

— THE —  
**HORNED FROG**

19  09







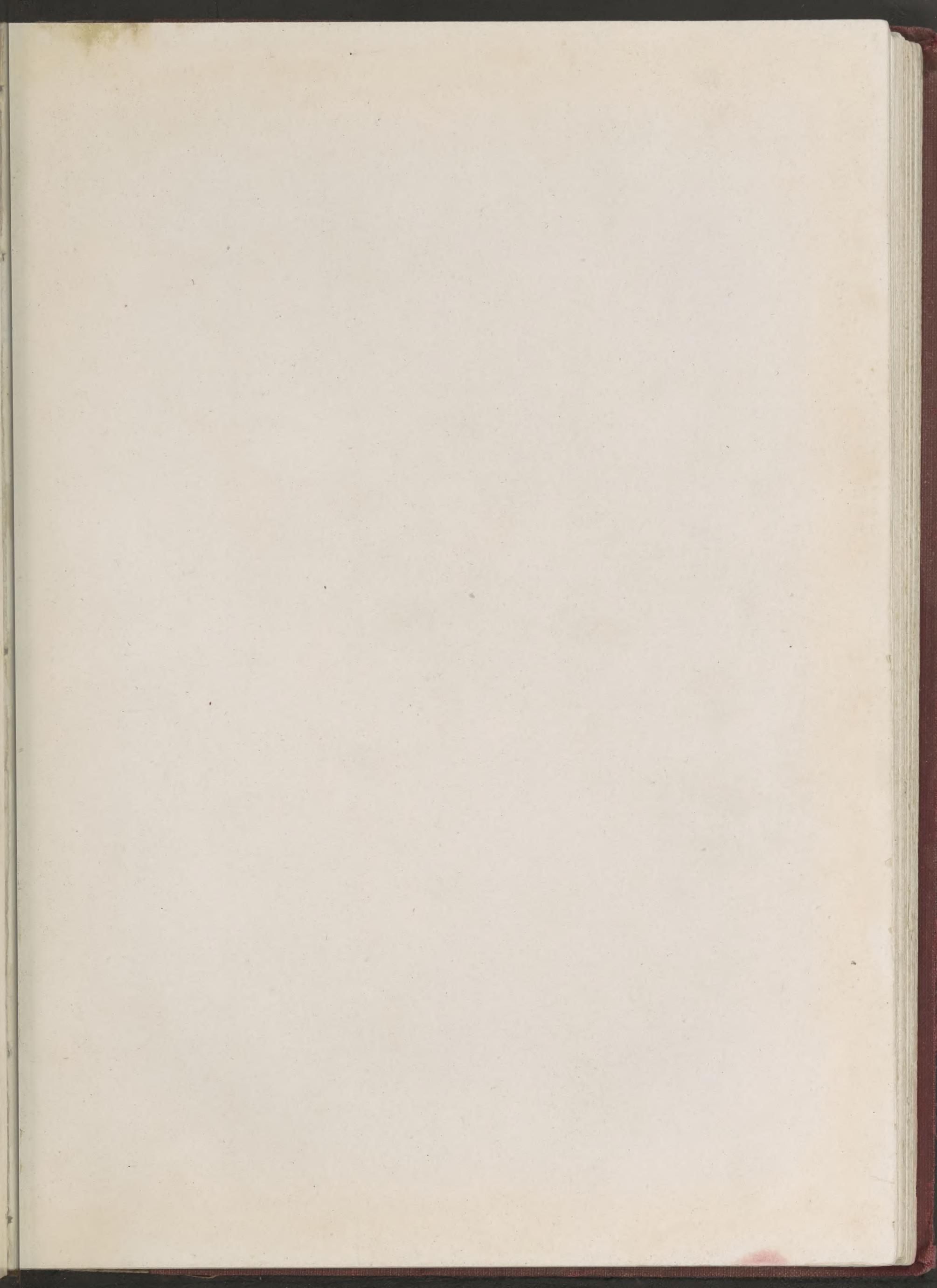
Mae Lynn Coq.

Mary Louise Warren











# Greeting

FROM

Class '09













# The Horned Frog

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*Volume VI*

1909



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PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY  
The Senior Class  
OF  
Texas Christian University



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TO  
**Our Mothers and Fathers**  
FOR SACRIFICES IN OUR BEHALF AND  
TO WHOM WE OWE GRATITUDE  
AND LOVE, THIS BOOK IS  
AFFECTIONATELY  
**Dedicated**

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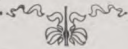
Brief are the flitting years, but dear,  
That mark a life-time on this earth,  
But there need never be a fear  
When we are gathered round the hearth  
Of our Mothers and Fathers.

When from the old homestead we go  
Seeking knowledge and fortunes fair,  
We feel secure and safely know  
There follows love and earnest prayer  
Of our Mothers and Fathers.

No matter what the life we live,  
To pay in part a debt we owe,  
At all times we must justly give  
Full praise and honor as we go,  
To our Mothers and Fathers.



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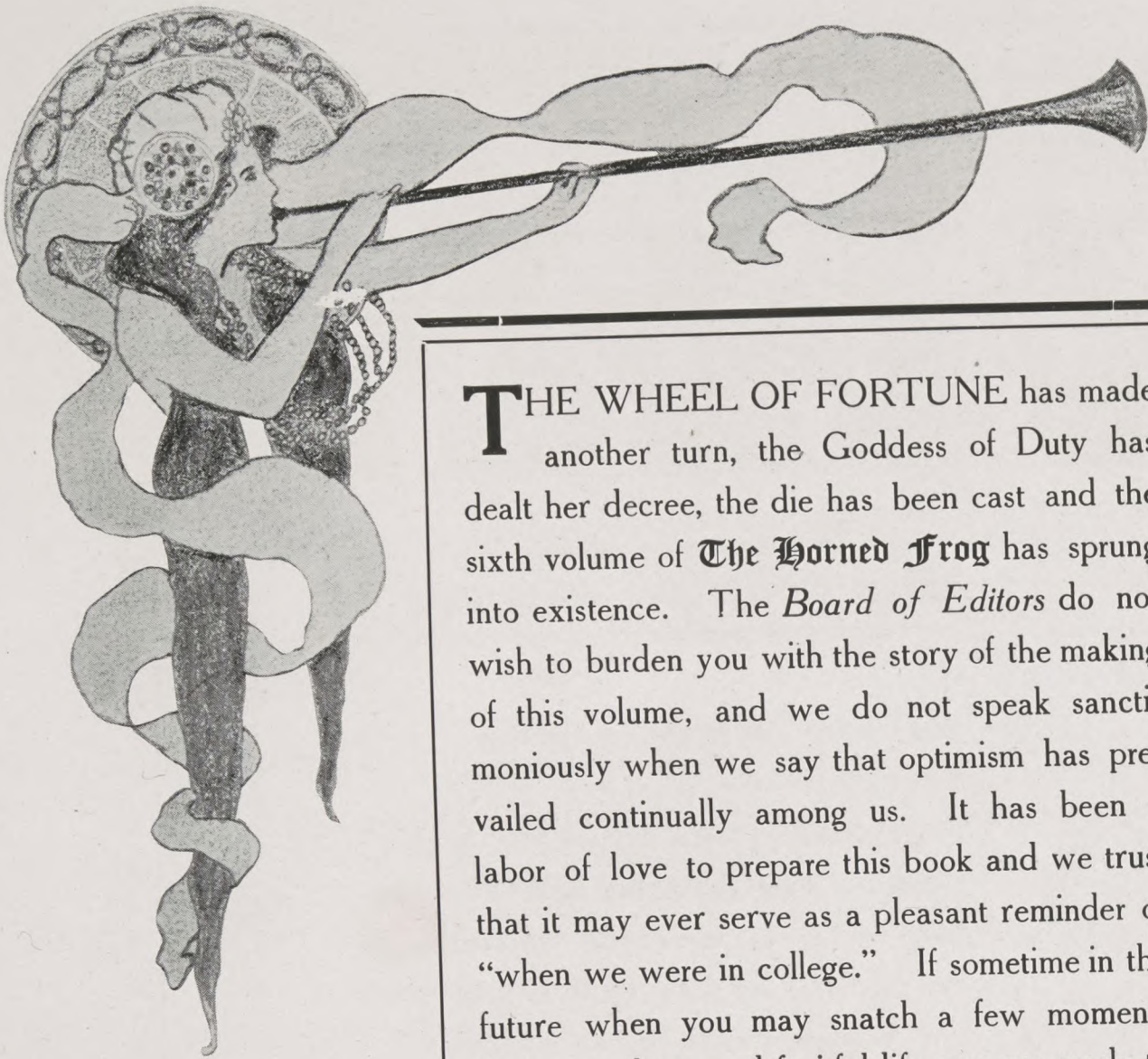
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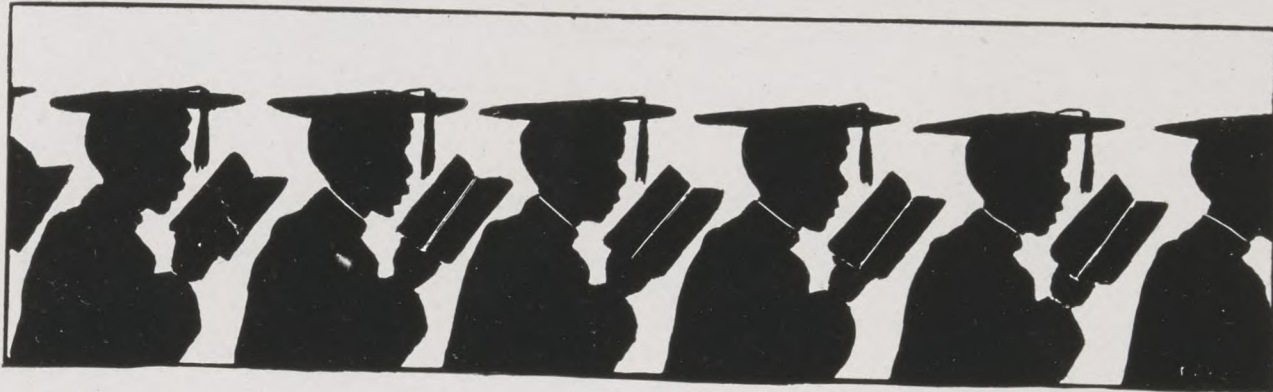
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**T**HE WHEEL OF FORTUNE has made another turn, the Goddess of Duty has dealt her decree, the die has been cast and the sixth volume of *The Horned Frog* has sprung into existence. The *Board of Editors* do not wish to burden you with the story of the making of this volume, and we do not speak sanctimoniously when we say that optimism has prevailed continually among us. It has been a labor of love to prepare this book and we trust that it may ever serve as a pleasant reminder of "when we were in college." If sometime in the future when you may snatch a few moments from your busy and fruitful life you are made to feel better by reading the '09 *Annual*, and if you recall vivid and pleasant memories of your halcyon college days at T. C. U., we will feel fully repaid for our conscientious efforts.





### What the Class of '09 Stands For

For battles fought and labors done,  
For victories that must still be won,  
For lessons learned, experience taught,  
For knowledge that must still be bought,  
For dear old mem'ries that we own,  
For sweetest joys still to be known,  
For comrades we have held most dear,  
Through pleasures keen and sorrows drear,  
For noble friendships to be won  
In the field of life just begun,  
For all that Alma Mater gave,  
To make us noble, pure or brave,  
For all that she will ever give,  
To help us fight, to help us live.  
Then, Alma Mater, thanks to thee,  
For past and all futurity.



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## Educational Secretary

**A**LTHO in the future the students of T. C. U. will look on COLBY D. HALL as the pastor of the University church—and he has already during the present session made himself felt in that capacity—yet to the outgoing students he will generally be remembered as Educational Secretary, with his grip and his “knapsack” in hand, either going out to catch a train for distant towns or else coming in, travel-stained, with reports of new interest or new pupils—and possibly, some welcome messages from the home-folks to a lonely student or two.

The work of the Educational Secretary as inaugurated by Mr. Hall and carried on for nearly three years, was of the nature that did not bring tangible results immediately; yet the increased attendance of the University in goodly percentage each year, and the constantly growing Educational Day offering from nothing up to \$7,000 gives splendid evidence of the solid results of this general work.

Education Day, the third Sunday in January, set apart for the churches to make a

cash offering to the support of the school, netted in 1907, \$1,348 from 45 churches; in 1908, \$6,060 from 65 churches, and in 1909 it bids fair to make nearly \$7000 from 84 churches.

The collection of the pictures of T. C. U.

buildings and campus in enlarged form, which have been shown all over the State by the Secretary, have become quite famous, and have made the school well-known in many new places. And the beautiful colored picture, so handsome in the neat frames that were sent out as Christmas presents to the churches in preparation for Education Day, will make the old school a familiar sight to its hundreds of patrons, and to thousands of boys and girls who will be numbered among its students in the years to come. Because of the need



COLBY D. HALL  
*Educational Secretary*

for building up the work of the University church, Mr. Hall resigned as Secretary in February and entered at once on the duties of pastor, where he will labor to build up the spiritual life inside as he has done to increase the support from the outside.



## Endowment Secretary

**T**O BECOME intimately acquainted with all parts of the State of Texas from any viewpoint whatever, is a huge task in itself. To search out individuals of the proper sort and make them acquainted with the needs and opportunities of a great University adds to the vastness of the undertaking. So that the Endowment Secretary has had his hands, and his head, and his heart filled with a stupendous work during the first year of his service.

In starting the work of building up the Endowment Company of the University, it was well-known that the first year must be spent largely in preliminary work; ploughing the ground, sowing the seed, thus preparing for a more complete harvest later on. During the year, Brother CHALMERS MCPHERSON has most vigorously performed this preliminary work, and besides, has secured in subscriptions some goodly amounts toward the building up of this enterprise.

If the preliminary task of ploughing and

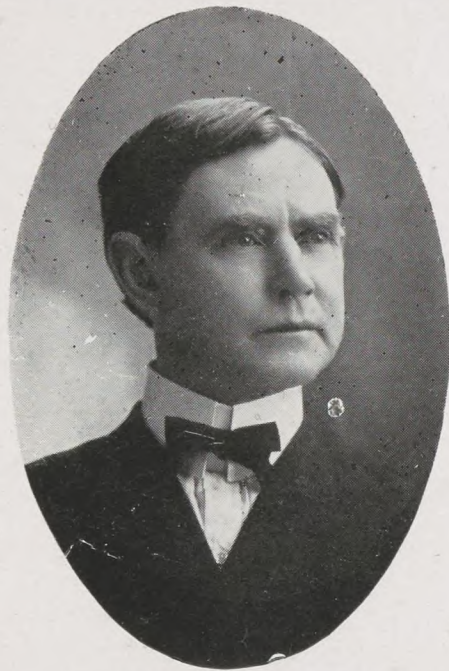
sowing in such a field is huge, the reaping is difficult. To convince the people of the great opportunity for "investment in manhood" by giving large sums to endow Texas Christian University would not be so difficult if those people could be in closer

touch with the work. But wide-scattered as they are, it is a "man's job." But that Brother McPherson is the man, is evidenced already by the work he has done.

The time is ripe now for the reaping. The coming year will undoubtedly mark a new epoch in the matter of liberal giving to our beloved school.

In the midst of the fall term it was the pleasure of the student body to have "Brother Mc" with them on several Sundays, and also in a short meeting.

So they were blessed by the influence of his strong and genial spirit; and he had the opportunity of knowing more of the inside life of the school for whose upbuilding he labors.



CHALMERS MCPHERSON





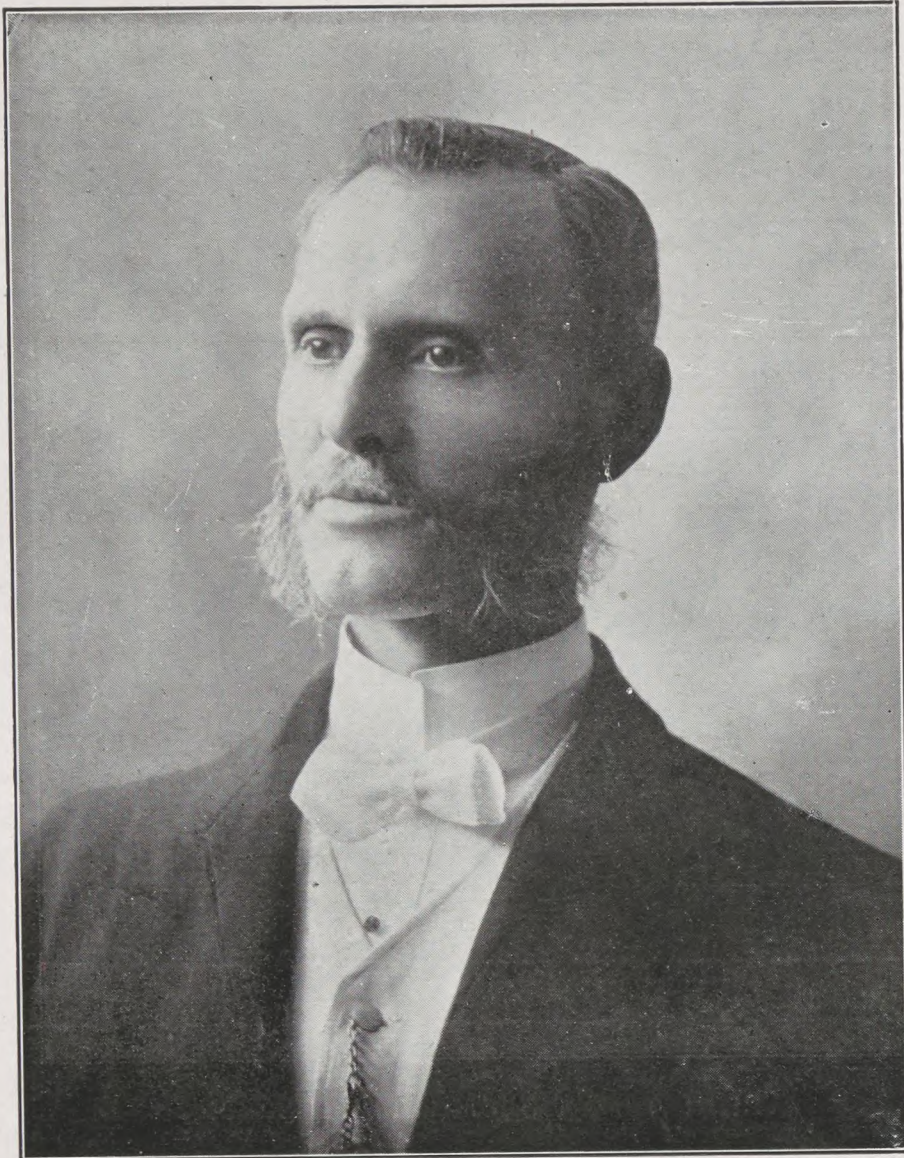
LINTON LOCKHART is recognized as the most scholarly man of the Christian Church in Texas, and ranks with the first men of the church in America. His life has been spent in the ministry of the gospel and in collegiate work. After taking his A. B. degree in 1886, and his A. M. degree in 1888, at Kentucky University, he was a pastor in Kentucky churches until 1892. The work that he has found best suited to him, however, was begun when he became Professor of the Bible Chair at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Nowhere does his splendid ability as a scholar show better than in the class-room. Here he is absolute master of the field. He obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Yale in 1894.

The next year he held the presidency of Columbia College, which was given up for the presidency of Christian University, Canton, Missouri. During all this time he had been rising to a position of higher esteem among the people of the Christian church, and was given many important positions in such work as ministerial associations. At Drake University he was Professor of Semetic and Biblical Literature for six years. In 1906 he became President of Texas Christian University, and Dean of the Bible College here. He has filled these positions successfully for three years.

Dr. Lockhart has contributed much to Christian publications, besides having written several books of philosophy and Christian doctrine. He has been prominent in lectureships, ministerial institutes, State conventions, and State Bible school associations. In educational and missionary work he is always ready to take an active part. In acknowledgment of his scholarship, Kentucky University conferred upon him in 1908, the degree of Doctor of Laws.

The splendid spirituality of this man has exerted a great influence in the higher life of the University. His implicit confidence in the guiding hand of the Master makes him a man of the noblest strength. In this strength he bravely, and with a quiet decision, asserts his own views, independent of the opinions that others hold. He will probably never be given credit for his full value by the public. Only those who know him personally are able, in a measure, to judge of his worth. The faculty give him their complete confidence and trust, and the University realizes that they have in this man what is needed for the highest development in the school.





PRESIDENT CLINTON LOCKHART, PH. D.



# Texas Christian University

Waco, Texas

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MISS NELL ANDREWS . . . . . *Librarian*

MISS LOTTIE WATSON . . . . . *Lady Principal*





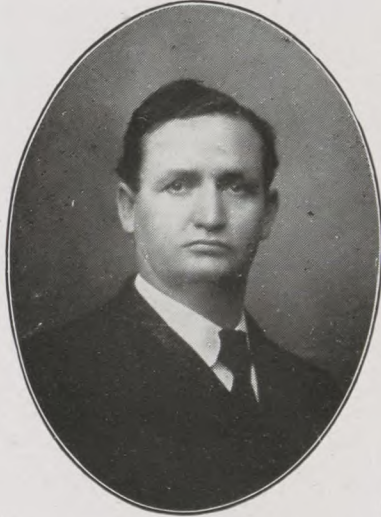


FACULTY





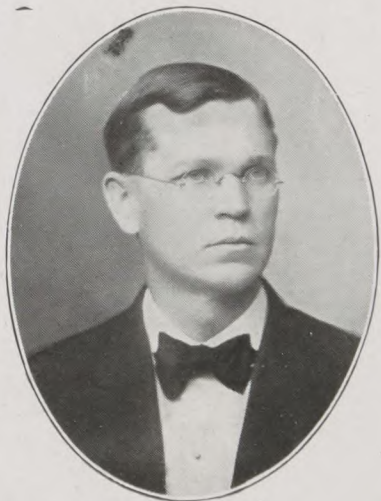
JAMES F. ANDERSON, A. M.,  
Professor of Biology and Geology.



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Professor of Chemistry and Physics.

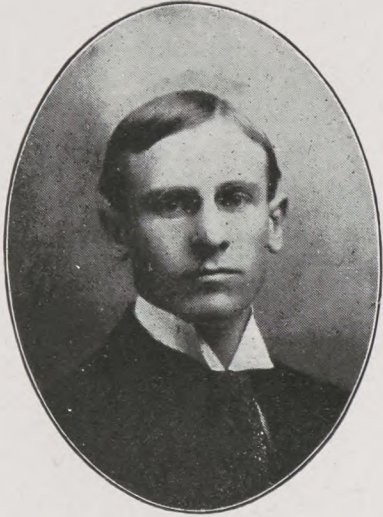


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Philosophy.

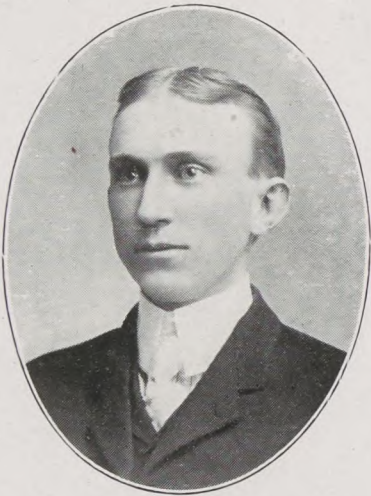




ORIE WILLIAM LONG, A. B.,  
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EGBERT R. COCKRELL, A. M., LL. M.,  
Professor of History and Political Science.

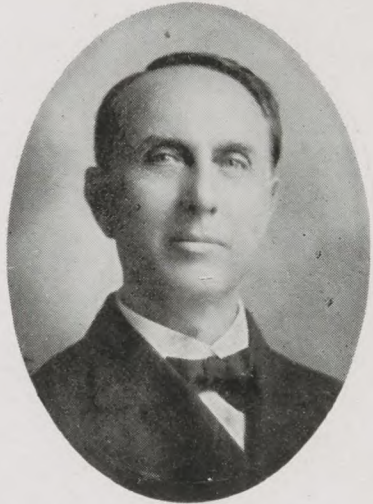


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and Literature.



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Professor of Mathematics.





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Professor of English.



HOWELL G. KNIGHT, A. B.,  
Instructor in History and Theme Reader.



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Assistant in Natural Sciences.



BARNEY HALBERT,  
Assistant in Chemistry.

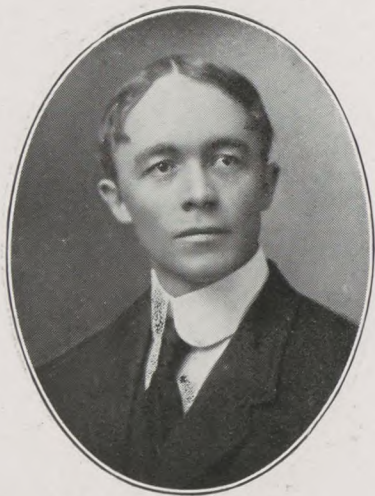




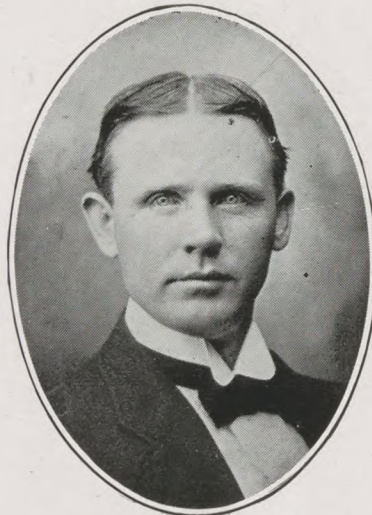
JENNIE VIC McCULLOH, A. M.,  
Instructor in Modern Languages.



GRUNDY W. STEVENSON,  
Assistant in Academy.



NOEL C. CARR,  
Assistant in Latin.



G. W. JOHNSON, A. B.,  
Instructor in Academy.

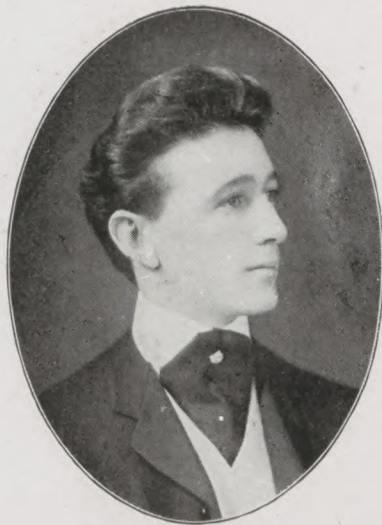




DURA BROKAW-COCKRELL, A. B.,  
Principal School of Art.



KATE N. JACKSON,  
Assistant in School of Art.

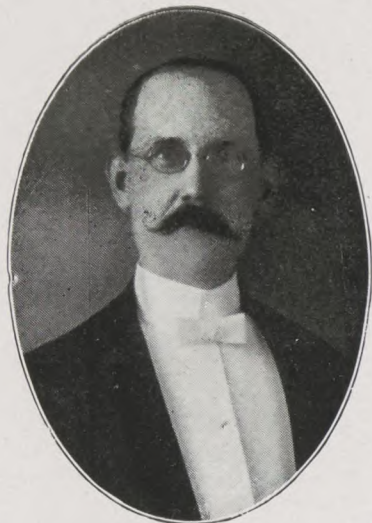


WILLIS C. HUNTER,  
Professor of Violin, Harmony and Theory.



MRS. LENA LEACH HUNTER,  
Professor of Voice Culture; Choral Director





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



CORA LEE JENNINGS,  
Instructor in Piano.



MABLE WALLACE,  
Instructor in Piano.



MATTIE WADE PARKS, A. M.,  
Instructor in Piano.





CLYDE BATSELL REEVES, A. B., B. O.,  
Principal School of Oratory.



ALBERT CRUZAN,  
Assistant in School of Oratory.



J. J. HART, A. M., LL. B.,  
Principal College of Business.



MRS. J. J. HART, A. B.,  
Assistant College of Business.





LOTTIE WATSON,  
Lady Principal.



MRS. FRED W. WIMBERLY,  
Assistant Lady Principal.



MRS. ADDIE FORD,  
Dining Hall Matron.



MRS. ALBERT CRUZAN,  
Girls Gymnasium Instructor.





NELL ANDREW,  
Librarian.

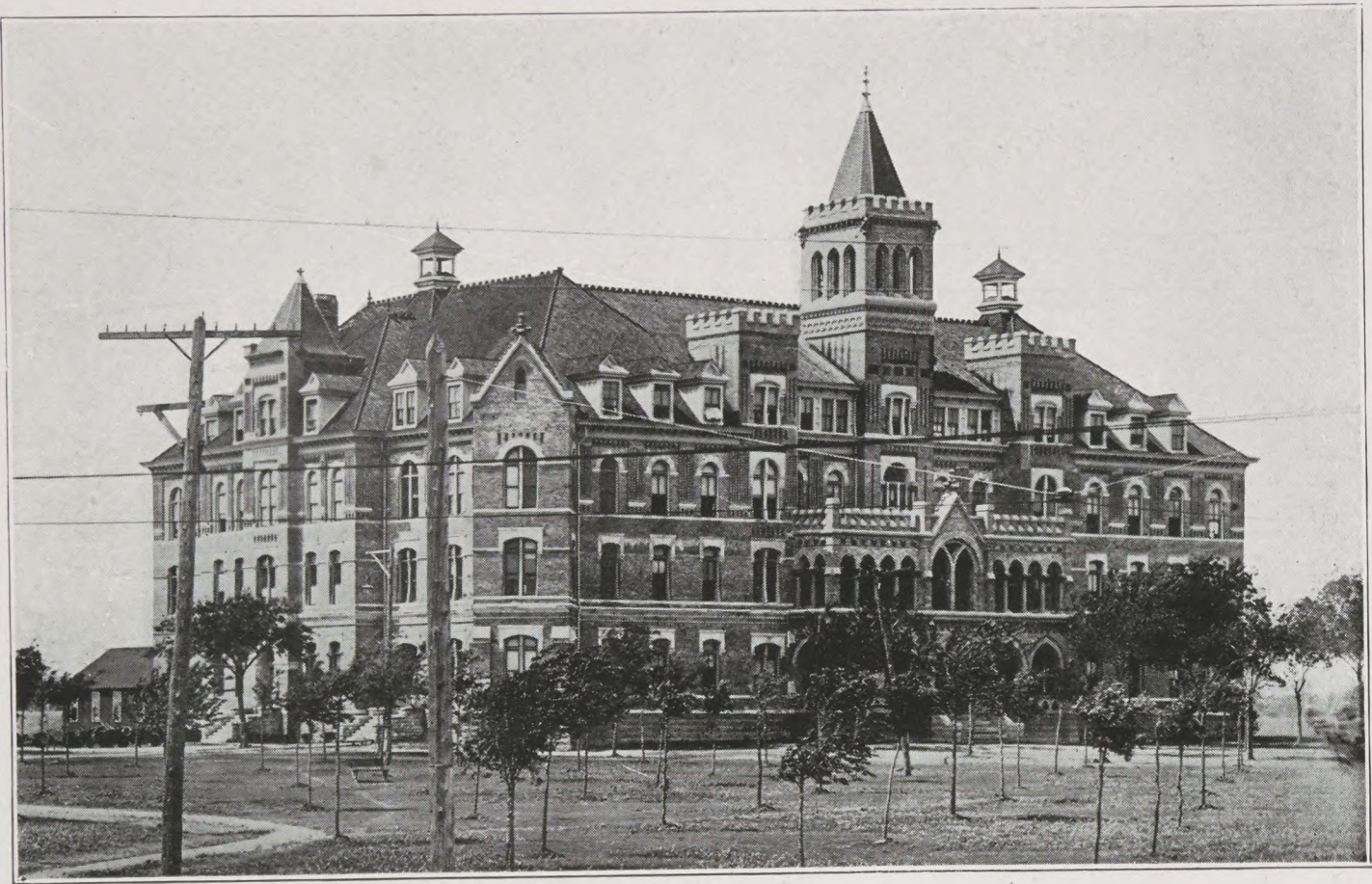


M. KNIGHT MILLER,  
Registrar.



VIRGINIA LEE BRANDT,  
Secretary to the President.

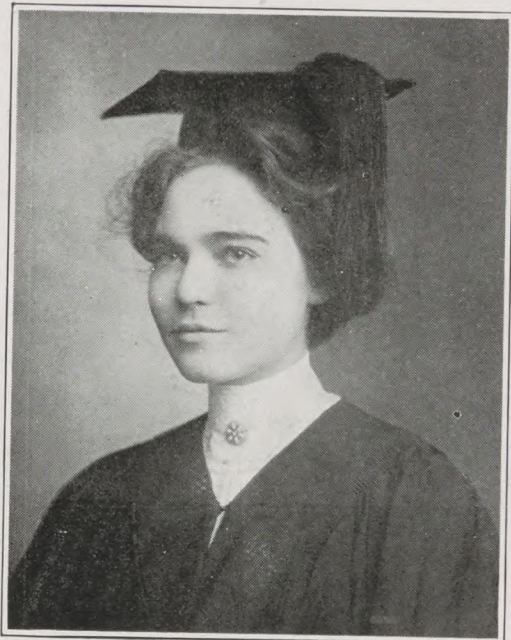




MAIN BUILDING



## Post Graduates



JENNIE VIC McCULLOH, A. M.,  
Haskell, Texas.

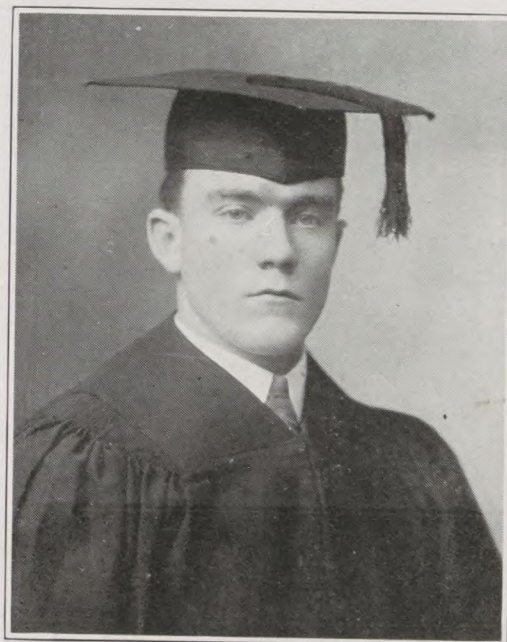
A. B., Texas Christian University '08; Instruc-  
tor in Modern Languages.

Thesis: Lessing's Conception of Tragedy.

PAUL L. TYSON,  
Santa Anna, Texas.

A. B., Texas Christian University '08. Instruc-  
tor in Natural Sciences.

Thesis: The Malarial Parasite.



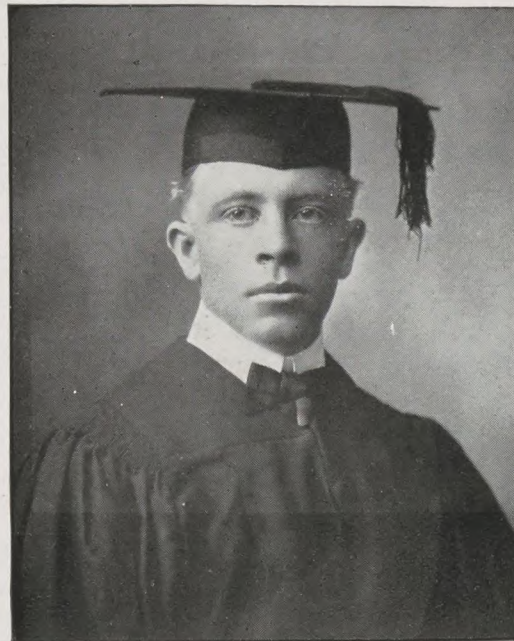


## Post Graduates

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CHAS. M. ASHMORE,  
Waco, Texas.

A. B., Texas Christian University '06. Now  
taking post-graduate work for B. D. degree.



H. R. FORD, B. D.,  
Waco, Texas.

A. B., Texas Christian University, '04.



## WHAT NOW?

Keep a-thinking, "Can't be true,  
Must be something more to do."  
Wond'ring 'bout the "when and how,"  
Always asking, "Well, what now?"

Used to think I knew it all,  
"Lord it" over big and small.  
Now it's quite a different row,  
Keeps me asking, "Well, what now?"

World's not running on a bluff,  
It wants stuff that's sure enough,  
Wants a man that knows just how,  
So, I'm asking, "Well, what now?"

Kind o' used to things 'round here,  
This old place is mighty dear.  
Makes me feel—I don't know how,  
When I think it's over now.

Boys a-singing all the day,  
Girls a-laughing 'cross the way,—  
Best old life just anyhow!  
Hate to think it's over now.

Hear them cheer? Played my last game!  
Life'll never seem the same.  
Can't help thinking just somehow,  
It's not true, it's over now.

Listen! Hear them singing "Varsity"  
'Cross the campus heartily—  
Makes me pucker up my brow,  
Thinking that it's over now.

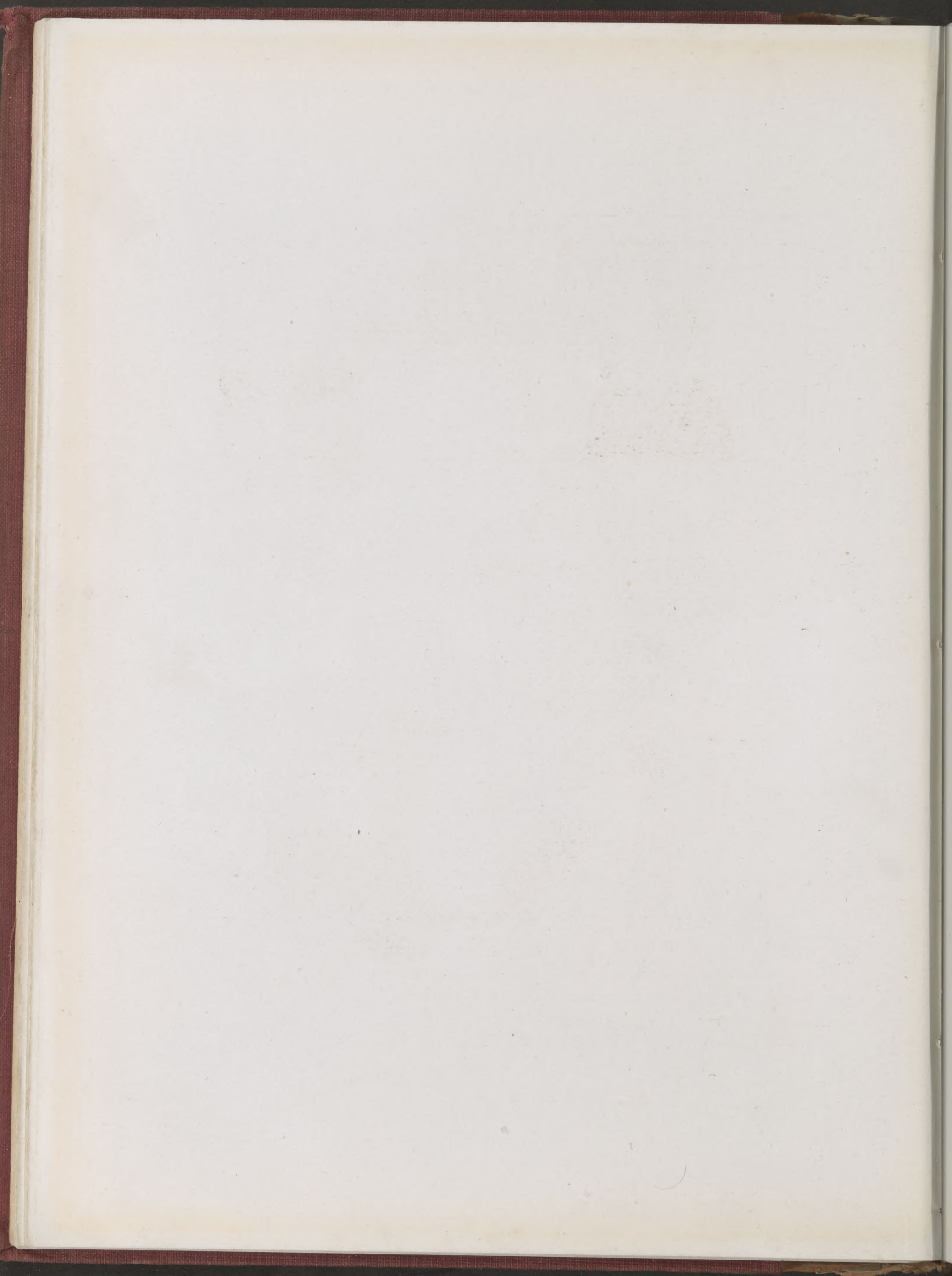
Farewell, dear old T. C. U.  
Can't help feeling kind o' blue,  
Wondering 'bout the "when and how,"  
While I'm asking, "Well, what now?"





WHAT NOW?









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 JOHN CALVIN WELCH . . . . . *Chaplain*

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| J. B. FRIZZELL    | MABLE SHANNON        |
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| EULA McNEILL      | JOHN C. WELCH        |

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| BONNER FRIZZELL . . . . . <i>Orator</i>          | C. L. GREENE                             |                                     |
| BERTRAM H. BLOOR . . . . . <i>Historian</i>      | B. F. COLLINS                            |                                     |
| MABLE SHANNON . . . . . <i>Prophet</i>           | H. G. KNIGHT                             |                                     |
| DAN D. ROGERS . . . . . <i>Giftorian</i>         | CLOIS L. GREENE . . . . . <i>Soloist</i> |                                     |
| JOHN C. WELCH . <i>Advice to the Faculty</i>     | CLASS '09 . . . . . <i>Class Song</i>    |                                     |

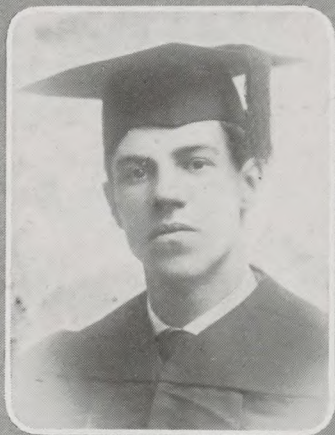


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## THE HORNE D FROG

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**HENRY CAMPBELL BARNARD, A. B.,**  
Dallas, Texas.



Walton; Varsity Football Squad '06, Association Football Squad '06-'07, Manager Reserve Football and Baseball Team '07, Assistant Manager Varsity Football and Baseball '07-'08, Manager Varsity Football '08, Manager Varsity Baseball '09; Member K. K. K. '06; Secretary Bryan Club '07; Glee Club '07-'09, President Glee Club '09; President Walton Literary Society '08.

Major: English. Has tendencies toward commercial world.

---

**BERTRAM HATHAWAY BLOOR, A. B.,**  
Manor, Texas.



Add-Ran; President Add-Ran Literary Society four times; Representative Add-Rad in Inter-Society Declamatory and Oratorical Contests and Debates; President T. C. U. Oratorical Association '08; President Texas State Oratorical Association '08-'09; President Senior Oratory Class '09; T. C. U. Representative in State Oratorical Contest at Sherman, '08; Business Manager Horned Frog '09; Class Historian '09; Varsity Football '05-'08; Varsity Baseball '06-'07; Dramatic Club; Platform Club; Member Amalgamated Order of the R. G.'s; M. L. T.; Kritters of Annanias.

Major: English. Considering many propositions.

---

**BRYANT FOWLER COLLINS, A. B.,**  
Dallas, Texas.



Add-Ran; Secretary Add-Ran Literary Society '07, Treasurer '08, Vice-President '09; Second Place Inter-Society Declamatory '08; President Junior Class '07-'08; Vice-President Athletic Association '07-'08; Varsity Football Squad '06, '07; Varsity Glee Club, '06-'09; Varsity Quartette '06-'09; Member and Manager Bull Dog Quartette '09; University Choir '05-'09; Secretary Bryan Club '09; Platform Club; M. L. T.; Kritters of Annanias.

Major: Science. Upward tendencies.



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## THE HORNED FROG

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"Napp," "Napper" or "Nappus"—either cognomen will do. The management was unable to secure a baby picture of this Dallas celebrity—because he never had a picture made until he came to T. C. U.—so after a careful study of the gentleman's face we decided that "Nappus" looked like this. Any connoisseur of features can certainly see a marked resemblance. "Nap" has been exceeding skilful in deceiving the "powers that be"—having studied but little since he came here. Altho "Napper" cannot be termed a social success, he is a good athletic manager and carefully audits all ex-Spence accounts.

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"Bert" is all sorts of a fellow, and as hard to define as a Hittite inscription. He is a loyal patron of St. Patrick and a student of prodigious ability. In literature he is scholarly, his favorite author being Baron Munchhausen. His popularity has not been confined to the faculty. He has specialized along social lines and we have every reason to believe he has been eminently successful. He is a great schematist. Bold, pertinacious, obdurate, sinecure, yet scintillant, we do not know what to expect from him in the future. He shows tendencies, however, toward sordid finance. He will probably make an investment in West Texas dirt and Wood, soon.

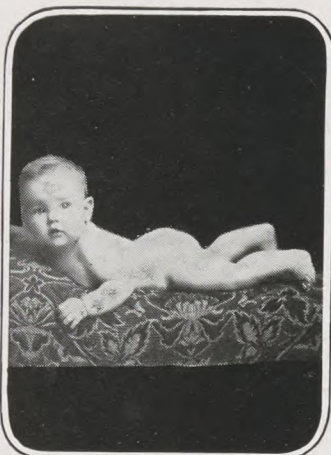
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"Coll" says according to his best recollection, he first saw the light of this mundane sphere one frosty November morning on a ranch just nineteen miles southwest from the Dallas courthouse. He went bareheaded as a boy, and he now goes white-headed as a Senior. He was a favorite with the ladies, and his course in college is strewn with the wrecks of smitten hearts. He has a musical turn, and once took special lessons from a vocal teacher. As a Freshman he declared that his greatest ambition in life was to be called papa. He has delved deep into the stinks and odors of Chemistry and declares he can give an accurate qualitative or quantitative analysis of "Why a Freshman is Fresh."

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" NAPP "



" BERT "



" BLONDY "



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## THE HORNED FROG

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**BONNER FRIZZELL, A. B.,**  
Athens, Texas.

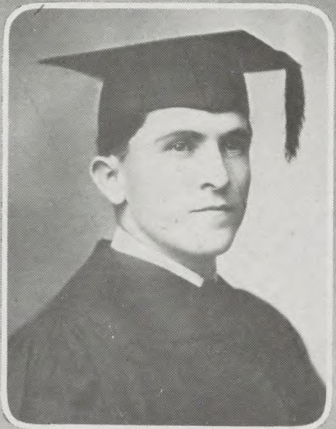


Add-Ran; Secretary Add-Ran Literary Society '08, Treasurer, Vice-President and President '09; Add-Ran Debating Team '08; Add-Ran Declamatory Team '07; Associate Editor Horned Frog '05-'06-'07 and '09; Manager Skiff '07; Editor Collegian '05, Editor and Manager Collegian '06-'07; Vice-President Press Association '05, President '06; President Sophomore Class '05; President Junior Class '06; Secretary Bryan Club '07, President '06, '08; President Student Body '05; President Athletic Association '05; Guard, Halfback and End Varsity Football '04 to '08, Captain Varsity Football '06; Delegate to Student Volunteer Convention, Nashville, Tenn., '06; President Y. M. C. A. '06; Vice-President Platform Club '08, President '09; Secretary to President '07; University Press Correspondent '08-'09; Elected, Member Inter-Collegiate Debating Team against Southwestern Spring '09; Elected Editor Commencement Daily, June '09; M. L. T. '05-'09.

Major: English. Favors journalism.

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**J. B. FRIZZELL, A. B.,**  
Athens, Texas.

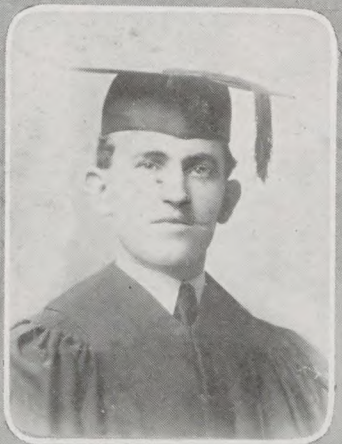


Walton; Vice-President Walton Literary Society '05, President '07; Glee Club '05, '09; Varsity Quartette '07; University Choir '07-'09; Bull Dog Quartette '09; Business Manager Skiff '08; Junior Class Editor '08; Captain Reserve Baseball and Football '06; Varsity Football '07; Varsity Baseball '06-'09; University '07-'08; University Orchestra '07-'09; Secretary Athletic Association '08-'09; Manager Track Team '09; Assistant in Business Office '07-'08; Assistant Academy English '09; Bryan Club; M. L. T.; Platform Club.

Major: English. Will try fortunes in the Northwest.

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



Walton and Add-Ran; President Walton Literary Society '07, Winner Walton Medal '07, Second Place Declamatory Contest '06; President Add-Ran Literary Society '08; President Oratory Club '07-'08; Delegate to State Oratorical '07-'08; Winner McClain Oratorical Contest '07; Dramatic Club; Secretary '06-'07, President '07-'08; Glee Club; University Choir; Varsity Quartette '08-'09; Bull Dog Quartette '09; Manager Association Football '07, Member and Manager Varsity Basketball '08-'09; Manager Track Team '09; Editor Collegian '09; Bryan Club; Platform Club; M. L. T.; Kritters of Annanias.

Major: English. Interested in West Texas real estate.

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## THE HORNED FROG

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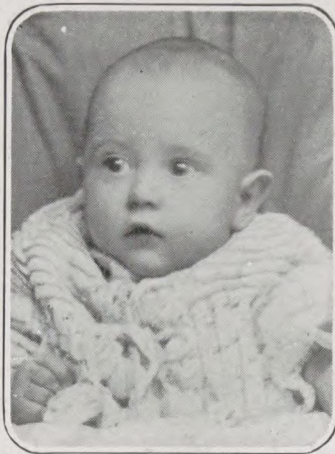
"Fritz" is the epithet, appellation, and pseudonym of one of the most prominent members of the '09 Class. He has been exceeding popular with both the student-body and the faculty (?), having been intimately connected with all college activities. Conservative, yet radical to a dangerous degree, obsequious, iconoclastic, he has lately shown pessimistic tendencies because of—various reasons. In his literary endeavors "Fritz" has gained a wide reputation, having coined the word "Moccosconobs," which he defines as "a fooling fool hath foolishly fooled with a foolish fool." When he gets his diploma he will edit an objuragatory journal called "The Dread Dragon." He has a massive intellect but rarely ever uses it.

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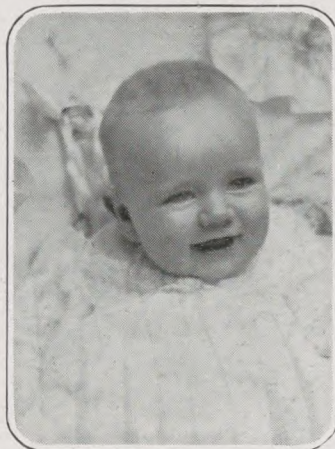
"Hebe" is a stunner! All the ladies say he is—and they ought to know. He plays in the left field on the baseball team, and in the corn-field at home. He plays well in both places. Hard work is a good thing, so Hebe says, and being of a charitable disposition, he leaves as much as possible to his fellow-man. A conference with the Profs shows that he has been especially kind to his teachers in this respect—always cheerfully relinquishing his share of class labors to less fortunate students. He has had the "mumps"; also he has two brothers, and a jolly good nature. The "Naughty-Nines" are with you, "Hebe"!

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"Noisy" is popular with the boys, popular with the girls, but especially he is popular with the faculty. Ever since he entered T. C. U. with his bib and bottle as a Freshman the august Profs have designated him as "My dear Greene," laying greatest emphasis on the word "greene" during the time of his freshie antics, coming back to linger over the "dear" during his intellectual silence as a Soph. "My!!"—with a capital M and a vigorous !!—"MY Senior Noisy!"—a wild scramble of eager Profs—and the chairman of the discipline committee has him! When disciplinic conditions are favorable, Noisy is as meek and gentle as a lamb, otherwise he is a no less terrific than a West Texas cyclone.



"FRITZ"



"HEBE"



"NOISY"

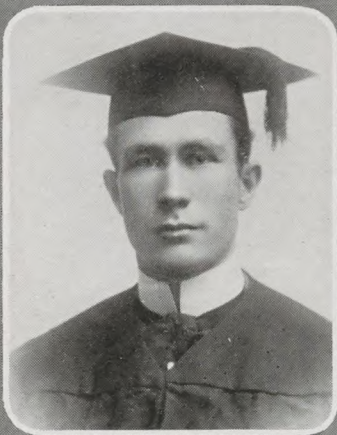


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## THE HORNE D FROG

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HOWELL GILBERT KNIGHT, A. B.,  
Ballinger, Texas.



Add-Ran; Twice Vice-President, and Twice President Add-Ran Literary Society; Add-Ran Declamatory Team '06; Member Athletic Council '05; Captain Varsity Football '05; Quarterback, Halfback and End Varsity Football '05-'09; Student Manager Varsity Baseball '06; Captain Track Team '06, Manager '07; Captain Association Football '07; Captain Varsity Basketball '09; Marshal School City Government '06; Vice-President Press Club '06; Assistant Manager Skiff '06, Editor and Manager '06-'07; Associate Editor Collegian '07, '08; Associate Editor Horned Frog '08; Editor Horned Frog '09; Vice-President Oratorical Association '08; University Choir '05-'09; Varsity Glee Club '05, '09; Varsity Quartette '05-'09; Bull Dog Quartette '09; Theme Reader for English Department '07, '08; Instructor in Academy '08, '09; Vice-President Student Body '07, '08, President '08, '09; President West Texas Club '06-'09; Treasurer '06, President '07, Bryan Club; Platform Club; M. L. T.; Kritters of Annanias.

Major: English. Favors journalism.

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EULA McNEILL, A. B.,  
Valley Mills, Texas.



Walton; Secretary '05, '07, '08, Walton; Secretary Sophomore Class; Sophomore Scholarship; Girls' Choral Club '08; Philosophy Club '08; Tennis Club; University Choir '07-'09; Secretary Senior Class; Member of Skiff Staff '09; Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '09; Superintendent of Intermediate Christian Endeavor '09; Assistant Editor-in-Chief Horned Frog '09; Secretary Student Body '08-'09; Sixteen Club; N. H. Club.

Major: English. Will teach.

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JAMES ROBERT McFARLAND, JR., A. B.,  
Ladonia, Texas.



Add-Ran; Three times President Add-Ran Literary Society; Varsity Yell Leader '06-'07; Delegate to State Oratorical Contest '08; Manager Glee Club '07-'08; Vice-President Junior Class '08; Secretary Platform Club '08; President Y. M. C. A. '08-'09; Manager Tennis Club '09; Bryan Club.

Major: Natural Science. Will come in contact with the soil.

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## THE HORNED FROG

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Once upon a time—so they say—a long, lank fellow came out of the West to T. C. U. He claimed Ballinger as his home, and the Registrar recorded that he was born in April. He broke into the football team, combed the cockleburs from his hair, went to a soirée and met a maid named Bess. He participated in all student enterprises, attended all social functions, and incidentally studied—some. Last spring his mind turned gently to thoughts of a maid from Valley Mills. He regarded it as a master-stroke of Cupidic diplomacy when he made her Associate Editor of the Horned Frog. He promulgated the doctrine that “policy is the best policy.” He claims to be an optimist, feigns to understand Emerson, and has made sporadic attempts to write Whitmansesque “pomes.” To him mathematics and hades are synonymous.

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“Angel Face” is a name by which this coy young maiden is known to her most intimate friends. She is irresistible but unapproachable and has made a wonderful record in T. C. U. by having gone thru a four years college course without a single “love affair.” When she was yet in her teens she joined an Old-Maids’ Club and has remained true to those ideals. Dignified, unpretentious, yet radiant, she moves along the even tenor of her way. Her future is certain—she will continue her studies elsewhere and then—become an old-maid school teacher.

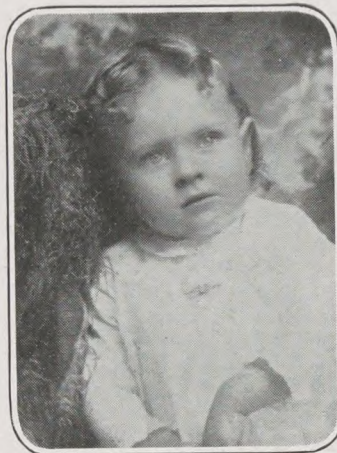
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“Student” was a promising creature in his young days, but when he entered college a strange new feeling pervaded his unstable cosmos and now you cannot find a more unsettled human—because of frequent and severe attacks of Emphesema Encepholopathy. He is a living embodiment of unassertiveness and doubt—this state of mind was probably brought about by constant affiliations with fabricitious flirts. He will sometimes admit that he is in love, but hastens to retract the statement and announce that he may settle down on a hay farm when he finishes college.

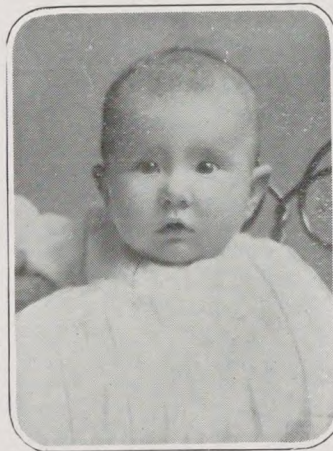
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“H. G.”



“ANGEL FACE”



“STUDENT”



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THE HORNED FROG

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NOAH CYRUS PERKINS, A. B.,

Ottowa, Illinois.

Add-Ran; Secretary Add-Ran Literary Society '09; President Freshman Class '05-'06; Secretary Athletic Association '06-'07; President Glee Club '07; Schubert Quartette '07, '09; Quarterback Varsity Football '06, '07, '08; Varsity Baseball '07, '08, '09, Captain '09; President Senior Class '09; Dramatic Club.

Major: English. Will study law.

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DAN DIXON ROGERS, A. B.,

Temple, Texas.

Add-Ran; Secretary and Vice-President '07, President '08, Add-Ran Literary Society; Add-Ran Debating Team '07-'08; Junior Scholarship '08; Vice-President Band '07; Business Manager Band '08-'09; Drums, Orchestra; Glee Club '07-'09; Varsity Yell Leader '06-'09; Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '08, '09; Treasurer Senior Class '08, '09; President Prohibition League '08-'09; President Athletic Association '08-'09; Business Manager Skiff and Collegian '08-'09; Superintendent University Sunday School '07-'09; Philosophy Club; Platform Club; Bryan Club.

Major: History. Will choose between the stage and journalism.

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EARNEST UTTERBACK SCOTT, A. B.,

Granbury, Texas.

Add-Ran; Secretary Add-Ran Society '07; Vice-President '08; Graduate Add-Ran Jarvis College '06; Varsity Football Squad '07; Associate Editor Collegian '08; University Choir '08-'09; Glee Club '08-'09; Bryan Club; M. L. T.; Platform Club.

Major: Natural Science. Will "Go West."



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## THE HORNED FROG

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"Si" was originally an Illini, the stork having left him at Ottawa. He early migrated to Cisco, Texas, and then drifted into T. C. U. along with "Doc" Brannin the better part of decade ago. He was trundled up the front walk and turned over to "Dad" Hamner with instructions to give him special care on account of his small size and tender years. By a slow and painful process of evolution, he finally developed into a Freshman and has since grown in stature, in knowledge and in favor with the ladies. He is tow-headed and hot-tempered. He kicked himself famous on the gridiron and snatched constellations of glory from the horsehide. During his Senior year he presided over the sittings of the class with the dignity characteristic of a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

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Did you ever hear him sing? His vocal cords were well-developed and (his father says) strenuously used even at the stage of life when this photo was snatched between facial contortions. But his vocal ability has grown with the years. He can make more noise to the cubic inch now than at any other time in his noisy existence. "Lusty" sings all the time except when he is booming the drum or leading yells for the Rooter's Association or throwing chairs or old shoes at "Mac." He is Daniel in the lion's den, and also plays the part of leading lion. "Lusty" will make himself heard in the world. He is a splendid policy man.

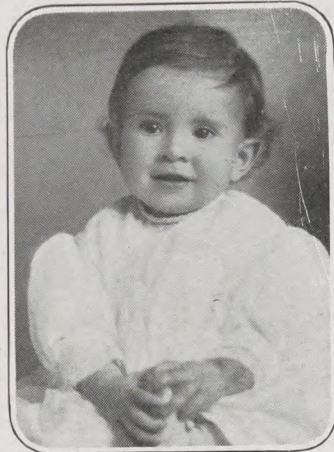
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"Scottie" took the measles last year and failed to take his diploma. Having fully recovered, however, he packed his grip and followed his Roman nose back to T. C. U. last fall. But believing the dirty dormitory and the college hash to be inimical to his physical, moral and mental well-being, he formed a conspiracy with Collins and seceded from the established order of things. He was a terrible ladies' man, and was known to them by the familiar appellation of "Gran'pa." During fits of mental aberration he sometimes studied. He claims the population of Granbury to be 986 and himself, and hopes to be mayor when the town gets grown.

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"SI"



"LUSTY"



"SCOTTY"



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## THE HORNED FROG

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**WILLIAM ELIAS STURGEON, A. B.,**  
DeKalb, Texas.

Shirley; Treasurer Shirley Literary Society '07, President '07, '08; Four times a member of Shirley Declamatory Oratorical and Debating Teams; Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '07, '08; Vice-President Oratorical Association '07; Secretary-Treasurer Prohibition League '08, '09; Freshman Scholarship '07; Assistant in Academy '07; Treasurer Platform Club '09.

Major: Mathematics. Will teach.

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**MABLE SHANNON, A. B.,**  
Hamilton, Texas.

Walton; Secretary '08, President '09 Walton Literary Society; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '07; Vice-President Girls Athletic Association '08, '09; "Raven" Basketball '08; Deutscher Verein '08; L. T. G.; Social Tam; Philosophy Club; Dramatic Club; Tennis Club; Secretary Junior Class '07, '08.

Major: English. Will enter State University, or teach.

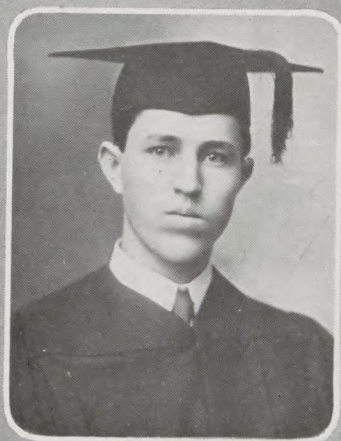
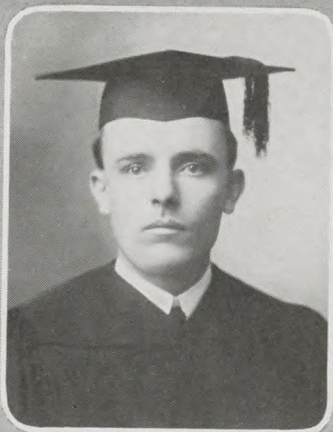
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**DOUGLAS EDWARD TOMLINSON, A. B.,**  
Hillsboro, Texas.

Shirley; Twice President Shirley Literary Society; Six times a member of Shirley Declamatory and Oratorical Teams; Twice a member of Shirley Debating Team; Twice a member of Inter-collegiate Debating Teams; Shirley Scholarship Medal '07; Glee Club '06-'09; Y. M. C. A.; First President of Platform Club; Vice-President Senior Class '08, '09; Associate Editor Collegian '07, '08; Associate Editor Horned Frog '09.

Major: English. Will study law.

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## THE HORNED FROG

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You'd never suspect it of the poor, innocent-looking creature. But Bill is a fighter. He says the "E" in his name stands for Elijah or "Ever-on-top," owing to whether he is in the Sunday-school room, or over "Fritz's" room fighting. He has devoted his college career to proving the proposition that brains and hair don't go together, using ox hide and his own head as supreme examples. He ordered a special "Naughty-Nine" cap, built on the American plan, but it was found entirely inadequate to serve as steeple for his expansive dome. He once fell in love.

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"Heavyweight" or "Mab" is one of the prettiest girls in the Class of '09. Her career at college has been notable, yea remarkable. Precocious, undaunted, aggressive, poignant and fluent, she always gets the better of any argument. Her social successes have been brilliant—she has let her affections oscillate from Preps to members of the Faculty. Having run the whole gamut of "eligible possibilities" she has retired from the "field" and is now reconciled to her "first love," a gentleman from the West. She will teach a few years and then probably write a book on "The Perfidy of Man."

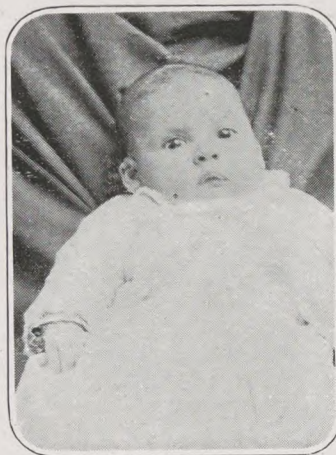
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"Dug" is one of the Tomlinson tribe hailing from Hillsboro. He was long on debate, but short on social proclivities. It was rumored that he once spoke to one of the young ladies by accident, but an investigation failed to confirm the report. He was the chief ramrod of the Shirley Literary Society, and the official referee of repeated rough houses raised in his room. He domiciled with Sturgeon, who made DeKalb famous. He absorbed Logic, and to perfect a syllogism, he required the minor premise only. He kept mum and looked wise in class and nobody ever learned how little he knew.

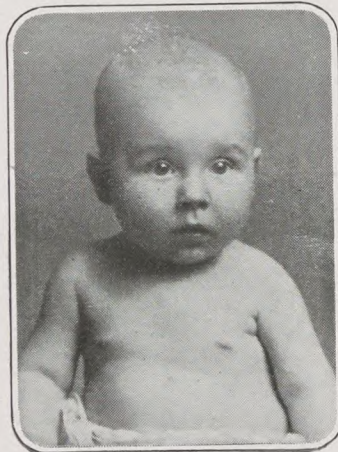
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"EVER-ON-TOP"

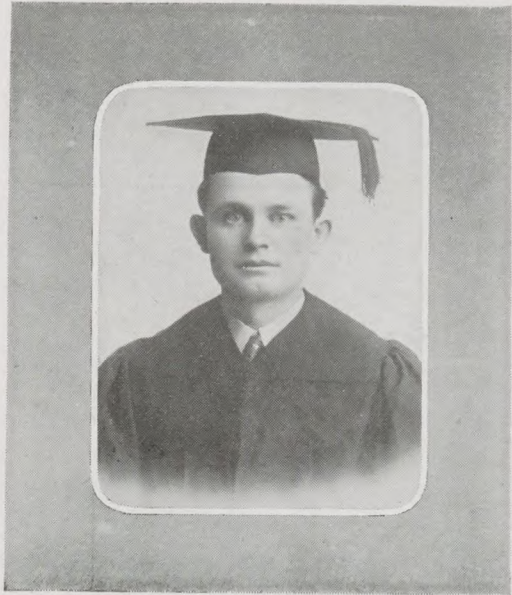


"MAB"



"DUG"

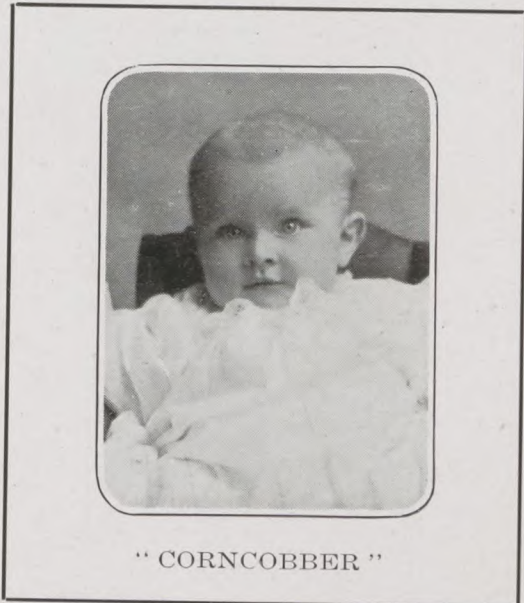




JOHN CALVIN WELCH, A. B.,  
Celina, Texas.

Shirley; President Shirley Literary Society '07; Eight times a member of Declamatory, Oratorical and Debating Teams; Delegate to National Y. M. C. A. Convention at Nashville, Tenn., '06; President Y. M. C. A. '07; Delegate to Y. M. C. A. Conference at Ruston, La., '07; President Texas Prohibition Association '07, '08; T. C. U. Representative in State Prohibition Contest '07; Glee Club; Platform Club; Chaplain Senior Class '08, '09.

Major: Greek. Will preach.



"CORNCOBBER"

"The Right Reverend," "Parson," "Chaplain," or "Corncobber"—either appellation will do, but we prefer the latter. As a baby, "Corncobber" was good looking, but sad to say, he has outgrown his good looks. In view of the fact that preachers are a luxury and a scarce article in a Senior Class, or in any of the higher branches of learning as for that matter, we decided to give "The Right Reverend" a full page in this book. He assumed the role of Spiritual Adviser when we were Freshmen, and his guiding hand has steered us safely thru many turbulent and terrific situations. As Chaplain of the Class of '09 he has had considerable missionary work to do, and he has done it well. In politics "Corncobber" is a staunch Republican—the only one in the class. Of course he has faults,—no one is infallible as for that matter,—but the only thing we really hold against him is that he shows a pitiable weakness for the opposite sex—he is not exactly what you might term a social success. His greatest sermon is entitled, "Ten Reasons Why a Minister Should Marry." It will probably be a winner since he has devoted the best part of his college life to its composition.



## Memoirs of the Class of '09



WO middle-aged gentlemen boarded the south-bound express and took an apartment. One was distinctly a Southerner. The other seemed to be of a different clime—probably from the North. The two seemed greatly enthused over something—what, we shall see.

“Ah! but this reunion of ours will be great,” said the Northerner. “Glorious! Why I could tackle the engine today and never get a scratch. Football,—and those class fights,—and the girls. Too much to think of—too much. It’s like trying to grasp the infinite in that philosophy course we had, isn’t it, Senator? Ha! ha!—”

“It was infinite then, but it’s finite now. Ha! ha! Do you realize that everybody will be there tomorrow, everybody, every member of the class. Don’t call me Senator. It’s plain Jim—just as in those grand old college days.”

“Yes, everybody will be there—boys and girls that I haven’t seen since we graduated away back yonder in ’09. As a bunch we turned out wonderfully well, didn’t we, Jim ”

“A fine class—best old T. C. U. ever had. We started in fighting and we ended up fighting. You remember the first fight we had, I’m sure. It was with the Sophs. You and Fritz remember it quite well, don’t you?”

“Enuff! Enuff of that. I tho’t this was a jollification conference we were going to have.”

“It is. That other fight we had? the one with the Freshmen? Surely you’re not touchy on that point.”

“Why, Jim, my pride jumps twenty degrees every time I hear that mentioned. The way we wiped up those presuming Freshmen in ’09. Actually, I’m proud of it.”

“And I. It would have been a disgrace not to have broken up those Freshies’ plans. And the way we did it!”

“Clock-work. Clock-work. The committees—you and Fritz and—”

“And Hebe and Doug.”

“Yes, you four were to get the Freshies’ president. Napp, Scott and I got the refreshments. Collins, Corncopper and somebody else got the toast-master, and a Junior cut the electric wires. You saw that article of Knight’s in his magazine, didn’t you? Why he sent a copy to every member of the class, I’m sure. Here’s the clipping. The title is, ‘Freshies, They Entertain.’ It reads:

“‘The brilliantly lighted rooms sparkled forth in an exuberance of preparation. The scene was superb—even to the harmony of the elements breathing their breath into the dimmest nook. It was perfection. Back and forth over the waxen floors flitted the cushion-footed Nubian attendants, while softly from out a bank of palms and ferns floated the tinkling of the tuning banjos. The guests were arriving—with shining



fronts and silken dresses. The balmy air stayed itself in awe and in tenderness as it gazed upon the splendor of the dream. And these poor innocents, oozing over with self-importance, wallowing in ignorance, were—Freshman.’”

“Great!”

“Then he gives our side of it: ‘At the same hour another scene was being enacted. If the first was comic the latter was tragic. A dim light flickered from somewhere beneath the covering of a speckled lamp globe. No music softened the scenery. No gayety intoxicated the beholder. All was still save for the portentous whispers of the growing crowd. In they came—thru the window—one at a time. Flannels and sweaters took the place of the banquet togs. There were no speeches—no explanations—nothing but quiet determination. A plan was settled upon—secure the Freshies’ president, the toast-master, cut the electric light wires and take the feast bodily from out the kitchen, to a secluded spot out in the enveloping darkness. Then they filed out. These were the Seniors.’ It’s too long to read—but you know what happened.”

“Wreck! We wrecked them. They say those Freshies never so much as let the succeeding Freshmen wink their eye without permission.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“And you haven’t been back since we graduated. You won’t hardly recognize the old place. It’s big now. That arch we put up is sound as a dollar yet.”

“How’s the Dewey monument? Ha-ha-ha!”

“Wasn’t that a joke tho? But, do you know something like that would be an easy task for us now. Eula and Mabel both married well and Doug Tomlinson has put a match to the country in that new book of his. He’s made a fortune out of it alone.”

“And Dan?”

“Well, Dan’s fairly well fixed I think. He handicapped himself by marrying so soon after leaving college. Corncobber did the same thing, but then you couldn’t expect much of him. Collins, tho, turned out much better than I expected. You know he’s boss of the engineering department of the Trinity navigation—a fine position. By the way, I heard Cy Perkins was making quite a reputation for himself. He’s in politics, I understand.”

“Yes, and let me tell you something. Little Cy will be in the Supreme Court before many years have passed.”

“Good!”

“How about the others, tho? There was Greene,—Noisy we used to call him,—and Scott, and Napper.”

“Noisy and Scott are out West taking life easy. Barnard is in the real estate business in Dallas. Say, you couldn’t guess what became of Sturgeon and Hebe Frizzell!”

“No. What?”

“They’re *Professors* in our Alma Mater, poor boys—ha! ha!”

“Well, well. Hebe a professor. What is Friz doing, Bonner?”

“Why, didn’t I tell you? He’s in partnership with Knight. Let’s start him on college publications tomorrow. Two to one they are not up to the standard.”

“What city is this we are running into?”

“Baggage checked for Waco! Automobile to any part of the city! Baggage!”

“Why, Jim, it’s Waco. Hurrah!”

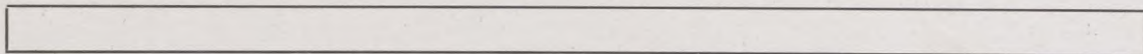


## A Senior's Reflections



UR college days are ending—yea ended, and these are our Commencement days, our past with the e'er changing present is blended, ameliorated and in the halcyon rays of our hey-day the voluptuous vista of the future lies before us. We are men and women now, our university is the big, broad world, but before we lay aside cap and gown we hesitate just a moment, with our new ensignia unflaunted, unfurled—we engage in solemn reflections. There flits across our memory a panoramic thought of the past. Our college days have been eventful, glorious; our Freshman and Senior ideals—such a contrast—antipodal tho they were 'twas all joyous. Within these four college years we have lived life to the hilt, the rich, warm blood of youth ran riot in our veins; our enthusiasm knew no bounds; we loved the strife of contest—the football and baseball games were moulders of character and college loyalty. All these memories are fixed and will endure as long as life itself, but in our silent meditations a tinge of sadness interrupts our train of thought—these days are gone.

But why need we sigh—life is too short for sighs; the future has more to give than the past gave, so with the spirit of the conquerer—the spirit that never dies—we must press on and on, keeping abreast of the great restless human wave; we must think deeply and profoundly, we must aspire, for high aspirations permeate this illustrious age. Out yonder somewhere in the future lies the golden fleece of our ambition. Our college course, joyful, resplendent, free from care, has only been a stepping-stone to all that the future holds. With due reverence we give thanks to our Alma Mater for our thought has been shaped and cast in generous, liberal moulds, so to pay in part the debt we justly owe we press on to live, to conquer and to achieve.





## Two Dreams

### The Senior's Dream

The lights had flickered a warning good-night,  
And the books unopened were pushed away,  
As with feet perched high and pipe in hand  
He dreamed this dream of a "Future Day."  
Alone by the window, and looking through,  
Over Campus lone, and moonlight fair,  
He wandered far on ambition's road,  
In the land of castles in the air.

He saw a surging and restless throng  
On the crowded streets of a city great,  
And the glittering words, "Fight and win,"  
Were printed high on the city gate.  
And midst the roar and din of it all  
He found contentment at last,  
For this was the battle he longed to fight,  
His dreams in the long years past.

He had dreamed of the fame that he would win,  
Beyond that city gate,  
Of the wealth untold that he would gain,  
After his chance with fate.  
And he heard in his dream the restless throng,  
Speaking his name with pride,  
As he saw himself with his hand at the helm  
Swaying the restless tide.

In his dream the battle was fought and won,  
His life full well content,  
For how different the freedom wealth had bought  
To the hours with study spent.  
So, tired as he thought, of the old school days,  
And craving a broader, clearer view,  
He entered the battle beyond that gate,  
This Senior of T. C. U.



## Two Dreams

### The Business Man's Dream

The years have passed, the dream is true,  
He has fought and he has won,  
And he sits today with his wealth and fame,  
Where only the mighty come.  
He has made in life the great touch-down,  
He has reached the goal at last,  
But the joy he holds as richer far,  
Are the school-days of the past.

Oft in the busy strain of the day,  
When the mind seeks some repose,  
His heart goes back and he dreams of the place,  
Where the Buffalo Clover grows,  
And instead of the city's noisy din,  
Instead of the praise of men,  
He seems to hear an old grand-stand,  
Cheering his name again.

For then he had made a great touchdown,  
The run that had saved the day,  
And, in fancy, again they lift him high,  
And cheering, they bear him away;  
In the distance the flutt'ring purple and white,  
Frames a sea of faces aglow,  
And he yearns, as he dreams, to be again,  
Where the Buffalo Clovers grow.

Changed is the noise of the city below,  
The rush of the hurrying throng,  
For across the Campus he hears again  
The strain of an old love song.  
You may ask him today in his wealth and fame  
Of the joy he has held most true,  
And he tells you with joy of his college days,  
Of the days at T. C. U.



### Alma Mater

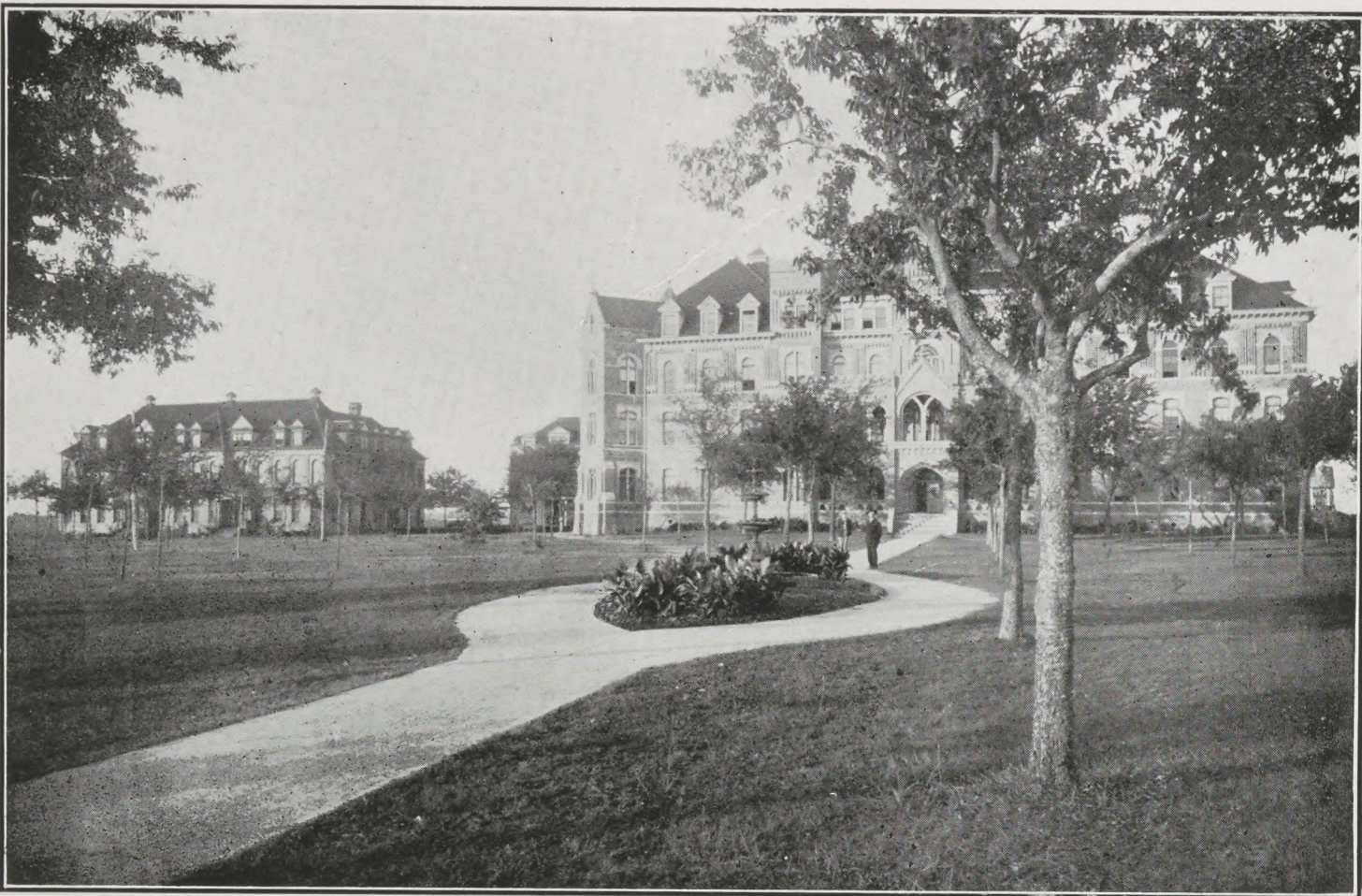
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Alma Mater, Alma Mater,  
For thee my heart is filled with love;  
Thou hast Wisdom's truth to give,  
Thou hast taught me how to live,—  
Richest blessings from above  
Rest with thee.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater,  
May laurels crown thy worthy aim;  
Time is onward, onward fleeting,  
Thou hast a hearty, welcome greeting  
To all that come—I'm glad I came—  
Praise to thee.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater,  
Au Revoir, but not good-bye,—  
I go to conquer, to achieve,  
In after life I will retrieve—  
Au Revoir, but not good-bye,  
My Alma Mater.



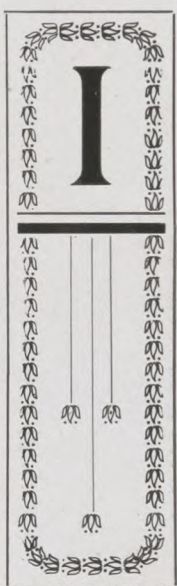


FRONT ENTRANCE: Walk donated by T. C. U. Woman's Club,  
Fountain by Class of '08.



## Senior Afterthoughts

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IN the solitude of my study I smoke—not because Carlyle, Stevenson, and others smoked but because when I smoke I am at peace with the world. At the glint of the fire-beam from my purring pipe I grow radiant—the smoke rises as high as heaven. I calmly take a mental inventory of my four years college course, of what I am, and of what I know.

In my Freshman year I was criminally green—green because I was ignorant and ignorance is the unpardonable sin. As a Sophomore it began to dawn upon me that a college was a place to learn things—the idea was startling at first. However, it was not until I became a Junior that I ever had a really serious thought. There comes a time in a man's college education tho when he finds out that it is better to think a little for one's self than to merely read what other men think—I never learned this until after I became a Senior. Now that I am a Senior what am I? I read the language of the smoke of my pipe and form a grand self-acquaintance.

A Senior has gained some knowledge but he has paid a fair price by burning the midnight oil and by conscientious effort. A man always pays a just price for knowledge, otherwise it will not endure—nothing unworthy can endure. If a college course has really taught a man to think for himself then it has done much for him. To think sincerely and to believe what one thinks is to understand one's self and to understand one's self is to know all men. A Senior has learned that to be conventional and a conformist is a crime. Imitation is suicide of the soul, so instead of imitating one should improve on the best he finds in others. Become effective thru your strength and not thru your weakness.

The world rolls on and on, but no normal man can live a seclusive life and be happy—there must be friendships. The only way to have a friend is to be a friend. Out of friendship grows love—but how does a Senior define love? I take a deep pull at my pipe and emit a cloud of smoke that fills the room, and in the blue haze one conclusion at least is reached. Only a Senior knows how to love. But he at once realizes that nothing is more dangerous unless one be conservative. The philosopher says that love is our highest word and is a synonym for God; the Senior knows the statement to be true.



## Wise and Otherwise Senior Sayings

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Policy is the best policy.—*Knight*.

Justice prevails by accident.—*Fritz*.

Man is a bundle of inconsistencies.—*Fritz*.

Life is a series of serious seriousness.—*McNeill*.

16 to 1—Give us justice or give us death.—*The Class*.

I had rather be called "papa" than president.—*Collins*.

Know thyself that you may know others.—*Parson Welch*.

In love, deceiving is a legitimate business.—*J. B. Frizzell*.

It is foolish for a fooling fool to fool with a fool.—*Fritz*.

Too much of a good thing is more than enough—I "nose."—*Scott*.

A man has but one life to live, so let him live royally every day.—*Bloor*.

I had rather be a doubting Thomas than to be a "durn" fool.—*McFarland*.

I speak my thoughts to the world—let fools think what they may.—*Greene*.

If I am to achieve but one success in life, let that be in marrying.—*Rogers*.

Be conservative in marriage—it is easier to marry than to unmarry.—*Sturgeon*.

Keep a still tongue, look wise, and some people will think you are wise.—*Tomlinson*.

Woman is at once a necessity and a joy, but man's troubles begin when he possesses one.—*Perkins*.

The vainness of the vainest vain is not equal to the freshness of the Freshman when he is fresh.—*Shannon*.

Study as little as possible when in college so that you will have some surplus energy when you get out.—*Barnard*.





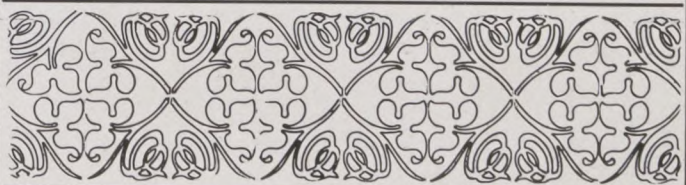


## Junior Days

The Junior's days are pipe days,  
When dreams come flitting fast,  
The Junior's days are love days  
In glowing embers cast.

The Junior sees in pipe-smoke  
Many a vision fair;  
His unconcern is life's joke,  
Because he knows no care.

Wake up, you gentle sleeper,  
Take on a sterner stare—  
Life calls for something deeper  
Than castles in the air.







**JUNIORS**









## Junior Class

### OFFICERS:

T. J. ALLEN . . . . .	<i>President</i>
BARNEY HALBERT . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
GEORGE HERDER . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
ADA CULPEPPER . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
MYRTLE TOMLINSON . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>

### ROLL:

- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| ALLEN, T. J.           | CARR, NOEL C.       |
| BALDWIN, M. A.         | CULPEPPER, ADA INEZ |
| BALDWIN, EDITH         | DABBS, HOWARD B.    |
| BIVENS, M. G.          | WRIGHT, LOY C.      |
| BURFORD, LENA          | HALBERT, BARNEY     |
| BUSCH, EDGAR H.        | HERDER, GEORGE      |
| BROUSE, G. P.          | ROQUEMORE, ANNA MAE |
| BOZEMAN, H. E.         | SPENCE, MARY BAIN   |
| STEVENSON, GRUNDY W.   |                     |
| TOMLINSON, MYRTLE OLGA |                     |
| THOMAS, MANLY          |                     |
| WOLFORD, LUCILE        |                     |



## Junior Class History

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**T**HE Junior Class is the best organization in the University!! It has progressed since the Freshman president pronounced that noonday blessing upon it by calling a meeting "in President Lockharts' recitation room immediately after dinner."

The Sophomore year was not marked by clarion calls heralding great deeds, but was rather a year of silent activity. Now in the Junior year there has been instituted such an intellectual reign of terror that the modest Seniors have had to sit up and take notice.

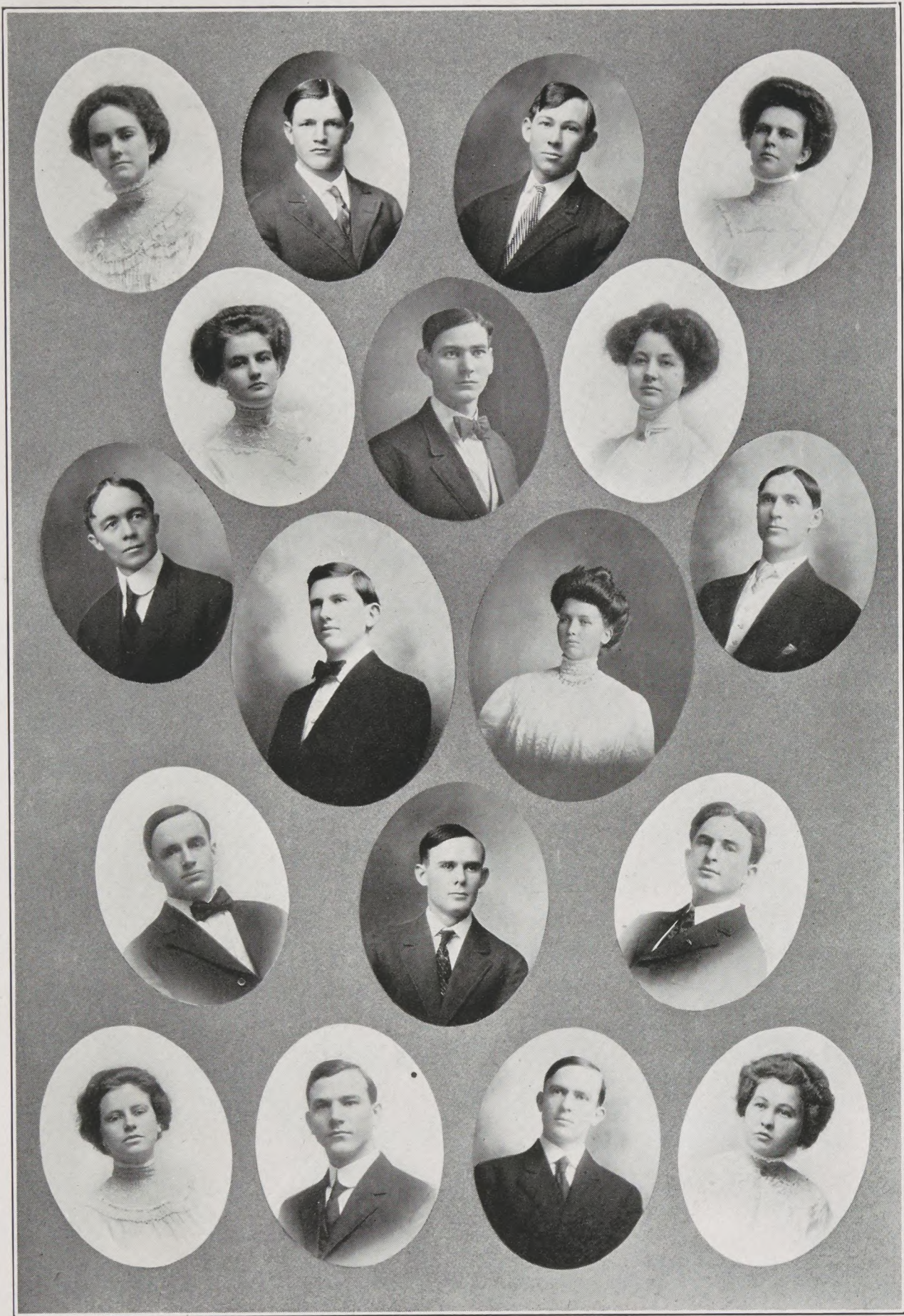
This class of 1910 is distinctively a class of individuals. Individual, because its accomplishments and varied activities are far too extensive for them to attempt anything as a class. These activities extend to almost every department of the University. Yes, from "Sarah Maud's Peorie" and the "G. P. Leaders" to members of the faculty.

Juniors are at the head of both the Young Men and Young Woman's Christian Associations, assistant teachers of both Latin and Chemistry, one of 'varsity's great orators, the University printer, and the "College tailor", star football, baseball, basketball, and tennis players; captain ex-captain, and future captain of football and assistant manager in football and basketball, and manager of the 1909 football team. Also the manager of the girls basketball and tennis club.

Then, too, the class is almost noted for its musicians,—having ex-Seniors and Seniors in Piano, and important members in the choir, orchestra, Glee Club, chorus and mandolin-guitar club. Yes!—we know they are sights, and you see some of them have taken sight-playing.

Now that this class does not imitate the lilies of the field in that "they toil not neither do they spin"; but standing on the threshold of the promised Seniordom, there are certain members of the faculty who have already said that "it is the Class of 1910 that is to make this University famous". Selah!





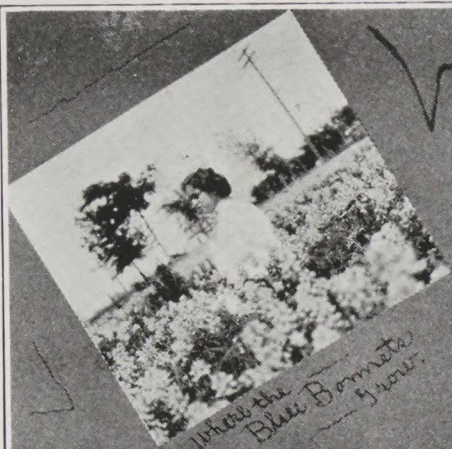
A GROUP OF JUNIORS





FLORAL COURT





When the Blue Bonnets grow.



In the Spring.



On "Blue Branch"



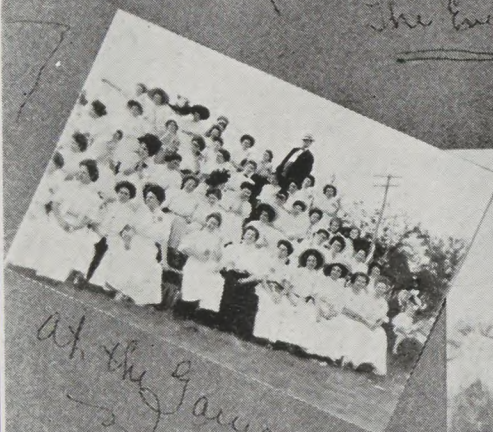
Ranching.



The Evergreen branch committee.



Three Jacks and a Pair of Queens



At the Game



In "The Jungle"



Townsend Hall

"Eloping"

= '09 =



At "Governor's Feast"



## Just a Sophomore

Just a silly little Sophomore

With frivolous fancies light,  
To the games she goes a-yelling,  
Arrayed in colors bright,

And if perchance the victory

In the opponent's column falls,  
She comes back home all furious  
And says—the "strikes" were "balls."

She has yet to learn the lesson

Taught by the baseball games—  
That the "man at bat" can't always hit  
The thing at which he aims.



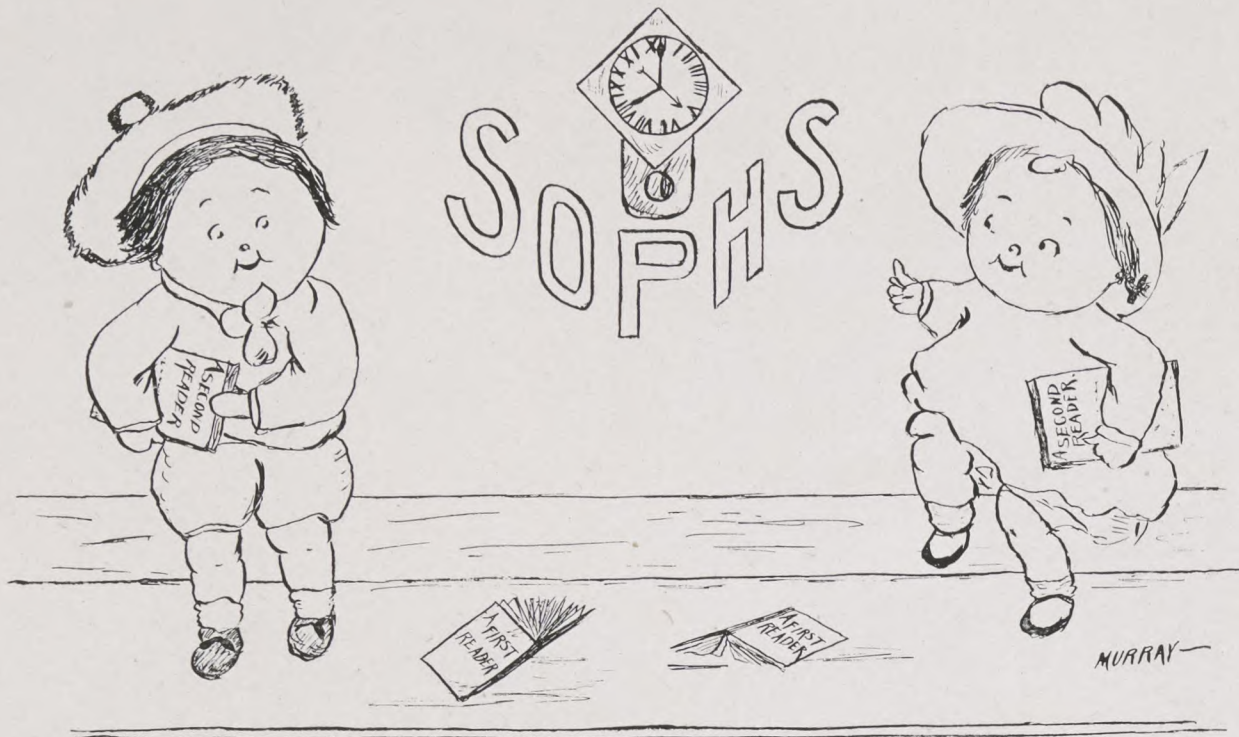


B. Baldwin '09









**OFFICERS**

- |                         |                            |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| EARL GOUGH . . . . .    | <i>President</i>           |
| KATHLEEN MUNN . . . . . | <i>Vice-President</i>      |
| BESS McNEILL . . . . .  | <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> |
| FRANK BALDWIN . . . . . | <i>Artist</i>              |
| O. A. SMITH . . . . .   | <i>Spiritual Adviser</i>   |
| MARY RITER . . . . .    | <i>Historian</i>           |

**ROLL**

- |                    |                |
|--------------------|----------------|
| GRANTLAND ANDERSON | BURRELL HULSEY |
| AVIS BAIRD         | NITA MARTIN    |
| FRANK BALDWIN      | BESS McNEILL   |
| PRESTON BALDWIN    | WILL MASSEY    |
| JOHN BATEMAN       | KATHLEEN MUNN  |
| ORA CARPENTER      | CLARA MOSES    |
| OSCAR DRUCKE       | JOHN PYBURN    |
| IDA FOSTER         | AUBLE RITER    |
| EARL GOUGH         | MARY RITER     |
| CULLEN GRAVES      | ALVIN SMITH    |
| KATHLEEN GIBSON    | BRAXTON WADE   |
| CLYDE HACKNEY      | ETHEL WEBB     |
|                    | PRIOR WITT     |



## Sophomore Class History

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**S**OPHOMORES at last! My, but it is a long, hard journey! Nevertheless, we are having our share of the fun. The only thing that bothers a sophomore is that everlasting "Soph. Comp." But never mind, next year we will look back and laugh at the "fussy" Sophomores.

We are proud of those enrolled in our ranks. For students of the Fine Arts and "diggers after knowledge" our class is unsurpassed. Before we "go out from the walls of this great institution" we expect to accomplish wonderful things. In fact, we have already gained a wide reputation. Even as Freshmen, the other classes stood in awe of us. We put up a flag, but the Sophomores of '08 were afraid even to come near it. This year we have been exceedingly restless to show what we could do as Sophomores. The Freshmen at last gave us a chance. With the aid of a few Preps they planted a tree about five feet in the ground, put up a Sophomore funeral notice and dared us to take them down. Nothing could have pleased us better. Altho the Freshmen outnumbered us three to one, we were equal to the occasion. The "class rush" of '09 will long be remembered by both classes, but especially by "certain" Freshmen.

No one has ever dared to apply the old name of "Silent Sophomores" to us. We have been too wide awake for that. One very notable fact—that is for Sophomores—is that we stand well with the faculty. They have proven this to us by asking our boys, above all other classes, to entertain first in the gymnasium. Even that most respected and most *feared* chairman of the Discipline Committee acknowledges our unusual talents.

Last year when we began studying trigonometry, surveying and all that, we thought that we knew everything. We would hardly condescend to speak to a Senior, much less ask his advice on anything, but now we are beginning to see that there is just a *little* for us to learn yet. At the present rate we will soon come to the conclusion that we do not know anything. Yet, these dignified Seniors walk around looking like they knew all about such things as Psychology, Logic, Ethics, Sociology and all that we hear such terrible rumors of.

The reader doubtless knows that some things in the history of a class cannot be told. We have told you all that we can except that we are just—Sophomores. You may guess the rest.





SOPHOMORES



## - A Verdant Freshman -

In the early fall when the skies are blue  
A gangling Freshman came to T. C. U.  
He stood abashed at the open gate,  
Resigned himself to a new-born fate—  
This verdant Freshman.

With seedy hair and a distorted face  
He stood there gazing at the place,  
Debating 'twixt the right and wrong  
Of mingling with the student throng  
And the urbane Profs.

Within his breast the hot blood surged  
In protest 'gainst a school that urged  
That he give up in part, or all,  
His verdant vanity and gall—  
This simple Freshman.

"Walk in," Freshman, the gate stands wide,  
Enter with all your verdant tribe,  
And if evolution does not fail,  
Some day you'll enter Seniordale—  
You verdant Freshman.



# FRESHMAN









# FRESHMEN.



## OFFICERS

CLARENCE M. HALL . . . . .	<i>President</i>
UNA JACKSON . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
OLLIE KIRKPATRICK . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
MABEL BALDWIN . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
LOUIE NOBLITT . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>

—  
 CLASS COLORS: *Sky Blue and Green.*  
 —

## ROLL

DOUGLAS A. ALLEN	GEORGE GREEN	MARY PENDLETON
EVA ALEXANDER	LERON B. GOUGH	E. H. SHELTON
MARIE BREWER	CLARENCE M. HALL	SCOTT STANFIELD
CHAS. H. BUSSEY	G. W. HOWETH	HARRIET SHIRLEY
MABEL BALDWIN	MARY HEATH	ROY TOMLINSON
ROY E. BUTLER	VERA HEATH	GRAHAM TYSON
EARL BROWN	UNA JACKSON	OSCAR WISE
MINNIE CARSON	OLLIE KIRKPATRICK	CURTIS WEAVER
BETTIE COUCH	JOE J. MURRAY	JAMES L. WHITE, JR.
LOUIS DRUCKE	RALPH McCORMICK	ELISHA WALKER
MILTON DANIELS	CARL MELTON	ARMON YATES
EDWIN ELLIOTT	LOUIE NOBLITT	
WILLEA ELLIOTT	RUTH PAYNE	



## Freshman Freshly

A decorative drop cap letter 'T' in a black, serif font, enclosed within a rectangular border. The letter is positioned at the top left of the first paragraph.

HIS year the cradle department of T. C. U. escaped from their nursery and indulged in an old-fashioned class rush—something which has not taken place at this University for about four years.

This outburst, or “breaking out,” as some folks called it, was only a slight demonstration of class spirit, of which there was such an overabundance that it became necessary to stop all machinery for a few hours (and unintentionally for a few days) just to “let off steam.” So in the wee, small hours of the night the entire Freshman Class planted a class tree and put in mourning the Sophomore numerals to the accompaniment of the clanging of bells and a roaring bonfire. It was something long to be remembered by the participants. This same spirit which had been demonstrated in various ways during the past year, has been so predominant in this class that the Sophomores, who for ages past have met us at the very battle’s front as our most dreaded enemy, gave us the olive branch of peace this year and joined with ours their ranks and marched with us in the great “Insurrection Against Restriction” (that followed the “Rush”). Only a Freshman class rush! But who will forget the faces of those around that camp-fire, on the battle-ground, as they gave the war-whoops and Indian dances in the bright firelight? Who can forget the arsenal at our President Hall’s headquarters, or the clanging of that old bell that disturbed the work of Morpheus and turned the lights on at three-thirty? Not one will forget it!! But as we have said, this was just a small demonstration, a mere shadow, of the real spirit that has kept the 1912’s at the front in everything—class work, athletics, esteem of the upper-classmen, favor of the Faculty, and last, but not least, the valued friendship of the Sophomores of 1909.

May this same spirit grow stronger and hold this class together until it leads us to the top of the mountain we have but just begun to climb. May we be loyal to this spirit, true to our Alma Mater, while through days of anticipation we climb over the rocky slopes of Sophomore times; up through the forests of Junior expectation days until at last we stand on Senior Summit and looking out over life, choose the place where we will stand. And when in those Senior realization days we look from that summit down to the base where now we stand, may we have so climbed as to still be just as true to our Alma Mater, just as proud of it, as we are now as Freshmen of 1909.





FRESHMEN



## College of Business

J. J. HART . . . . . *Principal*  
 MRS. J. J. HART . . . . . *Assistant*

### OFFICERS:

A. C. STEVENS . . . . . *President*  
 GEO. S. HART . . . . . *Vice-President*  
 BESS RASH . . . . . *Secretary*

**T**HE COLLEGE OF BUSINESS began the sessions of '08 and '09 under new directors. Only words of praise can be spoken in regard to the ones at the head of this department. It is from their work and influence that the enrollment exceeds that of former years so much so that one of our students, Red Simms, had to occupy the corner reserved for the dunces; however, this did not affect him in the least; for he as well as all the other C. O. B. students were excellent workers and were deserving of every inch of their sheepskins.

The College of Business is not only a place where you may be trained for the business necessary in everyday life, but it is a place where all cares are left outside the door and the work becomes a pleasure. In truth, the future of some of the members seems so promising that some of the Juniors and Seniors in "Lit" have enrolled with us.

The C. O. B. students are so hospitable after 3:30 in the afternoon that even the manager of our Athletic Association can resist going to the city to make us a visit. Also this hour seems the time for practice in dictation; for in one corner of the stenography room clustered around *one* typewriter is Millar, Speck and Flaxy. Floating through the doors of this room comes the dictation, not of business men, but of two love-sick boys. There is another member who suffers from this disease, our friend, Molhusen, for instance, who loses many hours from work standing in the side-door pretending he needs fresh air; but, we well know that he is looking longingly for a glimpse of the "Martin" which at any time might make her escape from the dormitory.

Although the College of Business contains two banks, there never seems to be any money in circulation, as "Tramp" and "Redwater" go over the department taking up a collection for a seat in the "roost" at the Auditorium several nights in the week.

This department is well represented in athletics. Here we might mention one who responds to the name of Lamonica and center fielder on the diamond, but in this department he is a question mark.

We have only pictured a few of our members, but the others are equally as interesting and hard-working, so that we all may be called a jolly, good, hard-working bunch.





A GROUP OF C. O. B. STUDENTS



**P**LAY me something that shall fit  
Mood and time," the lover said;  
"Let joy find a voice in it;  
Let us fancy care is dead.

Let it sing of sunny weather,  
Hearts as light as any feather,  
While the red rose on its spray  
Bids us sip life's sweets today.  
Pain and loss, and care and sorrow,  
I will think of them tomorrow.  
Spring is here, but will not stay,  
Let's enjoy it while we may.  
So play something that will fit  
Youth, and all the joys of it."

And the gay, glad, care-free measures,  
Of the old Blue Danube's strains  
Sent the thrill of voiceless pleasures  
Tingling, wine-like, thro' his veins.





MUSIC.



## MUSIC HALL

### Monologue by Ann Dante, Concerning the Musical Department of Texas Christian University

**W**HY, of course, I remember you, you took such an interest in the Music Hall last year. And you wish to see it again and have me tell you what we have been doing this year. The first thing you notice are these new signs on the doors? Yes, real gold leaf. Quite a surprise they were. Mr. Anderson had them put up in the night. This one on Mr. Wimberley's door has the apostrophe left out, "Directors Studio," you see. Mr. Wimberly said that was the first time he had ever counted for more than one. See the new paper in his studio? Symphony in brown and gold. Oh, yes, very artistic and such an improvement in the hall. Then this picture of Liszt was a present from the Bowman girls. You remember how popular they were. Isn't it just awfully sweet of them to think about us, even if they didn't come back? A very handsome picture, but how much prettier it would have been if Liszt had gone to a dermatologist! The hand-carved frame is a perfect dear.

Now, tell you what we've been doing. Well, to begin with, we have had our students' recitals at night so we could wear our evening dresses. Mr. Wimberly didn't say that was the reason, I say so. Anyhow, we have tried to make them grand occasions and all the teachers have been back of the stage with us beating us on the back to drive away stage fright. But, pshaw, it frightened them more than it did us. The last term we haven't played in Chapel at all because the best musicians of the city were invited to entertain us on music morning, and come they did. My! but we applauded. We wanted 'em to come again and keep on coming so we wouldn't have to play in Chapel again. Oh, they didn't know that was the reason; 'course we'd rather hear them than some girl we hear practicing all the time, anyway. But the grandest thing was when Marchesi gave us a talk in Chapel. She told all about how a girl starts out to be a prima donna, before she goes to have her voice trained, that after a few lessons she will be covered with diamonds, never hear anything but applause, will see nothing but admiring glances and flattering press notices; that her whole life will be one delicious triumph, when she goes to the right teacher who is thorough and really knows how she must work if she is ever a great singer, she is so disgusted because she must practice exercises and must study five years before getting an engagement, that she leaves him and flits from teacher to teacher for the next ten years, and then with her voice all gone she goes home to teach. Then you ought to have heard Marchesi take off the girl when she said "Why cannot I teach? I have studied all the methods. My pupils can take their choice of any method they want, just like going into a drug store for a glass of soda water—there is the list of flavors—just choose," and everybody



laughed as she rattled them off. But didn't she give this school a hit when she condemned the flitting from teacher to teacher. We don't do the flitting but the teachers do—I've had eleven since I've been here. Other girls remember that such and such an event took place the first time that pink-flowered organdie was worn or when Jennie had the mumps; but with me everything is associated with my piano teachers. This happened when Miss Smith started me on the first Bach invention and that when I didn't know my Sonata—under whom? Any one of three. I've changed often enough to require one teacher for each movement. Certainly we would rather keep one teacher until we graduate, but the School Board thinks that if we learn from one teacher we will learn eleven times as much from eleven teachers, and then when we go home we can advertise all the methods like Marchesi's girl, for we will know at them all. But it's mighty hard for us to change teachers when we are learning and love the one we have. Because we do love our teachers, not as much as a girl here in another University, who hugged her music teacher and broke a rib! Oh, it's true, and really I think the T. C. U. teachers are jealous of such devotion. What else about Marchesi? After she finished her talk and we kept applauding and hurraing, what do you suppose the Faculty did? *Asked her to sing!* My, but I was scared. Why, I wouldn't have thought of doing such a thing after a lesson one of my first teachers gave me. She said "Nancy" (I wasn't Ann until my Sophomore year) "Nancy, if you never learn to play one piece there are three things you *must* learn. The first is that your piano is a musical instrument, not a piece of furniture and not the place for bric-a-brac—put those photographs and statuettes on the mantel-piece. The second is, that it is just as impertinent to ask a music teacher how many pupils she has as it would be for her to ask the amount of your father's salary. And third, don't you ever ask a professional to give away his voice or his fingers. Wait until the hat has been passed around, which means until you have bought your ticket, then, child, blister your hands and you'll get their best." I learned *that* lesson so, no wonder I quaked when they asked her to sing. I had heard of the prima donna temper. But she was gracious and tactful and said that she could not, because "only cocks sang in the morning!" And that night we went to hear her sing. We had all the loges, the very best seats, and we were on our best behavior. Sometimes we get scolded about whispering in Chapel and the way we shock our guests in the dining-room, and we will chew gum and use a lot of perfume, which they say isn't lady-like, but we are ladies and not thoughtless school girls at the theater, and one of the teachers said our conduct gave her as much pleasure as the concert. (I guess most of her pupils had been chewing gum that day).

I'll tell you I was glad of more than one thing that night. I sure was glad Mr. Long had made me work on my German. Why "Mein Sohn" and "Mein vater" would have been all I understood in the "Earl-king" if he hadn't given me C — for two months. And I was glad one of our teachers sent her a bouquet, so Baylor didn't get ahead of us. Yes, two bouquets, sweet peas from Baylor and carnations from us. But I was gladdest of all that I heard the pianist play the Wedding March, for now I know how I want it for my wedding.

I didn't take much interest in the Chopin centenary celebrations, but what *would* we do without Mendelssohn? (Hums opening strain of the Wedding March).

You must be going? *Do* let me tell you a joke on Florence before you go. The girls asked her what kind of a voice Marchesi had and she said, "Baritone, of course,—didn't you hear Mr. Wimberly say she is a Baroness? And that's feminine for baritone." We laughed, too. Good-bye. We will look for you every year to come to see us, and if I am not here, Allie Graw will tell you everything faster than I can.



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THE HORNERD FROG

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ZULA KINNARD, Dallas, Texas.

"Eyes that could see her on this summer day  
Might find it hard to turn another way.  
She had a pensive beauty, yet not sad;  
Rather, like minor cadences that glad  
The hearts of little birds amid spring boughs."

---

MAE LYN COX, Bartlett, Texas.

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,  
And sweet as English air could make her, she."

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MYRTLE TOMLINSON, Hillsboro, Texas.

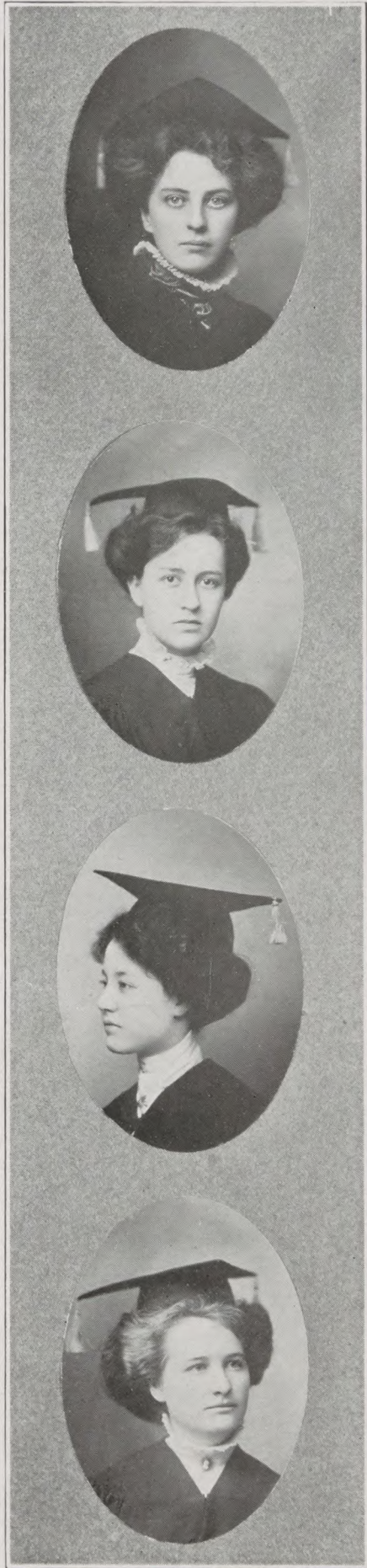
"As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed  
Eternal as the sky;  
And like the brook's low song, her voice,  
A sound which could not die."

---

CARRIE E. SCHLEY, Gatesville, Texas.

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

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THE HORNERD FROG

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VESTA WEAVER, Cumby, Texas.

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look;  
We read her face, as one who reads  
A true and holy book."



FRANCES E. FRIZZELL, Athens, Texas.

"The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars  
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven,  
Would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing, and think it were not night."



LUCILE E. WOLFORD, Allen, Texas.

O, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee  
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.  
Angels are painted fair to look like you;  
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,  
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."



ZYLPHIA VICK, Waco, Texas.

"There was a soft and pensive grace,  
A cast of thought upon her face,  
That suited well the forehead high,  
The eyelash dark, and the downcast eye;  
The mild expression spoke a mind  
In duty firm, composed, resigned."



## Junior Piano Class

### OFFICERS

BESS MCNEILL . . . . .	<i>President</i>
NITA MARTIN . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
JUANITA ANDERSON . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
KATHLEEN MUNN . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>

### ROLL

LOUISE ANDERSON  
 JUANITA ANDERSON  
 IRENE BROWN  
 EULA COX  
 GARNET DECKER  
 HALLIE GORIN  
 MATTIE HOLDER  
 HARRIET HAWN  
 GRACE HACKNEY  
 BESS MCNEILL  
 NITA MARTIN  
 HATTIE MCGEE  
 CORA REED  
 MARY RITER  
 LOIS WILKES  
 MARY WILSON  
 RUTH WORTHAM

"The man that hath no music,  
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus:  
 Let no such man be trusted."





JUNIOR PIANO CLASS



## Sophomore Music Class

### OFFICERS

MABEL BALDWIN . . . . . *President*  
 STELLA SMITHAM . . . . . *Vice-President*  
 LELA ODELL . . . . . *Secretary*

### ROLL:

BERTIE ANDRUS	BETTY KNIGHT
MABEL BALDWIN	IDA LEWIS
CLARA BRYANT	LELA ODELL
TOMMIE BOONE	RUTH PAYNE
ORA CARPENTER	KATHERINE RITER
STELLA COFFEE	KATHERINE WILFONG
LEWIE DAVIS	URSULA SEIFER
GRACE HACKNEY	STELLA SMITHAM

	<p>“By music, minds an equal temper know,          Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:          If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,          Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;          Exalts her in enliv’ning airs.”</p>	
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SOPH MUSIC CLASS

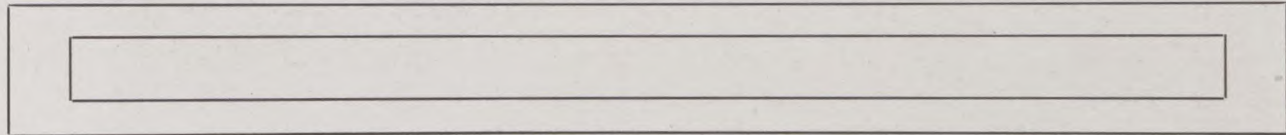


# Voice Department

MRS. WILLIS C. HUNTER . . . . . *Principal*

## ROLL

- |                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| CARRIE SCHLEY      | MAE LYN COX        |
| IRENE BROWN        | EULA McNEILL       |
| GRADY TWYMAN       | LESLIE ALLEN       |
| EDNA ALFORD        | ADDRAN LITTLE      |
| LOIS WILKES        | EULAH COX          |
| JENNIE McCULLOH    | BESS RASH          |
| THURMAN ALLEN      | HOWARD DABBS       |
| NOAH PERKINS       | MERTIS STOCKARD    |
| STELLA COFFEE      | LORENA MURPHY      |
| BERTIE ANDRUS      | STELLA RHONE       |
| MARY BAIN SPENCE   | HATTIE McGEE       |
| AMELIA JOHNSON     | WINNIE SPEARMAN    |
| GRANTLAND ANDERSON | BESS MALONEY       |
| MADALINE HOLDER    | RUTH LENOX         |
| GRACE HACKNEY      | BONNER FRIZZELL    |
| CLOIS GREENE       | CLYDE B. REEVES    |
| DAN ROGERS         | MILES BIVINS       |
| VESTA WEAVER       | TOMMIE BOONE       |
| VERNE COX          | FLORENCE LEMMON    |
| VERDA SCOTT        | ALPHA HINKLE       |
| CORA REED          | ALMA WEBB          |
| N. C. CARR         | WINNIE VERE LEMMON |
| PHILLIP KENDRICK   | WILLIEGAY RUSHING  |
| LEWIE DAVIS        | OLLIE KIRKPATRICK  |
|                    | INA EZELL          |







VOICE CLASS



## St. Cecelia Club

### OFFICERS

JENNIE McCULLOH . . . . . *President*  
 STELLA RHONE . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*  
 MRS. W. C. HUNTER . . . . . *Director*

### FIRST SOPRANOS

CARRIE SCHLEY	ETHEL WEBB
LOIS WILKES	STELLA COFFEE
BERTIE ANDREWS	MADALINE HOLDER
FLORENCE LEMMON	INA EZELL
TOMMIE BOONE	HATTIE MCGEE
AMELIA JOHNSON	CORA REED
GRACE HACKNEY	LEWIE DAVIS
	BESS RASH

### SECOND SOPRANOS

IRENE BROWN	MERTIS STOCKARD
ANNA MAE ROQUEMORE	GRACE CHAPEL
ELIZABETH HIGGINBOTHAM	LORENA MURPHY

### ALTOS

STELLA RHONE	JENNIE McCULLOH
ZULA KINNARD	VERDA SCOTT

"God sent his singers upon earth  
 With songs of sadness and of mirth  
 That they might touch the hearts of men  
 And bring them back to heaven again."





ST. CECILIA CLUB



## University Choir

MRS. W. C. HUNTER, Director

### SOPRANOS

FLORENCE LEMMON  
MADALINE HOLDER  
AMELIA JOHNSON  
EULA McNEIL  
CARRIE SCHLEY

### ALTOS

ANNA MAE ROQUEMORE  
MYRTLE TOMLINSON  
STELLA RHONE  
JENNIE McCULLOH  
IRENE BROWN

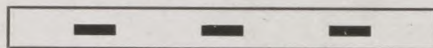
### TENORS

CLOIS L. GREENE  
J. B. FRIZZELL  
GRANTLAND ANDERSON  
DAN ROGERS  
HOWARD DABBS  
DOUGLAS TOMLINSON

### BASSOS

BRYANT COLLINS  
HOWELL G. KNIGHT  
EARL GOUGH  
WILL MASSEY  
ERNEST SCOTT  
LOY WRIGHT

MARY BAIN SPENCE *Organist*



THE University Choir is an organization that, under the direction of Mrs. W. C. Hunter, is the pride of the student-body, the Faculty and the University Church.

No better choir will be found in any of the great churches, and when the students go back to their home towns for the summer they are quickly reminded and impressed with the superiority of this college musical chorus. To the church work in T. C. U. a well-trained choir is at once a necessity and a perpetual pleasure. The processions and recessionals are a feature—the anthems are the delight of all church-goers here.

Among the members of the choir are some of the best solo voices in Texas. The entire membership was selected with great care and the harmony of voices shows the highest perfection of vocal endeavor. Miss Mary Bain Spence, who presides at the pipe organ, is a musician of rare ability.





UNIVERSITY CHOIR



## University Quartet

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PROF. W. T. HAMNER . . . . . *Director*

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PROF. W. T. HAMNER, first tenor and director of the quartet, has become quite indispensable as a leader in the musical activities of the University. His voice is of the lyric type, clear and well controlled. His concerts have always been stamped with success.

CLOIS L. GREENE, second tenor, has a rich, vibrant voice, clear enunciation and an impressive appearance. He sings with much dramatic fervor and artistic finish, and has attained especial merit as a soloist.

BRYANT COLLINS, first bass, is a singer of more than ordinary natural talent. His voice is mellow, rich and sympathetic. He sings with fine musical appreciation and a pleasant freedom from affectation.

HOWELL G. KNIGHT, second bass, fills his rather difficult but necessary part with much credit. His voice is a genuine basso profundo of big volume and wide range. Its full, deep quality makes an excellent foundation for the quartet.

The University Quartet, with the exception of Mr. Greene, has been together continuously for the last four years, and ranks as one of the best quartets in Texas. During the period of its organization programs of the highest classical order have been rendered in almost every section of the State, to large and appreciative audiences. The last college year has been marked with a series of concert successes and always they have been solicited to fill a return engagement.

No organization in the University has been instrumental in giving more genuine pleasure to our college life, and on all occasions they have received the first consideration of the T. C. U. and Waco public. It is truly a college quartet of unusual merit and deserves unstinted praise and approval.





UNIVERSITY QUARTET

W. T. HAMNER  
BRYANT COLLINS

CLOIS L. GREENE  
HOWELL G. KNIGHT



## The Schuberts

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THE Schubert Quintet made a most delightful trip through the Panhandle country during the month of August, 1908. The chief purposes were to advertise Texas Christian University, and to enjoy a good outing in the delightful summer climate of the Plains; both were fully realized.

At Amarillo the Quintet was entertained in the hospitable home of Miles Bivins, and the few days spent there were full of events both delightful and interesting. The auto ride to the Bivins Ranch and the horseback rides to the fish tanks and other places of interest are not soon to be forgotten by the members of the party.

The Schuberts report a successful concert season and on the trip visited the following places: Hereford, Amarillo, Claude, Clarendon, Memphis, Quanah, Vernon, Seymour, Goree, Munday, and Haskell. At each place the singers were greeted by large and appreciative audiences. Below are a few comments from the Press.

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### PRESS NOTICES.

"The T. C. U. Male Quintet pleased a large audience and maintained the high standard of Local Lyceum Attractions that have been presented this season. All of the numbers were well rendered and the singers' voices were exceptionally fine."—*Daily Panhandler*.

"The Texas Christian University Quintet gave a delightful entertainment in this city Wednesday night. The program was select and all the numbers were of a high order of music."—*Hereford Brand*.

"The entertainment given Wednesday night by the Glee Club of Texas Christian University, drew a large and appreciative audience, and proved to be one of the best entertainments Claude has ever had, and the frequent encores were quite complimentary and well-deserved by the young gentlemen composing the quintet."—*The Claude News*.

"The Quintet of Texas Christian University, Waco, Texas, gave their high-class entertainment here Friday night. The program was well rendered and pleased a large and appreciative audience."—*Hall County Herald*.





THE SCHUBERT QUINTET



## University Glee Club

### OFFICERS

H. C. BARNARD . . . . . *President*  
 G. N. ANDERSON . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*  
 W. T. HAMNER . . . . . *Director*

### PERSONNEL

#### *First Tenors*

N. C. PERKINS  
 J. B. FRIZZELL  
 D. D. ROGERS  
 D. E. TOMLINSON  
 T. J. ALLEN

#### *Second Tenors*

C. L. GREENE  
 G. N. ANDERSON  
 N. C. CARR  
 W. P. WITT

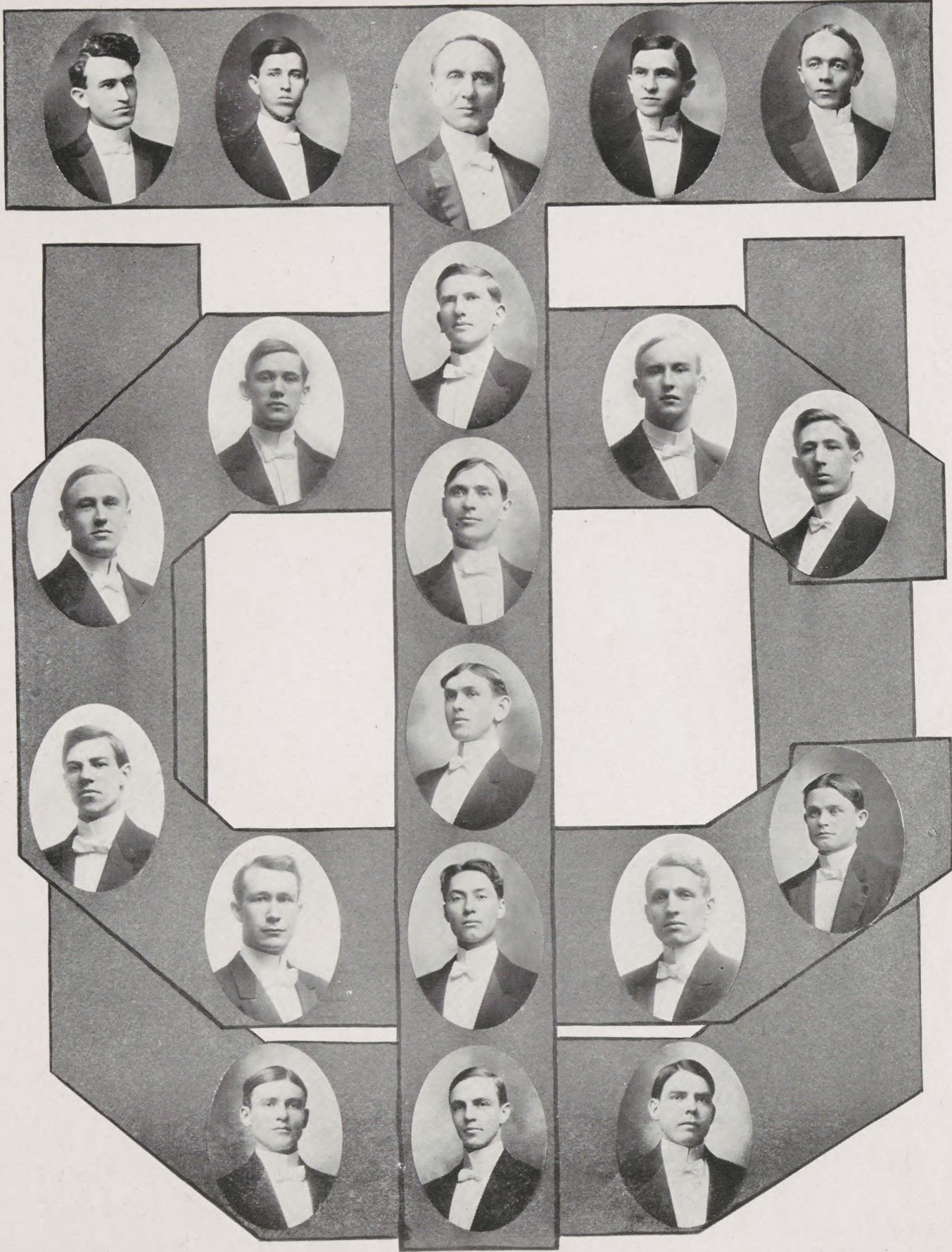
#### *Baritones*

J. W. MASSIE  
 J. J. MURRAY  
 H. C. BARNARD  
 C. M. HALL  
 J. C. WELCH  
 B. F. COLLINS

#### *Bassos*

H. G. KNIGHT  
 L. C. WRIGHT  
 E. GOUGH  
 E. U. SCOTT





UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB



## The University Orchestra

WILLIS C. HUNTER . . . . . *Director*

### PERSONNEL:

*First Violin*

MYRTLE TOMLINSON  
ELIZABETH HIGGINBOTHAM  
STELLA RHONE  
VESTA WEAVER

*Second Violin*

ROBERT McMULLEN  
JUSTUS MINIER

*Cello*

MABEL MALLACE

*Bass*

J. B. FRIZZELL

*First Clarinet*

SAM FRIZZELL  
GRANTLAND ANDERSON

*Second Clarinet*

G. W. HOWETH  
CLYDE HACKNEY

*First Cornet*

LOCKHART WILLIAMS

*Second Cornet*

BEN PARKS

*Trombone*

THURMAN ALLEN

*Drums*

DAN ROGERS

*Piano*

MARY BAIN SPENCE

UNDER the direction of Prof. Hunter, the University Orchestra has reached a standard of high merit and is one of the most complete successes among the many college organizations. On almost every public occasion we have been delighted with popular renditions. The Orchestra has been a factor in the upbuilding and maintaining of one of the best Sunday Schools in Texas. At all special programs we have heard the Orchestra, and it has contributed largely to the successes of all the dramatic activities. Among the members are several artists of no small talent, many having specialized on their favorite instrument for several years. The Orchestra is at once a necessity and a joy to our college life.





UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA





VIOLIN CLASS





# Orator Y



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## The Department of Oratory

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CLYDE BATSELL REEVES . . . . . *Principal*  
ALBERT CRUZAN, . . . . . *Assistant*

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FRANKLY, we can say that the Department of Oratory surpasses any other department in Texas Christian University. And it does not do this merely because some of the others are woefully weak. There are two causes: First, the head of Department of Oratory, Miss C. B. Reeves, is unusually efficient and a hard worker. For a wonder the meagerness of salary handicapping the benefit that should be derived from certain courses has not affected the students of Oratory. This is Miss Reeves' second year with us. She has worked hard and consistently and is due much praise. The second cause of the boasted superiority of this department is the material it is made up of. This is as it should be. The student with high aspiration can not without a detrimental effect omit this course.

This year we have an assistant instructor, Mr. Cruzan. This is his first year here. He has done good work both in the class-room and on the platform. He is also a Senior in Oratory.

The department has two post-graduates, one, Miss Lizella Crawford, who has a class of her own in a nearby town. The other, Miss Gladys Hudson, is preparing an elaborate Commencement program—the whole of *Enoch Arden* to the accompaniment of Strauss music. The Senior Class has six members—a larger number than any previous class has had.

The numerous contests, debates, and programs are the product of this industrious oratorical department. More new men have taken the platform during the past year than ever before in a like space of time. This interest means success. Were we allowed to speak tho'ts beyond square facts we would predict greater things for the Department of Oratory in 1910 than has been appointed to 1909.





LIZELLA CRAWFORD  
Waco, Texas



GLADYS HUDSON  
King City, Missouri



## Students of Oratory

### ROLL

ANDERSON, JUANITA	HART, MRS. J. J.
ALFORD, EDNA	HUDSON, GLADYS
ALEXANDER, MRS. C. I.	HOLDER, MATTIE
ANDERSON, GRANTLAND	EZELL, INA
BUSH, EDGAR	JACKSON, UNA
BRANDT, W. V.	JOHNSTON, DR. L. S.
BUSH, FRED	MONTGOMERY, VERA
BRITTON, JEFFIE	MALONEY, LORAINÉ
BLOOR, BERTRAM H.	MILLER, MARTHA K.
BAAR, ANNIE	ODELL, LELA
CRUZAN, A.	RASH, BESS
CRUZAN, MRS. A.	RUSHING, MRS. C. C.
CRAWFORD, LIZELLA	SHANNON, MABEL
CARR, N. C.	REED, CORA
DEAN, T. J.	SHIRLEY, HARRIET
DABBS, HOWARD B.	STEVENS, W. E.
CARPENTER, ORA	SMITHAM, STELLA
ELLIS, NORMA	SPEARMAN, WINNIE
COLLINS, BRYANT	STRATTON, LUCILE
FREEDMAN, EVELYN	TWYMAN, G.
FRIZZELL, BONNER	TOMLINSON, D.
FARIS, PROF. E. E.	WELCH, JOHN
GIBBONS, PEARL	WADE, B. B.
GOUGH, EARL	WEBB, ETHEL
GOUGH, LERON	WILEY, JAS. G.
GREENE, CLOIS L.	WRIGHT, E. L.
HACKNEY, CLYDE	





## EDITORIAL

### Oratory

**T**HE most potent factor in the defense of human rights and in guarding the great interests of the Home and the Nation, is Oratory. Circumstances and conditions make an orator, and the man who is born into a mighty conflict, where the morality of mankind is being sacrificed for personal and selfish interests is in the midst of an environment that is conducive to the highest note of eloquence. To be eloquent is to speak with impassioned fervor from the depth of the heart. The great human and political questions of the day cannot be solved by rhetorical flights of fancy that come from the lip and reach only the ear; they must be studied and felt deeply and presented with ardor and force. Oratory has in the past been the concern of the master minds; it is the greatest telling force for justice in our present time; it will ever be in the future the means of touching the hearts of men, and of stirring the passions of humanity to eternal progress.

There are two types of orators; one that leaves in the minds of men the impress of a pleasing personality; the other—and by far the most effective of the two—rouses men to action and leaves his message imprinted on the hearts of his hearers. To the former class of speakers belong Cicero and thousands, to the latter belong Demosthenes and all the great orators of positive merit.

In college no activity can be more useful, more practical, and more worthy than that of oratorical endeavor. The collegian is afforded a splendid opportunity to develop what talent he may possess for public speaking. To those who are successful we know at once that they are building upon a basic foundation of positiveness and sincerity; to those who are unsuccessful this criticism can be offered: first, that they are too prolix in the presentation of their favorite theme; second, that they miss the fundamental note by striving for flowery portrayals of an idealistic Utopia. There is a reward for oratorical "heart-throbs"—a message with a meaning—and the young speaker must first feel what he has to say before he can express his thought convincingly.



## Senior Oratory Class

**T**HE Senior Oratory Class of '09 is the largest that has ever gone from this department. Two of the number are Seniors also in Literary, one is a Junior, another an assistant in Oratory, and the remaining two are specials. This number of six graduates speaks well for the interest that has been taken in Oratory, and especially has this been shown during the last two years under the instruction of Miss Clyde Batsell Reeves. She has proved a faithful, thorough, and devoted teacher, and too much praise cannot be credited her.

B. H. Bloor, President of the Class, has been very active during his four years in every affair concerned with Oratory. He has taken part in the following contests: Inter-Society Contest of '06; State Preliminary of '07, McClain Contest of '07, State Oratorical Contest held at Sherman, '08, won second place; Inter-Society Contest '08; won first place. He has served as President of Oratorical Association of T. C. U. for '08 and '09. He now holds position of President of State Oratorical Association. Mr. Bloor has played an active part in the dramatic world of T. C. U. In "The Professor's Love Story" of '07, he played a leading part. In '08, he took part in "Rose of Plymouth Town," "Miss Civilization" and "Mrs. Temple's Telegram." In "Niobe" of '09, Mr. Bloor again played a leading part.

Miss Loraine Maloney has spent the last two years of her study of Oratory in T. C. U. While here she has been very active in all entertainments, and has been of assistance to various clubs and societies of Waco. In '08 she represented the Clark Society in Declamatory Contest with the Waltons. Along the line of dramatics, she has taken part in "College Days," '08; "Niobe," '09, and "Captain Joe," '09.

Mr. Earle Gough gained his early training at Hereford College, but has completed his course of study in T. C. U. In '08 he played part in "Miss Civilization." He represented the Shirleys in Declamatory Contest of '08, and also entered preliminaries to both State Oratorical and State Prohibition. He took part in "Niobe," '09.

Mr. and Mrs. Cruzan had their early training at Drake University, this being their only year in T. C. U. Mr. Cruzan, Assistant Oratory Instructor, has appeared but once before the public here. All were highly pleased with his work. Mrs. Cruzan played in "Niobe," '09.

Clois L. Greene has spent four years in the Oratory Department of T. C. U. In '06 he represented the Waltons in the Inter-Society Declamatory Contest. In '07 he delivered the Society oration at open session, and in June of same year won the McClain prize. He took part in "The Professor's Love Story," '07. Again in '08 he entered the Declamatory Contest and won first place for the Add-Rans.



## Seniors in Oratory



BERTRAM H. BLOOR  
LORAINÉ MALONEY                      MRS. ALBERT CRUZAN  
EARL GOUGH                      CLOIS L. GREENE                      ALBERT CRUZAN





JUNIOR CRATORY



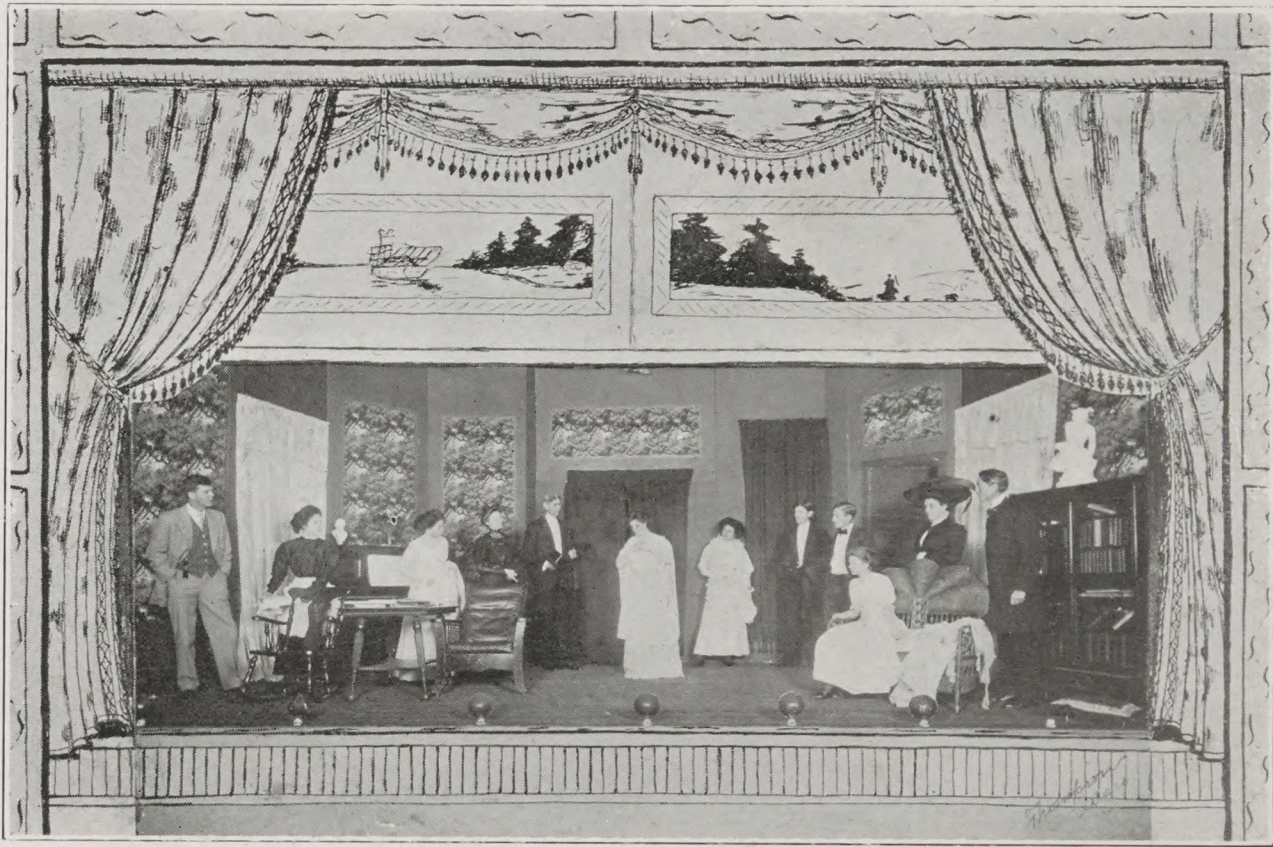


SOPH ORATORY



## DRAMATICS

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### The Dramatic Club

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THE Dramatic Club has now passed safely thru the third year of its existence. It has at all times been well received, we believe appreciated. Its record is one to be proud of—a record which is being strengthened with each new production. During these three years the Club has presented four plays, "The Professor's Love Story," "Rose o' Plymouth Town," "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," and "Niobe," besides the Club members have appeared in numerous one-act scenes and society plays, the most noteworthy of which are "She Stoops to Conquer," by the Walton Literary Society, "Miss Civilization," the graduation recital of Miss Marrs, "College Days," a curtain-raiser, and "Captain Joe," by the Clark Society.

"Niobe" is the production of 1909. In it the Club upheld its past and added "still another laurel in its crown." The Club is especially proud of its new members. These are of the first quality and argue a continued prosperity for Dramatics in 1910-11-12.





JAP GIRLS



## “Niobe”

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ON February 8, '09, Miss C. B. Reeves presented the Dramatic Club in the three-act farce-comedy, “Niobe.” The play was a success from every point of view, playing to the expressed satisfaction of a large audience. The cast of characters was well chosen and their training was such as could be only by the most competent of instructors.

“Niobe” is a story of a Grecian statue—not the ordinary kind, but “Niobe” a Grecian queen of long ago who was turned into stone by the enraged Phoebus; dug up in our day and shipped to America. The statue at the time of its arrival is placed in the residence of a certain Peter Amos Dunn for safe keeping, and while there it is suddenly electrified back to life. Poor Dunn is at home, alone at the time, and when his wife returns a while later all his explanations are in vain. Mrs. Dunn thinks, aided by her maiden senior sister Helen, that “Niobe” is a late attachment of her husband’s. Complications arise thick and fast, Dunn meeting each occasion with a new “explanation,” until finally his store is exhausted and the truth is believed.

The action traveled fast and the comedy kept the audience in an uproar. Miss Loraine Maloney was easily the star—interpreting the part of Niobe with great ability. Mr. Bertram Bloor played the part of Mr. Dunn.

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### THE DRAMATIS PERSONAE FOLLOWS:

Niobe . . . . .	Loraine Maloney
Peter Amos Dunn . . . . .	Bertram Bloor
Mrs. Dunn, Peter’s wife . . . . .	Bess Lee Rash
Innings . . . . .	Noah Perkins
Mr. Silox . . . . .	Howard Dabbs
Beatrice Silox . . . . .	Mable Shannon
Corney Griffin (parasite) . . . . .	Clyde Hackney
Hettie Griffin . . . . .	Juanita Anderson
Helen Griffin . . . . .	Mrs. Cruzan
Mr. Thompson . . . . .	Earl Gough
Mary (maid) . . . . .	Stella Smitham

The scene for all three acts is laid in Mr. Dunn’s house.





SCENE FROM "NIOBE"



## "Captain Joe"

CAPTAIN JOE, *the play* rendered in the University auditorium on April 2nd by the girls of the Clark Literary Society, was easily the success of the season in dramatic circles. The dramatis personæ of this play includes the leading actresses of T. C. U., and they performed to the entire satisfaction of the audience present. The setting of the play was in a room in T. C. U. dormitory in the Spring term. The Sophomore and Junior Basketball teams were fighting for the class championship. It was the deciding games of the series and every one in the whole school was enthusiastic as to the outcome of the game. Captain Joe, of the Junior team, was falsely accused of stealing on the day of the contest, and to the regret of the class and her team-mates was forced to hand in her resignation. She did so reluctantly, knowing that it was her room-mate, Mildred Linn, who had stolen the necklace, tho Captain Joe was caught returning it, while a fire drill was going on in the girls' dormitory. Kate Winston, the second team forward was substituted in Captain Joe's position during the first half, and on account of her reckless playing the Juniors were behind. During halves the Junior team came to Captain Joe's room and here the little Freshman, Irene Powell, took the blame of the deed in order to get Captain Joe to play. In the second half, on account of the superior playing of Captain Joe, the Juniors won the game and championship.

After the game, Capt. Joe explained to her team-mates of the condition and Mildred Linn confessed the misdeed.

The play was spiced with local hits and take-offs, so that it made it all the more interesting.

In the cast, Stella Smitham in the "Little Freshman" and her ideal (Lorraine Maloney) as "Captain Joe," were stars of the company.

### THE CAST CONSISTED OF:

Josephine Scott (Captain Joe)	Lorraine Maloney
Mildred Linn, her room-mate	Ethel Webb
Kate Winston, second team forward	Bess Rash
Sue Carpenter, unathletic	Una Jackson
Pat Dickenson, Class President	Verda Scott
Irene Powell, the Little Freshman	Stella Smitham

#### TEAM GIRLS:

Blanche Martin	Ollie Kirkpatrick
Jack Wainwright	Clara Moses
Florence Flanders	Lena Burford
Bess Nelson	Louie Noblitt
Gertrude Schmidt	Blanche Baldwin

Place—A room in T. C. U. Girls' Home.

Time—Spring term.



## The Oratorical Association



### OFFICERS

BERTRAM H. BLOOR . . . . .	<i>President</i>
HOWELL G. KNIGHT . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
BRAXTON B. WADE . . . . .	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

**T**HE Oratorical Association is not as composite as it might be, since it has no definite membership—every student in the College of Arts and Sciences being considered members—but in the officers we have a strong executive committee that has ever been alert to the advancement of all oratorical interests. It was thru the efforts of this committee that inter-collegiate debates were established in T. C. U.—the first being with Southwestern University. The officers by persistent work stimulated Oratory by forming a foundation upon which will rest many successes in this field in the future. We can truly feel that there has been an awakening in the University in matters for which the Oratorical Association stand for. A definite membership, however, will add greatly to the permanent good of the organization.



## Oratory in T. C. U.



THE year 1908-9 has been in many respects a banner year for T. C. U., but in no department of work has there been a greater increase in interest, even enthusiasm, than in the field of Oratory. Not only have there been more inter-society contests to engage the attention of active workers along this line, but Faculty and student-body have caught the spirit. The sentiment is growing, and if the sweep continues, it bids fair to bring T. C. U. and its oratory to the forefront among the colleges and universities of Texas and the Southwest.

The Commencement Oratorical Contest, Spring '08, was won by Stonewall Brown. Mr. Brown had also been chosen to represent T. C. U. in the State Oratorical Contest; but on account of illness a few days before the contest was unable to deliver his speech, and Mr. B. H. Bloor was unanimously chosen to take his place. Brown's manuscript ranked very high and Bloor acquitted himself very creditably in delivery, considering that he had but a few days in which to memorize and prepare the oration. Had it not been for Brown's illness, or had Bloor had more time to prepare, T. C. U. would possibly have—well, who knows? But we mustn't boast of what might have been had the fates decreed otherwise.

The '09 Fall term of school opened with a rush along oratorical lines. The Shirleys boldly challenged their rivals for three contests to be held before the Christmas holidays. The Add-Rans accepted with a vim and the fight was on.

The "Old Men's" Declamatory Contest came Friday night, October 30th, and resulted in a victory for the Add-Rans. Two of their representatives, Messrs. Bloor and Greene, tied for first honors. The delivery of these two men was of a high degree of excellence, as proven by the fact that they won out over some of the strongest men in the University. Grantland Anderson ranked next after these two men.

The next event—a warmly-contested debate—evened up matters between the two societies. The advisability of guaranteeing bank deposits was discussed. W. E. Sturgeon and D. E. Sturgeon and D. E. Tomlinson, of Shirley Society, attacked the policy as defended by D. D. Rogers and Bonner Frizzell of Add-Ran Society. The decision went to the Shirley representatives. More than once the debate was enlivened by keen questions and sharp repartee.



The second contest left the honors of the battlefield evenly divided, but in the next test of strength—a "New Men's" Declamatory Contest—the Add-Rans again took the lead, carrying off first and second places with their men, Stephenson and Collins respectively. And so the laurels rested until after Christmas.

On Friday night, March 12th, was held the Bland Oratorical contest, the winner of which becomes T. C. U.'s representative in the Texas State Oratorical meet. Six strong men battled fiercely for the coveted honor. Second place was awarded to Bonner Frizzell with his splendid oration, "The Old and the New South; a Reunited Country," and first place to Douglas E. Tomlinson with his study of "The New Liberty."

The next forensic contest was likewise important, as the winner was to represent T. C. U. in the Texas State Prohibition Oratorical Contest. John C. Welch was the fortunate man, altho he had a close second in Earl Gough. Both are men of experience and ability, Mr. Gough having represented his society on a number of occasions, Mr. Welch having represented T. C. U. in the Prohibition Oratorical two years ago.

Possibly the thing that has added, as much as anything else, to interest in oratory is the fact that the State Oratorical Contest comes to T. C. U. this year for the first time in the history of the Association. Representatives from eight colleges and universities will be present and the local organizations have been preparing to entertain royally. B. H. Bloor, President of the Texas State Oratorical Association, and Earl Gough, President of the local organization, have been especially active in these matters.

The Platform Club, too, has added its impetus to the work. Under the efficient guidance of Bonner Frizzell, its President, the Club has been able to secure some very helpful and instructive addresses. The words of Editor Robinson of the *Waco Times-Herald* and of Dr. Garrison of the University of Texas, were especially appreciated.

Meanwhile T. C. U. has not neglected inter-collegiate debating. Our team, Bonner Frizzell and Douglas E. Tomlinson, meets Southwestern University (Messrs. C. A. Long and E. A. Sansom) early in May to debate the advisability of Federal Chartering for all corporations doing inter-state commerce. Frizzell, debater, journalist, orator, is always good, and won his place on the team by his excellent work in the inter-society debate. Tomlinson was re-elected from last year's team, and no stronger man can be found in our midst.

At least two other inter-society contests have been arranged for the year, and it is rumored that the girls have caught the spirit and are seeking to arrange for a contest between the Walton and Clark Societies. However this may be, T. C. U. has had a full year from the viewpoint of college orators.

One more word. The future? The class of naughty-niners leave it with you who remain. Make it worthy of the past and present. Make it worthy of our Alma Mater! We shall expect it of you!



## Texas State Oratorical Association

### OFFICERS

B. H. BLOOR . . . . .	<i>President</i>
G. L. HAMILTON . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. FISHER SIMPSON . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
R. P. LIGHTFOOT . . . . .	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
CLARK MULLICAN . . . . .	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>

**T**HE Texas State Oratorical Association met on April 17 of last year at Sherman, as the guest of Austin College. Personally speaking, the contest was a failure, but generally speaking it was a glorious success. The mud and rain outside was forgotten in the warmth of our greeting within the Sherman homes. T. C. U., we egotistically believe, got the lion's share in the way of entertainment. We were honored by a T. C. U. supper at the home of Mrs. Hall. The banquet given by Austin College to its one hundred and fifty guests was a grand affair. Things were run on a gilt-edge perfection plan. The young ladies who we met—or rather (and better?) who we saw—were such as we think T. C. U. only can profitably make a comparison.

Personally speaking, we have said the contest was a failure. We were disappointed. We went to Sherman to win and we did not. Mr. Evans, who represented Austin College, won first honors, a \$75.00 gold medal. Mr. Horn of Fort Worth University, and Mr. Bloor of T. C. U., tied in ranking for second place, but Mr. Horn won on percent. Mr. J. F. Hardie of Austin College, as President of the association, acted as the presiding officer.

## Texas State Prohibition League

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY had the honor and the pleasure on April 3, 1908, of entertaining the State Prohibition League. We believe the meet was a success. A large and appreciative audience greeted the speakers and gave its support to each and every contestant. Mr. Stonewall Brown represented T. C. U. In this we expected to win and we were not badly disappointed. He won second honors, and ranked only one below the winner. Mr. O. M. Boyd of Decatur Baptist College, won first honors. Mr. John Welch was President of the meet.





**BERTRAM H. BLOOR,**  
Representative of T. C. U. in State  
Oratorical Contest '08.



**STONEWALL BROWN,**  
Representative of T. C. U. in State  
Prohibition Contest '08, Winner  
Commencement Oratorical  
Contest '08.



## The Rise of Debating

**D**EBATING is young in T. C. U. The first inter-society debate was held in Chapel December 19, 1907. Then, with the confident assurance of youth, we challenged Southwestern, and our first inter-collegiate debate was held here on the evening of May 8th. B. H. Bloor (of the winning team in the inter-society meet) and Douglas E. Tomlinson represented T. C. U., defending the affirmative side of the following proposition: "Resolved, that within fourteen years the Federal Government should own and control the railroads of the United States." Although T. C. U. went down in defeat, enthusiasts were not greatly discouraged, but decided to try again the following year.

The next debate was an inter-society affair. Date: December 4, 1908. At this time the echoes of a stirring Presidential campaign were everywhere and one of the great issues of the campaign was naturally chosen for discussion. W. E. Sturgeon and Douglas E. Tomlinson for the affirmative, held that "the passage of a Federal law guaranteeing all deposits in National banks would be unwise policy." Dan D. Rogers and Bonner Frizzell attacked this proposition for the negative side. At one time the discussion turned upon the policy of Guaranteed Bank Deposits as a preventative of panics, holding in mind the lessons of the then recent financial "flurry," again it turned to Oklahoma and general precedents, and once it narrowed down sharply as to whether certain men would be accepted as authority. These details were incidental, however, and the speakers dealt almost entirely with the problem in its fundamental aspects. Every inch of ground was warmly contested throughout, and by only the close margin of two to one the decision went to the affirmative in the end.

At the time of this writing the next test is still in the future. It comes some time in May and it is with Southwestern. Question: "Resolved, that all Corporations engaged in inter-state commerce shall be required to take out a Federal Charter, on such terms as Congress may by law prescribe—granting such legislation would be constitutional." Bonner Frizzell and Douglas E. Tomlinson for T. C. U. meet Messrs. C. A. Long and E. A. Sansom for Southwestern. The Goddess of Victory holds the laurels hidden with coming events and they cast no shadows before. But, of course, T. C. U. hopes to retrieve last year's defeat.

One more debate is scheduled for the year. The teams will be selected by Shirley and Add-Ran Literary Societies from among their men who have never previously engaged in any inter-society debate. The idea is to develop new material for next year, and from the interest being taken, the plan will be successful. The speakers have not all been selected. The question will be: "Resolved, that all Japanese immigrants except students, teachers, merchants, travelers, of good character, should be excluded from the United States by Federal statute."





INTER-SOCIETY AND INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATERS



## College Days

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College days, College days!  
'Tis the purple of the haze,  
The halcyon of a splendid, radiant life.  
With our youth-blood dancing, teeming,  
With the love-light brightly beaming,  
Such a glory to be winners in the strife.

College days, College days,  
When the mellow sunset rays  
Fall about us as we gather on the green—  
And join together, gladly singing,  
When the birds are homeward winging  
In the splendor of the balmy evening sheen.

College days, College days,  
When we chant our lofty lays,  
In the future with its fullness and its glory—  
When the life-light low is burning,  
There will be a constant yearning  
For Alma Mater, and the days so full of story



**A**rt.





## School of Art

### OFFICERS

DURA BROKAW-COCKRELL . . . . .	<i>Principal</i>
KATE N. JACKSON . . . . .	} . . . . . <i>Assistants</i>
RUTH PATE DENNY . . . . .	
LAURENA COPE . . . . .	
BLANCHE BALDWIN . . . . .	<i>Graduate</i>

### CLASS ROLL

BLANCHE BALDWIN	JOE MURRAY	AVIS BAIRD	KATE N. JACKSON
IRENE COX	MABEL WALLACE	VERDA SCOTT	MRS. CRUZAN
NANNIE SPONG	ALPHA HINKEL	TENNIE MALONE	N. ANNA ELLIOTT
SUE WEBB	H. B. DABBS	MRS. WM. GREEN	ANNIE MAY MILES
ZENA MOORE	MRS. J. C. J. KING	MRS. PITKIN	MARY STRANGE
COLLIE WRIGHT	MRS. DURER	LOUIE DAVIS	BEULAH BEAN
RUTH SCALES	DELLA BROWN	LAURENA ROBERTSON	LUCILE WALKER
HATTIE HAWN	NELLE MILLAR	MRS. MORRIS	MABEL HARREL
			JULIAN MINIER

### A Visitor in the Art Room

A KIND professor offers to show a stranger through our institution and the first retreat from the the barren halls and class-rooms is the studio just across from the Chapel, which he has just said will seat 700 (?) people when the Mock Faculty appears on April 1st.

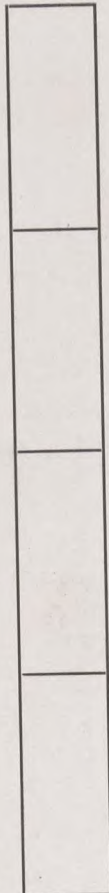
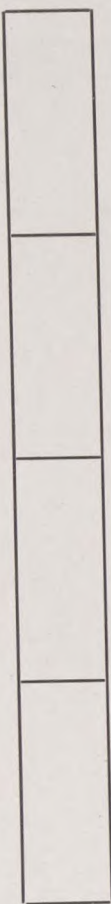
At the door of the Art room the visitor is taken in hand by a bevy of artistic girls and is shown all sorts and degrees of art. Each individual piece of which is "perfectly beautiful" and then this bit of news is thrust upon us. The visitor has a cousin who can paint anything "just perfect" and has never had a lesson in her life. The teacher wants to suggest, "What could she do if she had some lessons," but that would be irrelevant in view of the fact that the genius could draw your picture so that you could recognize it anywhere, and is at present spending all of her time on music, so that she couldn't possibly take art if she wanted to.

Our guest then discovers the hand-painted punch-bowl and says "it will be beautiful when it's done." (The girls all smile, for they have been serving punch in it at all college functions for the last seven years). She next discovers a wonderful fruit study which would be just lovely in her dining-room "it's so natural, but what is it, apples or peaches."

With this she leaves, telling us she would give anything in the world if she could paint, but she never could even draw a straight line, which causes the teacher to give the following dissertation as soon as she departs.

"This idea of wonderful talent and no opportunity is a part of the past, the talent we need these days is a talent for hard work. If a student has that he can succeed in almost any line he really cares for. We find pupils taking all other branches of learning in an institution because it is the course prescribed, without a thought as to whether they are talented or not; but art is considered a mysterious something that our maker has given to us outright. This is a mistake, for success in this line only requires a love for the beautiful and ability for work, lots of work."





BLANCHE PAULINE BALDWIN, Art Graduate, Windom, Texas.



DRAWING CLASS





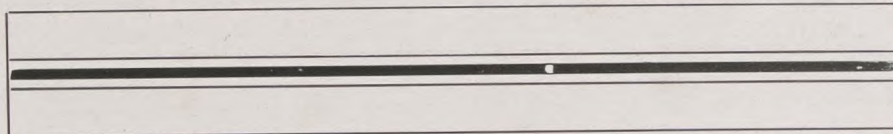
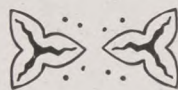
ART CLASS



## Religious Activities

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“What, always dreaming over heavenly things,  
Like angel-heads in stone, with pigeon wings?  
Canting and whining out all day the Word,  
And half the night? fanatic and absurd!  
Mine be the friend less frequent in his prayers,  
Who makes no bustle with his soul’s affairs,  
Whose wit can brighten up an wintry day,  
And chase the splenetic dull hours away,  
Content on earth in earthly things to shine,  
Who waits for heaven ere he becomes divine,  
Leaves saints to enjoy these altitudes they teach,  
And plucks the fruit placed within his reach.”

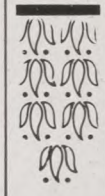




## College of the Bible



THE crown of a University under church auspices ought to be its College devoted to sacred literature, and this is eminently true in T. C. U.



Graduation in the Bible College means a course of study at least two years more extensive than a degree in any other department. Its branches include a wider sweep in linguistic, historical and philosophic work than those for even a Master's degree in the College of Arts. The course of study leading to the degree B. D. in this University is more thorough and scholarly than that in any Bible College of the same church in the Northern and Eastern States; so that while the number of students is not so great, their graduation means a higher attainment.

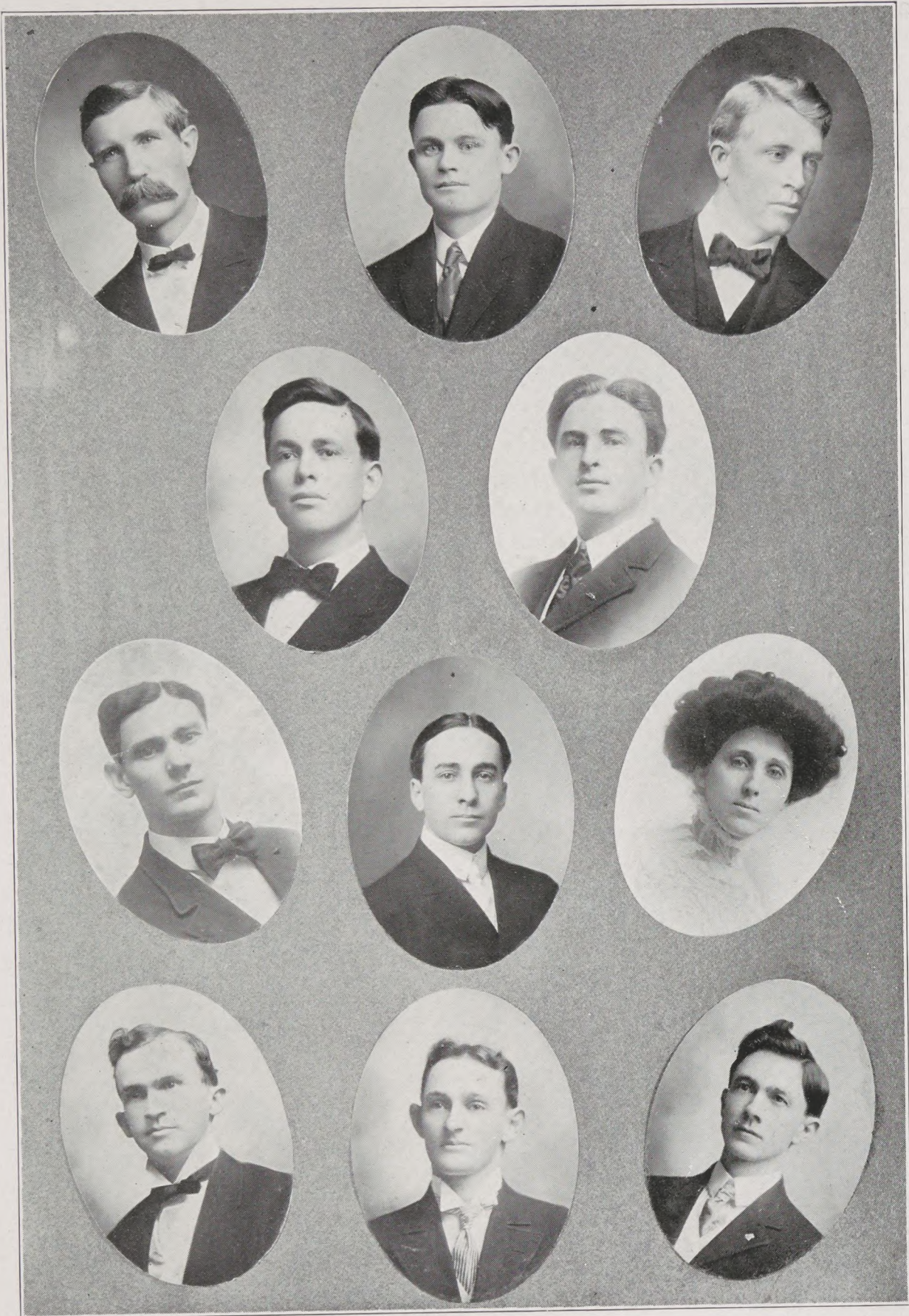
At least one-third of the Bible students hold pastorates in nearby towns, and all of the students are active in all phases of Christian work in the College and community. This department has its own societies and religious enterprises, including the Ministerial Association, the Volunteer Band, Missionary Class, etc. This year one of the students in this department, H. R. Ford, will take the B. D. degree, and it is with pride that T. C. U. graduates this man, for he has a most thorough college training and ranks with the highest ever graduated from this school.

The leading teachers in this department are E. F. Faris and President Lockhart, and the writer, who is a student of the Bible Department, pronounces them among the most scholarly and competent teachers in any of our schools in the States. These men have had peculiar preparation for teaching in the Bible Department, which makes the work under them most enjoyable, profitable and much to be desired.

T. C. U. is proud of its Bible Department, of the men that it has sent out, of its teachers now training the workers, and of its students now in preparation for the Master's service.







THE THEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION



## The Lectureship and Institute



NOT during the entire year have the students of Texas Christian University been afforded such a splendid intellectual feast as during the Texas Christian Lecturship, during the January sessions. Not only to those directly interested in theological work, but to all who are students in the smallest sense of the word, did the splendidly prepared and delivered lectures appeal. The narrowness of creeds were omitted and only the most liberal views of broad-minded, educated men were set forth at this gathering of churchmen.

The chief lecturer for the sessions was Professor Hall L. Calhoun, of Kentucky University. His series was both popular and technical. Two of them were sermon-lectures, containing more of the hortatory based on the exposition of Bible doctrines not uncommon. The other three were explanatory of the methods of working of those men who get into the deepest channels of scholarly investigation in critical questions of the Bible. His talks were profound in thought and were delivered with every grace of oratorical eloquence.

One of the most highly appreciated addresses of the entire convention was delivered by Dr. Addison Clark. No man in the Brotherhood can get a grip on things and sway a T. C. U. audience as does Dr. Clark, he being one of the founders of Texas Christian University and acting as foster-father, guiding its destinies for twenty-five years. His educational experience makes him an ideal lecturer for a college audience, as well as for the more technical minds of the ministers.

Prof. Frank L. Jewett, of the Bible chair of the University of Texas, captured the convention with his Bible studies. Mr. Jewett was scholarly and spoke with conviction. He is doing a great work at Austin and brought splendid reports.

Among the many others were addresses from W. T. Hilton, of Greenville, Texas; Cephas Shelbourne, of Dallas; G. G. Brelos, of Galveston; E. L. Crystal, of Waco; G. Lyle Smith, of Terrell, and E. C. Boynton, of Huntsville.

A feature of the Institute was the discussions by pastors of the principal churches of Waco upon the questions that are vital to the brotherhood of mankind. Each minister brought the views of his particular church, and thus was the convention helpful in many ways.

An attractive address of unusual character was that of Rabbi Warsaw, of the Jewish Temple of Waco. According to the request of Dr. Lockhart, he set forth the attitudes of the two wings of the Jewish faith of the present day, that of the conservative or "Synagogue" Jews, and of the Reform or "Temple" Jews.

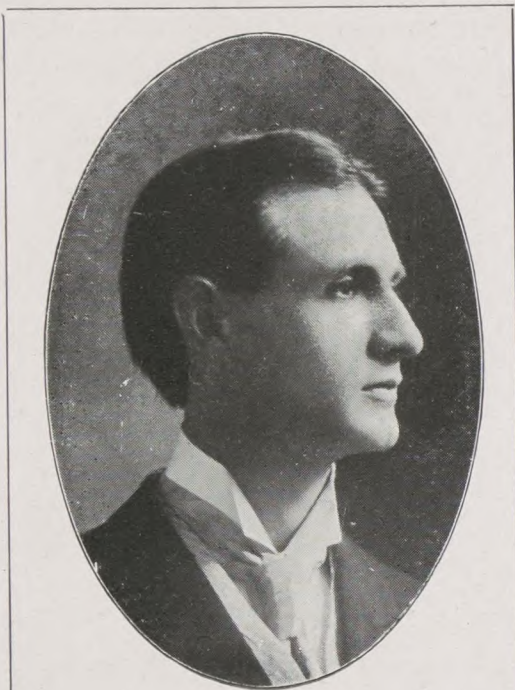
Much of the splendid success of the Institute was due to the worthy efforts of President Lockhart. He is authority on many points of Biblical research and has always contributed greatly to the lasting good results of all such conventions.



## The University Church

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**A**NY community can always be justly judged by its church work. It is also a fact that a church whose membership is made up largely of students attending a university is of a distinct characteristic that requires at its head a strong man, both mentally and spiritually. The members of the Church Board, after carefully considering the situation, decided that in Colby D. Hall were the qualities that fill every demand of the University Church.



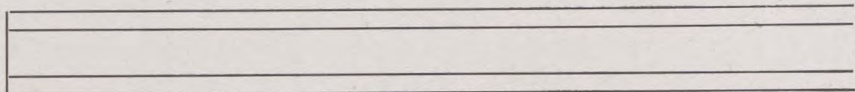
COLBY D. HALL  
Pastor University Church

Mr. Hall labored for several years in the cause of Christian education, acting as Educational Secretary for T. C. U., and his work was crowned with much success. Now that he is pastor of the University Church, he is laboring just as zealously for the spiritual upbuilding of T. C. U. on the inside life as he did on the outside life.



All church activities have gotten a new lease on life since Mr. Hall has been with us. The morning and evening services are always well attended. The sermons are prepared especially for college audiences and already results are beginning to be felt.

The Sunday School has almost doubled in membership—practically all of the students attending regularly. Christian Endeavor work has flourished and we now have three Christian Endeavors, each holding an interesting service every Sunday.

The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are enjoying a profitable year's work and show a healthy growth. Regardless of the fact that Mr. Hall has an extremely delicate position, he is filling it with much credit to himself and to the Christian Church.











## The Y. M. C. A.

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HE Young Men's Christian Association should be one of the strongest organizations in the University, and its full strength should always turn to the accomplishment of good. The field for such work in T. C. U. is large, and under the leadership of President James McFarland we have endeavored very earnestly to meet our responsibilities squarely on every occasion. Altho the large measure of success for which we have striven has not always been ours, our efforts have at least been conscientious, and we leave the results to be reckoned by others. Our constant aim has been to build up sturdy manhood as embodied in the three cardinal virtues of Knowledge, Integrity and Fearlessness. Know the right; then be true and fearless in doing the right. We believe that men should be men first and angels afterward.

Progress depends upon the actualizing of our ideals. We believe the work is progressing; this year was better than the past, we expect next year to be better than this year has been. Howard B. Dabbs has been chosen leader. Every man should be found at his post of duty; the battle for rightness must go on. To the success of this great battle the Young Men's Christian Association of Texas Christian University dedicates its life, its conscientious efforts and its growing ideals.





## Y. M. C. A. Officers

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DAN ROGERS  
BARNEY HALBERT

JAMES MCFARLAND  
T. J. DEAN



## Missionary Activities

OUR MISSIONARY TO INDIA.—Miss Nona Mertel Boegeman, while attending school in T. C. U. was an enthusiastic member of the Volunteer Mission Band. When she finished school, graduating with the Class of '08, it was her one purpose to become a missionary. Last summer there was a lively contest between Waco C. W. B. M. Auxiliary and the Hillsboro C. W. B. M. Auxiliary to see which would raise funds enough



to support Miss Boegeman on the foreign field. Hillsboro won, and Miss Boegeman is the living link missionary from Hillsboro. After spending two months at home last summer Miss Boegeman left the first of August for Indianapolis, Indiana, headquarters of our National C. W. B. M. From Indianapolis she attended the national convention held in October at New Orleans. She spent the balance of her time before sailing in New York City with her sister. Early in November she sailed for Bilospur, India, reaching there in December. She at once entered into the busy life of the Girls Orphanage in Bilospur, giving special attention to language study, with a private teacher. She gave her time to language study until the first week in March. She attended the convention of Christian churches of India, held at Jubblepore; then to Mohoba to be with Miss Frost. Miss Frost will soon return to her native America on a furlough. Miss Boegeman will spend

this summer in the hills, preparing for an examination preparatory to taking the orphanage work at Mohoba in September. A clipping from the April Missionary Tidings states that: "Miss Kingsbury has in her care in the Bilospur Orphanage twenty little ones too young to go to school; Miss Boegeman is busy studying the language. She finds these babies very companionable, and says they are the only ones besides the missionaries who understand her without an interpreter. About her stay in Bilospur she writes: 'I am more than thankful for this stay with these precious workers. The very atmosphere seems holy. They are about the happiest people I have ever come across.'"

EVANGELIO SETTLEMENT.—Another missionary enterprise that T. C. U. has been interested in through one of its students is the Evangelio Settlement, 510 South Thirteenth street. This is the Woolen Mills settlement, and the only active missionary work of its kind in Waco. It is conducted on the plan of a club for the boys and girls that work in the mill, furnishing them with a place to spend their evenings profitably in study and recreation. The girls sew, cook, have literary and bible study, while the boys have debates, civil government and singing classes. There is also Sunday school, Evangelistic services and night school. The Evangelio is a home-like five-room cottage with every convenience for the comfort of the members of the club. The purpose of the work is to bring the Christ life to those who live the cramped, hard life of a mill hand. Miss Virginia Lee Brandt, missionary and student in the T. C. U. Bible Department, has charge of the girl's work.

EAST WACO MISSION.—For a number of years T. C. U. has kept up the work at the East Waco church or mission as it is called. But this year the work has grown more than in any year previous under the guidance of Messrs. Orville Sharp, Grady Twyman, Grundy Stevenson, E. F. Westhoff, ministerial students in our Bible Department. This year about \$75.00 worth improvements were put into the mission and the place was well remodeled. They now have a splendid Sunday school and an active C. E. Society. These students hope to soon so enlarge the work that it will be a self-supporting and strong church for that section of Waco.



# Y. W. C. A.



LUCILE WOLFORD

ADA CULPEPPER

UNA JACKSON

HARRIET SHIRLEY, *Vice President* EULA McNEILL MYRTLE TOMLINSON, *Secretary*

KATHARINE RITER MARY RITER, *Treasurer* MARY BAIN SPENCE, *President*



## Our Library



**N**O PART of the equipment of a college is so extensive in its usefulness as the library. Every student and each member of the faculty is influenced by it. Texas Christian University embodies many of the essential features of the most useful libraries. It is easily reached by its patrons, it is open at convenient hours, and though not so large as some older libraries, it yet contains a splendid selection of books, magazines and pamphlets. It is catalogued by the "Dewey System," the one in vogue in the very best and largest libraries of the nation. In addition, it has the "Reader's Guide," which gives access to all current literature. And it is a depository for all public documents.

The Government publications within themselves form a very valuable library. They are constantly used by our faculty and students. These were secured in 1905, thru the efforts of Captain T. M. Scott, of Melissa, Texas.

A large room, 40x50 feet, on the ground floor of one wing of the main building, is used as a library and reading room. It is a pleasant, well-lighted, well-ventilated room. Here are at hand over forty of the best periodicals with over twenty-five weekly and daily newspapers of the State. Over three hundred volumes, outside of Government documents, have been received, besides a large number of pamphlets. During the year the efforts of the librarian have been largely to systematize the material already in hand and to make it possible for the students to have the use of every article on any given subject. This has been kept in mind as the work has progressed in the classifying of Government Reports, Congressional Records and the magazine files, a work that, while not completed, has made good progress.

The Library Committee of the Faculty is Ellsworth E. Faris, Professor of Philosophy and Sacred History, chairman; James B. Eskridge, Professor of Latin Language and Literature, and Shirley Graves, Professor of English. Besides the faculty and students, others may, by paying the regular library fee of \$3.00 per annum, be granted the use of the library.

The outlook for the future of the library is indeed promising, but with all our present possessions and our bright hopes for the future, we still have large needs.



## EARLY HISTORY.



NELL ANDREW, Librarian

In reporting to the "Hand Book of Texas Libraries" for this year, the date of the library was given as 1892, but in tracing the early history of the library, knowledge from a better source places it at an earlier date. For the greater part of the information we are indebted to our first and beloved President, Addiston Clark, of Thorpe Springs, Texas. And we give it as follows in his own words:

"The year the college was chartered (1874) the Add-Ran Literary Society was organized, and began at once to collect a library. In 1877 they had a small, well-selected lot of books. To that Major John T. Walton gave his private library of about 300 volumes. The Walton Society was organized to take charge and care for the library. The books were all put into one library known as the Walton Library. After the two societies grew larger and became somewhat rivals, the Add-Ran Literary Society began to collect a separate library. When the Toof donation was made all the books of both libraries were put into one college library."

The Toof donation mentioned above was made by Edwin J. Toof of New Haven, Connecticut, June 24, 1892. The gift consisted of 1000 volumes, which were to be permanently known as "The Edwin J. Toof Donation." The selection was carefully made by Mr. J. T. Toof, his son. The gift was a valuable one. Mr. Toof passed to his reward in 1907, but "his works follow him." At the time this donation was made, the library contained only 500 volumes. The librarians who have served are Mabel Grey Crosse, '02-'03, '03-'04; Mrs. M. B. M. Gibbons, '04-'05, '05-'06; Mrs. E. C. Boynton, '06-'07, '07-'08; Nell Andrew, '08-'09.





## A Realization

A strange new feeling crept into my soul—  
A realization of a distant goal  
That must be won by hewing to the line,  
By constant work and toil throughout lifetime.  
'Tis strange the thought had never dawned before,  
Tho I had been surrounded by rich lore  
Of fullest life and lessons richly taught,  
I never knew that fame is always bought  
With price so dear that few desire to pay,  
Because it means work all along the way.  
Now that the end is clearly in my view—  
To know that life means more than just to live—  
I gather up new strength and vouch to give  
The best that's in me every passing day  
To reach the goal of life's successful way.





# Literary Societies

## EDITORIAL.

A YOUNG collegian once asked one of our great men: "What one thing above everything else do you attribute your political success to?" The great politician beamed kindly upon him and replied: "My young friend, I am glad you asked me that question, since you are in school yourself. Here is the keynote," he continued, "and I hope that you may profit by my experience. I laid the foundation for my present political success when I was in college as you are. I joined a literary society at the beginning of my course and made my training there worth while. I found that the work afforded a splendid opportunity for practical purposes, and now I know that no part of a college course is quite so important—the reason I am successful now is because I was successful then."

The above is not only the story of one man's success, but of many. Few of us realize the good to be gotten from our literary society work—we generally think of it as of only secondary importance. However, we are mistaken. Society work should come first—even above class work, if one must suffer—for no other course offers so much for the development of originality and individuality. You find out your own weaknesses and those of your fellow-man by debates. *A man may never know how weak or how strong he really is until he measures strength with others in intellectual contests.*

In literary society work, as well as in any other line of endeavor, the following would be a good policy. Work with earnestness to win, be the strongest man in your society, reach a higher standard of merit than any other member. If you are at first unsuccessful, only make your failures stepping-stones to success. Let such a spirit prevail in any literary society and a spirit will be awakened that will bring wonderful results.



## The Add-Ran Literary Society

### ROLL

GRANTLAND ANDERSON	CLARENCE HALL
H. E. BOZEMAN	CULLEN GRAVES
BERTRAM BLOOR, '09	PAUL TYSON, '08
EDGAR BUSH	NOAH C. PERKINS, '09
CHAS. BUSSEY	ARMON YATES
BRYANT COLLINS, '09	JOHN TURNER
BONNER FRIZZELL, '09	SAM FRIZZELL
BARNEY HALBERT	WILL MASSEY
BURRELL HULSEY	J. F. BATEMAN
CLYDE HACKNEY	MARSHAL BALDWIN
HOWELL G. KNIGHT, '09	G. W. STEPHENSON
JAMES MCFARLAND, '09	CLOIS L. GREENE, '09
DAN ROGERS, '09	PRIOR WITT
E. U. SCOTT, '09	NOEL C. CARR
AUBEL RITER	C. E. MELTON



THIS year has been perhaps the most successful one for the Add-Ran Society. Under the new constitution, this organization has enjoyed a standard of work superior to that of former years. The presidents have taken a greater interest in the work. A hearty coöperation of the members has added greatly to the success this year. An increase in membership is indicative of progressiveness. Among our new men we believe we have orators and debaters who will ably represent us in the future.

Our programs have been unusually good. In every instance the program committee deviated from the "Something," "Anything," "Selection," etc. class of programs and selected live and interesting topics. The greater part of each program was of a literary nature. On account of several of our members belonging to the Glee Club, we have had some splendid musical selections.

The banquet given to the Clark Society, at the home of President Lockhart, was quite a success. A short program was rendered.

In the inter-society contests with the Shirleys, the Add-Rans were victorious, winning two out of a series of three events. Our past has been marked with success; our present is healthful and vigorous; let us future be illustrious.





ADD-RAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



## Clark Literary Society

### ROLL

ANDREWS, NELL	LEMON, FLORENCE
ANDERSON, JUANITA	LOCKHART, NAOMI
ANDERSON, LOUISE	LEMON, WINNIE VERE
ARNOLD, IRENE	MALONEY, BESS
BALDWIN, MABLE	MALONEY, LORAIN
BAIRD, AVIS	MARTIN, JUANITA
BOONE, TOMMY	McCULLOH, JENNIE
BURFORD, LENA	MOSES, CLARA
COUCH, BETTIE	MOORE VENA
COX, MAE LYN	MURPHY, LORENA
COX, VERNE	NOBLETT, LOUIE
CULPEPPER, ADA	ODELL, LELA
DECKER, GARNET	PAYNE, RUTH
ELLIS, NORMA	ROQUEMORE, ANNA MAE
FOSTER, IDA	RASH, BESS
HOLDER, MATTIE	RITER, MARY
HACKNEY, GRACE	RITER, KATHERINE
HIGGINBOTHAM, ELIZABETH	RHONE, STELLA
HART, MRS. J. J.	SCHLEY, CARRIE
HUDSON, SADIE	SCOTT, VERDA
HINKLE ALPHA DELTA	SMITHAM, STELLA
JACKSON, UNA	STRATTON, LUCILE
KINNARD, ZULA	SPEARMAN, WINNIE
KIRKPATRICK, OLLIE	WEBB, ETHEL
KNIGHT, BETTY	WEAVER, VESTA

**A**T A Faculty meeting in 1906, it was decided that girls could no longer join the Add-Ran Society. Those girls who had been members of that society met January 14, 1907, and organized the Clark Literary Society, in honor of Addison Clark. And altho our history is short, it has been one of success. When we first started there were only seven members, but we have steadily increased until now we number about sixty.

The standard of the society has been raised and the members have done excellent work this year. Everything that has been undertaken has proved a success. The open program, including the Japanese drill and the playlet, "Captain Joe," under the direction of Miss Clyde B. Reeves, clearly showed the splendid talent and ability of the Clarks. The advance in society work was also shown in the open programs that were rendered at different times throughout the year.

Among the many social events in which the Clarks have participated, the most noted are, the introductory social, given at the beginning of the year for the new girls, and the reception given in honor of Dr. Addison Clark. Especially did the Clarks enjoy the banquet given in their honor by the A. R. L. S.





THE CLARK LITERARY SOCIETY.

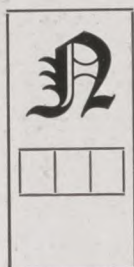


## Shirley Literary Society

### ROLL

T. J. DEAN	C. SPURGIN
H. B. DABBS	H. G. TWYMAN
E. H. SHELTON	DOUGLAS E. TOMLINSON
R. E. BUTLER	ROY G. TOMLINSON
FLOYD CUNYAS	B. B. WADE
ROBT. EDMONDSON	JOHN C. WELCH
EARL GOUGH	BOYD WILSON
L. B. GOUGH	J. W. PYBURN
H. D. JONES	A. H. SNIDER
GRADY HOWETH	JOHN WOOD
JOE MURRAY	OSCAR WISE
W. E. STURGEON	JACK FARMER
	FRED JORDON

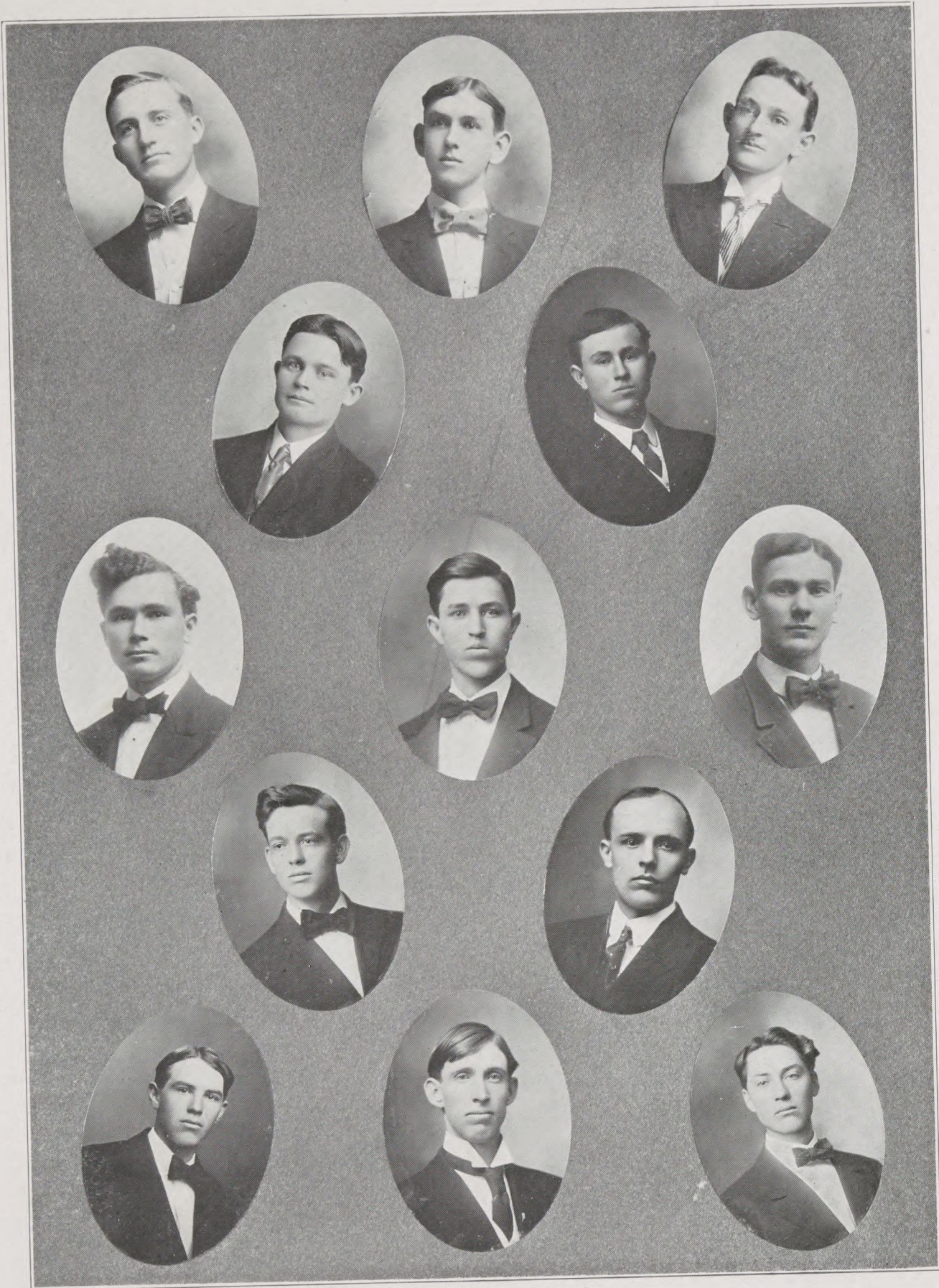
### Its Work and Its Future



NO ORGANIZATION can rise above its ideals, and unless these are placed high the organization will be narrowed in the scope of its activities and hampered in the accomplishment of the work for which it was founded. There is another requisite for success. There must be some animating purpose which gives life, coherency, and individuality to the whole structure.

The Shirley Literary Society has always been guided by these ideas. It has aimed high. It has earnestly endeavored to develop every member to the fullest extent of his abilities, and the results have been worthy of the effort. The year 1908-9 has been especially noteworthy in this respect. Practically the entire membership has at some time entered the preliminaries to represent Old Shirley in inter-society declamatory, oratorical or debating contests. Many have entered the preliminaries to every contest for which they were eligible. The years to come will show the effect of this solid training, and if the historian may for a moment indulge in prophetic vein, we venture to predict that on our roll are men who will in future do honor to themselves and to the University in more than one hard-fought forensic battle. Here's to Old Shirley!





THE SHIRLEY LITERARY SOCIETY.



## Walton Literary Society

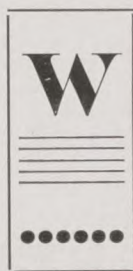
### ROLL

EULA McNEILL	CAMPBELL BARNARD
KATHLEEN GIBSON	LOY C. WRIGHT
LUCILE WOLFORD	MABEL SHANNON
J. B. FRIZZELL	COLLIE WRIGHT
BESS McNEILL	KATHLEEN MUNN
FRANKIE FRIZZELL	MYRTLE TOMLINSON
GLADYS HUDSON	HARRIETT SHIRLEY
JEFFIE BRITTON	LEWIE DAVIS
WILLIA ELLIOTT	EDNA ALFORD

### Honorary

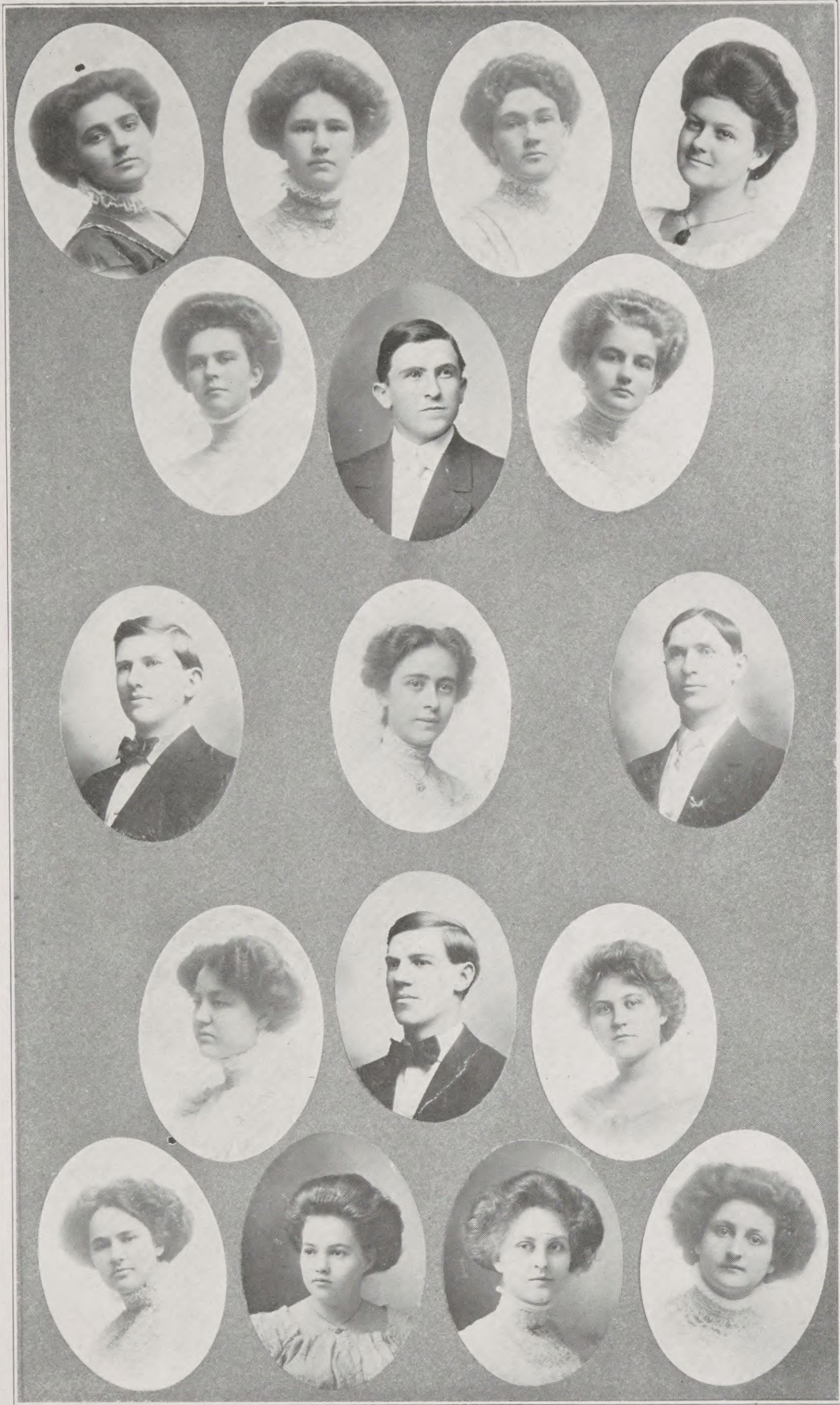
MABEL WALLACE  
 MRS. W. C. HUNTER  
 SHIRLEY GRAVES

### Our Work



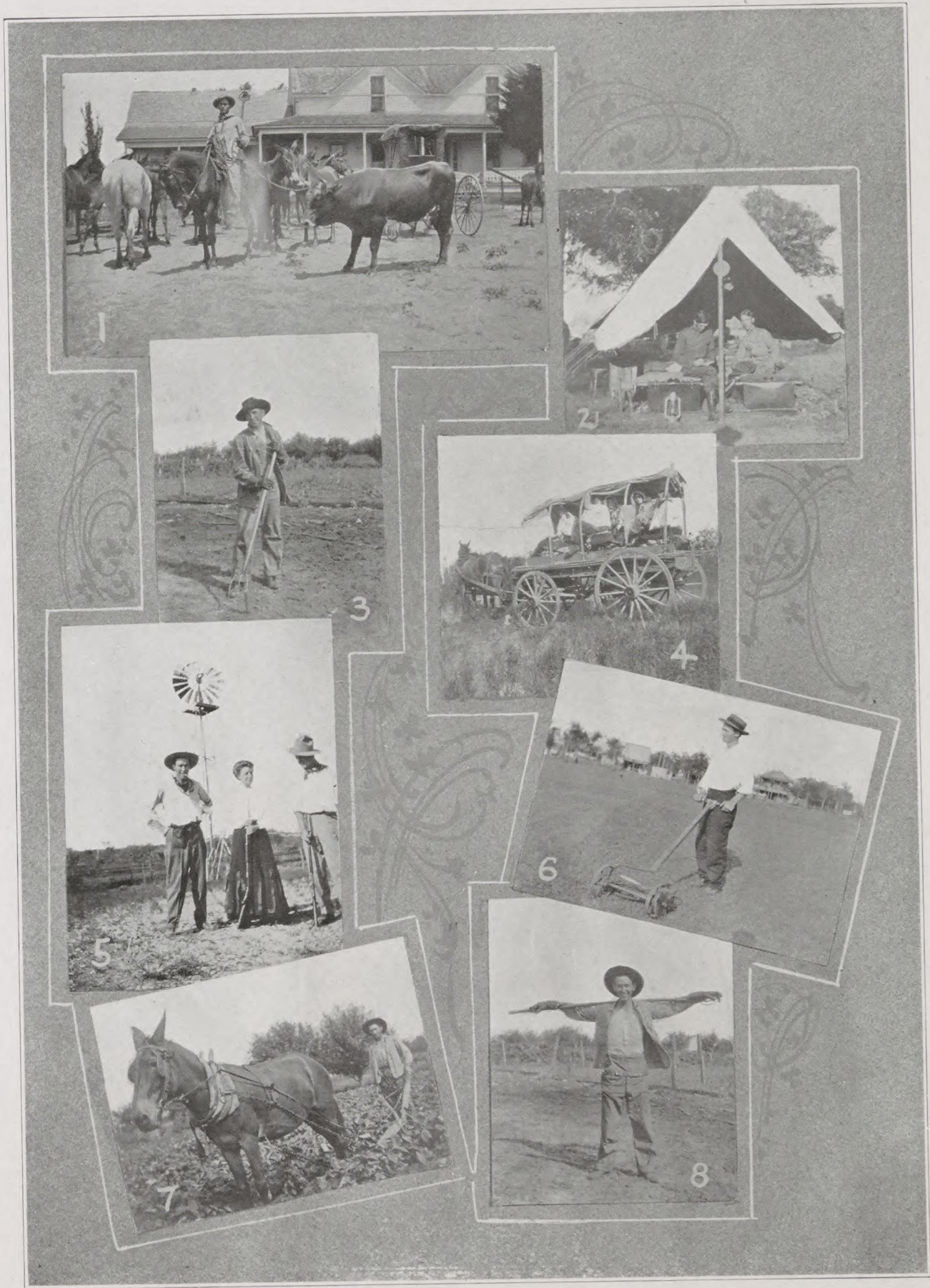
WE HAVE done a year of serious, successful society work. Our programs have been carried thru and great interest has been manifested thruout the year. We have had a number of joint programs with the Shirleys, and on every occasion the meetings were a success. The most noteworthy of these programs was given on February 22nd, in honor of George Washington. A number of selections were given in honor of the life and work of our first President. The support that comes from such a strong society as that of the Shirleys cannot but be an incentive to better work. We have refurnished our hall with chairs and curtains, and it is now a neat and a very attractive place to meet. The Alumnae of the society proves that they have the interest of the society at heart by offering a ten dollar gold medal to the president who has the best administration. This, together with the fifteen dollar medal given by Mr. Van Zandt Jarvis of Fort Worth, serves to stimulate the members to even better work. We have adopted a new pin, which contains the figure of the owl, emblematic of our wide-awake spirit. In fact, to say what we are in as few words as possible, ye scribe would say, "We never sleep. *We are alive!*"





WALTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

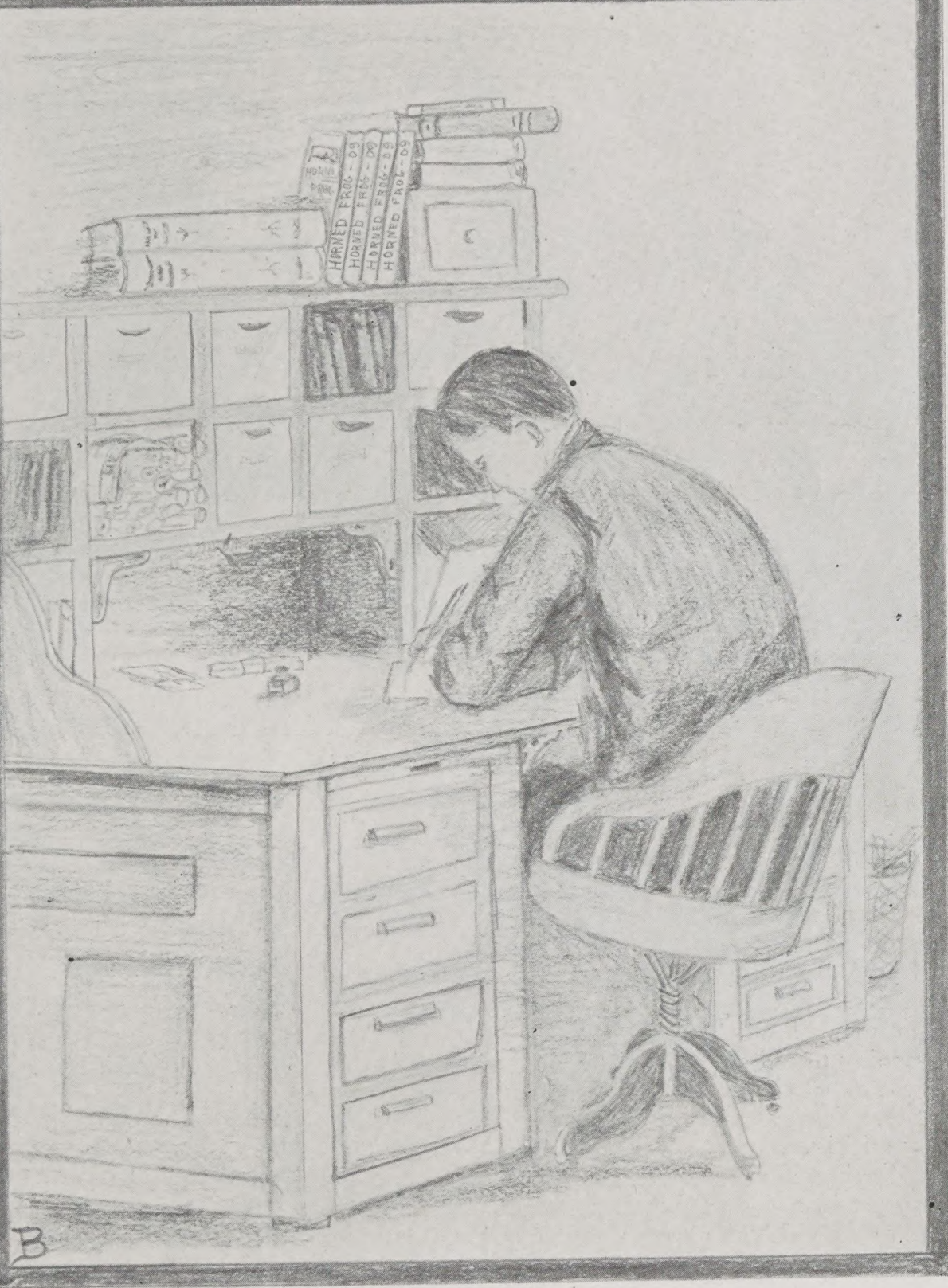




HOW SOME OF THE SENIORS SPENT THEIR SUMMER VACATION.



# PUBLICATIONS





## The Skiff

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VESTA WEAVER, *Associate*  
 DAN ROGERS, *Manager*, '08-'09      H. E. BOZEMAN, *Editor*, '08-'09  
 MARY BAIN SPENCE, *Associate*      EULA MCNEILL, *Associate*  
 EARL GOUGH, *Associate*

THE SKIFF is the weekly publication of the students of the University. It is supposed to give all local news and happenings, "write-ups" of ball games, contests, various programs in Chapel, and notes of interest from the various departments of the University. At times the editor dares to make known through this paper the marriages of the old T. C. U. students.

THE SKIFF of '08 and '09, under the same editor and manager throughout the school year, has made many improvements over that of last year. In the first place, THE SKIFF has come out every week and with greater regularity—Thursday being the day of publication. The same staff has served the whole year, and has always been willing to assist in obtaining news and contributing articles. Like the *Collegian*, THE SKIFF carries advertisements which are supposed to be read.

Like other papers of distinction, THE SKIFF has had to bear inspection and stand against criticisms. Some have termed THE SKIFF: "The Weekly Dope Sheet." Well, it may be that, and it may be something else, but at any rate, the students are always glad to get it, and great howls are made when it fails to come out on time. Many times has the old SKIFF been a source of pleasure to read during the two long dragging songs and the lonely prayer that comes in Chapel on Thursday.



## The Collegian

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COLLEGIAN STAFF, '08-'09

The Collegian is the monthly publication of the students of the University. It is a magazine of uniform size, generally containing about thirty pages. The contents are made up of essays, short stories, orations, bits of verse, various selections, miscellaneous articles, editorials, and exchanges. Also, there are a few pages of advertisements, some of which, at times, prove as interesting as the first mentioned material.

The Collegian of the past year has undergone some serious changes and at the same time has withstood many cutting remarks that generally follow the appearance of anything out of the ordinary. Not until the second month of school could the management arrange for an editor. Finally B. H. Bloor consented to serve in that position until the holidays. He did so, but whether or not he raised the standard of the magazine over former years, or accredited himself with any overabundance of distinction and glory, no one but the severest critic and closest observer could judge. All that was made known was that Bloor was glad to give up the work.

After the holidays, C. L. Greene assumed the position of editor. Determined to make The Collegian a magazine his own, Greene first "cleared away" the former staff. He believed in the motto, "He who does not work shall have no glory." It seems that the new editor had some trouble in getting contributions from the former staff, and later, even the professors and students refused to assist him in his mighty task. A new style of editorials were introduced which caused some ill feelings among the student-body; the "Glims" were abolished; short stories became rare; and in fact it would be hard to say just what changes were not made.

Regardless of what The Collegian has been this year—a practical joke to many—it is to be hoped the students of '09 and '10 can get something together that will please every one.



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## The Commencement Daily

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FOR some years it has been the desire of the students and friends of the University that there be a daily paper published during Commencement week. But no organization ever had the "get-up" about them to devote time and work to put out this paper. This year, however, the Senior Class has taken the matter up. They have foreseen the good to be derived from such an undertaking, and consequently decided to start something which will be of credit for any class hereafter to follow.

Bonner Frizzell has been elected Editor-in-Chief, with Bryant F. Collins as Business Manager. Immediately after the election of Editor and Manager, "Napp," "Hebe," and "Noisy" were chosen newsboys without opposition. Mr. Frizzell is a man of much experience in college journalism, having been connected with every student publication of the University for several years, and there can be no doubt but what he will set the standard of the paper high. He will make it a local daily, giving reports of each program, every incident of note, and such local bits of news, together with such editorials and "moccosconobs" as may characterize "Fritz."

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## The Bulletin

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EVERY two months the University publishes, catalogue form, a collection of facts, together with the many usual comments, concerning the make-up and condition of affairs around the University. Such questions as "Education Day" and "Endowment Fund" receive most attention. If a person does not believe in either, then it becomes the purpose of THE BULLETIN to convince him where he thinks wrong. Of course, like other publications of any college or university, THE BULLETIN is not supposed to be a basis of real truths, but only a conglomeration of ideas and suggestions to keep the patrons' minds awake to the many great needs at T. C. U.

Perhaps the SUMMER BULLETIN is the best number of the year. Cuts of organizations and scenes around the University are given to show people really what is here. There can be no disputing over the truth of a picture, but let the reader and stranger be careful not to store too much faith in the large beautiful floral gardens and the like of T. C. U. They are here, but rather on the small scale. Such is true of many other concerns that are boomed so highly.



## The Horned Frog

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THE HORNED FROG is the annual publication of the Senior Class, assisted by such persons whose aid may be sought. It does not represent an old custom, but has come to prominence during the last few years. The class to get out the first book must have felt proud over their success, and like every separate body must have felt that there was little room for improvement over their work. But as the old course of affairs runs, by seeing the faults of others, changes for better can be made; so has it been in this particular affair. Each year THE HORNED FROG has been recognized as an improvement over the preceding one.

THE HORNED FROG is of special interest to every student of T. C. U., for many reasons. It is a book with a record of the year. 'Tis in this book that the Faculty all get together and present their faces to us in that posing, pleased, good-looking fashion that we seldom see in the school room. And, too, the Seniors with all dignity assumed, rear back in their cap and gown and with a far-seeing look they picture a future. Members of other classes show themselves, each person's face characterized by the doubts whether or not he will ever gain the place of a Senior, or may be the Faculty. Poor Freshman, they look so sweet and innocent—we would refrain from saying more in honor for their sensitiveness.

Then there comes the various organizations, and several special departments of the University—all putting forth their very best representation. The music girl, at the same time with the tennis and basketball girl, lends a charm to our ranks that is hard to force away. The athlete on the gridiron and diamond, or may be on the court and track, is shown, each with his team mates together with a successful record for the Purple and White. So goes the continued record, shownig everything of interest to the student or friend of T. C. U. We leave it to the reader and observer to weigh the importance and estimate the value of the book. To a Senior it must be of greater interest than anything he carries away with him, unless it be his diploma, or perchance some one's —————.

THE HORNED FROG of '09 shows many improvements over previous volumes, both in the general make-up of the book and in material. A larger book has been made, containing many more cuts and scenes of interest around the University.

Praise and credit are due H. G. Knight as Editor and B. H. Bloor as Business Manager. Both men have worked faithfully from the start, and many times have sacrificed their school work for the benefit of THE HORNED FROG. Their work has proved successful in every respect, and the Senior Class is glad to know they are represented by so worthy an Annual.





Hay Farming



A Tripting Place.



"I see you"



"Sure nuff"



"Really"



"All Right then"



—— !!(?)





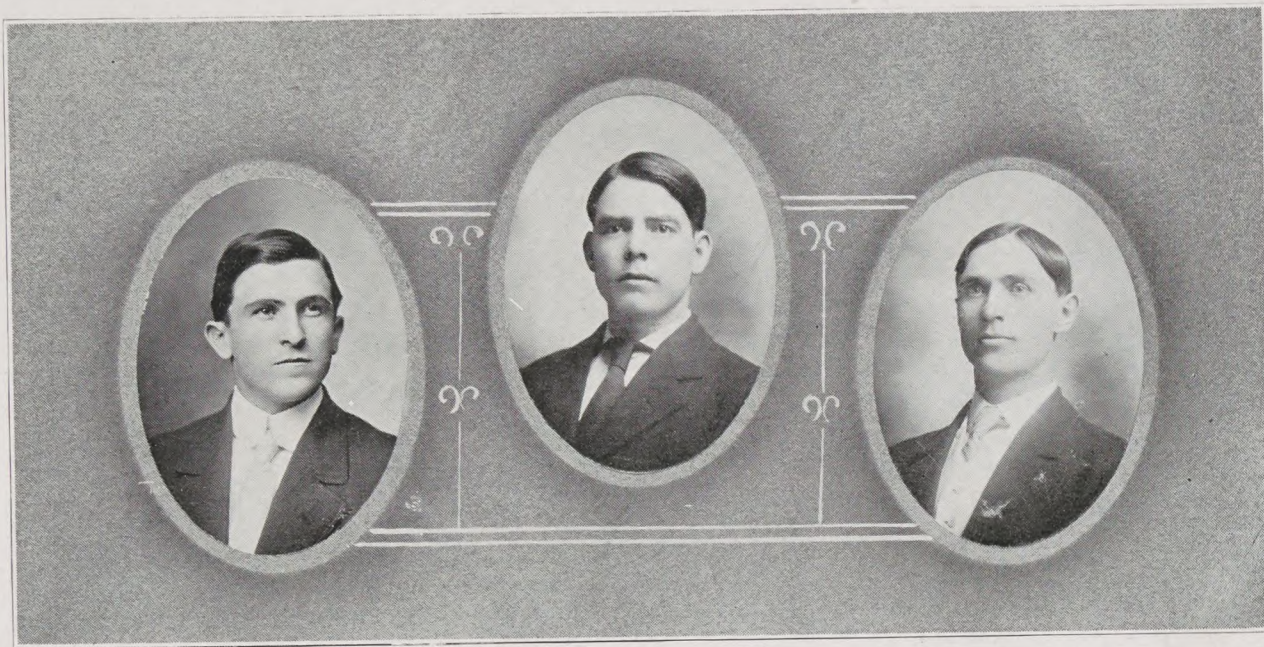
# ATHLETICS







## Athletic Association and Council

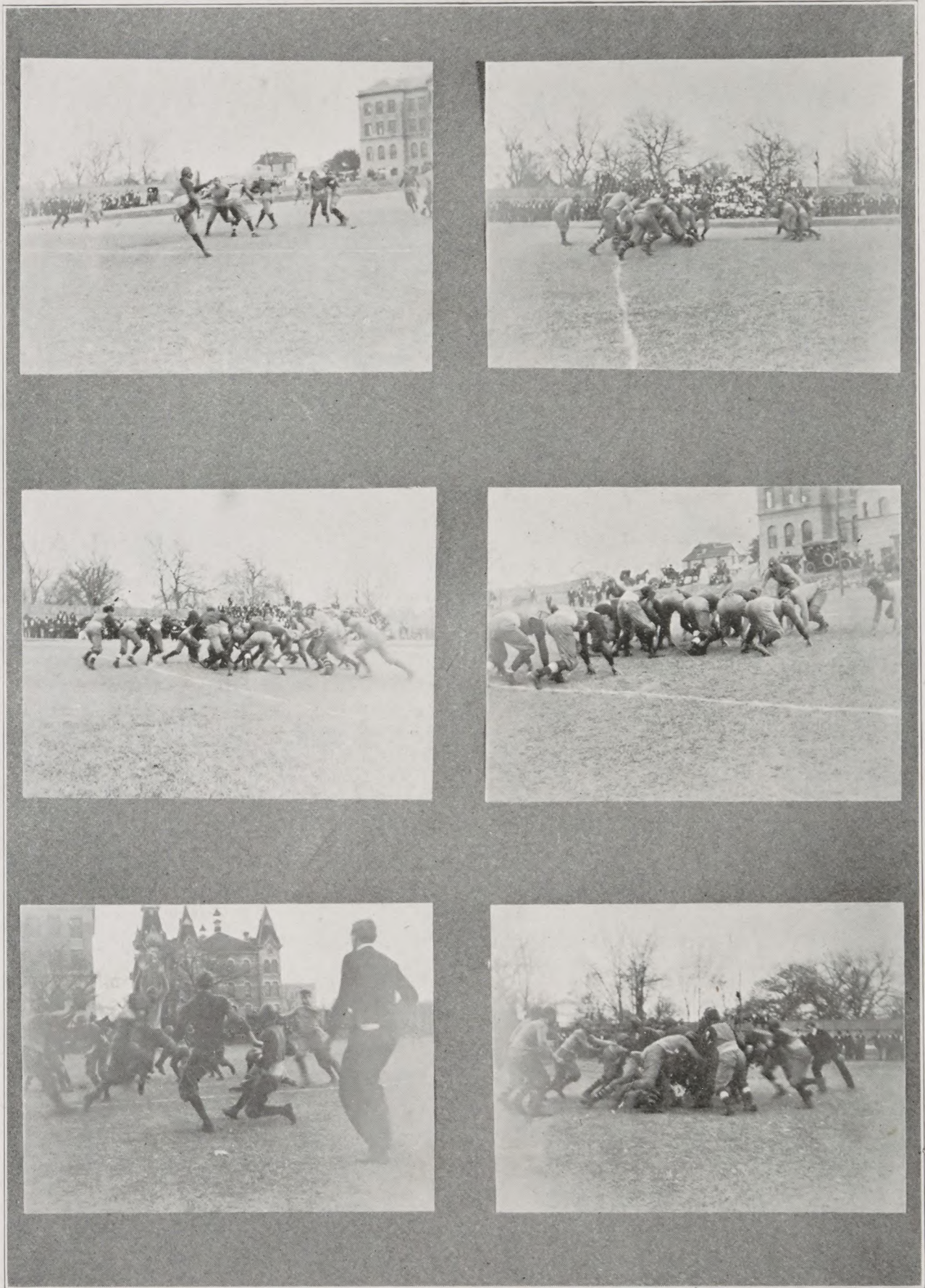


<i>Officers Athletic Association:</i>	{ DAN ROGERS . . . . . <i>President</i>
	{ LOY C. WRIGHT . . . . . <i>Vice President</i>
	{ J. B. FRIZZELL . . . . . <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
<i>Faculty Committee:</i>	{ O. W. LONG . . . . . <i>Chairman</i>
	{ SHIRLEY GRAVES            W. C. HUNTER

THE COUNCIL which controls all athletic activities is composed of a committee of three appointed from the faculty and the regularly elected officers of the Athletic Association. Thus the Faculty and student-body work together harmoniously to advance all worthy interests in the college sports. Under the guidance of Prof. Long who is serving his third year as chairman for the Faculty T. C. U. has not only maintained her former records, but has risen to a point of the highest athletic eminence in the State.

Athletics is always a problem in most schools because of the financial burden which must necessarily be incurred in their maintainance. Our Council by conservative management is making this department self-sustaining which speaks volumes, both for the body in whose care these affairs have been intrusted, and for the high-class teams we have been putting into the field.





Snap Shots of the Thanksgiving Game.





BEHIND THE LINE



## Football '08

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THE football season of 1908 was a particularly brilliant one for T. C. U. Not since 1897 has the team ranked so high, and regardless of the fact that in '97 T. C. U. took the state championship in football we have every reason to believe that the '08 squad was the strongest in the history of our football career—our opponents being more formidable last season than ever before.

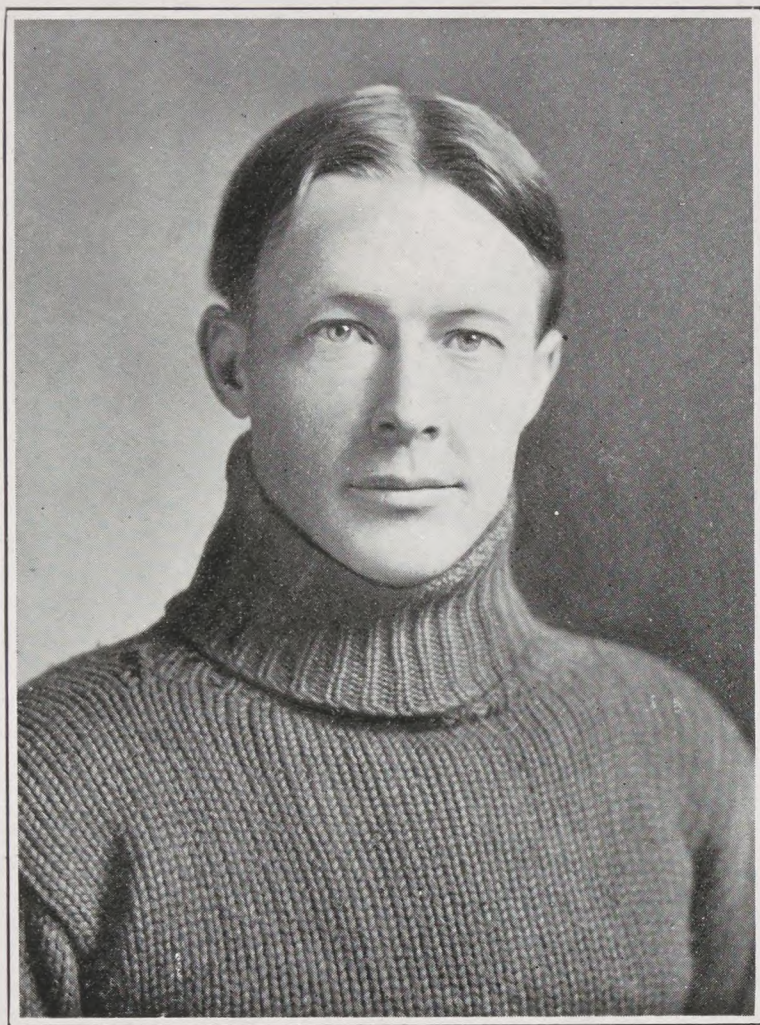
Early in September it became evident that 'Varsity would be stubbornly strong because of the veterans that reported for the first practice. An objection was offered that the team would be too light to successfully cope with the larger universities, but what was lacking in avoirdupois was overbalanced by speed and knowledge of the sport. Under the new rules one thing has been clearly demonstrated, and that is this: A man, if he is successful, plays football "with his head" and not with beef brute strength. At last football has been adjusted until it fills just the position it should fill as a college sport; the prime requisite now being courage, "stick" and the power to think and act quickly. The lighter teams have gained an advantage and now the test of a football player is such that T. C. U. may hope to compete favorably with any school.

Besides the men of merit that fought in moleskins for T. C. U. there is one man who must be given unstinted praise for the successful year; this man was Coach Langley of the University of Michigan. His work was highly satisfactory, for he is a man with splendid traits of character and knows how to handle men. His knowledge of football is thorough. He is an apt pupil of the mighty Yost. The blending of this knowledge with a strong personality make him a man admirably fitted for a football coach.

The amount of success for the '08 season can be measured by the fact that in football we won the local championship from Baylor by taking two of the three games played. The team ranked second in Texas, having won six out of the season's schedule of nine games. The State University was held to the pitiable score of 7 to 11 points on their home grounds. Withal we feel intensely proud of the coach, the men and the team that pushed our ranking so near the top of the list, and already we are beginning to feel much concern for the success of the '09 squad.

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COACH J. R. LANGLEY,  
(UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.)

"The Man Who Knows Football and Men."



## Personnel of 'Varsity



CAPTAIN MANLY THOMAS, end and quarterback, weight 135 pounds. In selecting a captain for the '08 football squad many things were taken into consideration. T. C. U. wanted the best team possible and in order to have a good team it necessarily had to have a good captain. We needed a man who could rustle men, a man who inspired confidence as a leader, and with these facts confronting us we selected Manly Thomas to lead the '08 team on to victory. We do not know just how much credit our Thomas deserves, but we do know that he made an excellent captain. When school opened in September a strong line-up reported and nearly all of the men had had considerable experience—Thomas had been working diligently thru the summer.

When the season opened it was clearly evident that the confidence reposed in Thomas was not misplaced. He is of a quiet mien, which had its effect upon the squad, and throughout the season the greatest harmony and co-operation existed. He is a good organizer and treats every man on the squad with absolute fairness.

As to Thomas' ability as a football player we can speak only in the highest terms of praise. Many of the football experts in the State say Thomas is as good an end as can be found. He gets down the field under punts with magnificent speed and is absolutely accurate in his tackles. Heady and cool, he has all the qualities which characterize the best football players. His true estimate and worth as a captain and a player was evidenced by the 'Varsity squad when they re-elected Manly Thomas captain of the '09 team. We can safely expect T. C. U. to have a top-notch again next season with the same captain as leader.

HOWELL G. KNIGHT, Captain '05.—It was at the close of the '04 season that he was elected to lead the squad for the following year. During the '05 season he was captain and that year was ranked by many as the best end in the State. Since then he has played most of the time at left halfback, where he won notice for hard, seemingly reckless running with the ball. Knight has pulled off the longest runs in most of the games he has played in, but is not credited with many touch-downs, it being his misfortune to carry the ball up to the yard line and then have heavier men to buck it across. Besides ability as a tackler and ground-gainer, he goes down the field under punts in splendid form; twice this year games have been won by his securing kicks behind the opponents' goal, and the same feat has been performed by him in former years. Knight starred in the Thanksgiving game. His receiving of forward passes was perfect, his tackling spectacular and his work down the field magnificent. A heady, conscientious, skillful player. Knight will be sorely missed.—*The Skiff*.





BONNER FRIZZELL, Captain '06.—A long time ago, one afternoon in October, a stranger came to the sidelines and calmly watched the regular football scrimmages. The writer became interested in the stalwart youth who had so lately come into our ranks. The personality of the stranger was commanding and prompted me to ask: "Have you ever played football?" "No, but I like the game from what I can see," he replied. "And where are you from?" I inquired. "I am from Athens," was the answer. I ventured the remark that he would probably be interested in athletics if he came from Athens, for I was thinking of the Olympic games and of mythological Greece. And the stranger did become interested in athletics and made good on the gridiron the very first game after entering school. Bonner Frizzell, a conscientious, hard-working athlete, first played guard, then halfback and end. The quality that characterizes Fritz's work on the gridiron is calmness and consistency. Frizzell was captain of the '06 team, but he played no harder for that reason, because he always worked sincerely. Somehow he has a knack of breaking thru the opponent's line and blocking punts which has won more than one important game for T. C. U. No man has ever played with as much consistency on our team.



LOY C. WRIGHT, Captain '07.—He served a short apprenticeship in football at T. C. U. with the Reserves, but the coaches were not long in finding out that he would make a valuable man on 'Varsity, so he became a member of the squad before the '05 season was far advanced. His football career has been marked by one continued success from season to season, and it is only fair to say that as a tackle "Pete" Wright is unsurpassed. He was captain of the '07 team. He was given a place on the All-Southwestern team this year by several of the coaches who saw him play during the season. And no man better deserves such a position, for "Pete" is a hard-worker from the time the referee's whistle starts a game to the timekeeper's whistle that stops the game. He has a spirit of fairness and good humor about him that commands the respect and admiration of both his teammates and his opponents alike. As a ground-gainer he could be relied upon for the necessary distance, and time and again he pulled off end runs that were worthy of the greatest praise and commendation. Pete is a wall of resistance on defense.

NOAH CUSHMAN PERKINS, better known as "Si," came to T. C. U. a little orphan boy six years ago. He wrestled with football from the time he was no larger than one, and yearned daily to grow large enough to make the team. He played quarterback on the "scrubs" team during the season of '05, and his playing was so noticeable that the coach, with misgivings however for fear he would be injured, placed him at that position on 'Varsity during the '06 season. He proved too valuable to be replaced. The men had confidence in his generalship. He was quick and fleet. His punting was the feature of many pigskin contests. He was sure at tackling and it was rare that a man gained by him. His ability to dodge and evade opponents enabled him to make many a sensational dash through the opposing line. He graduates this year, and it will be difficult to find as able a player for the position as has been little "Si."







BERTRAM H. BLOOR, halfback and fullback. It was in '05 the gentleman from Manor broke into football and caused people to sit up and stare at some of his brilliant runs thru a field of opponents. Bloor starred in '05, and we can say no less of him since those days. He first played halfback and made an enviable record at that position. Later T. C. U. needed a punter and it was Bloor who was selected to boot the pigskin; he was cool, quick and sure. As he became a more seasoned player, and on account of his ability and strength to smash thru the opponent's line, he was placed at fullback. The judgment of Coach Langley proved sound, for Bloor played full in an admirable manner. He maintained splendid form and could be relied upon always for a good gain thru the line. Occasionally he would get away for one of those long runs and a touchdown that would bring the spectators to their feet. The spirit in which he plays football is one of persistence and daring.

A. W. BILLINGSLEY, known to the acquainted as "Bill," came from Brownsville-on-the-border and broke in upon the team during the season of '06. He had a great shaggy hair, which, coupled with his scintillating ability as a player, made him a conspicuous figure in the game. He was an expert at "stiff-arming," and spread consternation among his opponents by his fleetness and imprecations in Spanish. His forward passes were accurate, and many times he sent the spheroid whirling across the gridiron to a teammate for a sensation gain. He had a way of smashing interference and breaking up plays of opponents that brought the rooters for his team to their feet and awed the enemy into silence. He played tackle during the season of '06, end '07 and halfback '08.



WILLIAM MASSIE, who goes by the cognomen of "Bill," was a worthy successor of William Ambrosia Martin, know for nearly a decade as our inimitable center. Massie grew up playing football, and was another of the players who served an apprenticeship on the "scrubs." By faithful, persistent, determined work, he finally made 'Varsity over many heavier men who gave promise of making better players. In addition to playing a great game at center, Massie possessed a toe addicted to the kicking habit. His goal kicking frequently saved the day for the Purple and White. He was especially good at breaking through the line, going down the field and tackling the runner or securing the ball on punts. He has won his monogram during the past two seasons and will probably make a useful man at center for two seasons yet to come.



RAY WAKEFIELD came to T. C. U. from Carlisle Academy, where he had made an excellent record in athletics. His reputation followed, or rather preceded, his entrance in September, and we expected much from him. And we were not disappointed either, for Wakefield proved that he was a football man and an athlete of splendid ability. He is one of the fastest men in football and his work at end was indeed worthy. Wake was strong on getting down under punts and frequently tackled his man in his tracks or caused him to fumble, which gave T. C. U. the ball. He is sure of each tackle and but few gains were made around his side of the line. His offensive work is as good as his defensive and he is indeed a valuable asset to the 'Varsity football team, besides filling various other positions on different athletic teams with the same degree of ability. We feel safe in saying that Wakefield has the possibility of becoming one of the best all-round athletes in the country, for he possesses the admirable qualities that make a winner.



PAUL TYSON, who carried with him the monosyllabic soubriquet of "Ty," hailed from Santa Anna. In addition to having a thorough knowledge of *bugology*, "Ty" twirled the horsehide on the diamond and achieved renown on the gridiron. He was fleet as a deer, but was unfortunate in having a weak ankle that handicapped his best efforts. He was faithful and uncomplaining, and yielded without murmur when replaced during a game. He was quiet and unobtrusive in manner. He played fullback during the season of '06 and at halfback during '07 and '08. Having acquired the coveted sheepskin diploma, he will not return next year.

JOHN PYBURN, better known in football circles as "Big John," is a guard of which T. C. U. should be proud. Pyburn developed a wonderful brawn in his younger days in the Tennessee mountain district as a miner, and he is admirably adapted to the rough and tumble game of football. The secret of "Big John's" success on the gridiron lies in the fact that he never gives up—he plays as cheerfully and consistently when the game seems to already be won by opponents—he works hard and conscientiously. The opponents soon learn that to gain through Pyburn is impossible—they may go around him, but they can't go under him, through him, or over him. He plays with the indomitable spirit of a Trojan, and this coupled with an even temper and a sunny disposition helps to form a nucleus around which to build up the proper spirit of calmness and self-control which should characterize every football player. "Big John" will be a valuable man in many gridiron contests yet to come.







CHARLEY FIELDS is as perfect a specimen of the ideal physical body as one can find outside of the professional athletes. He is handsomely big and handles himself well for so much weight. Fields has been somewhat handicaped in football by having no previous experience in this particular sport before he came to T. C. U. He was every inch a man though, and the coaches put him right into the game before he had time to learn the real purpose of football. As his experience increased and he got a firmer grip on the complexities of the game, Fields was moved from guard to center, from which position he was beginning to gain a reputation when the coach found it absolutely necessary to create a left tackle. The big center was again moved to the new position, where he played in splendid form throughout the remainder of the season. Having had considerable experience in college football and of such splendid physical qualities, Fields is indeed a valuable man.

MORRIS ROBINSON opened the football season strong with T. C. U. and was showing up splendidly when, lo! the inevitable happened—he fell in love. Eut “Big Rob” was of strong constitution and he fought it as a dying man will fight the tuberculosis—only to succumb in the “dread affection” in the end. This should be a warning to all prospective football players, for numbers of big, strong men capable of the greatest service as a football player and as an athlete succumb every year from the poison of Cupid’s darts.

“Big Rob” was indeed a valuable man on the ’Varsity squad. His happy-go-lucky spirit prevailed at all times and many of ’Varsity’s trips have been made events of unusual delight through the personality of this one man. He will probably never play another game of “college” football, but if he does we know that he will be as strong as any, for his work with us proved that he has every requisite of a football player.



G. P. BRAUS made his debut in T. C. U. football circles at the opening of the '08 season. He had had considerable experience in football with Add-Ran-Jarvis College where he had made a good showing. He is a hardy player and stands up under the strain of gridiron contest in an admirable manner. Braus is fast on his feet and has been playing at end and halfback during the past season, from which position he worked well, making a splendid showing for a new man. Braus has plenty of the bull-dog spirit to be successful in almost anything that requires such. He is aggressive and plays offensive football in splendid form. He has learned the art of stiff-arming, and is exceedingly hard to get hold of in a broken field run. Although Braus did not play all the games with 'Varsity last season, his experience under a coach last season will make him a valuable man for '09.



MARSHALL BALDWIN, from Windom, Texas, is an athlete of no small ability. Some time during his college course he acquired the cognomen of "Fuzzy" and it stuck. In football "Fuzz" was somewhat handicapped because he was not allowed the full privilege of "stalling," because football is a game where about the only person you can "stall" is the referee. But to be fair, Fuzzy is a football player that borders on the sensational. In the big games in which he played Baldwin played star football. He is fast, knows how to dodge and always uses those faculties of the brain which are absolutely necessary for the gaining of success in athletic sports. Fuzz takes his coaching well and confirms the argument that a man plays football with his head and not with his feet. He is an all-round man and could work at quarter, halfback or end with equal ability.



MILES BIVINS came to T. C. U. a long, long time ago when he was yet too young to play football. He was a regular spectator every afternoon, watching the daily scrimmages. He grew up under an atmosphere that was conducive to the best training in football ideals. One of the first things Bivins learned to do was to kick the ball and this he learned well. During his apprenticeship on the second team he played at fullback and did both the punting and place kicking, and Bivins' toe was the only effective combination that worked against 'Varsity; several times he would get a drop kick from the thirty-five yard line. He was transferred to the first squad because of his ability to boot and carry the ball. Bivins played splendid football, and with his weight, speed and general ability of the game he will make a place for himself on almost any team.

TOM LAMONICA entered school just before the '08 football season closed and was not eligible to play with 'Varsity because of that reason, but otherwise he would have held a regular position, being a football man of the highest ability. He was the star of Carlisle Academy last season and came to us as a thoroughly competent man to hold any position on 'Varsity that his weight would permit. He is one of the few fast men in T. C. U. and has already proven his merit as an athlete in every way that he has been tested. He is an all-round man and one that T. C. U. is justly proud to have on her athletic teams. Lamonica will add much strength to the '09 'Varsity because of his unusual ability and speed. Next season he will probably play an end on 'Varsity, and we shall watch his record with much interest.







MANAGER H. C. BARNARD

Allen, who will manage for T. C. U. next school year.

### Manager H. C. Barnard

THE success of any athletic team depends a great deal upon the manner in which it is managed. That the T. C. U. teams have been uniformly successful is largely due to the management, and to finish a successful season from a financial standpoint is indeed a thing to be desired. Campbell Barnard received some practical experience, having served the previous school year as assistant manager of the baseball and football teams. This year he has been successful in handling the affairs of both baseball and football. The equipment of the football team was good; the uniforms of the baseball squad are clearly the best in the State.

The schedule of games of Manager Barnard was entirely satisfactory, and we have had a full run of games in both sports. Mr. Barnard has been ably assisted in the management of the teams this year by Mr. Thurman

### Football Schedule '08

T. C. U. vs. Deaf and Dumb Institute, at Waco .....	59—0
T. C. U. vs. Baylor, Carroll Athletic Field.....	15—0
T. C. U. vs. University of Texas, at Austin.....	6—11
T. C. U. vs. Trinity, at Waxahachie .....	11—10
T. C. U. vs. Baylor, Carroll Athletic Field .....	10—6
T. C. U. vs. A. & M., at Waco.....	10—3
T. C. U. vs. Trinity, at Waco .....	22—0
T. C. U. vs. Southwestern, at Georgetown .....	14—0
T. C. U. vs. Baylor, Carroll Athletic Field.....	8—23
	155—63

T. C. U. 155; opponents 63. Games played, 9; won 6, lost 3.





VARSIY FOOTBALL SQUAD



## The Reserves

**I**F A visitor happens to be present on our athletic field during the football season he will see two or three squads of men working industriously up and down the entire length of the gridiron. One of these squads, donned in new moleskins and jerseys, seems to have the center of the field, and certainly the students seem intensely interested in the manoeuvres of this well-equipped group, and a coach is ever with them, giving instructions, teaching those manly fellows the art of football—that central group is 'Varsity.

But who are those fellows tearing down the field boistrously under a punt?—no one seems to pay much attention to them, for some of them are ungainly, awkward-looking fellows, wearing baggy moleskins and soiled, torn jerseys. Why, that's the Scrubs, some one will remark.

"And what are the Scrubs?" the uninitiated will ask. A Senior will probably reply: "The Scrubs are not scrubs in any sense of the word, it is only a nickname. They are a fine lot of fellows who play football for love of the sport. No great honor is theirs, tho they deserve much. They take their drubbings regularly every afternoon from 'Varsity and nurse their bruises at night. They let 'Varsity practice on them and incidentally they help to develop and make 'Varsity into a strong scoring machine. They help 'Varsity to win from the big teams from other schools—those fellows are not Scrubs, they are Reserves."

### Reserve Squad

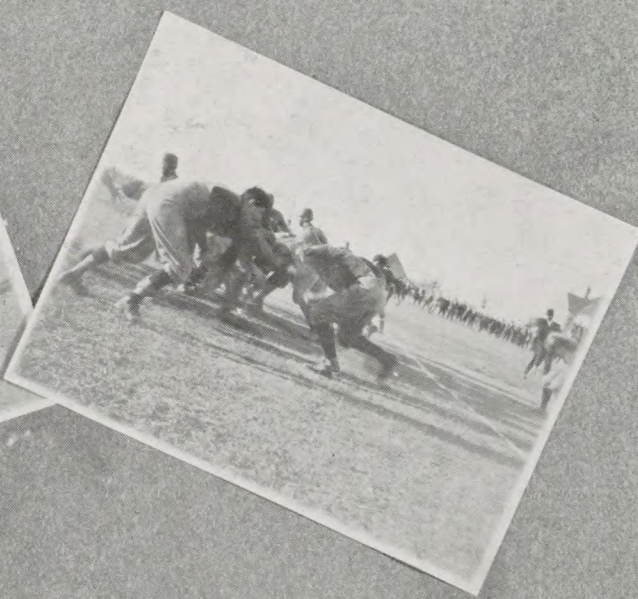
T. J. ALLEN . . . . .	<i>Manager</i>
E. U. SCOTT . . . . .	<i>Captain</i>
B. F. COLLINS . . . . .	<i>Left End</i>
AUBLE RITER . . . . .	<i>Left End</i>
RALPH McCORMICK . . . . .	<i>Right End</i>
DOUGLAS ALLEN . . . . .	<i>Left Tackle</i>
R. E. BUTLER . . . . .	<i>Right Tackle</i>
ARMON YATES . . . . .	<i>Left Guard</i>
ELISHA WADE . . . . .	<i>Right Guard</i>
GRANTLAND ANDERSON . . . . .	<i>Quarter</i>
GEORGE HERDER . . . . .	<i>Left Half</i>
EARL GOUGH . . . . .	<i>Left Half</i>
LERON GOUGH . . . . .	<i>Right Half</i>
ROY TOMLINSON . . . . .	<i>Right Half</i>
EDGAR BUSH . . . . .	<i>Full Back</i>
ERNEST ANDERSON . . . . .	<i>Center</i>



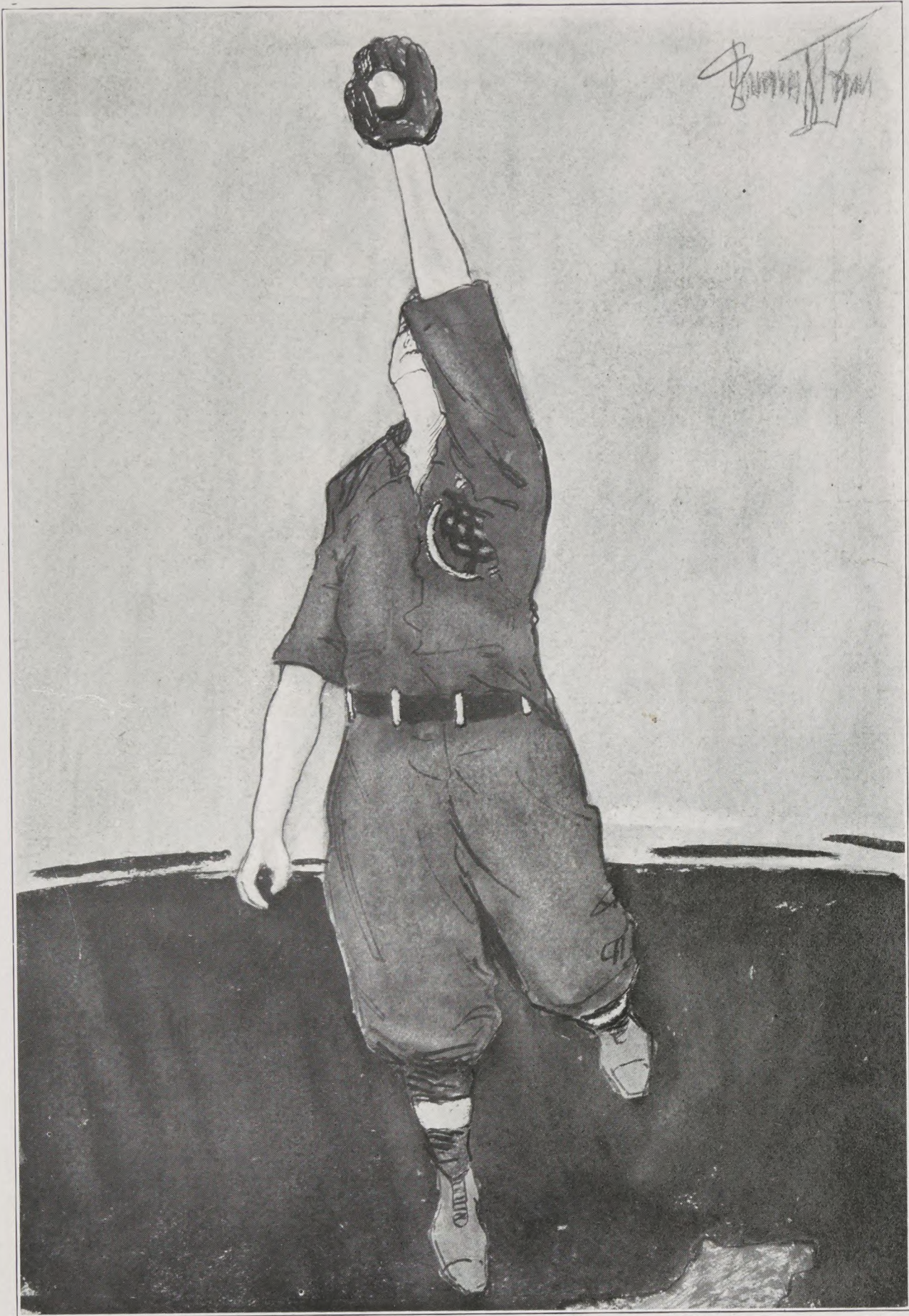


THE RESERVES











## Baseball '08

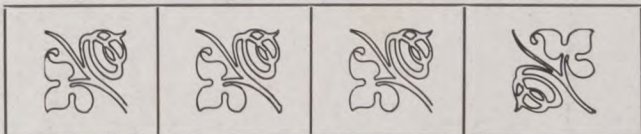


HERE has never been a time in the history of the University that we have not had a good baseball team. For four years T. C. U. won the State championship among the colleges—the success of each team serving as an impetus to cause a full crop of baseball players to appear each year with the hope of making 'Varsity. A number of times these new men had not reckoned the strength of the individual players that was making the line-up for the pennant winners and they came to T. C. U. with hopes—big hopes—and not a few were disappointed for we have unquestionably the best College baseball team in the Southwest.

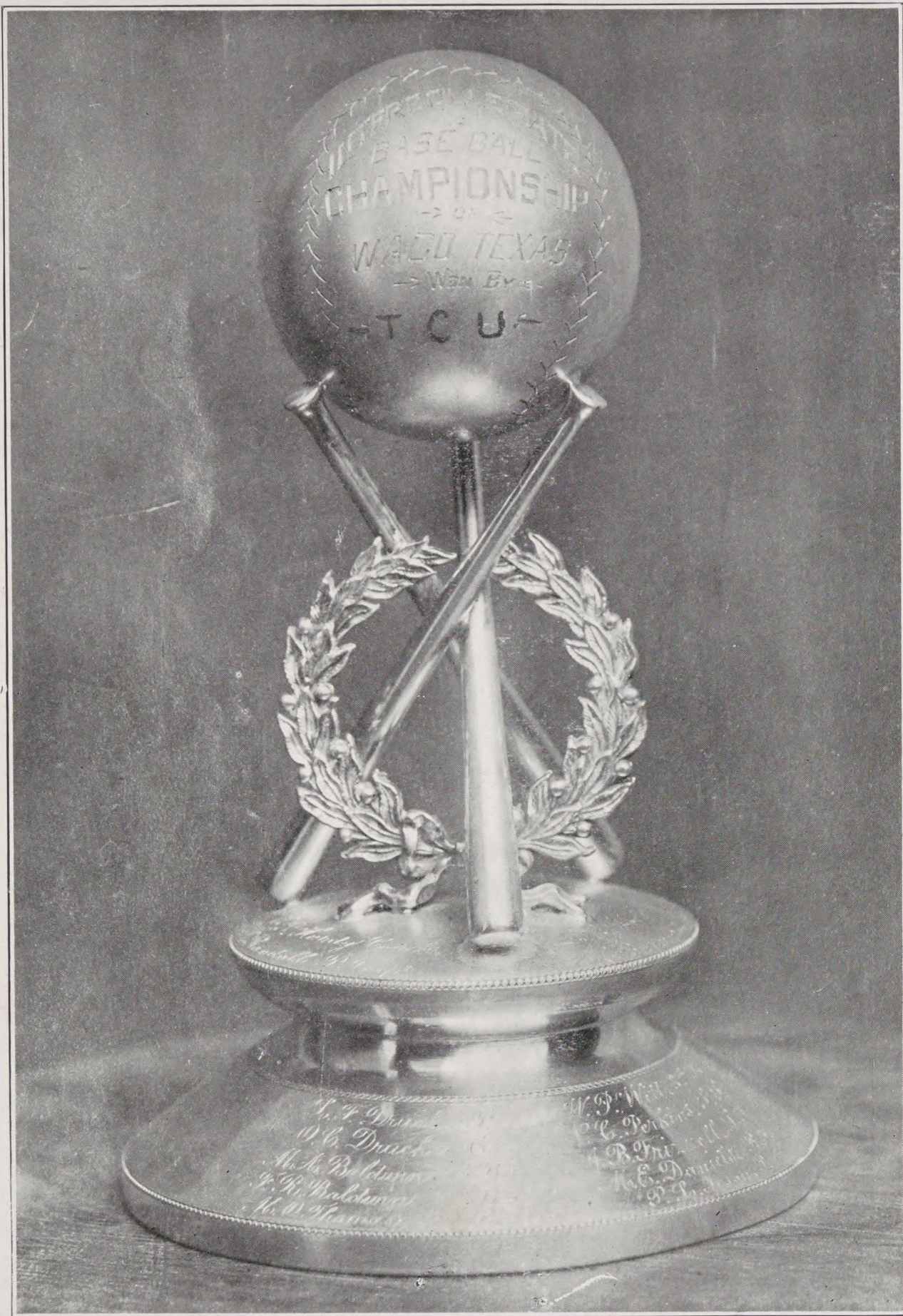
And you will say there is a reason? Yes there is a reason for our success in baseball and it is one that we are proud to give. First, we have a coach who is a man mature in the knowledge of our great National sport. Ellis E. Hardy deserves unstinted praise for the admirable manner in which he develops baseball players. Another reason that T. C. U. is successful in baseball is because of the excellent quality and character of the men that compose the squad. They are all men of baseball experience and they soon learn the fundamentals upon which the team is built i. e. "Fight to the end, never say die." It is this spirit of eternal persistence that has won many a game for T. C. U., even at the eleventh hour.

The '08 season was indeed a successful one, as can be seen by the high percentage and ranking. Three of the games out of the eight lost went to the Waco League which of course does not cripple our ranking among the colleges. The thing of which we are proudest of, however, is the fact that we won the local championship from Baylor. The series was one of the best ever witnessed by any college crowd. T. C. U. opened strong, winning the first two games. Baylor tightened up and took the next two. The next two games were ties, and it was not until the third game that we were able to land the Trophy and then it was by the close score of 2 to 1.

The '09 team is making a phenomenal success this season and as we go to press we have lost only two games out of twenty-one played with other colleges.







RAWLINGS TROPHY

WON BY TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY BASEBALL CLUB, SEASON '08



## Baseball Schedule 1908

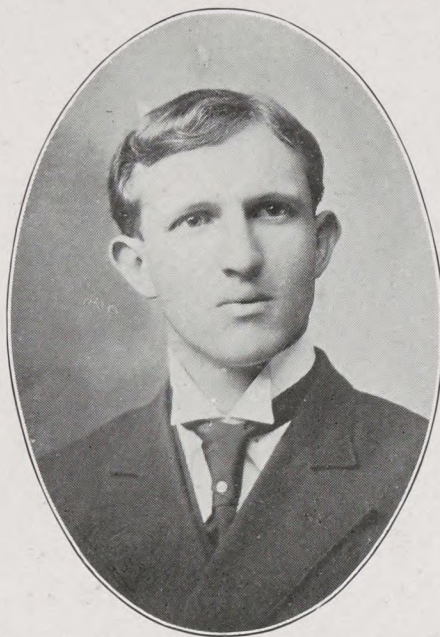
March 6.—T. C. U. vs. Add-Ran-Jarvis .....	6—1
March 7.—T. C. U. vs. Add-Ran-Jarvis .....	11—0
March 16.—T. C. U. vs. Waco League .....	1—6
March 17.—T. C. U. vs. Waco League .....	5—8
March 24.—T. C. U. vs. Waco League .....	4—2
March 27.—T. C. U. vs. Baylor .....	3—1
March 28.—T. C. U. vs. Baylor (11 innings) .....	1—0
March 30.—T. C. U. vs. New York "Giants" .....	3—1
April 3.—T. C. U. vs. A. and M. ....	5—0
April 6.—T. C. U. vs. Trinity .....	3—2
April 7.—T. C. U. vs. Trinity .....	3—4
April 10.—T. C. U. vs. A. and M. (11 innings) .....	1—2
April 11.—T. C. U. vs. A. and M. (4 innings) .....	9—0
April 14.—T. C. U. vs. Arkansas U. ....	5—3
April 16.—T. C. U. vs. Waco League .....	4—5
April 20.—T. C. U. vs. Baylor .....	0—2
April 21.—T. C. U. vs. Baylor .....	0—3
April 24.—T. C. U. vs. Southwestern .....	10—0
April 25.—T. C. U. vs. Southwestern (11 innings) .....	4—3
May 1.—T. C. U. vs. Southwestern .....	5—2
May 2.—T. C. U. vs. Southwestern .....	2—1
May 4.—T. C. U. vs. Texas U. ....	8—4
May 5.—T. C. U. vs. Texas U. ....	2—6
May 10.—T. C. U. vs. Trinity .....	5—8
May 11.—T. C. U. vs. Trinity .....	2—1
May 22.—T. C. U. vs. Baylor .....	2—2
May 23.—T. C. U. vs. Baylor (10 innings) .....	0—0
May 30.—T. C. U. vs. Baylor .....	2—1

Played 28 games; won 20 games.



## Captain Elmer Randall

RANDALL was selected as captain of the '08 Baseball Team because of his splendid knowledge of the game, and all-round ability as a player. He is unquestionably one of the best college pitchers in the State, and has made a record that has attracted the attention of the big league managers. Randall is a hard hitter and batted toward the top of the list last season. He is of quiet mien, unassertive, and because of these characteristics made a splendid captain for the '08 Baseball Club.



LESLIE C. PROCTER  
Manager Football and Baseball  
'08 '09.

## Coach Ellis E. Hardy

COACH HARDY is no longer an experiment as a coach of College Baseball—he has proven his ability to do that one thing. He worked hard with a team that was crippled at the beginning of the season and soon turned it into a strong winning combination.

Hardy has the absolute confidence of his squad, and understands both the art of baseball and the qualities of men so well that he has made a success of every team that he has coached or managed. He is recognized as one of the best coaches that has worked with college teams.

A man of the highest principles we have found him to be. He teaches valuable lessons of manhood along with athletic sports. We do not think a better selection could have been made and we predict a winning team for T. C. U. just so long as Ellis E. Hardy is Coach.



## Varsity '08

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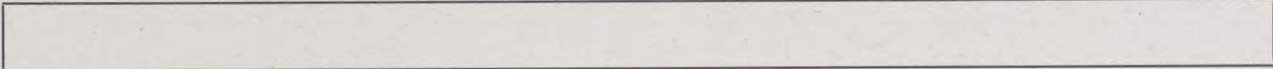
L. C. PROCTER, Center Field . . . . .	<i>Manager</i>
H. C. BARNARD . . . . .	<i>Assistant Manager</i>
E. E. HARDY . . . . .	<i>Coach</i>
E. R. RANDALL, Pitcher . . . . .	<i>Captain</i>
L. F. DRUCKE . . . . .	<i>Pitcher</i>
O. C. DRUCKE . . . . .	<i>Catcher</i>
M. A. BALDWIN . . . . .	<i>First Base</i>
F. R. BALDWIN . . . . .	<i>Second Base</i>
M. O. THOMAS . . . . .	<i>Second Base</i>
W. P. WITT . . . . .	<i>Third Base</i>
N. C. PERKINS . . . . .	<i>Short Stop</i>
J. B. FRIZZELL . . . . .	<i>Left Field</i>
M. E. DANIELS . . . . .	<i>Right Field</i>
P. L. TYSON . . . . .	<i>Pitcher</i>

## Second Team '08

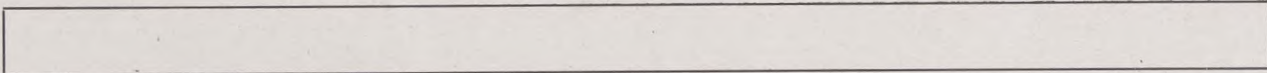
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F. FARR . . . . .	<i>Catcher</i>
E. ODELL . . . . .	<i>Pitcher</i>
D. D. ROGERS . . . . .	<i>First Base</i>
BERT NABORS, Captain . . . . .	<i>Second Base</i>
P. BALDWIN . . . . .	<i>Third Base</i>
A. W. RITER . . . . .	<i>Short Stop</i>
G. N. ANDERSON, Manager . . . . .	<i>Center Field</i>
HAL HAYS . . . . .	<i>Left Field</i>
J. B. GALLAHER . . . . .	<i>Right Field</i>





VARSIITY BASEBALL TEAM

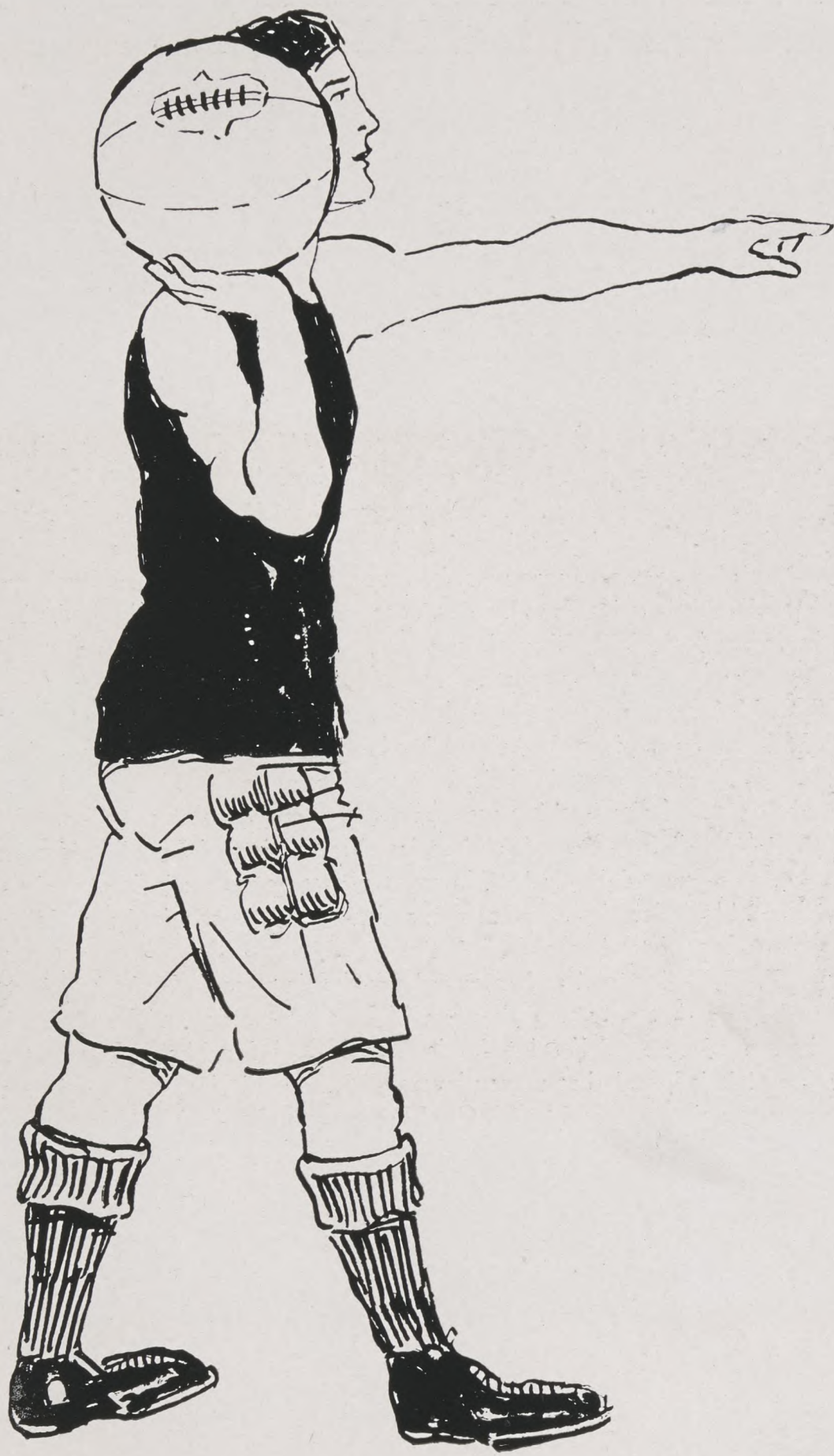






SECOND BASEBALL TEAM







## Basketball at T. C. U.

J. R. LANGLEY . . . . .	<i>Coach</i>
C. L. GREENE . . . . .	<i>Manager.</i>
H. G. KNIGHT . . . . .	<i>Captain 'Varsity Team</i>
AUBLE RITER . . . . .	<i>Captain Second Team</i>

**L**ATE IN November, '08, a City League of basketball was organized with A. C. Lewis of the Y. M. C. A. as president. Baylor University was represented by two teams, Waco High School by one team, Y. M. C. A. by three teams, and T. C. U. by two teams. By having this number of teams in the league, it was hoped to create an interest in Waco in the game of basketball. The movement was new, however, and did not receive much support outside of the institutions interested. But once started, there is little doubt but what in years hereafter basketball, like other games, will stir great excitement and have as loyal supporters as the other sports.

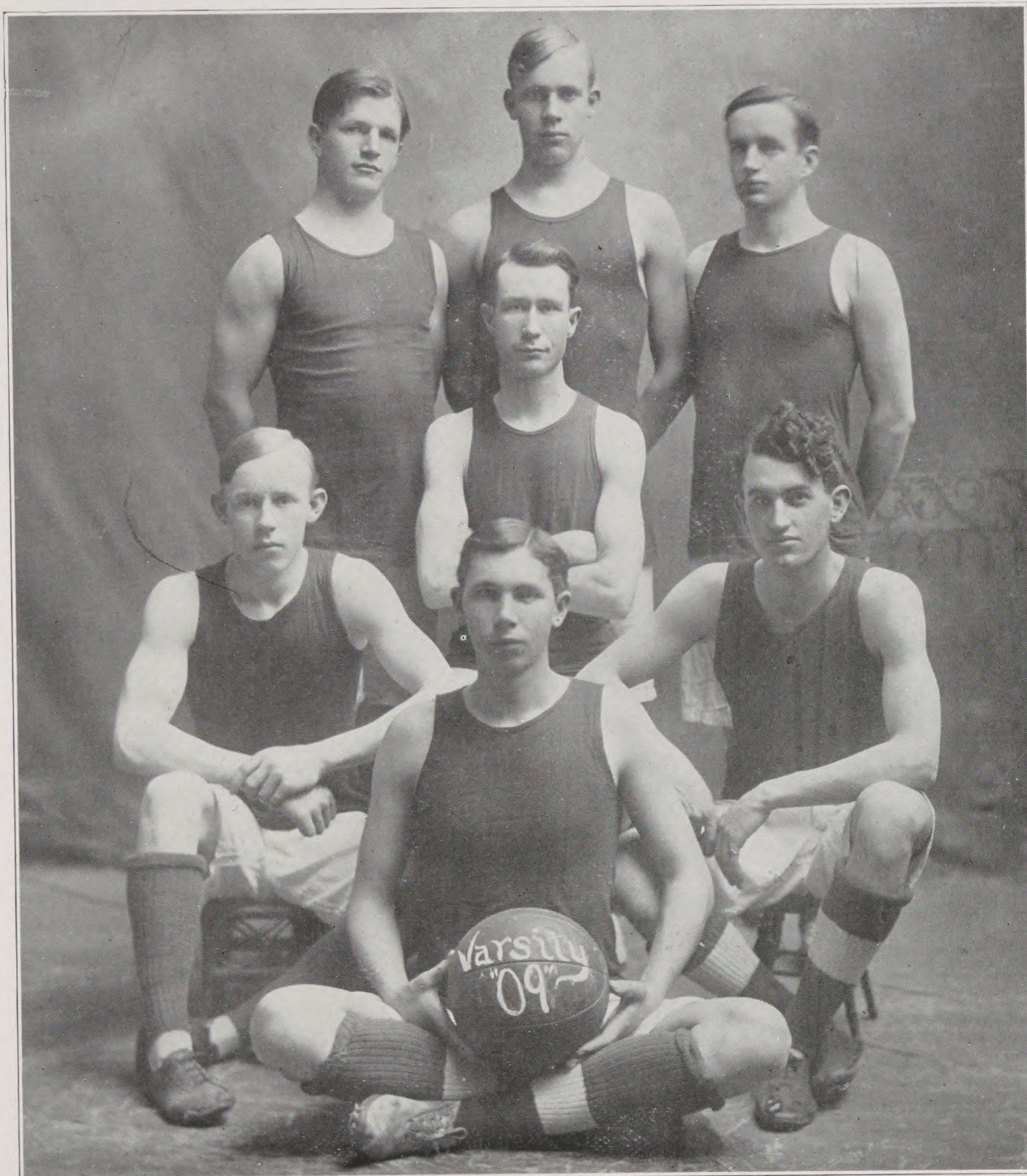
T. C. U. labored under many difficulties as compared with her opponents. Baylor always has a good team in basketball, and so has the Waco High School. The Y. M. C. A. make this a regular sport in their daily routine. For T. C. U. this is the first year she has had a team. Everything was new, and the players were green. But the old spirit of "win out" was aroused, and under the coaching of Langley (football coach) two teams were soon developed. No great players were made known, however, for each one had his difficulties to overcome, and no one ever acquired any skill of note in passing the ball or throwing goals.

Yet T. C. U. is proud of her record for the first year. Basketball is established, and for the fact that only two players will be gone next year, the team of '09 will surely be a good one. Following football, basketball furnishes excellent training for baseball, and it is hoped that more players will note this fact and get into the game, stir up a greater interest, and let T. C. U. have a winning basketball team as well as in football and baseball.





### Varsity Basketball Team



G. P. BRAUS  
O. C. DRUCKE

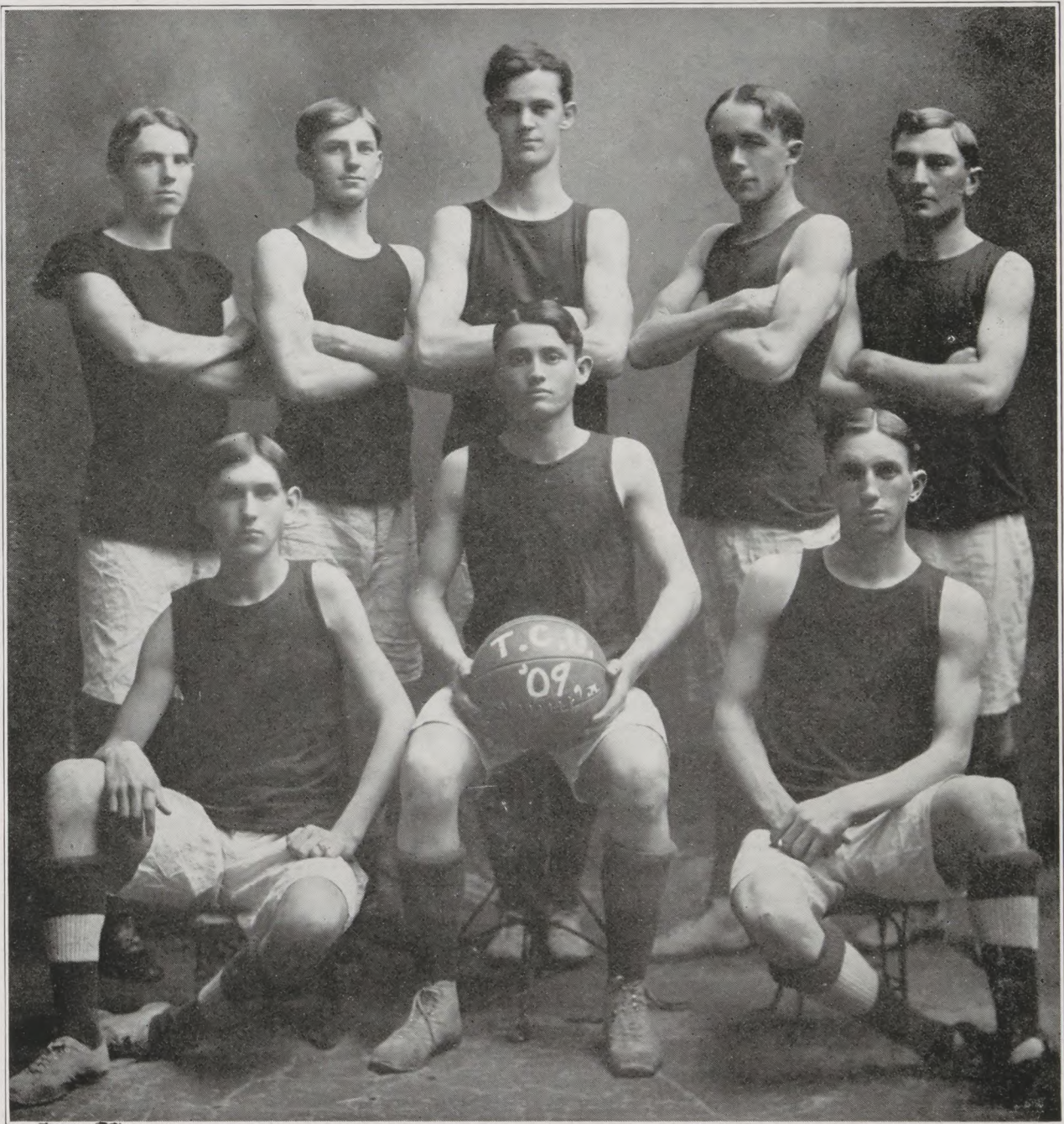
L. F. DRUCKE  
H. G. KNIGHT, Captain  
E. WADE

EDGAR BUSH  
C. L. GREENE, Manager



## Basketball Second Team

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L. GOUGH      E. SOWELL      J. FARMER      N. C. CARR      L. ACKERS  
J. MURRY      AUBLE RITER, Captain      C. GRAVES







## Track

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ALBERT CRUZAN ..... *Coach*  
J. B. FRIZZELL ..... *Manager*  
CLOIS L. GREENE ..... *Captain*

TRACK work in T. C. U. has proven a failure for the last two or three years, and in fact we have never paid just the proper amount of attention to this department of athletics that we should. Under the above management, a track team has made several sporadic attempts to exist, but each time the Dread Dragon seemed to hover in the rear of the Gymnasium to devour the weakling.

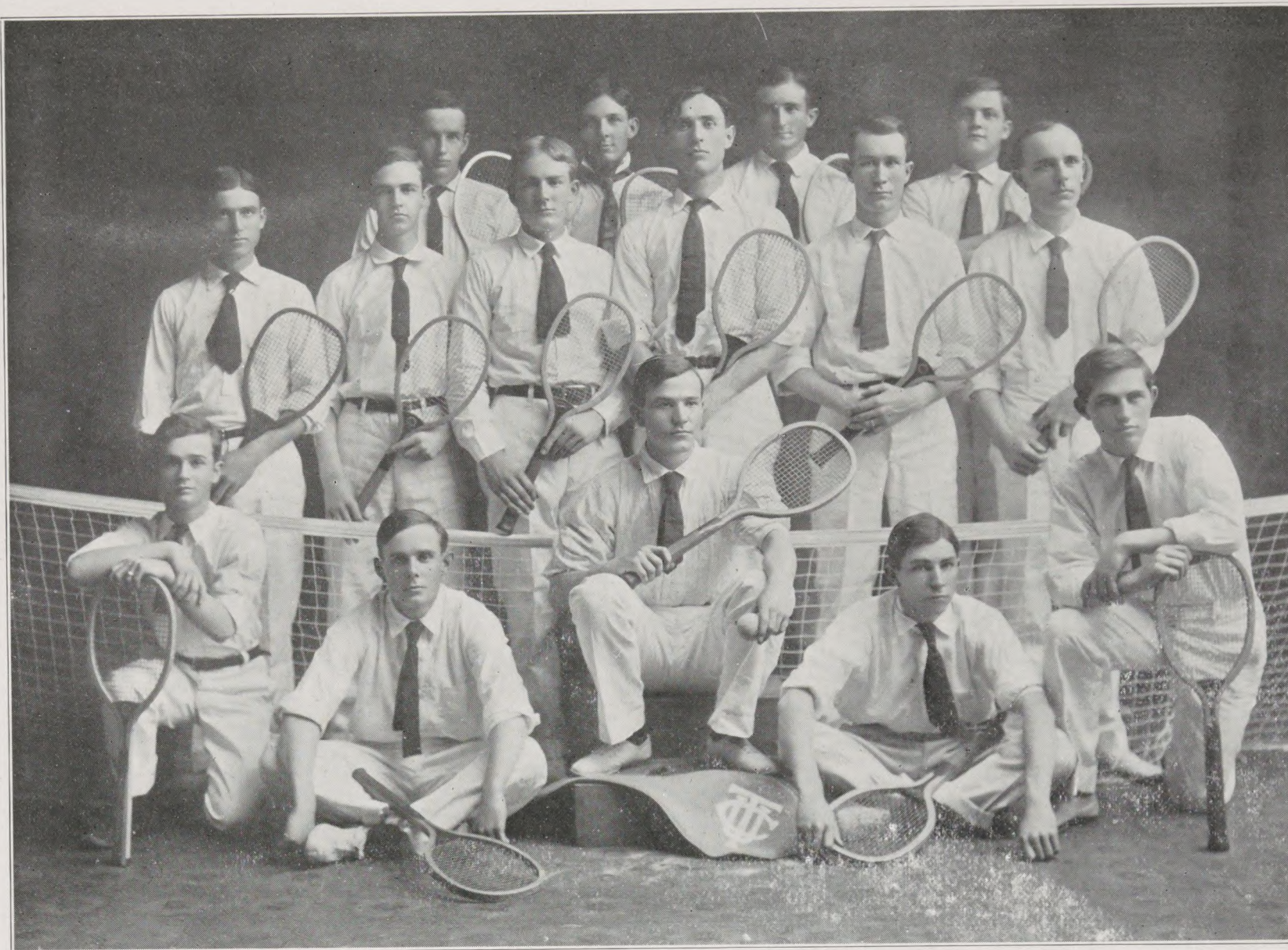
Just where to place the censure for the prevailing condition of affairs would be a task that no one would care to undertake. It is not the fault of the above-mentioned gentlemen, for they have worked hard and consistently. About the only thing that we are certain of is that the proper spirit does not prevail here which is conducive to the existence, the growth, and the perfection of a successful track organization.

## Announcement

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Just before going to press we have learned that T. C. U. is really going to have a track team for the Southwestern Intercollegiate meet to be held in Waco on May 8, '09. This bit of news sounds good to us and we hope that a creditable showing will be made. We have as good individual material for track events as any other school or university in the Southwest. It is to be hoped that the proper spirit may prevail in regard to this department of athletics henceforth.





TENNIS CLUB



## T. C. U. Song

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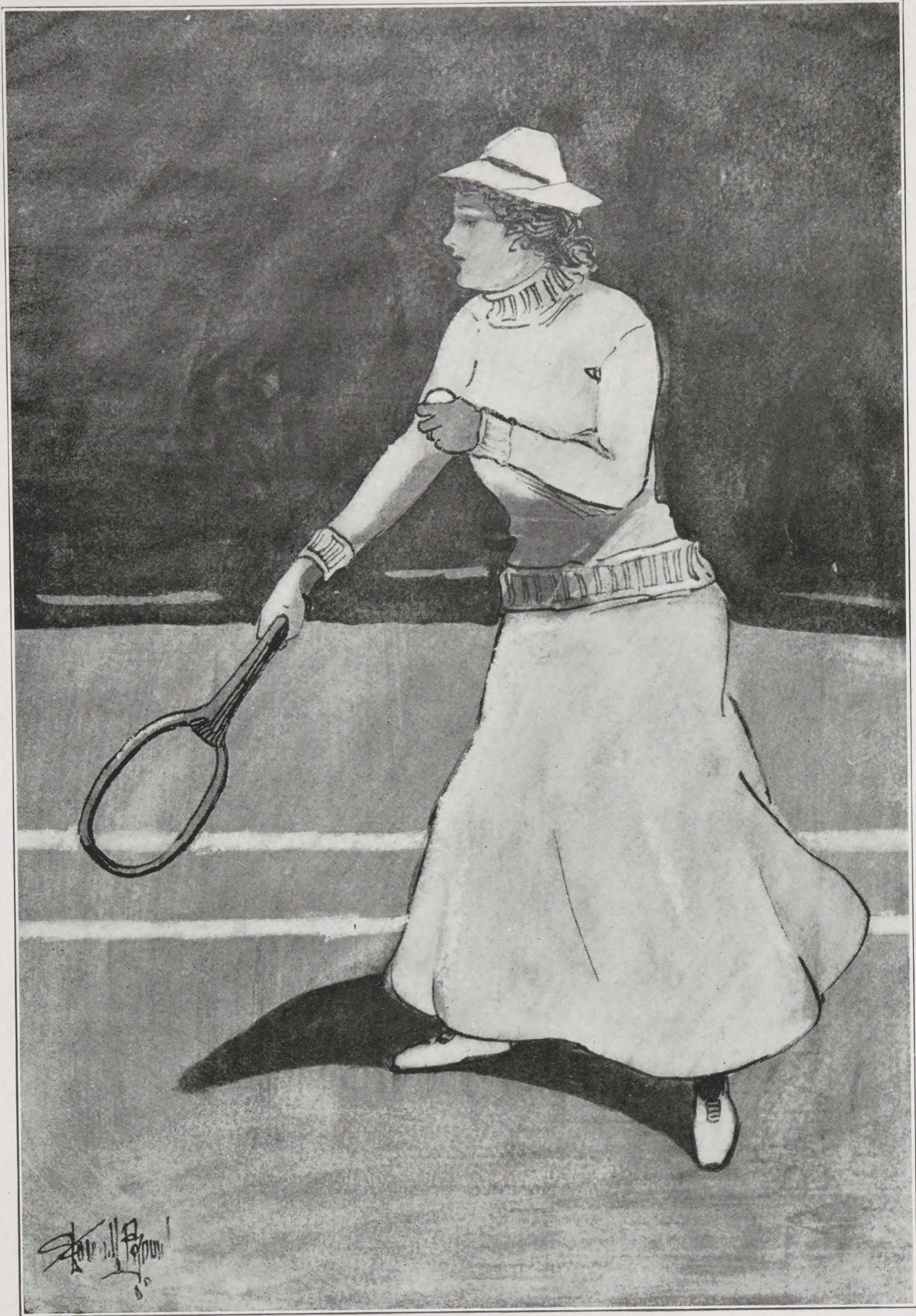
Come, boys, rally round the banner,  
As it proudly floats above—  
Let us make the welkin ring with gladsome song;  
We have pledged our hearts and love,  
To our dear old Alma Mater  
To the choicest of the clans we now belong.

### CHORUS

For the Purple and the White,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
We will ever, ever fight  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
For our dear old college days  
T. C. U. we proudly praise  
Forever and forever.

'Tis the hey-day of our life, boys,  
'Tis the hey-day of our life—  
Let good fellowship and fraternity abound;  
When our college days are over,  
We'll be leaders in the strife—  
Now let's make the halls with mirth and joy resound  
With the purple banners streaming,  
With the golden sunset gleaming,  
We will rally round the flag-pole once again,  
Sing our joyous college glee,  
Joining hands, shout mirthfully,  
On the campus of our dear old T. C. U.







## Young Ladies Athletic Association

LORAINÉ MALONEY.....	<i>President</i>
MABLE SHANNON .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ADA CULPEPPER .....	<i>Secretary</i>
LENA BURFORD .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
VENIA MOORE.....	<i>Yell Leader</i>

### Basketball

LENA BURFORD .....	<i>Captain</i>
CLYDE B. REEVES .....	<i>Manager</i>
ALBERT CRUZAN .....	<i>Coach</i>

### Tennis

OLLIE KIRKPATRICK .....	<i>Captain</i>
ADA CULPEPPER .....	<i>Manager</i>

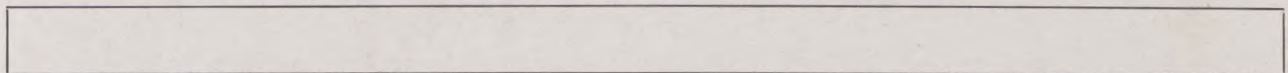
### Gymnasium

MRS. ALBERT CRUZAN .....	<i>Director</i>
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THE year 1908-1909 has been a most successful one for the Girls' Athletic Association and for girls' athletics. The basket ball teams were organized early in the year and Mr. Cruzan was elected coach. We always have good teams, but there was more interest in the game this year than usual. We challenged several other college teams, but failed to secure any games. This in itself speaks well for our teams. Under the coaching of Mr. Cruzan, it is hoped that the teams will be still better next year, and that we shall be able to schedule games with other schools.

Tennis has received renewed interest since the closing of the basketball season. For the first time in the history of T. C. U., the girls have entered a tennis tournament. Misses Culpepper and McGee represented the local club in a meet with the University of Texas, on April 30 and May 1. As this is our first attempt in this phase of athletics, we are expecting to accomplish more in the future. The gymnasium and swimming classes, under the direction of Mrs. Cruzan, have been doing excellent work.







LINE-UP

CARDINALS

FRANKIE FRIZZELL . . . . *Right Tackle*  
 CLARA MOSES . . . . . *Left Tackle*  
 HARRIET SHIRLEY (CAPT.) *Center Tackle*  
 BESS RASH . . . . . *Center*  
 LENA BURFORD . . . . . *Center*  
 VERDA SCOTT . . . . . *Center*  
 ANNIE MAE ROQUEMORE . *Right Guard*  
 SADIE HUDSON . . . . . *Left Guard*  
 MARY HEATH . . . . . *Center Guard*  
 HATTIE MCGEE . . . . . *Substitute*  
 JUANITA ANDERSON . . . . *Substitute*  
 IDA LEWIS . . . . . *Substitute*

RAVENS

OLLIE KIRKPATRICK . . . *Right Tackle*  
 CALLIE WRIGHT . . . . . *Left Tackle*  
 LORAIN E MALONEY (CAPT.) . . . .  
 . . . . . *Center Tackle*  
 MABLE SHANNON . . . . . *Center*  
 MAMIE MCCORMICK . . . . . *Center*  
 BESS MALONEY . . . . . *Center*  
 BESS MCNEILL . . . . . *Right Guard*  
 RENA EAGEN . . . . . *Left Guard*  
 NONA ARTHUR . . . . . *Center Guard*  
 WINNIE SPEARMAN . . . . . *Substitute*  
 MINNIE CARSON . . . . . *Substitute*  
 FLORENCE LEMON . . . . . *Substitute*





THE RAVENS





THE UNLUCKY MOVERS





NAUGHTY EIGHT





A GYM CLASS



SOIREEING  
IN THE  
HALL







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**CLUBS**

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AND

**MISCELLANEOUS  
ORGANIZATIONS**

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## West Texas Club

HOWELL G. KNIGHT . . . . . *Boss o' the Rancho*  
 FRANK BALDWIN . . . . . *Assistant Boss*  
 MARY BAIN SPENCE . . . . . *Recorder of Brands*  
 AMELIA JOHNSON . . . . . *High Mogul of the Cheque Book*



T WAS in the wintry months when the weather seemed to call for a closer communion of kindred spirits that Boss Knight made the following announcement in Townsend feed-pens: "There will be a round-up of all Mavericks on T. C. U. Rancho today—Cowboys meet at the Big Pen at one o'clock." In response to this announcement about fifty cowboys and cowboyeses, booted and spurred, met at the Big Pen to carry out the work at hand. The plans for a systematic round-up were perfected with the above named people in charge. The round-up was a success and after a busy season all the Mavericks were branded.

The winter feed at Townsend pens was very poor and as the grass has been short this spring on account of dry weather, there has not been any spring deliveries yet. However, about June 3, three cars of choice stuff will be offered to the packers. The rest of the herd that have wintered at the T. C. U. Rancho will be carried over the trail to the Elysian pastures on the plains, where they will browse peacefully on mesquite grass and make the heel-flies perspire during the summer months.

There is to be another big round-up, however, about May 20, when the herd will be corraled again for inspection and all save the cut-backs will be placed in a special pen for a special feed. The silo pits will be opened and pure spring water will be piped to the troughs. After a good feed the bunch will be turned into a green meadow, where the aroma of springtime flowers pervades the atmosphere, the purple of the Buffalo clover will be reflected in the clear skies above, the grazing will be good and no one need be surprised if under these perfect conditions the bovines engage in an old-time stampede and to the merry clanking of hoof and horn make a run that it will be hard for the tenderfeet to turn.





WEST TEXAS CLUB



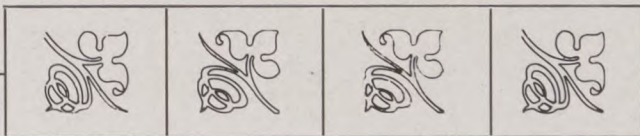
## North Texas Club

MISS CLYDE B. REEVES .....	<i>President</i>
M. A. BALDWIN .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MISS LUCILE WOLFORD.....	<i>Secretary</i>
N. C. CARR .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

AS THE name suggests, the North Texas Club is composed of members whose homes are in the Northern part of the State. The club was organized in January, 1909. The purpose of the organization is to bring the members into closer association. The feeling of good-fellowship has been maintained by several enjoyable social functions. Among the most successful was the "42" party given February 20, reported in the Skiff as follows:

"The North Texas Club met last Saturday evening in the parlor of the Girls' Home for its first social function. On account of the stormy weather and the prevalence of the "mumps," not all the members were present. There was, however, enough present for nine tables of progressive '42.'

"Soon after his arrival each member received a dainty hand-painted score-card, and was shown to the proper table. After nine exciting games, the bell was tapped and it was found that Miss Burford had made high score, Messrs. Scott and M. Baldwin being close seconds. Then followed perhaps the most enjoyable part of the evening. Dainty refreshments were served, consisting of a salad course followed by an ice course. After the lights had been winked by both Miss Watson and Mr. Elam, the members took their departure. We hope the club will see proper to have another such entertainment in the near future."







NORTH TEXAS CLUB



## The Nighthawk Club

ONE dark night of last January a whirr of wings was heard near the northwest corner of McKinney Forest and a drove of fifteen birds of a dark color had soon collected among the wide branches of Baldwin Tree. No explanation of this occurrence can be given, except the old saying "birds of a feather will flock together." And these were not only birds of a similar feather, but also of like grievances and desires. Grievance number one, and paramount of all, was that everybody was hungry. One brilliant Nighthawk hit upon the idea that a remedy for this would be a royal banquet held in this very corner of the forest. The suggestion was immediately carried out, and such a feast there never was in this famine stricken country. Before dispersing into the darkness, each bird gave assent to following this meeting with others of the kind. So semi-irregularly there is an unusual disturbance in McKinney Forest, and the cause is found to be that the "Nighthawks" have gathered.

### A FEW ESSENTIALS.

Every Nighthawk agrees to the following essentials:

I.—The time of meeting shall be when the lights wink on Saturday night. (Time subject to change.)

II.—Dress shall be in the prevailing style of the Japanese (when permissible.)

III.—The banquet board shall be on a level with the floor, and members shall sit around it in the prevailing maner of the Turks (as long as physically able.)

IV.—If a member shows signs of sleepiness before 1 a. m. she shall be declared a disloyal member, and punishment shall be duly administered by the Sergeant at Arms (if she herself is not asleep.)

V.—On special occasions each Nighthawk is allowed to extend an invitation to a specially favored bird from the forest called "Main" (when the Matron permits.)

VI.—Before one can be called a full-fledged Nighthawk she must dispose of a half-a-dozen raw oysters to the satisfaction of a committee of judges. (No exception to this rule.)

VII.—Meetings shall be adjourned when the dishes have been stacked in the bathtub, and the Matron is heard impatiently roaming around (unless something else is found to eat.)

Color.—Deep-dark-black. Pass Word.—Raw Oyster.

### THE DROVE.

PROF. REEVES NIGHTHAWK, . . . . . *Leader of the Drove.*

LANKS JOHNSON NIGHTHAWK, . . . . . *Second Leader of the Drove.*

SANDY WOLFORD NIGHTHAWK, . . . . . *Weilder of the Quill.*

SHORTY WEAVER NIGHTHAWK, . . . . . *Chairman of the Exchequer.*

SARAH MAUDE MCNEILL NIGHTHAWK, . . . . . *Sentinel.*

PATSY MILLER NIGHTHAWK, . . . . . *Medicine Man.*

SISTER MCNEILL NIGHTHAWK

PLUG GIBSON NIGHTHAWK

SAM MALONEY NIGHTHAWK

NIXIE KNIGHT NIGHTHAWK

PEORIE BALDWIN NIGHTHAWK

POLLY RHONE NIGHTHAWK

GRAN BALDWIN NIGHTHAWK

PEGGY RASH NIGHTHAWK

MICKEY JACKSON NIGHTHAWK

AUNT PETE COPE NIGHTHAWK





NIGHT HAWK CLUB



## M. L. T.

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STATE OF TISH HOSH,  
COUNTY OF MINT BOSH,  
CITY OF BY GOSH,

} **Know Ye All Mystics by Their Presence:**

In order to live a little as we journey through the troublous times incident to a college career, to forget once in occasion the humdrum monotony of the regular routine of work, to eat, drink and be merry, to disturb the slumbers of the night-watchman, to stimulate the punishing proclivity manifested by the discipline committee, and to enjoy the fellowship of happy hearts overflowing with enthusiasm and beating harmoniously to the tune of merriment, do we ordain, establish, and do hereby constitute ourselves the MYSTIC LUCKY THIRTEEN (M. L. T.)

The membership of this organization, foreordained from before the establishment of this mundane sphere (Selah!), shall consist of Thirteen personages, all of whom shall be known as "gentlemen of import" and called "Mystics."

Eligibility for membership shall consist in the ability to recite the English alphabet, give the Indian war dance, repeat the official yell, sing the Mystic song, and partake of unlimited quantities of libation and conviviality.

A leader, titled "His Most Royal Highness, Iloilol Sepstucker," shall be elected annually in secret conclave at the autumnal equinox.

There shall be a Knight of the Faber whose title shall be "Takum Blujolliwog" and whose pleasure it shall be to keep an accurate record of all proceedings of the "Mystics" and to preserve them in artistic form for the inspiration and guidance of unborn generations of "Mystics."

There shall be a dispenser of viands and libation whose title shall be "The Knight of Conviviality" and whose duty shall consist in promoting the delirious ecstasy of a continuous bacchanal.

Meetings called Concatenations shall be held once every moon or as often as the "Mystics" in their supernal wisdom shall deem best for the good of the order.

All Conclaves and Concantenations shall be held at an appointed rendezvous located in a dismal forest on the Bosque.

All meetings shall be called to order for the promulgation of delectable delights just at the time the waning moon begins to play peek-a-boo with the morning star.

All meetings shall be opened with a lamentation to "The Dread Dragon." All receptacles containing libation shall be opened by "The Knight of Conviviality."



All policemen, nightwatchmen and members of the discipline committee are hereby declared—and of a right they ought to be—inherent, irreverent and inconsequential enemies of the “Mystics” and each “Mystic” pledges himself to strive unceasingly to feed the whole kapoodle to “The Dread Dragon.”

The motto of the “Mystics” shall be the solemn and truthful words of the great philosopher and wisest of men, Philip the Eunuch: “Much study is a thorn in the flesh.”

The “Mystic” yell shall consist of echoes captured from the music of the spheres.

The official “Mystic” song shall be “Down Where the Conviviality Flows” sung in long meter accompanied by the basso profundo of “The Dread Dragon.”

The colors of the “Mystics” shall be a chunk of the rainbow set in the most gorgeous splendor of the sunset and trimmed with night’s inkiest darkness.

The “Mystic” watchword shall be “Atch-latch-a-ga-ne-va,” meaning, “What fools the faculty be.”





## The Billiken Family

VIRGINIA LEE BRANDT . . . . . *Billiken Parson*  
 WINNIE SPEARMAN . . . . . *Billiken "Big Noise"*  
 NELL ANDREWS . . . . . *Billiken Boss*  
 DELLA BROWN . . . . . *Billiken Cook*

### At the Shrine of Billiken

These maidens four of various age  
 Grew tired of waiting for fortune's hand  
 To bless them with good looks or wealth galore,  
 Fame of the world, or love of a man,

So they sent to the north for a councilor,  
 The wondrous Billiken, powerful and wise,  
 Who came to dwell at T. C. U.  
 And gain for them the things they prized.

So the little god with the tickled toes,  
 ("God of things as they ought to be")  
 Wisely chuckled and simply said,  
 "Smile and all things come to thee."

So the "Parson" goes her busy way,  
 A smile with her helping hand;  
 And Billiken "Big Noise" laughs all day,  
 As she smiles on every man.

And "Billiken Boss" with her "library air,"  
 Smiles now as she taps her pencil blue,  
 While "Billiken Cook," though her name is Brown,  
 Sees life in a different hue.

### MOTTO—SMILE.

"If you think you've missed the mark, *use a smile.*  
 If life seems in the dark, *why just smile.*  
 Don't give up in any fight—there's a coming day that's bright.  
 Always dawn beyond the night, *if you smile.*

When you're blue, call on the Billiken family, tickle the toes of the "God of Things As They Ought to Be"; watch his smile and we'll guarantee a sure cure for "the dumps."



# Sigma Tau Gamma Club

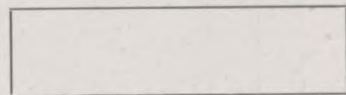
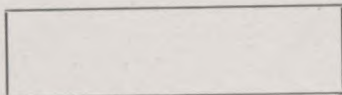
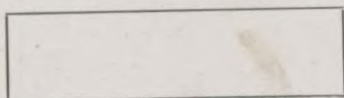


COLORS—*Black and white.*

EMBLEM—*Black cat.*

PASS WORD—*For you to find out.*

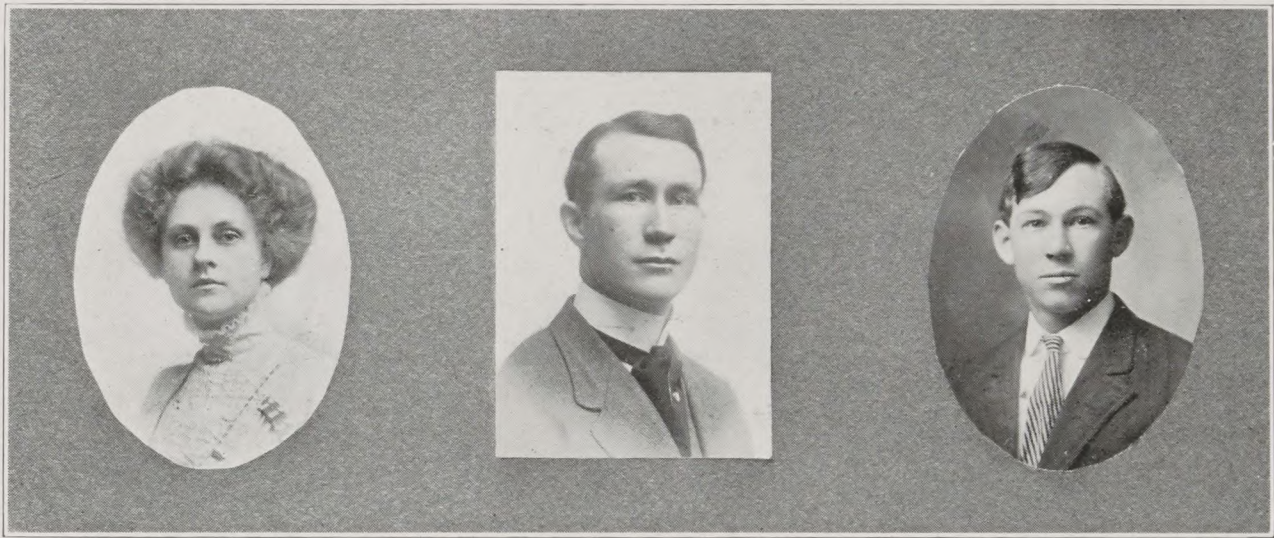
<i>Head Tam</i>	. . . . .	LENA BURFORD
<i>Recording Tam</i>	. . . . .	LOUIE NOBLITT
<i>Social Tam</i>	. . . . .	MABLE SHANNON
<i>Kodak Tam</i>	. . . . .	MAE LYN COX
<i>Chafing Dish Tam</i>	. . . . .	VERDA SCOTT
<i>Refreshment Tam</i>	. . . . .	WINNIE SPEARMAN





## The Student Association

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HOWELL G. KNIGHT . . . . .	<i>President</i>
MARSHALL BALDWIN . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
EULA MCNEILL . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>

**T**HE Student Association is the largest organization in the University, since its membership is composed of every T. C. U. student. The association was perfected three years ago and it has proven a success from every standpoint. It was almost absolutely necessary to have some one to call the student-body together on numerous occasions, and it was necessary to have a presiding officer. At the beginning of this school year the above officers were elected by the student-body.

The President of the Student Association is "official announcer" of various meetings and it is his duty to call the entire student-body together in all mass-meetings whenever they wish to discuss affairs pertaining to the welfare of the University, the various athletic teams and of themselves. We are only a big family at T. C. U., and as such we are not infallible—we have our own family troubles occasionally. Class rushes have to be settled some way, and a number of other grievances, and sometimes the President finds himself in an extremely delicate position because of these things. The Student Association is necessary to the progress and fidelity of the student-body and it will be permanent, but having a change of officers each year.



## O. F. G. Club



ZYLPHA VICK . . . . . *President*      ERMA BIRD . . . . . *Treasurer*  
 LOUISE ANDERSON . . . *Vice-President*      LUCILE STRATTON . . . . . *Secretary*

COLORS: *Green and White.*

MOTTO: "*Loyalty to one another.*"

FLOWER: *White Rose.*

"SMALL but loud," some have accused us, but aren't they a little bit unjust, when this is the first you've heard from us?

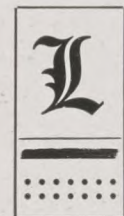
On January the first, nineteen hundred and nine, five girls met on the porch of the main building of Texas Christian University and organized what we are now presenting to you in the form of the O. F. G. Club. Our membership is composed of a most dignified music senior and four little Preps. This being so, we necessarily attach a great deal of importance to our senior, and she it is who delights in chaperoning we lesser lights, the preps. Our colors are green and white, green by nature, and white in representation of the loyalty to the friendship we bear for one another. The object, or motive, of this club is to derive what pleasure it can from school life without interference with studies.



## The Platform Club

### OFFICERS

BONNER FRIZZELL . . . . .	<i>President</i>
W. C. HACKNEY . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>
BRAXTON B. WADE . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
W. E. STURGEON . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
D. E. TOMLINSON . . . . .	<i>Seregant-at-Arms</i>



LAST June (1908) Professor E. R. Cockrell invited all the young men in the University who had manifested an interest along oratorical lines to join him in a luncheon at the Royal Hotel. On that occasion the organization known as the Platform Club had its beginning. Officers were elected, Mr. D. E. Tomlinson being chosen President, and a committee appointed to prepare a constitution and by-laws. The Club is composed of upper-classmen, and has for its purpose the study of current political and social questions and such other topics as the members may determine, and to stimulate an interest in oratory.

During the fall term of 1908 the Club had the pleasure of having an address from Mr. George Robinson, editor of the *Waco Times-Herald*, who spoke instructively and entertainingly on "Phases of Journalism." At the conclusion of the address the art room was thrown open and light refreshments were served. During the winter term, Dr. George Pierce Garrison, Professor of History at the University of Texas, accepted an invitation to address the Club and delivered a thoughtful lecture on "Aspects of the Race Problem." Refreshments were again served in the art room. Judge Sam R. Scott of Waco had been secured to lecture to the Club during the spring term.

The Club stands for things in a way that no other organization can. It has given a stimulus to Oratory that we feel sure will be permanent. Mr. Bonner Frizzell has had the Club's interest at heart and it was thru his efforts that the \$25.00 cash prize given by Mr. J. C. Bland of Waco, for the winner of the Preliminary State Oratorical Contest was secured. And again it was Mr. Frizzell who secured the \$50.00 cash prize given by W. J. Mitchell of Waco for the winner of Mitchell Oratorical Contest to be held during Commencement.



# The Bull Dog Quartette

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BULL DOG FRIZZELL . . . . . *First Tenor*  
BULL DOG GREENE . . . . . *Second Tenor*  
BULL DOG COLLINS, *Manager* . . . . . *Baritone*  
BULL DOG KNIGHT . . . . . *Basso*

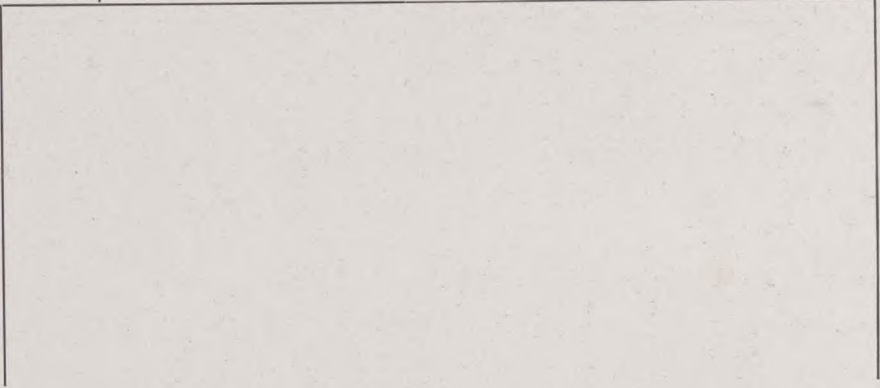
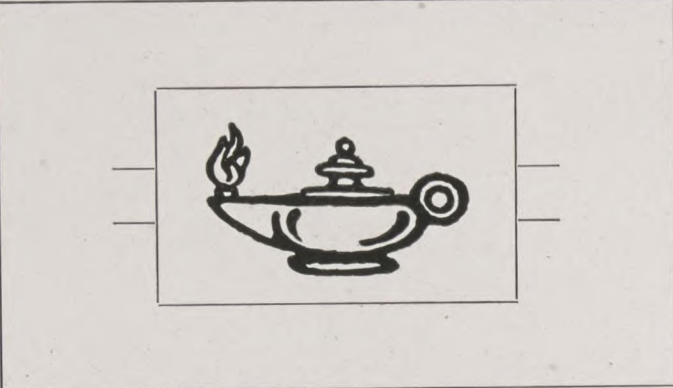
*"For it is always fair weather,  
When good fellows get together."*



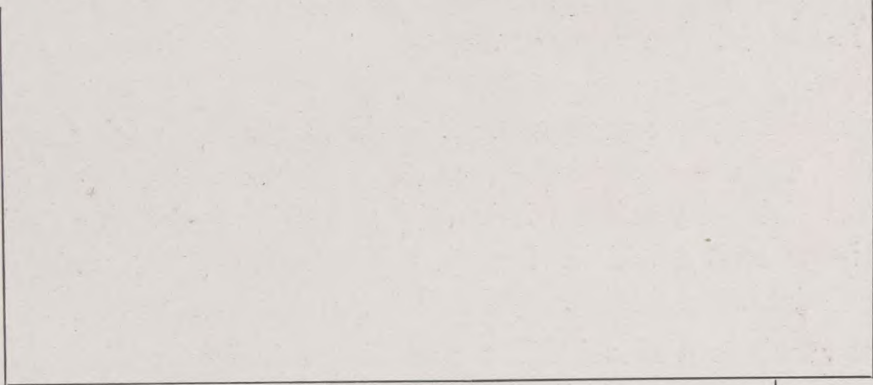


THE BRUSHES





# LITERATURE





## The Spirit of Youth

By STONEWALL BROWN



KENT TEARS OFF THIRTY-FIVE YARDS AROUND RIGHT END"—Bob was sitting with his chair against the wall, complacently smoking his pipe, when his eye alighted upon the head-lines of the write-up of the last game. There was nothing untrue or remarkable in what he read, but he removed his pipe from his mouth and lowered legs of his chair to the floor very slowly, and then, when he was sure of what he saw, he struck the study table a mighty blow with his fist. It was Thanksgiving day—the day of the big game, and a tense nerve-racking suspense and unrest had settled over the neighborhood and permeated the ivy-covered buildings. Fink, who was generally a static, self-composed sort of fellow, jumped as though fired at; Drake who was pulling on a jersey, stopped still in mid-operation with his arms in the air as though done in stone.

"In the name of Æsop, what's up?"

"Have a thought, Bob?"

Bob pointed to the college paper which had just been brought in, and the dead silence which followed his jesture signified that four upper-classmen read in that line a probable defeat.

"Well, why don't you say something?" said Drake, addressing anybody, immoderately loud.

"Maybe the Colonel won't see it in time to get here—let's see the thing,—when was it printed?—yesterday, and he'll get it this morning. Oh, stoods, what the devil shall we do?" Fink dropped into a Morris chair and tried to think.

No one knew where Colonel Kent got his prejudices against football. That doesn't matter, anyway, but prejudiced he was. And everyone knew that the Colonel when once set in his convictions could not be moved. That trait had distinguished him in old Stanlaw College in '55, it had made him an enviable record in the war and had made him since feared and successful in the politics of his state. For some reason unknown he had forbidden his son, Creighton, to play football. Young Kent had played for three years, always appearing in the paper under an assumed name, but now for the first time the reporter had put it in as Kent and as *Kent* it went to the Colonel.

"See here," said Bob, "something has got to be done. Here we have got the big game of the season on this afternoon, with our chances, if we've got any, hanging



on Kent at half; here's the town full of Brockdon rooters with their evil-looking pennants; here's old man Kent due from the West at 2:12 to keep 'Crate' from playing and—well isn't that tough, I say, isn't it, though?"

"Where's coach, what does he say?"

"What if the old gent doesn't come, after all?"

"That's not the question," said Bob, "It's what if he *does* come. We've got to get busy if we're going to save old Stanlaw today. It's now 1:30; forty minutes 'til train time. I'll go with a couple of you to meet the Colonel and the rest of you find 'Crate' and tell him to steer clear of his irate progenitor 'til after the game."

The day was still and cloudy, with a hint of frost in the air. Everything denoted the approach of the game which was to decide the championship of the rival universities, Brockdon and Stanlaw. The gridiron which lay at the north side of the campus was freshly lined, in sharp contrast with the brown earth; the bleachers were decorated with bunting, and under-grads. were busy selling tickets. Around the main building and men's dormitory groups of young men in sweaters and caps were talking earnestly. Away through the trees and in front of the young ladies' dormitory were several hundred girls, impatient for the game and singing snatches of college songs. From the main part of town came almost inaudibly and at intervals the deep, regular rhythm of many voices, those of Brockdon.

Bob and his companions were awaiting anxiously the passenger train that puffed up to the little station and stopped. Some alumni, regular attendants of the Thanksgiving game got off, and then—Bob whispered a soft eloquent "damn it," as the Colonel with trouble in his eye stepped onto the platform.

"Is this Colonel Kent? My name is Landon, I am so glad to see you," lied Bob, who then introduced his companions.

"I am pleased to meet you, young gentlemen," said the Colonel adjusting his big, White Stetson, "and could you tell me the whereabouts of my son, Creighton?"

"He may be in town," said Bob; "we'll go directly to the hotel and see if we can get any trace of him—here's a cab waiting for us, sir."

"Thank you, gentlemen; I'm not fatigued and we will walk up to the University."

So they started with Bob carrying the suit-case and the others bringing up the rear in a state of desperation. The Colonel was uncommunicative and there was fire in his eye as they neared the ivy-covered dormitory where Creighton roomed. Bob tried to get the Colonel to stop at the President's residence, promising profusely to find young Kent and send him over, but it was in vain, for the old man continued his course toward the dormitory. Bob was hoping that Creighton would be gone to "quarters," but as the party entered the hall and started toward the stairs Kent, the star half, came pounding down two steps at a time, clad in moleskins and carrying his headgear. The two, father and son, stood facing each other for a full minute



—the one with goatee brestling, determined to be obeyed, and the other looking down with his jaw muscles tense and his gray eyes looking what he dare not speak. Creighton knowing that preliminaries were useless, and wishing to avoid any semblance of trouble before his schoolmates, drew his broad shoulders erect and said, "Let us go to my room, sir."

Creighton took his father's suit-case and led the way up stairs that were worn hollow by the trampling of many generations of students; below, the halls were filled with the noise of undergraduates. The Brockdon crowd was arriving and in a few scattering yells threw out their challenge to the ivy-colored buildings that had witnessed in dumb protest or exultation so many struggles embodying the spirit which they in part exemplified—threw out their challenge to the Stanlaw men and women. The autumn air was surcharged with pent-up expectancy, pent-up enthusiasm, pent-up youthful spirit and vigor and rivalry, awaiting the game which would decide for that year whose brow should wear the wild olive of victory, Brockdon or Stanlaw; and these first, sharp, quick, scattering yells were like the volley that presages a battle, or the exhaust of a locomotive that is impatient to be off at the demand of irresistible force let loose. Creighton Kent, with one hundred and eighty pounds of bone and muscle trained to the fine mettle of a racer sat in a corner of his room with his chin in his hands and with his irate father apparently engrossed in a volume of Cicero's Orations.

Suddenly there came the rap of a strong man on the door and before Creighton's "come in" was well out of his mouth, Coach Hardy stood within.

"This is Colonel Kent, I believe; my name is Hardy, Stanlaw Coach". The Colonel squared his shoulders and started to rise, but Hardy went on: "Sir, do you realize that by keeping your son from playing today you are seriously lessening our chances of success? Do you know that two thousand people are inquiring about young Kent, not dreaming that you, his father, are keeping him here? What do you expect Stanlaw to do, sir? What am I to do? I have seen your name on the great crew of fifty-five, is Old Stanlaw dead? The spirit that made that crew possible is now calling for your son, consider it all, Colonel Kent."

"Sir," said the Colonel, who was now standing, "my son has disobeyed me and has made matters worse by playing under an assumed name. I do not believe that this game of football with its brutality is a game for gentlemen, and also I propose to have my wishes given some consideration as regards the conduct of my son. Do you understand, sir?" The Colonel's face was crimson and his hands were trembling.

"Rak—boom—bah!

Rak—boom—bah!

B-R-O-C-K-D-O-N, B-R-O-C-K-D-O-N!"

The yell came from five hundred voices in unison, like a trumpet call in battle. Hardy stepped closer.



"Colonel Kent, you are misinformed as to football, and the brutality of which you speak, has under the new rules——"

"I care nothing about your rules, sir," interrupted the Colonel, "the frenzied yelling that you hear is enough to indicate its excess and to disgust a person of mature judgment."

"Mr. Kent, will you allow 'Crate' to play the last half?"

"I will not," said the Colonel, resuming his seat.

Hardy turned to go. "Father listen," said Creighton; but Coach had gone. The Colonel resumed his reading and "Crate" stood a moment, his lip quivering and his fingers clutching the back of his chair like gyves.

Now the yelling was feverish, yet precise. The yells came in quick succession and with machine-like regularity:

"S-T-A-N-L-A-W, S-T-A-N-L-A-W,  
Rickity-ikity,  
Rickity-ikity,  
BOOM!"

There was vigor and snap in its as it surged up from a thousand throats. It was more than game enthusiasm, it was the red-blooded objectivity, the masterful, healthful, dynamic spirit which permeates our youth and which had crystallized here upon the Stanlaw gridiron. The Colonel fidgeted as the rooting proceeded. Creighton's blood was beating out its protest in his veins; he began to pace the room. The spirit that was placed in his blood by healthy fighting for years now went out in answer to the call of his mates, and the challenge of his enemies, his body longing for the impact of flesh with flesh and for the exhilaration that comes of intense physical effort.

The yells came with increasing rapidity, and then there was a tremendous outburst from Brockdon; the rival crowd was yelling frantically, without system, without leadership and Kent knew that eleven men of Brockdon had trotted onto the field and were running light signal practice with four thousand people watching every move of their fine bodies.

The Brockdon crowd gave fifteen "rahs" for each of its players, then quiet came again.

The roar of three thousand people lifted up in a frenzy of enthusiasm is calculated to stir the blood of older men than Creighton, and the yelling that ensued when the Stanlaw eleven appeared caused the Colonel to lower his book and listen. Then came the yells for individual players—White, Stone, Leslie, etc., but for the first time in three years Kent was not cheered in the line-up.

An almost dead silence ensued, a calm before the battle, and Creighton could see in his mind's eye the men getting into position, coaches giving last instructions, the crowd leaning forward with that tense, expectant expression that he had seen so often. Glancing at his father Creighton saw that he held his book upside down and that his hand was trembling—he was listening.



Creighton was expecting the referee's whistle starting the game, but when it came, clear, staccato and long drawn out, his muscles tightened and his blood raced.

Colonel ran to the window, but the gridiron was hidden by a wing of the building. He had never seen a game of football and viewed it as a supreme folly, but this conception formulated maybe in the quiet of his study began to give way here for there was evidently a fight of some kind going on and the Colonel was preëminently a fighter as his ancestors had been. He glanced at Creighton and felt a secret pride that the boy's face was tense and that unconsciously he was half-crouched with listening for some sound however subtle that would indicate the progress of the fight that was going on down on the campus. Creighton glanced at his father, and in that brief look in the quiet of the room there passed between the two fighters, father and son, a telepathic exchange of pride and sympathy; but Creighton saw no hope in the set of the old man's jaw and the uncompromising pressure of his lips; he listened more intently to the occasional cheering and to the regular shrill staccato of the whistle as it stopped the play and started it again.

Then there came a tremendous cheer from Stanlaw which died away as suddenly as it begun, as though some fleet-footed wearer of the Maroon and Gold had broken away for an apparent touchdown only to be tackled by Brockdon. The Colonel shifted his position but was apparently engrossed in his book. Soon Brockdon began to yell, only half-heartedly at first, and then gradually, as time passed, the enthusiasm increased until it was like the steady, insistent roar of the sea.

"Brockdon's full is pounding our line," said Creighton aloud; "my God, father, don't you see I'm needed to play that defensive half? I can stop him—I've always stopped him; it's my business to stop him—listen, hear that, that's Brockdon beef pounding our line and grinding through my position toward goal, and with me up here—listen! Oh, hell!"

It was as Creighton said: The Brockdon quarter had found the vulnerable spot in the Stanlaw line and had sent his big backs tearing through time after time for a final touchdown. The tumult lasted for five minutes; Brockdon rooters were in a frenzy and a half-hearted, derisive cheer from Stanlaw indicated that Brockdon had failed to kick goal. The score stood, Brockdon 5, Stanlaw 0. The Colonel was chewing an unlighted cigar furiously and Creighton sat with his face in his hands.

The interval between the halves was filled with spirited rooting. The Colonel supposed the crucial part of the game to be over and congratulated himself upon the strength of purpose and determined to make this lesson in discipline a thoro one. He resumed his reading.

In the second half Stanlaw began cheering at the start and Creighton knew that Brockdon had kicked off and that his team-mates were working end runs for good gains. He went to the window and listened intently. Stanlaw continued cheering, and then the ball must have gone over on downs for Brockdon began. It was not the kind of cheering that indicated brilliant playing, it was more in the way of support and incentive. It was the same old merciless incessant pounding thru Kent's half that



had been begun again, and as the yelling that was more and more the voice of triumph came to his ears, Kent turned in a passion that the Colonel had never seen him display before. He stamped his cleats into the carpeted floor and his voice was thick with emotion:

"Do you know, sir, that we are losing or do you care? That damned fullback has been coming thru my position and I'm going to stop him. I know the consequences of disobedience and I'm going to play football. Those are my mates, my classmates,—this is my alma mater and the alma mater of my father and I—"

The door of the room burst open and a girl good to look upon stood within. She wore a long, red coat that buttoned close at her throat, her head was bare and her hair was thrown back from her face; her cheeks were aflame with health and emotion and she held a Stanlaw pennant grasped in one hand. The three stood motionless for a moment; Creighton was dumbfounded at the appearance of this girl in his room. He joyed in her beauty as she stood facing his father, her eyes blazing, but he was afraid for the propriety of her conduct.

"Miss Temple," said Creighton, but the girl looked him into silence.

"Colonel Kent, listen," she said, her voice clear and tense like the strings of a fine instrument, and she stood there saying no other word, her fine body vibrant with emotion. There came the sound of many voices and as the three stood there listening, the Brockdon rooters were growing frantic. The Colonel's face was flushed with ill-suppressed excitement and for the first time he saw beyond the girl on the wall a picture of himself, with the letters below: "'Varsity Crew, '55," and then again like the sound of a triumph there surged thru the open window the quick, rhythmic, overwhelming cry of students in unison:

"Rak—boom—bah.

"Rak—boom—bah.

"Brockdon, Brockdon, Brockdon!"

The spirit of his race, of this young man and young woman—the spirit of Old Stanlaw that had been his in his youth and that he thot was safely housed in the memory of the things that were, dominated. The Colonel struck the table a mighty blow:

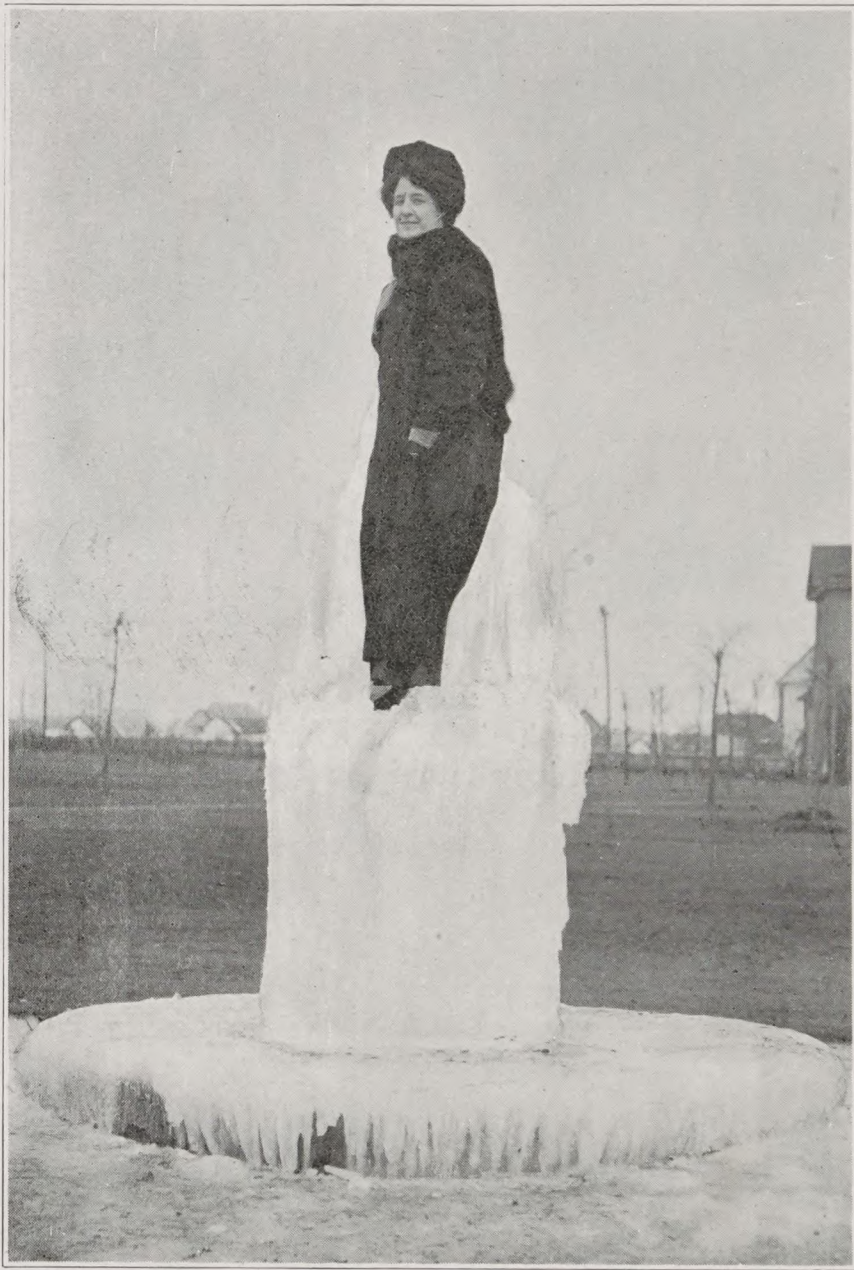
"My boy," he cried,—but Creighton understood and was gone, then the girl and the Colonel were flying toward the gridiron, the girl saying something about a dear old man, and the old man giving some yell or other that came across the years to him from '55.

When the two reached the field it was a pademonium. Stanlaw rooters were yelling and screaming and the name of Kent could be heard, but without system or regularity, as hailstones patter on a roof. Creighton was at his position and some trainers were helping the "sub" to "quarters."

By merciless, grinding line-bucking thru Stanlaw's light line and weak half, the pigskin had been carried to the twenty-five yard line and there remained five minutes of play.

With Kent at half the line held, the ball went to Stanlaw on downs, and, what with the fresh encouragement, the Maroon and Gold in that five minutes went plunging, tearing and fighting to the enemy's goal, and thus the spirit of youth was justified.





*Breezes from the North!*

*Who surcharge the Southland with thy chilly breath,  
Come stealing o'er hill and plain with rigid stealth,  
Changing placid brooks and lakes to glassy moulds,  
Wrapping Southern fountains with thy icy folds,  
In the wintry month of January.*



## Collegitis

### "GILK"

RUSSELL HALSTEAD was working on his Sociology paper for the morrow's recital. For a moment he stopped writing, puckered his brow, and absently counted the pages before him—"nine, ten, eleven and a half. Guess I'd better smoke before I finish."

"Where's my pipe? Gads, I've earned a smoke," said Russell as he peered into a drawer. "I suppose Lord Chesterfield Blond, that handsome cuss of a room-mate, has 'Old Reverie,'" he muttered.

"Old Reverie" was a big brown meerschaum which any college man would be proud to own and was shared in common by the two room-mates.

"I'll have to smoke a stogy," murmured the collegian, as he picked up a choice Havana from the desk.

Russell Halstead was a meditative man, so he lit his cigar, leaned back in his leather Morris, placed his feet on the study-table, smoked and soliloquized thus:

"College life is all right after all—lot's of work, 'tis true, if a fellow makes good. And then there is some worry to it, too, and a pang of jealousy occasionally when the other fellow is too aggressive or too attentive to one's best lady friend; but it's all right—beats working in a stuffy office or trying some sort of business on your own hook in this formidable age of commercialism.

"I'm glad I came back to college; it seems like they all want to come back after laying out a term. It seems to be a common malady, this desire to return to one's college, and, let's see, what will be call it?—College fever—colleg—colleg—collegitis. Yes. That's what brought me back; I had the collegitis. Well, when a man has the appendicitis he loses his appendix; when he has the tonsilitis he sometimes loses his tonsils, and when he has the collegitis he has already lost something, he misses the associations of the splendid college men and women, and he wants to get back. He misses the football games, the college spirit and the rollicky good times that college men have; he wants to get back and wear the moleskins and fight for his colors, or root at the games and sing college songs—

"Come in!"

The door was pushed wide open and in rushed a big, fine-looking fellow with a much-tanned face, but radiant and beaming.

"Hello, Rus, you old bassoon, dreaming, as usual?"

"Bob Brotherton—I'll-be-damned," murmured Russell, rising.

Two strong, manly fellows gripped each other's hand and neither spoke for a moment. There is a bond of fellowship that exists between college men that you seldom see among the other classes.



"Bob Brotherton! When did you get in? Where did you come from? What are you doing here? Thought you were not coming back to this place again?" queried Russell in rapid fire.

"To be brief, I have just arrived from the West, and I've changed my mind about this school. I'm going to look around, and if things are like they once were, I'm going to enter school again."

"Well, I'll tell you, Bob, frankly, things are not like they were when you were here before,—but better," added Russell quickly. "Have a chair, Bob, and tell me what you've been doing out there in the woolly West. Say, Bob, I thought you were going to marry that Texas Cattle King's daughter? Have a stogy, Bob, and let's have it straight."

"I'm glad to be back, Rus," said the newcomer as he lit his cigar and leaned forward in his chair, with a look of earnestness in his grey eyes. "I'm glad to be back."

"Well?"

"Well, it's a long story, Rus. I'll just give you a gist of my fortunes and misfortunes," began Bob, slowly, as he threw his head back a moment and blew rings of smoke toward the ceiling.

"When I left here two years ago my system was affected with love-germs; to be brief, I lost my head and wanted to marry that little girl from West Texas—the girl was all right, but I didn't know my own mind then. There was another force that I had not reckoned with, too."

"Your father?"

"No, the girl's father."

A minute's silence passed and neither spoke. Bob was letting his eyes rove over three sides of the room, now resting on a group of pennants, now on a photograph or a football picture. A faint college yell from the gridiron, followed by lusty cheers, was wafted into the room. Neither seemed to take notice, tho, and Bob flicked the ashes from his cigar and continued:

"You see, Rus, her father was a coarse, rough man of the West, but he was foolish about the girl. He didn't want her to marry any man, as for that matter, and me in particular. I visited the girl at the ranch, but I felt like an intruder because of the attitude of the girl's father toward me. He told me one day that he didn't want any foolishness carried on around his daughter. I finally screwed up enough courage to ask the rancher for his girl. Well, I don't crave any more tete-a-tetes with a Westerner who objects to a fellow marrying his daughter just because he doesn't know you and doesn't like the cut of your clothes. It was like interviewing a cyclone to ask the old man for his girl. He raved and ranted and cussed: was furious for a few minutes."

"And what did you do?"

"I left in fifteen minutes without saying good-bye to the girl, or her mother."

"Ever go back?"

"No."



"And the girl?"

"She sent me a letter saying that I ought to have let her manage the pater and, of course, that she could never disobey his wishes."

"Bob Brotherton, did you give in—throw the whole matter up?"

"Well, I went to work on a ranch out there and have been roughing it ever since. I got used to the cowboy life and the great, beautiful landscape of the West. You learn to look at things in a big way out there. Then, too, the Westerners are a fine lot of fellows, typically American, democratic, big-hearted, and the best of comrades."

"But the old man?"

"There is an excuse for his actions; it's his way. I dare say the old fellow is all right if you touch him in the right spot."

"It seems, tho, that you did not touch the right spot?"

"Yes, I was a tenderfoot and blundered. But I have learned to love the West and its people, and I am going back some day," said Bob as he blew a tremendous ring of smoke and watched it curl, broaden and writhe toward the ceiling. Staring after the smoke as one seeing a vision, he continued:

"You see, I had much time for thinking out there, and my thoughts were big, healthy and sane. I decided to come back to college and finish and—"

"Bob Brotherton, do you know what is the matter with you?" asked Rus as he leaned forward and looked into the big grey eyes before him.

"Well—yes—"

"Bob, you have the collegitis," interrupted Rus. "You wanted to get back and be with the fellows here, and go to the football and baseball games and sing college songs."

"That's just it, Rus, and—"

"That's the collegitis; I had it once," interrupted Rus again.

"I guess you're right, old man," said Bob as he threw his cigar stub into a cuspidor. Rising, he said: "Let's go out and watch the football practice."

LINES.

December snows are here,  
Prairies are brown and sere,—  
Hail! to the dying year!

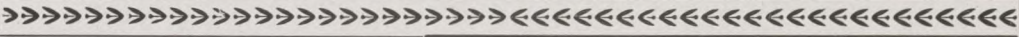
Rich-throated bells aring,  
Cheering and hallowing,—  
Hail! to the Nations' King!

Sweet words of Israfel,  
Hope in man's mission swell,  
Peace for his service tell:

Praying the season new,  
To courage and strength renew;  
To give each a task to do.



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## The Greatest Musician

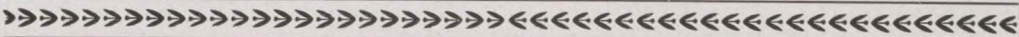
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Ah, this human heart's but an instrument,  
'Tis a harp, and has fine golden strings:  
Each musician who happens to pass it,  
Always stops—oftimes plays, sometimes sings.

Sorrow came, and hot tears fell down softly,  
On the strings, but the melody, sad,  
Was soon changed, for joy came, dancing, happy,  
Playing notes, quick and fast, gay and glad.

And then Fear, trembling Fear, with pale fingers,  
Picked the strings, and the tones, wild and shrill,  
Pierced the air. Then Remorse, Despondency,  
Anger, played—went away. All was still.

And then Love, of Musicians, the master,  
Came, and played, oh, so sweet and so low,  
That methought Heaven's gates must be opened—  
And his music was but an echo.





## Love—On a Monday Afternoon



HE WAS leaving Townsend Hall a little late after a Monday's dinner when James—no one dared call him "Jimmy," and he made underclassmen call him *Mister Barton*—whistled to her. She brushed back a lock of hair the wind had tangled, and waited easily until he came up beside her.

"Miss Alice," he questioned with an air of confident assurance, altho he had been introduced to her only two nights before. "May I come to see you this evening?"

"I'm sorry," she answered courteously, "but I already have an engagement."

"Can't you break it?"

"No," she said, avoiding his stare, "I cannot."

"Well," he pushed a cap jauntily back from his forehead and put on what he would have called a winning smile, "I'm coming anyway. You may expect me at three o'clock."

From the side doorway of the Girl's home she watched him saunter off past the fountain, toward the post-office. He was really—well, to say the least of the matter, *different* from any boy she had ever met.

It was about three-fifteen when he appeared in front of the Girl's Home. The Matron was sitting in one of the once-painted green settees, and he flopped down beside her with languid indifference. She nodded pleasantly to him.

"May I see Miss Alice?" he requested. He was faultlessly dressed. The collar was of the latest cut and the brim of his derby was of exactly the right width. He even carried a little miniature walking cane, that he twirled lightly in his fingers. The Matron saw all this.

"Alice—Alice who?" she asked.

Alice who! Why there was only one Alice, and everyone knew it. But her family name? By jingo! He couldn't remember it. Alice—Alice—? He glanced up at the matron in a helpless sort of way.

"I'm sure I know who you mean," the Matron good-naturedly helped him out of his difficulty, "but she is already engaged—talking to a young man in the parlor."

"Who is he?"

"A Mr. Mason."

"Mason—Mason?—" he repeated doubtfully, "I have never heard of him before."

"He is a Freshman," the lady volunteered.

Barton removed the little derby that just barely rested on the top of his head, and contemplatively stroked his upper lip—where he was sure a mustache would some day sprout.

"I must see Miss Alice," he said finally; "couldn't you get this—this Mason to leave,—at once?"



"Have you any special business?"

"No-o, I just wanted to talk to Miss Alice."

"Then I'm afraid you will have to await your turn."

There was quite a long pause of thoughtful indecision. Again he stroked the upper lip—contemplatively.

"May I go into the parlor a moment?" He questioned, rising and going into the hall without waiting for the Matron's reply.

The parlor door was closed. He crossed over, hung his hat on the rack, and paused in front of the large hall mirror to smoothe down his hair and to straighten his tie.

He knocked at the door, scarcely waited for a response, turned the door-knob, and walked in.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Alice, for interrupting you." He courtesied genteelly—then turned slowly to Mason.

The Freshman pulled out his handkerchief in a dazed kind of fashion, and passed it across his forehead and around the collar at his neck, altho it was a moderately cool evening and he was not perspiring in the least.

"Mason," *Mister* Barton began, "the Registrar sent me over here to tell you that you had a long-distance 'phone call—I think it's your home folks—and you're wanted—at once."

"Thank you, Mr. Barton."

He arose and stood before Miss Alice. "I'll be back in a minute," he assured her with naive innocence, "unless it's something awfully important."

"Thru the lace-curtained windows of the parlor, they saw him trot off along the uneven brick walk toward Main Building.

Barton grinned happily. He was well pleased with himself, very well pleased. He had hardly expected it to be so easy.

As a matter of course, he took the chair that had just been vacated beside the young lady.

"You see, Miss Alice," he drew a dainty watch from his vest pocket and glanced at the time, "I keep my promises, altho it is a little after three o'clock."

"I'm sure I don't in the least know what you are talking about."

"Don't you remember that I promised you at noon that I would come over to see you this evening at three?"

She glanced up quickly. "I thought you came over to call Mr. Mason to the 'phone."

He laughed uproariously, that is, just as uproariously as is permissible in the "Best Society," which was really, however, hardly more than a first-class giggle.

"O these Freshies!" he tittered, profusely recovering his dignity, "they're *so* easy. Of course there wasn't any phone call. I just wanted the little fool to leave so I could talk to you."

"O-oh, I see-e." She smiled demurely. "And what did I tell you at noon, Mr. Barton?"

"Why, you said I couldn't come over this evening;" he laughed reassuringly, "but I did. Alice, *Mister* James contined brightly, "you see you were a mistaken prophet."

"Then you do remember what I said?"



"Perfectly."

"And, you see, "Jimmy," she arose from her chair very gracefully and gave him a most charming smile as she turned to leave the room, "I keep my word."

It was perhaps ten minutes later—so the Matron said afterward—when she heard him yawn deeply, and knew that he had begun to recover.

As he came out, Barton slammed the parlor door behind him and, from force of habit, stopped in front of the mirror long enough to jerk the neat, unoffending little hat onto his head.

"Did you have a pleasant chat?" the Matron asked him as he passed her on the porch.

He made no answer—perhaps because he saw Mason coming out from the hall door at Main Building.

The frown left Mr. James' face and his countenance brightened maliciously.

Smiling rather cynically, he stepped down onto the uneven brick walk and started toward the approaching Freshman.

They met just where the flower-beds end at the corner of the Girls' Home.

Barton laid his hand familiarly on the fellow's shoulder. "Did you get your 'phone call?" he asked, trying to look as if he had played a huge joke on someone.

"No," the Freshman grinned, "did you get your girl?"


It is said that Mike," the valiant ex-nightwatchman, was passing at the time and separated them before the damages were very great on either side, altho the flowers and flower-beds were trampled and rolled upon considerably. But—and this is the sad part of the tale—Barton's derby was ruined. Forever afterward the hat persisted in coming down over his ears when he tried to wear it, and once—so it is rumored—a Prep. was heard to call him "Jimmy."

FINIS.





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### “One Hour”

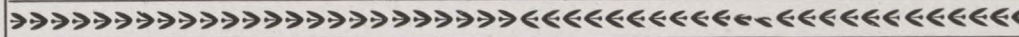
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If you could call back just one hour of your life—  
I wonder which one it would be—  
Would it be one of pleasure or one filled with pain  
That you'd snatch from eternity.

If you could go back and live over that hour  
I wonder how changed it would be—  
Would you say the same things that you said before  
Or would you speak differently?

If the rest of your life could begin with that hour  
I wonder how changed all would be;  
Would you tread different paths—  
Would you choose different friends  
Or would you come straight back to me?

---







*On a Monday, On a Monday,  
With sweetest thoughts our minds imbue,  
'Tis jolly times on a Monday—  
Swapping yarns at T. C. U.*



## The Commercial and Industrial Awakening of the South

STONEWALL BROWN

[This Oration was awarded first place by the Manuscript Judges of the Texas State Oratorical Contest at Sherman 1908.]



**N**ATIONS lay foundations for true and lasting greatness upon the bed-rock of commercial and industrial activity. This is an age of commercialism, an age throbbing and pulsing with material development. The last century witnessed the phenomenal settlement and reduction of the West and as that marvelous conquest beginning with the rush of the gold-seekers of '49 was the epic of the nineteenth century, so the growth of the South is the epic of this. The mighty forces that have lain asleep in the South because of her peculiar social conditions and the ravishment of war are awake with the dawn of this century and a development is in progress that is the marvel and edification of our time.

Ideas concerning the South that obtained a generation ago demand revision. The Old South of a splendid social oligarchy, of culture and repose, of latent power, of war-time and reconstruction, lives now only in the traditions of our fathers. Today we are developing our resources, educating our youth, furnishing homes for thousands of immigrants and working out some of the greatest social and economic questions that the Anglo-Saxon has ever been called upon to solve. Look about you on every hand and see the justification of the statement that this is no longer a land of "problems" but a land of progress.

In order that we may have a better realization of our commercial possibilities let us glance for a moment at the unconverted wealth which nature has lavished upon the Southern States. In temporary resources we have nearly 600,000,000,000 tons of unmined coal, 3,000,000,000 tons, or approximately one-third of the country's iron reserve, \$2,500,000,000 in yellow pine, two-sevenths of the nation's oil and a vast wealth in marble, structural minerals and hard-woods. In permanent resources the South is remarkably rich; the figures representing the income from the soil in cotton, tobacco, rice, fruit and a large variety of other crops are almost fabulous. We have 127,000,000 acres of arable soil and 30,000,000 acres of land potentially valuable for agriculture; the water-power that is the pride and prosperity of New England is surpassed by the drainage of the lower Appalachians which renders the contiguous territory an available resource of 3,000,000 horse-power.

It was not many years ago that the iron industry was inaugurated in the South and a much shorter time has elapsed since it was prophesied that Southern iron and structural minerals would be shipped to England. We have not only shipped iron to



England but have invaded the well nigh impregnable territory of New York and Pennsylvania. But the policy of shipping our mineral wealth in raw condition to other markets for an amount barely enough to pay for the mining is suicidal,—it will destroy our economic growth, and it must stop. We must encourage the investment of capital in more foundries and factories so that instead of getting two dollars per ton for ore and buying it back in the shape of implements and machinery at sixty dollars per ton we will save the cost of double transportation, keep the converted wealth in our own territory and furnish employment to thousands of men who would remain idle or be employed elsewhere. So in lumbering. The darkest blot on American economics is the wanton ravishing of the country's forests; shamefully sacrificing forest growth, rainfall and water-power to a miserable puppet of greed and gold we have increased the cost of living and home-construction, decreased the potentiality of large tracts of land and menaced our position of proud pre-eminence in the world's commerce. The South to some extent has mitigated this economic evil by forest supervision and conservation. Until recent years Southern forests have lain idle or been cut down and disposed of in the raw state, but now we are building furniture factories and the dawn of this century sees our furniture being used in South America and along the shores of the Red Sea. The number of factories in the South has doubled since 1900; the increase of capital in the same time being over \$130,000,000. Cotton is King! Edward Atkinson said that if New England could grow cotton she would control the commerce of the world. What has the South been doing with an unrivalled production of cotton, and an unlimited foreign demand for cotton cloth? When the by-products alone should entitle us to commercial supremacy? The demand for cotton has doubled and foreign production has steadily decreased in the last twenty-five years. Our production has increased from 3,000,000 bales in 1870 to over 13,000,000 bales in 1907. Thus favored of God the South has lain stunned and static, for generations sending her cotton to England and New England for ten cents per pound—barely enough to let her live—and buying it back at sixty cents per pound in the form of clothing. Listen now in 1908: Every breeze brings with it the whirr of machinery and the hum of revolving spindles singing the gladsome song of prosperity. In one county of South Carolina the income from cotton was \$2,500,000 before the erection of mills,—now the income to the county from the same number of bales is \$7,250,000. This improvement is typical of the entire region, and with enough natural power to turn every spindle from Virginia to Texas, the South is surely coming into her own.

The period of our country's greatest development is a crucial period of its history. It is then that principles of economics, and ideals of citizenship must be laid as a foundation strong and deep, guaranteeing our position as the world-exemplar of political freedom and economic purity. It is true that America's political and economic standards have been the object of scorn and ridicule because of the shameful prodigality of her citizens in every department of public life, but there is neither growth nor re-



lease in brooding over the past. Reforms are achieved and civic purity is maintained by education, not by persecution and denunciation. The needs of the South are industrial, not reformatory. We need a share of the respectable immigration that is flooding the North and West; to the scum of European cities let us deny admittance, but on the other hand let us protest in righteous indignation against the malicious misrepresentations of the South that are being spread thru Europe militating against our own welfare of immigrants who are in search of homes and freedom. Let us encourage the investment of world-capital by wise laws, harmonious administration and a proclamation that persecution of lawful investments shall never have the sanction of this people; that rich and poor are alike welcome—the one to develop our resources and the other to partake of the plenty that God has given us; and that as long as our fields are covered with mimic snow and the Southern sun gives us life we shall make *justice our slogan and democracy our faith*.

There is much that should be done for the advancement of internal conditions of the South. The need for improved water-ways is imperative. The loss of Southern capital from congested traffic, delayed shipments and abnormal rates is not only a handicap to the fullest development, but is an imediment that the people of this new South will not long tolerate. With the proper development of our harbors and water-ways, rate regulation will cease to be an issue. Another matter of supreme importance is the reclaiming of idle land. It is estimated that there is enough rich, alluvial, Mississippi-bottom land now unclaimed to grow as much cotton as is now being produced in the South. Intensive rather than extensive farming must be insisted upon so that no more monument such as the depleted plantations of the Old Dominion shall bear witness to our insensible prodigality.

Probably of most importance is the adjustment of trade relations with foreign countries. Never before in history has trade competition been so keen among nations. "Steam has made of the earth a chess-board where they play for markets." The vast population of China, hungry after its long sleep, is only partly satisfied by the commercial activity of a new Japan; Africa from the Mediterranean to Good Hope is working with the leaven of commercial activity; South America, our nearest neighbor and logical trade-ground, is falling into the wily grasp of the German. Especially should our trade relations be improved with nations of the South. They are sending to Europe products that should come here and are buying machinery and clothing elsewhere that are manufactured by us; to neglect this field of trade at our very door is to virtually curtail our commerce. *But of all the South's needs the greatest is for men.* The need for men today in this era of peace and prosperity is greater than when the legions of the North broke over her mountains and ravished her valleys; for men who will intelligently till the soil, for artisans who are able to change our "ore into needles instead of pig-iron, our cotton into laces instead of jeans," but the South needs men who are not only mechanics or capitalists or farmers or teachers, but men of pure motives and high ideals who realize that we have here a greater heritage



than merely forests and mines and fields and streams; who realize that to these virgin states the eyes of mankind are looking for freedom from social, political and industrial despotism. Material development is valuable only to the extent that it sustains nobler sentiments than those of trade—nobler ideals than those of property accumulation. Let us realize, and teach our children, that our marvelous economic wealth was not given of God for individual, sectional or national aggrandizement; that with our rivers lined with factories and school-houses we must guide this New South into the land of freedom from *sectionalism and conventionalism*, and be true to the Old South by showing the world that we can build a mightier empire with freemen than our forefathers did with slaves, and attain a prouder pre-eminence by peace and industry than they sought by the arbitrament of the sword.

The long, black night of war, reconstruction, sectional antagonism, latent possibilities and industrial inactivity is gone forever. I see in the light of a dawning century a happy, prosperous people, subserving their marvelous wealth to education and enlightenment; humble in their power, strong in their strength and worshipping at the shrine a united country. This commercial and industrial awakening of the South has a higher significance than we dream. It means a loftier majesty and a deeper strength for a government toward which civilized man is looking with eyes of hope for a more perfect life. Our country will endure. "Let us soar above all provincial pride and find our deeper inspiration in gathering the fullest sheaves into the harvest and standing the staunchest of her sons as she lights the path and makes clear the way thru which all the people of the earth shall come in God's appointed time."

### In the Shadow

What though it be in the shadow  
My lot in life is cast,  
Apart from the great world's knowing?  
This cheers me that at last  
The Master will speak approval  
And bid my heart find rest.

Not for the world's applauding  
Would I in spirit pray  
This be my prayer, O Master!  
That each departing day  
Shall leave me somewhat farther  
Along the heav'nward way.



## The Beautiful in Nature

[A Toast delivered by Bonner Frizzell at the Texas State Oratorical Banquet, Waco, Texas,  
April 15, 1909 ]

*Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

An early Christian legend tells us that on the beautiful moonlit night two thousand years ago when the angels appeared to the shepherds on the Judean hills and announced the birth of the babe in Bethlehem, a mighty voice was heard along the Grecian coasts of the Aegean Sea crying aloud: "Great Pan is dead;" and the mountains and valleys, the crypts and grottoes where stood the fanees and oracles of those who worshipped at the shrine of the god of Nature re-echoed back the cry: "Great Pan is dean." O'er the lonely and resounding shore was audible the sound of weeping and loud lament, while the nymphs and naiads, with flower-enwoven tresses torn, in the somber shade of tangled thicket mourned.

Though, from the philosophic point of view, Great Pan is dead and the Olympian dynasty has gone a-glimmering into the limbo of things that were, and men no longer bow before the altars of the god of the woods and fields, we are none the less appreciative of the beautiful in Nature. Even yet we delight to imagine that Aurora with dewy fingers flings back the curtain of night when Phoebus gins arise, that the god of light gilds the east with glory, wheels his flaming chariot from the Levant across the zenith, and at eventide deluges the western sky with banners of burnished gold.

From time immemorial, the beautiful in Nature has been the solace of the philosopher, the theme of the painter, the *motif* of the musician, and the inspiration of the poet. Sages and devotees have deserted the noisy haunts of men, held solitary communion with the beautiful in Nature and found a calm and peace passing understanding. Throughout the ages, painters have vied with each other in an effort to excel in the depiction of beautiful objects in Nature. The musician arouses the most subtile emotions and wafts us into a realm of rapturous delight by imitating the sweet sounds of Nature.

The lily, the daisy, the primrose, the stars, the clouds, the lark, the nightingale, the mocking bird, the brook—in fact, all things beautiful in Nature have received attention from the pen of the poet.

Nature's appeal to Chaucer is shown in the lines:

" . . . When that the month of May  
Is comen, and that I here the foules singe,  
And that the floures ginnen for to springe  
Farwel my boke and my devocion."



Spenser reveled in the beauties of a spring morning, and we hear the grand symphony of Nature in the majestic lines of Shakespeare.

Thomson takes us where,

“The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves  
Put forth their buds.”

On turning up a mountain daisy with his plow, the genial Bobbie Burns burst into an immortal lyric; and to Wordsworth, the meanest flower that blows gave rise to thoughts that did not often lie too deep for tears.

Byron found:

“A pleasure in the pathless woods,  
A rapture on the lonely shore.”

Ruskin saw grandeur in the grass and glory in the flower; and Tennyson averred an explanation of all in all to be found in the flower that grew in crannied wall.

Bryant held communion with the visible forms of Nature and spake to us of their beauties in a various language. Lowell has portrayed to us the rarest days in June, the rugged Whitman has sung the splendor of Nature, and the musical Lanier has brought us close to Nature's heart in “The Song of the Chatahoochie” and in “The Marshes of Glynn.” Timrod held,

“The beauty of the stars is over all,”

And Hayne that,

“ . . . The sky, in its mellowed luster, seems  
A shifting kingdom of splendid dreams.”

Each of the seasons has its peculiar charms, but I believe all of you will bear me witness that it is in the spring, in *the now*, if you please, that the beauties of Nature are manifest in their greatest splendor. The day breaks in a sunburst of beauty, and the glad earth is matted with a carpet green as emerald and thick sown with flowers. The Sweet William and Buffalo Clover glorify the landscapes, and the song of bird is heard from every leafy bower. Through the woods of Lindsey Hollow the air, dreamy, subtle-sweet as music on a moonlit lake, suggests a Mohammedan's dream of paradise. Tonight, you will be lulled to sleep by the sensuous perfume of blooming flowers; in the morning you will wake to hear the silvery trill on trill of the mocking bird, that winged Anacreon of the woods, whose melodious note fills the incense laden air with a warble sweeter than the nightingale's lament in the beautiful gardens of Madras.

I am prompted to say on this occasion that there is one in our midst whose love of Nature's sweet throated warblers and beautifully plumed songsters has impelled



him to devote a part of his life work to the protection of our birds. To him the people of Texas owe an everlasting debt of gratitude for his efforts in furthering the work of the Audubon Society. I refer to a prince of journalists, a magician of the meadows, the Mark Twain of the Southwest—Captain M. B. Davis.

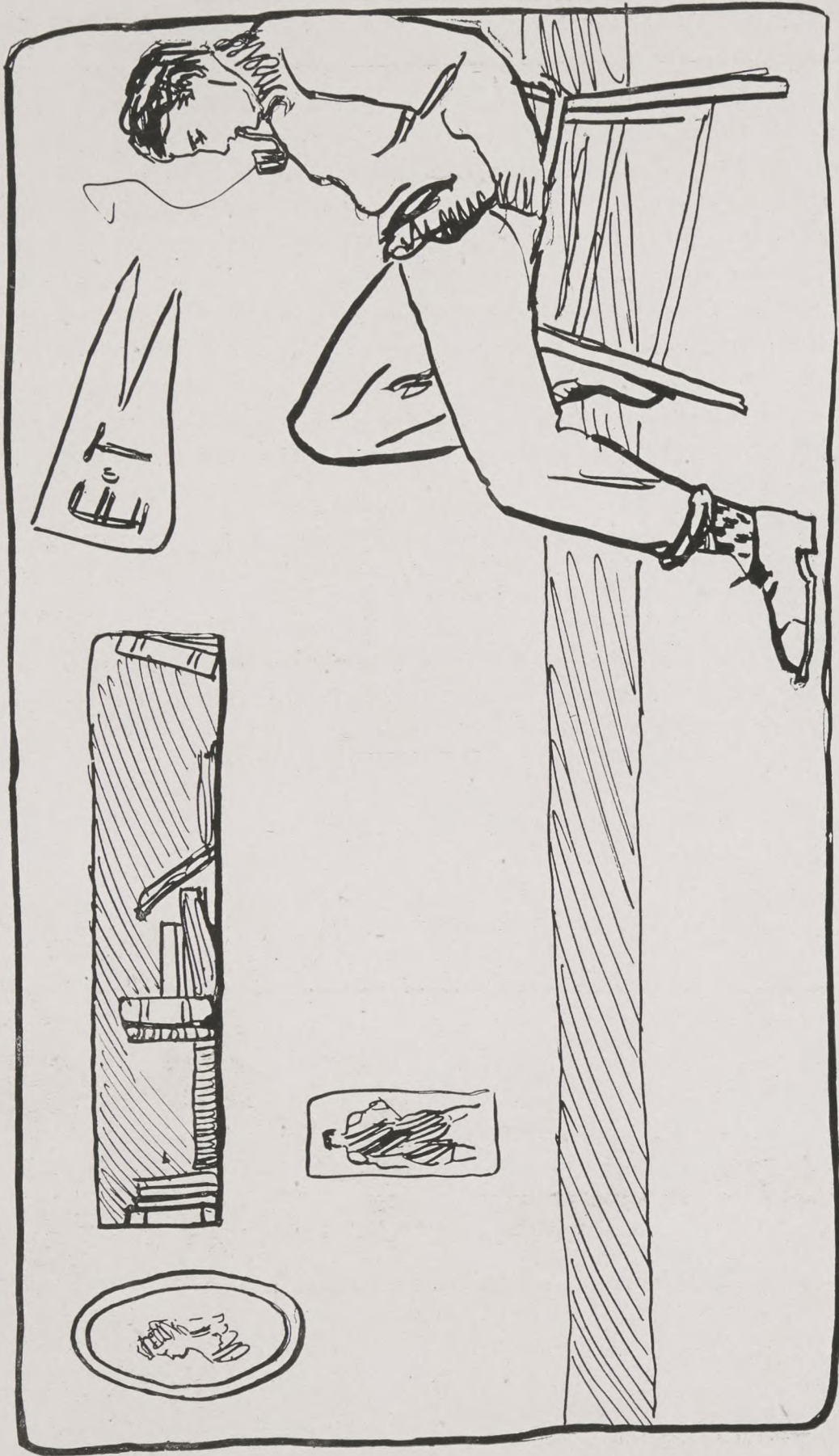
To the guests in our midst, I have to say that there is much you will miss in your visit to Waco if you do not on tomorrow amble with the Lady Fair to where the Bosque's crystal tide mingles with the Brazos' tawny flood, pause beneath the gnarled oak or purple-berried cedar, and, as she plies her dimples, have her narrate to you the romantic legend of Lover's Leap. Then as the breeze sighs and rustles through the leaves of the trees softly as the wings of seraphs, as the bees sip honey and the butterflies prespire amid the fragrant clover blossoms, as the red bird warbles his staccato note, as the foam-flecked waves ripple below, and as you hear

Amid the boughs above  
The iris colored dove  
To his mate gently coo,  
"I love oo, I do, I do!"

if you do not then see in every movement a symphony of beauty, if you do not hear in every sound the trembling, living wire of Israafeli's lyre, then indeed are you unappreciative of all that is beautiful in Nature.







COLLEGE LIFE



### When the Mail Comes In

When the clock has just struck seven,  
Before the study hour's begun,  
At the Girls' Home round the table  
You can hear: "The mail has come!"  
There's a sudden deathly silence,  
Where before was noise and din,  
As the Matron takes the letters,—  
When the mail comes in.

Everyone lookin' for a letter.  
Maybe it's a check—or dun!  
Or looking for a Billet Dux,  
From—well,—from "Just Someone."  
And as they crowd around the table,  
And you wonder who will win,  
Oh! it's great to watch those faces,—  
When the mail comes in.

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### When the Male Comes In

When the clock has struck two-thirty  
On a Monday afternoon,  
You can hear them whisper softly:  
"He'll *certainly* be here soon."  
And you're *sure* to be "At Home" *then*,  
No matter where you've been,  
As the Matron calls your name out,—  
When the "male" comes in.

Everyone a-wishin' for a Someone,  
Tryin' to look like they don't care.  
And you see them in the parlor,  
On the campus, *everywhere*.  
Oh! it's great to watch the "old game,"  
And you wonder who will win,  
On a Monday afternoon,—  
When the "male" comes in.

—Virginia Lee Brandt.







## The Last Half of the Ninth



HE day was ideal for baseball; it had been a fast game and there remained only the last half of the ninth inning to be played. It was one of those nerve-racking games that sends thrill after thrill up and down your backbone according to one's interests and sympathies with one of the two teams who were so strenuously contesting for the honors of the day. The Purple and White were on the diamond fighting their old rivals, the Green and Gold. Fortune, who always favors the brave, for once, seemed to hover around the banners of the Green and Gold; but the knights who wear the T. C. U. colors, faithful to their motto, "Never give up, but fight on," were striving so bravely, so nobly, that the proud old dame was once more won over. The time-worn custom of Baylor was about to be enacted again, and did not Dame Fortune abandon her foolish prank, the Big Bell would surely ring that night; the ladies and gentlemen who had boosted and boasted the Green and Gold could almost hear the Big Bell tolling its knell of victory to the world—all was over save the last half of the ninth.

Sitting on a bench under purple and white bunting sat an old man brooding. Occasionally he would shout encouragingly to the T. C. U. valiants and they were now selecting their favorite bats. The old man looked out over the field and his heart swelled with pride and loyalty for the Purple and White. As he sat there thousands of eyes gazed on him for the moment, some sympathetic, others jeeringly. The old man muttered aloud, "The Big Bell must not ring tonight—must not ring tonight." He kept on repeating this and each time with more conviction. The last half of the ninth started.

In spite of seeming defeat the Purple and White pennants waved furiously and a thousand voices, stacatto rang out in challenging, defiant yells to the Baylorites, who were dancing wildly, jubilant, delirious with the joy of victory that seemed so sure. If hope had vanished from those who represented the Purple and White there was no exterior evidence—even if Baylor was leading by two scores. Wakefield, with determination written in his countenance, planted himself firmly beside the plate. His attitude seemed to frustrate young Wilie, star of the Green and Gold pitching staff, and he threw a bad one which Wake could not dodge. The ball hit Wake's body, his face was writ with agony and we supposed he had several ribs broken, but when the "Ump" motioned for him to take his base, he forgot the exact spot where the ball had stabbed him, and rubbing his knee he hobbled to first, but his face was beaming. The old man sitting on the bench showed no signs of emotion, he simply muttered: "the Big Bell must not ring tonight—must not ring tonight." Another knight, O. Drucke, faced the pitcher who was beginning to show signs of timidity, he seemed to quail before such determined men—Drucke drove to second. The old man said, "the Big



Bell must not ring tonight." Si landed at first on a fielder's choice. Fuzzy Baldwin beat out a slow one and the bases were full. Things were really happening. The old man was beginning to smile now and repeated, "the Big Bell must not ring tonight—not tonight." Pandemonium broke loose in the T. C. U. grandstand—yes, there was a chance to win—there is always a chance to win when one never gives up and all who wear the Purple and White soon learn this. It was indeed a battle of yells now at this critical moment, as well as a battle of strength, craftiness, and coolness. Pennants and colors blazed forth a riot of color.

Hist! who comes there—such a brave and bold knight. There is a moment's silence. The question came from all, "Who is he that steps so firmly?" "See how confident he seems?"

The Baylor pitcher trembled, a paleness crept over his face. He signalled to the gallant Punchard asking, "What must I do? He threw the ball. Biff! Kerr had sacrificed, scoring Wake. The Purple and White grandstand was in a tumult. Only those who saw it know what it was really like. The Green and Gold banners fluttered defiantly for a moment and then begin to droop. The old man sitting on the bench shoved his hands deeper into his pockets and said, "the Big Bell must not ring tonight—must not ring tonight."

Then came the gallant "Star" Baldwin. Many times before had this knight of small stature been tested—he was cool and confident. The grandstand was packed with the followers of both the Green and Gold and the Purple and White. The lassies from T. C. U., faithful to their colors in defeat or victory, waved one grand demonstration of joy and confidence when this Black Prince, Star Baldwin, faced the weakening Wilie. 'Twas then that Dame Fortune, won over by such a measure of loyalty and courage, turned her face on the Purple and White. The hit was made—the score was tied, and the T. C. U. supporters thundered forth a shout that was heard round the great city of Waco. Through the din of the joyful cries came the voice of the old man shouting, "The Big Bell will not ring tonight."

Another bold knight came to the plate, the mighty Morton, who had pitched so admirably for T. C. U., even in the face of defeat. The pitcher in the box was trembling with fear—what did it all mean, how did it happen? His face grew ashen pale, Morton guessed his fate—Wilie had lost his confidence. Feebly did he toss the ball. It was met with a mighty stroke. The game was won for T. C. U.

The pantomime that followed this event was great to behold. A thousand Baylor rooters marched silently from the grounds, their pennants and colors trailing in the dust. After them came the yelling, shouting rabble of victorious T. C. U. Their voices of triumph rose as high as heaven itself. Radiant, beaming, they flaunted their colors in the evening breeze. The old man watched all this in smiling silence and then said: "The Big Bell will not ring tonight—if it ever does again."



## The Senior Banquet

(State House, Waco, Texas)

Not content with waiting to be served by the Juniors, but rather preferring to treat themselves, the Seniors planned and carried away the swellest and most notable event of any Senior Class of past years. The banquet, held at the State House, was an occasion of much enjoyment to all. Decorations of maroon and old gold bunting, college pennants, ferns and cut flowers added a pleasant flavor to the atmosphere of the occasion. Toasts by several members of the class, the class professors, and the jolly solo,—all brot forth applause and good feeling. That evening it seemed that everyone was “on his toes,” for never was there a jollier crowd, nor one so well pleased as the Senior Class of that day. It is to be hoped that other classes following will realize the importance as well as the “speciality” of the event, and make it an annual affair.

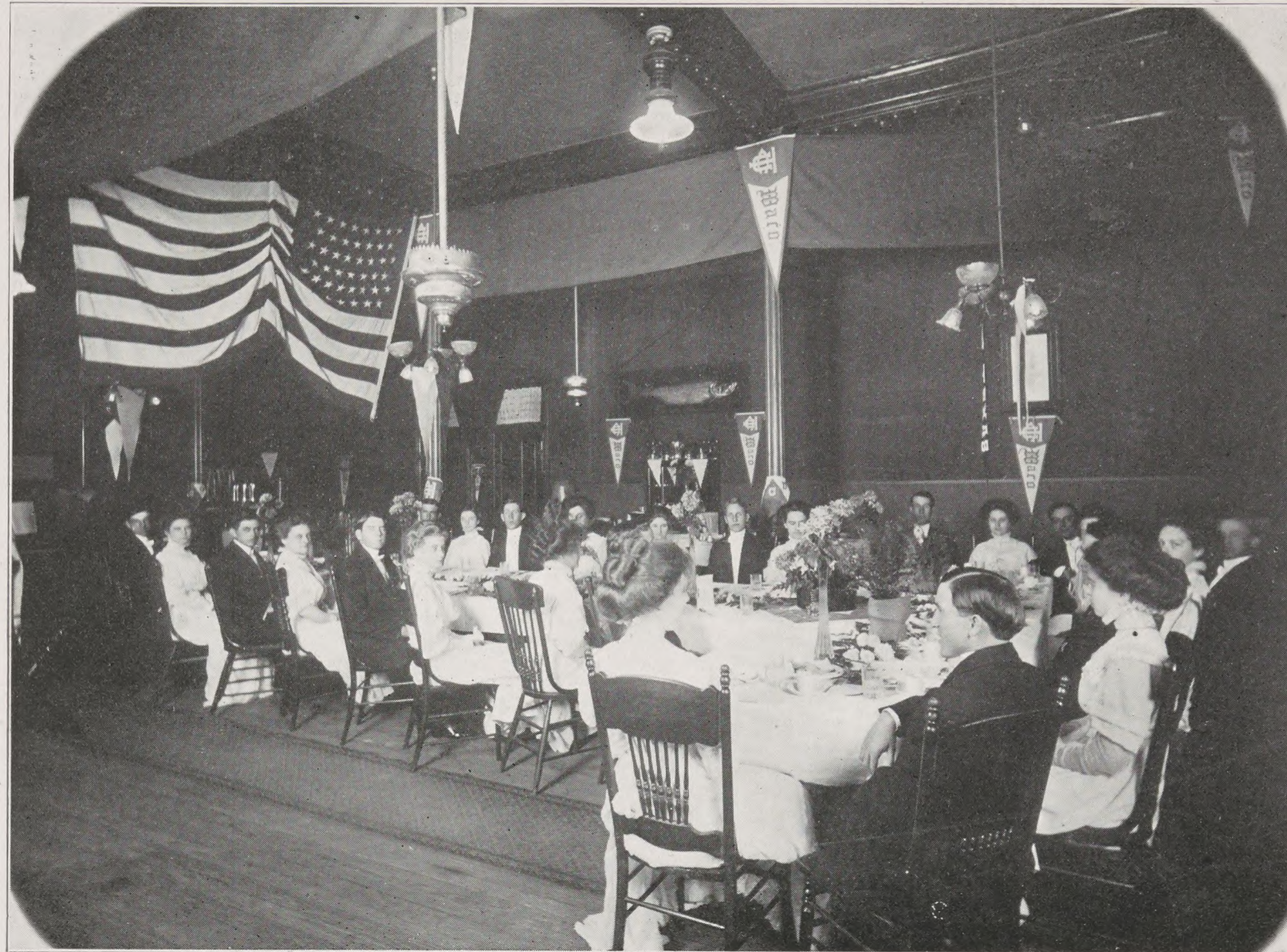
### TOASTS.

*Toastmaster*, NOAH C. PERKINS.

- |                             |   |
|-----------------------------|---|
| <i>Toast</i> . . . . .      | “To the Dewey Monument<br>DAN D. ROGERS.                    |
| <i>Toast</i> . . . . .      | “To the Senior Boys”<br>MABLE SHANNON.                      |
| <i>Vocal Solo</i> . . . . . | CLOIS L. GREENE   |
| <i>Toast</i> . . . . .      | “When Freshman First We Came to College”<br>BONNER FRIZZELL |
| <i>Toast</i> . . . . .      | “To the Class of '09”<br>DR. J. B. ESKRIDGE.                |
| <i>Toast</i> . . . . .      | “To Class Professor”<br>HOWELL G. KNIGHT.                   |







AT THE SENIOR BANQUET



## “When Freshmen First We Came to College”

[A Toast, delivered at the Senior Banquet, November 18, 1908]

“When Freshmen first we came to college,  
We possessed but little knowledge;”  
And as the years have sped by  
With many a joy and sigh,  
I think I am right  
When I say tonight,  
As Seniors still in college  
We possess but little knowledge.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is true nevertheless that the finality of all learning, the *summum bonum*, the *ultima thule* of all knowledge, the conclusion of the whole matter is embodied in the humble confession, I know nothing. For the more one knows, the more he knows of the infinitude of knowledge and how little of it all he himself knows. Thus you see that my statement, “We possess but little knowledge,” embraces the quintessence of wisdom and proves us embodiments of the highest learning.

An investigation of the roster of the class reveals the fact that some of us came here before we were Freshmen. I have been reliably informed that our honorable president who so dignifiedly presides at the head of this banquet board on this happy occasion tonight was trundled up the front walk the better part of a decade ago and turned over to “Dad” Hamner with special instructions to him to give particular attention to the new arrival on account of his tender years and small size. By a slow process of evolution, however, he finally developed into a fullfledged Freshman and has since continually grown in stature and in favor with the ladies.

Only eleven of the original thirty-six who registered with the Freshman class four years ago are still found in its ranks. Some of the number have quitted the halls of learning and have launched upon matrimonial seas, thinking perhaps that they could better serve the interests of posterity by entering early upon conjugal relations than by continuing in quest of a golden fleece in the form of a sheepskin diploma.

Others, fearing perhaps the danger of a little learning and not having the inclination to drink deep of the Pierian spring, have fallen by the wayside, have mingled themselves with the mediocre ones, lost atoms in the great tide of humanity.



Others have sought the realization of their hopes in different institutions of learning, and still others, proving more precocious, have reached the goal of graduation at an earlier date.

The brightest brilliant of the whole constellation, the one indelibly stamped with the marks of genius, is teaching the young idea how to shoot in a college on the plains of the far west.

However, a large per cent. of the original Freshmen, joined by a few stragglers including some whose senior year was encored by the faculty, have remained faithful to their early hopes, ideals and ambitions, and if the gods do not destroy and the classification committee is lenient, the buffalo clover next June will witness a company of sixteen regaled in cap and gown bearing away close to their bosoms the long sought for and much coveted sheepskin, more precious than the golden fleece captured by Jason and his Argonauts in the dim vista of years that have flown.

As Freshmen, this class was the envy of the Seniors, the pride of the Juniors, the terror of the Sophomores, the admiration of the Preps, and the problem of the faculty. As Freshmen, we started more enterprises, and put more ginger into college life than any other class organization in the history of the institution.

Of course, as is likely to occur in any body where thinking minds come into contact with each other, during the Freshman year differences sprang up. The antagonism between the two factions waged bitter and finally resulted in a division of the class. Two searate groups representing the Freshman class appeared in the HORNED FROG for that year.

But with the passing of the years, the differences of Freshman days have been reconciled, the antagonism and bitterness have been forgotten, and today the class stands strong in its united strength, going forth conquering and to conquer, still characterized by its early enterprise, its stimulating originality, its hopeful and buoyant spirit.

Nor shall the tide of time, nor shall the flood of years, nor shall the Lethean waters wash away the pleasant memories and fond recollections of the halcyon days "When Freshmen first we came to college."





## What's the Use?

What's the use?  
There's no excuse  
For getting blue  
Thru and thru,  
And making ugly faces,  
At home and in public places,  
Or frowning and grumbling when  
The day does not begin  
With clear skies and sunshine bright,  
And when things do not go right  
You complain and say:  
It's always that way  
Nature is out of tune.  
Did you ever stop to think  
That there is a dangerous kink  
In you and your way of thinking?  
And that you are shrinking  
From your duty to God and man  
Because you can  
Always wear a cheerful smile  
And make the world brighter while  
You look on the sunny side  
Of life.  
If you've got any spine  
Don't whine  
Grit your teeth and hit the line hard,  
Always be on your guard—  
Banish the clouds,  
That sometimes enshrouds  
Your happiness. Remember too  
That when you get blue  
You are to blame—  
The universe is always the same  
So harmonious, so replete,  
With music grand and sweet,  
That you can't afford  
Your troubles to hoard—  
Don't be contrary,  
Don't worry,  
What's the use?  
Cut loose  
Awhile  
And smile.







## MOC-COS-CO-NOBS

By "Fritz"

### DEFINITION.

According to the stub end of Andy Carnegie's board on simplifying spelling, *moccosconob* is a word of hermaphroditical origin and means in its simplified form, "A fooling fool hath foolishly fooled with a fool." Prof. Wurtzburger Hofbrah, the world's recognized authority on philology and politeness, familiarly known as "the doctor" says, "I have carefully examined the root, origin and etymology of the word *moccosconob* and I feel free to say that I regard it as the most important modern contribution to the wealth of our language. Owing to its epicene qualities, it may be used without hesitancy in the presence of the most fastidious of both sexes." Its present usage is to make it cover a batch of quasi humorous literary effusions.

The true poet possesses the whole catalogue of passions from low born lust to soul ravishing love. He has all knowledge, understands all things, and his poetry, "viewless arrows of his thoughts," is of such power that, sung, charms the storm with its "vagrant melodies." His lullabies soothe to sleep the prattling infant, he thrills with delirious ecstasy the feverish heart of Youth, and to the aged he is the fountain source of eternal springing Hope. He flashes forth burnished shafts of Truth that become more and more radiant "with the process of the suns." He sounds a bloodless bugle note of Freedom and "rites and forms," affrighted, flee into the darkness of Oblivion, while the echo reverberates through the valley of Wisdom; gathering volume as it goes until it shakes the mounts of Tradition with its thunder and makes the whole world tremble with its power. He dips into the Future "far as human eye could see" and gives a vision of the world and all the wonder that is to be. He portrays the problems of Life, explains the mysteries of Death, cheers us with intimations of immortality, and finally crosses over the valley of the shadow to dwell forever with the celestial in a land where no storms with their blasts ever frown.

### "FUZZY."

There is a fellow named "Fuzz,"  
The biggest "stalder" that ever wuz;  
He stalds with the lads,  
He stalds with the lasses,  
He stalds, egads!  
With profs. in his classes.

Oh, there is a rarity  
Without any rarity  
In the expert staldin'  
Of "Fuzzy" M. Baldwin.



## IT RARELY GOES OFF.

Ding—"Say, guy, what's that wire netting around that electric bell for?"  
 Dong—"I don't know unless it's to keep it from going off."

## ALL ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

A student who arose at eight  
 Stood at the door a-knocking,  
 A came a minute too late  
 For the sausage so shocking.

The Sunday paper had been received and the sporting section was handed to Manager Barnard with a request that he read to the crowd the report of the Texas-T. C. U. game. He accommodated them with the following: "The local collegians put a c(h)inch on the game from the first time up."

## BLITZEN, NO.

Gin a body meet a body,  
 Look a little spry;  
 Gin a body meet a body,  
 Take a little rock and rye.

Gin a body meet a body  
 And take some rock and rye;  
 Gin a body meet a body  
 Should the faculty ask the why?

Dan'l Rogers as High Mogul of the Prohi League presided on the occasion of the preliminary oratorical. He perpetrated the following: "The next number on the program is 'A Stumbling Block,' John C. Welch."

## ACCORDING TO FARIS.

Drinks for your money.....  
 And a drunk to show;  
 Get your things ready,  
 For home you'll go.

## ONE ON PREXY.

Mme. Marchesi, the celebrated singer, gave a recital in Waco during the month of February. On the occasion of her visit to the city, she was invited to speak to the students at the chapel hour, and she knidly consented to do so. At the conclusion of a thoroughly interesting address, tinged with a decided French accent, President Lockhart in his usual "happy" manner ventured to ask her if she would not sing. "Monsieur should know," she replied, "that only cocks attempt to sing in the morning."



## A PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

"Needles an pins, needles and pins;  
 When a man marries, his trouble begins,"  
 Quoth Uncle Reuben Corrotheads.  
 "On the birth of two, we calls 'em twins;  
 Triplets is correct when there are three;  
 But the thing that's perplexing to me,"  
 Quoth Uncle Reuben Carrotheads,  
 "Samanthy has four,  
 Now tell me fer shore,  
 Is it right to call 'em quadrupeds?"

## HOME HE WENT.

"Where, oh where, is your pass to-night?"  
 Demanded Farmer in the dim lit hall.  
 Replied a student gay in drunken plight,  
 "Oh, say, barkeep, gimme a celery highball."

## HOW TO WIN A SCHOLARSHIP.

1. Be politic.
2. Laugh at the teacher's jokes.
3. Sit on the front seat.
4. Toady to the teacher.
5. Complain to the teacher about low grades.
6. When questioned, never answer, "I don't know." Fish around and say something.
7. Answer all general questions if possible.
8. Linger after class and ask about the next term's work.
9. Cram just before going to a recitation.
10. Correct even the most trivial misstatement made by a fellow student.
11. Follow the teacher's lead in answering questions.
12. Agree with the prof's. views regardless of your own convictions.
13. Be prominent in religious activities.

## RATS.

I walked a-down the hall,  
 And the hall was dirty;  
 I met a pretty maid,  
 A maid quite flirty.

She had a curling curl,  
 And a wealth of wavy hair;  
 "Oh, tell me, pretty girl,  
 So gay and debonair,

Are the locks thine, all thine?"  
 "Rats," she said,  
 With a toss of head.  
 She went her way and I went mine,  
 A-down the hall,  
 The hall so dirty.







## In Lighter Vein

Juanita Anderson—"I never do talk to Grantland but what Professor Anderson comes by and says: 'Grantland, go hitch up that horse.'"

Miss Watson (to girls going for an auto ride)—"Now, girls, don't talk to the motorman."

Louie Noblitt (in Physics class)—"Which is larger, a pigment or a molecule?"

Mabel Shannon (riding beside the chauffeur)—"Guess how far we've gone this morning."

Lena Burford (on back seat)—"I haven't any idea; I haven't heard the conversation."

Vesta Weaver—"I'm just crazy to go to Mexico and go to a bull-dance."

Mr. Sturgeon (kneeling)—"Miss Culpepper, you're the uncrowned queen of America."

Miss C.—"Well, William, being as you're down there, you can tie my shoe."

Found on the fly-leaf of Mr. Knight's Chemistry:

"If there should be another flood,  
I'd here for refuge fly;  
Tho' all the world should be submerged,  
This book would still be dry."

Oh, Laboratory, here's to thee,  
Thou place of smells galore,  
Thou rendezvous of Chemistry,  
And sweethearts dear of yore.

Dr. Eskridge—"Miss Munn, why don't you speak louder?"

Miss Munn—"Because a soft answer turneth away wrath."

Professor Cockrell—"Mr. Collins, what do you think of present-day politics?"

Mr. Collins—"Cheap, sir, very cheap. Why I only got one dollar for three votes in the last election."





THAT MEMORABLE CLASS RUSH

### School Days

School Days! School Days.  
Dear Old T. C. U. Days.  
Good-time, Soirée and "picnic,"  
Taught to the tune of Restrict! Restrict!  
You were the man behind the fence  
Stayed on the grounds in self-defense,  
Told the Committee that you'd be good  
In dear old Restriction days.



## In Lighter Vein

Visitor—"What are these couples doing in the hallways between classes?"

Senior—"Oh, that's love on the instalment plan."

Professor Faris (in Christian Evidences)—"Mr. J. B. Frizzell, how did Jesus clear the temple of thieves?"

J. B.—"He turned a river thru it."

Professor L.—"I tell you times are hard around here. I will have to soak my watch next week if the business manager doesn't pay me something on my salary. Say, Wimberly, what pawn shop do you patronize down town?"

Wimberly—"How's that?"

Professor L.—"Where do you do your soaking these days?"

Wimberly—"I do most of it in the bath-tub."

Not an unusual remark heard at the Girls' Home, "Oh, yonder goes Mr. Shirley Graves with a derby on; isn't he cute?"

Professor Graves—"This class will meet every Saturday at 2:30 because I don't have to go away to preach."

Freshman—"Well, Professor, if you will change this class to another hour we will get you an appointment."

Bonner Frizzell—"I am not quite sure that I want to go to heaven, for the Bible says there will be no marriages there."

Miss Kate Jackson—"Of course not; there won't be any men up there."

Mable Shannon (earnestly discussing the future)—"Never mind, I bet I make a perfect little heaven for some man even if I don't know how to cook."

Mr. Knight (in General History Class)—"Mr. Amis, after the mob destroyed the Bastille, what did they do with the key?"

Jack—Amis—"They sent the key to St. Peter."

Prexy (handing back thesis)—"That's good all right; but, you should write so that the ignorant could understand."

Jennie Mc (innocently)—"What part is it that you don't understand, Doctor?"

Ada—"Come on, I'm goin' in the laboratory—I mean in the gym—naw the nat."



Texas Christian University  
 President's Office  
 Clinton Lockhart, Ph. D., U. D.

North Waco, Texas. Apr. 22, '09

The following persons meet The Discipline  
Committee in Prof. Faris Recitation Room.

Jim White	(3:30 to-day)	{ H. B. Dabbs
Dean Laudon		{ Lena Burford
Lewis Buck		{ Prof Carr
Armon Yates		{ Naomi Lockhart
Bert Wakefield		{ George Greene
Florence Lemmon		{ Callie Wright
Ora Carpenter		Joe Murray
Oscar Wise		Mable Shannon
Ralph McCormick		
{ Shirley Groves		{ L. C. Wright
{ Elizabeth Higginbotham		{ Ida Facter
<u>All Freshman Girls</u>		Virginia Lu Brandt
{ Ada Kaulpepper		Elisha Wade
{ W. E. Sturgeon		Brayton Wade
Clair Greene		Myrtle Tomlinson
B. F. Collins		{ Barney Halbert
Banner Frizzell		{ Kathleen Mum
Fred Jordan		Add-Ron Little
John Welch		



## Townsend Hall Scene

(Time: 7 a. m. Place: Dining Room.)

Brother McPherson leads Miss Watson to head table, bows and sits down. Miss Lottie blushes and fumbles with the bell.

Enter Lena and Louie. Louie sees Mr. Gough, smiles and goes over where he is, leaving Lena alone.

Dan and Lucile are deeply interested, perhaps (?) in a problem of Sociology.

Benedict—"Say, Kirk, fix my dress."

Kirk—"It's all right, Benny."

Benny—"Yes, but you know Charlie is so particular."

Dan announces a meeting of the Orchestra, at 7:30 p. m., in Professor Hunter's studio. (He makes the same announcement at dinner and at supper.)

Fred Bush—"What's the matter, Coxy?"

Mae Lyn—"Aw, the Scales have changed."

Sheriff (as pretty waiter goes by)—"I'd arrest that girl if she wasn't so pretty."

Bell taps. H. D. mumbles grace, Jim Lewis White laughs—the hubbub begins.

Mr. and Mrs. Wimberly enter—she holding her skirt rather high and he staring into space.

Curtis Weaver comes in, cleaning his finger nails.

Mrs. Ford, reading, collides with Professor Hart. A little later she collides with Mrs. Hart.

The door is locked, but is opened, however, to admit Eula McNeill.

Loud poundings are heard without; shoutings of fire and murder also heard. Pete throws toast to Ader. Bell rings, door opens. Shirley winks at Joe and Louie winks at Leron. They all rise, leave the table and go out the dining-room together. As these couples saunter out, stragglers rush in and it is over.

## Pet Phrases

"I justh don' b'lieve yo' lov' me un bit; you not therious enough."—*Mr. Bloor.*

"Know thyself."—*Clois L. Greene.*

"It's kinder this way."—*E. U. Scott.*

"Lawrence."—*Verda Scott.*

"I'll tell you tomorrow."—*Napp.*

"No, by Ned."—*Mable Shannon.*

"Well, I think."—*Marshall Baldwin.*

"Will I have to make 'another impression' on you?"—*Ada Culpepper.*

"Oh, that's Dan—D!"—*Lucile Wolford.*

"Oh, I see."—*Miss Reeves.*

"I was born a boy, but reared a girl."—*Dabbs.*





A FRESHMAN SYMPATHISER WHO FOUND OPPOSITION WHEN  
HE ATTEMPTED TO CARRY FOOD TO THE BOYS ON THE CAMPUS



## In Lighter Vein

---

Prof. Wimberly—"Well, Mrs. W., this is one time I didn't forget my umbrella. See, here it is."

Mrs. W.—"Why, Fred, you didn't take your umbrella with you."

---

Prof. Long (explaining the French verb, *maintenir*, to maintain)—" 'Main,' meaning hand—'tenir,' to hold; to hold the hand, when you hold one's hand, you maintain them."

---

Mr. Dabbs—"Miss Burford, when I was a boy I was quite proficient in climbing trees—could you climb trees when you were a girl?"

Miss Burford—"Yes, and I could now if I went bare-footed."

---

Thurman Allen—"Miss Tomlinson, can you give me a pin?"

Myrtle—"No, I haven't any."

Thurman—"Oh, yes you have; I always find pins in a girl's belt."

---

Some of the incidents that happened at the State Oratorical Banquet: "Ader" forgot to pull off her gloves. Hackney drank out of glass of the lady sitting to his left. Barnard got his spoons mixed and had to ask a waiter which to use. Sturgeon turned over his glass of water. Every one seemed to wait for some one to take a lead.

---

Miss Reeves wrote home that she was in love with calisthenics and her father wrote her that he had hoped she would marry an American.

---

Professor Anderson (to Verda Scott)—"Will you please name the four largest planets?"

Miss Scott—"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John."

---

First Girl—"What you waiting on?"

Second Girl—"Eula McNeil."

First Girl—"You'll have time to take a nap."

---

Mrs. Hunter's Chapel Choir deserves special mention because of the faithful manner in which they appeared on the rostrum. The choir was composed of Irene Brown, Carrie Schley, Jennie McCulloh, and "Pete" Wright.







## FOOTBALL COMMENT.

(Oh, they're onery from rind to center,  
 And they boast like the devil's own;)  
 I'll swap for a dog the outfit,  
 And you needn't throw the dog a bone.

Oh, what was your bloomin' comment?  
 "Take 'em to 'ell for a spell"?  
 Doggone if I don't go one better,  
 I tell ye to *Baylor with 'ell.*



## The Discipline Committee

BY I. B. STUNG.

O tribunal of injustice, dispenser of demerits and restrictions, diabolical oligarchy  
of T. C. U.;

The thought of thy depredations and deliberate high-handed dealings haunt me day  
and night—

I cannot study for fear, nor sleep for fear that when the morrow dawns I will be  
asked to trespass into the satanic atmosphere of thy sanctum.

Tho a Senior I would still dread you as a drastic dragon,  
You know not the meanings of the words "sane," "merciful" and justice"—

Your actions are a centralized attack upon undergraduates who may not always be  
disposed to bend to your creeds;

The most liberal wish that I could make for you would be, "Peace to your Ashes."

### Texas Weather

There ain't no pleasin' people on this bloomin' earth below;  
In the meltin' days of summer they're hollerin' for snow!  
An' when the snow comes siftin' through the winders o' the sky,  
They're hollerin for summer an' weather hot and dry!

It's this way on the hilltop; it's this way on the plain;  
"The crops are gettin' dusty; good Lord, send down the rain."  
An' when the rain is fallin' an' weather's lookin' rough,  
It's wonder if they'll drown us! We done had enough!

There ain't no use pleasin' people, no matter what you do—  
No matter what good fortune, they growl a lifetime through,  
An' when they leave this country to seek the final lot,  
Heaven won't be cool enough for them an' t'other place too HOT!





FOR SENIORS

LOOKING TO SEE IF THE COAST IS CLEAR

COME IN, STAY!

Good-bye girls -  
I have went to  
the Cow-con-  
vention.

Ade Estina.



## The Psychological Experiment

---

IT HAPPENED in the Psychology class. Knight and Collins, coached by Prof. Faris, had learned just when and how to fight. Collins came into class late and Prof. Faris asked: "Mr. Collins, can't you come to class on time?" Collins bristled up immediately and made a curt reply. Knight interceded and was told by Collins, to take care of his own affairs. The fight ensued. Collins drew a tooth-brush, smeared with red paint and swiped Knight's throat.

Fuzzy Baldwin, the hero grabbed Collins. Knight ran out of the room. "Turn me loose, Fuzzy; I'll hurt you," Collins demanded. Fuzz, "Oh, dub, I'm your friend; I'm your friend, dub." Collins got loose and ran out of the room. Fuzz turned to the class and said: "Collins' temper will get him in the penitentiary yet."

Prof. Faris appeared somewhat upset and asked each member of the class to write exactly what they'd seen.

Mrs. Whitton—"Well, Professor, I was just so excited I didn't see anything."

Lucile Wolford—"I was writing and didn't look up."

Pete Wright (in a stage whisper to the girls)—"Don't you all write anything; you might have to go to court over this."

No one would write what had happened. It was then that Prof. Faris explained that the fight was only a fake or in other words, a psychological experiment.

---

'Tis hard to tell whether the joke is on the girl or on the seven Senior boys. The girl boastingly said that she had fooled them. And what did the Senior boys say? Well, they were very discreet in talking about the matter—each one telling a different story. One of the Senior boys who is very sensitive about matters of this kind admits that the girl really fooled him, but he says the way she fooled him was that he thought that she had an ordinary amount of "that which commends itself to the understanding as being in accordance with reason and good judgment."

There is a moral in the above incident which really happened at T. C. U. and it is to be hoped that every one will see "the point."

---

It seems that in the fall when the football flowers began to bud and bloom Little Drucke was not a very great social success. Frequently during those days of gridiron heroes, with a look of dejected, Little Drucke was heard to remark: "Never mind, just wait until the baseball season opens up and then I can get some one to love me." The baseball season has opened and is here and Little Drucke has not only proven that he is a prophet but he has some one to love him.

It pays well for any college man to be an athlete for more than filial reasons. The all-round athlete possesses an accomplishment that is better than riches and text-book knowledge for ordinary purposes at most any college. One of our star football heroes—in the past was heard to remark after the winning of the local baseball championship from Baylor; "I had rather be a baseball player than President."





PROF ANDERSON AT HOME

HEBE AT DR LOCKHART'S

HEBE - HELLO CENTRAL GIVE ME 1985. -- HELLO IS THIS 1909?  
 PROF A- NO THIS IS 1985.



## At a Parlor Meeting

MISS LOTTIE rings the bell for a meeting of the girls in the parlor. The girls assemble and Miss Lottie begins:

"Girls, I wanted to have you all together, for a few minutes today. I have a few little things I wanted to tell you. First, I want to ask if anything has been lost."

Bess Rash—"Miss Lottie, my fork's gone. Somebody took it out of my room. I wish they'd bring it back."

Blanche Baldwin—"There are some stray forks in my rooms."

Kathleen Wilfong—"And Miss Lottie, I've lost a little C. E. pin."

Miss Lottie—"Has anybody seen Kathleen's pin?"

Louie Noblitt—"Somebody borrowed our bowl and pitcher. We need them awful bad, wish they'd bring them back."

Mable Wallace—"Our tooth-brush is gone. Ada and myself need it."

Miss Lottie—"Anything else lost?" (Silence). Has anything been found?" (Silence). "Well, girls, I want to tell you a few things. I want to tell you not to stand in the halls and talk to the young men. I'm just telling you this for your own good, now. One of the dis-cip-line committee asked me to tell you this. You have more privileges any way than you really need. You eat in the same dining room with the boys, three times a day.

"Another thing, you just must not go walking outside the campus or go to the little stores across the street, without permission. And, too, I don't want you to loiter between here and the dining room and talk to the young men. I believe this is all I have to say to you, but Mary Bain has something for you."

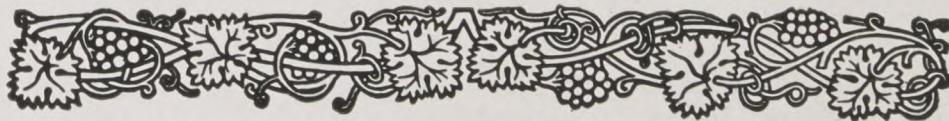
Mary Bain—"You all know that the Y. W. C. A. had some T. C. U. calendars made. Well, we lost about \$150 on them. We have to pay this in some way, so we're thinking about giving a Spelling Bee and a Box Supper, next Saturday night. Would you all take part?"

"Yes," from several.

M. B.—"Well, girls, you all think about this until after supper, when I'll have another meeting to tell you more about it."

Andy Bill—"Hee-hee! Miss Lottie, I forgot to tell you, I've lost a picture of Grits. I think it blew out my window."

The one-thirty gong rings—Miss Lottie—"Another thing, girls, I almost forgot to tell you. You must be more prompt to settle your bills. School is almost out, so begin to pay your little debts now, please. It's now time for your one-thirty classes. Don't forget the meeting after supper."





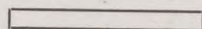


I dreamed about  
you last night -





## A Page of T. C. U. Celebrities



**JIM LEWIS WHITE**

**Drummond's Expert and  
Linguist**

**"SHERIFF" ARMON YATES**

**Peace Officer and  
Student**

**ELIZABETH HIGGINBOTHAM**

**Coquette and Stringer  
(Seniors a Specialty)**

**WILLIAM MASSEY**

**Class Rush Chapel  
Speaker**

**JAMES McFARLAND, JR.**

**Student and Lover**

**"FUZZY" BALDWIN**

**Professional Stalder**





## Song

O we'll gather on the campus 'neath the Texas skies of blue,  
Where the clover shows the Purple and the White;  
Where the girls are ever loyal and the boys are ever true,—  
Where the love of alma mater is our might.

We'll live again the battles when our heroes hit the line;  
And we'll give the diamond boys another cheer;  
Wild olive to the fighters who have made our glory shine,  
For we've the men who never shrink nor fear.

O here's to all the co-eds who have come and gone away;  
Here's to those who wear the Purple and White:  
May the college songs and legends of the frolic and the fray,  
Be our solace when the day is turning night.

### CHORUS

*For T. C. U. everywhere,  
We'll fight a battle anywhere,  
And never take a double dare.  
Rah! Rah Rah!*



# THE EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more"



IT is indeed a relief to know that this is the last—the very last thing to be written. The prefatory remarks were penned months ago and now to look back over our task and to know that it is really finished that we have reached the goal of our college journalistic desires—we take a deep breath and indulge in a delightful reverie. There is not a single feature of merit in the entire book that we are not proud of, and we believe there are several. We will leave the faults for the critic to find—we would not rob him of this egotistic pleasure. However, we make no apology, even if we have been considerably handicapped by unsympathetic and exacting professors in the class-room, for we have learned that “great things through greatest hazards are achieved, and then they shine.”

The members of the Staff were faithful to the assignments given them—the editor wishes he had asked more—and takes this opportunity to thank each one for his or her assistance. There is another, not on the staff, who has contributed greatly, in the art work and in literary assistance to the success of this book, and we wish to extend here our heartiest thanks and appreciation for the valuable aid given by **Stonewall Brown**.

The editor wishes to re-affirm the statement made in the Prefatory remarks that it has been a labor of love to prepare this book. It goes into your hands with our very best wishes, and it is our sincerest hope that you may reach the end of your life with the self-same satisfaction that we hold in seeing this volume of **THE HORNED FROG** finished—it is indeed a blessed benediction to write the last word **FINIS**—and to feel satisfied.

HOWELL G. KNIGHT



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hearty welcome. To those who have gone  
before, we express our thanks and wish  
you God-speed. Our effort at all times is  
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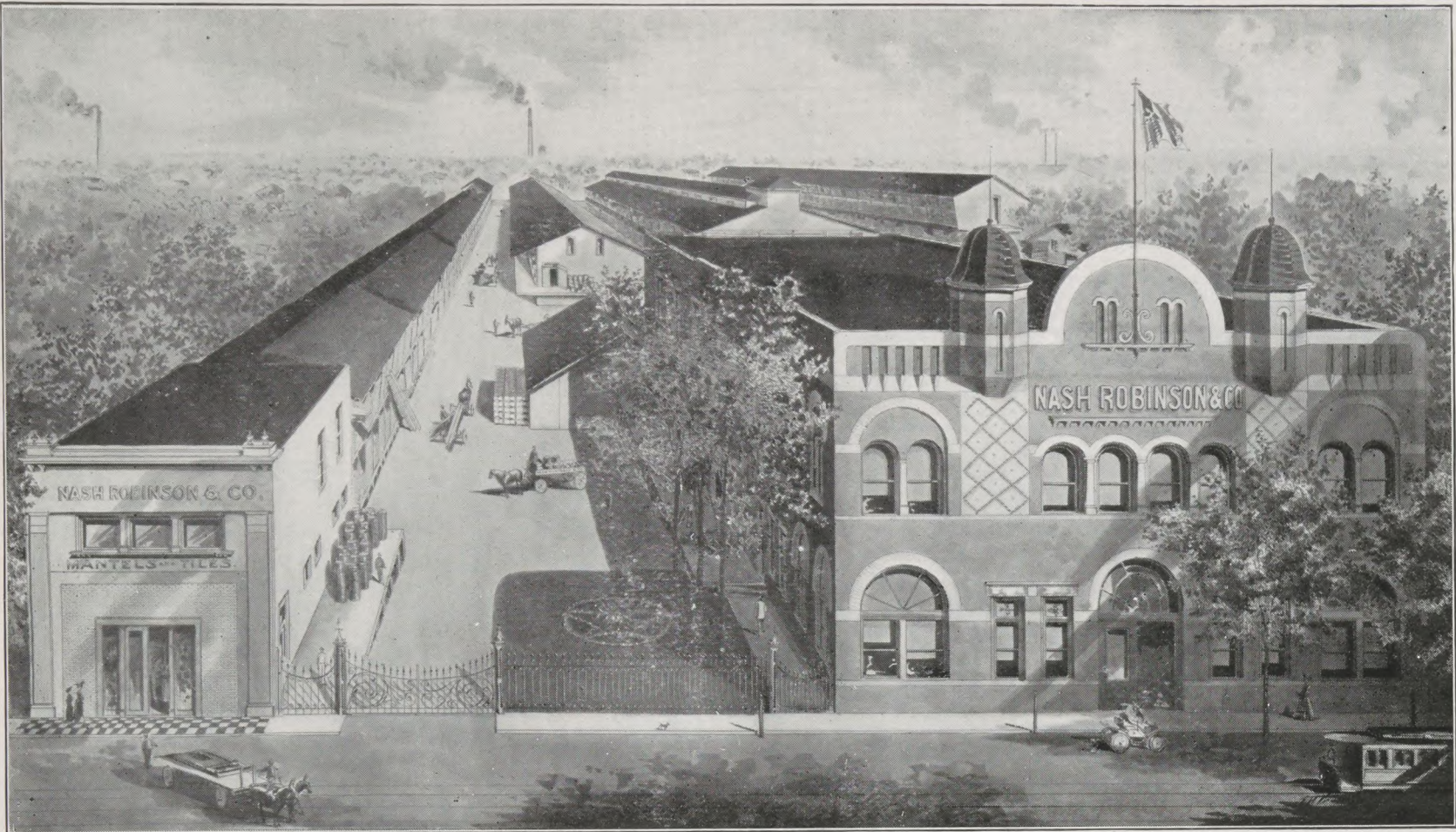
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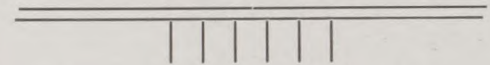
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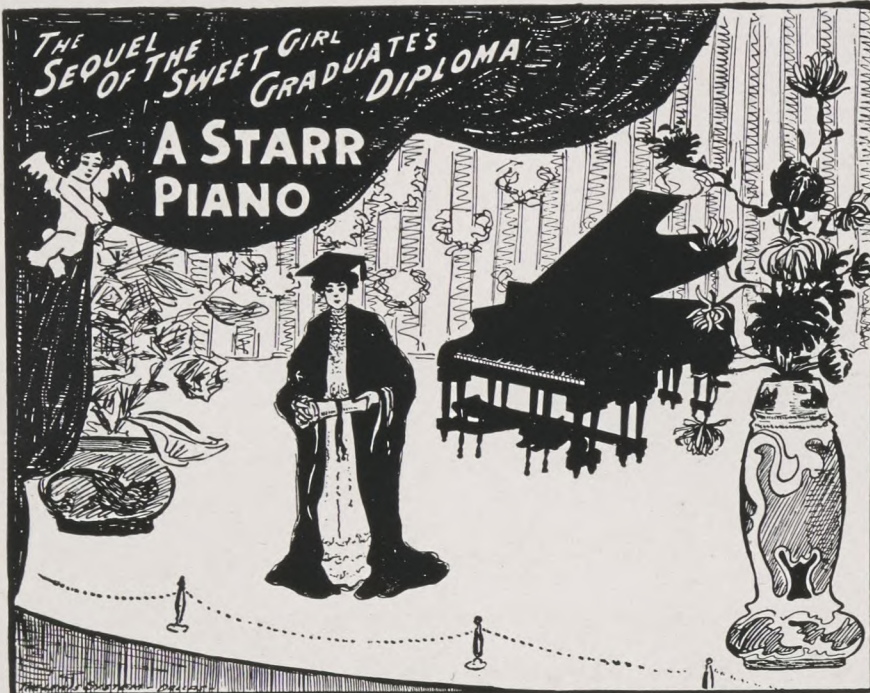
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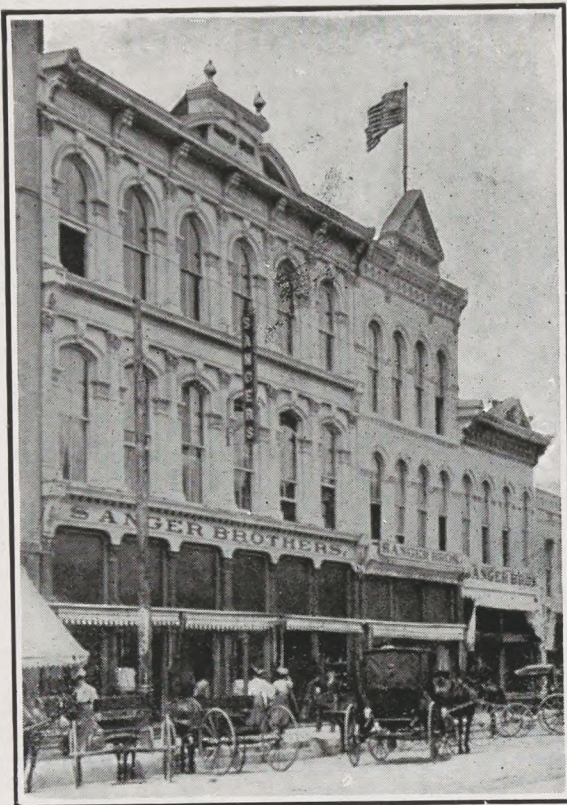
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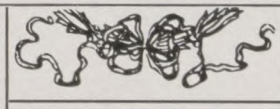
**THE  
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OF WACO**

Capital	- - -	\$300,000
Surplus	- -	175,000
Stockholders Liability	-	300,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>- -</b>	<b>\$775,000</b>

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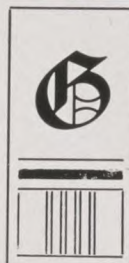
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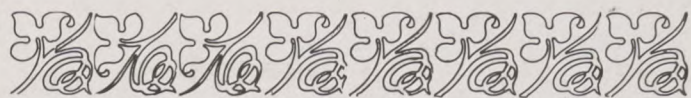
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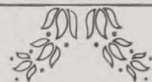
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WACO, TEXAS





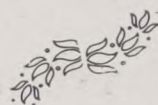
# Hotel Metropole



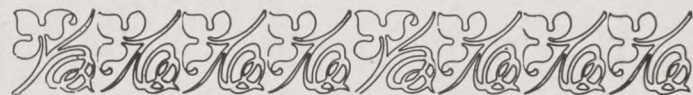
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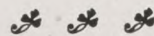
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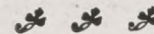
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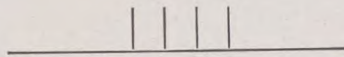
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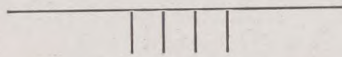


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