

# Hinton High School The Dart 1911

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# **The Dart**

## **A Brief History**

The Dart was a publication of the school with the first issue published Dec. 21, 1911. It was a small 14 to 18 page booklet, six pages devoted to ads. It cost ten cents and it was initially published each month of the "School Year". It was the brainchild of City Superintendent of Schools, Howard F. Fleshman. He was the city superintendent from 1901 to 1904 and was re-appointed in Sept. 1911. At that time we had a city school system and a county system. Fleshman named the publication. The first year five issues were published with a final a larger booklet, termed the "Year Book." It had 25 pages and was much like the present Dart. After a few years the monthly issues stopped (it is believed in 1918 because of the war) and it became the annual yearbook around 1920.

Attached is a copy of the very first issue of "The Dart", Vol. 1, No. 1.

Vol. 1

No. 1



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# The Dart

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December

Nineteen and Eleven



# THE DART

PUBLISHED BY THE PARTHENIAN AND DELPHIAN SOCIETIES OF  
THE HINTON HIGH SCHOOL, HINTON, W. Va.

VOL. I.

December 1911

No. I.

Issued Monthly during the school year.

Terms: 25c. per year in advance. Single copy 10c.

Address Editors, High School, Hinton, W. Va.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

### Editors in Chief

Parthenian Delphian  
Inez M. Brown Carrie V. Vermillion

### Local Editors.

H. Clifford Foster H. H. Saunders

### Athletic Editors.

Everett H. Smith H. E. Riddleberger

### Alumni Editors.

Esta M. Meadows Lucile C. Settle

### Exchange Editors.

Pearl Litsinger Mary G. Meadows

Howard Fleshman, Business Manager

Howard Templeton Asst. Bus. Mgr.

## EDITORIALS.

This is the first attempt that has been made to publish a paper in this school and we feel that our position is a precarious as well as responsible one. We shall endeavor to make each copy better than the one preceding.

Had it not been for the untiring zeal of our Superintendent, Mr. Fleshman, (of whom you will hear more later), who attended to all business matters, our project would have died in the planning.

To a forbearing public and especially to the generous people of Hinton, who have so nobly stood by our school in the past, and who know that we are young not only in experience but in years also, we, with fear and trembling, offer this, our initial number.

—o—

Some one said the other day "what is the use of an education any way? People who do not have an education make money. And some who do have a college education do office work. So why not just study one subject."

It is correct to specialize upon one subject but not to leave off the rest entirely, since it confines one to a certain line and makes him narrow. He does not know how to appreciate the things of life which do not come in his line of study, because he does not understand them. He even condemns things that he knows absolutely nothing about, neither does he want to know about them. The highest aim of education is not to make money only but to enable one to understand and to live in a broader field and enjoy all things of life.

—o—

Some bran was analyzed in our chemical laboratory not long ago and found to contain straw and sawdust. One of the teachers had been feeding the bran to his chickens. Either the government is not thoroughly executing the Pure Food Law or else it does not consider it necessary that fowls and animals should have nutritious food.

The chemistry class will be very glad to analyze any food given to them and publish the contents in the next issue of this paper.

This is the first year that we have had a class in agriculture in the High School. The leaders of education are just learning the great necessity of teaching this study in the school. Since the population is increasing geometrically and the food supply is increasing arithmetically, it is evident that there will soon be more people than food. This evil may be avoided if taken in time, by teaching how an abundance of food stuff may be raised upon a small space. This should especially be taught in country schools. In many states it has been put in the required free school branches.

It seems to be the chief aim in life of some of the school girls to sit around and look pretty,—they may not make good grades and we predict that they will marry young but they will not be hilariously happy—but gee, how we envy them! But we cannot all be butterflies, and we must get to work, so here goes:  
The hardest problem of an editor's pen

Is what to write about and when,  
But sadder than that is to have to coax  
People to laugh at our homemade jokes.

It has been said, "never put off until tomorrow anything that can be done today." Some of the students do the opposite and never do anything today that they can put off until tomorrow. Tomorrow never comes.

The High School is highly elated over the new laboratory and apparatus for Physics and Chemistry. We now have a large recitation and apparatus room. This has aided our progress in science beyond value.

We have had a number of valuable donations to our museum within the past month, of which we are very grateful. Any other donations will be greatly appreciated.

It is regular and honest class work that makes examinations easy.

Slow but sure our new library building is nearing completion. We hope it will be ready for us by the first of the year. It will be quite an addition to the school.

We wish every one in the High school to enjoy Christmas week, but if you do not you have examination week to look forward to.

We do not know how to thank the business men for the advertisements they have given us. They have made the paper possible.

This issue is not exactly as we would like it but it has the virtue of being home grown.

In the next issue there will be a page devoted to what other High Schools are doing.

### TO OUR EXCHANGERS.

We are very, very new, as we are now, so once were you; but in time to come you see, as you are now we hope to be. If we chance to cross your track, pray do not put us on the rack. We hope you'll always be so kind as to encourage an aspiring mind. It is our wish that you'll arrange with our paper to exchange. If our frailties you'll excuse, we'll proceed to give the news. "Alas!" I hear you say, "'Tis true, The Dart is pathetically new."

### LOOK! LISTEN!

All sympathizers with the Woman's Forward Movement next month will be interested in the article "Why I Never Married," by a Suffragette.

It seems that some parents would have their boys lose \$5.00 worth of school opportunity in order to earn 50 cents.

You can grow a squash in four months, but it requires four years of study and thought to grow a High School graduate.

## MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

Into every life comes a few days which we mark on the calendar of time in red letters. Such a one was my first day at school. It seems as if it were but yesterday. From the moment I awoke until that day of days had passed I was possessed of a delightful shivery feeling of happy nervousness and great importance. With superb contempt I surveyed my younger brother and sister—mere children I thought, but subjects for future lectures on respectfulness. Was I not starting to school?

At length mother succeeded in convincing me that young ladies who had reached the mature age of seven and were beginning their career, did not always dress themselves, and I graciously allowed her the honor of arraying me. Oh the glories of that new red dress, and those squeaky, shiny shoes! I was not vain, oh! no, but perhaps I did have a super-abundance of self respect. And what did it matter if I did consume a great deal of time in surveying myself from every possible viewpoint in the mirror when I had a good reason? For Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these—namely me.

At last, however, I satisfied myself that my appearance was beyond reproach and grasping with one hand my precious primer and with the other father's hand I started to school. He took me no farther, however, than the gate, and having told me how to reach the primary room, cruel fate, left me.

How grown-up I felt! With all the dignity I could muster I walked sedately to the door. There I paused a moment to give my dress a pull in front, and a pat behind, and, to ascertain how I should walk to make my shoes squeak as much as possible. Then I opened the door. Alas! All the dignity and grace of my dreams had deserted me. It seemed there were a million children and every one looked at me. My knees shook, my legs wobbled, and I am very sure that if I had opened my mouth my heart would have dropped out. After what seemed many centuries the

teacher, who I was very sure was a goblin in disguise, came to me and in a voice which sounded as if she were trying to bite a nail at the same time asked me my name. I told her and she said with what was supposed to be a smile, but which struck me as the other way, that I might sit by her desk.

For a while I wished the floor would open and swallow me, but as no one seemed to notice me I felt my courage gradually returning. When it came my turn I said my ABC's, and when I spelled the h-e-n hen, which the light headed boy in front of me missed, I would not have exchanged laurels with Socrates.

But all good things must have an end, and so with this. During the rest of the day I stood up when the rest stood, sat down with the rest and dared not open my mouth for fear the teacher would transform me into an imp of some form or another. and soon my first day of school was over.

PEARL NOEL.

Some people still have very strange ideas of religion. It would seem that in this modern day and time, that no one would believe in "The Transmigration of Souls," yet within the last few years I have known personally, of such a person. It was that of a young girl who had worked for her living and was in other ways like other girls. I think she got her strange ideas from a book on the subject, which must have been a very peculiar one to have affected her as it did. One of her beliefs was that in one of the stages of her existence she had been an Assyrian princess, and at another time a very fine race horse. A mouse was killed in the store where she worked and she almost had hysterics. She had a pet lizard which she considered sacred and thought it her duty to attend it like a slave.

—P. L.

To some people a joke should be like a doctor's prescription, accompanied by directions for taking.

## MOLLYCODDLES.

I have been requested to write a serious paper on Mollycoddles. I fancy any one taking them seriously

One of Dicken's characters was made to write an essay on "Chinese Metaphysics." When asked how he got on with his article, he replied, "Fine, nothing easier. I looked in the Encyclopaedia for Chinese, under C, and Metaphysics, under M, took all that was said about each and put them together." Now I propose to follow the same method. Not having an Encyclopaedia at hand I'll use the words in the accepted terms of the South. Molly—A rabbit. Coddle—To handle. To pet. So there you are, —A petted rabbit. And who ever saw one they didn't want to pet. (I mean rabbit), emblem of innocence, hence the appropriateness of the term.

Take most any mother's darling, dress him in a suit of gray or blue, or, in fact, any color, so that the fit is good; a silk shirt, ditto lavender hose, buttoned kid shoes, a reef or two in his trousers, wide cuffs, with large link buttons, a flowing plaid tie, neat but not gaudy. Add a lady-like little watch and chain, and he is just too killing for anything, though he never kills anything but time and he couldn't kill that if he had to swat it like you do a fly. Any natural expression he may have had has been wholly erased by contrast by looking in his mirror and gazing out the windows at the "pretty girls, don't cher know."

Put a soft hat on his still softer head, give him a delicate cane with a large head that he can put in his mouth as a stopper in case he attempts to make a remark and hasn't the energy to finish it. Now start him down street to see "Fweddy" and you have the finished product, analyzed, classified, labeled and delivered.

After all, I don't believe I'll write on Mollycoddles, as some of the boys may take offense. Instead, I will give you a brief account of a visit to Mrs. Flim Flams. You must know that she is the most talked of and the most sought after woman in town. She is said to have a perfect house,

a most perfect husband and a most perfect participle baby. She has reduced the smallest detail of house-keeping to a science.

With her fireless cookers, broomless sweepers, dustless dusters, washless washdays and foodless meals, naturally she has plenty of time to devote to traveling and to her social duties. Therefore she is highly cultured and always well dressed.

We were shown into a drawing room where a smudgy fire was doing its best to burn in a drawless grate. Mrs. Flim Flam received us with a mirthless smile on her expressionless face. She was dressed with careless care in a hipless gown of matchless style. A listless lady with a lot of colorless hair, was singing a senseless song in a tuneless voice, accompanied by the toneless piano.

In the nurseless nursery the cryless baby had just awakened from a restless nap and was having a painless spasm caused by a toothless toothache.

Mr. Flim Flam now arrived with a speedless dispatch on his aerocycle, greeted his wife with a smackless kiss, and told a pointless joke in faultless English. 'He had a hairless pate and a beardless face which was ornamented by a pair of rimless glasses perched upon a bridgeless nose.

In the dinnerless dining room we were served with tealess tea, tasteless toast, creamless cream and fruitless cake, accompanied by absolutely punchless punch, by a maid in heelless shoes who walked with noiseless tread around the carpetless room.

We bade them good night on the porch as the cloudless moonlight filtered thro' the leafless vines casting shapeless shadows over the flawless floor. Our host was chewing the end of a smokeless cigar, our hostess gently rocking in a rockerless chair. With cheerless cheerfulness we left them and we thought what a homeless home!

That night I went to sleep, vaguely wondering if they were Flimless Flams or Flamless Flims or—what's the use!

INEZ M. BROWN

The monotony of school life in the Hinton High School has been broken by the organization of two literary societies, the Parthenian and Delphian. There are about forty members in each society, and all are doing good work.

The following officers have recently been elected:

#### Parthenian.

President .....Dora Schweickert  
Vice-President .....Lula Early  
Treasurer .....Lillian Bagley  
Sergeant at Arms .....Elvin M. Dor  
Secretary .....Lillian Loving

#### Delphian.

President .....Carrie Vermillion  
Vice-President .....Clyde Johnson  
Treasurer .....Ethel Litzinger  
Sergeant at Arms .....Oscar Driggs  
Secretary .....Kathryn Smith

After some contention our literary societies have gone to work earnestly.

#### RULES FOR THE FRESHMEN.

Freshmen should greet Seniors with lowered eyelids.

Freshmen are commanded not to make undue noise in the corridor, as the Seniors are very temperamental.

Freshmen will please not speak while Seniors are conversing.

Do not bother the Seniors by asking them the meaning of simple words, or how to spell them, but consult the dictionary in the Library.

A Freshman should always stand in the presence of a Senior.

Freshmen should all stand with bowed heads while the Seniors pass out of the room.

Freshmen, Freshmen, don't you cry, You'll be Seniors by and by.

Any Freshman taking the liberty of addressing a Senior on the street, without being first recognized, shall, as a fit punishment, be sentenced to

Mr. Robinson's room for a week! So beware!

The Freshmen must be ready at all vacant periods to run errands for the Seniors.

Freshmen, skip this paragraph. It is really unfit for publication. It got into our paper by a mistake and we asked the editor to destroy it or set it upside down.

If he had to stand on his head.  
We know he'd get at it somehow  
This poem he's already read.  
feather  
Now, we'll wager ten cents to a  
If he gets the least kind of a show.  
But you bet he'll find it out anyhow,  
It's something he ought not to know,  
man,  
If there's anything worries a Fresh-

#### Dietic Geography.

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Then come along, I'll Fiji."—Albert Lea, College Bulletin.

"What it is that's no good till it's hung?"

"It Is-a-dore," murmured Della absently.

When you see a sad-faced woman, you don't know whether she has loved and lost, or whether she loved and got him.

There was a nice young man called Jamie,

To Inez house one night came he,

He played flinch and rocked

Till she was really quite shocked,  
For she didn't know he was so gamey.

Faye (in the country)—"Oh, what pretty cowlets.

Henry—"Them ain't cowlets, them's bullets.

If duns were written on post cards some people would have a mighty fine collection.



## ATHLETICS.

The Hinton High School's foot ball season was not so bad as it was supposed to have been. Considering the fact that most of the players had never played a game until this season, and that the conditions under which we had to practice were unfavorable, the team did far better than most any other school team in its first season. This is largely due to the excellent coaching of Mr. Robinson.

The team is composed of a bunch of "scrappy" players, who are bent on coming to the front sometime or other. When beaten they congratulate the victors and then practice hard for the next clash.

The first game was played at Lewisburg, W. Va., the score being 22 to 0 in favor of the G. P. S. The Hinton boys played a good game but were outweighed by about fifteen pounds to the man, which was a scoring point for the G. P. S. Lewisburg was H. H. S.'s greatest opponent and our boys worked to beat them, but their men were too heavy for us.

The second game was played at Ronceverte. The score was 0 to 0. This was a one sided game in Hinton's favor but the Ronceverte boys had the luck and the game resulted in the above score.

The next game was played at Covington, Va., against Covington High school. The score was 0 to 0. Hinton's goal was never in danger and it was only a muddy and slippery field that caused the score to be what it was.

The fourth game was won by the H. H. S., at Alderson. The score was 25 to 10 in Hinton's favor. This game showed the strength of the H. H. S.'s line, especially that of the guards and tackles. Cook was the star player, making three touch downs and several long runs.

We next played against Charleston. The score was 18-0 in favor of C. H. S. The mud on the Charleston field was ankle deep which prevented our team from playing fast ball. Charles-

ton also had from 75 to 100 players from whom to select their team. We had 20.

The last game was played at home against Ronceverte, the score being 11 to 0 in favor of the Hinton boys. This game showed the merits of the H. H. S. boys. We were unable to get a game for Thanksgiving. The season closed with a victory on our side.

Every player deserves special credit for his splendid work, especially Bryant and Wyant, the two ends, who were always "Johnnies on the spot." Skaggs and Bess, the tackles, were noted for going behind the line and nabbing their opponent. Driggs and Boland, the two 195 pound guards, deserve special mention for their fast work and fine line "smashing."

Saunders played center and is one of the best players in this section. He was right there when it came to putting the ball to the back field. Cook, the backfield, was noted for swiftness and aggressiveness. The Hinton boys regretted much that he quit school and moved to Charleston. Mr. Robinson took his place and finished up the season's work with great form.

Quarter back Johnson was the lightest on the team but he made up for his weight by using his quick mind.

Half backs Foster and Riddleberger showed their ability when it came to hitting the line and in the end runs.

In all, the season was a success, and if given a chance next year, we hope to tread the foot ball war path with honor.

EVERETT SMITH,  
H. E. RIDDLEBERGER.

Whether you wear skirts harem, or pants, subscribe for the "Dart," 25c in advance.

Joe Allen, our faithful janitor deserves much credit for not missing but one day in fourteen years. We hope he will continue with us.

## ALUMNI NOTES FOR H. H. S.

Mr. John Heflin (1902), the former principal of H. H. S. is now at the Chicago University pursuing the study of law. From all reports he is doing fine and still enjoying his afternoon "Knapp."

Mr. Thomas Bess and Ray Bobbitt, two of our former graduates are taking a medical course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore, Md. It will soon be Bess and Bobbitt, Md.

Emmons Graham, one of our graduates of 1909 is at present engaged in the banking business. He hopes in time to become a prosperous banker. From all prospects we think he will soon become "engaged" otherwise.

Jay Riffe, one of our graduates of (1908) is taking a general course at "Cornell" this year.

We have learned there is soon to be a new Furniture Company in the city in which a graduate of 1904, Mr. Irvin Meadows is to be manager.

Miss Mae Matteson, a graduate of 1909, is now Mrs. Irvin Meadows.

Miss Eva Womack (1911), has abandoned her persistent studies of domestic science for awhile and is helping during the Christmas rush at Hughes' store.

Miss Norma Willey and Mr. Elbert Taylor arrived Tuesday night from Marshall college to spend Christmas here. Miss Edith Dame is expected home Thursday morning.

Teacher: "Willie, what's the new baby's name?"

Willie: "Evil."

Teacher: "Evil! Why that's surely wrong."

Willie: "Nope, I heard the minister talking to Pop about 'the crying Evil of the day,' and that's the baby for he cries all the time."

## NO ROYAL ROAD.

Many students are daily wondering if there is a royal road to education.

We do not exactly know what they mean by royal road, but we suppose they mean a way to get an education and not work for it. There are ways by which you may get a diploma from a school and not work for it, but that does you no good.

The possession of a diploma or certificate does not make you any the wiser if you have bought or bluffed your way through school. You are no more capable of coping with the problems you meet than you were in the grades, in fact less.

You may say I have my diploma. Does that imbue your brain with knowledge? Does it make you work and think in a logical manner? Does it make the daily tasks any easier to perform than they were before you begun school? If it does your purchased diploma is all right. If not it is all wrong.

By experience and good sound reasoning we know that no one can purchase an education with dollars and cents. He may purchase the parchment with a few italicised letters upon it, but that does not signify your knowledge nor your ability to do things.

Can you prove to your fellow men you are competent to do the work your paper gives you credit? If you can you are the equipped person for whom the public is looking, and you are the one who has labored for your education.

As Franklin says diligence is the mother of good luck. He who has patience can have anything. Truer words were never spoken.

So let us quit trying to bluff our teachers and do good honest work. Take the words of Euclid to his royal student Ptolemy, where he inquired if there were any way of getting geometry without work. Euclid replied, "There is no royal road to Geometry." The words of Euclid will apply to our case. There is no royal road to Education.

## PERSONAL.

Three of our High School teachers, Miss Kunkle, Mr. Reinhart, and Mr. Robinson, will leave Friday for their respective homes, Miss Kunkle for Morgantown, Mr. Reinhart for Shepherdstown, and Mr. Robinson for Clarksburg. We hope they will all have a very enjoyable Christmas.

Howard Saunders has always been fond of red-headed girls.

WANTED: To know whether Miss Lulu Earley's heart is in Florida or Lynchburg?

WANTED—A patent flesh reducer. Apply to Miss Dorothy Schweickert.

WANTED—An Affinity. Apply to Mr. T. J. Robinson.

FOR SALE—Some knowledge about physics. Apply in person to H. J. Templeton.

## PENMANSHIP.

The new system of writing which was adopted by the Board of Education at the beginning of this school year, has met with unusual success.

Below are the names of those pupils who have already attained rewards in writing the Palmer Method of Business Writing:

Annievieve Quisenberry, Gertrude Lipscomb, Stalie, Ried, Arthur Ried, Lottie Brammer, Dewey Pratt, Clair Bigony, Gladys Nowlan, Nell Saunders, Dearise Cox, Charlton Bigony, Hobert Hamer, Ivor Stover, Ray Mezdor, Cecil Stinnett, Charles Lane, Clair Wingfield, Ernest Graham, Robert Bess, Harvey Boley, Clarence Pierce, Lake Parker, Edgar Whanger, Linden Dodson, Vivian Sydnor, Earl Yago, Ray James, William Thomasson, Nellie Hutchinson, Harold Smith, Boyed Brown, Porter Waldo, Ethel Hornbarger.

Very respectfully,

L. M. HOLTON.

## PAINFUL PARAGRAPHS.

What is lighter than a feather?  
The breeze that blows in summer weather.

What is lighter than the breeze?  
That horrid stuff that makes you sneeze.

Nothing lighter than this you'll find,  
Except the lightness of a Freshman's mind.

Snow, snow, beautiful snow,  
Pay your subscription, we need the dough.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I am going a-voting, sir," she said;  
"Well, I cannot marry a suffragette."  
"No one wants to—don't fret."

I never had a history lesson,  
Particularly deep and bright,  
But what some frisky Sophomore  
Was called on to recite.

Eva: My! How I'd like to take a ride!

What! On a Tally-ho?

Henry B. went to town  
Upon a load of straw;  
He'd never been to town before,  
And he grinned at all he saw.

Elvyn: What in the world do those people mean by aluminum editors?  
I didn't think anything but combs were made of aluminum.

## HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL SONG.

When the Hinton High School falls  
in line,  
We will win our own game another  
time;

For the H. H. S. I root, I yell,  
We will fight, fight, fight, for every  
hour,

Circle the ends and hit the line right  
hard,

We will roll our opponents on the  
sod,

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Tune:—The one the old cow died

# CURRENT EVENTS IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Mr. Robinson: Lulu, what's the old name for ammonia?"

Lulu: "Spirits of Horseradish."

Advice to the Teachers: When you call on the students from seven 'till eleven kindly give them a hundred next day.

"Carrie, how do you like the Jones' family?"

"I like Al-der-sons."

"Maude, do you like to play flinch?"

"Yes, if I can Win-all the time."

We perceive that Oscar Driggs has fallen off till he's just a shadow, but the shadow eclipses the room.

Why did the salt shaker?

Because he saw the spoon-holder, the lemon squeezer and the potato masher. (So do you blame him)?

Wonder why Mr. Reinhart is so Loving here lately?

It has been noticed that the young gentlemen are very ladylike in rhetoric class.

It is rumored that we are going to lose one of our members, Paul Heflin, who is steadily going back to babyland. He is already drinking the baby's milk.

One of the teachers and a junior friend were out driving Sunday. He asked her why she was silent. She said, "Nobody loves me and my hands are cold."

He answered in this touching manner:

"Your father loves you and your mother loves you,

Isn't that enough?

And if your little hands get cold

Why, keep them in your muff."

Maude: "I went to school in Virginia, winter before last."

Mabel: "What part?"

Maude: "All of me, of course."

Junior: I hear Willie Snead is going to study pharmacy.

Sophomore: Well! I didn't know he was going to be a farmer.

Everett: Let's see,—what did Oliver Twist write?

Lulu—I don't know. I think it was Gray's Elegy.

Seymour recently made a trip to Huntington to visit his girl. She is a very sweet girl with powder, paint and perfume, but she doesn't speak very plainly. After waiting considerable time for her to put on the last bit of perfume she came tripping into the parlor, saying with a sweet smile, "My! don't I smell feet (sweet)?"

"No, darn you, you don't smell mine," and he hurriedly left the room.

Inez—Maude what is an atom?

Maude—Atom- er-a, that place in your throat, ain't it.—Atoms Apple?

After all, can anything be called original? When we hear or read anything new do we not have a hazy recollection of having heard it before? And who knows, perhaps we have in some previous existence.

Poor Seniors have many faults,

Dear Freshmen have but two,  
(i. e.) There's nothing right they say,  
And there's nothing right they do.

Women have intuitive power,

While man applies his reason,  
It takes a woman just an hour  
Where it takes a man a season

"To get the idea."

Sambo had a little gun,

Sambo pulled the trigger—

When the census man came around  
He found he was short a nigger.

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## ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

How can I always have good biscuits, Mamie.

Let your mother make them.

Is it proper on a hay ride for a gentleman to put his arm around a young lady?

ELOISE.

In some places it is considered proper. (Bellevue)—But we think it is very improper unless it is raining.

How is the proper way to chew gum.

PEARL.

Shut yourself in a closet where no one will see you.

How can I develop the muscles of my arms?

DORA.

By turning a Crank.

Will you please tell me what kind of a device I can get to lean on while trying to recite?

ANTONIO TOMPKIES.

Try Mr. Robinson's arm.

How may I become well informed on current events?

MARY STUART.

Study Leslie's.

I walk quite a distance to school, will you please tell me how I can keep from scratching my shoes?

ESTA. Keep away from the Briers.

I am annoyed by the habit of biting my finger nails, how shall I break it?

LUCILLE.

Keep your fingers out of your mouth.

How can I have better manners in school?

WILBUR.

Manners! in school! Why the idea is preposterous! Ask Mr. Robinson, he might have a book on them.

Minnie: "How shall I learn my French?"

Miss Sallie: "How-ard do you try?"

Minnie: "Oh! I try Him all the time."

How can I keep a certain girl in the H. H. S. from capturing all my suitors?

EVA.

Get one that won't suit her.

We know Mr. Holton was very much gratified the other day at having Mr. Reinhart grading his penmanship papers in the Seventh grade.

It's something in a duck that keeps him dry, not something on him.

What is the difference between a student and a loafer?

The student "corners" his books while the loafer "corners" the street.

(With apologies to Kipling).

Who is it drives dull care away  
And keeps the household going?  
Who saves up for a rainy day  
Without your ever knowing?  
And when a crisis comes  
To meet it she'll not fail  
For the female of the species has  
More courage than the male.

When Johnny's out playing  
He demolishes his kite,  
And then he tries to fix it  
And is in a sorry plight;  
At last he cuts his finger  
And runs to you a yelling,  
What you'd like to do to him,  
There really is no telling;  
She binds the wounded member  
And makes the kite a tail,  
For the female of the species  
Has more patience than the male.

When fortune eludes your grasp  
And business is bum,  
Who is it wears a cheerful smile  
While you are looking grum?  
She will not desert you,  
Even though you land in jail,  
For the female of the species,  
Is truer than the mail.

—I. M. B.

Eva had a sailor suit,  
She wore it all the time;  
She really looked so very cute  
That I've put it now, in rhyme.

### HOW TO RUN AN AUTO.

The first thing necessary is to turn the switch key on the batteries. This done you move the little levers on the guide wheel, giving it the amount of electricity and gasoline needed in order to crank the machine up.

The machine having been cranked, you turn the switch key off of the batteries and push the low gear on. This starts the machine. After it gets started well, push the high gear pedal. This throws it into high gear. This makes the machine run more smoothly and the engine does less work.

Now suppose you are ready to climb a hill. If the hill is not very steep, by giving the machine more gasoline at the bottom of the hill, it will sometimes climb the hill in high gear. But, if the hill is very steep you will find it necessary after you have gone several yards, to push the low gear pedal. With the aid of this and plenty of gasoline it climbs the steepest of hills.

When you start down the hill you put it in low gear, shut off all the gasoline, and use the foot brake. If it is a very steep hill you will find it necessary to use the hand brake also.

Now you are ready to make the turn. Put the machine in low gear, shut off nearly all of the gasoline, and run the machine in close to the curb, before making the turn. Now, turn the guide wheel slowly around, all the time pushing the low gear, and pull the machine up to the curb

on the opposite side of the street. This done you reverse the low gear brake, and quickly revolve the guide wheel. This turns the machine around.

After the machine is well started you must throw it back in high gear. To stop a machine you shut off nearly all of the gasoline, put it in low gear, and push the brake. If you don't give it plenty of gasoline, when you stop the auto it will lose its spark. T. S.

### JOKE.

There was a man in a certain choir,  
Who warbled like Caruso,  
But the organist made so many mistakes  
That now he doesn't do so.

We also think Lillian Loving  
should take lessons from a Byrd.

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I have very far to walk to school  
will you please advise me what I  
can get to help me up the hill. MARY.  
You might get another Legg.

Some folks have three hands—a  
left hand a right hand and a little behind hand.

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### WHAT WE DID IN THE GEOMETRY CLASS YESTERDAY.

In the first place we were kept in the preceding class, ten minutes over time.

Our teacher, who seemed rather worked up over the fact that we were late, did not get settled down to geometry again that morning. He seemed rather inclined to let us discuss the various subjects concerning "High School work," and the amount of studies each might pursue.

One of our brightest and most promising students wanted to drop Geometry and take up German. As she was part Dutch, she thought that she might some day be associated with more Dutchmen than she is at present, and not knowing more German than she did now, she would be rather embarrassed. She was finally induced to carry Geometry along with German.

Again one of the students wanted to take up French as an extra study. Upon making the statement that Algebra was easy, she was asked if she had worked all the problems in the back of the book. Upon replying in the affirmative she met with a series of "ohs," "ah's," and "ah, you didn't did you?" After referring them to the book of truth, Miss Sallie Hudson, they again subsided into silence.

The question was then brought up of whether geometry was intended for boys or girls. The teacher, who was once a boy himself, seemed to think he would rather teach boys. "The girls," he said, "hardly ever make any use of Geometry, unless they intend to teach."

After a few such discussions, the class bell rang and we retired to meet again the following day.

TERESA STREET

WANTED—Some one to teach Della the Jew language.

What is Eloise's favorite hymn?  
"I want to be an Angel."

Minnie—"Virginia, why do you study in the hall so often?"

Virginia—"O, I'm studying some favorite selections from Bryant."

Why didn't the lions eat Daniel?  
Because he was one-third backbone and two thirds grit.



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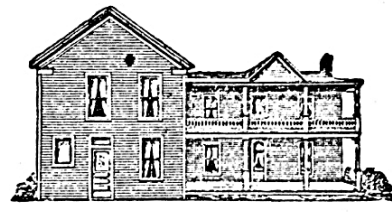
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