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THE GLENVILLE MERCURY

"NEWS OUT OF THE NORMAL"

GLENVILLE STATE
NORMAL SCHOOL

Volume 2

Glenville, West Virginia, Tuesday, February 3, 1931.

Number 10

A Visit to a Quaint Village of Bavaria Where Royalty Still Dwells in Palaces

Miss Mabel Wiant, who has just returned from a three-year trip abroad, and who is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Laura Doyle of Main Street, has given to The Mercury the following story of her visit to Bavaria and of her meeting with royalty there:

Bestestagen is not only the junction for Konigssee, but is also a quaint, interesting village, once one discovers it. It lies along the crest of a hill, high above the railroad station, and invisible to the chance tourist waiting there for the train, who has only a glimpse of a vast fortress perched on a cliff, once the feudal stronghold of the Prince Bishops.

For many centuries these Prince Bishops ruled large territories from here. Typical, medieval tyrants they were; capable, ruthless, cruel, avaricious. Now their great palace is put to all sorts of ignoble uses—the part adjoining the chief square is a beer garden, and the main thoroughfare of the village runs under the massive portal and across the central courtyard.

Strolling about this ancient Hof, one cannot help regretting that all the splendid pomp and ceremony of royalty has given place to the drab monotony of a democratic regime. Many a native would gladly exchange the hypothetical benefits of the present government for the good old days of pageants, full of life, color, and beauty; the excitements attending the movements of court, retinue, and army; and the contacts, however casual, with the nobility—even royalty itself.

We were to witness a demonstration of this sentiment in this very spot. For as we lingered about the abbey porch, gazing at the facade opposite, and listening to a man from Munchen explaining that this wing of the old palace was now the residence of Prince Rupprecht, the stout double doors were swung open by servants in dark livery, and four gentlemen stepped out. "There he is, the one on the left."

"That is he."

"It is the Prince himself."

A dozen breathless exclamations in hushed German voices, and every hat came off. One Prussian stood stiffly at attention. A long, open car bumped over the cobblestones, and stopped so that the four could get in; then it turned to leave by the other gate. This brought them quite close to our little group, and we had an unimpeded view of his Highness as he bowed and acknowledged the salutes, lifting his military cap gracefully, even smiling a little, quite different from the arrogant airs assumed by ex-nobles of Berlin. He was tall, lean, and bronzed, with a keen, intelligent face, and he moved with an elastic vigor that amazed us; for only the week before he had celebrated his sixtieth birthday. Celebrated it quietly in his small palace, thereby evincing his sound judgment, for he forbade all public demonstrations in his own town and in Munchen.

We thought him a fine figure of a deposed monarch, and wished that he might have his job back again. No doubt his segment of Germany would be better off if he were in power, but a king reigning in the midst of a socialistic country offers difficult problems. Thus discussing

political matters, we all loitered along the highway beyond the town, and then separated. Two of us electing to mount to investigate a still higher level of the town.

Later, while sitting on a stone wall resting and enjoying the superb panorama, we saw a woman and two children approaching. She was unmistakably an English governess, and the small, agile, dark youngsters, Bavarians. She was reproving the little girl. "You do not need to play with that child if you do not wish to, but you must be polite," she said sternly. The child hung her head and seemed impressed by this reprimand; then catching sight of us, both stared with interested black eyes. They were a cunning pair of about six and eight years, in the usual native costume of green with jaunty, peaked-crowned hats with a feather.

Just to make conversation we asked, "Which is the nearest way back to the Platz?"

Neither spoke, and the governess said, "Ludwig, answer the lady."

Then Ludwig came nearer, and said in halting English, "Yes, Madame, I can tell you. You must follow the path on the left until you come to a house very pink, and then you go downward by many steps."

We congratulated him on his English, at which both children seemed pleased. "I have the practice daily," he said, deprecatingly and shyly. We thanked him; he pulled off his little cap and bowed from his waist like a courtier, and they all bowed as we parted, mutually delighted.

As they disappeared in the forest, a peasant woman came along and resting her large basket on the wall, addressed us gravely after the manner of Bavarians. "I kiss your hands, well-born ladies." After receiving our proper response, she continued in the soft dialect of the country. "You have made the acquaintance, I perceive, of their Royal Highnesses, our beloved Princelings." Thus it was discovered that these were the scions of the kingly family whom we had been patronizing!

Even those Americans who search assiduously for the sight of titled folk, would have been satisfied with our morning encounters, and we felt unexpectedly rewarded for wandering in the bye-ways.

We descended by "the very pink house" to the beer garden, where we drank Munchen brew and ate rye bread and cheese, well pleased with this obscure corner of Europe and its people and their princes.

FIVE ATTEND GRID BANQUET

A. F. Rohrbough Makes Talk at Weston Celebration

Coach Natus Rohrbough, Howard Lindell, Archie Morris, and Frank Vass of Glenville State Normal School, and Charley Bass of Glenville were guests at the mid-state football banquet held at Weston Wednesday evening. The banquet was given under the auspices of the Weston Chamber of Commerce in honor of the Monongahela Valley football champions, the Weston High School football team.

The guest of honor was Earle ("Greasy") Neale, head coach at West Virginia University. Coach Rohrbough was one of the speakers on the program. About three hundred persons attended.

MUSICAL PROGRAM GIVEN BY Y. M. C. A. IS WELL ATTENDED

Miss Richards and Miss Camp
of Clarksburg Give Two
Selections

MISS MOSS' SONGS LIKED

G. N. S. Glee Clubs and Quartet
Take Part—Bertha Olsen
Plays Piano Solo

(By M. Y.)

The Glenville Normal School auditorium was well filled with students and townspeople for the all-musical program presented by the Young Men's Christian Association yesterday evening at 8 o'clock.

The program, which was given by alumni, faculty members, students, and two young women from out of town, consisted of a variety of musical numbers: piano solos, quartet selections, musical readings, glee club songs, and whistling and vocal solos. Some of these numbers were well given, but for the most part the program would have been better with more preparation.

Clarksburger Gives Reading

The first two selections were piano solos played by Miss Bertha Olsen of the music department. Although Miss Olsen's interpretation of Mokrejs's "Valcik" was very good, it seemed that there was something lacking in Chopin's "Polonaise in A Major." Nor did the school quartet, consisting of Fred Wilson, H. Y. Clark, Earl Looker, and Selden Brannon, sing as well as it is capable of doing, probably because the singers were too far from the piano. The two numbers sung by the quartet were "Stars of the Summer Night" and "Bow Down."

Miss Mary Myrtle Richards and Miss Aileen Camp of Clarksburg, gave selections entitled "The Madonna at Palos" and "You're Just a Kid." Miss Richards read rather well, but the piano accompaniment of Miss Camp was, for the most part, too loud for Miss Richards's voice.

"The Heavens Resound," first selection of the Glenville Normal School combined Glee clubs, was one of the best numbers on the program. "A Merry Life," their second song, was not so successful because the boys' chorus did not have enough singers.

Wahnetta Moss Sings

Miss Helen Davis whistled "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" and "You're the One I Care For," with Miss Susan Barnett accompanying her at the piano. The audience was quite attentive to her solos.

The closing selections were vocal solos, "My Castle of Dreams" and "I'll Sing You a Song," by Miss Wahnetta Moss. The first song was probably the best number on the program, and the second one was also sung well. Miss Sarah Louise Cain was Miss Moss's accompanist.

Although this first all-musical program was not a tremendous success, the Y. M. C. A. deserves considerable commendation on presenting it. With some more effort and encouragement, the Y. M. C. A. should be able to give a program with which few could find fault.

RUTH M'CRAY HAS HIGHEST AVERAGE FOR FIRST SEMESTER, 96.94; SIX OF THE TWELVE ON LIST ARE FRESHMEN

Miss Ruth McCray of Roanoke had the highest scholastic honors in Glenville Normal School for the first semester which ended Thursday. Her average grade for seventeen hours of work was 96.94 per cent. Miss McCray is a freshman and did her preparatory work at Weston High School.

Of the twelve persons who had the ten highest grades (four persons made two averages) six were freshmen. Only one senior, Selden Brannon, is included in this list compiled by Carey Woofter, registrar.

Mrs. Emma Joan Haumann, on the honor roll last year, ranked second with an average of 95.33 per cent. She is a junior.

Only one preparatory institution, Glade District High School in Cowen, had two of its graduates to rank among the first ten. Robert Gray and Miss Gertrude Cunningham both of Cowen made averages of 95 and 94.75 respectively.

In exception to the usual custom, a list of all those who made grades of ninety or more was not compiled for the past semester.

Name	High School	Grade	Class	Hrs. Work
1. Ruth J. McCray	Weston	96.94—Freshman		17
2. Emma J. Haumann	Buckhannon	95.33—Junior		15
3. Opal Gillispie	Green Bank Dist.	95 —Freshman		17
4. Robert Gray	Glade Dist.	95 —Freshman		17
5. Gertrude Cunningham	Glade D.	94.75—Freshman		16
6. Selden Brannon	Romney Inst.	94.58—Senior		14
7. Lynwood D. Zinn	G. N. S.	94.5 —Sophomore		16
8. Olive O'Dell	Nicholas Co.	94.05—Junior		18
9. Blake Hayhurst	Harrisville	93.54—Junior		17
10. Ira Reed	Troy Dist.	93.52—Sophomore		18
11. Paul Phillips	Belington	93.44—Freshman		18
12. Ressie Snyder	Otter Dist.	93.44—Freshman		18

PIONEERS TO PLAY BAPTISTS TONIGHT

Meet Rio Grande on Saturday,
While Potomac State Game
Will Be Monday

The basketball game, which was scheduled for Friday evening with the Broadus College Battlers but was postponed because of semester examinations at both schools, will be played tonight at Philippi. This game will be the first one played away from home and also the first one of the second semester for the Pioneers.

The Pioneers defeated the Battlers here by a score of 42-27, Jan. 17. The return game with the Baptists on their home floor is expected to be an interesting contest, with the Normal team fighting to keep the Battlers from evening the account. The usual lineup will probably start the game with Capt. Vass at center; Hines and Lindell, forwards; and Bloor and Berger, guards.

Saturday evening, Feb. 7, the Pioneers will play Rio Grande in the Normal gymnasium, and the following Monday evening, Potomac State School comes to Glenville for their first basketball game of the season with the Pioneers. Potomac State doubled the score on Broadus College and defeated Fairmont State Teachers' College. Two good games are expected on Saturday and Monday evenings. Besides these two games, Glenville Normal School has but one other at Glenville, which will be played with New River on Feb. 23.

A. E. Harris Visits Legislature

A. E. Harris spent his mid-year vacation in Charleston where he attended sessions of the legislature. While there he procured material for his course in civics for the second semester.

LEGISLATURE MAY RENAME NORMAL

Bill Introduced by Earl Smith
to Give State Schools
New Names

Glenville State Normal School will become Glenville State Teachers' College if a bill which was introduced into the house of delegates, Tuesday, by Delegate Earl H. Smith, Democrat, of Marion county, becomes law. Glenville Normal School has really been a teachers' college since the beginning of the first semester last fall, but the old name was retained because an act of the state legislature was required to change it.

The bill included the following new names: Marshall College, Fairmont State Teachers' College, West Liberty State Teachers' College, Glenville State Teachers' College, Shepherd State Teachers' College, and Concord State Teachers' College.

317 Students Registered Yesterday

Registration for the second semester totaled 317 students yesterday, according to Carey Woofter, registrar. Of these, 289 were first semester students who returned, and 28 were new students. Twenty-six persons who made advanced enrollments have not completed registration this semester, and it is not known how many of them will return. While it is undoubtedly true that the enrollment will surpass 317, it will probably not equal the 362 registered during the first semester.

Misses Brand, Moore Go to Weston

Miss Willa Brand and Miss Vinco Moore attended the show, "All Quiet on the Western Front" at Weston, Tuesday night. Mrs. Max Lynch was hostess at Verona Maple Hall during their absence.

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PREPARING A DEFENSE

A woman member of the state executive committee of one of the two major political parties recently remarked that taxes must be lowered and this must be done by reducing the cost of the schools. Wheeling this year decreased its teachers' salaries 10 per cent and perhaps other schools have done the same. A Braxton County newspaper not long ago printed a board of education announcement that an effort would be made to reduce taxes by shortening the school term. These are facts that the teacher must consider and not laugh at.

His present position is a rather precarious one and his present salary is a debatable matter. The election of a new board of education, the appointment of a new city superintendent, or almost anything else may mean the loss of his position. Of any once-a-month-paid job his is most insecure. His one hundred dollars a month salary sounds like fair recompense, but considering his three months' period of unemployment it means only the seventy-five that the laborer might earn. The street of advancement for the teacher of average ability is a kind of blind alley. His future is much more limited than is that of the clerk of the same ability. The industrious teacher of superior intellect may never own a yacht, but he may so far advance that his routine work will be insignificant, that he will have an opportunity to do what he likes—research or original work—and that his salary may be sufficiently large to meet his worst extravaganzas. The average teacher is just about the average person, moderately paid and always needing employment.

This person must now convince the voter, often hard-headed, that every cent he is paid is earned and that every teacher employed is necessary, unless he is willing to accept reduced wages and unemployment. He might postpone the end by saying, "Discharge some of the state employees; and shake up the road commission." He had better face the end by asking himself, "Are our schools worth what they cost, and can this cost be decreased?"

Our answer to the first question is as vague as our judgment of it: "A good teacher is worth more than he is paid; a poor one is worth nothing."

Our answer to the second one is "Yes"; for at least the economy of schools can be increased. The graded school must remain comparatively as it is except for changes of consolidation, and so with junior high schools. The training they offer is so fundamental that it is indispensable and not too difficult for the student of subnormal ability. In our high schools too much money is wasted. More secondary institutions should offer technical training for those who are unable to do strictly academic work and for those with ability enough for the more classical training but whose interest is so negligible that their progress is unsatisfactory. This change would eliminate thousands of class failures which mean losses of many more thousands of dollars to the tax payers alone, not considering the loss to the students. Of course the cost for providing equipment for technical training would be prohibitive for many districts at the present time. With increased enrollment in tax-supported institutions of collegiate rank have come many students who lack ability to do the work required and many more who lack the impetus to study. This means a gradual lowering of scholastic standards; for state schools, presumably, must perform the task of educating those persons the state sends it; and this in turn means that a certain number are given unearned credit. Aside from this, there is a large percentage of failures which mean wasted money for the college.

Schools have remained fairly academic as to curricula and have been sold, as they are, to the voter as something for everybody. The voter's complaint about the cost of education will be even more amplified when he learns that the result has been far from satisfactory. Popularizing of education has not been healthful either for teachers or students even though it has given employment to many.

Whatever may be the right conclusion to reach concerning our system of education and its cost, the teacher had better begin at once to prepare a defense, convincing to the voter, for himself. He might begin by asking, "What have I to defend?" If this query is answered satisfactorily, he must then present his argument in such a way as to make his case invulnerable.

REFORESTING AND UNEMPLOYMENT

The legislature of West Virginia convened recently for a sixty-day session. In every direction from Charleston industry is hard pressed: farming by drought, oil and gas, especially oil, by over-production, coal by over-production and freight rates, and manufacturing by a depression that is world wide. Most of us are familiar with the poverty that is here or not far round the corner. While it is true that there has been some increase in steel production—our nation's key industry—within the past three weeks and the coming of better days has been anticipated by a slight advance in the market, immediate aid needs to be given our unemployed.

Even the temporary value of any kind of artificial price fixing is doubtful, and "Buy Now and Restore Prosperity" campaigns are almost absurd. Depression has struck us fairly on the chin, and we must endure the pain until natural economic laws soothe the smart. Meanwhile, we can reduce the swelling and learn to improve our defense. A more wide-spread and efficient practice of forest conservation is both the balm and the lesson.

The State Road Commission, with several of the counties, is making all of its funds available for an increased program of road building. Highway expansion and prosperity go hand in hand, but the first does not cause the latter. Through forest conservation can relief best come.

Within the past forty years thousands of giant poplars, oaks, walnuts, and pines have been cut, leaving barren thousands of acres of inarable hillside. Not many years ago the Little Kanawha and its tributaries, during periods of high water, carried almost a continuous line of log rafts. Some of this land is or might be good pasture; much of it is only timber land frequently burned over and grossly uncared for.

To effect conservation, and thus aid unemployment, three ways lie open to the state. Two of these would require considerable changes in legislation and the third only a slight modification.

Under our present system of taxation a land owner cannot afford to raise timber if he wants to. Taxes during the forty or fifty-year period that is necessary for trees to mature would perhaps be double the sale price of the timber. As it now is thousands of acres are sold each year through a school land commissioner in each county for non-payment of taxes. If the owner does not redeem his property within a five-year period, it is the duty of the commissioner to sell it and turn the profits into the county school fund. Of the success of this system the latest state auditor's report says of the years of 1921 to 1926 inclusive: "The state and its political subdivisions has received scarcely more than the publication fees paid by the state out of the general school fund and only an insignificant portion of the \$1,779,907.47 (forfeited land taxes) is taxes which should have been returned in full to the state, counties, and districts." Under our present system little more than enough is derived from the sale of delinquent land to pay the legal and publication fees. Why not on a sliding scale reduce taxes on properly forested land during the growth of the timber? This would encourage reforestation and would decrease only slightly the tax revenue.

A second way to aid unemployment and conservation would be to require the bigger lumber interests to reforest the land they timber unless it is to be put into immediate and direct use as farm land or for something else equally valuable. If a company should lack the capital necessary to finance this, surely a system of state subsidy or loans could be devised to meet the needs. With lowered taxes on growing-timber land both the owners and the state would be fully recompensed.

We have almost too few statistics on which to base judgment of the effectiveness and practicability of our third suggestion. It is that the state reforest its own land. We do not know the number of acres of state-owned land that can be profitably reforested; but if the acreage is as large as we should guess, reforestation would provide employment for several thousand workers and with more returns for everyone than road building. Work could begin even earlier in the spring than road work can. This method is worthy of investigation.

To relieve present unemployment and to aid in preventing unemployment in the future our legislature would do well to begin an immediate study of forest conservation.

Egotism is the anesthetic which nature gives us to deaden the pain of being a fool.

—Dr. Herbert Shofield.

The further we proceed, the more formidable are the riddles facing us.

—Professor Albert Einstein.

There are politicians who persist in the illusion that they are alive.

—Benito Mussolini.

We are lassoed fast by American finance.

—David Lloyd George.

CONCORDIAN LAUDS PIONEERS

G. N. S. Has Best Team in State
Says Concord Newspaper

Although the New River Golden Bears have the highest scoring basketball team of the entire conference so far this year, the Glenville Normal School Pioneers have won considerable renown too. In the Conference Clippings column of a recent issue of the "Concordian," weekly newspaper of the Concord State Normal School, the following paragraph appeared:

"After sizing up the situation to the best of our limited abilities, we give Glenville this year's honors. Apparently they have the best team in West Virginia. After piling up such a tremendous score on Wesleyan, after the Methodists had taken over the University should remove all doubt."

PHYSICS APPARATUS ORDERED

School Purchases New Equipment
Needed for Laboratory

Some new equipment has been ordered for experimental work in the physics department, according to John R. Wagner, instructor of physics and chemistry. The cost of the equipment amounted to \$314.

The following apparatus are among the supplies ordered: micro-farad mica condenser, contact and discharge key, ammeter, voltmeter, resistance box, resistance coil, Nicol prism, diffraction grating, spectrum tubes, dynamo analysis apparatus, precision thermometer, and a torsion pendulum.

BOOKS ADDED TO "Y" COUNTER

History 8 and English 30 texts
Are Included in the List

Two additional books have been added to the Y. M. C. A. list for the second-hand book shelf. They are History 8, "Short History of United States" by Bassett, and English 30, "American Poetry and Prose" by Forester. A list of books needed in the classes for the second semester, that have been used in the courses here previously, appeared in the last issue of The Mercury.

Several second-hand books have been received. The Y. M. C. A. urges the students to bring the books they want to sell to the counter at once.

Former Student Edits Ohio Weekly

Francis P. Fisher, former student in the Normal and editor of The Glenville Pathfinder for the past two years, is now editor of The Chagrin Valley (O.) Herald. He has two assistants on the Herald which is an eight page weekly that was established about a year ago. Chagrin Valley is a town of 2700 people situated eighteen miles from downtown Cleveland.

Kanawha Hall Boys Give Dance

The boys of Kanawha Hall gave a dance in the gymnasium Friday night from 7:30 to 11:30 P. M. for the students and faculty of the Glenville Normal School who were spending their semester holidays in Glenville. Two faculty members, Miss Willa Brand and Miss Vinco Moore, and about seventy-five students were present.

Pathfinder Now Printed in Spencer

Although scarcely more than a year old, The Glenville Mercury is now the second oldest newspaper published within Gilmer County. It is understood that The Glenville Pathfinder, the county's oldest newspaper and a member of the Woodyard chain, will be published, beginning this week, at the company's main plant in Spencer and distributed here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wagner Give Party

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Wagner gave a bridge party at their home Thursday evening for the following persons: Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Rohrbough, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Arbuckle, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Beall, Mr. and Mrs. Natus Rohrbough, Mrs. Elwina Sample, Miss Willa Brand, and Miss Grace Lorentz.

Charles Anderson, a former student of Glenville State Normal School and who is now a student at West Virginia University, was visiting friends in Glenville last week.

Dorsey ("Shumie") Hines went to Sand Fork Tuesday night and refereed two basketball games.

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PIONEERS' DEFEAT VISITING EAGLES

Morris-Harvey Five Give Little Opposition to Coach Rohrbough's Crack Shots

(Held over from last week)

Almost without a struggle the Glenville State Normal School Pioneers won from Morris-Harvey College here Monday night 67 to 27. The game as a whole was a rather listless exhibition of basketball, and at no time during the game did the visitors give any serious indication of being a crack floor quintet. The Pioneers' veteran combination of Hines-Lindell-Vass worked the rampage to perfection, while Bloor and Berger at the guard posts gave a fine account of themselves and were responsible for holding Morris-Harvey's midjet forward away from the basket. Hoff, Morris-Harvey forward, was apparently the only man for the visitors that could be relied upon for needed points, and it was a rare exception that he got within easy range of the net for a decent shot.

Glenville marked up twelve points during the first five minutes of play while the Eagles were still sporting a goose egg. Before the first half had elapsed Coach Rohrbough was using his reserve strength which looked almost as finished as the first string. Lloyd Jones and Harold Porterfield, reserves, both played stellar basketball. Jones looped in four field goals and two fouls for a total of ten points. Hines was high scorer for the evening with nine two-pointers.

Glenville finished the game with the third team and might just as well have used the reserve material throughout the entire game it appeared. Only for a last minute rally by Cremeans of the Morris-Harvey

How were the visitors able to give any account of themselves.

Line-up and summary:

Glenville 67	F.G.	F.	T.
Hines f	9	0-0	18
Lindell f N.	2	1-2	5
Porterfield f	2	2-2	6
Burke f	2	1-1	5
O. Deitz f	0	0-1	0
E. Deitz f	1	0-0	2
Skidmore f	0	0-0	0
Vass c (C)	4	1-1	9
Jones c	4	2-4	10
Holbert c	0	0-1	0
Bloor g	3	0-2	6
Berger g	1	3-4	5
Morford g	0	0-0	0
Jeranko g	0	1-3	1
Keith g	0	0-0	0
Wells g	0	0-0	0
Moore g	0	0-0	0
Britton g	0	0-0	0
Total	28	11-21	67

Morris-Harvey 27	F.G.	F.	T.
Hoff f	5	2-6	12
Cremeans f	3	0-0	6
Adkins f	0	0-1	0
Ball f	0	0-0	0
Young c	2	1-4	5
Lindsay c	0	0-0	0
Snyder g	0	0-1	0
Lewis g	0	1-1	1
Wood g	1	1-2	3
Forbes g	0	0-1	0
Total	11	5-16	27

Referee: Art Ward, Marietta College.

ARK AND F. LODGE STILL UNBEATEN

No League Games to Be Played This Week—Y. M. C. A. Team Overcomes Town

(Held over from last week)

The Y. M. C. A. Independent Basketball League played three more games last week, thus making a total of seven games played since its organization, Jan. 12. There are yet eighteen games to be played; because many students will go home

between semesters, none will be played this week.

The game between the Ark and Mansion Tuesday evening resulted in a 24 to 17 victory for the Ark. English, for the Ark was high-point man with a total of 13 points to his credit.

Lineup and summary:

Ark—24	FG	F	TP
Clem, f	1	1	3
Harris, f	0	0	0
Leeber, f	1	2	4
English, c	5	3	13
Eisman, g	2	0	4
Haga, g	0	0	0
Frame, g	0	0	0
Total	9	6	24

Mansions—17	FG	F	TP
Hill, f	0	0	0
Young, f	1	1	3
Simmons, f	2	0	4
Vincent, c	1	0	2
Garton, c	1	0	2
Morris, g	1	1	3
Prim, g	0	1	1
Stewart, g	1	0	2
Total	7	3	17

The Y. M. C. A.—Town game on Wednesday evening resulted in a 33-22 victory for the Y. M. C. A. Hatfield for the "Y" came through with eight field goals to his credit. Rymer and Lewis for the Town tied for honors with four field goals each. The count at the half was 23-6 in favor of the Y. M. C. A.

Lineup and summary:

Y. M. C. A.—33	FG	F	TP
Baker, f	0	0	0
Pentony, f	1	1	3
Hatfield, f	8	0	16
Brannon, f	0	0	0
Weddington, f	1	0	2
Looker, c	3	0	6
Floyd, g	2	1	5
Pickens, g	0	0	0
Taylor, g	0	1	1
Zobrist, g	0	0	0
Total	15	3	33

Town—22	FG	F	TP
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Lewis, f	4	0	8
Davis, f	2	1	5
Rymer, c	4	0	8
Hardman, g	0	0	0
Lorentz, g	0	1	1
Total	10	2	22

For the Kanawha Hall A's—Firestone Lodge game the lineup and summary was:

Kanawha Hall A's—7 FG	F	TP
Henderson, f	1	0 2
Morton, f	0	0 0
Merns, f	1	0 2
Coffindaffer, f	0	0 0
Ferrell, f	0	0 0
Rittenhouse, c	0	1 1
Merns, c	0	0 0
Graham, g	1	0 2
Hull, g	0	0 0

Total	3	1	7
Firestone Lodge—27 FG	F	TP	
Wilson, f	2	0	4
Morgan, f	0	0	0
Deem, f	5	1	11
Possey, c	3	1	7
Cunningham, c	0	0	0
O'Dell, g	0	0	0
Langford, g	0	0	0
Jeranko, g	2	1	5

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Helen Reed Leaves School to Teach

Mrs. Helen L. Reed, a member of the Journalism 1 class of last semester and advertising manager of The Glenville Mercury, will not return to school next semester. Mrs. Reed went to her home, Thursday, at Clay, W. Va., where she will start teaching in a few days.

Mrs. E. H. Morrison, Miss Virginia Wise, and Everett Withers spent the semester holidays with friends in Parsons.

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Glenville, W. Va.

RIPLEY MISSED THIS

By S. Mildred Murray

(Editors' Note: This story was written as an assignment in the course, "The Short Story," taught by Curtis Baxter.)

You know the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. The trouble with that kind of truth is, nobody believes it. Just the same, coming from one whose veracity has never been doubted (so very much) I'll give you a little history and let you doubt if you want to.

Mother likes people of all sorts and sizes and in her spare time she works at the Community House. I think that every type of humanity drifts in there at times. These were given her sympathy, and whatever Mrs. Johnson's, the regular community worker's, less sympathetic and more practical mind thought they needed.

Whenever we could afford it, it was from this driftwood that our series of hired girls and washerwomen came. You know in Dennet you must have at least ten thousand dollars to assume a maid. And woe to those who called the hired girl "the maid."

It was through the Community Service that we got in touch with Mrs. Propts. That name alone covered a multitude of sins. Almost anyone in central West Virginia at the mere mention of it would sneer, "Plebian."

One day Mother waked us up early. It must have been eight-thirty or nine o'clock.

"For heaven's sake get up and clean up this house. You've been asleep long enough, and besides, a woman has come to wash."

We, the twins and I, didn't take this seriously. It was the first time we had been called, and we knew that Mother wasn't in earnest.

It was just about an hour later that these orders came to disturb our second sleep.

"If you're not up and downstairs in the next five minutes I'm coming up and get you up. You'll not go one step out of this house this afternoon. Besides that, whose turn is it to wash the dishes?"

Knowing our mother's sweet disposition we got down stairs in about twenty minutes.

When we went into the kitchen to prepare some breakfast for ourselves the dusky odor of washday filled the room. There bending over a zinc tub was the new washerwoman. These women came and went, so we gave the latest one the once over with a sophisticated air of fourteen and eleven year-olds, respectively.

She was an unusually big woman. Her face was wrinkled as a middle-aged prune and just the color of a frozen russet apple. Her hair, a mixture of blonde and gray parted in the middle, was closely plastered to each side and put up in a little tight knot in the back. A string of blue beads was clasped tightly around her throat somewhere in the vicinity of her third chin. Was that calico ever new? The dress she was wearing had originally been a brown checked pattern, but much washing had almost erased the pattern and color leaving it a dirty tan. Around her waist she had tied a dirty apron which was soaking wet where she leaned against the wash board.

Her personal appearance was nothing but amusing. When she smiled it was good naturedly but showed not one ray of intelligence. She was just a big sloppy moron and that was all.

"Girls, this is Mrs. Propts," said Mother. "She is going to help us for a while. Her house burned last week at Marberry and she has moved in the little house above the hub factory."

"Are these'n all yours?" asked Mrs. Propts.

Mother acknowledged it.

"They certainly are stout looking younguns. Hain't many folks have stout kids like that."

I resented this reference to my fat for I was just at what the relatives termed "the awkward age."

Such was our introduction to Mrs. Propts who was to continue to come once each week and wash, scrub, and clean on Tuesday. Sometimes she came to help with the cleaning before the bridge club met at our house. She was as much an established custom as beans, onions, and cornbread were on washday.

It was small wonder we liked her. It was a circus to talk to her and more than once we would inveigle her into washing our dishes when we were in a hurry to go somewhere. She went her rounds. On Monday she worked at Mary Dorsey's, my chum who lived across the street. That gave us two days each week to listen to her. Mary and I would sit on the cellar steps while she moved her bulk from tub to tub, occasionally pausing to throw back her head and laugh a boisterous cackle while she told us things that were strictly taboo topics of conversation for children of our age. This of course, was much to our delight.

One morning about a year later Mrs. Propts announced to me that her daughter was going to marry Mr. Gab Henline.

"Why Mrs. Propts, just last week you told me that Ivy was going to marry that Sewell fellow."

"Ivy ain't very 'ticular and when he left her she decided to take this here man."

"That's fine. When is the wedding?"

"After prayer meeting on Wednesday. And Ivy asked me to asked you if you wouldn't be the bride."

I nearly had a spasm, but rather than hurt her feelings I controlled my laughter.

"I can't be the bride; Ivy has to be that."

"Well, it's something about the bride."

"I guess you mean the bridesmaid."

"That's may be h'it."

I called Mary as quickly as can be done on a party line and told her the news. We were in our glory. We talked nothing but wedding, wedding, wedding. Finally we became so excited that we were able to coax our mothers into letting us visit the bride. It was after this visit that two excited and overgrown fifteen year olds assumed the roles of majordomos.

"Deed, now he's a catch," said Ivy. "There ain't many men as big fisted as he is. 'Course he's old but he's a good man. He give me ten dollars to buy a layout to get hitched in."

"Oh, let us see your things," Mary and I begged.

"H'its up to Jerone's Store. Them women are fixing me a reed."

This "reed" bothered us and it was not until we went up and talked to Aunt Laura (as we called one

of the women who worked in this department store) that we solved the mystery.

We saw the cheap lawn dress with about twenty yards of narrow lace and insertion that was to grace the tall lanky bride with a Vesuvius complexion. Aunt Laura said they had all had to take a turn waiting on her to keep from laughing in her face when the trousseau was being purchased. It consisted of a wreath and veil (the mysterious reed) made of yellowed curtain net with a shopworn and faded wreath of orange blossoms, a pair of white cotton stockings, while some cheap canvas oxfords completed her array. It was a truly royal trousseau.

We promised to furnish some flowers for the wedding. With some sweetheart roses that were in bloom at the time and some white rose buds we did a noble job of a corsage. An old party dress surrendered enough pale pink tulle to make it presentable. Five amateur florists worked with tinfoil and florist wire till our masterpiece was almost a work of art. By this time we had the whole gang in on the wedding, helping with the arrangements.

That evening we went over to visit before going to the church. Oh! horrors, the license had not come. We politely took our flowers and went home. The wedding was postponed until Sunday night.

The wedding came almost as an anticlimax. Disgusted, we gave to the twins our job as florists. Their bouquet was made from bright pink Seven Sister roses. They were a violent pink and very coarse, not the type usually chosen for a wedding. It was arranged like a floral offering at a Chicago gangster's funeral. The tulle was lacking but in its place was brown dotted veiling resurrected from heaven knows where.

I'll admit that the twins were liberal providers. They had dressed the young sister of the bride and a little Italian friend of hers in their own ruffled white organdie dresses. Tuscany's child in contrast to white looked like one from Stanley's Dark-est Africa. "Marget," the sister showed a great similarity to a prosperity graft from the high and low water marks. Together they carried a covered basket filled with flowers of all descriptions.

The last thing the bride did before starting for the church was to get her wedding ring from an old sugar bowl.

"Why don't you give Mr. Henline the ring?" someone asked her.

"No, I bought the ring with my own money and I'm going to keep it. Besides, Gab might make up his mind to keep it and sell it for a pint to get drunk on."

With that we left the house for the church.

There hadn't been such a crowd since the Christmas treat.

We slipped up the aisle just ahead of the bridal procession and stood while the ironical pianist played Lohengrin's "Wedding March."

Down the middle aisle came the flower girls followed by the short gnome-like groom holding onto the

arm of the timid bride, towering head and shoulders above him. The bride was holding her corsage straight in front of her like a bunch of celery. Behind them came the mother, our Mrs. Propts, in her awful-Sunday clothes, and her neighbor, Mrs. Tony DeSilveno, with her youngest offspring astraddle her hip.

As the ceremony advanced, a huge moth caught in the meshes of the bride's veil crawled farther and farther up her back.

With "Yes sree" substituted for the conventional "I do" Ivy took that man to be her lawful wedded husband. She took off the ring, gave it to the preacher, who in turn gave it to the groom to return to the bride.

Handing the flowers to the preacher, the bride grabbed her newly acquired husband's hand, and two steps ahead of him to the strains of "Don Juan Triumphant" led him from the altar.

Oh well, I really didn't expect you to believe this anyway. But as Mrs. Propts said, "Ivy got her a good man." And that good man is now the proud father of triplets.

H. Y. Clark visited with friends in Morgantown during holidays between semesters.

Fred Wilson visited at his home in Parkersburg last week.

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