AN:—
 "Bandy shanks, crooked toes,
 Vinegar-face and teapot nose."
- H-DG-S:—
 "A good fence."
- J-RV-S:—
 "A base ball player in his own mind."
- J-N-S:—
 "He loves to listen to his own conversation."
- K-LL-R:—
 "My fortune for a beau!"
- L-W:—
 "Obeyed by all."
- L-V-LY:—
 "He is not what his name implies."
- M-RP-E:—
 "I would go to Weston for a dime."
- MC-L-A-Y:—
 "A rival of Venus."
- MC-C-N-ELL:—
 "A child of Wisdom."
- McQ:—
 "He has a large fly trap just under his nose."
- MC-TT:—
 "Two Cwt."
- M-N:—
 "A light to our nocturnal path."
- M-RE:—
 "Never satisfied."
- M-RR-S:—
 "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."
- M-R-HY:—
 "A wild Irishman with large exterior and small interior."
- O'-E-E:—
 "A pretty little Chap.—
- PC-K-NS:—
 "God made him, therefore let him pass as a man."
- P-L-NG:—
 "Indeed, among great men, I fancy myself in the van."
- R-B-RT:—
 "The longer he talks the less sensible he seems."

ST-MP-E:—

"Too slow to catch cold."

SH-FF-R:—

"Indeed, I think I am a very handsome girl."

ST-Y-R:—

"I have neither wit, nor words nor worth."

SW-K-R:—

"Heigh-ho! for a drink." Say I.

W-LS-N:—

"One may smile and smile and smile and yet not be a saint."

W—D:—

"As bashful and shy as a nun."

The "Sem" Accidental and Life Insurance Company.

The following Policies have been paid in full since Sept. 1, 1903.

AMOUNT	NAME	CAUSE
\$.253	Ira Thomas,	Pants torn by laundry basket.
250.00	Jesse Williams,	Head came in contact with the heavenly bodies.
1,000.00	O. B. Lynch,	Lost his hair.
35.22	Harvey Barnes,	A slightly swelled head.
999.99	O. E. Karickhoff,	Fell in love.
237.15	G. C. Kellar,	Promoted to the faculty.
2,550.00	Joe Gibson,	Thrown from a pony.
1,000.01	Prof. Haught,	Got married.
542.00	M. L. Dearein,	Lost his "Beer."
89.02	I. E. Ash,	Struck by an idea.
50.00	Collegiate	Lost it's reading matter.
.01	Athletic Association,	Loss of tackling Dummy (Samuel Steele.)
522.00	Anna Morrison,	Loss of sleep and tears.
.017	Senior Class,	Died of inactivity.
81.02	Miss McCray,	Love sick.
.10	Preacher Club,	Want of religion.
5.25	Sam Steele,	Passed in Lockwood.

A large number have taken out policies for next year.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

We, the undersigned do hereby affirm that we are wrestling with the Geometry examination in the regions below and if we do not succeed in overcoming the mighty problems before the "Great Minstrel Show" comes to town let it go on without us.

Given under our hand this 7th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1903.

Whereof we witness our signatures.

IRA B. THOMAS,
SAMUEL STEELE,
P. P. WELLS.

Senior Statistics.

NAME.	NOTED FOR.	PAST OCCUPATION.	HIGHEST AMBITION.	MAJOR STUDY.	FUTURE OCCUPATION.
ARNETT	Nothing.	The same,	To succeed,	Anti fat,	Dead Beat.
BALL,	Beauty,	Pedagogue	To be let alone,	Society,	Nurse.
BENDER	Lignum Caput	Agent for Hinds & Noble	Bluff, Trotter,	Miss Dauphinee Bones	Cigar sign. J. P.
BLAIR	Bombast	Elevating skeletons	Nihil,	Mules,	Horse doctor.
BRAKE,	Length	Sang digger,	Thwarted,	Other People,	Tramp.
BRITTON,	Garrulity,	Janitor,	Smash, Schemes,	His wife, Pony papers,	Desperado. Gambler.
BROOKS,	Being Married,	Pedagogue	Landlord,		
BUMGARDNER,	Honesty in Exams.	Politician,	Graduate,		
CHILDSTER,	Piano Pounding,	Pounding Piano,	Same,	Pony papers,	ditto.
CUNNINGHAM,	Making Noise,	Nurse,	Have beaux,	Firting,	Old maid.
FARNSWORTH,	A musician,	Distracting People,	To excel,	Herself,	Maniac.
FRANKLIN,	Magnum Caput,	Roofor,	To get through,	Two girls,	Ward Heeler.
GIBSON,	Anything,	Mule driver,	Run things,	Hard to tell,	Tail sawyer.
GROSE, (long)	Walking.	Beer dealer,	Low Grades,	Dude.	
GROSE, (short)	Pertinacity,	Cow Boy,	Escape,	Orphans,	Blacksmith,
HALL, (T. R.)	Obesity,	Book agent,	Realized,	About girls,	Dep. Sheriff.
HALL, (J. V.)	Self Confidence,	Confidence man,	To be silent,	The Ground,	Politician.
HATHAWAY,	Wisdom,	Sport,	To have boils,	Clarksburg,	Philosopher.
HUFF,	Kind disposition,	Living skeleton,	Keep cool,	McIntire,	Meat Axe.
HUGHES,	Curly hair,	Drawing Pictures,	Has none,	Nick Carter,	Loafing.
JONES,	Lowliness,	Furniture dealer,	Blighted,	Diamond Dick,	Printers Devil

KIDDY,	Bad temper,	Raising trouble,	Make enemies,	Revenge,	Wee wife.
LOVDIN,	Pleasant,	Selling lots,	Be Quiet,	Megaphones,	Auctioneer.
LOWE,	Deep Mind,	Ladies man,	To make 70,	Has none,	Moving the world
LYNCH, (B)	Strong voice,	Basket ball,	To whip Jenkins,	Hair tonic,	Temple of Fame.
LYNCH, (F)	Experiments,	Surgeon,	Graduate in 14 years,	Drugs.	Bunco Steerer.
McCUE,	Scheming,	Office seeker,	Get Office,	Popularity,	Demagogue.
MORRISON, ANNA	Jesse,	Spooning,	Be a man,	Matrimony,	Farmers wife.
MORRISON, EDNA	Slighting studies	Resting,	Translate	Everything,	Reading Sanskrit.
PICKENS,	Youth,	Varied,	Herolgyphics,	Get Pat.	Wells.
RUMBLE,	Age,	Has had none,	To be old,	Tattler,	The island,
SHAW,	Noise,	Falling from stairs.	Grow,	Doubtful,	Muscle,
SIGLER,	Size,	Rat killing,	Milk Maid,	To get sugar,	Mixing paint,
SNOGRASS,	Painting,	Dago Boss,	Circus rider,	Gain Flesh,	Girls.
SWECKER,	Church going,	Strong nerve,	Good Character,	Riding ponies,	Connor,
TALBOTT,	Slight form,	Beating barbar- ians.	Tool,	Loving,	"Annie Maurie," Farmer.
TROUT,	Strong nerve,	Tool,	Snoring,	Sleeping,	Rip Van Winkle.
WATSON,	Good Character,	Snoring,	Grumbler,	Being Jay	Morphaus,
WAUGH,	Majestic stride,	Grumbler,	Hawked.	Humility,	Himself.
WILLIAMS,	Loving,	Peace Maker,	Being Drunk,	Humility,	Hall Rules,
YOUNG,	Sleeping,	Brewing	Bluffer,	Unknown,	144
CONNOR,	Being Jay	Bluffer,	To be a Martyr,	Be Noticed,	Dictionary,
SMITH,	Humility,	Peace Maker,	Unknown,	Be Noticed,	Hall Rules,
BEER,	Being Drunk,	Brewing	Bluffer,	Be Noticed,	144
SUTTON,	Big Words,	Bluffer,	To be a Martyr,	Be Noticed,	Dictionary,
					Missionary.
					Lecturer.
					Clown.

A Few Leaves from a Diary.



MARCH 1, 1903.—Well Jill and I decided yesterday while taking a long walk in Hart's Grove that we would write a diary about each other then some time in the future we would exchange records. I saw Jill as I came from dinner for a few minutes and again for about half an hour before supper. I have just written Anna May and she and Jill are going to correspond and exchange pictures.

MARCH 2.—I have been getting ready for the spring term to-day. It is calling night at the Hall and Aunt Helen let me go up to see Jill. I will never forget this evening, Jill told me that she did not care for Harry any more and that her notions on some subjects have changed lately. This started me to thinking and in a second I realized I did not care for Anna May as I once did. Then we began to talk of our future and in a few minutes we had arranged to spend our lives with each other and when we sealed our vow I was the happiest man on earth. I thought I had been in love several times before but nothing like this.

I am going to write to Anna May in the morning and tell her of the change.

MARCH 3.—Jill and I went to Weston to-day with Fowler and Miss Williams. Fowler made us ashamed by asking for so much bread. Jill and I spent the afternoon in the Asylum grounds planning our future and how happy we were. We came up East Main Street and I bade Jill a tender good night on the corner. Jill let me read her letter to Harry and she read mine to Anna May. I think God is so good to both of us in causing this change of affairs and cementing our love for eternity.

MARCH 1, 1903.—Jack and I spent the afternoon yesterday in Hart's Grove then took a long walk. Each is to keep a Diary then exchange them at the end of the term. We did not go home this vacation, and have been so happy together. How well I would like to be off the Campus to-day with Jack taking another long walk for we have so many things to talk about as lovers do.

MARCH 2,—Jack came to call this evening and we had the middle parlor all to ourselves. It is an evening long to be remembered by both of us. My happiness is too great for words. Jack told me of his love for me and I told him about mine. It was there I received my first lover's kiss. Now our hearts beat as one. I was too happy to sleep so wrote to mamma telling her how happy I was so she could rejoice with me in this new world I have found. I will write to Harry in the morning and Jack to Anna May.

MARCH 3.—Mr. Fowler and Florence went to Weston with us to-day. We had such a good time with so many plans to make for the future and so much to talk about. We went over to the Asylum Grounds for a long walk and such a happy walk it was. God has been so good to us to make us see and understand what he wanted Jack and I to do. Jack has written to Anna May and I to Harry. We read each others letters before sending them. We walked coming from the train and Jack told me good night on the corner of East Main Street. I am so anxious to receive mamma's blessing.



September Calendar.



2. School begins.
3. Doctor declares that the defection of Prof. Haught and Miss Wetmore is over.
4. Girls get their orders. Dr. announces that he will have a speech for the boys Tuesday.
7. Gib, Jesse and Anthony discuss the rules of the hall.
8. Jones hunts a stenographer to take down Dr's. Chapel speech.
9. Formal opening. Me makes a tremendous speech.
10. The Seniors fail to have a meeting to adopt the rules.
11. Prexy finds out that he is too long winded and asks the bell-ringer to ring him off at 10.30 A. M.
14. Faculty gives a reception.
16. Alderman threatens to whip Britton.
17. Prof. Trotter announces to the Junior Latin Class that Jackson has purchased the Valley House.
18. Seniors flunk in Latin.
21. All is quiet at the Sem.
23. Heckert learns to say, "Ich bin ein narr."
24. McCue drops Greek.
25. Dad Ash runs around the Athletic Field, the first time in twenty years.
26. Allman entertains the Society with a dancing solo.
29. Core falls in love.

October Calendar.



1. Karickhoff speaks to a girl.
3. Hicks begins to dagger-hoss.
5. Foot Ball Game.
6. Sam Steele recites in Geometry.
8. Clevenger arrives.
10. Demosthenes is put to shame by Colonel Shreves.
12. Another ball game.
13. Thomas answers a question in Geometry.
15. Wells hunts for a girl.
17. The Independent Association of red heads holds a meeting.
19. We made a trip to Clarksburg. Miss the train.
20. We all get back.
22. Nothing doing.
24. Law wins fame as an orator.
26. Monday before Tuesday.
27. Jones gets a new hat.
28. Gibson loses a shoe shine.
29. "Its funny when you feel that way."
30. Me wants to make a speech. Clevenger makes his debut at the Ladies' Hall.
31. Farewell.

November Calendar.



2. A representative of the Senior Class is hung in Chapel.
3. Prof. Trotter gives a short address concerning his visit to the meeting of College Presidents held in Chicago.
4. The schedule of the Senior pony races is posted.
5. Clevenger appears in a pair of gum boots and a brilliant sweater.
6. McCue shakes hands with a skeleton. The Freshies meet.
7. Both societies are favored with a free concert. The first half consisted of the harmonious notes of a chair tumbling down the stairs. The second half consisted of the heart-rending cries of a boy who seemed to be suffering untold agony.
9. Miss Dorr leaves for Maryland, my Maryland.
10. The Seniors finish their races for the Fall Term.
11. Gib declares that his pony behaved very well during the examination in Physics.
12. Prof. Strathers says the grades of the Second French Class range from 75 to 20%.
13. Dr. announces a series of lectures to be given in Chapel by the members of the faculty.
16. Foot Ball game with Grafton.
17. There is a fire in town on Pigtail Avenue.
18. Me starts on a trip to New England.
19. The girls are enjoying a few holidays. Miss Dorr is absent.
20. Holiday spirit appears among the students.
21. The Classes have their pictures taken for the St. Louis Exposition.
22. The Foot Ball Boys meet Ohio University at Clarksburg.
24. The Foot Ball boys hold their election.
25. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day.
28. The Sem. suddenly turns into a refrigerator.
30. Sutton comes near choking to death on some big word.

December Calendar.



1. Goodwin counts up the number of seconds there will be until he sees "Sweet Marie."
3. Lakin comes to the Geometry Class.
4. Graham does not get up in time for Chapel.
5. Jones is very "Lowe" with love.
7. Marple gets in a hurry.
8. A. B. Hall grins at a girl in Chapel.
11. Heckert stands up during the singing in chapel service.
12. Juniors meet and order their hats.
13. We go to church.
15. The Juniors wear their '05 hats to school. The Seniors wonder.
16. Blue Seniors can be seen everywhere.
17. School closes for Vacation.
18. Students leave for Home.
19. Merry Xmas.

January Calendar.



1. "1904."
6. School resumes.
7. Several new students show themselves.
8. Clevenger takes his meals at the restaurant.
9. Woodie misses the train. She talked too long with Jimmy.
11. The lecturer gets a zero. Misses the train.
12. McCue's '04 cap is missing. He gets his gun and makes a search.
13. Sigler loses his head apparel. Blondie's 10 cent cap is missing.
14. Trotter makes a speech and Doc says, Amen.
15. Sweeney sports a red tie.
16. Pete Bettinger, the President, says the Independent Order of red heads is not a thing of the past.
18. President Roberts calls his flock together.
21. Phillips loses the decorations of his upper lip.
22. Shaffer has arranged her hair in the twelve different ways and at last succeeds in getting Sweeney.
25. A Mush and Milk social is given by the Athletic Association.
26. The lady members of the faculty go out horse back riding.
27. Prof. Haught declares he is an artist by marriage.
28. Day of Prayer for Colleges.
29. Dad Ash gets angry in the Library.
31. Das ende.

February Calendar.



1. Lecture. Graham makes good use of his golden opportunity.
2. Dearin leaves.
3. Prof. Stathers makes a chapel speech.
4. Dr. says there are two boys in school who use tobacco. Dad Ash is embarrassed.
5. Stonestreet breaks his Camera trying to take a picture of the faculty.
7. Thunder storm.
8. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. give a reception.
9. Pearl McCue has his picture taken for the fourth time.
11. Graham has a narrow escape from the faculty.
12. A dog is hung for insubordination.
14. Valentine Day.
16. A cow is discovered in the Chapel. Ask Britton how she got down.
18. Pearl McCue has another picture taken.
20. Dr. Kirkley lectures.
22. Seniors prepare their ponies.
23. Lakin gets up in time for Chapel.
24. Society politics, is all that can be heard.
25. Colonel Board the great orator, returns.
26. Exams begin.
27. Societies elect officers for the Spring Term.
29. Exams close.

March Calendar.



1. Winter term closes and all are glad.
2. We get a day off.
3. Enrollment . Flunkers notified.
4. Doc says we must get through fussing by Tuesday.
5. Allman distinguished himself as an orator. Heckert extinguished himself.
7. A fine large day.
8. Trotter gets locked out from Chapel.
10. Doc chases three boys from the first floor to the Chapel and then back to the library.
12. Bumgardner forgets and leaves his magic at home.
15. The boys begin to talk about base ball.
16. Seats are assigned in Chapel.
17. "Me" gives the new students some philosophy.
19. Pete Bettinger's red head is seen in the Society Hall.
21. E. B. Moore searches for the fountain of youth.
22. Several of the boys attend court and are fined 5% by the Doctor and his staff.
23. Prof. Trotter gives the Senior Latin Class a lecture.
24. Lakin declared that he will rejoice when the First German Class finishes. "Hoher als die kirche."
25. Grose asks Prof. Trotter if the decoration for the Special Programs must be gathered on Sunday.
26. Excelsior Special.
27. The Sabbath Day.
28. Chrestomathean Special.



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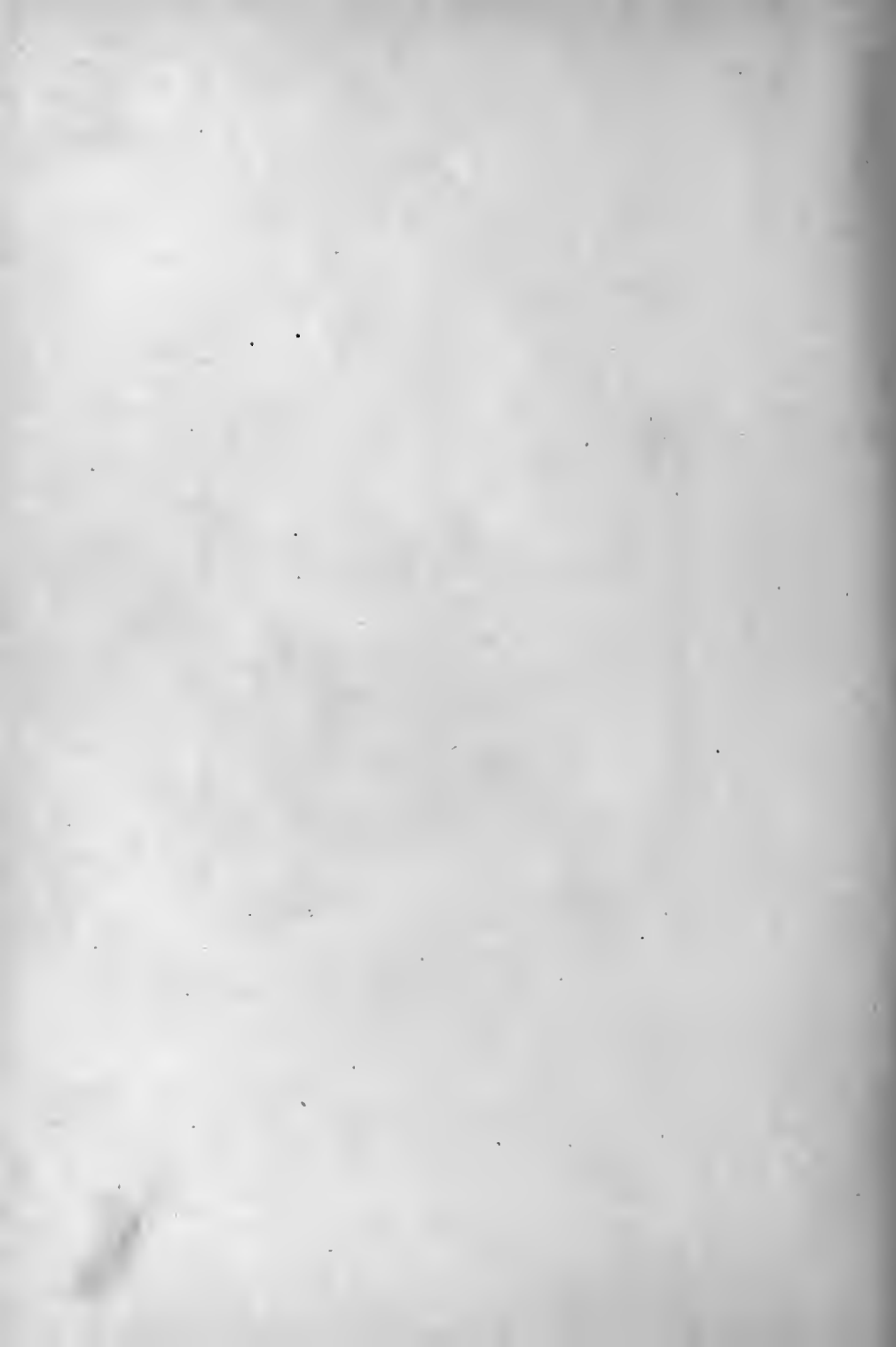
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