

—THE—
HORNED FROG
'08

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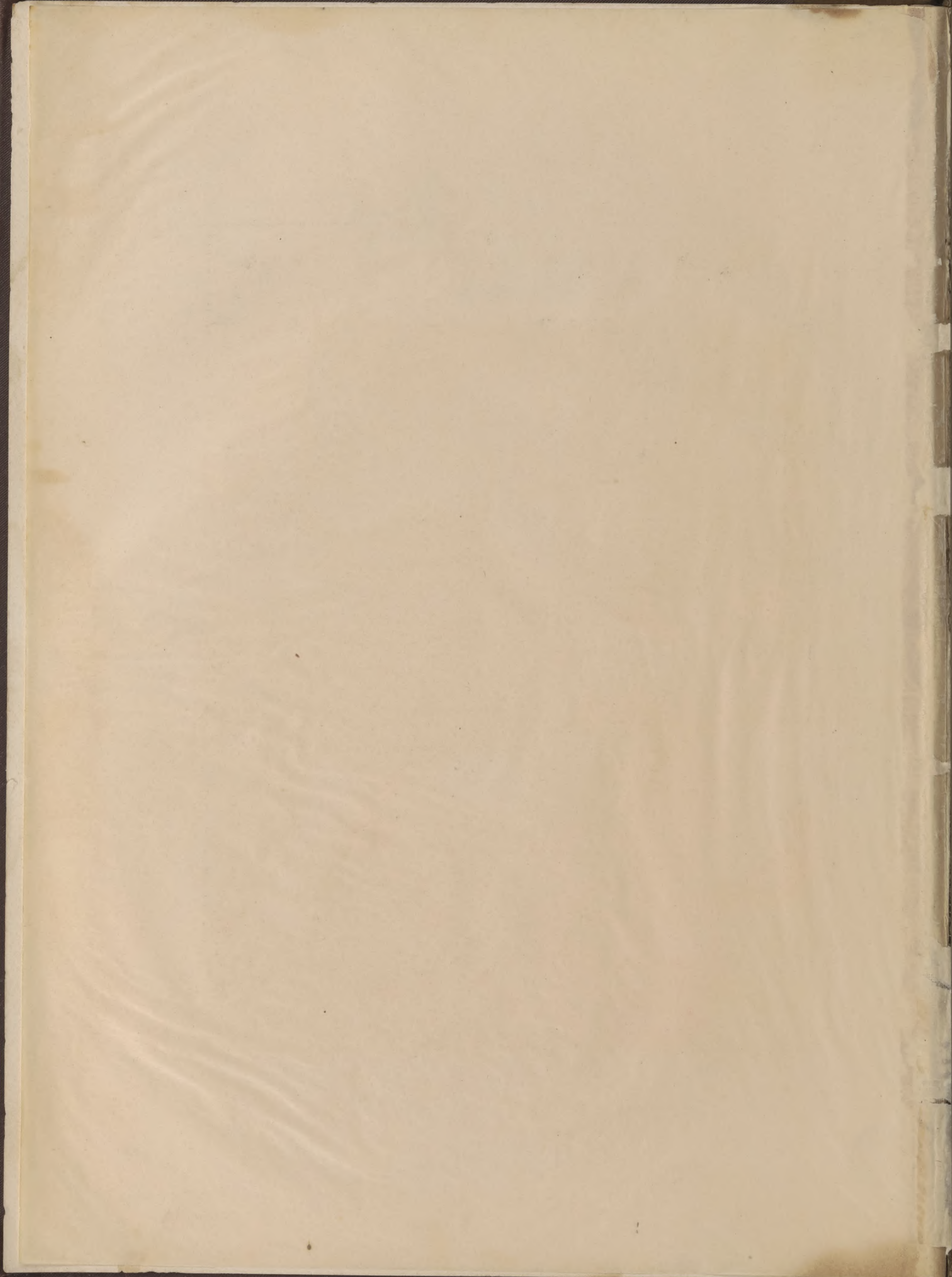
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Greetings





Greetings



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VOLUME V



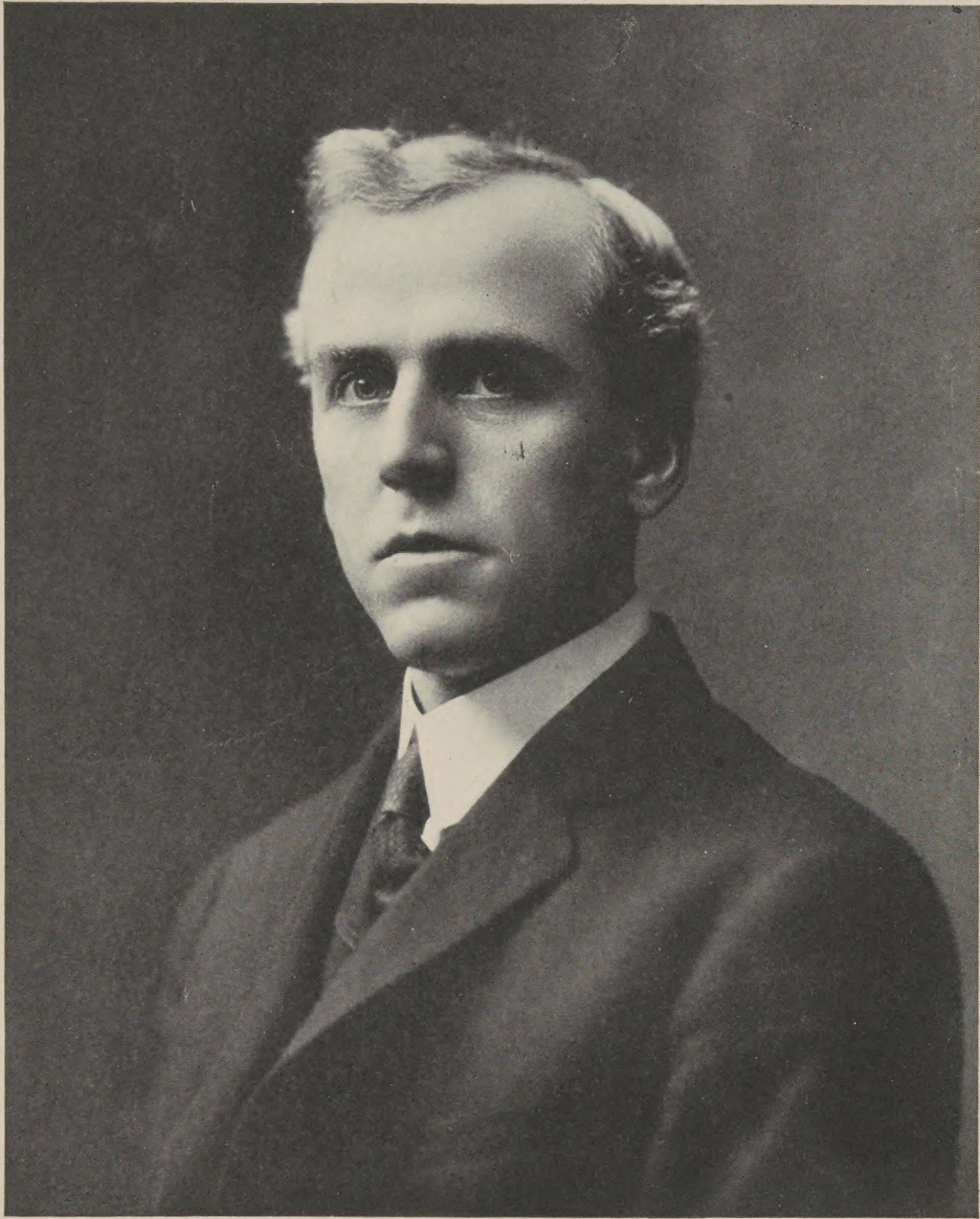
PUBLISHED ANNUALLY
BY
The Senior Class
OF
TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY
=

TO
Professor Bruce McCully

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS FAITHFUL AND EFFICIENT
SERVICES AS THE HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT
OF ENGLISH, AND IN TESTIMONY OF THE
ESTEEM AND AFFECTION IN WHICH HE IS
HELD BY THE STUDENT BODY, THIS
VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated

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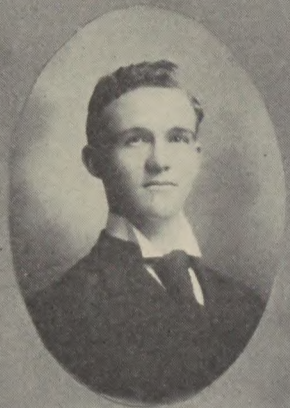
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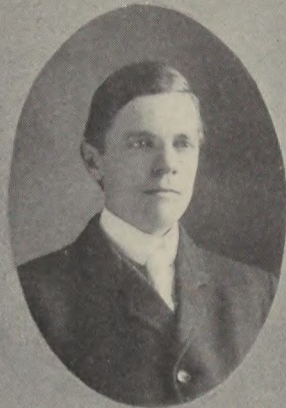
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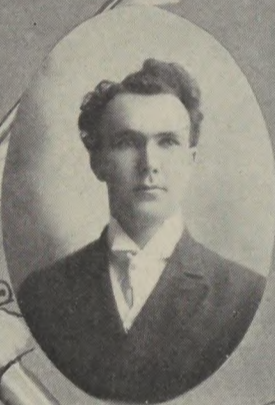
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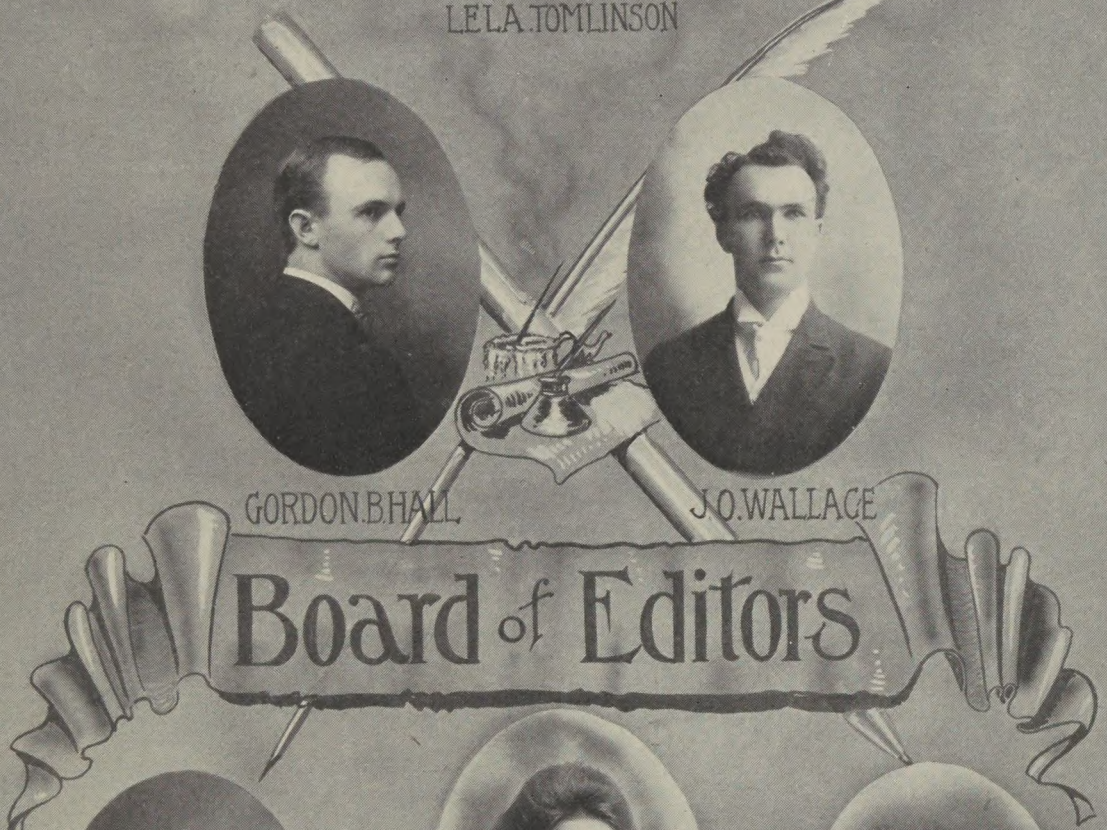
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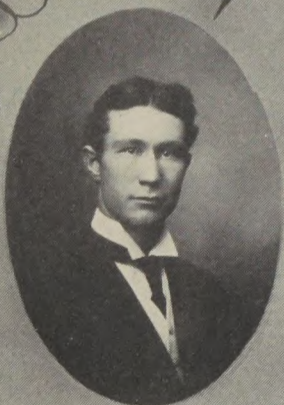
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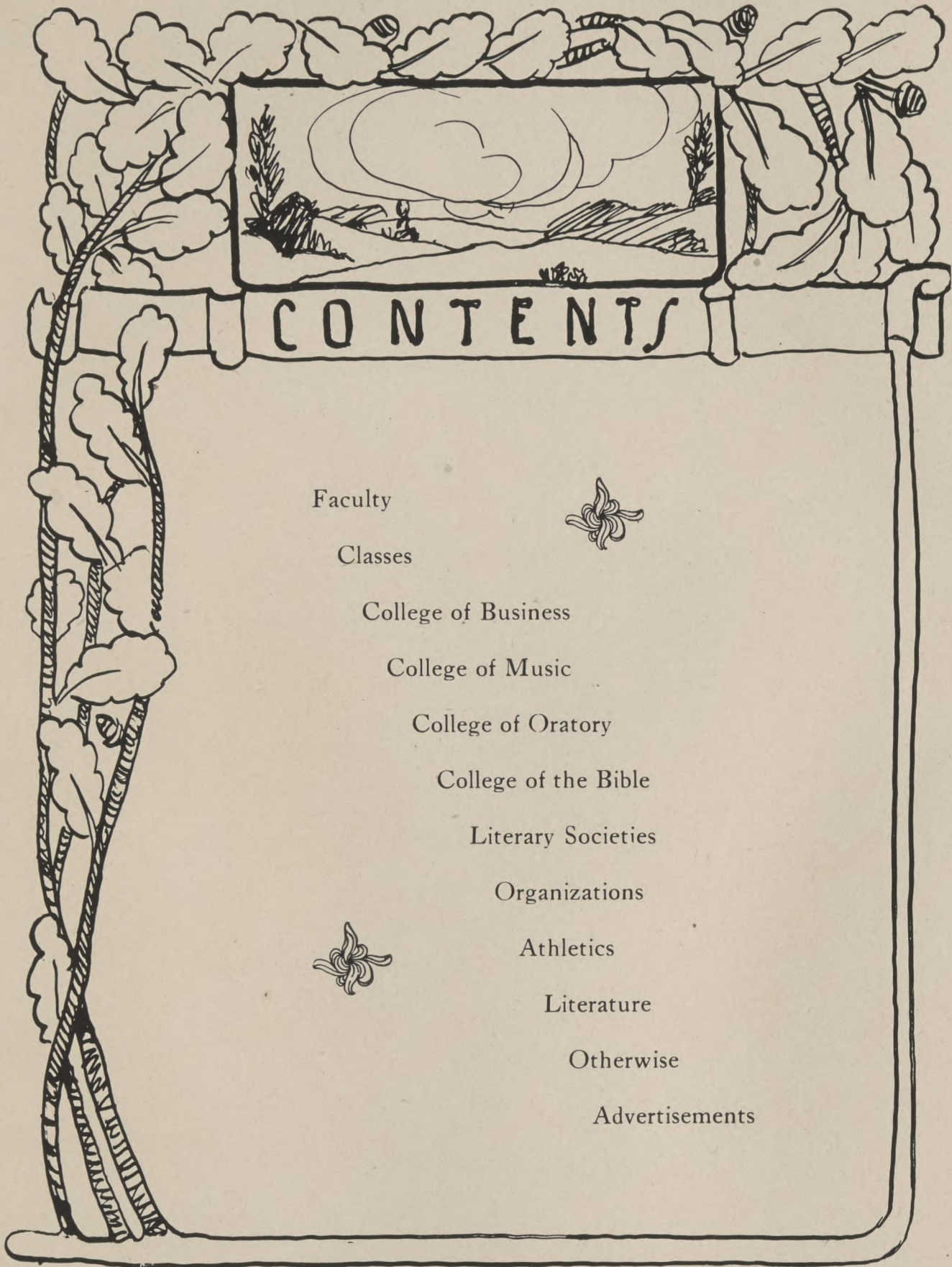
ALEX. HARWOOD.

A. ZEESENG, CO. DALLAS, TEX.

FOREWORD

IN THE production of this volume which we now humbly present, poets have raved for you, shouting your eccentricities, whispering your praises; prosaists have spilt floods of ink to enliven your remembrances of joyous events and to make mockery of the sad incidents of an uncertain college life; humorists have dared to be as funny as they could; artists have felt no constraint to check the journeyings of their tricky pens. Yea, all this has been done, sleepless nights have been spent, and classes without compunction cut,—all in an earnest endeavor to satisfy your yearnings for a memento of college days. Our purpose has been to reflect the life of the University for the past year, to portray the good things—the ideals, achievements, college spirit and social life,—and to eliminate the memories of the bad things, with which unkind adversity doubtlessly has checkered your career.

What has been accomplished, besides the spending of priceless time, the loss of pounds of flesh, and the gaining of much and varied experiences, your indulgence over these pages must ferret out. However, if they shall keep alive the love for your Alma Mater and make the memory of college days more vivid as time passes, then our purpose has been attained. May you have nothing but happy thoughts in the perusal of this volume.



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Faculty



Classes

College of Business

College of Music

College of Oratory

College of the Bible

Literary Societies

Organizations



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Literature

Otherwise

Advertisements

CALENDAR

FALL TERM

September

10. Fall Term Opens.
11. Board of Trustees Meet.
15. Convocation Sermon.
20. Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. Reception.

October

3. Rev. A. E. Dubber begins protracted religious meeting.

November

28. Thanksgiving Day Observed.

December

9. Annual Declamatory Contest.
12. Dramatic Club Presentation.
13. President's Reception to Faculty and Students.
16. Glee Club Concert.
17. Add-Ran-Shirley Debate.
20. Christmas Holidays Begin.

WINTER TERM

January

2. Winter Term Opens.
12. Education Day in Texas.
20. Board of Trustees Meet.
27. Add-Ran-Shirley Declamatory Contest.

February

3. University Band Concert.
10. State Ministerial Institute Begins.
21. Walton Literary Society Open Session.
22. Washington's Birthday Observed.



YOUNG LADIES' HOME

TOWNSEND MEMORIAL HALL

MAIN BUILDING

CALENDAR—Continued

March

13. Annual Preliminary to the State Oratorical Contest.
21. Winter Term Closes.

SPRING TERM*March*

23. Glee Club Concert.
24. Spring Term Opens.

April

3. Annual Contest of State Prohibition Oratorical Association held at T. C. U.
14. Dramatic Club Presentation.

May

8. Southwestern-T. C. U. Debate.
- 27-30. Final Examinations.
31. Baccalaureate Sermon.

June

1. McClain Oratorical Contest. Commencement Program of School of Oratory.
2. Senior Music Recital.
3. Reception in Art Studio. Joint Open Session of Literary Societies.
4. Senior Class Day Exercises. Commencement Exercises. Alumni Reception by Faculty.

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Texas Christian University

WACO, TEXAS

ESTABLISHED AS ADD-RAN COLLEGE IN 1873

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COLORS: *Purple and White.*

EMBLEM: *Horned Frog.*

UNIVERSITY YELLS

Rackety yack, ki yack, ki yack,

Rackety yack, ki yack, ki yack,

Hullo baloo, Hullo baloo!

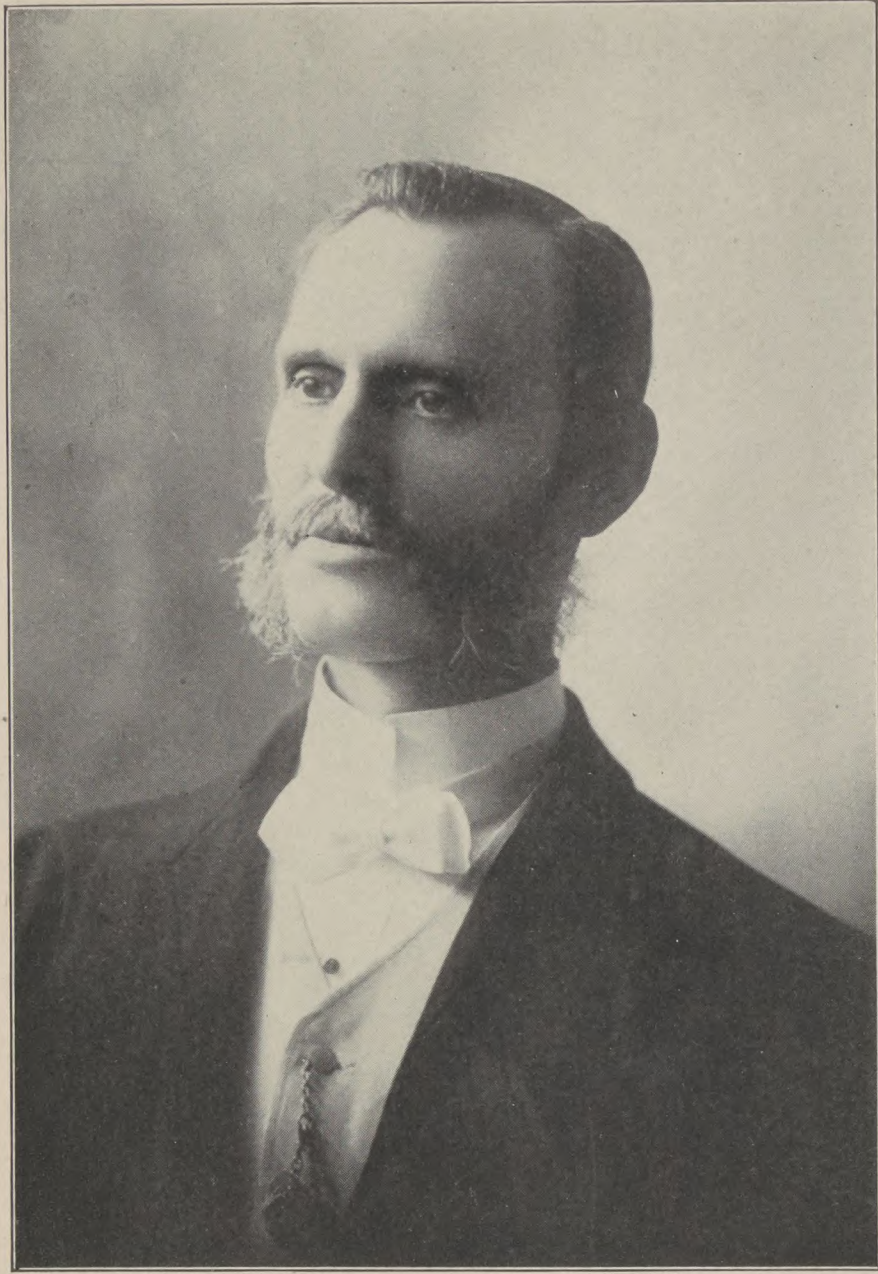
Varsity! Varsity! T. C. U.

Rip, Ram, Ba, Zoo,

Lickety, Lickety, Zoo, Zoo, Zoo.

Whoo, Wah, Wah, Whoo,

Let 'er go, T. C. U.



PRESIDENT CLINTON LOCKHART

Historical Sketch of the University

THE history of Texas Christian University divides itself into three separate and clearly defined periods. The first period extends from the founding of Add-Ran College, in 1873, to the chartering of Add-Ran Christian University, in 1889. Add-Ran College was organized at Thorp Springs, Texas, as a private institution for Christian education. Its founders were J. A. Clark and his sons, Addison and Randolph—names which hundreds have learned to revere and love. The institution progressed; its patronage increased steadily, and in a few years the high character and thoroughness of its instruction won for it an honorable position among the educational institutions of Texas. Desiring to place the college upon a broader and firmer foundation, and thus better secure its permanency and enlargement, in 1889 the Clarks transferred the property to the Christian Church of Texas. Under the new charter the name was changed to Add-Ran Christian University.

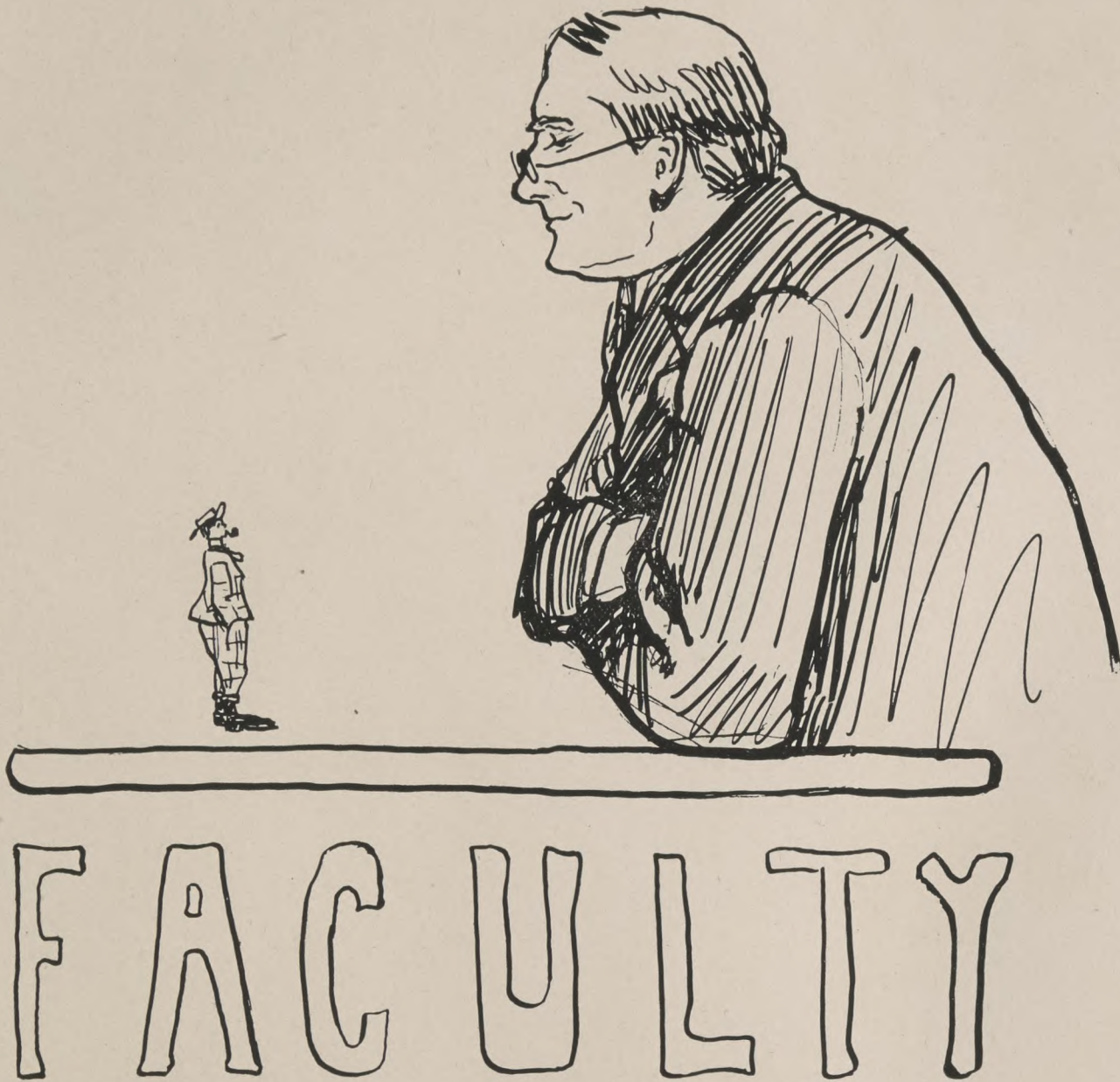
From this change of ownership and name dates the second period in the institution's history, a period which closes in 1902, with the adoption of the present name. The Clarks remained in connection with the institution till 1898, when Addison Clark, against the protest of the Trustees and to the regret of all, resigned the presidency. The first half of this second period was characterized by growth and enlargement. It was at this time that the generosity of Major J. J. Jarvis, the first President of the Board of Trustees, rendered valued service. But it was felt that to better fulfill its mission, the University should seek a more accessible and advantageous location in a center of population and culture. Waco offered especial inducements, and on Christmas Day, 1895, this city became the location of the University. There followed the removal, a period of adversity occasioned by difficulties of becoming established in the new surroundings, and especially by financial burdens incurred by the purchase of the Waco property. But staunch and sacrificing friends were not lacking in these dark days. A few brave spirits grappled with the difficulties and slowly overcame them. The central figure in this heroic group was T. E. Shirley, since 1899 President

of the Board of Trustees, a man to whom the University will ever owe a debt of deepest gratitude. Sacrificing courage and indomitable energy at last brought their reward. By 1902 the clouds of debt had lifted and there dawned a new era.

The third period of the institution's history dates from March 1902, when a new charter was obtained under the name, Texas Christian University. The new name indicated an enlargement of purpose and will always signify the ideal of the institution, namely, to offer to the youth of Texas a liberal education of a thoroughly Christian type. In 1902 the Presidency of the University, which had been vacant since Dr. Clark's resignation, was filled by the election of Dr. E. V. Zollars, who resigning in 1906, was succeeded by Dr. Clinton Lockhart. Recent years have witnessed substantial progress along all lines. The Waco property at the time of its purchase, consisted only of the Main Building in an unfinished state. This was gradually completed, the final work being done in 1905. A portion of the Girls' Home was built in 1900, the remainder in 1902. Townsend Memorial Hall was built in 1903. The Gymnasium and Natatorium were opened in 1907. The University now has several good buildings and a good working equipment. Growth in the faculty and improvement in the courses of study have kept pace with the material improvement. In 1905 the University acquired control of Carlton College at Bonham and Panhandle Christian College at Hereford. These prosperous institutions are conducted as correlated schools of the University. Two new offices in connection with the University have recently been created which promise for the advancement of its interests. In 1906 Colby D. Hall became the first Educational Secretary, and within the present year the office of Endowment Secretary has been created, and Chalmers McPherson chosen to fill the position. An Endowment Company was organized last year and an active campaign for endowment is now on. With 1908 the University closes the thirty-sixth year of its career. No previous year has been more prosperous, and the financial condition of the institution is at present better than it has been for many years. The history of the thirty-six years that are past is a worthy record, but it is only the initial chapter. There are bright days ahead.

To Our University

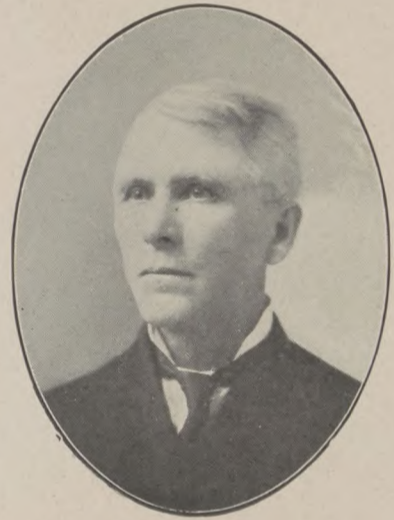
In those golden college days,
In the springtime of our youth,
To T. C. U. we offer praise
For gladdening memories, forsooth
Of all our lives the happiest.
Oh the games and contests! what joy
When the gay and splendid throng—
With nothing to mar, nothing to destroy
Our pleasures—joined hearts in mirth and song,
And reveled in gladness unsuppressed.
We all honor and love dear T. C. U.
With a reverence divine;
To thy teachings we'll be ever loyal and true
And around you our hearts entwine.



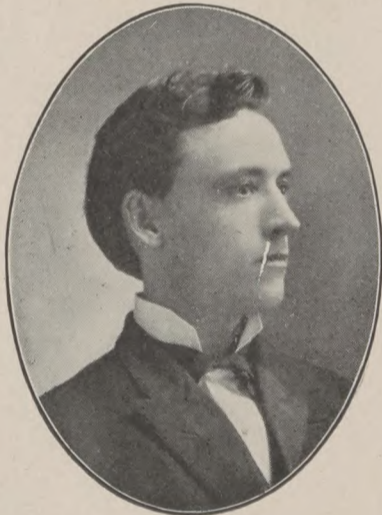


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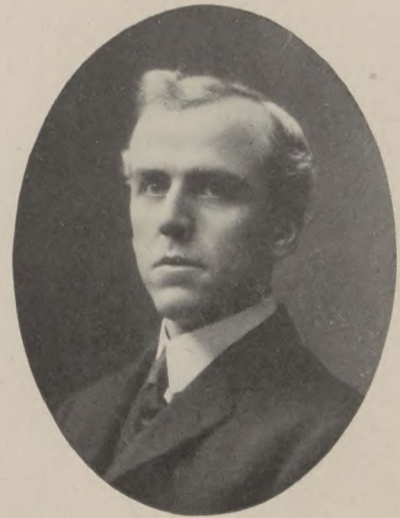
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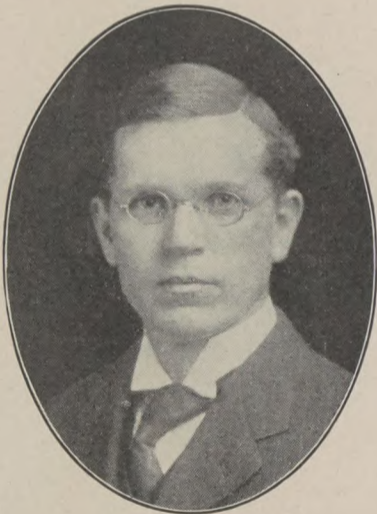


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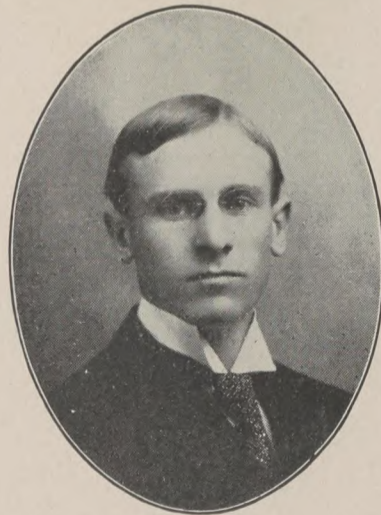
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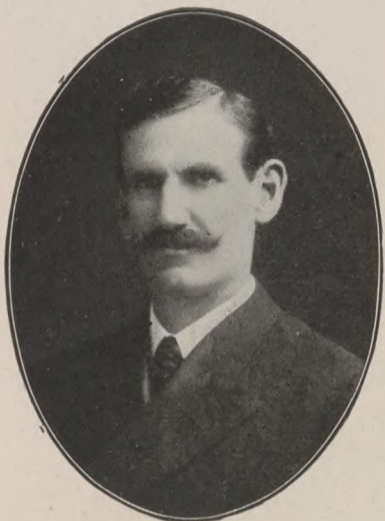


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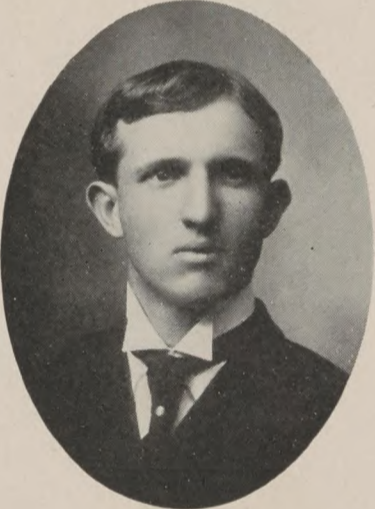
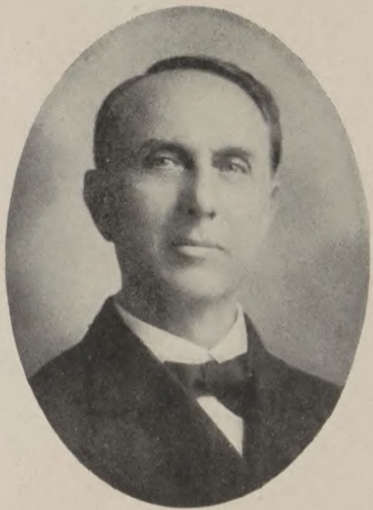
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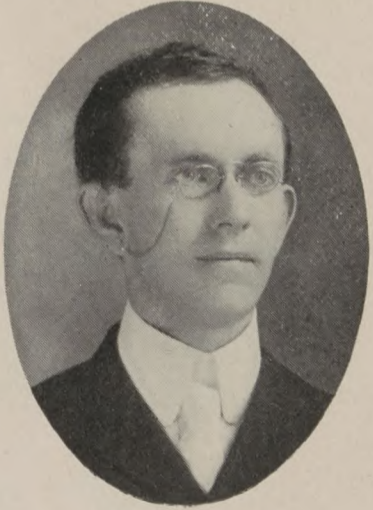
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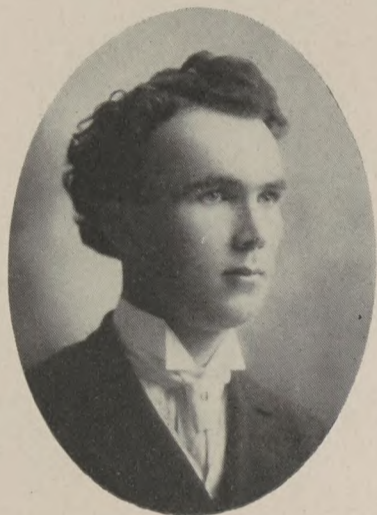
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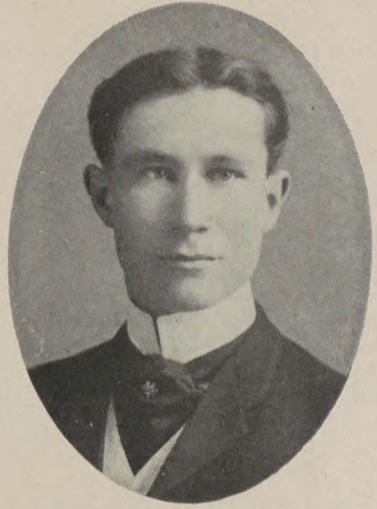


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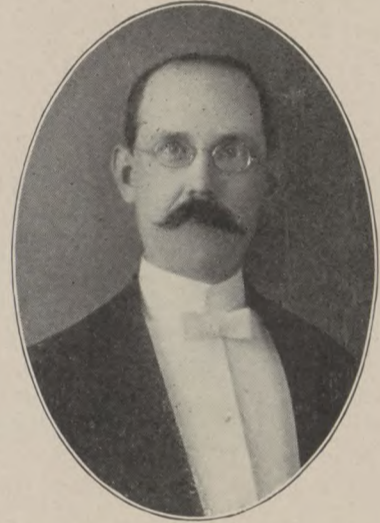
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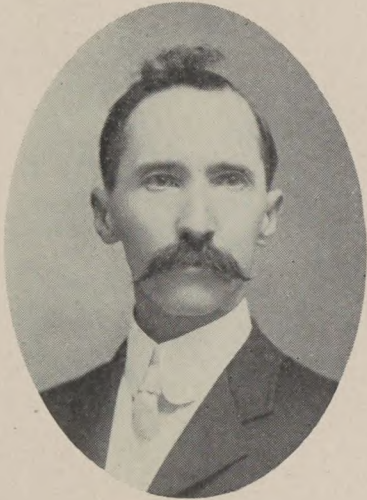
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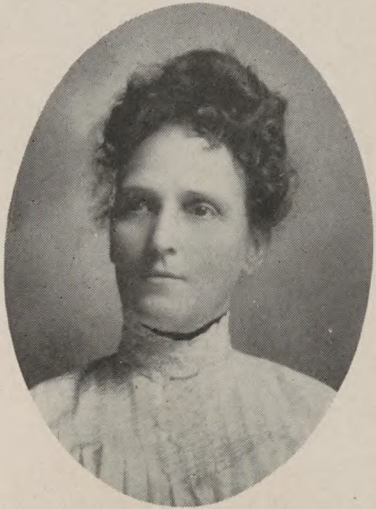
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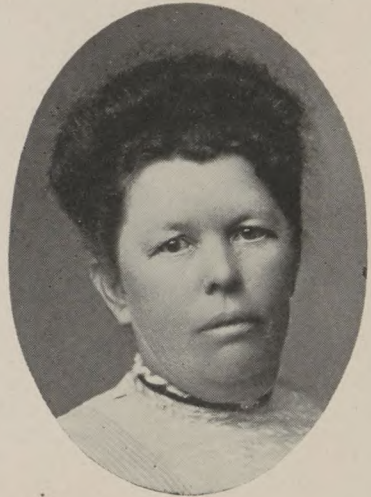
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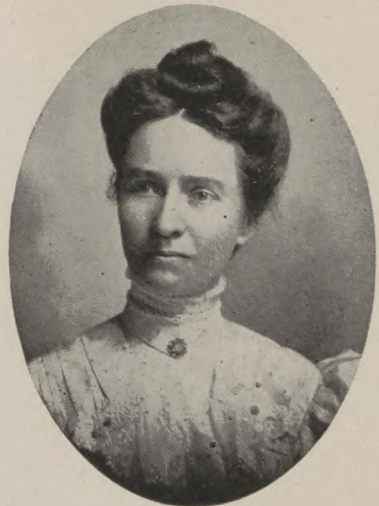
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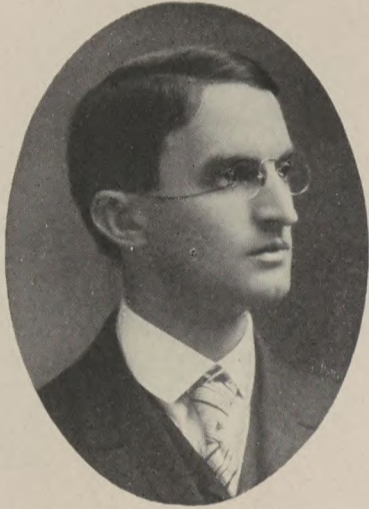
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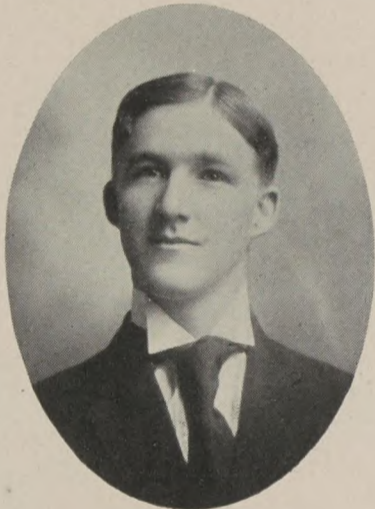


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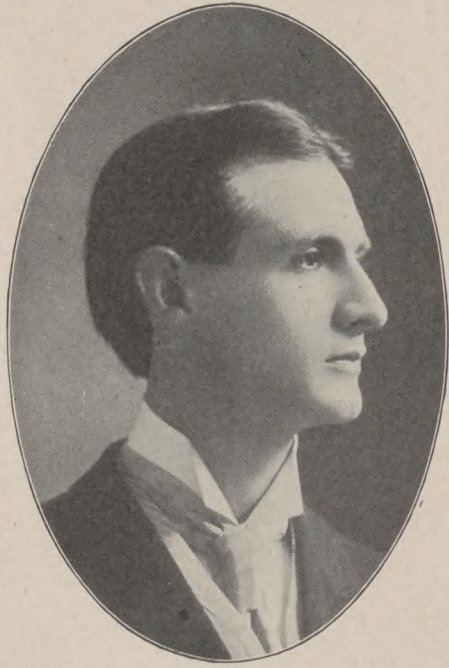


J. HARVEY HOLLAND,
Physical Director.

Christian Education

AS A PERSON psychically projects his personality to the outer limits of his clothing, so a school recognizes as a part of its very self, that wide-reaching circle made up of alumni, friends, and "home-folks" to the students. In a Christian school the people of the churches form a valuable part of this constituency. To enlarge this circle, and to awaken this constituency to a keener consciousness of its vital connection with the University and its work, is the task of that "outside man," Mr. Colby D. Hall, known as the Educational Secretary.

General publicity helps to popularize the plans, ideals and progress of the work. A group of pictures, mottoes, streamers and such paraphernalia have become quite famous and familiar by their extensive travels in company with the secretary.



COLBY D. HALL
Educational Secretary

ENDOWMENT is the key word to the campaign. Resting awhile from brick and mortar, it is purposed to concentrate on obtaining an impregnable financial backing, as the surest guaranty, not only for permanency, but for the highest grade of work as well. The embodiment of this policy is the T. C. U. Endowment Company, which is explained in a neat little pamphlet, "On the Rock." This is a business organization whose aim is for One Hundred Thousand Dollars, before any halt is made.

Education Day, the third Sunday in January, when each church is expected to make an offering to the work, has proven a great success. The first observance in 1907 resulted in an offering of \$1348, from fifty-one churches; in 1908 the amount is about \$5,000 from about seventy churches. Never has there been such an evidence of the faith of its friends in the institution as the response to the call this season during the financial stringency.

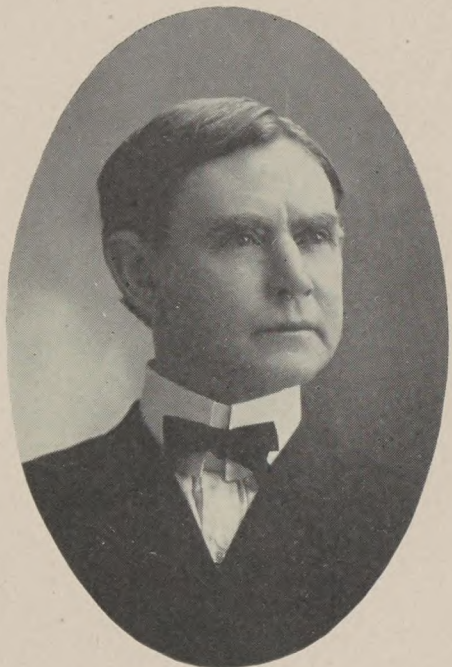
One of the brightest hopes lies in the increasing number of able people who are remembering T. C. U. with large donations, in the form of annuity gifts, named endowment funds, and bequests.

The day of larger accomplishments is at hand.

"A CLOSER TOUCH WITH MORE FRIENDS AND SUPPORT IN LARGER FIGURES."

The Endowment Secretary

IN THESE days one word that is being spelled in large letters by T. C. U. promoters is ENDOWMENT. While high educational standards and adequate material equipments have been the aims and accomplishments during the past years of growth, the need for endowment has not been overlooked. It has ever been a task for the future. Now that the other points have been so well secured, and the time is ripe for endowment, the Trustees have determined to use no half-way measures in taking this next step for permanency and enlargement.



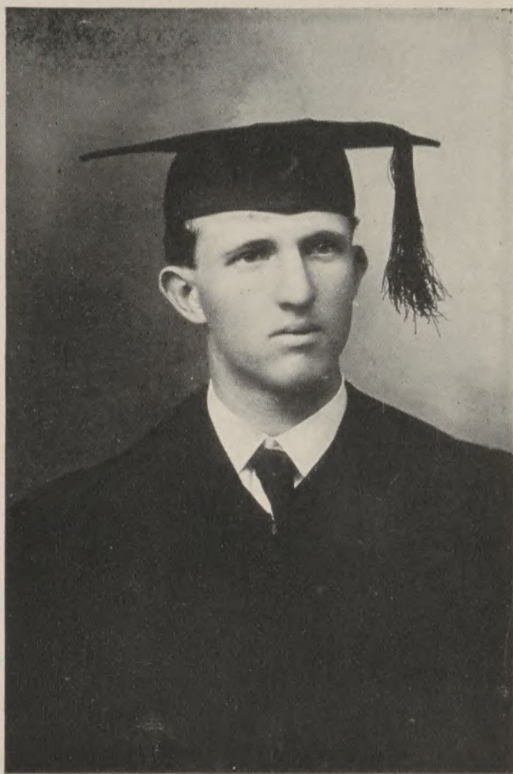
CHALMERS McPHERSON

Ever since the projection of the T. C. U. Endowment Company in 1907, and all during the preliminary work of its introduction, there has been a most careful search for the proper man to give himself to the building of the enterprise. T. E. Shirley, so beloved for his success and sacrifice as Financial Agent, was ineligible on account of poor health.

This was a work which someone must make all his own. It must be different from that of the executive work, or the Educational Secretary's, or any others. It demanded a Texas man, whose long record, wide acquaintance and recognized strength would give him a prestige that would require no introduction of the man and allow no indifferences to his mission. Looking for such a man, the Trustees selected Chalmers McPherson; and the unanimous chorus of approvals has evidenced the wisdom of their choice.

"Brother Mc" has been a leader in the Texas brotherhood for a generation. Nearly thirty years ago he became pastor at Waxahachie, evangelizing in the regions round about. Twice since then has he heeded calls from other places to serve them, but in each case the pressure of the Waxahachie congregation was too strong to be resisted, and after a brief interim he returned. And it is now this same pastorate which he leaves amidst sorrow to take this greater work for which he is so eminently fitted. Surely there will be no cessation until this worthy aim of a generous endowment is realized.

Post Graduate



LESLIE C. PROCTER, A. M., MART, TEXAS.

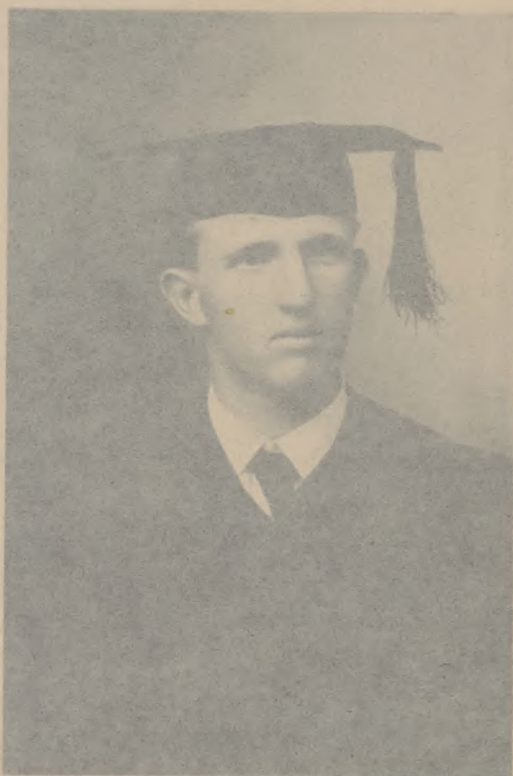
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Course: History and Political Science.

Thesis:—"The First Eighteen Years of the Department of State."



SENIORS

Post Graduate



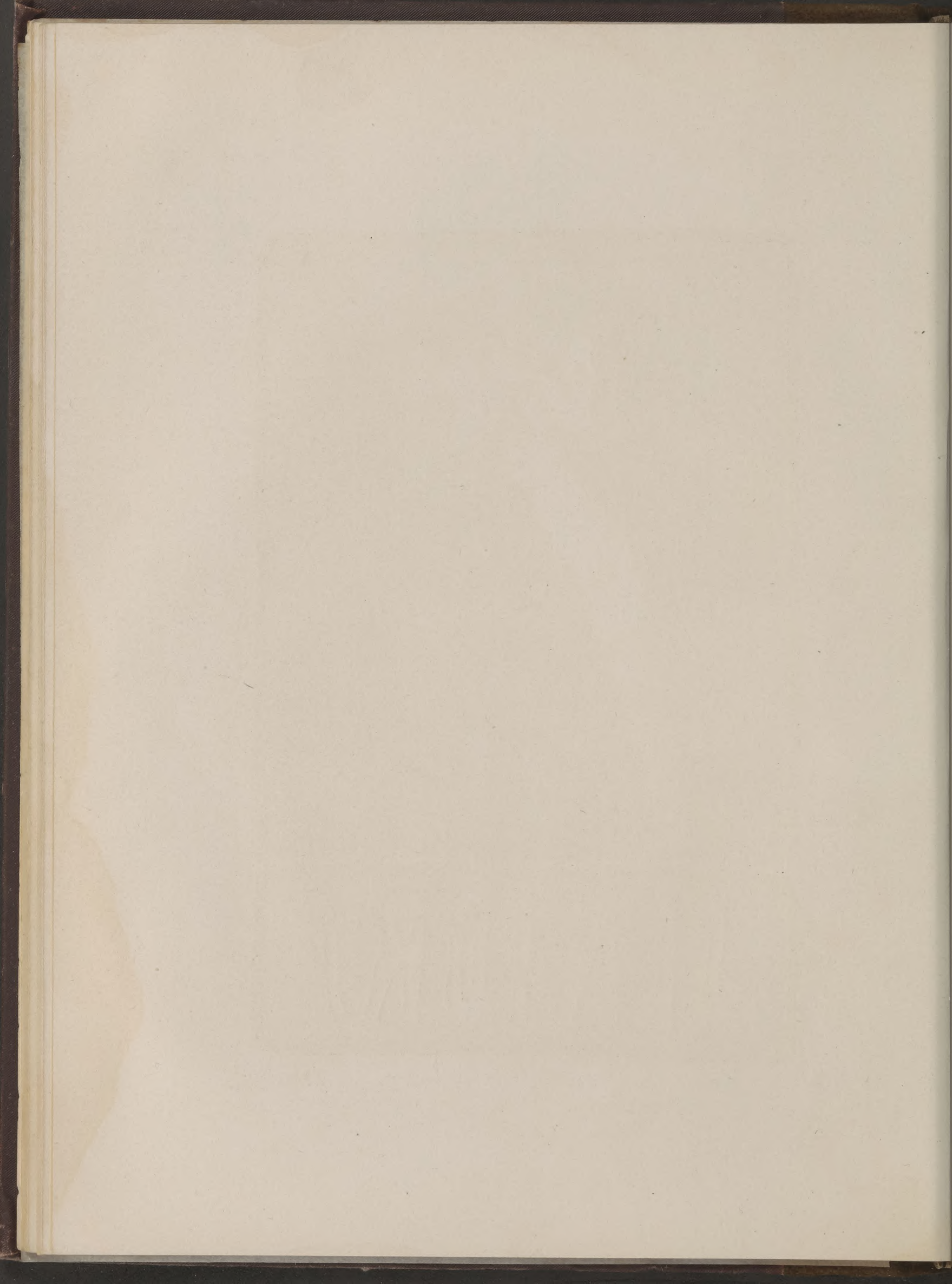
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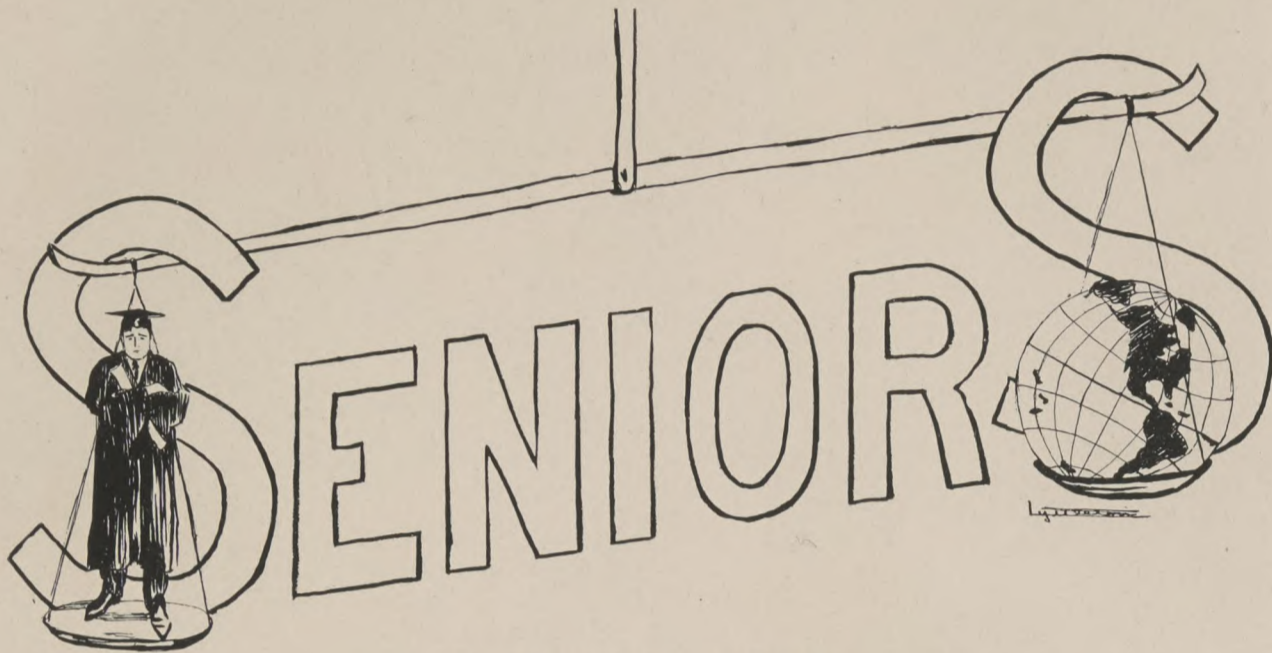
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MOTTO: *Qui patitur vincit.*
 COLORS: *Brown and Gold.*
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| GORDON B. HALL | ERNEST U. SCOTT |
| ALEXANDER M. HARWOOD | LELA M. TOMLINSON |
| WILLIAM M. HOLLAND | BEATRICE A. TOMLINSON |
| MARY A. HUNTER | PAUL L. TYSON |
| JENNIE V. McCULLOH | OLEN J. WALLACE |
| ETHEL K. MILLS | AMY E. WOOD |

THE HORNED FROG

ODELL ELLIOTT, A. B., Waco, Texas.

Walton; Vice-President '06, President '08, Walton Literary Society; Member "House."
Major: Science. Will break into the commercial world next year.

"One not versed in schools,
But strong in sense and wise without the rules."

NONA MERTEL BOEGEMAN, A. B.,
Hillsboro, Texas.

Shirley; President Students' Volunteer Band; Assistant Matron Young Ladies' Home; Superintendent Junior Christian Endeavor.
Major: History and Political Science. Will go to India as a Missionary.

"Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will; you may depend on't.
And if she won't, she won't; so this is an end on't"

GORDON BENNETT HALL, A. B.,
Madisonville, Kentucky.

Add-Ran; Dramatic Club; Bryan Club; President Add-Ran, '05, '06, '07; President Press Association, '05-'06; Editor-in-Chief, '05-'06, Associate Editor, '06-'08 of "The Skiff"; Associate Editor "The Collegian", '06-'07; Associate Editor "The Horned Frog," '06, '07; Manager 'Varsity Football, '06; Vice-President Bryan Club, '06-'07; University Press Correspondent, '06-'08; Secretary, '05-'06 and Vice-President, '07-'08 of Texas State Oratorical Association; President Oratorical Association, '07-'08; President Senior Class, '08; Editor-in-Chief "The Horned Frog", '08.
Major: English Language and Literature. Will enter Columbia University.

"He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side,
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute."



THE HORNED FROG

"Old Owl" is static and unassertive. In negative characteristics he is a wonder. The greatest move he ever made was from Troy (see large map) to Waco. Has been moving with the "town girls" and a military company ever since. He figures, when in school, in mathematics and dominoes; logic unsettled his reason. The most treasured position he has ever held was an honorary membership of the "house." On Commencement day he and Harwood will make a confession of the theft of *Mister Eskridge's* turkey in '06.

Tall and stately and matronesque and dumpy and — a small part of Boegie's future is yet before her. Her majestic mien is sufficient proof against designing males and as an appreciation of this fact she has been chosen as a knockout-drop for the ravenous appetites of cannibals in heathen lands. It would be tough on the heathens if she lost her religion or herself over there. She carries away with her the distinction of having been the proudest and most dignified Senior since the days of Erle Milroy. Bye, Nonie!

"G. B.", "Judge", "Senator" or "Jimmy" is a natural born journalist, is a **Star** reporter and is said to be on good terms with the "devil." He has a strong leaning toward the stage, and altho it is his ambition to set the New York newspaper world afire, yet it is possible that he will make a name in some bowery stock company. He is a philosopher; the "Judge" believes in the truth of the saying: "From nothing, nothing comes." It was rumored by some irresponsible person that he once got up for breakfast, but this slander was immediately denied.



THE HORNED FROG

ALEXANDER MAURY HARWOOD, A. B.,
Dallas, Texas.

Add-Ran; Glee Club, '05; Member Student Council, '06; 'Varsity Football, '06-'07; Captain Track Team, '07; Vice-President Junior Class, '07; Vice-President Athletic Association, '06-'07; President Student Body, '07-'08. Major: History and Political Science. Will enter University of Texas, Law Department.

"With too much spirit to be e'er at ease
With too much quickness ever to be taught,
With too much thinking to have common thought."

MARY ALICE HUNTER, A. B., Waco, Texas.

Walton; Deutscher Verein; Treasurer Junior Class, '07.

Major: Mathematics. Will do one of several things.

"Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose
Quick as her eyes and as unfixed as those;
Favor to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft she rejects but never offends."

WILLIAM MORDICA HOLLAND, A. B.,
Midlothian, Texas.

Walton; University Band; President Walton Literary Society, '06; Captain Maroon Association Football Team, '07; Assistant Business Manager "The Horned Frog", '08.

Major: English Language and Literature. Will be a traveling salesman.

"I am a painter and can not paint,
In my life a devil rather than a saint;
In my brain as poor a creature too,
No end to all I can not do."



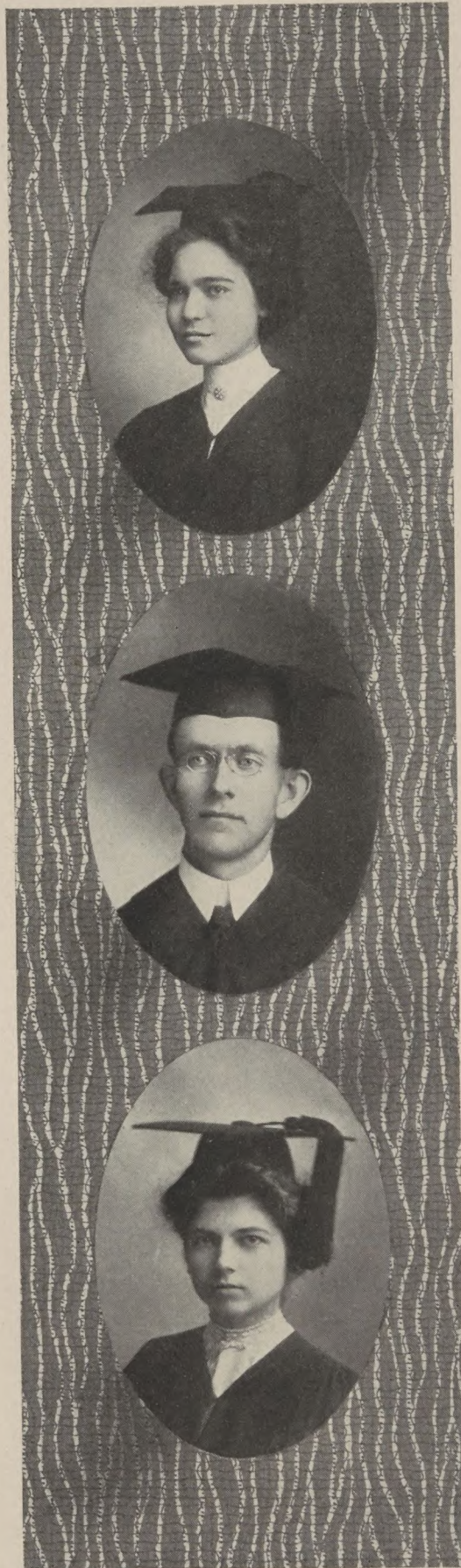
THE HORNED FROG

Being exceedingly permeated with a certain degree of Schleyness, not much has been found out about the life of this Alexander. He has been seen, infrequently, in the Political Science class-room; at rare intervals, discovered in the English department, but never caught in chapel. Approach can be made to him by "lambs" only. By them he is considered to be a marvelous prodigy—at some things. They have dubbed him Alexander The Great—Fleecer. Alex will attend the Gatesville Reunion this summer. He has further plans, not ready to be announced.

This to the right is the oldest maiden in the University. That is, she has camped here longer than any of the others. She entered with her bottle, red hair and little lamb at an early age. She is the original "Mary had a little lamb." The lamb has been traded several times during Mary's career in the dead language department for ponies and jacks, but the darling has now safely returned to its first love and will chew on Mary's diploma on that eventful sheepskin-giving-day. During the lamb's absence, Mary's association with other animals caused her name to be changed to Mol.

"Willyum"—That's the poetical for Bill's name. He didn't know it until he received that emotional epistle entitled, "Think on me as I lie, Hands folded, Eyes tightened, Lips pressed." The poetical gushings of the author, without malice, let it slip out. Bill is a Republican, and a strong advocate of Roosevelt's policies. He is for Booker T. or Harry K. as Teddy's successor. Also Bill is a musician. He and R. G. T. Pulliam are the basses as well as the basest in the band. He is the composer of that popular melody, "Te, da, de, dum."





THE HORNED FROG

JENNIE VICK McCULLOH, A. B.,

Haskell, Texas.

Clark; Young Ladies' Octette; Young Ladies' Chorus; Member Executive Committee Deutscher Verein; Freshman Scholarship, '05; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '07-'08; Secretary Senior Class, '08; President Clark Literary Society, '08.

Major: Modern Languages. Will take A. M. and instruct in the University next year.

"Her tongue bewitched as oddly as her eyes;
Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise.
Strange graces still and stranger flights she had
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad."

FRANK HENRY NEWLEE, A. B.,

Waco, Texas.

Walton; President Deutscher Verein, '07-'08; Fellowship in Latin, '07; Instructor in Modern Languages, '07-'08.

Major: Modern Languages. Will teach.

"You prove yourself so able,
Pity you was not druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question that the tower had stood."

ETHEL KING MILLS, A. B.,

Waco, Texas.

Clark; Philosophy Club.

Major: English Language and Literature.
Will teach.

"Yet graceful ease and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults, if belles have faults to hide."

THE HORNED FROG

Look at her! Isn't she beautiful? Her eyes are missing, but the gent below has double lights that he will share with Jenks. She is an enticer; she'll get them. She has kidnapped more Freshies and Preps to entertain in the exercise of senioratorial privileges than anyone since curfew quit tolling the knell immediately after repasts. Vick is not only an excellent forty-two player, but is a prodigy in modern languages. She and H. D. run neck and neck for first honors. She belongs to every musical organization in school except the Glee Club, and her social attitude toward the director has made her an honorary member of that one.

Upon the broad shoulders of Herr Professor Newlee have been bestowed all of the miscellaneous honors of the graduating class. He has been elected without opposition as class poet, sport, dude, dudine, flirt, hot-air dispenser, prodigy, and has been named the handsomest, wisest and most graceful in the lot. He has made his A grades on his attendance at social functions and private *Liebesmahle*. Herr has given more trouble to the watchguards of the young ladies than Spurgeon or "Sheriff" Yates, and his career in the University has been dangerously near a termination several times on account of his unquenchable thirst for social enjoyment with the weaker sex. He has had the measles, too.

This queenly co-ed is not as ignorant as she looks. True her mind is Ben-t, but nothing too serious, known to the expectant public, has resulted from the affection. She is now desperately peering into the future to see what destiny has in store (across the street) for her. What blissful happiness awaits her, only the lovely June moons will tell. Ethel has never been domiciliated in the Girls' Home; gossip has not enlightened the mob as to her good and bad qualities, but she evidently has them both. Her quietude acknowledges the fact.



THE HORNED FROG

ERNEST UTTERBACK SCOTT,

Granbury, Texas.

Add-Ran; Graduate Add-Ran-Jarvis College, '06;
Member 'Varsity Football, '07; Secretary
Add-Ran Literary Society, '08.

Major: Science. Withdrew in January, '08;
will take degree in '09.

"Not Fortune's worshiper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool!"

FLOY BRIGGS PERKINSON, A. B.,

Comanche, Texas.

Clark; Y. W. C. A.; Young Ladies' Choral Club;
Vice-President Philosophy Club, '07; Young
Ladies' Basket Ball Team; President Clark
Literary Society, '07; Secretary Christian
Endeavor, '07.

Major: English Language and Literature. Will
teach.

"With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heaps;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me, know; who love me, tell."

LEROY ELLWOOD ROCKWELL, A. B.,

La Junta, Colorado.

Add-Ran; Glee Club; Orchestra; University
Band; President Add-Ran Literary Society,
'08.

Major: Science. Will teach.

"Then take him to develop if you can,
And hew the block off, get out the man."

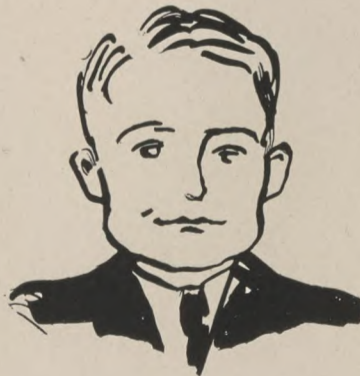


THE HORNED FROG

"Scotty" was just on the verge of finding out what he didn't know, after having been graduated once from a college, when that inconsiderate bed-confiner, measles, popped out on him and ended, temporarily, his brilliant career in T. C. U. It was back to Granbury for E. U.; away from a diseased and polluted atmosphere—back to the quiet and peaceful nooks of his blessed hamlet, where nothing will hinder his convalescence except the annual appearance of Molly Bailey's circus. He went, but he'll return as Catiline did, and show the 'Varsity warriors a new trick or two on the gridiron. And if the plagued measles will let him alone, he'll be graduated, too.

If there are any angels in this class (and a good detective could find several) Floy B. is certainly a high-ranker among them. What aren't good qualities in her—her activity in religious circles, brightness in class work, and her exemplary conduct set for untamed cow-girls—are bad ones. The charges against her—the crime of pulling hair, scratching faces and mashing toes on the basket-ball field, and extorting Delmonico rates at the Y. W. lunch counter—are possibly of the latter assortment. The Discipline Committee excused her for bursting out a "pshaw" when she was frustrated in an attempt to chock a friend under the chin during a heated discussion in a Y. W. Cabinet meeting.

This flaxen-haired degree-aspirant hails from the State of Colorado. He landed in Texas owing to a fluke in the interstate commerce law and this unfortunate occurrence has made every hopeful law student in the University pledge his future efforts to remedy the defect. While here he has not only made several hits with the melodious tone of his trombone, to say nothing of his resonant basso, but has been hit several times—generally about five a. m. He is a student of Bugology. He reads extensively. A "Treatise on the Manner in Which to Incarcerate Diurnal Rhopaloceros Insects" and "How to Wear a Tuxedo" are the thumbed volumes in his library.





THE HORNED FROG

LELA MAY TOMLINSON, A. B.,
Hillsboro, Texas.

Walton; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Junior Class, '07; Treasurer Walton Literary Society, '07; Associate Editor "The Horned Frog," '08; Treasurer Senior Class, '08.
Major: English Language and Literature. Nothing.

"Her sweetness won a more regard
Unto her place, than all the boist'rous moods
That ignorant greatness practiseth."

PAUL TYSON, A. B.,
Santa Anna, Texas.

Add-Ran; Corresponding Secretary '06, and Vice-President, '07, Y. M. C. A.; Secretary Athletic Association, '06-'07; Member Varsity Football, '06, '07; Varsity Baseball, '05, '06, '07, '08; Vice-President Senior Class, '08.
Major: Science. Will enter University of Chicago.

"By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
Healthy by Temperance and by Exercise;
Stranger to civil and religious rage.
The good man walked innoxious through his age."

BEATRICE ANN TOMLINSON, A. B.,
Hillsboro, Texas.

Shirley; Dramatic Club, '07; Vice-President, '06 and President '07 of Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Philosophy Club, '07-'08; Associate Editor "The Skiff," '07-'08; Secretary Shirley Literary Society, '07; Secretary Student Body, '07-'08; Junior Scholarship Winner, '07.
Major: English Language and Literature. Will take A. M. in T. C. U.

"Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth allied,
Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;
Fix'd principles with fancy ever new;
Shakes—all together and produces—you."

THE HORNED FROG

This likeness was snatched before the subject was adorned with more facial afflictions than was prudent to be made public. Look at her smile! She has just received a tender missive from her amorous swain saying he will Bob up Sunday morning. Isn't it delightful? The end of her school days is here, too. She says she is going back home to be trained in the gentle arts of domesticity. She will be an apt student surely if interest and attention count for anything; she has the fever badly. She is a good girl, though.

P. T. is a mystery. And he thinks everything else is too. He came from Santa Anna and has to be excused. He says he didn't know there was so much of the world and such a heap of badness in it until he came to T. C. U. He has been going to the bottom of things in search of phenoms ever since he arrived. The class has been congratulated upon having an absence of divine lights from its roll, but barring a few disreputable habits, Ty comes mighty nigh having the required religious sparks.

Because of her growing interest and love for Christian Education, B. A. T. has lately thrown down medicine, which during her affiliation with the Class of '05 she cherished as a suitable profession, and her work in the future, as it has for several months in the past, will connect her with an educational Hall. And she seems to be enjoying herself, too. Among the other things that will happen to her next year will be the annexation of an A. M. and possibly C. D. to her name.



THE HORNED FROG

AMY ELIZABETH WOOD, A. B.,
Sherwood, Texas.

Walton; Member Girls' Basketball Team, '04-'08, and Captain '05-'06; Secretary Walton Literary Society, '06; Winner Sophomore Scholarship, '06; Walton Medal, '06; President Girls' Athletic Association, '08. Associate Editor, "The Collegian," '06-'08; Associate Editor "The Horned Frog," '08; Secretary Oratorical Club, '08; Yell leader, '05-'08. President Walton Literary Society, '08.

Major: English Language and Literature. Will exist in Mertz.

"No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again."

JAMES OLEN WALLACE, A. B.,
Rockwall, Texas.

Add-Ran; Bryan Club; Orchestra; Band; 'Varsity Football, '06, '07; Cabinet Member Y. M. C. A.; Delegate to Southwestern Students' Conference, '07; President Freshman Class, '05; President Philosophy Club, '07-'08; President Add-Ran Literary Society, '07; Business Manager "The Horned Frog," '08; Fellowship in Science, '07.

Major: Science. Will enter College of Pharmacy, Philadelphia.

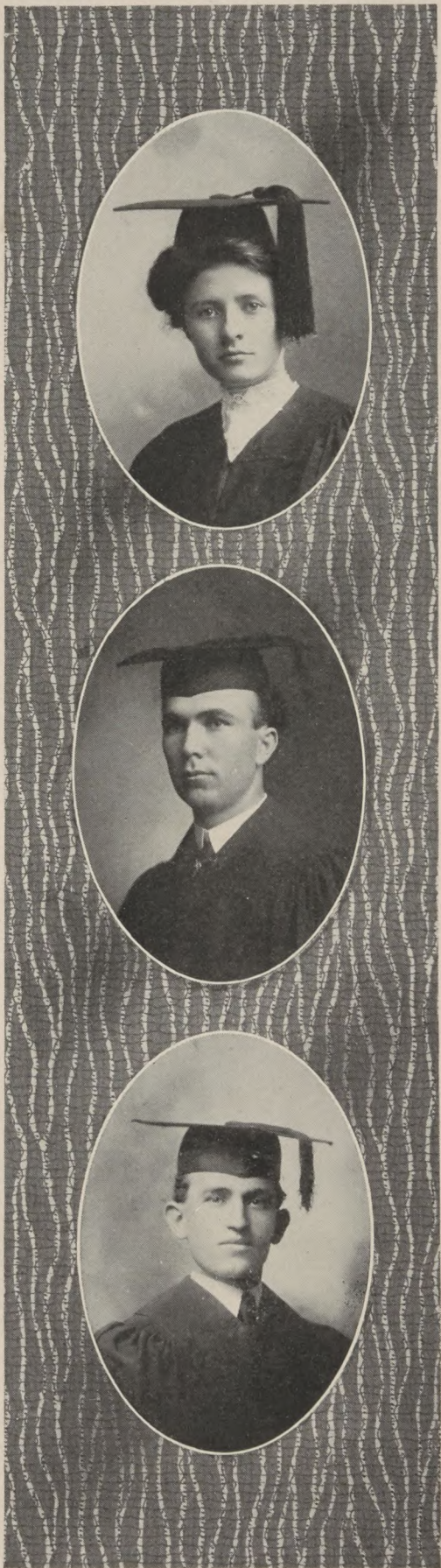
"And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the Universe."

CLOIS LUTHER GREENE, A. B.,
Vernon, Texas.

Walton; Glee Club; Bryan Club; Dramatic Club, '07; Secretary '06-'07 and President, '07-'08 of Glee Club; Treasurer Junior Class, '07; President Walton Literary Society, '07; President Oratory Club, '07-'08; President Music Club, '07-'08; Second Place Declamatory Contest, '06; First Place McClain Oratorical Contest, '07; Winner Walton Medal, '07; Delegate to State Oratorical Contest, '07, '08.

Major: English Language and Literature. Will enter University of Texas, Law Department.

"But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants must affect."



THE HORNED FROG

Amy is a good example of what an education will **not** do for a person. She has made a most brilliant and successful "stall" in English and has shown ability to twist syllogisms around anyway she wants them. She is as breezy as the plains of Texas, "from whose expansive brow" (quoted from her) she came. She loves Bloor, athletics and noise, or noise, athletics and Bloor. This year will complete her chase for degrees as she has cherished an apathy to an A. M. for several moons.

It's hideous, but Oley is to blame. He has developed himself so as to be a living proof of the theory of evolution. He claims kinship with orang-outangs, and it must be granted as the truth. He also claims a certain relationship with Baylor that no one else has the nerve to think about. No expression has been heard from the other party connected—or the orang-outang either. He is going North next year to find out the few remaining things about chemistry that he doesn't know, and then return to Rockwall to accept the position of city chemist.

"Noisy" rushed into the Senior Class just in time to get his picture in the annual, precipitated, and would have almost as quickly gone back, but with the kind permission of the faculty, dropped his twenty-five hours a week in the Glee Club and an hour and a quarter a month in the special departments and clung to the Seniors with his impertinent tenacity. He has a good record in oratorical bouts. His most remarkable speeches, however, have been delivered behind closed doors in the profound presence of the dear faculty.



The Journey of the Class of '08

WE of '08 now stand on the mountain at the edge of the laurel region. One branch is already within our grasp. We look at our torn and bleeding hands for only a moment as we perceive higher up a great tree with its green leaves and yellow flowers glistening in the sun ready to be stripped. We can feel the mountain air entering into our being—exhilarating, intoxicating, urging us on to the laurel—upward!

Below, behind us, we hear the sweet, soft murmur of the winds playing among the leaves and fragrant blossoms of the thorn-trees. This with the hum of bees, the singing of the birds in the distance, blend into one grand harmony, which is broken only now and then by the groans of some struggler along our way.

Looking intently, we see far down the valley, emerging from the mists of the distant past, a large group of students beginning the upward climb. As they move forward some begin lagging, loitering behind, and finally turn off into other paths; some stop altogether, but the band only presses closer, filling up the gaps.

Slowly but surely they climb, cleaning the path of the thorny debris, trimming the trees of superfluous limbs and picking the sharp stones out of the way. Their numbers are becoming fewer, but the ties are binding them closer, making the band more compact. The mountain is steeper, briars and thorns thicker. The first and second stops have been reached and passed. Now the laurel is in sight! At the third stop they rest for a while, but the climbing has become easier and the glistening green so near, beckons, beckons on! Now, even one or two drops behind, loitering along. They turn wistful eyes, make a dash forward, stop—look again on us, their comrades who have now reached the fourth stop and grasp the great green branch of laurel amid the acclamations of praise from the climbers over the mountain—and turn off into a path of easier travel.

But here is the parting of all roads. Henceforth we will go in an individual path, one of our own making. But in our four years of climbing our capabilities have been strengthened to such an extent that we feel able to cope successfully, single-handed, with any obstacle that might present itself in the meanderings of our journey through life. Yes, we well know the possibilities of each one in the class. With a prophetic eye we see Gordon B. with his fully developed bull-doggedness hanging on to the cliff of journalism while critics criticise and canterize, but to no avail. He mounts higher and higher until his adversaries growlingly slink back. On the same rock we see Alexander Maury. He has no critics to pull and push him back, for by his speed he has outstripped them long ago. As a seer and a sage he has gone far ahead of his time. He lives in an atmosphere all his own, without the help and love of any human being. However lonely he is, he presses on, leaving behind him steps hewn out in the solid rock by which others can follow with less difficulty.

On a unique rock of commercialism we see "Willyum" Holland reigning supreme. And he makes this point so attractive that other college-bred men pause and are almost persuaded to turn aside. Whether or not they come on, is immaterial with William, for he says that the "meat of life" is his. On a green slope almost at the top of the mountain a great granite edifice rears its head. Closely reviewing it we see over the

door in large letters, "The World's University." Entering we see Polly Mol presiding in the Department of Math. and J. Olen dignifying the Science School. Although coming different routes these two have succeeded in establishing a place here in one of the grandest works of the century. They are gaining success in carving niches that will endure for ages. In the same University we find Jennie Vick, equally as prosperous in her position as assistant to Doctor Long. Indeed, her proficiency in German and French has given threatening signs of outstripping her master and winning the honor of head of the department. In connection with this life of strenuousness and effort one of the world's greatest band of music-lovers has established an orchestra, each member of which is a master. As their director, rightly chosen, is Rockwell.

On a distant peak, covered with sharp flints and all sorts of thorny vegetation, is Dr. Paul. He goes about here and there, any time of day or night, caring not for the rough stones or for the piercing thorns, wherever there is a call from some person in physical distress. Many are his followers but none have the latent force to stand all as does this great man who has passed through the baseball, football and lab. work of his Alma Mater. Near by, on an overhanging cliff, below which many people of all classes clothed in rags, reeling with weakness, we see a woman. By her own feeble strength she plucks from around her "manna" and tosses it carefully down to the crowd which tussles and scrambles to get even one crumb. As they touch it it seems to put new life into their bodies, new strength into their limbs. And who is this woman of divine power? Who? Why it is—Nona. Nona, who long years ago started to this pinnacle via the heathenish India route. On another eminence under the same circumstances, busied in the same way, is another old friend of ours—Beatrice Ann. But instead of a worn figure as seen just before, this one is fair and beautiful to look upon. She has had a companion to assist her throughout the ordeals of life and preservation has been hers. This someone! Never mind!

About half way up the incline, on a small rock we see two very peculiarly shaped beings. We notice written on the rock, "Country School," but our gaze goes back to the people. We see different sizes of children passing under their surveillance, even remaining in their keeping for a time but soon passing on with just a vacant stare. No better! No worse! After staring more and more at the couple of old maids they assume a somewhat familiar appearance. Then we know—it is Ethel and Amy. Still lower, a smaller and more isolated rock, two other women are seen. Every once in a while can be heard a shrill scolding voice, answered by a song. One tells us: "I cook for my husband," the other, "I am keeping house for my cat and parrot." "And who are you?" "We are of '08." "I am Lela." "And I am Miss Perkinson, if you please." Near an inscription "Perfect Farm Life," we find Greene and a companion of great likeness. He says Clois L., Jr., is making a hit in leading the song services in all of the nearby camp-meetings. For the advancement of humanity we find that Odell has climbed a steep bluff overlooking a great mass of people, and from his perch is busily handing out treatises concerning the true way of bringing up children.

On the summit of this mountain of success where countless numbers have cast laurels, where there are broad, even walks, where man turns his eye as to a golden goal, hikes Newlee. All of the Class of '08 from their different stations salute him and each other. All have little in common now, in fact one thing—Work, Work, pointing to the summit of Success.

The Day Upon the Strand

Searching for the Ocean's treasures
Where the pearls are wont to be,
Days and years we've cruised together
On a bright pacific sea.

But our thoughts like waves of Ocean
Ever toward the shore would roll,
Ever to us in our visions
Has the harbor been a goal.

Time at last has brought the summer,
Brought the June and brought the day,
When we sail into the harbor,
When we anchor in the bay.

Hearty cheers come out to greet us
From the people on the strand,
Music and rejoicing meet us
As we go upon the land.

We have safely made the voyage
That the coward ne'er begins,—
Only courage braves the waters,
Only pluck the goal-port wins.

To accomplish is a pleasure
That has ever thrilled the soul;
We've accomplished, found the treasure,
Missed the shoal and reached the goal.

High our hearts beat, warm our blood flows,
As upon the shore we stand.
All is sunshine, all is music,
All is perfume in this land.

May we not for aye and ever
In this lotus-land abide?
No, we must set sail at even
With the ebbing of the tide.

For this shore is but an isthmus,
Over there broad waters lie,
Stretching out into the distance,
Blending far off with the sky.

We are told that in these waters
Richest treasures may be found,
And beyond are lands of beauty,
Which in splendid ports abound.

But we also hear these waters
Oft with fiercest storms are tossed;
And that vessels in them sailing
Oft are injured, oft are lost.

But we do not lose our courage,
Let us struggle with the blast,
For in struggling there is pleasure,
And we'll win a port at last.

Yet there comes a mist of sadness
And o'erspreads the prospect bright,
For no more we sail together,
When we leave this port tonight.

Us who on those dear old waters,
There behind us side by side,
Long have sailed, tomorrow's sunrise
We'll see scattered far and wide.

But no matter what our course be,
Sail we where so e'er we will
We shall always be united—
Two bonds will unite us still.

One, the memory of our cruising,
Cruising with no cares or fears
On those bright pacific waters
In those early happy years.

Oh, those waters and that cruising
And the treasures that we found!
Oh, those sweet associations
And the memories clinging round!

Memories of our cruise together,
And this day within the goal
Will forever be a cabal
That will bind us soul to soul.

But another bond unites us,
'Tis the future and its hope,
For we sail by Star and Compass,
And we do not blindly grope.

And we trust that when our sailing
Shall have ended on Life's Main,
In a bright eternal Haven,
We may all unite again.



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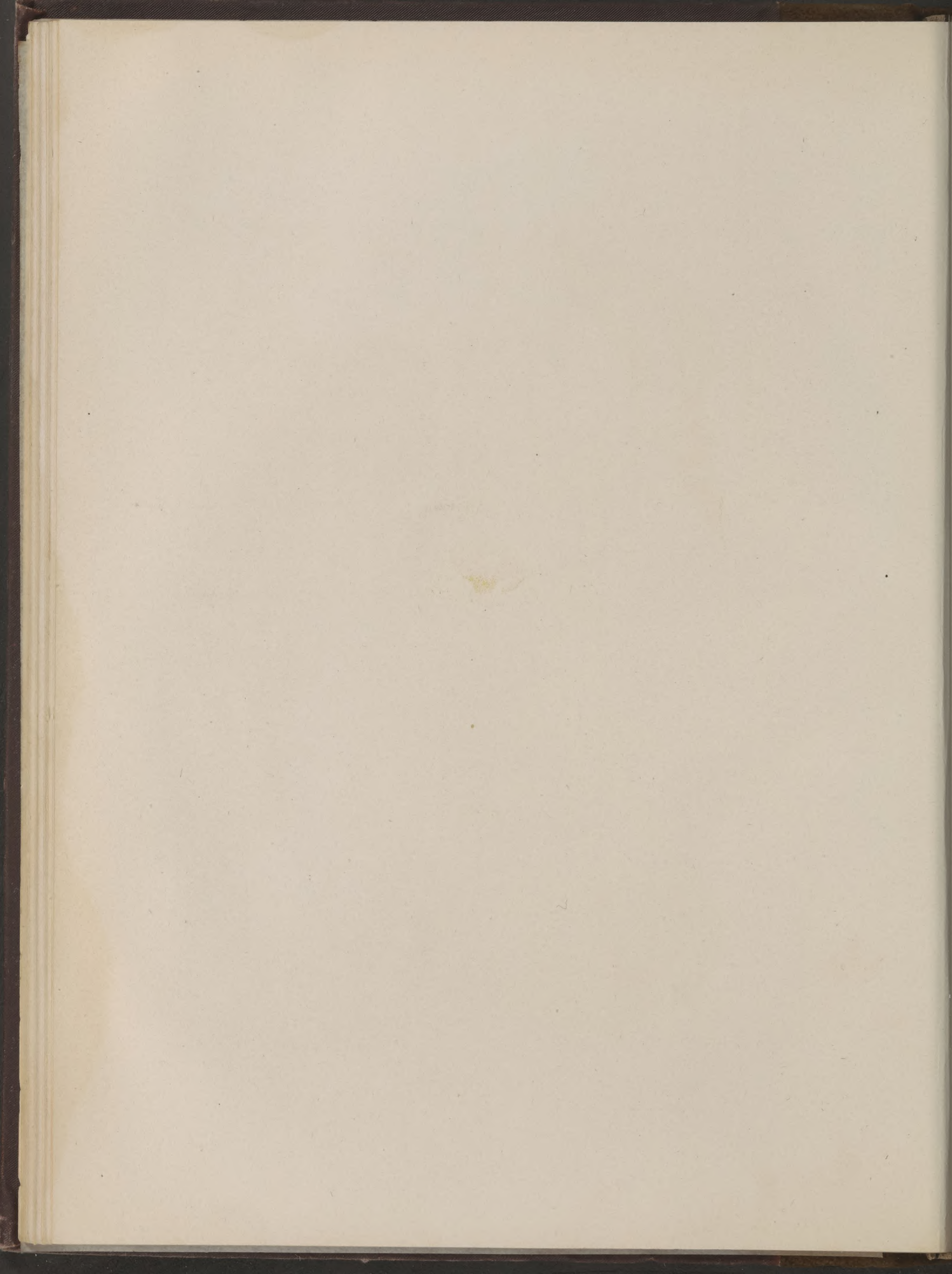
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1913
L. M. R. W.





OFFICERS

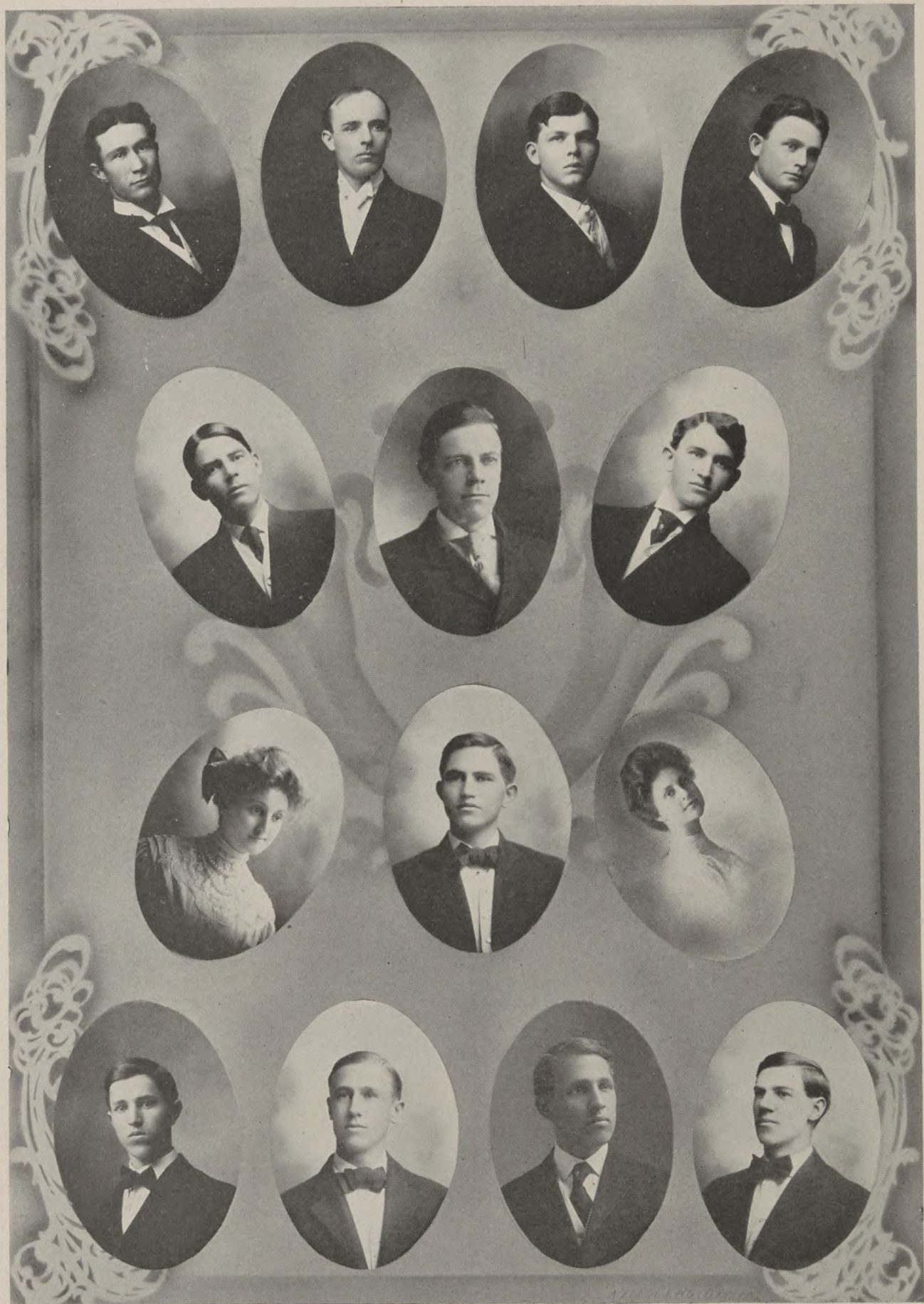
B. F. COLLINS	President
J. R. McFARLAND	Vice-President
MABEL SHANNON	Secretary
N. C. PERKINS	Treasurer
J. B. FRIZZELL	Class Editor

COLORS: *Maroon and Old Gold.*

ROLL

H. C. BARNARD	EULA McNEILL
B. H. BLOOR	N. C. PERKINS
STONEWALL BROWN	D. D. ROGERS
B. F. COLLINS	MABEL SHANNON
J. B. FRIZZELL	W. E. STURGEON
H. G. KNIGHT	D. E. TOMLINSON
J. R. McFARLAND	J. C. WELCH

"A WISE HEAD KEEPETH A STILL TONGUE."





SOPHS

Handwritten signature and date
12.6.68



OFFICERS

- L. C. WRIGHT *President*
- H. E. BOZEMAN *Vice-President*
- LUCILLE WOLFORD *Secretary-Treasurer*
- LENA BURFORD *Historian*

COLORS: *Red and White.*
 FLOWER: *Red and White Carnation.*

ROLL

- | | |
|---------------|------------------|
| T. J. ALLEN | ZULA KINNARD |
| M. G. BIVINS | MAIDEE MATTHEWS |
| H. E. BOZEMAN | E. R. RANDALL |
| LENA BURFORD | W. B. ROBINSON |
| ADA CULPEPPER | MARY BAIN SPENCE |
| H. B. DABBS | M. O. THOMAS |
| F. L. FARR | MYRTLE TOMLINSON |
| B. B. HALBERT | LUCILLE WOLFORD |
| J. H. HOLLAND | L. C. WRIGHT |

History of the Faerie Sophs

OUTLINE

CANTO I

1. The Sophomore Class, in company with the Faculty, start out to find and slay Ignorance, who is devastating the fields of Texas Christian University.

2. They approach the cave of Knowledge and see the ugly monster, guarding the entrance to the cave. "Be well aware," quoth the Faculty, "you must overcome him within eighteen hours."

3. The Sophs full of fire and greedy hardiment, approach, fight, and overcome the dragon.

4. At last they chanced to meet upon the way the Discipline Committee, who invites both Sophs and Faculty to his home.

CANTO II

1. The enchanter, Discipline Committee, causes the Sophs to doubt the Faculty and they flee.

2. Sophs meet Sophomore English, fight and behead him.

CANTO III

1. The forsaken Faculty long seeks the Sophs.

2. Faculty wins the Freshmen as champions.

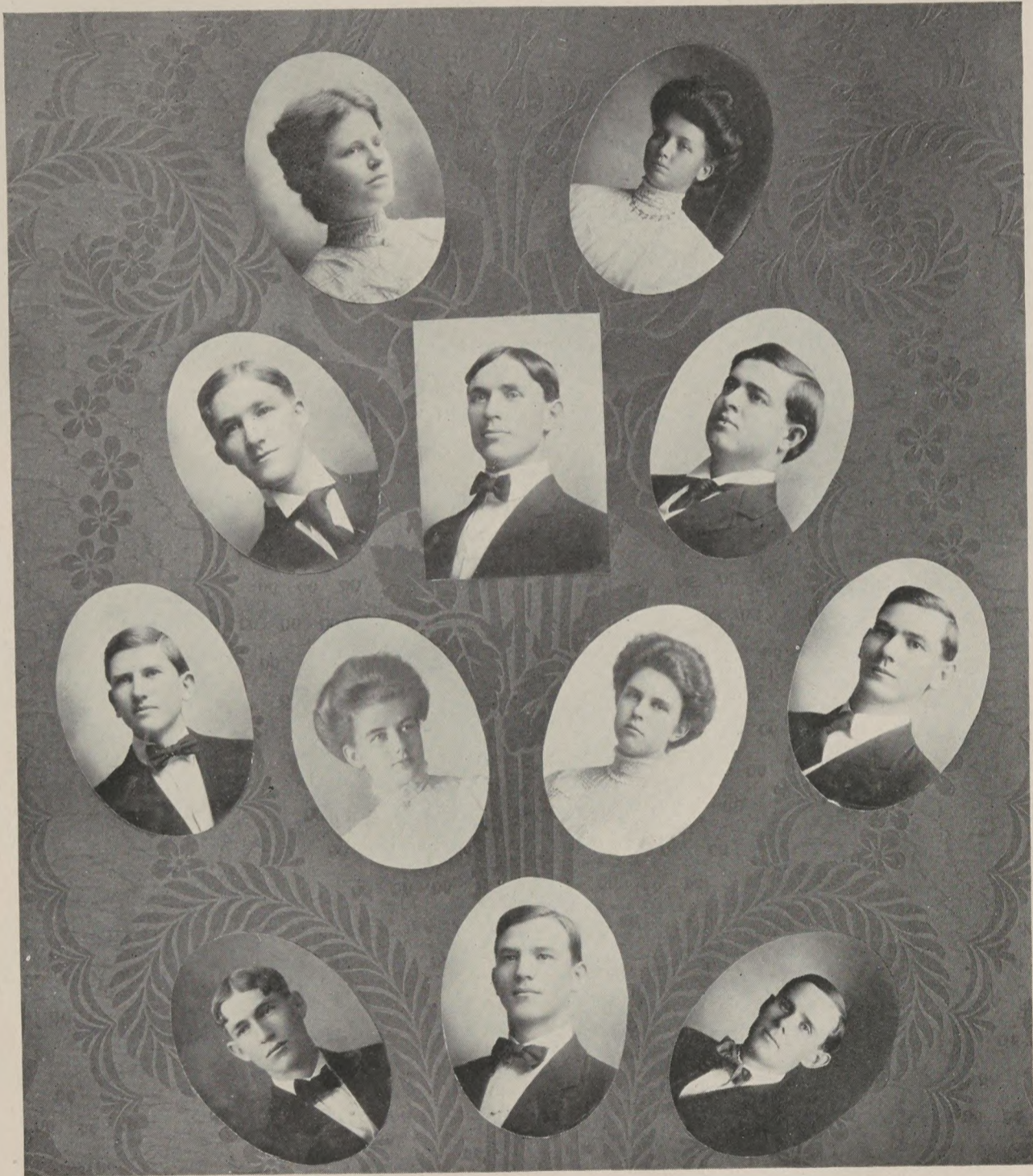
CANTO IV

1. Sophs visit a stately palace built of squared brick which cunningly was without mortar laid. Here Dame Riggs had on exhibition an array of Binges, Hash, Navy Beans, etc. Sophs attack these, but are overcome and go over to Dame Brown's for recuperation.

2. His brother's death to wreak, Advanced Composition challenges and fights Sophs.

CANTO V

1. The faithful Sophs in equal field subdues Advanced Composition, and would have slain him but for the interference of Final Exams, who imprison the Sophs.



A GROUP OF SOPHOMORES

CANTO VI

1. Faculty remains faithful to Sophs, and learning they are in prison, goes in company with Mike the Terrible to their rescue.

2. Sophs found and rescued. Final Exams revealed in their true light.

CANTO VII

1. Faculty takes Sophs to Sunday School every Sunday where they are taught repentance and the way to heavenly bliss. Sophs promise to become Sunday School teachers, saying, "O, let me not then turn again, back to the world, whose joys so fruitless are."

CANTO VIII

1. Sophs and Faculty approach the Main Building when they see that dreadful dragon, Ignorance, stretched upon the sunny side of a hill near by. Sophs approach and with the monster fight for twenty-one hours, incessantly, and slay him, gaining a most glorious victory.

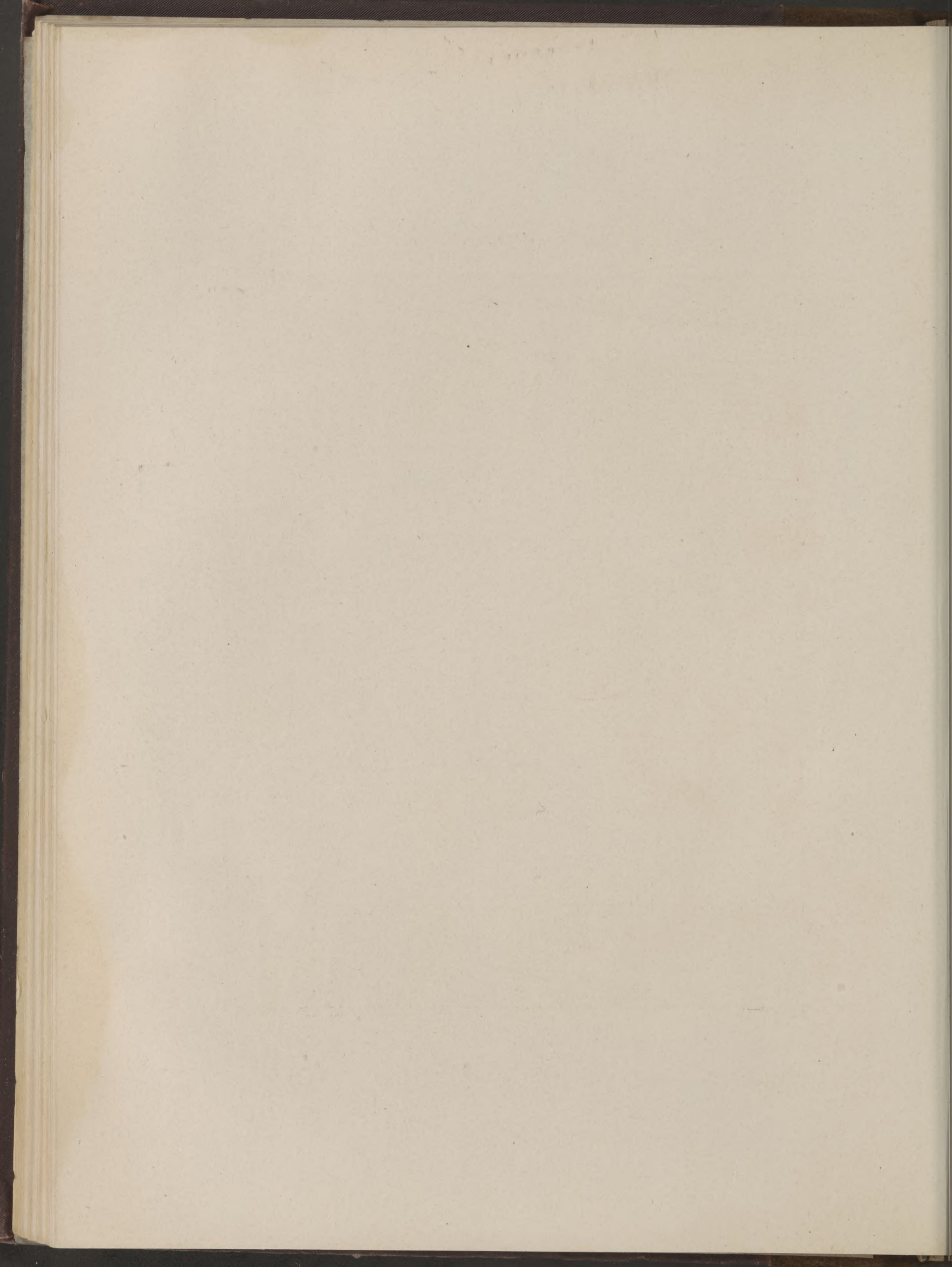
CANTO IX

1. Faculty greets Sophs with great joy. Feasting and rejoicing throughout the entire University, and Faculty and Sophs promise to remain firm friends forever.





FRESHMAN



Freshman Class

OFFICERS

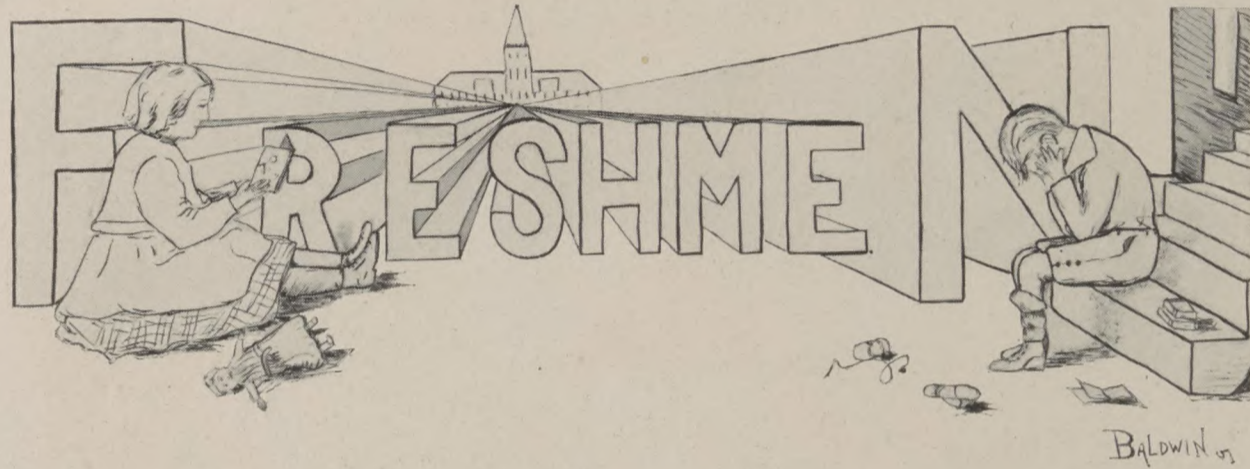
CAVIN MUSE	<i>President</i>
KATHLEEN MUNN	<i>Secretary</i>
FRANK BALDWIN	<i>Artist</i>
ETHEL WEBB	<i>Historian</i>

FLOWER: *Violet.*

COLORS: *Purple and Gold.*

CLASS ROLL

MARY RITER	CAVIN MUSE
BESS MCNEILL	WILL MASSIE
KATHLEEN MUNN	BURREL HULSEY
ANNA MAE ROQUEMORE	AUBLE RITER
WILLIE MAE STEWART	OSCAR DRUCKE
KATHLEEN GIBSON	JOHN BATEMAN
GARNET DECKER	ROBERT ABERNATHY
AVIS BAIRD	PRIOR WITT
ANNA PONDER	EARL ODELL
ORA CARPENTER	JOHN PYBURN
MARY WILM	CLYDE HACKNEY
IDA FOSTER	EARL GOUGH
INMAN FRANCIS	PEM DENTON
ZYLPHA VICK	BERT NABORS
MARY MICKLEY	HAL HAYS
ALLIE GIBSON	MANLY THOMAS
BESS MALONEY	BRAXTON WADE
CLARA MOSES	ELIJAH WADE
ETHEL WEBB	PRESS BALDWIN
FRANK BALDWIN	ELMER RANDALL
GRANTLAND ANDERSON	MORRIS ROBINSON
	JAMES WHITE



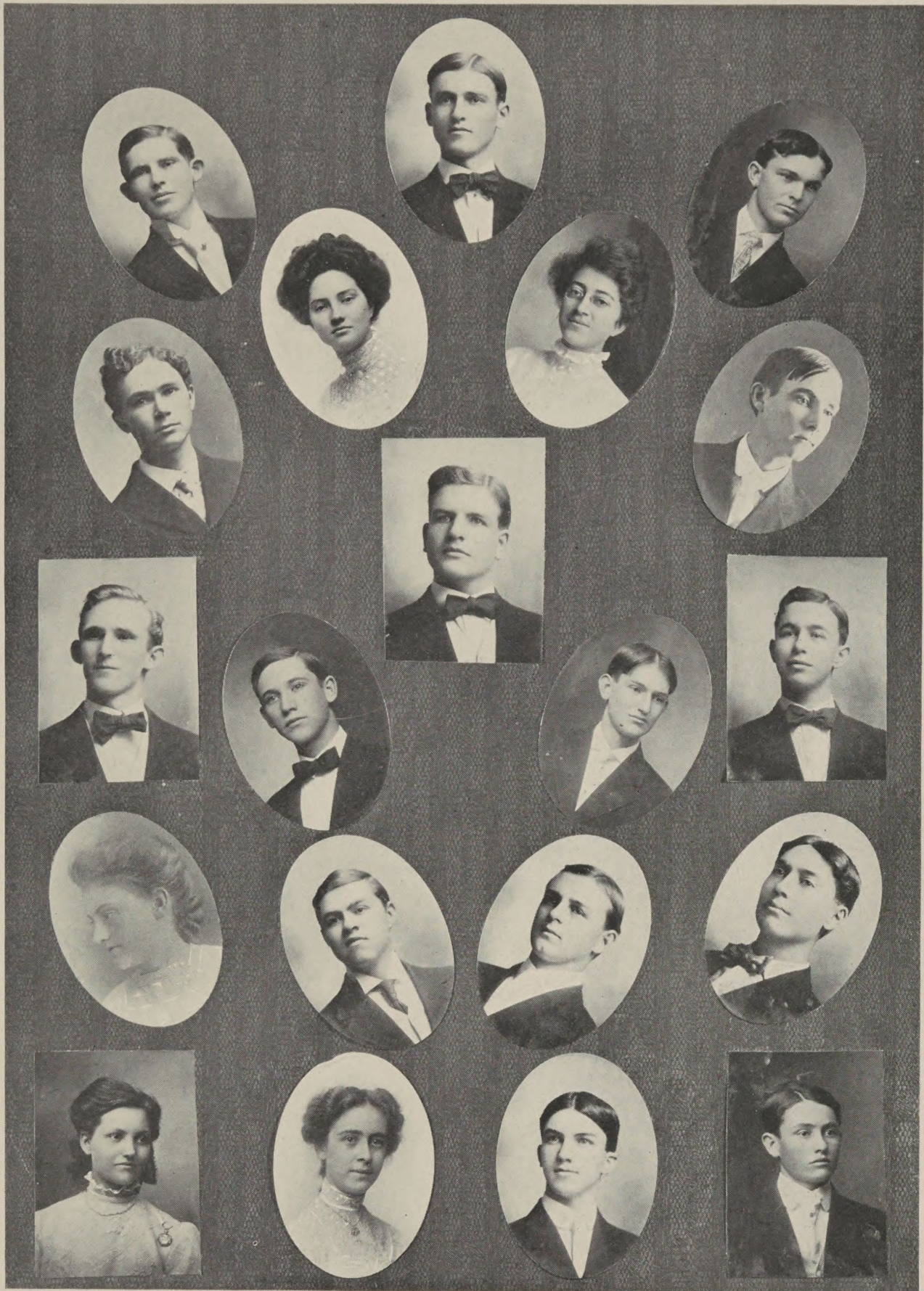
FNCE again the historian is called upon to bring this Class to the notice of the people of T. C. U. And it is with great pleasure that I tell who we are and what we are doing.

As a whole, the Class is one of the best in the institution. In all the various departments, we Freshmen are considered the banner students. All the other classes have the greatest respect for us, and some even fear us. The dignified Seniors greatly enjoy our society, for they know that they will surely learn things of which they never dreamed. And the Sophs—oh, well, they just stay in the dark when a Freshman is near.

A word must now be spoken concerning our students of the Fine Arts. We have one wielder of the brush whose work is such that we bid fair to see the name of Baldwin coupled with that of Raphael. And our musicians, they need no heralding, for nowhere are there singers who can move us as do Muse, Anderson, and Abernathy. Among our girls we have many accomplished singers, pianists, and readers.

And last, but not least, comes our skill in athletics. In this field, as well as in the others, we have earnest workers. The mere mention of the names of such giants of the gridiron as Massie, Pyburn, and Stewart, fills the enemy with fear. Especially do the Juniors recognize the strength of our football team, for on the fifth of December they were given as a token of the Freshman's "respect," a severe defeat.

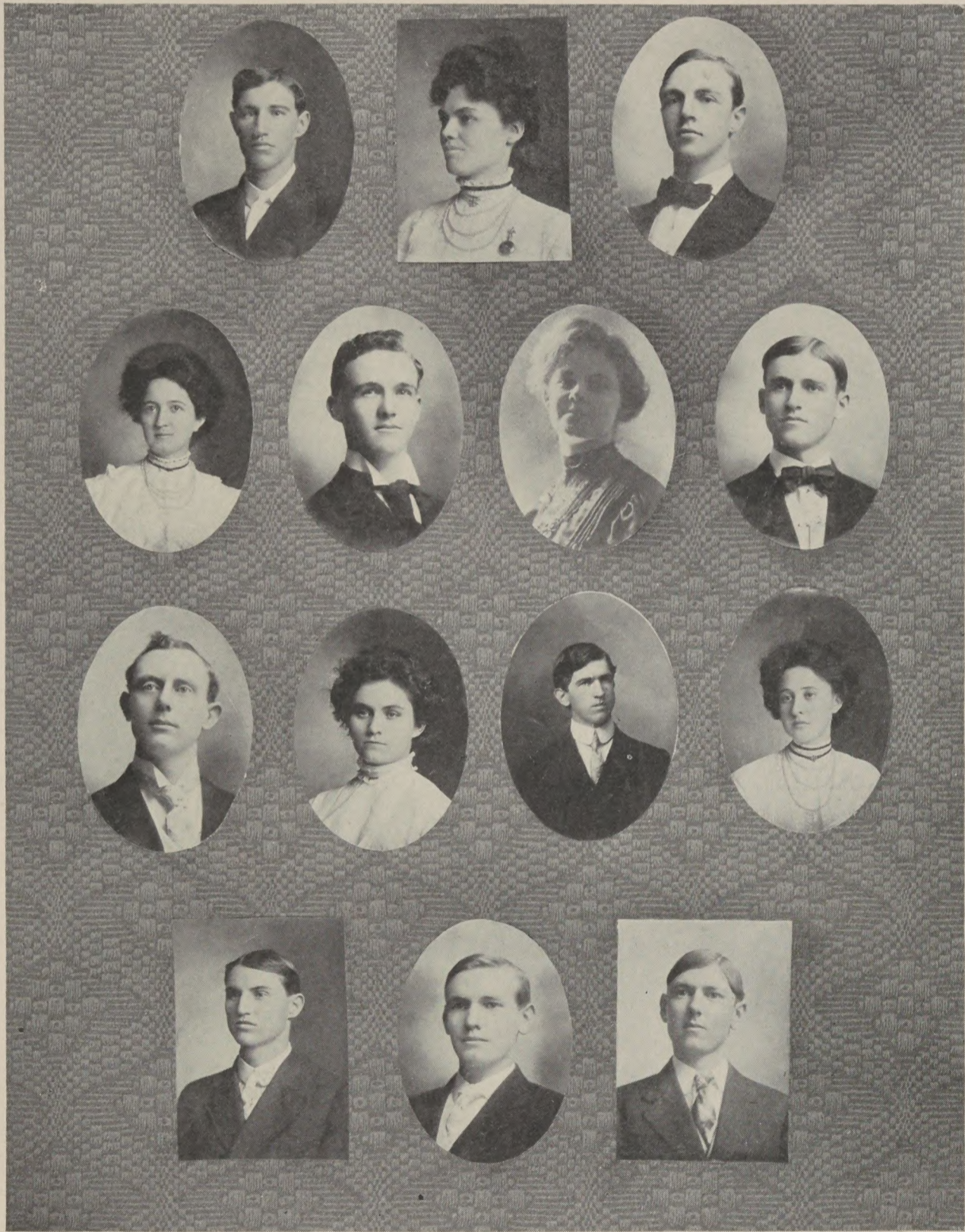
And now as space forbids more being said of this Class, we bid you adieu until next year, when we again, shall give an account of ourselves.





Graduating Class Officers

UNA JACKSON	<i>President</i>
WALTER STAIRS	<i>Vice-President</i>
FLORENCE YOUNG	<i>Secretary</i>
OLLIE KIRKPATRICK	<i>Treasurer</i>
FREDDIE BUSH	<i>Bottle-Carrier</i>



A GROUP OF C. O. B. STUDENTS.

W. A. WESTBROOK JESSIE ROBINSON C. M. HALL
 BERTHAL PHILLIPS W. M. HOLLAND LORAINÉ MALONEY W. P. WITT
 J. P. WATSON ELIZABETH RAMSEY E. L. THOMAS DELL RUCKER
 T. M. WESTBROOK G. H. ZACHERY R. L. SHOOK

College of Business

J. P. WATSON *President*
 BERTHAL F. PHILLIPS *Secretary-Treasurer*

THE Class of the College of Business for the sessions of '07, '08, ranks among the best of all the classes that have been graduated from this department of the University. This is not said to take up space, but because it is so and can be proven.

The roll this year equals, if not exceeds, in number, that of preceding years, and unlike other class rolls, there will not be found many "scratchers" on it. This is not a crowd of "quitters" as has been said of C. O. B. students. Neither is this class composed of students—no, not students, but people who enter merely because they think they can have a "snap," and that scarcely any work is required. But it is composed of students—yes, students, who come in for the purpose of work and of learning the useful things that are taught in this department.

Our members are not only C. O. B. students, but are literary matriculates as well. In fact, we are represented in every department and phase of college life. In the literary societies you will find C. O. B. students taking active parts in the work and acting as representatives in oratorical contests of the school.

In athletics we are best represented. On the gridiron we had men on the first team as well as a great many on the Reserves. On the diamond, a number of 'Varsity are members of our class. These honors, alone, have made us an enviable record.

Aside from these activities the C. O. B. student has particularly indulged in the frivolities that cluster around the life of the Girls' Home. At every intimation that social privileges have been extended, he is as fast as the fastest track-team man to get into the whirl and enjoy his share of the gayeties. Although there are a number of celebrities along this line, in our class, the vote for the most consistent and industrious grasper of social opportunities will have to go to "Big Rob."

In the serious side of life, the C. O. B. student is the most diligent and progressive about the University. He eagerly takes advantage of the unexcelled courses in book-keeping, the thorough method of short-hand that are offered him, and he has the good fortune to enjoy a close association with efficient teachers in the department. The mingling of the students, and their connection as practical business men, the courses affording true and actual experiences, have given opportunity for the C. O. B. students to create sincere friendships and a loyal class spirit that can not be obtained in other classes.

It has been attempted to give some idea of the C. O. B. Class. Only the best things have been mentioned. Of course, like all other human things, we have our faults, but taken in a general way, we are just what we have tried to picture ourselves, —a good, jolly, hard-working "bunch."



Music.

Music Hall

ONE OF THE FAMOUS ANN DANTE MONOLOGUES

GOOD morning! Yes, I'm one of the music pupils. Don't I look like a Bach number? I ought to. Oh, thank you. Show the studios? *Could* I? Why, surely I could; with lessons from every blessed teacher, there isn't a music rack nor a stuck key in this whole building that I don't know. How can I—? Well, there's Piano and Musical Literature under Miss Smith; Organ, Mr. Wimberly; Sight-Playing from Miss Jennings; Voice and Ear-Training from Mrs. Hunter and Violin and Harmony under Mr. Hunter. It's a regular "Perpetual Motion" to attend classes. To get in our practice, we do twenty-five hours out of twenty-four!

"But here we are! You see the hall has just been papered. *We* wanted red, but the teachers said red was irritating, and they'd have us understand that if they were irritable, *we* were to blame, and not the wall-paper. So it's green. And all these panels of trees are to make that picture of Beethoven feel at home. He was so fond of nature, Miss Smith says, and she's just daffy about him, so I know that's the reason she selected these woodland scenes instead of cupids and lovely girls playing the harp, which certainly appealed to *me*. This picture of the man playing the organ and the girl leaning on his chair was given by the Senior Class. Each year the Seniors are going to give a picture or a statue. Miss Smith said if this girl had been leaning on the man instead of the chair, they would have had to give something else. But pshaw! I don't see why. You understand? I didn't quite catch what you said about co-education. M—um—maybe so.

"This is the director's studio. Oh no, it doesn't seem very large when forty Normal students and teachers get in. *I* feel like sitting on the grand piano to keep from being crushed. Yes, the Normal department is a hummer! And so are most of the other things we do.

"Here is Mrs. Hunter's studio and right over there is her liege lord's. Nice for them to be so near together, isn't it? Specially as they are almost bride and groom. She is lovely, and so is he, only we discovered it quite by accident, for he prides himself on being hard-hearted and making the girls cry. Don't be startled! That's key-

board harmony. Somebody leaped upon a six-four bass, and he leaped, too. No, it isn't always harmony in his room, sometimes it's a fiddler's hornpipe marked *furioso*.

"All the glass doors lead into practice rooms, all with musical pictures on the walls, and *such* a view from the windows! We look right over and see the boys play ball. Ought to have our minds on what we are practicing? Well,—er—we—do, and besides they aren't always practicing when we are. N—no, I don't suppose they *do* stop their game to listen to us. Say, you ought to hear me root at the games, and I couldn't make a sound before I began voice with Mrs. Hunter. She ——.

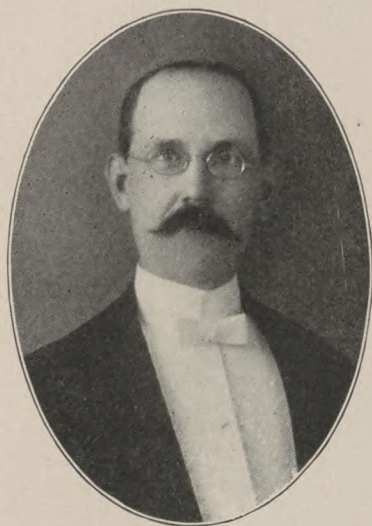
"Oh, you want to see the other studios. Yes, Miss Jennings' in pink and green. She wanted it repapered because she said it wasn't becoming either to her or her pupils, but Mr. Anderson said she ought to be glad it was the paper that was green and not the pupils. No, I don't know where she got so many pictures, but I *do* know she got the pins from us—who enters here leaves pins behind! Yes, two pianos for sight-playing, and it's a sight, too. I love it, for it's the one place where I'm not held up for every measley mistake. I think a flavor of dissonance is musical, don't you? Do you like the St. Cecelia? Miss Smith said she didn't see how she could play the organ with roses dropping on her hands, but Miss Jennings said that *she* played at the faculty recital with a palm leaf cutting all sorts of monkey-shines around her left hand, and if she could dodge the palm she reckoned St. Cecelia could dodge the thorns. The recital was great! The last number especially, for, as Mr. Spurgeon said, 'It sho' ought to be fine, it takes five of us to capsize it.' When Mr. Wimberly played, somebody said he had such perfect command of the keyboard that he and the keyboard seemed one —— 'as if he were wedded to his art.' A small boy piped out, 'That ain't so, he's married to Mrs. Wimberly.'

"Yes, indeed, you must hear them all, and you must hear *us* too, in our monthly recitals, and every Wednesday morning there are musical stunts in chapel.

"But it's a regular 'New World Symphony' to hear us all practicing, the orchestra, the glee club, the band, the chorus girls——shocked?—why? It *is* a chorus, and I'm sure they aren't young ladies, if they *do* puff their hair and have big bows. But to hear us all at once. There's the bell, just wait and you'll hear——. Must be going? But your daughter is coming next year? How perfectly lov——. Oh she'll get along all right if she doesn't eat pecans or play ragtime in the Hall. The teachers are awfully fussy if you do either one, and both are equal to——. Yes, I'm glad you came. Delighted, I'm sure. Thank you so much. So glad your daughter is coming! Goodbye!!

"Ye gods and little fishes! Another girl to practice! Heigh ho! I wish it was a boy to knock a three-bagger!"

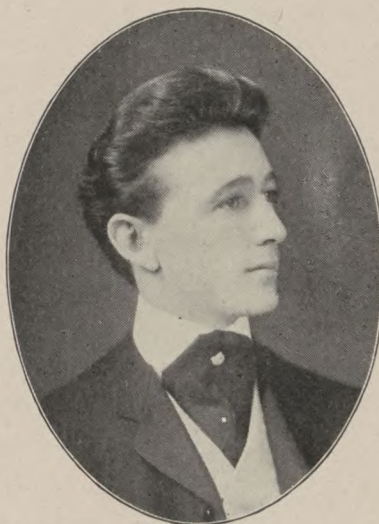
Faculty of College of Music



FRED W. WIMBERLY,
Professor of Piano and Pipe Organ.



CORA LEE JENNINGS,
Instructor in Piano



WILLIS C. HUNTER,
Professor of Violin, Harmony and Theory.



HARRIET FRANCES SMITH,
Director of College of Music:
Professor of Piano.



MRS. LENA LEACH HUNTER,
Professor of Vocal Culture:
Choral Director.



GRADUATES OF COLLEGE OF MUSIC

JEANNETTE ALEXANDER

MARY BAIN SPENCE

LILLIE MAE MATTHEWS

MABEL WALLACE, '07, *Post-Graduate.*

VERA SALLEE

FAN FOSTER BOWMAN



Junior Class College of Music

ROLL

DOT BROTHERTON	ALLIE GIBSON
CLARA BOWMAN	CLOIS L. GREENE
HAZEL BROWN	ZULA KINNARD
GRACE CHAPPEL	STELLA RHONE
MAE LYN COX	CARRIE SCHLEY
GARNET DECKER	MERTIS STOCKARD
ILA FLETCHER	FRANCES STOWERS
FRANKIE FRIZZELL	MYRTLE TOMLINSON
VESTA WEAVER	
CECIL WILSON	
LUCILE WOLFORD	



Sophomore Class College of Music

ROLL

LOUISE ANDERSON	EULA McNEILL
IRMA BIRD	BESS McNEILL
AVIS BAIRD	LORAINÉ MALONEY
IRENE BROWN	QUEEN MARRS
EULA COX	HAZEL MILLAR
HATTIE DUMAS	MYRTLE MILLS
ALICE EDDINS	MAIDEE MATTHEWS
MAUDE FITTS	CLARA MOSES
LESLIE FRANCIS	ROBERT MULLICAN
KATHLEEN GIBSON	KATHLEEN MUNN
LILLIAN GRACE	BESS RASH
OLLIE KIRKPATRICK	MARY RITER
JENNIE VIE McCULLOH	MAY SPEARS
MAYME McCORMICK	MARY WILM

Young Ladies' Choral Club

MRS. LENA LEACH HUNTER, *Director.*

FIRST SOPRANO

CECIL WILSON	FRANKIE FRIZZELL
MYRTLE MILLS	BESS RAMSEY
CARRIE SCHLEY	LILLIE HASH
FAN BOWMAN	ETHEL WEBB
JEANNETTE ALEXANDER	GARNET DECKER
EULA McNEILL	IDA FOSTER
BESS McNEILL	BESS MALONEY
ALLIE GIBSON	

SECOND SOPRANO

IRENE BROWN	GRACE CHAPPEL	BERTHAL PHILLIPS
ANNA MAE ROQUEMORE		LILLIE MAE MATTHEWS

ALTO

JENNIE McCULLOH	STELLA RHONE	MAIDEE MATTHEWS
HAZEL BROWN		FLORENCE YOUNG

YOUNG LADIES' OCTETTE

MRS. LENA LEACH HUNTER, *Director.*

FIRST SOPRANO

FAN BOWMAN
CARRIE SCHLEY

FIRST ALTO

STELLA RHONE
MYRTLE TOMLINSON

SECOND SOPRANO

ALLIE GIBSON
ANNA MAE ROQUEMORE

SECOND ALTO

JENNIE McCULLOH
HAZEL BROWN



CHORAL CLUB

The Choral Club's Local Hit

When I'm an Old, Old Lady

When I'm an old, old lady,
With children ten or two,
I'll teach them that the alphabet
Begins with T. C. U. ;
I'll show their little fingers how
To find with ready skill
The fondest spot on earth to me—
It's dear old College Hill.

CHORUS:

When I'm an old, old lady,
With children ten or two,
I'll teach them that the alphabet
Begins with T. C. U.

I'll tell them how the Sophomores
Would ring the College bell,
And how they took the clapper out
And hid it in the well ;
And how they blacked the Freshman
And greased the Chapel seats,
And cows put in the dining-room,
With acrobatic feats.

I'll tell them of my boarding-house,
And how the tough beef-steak
Was tanned and sold again as hides,
The finest boots to make.
I'll tell them how the bill of fare
Was varied every day,
So that we read it forward once,
And then the reverse way.

University Choir

MRS. LENA LEACH HUNTER, *Director.*
PROFESSOR FRED W. WIMBERLY, *Organist*

SOPRANO

MRS. LENA LEACH HUNTER	BESS MALONEY
FAN BOWMAN	GARNET DECKER
CARRIE SCHLEY	EULA MCNEILL

TENOR

ALEXANDER M. HARWOOD	CLOIS L. GREENE
GORDON B. HALL	J. B. FRIZZELL
ROBERT ABERNATHY	

ALTO

JENNIE McCULLOH	ANNA MAE ROQUEMORE
MYRTLE TOMLINSON	IRENE BROWN
STELLA RHONE	HAZEL BROWN

BASSO

BRYANT F. COLLINS	ROBERT MULLIKIN
HOWELL G. KNIGHT	ELMER STRATTON
WILL MASSEY	HENRY D. JONES



University Quartet

W. T. HAMNER . . .	<i>First Tenor</i>	E. H. SHELTON . . .	<i>Second Tenor</i>
B. F. COLLINS . . .	<i>Baritone</i>	H. G. KNIGHT . . .	<i>Basso</i>

The University Glee Club

THE present Glee Club was organized in October, 1906, from out of the ranks of the younger students who had good voice mettle that had not been spoiled by trying to sing. The first year was one of trial and hard work. But through earnest endeavor on the part of the director and the members, and through the kindness of the vocal teacher from whom they received many valuable suggestions, the standard of work was consistently raised, and the Club showed a great improvement in a short while.

Most of the singing done by the Club during the first year was that of college songs—those were sung, and sung well. At the close of the year a recital was given, and it was entertaining, if not classic.

When the session opened in September, 1907, most of the Club returned to school, and the few vacancies that had occurred were soon filled. The second year was begun under most favorable circumstances. Since that time it has sung a much better grade of music and has furnished delightful entertainment to all throughout the year. Recitals have been given at different times at the University and short trips have been taken by the Club for concert work in other places. These entertainments received the most applaudable praise from the home-folks and those in the towns visited.

While the Club has derived much pleasure from its work, it has always been ready to assist any organization when requested to do so. It has been most useful in its Sunday School work, as probably no one organization connected with the University has been more appreciated than the Sunday School Choir.

Whatever merit there is in the work of the Glee Club, too much praise can not be given to the untiring efforts of the director, Professor W. T. Hamner, who has labored with it since it has been organized. He has always had the highest perfection in view for the Club, and his endeavors toward that goal have been zealous and consistent. Much appreciation is due him, and the members of the Club eagerly express it in consideration of his laudatory work. The success and progress of the Club is also due in a measure to the substantial aid given it by the Faculty of Fine Arts. The encouragement that has been extended it from every department of the University, in fact, has had its weight in perfecting an all-round, first-class organization, one in which every true T. C. U. student feels a just pride.

University Glee Club

OFFICERS

W. T. HAMNER	<i>Director</i>
C. L. GREENE	<i>President</i>
J. R. McFARLAND	<i>Secretary</i>
N. C. PERKINS	<i>Treasurer</i>
D. A. SHIRLEY	<i>Manager</i>

ROLL

First Tenor

D. E. TOMLINSON
 T. J. ALLEN
 W. A. HALL
 N. C. PERKINS
 R. E. ABERNATHY

First Basso

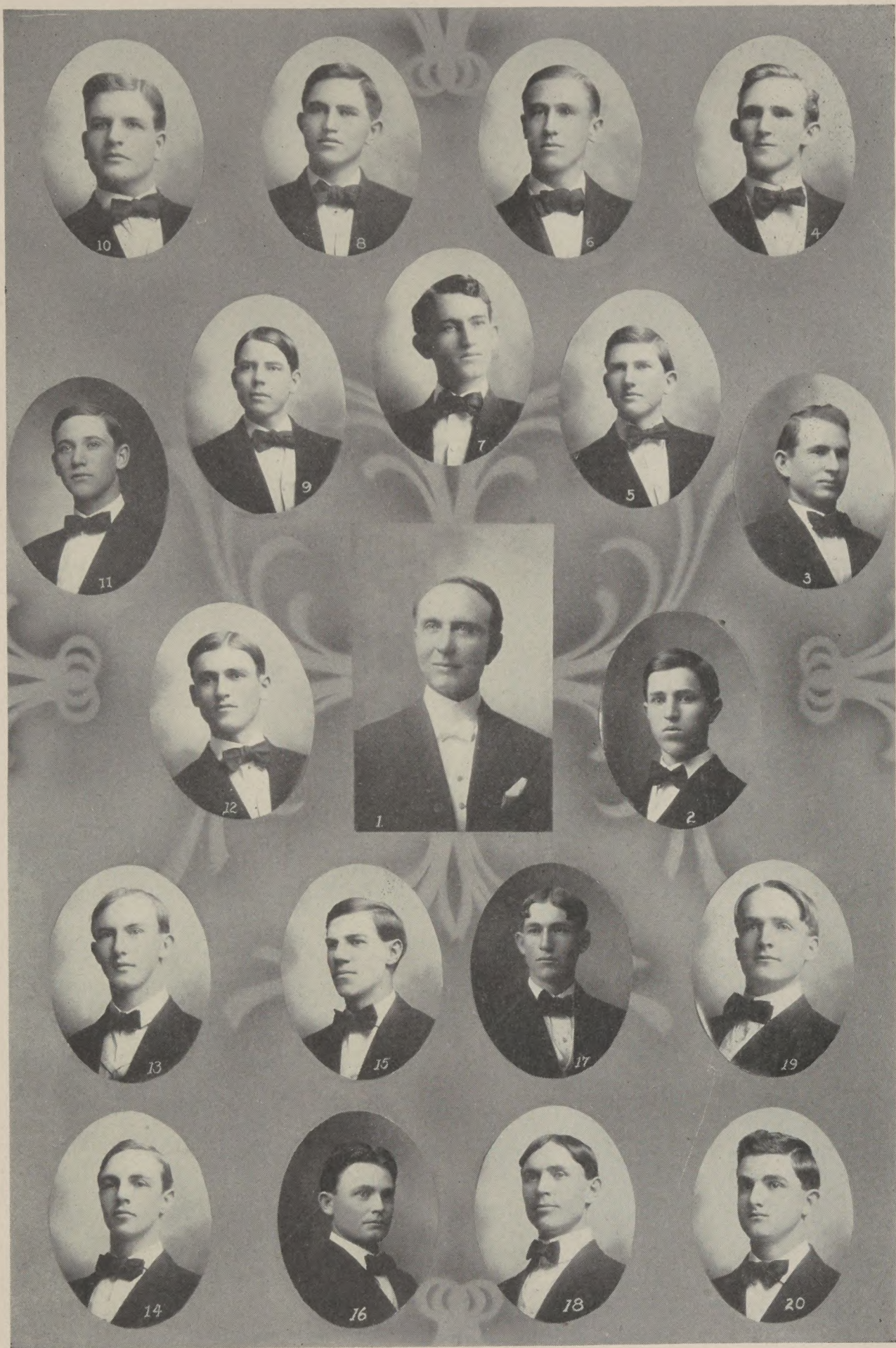
H. C. BARNARD
 W. MASSIE
 J. C. WELCH
 C. M. HALL

Second Tenor

J. R. McFARLAND
 G. N. ANDERSON
 E. C. MUSE
 D. D. ROGERS
 P. W. WITT
 C. L. GREENE

Second Basso

E. C. STRATTON
 M. G. BIVINS
 L. C. WRIGHT
 L. E. ROCKWELL



UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB

University Orchestra



PROFESSOR WILLIS C. HUNTER Director

<i>First Violin:</i>	{ MYRTLE TOMLINSON FAN FOSTER BOWMAN	<i>Second Violin:</i>	{ MAY SPEARS FRANCES STOWERS STELLA RHONE R. H. McMULLEN	<i>Clarinet:</i>	{ W. C. HACKNEY G. N. ANDERSON J. O. WALLACE
<i>First Cornet:</i>	{ W. L. WILLIAMS J. H. HOLLAND	<i>Second Cornet:</i>	{ R. E. MULLIKIN	<i>Trombone:</i>	{ L. E. ROCKWELL J. B. FRIZZELL
<i>Baritone:</i>	{ T. J. ALLEN	<i>Drums:</i>	{ D. D. ROGERS	<i>Viola:</i>	{ FRED W. WIMBERLY
				<i>Pianist:</i>	{ MABEL WALLACE

University Band



PROFESSOR WILLIS C. HUNTER Director

<i>First Cornet:</i> { W. L. WILLIAMS J. H. HOLLAND	<i>Second Cornet:</i> { R. E. MULLIKIN H. B. DABBS	<i>Alto:</i> { G. H. ZACHARY J. WOODS	W. E. STURGEON R. E. McMULLEN
<i>Bass:</i> { W. M. HOLLAND R. G. PULLIAM	<i>Baritone:</i> { T. J. ALLEN	<i>Saxophone:</i> { O. E. ELLIOTT W. D. ALLEN	<i>'Cello:</i> { E. H. SHELTON
<i>Trombone:</i> { L. E. ROCKWELL J. B. FRIZZELL F. L. FARR	<i>Clarinets:</i> { J. O. WALLACE G. M. ANDERSON	C. HACKNEY D. D. ROGERS	

Roll of Music Students

JEANNETTE ALEXANDER	FRANK FARR	VERA MONTGOMERY
BERTHA ALEXANDER	MAUDE FITTS	KATHLEEN MUNN
THURMAN ALLEN	ILA FLETCHER	ROBERT MULLIKIN
JUANITA ANDERSON	AUBREY FLETCHER	LORENA MURPHEY
LOUISE ANDERSON	LESLIE FRANCIS	RUTH OLIVER
GRANTLAND ANDERSON	INMAN FRANCIS	BERTHA OLIVER
JOHN ANDERSON	BOZE FRIZZELL	FLOY PERKINSON
VIVIEN ARMSTRONG	FRANKIE FRIZZELL	IDA PEUGH
AVIS BIARD	KATHLEEN GIBSON	NOAH PERKINS
LENA BIARD	ALLIE GIBSON	BERYL D' POOLE
MILES BIVENS	LILLIAN GRACE	RICHARD PULLIAM
MABEL BIRD	LYDIA GOODMAN	JOHN PYBURN
IRMA BIRD	ANNETA GOODMAN	BESS RASH
FAN BOWMAN	EARL GOUGH	CLYDE REEVES
CLARA BOWMAN	CLOIS GREENE	STELLA RHONE
NONA BOEGEMAN	LILLIE HASH	MARY RITER
HAZEL BROWN	CLYDE HACKNEY	JESSIE ROBINSON
STONEWALL BROWN	EMILY HAYTH	ROY ROCKWELL
IRENE BROWN	EDNA HAYTH	DAN ROGERS
DOT BROTHERTON	FRANCES HAYES	VERA SALLEE
FRANCES VAN BRODDIE	MARY HARBUCK	CARRIE SCHLEY
NORMA BREDDEN	HARVEY HOLLAND	EARNEST SHELTON
PAULINE BREUSTEAT	UNA JACKSON	ERVA SILLS
JEAN BURNS	HENRY JONES	ROSIE SILVERS
MILDRED CAMMACK	ZULA KINNARD	ALVIS SMITH
PAULINE CAMMACK	OLLIE KIRKPATRICK	JAMIE STRANGE
ORA CARPENTER	HOWELL KNIGHT	MARY BETH STAIRS
VIOLA CARPENTER	NAOMI LOCKHART	WILL STURGEON
GRACE CHAPPELL	LILLIE MAY MATTHEWS	MAY SPEARS
TOM CHAPOTON	MAIDEE MATTHEWS	MARY BAIN SPENCE
IVA CHRISTIAN	ALMA MATTHEWS	MERTIS STOCKARD
FLORENCE CORBIN	EULA MCNEILL	FRANCES STOWERS
MAE LYN COX	BESS MCNEILL	MYRTLE TOMLINSON
EULA COX	JENNIE MCCULLOH	HANNAH TUSTI
ALMA COX	MAYME MCCORMICK	MABEL WALLACE
BRYANT COLLINS	ROBERT McMULLEN	OLEN WALLACE
HOWARD DABBS	MYRTLE MILLS	VESTA WEAVER
GARNET DECKER	QUEEN MARRS	CECIL WILSON
MARION DILWORTH	HAZEL MILLAR	FRIEDA WIRTZ
HATTIE DUMAS	JULIEN MINIER	RUTH WINSTON
ALICE EDDINS	BESS MALONEY	MARY WILM
EDNA ELLIOTT	LORAIN MALONEY	LOCKHART WILLIAMS
LEOLA ESKRIDGE	CLARA MOSES	LUCILE WOLFORD

ORATORY AND
DRAMATIC ART



School of Oratory

THE Oratory Department began this year under a new director. Only the highest words of praise can be said in regard to the one at the head of the department. Her work speaks for itself. There has been a steady and continual growth in all branches of the department throughout the year, until it has become necessary to secure the services of an assistant teacher for next session. At present we have the largest enrollment that T. C. U. has ever known.

The work this year has been done under three main divisions,—orations, declamations, and debates; interpretative readings and select sketches; and plays. The work done in all of these branches has been of the highest order and the entire school and public have listened to their representatives on a number of occasions with great pleasure.

The Oratory Club, consisting of all the members of the oratory department, was organized during the Fall term of the present school year. Clois L. Greene was elected President and Miss Amy Wood, Secretary. The general purpose of the Club is to promote good-fellowship and a better acquaintance among the members. With this end in view the Club planned a social evening together, the occasion being a "Leap Year Tongue Dance." The Oratory studio and practice room were daintily decorated in cut flowers and palms and the club colors green and white. "Cozy corners" and "screened nooks" were much in evidence. How kind of those in charge to provide these secluded retreats! for could the "beautiful and charming young ladies" ever have been so successful in their *proposals* had not such fitting surroundings lent their aid! The purpose of the Club was undoubtedly realized on this occasion, for not one young man—not even the most bashful—was permitted to *escape*, and surely the Club was more closely drawn together during this pleasant evening spent together.

The outlook for next year's work is the most promising we have known. Much praise is due Miss Reeves; it is to her untiring efforts that the Oratory School owes its success.

Class Roll

ANDERSON, JUANITA
 ANDERSON, MONTAGUE
 ALFORD, EDNA
BUSH, F. C.
 BLOOR, B. H.
 BROWN, HAZEL
BROWN, W. A.
 BROWN, STONEWALL
 BRITTON, JEFFIE
BLANCHART, FRANCES
 BAKER, LOUISE
 CARPENTER, ORA
CARPENTER, VIOLA
 CRAWFORD, LIZELLA
 DICKSON, S. L.
DENTON, PEM
 DEAN, T. J.
 ELLIS, JOHN
FARIS, E. E.
 FRIZZELL, BONNER
 FLETCHER, AUBREY
GREENE, CLOIS L.
 GOUGH, EARL
 HALE, FLOYD
HUDSON, GLADYS
 HALL, WALTER A.
 JONES, H. D.
JACKSON, UNA
 LOCKHART, NAOMI
MALONEY, LORAINÉ
 MUSE, CAVIN
 MORROW, ANNIE
MOORE, VENA
 MCBETH, TONY
 MARRS, QUEENE
McCLELLAND, WILLIE
 MILLER, HAZEL
 NABORS, BERT
POOL, C. L.
 PATTERSON, MYRTA
 PYBURN, J. W.
ROBINSON, W. B.
 RASH, BESS
 SHANNON, MABEL
STURGEON, W. E.
 STUART, MORRIS
 SHIPP, VIVIAN
TWYMAN, H. L.
 TOMLINSON, BEATRICE
 THOMPSON, JEAN
WADE, B. B.
 WELCH, JOHN
 WRIGHT, COLLIE
WOOD, AMY
 WOOD, JOHN
 WILM, MARY
YATES, ORMON
 MELTON, ERNEST

Seniors in Oratory

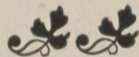
GRADUATING RECITAL

PART I.

- 1. At the Sign of the Cleft Heart . . . *Garrison*
MISS HUDSON.
- 2. Dolores Before the King . . . *Crawford*
MISS BROWN.
- 3. Her Romance . . . *Phelps*
MISS HUDSON.
- 4. The Little Major . . . *Stonewall Brown*
MISS BROWN.
- 5. India, . . .
MISS HUDSON.



HAZEL DEUEL BROWN
Waco, Texas
"Describe her who can."



GLADYS THELMA HUDSON
Kansas City, Mo.
"Sometimes violent laughter
screwed her face"

PART II.

- 1. Poses: Japanese Fantastics . . . *Reeves*
- 2. Cherry Blossoms . . .
MISS BROWN.
- 3. A Tale . . . *Browning*
MISS HUDSON.
- 4. The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Scene I,
Shakespeare
Portia . . . MISS BROWN
Nerissa . . . MISS HUDSON

Seniors in Oratory

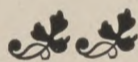
GRADUATING RECITAL

PART I.

1. Cupid in a Balloon.
 2. Mandalay *Kipling*
 3. The Nymphs, a Study in Grace . . . *Reeves*
 4. The Other Wise Man *Van Dyke*
 5. The Quaker *Weatherly*
- MISS CRAWFORD.



LIZELLA ALLEN CRAWFORD
Waco, Texas
"Along the cool sequestered vale of life
She kept the even tenor of her way."



PART II.

FARCE—"Miss Civilization"—
Richard Harding Davis

THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY:

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| Joseph Hatch | BERTRAM BLOOR |
| "Brick" Meakin | BERT NABORS |
| Harry Hayes | WILL ROBINSON |
| Captain Lucas | EARL GOUGH |
| Alice Gardener | MISS MARRS |



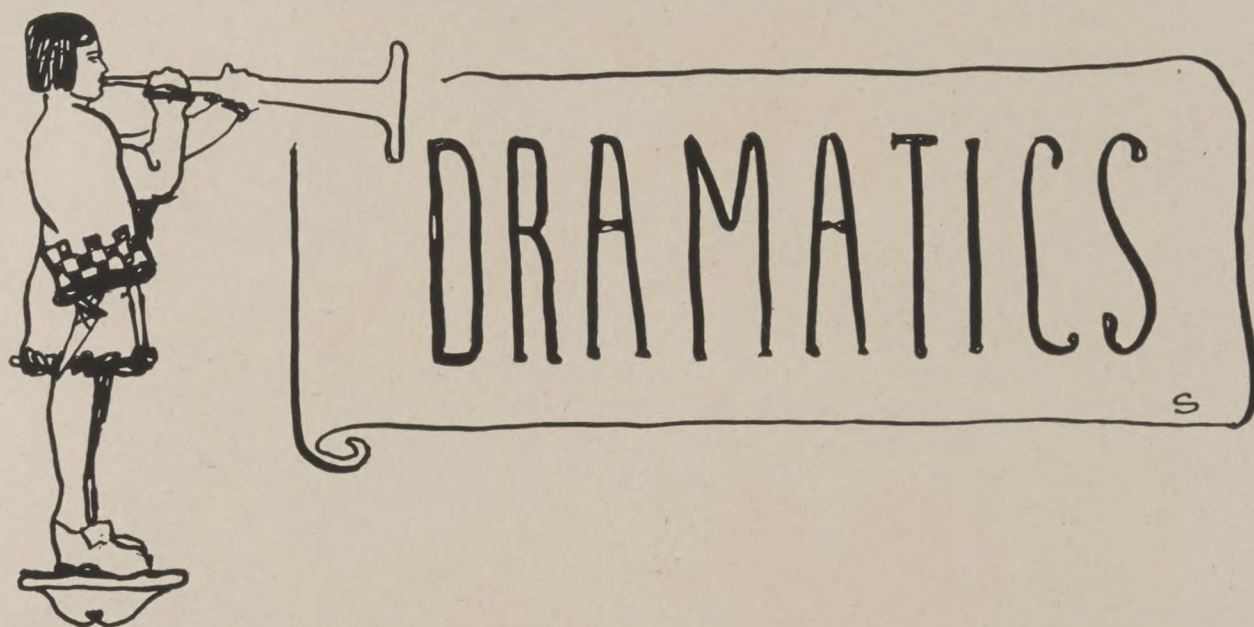
QUEENE ELEANOR MARRS
Killeen, Texas
"No man's sentiments perfectly
agree with mine own"



STUDENTS OF SCHOOL OF ORATORY



STUDENTS OF SCHOOL OF ORATORY



IN THE activities connected with the School of Oratory, the Dramatic Club holds no small place. The second year of its organization has proven to be a most successful one, lending much pleasure and benefit to its members and affording genuine entertainment to its friends. Its productions have been marked as feature events of the school year. The talent displayed by the "all-star cast" has been excellent and sufficiently worthy to receive the highest commendations from student critics and those who have witnessed the offerings.

Fortunately, the new oratory teacher was well enthused with the idea of a continuance of the Club after the resignation of its first director, and her efforts along this line have proven to be of the highest merit. Her past experience in the presentations of plays has given her a full command of the art, and her coaching and training of the Club has gained it the success attained.

On December 12, the Miss Reeves presented the Club in the four-act comedy, "A Rose O' Plymouth Town." The cast was well selected and splendidly interpreted the stirring situations and rich comedy of the play. No previous production had given more satisfaction to everyone than did this one. The *Dramatis Personæ* follows:

Miles Standish, Captain of Plymouth	BERTRAM H. BLOOR
Garrett Foster, of Weston's Men	STONEWALL BROWN
John Margeson, of the Plymouth colonists	WILLIAM B. ROBINSON
Philippe de la Noye, of the Plymouth colonists	GORDON B. HALL
Miriam Chillingsley, cousin to the Captain	HAZEL BROWN
Barbara Standish, wife to the Captain	BEATRICE TOMLINSON
Resolute Story, aunt to the Captain	TONIE McBEATH
Rose de la Noye	CLYDE B. REEVES

Place: Plymouth in New England. Period: 1622-1623.

Act I—Stolen Fruits. Scene: The kitchen of Captain Standish's house.

Act II—A Maid's Toys. Scene: Door-yard of Captain Standish's cottage.

Act III—The Red Light on the Snow: Scene: Same as Act I.

Act IV—The Better Man. Scene: Same as Act III.



CAST OF "A ROSE O' PLYMOUTH TOWN"

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram"

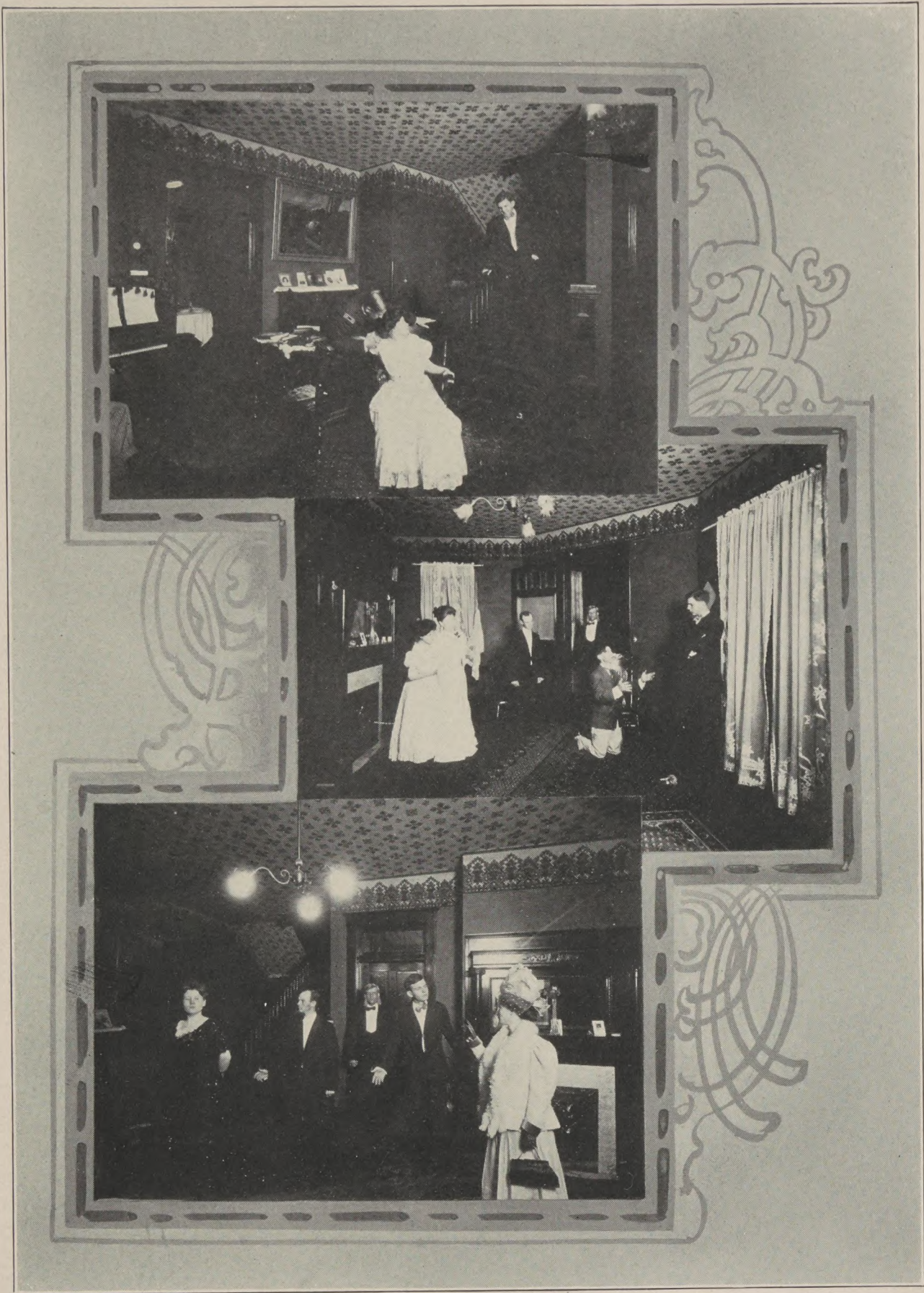
WITH the abundance of commendation coming in appreciation of previous efforts of the Dramatic Club, and repeated requests for another performance during the year, the Club resolved to present a second drama. A three-act farce-comedy, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," was chosen and the date set on April 14. Unavoidably the play had to be deferred until a time in May.

A well-selected cast was given parts in this production by Miss Reeves, and good, consistent work afforded a splendid interpretation of the parts by the respective participants. In no play had every one been better adapted to the part assigned than this one. The plot is one replete with surprising and ludicrous situations, provoking laughter from beginning to end. The eccentricities of the characters involved in the humorous mix-ups of the story were admirably brought out by the actors, and evoked much delight from the large audience which greeted the company. A thorough training had been given the Club by Miss Reeves, and the unity and evenness of action was perceptibly noted.

As a curtain-raiser to the drama, a most entertaining little sketch entitled "In College Days," was given by members of the Oratory Club. It was an exemplification of true college life in a young ladies' dormitory, full of lively actions and frivolous pranks, all well carried out in an appropriate manner. Those taking parts in the sketch were Misses Loraine Maloney, Mary Wilm, Amy Wood, Mabel Shannon, and Vena Moore.

The cast of "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" was as follows:

Jack Temple	GORDON B. HALL
Frank Fuller	B. H. BLOOR
John Brown	BERT NABORS
Captain Sharpe	NOAH C. PERKINS
Wigson, the butler	ERNEST MELTON
Mrs. Jack Temple	QUEENE MARRS
Mrs. Frank Fuller	BESS RASH
Mrs. Brown	HAZEL BROWN
Dorothy (Mrs. Temple's sister)	GLADYS HUDSON



SCENES FROM "MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM"



SCENES FROM "IN COLLEGE DAYS"

The Oratorical Association

INTEREST in oratory during the past year has won the Oratorical Association a meritorious position among the student activities of the University. An awakening of literary society spirit added to the growing popularity of the School of Oratory placed an impetus in a progressive direction, and T. C. U. can well boast of a thoroughly organized and enthusiastic body of youthful followers of Demosthenes.

At the basis of the advancement in oratorical lines lies the active interest and work of the respective literary societies, the members of which constitute, in a large measure, the personnel of the Association. Declamatory and oratorical numbers have been placed more frequently on the weekly programs of the societies, and the members have received more real encouragement to exert themselves in this direction. The fitness of the Lits to indulge in oratorical bouts against each other was soon demonstrated and the result was manifested in a number of excellent inter-society contests held during the Fall term of '07.

On December 9, the annual declamatory contest of the Association was held. Six speakers were entered by the Shirley, Walton and Clark Literary Societies and splendid talent was displayed. Miss Gladys Hudson of the Walton Literary Society and W. A. Hall of the Shirley Literary Society won first and second honors, respectively. A healthy spirit of rivalry between the Shirleys and Add-Rans made possible another declamatory contest. This was held on January 27th. Six men competed for the honors and the performance as a whole was decidedly the best of its kind ever held in the University. Stonewall Brown of the Shirleys won the first honor and second place was awarded to B. H. Bloor of the other Lit. Another meet of like nature was decided upon by challenge, and three first-year men of each society will declaim on a date in May.

The most important move in oratorical interests in the Spring session of '07 was the acceptance by the Association of a prize of \$50.00 to be awarded by Dr. W. A. McClain, of Waco, to the winner of an oratorical contest during Commencement. The first event was held on June 5, the prize being awarded to Clois L. Greene, L. C. Procter getting the decision for second place after a tie had been declared off.

In the State Oratorical Contest in '07, T. C. U. did not win first honors, but gained laudable comment for the ability of her representative, Stonewall Brown.

This year the Association voted him as the representative again and cancelled the preliminary contest. Mr. Brown's good showing last year and his subsequent active work gives every assurance that T. C. U. will be a contender of no little insistency in the awarding of the Texas medal this year at Austin College. B. H. Bloor and C. L. Greene were elected first and second delegates, respectively, to the meeting of the State Association. These men and the State Vice-President, Gordon B. Hall, will represent T. C. U. at Sherman.

The Association has made a venture this year that has proven to mark a turning point in T. C. U.'s oratorical activities. It has heartily encouraged inter-society debating and gradually felt its way into the inter-collegiate field of debate. The excellent results of an inter-society debate between representatives of the Shirleys and Add-Rans stirred the Association into the issuance of a challenge to Southwestern University for a forensic battle on May 8th. The two first speakers in the inter-society debate, B. H. Bloor and D. E. Tomlinson, were elected to speak for T. C. U. With the beginning of the Fall term '08 it is believed that the Association will be a member of a quadrangular debating league consisting of Trinity, Southwestern, Texas Christian Universities and Austin College.

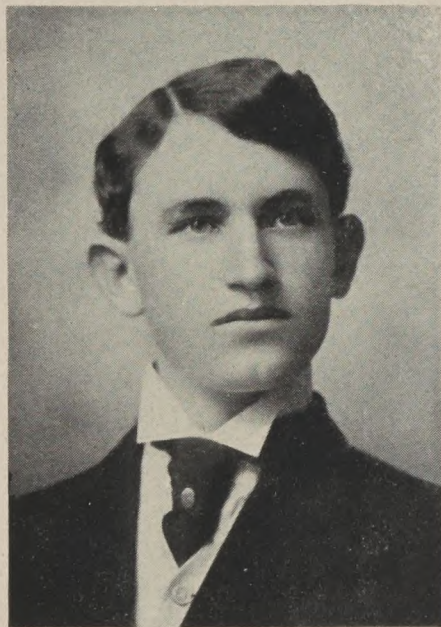
With a number of inter-society declamatory contests and debates, and three inter-collegiate debates, besides the regular preliminary and prize contests, the future years will be busy ones for the Oratorical Association. The students, however, have shown a delight in all the different phases of oratory and there is expected to be a strong support gained in every department next year. The entertainment of the State Association will enliven the work for the local Association and bring to it much benefit. In every light the future looks prosperous for the Oratorical Association.





OFFICERS OF ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION

- GORDON B. HALL *President*
 W. E. STURGEON *Vice-President*
 W. B. ROBINSON *Secretary-Treasurer*



C. L. GREENE
 Winner McClain Oratorical Contest, '07.

Add-Ran Shirley Debate

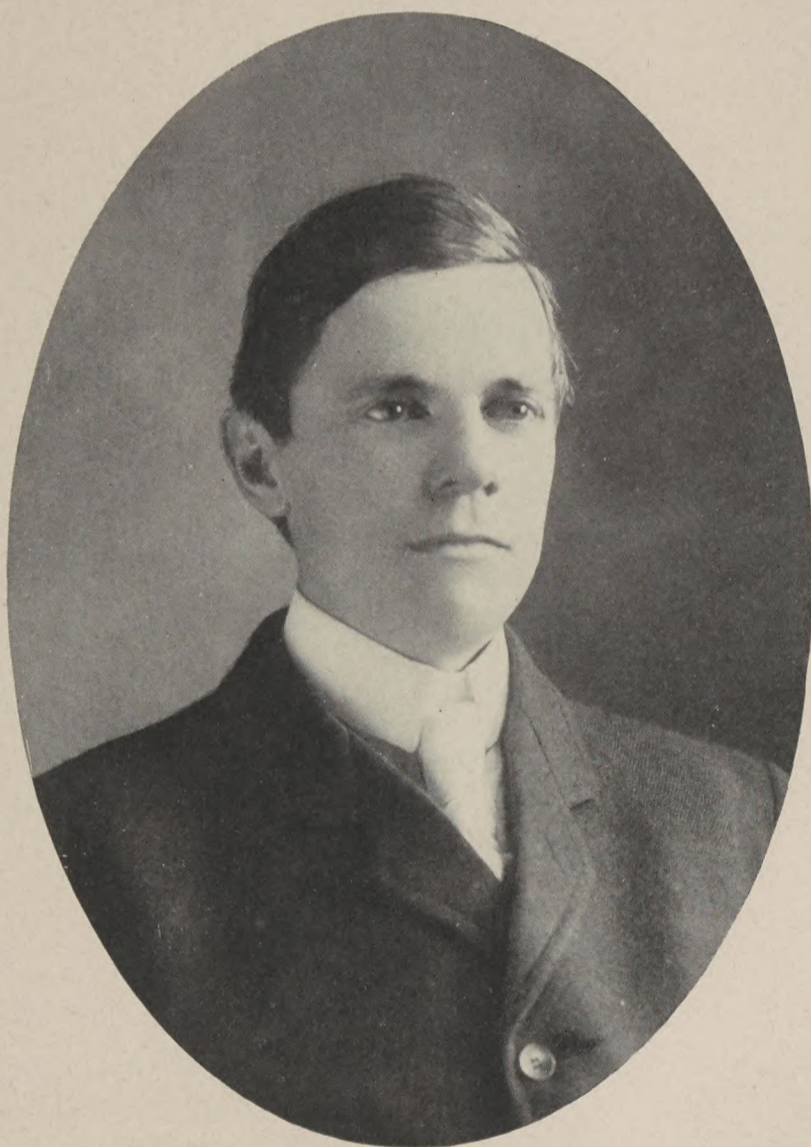
DECEMBER 19, 1907



Add-Ran Team B. H. BLOOR, D. D. ROGERS
Shirley Team D. E. TOMLINSON, J. C. WELCH

QUESTION:—"Resolved, that the United States should retain permanent possession of the Philippine Islands."

Affirmative SHIRLEY
Negative ADD-RAN
Decision NEGATIVE
Presiding Officer GORDON B. HALL
Judges . DR. J. S. KESLER, HON. T. L. McCULLOUGH, SENATOR T. P. STONE

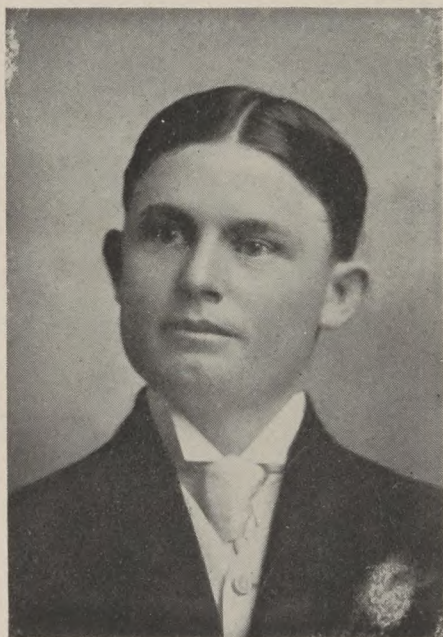


STONEWALL BROWN,
Representative of T. C. U. in State Oratorical
Contest, '07 and '08.

Texas Intercollegiate Prohibition Oratorical Contest

THE fourth Texas Intercollegiate Prohibition Oratorical Contest was held at T. C. U. on the third of April, 1908. There were speakers from eight colleges and universities of the State in competition of the honors to be given. The first prize amounting to sixty dollars was awarded to O. M. Boyd of Decatur College, and the second prize of fifteen dollars to Stonewall Brown of T. C. U.

As a whole this contest reached the high water-mark of prohibition oratorical interest in Texas. Each speaker delivered a strong oration appropriate to the prohibition cause. The orations were well prepared and forcibly delivered. The winner of



J. C. WELCH,
T. C. U.'s Representative, '07,
President T. I. P. A., '08

first honors had for his subject, "The Authority of Law Over Liquor." His speech showed careful preparation and was decidedly the most logical of the number. "Prohibition, an Issue Before the People," was the subject of Mr. Brown's oration. He ran a close race with Mr. Boyd for grades on thought and composition and took first rank on delivery.

The contest of '07 was held at Burleson College, Greenville, and won by Mr. C. S. Pierce of Howard Payne College of Brownwood, who was also the winner of the first honors in the Interstate Contest. This triumph places him as the representative of the "Middle West Division" of the National Prohibition League in the national contest to be held in August. In the State contest at Greenville, T. C. U. had as its representative Mr. J. C. Welch, who took the honors of a local preliminary contest. His subject was "Prohibition a National Issue."

The purpose of the State Association is a systematic study of the prohibition question among college men and to promote oratorical interests. Each institution in the State league has a local association to carry out in detail the intents of the organization. Each year the local associations hold preliminary tests for the purpose of choosing a representative to the State contest. The winner of the State contest goes to the Interstate Contest as the Texas representative. Mr. Boyd, the winner of this year's meeting, will represent Texas in the Interstate meet at Baylor University in May. The first honor man of this latter contest will accompany Mr. Pierce, the '07 Texas speaker, to the National Contest held in August. The different preliminaries and contests afford a wide field of oratory and the purpose of the association has been well demonstrated to be carried out beneficially.



ART
DEPT.

School of Art

DURA BROKAW-COCKRELL	<i>Principal</i>
KATE N. JACKSON	<i>Assistant Principal</i>
LOURENA COPE }	<i>Seniors</i>
FRANK BALDWIN }	

CLASS ROLL

MONTAGUE ANDERSON	IDA FOSTER	VENA MOORE
MARY ALEXANDER	GLADYS HUDSON	WILLIE McCLELLAND
LOUISE BAKER	ANNA MAY MILES	MRS. SCHMIDT
FRANK BALDWIN	RAE LITTLEJOHN	VIVIAN SHIPP
JOSEPHINE CALDWELL	MRS. J. I. MAYFIELD	EDITH SIMPSON
LOURENA COPE	BESS MALONEY	MARY STRANGE
IVA CHRISTIAN	LORAIN MALONEY	TYLER WILKINSON
RUTH DENNY	MYRTLE PATTERSON	COLLIE WRIGHT
NANNA ELLIOTT	CLARA PRIMM	FLORENCE YOUNG

IS IT "art for art's sake"? Well, not exactly. In this case it is art for T. C. U.'s sake. The world is full of beauty which many people hurry past or live in front of and do not see, but in the art rooms of T. C. U. we are trying to capture a little of this beauty. In the first place we have beautified our rooms. With our own hands we have decorated our walls and covered our floors until our surroundings are beginning to be in accord with our ideals.

THE BRUSHES.—We have a club called "The Brushes," through which organization we *do* things. We arrange for art lectures and exhibits, raise money for new equipment, and occasionally give ourselves and friends a royal good time.

ART HISTORY.—Our Art History Class, which has for its course of study the "History of Christian Art," has proven profitable and entertaining. Especial interest has been shown in it by a number of art students.

SKETCH CLASS.—We have a group of little people who are just learning to draw, organized into a sketch class. Their enthusiasm and advancement might well be copied by older ones.

PERSONNEL.—We have many, many, beautiful girls and, truly, one boy who can paint china, make a touchdown or a home run with equal success. Our roll contains a number of talented artists who are zealously laboring for great accomplishments.

TRIP TO NEW YORK.—Some of us are planning a trip in the interest of art this summer, from which we hope to return with renewed zeal and inspiration. Mrs. Cockrell will chaperone a party to the art center of America, where they will study in the leading studios and visit the leading galleries.

THE ASSISTANT.—We also have Miss Jackson, who looks after our welfare, helps us with our work and makes life generally worth living.

Should anyone read this page or see the numerous illustrations that we have helped to prepare, and wish to join us, they will be right royally welcomed into the inner circle.



GROUP OF ART STUDENTS

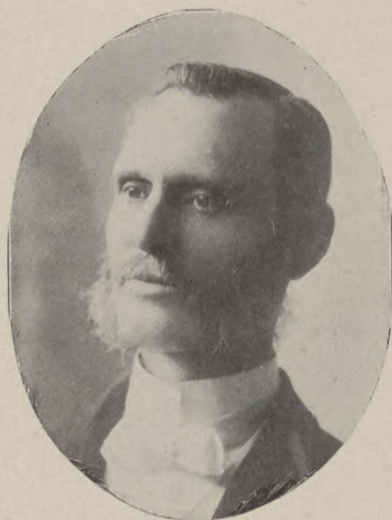


A CORNER OF THE ART STUDIO

Religious Activities



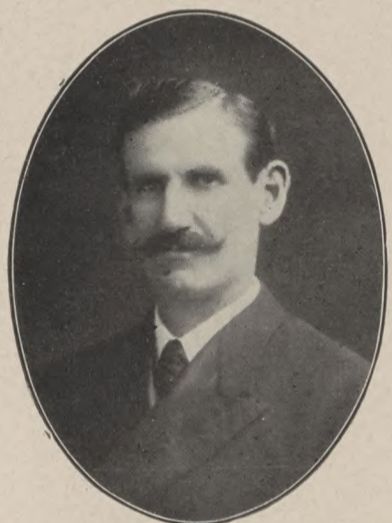
The Faculty of the Bible College



CLINTON LOCKHART, A. M., Ph. D.,

Acting President and Dean of the College of the Bible.

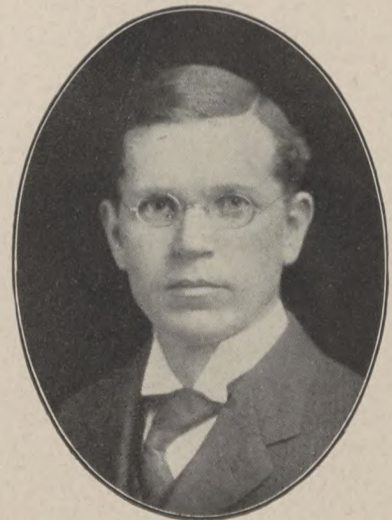
Doctor Lockhart is too well known to the Christian Brotherhood to need an introduction. His work at the University of Kentucky and at Yale Divinity School, together with the years of studious life that have followed since the granting of his Doctor's Degree at Yale University in '94, make him without question one of the ablest scholars in Biblical lore to be found in the Christian Church to-day. His special field is Biblical Language and Literature, but his class work is not wholly confined to that field



WALTER STAIRS, A. M.

Professor of Greek and New Testament Literature.

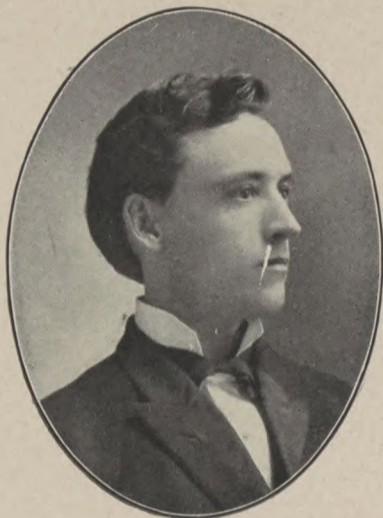
His special field is the life and letters of Paul. He is doing the work of a keen analyst of the character and compositions of Paul, developing the fundamental and practical principles of the gospel as interpreted for the world in the life and work of the Great Apostle upon whom the robe of the Master fell. To Professor Stairs belongs the honor of first conceiving and carrying out the idea of a Bible School among the Disciples with a well equipped Greek Department, so that the minister may understand his "Classic" first-hand.



ELLSWORTH E. FARIS, S. B., A. M.

Professor of Sacred History and Philosophy.

Professor Faris is an alumnus of Add-Ran Christian University, 1894. On the following year he was elected Principal of the Preparatory Department of his Alma Mater. In the year 1895 he was selected by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society to establish and superintend a mission station in the Congo Free State. He remained in Africa altogether about eight years and established in the Congo country a church that remains a monument to his efficient labors. Then, after two years of graduate study in the University of Chicago, he became a professor in the University that at the first sent him forth upon his useful career. His faithful work and deep personal interest in the students bring to his service a very high appreciation.



JAMES B. ESKRIDGE, A. M., Ph. D.

Professor of Homiletics and Church History.

Professor Eskridge has been connected with the University for ten years, and his work as an instructor has been marked with notable success. During most of this time he has been in closest touch with the work of the ministry, and is therefore the better fitted both by scholarship and by practice to become the teacher of preachers in the sacred art of preaching.



EGBERT R. COCKRELL, A. M., M. L.

Professor of Church History.

Since Professor Cockrell has for years given much attention to the study of history, and during the same period has won high honors as a public preacher and lecturer, he is especially adapted to give the broadest and richest interpretation to the History of the Church.



CLYDE BATSELL REEVES, A. B., B. O.

Professor of Public Reading and Oratory.

The fact that the students of Miss Reeves have for years won the highest honors in oratory in the State of Texas is a sufficient guarantee of her ability as a teacher of oratory. Few instructors in this art which marks the highest form of human accomplishments, have had better opportunities for scientific training than Miss Reeves, and very few have proved to be her equal in the skill of imparting instruction to others. It is notable that the demand for work in her department has during the last year far exceeded the ability of one teacher to meet it.

The Bible College

THE greatest of all classics is the Book of all Books. It would be a serious weakness in any university under Christian patronage if it did not give liberal instruction in the greatest of all literatures; on this account, an entire course of study has been provided with the Sacred Scriptures as the center of all investigation. It is admitted by all that this collection of Hebrew literature has exerted a greater influence in the molding of modern civilization than all other writings combined, and that it must always stand as the highest inspiration of noblest thought and worthiest deed. The recognition of this fact fosters a growing demand for a knowledge of these writings and for a permanent place for their study in the curricula of colleges.

To this fact must be added the necessity of a thorough education of young men preparing for the ministry to meet the exacting demands of the rising generation for a high grade of intelligence in the pulpit. The church under whose auspices this University is conducted, is at the very front in its appreciation of an educated ministry, and provides liberally for the accomplishment of this worthy purpose.

In order that the Bible College of this University might not be behind that in any other institution, the services of six professors are engaged in the promotion of biblical scholarship. Among these teachers the leading studies required in the education of the ministry and in the more liberal education of students in the College of Arts who desire a familiarity with the Bible, are distributed. It is the purpose of this institution, not merely to impart a worthy degree of biblical information to the student, but so to direct his research and quicken his inspiration for study as to lead him through life unto every available source of scholarship. The Bible College invites worthy people to prepare for worthy tasks in life, and seeks to kindle an unquenchable desire for usefulness and to cultivate the highest ideals of Christian manhood and womanhood. It further seeks to enthrone the Christ in faithful hearts, to adorn the gifts of mind with the graces of culture, to awaken as the deepest longing of the soul a yearning to lead other souls into the light of truth, and to help in ample measure to attune the thought of the time to the thought of the timeless Teacher of Men. Such purposes call for a course of study of a high order, and every effort is made to attain that end. A line of studies requiring three years above the degree of Bachelor of Arts, terminates in the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. This is the highest degree offered in the University, and leaves little to be desired in the collegiate education of men preparing for the ministry. The spirit of the institution is free and scholarly, while it is candid and faithful. The faculty hold it as a privilege to lay under tribute the best scholarship of the age, and at the same time to reserve the right of calling in question every theory that is inconsistent with a devout faith and with the evident facts of history and science. The Bible College is open to students of every part of the University whether they are preparing to become ministers, teachers, musicians, lawyers, doctors, artisans, or laborers in any other field of the world's activity. To all it offers a better acquaintance with those truths and principles that point the human life to the highest ends.

The Ministerial Institute

AMONG the opportunities for a touch with the larger world of progressive thought afforded by the University as a center of learning hereafter must be reckoned the Ministerial Institute. For the initial session held February 10th to 21st, while only fairly well attended, was sufficiently successful to induce a vote for permanency.

This mid-winter semi-school of a fortnight's length is somewhat more than a course of lectures and somewhat less than a term of school, affording the stimulus of the one by careful lectures on current topics, and furnishing the systematic instruction of the other by means of extended series on more technical themes.

Being at the University, the Institute could avail itself of the services of the faculty members who are specialists in the lines that interest the thinking preacher. The instructive courses were offered by President Lockhart, on "The Hebrew Prophets"; by Professor Stairs on "The Life of Paul"; by Professor E. G. Cockrell on some sociological aspects of church work; by Professor E. E. Faris on the actual matters of the missionary's work on the foreign field. There was also a course on the facts of early church history, by H. E. Luck of Arlington, an alumnus of T. C. U. and of Chicago University.

Each of these series was full of that meaty, scholarly matter which makes the University course seem to the real student as food to the healthy hungry. It is perfectly safe to say that the rating of the T. C. U. Bible Department was advanced many points on the tape of the visitors' minds, by the work of the men who are its factors.

A series of lectures more welcome than usual, was that presenting the "Emphatic Features of the Present Day Plea" of various religious bodies. The Methodists were represented by the genial and scholarly Dr. W. E. Boggs; the Presbyterians by that philosophical and funny friend of chapel fame, Rev. J. J. Grier; the Baptists by Dr. Newman of Baylor; and the Jews by a gentleman of learning and liberality, Rabbi Joseph Friedlander. All of these are Waco friends. The Disciples had for their representative an able and popular advocate, in the person of Chalmers McPherson, formerly of Waxahachie, but now a very part of T. C. U. The spirit of fellowship and fraternity that characterized all these lectures was most commendable and promising for progress.

Other single lectures by visiting ministers were of high order, exhibiting varied and vigorous ability in the ministerial ranks. They are too numerous to list here.

A report would be incomplete without mentioning the great enthusiastic informing Missionary Rally under the direction of that truly great man, President A. McLean, assisted by Centennial Secretary W. R. Warren and Mr. and Mrs. Weaver of Japan.

The value of this Institute is not alone to the visiting preacher but to the students in the University as well. For as a "Prof." once said to his class on being petitioned to dismiss for a missionary rally, "When you can touch a real live man, then drop your dead books."

—C. D. H.

Ministers at the University Church '07-'08

September

- 15. DR. CLINTON LOCKHART.
- 22. W. P. JENNINGS, Taylor.
- 29. DR. H. G. FLEMING, Forney.

October

- 13. A. E. DUBBER, Fort Worth.
- 20. PROF. WALTER STAIRS.
- 27. G. LYLE SMITH, Terrell.

November

- 3. E. J. BRADLEY, Lampasas.
- 10. S. D. PERKINSON, Comanche.
- 17. DEAN J. S. KESLER, Baylor University.
- 24. G. A. FARIS, Dallas.

December

- 1. J. C. MASON, Dallas.
- 8. J. A. CHALLENGER, Bryan.
- 15. DR. R. E. VINSON, Austin.

January

- 12. DR. CLINTON LOCKHART.
- 19. A. L. CLINKENBEARD, Ladonia.
- 26. F. W. O'MALLEY, Temple.

February

- 2. J. J. GRIER, Waco.
- 9. J. T. OGLE, Paris.
- 16. A. C. PARKER, Midland.
- 16. EDWARD THOMSON, Fort Worth.
- 23. J. N. WOOTEN, Hereford.

March

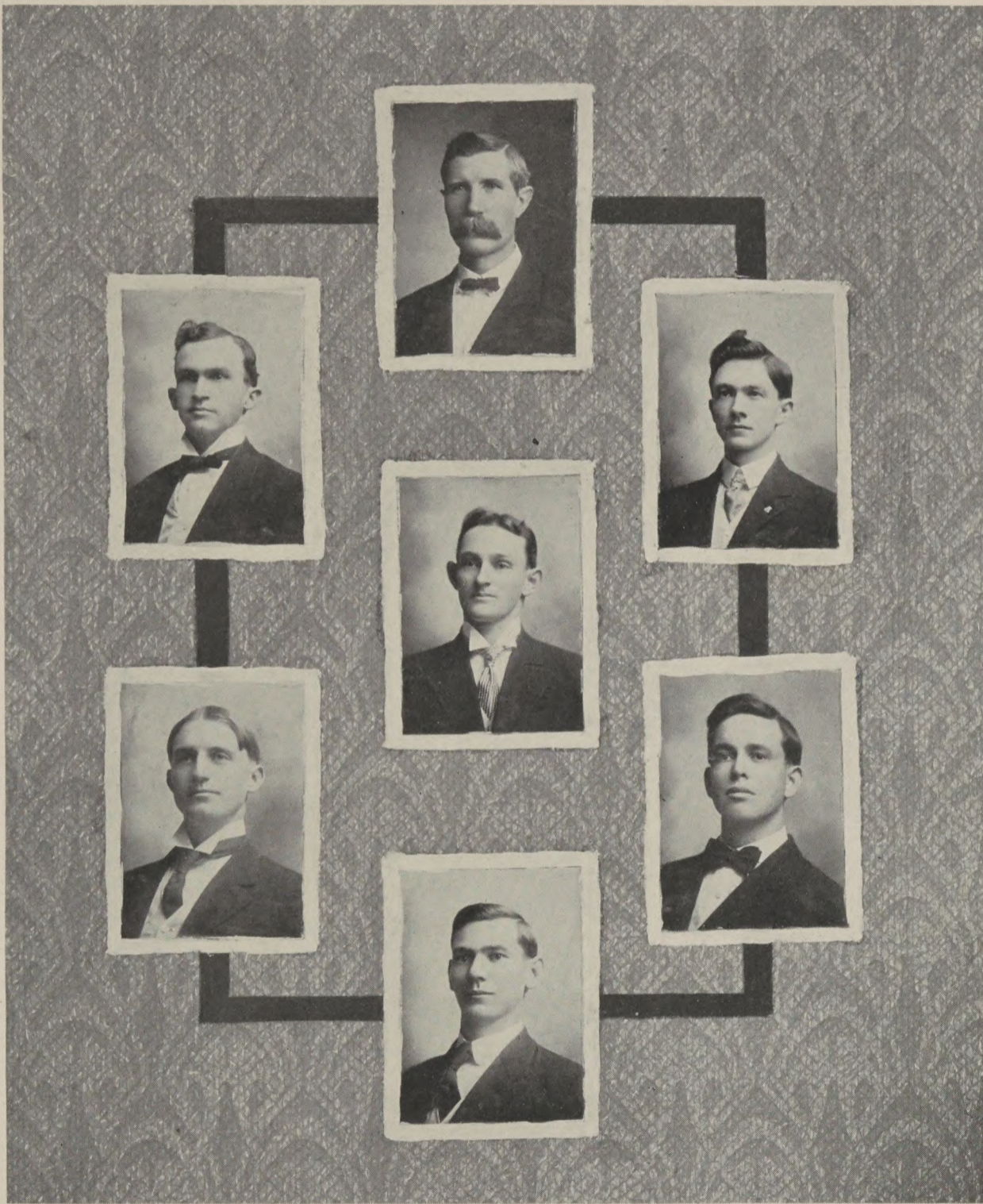
- 15. PROF. W. B. PARKS.
- 22. F. L. JEWETT, Austin.
- 29. J. M. BELL, McKinney.

April

- 5. J. H. ROSECRANS, Bonham.
- 12. DR. CLINTON LOCKHART.
- 19. DR. J. W. LOWBER, Austin.

May

- 10. W. F. REYNOLDS, Denton.
- 17. RANALD McDONALD, Kaufman.



OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE THEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION

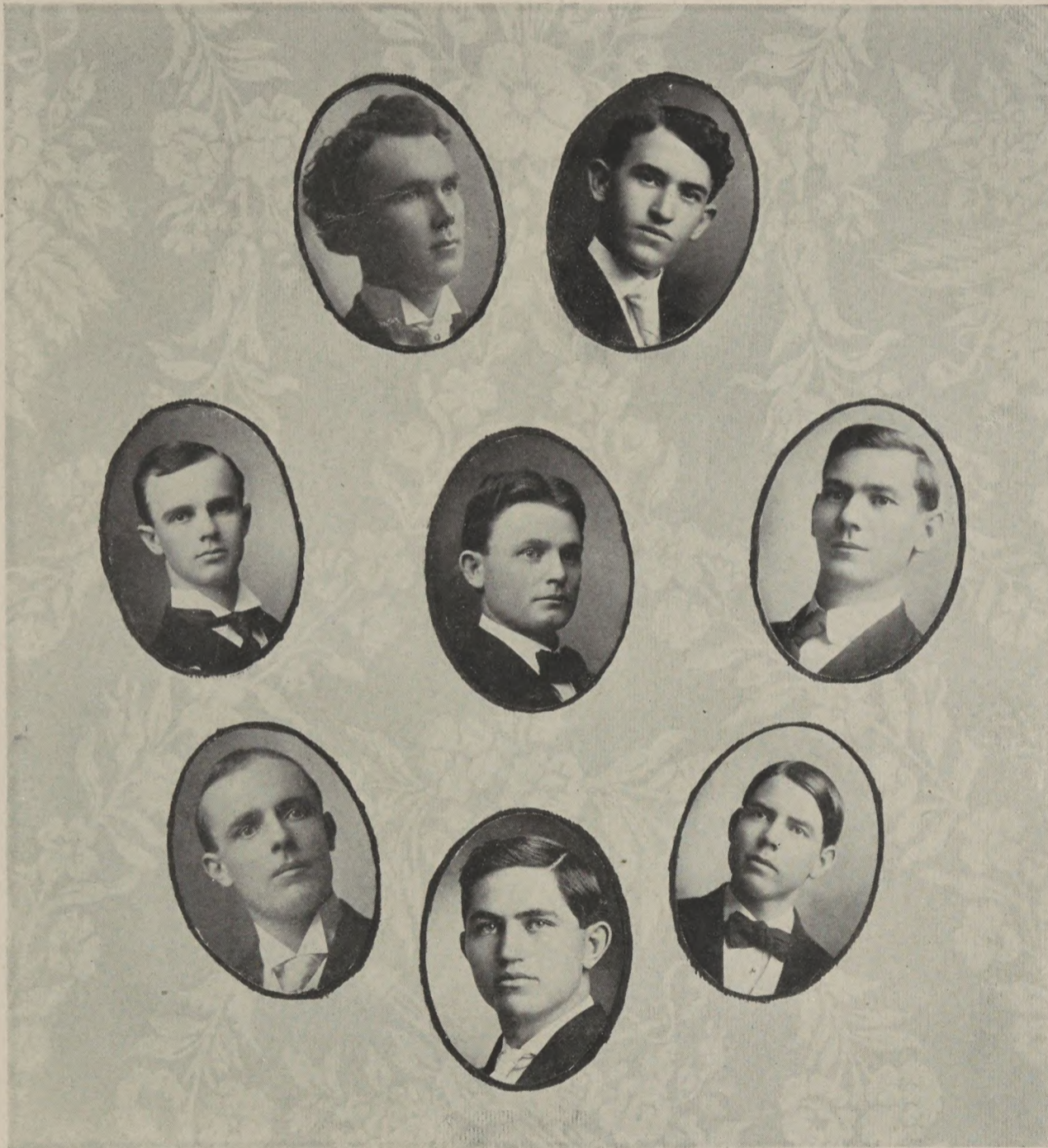
	E. F. WESTHOFF	
J. A. SMITH	T. J. DEAN, JR., <i>President</i>	J. A. SNIDER
E. H. SHELTON	H. B. DABBS, <i>Secretary</i>	H. G. TWYMAN



OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE Y. W. C. A.

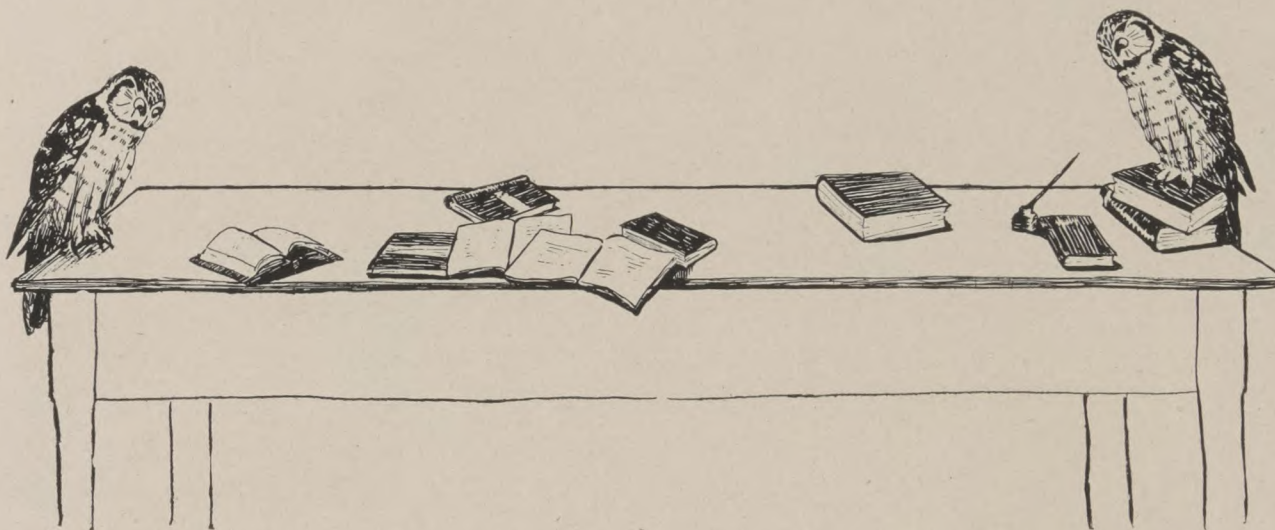
FLOY B. PERKINSON
MABEL WALLACE

JENNIE V. McCULLOH, *Secretary*
MARY BAIN SPENCE, *Vice-President*
BEATRICE TOMLINSON, *President*



OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE Y. M. C. A.

J. O. WALLACE C. L. GREENE, *Secretary*
GORDON B. HALL H. B. DABBS, *Treasurer*
 J. C. WELCH, *President*
W. E. STURGEON D. D. ROGERS
 J. R. MCFARLAND



The Library

A LIBRARY, in the modern use of the term, is more than a collection of books. It is a literary assortment, made in view of some general purpose of educational advancement, and arranged with reference to certain specific uses. A library is to be judged, therefore, not first or chiefly by its appearance. Of course, other things being equal, fine mechanical workmanship performed on a book or periodical is always to be chosen, but attractive bindings, clear print, and gilt tops no more make a library than clothes make a man. Back of any and every appearance must be the central idea around which the library is organized, and some system which makes possible the rapid and accurate use of the publications.

Among all libraries, the college or university library is unique. Other libraries may be gathered to express as a controlling idea the individual tastes of their owners. This library helps to form and cultivate taste in those who use it, but is not at all a mere expression of personal likes and dislikes. Other libraries may exist chiefly to give recreation to an over-worked public seeking amusement. This assortment of volumes may afford mental rest, and entertainment, but its contribution in this direction is merely incidental to its main purpose. Other literary collections may serve to bind their respective communities together in the name of culture and advanced thought. The university library is not a social bond in the world of letters, for the social life of that world, in university circles, is organized and maintained by the university itself. What, then, is the characteristic feature of a university library? It

must be answered,—to so supplement the class room work as to make that work really educational. Education is now realized to mean far more than a greater or less degree of information about a few subjects. Nothing but the drawing out of a person's powers and the development of them is worthy of the name education. In the library the student brings the ideas received in the class room into agreement or conflict with opinions and information gained from various authors at his command. In this way he learns to notice, to compare, to criticise, and to think. By means of the library the instructor's hints are expanded by the student into voluminous, minute, accurate information, and in the process of expansion the investigator is often led to discoveries of his own. This central idea of the university library always exists; not preference, not amusement, not social betterment, control the selection of its books, but the relation these books bear to the educational needs of the university.

The library, as a matter of any importance to college work, has been recognized by educators in general for only a short time, comparatively. Twenty-five years would probably cover the period of its acknowledged usefulness. One prominent American educator used to say that according to the old standard of college work, industrious students were supposed to stay out of the library, and a pupil who made a practice of reading there was supposed to be wasting his time, and became an object of suspicion. So completely has the viewpoint changed that now no institution of higher learning could perform its work without a growing library.

Our Texas Christian University library, already of creditable size, is being added to annually, and is no small feature of our University equipment. Its principal divisions into works of philosophy, religion, sociology, English and American literature, and history, place at the disposal of the student body an assortment upon which the workers in each department may draw with the assurance of securing the fulfillment of their needs.

To adapt the collection to our uses, our library employs the now widely-known Dewey system of classification and cataloguing, and with ease and accuracy the hundreds of students can be served with the helps they desire.

In addition to the book department, the current periodicals, magazines and newspapers, furnish the students information concerning events, and the leading articles of the day, absolutely necessary to any educated mind. With passing years the library may be expected to grow with the university, until no institution in the South will be better equipped in this regard than is our own.





Add-Ran Literary Society

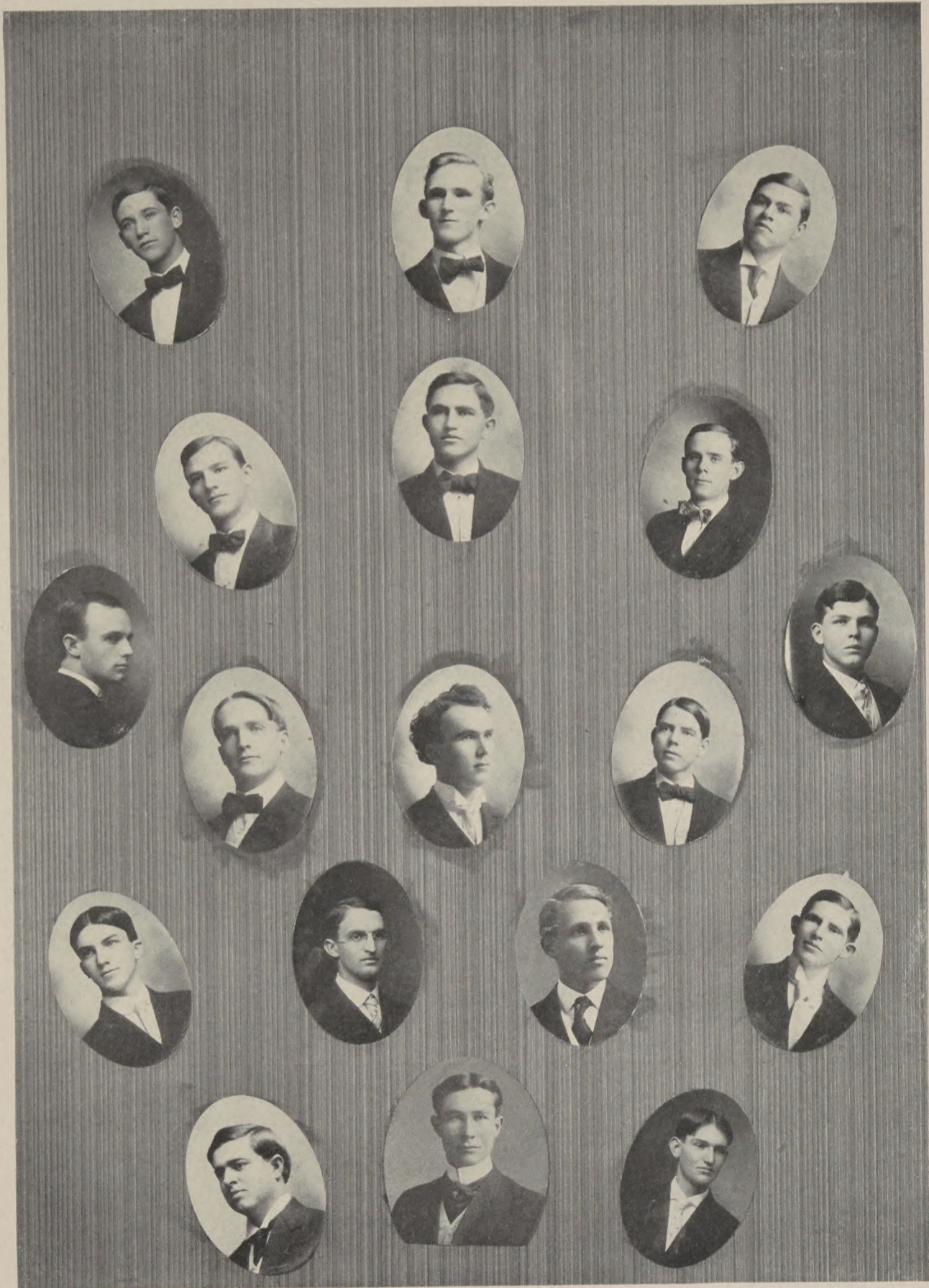
ROY E. ROCKWELL,	<i>President</i>
R. E. ABERNATHY,	<i>Vice-President</i>
CAVIN MUSE,	<i>Secretary</i>
BARNEY HOLBERT,	<i>Treasurer</i>
D. D. ROGERS,	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

ROLL

G. B. HALL	J. O. WALLACE	R. R. MIZELL
H. G. KNIGHT	W. B. ROBINSON	F. W. WIMBERLY
E. U. SCOTT	H. E. BOZEMAN	J. C. MCNEILLY
A. M. HARWOOD	B. FRIZZELL	L. C. PERKINSON
B. F. COLLINS	M. THOMAS	R. M. ROBINSON
B. H. BLOOR	D. D. ROGERS	B. H. HOLBERT
S. WEBB	G. N. ANDERSON	B. B. HULSEY
J. R. MCFARLAND	E. C. MUSE	D. A. SHIRLEY
	C. L. HACKNEY	

THE idea of oratory makes none of us orators; of debate makes none of us debaters; of culture makes none of us cultured; of fraternity makes none of us fraternal. Such ideas require an execution—a practice, a growth, an expression in order to be of use. Herein lies the value of such an organization as the Add-Ran Literary Society and the destiny of the A. R. L. S. is made glorious by reason of her practical recognition of the truths that, growth is second only to existence; that expression stands next to acquisition.

A roll-call of graduated Add-Rans would be answered from the forefront of all the walks of life where noble manhood and womanhood win supremacy, and preparation and fidelity are crowned with success. And with the history of the past as the augury of a still brighter future, every Add-Ran is happy in the oft-realized hope that some of the seeds of speech sown here may blossom into words of incarnate eloquence—the fragrance of which shall bless and brighten humanity's pathway; that the foundations of culture laid here may at last be perfected into magnificent temples of broad culture which shall give their possessors the fullest appreciation and joy of life; that the bonds of fraternity that bind us here may not have been built in vain, but stretching from every absent Add-Ran's heart to this place shall be the strings of abiding friendship upon which the fingers of prosperity and adversity may swell the song of human happiness.



ADD-RAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Shirley Literary Society

OFFICERS

EARL GOUGH,	<i>President</i>
E. H. SHELTON,	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. G. TWYMAN,	<i>Secretary</i>
T. J. DEAN,	<i>Treasurer</i>
B. B. WADE,	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

ROLL

STONEWALL BROWN	T. J. DEAN	D. E. TOMLINSON
F. C. BUSH	W. E. STURGEON	E. GOUGH
H. G. TWYMAN	C. SPURGEON	E. WADE
B. B. WADE	J. WOOD	E. I. STRATTON
H. B. DABBS	H. G. BEOFORD	J. C. ELLIS
J. A. SMITH	J. W. PYBURN	A. H. SNIDER
W. A. HALL	E. H. SHELTON	L. DRUCKE
H. D. JONES	O. J. WISE	O. DRUCKE
J. C. WELCH	J. RICHARDS	

THE Shirley Literary Society aims to give its members an opportunity for that kind of training in the development of character which can not be had in the class-room, but which is essential to a complete education. The work of the Shirley Society has not always been up to the standard of its ideals, but the purpose to give literary training, to afford development in public speaking, to give kindly criticism to the new and inexperienced members and to foster college fellowship and college spirit, is never lost sight of. The Society has not an extremely large roll of members, but it is growing and there are no members who do not do good society work.

We do not feel inclined to boast of any thing achieved or any thing that we intend to achieve, for what we do is done with a consciousness of imperfections and a desire to improve the general status of the University. The Shirley Society has not equaled the record of some other of the societies in the matter of social events and boasting of athletic prowess, for we do not consider that these features of college life have a rightful place in real, conscientious society work. Letting our actions speak as they may, we will always bear in mind that there is a certain reward for work faithfully done. We congratulate other societies that have done good work and look forward to a general improvement in this field in T. C. U.



SHIRLEY LITERARY SOCIETY

Walton Literary Society

OFFICERS

AMY WOOD	<i>President</i>
RAE LYTTLETON	<i>Vice-President</i>
BESS MCNEILL	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MABEL WALLACE	<i>Critic</i>
ODELL ELLIOTT	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

ROLL

JEANETTE ALEXANDER	LUCILLE WOLFORD	JEFFIE BRITTON
MAIDEE MATTHEWS	PEM DENTON	MABEL SHANNON
MYRTLE PATTERSON	AMY WOOD	ORA CARPENTER
VIVIAN SHIPP	EULA MCNEILL	MARIE COOK
RAY LYTTLETON	MABEL WALLACE	GRACE CHAPPELL
FLORENCE YOUNG	T. J. ALLEN	M. C. STEWART
COLLIE WRIGHT	LILLIE MAE MATTHEWS	L. C. PROCTER
ODELL ELLIOTT	H. C. BARNARD	LELA TOMLINSON
GLADYS HUDSON	FRANKIE FRIZZELL	CECIL WILSON
BESS MCNEILL	KATHLEEN GIBSON	MRS. W. C. HUNTER
C. L. GREENE	L. C. WRIGHT	VENA MOORE
J. B. FRIZZELL	KATHLEEN MUNN	MARY WILM

THE history of the Walton Society is merely a repetition of previous years,—one of success. We feel that we have made greater strides in the advancement of society work this year than in any previous one. The membership has been greatly increased, notwithstanding the fact that we had to eliminate young men from our membership. Among our new members is found some of the best talent in the University. This was proven in the inter-society declamatory contest in which Miss Gladys Hudson won first honors. The same is true not only in the field of oratory but also in every department of the institution. This may seem boasting, but every literary society does it, and it is necessary for each of us to toot our own horns if they are tooted, and we do it for our own benefit and not for the discredit of any other society.

We feel that we can be justly proud of our work in the Society. Our weekly programs are interesting and well rendered. Anyone who is familiar with society work at all knows something of the trials of a literary society. Well, we have our share of them. The strength lies in the ability to surmount these obstacles and not allow them to disorganize the Society. Every function we have attempted was conceded by all to be a success. Probably the most unique function of the year was that of the entertaining of the football squads of Trinity and T. C. U. The home of President and Mrs. Lockhart was thrown open for the society on this occasion and was decorated in the colors of Trinity and T. C. U. A short program was rendered, and following that were refreshments.

The most important move of the Society, and the one which means most to both, is the consolidation of the Shirleys and Waltons. By this we mean that the Shirleys are to meet in the same hall with the Waltons. The furniture and fixtures of both halls are to go to refurnishing the old Walton hall. The committees are planning to fix up such a hall as has never been seen in T. C. U. Not only will we have the most attractive hall in the University, but the power of two such organizations working in harmony and supporting each other will be such a one as to far surpass anything of a similar nature in the University.



WALTON LITERARY SOCIETY

Clark Literary Society

OFFICERS

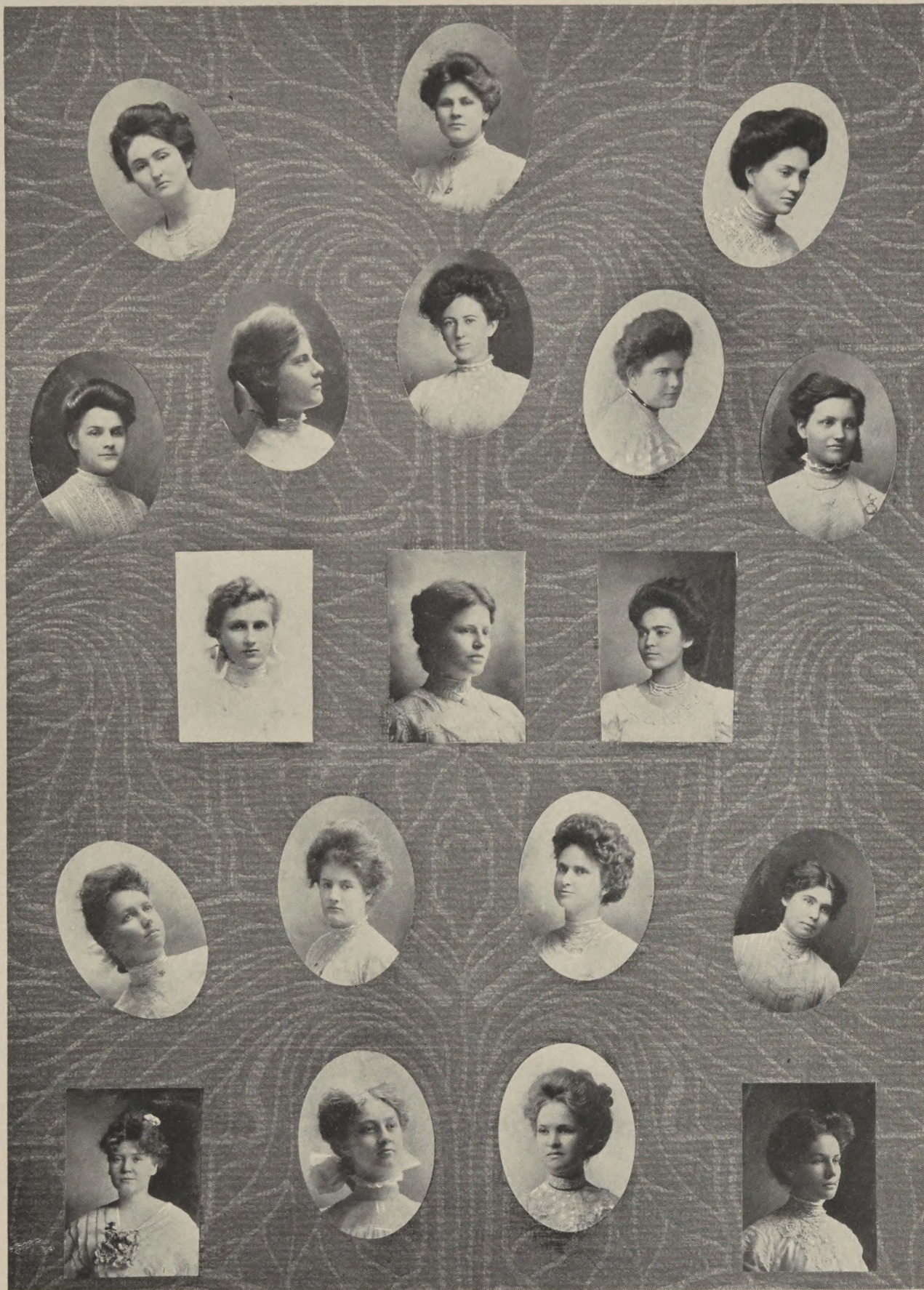
VERA SALLEE	<i>President</i>
LENA BURFORD	<i>Vice-President</i>
QUEENE MARRS	<i>Secretary</i>
ADA CULPEPPER	<i>Treasurer</i>
JENNIE McCULLOH	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

MOTTO: *"Add two and stick together."*

COLORS: *Baby Blue and Gold.*

ROLL

NELL ANDREWS	MAMIE McCORMICK
JUANITA ANDERSON	JENNIE McCULLOH
LOUISE ANDERSON	TONY McBETH
VIVIAN ARMSTRONG	ANNA PONDER
LENA BURFORD	FLOY PERKINSON
FAN BOWMAN	ANNA MAY ROQUEMORE
CLARA BOWMAN	BESS RASH
DOT BROTHERTON	MARY RITER
AVIS BAIRD	VERA SALLEE
ADA CULPEPPER	CARRIE SCHLEY
MAE LYN COX	JULIETTE SEEBER
LOURENA COPE	WILLIE MAY STUART
VIOLA CARPENTER	VERDA SCOTT
FRANCES CARUTHERS	VESTA WEAVER
GARNET DECKER	FRANCES STOWERS
RUTH PATE DENNY	STELLA RHONE
WILLIA ELLIOTT	LILLIE HASH
IDA FLETCHER	MRS. WIMBERLY
ILA FOSTER	MRS. FLETCHER
MERLE FRANCIS	AUBREY FLETCHER
LESLIE FRANCIS	QUEENE MARRS
ALLIE GIBSON	MRS. McCULLY
UNA JACKSON	MRS. FARIS
ZULA KINNARD	MRS. COCKRELL
OLLIE KIRKPATRICK	MRS. PARKS
NAOMI LOCKHART	MISS SMITH
BESS MALONEY	MISS WILKINSON
LORAIN MALONEY	MONTAGUE ANDERSON
MYRTLE MILLS	MISS JACKSON
CLARA MOSES	MRS. BOYNTON
ETHEL MILLS	HAZEL MILLER
MARY MICKLEY	LORENA MURPHY



CLARK LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Clarks

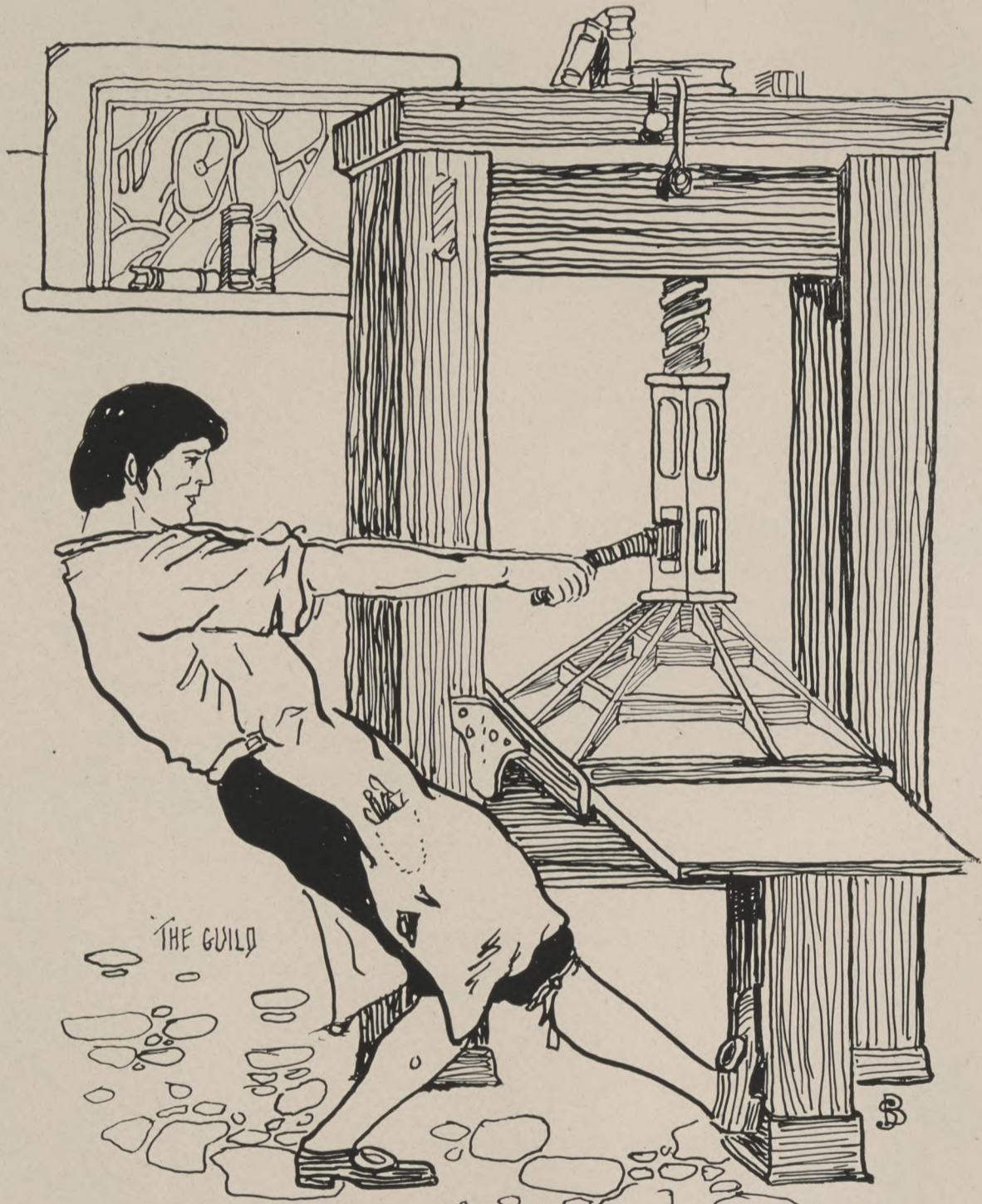
Triumphant notes were falling fast
As thru the faculty there passed
A bill, which with all of its sobriety,
Said girls couldn't join the Add-Ran Society,—
And still we go on.

The girls were sad; they were in grief,
And in a new sphere they sought relief,
In a society as gay as the note of a lark,
Who honors the name of Addison Clark,—
And still we go on.

"It won't succeed," the Waltons said,
(For they were afraid we'd get ahead)
The faculty answered with a sigh,
A tear stood in the Add-Rans' eye,—
But still we go on.

"Now here," the faculty said, "you see
It can't be now as it used to be;
The societies can't be as a sister and brother,"
But then this matter doesn't bother—
And still we go on.

And still we go on and on and on,
And we'll ever go on and on;
And our many friends, be they near or far,
Now look on the Clarks as a rising star,—
And still we'll go on.



PUBLICATIONS

The Skiff



H. E. BOZEMAN, *Editor '08* G. B. HALL, *Associate* H. G. KNIGHT, *Editor '07*
BEATRICE TOMLINSON, *Associate* STONEWALL BROWN, *Associate*

THE weekly publication of the University, THE SKIFF, covers a field entirely different from that of the monthly magazine and is deservedly popular for its excellent attainments in its particular sphere. A clean, breezy and spirited four-page edition, giving in detail the happenings in every phase of college activities, THE SKIFF has merited a high standing among the students and has taken first rank among like college productions.

To undergraduates of the University the reports of every event taking place during the year afford the greatest pleasure, and to the former students and alumni, nothing is more enjoyed as a reminder of college days than the panoramic views furnished them by the weekly. The reports of oratorical and athletic bouts, besides other events are written in a good, lively style and give every detail to be covered. Within its scope of encouraging and promoting movements and ventures incident to the life of the University, and its condemnation of enterprises lacking true college spirit and loyalty, it has acquitted itself with the admiration of every thoughtful student.

The staff this year has ever been industrious and alert to issue a creditable publication and the efforts put forth have been successful. Several resignations from the staff have caused temporary difficulty in the issuing of the paper. At the beginning of the year Stonewall Brown was elected editor-in-chief, with Bonner Frizzell as business manager. The resignation of the editor was followed by the appointment of H. G. Knight to that position. Before the close of the fall term both the editor and manager retired and the work fell upon H. E. Bozeman, who has given much of his time in getting out of the paper since the holidays. The staff as a whole deserves the thanks of the student-body for its success in getting out a representative college weekly, one that has reflected credit upon the University and given T. C. U. a ranking in this line of publications second to none in the Southwest.

The Collegian



AMY WOOD, *Associate*
H. G. KNIGHT, *Associate*
H. E. BOZEMAN, *Manager*

STONEWALL BROWN, *Associate*
J. B. FRIZZELL, *Assistant Manager*
D. E. TOMLINSON, *Associate*

THE COLLEGIAN is a monthly magazine published by the students in the interest of good college literature. Its forty-four pages are filled with essays, short stories, editorials, "glims," bits of verse and exchanges. The essays have always been of high quality and have covered a remarkably wide range of subjects. Various phases of literature, music, religion, art, history, etc., have been discussed with ability in these papers. The short stories are representative of the work done in the English Department. Although the majority of them have not been remarkable productions yet they are good and have been above the average found in college magazines. The editorials speak for themselves as to their character and have usually been worth reading. The word "glim" means a joke on a friend or sarcasm directed against an enemy. The "glims" of THE COLLEGIAN have been uniformly of the first kind. This section of the magazine is always read and enjoyed by the students. The verse has varied from the merest nonsense, intended only to excite laughter, to some really good productions. Next to the "glims" this has been enjoyed by the students. The exchange department is used to give commendation to especially good features in other college magazines and to make kindly suggestions to others which do not quite reach the proper standards in some particulars. Often in this department unusually good bits from the exchanges are quoted in order to enable our students to see what is being done in other universities.

The members of the staff deserve hearty praise and thanks for the work they have done for THE COLLEGIAN during the college year '07-'08. In addition to these special mention is due to Bonner Frizzell, who as editor-in-chief during the first half of the year filled his position with credit to the students and to himself.

The Bulletin

ARUSHING business is on hand in Uncle Sam's North Waco station every other month when the issue of the *Bulletin* is mailed. For our worthy Uncle is quite generous in his policy toward the official publications of educational institutions, thereby enabling the management to afford a liberal policy in the distribution of its announcements. And since the friends who are interested in keeping up with T. C. U. are numbered by the thousands, it makes big business for the *Bulletin*. The paper is sent to any friend on request.

The fact that it is an official organ and that two of its issues are catalogs does not make the publication dry reading matter. Every issue contains news items of the faculty and student-body and their doings. Two issues are devoted to spicy messages about special interests that are uppermost at the time; one is a stirring address to the churches on Education Day matters; and the summer number is a report of the University in photo, making a beautiful souvenir, with a message. Some one who had seen the pictures before visiting the grounds was recently heard to remark, "This is the first school I ever saw that has more than its pictures show up."

The viewpoint of the *Bulletin* is well expressed in a paragraph of greeting in one of its issues: "To the friends, alumni, parents, patrons, and members of the brotherhood of Disciples of Christ in Texas, this message is sent. You are the ones on whom rests the hope for the permanency of this great enterprise. The personnel of the student-body changes every four years; every progressing faculty is constantly shifting; it is the University that lives in the hearts of the great people who are its supporters, that abides through all changes from generation to generationn."

ATHLETICS



Athletic Association and Council



PAUL L. TYSON, *Secretary*
 BRYANT F. COLLINS, . *Vice-President* LESLIE C. PROCTER, . *President*

THE officers of the Athletic Association, chosen from the student-body, acting jointly with the following athletic committee from the faculty, O. W. Long, chairman and treasurer; W. C. Hunter, and F. W. Wimberly, constitute the Athletic Council. They have charge of all executive business and we are indebted to this body for the tireless and persistent manner in which they have worked. The affairs of the Association have been well managed, and T. C. U.'s success in athletics is largely due to the energetic work of the Council. They have placed athletics on a firmer financial basis and first-class equipments and coaches have been provided for the football and baseball teams. They hope to clear up all past indebtedness and start on the new school year with a clean sheet.



Football, '08

IN 1896 football was first introduced in the University, and since that time it has maintained a firm grip upon the popular mind here. The team's ranking has oscillated from the State championship in '97 to the "tail-enders" in '03. In '05 the team again took a place near the top and made a bit of history for T. C. U. In '06 we were somewhat handicapped owing to the elimination of football in a number of the denominational schools in Texas forcing us to play most of our games with such formidable opponents as A. and M. and the University of Texas.

When the season of '07 formally opened some of the "wise-ones" were skeptical as to a favorable showing with such a lightweight squad, but Coach Hyde and Captain Wright developed a fast, aggressive team out of the material at hand. The forward pass and on-side kick were used quite effectively at times and the season ended with the record of two ties, two defeats and four victories.

The squad was unusually large, but there was a notable absence of well-seasoned veterans which are essential to the best team work. Some of the new men played in a spectacular manner at times, while at critical moments they worked a little slow. The "old-heads" played consistent throughout the season.

Of the personnel of the squad, Captain "Pete" comes first, showing splendid form, acquitting himself admirably. As captain he inspired confidence. He was the leader rather by acts than by words; a strong plunger and a sure tackle. Morris Stewart handled himself well in the line and was a "wall of resistance." Wallace played consistent football always and was accurate with the long forward pass. Pyburn, Fields, and Scott worked hard and talked little. Massey proved a good center; he was "always there" when the ball was fumbled; his place-kicking was great. Billingsley played a good end. Thomas was a "red letter" man—handy at receiving the forward pass and getting down on punts. Fullbacks Harwood and Glover, bucked "magnificently." Harwood was always on his feet and could be relied on for gains. Perkins was heady at quarter, great on returning the ball and out-punted all of his opponents. Bloor was a good ground-gainer and strong on the defence. Knight

played in his good, plucky style. Tyson was a strong utility man. Muse was a strength in the line. Collins and Frizzell were useful at the ends.

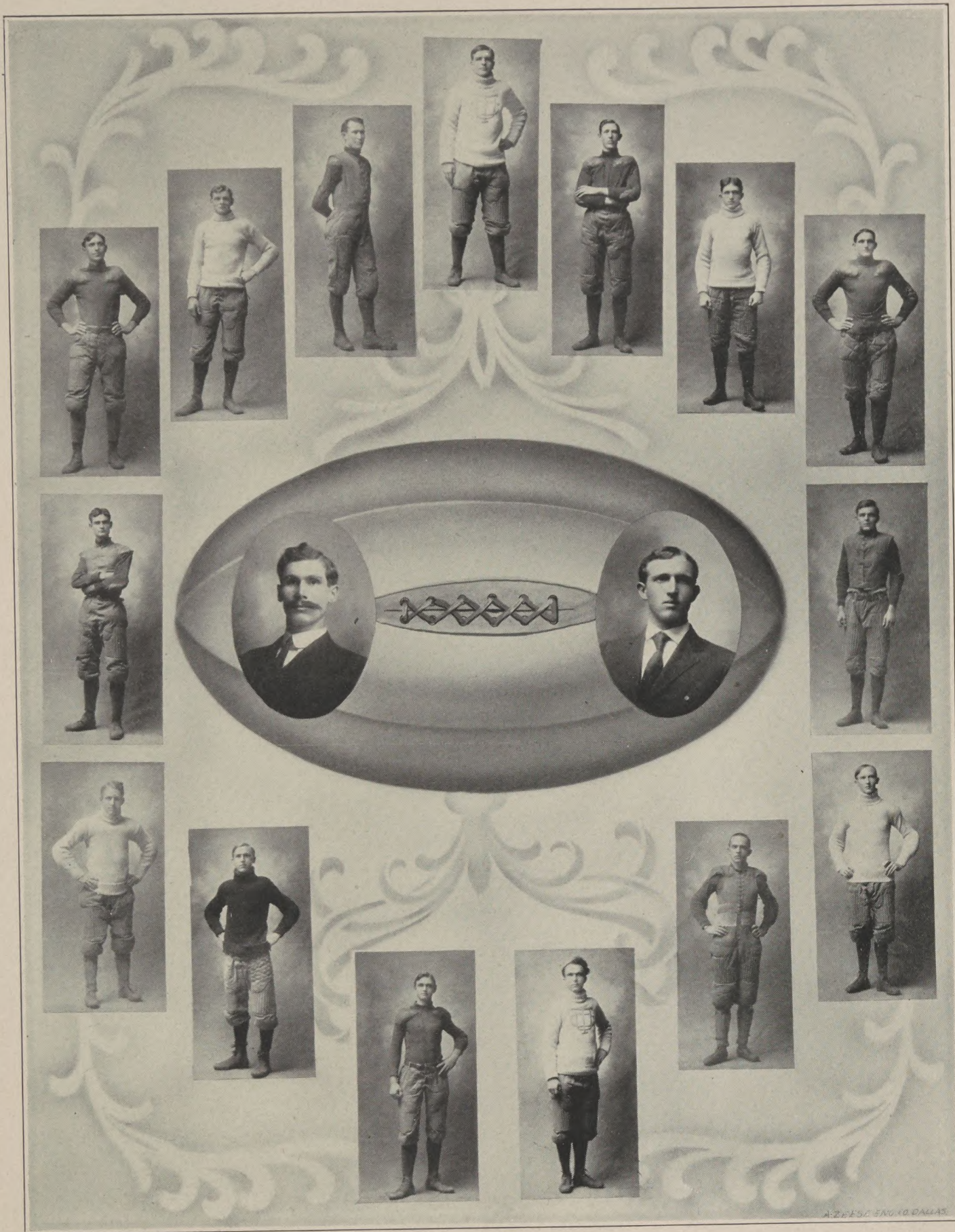
The outlook for the '08 football season is as yet somewhat hazy and indefinite, but with Manly Thomas as captain and Innis Brown of Vanderbilt fame as coach, we feel safe in predicting that a strong bunch will be on the grounds in September. Thomas has won the captaincy of the coming team by his irreproachable playing for two seasons at T. C. U. Mr. Brown comes to us with a splendid record, both as a football player, coach and gentleman. Being fresh out of college and seeing the practical workings of football at the large universities under the new rules, he will be valuable as a coach. He understands Southern conditions and will be able to harmonize the teams with the environments. He will also be especially valuable because of his experience with light, fast teams.

Campbell Barnard, with Thurman Allen assisting, will manage the team, and with such a strong combination to guide the fortunes of football here, and with the prospects of getting some splendid new material, we cannot help but indulge in a "day-dream" of great things in store for the mole-skin knights of T. C. U. for the coming season.



Personnel of 'Varsity

E. C. MUSE, Tackle (sub)
H. G. KNIGHT, Left Half E. U. SCOTT, Tackle (sub)
M. C. STEWART, Tackle A. M. HARWOOD, Fullback
L. C. WRIGHT, Tackle C. FIELDS, Guard
O. GLOVER, Fullback B. H. BLOOR, Right Half
E. J. HYDE, Coach L. C. PROCTER, Manager
B. F. COLLINS, End (sub) WILLIAM MASSEY, Center
N. C. PERKINS, Quarter M. O. THOMAS, End
JOHN PYBURN, Guard J. O. WALLACE, Guard
A. W. BILLINGSLEY, End P. L. TYSON, Half (sub)



'Varsity '07.



CAPTAIN LOY C. WRIGHT

LOY C. WRIGHT, better known to the public as "Pete," has played with 'Varsity for two seasons. He has made an excellent football record since coming to T. C. U., and he easily won his leadership of the '07 football squad by consistent, strenuous work, coupled with a faultless conduct and his gentlemanly manner. He has set a precedent as player and captain that will be hard to overshadow. Being a favorite, he fitted in well as a leader.

Wright starred at tackle and has most of T. C. U.'s touchdowns to his credit. He is a terrific line-smasher and always good for a neat gain. He weighs 185 pounds and is a wall of resistance. He played no better ball as captain, however, than he did otherwise, for he always played in a manner that was irreproachable.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

September 28—T. C. U.	0	Fort Worth University	0
October 5—T. C. U.	6	Baylor	6
October 12—T. C. U.	27	Austin College	0
October 21—T. C. U.	27	Trinity University	0
November 2—T. C. U.	11	Baylor	10
November 9—T. C. U.	5	A. and M.	32
November 19—T. C. U.	6	Trinity University	5
November 28—T. C. U.	8	Baylor	16
—		—	
T. C. U.	90	Opponents	69



THE SQUAD

The Reserves

THE "Varsity hopefuls" were especially active during the '07 season. They were speedy and proved formidable opponents for our 'Varsity, and we can expect to see some of the "huskies" secure 'Varsity berths next season. They accepted their daily drubbing from the first squad without a murmur of discontent, thus showing a splendid loyalty and an admirable unselfishness toward the team that they were helping to develop for T. C. U. We know of no other organization that has worked more faithfully for such few honors as did our loyal Reserves.

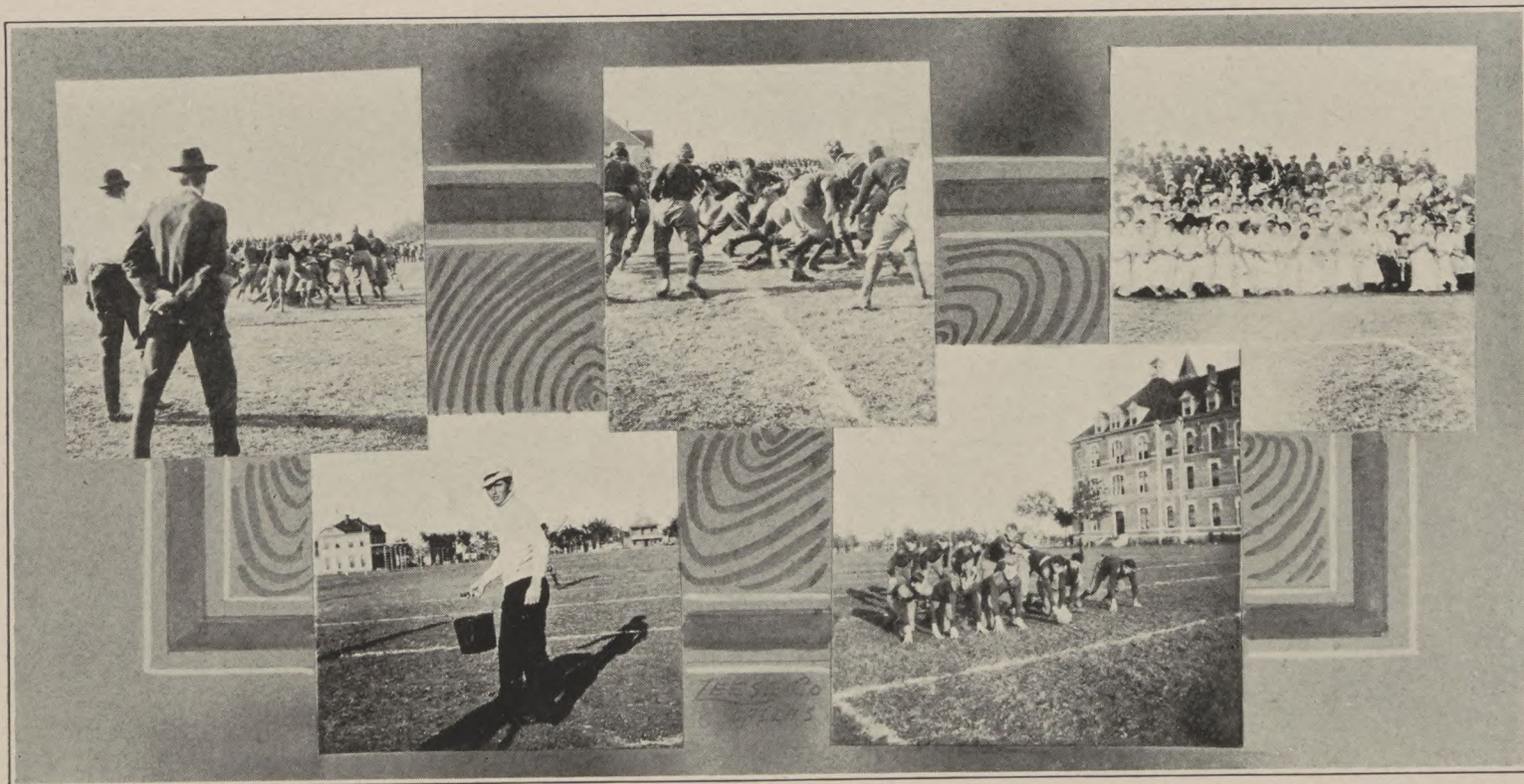
Besides the daily scrimmages with 'Varsity, the Reserves played games with Waco High School and other local teams. Captain Bivins, "Big Bob," Bozeman and Anderson deserve personal mention. All the others worked consistently. As a football apprenticeship the Reserve team offers splendid training, and each player has his eye on some 'Varsity position; this of course stimulates activity in the lower football ranks. They are to receive their just recompense at some later date when they represent T. C. U. in the first squad and display their virility and enthusiasm by fighting for gridiron honors against our formidable opponents—the other colleges.

LINE-UP

CAMPBELL BARNARD	<i>Manager</i>
MILES BIVINS	<i>Captain</i>
WADE	<i>Center</i>
YATES	<i>Right Guard</i>
M. ROBINSON	<i>Left Guard</i>
DENTON	<i>Right Tackle</i>
W. ROBINSON	<i>Left Tackle</i>
BOZEMAN	<i>Right End</i>
RITER	<i>Left End</i>
ANDERSON	<i>Quarterback</i>
GREENE	<i>Quarterback</i>
GALLAHER	<i>Right Half</i>
TOMLINSON	<i>Left Half</i>
BIVINS	<i>Fullback</i>
FARR	(sub) <i>Halfback</i>
GOUGH	(sub) <i>Halfback</i>
ABERNATHY	(sub) <i>End</i>



THE RESERVES '07.



FOOTBALL SNAP-SHOTS



Baseball '07

BEGINNING the baseball season of '07 with a new team, practically, T. C. U. failed to retain the state intercollegiate championship which had been held previously for four successive years, but in fair consideration of all conditions, is appreciative of the third honors. This loss should not cast any disparagement upon the '07 'Varsity, for the team developed into a fast aggregation before the season came to a close and contended well for honors against the collegiate opponents who were in general much stronger than in previous years. With all the hardships of an off-year to undergo, T. C. U. made a record that is meritorious of praise and was able to begin the season of '08 with as good a team as ever defended the Purple and White.

With the graduation of Bush, Clark and Kinnard and the resignation of Moulden, Burnett, Gallaher and Shirley, all former diamond stars whose work toward winning the championship for the University was the most telling, the earliest prospects for a strong team were not so brilliant as would augur a very successful season for 'Varsity '07. The employment of Ellis Hardy, of Waco, as coach for the season gave great encouragement to those athletically inclined and as soon as the team was selected from the remaining monogram-wearers and the new aspirants for berths, the same loyal support and backing was given the new team that was always of encouragement to the champions—a support that would better the playing of any team. The men were held under strict training rules and put through rigid practice until before the season was well on its way, what had been a number of raw ball-players, was an aggregation of clean fielders working in machine-like unison and rapidity. The men were weak at the stick but victory came with but few safeties. Our slabmen always got away with a record of a small number of bingles.

The old men who had returned to school easily secured their former positions. Captain Procter took the center garden, Carnes the left field and utility man, Frizzell got a permanent place in right field. This trio made a team of outfielders that were found unexcelled in collegiate ball. Glover filled in well when Procter played in the pit.

Out of the ranks of second team men Coach Hardy found as first team material, Noah Perkins and Marshall Baldwin who covered short and first, respectively, throughout the season. Perkins proved himself to be the best short-stop that has ever filled that position for T. C. U. His work has always been brilliant and at the same time steady. Baldwin covered first base in the Bush and Shirley style that is of high standing with the University fans. Second and third corners were occupied by new men.

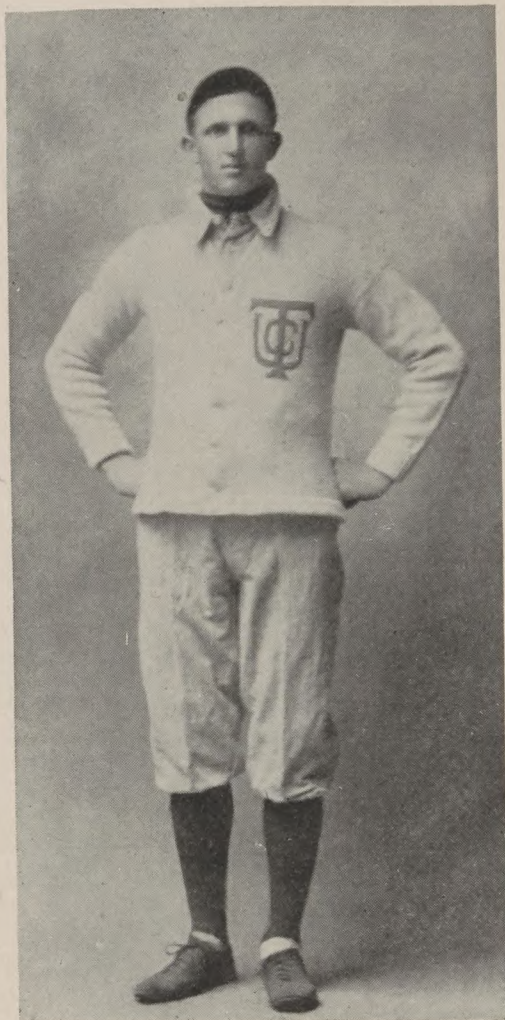
Thomas on second easily won his spurs, fielding his position well and aiding materially with the stick when a lay-down was ordered. Witt on third developed into a prize. His fielding was great and his wing the best on the team. The catcher's position was the most difficult one on the team to fill. Bloor, who had been a member of the '05 team, was the most ready timber to develop into a back-stop, and he was placed in that responsible position. Altho inexperienced as a catcher and being under the difficulty of receiving a twirler hard for anyone to hold, he filled the gap in acceptable style and was given much praise for his unrelenting services. Williams made a good utility man and was a strength at the bat.

On the slab 'Varsity was particularly strong. The loss of Burnett was thought difficult to overcome, but in Elmer Randall was found all the good qualities of any of our former slant-throwers and he readily took first rank among the college twirlers of the state. His work was nothing less than phenomenal. In eight games his strike-out record averaged fifteen men and the number of hits only two a contest. Two no-hit and no-score games are credited to his list of victories, one against Baylor and one against Trinity. In this latter game only twenty-seven men faced him. He was a power in the pit, always master of the ceremonies and ranked second in hitting honors. Procter and Tyson were the other slab artists who fought valiantly from the box. Their performances were of sufficient merit to give all opposing teams their troubles.

In hitting Procter ranked first, Randall second, and Baldwin third. The greater part of the stick work was done by these three men, the others ranking much lower in the per centage column.

With a majority of the '07 team on the '08 'Varsity and several new stars in the recruiting list, T. C. U. is making fast progress in the direction of the collegiate pennant this season. In fielding no team representing the University has ever done superior work than the present one. Although somewhat light and weak at the stick, strenuous practice in that department of the game is being indulged in and everything points to a repetition of T. C. U.'s former record during the season of '08.



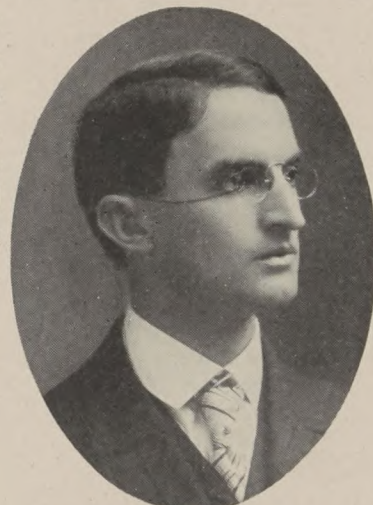


CAPTAIN L. C. PROCTER

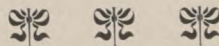
"PROC" easily won the leadership of the baseball squad because of his excellent playing and ability to direct. He has played errorless ball for three seasons, and is now following up his past record on his last year of college baseball. He fitted well into the vacancy made in center-field by the graduation of his elder brother—thus T. C. U. has been fortunate in having one position held seven seasons by Procter brothers.

Proc's fielding has not only been errorless, but he led the team during the '07 season in batting, his average being .350. He has many

home-runs to his credit which were responsible for some of T. C. U.'s victories last season. At all times Proc plays consistent, heady ball and has always been a stimulus to the team.



D. A. SHIRLEY, Manager



COACH ELLIS E. HARDY

COACH HARDY began his professional baseball career in 1897 with the Waco League team. Since that time he has played with the Missouri Valley League, the South Texas League at San Antonio and in the Texas League with Galveston. From this association he was advanced to faster company, playing with Atlanta in the Southern League. He would probably have gone higher had it not been for a weakening of his arm.

His batting average was .300 and he led in every League he played with, except one, in fielding. His position is first base.

Coach Hardy managed the Ardmore Independent Club last season and by his knowledge of the game and his ability to organize and handle men, he converted this team into a winning combination. His services have been of great benefit to T. C. U., and last season with a broken team we ranked near the top among the colleges. Hardy has an affable, pleasing manner and is well fitted for a baseball coach. We are hoping to land the State championship again this season under his endeavors and direction.

Schedule 1907

March	18.—T. C. U. vs. Waco League	1—4
March	19.—T. C. U. vs. Waco League	1—6
March	22.—T. C. U. vs. Baylor	3—4
March	23.—T. C. U. vs. Baylor	7—0
March	28.—T. C. U. vs. Fort Worth University	4—2
March	29.—T. C. U. vs. Fort Worth University	15—3
April	4.—T. C. U. vs. Austin College	5—1
April	5.—T. C. U. vs. Austin College	2—10
April	8.—T. C. U. vs. Baylor	7—2
April	11.—T. C. U. vs. Trinity University	11—5
April	12.—T. C. U. vs. Trinity University	10—0
April	15.—T. C. U. vs. Southwestern University	1—5
April	20.—T. C. U. vs. A. and M.	0—9
April	21.—T. C. U. vs. A. and M.	(Rain)
April	24.—T. C. U. vs. University of Texas	1—4
April	29.—T. C. U. vs. Baylor	5—6
May	3.—T. C. U. vs. Trinity University	4—3
May	4.—T. C. U. vs. Trinity University	7—0
May	6-7.—T. C. U. vs. Austin College	(Rain)
May	16.—T. C. U. vs. Baylor	1—2

'Varsity '07

ELLIS HARDY	<i>Coach</i>
D. A. SHIRLEY	<i>Manager</i>
L. C. PROCTER	<i>Captain</i>
E. R. RANDALL	<i>Pitcher</i>
P. L. TYSON	<i>Pitcher</i>
B. H. BLOOR	<i>Catcher</i>
M. BALDWIN	<i>First Baseman</i>
M. O. THOMAS	<i>Second Baseman</i>
N. C. PERKINS	<i>Short Stop</i>
P. W. WITT	<i>Third Baseman</i>
A. C. CARNES	<i>Left Fielder</i>
L. C. PROCTER	<i>Center Fielder, Pitcher</i>
J. B. FRIZZELL	<i>Right Fielder, Second Baseman</i>
R. G. WILLIAMS	<i>Utility</i>
O. GLOVER	<i>Sub, Outfielder</i>

SECOND TEAM '07

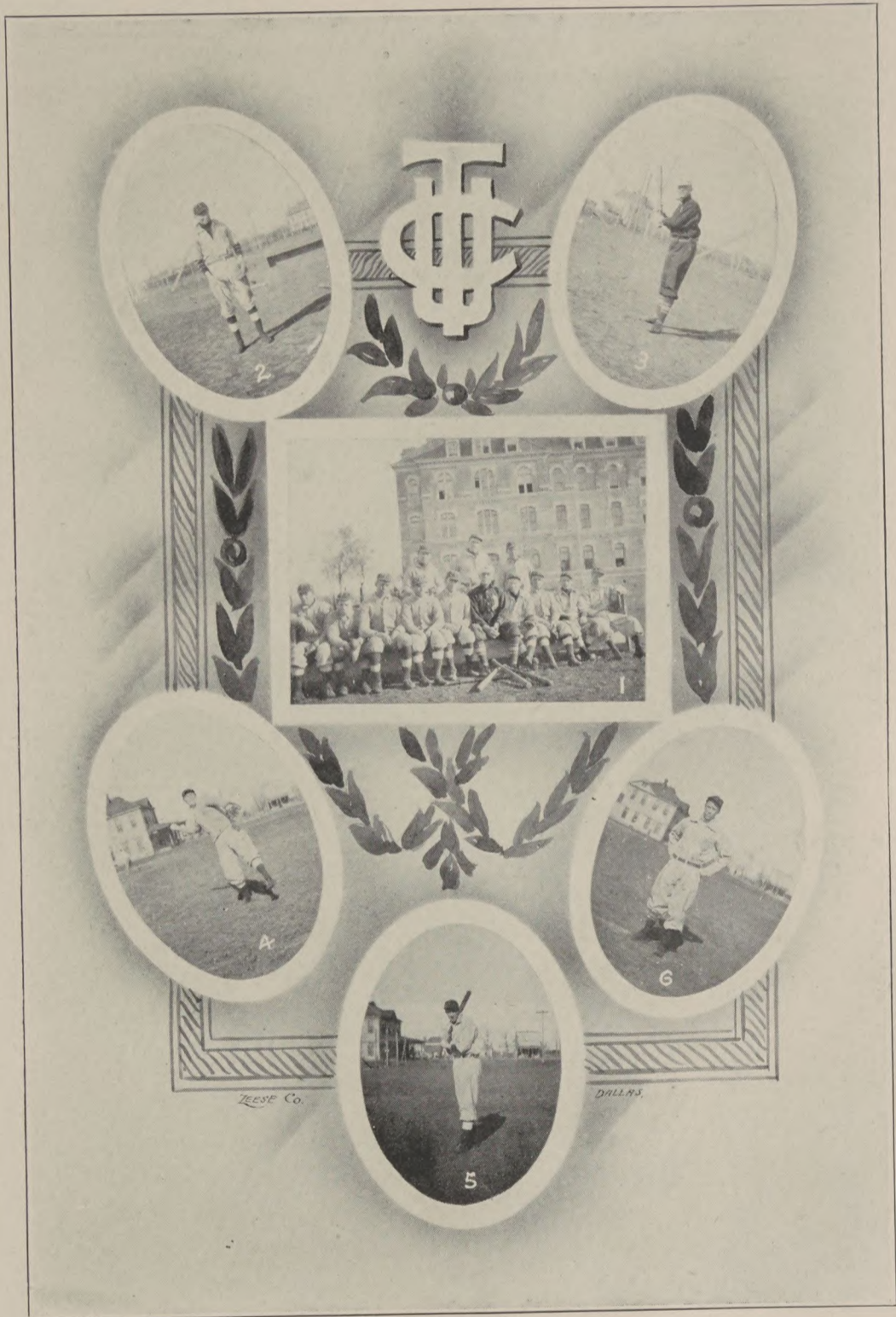
H. C. BARNARD	<i>Manager</i>
CALLAWAY	<i>Captain</i>
FARR	<i>Catcher</i>
P. BALDWIN	<i>Pitcher</i>
GREENE	<i>First Baseman</i>
NABORS	<i>Second Baseman</i>
F. BALDWIN	<i>Short Stop</i>
CALLAWAY	<i>Third Baseman</i>
SCOTT	<i>Left Fielder, Catcher</i>
ANDERSON	<i>Center Fielder</i>
BAILEY	<i>Right Fielder</i>



'VARSITY '07.



SECOND TEAM '07



SNAP-SHOT OF 'VARSITY PLAYERS



Tennis

OFFICERS

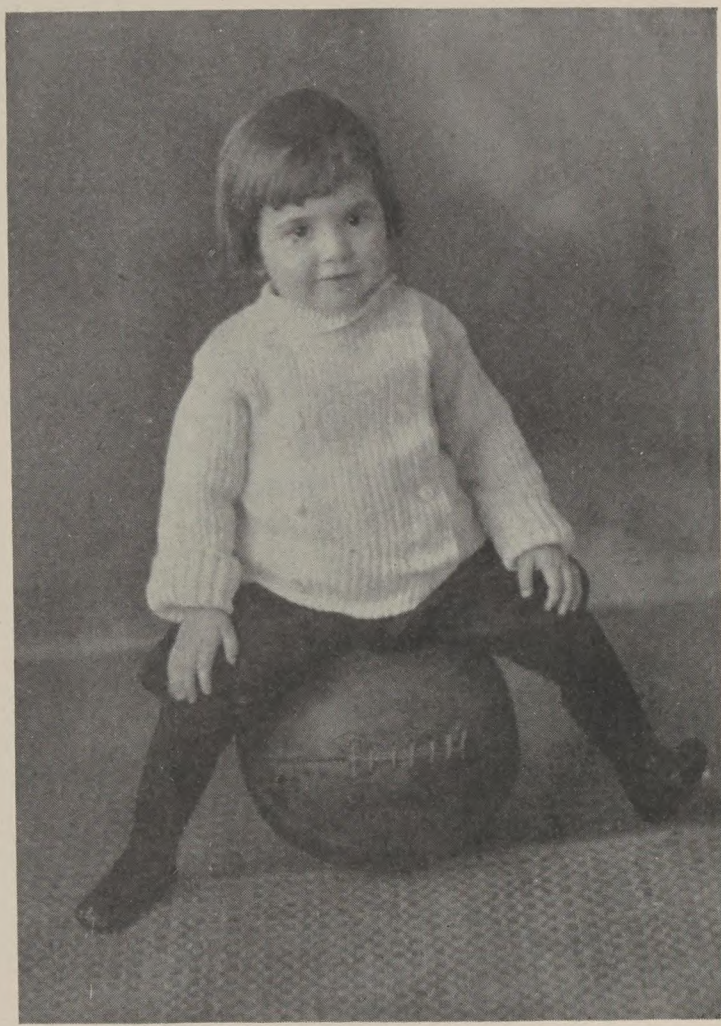
BARNEY HOLBERT	<i>Manager</i>
STONEWALL BROWN	<i>Captain</i>

TENNIS has suffered neglect at T. C. U. for a number of years, and last Spring the first attempt was made to put the Tennis Association upon a working basis and to have formal meets with other clubs. A tournament was arranged with the Mart Tennis Club and Saunders, Shirley, Brown and Stairs, who represented T. C. U., won practically everything, only Saunders and Shirley losing one set. Later in the Spring we were again victorious with Mart and also Saunders won readily in singles from a representative of A. and M.

This season a much greater enthusiasm for tennis prevails, and the Association has erected new courts in consequence. No formal matches have yet been played but it is hoped that before June several important tournaments will have been pulled off. Brown and Stairs lost three close sets to Baylor players, and more games will be played. The ideal condition is for every sport to have an emphasis commensurate with its importance, and when that condition prevails tennis will not be sacrificed to other sports. It has been the conventional thing for the unenlightened to laugh at tennis as being merely a girls' pastime, but we might say that no game requires a finer bodily organization, a greater nicety of control, scientific application with physical strength and endurance than tennis. The beauty in the matter is that the scoffing of the uninitiated doesn't change the facts, and tennis is growing in popularity.



TENNIS CLUB



Athletics Among the Young Ladies

OFFICERS

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

AMY WOOD	<i>President</i>
KATHLEEN MUNN	<i>Secretary</i>

BASKETBALL TEAM

LENA BURFORD	<i>Business Manager</i>
AMY WOOD	<i>Captain</i>

TENNIS CLUB

ADA CULPEPPER	<i>Business Manager</i>
KATHLEEN MUNN	<i>Treasurer</i>

THE girls have carried on the different departments of athletics in T. C. U. with moderate enthusiasm this year. Only a few have not played either basketball, tennis, baseball, or done Gym and Nat work. Through the months of September and November much interest was manifested in basketball. Every afternoon the girls worked either under the coaching of Miss Reeves or Mr. Holland. Several match games were played between the first and second teams, arousing a great deal of enthusiasm on the part of the spectators as well as among the players. No outside games were played, however much to the disappointment of the girls. They felt sure of putting out a winning team and were anxious to play teams from our rival schools.

When the weather would permit in early Spring, tennis was played and it soon become the feature among the girls inclined toward athletics. A club was organized and the proper equipment secured. However, the grounds were not very good and the interest has been somewhat spasmodic. Some strong, fast players were developed, despite the unfavorable conditions, that could compete favorably with any strong team.

To those unable to take part in the more strenuous games, the gentler game of croquet has been played, with much avidity. This has proved a splendid pastime and interest for some of the young men also who were fortunate enough to be "permitted" to play.

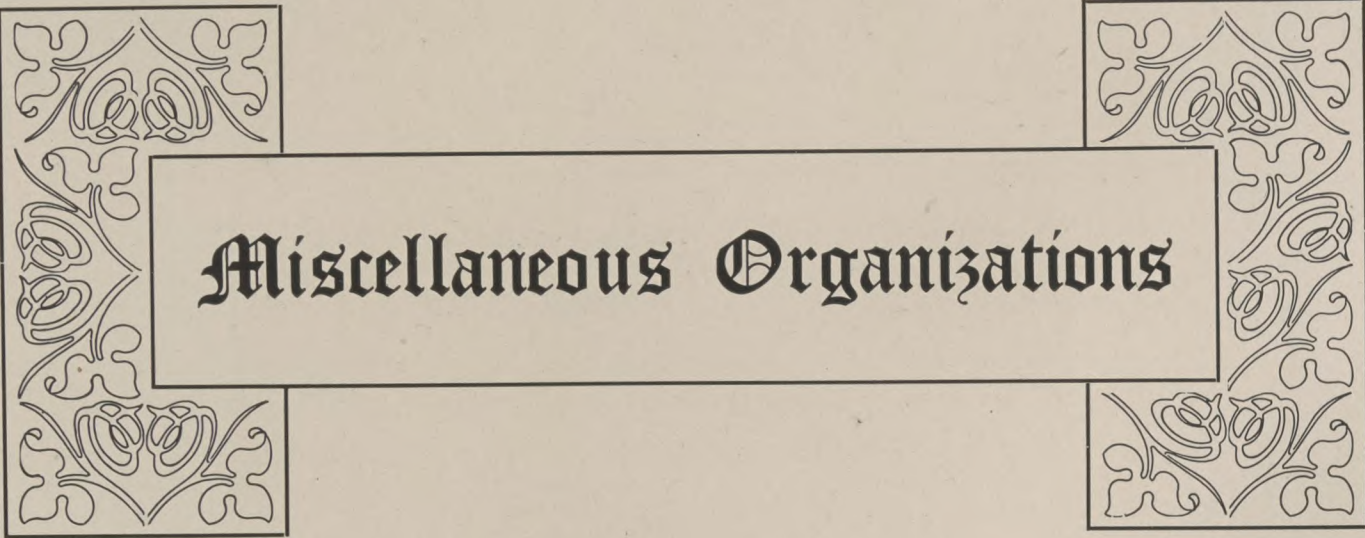
There has been some interest manifested in Gym and Nat work. The girls' Gym class is large and some artistic work has been done. A swimming club has also been organized.



BASKET BALL '08



A GYM CLASS



Miscellaneous Organizations

The Deutscher Verein

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



GREENE

NEWLEE, *Chairman*

McCULLOH

HALL

INTEREST in the study of German has within recent years, been steadily increasing among the schools and colleges of Texas. The disciplinary, culture and practical value of the German language and literature are meeting more and more with deserved recognition. This sentiment in favor of the study of German has met with full and active sympathy in our University. During the last two years since Prof. Long has been in charge, the Department of German has grown steadily and rapidly and a real enthusiasm for the language and literature has been developed. In order to foster and further this interest in German, the Deutscher Verein was organized in September, 1907. It is a student club, composed of those doing work above the first year in the German Department. With the general purpose of promoting an interest in the study of German, the Deutscher Verein aims directly to increase the student's knowledge of the language, literature, history, geography, customs and life of the German nation. The programs of its monthly meetings hold these ends in view. Noteworthy among the secondary aims of the Club is that of encouraging and affording opportunity for conversation in German.

During this first year the Deutscher Verein has justified its existence. By the enthusiasm of its members it has interested others in German. By its lectures and papers it has increased the knowledge and broadened the view of its members. By the opportunity it has afforded for practice in conversation it has made German a *living* language in University circles. By its *coffee* and *Limberger cheese* it has created a real German *taste* and *atmosphere*. It has given its members a fund of pleasant recollections to draw upon in future years. It has proved its value and has become one of the permanent organizations of the University.

The Philosophy Club

J. O. WALLACE	<i>President</i>
FLOY PERKINSON	<i>Vice-President</i>
BEATRICE TOMLINSON	<i>Secretary</i>

THE Philosophy Club was organized during the Spring session '07 by Prof. E. E. Faris, the head of the School of Philosophy, and includes in its membership all of the students in that department of the University. Its purpose is to create a practical attention to philosophy, to stimulate an interest in discussions that can not be secured in the class-room and to profit by addresses delivered by scholarly speakers on philosophical matters. The social feature is not at all in the background, and assists materially in bringing good results to the ends of the Club's aims.

The first meeting of the present scholastic year was a success in every particular. A full list of the membership was present and many visitors, including most of the faculty. The principal address was delivered by Dr. J. J. Grier, of Waco, on "The Will," and was a masterly presentation of the subject. Several other interesting and beneficial numbers were on the evening's program and helped to make the initial meeting of the Club a success.



Kritters of Ananias

Founded in Faculty Meeting, January 16, 1908



KNIGHT	BLOOR	HARWOOD	PROCTER	GREENE
PERKINS	HALL	WALLACE		COLLINS

<i>Baron Munchausen, Head-Kritter</i>	GORDON B. HALL
<i>Bacchus, Next Kritter</i>	HOWELL G. KNIGHT
<i>Darwinian Kritter</i>	OLEN J. WALLACE
<i>Lord Chesterfield Kritter</i>	BRYANT F. COLLINS
<i>Cupid Kritter</i>	NOAH C. PERKINS
<i>John Burgess Kritter</i>	LESLIE C. PROCTER
<i>Bucket o' Suds Kritter</i>	BERTRAM H. BLOOR
<i>Monte Carlo Kritter</i>	ALEXANDER M. HARWOOD
<i>Alexander Campbell Kritter</i>	CLOIS L. GREENE

T. C. U. Boiler-Room Philosophy Club

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. This organization shall be known as the T. C. U. Boiler-Room Philosophy Club.

SEC. 2. The regular place of meeting shall be in the T. C. U. Boiler-Room and other places for special occasions which are hereinafter named.

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. Membership in this club shall be limited to those militant spirits who follow no precedent, acknowledge no master and who believe in pelf for pelf's sake.

SEC. 2. The charter members of this club are, "Andy," "Swall," "Jimmy," and "Sheriff."

SEC. 3. Any person shall be entitled to membership who shall provide the proper certificates of character and upon securing a unanimous vote of the charter members. Rounders, warts, juveniles, persons of asinine affectations, preachers and Republicans shall in nowise be eligible for membership. Any member who shall be found guilty of securing lucre by any questionable means shall be promptly congratulated and upon a division of the spoils the Club shall immediately repair to a suitable place for the purpose of libation.

ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1. The purpose of this Club shall be to investigate all matters pertaining to the welfare of the University life and to the complete development of Christian character in the students and faculty. Everything from the president's message down to a village dog fight shall be a subject for philosophical discussion and elucidation by members. When called for, advice concerning social regulations, etc., shall be given to the Board of Trustees at their regular meetings.

ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 1. The officers of this Club shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary and a Treasurer, also an official keg-tapper.

SEC. 2. The officers shall hold office until kicked out for incompetency.

SEC. 3. The following oath shall be administered upon installation: "I hereby swear to report all wild and sensational rumors as soon as possible and to attend all open sessions of the Club."

ARTICLE V.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the President to get first-hand news of the doings of the discipline committee, to provide Drummond's and Bull Durham at all meetings.

SEC. 2. The Vice-President shall preside at meetings while the President is incarcerated.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to provide matches without getting raw.



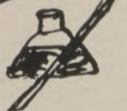

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to make the necessary assessments for defraying the expenses of the annual open session hereinafter referred to. On no account will said Treasurer be intrusted with any of the funds of the association.

ARTICLE VI

SECTION 1. Each year, on the day of school dismissal, this Club shall hold its annual open session. The Club shall repair to the adjacent woods and at the direction of the President each and every member shall imbibe of certain libations until all are unconscious. A reputable physician will be in attendance.

BY-LAWS AND MISCELLANEOUS.

- (1) The pass-word shall be "arms akimbo."
 - (2) "Blue Ribbon" shall be the official color.
 - (3) Drummond's and Bull Durham shall be the official emblems.
 - (4) Robert's Rules of Order and Cushing's Manual and all other like treatises will be ignored at business meetings.
 - (5) Getting too damned previous shall constitute the unpardonable sin.—Selah.
- Unanimously adopted and signed by charter members at last open session.

NAME	MARK
ANDY ELAM, Jailer.....	
A. YATES, Sheriff.....	
JIMMY HALL, Senator.....	
REV. S. BROWN.....	

Honorary Members—Dr. Lockhart, Miss Tyler, Mike, Dr. Eskridge.
Consulting Physician—Dr. Pete Bell, M. D., A. S. S.



LITERATURE

A Reverting Ideal

COLLEGE life is very apt to divorce one from the world of practicality for a time. The homely life, associations, virtues and ideals which mark our youthful days are revolutionized and not always for the better. As happens with many another young fellow who is ambitious, Sim had to work for what he got in the way of an education. He had worked since he could remember—life in the mountains of Tennessee means work—and by going to the little log school-house in the winter months he reached a time when it held no more for him and he began to dream of the world beyond his limited life. A young fellow had been thru the neighborhood selling books in the summer and had told Sim of college, of such wonderful and unintelligible things as fullbacks, soirées, flunks, and class rushes, and Sim had listened as to the song of a siren until sleep for many a night was out of the question, and finally as the days became shorter and the leaves took on all manner of brilliant colors and the corn began to ripen, Sim went over one Sunday night to confide his ambitions to Polly.

Polly lived just across the creek and around the bend in the road from Sim, and he approached her home with an enlarged importance of himself that did not well correspond to his single-gallous and homespun trousers. Polly was sitting on the porch in the moonlight playing with a shepherd dog as Sim walked up.

"Hello, Polly, you look sort o' lonesome like," said Sim.

"I'm not lonesome. I was thinking of the marriage of cousin John and the party at the school-house next week and the barn-raisin' at Boggs's, and all the other things that we will have to go to this fall. We will have a good time, won't we, Sim?"

"Yes, Polly, you will have a good time this fall," said Sim slowly.

"Why—what is the matter with you?"

"I'm goin' away, Polly."

"Goin' away? You goin' away, Sim?"

"I'm goin' off to college, goin' to get an education, going to be somebody and make you all proud of me—"

Polly's hand rested quietly on the dog's head, and she was still for a long time, and Sim thot that she never looked so splendid as she did then with the moon on her face and her hair falling over her shoulder. Freckles and a nose that was inclined to tilt were not yet contrary to Sim's ideals of beauty.

"I'm glad you are going to college, Sim; you *will* be somebody some time and we will all be proud of you and will read about you in the papers, but you—you will come back—won't you, Sim? You won't forget us and you won't—" Polly's voice trembled.

"No, Polly, I won't forget." The moon had gone behind the hill and the trees and the corn were suffused with a dim disappearing after-light when Sim went home.

* * * * *

Sim arrived at the University, and it was indeed a strange world to him. Everywhere were students, some new like himself and others who were meeting old class-

mates and friends; they were as a whole a fine lot of fellows, big and athletic-looking and tanned by the sun. Some were more peculiar looking, and among these he noticed a number who wore little hats, trousers rolled half way to their knees, exposing socks that were of a gaudier pattern than Sim had ever seen, and whose only occupation seemed to be to support the buildings and to smoke curved pipes. Some of this variety were laughing at Sim with his homespuns and brogans when a big, fine looking fellow whom Sim afterward learned was an upperclassman and a member of the 'Varsity football eleven, slapped him on the shoulder and introduced himself. He took Sim up to the dormitory and saw to it that he was made to feel at home. Sim's experience in matriculating, going to chapel and hearing the class yells, forming an especial attachment for all the other new boys at the University, was much the same experience that we all are compelled to go thru.

In his Freshman year he learned that he was supposed to kow-tow to upperclassmen and philosophically bear the part of being the butt of all the so-called jokes of those mysterious and kingly beings; he was gradually initiated into the occult performances of class spirit and rivalry, and also saw his first football game and learned by degrees to give the college yells with a frenzy and an abandon that was admirable. Of all the category of things that he was introduced to in his first year at college, Sim absolutely refused to accept the dictum of college life in the matter of swagger little hats, peg-top trousers and loud socks. The time seemed interminable until he should be a Senior. But the first commencement with its conventional speeches and presentation of diplomas and parting of friends and class-mates, and Sim was a Soph. He worked during the summer, and when fall came and he returned to college he experienced a new feeling, a feeling of love and devotion for the alma mater that was intensified by the first sight of the old familiar campus and buildings. In the Sophomore year he made sub on 'Varsity and played for five minutes in the last game of the football season, and his heart was glad, and he sent the college paper to Polly with the account of the game. Sim had begun to develop. He began to think for himself where at first he had accepted the dictum of profs. and upperclassmen without question. He began to unconsciously form new ideals and new opinions. Particularly was this true in regard to girls, and along with his acceptation of little swagger hats and peg-top trousers he unconsciously accepted the divinely tall college girl as his ideal. He continued to write to Polly at longer and longer intervals, and in his Senior year, when with "social privileges," the meetings with the classification committee and the work incident to graduation, he ceased altogether. Sim had grown in stature, his shoulders had broadened, and in his dress and bearing he showed the change that had taken place by the revolutionizing process of four years at college. After good-byes were said, with the training and equipment which was to gain him distinction in the world, he decided to go back to the old home in the hills of Tennessee, and with that resolution, with the college days now gone out of his life and only to be henceforth a cherished memory he began to anticipate the visit back to the home place—and to the little girl with the freckles and the nose that was inclined to tilt. After all, time does go quickly in college, and Sim began to consider the change that had taken place in him in four years. In spite of his cosmopolitan growth and development from the rustic hill-boy to the college graduate with the knowledge of Greek, Latin, Trig. and football, he

wondered if after all there was not a great deal of the college life that was impracticable and out of proportion to the real meaning and exigencies of life. He questioned the correctness of his ideals. Sim had had the usual attachments of the social life of college and at several times upon careful analysis he had thought that the permanent proximity of a certain girl was necessary to his happiness and welfare, soon to find that it was only the fanciful contagion incident to co-education. He had now left college, and the college life that he was leaving behind had a perspective that enabled him to see the weak places in his ideals. As Sim neared the hills of Tennessee the memory of the boyhood days came back to him with peculiar fascination and force. His "girl ideal," she with the ready repartee and the heavenly complexion, was becoming a memory.

The harvest moon was bright and full as Sim crossed the creek and went around the bend in the road. The corn-shocks sent long, black shadows down the hill-side until they were lost in the grove; the air was redolent with smell of pine trees; the hay had been cut and was piled in the form of great loaves of bread near the barn. This was his life and his people, he belonged here, was raised here and here among these plain, hospitable, hard-working people he would find his inspiration and his recompense.

As Sim neared the house he saw someone on the porch among the vines that escalated the little white house. It was Polly—she had grown tall and straight and he could see her hair falling below her waist in fine, heavy braids; he stood for a long time watching her and then approached.

"Is Miss Polly at home," said Sim raising his hat.

"Yes, this is Miss Polly, what do you want with her?" she said.

"I have come for her," said Sim.

Polly stood very still, with one hand against her cheek, while the realization that it was Sim came to her. I know that the moon was well down and that the after-light was gone before Sim went back across the creek that night.

—'SWALL.



A Yearning

HOWELL G. KNIGHT

Oh, the woods and the hills are calling,
 Calling from out of the West—
Where the cunning cayote is skulking,
 Where the bold eagle seeks for a nest;
Where the rivers are leaping and bounding
 Down the craggy mountain's side,
And the waterfall's echo rebounding
 Has softened, but never died;
Where the trees in majestic splendor,
 Robed in garments green,
Check the winds that courseless wander
 Thru the glorious western sheen.
O, I long for the boundless prairies
 Thick set with flowered festoons,
Where the scent of the woodland tarries
 To kiss the buttercup blooms;
Where the sky of the blue arched heaven,
 Comes nearer to the virgin soil,
Where a furrow was never riven,
 By lusty labor's toil.
In the bed of the rocky canyons
 That know not the footprints of man,
I want no other companions
 Save Nature's own caravan;
Where the delicate thirst of flowers,
 Drinks of the crystal dew,
And the lofty sylvan bowers,
 The noonday's warmth subdue;
Where the lulling forest anthem
 Breaks the divine solitude;
Where Nature needs no requiem,
 For blight dares not intrude.
Oh, this painful burning passion,
 This yearning of my soul,
Knows no other fashion,
 But the West, my sacred goal.

A Successful Failure

RUSSEL DALTON rode leisurely toward Bull's Head Hill. He was a typical West Texas type of a few years ago, and tho he was yet in his teens he had seen several years of strenuous cowboy life on the — L O Ranch. He gave "Snaky" the rein and his faithful, sure-footed cow-pony picked his way up the rocky trail toward the top of the hill. The summit finally reached, Dalton drew rein and scanned the broken surrounding country with a minuteness of observation characteristic of those of the west. To the north in an open break were the red-roofed ranch-houses and barns and the dim outlines of the corrals and pens. Receding toward the south was an endless, rolling plain carpeted with curly mesquite grass which was robbed of some of its verdancy and tinted with brown because the summer season was well advanced. To the east and west stretched an irregular valley, thru which the winding Colorado river could be traced for several miles by the green canopies of the stately pecan-trees and the symmetric water-elms. In every direction could be seen cattle and cow-boys hoving toward one common center, the rancho.

As Dalton reclined in his saddle and gazed around him, tho his face was tanned by the hot summer winds, he was good to look at. He was a strong, robust figure, and in his grey eyes there was a kindly gleam. Say what you will about the cow-boy, he is as particular about his equipment and dress as the most fastidious of the city realm. He must have a good cow-pony and a saddle of special design to meet the demands of his rough, strenuous life; he is also careful in the selection of spurs and bridle. His boots must be hand-made with long "dog-ears" at the top; his trousers are of corduroy, and his shirt is either of blue or of tan flannel. He wears a large bandana tied loosely around his neck, and a broad-brimmed grey Stetson rests squarely upon his head. Dalton's cow-boy attire was perfect, but as he viewed the country from this panoramic position there was revolving in his mind plans, which if carried out, would take him away from this wild western life that is so fascinating to the vigorous, dare-devil manhood of this age—take him to the East, where the cities were throbbing with the crowded, restless life, but where there were good schools. He had an unquenchable yearning for the higher life—the life that is well rounded out and perfected only by a broad, liberal education. Dalton wanted to go to a university and finish his education which had been well founded in his early youth by a careful and anxious father and

mother. Tho it would be with sadness and regret that he would quit the West with its broad and beautiful landscape—the vast herds of peacefully grazing cattle, and the fellowship of his reckless, rollicking cow-boy friends—he rode in the direction of the rancho determined to satisfy the highest yearning of his inmost soul. This was Dalton's last round-up—he would have the courage of his convictions.

* * * * *

The tan of the West was still on Dalton when he arrived at one of the big universities of the East. He was beset by many difficulties upon trying to enter. The classification committee was hard to satisfy—the teachers of the different departments had an endless number of questions to ask: “Had he had the required Math.,” and “how about his English?” One by one he satisfied those of a skeptical turn of mind and finally he had overcome all obstacles and was admitted as a Freshman. He settled down to hard, consistent work, but it was with difficulty that he proved the lines and angles of his Math.; he worked untiringly at his English, but his mind had grown rusty during his few years absence from the school-room and for that reason he applied himself all the more diligently to his task.

During the first week at the university, many of the boys noticing his athletic build and strong, determined face, grew chummy with him and asked him about his prep. school days, and if he had played football. Dalton had never so much as seen a football before coming to the university and was skeptical about the game—it reminded him of the steer-branding days on the ranch. Finally, noticing the interest that everyone took in the sport, he consented to go out and try for the team. He proved to be a splendid man and soon won a position as half-back on the 'Varsity. By the end of the football season, tho only a Freshman, he had made good and was one of the idols of the university.

It was at the Football reception after the great Thanksgiving game that Dalton met Aline Alford. He had won the game himself by a brilliant broken field run, scoring the only touchdown, consequently he was the lion of the evening, but he was attracted by Aline; and from the first he became interested in her. The two soon became close friends and they were almost constantly together. The remainder of the school year passed quickly, but ere the time came to separate for the summer vacation the inevitable had happened—Dalton and Aline were in love.

The two spent another year at the university, and as they were together often their admiration for each other was greatly intensified. Dalton's popularity increased and he won distinction in many ways. Aline, equally popular in her field, was a great favorite. The happy results of such a friendship seemed to be a foregone conclusion. It was during Commencement that these two began to realize that they

would be separated for some time. Aline would not return to the university in the fall, and Dalton had yet two more years before he would finish his course. He felt that he must finish his work, that it was necessary to equip himself properly for the struggles of life. He was ambitious for himself and for Aline. He would go to school—yes, he would have the courage of his convictions—he had sacrificed much already to go to school—he would finish his course, but he would remain true to Aline. These were the convictions of a strong, self-willed man; so Aline consented to the arrangement, tho reluctantly.

September found Dalton again at the university. He was glad to be back with the splendid young men and young women. He rejoiced that his golden college days were not over; he reveled in the life about him, the football games and all the college sports. Of course he missed Aline, but he would work hard and succeed in all his undertakings. However, the year brought many changes. He continued to win honors and make many new friends. He was faithful to Aline, but he let his work interfere and his letters were less frequent than formerly. He grew careless. He even allowed himself to think about others. Gradually he grew cold toward his former friend, and another girl came into his life temporarily. Aline was vexed, but she loved Dalton and would not give him up at first; finally, however, the breach came. Aline freed him from all former agreements and each went their way.

Dalton's senior year was a great success; it seemed that he would be overwhelmed, but he was persistent in his plans and was complete master of himself. He had not dared to lavish his affections on anyone, however, since Aline was out of his life—but was she? He was not quite certain about the matter. Anyhow, he was too busy for such things now. His ambition had increased and his successes in school had only caused him to work the harder. Everything that passed thru his hands was done in a creditable manner. He was the most popular member of the class and finished with the highest honors. His classmates predicted that he would make a glorious success in life and would reflect credit on himself, them, and their alma mater. Dalton felt the confidence reposed in him by his friends, and with set purposes and high ideals he began his life's career.

* * * * *

Russel Dalton sat in his handsomely furnished office with a great pile of letters and telegrams before him. Just the day before the people had honored him by electing him to the highest office within the State—Russel Dalton was now Governor Dalton, and these letters and telegrams were words of congratulation. He had not disappointed his classmates and college friends, for he had risen gradually from one position to another, from one success to another, and now he had reached the goal of his youthful

ambitions. Especially was his heart gladdened when he would come to a letter from one of his former college friends—somehow there always exists a fraternal feeling of fellowship between college men and college women for one another that you seldom find among other classes.

Gov. Dalton suddenly grasped a letter from the stack and held it to his heart; he recognized the handwriting instantly, tho it had been ten years since he had seen it. As he held the dainty, perfumed missive to his bosom he thought of his life since he had left the university. He had been a busy man—yes, too busy, for he had neglected some of his dearest friends in his ambitious struggle. What was position and success after all if he could not have those with him whom he loved? A serious problem confronted Gov. Dalton—he was yet unmarried,—and who was going to preside at the Governor's Mansion as First Lady of the State? His mother had died a year before and he had no sisters; an unmarried aunt of middle age was his nearest lady relative. He hastily, but with trembling hands, tore open the letter that he had held so fondly to his breast. It proved to be only a line and read thus:

“Congratulations and best wishes.

Your friend,

ALINE ALFORD.”

Gov. Dalton had an awakening—he still loved Aline and had loved no other, he was sure of that. But what about Aline? The question was quickly settled so far as Gov. Dalton was concerned—if Aline still loved him, he would make her the First Lady of the State. He had not yet failed in anything; his life had been a succession of successes. That afternoon the newspapers reported that Gov. Dalton had gone to a town in the extreme southern portion of the State, on business.

Two days later the Governor had returned, having received the greatest disappointment of his life. Aline Alford was to marry another, and he learned that it was a marriage for money. He could not believe that Aline would do such a terrible thing—but it was true.

Russel Dalton made a good Governor, but he declined to accept the second term, which the people offered him. He retired from public service. His life was barren and a great disappointment to himself. Love was the greatest thing in the world, after all, and he had spurned it because he was ambitious. Dalton had made a worldly success, but he had neglected love. To him, his life was a successful failure.

When First I Saw T. C. U.

T. C. U., thou temple of intelligence,
Explain to me thy birth and thy existence;
What architect conceived thy mighty frame?
What hand outlined thy possibilities of fame?
Brick and mortar, stone and wood,
A lofty monument erected for Good;
Thy plastered walls and stately towers,
Stand for strength and exalted powers.
I long for knowledge thou hast to give,
In the realm of thy teachings let me live;
Make me stronger, happier, blest,
Teach me the things that are the best;
Inspire in me some noble thought,
That my life may be with goodness wrought.

In the Lab

ONE THIRTY-FIVE o'clock; neither Mr. Wallace or Prof. Parks in sight! "I'll tell you what, Ada, I'm going in a minute if somebody don't come and open this bloomin' thing. Ah, tut! Yonder he comes."

Prof. Parks comes down the hall, goes to his recitation room with a half dozen girls following, asking in turn when he will open the lab.

"Just in a minute, young ladies; just in a minute."

Another five minutes passes. Mr. Wallace comes, opens the door of the lab. All rush in. One runs to her desk, jerks it. It fails to come open. "Oh, I've got to go back after my key." Out of the door she goes as fast as she can,—not to be running.

"My goodness! Someone has been in my desk and broken the last test-tube I had."

"He must have had little feet, Miss Munn, to have gotten in your desk," Mr. Wallace answered.

"Come on here, Massey, and get to work," bawled out Hulsey, just as Mable came up to him with "Oh, Mr. Hulsey, will you tell me which experiment you are on—yes, yes, now—the one you are on now—uh hu!"

"Oh, I don't know, somewhere about 109 I guess,—ain't you ever coming, Massey?" he jerked out again.

"Let—us—have—a—little—more—quiet—please," and Prof. Parks came into the room with a key in his hand and unlocked a desk. Meanwhile Miss Nona hummed "Over the Ocean Wave," with Jennie blending into it her resonant alto. Prof. Parks goes out.

"Oh, Mr. Wallace," Bess calls across the room, "come here and work with me, please; I can't get any precipitate in this stuff—and I can't get this other mess to generate any gas, or it leaks—or something."

"Say, Wallace, will you get me some test-tubes and a beaker and an evaporating dish,—and anything to go in my desk." And John Calvin grabs Wallace by the arm as he passes by; Wallace shakes him off and goes on.

Ora comes in, opens her desk. "Oh, Mr. Wallace, I haven't any alcohol in my lamp. Oh, where is the CO₂—have to make it! Oh, dear, I'll never get to the fiftieth experiment, never. Mr. Wallace, I told you I didn't have a bit of oil in my lamp—I mean alcohol. Oh——" and a scream equal in volume to a young cyclone ended up her harangue. Thurman, who had come up behind her, stepped back, pressing his hands over his ears.

"Why, Miss Carpenter, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I don't know,—but—yes I do, that old boy tickled my neck with a straw."

"Let—us—be—just—a—little—quieter—please," and Prof. Parks paddled on to the library, where he enjoyed himself with a fifteen minutes reading in a text-book on physics.

The hour had almost passed when out of the dark-room came Maidee and Rob, where they had been generating hot air.

"Get to work out there," Holbart yelled out of the window to the surveying class; Farr grabbed a long stick and punched at him thru the window. He jumped back. Sturgeon laughed. The bell rang. Floy, holding an empty test-tube over an alcohol lamp, began to unbutton her apron. There was a rush from all parts of the room for the door. As each one passed out they drew a long breath of relief.

A Senior's Soliloquy

IT IS eleven o'clock. I've just finished my Logic for the morrow's recitation. I have labored thru many pages of Sociology, History, and Literature. I am tired, weary and worn out. I fill my rich, brown meerschaum with my favorite plug-cut, settle back comfortably in my Morris chair, place my feet on my study table, smoke and meditate.

Today has indeed been a strenuous one, somewhat different from the others; but thanks to the immortal Gods, there will be only three more weeks of this hurrying to classes, this "dining-hall hash," this mental strain and then—and then I will have completed my prescribed course and in recompense, gaining a degree—O Coveted Sheepskin!— I will bid farewell to familiar scenes and faces that have for four years been pleasant and painful alike to me. However, unpleasant memories will soon be forgotten—crowded out by the pleasant ones that will ever be present in my mind. Have I not had experiences and pleasures here that will be mine no more? The grand old college days—the happiest of all my life perhaps. The football games—me wearing the moleskins and fighting for my college with bull-dog persistency—the grandstands and bleachers filled with splendid college men and women, the "pick o' the land," alive, energetic, enthusiastic, with pennants and colors fluttering—a perfect galaxy of color.

Oh! deep seated promptings, Oh! soul inspiring memories! Whence comes this mighty affinity of love, this fraternal bond of fellowship? Why is this friendship of college man for college woman so intense,—yes, so sacred, if you please? Why should I spend four years of my life making friends like these and then lose myself into the immense, formidable, oblivious world? The question is answered: This yearning of the soul for something higher—must be pacified. But will it be pacified? In the crowning moments of successes that must surely come to the conscientious, persistent college man, will he be satisfied? Is there not an unmistakable yearning in man that refuses to be satisfied? If it were possible for the soul to grasp its most exalted yearnings would not mankind deteriorate? Is it not well that man's reach is greater than his grasp?

I dust the ashes from my pipe, refill it, smoke again and resume my soliloquy.

The stern realities of life demand my serious consideration when I pass out of these college halls—Oh, my Alma Mater, it will be with a feeling of profound sadness that

I look upon you and say, good-bye—but there is work to do; stern duty calls to such men as me and thousands of others. Our country has need of strong, virile college men—those who have the vitality to execute the nation's will—the throng is clamoring for fearless, strong, indissuadable men—leaders, great men.

What constitutes a great man? Are not the masses conventional, subservient to creeds and dogmas, and willing to recognize limitations? The great man is the one that is self-assertive, aggressive, and free from limitations. Then I will be great. I will take to the "open road" with Walt Whitman. I will be subservient to no man that is greater than myself; but who is greater than myself? Am I not equipped and endowed with the essentials of the ideal man? I will fill the minds of men with new thoughts and with the ideas of democracy. I will be the agitator of things high and holy. I will be a responsible man—responsible for exalted ideas, divine thoughts and illustrious works. I will be the great philanthropist of this age—the age of the glorious twentieth century.

My pipe has gone out. I must light it again and feel the balmy, soothing effect of a cool sweet smoke that none but the meditative man knows how to enjoy. I will blow rings of smoke and watch them curl and widen; yes, I will blow tremendous rings of smoke, even larger than Emerson's circles. And why can I do this? Is it because I am such a large man? No, not because I am a large man, but because I am a great man. Yes, I am great, truly great,—I am a Senior—but what's the matter with my pipe? Oh, hell, the fire is out!



Resolutions Adopted by the Emerson-Dooley Literary Society

To the Honorable Board of Trustees, President and Faculty of Texas Christian University:

HONORED AND RESPECTED SIRs:—We, your honorable servants, constituting the Emerson-Dooley Literary Society of Texas Christian University, appointed and selected from the student body, to direct, maintain and advance a work of literary order, create and imbibe college spirits, keep the morals of the students at a high order, do now respectfully present the record of the members of our distinguished and very honorable body, to be promulgated by you to the great body of students coming from the common people in the ages to follow, as a guide and illustrious model of character and literary work for them, the aforesaid students, to emulate and bequeath to their children and children's children as a precious code of ethics and standard of good literature, and in order that these future generations bearing students, aye, to countless millions yet unborn, may know from whence come all these blessings which must follow our glorious end. (We permit a breath).

In view of the great responsibilities resting upon us, we point with pride to your unexampled solicitude and matchless foresight in assembling us, fresh from the cotton patches and the sticks, and bid us look well to the interests of the people whom we represent. Scattered as they are and ever will be throughout our beloved state, from Texline via Waco and Rosebud, to Brownsville, in every hamlet and fireside, pursuing the even tenor of their ways,—poorly indeed would they prosper were it not that we are here to guard their interest and prepare a pathway straight and narrow, free from chiggers and grass-burs, and protect them from owls and other animals that are currently reported to be abroad in this part of the woods, seeking whom they can entice into their wily, infamous and illiterate snares. But with us on guard to smoke out the skulkers, crush the brazen heads of the serpents, douse the glim of the fiery-tongued exhorter of the Word, put a finish to any hooting philosophers or tin-pan sports that may perchance roam the shrubbery, and to grab any unspeakable octopuses that may reach out their tenacles to ensnare the unsuspecting patriots-to-be,—with us here, the greatest tranquility and confidence must prevail among the future students, already on

earth and those yet to be,—and the evening song of these people at home as they lay them down to peaceful slumbers will start this way: "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all there."

We further beg leave to report that our work last year was of the highest order and that we reached the height of perfection, and we do now deny the report that "we were somewhat interfered with by circumstances under which we had no control." We do say that there has been concurrent mass-meetings of a certain class of students during the time we held our meetings and we own that we were somewhat hampered by the inquisitiveness and idle curiosity of the members of that order. If you honorable sirs have given them a duty to perform, we are of the opinion that had such matters and duties been placed in our hands we would have disposed of the same with neatness and dispatch and to your entire satisfaction and that of ourselves. We would like to know what their purpose is in the institution. From their actions one can not tell, and we are left ignorant in this day of such enlightenment. But being only intelligent observers of right, we now content ourselves with dodging advisers, exhorters and things, avoiding the trails of the serpents and trying to get a shot at every new cad in the University who promises well and has anything. We understand it is only our duty to prepare for the best, and at this business we are as busy as a bee in a tar-bucket.

Lastly, after reiterating that our work assigned us has been of the A-1 order, and after mature deliberation, we fail to discover any other means of increasing the worth of our society, as we have reached that goal in the literary world where there is no beyond, and assure you that it is the general belief among our thoughtful fellow-students. We report that we have left our contemporaries at the post without a look-in on the money. No Garrison finish can allay our speedy progress or divert our consistent efforts from the teleological ideas carved out by you for our weeding out.

Trusting that our labors may bear better results than even we realize, and that no ulterior motives may ever be ascribed to the acts of any of our fraternity, and assuring you that we are all nice, decent fellows, and don't do that kind of thing nohow, especially when this isn't any fittin' place, and we don't know what you are going to give us for it, we are,

Most obediently yours,

COMMITTEE OF THE EMERSON-DOOLEY
LITERARY SOCIETY.

April First, '08 at T. C. U.

It was springtime, glorious, gladdening springtime; the tender young boughs of the willow and sycamore, flushed with the verdancy of their new existence, swayed gently to and fro. The air was filled with the aroma of "buffalo" clover and melliferous flowers, and was of the balmy, soothing sort that expedites heart-throbs; that invigorates young manhood and young womanhood with the realization of new life—which causes the bashful high-school boy to cast sidelong glances at the opposite sex—and the swallows to mate.

We—she and I—sat by the cool, crystal murmuring brook—I held her dainty, soft hand and looked intently into the depths of her heavenly blue eyes, and waited for an answer. She gazed past me at the distant horizon with that dreamy, far-away look that almost—but not quite—suggests consent. It was a supreme moment.

Bang! Bang!

The report of a revolver rang out sharp and clear. I was abruptly aroused from my peaceful slumbers and from golden dreamland. A series of feminine yells and shrieks greeted my uncertain wakefulness. What did it all mean? I sat up in bed, rubbed my half-closed eyes and tried to collect my thoughts—Ah, yes, it was April Fool's day, and I was at T. C. U. Thus April 1st, '08, was ushered in, but I did not think at that moment that ere the day passed I would realize something of my dream.

I fell into my clothes and rushed to the window. The Gym was lighted up and soft strains of music mingled with the rhythmic beat of scampering feet keeping time to the measures of the waltz, reached my ear. Judge Cavillion Erhardt Muse shouted to me to come on and join the merry crowd of dancers.

I hurried to the Gym, and upon entering my heart stood still—could I believe my own eyes? Was it not all a hallucination—some fantastical dream, after all? Everyone was there—boys, girls, professors and old-maids—all. At that moment Andee Bill at the piano began playing "variations" of Tannhauser march—immediately the throng formed into line with Prof. Hamner and Miss Tyler leading—next was Prof. Alphin and Miss Smith; some forty or fifty couples followed. The grand march was over before I realized that the affair was real. I gasped and was beginning to get my equilibrium when J. O. Wallace bawled out, "Get your partners for the next set." Andee Bill was equal to the occasion, and letting her fingers oscillate over the keyboard, she brought forth the pathetic yet appropriate tune, "Pop Goes the Weasel." Wallace scrambled on top of the vaulting-horse and in an authoratative voice began calling these figures:

“Get your partners, first quattrillion!
Stamp your feet and raise 'em high;
Time is; Oh, that water-million;
Goin' to get home bye and bye.
Salute your partner—step up lively—
Don't be bumpin' agin' the rest—
Balance all—bow politely—
Always dance your level best.
Hands around!—hold up your faces,
Don't be lookin' at your feet!
Swing your pardners to your places!
That's the way—that's hard to beat.
Ladies do-ce-do.”

Prof. Long and Miss Reeves somehow had fallen out of the circle of dancers and were giving the “Highland Fling.” And so the set proceeded until Andee Bill had played the “Irish Washer-Woman” and “Tom and Jerry” through the second time.

The set had just finished when Overton came in and announced breakfast—also stating that some quibbling, pusalanimous prestidigitator had stolen the bell. The boys stampeded for the dining-hall while the girls repaired to their rooms—ostensibly to rejuvenate, but their real purpose was to prepare for flight from the diabolical atmosphere of a school where college men and women are ruled by petty regulations enforced by a dogmatic discipline committee.

In the dining hall all was confusion; the waiters refused to wait, and breakfast immediately became a personal matter—briefly speaking, it was—“root hog or die.” Judge Cavillion Muse immediately came into the limelight as a waiter—he did some stunts with the bread-plate that will relegate Walter and Thompson of St. Charles fame to oblivious oblivion—thus he became immortalized. The breakfast was a short but memorable one.

During the brief twenty minutes for breakfast the T. C. U. femininity—that is the strong-sexed—had departed for places unknown, feeling secure in their own virility. They had probably thought to enjoy the day in blessed seclusion from the masculine element of T. C. U., but their hearts softened to pitiable softness and they telephoned the boys to meet them at the St. Charles. The young men went post-haste—making regulation Waco street-car time to the place mentioned. The young ladies were just sitting down to a sumptuous repast of onions and beefsteak, deviled crabs, pickled pigs'-feet, brown-bread and ice-water—when the splendid manhood of T. C. U. burst in upon the scene—thus two natural social elements were joined together for the day, which no body of pedantic profs dared antagonize.

A picnic was hastily planned. The girls procured large straw hats of a fashionable make, but of more moderate proportions and dimensions than the blanket-wide para-

chute "Merry Widows" that seems to suit the whim of womankind at this particular moment.

We were off to Brazos Leap, but there seemed to be some trouble in pairing for the day. In some unaccountable way Jimmy Hall paired with Miss Lightweight, James McFarland with Miss Rowdy, Muse with Miss Archer, Rogers with Miss Boisterous, and others were undesirably paired because of the impudence of the other fellow. In my own desperation I got Rash, but plodded peacefully on with the gay procession. It was "all fools' day," so we all bowed in humble submission to the inevitable. An outing such as we had that day without chaperones or wise councilors may be considered indiscreet by the pious-minded oligarchy of T. C. U., but we as students representing a generation of the Twentieth century were not alarmed at our own actions.

The picnic was a phenomenal success; however the day passed not without an incident or two that should be recorded. Rockwell, who is known far and wide for his timidity, had the ill-fortune to be paired with a very precise young lady. The following bit of conversation was overheard as the timid young couple peered from the top of Brazos Leap across the river at some cattle that were grazing in a pasture: "Oh, Mr. Roy, look at those two vicious cowlets!" Rockwell, demurely: "My dear Miss Shannon, those are not cowlets; they are bullets."

Dinner was spread at 11:45 a. m. on the verdant, velvety-carpeted ground near the mouth of the Bosque, but being absent during the meal, I can tell nothing about it; only that the young gentlemen were kind enough to furnish napkins to the young ladies of the same sort of materials of which their shirts were made. Several couples shared my own predicament and meekly accepted a cupful of river-water for subsistence until we could reach some feeding place.

At two o'clock an uncertain, spasmodic line of truant boys and girls began the homeward march for T. C. U., but it was not until Old Sol went scudding off behind the western horizon that the last happy couple, Jimmy Hall and Miss Lightweight, straggled up the front walk and toward the Girls' Home.

A number of the delinquents saw our 'Varsity defeat the New York Giants at Katy Park in the afternoon, which lent a halo to the glory of the day—it was a fitting denouement for the melange of events.

That night—the night of April 1st, '08—as we stripped our weary limbs of sweaty garments and before getting into our cool night linens, we deftly but carefully extracted all "Henry's" and other foreign bloodthirsty parasites from our sunburned bodies, offered up prayers of thankfulness and gratitude to our patron saints, folded our arms across our breasts, closed our eyes slowly, and passed from this strenuous, worrisome world into the realms of golden dreamland.

Getting A Permit

(Prof. Hamner is sitting in his easy chair, grading English C papers. Someone knocks on the door.)

"Come in, Sir."

"Coming."

(Prof. Hamner, slowly lowering his head and looking over his glasses.)

"Well, Cavin, what is it?"

"Oh—nothing—much."

"Can I do anything for you, or did you just come to see me? Have a chair."

"Thanks. Eh—say—Professor Hamner—I want to ask you something."

"Alright, Cavin, I'm always glad to answer questions."

"Say, can I go to town?"

"To town?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, I don't know about that. What's your business, or have you any?"

"No, I haven't any business—but I wanted to see a friend."

"A friend. Well—who is your friend?"

"Why it's Mr. Nichols—clerks at Wood Brothers."

"Now, Cavin, why do you want to go at night? Why not some afternoon? You know you should observe study hours. You should know it, anyhow, from your record of last month with me."

"But I have already studied. This evening—I got my work for tomorrow. And, besides, you know I couldn't see Mr. Nichols in the day time, for he is busy."

"Yes, I see. And you are sure you have your work for tomorrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Alright, Cavin, I'll let you go."

(Prof. Hamner rises to get his permit cards and a pencil. He continues:)

"What time will you be back? About ten?"

"That's hard to tell, Professor, for you know I'll have to transfer—and should I miss connections going and coming, I might not get here by ten."

"Well, set your own hour. You know the time that you hope to return must be definitely stated on this card. The faculty regulations are exceedingly strict about this late hour business at nights."

"Would eleven be too late?"

"Maybe not for this time, but you must understand that this is not to occur often. You must arrange to see your city friends in the day time. This running around after night is becoming too habitual with some of you boys. It must be 'cut out.' "

(Prof. Hamner fills out the permission card and gives it to Cavin.)

"There—take that. But mind you, when you come in you must give this card to Mike. I cannot take these cards back,—only thru him. If you miss him you will simply get a demerit. That's all there is to it."

"But, Professor Hamner, what if I can't find Mike?"

"Yes, but you must. It's for your own good that you do."

"Alright, I'll try. Maybe I can have a little fun, anyhow, chasing Mike around the buildings. Ha! Ha!"

(Cavin gets up to leave. Sees some new books on the table.)

"Say, Professor Hamner, where did you get these books?"

(Prof. Hamner has resumed his study. Cavin glances thru the books.)

"Why, I received them from Ginn and Company. They are new English textbooks which they want me to use."

"Say, do you reckon we will use them?"

"I don't know. But that doesn't concern you now. I thought you were in a hurry to go to town. You go on and get back as soon as possible."

"Alright, Professor Hamner. Much oblige." (Cavin goes out.)

LAMENTATIONS

O Mathematics! when shall we woo thee,
When shall we work at thy angles of old?
Long have we suffered from smiles of the Freshie,
Long have we tarried outside the fold.

O, Mathematics! you mess of damnation,
When shall we meet thee after these years?
We must master thee now to complete graduation
Or spend our school days in the valley of tears.

O Mathematics! you have unstrung our senses,
Haunted us both by night and by day;
You are void of interest, with no cadences—
O God of Math! in our desperation—let us pray!
—H. G. K. AND S. B.

A Philosophical Diagnosis

"I love you, dear," he said to her
And fanned her with a palm leaf fan.
She answered tho', "I do not know—
I can not know the heart of man."

"I see," said he; an ugly frown
His knowing visage then did mar—
"The evidence is plain to me
That you a real Agnostic are."

"But will you, dearest, not relent
And of me an exception make?
You know my heart and that I fain
Would suffer torment for your sake."

"No, sir, I'll no exception make—
On what I've said I still insist."
"I see," said he, and frowned the while,
"I see you are a Positivist."

"But it is immaterial quite
That you should know, pray just believe.
Have faith in me and trust my words,
Believing where you can't perceive."

"No, sir, it is material quite,
In what I've said I still persist."
"Alas!" said he, "'tis plain to me
That you are a Materialist."

"But come, my dear," he seized her hand
And then her rudy lips he kissed.
"You are my *dei* don't *you* know,
And so I am a Deist."

Upon her willing finger then
He slipped a ring and gaily cried,
"This is a Christian Evidence
That you will some day be my bride."

SPINOZER.

Dichtung und Wahrheit.

„Schreiben Sie, Herr Collins,
Bitte, dieses auf,
Sagte „Prof.“ Long und er
Las ihm dies vor drauf,

Las aus der Grammatik —
Der Grammatik wert —
„Unsre Professoren
Sind sehr, sehr gelehrt.“

An die Tafel schrieb er,
Der Student geschickt,
Und sehr bald er sagte:
„Jetzt bin ich bereit.“

Und dann las Professor,
Er sich umgekehrt,
„Unsre Professoren
Sind sehr, sehr geleert.“

Ja wohl! Gewiß!

Johannie Welch kann nicht viel Deutsch,
Aber er ein wenig weiß
Weiß, zum Beispiel, „Danke schön,
„Ja“ und „nein“ und „kalt und heiß.“

Was man sagt zu ihm auf Deutsch
Dies kann er verstehen nicht;
Er sagt aber, „Danke schön,
„Ja“ und „nein“ und so Deutsch spricht.

Einen Tag der Jüngling klug,
In dem großen Speisesaal
Trifft zusammen bei dem Tisch
Mit dem klugen Gordon Hall.

Dann sagt Gordon: „Geht es gut?“
Johannie's Antwort ist bereit: —
„Danke schön, oh, ja, ja, ja,
Schnell sagt Johannie sehr geschickt.

Dann sagt Gordon: „Sie, mein Herr,
Sind ein dummer Esel, nicht?“ —
„Danke schön, oh, ja, ja, ja,
Ist die Antwort Johannie spricht.

A Toot

Oh, Faris, 'tis of thee,
Big man of philosophy,
Of thee we toot;
Pedant from whom we hide
To keep our thoughts unspied,
When we are not at your side,
We philosophically hoot.

With much suavity,
We try to agree with thee,
Oh, Zulu man;
Thou rantest in sincerity,
While we argue in hyperbole,
Oh, Zulu man.

When you fan the breeze,
We scoff behind a sneeze,
Oh, deep thought'd man;
You rattle arguments for our sake,
We but small doses partake,
Oh, intelligent man.

Our hats are off to thee,
We bow in all sorts of humility,
Oh, Wise head;
Long may you say the right
In the best philosophical light,
Oh, great man.

D. C. U. VILLOZZVY

Schmile und der vorld schmiles mit you,
 Laf und der vorld vill roar,
 Howl und the vorld vill leaf you,
 Und nefer cum pack enny more.
 Not all of you couldn't peen handsome,
 Not all of you haf goot clothes,
 But a schmile is not agspensive,
 Und it coffers a vorld of voes.
 Don't let der plues cum ofer you
 Keep cherry und habpy und pright,
 Don't let der Diszipleen committee vorry you,
 Shoost do vot vich you know ist right.
 Ven der deachers und matron are vussy
 Und nature seems out ov shoint
 Und der dining-room hash ist mussy,
 Shoost remember der leedle point:—
 Und it coffers a vorld of voes.

WHAT A KISS WILL LEAD TO

A smile, a kiss,
 Oh what bliss!

At school they were
 A "sickly" pair.

Their wedding day
 Was in last May.

They still each other adore,
 But they're more serious than ever before.

Well, I don't now, it may be
 Because they have a little—me-ow, wow!

It matters not what the bards sing,
 Marriage is a serious thing.

FARR'S DESPONDENCY

"From this old floor,
I'll jump to my doom,
She made me sore,
I'll give her more room."

She didn't come to dinner,
She pled she was sick,
She was a hateful sinner,
To play such a trick."

I've had enough of this
I'll show the Jane,
Well—Good-bye, cruel world,
Good-bye, Mary Bain.



"DAD" AT THE FOUNT

By the squirting fountain,
Dad Hamner absorbed stands,
Thinking of the midget mountain
Fashioned by his cunning hands.

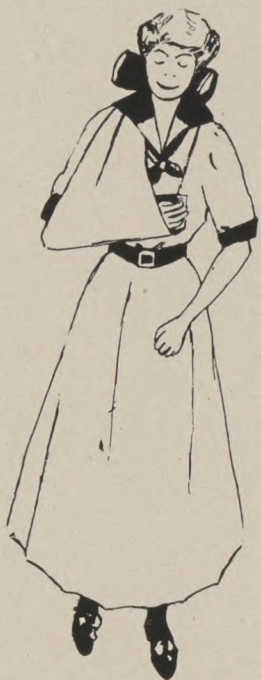
At the same little rock-pile
Sturdy students stare,
Grinning at the streamlet
As it splits the evening air.

They look chagrined and worried
When at the pile they glare,
Murmur words of discontent
And cuss the man that put it there.



T. C. U. Music Roll

- "The Lemon Tree."—Discipline Committee.
"Somebody's Sweetheart I Want to Be."—Mable Shannon.
"Peaches and Cream."—Anna Mae and Collins.
"Honey Boy."—Grits Anderson.
"Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep."—Rae.
"Waltz Me Around Again Willie."—Les and Myrl.
"Nothing from Nothing Leaves Me."—Andee Bill.
"Make a Fuss Over Me."—Cavin Muse.
"Bright Eyes."—Dot.
"Always in the Way."—Welch.
"A Warm Reception."—Parlor Meeting.
"Pickles and Peppers."—Miss Tyler.
"Dearie."—Mr. Pem Denton.
"Forgotten."—Collie.
"Take Me Back to New York Town."—"Flip."
"A Picnic for Two."—Art Studio.
"The Midnight Flyer."—The Night Watchman.
"When You and I Were Young."—Miss Smith and Prof. Hamner.
"Cradle Song."—Mary and "Flumpy."
"Mamma's Boy."—Will Bush.
"A Basket of Chestnuts."—"Spec" McMullen.
"San Antonio."—Julie.
"I'll Be Your June Bride."—Ethel Mills.
"I'm a Stutterin' Fool."—Jim White.
"A Noisy Nuisance."—The Band.
"Drinking Song."—Harris.
"I'm Too Bashful to Eat."—Hulsey.
"The Girl I Left Behind Me."—Clarence Hall.
"I'm Tired."—Sheriff Yates.
"Creole Belles."—The Washerwomen.
"College Medley."—Hash.



The King of India -
the Great and Powerful

Flip



T. C. U. Alphabet

- A is for Abernathy,
Over Brownie quite daffy;
- B is for Brownie
Around Abernathy a-frownie.
- C is for Clyde
Who from Long shied.
- D is for Dan,
At rooting he's a ram.
- E is for Eula,
A maiden quite peculiar.
- F is for Fan,
Who'll love any man.
- G is for Grits,
By his voice got many hits.
- H is for "Happy,"
Naomi's dear pappy.
- I is for Ida,
At home nothing denied 'er.
- J is for Jim,
To Bess a glim.
- K is for Knight,
Who got on a tight.
- L is for Lyttleton,
Who hung Hall on a guillotine.
- M is for Mickley,
A girl quite tickly.
- N is for Newlee,
Of all most unruly.
- O is for Orie,
To the ladies real bory.
- P is for Pete,
Short, winsome and sweet.
- Q is for Queene,
On man she vents her spleen.
- R is for Rot,
From which this stuff is got.
- S is for Stairs,
"Nothing with Greek compares."
- T is for Tomlinson,
Bea, Lela, Myrt and then some.
- U is for Unit,
With the Prep to pursue it.
- V is for Vote,
End of the Bryan Club's hope.
- W is for Wilm,
Coy, Nabor-ly and trim.
- X is for Xanthinine,
In the Lab. you can't find.
- Y is for Yates,
Who work, study and sleep hates.
- Z is for Zu-Zu,
If you wrote this—I'd excuse you.

Additions to the Library

- "Les Miserables."—Prof. Hamner's English class.
"Much Ado About Nothing."—Written Lessons.
"Barriers Burned Away."—Finished Exams.
"Twice Told Tales."—Teachers' Talks.
"Sweet Bell Out of Tune."—Chapel Songs.
"Innocents Abroad."—Mr. Newlee and Prof. Alphin.
"The Reign of 'Terror.'"—Miss Tyler.
"To Have and to Hold."—Alex and Cad.
"It Is Never Too Late to Mend."—Dabbs.
"Not Like Other Girls."—Mable Shannon.
"Reveries of a Bachelor."—Prof. Long.
"Wooded and Married."—Mrs. Whitton.
"The Minister's Wooings."—Prof. Stairs.
"Tempest and Sunshine."—Queene Marrs.
"Won by Waiting."—Colby Hall.
"Great Expectations."—"Corncobber."
"Idle Thoughts of An Idle Fellow."—Thomas.
"Conduct of Life."—Prof. Faris.
"Ten Nights in a Bar-Room."—"Bo."
"Love's Labor Lost."—Miss Robinson.
"The Call of the Wild."—Prof. McCully.
"Samantha at Saratoga."—Miss Boegeman.
"The Scalp Hunters."—The Discipline Committee.
"Freckles."—Dan Rogers.
"My Friend the Chauffeur."—Les and Myrl.
"Sally of Missouri."—Miss Hudson.
"A Social Departure."—April 1st, '08.
"Paul Jones."—Billingsley.
"Baron Manchausen."—"Fuzzy."
"Thrift."—Prof. Anderson.
"The Conspirators."—Eskridge, Faris and Dug Shirley.
"The Flying Dutchman."—Bill Holland.
"Fanatics."—Brax Wade and Bill Robinson.

Limericks

There was a young "gallant" named Pem,
Who was a seedy sport and a glim,
 So conceited was he
 You could plainly see,
That he thought the girls all worshipped him.

* * *

There was a young preacher called "Corncobber,"
Who in everybody's affairs was a dauber,
 He had charge of the gym,
 So the girls hated him,
Because, of their pleasures and fun, he was a robber.

* * *

In the halls, between classes, you can see
Some silly, sickening couples, oh me!
 They look at each other and smile,
 But say not a word all the while,
Because they think they are in love, *Oh, gee!*

* * *

On April first, the students just for a trick
Went to Brazos Leap and had a picnic.
 But the Discipline Committee got sore,
 And said, "Social privileges no more,"
My! what punishments the "wise ones" can inflict.

* * *

There are in school some conceited young bloods—
Who have a mania for bright, flashy "duds,"
 They wear loud sox,
 And display skinny hocks,
Roll trousers up high—Oh, the dear little "buds."

* * *

With head reared back, and hair all "ashock,"
He struts into Chapel like a proud, vain cock—
 With pedantic air,
 He lolls in his chair,
And looks very wise—which, in truth, is a mock.

Limericks

There was a young lady named Burford,
Tall, broad, pretty, and well-fed;
She went on a lark,
April first, '08—Hark!
And fell in love with Yates, 'tis said.

* * *

There was a young lady named Wood,
Who did everybody she could;
She struck Bert Bloor,
Who had a leaning to her,
And he was as easy as pudd'.

* * *

There was a young lady named Jack,
Who in love was somewhat of a quack;
Her first stab was Witt,
Whom in a week she quit,
And now all the fellows give her slack.

* * *

There was a young fellow named "Nap,"
Who was a crooked sort of a chap;
To skin or to stall
In foot- or baseball,
He liked it, rather than give a rap.

* * *

Slim, thin, flimsy Mable
Fell all over her table,
When she arose
Undone were her clothes—
She looked like the point of a gable.

* * *

A modest young lady is Miss Rhone,
Who in love is prone
To speak amiss
Or give a kiss—
That is—over the telephone.

ISN'T IT GREAT?

Oh say, isn't it great
Just simply great,
To be at T. C. U.
Where Bertie Nabors, the sweet little sport
And Grantland, Cavin, and Blakey, young gentlemen of import (?)
Go to school? And yes, there is "Dearie" Pem
And smokin', stutterin' Jim.
Don't you know their mammas are proud of them?
Because you know
They're here for show
Of themselves. And where
Of all the things they wear
They are the proudest,
Of sox the loudest,
These darling little pets.
Gee, it's a dream,
A perfect dream,
To eat college hash,
And be out of cash
On the "first," at T. C. U.,
Where you never get blue
Mingling with the gay student-throng,
And where Profs never do wrong.
'Tis a dream, I say, 'tis a dream.
My! how grand,
How gloriously grand,
To be led
By the sweet co-ed
To the glad, glad (?) fate
Of getting a "date"
With the Discipline Committee, and where
It doesn't seem fair
To have boys and girls both in the same school
And then make a rule
That they must not speak,
But be subservient and meek
And satisfy their fancies
By stealing sidelong glances
At each other.
What?
It it not
Bosh?
By Gosh!

A Football Lyric

Out of the crowd that covers me—
Romped all over from head to foot,
I urge and swear at whatever kids there be,
To take from out of my mouth their hoof—

'Tis a merciless rabble that smother me
And punch my swollen, bleeding face;
I'm blue and black to my nether extremity—
Ye cannibals have mercy—let up apace.

But while in the clutches of the other team
I must not wince nor even croak—
But under the bludgeons to me it seems
My head is softer—but unbroke.

Tho it matters not, how long the game,
How hard it is to reach the goal,
I am the meek bearer of my pain
Tho I am the loser of my sole.

There is a Girl

There is a girl in our school
And "Ader" is her name,
At tennis she delights to play
And always wins the game.

Now this same girl laments her size,
Tho in height she's medium, not tall,
But she says, "she guesses after all
Her hands and brains are small."

Now "Ader" had her picture "took"
To put on the Sophomore page,
And she said she didn't smile in that
For her teeth would show her age.

But "Ader" is a fine old girl
As every student knows;
She takes the world just as it comes,
And cares not how it goes.

FEARFUL COLLEGE LIFE

A little rotten humor,
A little bit of slush,
Makes college life fearful,—
"Prexy," make 'em hush.

A little dose of Logic,
A little mite of Psys.,
Makes college life unbearable,—
Faris, make 'em hike.

A little dab of Zoö,
A little spark of Bot.,
Makes college life distasteful,—
Marse Jim, make 'em stop.

A little gob of Latin,
A little smack of Greek,
Makes college life wretched,—
Doc, make 'em sneak.

A little speck of Chem.,
A little sniff of Smell,
Makes college life unbreathable,—
"Uncle Ben," make 'em go to—.

A little touch of History,
A little bite of Dip.,
Makes college life weary,—
Cockrell, make 'em clip.

A little cube of Math.,
A little snatch of Trig.,
Makes college life boresome,—
Snow, make 'em dig.

A little sling of Comp.,
A little pinch of Lit.,
Makes college life detestable,—
Bruce, make 'em quit.

A little spread of powder,
A little dob of paint,
Makes college girls unkissable,
And college boys faint.

A little social privilege,
A little—too blooming tough—
Makes college life incomplete,—
Profs, you don't give us enough.

Assembling for the Concert

THE concert was to begin at eight o'clock. It was now seven-thirty; the bell had been rung and the girls were assembling in the parlor. Loraine Maloney entered with a Si. Mary Wilm was smiling. She was always so affectionate with her Nabors. Miss Decker was singing "Massie Is In the Cold, Cold Bin." Amy Wood was talking fast and loud. I've heard that she's quite a Bloor. Jack Moore, a girl of Witt, said something and all the girls laughed. Anna Ponder was telling someone how she did love Welsh "rabbit." Anna Mae Roquemore, a lover of nature, was quoting something from Bryant. Cad Schley was giving orders to the other girls. She is regarded as somewhat of a smart-Alex. Mary Bain Spence was in a pensive mood; her mind seemed to be Farr away. Rae came in with a jolly Hall-o to all. Les Francis was the Grit-tiest girl in the crowd. She refused to enter the parlor. Maidee Matthews was endeavoring to give a word of explanation on the commandment, "Thou shalt not! Rob." Lillie May Matthews was the next to enter. She is known as the girl who, if given an inch, will take Miles. At least five girls entered who expressed their love and adoration for Knight. Bess McNeill was late in coming, but she was a Jim when she did arrive. Kathleen Gibson, a rather Manly girl, came in slowly. Ruth Pate Denney was reading a book entitled "Little Pem." Mabel Shannon was saying: "Oh, joy! oh, joy. I'm going to move to Rockwell." Myrta Patterson entered, all wrapped up in Brown. When everything became quiet Lela Tomlinson Bobbed up and made a few remarks on "Why Girls Should Attend Ball games." This scorching lecture broke up the assembly and the concert went a-begging for a crowd.

AN HISTORICAL RUN

A perfect lesson, perfectly got,
Durn hot.
A sleepy hour, one-thirty o'clock,
He sleepy got.
A tiresome teacher, tiresome to the extreme,
He began to dream.
The question asked "The time of Bull Run?"
Asleep he seemed.
"Oh, yes," he sighed, "in the ninth 'twas done."
The son of a gun.

When I Was in College

When I was in college
I was a mole.
I had all the "profs" bluffed,
'Gads, I was bold;
In college sports,
I was a ram,
In social life,
No sham;

I slicked the chaperone,
I daily cut my classes,
They feared to send me home,
Gee—but they were asses.

When he was in college
He was a freak,
Days spent there—only a week.



Heroic Jennie Vic Rescues Amy

HINTS TO T. C. U. STUDENTS

Do not cut classes often.

Never attend Chapel regularly.

Do not neglect your religious duties.

The Discipline Committee is infallible.

Do not try to be a reformer.

Do not try to teach your teachers.

Do not decry the depletion of social life in college.

Do not express your own opinion on matters of school government.

Class attendance is placed above merit and scholarship.

Do not try to cultivate individuality.

Always be on the popular side of important questions regardless of principles.

It is a sign of greenishness to go to classes before the second bell rings; stalk in noisily when the Prof. is discoursing upon a favorite subject.

Talk, giggle, and drop chair-arms on the floor during the Chapel exercises—it is a sign of good breeding.

Don't pay your subscription to any of the college publications—you might kill the manager.

Don't root at the ball games—it is undignified to be boisterous.

Never fail to give "back-talk" to a Chapel speaker—it shows a lack of interest and appreciation.

Take Greek.

Song of the Faculty

○ I will sing you a song of the professors,
○ the immensity of their learning,
○ the ever-majestic mien will I celebrate,
○ their loftiness of thot and motive,
○ their ponderous rulings and investigations,
○ their insight into the waywardness of stoods,
○ their divine anger at slothfulness,
These things appeal to me and I will sing of them.

Masters of learning you know so much that I am chagrined that you do not know more:
One of you is a mighty Roman and waves his extremeties,
One laughs until the earth resounds,
One speaks many languages and prefers instructors in oratory—they suit him fine;
One has been to the distant Zulu and exhorted in a strange tongue; he tickles me;
Some hunt wayward young men and tell them the wrong of loafing in these states,
and warn young women that too much low talk with young men is ill;
Some are on the committee of classification, they bother the seniors constantly and I
fear them;
Some hunt students for their departments and plead with them;
I have watched them for some time and they watch me.
○ dispensers of erudition I wish you had more pay, for you deserve it,
○ my goodness, the learning of these states.





Prof. Faris—"The wind blew a pane from one of my windows."

Greene—"Was the wind from within or without?"

Miss B. Maloney—(after taking physical culture)—"My abominable muscles are sure sore."

Pem—"Dot, I love you so much, there is nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you."

Dot—"Well, then, be a man."

Star—(Mixing paints in the art-studio)—"Mrs. Cockrell, I can't mix these right."

Rae—"Star, I didn't think that you would acknowledge there was anything you couldn't do."

Star—"Well, there's another thing yet—I can't love you."

Lives of great Seniors remind us
 We can make our course a success,
 By giving the male teachers a flattery talk
 And the women folks a caress.

Fan—"Well, sir! Listen here, girls, you know when I hear a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l piece of music—oh,—lovely piece, the goose-bumps just simply pop out on me."

Collins—(trying to get an electrical machine to work)—Prof. Parks, this old thing's crazy."

Prof. Parks—"Well, Mr. Collins, I don't think the machine is the only thing that is crazy."

Prof. Hamner—(at Sunday supper)—"Floy, I went over to the Girls' Home this afternoon and walked into the parlor unannounced, and listen—I'm not going again and I am not going to tell you what I saw, either."

Floy—"Were you looking for Bob?"

Lela—(blushing)—"Oh! Prof. Hamner, did you see us?"

Bess McNeill often praises the songs of the Glee Club. In one of them is a phrase that she especially loves and has been caught humming it many times. It runs like this: "You're so nice and sweet, you're a *Jim* peweeet."

Clarence was nearly asleep in Latin Class. He just realized that Dr. Eskridge had asked him to give the principal parts of some word, but he failed to understand the word. He nudged the boy by him, who muttered, "Durned if I know." Clarence began, "Durnfino, durnfinare, durnfinavi, durnfinatus."

Miss Reeves—"Mr. Dabbs, I would like to have you press a skirt for me. Can you and will you do it?"

Dabbs—"Yes mam, I can and would like to."

Miss Reeves—"When can you do it?"

Dabbs—"Most any time. Right now suits me better."

Miss Reeves—"Oh, (wheeling around coyly) but I have it on."

Brown—"What is the comparison of the negro intellect in Africa with that of America?"

Prof. Faris—"About equal. Of course some of them are as dull as our students here."

Prof. Faris—"What is electricity?"

Miss Shannon—"I—I did know, but I've forgotten."

Prof. Faris—"So sorry you forgot. You were the only person in the world who knew. So sorry you forgot."

"Hear the words of 'Prexy,'

Floating down the aisles, chappy."

"I can hear only those that run me crazy,

Just these and no more, 'I am happy.'"

Little Rob—(just waking up)—“Specific heat means that when you use a certain amount of heat it will raise a pound of water a certain height and the same amount will raise a pound of mercury thirty-two times that height.”

Prof. Parks—“How high do you mean, Mr. Robinson?”

Grits—(feeling in his pocket.)—“Hi, here, this experiment says to use a dime and I haven’t got but a nickel to my name.”

Riter—(speaking up quickly)—“Say, kid, wait a minute, I think I have a nickel to make out the dime.”

April 19, Cad at piano in Girls’ Parlor—“Thought I heard that faculty say, “Privileges, privileges, take ’em away!”

Anna Mae to a crowd of girls in the parlor at 3:30 on Monday afternoon:—
“O girls, if a boy ever asks you to marry him say yes, right quick.”

Amy—“Prof. Long, are you ever going to let your wife wash?”

Prof. Long—“Why, I would not have one if she didn’t.”

Miss Burford—(enthusiastically)—“Oh, Maidee, you just ought to see my new spring hat. It will be out tomorrow and I’m just crazy to see how it looks. The frame is black and it is to be trimmed in shell pink roses and linoleum!”

“Well, Rob, how are you coming on these experiments?”

“Really I don’t know, Maidee and I have tried one over three times and haven’t been able to get the right result yet.”

The annual has caused:—

Hall—to cuss and lie—more.

Wallace—to say several vituperous words.

Brown—to work.

Miss Wood—to collect her thoughts.

Holland—to pay less attention to Pulliam and lady friends.

Knight—to spill some Walt Whitman style.

Harwood and Miss Lela—to have their pictures taken for the staff cut.

Miss Burford requested that nothing be said about that visit that she and Wallace made to the stove-factory where they diligently and economically inspected the entire stock. “Some people,” she said, “don’t know how to take a joke.” Wonder which one of this pair can not?

Of all the jokes
Told on earth—
Without any pokes,
This one, if any, is full of mirth:—Prof. Alphin.

The Senior may cultured be,
The Junior follow thither,
The Sophs dry up and blow away
But the Freshie'll be green forever.

Prof. McCully (reading from Addison's Essays)—“I have at present warm appreciation made to me by a very pretty fellow.” “What's the value of this line?”
Miss Wood—“Why, it makes it human.”

His course a sure foundation laid,
For glory and renown;
He crammed all kinds of dope in his head,
To wear the cap and gown.



The Evolution of a "Christmas-Tree."



SI THROWS TO FIRST



FUSSY STALLS



RAN'S WIND UP



DAN ROOTS



GRACEFUL LOUIE

The Tragedy of the Handkerchief

TE-DA-DE-DUM AND O-RA-HA-HA

ACT I

TIME—SUNDAY, NOON.

SCENE 1.—*At the table in the dining-room. (Willie) both hands occupied. Ora seizes opportunity and snatches from his pocket a pink silk handkerchief and stuffs it into her blouse.*

WILLIE—"I want my handkerchief, Miss Carpenter."

ORA—"Alright, you may have it. See, here it is," (*snatching it back.*)

WILLIE (*beginning to get angry*)—"I must have it, and today, too."

ORA—"Well, we'll see—ha! ha! Come on Myrle and Les"—(*and they hurry out of the dining-room.*)

SCENE 2.—*In front of dining-room. Boys "pike" Ora to keep the handkerchief and she declares she will after he has acted so "ungentlemanly" about it. Willie attempts to recover his property by force, but is not successful, and Ora runs away.*

ACT II

SCENE—SIDE HALL, GIRLS' HOME.

SCENE 1.—*Enter Ora, Les, and Myrle. They run into the room and slam the door. Willie tears after them, followed by a rabble. He comes thru the hall and knocks on the door.*

WILLIE—"Let me in here, now. I'm going to have my handkerchief."

(*Giggles on the other side of the door.*)

MYRLE—"Ora, I certainly wouldn't let him get ahead of me."

ORA (*to Myrle*)—"Oh, I've got him going alright—ha! ha! You bet I'm going to keep it. (*Louder:*) Just wait and we'll see who gets the handkerchief—ha! ha! ha! Hear that out there? Are you getting tired of waiting, Mr. Holland? Ha! ha! I'm sure you are not."

WILLIE, (*seating himself on the sewing machine in the hall*)—"Yes, but I'll sit here for it,—yes, yes, I mean the handkerchief."

SCENE 2.—Willie seated on the machine, the other boys standing to one side; a crowd of girls peeping thru a curtain. Ora getting impatient and somewhat nervous, comes out of the room, followed by Les and Myrle. She looks at Willie, then opens a trunk and takes out a paper.

ORA—"Mr. William, don't get so hot. Ha! ha! Let me cool you off a little"—
(fanning him with the paper.)

(The mob laughs, but Willie gets hotter.)

SCENE SAME AS ACT II.

SCENE V.—Miss Tyler comes in from the dining-room and sees what is going on. Walks up to them.

MISS T.—"What does all this mean?"

WILLIE—"Miss Wilkinson, she has my handkerchief and I want it."

MISS T.—"Ora, have you Mr. Holland's handkerchief?"

ORA—"Yes'm."

MISS T.—"Why don't you give it to him?"

ORA—"Well, Miss Tyler, he didn't ask me for it in a nice way."

MISS T.—"Mr. Holland, ask for it politely."

ORA—"Miss Tyler, he pinched me on the arm"—)while pulling up her sleeve and disclosing a blue spot.) "Well, Miss Tyler, I will if you will make they all go away."

(Miss Tyler scatters crowd.)

SCENE 2.—Willie sitting behind curtain. Ora gets handkerchief and reaches it out to him.

WILLIE (taking it)—"Good!"

ORA—"Can't you say 'Thank you'?"

WILLIE (hesitatingly)—"Thank you."

(Ora goes walking to the stile and Willie goes toward the Main Building, carrying in triumph his silk handkerchief. The mob succumbs to a fit of hilariousness.)



Nursery Rhymes.

Auburn-locks, Auburn locks
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not go to school,
nor study a line;
But sit on a cushion,
and paint a fine scene
And feed upon lemons and
sugar and cream.



Multiplication's fascination,
Division's best of all,
The Rule of Three's a cinch for me,
And Practice is a stall.

Monitor Nona runs all around,
Upstairs and downstairs
in her night-gown;
Rattling on the door-knobs,
Crying at the lock,-
"Are you girls all in your beds
for now it's ten o'clock?"



Oh, Miss Tyler,
Come ring your bell,
The girls are on the campus,
The boys are there as well,
Where is the matron
that looks after the girls?
She's before the mirror
smoothing up her curls.





Mistress Beck, plump of neck,
 How does your garden grow?
 With faculty eyes and lemon pies,
 And demerit flowers all in a row.

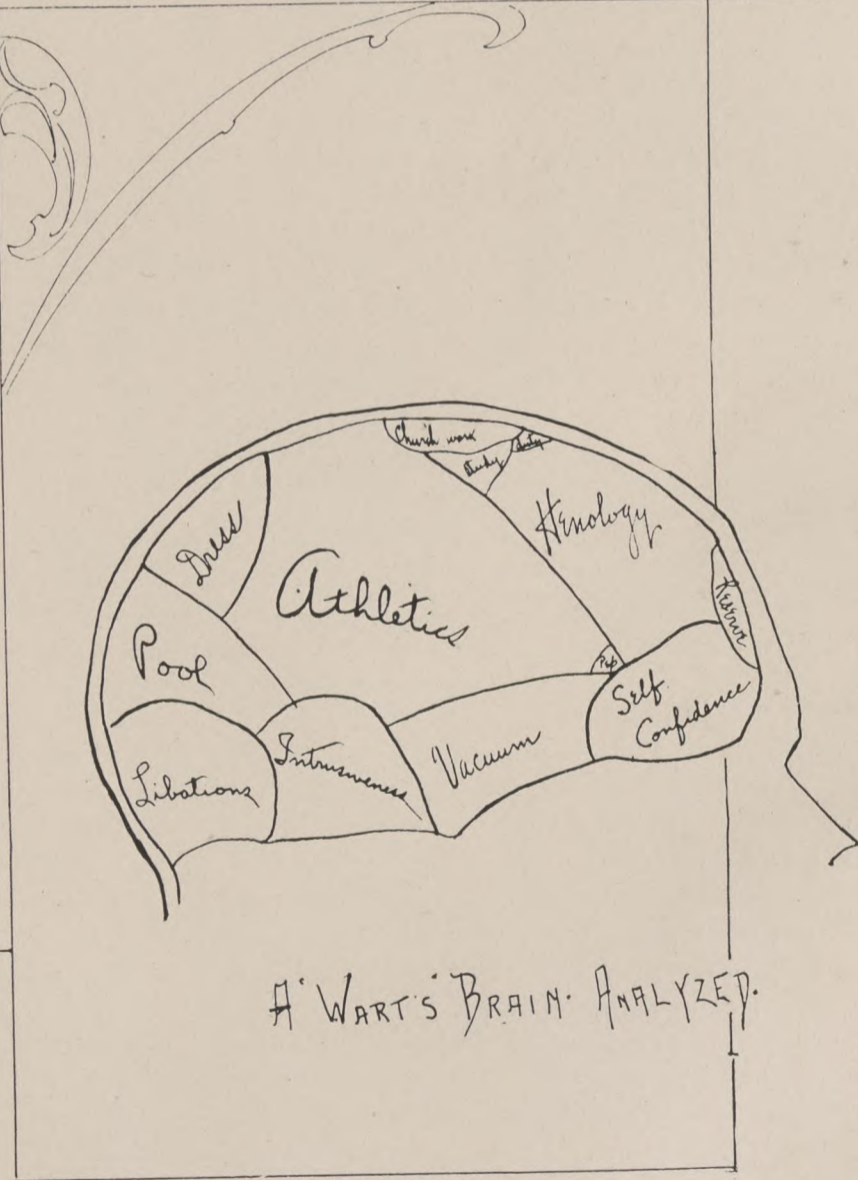


Prof Hamner was a singer's son,
 He learned to sing when he was young
 But all the tunes that he could sing,
 Were college songs with jolly swing
 College songs with lots of noise,
 And he taught them to the Glee Club boys.

W. J. Hamner



PROF. F



A WART'S BRAIN ANALYZED.

The Creation

IN THE beginning Zeus created Waco and Baylor University. Then he said, "Let there be light," and Texas Christian University appeared. Then two great lights were created,—football and baseball; the former to rule by day and the latter by night. These were set high in the estimation of all his subjects and Zeus saw it was good.

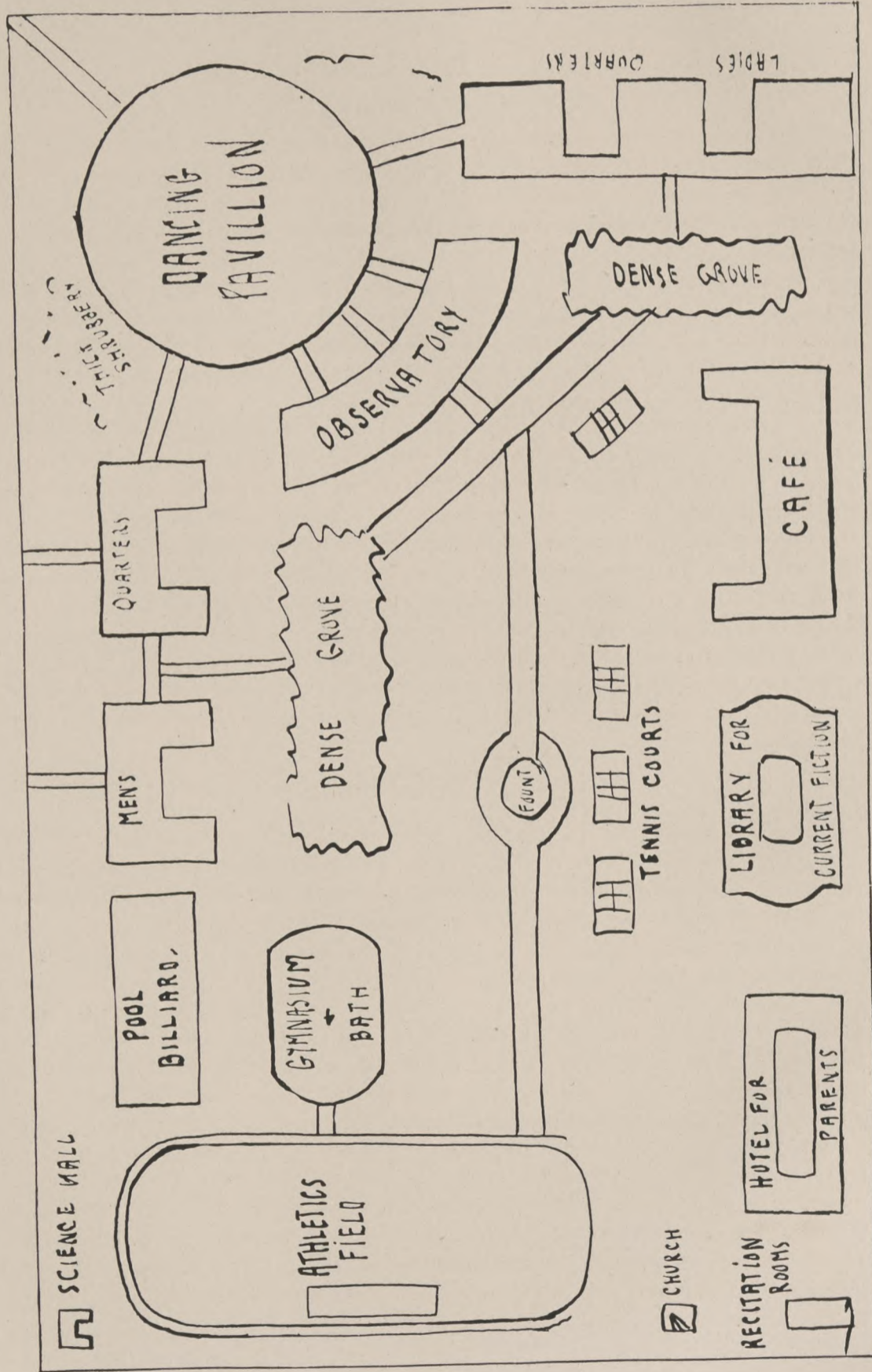
Then Zeus said, "Let students come forth abundantly," and students came forth from the East, from the West, from the North, and from the South to enter these universities. Zeus blessed them and told them to subdue the fields before them. He said, "You shall go your ways as you desire; seek knowledge and happiness, but do not disturb my lights, football and baseball."

Then Zeus departed. He was gone for a short time when the evil one appeared in the form of a trophy and tempted the universities to possess the light that ruled by night,—baseball. Texas Christian University consulted Baylor about the undertaking and they agreed to compete for the light. And it came to pass that when they were alone in the field, Baylor rose up against the Christians and a combat ensued. It lasted for an hour, then the universities paused, glared at each other for a moment, and struggled an hour longer. Again they paused and glared at each other for some time. Then they rushed at each other. The Christians seemed to lose for a moment. Then they grasped the sword of Randall and Drucke and struck Baylor a mighty blow. This university stood still a moment, fell down and gave up the ghost with a loud groan, leaving Texas Christian University the victor of the field and the master of the light,—baseball.

METHINKS

"TO MARRY or to continue this daily grind of classes and college hash? By gum, that question bothers me.—Whether 'tis nobler in the minds of the gods to suffer the slings and arrows of a despicable prof. and a determined matron, or to rise up in my majestic corpulence and hie myself away from these dark, dreary, dead halls of learning to the blind side of a sweet maiden back in old Tennessee, where I can comfort myself under the shady canopy of a "Merry Widow," is a question that puzzles me. Whether it would be noble to marry that maiden is a more serious question. Have I the ability and gall to take the world into my hands and squeeze out a living for two? Have I the nerve to kidnap a girl comfortably enjoying a life of luxury and ease and pilot her off to some two-by-four cottage to help me starve? That luxury and ease she now enjoys appeals to her.—By the way, that luxury and ease appeals to me, too. Let's see, can I not endure the hardships and uncertainties of college life and the vexatious profs and matrons for a time longer? I think I can. With two more years in company with that damsel here in school I think I can learn to love her by that time as much as I do her money now, and probably cause her to love me. Then I will have an education, a fairly good wife, and a nice fortune—luxury and ease will be mine—luxury and ease will remain supreme around the old Tennessee home as well as my Texas home. Gee—but this world is good."

PLANS FOR A MODEL UNIVERSITY



Some Memorable Dates

1907

- September 9.*—Prof. Long returns from Kentucky—mateless.
- September 10.*—Unbroken ones arrive at the University. Electric lights adorned by hosiery.
- September 14.*—Great demonstration pulled off—and Mike also. Bryan Club reorganizes. "Process" given to "Sheriff" Yates of Ellis County and Dan. D. of the Boll-Weevils.
- December 13.*—Rev. John Calvin Welch returns from a prohibition lecture tour of the State.
- December 4.*—William Holland, alias Te-da-de-dum, arrives, making two Republicans in the University.
- December 6.*—"Prexy," with much fireworks, denounces torpedo-throwing. Prof. Faris gives the Juniors a mess of demerits.
- December 10.*—Freshmen 20, Juniors 18. Scrapping 97, Peace 0.
- December 11.*—Prof. Wimberly introduces a piano number in an elaborated forty-five-minute address. The quartet executed the piece in two and a half minutes.
- December 21.*—*The Skiff* confiscated.

1908.

- January 15.*—Miss Alexander gave the Hungarian Dance in Chapel.
- January 19.*—Prof. Stairs lectured in Chapel without mentioning "the many advantages to be derived from the study of the Greek language." His phrases: "On to Dallas," "On to Fort Worth," "On to the Twin Cities," "On to Rosebud or Ladonia," evoked sympathy and applause.
- January 19.*—Ushers for church services this Lord's Day: Messrs. H. G. Knight, Bryant Collins, C. L. Greene, and Stonewall Brown. The preacher was A. L. Clinkenbeard of Ladonia.
- January 20.*—Prof. Anderson and Mrs. Riggs indicted for violating the Pure Food Law.
- January 23.*—Dr. Grier lectures to the Philosophy Club on "Will." Holland greatly embarrassed.
- February 20.*—Bob Williams, '07, pays his thirteenth visit of the year to his dear old Alma Mater.
- March 20.*—Walter Bush, '06, and Lizzie May Holloway accidentally meet in Waco.
- March 25.*—Mrs. Denny takes Pem out for a walk.

AN INTRUSION

To learn to swim
Ambitious Jim
Went to the Nat.
(Well, what of that?)
While he secretly went
On this accomplishment bent,
Little knew he
What was about to be!
For in the girls' minds,
Who thought not to find
Anyone that day
In the Nat.
In the way,
Came the thought of a swim.
Not dreaming of Jim,
They went to the door
And got very sore,
For the door was closed—
So they supposed.
No one would hinder
If they climbed thru the window.
Unable to get out,
Too 'fraid to shout,
While in the window the girls stepped,
Poor old Jim into the dressing room crept.
On Jim's brow came drops of sweat,
For out of that place, how could he get?
Involuntarily from him
Came a long a-hem-m-m-m.
The girls skidooed
When Jim's toes they viewed
From under the curtain,
And it is certain
That this Jim Mc
Will not again
Try to swim
In the Nat
After that.



"Lord God of Hosts be with us yet"



I presume I am not talking to animated idiots.



Section of chapel in Spring



Happy



June



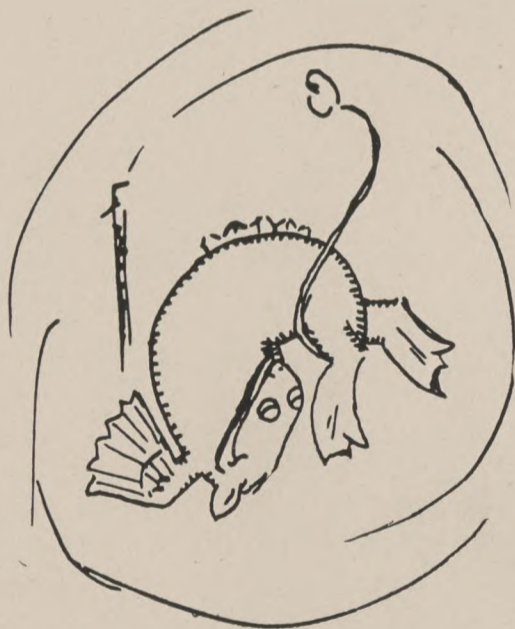
July



Saturday night's hours to town

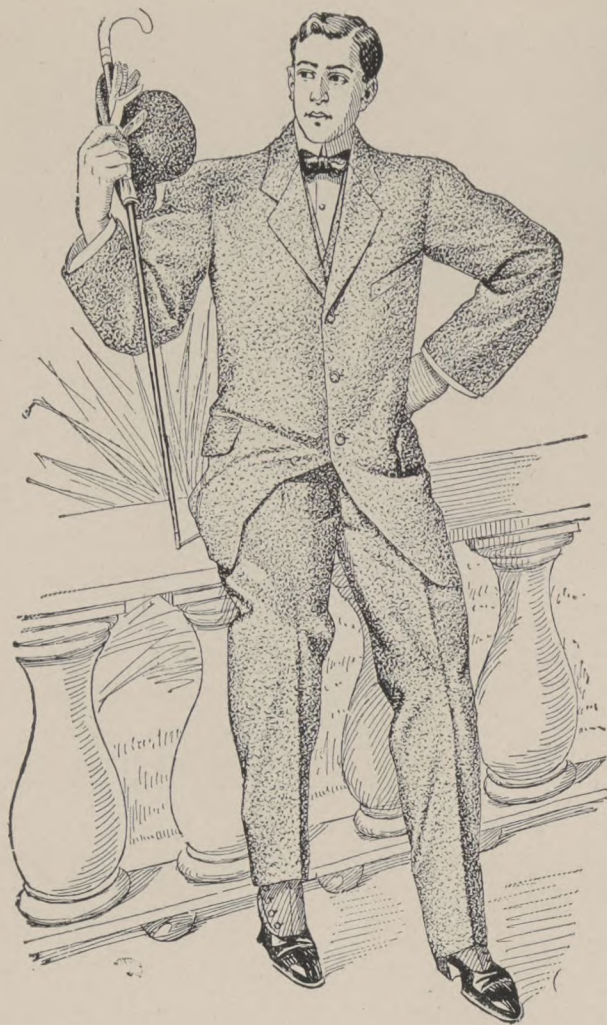
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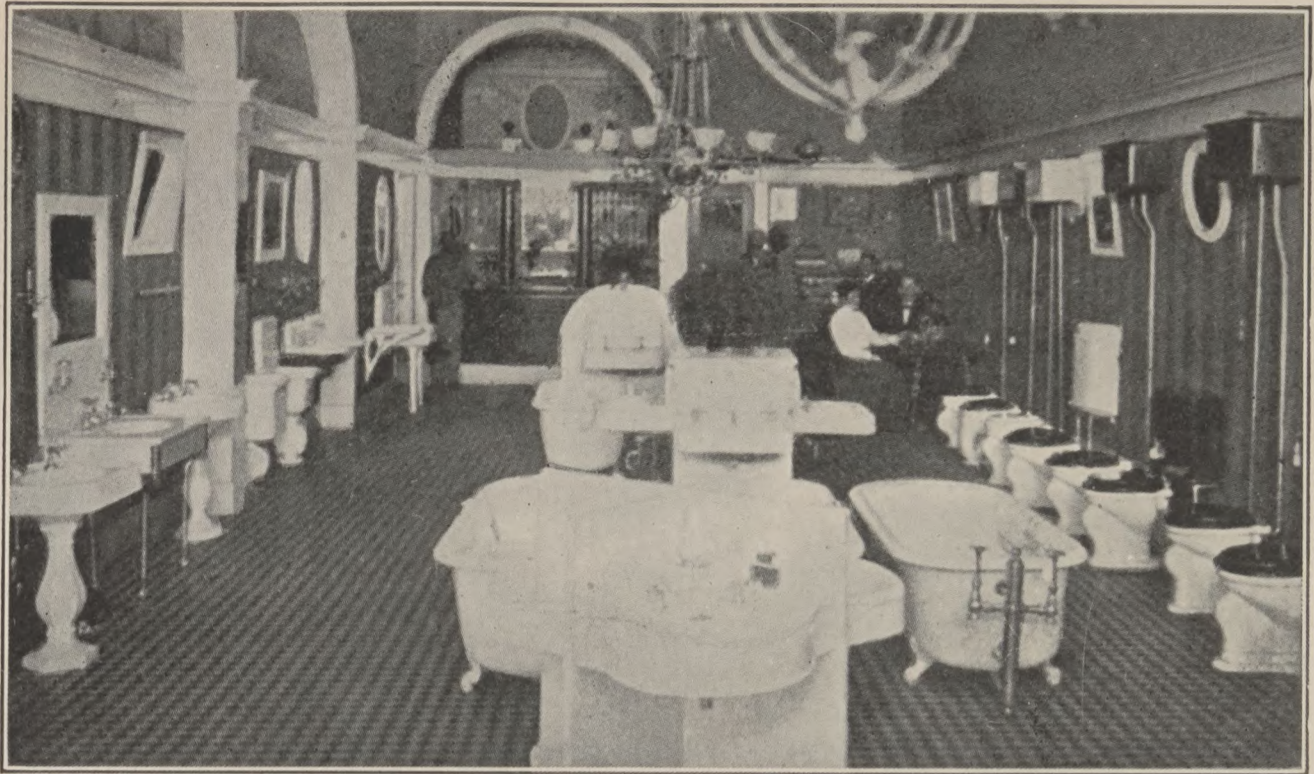
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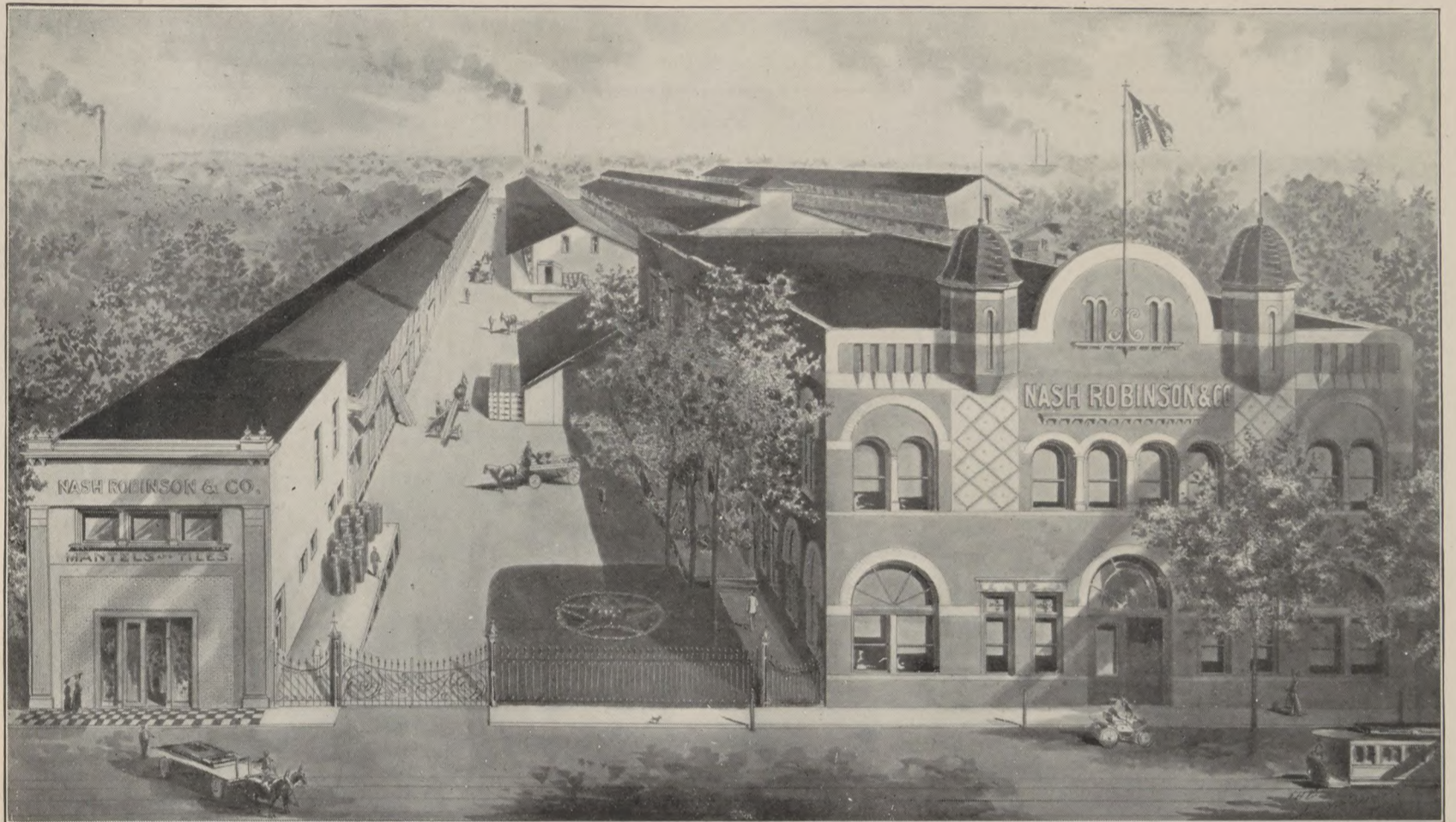
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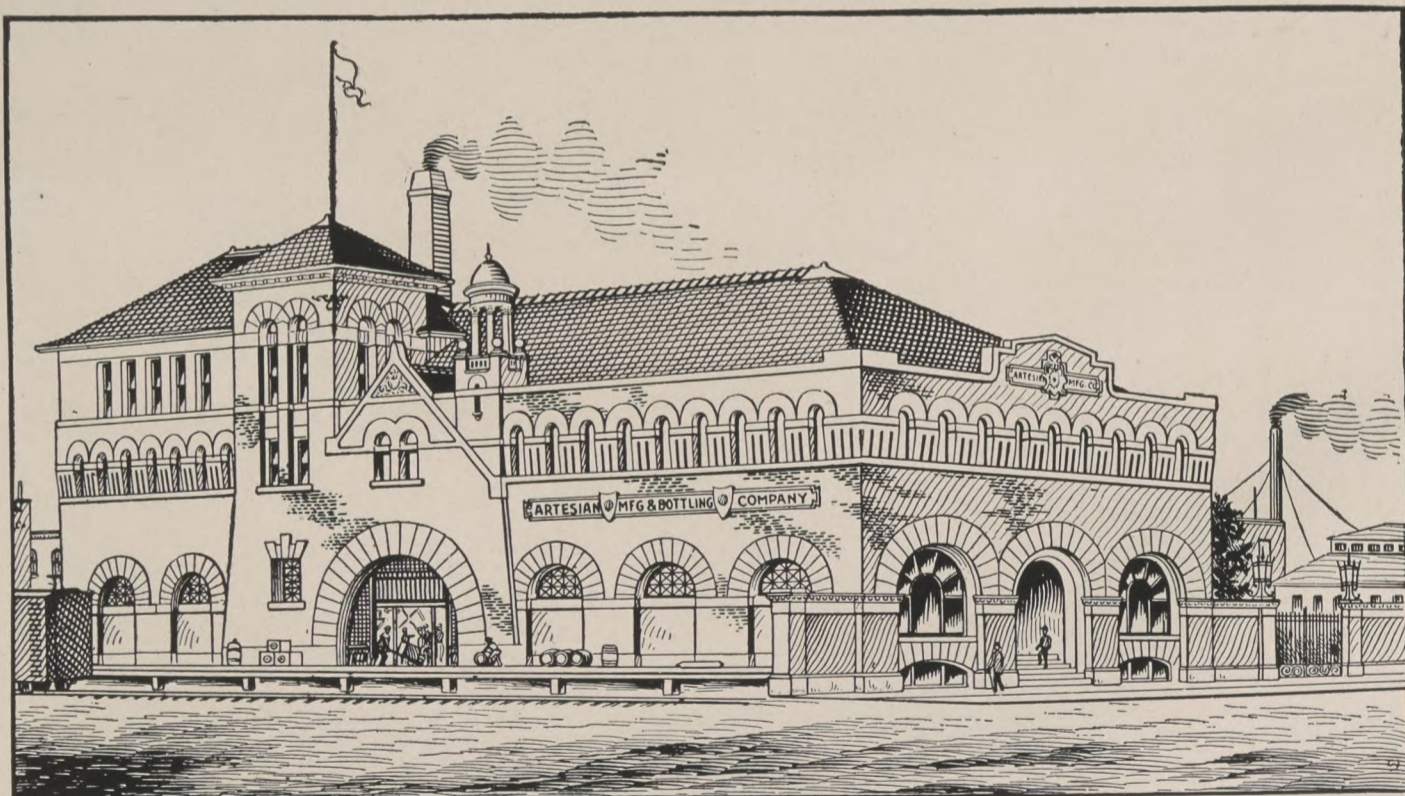
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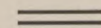
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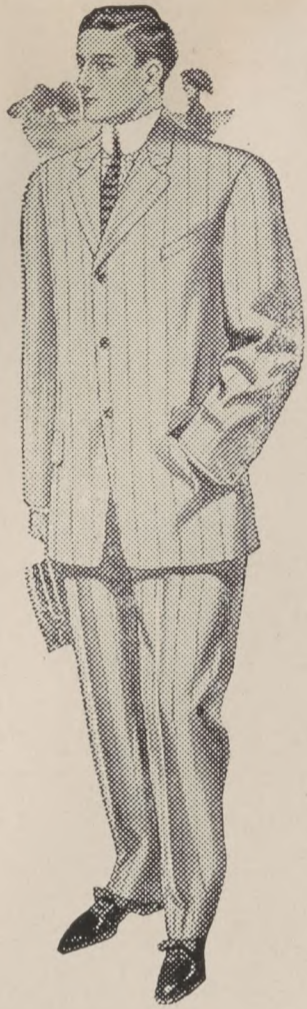
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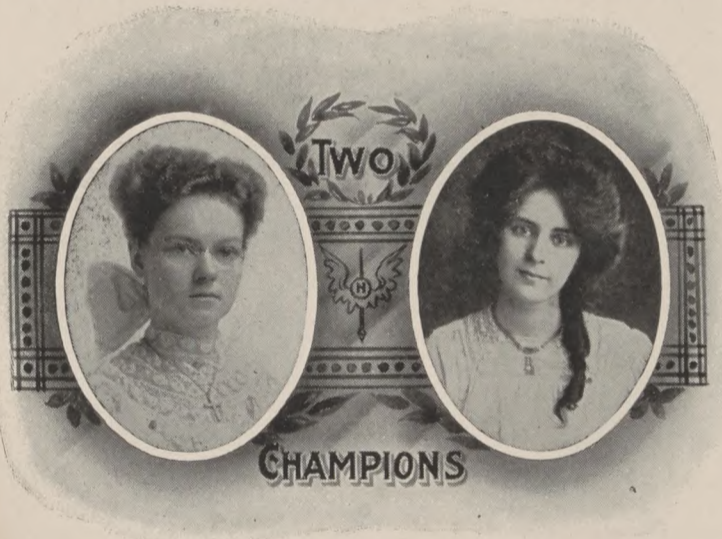
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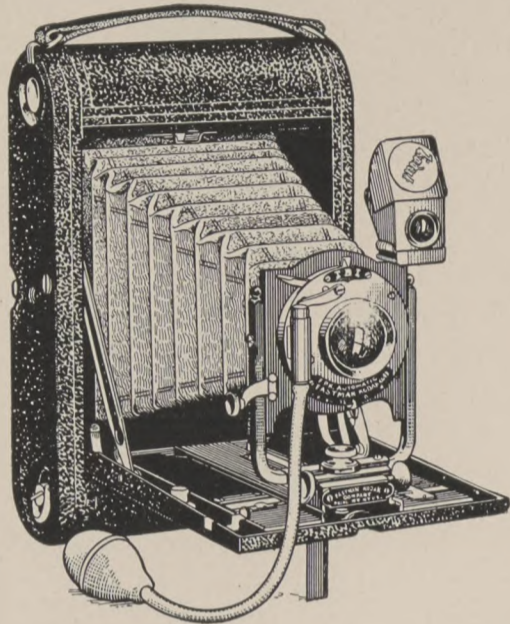
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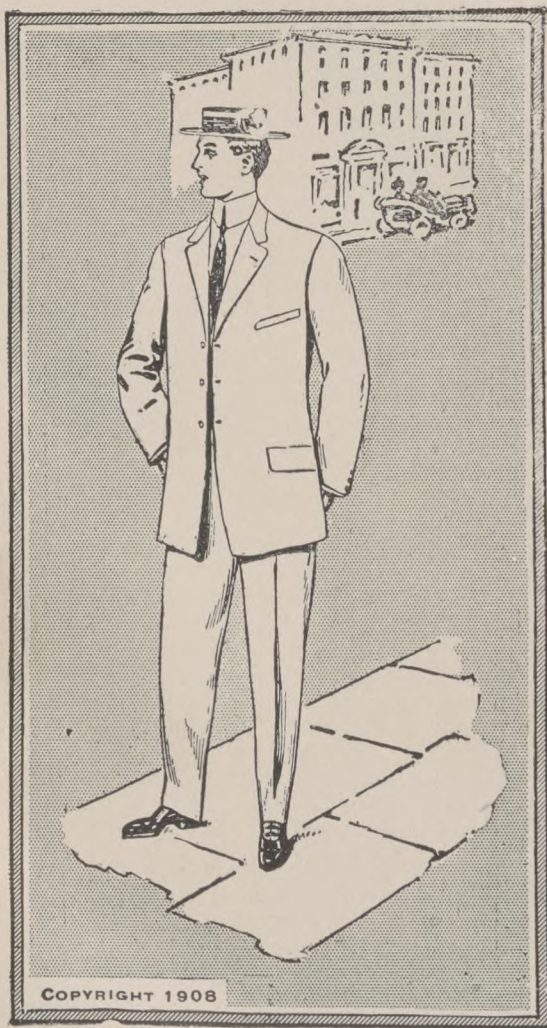
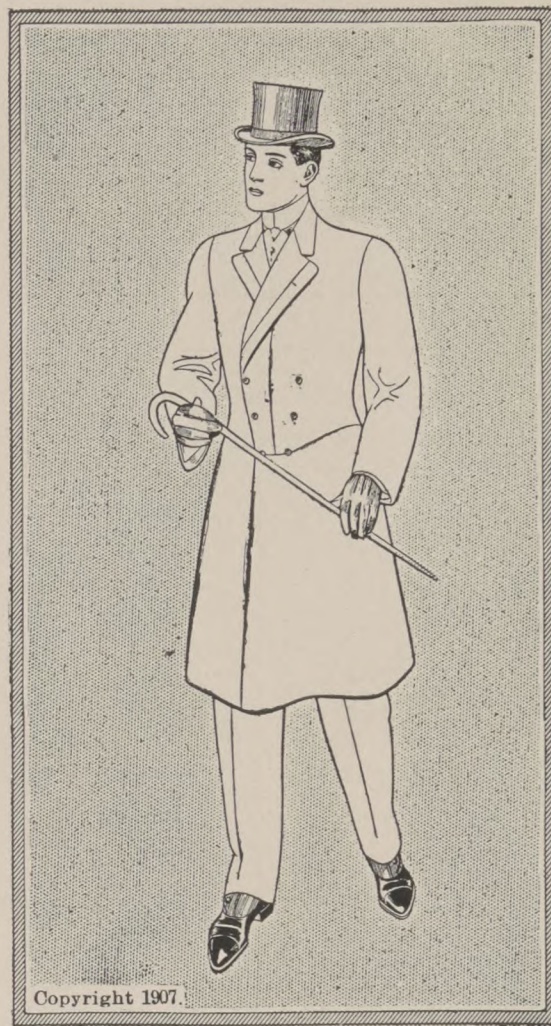
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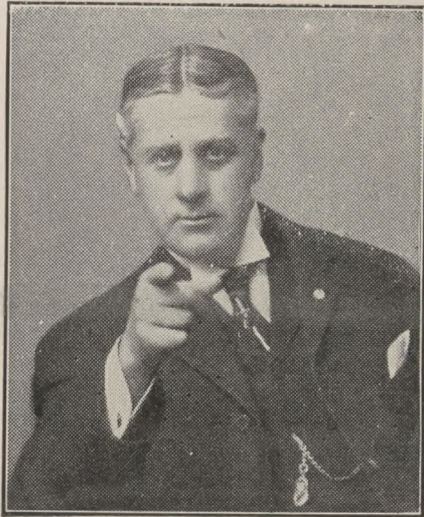
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