

THE
CACTUS
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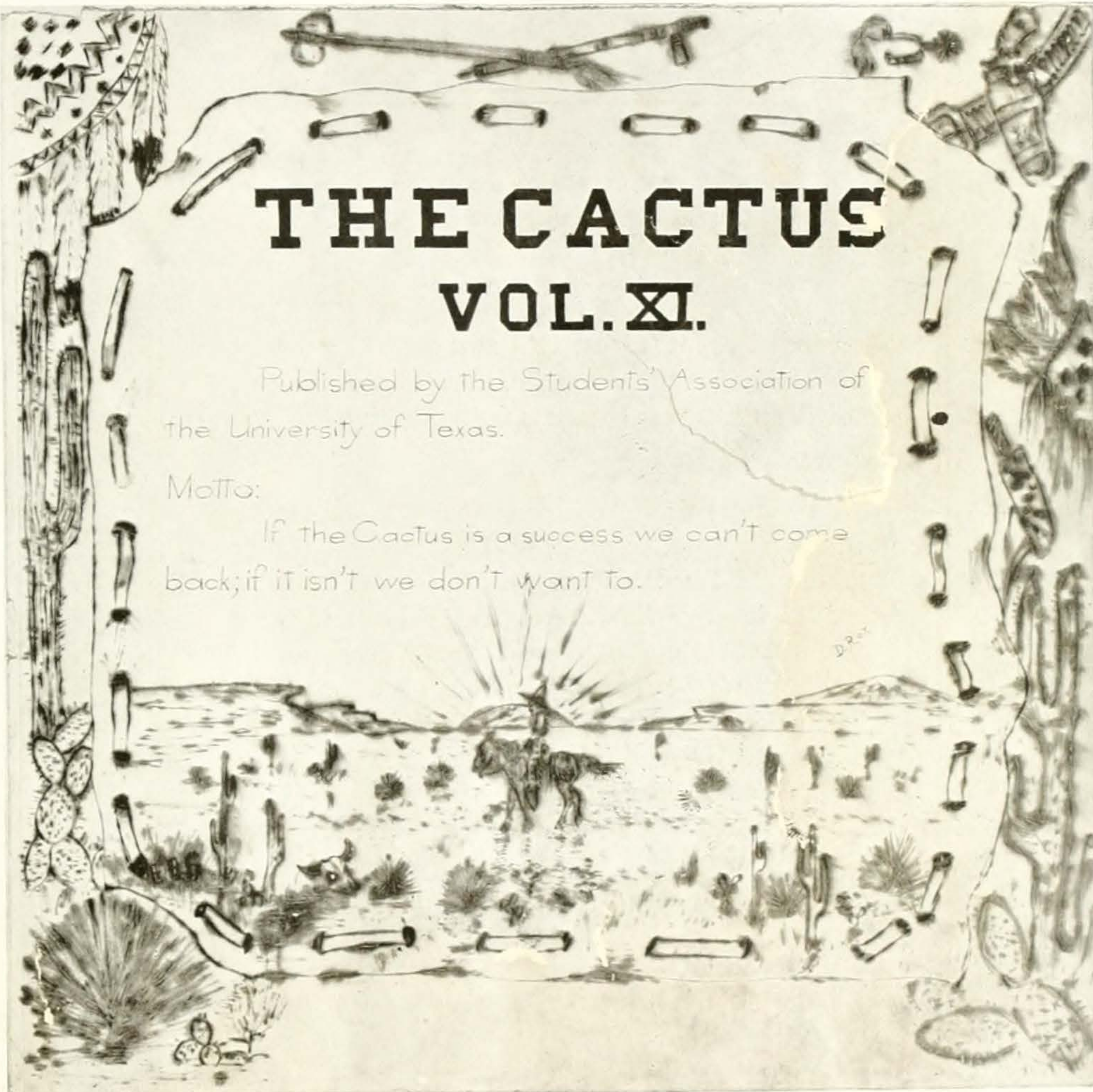


TO JUDGE JOHN C. TOWNES,
for
"A Christian is God Almighty's
Gentleman."





Judge John C. Townes.



THE CACTUS VOL. XI.

Published by the Students' Association of
the University of Texas.

Motto:

If the Cactus is a success we can't come
back; if it isn't we don't want to.



GREETING



"I am a little boy eleven years old. I'm mean. I shoot snipes, fight and cuss." * * *
That's the way it would be, if, as our precursors, we likened the CACTUS to a child. But we won't do that this time.

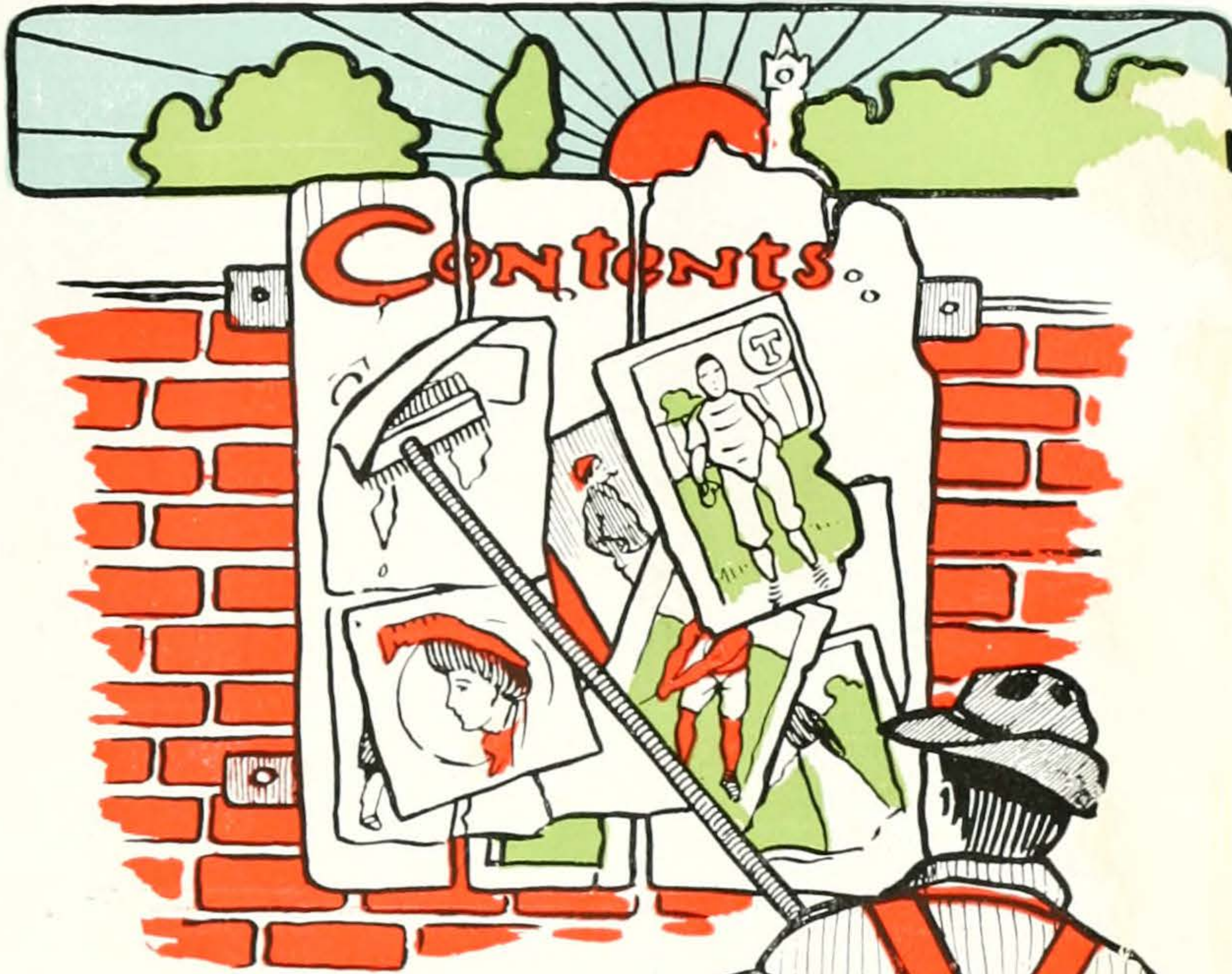
* * * *

Be easy on us. Of course our attempts to be funny may seem pitiful, and our serious efforts "puny." It may even be that your name is spelled wrong. *Still* there may lie hidden in these pages something to interest you. Hunt for it. Get a *Key to the Jokes*. The *Co-op.* has it for sale. There are 372 awfully funny things in this book; *WE* counted 'em. Now *YOU* try to find 'em.

Don't *Knock!* Dost remember how many times we had to beg you for your picture? Dost recall how your contributions had to be taken from your violence? Dost ———

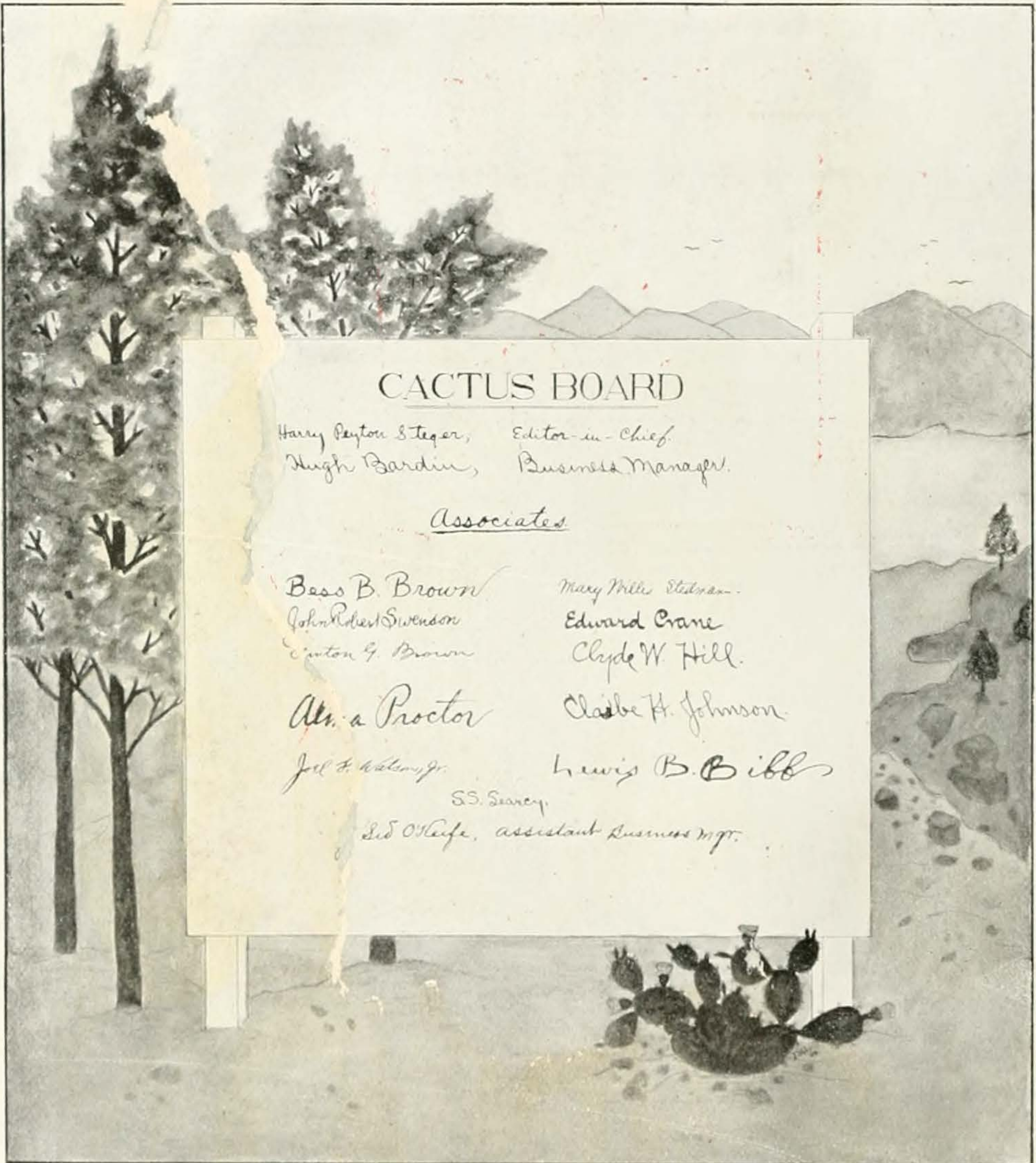
But this is a Greeting—so

HOWDY!



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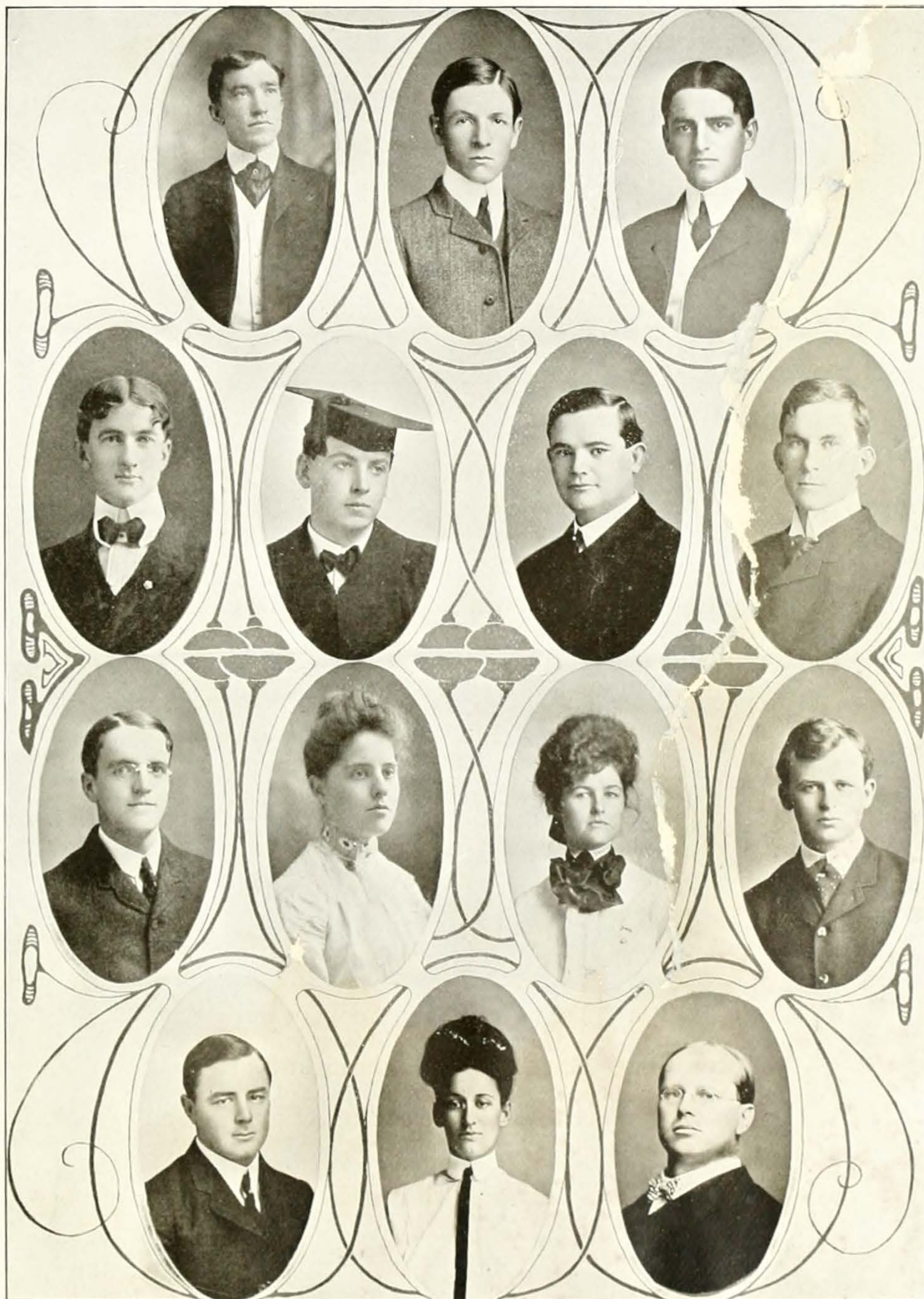


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CACTUS BOARD.

'VARSITY YELL.

Hulla-ba-loo! Hoo-Ray! Hoo-Ray!

Hulla-ba-loo! Hoo-Ray! Hoo-Ray!

Hoo-Ray! Hoo-Ray!

'Varsity! 'Varsity! U. T. A.!

DOWN ON THE AVENUE.

WE'RE a crowd of jolly students, for the tide of life is high,
Then let us all be merry, for tomorrow we may die;
For tomorrow we may die, but now the pulse of life goes by,
And we will sing our songs until the echoes make reply.
Let the echoes all make answer to the merry songs we sing,
Since Father Time is flying and the hours are on the wing—
The hours are on the wing, and there is nothing that can bring
Them back again to build anew the once-departed spring—For we are

Chorus:

Jolly students of the 'Varsity, the 'Varsity,
We are a merry, merry crew;
And almost every one that sees us says we are
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
The best they ever knew.

And every day you'll find us in the class room or the hall,
Or you'll find us on the campus and we'll hear you when you call
We'll hear you when you call but when the night begins to fall,
You'll seek in vain because we aren't anywhere at all.
Then here's to good old Texas, where our hearts are light and gay,
And here's to those of other years, remembered still today—
We recall them still today, although with us they could not stay,
And here's to those who follow us when we have gone away.—For we are

Chorus:



William Lambdin Pratser, LL.D., President.

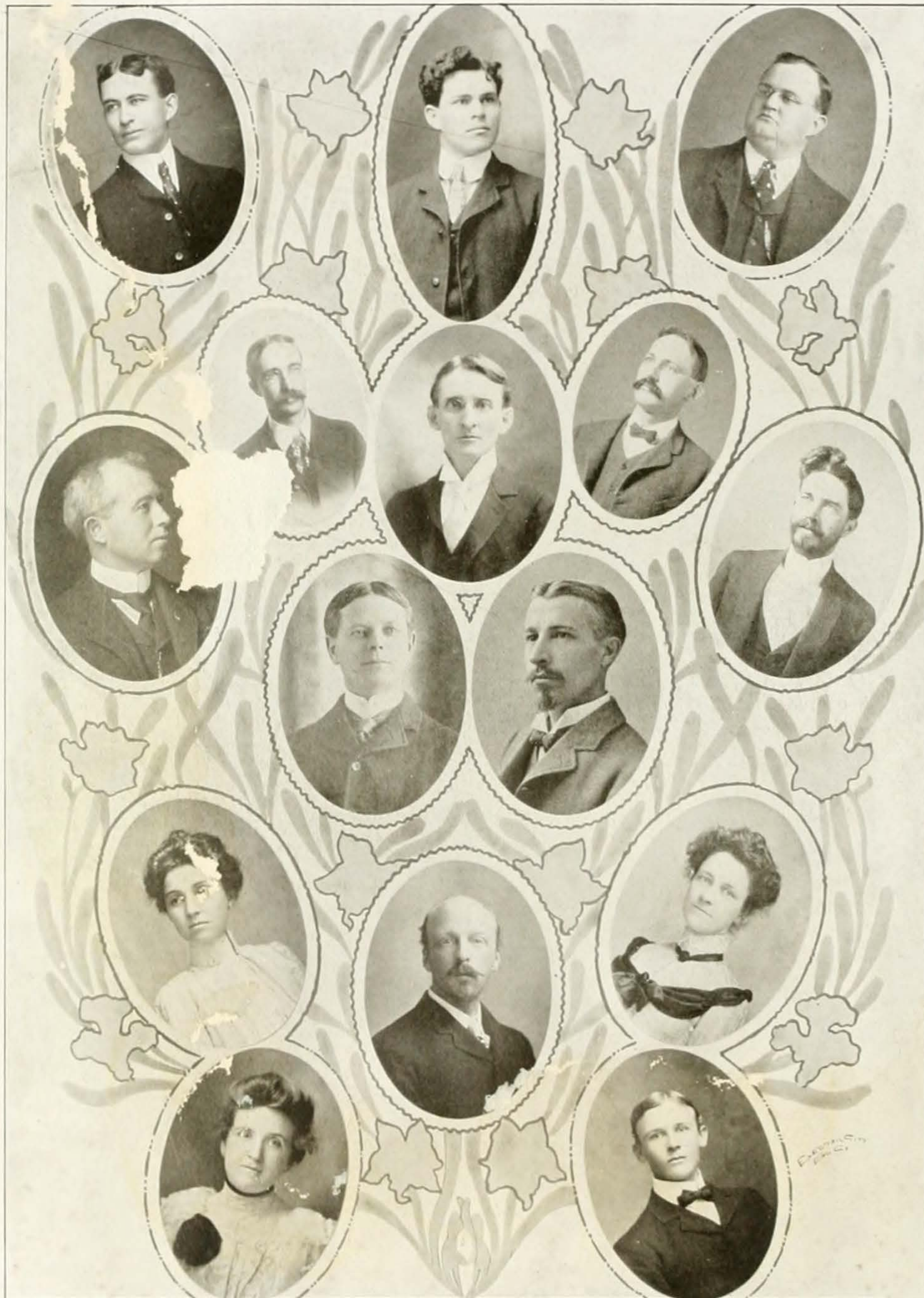


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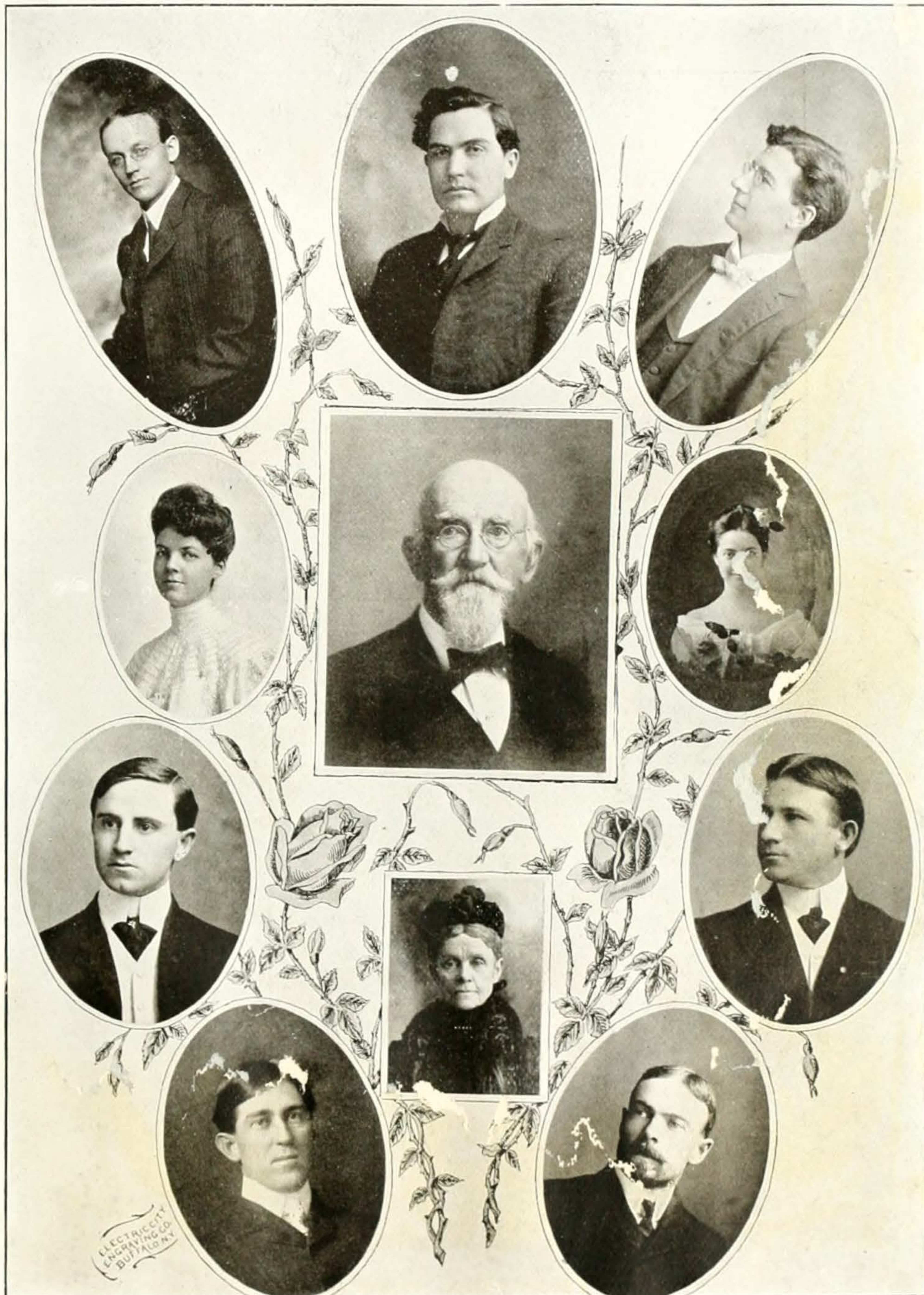


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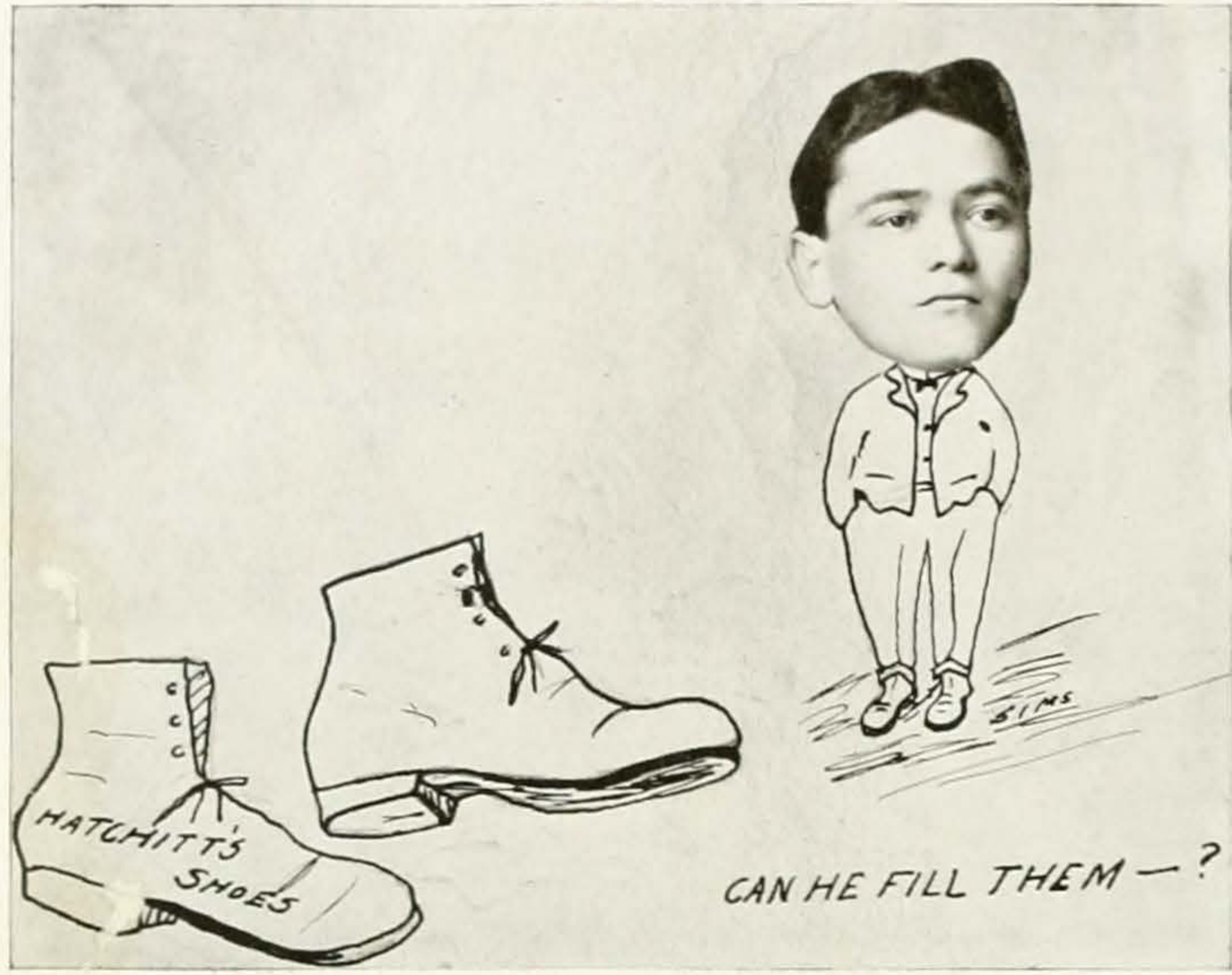
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Gymnasium Director for Women.
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Assistant Registrar,
S. H. Worrell,
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The University Primer.



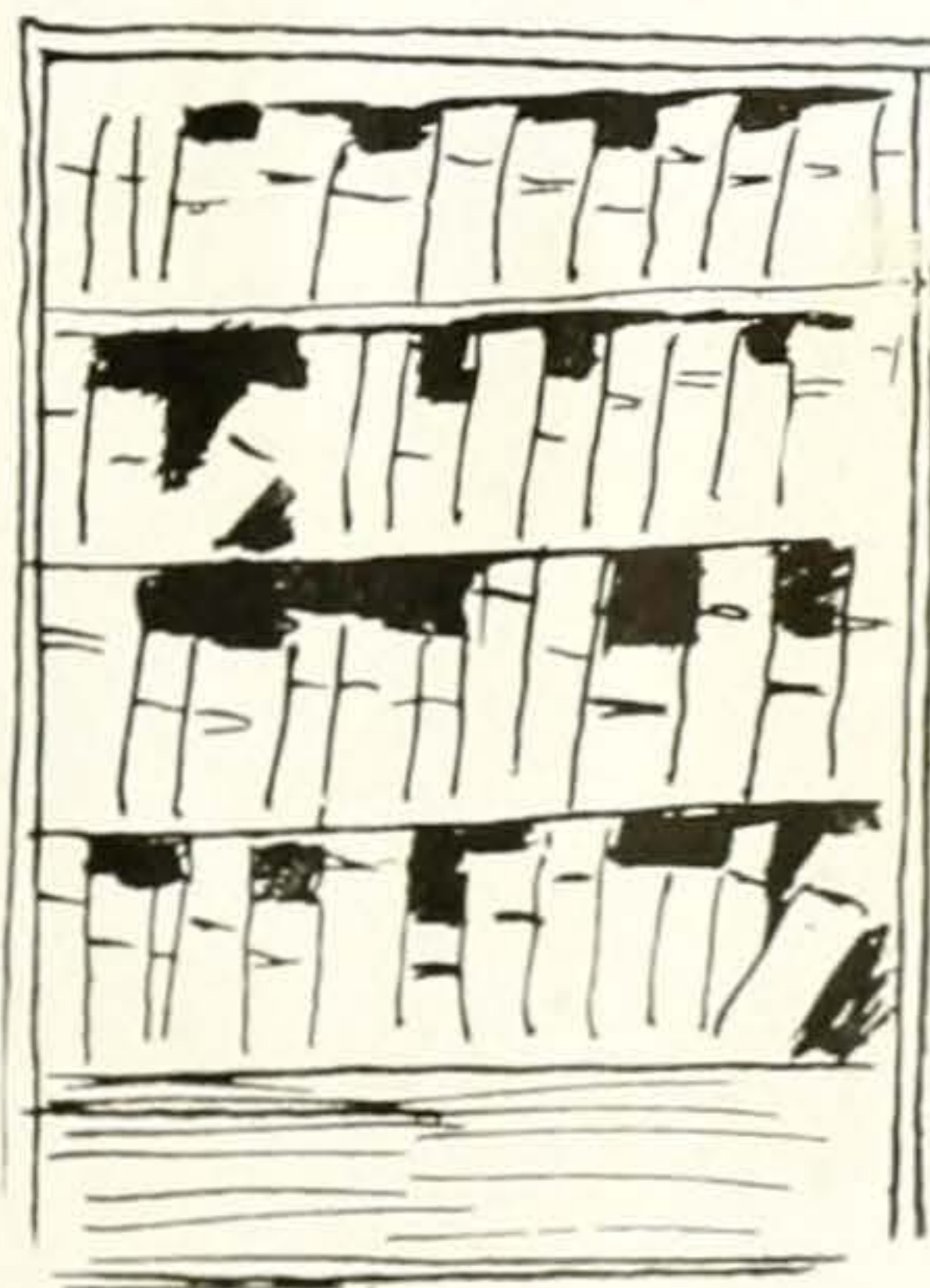
LESSON I.

THIS is a Man. The big Thing on the East Side of his Head is a Nose. It is big and red. Little Children, if you will learn to drink Booze, maybe you will have a red Nose and a black Eye. How nice it is to be a Man and get Drunk!



LESSON II.

HERE we have a Prof. He belongs to the Animal Kingdom. How do we know that? George is right—we know it because we see his Name in the Catalogue. What is his Biz? To draw his Pay and look wise. If it were not for the Profs., we would have nowhere to go, when our High School days are over. What will become of him when he dies? Do not ask.



LESSON III.

A LIBRARY, my Little Readers, is a Place to Court in. When you get Bigger, you will know what that means—it is the same Thing as to Spark. If you go to the Library, you ought always to Swipe a Book, for Books have no Business in such Places. James, how long will it take 854 Students to Swipe 39,487 Books?





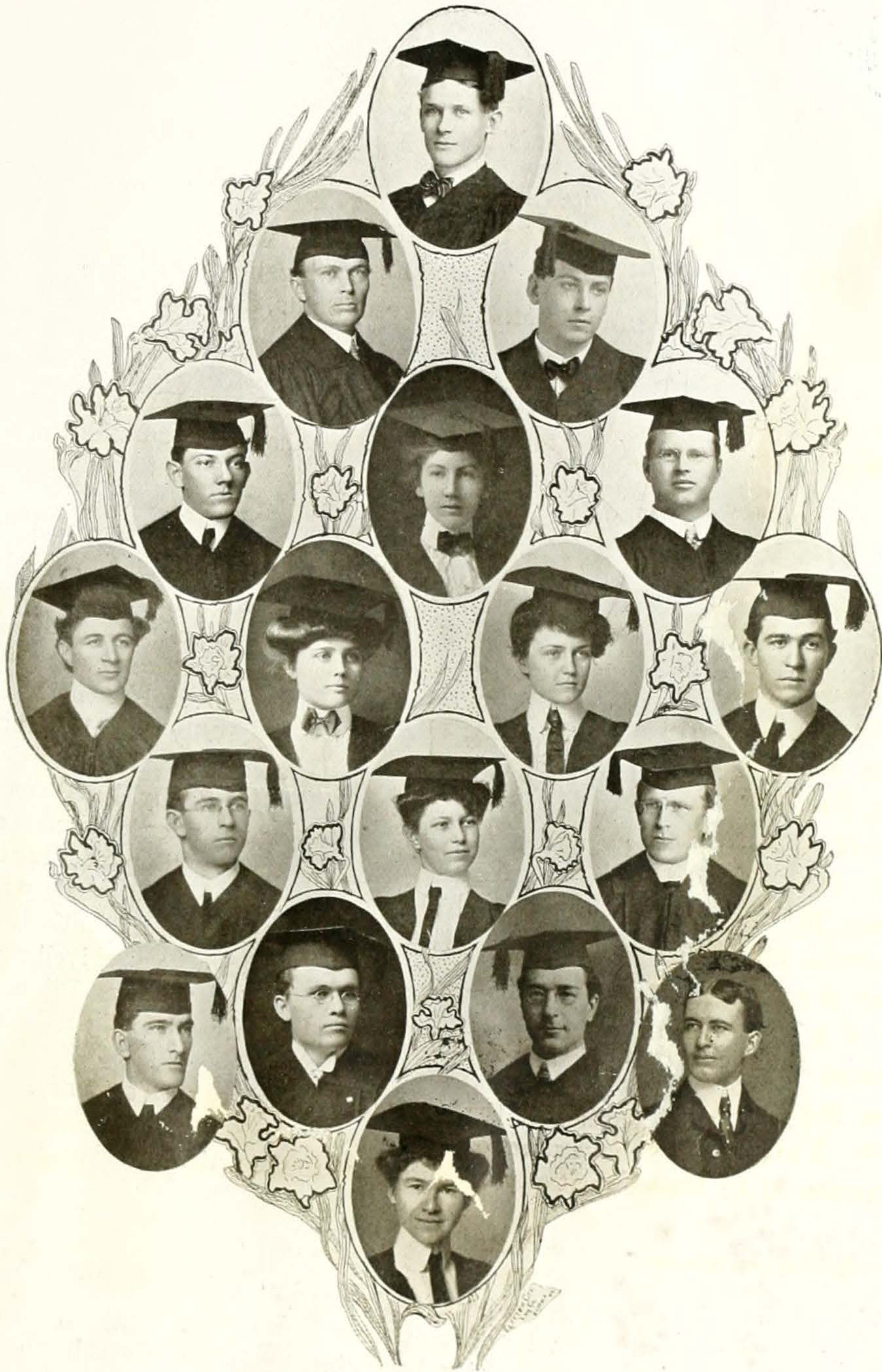
Graduate Class.

G. C. F. BUTTE,..... *President.*
MORA McCOMBS,.....*Secretary*

STUDENTS AND THEIR MAJOR SUBJECTS.

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| E. Anderson, B.S., Botany. | *H. W. Key, B.Lit., Physics. |
| *Mattie A. Austin, M.A., History. | *Gertrude K. Lippelt, B.S. |
| *E. C. Barker, M.A., History. | *W. Longnio, B.A., Latin. |
| Wm. Berger, B.S., Physics. | *W. H. Matthews, B.Lit., History. |
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| C. T. Dowell, B.S., Chemistry. | Mora C. McCombs, B.Lit., Education. |
| Alex. Deussen, B.S., Geology. | R. C. Pantermuehl, B.S., Chemistry. |
| Alice V. Carman, B.S., Teutonic Languages. | Annie H. Pritchets, B.S., Zoölogy. |
| *M. F. Fiegel, B.A., Latin. | C. W. Ramsdell, B.A., History. |
| H. J. Hoff, B.A., Teutonic Languages. | *Ethel Z. Rather, M.A., History. |
| C. G. Hartman, B.S., Zoölogy. | C. L. B. Shuddemagen, B.S., Physics. |
| *Willie Helm, B.Lit., Education. | H. P. Steger, B., Greek. |
| *Eula L. Hill, B.Lit., Political Science. | J. R. Swanson, A.B., Education. |
| *Mary L. Horton, M.A., English. | *Elizabeth H. West, M.A., History. |
| | *E. W. Winkler, M.A., History. |

*Not candidate for degree this year.



GRADUATES.

English 18.

(LITERARY CRITICISM.)

AN ENGLISH EXAMINATION.

I. 1. Write a sarcastic review of each of the following literary crimes: Harry Stophanes' Clouds, The Saturday Evening Boast, Red Raven Splits, and the Triumph of Kappas, (By Logan).

2. How does Sir kins' Equity rank as Fiction?



His hobby - So English, dr... know.

II. 1. Write an essay of not less than ten thousand words describing the exhilarating effect produced on you by my lectures.

2. Why do I go off by myself and sit by the side of Waller Creek? Is it because I want to hear it stutter and stammer over the rocks, or is it because my salary or my shoon are too small for me? If so, why?

3. Why are my lectures remarkable? When?

III. "By Gum," exclaimed the wax-vender in raucous and strident tones. "Cop off your Sauer Kraut Spieler," retorted young Lager Bier with an oath that crackled. "Hold, ye snivelling spalpeens, ye're nutty. I'll cave in your

roofs, you bloomin' sticks o' ...," softly quoth dear old Father O'Hooligan in tender tones, pacific.

IV. What great novelette let the above let? Paralyze each sentence.

V. Questions on the above selection

1. *Lager Bier*: What great city owes its fame to the article bearing the same name as the young man mentioned above?

2. What connection has the quotation

"From the gilded saloon

With the beer for the crowd" to do with the above?

3. Give other literary examples of Irish repartee as above.

4. What connotation has the word "pacific," in the last line of above selection, here with the great body of water recently named for the Pacific Express Company?

WARREN



Jr.
of

Senior Class.

C. H. C. AMERMAN, B.S., Houston Texas.
Athenaeum.

"It would talk,
Lord! how it talked."

EDNA JUANITA ANDERSON, P.A., Houston, Texas. Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer of Sidney Lanier.

"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the sun to the dial."

VIRGINIA ARCHER, B.S., Houston, Texas.

"Devoted, anxious, void of guile,
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile."

T. J. ARMSTRONG, B.S., Florence, Texas. Rusk; Y. M. C. A.

"He keeps his tempered mind serene
and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized."

S. ROYAL ASHBY, B.A., Alvin, Texas. $\Phi\Gamma\Delta$; Rusk; Yatsumana Club; Editor-in-Chief of *Magazine* '02-'03; Student Assistant in English '03-'04; Winner of Colonial Dame's Prize, 1900.

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

FLORA BARTHOLOMEW, B.A., Palestine, Texas. $\Pi B \Phi$; Member Advisory Com. of Woman's Council, '02-'03; Ashbel; Sec'y Senior Class; Editor CACTUS, '02-'03.

"Dignified but not alarming,
Dangerous in a winsome way
Maid of Palestine, you're charming
So all say."

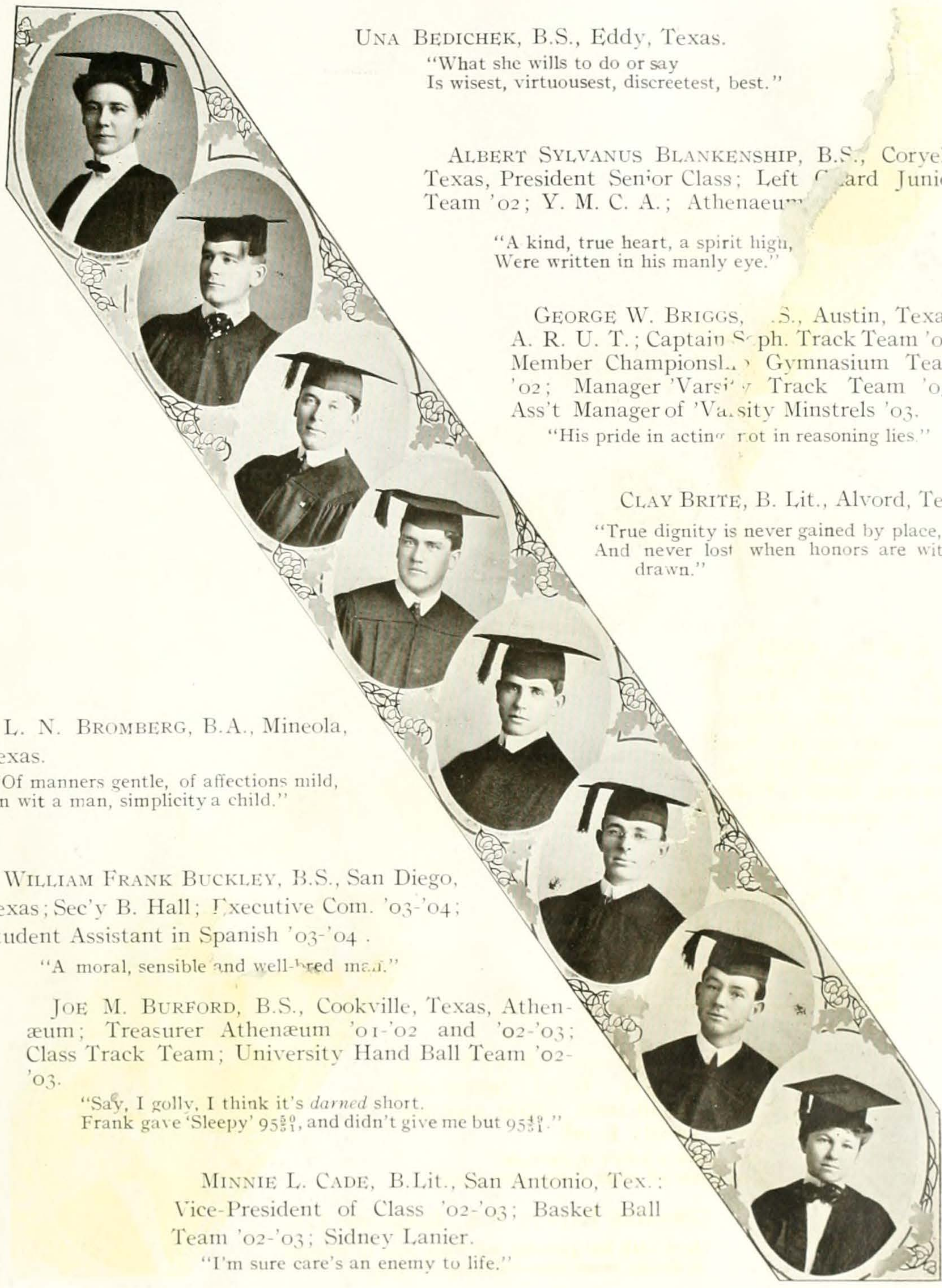
GEORGE TERREL BASKETT, B.A., Van Alstyne, Texas. $A T \Omega$; Treas. Junior and Senior Classes; Half Back Junior and Senior Elevens; Varsity Band.

"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place."

LORRAINE BATSON, B.A., Longview, Tex.

"And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
A mildly sweet unworldliness of thought."





UNA BEDICHEK, B.S., Eddy, Texas.

"What she wills to do or say
Is wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

ALBERT SYLVANUS BLANKENSHIP, B.S., Coryell, Texas, President Senior Class; Left Guard Junior Team '02; Y. M. C. A.; Athenæum

"A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
Were written in his manly eye."

GEORGE W. BRIGGS, B.S., Austin, Texas, A. R. U. T.; Captain Soph. Track Team '02; Member Champions Gymnasium Team '02; Manager Varsity Track Team '03; Ass't Manager of Varsity Minstrels '03.

"His pride in acting not in reasoning lies."

CLAY BRITE, B. Lit., Alvord, Tex.

"True dignity is never gained by place,
And never lost when honors are withdrawn."

L. N. BROMBERG, B.A., Mineola, Texas.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child."

WILLIAM FRANK BUCKLEY, B.S., San Diego, Texas; Sec'y B. Hall; Executive Com. '03-'04; Student Assistant in Spanish '03-'04.

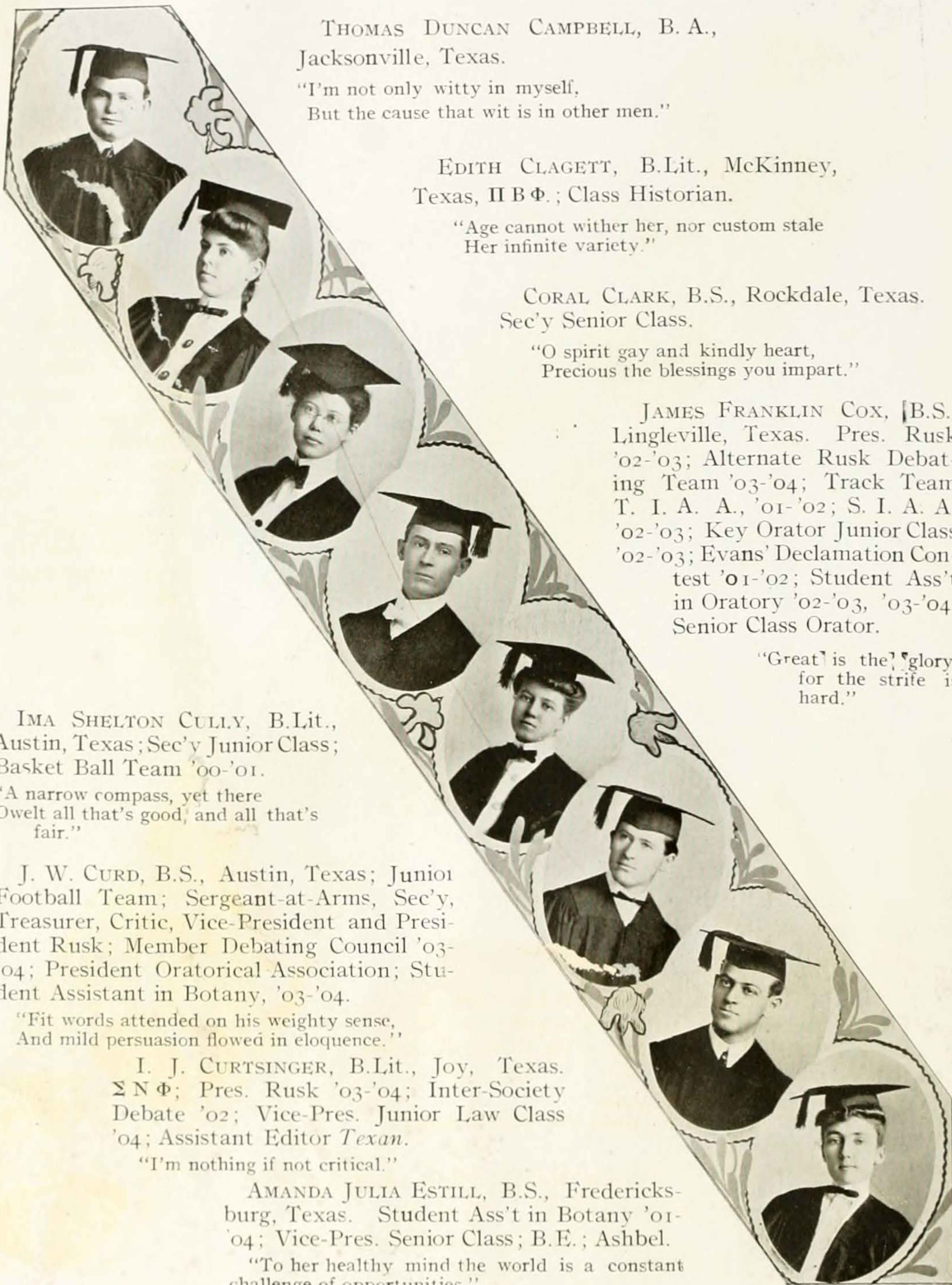
"A moral, sensible and well-bred man."

JOE M. BURFORD, B.S., Cookville, Texas, Athenæum; Treasurer Athenæum '01-'02 and '02-'03; Class Track Team; University Hand Ball Team '02-'03.

"Say, I golly, I think it's *darned* short.
Frank gave 'Sleepy' 95 $\frac{5}{8}$ ¢, and didn't give me but 95 $\frac{1}{8}$ ¢."

MINNIE L. CADE, B.Lit., San Antonio, Tex.; Vice-President of Class '02-'03; Basket Ball Team '02-'03; Sidney Lanier.

"I'm sure care's an enemy to life."



THOMAS DUNCAN CAMPBELL, B. A.,
Jacksonville, Texas.

"I'm not only witty in myself,
But the cause that wit is in other men."

EDITH CLAGETT, B.Lit., McKinney,
Texas, Π B Φ.; Class Historian.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

CORAL CLARK, B.S., Rockdale, Texas.
Sec'y Senior Class.

"O spirit gay and kindly heart,
Precious the blessings you impart."

JAMES FRANKLIN COX, [B.S.,
Lingleville, Texas. Pres. Rusk
'02-'03; Alternate Rusk Debat-
ing Team '03-'04; Track Team
T. I. A. A., '01-'02; S. I. A. A.
'02-'03; Key Orator Junior Class
'02-'03; Evans' Declamation Con-
test '01-'02; Student Ass't
in Oratory '02-'03, '03-'04;
Senior Class Orator.

"Great is the glory,
for the strife is
hard."

IMA SHELTON CULLY, B.Lit.,
Austin, Texas; Sec'y Junior Class;
Basket Ball Team '00-'01.

"A narrow compass, yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's
fair."

J. W. CURD, B.S., Austin, Texas; Junior
Football Team; Sergeant-at-Arms, Sec'y,
Treasurer, Critic, Vice-President and Presi-
dent Rusk; Member Debating Council '03-
'04; President Oratorical Association; Stu-
dent Assistant in Botany, '03-'04.

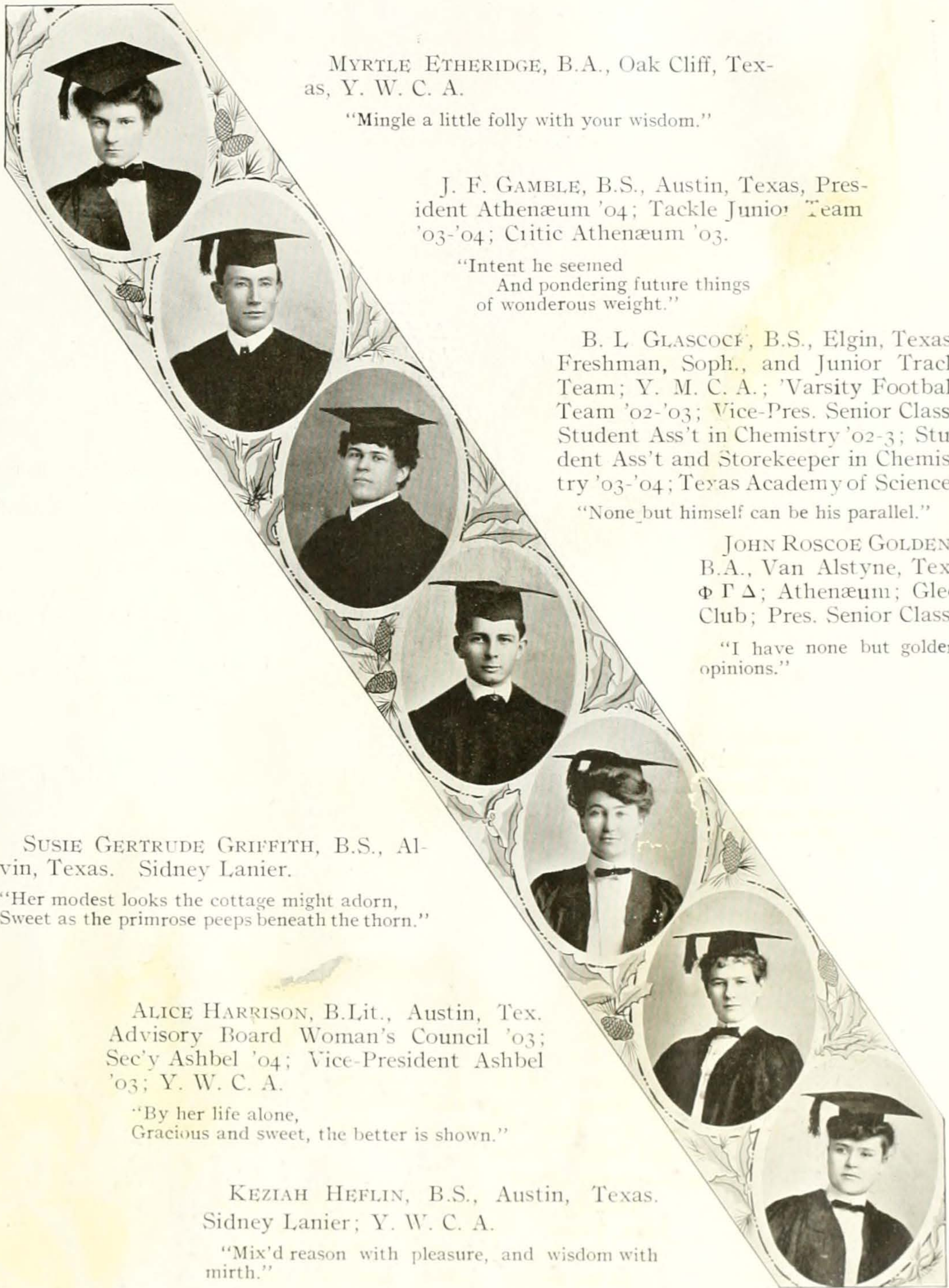
"Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flowed in eloquence."

I. J. CURTSINGER, B.Lit., Joy, Texas.
Σ N Φ; Pres. Rusk '03-'04; Inter-Society
Debate '02; Vice-Pres. Junior Law Class
'04; Assistant Editor *Texan*.

"I'm nothing if not critical."

AMANDA JULIA ESTILL, B.S., Fredericks-
burg, Texas. Student Ass't in Botany '01-
'04; Vice-Pres. Senior Class; B.E.; Ashbel.

"To her healthy mind the world is a constant
challenge of opportunities."



MYRTLE ETHERIDGE, B.A., Oak Cliff, Texas, Y. W. C. A.

"Mingle a little folly with your wisdom."

J. F. GAMBLE, B.S., Austin, Texas, President Athenæum '04; Tackle Junior Team '03-'04; Critic Athenæum '03.

"Intent he seemed
And pondering future things
of wonderous weight."

B. L. GLASCOCK, B.S., Elgin, Texas. Freshman, Soph., and Junior Track Team; Y. M. C. A.; Varsity Football Team '02-'03; Vice-Pres. Senior Class; Student Ass't in Chemistry '02-3; Student Ass't and Storekeeper in Chemistry '03-'04; Texas Academy of Science.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

JOHN ROSCOE GOLDEN, B.A., Van Alstyne, Tex. $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$; Athenæum; Glee Club; Pres. Senior Class.

"I have none but golden opinions."

SUSIE GERTRUDE GRIFFITH, B.S., Alvin, Texas. Sidney Lanier.

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

ALICE HARRISON, B.Lit., Austin, Tex. Advisory Board Woman's Council '03; Sec'y Ashbel '04; Vice-President Ashbel '03; Y. W. C. A.

"By her life alone,
Gracious and sweet, the better is shown."

KEZIAH HEFLIN, B.S., Austin, Texas. Sidney Lanier; Y. W. C. A.

"Mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

KATE BATTLE JENKINS, B.A., Bastrop, Texas. Scholarship Bastrop High School. Girls' Glee Club; Sec'y Junior Class; Treas. Senior Class; Treasurer Sidney Lanier; Y. W. C. A.

"Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and wisdom."

JAS. F. JOHNSON, B.S., Antelope, Okla. Member Rusk; Pres. Univ. Hall Association '03-'04; Member of Board of Univ. Co-op. Society Directors '03-'04.

"And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side."

LEWIS JOHNSON, B.A., Jacksboro; Kappa Alpha, Goo Roo, Student Ass't in History '01-'03; *Texas* Staff '02-'04; Ex. Com. B. Hall '02-'04; G. C., B. and O., Bus. Mgr. G. C. '02-'03; Bus. Mgr. B. '03-'04; Dir. G. C. '03-'04; Dir. M. O. '03-'04; V. D. M. '03-'04; Quar. '01-'04; Hist. Class '05.

"He piped, he sung, and then mortal ears,
Had heard the music of the spheres."

MARY PECK JONES, B.A., Austin, Texas. Sec'y Soph. Class; Y. W. C. A.

"Modest, graceful, sweet and twenty,
In a hundred hearts enshrined,
Life is 'dolce far niente'
To your kind."

LOLLA ELIZABETH JUDGE, B.S., Tyler, Texas. K K F; Ashbel.

"Worldly wise, exceeding clever,
Of a graciousness innate,
And in any rôle whatever,
Up to date."

N. J. MARSHALL, B.A., Bonham, Tex.; Varsity Football Team '01-'02, '02-'03; Track Team '02-'03; Captain Track Team '02-'03; President Senior Class.

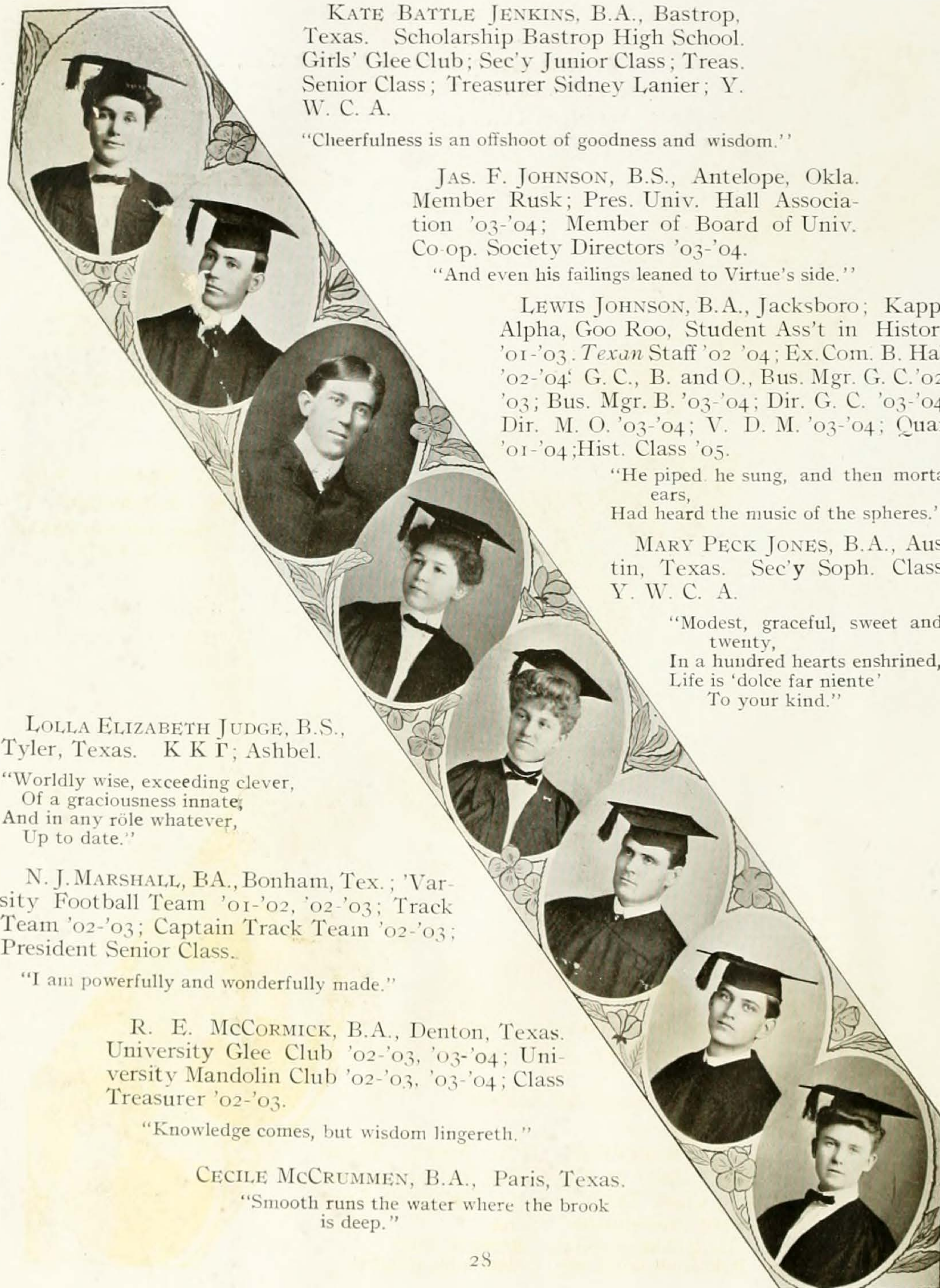
"I am powerfully and wonderfully made."

R. E. McCORMICK, B.A., Denton, Texas. University Glee Club '02-'03, '03-'04; University Mandolin Club '02-'03, '03-'04; Class Treasurer '02-'03.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingereth."

CECILE McCRUMMEN, B.A., Paris, Texas.

"Smooth runs the water where the brook
is deep."



ALICE NOVELLA MCGEE, B.Lit., Austin, Texas.
Sidney Lanier; Sec'y of Soph. Class.

"Of many charms, to her as natural
As sweetness to the flower."

C. W. MICHAEL, B.S., Austin, Texas. A. R.
U. T.; Winner First Place in Side Horse '03;
Member Gymnasium Team '02-'03-'04.

"Tell us where thy strength does lie,
Where the pow'r that charms us so,
In thy soul or in thy eye?"

GLADYS ELEANOR MORGAN, B.A., San-
Antonio, Texas. Girls' Glee Club; Sid-
ney Lanier.

"Self possion is another name for self-forget-
fulness."

LEWIS WILLIAM NEWTON, B.A.,
Smithfield, Texas. Athenaeum.

"Domestic happiness, that only bliss of
Paradise that hast survived the fall."

ETHEL OLIPHINT, B.A., Waco,
Texas. Ashbel; B E; Vice-President
Soph. Class; Sec'y Senior Class.

"Though you are a bit audacious,
And your eyes and hair are bright,
Though you're saucy and flirtatious,
You're all right!"

MARY KATHERINE PETTY, B.A., Or-
ange, Texas. Scholarship Orange High
School; Ashbel; B E; Class Prophet;
Vice-Pres. Senior Class.

"And bonnie she, and oh, how dear!"

R. A. RICHEY, B.S., Palestine, Texas.
ΦΓΔ; Mgr. Mandolin Club '03-'04;
Glee Club.

"He is passionately fond of fair maidens
and sweet music."

L. C. ROBERTSON, B.S., Austin, Texas.
Student Ass't in Chemistry '02-'03, '03-'04;
Rusk; Class Track Team; Executive Com.
Student Association '03-'04.

"He is stout of courage, strong of hand,
Bold is his heart, and restless is his spright."





J. L. ROBINSON, B.A., Palestine, Texas.

"Ambition is the germ
From which all growth of nobleness proceeds."

NORA KATE ROUSE, B.Lit., Jacksboro, Texas.

"For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
to all that makes life beautiful and fair."

ADDIE M. ROY, B.Lit., Austin, Texas.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

JESSIE B. ROY, [B.Lit., Austin, Texas.

"And virtue is her own reward."

LUCY MARY SAPPINGTON, B. Lit., Austin, Texas.

"Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

JAMES ALBERT SIMPSON, B.S., Kurten, Texas. Collector Rusk, 1902; Treasurer Rusk, 1903.

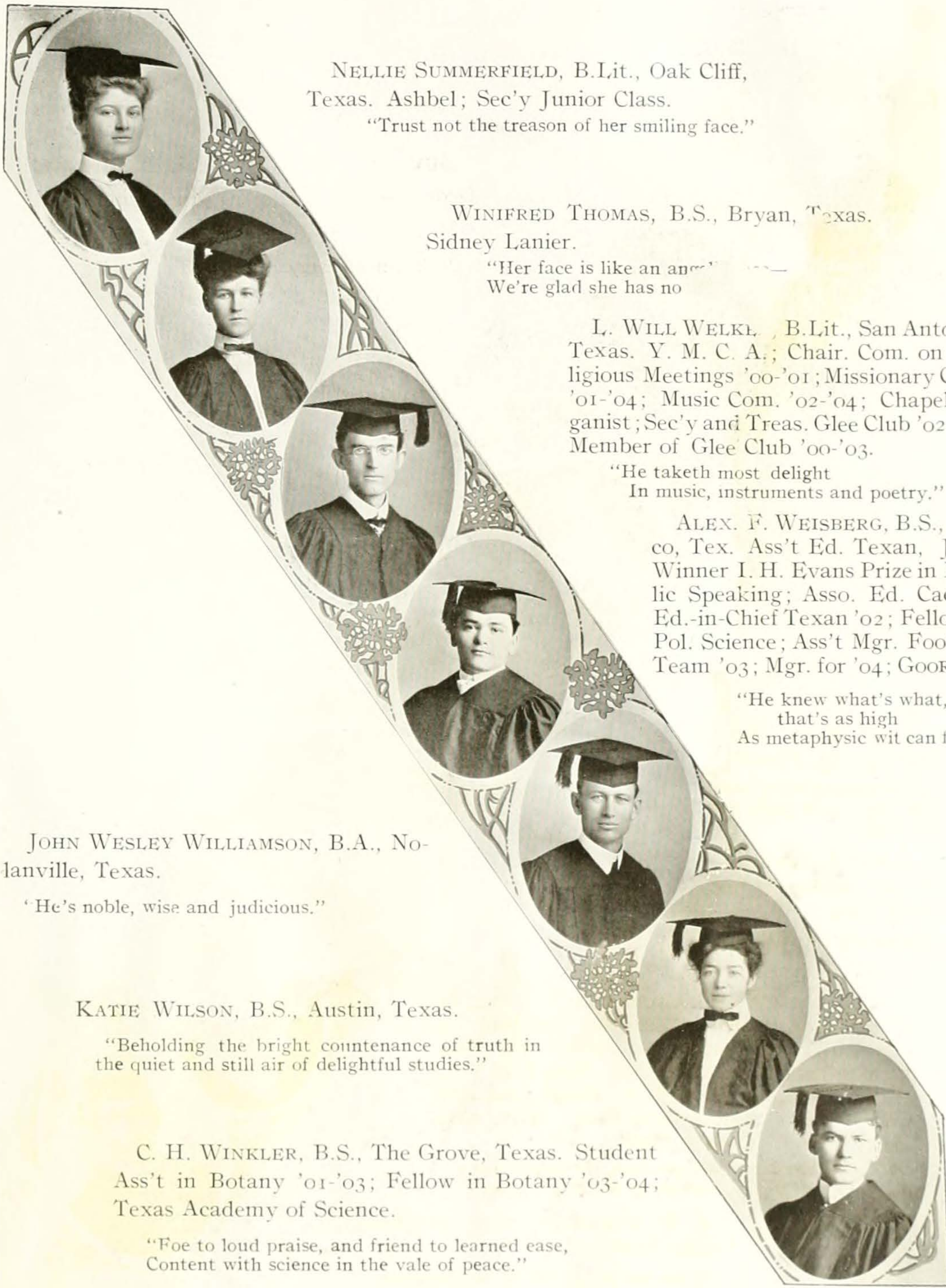
"He taketh the wise in their own craftiness."

JOHN LANG SINCLAIR, B.Lit., San Antonio, Texas. Editor-in-Chief Mag. '01; Lit. Ed. Cactus '03; Assoc. Ed. Mag., Calendar, Texan; Univ. Rec. Pole Vault '01; Mem. B. Hall Or.; Band; Glee Club; Pres. Jr. Class; Class Poet. Not a member of Dramatic Club.

"Mean as I am, yet have the muses made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade "

A. P. STRAMLER, B.S., Stephenville, Texas, Athenæum.

"I am not in the roll of common men."



NELLIE SUMMERFIELD, B.Lit., Oak Cliff, Texas. Ashbel; Sec'y Junior Class.

"Trust not the treason of her smiling face."

WINIFRED THOMAS, B.S., Bryan, Texas. Sidney Lanier.

"Her face is like an apple" —
We're glad she has no

L. WILL WELKE, B.Lit., San Antonio, Texas. Y. M. C. A.; Chair. Com. on Religious Meetings '00-'01; Missionary Com. '01-'04; Music Com. '02-'04; Chapel Organist; Sec'y and Treas. Glee Club '02-'03; Member of Glee Club '00-'03.

"He taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry."

ALEX. F. WEISBERG, B.S., Waco, Tex. Ass't Ed. Texan, Joint Winner I. H. Evans Prize in Public Speaking; Asso. Ed. Cactus; Ed.-in-Chief Texan '02; Fellow in Pol. Science; Ass't Mgr. Football Team '03; Mgr. for '04; GOOROO.

"He knew what's what, and
that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

JOHN WESLEY WILLIAMSON, B.A., Nolanville, Texas.

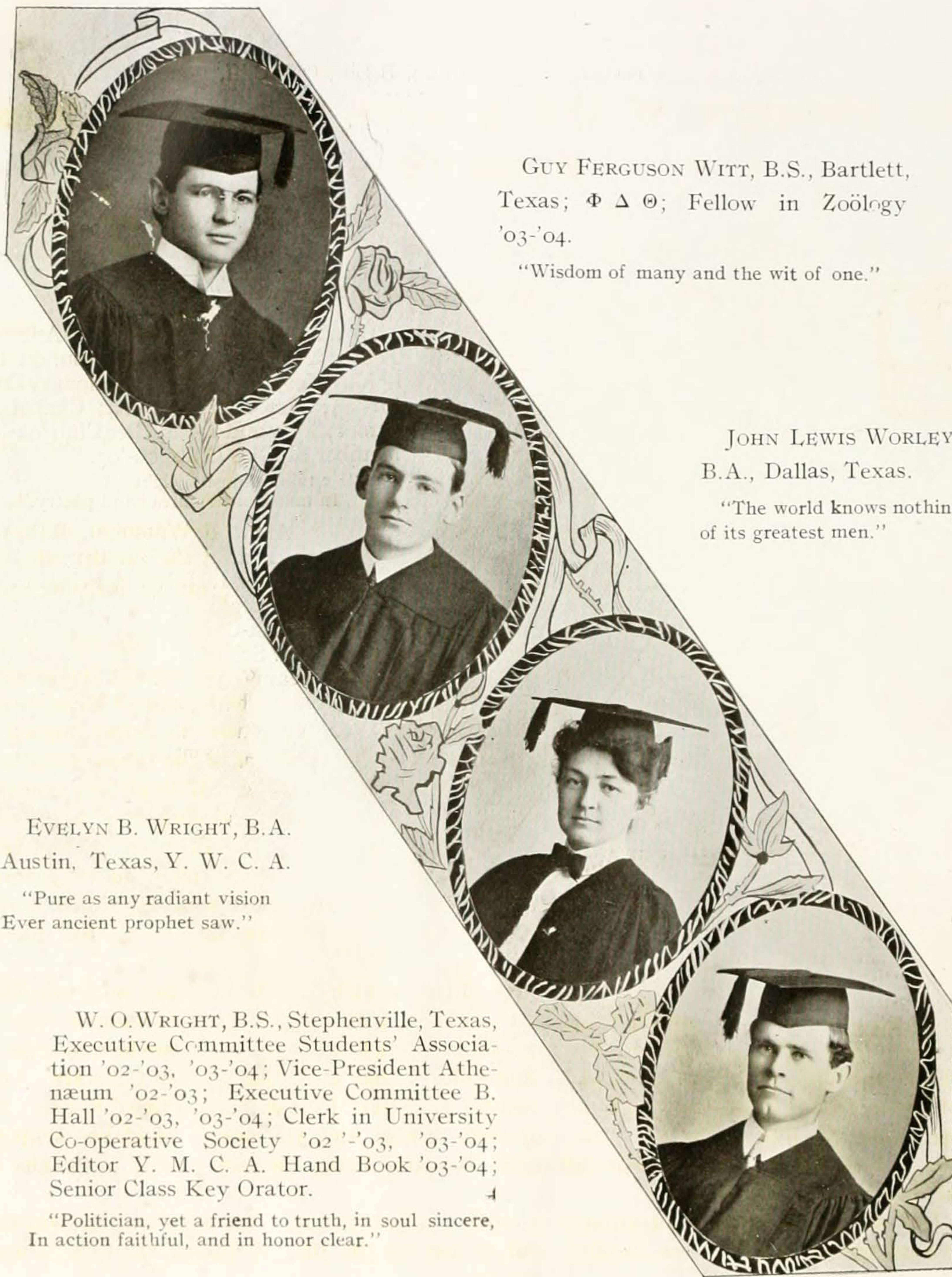
"He's noble, wise and judicious."

KATIE WILSON, B.S., Austin, Texas.

"Beholding the bright countenance of truth in
the quiet and still air of delightful studies."

C. H. WINKLER, B.S., The Grove, Texas. Student Ass't in Botany '01-'03; Fellow in Botany '03-'04; Texas Academy of Science.

"Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace."



GUY FERGUSON WITT, B.S., Bartlett, Texas; $\Phi \Delta \Theta$; Fellow in Zoölogy '03-'04.

"Wisdom of many and the wit of one."

JOHN LEWIS WORLEY, B.A., Dallas, Texas.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

EVELYN B. WRIGHT, B.A. Austin, Texas, Y. W. C. A.

"Pure as any radiant vision Ever ancient prophet saw."

W. O. WRIGHT, B.S., Stephenville, Texas, Executive Committee Students' Association '02-'03, '03-'04; Vice-President Athenæum '02-'03; Executive Committee B. Hall '02-'03, '03-'04; Clerk in University Co-operative Society '02-'03, '03-'04; Editor Y. M. C. A. Hand Book '03-'04; Senior Class Key Orator.

"Politician, yet a friend to truth, in soul sincere, In action faithful, and in honor clear."

The Struggle of the Literati for Intellectual * * * * * Equality. * * * * *

A CHAPTER FROM "THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS."



THE UNIVERSITY of Texas is a small, but powerful kingdom in the northern part of Austin. It is bounded on the west by the commercial republic of Alexander The Greak, on the north by Gracia Curia, a tributary state inhabited by a race of fair women whom not even the Amazons excel in strength and beauty, on the east by the Campus Martius, and on the south by a number of Grecian colonies. Its inhabitants number about one thousand, there being four distinct and exclusive classes, the Novitii, the Loquacii, the Diligentes, and the Literati. The form of government is oligarchical, with three rulers at its head, Beckus, Prexi, and Brackenridgus. These three rulers form what is called a triumvirate, and have equal powers of banishment and proscription over their subjects. They are assisted by a body of men called the Faculti, who are chosen by the triumvirs, and whose chief duty is to impose an exorbitant tax of learning upon the people.

For many years the inhabitants were bowed under the heavy burden of the tax. It required all their available resources to satisfy the merciless demands of the Faculti and accordingly the prosperity of the country began to decline, and even the highest castes of society were reduced to practical slavery. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness no longer reigned in the state, but the overburdened people toiled on under the impositions of the rulers, some falling under the burden, and others being compelled to flee the kingdom. With all this injustice there was an ever increasing spirit of rebellion and dissatisfaction, the danger of which was unforeseen by the triumvirs and the Faculti. Neither the Novitii, the Loquacii nor the Diligentes had the courage to stir up an open revolt against their tyrannical rulers, but the germ of instruction, once lodged in the class of the Literati, spread like wild-fire through their ranks, and before the triumvirs could be warned of the danger a rebellion was under way that meant inevitable ruin to the tyranny of the government.

Hitherto the government had been able to dispatch with little trouble any petty rebellion that might have occurred, and they entered the war with all the confidence of assured victory. But never before had they encountered the Literati, which, though few in number, were powerful and of a higher state of civilization and culture than any other class in the state. One great battle after another was fought and won by the Literati. The Faculti failed in every attempt made, in spite of the fact that they were armed with the most formidable weapons known to man, examinatus, quisus and theses, the latter being the most deadly war engine of modern invention.

But all the combined advantages of such equipment could not overcome the superior craftiness and sagacity of the Literati, and at last on the Ides of Junius, the tyrants were

driven to a final stand. The battle raged six bloody days and sleepless nights. The triumvirs and the Faculti gave a desperate fight. As one onslaught after another was repelled by the

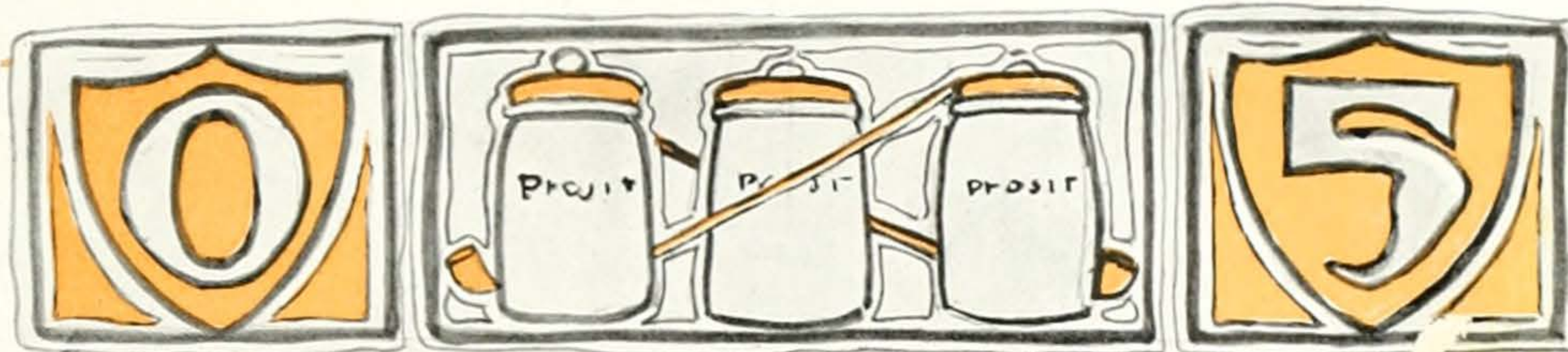


Literati, they rallied their forces, and made a fresh attack. But their strength was gradually decreasing and their ammunition was exhausted. On the Seventh day the proud tyrants, so long the absolute rulers of the state, were compelled to treat with their subjects. Never before in the annals of the state had the oppressed people dared to question their authority, but now the Literati would be satisfied with nothing less than complete surrender.

The Faculti were compelled to remove the tax, and grant the Literati equal rights and privileges with themselves. They were also compelled to raise the Diligentes to the class formerly occupied by the emancipated Literati. In addition, as token of their complete victory, it was decreed that the Literati should be granted a three days triumph, at which time they should don the toga seniori which was the special mark of their new rights, and in a triumphal procession march to the forum, where the august triumvirs should sign and deliver to them "papers of rights and privileges" and by way of impressing them with their new dignity and responsibility proclaim to them—"The

eyes of the kingdom are upon you."

—Historian.



JUNIOR CLASS ROLL.

Aden, Eunice	Marshall, Francis Pincham
Akazawa, Mataza	Matthews, Harvey B.
Batson, Laura Lorraine	McCrummen, Cecile
Bibb, Lewis Bradley	McGee, Johnnie Mildred
Breihan, Ernest Winifred	McGee, Mary Lena
Brooks, Barney	Michael, Charles W.
Brown, Elizabeth Denison	Moyes, William Joy
Brown, Flora Maude	Murdoch, Florence R.
Burchard, Hoyte Hicks	Newell, George Stribling
Burns, Arthur Parsons	Penfield, Perle
Campbell, Lily Bess	Pool, Adrian
Clagett, Edith Jennie	Pople, Alexander
Cooley, Mabel Elsie	Pope, Walter Scott
Couch, Stella Aden	Prather, Grace
Davis, Alice Virginia	Proctor, Alma
Etheridge, Myrtle	Puckett, Sadie
French, James Simms	Raley, Helen
Gardner, Annie Joe	Rector, Thompson Morris
Garrison, Ada Hardeman	Reed, Nathan Edward
Geissler, Ludwig Reinhold	Rice, Mary Virginia
Greer, Emma Autrey	Rosenfield, Bella C.
Gilmer, Henry Wiley	Shaw, Thad
Griffin, Edmund Burke	Shaw, William Gill
Harris, Catherine Louise	Shipe, Columbus Anne
Harris, Fannie West	Singleton, Albert O.
Harris, Temple	Smither, Harriet
Hibbs, Ethel Louise	Stramler, Allen Pinckney
Hill, S. Addie	Thornton, Helen Wooten
Hill, Clyde Walton	Townes, Anna C.
Hill, Grace	Vernon, Willie Crook
Horton, Irene Claire	Walker, Hallie Devalance
Houlahan, Gertrude Nellie	Watkins, John Edward
Howard, Mamie Viola	Watson, Joel Franklin, Jr.
Johnson, Adele Alice	Weller, Clarence William
Keen, John Hindman	West, Pearl
Kelly, Isabel	West, Ruby
Kindley, George Cyrus	Williams, Hugh Kelley
King, Mrs. Tena C.	Williams, John Wesley
Lancaster, Edgar Henry	Womack, Daisy Dell
Maas, Mary Fowler	



JUNIORS.

Junior Musings.

Blank verse? that voiced Othello's riven faith,
And uttered forth the mad, tempestuous soul
Of Lear? Shall any small, presumptuous youth
For one brief moment try to occupy
The kingly seat of Avon's Bard? I must
In answer beg such pardon as is due
The modesty of him whose sole excuse
For such unseemly usurpation is
The greatness of his theme—the Junior Class.

So there's your compliment, a sickly one,
And forced—if truth be told. But now, I think,
Since Juniors are so far advanced beyond
The puny, whimpering brags of Freshman days,
And since we scorn the sophomoric rants
Of those who vainly boast, and think they're *it*,
Yes now, I think we'd better turn our view
From all the gleaming conquests of the past
To what's before us. Briefly to sum up,
The matter is as follows (food for thought):
For three long years we've gorged our heads with lore,
And now, with brains by learning all debauched,
And minds inebriated, we are told
That we must face the world. O vile, vile world!
That asks upon your entrance, "Have you learned
The things they teach at school?" The answer "No,"
Forthwith the scornful, "Greenhorn! You won't do."
Again, if some enlightened youth say "Yes,"
And, trembling, add thereto with good intent
The fact of college training, good reports,
And several other gifts, at once is heard
"Unfit! Not practical. The thing we want
Is men who *do* things"—So thus it goes;
And soon, in all our helpless impotence,
We'll let ourselves be borne upon the world.
Once there, we'll take the kicks, or charities
Of powerful, worldly men as they see fit,
Complaining never. Hold! O World, take heart.
One year of respite shall be granted you;
We'll all come back next year and graduate.

—Simms French.

Junior Class Poem.

I, who erewhile, the happy Freshman sung,
By steady cramming grown to Junior now
Should have to memorize all of *Genung*
And half of Webster's, rightly to avow
Of this great class the Who, the Wherefore and the How.

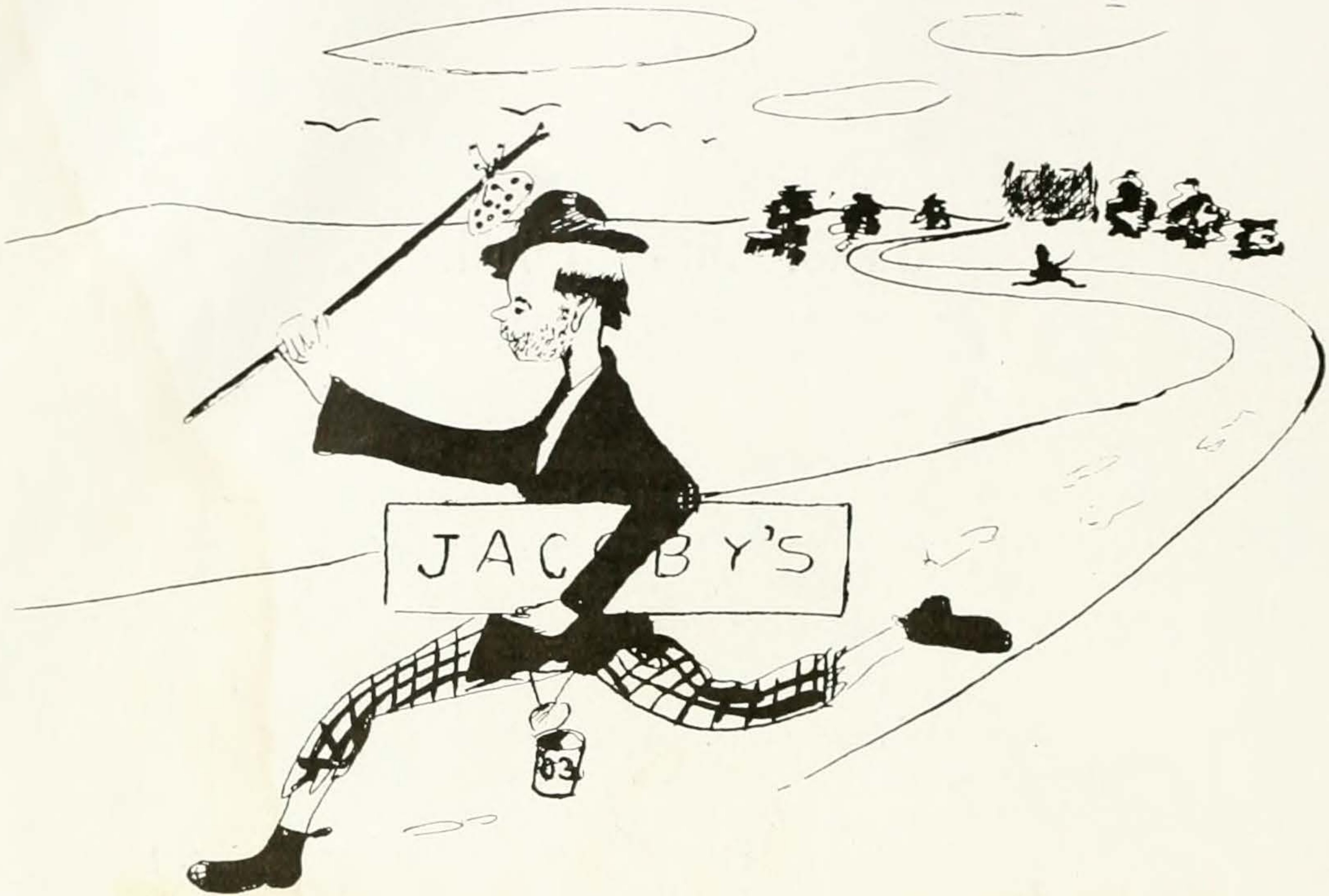
'Tis meeter that in meter one should gush
When praising Juniors. What a class are they!
They come, and strike beholders with a hush;
But praise is rampant when they go away:
That fame's in store for them, no one would dare gainsay.

Like one with lantern walking through the dark,
So does this class with steady progress jog
Through education's dawn, bearing an arc
Of light along; leaving contrasted fog
And darkness fore and aft—where other classes bog.

Or, as a kid concocting cakes of mud
Makes them in worth increase, brighter and bigger:
So Junior progress with incessant thud
Increases each one's shinyness and vigor;
(Let those who can't see through this, know it's a *muddy* figure!)

And Juniors shall grow rich in that gray matter
Which leads us on to graduation's blaze.
Already we can hear our class-day clatter
Sounding to cheer us on through Senior ways
To where the Cap and Gown shall end our cramming days.

—C. W. B.



WHERE PARRISH THE ENGINEER
WOULD SHINE



A FRESHMAN'S IDEA OF
A "FINAL BALL MAN"

SOPHOMORE



CLASS

Harley R.S.

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS.

FALL TERM.

E. GILBERT CALLAWAY.....	<i>President</i>
MARY WILLIS STEDMAN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
HENRIETTA LOUISE MALLOY.....	<i>Secretary</i>
EMMET LEE WILKERSON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
THOMAS L. TIPTON.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

WINTER TERM.

F. W. HOUSEHOLDER.....	<i>President</i>
LILY SHUDDMAGEN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
EMILY MAVERICK.....	<i>Secretary</i>
JOS. C. KERBEY, JR.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
J. M. STANDLEE.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

SPRING TERM.

E. L. WILKERSON.....	<i>President</i>
MAGGIE BEADLE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
LUCY GOODWIN.....	<i>Secretary</i>
T. H. SHELBY.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
E. G. ROBERTSON.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
MARY WILLIS STEDMAN.....	<i>Historian</i>

SOPHOMORES.

Archer, P. M.	Hummel, Lenora.	Powell, W. M.
Arnold, F. T.	James, Annie.	Quaid, Ora.
Baer, L. A.	Jarvis, May.	Robertson, E. G.
Barlee, Onie.	Jones, Ella.	Roe, Anna.
Baskett, L. W.	Jones, J. H.	Rogers, Mary.
Beadle, Maggie.	Kent, G. W.	Rutledge, Elsie.
Borden, Guy.	Kerby, J. B.	Ryburn, Francis.
Brackenridge, Eleanor.	Kerley, J. C., Jr.	Saul, Laura.
Brahm, Claudia.	Kuehne, Johanne.	Shelly, T. H.
Bordie, A. D.	Lambdin, Mary.	Sheppard, Annie.
Calhoun, J. W.	Lawrence, Leta.	Shuddemagen, Lily.
Callaway, E. G.	Littlefield, Christina.	Simonds, Anna.
Clough, G. O.	Lockett, Alice.	Smith, Ida.
Cox, G. M.	Malloy, Louise.	Smith, M. M.
Crouch, Mary.	Maverick, Emily.	Standlee, J. M.
Davis, Mrs. R. E.	May, H. Y.	Stedman, Mary.
Dibrell, F. L. S.	McCall, G. E.	Stone, H. L.
Fonda, Clara.	Mills, R. A.	Sutton, H. H.
Frank, D. A.	Monroe, Dana-	Tingle, Gladys
Gans, Pearl.	Morey, Ethel.	Tipton, T. L.
Gardner, Carrie.	Murphy, Ella.	Von Rosenberg, Eula.
Garrett, C. C.	Murray, Mattie.	Waggener, Lel.
Goodwin, Lucy.	Nixon, Pat.	Walker, Lilian.
Gray, G. W.	Odom, G. A.	Wall, D. P.
Hicks, W. B.	Oliphant, Janie.	Wall, M. H.
Holladay, Florence.	Parrish, L. W.	Ware, Senter.
Holt, Celeste.	Peterson, Ollie.	Wilkinson, E. L.
Householder, F. W.	Pfeiffer, Carrie.	Wood, J. P.
	Pictzsch, L. R.	



SOPHOMORES.

Sophomore History.

HE.

ONCE upon a Time, a Callow Youth broke Loose Rudely from Maternal Apronstrings and Rushed Away to 'Varsity. At first His great Stunt was Stepping on his own Feet whenever a Co-ed Crossed his Horizon; But by Dint of Arduous Efforts, he learned to Control himself Better.

His first Appearance before the Public was the Freshman Reception. Here the Upper Classman of Oily Ways Talked Taffy to him; for the Upper Classman liked to Trip on Tottering Toe. The Freshman thought He was *It* with Spangles all Over him, and so he was—"With the Reverse English."

The next Startling Episode in his Eventful Career was when he Had a Conference with the Dean—a Peculiar Monster whose Chief Delight is to Devour Freshmen. He had Cut Classes like a Buzz Saw, and the Dean was Irate. A Compromise was Effected; and the Freshman Reformed. About this time he also gave up his Theory that it was Bad for the Health to Study Between Meals.

Then, after Exams., came the Final Ball. He Staid Over and Cast his Die in a Dress Suit. After Checking his Hat with an Imposing Ethiopate, he Journeyed to the Ice-Cooler and then Reclaimed his Lid from Blackness. Home was his next Stop.

* * * * *

After three Months Stopover with his Humble Home-folks, the Prodigy Sprinted once more for Austin town—at once Forgetting His Marvelous Exploits of Freshman days with which he had been Regaling his Parents during the Hot Holiday. On the Way Down this time, he did not buy a Box of Figs from the "Butch"—which shows of his Progress toward Civilization; but he Spent Four-Bits on John Henry's Version of "Its Up to You"—thus Evidencing his Improved Literary Tastes.

When he reached Austin, he never paid for Cabbage to the Salge Hotel. He Rode in a Car out to the Learning Mills; and Matriculated without Fear (Not without Difficulty, mind you, for none ever will be Able to do That). Then for Three Weeks he Worked eight hours a day in the Corridors, watching Others Struggle for their First Time.

Then he Thought of the Dean and started in to Study. And he's still studying—when ever he thinks of the Dean.



SHE.

Once, at the Same Time, a Freshman of Another Kind, called a Co-ed, Clasp- ing a Be- ribboned Diploma burst upon 'Varsity where she continued to Bust for some time. Under the Chaperonage of Mrs. Kirby she ventured from the Fem. Haven, Some Where in the West, to Classes and did Stunts in 'he Y. W. C. A. She Blushed at the Derbyed Dandies and Eschewed the Library. Her Cardiac Organ palpitated when She saw Girls with "Oodles of Sense", and it Pained her Nose to Smell Cigarettes. She had a Perverted Notion that Calics Came to 'Varsity to Work, and several Strange ideas. When She went to the Freshman Reception She Wore her Graduating Togs and Blushed some More. This Ended her Social Career but She Dug and Went Home with a Record.

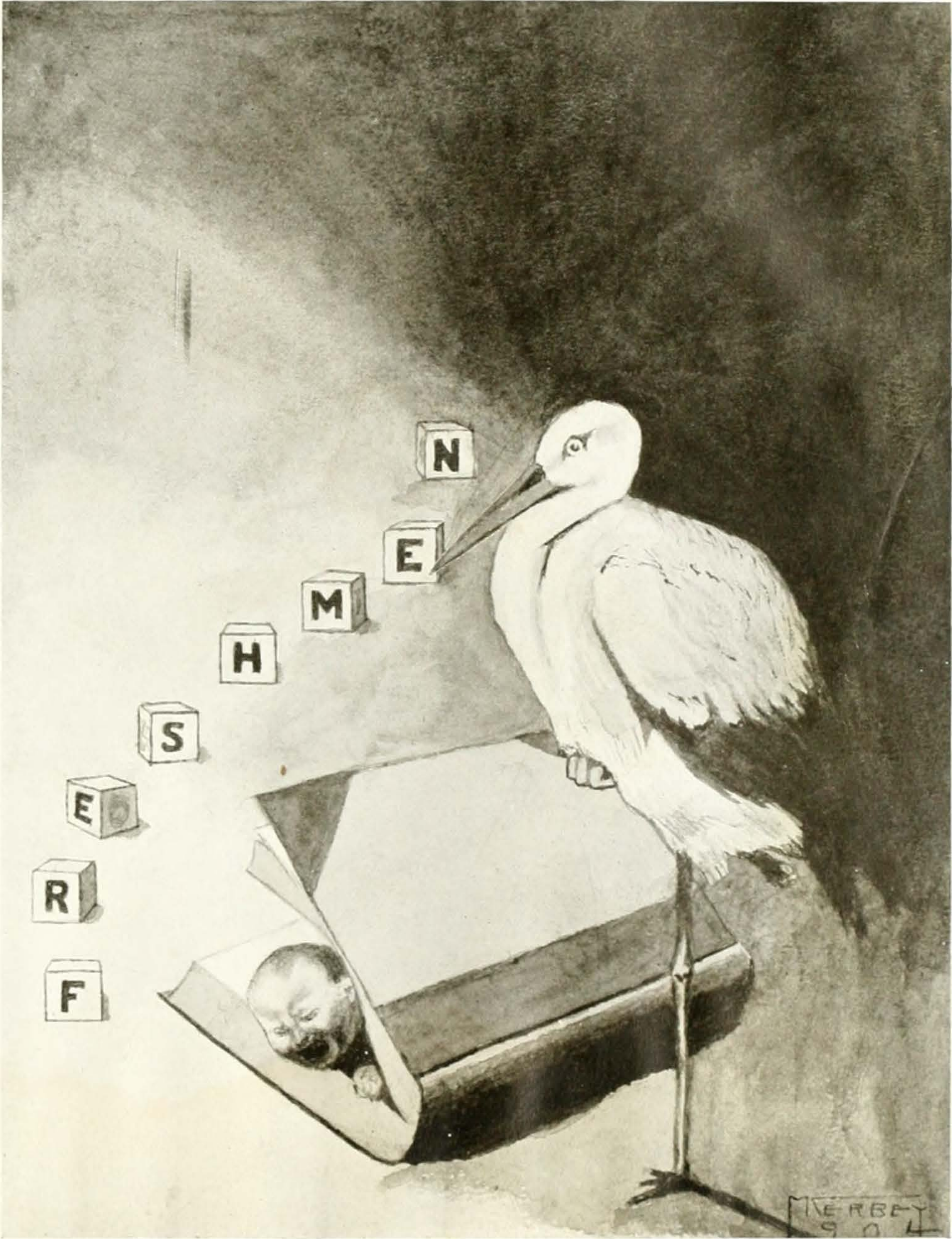
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When She re-appeared in 'Varsity Circles in the Fall, She dropped Greek and Registered for Ped. I and a Corridor Course. She decided that all Masculines weren't Monsters as she had Hitherto Supposed. Then She got a Flossy and learned to Consume Huyler's. She Cut Classes and got to be the Limit on Bluffing. When She had time to Waste, she Studied, oth- erwise she Climbed up Mt. Bonnell or "Constituted" on the Peripatos. After Acquiring a one- sided Pompadour, she got Swell and Learned the 'Varsity Swagger. She took In all the Shows She Got Bids to and Driving was her Specialty. After doing the Society Act generally she Decided to Make Some Courses, being a Wise Fool. She will return Next Year Much Wiser and we have Hopes.





The Eternal Question
The Servant Girl



FRESHMAN CLASS.

OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

FRED K. FISHER.....	<i>President</i>
CHARLIE THURMOND.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
SUSIE SHELTON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
JOHN LA PRELLE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
NORMAN TAYLOR.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

SECOND TERM.

JOHN C. TOWNES, JR.....	<i>President</i>
ELLIE SHELTON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
KATE SOCKWELL.....	<i>Secretary</i>
PAUL MONTGOMERY.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
JAMES W. CONNELLY.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

THIRD TERM.

SAM KEY.....	<i>President</i>
BESSIE DRIER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
GLADYS ALEXANDER.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ARTHUR ECKMAN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
ASHLEY DENTON.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
HELEN GARRISON.....	<i>Historian</i>



FRESHMEN.

Freshman History.

THERE HAVE BEEN Freshman classes and Freshman classes; but don't try to compare any of them with the Freshman class of 1903-4. Now this isn't bragging. It doesn't mean that our class was a model of perfection. It means that our class stands alone; that it is the only Freshman class that ever existed that wasn't like every other Freshman class that had existed. We have not followed the beaten paths, and we don't want any other class to follow us.



Last September, perhaps you were inclined to dub the Freshmen as rotten. But they were far from rotten: in fact, they were alive and green. And when they met at their reception all the greenness had been carefully rubbed off. (Take equal parts of spunk and upper classmen). But all other Freshmen were green, and all other Freshman classes had receptions; and these subjects have been carefully exhausted by former historians.

You could see right at first that the Freshmen of 1903 were not like the others. When you asked one of them to buy elevator tickets he didn't grin and hunt for a dime; and when you said "They're after you" he didn't oblige you by saying "Who?" Then, too, these Freshmen didn't try to come up to the highest standard. They were already there. They have been on the pinnacle of fame ever since they trotted on to the Registrar clutching their bolts of high school red tape.

Such are the Freshmen as they will go down into history; and they will not be forgotten. But if you think you can't remember them, forget that they numbered 225; forget that they won honors in the class-room and on the gridiron; forget that they were leaders everywhere; but remember always that the Freshmen of 1903-4 are the only Freshmen that ever existed that departed from the path of their predecessors.

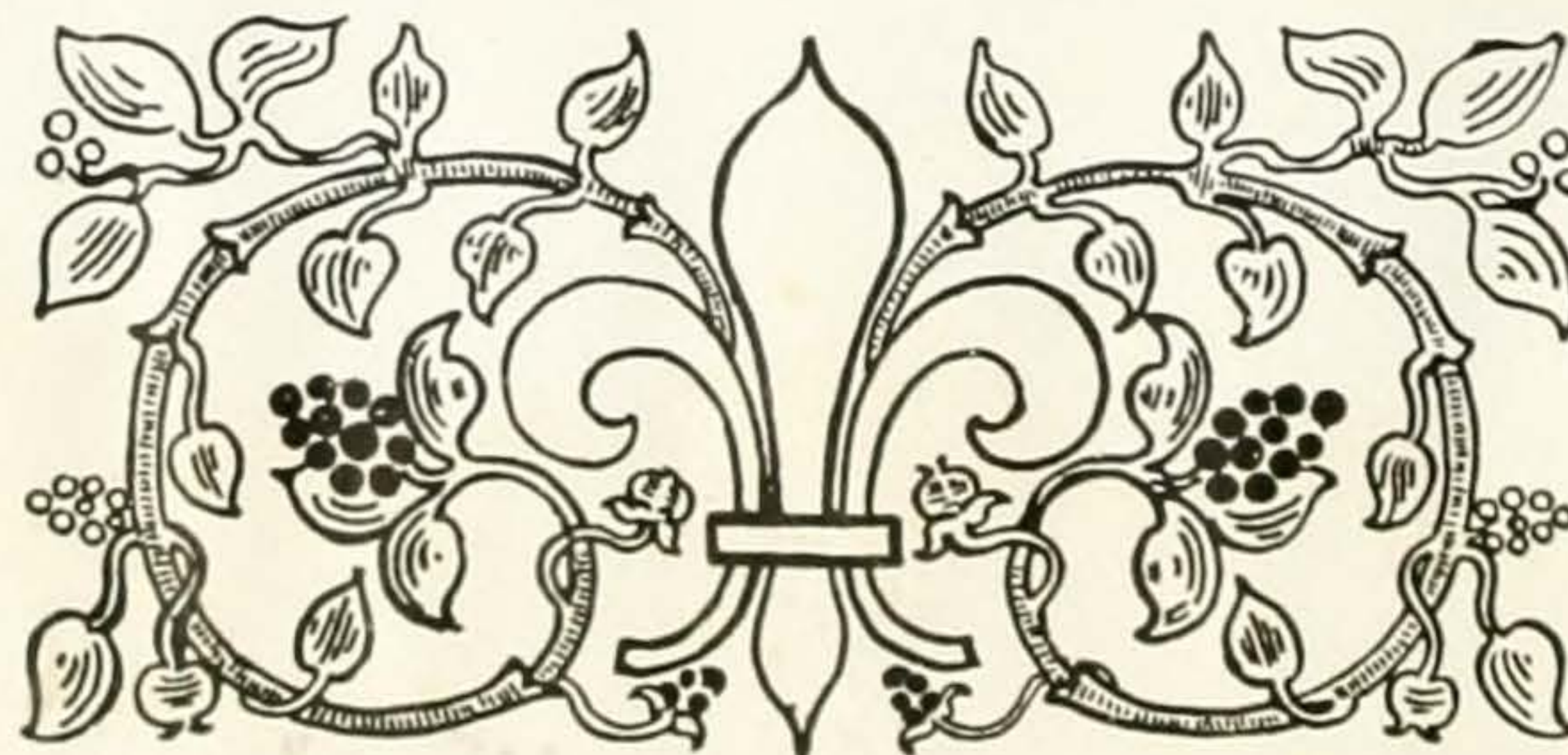
FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL.

Adams, Charmian	Crow, I. E.	Hirsch, Alcan
Allen, Mary	Cummings, Mabel	Hofstetter, Edna
Alexander, Gladys	Davidson, Wilbur	Hollman, John
Alexander, Pansy	Davis, Charles	Honea, Fred
Atwell, Burtie	Denton, Ashley	Hood, Helen
Baer, Rachel	Drier, Bessie	Hooper, Oscar
Bailey, Frank	Eckman, Arthur	Hooser, E. H.
Barham, Alice	Edwards, Robert	Howard, Annie Dee
Baker, Beulah	Edwards, Spinks	Hunt, Nellie
Beadle, Nannie	Ellis Cora H.	Irving, Minnie
Blalock, William	Estill, Julia	
Blardone, Ara	Eyres, Walter	
Bonner, Sessions	Ferguson, George	Jacobs, James
Bonner, W. F.	Fisher, Anna	Jacoby, Louis
Borden, Maie	Fisher, Fred	Jones, Grover
Botts, Tom	Fowler, Leslie	Jones, Murray
Brick, Loretta	Francis, William	Jones, Richard F.
Brown, Carrie	Frost, William	
Brown, Fannie		Kaczer, Mary
Brown Wm.	Gaines, William	Kennard, Elouise
Broyles, Lois	Garrett, Vira	Key, Samuel
Bryant, Allan	Garrison, Helen	Kincaid, Fay
Buckhannon, Mabel	Giesen, Margaret	Knox, Helen
Buck, Sadie	Gill, Elizabeth	Knox, Leonora
Burgher, Ballard	Glass, Edna B.	
Caldwell, Nannie	Goodnight, Elmer	La Puelle, John
Campbell, Mary	Gray, Fanny	Lewis, Stella
Connan, Gertrude	Greenwood, Tom	Logan, Hal
Carpenter, Alma	Greer, Mary	Lothrop, Hugh
Carswell, Robert	Griffith, Maude	Martin, Daniel
Chenault, Hattie	Hale, Albert	Mathews, Sara
Clarkson, Wiley	Hall, J. D.	Mayne, W. T.
Clift, J. Gould	Hancock, Cora	McAshen, Hoke
Cockrell, Elouise	Harris, Arthur	McEvoy, Webster
Cohn, Joe D.	Harris, Lettie	McKee, Lena
Cole, Alma	Harris, Joe	
Connelly, James	Harris, Lottie	McKenzie, Mary Belle
Cosby, Rodman	Hart, Maude	McKenzie, Tom
Couch, Katherine	Hart, Mary	McKnight, Georgia
Crawford, James	Hewett, Hattie	Meachum, Martha
Crawford, Annie Lee	Hicks, Frank	Miles, Sidney
	Hinchcliffe, John	Miller, Dudley
		Miller, Melvin
		Miller, Tom
		Montgomery, Fannie
		Montgomery, Paul

Morri, Viola
 Murray, Ida
 Nash, Grace
 Neu, Charles
 Newton, Frank
 Nickels, Luther
 Noblitt, William
 O'Neil, Erwin
 Orr, Nora
 Paine, Linda
 Patterson, Tom
 Pendleton, Bessie
 Perfect, Floy
 Perlitz, Linda
 Pile, William
 Pillow, Dorinda
 Pool, Bertha
 Pounds, Ella
 Prewett, Ella
 Pritchett, Ida
 Rabe, Florence
 Ramsdell, Robert
 Ramsey, John
 Rather, Roy
 Rector, Knight
 Roberts, Garnett
 Robinson, Don

Rosenfeld, Jonas
 Roundtree, Musidore
 Rumple, Annie
 Russ, Leon
 Sanders, Nellie
 Scarbrough, Tom
 Scott, Alfred
 Schield, Beulah
 Schultz, Minnie
 Shelton, Susie
 Shelton, Ellie
 Sheppard, John L.
 Shield, Leon
 Skinner, Douglas
 Smith, Bird
 Smith, Ethel
 Smith, Grover
 Smith, Lilla May
 Smith, Mabel
 Smith, Ruby
 Smither, Mary
 Sockwell, Kate
 Stanley, Ethel
 Stevens, Elizabeth
 Stone, Albert
 Street, LeRoy
 Swan, Nancy

Taylor, Norman
 Taylor, Shelby
 Thompson, Emma
 Thompson, Tom
 Thurmond, Charlie
 Townes, Jno. C., Jr.
 Turk, Bascom A.
 Walden, Herbert
 Wallace, Katherine
 Ward, Tom
 Webb, Nellie
 West, Ben
 West, Leonore
 Wheeler, Mary
 Williams, Pascal
 Williamson, Bessie
 Willingham, Velma
 Wood, Joseph
 Wright, Whitney Crow
 Wynne, Angus
 Young, Henry
 Zimmerman, Julius
 Zinneker, Lloyd





WHAT IT WOULD TAKE TO KEEP
A JUNIOR ENGINEER QUIET-



THE LATEST INVENTION —
"THE HUMAN ROD"
S.J. MAAS - INVENTOR

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Ed. Cowen Connors
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ENGINEERING FACULTY.

THE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT.

ENGINEERING is now admitted to be one of the greatest and most important professions, and as a result this session was begun with the largest number of civil, electrical and mining engineering students in the history of the department. In fact the engineering department has shown the largest percentage of increase in attendance of all the departments of the university.

The school of electrical engineering, which existed for so long a time only in the minds of the university officials, is now a reality, and the comparatively large number of students taking this course shows clearly that a long felt want has been satisfied. If we may judge by the large number of students already in this school, in spite of the fact that no mention of the school was made in the last year's catalogue, it will not be a long time before it becomes equal in size to any school in the department.

Dr. Arthur Curtis Scott, Ph. D. University of Wisconsin, has been appointed Professor of Electrical Engineering, and is already hard at work developing his school. We believe that under his able direction it will expand greatly and rapidly and become the finest electrical school in the South.

A group of twenty-one courses leading to the degree of Electrical Engineer has been arranged by Dr. Scott which compares favorably with the courses of the best universities of the North and East.

The large increase in the number of students in the department made it necessary to provide more drawing room; consequently the large room formerly used as the girl's gymnasium has been converted into a drawing room and is now daily filled with aspiring freshmen, who excite the admiration (?) of the fair co-eds who, prompted by curiosity, peek in occasionally.

The faculty of the department has been increased by the appointment of a tutor in drawing, and two additional student assistants, made necessary by the greater number of men taking drawing and field-work.

The group of courses leading to the degree of Civil Engineer has been increased from twenty to twenty-one. Engineers will now have to take two courses in English, and an elective from the following group; Political Economy, History, Electrical Engineering, Modern Language or Thesis work. A group of studies has also been arranged for students who wish to enter the field of Sanitary engineering. This is, in the main, of features similar to the regular civil engineering course and leads to the same degree. The course in mining engineering has also been rearranged and strengthened by the addition of another course.

From this it can be seen that the standard of work in the whole department has been raised.

A handsome new fire-proof building of pressed brick, four stories in height, is now in the process of erection on the campus for the accommodation of this department. It will have cost, when completed, seventy-five thousand dollars. It will be provided with well equipped electrical, and hydraulic, and mining laboratories, as well as laboratories for testing the strength of cements, steel, wood and other materials of engineering. The drawing rooms will occupy the whole of the third floor, will be provided with modern desks, and will undoubtedly prove to be light, airy and comfortable. There will also be provided in connection with the drawing rooms, photographic dark room and a convenient blue printing room.

The students appreciate the improvements that are being made for their convenience and comfort.

Unofficially it is announced that a Studio is to be fitted up in which a course in Landscape, for the benefit of the Lawyers and Academs, will be administered. Heretofore the drawing rooms have been used as impromptu studios, but now that the aspirants for this course are so numerous, and as they are expected to increase ten-fold upon completion of the new building, the addition of a special room will be a great benefit.

Now that we have room to expand, it only a question of time until our Supremacy is complete. Already they have cut us out from athletics as a department because of their fear of us, but now we see, looming up big, the time when our individual classes will assert themselves and carry off all honors, in spite of combinations against them. As two courses in English will henceforth be required, we expect soon to make our mark in literary lines.

* * * *

Six little Hickeys walking on the drive;
Sammy saw his lady love, then there were Five.
Five little Hickeys at the drawing room door;
Hock got landscaped, then there were Four.
Four little Hickeys out on a spree;
Sunny Jim piked, then there were Three.
Three little Hickeys with nothing to do;
Wampus got a job, then there were Two.
Two little Hickeys with nothing done;
Jinks busted, then there was One.
Doop got so lonely that he nearly had a fit;
So he got himself a wife, and then there was Nit.

Bending Moments.

THE OLD MAN AND THE JUNIORS.

The Old Man gets his Hatchette out,
Singing Ma(a)ss his (p)Sa(l)m begins—
Do Peter out, his Highness shouts,
Your tale begin to spin—

Sims gets a wriggle in his think,
Starr takes another chew.
The class now settles down to blink,
The "Old Man" quickly slips a link,
Von Blucher, How do you?
Von's soul the ceiling soon does hit,
Amsler, you will not do.
Giesen busts, Edwards grunts,
And Connor's not prepared—
Burney stunts, Powell bunts,
And Finch's knowledge aired.
Now Menden hauls his colors out
But quickly flickers up the spout,
His glasses all askew.
The class is wishing it were dead,
Each member sneaks away,
The Hatchette now is good and red,
Bantel's the band to play.

Dead Loaded to T. U. T.—
The Stress has passed,
The Strain is o'er,
The Shear has broke the frame.
The moment's gone,
Reaction failed,
Inertia has the day.

Who says our Starr
Is not by far
The brightest in the vault?
Well, if he ain't,
We'll have no plaint.
But 'twont be T. U.'s fault.

Say Amsler, Who has a Sex-ta'nt?
Chorus of Juniors. Warren!!

SOPHOMORE McGRADY: Say, Prof., this Level
has no Plumb Bob.

SOPHOMORE JOHNSON: Mr. Bantel, where
are those Pyrographical Notes?

The Elder von Blucher has so many names,
Although he's a Deutscher, I dinks it a shames"
When G. C. F. Butte, "Our great Registrar"
Knocks von Blucher's Cognomens ever so far.

Briggs does not like his course, so he is go-
ing to change its length and bearing.

Found—on the Library Floor:

Mr. Windsor, Please admit Georgie Wick-
line to the Sacred Precincts. Signed, T. U. T.

FIRST CO-ED: Why do those Engineers sing
so well?

SECOND CO-ED: Because they eat B. Hall
harmony.

FIRST W. B.: There is going to be War-ren
the Engineering department soon.

SECOND W. B.: How so?

FIRST W. B.: Well there are Ma(a)ss meet-
ings in Library every day.

Say, Lee, what is the difference between An-
derson and Cinders?

One is fired from the Hall, the other hauled
from the fire.

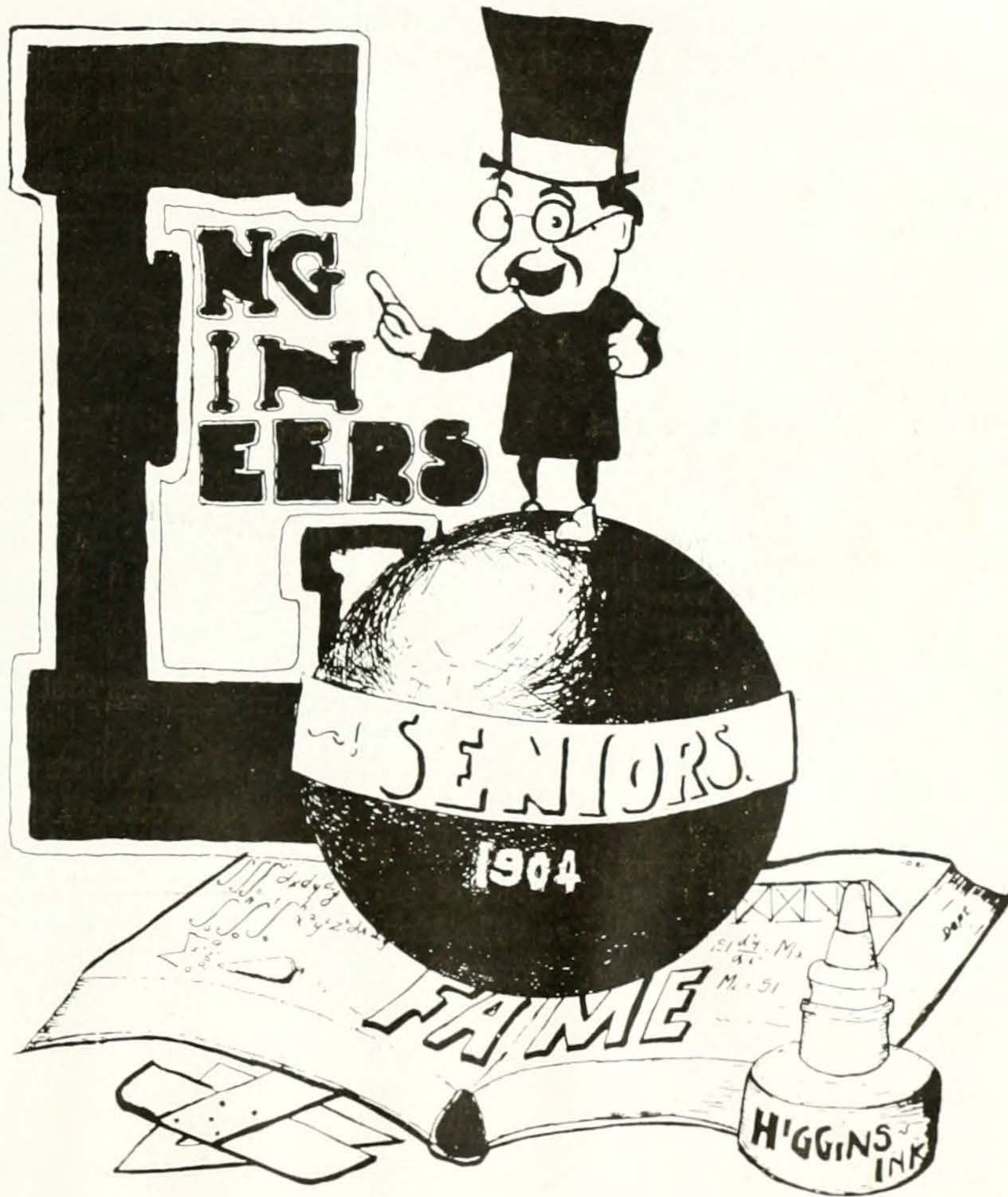
Say, Giesen, what is the difference between
Hoc and a Chorus Girl?

Give it up.

One is a Bowler and the other is a bold her.

What is the difference between Freshman
McCall tongue and a Weinerwurst?

One is wagging in the Hall, the other is
hauled in the wagon.



Senior Engineers.



THE SENIOR ENGINEERING CLASS of '04 is remarkable in that it is neither the largest nor the smallest, neither the best nor the worst, but in that it contains an exceedingly varied individuality in its membership. While only five in number, it includes the indifferent, the modest, the theoretical, the practical, and the phlegmatical; in short, engineers of every kind, shape and size.

Our brilliant John Perry Starnes is famous for his great achievements on exams, having on many occasions covered himself with glory, while all those around wondered how he did it. His lasting fame rests, however, on another achievement. This noble son of a worthy ancestor, after a long series of experiments, lasting through a period of four years, announced the discovery of the following law: "If you have an exam, go to the show the night before; if you haven't, go anyway."

It is with unfeigned diffidence that the writer comes to speak of Walter Owen Washington, "Honest George, the chaplain of the class."

He's as quaint and timid as a maid, 'tis true,
The daintiest little fellow the writer ever knew.
Three moment formulas and integrations—
Don't mention them on Examinations.

The most noteworthy event of his life has just been consummated in his first love experience. All are hopeful as to the outcome.

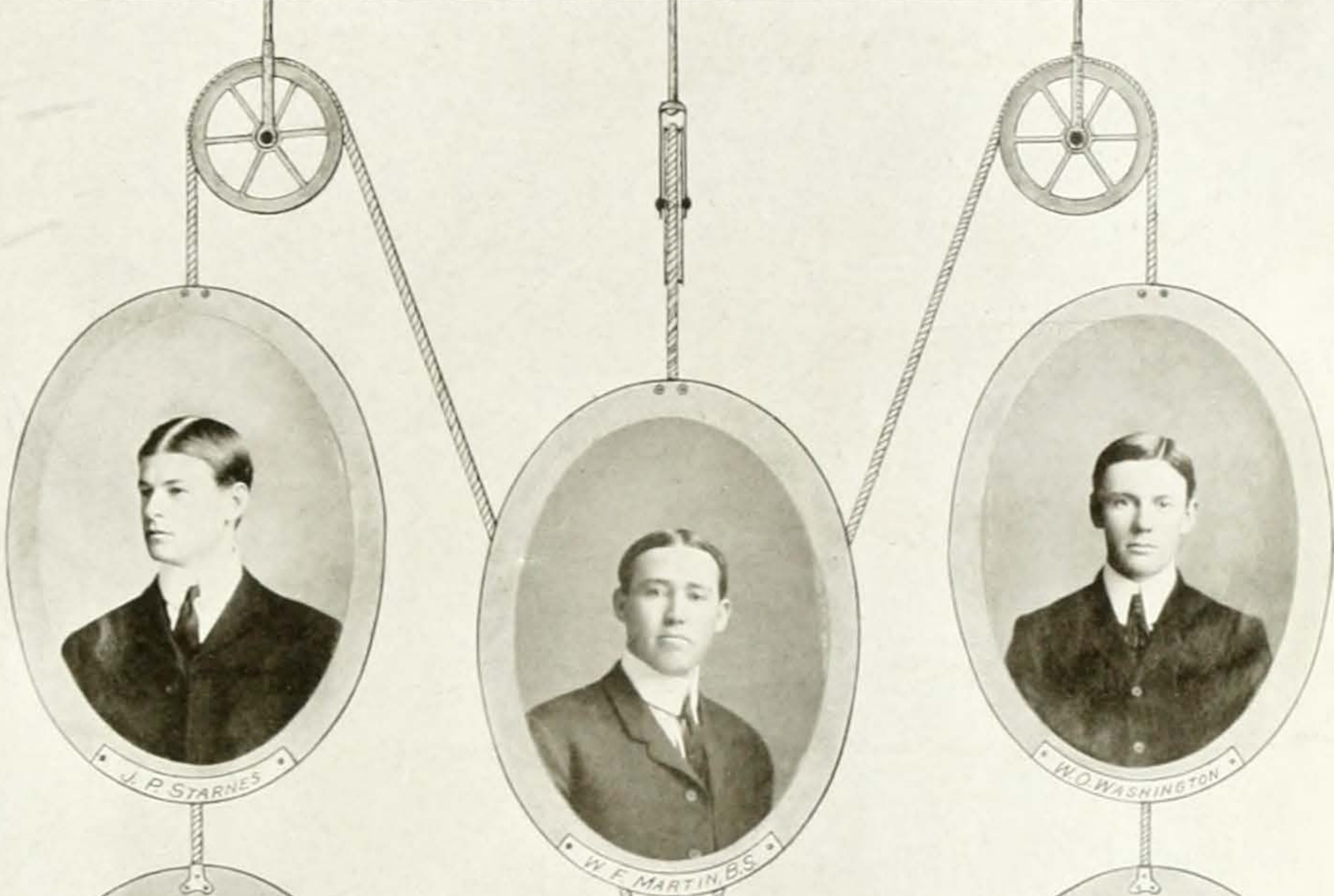
Next comes our pretty, black-haired hero, William Franklin Martin, more often referred to as the "Mathematical Crank," or "The Old Man's Pet." He tried to take all the courses in the University, but utterly failed, which was a severe shock to his colossal pride, and broke the "Old Man's" heart. If he would take the advice of his contemporaries, and drop to the plane of the practical world, he might be hailed as "The Man from Up There."

That deep thinker and philosopher, George Grover Wickline is universally known by his characteristic smile, which extends from (y)ear to (y)ear. Serene, sober and methodical, he has the highest standing in his class (measured in inches). He is well balanced—until the Prof. plies questions too freely, when he sometimes takes a mental somersault, to bob up serenely later on. He is his father's pride, and hopes some day to become a man.

The last increment to our class is Charles Edward Leonard, whose claim for fame rests on being Perpetual Sergeant-at-Arms of the "Engineer's Club." He started on before us, but his thirst for worldly knowledge and "Bud" led him astray. Now he has fully repented and returned to the fold. But with his characteristic nerve and grit, he expects to graduate. See Justice of the Peace for further particulars.

Signed
W. L. M. S. W.

U. of T.



C. E. LEONARD



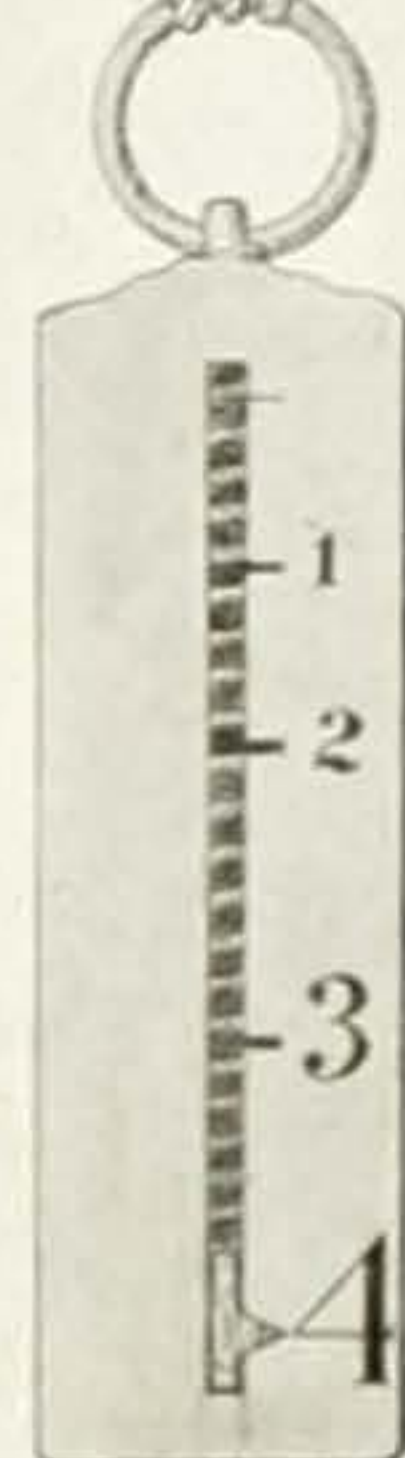
W. F. MARTIN, B.S.



W. D. WASHINGTON



G. D. WICKLINE



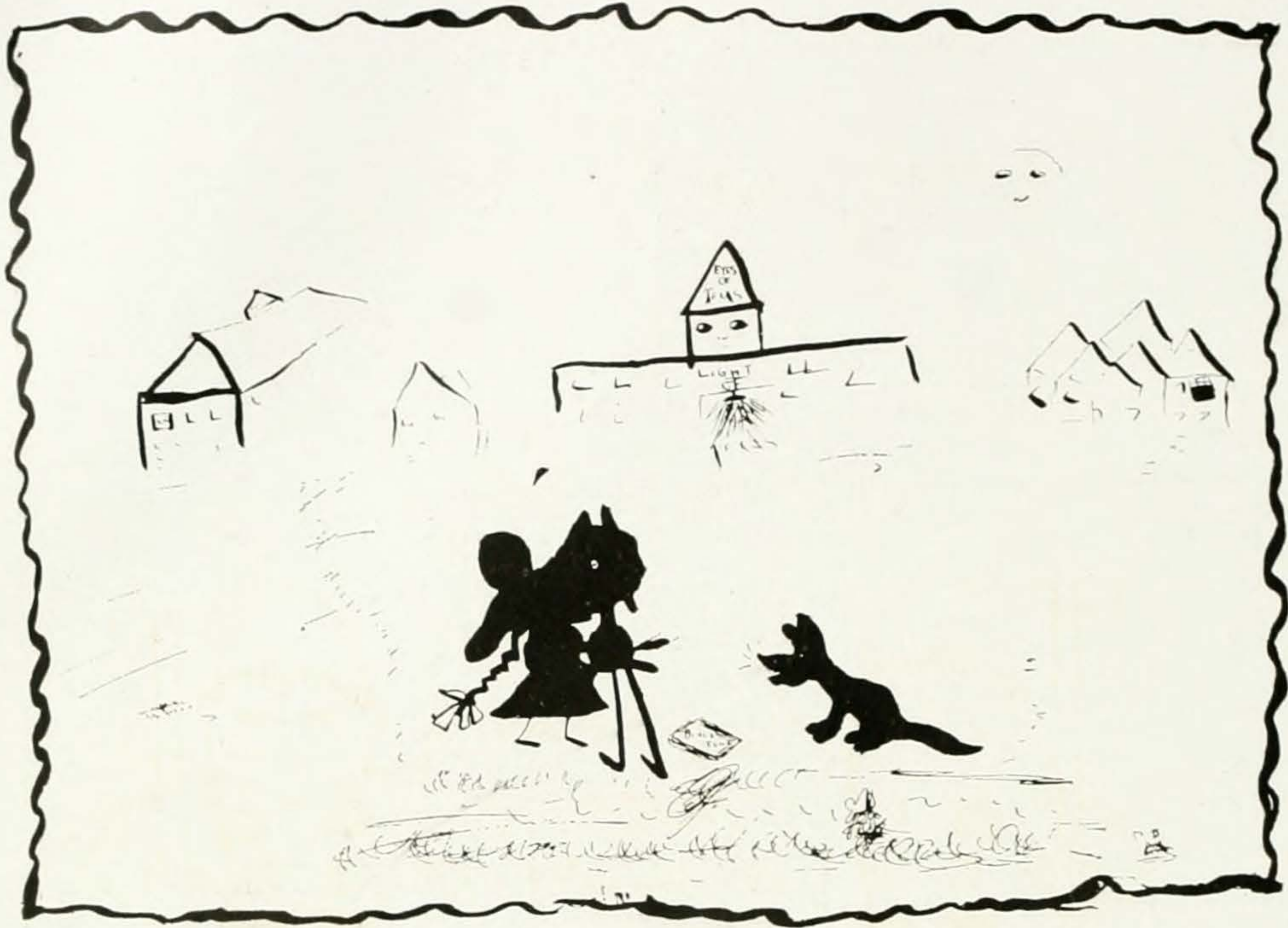
1 FRESH.
2 SOPH.
3 JUNIOR
4 SENIOR

SENIOR

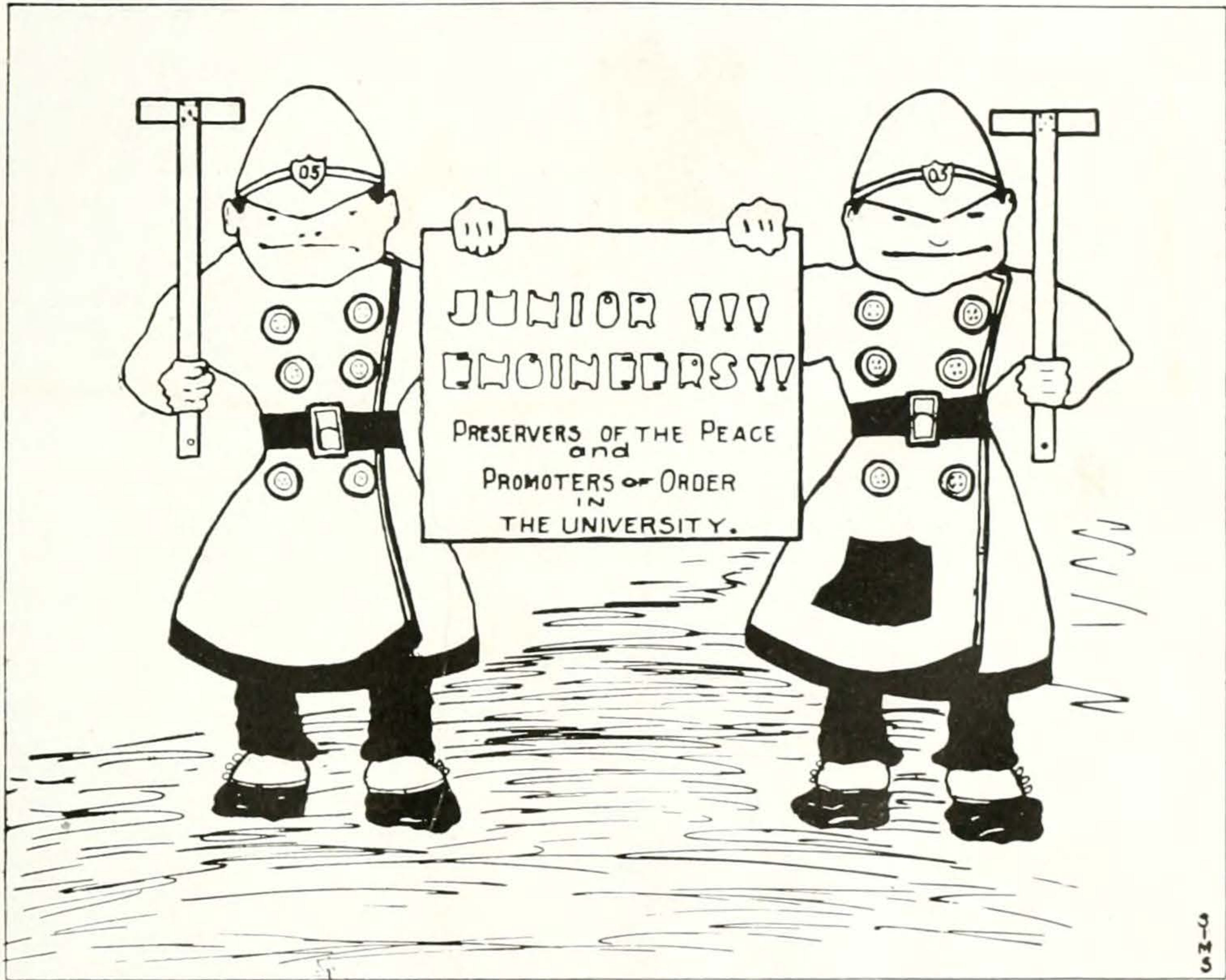
ENGINEERS.

19 04





FRESHIE - This ORATORY SNAP is the
Richest ONE YET.



JUNIOR ENGINEERS.

OFFICERS.

OFFICERS	FALL TERM	WINTER TERM	SPRING TERM
<i>President</i>	A. C. AMSLER	G. G. EDWARDS	R. R. HATCHITT
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<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	F. J. D. STARR	A. C. AMSLER	GEO. G. EDWARDS

JUNIOR ROLL.

Amsler, A. C.	Giesen, W. E.	Parrish, J. R.
Blucher, C. F. K.	Hatchitt, R. R.	Powell, W. J.
Connor, E. C.	Hogsett, J. B.	Shands, N. D.
Edwards, G. G.	Lallier, B. C.	Sims, O. L.
Finch, S. P.	Maas, S. J.	Starr, F. J. D.
Fletcher, H. T.	Mendenhall, H. D.	Warren, W. D. P.
Forsgard, L. W.	Murray, J. P.	



JUNIOR ENGINEERS.

THE Athletic ASSociation \$trove to keep the CACTU\$ thi\$ year.
To any one \$harp-\$ighted enough to \$ee in thi\$ \$entence anything
that led the ASSociation to do \$o, the \$ame ASSociation will pre\$ent
13 cent\$.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

CACTUS.

BLISHED TO DEATH BY THE ATHLETIC
ASSOCIATION.

SOPHOMORE



ENGINEERS
1906

SOPHOMORE ENGINEERS.

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<i>Treasurer</i>	G. B. FINLEY	E. H. JAHN	J. R. NAGEL
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	O. W. FINLEY	P. SMITH	A. BAER

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Alvey, J. P.	Elder, E. H.	Lee, W. T.
Arledge, A. R.	Ellingson, O. J. S.	McGrady, H. P.
Armstrong, T. J.	Finch, H. H.	Nagel, J. R.
Baer, A.	Finch, S. P.	Nibbi, C. J.
Bishop, C. M.	Finley, G. B.	Pritchett, J. W.
Blucher, C. M. V.	Finley, O. W.	Robertson, L. C.
Brodie, A. D.	Forrest, L. E.	Smith, P.
Bunnell, A.	Foster, R. R.	Ward, R. A.
Campbell, E. N.	Fox, H. H.	Wathen, J. W.
Card, E. M.	Hancock, J.	Wells, P. B.
Carnes, W. M.	Jahn, E. H.	White, J. B.
Davis, E. W.	Johnson, C. H.	Wilcox, R. C.



SOPHOMORE ENGINEERS.



WALKING-DELEGATE OF
"THE ALFALFA FRATERNITY"



THE HICKEY QUARTETTE.



FRESHMAN ENGINEERS.

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CLASS ROLL.

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Bishop, Charles Milton	Henderson, Lucian Gerdine	Remschel, Robert Henry
Briggs, James Harvey	Hicks, James Hicks	Roberts, Boone Carlisle
Binghurst, John Henry	Householder, Samuel Byers	Robertson, Marion Clinton
Brown, Burke William	Johnson, Richard Newman	Ruggles, Daniel Grant
Bunnel, Arthur	Jones, Raymond Lynn	Shield, Leon Lee
Card, Edward Melvin	Kirbey, McFall	Spangler, John Thomas
Crockett, Roy Hassell	Landers, Douglas Alfred	Thomas, William Edmund
Dibrell, James Fannell	McCall, Edward Francis	Thomas, Wyatt Eugene
Early, Junius	McClellan, George Abraham	Thomson, Fred Morton
Elder, Herbert Walter	McDonald, William White	Watkins, James Lancaster
Folsom, Clarence Strand	McGrady, Henry Pearl	Waggener, James Pendleton
Garbrecht, Lewis	McGrath, Edward	Ward, Alfred Pierce
Gardner, James Elias	Morris, Edwin Malcom	Wilkes, Melton Catlette
Given, James Arthur	Muller, Arthur	Williams, Robert Johnson
Greenwell, Samuel Alexander	Neibuhr, Arthur James Henry	Wood, Charles Miller
	Pearson, Matthew Marvin	

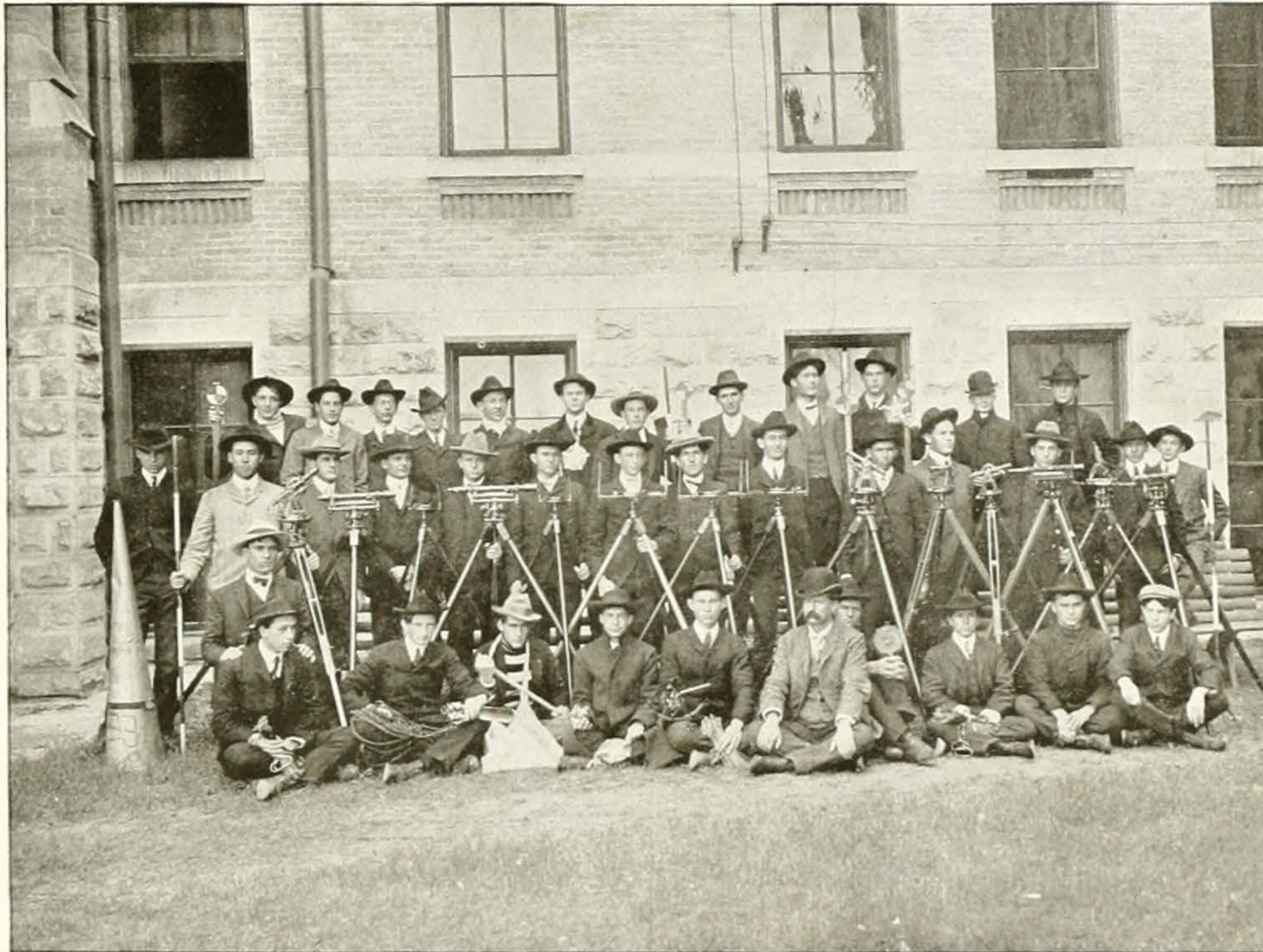
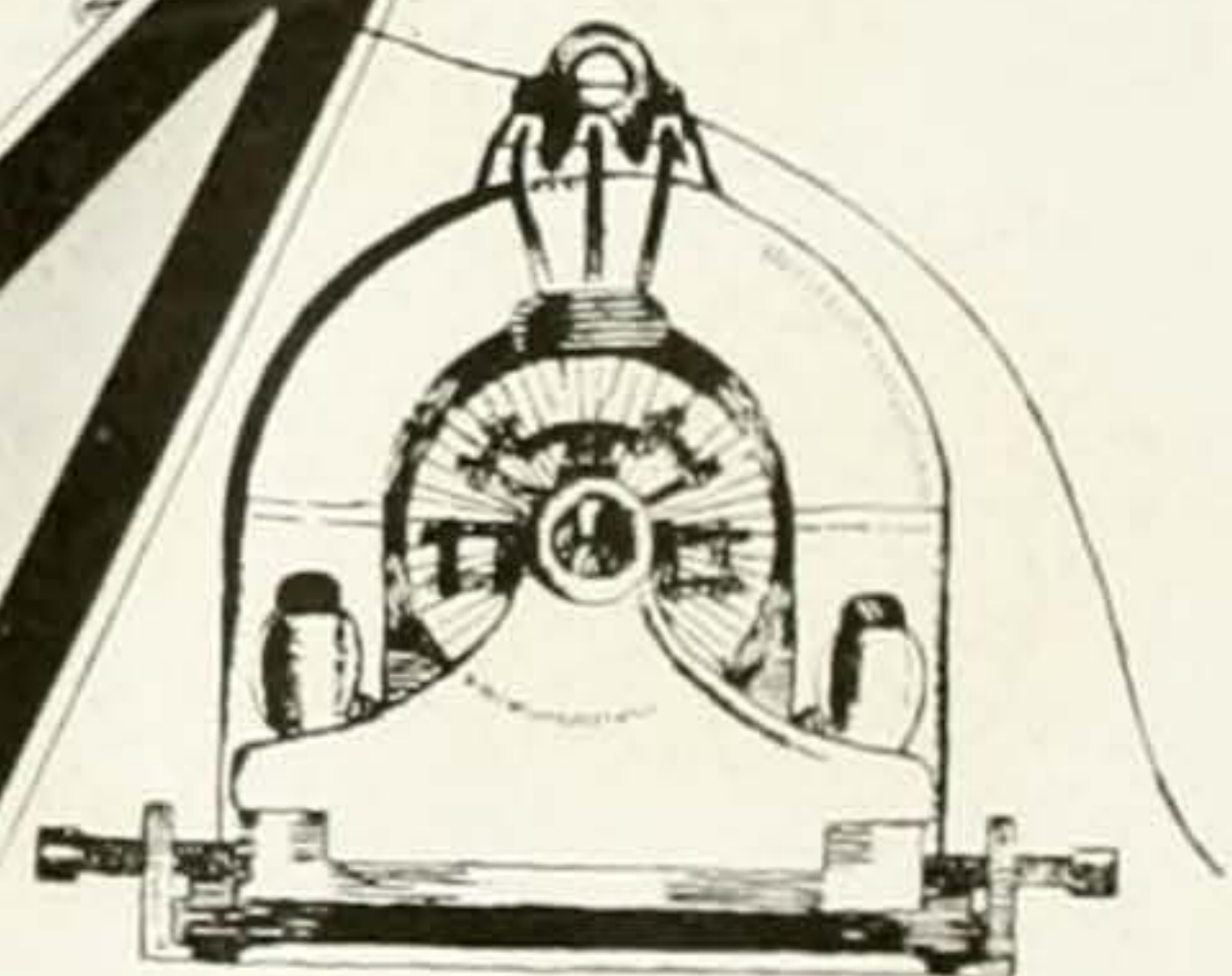


Photo by Jordan.

FRESHMEN ENGINEERS.



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS 1904





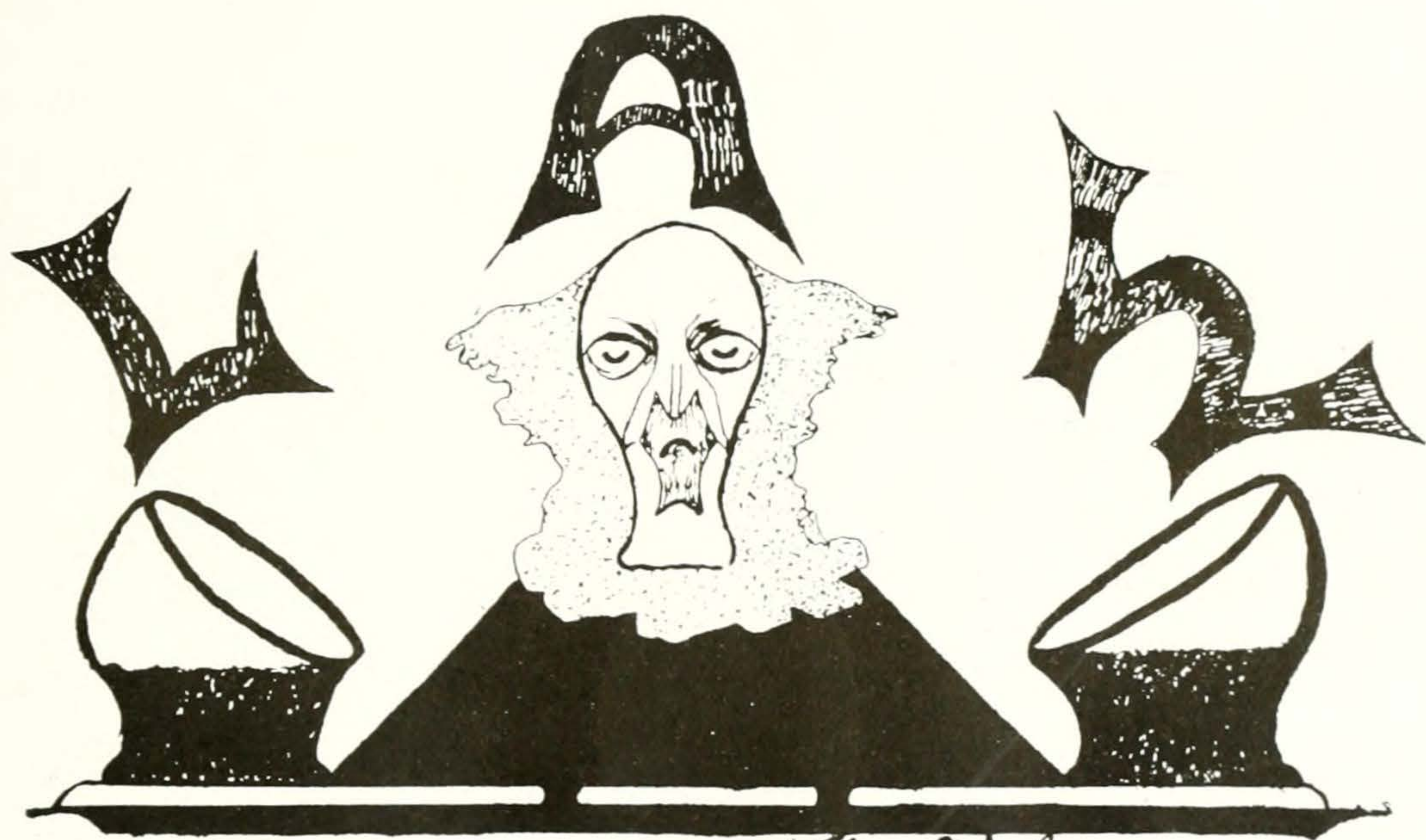
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JAMES BOWIE WHITE.....*Vice-President.*
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Wm. Lorenz Maedgen	John Harris White
Cleve Mayne	Bryan Fisher Williams



Herling R. Hulmoss



JOHN C. TOWNES.



W. S. SIMPKINS.



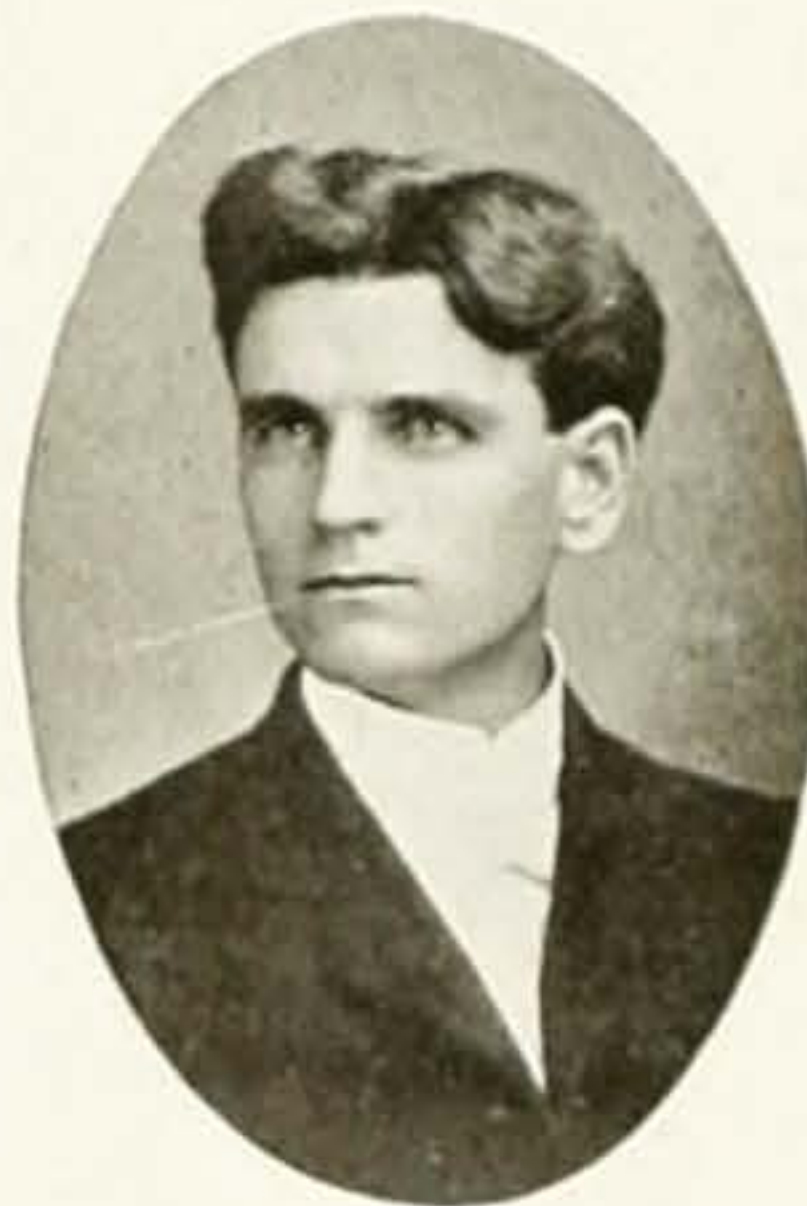
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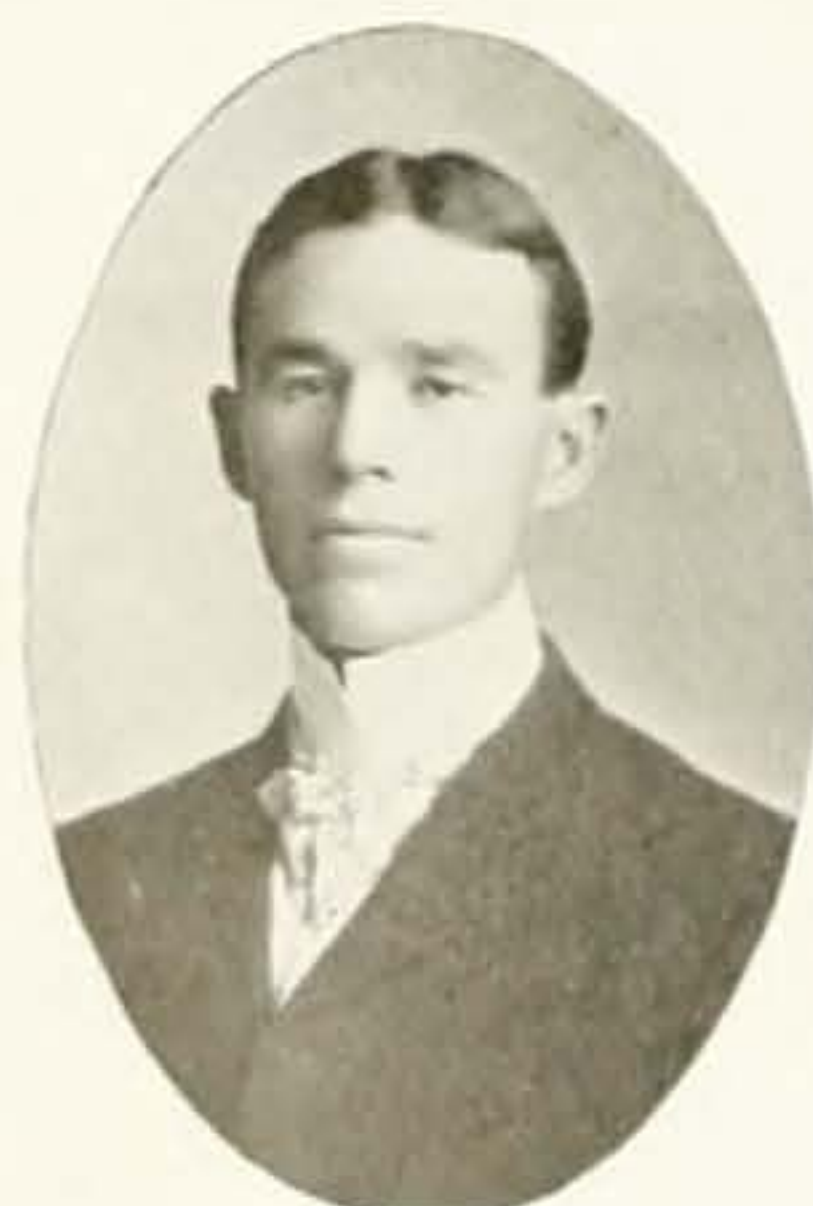
C. H. HUBERICH.



YANCEY LEWIS.



W. J. TRUE.



G. N. LYTLE.



D. A. FRANK.

LAW FACULTY.

OFFICERS OF THE SENIOR LAW CLASS.

FALL TERM.

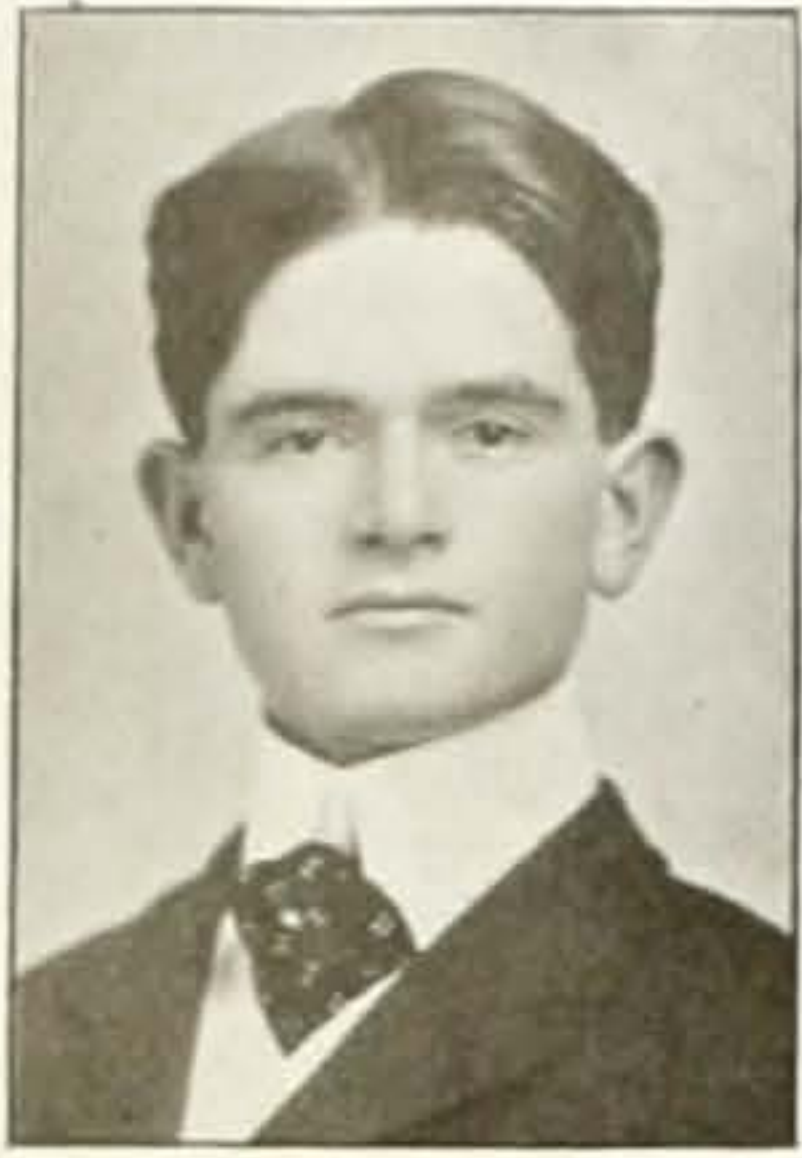
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 HORACE E. TRIPPETT.....*Secretary and Treasurer.*
 KYRIE THRASHER *Sergeant-at-Arms*

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 T. D. BRITT*Vice-President.*
 W. J. BOWEN.....*Secretary and Treasurer.*
 D. R. ROBERTSON.....*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

SPRING TERM.

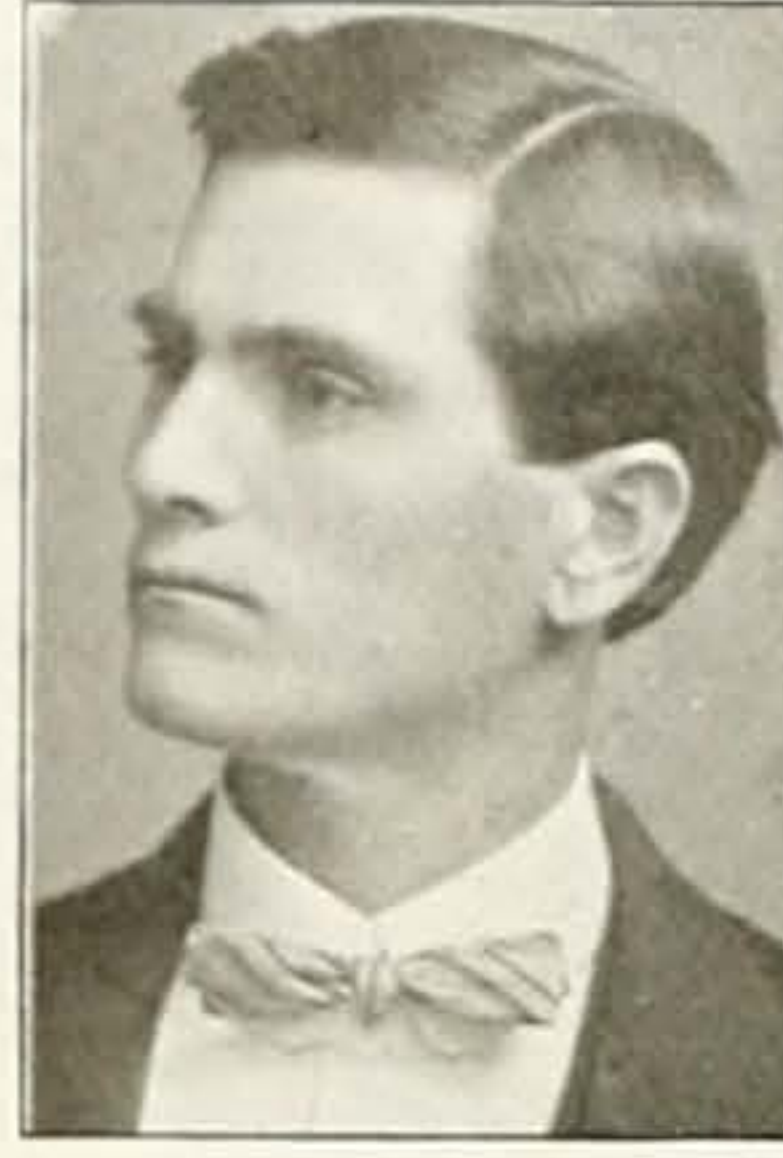
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 JOHN HANCOCK.....*Vice-President.*
 F. M. TATUM.....*Secretary and Treasurer.*
 R. H. TEMPLETON .. *Sergeant-at-Arms.*



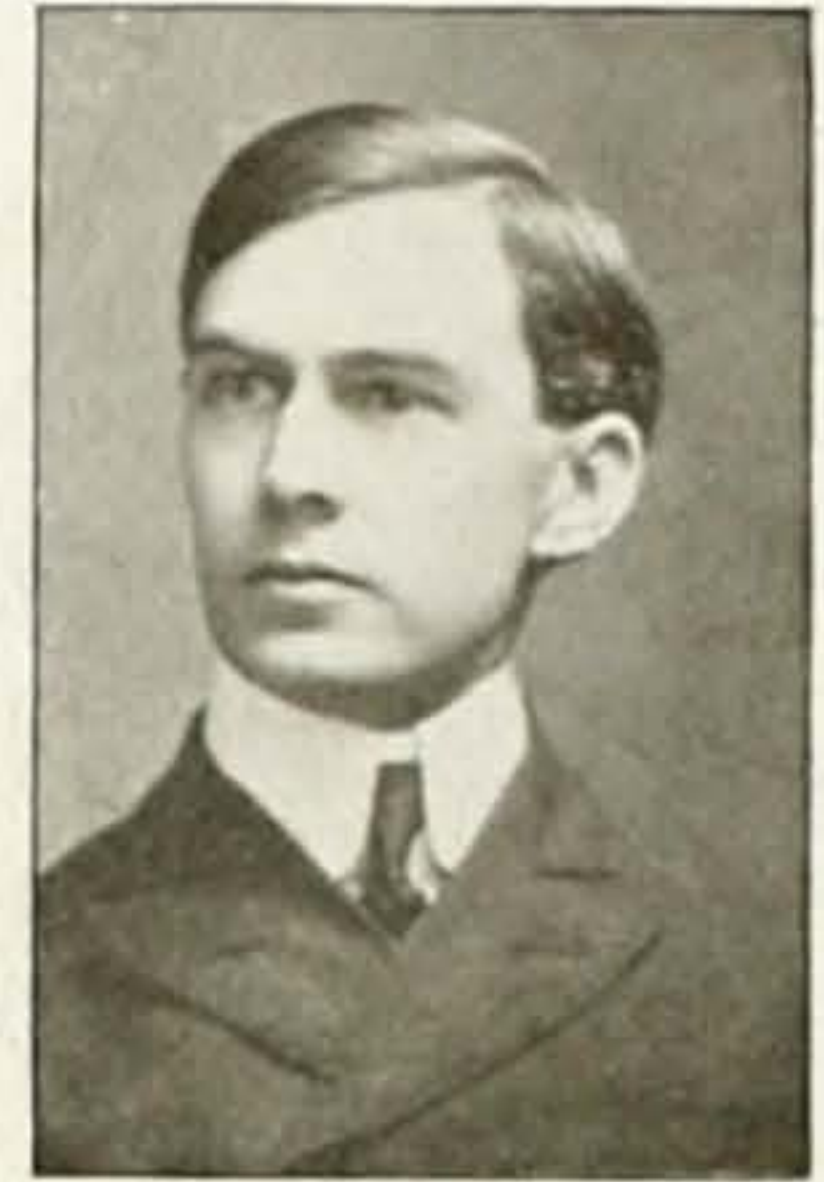
C. M. ABNEY.



S. M. ADAMS.



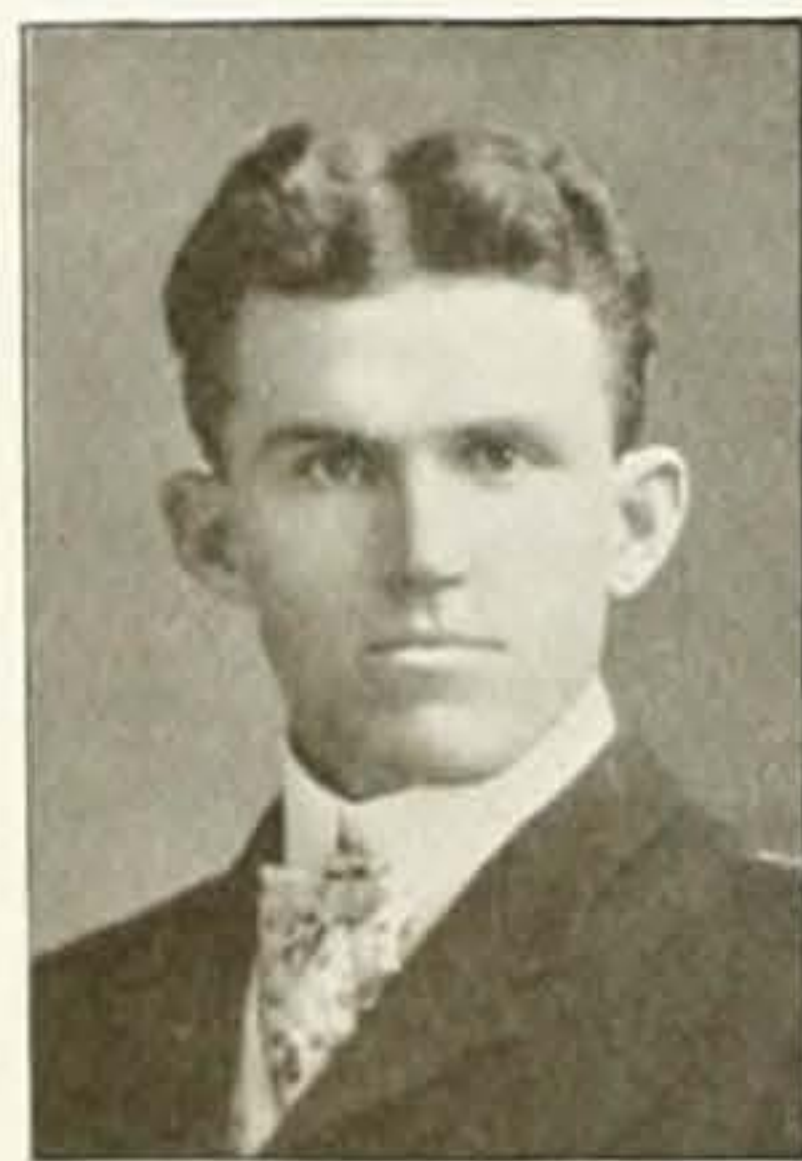
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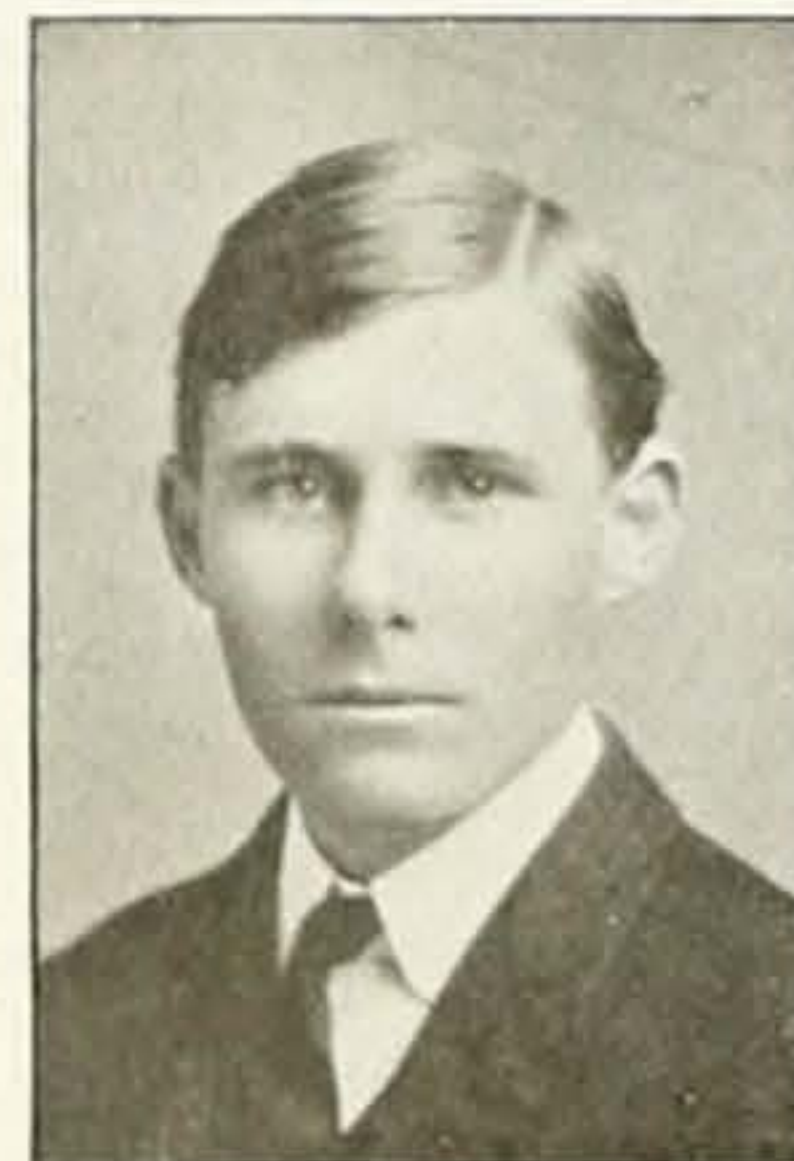
E. H. BAILEY.



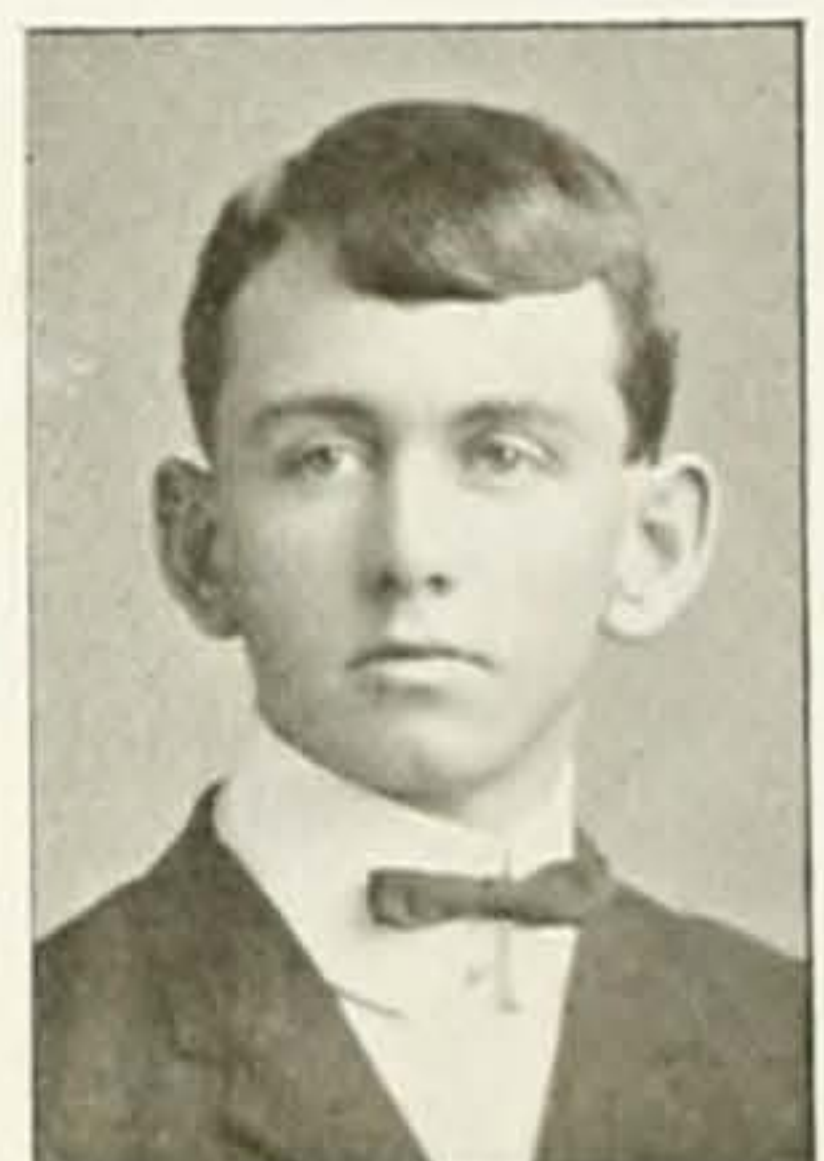
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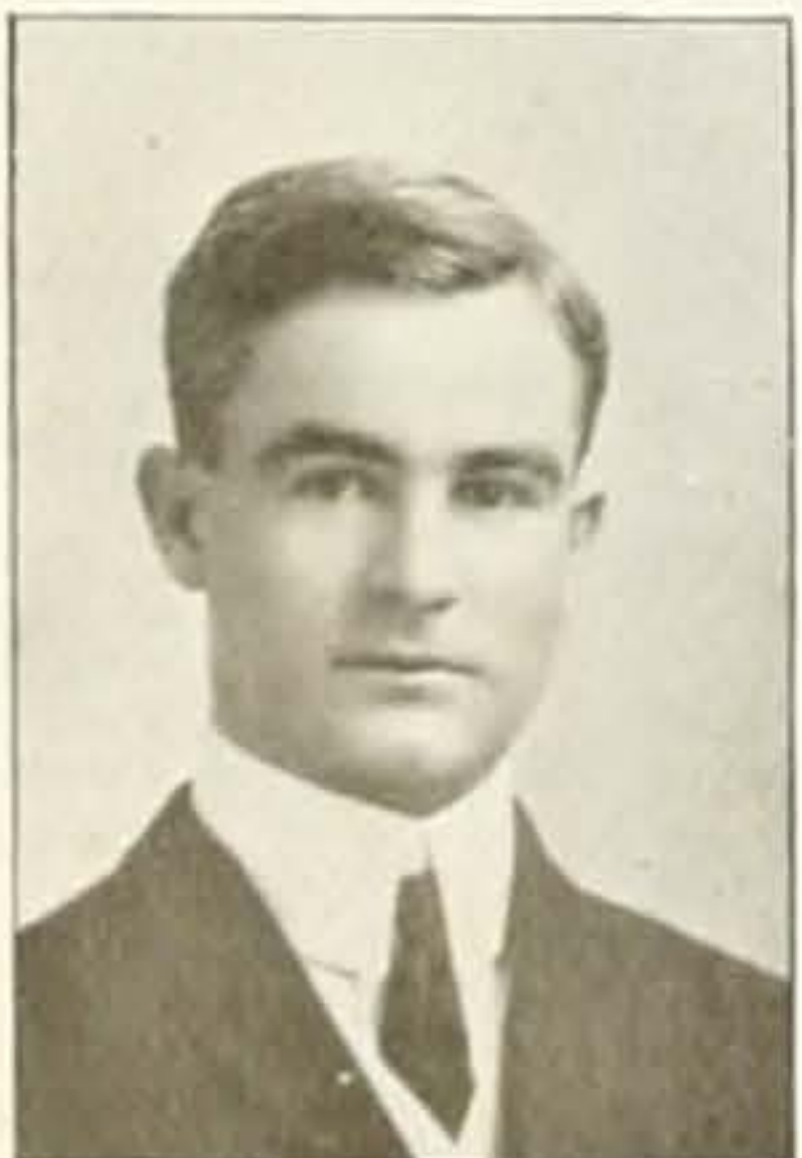
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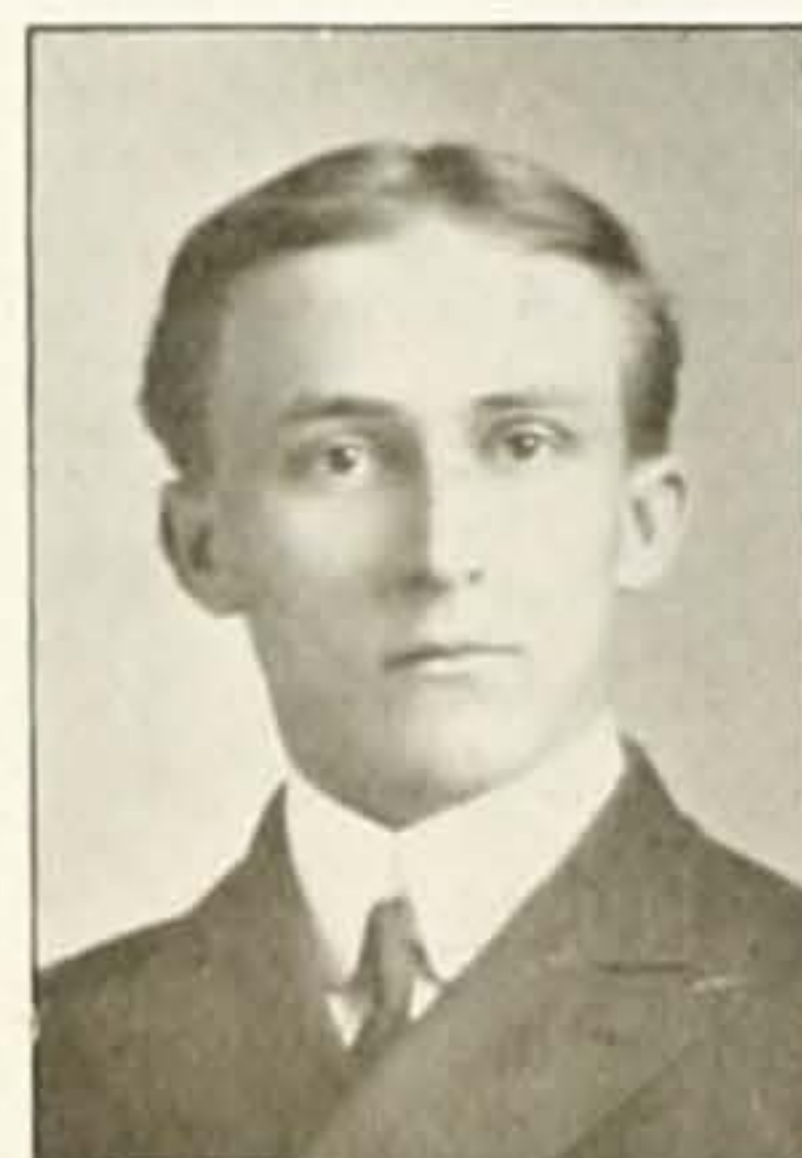
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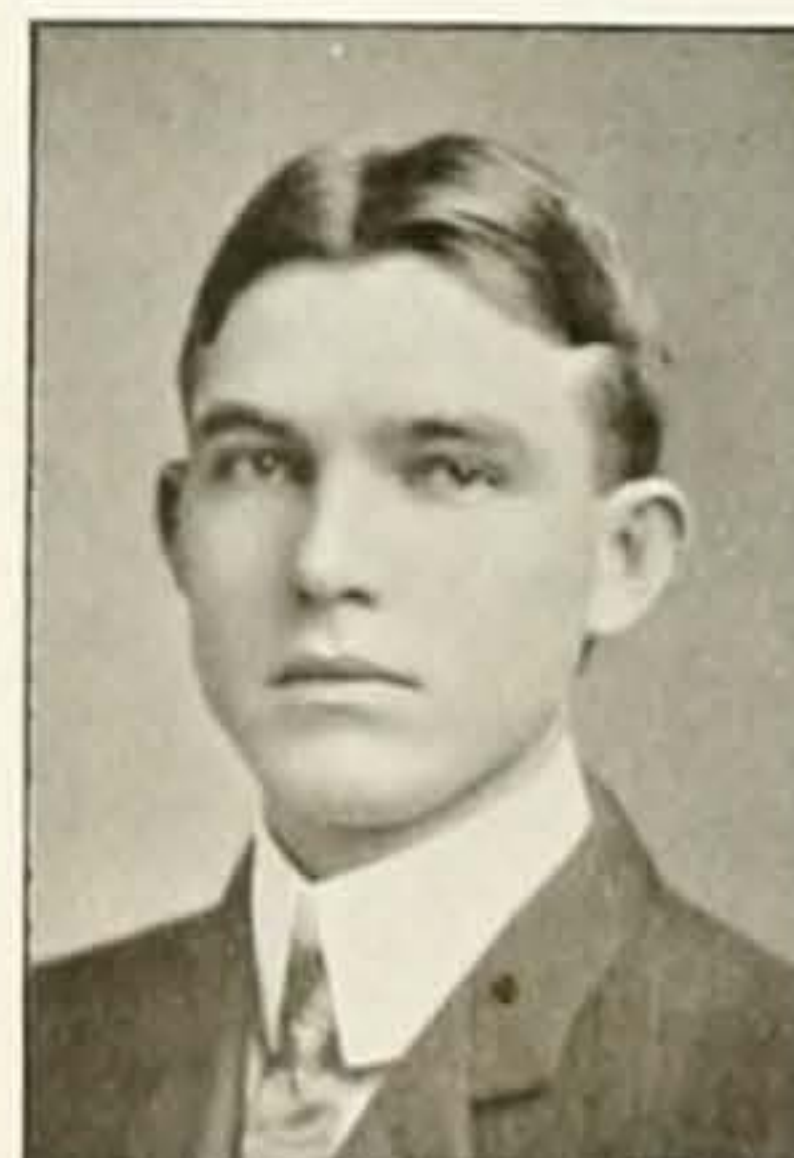
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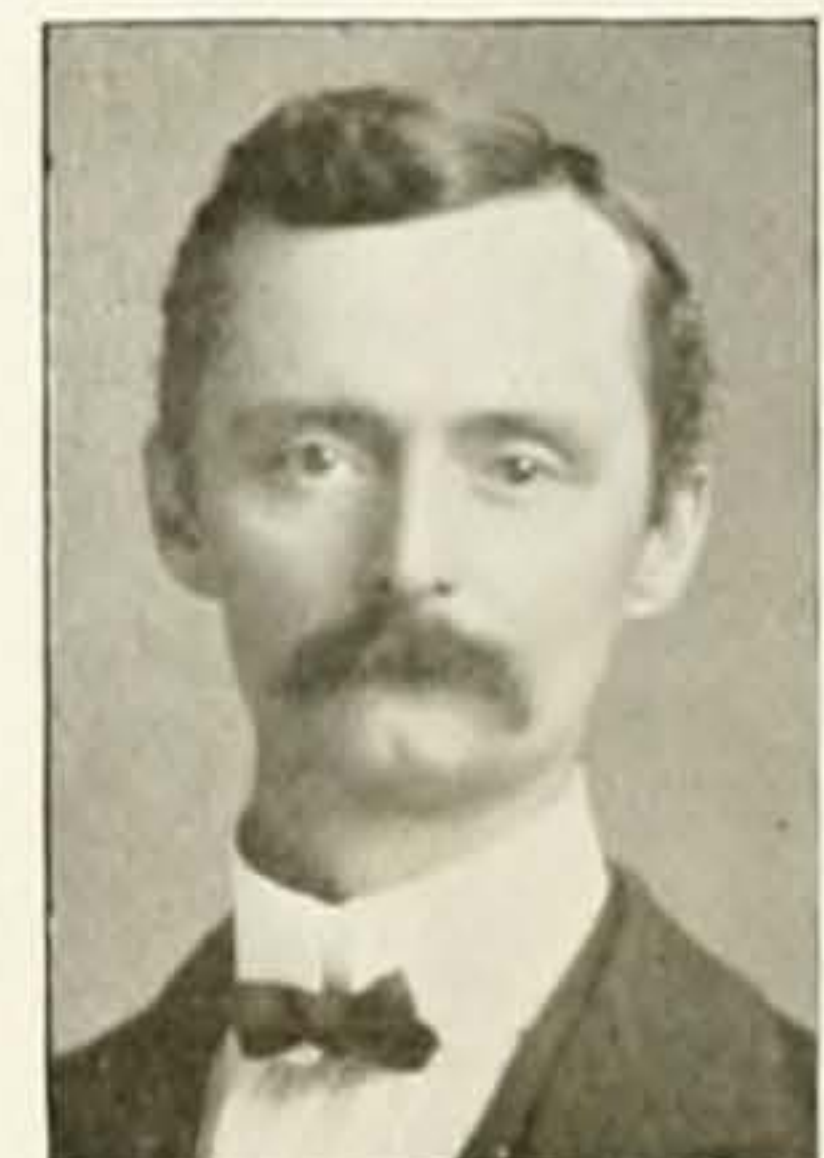
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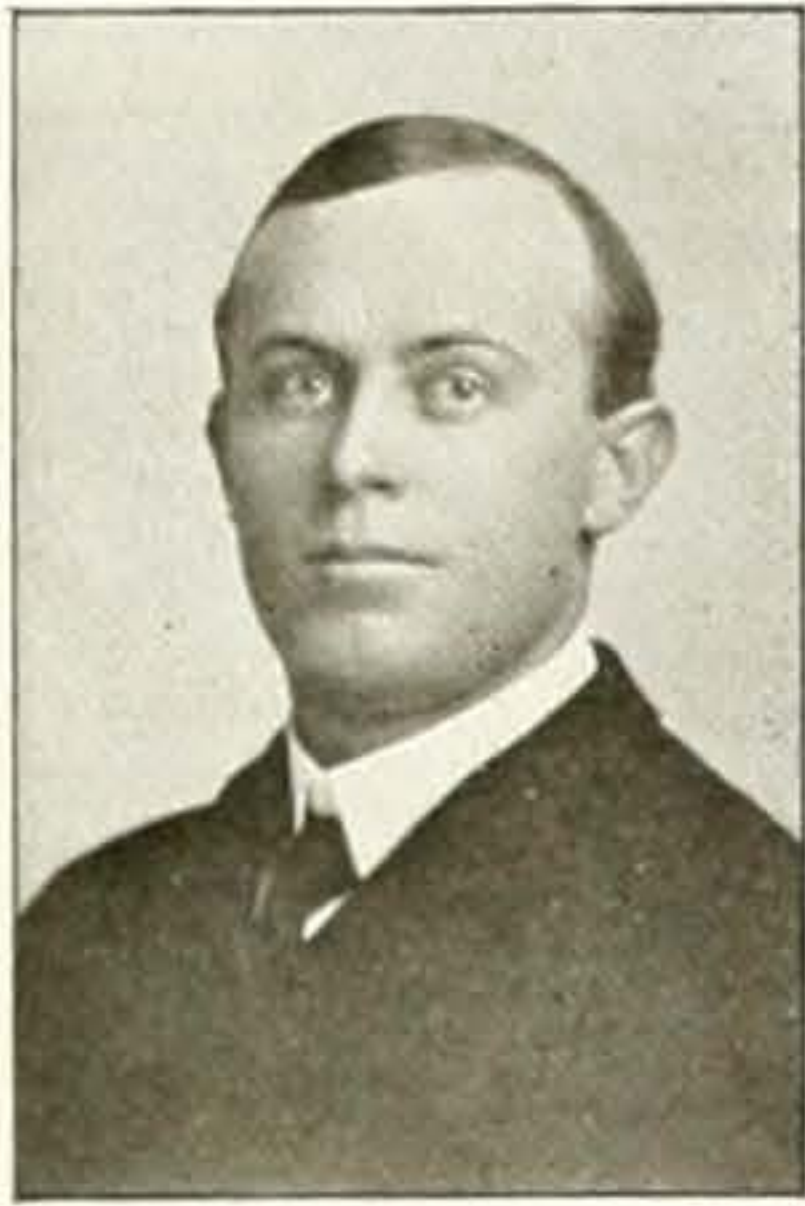


A. W. BLOOR.



T. D. BRITT.

80
50
160



L. D. BROWN.



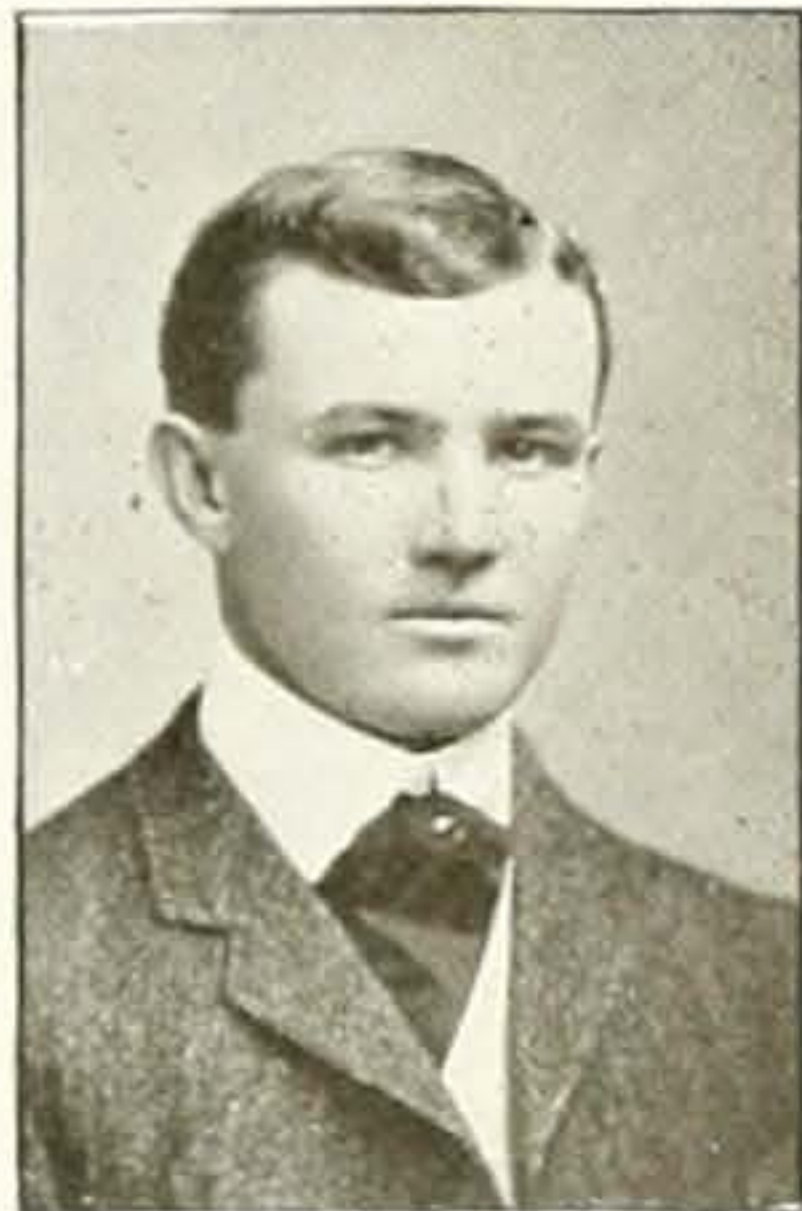
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G. W. BURKITT, JR.



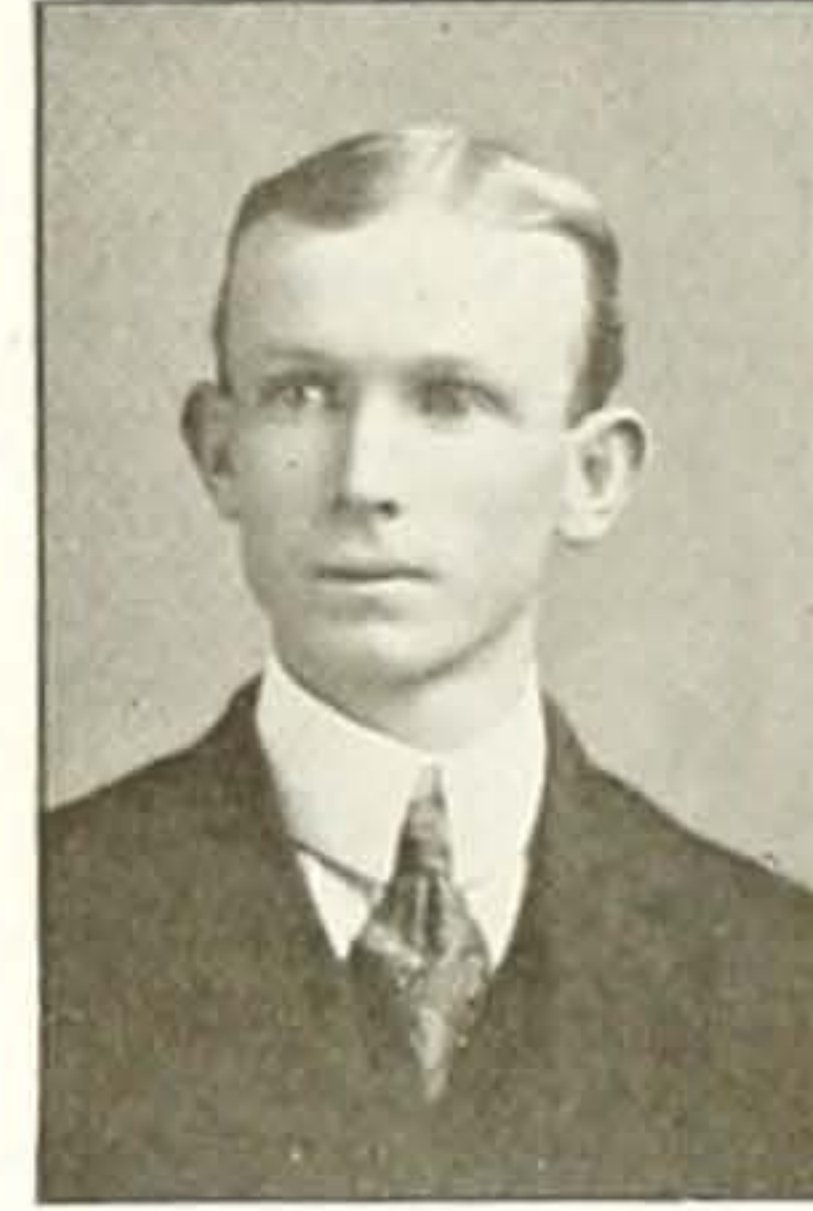
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W. N. CAMP.



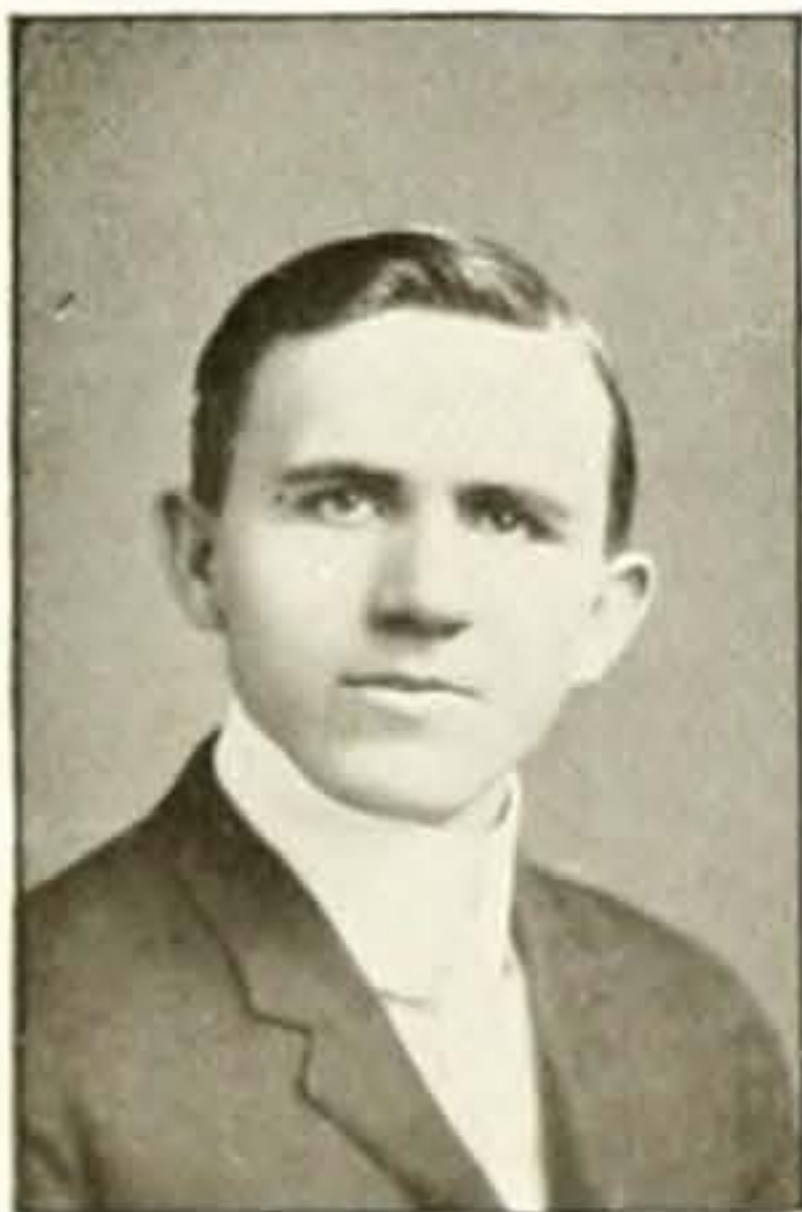
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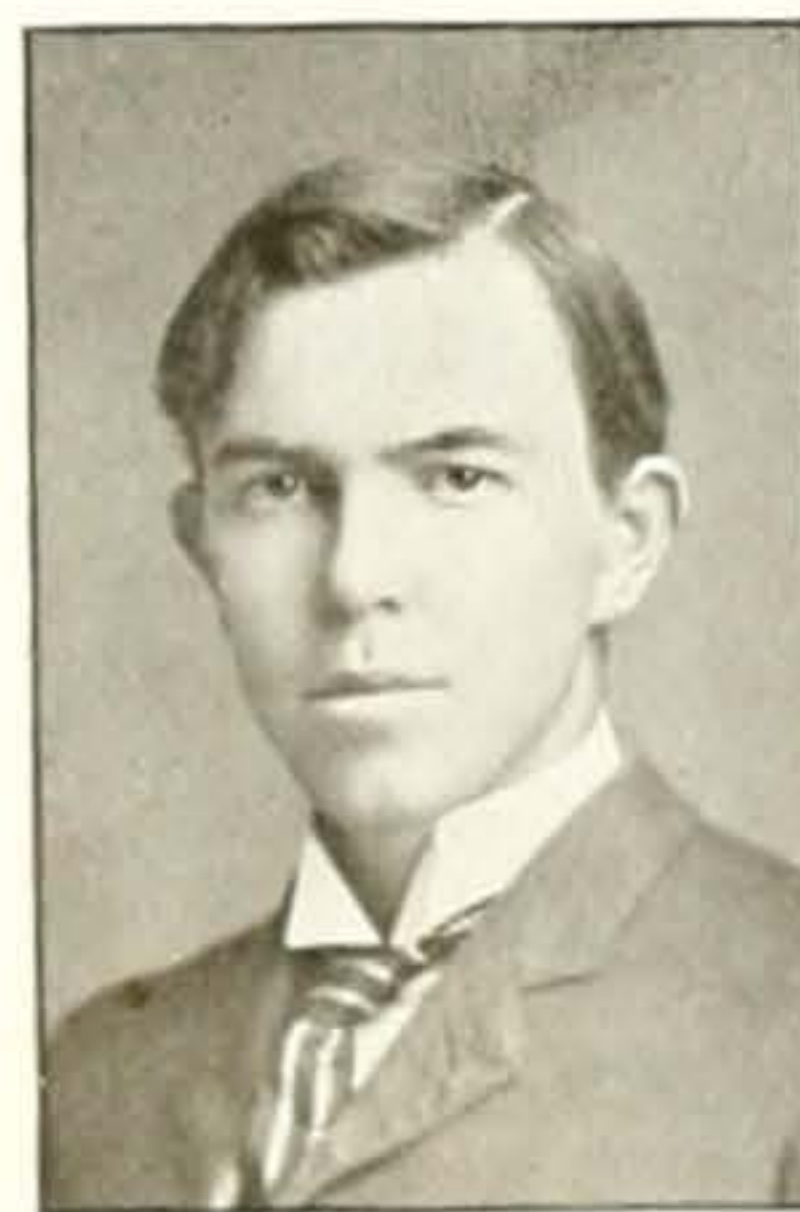
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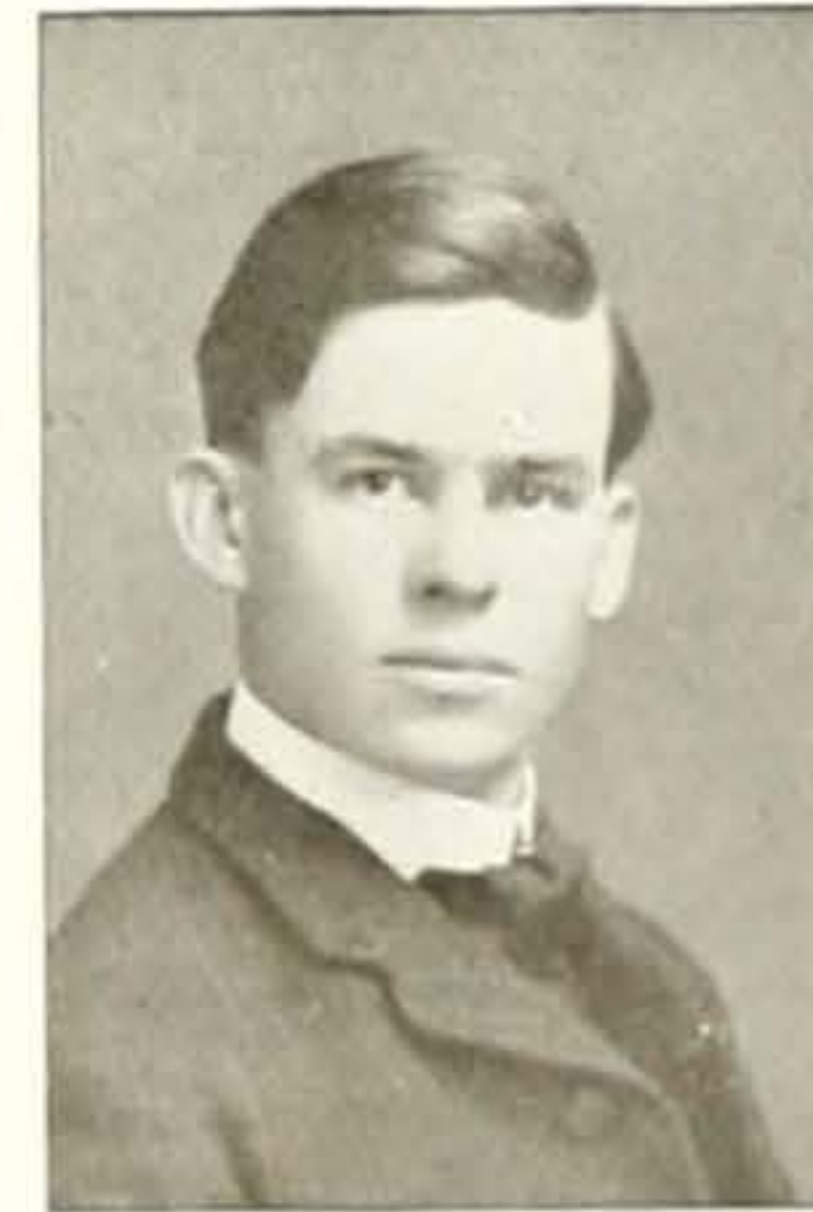
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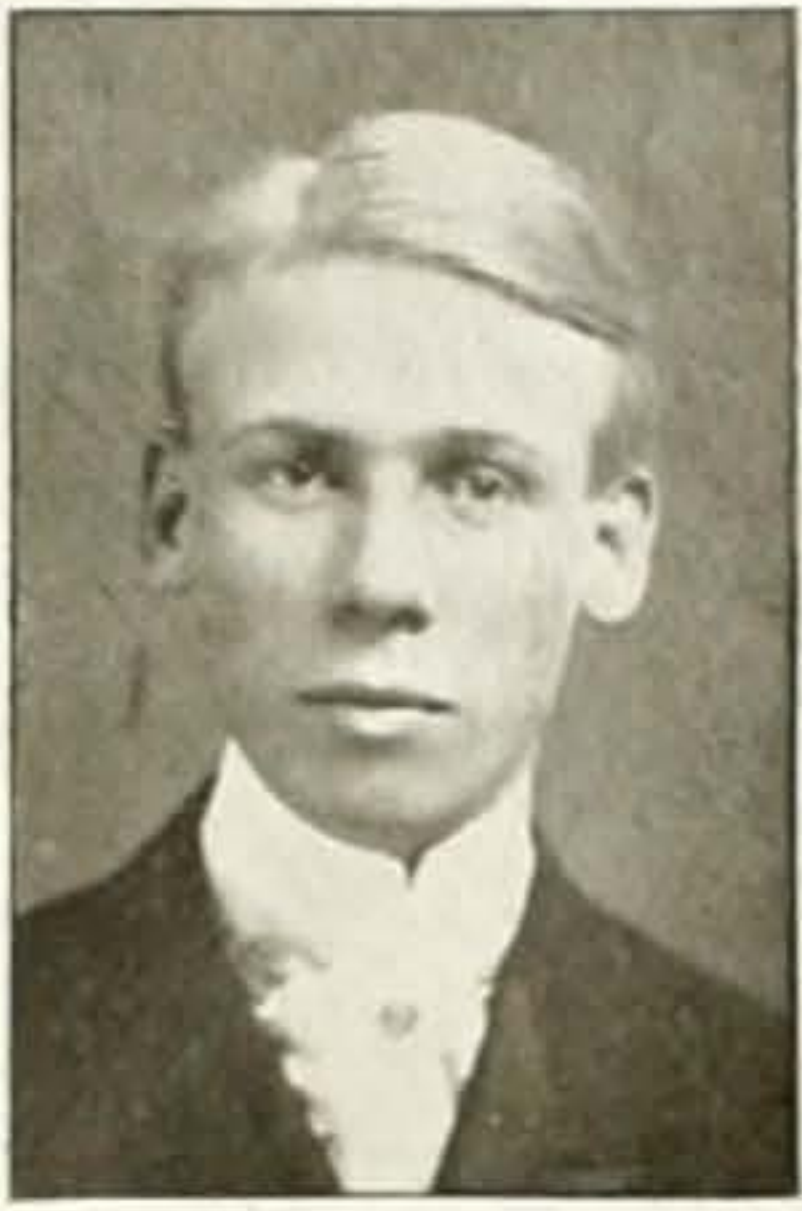
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G. DOWDELL.



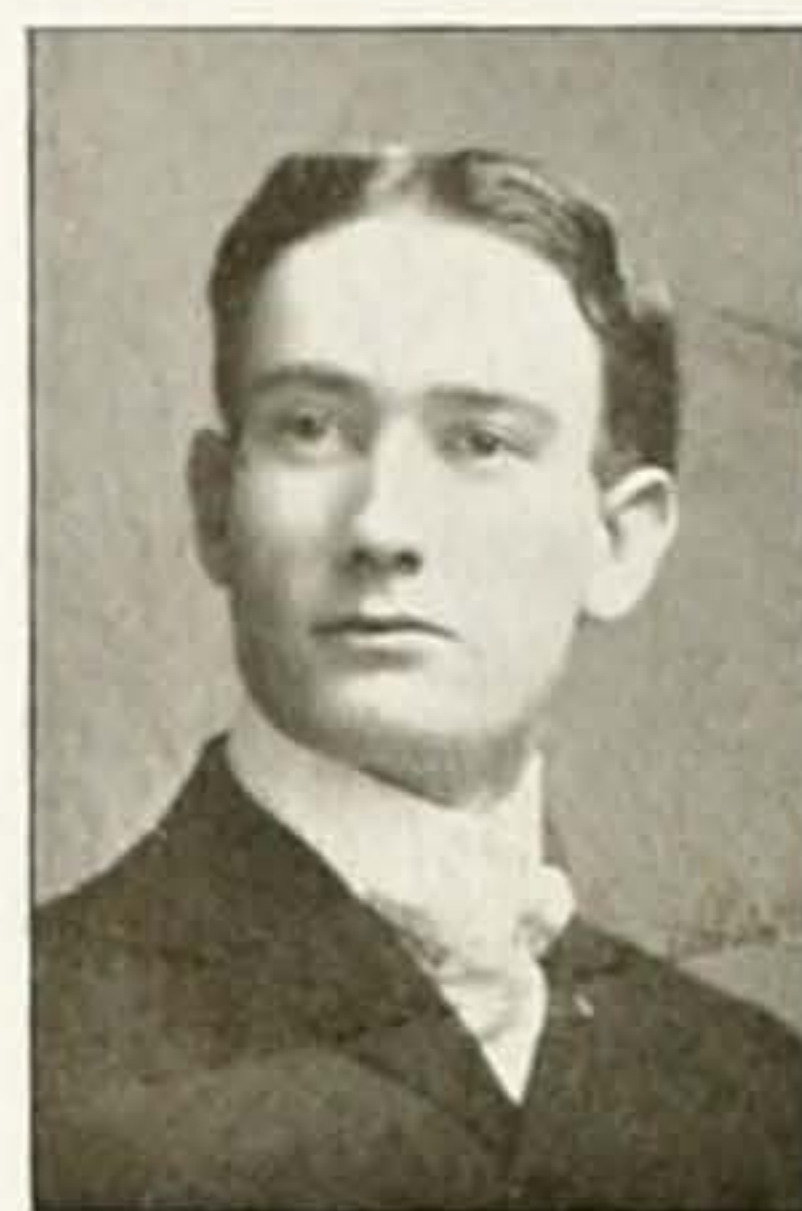
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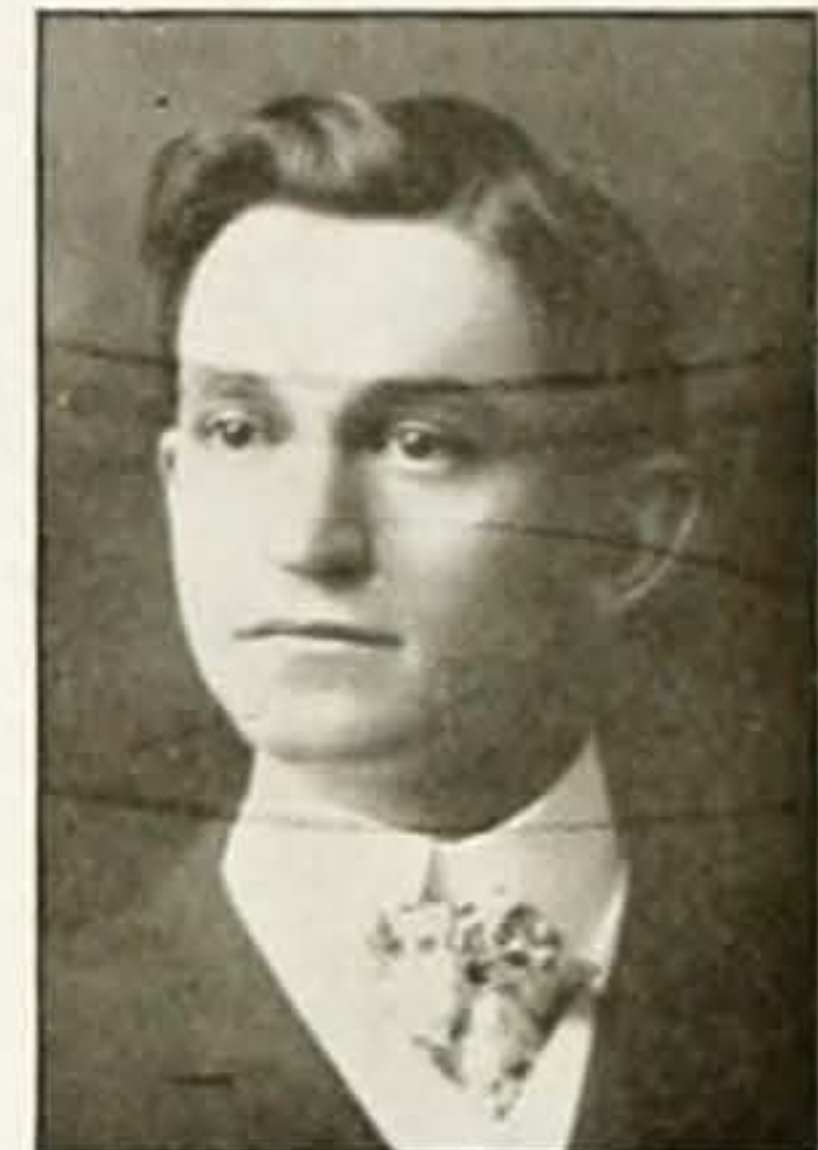
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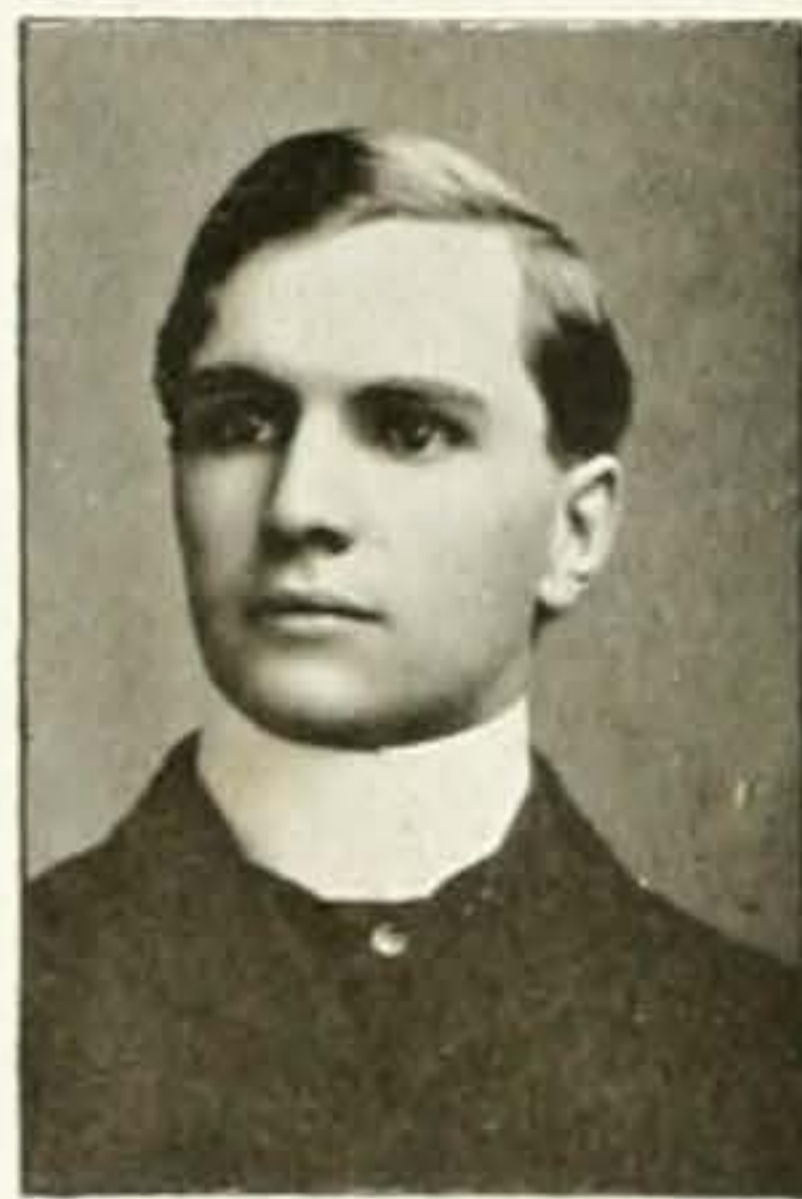
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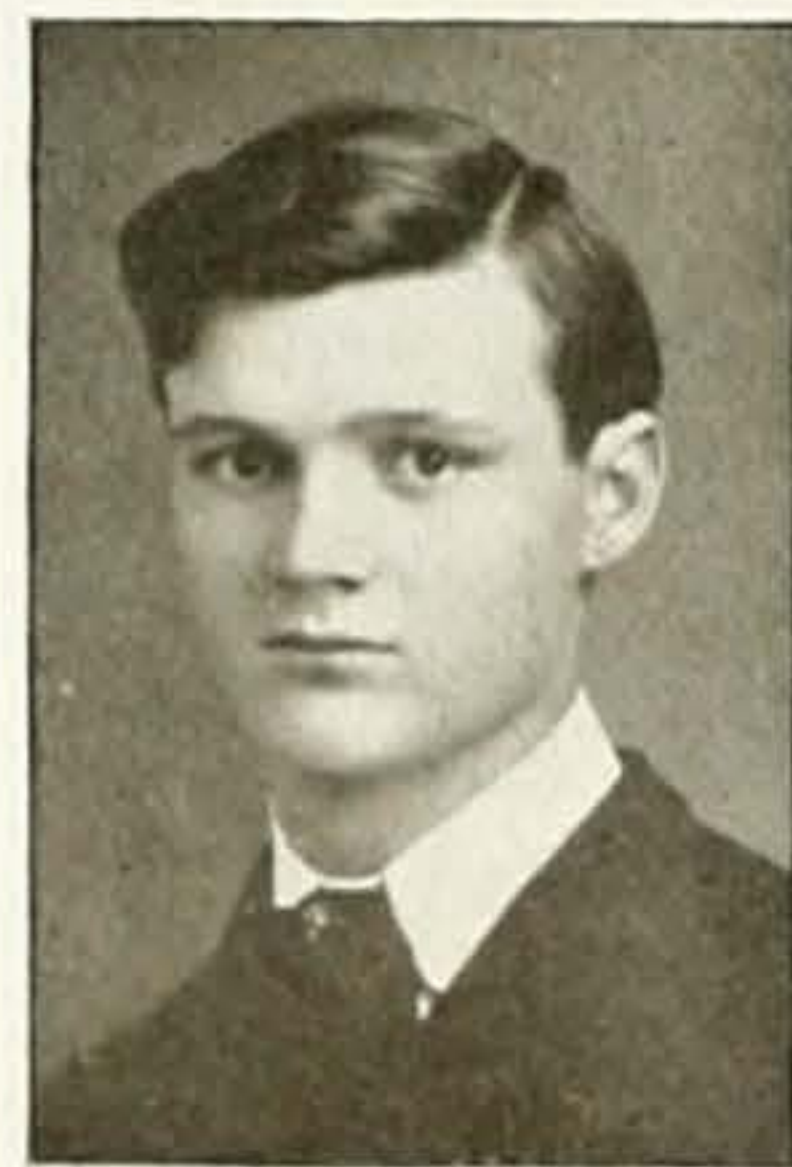
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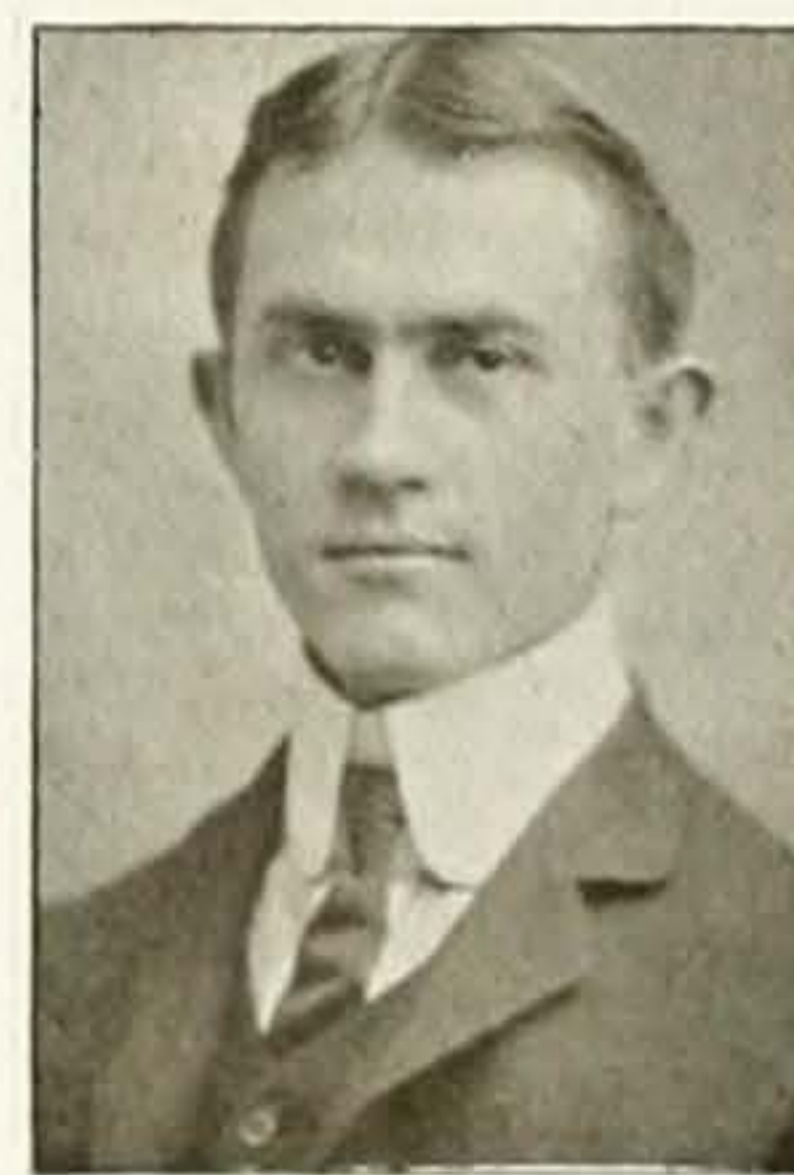
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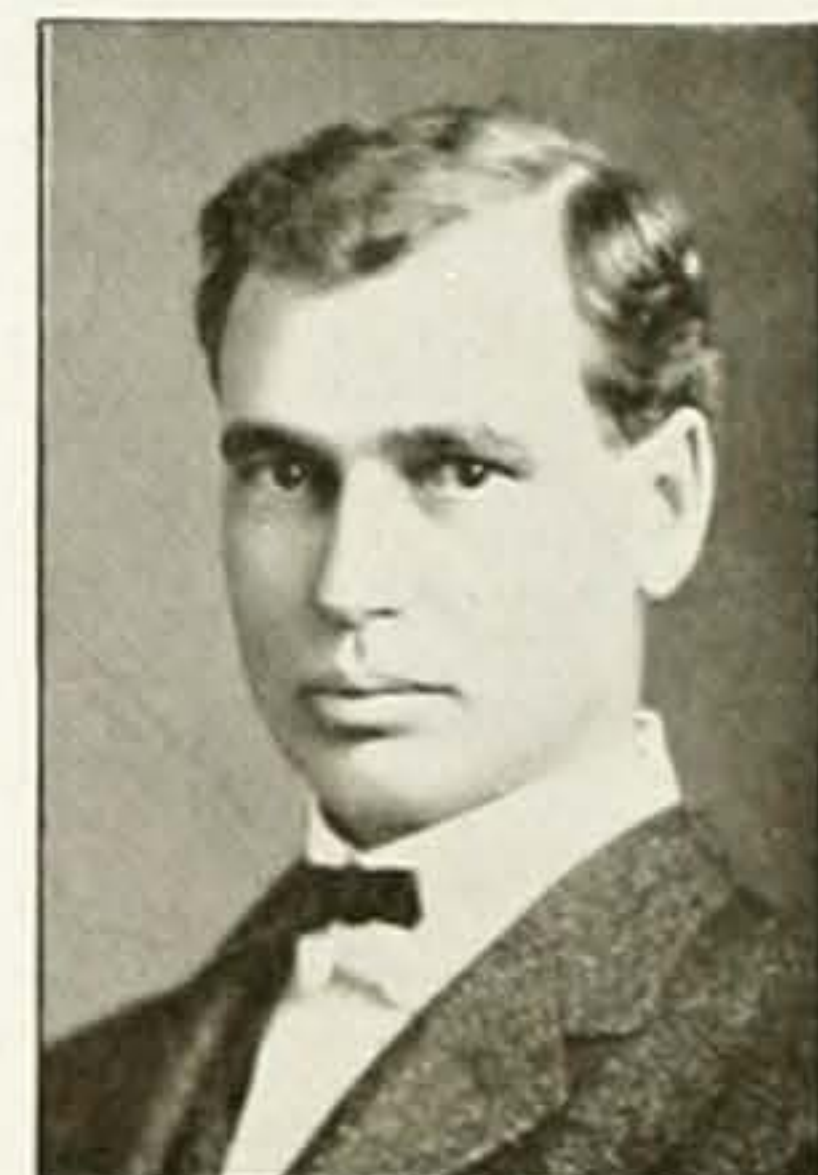
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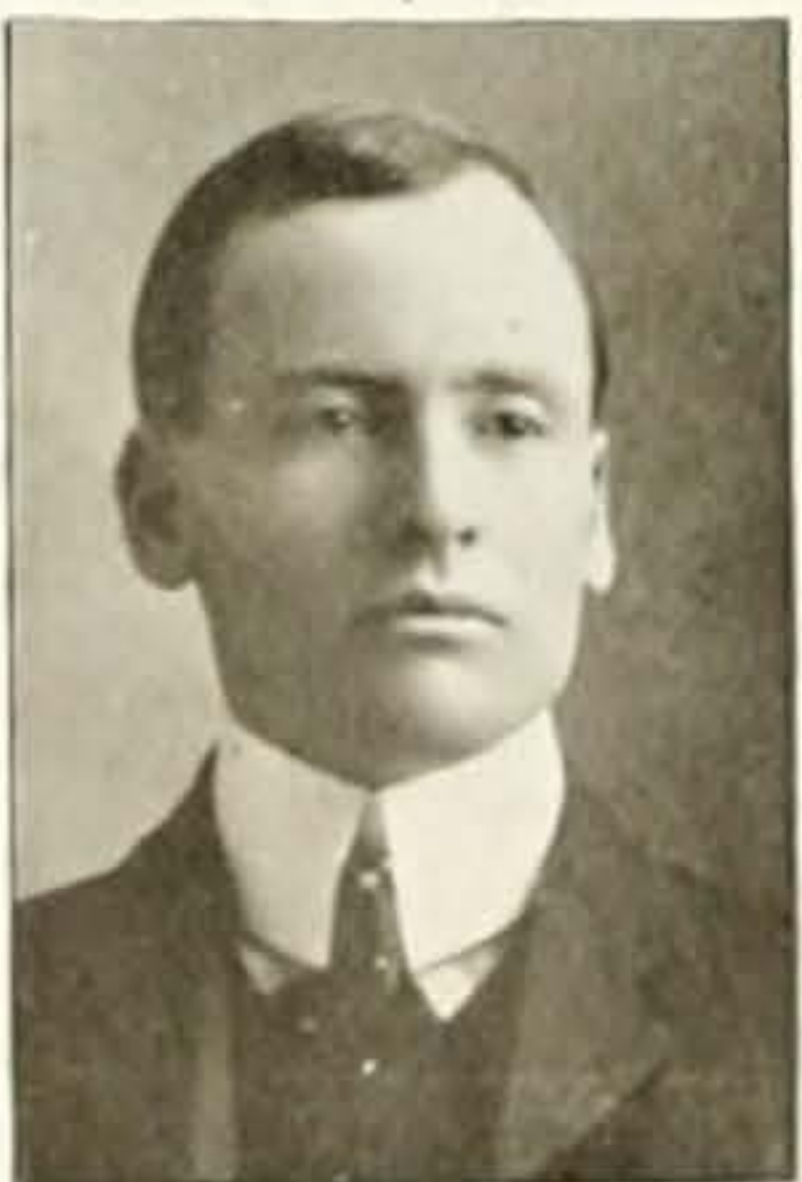
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D. HAMILTON.



J. W. HANCOCK.



J. B. HATCHITT.



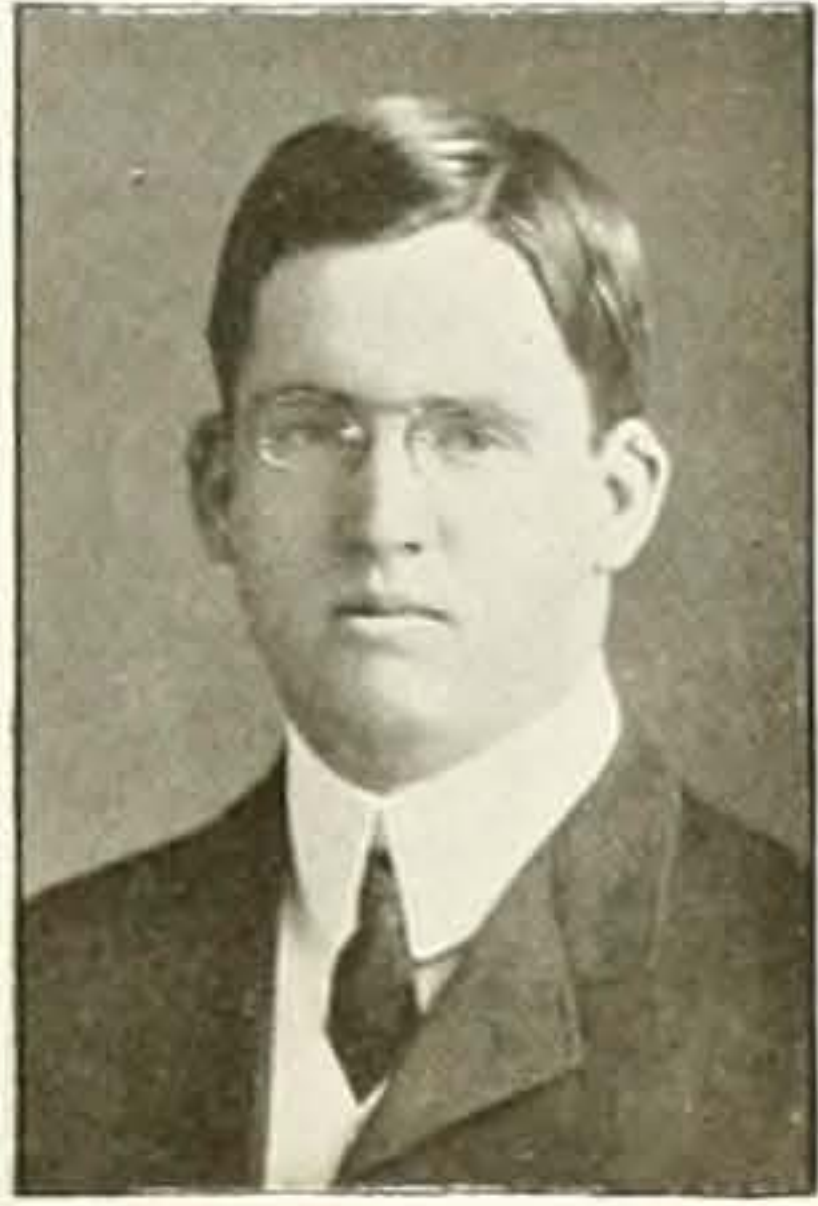
L. HENDERSON.



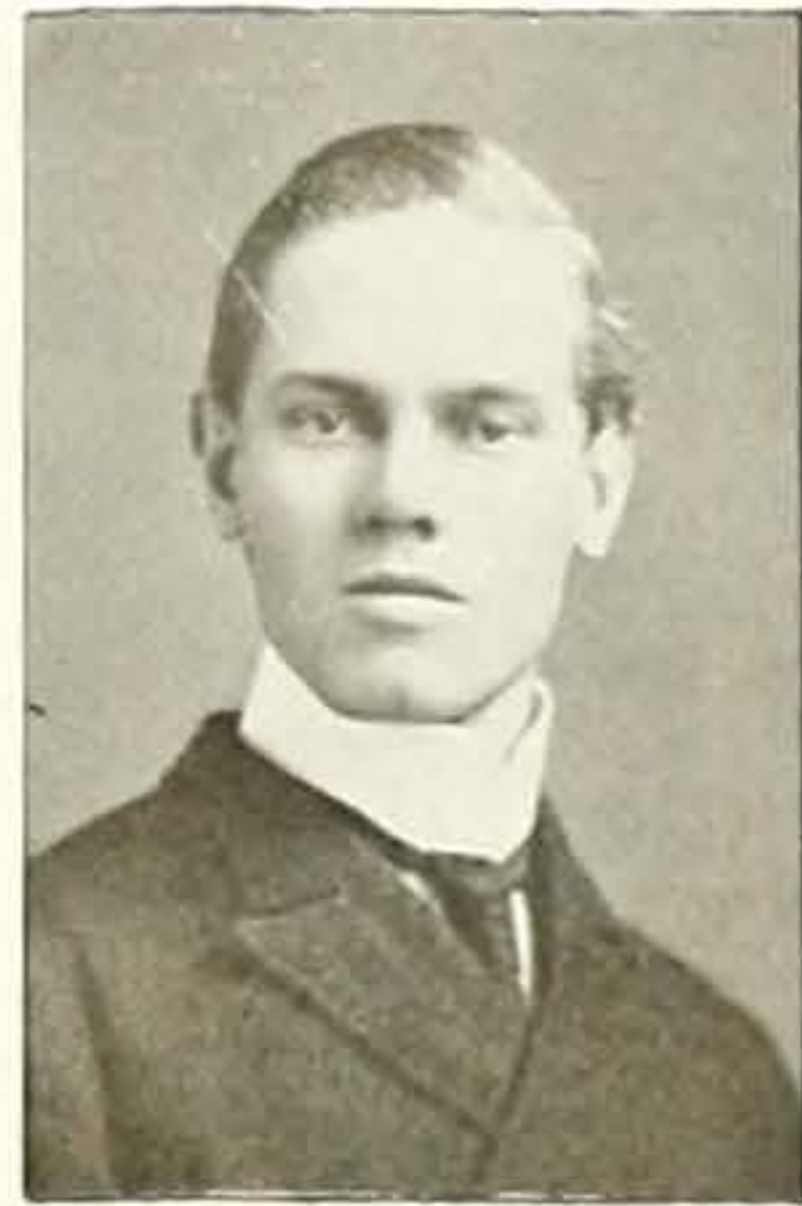
H. HERTZBERG.



L. JOHNSON.



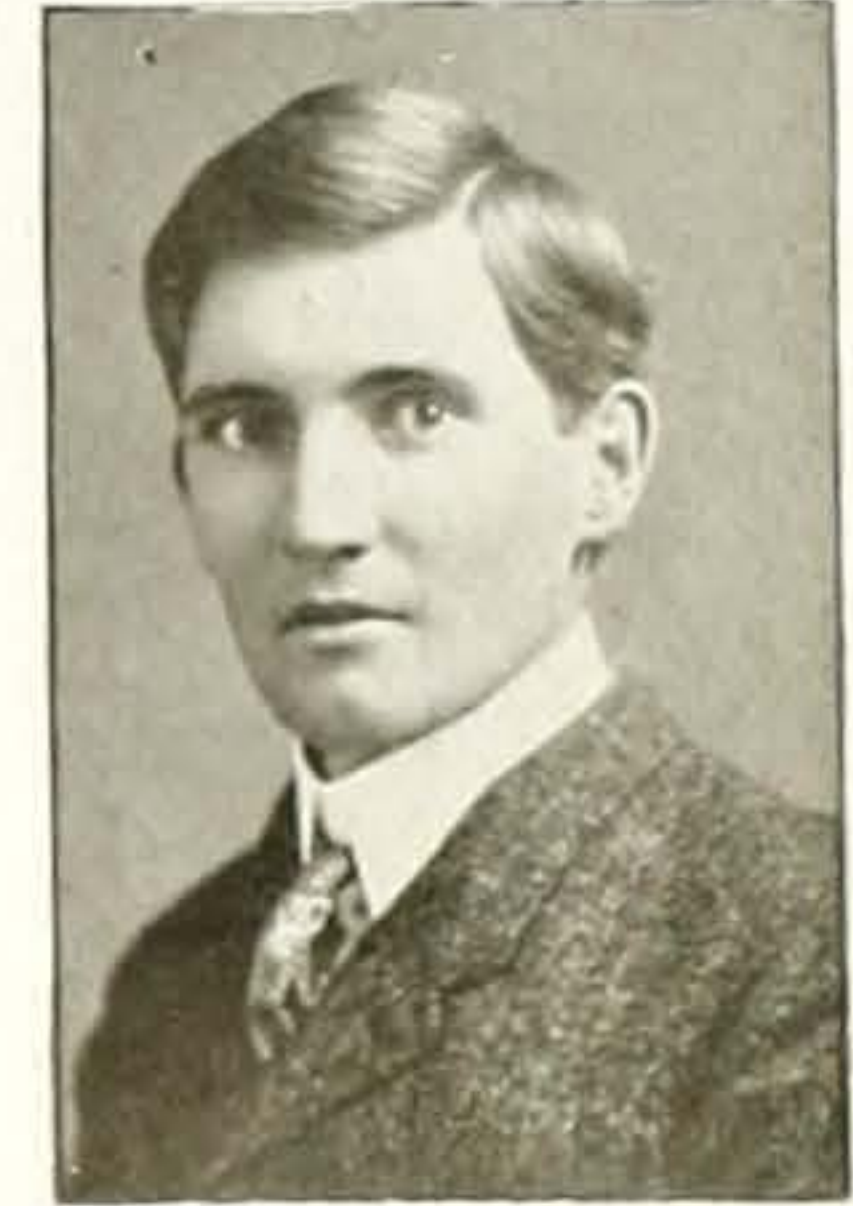
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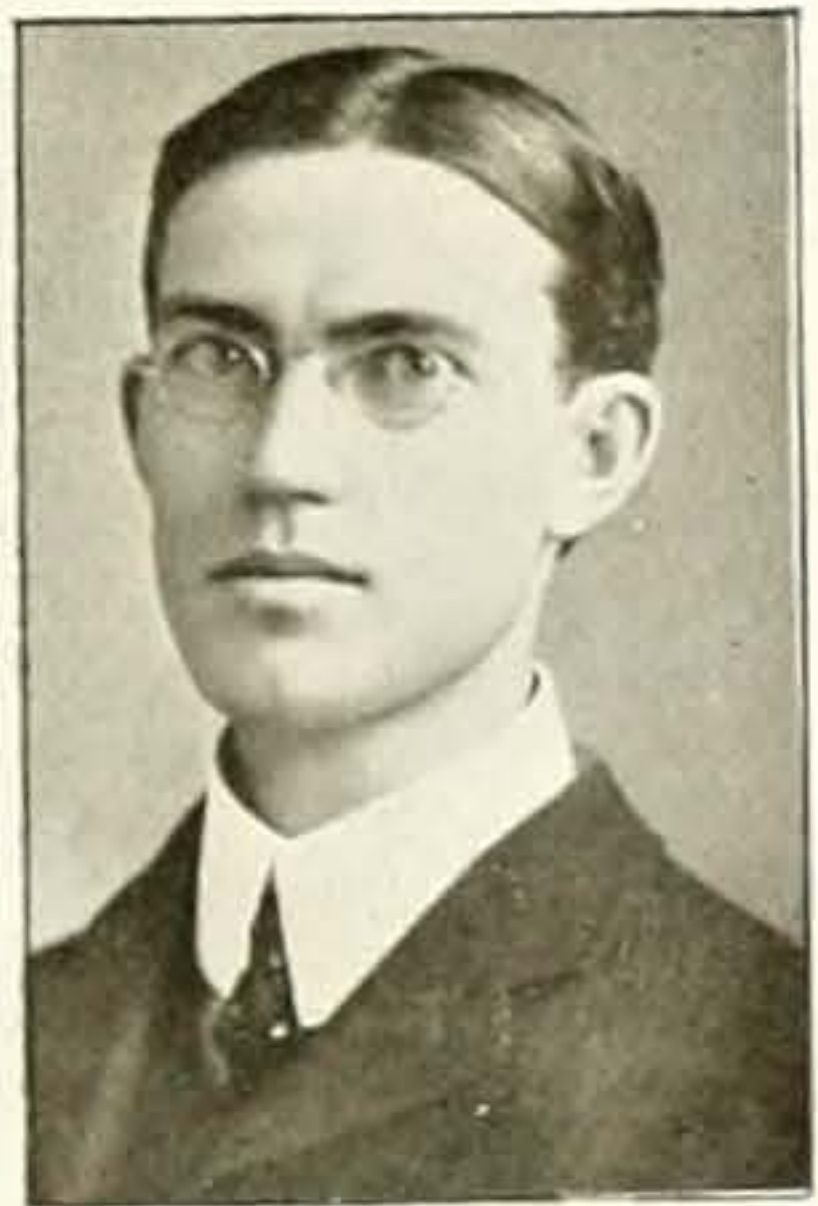
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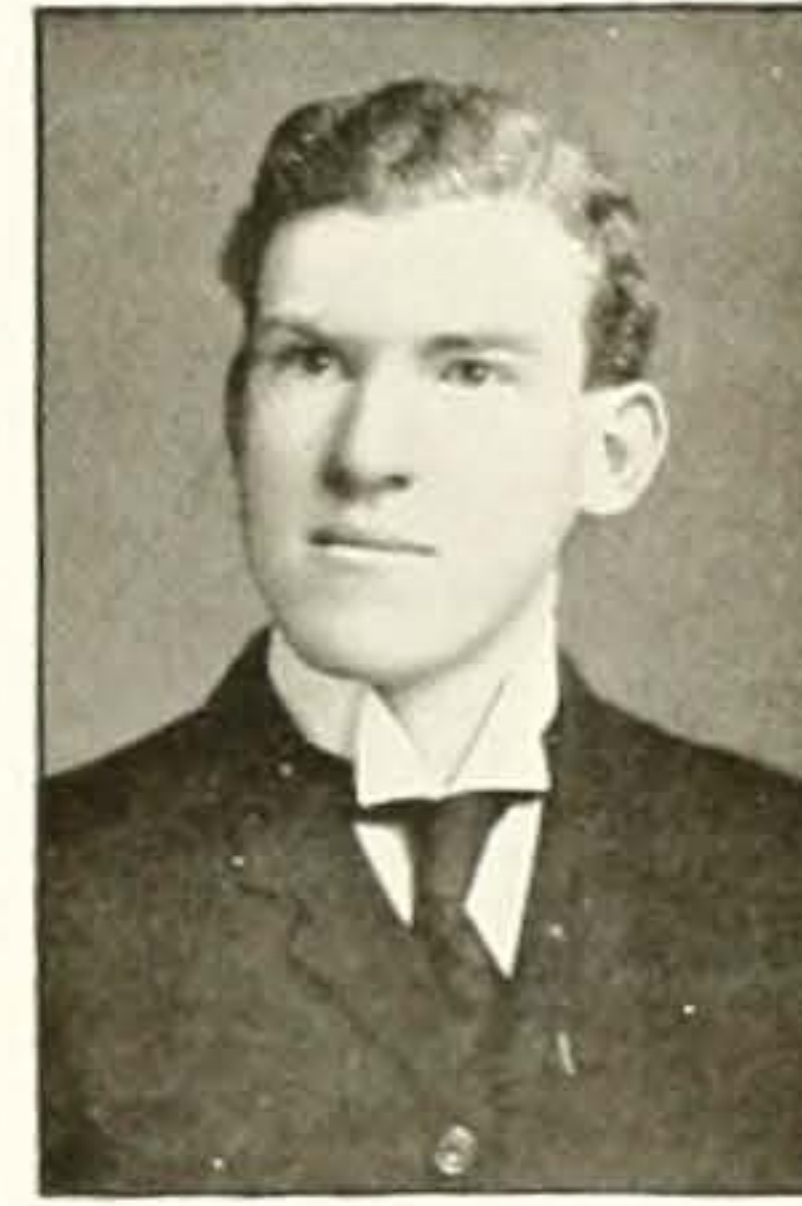
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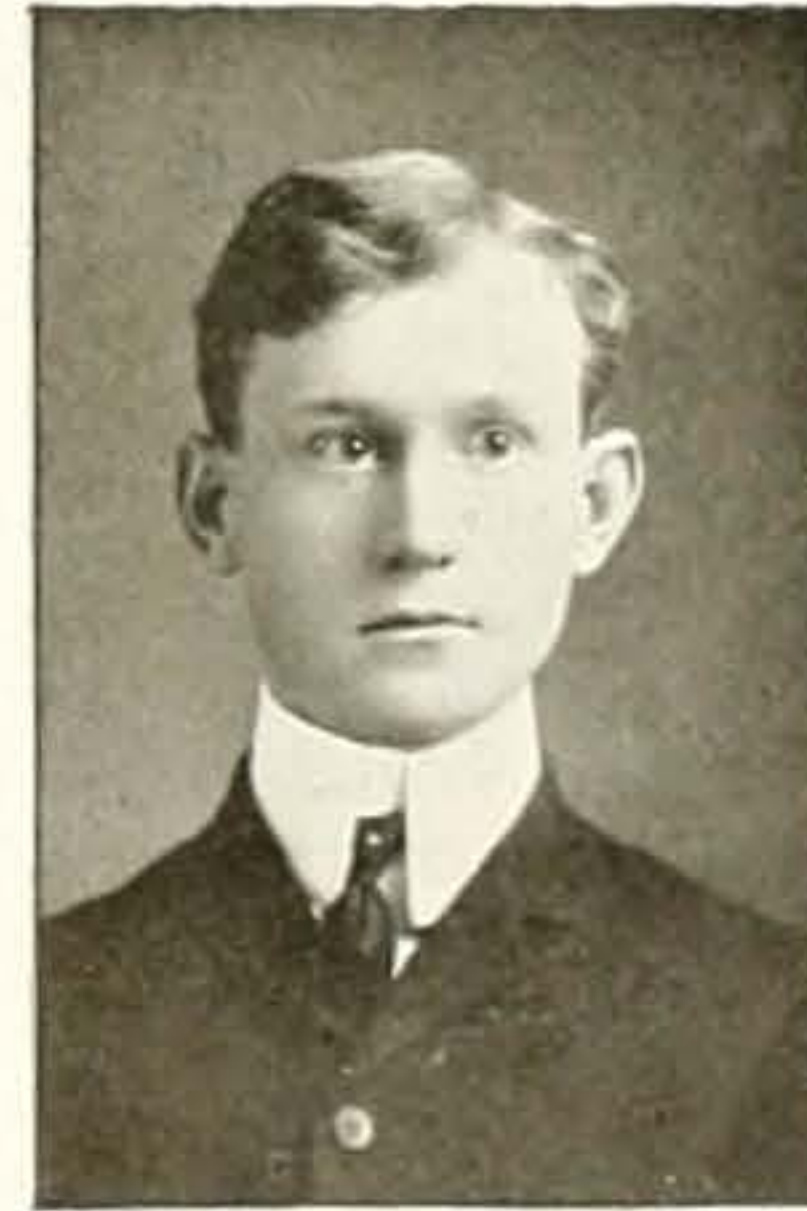
D. O. KLINGERMAN.



A. B. LACY.



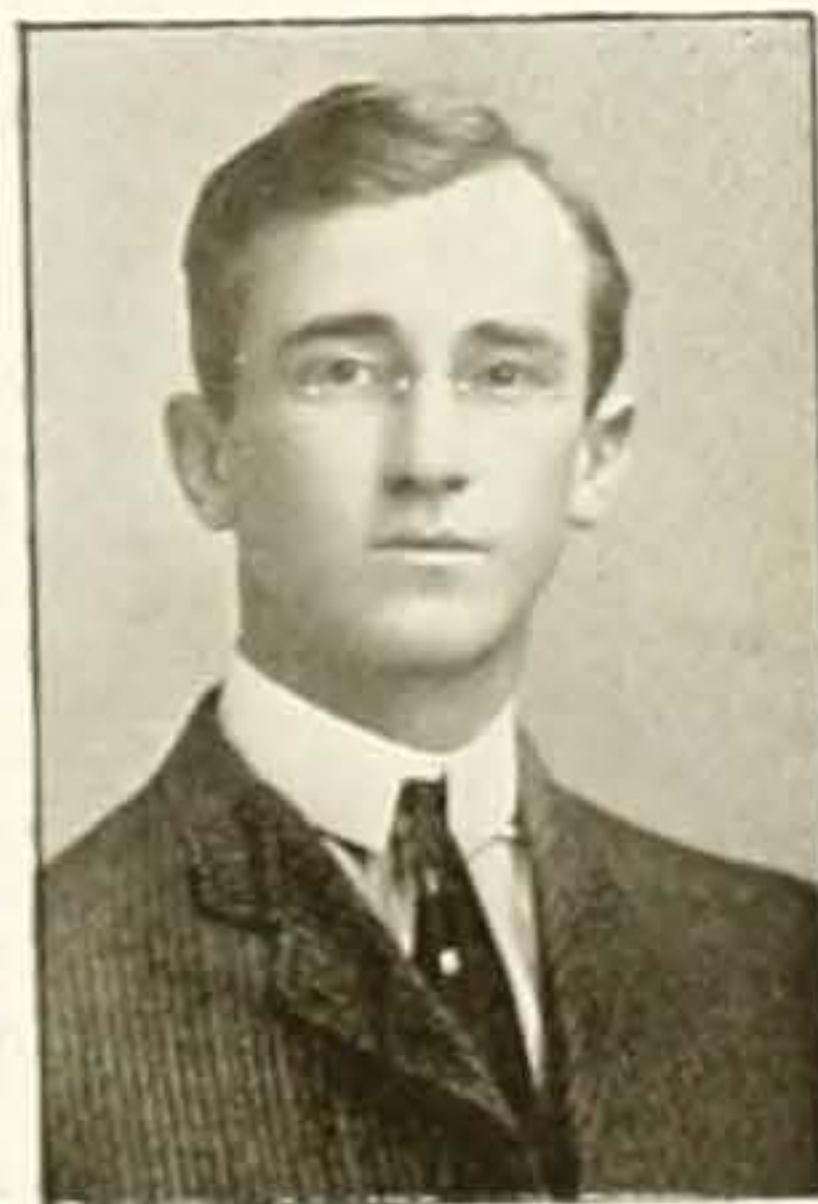
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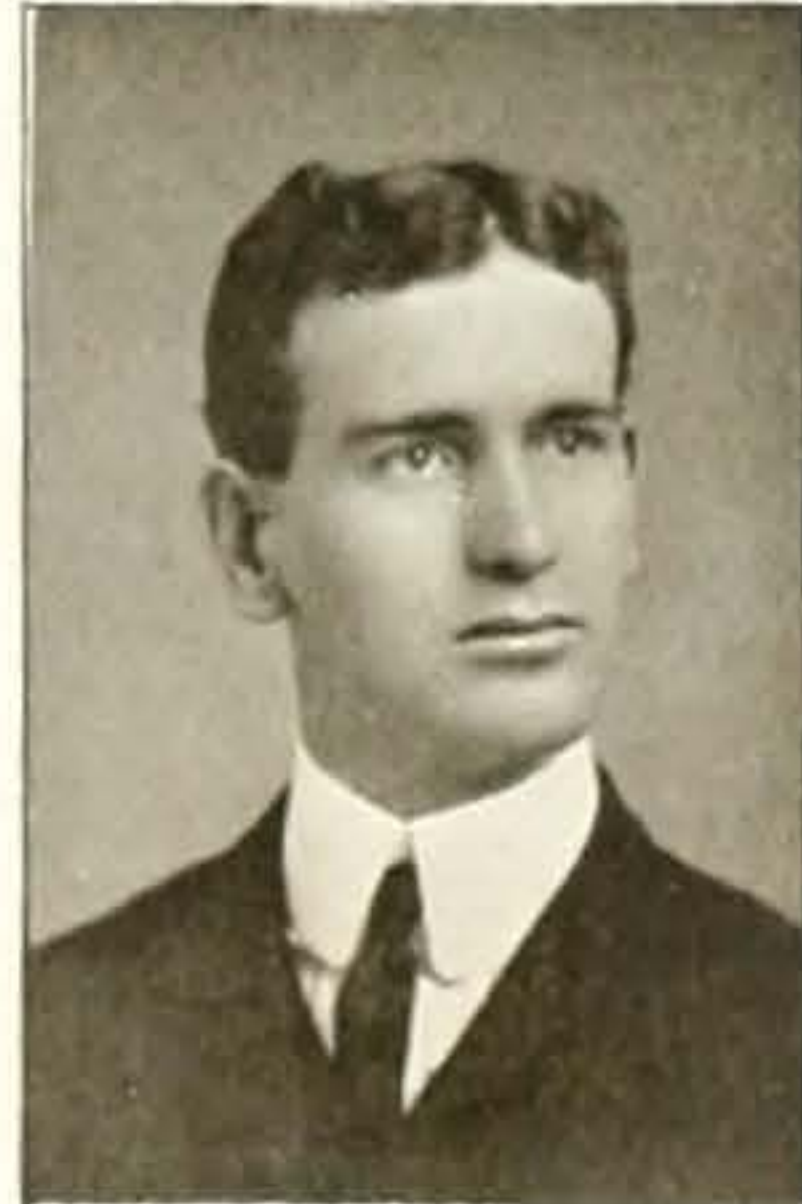
J. G. LOGUE.



J. P. LUTON.



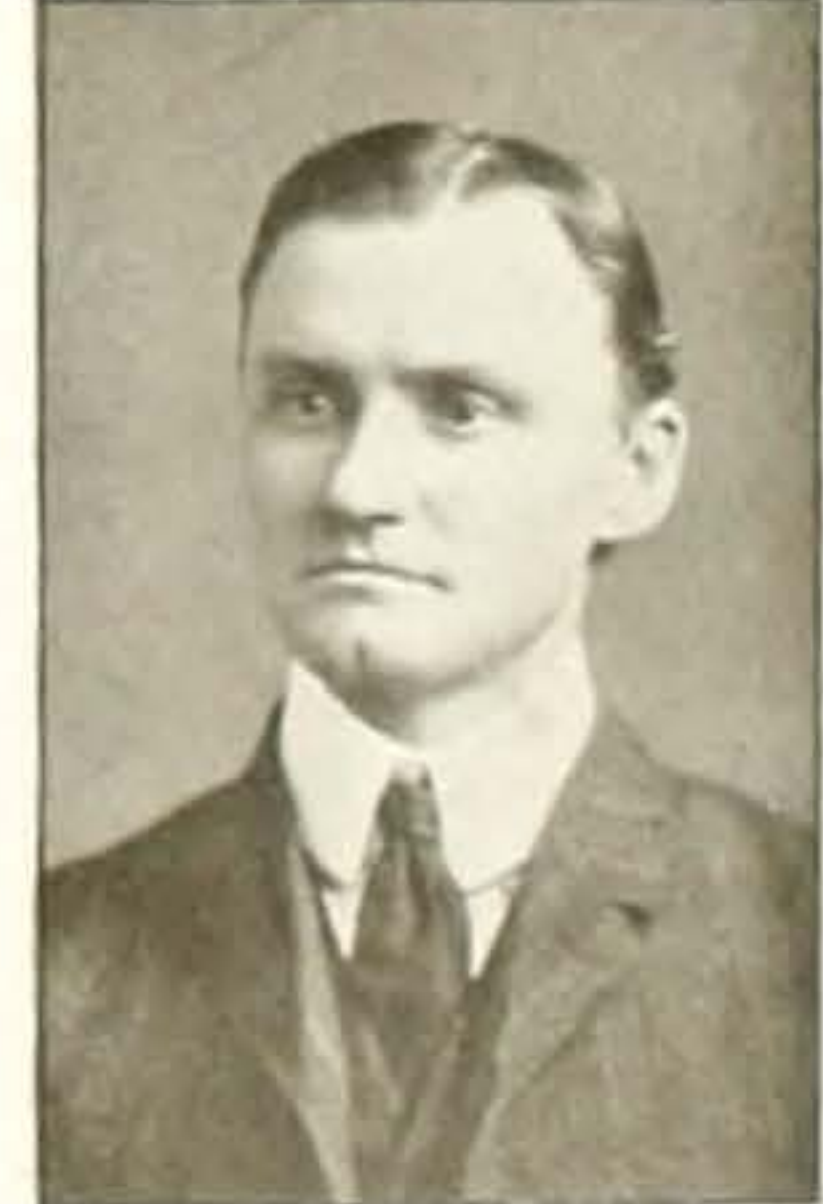
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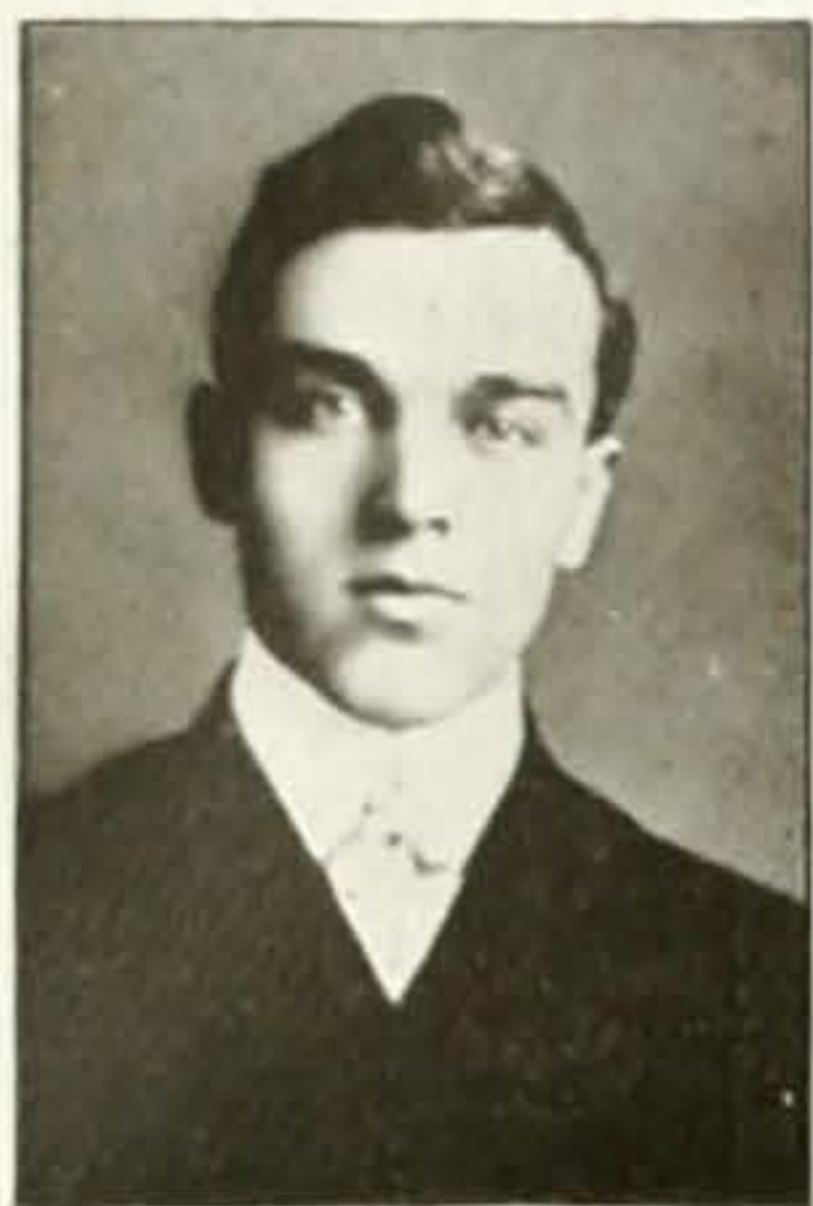
T. G. MILLIKEN.



F. G. MOFFITT.



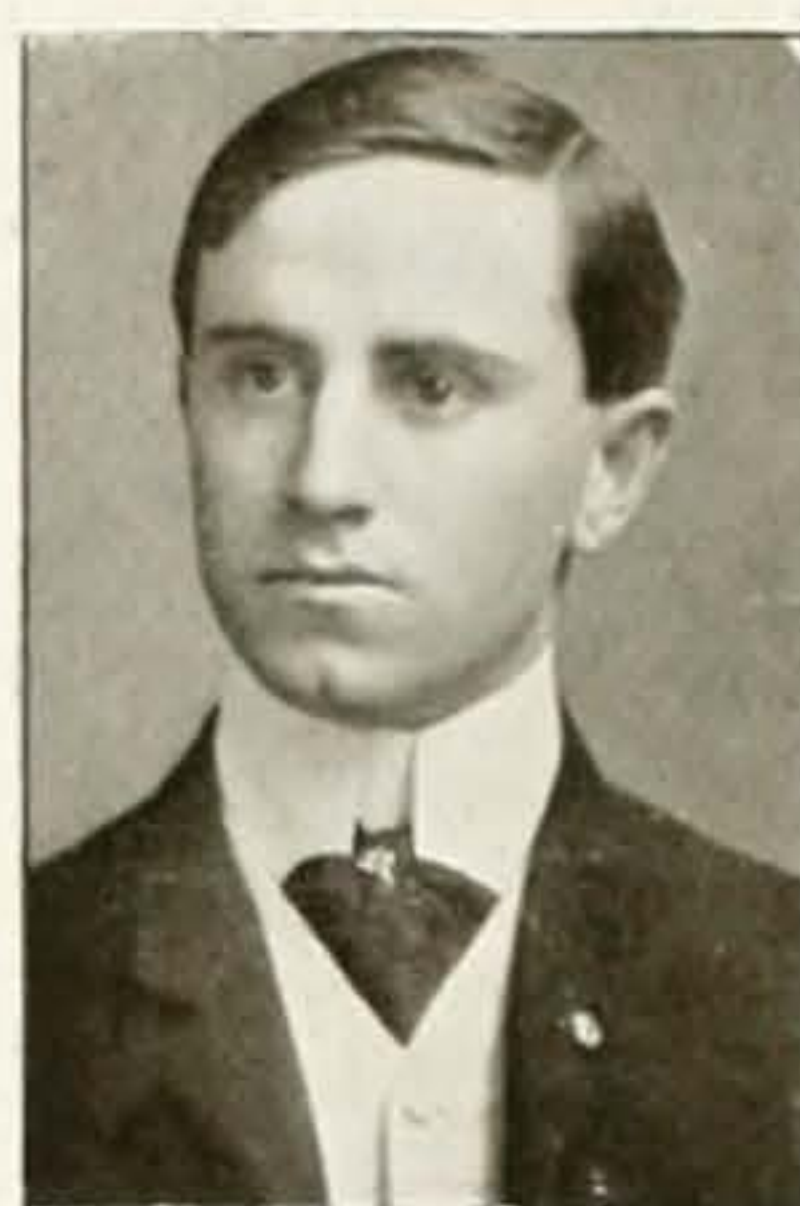
J. H. MOORE.



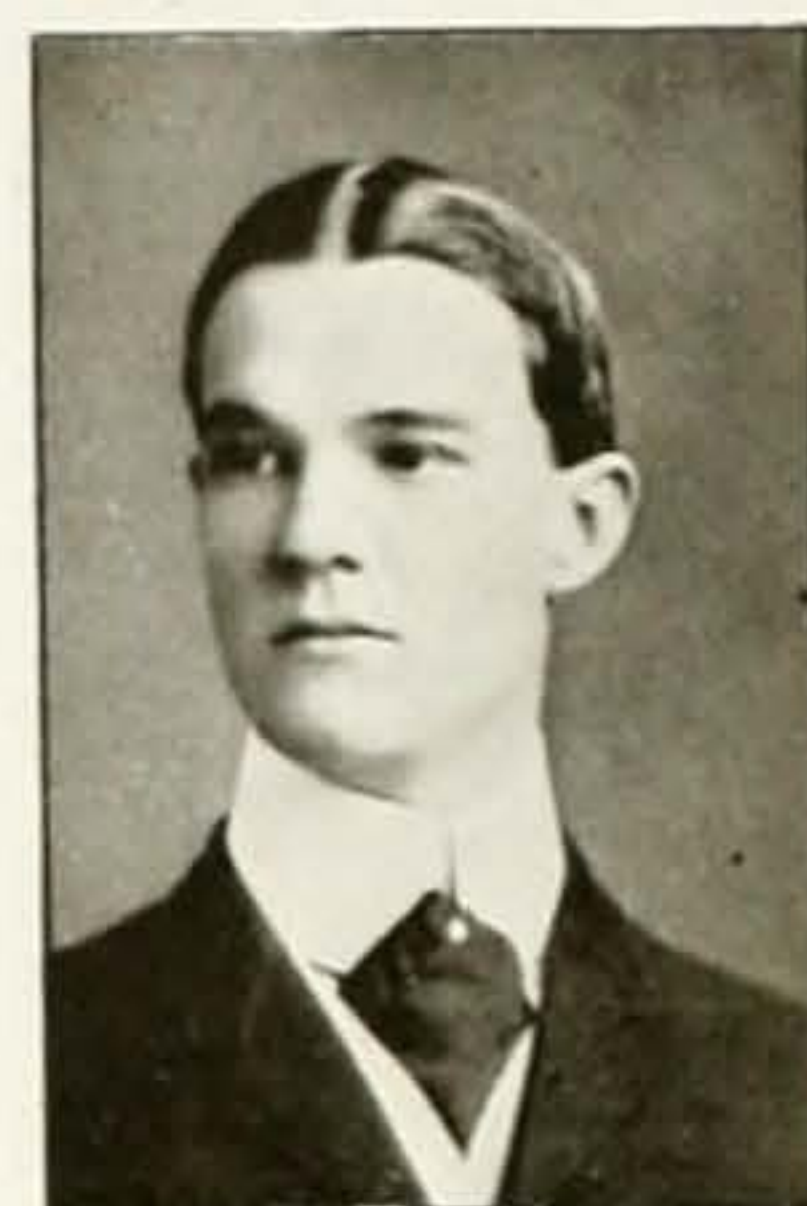
M. McCARTY.



W. P. MCGINNIS.



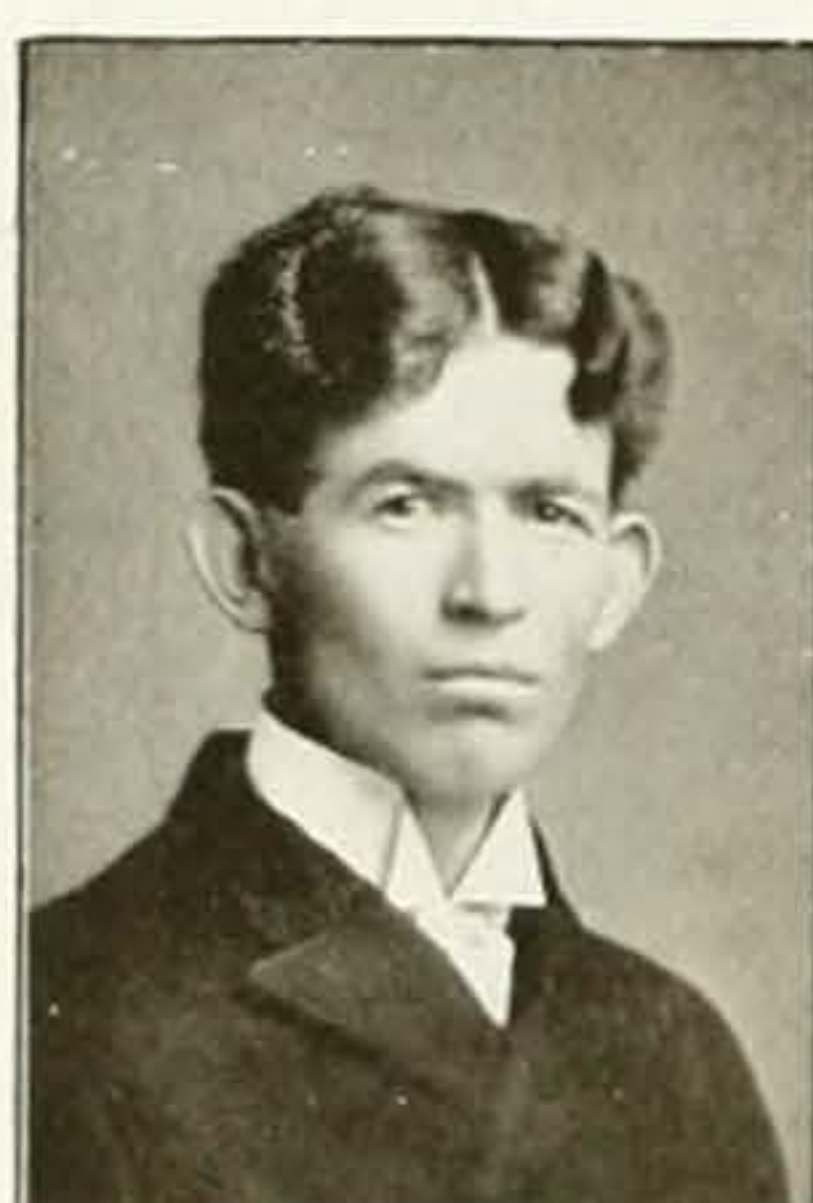
E. E. MCINNIS.



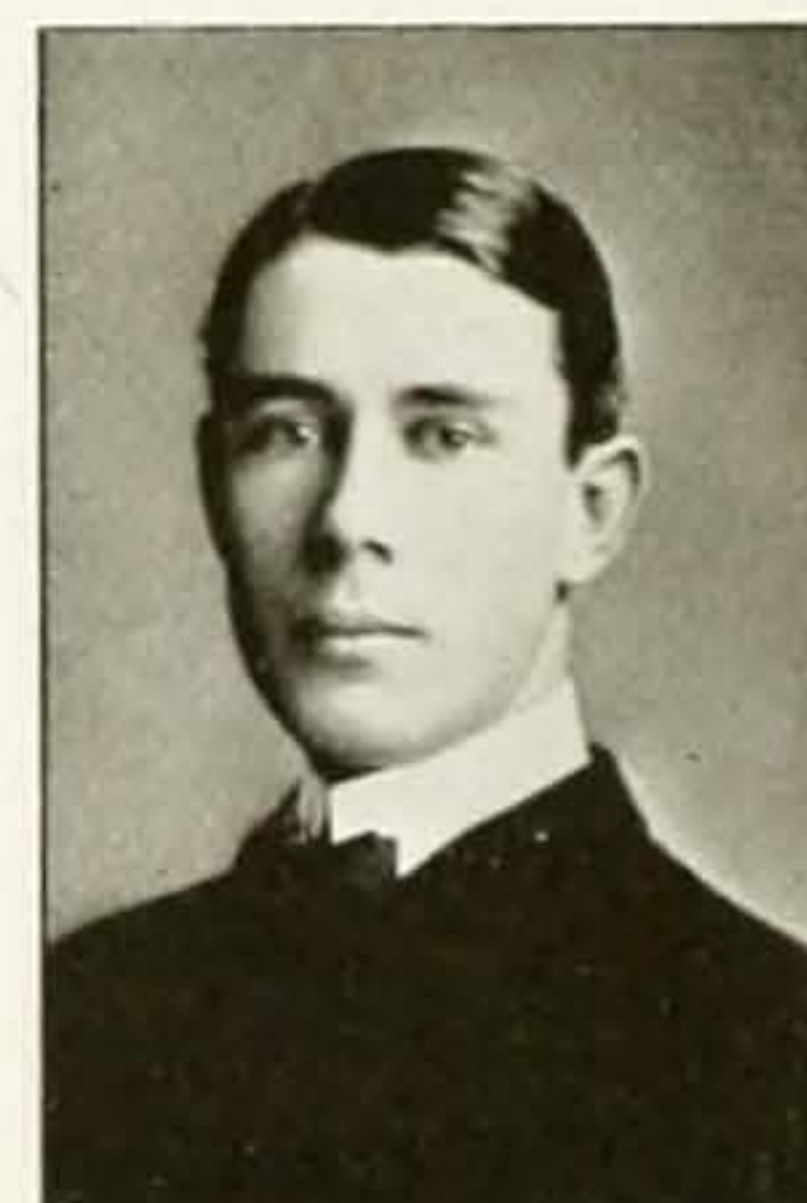
MARR McLEAN.



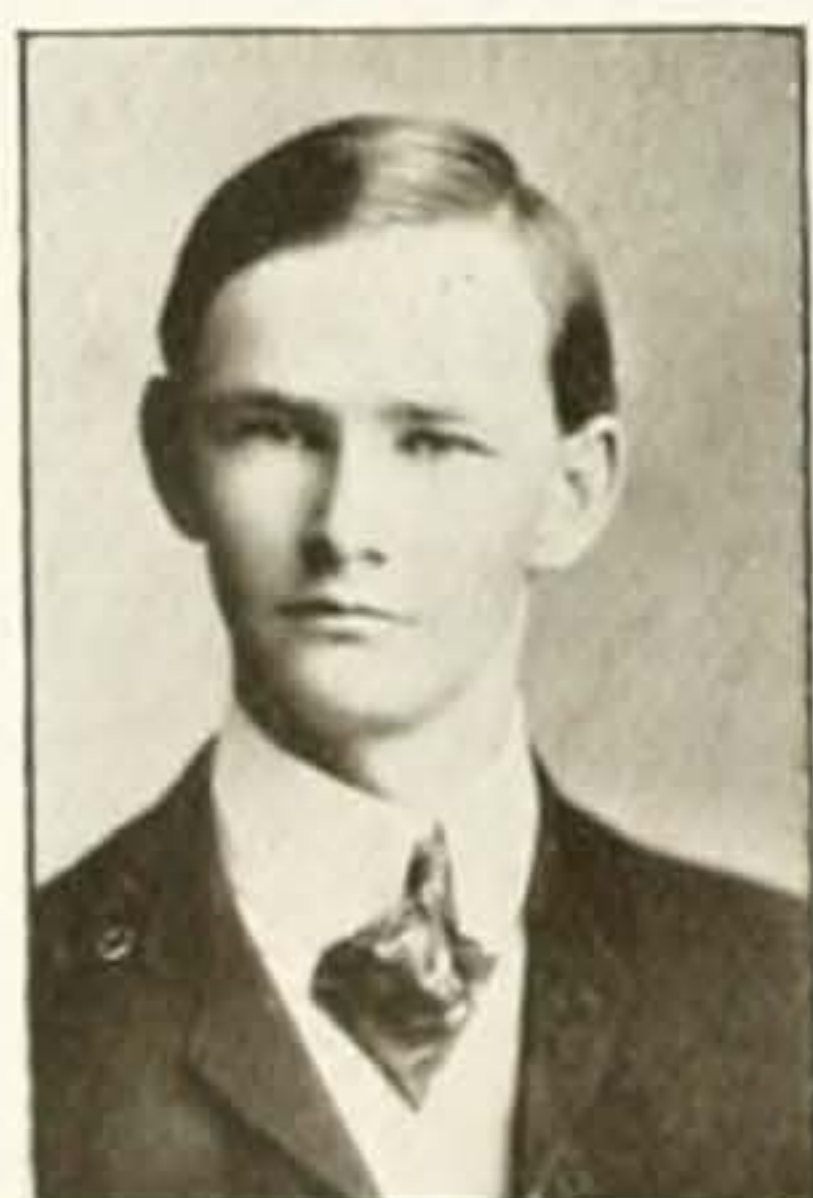
S. NEATHERY.



J. M. NEWSOM.



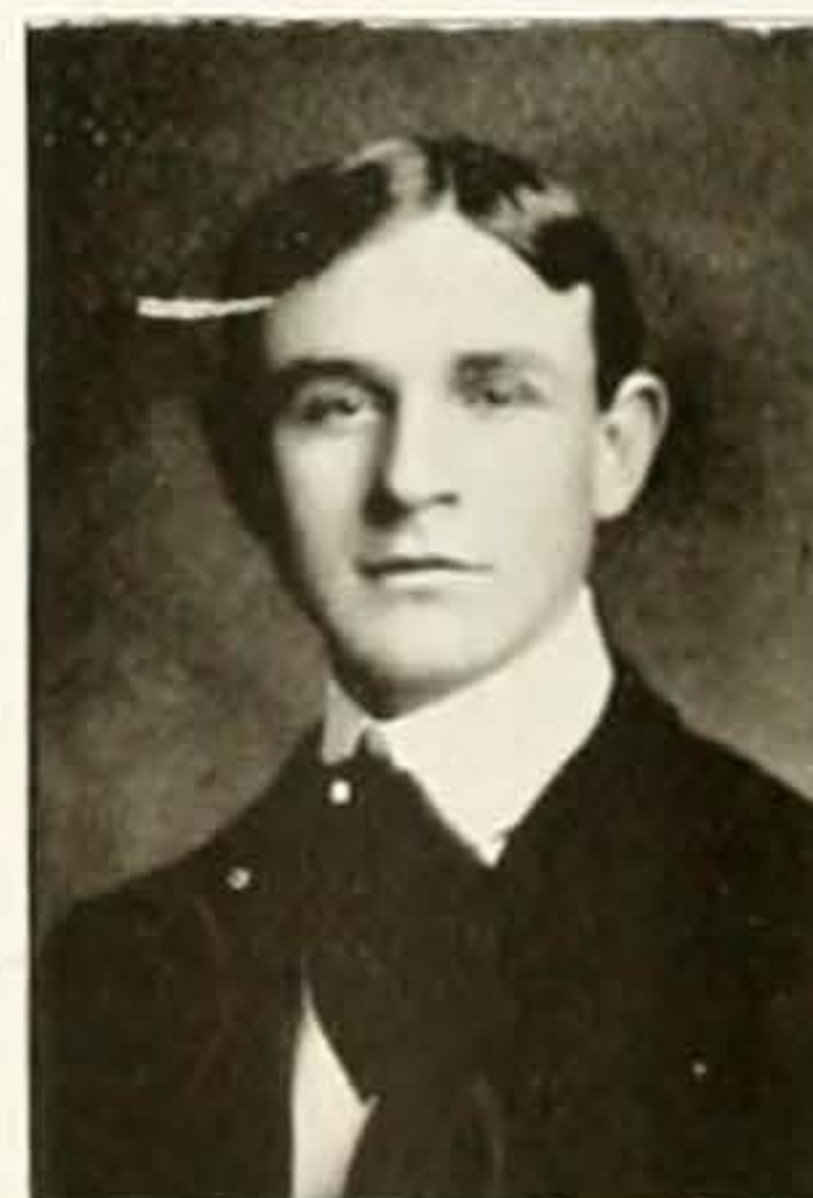
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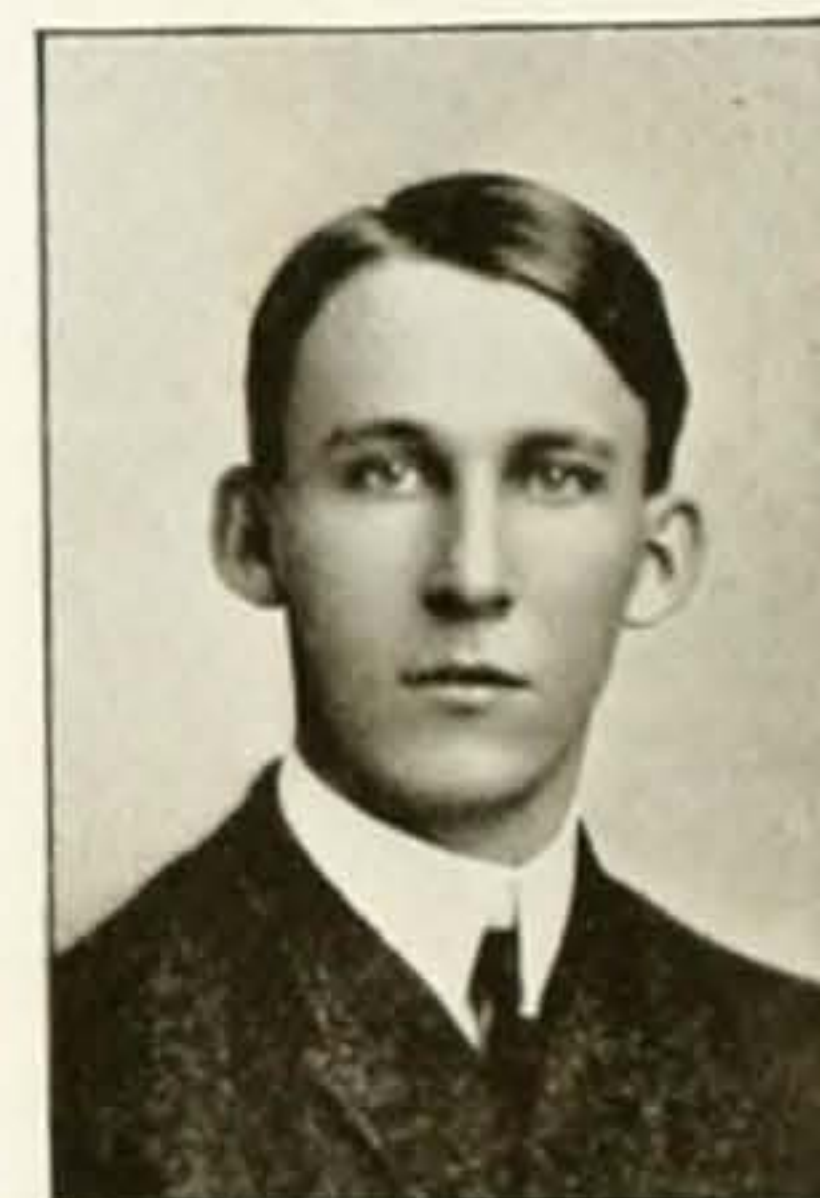
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A. PLATT.



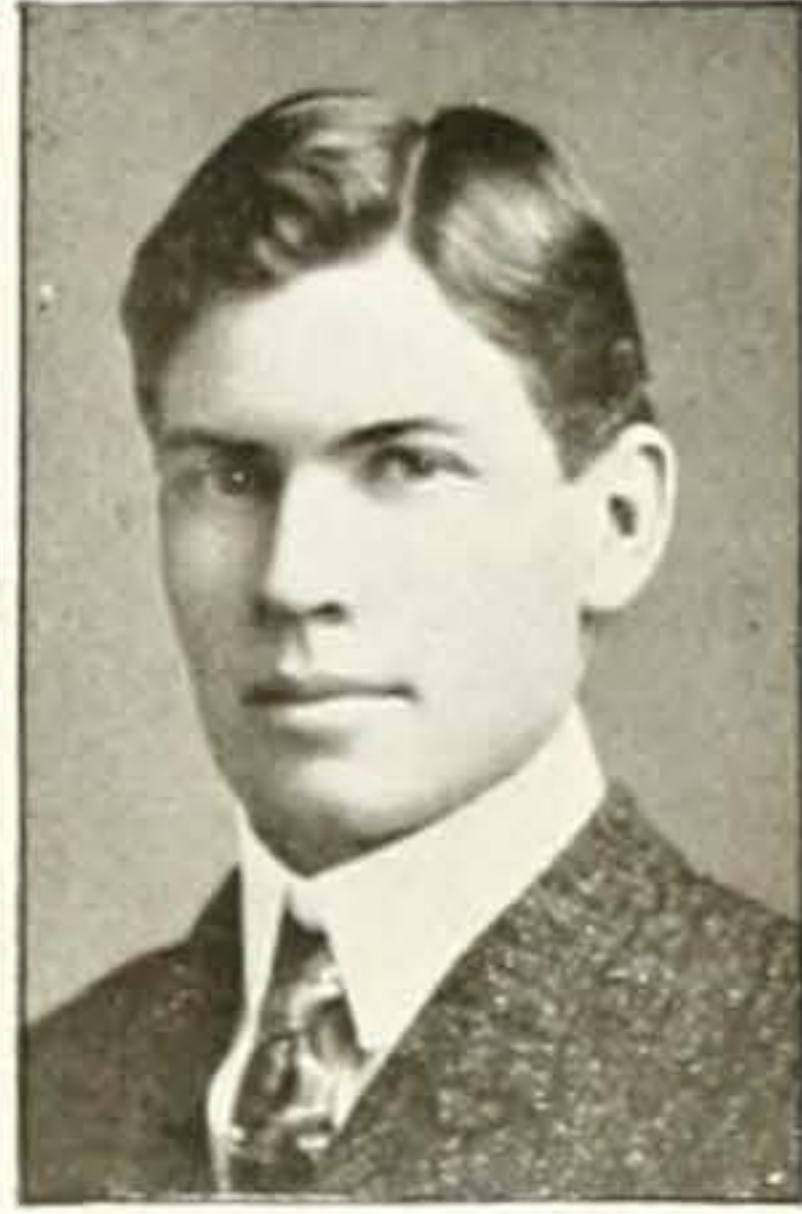
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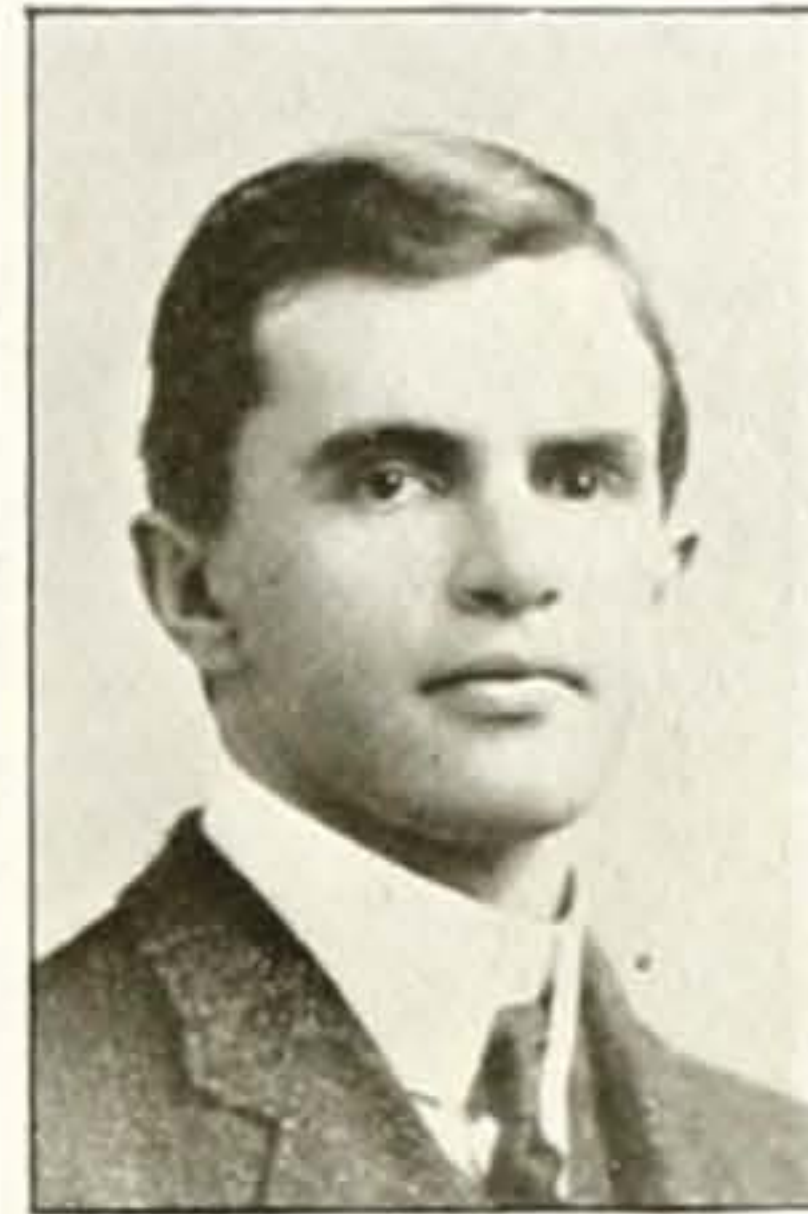
L. E. RASBERRY.



J. A. REYNOLDS.



J. C. ROMBEKE.



H. R. ROBERTSON.



G. ROSS.



G. W. SERGEANT.



S. S. SEARCY.



R. C. SEWELL.



O. SIMKINS.



R. V. SOLOMON.



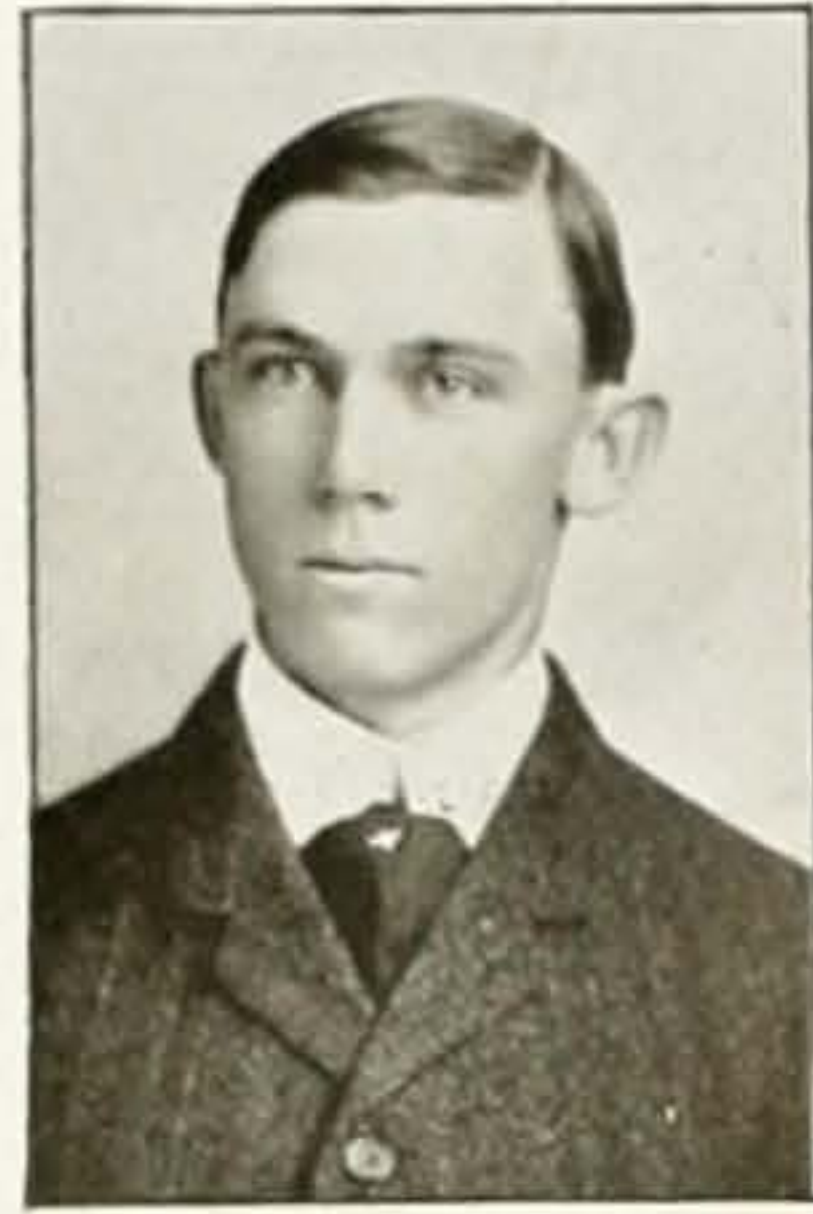
W. SWOFFORD.



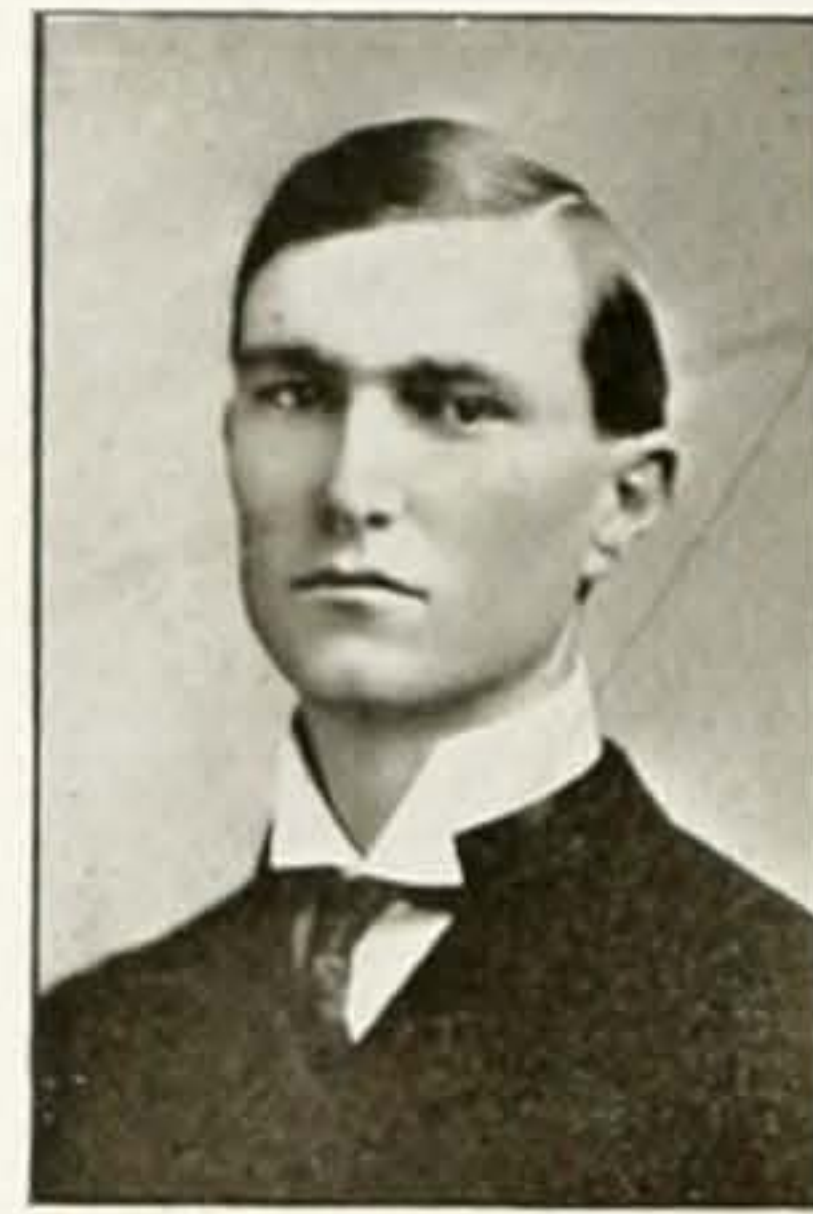
F. M. TATUM.



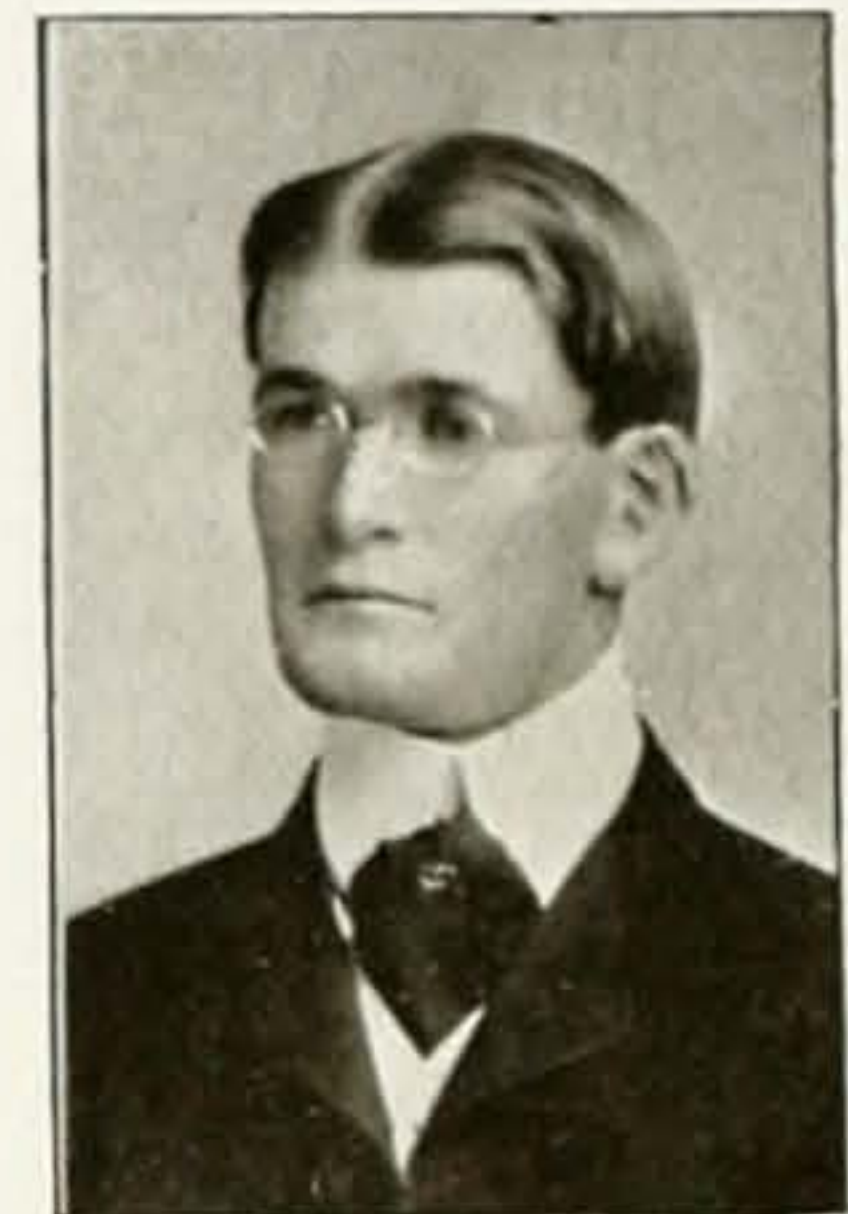
R. H. TEMPLETON.



C. H. TERRELL.



K. M. THRASHER.



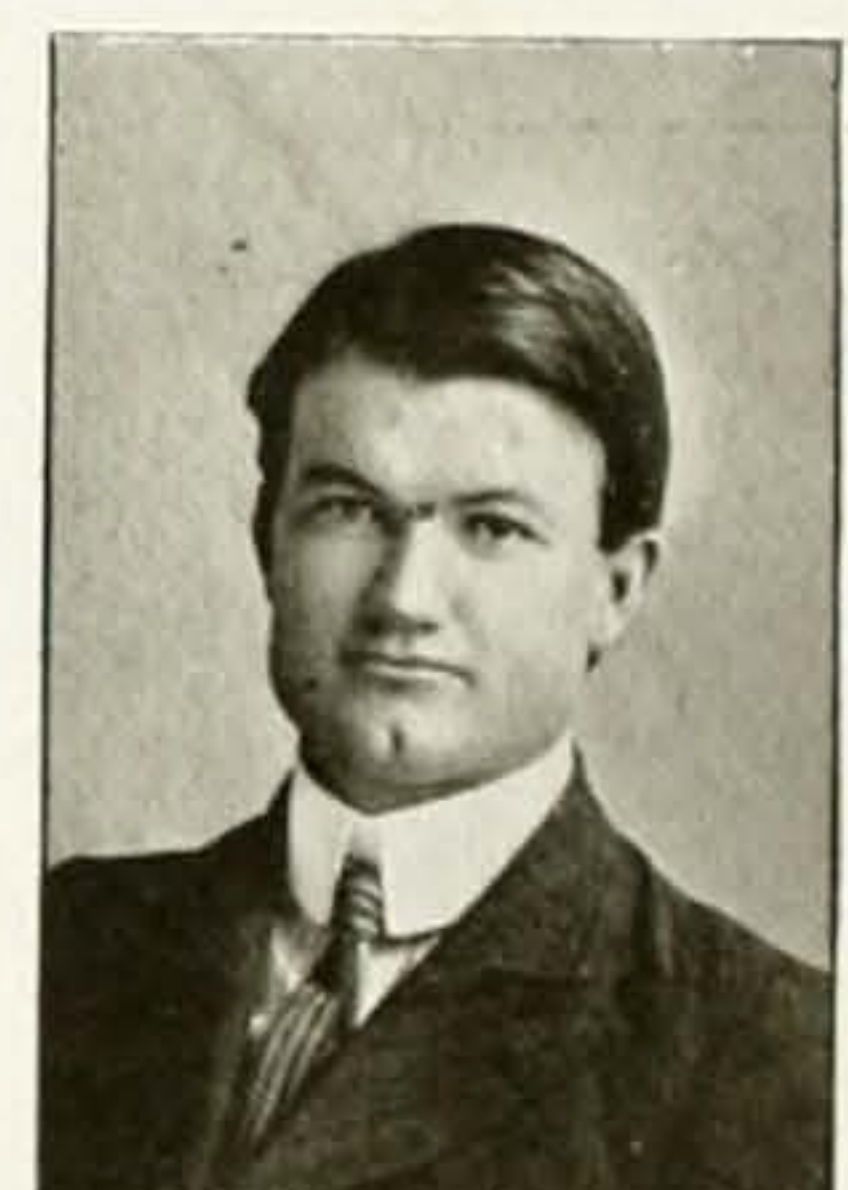
H. E. TRIPPETT.



H. A. TURNER.



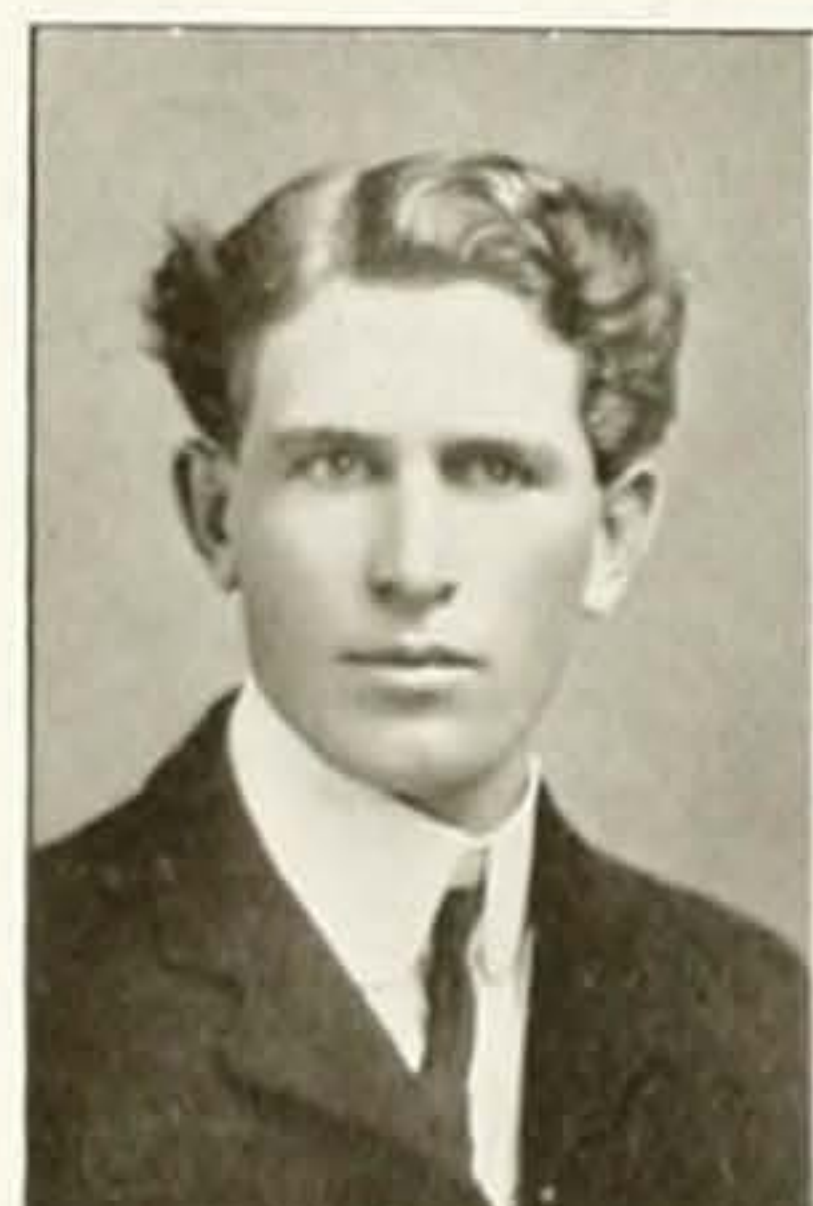
H. USENER.



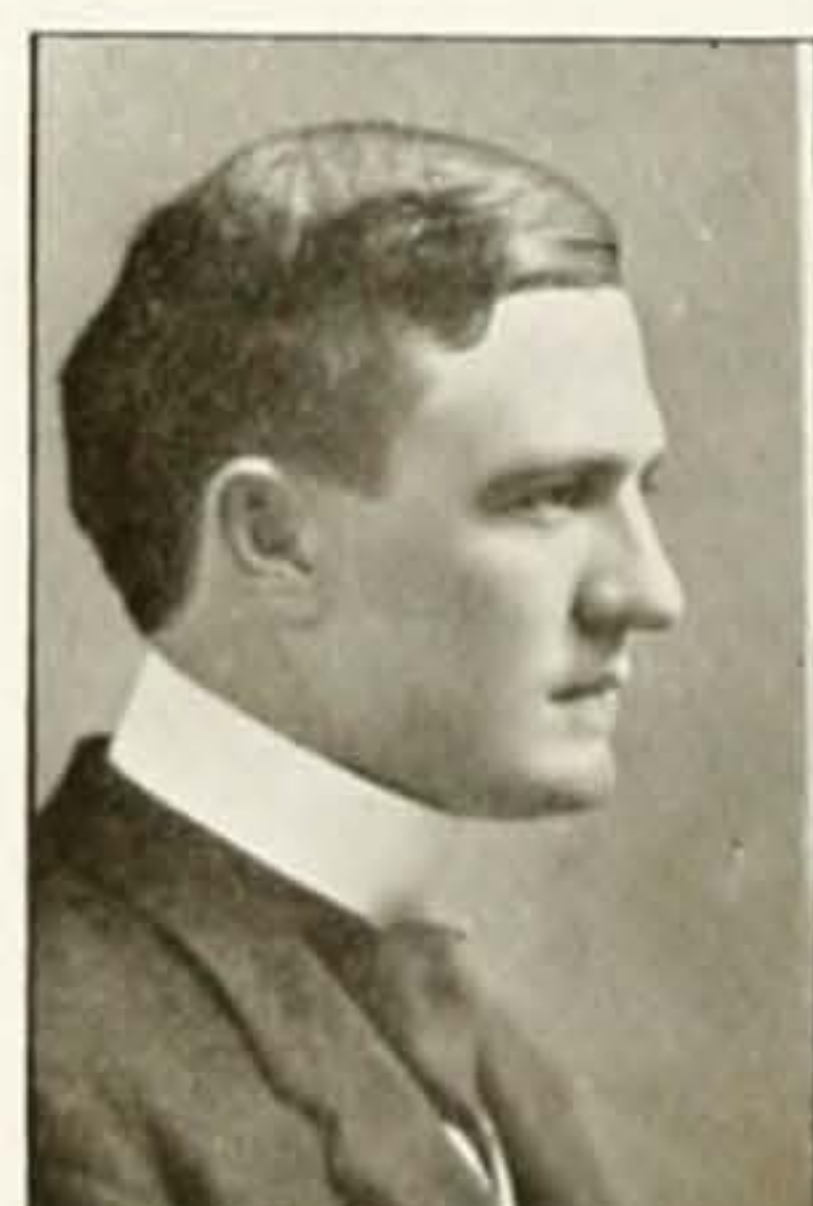
J. C. WARREN.



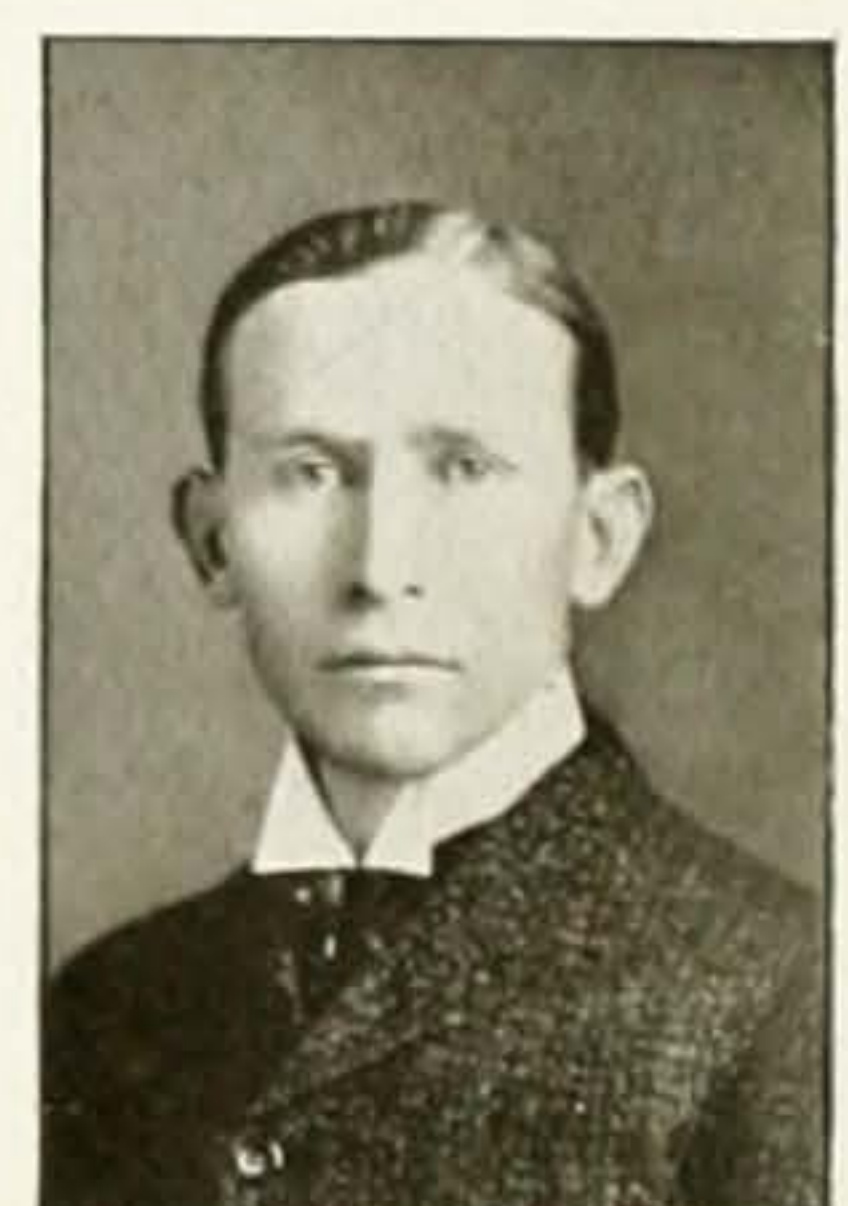
B. E. WHITE.



G. P. WILLIS.



G. S. WRIGHT.



W. F. YOUNG.

Senior Law History.

THE RECORDS OF THE UNIVERSITY do not show that the Law Class of 1904 is in any way extraordinary. It may be that our introduction to "the averaged man" at an early stage of our studies made us satisfied with mediocrity; it is a truism that a man is influenced by the company he keeps. It should not give offense to say that we are an average class in the University, but a comparison of the above estimate with class *histories* in this and former numbers of the "CACTUS" will not be in our favor.

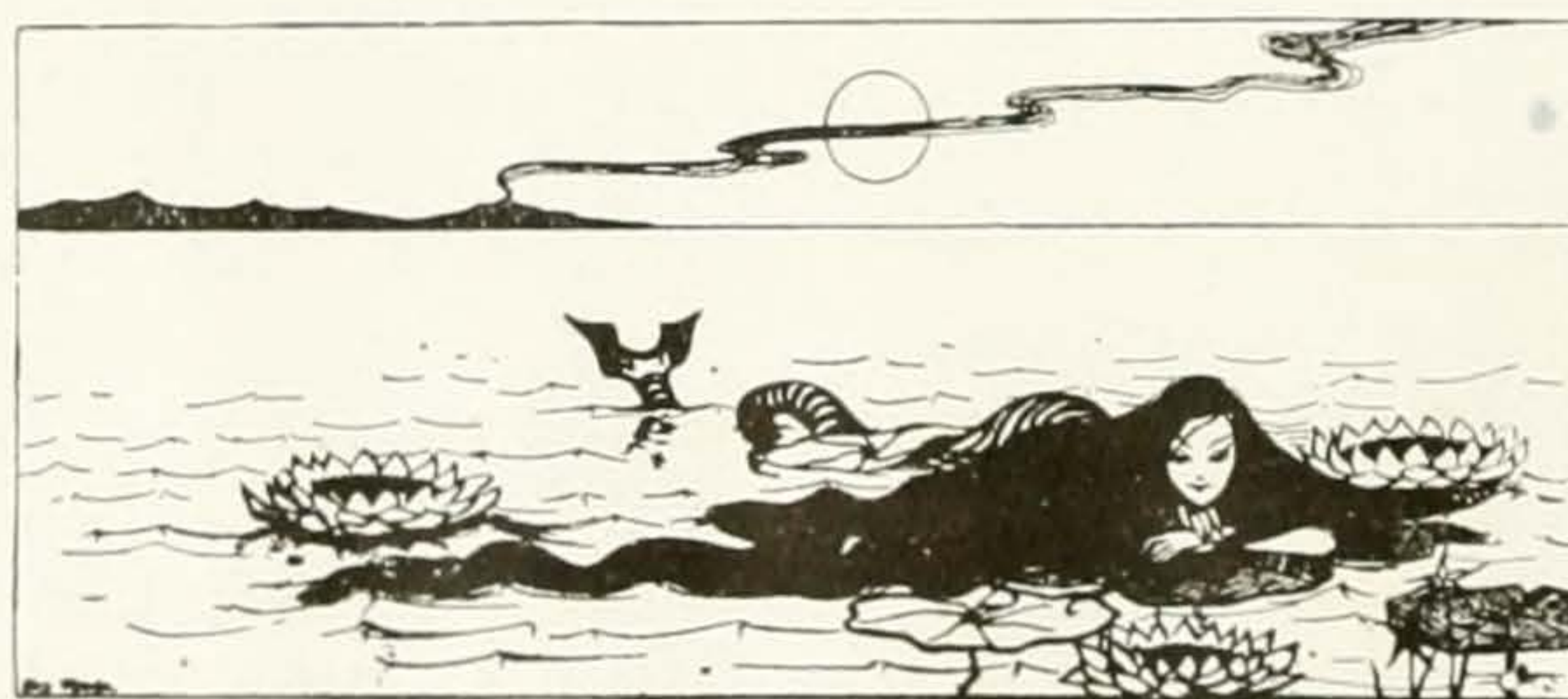
Besides what the official records show, this average aggregation has done various and sundry things. They have had their own amusements and their own methods of work. The first thing in the morning they would get up, that is, those who had not been up all night studying. Then they would perhaps eat breakfast. At any rate, by half-past nine there was always a good bunch of them promenading the corridor of the Law Department, or in the Senior Law room. From this time until ten thirty might well be called the Senior Law's hour. Then it was that the air was redolent with tobacco. Imagine if you can how much went up in smoke about that class room that year. Forget if you can the amount of tobacco that you bummed. We smoked cigarettes, we smoked pipes of all sorts, without regard to size color or previous condition of servitude, we smoked cigars. On occasions we had songs. On mornings when exemptions were to be posted we had more songs.

" Judge, I care not for ninety, eighty-seven or -nine,
I would make an exemption, only pass o'er the line.
In the book of thy passes, on the page white and fair,
Tell me, Yancy, my teacher, is my name written there?"

Lectures and quizzes occupied the time from ten-thirty 'till one o'clock. From time to time during this period many little incidents occurred and impressions were made which, though trivial in themselves and almost impossible to narrate, might very properly be given a place in an inside history of the class. Would that the writer had the power in a few words to strike off the individuality of each member of the class—the impetuosity of Adams, the light and airy tread of Swofford as he came into class, the "attitude" of Thrasher, who nobody doubted had the courage of his convictions, the earnestness of Dabney, the seriousness of Romberg, the ingenuity of Budley Fisher on an oral quiz, the incisiveness of Moffett, Phelps and Bromberg, the drollness of Horace Trippett, the guilelessness of Dickerson, the modesty of Ross, the forcefulness of Oliver, and so on down the roll. Deserving of record also is the race of McGinnis, Britt and Locke for high grades, and the dash of McLean for the door. But all this would take a far more skillful pen than that wielded by the writer. The lectures gave

opportunity for the display of individual aptitudes for certain lines of work, and the quizzes showed that many members of the class had their own fixed and definite notions, and did not slavishly accept the views of the text writers. In Equity, Johnson and Adams were especially interested in trusts and the administration of trust funds. In Constitutional Law, Bloor and Hancock settled the question of the right of secession in a manner satisfactory to themselves, but independent of anything found in Mr. Black's book; and Henderson, taking as a platform what Patrick Henry said about liberty, with an admirable independence of view, asserted the unqualified right of revolution. In Advanced Pleading, the whole class showed a special aptitude for cutting.

At one o'clock each day the hypnotic spell was broken and Senior Law had from then until bed time for hard study. Sometimes he would sit behind his best girl in a loge; the next time in sweater and cap, chinning the railing of University box he might look down with sympathy on his deskmate who had been soaked for six dollars to see the Silver Slipper or the Wizard of Oz. But this reminds us that somebody has said that the world is a stage and even we are actors. After Commencement we will play in a larger theatre. Some of us will be assigned the part we ourselves have chosen, that of lawyers; some of us will be given other parts, perhaps that of Uncle Josh from the forks of the creek, or that of the dry goods clerk, or that of the soldier of fortune—we hope that to none will fall the part of the villain. But to whatever roles we are assigned, let us remember that we all belong to the same company, that a word of encouragement may make our next performance better, and that if the "hired boy" plays his part well he may do much good and be as equally entitled to praise as the star of the whole caste.



JUNIOR LAW CLASS.

OFFICERS.

FALL TERM.

J. J. AVERITTE.....*President*
 EDWARD CRANE.....*Vice-President*
 I. J. CURTSINGER.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
 E. C. McLEAN, JR.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*

WINTER TERM.

FRITZ G. LANHAM.....*President*
 G. F. WOMACK.....*Vice-President*
 C. T. PAUL.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
 J. J. AVERITTE.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*

SPRING TERM.

EDWARD CRANE.....*President*
 I. J. CURTSINGER.....*Vice-President*
 BROWDER, J. { { *Secretary and*
 BROWDER, W. B. } { *Treasurer*
 W. D. ORGAIN.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*
 CLINTON G. BROWN.....*Historian*

ROSTER OF JUNIOR LAW CLASS.

Abbott, C. W.	Brown, R. H.	Campbell, T. D.
Adoue, J. B., Jr.	Bullington, O. C.	Clendenning, J. R.
Ammerman, C. H.	Burney, H. P.	Charleton, G. L.
Avriett, G. L.	Burford, J. M.	Cope, E.
Averitte, J. J.	Buckley, W. F.	Curtsinger, I. J.
Adams.	Beasley, R. J.	Channell, R. J.
Blocker, W. B.	Brooke, J. C.	Dickerson.
Browder, J.	Caldwell, T. J.	Ferrell, J. M.
Browder, W. B.	Calhoun, A. L.	Funderburk, O. C.
Brown, C. G.	Carswell, T.	Golden, J. R.

Graham, N. W.
Graves, S. R.
Hackett, J. E.
Hasdesek, G. L.
Halton, C. T.
Henshaw, G. J.
Hunt, G. D.
Johnson, S. W.
Landers, M. H.
Lanham, F. G.
Lanham, F. V.
Lloyd, E.
Marrs, J. P.
Mason, A. F.
Mayes, C.
McLean, E. C., Jr.
McMillan, R. J.
Milam, L. B.
Montgomery, L. L.
Mothner, M. M.

Myer, S.
Ney, L. E.
Newsom, J. H.
O'Keefe, J. S.
O'Neal, B. G.
Orgain, W. E.
Paul, C. T.
Powell, R. A.
Randel, J. C.
Rice, J. C.
Rich, T. J.
Robertson, L.
Robertson, A. D.
Robertson, J. B.
Robertson, W. T.
Rucks, A. R.
Shelton, G. M.
Shilg, D. O.
Scarborough, W. D.
Scheuber, F. B.

Scott, A. E.
Stevens, W.
Storms, G. C.
Talley, J. B.
Teagarden, B. W.
Terrell, R. O.
Thorne, R. J.
Tyler, W.
Wallace, C. D.
Walne, W. H.
Walter, L., Jr.
Watkin, R. N.
Wayman, J. W.
Wilburne, W. R. S.
Womack, G. F.
Wolf, M.
Wroe, O. M.
Zadik, I. L.

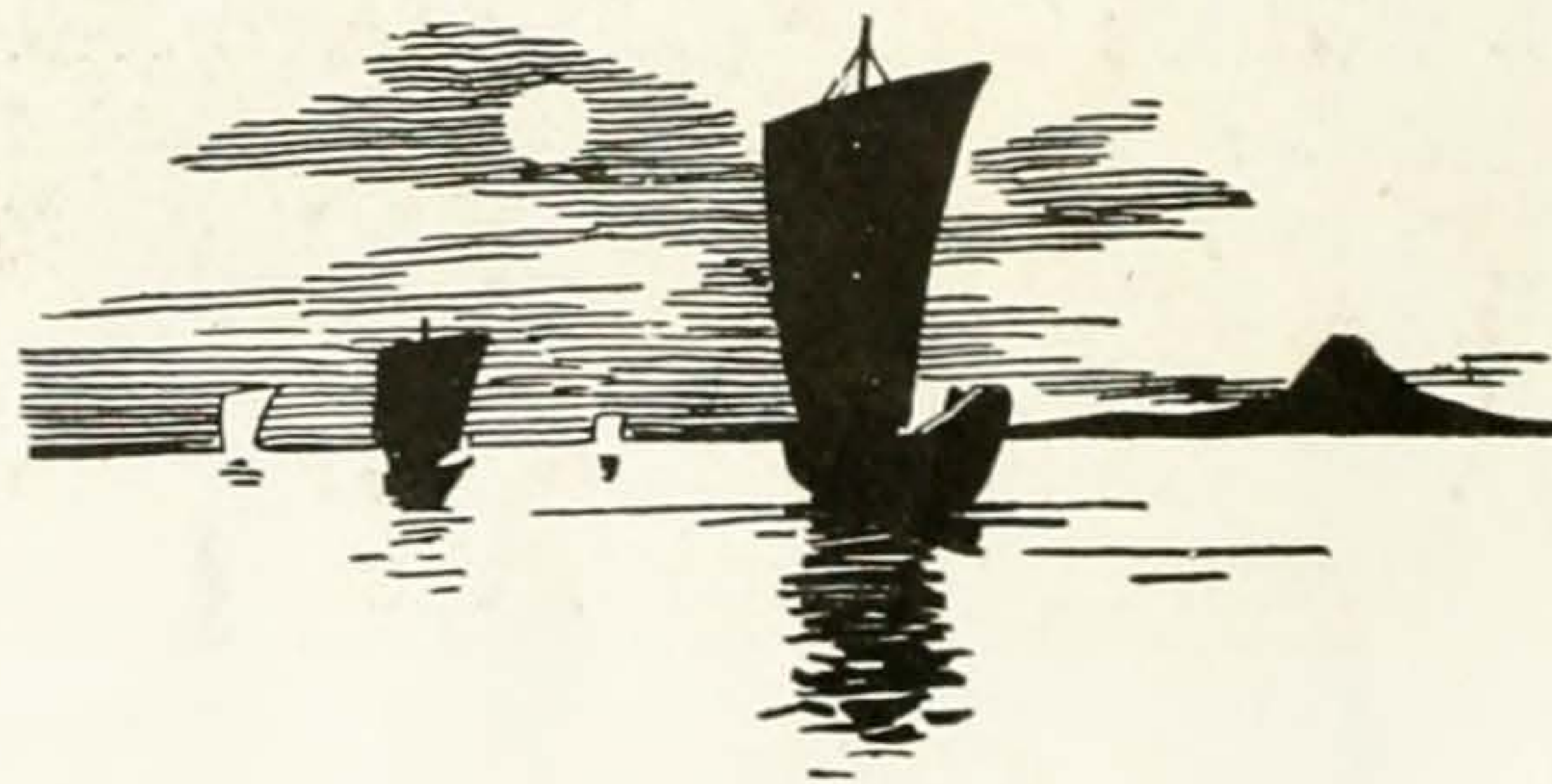




Photo by Jordan.

LAW JUNIORS.

History of the '06 Junior Law Class.



MAN named Ordinaryly Prudent started down to the University of Texas to study law. He was a farmer's son, and lived on the right hand side of the road that runs from Brenham to Chapelhill. In the spring and summer of 1903 the niggers ate up his watermelons and the boll-weevils chewed off his cotton, so he said to his father, one day:

"Father, do you see how this fore-lock of mine stands up off my head? That means that I'm a lawyer, a born one, and I won't have to train my hair, it's law-hair already."

So the folks and kin-folks had a meeting in the back parlor, with all the shades down, and after a four hours' talk, they decided to send Ordy to the University of Texas. His gray-haired mother went up into the barn loft and got the old valise off the nail, and wept some of the dust off it as she was bringing it down the ladder, and put some clean socks in it, and shirts and writing-paper and things, and a Bible, and clicked it together, and opened it again and put in a jar of Ordy's favorite peach preserves, and slipped in two letters of introduction, one to the preacher at Austin, and one to Judge Townes, saying to the Judge that "her boy was a good Christian boy, and fond of hard work and good things to eat, and wouldn't the Judge please invite her boy up to his house now and then on Sundays, because the boy's uncle knew the Judge in early days?"

Ordy went out and caught the old mare, and patted her neck, and told her he hated to leave the old place, and led her around to the buggy house by the mane, talking to her all the time about the good old days they had passed together, and asked her if she remembered how nice and cool the spring water used to taste when they came in from plowing. A great sympathetic tear glistened upon his manly, sun-browned cheek. He opened the buggy-house door, and taking the collar off the rack, came slowly back to where the mare stood, with her head bowed low, as if too felt the parting.

Ordy let his arm linger upon her strong, warm neck after he had buckled the collar; then he leaned down and lifted up her foot to see if there was a stone in it, and she bit off his fore-lock. He didn't come to the U. of T. His law-hair was gone, so he kicked the mare in the ribs, broke his toe, and drowned himself in the rain-barrel.

MORAL TO THIS HISTORY.—"Never say what you've done, but always do what you say." Our modesty keeps us from saying what we've done, and we have'nt promised to do a thing

—Adios.

CLASS OF '06 FOOT BALL TEAM.

CLASS CHAMPIONS.

C. G. BROWN *Captain.*
 G. B. FINLEY *Manager.*
 L. D. PARRISH *Coach.*
 EDWARD CRANE *Assistant Coach*



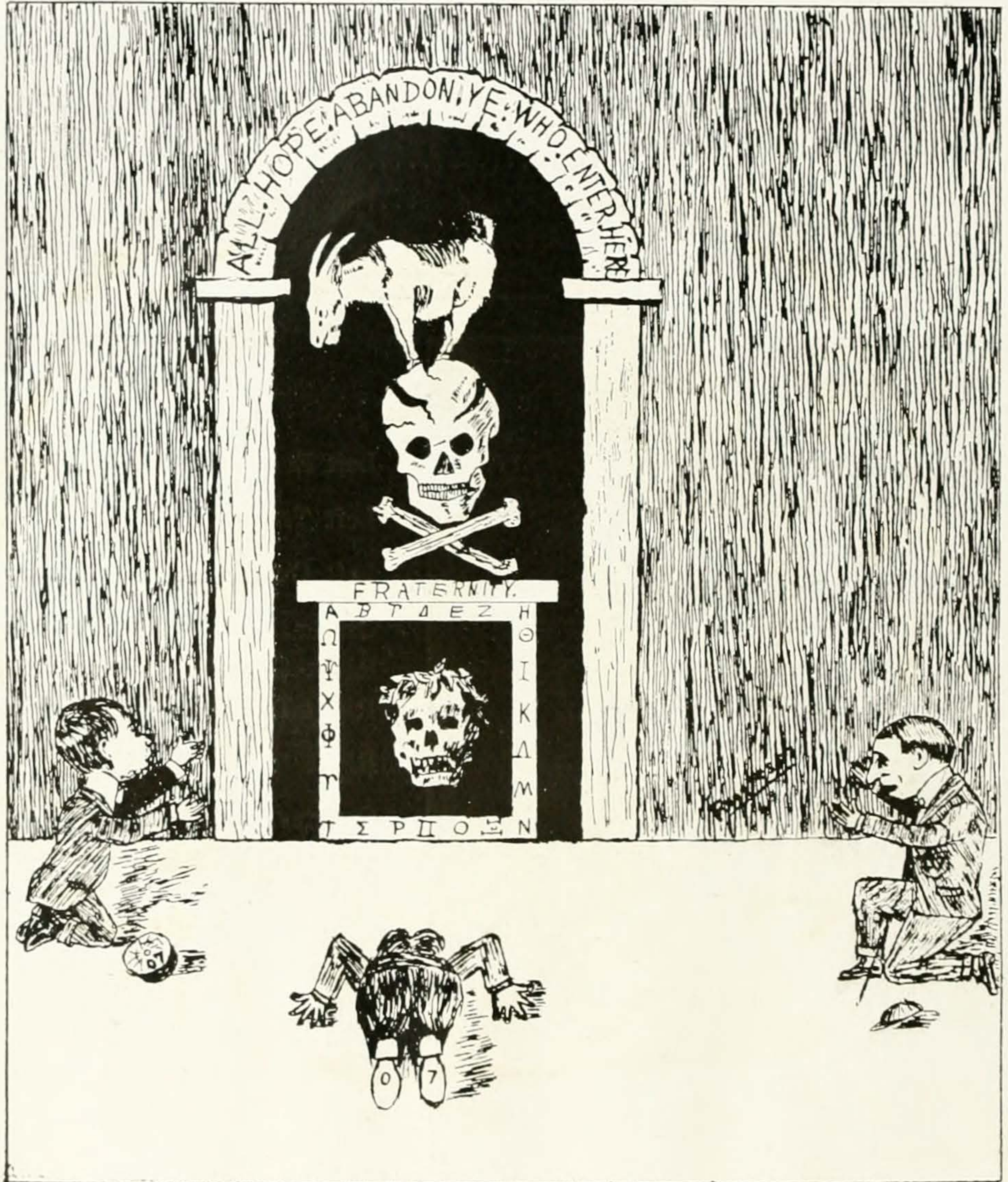
Photo by Jordan.

❧

Left End	{ ABBOTT. MEYER.
Left Tackle	ORGAIN.
Left Guard	{ ELAM. BRODIE.
Center	CALLAWAY.
Right Guard	RYBURN.
Right Tackle	CHARLETON.
Right End	{ WATHEN. LEE.
Quarter Back	LANHAM, F. V.
Left Back	{ FINLEY. MCLEAN. TIPTON.
Right Half	{ SCHEUBER. CAMPBELL.
Full Back	BROWN.



Champions vs. Freshmen 17—0.
 Juniors vs. Seniors 11—6.
 Champions vs. Juniors 17—0.



"They have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it and have sacrificed thereunto, and said, These be thy gods, O Freshmen." ^{MT}
 Exodus. 32, 8.



PHI DELTA THETA.

FOUNDED 1848, MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

TEXAS BETA CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED 1883

FRATRES IN URBE.

Rev. J. W. Lowber,
Franz Fizet,
J. H. Caldwell,

A. H. Graham,
F. H. Raymond,
L. B. Fontaine,
Dr. John Foster.

E. E. Witt,
Ike McFarland,
Malcolm Graham,

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Morgan Callaway, Jr.
Eugene C. Barker,

Harry P. Steger,
Guy F. Witt,

Edmund T. Miller,
A. L. Eno.

ACADEMIC.

Harry P. Steger,
J. P. Waggener,
Guy F. Witt,
Perrie Alvey,

Alex. Pope,
C. W. Weller,
A. P. Ward,
Ballard Y. Burgher,
Hal Helm Logan.

Herbert Sutton,
Norman Taylor,
Hugh Lothrop,
Webster McEvoy,

LAW.

Eugene Locke,
Robert Watkin,

W. A. Walne,
Bruce Teagarden,
Jean Baptiste Adoue.

G. D. Hunt,
H. A. Turner,



PHI DELTA THETA.

BETA THETA PI.

FOUNDED AT MIAMI, 1839.

BETA OMICRON CHAPTER.

FOUNDED 1884.

MEMBERS IN THE CITY.

Dr. E. B. Wright.

A. S. Jones.

John Orr, Jr.

Judge S. R. Fisher.

R. L. Pollard.

J. E. Pierce.

Dr. R. G. Smoot.

Clarence H. Miller.

H. A. Thornton.

Bishop Kinsolving.

Oscar Robinson.

William Orr.

Dr. J. H. French.

Ewell Nalle.

Edgar Townes.

Earnest Townes.

J. F. Clark.

MEMBER IN FACULTY.

Dr. H. W. Harper.

MEMBERS IN UNIVERSITY.

ACADEMIC.

Jos. C. Kerbey, Jr.

Hugh Lamar Stone.

Edgar L. Gilcreest.

Robt. J. Edwards.

Herbert M. Walden.

Le Roy R. Street.

Wm. H. Francis.

Wiley G. Clarkson

W. Crow Wright.

ENGINEERING.

McFall Kerbey.

LAW.

Chas. S. Oliver.

Geo. W. Burkitt, Jr.

Thos. J. Caldwell.

Wallace Tyler.

Frank V. Lanham.



KAPPA SIGMA.

FOUNDED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA IN 1867.

TAU CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED IN 1884.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Dr. Goodall Wooten	Fred Connerly
Dr. Joe S. Wooten	Arthur Moore
Dr. H. L. Hilgartner	Victor L. Brooks
Dr. Mat M. Smith	F. C. Von Rosenberg
Dr. Joe Gilbert	Jasper Wooldridge
Dr. W. A. Harper	B. A. Slaughter
J. W. Maxwell	Geo. S. Dowell
W. D. Hart	J. H. Hart
R. A. Thompson	W. M. Thornton
E. T. Moore, Jr.	Jas. P. Griffin
Walter W. Fisher	

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

F. Simonds	T. U. Taylor	Killis Campbell
Jas. R. Bailey	George P. Garrison	

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

ACADEMIC.

Joe B. Hogsett, '05	Frank A. Bailey, '07
John Hancock, '05	Bryan F. Williams, '07
J. Wickliffe Wathen, '06	Alfred M. Scott, '07
Guy Arthur Blount, '06	Paul V. Montgomery, '07
Albert O. Singleton, '05	Sam. N. Key, '07
E. Carlin O'Neil, '07	Fred K. Fisher, '07
Ashley N. Denton, '07	John La Prella, Jr., '07
Murray B. Jones, '07	James A. Givings, '07
Frank Hicks, '07	

LAW.

Budley Fisher, '04	Rembert Watson, '04	Jas. W. Wayman, '06
Sewall Meyer, '06	Francis Ball Scheuber, '06	



KAPPA SIGMA.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON.

FOUNDED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA IN 1856.

TEXAS RHO ESTABLISHED IN 1884.

FRATRES IN URBE.

J. W. McClendon,	Prof. D. A. Griffitt,	J. C. Puett,
S. R. Fulmore,		C. B. Giles,
W. H. P. Hunnicutt,	E. B. Hancock,	Wm. Scarborough.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Dr. E. W. Fay,	Dr. H. Y. Benedict.
----------------	---------------------

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

ACADEMIC.

J. T. McClendon, Grad.	J. R. Swenson, Grad.
A. W. Eckman, '07.	

ENGINEERING.

Lee Forsgard, '05.	E. C. Connor, '05.
J. B. White, '07.	

LAW.

A. W. Hockenhull, '04,	J. Marshall Eskridge, '04,
Walker Stephens, '06.	



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON.

SIGMA CHI.

FOUNDED AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY IN 1859.

ALPHA NU CHAPTER

ESTABLISHED IN 1884.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Wilbur P. Allen.

W. H. Richardson, Jr.

J. Bauldin Rector.

Rev. T. B. Southall.

J. A. Richardson.

John F. Butler.

Madison H. Benson.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

A. G. Reed.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

ACADEMIC.

Wilbur S. Davidson, '07.

Max H. Bickler, '07.

Chris C. Garrett, '06.

Palmer W. Archer, '06.

ENGINEERING.

A. Cleve Ansler, '04.

Herbert H. Finch, '06.

Hugo Franz Knecht, '06.

LAW.

George W. Maverick, '04.

Marcellus Kleberg, '04.

Harry P. Bickler, '04.

W. B. Hocker, '06.

Edward Crane, '06.



SOCIETY CLUB

SOUTHERN KAPPA ALPHA.

FOUNDED 1865 AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.

OMICRON CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED 1884.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Judge James R. Hamilton.

A. J. Gibson.

W. W. Wilkerson.

Judge Sam Streetman.

C. A. McCallum.

Chas. F. Horton.

Rev. D. K. Porter.

A. G. Smoot.

Dr. Horace Gilbert.

W. C. Hogg.

E. T. Drake.

Edgar Smith.

D. E. Simmons.

S. H. Worrell.

R. L. Batts.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Dr. A. C. Ellis.

Dr. Donald Cameron.

Dr. D. A. Penick.

Benj. F. Hill.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

ACADEMIC.

Joel Franklin Watson.

Emmett Lee Wilkerson.

John Putman Dinsmore.

John Levi Sheppard.

Leon Fair Russ.

Albert Stone.

LAW.

William Perry Hamblen, Jr.

Roy Calvin Sewell.

Lewis Johnson.

Lynn Boyd Milam.

Emmett Emory McInnis.

Thomas Charlton Hall.

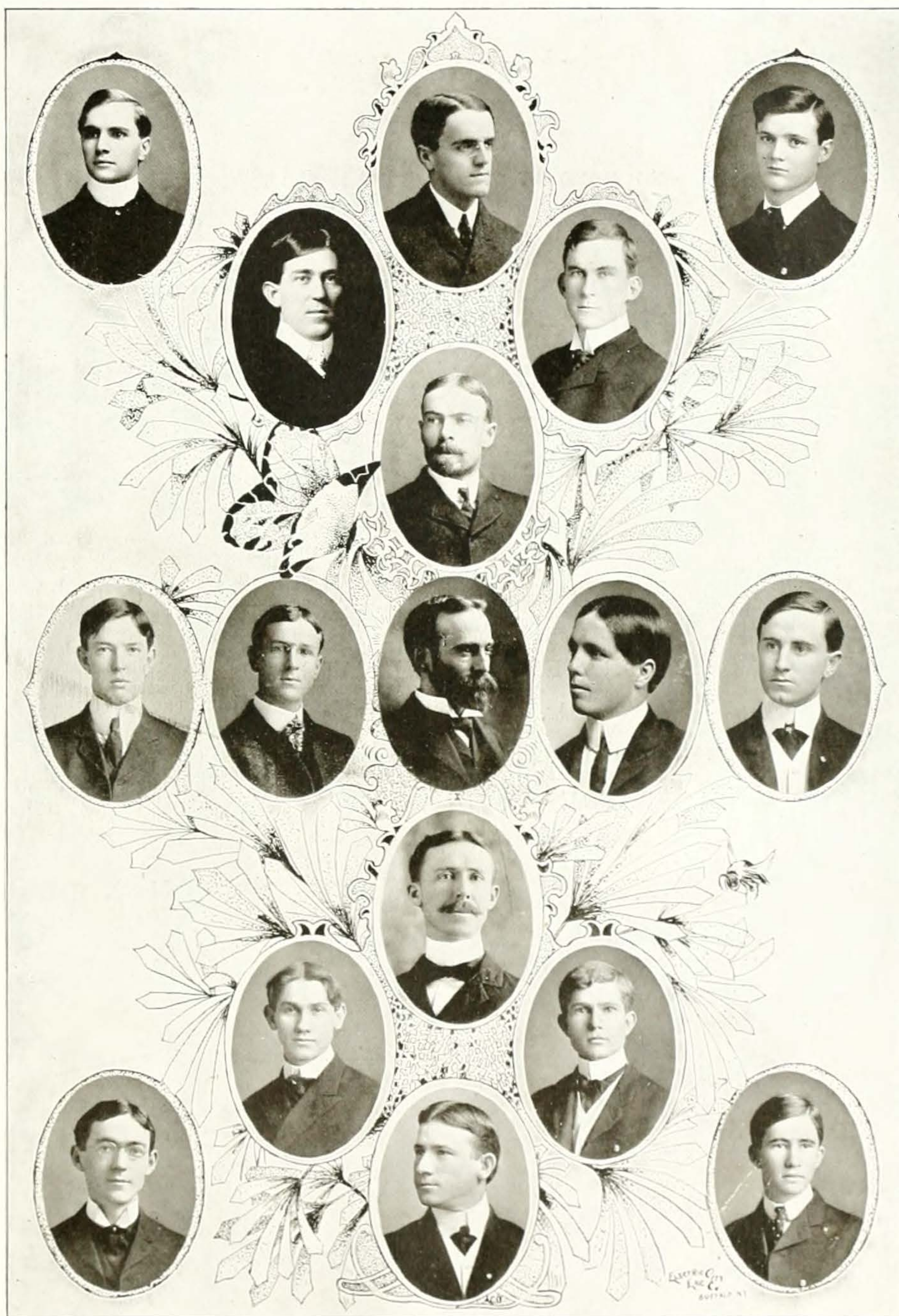
Clinton Giddings Brown.

Fritz Garland Lanham.

George Moore Shelton.

ENGINEERING.

John Bringhurst.



KAPPA ALPHA.

SIGMA NU.

FOUNDED AT V. M. I. JAN. 1, 1869.

UPSILON CHAPTER.

ORGANIZED 1886.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Geo. E. Shelley.

R. H. McNemer.

G. J. Carter.

Fred. Shelley.

Chas. Stephenson.

R. I. Davis.

Geo. Myrick.

Cullon H. Booth.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

Dr. E. P. Schoch.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

LAW.

Cary Abney, '04.

Warren Robertson, '06.

Ben. Robertson, '06.

Marrs McLean, '04.

E. C. McLean, Jr., '06.

ENGINEERS.

C. H. Johnson, '05.

Wm W. McDonald, '07.

Marion C. Robertson, '07.

Geo. G. Edwards, '05.

Geo. A. McClellan, '07.

ACADEMIC.

Ed. D. McKellar, '05.

Bush Wofford, '07.

Arthur P. Burns, '06.



CHI PHI.

FOUNDED AT PRINCETON, 1823.

NU CHAPTER.

FRATRES IN URBE.

J. Stanley Ford.			W. B. Caswell.
Chas. A. Hoyt.			C. W. Morrison.
E. J. Palm.		O. H. Palm.	
	Dr. T. R. Sampson.		

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

S. E. Mezes.		C. H. Huberich.
	M. B. Porter.	

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

H. D. Mendenhall.			Graham Dowdell.
S. S. Searcy.			G. S. Wright.
	C. J. Nibbi.	C. H. Terrell.	
W. N. Camp.			J. E. Broussard.
J. R. Beasley.			R. J. Beasley.
T. B. Botts.		Dick O. Terrell.	
	Otis Westervelt.		



CHI PHI.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

George C. Butte, Austin.

FRATRES.

George T. Baskett, Van Alstyne, Senior Academic.

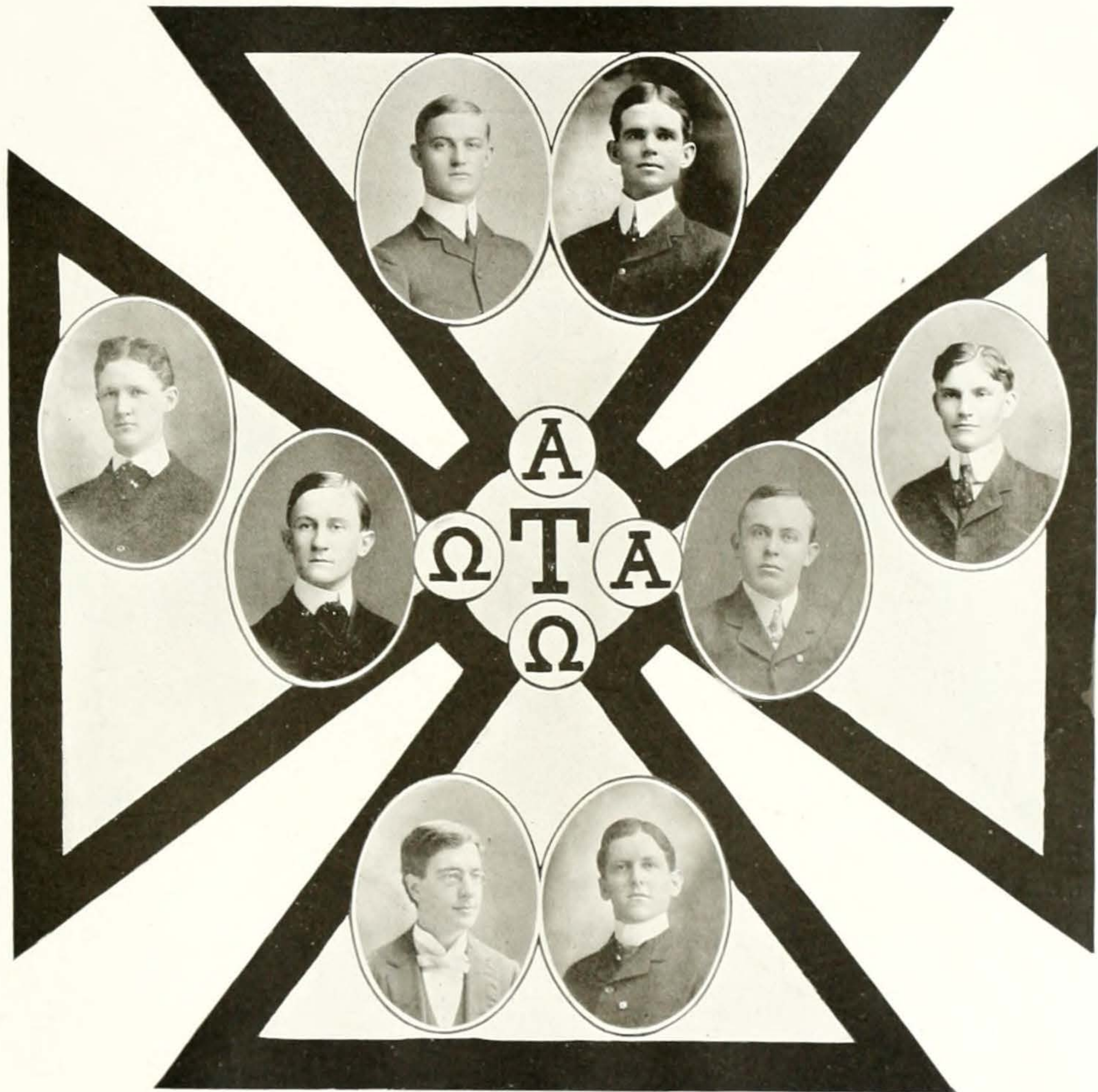
Lindsay W. Baskett, Van Alstyne, Sophomore Academic.

Leon D. Brown, La Grange, Senior Law.

Coke K. Burns, Houston, Senior Law.

Howard W. Key, Austin, Post Graduate.

Robert J. McMillan, San Antonio, Junior Law



PHI PHI PHI.

ALPHA TAU CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED 1897.

FRATRES IN URBE.

L. K. Smoot.

J. W. McC loud.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

ACADEMIC.

H. H. Burchard, '04.

H. D. Young, '07.

F. B. Bramlette, '05.

A. G. Wynne, '07.

H. C. Harris, '06.

W. H. Matthews, Grad.

ENGINEERING.

H. T. Fletcher, '05.

R. H. Renschel, '07.

LAW.

G. N. Lytle, Grad.

A. L. Calhoun, '06.

W. R. S. Wilburne, '06.

Samuel Neathery, '04.

J. C. Brooke, '06.



PHI GAMMA DELTA.

FOUNDED IN 1848.

TAU DEUTERON CHAPTER.

RE-ESTABLISHED, 1901.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Hon. A. S. Burleson.
Fred D. Russell.

R. Nolan Smith.
Wilber H. Young.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

William L. Prather.

Edwin DuBois Shurter.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

ACADEMIC.

S. Royal Ashby, '04.
J. Roxcoe Golden, '04.
Robert A. Richey, '04.

Harvey B. Matthews, '05.
Guy Borden, Jr., '06.
Frank L. S. Dibrell, '06.
William M. Powell, '06.

T. Bruce Greenwood, '07.
Arthur L. Harris, '07.
Louis Jacoby, '07.

ENGINEERING.

J. Fennell Dibrell, '07.

J. Howard Etheridge, '07.

Lucien G. Henderson, '07.

LAW.

Edward H. Bailey, '04.
Alva P. Barrett, '04.

J. Henderson Benefield, '04.
George W. Sergeant, '04.

Byrd E. White, '04.
Charles W. Abbott, '06.



PHI GAMMA DELTA.

THE SIGMA NU PHI--A LEGAL FRATERNITY.

FOUNDED AT THE NATIONAL LAW SCHOOL.

THE JOHN H. REAGAN CHAPTER.

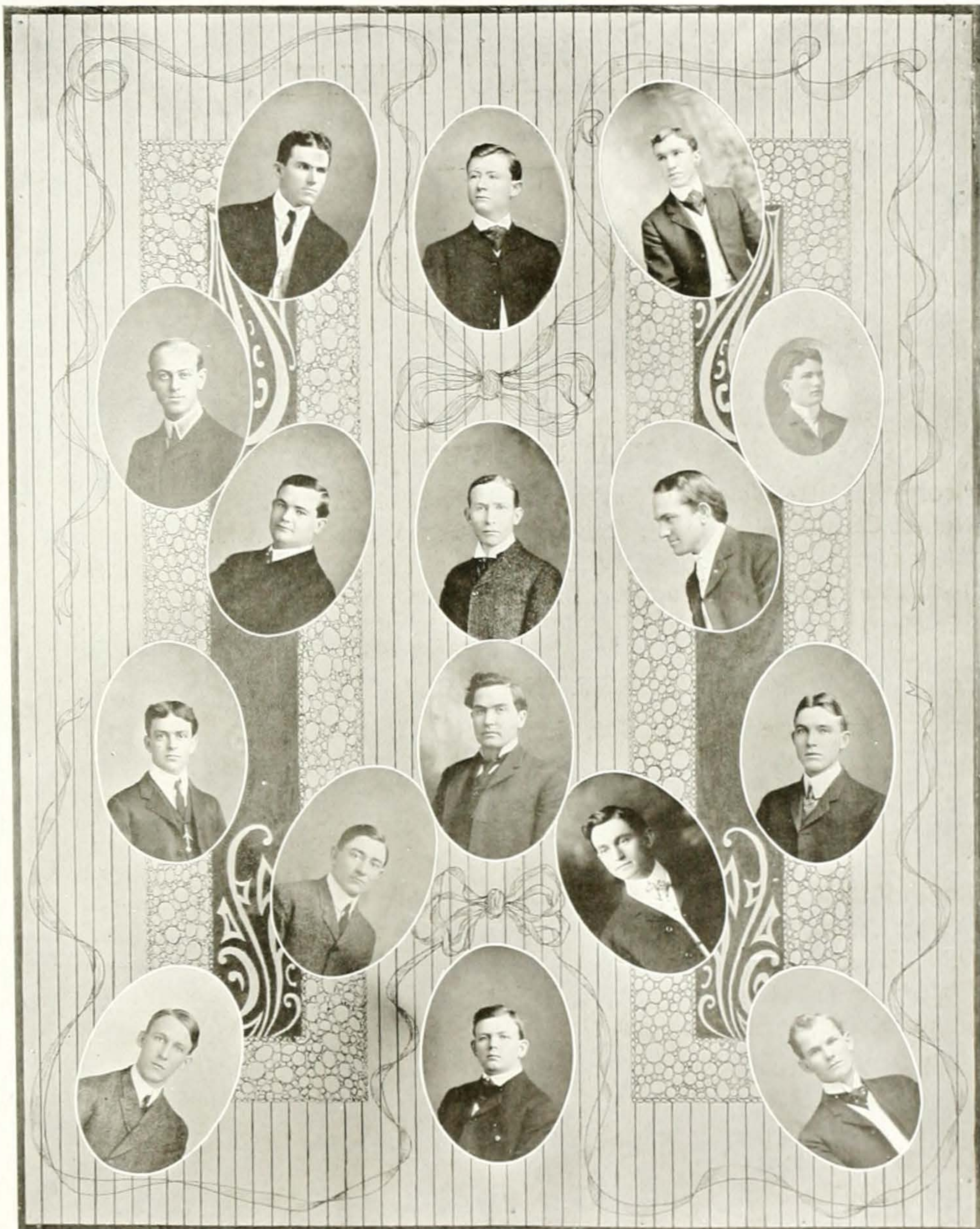
FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

SENIORS.

J. P. Luton. W. F. Young. S. E. Gordon. J. A. Reynolds. L. E. Rasberry.
Hugh Bardin. W. P. McGinnis. W. A. Cocke.
K. C. Barkley. A. W. Bloor.

JUNIORS.

A. E. Scott. J. J. Averitte, J. Sid O'Keefe. W. D. Scarborough.
O. M. Wroe. C. D. Wallace. I. J. Curtsinger.



SIGMA NU PHI.

DELTA TAU DELTA.

FOUNDED AT BETHANY COLLEGE, WEST VIRGINIA, 1860.

ESTABLISHED IN UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, 1904.

FRATRES IN URBE.

George Sublette Walton, θ , Bethany College, West Virginia.
Robert Clark Walker, D V², University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Alexander Penn Woolridge, B θ , University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.
John Brackenridge, ϕ , Hanover, Indiana.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

Phineas Lawrence Windsor, B II, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

ACADEMIC.

James Finis Johnson, '04.
Walter Scott Pope, '05.
Olin Wilbur Finley, '06.
Walter Lowery Garnett, '07.
James Knight Rector, '07, B θ , University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.

LAW.

John Harvey Moore, '04, B. E. Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
Thomas Gillespie Milliken, '04.
Ormund Simpkins, '04, B θ , University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.
Charles Thomas Paul, '06.
William Frank Buckley, '06 (Academic '04).
John Gibson Logue, '04.



DELTA TAU DELTA.

PI BETA PHI.

FOUNDED IN 1867, MONMOUTH COLLEGE.

TEXAS ALPHA.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 19, 1902.

SORORES IN URBE.

Jamie Armstrong.	Vivian Brenizer.	Lula Rose.
Aline Harris.	Minnie Rose.	Mrs. Wilber H. Young.

SORORES IN UNIVERSITATE.

SENIORS.

Edith J. Clagett.	Flora McElwee Bartholomew.
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JUNIORS.

Grace Hill.	Ada Hardeman Garrison.	Anne Townes.
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SOPHOMORES.

Mae Samuella Wynne.	Ellen Wooldridge Waggener.	Leonore Wagner Hummel.
Emily Virginia Maverick.	Margaret Graham Boroughs.	

FRESHMEN.

Lottie Harris.	Fay Kincaid.	Susan Spyker Shelton.	Helen Gault Hood.
Bessie Lee Dreier.	Helen Garrison.	Katharine B. Sockwell.	

PLEDGES.

Mary Calmese Smither.	Julia Margaret Estill.
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PI BETA PHI.

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA.

FOUNDED AT MONMOUTH COLLEGE, 1870.

BETA XI CHAPTER.

SORORES IN URBE.

Mrs. William L. Bray.	Beulah Rowe.
Helen Olive Devine.	Mary Helen Simpkins.

SORORES IN UNIVERSITATE.

Maie Phila Borden, '07.	Lolla Judge, '04.
Mary Eleanor Brackenridge, '06.	Helen Knox, '07.
Lois Broyles, '07.	Henrietta Louise Malloy, '06.
Alice Virginia Davis, '05.	Ethel Abby Morey, '06.
Annie Joe Gardner, '05.	Mary Virginia Rice, '05.
Carrie Bonner Gardner, '06.	Ellie Farrar Shelton, '07.
Fanny West Harris, '05.	Mary Willis Stedman, '06.
Annie James, '07.	May Mason Jarvis, '06.
Charlie Lenora Thurmond, '07.	



KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA.

BETA EPSILON.

FOUNDED 1902.

Julia Estill.
Ethel Oliphin .
Alma Proctor.
Grace Nash.
Adele Johnson.
Lily Campbell.
Katherine Petty.
Willie Davis.
Emma Greer.
Anna Simonds.
Mary Greer.

SIGMA TAU.

ORGANIZED JAN. 27, 1903.

MARY VIRGINIA ARCHER.
VIRDIAN ALICE BARHAM.
ELISE DENISON BROWN.



EDNA EARL CROUCH
MARY MARGARET GIESEN.
FANNIE LOUISE MONTGOMERY.

LAURA MARIE SAUL.
HELEN WOOTEN THORNTON.
LILIAN JESSIE WALKER.
ANNIE DE GRAFFENREID HOWARD.

*Freshman Poem.

in a little town of raybon
Lives a Farmer by the rode
he has a littul farm
Which every Year is hoed.

And when the corn is Planted
they all go home to rest
but when it starts to sproutin
The Crows come from their Nests.

And then the farmers troubles comes
to make the skeercroes large
And then There was a baby Born
and they Named him william george.



*This idyll, which so tenderly describes the joys of rural life, was written by a Freshman and submitted as the class poem, but several members of the CACTUS Committee from that class thought that it was incriminating; for they were ashamed of their humble origin from Mother Earth and the Plough-share: so they turned it down. The author, still hopeful, submitted it direct to the Editors. We seen its merit, and here it is! "The last word", said Mr. Freshman to us one day in our Sanctum where we were worried and savagely knitting our socks, "The last word should be pronounced *Jarge'*". This we did, at the same time granting him a poetic license for the remainder of the session. All poetry, you know, is more or less licentious.

Limericks on the Lonely Ones.

A crusty professor named Fay
Liked very few things that were gay,
 But if he'd a chance,
 He'd go to a dance,
And whirl 'till the dawn of the day.

The teacher of English called Callaway
Has never yet taken a gal away,
 He ought to be married,
 But long he has tarried,
This English professor named Callaway.

About the flossy professor named Gray,
His students are all heard to say:
 "On all things dramatic,
 This man 's a fanatic,
And he'll be a crack actor some day,"

And Griffith, so tall, debonair,
With the beautiful chestnut hair—
 "Ain't he swell?
 Oh, do tell!"
The wild freshman maids all declare.

About young Artie Llewellyne
The girls have all been yellin'—
 "What do *we* know?
 Go ask Eno;
For he'll do all of the tellin'."

The French professor named Villie
Had a manner exceedingly chilly.
 His lips he would curl,
 As he said to a girl—
"Young miss, I think you quite silly."

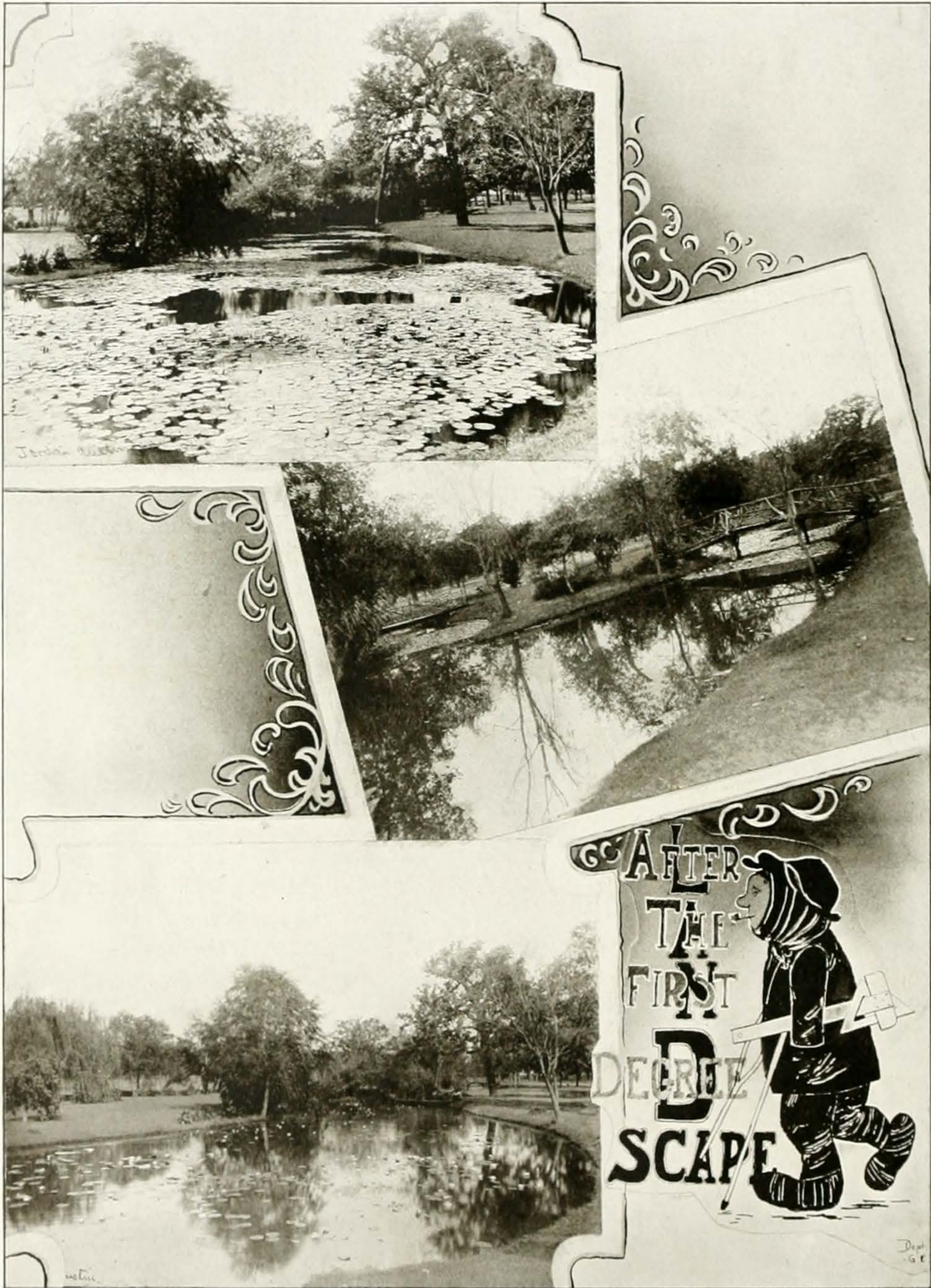
To the handsome Donald Cameron
The little girls do stammer on.
 They stay in his class
 Each *poor* little lass,
And their intellects wild he does hammer on.

To pass in Oratory one
Is a thing that's easily done.
 The speaker's a maid
 And A is the grade—
By a smile Mr. Cox has been won.

L'ENVOI.

You poor lonely bachelor teachers,
Singleness has its unpleasant features;
 My wish for you all
 Is that soon you may fall
As the victims to feminine creatures.

—SIRRAH.




UNIVERSITY LANDSCAPES.

I.

The dudette was in love with a vengeance,
And his passion would give him no rest
Till his torn heart he laid at the feet of the maid—
A flaming young rose from the West.

II.

The dudette manfully pleaded:
“I sweah on my honah 'tis true
That I ne'ah loved befoh, and what is much mo'h,
I will nevah love any but you.”

STUDENT  ENTERPRISES.

III.

He caught up her hands with much fervor:
“Nevah, nevah were hands such as these,
And I love them, oh *so!* they're so soft, doncherknow—”
And he ventured a shy little squeeze.

IV.

“I really know some things much softer—
The down on your chin, a nice feather bed,
Or—ah—*this*, my sweet sir,” said the fair Westerner,
As she tenderly felt of his head.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL.

CHAS. W. RAMSDELL.....*President*
W F. YOUNG.....*Vice-President*
I. J. CURTSINGER.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

ACADEMIC MEMBERS.

W. O. Wright. L. W. Parrish.
M. P. Rector. L. C. Robertson.
 R. L. Jones.

MEMBERS FROM LAW DEPARTMENT.

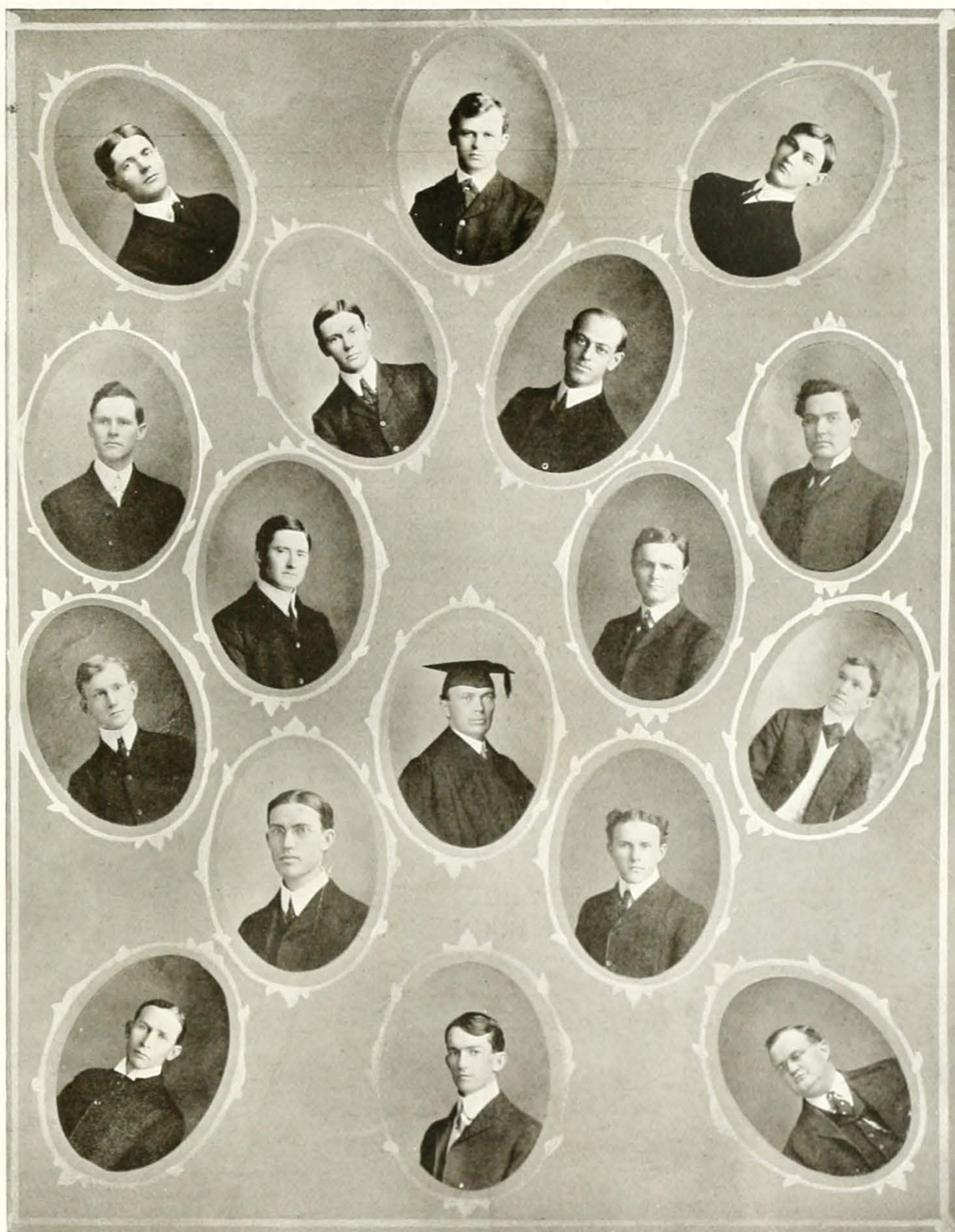
W. A. Cocke. A. B. Lacy.
J. G. Logue. J. S. O'Keefe.

 Edward Crane.

ENGINEERING MEMBERS.

J. E. Mitchell. W. O. Washington.
S. J. Maas. J. B. White.

 C. M. Bishop.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL.



The 'Varsity Band.

Dr. H. E. BAXTER, Director.

WALKER STEPHENS, Leader.

LEWIS JOHNSON, Bus. Mgr.

Dr. Baxter.

SOLO CORNETS.

Walker Stephens.

C. E. English.

R. V. Solomon.

CORNETS.

C. F. K. Blücher.

Bohlender.

Arthur LeSueur.

T. B. Botts.

Dr. E. P. Schoch.

CLARINETS.

C. F. Bolin.

A. E. Scott.

Louis Jacoby.

Herman Gerhard.

J. L. Sinclair.

MELLOPHONES.

J. R. Cabaniss.

Geo. T. Basket.

J. E. Gardner.

Alcan Hirsch.

W. R. Gillette.

TROMBONES.

J. H. Newsom.

L. L. Shield.

A. M. Scott.

J. G. Holman.

S. A. Glaser.

BARITONES.

G. C. F. Butte.

Lewis Johnson.

TUBAS.


E. F. McCall.

F. E. Lumpkin.

DRUMS, CYMBALS AND TRAPS.

A. L. Calhoun.

I. B. Adoue.



GLEE CLUB

Lewis Johnson.....*Director.*
 W. P. McGinnis.....*Bus. Manager.*
 Geo. V. Maverick.....*President.*
 F. E. Lumpkin.....*Secretary.*

Lewis Johnson)
 C. F. Bolin }
 F. E. Lumpkin) ... *Executive Com.*

First Tenors.

D. P. Wall, G. V. Maverick,
 J. P. Waggener, L. B. Milam,
 J. H. Newsom.

Second Tenors.

C. F. Bolin, R. N. Watkin,
 W. P. McGinnis, M. H. Bickler.
 R. L. Rather, J. M. Eskridge.

First Basses.

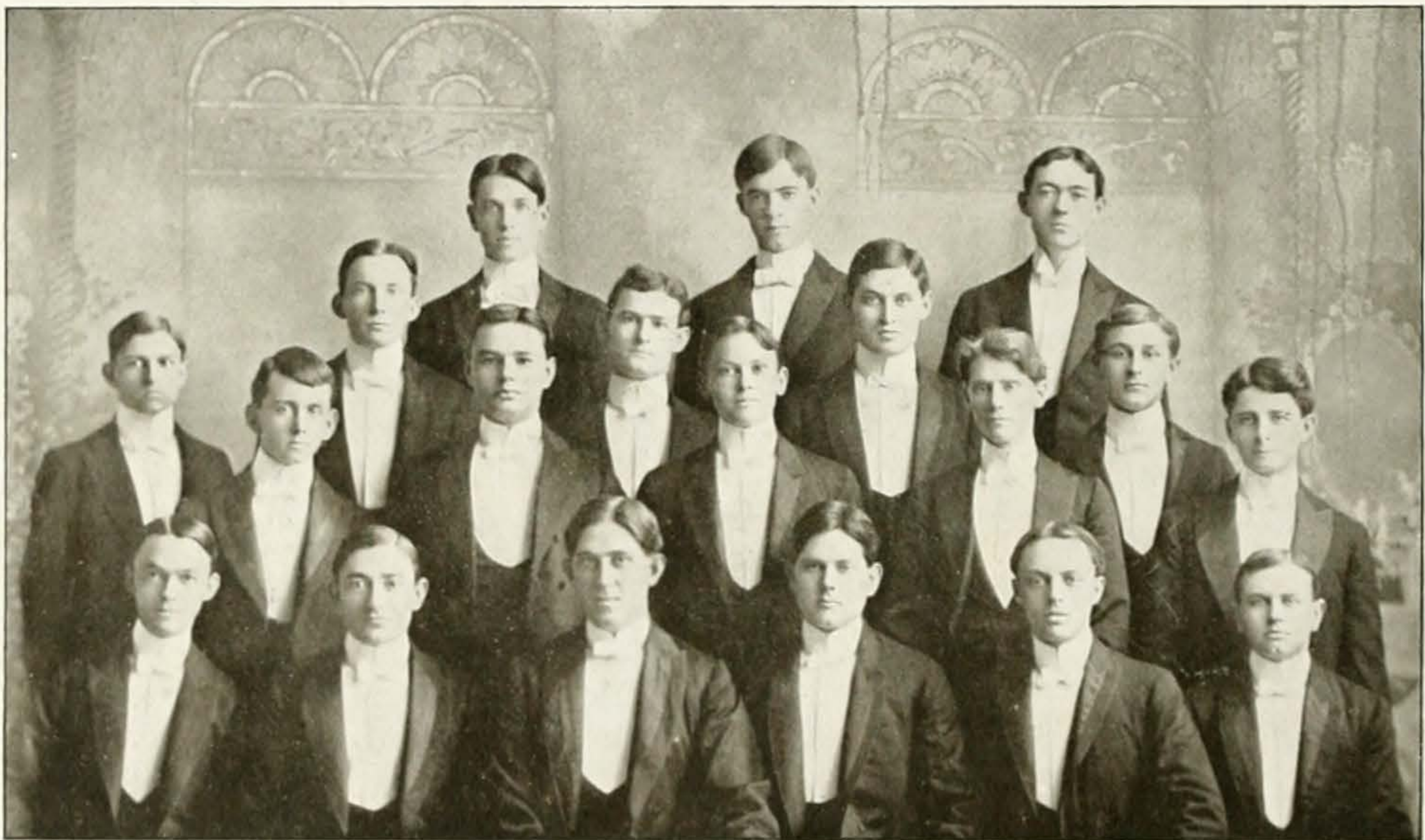
J. R. Golden, W. H. Matthews,
 A. C. Amsler, E. F. McCall,
 R. C. McCormick.

Second Basses.

R. A. Richey, L. G. Zinnecker,
 J. B. Adoue, Lewis Johnson.

Quartette.

Wall, Bolin, Richey and Johnson.



GLEE CLUB.

Texas Brutes.

THE following are the T. B., or the Texas Brutes, of the H E K, or P. E. C, in the University of Texas during year of 1903-04.

OFFICERS.

Chief J. Pete.....	H. E. Trippet.
J. Pete on Left	Bill B. Blocker.
J. Pete on Right.....	W. J. Powell.
Osteopath	C. T. Paul.
Goat.....	Jack McLean.
Rooster.....	Joe Burford.
Keeper of Korkscrew.....	L. Baskett.
Attorney-General.....	O. W. Finley.
Suside Door Slammer.....	W. T. Lee.
Poet Laureate.....	J. L. Sinclair.
Medical Examiner.....	J. Sid O'Keefe.
J. Pete Plemipo.....	Marrs McLean.

BRUTES.

A. C. Amsler,
J. J. Averitte,
Guy Borden,
Bill B. Blocker,
Felix Bramlette,
Joe Burford,
Geo. Baskett,
L. Baskett,
W. N. Camp,
Ed. Crane,

O. W. Finley,
Geo. B. Finley,
Roscoe Golden,
Arthur Harris,
Marrs McLean,
Jack McLean,
Sam Neathery,
W. J. Powell,
C. T. Paul,

R. A. Richey,
J. L. Sinclair,
John L. Shepperd,
C. H. Terrell,
T. L. Tipton,
H. E. Trippet,
B. Wofford,
W. S. Lee,
W. Elaim,
J. Sid O'Keefe.



Photo by Jordan.

TEXAS BRUTES.

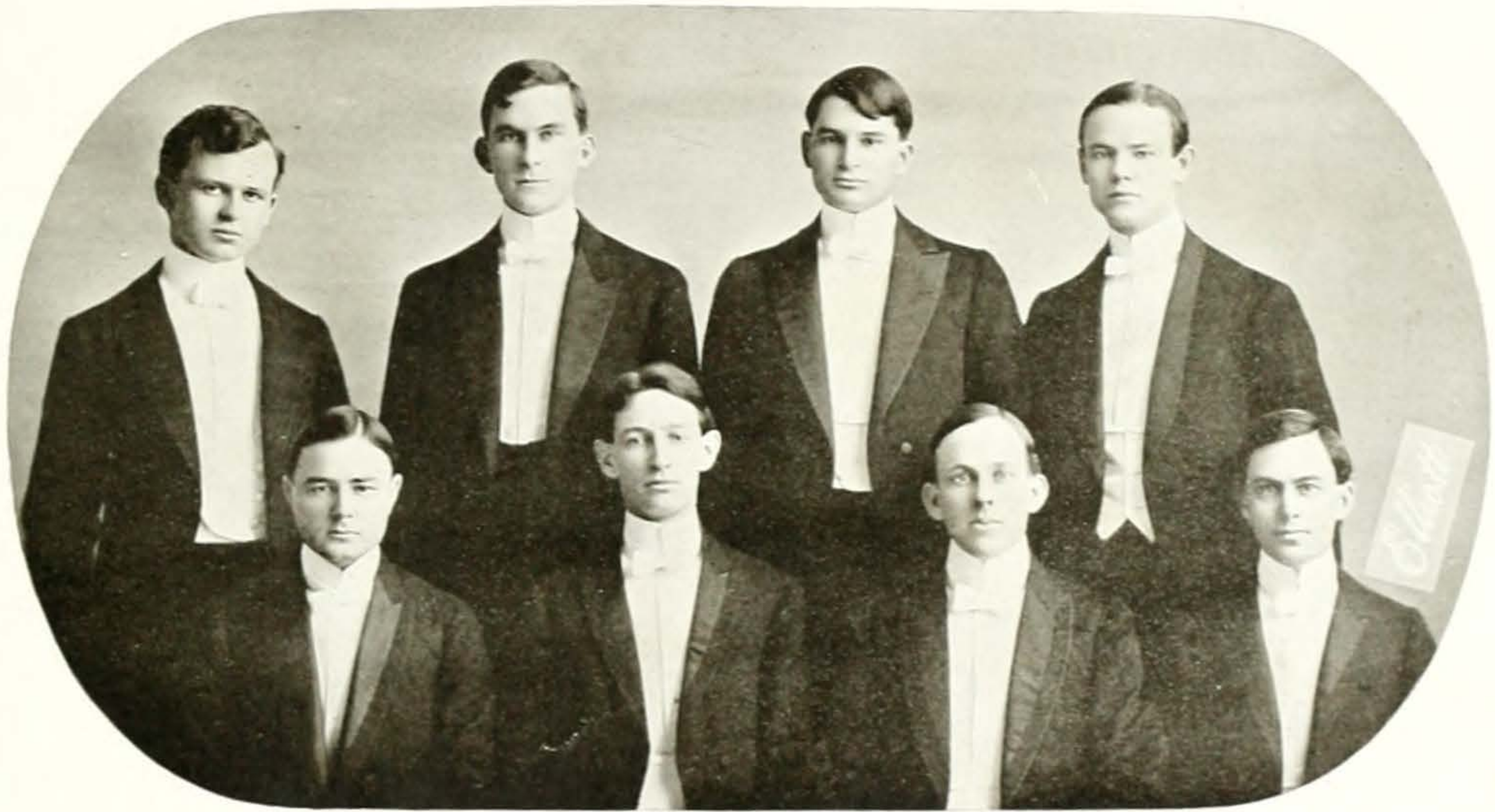


Final Ball.



FINAL BALL.

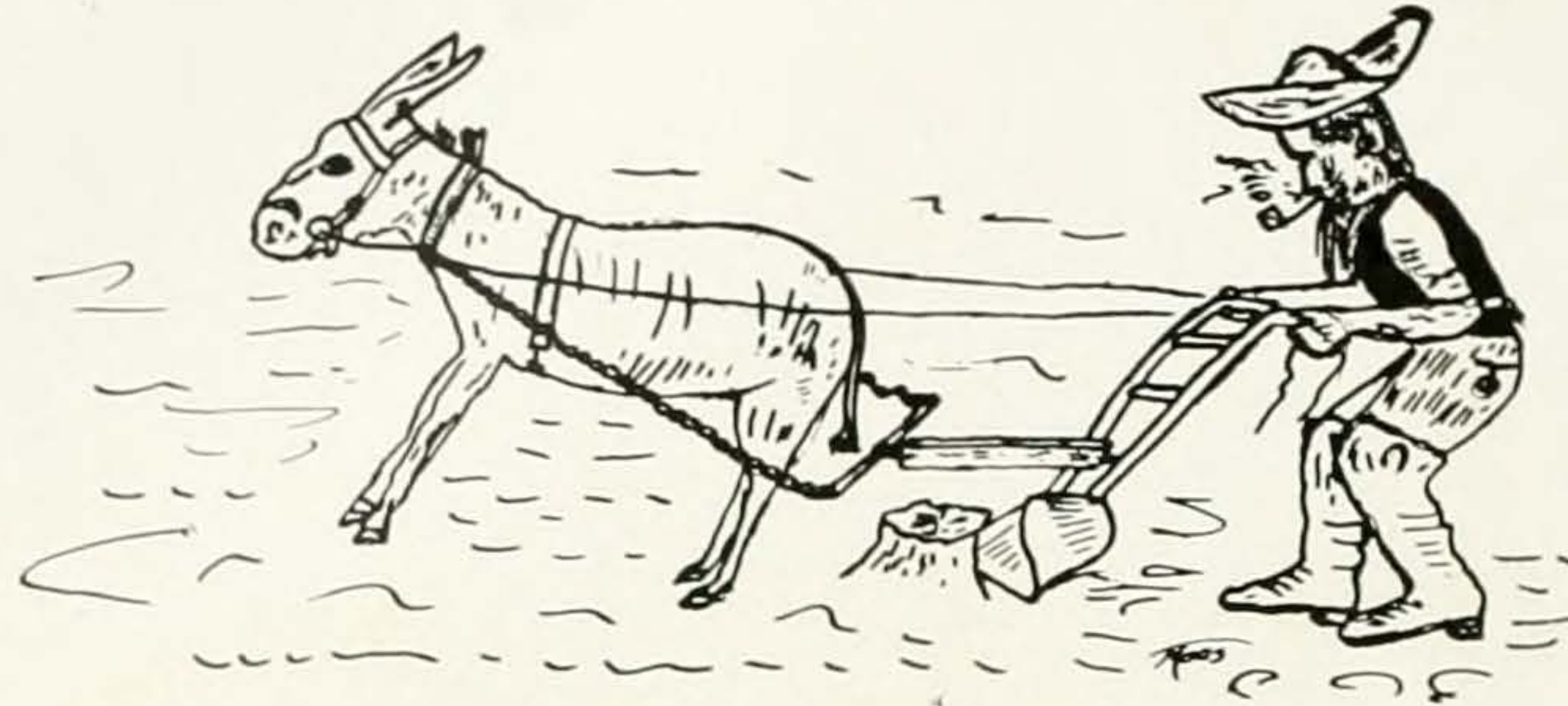
ALBERT SINGLETON.....*President.*
G. DRUMMOND HUNT.....*Supervisory Chairman.*
EDWARD CRANE.....*Chairman Reception Committee.*
WILLIAM J. POWELL.....*Chairman Invitation Committee.*
EDWARD H. BAILEY.....*Chairman Decoration Committee.*
BEN ROBERTSON.....*Chairman Arrangement Committee*
CLINTON G. BROWN.....*Chairman Floor Committee.*



FINAL BALL.

The Rustic Order of The Rusty Cusses—Rustici.

MOTTO:—Down with All Trusts; Oppose All Musts; Avoid All Busts



OFFICERS.

N. J. MARSHALL.....	Landlord.
D. A. FRANK.....	Overseer.
JAS. F. COX.....	Cotton Weigher.
W. J. MOYES.....	Store-keeper.
R. A. POWELL.....	Hen Setter.
W. O. WRIGHT.....	Pig Slopper.
G. A. ODAM.....	Cow Juicer.
J. E. GARDNER.....	Roustabout.
J. A. SIMPSON.....	Water Boy.
W. S. POPE.....	Plow Shaker.

REUBENS!

A. R. Arledge.
Clay Brite.
W. F. Buckley.
E. G. Calloway.
J. W. Conley.
Jas. F. Cox
D. A. Frank.
J. E. Gardner.

G. C. Kindley.
N. J. Marshall.
R. E. McCormick.
W. J. Moyes.
G. A. Odam.
R. A. Powell.
W. S. Pope.

W. A. Pile.
Don Robinson.
E. G. Robinson.
L. S. Shield.
J. A. Simpson.
W. D. P. Warren.
J. G. Webb.
W. O. Wright.

HISTORY.

Farming is the oldest, most honorable, and most essential vocation in the world. As an organization, the Rusty Cusses could trace an unbroken descent from Adam and Eve; but they make no such claim. Indeed it is their proud boast that they are newly organized; their plantation is all fresh land; their appliances and their farming utensils of the latest invention. Even the plow-handles of old Beck are of the newest design. As a departure from the customs of other organizations, the Rusty Cusses invited the Goooroos and P. E. C.'s to be represented in the picture shown herewith. Those great and honorable orders accepted the invitation, and sent the leading member of their respective brotherhoods. The Rusty Cusses propose to ignore the effete old-line fraternities, and be a moving power in the University of Texas.



Photo by Jordan.

RUSTICI.



Photo by Jyrdan.

S. S. S. SORORITY.

FOUNDED UNIVERSITY OF EDEN, B. C. 6000.

SIGMA SIGMA CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, 1904, A. D.

SORORES IN ENGINEERICA.

A. Goot AmSler,
C. F. K. von BlüchenStein,
G. Judge EdwardS.
H. DumpS Fletcher.
L. Hock ForSgard.
W. Molly GieSen.
Seawell S. MaaS.
H. RameSeS Mendenhall.
J. WampuS ParriSh.
W. JinkS Powell.
Red D. ShandS.
Sunny Jim SimS.
WilliS Doo Pietar Warren.

THE JOHN C. TOWNES LAW SOCIETY.

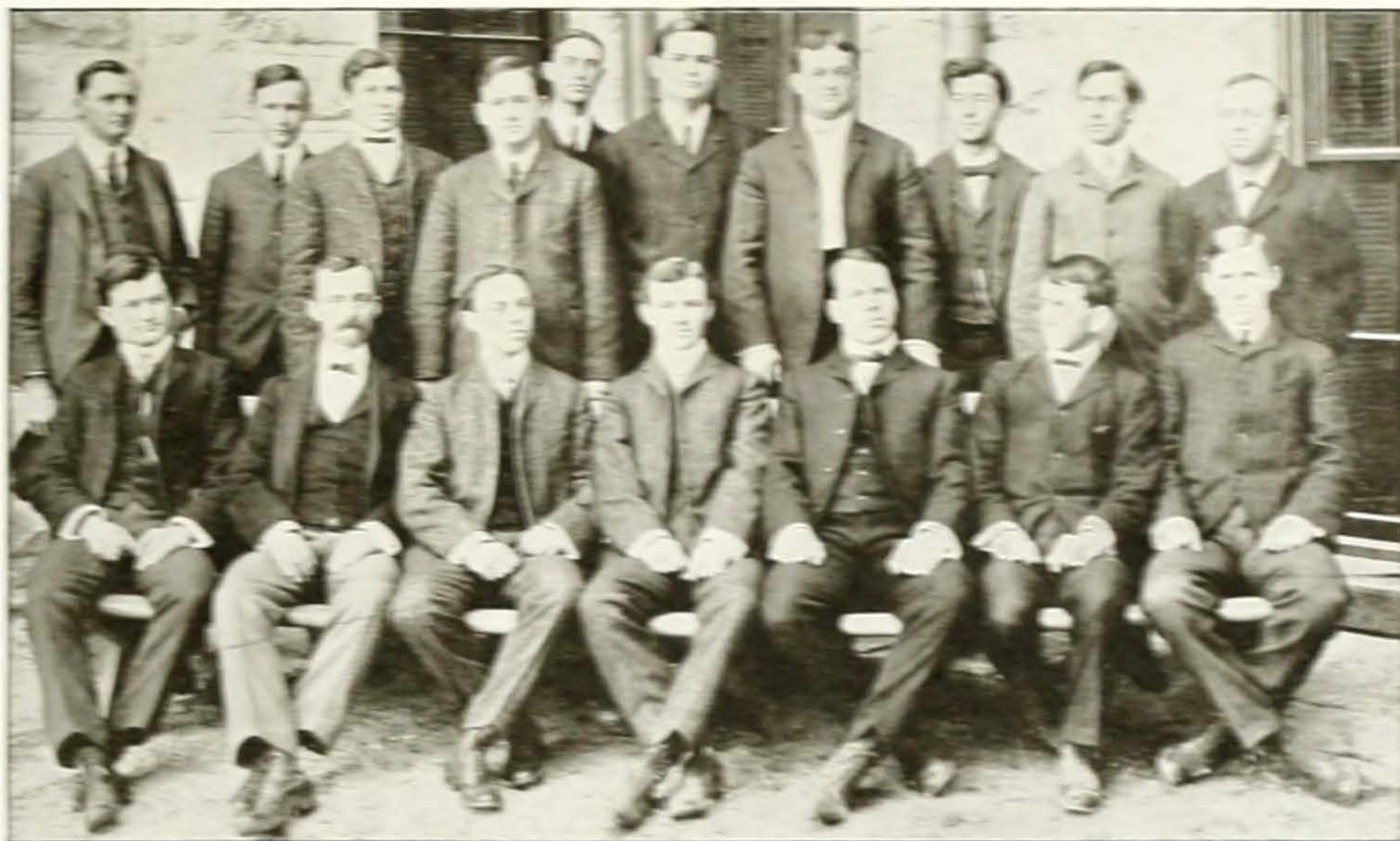


Photo by Jordan.

OFFICERS, FIRST TERM.

President.....L. D. BROWN
Secretary.....F. G. MOFFETT
Clerk.....G. C. F. BUTTE

OFFICERS, SECOND TERM.

President.....J. E. WARREN
Secretary.....HUGH BARDIN
Clerk.....A. B. LACY

LAWYERS.

S. M. Adams	T. D. Britt	J. M. Eskridge	Lewis Phelps
E. H. Bailey	G. C. F. Butte	Joe B. Hatchitt	J. C. Romberg
Hugh Bardin	W. N. Camp	A. B. Lacy	S. S. Searcy
J. R. Beasley	Chambers	J. M. Moore	H. A. Turner
L. D. Brown	A. D. Dabney	Sam Neathery	J. E. Warren

ASHBEL

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....	EUNICE ADEN
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	FANNY WEST HARRIS
SECRETARY.....	ALICE HARRISON
TREASURER.....	MARY STEDMAN
WARDENS.....	{ FLORA BARTHOLOMEW LILY CAMPBELL

MEMBERS

MAY JARVIS	ALICE HARRISON	ANNIE JOE GARDNER
HELEN KNOX	LILY CAMPBELL	FLORA BARTHOLOMEW
FLORENCE MURDOCK	VIRGINIA RICE	MARY STEDMAN
NELLIE SUMMERFIELD	LOLLA JUDGE	KITTY PETTEY
EMILY MAVERICK	EMMA GREER	EUNICE ADEN
HELEN GARRISON	GRACE PRATHER	ALICE DAVIS
FANNY WEST HARRIS	HELEN RALEY	MARY LAMB DIN
ETHEL OLIPHANT	GRACE HILL	BESS BROWN
	JULIA ESTILL	



ASHBEL CLUB.

THE SIDNEY LANIER SOCIETY.

FOUNDED IN 1900.

OFFICERS.

MORA McCOMBS.....*President.* HARRIET SMITHER.....*Secretary.*
LUM SHIPE.....*Vice-President.* KATE JENKINS.....*Treasurer.*

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Anderson, Edna	Brown, Flora	King, Mrs. T.
Austin, Mattie	Cade, Minnie	Miller, Stella
Baker, Beulah	Goodwin, Lucy	Morgan, Gladys
Beadle, Margaret	Hibbs, Ethel	Perlitz, Lina
Brahm, Claudia	Kelley, Isabel	Quaid, Ora
Brown, Elizabeth	Kennard, Eloise	Swann, Nancy Lee
	Tingle, Gladys	

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Griffith, Susie	Hubbard, Alice	West, Elizabeth
-----------------	----------------	-----------------

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Mrs. Helen Kirby	Mr. S. T. W. Lanham,	Miss Jessie Andrews
Mrs. J. D. Sawyer	Miss L. Casis	Miss Bessie Flanagan
	Mrs. W. L. Prather	

The Sidney Lanier Society.

THE SIDNEY LANIER SOCIETY ends its fourth year's work with the session of 1903-1904. The purpose of the society is two-fold—the establishment of a Students' Loan Fund, and the promotion of a helpful and pleasant intercourse among its members—and, although comparatively a young organization, its growth along both lines has been as rapid as its most enthusiastic supporters could have desired.

The chief object of the society is the establishment of a fund which will in time, it is hoped, become sufficient to pay some girl's expenses at the University for a whole year. At present it is only enough to lend a helping hand. This session, especial interest has been manifested in this phase of the work. This is shown by the fact that the members have voted to reserve the dues of the society exclusively for the loan fund, and to meet all expenses by special assessment. By this means the fund has been materially increased, and the whole amount has been in use throughout the year.

The society was named for our great Southern writer, Sidney Lanier, and consequently his life and works have been the chief subject of study. The first year was devoted exclusively to Sidney Lanier's poetry, the second and third to Southern Literature in general, dwelling especially upon Lanier, while the present session has been devoted to a study of his prose. The books used for this year's programs are: *Music and Poetry*; *The Development of the English Novel*; and *Science of English Verse*. These were read by the whole society, and finished the main topics of discussion, while supplementary numbers bearing directly upon the day's lesson were taken from other sources, and added interest to the central theme. The work has been both pleasant and profitable, and every member feels fully repaid for her work. In this connection the increase of membership may also be mentioned. Although many of last year's members were absent at this year's roll call, the ranks have been filled with new and earnest workers, and more enthusiasm is shown than at any other period of its history. —M. A.



SIDNEY LANIER SOCIETY.

ATHENÆUM.

FALL TERM.

OFFICERS:

<i>President</i>	W. A. COCKE
<i>Vice-President</i>	C. D. WALLACE
<i>Secretary</i>	K. C. BARKLEY
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	C. T. PAUL
<i>Critic</i>	E. P. LOCKE
<i>Treasurer</i>	J. A. REYNOLDS

WINTER TERM.

<i>President</i>	J. F. GAMBLE
<i>Vice-President</i>	A. S. BLANKENSHIP
<i>Secretary</i>	J. A. ROSENFELD
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	W. A. COCKE
<i>Critic</i>	O. C. FUNDERBURK
<i>Treasurer</i>	J. A. REYNOLDS

SPRING TERM.

<i>President</i>	K. C. BARKLEY
<i>Vice-President</i>	G. T. COPE
<i>Secretary</i>	H. ROBERTSON
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	J. F. GAMBLE
<i>Critic</i>	F. M. RYBURN
<i>Treasurer</i>	J. A. REYNOLDS

ROLL OF MEMBERS.

J. J. Averitte	W. P. McGinnis	G. C. Storms
K. C. Barkley	T. J. Milliken	D. O. Shilg
A. S. Blankenship	S. Neathery	D. O. Terrill
H. P. Burney	L. Nickels	C. D. Wallace
W. F. Buckley	L. W. Newton	G. Wright
W. A. Cocke	E. P. Locke	W. H. Walne
G. T. Cope	J. S. O'Keefe	G. N. Lytle
G. O. Ferguson	C. T. Paul	I. L. Zadik
L. C. Fowler	M. Rector	O. Hooper
O. C. Funderburk	J. A. Reynolds	R. Carswell
J. F. Gamble	J. A. Rosenfield	O. M. Wroe
C. Halton	R. L. Ramsdell	R. Chambers
W. B. Hicks	F. M. Ryburn	J. Crawford
S. W. Johnson	A. R. Rucks	J. P. Dinsmore
R. F. Jones	H. Robertson	J. L. Montgomery
C. Mays	T. J. Rich	



Photo by Jordan.

ATHENÆUM.

OFFICERS OF THE RUSK.

FIRST TERM.

<i>President</i>	I. J. CURTSINGER
<i>Vice-President</i>	J. P. LUTON
<i>Secretary</i>	C. D. KING, JR.
<i>Treasurer</i>	J. H. KEEN
<i>Critic</i>	E. B. GRIFFIN
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	J. W. CURD

SECOND TERM.

<i>President</i>	D. A. FRANK
<i>Vice-President</i>	J. P. MARRS
<i>Secretary</i>	F. M. TATUM, JR.
<i>Critics</i>	J. E. HACKETT and J. W. CURD
<i>Treasurer</i>	J. H. KEEN
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	I. J. CURTSINGER

THIRD TERM.

<i>President</i>	W. J. TRUE
<i>Vice President</i>	T. D. BRITT
<i>Secretary</i>	DON ROBINSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	J. H. KEEN
<i>Critic</i>	M. WOLFE
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	D. A. FRANK

MEMBERS OF RUSK LITERARY SOCIETY.

Adams, S. M.	Crockett, R. H.	Jones, J. H.	Scott, N. E.
Armstrong, T. J.	Curd, J. W.	Keen, J. H.	Sheppard, J. L., Jr.
Ashby, S. R.	Curtsinger, I. J.	King, C. D., Jr.	Tatum, F. M., Jr.
Barrett, A. P.	Dickerson, D. M.	Luton, J. P.	Templeton, R. H.
Bickler, M. H.	Eskridge, J. M.	Marrs, J. P.	Thompson, T. W.
Britt, T. D.	Folsom, C.	Marshall, F. P.	Trippet, H. E.
Brodie, A. D.	Frank, D. A.	Nue, T.	True, W. J.
Browder, J. C.	Graham, N. W.	Parrish, L. W.	Walters, L., Jr.
Browder, W. B.	Griffin, E. B.	Reed, N. E.	Williams, H. K.
Bullington, O. C.	Hackett, J. E.	Robinson, Don	Williams, P. K.
Clift, J. G.	Hamilton, D. W.	Romberg, J. C.	Wilson, W. A.
Clough, G. O.	Heath, A. C.	Ross, Geo.	Wolfe, M.
Cox, J. F.	Householder, F. W.	Scarborough, W. D.	Wood, J. P.
			Young, W. F.

The Rusk.

ALITTLE over twenty years ago a certain child was born; the University of Texas was its father and necessity was its mother. This child was christened the Rusk Literary Society of the University of Texas—thus named for that eminent Texan who was an intellectual genius, an orator, and a benefactor of his country.

In his younger days this child was as strong and healthy as such children usually are, but at first, of course, many of his members were untrained and undeveloped, and his constitution was weak and unsatisfactory. These defects, however, were soon overcome, in the main, by severe discipline.

And so for many years the Rusk and Athenaeum have worked together faithfully and earnestly to advance the interests of their father, and, though many times they have been of immeasurable benefit to him, yet it is feared that he does not always see and appreciate. Things do not always go smoothly between this brother and sister. Differences arise, and they quarrel—and many times they have a real “parliamentary fight.”

The Rusk is naturally the stronger and the more energetic of the two—this, of course, being due to a difference in the constitutions and general formation of the two children. Because of his new and improved constitution and the push and energy of his members, The Rusk never leaves his work to attend “shows,” while his sister is very often guilty of this—no fault of her own, of course, but due to her constitution.

The Rusk has done many other things during the past two years which are certainly worthy of note. One thing of very especial moment is his cash prizes. Last year he became so interested in his members that he was bold enough to create a fifty-dollar annual cash prize in oratory. His members furnished half of the money, and one of the family servants (our noble and very worthy president, Wm. L. Prather) very kindly gave the rest. At the present time, The Rusk is raising money to offer his members two annual cash prizes in oratory, and in declamation.

Of the many honors for which this brother and sister contend each year, The Rusk certainly does receive his share, which of course is a pretty large one. Last year there were three cash prizes offered, The Rusk captured two of these: there were six first honors, three of these went to the brother. there were four second places, all of which he captured.

--Historian.

ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

FALL TERM.

J. E. HACKETT.....	<i>President</i>
K. C. BARKLEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
A. S. BLANKENSHIP.....	<i>Secretary</i>
W. D. SCARBOROUGH.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

WINTER TERM.

J. SID. O'KEEFE.....	<i>President</i>
J. H. KEEN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. K. WILLIAMS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
C. T. PAUL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

SPRING TERM.

J. W. CURD.....	<i>President</i>
J. F. GAMBLE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. A. REYNOLDS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
E. B. GRIFFIN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

TEXAS-TULANE DEBATE. (AT AUSTIN.)

J. P. Luton, T. C. Milliken: W. J. True, Alternate.

TEXAS-MISSOURI DEBATE. (AT COLUMBIA, MO.)

W. H. Walne, E. P. Locke. E. B. Griffin, Alternate.

Winner of Gregory-Batts Prize, J. P. Luton.

Winner of Dubois Prize, E. B. Griffin.

Winner of Inter-Society Debate, Athenæum Society.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATES, 1903.

TEXAS-COLORADO. (BOULDER, COL.)

Team—A. P. Barrett,
W. S. Moore.

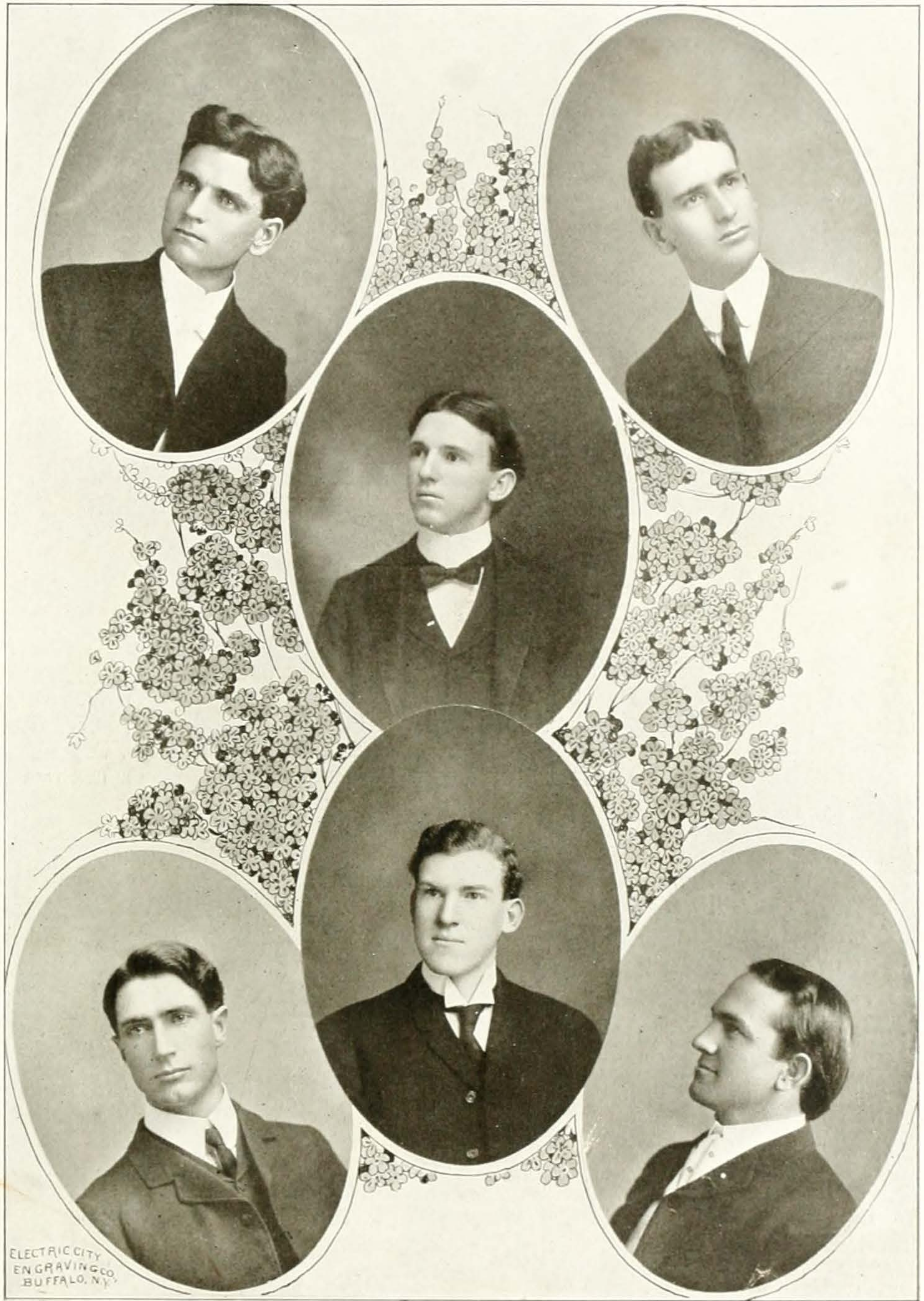
Decision: In favor of Texas.

TEXAS-TULANE. (NEW ORLEANS, LA.)

Team—J. B. Dibbrell,
W. A. Cocke.

Decision: In favor of Texas.

W. A. Cocke, winner of Gregory-Batts Prize in Debate.



ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION DEBATERS.



OFFICERS.

	Fall Term.	Winter Term.	Spring Term.
<i>President</i>	G. G. WICKLINE.	W. O. WASHINGTON.	H. D. MENDENHALL.
<i>Vice President</i>	H. D. MENDENHALL.	O. L. SIMS.	O. W. FINLEY.
<i>Secretary</i>	J. P. MURRAY.	W. J. POWELL.	J. B. WHITE.
<i>Treasurer</i>	P. SMITH.	L. W. ANDERSON.	A. C. AMSLER.
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	W. O. WASHINGTON.	H. D. MENDENHALL.	O. L. SIMS.
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	M. C. ROBERTSON.	G. G. WICKLINE.	W. O. WASHINGTON.

MEMBERS.

Alvey, Perrie	Finley, O. W.	Mitchell, J. E.	Thomson, F. M.
Amsler, A. C.	Fletcher, H. T.	Mendenhall, H. D.	Vernon, W. E.
Arledge, A. R.	Forsgard, L. W.	Murray, J. P.	Warren, W. D. P.
Anderson, L. W.	Hatchett, R. R.	Powell, W. J.	Washington, W. O.
Baer, A.	Hart, B. H.	Roberts, B. C.	Webb, J. G.
Bishop, Chas. M.	Hogsett, J. B.	Robertson, M. C.	Webster, G. L.
Blücher, C. M.	Householder, S. B.	Ruggles, D. G.	Wells, P. B.
Blücher, C. F. K.	Jahn, E. H.	Sampson, F. W.	White, J. B.
Brown-Burke, Wm.	Jones, R. L.	Sims, O. L.	Wicklinc, G. G.
Briggs, J. H., Jr.	King, W. R.	Simpson, J. A.	Wilkes, M. C.
Campbell, E. N.	Lallier, H. C.	Shands, N. D.	Wilcox, R. C.
Cook, C. E.	Lee, W. T.	Shuddemagen, C. L. B.	
Edwards, G. G.	Leonard, C. E.	Smith, G. Wallace	Bantel, E. C. H., C. E.
Elam, W. E.	Martin, W. F.	Smith, Plummer	Endress, G. A., B. S.
Etheridge, J. H.	McClellan, G. A.	Spangler, J. S.	Scott, A. C., Ph. D.
Finch, H. H.	McDonald, W. W.	Starnes, J. P.	Taylor, T. U., M. C. E.
Finley, G. B.	McGrath, E. M.	Thomas, Wyatt E.	Thompson, R. A., C. E.

A RELATION.

THE FOURTH YEAR of the life of the Engineer's Club of the University of Texas opened with a shout and a hurrah. All of the old members came enthusiastically to the front, anxious to say something, or to draw something. And in their wake came a host of Freshmen, young, vigorous, and energetic, all seeking to gain distinction in some way, but not knowing exactly how.

In the first meeting after the opening of the University, some excitement was caused over the election of officers for the succeeding term. In the day preceding the night of meeting, the Freshmen, in mass meeting assembled, had graciously decided to allow the older members the offices of President and Sergeant-at-Arms, keeping the remainder for themselves, and had come up in force to carry out this plan. 'Twas the same sad story of misguided youth, for they had reckoned without their host. After much oratory and more allotting, the results were read out, and the Freshmen were found to have one office—president? No—Sergeant-at-Arms.

The programmes rendered by the Club during this scholastic year have been of an exceedingly interesting and instructive kind. They have been based principally upon the personal experience in the field of various members, and consequently have had all the vigor, clearness, and thoroughness that is to be gained from a personal knowledge of the subject under discussion. All such lectures have been accompanied by photographs or drawings illustrative of the details of the subject. In several instances members of the engineering branch of the faculty and even influential engineers outside of the University have given instructive talks upon subjects of interest to all engineers, illustrating their subjects in some instances with lantern slide pictures, and with drawings.

Withal, the Club for this year has been, in the language of the poet, a "howling success," and if it continues in the future as it is at present, it will, before many years, be numbered among the leading scientific societies of Texas.



THE YOUNG
WOMAN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION



THE EARTH SHALL BE FULL OF THE KNOWLEDGE
OF THE LORD, AS THE WATERS COVER
THE SEA — ISA. II. 9

Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	<i>W. F. Martin.</i>
<i>Vice President</i>	<i>G. C. Kindley.</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>W. S. Pope.</i>
<i>Corresponding Sec.</i>	<i>G. W. Kent.</i>
<i>Recording Sec.</i>	<i>G. C. F. Butte.</i>

COMMITTEES

BIBLE STUDY.

G. C. Kindley, Chairman.
G. Ross.
Carl Hartman

MISSIONARY.

L. W. Welker, Chairman.
G. C. Kindley.
M. Akazawa.

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

D. A. Frank, Chairman.
H. K. Williams.
L. W. Parrish

MEMBERSHIP.

W. O. Wright, Chairman.
J. R. Swenson
D. P. Wall.

FINANCE.

W. S. Pope, Chairman.
Conrad Blucher
Carl Hartman

MUSIC.

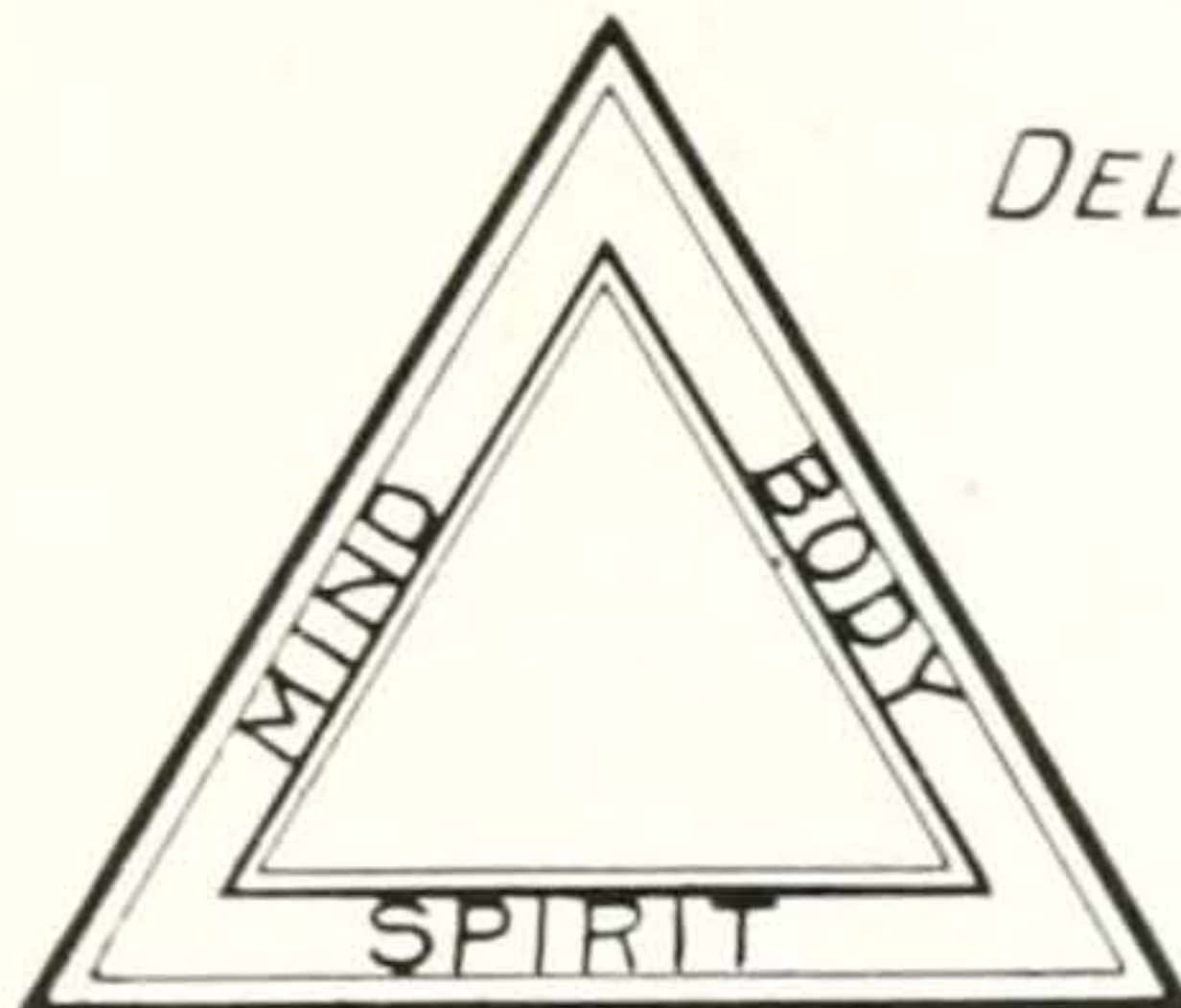
L. W. Welker, Chairman.
G. C. F. Butte.
D. P. Wall.

HANDBOOK.

W. O. Wright

DELEGATES TO RUSTON, LA.

W. F. Martin.
L. W. Parrish.





ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ORDER OF GOO-ROOS.

Alex. Weisberg,
Dick Pantermuehl,
George Wright,
Dex. Hamilton,
Marshall Eskridge,

Ned Shands,

Lewis Johnson,
Walker Stephens,
Charlie Bolin,
Albion Frazier,
Walter King,

Dick Johnson.

Rembert Watson,
William Gillette,
J. Peter Starnes,
Harry Steger,
Ed. Mitchell,



THE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

H. Y. BENEDICT..... President.
 C. D. RICE..... Treasurer.
 W. O. WRIGHT, J. J. AVERITTE, E. W. DAVIS, J. P. MURRAY..... Clerks.

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 T. W. GREGORY..... For the Board of Regents.
 C. H. MILLER..... For the Alumni.
 J. C. TOWNES..... For the Law Faculty.
 T. U. TAYLOR..... For the Engineering Faculty.
 G. C. F. BUTTE..... For the Academic Faculty.
 J. F. JOHNSON }
 L. W. PARRISH } For the Academic Department.
 J. E. MITCHELL }
 C. F. K. BLUCHER } For the Engineering Department.
 J. E. HACKETT }
 ED CRANE } For the Law Department.

Estimated sales, Session of 1903-1904, over \$15,000.

The Co-Operative Society.

EXTRACTS FROM ITS CONSTITUTION.

Object. The object of this Society is to supply members of the University of Texas with books, stationery, athletic goods, and similar articles, at the lowest possible prices consistent with good business methods and the continued existence of the Society.

Members. The Co-Operative Society of the University of Texas shall consist of all persons actively connected with the main branch of the University of Texas at Austin as students or officers, who shall sign the Member Book of the Society and pay an entrance fee of \$1.

Directors. The Board of Directors shall consist of the President of the University of Texas, ex-officio, and eleven other persons, elected by the members as follows:

One member of the Board of Regents of the University of Texas; one alumnus of the University of Texas; three members of the staff of instruction of the Main University; one from each of the Departments of Arts, Law, and Engineering; six students of the University who must also be members of the Society; two from each of the Departments of Arts, Law, and Engineering.

The Board of Directors shall elect biennially in June a President and Treasurer of the Society, and shall fix the salaries of these officials. These salaries shall not be as large as corresponding services receive in ordinary business. Both President and Treasurer must be members of the staff of instruction of the Main University.

President. It shall be the duty of the President to supervise and manage all the details of the business, subject only to such rules as may be laid down from time to time by the Board of Directors,

or by the Board of Regents of the University of Texas.

Treasurer. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all moneys paid to the Society, to deposit the same in bank, to keep an accurate record of the daily cash balances, and to pay such bills as are allowed by the President. In the absence of the President, the Treasurer shall serve as President.

Governing Committee. The President, Treasurer, and student members of the Board of Directors shall constitute a Governing Committee.

Clerks. Only meritorious students of the University shall be eligible for the clerkships of the Society. The compensation of the clerks shall be fixed by the President, subject to the approval of the Board of Directors.

Rebate. The net profits of the Society during the year previous shall be estimated by the President, about May 20, which estimate shall be communicated to the Board of Directors about the 1st of June. These net profits shall be added in part to the assets of the Society and in part shall be divided among the members in the form of a rebate. This division into two parts shall be determined from year to year by the Board of Directors, acting upon the advice of the President.

The total amount set apart by the Directors as rebate shall be divided among the members in proportion to the amounts purchased by them during the period of membership. This rebate is payable upon demand at the store of the Society after June 1, subject to appropriate regulations prescribed by the President. The entrance fee shall be returned along with the rebate.

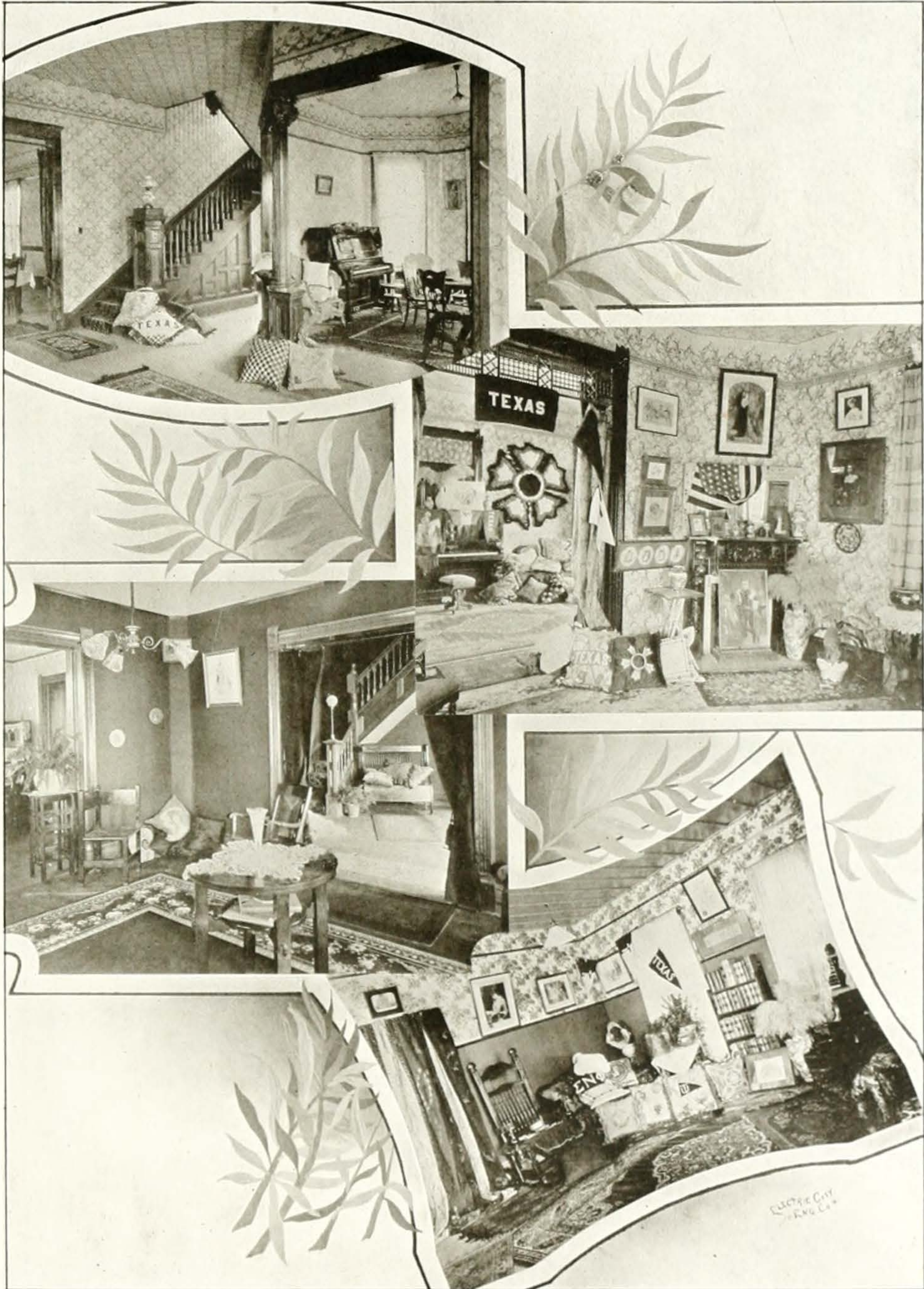


Photo by Jordan.

INTERIORS.

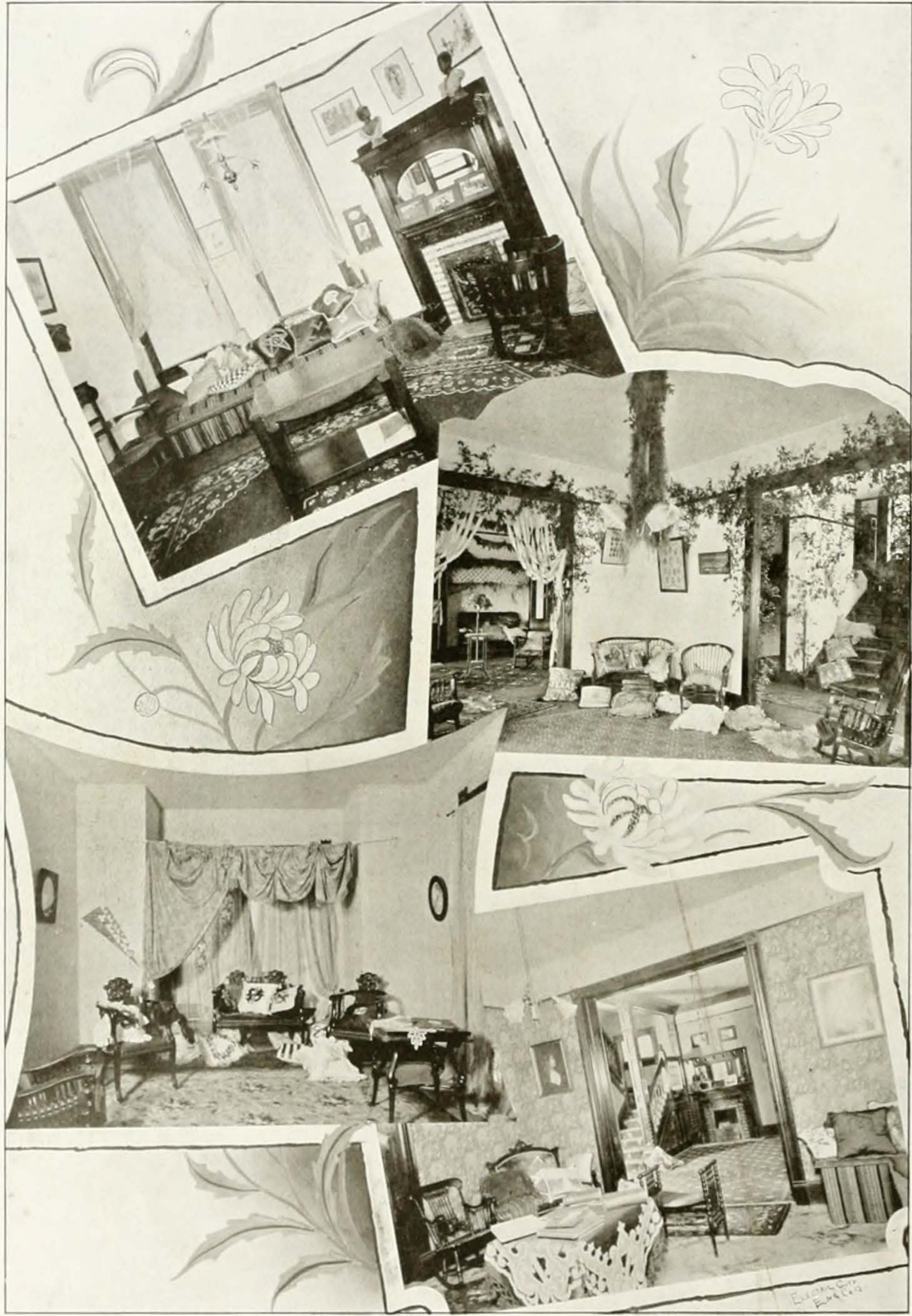
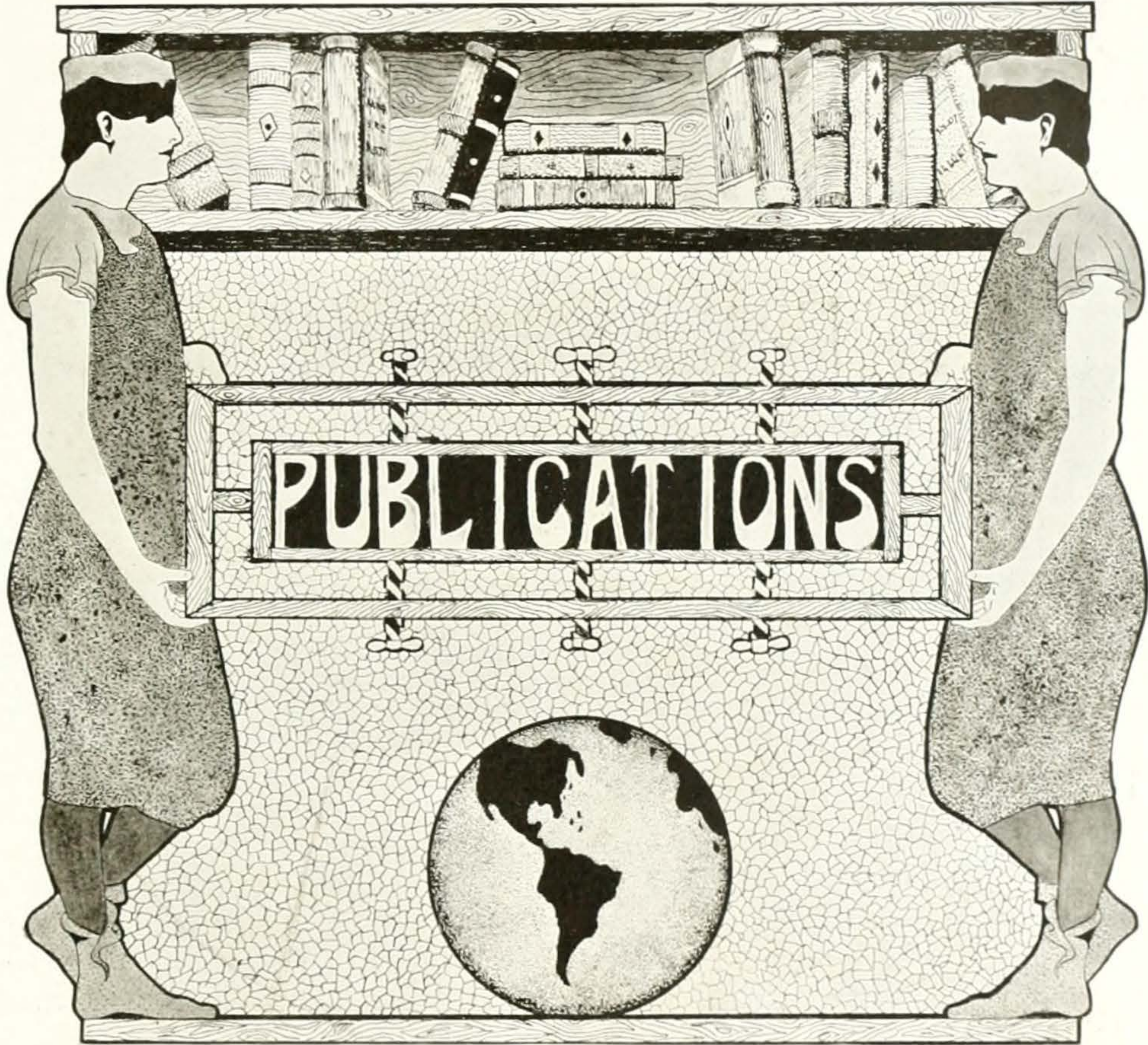
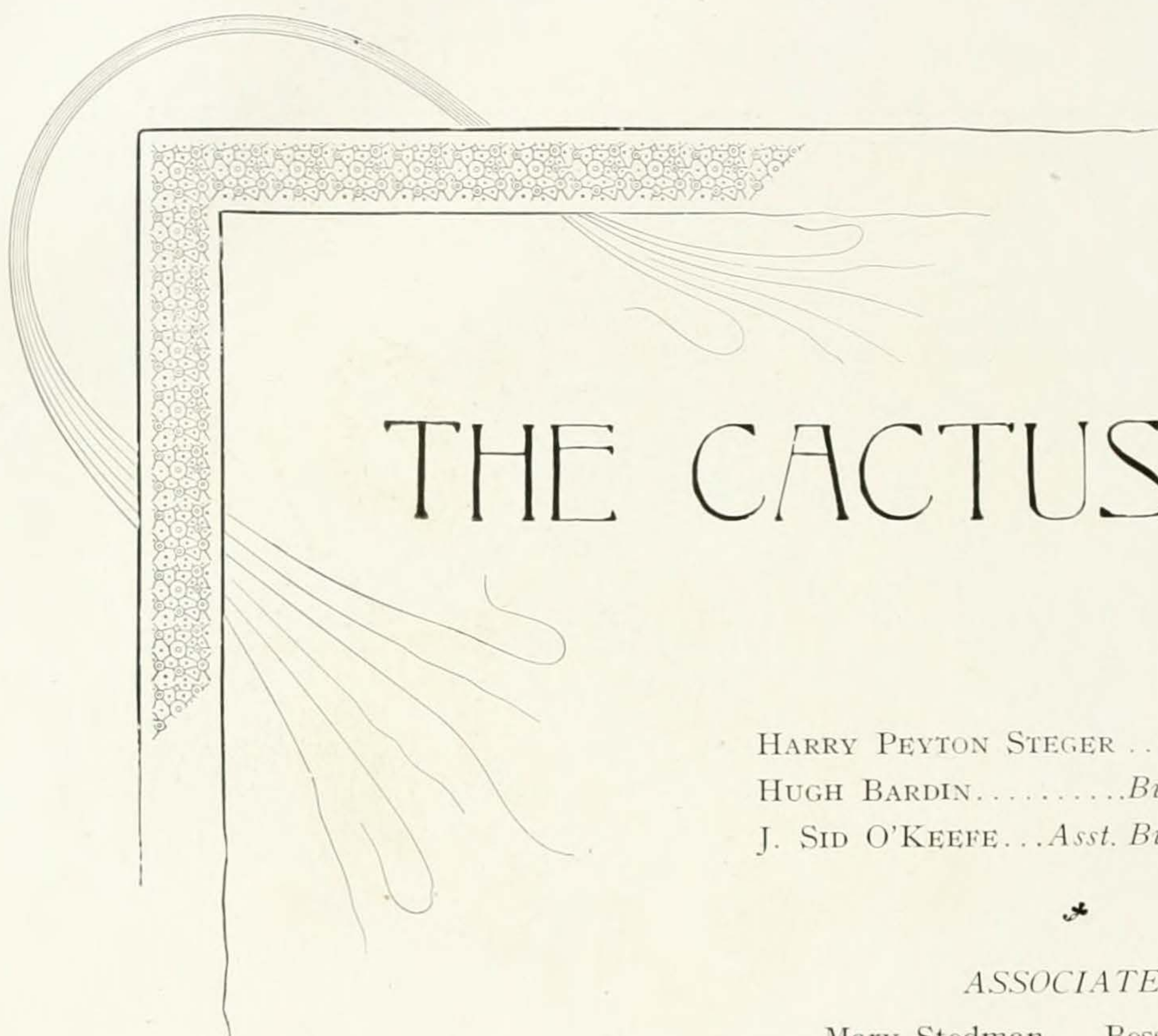


Photo by Jordan.

INTERIORS.





THE CACTUS.

HARRY PEYTON STEGER . . . *Editor-in-Chief.*
HUGH BARDIN *Business Manager.*
J. SID O'KEEFE . . . *Asst. Business Manager.*



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Alma Proctor, Ed Crane,
Clinton Brown, J. R. Swenson,
Lewis Bibb, Seth S. Searcy,
Claibe Johnson, Clyde Hill,
 Joel Watson.



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HELEN R. RALEY..... *Editor-in-Chief*
 LEWIS B. BIBB..... *Assistant Editor-in-Chief*
 JOEL F. WATSON..... *Exchange Editor*

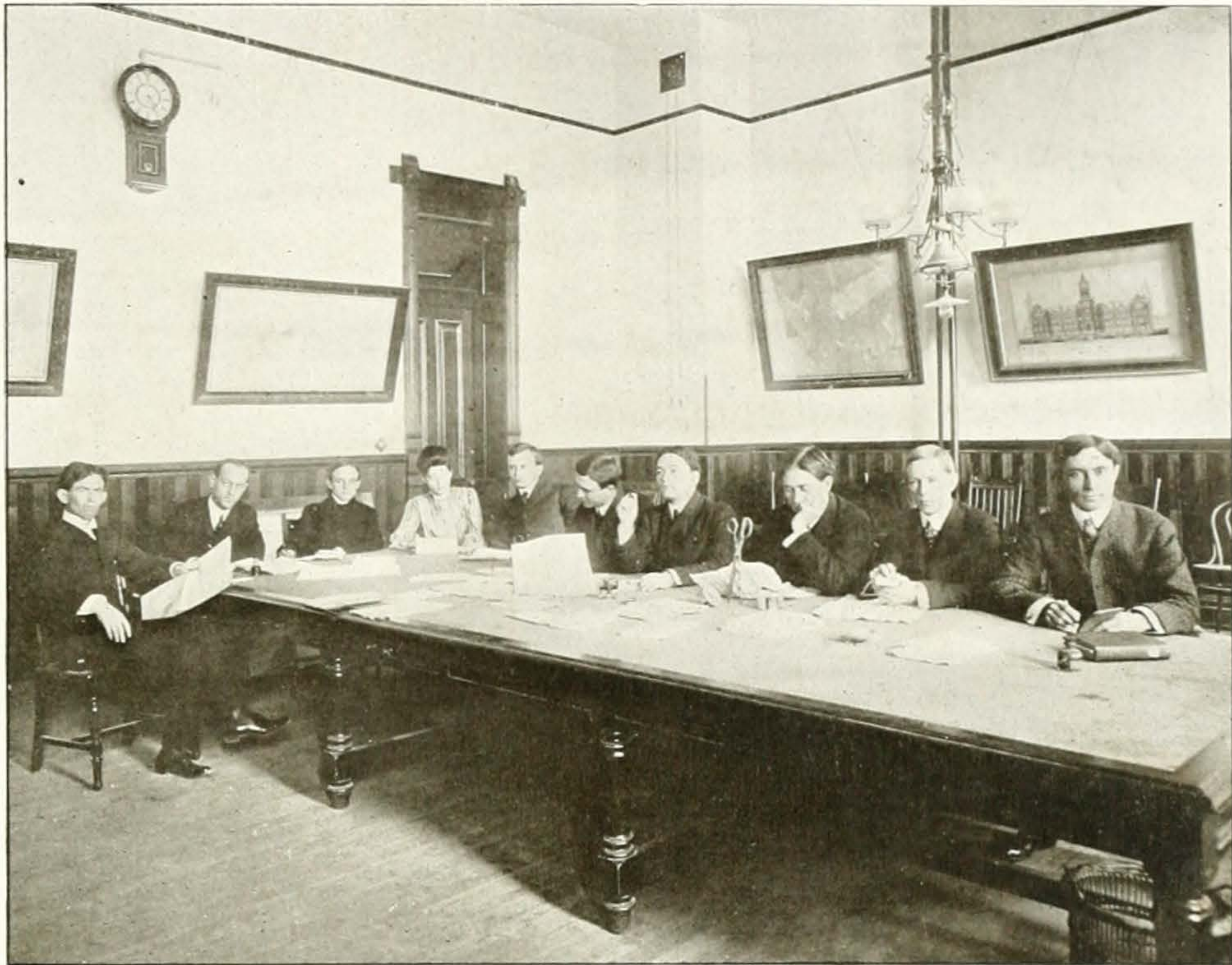
ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Hallie D. Walker	Mary W. Stedman	Emily Maverick
Clyde W. Hill	Simms French	William Longino
JAMES E. HACKETT.....		<i>Business Manager</i>

THE TEXAN



E.C.C.
1904

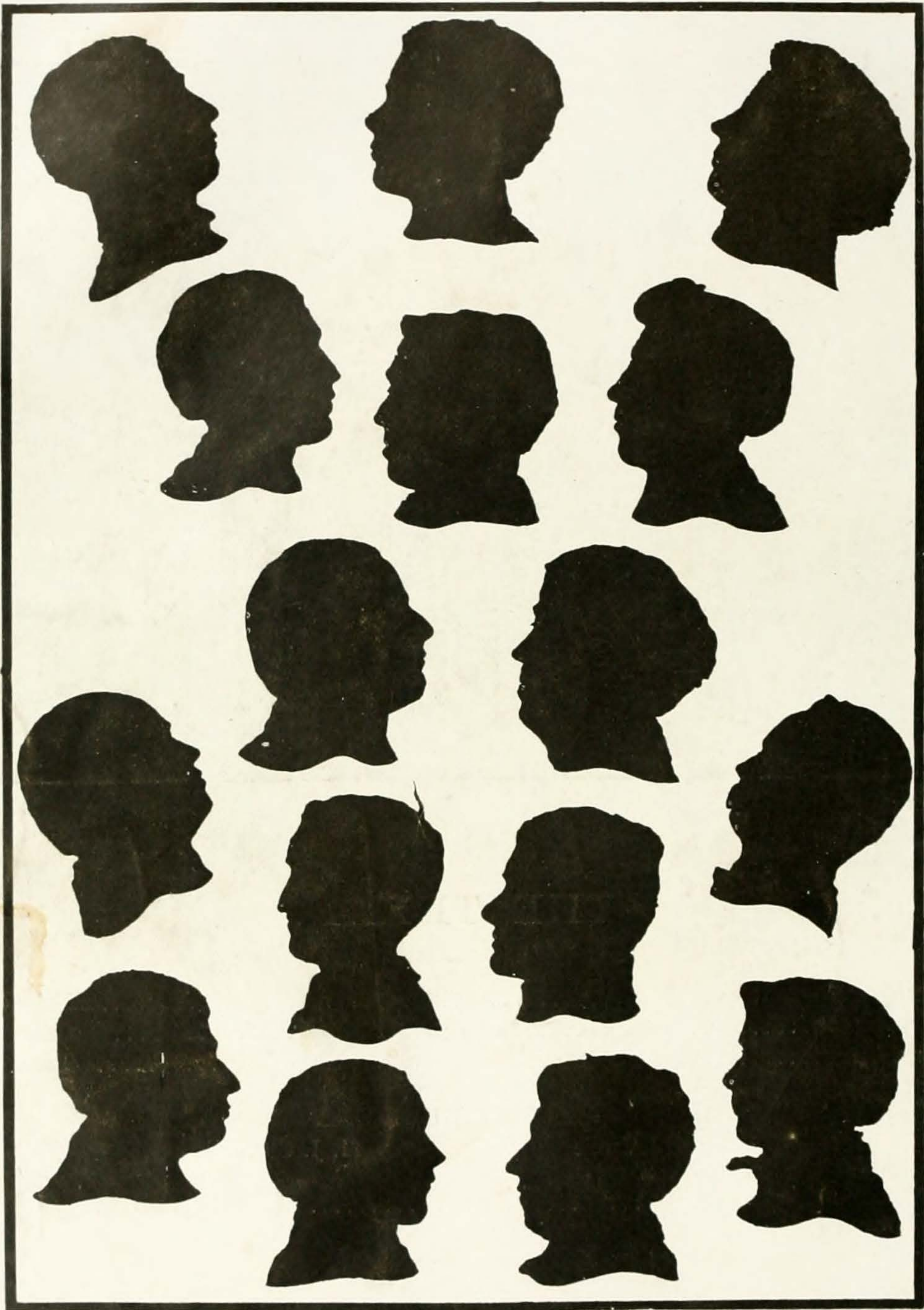


THE TEXAN.

ALEXANDER POPE.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
LEWIS JOHNSON.....	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
VIRGINIA RICE.....	<i>Society Editor</i>

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	W. G. Shaw	D. A. Frank	
G. S. WRIGHT }			{ <i>Business</i>
J. M. NEWSOM }			{ <i>Managers</i>



SHADES OF B. HALL.



UNIVERSITY HALL COMMITTEE.

JAMES F. JOHNSON	<i>President</i>
W. F. BUCKLEY	<i>Secretary</i>
A. POOL	<i>Steward</i>
ROBERT RICHEY	<i>Assistant Steward</i>
J. B. Hatchitt }	
A. M. Frazier }	{ Dining Room Committee
Lewis Johnson }	{ First Floor Committee
W. F. Buckley }	
W. O. Wright }	{ Second Floor Committee
A. B. Lacy }	
W. J. Powell }	{ Third Floor Committee
P. C. Burney }	



UNIVERSITY HALL GROUP.

• • B. HALL. • •



RACKENRIDGE HALL is an exceptionally beautiful and commodious brick dormitory for men. Situated on the campus, near the Main University, it has all the natural advantages one could desire. It is lighted by electricity, heated with steam, and has double closets and bathrooms on each floor. It is four stairs high, with the basement, and has an assembly hall on top. There are seventy-seven rooms, accommodating an aggregate of one hundred and twenty-five students. And besides those rooming within it there are on an average of at least seventy-five others who take their meals there. The purpose of the Hall is to give good accommodations for little money. Board is ten dollars a month, and the average room rent is about three. Some dozen or more students are given an opportunity to make their board by waiting on the tables, and a few others pay a part of their expenses by doing chores.

That it is a success is best seen from the fact that throughout the year it has been filled to its capacity. Often there have been as many as thirty-five applicants for each vacancy; and in some of the single rooms two students are domiciled, so anxious are they to share the general advantages.

In its government the Hall may well be termed a democracy of boys. It is controlled and managed by a council of students, who are elected annually by the whole number of occupants. Nor are we too much governed. Only those rules are enforced which tend to the best interests of all. Liberty is here considered to be only so much freedom of action as does not interfere with the equal rights of others. Thus formal table etiquette is demanded, and any one who plays any game of chance, brings any spirituous liquors therein, or who persists in being boisterous does so at the hazard of expulsion.

But of all, possibly the social feature of the hall is to be the most desired. Here some two hundred students, gathered from all over the state, and out of it, learn to know one another intimately each year. Indestructible ties of friendship are formed, and those traditions laid, which in after years can but be golden grains of memory. Long live the Hall!

—A. M. F.



HOUSTON PACKING CO'S. WAGON UNLOADING MEAT AT B. HALL.





YE COLONIAL BALL.

Darwinism.

A woman's hand!—the magic of its touch	A woman's hand Love's starry symbol is:
I have been thrilled withal, alas, too much—	“Yet glancing back through gruesome centuries
Mute ecstasy grown pain 'neath its caress!—	Its fairy
Yet what man lives who does not rise to bless	Outline fades”, say scientists, and stand
A woman's hand?	And swear by Truth that <i>once</i> a woman's hand
	Was <i>hairy</i> .

Burning the Midnight Oil.—A Warning.

I.

There once lived a student, in some other land,
Who studied by night and by day;
Contented with playing this solitaire hand,
For others toiled not while he kept up his stand
In such a laborious way.
How foolish was he to let others enjoy,
The exquisite pleasure of being a boy!—
For the strain of his work on himself did recoil
And he's crazy—from burning the midnight oil.

II.

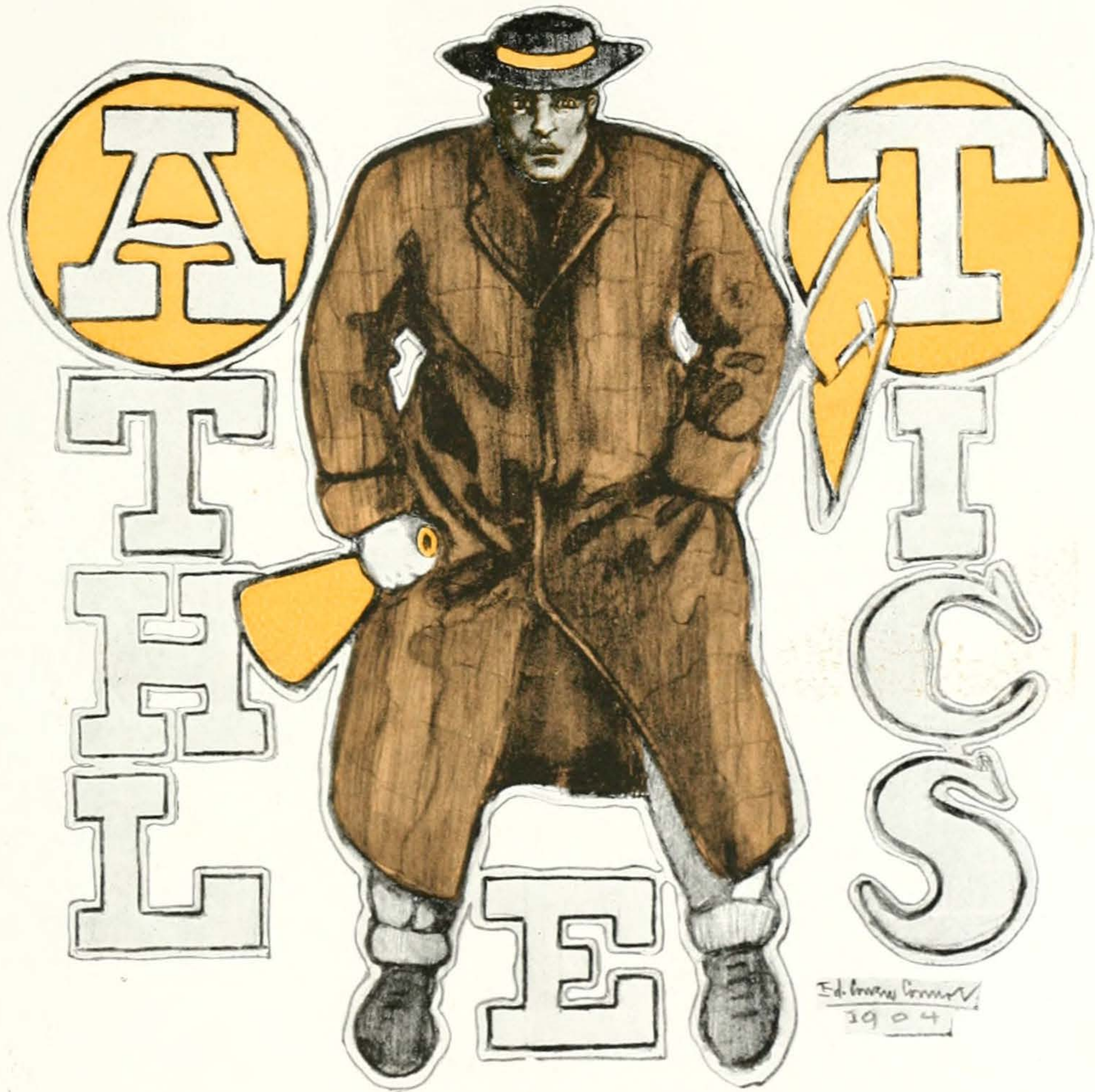
A Hebrew who lived round the corner from me
Was quite an industrious man;
He fitted him up a large store, don't you see,
In fact, his ambition had led him to be
Quite after the old Jewish plan.
He was happy, until he discovered one day
That most of his stock had dwindled away,
And then all his joy he proceeded to spoil—
He's a jail-bird—from burning the midnight oil.

III.

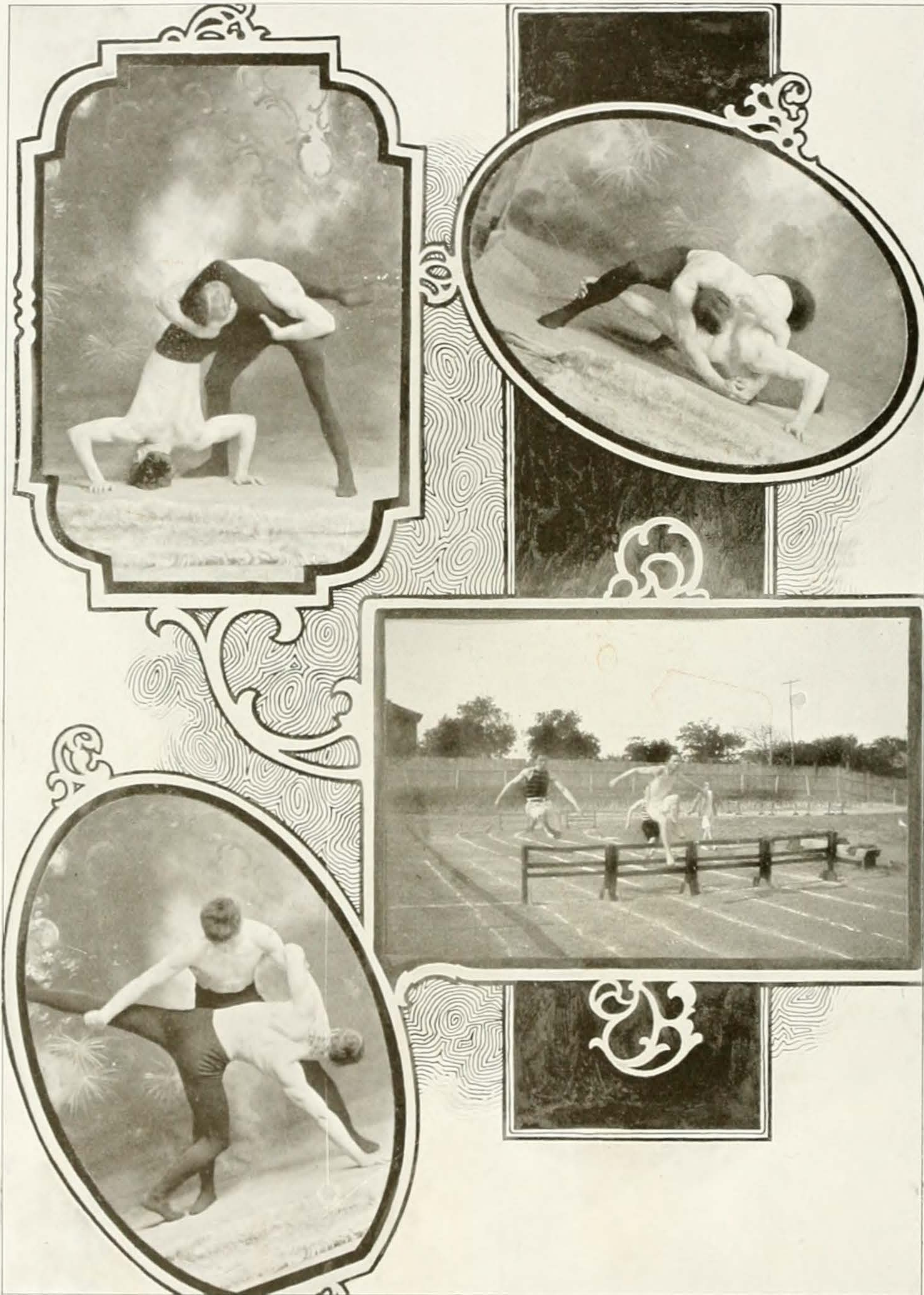
I once knew a mother and how she did dote
On her little innocent child.
One night an affection in tootsie's wee throat,
Or maybe in regions a bit more remote,
Had set him exceedingly wild.
So castor bean juice was administered soon,
Warmed up o'er a lamp in a very large spoon,
But the poor careless mother allowed it to boil—
Good-bye, baby!—from burning the midnight oil.

—Fritz G. Lanham.

Why Waste Time in Trying to See the Point of a Joke?
Buy a Key with Diagrams.



Ed. [unclear] [unclear]
1904



ATHLETIC VIEWS.



Statistics Foot Ball Team 1903.

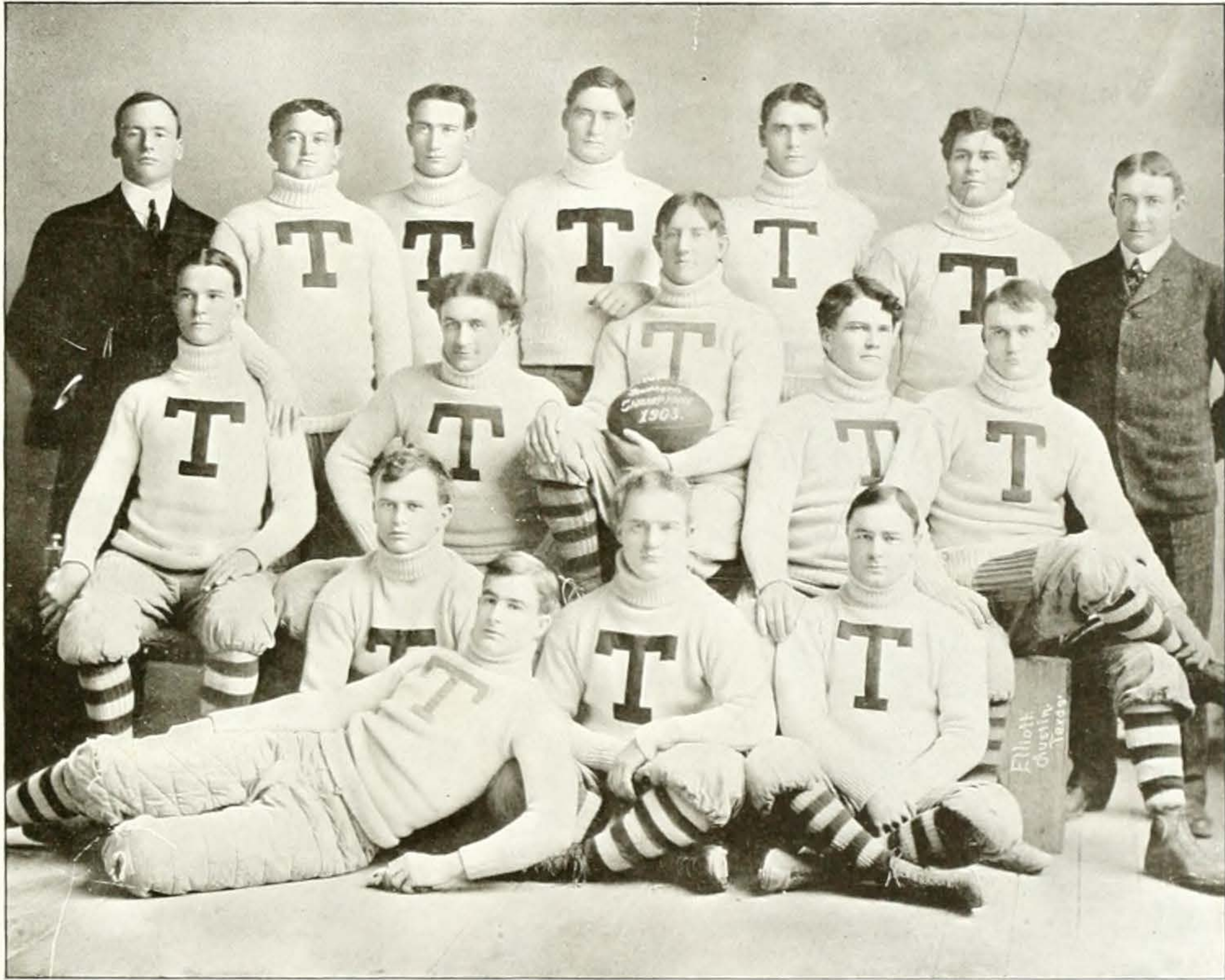


R. G. WATSON.....*Captain*
 JOE. B. HATCHITT.....*Manager*
 RALPH F. HUTCHINSON.....*Coach*

NAME	Weight.	Height.	Position.	Class.	Year ou Team.		Games Played	Residence.
						Age.		
Grover Jones.....	150	5. 9	L.E.	'07	1st	19	8	Houston, Texas
N. J. Marshall.....	186	6. 2	L.T.	'04	3rd	23	8	Bonham, Texas
W. D. Scarborough	175	5. 10	L.T.	'06	1st	21	5	Abilene, Texas
C. H. Parrish.....	188	6. 2½	L.G.&C.	'06	1st	25	8	Joy, Texas
B. L. Glasscock...	190	5. 11	L.G.	P.G.	2nd	20	3	Elgin, Texas
D. S. Harrison....	168	5. 10	C.	'04	2nd	28	6	
M McLean.....	152	6.	R.E.	'04	1st	20	8	Beaumont, Texas
A. M Frazier.....	163	6. 1	R.T.	'04	2nd	26	8	Brandon, Texas
S. M. Adams.....	180	5. 10	R.G.	'04	2nd	26	8	Nacogdoches, Texas
S. S. Searcy.....	140	4. 11½	Q.B.	'04	1st	22	8	Brenham, Texas
R. G. Watson.....	160	5. 10½	R.H.B.	'04	3rd	22	7	Waxahachie, Texas
W. J. Bowen.....	132	5. 7½	R.H.B.	'04	1st	22	8	Pleasanton, Texas
Don Robinson....	158	5. 7	L.H.B.	Sp.	1st	23	8	Missoula, Mont.
R. C. Pantermuehl	160	5. 9¾	F.B.	P.G.	1st	22	8	N. Braunfels, Tex.
Edward Crane....	158	5. 10½	F.B.	'06	2nd	20	3	Dallas, Texas

LIST OF GAMES.

October 2.....	At Austin.....	Texas vs. Dummies.....	17—0
October 9.....	At Dallas.....	Texas vs. Haskell.....	0—6
October 16.....	At Austin.....	Texas vs. Oklahoma U.....	6—6
October 24.....	At Austin.....	Texas vs. Baylor U.....	48—0
October 29.....	At Austin.....	Texas vs. University of Arkansas.....	15—0
November 6.....	At Austin.....	Texas vs. Vanderbilt.....	5—5
November 13.....	At Oklahoma City...	Texas vs. Oklahoma U.....	11—5
November 26.....	At Austin.....	Texas vs. A. & M. College.....	29—6



FOOT BALL TEAM.



GYMNASIUM VIEWS.



Ed. Com. B. B. B. B.
1-2-0-4

BASE BALL TEAM.

1902—1903.

RANDON PORTER.....	<i>Captain</i>
CARTER T. DALTON.....	<i>Manager</i>
A. CASWELL ELLIS.....	<i>Coach</i>

TEAM.

C. W. Weller.....	<i>Catcher</i>
J. R. Beasley and A. O. Singleton.....	<i>Pitchers</i>
W. W. Vann.....	<i>First Base</i>
R. J. Beasley.....	<i>Second Base</i>
Randon Porter.....	<i>Third Base</i>
C. H. Terrell.....	<i>Short Stop</i>
A. D. Robertson.....	<i>Left Field</i>
K. M. Thrasher.....	<i>Center Field</i>
A. L. Calhoun.....	<i>Right Field</i>
R. G. Watson.....	<i>Substitute</i>

RECORD.

Texas vs. A. & M. College.....	5—3
Texas vs. A. & M. College.....	6—2
Texas vs. L. S. U.....	8—7
Texas vs. Chickasaws (Memphis).....	5—4
Texas vs. Chickasaws (Memphis).....	12—5
Texas vs. Vanderbilt (Nashville).....	9—17
Texas vs. Vanderbilt (Nashville).....	6—2
Texas vs. Vanderbilt (Nashville).....	5—8
Texas vs. Deaf & Dumb Institute.....	3—4
Texas vs. St. Edward's College.....	4—9
Texas vs. Baylor.....	9—4
Texas vs. T. C. U.....	13—1
Texas vs. San Antonio League.....	6—5
Texas vs. San Antonio League.....	0—7
Texas vs. San Antonio League.....	7—6
Texas vs. Deaf and Dumb Institute.....	10—0
Texas vs. San Antonio Independents.....	1—6
Texas vs. S. W. U. (Georgetown).....	4—5

1903—1904.

C. W. WELLER.....	<i>Captain</i>
A. M. FRAZIER.....	<i>Manager</i>
R. F. HUTCHINSON.....	<i>Coach</i>



BASEBALL TEAM.

Rumblings, Ramblings and Ravings.

The Athletic Association and The Cactus THE CACTUS may seem to you a cheap affair, but always bear in mind that in a *real* knowledge-plant, everything must be sacrificed to ATHLETICS. It seems hard that the Cactus Board had to give up its pet notion of making artistic innovations; but, in a Brawnocracy, we must learn that "aesthetic" ideas are criminal. For years and years the Cactus has been bled for anaemic ATHLETICS.

What boots it whether your poem is printed on Saxon bond or on wrapping paper that needs deodorizing? Its wording will doubtless be the same. It would be basely extravagant to have a few colored posters in these pages, when there is a deficit to be paid on year before last's foot ball trip. Much better would it be to bind THE CACTUS in a paper sack than have ATHLETICS' status precarious. Don't think that it seems illogical to have our most "aesthetic" periodical pay homage and tribute to our most barbaric enterprises. It's all right. Professors have said so; and Professors can do no wrong. *Ipsi dixerunt.*

Besides, the ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION is generous. It has thought, even seriously, of bestowing on each member of our foot ball team the boon of a bronze foot ball about the size of a stunted liver pill. This alone would consume \$2.75 of the ASSOCIATION'S revenue—a mighty return to our team for our library deposits, the team's work for many a day, our subscriptions to numerous lists, our dollar and a quarter for the "big" game—and our vivisected cactus. Just to think, too, that this *suggested* expenditure of \$2.75 was voluntary. The ASSOCIATION did not *have* to give a cent; but still it was willing to turn loose two hundred and seventy-five one cent stamps, that "our boys" might look like banner carriers at an Hypothecators' Congress.

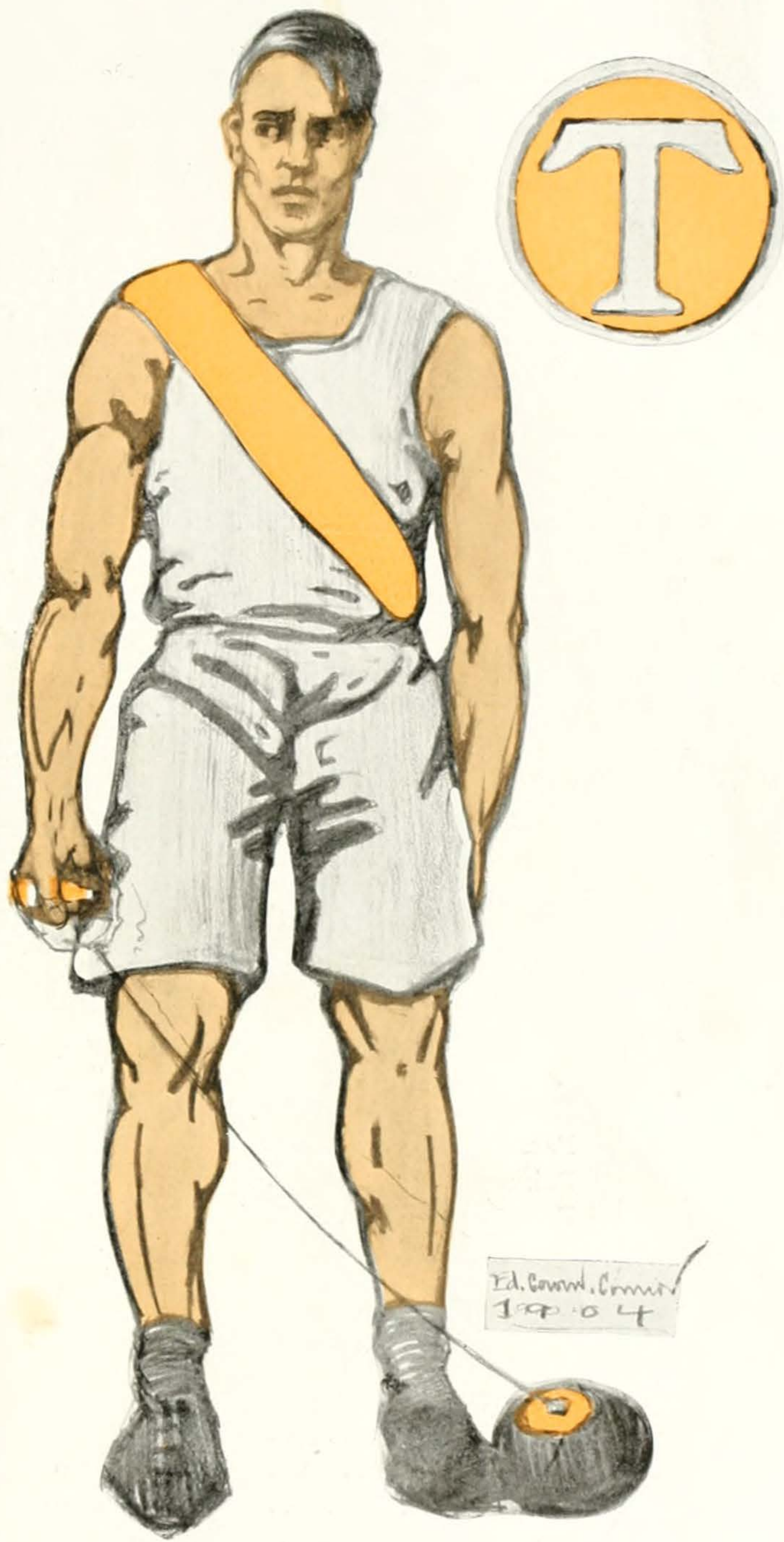
To be sure, if we had had in the past years the money that ATHLETICS had to have, our printers could have been paid for better type and paper. But think of the alternative! ATHLETICS would have been with empty maw!

Some sweet day, our foot ball team will be able to go to Alaska and meet the Kickapoo Indians in their wigwams. Some sweet day, "our boys" will run over to London for a game of cricket. To be sure, you'll then have difficulty in distinguishing THE CACTUS from the Y. M. C. A. Handbook; but ATHLETICS will be flourishing.

We *will* be classic, and let the ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION be the wolf that gnaws the very victuals out of the cactus.

ATTATAI! (being Greek for Dash it!)

—H. P. S.



Track Records.

EVENT.	U. OF T. RECORD.	STATE RECORD.	SOUTHERN RECORD.
100 yard dash	Bowen 10 1-5s	Allredge, S. W. U., 10 1-5s	{ Selden, Sewanee, Osborne, N. C., 10 1-5s
220 yard dash	Cole, 24 1-5s	Allredge, S. W. U., 23s	Ehlemon, Tulane, 23 1-5s
440 yard dash	Bowen, 57s	Beilharz, A. & M., 55 1-5s	Jones, Vanderbilt, 50 2-5s
880 yard run	Shuddemagen, 2 12 1-5	Shuddemagen, U. of T., 2 11 3-5	Van Ness, Ala. Pol. Inst., 25 1-5s
1 mile dash	Shuddemagen, 5 2 2-9	Shuddemagen, U. of T., 5 9	Harvey, Ala. Pol. Inst., 44-8s
120 yd hurdle	Palmer, 17 1-5s	Palmer, U. of T., 17 1-5s	Buchanan, Sewanee, 16 4-5s
220 yd hurdle	Pantermuehl, 28 1-5s	Pantermuehl, U. of T., 28 1-5s	Whiteman, Vanderbilt, 27 1-4s
High jump	Gillette, 5 4 1-2	DeWare, A. & M., 5 4 1-2	Cowen, Georgia Tech., 5 9
Broad jump	Gillette, 20 9	Palmer, U. of T., 19 5	Edwards U. of Tenn., 21 1 4-5
St. high jump	Hays, 4 8 3-4	Hays, U. of T., 4 8 3-4	
St. broad jump	Hays, 10 7	Hays, U. of T., 10 7	
Shot, 16 lbs.	Marshall, 36 6	Neal, U. of T., 35 6	Crutchfield, Vanderbilt, 40 7
Discus	Powell, 110 ft.	Neff, A. & M., 108.82 ft.	
Hammer, 16 lbs.	Parrish, 114.10½ ft.	Parrish, U. of T., 106 56 ft.	Parrish, U. of T., 114.10 1-2 ft
Pole Vault	Elam, 10 ft. 6 in.	{ Pantermuehl, U. of T., 9 ft. 9 in. Elam, U. of T.	McIntosh, Ga., 10 ft. 3 in.

RECORD OF TRACK TEAM, 1903.

First place in State Inter-Collegiate Championship.
 Third place in Southern Inter-Collegiate Championship.
 Trophies Won—State Inter-Collegiate Championship Banner.



Winner.	MEDALS WON.			Points.
	Gold.	Silver.	Bronze.	
Marshall, (Capt.)	1	2	1	12
Parrish	2	1	1	14
Palmer	2	0	1	12
Pantermuehl	1	1	1	10
Elam	2	1	0	12
Shuddemagen	1	1	1	9
Grant	1	0	0	5
Cox	0	1	1	4
Walker	0	1	0	3
Gordon	0	1	0	3
Frank	0	0	1	1
Vernon	0	0	1	1



TRACK TEAM.

THIS BASKET-BALL MAID FROM McGRADY,
SHE THROWS THE BALL LIKE A LADY
AND WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND
THE BALL SHE DOES SEND
TO THE GOAL AT THE OTHER END.
AS SHE DOES HER GREAT STUNT
WHETHER A TACKLE OR PUNT
SHE CRIES WITH GLEE
HURRAH HURRAH
FOR VARSITY.



Hub. Shaw '04



BASKET BALL TEAM.

Coach LOUISE WRIGHT.
Manager EUNICE ADEN.
Captain EDITH CLAGETT.

TEAM.

Center MARGARET BEADLE.
Right Forward LEL WAGGENER.
Left Forward ONIE BARBEE.
Right Defense EDITH CLAGETT.
Left Defense PEARL PENFIELD.

SUBSTITUTES.

Annie Cummings, Helen Garrison, Lottie Harris, Julia Estill.



Ed. Cowen. Connor
.. 9 - 0 - 3

A BOOK OF
VARSITY YARNS.



Some Tales of Texas to While
Away an Idle Hour.





At the Eleventh Minute.



THE NINETEENTH OF JANUARY was near at hand. This day, sacred to all Southerners, was appointed by Fate, in the shape of the Faculty, to be the scene of the great conflict which would end the struggle "when Greek meets Greek," and when to Greeks would come their respective shares of Freshmen. In other words, the nineteenth had been chosen for "Pledge-day" when rushing season would end, and peace once more settle upon old 'Varsity. Only a week more remained, and Greek letter men were in a state bordering on mental exhaustion. The very atmosphere was rife with excitement, and the rotunda, always attractive, was rendered doubly so by the animated scene in the corridor below. Here and there were groups of fraternity-men, and—*miserabile dictu*—girls, with a Freshman or two in tow, all exerting themselves to appear to the best advantage. Two men were leaning over the railing watching the rapidly changing panorama down-stairs. They were Alpha Phi Sigma's, one of the strongest fraternities in 'Varsity—one of them Philip Stevens, the athlete, the other Marr, a studious looking man. The latter turned from the scene which he was contemplating, with an amused smile.

"I shall be rather glad when it's all over, Phil, though it's an interesting psychological study. Furthermore, I shall be quite satisfied if we land Willoughby and two or three others like him."

"Yes, *if*. But that Freshman Willoughby's a puzzle. He *is* a gem, but decidedly not transparent."

"Too true, Phil. If anybody knows how he's going it's Miss Walden, and she doesn't choose to signify. Confidentially, I think she will have a lot to do with his choice in the frat line. The chap's half in love with her."

Stevens nodded, and Marr continued:

"And the question is, will she turn him Alpha Sig.-ward or will she pull for the Deltas. You know they're the people most of us are *really* afraid of in this case, and the fellows were discussing them in last frat meeting, which you cut, incidentally—she's a friend of ours—but what do you think?"

"She has never told me, but I'm sure of one thing—Frances Walden will do the square thing by us, and the Deltas, too. You needn't smile, my boy, even if I do admire her more than any other girl in college. Why—there she is now with a Delta on one side and a Gamma Theta Rho on the other and I'll bet Willoughby isn't far off. Aha! Sherlock Holmes, No. 2! He appeareth!"

Both men leaned over the railing and watched the little tableau below. The girl under fire had stopped, and a handsome chap with an air confident of a welcome, approached the trio. The girl smiled and turned to her two companions.

"You will excuse me, I'm sure. I promised to read Mr. Willoughby's French to him this hour, as he is so much rushed in the evenings that he doesn't have time for books. Come to the Library, Freshman, and let's go to work."

Stevens came down the stairs three steps at a time and overtook the two at the Library door.

"Beg pardon, Frances, but when you finish with Willoughby may I have him? I want to take him away from the surging crowd to Weilbacher's!"

"I have a class after next gong, so you may," laughed Miss Walden, "but be sure it's Weilbacher's and not Pat's."

"I promise, and thank you," answered Stevens. Frances looked after him a moment, as he swung away with the most approved 'Varsity foot-ball stride.

"He's mighty fine, Freshman!" she exclaimed. Then, irrelevantly, "I am *so* tired of frats!"

Eugene Willoughby had come to the University the October before, and had become one of the most rushed Freshmen in college. He was a likable chap, frank, fairly studious, and

when he made first team in his Freshman year his position in 'Varsity was forever assured. The strongest fraternities at "Texas" had immediately taken him up; the Gamma Theta Rhos and Deltas had gone in determinedly after him, and even the Alpha Phi Sigmas, whose policy tended toward non-rushing, had decided that he was eminently "Alpha Sig Material" and had invited him to their chapter-house several times. And then Frances Walden appeared on the horizon of his future fraternity life. He was eminently a "man's man," and rather looked down on the fellows who "went in for girls," but her father and his had been college chums years before, and he, incidentally chancing to discover that, in spite of the fact that she was attractive and popular, she was sensible and "could talk without forever giggling," acquired a habit of dropping in at her boarding place and discussing foot-ball and his work with her. Then there came to be strolls, and even a drive or a theatre now and then, but to a dance Willoughby couldn't be dragged, the most informal Saturday night German being an affair to be avoided, in his eyes. So it happened that a man or two in 'Varsity particularly interested in Miss Walden came to consider "that Freshman Willoughby" a nuisance; and, what is more to the point Miss Walden came to be considered by Greekdom an important factor in the case of Willoughby. But Miss Walden was inscrutable in her own fraternity policy, and a certain Alpha Sig, a Delta and a Gamma Theta, having been so foolish as to wish, and to express a wish, to see a fraternity pin on her shirt waist, were firmly but kindly squelched. When a Delta happened along while she and Willoughby were doing the Peripatos, she seemed quite as pleased as when a Gamma Theta joined a conversation in the Library or an Alpha Sig interrupted a tête-à-tête on the third-floor stairs after lab.

Of course even the smallest rushing-parties, given partly for the benefit of Willoughby, were not complete without Frances, and often salads and ices found their way to her from smokers—her "conciliation offerings," she called them; but she was sensible and she also possessed a sense of humor, so she enjoyed the "offerings" and laughed with her room mate, Mildred Lane, who wore an Alpha Sig pin, and, being impolitic, had to share Frances' part of the "Freshman rush." Sometimes a tired-out rusher would become incensed and declare that "Miss Walden affected that Freshman just to keep us poor mortals upset." But certain frat

brothers, being themselves worshippers at the shrine, would vehemently insist that she was "deucedly honestly fond of the chap and he, himself, didn't know what she thought about frats," which may have been a cleverly correct supposition.

* * * * *

As the days went on the excitement increased, and on the eighteenth, the day before "Pledge Day," was at fever-heat. The corridors, the stairs, the peripatos—every available place in the vicinity was occupied, each fraternity doing its best to impress on prospectives the infinite superiority of "our fellows." Group after group had been forcibly ejected from the library by its relentless guardian, and even the Dean had been compelled to come forth from his Sacred Precincts and request that the noise in the corridor be not quite so great. As to classes—after the nine o'clock hour Professors learned by sad experience to skim hurriedly over the names of frat men and Freshmen. Willoughby, after cutting two classes, declared that he *must* go to History at eleven, and by clever dodging and skirmishing, he succeeded in arriving at the door of room 44. Here, however, Lewis, a Delta, swooped down and was relentless, remarking in a firm voice: "Miss Walden wants you in the Library, immediately, so come along, Freshy." Now, Lewis happened to be the particular Delta interested in Miss Walden, so Willoughby laughed and permitted himself to be dragged through the crowd by his valiant captor. When they were safely inside the Library door, so that Willoughby couldn't bolt without a scene, Lewis calmly announced:

"Miss Walden isn't in here at all. I had to use some expedient to finish telling you those things about Delta."

"I suspected as much," Willoughby interrupted, "Only Miss Walden *is* in the Library, in the corner yonder, so *au revoir*, old man; I'd rather hear no more frat talk till one to-morrow!"

Lewis stared after the Freshman with open mouth.

"Thunder!" he murmured; then he made a dash for the corner where Willoughby had ensconced himself beside Frances.

"I say, Miss Walden, Willoughby's just given me the slip, but I am magnanimous—let's go down and have some Iron Brew."

"Thank you, yes. Will you come, Eugene?"

Eugene answered her half-smile with a wink—behind Lewis' back—and "believed he had to study."

As Lewis and Frances went down the steps at the side of the Library, one of the men who were smoking there rose. It was Stevens.

"Pardon me," he faced Frances. "But I want to go to Mt. Bonnell in the morning—feel impelled by some force to return to Nature. Miss Lane and Eugene have promised to return with me—so as to avoid unpleasant complication back here in civilization. Will you?"

Frances was unwontedly flushed.

"I should enjoy it immensely, and I don't mind cutting a class or two. Only—only, I've been to my last rushing party."

The men on the steps laughed, and Stevens replied:

"I promise not to talk frat to Eugene and I'll bring him back in time to turn down everybody he chooses."

"'All's fair in love and war,' " sang Lewis, as the two went on. "It's rather a nuisance to you, isn't it?"

"The only objection I have is that it's decidedly hard on Eugene. You people seem to have an idea that *I* shall answer his bids for him,—think for him, in other words."

"Naturally, an older girl who is a close friend and who knows a lot about fraternities will have a pull. I say—look here, Miss Walden, our fellows want you to talk for us. Can't you help us?"

Frances' brown eyes flashed.

"I should *think* you'd rather pull your men yourselves. And I'd rather not discuss Eugene and fraternities any more, so don't *mention* them to me again!"

Lewis didn't.

The morning of the nineteenth was bright and clear, and when Stevens and Willoughby drove up to Miss Walden's boarding place, she and Miss Lane came out radiant and smiling.

"Miss Lane's 'Alpha Sigma-ism' will lend atmosphere to the occasion. You are to sit

by Eugene, however," Stevens said in an undertone to Frances. She flashed a warning glance at him, but he bravely whispered as he helped her into the trap:

"I can't talk frat, but *you* can, and you *must*. We're desperate, and, Frances, don't go back on a friendship that must have meant something. It means three college years, you know."

"And how is *Eugene*, this morning?" was Frances' satisfactory reply. "*Glorios* morning, isn't it?"

The drive proved delightful, as drives must be when four congenial young people are cutting classes on a spring day in January. Stevens, true to his promise, steered clear of everything Greek, and Miss Lane, who possessed a remarkable degree of tact, was serenely pleasant to Willoughby, with only a nervous glance now and then. If Stevens was serious in declaring his "dependence" on Frances, he was leaning on a frail support, for in spite of an appealing droop to Stevens' broad shoulders and even a stealthy pinch from Miss Lane, she appeared perfectly unconscious of the fact that Stevens was on the verge of nervous prostration and even the Freshman less calm than usual, as the morning wore on. With tantalizing pleasantries she talked scenery, the last theatre, "shop," *anything* but fraternity, only exclaiming, when Frederick, a Gamma Theta Rho, was mentioned, that he was a "*darling* dancer." The strain began to tell, but Frances was merciless, every smile firing at Stevens the message: "You got yourself in this place; now get out." And Stevens telegraphed back: "You *didn't* promise to help, but I thought I could depend on you." Willoughby's eyes he assiduously avoided.

They were on the way home when Stevens, with an apology, glanced at his watch.

"By Jove! It's ten minutes after one! We stayed on the mountain longer than I thought. I beg your pardon, Eugene, but we'll get back right away. Our fellows will be waiting, too. Miss Lane, please keep this pledge-button in safety—I might be tempted." He dropped the little gold button into Miss Lane's hand. She seemed to be addressing vacancy, so impersonal was her tone when she remarked, "You were no doubt intended for that Freshman, button. Good luck!"

"May I see it, please, Miss Lane?" It was Willoughby who spoke, and something in his

voice made the three look at him curiously. "It's a dainty little affair." He turned to Frances suddenly: "Shall I?"

She took the button from him and fastened it in the lapel of his coat.

"Oh, Freshman, I'm so glad!"

Willoughby faced her with an unmistakable light in his eyes. But she was not looking at him. Her eyes were gazing straight into two clear grey ones in front, and, while Miss Lane judiciously began to congratulate Willoughby, she leaned over and half whispered:

"And, Philip, I'll wear *your* pin, to-morrow."

—*Mary Willis Stedman.*



An Incident in Profane History.

CYNTHIA VANCE surveyed her room mate with an admiring eye.

"Do you know, I rather approve of the way you look to-night, Mabel,—pink's becoming,—" her tone was a trifle wistful. "I certainly hope you'll enjoy the play."

Mabel, in front of the dressing-table, was tying on the last of a series of veils over her much labored-upon pompadour, and the reflection in the mirror smiled across the room at the girl before the table.



"You're just like George says, Cynthia, too good for this world! The idea of staying at home from the best show of the year to work on a Psychology thesis! I am sure you can't last long!—well, Ta-ta, take care of yourself, and study hard." And she swept out of the room. A moment later, she poked her head back in the door, "If it's any consolation, I might as well tell you that George is not going to be there with another girl—he's got to be initiated to-night, you know." And the door slammed.

Cynthia gazed thoughtfully into vacancy for a moment, and then siezing her pen, she dug it viciously into the bottom of the ink-bottle and calmly wrote the Introduction to a paper on "Emotion."

"James' theory seems, at the first reading, to be altogether unreasonable," she wrote in bold, 'stubby' characters.

"I hope those Xi's won't be *very* hard on George," she thought, trying to imagine

that masterful individual climbing a greased pole.

The labor went on, and along in the middle of the seventeenth page, she became vaguely aware that there was something or somebody down on the front porch. Horrors! If it should be a burglar, and she alone in the house! She had often tried to imagine what she

would do, if caught in such a situation, and had been quite sure that she would be able to defend herself somehow, even with the poker or hat-pins. But this burglar,—she grew weak—might have a pistol! She sat breathless for some seconds. There was certainly someone moving below her window.

With a mighty effort, she pulled herself together. Why should she sit there helpless and let that awful man get into the house? What would a man do in her place? She would boldly ask what this intruder wanted! But then a man would “cuss,” and she had never heard—— but she had lived next door to a parrot once—.

She set her jaw, and tore open the window— Heavens! A man half way up one of the gallery posts! She clutched the window curtain wildly.

A terrible moment and then a clear voice rang out from the window:

“What in the——in the *hell* are you doing there, you——you, Oh!——you d-damm——you d-darned fool! !”

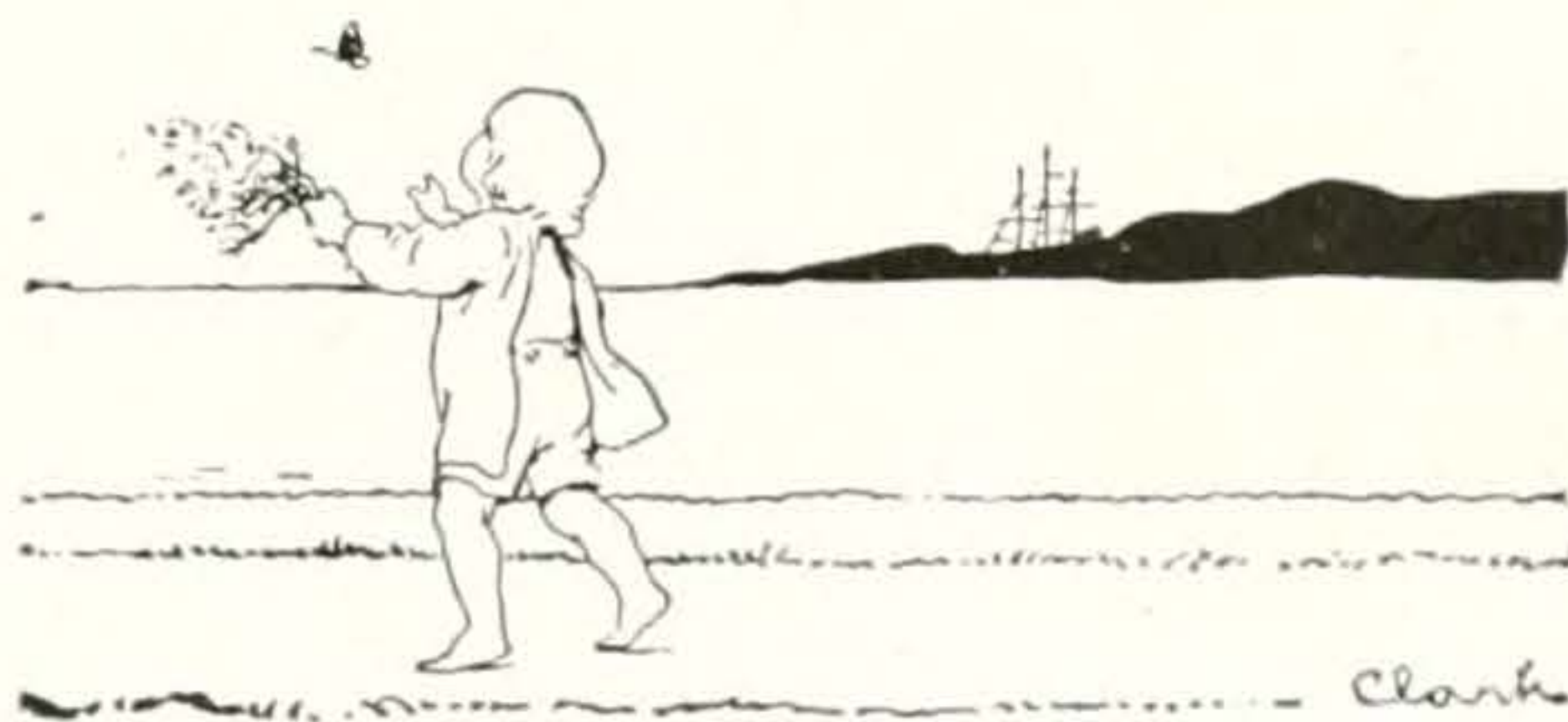
The blind-folded figure on the post reeled back, and dropped! on the ground with a thud.

“*Cynthia*,” he gasped.

“*Whew-ee! Gee Whiz! !*” came in chorus with several long whistles from the street, and someone called:

“Better come away from there, George.”

—*Eleanor Brackenridge*



Hubert the Bold.



UBERT emerged from the Polit class, flushed and contentious after a warm discussion of the theory of trusts, and strolled down the corridor with some dignity, as became one on whose present wrestlings might hang the fate of the nation in times to come. He joined the one o'clock push down stairs, and passed out through the rear door into the over-friendly welcoming of the May sunshine. He swung down the green slope towards the Hall, white-faced under its glaring red head-piece. Looking idly up at the Moorishly mineratted roof, he thought for an instant that he saw the floating draperies of some blind *muezzin*, ascending to call the faithful to prayer. But on a startled readjustment of his mental camera, he recognized one of Jackson's sweaters, the most gleetul of the lot, disporting itself from its owner's window underneath the northwest tower. With a semi-grin at the fancy, he hurried on, in obedience to the more material summons of the dinner-bell. Up the stairs, and through the narrow, barracked hall to his room, third from the east, left. Hat jerked off, books aimed with the precision of gun drill, at the pillow on the bed. The dresser had such a reproachful, forsaken air, as he looked over to it, that he turned hastily away. That kodak picture (the group, you know, with Her in the foreground) being banished to the top drawer at its possessor's last particular and private inquisition, now avenged itself by haunting that possessor in the guise of an especially winsome and much-to-be-desired ghost. On turning to the wall, things were no better. For there hung the cherished memento of last Valentine's day: the tiny picture of her own laughing face, and opposite, a most jocular specimen of the donkey tribe, with the inscription: "Laugh and the world laughs with you;" beneath, the same roguish face, set over against a sympathetic representation of the mournfulest burro that ever brayed, streaming tears all over the legend: "Weep, and you weep alone."

Hubert's lips twitched a little as he looked at it. It was one of Annice's clever ideas; she had mounted the pictures and sent them to him, and he had been so pleased with them, then. Now, he wondered, a little bitterly, how the thing had ever amused him. He asked himself idly if the mere fact of unhappy donkeyhood oppressed the little animal as it did him. He was the beast's brother in sorrow, and—he was alone, too. When she cared for him, so

long ago (a year, at least, he had had money, and "prospects." Then the failure came, and here he was, with an uncomfortably fluctuating currency, and only hand-carved prospects. The two had dragged along miserably until last month, when he had sat down, and staring defiantly at the donkey, had written her a letter wherein he embodied some of the facts in the case, as stated above. He had been a donkey, indeed, to imagine that she could continue to care for a fellow in his plight, and he was really glad that the suspense was ended. For evidently this letter had opened her eyes to the truth of the situation, and she had made her decision. The long month of waiting and half-acknowledged watching was past. Now she would never write. How he had dreaded, yet longed for, that letter! Away down in his heart there reigned a dumb stillness that was worse than if the hush had been broken by actual rebuff. He had thought that she would write, but then so had he thought many other things, too. He had even dreamed of work and happiness, and Love's triumph. But all that was in the old days, and not good to think of.

Hubert stared at the unhappy quadruped upon the wall with such profound sympathy that the Sphinx might have pitied him. The dejected little beast was playing a classic rôle, had it but known it; in the ecstasy of his misery, it served as a sort of *katharsis* for his emotion. Sorrowfully he thought, as he gazed at it, that there was one lesson, at least, it could teach him, that of patient endurance in suffering; and he set his teeth grimly.

And now came a clatter in the corridors that aroused him from his reverie. The long roll of thunder on the uncarpeted stairs presently announced the descent of the boys to dinner. Hubert slowly gathered himself together and closed his door rather softly, tramped away down-stairs. His jaw looked unusually square, and there were danger signals in his eyes; the rush on the stairs, and the mad bustle in the dining-room irritated him vaguely. He felt oddly out-of-place and disturbed, with himself most of all.

Soon the hundred and thirty young men were busily absorbed in, or rather, absorbing, their meal. The white-coated waiters flitted across the floor, and in and out among the tables. Knives and forks rendered their duet in cheerful monotone, to the accompaniment of rapidly shifted dishes. There was not very much conversation, the business of the hour was far too serious for that. At Hubert's table a caucus of approval was held on the soup.

"Have some more, Carter, you look hungrier than ever," suggested Morton.

"*Nein, nein*, go way back and sit down, Satan," retorted Carter, diving for the milk pitcher. "Don't you see that my mind is fixed on higher things? I've a quiz coming on mortgages and conveyances, and mustn't cloud the workings of my intellect by yielding to the temptations of appetite." And Carter, who was a loyal follower of the Peregrinus, hastily finished his coffee and departed.

"What's the matter with Hubert?" said Cobden, winking abstractedly at his left-hand neighbor.

"Only two things can make a fellow look as he has been looking for a month past: there's either a belle or a 'bust' in the case." And Medford stared in a self-satisfied fashion at the "antique" fruit piece that adorned the nearest arch. He aspired to be epigrammatic, and was tolerated—for his other virtues.

"That's so; what d'you do in Polit to-day?"

"No one ever accused you of being a rusher, so it must be that."

Hubert grunted in a non-committal fashion, and pushed back his chair. He was not in the mood for talk, and mounted the stairs to his room as dolefully as he had descended them. Trainor brushed past in the corridor, and thrust some belated mail into his hand. He put it in his pocket, and went into his room. When he had shut the door, it seemed as if the spirit of loneliness that had stalked along with him all the day, had entered too. He was ashamed of himself for yielding to his depression, yet could not rouse himself. He thought, with a dim ache at his heart, of Annice's pet name for him: "Hubert the Bold," and wondered grimly what she would say if she were to see him sulking in the dumps, like a coward. That was the way he put it to himself.

With an impatient sound that was half a groan, he drew out his letters and turned them over listlessly. He had ceased to expect the once familiar, dainty blue envelopes, addressed with correct angularity. The first was a kind communication from a down-town shoe firm, to inform him of the latest arrivals in footwear. With a quizzical frown he tossed it away, and took up the new *Texan*—What was this, peeping out from between its sheets? His great brown paw trembled, in spite of himself, as he extracted the blue envelope from its shelter. It yielded to the energetic, yet reverent persuasion of his penknife (he never could bring himself to tear one of her letters), and a small card fell out. He picked it up. It was a companion piece to that which adorned his wall. There was his old friend the donkey, done in water-colors, more mournful, if that were possible, than before. Under it were printed the initials "H. B." At the opposite end of the pasteboard was fastened a tiny kodak picture. It was Annice herself. Hubert scanned it carefully. It was like her, and yet somehow unlike the Annice whom he had known. What was the matter? The wielder of the kodak, probably her younger sister, had snapped her standing in the great window, looking out down the elm-shaded avenue. How many times he had come up that path to Paradise, and found her standing there looking for him! The picture brought a rush of memories. But then her face had always been alight with happiness, joyously uplifted like that of an expectant child. And here her whole figure had a pathetic droop, the eyes look wistfully out, as if they had watched until

weary; even the corners of her mouth curved sorrowfully; her hands were clasped together in a nervous little gesture which he remembered to be her signal of absolute dejection. His heart went out to her in love and tenderness as he noted it all.

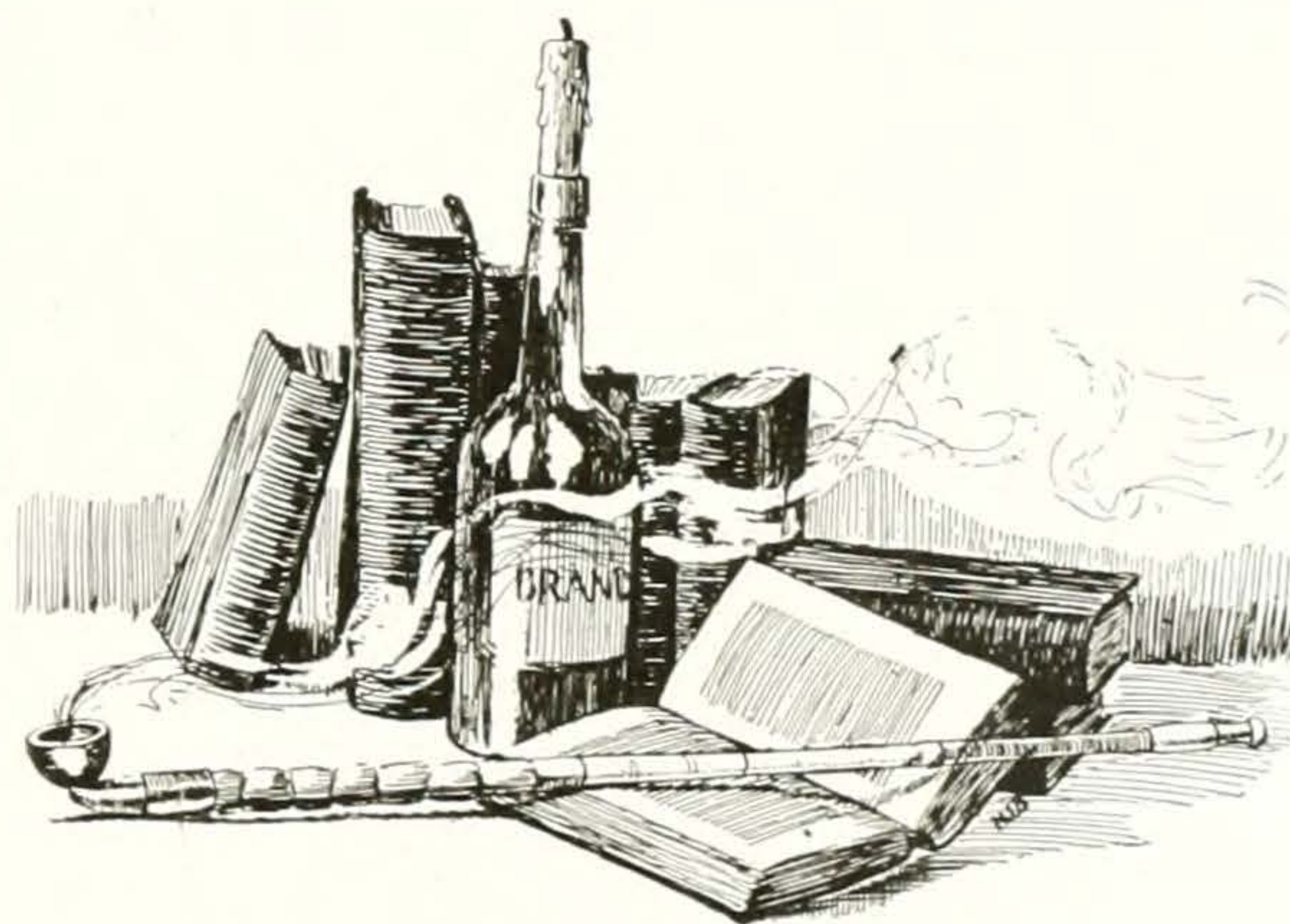
Something was printed across the card, between her picture and the water-color. He spelled out the quaintly shaped characters. The line read:

“Weep, and you weep alone.”

The last letter seemed to have been slightly blotted by something.

The man jumped to his feet. He was himself again—“Hubert the Bold.”

—*Helen Raley.*



The Fellow in Greek.



THE FELLOW IN GREEK laid his volume of Sophocles on the table and leaned back in the chair. He remained in this position for several minutes staring straight ahead. Occasionally a cloud would darken his handsome face and a little frown would play between his quiet gray eyes, then vanish. He was awakened from his reverie by a sound that came from the mantelpiece. The little clock had struck one. He arose with a sigh, yawned, and shot his arms towards the ceiling.

"Well," he mumbled, "I didn't know that it was so late. The *Ædipus Rex* was unusually interesting to-night. I didn't know I had been reading so long. Guess it's because I have been thinking all day about Fate and——"

The sound of a closing door below, followed by some one slowly ascending the stairs, interrupted him. He was still standing by his chair when the door of the room was slowly pushed open and his room-mate, the ex-Football Captain, entered.

"Hello, Doc," he began, "I saw your light and guessed that you were up here conversing with your old Greeks. Wish I had stayed here with you to-night instead of going to the dance. Gad, I'll be glad when all this is over. To-morrow night the Final Ball and then—well that's all—that will be the end. By Jove, Doc," he continued as he threw his coat on the lounge and laid his hat on the table, "that will be the end and I hate to think about it, don't you?"

As the ex-Football Captain asked this question he took a cigarette from a silver case that lay on the mantel and looked at his friend.

The two men who stood thus regarding each other were very different types. The ex-Captain was a blonde; the fellow in Greek was a brunette. The light-brown, curly hair and clear complexion of the man who leaned against the mantel in no way resembled the heavy suit of black straight hair and the dark complexion of his friend who stood in the middle of the room. There was a twinkle in the clear blue eyes of the ex-Captain and a curve about his mouth that showed the pleasure lover in him. There was an expression in the quiet gray eyes

of the fellow in Greek that told of hidden fire; and something about the firm mouth hinted of a wild nature that was held in check no matter how hard it tried to break its bonds. And the figure of the fellow in Greek with the stoop about his shoulders that told of nights of study contrasted unfavorably with the tall, graceful, well-proportioned, athletic figure of the man who stood by the mantel absent-mindedly smoking a cigarette.

The fellow in Greek was silent for a moment. Presently he walked over to the window and looked out upon the night. He remained by the window for several moments gazing at the stars and listening to the call of a whip-poor-will not far away. When he turned and gazed at his friend there was an expression of pain in his quiet gray eyes.

"Yes," he began in a low voice, "I hate to think about it. It makes me think about other things—about the greater end, and what that will be. It seems like Fate—everything must end—like the Fate that old Sophocles wrote about."

"Oh," replied the ex-Captain, "I hadn't thought about it that way."

"No?"

"No."

"By the way, Doc," continued the ex-Captain after a pause, "of course you are going to the ball to-morrow night?"

"No, I guess not," replied the fellow in Greek.

"What!"

"No, Cap, I guess I'll not go. You know how little I care for such things. Beside, you see, I'd rather stay here and talk with my old Greeks. They tell me so much."

"O rats, Doc, do without that to-morrow night. Come on to the ball. I'm going to take Kate, you know, and she'll be disappointed if you are not there. You know how much she admires you. Why, you've hypnotized that girl. She doesn't care about football and athletics any more. She wants to be always talking about those darned old Greeks."

A slight flush lit up the face of the fellow in Greek. He slowly clenched his hands and pressed his lips together.

"Is that so?" he quietly replied.

"Yes, by the eternals, it is so," replied the ex-Captain, "and I don't like it so much, either. If I didn't know you so well I'd be jealous. Anyhow, Doc, I wish you would get all these notions out of her head if you can."

The fellow in Greek did not answer for a moment. He was thinking intently. Presently he looked up and slowly replied:

"All right, I'll go. Please save the fourteenth and fifteenth for me."

He walked over to the table and picked up his hat.

"I think I'll go out for a little walk before I retire, Cap. Do you care to go along?"

"Not much, thank you," replied the ex-Captain. "I'm rather tired; guess I'll turn in. Good night."

"Good night. Be sure not to forget the fourteenth and fifteenth," he called back as he walked out.

It was not long after his friend's departure before the light was turned out and the ex-Captain was in bed.

"I hope old Doc won't wake me when he comes in," he was thinking as he slowly fell asleep. "I'm glad I know the old boy so well, for if I didn't I'd be—jealous—for—Kate—" and the deep breathing of the sleeper was all that could be heard in the room.

When the fellow in Greek returned, an hour later, the ex-Captain was sound asleep. He stood beside the bed and looked down at his friend.

"I wonder," he muttered to himself, "I wonder if he ever imagined how much I love her. No, I guess not," he continued; "I've kept my secret pretty well. What difference would it make anyway? He wouldn't care. He has her. She loves him and I guess they'll soon be—oh, the lucky dog!"

He walked away from the bed and hastily undressed. Soon he was fast asleep dreaming about football—Fate—the gods, and through it all—ever present—there walked the vision of a beautiful girl who looked at him with the loveliest eyes in the world and pleaded with him to tell her more about the old Greeks. Once in the night he called out: "I love her! I love her!"

The ex-Captain was awakened by the noise. He sat up in bed and looked at his friend.

"That's all right, Doc," he mumbled, "though it does seem darned strange to think that you are in love with anybody. Who is she?" A loud snore was his answer.

"Humph," he replied as he lay down; "that answer is about as good as any coming from you. I guess it'll keep till morning. Please don't worry me any more about it to-night. But I wonder who the devil you are talking about? Guess it's some old—Greek—Clytie, or—Aphrodite—or—" the ex-Captain was sound asleep.

Outside a little breeze sprang up. The leaves began to tremble. The whip-poor-will over on the branch not far away still called to his mate. Then the little clock on the mantel struck three. And the two college chums slept peacefully.

II

It was past two o'clock when the fellow in Greek stepped out of his cab at the Driskill Hotel. The sound of music floated to him as he ascended the stairs. He was rather late, but he judged that he would be in time for the fourteenth and fifteenth dance, and after that, of course, he would be free to go home. He walked on up the stairs and over to the dressing room, checked his hat and overcoat, and stepped up to the punch table. The waiter handed him a glass. He raised it to his lips and was just about to drink when a voice stopped him.

"Well, well, look at the member of the faculty drinking punch."

He turned quickly and saw her standing near by leaning against a post and smiling at him. For a moment he hardly knew what to do. She stood there regarding him so quietly and

calmly with that smile on her face. He imagined that something must be wrong. He looked at his feet to see if he had forgotten to button his shoes. Then he felt of his collar to see if he really had on a necktie and lastly he raised his hand to his head to see if he had brushed his hair. Being satisfied that everything was right and in its proper place he set the glass of punch on the table and walked toward her. He had a wild singing desire to rush up and embrace her and press a thousand kisses on her pretty mouth. He yearned to press her to him so that she could hear the beating of his heart and then to whisper to her the secret that he had so long concealed. He thought once of crying out as loud as he could so that every one could hear him—for he wanted them all to know—"I love her!" Then he noticed for the first time—and just in time—that his friend was standing by her side and looking at her with a calm smile of possession on his face. He came back to earth by the time he reached her and his voice was quiet and controlled as he began:

"Am I on time?"

"You just are," she replied. "The next is the fourteenth and if you had not been here I should have never spoken to you again—that's society etiquette, you know," and she broke off with a laugh in which he nervously joined.

"Excuse me," interrupted the ex-Captain, "but I'll leave you two to your old Greeks. Be careful, Kate, and don't let Doc hypnotize you," he laughingly remarked as he walked away.

"As if you could," she said, looking at him.

"Yes, er—why—yes, the very—er—idea, as if I could, why, of course—how foolish," he stammered, and wished at the same time that some merciful friend would quietly step up and knock him in the head.

He always acted like this when with her. He always succeeded in making a chump of himself. But to-night he had hoped to do better. She looked so perfect—so good—so pure. He gazed at her and there was a hungry expression on his face. But he said not a word. He only stood and gazed and dreamed. A breath of the spring time—the song of a mocking bird—the scent of cool growing grass, the murmur of a little brook running along through some deep forest and making love to the violets that hang over the banks and kissed it as it passed by, an odor of wild flowers—in all this atmosphere he seemed to move and live and have his being. She stood before him like a relic of bygone age when all women were innocent and beautiful—she seemed a perfect type of that Grecian beauty that he was always wondering about.

"Do you care to dance?" he began.

"Why, no," she replied, "I prefer to talk—or rather to hear you talk. Tell me about your Greeks."

"Here in this place? It would be desecration."

She smiled and looked up at him.

"Yes, I know," she said, gazing at him intently, "but you can make me forget all this—"

and—and that's why I want you to talk to me. You can make me forget that these people—these society dandies—are pygmies; you can make me forget the hollowness of it all."

He looked at her wonderingly.

"Do you mean that?"

She gazed at him with a puzzled expression on her pretty face. The way in which he asked that question—the tone of his voice—and that expression in his quiet gray eyes disturbed her. But she answered boldly.

"Why not? You have shown all to me—and I have seen—that mind and soul are all."

"But," he protested, "I didn't mean to."

"No," she replied calmly, "I know you didn't. That's why I saw."

"But football?" he began, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Have you forgotten that Thanksgiving is long past?"

"But does the glory end with the Thanksgiving game?"

"Yes, it is ended there. Only the glory of higher and better and nobler things—of heart and mind and soul live on. Football men don't think about such things—they—"

"There you are wrong," he interrupted. "Why look at old Cap; there never was a nobler fellow in the world. Why, he's ideal, he's——"

"Excuse me," she interrupted him and her face was flushed, "but have you ever read Miles Standish?"

He raised his head and gazed intently at her. She met his look for a moment boldly, but only for a moment, then her gaze fell. There was a light in his quiet gray eyes that she had never seen there before and she felt a little frightened.

"Tell me," he said slowly, "what do you wish me to do?"

"I wish you would talk to me about your old Greeks," she replied. "I love *them*."

The fellow in Greek slowly brushed the hair back from his forehead and paused a moment as though to collect his thoughts. Then he began to talk. At first his voice was low and almost trembled at times, and there was a note of pain in it. Gradually as he talked his face took on an expression of earnestness and force. He looked away and into space as though somewhere back in the darkness and mystery of a thousand years or more he saw something. He forgot where he was and fell to dreaming. He had wiped out the centuries that separated him from that Greece he loved so well and the men he adored who lived in that time. He was alone in his own world. A smile flitted across his face as he thought of that age and then of modern times. And on and on he talked of war and warriors, of peace and beautiful women, of Fate, of love, of the gods.

And the girl who sat beside him grew more eager each moment. She leaned forward and listened intently as though she feared she would lose one word. She studied the man's face all the time.

"Ah, yes," he said, "'there were giants in those days' and dreamers, too, and beautiful

women who were innocent. But it's the dreamers that I love, and the women who were innocent. For they—the dreamers—were the first to learn that there was a God, and they, and the innocent women, loved this world as He made it. Now, how different! Men are too busy to think great thoughts and women too wise to be innocent. A fool is born each moment, a poet once in a hundred years. The poet dreams and starves and loves and dies, and the money market of the world fluctuates not one bit. The poet listens to the heartbeat of humanity, and the fool only hears the throb of an engine. But the world laughs at the poet and praises the fool and calls him a captain of industry. Gold gilds the straitened forehead of the fool, while sorrow and suffering and God paints a picture on the brow of the poet. And so—”

“Jump over a few thousand years, Kate,” interrupted a voice, “and come back to the present. This is my dance.”

The fellow in Greek and the girl who sat beside him looked up. The ex-Captain was standing by them and looking at the girl, and there was that calm smile of possession again. The girl arose.

“Oh, Bob,” she said, “I'm not well. I feel sick and your generous room-mate has offered to take me home. Now you stay here and have a good time, for I don't want to spoil your pleasure.”

“But Kate,” he protested, “I'll take—”

“No, you won't,” she interrupted, laying her hand gently on his arm, “you remain here and the member of the faculty will see me home.” She turned and walked away to the dressing room.

Presently she returned and said that she was ready. As they walked away the ex-Captain looked at them.

“Now, I'd be real jealous,” he was thinking, “if it was any one but old Doc. But no danger of the old Doc loving anybody,” and he laughed as he walked toward the punch table.

The fellow in Greek was silent as he followed the girl. Only once did he speak. That was when they passed the ball room and looked in at the dancers.

“After all,” he said, as though talking to himself, while he looked at the whirling couples, “after all, I suppose the fool is happiest, for he never knows.”

“No,” she answered, looking up at him, “you are wrong. The poet is the happiest. Only those who feel and suffer can really be happy.”

And they walked on. And the fellow in Greek felt that he had learned something.

The speech of the girl dazed him for the moment and left him mute. He walked along without saying a word. He was still rather dumbfounded when he suddenly realized that he was in the carriage, that the girl was beside him, and the horses were moving at a furious rate. The girl was the first to speak:

“I said I was sick.”

"Yes?"

"And I lied," she said calmly.

"Yes, I know you did," he replied.

"Then what do you think of me?"

"I'm glad you did."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to have an opportunity to tell you something," he said. "I'm not brave enough to keep it; but it won't matter any, so I'm going to tell you. I love you—have loved you for four years—will, but no—that makes no difference. I just love you, that's all. If I have done wrong, I hope you will forgive me—but I couldn't help telling you." He turned and looked out of the window.

"But—but you didn't do wrong," she replied.

"Why?" he asked, without looking around."

"Because, because, because—just because," she answered, and hid her face on his shoulder.

He put his arms about her, leaned over and gently kissed her forehead.

"A woman's answer," he said softly. "There's something in it, after all."

"Grace Hall! Grace Hall! Grace Hall!" yelled the cabman, beating on the side of the carriage.

The fellow in Greek pushed open the door and looked out.

"Is this the Hall?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, how strange! I really think you must be mistaken."

"No, sir; I'm sure this is the place."

"What?" replied the fellow in Greek, as he winked his eye and tossed a dollar to the cabman.

"Well, I declare," replied the cabman, as he caught the coin and turned around to hide a smile while he pretended to look at the building, "I believe I am wrong," and he climbed up to his seat.

"Well, anyhow," replied the fellow in Greek, "you had better drive around a block and think the matter over. And remember," he called, "I am paying for this cab *by time!*"

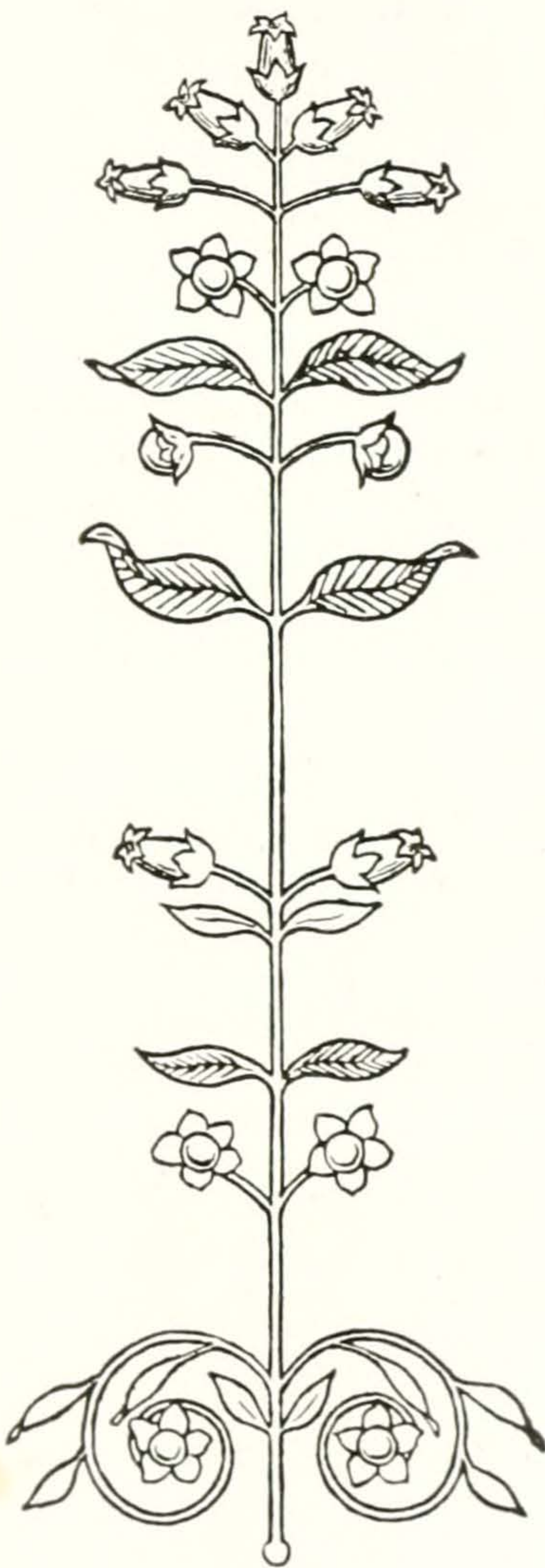
Two hours later a carriage stopped in front of the house where the ex-Captain stayed. Daylight was beginning to break, and the ex-Captain jumped out of the cab, hurriedly paid the cabman, and rushed up stairs.

"Oh, Lord, Doc!" he exclaimed, as he rushed into the room, "I never had such—" He broke off and grabbed hold of a chair to keep from falling. Then he leaned forward and stared

intently at something in front of him. Finally he brushed his hand across his eyes to see if anything was wrong, and looked again.

Someone was kneeling beside the bed with his head bent forward and buried in his hands. The fellow in Greek was praying.

—*Alex. A. Pope.*



His First Affair of the Heart.

(HEARD IN A FRAT! HOUSE, TOLD BY A SOPHOMORE TO
TWO FRESHMEN.)

“HERE IS A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY in this school who used to be very dear to me; in fact I was wont to think of her as ‘my girl’. I have long since banished, or to be honest, she has long since banished such an idea from my mind. I now call her the ‘Unsolved Puzzle’; and she—well she has forgotten me. I no longer exist so far as she is concerned.”

“Well, to begin at the beginning. As I have told you fellers before, when I came down here I didn’t know a soul. I went through that matriculatin, business like a lot of other green freshies; bought elevator tickets, bought a Y. M. C. A. hand-book, and all that sort of thing. I was about plumb disgusted with everything, and began wishin’ I was at home feedin’ the pigs once more, when I saw *Her*. I never will forget how she looked that day. She was wearin’ a bluish-purple dress of some kind of fluffy stuff—‘tulley,’ that’s what it was, or maybe it was ‘applique’. Any way she was a dream all right—the kind that comes to a fellow when he has done somethin’ real good, and has gone to bed feelin’ that all is well with him. She wore a soft squasby straw hat with some purplish lookin’ veilin’ on it. Wore it kinder pulled down in front. No, don’t remember anything more about her togs, ‘cause just ‘bout that time she looked up. You know she was studyin’ a catalogue in the faculty room.”

“Well, when she looked up, it was all over with me. Plumb forgot that little blonde girl back home who was a wearin’ my horse-hair ring. Those eyes!—Say, fellows, did you ever see the sky just after the sun’s set, when all the bright gold clouds have faded into blues and purples of every tint. Well, if you have, just mix those blues and purples together, and you’ll have a kind of idea of what I found myself a lookin’ into. I stood there an’ rubbered an’ rubbered with my heart a pumpin’ like a wind-mill on a breezy day. Finally she smiled kind o’ weary like. I edged over toward her, and kicked over a chair which jarred her catalogue off the table.”

"You can bet I picked up that book. I made all kinds of apologies. Told her I was from the farm, I think. Tried to find the place where she had been readin', and acted a derved fool generally. She smiled one of those smiles—not a tired one this time—but a brand new one full of kindness mixed with amusement, and told me not to mind. I don't know how it happened, but anyway, first thing I knew, I was a tellin' her about the farm, and the chickens and the geese, and Mother, and what I intended to do. We talked a thunderin' long time, and I was a gettin' ready to help her matriculate when a duffer came up whom she called 'cousin.' She got up, gave me a smile, and drifted off down the corridor."

"Well, I saw her in the corridor pretty regularly after work began, but she never even looked my way. It nearly killed me. You know I wasn't onto city ways. People in the country are so different as to social regulations. Everybody says 'howdy' to everybody else, whether they have been 'introduced' or not. I got the hang o' things pretty quick, and swore I'd get a formal introduction. Couldn't cut it until the night o' the Freshman blow-out. Got it all right that night. She smiled as sweetly as ever, and gave me a dance. Didn't know what to do with it after she gave it to me, but when ours come, she suggested sittin' it out which I was mighty glad to do."

"From then on the rest was easy—so far as gettin' to call on her, send her candy, go drivin', and all that. The more I saw her and knew her, the better I liked her. Yes, I guess I loved her. I know I liked her in a way different from the way I liked other girls."

"Things drifted along, and I was imaginin' I was the whole show so far as she was concerned. She never encouraged me very much, but since she didn't discourage me, I let it go at maiden-modesty, and began to lay plans for our future life in which a big mansion, a carriage and horses, and a box at the theatre were the things to be. No, of course, I didn't tell her all that. I was goin' to surprise her. The surprise was mine, however."

"By that time my frat pin had come from Auld, and you can imagine what I had already intended to do with it. Well, the next Sunday afternoon, I went over to the Hall, and we strolled out to the Insane Asylum grounds. It was there I asked her to wear my pin. She told me in words most honeyed that she appreciated the honor, and all that, and that she would give me an answer in the near future. Of course I waited. Attributed her refusal to maiden-modesty again. Never dreamed of that other booster."

"Three or four days later, one of the fellows told me that she was wearin' her cousin's frat pin. I wouldn't believe it until I saw it gleamin' there on her waist. Yes, I was sore. Felt queer about the eye-brows. Felt as if my best friend had hit me over the head with a stick of stove-wood. She came up to me next day after the great event, and told me she had

put on a frat pin (to which I said that I still retained my eye-sight), hoped that we would still be friends, and all that rot."

"No, I haven't been to see her since. She had a right to do as she pleased about it. I've completely recovered from my tumble. Have the finest lady in the land now. Pinned her last night. No, I'll tell you some other time. I'm a goin' to turn in."

—Edward Crane.



Femme Propose.

I.



MARJORIE SHELTON peeped through an intervening palm at the usual crush attendant upon a freshman reception. This was her third year, and the freshman girls and boys who had, proudly conscious of their importance, just taken part in the grand march, seemed ages younger than herself. The little excited knots of late comers, still struggling over their programmes, were infinitely removed from her plane, and she watched amusedly the violent efforts of a certain Alpha Omicron to cut a freshman out of the group of a rival frat man. A slim young girl with a delicate high bred face and bronzy hair (brought out strikingly by the Nile-green gown she wore) was standing near the palm. Some half-dozen men were agitating themselves over her programme, while an older girl—chief rusher for Zeta Upsilon—who had introduced them, was talking to her, interestingly, absorbingly, quite oblivious of a third girl, a Beta Gam, who was hovering, with a would-be unconscious air, in the middle distance, for the freshman girl was Elizabeth Cunningham, “the pick of that year’s class,” and every Sorority in the school was rushing her.

“That’s where I ought to be, you know,” said Margy, waving languidly at the animated group, “but I can’t rush, except in the most futile style, and besides, I think I should rather be here. By the way, Mr. Worthington, where are the numerous representatives of the Phi Alpha and Alpha O., and Delta K., and the others? I thought you never moved without a retinue.”

The man beside her—a much sought-after Junior Law—smiled. He had long gray green eyes, and when he smiled they crinkled up adorably.

"I'm not moving just now," he said, "and when I do I am not so pursued as you seem to think. There's our dance," as the first waltz began, "I certainly was in luck to get to bring you to-night."

They forced their way through the stream of men and girls in the hall to the dancing room, and they began the waltz. Sam Worthington was almost small, but he danced perfectly, it seemed to Miss Shelton, and good dancing was a powerful appeal to her favor. She herself, as a man once told her, moved over the floor "like a hand-painted sea breeze," and, too, it was becoming to her, for the motion flushed her cheeks, which were usually a trifle pale, and loosened her dark hair just enough. Besides, languor was very appropriate to a waltz, and—as she well knew—the drooping of dark lashes made her eyes seem even bluer than usual. That was truly a charming waltz, and when it was over they hurried to their window-seat behind the palm. But Worthington, with a peremptory gesture, stopped Margy before she was seated.

"Here, don't you sit by that open window, you are sure to take cold," and he pulled the window down. She protested a little haughtily, but submitted, and somehow she did not seem averse to dancing the rest of the dances—and her programme showed several which she had with the autocratic Junior Law. In fact she was afterwards accused of cutting various other men's legitimate numbers to give them to Sam Worthington. She proclaimed in the dressing room that she had "never enjoyed a fresh reception so much," and when Sam asked her, at her door, if he might take her walking the next day, she said,

"We, that is the Zeta Upsilon, you know, are going to have a little tea down at the chapter-room tomorrow—but I think the girls will let me off for the first part of the afternoon. Yes, I'll go with you, and we can drop into the chapter-room later."

"All right. Good-bye."

But she, climbing the stairs a little wearily, turned on the light in her room and looked dreamily at her programme for full five minutes. "Do you know," she said softly, "I believe—if I let myself—that I could care for that man?"

II.

It had been a glorious afternoon. The sun was fully three times as bright as it had any right to be in November, and there was just breeze enough to bring a wonderful color into Margy's face. She had enjoyed her walk immensely, despite the fact that Sam had ordered her into the best paths with more than his usual imperiousness. His eyes had, somehow, not crinkled much during the walk—he had been, in fact portentously solemn—but Margy had made up for his grumpiness by a most radiant humor. She was positively iridescent although her companion was hardly responsive. When they entered the chapter-room every available space, it seemed, had been taken by the seekers after tea. But Margy, smiling joyously, swept the cover and vase from a little table in the corner of the room, and slipping on the table and clasping her hands round her knee, she turned expectantly toward Worthington.

"I have been talking all afternoon, a perfect blue streak, and you haven't said a word, it's your turn now. Never mind the tea, they will bring us some in a minute."

Sam had made a tentative start toward the tea-table but now he stopped, his hands clenched in his pockets, and scowled savagely at the floor.

"I've got something to say," he blurted out at last, "and I don't know how. Well, it is just this. I have been appointed second lieutenant, company K of the fourth Texas, and I must leave for the Philippines next week."

A subtle change came over the girl's face, the hands around her knees tightened their clasp. Then she straightened her shoulders and smiled bravely, radiantly.

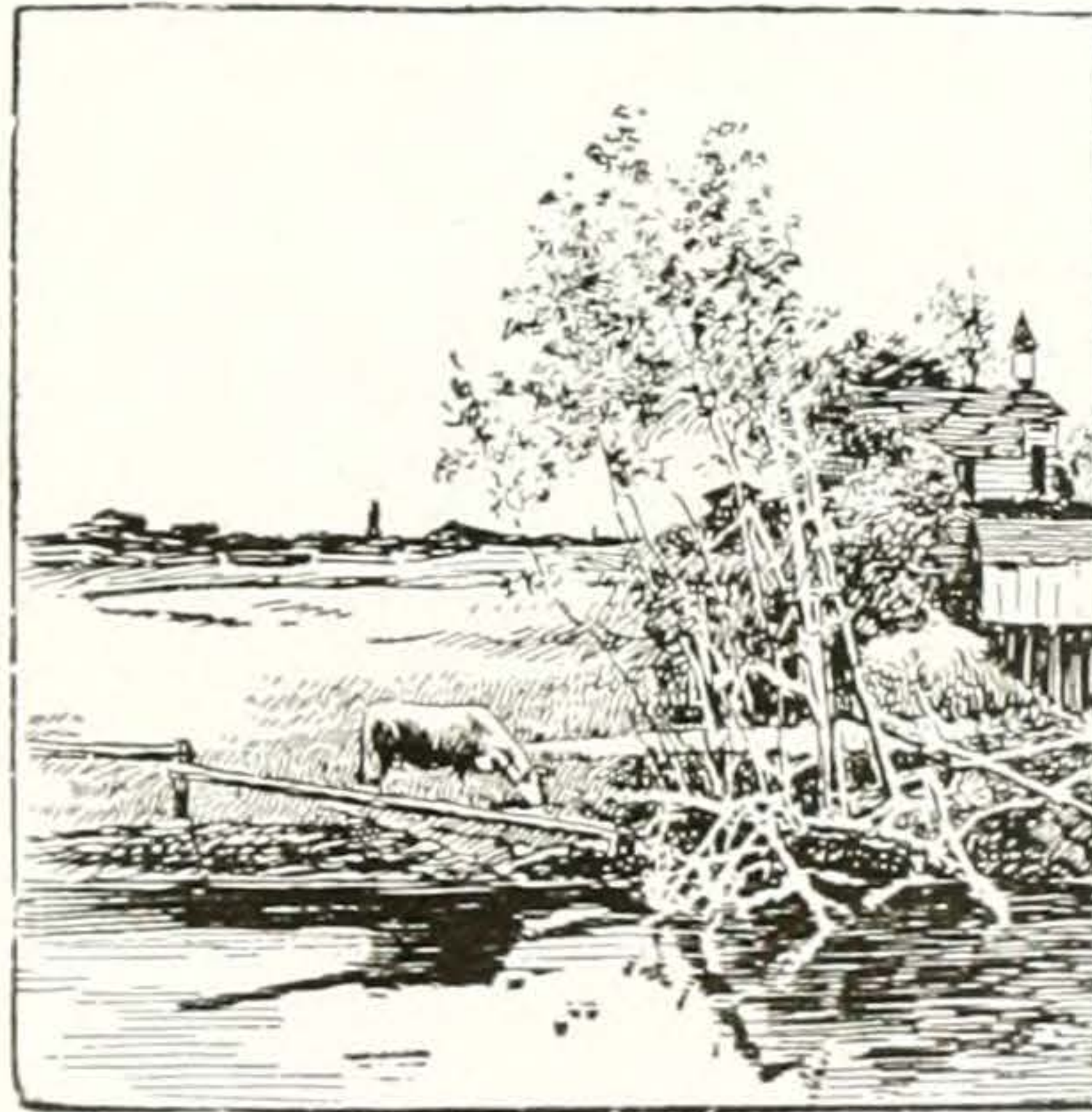
"Of course," she said, and her voice, a bit unsteady at first, became quite firm, "of course we shall miss you horribly—you have been an awfully good friend of the Zetas—but it will be perfectly dandy for you, and I certainly congratulate you."

She got down from the table and called aloud: "Girls, girls, great news! Mr. Worthington is going to be a great hero. His country calls," she laughed gaily, "and he leaves—for the Philippines, is it—next week."

The other girls gathered round him, a clamorous group, exclaiming, bewailing, protesting, while the various men in the room stood where they were, looking awkward and intensely helpless. It was noticeable that the Phi Alphas did not seem surprised. But Marjorie slipped out to the porch, alone, and stood staring into the dusk.

"I am glad," she smiled, a little queerly, "very glad, that I *didn't* learn to care."

—Virginia Rice.





Garden Gossip

Verses By
Bess B. Brown.

Drawings By
Margaret Boroughs.

A Philanthropist-

"Yes, I always try to do what is kind"
Said the Pansy with virtuous sigh
"Just this moment I gave my last honey-drop
to a troupe of a butter-fly."

The butterfly laughed 'til the quill of his wings
Danced like light. "Hear the sly yellow talk!
Why he gave me that sweet for taking his kiss
to the violet there by the walk!"

Dandy Lion's Catastrophy.

Lily:

"Yes, the great brown ox came cropping along
We all got a horrible fright
But the Dandy Lion - Look at him, poor thing,
His head turned grey in the night!"

Poppy To Jonquil



"Miss Pink is so extremely sweet
That—tell me don't you think so Jon—
It stands to reason she must sometimes
Put just a drop of perfume on

Jonquil to Pink

"I'm sure the Poppy has fine color
Yes. But—though she's such a saint,
Maybe—is it all quite natural?
They say she really see paint!"



Pink to Poppy

"Don't tell a soul I said it, dear
But—just look at Miss Jonquil there—
Don't you think they're right in guessing
she surely must blondine her hair?"



Hal, the Masher.



SCHOOL WOULD OPEN in a few days, and many of the old students were already on the ground. The desirable rooms in the immediate vicinity of the University were fast filling up. The chapter house of one of the strongest Greek letter fraternities in school was the scene of extraordinary activity. Trunks were arriving hourly, a couple of negroes were unpacking the furniture, and things were rapidly being put in shape for the boys. Ten or twelve were already there the particular night of which I write, and were lounging easily in the billiard room. Some had been back long enough to unpack and get out their smoking jackets and dressing gowns, while the fresh arrivals were still in their cinder-besprinkled traveling clothes. They greeted each other with applause, the handshakings were hearty, and some particularly close friends were weak and feminine enough to embrace each other. It was ten o'clock in the evening, old joshes were sprung and the merry yarns went round. Now and then loud guffaws apprized the neighbors of the fact that some fellow had successfully worked off a gag.

Jack Fleming caught an unsuspected sophomore on a sell which was elaborately worked up and unerringly discharged at the proper moment, and he was the hero for the time being. He soon, however, yielded place in the gang's estimation to Hiram Field whose story was about the newest and funniest in jokedom. One gave the floor to another until they had all about exhausted themselves.

Harry Wadsworth had up to this time quietly kept his corner, moody, and silent—which was something unusual for "Hal." Somehow he didn't enter into the spirit of the occasion as was his wont, but hung back, dispirited and grumpy.

Soon, however, the attention of the crowd became centered upon him, and he saw that it was no use to try to hide. Responding to vociferous calls for "Hal" and "Waddy," he allowed himself to be dragged forward.

"Fellows," he begged, "I'm in no humour to tell yarns and still less to enjoy them. I had a good stock when I left home, and carefully rehearsed several during the early part

of my journey. They were daisies but they've all left me. I'm nothing now but a disorderly vacuum, a distressed hiatus." He paused to see if they would let him off.

"What's the matter?" queried several at once.

"Done by a confidence man," suggested one.

"Mama's boy's frightened now he's 'way from home," sobbed another with kindergarten accent and manner.

"You're all wrong," said Hal. "I've simply had an experience on the train coming down that has made me feel like thirty cents, and has convinced me finally that I'm the real original human ass."

"Remarkable conversion," quoth Fleming.

"Out with it," shouted two or three.

"Well, if you've got to have a tale out of me, it's got to be *it*, for that's all I'm able to think of just at present."

The boys had become interested, for Hal's tales always had point and savor to them; and, as he had proven himself full of artifice on former occasions, none knew but what all this preparation was a sham, and none were sure that he had really had an experience.

"Well, it was this way," he began. "When I woke up about a hundred miles up the road this afternoon, there was an old gentleman sitting in the seat beside me. He proved to be quite a companionable chap, and we chatted along very pleasantly for a while."

"Then he suggested a game of cards, didn't he?" asked one of Hal's auditors anticipating.

"Damn it," roared Hal, "I'm telling this." It was a common saying among the boys that "if you want to get Hal hot, just try to stop his story."

"Order," chimed several.

"Proceed," commanded Fleming.

"Well, just as the train was rolling out of a little station, a girl about eighteen entered the coach from the front end."

"Woman in the case," chirped one of the boys.

"And fellows, she was a beauty," continued Hal, too much enthused to notice the interruption.

"*Beauty* don't express it—she was that vision with which all the faithful are rewarded. Eyes! Melting! Wonderful! And once she looked right at me."

"Of course she did, you handsome dog," said Walters, "how could she help it?"

"And form," continued Hal with enthusiasm, "there was not a sharp line in her body's contour—her whole figure suggested that 'old divine suppleness and strength'."

"The female form," declaimed Walters, the Whitmaniac, with fervor, "A divine nim-

bus exhales from it from head to foot; it attracts with fierce undeniable attraction,' and so forth; at least Walt said so."

"Yum, yum," smacked one, while the whole bunch made sounds with their lips as if they were eating sweet, juicy fruit.

Hal was by this time frothing at the mouth, but when things quieted down, he began again where he left off.

"But the thing of it was, she looked at me, and there was a look in her eyes as if she were about to recognize an old friend. And then she looked again and smiled. I thought she was smiling at the old gentleman—

"You're a liar," broke in Walters, "you thought nothing of the sort."

"As I was about to say when interrupted by that asinine bray," continued Hal, with a withering look at Walters, "I thought she was smiling at the old gentleman, and I turned quickly to him, but his face was sober as could be. I then decided it was a straight bid, and I was never particularly backward in such matters. She came straight on back and sat down two seats in front of us. I turned to the old gentleman and asked him if he saw that. 'What?' said he. 'That angel,' said I. 'Oh,' said he, 'the young lady who has just seated herself.' 'I should say so,' said I in disgust, 'is there any one else in the car?'"

"The old gentleman smiled rather curiously at my enthusiasm. 'And she smiled at me,' I continued, 'and I'm not the fellow to let a bid like that go by. She's a perfect dream. I tell you I never saw anything like her.' I was thoroughly excited. 'Well, what you going to do about it,' said he. 'Well, you just watch me,' said I, chuckling gleefully.

"I got up and staggered as gracefully as possible (we were running like the dickens) down to the water cooler, half conscious that she was thinking as she looked at me that my shoulders were square and my head high. I got a drink and started back. She looked up at me, as I thought she would."

"Now how could she help it? poor thing!" whimpered Walters.

"Dry up," demanded Hal.

"I came on down the aisle, and when opposite her, stopped and offered her a late magazine with which I had provided myself. No, she was tired of reading. 'Of talking, too,' I ventured. 'No, mother, who was in the front car, was not very talkative this afternoon.' Now consider for a moment the information she conveyed in these short sentences. Tired of reading—wanted to talk—mamma in the front car. Wasn't that enough for most any smitten idiot? I slid into the vacant seat beside her without more ado. As I did so, she glanced backward meaningly. She seemed, in fact, to ask a question and get an answer. I looked around quickly. There was a middle-aged woman, seemingly a Dago, paring an apple for a troublesome youngster over in the other aisle. Also a country-looking youth devouring a paper-back novel. Immediately back, in the seat between us and the old gentle-

man, a commercial traveler snoozed and snored. It could have been none of these that she looked at. When I turned around, of course my former traveling companion was watching us. In view of my conversation with him on parting, this was natural. He smiled at me approvingly. 'Toward whom could that glance have been directed?' I asked myself. But this soon ceased bothering me, as the damsel really consented to talk. You may have heard chain lightning mentioned in connection with quickness, but I tell you she was *it*. Her color rose as she got enthusiastic about anything, and there was something doing in my cardiac region. Fellows, she was a live proposition, if there ever was one. And you didn't have to pick your subjects. She could talk about anything. Traveled! Why she was just back from a European tour, and she could tell all about fifty places not set down in the guide book. Well, to cut the whole thing short, if she had just put me in her little satchel and carried me off, I would now be satisfied. Don't think I wouldn't. I could nestle down in there among her hair pins and visiting cards and loose change with all the grace in the world, and be happy."

"But now to the catastrophe. Steady me, boys, it must be told. The two hours we talked didn't seem two minutes. We reached here at six o'clock. I hadn't noticed that the train was standing at the station, but it was."

"Helen," said a voice above me strangely familiar, "we change cars here."

"I looked up and saw my former traveling companion."

"'All right, *father*.' She dwelt with undue emphasis on the 'father,' I thought, and rising without another word this devilish maiden gave me the merry ha, ha, and the two pushed their way down the aisle."

"I shriveled up and worked myself down into a crease in the seat cushion. The last thing I saw was a big 'W. H. F.' on the end of the old gentleman's grip. And then it occurred to my bewildered consciousness that I had failed by any artifice to get at the maiden's name. 'Commences with 'F' I murmured to myself.' They ran the car in on the siding and the porter dusted me out of the seat, and swept me out into the cold, cold world. The wind blew me about for a while, but I finally pulled myself together, picked myself up, and here I am—what's left of me."

"Which is all about as interesting a lie as I'm capable of after a hard trip," concluded Hal.

"Now you *are* a liar," said Walters. "That tale has the warmth and intimacy of experience about it. You may fool the rest of these fellows into believing that you can make up a lie like that, but you can't fool me."

"And it's strange," interposed Fleming mildly, "that my sister, who passed through here this afternoon with the governor and mother, should have told me the same tale while we were waiting for the other train, only from the lady's point of view, and described Hal to a gnat's bristle."



The Upstart.

“COME IN, FELLOWS,” invited Rand. “I’ve just been waiting for you. Here are chairs. Moore, take the rocker.” And Rand carefully closed the door before seating himself. The visitors grouped themselves in the half dozen or so chairs, and waited.

“I understand you are the executive committee of the Jefferson Literary Society.” Upon perceiving a nod of assent from his visitors, he continued: “You fellows wish to know of course what I want to confer with you about, and I will begin by telling you that I am no longer a member of The Madison Society; my resignation has been tendered and accepted.”

“The devil it has!” exclaimed Moore.

“Yes. I am therefore foot-loose so far as political ties are concerned. Now, to the point; we all know, that in the election which is about to take place, the Madison has a fine chance for success; they have been running the political affairs of Jackson College for a year or two. I come to you with a plan whereby you can elect a Jefferson man as president of the Students’ Association. To show you that I am sincere, I will recount to you how I happened to resign.”

“Rand’s tone was low and eager, and the Jefferson men, in an attitude of alertness, leaned nearer to him.

“It all came up because some of the fellows bore me a grudge,” confided the ex-Madisonian. “When we were making up the ticket, some of the younger men attempted to foist off that young upstart Lawrence on us for chief place. Russell, that senior who has already held every office except the highest, was stuck in also. My friends urged my name. The first ballot we took gave me twenty-one votes, and each of the other men twenty. That was a fair indication that the members of the Madison considered me worthy to head the ticket; but through chicanery, Russell, the senior, withdrew in favor of Lawrence, and made a brave speech. He’s fond of posing, anyway, you know. All he could mention in praise of Lawrence was that he was a popular man and would draw votes among both boys and girls. Russell does not admire Lawrence, and I just know it was a conspiracy against me. Well, Lawrence was elected. I don’t mind being defeated, but I never could bear to be beaten by lies and deceit. Young Lawrence meanwhile took all the glory to himself, and looked as if he believed all Russell said about him. Lawrence is just charmed, ravished, wild, at the thought of presiding at the Final Reception. He doesn’t appreciate the duties or dignity of the Presidency of the Students’ Association; it is the “ex-officio final ball president”—that is the prospect that delights him. I imagine he almost faints with rapture whenever he thinks of leading the grand march with his sweet-heart. But right there is where the weakness of his party lies. Lawrence and Russell

are in love with the same girl. Their friendship accordingly is not Pythian. I believe we can split the party."

To say that the executive committee was by this time thoroughly excited, were putting it mildly. The men were in a fever. An opportunity was about to present itself for the Jefferson Society, after a lapse of three years, to regain its prestige. Rand's tones thrilled them as music. "Go on," they urged.

"Their party would have split of itself, I think, if Russell had not conspired with Lawrence. At any rate, this is the situation at present. The two men are enemies, and each has his quota of friends. Yet the Madison Society has pledged itself to support Lawrence. At the same time, you and I both know that the deciding vote in this race will be cast by voters who are in neither society. Of these outside voters, a majority would unquestionably support Russell, were he nominated. Furthermore, Russell is going to nominate this upstart; and, though he be himself nominated, he will inevitably drag in young Lawrence's name. Now, we will nominate Russell, split their vote just half in two, and run in our own candidate."

"Had you thought about what to do in case Russell withdraws his name?" inquired Moore.

"Well, yes. To withdraw would be to acknowledge that he is involved in a political scheme; and to Russell, fond of popularity as he is, such an avowal would be painful. I believe, however, as a safeguard, we might, in the beginning, pass a motion forbidding any nominee to withdraw. Now, fellows," and Rand's voice assumed its softest tone, "I also have some friends who will support the Madison ticket, unless—er—"

"We will put you at the head of our ticket," interrupted Moore, "that will fix them all right."

"Well," replied Rand, "considering the fact that your expectations are not sanguine, and that my name would attract a not inconsiderable number of much-needed votes, you might bring my name before the Jeffersonian Literary Society, and let them vote on me for their chief candidate and for admission to your membership; let one ballot decide both."

Rand's visitors put their heads together for a few seconds. "Well," spoke up Moore, "I am chairman of this committee, and we have power to select whom we please for this candidacy. We are all agreed to support you. Of course you will be welcomed into the Jefferson. You shall head the Jefferson ticket. I will nominate you myself."

"All right, fellows, here's my hand on it," replied Rand. "And I will nominate Russell, so the populace will regard me as magnanimous."

The men smiled. After some further discussion, they took their leave.

Election morning saw Jackson College very much excited. The Presidency of the Students' Association, with the attached presidency of the final reception, was the highest office in the gift of the student-body. That morning, the corridors were thronged with men in little knots and groups. As you passed, you could catch a sly side-glance from under their hat brims, and could hear the low hum of eager conspirators. As twelve o'clock approached, reinforcements, picked up in the laboratories and elsewhere, began to arrive, and one gleaming committee came up proudly escorting some freshmen, prizes they had found on the streets down town. Russell, the battle-scarred veteran, was on hand, greeting his friends in his lofty, suave manner.

Rand's friends were on hand, too; they were in earnest; they were stimulated to the

height of activity by the chance of success. Moreover, they felt their confidence mount as the hour drew near. Rand was known to quite a considerable number of men, who, without being intimate, were on easy terms with him. Many of these expressed satisfaction when they learned he was in the race. The Jeffersonians had all their forces at play, and hoped for victory so strongly that already, by anticipation, they tasted its sweets.

Lawrence was in company of one or two friends, and though he attempted to conceal his excitement, his restlessness showed he was nervous. The older Madisonians felt confident of winning, but he had a thousand fears. Besides, the prospect of winning excited him as much as fear of being defeated. His youthful blood was heated by the prospect of proving to the girl of his choice that there was something in him. He felt that his senior colleague, Russell, stood higher in the lady's favor than he, but hoped his coming election would give him some advantage over the maturer Russell.

As usual, the Madison agitators gathered at the left entrance to the auditorium, and allowed their satisfaction to overflow in form of yells and cheers. The Jefferson party rallied at the right entrance. The auditorium slowly filled with young women and young men, and finally with a last yell, the leaders themselves swarmed in. The President of the Association strode down the aisle, mounted the rostrum, and rapping on his desk, cried, "The house will please come to order."

Immediately, a prominent Jefferson member arose and moved that no nominee be permitted to withdraw his name. The motion was seconded, and cries of "Question! Question!" were heard. Rand stood up then, and to mislead his opponents, objected to the motion on the ground that it was unnecessary. Another Jefferson man, however, spoke at some length in favor of the motion, and the house began to grow restless. Russell knew that a majority of the young ladies would vote the Madison ticket; but he also knew that girls hate parliamentary discussions; and he feared that this motion had been introduced to tire the girls out and induce them to go home. He arose, accordingly, and expressed himself as decidedly in favor of the motion. The motion carried.

"I will entertain nominations for the Presidency of the Students' Association," thundered the chair.

"Mr. President," called Moore, "I rise to nominate one who, though he has never held high office, yet has gained the respect, confidence, and good-will of the student body. Not only has he by kindness to all, gained the friendship of the individual; but he has also through hard work, rendered more than one service to his Alma Mater, as, for instance, when he won, a year ago, the debate against Munroe University. I have the honor to bring before you the name of Mr. James Rand."

A wave of applause swept over the assembly.

Rand arose, and was greeted by another volley of clapping. "Mr. President," he commenced in his most oratorical strain. "Seldom does it fall to the lot of a student to distinguish himself by nominating one who has achieved honor in the field of athletics, of society, or scholastic attainments, but most of all in politics. This gentleman has served as president of his Literary Society, as manager of the *Literary Magazine*, as one of the editors of the *Annual*. And now it gives me great pleasure to present as candidate once more, Mr. Wm. Russell."

This was a stab in the back. The Madisonians had the uneasy sensation of a man in a

boat when he feels it strike a rock. They knew Russell would inevitably nominate Lawrence. They knew Russell's name had been mentioned in the most unfavorable manner possible. Meanwhile the clapping continued.

Lawrence stirred in his seat, glanced around, and beheld his sweet-heart gazing at his rival and clapping like mad. He sprang to his feet. "Mr. President," he called, "and fellow-students. We all know Mr. Russell, and we all respect him. I merely mention that if we wish to show our confidence in him, this is our last opportunity. I second his nomination. I move also that nominations be closed and that we proceed with the balloting."

At the mention of Russell's name, there was a murmur of applause, and as the Madisonians realized The Upstart's sacrifice, this murmur, augmented by stamping, cheering, whistling, swelled into such a wild roar that the auditorium seemed more like a maelstrom than the gathering place of a few hundred harmless students.

The Madisonians had no intentions of taking any more chances. As soon as the chairman could obtain order, they seconded the motion. Russell attempted to arise and make demur, but was snatched back into his seat.

"All in favor of the motion," announced the President, "will make it known by saying aye."

A lusty "Aye" vibrated from the throats of nearly everybody.

"The motion carries," declared the president, "and we will proceed with the voting. All in favor of Mr. Rand, make it known by saying aye."

Another strong chorus of ayes responded.

"All in favor of Mr. Russell, make it known by a similar sign."

Another burst of "ayes" resounded, and there were cries of "vote by division! By division!"

"I will appoint eight men to count the votes, and the vote will be cast by division of the house," announced the chairman; and he named the eight men.

Rand's stronghold was on the right, and thither his supporters flocked. Those who upheld Russell surged to the left and by cheers and cries attempted to influence the undecided voters to follow. The neutrals remained in the middle. Each newcomer, on right or left, was greeted by handshakes and joyful exclamations. A company of young ladies who had been delayed in coming, showed face at the entrance, and the rival factions, each endeavoring to attract them, cheered and cheered again until the auditorium fairly rang. Meanwhile the committee of counters slowly advanced, row by row, until at last, they finished counting and collected in a group to bend over their statistics and to "check up" their results. The chairman made his report to the presiding officer, and the latter declared:

"Mr. Rand, three hundred and ten; Mr. Russell, four hundred and seventeen. Mr. Russell will be our next president."

—*Lewis B. Bibb.*



❧ **SUNSET.** ❧

The waning light streamed through the lonely pines
In mellow rays; danced in each icy nook
And crevice of the road; made whisp'ring vines,
All stiff with hoar-frost, sparkle as they shook.

The regal holly thrust a long arm out,
Resplendent in her garb of glist'ning green
Relieved by crimson gauds, as if to flout
The sober pines. and their rude garb bemean.

Far down the frozen bayou shrilled a bird
In plaintive accents to a wand'ring mate.
The mournful note so sadly sweet I heard
Hath echoed in my lonely soul of late.

'Mid blackened stumps, made desolate by hands
Relentless, lone, bereft of all its own,
A solitary pine majestic stands,
Thro' whose bare limbs the bitter night-winds moan.

L' ENVOI.

The mellow light fades from each wind-blown vine;
The plaintive bird has found her truant mate;
Still waves the wind-tossed arms of lonely pine,
And bitterly my lone soul wails its fate.

January, '04.

—Lillian Lee Green.

The Power of Darkness After Maeterlinck.

Scene:—Mother reclines on bed eating pink ice cream, while daughter gazes from window. The light in the room deepens gradually into intense darkness.

Daughter:—"I see a cloud, it is dark, and later it will be darker."

Mother:—"Oh, oh! It darkens my cream, it is no longer pink it has grown so dark."

Daughter:—"Look, mother, the cloud, the dark, dark cloud—it is nearer."

Mother:—"Daughter, come. I choke. The cloud, the cloud, I cannot see."

Daughter:—"Dear mother, you bite off more than you can chew (*beating her in the back*). Chew harder, mother. Believe that you cannot choke. Say, 'I cannot choke, I cannot, cannot choke!'"

Mother:—"I put too much in my mouth because I cannot see."

Daughter:—"Look at me, mother, the cloud is behind."

Mother:—"I cannot see you, you are dark against the cloud. I cannot see you for the cloud. I cannot see the cloud for you."

Daughter:—"Is nothing clear?"

Mother:—"Nothing. The ice cream is quite black. O! O! O! It was as the rose of dawn. Now it is black. I cannot see it."

Daughter:—"If you cannot see it it is not black; if you cannot see me I am not dark; if you cannot see the cloud it is not dark."

Mother:—"O! O! O! I am not blind, not blind, do not tell me I am blind. Oh, the ice cream was so pink, now I cannot see it. I cannot see it. I cannot see how to choke."

Daughter:—"What shall I do! It is dark. Shall I feel for the light? If I turn it on, she will choke. My poor mother!"

Mother:—"Daughter, daughter."

Daughter:—"Yes, mother, I hear you, but I cannot reach you. I cannot feel you through the darkness."

Mother (shrieks):—"My child is not blind. I am not blind. O! O! O! The darkness, the darkness!"

Daughter:—"Hush, Mother, I am feeling for the light."

Mother:—"But you will not find it and if you find it I shall choke."

Daughter:—"Mother, that is true, what shall we do!" *There is the sound of falling. Impenetrable-darkness and stillness.*

No Curtain.

A Voice From the Future.

(Dedicated to the Grind Octopus, being a Guess at what He will say after His Return to Civilization.)

When I was at the goslin age
My mental apparatus
Conceived a notion (since disproved
Of my great mental status.

At school I won much envied grades.
My teachers grew prophetic:
"When he gets to a college, then
This studious ascetic,

"By his devotion to his books
And coldness toward society,
Will lay in stocks of learning that
Will win him notoriety."

Alas for teachers! And alas
For me, poor fool, to listen
To an ambition that enticed
Where learning's prize did glisten

Like diamonds given in popcorn bags:
All shine, no worth that's solid.
For I went studying on and on,
Toward all but text books, stolid.

But once in springtime, when I chanced
In flowered paths to dally,
I passed a maiden; at her glanced:
My heart could never rally.

I, who was as incapable
Of zeal as any banker,
For other things than bloodless books
At last had learned to hanker.

I met the maiden; called on her;
And we were soon right chummy.
then learned how much I had missed
When I had lived a mummy.

One evening the moon was apt,
And much enhanced her beauty.
My brain was awed; my heart was rapt;
My pulse went shooty-shooty.

My brain-corked jug of sentiment
Abruptly blew its stopper.
I seized her hand; she let it stay:
Most blissfully improper!

I told her how her eyes, her lips,
Her white hand's graceful taper,
Her voice, her ways, had caught my hopes
Like flies on sticking paper.

I called her lovely, sweet, fine, dear;
Plum, honey, dumpling, cherry;
And other such things that appear
In Love's vocabulary.

She hinted that I wasn't It,
And that she wouldn't choose me.
I wouldn't go at that; but vowed
She'd find it hard to lose me.

I begged, "Don't throw me down ker-
thump,
But let me down right easy!
What makes your answer, Sugarlump,
So cautious and so freezy?"

She looked at me in squint-eyed scorn:
My heart began to teeter.
"I fear you'd tire of me, and turn
To Schmidt *On Saxon Meter*."

I vowed by all that's good and bad,
By martyr, saint and devil,
That, having known her love, no more
I'd sink to *Schmidt's* low level.

I clawed the ground and bit the air
And swore like any pirate
That I'd make kindling out of *Schmidt*
If her love did require it.

She's still distrustful of me, though;
She keeps me in probation;
She fears that I may soon relapse
To *Schmidt's* old fascination.

But maidens at the rosebud age
Are far more influential
Than learning's heaviest-weighted page;
To culture more essential.

And long as she has eyes and lips,
No more with *Schmidt* I'm smitten:
Youth says young Love does far eclipse
The best books ever written.

—Clyde Walton Hill.

Phyllis.

Phyllis, my palpitator couldn't
Help from bein' yourn unto the last;
But, Phyllis dear, I wish you wouldn't
Chaw that gum so fierce and fast!

Opportunity.

I looked at her, she looked at me,
And oh! the time flew by:
"How hot it is today," said she;
"It looks like rain," said I.

If You are Solemn, Buy a Cactus Key and hunt up the Jokes.



A Versified Horror With Moral Attached.

Know first, these rhymes were writ by me
Of the eater and the eatee,
And now if interested ye be
Read on to the catastrophe.

* * * *

In Afric's woods, mid swamps and sticks
Where tiger prowls and giraffe kicks,
Sore vexed by gnats and flies and ticks,
There dwelt a giant seven foot six.

He ramped around thru leafy lanes,
He blotched the land with bloody stains—
They fed His Majesty with pains
On ostrich eggs and human brains.

In that same land there dwelt a maid
Who often thru the forest strayed
Blooming, fresh and unafraid,
Delighting up the streams to wade.

And when this maid the giant saw,
A burning yearning filled his maw—
Says he, "Here's flesh without a flaw!
Ay Gany, I could eat her raw!"

These cogitations of the king
Expressed in angry bellowing,
I've had some trouble translating
To make them read quite ting-a-ling.

And if, my friend, you think it Easy
To rhyme four times a word like "Greasy"
And keep your verse from sounding Wheezy,
Why then, my friend, your head is Cheezy.

But what have these remarks to do
With this here tale I'm telling you,
Of maid by ravenous giant chased
He burning of her flesh to taste?

(Right here, however, I'll coral
This slippery tale until I shall
Have found a name to suit the gal—
What say you?—Let her go at 'Sal'.)

'Twas nip and tuck 'twixt Sal and him—
Right down the trail by the river's brim,
Fleeter than flight of seraphim—
Unfettered they, and free of limb.

Pray, moral folk, be not severe,
I just must make my meaning clear—
These twain were clad in nought, I fear,
Save stains and humid atmosphere.

But if thy dainty pink-tipped snout,
My moralist, suffers o'er much about
My couple climate-clad, no doubt
I'd best go back and scratch it out.

Offend thee! Dainty, dolce chit!
Why I had ten times sooner quit
Right here, chew up what I have writ
And spit 'er from me bit by bit.

But I digress—Would'st fain relate
A story well? Strike ye straight
For the denouement. Nab me, dire Fate,
Do! if again I divagate.

Sal proved the fleeter of the two,
Although the giant fairly flew.
She kept the monster in a stew,
Enjoying such as maidens do.

And oft by sudden turns and stops
She'd bring him near her in the copse,
Frisk off by festive skips and hops,
Then turn and watch him lick his chops.

And when the maid again had fled,
"She must be nice to eat," he said.
(The monster did indeed reflect
And grunted grunts to that effect.)

At length by strategy this king
Did in his power the maiden bring.
Grimly he smiled and said "I sup"—
And there upon he eat 'er up.

* * * *

I writ this years ago and knew it
Never had the praising due it;
For all that I could get to view it
Complained there was no moral to it.

If it be moral that it lack,
Now let me have another whack
And in a jiffy I will tack
This potent moral on its back.

Just listen here: *The maid who shall
Tempt wantonly the Cannibal—
Man's Passion—nigh above that gal
Is poised the dreadful fate of Sal.*

—Roy Bedichek.

Quizzical Legal Quizzes.

1. A owns a haunted house; B buys, enters and occupies it. Has A any right subsequently to make B give up the ghost?

This is, at best, a grave question. Under ordinary circumstances, A would not have a ghost of show according to the spirit of the law. Dr. Fay, a recognized authority, seems to think the case might be altered by some expression on the part of the ghost concerning its pleasure, but he is perhaps too much of a stickler for dead languages.

2. If C in throwing a stone at D knocks a picket out of D's fence, can D pick it up in defense?

He can unless C has entered upon D's land, in which case he cannot be put out on a pick up.

3. If A comes home drunk and his wife complains, does this give A a right to liquor? This is now before the higher courts on the wife's appeal.

4. Is there any legal way to break girls of the crying habit? It might be done under the statutes prohibiting privateering.

5. A is given a sentence for striking B for a loan. Who has power to stop the sentence?

The Governor can stop a sentence at any period. In this and collateral cases, however, it is clear that a plea of self-defense could be sustained.

6. A owes B a sum of money and refuses to pay it, whereupon B assaults A. A proves to be Bob Fitzsimmons. Can B recover?

It is learned that in this particular difficulty, A landed without seisin. This fact seems to be a limitation on B's chances of recovery.

7. If A chews B's wax and hurts his gum, can he mouth about it if he choose?

Don't bother about the jokes. Buy a key.

By The Sad Sea Waves.

I.

THITHER flocked they in the summer
From the city's dust and din.
Never bloomed a fairer Eden
For mated souls to wander in.
List, oh list, you eager lovers,
To the ocean's rhythmic croon!
Eastward gaze, O happy lovers,
See the dawn of plenilune!

* * * *



III.

Ah, gently was the night wind blowing,
Which is no cause for surprise.
(Who ever heard in am'rous verses
Of wind a-blowing otherwise?)
And two hours since the moon had risen
From the flowing purple seas,—
Now she rode in full-robed splendor
Six yards beneath the Pleiades.

II.

At Mary's father's summer cottage
On the broad veranda—there
Sat Mary Collins and her lover—
There he prayed a lover's prayer.
'Twas only summer by the sea-shore,
But the tremor in his voice
Sounded wondrous earnest as
He wooed this maiden of his choice.

IV.

He held her soft white hand in his, he
Pressed it gently once or twice,
Or more, mayhap (I wasn't counting),
He may have even pressed it thrice.
His attitude was lover-like, his
Accents suave and fit to please
The most exacting—he had really
Gotten down upon his knees—

V.

When suddenly a sound—a shriek—
A squall, broke on the night so still—
At the veranda's edge two Thomas
Cats a-fightin' fit to kill.

VI.

Quick upstarted Leonardo
 (That was Mary's lover's name,)
 And in his heart was sacrifice,
 In his dark eye consuming flame.
 Out rushed he to the scene of action,
 There to do or there to die—
 He would have dared ten thousand gruesome
 Devils, even as you and I.

VIII.

O all ye kind of heart and tender,
 Pray Leonardo's cause espouse,
 For Mary, thinking this desertion,
 Quickly bolted in the house.
 When Leonardo from the carnage
 Sought again his Mary's door
 Craving entrance, no responses came
 Save the night wind's "nevermore."

VII.

(This sound so fraught with deadly terror
 For the urban youth and maid,
 Two rural lovers would have listened
 To serenely unafraid;
 But you must know that Leonardo
 And the gentle Mary, too,
 Had all their lives heard only the culch'd
 Sounds that haunt Fifth Avenue.)

IX.

But still the moon in full robed splendor
 Hung above the purpled seas,
 Climbing up the spangled heavens
 Toward the fading Pleiades—
 Still to Leonardo, longing,
 Wandering aimless and alone,
 Drearily in humid accents,
 Came the sea's low monotone.

—Roy Bedichek.

In the Wake of Omar.

Two span of mules, a horse, a sulky plow,
 A black-land farm, some cows, some swine
 —and Thou
 Partner with me in domesticity—
 Oh, Texas then were Paradise enow!

Ah, Love! dear Love! I would not then aspire
 To set "this sorry scheme of Things" afire,
 Or rack my brain with things beyond my ken—
 I'd think even bare existence *living* then!
 —Gates Thomas '00.

A Live Question.

"If ladies be but young and fair,
 They have the gift to know it,"
 But the thing that's always puzzling them,
 Is some new way to show it.

—G. T. '00.

The Wisdom of Ben Aginsi.

There is many a slip 'twixt the stein and the "dip."
When you do cut, cut the subject you know the best.
To become a successful corridor gladiator, drop the corridor smile.
Don't try to lead a loge life on a "peanut" allowance.
The owl may not lose its wisdom by flying around at night, but you have yours to get;
take the last car home.
When "cotin," cut out Pat and the serenades; your object is to strengthen your hand,
not to weaken it.
Enter the class-room looking wise and you leave it otherwise.
Ape in the Delmonico Cafe and you fail to meet your board bill at "B" Hall.

—J. A. R.

A Riddle.

Its every Move is full of Grace,
An inch a Minute is its Pace,
A Snail could beat it in a Race:
What is the Pride of *Alma Mater*?
What is so late it can't be later?
The Answer's plain—OUR ELEVATOR!

Limerick.

A man as a Sophomore classed,
Whom all of his comrades surpassed,
Sat in his bower
And wished by the hour
That exams were things of the passed.



When the happy young Pappy, at night,
Has heard his babe's last squall;
Why, then it seems to him
That *this* is the Final Bawl.



But Singleton's *Party*, Commencement week
(Of course 'tis plain to us all),
Is named, and rightly named,
The great and glorious Final Ball.

W.M.D. 7

'Twas only last night that Jim,
As we sat on the Varsity steps,
Said that I was a verse to him;

And of course I never told Jim,
As we sat on the Varsity steps,
That I *wasn't* averse to him.

THE PUNSTERS.

Sir Marcellus Bender Moses,
'Neath the first full moon of Spring
Was ensconced among the roses,
With his lady whispering.

"Give up," demanded Sir Bender,
"Fast am I in your stronghold, Sweet;
And its wise, you know, to surrender,
When surrounded without retreat."

"Surrender! I will never!"
Did the Lady quick aver—
"I hope to be forever
Up in arms against you, sir."

Once there was a cussed albino
Who thought he could play the piano,
And he played on it till
Everyone had his fill;
But just what he played, damfino.

There are others beside the albiknow
Who think they can play the piaknow;
For just in his fix
Are some five or six
Sweet society misses that I know.

Banquet in Honor of Coach Hutchinson and Foot Ball Team of 1903.

TOASTS.

"DRAG YOUR MAN."

Judge James B. Clark.....Referee
 Judge John C. Townes.....Umpire
 Dean S. E. Mezes.....Head Linesman
 Dr. H. Y. Benedict.. }Time-keepers
 Prof. T. U. Taylor... }
 The Scrubs.....The line to make
 President W. L. Prather.
 The Coach..... Made your distance
 Dr. A. Caswell Ellis.
 The Team..... Goal
 Hon. T. W. Gregory.
 Athletics in University Life.. Fifteen yards in
 Captain Watson.
 Politics in Athletics.....Kick it out
 Manager Hatchitt.
 Next Year's Team..... Take out time
 S. S. Searcy.
 Free Scrimmage.....Everybody on side
 Turn In.

LINE UP.

"Kick off."
 OYSTER COCKTAIL. First down five to gain.
 Don't fumble.
 TOMATOES SWEET PICKLES
 SALTED ALMONDS OLIVES
 OXTAIL SOUP, a l' Anglaise. Around the end.
 Dive for A. & M.
 CANAPES
 TENDERLOIN TROUT, Tartar Sauce. Fair catch.
 Pull out the Interference.
 SARATOGA CHIPS
 CHICKEN PATTIES, Foul tackle. A wing shift.
 ASPARAGUS ON TOAST
 LARDED TENDERLOIN VENISON. Fake buck.
 Full back through.
 MASHED POTATOES PEAS IN CASES
 SHRIMP SALAD, Mayonaise. Low in the line.
 Stay with your man.
 MACEDOINE FRUIT, Whipped Cream.
 General mix up. Tackle low.
 ICE CREAM AND CAKE. Fall on the ball.
 Cut in.
 COFFEE AND CHEESE. Double Pass.
 Use your hands.
 CIGARS. Take out the end.

A Disturbing Element.

Ah, still as the shrouded body
Lies in yon ancient tomb
Lay the quiet world at midnight,
As if awaiting doom.

The gentle southern zephyr
Had sighed itself to rest;
The crescent moon hung lifeless
O'er the low hills to the west.

Even the trees seemed listening
With quick attentive ears,
For a voice to break the silence
Of a hundred thousand years.

All Nature's tongues were silent—
Not a sound the still air bore
Save my confounded room-mate's
Reverberating SNORE!

Buy a Key to the CACTUS Jokes and Laugh.

Limericks.

There was a young man from Dakota
With sweethearts named Minnie and Rhoda;
For Rhoda he bought her
Some swell toilet water
But decided to give Minnesota.

The great high Mogul of Ceylon
Once made out his official bond;
When the form was complete
He went to his seat
And put the seal on of Ceylon.

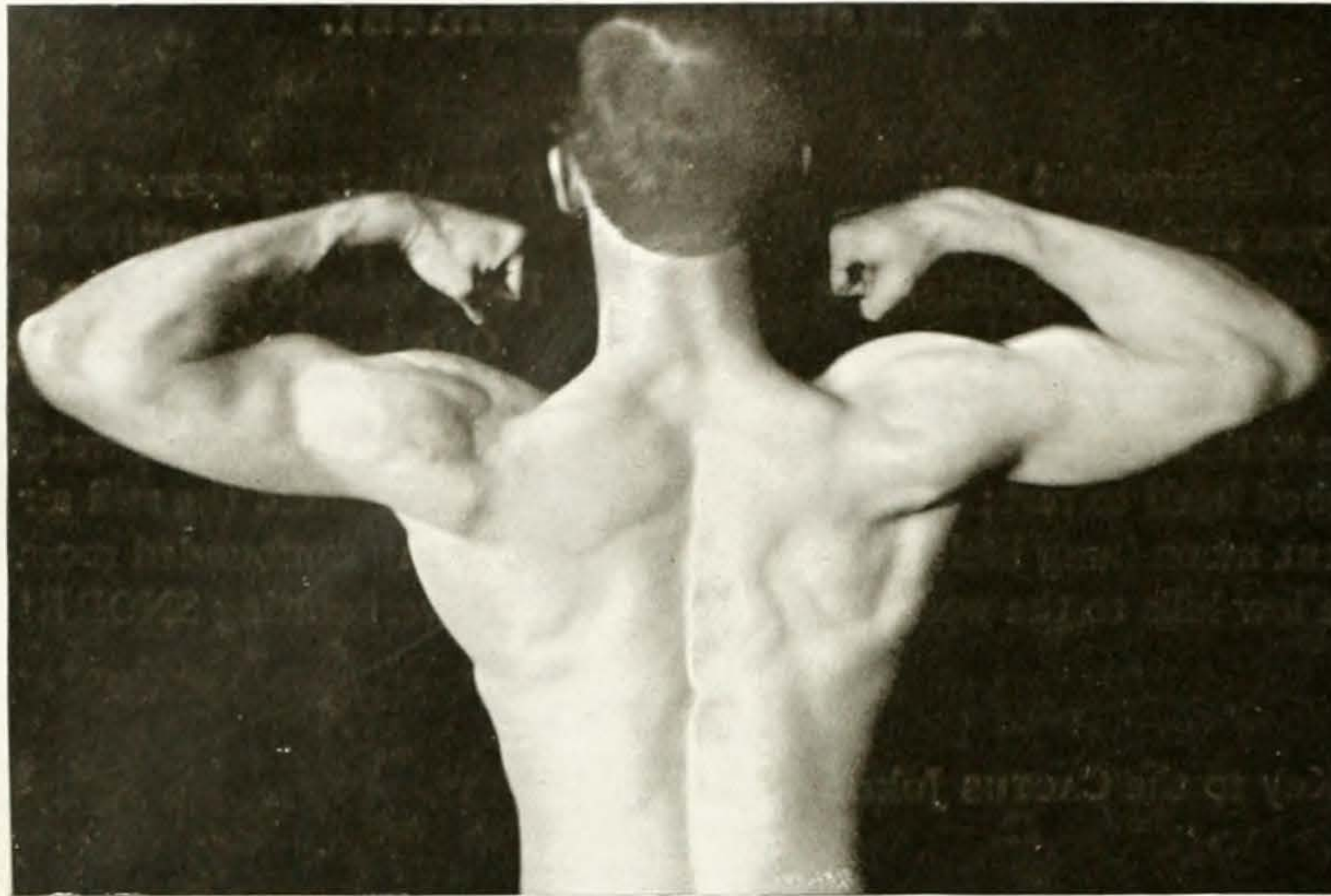
A classical youth, Aristotle,
Wore a cork foot and did tattle;
The stopper, I hear,
Popped out of his beer,
So he stuck his cork toe in the bottle.

I'll ask you a difficult thing:
Hang up a dead bird by a string—
When you've thus hung the bird,
Is it true or absurd
You can shoot a dead bird on the wing?

A student who cared not to thrive
Gambled all night in a dive;
When the door they did lock,
He was right with the clock—
He lacked just a quarter of five.

There is a young man here from Bismarck
Who will not go out when it is dark;
He stays home at night
And digs till it's light—
Be it said he will some day make his mark.

The Key to the CACTUS Jokes will save your Poor Head.



THE LATEST IN BREAKFAST FOOD ADVERTISEMENTS.



Austin is a pretty place—
It gives us all a smile—Ah!
Its hills are always fresh and green,
And so is Wallie Tile—Ah!

Dawn.

Night's darkness with soft-circling lover's arm
Folds round the sleep-stilled earth. Like to pure prayer
Silence laps Time about. The dew-chill air
Is permeate with a mystic, sweet, faint balm
Flowing from dusk-hid flower-fonts. A charm
Of dim forgetfulness lulls weary care
To gentlest oblivion, or to rare
Dream-visions of a land of restful calm.
Then, then, a tiptoe wind thrills noiselessly
From out the west, telling its timid flight
In fragrant flower-sighs and splash of wee
Dew-tears shook from morn's lash. A tint of white
At east; a glow; a gleam; then gloriously
God's world-old word flows forth—"Let there be Light."

—*Bess B. Brown.*





The Campus Improvement and Deviloping Company.

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I. WILLIE PRATHER, F. O. B., P. D. Q., N. B., C. O. D., R. S. V. P.,.....	Presiden
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"SUNFLOWER BECK".....	Chief Rake

DIRECTORS.

Prexy, I. Willie Prather, William Lambert Prather, W. L. Prather, LL. D. Prather, LL. B. Prather, and Regents *in absentia*.

OBJECT.

This Corporation aims finally at a system of underground railways and tunneling into class-rooms and student-quarters which will make it possible for a vigilant eye to be kept on both professors and students. Too much time is squandered here. This system will greatly facilitate economy in the golden seconds that are ours and ought to be used in furthering the interests of this great State.

Bilious Prexy I.

A Quarrelsome



Pair



A cantankerous cat of contentious mind
To combat and quarrelsome way we used,
Met a pugnacious pup whose proclivities were
To bespurn the law with that peerless pair

I

And this is
The dog,



And there is
The cat



Now what do you think of such
actions as that?

II

The cat caterwailed and scolded and spat
Till she nearly expired in a catleptic fit
And the dog snapped and snarled and
in impulsive tones

Seemed threatening to peck Mistress
Pussy Cut's bones

And here is the dog



And here is the cat
Now what do you think of such
actions as that?

III

Now quarrelsome words as everyone knows
we aptly indulged in to lead into blows
and those who are given to combative ways
quite often conclude that to fight seldom pays.
Now this is the dog:



And this is
the cat;



What now do you think of such actions
as that?

The Pupil's Own Menagerie.



The following pages describe in simple terms the appearance and habits of several animals familiar to every child in this school.



The Grindoctopus.

See, child-ren! Look at the Grind-oc-tu-pus. Is he not a wonder-ful an-i-mal? His fav-o-rite pas-time is de-vour-ing books of all sorts. He hard-ly ev-er comes out of his hole; and so it was aw-ful hard for us to get his picture. In the day-time he goes to things called classes. If he should miss a class, he would cry. How fun-ny that seems, does it not, child-ren? Ob-serve the bump on his cran-i-um. That is E-ru-di-tion. E-ru-di-tion, child-ren, is good for the Soul, but the Sto-mach suf-fers fro-m it. The Grind-oc-tu-pus has no Sto-mach; so *he* can board at U-ni-ver-si-ty Hall. See, too, how he has e-vo-luted un-til now he looks like a Sea Ser-pent. Child-ren, do not e-mu-late this an-i-mal; for you will vour-self be-come Snake-y.



The Athleticum Ferociosus.

This Brute, boys and girls, we have to keep in a cage. There we feed him raw meat and, at times, poke him with a sharp stick, so that he may be fierce, and thus make a good foot-ball play-er. You see he is eat-ing a leg of mut-ton. He did not get this at U-ni-ver-si-ty Hall. It came from the train-ing tab-le. From Oc-to-ber un-til a-bout the last of No-vem-ber, he is so *awful!* Why, chil-dren, he would eat you a-live then. He is a fro-lic-some brute, and his fav-or-ite pas-sime is Foot-ball. Foot-ball, my dears, is what folks call Ruf-fi-an-like Slugg-ing (be-fore they come to Col-lege and learn bet-ter).

We love this an-i-mal, be-cause he be-longs to one or two Pro-fess-ors, and be-cause he is fed off the mon-ey which the CAC-TUS makes.



The Masherina.

Here, Pu-pils, is a an-i-mal whom you all know. Ob-serve his Con-tour. In Bib-li-cal times he be-longed to Bal-a-am; but now he has but-ted in-to our midst. His main aims in life are to keep the wolf away from the door of the Arm-strong Boys, to tread the mys-tic maze of Eighth Street Hall, and to smash Co-ed cardiac tissue. He would rath-er wear a Dress Suit than go to class. How strange that seems to *us!*

My dears, if you are a Co-ed, shun his path; for, by one glance from his goo-goo oculo-rum, he will in-fat-u-ate you so that it will not be pos-si-ble for you to get a-way be-fore your poor heart is frac-tured; for Cal-ic-o is his fav-or-ite fab-ric.



The Fraterniticulum.

The Spor-ti-cus Fra-ter-ni-ti-cu-lum comes from Hel-las, and all the Barbs want him to go back to Hell-as soon as possible. He is a fun-ny brute who dotes on Kap-pas and other con-fec-tions. He loves the fes-tive two-step, too.

The a-bove pic-ture shows him in the act of eat-ing his an-nu-al Thanks-giv-ing meal of Fresh-men on January 19th.

His Haunt is us-u-al-ly a Den called Chap-ter House. Avoid this as you would the Dean's of-fice; and all will go well.

Little Ones, do not al-low this mon-ster to take you in. Be stead-fast and re-sist his at-ten-tion. Be firm like the Pat-ron God of the Barbs, The Al-mighty Joe, be.



The Pokerina.

This, my Dears, is an Po-ker-in-a. Do not call him Pork-e-ri-na, for he would be-come an-gry. He lives in a Full House, and it makes his Heart Flush to win a pot. This queer creat-ure does not yearn for Weil-bach-ers, but he *can* stand Pat. He is ve-ry fas-ti-di-ous, and likes best to sit down with Kings and Queens. Be-ware of him, Chil-dren, lest he play the deuce with you. See! In his tail he holds a Ace. With this he might pos-si-bly fill and call you—but DO NOT go. The Pok-er-in-a sits up all night, and thus fre-quent-ly his feet get cold. Do not, Little Ones, DO NOT em-u-late the Poker-i-na for he bust-eth him-self ev-en as he bust-eth his friends.

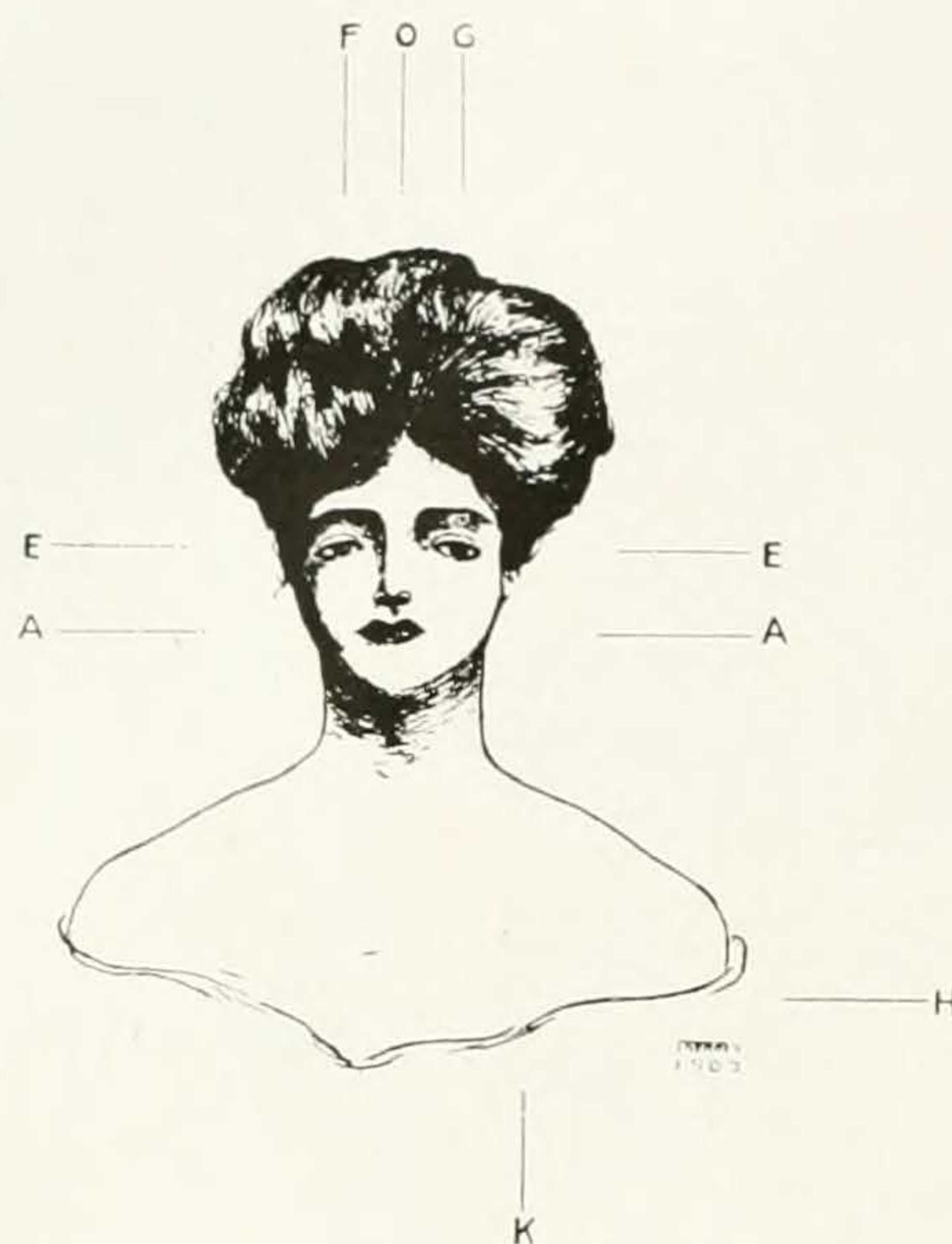


The Sporticus Boozerina.

The Booz-er-in-a is some-thing like the Grind-Oc-tu-pus in his e-vo-lu-tion. The one has de-vel-op-ed from drinking at the Fount-ain of Know-ledge, while the oth-er has favor-ed Pat when hirs-ty. He hard-ly ever comes through the Rye with-out get-ting wet, and his po-et-ry is largely lagerhythms.

If the Booz-er-i-na should have lock-jaw, he would howl for a hy-po-derm-ic, lest he be con-strained to do with-out his nour-ish-ment.

O Children, just to think that once this beast was nice and sweet like you, but now his app-e-tight has dev-el-op-ed those long sy-phons, and now his hoof is clov-en—and so is his breath—when he can get the cloves.



The Heart-Crusher.

The Heart-Crusher, of which a perspective view is here shown, is an excellent machine for breaking hearts for any purpose—or for no purpose. HGA is a frame which supports the other parts. At HK there is a motor hidden from view. The power is communicated from this motor to the parts FE and GE. The hearts are usually crushed by these parts alone, but when one of unusual hardness is to be broken, AO is also used. No large fragments can escape. This insures thorough and even crushing of the material.

This device is not patented, but has been in use since the days of Eve. It has been improved by each succeeding generation until a high degree of perfection has been reached. The machines of varying power are in use in all parts of the world. Several of a rather large capacity are now operating in the University of Texas.

It has been found that they vary in capacity from one heart a month to several a week; and, on rare occasions, a capacity of several hearts a day has been reached. This does not, however, strain the machinery.

—Mac Kerbey.

TO A BOTTLE.

'Tis very strange that you and I
Together cannot pull;
For you are full when I am dry
And dry when I am full.

O. K. S.

It stands to good reason
That the It of the season—
We know very well
Is John LaPrelle.
We know very well
It stands to good reason
He's the It of the season.

THAT "PURP."

When Nannie's arms her dog imprison
O! how I wish my neck were his'n!
How often would I stop and turn,
To get a pat from a hand like her'n,
And when she kisses Towser's nose
O! how I Wish that I were those!

O. K. S.

Now there's a young Wall
Who gives us his tenor.
He balls with a squall—
That fellow named Wall
And bothers us all,
The pesky young sinner.
Now there's a young Wall
Who gives us his tenor.

Though Sargeant is honest as honesty goes,
One debt he refuses to pay;
Some thirty-five cents to the barber he owes;
He never will pay him, as every one knows,
But calls for more time day by day.

There is an old adage you've oft heard said,
Which proves to each rule an exception is laid;
An example of which in our midst has been
led—
Why will Wat appear brilliant—on top of
of his head?

Excelling Samson and the Philistines,
The new librarian, see how fierce he looks!
He, with a rail of ordinary pine,
Killed forty thousand books.

"What made the tower of Pisa lean?"
Asked the Prof.; and if you'd dropped a pin
You could have heard it fall—
Till finally a gaunt student and thin
Replied: "It boarded at B. Hall."

The world is full of stupid folks
Who seem to think it true,
That just because a man makes jokes
That's all that he can do.
"Lump."

Some Poker Terms Explained.

A Pair of Shorts.....	Neathery and Searcy.
Three of a Kind.....	Frank Lanham, Joe Kerbey, Denton.
The Limit.....	Wallie Tyler.
Windy.....	Lewis Johnson.
Bluff.....	Joe B. Hatchitt.
Four Jacks.....	Hickey Quartette.
Cuter.....	Joe Kerbey.
Full House.....	Kappa Sigma Chapter House.
Two Deuces.....	Lumpkin and White.
Four Flush.....	Coke Burns.
Busted Straight.....	Budley Fisher.
Three Queens.....	Misses Stedman, Bartholomew and Morey.
Sheeny Flush.....	Maurice Wolfe.
All Pink.....	Ned Shands.
Pass.....	Red Watson.



A Freshman has troubles of his own.

Who is He?

I am somewhat afraid to describe him to you,
As 'twill be "aggravating" my "station";
But I'll venture to give you a brief little view
Of an adjunct in the "school education."

(I am a Freshman, you see,
Therefore you'll agree
That it's "up to me"
In education three.)

He's straight as an arrow;
He's moderately slim;
His age is near forty,
But he's "still in the swim."

He's perfectly pretty;
His ways are "immense;"
He would "tickle your fancy"
In spite of your sense.

He's graceful, he's cunning,
He's dudish, he's gay,
And he's always attentive
To what the girls say.

He gives them their questions
With a love-catching smile,
And helps them to answer them
Once in a while.

But the boys get their questions
In ways very cool,
And, gosh! how he sticks it
To Adrian Pool!

This sporty Professor is an athlete, too;
He is everything, up to a jockey;
He even goes down in the "Hennery Gym,"
And teaches the girls about "HOCKEY!"

—Freshman H—

Letters From a Home-Made Student to His Chum and Elsewhere.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, March 12, 1904.

Dear Father:—Please excuse the shortness of this letter, but I am very busy. You know I wrote to you before that the examinations are coming right away, and I'll have to study at least sixteen hours a day to keep up the good class standing I have made. Tell mother not to worry; she knows I have a strong constitution. Last night at two o'clock the electric lights went out, and I had to walk half a mile to borrow a candle to read by. We had an accident, for, although we have to borrow candles pretty often in this city, we are not as used to them as we might be. While my room-mate was studying philosophy, he nodded into the candle and burned off some of his hair.

Good-by, give my love to Mother and the girls.

Your dutiful son,

John.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, March 12, 1904.

My Dear Bobbie:—You ought a been with me. Do you remember that man Thompson, who used to brag to us about his ability as a poker player. I was with him from 10 to 4 last night. You know that little room at Pat's where the T. T. T.'s was founded? Well, I was by myself, walking along the campus to Weillbacher's for a plate of chile, when Thompson struck me, and invited me to join him and a couple of friends in a little sociable. I didn't know any of them very well, but I thought I could live if I remembered your lessons. We butted into Pat's, and settled down in that little room behind the stove. I had only seven dollars on me, and I wanted to take the little one to the show to-night, so I determined to handle my chips like Fulton does his change. Thompson sat across from me, Blue on my left and a guy from Swanee named Grandhead on my right. When I saw they were infants, I proposed penny ante, two-bit limit.

Well, there we were at eleven o'clock. The thing passed off well; we had a rake-off to keep Pat in good humor, and nothing happened until about half past three. As I said before, I felt ashamed of myself and just couldn't take the money—it was too easy. Thompson opened his hand as if it were a Chinese fan, counted his flakes after every deal, swallowed hard if he had over two pair, and spit into his vest-pocket when he lost with a little heart flush. He began to talk as if he had lived on lemon juice for a week. He had lost money, temper and politeness, and then, think of it, he accused me of trying to learn his method of playing because I held a post-mortem over his discards. That made me mad, and I kept my mouth shut and thought things.

Pat's clock struck four, and the roosters at the Woman's Building began to crow. I was deep in my chair, trying to give the impression that I had lost interest. Grandhead had the deal; he gave me three nines, a six, and some other card. As Thompson looked at his hand, he didn't move. From that I knew he had nothing. I opened under the guns and discarded one. Thompson stayed, and a great idea seemed to strike him. He backed me a quarter and asked leave to take the limit off. "Bluff"! I thought. "All right," I said, "it's almost time to go, let's take it off." They agreed and I met his raise. He stood pat, and I caught another dear little six. I didn't want to scare him so I bet fifty cents. He raised me a dollar. I looked scared to death, and raised only two-bits, so as to give him a chance to spread himself. He thought he had me and bet four dollars. I met it, and raised only a dollar. He threw his hand into the spitcon, broke a good cigar, and cashed in \$0.20.

Yours,

John.

P. S.—The little one says she knows a man you knew in Virginia.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, March 15, 1904.

Dear Father:—As I carry six and one-third courses, I need a good many books; for the past three months I have been buying them on credit. I owe \$17.35 on books—please send me a check at once. I have been reading so much of late that my eyes are beginning to give me trouble. Enclosed please find oculist bill of \$8.00. I took supper with Aunt Kate last Sunday night. She is a dear old lady and has such noble ideas upon correct conduct of young people that I receive much pleasure and benefit from her conversation. She took me to hear Mr. Balood preach. He is a son of old Tom Balood, and inherits much of his father's goodness and eloquence. He made me a better man. I hear that little cousin Mary is visiting you. Kiss her for me, and may the Lord bless you all.

With much affection, your dutiful son,

John.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, March 15, 1904.

My Dear Bobbie:—That man Thompson has a brother. For Lord's sake never meet him if you can help it. I met him. Please send me a little money at once.

Yours,

John.



A little pearl
Round which the waters whirl.
—Fay Kincaid.

I loathe that low vice, curiosity.
—Night Watchman.

He watched, and wept, and felt and prayed
for all.
—Welker.

“Song! What song! Why, I brought that
song from Europe with ME.” —Ed Connor.

My position is too great for me; I endeavor
to swell out to it. —Alex. Weisburg.

For my voice, I have lost it with singing of
songs. —A. P. Ward.

We can study our books at any time, for
they are always disengaged.
—McLean Brothers.

H. B. Beck, Demeritus Professor of Land-
scape Gardenings.

Art may make a suit of clothes, but Nature
must produce a man. —Pince Nez Bukitt.

There are more ways to the woods than one.
—The Strollers—Baskett, Sewell
George Shelton, Logan and Milam.

Mirth is God's medicine. —Fritz Lanham.

A modest man never talks about himself.
—Frank Lanham.

With his mouth full of news.
—Walker Stephens.

Self-confidence is well; but when it runs to
I and I and I, and I again, it becomes a nuis-
ance to us all. —Graham Dowdell.

If at first you don't succeed; try, try again.
—George Wright.

A dashing bold, confident lover, with enough
tinge of blase bad to make him more attractive
still. —Louis Phelps.

Being always in love, I am always miserable.
—Jimmie Waggener.

TO THE BIG GUNS — THE DEPARTED AND DEPARTING.

Henry Lee, O where is he?
Ben Powell, too, and Joe?
Then Dexter, too, must bid adieu,
And like Lewis, homeward go.

If Jim Hackett is so slender now that he is
officially known as “Spider Legs,” how will he
look when he gets to be a grand-daddy?

O John, you are a poet;
But I never heard you talk,
That I didn't think at once
Of a cripple trying to walk.

Harry went down to the foot-ball field,
A full-back he would be;
Harry came back from the foot-ball field,
Nary a full-back he.

O Alex, Big Alex, who
Made you Lord of all
Us other little infants
On this terrestrial ball?
Who crowned you King
Of 'Varsity, with pen and ink to rule
Us other chumps that, just like you,
Came down to run this school?

Each day our Prex can make a speech,
Or even a score or more;
He belongs to the “College of Augurs,”
Because he's such a bore.



Photo by Jordan.

INTERIORS.

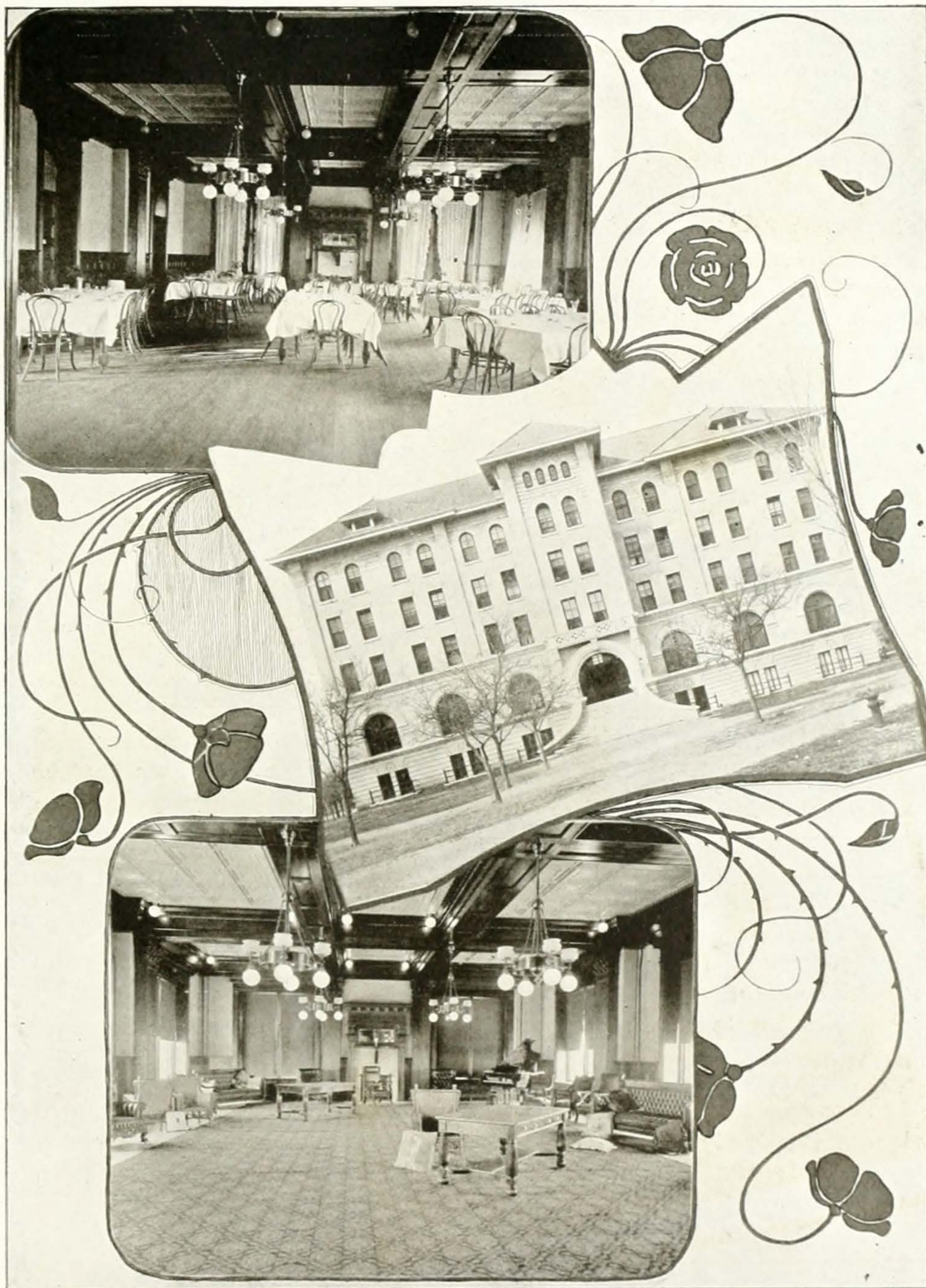


Photo by Jordan.

INTERIORS.

Back to the Woods.

A Freshman, from the Woods of Pine,
Had shown in youth full many a sign
Of genius (so his teacher said).
He followed still the light that led
Him ever on, with blinded eyes,
Through Learning's deepest mysteries;
Naught else he saw, nor cared to see;
Saw not that other things there be,
Which, clear to the soft eyes of Love,
Cold-hearted Learning knows not of.

For Learning's gaze is upward turned,
As if the common earth she scorned;
But Love looks down to man's domain
With sympathy for human pain.

Naught else he saw, nor cared to see,
Until he came to 'Varsity,
When that fair light, which guided him,
Midst myriad other lights grew dim.

At length its leading passed away,
For so doth Learning oft betray
Her worshippers. He followed then,
First this, then that, then this again;
Farthest from what he envied most,
His former steadfast purpose lost;
Still seeking rest, but finding none,
Wearied with all he gazed upon.

We see him next, with downcast mien,
Called to appear before the dean;
Then, gathered in the regent's room,
The Faculty pronounced his doom;
But yet, ere his departure thence,
He cried with bitterest eloquence:

"I scorn to waste sweet life in hated schools,
Amidst the arrogance of shallow fools;
For day by day incessantly they pass,
And throng the halls, or fill the crowded class;
They fill their sponge-like brain with Kantian
lore;
Descartes they read—a name unheard before;

Complacent in their intellectual power,
They are become his equals in an hour.
A sager fool sits at his desk on high,
Dispensing second-hand philosophy,
Or ending age-long questions with a word—
'Here Plato was at fault, there Hegel erred.'
And others with a microscope are placed
Where all a sunny afternoon they waste,
Mapping the nervous system of a gnat,
Or vivisecting some rebellious cat
Who pays the penalty of ignorance
And learns too late that 'science must advance.'

What means increase of knowledge, save it be
To bring decrease of human misery?

But here, if one is weaker than the rest,
At once the brute is shamelessly confest.
So live the cattle on the Western plain;
If one is wounded, struck with deathly pain,
They run, they bellow in superior scorn,
Menace their wounded mate with lowered horn,
Till comes the cowboy on his horse apace,
Stern vengeance written on his sunburnt face;
Straight through the craven herd his course
he bends,
With sound like gun-shot his long whip de-
scends,

And meekly now those tyrants go their way
With stripes upon their backs for many a day.

But here, if one is weaker than the rest,
Who shall rebuke the taunts and jeers ex-
pressed?

Who shall strike down the holy hands that
smite

The erring friend, too frail to stand upright?

I go to seek once more the Woods of Pine;
There all day long the peaceful sun shall shine,
There all the night the peaceful stars shall rise,
And from their wondrous pageants in the skies;
Or, lest I should grow weary of much peace,

Let me go forth where the great winds increase
Till all the bending forest cries aloud,
And from the North is blown the flying cloud.

Thus let me live from arts of man retired,
And be alone by Nature's art inspired;
No paintings see save those by Nature drawn
Upon the changing clouds of crimson dawn;
No music hear save when the fitful breeze

Murmurs amid the branches of the trees;
Or when a deeper harmony takes form
In the great symphonies of night and storm.

I shall desire no more than Nature has,
And scarce shall count the seasons as they pass;
I shall take pride in things of low degree,
And find true greatness in simplicity."

—*Hop Lang Sinclair.*

Commencement Day.

(SENIOR CLASS POEM.)

What means it that we say farewell to-day,
Borne outward by the strong, relentless years,
With lips which would that bitter word unsay,
And eyes that scarce can hide their childish tears?
Is it that we are far from sound and sight
Of those dead days entombed within the past—
Shall we not see again these well-known walls,
High-built in heaven's light,
And climb these worn steps, when we come at last
To watch the alien crowds within our halls?

Is it that with false hope our souls shall yearn
For sweet renewal of these magic hours?
'Twould be as if some exile might return
To breathe the fragrance of his native flowers.
Then would he find the painted glamour gone,
And his no more what once he called his own;
Strange would the mountains rise, and cold would seem
The fire of early dawn.
More happy he on seas and shores unknown
Than thus awakened from his one fair dream!

But why make present pain of pleasures past,
And spend our tears anew for olden joys—
The great world lies before us, and we cast
Such thoughts aside like childhood's broken toys,—
The great world, swung far out in empty space,
Crossed by the tidal waves of night and day,
With seas that strive to rest upon the shore,
Grown weary of their place,
Vexed with sunk ships and unclean death away
And swept by winds of mystery evermore.

—*John Lang Sinclair.*



Shootin' the Chutes.

A handsome, but forsooth an innocent fellow.—*Nubbins Nibbi.*

A doughty champion but a dumpling still.—*Tham Neathery.*

A wool soap advertisement.—*Monk Walden.*

Queen Full—*Kappa Kappa Gamma White House.*

Shy on only one subject, the ladies.—*Mogul Robinson.*

Lost-out.—*Coke Burns.*

Wanted:—A cigarette.—*Willis.*

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.—*Carrie Gardner.*

I have immortal longings in me.—*Stramler.*

Though it make the unskillful laugh, it cannot but make the judicious grieve.—*Gray's Elegy in the Class-Room.*

He has the smile that won't come off.—*Don Mogul Rosy Robinson.*

I am stricken unto death, ———; why did you not weep when you heard that I was dead?—*McCall.*

Farewell, I'm off to Corea.

I cannot linger here,

And, if I die

As a Russian spy,

Remember me with a tear.—*Akazawa.*

There's a small choice in rotten apples.—*"He"-members of Freshman Class.*

The hand of little employment hath the daintier touch.—*Hertzberg, playing the violin.*

Red Ravings.

Paternalism in the Faculty is our just punishment. When we, editorially, were struggling with underdone crania in the public schools, we always took occasion, at every Teachers' Institute, to remark that "the instructor of youth stood '*in loco parentis*'." Now, as a matter of fact, we didn't believe that. Our job was out in the wilds, and a little Latin was awe inspiring. But here we are again in these classic and cuspidored corridors; and we think sometimes we hear some Professor say softly to himself: I am *in loco parentis*. I guess I'd better go wax paternal."

How foolish were we to think that mere students could run anything! The University is not maintained for *us*. Professors, when they need recreation, hear their classes and choke the last breath of life out of ancient lectures; but when it comes to hard work for earning their salaries, they bravely jump into the breach and run student affairs. How self-sacrificing! August soporific personages, imported at great expense for their "scholarly attainments," are glad to dabble their cultured feet in the waters of student affairs; and muddy confusion is the result.

Shall we not, if this *paternalism* continues, prove ourselves *filial*? Is it not then our duty to help in carrying professional burdens? Many of us would like to revise a lecture that we have heard so often; many of us would be glad to visit affiliated schools. There are scores of ways in which we could relieve our "Professor Papas," while they were busy with our annual or our athletic teams, or our students' association, or our oratorical contests. Fellow students, let us not shirk! Think of a poor, weary professor who draws twenty-five thousand pennies a year for lolling around on his shoulder blades in the Chair of Something or Other, but who is willing, aye anxious, to manage any little student enterprise. Should we not emulate this noble example, and volunteer at times to plague classes from the rostrum? Reciprocity be our motto! Perchance, at *some* time, when professors do all the students' work, students will be allowed to do service as professors. *Then* maybe the pay-roll will turn upside down! God speed the day!

Caramba! Odsbodikins! Diavolo! Mon Dieu! and even Prithee!!

H. P. S.

?

Now **W**ho is this

That here **I** see?

Ignorance is b**L**iss—

How happy he must **B**e!

JUst watch the pose

And the lisp of the b**R**ute!

See the glasses de **N**ose—

O *ain't* he a beaut?

EQUUS LATINUS.

I had a little pony,
And I rode him hard and fast;
For I thought that on his back
My Latin could be passed.

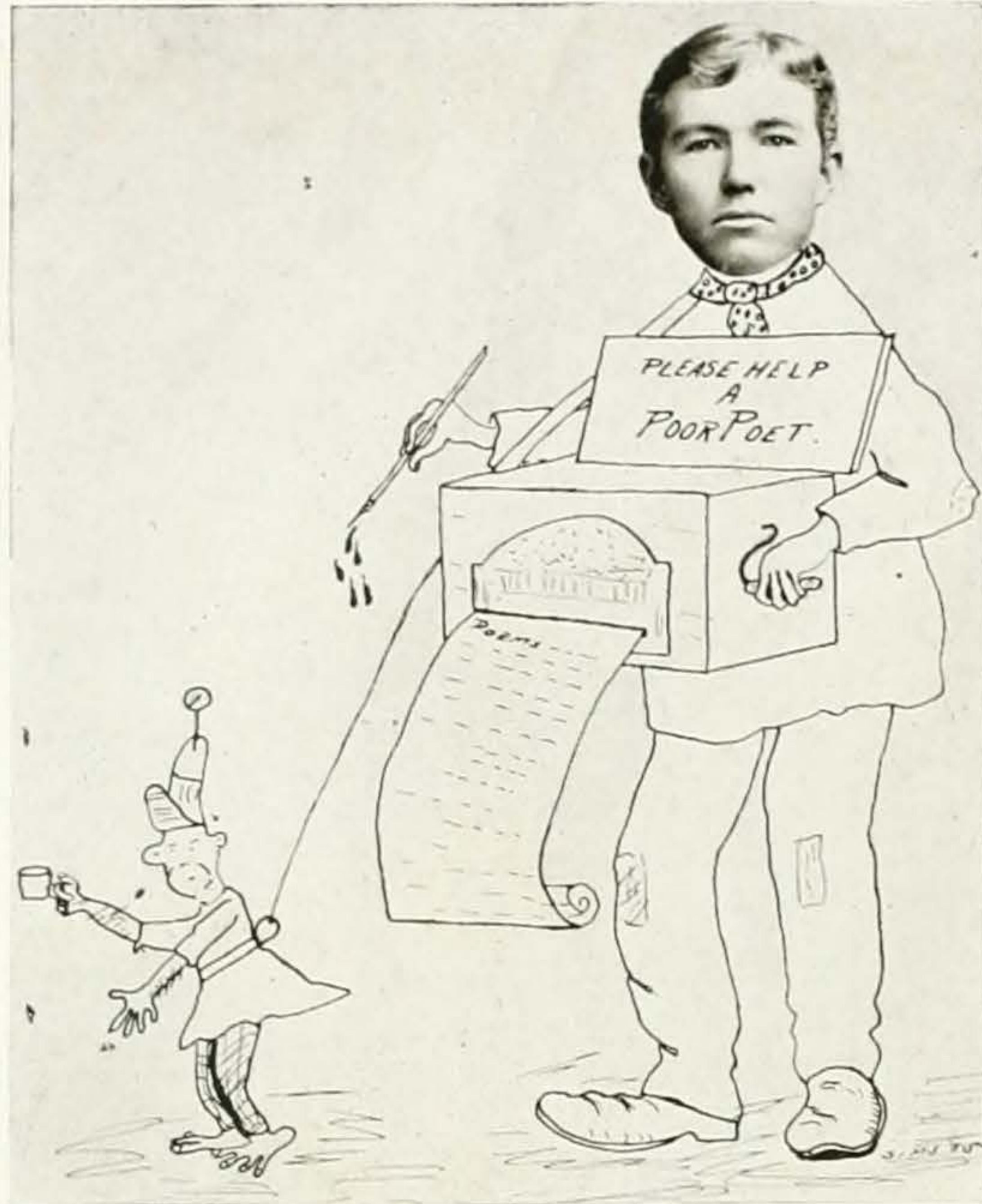
My pony, though I fed him,
In the evenings looked forlorn,
As if of every hope
He'd ruthlessly been shorn.

So when I asked him what was up,
He looked at me and sighed:
"Every day, when you're away,
Your Prof comes in to ride."



Photo by Jordan.

INTERIORS.



Medical Department.

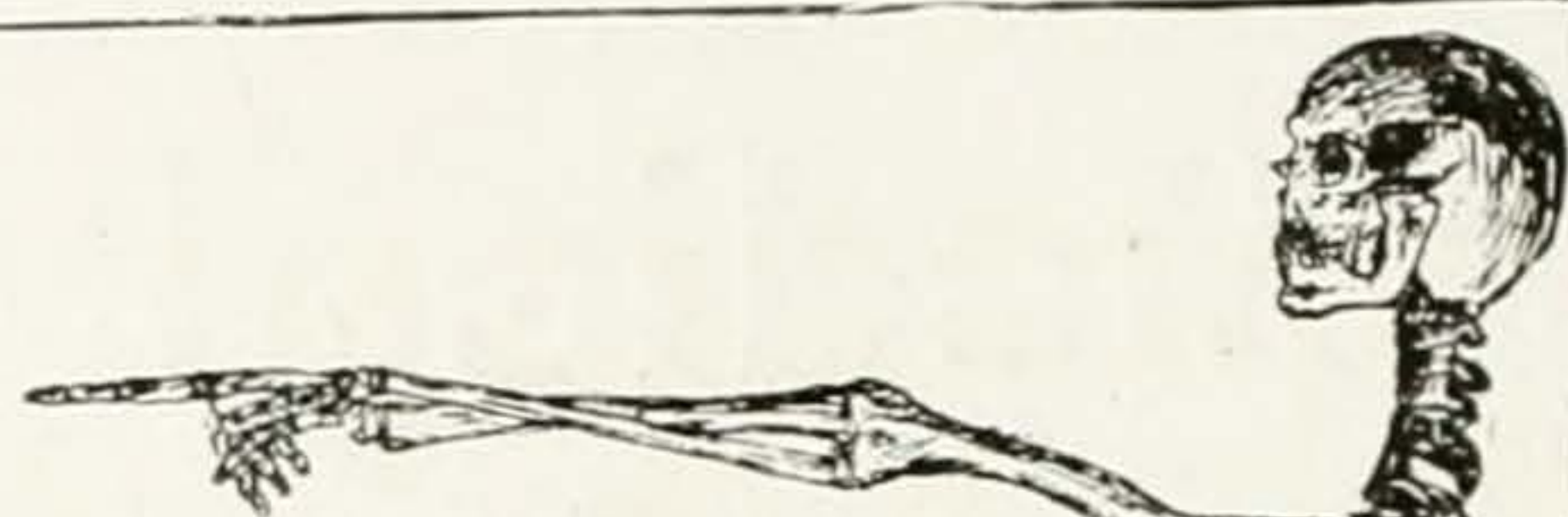
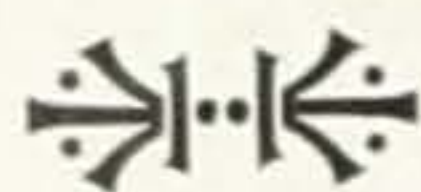


Galveston,



Texas.

Fore Word.



THIRTEEN YEARS AGO when the Board of Regents decided to establish this Department of the University the people of Texas were wont to look to the North and East for their doctors and pharmacists; and were inclined to ridicule the idea of the University of Texas turning out a competent doctor. But how times have changed. Then it was that the graduates of the long established schools held sway; to-day the man from Texas carries all before him. The people are realizing more and more every day the futility of going out of the State for the same instruction that may be obtained in this branch of our great University.

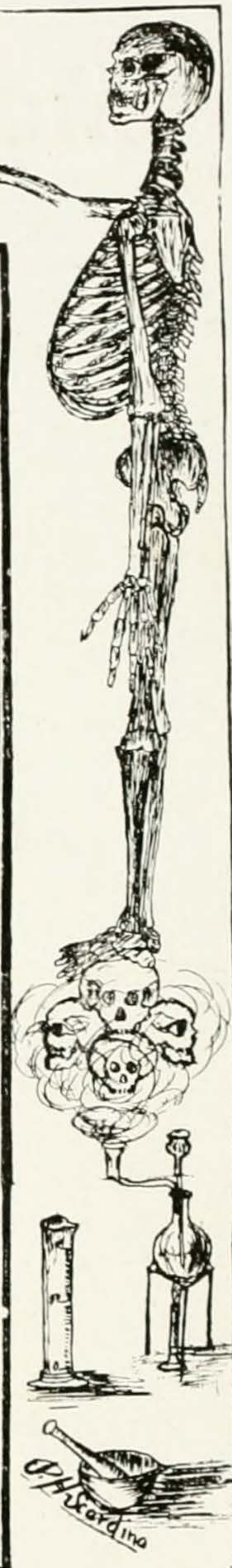
With us it is a matter of pride, that whenever one of our men enters a competitive examination for a position, either in the U. S. service or in a Hospital service the chances are even that he will be victorious even though the other contestants are men from colleges whose standards were set and whose reputations were made while we were in our infancy. To cite special instances would be an insult to the intelligence of the reader. Whenever for any reason, fancied or real, our men find themselves compelled to enter another University, they find that it is with ease that they are able to keep up with or even to lead the classes they have entered.

The School of Pharmacy is in line with the progress made by the School of Medicine. It was established eleven years ago, and in the struggle for existence ably seconded the efforts of the School of Medicine in surmounting the obstacles as they arose. To-day it stands not only first among the Schools of Pharmacy of the State but also among the foremost of the South.

The School of Nursing, under a most able management, has reached an enviable position, which it promises to maintain. The class of Graduate Nurses increases yearly, and notwithstanding the fact that many of the young ladies never finish their courses there but begin their chosen profession without graduation, seems to find employment for all.

The doctors of Texas fully realize the value of a course of training in John Sealy Hospital. The increasing number of young ladies who enter into the arduous life of a trained nurse is a slight indication of the esteem in which the people of the State hold the School. So far as the numbers are concerned the present graduating Class heads the list with nine members.

Since last year we have lost by resignation Dr. Allen J. Smith, Professor of Pathology, and one of the ablest teachers, and a gentleman honored and respected by all those so fortu-



nate as to be associated with him. To say that we all miss him would be stating it very mildly. However we are fortunate in having Dr A. E. Thayer to take his place, and he promises to create in our hearts an esteem equal to that of his predecessor.

And yet a few words about the FAITHFUL. Sixty brand new Freshmen and half as many Junior Pharmacy students is the record for new men. And a promising one, too, is this Fresh crowd. With true Freshman zeal they assembled at the Opening Exercises, and were ridiculed with the usual upper classman ardor. They asked the usual questions and "bit" at the same timeworn jokes, diligently searching the Pharmacopœa for that historic remedy which does not come from the dried juice of the poppy. They had of course to be put next to the mysteries of that chamber of Horrors, the Dissecting room. This last was followed by at least one night of terror, as the fragments of bodies crawled out the vats and with hideous ingenuity readjusted themselves. Wrapped in their oiled canvas robes they proceeded to execute dances which to this day the Freshman never dares to think of unless there be two people and a light in the room. Even a stroll through the Pathological Museum did not tend to sweeten their slumbers.

From the assemblage of wit and beauty each one chose a fair maid to share his Sunday afternoon Sea Wall promenade, never of course for a moment forgetting the pretty little girl he left behind him. Of the upper classmen the earnest faces tell of newer, stronger resolutions to conquer in the struggle, to remain unswerving throughout the conquest they have begun, to reach the goal their fondest hopes have pictured.

As we look backwards there are a few things we have to regret. Our faults are perhaps more of omission than of commission. If we have wasted any of our valuable time, may we be forgiven on the plea that the life of a Medical student is so hard, and a slight reaction must occasionally occur. As you look forward can you imagine a brighter picture than forty young men and women full of high hope and ambition entering the battle of life, fully prepared for the struggle.

It is a true saying that "A good wine needs no bush," but we offer you this volume of the CACTUS with the expressed hope that it may please you and entertain you. We have tried our best, with what results you shall be the judge. If we have pleased you we are happy at gaining our end. If not, we beg to plead that we are Medical students and not journalists, as our only excuse.

FACULTY AND OFFICERS OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

JOHN FANNIN YOUNG PAINE, M.D., Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology.
M.D. Tulane University, 1861.

EDWARD RANDALL, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics; Lecturer on Physical Diagnosis; Professor of Materia Medica in the School of Pharmacy.
M.D. University of Pennsylvania, 1883.

WILLIAM KEILLER, L.R.C.P.&S. (Ed.), K.F.C.S. (Ed.), Professor of Anatomy.
Licentiate Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh, 1890.
Fellow of the same College, 1892.

JAMES EDWIN THOMPSON, M.B., B.S., F.R.C.S., Professor of Surgery.
M.R.C.S., England, 1886; M.B. and B.S., London, 1887; F.R.C.S., England, 1888.

SETH MARBY MORRIS, B.S., M.D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in Schools of Medicine and Pharmacy; Lecturer on Dietetics.
B.S., University of Texas, 1888; M.D., College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, 1891.

RAOUL RENE DANIEL CLINE, M.A., Ph.G., Professor of Pharmacy, School of Pharmacy; Lecturer on Pharmacy, School of Medicine.
M.A., Pennsylvania College, 1886; Ph.G., New York College of Pharmacy, 1891.

JAMES W. McLAUGHLIN, M.D., Professor of Medicine.
M.D., Tulane University, 1867.

WILLIAM SPENCER CARTER, M.D., Professor of Physiology and Hygiene; Lecturer on Pediatrics. Dean of Faculty of Medical Department.
M.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1890.

JOHN BRANNUM HADEN, M.D., Lecturer on Ophthalmology.
M.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1892; Licentiate University of New York.

ALFRED E. THAYER, M.D., Professor of Pathology.
M.D., College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, 1884.

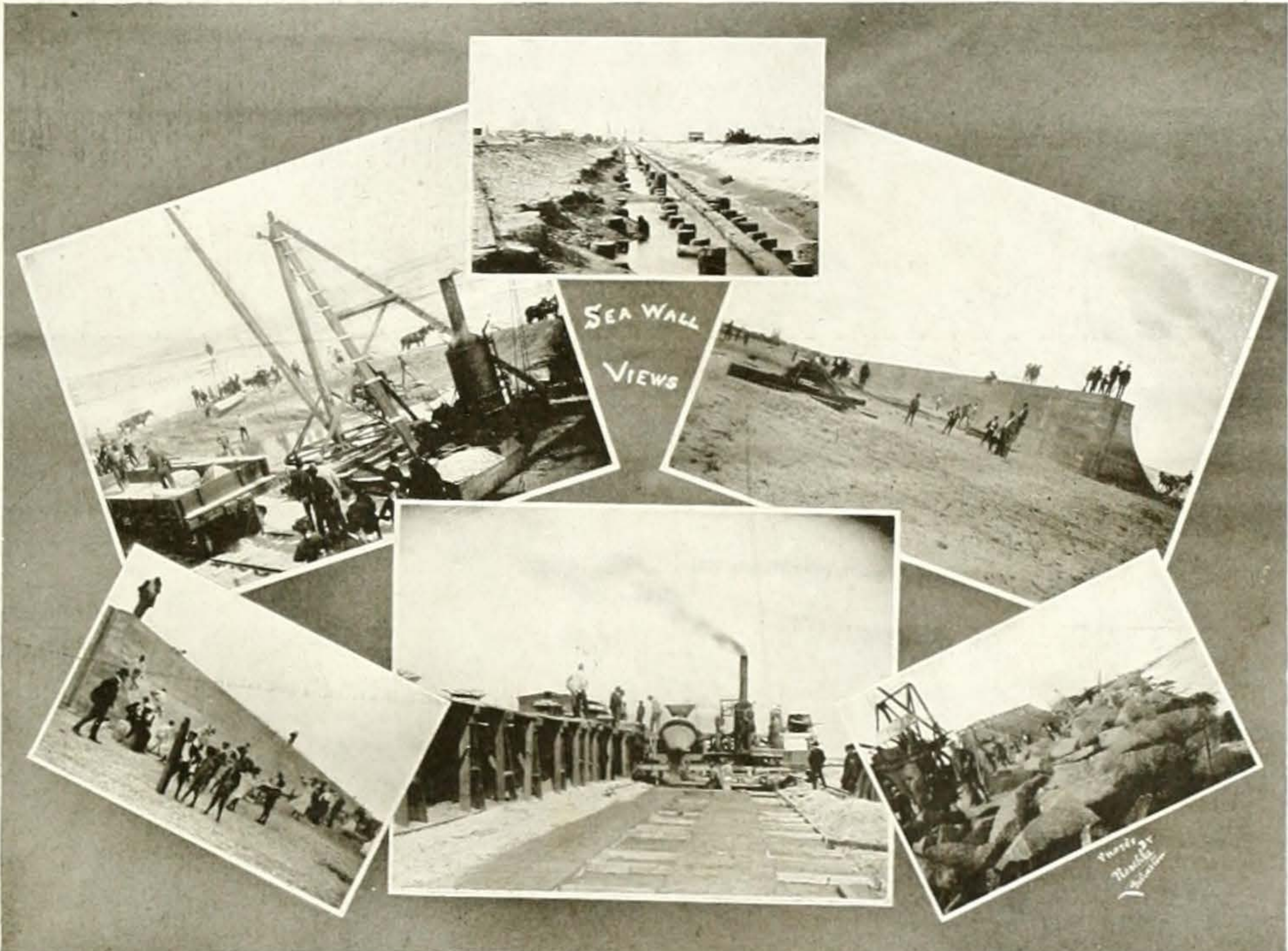
C. E. LORD, A.B., M.D., Lecturer on Dermatology.
A.B., Bowdoin, 1895; M.D., Dartmouth Medical College, 1899.

- H. C. HADEN, M.D., Lecturer on Otology, Rhinology, and Laryngology.
M.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1895.
- D. H. LAWRENCE, M.D., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence.
M.D., University of Texas, 1902.
- JOHN T. MOORE, M.A., M.D., Associate in Medicine. Lecturer on Mental and Nervous Diseases.
M.A., Add-Ran University, 1894; M.D., University of Texas, 1896.
- WILLIAM GAMMON, M.D., Associate in Pathology.
M.D., University of Texas, 1893.
- CONN L. MILBURN, Ph.G., Demonstrator of Chemistry.
Ph.G., University of Texas, 1899.
- M. CHARLOTTE SCHAEFER, M.D. Lecturer on Biology, Normal Histology, and General Embryology.
M.D., University of Texas, 1900.
- HENRY B. DECHERD, M.A., M.D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.
M.A., University of Texas, 1896, and M.D., 1900.
- OSCAR H. PLANT, M.D., Demonstrator of Physiology.
M.D., University of Texas, 1902.
- H. O. SAPPINGTON, M.D., Demonstrator of Obstetrics and Gynecology.
M.D. University of Texas, 1900.
- JOHN O. KEMP, Ph. G., Demonstrator of Pharmacy; Lecturer on Botany.
Ph. G., University of Texas, 1902.
- J. J. TERRILL, M.D., Demonstrator of Pathology; Lecturer on Medical Climatology.
M.D., University of Texas, 1902.
- H. R. DUDGEON, M.D., Demonstrator of Surgery.
M.D., University of Texas, 1901.
- MISS M. G. FAY, Clinical Instructor of Nursing, Superintendent John Sealey Hospital
- THOS. H. NOLAN, Provost and Secretary of the Faculty of the Medical Department.
- FLORENCE MAGNENAT, B. Lit., M.A., Stenographer and Librarian of Medical Department.
B. Lit., University of Texas, 1898, and M.A., 1899.



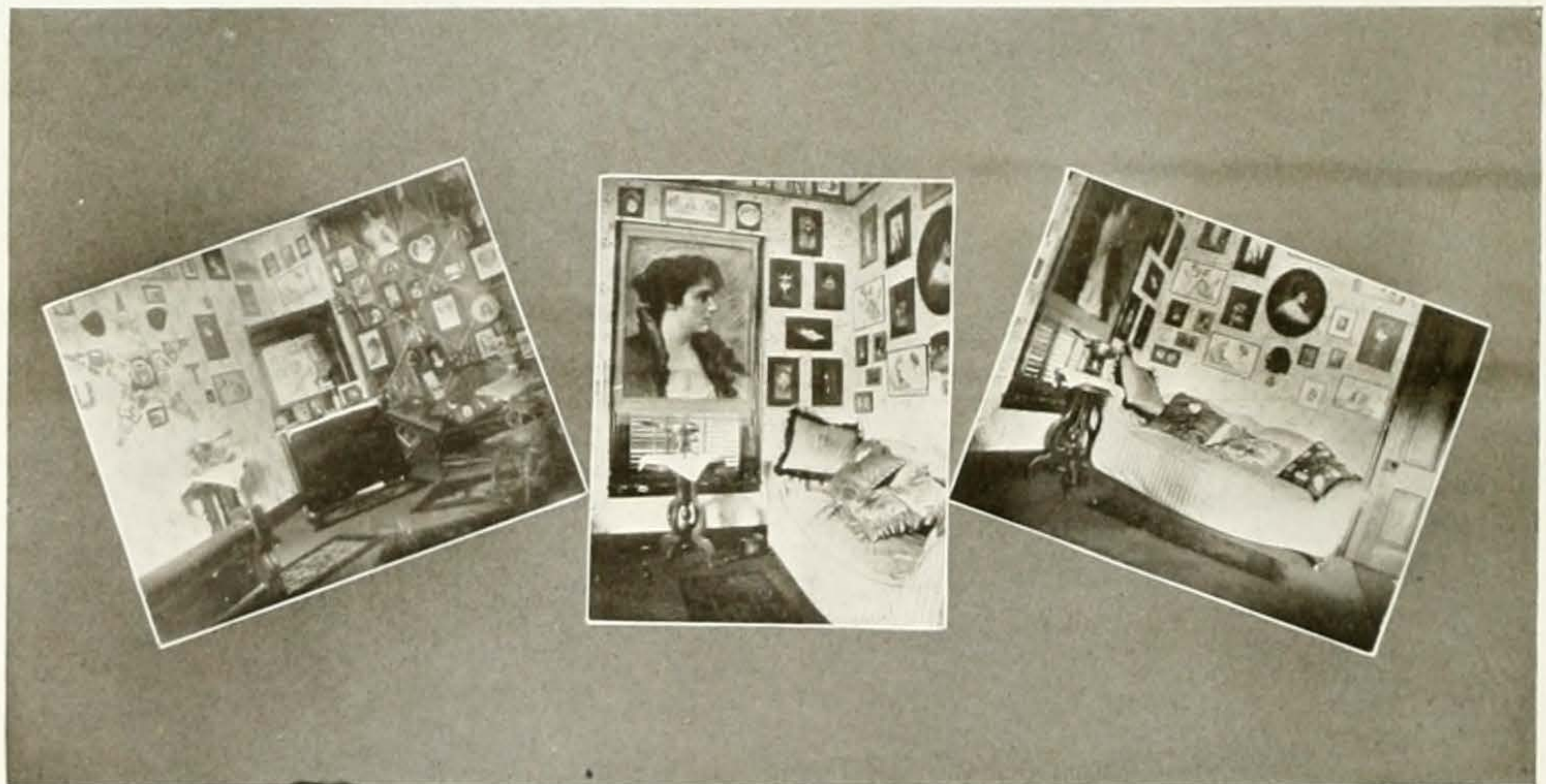


MEDICAL FACULTY.





DISSECTING VIEWS.



ROOM VIEWS.



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GEO. C. NIX.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
F. D. SIMS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
A. S. HOLLY.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
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M. E. CURTIS.....	<i>Class Editor</i>

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A. A. CHAPMAN.....	<i>Historian</i>

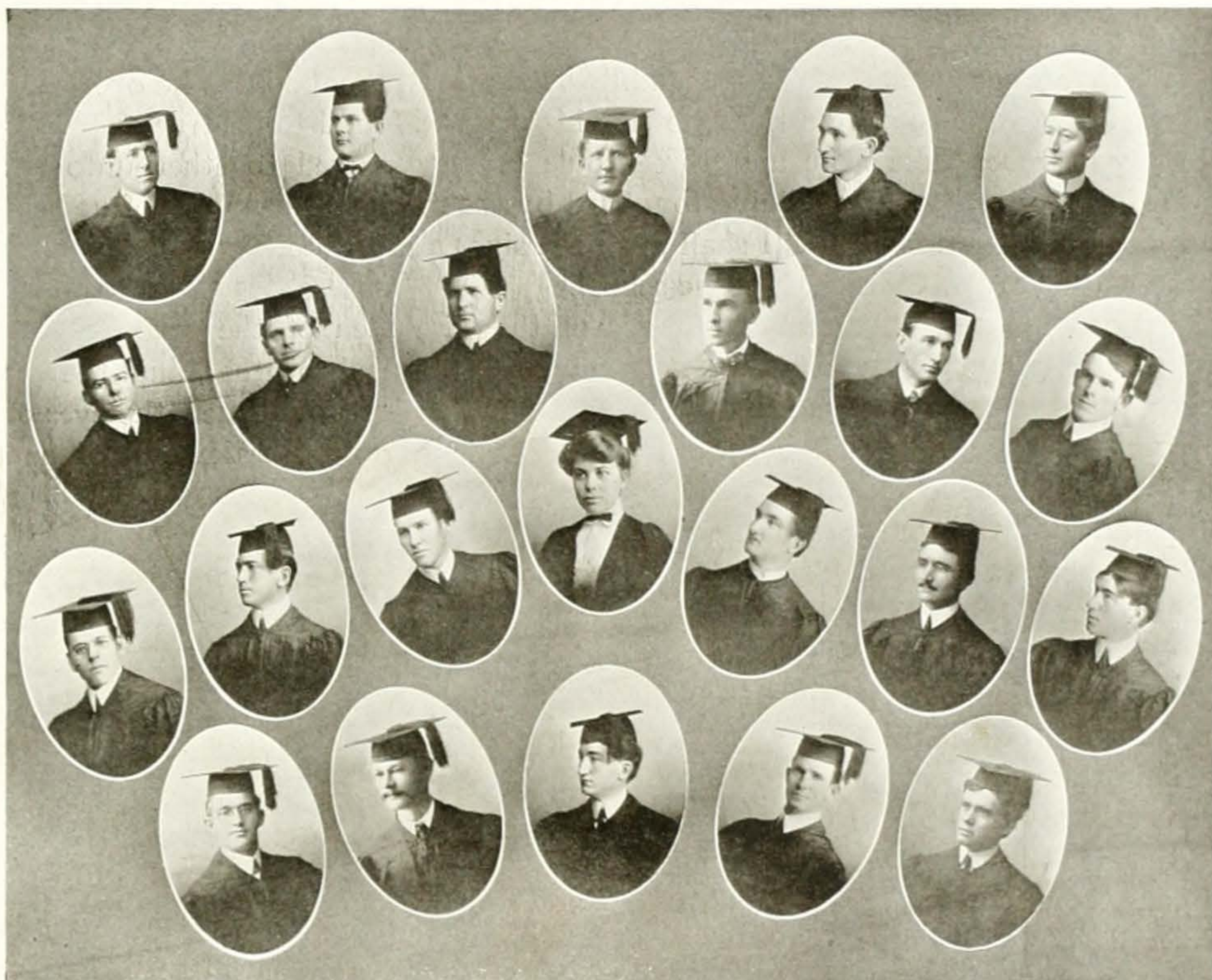
CLASS COLORS:
White and Navy Blue.

MOTTO:
Labor and Patience.

CLASS YELL:
Who Wa? Who Who?
Who—Wa—Wa—Wa
Seniors! Seniors!
Wa—Wa—Wa!

1904—SENIOR CLASS ROLL—1904.

Aynesworth, H. T.	Harrison, W. P.	Pritchett, I. E.
Briscoe, S. M.	Holly, A. S.	Roberts, W. J.
Chapman, A. A.	Lott, M. E.	Sealy, T. R.
Conner, R. C.	Mayes, J. A.	Searcy, C. A.
Curtis, M. E.	Moore, J. Fain	Shaver, P. J.
Gilson, F. J.	Nix, Geo. C.	Sims, F. D.
Granville, J. B., Jr.	Potter, Miss Claudia	Spiller, Chas.
Haggard, F. A.		Stalnakar, P. R.



SENIORS.

History of the Senior Class.



IN the first month of the third year of the reign of Theodore the Strenuous the class of '04 spake unto me saying: "Write the mighty deeds which we have done while we were sojourners in a strange land." And after many books were opened, and the chief men were consulted the following history was found to be true.

In the year 1900, three score and three souls of us gathered together unto a certain school of Medicine in a city named Galveston, hard by the seashore—each one of us being sore afraid and thinking within himself, "I shall learn the signs and mysteries of Medicine;" and we spoke of the matter to the Chief Man of the school.

Now it came to pass that on a certain day all the wise men of the school, with much people from the City and many who were being taught were called together, and the wise men talked much, and the chief of them lifted up his voice and said: "Young men, the eyes of Texas are upon you." At this our hearts did leap for joy; howbeit, others spake evil of us to our faces and cried aloud as we passed by them, "FRESH!"

After that day the wise men opened their mouths and spake of the elements in all the earth and of the beasts of the fields and of the fowls of the air and of the fishes of the sea and creeping things and of how fearfully and wonderfully we were made. Now, there were those whose heads could not abide so much wisdom and they said, "Take us back to our fathers' houses where there is plenty and to spare." And when they had made an end of talking the wise men being crafty said:—"On a certain day we will ask questions of you] to see how well you have kept the words we have spoken unto you." And it came to pass that many did swear grievously saying, "Alas! the wise man hath 'busted' me."

So the eight months were ended and we rested from all our labors, and at the fullness of time only one score, ten and six of us gathered unto the wise men.

Then did the wise men speak unto us of all manner of animals, showing us their most inward parts, and told us how they lived, moved and had their being, telling us that we lived even as the animals. Also, they began to tell and to show how all manner of diseases were caused, and the quantity of wisdom exceeded that of the first year. Again the wise men did ask questions of us and some could not frame to give the right answers. And the days of our labors in a strange land were ended and we rested.

And it came to pass that while we rested some said, "Behold! yonder be green pastures and still waters, we will go hence;" so when we were again called together only one score and nine were left.

Now the wise men began to speak unto us of the lame and the halt, the deaf and the

dumb, the blind and those possessed of devils and the sick and afflicted, showing them to us and teaching us what might be done for them, insomuch that those possessed of devils did laugh and call us "Docs" when they saw us. Again the wise men asked questions, and some could not remember all things told them, and they went away.

When we were again called together there were but one score and three, and our hearts were sore for those who were absent.

And the wise men taught us as before and brought many of the infirm before us to see what we would name their infirmities, and we were brought face to face with all manner of loathsome disease insomuch that we feared not the sights of it nor of the dead.

And now the wise men say unto us:—"Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of flesh; abide with us yet a little while and ye shall do the works for which ye have been prepared."

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:—We that are left have fought a good fight, we have kept the faith, we have finished the course; henceforth we know that our bodies shall be clothed in black raiment, a curiously wrought cap shall be placed upon our heads and a scroll shall be placed in our hands at the last day.

With best wishes for our teachers, our sister nurses, our junior friends, our sophomore critics, and freshman admirers our pharmacy brethren, and with no regrets for the past and hope and smiles for the future we bid you good-bye.

—A. A. C., *Historian*.



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F. J. SLATAPER.....*Class Editor*

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F. S. LITTLEJOHN.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*
F. J. SLATAPER.....*Class Editor*

CLASS YELL.

Whooperty, Whooperty, Wah—Who—Wah!
Naughty-Five, Naughty-Five, Rah! Rah! Rah!
Medics, Medics, U. of T.;
Lone Star Medics ooooo—Weeeee!

CLASS COLORS.

Orange and Maroon

CLASS ROLL.

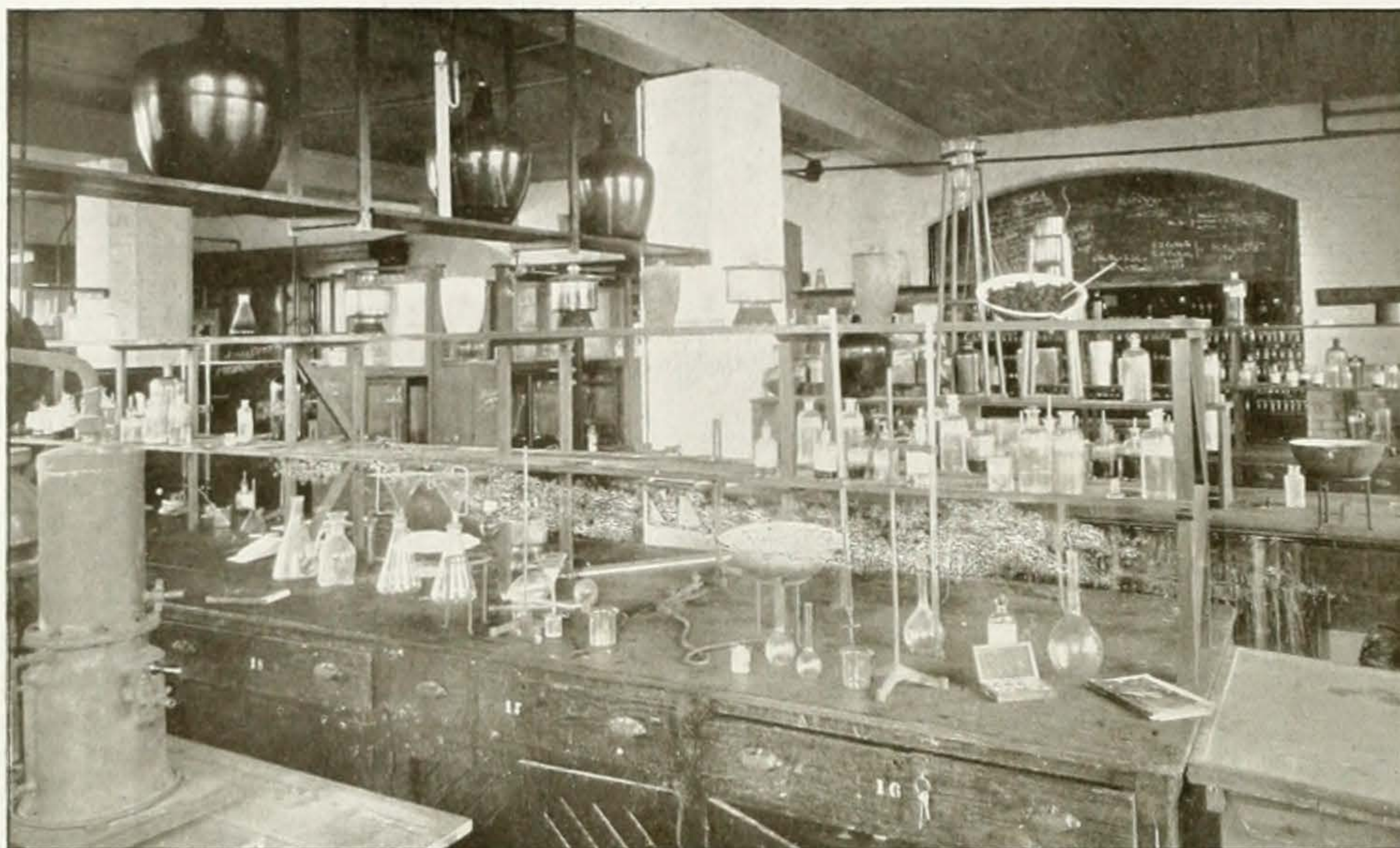
Baugh, Wm. L.
Danforth, Frank N
Darracott, Joe
Dawe, W. T.
Day, G. P.
Decherd, Geo. M
Elkins, Homer
Gober, Olin
Hodge, Robert H.

Kelton, Walter
Littlejohn, F. S.
Lucket, Tom O.
Lyon, W. R.
Mayes, W. C.
Murrie, Gregg
Oliver, J. Thomas
Ricks, Geo. N.
Roberts, C. P.

Robinson, G. J.
Rogers, Joe
Slataper, F. J.
Smith, Chas. E.
Sorell, F. W.
Warren, Charles
Wilkison, Wylie S.
Willerson, J. E.
Wofford, Tom B.



JUNIORS.



LABORATORY.



LABORATORY.

1906



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

OFFICERS—FIRST TERM.

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ALBERT KRAUSE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. W. OXFORD.....	<i>Secretary</i>
W. H. MOURSUND.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
B. H. PASSMORE.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

SECOND TERM.

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B. ALLISON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
G. T. HALL.....	<i>Sec'y and Treasurer</i>
J. S. BARDIN.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

THIRD TERM.

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MAX BRANDENBURGER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. C. DICKEY.....	<i>Secretary</i>
R. D. GIST.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
A. J. BYER.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
J. M. BOYD.....	<i>Class Historian</i>
R. D. GIST.....	<i>Class Editor</i>

CLASS ROLL.

Allison, Bruce	Gist, R. D.	Lovelace, J. C.
Bardin, J. S.	Griffin, S. R.	Lowry, D. F.
Barham, G. S.	Hall, G. T.	Moursund, W. H.
Boyd, J. M.	Harper, J. W.	Oxford, J. W.
Brandenburger, M. C.	Harris, I. R.	Paine, E.
Brown, W. D.	Heard, A. G.	Passmore, B. F.
Byer, A. J.	Hudson, E. S.	Pope, A. J.
Buchanan, A. P.	Jones, A. M.	Richardson, W. P.
Cantrell, I. J.	Janes, O. Y.	Smith, B. F.
Chaffin, J. B.	Kleberg, Walter	Speed, H. K.
Clark, C. B.	Krause, A.	Spruill, S. H.
Crossley, C. A.	Laye, H. A.	Strozier, W. M.
Dickey, W. C.	Lee, A.	Wall, I. L.
Flynn, J. G.	Lewis, G. L.	White, W. T.
Gibson, J. F.		Works, B. O.



SOPHOMORES.

Sophomore Class History.

SHROUDED in the mists of lonely meditation, wrapt in the ecstasies of fond recollections, I pause to chronicle the shifting scenes and principal events in the life-history of our Sophomore Class.

Considering the number of its casual happenings, and remembering the weight of its scientific advances, I concede it more than the task of an *Alias Socrates* and feign would I cast it to another. But patriotism, love, respect and haughty pride in and for its accomplishments bid me proceed.

But little more than a year ago we were called the "Fresh Seventy-five," and not without a jeer from our upper classmen; the fresh now call us "Wise Fool," but "Ye whose hearts are young and simple," we have not forgotten.

As an exception, the Sophomore Class is one not divided into clans, factions or fraternities, but maintaining a brotherhood within its own organization: a class who passed, without exception, in Therapeutics: a class not hampered by social functions or dominated by feminine whims: but physically, mentally and politically, shoulder to shoulder and maintaining a masculine gender, the Sophomore Class with one bounding rush has trodden down the bulwarks of obscurity, solved the most difficult problems, and placed its members among the politically honored of the Medical Department.

In summing up we would not forget the sincerity with which we outlined the ghostly Amoeba of our Freshman course, or noted the fine flocculent precipitates which should have been in our Physiological Chemistry. Nor with our imaginations so trained can we fail to see our air castles of phenomenal success, materialize, and though intoxicated with such lofty ideals, we cannot forget a few individuals who have figured to make us famous. Possessing a Hobson, who has never been kissed, the Sophomore Class stands out in bold relief from its predecessors of the past. A teaspoonful of Tincture of Antimony hypodermatically will emetize a dog, kill a cat, and *bust* anything but a Sophomore.

From the first, seat number fifty has been reserved for science, justice, and reason, and since "All Gaul is divided into three parts" and gall stones are considered pathological, this seat is still occupied by a member of the Sophomore Class.

The story of the isolated faithful Jew, who plead with John to no avail, and then with soothing words came out through the transom of the door, was never told to Doctor Smith except to the tune of "Bye and Bye."

Balaam's Ass recognized an Angel, but when he joined the Sophomore Class he failed (and not without regret), to remember that the provost was not a doctor.

Discoveries have been numerous, but among the most Phenomenal may be mentioned the fact, that the supporting frame-work of the body consists of feet. A compensatory hypertrophy taking place in the liver and a new crucial anastomosis consisting of the femur, the Umbilicus and foramen magnum.

Though reduced in number to forty-seven, the class upon returning in October, 1903, were thrown into the Physiological frog pond where they learned to croak under the swift pace of a new Pathological lecturer and murmur for nitrogenous equilibrium in the whirl pools of anatomical structure. Nor have they since been soothed by the administration of Bacteriological bug juice, anaesthetized by groans from a surgical operating table, or rocked to sleep by the tympanic notes from a third finger pleximeter. A carboxyl group exams., and the Sophomore Class of 1904 has passed into history.



FRESHMAN MEDICS

ROLL OF CLASS OF '07.

Arnold, E. M.	Elder, Gilbert.	Moore, Clarence.
Aubrey, J. F.	Ellington, W. A.	Moore, S. H.
Aves, C. M.	Fisher, Miss Lima.	Morris, T. N.
Bahn, C. A.	Forbes, E. R.	Newman, H. W.
Barnes, L. A.	Gardner, J. A.	Paine, Liston.
Beesley, W. W.	Gray, G. L.	Phillips, H. F.
Bing, Roland.	Griffin, H. E.	Powell, W. H.
Brooks, Miss M. L.	Hale, J. F.	Pridgen, J. L.
Brown, M. M.	Hale, Miss J. H.	Robinson, A. D.
Brice, N. D.	Hamilton, J. W.	Royston, R. M.
Burk, W. E.	Haynie, J. A.	Scardino, P. H.
Carrington, D. C.	Holliday, Miss M.	Simmonds, J. P.
Carrington, Hubbard.	Huvelle, Rene.	Skipper, C. W. W.
Celey, J. C.	Jones, J. G.	Stanton, E. McM.
Cheatham, A. B.	Judkins, O. H.	Tenley, O. S.
Clark, Simon.	Kemp, J. O.	Trainer, Wm. H.
Cline, R. R. D.	Kimbrell, S. F.	Whitmire, A. L.
Cloud, R. E.	Kingsley, Miss W.	Wiggins, L. E.
Collier, J. I.	Knight, H. O.	Witte, K. L.
Cooke, C. C.	Lawrence, O. V.	Wood, J. L.
Cooke, F. D.	Lowry, D. L.	Yeoman, W. G.
Crane, J. B.	Mabry, W. L.	Young, B. F.
Davis, J. D.	Maverick, A.	Young, J. W.

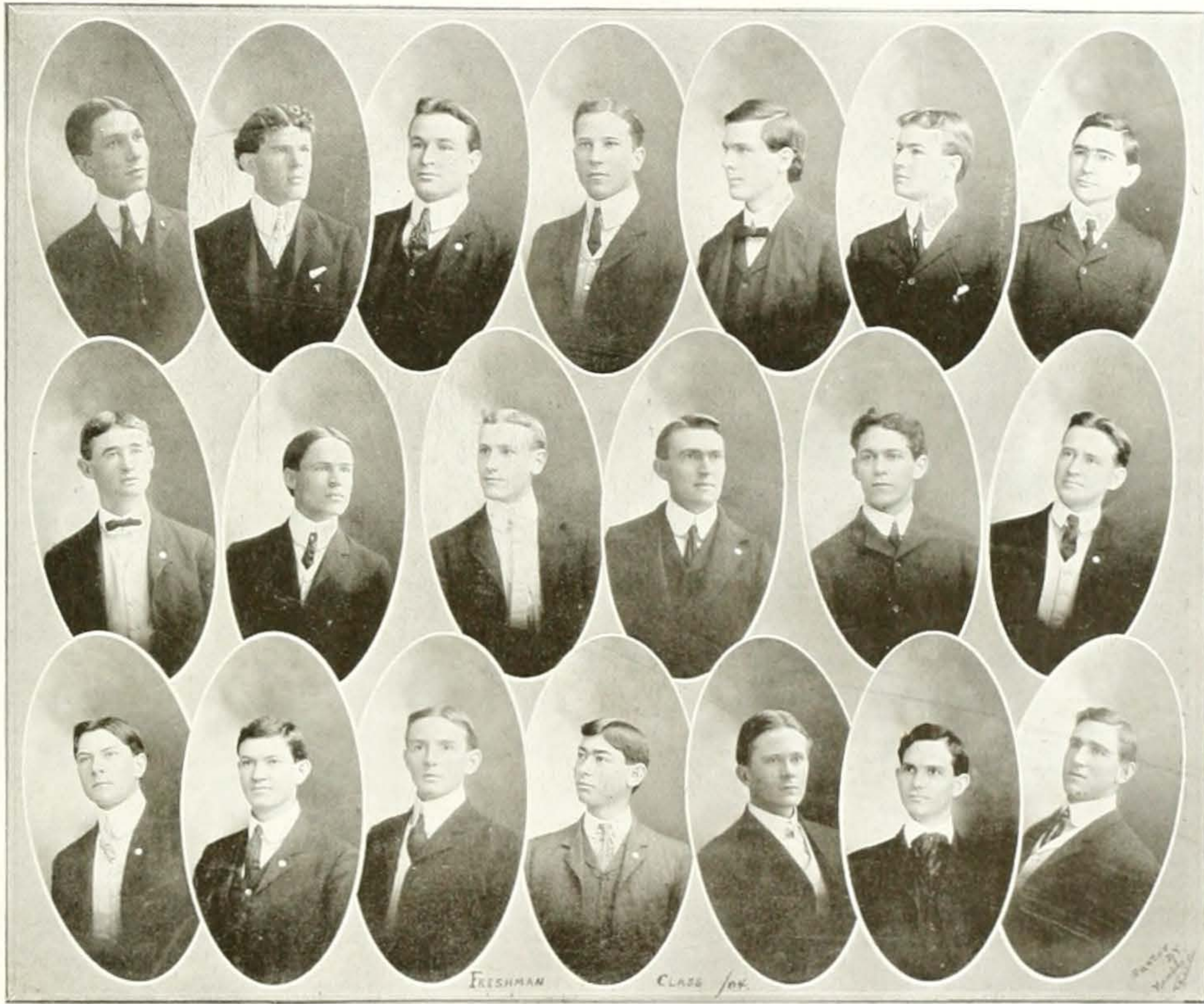
CLASS OFFICERS.

FIRST TERM.

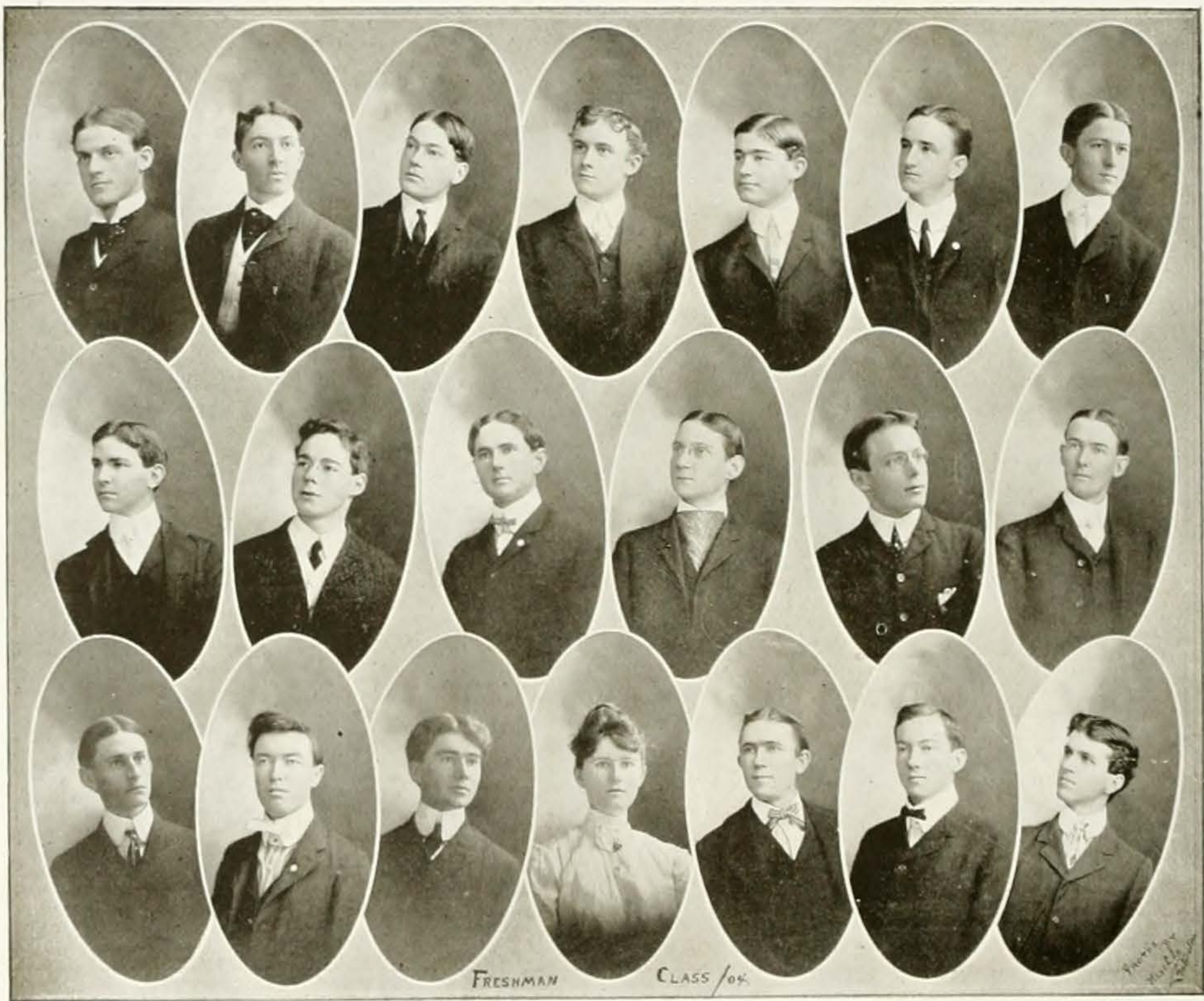
<i>President</i>	W. W. Beesley
<i>Vice-President</i>	C. A. Bahn
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	M. M. Brown
<i>Correspondent to "Medical"</i>	J. J. Collins
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	A. B. Cheatham

SECOND TERM.

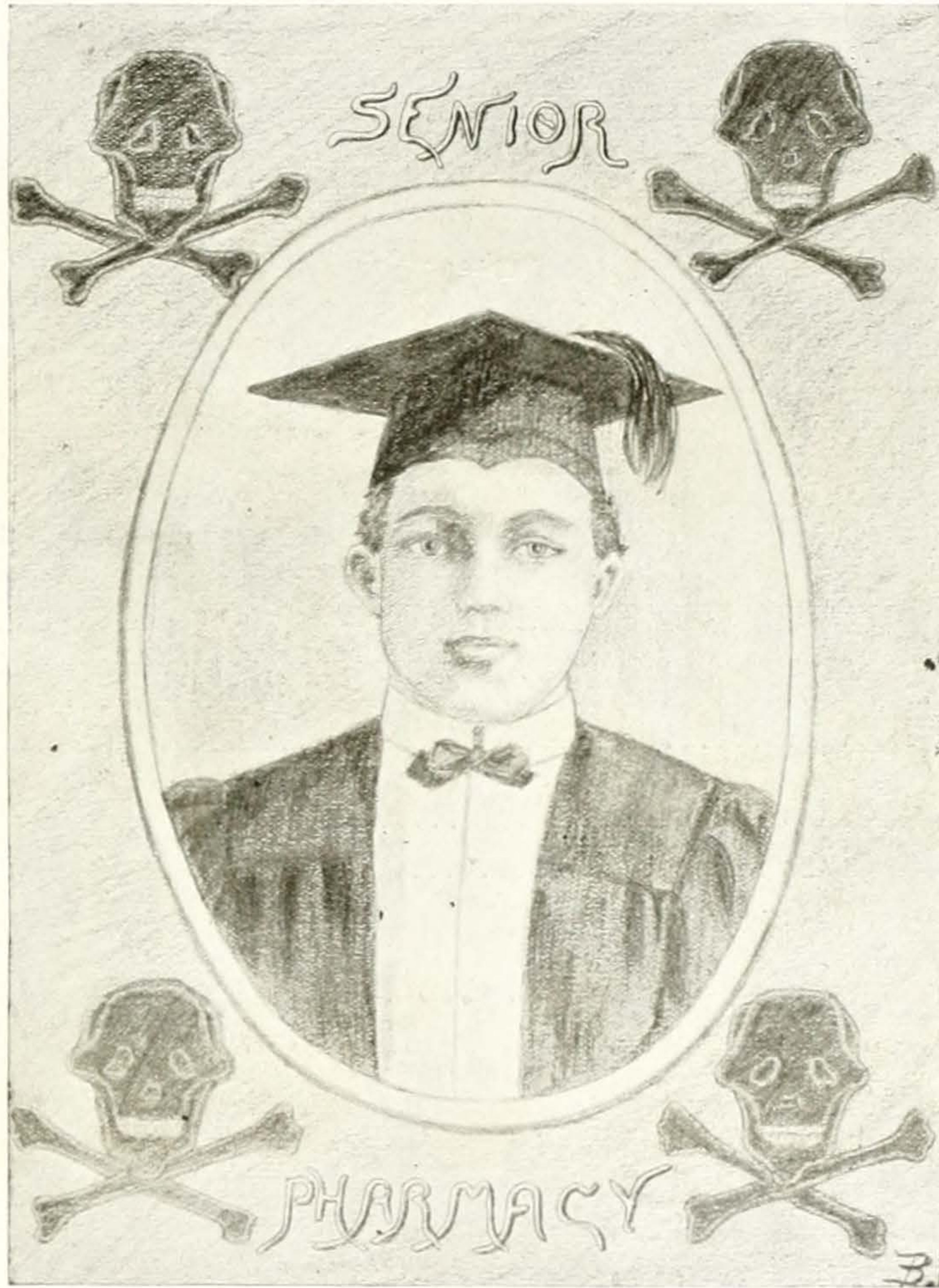
<i>President</i>	H. O. Knight
<i>Vice-President</i>	Miss W. Kingsley
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	J. P. Simmonds
<i>Class Historian</i>	W. H. Powell
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	P. H. Scardino



FRESHMEN.



FRESHMEN.



CLASS OFFICERS—SENIOR PHARMACY.

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J. C. BUCKNER.....	<i>Correspondent to "Medical"</i>

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E. F. VIERECK.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
F. T. GLASSCOCK.....	<i>Historian</i>

CLASS COLORS.....RED and GRAY

CLASS FLOWER.....CARNATION

ROLL CALL.

Buckner, J. C., "Jack"	Jung, J. F., "Cimicifuga"
Glasscock, F. T., "Jena"	Mack, M. F., "Mary"
Glissman, C., "Rosae"—"Gliss"	McCain, J. H., "Josie"
Heiligbrodt, L., "Beetle"	Morris, E. S., "Pier"
Johnson, A. B., "Chubby"	Stone, R. M., "Ram"
	Viereck, E. F., "Dr. Eddie"



Senior Pharmacy Class History.

(FOR THE HISTORY OF THIS CLASS PRIOR TO OCT. 1ST, 1903, SEE CACTUS, VOL. X, PAGE 298.)

IN comparing the class rolls of our Junior and Senior year, the reader will no doubt be surprised to learn that it has been reduced from thirty Juniors to just eleven Seniors.

The historian is unable to account for this; some have hinted that it was due to the destructive influence of the Boll Weevil the past year—we believe that it was because we were taught too much in our Junior year, and we are supported in such belief by the fact that all of those who have tried have successfully passed the Pharmaceutical Boards, and are now holding responsible positions in reputable drug houses, while perhaps a few were disappointed at not finding Pharmacy child's play and have chosen more easy professions. For those who did not deem it worth their time to return and finish the course, we are full of sympathy, for they cannot realize what great knowledge has been denied them.

On Oct. 25th, we plunged headlong into Organic Chemistry and were taught the graphic formula nomenclature and method of making and using such compounds as methylethylamyl-isopropyldibutylbenzolparaamidoacetophenateofethyl. We were also taught that the various Stereoisomerisms that existed in many organic compounds were due to the corkscrew arrangement of the carbon atoms in the molecule. The common, or commercial, names of these compounds were not overlooked. For instance we were taught that glucose was put on the market under the simple name of "glucose." We were also taught that by careful synthesis one could begin, say with a small quantity of sawdust, and manufacture almost anything desired. Inspired by this, Mack began with one of the common carbohydrates obtained from the juices of plants and actually succeeded in making an excellent sample of taffy to which he treated the class.

To Jena in research, fell the honor of discovering the formula of methylene blue.

We were taught that care and patience were essential in our work—this we regarded, and ere long we were able to take a suspected sample from the drug market and determine its percentage of purity with rapidity and wonderful accuracy. We were surprised to learn that adulteration was not so common as one might suppose, for some samples assayed as much as 144.6 % pure.

Now, when we go forth upon the face of the earth to roll pills for the good of suffering humanity, we will again be heard from, but where?



H. Victor Mason '05

Jr Pharmacy'05

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 MISS MAE PARKHILL.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
 STAFFORD COLLINS.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*

THIRD TERM.

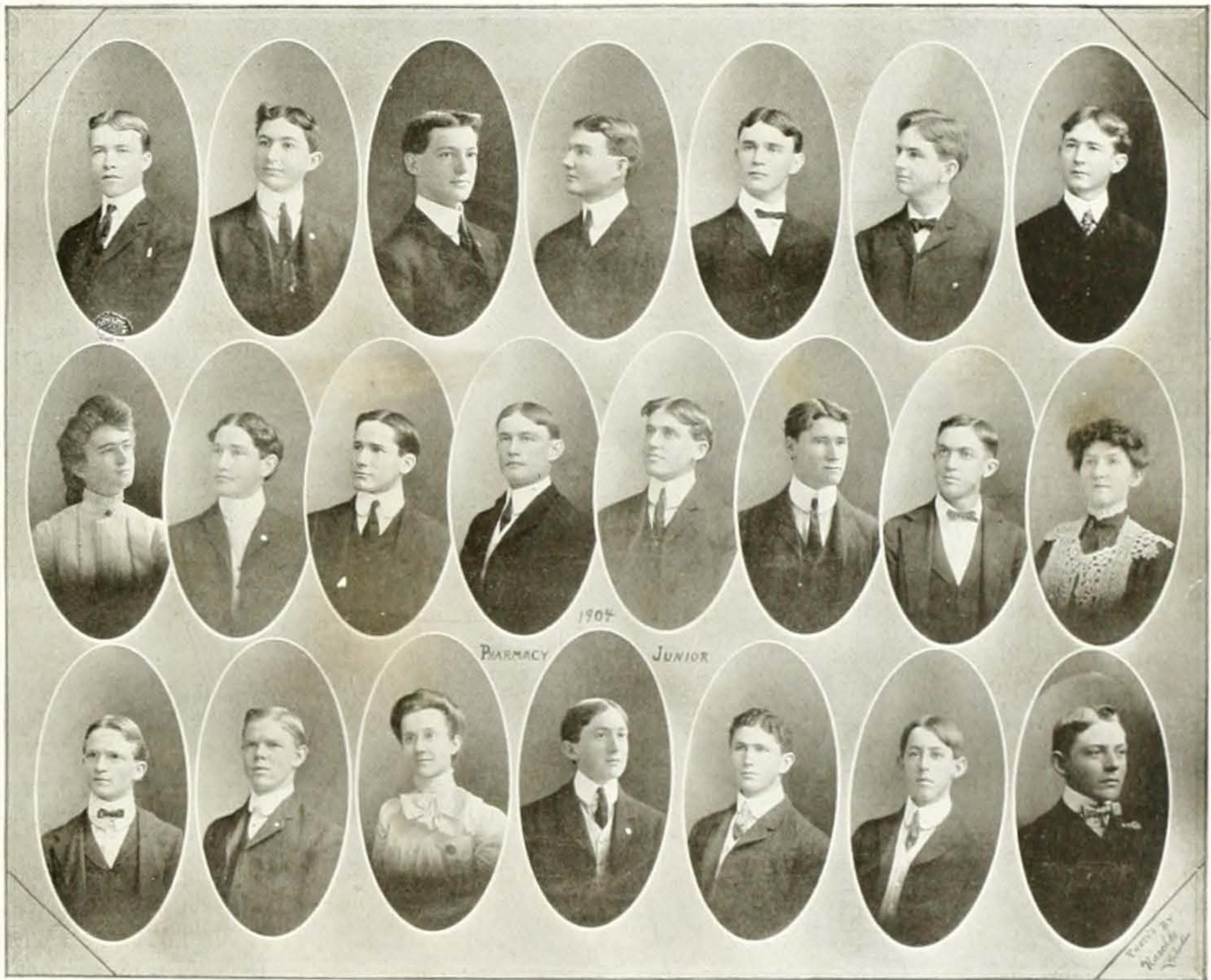
MITCHELL J. WOLF.....*President*
 BYRON BRUCE.....*Vice-President*
 MRS. LILLIE H. GATES.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
 STAMPS CAMPBELL.....*Sergeant-at-Arms*

JUNIOR PHARMACY CLASS ROLL.

James Barnhill
 Byron Bruce
 Ed. E. Cochran
 Stamps Campbell
 Stafford Collins
 Chas. L. Coulson
 Milom J. Curry
 E. M. Cyrus.

J. C. A. Eckhardt
 Mrs. Lillie H. Gates
 C. E. Gray
 Adolph P. Herff
 H. V. Mason
 J. L. Fooshee
 W. N. McCurdy
 Mrs. I. L. K. Mohrmann
 John M. Mohrmann.

Miss Mae Parkhill
 J. Baily Phelps
 A. J. Reynolds
 Claude E. Reilly
 R. A. Tynes
 Fred Weilding
 Mitchell J. Wolf
 C. P. Woodbourn.



JUNIORS.

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DR. EDWARD RANDALL.....*Vice-President.*

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I. H. KEMPNER.
V. E. AUSTIN.

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J. E. THOMPSON, F.R.C.S. (Eng.).....*Surgeon.*
J. F. Y. PAINE, M.D.....*Obstetrician and Gynecologist.*
W. S. CARTER, M.D.....*Pediatrist.*
JOHN T. MOORE, M.D.....*Neurologist.*
JOHN B. HADEN, M.D.....*Ophthalmologist.*
HENRY B. HADEN, M.D.....*Larynologist and Aurist.*

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MARJORIE M. TAYLOR.....*Assistant Superintendent.*
DR. J. S. MILLER.....*House Surgeon.*
DR. W. S. WYSONG,
DR. MARTHA A. WOOD,
DR. J. WILHITE,
DR. EDGAR MATHIS, }*Pathologists.*
FRANK E. McCULLOUGH.....*Pharmacist.*



RESIDENT STAFF.

SCHOOL OF NURSING.

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 MARJORIE M. TAYLOR.....Ass't Superintendent

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 MISS SARA P. YOUNG.....Vice-President
 MISS TEXANA MINER.....Treasurer
 MISS SADIE F. CORNWALL.....Secretary

SENIOR CLASS ROLL.

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Miss Texana Miner	Miss Mary Lee Dudley
Miss Antoinette Alscher	Miss A. Thornton Perkins
Miss E. Adelyn Hart	Miss Ellen Louise Brient
Miss Sara P. Young	

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 MISS CATHERINE VAN DOREN.....Vice-President
 MISS MAMIE WILLIAMS.....Treasurer
 MISS CAROLINE ATKINSON.....Secretary

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL.

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Miss Annie Schmid	Miss Mamie Williams
Miss Lucy S. Flint	Miss Maude Dameron
Miss Caroline Atkinson	Miss Malena M. Smith
Miss Lulu Smith	Mrs. Mary Willie
Miss Catherine Van Doren	Mrs. Valena Auer
Miss Lulu Wisman	



SCHOOL OF NURSING.

1904 Class History.

"Ten little kittens sat down to dine,
One went away, then there were nine."

We outnumbered the kitten crowd by commencing with fourteen, but the Fates have juggled until our number has gradually disappeared, so at our goal we count only nine.

In June, '03, we pause to view our first year's labor, and shall we congratulate ourselves? Truly the way has been strenuous, but light and joy has intermingled everywhere. In the swaddling days of Juniordom, the responsibilities of the Senior Head Nurse were put on us, and the trying duties of the "Special" were assigned to each and all. Undoubtedly this philosophy ran thru the heart of many a girl at the end of a laborious day—

"It is easy to smile when life flows along like a song;
But the one worth while,
Is the one who can smile
When things go dead wrong."

When this training is history, memory-views will come often of the picturesque crowd, a la kimona, gathered in one room around a Xmas box, hear the echo of light, ridiculous tastes, merry songs and happy laughter. Our Hallowe'en party and the Holiday dances with the College boys, and the autograph cards from "Der Doctor" on the German Training Ship, serve but as memories of merry, enjoyable times. "All the neighbors are invited to a party in Josiah Allen's room. Be sure to come and wear a low-necked dress," is all that is needed to recall a memorable event.

"I wish to send a Christmas gift
To the Nurses, one and each,
Who, when I laid upon my bed,
A pauper patient in a pauper ward
Did what they could to soothe my woes
And looked for pay unto our Lord."

These words, which came from the heart of one of the illest of patients, are an indication of our pay, which is far beyond "yellow gold."

I. H.—"I am engaged"—in the profession of Nursing.

T. M.—All I want is a *Garland* of Victory.

A. A.—I want but little here below, but want that little long.

E. A. H.—'Tis ever thus when the game of H(e)arts is well played, the Jack is never left out.

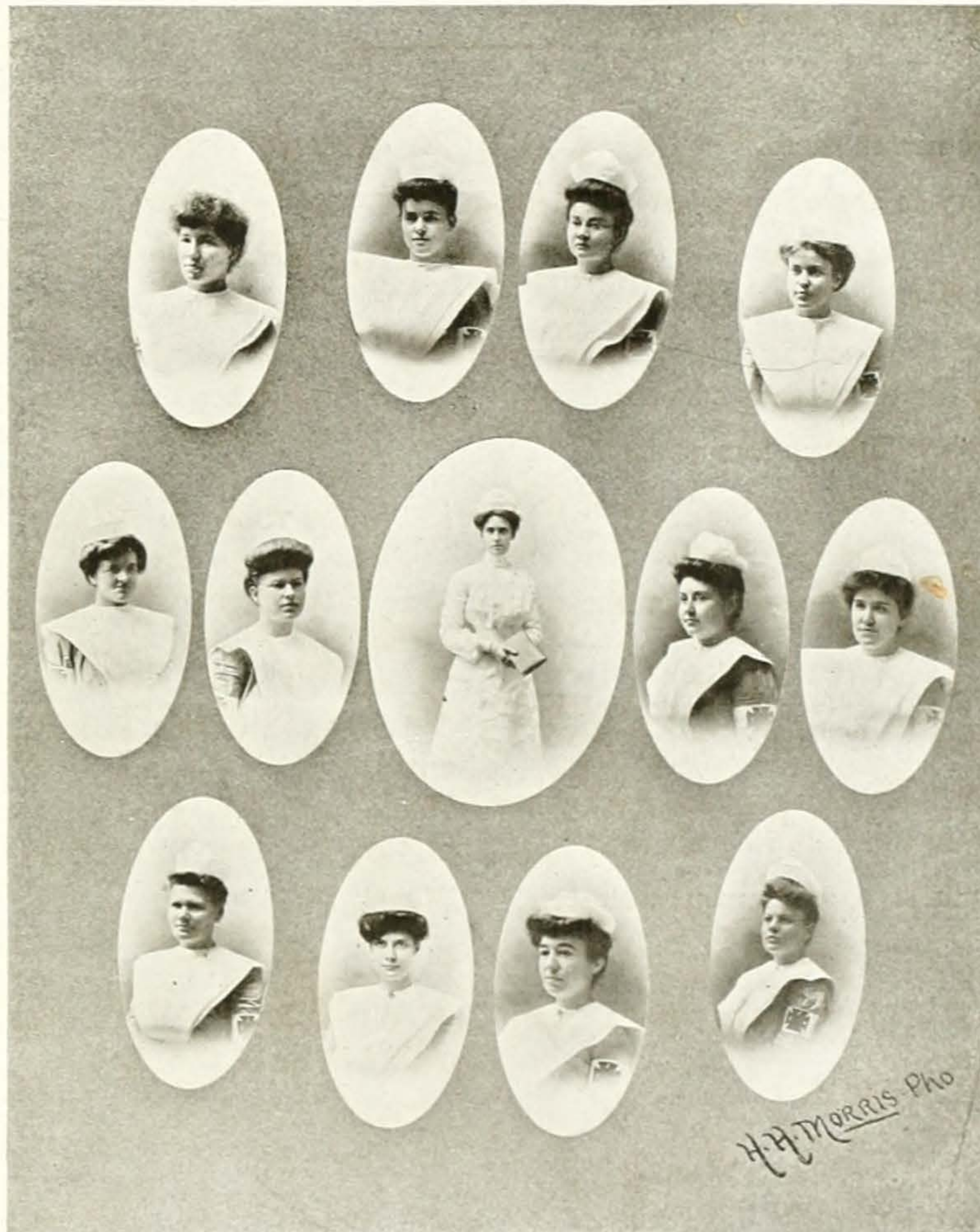
S. P. Y.—I want a man—I want a man—I want a man—sion in the skies.

S. F. C.—'Tis not the final dance, but only the beginning.

M. L. D.—Author of a Nurses' Book, "How to act dignified in the presence of an interne when you and he know you have been putting Fomentations on the wrong eye for three hours."

E. L. B.—"A good Regulator"—Take (if you can) three times a day, A. C.

A. T. P.—Read in the Book of Genesis(?)—"It is made out of nothing and God knows it is good."—A kiss.



NURSES.

Famous Quotations.

"But this is not the case."

"This theory is more ingenious than convincing."

"Well, describe it minutely."

"It is a specially constructed apparatus very complicated but consists essentially as follows."

"Hello—look where my forceps lie."

"You will find numerous numbers of them scattered throughout the specimen."

"Er—ah—the truth—er—ah—of the matter, gentlemen, is——"

Soluble in water, very bitter to the taste not poisonous, not poisonous."

"Varicose ulcers, I say gentlemen varicose ulcers; Treated in the following manner."

"Sterilize your oese, gentlemen; we're off!"

"Come away, gentlemen!"

"Perhaps you have saw some corn growing."

EVERY ONE WANTS TO KNOW:

Why is a medical student?

Why Kemp refused the Deanship?

Why Dr. Thayer does not cover more ground in Pathology?

Why the Senior Pharmacists have such a light course in Organio?

Why the Juniors did not take more space in the CACTUS?

Why Bunny Brace does not spend more time in the Pharm. Lab.?

Why Cyrus is such a frequenter of the "Henery?"

Why the Senior Pharmacy course is not extended by the addition of Bacteriology, Physiology, Biology, Histology, Anatomy, Diatetics, Practice, Obstetrics and Medical Jurisprudence?

Why Nix has so much business at Alta Loma?

Why "Pyre" Morris does not spend the night in the Pharm. Lab.?



ALPHA MU PI OMEGA MEDICAL FRATERNITY.

FOUNDED IN 1891, AT UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED IN 1898.

FRATRES IN URBE.

T. L. KENNEDY, M.D.

JULIUS RUHL, M.D.

WM. GOURMAN, M.D.

W. P. BREACH, M.D.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

EDWARD RANDALL, M.D.

D. H. LAWRENCE, M.D.

J. J. TERRILL, M.D.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

I. E. PRITCHETT, '04.

WALTER KLEBERG, '06.

I. J. CANTRELL, '06.

A. S. HALLY, '04.

RENE HUVELLE, '07.

E. S. HUDSON, '06.

P. J. SHAVER, '04.

J. F. GIBSON, '06.

J. G. FLYNN, '06.

S. M. BRISCOE, '04.

R. S. GRIFFIN, '06.

B. T. YOUNG, '07.

E. M. STAUNTON, '07



ALPHA MU PI OMEGA.

SIGMA.

FOUNDED AT THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, OCTOBER 3, 1896.

W. F. Starley, M.D.

J. H. Ruhl, M.D.

P. J. Shaver

F. N. Danforth

A. G. Heard

C. N. Aves

ALUMNI.

Ed. L. Bates, M.D.

J. T. Waid, M.D.

H. B. Jester, M.D.

R. L. Yeager, M.D.

C. F. Norton, M.D.

J. N. Minsey, M.D.

Joe Gilbert, M.D.

Horace C. Hall, M.D.

J. H. Robertson, M.D.

Holman Taylor, M.D.

J. H. Foster, M.D.

W. C. Swain, M.D.

H. B. Stone, M.D.

F. A. York, M.D.

W. P. Baker, M.D.

R. W. King, M.D.

R. B. Crawford

J. M. Evans, M.D.

H. E. Nolan, M.D.

H. M. Austin, M.D.

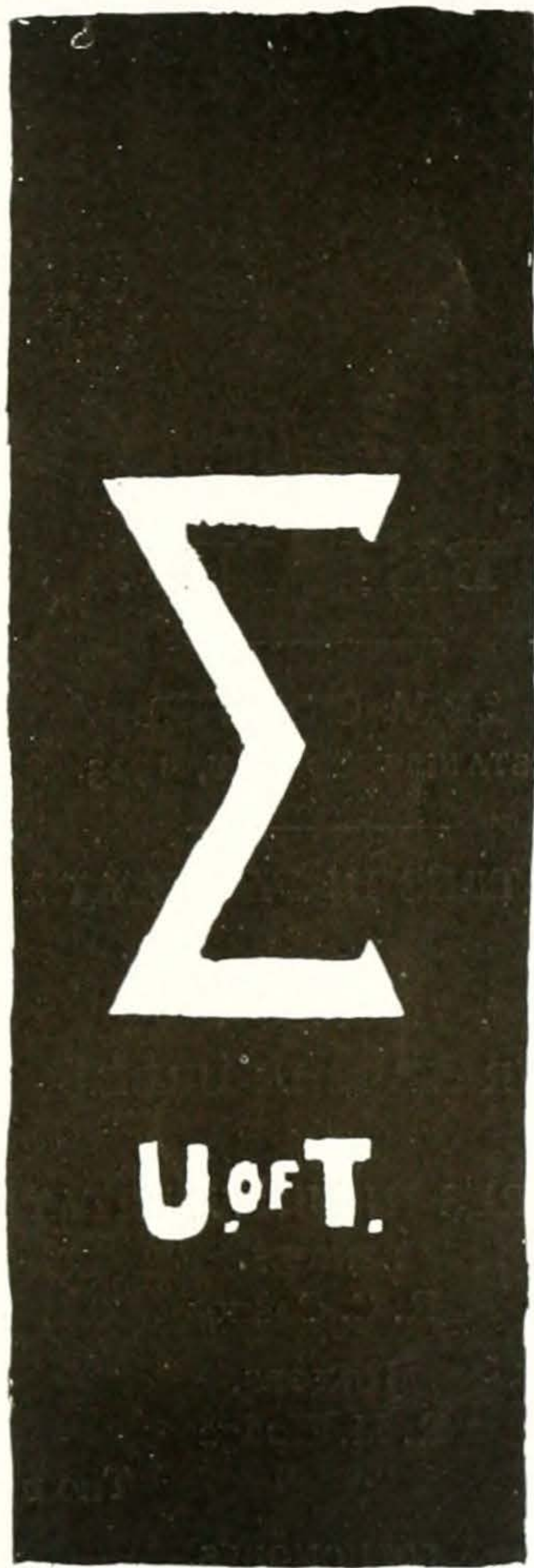
Lea Hume, M.D.

F. W. Lawson, M.D.

E. S. Easton, M.D.

G. H. Gilbert, M.D.

S. H. Watson, M.D.





PHI CHI.

ZETA CHAPTER.

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1903.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

J. W. McLaughlin, St., M.D.
H. B. Decherd, M.D.

J. T. Moore, M.D.
H. O. Sapington, M.D.

FRATRES IN URBE.

W. S. Wysong, M.D.

E. G. Mathis, M.D.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

SENIORS.

H. T. Aynesworth

R. C. Connor

P. R. Stalnaker

JUNIORS.

George M. Decherd

R. M. Hodge

T. O. Lockett

W. C. Mays

Thomas B. Wofford

SOPHOMORES.

Geo. S. Barham

R. D. Gist

W. C. Dickey

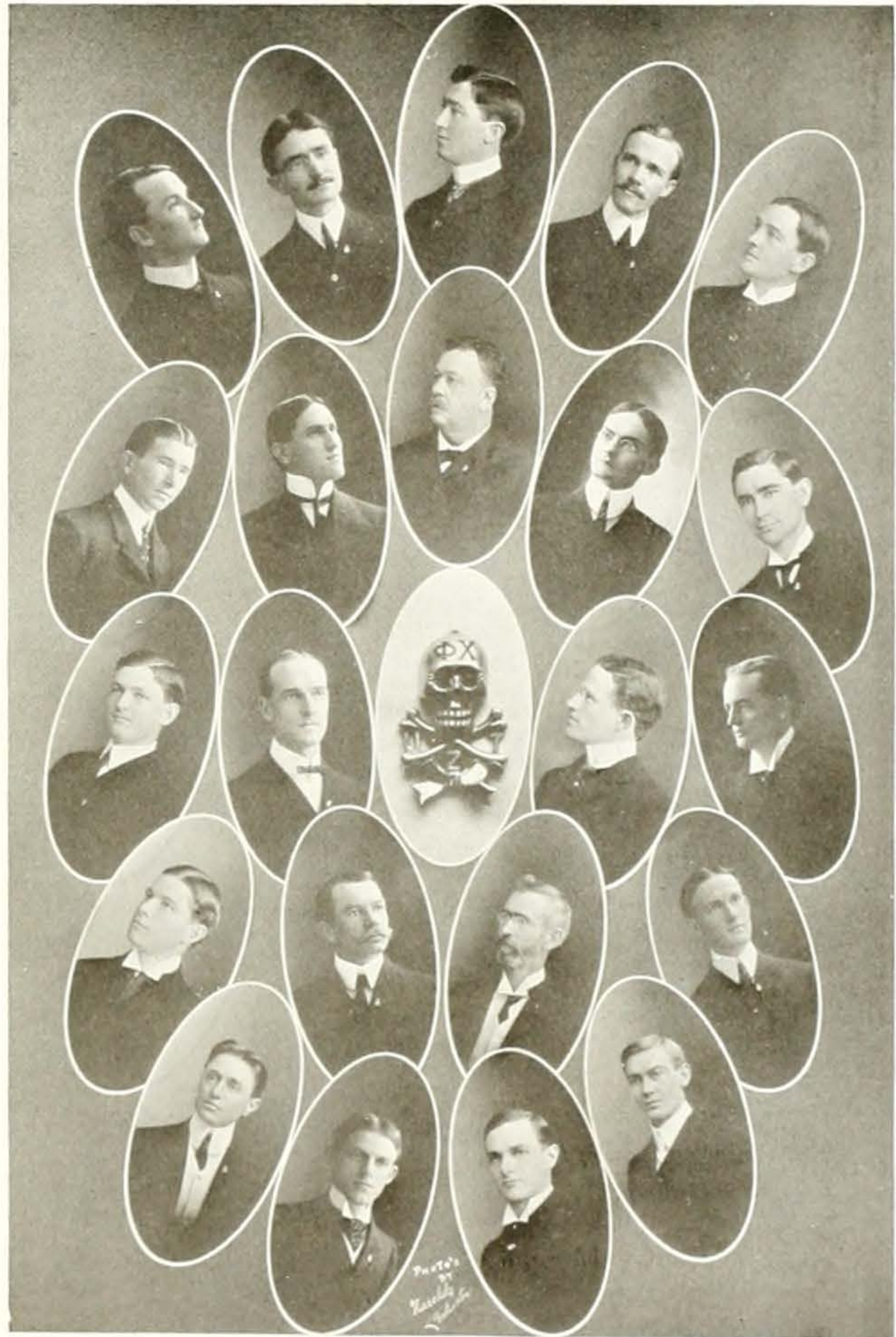
W. T. White

FRESHMEN.

H. W. Newman

J. P. Simonds

W. H. Powell



PHI CHI.

PHI ALPHA SIGMA.

EPSILON CHAPTER.

ROLL.

IN THE FACULTY.

Dr. W. S. Carter,
Dr. J. E. Thompson,
C. L. Milburn, Ph.G.,

Dr. A. E. Thayer,
Dr. Wm. Keiller,
Dr. Wallace Rouse,

Dr. H. C. Haden,
Dr. H. R. Dudgeon,
Dr. O. H. Plant.

INTERNES.

Dr. J. T. Wilhite,

Dr. French Simpson.

UNDERGRADUATES.

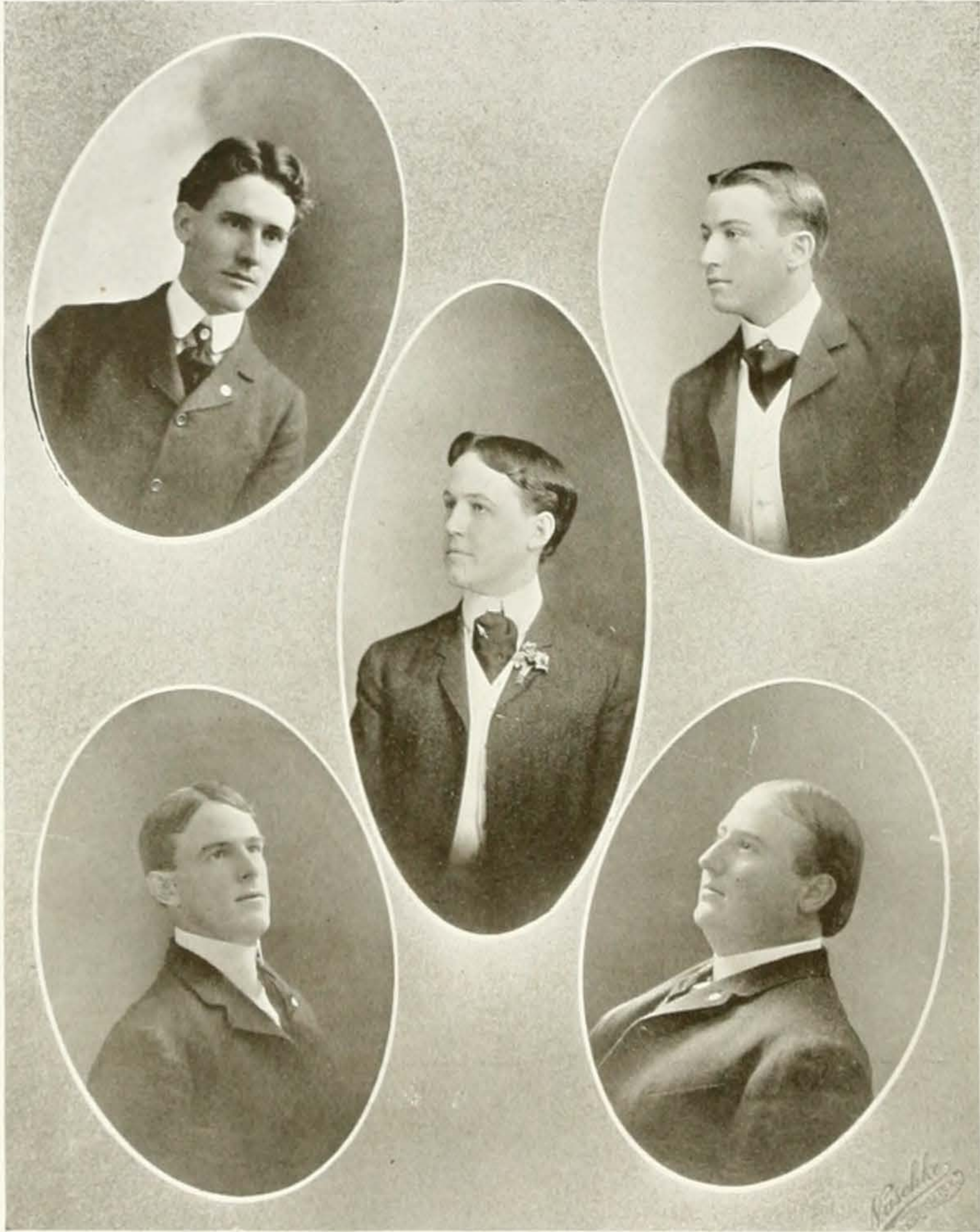
M. E. Lott,
F. N. Danforth,
W. T. Dawe,
A. G. Heard,

B. F. Smith,
A. J. Pope,
G. W. Cox,
Aug. Maverick,

H. O. Knight,
J. F. Hale,
D. C. Carrington,
E. M. Arnold.



PHI ALPHA SIGMA.



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W. P. DAWE	Business Manager

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JACK C. BUCKNER	Editor-in-Chief
A. B. JOHNSON	Associate Editors
J. F. GILSON	
G. T. HALL	Business Manager
C. A. CROSSLEY	Assistant Manager

History of Students' Council.

The Students' Council can not be said to have a separate and special history, for it has so well lived up to the end for which it was established, that its history is simply the blending of the histories of each individual member of the school.

We have a book store in charge of Mr. Geo. C. Nix, which has as usual been conducted in a pleasing and most satisfactory manner.

Aside from the book store, another subject of importance is the issuing of the Medical Department of the CACTUS, and the present staff promises to uphold the high standard obtained by the officers of previous years.

Another matter which is of direct interest to the student body is the issuing of THE MEDICAL, the monthly publication of the Medical Department.

The Students' Council stands for something more. It is the tie that binds together the members of the school, the tie in which all classes are forgotten and the good of the student body is sought.

Grinds.

"Some have greatness thrust upon them."

Lady to Dickey, as he assists her down the ladder of the Sea Wall: "Do you know that my husband is forty miles away?"

McCain at the Elite as the waiter rehearses the menu: "Oh I guess I will take some banana fritters."

A Freshman Definition: "Idiosyncrasy means idiocy but it is not quite flat idiocy."

White in a burst of eloquence: "I'll break that crystalline heart which lies within your pearly breast, and not so long as one drop of life blood courses thru the veins of Turney White will I go unrevenged."

He filleth full of many strange and potent remedies.—Huvelle.

"Home, Sweet Home." The Senior Pharmacy class on board the Dutch Battleship.

Soph.: "Dr. Terrill, shall I make a stab or a smear culture on this bouillon?"

$3 + 1 = 6$, Jr. Pharmacy addition.

White is the discoverer of a new bacterium—"Pusillanimous Pyogenes Album."

He diggeth up and vendeth many antique and forgotten jokes.—Hall.

The latest patent: The McCain process for getting Pearline from pear leaves.

Prof. Cline: "It would take me too long to explain the difference between methylene blue and methyl blue.

Jena: "Oh, that's easys enough one's CH_3 and the other CH_4 .



FINAL BALL.

THE 1904 FINAL BALL.

F. N. DANFORTH, President.

P. J. SHAVER, Supervisory Chairman.

WALTER KELTON, Chairman Invitation Committee.

F. J. GILSON, Chairman Finance Committee.

ESTES PAINE, Chairman Arrangement Committee.

S. M. BRISCOE, Chairman Entertainment Committee

A. B. JOHNSON, Chairman Reception Committee.

P. R. STALNAKER, Chairman Floor Committee.



FINAL BALL.

UNIVERSITY HALL CLUB.

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Miss S. Fisher
Mrs. L. H. Gates

Miss M. Holliday
Miss W. Kingsley
Miss F. Magnenat
Miss C. Potter

Miss M. Parkhill
Miss J. A. Sherrin
Dr. M. C. Schaefer

University Hall.

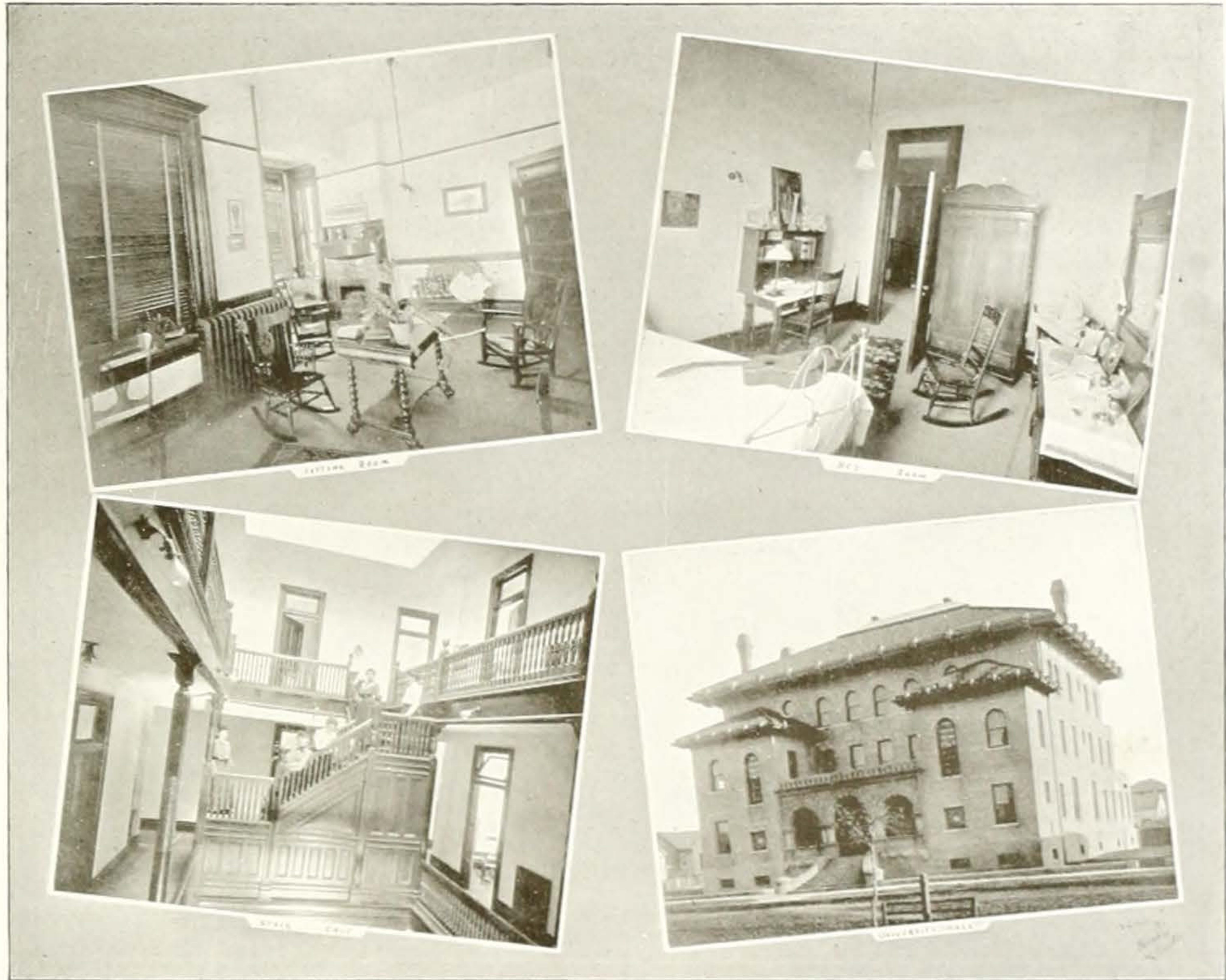
In June, 1898, University Hall was formally presented to the University of Texas by Mr. George W. Brackenridge, of San Antonio. This generous gift is the result of an interest the donor has in young women who study medicine in the Medical Department of the University of Texas. The purpose of the Hall is to furnish lady students with rooms at moderate rates.

University Hall is a commodious three-storied brick building one block from the Medical College, and opposite to the John Sealy Hospital. It is provided with comfortable sitting-rooms, living-rooms and bath-rooms. It is heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

The dining-room and kitchen are neatly and adequately furnished. The students residing at the Hall have organized themselves into a dining-club, known as the University Hall Club. By this means they are able to board themselves at cost.

As the number of students of medicine and pharmacy is still small, the room-rent is not sufficient to meet the expenses of maintaining the large building. Mr. Brackenridge has generously endowed the Hall to assist it in becoming self-supporting, which he hopes it will do at the end of several years. Board and room can be furnished at seventeen or eighteen dollars monthly.

Also of interest are the two scholarships endowed by the Woman's Club of San Antonio. These are known as the Isabella H. Brackenridge Scholarship and the San Antonio Woman's Club Scholarship. They are valued respectively at two hundred and forty and two hundred dollars. They are awarded to women above the Freshman year who have attained the necessary general averages of proficiency in their studies. These scholarships are not limited to students from Texas.



UNIVERSITY HALL VIEWS.

An Appeal.

SINCE the Medical Department was added to the University, some twelve years ago, it has been made to bear the brunt of adverse criticism and opposition, this opposition being not merely an attack on the Medical Department, but an underhanded blow at all forms of higher education as well. The Opposition, thus finding in the "far-a-way" School at Galveston a vulnerable spot in the Educational System of the State, makes its attacks here in the attempt to beat down the entire Educational Policy of the State, striking at the whole Policy through the weakest branch, as it were, and thus weakening the whole.

They offer many reasons for their opposition, and many causes for complaint, among them the statement that the State should not enter the field of professional education. Again they say that the School should never have been established till there was an adequate fund for its maintenance. These two arguments they turn in full force upon the Medical Department alone. They oppose us in every way, and by cutting off as much as possible the appropriations, they furnish an obstacle for every plan for the benefit of the School. Thus they hope to overthrow the Educational Policy of Texas. Quite a noble aim they have.

Our plan is not to defend or to apologise for the plan that established the School. That needs [no apology or defense, since its own worth is sufficient defense for the School. We would rather demonstrate the utter futility of opposition to the progress of the School now so well established. There is no opposition that can prevent the knowledge of the State School's superiority gaining ground in the minds of the People. That will appear evident in the standard of practitioners of the State a few years hence, even though the opposition find stronger grounds of prejudice than those they now hold.

The work in the past has been more than satisfactory to the most ardent lover of the School. Calling forth every year a goodly number of well-trained practitioners, it is thus raising the standard of the Profession year by year. It aided to demonstrate the need for better laws for the Practice of Medicine than the old, and now fulfilled by the establishment of a State Board of Examiners. Here, too, the graduates have demonstrated their superiority over those of shorter course schools. Thus it has been proven that Medicine can be well taught here, and therefore the opposition can find no grounds on which to attack the course. Therefore their grounds are not practical, but theoretical, and by no means well taken.

They attack the fact that there were no adequate funds for the maintenance of the School when it was established, and a debt must needs be contracted. They do propose that

we shall get enough funds to keep the School on a firm basis, and cut every appropriation to this end.

They oppose every improvement for the school and attack every plan for its betterment, hoping in the end to effect the overthrow. We get very little of the public funds for the reason that the opposition is on hand to cut that little as low as they possibly can. Thus they cripple the various departments by depriving them of funds, but they cannot keep them from keeping their work up to the standard set, and preparing for an inevitable change of opinion. The time must come when the worth of the State School will be apparent, and the people will recognize the fact that the facilities *must* be improved or the School will be at a standstill.

The experimental stage has long been passed, and the School must now begin to forge to the front as a Medical Center, not merely as a place for Undergraduate instruction, but as one in which Medicine is improved more and more. Not merely to teach that which others have taken upon themselves to prove, but to begin to search for that which at this time has not yet been learned. Other fields remain open for work, and to maintain its footing *this School must* take up its burden of *this work*.

Medicine does *not* stand still, and a College must either advance or fall. It cannot take a place and hold it, remaining an undergraduate school alone. It must take up the various branches of Medical Research and in this way contribute its quota to the Medical lore, the undergraduate work furnishing a foundation for greater things yet to come.

It must not be thought that the Course of instruction will be allowed to be overshadowed by the higher work. On the contrary, it will remain the ultimate purpose of the School to train the young man to become a practical physician, the higher work being only added for the furtherance of this end. What facts learned in the Post Graduate course could then be added to the course of instruction, and, in accord with the time-honored Oath of Hippocrates, would be given to the world.

This is not a selfish aim. We do not ask that we be allowed to benefit ourselves alone, but that we be allowed to try to contribute something to the World's knowledge of the means by which to combat disease and death. Our work is not for the benefit of the School, but for the benefit of the profession at large. There are other laboratories of research in the State, but as yet no means for one in that, the noblest in the professions. It is not an extravagant request that we make in this paper, but one warranted by the past work of the School. The work as place of undergraduate training is a sufficient guarantee of the ability of the management to carry on a higher grade of work, were the means offered.

The purpose is sufficiently noble and the ability of the School is guaranteed by the past, then why not continue to advance? Why should this branch be forced to stand while the rest goes on? These aims are too noble thus to lightly be trampled under foot. There must be a nobler end to such a beginning. Texas will not allow her School to be so easily outstripped by its competitors. Education for the Practice of Medicine is a noble work.

Medicine is by no means a complete Science. Many are the ills of man as yet imperfectly understood. Many are the remedies for disease as yet unsought and unfound. Yes, might it not be said that many are the lives lost for the same reason? Only a few months since, the State was thrown into a state of quarantine because of a plague. Ought it to be said that it makes no provision by which it can protect its citizens against such an event? The field is large and Texas has a Medical School that must soon enter it. Let us then make the time of waiting as short as possible.

—F. J. G.



THE YOUNG MEN'S DINING CLUB.

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 OLIN GOBER.....Secretary and Treasurer

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Horace T. Aynesworth,
 Geo. M. Decherd.

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE.

Geo. N. Ricks, B. O. Works,
 M. E. Lott.

AUDITING COMMITTEE.

F. D. Sims, W. H. Moursund.

WHEN the students of the Medical Department of The University of Texas returned to Galveston, at the beginning of the session of 1903-1904 they found themselves face to face with a situation. University Hall, which had been tendered them as a dining hall for several years past, and which they had managed so successfully, was no longer available, but was to be occupied by the young lady students of medicine and pharmacy.

What was to be done? The question which presented itself to everyone was: How can I get good board, and at a reasonable cost?

A good number of students began to take their meals with Mrs. Malloy, who had constructed a frame building which would accommodate from eighty to ninety students. This boarding place was continued for two months when it was announced that there was no money in boarding students for fifteen dollars a month, and that it would be closed.

An attempt was now made by the students, either to construct a hall, or rent one, and thus get matters again under their own management. There was but little interest manifested and the matter was dropped. The students scattered to the four winds and for one month were at the mercy of the Galveston boarding-house trust. This was enough. It was now realized that something must be done.

There was a meeting of the students, and it was decided to rent the building constructed by Mrs. Malloy which should be managed by the students themselves. This was done and an executive committee, whose duties should be to buy supplies, and a membership committee to maintain order, were appointed, and having employed the necessary help we took possession January 1st, 1904, and are now getting good board at twelve dollars a month.

—W. T. Dawe.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS.

OFFICERS.

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T. R. SEALY.....Vice-President
J. G. FLYNN.....Secretary and Treasurer

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Cockson, E. E.	Miller, J. S.	Work, B. O.
Cyrus, E. M.	Moon, J. F.	Youens, W. G.
Day, G. R.	Moore, S. H.	Young, B. T.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the College stands for the deepening and strengthening of the spitual life of the men who come within the walls of our school.
Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.

Grinds.

A Child's cigar for me.—Thomas.

Spruiell on the fishing trip as the keg was about emptied, "You see those bumps out there on the water? Well, they correspond to little bumps on the bottom."

"It is so hard to keep up with those disappearing Juniors."—Dr. Thompson.

What men dare—I dare—"Thomas."

And he thought he had been valiant.—Bought at the fire.

Brief as lightning.—(Slow) Moore.

Rosa Gliss finds a perfoliate leaf to be one composed of petals.

January 16. Stone takes a car ride.

February 19, Morris finishes Freshman chemistry lecture in 40 minutes

Freshman: Where is the island of Reil?

Hudson: I think it is in the Pacific but am not quite sure.

A deal of skimble—skamble stuff.—Vegetable Micros Copy.

A Mellin's Food Baby.—Holly.

Fresh Chemistry: $Fe + O = Fe_2 O_3 + Co_2$.

Oh what a noble mind is here.—Sealy.

Self love is not so vile a sin.—Slataper.

"A Bacterum is a little plant that belongs to the animal kingdom. It has large fleshy leaves which are used in medicine and are good for some things."

—
Such men are dangerous:—Freshmen Jones, Moore, Huvelle and Junior Smith.

—
Tush, Tush fear boys with bugs.—Bacteriology Class.

—
The world is not my friend.—"Spiller."

—
The glass of fashion, the mold of form.—"Danforth."

—
Unlettered small knowing soul.—A Freshman.

—
Violent delights have violent ends.—"McCain."

—
Weariness can snore upon the flint.—"Night Nurses."

—
A Daniel come to judgment.—"Harrison."

—
Tie a string around his head to see how high to wash his face.—"Rogers."

—
He bids fair to become a man when he is grown.—"C. E. Smith."

—
As wise as a serpent, as harmless as a dove.—"Kemp."

—
Loves to hear himself talk.—"White."

—
Kind lady: "Why are you no taller my *little* man?"

Thomas: "Oh I have married and settled down."

—
An ancient and fish like odor.—"Pharm. Lab."

—
As merry as the day is long.—"Lott."

—
Ill favored things, sir.—The new "stiffs."

—
A little fire is quickly trodden out, which being suffered, rivers cannot quench.—
"Huvelle."

—
A deed of dreadful note.—"Jr. Robinson" cuts.

A plentiful lack of wit.—“Lay.” —

Let’s die a dry death.—“Hudson.” —

Care is an enemy to life.—“Briscoe.” —

Excellent to have a giant’s strength.—“Burk.” —

Whence gottest thou that goose look.—Bing. —

It takes room for a man—give me room.—Spruiell. —

Let us to the battle go pell mell
If not to Bacteriology, then to h——. —

My dignity must be maintained.—Dr. Decherd. —

What muscle is attacked here—indicating a point on the mandible.
Freshman: “Levator Ani.” —

A Ruben comes to town:—Haynie. —

Don’t waste it boys, its our only keg.—Harper. —

A minute man.—Bardin. —

For this relief much thanks.—February 22 and March 2. —

Great ones eat up the little ones.—Dr. S. and the Freshmen. —

Has this fellow no feeling of seriousness.—Passmore. —

I would the gods had made thee poetical.—Collier. —

Let the world slide.—Hudson. —

The man that hath a tongne.—Gibson. —

Men have died but not for love.—Cyrus. —

Most brisk and giddy paced.—Soph. Jones. —

Making the night hideous—much singing.—Works.

Man delights not me.—“Lady Medicos.”

A man by inclination.—Freshman Moore.

I can wrestle all day long but the studying part of my make-up was left out.—Lott.

“Praise George from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all Cö-eds here below,
Praise him ye maids whose charms are lost;
Praise Charlotte some but George the most.”—Cö-ed Doxology.

DR. MOORE:—How would you treat this case?

SPILLER:—I would send for a doctor, I wouldn't treat it.

“No thanks, I don't believe I care to go in the roost to-night.”—Granville.

“Oh! to be thru with women doctors.”—A Freshman Prayer.

“He is a good little boy but he just can't dance.”—T. B. Wofford.

“A warm hot sponge please.”—Dr. Dudgeon.

“The wheels of progress blocked.”—J. Tain Moore.

“Look heah, doctor, don't you stick that knife in me. I'se a moral woman, I is.”
—Coon to Senior in the Clinic.

“Yes I can ride that wheel—let her pitch; I'm bound for a front seat in the parquet.”
—Hudson.

“Hath any one seen these men at the barbers?”—Anatomy Dept.

We all miss Britton, the man who always had one or two little points he didn't quite understand and had to get up on.

“Too much solitude makes one morbid.”—Lowry.

To the Senior Classes:—A fair wind to your ship and the storms many miles leeward

“He talks like an amateur nightingale”—Gibson.

Are there no beautiful flowers without thorns?—Co-eds.

—
A practicer of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—Dr. S.

—
“With some mixture powerful over the blood he wrought her love.”—Harrison.

—
DR. McLAUGHLIN:—Mr. Day, tell me what characteristic mouth symptom is to be seen in measles.

DAY:—They have buckles in the mouth.

—
Please appear before the advisory committee for advice in regard to the nurses

—
With them boasting is an art.—Gibson and Shaver.

—
Here's to the glass we love to sip—
It drives many a pensive tear,
It's not so sweet as a woman's lip
But a d—n sight more sincere.





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<i>Assurance Fund and all other Liabilities</i>	307,871,898
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<i>Paid Policy-holders in 1903</i>	34,949,672

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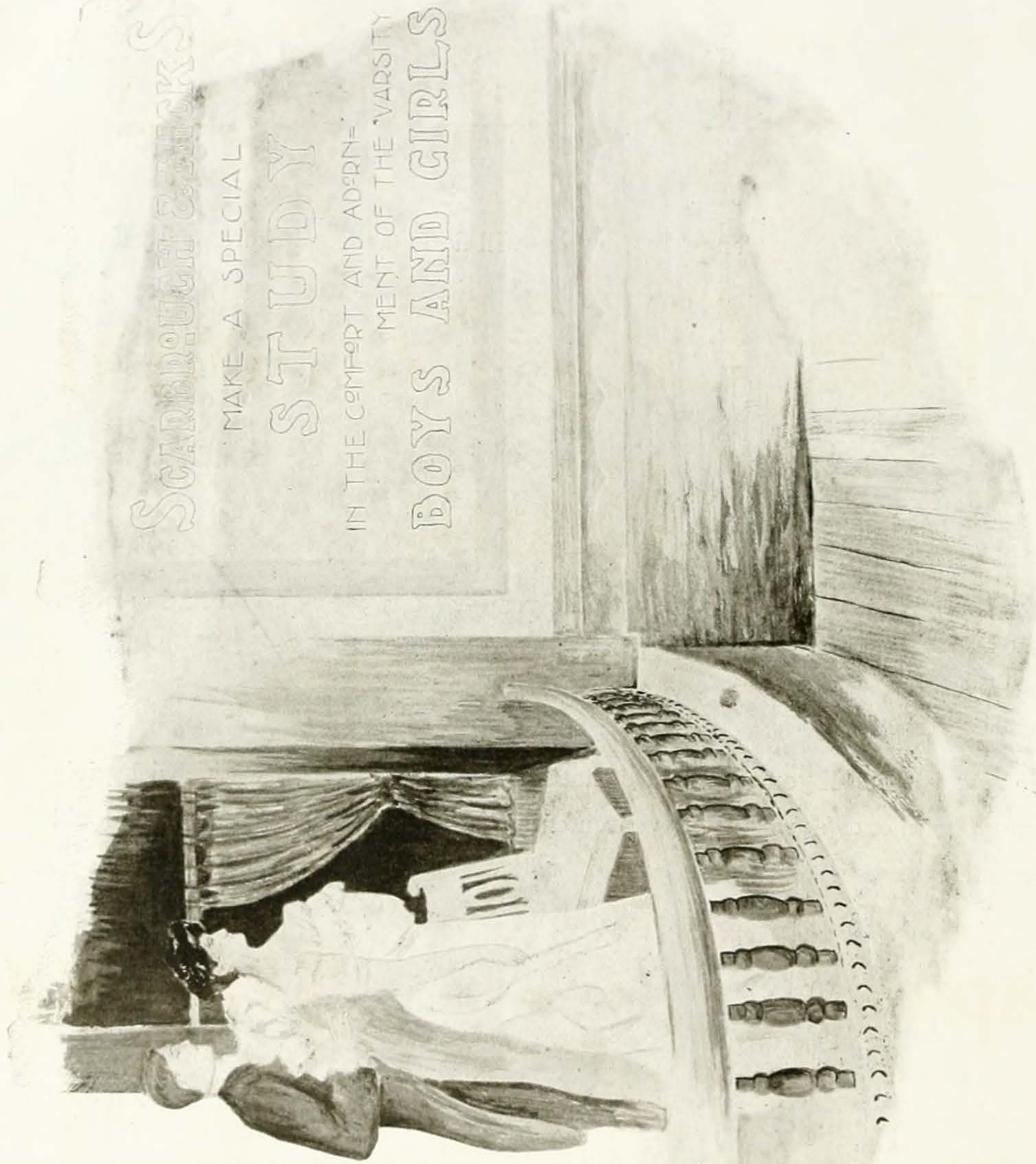
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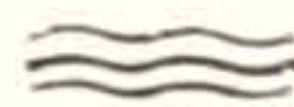


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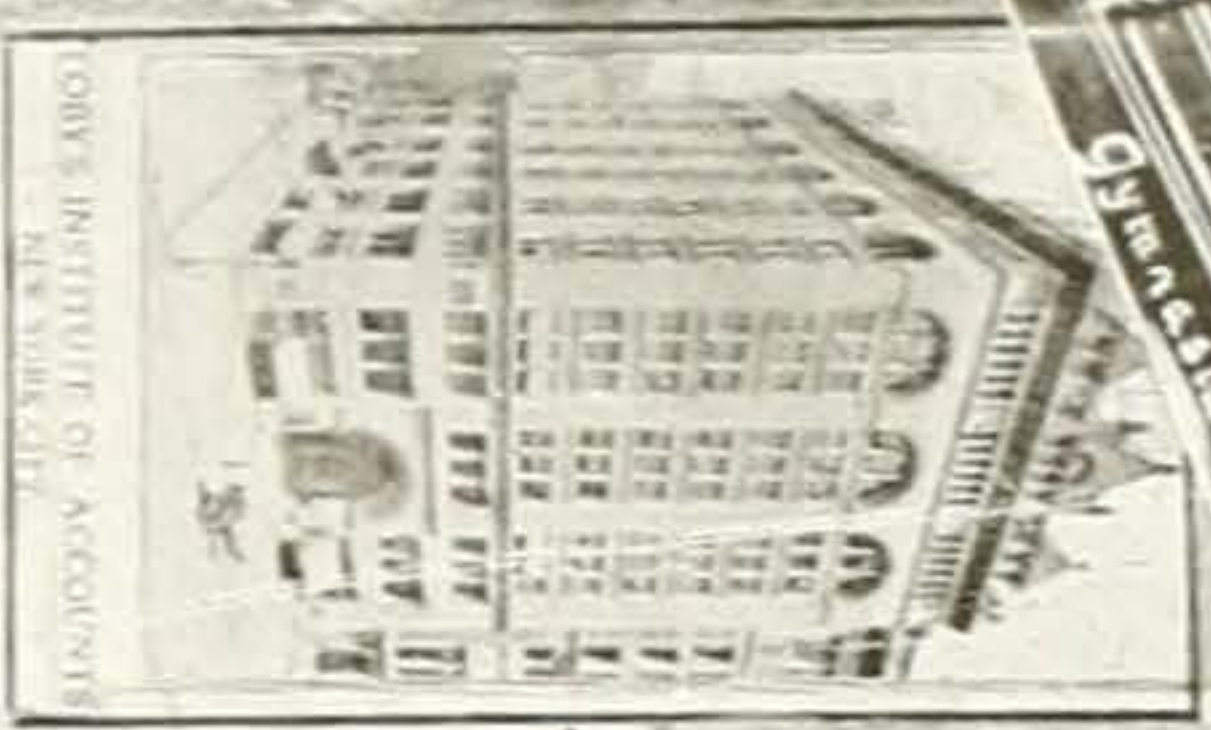
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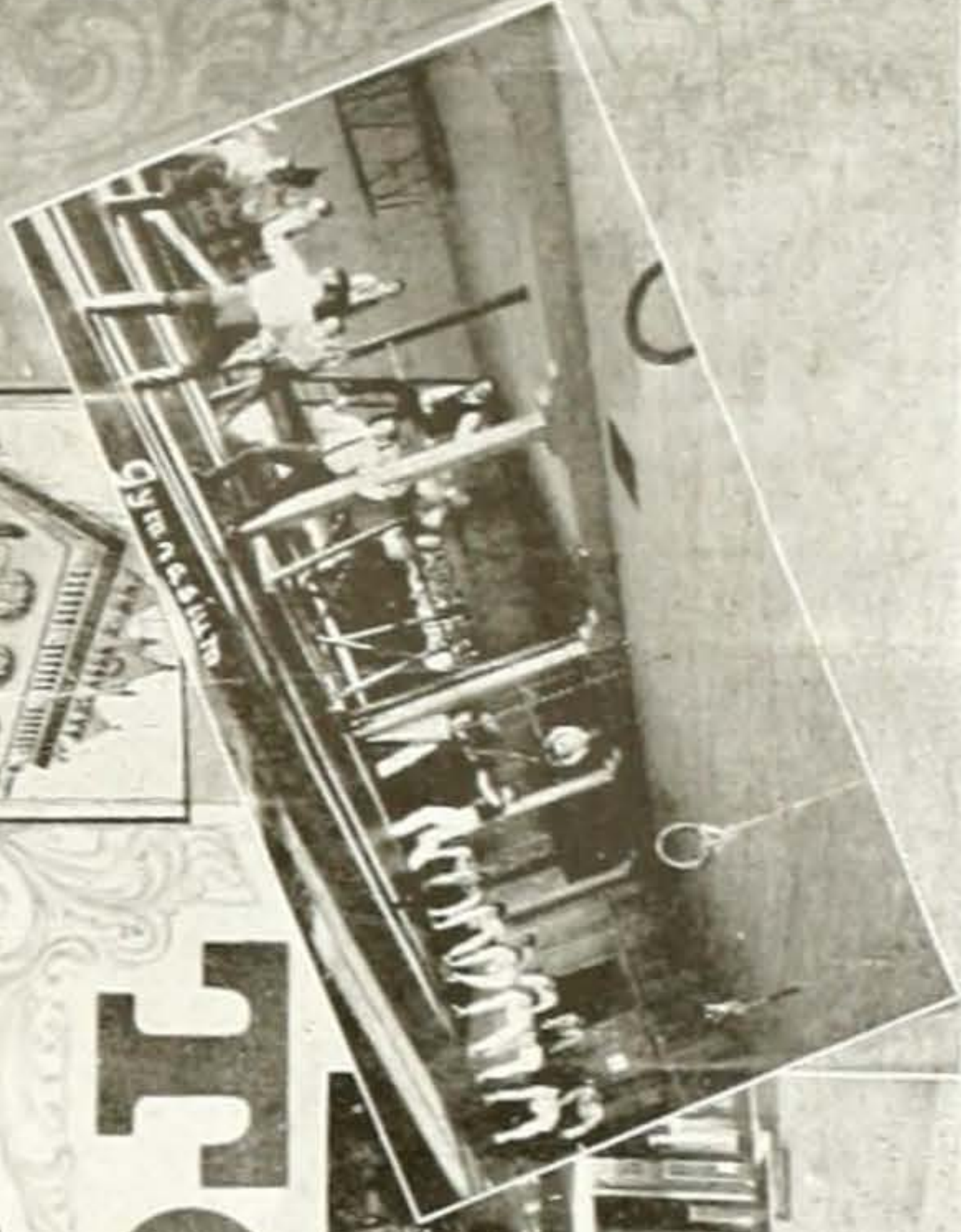
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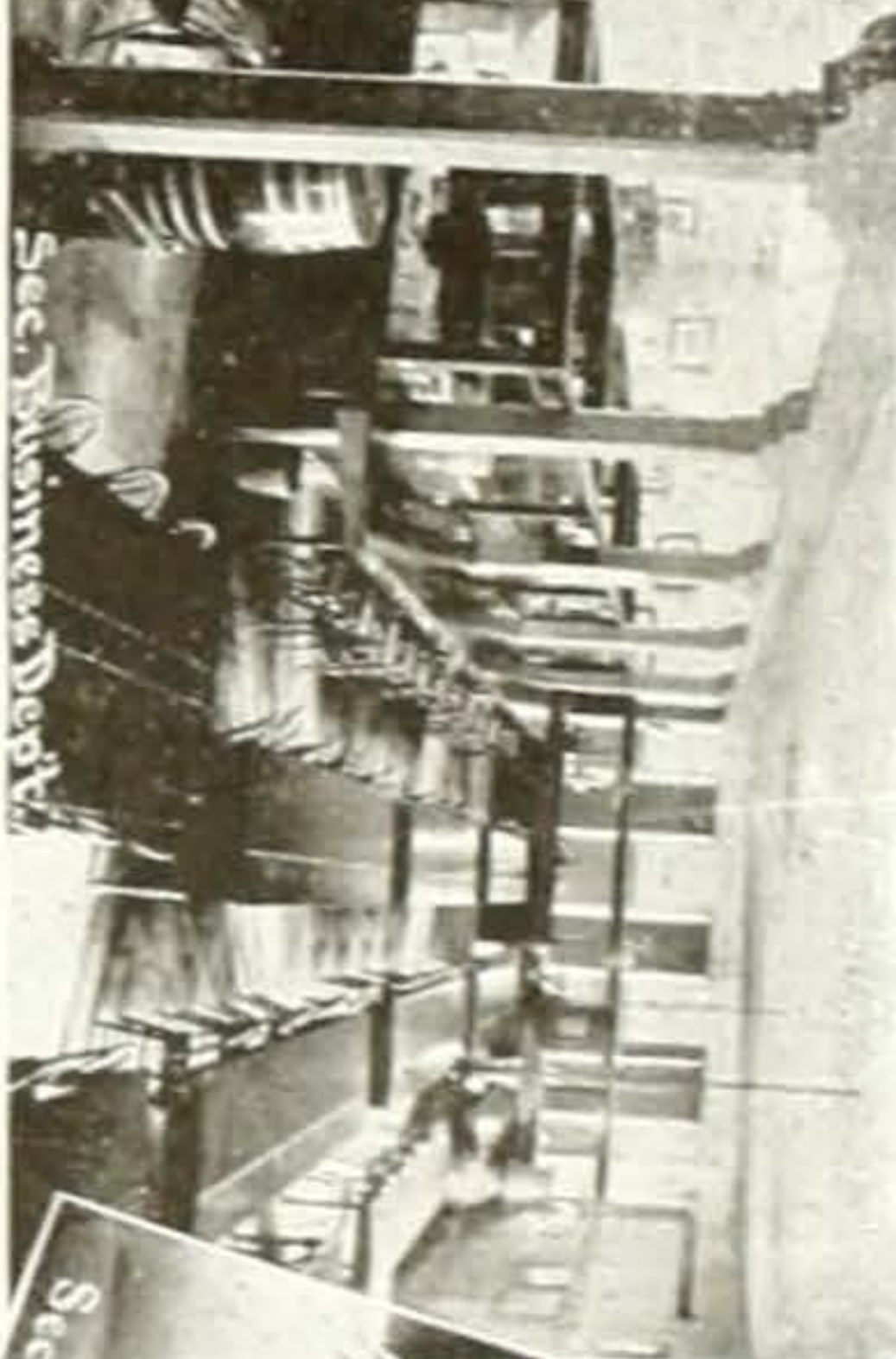
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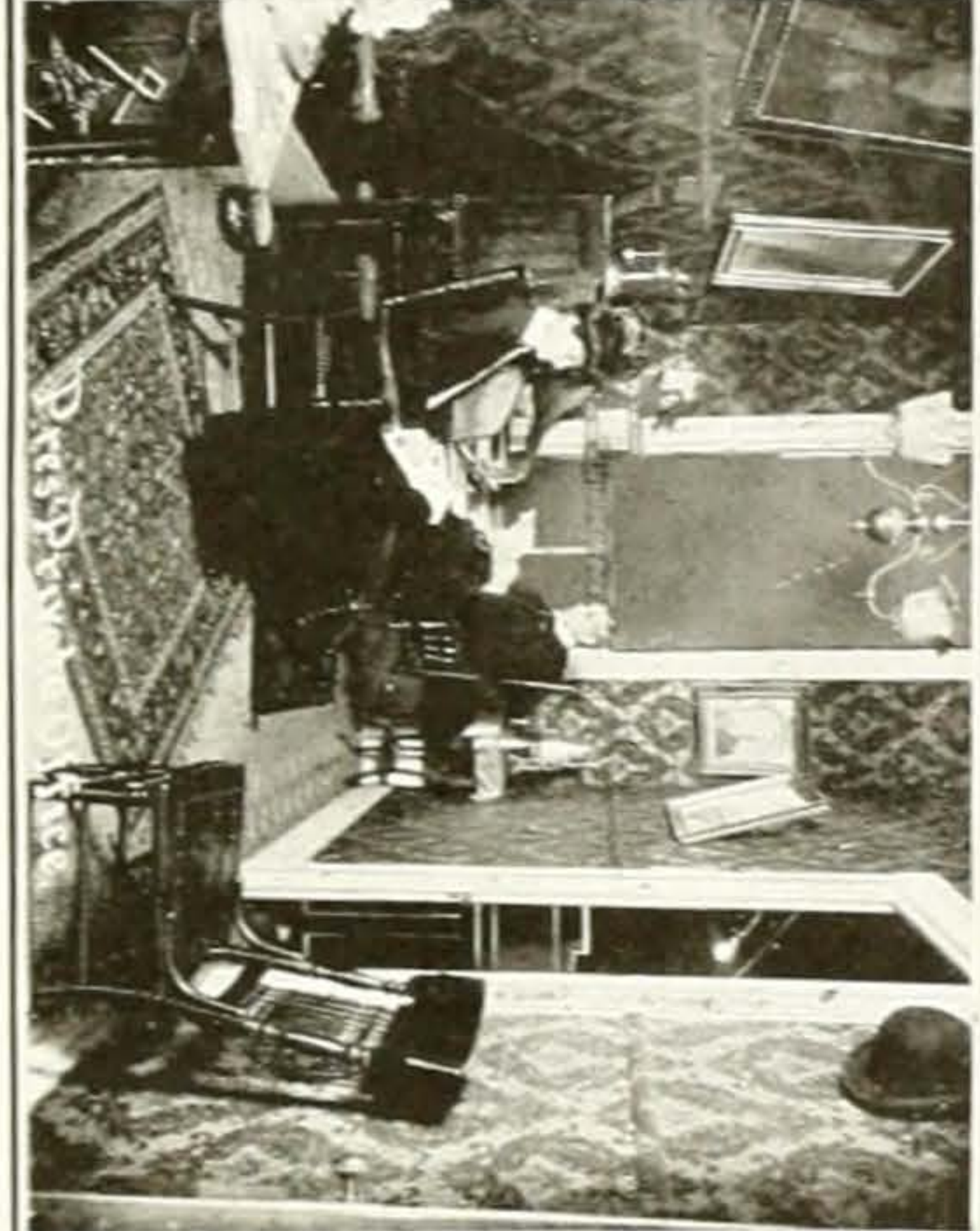


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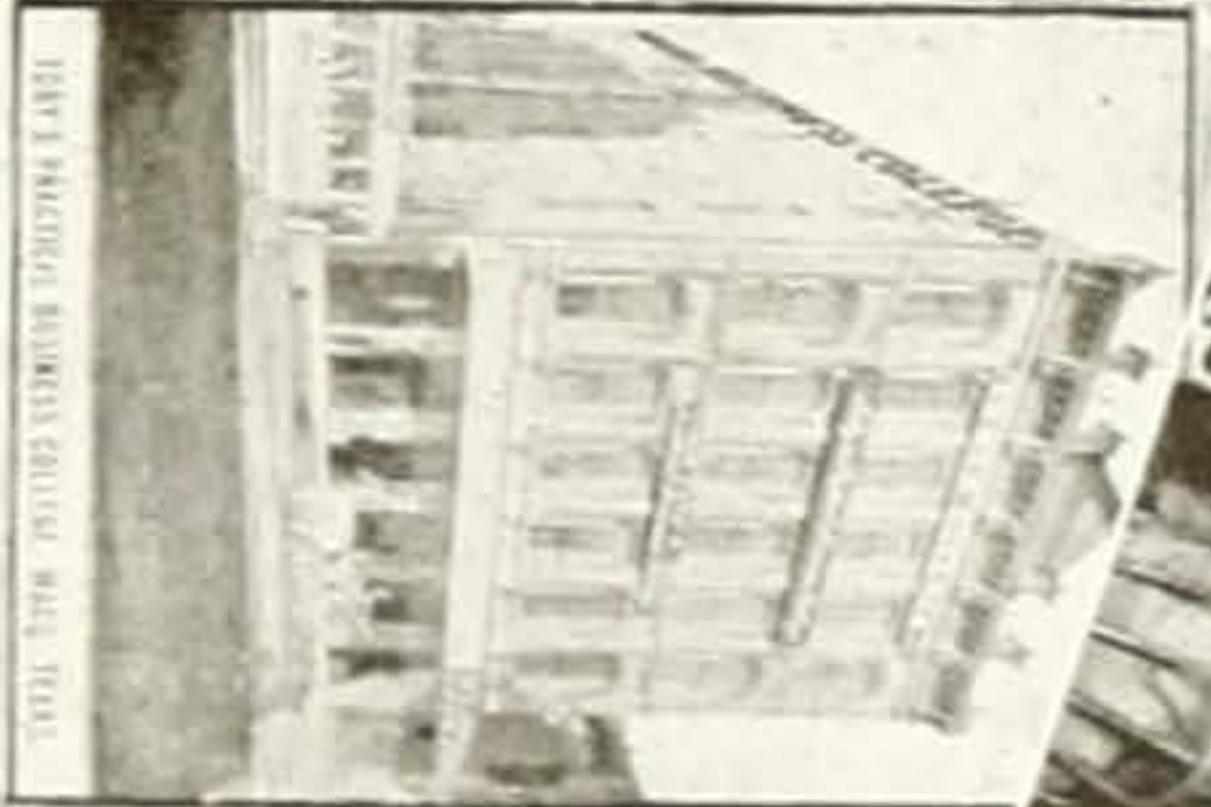
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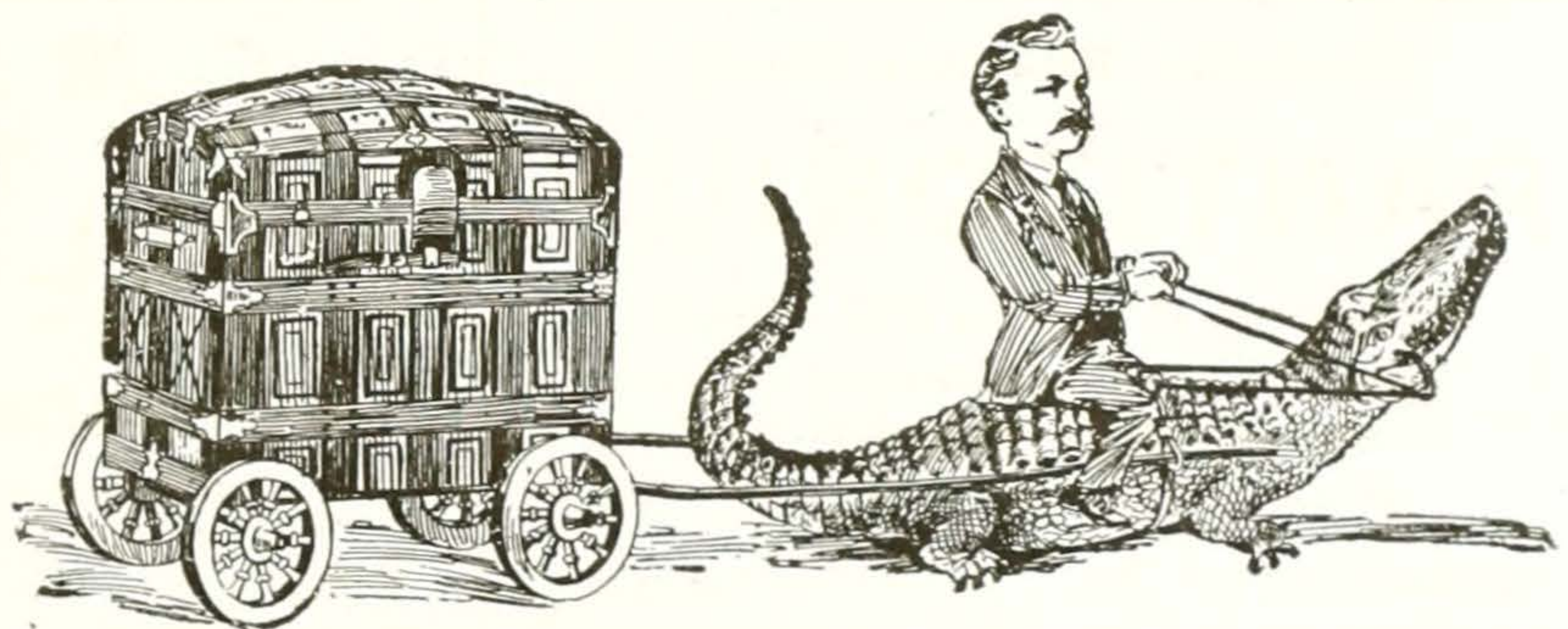
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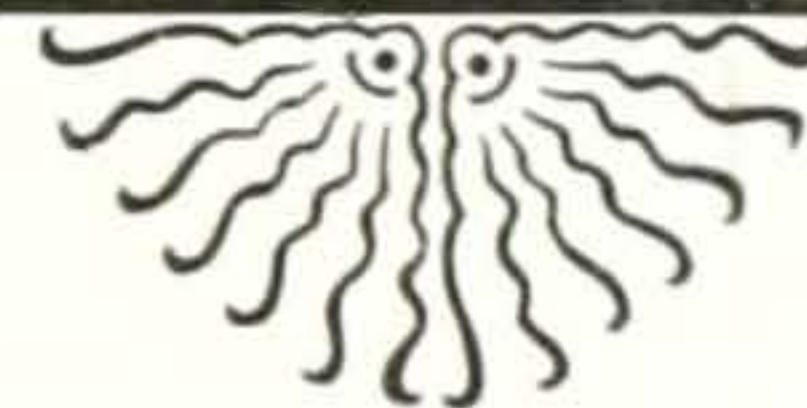


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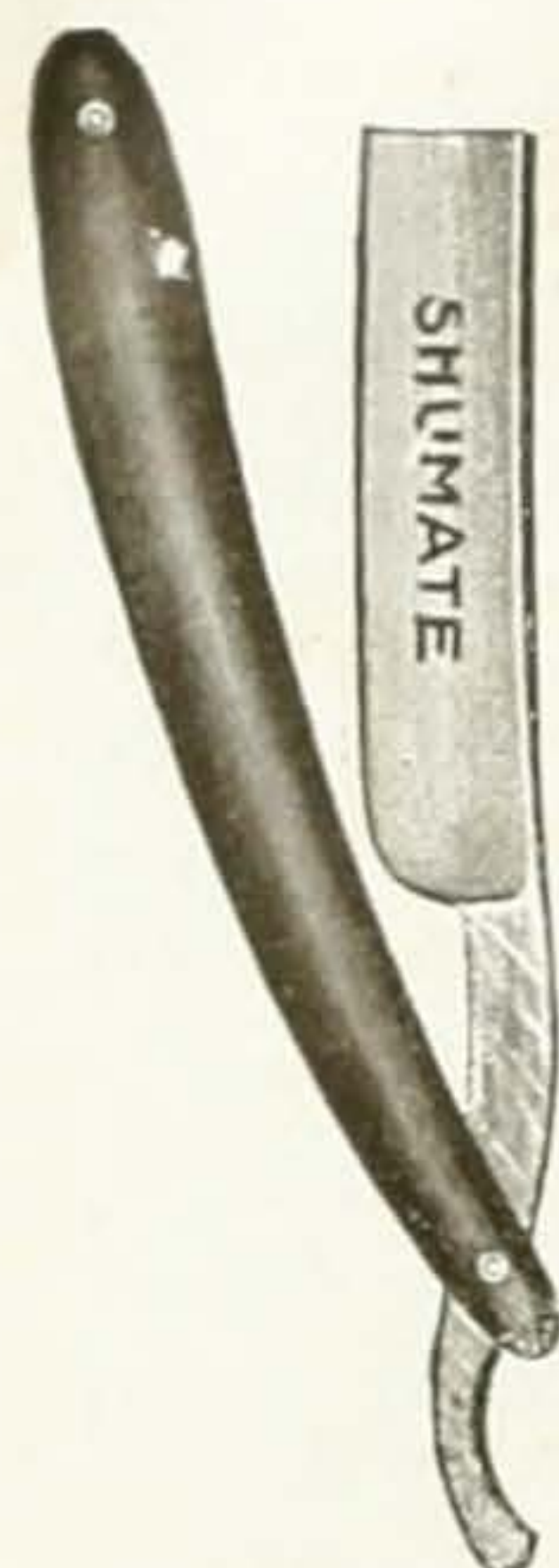
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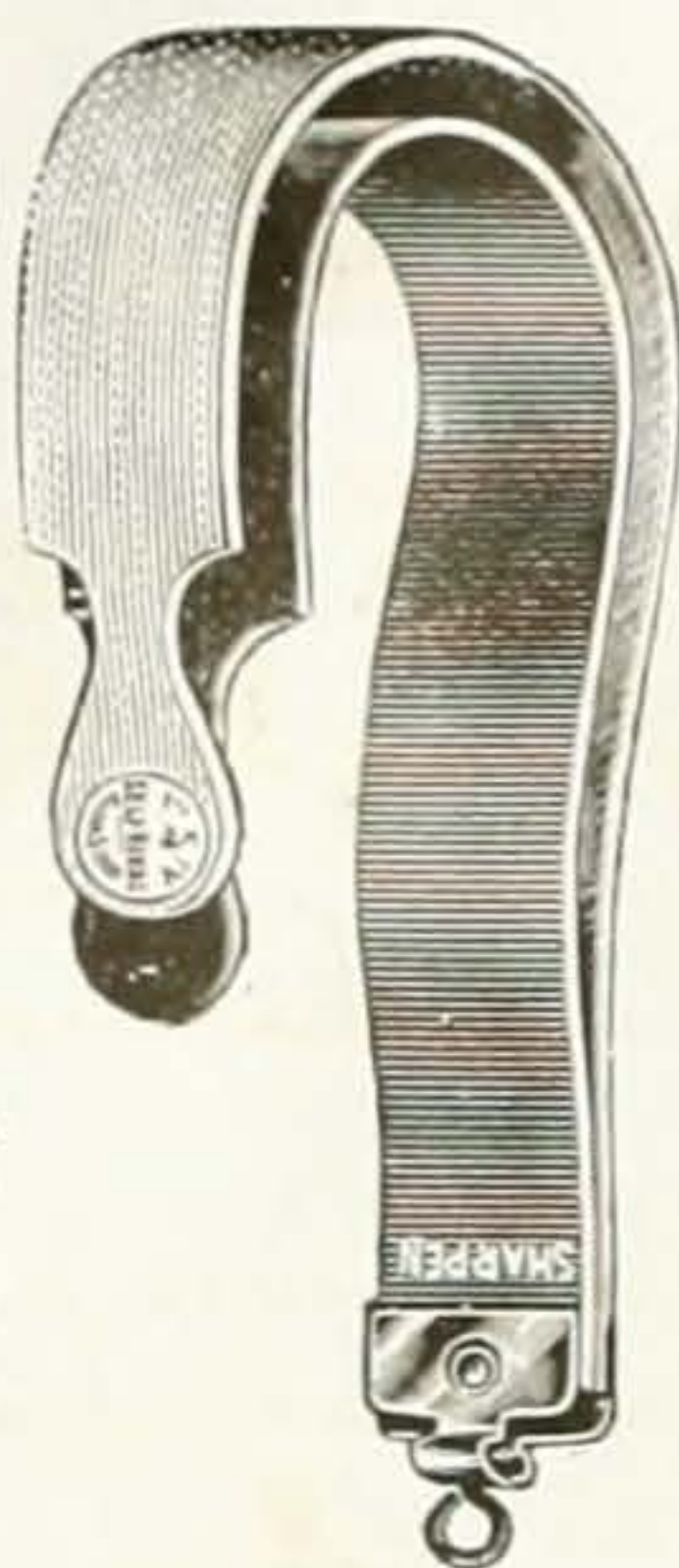


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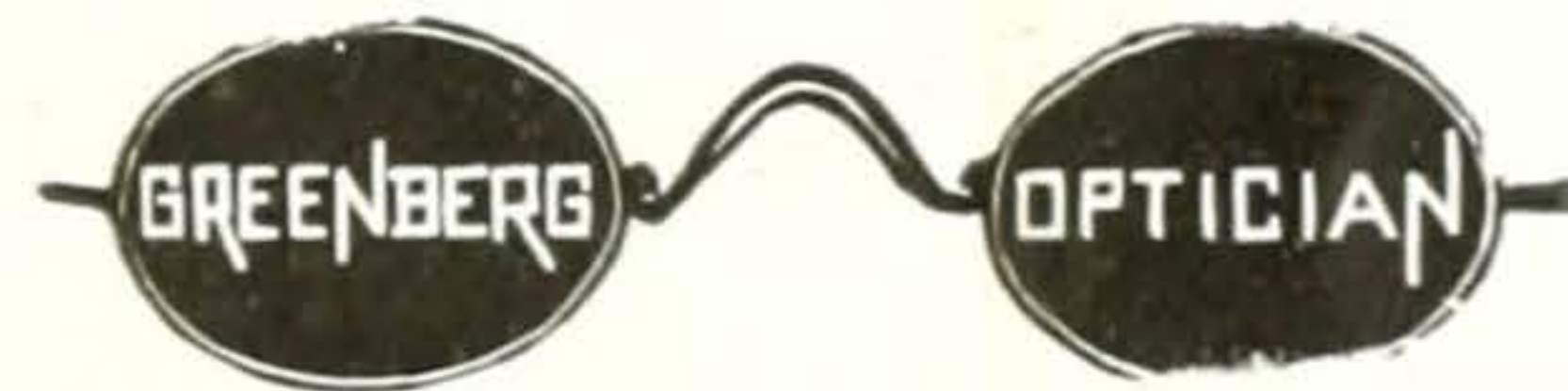
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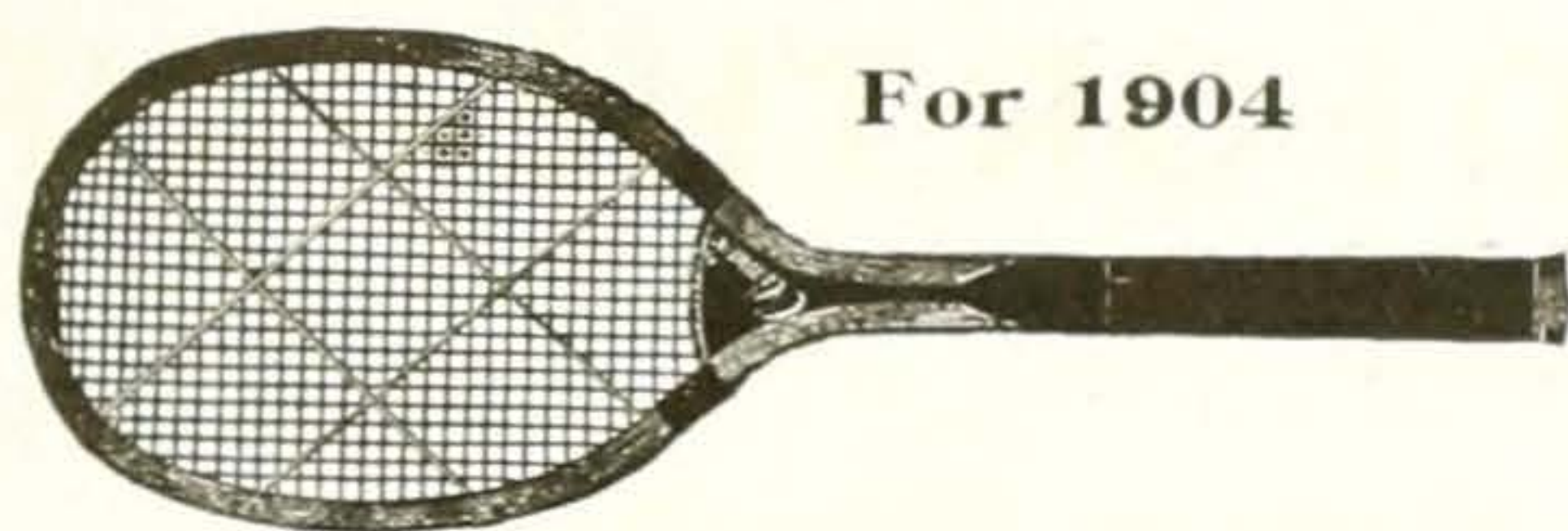
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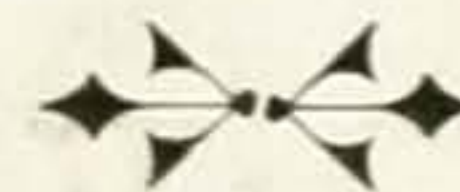
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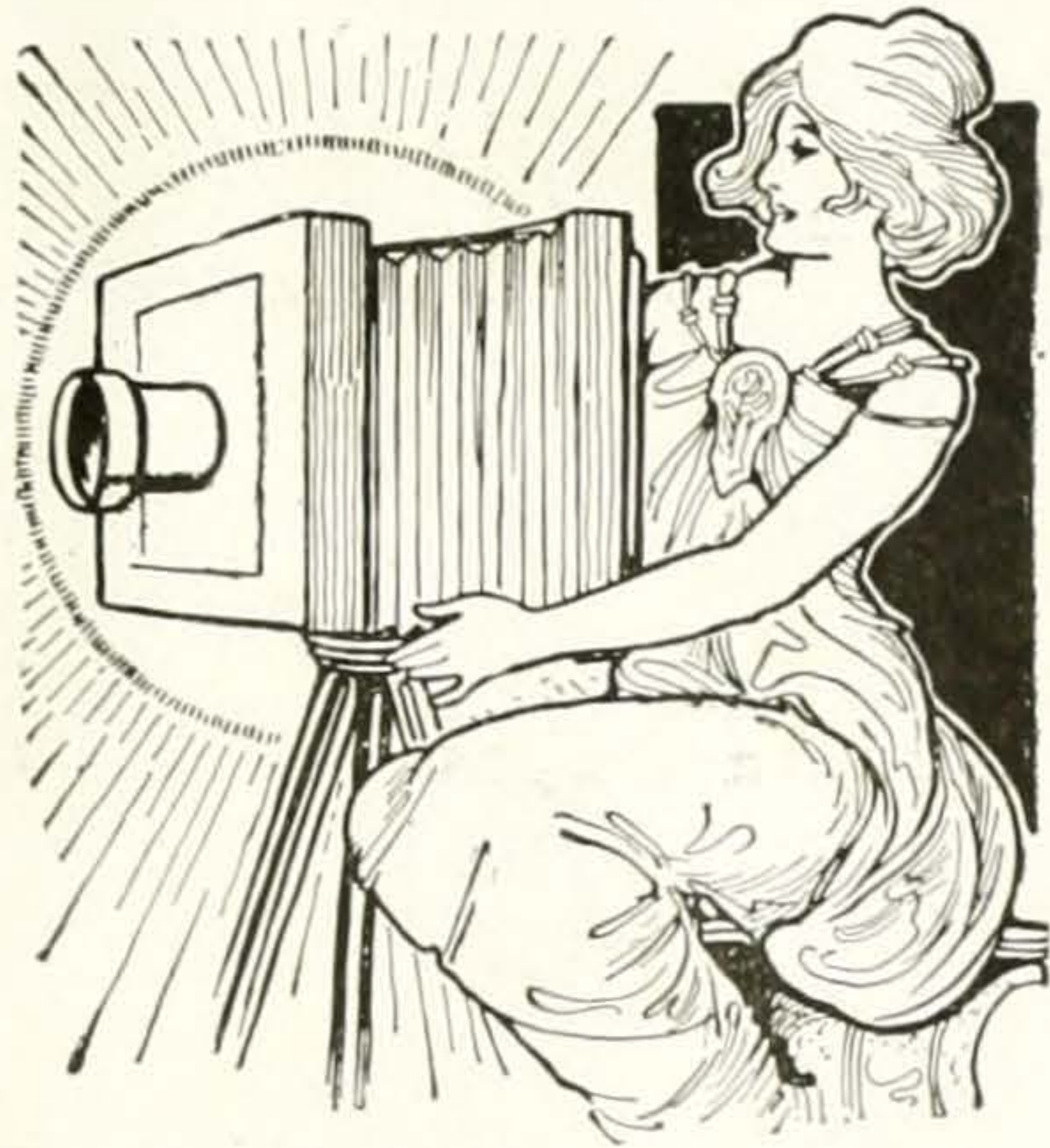
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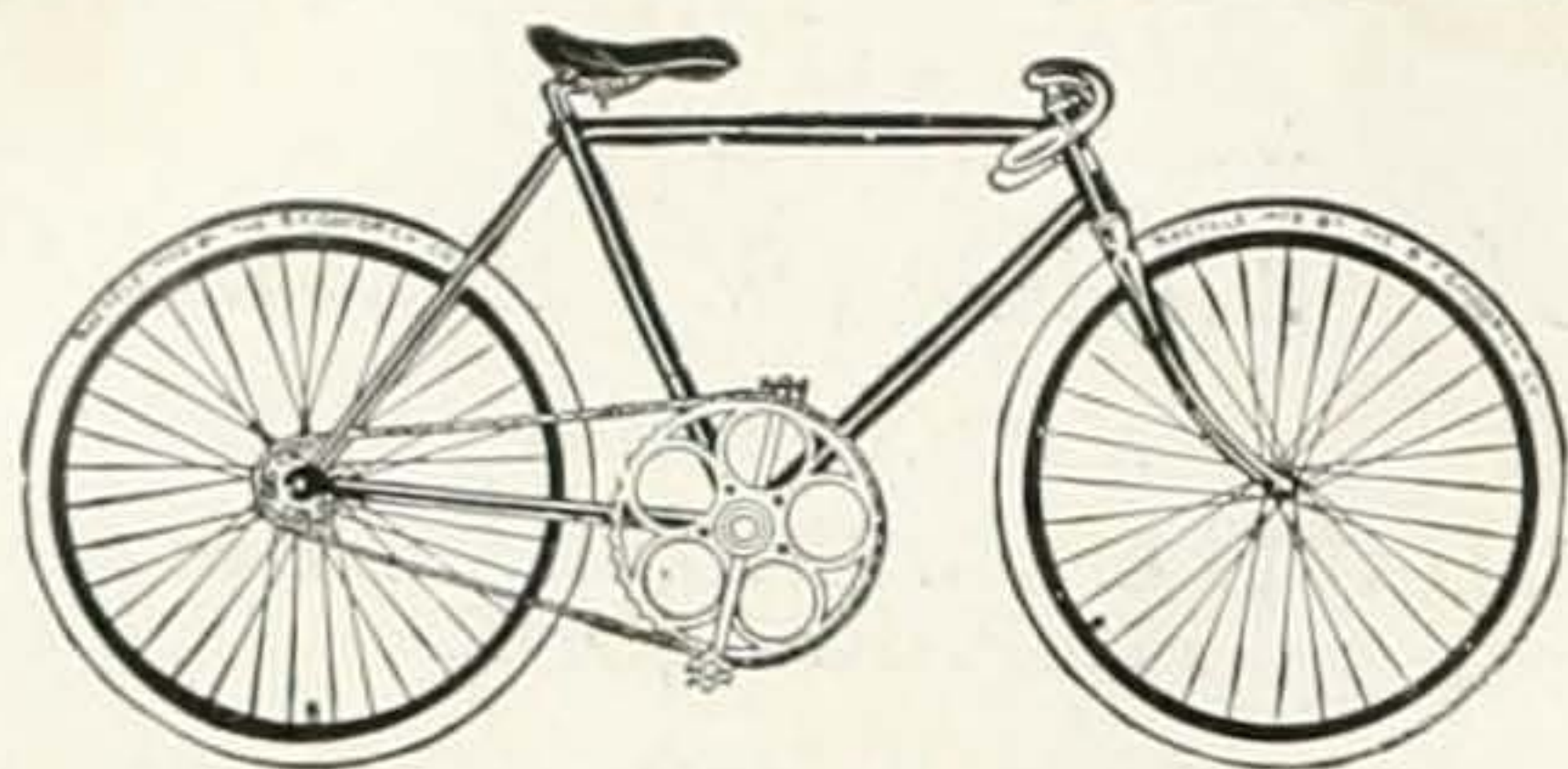
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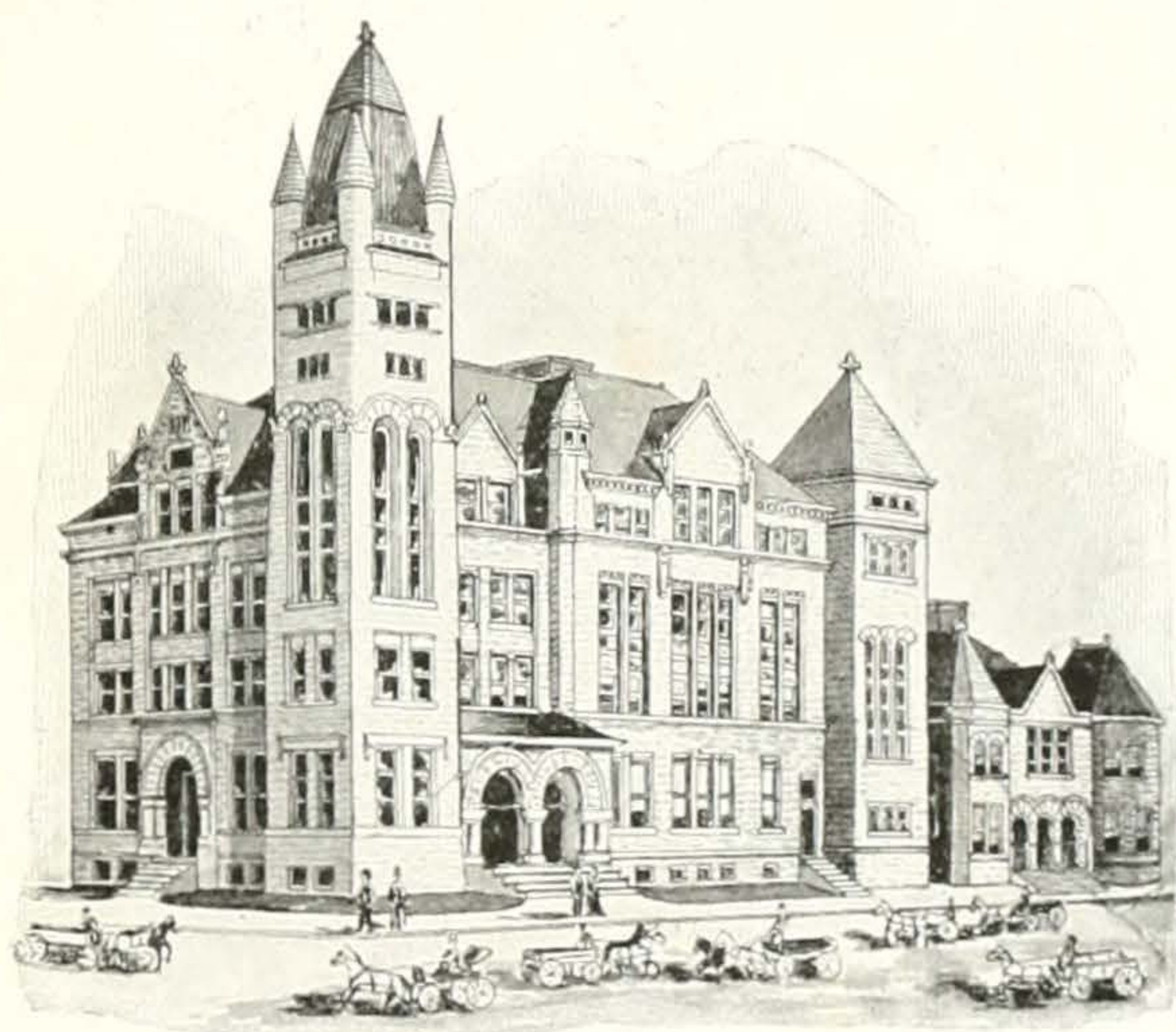
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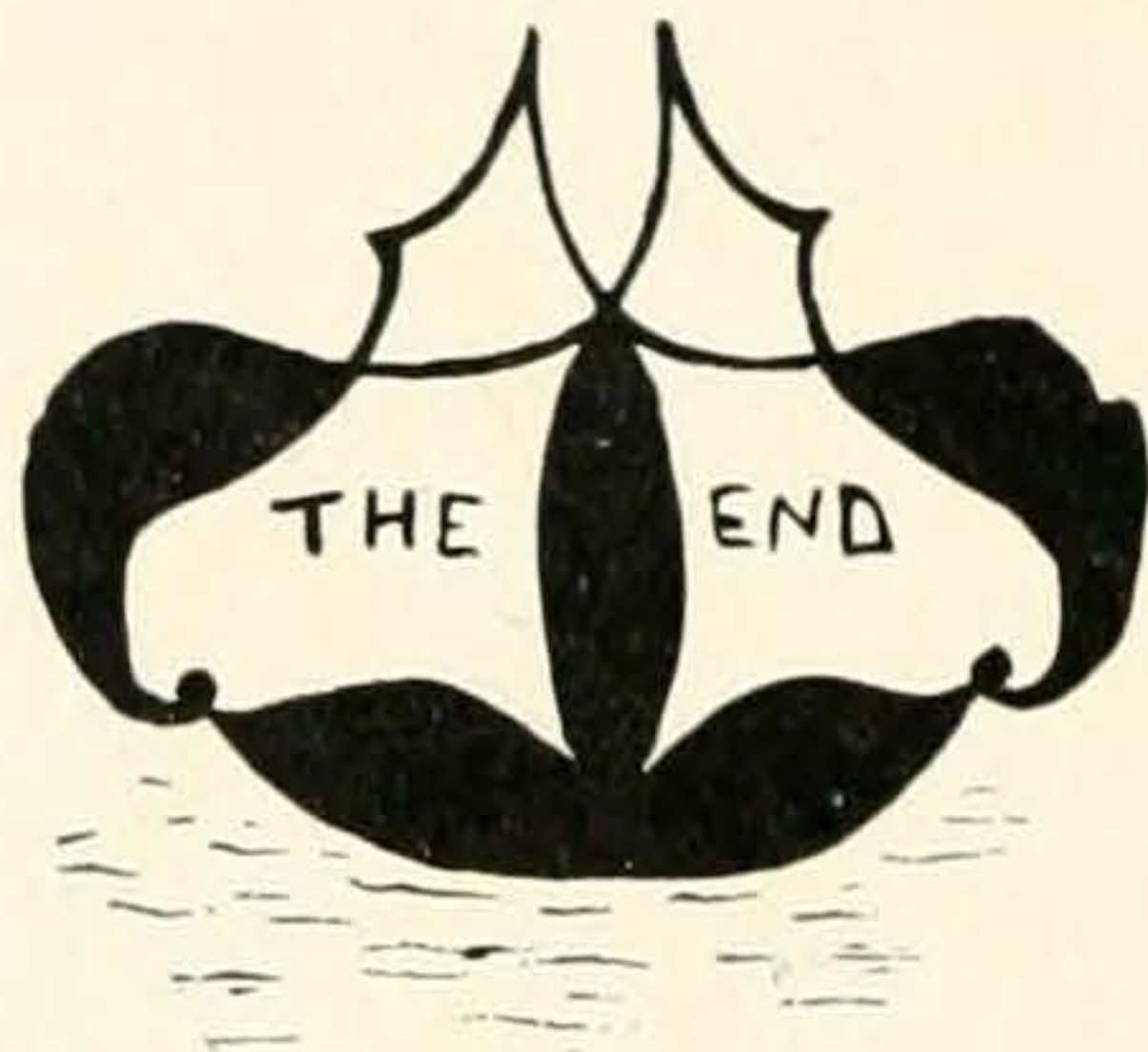
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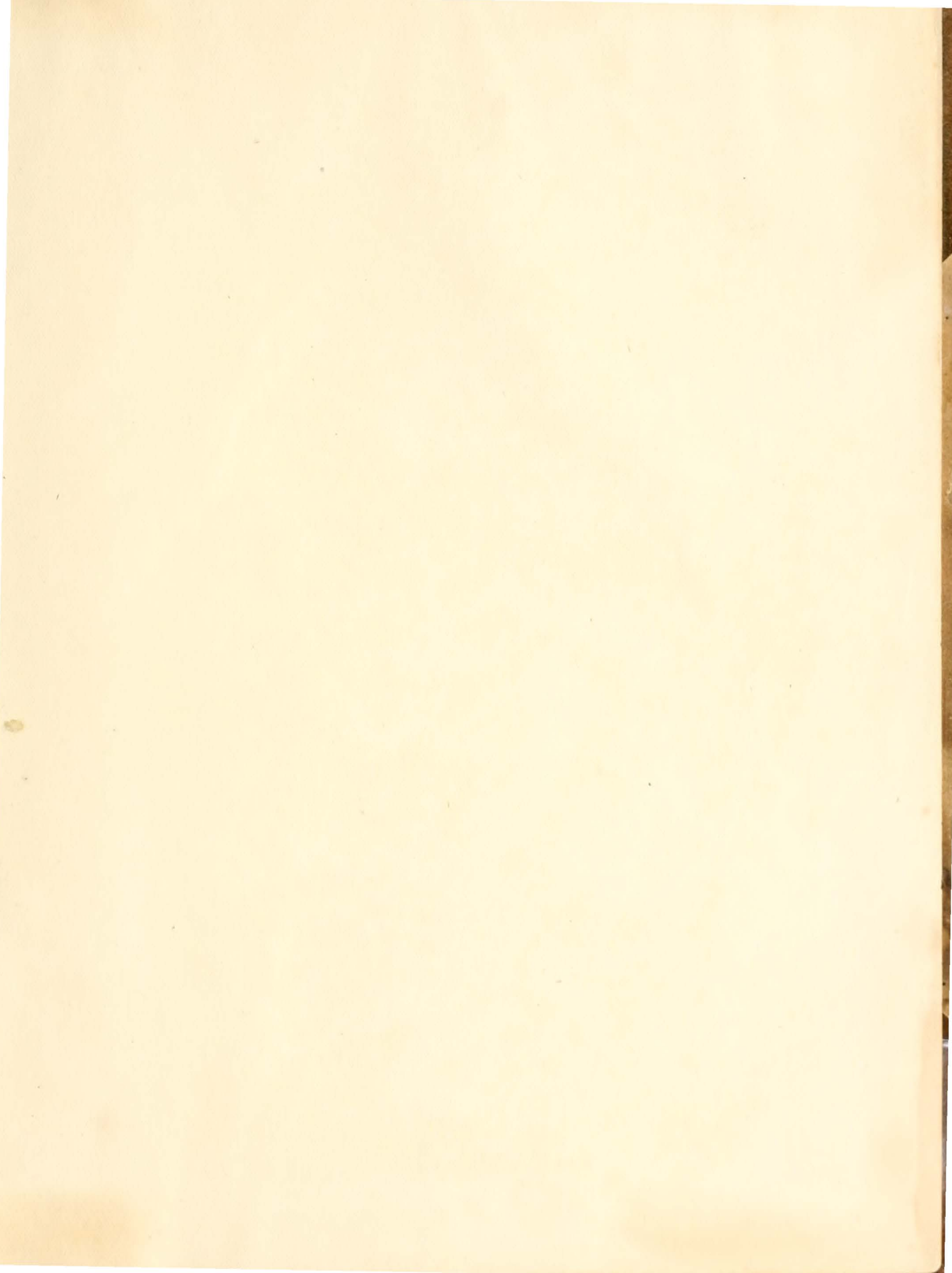


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