

1
Beljuan



Choose a trade which
requires skill, and there-
fore is profitable!

¶ The art of the glassworker is one of the oldest known arts, and it requires a greater skill than most other occupations do.---

¶ That is why the flint glass worker of to-day receives higher wages than most other mechanics and even than many people employed in professional work.

¶ If you are an ambitious young man, it will pay you to investigate,---for you can learn this trade which is an art, right in your home town.---Further information will be furnished to you in the office of

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BELLAIRE ❖ OHIO

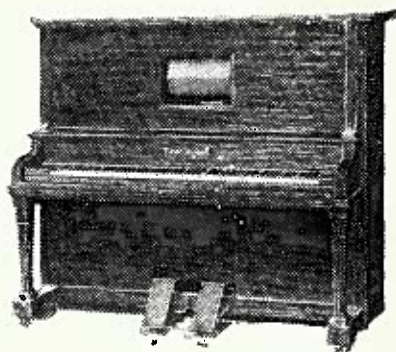
The young man loves the young lady,
That's his business;
The young lady loves the young man,
That's her business;
Pretty soon they will marry and need a Bank Account,
That's our business.

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BELLAIRE, - OHIO

The Beljuan

1913

Published by the Junior Class

of

Bellaire High School

"To Surpass All Others is Our Aim"—MOTTO

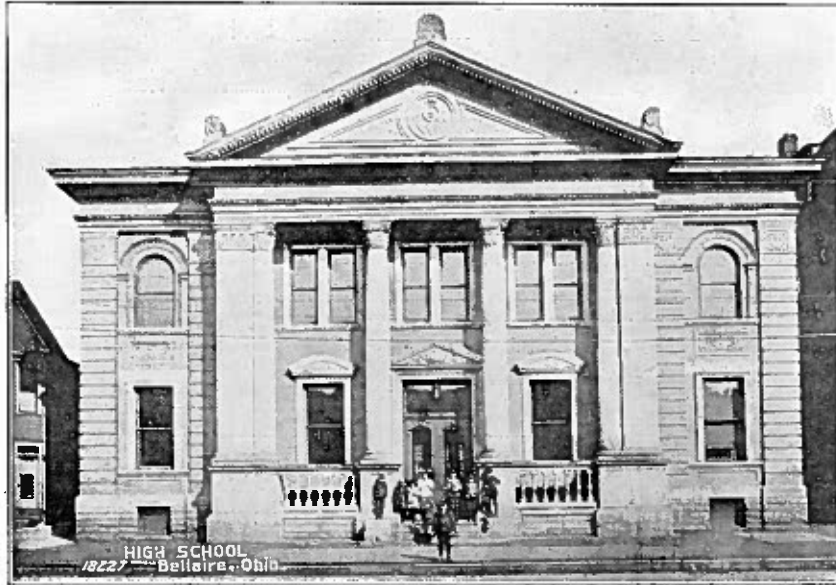


VOL. IV

The Beljuan



To
PROF. JOHN A. JACKSON,
Superintendent of Bellaire Public School,
We
THE STAFF OF THE BELJUAN OF 1913
affectionately dedicate this book.



High School Building

THE CITY BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The Beljuan would be incomplete, if it failed to pay tribute to the City Board of Education. The Board as now organized is composed of the following members:

P. H. Rodewig, President.	Cook Danford
A. C. Beetham, Vice President	C. H. Dankworth
Geo. W. Yost	C. N. McKelvey

Mr. Harry Tyler is the Clerk of the Board and Mr. John Rodewig is the Treasurer.

It would be hard to find another body of men, who without pay, would devote so much of their time and labor to the betterment of our schools. Under their direction, two fine Ward buildings are being erected in the city which will be an honor to our school system. They always manifest a special interest in our High School activities, and as a result our High School is now second to none in the state.

Then here's to our Board of Education,
To whom we are indebted for *good schools*.

The Faculty

J. A. Jackson, Ph. B.	Superintendent
Mt. Union College.	
C. S. McVay, B. S.	(Principal), Science
Ohio Northern University.	
Miss Alice Cunningham	Phys. Geography and History
Ypsilanti College.	
C. E. Caldwell, A. M.	Mathematics and History
Ohio State University.	
J. V. Nelson, B. S.	Latin
Ohio Northern University.	
Miss Bertha Helling, A. B.	German
Ohio Wesleyan University.	
W. W. Loomis, B. S.	Mathematics and Science
German Wallace.	
J. R. White, A. B.	English
Muskingum College.	
Wm. McCormick, A. B.	English
Westminster College.	
I. R. Stout, B. C. E.	Commercial Branches
Rochester Institute.	
E. E. Halstead	Music
Oberlin Conservatory.	

POPULAR SAYINGS OF THE FACULTY.

Mr. McVay—"Let's get along without all this talking."
 Mr. Caldwell—"Just a minute! Time's going."
 Mr. Nelson—"I want that cut out."
 Miss Helling—"Machen Sie *alle* Bucher zu!"
 Mr. Loomis—"When I used to work—."
 Mr. White—"We-l-l, not exactly."
 Miss Cunningham—"She is like Shakespeare; she never repeats."
 Mr. Halstead—"We'll sing that part once again."



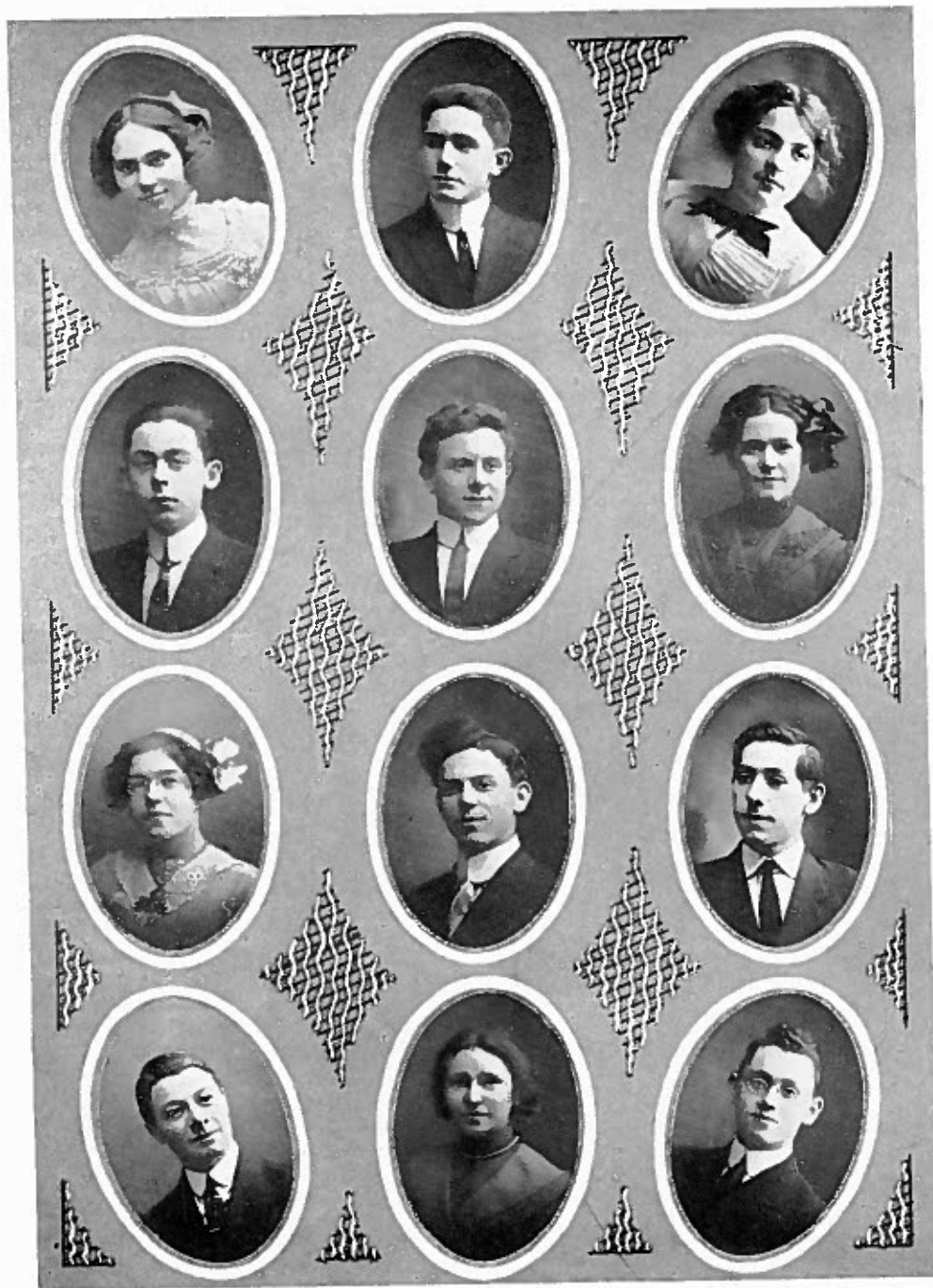
PROF. C. S. McVAY,
Principal of the High School.
Science and Mathematics.
Ohio Northern University.



PROF. J. R. WHITE,
English.
Muskingum College.



PROF. J. V. NELSON,
Latin.
Ohio Northern University.



THE BELJUAN BOARD.

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Rodewig
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Barrett
Snyder
Beuter
Bauer

McBride
Lockwood
Eggiman
Baird

The Beljuan Staff

Cloyd Snyder	Editor-in-Chief
Norma Lockwood	Assistant Editor
Clyde Bryant	Assistant Editor
Raymond Beuter	Business Manager
Alma Rodewig	Assistant Business Manager
Karl Eggiman	Assistant Business Manager
Mildred Long	Literary Editor
Owenah Bauer	Alumni
Howard Thompson	Humorist
Marie McBride	Girls' Athletic Editor
Emmett Barrett	Boys' Athletic Editor
Lester Baird	Artist

EDITORIAL.

Do not suppose gentle reader, that in connection with this editorial it was written to be read. Then again let it not be supposed that by inserting this brief work of literature near the beginning of the book, did we imagine that it was possible to delay even for a moment anyone whose countenance is contained in these pages from turning immediately to that identical spot.

We will not undertake to discuss what is to follow as doing so at this time would weary the reader before he has come into contact with that part. This volume was not intended for a masterpiece—it is not a masterpiece. The jokes may not be funny, the wit, pointless, and all the material just as good as the reader might think it should be. But, if you find fault don't tell others about it; just think how hard the editors have labored to acquaint you with the principle events that have taken place during the past school term and boost its good qualities.

We take this opportunity to thank those who have contributed material to this annual and especially to the merchants who have advertised herein, thereby making possible the publication of this volume, we extend many words of appreciation.

It is not for us to say whether or not we have succeeded in this enterprise. But if anything in this book is the modest means of recalling to anyone fond remembrances of his days in Old B. H. S. or of his Alma Mater, our efforts shall not have been in vain.

A Farewell, by a Senior

Commencement is a beautiful time. We especially look forward to it. We are just finishing our High School course, and are peering out to see what the future promises. How many opportunities it offers, if we will only see the one meant for us, and make use of it. Friends are so thoughtful and tender. Teachers are so kind and considerate. Classmates are so eager and interested. The last days are filled with pleasant meetings, and parties and rehearsals. It seems as though all of the gayety and merrymaking were crowded into one short space of time. Every one seems gay and happy, yet beneath all this fun and laughter there is an undertone of seriousness. No one speaks of it, or gives any suggestion of its being there, but it is felt by all. The most practical and unsentimental of persons at Commencement feels the tinge of regret that has been felt by graduates ever since graduates came into existence. It is an irrepressible feeling, which tugs at your heart and almost makes you wish you were just starting in to work your way through High School. And the reason is apparent enough; classes are breaking up; friends are being separated, many of them never to come together again in the old free easy way. It is this parting from teachers and classmates that have become very dear through the years that shadow the eyes at Commencement time.

We especially feel the solemnity beneath the festive spirit. The others will be separated a few months, and then, to a large extent will be united again. But it is not so with the Seniors. We are finishing High School forever. Sometimes we almost feel as though we would never like to step inside its halls again. Still when we think seriously over it, a certain wave of uneasiness rushes over us, and we hastily change our thoughts to something more pleasant. For many Seniors, school life is over, as soon as they have finished High School. There are stepping out into a new world, facing they know not what. Some will go to their homes and settle down quietly, entering the social life of their community. Others will go to work, in store, in office, as teacher in the school room, near at hand, or far away. Others will continue their studies at some higher source. But the old life is broken up. No two paths run together. New interests come in, new friendships are formed, and the old is pushed into the background, but cannot be quite forgotten, ever. Was there ever a boy or girl, who forgot their High School life? Years and years afterward, incidents will be recalled, which will bring tears of laughter to our eyes, but perhaps tears of sadness, also. The memories of the dear old days will linger on even into the old, old age.

Senior Class



OFFICERS.

Ralph Heatherington	President
Paul Shafer	Vice President
Lawrence McAllister	Secretary and Treasurer
Don Royer	Class Editor

COLORS.

Red and White.

YELL.

Ding dong, ding a ling,
Here we are in the ring,
Into knowledge here we delve,
Seniors! Seniors!
Nineteen Twelve!

MOTTO.

We strive to reach the highest goal.



FRANK ALDREDGE

President Utopian Literary Society 1911, Baseball 1910, 1911, 1912; Football 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911; Basketball 1912. Boys' Glee Club. Assistant Editor Beljuan 1911.

"Let me have men about me that are fat."

"TUBBY"

"Tubby" is a "meek" young man who never makes much fuss, but always takes everything coming his way. He is generally to be found up at 'Mikes',—when he is nowhere else. Frank, although of a studious (?) nature, has not let his studies seriously interfere with his social life. He is one of the moving "spirits" at the class meetings. Judging from his record while in High School, it would be a clear-eyed prophet who could predict his future. For the past year "Tubby" has been afflicted with 'Paulineitis.'

JACOB BEHR

Utopian Literary Society, Assistant Business Manager Beljuan 1911, Boys' Glee Club, Class Basketball. "Where e'er he goes he takes along his hammer strong and trusty,

And knocks most every one he knows with a voice that's loud and lusty."

"JAKE"

"Mine Jakey's" chief aim in life seems to be to keep the girls laughing at him. He plays the piano with utter indifference to the music, but very often you can almost guess what he is playing by the way he shakes his head. He is the only one in the class with that true "Bohemian" temperament, and if he tried he might write poetry. His fad is passionate colors in neckties and hosiery.

FLORA BRAUNLICH

Secretary Utopian Literary Society 1911, Basketball 1911, Captain 1912, Girls' Glee Club, "A believer in fairies."

"Don't be too serious, take life easy and live long."

"FLO"

A brilliant young genius accomplished in many lines especially basketball, (and pink teas). We predict for her a brilliant future. "Flo" always sees the point of a joke first and then laughs longest and heartiest, for with her, to laugh is to live. If you think she forgets a joke soon, say "Fairies" to her and then observe the effect produced.

EARL KEYSER

Utopian Literary Society.

"Love seldom haunts the breast where wisdom lies."

He is so very quiet, so utterly unobtrusive, so very tall for his height, we hardly know him, never hear his voice, or dare to state his aim in life; yet this much we dare to venture—his future life will be quite contented, and his friends will remain for ever true, and find in him a friend worthy of them.

MARY COLMAN

Delphian Literary Society.

"One vast substantial smile."

It is not easy to tell whether Mary is preparing to enter the ministry or merely adores our English teacher. At all events, she takes vast quantities of Bible. But we cannot reconcile her substantial rosy appearance with her spiritual calling.

LENA CARMAN

Utopian Literary Society.

"Notice me not nor to me pay attention,

And I am happy."

To see her as she sits behind the "Behr" in the Assembly, one would think her sober almost to the limit. But she is not half so fierce as that, and those who know her say she is really quite jolly. We would not vouch for her gayety, but think such a combination possible. Like a number of her classmates, she simply dotes on English IV.





VERNA McKELVEY

Delphian Literary Society.

"If she has any faults, she has left us in doubt."

"VERNY"

She has been characterized as a young woman of unswerving loyalty and devotion to the cause she loves. It is a waste of time to suggest this cause, yet if any one has been aroused in his curiosity to know more of this devoted young Senior, we would suggest that he call at her post-office address at Belmont and find out for himself.

ALTA JONES

Delphian Literary Society. Basketball 1909, 1911, Girls' Glee Club.

"For brevity is very good.

When we are, or are not, understood."

She is a good soul, fond of giving advice which probably would be beneficial (?) if heeded. She is a great favorite with faculty because of her well-prepared lessons. Alta's chief occupation and happy delight is story telling. We wish her success.

HERBERT BOYER

Delphian Literary Society, Baseball 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912; Football 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911; President Boys' Athletic Association 1911.

"Strong and great, a hero."

"HERB"

What shall we say of him? One of those fellows who have no characteristics, limits his associations (mostly) to his classmates, tends to his own affairs, and lets the world wag on. Immaculate and neat to a pin in dress, he would not be suspected of having an ambition, but instead, he daily clamors for more Work (man).

CLARICE MOOREHOUSE

Utopian Literary Society.

"How sweet and fair she seems to be."

This fair maid lives a quiet, harmless life. She wastes no time or energy in needless excitement, but merely stirs up a commotion once in a while to let the rest of the class know that she is really here. Her thoughts are constantly traveling up the river to that well-known place called Martins Ferry.

JOSEPH DUGA

Vice President Utopian Literary Society 1911; Assistant Editor Beljuan 1911, Class Basketball, Junior-Senior Contest 1911 and 1912.

"He knows about it all, he knows, HE KNOWS."

"JOEY"

Through Joey's efforts the Seniors have gained quite a few victories in oratorical contests. He was passionately fond of Physics, even though nobody was suspicious of the fact. Cold feet before the exams is his hobby, and he takes a fiendish delight in letting a certain member of the faculty kid him over the telephone.

ALTA PASSMORE

Delphian Literary Society.

"Though deep, yet clear;

Though gentle, yet not dull."

Alta is one of our roll who has so little to say but has a smile for everyone, and is ever ready to help the class along. She is a country maiden and since in high school, she has won the friendship of all her classmates and those around her.





HARRY LaROCHE

Delphian Literary Society, Baseball 1911, Football 1909, 1910, 1911.

"What can't be cured must be endured."

"COUNT" "ROACHY"

There is one fact about this lad to which it is necessary to call the public's attention, and this is, that Harry is best known as the Seniors' "sleeping beauty." He takes his siestas between three and four in the afternoon, and very often, if not watched closely by Mr. Stout, lingers on until five o'clock. However, we think he will get over this as he gets older and contracts the habit of sleeping at night, once in a while.

IRENE MAE HERZBERG

Utopian Literary Society, Literary Editor Beljuan 1911, Junior-Senior Contest 1912.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"FLUFFY RUFFLES"

This young lady will puzzle the world some day. She moves only by fits and starts. In order not to be soiled, she really ought to be handled with gloves. She is extremely unsettled as to her love affairs. She is generally jolly, fun-loving and daring; but upon being teased she grows furious. Irene was ever our star in English IV.

FLORENCE LOWELL

Delphian Literary Society.

"I am nothing if not critical."

"PIGGY"

This young miss is one whom we fear will not be with us long, because she has already lost her class pin. What will be her fate after commencement? Who knows? We don't! Her thoughts are ever of a "Fry". Clyde, beware! This is leap year you know!

ANDREW ST. CLAIR JENNINGS

Delphian Literary Society, Boys Glee Club, Football 1911.

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

"COB" "POP"

"Pop" was always disgusted with life, more or less, until he became enamored of Flora. From that time on he has always been a social lion and therefore the envy of quite a number of the fellows, prominent among them Burton. Among the many feats of strength which "Cob" has performed, we find that he successfully caught a football in one eye, and later in the act of taking revenge, he heaved the self-same ball into the river and while fishing it out again he raised the temperature around him from ten below zero to 212 degrees in the shade.

ESTHER HULBERT

Delphian Literary Society.

"A sunny face and disposition, truly."

One of those immaculate, freshly starched people, whom you long to rumple up just for fun. In addition to this commendable characteristic, Miss Hulbert has achieved a reputation as a Latin Grammar "shark", which is a mighty useful thing to have in Cicero class in case of a slight difference—say with Mr. Nelson.

HARRY KINSEY

Delphian Literary Society.

"He that plods will reach the goal."

How fortunate the class of 1912 really is to have one who takes life so very seriously, tends strictly to his own business, works faithfully every day, and always does his very best! Enough for any man—a first class preparation for the ministry, which we understand he intends to enter soon.





LEAH LANCASTER

Secretary Delphian Literary Society 1911, 1912.

"Thy words convince me; all my doubts are vanished."

None would suspect this quiet little girl of being a Senior. Yet you might infer as much from the fact that she no longer bothers about such trifles as Latin and makes a practice of combining the preparation of her lesson with a short nap—a most infallible test of a Senior.

HELEN UMSTEAD

Utopian Literary Society, Class Basketball.

"A simple trusting child who knows not the ways of men."

Little to say and always the same, we think that High School has no attraction for her as she is always glad to get out after school and wander down street. The real cause is unknown, but Helen ought to "fess" up before she leaves.

LAWRENCE McALLISTER

Utopian Literary Society, Boys' Glee Club, Secretary of the class, High School Orchestra.

"A smile that glowed celestial rosy red,
Love's proper hue."

This rosy-cheeked Senior has a remarkable capacity for doing things. The calm satisfied look that meets your glance has a wealth of meaning in it which but few could devine. He is always working diligently day by day, doing his level best. Lawrence is noted for his mightiness in words and deeds, and is gentle in spirit and loving in disposition, as another member of our class can well tell you.

ANNA GREENBERG

Utopian Literary Society, Class Basketball.
"My learning is broad but my wit is cheap."

"ANNIE"

There is nothing in a name or Anna would have been dead long ago. She is an attentive listener and is a member of the mighty Senior six with whose constant help that renowned pennant on the wall of the Assembly was won. She is very fond of drawing Mac into an argument during Physics recitation, so he will talk all during the period.

RALPH HEATHERINGTON

Delphian Literary Society, Vice President 1910, Business Manager Beljuan 1911, Baseball 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912; Football 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911; Basketball 1909, 1910, 1911; Captain 1912, Boys' Glee Club, President of Class.

"As I was banished, I was banished, Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster."

"RED"—'LONGITUDE"

Ralph has always been a retiring modest sort of boy (?). In spite of the many things said about his looks, he is just the image of an olive stuffed with a Spanish pepper, and stuck on the end of a tooth-pick. During the latter part of the year "Red" was usually found in the Physics Lab. in a general confab with "Billiken" and "Tubby," as to whether he ought to become a minister or a clergyman.

HELEN SAYLOR

Utopian Literary Society.
"If silence were golden I'd be a millionaire."

She is a good, but rather quiet girl who wears a cheerful smile even for the most downtrodden in this peevish world of ours. Helen has high ambitions of becoming a nurse. She has matrimonial designs on Ichabod Crane. A very shy girl, but yet able to hold her own.





SAMUEL PRICE

Utopian Literary Society, Basketball 1912, Secretary Boys' Glee Club.

"When I leave, who will take my place."

"SAM"

He is a busy man, alternating between the gym and McKelvey's drug store. He goes about with a studious, preoccupied, philosophical stare, that gives you the impression that he carries the weight of the whole High school on his shoulders. He was never known to go with the same girl twice.

MARY KEYSER

Utopian Literary Society

"To all she is known as sweet."

This taciturn little miss has a quiet dignity which well becomes her. She always tends strictly to her own affairs and expects every one else to do the same. Some people claim that she is the direct descendant of the Sphinx. However, she has gained the good will of the whole school by her delightful mannerisms.

BURTON McCROBA

President 1912, Utopian Literary Society, Baseball 1910, 1911; Football 1908, 1909, Captain 1910, 1911; Basketball 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912; Secretary Boys' Athletic Association 1910, President Boys' Glee Club.

"A believer in fairies."

"He is a man of an unbounded stomach."

"BURT", "JU-JU-BEE", "MAC", "LOUISIANA"

The bright baby face of this little giant reflects the sunshine of his loving heart. When anything eatable is set before him, he never stops until the last particle has been stowed safely away inside him. People living in the North End of town are often disturbed at night by his melodious warbling in falsetto, which he usually practices in his sleep.

PAULINE EWING

Utopian Literary Society, Class Basketball, Junior-Senior Contest, 1911.

"And her sunny locks lay on her temples like a golden fleece."

"PAULY"

Of much worth as an elocutionist and a possessor of many graces, this stately Senior is another to add length to the roll of the graduates. She is endowed with the ability of winning many prizes by her perseverance. B. H. S. will lose one of its best scholars when Pauline leaves its portals with the class of 1912.

CECIL STONEBRAKER

Delphian Literary Society, Junior Contest 1911, 1912.

"What he says you may believe, and pawn your soul upon it."

"STONY", "CICERO", "SICILY"

Allow your gaze for a moment to rest upon the celestial brow of an orator who rivals Demosthenes himself. Athletics hold no charm for him, for with a mind so full of high ideals as "Virgil's Aeneid" and some girls, frivolities and gayeties of high school social life are entirely crowded out.

JOSHEPHINE GIFFIN

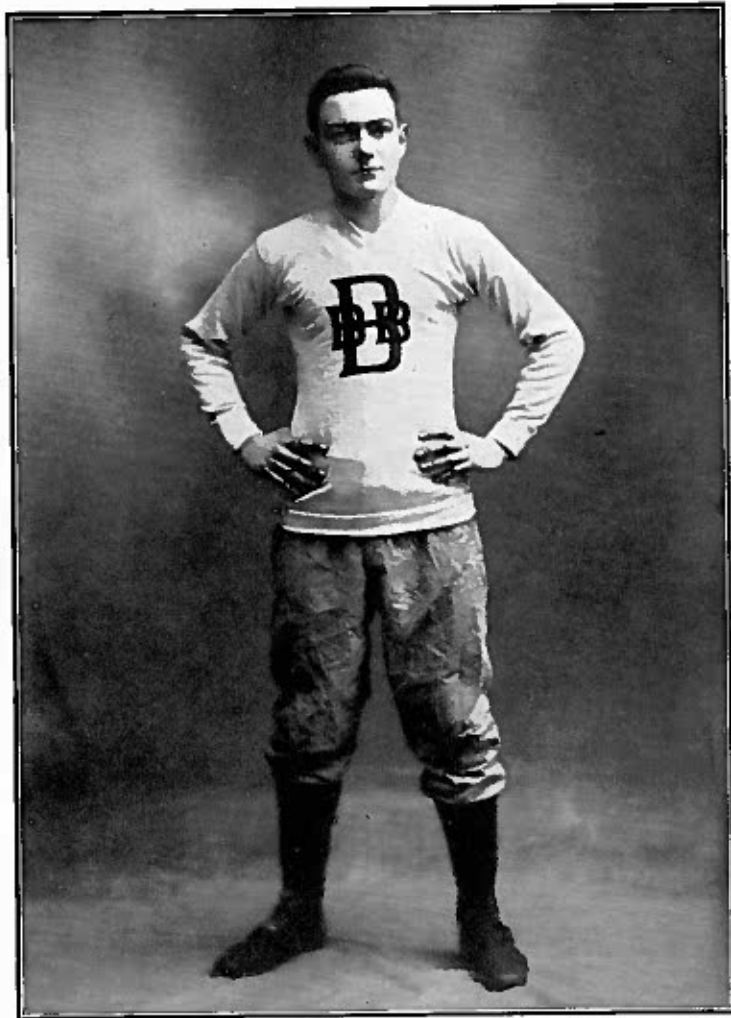
Delphian Literary Society, Girls' Glee Club, Junior-Senior Contest 1911, 1912.

"Honors come by dilligence."

"JOSEY"

Although of such a little social disposition by hard work and earnest application she has gained recognition for herself in the intellectual sphere. Her kindly ways and reserved (?) bearing have won her many friends. A quiet, unassuming young lady, proud of her ancestry and her name, indeed too proud to even think of changing it.





HOWARD OTTE SEABRIGHT

IN MEMORIAM
HOWARD OTTE SEABRIGHT
BELLAIRE HIGH SCHOOL, '12
1895-1911

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

"Many are called but few are chosen." To be sure, Howard O. Seabright, was among the chosen ones. Not only was he chosen as a good worker by his Almighty Father, but by those on earth. No matter what kind of duty it was that he was called to perform he was always ready and eager to do it. He was one of those bright and active young men of the present day whose manhood and sterling qualities are held up as a model and example to the younger generation. His memory should be an undying inspiration to all of us.

In school he was always ready to defend its honor and to uplift its spirit. In studies he lacked nothing and in athletics he had everything, being captain of the Basketball and Baseball teams of 1911. He was one of the greatest athletes that Bellaire High School ever had.

In church he was also actively engaged, singing in the choir, being Secretary of Sunday School and taking an active part in the Christian Endeavor Society of the Second Presbyterian Church.

In every day life always cheerful and ready to extend his sympathy to the unfortunate ones.

Our deepest heartfelt sympathies are extended to the bereaved parents, brothers and sister.

R. H.

Farewell to the Seniors

They have won the love of all,
They've struggled without fall,
And we say farewell, at Duty's call,
For they are Seniors.

We have watched them as they struggled,
Up paths of learning steep and rugged,
Until, now on the highest peak they are exalted,
And they are Seniors.

Others here will take their place,
As they leave us for life's race,
So we say farewell, with lovely grace,
To our beloved Seniors.

Their work here is almost done,
Their life's work has just begun,
Soon they'll hear toil's busy hum,
And they'll no more be Seniors.

Now as we sadly bid good-bye,
We think of their virtues, and heave a sigh,
For there's none so good, far or wide,
As our class of Seniors.

"OWED TO A FRESHMAN."

The cat sat on the back yard fence,
His feet were full of blisters.
He picked his teeth with the end of his tail
And the wind blew through his whiskers.

F ail to understand.
L ack of interest.
U nexpected company.
N ot prepared.
K icked out.

Prof. Caldwell—"A fool can ask more questions than a bright man can answer."

Alma R.—"That is why so many of us flunk in Geometry."

FOR SALE—Ten "Delineators," five second-hand "Good House-keeping" copies and a full line of ladies' Novelties. Address Alvin Adams, Box 23, The Beljuan.

Marriage is a tie, especially to the man who gets roped in.

English History puzzles me;
I never could see why,
With so very many reigns,
It still remains so dry.

"Say, Pa, who's Pegasus?"

"He's the only horse that can tow an airship home, my son."

Mr. Carson—"How are you getting along in school now, Robert?"

Robert C.—"Oh! I am far enough to write my own excuses, Dad."

Many people go to church to weep
While others go to sleep,
Many go to tell their woes
While others go to show their clothes.
Boys go to reconnoitre,
Girls go because they 'orter,
Many go for good reflections
But precious few to help collections.

Sophomore Class History

The upper classmen expected to have a good laugh at the expense of the new Freshmen when the school term opened in 1910, but there they were greatly disappointed for the "Freshies" were not quite so "green" as they appeared.

On entering high school the class roll contained nearly ninety names, but as the year passed a number forsook the paths of education and left the class. At the present time there are seventy-one enrolled in the High School books as Sophomores, of whom at least fifty are expected to graduate in nineteen hundred and fourteen.

Last year the class of '14 had a fair average in athletics and this year it has a still better record. Six of the Sophomore boys played on the football team and of the five players deserving the "B's," three are from the Sophomore representatives. The class furnished the Boys' Varsity Basketball team with a guard, who aided it greatly, also a forward on the Girls' Varsity team, who starred in every game, together with several substitutes for each team. The Sophomore girls had a very strong team, but the boys had hard luck and could not get well started until after three games had been played; then they made the other teams work for victory.

Not many social functions were held in the Freshman year, but during the present year better success is being realized.

Besides athletics the Sophs. can boast of several talented musicians; in fact the class is represented in everything connected with the High School. Great things may be expected of the class of Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen, as it has material for all vocations in the paths of life.

J. Alex DuBois, '14.

Something Unusual

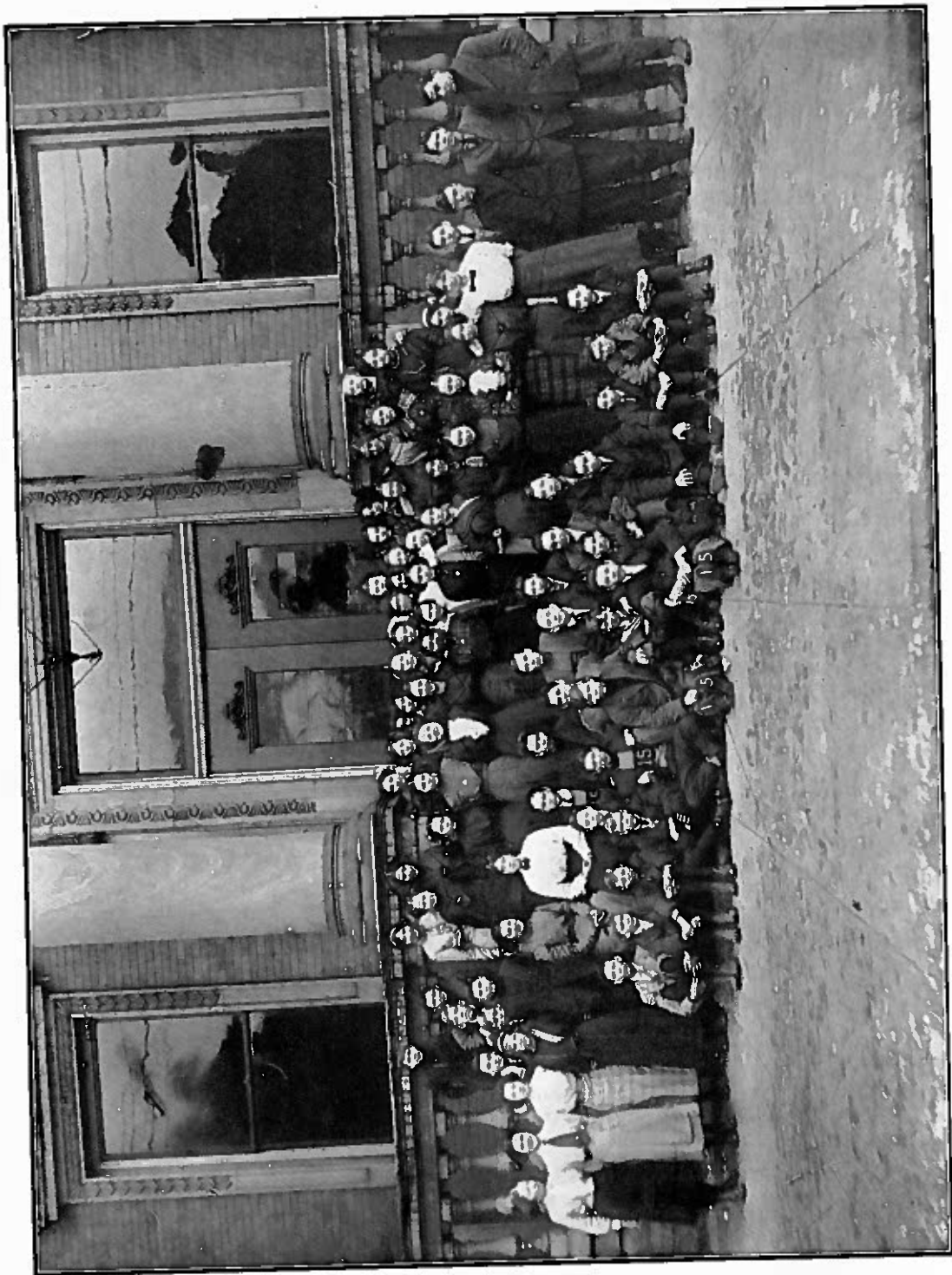
For Mr. McVay to sing.
 Other curls like those of Evelyn Wolfe.
 Harry Marling looking intelligent.
 Alvin Adams when not acting sissified.
 Prof. Loomis looking sad.
 For an artist to paint Don Royer's smile.
 Tubby Aldredge refusing to eat.
 Alta Passmore flirting.
 Robert Carson acting sane.
 Roger Leach trying to hustle.
 Another hair-cut like Raymond Beuter's.
 A day without Maude S. being called to the telephone.
 Joe Duga when he is not trying to bluff his lessons.
 To see Prof. Caldwell "off the job."
 To see Molly Dorer rub snuff.
 For Ralph Mason to get to school on time.
 For Norman Wassman to swear.
 Ralph Heatherington blushing.
 Eleanor Norton with a "beaux."
 Hazel Craig with powder on her face.

Florence is a typewriter,
 Very gay and free;
 The way that she does thump the keys
 Is very great to see.

Turn failure into victory,
 Don't let your courage fade.
 And if you get a lemon,
 Just make the lemon-aid.

AFFINITIES.

Burton	---	Bass	Irma	---	Industry
Ewing	---	Eloquence	Gilleland	---	Glue
Leach	---	Laziness	Houck	---	Heavenly
LaRoche	---	Length	Stonebraker	---	Study
Aldredge	---	Able	Carson	---	Craziness
Irene	---	Immaculate	Helling	---	Happiness
Ralph	---	Red	Orma	---	Obliging
Emmett	---	Edgehill	Owenah	---	Obedience
Hazel	---	Herbert	Lockwood	---	Linguistical



THE FRESHMEN CLASS



The Freshman Class

OFFICERS.

Clyde Duffy	President
Boyd Zimmerman	Vice President
Susan Creamer	Secretary and Treasurer
Ira Bryant	Class Editor

COLORS.

Purple and Old Gold.

YELL.

Lam 'em! Slam 'em!
 Hang 'em! Bang 'em!
 We are, We are
 Freshmen! Freshmen!

MOTTO.

We strive for the glory of education.

Freshman Class History

In September, 1911, we, the class of 1915 dropped anchor in the harbor of the old B. H. S., not to weigh it again until we had secured all the cargo available in that old weather-beaten port during the next four years.

When we entered the High School, a calm collected bunch of Freshmen (?), the Seniors and Sophs. wore expressions of disgust on their countenances, while the Juniors smiled and, thinking of our supposed "greenness," had visions of some fun. None of the upper classes seemed to remember their condition at the beginning of their first year in High School. In a remarkable short time we found our class rooms and settled down to business in a manner which surprised the faculty, and our determination is to keep them so forever.

We accomplished as much good in athletics as in our studies. The class basketball teams did exceptionally good work and have fair records. Although we had no regular players on the Varsity teams we have hope of better success in the following years. One man from our ranks was on duty on the football team.

This being the first year in High School there will be three more to watch and hope for the class, that exceeds all others in Mind, Muscle and Number.

"Aurispa," '15.

"Juniors in 1932"

To use a colloquial expression, I was up a tree. I knew not how to proceed. I had been requested to write a prophecy of my beloved class, to jump 20 years into the mystic future and depict the condition of each member of the Junior Class of 1913, as I saw him then, and I was badly at sea as to the instrument, vehicle or whatever it might be, that would accomplish the transformation for me. I looked into the methods of other prophets—the rubbing of lucky stones, consultations with the Goddess of Destinies, trips to the moon and the like—but they all seemed impracticable or weak to me.

At last came an inspiration. I would *make* my vision into the future. Losing no time I hurried to that famous spring whose waters allow the partaker to dream of the future.———How marvelously everything had changed—surely I had achieved my purpose. I was now living in the year 1932 or somewhere in that vicinity. Of that was no doubt. I was riding through space—my steed a stork. Suddenly I heard a noise and looking around, saw that I was being followed by an eagle, which was flapping its wings viciously. My steed was about "all in" and I knew that I could not keep up much longer—so there was nothing else to do but stop, and as I thought, be devoured. I stopped, and already I seemed to hear the huge bird crushing my bones in its great talons. I turned—there was a person in the uniform of a policeman, on the back of the "eagle." The face of the officer looked familiar—who could it be? Ah! Of course! How could I mistake it? It was in the hands of my former classmate, Norma Lockwood. Acquainting her with my identity failed to win my release, as I hoped it would, but she did condescend to answer a few of my questions. The "eagle" upon which she rode proved to be only a sort of a steel machine, an invention of Messrs. Keyser and Siddell. She went on to describe to me the wonders and advantages of the machine. "It is used" she said, "almost entirely by the Police Departments all over the world, and the two Clarances have become multi-millionaires through its success.

Reaching the station house, I was searched and registered by the desk sargeant. "That," Norma whispered to me, "is Frank Pickett." Frank seemed to recognize me, as he instructed Officer Lockwood to be lenient in her charges against me when the case came up before Bauer. The name Bauer immediately aroused my interest, and upon inquiry the sargeant kindly informed me that Judge Owenah A. Bauer was presiding over the Police Court. Officer Lockwood said that the highest positions in Court were now held by women, "Just as I predicted" she added.

A delay here ensued on account of the lack of accomodation for prisoners in the house. It was finally decided to put me in a cell with a gymnasium teacher and basketball coach, who was under "lock and key" for compelling her pupils to make two baskets at once—charged with cruelty to animals. Imagine my utter amazement when I was shoved through an iron door into the very arms of my old classmate Myrtle Wallace. Her one ray of hope for a speedy release, she informed me, rested on the ability of Elva La Roche, who was now one of our most prominent lawyers. She felt confident that if any one could secure her discharge, Elva could. I assured her of my sympathy, and we dolefully seated ourselves upon the iron cot to discuss old times.

I was glad to learn that Myrtle had kept in touch with all the old class of 1913.

Eugene Slack, she informed me, was now a member of the faculty of B. H. S.—an English teacher, and the author of a famous textbook, "English As She Should be Learnt To Young Children," and how Harold Hochstrasser became an undertaker and works in silent partnership with Dr. Lowell Gladden. Hazel Craig and John Fulton have utilized their abilities as entertainers, and are thrilling large audiences daily. Mildred Long has become famous in the literary line. Her wonderful articles in Munsey's Magazine have caused Mildred's name to be a household word. Amos Weil has prospered as an architect and is working now on the plans for Leach and Johnson's new departemnt store. Emmett Barrett opened a dairy farm down the Ohio, and he and Mrs. Barrett, nee Marie McBride, by their clever utilization of the river in connection with the milk output have been enabled to amass quite a fortune. Chalmer Snyder soon hopes to become wealthy from a patented device, secured through the patent law firm of Lubitz & Walchli. Myrtle could not remember the exact nature of the invention, but thinks it was known as a "work reducer." Calvin Hazlett had followed in the footsteps of his father—ministers from far and wide now come to hear Calvin deliver his inspiring sermons. James Gilleland had risen from Master of the Broom to Editor of the "Help Wanted" column of a Boston newspaper. But Myrtle said that she thought that Jim's version was really "Girl Wanted."

Cloyd Snyder and Clyde Bryant have made the "New Yorkuan," a largely circulated New York paper, famous by their clever editorials. Mrs. Snyder, nee Alma Rodewig and Mrs. Bryant, nee Grace Warnock are reigning society queens in the great metropolis. Alvin Adams is the Director of a Home for Homeless Babes, and through his good work "Father Alvin" has earned a tablet in the Hall of Fame. John McGraw, a great newspaper celebrity has become very successful in "ads,," the fact is he adds another girl to his string every week. Earl Houch after graduating at B. H. S. entered a large university in the East and had made the professors "sit up and take notice," by his wonderful geometrical demonstrations. Raymond Beuter our former class president was filling the honored position of President of Harvard University. "And it is rumored" said Myrtle, "that he will be candidate for U. S. President at the next election." Karl Eggiman has become a theatrical manager and his production of "Julius Caesar" has made a tremendous hit with Walter Kocher as "Caesar" and Edgar Walters as "Cassius." "For," Myrtle added, "Edgar always did have that lean and hungry look." Bertha Burrows and Stella Marsh were being praised the world over and had even been received by royalty, for, by discovering a medicine to prevent coughing when inhaling chlorine. They are great benefactors to mankind. Anna Busch, Myrtle told me, was running for Mayor of Bellaire vs. Bessie Schiffler, and a close fight was expected, as both were extremely popular. Lura Schafer is Speaker in Congress. Martin Clark is a music composer and has written sevaral operas that have put "Il Travatore" and "Bohemian Girl" in the shade. This was not surprising as I had recalled how in former days at B. H. S. he had held his audience spell-bound by his performance on the violin. One could sse there was music in him by the way he held to his notes, ("do" (dough) in particular). Norma Ambler is his leading lady and nobody denies that the success of Martin's operas is due almost entirely, to Norma's wonderful handling of her part. Lester Baird has decided to "kill-'em-quick" from behind the drug counter. Maud Crow and Amelia Tracy,

after traveling abroad, have returned to show the Bellaire people the latest styles in hair-dressing, and have established quite a large business. Fannie Tallman is a regular customer, "as it worries her" Myrtle said, winking at me, "to manage her own head." Ruth Forsythe and Virginia Grafton are teachers in a Deaf and Dumb Asylum—a laudable work indeed. Robert Carson is in the army of newspaper men, in fact he is the leading element in making "Puck" famous. Howard Thompson is conducting a debating team around the world. I remembered that Howard always was good at arguing. Elsa Burlett had inherited a large mansion in the South and was planning for a reunion of the class of 1913 in the near future. I remarked to Myrtle that Elsa always was the one to hold the class together. Maud Strahl and Hazel Workman have gone deep into the study of Chemistry. Their discovery of an element that makes the one you love, love you, has brought them fame and wealth. Ethel Edwards was satisfied to become "just a housewife." Louis Duga is the greatest orator that the Senate has known since Webster. Hilda Rodewig wrote a book, "Should the Faculty be Included in Class Parties." She has even debated the subject in public. Robert Robertson is a great politician.

At this juncture of the story, two policemen opened the cell door—"Helen Fritchie and Orma Fry,"—Myrtle whispered to me,—and as I in my surprise made a slight resistance to their order to arise, Helen raised her club to strike me—I jerked—I was sitting on the ground rubbing my eyes. For a moment I couldn't quite comprehend it all—Ah! now I knew—I had drank of the wonderful water and had accomplished my purpose—I had seen my classmates twenty years hence.

"A JUNIOR."

ASK—

Jim Gilleland why he likes the First Ward.
 Joe Duga how he would like to be a chauffeur.
 The Seniors about empty cake boxes at parties.
 Mildred Long how she would like to live in Newark.
 Marie McBride whom she calls "Cutey."
 Jakey Behr why he doesn't bring a folding bed to school.
 Bessie Schiffler about strange fellows in town.
 Lura Shaffer whom she took home from the Junior parties.
 Bessie Rosser to describe her ideal man. (Six feet tall?)
 The Freshmen why they are so green and slow.
 The Faculty why they have a soft spot in their hearts for the Juniors.
 Harry LaRoche if he needs an alarm clock.
 Eleanor Norton about the "Old Maids' Club."
 Professor Loomis about Martins Ferry.
 Leah Lancaster how she likes the boy with the "gilded Dome."
 Stella Marsh where she meets him.

The Athletic Associations

The Boys'.

Jim Gilleland	President
Cloyd Snyder	Vice President
Clyde Duffy	Secretary
Mr. McVay	Treasurer
Mr. Loomis	Coach

Captains.

Emmett Barrett	'12	Football, Q. B.
Ralph Heatherington	'12	Basketball, Guard
Herbert Boyer	'12	Baseball, Catcher

There are about 50 boys belonging to the association and from these a champion varsity team, also four strong class teams were made up.

The Baseball team has been organized this year, but on account of the season opening late we are unable to print games. The first one was played with Wellsburg, Bellaire winning 9-0, and all indications point to a champion baseball team.

The Girls'

Myrtle Wallace	President
Alma Rodewig	Secretary
Mr. McVay	Treasurer
Mr. Loomis	Coach

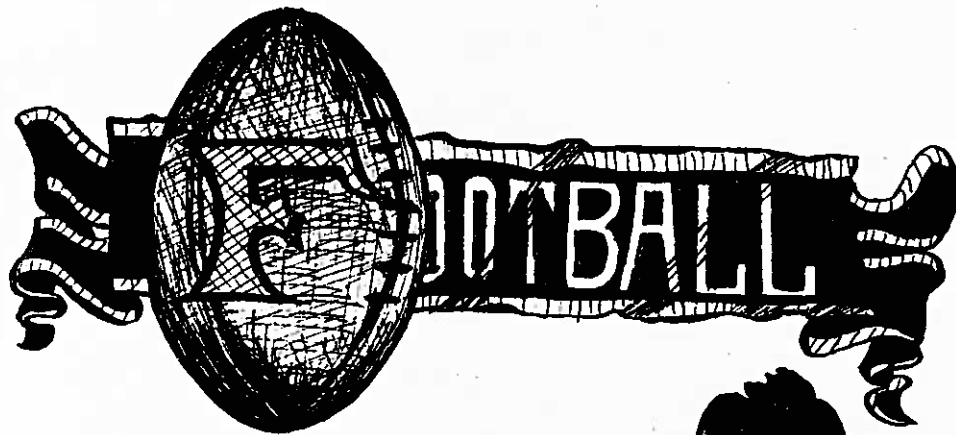
Captain.

Flora Braunlich	'12	Basketball, Forward
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As usual the Girls' Varsity Basketball Team came out champions this season.

More interest is taken in athletics than in proceeding years and as suggested in the last year's "Beljuan" class teams have been organized and some hot engagements have taken place.

There are 40 enrolled in the association now and may the number be doubly increased next season.



In the second quarter Barrett received a punt and carried the ball 65 yards, Duffy then made a touchdown after carrying the ball from the 25 yard line. In the same quarter Cathedral made their score. In the last quarter Corbett of B. H. S. carried the ball between the goal posts for Bellaire's second touchdown. Barrett kicked goal making the score 12-5.

B. H. S.—12.		C. H. S.—5.	
Heatherington	L. E.	Killen	
Jennings, Beuter	L. T.	Nolan	
Cochran	L. G.	Hanley	
Carson, Gilleland	C.	Gabely	
DuBois	R. G.	Donovan	
Johnson	R. T.	Kalbenback	
Lawrence, Jones	R. E.	Vogler, Deegan	
Barrett, (Capt.)	Q. B.	Whalen, (Capt.)	
Duffy	L. H.	Rieley	
Corbett	R. H.	Kern	
Aldredge	F. B.	Beattie	

Touchdowns,—Duffy, Corbett, Kern.
Kick Goal,—Barrett 2.

Referee,—Hanson.
Time,—10 minute quarters.

"A DEAD CINCH."

Bellaire High

vs

Barnesville High.

The fighting squad of Old Red and Black proved to the Barnesville line-up that it could play some football, when those two organizations met on the battle field at Barnesville. The fierce attacks which the Bellaire boys repeated again and again seemed to overwhelm their opponents for at every plunge or forward pass the ball advanced. After four quarters of skirmishes the combatants withdrew from the scene of strife. Red and Black victors.

Bellaire's forward passes worked throughout the entire game and secured a touchdown in the first few minutes, Duffy accompanying the ball across the line. The other three touchdowns were made respectively by Barrett, Corbett and Barrett. The last one was made after an exciting run of 70 yards.

B. H. S.—22.		B. H. S.—0.	
Heatherington	L. E.	Wilson	
Dorer,	L. T.	Coburn	
Johnson	L. C.	Steer	
Snyder	C.	Goodnight	
DuBois,	R. G.	Scholiest	
W. McCroba	R. T.	Van Dyne	
Beuter	R. E.	Cheffy	
Barrett, (Capt.)	Q. B.	Barrett, Severs	
Duffy	L. H.	Rennets	
Corbett	R. H.	Winters, (Capt.)	
Aldredge	F. B.	Mayhew	

Touchdowns,—Duffy, Barrett 2, Corbett.
Kicked Goal,—Barrett 2.

Referee,—Loomis.
Time,—10 minute quarters.

"WELL DONE."
Martins Ferry High

vs

Bellaire High.

A team representing the High School of Martins Ferry came to Bellaire and endeavored to show us that we were "dubs" at the game. But after a touchdown, a goal kick, and a field goal had been scored upon them they were willing to admit that we knew a few things after all. For the first few minutes it looked as if our boys would be swamped but they soon warmed up and came out victorious, the score being 9-5.

Barrett made the touchdown and kicked goal for Bellaire while Duff made five points for the visitors in the third quarter. In the last few minutes of play 3 points were added to our score by a field goal from the 25 yard line. Heatherington, Bellaire's left end was injured during the third quarter and had to be removed from the field.

B. H. S.—9.

M. F. H. S.—5.

Heatherington, Boyer	L. E.	Holly
Dorer	L. T.	Byron
Johnson	L. G.	Seabright
Snyder	C.	Schrivier
DuBois	R. G.	Neilly
Jennings, Gilleland	R. T.	Gallagher
Beuter,	R. E.	Short
Barrett, (Capt.)	Q. B.	Wilson, (Capt.)
Duffy	L. H.	Dunn
Corbett	R. H.	Duff
Aldredge	F. B.	James

"TOUGH LUCK."

Bellaire High

vs

Steubenville High.

On the morning of October 28, the members of the gridiron squad journeyed to Steubenville to play the High School team of that place. A very creditable game was played by our boys, but fate favored the Steubenvillites and Bellaire returned home losers by the score of 16-3.

The only score made by Bellaire was a placement kick by right half-back Corbett. This was made in the last few minutes of play. Two regulars of B. H. S., quarter-back and left end, did not participate in this game. Duffy and Boyer exhibited some fine tackling for Bellaire.

B. H. S.—3.

S. H. S.—16.

Boyer	L. E.	Herbst
Dorer, Nelson	L. T.	Sheplard
Johnson	L. G.	Lewis
Snyder	C.	Meyers
DuBois	R. G.	Strong
Jennings	R. T.	Steward
Beuter	R. E.	H. Fiscus
Duffy	Q. B.	Cartledge
Royer	L. H.	Daugherty
Corbett	R. H.	Day
Aldredge	F. B.	M. Fiscus

Touchdowns,—Meyers, Herbst, M. Fiscus.

Kick Goal,—Meyers.

Placement Kick,—Corbett.

Referee,—Patton.

Time,—10 minute quarters.

"MARTINS FERRY REVENGE."

Bellaire High
vs
Martins Ferry High.

When Bellaire played a return game at Martins Ferry, they were given a large dose of the same medicine which they administered to Martins Ferry at Bellaire. The score was 16-0 in favor of the "up the river boys." The Bellaire boys did not seem able to do much but punt and the ends were a little weaker than hitherto, which put the team to a disadvantage.

The ground gainers for Martins Ferry were Dunn and Duff, while Bellaire's was Aldredge. Features of the game were Corbett's punting and the tackling of Holly.

B. H. S.—0.

M. F. H. S.—16.

Jones	L. E.	Holly
Jennings, Nelson	L. T.	Byron
Johnson	L. G.	Seabright
Carson	C.	Schrivier
DuBois	R. G.	Nielly
Van Dyne	R. T.	Gallagher
Lawrence, Heatherington	R. E.	Short
Duffy	Q. B.	Wilson, (Capt.)
Royer	R. H.	Dunn
Corbett	L. H.	Duff
Aldredge	F. B.	James

Touchdowns,—Duff 2, Dunn.

Referee,—Loomis.

Kick Goal,—Dunn.

Time,—10 minute quarters.

"NOTHIN' DOIN'."

Elliott
vs
Bellaire High.

The High School Eleven clashed with Elliott Business College of Wheeling in a fast game on the B. A. A. grounds. Darkness put an end to the game when but three quarters had been played. Both teams claimed a touch-down but according to the Referee's decision neither was legal.

Elliott was somewhat weakened by the absence of their star half-back, White. B. McCroba and La Roche were in the game for the first time this season and played an exceptionally good game. Heatherington's punting and Aldredge's line plunges were the "main-stays" for Bellaire.

B. H. S.—0.

E. B. C.—0.

Jones, Boyer	L. E.	Kelly
La Roche	L. T.	Sharkey, Gallagher
Dorer	L. G.	Pryor
Van Dyne	C.	Stoomp
Du Bois	R. G.	Parks
B. McCroba	R. T.	Burkle
Beuter	R. E.	Baker
Heatherington	Q. B.	Kern
Duffy, Gilleland	L. H.	Kregg
Royer	R. H.	Baldenberger
Aldredge	F. B.	Hobbs

Referee,—Heslop.

Umpire,—Stevens.

Time,—10 minute quarters.

"A SAD TALE."

Wheeling High
vs
Bellaire High.

What proved to be one of the best games ever played in the Wheeling Ball Park was the one in which Bellaire High was defeated at the hands of the "West Virginia Lads." Both teams looked forward to this game as the greatest contest of the season and both teams were in excellent condition, when they met.

Bellaire outplayed their opponents but were unable to score, while the latter fared better and secured a touchdown, in the last quarter by their usual "lucky streak."

B. McCroba, tackle for Bellaire, created somewhat of a sensation with his tackling. Other points for Bellaire were Van Dyne's work at center and the defense of La Roche at guard.

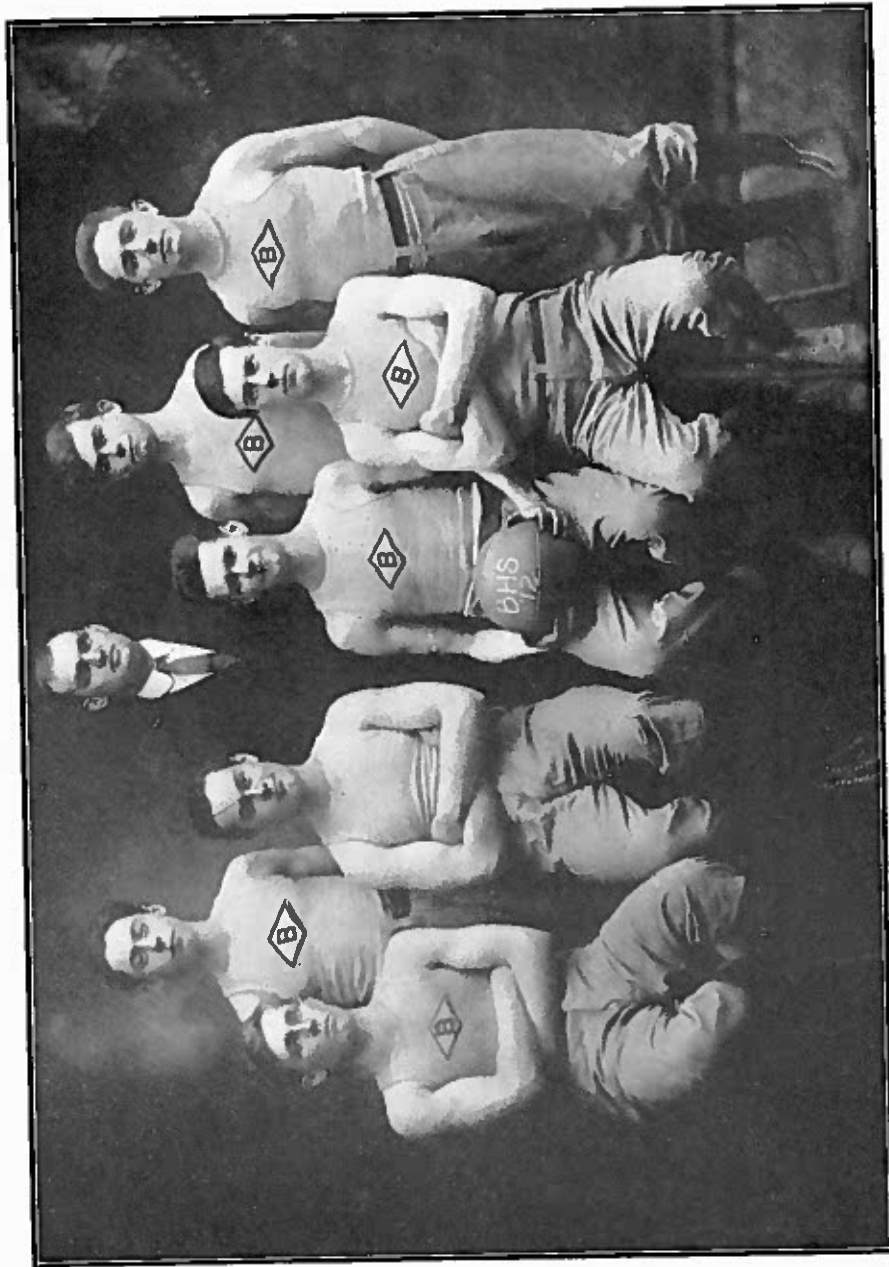
B. H. S.—0.

W. H. S.—6.

Boyer	L. E.	Smith
Jennings, Nelson	L. T.	Turk
La Roche	L. G.	Adams
Van Dyne	C.	Boerner
Du Bois, Johnson	R. G.	A. Helstrom, Cowl
B. McCroba	R. T.	H. Helstrom
Beuter, Jones	R. E.	Marsh, Hanke
Heatherington, Duffy	Q. B.	Hamilton
Royer	L. H.	Schwalb
Gilleland, Duffy	R. H.	Spears
Aldredge	F. B.	Stobbs

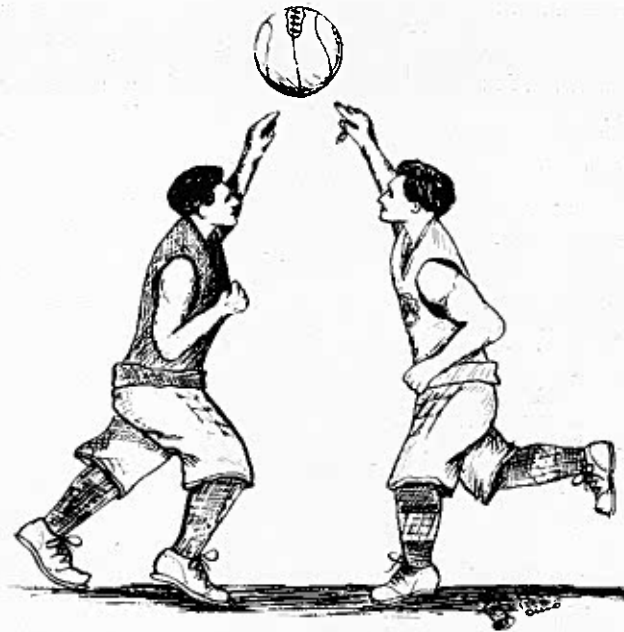
Touchdown,—Hamilton.
Kick Goal,—Spears.

Referee,—Heslop.
Time,—12 minute quarters.



THE BOY'S VARSITY.

Boys' Basket Ball



BOYS' BASKETBALL.

The boys' basketball season of 1912 opened rather late owing to the fact that the football season closed later than usual. The record made comes up to any of the former ones. Of the twelve games played the team won six. In the Ohio Valley Athletic Association six games were played, of which five were won, giving Old Bellaire the championship of the Ohio Valley.

That Bellaire won the championship is an established fact although the Wheeling team had the nerve to claim it after they had been beaten on their own floor and on the local floor by the Old Red and Black team.

Mr. Loomis deserves much praise for his efficient work in developing a team capable of doing such work as it has done in the past season. The team was composed of the following:

Heatherington, (Capt.) and Corbett.....	Guards
Gilleland	Center
Barrett and Bryant	Forwards
Price and Aldredge	Utility men

We take this opportunity to thank the students of the high school and the public for their loyal support at the games.

THE RECORD.

B. H. S.....	34	xWashington H. S.....	39
B. H. S.....	37	xCambridge H. S.....	30
B. H. S.....	28	xSteubenville H. S.....	39
B. H. S.....	22	Wheeling H. S.....	13
B. H. S.....	25	xNew Philadelphia H. S.....	34
B. H. S.....	30	Martins Ferry H. S.....	23
B. H. S.....	31	Wheeling H. S.....	25
B. H. S.....	17	Wellsburg H. S.....	29
B. H. S.....	10	xSteubenville H. S.....	40
B. H. S.....	41	xWashington H. S.....	43
B. H. S.....	27	Martins Ferry H. S.....	18
B. H. S.....	33	Wellsburg H. S.....	22

Teams marked (x) not in O. V. A. A.

THE FIRST GAME.

The Boys' Basketball Team of Bellaire High School opened the season by journeying to Washington, Pa. on New Year's Day and losing the first two games, scores 42-17 and 39-34.

After several hours ride on the B. & O. our boys arrived at Washington late in the afternoon and "attempted" to play a game before supper, but were unable to do anything in the line of Basketball.

But owing to the financial condition of the Washington Athletic Association, they endeavored to perform again after supper. This game proved to be more exciting than the previous one.

The "scientific luck" of their opponents in shooting baskets, especially that of Reddick, the slick little forward who could shoot from all angles, was too much for our boys and Washington came out first.

THE SECOND GAME.

Bellaire High won its first game of the season when they defeated the fast Cambridge High School Basketball Team in the local "Gym," 37-30. It was a big surprise to the High School rooters to see the boys outplay this speedy team, and especially to see Gilleland, Bellaire's center, out-jump Booth who is said to be the best in this part of the state. The game was both rough and interesting from start to finish. Cambridge, by playing a team composed of rather large players expected to swamp Bellaire, but was badly fooled.

For Bellaire, Bryant and Barrett, the team's scoring machine were easily the stars of the game, while Heatherington and Corbett, Bellaire's husky guards did some fine guarding, each holding his man to two baskets.

THE THIRD GAME.

On the evening of January 19th the husky lads from Steubenville journeyed to Bellaire and defeated our boys by the score of 39-28. Throughout the whole game "animosity reigned fast and furious," as High School lost to them during football season and was trying to make up for it in Basketball.

The pass work of the visitors was a trifle too much for Bellaire, in fact it was a treat to the spectators to see this team in action.

THE FOURTH GAME.

After being defeated by the fast Steubenville team on Friday evening, our "five" on Saturday night traveled to Wheeling and defeated the supposed "bunch of ball tossers" 22-13.

Throughout the whole game the Wheelingites were slightly inclined to be rough, but when it comes to "roughing it up" Why! that is where B. H. S. shines.

During the game Capt. Heatherington received a blow above the eye, rendering him unconscious and requiring surgical aid. Price was put in his place and played a good game.

THE FIFTH GAME.

At New Philadelphia the Bellaire quintette met defeat at the hands of the High School team of that place. 34-25 was the score. B. H. S.'s guards found it not an easy task to keep F. Getz from shooting baskets when it pleased him to try. Barrett and Gilleland were the shining lights for Bellaire, caging four field baskets and nine fouls and three field goals respectively. Capt. Heatherington was unable to take his place at guard in this game.

THE SIXTH GAME.

One of the hardest fought games ever played in the local "Gym" was that between the team representing Martins Ferry and the local five, in which Bellaire just "nosed" out a victory by the score of 30-23. As the two teams broke even on the "gridiron," our boys determined to change this standing and did so by their superior team work. The feature of the game was the sensational long shots of Heatherington.

THE SEVENTH GAME.

On the old "Gym" floor before a very large crowd of spectators Bellaire handed the Wheeling High School team another defeat which they will remember for sometime. Although the game was fast and furious the local five were never in danger of defeat. Score, 31-25. Bellaire's forwards exhibited some good shooting and the pass work of the whole team was applauded frequently by the crowd.

THE EIGHTH GAME.

With examinations and other happenings immediately preceeding and not being in the habit of bouncing against brick walls and stoves, the Bellaire Basket Shooters played a game in the Wellsburg High School "Gym" and thereby hangs a tale of sadness. The score was 29-17 in favor of the Wellsburg players.

Our second game was played at Wheeling on the 20th of January. This was the first victory of the season for Bellaire. From the first time the ball was tossed up until the end our girls had the game well in hand, and were never in danger of defeat. The features of the game was the pass-work of the team and also the basket shooting of the forwards.

Bellaire—42.

Wheeling—5.

On February 2nd the team representing Muskingum College arrived at Bellaire expecting to add another victory to their list. They did not. From the very beginning the ball was at Bellaire's goal, thus making it possible for the forwards to shoot almost at will.

Bellaire—50.

Muskingum—2.

Bellaire added another victory on the 9th of February. The game was fast all the way through, and owing to the pass-work of our team we soon showed the opposing team how to play Basketball.

Bellaire—42.

Martins Ferry—6.

When St. Clairsville High came to Bellaire, our girls proceeded to show our superiority over them. We sure did "surprise 'em." As this game was to tell partly who should have the Championship, the team was in good shape and played up to the standard. The game was interesting although two of our girls were "knocked out", but revived before the end of the game. The feature of the game was the good guarding of Misses Greenberg and Wallace, and the foul throwing of Miss Dorer.

Bellaire—25.

St. Clairsville—7.

The return game with Muskingum resulted in a victory for the College lassies. The game was fast despite the one-sided score. Our team was handicapped by the absence of three regular players.

Bellaire—20.

Muskingum—30.

The last game of the season was played at Martins Ferry. Although hindered by the low ceiling, our girls played a fine game and held their opponents to two fouls. The features of the evening was the pass-work of the whole team and the good work of the forwards.

Bellaire—24.

Martins Ferry 2.

The "B's"

Football.

Alex. DuBois,
Carl Johnson,
Clyde Duffy,
Clarence Corbett,
Frank Aldredge,
Raymond Beuter.

Basketball.

Flora Braunlich,
Henrietta Wallace,
Mollie Dorer,
Marie McBride,
Mildred Long,
Anna Greenberg,
Myrtle Wallace.

Basketball.

Emmett Barrett,
Clyde Bryant,
Ralph Heatherington,
Clarence Corbett,
Jim Gilleland.

We have the best teams
—all furnished by Bel-
laire High School.

We use the best equip-
ment—all furnished by
the Taylor Har-
ness Co.

We have a loyal bunch
of rooters—all the cit-
izens of Bellaire.

If you enjoy clean sport
patronize us.

Bellaire High School,
Athletic Association.



BOYS' CLASS TEAMS.

FRESHMAN BOYS' BASKETBALL.

The boys of the Freshman Class had a very fast and well organized team in the season of 1912. They played a game with each of the other class teams, winning two of the three games played, besides defeating several teams in the near-by towns. The line up was: Jones and Neal, forwards; Dorer and Cochran, centers; Duffy and Powell, guards.

The record: Freshmen—44 Sophomores—22.
Freshmen—17 Juniors—28.
Freshmen—20 Seniors—19.

JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL.

The Junior Class Team, composed of Gilleland, center; Bryant and Barret (Captain), forwards; Carson, Duga and Johnson, guards, hereby lays claim to the championship of the class teams, and are willing to take on all comers who dispute the right. Of the three games with the other classes only one was lost and that to the Seniors.

The first game was with the Seniors—lost after a hard fight. Score, 25-23.

It was soft soap to defeat the Freshies in the second game by a score of 28-17.

The third and last game resulted in a victory for the Juniors over the Sophomores. It was hard fought and close. Score, 22-21.

SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL.

The Seniors had a strong team this year but it lacked the spirit of last season and again, they lost their best athlete. The season opened with a game with the Juniors, defeating them by a score of 25-23. Substituting at the right time won the game for the Seniors.

The next game was with the Sophomores, resulting in a victory for the Seniors. The score was 36-20.

Then came the game with the "Freshies." It was the best *football* game played in the "gym." The Freshies beat by a whirlwind finish 22-21. The roughness of the game closed the season for class basketball as the H. S. officials were not willing to pay any funeral expenses. Line up: Price, Royer and Behr, forwards; McCroba, center; Heatherington (Captain), Aldredge, Jennings and Duga as guards.

SOPHOMORE BOYS' BASKETBALL.

The following made up the Sophomore team: Corbett, King and Anderson, forwards; McCroba and Trimble, centers; DuBois, Ferrell and Heatherington, guards. The Sophomore boys did not seem able to get started in basketball until they had been beaten by the Freshmen and the second year team, then they made the Juniors hustle for a victory.

The record: Sophomores—9 Freshmen—12.
Sophomores—22 Juniors—23.
Sophomores—20 Seniors—36.

Aunt Dinah's Ghost Story

Laws a massy, Master Charley! Yo' all don't mean to tell yo' ole mammy dat yo' doesn't beliebe in ghosts.

Why, honey, when I'se a young chip ob a gal, 'bout as ole Miss Rosy dare, I clares t' goodness dat I seed a real libe ghost. It were a dawkw, dawkw night in de autumn jest when de trees was bare.

Yo' uncle Jake an me wasa gwine alone home from de meetin' frough de grave-yawd and all at once right in front ob us stood a ghost a pointin' his finger an a sayin' to me and Uncle Jake, fah we began to run, "Stop. Don't you niggers move anodder inch or you all will drop daid!"

An honey, we couldn't a gone anodder inch, our knees was a gittin' so weak. An' de ols ghost he said "Ah am one ob de ghosts what libes up in der big cave on der hill, an comes down heah for to get darkies to come up an tell ole King Ghost all dat you all knows upon certain mattehs. So come along you dawkwies." An ole ghost he turn an goes up de path to de cave an we follows.

When we got dare 'chile' it were jest awful. 'De cave were a lighted up jest lak a fire furnace, an dey was dozens ob ghostus dare, an dey was some goblins wif long tails an de ole king he sat on a great big throne an he look jes awful. Why, chile, he had a great white body an haid wif two great black horns a stickin' straight up, an he had two green eyes, an a great long hooked nose, an an awful big mouth what spit fire an he had a great long red tongue what he stuck out at us. An all de odder ghostes looked like that too, and ole King Ghost, he say "Uncle Jake, does you ail know what foah Ah brought you an Dinah heah foah?" An' Uncle Jake he say, "No Sah, Massa Ghost, but Dinah an me would be bery much obliged to yo', Sah, if you would tell us." An ole Massa Ghost, he say "We am de ghosts of de dead membehs of de Martin family, an we wants to know whare yo' Massa John hes put dat ar box ob money. An if you an Aunt Dinah don't go for to tell us, we all will put you into de room wif de skeleton ob de ole Mis., an she will habe de ghost ob de oberseer whip you all."

An' me an Uncle Jake clare dat we didn't know a ting ob de money; but, honey dat was a fib, for Uncle Jake helped Massa John to put de money down in de ole well.

An' den, ole King Ghost he say, "Will yo swore to dat ar ting?" An Uncle didn't want t' do dat, foah ole Miss said it was wicked t' swore; but Jake thought dat de Lord would forgibe him dat once an he riz up his han' an say, "Great jumpin' grass-hoppeh! Massa Ghost, I clares dat Ah don't know." An' den all de ghostes jest roared like dey was awful mad, an dey put us in a dawkw room an we could heah de bones an de chains a rattlein' an we could heah de groaning, an all at once all was quiet, an Uncle Jake he say dat he don't think dat ole Misses spirit would hurt us, an we crept along de wall and came to a doah an we opened it an foun' ourselves on de hillside.

Down in de hollow was a great big fiah an dat was de cotten house, honey, an chile, yo can't tell yo' ole mammy dat dey isn't any ghostes, for I seed dem.



Literary

"A school which has no literature or a literature too insignificant to force its way abroad, must always be, to its neighbors, at least, in every important respect, an unknown and unestimated school."

If our school, old B. H. S., continues to be composed of such talented students as it has at the present time, it will never as long as time has its duration, deserve the name of an "unknown and unestimated school." Its interest in the literary line this year has been great. Perhaps its success has been due largely to the speakers, who have given us much helpful instruction and encouragement during the year.

During the earlier part of the year, a venerable old gentleman, Dr. T. D. Bankroft, who spends his life instructing high schools, colleges, etc., related to us many interesting tales of his youth. He lived at the time of Abraham Lincoln and witnessed the scenes of his assassination. He found a piece of the program of the play that was being exhibited, on which was a drop of Lincoln's life blood. He preserved it and later presented it to the Kansas State Historical Society at Topeka, Kansas. Naturally his talk was highly instructive since his stories of that great man were more vivid and real than those we have often read.

Mr. Robert Faris, a former graduate of B. H. S., also favored us with an excellent address.

Mr. Wilson, a traveling lecturer in the interests of the blind, a blind man himself, in an exceedingly interesting way told us of the way in which they get their knowledge, and of the wonderful achievements they have accomplished. He made us feel a little ashamed because we probably do not fully appreciate our faculties as we should.

Mr. Pearson, State High School instructor of O. S. U., paid another visit to us and of course everyone was the better off for it. He is instructive, humorous, and always tells the right thing at the right time. He is witty, full of spirit, in fact, just the kind that "takes" in an energetic school as ours.

Mr. Harbourt, Superintendent of the Northeastern Agricultural District of Ohio, impressed upon us the great importance of nature study. His lecture was quite humorous as well as helpful and all regretted his departure.

Mr. Gunckel, commonly called "Gunk," the friend of the boys, was kind enough to give us a short talk before his lecture in connection with the Lecture Course. Although he is particularly the boys' friend, the girls also were quite a little interested in his talk. He told of the first organization of his club of boys and their first dinner given by him. He said he wanted in his organization the bad, not the good boys; the newsboys, the waifs, outcasts, etc. He told of the many, many incidents of these bad boys and how soon they became "good" under careful training. He is certainly a remarkable man and deserves much credit.

Sometimes just the words of those with whom we are best acquainted are as helpful and forceful as others. Such is the case with Prof. Jackson and Principal McVay. Their speeches are usually very brief but always to the point and we are sure they have been as encouraging as the rest. We hereby extend a hearty vote of thanks to them all.

Since in Bellaire affairs of the sort were heretofore not so successful, financially,

we were a little doubtful as to whether to try a Lecture Course. But it was finally agreed upon and the high school pupils worked nobly. They have been rewarded for their work by the greatest success.

We had five numbers, the first being an entertainment by a negro company. It was quite out of the ordinary and highly entertaining. The negroes were pictured in their primitive style by very vivid representations. Then they showed how they improved and kept on improving until they reached their present state. The company was composed of about twelve finely educated young men. The entertainment was amusing, again it was pathetic; it was at times as humorous as possible, then it showed the more serious and somber side of life. Everyone went away with a kindlier feeling for the negro, at the same time it was a delightfully spent evening.

The next number was a lecture by Adam Bede on "The Nation's Progress." It was interesting from start to finish, humorous enough to please, yet it gave facts with which we all should be acquainted.

The Hungarian Orchestra was the next number. It was composed of about six men, with as many instruments. They were above the average in talent and rendered their selections with perfect harmony, which were impressive and which greatly inspired not only those whose ear was trained for noting the beauty in music, but also those who listened simply because they couldn't have helped it had they so desired.

Mr. Brooks Fletcher came to us next with his "Martyrdom of Fools." It will be almost beyond our power to try to describe his lecture. It is enough to say that his words made an impression that will take more time than we have at our disposal to forget. He certainly made a "hit" with everyone who heard him.

Mr. Gunkel, whom we have already mentioned, gave quite the same talk as to the high school pupils. His work among the boys is wonderful and he is a wonderful man as no doubt any of his boys would tell you. As he is getting rather advanced in years, his earnest desire is that there will be more who will give their life as he has his to the interests of "the boy."

This number completed the Lecture Course, and as the whole course was considered a grand success we are intending to arrange for even a better one, if possible, for the coming year.

One of the later speakers was Dr. Perry, president of Marietta College. He first spoke of and congratulated us upon the growth of our school since he last visited us. Then in a beautiful way advised that we not think money and riches, the means by which we "grow" to the noblest heights in life; that the best things could not be obtained by money, but on the other hand, could be gained through hard work. His remarks on "Education" were sincere and ought to be observed and practiced by every member of the H. S.

We were delighted to have Rev. Hazlett of this city with us again and to listen to him for a short time. His words were in the nature of a farewell, as he was soon to leave the city. We certainly regretted his departure, as he had always been a source of encouragement and help to us.

Also, Rev. Scholes of this city was present to conduct the devotional exercises, and with him Mr. Sturgiss, who favored us with several violin selections and also some of

the good-natured fun of search, the warnings that we are cold or warm, or perhaps if very near to the prize, we are told that we are hot. So life's game brings us into friendly rivalry and competition, gives us kindly warnings and encouragement, and helps us over the hard places.

The real prize in this hide and seek game of life is the joy in being helpful to others; the joy in making friends and also in being a friend to all at all times. The business man in general who seeks happiness by seeking great wealth loses this real prize. The man who furnishes work to starving men during hard times, though it may be of no particular advantage to him, this is the man who wins this prize, this joy. He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

The young lady seeks her pleasure in seeking popularity. Many have false impression that vanity, pride, beauty will bring desired pleasure. But the unselfish one, the one mindful of the interests of others, of the brightness of her home, of the love of those about her, that one is by far the most popular, the most loved by one and all. She it is who gains the prize.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke's story of the "Other Wise Man" portrays a search of the Holy One, and although the seeker did not realize it until the very close of his life, he was the winning man. The three Wise Men, guided by the star, first found the Christ. They were forced to leave before the fourth Wise Man arrived. He had been detained on his way because duty called him to care for a Hebrew exile whom he found lying half-dead across his path. After a long, hard journey over the hot and dusty desert, he arrived in Bethlehem to find that Joseph, Mary and the Babe had departed but a short time before his arrival. Although greatly disappointed he did not weary but kept up his search for years and years, many times turning aside to respond to the calls of distress. His search seemed to be in vain until the day of his death when a voice faint and still, whispered the words: "Come ye, blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." His face beamed with joy and wonder. Could it be possible? Yes, he had found the Holy One. His cup was overflowing. He had won the prize. He had found the object of his search.

Just as the diamonds were right at the farmer's door; and the beggar at the gate of Sir Launfal and the Christ in the daily duties of the Other Wise Man, so are our blessings right in our pathway if we but open our eyes to see them.

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds, and though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Read at the Junior-Senior Contest by Mildred Long, '13.

"Power of Music"

Music has well been called the inarticulate speech of the heart, which cannot be compressed into words, because it is infinite. God is its author, and not man; he laid the keynote of all harmonies; he planned all perfect combinations; and he made us so that we could hear and understand. God sent his Singers upon earth with songs of sadness and mirth, that they might touch the hearts of men, and bring them back to God again.

By another, music is the universal language of mankind.

Oh, the rapturous charm of music! What power it has to soften, melt, enchain in its spirit-chords of subduing harmony! Truly there is power in music, an almost omnipotent power. It will tyrannize over the soul. It will force the soul to bow down and worship, it will wring adoration from it, and compel the heart to yield its treasure of love.

Who does not know the softening power of music? It is like the angel-whisperings of kind words in the hour of trouble. Who can be angry when the voice of love speaks in song? Who hears the harsh voice of selfishness and brutalizing passion when music gathers up her pearly love-note to salute the ear with a stray song of Paradise? Sing to the wicked man, sing to the disconsolate, sing to the sufferer, sing to the old, sing to the children, for music will inspire them all.

The human voice is the most perfect musical instrument ever made, and well it might be, for it had the most skillful maker. The voice should be cultivated to sing the tones of love to man and God. Around the fireside, in the social circle, it should sing the voice of love, and at the altar of God it should pour forth melodious praise.

Music sweetens the cup of bitterness; softens the hand of want; lightens the burden of life; makes the heart courageous, and the soul cheerfully devout. Into the soul of childhood and youth, it pours a tide of redeeming influence. In the soul that has been touched and made tender by the fingers of pain, music finds a place where it may murmur its sweetest chords.

One morning the sweetest voice of a woman was heard singing a ballad in one of the tenement house districts of the Garden City. The effect of it was almost magical. Not only did the children swarm out of the dingy houses and surround the singer, but the stoops were crowded with adults, and old heads leaned out of windows for several blocks on either side. Faces brightened everywhere. The blacksmith ceased his din and stood with arms akimbo on the sidewalk. The poor sick widow in a near tenement listened, and forgot her sorrow and pain; the broad-faced wife whose stolid countenance was hardened by want and contact with vice, paused from her employment, and as she listened, something touched her heart, her better nature was stirred, and beating time to the simple melody, wished she had a penny to give to the songster. The hod-carriers halted; the well-dressed pedestrian on whose face, when he saw the crowd gathering, there was a look of disdain, as if he would say "No hand-organ music for me, if you please," at last stood still and blushed as the beauty of the song stirred his heart. And when the music ceased, the listeners turned again to their employments, as if refreshed in spirits and quickened to contented thoughts of a work-a-day world.

Early in the spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music on either bank

of the river. A large crowd of soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music—the friendly pickets not interfering—and soon the bands began to answer each other. First the band on the Northern bank would play "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or some other national air, and at its conclusion the "boys in blue" would cheer most lustily. And then the band on the Southern bank would respond with "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," or some other Southern melody, and the "boys in gray" would attest their approbation with an "old Confederate yell." But presently one of the bands struck up, in sweet and plaintive notes, which were wafted across the beautiful Rappahannock, "Home, Sweet Home." These strains were caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem, which touched every heart. At the conclusion of this selection, there went up a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river—cheer followed cheer, and those hills which had so recently resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim. A chord had been touched responsive to which the hearts of the enemies—enemies then—could beat in unison, and on both sides of the river.

"Something down the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder."

Madam Lilian Nordica, the singer, once upon returning from a concert tour, decided to go straight to her villa in France, accompanied only by her maid. She knew there were no servants there at the time, but felt no alarm. They arrived in the early evening, and enjoyed being "home again." At nearly midnight they sat talking softly together, with only the mellow moonlight flooding the room, when they heard a window off a near balcony being raised and an instant later they heard steps in the hall. Almost paralyzed with fear—no one to help, no weapon at hand—there flashed over the Prima Donna a realization of her power of song. "It has moved thousands," she thought; and with trembling notes she began to sing what had been uppermost in her thoughts before the intruder's entrance—"Home, Sweet Home." The exquisite voice grew steadier, and it sang out in its sweetest, purest strains. Then followed "Old Folks at Home"—but her audience had gone. The maid saw a dark figure creep through the window and steal across the lawn and out of the gate. Some weeks later Nordica received the following letter:

Dear Madam: On the night of the 16th I entered your home to relieve you of all your diamonds, jewels and money, but an angel song rang out in the sweet words of Mother's songs, and my hand and heart were arrested; I vowed never, never again to do aught that would sorrow that sainted one. I am now engaged in honest work. May God bless you.

The sensibility of animals to music will hardly be questioned in the present day, when the manners and habits of all animated nature are so thoroughly observed and studied.

One of the German biographers of Mozart makes mention of a tame pigeon, which was the companion and pet of that genius, when a child. The bird, when at liberty, would never leave the side of the young composer, when he was playing any instrument and had to be caught and confined in his cage to prevent him from following his little favorite from the room. Whenever the boy came into the presence of the pigeon it would manifest the utmost uneasiness until he began to play, and if the cage door were opened, the bird would fly to the violin and peck at the strings or go to the harpsichord and jump and flutter on the keys, and would not be pacified until the child sat down to play, when it would perch quietly on his shoulder, and sit for hours, almost without moving a feather.

We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning, they are more free from care than any created be-

ing. Sing in the evening. Singing is the last thing the robins do. When they have done their daily work, when they have flown their last flight, when they have picked up their last morsel, then on the topmost twig, they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweeter for it. They even dream music, for sometimes in the night they break forth in singing, and stop suddenly, after the first note, startled by their own voice. If we could only sing morning and evening, letting song touch song all the way through. Only to put songs under our burdens. Then these things would not poison so much. It is most fitted that we return praise to our God, just as the sweet singer of Israel praised God in the glorious everlasting psalms! Fanny Crosby was blind to all the beauties of nature, yet, who has not felt the influence of the music in her soul, poured forth in so many beautiful songs? Music is not always heard in audible sounds, it can be acted and felt as well. Its power is felt in a noble life, in kind and unselfish acts. There can be music in the heart when the lips are dumb.

How inspiring to the tired soldier is the sound of martial music, filling him with renewed hope and energy! What love of country is kindled by all national airs.

The world needs music. The song that tells of the loves, the trials or joys of life, the more sacred is the music which leads the soul to communion with God. It needs music! Its poor cry aloud for music. They are tired of the unharmonious din of toil, and a few sweet notes bring with them hours of pleasure to the worn and weary.

There's solemn music in the billows
Of the mighty, restless sea;
Lively music poured forth from brooklets
As they gamble in their glee.

There's stirring music in the gale;
Soft music in the breeze;
Music sweet where winged minstrels
Carol 'mid the verdant trees.

There's silent music in the flowers,
And in the plant's genial fires;
Music grandest in the rivers
Where they tune their cataract lyres.

There's awful music in the thunders;
Lulling music in the rains;
Music echoed from the forest
In a thousand different strains.

There's a cheering music all around us
Thrilling music from above;
And those music tones should teach us
Sweeter, nobler strains of love.

Read at the Junior-Senior Contest.
By Eleanor Norton, '12.

The Secret Spring

The people of Dalstone Lane in England are very superstitious. There are many houses there which they claim to be haunted and they have different stories connected with them. One of these houses about which I am going to tell is situated in a lonely place not far from the town. No one has lived in it for a very long time, and for that reason it is almost in ruins. The young boys and girls remaining out after dark, who have to pass this house on their way home, never walk very slow when they come to it, but rather run, fearing to look behind them lest they see some big white ghost coming at their heels.

One evening quite a crowd of young people went for a walk and naturally they turned toward the haunted place for the ghost could only be seen after dark. No one had ever ventured to go inside the house, but saw enough, they thought, by looking through one of the windows. There were only four of the company who possessed the courage and were curious enough to go close to the house in order to see it. These approached rather slowly and one of them not wanting to be a coward stepped on tiptoe to the window and peered in.

He was horrified to see moving as out of a wall a small box which he made out to be a white casket. As it moved it threw a shadow across the room which made it even more terrifying. The young man's heart seemed to stop beating, his hair stood on end, and he could only gaze at the object in the room. He seemed to have lost both his speech and his self-control. The others thinking that something was wrong went to him and took him away, but when he moved the box moved back into the wall again. He then told them everything he had seen. He was believed by all the people, except one young lady who wanted to see the ghost before she accepted his story as the truth.

She went cautiously to the window and looked in as the young man had done before her. She was not scared at what she saw as most girls would be, but resolved to find out about that mystery. No one would go with her into the building that night so she decided to come again at some other time.

A week later she got her cousin, whose name was Lawrence, to visit this lonely spot with her. They brought a light and went all through the house, but found nothing except occasionally a rat running across the floor, which made quite a little noise. They knew not what to do next and so they sat down to think about it. They finally came to the conclusion that Lawrence should go outside and look through the window and she should remain in the room with the light to see what would then happen. After he had gone outside and looked in the casket became visible. At first she was scared, but soon gained her composure and went to it. The lid was shut down very tight and after a great deal of trouble she succeeded in opening it and found a number of private papers, among which were a will and other valuable documents. She placed them back where she had found

them and shut the lid down. She happened to glance at her cousin, who stood at the window, his eyes opened wide in astonishment, and she told him to move away for a moment, when the casket disappeared again back into the wall. That was enough experience for one day and she returned to her home.

Early the next morning she came back determined to examine that secret casket. Below the window where one would have to step before looking in she found, covered by earth, a small nail. Stepping on the earth pushed the nail down and this worked a secret spring. This shoved the casket out from the wall and on moving away from the window the casket was pushed back into place.

She was much delighted with her new discovery and when the will was read it was proven that the one who found the secret spring was the lucky heir to a very large estate.

ELIZABETH CONWAY.

A Conceited Fop

On any bright afternoon, in most towns and cities, an object may be seen, strolling down the street, which from the amount of smoke around it, seems to be on fire. However, on coming closer it is found to be merely the clouds of smoke produced by a cigarette which the object holds in its mouth. We are now enabled to observe this object's apparel, which is of such a kind as to attract much attention. Set jauntily on the back of its head is a small hat of a greenish hue, in contrast to the pink necktie, decorated with yellow. The neck of this object is encircled with a white linen collar, of such height that the chin is forced high in the air. The color effect is also aided by the brightly polished shoes and thin lavender socks. The whole effect is impressively set off by a suit of very light gray, while an idea of jauntiness is conveyed by the light cane which the object carries under its arm. After observing these details we doubt if this is really a human being and think it is merely an animated tailor's dummy gone for a walk. However, we find that the object can hear and talk, so we must conclude that it is really a human being.

Autobiography

I was born in a small village of the Ertzeburge Mts. near the city of Brux, which is on the border line of Germany and Bohemia, on the 3rd of July, 1895. The inhabitants of this part of the world are called German-Bohemians for the reason that they are able to speak both German and Bohemian, and also the relation that existed between Bohemia and Germany in early times.

When I was little more than two years old we moved to Westphalia in Western Germany, and lived near the cities of Essen and Dortmund. I can remember just a few incidents of my life in Germany. I had a brother and a little sister.

I was not quite four years old when we sailed for America. I do not remember the ride to Bremen and the arrival on board the ship. I can remember some of the people and the sea, and a few other incidents during the voyage, but not distinctly. These things all seem to be dreams.

I cannot remember anything clearly until we lived out in the country a mile from Bellaire. We lived beside my grandparents. I had two uncles, one about twelve years of age, the other about sixteen. They were tormentors, especially the younger.

I shall never forget my first day in school. I was sent when but five years two months old, on account of my ignorance of the English language. I might have learned it from my uncles if they had stopped tormenting me long enough to teach me. I was the proudest girl in town when I set out for school in the early part of September. But on entering the school my pride seemed to desert me for there was such a sea of faces before me that I wondered if ever I should know them all. When the teacher spoke to me all I could do was to helplessly stare at her. She sent me home to learn to talk and then come to school, but I was sent back. She was obliged to keep and teach me. She knew my uncle and so gave him the task of teaching me the alphabet. He did everything to confuse me, and it made it more enjoyable to him when for every little unknown or mispronounced I got a slap from my mother. My cheeks were always red from the many slaps that I got. I often longed to pull his hair or scratch his eyes. After I learned English to a fair degree I got on rapidly at school and a few months after entering school the teacher voted me the best in the school.

I went to two different schools before we moved to the state of Illinois. We lived a few miles from the city of Joliet. There I was sent to school and made rapid progress, but we again moved from that place to a small village some miles away. I again went to school and they put me, a child of little more than six years, into a school room where the pupils were big and old enough to be my fathers and mothers. I was so tiny that when they wanted me to write on the blackboard they had to draw up a chair and pile it up with books so that I could reach the high blackboard.

We did not stay at this place long, for an explosion of the mine landed us back in Bellaire. We then removed to Brookside, a little village west of Bridgeport, where we lived for about three years. We again came back to Bellaire and here we have stayed ever since. The discontent, which seemed to drive my father around from place to place, is now at rest. I was sent to three different schools and made good progress in all three. I was backward when I entered a school, but it never took me long to catch up with the rest. If it had not been for our unfortunate moving around, I might now be through school.

I was not quite twelve when I came to town to work. It was in the spring of the year. I received a place in a family where I was treated as one of them and so stayed nine months. In the fall of the year I was sent to the Central School and entered the fifth grade. During the winter I quit work and went home, as we were now living in town. When summer came again I sought work and obtained it in a family where I was treated as their own child, for they had no children. When school commenced in the fall of the year I went back again, entering the sixth grade. I was promoted to the seventh grade after the holidays were over. I now had all I could do. I was studying music besides, but for the sake of learning I gave it up. My uncle now interfered and I went to his wife's relatives to live. As I had little work to do in the house, I soon caught up in school, and also kept up in music, in which my aunt was instructor. When school finished I again sought employment elsewhere, as my uncle and aunt left for the West. I went back again to my former place. I was there all summer and when school commenced I went to the eighth grade in the H. S. B.. I was at home again before school finished, but worked at different times during the year. In the summer I found a place in a family where I stayed until they left this part of the country. I was now in the H. S. During the previous year I left off studying music, but took it up by myself through the summer. I instructed myself.

The next year I went back to school, but did not get along as well as I was able. I hope to come back next fall and finish my education in 1914.

First I was a Freshie,
And then became a Copi.
But now, I, a Junior,
At both do greatly scoff.

And when I am a Senior,
How wise I then will be.
And would not for all this world
Be known as any of the three.

—No-ac Count of Bugshire.

Alumni

1878

Ella (Blankensop) Morrison, deceased.
Ben Faris, artist, Cincinnati.
William Stewart.
Lyle Thoburn, deceased.

1879

Ben Cowen, Mobile, Alabama.
Julia (Fauple) Lemon, New Kensington, Pa.
Alice (Fitton) Wilson, Toronto, Ohio.
Ella (Gorby) Tappan, Mansfield, Ohio.
Charlie Sheets, business, Moundsville.
Jennie (Wise) Gaston, Cleveland, Ohio.

1880

Andrew Anderson, Professor, Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn.
W. D. Mellot, business, Bellaire.
Maggie (Morrison) Mertz, Pomona, Cal.
Anna Oswald Cole, Richmond, Ohio.
Mary Powell Wisenberger, St. Paul, Minn.
Cortland Rankin, business, Danville, Ill.
Jennie Smith, Buckeye Building & Loan Association, Bellaire.

1881

Nellie (Battelle) Clark, deceased.
Maggie (Hamilton) Gill, Muncie, Ill.
Martha Kirkpatrick, teacher, Bellaire.
Edward McCormick, deceased.
Bessie (Moore) Butcher, Barnesville, Ohio.
Maggie O'Malley, deceased.
Ulysses J. Smith, Cleveland, Ohio.

1882

Robert Anderson, Bellaire.
Jodie Bair, milliner, Bellaire, Ohio.
Anna Wallace Cummins, Missionary, India.
Alice (Winans) Downey, Washington, D. C.
Anna (Winans) Wiley, Washington, D. C.
George Helsley, deceased.

1883

Allie Calhoun, deceased.
Cora (Carr) Jones, Findlay, Ohio.
Nellie Craft, deceased.
Cora Dee, Bellaire.

Jennie Duncan, trained nurse, Chicago.
Lillie (Fitton) Dickens, Bellaire.
Minnie Marsh, deceased.
Allie (Mellott) Smalley, Bellaire.
Jennie (Stewart) Tyler, Canandaigua, N. Y.
Anna Thomas, Follansbee, W. Va.
Elva (Weiherald) Kelly, Cambridge.

1884

Anna Blamey, deceased.
Mabel Cratty, Y. W. C. A. work, New York.
Ella Grove Baldridge, Joplin, Mo.
Tempie Hall, deceased.
Bessie Hoge, Missionary, India.
Mary Kelly, Bellaire.
Harry McGregor, business, Bellaire.
Lizzie (Piper) Thompson, deceased.
Rose (Phillips) Jones, Cleveland, Ohio.
Laura Robinson, deceased.
Anna (Sellars) Battelle, Dayton, Ohio.
Lina Thomas, Bellaire.
Willie (Wise) Kelso, Allegheny, Pa.

1885

Anna (Davies) Zentmeyer, Newark, Ohio.
Minnie Schonhals, Bellaire.
Edward Springer, business, Leavenworth, Kansas.

1886

Flora Faupel, Bellaire.
Laura Free, Findlay.
Katie Heath, Shadyside.
Bertie (Ingler) Williams, Chicago Junction.
Maggie (King) Wallace, kindergarten teacher.
Nora (Klee) Crow, deceased.
Nettie (Kurtz) Ball, Chicago, Ill.
Albert Leasure, Jonesborough, Ind.
Bessie (Miller) Ward, Niles, Ohio.
Mamie (Randolph) Hoeffer, Denver, Colo.
Clara (Theobald) McKinley, Dunkirk, Ind.

1887

Louisa (Bahra) Hills, Washington, D. C.
Jessie Buts, business, Bellaire.
Flora (Carr) Rodenbush, Freemont, Ohio.

Clyde Crimmel, business, Hartford City, Ind.
 Laura (Crouse) McGregor, Bellaire.
 Josie (Crow) Lancaster, Bellaire.
 Lulu (Deeny) Coulter, Newark, Ohio.
 Rose Eberle, deceased.
 Flora (Heatherington) DuBois, deceased.
 Anna (Henderson) Hawchlett, deceased.
 Lilly (Hilborn) Lewis, New Castle, Pa.
 Luna (Wiley) Sprecher, Kirksville.
 Minnie Workman, teacher, Bellaire.

1888

Rachael (Adams) Robinson, deceased.
 Ora Blon, teacher, Youngstown, Ohio.
 Leonel Booth, superintendent of electric plant,
 Bellaire.
 Earl DuBois, minister, Portland, Oregon.
 Julia (Gorby) Lake, Detroit, Michigan.
 Lizzie (Felton) Dubois, Tippecanoe, Ohio.
 Nellie Houston, teacher, Bellaire.
 Blanche (Howell) Aylor, Carthage, Mo.
 Mamie King, deceased.
 Daisy (Koonce) Ambler, Pittsburg, Pa.
 Carrie (Landfried) Kirkpatrick, Cleveland, O.
 Ledria Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.
 John Whealan, Bellaire.

1889

Birdie (Aplin) Wesling, Gas City, Ind.
 Minnie (Ault) Barnes, Butte, Montana.
 Nolei Boyd, Bellaire.
 Maggie (Brown) McIlwaine, Bellaire.
 Sadie Burtoft, Bellaire.
 Pearl (Chambers) Campbell, Bellaire.
 Kate (Davis) Kline, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Maggie (Fitton) Strahl, Bellaire.
 Alice Glasow, Bellaire.
 George Hopkins, Bellaire.
 Flora (Jackley) Barth, Franklin, Ind.
 Ella Jeffers, New York.
 Jessie Landkrohm, Jewett, Ohio.
 Linnie (Long) Craig, Uniontown, Pa.
 Mary Nevans, deceased.
 Allan Porterfield, business, Bellaire.
 Jennie (Thornberry) Mills, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Lena (Tucker) Myers, Bellaire.

1890

Kate (Blamey) Farley, Kansas City, Kansas.
 Emma Blon, Bellaire.
 Anna (Clements) Kirkpatrick, Altoona, Pa.
 John Catty, U. S. Navy Yards, Philadelphia,
 Pa.
 Rachael (Davies) Starkweather, Bellaire.
 Fannie Heskett, Bellaire.

May Kelly, deceased.
 Fred Kemple, D. D. S., New York.
 Elsa Lazure, teacher, Bellaire.
 Cora Lee, teacher, Newark.
 Howard McGregor, Prof. of Biology, Columbia
 University.
 Lillie Odberl, deceased.
 Anna (Sanders) Stewart, Shadyside.
 Bertha (Wood) Morrison, Ontario, Cal.

1891

Emma Besse, deceased.
 Edward Blon, business, Bellaire.
 Rosa Bonarius, teacher, Bellaire.
 Myrtle Clements, teacher, Bellaire.
 Clarence Crawford, B. & O. Railroad office,
 Baltimore, Md.
 Forest Evans, doctor, Panama.
 Ohle Gill, Muncie, Ind.
 Anna (Hays) Morgan, Bellaire.
 Alberta (Hoffman) Howell, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Anna (Johnson) Work, Sistersville, W. Va.
 Margaret Kern, teacher, Bellaire.
 Daniel Kurtz, business, Chicago, Ill.
 Maize (McGregor) Tyler, Palmyra, Ill.
 Nelle Myers, teacher, Bellaire.
 Retta Pfaffenbach, teacher, Bellaire.
 Florence (Phillips) McClain, Bellaire.
 Orion Porterfield, Bellaire.
 Anna ((Shupe) Dickey, Tipton, Ind.
 Carrie (Wassman) Koenline, Bridgeport, Ohio.
 Ella (White) Imric, Red Oak, Iowa.

1892

Mary Boyd, postoffice, Bellaire.
 Bertha Brainerd, teacher, Bellaire.
 Cook Danford, attorney, Bellaire.
 Angie (Fowkes) Anderson, deceased.
 Clara Gill, teacher, Muncie, Ind.
 Jacob Heatherington, postman, Bellaire.
 Bert Hopkins, deputy probate judge, St. Clairs-
 ville, Ohio.
 Eva (Lichtenberger) Cooper, Bellaire.
 Nellie (Meek) Armstrong, Ingram, Pa.
 Florence (Nevans) Marshall, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Gertie Norcross, nurse, Coffeetown, Kansas.
 Mary (Parks) Beetham, Bellaire.
 Emma Reed, teacher, Bellaire.
 Cora (Rose) Morris, Bellaire.
 James W. Stewart, business, Bellaire.
 Edith (Thompson) Oberman, Bellaire.
 Howard Wallace, San Jose, Cal.
 Anna Workman, Bellaire.

1893

Phama (Bair) Criswell, Martins Ferry, Ohio.
 Alice (Bolon) Day, Belmont, Ohio.
 Minnie (Cohen) Switzer, Staunton, Va.
 Cora (Cresap) Snow, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Lucy Darby, Columbus.
 Mattie Dawson, deceased.
 Charlie Day, doctor, Belmont, Ohio.
 Lillie Dickinson, deceased.
 William Hoffman, business, Crafton, Pa.
 Fred Lydecker, Panama Canal, Panama.
 Harry McKeen, Congregationalist minister, Col-
 try, Oklahoma.
 Olive Miller, Bellaire.
 Mary Sanders, teacher, Allegheny, Pa.
 Kate Schilling, Toledo, Ohio.
 Earl Shupe, farmer, Richmond.
 Lida (Simmons) Rigby, Chicago, Ill.

1894

Flora Bonarius, Bellaire.
 Mary Buchanan, Bellaire.
 Maude Corbett, teacher, Bellaire.
 Perry Cummins, doctor, Germantown, Pa.
 Thomas Holt, Maryville, Ill.
 Harry Mansell, deceased.
 Clarence Mercer, druggist, Wilkinsburg, Pa.
 Thomas Myers, dentist, Oklahoma City, Okla-
 homa.
 Albert Myers, Wheeling, W. Va.
 Lulu Nelson, Bellaire.
 Bertha Saltgaver, factory inspector, Bellaire.
 Dora (Schramm) Neff, Bellaire.
 Harry Taylor, business, Bellaire.
 Estella (Wagner) French, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Winona (White) Imric, Red Oak, Iowa.

1895

Guy Dankworth, druggist, Bellaire, Ohio.
 Walter Lazure, St. Louis, Mo.
 Fred Mercer, Terre Haute, Ind.
 David Nesbitt, Tolt, Wash.
 Joseph Rankin, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Edgar Thomas, New Castle, Pa.
 Sarah Brainard, deceased.
 Yetta (Cohen) Lytton, Staunton, Va.
 Lucy Crozier, Bellaire.
 Anna (Egan) Clipp, Connelssville, Pa.
 Nannie (Grafton) Dean, Bellaire.
 Ida Grella, Bellaire.
 Fdna (Jones) Blon, Bellaire.
 Emma (Long) Rodewig, Bellaire.

Sophia (Miller) Harvey, Wheeling, W. Va.
 Bella (Moore) McCann, San Diego, Cal.
 Maud Rowles Dunlap, West Alexander, Pa.
 Myrtle Stewart, Bellaire.
 Edith (Johnson) Gatch, Dayton, Ky.

1896

Edward Adams, Jonesborough, Ind.
 David Emory, Tampa, Fla.
 Robert Gow, Dayton, Ohio.
 Inez (Blackburn) Howell, Steubenville, Ohio.
 Carrie (Myers) DuBois, Bellaire.
 Nellie Saltgaver, Bellaire.
 Amelia Steger, Bellaire.
 Ida Warden, Denver, Colo.

1897

Adam Homeyer, Mingo, Ohio. *deceased*
 William Kern, Columbus, Ohio.
 Frank Poorman, Denver, Colo.
 Ida (Coffield) Timberlake, Shadyside, Ohio.
 Dora (Criswell) Cotts, McMechan, W. Va.
 Oral Dickens, Bellaire.
 Ella Eberle, Bellaire.
 Stella Fawcett, Bellaire.
 Anna (Geisler) Toben, Mannington, W. Va.
 Laura (Hoffman) Purcell, Crafton, Pa.
 Lottie (Kelly) Kitson, Stroudsburg, Pa.
 Lucy (McGregor) TeWinkle, Perry, N. Y.
 Ella Morril, Bellaire.
 Gale Myers, Bellaire.
 Sue (White) McArthur, Missionary, India.
 Margaret Nesbitt, O. S. U., Columbus Ohio.

1898

Hattie Aplin, Bellaire.
 Minnie (Criswell) Tasker, New York.
 Katie (Darrah) Dankworth, Bellaire.
 Nellie (Hayes) Allen, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Mattie (Heatherington) Gow, Dayton, Ohio.
 Daisy (Johnson) Cassel, Bellaire.
 Anna Kunkle, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Mable (Lichtenberger) Milligan, Bellaire.
 Ada Parks, Bellaire.
 Jessie (Pickett) Nesbitt, Wilmington, N. C.
 Bertha (Snedeker) Ware, Titusville, Pa.
 Elva (Noble) McFadden, Neff, Ohio.
 Harry Blon, outside foreman of coal mine,
 Carthage, New Mexico.
 Wm. Burrows, Deceased.
 James Johnson, Bellaire.
 Leon Mayer, Bellaire.
 John Sanders, Moundsville, W. Va.
 Charles Thomas, Bellaire.

Malcolm Wells, Bellaire.
Joseph White, Canton, Ohio.
Burns Harvey, Bellaire.
Maud (Wilson) Morris, Bellaire.

1899

Brady Bradfield, bookkeeper, Bellaire.
August Duga, Bellaire.
Earl Greene, Bellaire.
Charles Clements, electrician, Cleveland.
Fred Hoffman, Bellaire.
Orlando Irwin, civil engineer, Detroit, Michigan.
Mayger Rodefer, business, Bellaire.
Charles Rosser, Bellaire.
Fred Seabright, Gary, Indiana.
Alex Waser, Miller, Indiana.
Emilie (Colard) Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mary (Carnes) Laughlin, Barnesville, Ohio.
Anna Coffield, Shadyside, Ohio. *Som Carroll*
Myrtle (Fry) Perry, Wheeling, W. Va.
Anna Kelly, Bellaire.
Inez Kinney, Y. W. C. A. work, Denver, Colo.
Hattie Miller, Bellaire.
Nellie (Taneyhill) Lovejoy, Bellaire.
Anna (VanLaw) Plankey, Warwood, W. Va.
Mack Stewart, Los Angeles, Cal.
Frank Stewart, Cleveland, Ohio.

1900

Margan Gorrell, Columbus, Ohio.
Clyde Nesbitt, Bridgeport, Ohio.
Elizabeth Aplin, Bellaire.
Alma (Archer) Bailey, Cleveland, Ohio.
Lillie (Benline) Mansell, Bellaire.
Elizabeth (Bonesteele) Hathaway, Bellaire.
Eva Corbett, Mannington, W. Va.
Barbara (Deafenbaugh) Getroast, Bellaire.
Blanche Heskett, Bellaire.
Rose Kern, Bellaire.
Adda (Hoffman) Buschse, Bellaire.
Florence Reed, Bellaire.
Sara (Warden) Day, Bellaire.
Marie Wright, Mechanicsburg, Ohio.
Ella Krebs, Bellaire.

1901

Laura (Braunlich) Green, Bellaire.
Jessie (Fred) Reardon, East Liverpool, Ohio.
Mattie (Hensley) Fulton, Fulton, Ohio.
Althea (Strahl) Alther, Bellaire.
Ida (Swaney) McClure, South Sharon, Pa.

1902

Bartley Kinney, Carthage, New Mexico.

Wm. Tallman, theatrical manager, East Liverpool, Ohio.
Flora McNeese, teacher, Ponca City, Oklahoma.
Dudley Woodbridge, Bellaire.
Jessie (Wise) Lydecker, Panama Canal.
Stella (Blum) Frank, Wheeling, W. Va.
Laura (Horne) White, Pittsburg, Pa.
Elsie (Lee) Morrell, Bellaire.
Bessie (Luke) Myers, Bellaire.
Clara (Rodewig) Waser, Miller, Indiana.

1903

Anson Hoffman, Bellaire.
Bertram Thomas, Bellaire.
Edith Burch, Bellaire.
Bernice (Day) Bryan, Beaver Falls.
Blanche McClellan, Bellaire. *Robinson*
Campsa (Snedeker) Sullivan, Wheeling, W. Va.
Aimee Ward, Bellaire.
Grace (Warnock) Proudfit, Des Moines, Ia.
Dora Butler, Bellaire.
Thomas Kapner, Bellaire.
August Kern, Bellaire.
Ralph Stewart, Bellaire.
Beatrice Jones, Bellaire.
Lulu Miller, teacher, Bellaire.
Mary Nicholson, Bellaire.
Anna Parks, Buckeye Building & Loan Association, Bellaire.

1904

Edgar Kinnel, lawyer, Columbus, Ohio.
Wm. McGraw, Bellaire.
Anna Carroll, teacher, Bellaire.
Mattie McNeese, kindergarten teacher, Canton, Ohio.
Wm. Thomas, Electra, Texas.
Essie Crook, deceased.
Margaret Mason, Bellaire.
Mazie Walker, teacher, Bellaire. *John Schick*

1905

Gene Carnes, teacher, Bellaire.
Vera Clements, Bellaire.
Nettie Duga, Ohio University, Athens.
Alma Robertson, Bethany, W. Va.
Mary Poorman, deceased.
Nellie Gregg, Newark, Ohio.
Lieutenant William Anderson, U. S. Army, San Francisco, Cal.
Albert Kelly, Altoona, Pa.
Harry McDonald, Bellaire.
Norman Reed, doctor, Parkers Landing, Pa.
Frank Eberlein, Pennsylvania State College.

1906

Carrie Meyer, teacher, Bellaire.
 Nora Robertson, Bellaire.
 Vera Dorer, Bellaire.
 Dora Elliot, teacher, Bellaire.
 Laura Wise, teacher, Bellaire.
 Monte (Tolmie) Alther, Bellaire.
 Edna (Young) Powell, Youngstown, Ohio.
 Edward Anderson, civil engineer, Cuba.
 Robert Faris, Lorain, Ohio.
 James McNeese, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
 Henry Cowen, Bellaire.
 Gordon Battelle, office of Cash Register Co.,
 Dayton, Ohio.

1907

Helen (Kinney) Alexander, Chicago, Ill.
 Fern (Haney) McIntosh, Bellaire.
 Hannah Nesbitt, teacher, Boys' Industrial School,
 Lancaster, Ohio.
 Cecelia Hoffman, Bellaire.
 Bessie Leach, teacher, Bellaire.
 Arthur Archer, Bellaire.
 James Tallman, New Philadelphia, Ohio, theat-
 rical manager.
 Charles Reed, Medical College, Pennsylvania.
 Edna Ashenhurst, New Concord, Ohio.
 Alma (Feely) McNeal, Bellaire.
 Minnie Neuhart, Bellaire.
 Florence Rodewig, Columbia University, New
 York. *Robert K. K.*

1908

Hazel Burrows, teacher, Bellaire. *Hillland (denied)*
 Josephine Carroll, Bellaire. *Robinson*
 Oral List, Bellaire. *Donald Mc Kee*
 Mary Norton, teacher, Bellaire.
 Vera (Strong) Jones, Bellaire.
 Ella Mae Holliday, Bellaire.
 Margaret Walker, teacher, Bellaire.
 Anita Mason, teacher, Bellaire.
 Blanche Lee, teacher, Bellaire.
 Mary Ernst, married, Bellaire.
 Stella Heil, Bellaire.
 Frank Cowen, Bellaire.
 Richard Dorer, West Point, N. Y.
 Harry Morris, Bellaire.
 Douglas Callander, University of Syracuse.
 Harry Seabright, University of Virginia.
 William Greenlee, teacher, Neff, Ohio.

1909

William Shepard, Dental College, Columbus, O.
 Laura Butler, Bellaire.

Wm. Nesbitt, Dental College, Columbus, O.
 Edna Walker, Bellaire.
 Harold Lamb, Wooster, Ohio.
 Alfred Galloway, Bellaire.
 Lillian Helliwell, Oxford, New Richmond, O.
 Marian Helliwell, Oxford, New Richmond, O.
 Muriel (List) Wharton, Malaga, Ohio.
 Clarence Day, Bellaire.
 Elsie Kapner, Bellaire.
 Alfred Carmean, La Jara, Colo.
 Harry Lee, Ohio State University, Columbus,
 Ohio.
 Robert Kinney, traveling salesman, Waukegan,
 Illinois.

Leroy Workinan, Shadyside, Ohio.
 Earl Shafer, O. S. U., Columbus, Ohio.
 Pearl Heil, teacher, Bellaire.
 Fay Crow, Hiram College.
 Bertha Crook, Bellaire. *Forest Green*

1910

Madison Aldredge, Bellaire.
 William Leach, Bellaire.
 Muriel Lee, teacher, Shadyside, Ohio.
 Elsie Lowell, teacher, Bellaire.
 Brady Davis, Denver, Colo. *W. L. Davis*
 Lane Lancaster, Ohio Wesleyan College.
 Laura (Giffin) Beetler, Bellaire.
 Helen Nicholson, teacher, Bellaire. *C. R. Wellbourn*
 Nora Landkrohn, teacher, Bellaire.
 Gertrude Nelson, Bellaire.
 Beryl Garber, Bellaire.
 Sarah Murray, Pittsburg, Pa.
 Grace McBride, Bellaire.
 Velma Rodefer, Bethany College, Pennsylvania.
 Walter Russel, Ohio Wesleyan College.
 Roy Wilkinson, Detroit, Mich.
 Margaret White, teacher, Bellaire.
 Lena Snyder, Bellaire.
 Harold McNeese, Bellaire.
 Florence Seabright, Bellaire.
 Charlie Fred, Bellaire.
 Onward Rodefer, Bethany College, Pennsyl-
 vania.
 Wells Rodefer, Shadyside, Ohio.
 Roberta McMaster, Jacobsburg, Ohio.
 Mable Willerton, Bellaire.
 Myrtle Bickerton, Bellaire.
 Lorena Richards, teacher, Bellaire. *Bundy*

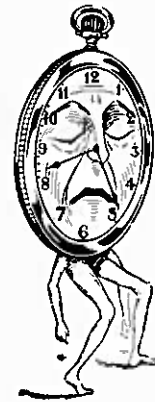
1911

Benjamin Belt, teacher, near Bellaire.
 Joseph Blum, O. S. U., Columbus, Ohio.
 Melville Blum, O. S. U., Columbus, Ohio.

Maud Dunlap, Bellaire. *Lauretta Griffin*
Walter Anderson, Bellaire.
Thomas Curtis, Bellaire.
Jefferson Conrad, Bellaire.
Kelly Crozier, substitute teacher, Bellaire.
Nelle Campbell, substitute teacher, Bellaire. *Walter McLeod*
May Corbett, Bellaire.
Max Duga, Bellaire.
Lawrence Greenlee, University of Colorado,
Denver.
Charlotte Herzberg, Conservatory of Music, Cin-
cinnati, Ohio. *Mal Lombard*
Roy Hulbert, O. S. U., Columbus, Ohio.
Elva (Kleber) Sherman, Bellaire.
Blanche Kleber, Bellaire.
Lane Keyser, Shadyside, Ohio.

Rosa Kemple, Bellaire. *Carey*
Walter Kinsey, Bellaire.
Rhea Muth, Bellaire.
Lois Michael, Bellaire, substitute teacher.
Martha McDonald, Bellaire.
Jessie McIntosh, substitute teacher, Bellaire.
Clarence Pickett, Bellaire.
Anna Rosser, Woman's College, Frederick, Md. *Robt. Reeder*
Donald Ward, Bellaire.
Ralph Nicholson, Bellaire.
Lydia Piersall, substitute teacher, Bellaire.
Fannie Wise, Bellaire.
Dale Vanceuren, St. Clairsville, Ohio.
Blanche Rodewig, substitute teacher, Bellaire. *Geo. Howard*
Pearl Vauple, substitute teacher, Bellaire.

Oh Mighty Caldwell art thou still there,
To direct others through Math'matics way;
To bid them their History to prepare;
To tell them to "Flunk" not in Algebra;
To say "Just a Minute, Time's Going," in "Geom.;"
Oh pause, Mighty Caldwell art thou gone.



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PENNA.**

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 230 State Legislators.
 81 Presidents of Colleges and Universities.
 33 Moderators of General Assemblies.
 20 Judges of State Supreme Courts.
 120 Judges of County Courts.
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 560 Doctors.

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 have graduated from W. & J., 4615 men.

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SESSION FOR 1912-13 OPENS WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1912
Registration Days, Monday and Tuesday, September 23 and 24

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H. M. SEMANS, D.D.S., Dean
Department of Dentistry

H.R. BURBACHER, G.P.H., Dean
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A. KERN
3254 Belmont St. BELLAIRE, OHIO

"My First Day in High School"

The day before school opened Wilma and I were together all evening talking. Oh! How we hated the idea of High School. Why did we have to go there? In the Grades we had had lots of fun. But now! As Emy Lou said, "When one gets in High School one must climb the steps of knowledge laden with text books."

In the morning we started on our way. We arrived in time to go upstairs when the second bell rang. Wilma and I got seats in the double row right together and at the back. We had seats, and we thought the worst was over. But we did not know the ways of High School. Mr. McVay called out the names telling each person which seat to take, when they came back from the noon recess.

We went to the different classes in afternoon. (?) Mr. McVay repeated the arrangement of the classes to help us out. It sounded more like Greek than anything I had ever heard. When the bell would ring everybody would look at someone else to see if they were going out. I cannot now see how we were all so dull of comprehension.

When we got out of the assembly room then it was a hunt for which classroom to go to. It seemed as though all the doors stood invitingly opened, and one invariably walked in. Usually they were sent out again. It seemed as if no one wanted us.

It is my opinion that all the pupils except the Freshmen had a funny streak that week. They were always laughing, and wanting to know if they were ever as green as that. Mr. McVay was incessantly telling us not to worry that we would get straightened out soon. But when at the end of the first week, we received new ones in our classes every day; and some who had been there the day before, failed to appear, I became just a little doubtful. In those days one never knew whether one had a seat or not.

As Mr. McVay had said we finally got straightened out. Though it took so much time and trouble. Well it is one consolation we can sit back next year and smile at the next victims and say, "Were we ever so green as that?"

KATHLEEN LEACH.

"We Have With Us To-day"

Don Royer, alias "Billiken."

John McGraw, Walter McCroba, alias "Two of the Midnight Sons."

Edgar LaRoche, called "Longie" for short.

Jerome Weill who should be called "Tiny Tad."

Molly Dorer—"an all around sport."

Cecil Stonebraker—"the pride of the Class of 1912."

Clyde Bryant—who cannot quit work long enough to eat, because he has never yet started to work.

Harry LaRoche, alias "The Count," but it can be No-ac Count."

Florence Lowell we think may be called "Fluffy Ruffles."

Alvin Adams—"A sweet sweetling, sweetest of the sweetly sweet."

Emmett Barrett—an "all around athlete."

"Last but not least"—R. Heatherington—"A veritable hothead."

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HOW I STUDY.

I'm darn sorry, pal
But I'm in for the night.
Shott the tobacco—
And turn up the light.
You know how it is
With this work behind
It's up to me to get down and grind
There's pages of Math and some English too
And then there's some French that I ought to do.
So give her my love pal
And tell her I'd come
If there was'nt
So darn much work to be done.

There now he's gone and I'm going to tie in
The way that I loafed has sure been a sin
Well here's the Math, I guess that comes first
Of all rotten courses I guess that's the worst.
Oh, I can let that stuff slide for today,
He'd said I'd flunk it all out any way
Then there's the English. Due three weeks ago.
And they say it's darn hard but I don't think it's so
I can finish it up in an hour I allow
So what it the use of doing it now.
But here is that French. Gee 'That page' is a sight
Hunch! I'll get her to read it all to me tonight,
We'll sit on the sofa then sing some fool song
Hey, wait a bit, pal, I'm coming along.

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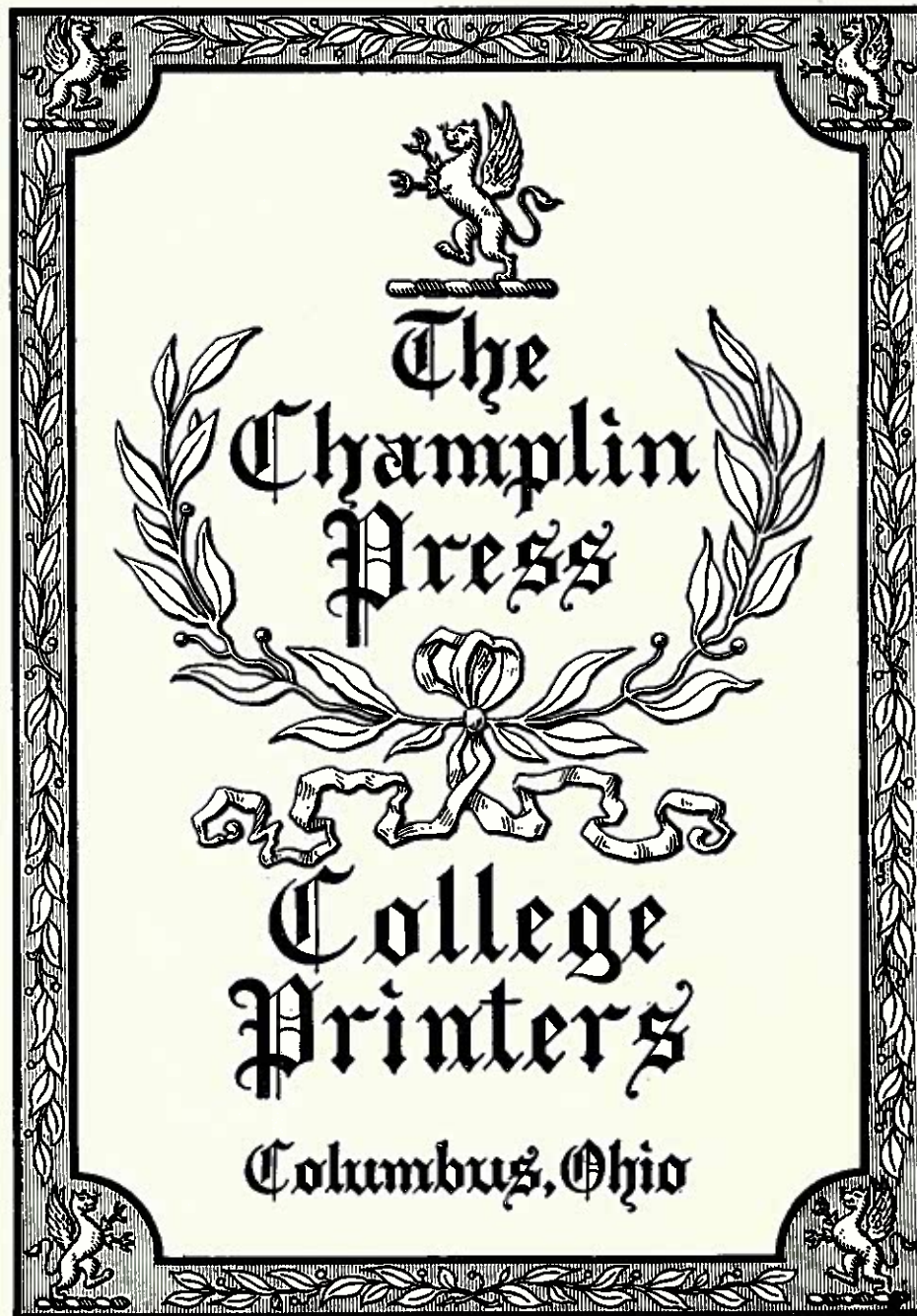
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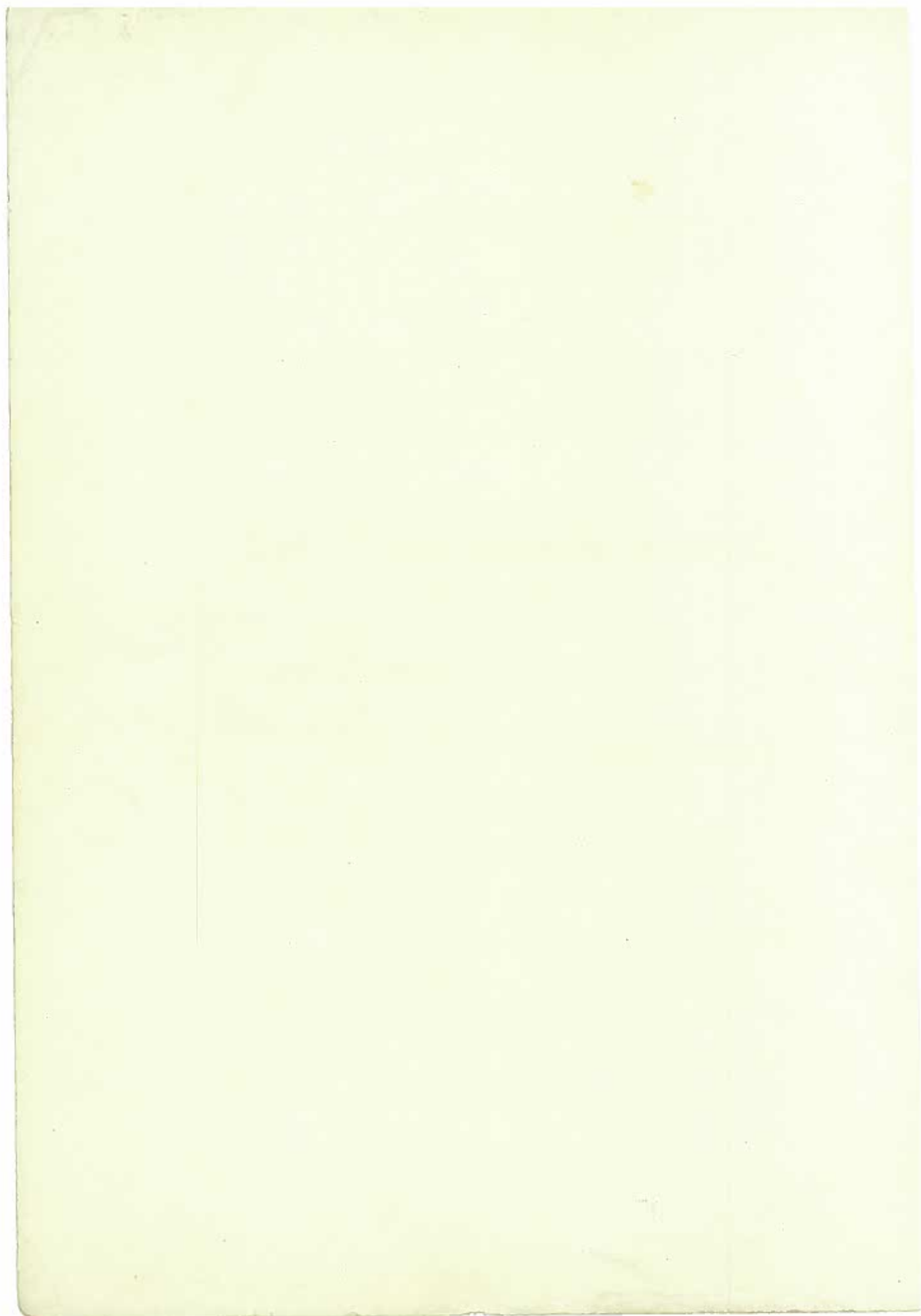
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