

he Horned Frog





FORM 41



MARY COUTS BURNETT LIBRARY

CALL NUMBER

qLD

5311

T385

1905

cop.2

TCU ARCHIVES



TCU ARCHIVES





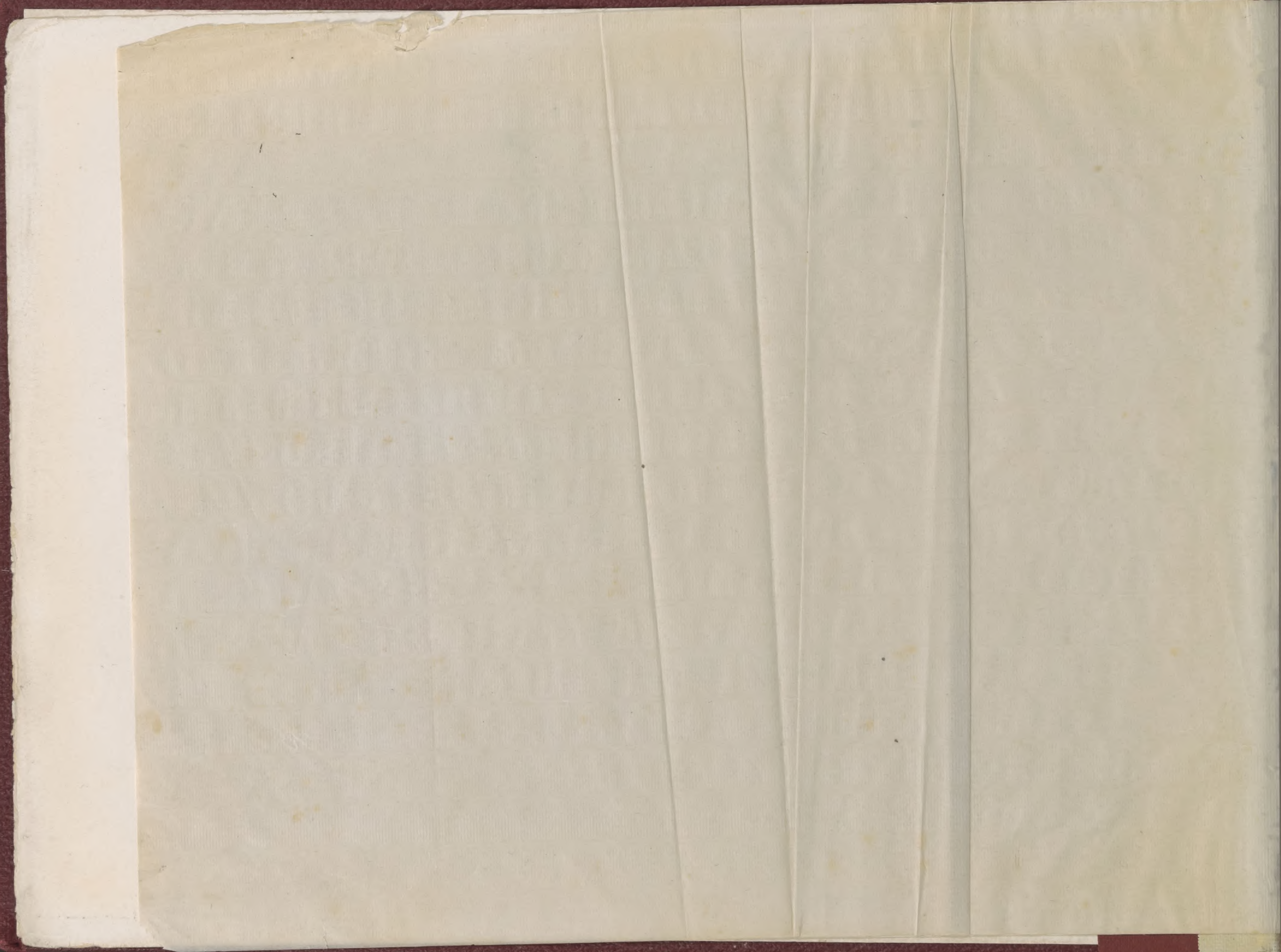


Tex Christian University



SB







Texas Christian University



S.B.





1. ELSTER M. HAILE, . . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
2. PAULINE SHIRLEY, . . . . . *Associate Editor*      3. STONEWALL BROWN, . . . . . *Artist*
4. HARDY GRISSOM, . . . . . } *Business Managers*
5. EDWARD BRANNIN, . . . . . }

ASSISTANT EDITORS

- |                      |                      |                    |
|----------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| 6. WILLENA HANNAFORD | 9. ANNIE MAUPIN      | 13. BESSIE COFFMAN |
| 7. BONNER FRIZZELL   | 10. DOUGLASS SHIRLEY | 14. LOLA STOCKTON  |
| 8. SHIRLEY GRAVES    | 11. CECILE WOLFORD   | 15. JOSEPH CLARK   |
|                      | 12. ERLE MILROY      |                    |



5-22-19-9 - The Tomlinson family



THE STAFF

103562



*Editor-in-Chief*

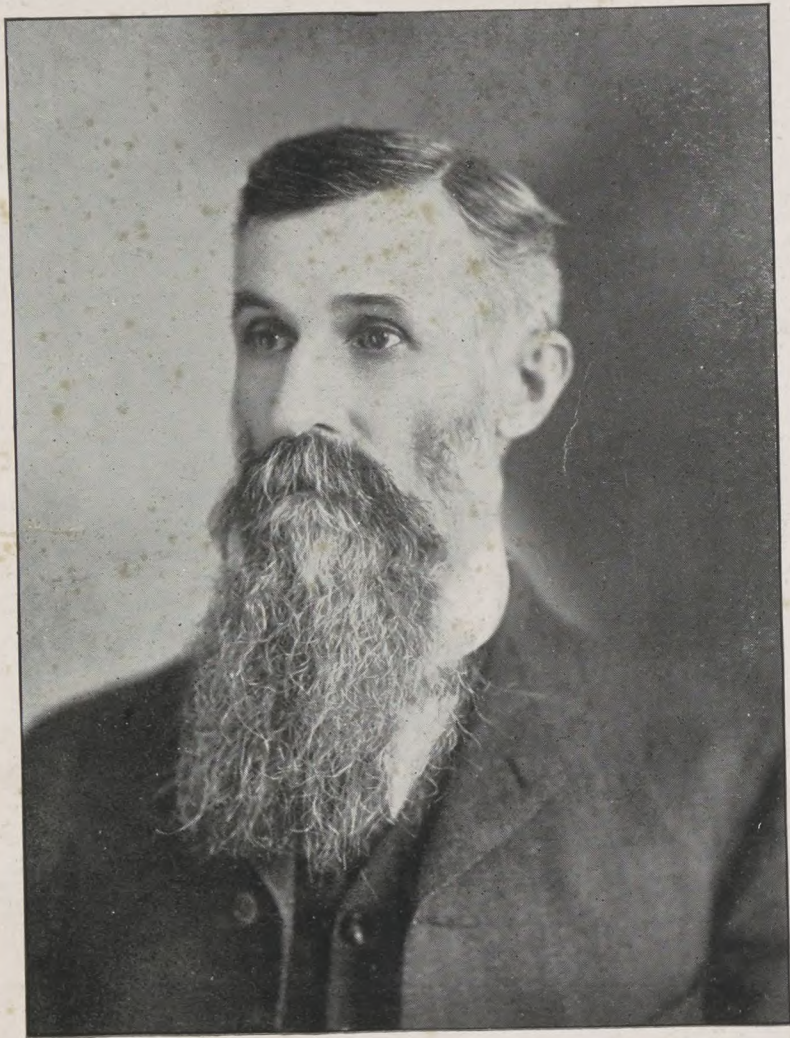
six months ago. 11

ors, artists, and special writers and they have  
of college life is too subtle to be imparted on the  
College Experience will be able to imagine the reality  
on. We have tried to present to the student body,  
EDWARD BRANN uvenir of their University life. We have had a sincere  
the public in that favorable light which she deserves. To  
tractiveness, reveal her strength and reflect her inner life. At  
this book like the little animal from which it takes its name: well supplied  
the other. We hope there are as many good points within these maroon col-  
HANN horned frog's back, and we further hope that in after years they may serve "to point  
ER FRI the pleasant days we spent in T. C. U.  
SHIRLE



378  
T317  
v2-1905  
c3

## The President of the Board



T. E. SHIRLEY

The subject of this sketch has for twenty years been identified in a very active way with the various forms of the work of the Christian Church in Texas. He was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Texas Christian University in 1893. He rendered such faithful service as a member of the Board that in 1899 he was elected President. Gradually the interests of the institution received more and more of his attention, until three and a half years ago he resigned a position paying a large salary to devote himself, without pay, exclusively to the work of the University. Last fall he sacrificed the emoluments of a comfortable home in northern Texas and moved to North Waco in order to be in closest possible touch with the school.

During the last three and a half years he has raised \$65,500 for Texas Christian University. He is giving his entire time to the raising of money to meet the many needs of the institution in its rapid growth. The limits of this sketch forbids the giving of a detailed account of the work he has accomplished since he has been connected with the school. Many of us know something of the perilous times through which Texas Christian University has passed; but very few know to what desperate straits she has been more than once reduced, and how, but for a very few brave, determined spirits, she must have gone down. It is but just to say that among those very few, T. E. Shirley was the central, telling figure. As his services continue, his life is more and more interwoven with that of the University.

ELBERT C. SNOW.



## The Board of Trustees



ONE UNFAMILIAR with the details of work connected with maintaining a first class university can not fully realize the responsibility which rests upon a board of trustees, nor can he appreciate the business ability required to successfully conduct such an institution. At least fifty thousand dollars a year is necessary to meet the regular expenses. This means that to every dollar paid for tuition another dollar must be added in order to balance the year's expenditures. The burden of raising this money is laid mostly upon the Board of Trustees.

The Board of this University consists of thirteen members. The term of office of three of these men expires every year and the remaining members of the Board either re-elect them or choose other men to take their places. The trustees are picked men, selected for their business ability and general good judgment. To be one of them is an honor. They give their time and pay all their own expenses because they believe in the great work of Christian education.

The work of the Board consists in the general planning for the direction, control, enlargement and improvement of faculty, buildings, grounds and appliances of the University. They hold three regular meetings each year; one at the opening of school in September, another on the second Tuesday in February, and a third during commencement week in May. At

these meetings all matters important to the prosperity of the school are considered. At the meeting in February the Faculty and all other regular employees of the University are elected.

During the last few months the Board has completed the exterior of the main building, a work made possible by the generous gift of \$5,000 from the City of Waco. The Board has planned for several other necessary improvements, such as the digging of an artesian well. Then as soon as practicable they expect to build additional dormitories for young men. They also contemplate, for the near future, a building in which will be a large assembly hall, a gymnasium and a library.

The college at Hereford has lately become the property of the Christian Church of Texas and it will be run in very close connection with Texas Christian University. The two schools are now controlled by separate boards, but after this school year there will probably be but one board of control. It is the policy of the Board of Texas Christian University to build up a strong central university with allied colleges located in different sections of the state.

When Add-Ran Christian University became the property of the Christian Church in 1889, a board of thirteen trustees was selected. Major J. J. Jarvis was made president and acted as such until 1896, when he resigned and Colonel J. Z. Miller was elected in his stead. Colonel Miller acted as president until the State church convention which assembled at Ft. Worth in 1899, at which time he resigned and T. E. Shirley was chosen president.





The members of the Board of Trustees: (1) T. M. Scott, (2) A. E. Wilkinson, (3) Granville Jones, (4) S. M. Hamilton, (5) James White, (6) V. Z. Jarvis, (7) C. W. Gibson, (8) E. J. Mantooh, (9) G. V. McClintic, (10) G. A. Faris, (11) Joseph Blanks, (12) J. J. Hart.



## A Historical Sketch of the University



TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY had its beginning in a school founded by J. A. Clark and his two sons, Addison and Randolph, at Thorps Springs, Texas, in the year 1873. It was chartered under the name of Add-Ran College in memory of Add-Ran Clark, a little son, of Addison Clark, whose death occurred about that time.

The history of the institution embraces three distinct periods. The first period, 1873 to 1890, is that during which it was conducted as a private enterprise. It was the aim of the Clarks to plan an institution for Christian education that would live on and bless the world after they were gone.

During their administration of affairs the enrollment steadily increased until it numbered several hundred. This was at a time when there were few efficient high schools in the State. As soon as there was an awakening in the educational affairs of the State, and high schools in the larger towns began to offer opportunities for advanced work, Add-Ran College felt the competition. The State institutions for higher learning, supported by appropriations from public funds, were able to offer greater inducements than the schools which had to depend upon private resources. The Clarks found that the struggle would be too great for their limited finances, since the changing conditions in the State were making greater demands upon educational institutions. At the same time they desired to see their institution live, because they are firm believers in Christian education. Their difficulties were solved by a way which opened up to them, namely, the transferring of the institution to the Christian Church of Texas. This was done in 1889.

The second period of history begins with the change of ownership. The Board of Trustees obtained a charter under the name of Add-Ran Christian University. The institution bore this name for twelve years. The first president of the Board was Major J. J. Jarvis, of Fort Worth, who held this office for several years. His generous help tided the school through

some very serious difficulties. The years passed by without special incident until 1895. It was felt that a more favorable location could be found for the University than Thorps Springs. After considering several locations, the Board decided upon Waco as the place, because of the central situation in the State, the excellent railroad facilities, and other special inducements held out. So, on Christmas day, 1895, the move was made. The institution suffered greatly from this transplanting. It was expected that the move would be attended by certain temporary losses of patronage and difficulties of getting adjusted to the new surroundings, but other unforeseen adversities conspired to retard the progress of the University and even threaten its existence. Among these adversities may be mentioned a heavy financial burden, occasioned by some misunderstanding in the acquisition of the new property. From 1895 to 1900 were the gloomiest years of the school's history. But there were men of strong faith and indomitable courage at the helm of affairs and they succeeded in steering the institution through the darkness. Faith was strengthened when, in the fall and summer of 1900 a way was found for the erection of a suitable and commodious home for young lady students. This turn for the better inspired new hope and courage in the friends of the institution. Following this came the retirement of the entire indebtedness against the school, amounting to more than \$20,000, which had been as a weight around the neck of the school. The outlook for growth was now much more promising.

The events which closed the period of greatest darkness may be said to have opened a new era, the third period in the history of Texas Christian University. When the Board met in annual session in March 1902, they no longer had to stand face to face with a debt as had been their custom. They were free to face the future and lay plans for advancement such as they had not before been permitted to entertain. They felt that the crisis was passed and that they were in the dawning of better things. With enthusiasm for the future, but exercising at the same time their soundest judgment, they took measures

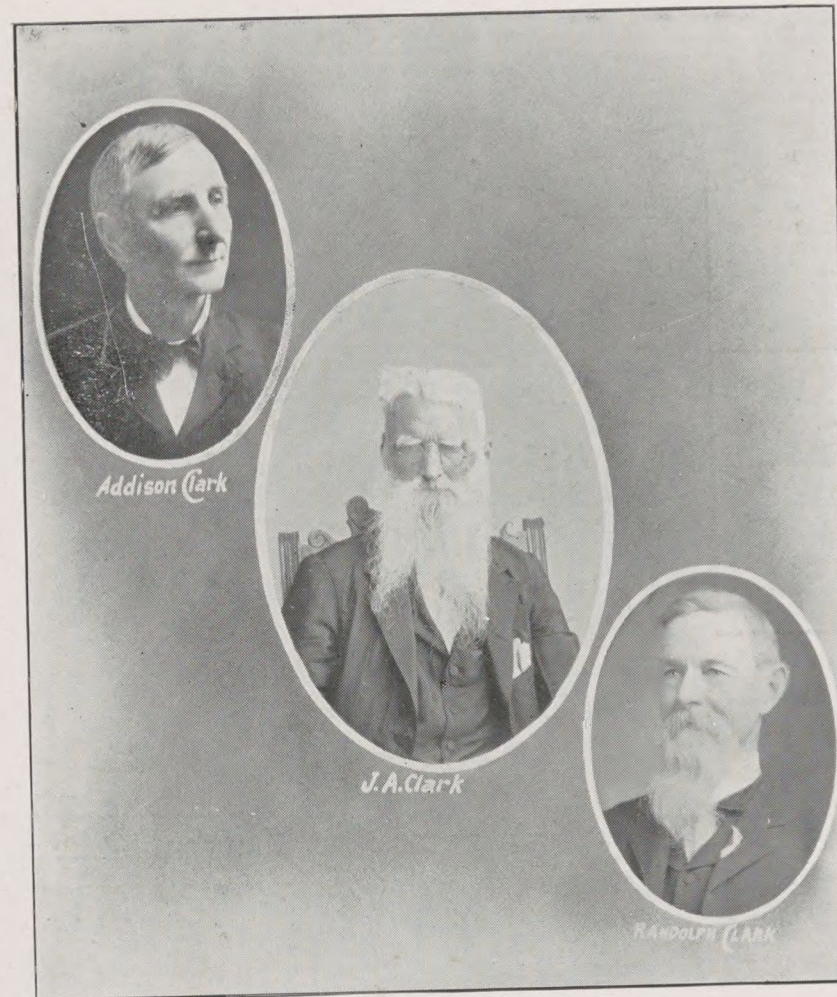


which have made for enlargement and steady, healthy growth. One important change that they made was in the name of the school, which was now chartered under the name of Texas Christian University. In choosing this title for the institution they signified what they are determined the school shall be, an institution standing for the greatest degree of loyal citizenship as implied in the name Texas, the highest ideals of character as signified by the name Christian, and the very superior attainments of scholarship as expressed in the name University.

In 1898 Addison Clark had resigned the presidency of the University against the protest of the Board of Trustees. This office had been vacant since that time. At their meeting in March, 1902, the Board took up the matter of electing a president. After mature deliberation, they decided to tender the office to President E. V. Zollars, of Hiram College. President Zollars, upon seeing the wonderful possibilities of the school, accepted the presidency. Plans for buildings and other improvements were immediately entered into and executed, under the financial leadership of T. E. Shirley, President of the Board. During the school year 1902-1903, the Girls' Home was enlarged at a cost of \$5,000; Townsend Memorial Hall was built at a cost of \$10,000; a heating and lighting plant was installed, costing \$10,000; and many other improvements were made, approximating an expenditure of \$35,000. During the school year of 1903-1904 over \$8,000 was spent for equipment and additional apparatus. During the past year the Board of Trustees has brought about the transfer of the Hereford College to the Christian Church of Texas, a pipe organ for the chapel has been purchased, \$5,000 has been raised for the completion of the main building, and many other improvements have been made. One thing worthy of special mention is the strengthening of the Industrial Department whereby approximately one hundred students are assisted through school.

It is the settled policy of the Board of Trustees to pay for improvements as they are made and go in debt very little. The University now owns several substantial buildings and a very serviceable equipment.

The same growth that has been seen in the plant has also



taken place in the Faculty. Opportunities are offered for the highest social, intellectual and moral culture. In athletics, T. C. U. stands high, having had the strongest college baseball team in the State for the past three years; and the team is almost sure of success this year, since it is stronger than ever before. In the world's work the alumni are proving strong, reliable men and women. Much has been accomplished in every way, especially during the past few years, but the years in the immediate future will see greater growth. Texas Christian University is worthy the faith of all her friends.



## A Biographical Sketch of Ely Vaughn Zollars



ELY VAUGHN ZOLLARS was born September 19, 1847, near Lower Salem, Washington county, Ohio. On his father's side he is of German extraction, his great-grandfather having come from Germany about 160 years ago.

Abram Zollars, who was the youngest of seven sons, is the father of E. V. Zollars. He was a blacksmith by trade and worked at the anvil for fifty years. He is the father of eight children, four of whom are still living. That the father and mother were believers in education

was shown by the sacrifice which they made in order that their children might receive a college education.

E. V. Zollars, on his mother's side is of Puritan extraction. His mother's name was Vaughn. She was the daughter of Ely Vaughn, who emigrated from New England, and settled in Washington county, Ohio, not many years after the first settlement of the state at Marietta. He was a man of strong character and very religious, being an active member of the Baptist church. On the Zollars side the Tunker faith seems to have been the prevailing religion.

When the great restoration movement, inaugurated by the Campbells and others, started, southern Ohio was one of the first sections of the country to be visited by the pioneer preachers. Since nearly all of the churches were closed against the advocates of this new movement, Abram Zollars opened his house for preach-

ing purposes. Abram Zollars and wife and his father, Frederick Zollars, were among the first to take their stand with the then despised and misunderstood people.

Abram Zollars was poor and began life in a hewed log house. Here four of his children were born.

E. V. Zollars, when only a boy, used to assist his father in the blacksmith shop, generally however, at night after the work out-doors was done or after school hours were over. When he was quite young, scarcely more than twelve years old, he was sent to a private school at Marietta the county seat of Washington county, taught by Miss Mary Cone and an able corps of assistants. After a few terms in this private school he entered the preparatory department of Marietta College, where he completed the studies which were at that time necessary for entrance into the Freshman class of a college.

When he was a young man he formed the acquaintance of Miss Louisa McAtee, whom he shortly afterwards married. After five years, during which time he taught school, he was enabled to take up and complete a college course. He entered Bethany College in the fall of 1871 and graduated in 1875, in a class of seventeen, sharing the first honors of the class with E. T. Williams, now a missionary in China. He was immediately called to take the adjunct professorship of ancient languages in Bethany College. After filling this position for one year, he was given a furlough in order that he might devote himself wholly to the financial work of the college, in which he was very successful.





PRESIDENT E. V. ZOLLARS

At the close of the year he resigned his professorship in Bethany College and took the presidency of Kentucky Classical and Business College, located at North Middleton, Ky. He held this position for seven years, during which time the school grew rapidly. At the end of this time he resigned his position in Kentucky Classical and Business College and accepted the presidency of Garrard Female College at Lancaster, Ky. He remained there for only one year, then he accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Springfield, Ill. The church there prospered greatly during the three years of his ministry. The congregation grew from about three hundred members to over six hundred during the three years of his pastorate.

He resigned his work at Springfield to accept the presidency of Hiram College, which was tendered to him early in 1888. He entered upon his duties in the summer of that year and gave himself unreservedly to that work for fourteen years. The patronage of the institution increased three-fold and the endowment increased four-fold under his administration. The material equipment was enlarged in every way, and now the college occupies a leading place among the colleges of Ohio.

In 1901 he was tendered the presidency of Texas Christian University. Seeing the brightest prospects for a great school of the Christian church in Texas, he left his work in Hiram and became president of Texas Christian University, which position he now holds.

The growth of the University in the last three years has been wonderful. It is the only university in the South belonging to the Christian church and it is des-

MARY COUTS BURNETT LIBRARY  
TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY  
FORT WORTH, TEXAS



tined to become foremost among all of the universities in the South.

One of the best reasons for believing in the future greatness of Texas Christian University is the fact that E. V. Zollars is President. He is a man with large ideas and that initiative force of character that makes for leadership. He has been endowed with great mental faculties and unlimited will power energies, which capacities have been well developed and thoroughly equipped, not only during the years he was a student, but also during the quarter of a century and more that he has been college professor and president. He feels that he has just come to the full prime of his life. It is certainly the good fortune of this institution to be able to reap the fruit of his ripe experience. He has a true vision of the wonderful possibilities of Texas Christian University and his heart is wholly in the work. He firmly believes that Texas will be second to no state in the Union in a few decades after the opening of the Panama canal, and he is determined that this institution shall grow commensurately with the commercial greatness of the State. Since his administration began, three years ago, the patronage of the school has been doubled, the faculty has been greatly strengthened, and the material equipment has been wonderfully increased and improved. This has inspired the friends of the institution

with new hope and confidence. The bright hopes entertained for the future are well founded and the enthusiastic confidence, felt by students, alumni and friends of the institution, is well placed in President Zollars.

Upon his graduation at Bethany he received the degree of A. B. and one year later he received the degree of A. M. Later he received the degree of LL. D. from Hiram.

He has been engaged in college work over twenty-five years, and during this period, at different times, he has taught nearly all the branches of study embraced in the ordinary college curriculum. He continues his teaching while holding the presidency of Texas Christian University and is the head of the Bible College.

He is the author of four books, a Bible Geography, a work called "The Holy Book and Sacred Day," a work entitled "The Great Salvation," and a work on "Hebrew Prophecy." In addition to these, several series of his Bible lectures have been published in pamphlet form.

Two other volumes from his pen are nearly completed. The title of one is, "The Word of Truth," and the title of the other, "The King of Kings." Both of these books will be brought out by the Standard Publishing Company during the coming year.

PAULINE SHIRLEY, '05.

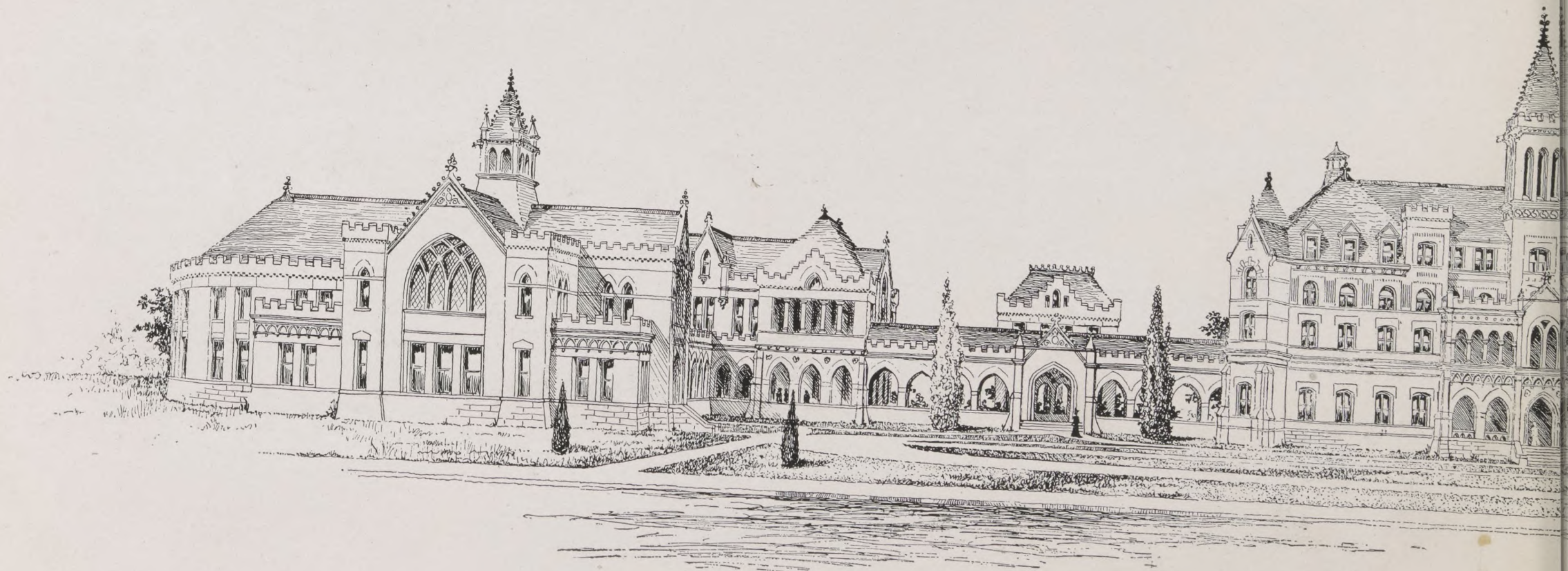




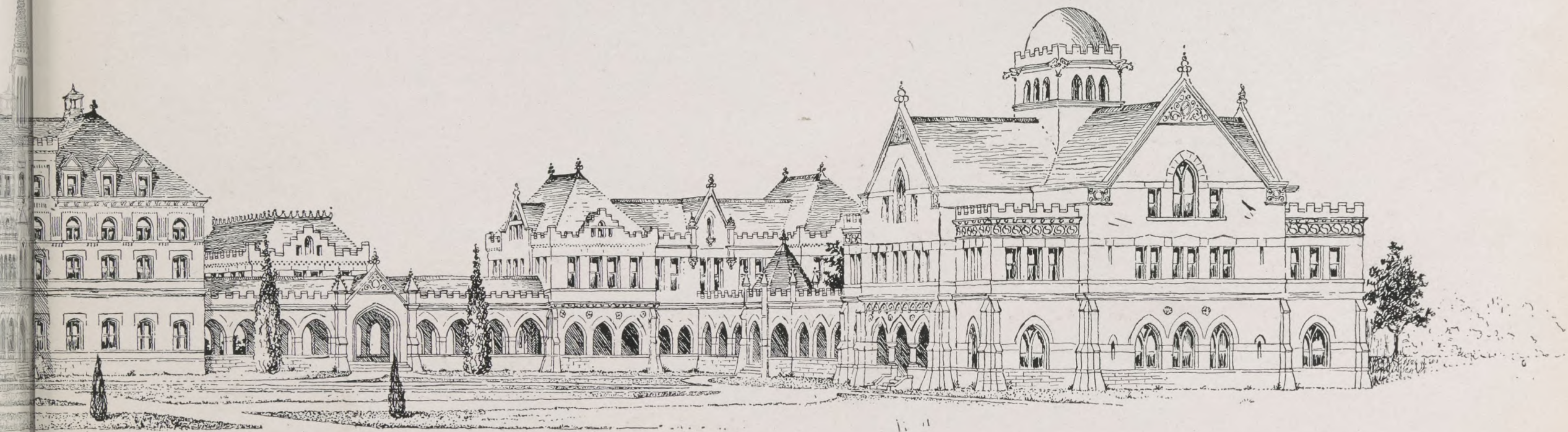




TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY,  
WACO, TEXAS  
GLENN ALLEN, ARCHITECT.



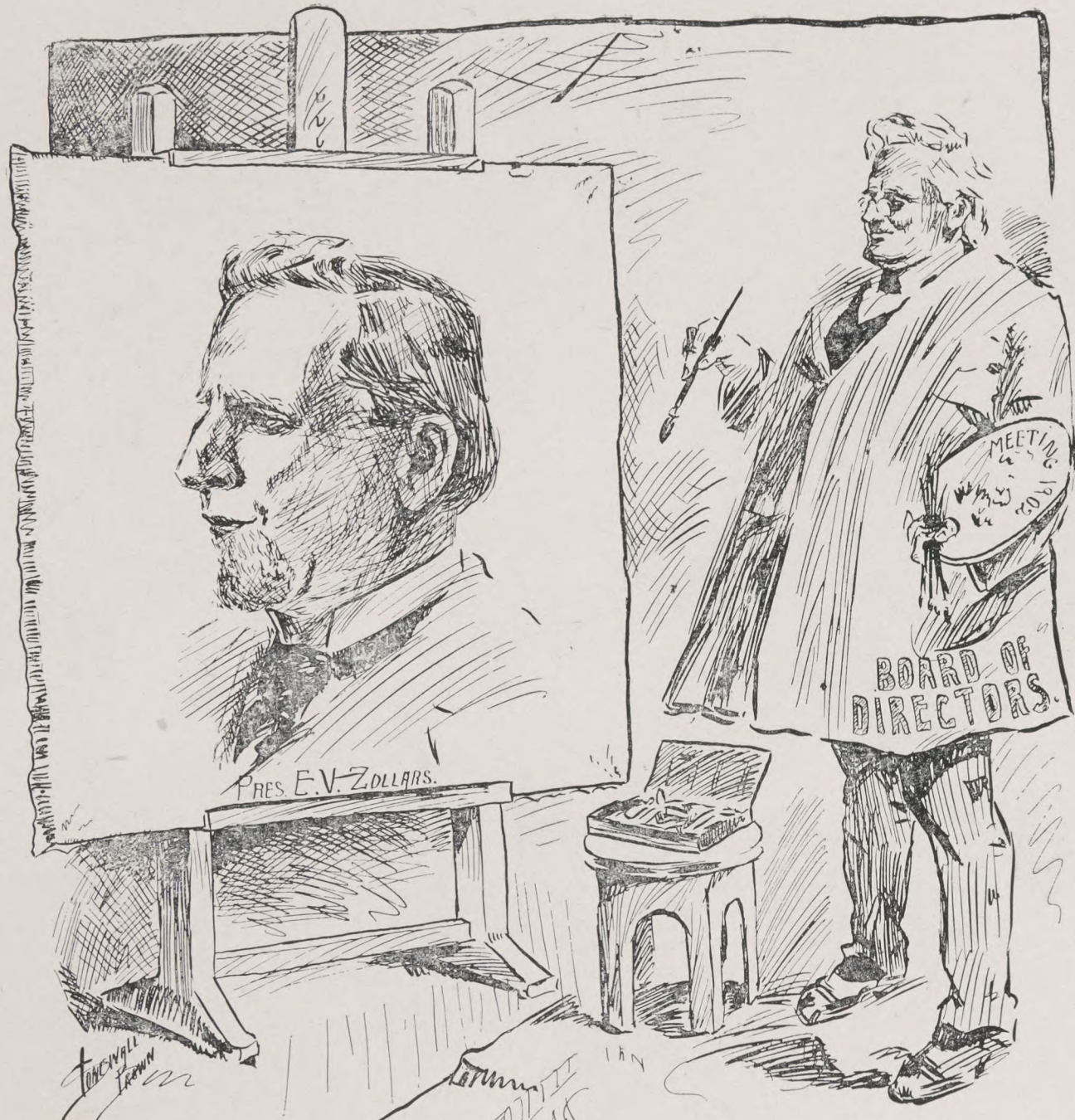












LONGWELL  
BROWN

LONGWELL  
BROWN

MIGHTY WELL PLEASED WITH HIS WORK





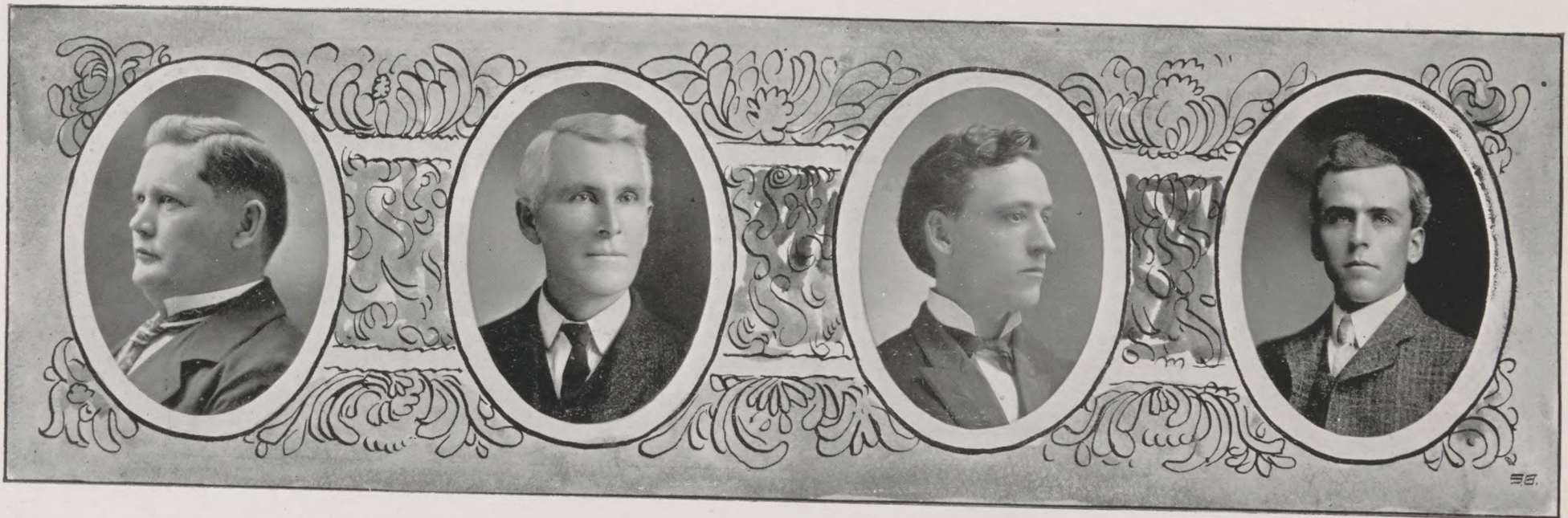
Who is the Phyllis, with skin like satin pearl,  
Who starts your blood into a whirl,  
Whose lips do wear the ruby's hue,  
Whose soul is pure, whose heart is true?  
The T.C.U. girl.

S.B.



FACULTY





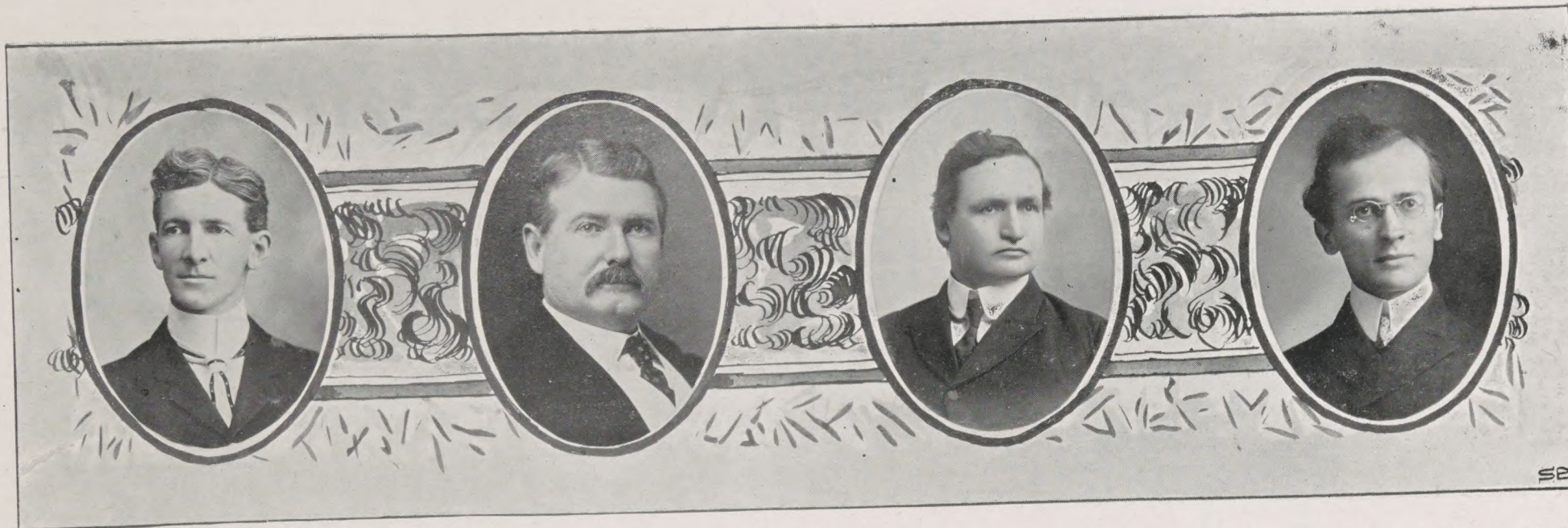
JAMES F. ANDERSON, A. M., Vice-President, Business Manager, and Teacher of Geology and Biology. He founded Grayson College in 1886, and served that institution until June, 1904, when he resigned the presidency there to enter upon his duties here. Professor Anderson understands the management of students. His lively disposition, integrity of heart, and faithful performance of all duties, have, in a year's time, won for him the lasting friendship of the whole student body.

ELBERT C. SNOW, A. M., finished his education in the University of Virginia. He has just completed his thirteenth year of service in Texas Christian University. For two years of this time he was the head of the Faculty; during the other years, Professor of Mathematics, which position he now fills successfully. He inspires his students to strive for the highest ideals of work. The great interest which he takes in athletics is much appreciated by the boys. His popularity is commensurate with the length of time he has been on the Faculty.

JAMES B. ESKRIDGE, Ph. D., is the Professor of Ancient Languages. He received the Doctor's degree from Chicago University last summer. He is a man of great energy. Whatever he does, he does with enthusiasm, whether it be making a football speech, preaching a sermon, or delivering a lecture on "linguistic life in the field of dead languages." He is greatly admired for his earnestness of character and thoroughness in scholarship.

BRUCE McCULLY, A. M., is at the head of the English Department. After having been graduated from Hiram College, he received the Master of Arts degree from Chicago University. During the three years he has been in Texas Christian University he has greatly built up his department. He offers no easy courses, yet his classes are large. He himself is a hard worker; he requires the students to apply themselves earnestly; these are the two reasons for his popularity as a teacher. He is no less popular out of the class room.





FRANK H. MARSHALL, A. M., PH. D., is Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature. In Dr. Marshall the Bible Department has a strong man, both scholarly and experienced. Since he came to Texas Christian University, six years ago, there has been a remarkable growth in his classes. He takes deep interest in all worthy enterprises of students, even to the Military Band in which he plays the leading cornet part. He is held in the highest esteem by the whole student body.

WALTER LEE ROSS, A. M., was graduated from Indiana University, where he pursued an extended post-graduate course, doing his major work in history and allied subjects. For three years he was Professor of History and Civics in the Oklahoma Normal School; after that, pastor of the Christian Church at Clarksville, Texas; from Clarksville he was called to fill the chair of History and Social Science at Texas Christian University. Professor Ross is original and versatile in his methods of instruction. He is also genial and affable among the students, but inflexible on the discipline committee.

W. B. PARKS, A. M., PH. D., is a graduate of Texas Christian University, from which institution he received his degrees. He has also taken special courses at Vanderbilt University, Harvard, Chicago University, and the University of Virginia. He is the Professor of Chemistry and Physics. He is unassuming in manner, but his students are unanimous in testifying that he has not only a thorough knowledge of the subjects in his department, but he has also the ability to impart that knowledge to others.

ABDULLAH BEN KORI, A. M., is at the head of the Department of Modern Languages. He was born in Tripoli, Syria, and educated at Rome in the celebrated "Collegium Urbanum De Propaganda Fide," in the Greek Pontifical College. He came to this country in 1900 and spent two years in Hiram College and Drake University. He is numbered among the best linguists of the country, being able to speak and teach German, French, Spanish, Italian, Modern Greek and Arabic. Professor Kori has had four years experience as college teacher in America. He is held in high regard by both the Faculty and the students.





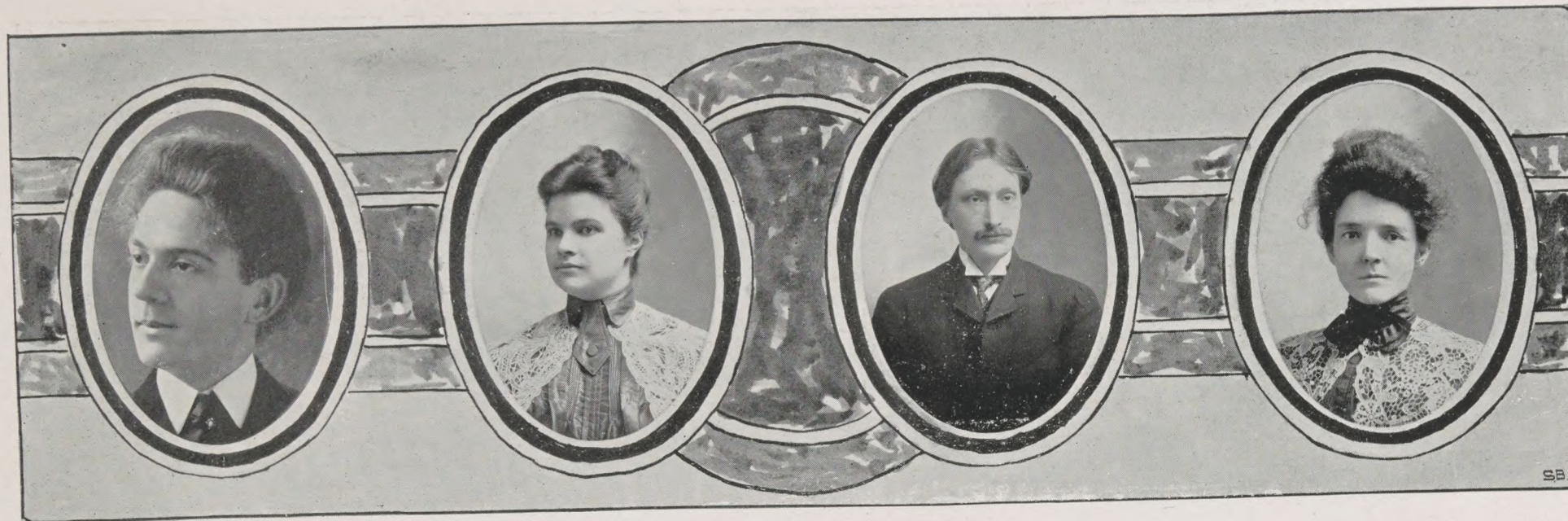
W. T. HAMNER, A. B., is Instructor in the Normal College. He has been connected with Texas Christian University for ten years. As Dean of the boys, he ever manifests a whole hearted interest in their welfare. He understands young men and knows how to control and direct their energies. The number of his friends among the students of the University is the same as the number enrolled. Every one appreciates his valuable service as director of the young men's Glee Club.

A. F. ARMSTRONG, A. B., A. M., received both his degrees from Butler University. He has also done post-graduate work at the University of Minnesota. He has charge of the Department of Education in Texas Christian University. This is his favorite line of work. He has had a long experience both as a college professor and as a superintendent in public schools. He is a man of mature thought and sincere purpose.

D. A. LEAK, Principal of the Preparatory School, is a graduate of Texas Christian University. For years he has been a successful teacher in the best schools of Texas. Under his leadership, the Preparatory School has done good, solid work this year. He is a strong disciplinarian, and as such his influence has been felt throughout the whole University. He is also a preacher whose reputation extends beyond the borders of his own State.

LEE CLARK, A. M., is a teacher in the Preparatory Department. He is the son of Randolph Clark, one of the founders of Add-Ran University. Professor Clark has taken extensive lines of post-graduate study at Chicago University. He has had an experience of ten years as principal in public schools and teacher in colleges. This is his first year as teacher at Texas Christian University, but he has readily won the confidence and esteem of both students and Faculty. He is the secretary of the Faculty.





L. REICK SCHOCKEY, MUS. B., has studied under Godowsky, Madam Mollenheur, and Leschetizky. He has had eight years experience as instructor in music and two years as soloist with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. He has held several important positions in music conservatories. For two years he has been the Director of Music at Texas Christian University. He has wonderful ability as a performer on the piano.

MISS GUSSIE WARD, A. B., is Instructor in Voice Culture. She did work for her literary degree at Howard Payne College, Fayette, Mo.; in 1898 she was graduated in voice from Christian College, Columbia, Mo. She has done advanced work under Miss Earnest, of Philadelphia, and Miss Martinnaski and Madam Farrish, of St. Louis. From 1902 to 1904, she was teacher of voice in Grayson College. The testimony of her students in Texas Christian University is that she is an excellent teacher. On the platform she is an artist of unusual ability.

R. DYKSTERHUIS, Instructor of Violin, was born in Antwerp, Belgium. He was early put under Marien, one of the most famous violinists of Europe. At the age of fifteen he was first violinist in the Royal French Opera House; later, first violinist in the Zoo Gardens Symphony Orchestra, and the Marien String Quartet, and, after coming to this country, first violinist in the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. During the one year he has held his present position he has proven himself an excellent artist and a splendid teacher.

MISS HARRIET FRANCES SMITH was graduated from Sam Houston Normal, in 1891; after this she was a teacher in the public schools for several years. In 1897 she finished the course in music at the New England Conservatory at Boston, Mass. She has since done special work at the Sherwood Music School and the Church-Parsons School. She is well qualified by training and experience to fill the position she has held since September, 1904. Her work as teacher in the Music Department and as pianist on public occasions is highly appreciated.





J. A. DACUS is Principal of the College of Business. Since 1895 he has held several important positions as teacher and principal in leading business colleges, such as Draughon's Business College, Nashville, Tennessee, Martin Institute, Jefferson, Georgia, Pottsville (Pa.) Business College, and the Queen City Business College at Dallas, Texas. He is the founder of several business schools in Texas, and he is also author of several texts on bookkeeping, shorthand, and penmanship. The Business College of Texas Christian University has been doing efficient work under his management.

MISS OLIVE LEAMAN McCLINTIC, A. B., is the successful Principal of the School of Oratory. She was graduated from Texas Christian University in both oratory and literature with the Class of 1901. The following year she did post-graduate work in the Emerson School of Oratory at Boston. Near the close of that year she was called home to take the position that she still holds. Her work as teacher is entirely satisfactory to her students and most creditable to herself. There are three graduates from the School of Oratory this year.

MISS HENRIETTE J. SEIGEL studied six years in Germany, nearly all of which time she spent in the Stuttgart Industrial and Fine Arts School. Her teachers were Professors Ketlitz, of the German school, and M. Schweizer, of the French school. Having had these excellent advantages of preparation, Miss Seigel is highly qualified to hold the position of Principal of the School of Arts in Texas Christian University. Under her direction the Art Department has made a wonderful growth this year.

MISS MAMIE SCHAPER, A. B., is an assistant teacher in the Preparatory Department. She was graduated from Texas Christian University in 1899, and the following year she was chosen to fill the position which she now holds. She is very painstaking and thorough in her class room work. She is ambitious to excel in her profession, hence she has taken especial advanced work in the study of normal methods. She seems especially adapted to winning the good will of her students.





MRS. M. TALIAFERRO has had two periods of service as Lady Principal for young ladies in Texas Christian University, the first time being for four years. This is the third year of her second term. She is a true mother and friend to all the girls, who hold her in the highest regard and affection. Mrs. Taliaferro is exceedingly well fitted for her position by reason of her true maternal instinct, sympathetic nature, patient disposition, and Christian culture, added to a long and varied experience as teacher and matron.

MRS. M. M. M. GIBBONS presides over the library. She is a lady of culture and refinement and, by reason of general and special training, she is well qualified for the work of Librarian. She is a native of Kentucky and did work for the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the Kentucky Classical and Business College, which is located at North Middletown, Kentucky. Mrs. Gibbons has taken a special course in literature in Cincinnati, and she has also made special preparation in Chicago and elsewhere for her work as a librarian.

MISS KNIGHT MILLER is the efficient Registrar of the University. She has held several positions in the school, having been stenographer to the Treasurer and also assistant teacher in the College of Business. This is her third year in the position of Registrar. She has been termed the "Recording Angel of Texas Christian University," partly because she keeps a complete record of the doings and undoings of all students, and also from the fact that she has an accommodating disposition and pleasing manners.

MRS. ANNIE TAYLOR is the matron of the young men's dormitory. She is well adapted to the work she has in hand. She is the "pro-temporary" mother of all the boys, and as such she exerts a good influence over them. She always manifests a kindly interest in those under her charge. Many young men will remember her as the one from whom they received their first lessons in house keeping. Without her constant, patient, and untiring instructions along these lines, there would be few successful students in the University.





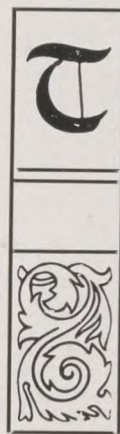
READING "THE HORNED FROG"







## Looking Forward; Or Some of the Duties and Problems that Confront a College Graduate



THE college graduate has been given opportunities of culture, and especially of intellectual training, which are not enjoyed by the great mass of the people. This devolves upon him certain duties. Every privilege or opportunity in life brings with it a corresponding obligation. Every graduate, therefore, because of his opportunities and attainments, belongs in some sense to the public. He owes a duty to the world and to others less favored than himself. He owes them first the duty of right living, that his example may be an encouragement, a guide and an inspiration. His life should exemplify the simple virtues of industry, truthfulness, and honor, and impress upon the minds and hearts of others the lesson of their value.

But he owes it to others not only to be personally clean and upright and honorable, but to stand for truth and justice and equality of right among men in all the affairs and business of life. The cause of truth is often assailed, and needs fearless defenders; wrong often seeks to triumph over right; attempts are made both openly and covertly to pervert justice; and wealth and power combine to burden and oppress the defenseless. In all these cases, the intellect and culture and moral power developed in our colleges and universities, and represented in the graduates of these institutions of learning, should be cast as a mighty force for good on the side of justice and truth and humanity. It is but reasonable, therefore, to expect that they shall be leaders

in thought and leaders in all those activities that may be for the betterment and uplifting of mankind; that they shall stand for the cause of humanity as against the cause of greed, for truth as against error, for right as against wrong. They owe it to themselves and to the world to help in this way to mould public sentiment; to direct public opinion; to lead, guide and uplift humanity to higher ground and give them clearer vision, up above the fogs of all sorts of superstition and palpable error, and out into the full resplendent sunlight of truth and freedom.

This is in part at least the debt and the mission of the college graduate to the world. The task is not always an easy one. It takes faith in one's self and in the people, industry and courage to perform it well. It takes a deep and earnest sympathy with mankind, with their hopes, aims, purposes and aspirations, with their great life-work, to be able thus to be a help and a blessing, and to make the power of college culture truly and effectually felt. This is not the work of a dreamer or theorist only, but is intensely and earnestly practical.

And this leads me to remark upon one of the most difficult problems that confronts the college graduate—the duty he owes himself of taking honorable rank in the business world, that he may not only provide for himself and those immediately dependent upon him, but thus be in position also to wield an influence among men in the active affairs of life. And here is the real test of the quality of his manhood and his education. He here encounters the struggle that is common to all, whether college bred or not. He is brought face to face with the fact that the world places its estimate upon a man, not according to what he knows or is re-



puted to know, but according to what he does—according to his ability to accomplish results. Before this sort of a problem air-castles vanish, and the best aspirations end often in meager achievement. And this too in spite of the fact that we live in an age of glorious opportunities, the golden age of the world's history. Never was there greater demand for men of real capacity in professional life, in the various industrial pursuits, and in the business world. But the education of the schools alone does not qualify for the best and highest work. It gives a certain intellectual strength, it is true, a certain grasp of mind, a strong foundation on which to build a structure of usefulness. But the best results are achieved only when to this culture there is added that helpful experience which comes from years of arduous toil. The college graduate must heed this practical lesson. It is a point too likely to be overlooked. There is danger that he may trust too much to purely literary attainments, or to what he supposes to be his superior gifts. He must be willing to submit himself, as others less cultured or gifted must do, to the tutelage and discipline of hard work and experience in whatever vocation he chooses to follow. There is the knowledge of men and of things to be acquired without which the highest success is not attainable.

But if he will grasp fully this practical idea of life and affairs, if he will meet this problem bravely and with cheerfulness, and with earnest purpose to be and to do all that nature and education fitted him for, then will his college training be of infinite value and a blessing to him, and through him a blessing to the world.

LUCIAN GOSS, '05.

### The Alumni in the Ministry

The most valuable asset of any institution is not its buildings, nor equipment, nor even its endowment, but the men and women, who dwell for a time within its walls, then pass into the great unexplored world of which youth is but the borderland.

A humble home where dwelt a man of God and his



dear wife; two brothers in that home, who through the eyes of father and mother saw the need of Christian education in the great Southwest; a life purpose and work built upon childhood's lofty vision; this is the history of Addison Clark, now Texas Christian University. This is also the biography of Addison and Randolph Clark. May all who

succeed them live up to the same Christly ideals.

There has been no lack of students in this school. From office, market, and field it has received into its maternal arms a never-ending, ever-increasing stream of boys and girls, and sent them forth prepared to serve the world as bread-winners and home-keepers. One hundred seventy-three men and women have received degrees from this institution. Of these thirty-three are active preachers of the gospel, faithfully breaking the



bread of life to a lost and dying world. These men are pastors, evangelists and missionaries in seven states and territories: Texas, Louisiana, Missouri, Oklahoma, New Mexico, North Dakota, Kansas and Kentucky. With the exception of Missouri and Kentucky, all these states are pioneer ground for the Disciples of Christ. Imbued with the true spirit of their Alma Mater, these men have gone forth to fight battles for righteousness in hard places.

Graduates or post-graduates have served as missionaries in four foreign countries: Japan, Mexico, Canada and Africa. Among these all readily yield the place of honor to Ellsworth Faris, who under God has been instrumental in establishing the first mission station of the Disciples of Christ in Africa, at Bolengi, on the Congo. The post-graduate list contains such names as M. M. Davis, for thirteen years pastor of the Central Christian church, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. J. W. Lowber, known by her labor for Christ; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Marshall, who have been soldiers of the cross in Japan; beside these and a host of others stand also the dear names of Addison and Randolph Clark.

The women who have labored to extend the Kingdom are not a few. Among the early graduates are two who were pioneer workers in propagating the missionary sentiment in Texas. In their wake many have followed. Among the more recent names are those of the state corresponding and recording secretaries of the Texas Christian Woman's Board of Missions. A number are wives of ministers, and share faithfully their burdens. Others have gone as school teachers into communities where the plea of the Disciples was unknown and have been used of God to establish congregations there.

To a few the Master has said, "Well done! It is enough! Come up higher." We have waited with tear dimmed eyes, while the Lord has received them out of our sight, then turned to the loved tasks which they have left unfinished. In this list we write the name of J. B. Sweeney, who as student, teacher, friend, pastor and evangelist lives in the hearts of a great host.

No one can keep books with God. Even as great an influence for righteousness and morality has been exerted by the students of the University who have received no degree. These have come from every walk in life,—often for special courses of study—and then were swallowed up again in the hurry and bustle of the busy world from which they came. They have frequently come feeling that life was too full for them to consider Christ and his claims. They have gone back to the counting-house, the school-room, the farms and ranches, to the professional world, with the knowledge for which they came,—and more—bearing the seal of the Master's pardon in their hearts, and wearing his name.

Time and space fail me to speak of all these, whose homes are the homes of missionaries and preachers, who care for the young people of the churches, who are Sunday-school teachers, superintendents, deacons, elders and faithful ones in all our churches throughout the length and breadth of this wide State. They live in the hearts of their friends and God sets down many of their good deeds to the credit of our beloved University. Some have sought her halls with the intention of being lawyers, doctors or merchants, and have gone forth not looking for laurels or wealth, which the world has to give, but as humble ministers of God's Word, counting life a loss, except it be lived for Christ, and death for him as gain.



Many have come for special ministerial training only,—perhaps a larger number than have received literary degrees—two of this number are serving as corresponding secretaries in sister states: Claude L. Jones in Louisiana and W. W. Phares in Mississippi. Another, Mrs. Lula Burr Burner, who was buried with her Master at the sunset time in the old baptismal pool at Thorp Spring, by the hands of Addison Clark, goes this year with her husband to open the first mission of the Disciples in South America. What of these results are from the influences of school life and what from home training it is hard to say. The sons and daughters of sturdy pioneer families have been given to this institution to be trained for life's duties. It has been true to its trust.

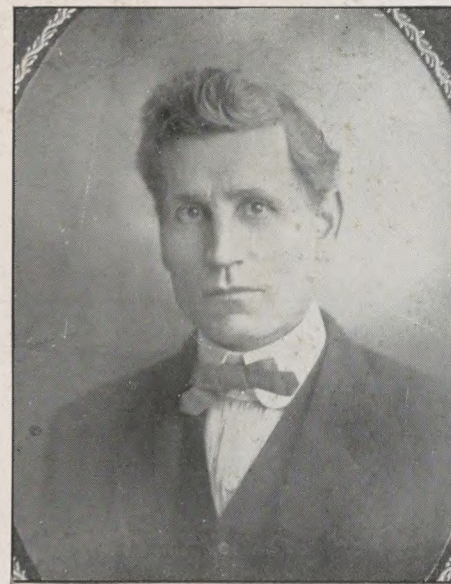
The good already accomplished is but a rich and luscious bunch of grapes from Eschol, the superior flavor of which should entice many more into this goodly heritage. The central location, the better equipment, the greater financial aid, the achievements already its own, make the institution more widely known, more influential than ever before. With renewed courage, let her reach forward to the great things the future holds for her. May she count her sons and daughters not by tens and hundreds, but by hundreds and thousands; may her influence go out increasingly, not only to the great Southwest, but to the ends of the earth. May all her children find the riches of a life with Christ while seeking other knowledge; and may her future alumni include even a larger number who, like the Master, come not to be ministered unto but to minister.

BERTHA CAROLINE MASON, '96.

### What I Learned While in College

I shall doubtless wander from my assigned subject, and much that I say will probably be obnoxious to the point of order that it is not germane. But in this I am not without precedent, for we often hear of clergymen who take a text and preach *from* it.

It were a tiresome and bootless task to enumerate all that I learned while in college, so instead of cataloging my college acquisitions I shall merely give a method by which the inquiring and curious may determine the fact for themselves, if they choose to pursue the inquiry.



First of all, take the curricula of Add-Ran College for the years 1879 to 1882, inclusive, and trace the course of study from the preparatory up through the collegiate departments, leading to the degree of *Artium Baccalaureus*, and you will have my college itinerary. Now, if you are one of the uninitiated you will probably think that the sum of all those branches would represent the attainments of one taking the degree named, and that I must have mastered all the subjects comprised in that course. But I did not, for there are various and sundry things to be taken into



the account and subtracted from that sum. First, you must allow the usual trade discounts, and make liberal deductions for my natural delinquencies and the partiality of my professors, whose indulgence often gave me passing grades when even I thought myself less deserving. Their charity so abundantly exercised in my case has often reminded me of what Cæsar records of one of his lieutenants, Considius. Being sent on one occasion to occupy with his troops a certain advantageous position, the lieutenant came back at fullspeed and reported to his commander that the position was preoccupied by the enemy. But it subsequently developed that this was not true and that, to use the words of Cæsar, Considius had reported as seen what he had not seen. But there is this difference between the report of this Roman *legatus* and the reports of my professors, the former was prompted by fear while the latter arose from blinding favor and abounding goodness of heart. And I bless them for it to this day.

But a correct result could scarcely be attained unless one took into account two other important factors, and these are the things I learned before I went to college and the things I had learned amiss and had to unlearn after I went. For, be it remembered that I was twenty years of age when I first invaded the sacred precincts of my Alma Mater to-be, as it were, and that I had grown up on a farm, on the Texas frontier at a time when farmers broke their fallow ground with oxen, planted their seeds in the moon and cultivated their crops with a hoe or with a line back mule hitched to a bull-tongue plow or a double-shovel. I had also had much experience and practice in chasing the festive mustang over

the prairies on the wind-swept deck of a bucking bronco. My educational advantages, not differing from those of the average youth of the time, consisted of a few months in the country school each year when nature was dead and farm operations suspended. As to science I knew nothing and could not have told the difference between the binomial theorem and the nebular hypothesis. But I had acquired a considerable stock of funny folk lore, uncanny tales and superstitious legends and various rules for the interpretation of dreams and what most things that happen are signs of. All these things I had learned from a few old crones, white and black, who infested every neighborhood in those good old times. And to this day I involuntarily take notice of a chair upset and would shudder for the consequences if I murdered a toad.

This early training gave me a physical constitution and a stock of vitality which has served me well ever since, but it also sent me to Add-Ran as green and grotesque a gawk as the most rustic. I also carried a great assortment of quaint and curious notions and varied misinformation on many subjects, which, I am glad to say, gradually yielded to educational processes. I particularly remember that I had a wrong notion about the form of the earth and the movements of the members of the solar family, especially as to which went around the other. It had been established beyond question in my mind by a thousand ocular demonstrations that the sun and all the stellar hosts moved in silent splendor round the earth once each twenty-four hours. And many and many a time, from the midst of some vast prairie, I had seen that the earth was flat and that if



anything it was higher at the edges than in the middle. But I learned in college that upon close investigation it had been discovered by a very wise man and had been written in a book that the earth actually turned over once each day, and that she and the other planets wheeled round the sun in regular periods of time, varying in length according to the proximity of each to the sun, and that it was even thought probable that in their flight they make a music so divine that its strains are denied to mortal ears lest even the seraphic melody of heaven might seem common and familiar to those who take up their ultimate abode in that celestial home. And such was my awe of college text-books and pro-

fessors, believing at that time that things not true would not be written in books and taught in colleges, that I readily yielded up mine and accepted the theory of Copernicus. I would remark in passing that I still cling to the Copernican theory but have since changed my mind as to the infallibility of books and professors.

But I have written enough. You say, "The elements or factors are so indefinite as to render the problem you give indeterminate. We can not tell what you learned while in college." I reply, "We are all agreed on that. I do not know myself."

F. O. MCKINSEY, '82.

### The Song of T. C. U.

We now stand at the end of thirty-three years;  
A mighty wonder creeps over the soul.  
Thoughts rise up too deep for tears,  
When Texas Christian University  
We behold through history and prophecy.  
What was the purpose brooding over the hills,  
Where the clear water now called Thorps' Springs  
Gurgles up and runs in merry rills  
By the live oaks where the mock-bird sings?  
  
Oh, Spirit of that end, descend, we pray,  
On wings, one feathered with facts from the dark years,  
The other with dreams of a glad new day,  
And sing, in gladder, nobler strains  
Than the voice that ever calls  
From the babbling waterfalls,  
Or the mocking bird in spring,  
Singing the song of everything,

Sing of T. C. U.  
Sweeter far than gems of dew  
Dropped into a lake of glory,  
Is her name in song or story,  
To her children, young or hoary.

The Spirit of the age brooded over  
The earth, and from the womb of Time  
A child was born, first called Add-Ran,  
And on the morn, the wise men ran  
And running, abundantly brought,  
Pearls from the deep sea of thought,  
And from the Labyrinthian cave  
Of research, rich stones, and gave,  
With perfumes, crushed from the buds of hope,  
And from Love's full-grown flowers;  
And a diadem of golden hours,



To the child silva born—  
Unnoised as night blooms into morn,  
Nor must we say the child hath sprung  
Full-fledged from Jupiter's great brain,  
But long dreamed, and out of trouble wrung,  
Foreseen, well planned, pure child of thought and brain.

And in accordance with Jehovah's plan,  
Nor marred by any human hate or blindness,  
And fed on the milk of human kindness,  
The child in favor grew with God and man.  
And thus into a goddess fair she grew,  
Became the handmaid of Christ's bride, the  
Church,  
And like an apple blossom bathed in dew,  
Thus fair, when she began her march,  
To Waco, the Athens of the Southwest;  
But long she pined for her mountain home.  
Upon her grew a spirit of unrest.  
She longed again the sun-kissed hills to roam.  
Her spirits drooped, her cheeks grew pale,  
It seemed as though her heart would fail.  
But the clarion voice of duty,  
Sounded above the lute of love,  
That in accents mild, called to the wild,  
And the fond child at length became a city dame.

There is none like T. C. U.,  
Nor will be when the sun has deceased—  
As she stands there in full view,  
Her face turned toward the purpling east;  
A blush upon her fair cheek grows,  
As a maiden when she sees her lover;  
She stands there beside Waco—  
A city her fame has increased—  
The dark cedars around her grow;  
Near by the Meandering Bosque flows  
Into the turbid Brazos river.



On her mantle hanging low,  
Is a wild flower decoration.  
She makes the flames of learning glow,  
She watches o'er the shrine of education;  
She smiles upon the youths who worship there,  
Feeds each noble aspiration,  
And claims the faithful for her own—  
To legions has their numbers grown.

T. C. U., our Alma Mater,  
T. C. U., thou plenteous Mother,  
God is father, man is brother,  
To each, and to every other.  
Thou shalt send thy sons and daughters,  
Over land and over waters,  
To the land of unrest, by the rim of the west,  
To the northern waste they shall make haste,  
In southern swamps they will pitch their camps,  
To eastern shores they'll ply their oars,  
Led on by golden promises,  
They'll go where toil and danger is,  
Carrying sight to the earth's blind,  
Redemption unto all mankind.

Contending for the right  
"Foiled, still beginning  
Soiled, but not sinning,"  
Bravely they shall fight,  
And make the men of little deeds  
With shame expire;  
And make all the men-made creeds  
Go up in fire.  
Forward her sons march,  
Beneath the rod along the road  
That leads above to life and love,  
O, Life is God! And "God is Love!"

ED. S. MCKINNEY, '04.





SENIORS  
'05.



SB.



# The Class of '05

## OFFICERS

THOMAS HONEA, . . . . .	<i>President</i>	WILLIAM BARNARD, . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
COURTLAND CRAIG, . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>	EDWARD BRANNIN, . . . . .	<i>Captain Baseball Team</i>
MAMIE RATTAN, . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>	ERLE MILROY, . . . . .	<i>Manager of Team</i>
JAMES B. ESKRIDGE, . . . . .	<i>Class Professor</i>		



DR. J. B. ESKRIDGE

## ROLL OF CLASS

L. D. ANDERSON  
ALONZO ASHMORE  
WILLIAM BARNARD  
FRANK BEACH  
EDWARD BRANNIN  
BESSIE COFFMAN  
LUCIAN GOSS  
HARDY GRISSOM  
ELSTER HAILE  
CORAL HAMLIN  
THOMAS HONEA  
ANNIE MAUPIN  
ERLE MILROY  
WILLIAM MORTON  
MAMIE RATTAN  
PAULINE SHIRLEY  
LOLA STOCKTON  
J. W. SMITH



# The Poetry and the Prose of the Seniors

## THE FAREWELL

The verse embodies the sentiments of the girls and the prose expresses the feelings of the boys.

The graduation day has come at last,  
The fervid siege for credit marks is past;  
How long this final day, so glorious,  
Has been the brightest dream of dreams to us!  
Our hearts are overflowing with the joy

that comes to a fellow when he knows that he has been successful in working the Classification Committee for enough college credits to get his diploma; for there is nothing that will make one's heart leap with joy and turn double somersaults in its thoracic gymnasium, like seeing his own names, Christian name, middle name, and surname, set down in the center of a crispy, baccalaureate parchment, especially when it has been done with all the decorative flourishes known to artistic scribbling. As soon as a man gets his sheepskin, he can go out into the world—

But there is sorrow mingled with our joys  
Because we say farewell to girls and boys  
We've learned to love. We leave the college halls,  
And private rooms, with their familiar walls,  
Where we spent so many happy hours

in making up our tousled beds, and sweeping out the debris of fruit peelings, greasy papers, dried mud, cigar stubs, broken dishes, and other rubbish left after a midnight carousing feast. There is nothing quite like getting your room fogged with dust and breathing your nostrils and lungs full of the heterogeneous particles. What grief we suffer in leaving forever the carpetless, mottled floors whose cold planks have frozen our bare feet on winter mornings! Perhaps we may never again see the rusty frigid radiators around which we have shivered until our teeth chattered like a woodpecker working industriously on a knot in a dead bois d'arc tree. We will always remember how we have broken the ice in our wash bowls and swore that

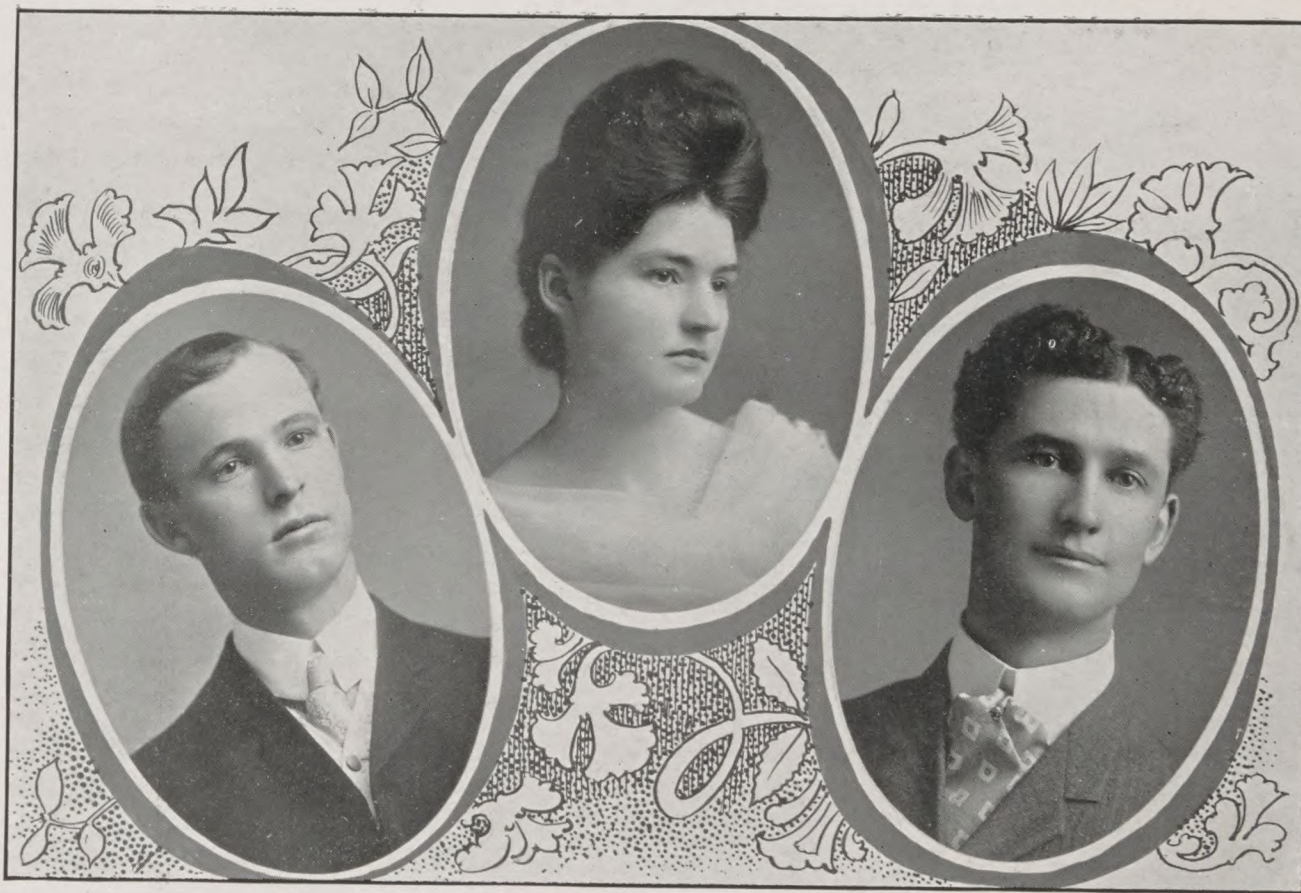
Our college days are as a garden full  
Of fragrant flowers; we pass through and pull  
The fairest blossoms, violets of truth,  
And roses red with love, the blooms of youth;  
We place them in the urn of memory

which is a most excellent place to store away a thorough knowledge of the nebular hypothesis, multinomial theorem, methods of molecular determination, and plathelminthian cestoda, although the last named usually like to take up their abode in lower portions of man's anatomy. We congratulate ourselves upon the fact that we have had the privilege of sitting at the feet of professors who are as learned in these things of practical wisdom as Solomon was in his kindergarten primer. We feel that we are well equipped to go out and do battle with the cosmos and incidentally earn our bread and butter. But we do not know

How many men are leading lonely lives—  
How many homes are needing faithful wives!  
With what fantastic dreams our minds are filled!  
What tow'ring castles in the air we build!  
Will fates be kind and give to us the men

that will row, and not drift, up the stream of difficulty, then take to the country and perseveringly traverse the obstructed roads of toil, pass the foothills of perplexity, scale the mountains of success, and, crossing the highest Alpien obstacle, push on into the Italy of renown, and then climb the ladder of immortal fame. According to the favorite expression of the President, we leave behind us the "verdant prospects of Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors," and sail out on the tempestuous sea of life; but if we subdue the whole world we will not sit down, like Alexander, and cry for more worlds to conquer—we are original.





THOMAS HONEA.

Mr. Honea will be President of the Class as long as this life shall last; after that, which ever place has a quorum will elect a new president. Mr. Honea is learned in ancient languages but he is going to be a physician and surgeon; he is already an experienced veterinary, having drawn "information" from many "ponies." A certain young lady does not believe that anything is "sweeter also than 'honey.'"

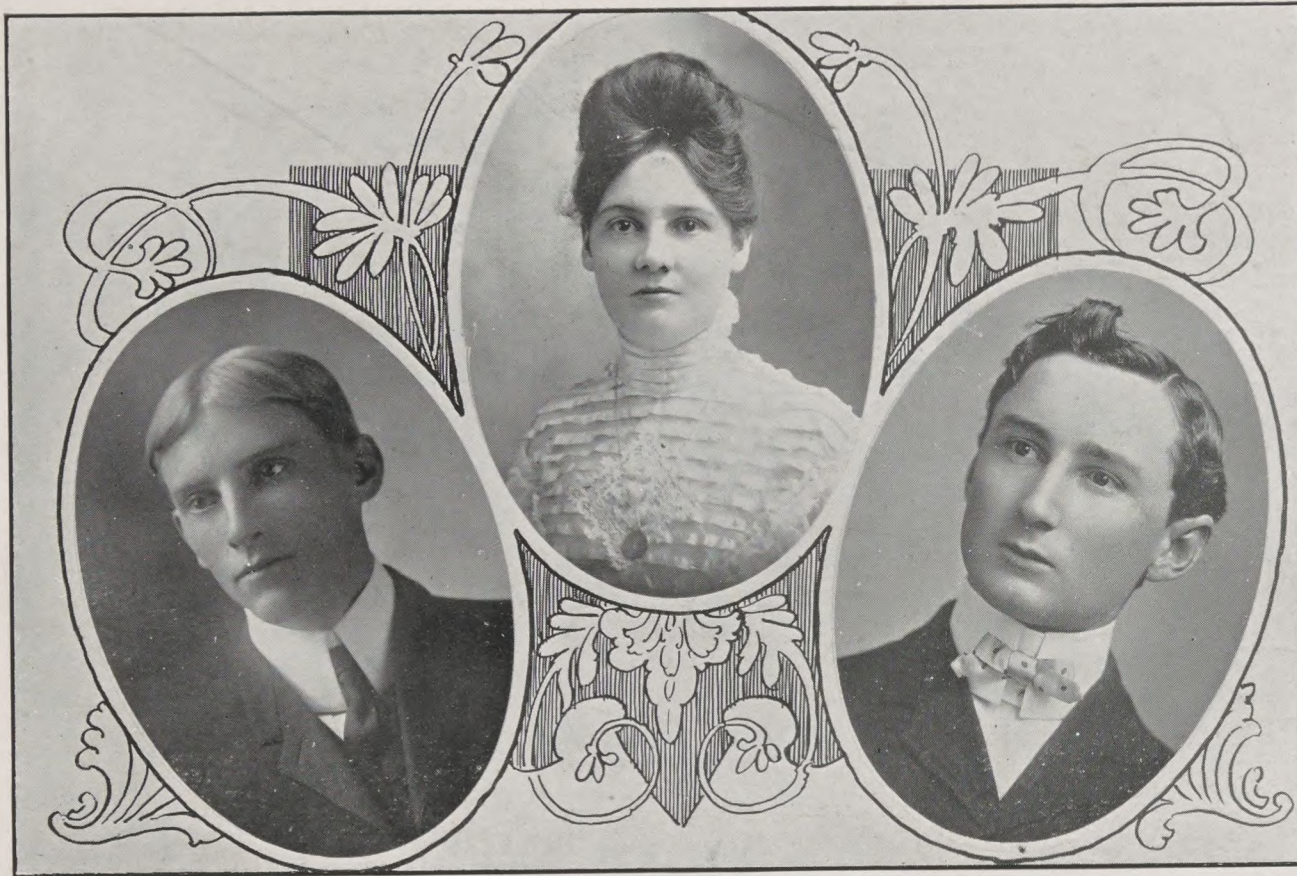
PAULINE SHIRLEY.

She's tall and freckled, young and smart,  
With latent temper in her heart;  
A dreamy smile or thoughtful frown,  
The eyes betwixt a gray and brown,  
A pretty mouth of cherry lips,  
And head that fears no sun's eclipse;  
Content to work with hands or mind,  
She has no wild desires to find  
A frozen rainbow, golden fleece,  
Or wondrous silver feathered geese;  
In class she makes the highest grades  
But what she knows she ne'er parades.

ELSTER HAILE.

Born at Bagdad, being very small when he arrived in Tennessee, where he lived with parents. He became windy in Kansas, he learned his "quackery" at Drake, in Iowa, and in Texas he has received the degree, L. L. D., which means Long Legged Dunce. He is no Solomon in intellect or Tom Thumb in stature. He is preacher, poet, photo-gatherer, pedant, pitcher, patriot and populist, but his principal pursuit is the ladies.





ALONZO ASHMORE.

When Mr. Ashmore is in face, he is the most handsome Swede in the Class. The above picture was taken after an attack of rubeola, followed by a weakening febrile disorder. He is tall and intelligent but maintains a smiling silence when with ladies. He is an Ex-President of the Class and Captain of Company B. He has spent the most of his time in writing Skiff editorials to save his country and University.

LOLA STOCKTON.

She's gentle as a petted fawn,  
 With blushes like the rosy dawn;  
 Though modest, gayety is in  
 Her hazel eyes and full-moon grin;  
 There's no good deed she would not do,  
 Because her heart is kind and true.  
 In many schools she's learned the arts  
 Of playing hands and winning hearts,  
 By loving looks and winking eyes  
 Beneath a red "creation." She's a prize,  
 But taken. All who look can see  
 The lucky man—for "DAS ist he."

LUCIAN GOSS.

Mr. Goss finished, Christmas, and became the Clerk of the State Senate. He is strong in the classics, clever in politics, but troubled with "room at-tics." For a pastime he will study law; for a livelihood he will study how to remain in the "public crib." His experiences while he was President of the Class will help him when he occupies the Chair at Washington. Having earned a sheepskin, he wants to be "Mary's Little Lamb." He is a son of a—alumnus.





**HARDY GRISSOM.**

When this boy first came to Texas he did not have money to buy himself a suit of clothes; since then he has been Business Manager of both Collegian and Horned Frog, Captain Company B., and second baseman of the Senior ball team. He has a flat, level head, a sandy complexion and a gritty determination. He will combine "political spellbinding" with reading law. He is Pt. of TT and in love affairs he illustrates the saying, "Folks of a kind each other find."

**ANNIE MAUPIN.**

The one that fathoms azure skies  
 Can surely read her pale blue eyes;  
 She thinks not of her books, but boys,  
 For it's a "love game" she enjoys;  
 She's quiet as the days in March,  
 Above her brow she builds no arch  
 With "rats;" the zephyrs comb her hair  
 In fluffy waves with no compare.  
 One could not say that she is prim,  
 Precise, sedate, without a whim;  
 She moves with winsome, careless grace  
 And has the fortune of her face.

**WILLIAM BARNARD.**

Mr. Barnard has been in T. C. U. for three years. He has become better looking every year. He ought really to remain for a decade longer. He has a efflorescent face, a determinative backhead, and a fine cerebrum which he developed in the study of the natural sciences. In two or three years he will locate in the sickliest town in Texas, as he intends to practice medicine for a living.





**EDWARD BRANNIN.**

Here is a man of great affairs and large feelings. He has produced 34 ad-itions of *The Skiff*, emptied 113 "Lucky Strikes," and carried several studies and elementary astronomy. He has a mania for office: 41 defeats and 42 elections is his record. He has held all the offices in A. R. L. S., all in the military organization up to Lieutenant and Adjutant, besides being Chairman of the Senior pin committee. He is neat in appearance—his room is not for inspection. To be a doctor.

**BESSIE COFFMAN.**

Affected words, like "caunt," reveal  
 The fact she's been to school; you feel  
 Her temper's fire and strength of mind  
 As tropic heat and light combined.  
 She has a massive, done-up crown  
 Of native hair, that's reddish brown,  
 Some "rats" and other things; she sleeps  
 Through breakfast hours, while Morpheus keeps  
 Her face supplied with beauty's charms;  
 Her soft white hands and shapely arms  
 Make music sweet, but do they know  
 The tub of suds or touch of dough?

**COURTLAND CRAIG.**

The subject of this sketch is a clergyman, a rhymist, and the Methuselah of the Class. He has a Bill Nye head, a mathematical mind like Copernicus, and the feelings of a Senior. He parts his three hairs in the middle and, in the above photograph, his positive attitude was assumed for a "negative" effect. He is a strong believer in the open English Bible, especially when he is translating the Greek and Hebrew texts.





WILLIAM MORTON.

This man once had all the fire and vigor of ambitious youth, but now he has degenerated into a regular hen-pecked husband. If he fails in the clergy he will retire to agrestic life. He is peaceful when calm but angry when mad. One scholarly attainment is the artistic equilibration of the filamentous growth on top of his cephalic enlargement. He is Deacon Sander's right-hand man, which accounts for the neatness of the store.

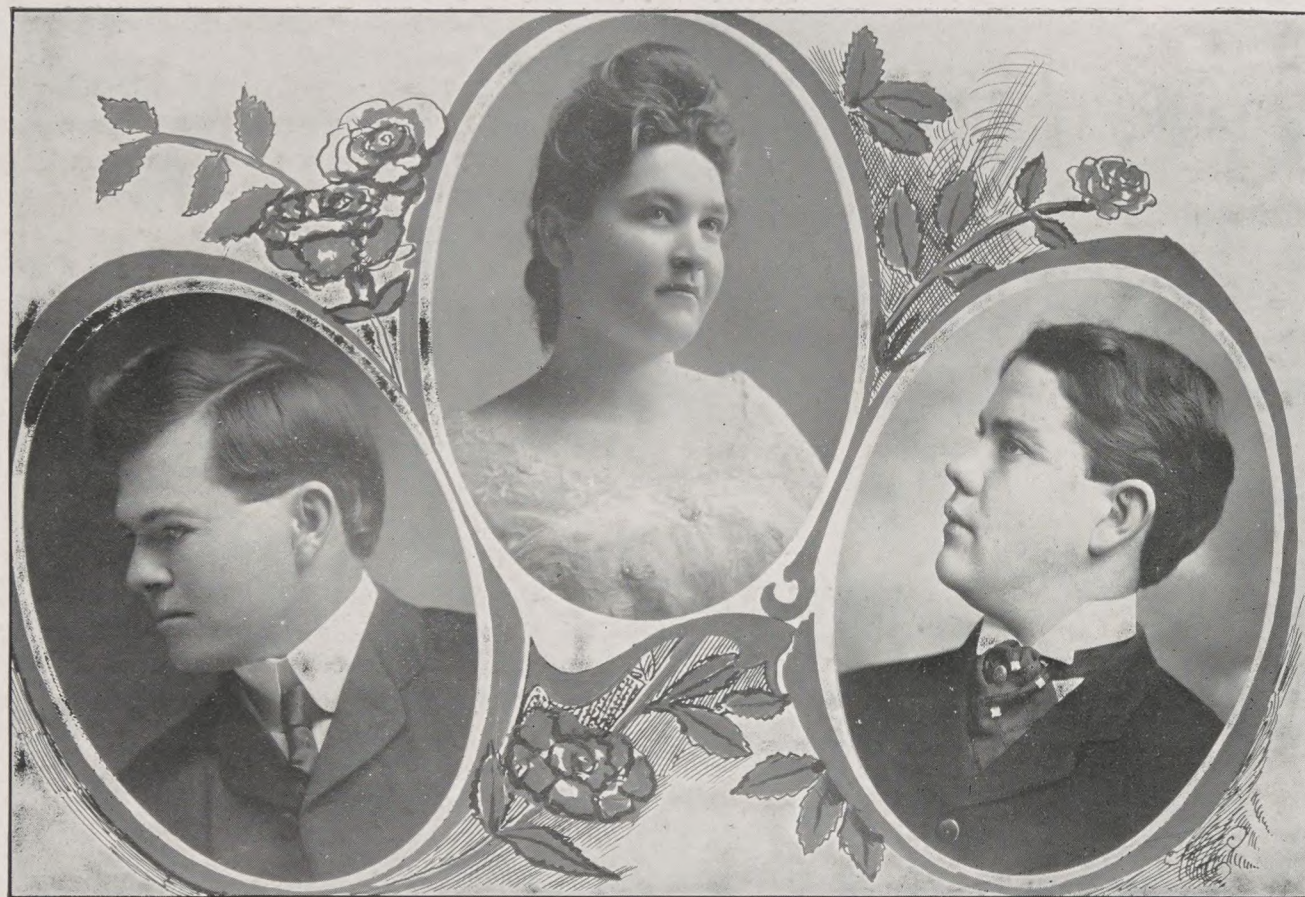
MAMIE RATTAN.

In Texas girls one seldom sees  
Such features like the Japanese;  
She's pretty, trim, and very neat,  
With perfect mouth and eyes complete  
As any doll; straight raven hair,  
And youthful face with chalk kept fair.  
She likes to study classic Greek  
And Latin that's too dead to speak;  
By keeping silent like the grave,  
Too dignified to misbehave,  
A rare scholastic pride she shows,  
With "specs" upon her rounded nose.

HARRISON SCALES.

Mr. Scales is a genius, having "gone through" college in two years, besides being President A. R. L. S., Captain Company B., Editor *Collegian* and Stage Carpenter to Leutheyer Rheichks Schockkey. He has an untried taste for good literature, a musical soul, if not voice, and a prematurely red nose. When with the ladies he is sober; and he has not the "big-head"—it is hair. Being one of the Trivial Three, he is a successful recitation bluffer, which ability he intends to further develop in the study of law.





FRANK BEACH.

Mr. Beach is a solid student, physically. He is a monogamist, progenitor, and "Pope of the Preachers." The credit of his having been at T. C. U. belongs to President Zollars. He is short and fat, very teachable in class, and too bashful to mention any of his own abilities. His energetic walk, the poise of his head, and the compression of his lips, not only reveal what he is going to do in life, but also what he has already done.

CORAL HAMLIN.

A girl, affectionate and kind,  
 With face to lasting smiles inclined;  
 Like stars that twinkle in the night,  
 Her eyes e'er sparkle with delight,  
 When secrets reach her list'ning ear.  
 She faces footlights with no fear,  
 And tackles her geometry  
 With eager mind and ecstasy.  
 A Texan and a Senior, too,  
 She's not afraid to talk to you;  
 For her this double toast is said—  
 "May she talk on, and talking, wed."

EARLE MILROY.

Mr. Milroy has spent four years of servitude in T. C. U. He is as steadfast as a baby, dignified as a boy, large as a man, and in intellect a giant. In class he always shows his knowledge like a man displays a new watch. When he thinks a bright thought he sometimes rivals the President in the wide-openness of his eyes. He is strong in the ancient languages, and his goodness was developed in the Shirley Society. Having mastered the laws of T. C. U., he will be a lawyer.



## John W. Smith

MR. SMITH was born at Bethpage, Missouri. When a boy he never went to school—he educated himself. The first time he ever entered a school room, he entered as teacher. After teaching several years, he attended the State Normal at Warrensburg, Missouri. From 1895 to 1899 he served as County Commissioner of Public Schools in McDonald County, Missouri. In 1900 he entered Kentucky University. He served for one term on the Chief Clerk's force in the Missouri Legis-



lature in 1901. In 1904 he was a member of the staff of the Kentucky University CRIMSON and also President of the Senior Class in the College of the Bible. He came to us this year as a belated Christmas gift. Since coming, he has made a record for himself, especially as an orator. The following is but a mediocre sample of his eloquence, extracted from one of his pyrotechnical orations:

"La-dies and gen-tle-men. As I stand on this floor tonight I wish I might span the chasm between the student

body on one hand, the Faculty on the other, and the girls on the other. This afternoon I arose to quench the troubled waters and pour oil on the fires of inflammatory speech, but you turned from me as the tail end of an electric needle turns from the north. I pleaded with you to be at least *parliament-ter-ra-ry*, and you not only violated the eternal principles of right, equity, and justice but you disregarded the voice of a statesman. Is this a Christian nation? I unfurled before you the banner of

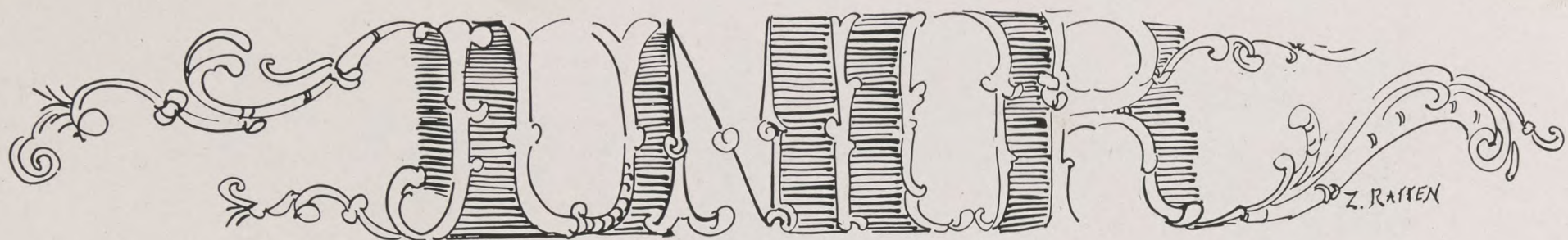
peace but you snorted and bellowed and were ready to rush upon me like infuriated bulls after a red shirt. Gen-tle-men, was it because I am a respectable gen-tle-man?

"Gen-tle-men, I do not ask you to heed me because of the persuasive pleasantness of my countenance or the siren music of my oratorical voice, but hear me because of the force of my apodictic arguments. Is it because I am intelligent that you will not give me a respectful hearing? I should be heard, even though there is as much difference between me and you as there is between the transcendently brilliant dazzle of the sun and the intermittent phosphorescence emitting from the luminiferous glands on the posterior extremity of a lightning-bug.

"To-night the very atmosphere is charged with discord and strife, on account of which the hidden stars are melting in sorrow and running down the milky way, the tails of comets are in anguish twisted like a corkscrew, Gravitation is losing his grip on the material universe, and the eternal cosmos is threatened with oblivious destruction and the blackness of unorganized chaos. But gen-tle-men, even though the heavens and the earth dissolve, we can not fall if we stand on the eternal principles of right, equity, and justice.

"Gen-tle-men, it is my fervent hope that when the morning breaks upon us to-morrow, we shall not be found in darkness. When, after a restless night, mother earth turns over in her orbital hammock, may she awake and bathe her verdant face and bosom in the clear resplendent light of a peaceful day. Let the gentle breezes blow as a soothing balm to clashing spirits; let the swaying boughs of Nature's sympathetic shrubbery bend in the sweetest accord; let the feathered songsters of wakening day pour forth their melody of blissful harmony; and let the crystalline dew drops of the rosy morning sparkle with the spectrumatic colors of love and beauty. Then, as a fitting climax to the felicity of the occasion, I, even I, am willing to stand forth and wave the olive-branch of peace! peace!! peace!!!"



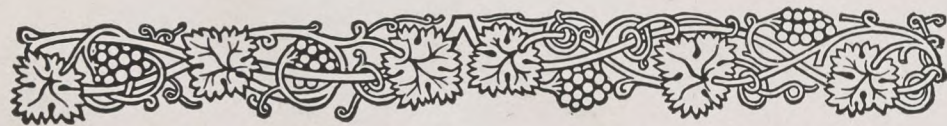


CLASS OFFICERS

T. B. GALLAHER, . . . . .	<i>President</i>	WINNIE LEWIS, . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
W. H. BUSH, . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>	BERTHA BRADLEY, . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
	R. B. MUSE, . . . . .		<i>Class Editor for Annual</i>

ROLL OF CLASS

C. M. ASHMORE	GANO CARPENTER	J. FRANKLIN KINNARD	I. V. PURCELL
RUTH L. ANDREWS	JOE CLARK	WINNIE LEWIS	ZOE RATTEN
MYRA BENGE	CLARE DODSON	R. B. MUSE	M. G. SMITH
BERTHA BRADLEY	T. B. GALLAHER	J. R. MUSE	MAMIE WELCH
W. H. BUSH	SHIRLEY GRAVES	FRED OBENCHAIN	T. F. WEAVER



WE ARE the workers of the institution. When was a Junior ever known to absent from a class or fail to make a recitation when present. If it were not for us, who would answer the questions in the President's psychology class? The density and quality of our brains excel that of any class in school. Our purposes in life are expressed by the words, wisdom, wealth, and weddings.

We lead in athletics. The first baseball team is composed almost entirely by Juniors. Our team beat Trinity, 18 to 1, beat the Seniors 11 to 1, and beat Austin College, 1 to 0, besides other records just as glorious. We are the cream of the institution and we are not soured neither. We occupy middle ground between the student body on the one hand and the Faculty





GROUP I OF JUNIORS

Joe Clark,

Walter Bush,

Myra Bengé.

Bertha Bradley.

W. L. Ross,  
Class Professor.

Ruth L. Andrews,

Franklin Kinnard.

J. R. Muse.

I. V. Purcell.





GROUP II OF JUNIORS

T. F. Weaver,	Zoe Ratten,	Winnie Lewis,	Mamie Welch.
Charles Ashmore.	R. B. Muse.	Thomas Gallaher.	Myra Bengé.
			Gano Carpenter.



# SOPHOMORE

K. JACKSON

## CLASS OFFICERS

RANSOM GARRARD, . . . . .	<i>President</i>	J. W. ROYALL, . . . . .	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
ROBERT WILLIAMS, . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>	WILLIAM LEMAY, . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
EUNICE MUNN, . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>	W. O. DALLAS, . . . . .	<i>Class Fool</i>
W. T. HAMNER, . . . . .		<i>Class Professor</i>	

*Class Flower—Pink Carnation.*

## ROLL OF CLASS

- |                       |                  |                    |                    |
|-----------------------|------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. RANSOM GARRARD     | 5. ORA HAILE     | 9. ROBERT WILLIAMS | 14. ODELL ELLIOTT  |
| 2. CECILE WOLFORD     | 6. JOHN GARRARD  | 11. EUNICE MUNN    | 15. JAMES TAYLOR   |
| 3. GORDON HALL        | 7. W. O. DALLAS  | 12. J. W. ROYALL   | 16. THEO. EDWARDS  |
| 4. THOMAS MATHIESON   | 8. WILLIAM LEMAY | 13. MODINA WELCH   | 17. LESLIE PROCTOR |
| 18. WILLENA HANNAFORD |                  |                    |                    |







GROUP I OF SOPHOMORES



## The History of the Sophomores



IT IS, INDEED, a pleasure for the Historian to introduce the Class of 1907. It has been, since the day of its organization, the pride of the school and of every professor's heart. We stand head and shoulders above every other class in the institution.

The Class is animated by a universally enthusiastic spirit. Although it is rather a hard matter to get a quorum assembled to discuss our financial affairs, all are very prompt at the regular meetings held in the Dining Hall, three times a day, where refreshments are served.

We take the lead in every enterprise, and from our ranks come the champions of every noble cause. What would our beloved University do for orators, debaters, poets and athletes, if it were not for us? Who would champion the cause of the "Humane Society" and the "Wart Association"? Who would strap the trembling Freshman and teach him the ways of life more perfectly, if it were not for the Sophomores? As for wisdom and beauty, we are the "selected few." It so happens that each member of the Class is a natural genius in some line. We fear the wisdom of the University will fade into nothingness, when we are gone.

We are also very obedient to all the rules and regulations of the University. No member was ever known to burst the cords of discipline and make love in the

hallways. We are always present at the Bible lecture class and get our syllabi promptly. Not one of us have ever been convicted by the Discipline Committee for any serious misdemeanor. However some of our members have been sent home because the Faculty failed to see the point in some of their innocent jokes.

Some of our boys and girls have a great missionary zeal, and by their earnestness obtain permission from the Matron and go in the apostolic order, every Sunday evening, to the Cotton Belt Mission Church to help in the Sunday school. No one can fail to see the benevolence and self-sacrificing spirit in this.

Notwithstanding the fact that we are two years from the end of the College Course, we are by far the most learned class in the University. That the wise-looking Senior in his long, flowing robe is IT—we don't think. Why, two of our humblest members stand far above anything in the Senior Class, and even the Faculty look up to us.

The Juniors—well, it makes us laugh to think of them—they are not to be compared with us for a moment, in either beauty, wisdom or wit.

The poor Freshman! Our hearts go out in sympathy for him, when we think of the long days and nights through which he must toil before he stands on the intellectual plane where we now stand.

Fellows, here's to your health! Farewell!





GROUP II OF SOPHOMORES





SOFT-MORES



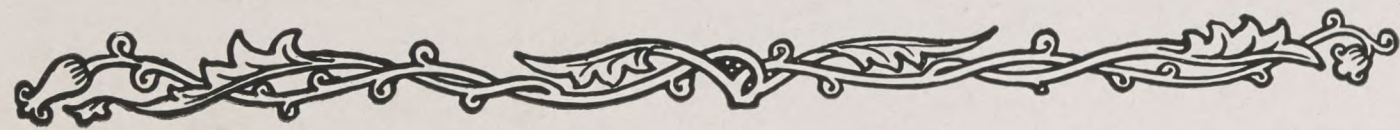


CLASS OFFICERS

IVAN HARBOUR, . . . . .	<i>President</i>	CARRIE PITTS, . . . . .	<i>Assistant Secretary</i>
CLYDE BURNETT, . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>	WILLIAM L. E. SHANE, . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
MERCY PERKINS, . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>	J. B. FRIZZELL, . . . . .	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
ERUCE McCULLY, . . . . .	<i>Class Professor</i>		

ROLL OF CLASS

- |                        |                     |                   |                      |
|------------------------|---------------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. IVAN HARBOUR        | 5. DORA WEAVER      | 9. JACK MUSE      | 13. SUDIE J. STEWART |
| 2. WILLIAM L. E. SHANE | 6. CARRIE PITTS     | 10. ALVIN HILL    | 14. J. B. FRIZZELL   |
| 3. ELLA DODSON         | 7. NORA ARMSTRONG   | 11. MERCY PERKINS | 15. THOMAS COPELAND  |
| 4. BERTRAM BLOOR       | 8. EUGENE BOWERS    | 12. LEE PERKINSON | 16. R. C. WRIGHT     |
|                        | 17. CLYDE PERKINSON |                   |                      |
|                        | 18. BONNER FRIZZELL |                   |                      |





## History and Prophecy of the Freshmen



WE WERE SENIORS (preps) last year, but in all our experience we found that there is no class standing that offers as much to the student as that of the Freshmen. We have therefore stepped down from seniordum to begin our course anew, that we may again have the joy of being Freshmen. It is a great thing to be *fresh*; a greater thing to be *men*; but to be both *fresh* and *men* is too great to be described.

The Class of '08 is beyond all question the most promising class T. C. U. has ever had. In many respects we rank above the alumni of this school. Compared with the Classes of this year we stand a little below the Juniors, *but* considerably above the Moresop(h)s. In fact, some students who could not be classed as Freshmen were compelled to join the Moresop(h) Class. It is a common occurrence for Juniors to come to us for information; and it not infrequently occurs that some Senior comes to us to refresh his mind on something he has never learned. Nor is this all; when it becomes necessary for some professor to be absent from his classroom, a Freshman is called upon to take his chair, and "the band plays on" just the same, if not a little better.

Although T. C. U. is one of the leading schools of the South, it is easily foreseen that we will have no trouble in completing the entire course in three years. Our teachers are well aware of this and are putting forth

strenuous efforts to hold us in check. Some of them have gone as far as to tell us that what they want out of us is silence and "mighty little of that."

Our beloved "Pa Z" has many times become discouraged with the general trend of affairs, thinking that his efforts are as he himself has expressed it, "Love's Labor Lost," but he has only a few years to wait until he can point with pride to the great men and the great women of universal reputation, and say, "These were students of T. C. U.—members of the Class of '08." For even now the prophetic eye reveals to us a great future. The halls of Congress will welcome not a few of our members. One will be the first President to induce Congress to put an end to trusts. Another will have even higher aspirations—he will invent a successful flying machine. A few of our daring engineers will prove to the world that the real north pole can be found. The future greatness of our orators is so plainly foreseen that little needs to be said about them. "Pa Z" has already taken steps to prevent our ranking above the Seniors and the Juniors in this respect, by requiring each of those classes to have two rhetorical this year (the Moresop(h)s he regards as hopeless). At the feet of some of our Bible scholars many men will sit and listen eagerly to expositions of the Word of Truth.

It is impossible to record the deeds of our past, to paint the picture of our present, or to estimate the fullness of our future. But T. C. U. can be thankful that at last, there has been a model set for all succeeding Freshmen classes. We regret that we cannot always be Freshmen.





A GROUP OF FRESHMEN



## The Senior Preps

### OFFICERS OF CLASS.

HOWELL G. KNIGHT, . . . . .	<i>President</i>	CARRIE CLARK, . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
NOAH C. PERKINS, . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>	EARLE LAVENDER, . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
STONEWALL BROWN, . . . . .	<i>Cartoonist</i>		

Colors: Dark blue and silver.

---

### YELL.

Lemon Snaps! Zu-Zus! Yum! Yum!  
Hash! Potatoes! Kiss-me-gum!  
We're the Class that's got a rep!  
Hep! Hep! Senior Prep!

---

WE ARE a jolly little band, just thirty and three in number. Though young, we are mighty. Our class has furnished T. C. U. some of the very best football and baseball players, orators, and musicians. We have a baseball team that has never been defeated. The College Seniors were afraid to play us. In all the fields of contest we have entered, whether athletic, oratorical, or purely intellectual, we have won high honors. Among our number we have an artist who, so far as we know, is not equalled by anyone else in all this broad universe. Modesty forbids our going into detail concerning our many abilities.

We have just lately been paid a very high compliment by President Zollars and his Faculty. They say

that they are sick and tired of the Freshmen, so they are going to turn the "Freshies" into other pastures and let us have their place. We believe that this confidence in us is well placed, and next year we shall take a delight in helping the Faculty run the College. Our only regret is that we must say farewell to the "Prep" department. Our days have been happy. Trouble has not worried our youthful minds. We know that we are about to assume grave responsibilities, but as we journey on up and down the road of college life, we shall not forget the class-meetings, banquets, soirees, picnics, and trolley-rides that we have enjoyed during our Senior "Prep" year. "K."





GROUP I SENIOR PREPS.

- |                |                  |                             |                 |                  |
|----------------|------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| Earl Lavender. | Laura O'Brien.   | Callie Miller.              | Maggie Scanlon. | Emory Elliott.   |
| Sam Flippen.   | Stonewall Brown. | Lee Clark, Class Professor. |                 | Shelley Hurlbut. |
|                | A. L. Miller.    | Fannie Stirman.             | Ervay Taylor.   |                  |





GROUP II SENIOR PREPS.

Nona Boegeman.

Roscoe Garver.

Floy Perkinson.

James Cook.

Bessie West.

Paul Tyson.

Howell Knight.

Carrie Clark.

Walter Saigling.

Hugh Carson.

Noah Perkins.





## Graduates in Oratory

### ROLL.

EUNICE JEANNETTE MUNN, . . . . . Weimar, Texas  
 MYRA ANNE BENGE, . . . . . Benjamin, Texas  
 SALLIE FRANCES CHISM, . . . . . Graham, Texas

### Graduating Recital in University Chapel

MAY 13, 1905

### PROGRAM.

A Bill from the Milliner, . . . . . *May Isabel Fisk*  
 MISS CHISM  
 The Seamless Robe, . . . . . *H. C. Troutman*  
 MISS BENGE  
 Moriah's Mournin', . . . . . *Ruth McEnery Stuart*  
 MISS MUNN  
 Pauline Parlorna, . . . . . *T. B. Aldrich*  
 MISS CHISM  
 The Typewritten Letter, . . . . . *Robt. Barr*  
 MISS BENGE  
 The Benediction (with piano accompaniment) . . . . . *F. Coppee*  
 MISS MUNN

### FARCE—"BACHELOR MAIDS"

RACHEL BAKER GALE

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Isabel Granger, . . . . . Miss Munn  
 Elizabeth Rawlings, . . . . . Miss Benge  
 Norah O'Toole, . . . . . Miss Chism



## The "C. O. B." History

### OFFICERS.

W. A. MARTIN, . . . . . *President*

MAX E. PIERCE, . . . . . *Vice-President*

JOHN W. HEROD, . . . . .

ETTA WOOD, . . . . . *Secretary*

A. JACK MUSE, . . . . . *Treasurer*

*Editor for Horned Frog*



AND IT CAME to pass in the year 1873 that an immigration was started toward a little place called Thorp Spring. It was a quiet, out-of-the-way place, which no one at that time thought would be the birth-place of an association whose fame was to spread abroad throughout the land. In the fall of 1879 some of these immigrants formed themselves into a league and called themselves the A. R. B. S. It is true the band was small at first, but strong hearts and willing hands made up the deficiency, and their motto, "Get Busy," clearly expressed that they were going to "make things hum." The purpose of the league was that each member might better qualify himself to fight the battles of the commercial world.

Eight o'clock each morning found them at their posts of duty ready for their respective lines of work. Some pondered over difficult problems, studied forms of entries in journals and cash books, or took off troublesome trial balances; others took the rapid dictation of their masters and, with nimble fingers, rapidly transcribed it on the typewriter. This work went on day

after day till each one was fairly well skilled in the line of work which he wished to follow. In the early Summer of 1880 they decided to break camp and scatter themselves throughout Texas and such other states as they might desire, and this for a double purpose: first, that they might seek work for themselves; second, that they might tell others of what they had done and what others could do if they would join the league which had been formed at this quiet, out-of-the-way place. In this manner they could benefit their fellow-men and at the same time keep the little army replenished with new recruits. In this manner it came about that the little band of workers not only grew larger every year but they came rapidly into public notice throughout the uttermost parts of the State. So popular did these people become, as they dispersed to different places to engage in the work for which they had prepared, that, although the league grew in numbers each year, yet they could not supply the demand which the public made for them. Active, wide-awake business men realized what they were worth in the commercial world, and the public in general noted that they joined the superior class of citizens. In short, a community considered it a high honor to secure a "Business Student" as a citizen.



Thus the great work went on from year to year, each spring turning out a new force of workers\* and each fall finding a new force ready to begin work again. Pleasantly, gladly, and joyfully they labored to perform the tasks set by their leader.

As Christmas of 1895 approached, something unusual was taking place in the camp. The men gathered in groups and wandered aimlessly around the grounds; the ladies (for many fair damsels had by this time joined the army of workers) wandered here and there, and many of their faces showed traces of recent tears. All, with solemn faces, were talking of having to move the camp-ground, which they had occupied for so many years, and go to some far-away place called "*Waco*." Some had been there and of course had to repeat many times each day all they knew concerning the place. Some were pleased with the prospect, but most of them were sad hearted at having to leave their old fort, and go into a strange country. No wonder they were sad, when they realized that they would probably never see their old home again; nor was this all, for they knew that many of the best members would not go to the new home, but would go out into the world to "make shift" for themselves. Finally on December 25, 1895, they bid farewell to their old home, took a leave of the few who were to part in different ways, then set out for their new home.

We must pass over their first trials, which are ever necessary to settling in a new and strange place, and watch them as they again regain their spirit and numbers. Near their new camp they found other leagues which had been brought together for practically the

same purpose as themselves, but being a peaceful people, they had no desire either to add to or detract from what the others were doing.

Their new camp was a beautiful situation. They had pitched on an elevated plain three miles from the city. From their position they might overlook the surrounding country. To the north of them was an endless cedar brake; to the south and west stretched a rolling plain, bounded in the far distance by a forest; far below them toward the "land of the rising sun" was the City of Waco, resting calmly on the banks of the River Brazos. Their new position was almost ideal, and they were better prepared than ever to get "full of business."

Without anything worthy of mention, except the gradual growth in number, the time rolled on till 1901, at which time the subject of change of name came up to be discussed. At first the opposition was almost unanimous, but gradually became less and less till at last there were only a few who openly opposed it. The decision was finally made and they re-named themselves, *C. O. B. S.* of *T. C. U.* From this time forward the little army increased as it never had before; whether or not it was caused by change of name, no one is prepared to say. It became necessary to enlarge every department of the work that new applicants might be accommodated in the training they wished to take. More ammunition was used than had ever been before. Never a battle was lost, every cause was won. Every Golden Opportunity, with whom they had an encounter, was made a prisoner and taken into camp. Time was valued at 100 per cent, no surplus was obtainable, and no one was willing to lose or sell.



In the winter of 1904 there came another commotion in camp which was equal to, if not greater than, the one of 1895. It not only made everyone sorrowful, but even threatened to break up the camp entirely. Another change was talked of, not of the same nature however as the last. It was rumored that the old master, who had been with the band of workers for so many years, he whom they loved so well, and who had been with them in every forward march, to lead them on to victory, was going to leave them. At first it was treated as an idle rumor, later they could only hope that it was not true, but as the old year wore away and the new one came, it was no longer a case of doubt, for it was known that the master had handed his resignation to the higher authorities and was only waiting their decision as to when he should leave. Then it was that the faithful ones began to falter. With loss of their old leader they lost heart. They talked of leaving, of

going home, in fact of everything but a bright future. Their love for their old master had been so great that the thought of leaving almost overwhelmed them. However, almost before they realized it, their new leader had been installed, and in a systematic manner, was taking up the duties of office, and making himself familiar with the new surroundings.

On January 1, 1905, the following entry was made in the journal of the league: Debit, Loss,—A Man. Credit, Resource,—Another Man.

Four months' service under the new master brings us to the present, and now we can look only to the future. Four months time tells us that the new leader will take up the banner and lead the little army on to battle and to victory. Four months time is sufficient to prove that he will win the hearts of his followers. From the Class of '05 there rises three hearty cheers, one for the new leader, one for his future, and one for the College of Business Students of Texas Christian University.







GROUP I OF "COBS"





GROUP II OF "COBS"





“MILD FACES I HAVE KNOWN—BEFORE”

By STONEWALL BROWN, Representing Art



## The Music Department

ZENNA MILLER, Graduate in Piano.

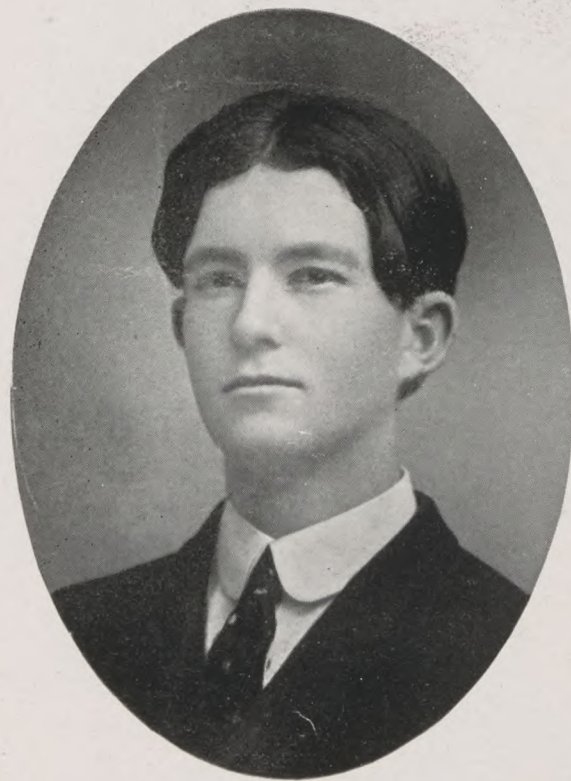
LEOTI SYPERT CLARK, Graduate in Voice.

BARRY SYMPSON, Graduate in Piano.

### PIANO QUARTETS.

RASKMOSKY { L. REICK SCHOCKEY  
BARRY SYMPSON  
ZENNA MILLER  
BESSIE COFFMAN

RHAPSODIE { ORA HAILE  
MAMIE STOWERS  
EDNA WESTER  
WILLENA HANNAFORD



BARRY SYMPSON

gives T. C. U. an inspiratory atmosphere.

MUSIC is the most quintessential quintessence of life. If it were not for music the world would be a jarring pandemonium and man would immediately revert to savagery. If there is anything in the Platonic theory, it is the music of the spheres that makes gods optimistic. Likewise, it is the music produced by our department that

There is only one class of people that is sure of getting into heaven. They are the musicians. By constant practice we have become proficient in the art of contrapuntal harmonies so that, when we have to, we may join the heavenly choir of singers and players. But T. C. U. could not get along without us at present. Who would listen to long orations unless they were to be followed by a song from the Glee Club? The President of the University has recognized our importance, and he continually insists that we occupy high seats in the chapel, along by the side of the Faculty.

How often, when one or more of our number have performed, every one in the audience has been delighted beyond measure by the countless measures of our "polyharmonics"! Whenever the Raskmosky and Rhapsodie quartets have played, every soul in the chapel has been filled and fired from circumference to center with ecstatic rapture, the main building has overflowed with polyphonic melodies, and not even the campus atmosphere has been able to contain the rhapsodic chords.

D. I. RECTOR.





### A GROUP OF SPECIALS

(1) Zenna Miller, (2) Della Morgan, (3) Rosamond Simington, (4) Eula Caruth, (5) Inez Wright, (6) Nell Munn, (7) Carza Nichols, (8) Beatrice Ratten, (9) Mercy Perkins, (10) Lela Nichols, (11) Bessie Foote, (12) Minnie Ellis.



## The Ministerial Association

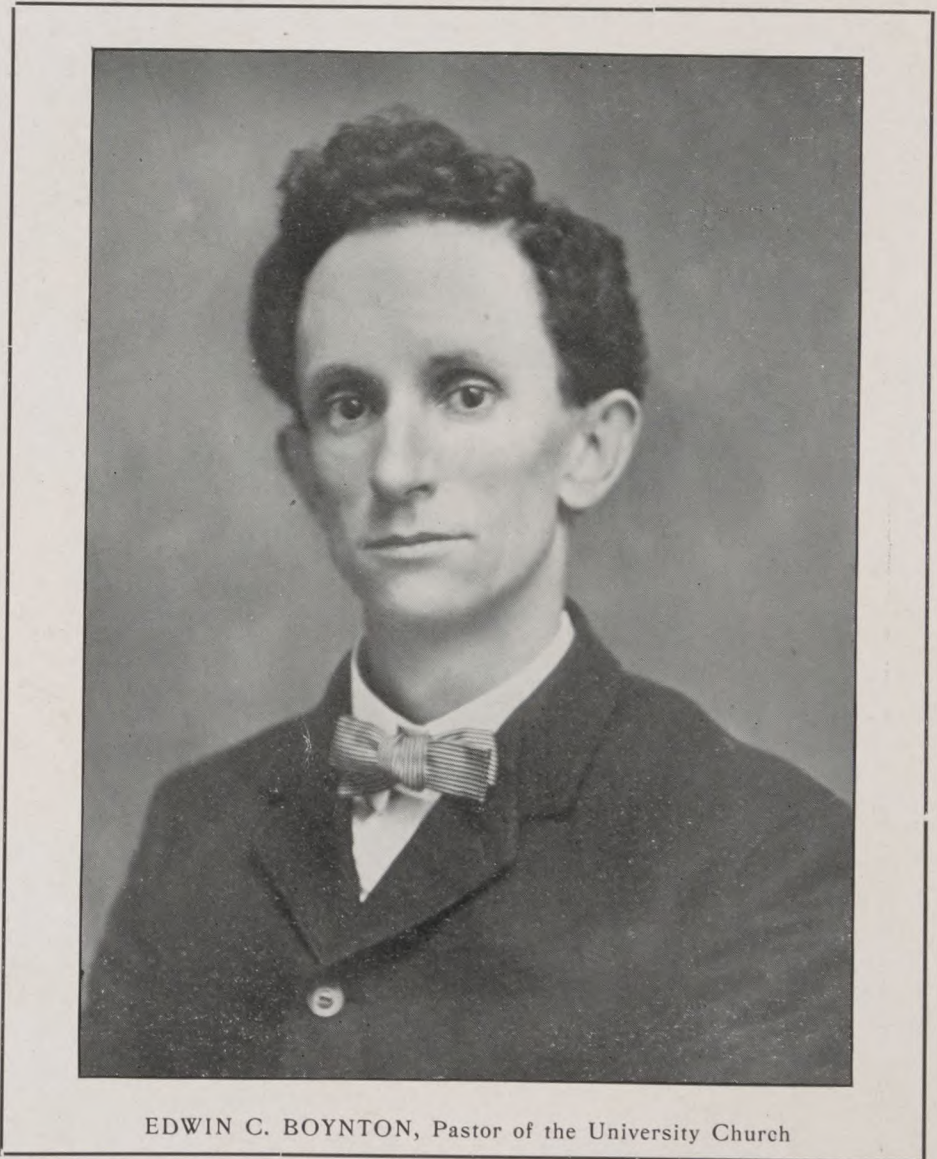
THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION of Texas Christian University was organized on Tuesday evening, September 20, 1904, with twenty-eight members, Fred Obenchain being elected president and Frank Beach, secretary. The society consists of those students of the University who are now preaching the Gospel, preparing therefor or undertaking work vitally allied with that of the ministry.

The membership of the organization, which has grown numerically during the session, embraces young men from every section of the Lone Star State, several from other portions of the Union, and others from foreign shores.

The purpose of the alliance, as its name indicates, is to promote a deeper spiritual life on the part of its members and to more efficiently equip them in a practical way for the duties of the evangelist or pastor. To this end, the sessions of the association are occupied with the discussion of current religious topics, debates upon various questions of interest and sermons by the students themselves. Thus, within College halls are acquired self-reliance in public address, the culture of innate theological power and a realization of the activities of that world in which the preacher must move, while those who are without experience in actual sermonic work learn to "preach by preaching." A further feature in this year's program has been a series of special lectures by outside ministers upon personal and general pastoral work and the literary needs of the preacher.

In order to serve more effectively the interests of its several members, the association has organized a bureau of ministerial supply. This bureau makes possible systematic work, by listing with their fields of labor all members holding pastorates either temporarily or permanently, as well as noting reports from occasional appointments. It also aids in securing resident work for students as they are prepared for it, and in general serves as a medium between the churchless collegian and the unshepherded church.

The members are: 1, William L. E. Shane; 2, C. M. Ashmore; 3, John Welch; 4, James Crain; 5, John Ellis; 6, T. F. Weaver; 7, H. D. Jones; 8, W. F. Burns; 9, William Morton;



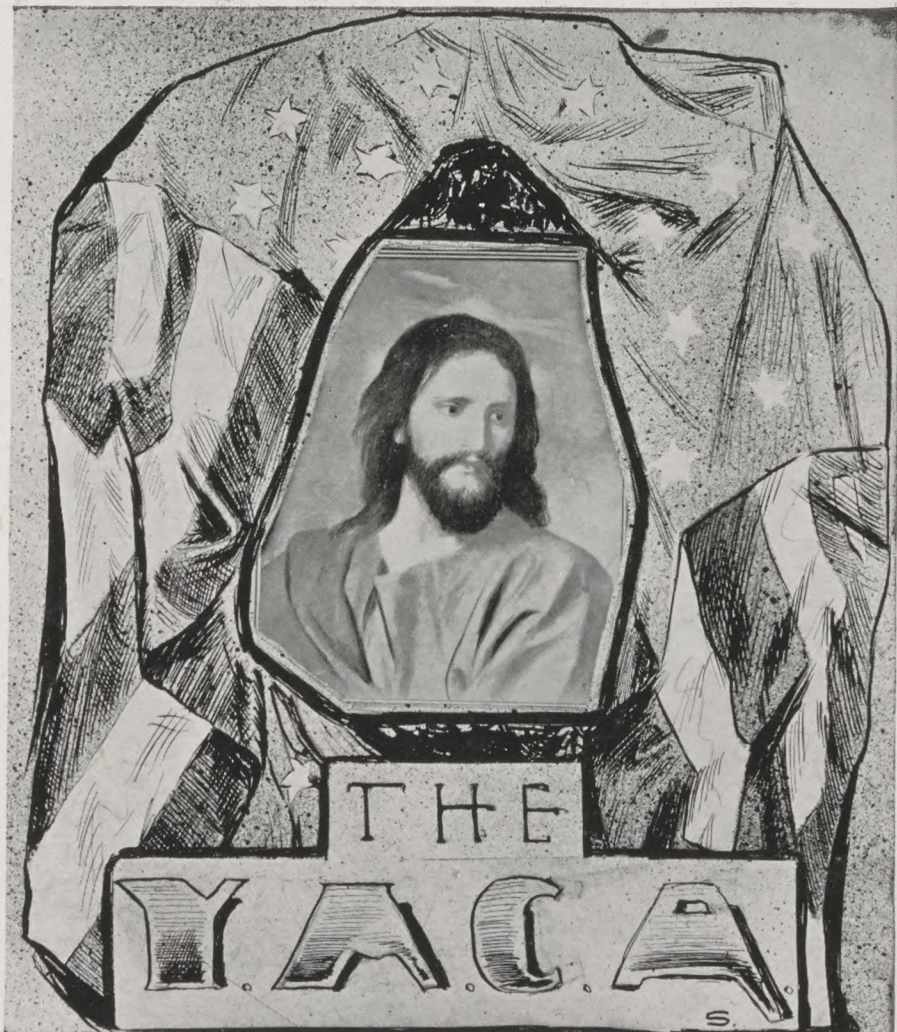
EDWIN C. BOYNTON, Pastor of the University Church

10, William LeMay; 11, C. P. Craig; 12, Frank Beach, Secretary; 13, T. H. Mathieson; 14, Stonewall Brown; 15, James Taylor; 16, Theo. Edwards, President; 17, C. A. Tharp; 18, M. G. Smith; 19, James White; Elster Haile, Fred Obenchain, Ben M. Edwards, M. B. Yewell, John W. Smith, Ransom Garrard, Robert Wheeler, John A. Nelson, Walter A. Hall.









OFFICERS

Charles M. Ashmore.....	President
Ransom Garrard.....	Vice President
Thomas H. Mathieson.....	Secretary
Bonner Frizzell.....	Treasurer

During the short life of its organization at Texas Christian University, the Young Men's Christian Association has been an important feature in college life. Perhaps there are some who ask the question, What is the Y. M. C. A.? What is its purpose? It is a great national and international organization

that has for the object of its existence the promotion of spiritual growth, fellowship, and strenuous Christian living among young men. The work consists in looking after the physical, intellectual, and religious sides of life. The field of work seems to be especially in the larger towns and in colleges and universities. The Association at T. C. U. is only one little wave of the great tide of Y. M. C. A. enthusiasm that is sweeping through the land. There have already been many satisfactory results from work undertaken by this local organization.

One of the important works is that of conducting Bible classes among the students. This feature is new at T. C. U., but during the past year there has been considerable interest taken in the classes organized.

The Association has held regular meetings throughout the school session. These meetings have been well attended by the boys. One of the urgent needs of the organization is a hall. Much more interest would be taken in the work if the Association had some place that it could call home. There is a movement on foot to make such a provision for the Y. M. C. A. during the coming year.

As yet, the Y. M. C. A. has not directed the practical lines of work usually undertaken by college associations. As the student body becomes larger and the University becomes more thoroughly equipped, the Y. M. C. A. will find its fields of greatest usefulness. The Association stands for the best interests of the school, and in the future it will find opportunity to support many movements that make for the best development of manhood. Athletics is one of these fields of labor. It has come to be the special work of Y. M. C. A. organizations everywhere to develop the physical man, hence the Y. M. C. A. is about the only organization that can exert a strong, Christian influence over college athletics. What T. C. U. really needs is a well equipped gymnasium in which the Y. M. C. A. could be housed.

Last year the Association sent two young men to the Ruston conference, which is a meeting for the college men of the Southwest. This year there were three men sent as delegates to the conference. Besides this, the Association sent four delegates to the state convention, held at Hillsboro, this spring.





OFFICERS

Miss Zoe Ratten.....	President
Miss Beatrice Tomlinson.....	Vice President
Miss Lela Tomlinson.....	Secretary
Miss Carrie Clark.....	Treasurer

THE work of the Y. W. C. A. has been very successful this year. The first work of the year was the pleasant duty of welcoming the new girls to T. C. U. About three days before the Fall term opened, some of the Y. W. C. A. girls of the preceding year came back and organized a reception committee.

A part of this committee met the trains and conducted the new girls to the "University Heights," and the others acted as a receiving committee at the Girls' Home, showing all the strange girls to their rooms and making them feel at home. On the second or third night after school began, a watermelon feast was given by the Y. W. C. A. girls in Pate Hall. This afforded opportunity for social enjoyment and enabled all the girls of the University to get acquainted with each other.

The Association gave its first reception Thursday afternoon, September sixth, in honor of the new girls. A most enjoyable time was had by all present. If it had not been for these social functions, there would have been many a homesick girl at T. C. U. during the first weeks of school. Then, one of the immediate results of the reception features, was to enlist the interest of the girls in Y. W. C. A. work.

During the whole year, the Association has met every Thursday night in the Y. W. C. A. parlor. The last Thursday night in each month is the regular missionary meeting. The field for special study this year has been Porto Rico. A very decided interest has been taken in the conditions of Porto Rico, and the Association has expressed that interest by supporting a girl in the Orphanage at Bayamon. Just before Christmas, quite a number of packages were sent as gifts to the Orphanage.

In March, Miss Margaret Kyle, one of the national student secretaries, visited the Association and, in her talks and lectures, gave many helpful ideas as to how to carry on the Y. W. C. A. work. The Y. W. C. A. girls gave her a reception, to which all girls and the Faculty were invited in order that they might know her personally. Her visit proved a benefit and a pleasure to the girls.

Last year Miss Myra Bengé was sent as a delegate to the Southern Y. W. C. A. conference, held at Asheville, North Carolina. Miss Bengé was accompanied by two other members, Miss Mercy Perkins and Miss Pauline Shirley. This delegation reported a pleasant trip and profitable conference. This year the Association will send a delegate either to the Western conference, at Waterloo, Iowa, or else to Lake Geneva. The prospects are favorable for even a better Y. W. C. A. at T. C. U. next year than there has been this.





**First Row.**

James Crain  
Robert Wheeler  
John Ellis

**Second Row.**

Nona Boegeman  
Mart G. Smith  
Myra Bengé  
Martha K. Miller  
Clare Dodson

**Third Row.**

Courtland Craig  
Mercy Perkins  
John Welch



OUR Student Volunteer Band for Foreign Missions was organized December 6, 1903, by D. E. Dannenberg. There were then banded together four persons whose purpose it was to enter the Foreign field, God willing; three young women and one young man. The number was increased until at the end of

the year, "we were seven." At the beginning of the school year in September, 1904, only four of the seven returned. None were added to our number until early in December, when W. B. Pettus came to the University, making the Band a visit, which resulted in several new volunteers.





"PROVE ALL THINGS. — HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

SHIRLEY  
SOCIETY



# The Shirley Literary Society

## OFFICERS.

T. H. MATHIESON, . . . . . <i>President</i>	THEO. EDWARDS, . . . . . <i>Treasurer</i>
BONNER FRIZZELL, . . . . . <i>Vice-President</i>	NONA BOEGEMAN, . . . . . <i>First Critic</i>
MURIEL WINN, . . . . . <i>Secretary</i>	C. P. CRAIG, . . . . . <i>Second Critic</i>
W. O. DALLAS, . . . . .	<i>Marshal</i>

## ROLL

A. N. Ashmore	W. O. Dallas	Kirby McChesney	John Welch
C. M. Ashmore	B. M. Edwards	Fred Obenchain	Mamie Welch
Nora Armstrong	Theo. Edwards	Tempest Ricketts	Bessie West
Myra Bengé	J. W. Ellis	M. G. Smith	Robert Wheeler
Nona Boegeman	Bonner Frizzell	Wm. L. E. Shane	T. F. Weaver
Bertha Bradley	Walter Hall	A. H. Smith	Viva Winn
Stonewall Brown	John Harris	R. F. Swicegood	Muriel Winn
Hazel Brown	W. M. LeMay	Florence Todd	Jack Muse
C. P. Craig	W. A. Martin	Beatrice Tomlinson	Hervey Wigginton
J. A. Crain	T. H. Mathieson	Polk C. Webb	M. B. Yewell

THE Shirley Literary Society, named in honor of Mr. T. E. Shirley, was originally designed for advanced Bible students, but others, recognizing the high class of work done in the Society, have knocked at the door of admittance, and this year we number as members students from every department of the University.

Our Society stands for the highest type of spiritual and intellectual advancement, believing that both are essential to a liberal college education. The programs have been such as to offer every opportunity for literary and musical development, and some of those rendered have shown marked ability. The work of Mr. Theo. Edwards and Messrs. T. H. Mathieson and A. H. Smith, of New Zealand, has acted as a stimulus toward a higher degree of excellence.

It is with a feeling of just pride that we point to our past record. In every oratorical contest held in the University during the past three years, a Shirley representative has taken first place, save in one. Our musical talent may be classed with the best, and our readers are not to be excelled. And, too, our Society is well represented in the field of athletics. Football and baseball have their ardent supporters who are loyal Shirleys. Who of us is not proud of the enviable record made by Captain Jack Muse on the football gridiron, and of "Lengthy" Harris on the baseball diamond?

Although much has been done in the past, and the present is indeed glorious, we look forward to a day of greater achievement, continuing with our motto; "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

"FRITZ," Historian.





A GROUP OF SHIRLEYS



**PROGRAM**  
 OF THE  
**ANNUAL OPEN SESSION**  
 OF THE  
**SHIRLEY LITERARY SOCIETY**  
 HELD MAY 5, 1905



<p>Address - - - - - By President            W. O. DALLAS</p> <p>Piano Duet - - - - - Lenore Symphony  <i>Raff</i>            MISSES WESTER AND B. TOMLINSON</p> <p>Reading - - - - - The Joke on Winnie  <i>Ralph Henry Burbour</i>            MISS MYRA BENGE</p> <p>Oration - - - - - The New Chivalry            T. H. MATHIESON</p> <p>Vocal Solo - - - - - Daisy Time            MERCY ROCKWELL BEACH</p>	<p>Reading - - - - - An Old Sweetheart of Mine  <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>            MISS NONA BOEGEMAN</p> <p>Oration - - - - - Universal Peace            WM. M. LEMAY</p> <p>Piano Solo - - - - - Fantasie D Minor  <i>Bach</i>            J. BARRY SYMPSON</p> <p>Chalk Talk - - - - -            STONEWALL BROWN</p> <p>Journal - - - - - Shirley Harpoon            C. P. CRAIG</p>
---	---



Add-Ran Literary Society



A GROUP OF ADD-RANS



ANNUAL PROGRAM  
 OF THE  
 ADD-RAN LITERARY SOCIETY  
 RENDERED DECEMBER 15, 1904



A WORD OF WELCOME, . . . . . *By President*  
 MR. BRANNIN

PIANO DUET—Salut a Pesth, . . . . . *H. Kowalski*  
 MISSES HANNAFORD AND STIRMAN

ORATION, . . . . . Jefferson and Present Political Situation  
 MR. PERKINSON

STORY, . . . . . The Log-Book Add-Ran  
 MISS MAUPIN

VOCAL—Longing, . . . . . *Harrison Millard*  
 MISS MORGAN

PAPER, . . . . . The Power of the People  
 MR. GRISSOM

VIOLIN DUET—Intermezzo from . . . *Cavalerio Rusticano*  
 MISSES ANDREWS AND PERKINS

READING—Keeping a Seat at the Benefit, . . *May Isabel Fisk*  
 MISS GREEN

ORATION, . . . . . Passing of the Red Man  
 MR. WILLIAMS

PIANO SOLO—Valse, Op. 34, . . . . . *Moskowski*  
 MISS SCHAPER

JOURNAL, . . . . . Beyond the Styx  
 MR. GARRARD





(1) Ransom Garrard, (2) Edward Brannin, (3) Della Morgan, (4) Annie Maupin, (5) Etta Schaper, (6) Hardy Grissom, (7) Lillyan Green, (9) Robert Williams, (10) Lee Perkinson, (11) Mercy Perkins, (12) Louise Andrews, (13) Fannie Stirman, (18) Willena Hannaford.



## The Add-Ran Literary Society

### OFFICERS.

J. R. MUSE, . . . . . <i>President</i>	MERCY B. PERKINS, . . . . . <i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
I. C. HARBOUR, . . . . . <i>Vice-President</i>	SUDA J. STUART, . . . . . <i>Recording Secretary</i>
ALVIN HILL, . . . . . <i>Treasurer</i>	LOUISE ANDREWS, . . . . . <i>Assistant Treasurer</i>

### ROLL.

Inez Anderson	Mary London	Fannie Stirman	I. C. Harbour
Louise Andrews	Lottie Maloney	Lola V. Stockton	L. A. Hill
Malbelle Bering	Annie Maupin	Suda J. Stewart	H. G. Knight
Sallie B. Bock	Callie Miller	Dora Weaver	L. Mewhinney
Sue B. Campbell	Zenna Miller	H. B. Allen	B. C. Moulden
Ella Caruth	Della Morgan	B. H. Bloor	J. R. Muse
Carrie Clark	Laura O'Brien	L. E. Brannin	R. B. Muse
Clare Dodson	Mercy B. Perkins	W. H. Bush	C. L. Perkinson
Ella Dodson	Carrie Pitts	R. P. Davis	L. Perkinson
Lyllian Green	Mamie V. Ratten	V. G. Davis	R. Rowe
Willena Hannaford	Edna Roebuck	J. D. Garrard	H. H. Scales
Vida Herder	Lillian Rouse	R. C. Garrard	D. A. Shir'ey
Clara Hill	Gertrude Sams	H. Grissom	R. G. Williams
Nell Holloway	Etta Schaper	G. B. Hall	B. H. Young
Lura Leak	Mamie Schaper		

THE ADD-RAN LITERARY SOCIETY has the distinction of being the oldest of all organizations of the University. Its existence is due to a desire of the students, first in attendance at the University, for the organization of a society which would give to its members the benefit of intellectual, moral and social advantages, to be obtained in no other manner. The motto, *Qui Meruit Palmam Ferat*, was adopted, and the annals of the society show that in the fields of moral, intellectual and social combat, the Add-Ran Literary Society has, on nearly every occasion, borne triumphantly the palm.

As to the character of work done in the society, literature comes first in prominence and music is next.

The ordinary program consists in original work, as papers, essays, orations and journal. Readings are often given and the program is interspersed with vocal and instrumental music of the highest order.

The more stern and Puritanic members of the other societies are inclined to criticise us for favoring the culture and refinement gained by the association of gentlemen with fair ladies—who are invariably chaperoned by a fierce and warlike “Facultonian”—during the rendition of the program and the intermission immediately preceding the business meeting, and then again during the last named session. Indeed our social tendencies have involved us in many a victorious struggle against the other societies combined, backed by the Faculty.



The Walton Literary Society



A GROUP OF WALTONS



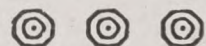
# SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

PRESENTED BY

## THE WALTON SOCIETY FOOTLIGHT CLUB

OF TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

FEBRUARY 24, 1905



### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Sir Charles Marlowe, . . . . .	John Herod	Slang, . . . . .	} Tony's Friends, {	. . . . .	Emory Elliott	
Young Marlowe, . . . . .	J. W. Royall	Mat Muggins, . . . . .		. . . . .	T. A. King	
Squire Hardcastle, . . . . .	Elster M. Haile	Tom Twist, . . . . .		. . . . .	Odell Elliott	
George Hastings, . . . . .	E. E. Rains	Aminadad, . . . . .		. . . . .	G. C. Carpenter	
Tony Lumpkin, . . . . .	Joe Clark	Mrs. Hardcastle, . . . . .		. . . . .	Coral Hamlin	
Diggory, . . . . .	} Servants {	Kate Hardcastle, . . . . .		. . . . .	Sallie Chism	
Thomas . . . . .		. . . . .	Maid, . . . . .		. . . . .	Winnie Lewis
Roger, . . . . .		. . . . .	Constance Neveille, . . . . .		. . . . .	Cecile Wolford
Dick, . . . . .		. . . . .	Stage Director, . . . . .		. . . . .	Miss McClintic
Stingo, Landlord of "The Three Pigeons," . . . . .	John Herod	Manager of Play, . . . . .		. . . . .	Miss Shirley	





SNAP-SHOTS OF THE PLAY



## The Walton Literary Society

### OFFICERS.

JOE CLARK ..... <i>President.</i>	MISS CHISM..... <i>Secretary.</i>
J. B. FRIZZELL ..... <i>Vice-President.</i>	PAULINE SHIRLEY..... <i>Treasurer.</i>

MOTTO—“*Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.*”

*Colors—White and Pink.*

### ROLL.

W. Barnard	John Herod	Lillie Mayfield	Mary Taliaferro
Bess Coffman	E. M. Haile	Clara Primm	Lela Tomlinson
G. C. Carpenter	Ora J. Haile	I. V. Purcell	Cecile Wolford
Marie Cook	T. C. Honea	E. E. Rains	Carza Nichols
C. H. Burnett	Roscoe Garver	J. W. Royall	Maggie Scanlon
Odell Elliott	Marguriet Hooper	Zoe Ratten	J. F. Kinnard
Emory Elliott	T. A. King	Beatrice Ratten	F. H. Newlee
Hallye Fyffe	Winnie Lewis	Rosamond Simmington	Inez Wright
L. L. Goss	Minnie Lucas	Mamie Stowers	Pyrle Haywood
C. Hamlin	Eunice Munn	Theo. Shepard	

Another year has passed and another page of Walton history has been written. The spirit of progress which has pervaded the University and which has caused her many movements of advancement, has been exhibited by none of her organizations in a greater degree than by the Walton Literary Society. The full history of the past year's work is not to be found here; it has been inscribed on the hearts and lives of its many staunch and loyal members, who have so willingly and ably supported her every undertaking, and brought her triumphantly through another school year.

At the beginning of the Fall term, by an order of the "powers that be," the place of meeting was changed, the Society being given a hall on the second floor. This move called for additional work necessary for furnishing the new home, which was the first thing of the session, aside from the regular literary work, undertaken by the Society.

On February the 24th, the Walton Society Footlight Club presented that rollicking old comedy of Oliver Goldsmith's, "She Stoops to Conquer." This was given instead of the annual open session of the Society, and was under the direction of Miss Olive L. McClintic, on account of whose services the Club was enabled to give to the students and public an entertainment of the highest class and one worthy of more experienced performers. At the beginning it was the intention of the Society to stage this play in the University chapel, but owing to the limited facilities for presenting plays of this nature, it was decided to give it in the City Auditorium where the accommodations were more in keeping with the elaborate, Eighteenth century English costumes and properties which had been imported.

The splendid success of "She Stoops to Conquer" added a star not only to the crown of the Walton Society but one to Texas Christian University as well.



# The Jarvis Literary Society

## OFFICERS.

TOM COPELAND . . . . . *President.*      CHLOE MANTOOTH . . . . . *Secretary.*  
WALACE WADE . . . . . *Vice-President.*      NOAH PERKINS . . . . . *Sargeant-at-Arms.*  
FLORENCE BRADLEY . . . . . *Critic.*

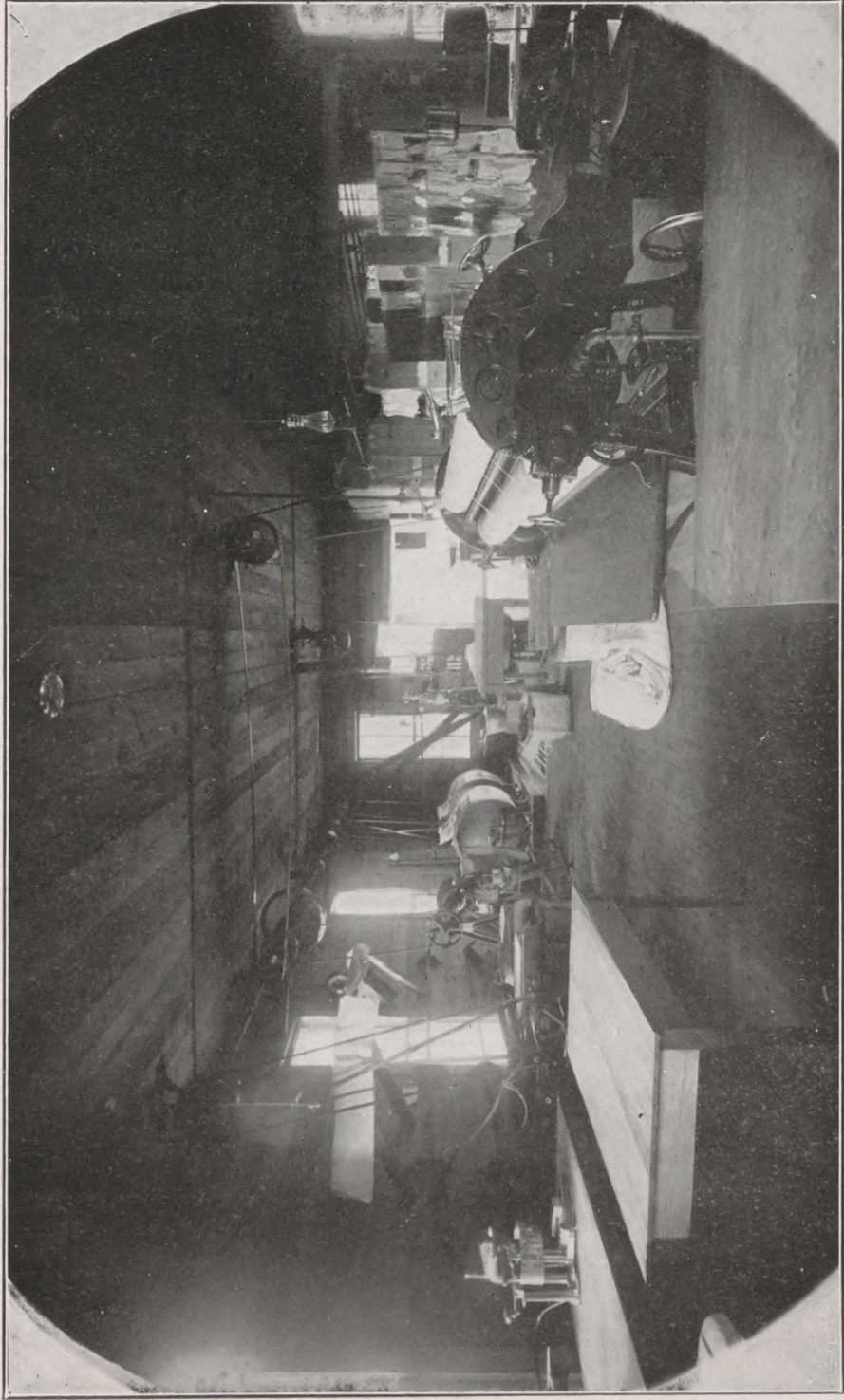
## ROLL.

GRANTLAND ANDERSON  
MILES BIVINS  
FLORENCE BRADLEY  
F. G. BURNETT  
FRANK BALDWIN  
PRESTON BALDWIN  
BETTIE BURNS  
QUIMBY BOWMAN  
GEORGIA COMEGYS  
WILLIE COLLINS  
J. H. COOK  
TOM COPELAND  
HARRY COWELL  
HUGH CARSON  
ELLA CARNAHAN  
MAE DYCHES  
CLYDE DYCHES  
BESSIE DOUTHIT  
E. C. EGGERT

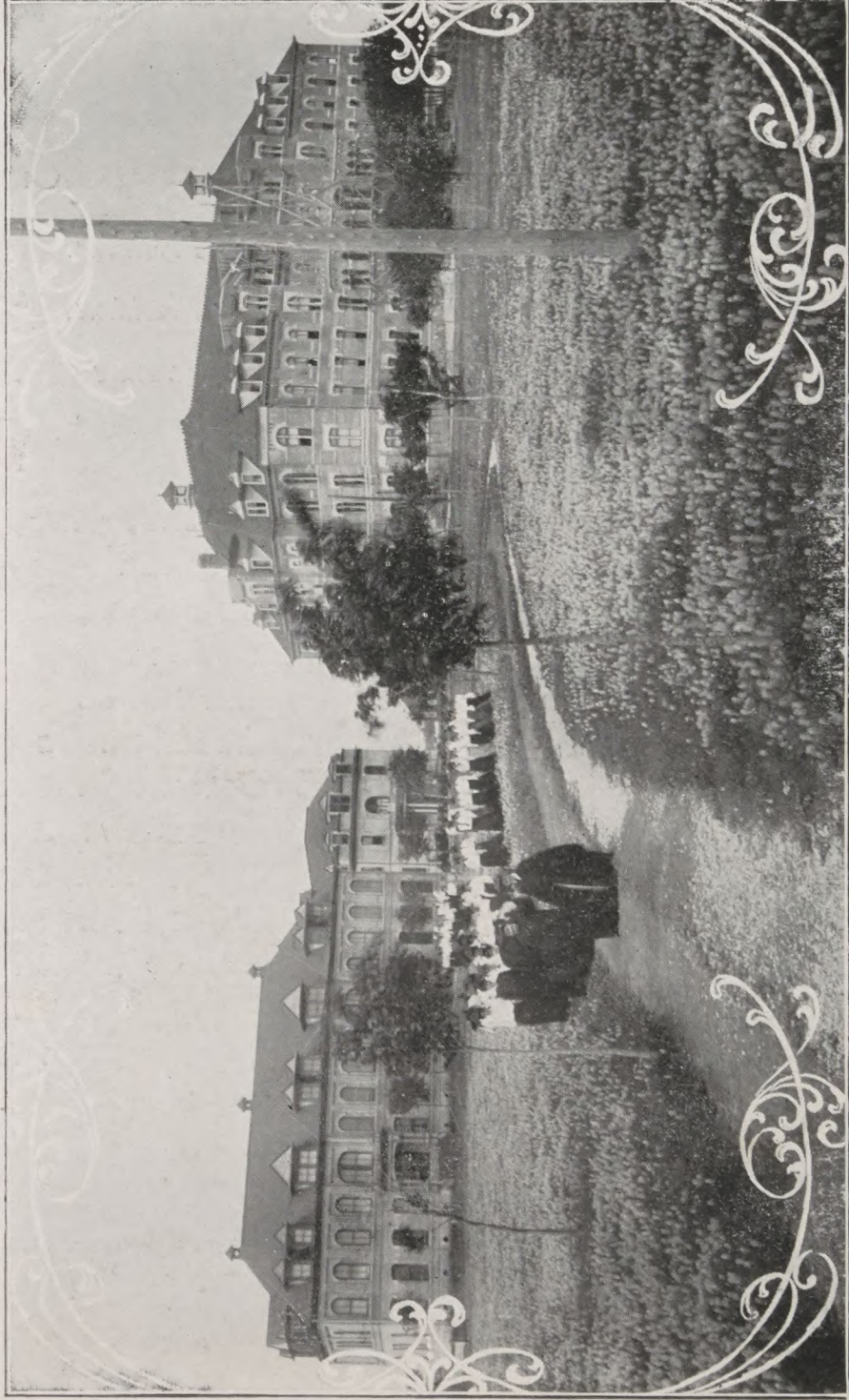
ILA FLETCHER  
ULA FLETCHER  
ROSCOE GARVER  
BEN GOOCH  
ROSA HOOKS  
JESSIE HOOKS  
R. A. HAMLETT  
PEARL HAYWOOD  
FANNIE JACKSON  
BOON JUSTICE  
FRANK LACY  
EARL LAVENDER  
VESTAL LEAK  
NORMAN LEIBLER  
WELLER LEIBLER  
CLEO MANTOOTH  
CHLOE MANTOOTH  
AUTREY McCALLOM  
ADLIA MILLER  
NATAILE MILLER

CHESTER W. NIECE.  
L. D. PARNELL  
RUTH POWERS  
NOAH PERKINS  
ROBERT PATTERSON  
R. R. RUTHERFORD  
BAXTER SHELLEY  
LETHA SCHLEY  
CARL SHIRLEY  
EDGAR SIMPSON  
J. F. SMATHERS  
ROSCOE SPALDING  
IONE TOUNS  
PAUL TYSON  
BRAXTON WADE  
WALLACE WADE  
SAM WESTER  
A. C. WILLIAMS  
JULIA WRIGHT





INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LAUNDRY



A GANG OF GIRLS BEING CHAPERONED BY SENIORS





## T. C. U. Military Department

<i>Major</i>	D. A. SHIRLEY
<i>Captains</i> {	ALONZO ASHMORE HARDY GRISSOM
<i>1st Lieutenant and Adjutant</i>	EDWARD BRANNIN
<i>1st Lieutenants</i> {	C. M. ASHMORE R. G. WILLIAMS
<i>2nd Lieutenants</i> {	J. F. KINNARD ODELL ELLIOT
<i>Sergeant Major</i>	JOHN GARRARD
<i>Quarter Master Sergeant</i>	B. H. BLOOR
<i>Color Sergeant</i>	WALLACE WADE

### Sponsors

<i>Battalion</i>	MISS LOLA V. STOCKTON
<i>Company A</i>	MISS MAMIE V. RATTAN
<i>Company B</i>	MISS CECILE WOLFORD






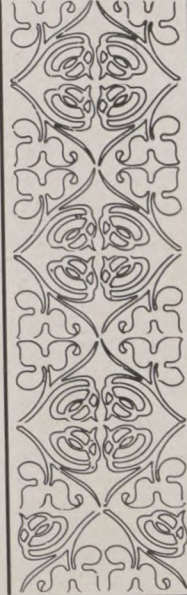
# Texas Christian University Glee Club

## OFFICERS.

J. W. ROYALL, . . . . . *President*

W. O. DALLAS, . . . . . *Secretary*

W. T. HAMNER, . . . . . *Director*

	<b>FIRST TENORS</b>		<b>FIRST BASS</b>		
	L. D. PARNELL		H. G. KNIGHT		
	W. O. DALLAS		C. M. ASHMORE		
	M. G. SMITH		THEO. EDWARDS		
	<b>SECOND TENORS</b>		<b>SECOND BASS</b>		
	J. F. KINNARD		E. M. HAILE		
J. B. FRIZZELL		H. D. JONES			
J. W. ROYALL		W. A. MARTIN			







The Polyhymian Quintet



MART G. SMITH  
W. OTIS DALLAS  
WILLIAM M. LE MAY  
HOWELL G. KNIGHT  
CHAS. M. ASHMORE





## The Texas Christian University Military Band

CHARLES V. KIRKPATRICK, Director.

First Row, left to right.

Frank Lacy, Clarinet.  
 Henry Lingsweiler, Flute.  
 Toney Pernea, Clarinet.  
 Whitney Turner, Clarinet.  
 Bedford Kirkpatrick, Clarinet.  
 John Richards, Clarinet.  
 Grantland\* Anderson, Clarinet.  
 Billie Briggs, Piccolo.

Second Row, left to right.

Roscoe Garver, Piccolo.  
 L. D. Parnell, Cornet.  
 Prof. F. H. Marshall, Cornet.  
 Robt. A. Dunn, Cornet.  
 Polk C. Webb, Cornet.  
 Harry T. Cowell, Cornet.  
 Roscoe Spalding, Cornet.

Third Row, left to right.

H. B. Allen, Alto.  
 J. B. Frizzell, Alto.  
 T. J. Allen, Alto.  
 Weller Liebler, Solo Alto.  
 Ervay Taylor, Cornet.  
 Odell Elliott, Saxophone.  
 A. C. Williams, Saxophone.  
 J. D. Garrard, Bass Drum.

Fourth Row, left to right.

John Ellis, Tuba.  
 Emil Hamlet, Tenor.  
 Chester Niece, Tenor.  
 Norman Leibler, Slide Trombone.  
 Chas. V. Kirkpatrick, Baritone.  
 Geo. Wright, Slide Trombone.  
 Earl Milroy, Baritone.  
 W. A. Martin, Tuba.  
 Robt. Epperson, Snare Drum.



College Publications

Texas Christian University  
Collegian

A Monthly Magazine published by the Walton, Shirley and  
Add-Ran Literary Societies of Texas Christian University.

STAFF

HARRISON H. SCALES . . . . . *Ex-Editor*  
HARDY GRISSOM . . . . . *Business Manager*

Entered as second-class mail matter October 21, 1903, at  
the Postoffice at North Waco, Texas, under Act of Congress  
of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year in Advance.

THE SKIFF

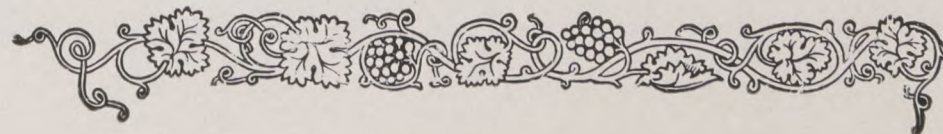
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
AT NORTH WACO, TEXAS

STAFF

ALONZO ASHMORE . . . . . *Editor*  
C. M. ASHMORE, . . . . . *Assistant Editor*  
L. EDWARD BRANNIN . . . . . *Business Manager and Publisher*

Entered at Postoffice at North Waco, Texas, as  
second-class matter.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 a year in advance.





N. B. K.—N. E. U.



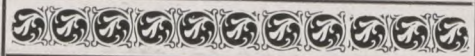
Suda Stuart, Louise Andrews, Annie Maupin, Maude Densman, Laura O'Brien, Nell Holloway, Dora Weaver, Sallie Bock  
OFFICERS.

ANNIE MAUPIN . . . . .	<i>President.</i>	LAURA O'BRIEN . . . . .	<i>Secretary.</i>
SALLIE BOCK . . . . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>	DORA WEAVER . . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>

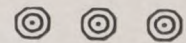
*Colors—Black and White.*

MOTTO—“*Angel-ization of the world in this generation.*”





## Sakura No Hana Kumi



Schmi - Dignified, Grand and Respected Ramrod  
 Madobr=Fan - Vice Dignified, Grand and Respected Ramrod  
 Knoctsto - Maker of Beautiful Symbols  
 Hate=Terzo - Silvery Chime Chanter  
 Hibmla - Propounder of Strange and Fanciful Questions  
 Lowdfro - Maker of Eyes Goo-goo  
 Tareb=Tena - Merriment Maker and Masculine Magnet  
 Velrish - Most Royal Red  
 Cim=Clinct - Right Royal Red  
 Fancfmo - Medium Royal Red





SAKURA NO HANA KUMI IN SESSION

A gal-lery view for the boys.





## T. C. U. Oratorical Association



CHARLES M. ASHMORE . . . *President.*

FRED OBENCHAIN . . . *Vice-President.*

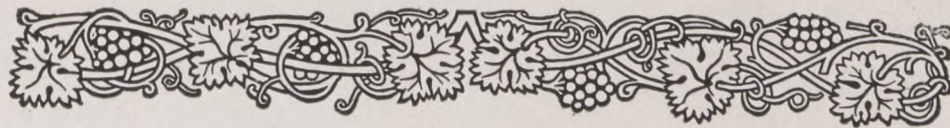
CECILE WOLFORD . . . *Secretary and Treasurer.*

THE T. C. U. Oratorical Association was organized in 1902. Its membership consists of all the students of the College Department and the Senior Preparatory Class, with several from the Faculty. Under its auspices are held the various oratorical contests of the year, and its sole purpose is to stimulate effort along oratorical lines. Four public entertainments have been given during the current year under the charge of the Oratorical Association.

The first of these, a contest in declamation, for which first and second prizes of \$10 and \$5, respectively, were offered, was held February 9th. Seven young men contested as follows: "Liberty Enlightening the World," C. M. Ashmore; "Cataline's Defiance," W. O. Dallas; "The Home in the Government," E. E. Elliott; "The Victor of Marengo," I. C. Harbour; "Taxation of American Colonies," F. H. Mathieson; "Eulogy on Grady," Lee Perkinson; "The Last Charge of Ney," Robt. Williams. Of these, W. O. Dallas won first place, and Lee Perkinson second.

The other contests of the year were the preliminary, in March, for the state representation, won by Fred Obenchain; the prohibition preliminary in April, won by W. O. Dallas and the Granville Jones oratorical contest, for the medal given each year by Granville Jones, which was won by Wm. L. E. Shane.

These several oratorical efforts have been interesting and largely attended by the student body. Still there is much that may be done along this line, and the Oratorical Association feels the weight of the responsibility, which rests upon it, to foster and encourage enthusiastic oratorical interest. It can be greatly augmented in this undertaking by the co-operation of the several literary societies. This support the Oratorical Association must have. It is sincerely to be hoped that in the years to come each society will make it a matter of pride to be represented in every oratorical contest. With this fervor, oratorical honors, both at home and abroad, will inevitably be ours.





# THE NATION OF NATIONS

BY FRED OBENCHAIN

Who represented T. C. U. in the State Oratorical Contest, held at Fort Worth, April 21, 1905.

History shows that each nation does a particular work for the advancement of civilization. The great empires of the past laid a foundation on which their successors built, and they in turn have contributed to the development of modern national greatness. Each nation having performed its peculiar work passed away, but the principle by which it worked did not die. It was added to the general capital of society; it became a part of the inheritance of each successive generation. As the latest among the catalogue of great nations, America has received the contribution of all the past; she is heir of all the ages. Moving in the lead of the great upward march of civilization, she looks back upon all nations of the past with gratitude, for were it not for them she had never been permitted to lead humanity to its highest point of development.

The Hebrews, having a talent for religion, were chosen to lead the world to a knowledge of the one true and living God. As the development of Monotheism was their mission, it was necessary that they should be placed in a virgin soil where they could not be influenced by idolatrous worship. They were therefore led into bondage to grow into a nation's numbers. After this they were led through the wilderness to receive their religious institutions, during which time they received the Mosaic ceremonials from which they learned a higher conception of holiness, justice and mercy, and

learned to transfer these attributes to Jehovah. After about forty years of training in the wilderness they were taken into Palestine, a place separated from idolatrous nations, to develop specially the Monotheistic idea. In order for them to fully accomplish their mission it was necessary for them to be an exclusive nation. Therefore, their occupation was such as to bring them as little as possible into contact with other nations, and the Mosaic law, which prohibited foreign marriage, was a guard against their being influenced by idolatry. Their government was a theocracy. They looked to Jehovah as their ruler, and all kings that held the sceptre over the nation held it only as representatives of the invisible King. Their prophets were considered greater than their kings because the former delivered direct messages from Jehovah, and taught the people that all their national calamities came upon them because of their disloyalty to Him. After many years of training the Hebrews learned the lesson of Monotheism, and from that day to this no one has ever heard of an idolatrous Jew. Their conception of God as one, eternal, self-existent, holy and perfect in every attribute, is the very foundation of our conception of God to-day.

The Greeks are to be remembered for a work fully as great as that of the Hebrews. They gave to the world a language which was adapted to the expression of deep and abstract thought, and developed a civiliza-



tion capable of diffusing it throughout the nations. Their land was formed in such a way as to lead them out and cause them to become masters of the sea, thus bringing them into contact with all the civilizations of the Mediterranean world, from which they gathered new ideas that strengthened their intellectual life and sharpened their wits until they became the strongest race intellectually that the world has ever known. They were great colonizers. The city of Miletus alone was the mother of three hundred towns. Alexander the Great did more to spread Greek civilization than any other one man. He was not only a conquerer, but also a missionary of Grecian learning, art and civilization. Wherever he went he carried with him the genius of Homer, the philosophic wisdom of Plato, the wonderful knowledge of Aristotle and the practical wisdom of Socrates. He carried Grecian manners and Greek language to the Indus, and was the instrument through which Greek became the universal language.

Seven hundred and fifty years B. C. there was planted on the banks of the Tiber a power which was destined to bring the world under one rule. The most terrible thing that ever trod the earth was a Roman army. Never was a Roman so much at home as when on the field of battle. His almost impenetrable armor, together with his unflinching courage, rendered him a fit subject to strike terror to the heart of the enemy. Thus he went forth conquering and to conquer. He "conquered the world like a savage and ruled it like a sage," breaking down the barriers between nations and giving civil laws to the world. He carried conquest from the sands of Africa to the borders of Scotland, and from the

straits of Gibraltar to the sands of the Arabian desert, and thirty years B. C. Augustus Cæsar was ruler of the whole civilized world.

The people of Northern Germany introduced to the world the idea of democracy. The Saxons lived in simple freedom, recognizing no king, honoring no lord. Their government was representative in form, and the will of the majority was law. When Schleswig became too small for them they emigrated to England and drove back the Celts. Soon the Angles came and instituted a feudal government, but the Saxon spirit of democracy soon smothered the feudalistic tendency of the Angles, and the two nations became one in a representative government in which Saxon principles and customs prevailed.

Love of personal and civil liberty has ever been the ideal of the Saxon. This spirit manifested itself in the demand for the Magna Charta, and again in the English revolution. Love of freedom was greater than love of country, for many preferred America's wilderness to the oppression of England. "When an English sovereign, blinded by the doctrine of the Divine right of kings, sought to crush the growing ideal of liberty, the Mayflower was launched, bearing the precious cargo which was to lead in giving to the world a new nation, to civilization a new course of development, to mankind the possible attainment of its highest ideal."

America is the recipient of all the greatness of the past. She is founded on principles that are Divine. She is "the last for which the first was formed." She has the religious nature of the Hebrew, the intellectuality of the Greek, the organization of the Roman and the



democratic principle of the Saxon. She is the latest of all countries that have tried the experiment of government by the people, yet she stands at the head of the world. Threads of love have so completely knitted together the hearts of her countrymen that it is impossible to sever them. Steam and electricity have silently transformed the face of the land, annihilated time and space, and swept the ocean barriers from the path of her inhabitants. "Her growth has never been choked by the awful oppression of tyranny. Her constitution has never been enfeebled by the vices and luxuries that contaminated the old world." It seems that God has raised up our nation, as He ordained Israel of old, to establish and maintain in behalf of weaker races the principles of civil and religious liberty and the forms of Constitutional Government. Like a man approaching his prime, she must go forward to her destiny. And what a destiny seems to await our country! The nineteenth century, the greatest period known to man, is gone, and has opened the way for its successor to be rich with broader, and greater, and higher achievements than the century of our birth. What a grand and glorious future seems to await America! Her lofty structures already far surpass the palaces of the merchant princes of Tyre and Venice, and we behold in these imperial towers only the type of the magnificence of the coming time.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can fail? Can it be that she is to lie in ruins bearing the inscription: "She was, but she is not?" Forbid it, my countrymen! Forbid it Heaven!

To you who have come from across the waters, who

have left your old homes and cast your fortunes with this splendid and prosperous country; as revolving years bring gray hairs, dimmed eyes and tottering footsteps, you will never regret that you have linked your lives with the destiny of America. The sleeping beauty of undeveloped empire, whose head is pillowed where the morning sunlight kisses her majestic mountains; whose body is clasped in the sinuous arms of her winding streams, and whose feet are bathed in the dashing waves of the mighty Atlantic! Grand and majestic she lies—her bosom heaving with the consciousness of undeveloped riches and power! Fair and beloved America! I see her as her towering mountains seem to stand on tip-toe to kiss the passing clouds. I see the same clouds gathered together in battle array, with streaming banners, flashing fires and roaring cannon, I see them beat and storm, and rage against her rock-ribbed impregnable battlements. I see them, driven back with a scream of rage, seek their haunts amid the deeper defiles of her mountain gorges. I see her again when all is calm as the Lord's day—the morning sunlight is tipping her mountain tops with its golden glory, and gilding the dewdrops from every forest, and leaf, and flower. I look down in the beautiful valleys, and I see her winding rivers flowing with clear translucent waters on their peaceful journey to the sea. I see her fertile fields rich in the exuberance of golden harvest, and I see her green meadows dotted with lowing herds.

When I see her thus in all her pristine beauty and loveliness, and know her people—so brave and generous, so progressive and patriotic—I know that so long as the world stands, millions will march out under a trium-



phant flag to uphold their country's honor, and, inspired by the light of its blazing stars, will sing:

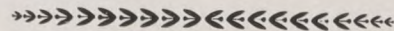
"My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,"

and as they unfurl this unvanquished flag in protection over the oppressed peoples across the waters, they will echo back the song:

"Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song,"

until the greatest nation the world has ever known shall have perished, millions of tender women and helpless babes will throng beneath the protecting folds of this flag, and the pure sweet breath of those who love us best, and whom we cherish most, will rise in incense to God in blessings for its presence and prayers for its

safety. As long as faith, and truth and courage shall dwell in the hearts of people, even of those in furthest deserts, and upon remotest seas, the longing eyes of the weary and oppressed will anxiously scan the horizon in search of this splendid banner. Till God's stars shall fade these stars will shine. Till the glow of the rising sun pierces no more the blue of early dawn, bathing the glad world in the red flush of morning, these white bars will wave above a God-fearing and guiltless people. Till heaven's blue sky shall pass away, this blue field will float over a faithful and friendly nation, and these red stripes, thus inseparably joined to symbols of purity and faith, till the angel of eternity shall proclaim the end of time, will wave above the bravest and most courageous men that ever sprang from virtuous wombs or warriors' loins, and under this flag liberty guided by justice, and Christianity nurtured by pure homes will flash like sunlight around the world.



*President Zollars to the Class of '05:*

Come, pensive Ones, with lessons sure  
Always steadfast and demure,  
Put on your gowns of darkest grains  
And crown with caps your massive brains;  
Then forth, and show the world your worth,  
You *can* be greatest in the earth!

\* \* \*

*Advice from Dr. Eskridge, Class Father:*

Think, think, think,  
In all thy "exams," O, Class!  
For unless you can answer the questions,  
"Pawzee" won't let you pass.

*Extract from a Senior's Oration:*

To greet you on this final day  
We've spent some money for display;  
These ebon gowns are all our own,  
Our caps, the finest ever known;  
Upon the ladies' feet you'll find  
Kid slippers small—so small they bind  
And cramp the feet with aching pain;  
With smiling faces, though, they feign  
To be, indeed, at perfect ease,  
As if they like so tight a squeeze.  
Then you don't know to what queer use  
The girls have plied the lemon juice—  
For weeks they've smeared it on at night  
To make their hands and faces white.



## In Gratitude

### A New Benefactor

Honorable T. W. Phillips, of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, has given Five Thousand Dollars to the Ministerial Loan Fund of Texas Christian University. This is the first gift the University has received from outside the State. The students desire to express here the deepest gratitude for this benefaction. It is our earnest hope that the students who are assisted by this fund may measure up to the confidence placed in them, for we realize that the best way to show appreciation for any gift is to make the best possible use of it.

### The City of Waco

The Business Men of Waco have generously given Five Thousand Dollars to complete and beautify the exterior of the Main Building at Texas Christian University. The work of raising this money was accomplished through two committees: Central Committee, Sam Sanger, J. S. McLendon, E. Rotan; Subcommittee, which did the soliciting, W. B. Hays, chairman, F. L. Miller, Spence Hardie. The work of these men, and the liberality of all who subscribed, is appreciated by no one more than T. C. U. students.



## Student Resolutions

Passed May 19, 1905, the closing day of the Convention.

*To the Assembly of the Texas Christian Missionary Convention:*

We, the student body of Texas Christian University, assembled in mass-meeting, desire the privilege of submitting to you the following resolutions:

We are glad that the Convention has assembled here because of the value it has been to us. We have enjoyed meeting the men and women of the great Christian Brotherhood. We feel that the Convention has been of great educational value to us because we have gained a greater knowledge concerning the benevolent, missionary and educational enterprises of the Christian Church. We know that the sessions of the Convention will have a lasting spiritual influence on our lives.

We rejoice because there is such a deep and general interest felt in this institution which we love. We desire especially to express our gratitude for the liberal gifts to the University. When we see such great sacrifices for the cause of Christian education, we are moved to pledge ourselves to use, to the best of our ability, blessings thus bestowed upon us.

We, as students, desire to take this opportunity to express our profound appreciation for the untiring work of the Board of Trustees for the University. Further, we are desirous that all the friends of Texas Christian University should know that President Zollars has our highest esteem and warmest affection, not only because of what he has done and is doing for the school, but also because of what he is as a Christian man. Likewise, the entire Faculty has our highest regard and confidence.

If our wishes were consulted and it were our prerogative to offer recommendations to the assembly, we would recommend that the Convention not only come to us again, but that it assemble here every year.





### Athletic Executive Council

*Faculty Members*—SNOW, ESKRIDGE AND HAMNER.

*Student Members*—GALLAHER, GRAVES, KNIGHT AND SHIRLEY.

ALTHOUGH T. C. U. does not at present occupy the position that we would like to see her hold, and does not engage extensively in all the various branches of athletics, yet when we look back to a few years ago and see the difficulties that have been overcome since then, we have occasion to rejoice at the growth of interest among the student body and the position of prominence that has been attained in state athletics.

In baseball, T. C. U. has always held her own, and for the past two years she has held the college championship of the State.

In football, the work, up till two years ago, was very erratic, as at certain times this sport was abolished by those in authority; but basing our work on the prog-

ress of the past two years, there is every promise of a very strong team for the coming year.

At various times attention has been given to track work and on one or two occasions we have made a good showing in the State meets. With the facilities that we now have and with the prospect of local dual meets each year with Baylor University, here in our city, more attention will be given to track work.

As a member of the Southwestern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, Texas Christian University is destined to take a leading place. With the present outlook and opportunities for development, there will no doubt be a steady growth in the interest taken by T. C. U. students, and a marked increase in the successes of our teams in all lines of athletic contests.



## Base Ball

### 1905 Team

Manager.....	D. A. Shirley
Captain.....	Ben C. Moulden
Pitcher.....	Harris and Burnett
Catcher.....	Moulden
First Base.....	Graves
Second Base.....	Kinnard
Third Base.....	Bush
Short Stop.....	Clark
Left Field.....	Gallaher
Center Field.....	Procter
Right Field.....	Wester
Subs.....	Bloor, Carpenter, Hendricks

Out of eleven games played in the Association our team has won ten, giving us the highest percentage, hence the state championship.

### Schedule for 1905

March	11.	Baylor at Waco.
March	14.	Waco League at Waco.
April	3.	Trinity at Waxahachie.
April	4.	Trinity at Waxahachie.
April	8.	University of Texas at Austin.
April	9.	University of Texas at Austin.
April	14.	Trinity at Waco.
April	15.	Trinity at Waco.
April	21.	Southwestern at Georgetown.
April	22.	Southwestern at Georgetown.
April	26.	Austin College at Waco.
May	6.	University of Missouri at Waco.
May	8.	Southwestern at Waco.
May	9.	Southwestern at Waco.
May	13.	University of Texas at Waco.
May	19.	Baylor at Waco.





## The Base Ball Season.

THE Base Ball season has opened up in a way that shows that "The Champions" of last year are again in the race, and from the present outlook the team which



BEN C. MOULDIN

beats them in the pennant race will have no easy job.

The season was opened up March 11 by defeating Baylor, our oldtime rival, on their own grounds by a score of 5 to 4. This initial game revealed the strength of the new men, and since then several shifts have been made, each change making the team stronger. Next came a practice game with the Waco League, in which our men "showed up" well, and again new material was used to a good advantage. The Leaguers took the game by a score of 6 to 4.

The next college games were with Trinity University, at Waxahachie, on April 3 and 4, when the only team which beat us in a series last season was given two straight defeats, the scores being 4 to 3 and 6 to 2. On April 14 the same team was again defeated by a score of 6 to 3 on T. C. U.'s grounds, and the following day, the fourth defeat was given them by the overwhelming score of 18 to 1.

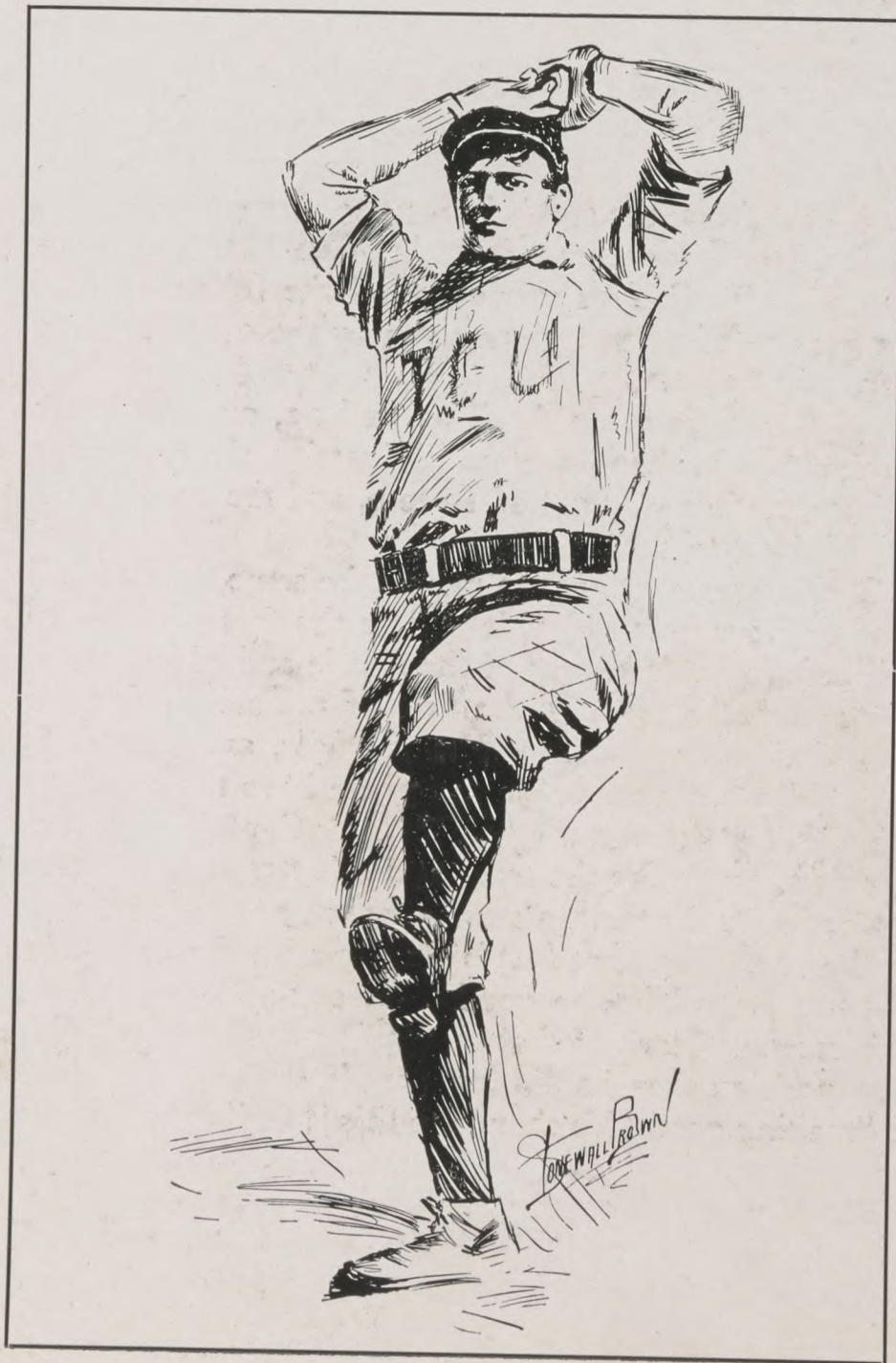
At Georgetown, on April 21 and 22, an even break was made with Southwestern University, the first game going to us in a shut-out of 10 to 0, and the second to S. W. U. by 5 to 1.

If the team continues to put up the same class of ball that they are now doing, it will be the fate of many to fall before the defenders of the purple and white.

Though the team at the first of the season felt the loss of Captain Goodson, Pitcher Nelle, and Procter in the field, we are now able to say we have the strongest team that ever wore the "T. C. U." Captain Moulden has done much for the team and a better captain never donned suit. Burnett, a new man, has proven a wonder in the box. Graves at first is playing a good game. Kinnard at second has as good form as any infielder seen this season. Clark at short is playing much better at his new position than he did last year in the outfield. Bush is "making good" his change to third; Gallaher, Proctor and Wester, in the outfield, are covering their ground well. Among the "subs," Bloor the utility man, Carpenter, infielder, and Hendricks, outfielder, are "A1."

On a whole, we predict a fine finish for the team of '05.





### The Team of 1904

Manager ..... Homer Rowe  
 Captain ..... Tom Godson  
 Pitcher ..... Harris and Nelle  
 Catcher ..... Moulden  
 First Base ..... Bush  
 Second Base ..... Steffins  
 Third Base ..... Clark and Carpenter  
 Short Stop ..... Goodson  
 Left Field ..... Gallaher  
 Center Field ..... Proctor  
 Right Field ..... Clark  
 Subs ..... Bloor, Kinnard

### Games

March 26. T. C. U. vs. Baylor at Waco . . . . 18 to 2  
 April 30. T. C. U. vs. Chicago Am. at Waco 0 to 3  
 April 4. T. C. U. vs. S. W. U. at George'n 6 to 1  
 April 5. T. C. U. vs. S. W. U. at George'n 12 to 2  
 April 15. T. C. U. vs. Trinity at Waxahachie 2 to 3  
 April 21. T. C. U. vs. Baylor at Waco . . . . 2 to 1  
 May 5. T. C. U. vs. U. of Texas at Waco 4 to 2  
 May 10. T. C. U. vs. S. W. U. at Waco . . . . 5 to 3  
 May 10. T. C. U. vs. S. W. U. at Waco . . . . 4 to 5  
 May 13. T. C. U. vs. Trinity at Waco . . . . 5 to 1  
 May 13. T. C. U. vs. Trinity at Waco . . . . 3 to 4  
 May 18. T. C. U. vs. Baylor at Waco . . . . 4 to 5





THE STATE CHAMPIONS FOR 1904





## Lawn Tennis

For the past few seasons Tennis has played rather an insignificant part in Texas Christian University's athletics. This may be attributed to several causes among which may be enumerated: A few seasons ago a building was erected upon the tennis courts and as no suitable ground was at once procured for new courts, the interest which at the time was so high was allowed to wane and very near die out. During this time most of the old players, who kept up the interest, have either finished or left school and no new ones have come in to take their place. The members of the Faculty have not, during the past few sessions, taken the interest they formerly did.

This season there has been an attempt to renew the interest that has run so low, and this movement has in a large degree been successful. The young ladies of "The Home" have perfected an organization with a full corps of officers and are doing good work in tennis lines. A new ground has been secured for the regular courts and from the interest that is being shown there is every promise that the interest will be again raised to where it formerly was.

This move should be pushed not only because of the good of the game itself, and of the pleasure that will be derived from it by all who take part, but because we should have dual meets with our sister institution across the town. By this the schools could be brought into closer touch than by football and baseball alone. Not only could matches be secured with Baylor University, but with the University of Texas and Southwestern University of Georgetown, which are desirous of having match games with us.

With proper encouragement, there is no reason why we, by next year, should not put out tennis teams that can hold their own with most any teams in the state. To this end let us lend every encouragement.





THE TENNIS GIRLS



## Texas Christian University Basket Ball Team



<i>Captain</i> . . . . .	I. V. PURCELL	<i>Centers</i> . . . . .	{ DELLA MORGAN
<i>Right Forward</i> . . . . .	I. V. PURCELL		{ WILLENA HANNAFORD
<i>Left Forward</i> . . . . .	ROSAMOND SIMINGTON	<i>Right Guard</i> . . . . .	MAGGIE SCANLON
<i>Left Guard</i> . . . . .		LOUISE ANDREWS	
<i>Substitutes—Forwards</i> . . . . .		{ FANNIE STIRMAN	
		{ BESSE FOOTE	
<i>Substitutes—Guards</i> . . . . .		{ MINNIE LEWIS	
		{ MAMIE RATTAN	





STONEWALL



## The Foot Ball Season



A. JACK MUSE

from a line man, shape up so rapidly into the "finished article." In our first game, we broke even with Baylor,

IN September, when Coach Cronk took hold of the squad, the prospects for putting out a winning team were rather slim, as a number of the old men, who had worked out the season before, had not reported for duty. Owing to this fact there were one or two positions with no proper men to fill them, and no suitable candidates among the new men, — who on a whole were rather green. It may be said, however, that never before did men who at the first of the season did not know a back

but this game showed that we were weak in some vital points, and shifts were immediately made to remedy these defects. The team was hindered greatly during the whole season by men dropping off from various causes.

Though defeat was often administered to the team, they at no time lost courage or for one moment gave up the struggle, and for this they were rewarded by defeating their old time rival of the gridiron in the Thanksgiving game.

There are several men who deserve special mention for the work they did. Among these are: Captain Muse, who as a general and as a ground gainer had no equal on the team; Frizzell at guard, who was the "old faithful" of the team, was always to be relied upon; Harbour at half, Burnett at end, Wright at full back, Wright at guard, Bloor at tackle, Knight at quarter, and little Grissom, were among the "red letter" men.

With the finish of last season as a spur, Captain Knight expects to put out a team for the '05 season that will make a name for itself and the University. Professor Bruce McCully has been elected manager from the Faculty, and under his encouragement and direction the team will make a worthy record. Douglass Shirley has been chosen business manager, which means that everything within the limits of possibility will be done for the team.





THE FOOT BALL SQUAD



## Foot Ball, 1904

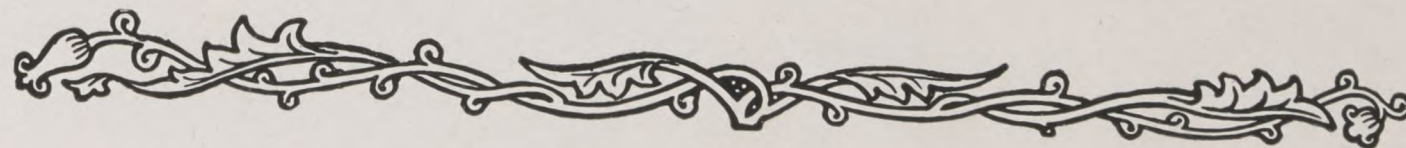
Manager ..... Prof. E. C. Snow      Coach ..... C. E. Cronk  
Student Manager ..... Shirley Graves      Captain ..... A. Jack Muse

### The Team

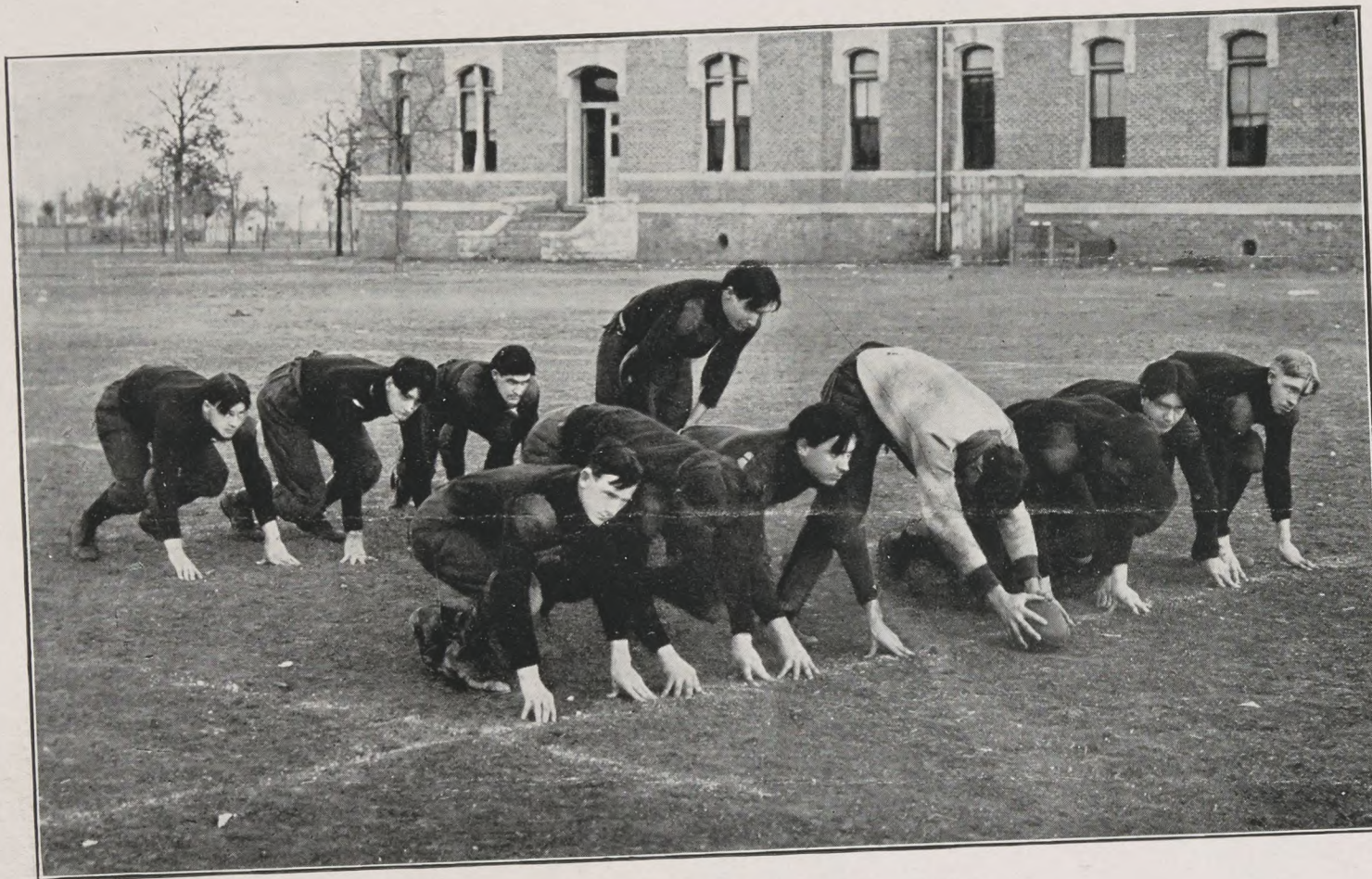
Ashmore .....	Left End	Burnett .....	Right End
Bloor .....	Left Tackle	Obenchain .....	Right Half Back
Frizzell .....	Left Guard	Wright, G. A. ....	Full Back
Martin .....	Center	Harbour .....	Left Half Back
Wright, L. C. ....	Right Guard	Grissom, Knight .....	Quarter Back
Muse .....	Right Tackle	Cady, Bryant, Garrard, Arrington .....	Subs

### Schedule

Oct. 1	T. C. U. vs. Baylor, Carroll Field...	0 to 0	Oct. 22	T. C. U. vs. A. & M. College, College	0 to 29
Oct. 8	T. C. U. vs. U. of Texas, Austin....	0 to 40	Nov. 12	T. C. U. vs. Baylor, T.C.U. Campus	0 to 17
Oct. 15	T. C. U. vs. Ft. Worth U., Dallas..	0 to 4	Nov. 26	T. C. U. vs. Baylor, Carroll Field...	5 to 0







### READY TO BUCK THE LINE

Quarter Back, Howell G. Knight

Right Half, I. C. Harbour

Left Half, Fred Obenchain

Left Tackle, Jack Muse

Full Back, G. A. Wright

Right End, Clyde Burnett

Right Tackle, Bertram Bloor

Left End, Charles Ashmore

Right Guard, Loy C. Wright

Center Rush, William A. Martin

Left Guard, Bonner Frizzell





AFTER—THE GREATEST GAME IN THE WORLD—His Move

STONEWALL BROWN







## At the Photographer's

CHATTERING and chattering, an avalanche of college girls rushed up the stairway and into the photographer's studio. Suit cases, umbrellas, and tennis rackets were flung down and preparations for the picture immediately begun.

The chaperon's attempts at explanation with the artist were, in the midst of the confusion, but an indifferent success at best. However, he had made college groups a specialty, and summoning his professional smile and taking an extra grip on his patience, he bowed resignedly and proceeded to step over and around, and in various ways to extricate himself from the "impedimenta" with which the impetuous visitors had strewn his studio.

The girls in the meantime had discovered the one small dressing room. Never a one willing to wait, they by painful processes, jostled and crowded themselves in until the floors creaked and the walls bulged.

"For gracious sake! Can't somebody wait awhile?" cried Willena, who had been pushed against the farthest wall and was oozing through the diminutive window.

"Now remember here are my pins, right here in the wall. No one is to touch them! Cecyle, will you please hang my hat over there and hand me that suit case, and if you don't mind please—" But here Bess was interrupted by a protest from Cecyle that "she herself had to be in the picture."

"Oh, Gee!"

"What's the matter, Bea?" chorused several of the girls as this infinitesimal bit of humanity performed a sort of a jig on the toes of her immediate neighbors.

"Oh, nothing at all, just rammed a pin in up to the hub!"

"Miss Chism, do you intend to monopolize the mirror?" spoke Zoe, as she precipitously crowded in front of this young person who, though silent, had been assiduously improving her opportunities at the glass.

"Coral, can't you make yourself a little less?"

"Annie, fix my hair. It just flops down in one eye until I look *horrid*," despaired Annie's pretty room-mate, whose pompadour had gotten crushed in the melee.

"Who has a hairpin? My kingdom for a hairpin! Oh, girls, I've lost my collar! Won't somebody hunt it? Stockton, didn't you put it on?" wailed Coral, as she desperately ransacked every suit case.

Here operations were interrupted by a voice at the door: "Young ladies, hurry all you can, as other customers are waiting for the room." This disclosure provoked further comment.

"Well, I don't think he ought to hurry us; we are just as important as they. And he'll make barrels of money off of us. I mean to order two pictures, if I'm good," ambiguously confided Pauline, "one for Mr. —," but she whispered the name.

"Well, I'm ready."

"Me, too."

"Just one more little dab."

"Here I am."



They emerged red and perspiring, to the chaperon who waited without in the calmness born of long experience.

"Well, are we ready? One, two three—where is Sallie? Still before the mirror! Might have known it."

The girls passed into the operating room. The artist, his assistant, together with the chaperon, arranged the group. The girls were noticeably tractable; they were not going to be so hard after all; really it was going to be quite a pretty picture.

Just as their meditations had reached this point and the poses were assuming something like artistic lines, the inevitable happened. Sallie made a discovery—a large mirror! She knelt down in front of the glass and soon all the other girls were crowded around her. Another fifteen minutes was passed in rearranging everything "just so."

"Won't someone please tie my tie? It won't stay down and I know it won't look nice in the picture."

"Please fix my hair, Dora, it doesn't look half decent."

"I know I'll look like a fright."

The above conversation was interesting in the extreme, but the photographer was a business man and again he remonstrated, "Young ladies, won't you please arrange yourselves for the picture?"

"I won't be stuck in front if I am little," exclaimed Bea.

"Well, I won't," chorused several.

"Young ladies, please stand as I arrange you, according to height. The tall ones in the back. Look this way, please."

At this Louise informed the others that she was go-

ing to be "awfully cute," and Bess confessed that her single ambition was to "look sweet."

"The two young ladies on the right—Miss Stockton and Miss Coffman, I believe, need not hold their heads quite so high. That's good. Now, all ready—"

"Coo-chew!!" Coral, who had grown red in the face in attempting to keep it back, now sneezed!

Cecyle jumped nervously and all burst out laughing.

The photographer dropped his head, but said nothing. He calmly waited until the laughter had been suppressed, then said, "Now, young ladies, be real quiet or else we can't get a good picture. Heads up a little. Now, ready, one, two—"

Just then the door opened and a voice called, "If you don't hurry up, we won't get home for dinner."

"Will you please close the door," said the photographer, impatiently.

"Don't butt in," echoed the group and the head was withdrawn.

"Now, once more, young ladies. Be real still. Ready—"

Bea giggles, Annie follows suit. They all giggle.. The photographer's face was now a study in mingled desperation and disgust. The waiting room was crowded with people waiting their turn. But this made little difference to the girls who cared not for trivialties. Finally, all became quiet again and the photographer determined to make one final attempt.

The tall young ladies were placed at the back and the low ones in front; the heads were again poised at the right angle; the bulb was pressed and the picture, which makes this Annual famous, was taken.



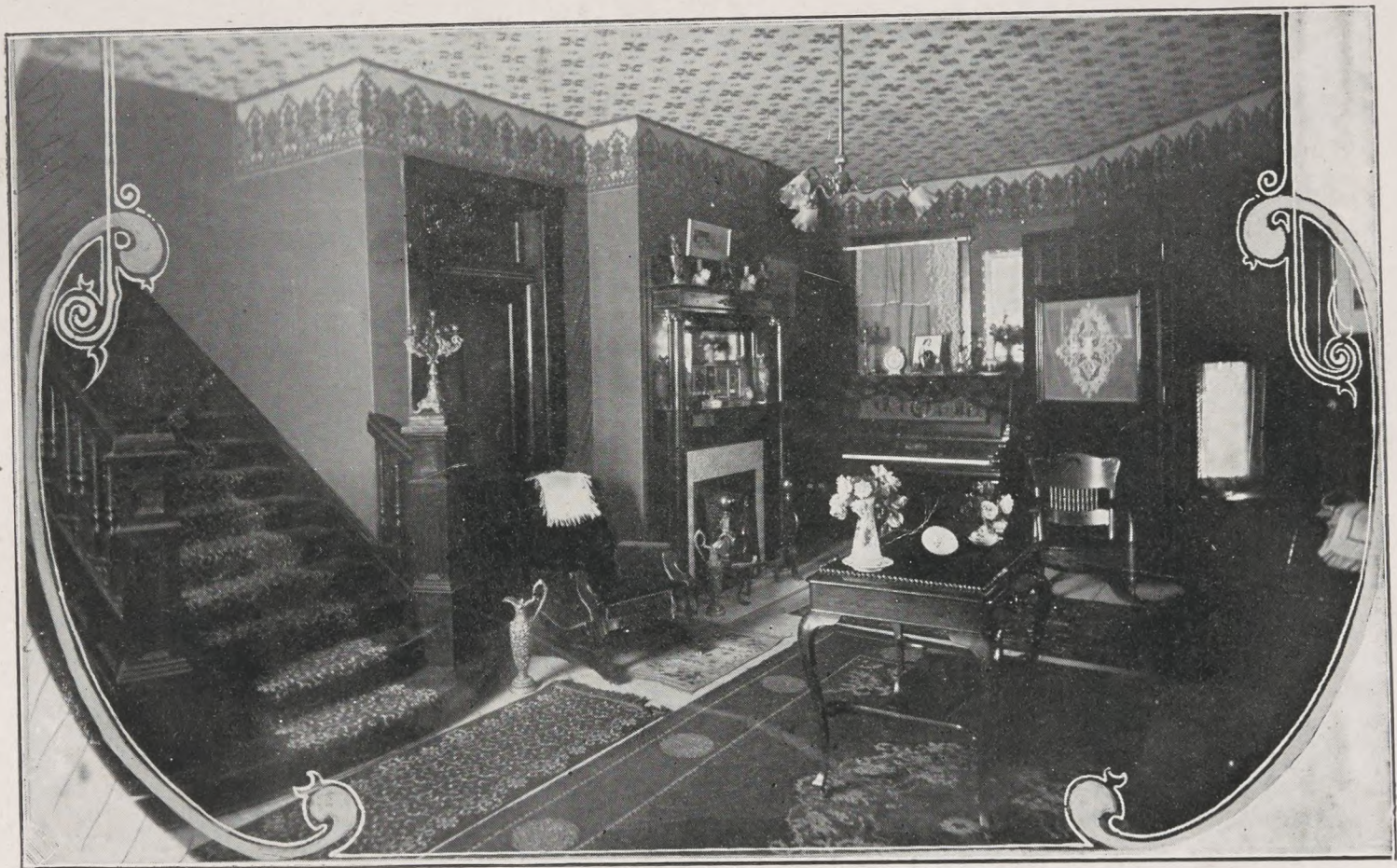


THE WINTER GIRL





YOUNG LADIES' ROOMS



THIS IS THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION HALL



## My First Soiree

THE first week of the fall term at Dad-Ran University, in 1895, was also my first week of college life. I had gone through the "red tape" of registering, presenting credentials, and selecting courses; and after it was all over I learned that this gantlet-running process was *matriculation*. I alarmed my parents in Arkansas by writing them that I had *matriculated*. A young freshman in the ministerial department, I had met very few of the boys and still fewer of the girls of the University. However, a "soiree" had been announced and, as soon as I found out what it was, I decided to attend and get acquainted with my fellow-students.

The evening for the much talked of "soiree" had arrived. I gave my hair an extra gloss by the use of a little lard, put on a high collar, selected a purple cravat, and, as an outward sign of my ministerial dignity, I donned a long-tailed frock which my uncle had given me before I started off to college. He had purchased the coat fifteen or twenty years before, but had never found much use for it. Thus arrayed, I arrived at the "Girls' Home" with the undisguised purpose of making an impression on the ladies. I entered the ante-room, hung up my out-of-date stiff hat, felt of my necktie, pulled down my vest, and began to wonder what would be the most graceful position for my hands.

At the door leading from the ante-room into the reception hall, there were standing a number of young ladies. I learned afterwards that they were the reception committee. One of them, Miss Lanhim, whom I

had met in one of my classes, came forward at once and greeted me very cordially. This unexpected attention made my heart beat a little irregularly, but I managed to smile and made one or two conventional remarks which I had practiced especially for the "soiree." At this, Miss Lanhim voluntarily took my arm and said, "Will you come this way?" I was somewhat surprised at her forwardness, yet delighted with her evident intention of finding some secluded corner where we could become better acquainted; but she halted before a settee that was already occupied by a young collegian and his lady. Without a word of warning, she presented me to Miss Pinmaw, and then to Mr. Craves. I bowed to the lady and extended my hand to the gentleman. To my surprise, he arose and offered me his seat. I was too much embarrassed to decline, and the next moment, to my astonishment, Miss Lanhim had taken his arm and they were moving off down the reception hall. Completely confused, I looked at the Miss Pinmaw with whom I was left. She seemed a little amused, but nothing more. With a polite inflection of voice, she bade me be seated. I resolved to make the best of this unusual social procedure, so reaching back and carefully parting the long tails of my coat, I took the seat left vacant by Mr. Craves.

Three minutes had passed away. My embarrassment had also passed away. I had just begun to tell how many acres of corn I used to plow in a day, when Miss Lanhim reappeared with a different young man. Without any apology, she interrupted my speech and in-



troducted the fellow to us. I arose to acknowledge the introduction and to my amazement he took my seat. Before I had recovered my senses Miss Lanhim was leading me off. I was just on the point of asking her what authority on etiquette was used at Dad-Ran, when the matron of the "Home" called her for something. She excused herself and left me standing by one of the parlor doors.

Being thus left to myself, I began to make a critical survey of my surroundings. I now saw something that I had not noticed before. In all the nooks and corners, and up and down the halls everywhere I could see, the college boys and girls were paired off. After watching them for a short time, I discovered that they were continually exchanging partners. This method of social enjoyment seemed to be a sort of a compromise between the games of "Postoffice" and "Pussy Wants a Corner."

My thoughts were interrupted by a voice just around the doorcasing, against which I was leaning: "I wonder if Noah brought that coat over in the ark?" My face burned with indignation. I wanted to reply that my coat did not come from Noah's ark, but from *Arkansas*, one of the best states in the Union, but I compressed my lips and did not even turn my head. There were a few suppressed titters and then some one shut the door at my back. Just then a dignified young college belle, who was standing near me, dropped her handkerchief. Without hesitation, I sprang forward to show my good breeding and gallantry, but there was a jerk at my coat tail, accompanied with a ripping noise like a saw going through a thin board. The door had evidently closed on my precious frock, and in my sud-

den movement forward, the rotten thread of the waist seam had given way and one of the tails had almost entirely parted company with the remainder of the coat. The ripping sound attracted the attention of every one near me, and laughter was now breaking out all over the reception hall. In my embarrassment and desperation, I finished the job and, leaving about a yard of cloth hanging in the jam of the door, I lost no time in getting my hat and departing.

The next day I tried to go about my business as though nothing had happened, but I could see that I was the sensation of the school. I heard that Miss Lanhim had returned, to the place where she left me at the "soiree," just in time to secure the coat tail as a souvenir of our acquaintance. As soon as I got an opportunity, I saw Miss Lanhim and tried to apologize for my sudden departure. She smiled in such a way that I almost forgot my misfortune.

By the end of the month Miss Lanhim and I were beginning to find some pleasure in each other's company. When she would make a reference to the "coat-astrophe," as she called it, I was never in the least embarrassed—I even felt glad that the accident had happened to me.

Along about Christmas, another one of my girl friends told me in strict confidence that Miss Lanhim had cut up my coat tail and was working the pieces into a crazy quilt. When I learned this, I wished that I had lost both tails from my uncle's frock.

This all happened several years ago and now one of the most treasured possessions that we have in our home is our "coat tail crazy quilt."



## The Belles: A Parody

See the gleeful "boyant" belles—  
Western belles!

What a world of merriment their smiling foretells!

Aren't they frisky, frisky, frisky,  
When they glance and smile at you?

Some of them are rather brisky  
And fear not a thing that's risky  
For they make their eyes—"goo goo."

When they smile, smile, smile,  
Hearts are beating all the while—

What a "pitapatulation," as a boy's heart wells and swells

For the belles, belles, belles, belles,  
Belles, belles, belles—

With the whisking and the frisking of the belles.

Meet the self-possessing belles—  
Eastern belles!

What a world of solemn thought their dignity compels!

In the silence of the night  
How they read and think and write

Of the earth and plants and men and elephants!

Thru the lenses of their glasses

They look down upon the masses

In a trance.

Oh, the coldness of the Bostonese  
Would make Hadean waters freeze—

For instance!

In the coldness and the oldness

Of these belles, belles, belles,

There's a wiseness and preciseness of the belles.

Court the sprightly clever belles—  
Northern belles!

What a state of backwardness their brilliancy compels!

They can dance and sing and play—

Life with them is one "soiree"!

When with them you take a walk

How they talk, talk, talk,

All the time!

With an ardent admiration for the talents of the girl

And an itching heart sensation for the smart and flashy girl,

You get nigher, nigher, nigher,

With a desperate desire

And a resolute endeavor

Now—now to "spark" or never,

But you say—"the weather is sublime!"

Yet your heart it fully knows

How affection ebbs and flows

By the giggling and wriggling

And the glancing and the prancing

Of the belles, belles, belles—

By the winking and the blinking of the belles.

Love the gentle, charming belles—

Southern belles!

What a world of happiness their loveliness foretells!

From their faces love lights shine,

For their "yes" their lovers pine.

When their sweethearts are in sight

How they smile out their delight!

Oh, within the boy's heart-cells

What a gush of sentiments voluminously wells!

How it swells! How it dwells

On the Future! How it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To a crooning in the spooning

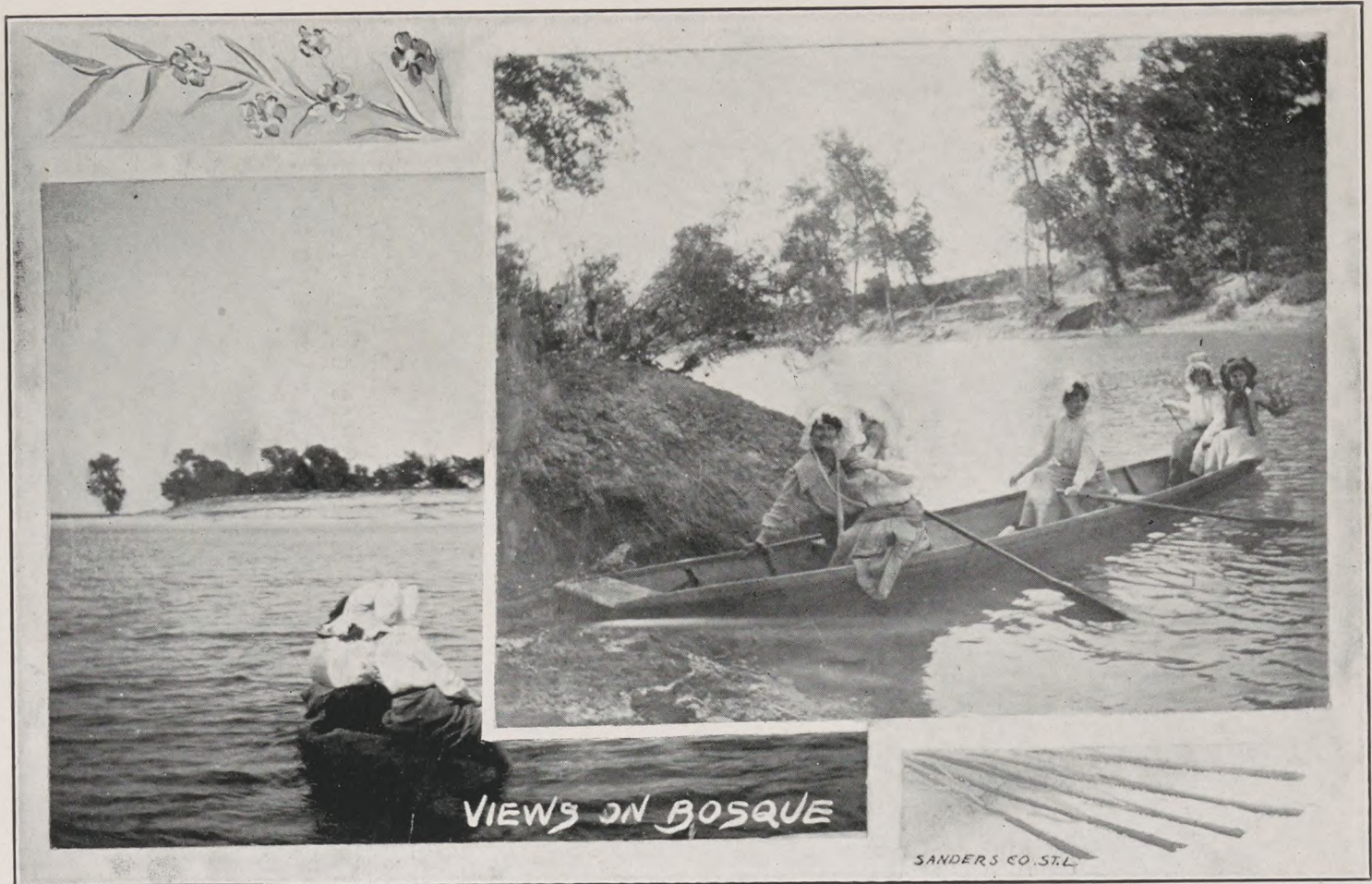
Of the belles, belles, belles,

Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,

To the sueing and the wooing of the belles.

ELSTER HAILE.





THE PRETTIEST GIRLS IN TEXAS



## The Powers of the Mind: An Essay

Man is greater than the earth, the sun, or the largest distant star. The mind of man is more vast than the whole material universe. The human mind is greater than matter because the powers of the mind are greater than the most subtle forces of nature. There is a greater power in thought than gravitation. The ability to make a choice and pursue a definite course of one's own volition is an infinitely more wonderful thing than the deadness of inertia. The consciousness of being and the power to feel are more marvelous things than the sun's radiation of light and heat. The psychic world is far above the material. The spiritual forces are the most powerful. Intellect, volition, and affection are the supreme gifts of God to man.

No human being ever saw a man. The real man that is and shall be is the unseen being of mind attributes. The seat of the mind is the brain, but the manifestation of the mind is intelligence. The experience of the mind is self-consciousness, and consciousness is an ever changing stream flowing on toward eternity's ocean.

Although thoughts are the most common possession of us all, no one has ever been able to tell what *thought* is. As a dynamo transforms energy into currents of electricity, so our brains receive sensations from the outer world and transform them into thoughts. We are in the midst of an unthinkable number of physical vibrations. For instance, the red rose sends off four hundred quadrillions of vibrations every second. These light-waves enter the eye and are translated, by our brains,

into conceptions of color. Thought might be described as the mind's translation of the outer world.

The intellect has done wonders in discovering the laws of nature and understanding the conditions of life. Not only has the mind penetrated into the mysteries of life, but the intellect of man has creative power. Before the piano was ever a physical reality it was an idea in the mind of an Italian. Before there was ever a gas light it was an idea in the mind of an Englishman. When God created man he imparted to him the power of creative intelligence.

Intellect is a wonderful lever in all things. Thought has lifted man out of servitude. The world is ruled more by thought than by gun powder. An intellect may be more powerful than light, more sparkling than diamonds, more penetrating than the X-ray. Material things perish but thoughts go on. Therefore *think*, for God is intelligence.

To know a thing is great, but to do a thing is greater. The measure of manhood is not scholarship but the power of life. Man has been given the faculty of volition so that he can put his thoughts into deeds. The will is the propelling force of the mind. Planets must move in their orbits, but man can do as he pleases. Every man's life is like pliable clay in his own hands—he can fashion it as he *wills*. The strong and the virtuous admit no destiny but that which they make for themselves.

Every page of history worth knowing is the record of what will power has done. Will power crossed the



unknown Atlantic and discovered America. Later, will power recrossed the same ocean and laid the Atlantic cable. Will groped for over a year in the dark jungles of Africa and found Livingston. Without power man is like drift-wood in the current of a rushing stream. Do you ask—What is will power? It is the strength to stand, typified by the oak, the rock, the mountain; it is the force to go ahead as seen in the cataract, the tempest, the thunder-bolt. Automaton are the works of human ingenuity, but man is the creation of infinite Intelligence. Indeed, man has been created a king whose throne is his own mind and whose kingdom is his own life.

To do is greater than to know, but to love is the greatest capacity of the soul. It is as necessary for man to love as it is for the heart to beat. It is as natural for man to love as it is for the sunlight to shine. But love is something more than sentiment or a springtide poetical feeling; it is the prime energy of life. Where

society is altruistic, love reigns. Where the home is happy the heart is enthroned. Love is the essence of philanthropy and patriotism; it is the inceptive force that has produced all the great works in art, music, literature, and government. There would be no progress without the impulses of the heart.

A great intellect without a heart is like a system of planets would be without a sun. All emotion and no intellect makes a fanatic like Carrie Nation. The passion of heart without the will energies is like a hot fire under the empty boiler of an engine. Inordinate will power without a heart has produced great slaughterers of men like Napoleon Bonaparte. The world's need is men with all these faculties well developed. The steam engine is a mechanical illustration of the well balanced mind. The perfect mechanism represents intellect, the steam in the boiler typifies will power, and the heat in the fire box is like love, the master passion that moves and controls the world.



## Maidenopsis

To him who in the love of Girls, holds  
Communion with their visible forms, they speak  
A various language. For his gayer hours  
They have a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and they glide  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healthy sympathy that steals away  
The sharpness ere he is aware. Their pranks  
Make him forget sad musings on the last bitter hour  
And bring joy, bubbling, brimming, effervescing joy!  
On April first when the god of mischief is abroad  
And youthful spirits and deviltry and jokes abound

Awake the girls, before the dawn. Yet a few  
Hours, and them the all-beholding matron  
Shall see no more. Nor yet in class-room,  
Nor in the lab. nor upon the campus  
Shall be heard their voice. Nay the babbling brook  
Shall claim their presence, till the day is done.  
Hither they go and giggling, talking, singing—waking  
Each the other, until the house is roused,  
Waking matron too. She had lain down to rest  
Her weary bones, now she rises. Hears the sound,  
Of numerous footfalls, girlish giggles, slang  
And chewing-gum. Out she creeps stealthily,



Anxiously lest she be tied in, warily  
Lest her bare feet find pitfalls placed for them.  
Down the hall she goes to find her willing helper,  
Dispatches this one hastily to Prexy's house near by  
To bring him to the scene in haste; then turns  
To do all that she can to thwart the mob.  
Can she but find the leader there may yet be time;  
Who shall bear the brunt of this great quell?  
A moment ponders she, then all is clear—  
Ay, who, but that small Senior with the laughing eyes  
And mouth that smiles away, a Senior  
Though not blest with dignity. To Anne's room  
She hies, turns then the key within the lock  
Pris'ns her inside. This done she listens,  
Other sounds come from across the hall—  
"Jump, Cecile, jump—the ground is near, 'twill break  
Thy fall." The matron opens wide the door  
And Cecile quickly jumps. Alas! not quick enough!  
Ere the ground breaks her fall, the vigilant one  
Is there, leaning from the casement.  
With angry eyes and voice that can but be obeyed,  
Directs them to return by the same way  
Through which they'd passed to gain the ground.  
To wary Bea's room now she turns her face,  
This little one must bear some part in the outbreak.  
But no, the day of miracles is not past, thinks  
The matron. Here the room is still, the light  
Is out, and from the bed come snores in perfect key.  
She turns away, but stop! is that a shoe upon the  
Covers lying? Ay, yes, she turns the covers back and  
Lo, three girls, clad in their daily habiliments,  
Their faces red with holding back their laughter,  
Scream out the signal of their defeat!

And then, O, worser fate, the voice of Pawzee breaks  
Upon the stillness of the air. His hair  
Disheveled and his dress abbreviated—fire glows  
In his eye. What a figure he presents  
To all the cavalcade as it comes sweeping,  
Down the stair! Take the wings  
Of morning and traverse Texas' desert sands;  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Brazos, and hears no sound  
Save the music of the T. C. U. band—and thou wouldst find  
No wilder shape. Fierce he speaks unto the girls:  
"Go back, young ladies, go back, we cannot have  
A thing like this." And, "shoo! shoo!" as two  
More venturesome attempts to pass his outstretched  
Arms. "I threaten you with awful punishment!  
In name of Discipline Committee and Demerits,  
How dare you disobey? Beware!—If I am waked  
From out my slumbers more, I'll send you home!"  
Then back he goes unto his rest.—As the long face  
Of Pawzee glides away, the frisky girls,  
The one in yellow lawn, and she who went  
In demurest blue, Senior and Prep,  
And the sweet Soph, and the Freshman, too,  
Are one by one, marched back unto their rooms  
And left with those who were not game. This word girls,  
So move, that when thy summons comes to leave  
Thy school on April's day, for haunts  
So dear to youthful hearts, where each  
Shall take his holiday, whether or no—  
Thou go not stumbling, giggling, waking all  
From out thy rooms; but cautiously, quietly  
Punch thy companion in the ribs, and wake her gently,  
Then go, like one who folds his tent and silent steals away:  
Thus shalt thou have thy wish, thy lark, thy All-Fool's Day.







## My Bulger and I

(Taken from "My Topsy and I," by Dura Brokaw Cockrell.)

My Bulger is spotted and sturdy and stout,  
And away in the meadows we walk about,  
With the green beneath and the blue above;  
While the birds are singing their songs of love  
We may wander till the sun is high in the sky,  
My Bulger and I.

My Bulger is fiery and frisky and free,  
But true is his faithful heart to me;  
His tail is stubby and his ears are small,  
But his eyes are watchful, and he knows my call;  
We have not a fear nor a care nor a sigh,  
My Bulger and I.

My Bulger is gentle and placid and tame,  
And unless he's teased he is always the same;  
His mouth is determined and firm and wide,  
So I fear no harm with him by my side;  
And we talk by a language that's of the eye,  
My Bulger and I.

The shades of the ev'ning are creeping on,  
And the wearing "tests" of the day are gone,  
We are standing out at the campus' gate;  
As I smoke my pipe, we can meditate,  
And live in the frolics of days gone by,  
My Bulger and I.



## Literary Society Hash: A Journal

There is really only one clever way to begin a journal: "Seeing my name on the program in the hall for a journal, I at once consulted Webster's dictionary to find out what I was expected to do. I found that a journal is either a book in which a merchant keeps his business, a record of daily happenings, or a *dairy*. I looked up the word *dairy* and found that it is a place to keep cows. I knew that I could not produce a *dairy*, but the word suggested to me a fine conundrum which I shall propound in a moment. I am not a merchant, so I decided to be guided by the second definition. I took my golden pen in hand and began to write. First, is the conundrum that I promised: Why does a cow go over the hill? Answer—It is because she can not go under the hill. In order to put you in a happy frame of mind for what is to follow, I will repeat here a bright remark that I heard at the table the other morning. We had bologna sausage for breakfast and, in the course of the meal, one of the witty fellows said, 'Please pass the Fido.' In order that all may get into the merits of this joke and be able to see the subtle humorous insinuation therein, I will explain that Fido is a name usually applied unto members of the canine family and canine means dog."

### POETRY.

It is spring. The birds are singing their songs of love, the blossoming flowers are perfuming the balmy air with their fragrance, and the weather is more pleasant. The trees have put forth their verdant Easter

dress, the earth is carpeted with the velvety grasses, and it is nice to lie down on it. Therefore poetry is appropriate.

### The Measly Meals.

The biscuits are cold and dark and soggy,  
They're burnt, and the sausage tastes "ground-hoggy,"  
The scraps come back in the T. C. U. hash,  
And at every meal they serve us the trash,  
And the biscuits are dark and soggy.

### After St. Valentine.

Dearest One,  
Just for fun,  
I wonder why—  
Of you and I—  
Just for a time  
Some one  
Didn't ask some one  
To let some one  
Be for some one  
A VALENTINE!

### Love: Two Definitions.

A fine  
Feeling what is  
Nobody's biz  
But mine.  
An itching  
Sensation about  
The heart, both in and  
out;  
All can catch it  
But none can scratch it.

### JOKES.

While Miss Munn was at her home recently a certain Mr. Martin wrote these words on the back of an envelop addressed to her: "Remember the f-l-o-u-r that I sent you." There have been numerous conjectures as to the size of the sack and what possible use she could be making of the flour.

Some days ago a committee called on Pa Z and asked for a holiday and a "soiree" for a diversion from studies. He stroked the little patch of whiskers on his chin, opened his mouth and eyes, and replied: "Why, young



gentlemen, I am surprised at you! What more diversion do you want than my Bible lectures?"

G. Hall—"What is a sinker, Prof. Parks?"

Prof. Parks—"A sinker, sonny boy, is anything that sinks."

G. Hall—"Well, Professor, I would sink but I am no sinker."

Prof. Parks—"No, sonny boy, you are no sinker; you are a sucker."

Grissom—"Say, Scales, was your composition executed properly?"

Scales—"Yes, it was murdered in fine style; I got D——60."

#### CURRENT EVENTS.

Pauline Shirley has a pup named Tony Lumpkin, which just began to bark last week. It is thought by some that the pup got its bark from Joseph Clark's nose, one side of which appeared considerably pealed the other day.

The Wall Street brokers have all had their heads shaved. This was done to distinguish themselves from the remainder of the student body. Their act seems to have met with universal satisfaction.

Mr. Hilderbrand, whose eyesight is beginning to fail, corralled a bunch of college boys the other day. The boys were wearing jersey sweaters and were milking some of his cows, which accounts for the fact that he thought they were some of his calves. It is suggested that the next time the boys want to milk that they get it in a bottle from the dairy.

The Seniors wore their gowns to chapel Sunday. After church Mr. Brannin started to assist Miss Hamlin down the steps. He took her arm but quickly jerked his hand away and began to apologize. He thought he had her around the waist.

When a habit is once formed it is very hard to break it. The first Sunday evening we had privileges, Boze Frizzell attended church which is his custom. After church was over, he wandered indifferently toward his apartments which are near the chapel. A few moments later he was seen pushing excitedly through the crowd and scanning the face of every short, smiling maiden and exclaiming, "Oh, I beg your pardon—ah—have you seen—ah—I—uh—why, I was with a young lady tonight. Miss Ratten, Miss Beatrice Ratten. Where in the world can Bee be? Think of her having to go all the way home by herself!"

#### FICTION.

The editor of this journal has been exceedingly fortunate in securing the latest production from brilliant pen of that famous actor and playwright, Juniper "Peck" W. Royall, who never opens his mouth or takes his pen in hand but what he produces a work of fiction. Mr. Royall's contribution is a tragedy in three acts:

Act I—Scene in parlor . . . . . Maid one

Act II—Scene in moonlight . . . . Maid won

Act III—Scene in church . . . . . Made one

Mr. Royall states that he desires to present his new play on the American stage of action. He has had great difficulty in securing some one to take the part of "lead-



ing lady." He has tried several but they all balk at the third act.

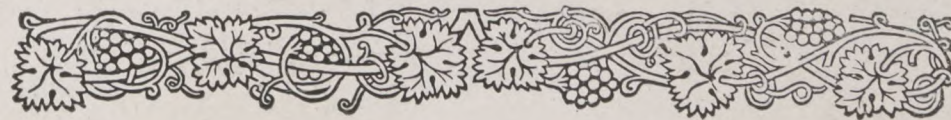
The following is published with permission. It was written by a student at the State University and sent to Miss Coffman. The theme is one of universal interest. It is a short story: "*I love you.*"

The night was still as death, the campus quiet as a graveyard. The last belated pedestrian had plodded his weary way along the opposite side of the street. There was no sound or movement save the slowly measured tread of the night-watchman, as he walked his lonely beat around the university buildings. Suddenly a piercing, blood-curdling cry startled the quiet night. It also startled the night-watchman. The cries were, "Man! Burglar!! Bloody murder!!!" It was a loud, shrill, feminine voice that set the air to quivering for miles around. It made the night-watchman's heart stop beating for three seconds. Then he jerked out his trusty six-shooter and ran around the main building to locate the scene of danger. The cries came from the "Girls' Home." The night-watchman ran faster, but he did not run toward the "Girls Home." He ran into the main building. He would have to have help. Up the first stairway he leaped, yelling "Murder!" at every landing. Before the echoes of his resound-

ing voice had died away, a hundred brave young collegians, startled from their peaceful couches and clad in the uniforms of ghosts, thronged the hallways, ready to do battle against any foe. But where was the man who had yelled "Murder"? He was gone. Where had he gone? He had gone down to the first floor to turn on the lights in the "Girls' Home." What for? To enable the burglar to escape if he was not scared to death by the unearthly cries in his immediate vicinity.

After giving the burglar ample time to get away, two night-watchmen, supported by brave detective Parnell, emerged cautiously from the main building and moved stealthily towards the "Girls' Home." The whole building was swarming with apparitions in white, but curtains were hurriedly lowered and the phantasmal figures were seen no more. The awful cries had now ceased. Only an occasional subdued sob issued from within. Just then the voice of the matron calmly announced that it was nothing but a Tom cat that had been shut up in one of the girl's rooms. The night-watchmen hastened back to the main building and disbanded the Scott riflemen and company of volunteers who had already formed in line of battle for action.

SHIRLEAD R. ANWALTON,  
*Journalist.*







A SECTION OF THE ART ROOM.





## A Skating Experience

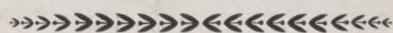
HE was a young man of little more than medium height; had fair hair that curled in pretty ringlets round his forehead, and of these he was very proud. He was good-looking (at least he thought so); but with all these natural advantages he had one weakness that caused him no end of trouble—he was bashful. This weakness was especially noticeable in the presence of the fair sex, for when a girl looked at him he blushed all over his face and halfway down his back. Some said it was because he had come from Australia and had never seen a pretty girl before landing in America.

This youth had been about eighteen months in T. C. U., when, after a week's rain, the weather having become so cold that ice formed everywhere, the boys and girls were gaily skating between the main building and the "Girls' Home." The boy from Melba's shore had never before seen ice, so he watched, with longing, envious eyes, the happy skaters as they slid so lightly and

so swiftly along. He could stand it no longer; he determined to try his hand—I mean his foot—at skating. Accordingly, he got among the crowd at one end of the slide and nervously waited his turn. It came. He started off. For a few yards all went well and he was just congratulating himself upon his good fortune, when suddenly the ground came up from behind and struck him on the head. He took the rest of the slide on his back.

But the crowd came on. The first fell over our prostrate friend, the next over the first, and so on, till boys and girls were piled up like sacks in a wheat market.

To extricate himself from this unenviable position, was the work of a moment. As he ascended the main building stairs to his room, to adjust his toilet, he solemnly vowed that should all the rivers and lakes in Texas freeze till the ice was as thick as Townsend Hall, he would never skate again.



## The Dream Net

A fisherman sits by the rolling sea  
And deftly in and out  
He ties the chords of hope and joy,  
And tortures and tears and doubt;  
And airy maidens with silken hair  
Float through the clouds at night—  
On the stem of their boat is the great round moon,  
And the stars are their torches bright;  
From the ocean of dream without a sound,  
They carry the net the whole world round.

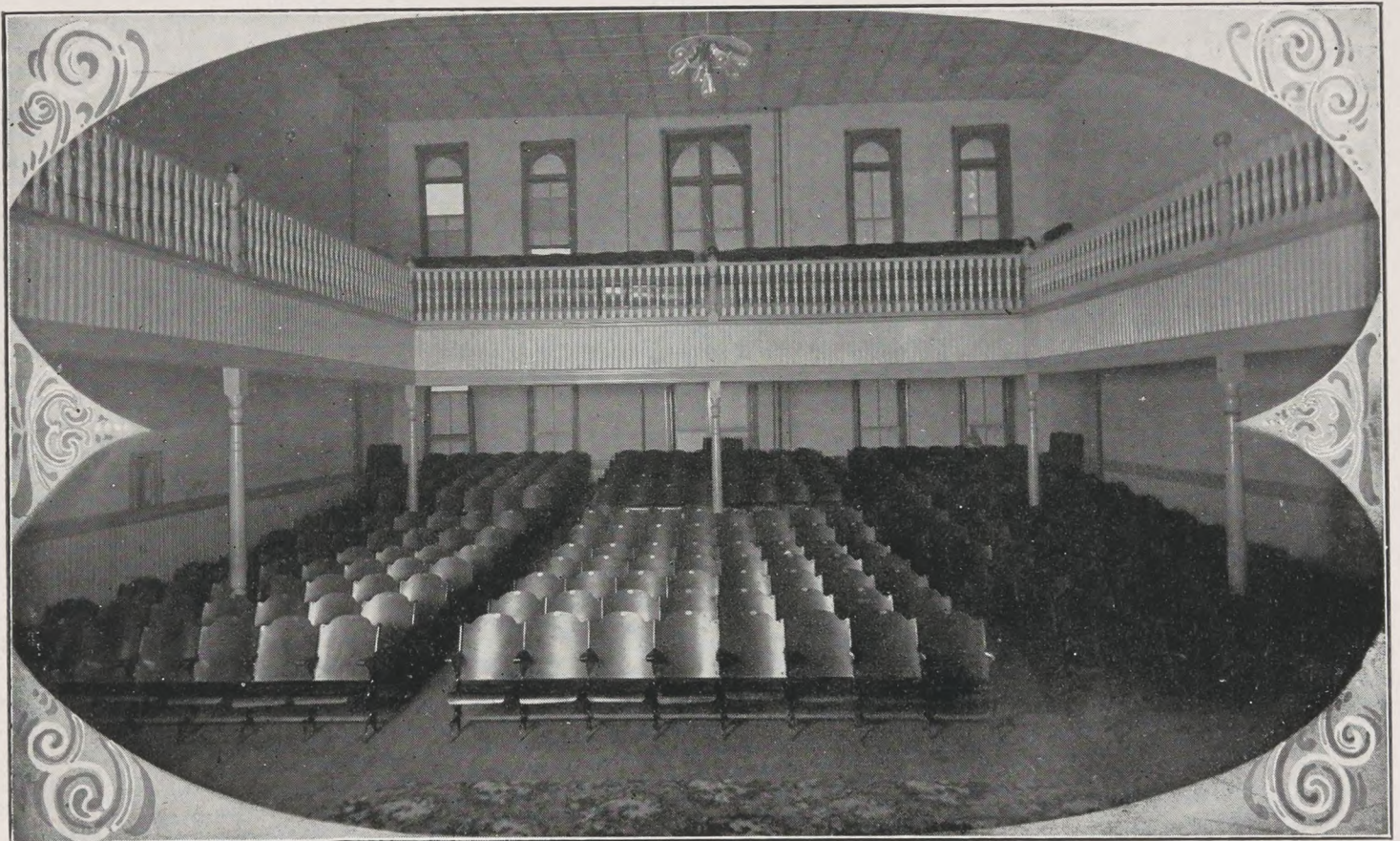
And over the restless minds of men  
The unseen meshes fall,  
And they warm the heart, and they charm the sight,  
And the night winds whisper, "Dreams to all."  
The miser seeth gold and gems,  
The wicked feeleth fear and pain,  
The maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,  
And the child lives the days' joys over again.  
But the net of the fisherman always breaks,  
And always the dreaming dreamer awakes.

DURA BROKAW COCKRELL.





INTERIOR VIEW OF DINING ROOM.



INTERIOR VIEW OF CHAPEL.



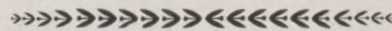
## Old Ponto, The Martyr

St. Bernard a noble Canine,  
Wandered out one night too early;  
Took no thought of danger brewing,  
Wanted only to be friendly.  
He the big and bushy Ponto,  
Made a visit to the College,  
Then the Hustlers ever watching  
For a chance to make tamale  
Took the life of poor old Ponto,  
Ground his flesh into a sausage,  
Mixed a little Chile pepper,  
Added then some College butter,  
Called it Mexico Con-car-na.

Ellis made the hot tamale,  
Cooked it way out on the campus,  
White, the Preacher, kept it boiling,  
Said no flesh was ever tougher.  
Then came out our Aunt McChesney,  
Who was working for the Laundry;  
So she smiled to Umbra Ellis,

And his face turned just the reddest;  
Now then came a boy from Manor,  
Called the Cotton-headed Charlie;  
So he took the hot tamale,  
Over to the Captain Myra,  
Then they sold it to the students,  
Cheating poor old Mexicanna.

Now poor Ponto crossed the river,  
And he died to save the Laundry;  
Let us pay to him a tribute,  
To this dog who died a Martyr.  
Years ago in dear old Switzer,  
On the Alps where snow is deeper,  
Roamed Old Ponto on the Glacier,  
Saving travelers who were freezing,  
Guiding lost ones by his barking,  
Wine he gave for them to strengthen,  
And the lives of some he lengthened.  
Now his spirit's in old Switzer,  
And his flesh in hot tamale.



## A Lament

I wish I were at home awhile  
For I'm feeling sorter blue  
It seems that things ain't goin' right,  
And I can't tell what to do.

I try to work but that won't go  
For my mind goes wanderin' 'round,  
And I catch myself a listenin'  
To every noise and sound.

I'm always thinkin' 'bout the folks  
Instead of 'bout my books,  
And try as I may I can't get on  
To all their hooks and crooks.

The "Math" is not so very bad  
But the "Psych" is a false alarm,  
And to save myself I can't see how  
It will help me on the farm.

The fellows all are mighty nice  
And the "Profs" the same way too,  
But with all this I still can't help  
From feeling sorter blue.

They say that time will make this right  
And things will all come straight,  
But if it's ever goin' to come to me  
It's waiting mighty late,





A ROOM IN THE BOYS' DORMITORY



THE GIRL'S HOME



## Ben and "Betsy"

It was an exciting moment. Two men were on bases and two were out. A serious turn had come in the tide of the game. "To win or not to win," that was the question. Yes, it was a more serious question than that. To be beaten by the opposing team and receive the jeers and taunts of an outrageous multitude, would be unbearable.

"Moulden to the bat," cried the scorer.

On hearing this name T. C. U. sympathizers revived new hope for success. A young man of fine physique, a firm step, quick action, and with the eye of an eagle, stepped forward and picked up the old black bat. It seemed that they were familiar friends.

"'Betsy,' thou hast ever been true to me, do not fail me now," Ben said to her in an undertone.

"Play ball," cried the umpire.

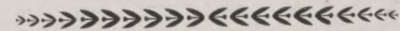
Baylor sympathizers began their noise and harangue. "He can't hit it! Watch his knees shake! There's a hole in the bat!"

Each man took his position. Bush on second was gliding back and forth to reach third. Clark on first was determined to vacate for Moulden.

It seemed that "Betsy" knew what to do. As Ben laid her affectionately upon his right shoulder she whispered to him: "Ben, watch the first ball."

Wicker twisted and turned, made circle and semi-circle—Whist!—Crack!—the crowd was wonder-struck—the ball was "Betsy-struck"—the Baylor team was paralyzed. The catcher placed his hand on his heart to feel if he was still alive.

It was too sublime an occasion for shouting or hurrahs. The center fielder, collecting his wits, ran with lightning speed to catch the ball. With the eye of a true player on the ball, he flew to the west end fence, threw up his hands to receive the ball, but this was the ball that went over the fence—"Betsy's" safe hit and Moulden's home run. T. C. U. went wild. Baylor went home.



## Ministerial Resolutions

On April the first, the Old Bachelors' Club of the Ministerial Association expressed its sentiments thus:

WHEREAS, human nature is the common lot of all; and, whereas, the daughters of men are fair to look upon; and, whereas, to yield to their angelic influences greatly hinders a young minister's work; and, whereas, we remember the mistakes of Adam, Samson, Solomon

and Hobson; and, whereas, we have jogged along so successfully alone, THEREFORE, be it

RESOLVED, that we do pledge to keep our hearts with all diligence, at least until Commencement.

Signed: Mathieson, Edwards (Theo), Smith, Smith, Smith, Ashmore, Webb, Le May.

Shane would not sign it. Beach and Morton said they would give anything in the world if they could sign it.



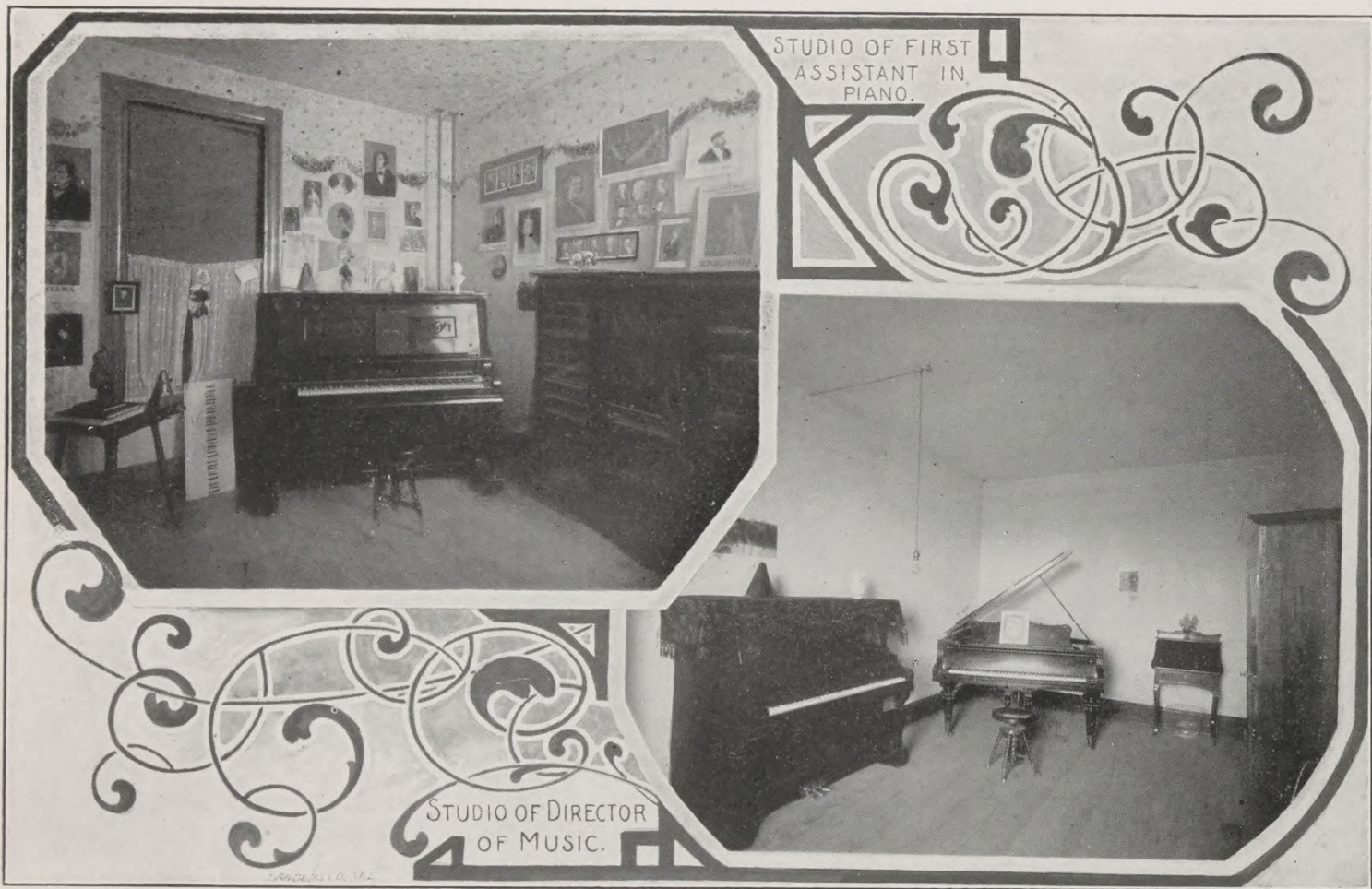


VIEW OF ADD-RAN LITERARY SOCIETY HALL



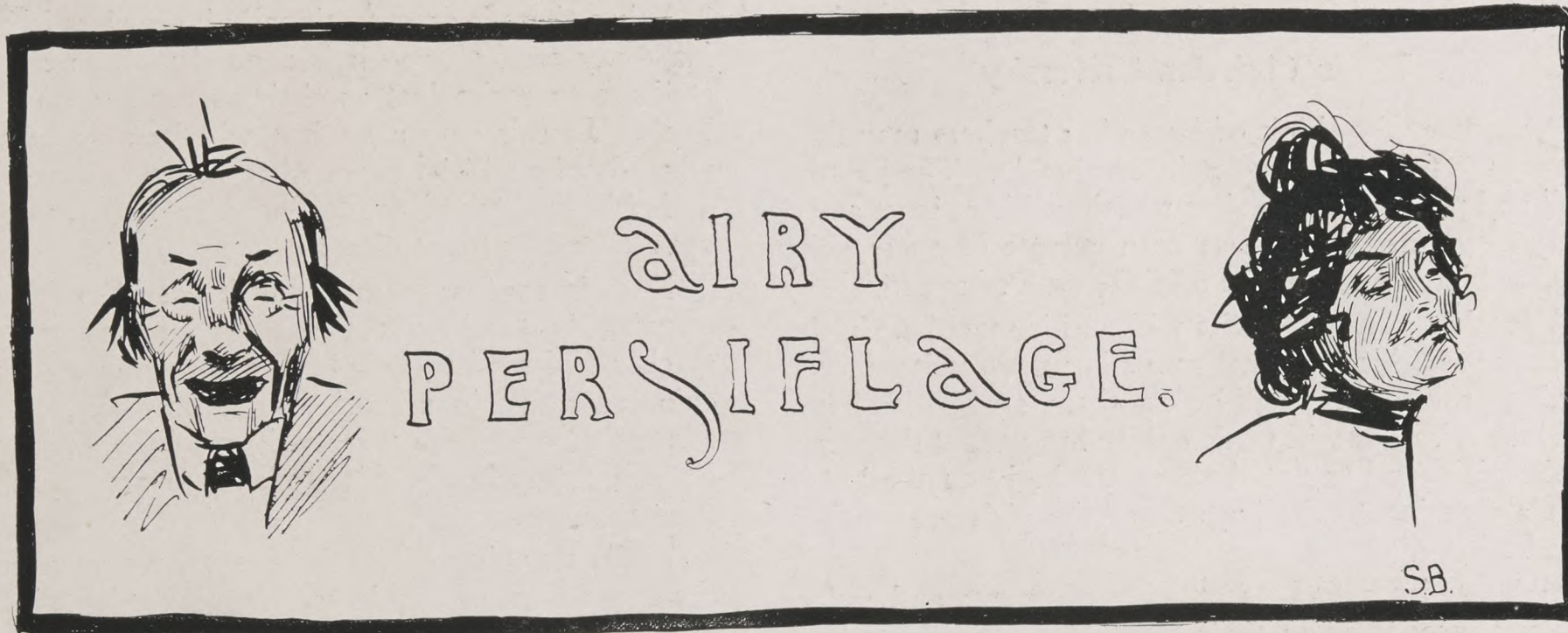
McKINNEY RECEPTION HALL





SECTION OF THE LIBRARY





## T. C. U. Yells

Rip! Ram! Bayoo!  
Lickety! Lickety! Zoo, Zoo, Zoo!  
Who, woh! Woh, who!  
Let her go! T. C. U. !!

\* \* \*

Rackety, yackety, yackety, yack!  
Rackety, yackety, yackety, yack!  
Hollo baloo! Hollo baloo!  
Varsity! Varsity! T. C. U. !!

Yum! Yum! Fiddle didi bum!  
Hump! Stump! Flum a diddle!  
Arra! Bubah! Rigdum jigdum!  
Bodi! Modi! Kiro! Dilko! Diro!!

\* \* \*

Rickety! Rackety! Helabaloo!  
Sis! Boom! Whoopety do!  
Can they beat us? None alive!  
We're the Class of Noughty Five!



## Methods and Management as Developed at Texas Christian University

PERSONS who think of becoming teachers may find the following suggestions valuable. The "methods" and pedagogical devices mentioned here have after many experiments and tests been accepted by our Faculty, and have received the official stamp of approval.

A teacher in mathematics will find it most helpful in concentrating his students' reasoning powers on a perplexing problem, to stand before them, scratch his head and look wise. It will work well to brag about the work of the girls, and to pat them approvingly on the back, with a warning to the boys that "the girls are getting ahead of you."

Bible students find great encouragement and much spiritual inspiration in their teachers frequently telling them that they are "forging right ahead." It is a fine thing to dwell much upon the merits of the inductive method of studying languages. Students in Hebrew and New Testament Greek will want to hear it said every day that they are pursuing the right method. It will be found to work greatly for the encouragement of Bible students to close every recitation with a fifteen-minute mathematical demonstration of how many lines per minute the class has read since starting, how many hours will be necessary to finish the book, and also just how many days the class is ahead of the one in the same study the year before. If it is a beginning language class, open every recitation with the remark, "It is important to be here promptly at every recitation. Miss any other class in the University, but do not miss this."

When there is an exceptionally large class in any subject—say psychology—it is a good plan to call on the students to recite just as their names are on the roll-book. In this way a student will be able to tell just what day he will be expected to recite. A teacher will find this method of conducting a recitation very much appreciated by his students.

Here is another method which has been found very effective in teaching the ancient languages: If the teacher will tilt his chair back against the wall, rub his chin, and talk in a loud, oratorical voice, about the famous men and the great writers of the ancient times, he will surely inspire his students to accomplish great things.

While speaking of the languages, we must not omit the department of *Moderns*. Unruly students in French are kept nicely under control by "Absolutely, Mademoiselle. No! No! I beg of you not to do that!"

A student's appreciation of the beauties of the "grand old masters" is much increased by making him give reasons for every thing he says. When a student in Freshman Literature, for instance, says that Brutus is a better man than Cassius, it fills him with a great glow of poetical inspiration to be asked, "Why do you think so?" "What evidence have you in this play that Brutus is better than Cassius?" "Prove your statement."

Students, after working hard in ordinary classes, find it most refreshing to go to a class, the teacher of which spends half and sometimes all of the hour in telling *old* jokes and ancient tales for the benefit of his students. This *makes* a teacher popular (?) and attracts students into his classes.

W. H.





GUESS WHO.

SB



## Great Senior Auction

Come, Stay, Bid, Buy, Be Happy—It Means Money to You—The Greatest Auction of Its Kind  
Known to History

The Senior Class will place upon sale at 10 o'clock A. M., on the first day of June, 1905, in the chapel of Texas Christian University everything needed by a student in a four years University course. Having no further use for these valuable articles, they will be sold regardless of cost price. Everthing sold at this auction will be exactly as represented by the auctioneer, Dr. J. B. Eskridge, and as described in the minutes of sale by the clerk, Professor J. F. Anderson. If you are expecting to need anything during your remaining years in school, it will pay you to be present and get the benefit of the extremely low prices that these excellent articles will sell for. Everything offered for sale at this auction is as good as new, and will be accompanied by a guarantee signed by the President of the Class.

For the special benefit of the present Junior class, there will be placed on sale several unused theses, written by a first-class company. These masterpieces were procured by the present Senior class before the "oration rule" was in force.

Eighteen gowns, of all sizes, ranging in length from the one worn by the dwarf Grissom to the one worn by the monstrous giant, Haile. (These gowns are black.)

Some eighteen or twenty seats in chapel. These seats are in a desirable situation, being the next place of honor below the Faculty. They are under the direct eye of some of the most critical professors and doctors con-

nected with the University. They are by far the most desirable seats in chapel, and it will pay anyone to secure them even though it takes a large expenditure of money.

Several Junior Harvard caps of maroon color, with "T. C. U. '05" beautifully worked upon them in white silk. Proof of their value is seen by the fact that the Class of '04, not being able to buy such valuables, tried to steal them or take them by main strength from the Class of '05.

Nine good baseball outfits. The suits are of any size you may desire, the caps are rather large, the bats are made of the best pine, and the gloves are stuffed with cottonseed, so as not to hurt the hands.

Twenty-one ponies, all of which can carry double. They will take you through Greece, Rome, Italy, or France. These horses are such fast travelers that they will take you through a four years' course in three years.

There will be offered at auction many other valuable and useful articles. Come prepared to stay all day and also prepared to pay for what you buy. The Class must have the cash. Dinner will be served in the college dining room by the clerk of sale, Prof. Anderson.

(The above auction bill was made out by the Senior Class, but the sale was called off because the present Junior class offered to take the whole paraphernalia at Senior prices.)





TYPES OF STUDENTS.



### Proverbs Up-to-Date

A doting father sendeth his son away to college to seek learning, and he findeth a Soiree. He walketh not in the way of the arc light, but his path leadeth into the darkness, and when the fire alarm soundeth he hath wandered far out on the Campus. Blessed is he that hearkeneth to that sound, seeketh his hat and fleeth unto his own domicile.

He stayeth not at home, but "warteth" both day and night. All his ways are clean in his own eyes, but the Committee weigheth his transgressions, and the balance inclineth much. His ear heareth the reproof of the Committee and he abideth on the Campus two weeks. He receiveth a new uniform, purchaseth a yard each of purple and white, and giveth "*Old Rip! Ram!*" way down low.

He goeth to the masters, considereth their ways, and writeth an oration. "How long, in heaven's name, O, Pa Z, wilt thou deny to us another Soiree?" He neither giveth sleep to his weary eyes nor slumber to his tired eyelids. Yet, a little speech, a little suspense, and then—"What a Blamephool I was."

There is a way that seemeth good to him, but the end thereof is suspension. Good behavior bringeth favor, but the way of the transgressor hath stumps in it.

He promiseth much. Yea, he promiseth contributions to the "Horned Frog." The editor buildeth a great box to receive them, but lo! when he openeth the same, it containeth much vacant space. Then the editor lifteth up his voice and weepeth bitterly: "Oh, Socrates,

wisest of all sages, well hast thou said, 'All men are liars.' "

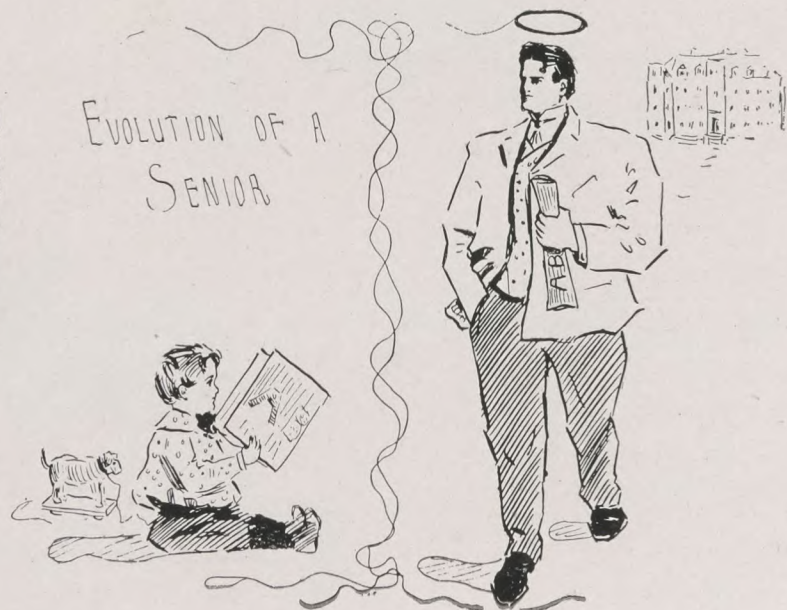
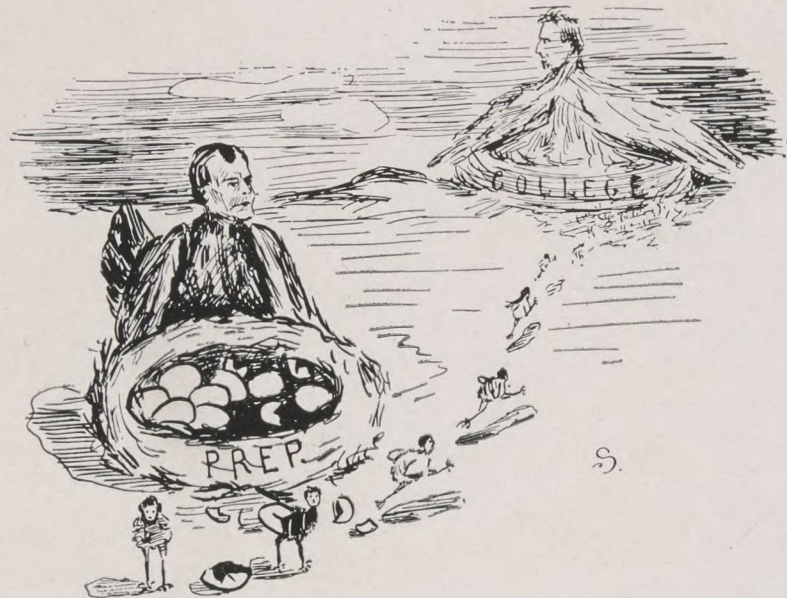
He getteth wisdom and understanding, but lo! the term closeth, and it hath departed from him; neither doth it return before Commencement. He goeth straightway to his examinations as an ox to the slaughter, and in his distress, he belloweth like a roaring lion seeking a tender lamb: "How have I hated instruction—my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me!" How are the mighty "flunked"?

A hard student is the teacher's delight; but a lazy fellow is the heaviness of the class. A diligent student maketh a glad teacher; but a foolish student despiseth examinations. Diligence exalteth a student, but negligence is manifest in daily grades. The heart of the diligent studieth for a correct answer; but the mouth of the slothful poureth forth the wrong answer.

Better is a little study on a lesson than great failure on examination. The wise student seeketh knowledge, but the foolish student goeth to the Soiree. See thou a student burning midnight oil, and he shall appear before the Committee.

Blessed is he that riseth early, for he shall find breakfast waiting; but he that slumbereth late shall find the door locked. Blessed are they that have privileges, for they are better than Math. and Latin and Greek; yea, they are better than cold biscuits warmed over. Woe is he that cheweth chemuckity bondi and expectoratheth on the floor, for he is a blamephoolibus.







## The Case of the Season

MISS KIRBY M'CHESNEY.

"My mind dips in the future,  
And I see a lonely man;  
No steak upon his griddle,  
And no cornbread in the pan.

"Some women love to travel,  
And some in knowledge grow;  
But for my part I love the art,  
Of making up the dough."

MR. MATHIESON.

"I feel an inspiration,  
And it reaches to my heart,  
When the *girl* across the table,  
Says that cooking is an art.

"Picture then a pretty cottage,  
On a forty acre farm;  
And a dainty little kitchen,  
With the victuals nice and warm.

"Just watch those taperin' fingers,  
As they roll the rollin' pin,  
And take the little cutter,  
Cuttin' biscuits round and thin.

Lovers in the hall-way,  
The Matron on the stair;  
"Pa Z" on the front porch,  
Music in the air.

\* \* \*

Oh, we sigh to taste some coffee  
Like our mothers used to make,

"See her carve the breakfast bacon,  
With its streaks of fat and lean;  
Then she puts it in the skillet,  
On the stove named 'Kitchen Queen.'

"Just smell the bakin' biscuits,  
That are turnin' to a brown;  
And taste the sweetest 'lasses  
That ever came from town.

"Then listen to the bubble  
Of the coffee in the pot;  
And the sizzlin' of the gravy,  
While you're lyin' on your cot.

"Now watch the kettle 'bilin',  
And the apples stewin', too;  
Oh! it stirs up all my feelin's,  
And I'm happy thru and thru.

"Wish I could win that lady,  
Then a farmer I would be;  
I'd mow the lawn and cut the wood,  
And she would cook for me.

"We'd have a little orchard,  
With apples round and red;  
We'd have a little buggy,  
And a little buggy-shed."



And yearn to get a slice of bread  
Like that they used to bake.  
It may be we're ungrateful,  
Yet we're sure we do not care  
To feel once more a slipper  
Like our mothers used to wear.





PROF. KORI BECOMES "PAPA" KORI.



PROF. ROSS RECEIVES A HURRIED CALL

QUERY: HAS THE FACULTY TAKEN ROOSEVELT'S ADVICE?



### Things Heard in Class and on the Campus

It has been suggested that this Annual is an octennial.

One young lady, thinking the "HORNED FROG" was to be a pin, ordered six for shirt-waist use.

\* \* \*

Elster Haile, who played old man Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," will never forgive himself for forgetting the line, "young and handsome." It was the cue for Miss Chism, as Miss Hardcastle, to embrace and kiss him.

\* \* \*

When Mr. Rains put his loving arms around Miss Wolford and said perish the baubles, Ransom Garrard got sick and left the auditorium.

\* \* \*

Miss Shirley, who gave the curtain signals, got so interested in Hardcastle's acting that she forgot to close the fourth act, and left the old gentleman on the stage with nothing to do for five minutes.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Hardcastle said, after the play, that she would like to faint forever, if she could only have Tony there to catch her.

\* \* \*

"Judge" Garrard and Miss Beatrice Ratten were sitting in the choir. She had occasion to remark: "You are next to crazy." He replied: "I am sitting by you."

\* \* \*

The delegates to the Christian Church convention took great pleasure in visiting Professor Hamner's menagerie. Special interest was taken in LeMay, the

giraffe; Robin, the rooster, and Frankie, George Wright's warty monkey.

\* \* \*

Ransom Garrard says he will never forget the Christian Endeavor convention at Hillsboro. He evidently caught the religious enthusiasm of that large gathering. And that is not all—he is the only one that has attended Endeavor meetings regularly since the convention.

\* \* \*

Douglas Shirley loaned his lamp to Ransom Garrard last winter and now he is not able to break it—from smoking.

\* \* \*

Professor Ross was overheard to say that after he had his moustache shaved off it seemed to tickle the girls more than it did before.

\* \* \*

When Detective Parnell left, there was great anxiety expressed as to the safety of the college treasures. It was also thought that the Band and Glee Club would be unable to continue.

\* \* \*

President Zollars has been bothered very much by the numerous requests for "soirees." He blames Shirley Graves with having created so much sentiment in favor of these sociables.

\* \* \*

It is said that Gordon Hall is a spiritualist—at least he believes in having a *medium* through whom he can hold communion with a certain inhabitant of the "other world," sometimes called the "Girls' Home."





OH IN THE STILL NIGHT!



The following petition was presented to J. F. Anderson, Business Manager: "We, the undersigned, do want that you do see that the we do get more grub and better of it." Signed, Jack Muse, Eugene Bowers, Erle Milroy, Et Alii. Misses Ward, Hamlin, Hannaford, Stewart, Et Aliae, would not sign, but they declared themselves heartily in favor of the measure.

\* \* \*

Bess—"Look here, Ora Jim, Mr. Mewhinney has sent me a ticket to this afternoon's ball game. I wish that I did not have to go."

Ora—"I am in the same fix. That Mr. Miller fellow has sent me one. What shall we do? Oh, say, I'll tell you what. Let's go tell the boys that we are put under restrictions for walking with them yesterday afternoon."

\* \* \*

Miss Harriette Smith (at soiree)—"I often think of home."

Mr. M. G. Smith—"I wish that I were there now."

\* \* \*

Sallie—"O, vos mein lieber klein husband."

Joe—"Here I are."

\* \* \*

Coral—"I wish to goodness that people would get through telling me that I remind them of their mothers."

\* \* \*

Just after the convention at Hillsboro, Miss Rattan was overheard to say the following: "If you will promise never to breathe a word to a single soul I will tell you something. Miss Kirby told me that Brother Mason told her that Brother Colby Hall told him that

he is real anxious for Gordon and me to marry sometime. That's mighty sweet music in my ears."

\* \* \*

Miss Hamlin—"I washed dishes twice every day this summer."

Mr. Harris—"Now, Miss Hamlin, you know that you did not wash dishes with that sore foot of yours."

Miss Hamlin (speaking up quickly and energetically) "Yes, I did, too."

\* \* \*

T. C. U. Girl (at soiree)—"Aren't the stars numer-out to-night?"

Visiting Baylor Boy—"Yep, and ain't they a heap of 'em?"

\* \* \*

Prof. Ross (in mythology class)—"Mr. Garrard, what character in the Bible does Eurydice remind you of?"

Mr. Garrard—"Solomon, wasn't it?"

\* \* \*

President Zollars—"Those who do not take spelling now and misspell hereafter, will have a very disagreeable spell in the future."

\* \* \*

Miss Ward (raging with jealousy)—"Cecile, I am surprised to find you talking to Mr. Garrard in a practice room."

Cecile (aside)—"She just wants to be in my place."



\* \* \*

Prof. McCully (in "As You Like It" class)—"Mr. Smith, describe the character of Oliver."

Mr. Smith—"He was a scoundrel."





<p>INTRODUCTORY</p> <p>Frontispiece Editorial Staff Preface</p> <p>APPRECIATORY</p> <p>Dedication T. E. Shirley Members of the Board of Trustees</p> <p>HISTORICAL</p> <p>The University President E. V. Zollars</p> 	<p>THE FACULTY</p> <p>College Preparatory School Special Departments Other Officers</p> <p>THE ALUMNI</p> <p>THE COLLEGE CLASSES</p> <p>Seniors Juniors Sophomores Freshmen</p> <p>DEPARTMENT CLASSES</p> <p>Senior Preparatory Senior Oratory Business College Specials</p>	<p>ORGANIZATIONS</p> <p>Religious Literary Military Miscellaneous</p> <p>ATHLETICS</p> <p>Baseball Tennis Basketball Football</p> <p>MISCELLANY</p> <p>Literature Airy Persiflage Jokes, Cartoons and Ads.</p> 
--	--	--



## “Render Honor to Whom Honor is Due”



HERE ARE MEN who have, by their sacrifice of time and energies, made Texas Christian University what she is today. They work not for the praise of other men. No worldly pride or selfish ambition actuates their labors. Their faith in the value of Christian education is strong; hope gives them the strength to plan; and love for the Master's work controls their every thought and action. They have never been daunted by the magnitude of work laid upon them. Within the space of a few years they have overcome stupendous difficulties and have accomplished much for the enlargement of the University. What they have already done is but prophetic of that which they will do in the future, because they have inaugurated the era of steady, healthy growth. Therefore, in token of our love and appreciation, we dedicate this volume to the Board of Trustees. We are happy in the knowledge that we hereby express a gratitude that is felt by every one who has any interest in Texas Christian University.





A DISSAPOINTEED THEATRE PARTY.



A SCENE AT THE P.O.  
AFTER SUPPER.

STONEWELL



Mr. Grissom—"Say, Brannin, Hardie has failed."

Mr. Brannin—"What! you don't say so! Why, he owes me fifty cents for advertising in the Skiff."

\* \* \*

Miss Wester—"Why is it that you never see Miss Hamlin with her father?"

Miss Rattan—"What do you mean? Her father is not here."

Miss Wester (pointing to Prof. Hamner)—"Isn't that gentleman her father?"

\* \* \*

On the last night of the Flower Show before Christmas, Mrs. Taliaferro took her "hothouse plants" to the exhibit. Prof. Hamner's florists were there and secured nearly every blooming thing that Mrs. Taliaferro had.

\* \* \*

Courtland Craig's report at chapel one Tuesday: "I went to Sunday school at McGregor, taught a class, gave six cents to the Sunday school, preached two good sermons, had a fine chicken dinner, and returned to North Waco, on Monday, with \$6.13 in my pocket."

\* \* \*

Saturday night, April 22, at 7 o'clock, half the students in school attend choir practice; 8 o'clock, there happens to be an even number of boys and girls present, so Miss Ward takes the choir serenading.

\* \* \*

It is an extraordinary privilege to call at the "Girls' Home" for your sweetheart, go with her to the chapel, and sit silently by her side during a long discourse; and then accompany her back to the door of the "Home," having scarcely opportunity to remark on the brightness

of the moon, or the arc-light, whichever happens to be shining.

\* \* \*

If the length of the offertories, played by Professor Dyksterhuis at the University church, is any indication of the largeness of the contributions, the church is not suffering for funds.

\* \* \*

College life is like any other kind of life—one has to work for what he gets. This statement was exemplified when the boys picked up the rocks and rubbish on the campus in exchange for a "soiree."

\* \* \*

Whoever named the Brass Monkey Quartet has never explained whether he had in mind any *one* member, or the whole organization.

\* \* \*

President Zollars (in chapel)—"My Bible geography class will meet immediately after social exercises."

\* \* \*

Prof. Ross—"Mr. Harris, what are the three Christian graces?"

Mr. Harris—"Sacrament, baptism, and collection."

\* \* \*

J. W. "Peck" Royall has been trying to get Lucian Goss to introduce, in the State legislature, a bill changing all the days of the week to *Munn*-days.

\* \* \*

The Board of Trustees should commend Mrs. Gibbons for the organizing the C. E. (Chicken Eaters.) The individual members of the organization have the highest words of praise for her poultry.



## How Some of the Alumni Have Helped The Horned Frog

DALLAS, TEXAS, January 26, 1905.

*Mr. Elster M. Haile, Waco, Texas.*

MY DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 24th, asking me to contribute an article of five hundred to one thousand words for the coming issue of the "HORNED FROG." Although I have a great deal of work to do, yet such is my interest in the school and in your new venture that I shall gladly give such aid as is in my power. The year 1897 was "before your time," but I dare say you will realize, before you get through with it, how great an undertaking it is to get out a creditable annual. It is not a periodical, it is a BOOK! It will require careful planning and much sacrifice of time and labor and loving devotion if it is a credit to the institution. Therefore, let me ask you for more explicit instructions regarding my contribution: "The value of a college at T. C. U." The value of having T. C. U. in existence? The value of having a college where T. C. U. is (i. e. Waco)? The value of one of the "colleges" in the institution? Just how valuable it is or what manner of value or what? Now, I don't mean that I want you to write my article for me, but I do want to know and know definitely the line you want me to take. If the annual has any permanent value it will be due quite as much to the wisdom of the planning of the editors as to any merit in the contributors. Better spend a page or so explaining definitely now just what you need than spend a long time next month wishing you had.

As to the half-tone, I am sorry that I have nothing at all. There were a few that went the rounds some years ago, but they were for newspaper work and would not be serviceable on book paper such as you will have to use. I shall try to find a photograph, however, within the next week.

Wishing you Success with a capital "S," I am with kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

DALLAS, TEXAS, Feb. 1, 1905.

*Dear Ed. "H. F." :—*

Your favor of the 29th ult. received. So your stenographer left out a word in my subject: "The value of a college *course* at T. C. U." I shall do the best I can and send the manuscript to you by the last of this month as you desire. Thanking you for the correction in my subject, I remain,

Yours very truly,

DALLAS, TEXAS, Feb. 10, 1905.

*Dear Editor :—*

I had forgotten about sending my photograph so you can have half-tone made. I am glad that you reminded me of it by the card which I have just received. I will look around and see if I cannot find some picture of myself and send it to you tomorrow and manuscript later.

Very truly,

DALLAS, TEXAS, Feb. 20, 1905.

*My Dear Ed. of the "Toad" :—*

I received your card yesterday. I looked up the picture business and got one but forgot to send it to you. I send you the picture today under separate cover. Now this picture is borrowed and *must be returned*. The person from whom I borrowed it would not lose it for anything. I have not yet finished my article which I am to send you by March 1st.

Yours very truly,

DALLAS, TEXAS, April 14, 1905.

*To the "Horned Frog,"*

*Out there at T. C. U.,*

*Care Grissom & Brannin, (His Managers).*

DEAR FROGIES—Why, I thought you were dead! I was asked, months ago, to write something to help fill you up. This



was to be ready about January 30, or February 15, or some such ancient date as that. I went to work, I got about ready. No notice came, your copy was thrown aside—not without a sigh for the still-born little noughty-five frog.

And are you still alive! I'm so glad. Had I known it you should have had your copy long ago. Your Mr. Haile gets nervous and forgets. He has not only not written to me "several times," as your managers assert, he has not written *at all*, if we except the first notification, an immediate correction, and some letters about a picture he has never returned to me. But don't be hard on Elster. He needs a rest, that's all.

Say, if you are really alive and not just giving a last *post mortem* kick (p'r'aps G. & B. have been trying a battery on your hind legs like Galvani did) I'd like to send you that MS.

If I were not compelled to leave town today I'd promise it by Monday, but I'll do my levellest to write the article—Tom Carlyle did that you know—and have it in your mouth next week.

Keep it up—don't stop—remember the frog who dropped into the churn.  
Your feeder,

DALLAS, TEXAS, April 21, 1905.

*Elster M. Haile, North Waco, Texas.*

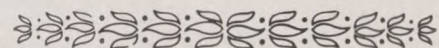
DEAR SIR:— I hope you will not fail to return the photo of myself which I sent you. I explained at the time that it was *borrowed* and that I could only send it on condition that it be *returned*. I hope to mail my copy to you to-morrow but please send the picture *at once*.

Yours truly,

DALLAS, TEXAS, April 24, 1905.

*Editor Haile, North Waco, Texas.*

DEAR SIR:—I have not yet had the pleasure of receiving the photograph of myself which I borrowed to lend you. It is now "out of print" and I should like you to return it *please*. Will not send my article until I receive same.



## "Doc" and His Pipe

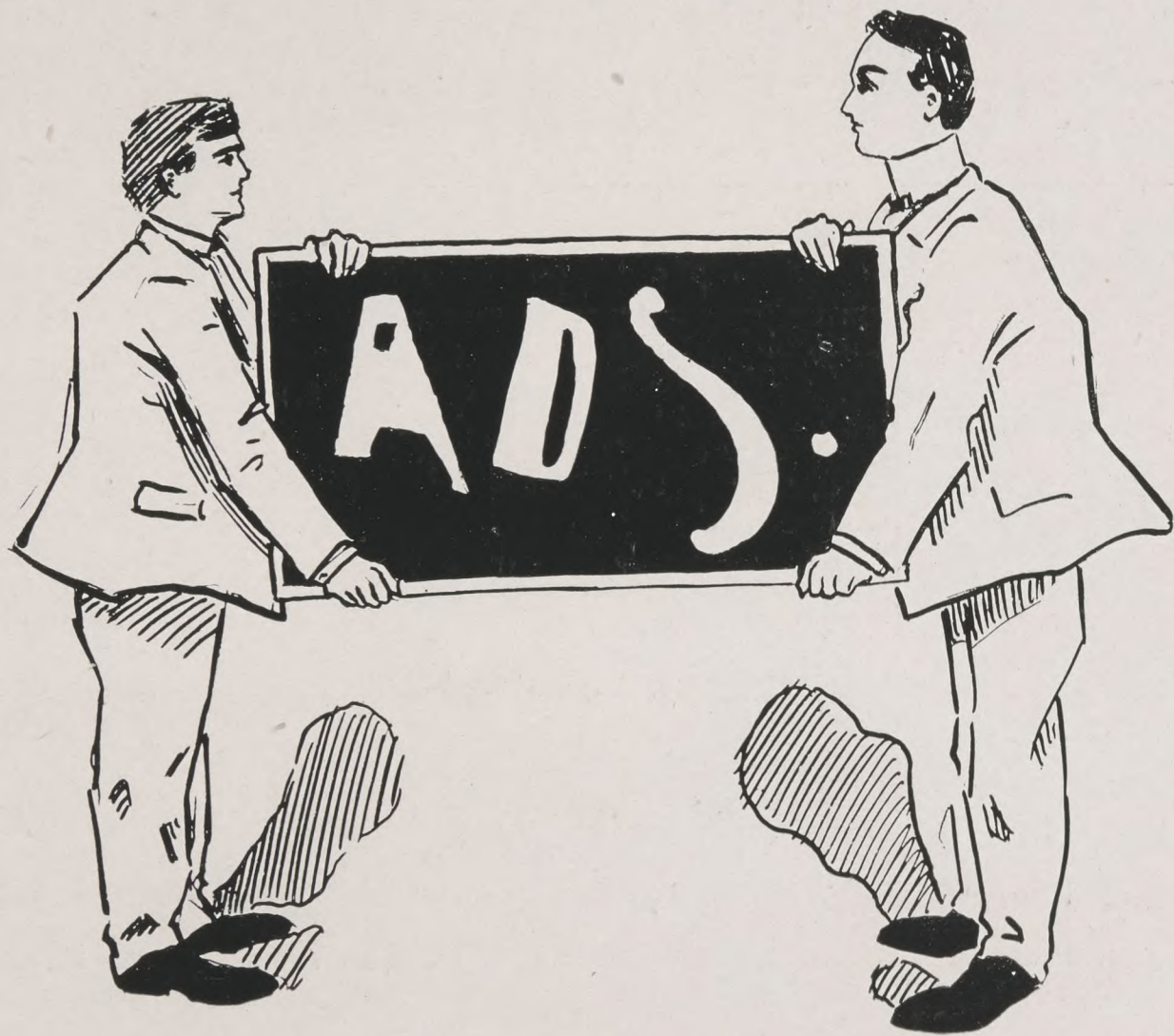
Howell Knight to Brannin said,  
While in their bed they lay;  
"Who will smoke your meerschaum pipe,  
When you are far away?"

The doctor mused, then gave a start,  
And said old friends should never part;  
And he took the pipe in glee,  
And he said, "Thou'st been a friend to me."

"When trials come about the Skiff,  
I light you, pipe, and take a whiff,  
One puff will ease an aching pain,  
And soothe my weary troubled brain."

"Take my jewels if you like,  
But leave my sea foam meerschaum pipe;  
Where e'er I roam o'er land and sea,  
I'll take this meerschaum pipe with me."







# The Largest Retail Store in Waco

EVERYTHING MAN, WOMAN  
AND CHILD WEARS

HONEST  
GOODS

## GOLDSTEIN & MICEL

HONEST  
PRICES



Dress Goods, Silks, Men's Clothing and Furnishings, Shoes, Millinery, Carpets, Ladies' Suits,  
Waists and Underwear, Furniture, Crockery, Glass, Hosiery and Neckwear

### MAIL ORDERS

Samples of Cut Goods sent to any address. Send us a Trial Order, we guarantee satisfaction or money back. Delivery paid on orders of \$4.00 or over.



Backward, turn backward, how weary I am,  
Give me a swipe at my grandmother's jam.

\* \* \*

When Miss Ward finds that any one on her list is absent from chapel, she immediately reads the name out so the person will know he is to appear before the discipline committee as soon as the chapel service is over.

\* \* \*

The Faculty was very inconsiderate when they passed the requirement for orations. Nearly every one of the Seniors had provided himself with a thesis.

\* \* \*

Privileges started out rather high, being \$1.20 to the Walton Play. Every one of the boys appreciated the reduction to 50 cents per evening for concert or lecture.

\* \* \*

The editor of the "HORNED FROG" had secured piano quartets to play for the opening of the "Literary Contest Box," but Mr. Bomar desired to have his opening on the same evening so the "HORNED FROG" had to give way.

\* \* \*

All who bought tickets for Parsival reported that they got their money's worth.

\* \* \*

During the year, the boys of the University were treated to several free exhibitions of how different girls act when pursued by a lariat mouse.

One of the unexpected, but happy events of the year, was the return of uncle Tom and aunt Kirby from Marlin.

\* \* \*

Dr. Marshall (in Hebrew Class): "Gentlemen, I have not entirely lost faith in you."

Mr. Haile: "I have not seen such faith, no not in Israel."

\* \* \*

Mr. Le May: "Say, Dallas, when Miss Beatrice Tomlinson looks at me with those big brown eyes of hers it makes my heart feel like my foot's asleep."

\* \* \*

When Hugh Carson arrived at T. C. U. he saw a football for the first time. He was uncertain as to whether it was a cornfield pumpkin or a new species of squash.

\* \* \*

Inquiring friend: "Mr. Craig, are you a Senior this year? Will you graduate?"

Craig: "No, Dr. Marshall said I was too young, and was not fully developed."

Friend: "Then you are a Junior?"

Craig: "No, I was a Junior last year."

Friend: "Well, where are you?"

Craig: "My dear brother, I'm between the devil and the deep blue sea. I feel very much like the former, but I think I'm bluer than the sea."



# NASH, ROBINSON & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Wall Paper, Paints, Oil,  
Glass, Mantels, Tile,  
Grates



OFFICE AND WAREROOM

## Nash, Robinson & Co. Lumber Yard

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Screen Windows, Screen  
Doors, Wire, Nails, Hardware, Mill Work,  
Cement, Brick, Lime

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

WACO, TEXAS

# The Cooper Grocery Co.

Wholesale Grocers

CAPITAL STOCK . . \$250,000.00

Waco, Texas

100 CHOICE RESIDENCE LOTS ADJOINING TEXAS  
CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY FOR SALE  
ON EASY TERMS.

# MAYER, Florist

Have always in stock Palms and Ferns for  
Decorating; Cut Flowers and Floral Work for  
any occasion on short notice; Grower of Bed-  
ding Plants, Roses and Shrubbery for the  
lawn, yard, room or conservatory.

Corner 24th and Franklin Streets.  
Down Town Office 214 South 4th Street.

The Public Cordially Invited.

Both Phones



### Personal Mention

Misses Rosamond Simington, Lottie Maloney, Susan Campbell, Zoa Ratten, Sallie Chism, Willena Hannaford, Winnie Lewis, M. Gussie Ward, and Bertha Bradley. Messrs. J. Franklin Kinnard, Benjamin Moulden, Spencer Taylor, H. H. Bryant, Joseph Clark, Erle Lavender, John Garrard, Ransom Garrard, and M. G. Smith.

### A Rush Order

5 lb uncured, all-lean, rindless bacon, at 12½c.....	\$ .625
10 doz. good, large, well-tempered, live onions at 12c....	1.200
13 doz. white-shelled, newly-laid hen eggs, at 13½c..	1.755
2 loaves mixed bread, light, graham, ginger, at 6 3-6c..	.130
10 lb of the unsalted, Weallneeda crackers, at 5c.....	.500
2 kegs pickles, sweet, sour, medium, at 75c.....	1.500
3 small boxes whole sardines, dead and juicy, at 7c....	.210
10 cs. ice-cold ones, Dr. Pepper, Pepper Sauce, at \$1..	10.000
Total.....	\$15.920

Bishop W. F. Sanders received the above order early in the morning April 1, 1905. He did not deliver the goods at Walker's Crossing, but kept them for the Pikers' Association.

### The Brass Band

The Brass Band is to be congratulated on its successful year's work. The members have always been faithful in their early morning practice. In order to make music for the glory of T. C. U., they have even sat up of nights to toot their horns. They have never failed to run the church choir out of the chapel on Saturday

nights. They have even sacrificed much of their study hours in order that they might become proficient in the use of their instruments. They have always been willing to appear on any program to be rendered in the chapel, and the soft strains of their music have met with the very highest appreciation. They even consented to play for the reception of President Roosevelt. The President was very loud in his praise of the band. They should also be congratulated because in their darkest and most trying hour, when Parnell left, they failed not, neither did they discontinue to play.

### The Purple and the White

We stand for all that's true and right,  
And will our duty do;  
We love the purple and the white,  
Which stands for T. C. U.

We love the girls of Carr-Burdette,  
And those at Bonham, too;  
But there are none to whom we'll set,  
But those of T. C. U.

When lights are out we raise a rough—  
To "warting" work attend;  
When we are out and feeling tough,  
The fire escape ascend.

We court the girls with all our might,  
Then whisper soft and low;  
We'll wear the purple and the white,  
As through the world we go.



Have Your Photos Made at

# Burdsal's Busy Studio

We make a study of every subject, that is why  
we get higher prices and keep busy

STUDIO: 513 1-2 AUSTIN STREET  
Opposite St. Charles Hotel

Yours sincerely,  
C. W. BURDSAL.



## Business Men Every- where

are eager to  
employ intel-  
ligent, practi-  
cal workers



### YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

who can do skillful, accurate work as stenographers, accountants or telegraph operators are in tremendous demand.

We have prepared hundreds to fill profitable positions. Business men from all over the state come to us because they know that our thorough, practical training fits our students to do REAL WORK from the START.

**OUR BOOK KEEPING AND BANKING DEPARTMENT** is the most complete, up-to-date and elaborately appointed of any school south of Chicago, and our teachers in this department are practical men of actual business experience.

**OUR SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENT** is presided over by a normal graduate of marked teaching ability, who has resigned a high position as stenographer to accept of this place. He can give you the short cuts in shorthand.

**OUR TELEGRAPHY DEPARTMENT** is conducted by a teacher who has had twenty years' experience as a railroad and Western Union operator. We can fit you in a short time for one of the best positions in the state. Fame and fortune awaits you. Now is the time to begin. Our terms are moderate.

Call, write or 'phone for free catalogue.

**HILL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,**  
WACO, TEXAS.



# McClelland Hotel

I. A. DRYDEN & CO., Proprietors

## EUROPEAN PLAN

Rates to Suit All. 25c and Up. 75 Outside Rooms.  
The Best Ventilated Hotel in the State.

Corner Fourth and Austin Streets  
Opposite Grand Opera House

Waco, Texas



## T. C. U. Industrial Laundry

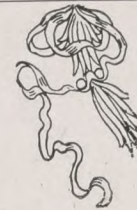
Operated by the Students.

"Only the Best"

J. A. WINN, Prop.

# W. B. THOMPSON

## The Photographer



Texas Christian University students are familiar with my work, and their liberal patronage, speaks eloquently of their appreciation of the

## ARTISTIC IN PHOTOGRAPHY

Merit, Not cheapness, is the goal of art. Hence our Motto: "Not how cheap but how good."

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS.

STUDIO

414 1-2 Austin Avenue,  
Waco, Texas



# Most of the Photos

IN "THE HORNED FROG"  
WERE MADE BY

# SANDERS

## Waco's Leading Photographer

THE CLEANEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE STUDIO IN  
THE CITY. IF YOU WANT THE BEST  
SANDERS CAN MAKE THEM

STUDIO: 609½ AUSTIN STREET

## TOBY'S Practical Business College WACO, TEXAS

EDWARD TOBY, President and Treasurer  
SAM KNIGHT, Vice President  
D. T. DIAL, Secretary



Toby's Practical Business College, Waco, Texas.  
Chartered. Capital Stock \$50,000.00

an embellished drawing; this college does not occupy one corner of an upper floor of some building and show an elegant building in its ads and catalogues. This is the largest, handsomest and most thoroughly equipped college building south of Chicago—all but a part of ground floor is used exclusively for college purposes, covering on area of floor space over 27,000 square feet.

### A Good School

Has no superior. No blow, no impossible guarantees, nor unbusinesslike propositions, plenty of good honest, hard work by a corps of educated and intelligent people. That's all.

### A High Grade School

—FOR—

### High Grade Students

The home of Janes' Shadeless Shorthand, the famous Parliamentary system. Enter any time. Catalogue free.

The cut of building here shown is made direct from a genuine photograph and from



**WACO** IS THE CENTER  
OF TEXAS.

# Hotel Metropole

IS THE CENTER OF  
WACO

**Rates \$2.50 to \$3.50**

**E. S. THORPE**  
MANAGER

**T. H. GLANCY**  
PROPRIETOR

" THE HOTEL THAT MADE WACO FAMOUS "

**Ice Cream**

**Fine Candies**

IF

*Elite*

IT'S BEST

**Cafe**

**Restaurant**

## Take Two Students of T. C. U.

for instance, talking about clothes. If you should stand by and hear the conversation, you would find that the preference is always given this store—and there's a reason for it, too.

**SUIT, TROUSERS, HATS, SHOES  
OR HABERDASHERY**

Come here, and you'll see why the T. C. U. boys like this store. It's our smart styles and our reasonable prices. That's the long and short of it.

**MATTHEWS BROS.,**  
Tell-the-Truth Clothiers

**Cigars**

**Magazines**

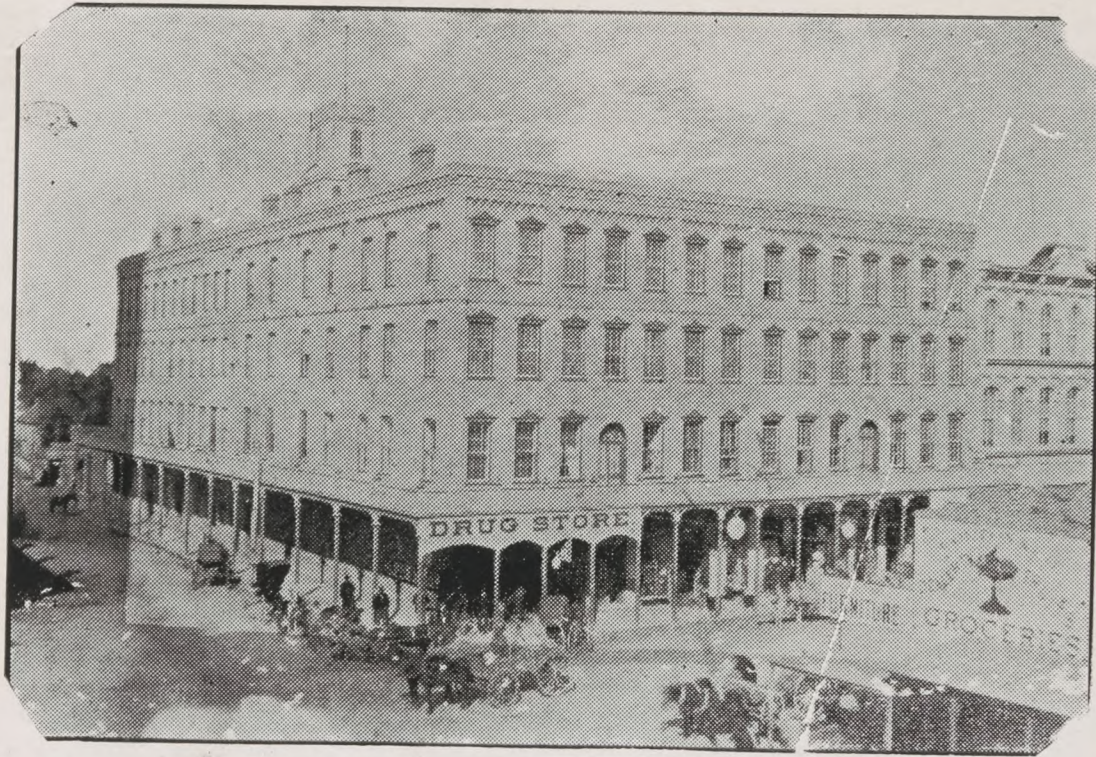
## **Pessels & Naman**

**405 Austin Avenue**

**Billiards**

**Allegretti's Candies**





THE OLD CORNER DRUG STORE THIRTY YEARS AGO



THE OLD CORNER DRUG STORE TO-DAY

VIEWS  
OF THE  
OLD CORNER  
DRUG CO.

The popular and reliable pharmacy that has for thirty years enjoyed the patronage and confidence of all Central Texas.



INTERIOR VIEW  
OF  
THE OLD CORNER  
DRUG STORE

Showing on the right their celebrated Innovation Soda Fountain, in honor of which has been created the new holiday, Innovation Day, now celebrated annually on May fifteenth.





A Strong Appeal to Culture and Refinement is  
Presented in the Artistic Excellence of the

# STARR PIANO

The perfect embodiment of all that is  
**LOFTY, RHYTHMICAL AND MUSICAL**



Our entire line appeals to the artistic sense, embracing as it does such  
renowned makes of established reputation as the

**STARR, STEINWAY,  
KNABE, RICHMOND**  
CECILIAN PIANO PLAYER  
and others

A cordial invitation extended you to visit any of our ware-  
rooms throughout the Southern States.

**JESSE FRENCH  
PIANO AND ORGAN CO.**

Manufacturers and Distributors High Class Pianos

**J. C. PHELPS, Manager.**

280 Elm St., Dallas, Texas.

505 N. Fifth St., Waco, Texas.



Our Magnificent Stocks  
Brought to Your Door

**B**Y the use of our perfectly organized Mail Order Department you can enjoy the many advantages of trading with us while you sit quietly at home. We have a most attractively illustrated catalog, that will enable you to make your selections without any trouble, saving you expense, time and worry, and at the same time giving you a higher grade of more stylish merchandise than can be obtained in the smaller stores. If you are not on our list, send your name and we will mail you FREE one of our catalogues,—explaining our mail order system and how your goods are delivered to you FREE.

We carry Dry Goods, Shoes, Car-  
pets, Furniture, and Everything  
Ready-to-Wear for Men, Women  
or Children. Send us a trial order.

**Sanger Brothers**

WACO, TEXAS

**C. O. HEILMANN**

The Up-to-date

**Photographer**

and Your Next Door  
Neighbor

Invites the students and faculty of Texas Christian University to call at his home in front of the University and inspect samples of his

**Fine Grade of  
Photos**

All work is guaranteed to be first-class and at most reasonable prices.

RESIDENCE IN FRONT OF T. C. U.

**Studio 107 1-2 South Fifth St.**



## The Finsen Light Cure.

We have installed in our Sanitarium the only high power Finsen Light now in use in any of the Southern States. This apparatus is an imported lamp, endorsed by Prof. Nills R. Finsen as his own invention, and is the same as he uses in his institute at Copenhagen. Dr. Finsen is the first to reduce the principle of life, strength and health, in sunshine, to a scientific practical working basis. His method is nature's own way in healing—drugless, painless—just the application in concentrated form of the healing rays—the violet rays—to the affected tissue. Under this influence the germs of disease wither and die; results are positive and permanent.

This treatment is not a cure-all, but it is sure in many diseases generally regarded as incurable. Lupus (consumption of the skin), Eczema, Cancer, Acne, (Pimples), Consumption in its early stages and all forms of skin disease yield to this wonderful property of light.

We are treating many cases from all parts of Texas, and all are greatly benefitted and pleased. Call and see this latest discovery for the successful treatment of disease.

**DR. W. A. McCLAIN**

No. 804 North Fifth Street  
Waco, Texas

## THE LUXURY OF LIVING



is only experienced in your own home, where you have all the modern conveniences in tiled bath-room and kitchen that is fitted with open sanitary plumbing and porcelain bath tub, wash-tubs and sinks. We will make your home healthy, convenient and up-to-date in all the latest fixtures at a moderate cost.

**HILL  
BROS. & CO.**

605 Austin Avenue.  
Both Phones 302.

E. ROTAN, President

R. F. GRIBBLE, Cashier

R. L. STRIBLING, Assistant Cashier

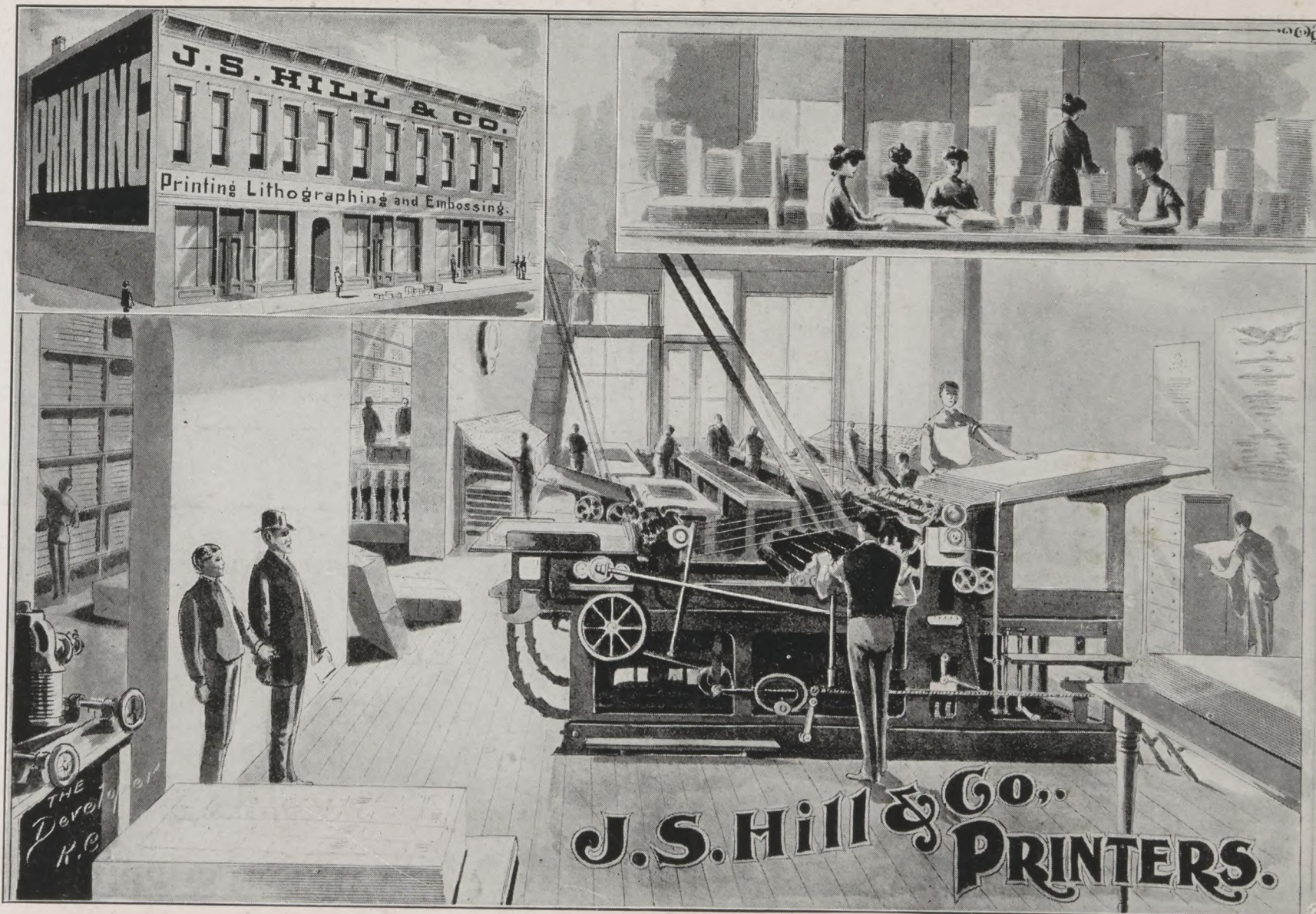
The  
**First National Bank**

WACO, TEXAS

**CAPITAL AND SURPLUS**

**\$400,000.00**





Printers of "THE HORNER FROG"

114-116 North Fifth Street, Waco, Texas

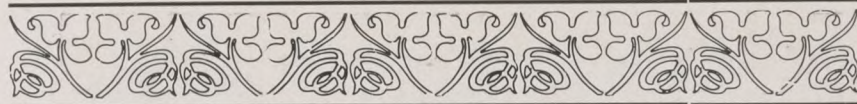


THE ILLUSTRATIONS



In this Book  
were made by  
The ELECTRIC CITY ENGRAVING CO.  
BUFFALO N.Y.





— The —  
**Rotan Grocery Co.**

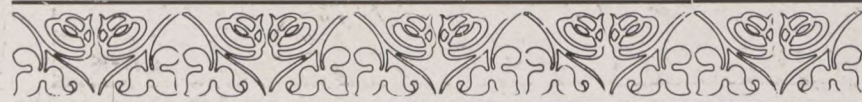
HEADQUARTERS  
FOR

Staple and Fancy

# Groceries

318-326  
South Fifth Street

• Waco, Texas



## W. D. LACY

FOR

Osage  
McAlester **COAL**

ELEVENTH AND JACKSON STS.,

**BOTH PHONES 22** Waco, Texas

**EAT AT THE NEW ORIENTAL RESTAURANT**



503 AUSTIN STREET  
NEXT TO RISHER'S

Everything New, Clean and Up-to-date.

**Regular Meals 25c.**

Short Orders Served at All Hours of the Day  
at Reasonable Prices.





## DR. ERNEST BOSTON

is One of the Leading Specialists in treating Eye,  
Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases.

He is from Madisonville, Kentucky, but has been in Texas for twenty-five years and in Waco three years. His nicely appointed and neatly arranged offices are rooms 73 and 74 Provident building, where he has every instrument and convenience for doing his work successfully and satisfactorily. He is a well educated and polished gentleman and received his education at Add-Ran University and his medical education in St. Louis, where he took a thorough course in everything relating to his

important profession and is a gentleman who believes in constant study of all the diseases coming under his line of practice. He has treated and cured thousands of McLennan County's people and has won for himself a fine reputation. Dr. Boston as a citizen is a Christian gentleman and is honest and straightforward toward all his patients as well as his many friends in Waco and surrounding territory. He is an honor to his profession, and a credit to the city, and it goes without saying that he will always maintain the splendid reputation he has already won by means of thorough honesty, conscientious and extreme courtesy to all.





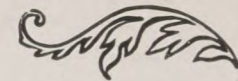


LOTT HIGH SCHOOL—GLENN ALLEN, ARCHITECT

**GLENN ALLEN, ARCHITECT.**

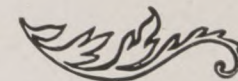
PROVIDENT BUILDING,  
WACO, TEXAS.

**EDUCATIONAL BUILDINGS A SPECIALTY**



Refer to the Following:

- Texas Christian University, Waco.
- St. Basil's College, Waco.
- Mess Hall, State A. and M. College.
- High School, Corsicana.
- High School, Marlin.
- High School, Gatesville.
- School Building, State Orphans' Home.
- School Building, Brandon, Texas.
- School Building, Killeen, Texas.
- School Building, Morgan, Texas.
- School Building, Angleton, Texas.
- School Building, Comanche, Texas.
- School Building, Sweetwater, Texas.
- School Building, Plano, Texas.
- School Building, Whitney, Texas.
- School Building, Lott, Texas.
- School Building, Collinsville, Texas.
- School Building, Markham, Texas.
- School Building, Santa Anna, Texas.





**JOHN C. LEES**

**UNDERTAKER**

214 SOUTH 4th ST.

F. B. WILLIAMS

T. J. PRIMM

ESTABLISHED 1886

**WILLIAMS & PRIMM**

REAL ESTATE AND LOANS

General Investment Brokers. We Negotiate Trades Everywhere.  
Tell Us Your Troubles.

Reference: Any Waco Bank or Business Man.

107 SOUTH FIFTH STREET  
LONG DISTANCE PHONE 903

Waco, Texas

**SAM E. STRATTON**

ATTORNEY AND  
COUNSELOR AT LAW

OFFICE OVER WOLFE & CO. BOOK STORE

**Wholesale Ice Cream**

*Prade's*  
416 AUSTIN AVE.

ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

J. S. McLENDON, PRESIDENT  
J. T. DAVIS, VICE-PRESIDENT

L. B. BLACK, CASHIER  
W. D. LACY, VICE-PRESIDENT

**The Citizens National Bank**

WACO, TEXAS

**CAPITAL AND SURPLUS**

**\$250,000.00**

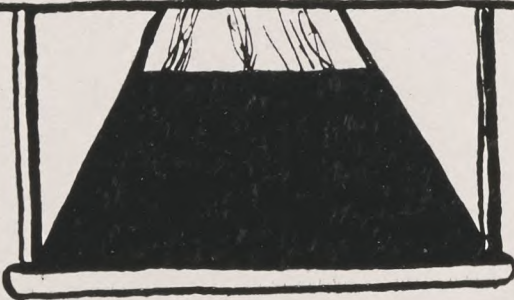








FINNIA



STONEWALL.











