The CACTUS 1902

The CACTUS

Volume IX

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1902

Greeting

Earnestly endeavoring to reflect the student life and to give to each child of our Alma Mater a delightful souvenir of his college days, now for the ninth time do I come. With friendly chiding and without one tinge of personal animosity, I hope, whatever my faults, to awaken within you in after years the joys you now feel and to cause you then, as now, none but happy thoughts.

PRESS OF
HAUSAUER & SON
BUFFALO

CONNOR.

ג׳ון קונור (מתוך "הקצה")

To

Mrs. Helen Marr Kirby

in grateful remembrance of kindly sympathy
this volume of The Cactus is
dedicated.

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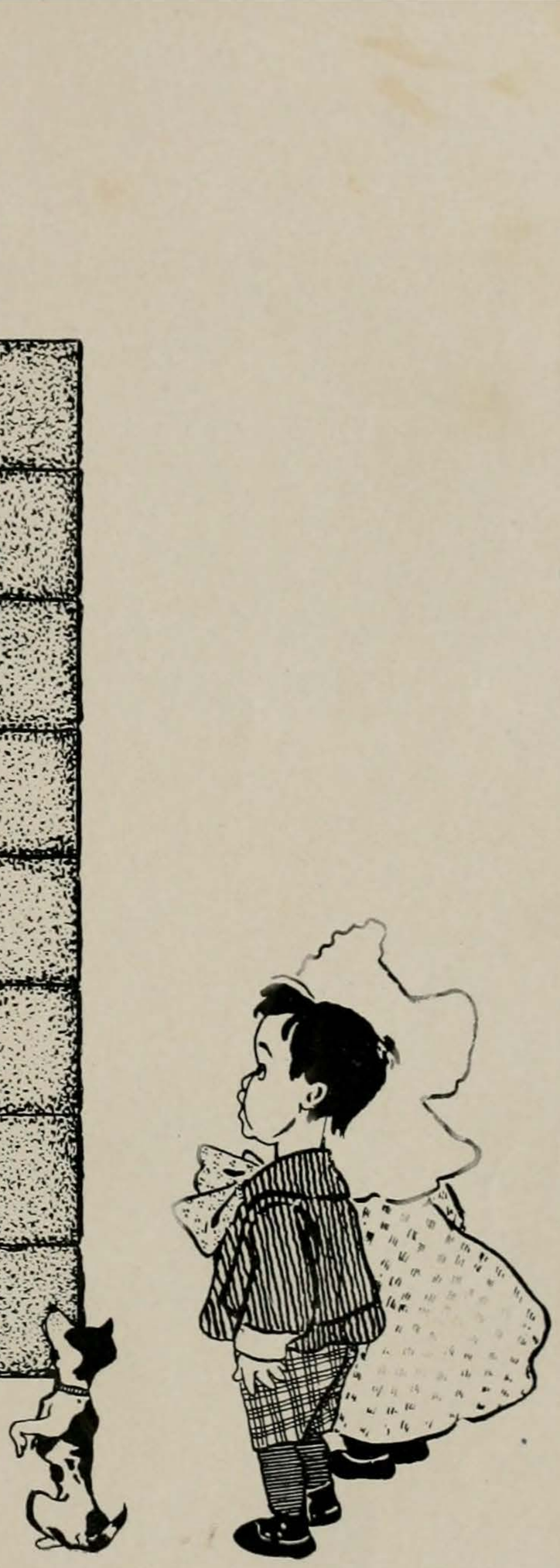

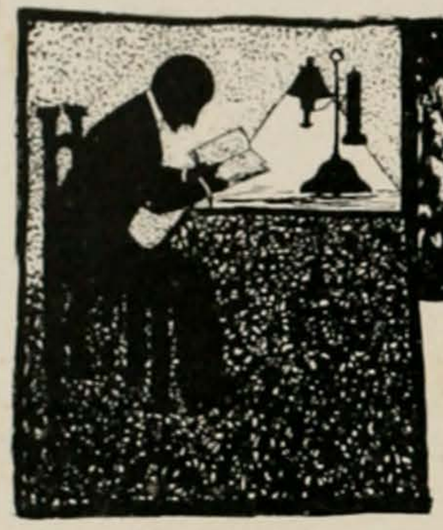

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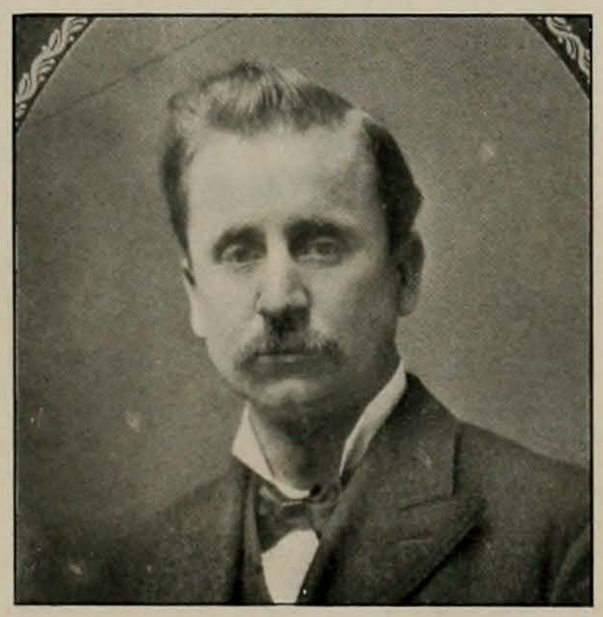

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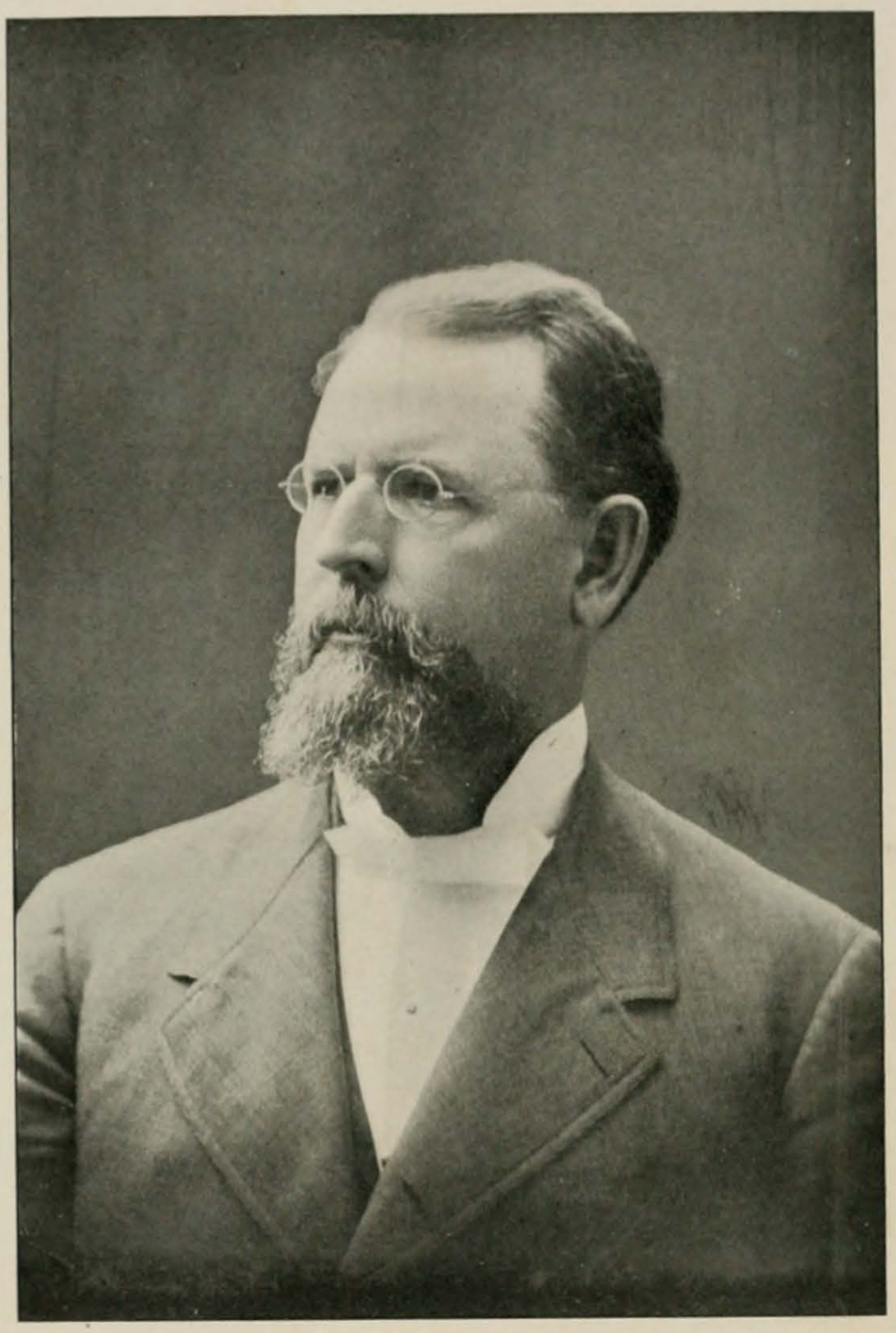

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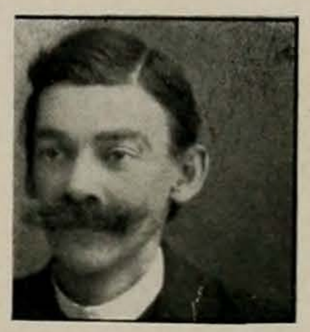

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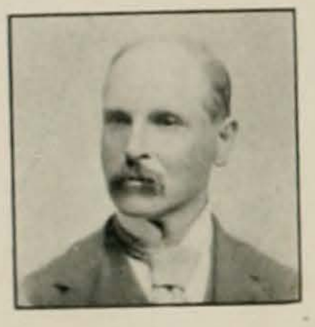

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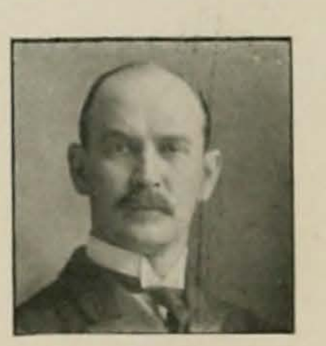

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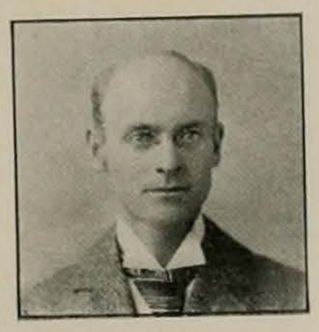

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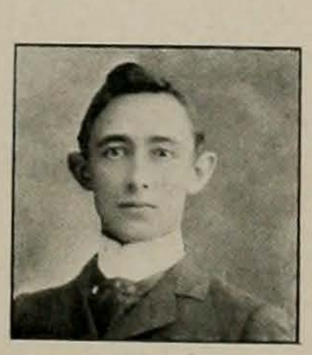

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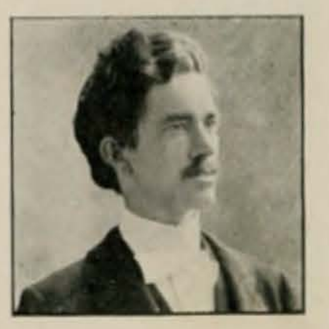

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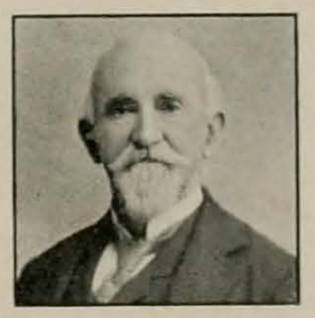

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Fore - word

TO PUT down in prosaic words what is attempted to be told in the following pages through the medium of pictures, songs, quips, grinds, histories, and stories is at best a difficult task. For historians uniformly teach that a chronicler must not only have a proper perspective from which to view his subject, but that there must also intervene the mellowing influence of time to round off the jagged corners of events—the import of which can not immediately be interpreted—and to distribute artistically the lights and shadows which, woven together, make up the story of the life and progress of every institution. The CACTUS, as someone has observed, may be likened to a many stringed harp whose twanging strings body forth the spirit of the University. If there be a string that produces discord, it is not the fault of the harper, but of its maker. Let us bravely strike them all, knowing, as we must, that beneath the discord—or it may be our false conception of the music—there is a roll of harmony which ultimately will sweep away the false, the ignoble, the impure.

This task, coming to one inside the charmed circle of the University public, must be done willy-nilly. The CACTUS can not go without its FORE-WORD. We are forbidden to show our love too clearly; for then we should be denominated sentimentalists. Neither must we criticise too sharply, lest other critics conclude that we are out of harmony with our environment. A middle course is safest; but, for that reason, the hardest to find. Like the the camel that didn't go through the eye of the needle, we shall perhaps rub smartly against the stone walls of University prejudices, with the comforting reflection, however, that no one is getting hurt save ourselves. Our perspective must be taken from within—a geometric inconsistency. Our verdant youthfulness furnishes no musty archives from which historians may evolve epochs or trace tendencies. There is only left the possibility of an endeavor to interpret the changeful surrounding life, an undertaking unpromising and yet alluring in that it gives an opportunity for academic theorizing.

The University of Texas is in its nineteenth year; some of our Freshmen have reached that age. It has an attendance of more than eleven hundred students, and employs more than one hundred professors, instructors, and officers. It has survived the cries of evil prophets, the sneers of critics, the bi-ennial wail of scurvy politicians. No longer a theory, a dream of the fathers, it has become an accomplished fact; and the strong and well-equipped sons and daughters it has sent forth to work in the ranks of citizenship are proof of its prowess in the educational world. And yet—for let us be perfectly honest and candid, and, for once, eschew sentimentality and meaningless high-sounding phrases—the sudent-mind of the University, when viewed internally, reveals a surprising absence of continuity of ideal, and a lack of concerted, systematized plan of definite action in many directions. "Fickle as a Freshman" is a common college proverb. The student-mind of the University of Texas is yet only that of an average Freshman. It is an earnest, high-minded Freshman—a promising, well-groomed boy, who may yet grow to an honorable manhood—but nevertheless a Freshman. Sentiment, as shown by the action of the student body, is uncertain, illogical, lacking

in purpose, wanting the strength and seasoned fibre of conservative manhood. We have elevated ideals, it is true. The trouble with them is twofold. They are constantly changing; they are founded on sentiment, rather than reason—evolved for an aristocracy of angels rather than for ordinary mortals. One does not have to look far for an explanation of this condition. The students have no central governing body or code of customs to regulate their affairs. Necessarily, their activities are spasmodic and not well-ordered. Conclusions are reached by the drifting process, accelerated sometimes by corridor habitues, who, as all quickly confess, are misfits on the University body politic. Occasionally a bright and ambitious student with a better knowledge of human nature than his fellows comes forward, asserts his leadership, and dominates student opinion. His reign is always short. Either his ambition spoils him, and he becomes careless, or the fickleness of his comrades destroys his influence. There is no room among us for a student-king. We are democrats in the best sense of that term. There are a number of instances of wrecks—some of them pitiable enough—which have resulted from a failure to recognize this principle.

There is a bar of student opinion, but its existence is vague and its limits uncertain and ill-defined. It should be a flaming torch of golden purity, a pillar of fire through our dawning period, as a warning to the unworthy and an inspiration to the right-minded. Its edicts should cast from us every one whose actions compromise the fair name of the University. Its creed should be the highest principles of student honor; its influence should make us a peculiar people in reverencing the right and exalting the noble. However and whenever this powerful agent comes—as come it will—we shall recognize with its aid the spirit, somewhat distinctive, we hope, of the University.

"Why not allow the faculty to set up your model for you?" someone may say. Only, and only because we do not move by outside influences. The governing forces move from inward outward in this student body, as in all well-organized society. The faculty may spank individuals into temporary submission and may thus impress the entire student mind for the time being. No lasting influence is exerted by such action, unless it squares with what the students deem to be justice. Indeed, faculty action sometimes results indirectly in positive harm to the moral tone of the students. There is a domain they can not touch, where their intervention is even resented. The fountains of student impulse may only be purified by themselves. Other forces may assist, the germ may be stirred to action, but the life-giving, truth-winning sustenance must ultimately and almost in its entirety emanate from those most concerned—the students themselves. Do we not respect authority? Yes, with proper limitations. Most of us are men and women with some independence of thought, and with much of the spirit of freeman who believe that so long as our private life does not harm our neighbor, it is not rightfully interfered with. Coming to the University, we expect to find wise, sympathetic, and helpful teachers who will asist in broadening our outlook and in fitting us for more efficient service for our time. We are here to be instructed, not to be censured as common malefactors, coddled as babies, or to submit ourselves to a set of artificial rules which irritate simply because they exist as a reflection on our common sense and rightmindedness. Such, the writer believes, is the student attitude toward the faculty and faculty regulations that touch on their private conduct. However much we may admire their character as individuals or however strongly their nobleness in thought and life influence our own, in certain directions we must maintain our independence or we are less than men and women. Faculty rules can not make a moral or an honest student body.

At the outset, however, we confessed the need of something more definite than an indeterminate, unorganized student opinion. Could not such an object be attained through the literary

societies of the fraternities (including, of course, the important and newly introduced societies which repudiate the name of sororities)? The literary societies are but loosely inter-organized; their work lies along definite lines, far removed, in most cases, from matters that would interest the entire University community. Their influence on student thought has, especially during recent years, been waning. Similar arguments can be used regarding fraternities. Primarily they are social organizations, and every departure from this, their legitimate field of activity, results disastrously for them, and is violative of the principles which called them into existence. As here conducted, political jealousies and the rivalry that exists among them forbids a common connecting bond, and precludes the possibility of concerted and unanimous action on any object of common endeavour.

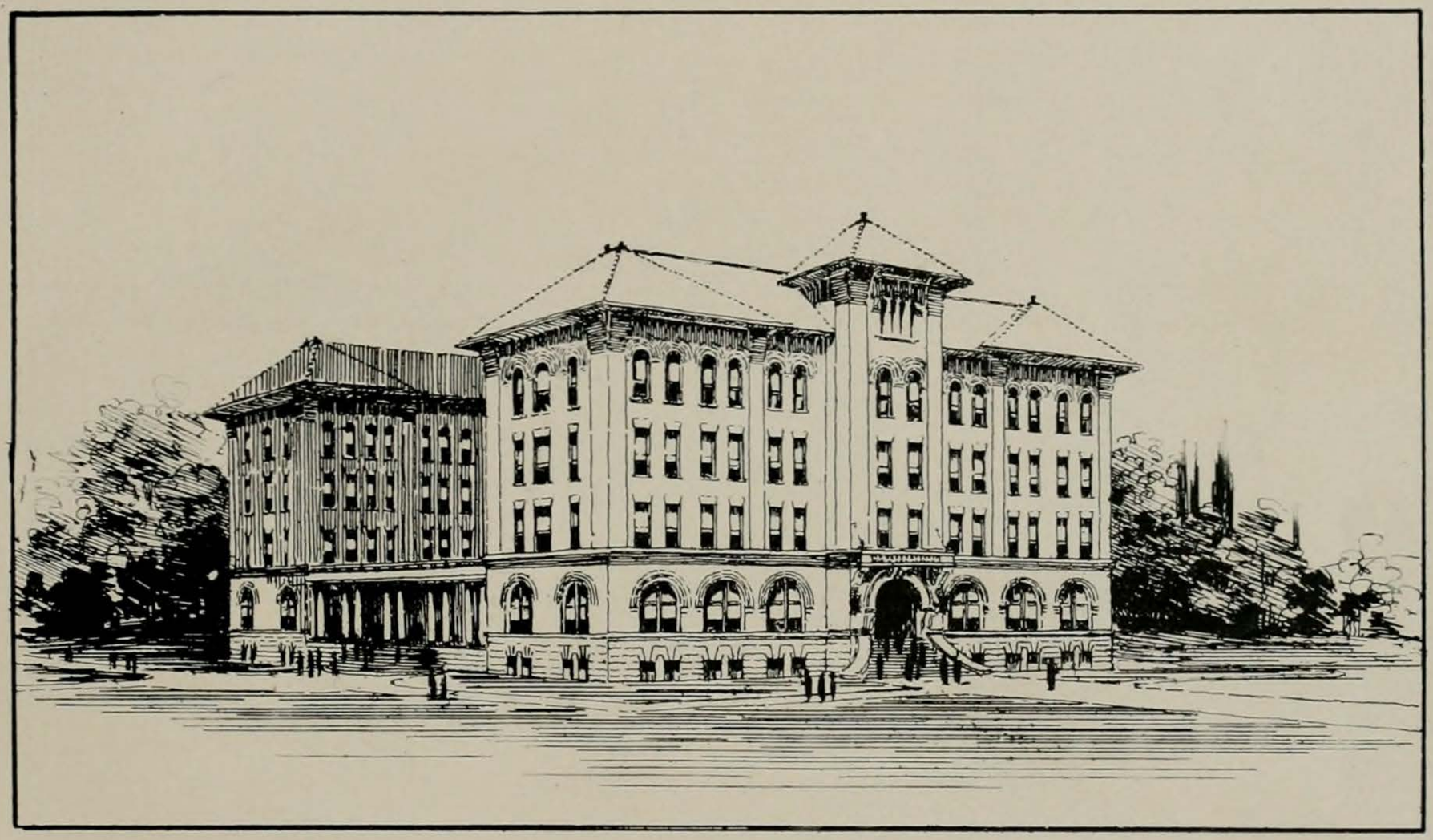
These are the only visible student sources to which we may at present look for help in unifying student life and in establishing ideals of student conduct. Nineteen years seem to have brought us but little nearer to the solution of the question. During last session a suggestion was made that looked fruitful, but which was killed by unhappy jealousies among the departments. It was proposed to organize a Students' Council, which should be officered by the free ballot of the entire student body. The officers so elected were to have control of all matters relating to student conduct, wherein the good name of the University was involved. A student adjudged unworthy of the institution could, by this tribunal, be recommended to the faculty for expulsion. It was not to be a court of law only, nor were the students who brought it into existence set as spies upon the conduct of each other; its greatest work was to set up a common standard of student honor and to hold up that standard as an encouragement to the stumbling, and as a warning to the dishonest. We all know that when a student goes wrong, he dreads not as much the disapproval and condemnation of the faculty as the contempt and scorn of his fellows. Such an organization, created and recognized by the students themselves, would add tenfold strength to the power of this influence. Much wise forethought is needed to perfect the plan in its details. To some it would always be an object of criticism. But to one who stops to consider its power in molding, unifying, and maintaining a healthy tone in student life and action, there can be but little doubt of the good it might do. Certain is it that its creators would respect its findings, and would abide by its decisions. And equally certain would its affairs be administered in a spirit of generous and sympathetic forbearance.

To such a common council all questions of student policy and activity could be referred for final settlement. The old-fashioned majority rule could always be invoked and many matters, which in former years have vexed us, because no competent authority existed to handle them, could be quickly and peaceably settled. Right in our midst and almost unnoticed, during the present session, the students have had an opportunity of observing the practical working of an enterprise that carried with it more responsibility than would be imposed on a Students' Council. University Hall has this year been administered by a committee of ten students chosen from the one hundred and seventy five who board there. They have handled all matters of discipline, financing, and general management of the Hall, including the servant problem. The boarders have been satisfied; complaints of any kind have been few, a comfortable cash balance is kept in the bank, and but few minor cases of discipline have arisen. The most noticeable feature has been the absence of a single instance of malicious conduct on the part of a student toward the Hall or its management. Not a window-light has been wantopnly broken, and violent and disorderly conduct has been absolutely unknown. The Hall has been the students' home; they have felt it so and have respected it. Some such feeling already exists in the heart of every student for the University. For, however unwise or illogical he

may be in its exercise, no one can say of a University of Texas man that he is aught but loyal. The one thing needed is some organized effort to give point and emphasis to this loyalty. With ten thousand alumni and ex-students jealous of its good name, alert and watchful of its interests, courageous in the administration of its affairs, the University of Texas could never prove unworthy of the heritage of the noble men who made its existence possible.

Let not the unthinking critic accuse us of departing from our text, or charge to us a complaining spirit in this plea for organized student effort to bring about business methods in the administration of their affairs. The scope and opportunity of such an organization has been merely hinted at. The good to be accomplished no prophet may foresee. We have an abiding faith that this action and all others that point to the glory of their University will be taken by the student body, who year by year are welded more closely together by the ties of mutual association and a common love. "We are all Texans", as our President is fond of saying. But we are more. We are Americans, citizens of the cultured world. Neither our vices nor our virtues have any distinctive peculiarity. Like old Shylock we have hands, organs, senses, affections, passions; we are fed by the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed by the same winter and summer as other Christians are. If you prick us, we bleed; if you tickle us, we laugh; if you poison us, we die; if you wrong us, we shall have our revenge. But unlike Shylock, our inheritance and environment have "cut our wisdow-teeth; we have learned the ropes, and given off hankering after the moon." We are dominated, let us hope, by a "sweet reasonableness" that teaches forbearance, moderation, prudence. In an affectionate loyalty for our Alma Mater, we are all willing to stand and fight together, saying with Du Maurier, with a little tinge of sadness, it may be, that our lives, like all others, are but

"A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so good-day!
A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!
A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so good-morrow!
A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so, good-bye!"



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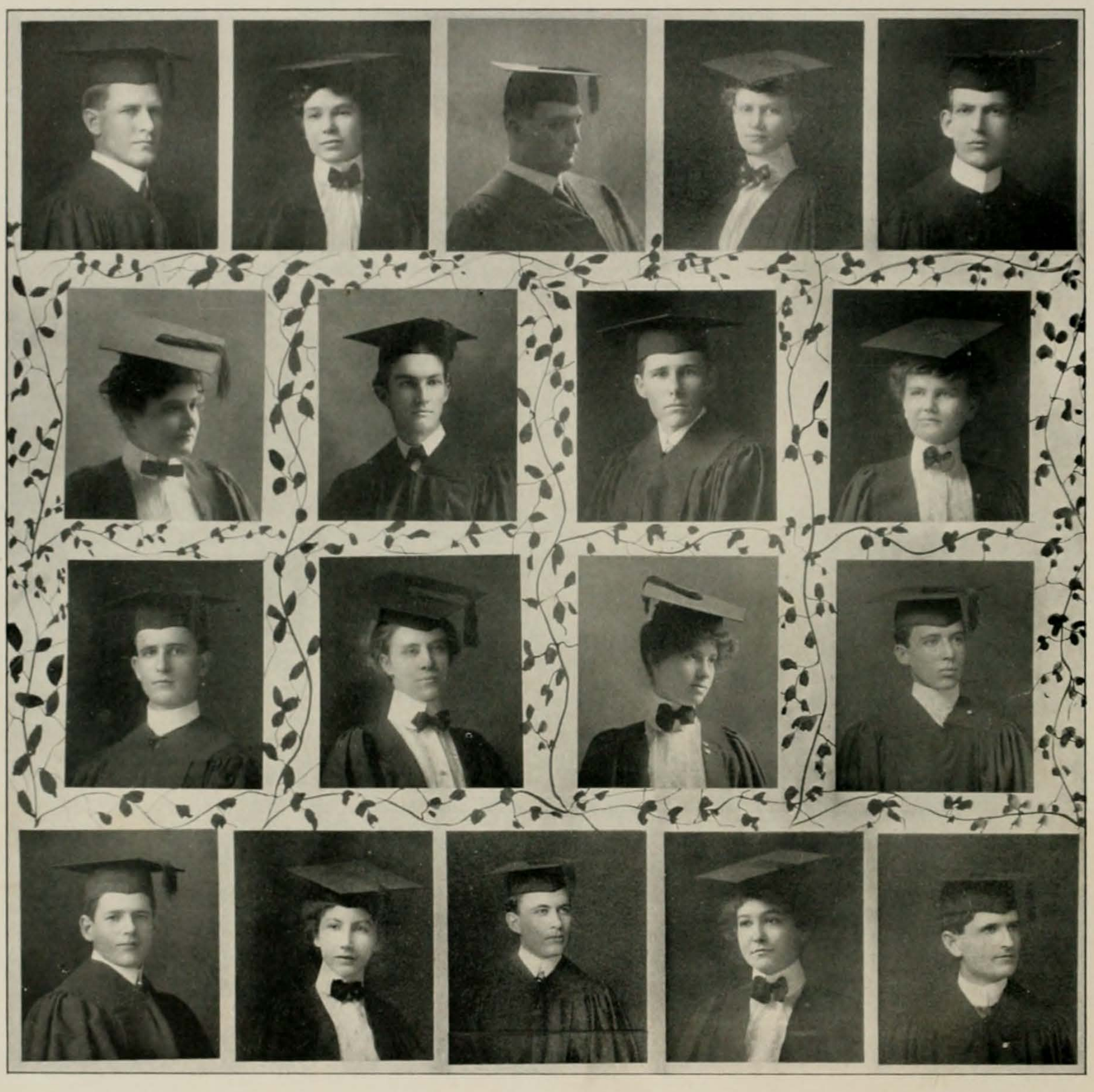
L. W. RICE.

SPECTACLES



Senior Roster and Grinds

SENIORS—"Great is the glory for the strife is hard."

J. F. Ainsworth, B.A.,; Secretary Athenaeum Lit. Soc. 1900; Secretary Oratorical Ass'n 1902.
"He that worketh faithfully shouldst be justly rewarded."

L. C. Audrian, B.S.; Fellow in Hist. 1900; Leader of the Band 1901–1902; Delegate of Y. M. C. A. to Ashville 1899; Glee Club 1902.
"The trumpet of his own virtues(?)."

C. I. Alexander, B.S.
"Why, man, she is mine own."

Miss M. A. Austin, B. Lit.; Y. W. C. A.; Sidney Lanier; *Magazine* 1901–1902.
"Just as harmless as she looks."

F. B. Barry, B.A., ΣN.
"Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible."

J. R. Beasley, B.S.; Champion Class Baseball Team 1899.
"As Irish as a white potato."

S. Bell, B.S.
"I learned the luxury of doing good."

F. C. Beall, B.S. ΒΘΠ; Member of the D. B. P. C.
"Every class must have a silent devil."

J. B. Benefield, B., Lit. ΦΓΔ; Sec'y Cactus 1902; Editor-in-chief *U. of T. Magazine* 1901–1902; Student Assistant in English 1901–1902; Member of Rusk; Winner of 1900-'01 Cactus Short Story Prize; Class Historian 1902.
"Whose little body holds a mighty mind."

E. E. Bewley, B. Lit., M.A.; ΒΘΠ; President of Class 1901; Cactus Editor 1901; Editor of *U. of T. Magazine* 1902; Football Team 1901.
"It is a great plague to be so handsome a man."

H. B. Bromberg, B.A.
"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

L. R. Buchanan, B.A.; Member of Rusk.
"O blest retirement!"

F. W. Cater, B.S.; Pres., Sec'y, and Treas. of "Chess Club" 1900; Pres. and Treas. of Engineers' Club; Member of Scrub Team 1898.
"My name is a misnomer, for I cater to none."

J. W. Claywell, B.S.
"I love myself and have no other love."

A. A. Cother, B. A.; Treas. Athenaeum; Pres. Engineers' Club.
"A veritable fire-brand."

Miss O. Crane, B. Lit.; *KKI*; Member of Ashbel; Editor of *Texan* 1900–1901.
"Whose else that motion and that mien?"

Miss N. A. Douglas, B.A.; Ashbel.
"Love is better than Fame."

C. T. Dowell, B.S.
"Abstemious I grew up and thrived."

S. P. Finch, B.A.; Champion Class Baseball Team 1899.
"Miserable comforters are ye all."

S. R. Fulmore, B.A.; *ΣAE*; Manager Champion Baseball Team 1899; Electoral College; Class President 1900; German Club; Athenaeum; Captain Class Baseball Team 1902; Secretary Oratorical Association 1902.
"Sweet smoke of rhetoric."

J. F. Gibson, B.S.; *ΣAE*; Class President 1901; Captain of Class Track Team; Member of '98 "Pest Camp."
"Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."

J. B. Hamilton, B.A.; Manager of Co-operative Society; Latin Coach.
"I am not in the roll of common men."

C. G. Hartman, B.A.
"Wisdom shall die with me."

O. D. Hargis, B. S., *ΦΓΔ*.
"There's a gift beyond the reach of art of being eloquently silent."

W. P. Hargrove, B.A.; *ΦΔΘ*; Athenaeum; Manager and President of Glee Club 1901–1902; Pres. of Y. M. C. A.; Class Treasurer 1901; *Magazine*; *Calendar*; *Texan*.
"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray."

Miss H. B. Heflybower, B.S.
Miss M. A. Heflybower, B.S.
Miss B. Helm, B.S.
Miss W. Helm, B.Lit.
Miss M. G. Helm, B.A.;
} A "full house."
Sec'y Sidney Lanier 1901–1902; *Texan*.

J. A. Hill, B.Lit.; Y. M. C. A.; Athenaeum.
"Shut up in measureless content."

Miss M. S. Hines, B.A., M.A.; Vice-President of Class 1901; Secretary of P. G. 1901; *Texan* 1901; Secretary of Ashbel 1902; Y. W. C. A.

"There was a young genius who knew
"How much and what she could do."

H. W. Key, B.Lit.; ΔΤΩ; Champion Tennis Doubles 1899, 1900; Champion Class Basebali Team 1899; Captain Class Baseball Team 1900; Electoral College; President Tennis Association; Secretary and Treasurer of Class 1902; Cactus 1902.

"Idle weeds are fast in growth."

H. F. Kuehne, B.S.

"Genius like humanity rusts for want of use."

R. L. Marquis, B.S.

"Bind up those tresses."

Miss E. M. Mosse, B.S.

"Biology specimens make delightful ornaments for the hair or dress."

S. Neathery, B.A.; ΦΦΦ; Secretary Athenaeum 1900; Treasurer Oratorical Association; *U. of T. Magazine*, 1901; *Texan* 1901–1902; Assistant Business Manager of Cactus 1902; Vice-President. Oratorical Association.

Miss M. E. Oatman, B.S.

"O, this learning! What a thing it is."

Miss M. A. Pettey, B.S.; ΚΚΓ; Vice-President of Ashbel 1902; Secretary Class 1900.

"Beauty doth often make a woman proud."

Miss B. H. Plemons, B.Lit.

"Duty by her is to pleasure turned."

Miss O. Pool, B.S.; Ashbel; Secretary Class 1899; Y. W. C. A.

"Think on thy sins."

Miss M. J. Popplewell, B.A.; Secretary Class 1899–1900, 1901–1902; Y. W. C. A.; Basketball Team.

"'Cause I's wicked,—I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it.'

Miss L. W. Posey, B.S.

"A lily white posey am I."

C. S. Potts, B.A.; M.A.; Inter-Society Debater from Athenaeum 1899; Representative of University in Baylor Debate 1 899-1900;Winner of Second Prize ($100) in Trezevant and Cochran Insurance Prize Essay Contest 1899; President of Athenaeum 1899; President of Glee Club 1900; Pres. of Southern Interstate Oratorical Association 1901; Fellow in Polit. Sc. 1902; Pres. of Class 1902.

"You'll never clap a padlock on my tongue."

Miss E. Z. Rather, B.A.; Sec. Class 1899; Winner of D. T. R. prize 1898; Y. W. C. A.; Vice-Pres. Class 1900; Class Historian 1899.
"Labor is itself a pleasure."

Miss M. L. Rather, B.S.; ΚΚΓ; *Calender* 1899-1900; *U. of T. Magazine* 1899–1900, 1901–1902; Editor of Cactus 1899–1900; Pres. and Secretary of Ashbel 1901–1902; Vice-President of Class 1902.
"When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

W. F. Shaw, B.S. Student Assistant in Math. 1901–1902.
"I care for nobody, no not I, if no one cares for me."

Miss K. Small, B.Lit.; *Texan* 1900–1901; Basketball Team 1902; Y. W. C. A.
"The sin of excessive length."

O. M. Smith, B.A.; ΣΝ;
"Trust me, O, sweet! I do beseech thee."

H. P. Steger, B.A.; ΦΔΘ; ΘΝΕ; President Class 1898–1899; Business Manager of *Magazine* 1899–1900; Chairman of Invitation Committee Final Ball 1900; Assistant (?) to Registrar 1901–1902.
"Records that defy the tooth of time."

W. H. Thomas, B.A.; ΑΤΩ; Class Baseball Team; Secretary Class 1899–1900.
"The foster child of Silence and Slow Time."

H. B. Thomson, B.Lit.; ΚΣ; Chairman Reception Committee of the Final Ball 1901; President German Club 1902. B. B. Club; Cactus 1900.
"No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me."

Miss F. H. Walker, B.A.; Y. W. C. A.; Captain Varsity Basketball Team 1902.
"Her dark eyes, so dark—and so deep."

Miss S. D. Weld, B.Lit.; Ashbel; *Calendar* 1899–1900; Y. W. C. A.
"What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?"

M. B. Wesson, B.S.; Student Assistant in Chemistry 1901–1902.
"What a vast field for contemplation here."

Miss F. E. Weymouth, B.A.
"Dispenser of the Social smile and sympathetic tear."

Miss L. D. Williamson; Sidney Lanier; Vice-President Sidney Lanier; Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President Senior Class 1901; Member Cactus Board 1901–1902; *Magazine* Board 1900–1901; Class Prophet 1901–1902.
"She and he are many miles asunder."

Miss C. Willis, B.Lit.; M.A.; Ashbel.
"How strangely easy difficult things are!"

J. N. Wooten, B.A.
"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

C. T. Widen, B.A.; Class Historian 1901; Y. M. C. A.; Glee Club; Sextette.
"In a certain sense all men are historians."

History of the Senior Academic Class

"In the beginning God created the [1] heaven and the earth."

For details of what occurred from that time to October 1, 1898, see Lobachevski's Non-Euclidean Geometry.

At that moment a lone horseman stood at the bottom of University Hill. His horse was a beautiful creature, by name Rosinante High School Diploma.

"Ha! Ha! I have it!"

He spoke of his Y. M. C. A. handbook. This told of the four sets of[2] dragons to be encountered in ascending the hill, and of the reward for each victory.

The knight began the ascent. A minion of the Law stuck his head out of a cave under the earth, and brayed, [3] "Freshy!" The word had some hidden meaning; therewas a rush, a thud, a scream, and the unarmored knight went his way whistling.

He met the first set of dragons—monsters from Greece, Italy, England, from above and below the earth, and from Johns Hopkins. A steel shirt was the reward for his victory. He wrote on a postal [4] to his Own: "Veny, Viddy, Victrit."

Having explored the Hamburg Show, our hero attacked a second and fiercer relay of dragons. Had he not a steel corselet? Had he not a bunch of straw-colored [5] hair next his pitty-patting heart? He knocked the dragons' eyes out, seized the steel pants which they guarded, and rode on, humming, "Don't lov-a nobody," etc. "Tough nut," [6] the dragons remarked as they replaced their eyes.

On the third stage the knight was very languid. He strolled about picking up jokes and cracking them just as if he did not have a mission in life. His chief care was to preserve the crease [7] in his steel trousers. Faithful, tow-haired Sally at home was forgotten—too coarse. Finally he did muster enough energy to assail the tertiary [8] monsters. His staunch armor alone won him the guerdon shield.

The demeanor of the knight changes as he reaches the last stage of journey. He sees upon the crest of the long, long hill a marble column chiseled into the shape of a roll of paper; and upon it, glorious in the sunlight, is a golden helmet. The plumes are blue and orange; figured in jewels [9] on its front is "02." The knight lays about him lustily; the dragons are frightened, they keep at a respectful distance; victory is as good as won. And ere long the knight shall set the helmet on his head, and ride out in the great world beyond, trained and strengthened by his encounters, [10] protected by his armor—invincible!

J. Barry Benefield.

1. Ephesians, I., 27.
2. Herod, I., 65.
3. Thucyd, VI., 88.
4. Livy, VII, 29.
5. Sueton, 42.
6. Scheffer-Boichorst, 48.
7. Hinschius, VIII., 1004.
8. Audrain, XXI, I.
9. 80 Carat.
10. Johnson, 000.

Class Officers

Fall Term

J. F. Gibson ..... *President.*
Laura Williamson ..... *Vice-President.*
W. H. Thomas ..... *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Winter Term

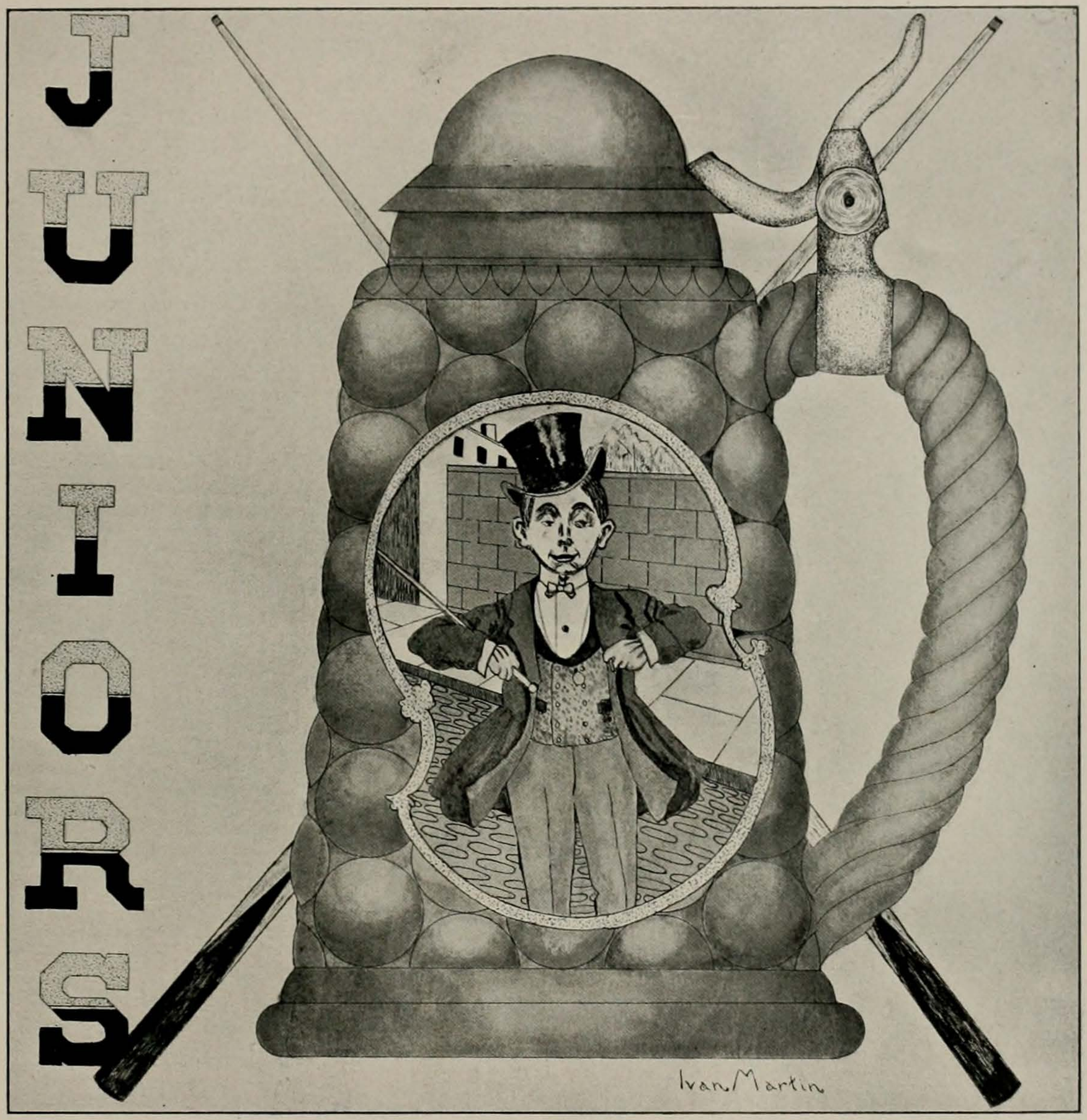
O. P. Easterwood ..... *President.*
Mattie S. Hines ..... *Vice-President.*
W. P. Hargrove ..... *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Spring Term

C. S. Potts ..... *President.*
Marian L. Rather ..... *Vice-President.*
H. W. Key ..... *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Officers on Class Day

E. E. Bewley ..... *Class Orator.*
H. P. Steger ..... *Class Poet.*
Laura Williamson ..... *Class Prophet.*
Mattie S. Hines ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms.*
L. C. Audrain ..... *Musical Director.*
Spurgeon Bell ..... *Chief Marshal.*
Carl Hartmann ..... *Assistant Marshal.*
J. Barry Benefield, J. F. Gibson. ..... *Choristers.*


JUNIOR
Ivan Martin

Junior Class Officers

Spring Term

C. S. Oliver, ... *President.*
S. S. Searcy, ... *Vice-President.*
A. M. Frazier, ... *Secretary.*
C. H. Smith, ... *Treasurer.*
Joe B. Hatchitt, ... *Sergeant-at-Arms.*
Joe Averitte, ... *Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms.*

Junior Class Roll

Akers, O. R.,
Beasley, J. R.,
Bonner, S.,
Brown, L. D.,
Clark, Miss C.,
Devine, Miss Helen O.,
Fiegel, Miss M. F.,
Gillette, R. B.,
Hubbard, L. H.,
Johnson, James F.,
Judd, N. B.,
Longino, William,
Miller, K. C.,
McKellar, J. K.,
Oliver, C. S.,
Pritchett, Miss A. H.,
Rose, Miss Minnie,
Schuddemagen, C. L. B.,
Summerfield, D. W.,
Aldrich, Miss Albertine,
Blackburn, N. T.,
Bowdon, W. T.,
Butler, Miss Ella,
Cook, W. L.,
Duren, G. A.,
Fisher, S. W.,
Hatchitt, J. B.,
Hunt, G. D.,
Johnson, Lewis,
Kleberg, M.,
Marshall, Miss M.,
Moore, C.,
McKenzie, J. K.,
Ramsdell, C. W.,
Ruckman, H. B.,
Smith, C. H.,
Thomas, R. E.,
Wright, G. S.,
Averitte, J. J.,
Blain, E. W.,
Brown, J. S.,
Carman, Miss A. V.,
Dancy, Miss N. L.,
Faust, H.,
Frazier, A. M.,
Hackett, J. E.,
Johnson, J. R.,
Jones, Miss A.,
Leonard, C. E.,
Marshall, Miss T.,
Morgan, R.,
Newsom, J. M.,
Porter, R.,
Rawlings, Miss E. A.,
Searcy, S. S.,
Sodekson, Miss E. M.,
Whaling, H. M.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Class History of 1903

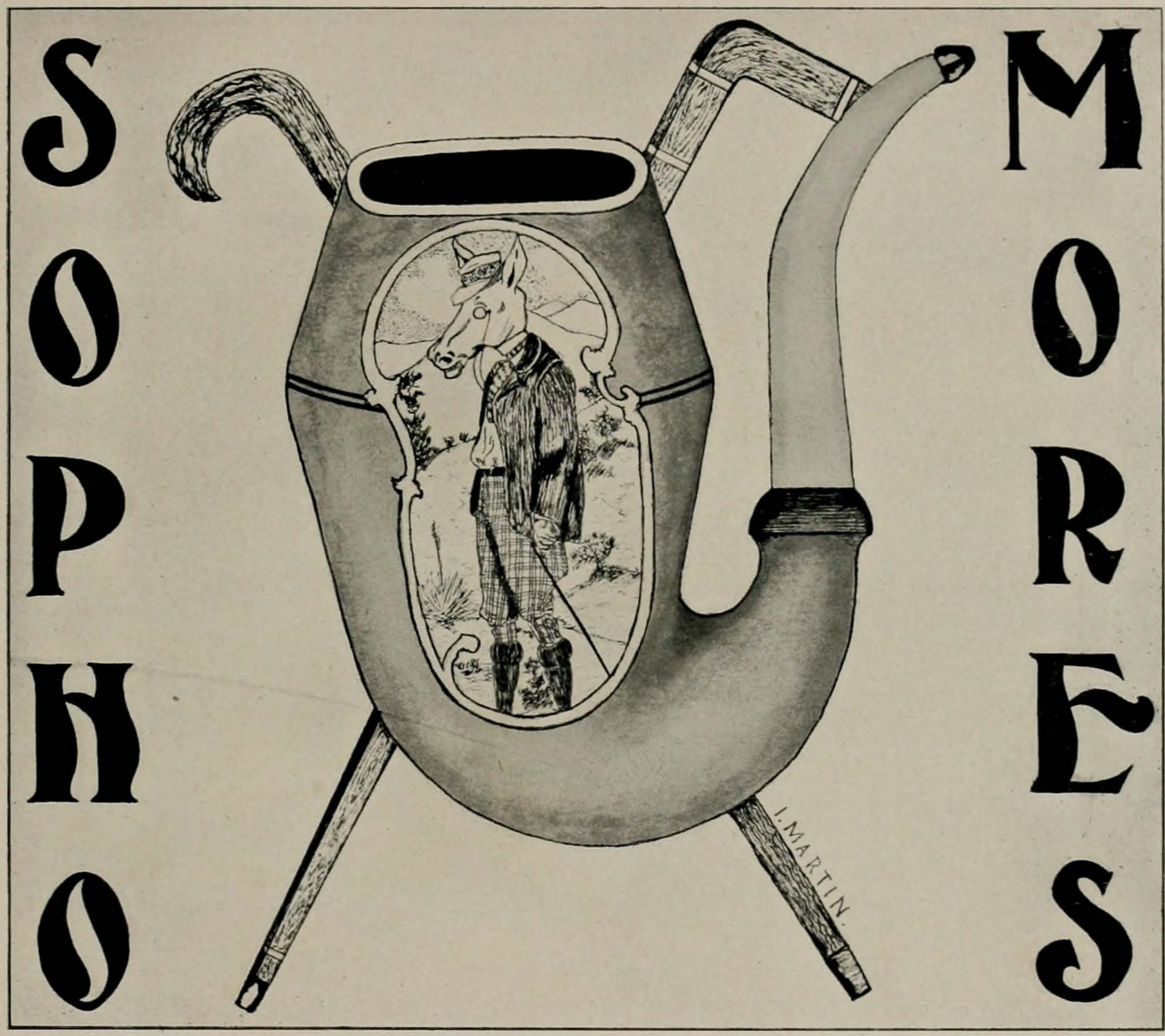
SLOWLY the Historian's eyelids drooped,—for she was weary, and in sore despair at having waited three full hours for an inspiration which came not; the vision of many industrious "hummers" in the back library gradually faded from consciousness, and she slumbered. Suddenly she started,—there, swiftly unfolding before her mind's eye was a long series of canoramic scenes, and once again she was living over '03's past, with all its life and glorious aption.

The first scene shadowed on Memory's canvas represented a Freshman class-meeting—here the timid maid of seventeen summers, whose short skirt and be-ribboned pig-tail still bespoke the High School; there the rough, uncouth son of the farm, side by side with the polished city youth; yonder, one of ponderous size destined to be the hero of many a yelling grand-stand, every type was discernible from the gay to the melancholy, from the pale faced "A" student to the popular social leader.

Next came a few typical class-rushes between '03 and the hated Junior Laws—struggles characterized by stirring action, torn vestments, blood-streaming heroes, battered-down doors, and turnabout at administering milk doses. Well and bravely did the valiant Freshmen hold their own with the turbulent Laws; and now the ball-room, with its beautiful decorations, gay spirited youth and '03 as hostess—under such conditions what wonder that the first german ever given by a Freshman class was a reverberating success! Ah! This would have made an athlete's heart leap fiercely to his throat —the streaming flags and colors, the crowded aristocratic grand-stand, the swaying, swarming bleachers, and far out on the diamond '03's defenders winning class championship in the Law-Freshmen struggle. Truly, the next scene must represent the beginning of the Sophomore year—that additional swagger, the cap tilted over the invisible eye, the lordly air of superior wisdom—all signs point to '03's having completely matriculated into Upper-classdom. The scenes which followed but repeated those of the preceding year; here Eighth Street Hall, adorned by Sophomoric taste and skill; there a table strewn with *Texas' Magazines*, etc., careful search through these revealing the names of Sohomore literary "would-bes"; again the baseball field whose padded, wire-visored victors are exultantly claimed by '03's yelling sons and clapping, waving daughters. Never before has a class won the championship for two years in succession.

The cycle of months rolls by, vacation has come and gone, and the deeds of another year stood forth, a year somewhat devoid of the events which delight historians, yet marked by steady progress in every line of development. '03 was observed taking a prominent part in all contests of the time, and shifting lights showed a number of her fists in the jar of political plums, while the able representation furnished the 'Varsity football team, the proud claim to the champion gymnast of the University and not least the distinction of having supplied the two candidates for Final Ball President stamped the career of the Junior class as up to their standard. The gubernatorial care of Presidents Porter and Oliver had safely steered them through all dangers.

Here ended the panorama of the past; and as the last scene swiftly fled from view, an invisible Futurity proclaimed: "The Junior class has clearly recognized the important principle of 'conservation of energy'—therefore will their deeds of this year be as nothing to the mighty achievements with which they will soon startle the whole University world, making their Senior year a grand and fitting climax to their glorious past! Then fulfill thy noble destiny—Class of '03 *best* of the many 'best' classes 'Varsity has produced!"


SOPHOMORES
I. MARTIN.

Officers of Sophomore Class

Fall Term

President,	Edward Crane.
Vice-President,	Ethel G. Pearce.
Secretary,	Lucile Wathen.
Treasurer,	J. W. Poindexter.
Sergeant-at-Arms,	W. D. Caldwell.

Winter Term

President,	P. H. Kimball.
Vice-President,	Ethel Oliphant.
Secretary,	Emily Thomas.
Treasurer,	H. H. Parks.
Sergeant-at-Arms,	Clinton Brown.

Spring Term

President,	C. G. Brown.
Vice-President,	Miss Grace Hill.
Secretary,	Miss Alice Megee.
Treasurer,	Miss Alma Proctor.
Sergeant-at-Arms,	F. J. D. Staar.
Historian,	Jeanne Borroum.

Sophomore Class Roll

Allison, Laura L.,
Anderson, Edna J.
Archer, Virginia,
Ashby, S. R.,
Atkinson, B. P.,
Beasley, R. J.,
Bedichek, Una,
Bolin, C. F.,
Bond, J. R.,
Boothe, W. L.,
Borroum, Jeanne,
Boynton, E. V.,
Briggs, G. W.,
Bringhurst, Kate,
Brite, Clay,
Bromberg, L. N.,
Brown, C. G.,
Brown, J. S.,
Burchard, H. H.,
Burford, J. M.,
Burnett, R. B.,
Burns, C. K.,
Caldwell, T. J.,
Caldwell, W. D.,
Calhoun, A. L.,
Carswell, T.,
Cobb, A.,

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Coleman, F. H.,
Connor, E. C.,
Coulter, R. D.,
Cox, A. B.,
Cox, J. F.,
Crane, E.,
Cully, Ima S.,
Cunningham, J. C.,
Cunningham, Ola,
Curd, J. W.,
Curtsinger, I. J.,
De Bardeleben, Ida.
Deussen, Alexander,
Devine, Florence,
Dickson, Frances A.,
Duncan, I. V.,
Erwin, Martin C.,
Estill, A. J.,
Etheridge, Myrtle,
Evans, A. J.,
Faust, Hanno,
Foster, Myra,
Frischmeyer, I. S.,
Gamble, J. F.,
Garrison, Ada H.,
Gathings, W. C.,
Glascock, B. L.,
Golden, J. R.,
Hamblen, V. H.,
Hammond, S. G.,
Hancock, John,
Harding, Robert E.,
Hargrove, H. Maxey,
Harlow, A. H.,
Harris, Aline,
Harrison, Alice,
Hawkins, Frank,
Heflin, Keziah,
Henry, Leon E.,
Hertzberg, Harry,
Hill, Grace,
Jenkins, Kate B.,
Ideson, Julias

Kimball, R. H.,
Houston, G. D.,
Jones, Mary Peck,
Lake, Emma,
Johnson, Dan W.,
Koch, Annie C.,
Lewis, G. S.,
King, W. R.,
Lewis, G. C.,
Lumpkin, F. E.,
Leavell, Edna S.,
Loomis, R. W.,
Marrs, J. P.,
Lippelt, Gertrude C.,
Mann, F.,
Martin, V. E.,
Maedgen, W.,
Martin, I.,
Meador, A. A.,
Marshall, N. J.,
Matthews, Annie V.,
Mitchell, J. E.,*
Martin, W. F.,
Mendenhall, H. D.,
Megee, Alice N.,
Morris, Cecile,
Morgan, Gladys E.,
McCulloch, Isabella,
McAdams, Mae,
McCombs, Mora C.,
McLendon, W. C.,
McFarland, I. B.,
McKellar, E. D.,
Namendorf, Lavinia,
Nichols, Octavia,
Oliphint, Ethel,
Parks, Elizabeth,
Parks, H. H.,
Peacock, C. W.,
Pearce, Ethel G.,
Penick, S. T.,
Petty, Mary Katherine,
Phillips, E. D.,

Poindexter, J. W.,*
Prather, Grace,
Proctor, Alma,
Robertson, L. C.,
Robinson, A. J.,
Ranson, J. H.,
Rowe, Mabel C.,
Roy, Addie M.,
Robinson, J. L.,
Russell, F. D.,
Roy, Jessie B.,
Sappington, Lucy M.,
Sigmon, W. H.,
Simpson, J. A.,
Shropshire, Mallie,
Smith, Doc,
Smith, J. M.,
Smith, Astynix, D.,
Stanley, H. A.,
Starr, Frank Jefferson Davis,
Spurgin, A. M.,
Summerfield, Nellie,
Thomas, Emily B.,
Thomas, Louise A.,
Thornton, H. W.,
Thornton, Lucie B.,
Thrasher, K. McKay,
Trueblood Pauline,
Waggener, J. P.,
Walker, Hallie D.,
Wallace, Bertha,
Ward, A. P.,
Warren, W. D. P.,
Wathen, Lucile,
Watson, W. D.,
Weisberg, A. F.,
Welker, L. W.,
Williamson, J. W.,
Winkler, C. H.,
Witt, G. F.,
Worley, J. L.,
Wright, Katherine E.,
Wyrick, J. S.

*Deceased.

Class History of 1904

HAPPY in the knowledge that we were upper classmen, the Sophomores of 1901 re-assembled in September to greet the incoming Freshmen. Our bony coffers had decreased materially in size, and we showed the greatest ingratitude by bestowing fewer treasures from our rich store-house upon our dear *Alma Mater* than we had showered upon her so munificently and freely in the fall of 1900.

In the latter part of October we re-organized. Having had the experience of a hilarious Freshman class election, we with all the dignity of upper classmen elected Honorable Edward Crane, President. It was with much sorrow we realized, after the roll had been examined that there had been a great decrease in our number. Perhaps it was the great heat wave of the summer that came over the land of the Sophomores as a mighty scourge, causing 168 of 240 Freshmen to return to us not again. These are sleeping the sleep of the Happy untouched by the cries of their fellows, "Campbell is coming, He Ho, He Ho," and "This is the way Miss Waldo does; pop goes the Freshman."

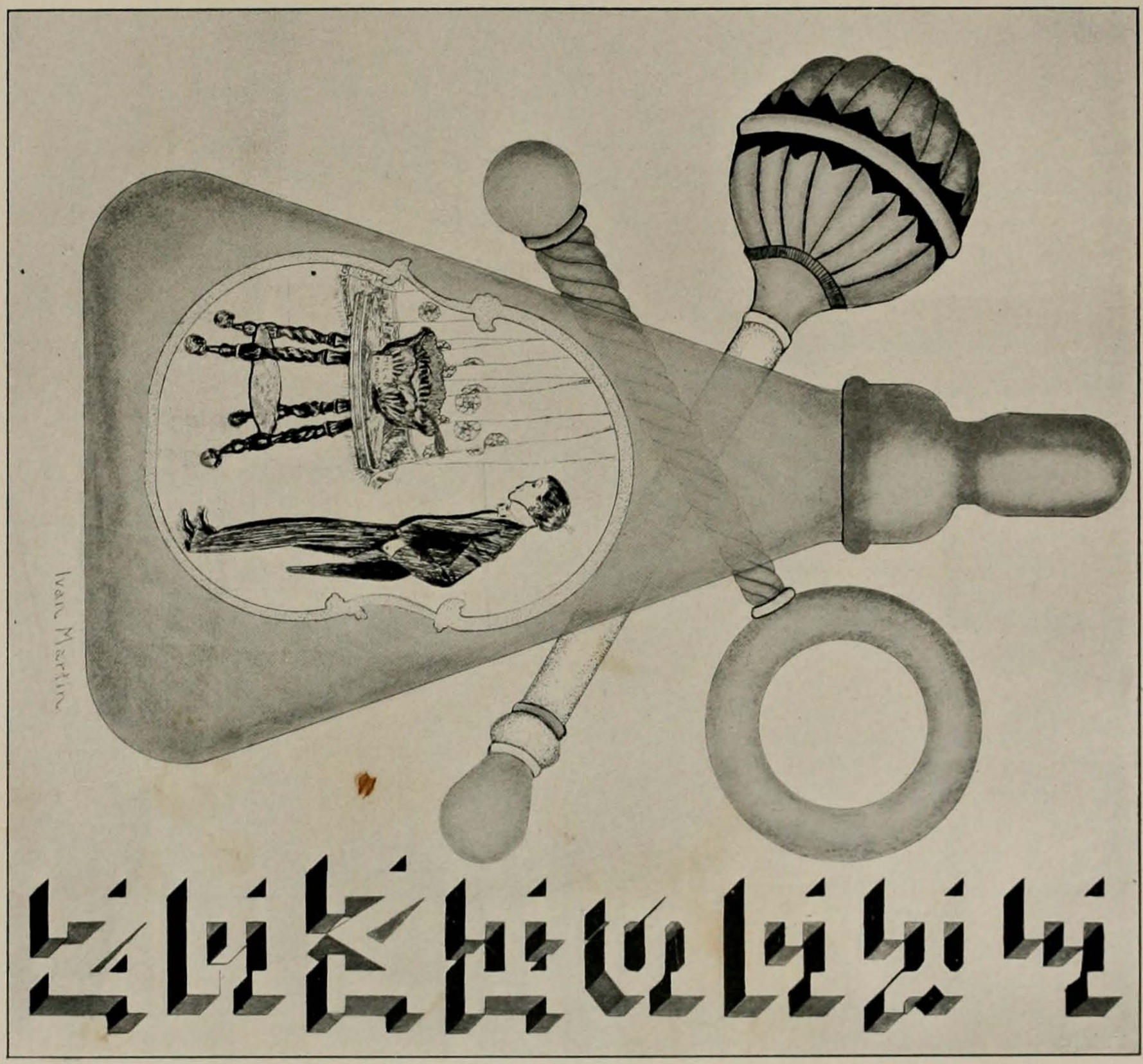
Feeling certain that our position in University social life is secure, since it had been conceded that the reception of our Freshman year would go down in the annals of the 'Varsity as the most elegant and enjoyable affair in its recent life, we made no attempt to surpass that event. It is true that some of us condescended to assist the Freshmen in making their little party a success by lending our stately presence and gracious manners; but it has ever been known that we are a generous class. Still others of us have honored the various germans and receptions, some by lingering, and some by early withdrawal.

In order to show we are easily first in any University field, we have turned our attention toward literature. Through the joint influence of our English professors, a new regime in literature has begun. To prove that these writers stand pre-eminent in literary circles it is only necessary to say the brightest representatives on the *Texan*, on the *Magazine*, and on the CACTUS are Sophomores. One of our classmates whose style has been termed Addisonian in its elegance has been a conspicuous contributor to the *Magazine*. And several of the Class of '04 are the "Pride of Penick's Heart" not only in Latin and Greek, but also in the Glee Club. The most prominent positions in the Literary Societies of the University are held by us.

Athletically speaking our class has been a glorious success. Through our representative, Powell, the championship among the discus-throwers is ours. Vann has been an honor to his University as well as to his class by winning the cup of the wrestlers. None of us, however, have as yet "blown out the bucket." Duncan, Brown, and Marshall represented us on the gridiron during the past season. It goes without saying that the baseball and track teams will be successes, since a number of our class appear on their rolls.

We do not know what the Faculty say about us but we are sure they think this is the best Sophomore Class that has ever been enclosed within the arms of this "Young giant of the West"; and we are going to give them good reason to say that the Class of 1904 is the best Senior Class in the past history of the University of Texas.

EXAMS.!


Ivan Martin

Officers of the Freshman Class

First Term

President	Rembert G. Watson
Vice-President	Fannie West Harris
Secretary	Janie B. Ellis
Treasurer	W. G. Shaw
Sergeant-at-Arms	W. R. Carrington

Second Term

President	Chester H. Terrell.
Vice-President	Miss May Hopkins.
Secretary	Miss Kittie Searcy.
Treasurer	E. W. Davis.
Sergeant-at-Arms	Hugh Bardin.

Third Term

President	Horace Trippett.
Vice-President	Miss Addie Hill.
Secretary	Miss C. A. Shipe.
Treasurer	Walter Pope.
Sergeant-at-Arms	Jim Cannon.

Freshman Class Roll

Akazawa, Motazo,
Alley, D. S.,
Amerman, Charles Henry,
Amsler, Arthur Cleveland,
Angle, Ora Lee,
Arledge, Albert Ross,
Armstrong, Maggie,
Bailey, William Otis,
Bardin, Hugh,
Bardin, Jesse,
Bartholomew, F. McElwee,
Barton, Andrew,
Batson, Laura Louraine,
Beck, Eugene,
Bennett, Frank,
Benson, Edward Roy,
Bibb, Lewis Bradley,
Blain, Edward W.,
Blanding, Robert Palmer,
Blucher, C. F. Killman,
Bonner, Annie Augusta,
Bonner, Thomas Davenport,
Bramlette, Felix Barard,
Brecheen, James Lafayette,
Breihan, Ernest Winfred,
Brenizer, Vivian,
Bridges, John Dial,
Brooks, Barey,
Brown, Elizabeth Denizen,

Brown, Flora Maud,
Brown, Morton,
Broussard, J. E.,
Buckley, Claude Herbert,
Buckley, William Frank,
Burleson, Richard Coke,
Burns, Arthur Parsons,
Cade, Minnie Laura,
Calhoun, John William,
Campbell, Lily Bess,
Campbell, Robert Lee,
Campbell, Wallace Russell,
Cannon, James Reece,
Carb, David,
Carpenter, Ora,
Carrington, Walter Rainey,
Claggett, Edith Jennie,
Clark, Erwin Johns,
Cloud, Rebecca Johnson,
Cole, Thomas C.,
Cooley, Mabel Elsie,
Compere, C. H.,
Cresap, Naid,
Criddle, John W.,
Crighton, Harry Moore,
Daniel, Josiah M.,
Davidson, Hugh Henry,
Davis, J. Bonaparte,
Davis, Edward W.,
Davern, John Emmett,
Dickerson, Robert Carl,
Dodson, John Benjamin,
Dupree, Wilbur Abney,
Eckhart, Victor Caesar,
Edward, George Garrett,
Edwards, Helen John,
Eikel, Josie,
Ellis, Mrs. Annie Laurie,
Ellis, Janie Berryman,
Ellis, Norma,
Ellison, Wilson,
Elzner, Clara Tillye,
English, Judith Elsie,
Farr, Thomas,
Feagin, Anson Travis,
Firebaugh, William Henry,
Fletcher, Harry Turney,
Florence, William Peyton,
Ford, Guy Wallace,
Ford, Henry Harrison,
Forsgard, Lee William,
Fowler, Rupert W.,
French, James Sims,
Fuston, Annie Lee,
Gano, Allene,
Gardner, Annie Joe,
Garrett, Elsie,
Giesen, Margaret Mary,
Giesen, Walter Edward,
Gillette, William Robert,
Goode, Andrew Jackson,
Gordon, Sol.,
Goree, Edwin Sue,
Gould, Grace Eloise,
Gray, George Lester,
Green, Zeddie Andrew,
Greer, Emma Autry,
Griffin, Edmund Burke,
Griffing, William Wallace,
Guy, William Hilary,
Hackett, Sallie Ellis,
Hadra, Jas. Marvin Sims,
Hall, Thomas Charlton,
Harris, Catharine Louise,
Harris, Fannie West,
Harris, Temple,
Harrison, Frank,
Hatchett, Roy Rupert,
Heard, Allen G.,
Hearne, Emma Howard,
Henslee, Lem. P.,
Hibbs, Ethel Louisa,
Hill, Clyde Walton,
Hill, Lawrance,
Hill, Sarah Adalee,
Hilliard, Ethel May,
Hogsett, Joe B.,
Holman, Colon,
Hopkins, May Agnes,
Hopkins, Mary Horton,
Houlahan, Gertrude Nellie,
Howard, Calvin Scott,
Howard, David Stuart Hoxie,
Howard, Mamie Vola,
Hudson, Hugh Jackson,
Hughston, Samuel David,
Hugo, Ralph H.,
Humphries, Allie,
Hyde, Walter W.,
Jackson, Bertha,
Jary, Louise L.,
Johnson, Alice Adalee,
Johnson, C. B.,
Jung, Rudolph,
Keith, Thomas A.,
Kellar, Adelaide,
Kellar, Victor,
Kelley, Isabel,
Kemp, Louis Wiltz,
Key, Margaret,
Kidwell, James Richard,
Kilcrease, Andrew Thomas,
Kincaid, Carl R.,
Kindley, George Cyrus,
Kirkpatrick, Jack,
Kleberg, Walter,
Knemple, Henry,
Lake, Lois Cela,
Lallier, Herbert C.,
Lancaster, Edgar H.,
Lane, Preston George,
Lawrence, Leta,
Lichtenstein, Emil A.,
Longino, William,
Lynch, Robert Emmett,
Maas, Mary Fowler,
Maney, Mabel,
Manford, Walter,
Marley, James Preston,

FRESHMAN CLASS.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Freshman Baseball Team

CLASS CHAMPIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

CLARENCE W. WELLER, ... *Captain.*

HORACE E. TRIPPET, ... *Manager.*

A. O. SINGLETON, . .	*Pitcher.*	C. W. WELLER, . . .	*Catcher.*
REMBERT G. WATSON, .	*First Base.*	T. D. BONNER, . .	*Second Base.*
CHESTER H. TERRELL,	*Third Base.*	"SLEEPY" ROBERTSON, .	*Short Stop.*
TOM C. COLE, . .	*Left Field.*	JAMES CANNON, . .	*Center Field.*
WILLIAMS, . . .	*Right Field.*		

Substitutes: MATTHEWS AND WARD.

Score

Freshmen, . . .	16	Sophomores, . .	6
Freshmen, . . .	15	Juniors, . . .	8
Freshmen, . . .	4	Engineers, . . .	4(13 innings)
Freshmen, . . .	11	Engineers, . . .	4

FRESHMAN BASE-BALL TEAM—CLASS CHAMPIONS.

Mathis, Arthur,
Matthews, Harvey B.,
Megee, Johnnie,
Megee, Mary Lena,
Meyer, Vada Elizabeth,
Miller, Julia A.,
Miller, Margaret,
Miller, Samuel Irving,
Milliken, M. Horace,
Moffett, Samuel Terrell,
Moore, Adrian T.,
Moyes, William George,
Munson, Neva,
Munson, Olita,
McCain, Maude,
McCain, Mollie,
McClure, Claire,
McClure, Jodie,
McCormick, Robert Earl,
McCrummen, Cecil,
McInnis, Lila Graham,
McKay, Luke,
McLaurin, Julius,
McQuatters, Osco,
*Nagle, Helene Augustine,
Newell, George S.,
Newsom, John Henry,
Newton, Clara Ella,
Odom, Coke,
Page, Cora Amelia,
Paine, Liston,
Parish, James Ross,
Parsons, Samuel William,
Paschal, Edwin G.,
Paul, Charles Thomas,
Phelps, Louis Charles,
Phillipowski, Juba Maurice,
Pool, Adrian,
Pope, Alexander,
Pope, Walter,
Potter, Eugene Watson,
Powell, Harriett Lane,
Powell, William Jenner,
Prendergast, Davis McGee,
Price, George Foster,
Puckett, Sadie,
Quade, J. E.,
Raley, Helen,
Rainey, Robert M.,
Raspberry, Leon Earl,
Rector, Thompson Morris,
Reed, Nath. E.,
Reynolds, Joe Matthews,
Rhodius, Herbert Udo,
Rice, Mary Virginia,
Rigby, Leonard Frank,
Ring, Robert,
Robertson, Albert Duke,
Robertson, James Gaston,
Roeck, John Frederick,
Rose, John Henry,
Rosenfeld, Bella C.,
Ross, George,
Samaniego, Carlos G.,
Sampson, Frank W.,
Sanders, Edwin Davis,
Scarbrough, Sadie,
Searcy, Katharine Andrews,
Shaw, Lellius D.,
Shaw, Mary,
Shaw, Olivia Emmawillis,
Shaw, Thad.,
Shaw, William Gill,
Shepard, Susie Andrews,
Shipe, Columbus Annie,
Singleton, Albert O.,
Smith, Andrew Raymond,
Smith, Annie,
Smith, Carl Gibson,
Smith, Claude Octavius,
Smith, Mattie May,
Smith, Timothy Allen,
Smither, Harriett,
Snow, Emma Elsie,
Sonnentheil, Louis Casper,
Stanley, Maude,
Steger, Arthur David,
Stevens, Ada,
Stevens, Walker,
Stockwell, Weed Arthur,
Strong, Frank A.,
Swindall, Annie Adelia,
Talley, Crystal,
Teagarden, Bruce W.,
Teagarden, Louise,
Terrell, Chester Hunter,
Thompson, Rufo Evans,
Thompson, Fred M.,
Thompson, Thaddeus William,
Trawick, Ethel Wathen,
Trippet, Horace E.,
Trotter, Alex. Pickens,
Tyler, Wallace,
Vernon, Willie Crook,
Walker, Newman,
Ward, Cornelia Susie,
Warren, William Henry,
Watkins, Warner George,
Watson, Rembert Gary,
Weller, Clarence W.,
Wells, Boyd,
West, Pearl,
West, Ruby,
Wickline, George,
Williams, Byrd Moore,
Wiilliams, Hugh Kelley,
Wilson, Sidney J.,
Womack, Daisy Dell,
Womack, Daniel Henry,
Woufle, Marie Louise,
Wright, Robert James,
Wright, William Odie,
Wynne, Mae Samuela,
York, Minnie Lee.

* Died, Nov. 31, 1901.

Freshman Class History

JUST a year ago the Freshman Class of 1904 declared with perfect confidence, that never before had there been such a class. Perhaps that was true then, but a year has passed. Within that time a new force has been at work in our University, which has carried by storm all obstacles in its path; and now, waving victorious colors, boldly claims that Excelsior crowns the name of the class of 1905.

None but the best historian could do justice to the Freshman class of any year,—no historian could do justice to the class of Naughty Five. Words seem powerless to portray our achievements and paint the glories of our class. To even mention our manifold deeds of renown would fill a volume.

The Freshman class of this year is famed chiefly for three things: its unsurpassed reception, its football victory, and frequent class meetings.

From the time we assembled, a mighty throng, to elect officers until after the reception, Freshman meetings became so common that even the Junior Laws were weary of keeping up with them and wearier still of fruitless efforts to overcome Freshman prowess and break into our solemn conclaves. When we were finally launched upon our career as a united host, and had resolved to make our reception a landmark in University social life, we realized the joys of being Freshmen.

Modesty forbids us to speak long of that reception; we may only say that no class reception has ever approached ours. What class records a reception amid the blaze of light and color at the Driskill? What class added dancing as a feature of their pleasant evening? It was an unmistakable and complete success; an example has been set for other classes. What class can ever give a reception to equal that of the class of Naughty Five?

Hardly had we recovered from the pride caused by this social success before athletics claimed our attention. The football victory and the wrestling championship showed what Freshmen can do in that line. Our valiant Eleven covered us with glory, and raised class spirit to enthusiasm. Our victory over the Sophomores was complete.

Only two short weeks passed before fate decreed that our proud colors must bow in acknowledgment of a most honorable defeat, and we yield the class-championship to the Senior Laws. The

sting of this defeat was almost removed by the good-natured "rush" which followed, and as we proudly waved the fragments of the Peregrinus, amid University yells, Freshman colors seemed again victorious. The spirited cry of

Chick a go runk, go runk, go ree,
Hi ho, hi ho, who are we?
Freshman, Freshman, U. of T.

which rose so constantly on the air that bright autumn day, gave a good example of Freshman lung capacity; and one unconsciously wondered if the world-famed Kinley was not swelling that inspiring roar?

The Freshman class of this year has organized the first Freshman German Club on record in the University, and their first German was a wonderful success. Oh it is fine to be a Freshman!

We cannot foretell what our class will accomplish; the future doubtless holds triumphs and fame, but no matter how great be those achievements Naughty Five will always point with pride to its successful Freshman year.

The old man when he reads the Freshman's list of the first months expenses

The Freshman Class Poem

The theme's before me here—"The Freshman Class";
  And like the dawn's first touch on cloudy skies
Which builds up into splendor all the mass
  Of dark and shapeless mist that 'neath it lies,—
So, dawning from this name, warm feelings rise
  And touch my brain, confused and dark with doubt;
And lo, the gloom departs! the shadow dies
  And from its grave fresh tints of thought steal out
And waking ideas flock their sovereign theme about.

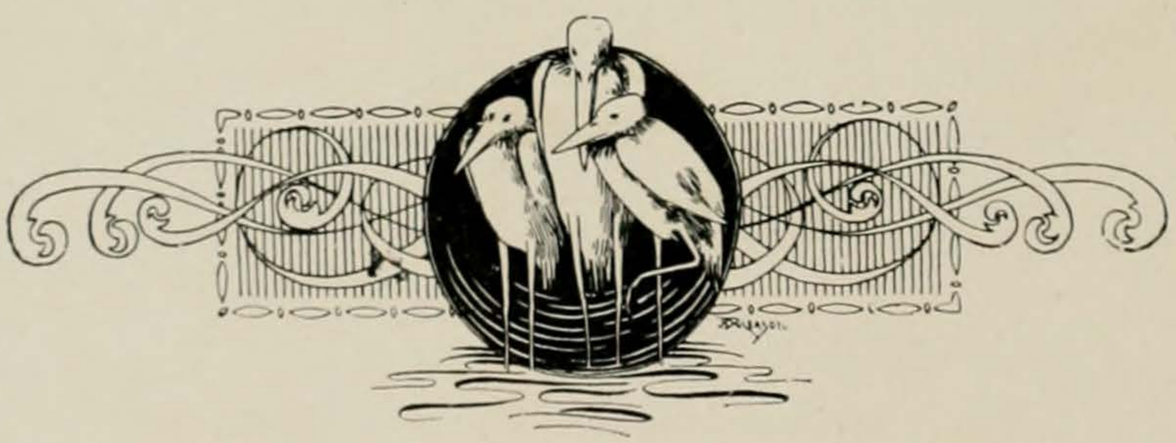
In this new light, I cannot see the crowd
  Of bungling dolts which some say Freshmen are:
I see young knights of Learning, calm and proud,
  Drawn up before life's doubtful field of war.
  Opposing Fate, their swift advance to bar,
Has strewn the field before with many snares;
  Fears and temptations spread themselves afar
To catch each youthful footstep unawares
And ruin the brightest hope a waking mind upbears.

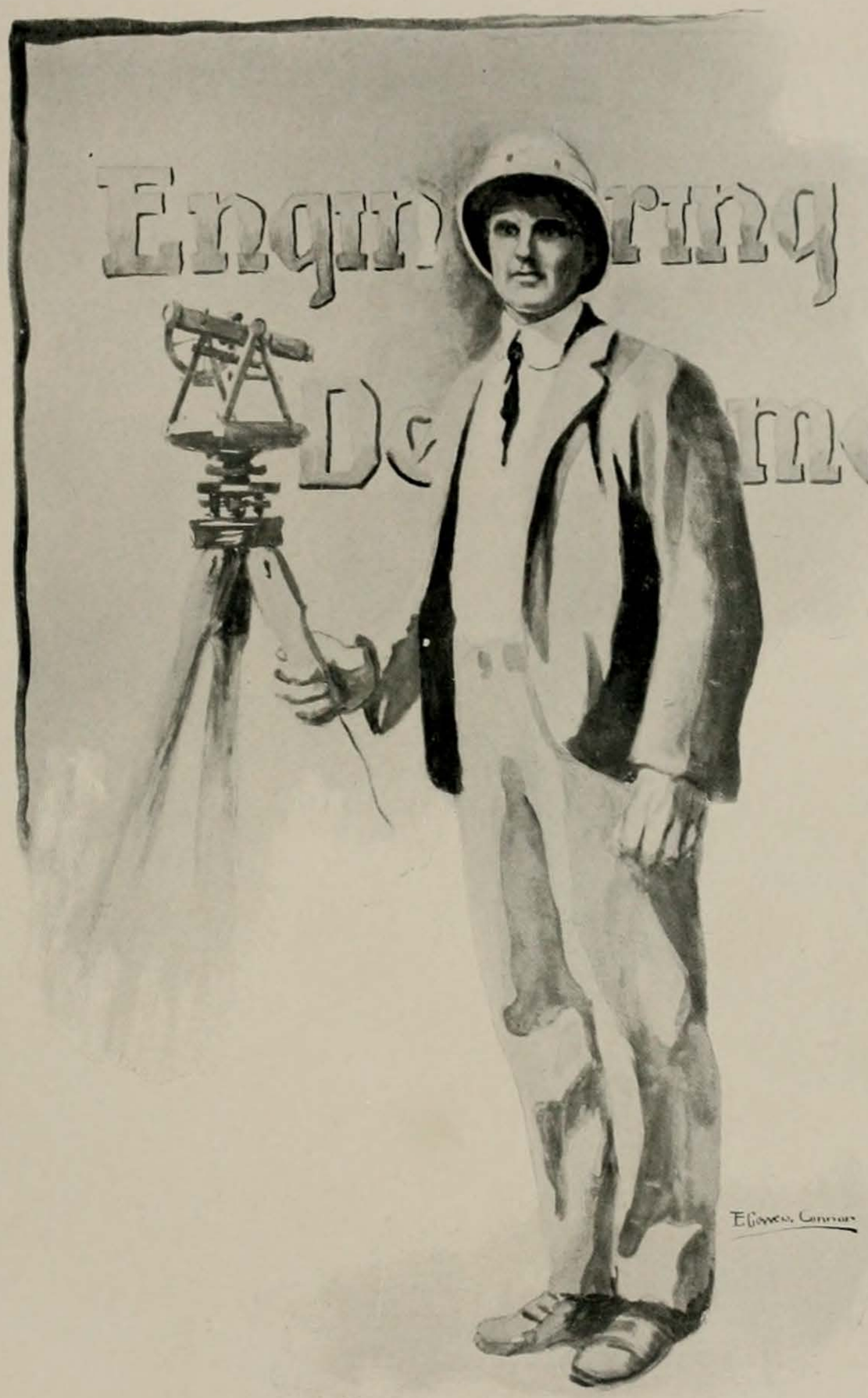
But armed with knowledge and unfailing zeal
  How strong these knights to bear the straining fight!
Ah, soon will all opposing powers reel

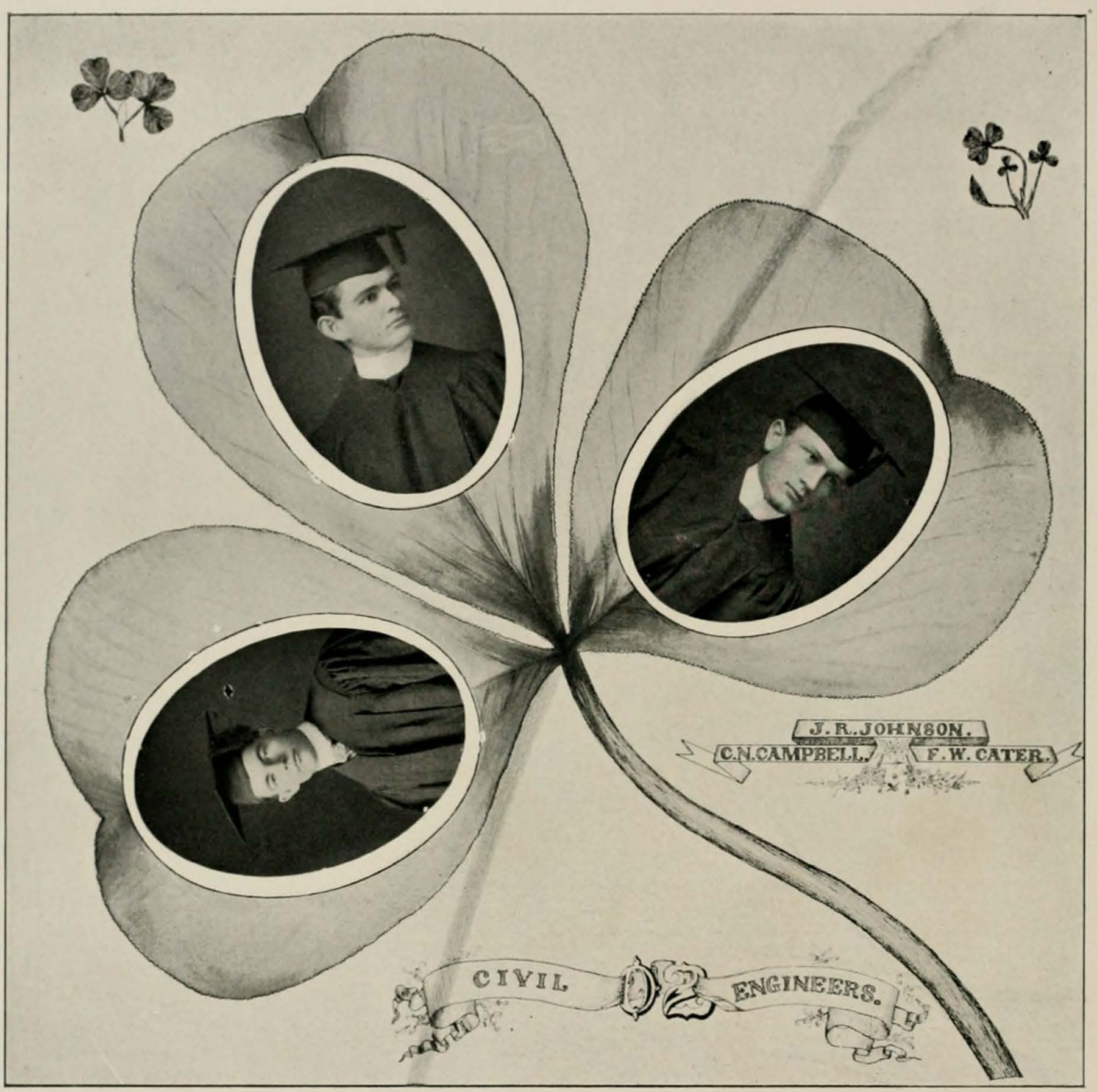
And fall in dark defeat, when from the height
Of far-off, future days there comes the light
Of crowns that, wait true valor! in the hum
And crashing of the combat, there's a might
More rousing than a stirring battle drum,
In Vict'ry's far-heard voice, forever whisp'ring "Come!"

But none can tell their future,—still, we trust
That He who guides each mite of living thing
Safely throughout its course, though often thrust
In mazes with destruction threatening,
Will lead past all their fears and wondering
These youthful ones, who stand prepared to strive
With any fate their future days might bring.
—We trust, we know that He will save alive
On fields where others fall, this Class of Nineteen-Five.

CLYDE WALTON HILL.




Engineering
Department


J. R. JOHNSON.
C. N. CAMPBELL.
F. W. CATER.
CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Engineering Department Officers

Fall Term

F. W. Cater, *President.* C. E. Haberer, *Secretary.*
T. J. Palm, *Vice-President.* F. W. Sampson, *Treasurer.*

Winter Term

R. B. Gillette, Jr., *President.* F. W. Sampson, *Secretary.*
J. P. Starnes, *Vice-President.* A. C. Amsler, *Treasurer.*

Spring Term

T. J. Palm, *President.* L. W. Kemp, *Secretary.*
J. B. Hogsett, *Vice-President.* L. Hill, *Treasurer.*

Class Roll

Seniors

Campbell, C. N., Cater, F. W., Dunbar, H. C., Johnson, J. R

Juniors

Blackburn, N. T., Duren, G. A., King, W. R., Palm, T. J.,
Blain, E. W., Gillette, R. B., Jr., Mitchell, J. E., Parsons, S. W.,
Burleson, R. C., Howard, C. J., Palm, E. J., Thompson, F. L.
Cother, A. A., Jessen, A.,

Sophomores

Easter, J. F., Johnston, D. T., Meador, A. A., Starnes, J. P.,
Erwin, M. C., Knight, B. C., Mendenhall, H. D , Vann, W. W.,
Haberer, C. E., Lewis, G. C., Robertson, N T., Warren, W. D. P.,
Hyde, W. W., Martin, W. F., Shands, N. D., Washington, W. O.

Freshmen

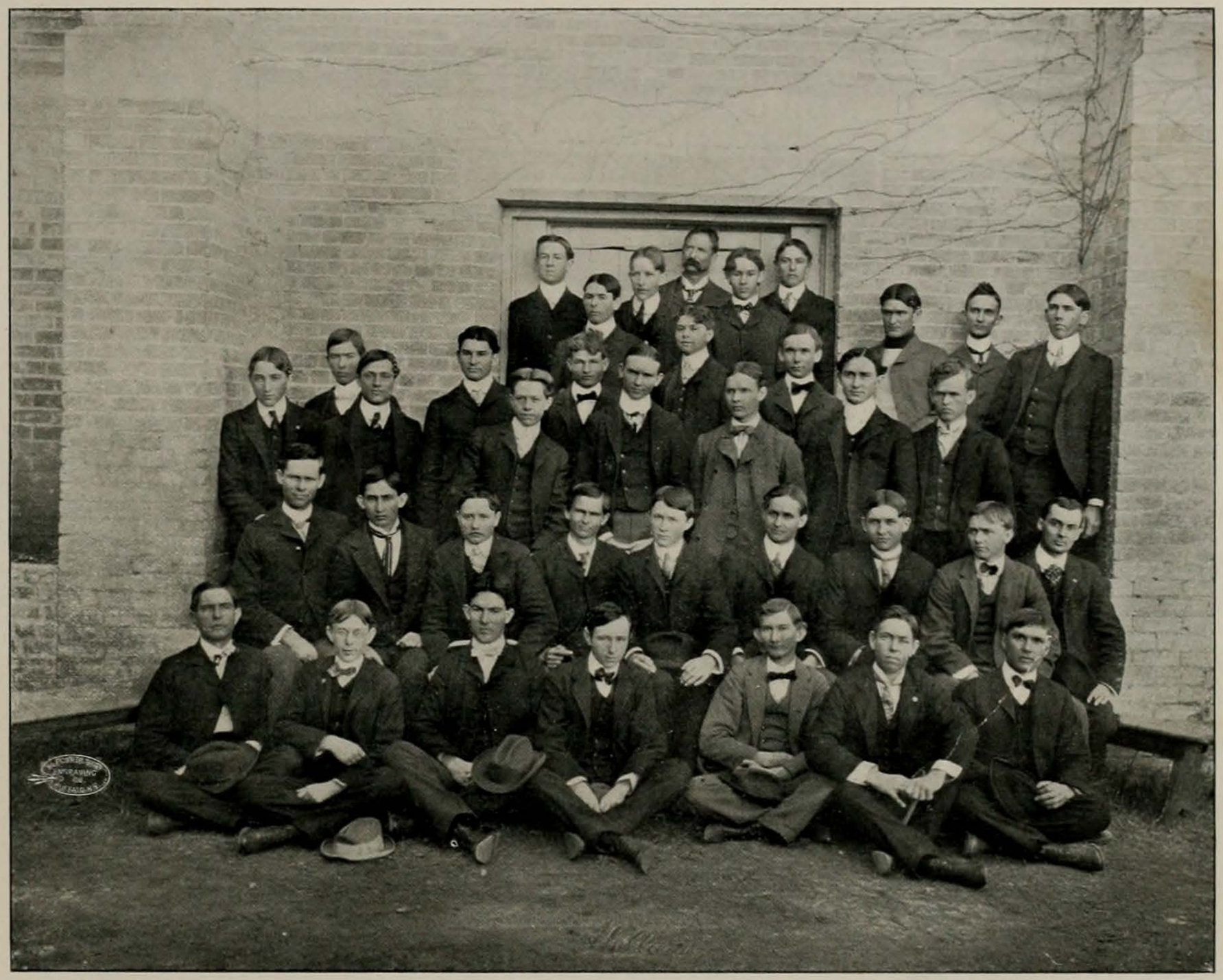
Amsler, A. C., Edwards, G. G., Hill, L., Peacock, C. W.,
Arledge, A. R., Fletcher, H. T., Kirkpatrick, J., Powell, W. J.,
Armstrong, J. B., Forsgard, L. W., Lane, P. G., Rhodius, H. U.,
Benson, E. R., Gathings, W. C., Lichtenstein, E. A., Ruckman, H. B.,
Blackburn, E. S., Goode, A. J., Maas, S. J., Sampson, F. W.,
Blucher, C. F. K., Giesen, W. E., McKay, L., Starr, F.,
Bronssard, J. E., Hatchett, R. R., Palm, J. W., Stockwell, W. A.,
Caldwell, E. T., Henslee, L. P., Park, R. A., Watkins, W. G.,
Carb, D., Hogsett, J. B., Parrish, J. R., Wilkinson, H. E.
Dupree, W. A.,

Specials

Brown, L. D., Carnes, W. M., Hargis, O. D., Shaw, J. D.,
Burney, P. C., Fullmore, S. R., Oatman, Miss M. E., Wright, W. O.,

Seniors	4
Juniors	14
Sophomores	16
Freshmen	38
Specials	8
Total	80

UPPER CLASSMEN.



FRESHMAN ENGINEERS.

Department History

"And which, in everything that's best,
Which department leads the rest?
Not *Academ.*, nor *Law*, nor *Med.*,
But, after everything is said,
The Engineers."

YOU skeptical Academs., you blowing Laws, you learned Medics, do you ask why our assertion above is true? Do you challenge it for a moment? Pause one moment, and hear a history and a prophecy.

You smile at our numbers, and invite us, to look at you,—you with your hundreds, against us with our tens. But listen:

On the second day of October, Nineteen Hundred and One, our Department awoke from its slumber of three months to find its numbers increased twofold. On the last day of the last term of last year it had a scant 40 members; on the first day of the first term of this year, it had 82. On the last day of last year, it barely filled one drawing room; on the first day of this it filled to the brim, two.

And whence came these new members? Let us glance down the list. Here is one whose brother is an Engineer. He sees the importance of that unassuming profession. There is one whose father is an Engineer. He, too, sees its advantages. Here are several who just like the profession on general principles. But, what! Ho! what have we here? Second year men, third year men, *Academs*! Why have *they* joined us? Ah! there's where we shine! Last year these far-seeing young men saw the Engineers in their labors, saw them plodding along their weary way to field practice, with a heavy transit, a long rod, and a chain and they realized that the Engineers were the people, that "that department leads the rest" and they came over to us.

But enough! you know enough of our virtues, and accomplishments, listen to what we have done, and what has happened to us.

Early in the game we elected officers for the term. This was nothing uncommon, so we'll let it pass.

Our next move was the establishment of an Exchange, from which to furnish all Engineering instruments and materials needed by the Department. Our members realized that soon the Department would assume such proportions that such an institution would become imperative. They arose

to the occasion, showed their progressiveness, and the Engineering Exchange of the University of Texas was the result.

Then came our Banquet! Ah! what a banquet! Under the Engineering eye of our mediator and advocate, the "Prof.", and the practiced hand of the Driskill, the social affair of the Engineering Department, was the success of the season. The songs were new, the after-dinner speeches unexcelled, and the viands—well, just ask your Class President for the Fall Term and he will tell you.

But what of Athletics? Alas, our football team was an imaginary quantity. The Freshmen Academs., lured our Freshmen to their side, where our boys were among the best. The Sophomore Academs. claimed our good men, and it was an Engineer who made the only touchdown for the Sophomores in the Freshman–Sophomore game. But these were only the stars. Gaze on the suns. Look at Hyde, and Gathings, and Vann, and the manager, Mr. Dunbar; these are our first team men. Our baseball team though, was very much a real quantity. On the nineteenth of March we met the enemy, the Senior Laws, and they were ours. Our magnificent superiority over them was shown from the first, and the final score, 12 to 2, shows that no longer is the Engineering Department to be a worthless factor in University athletic contests. As this goes to press there are great prospects of the University championship being ours, after the game with the Freshmen on March 22. In other contests our men held their part well, but we must pass on and leave them.

For the future we expect many things. Already we have had added to our faculty an able Instructor in Engineering, besides the usual Student Assistant. Already we have expanded into two drawing rooms. And as we look a little way into the future we can see looming up before us a fine Engineering Building, fitted with all of the most approved modern appliances, and filled with ambitious young men of Texas. And looking a little farther we can see graduates, occupying the important Engineering positions of this State and of the United States, and advancing the cause of Engineering to the summit of its magnificence.

Were we to continue we could fill volumes. But we feel that you care to hear no more; that "enough is as good as a feast"; so we bid you adieu until next October, with a cordial invitation to come then and view our landscape.

Mr. Dooly Visits the University

"Good marnin, Hinnisy."

"Good marnin t'yersilf, Mr. Dooly."

Mr. Dooly drew a chair to the window, and, sinking into it with a sigh of relief, took a cigar from his vest pocket and accommodated himself for a comfortable smoke.

Mr. Hinnisy, noticing the brand of the cigar, drew his conclusions and remarked,

'Toimes is improvin' wid ye agin, Mr. Dooly."

"What's that?" snapped Mr. Dooly.

"Toimes is improvin' wid ye", repeated Hinnisy.

"They am, be they?" replied Mr. Dooly mockingly. "An 'it's hopin' oi am thot Inglish as she is spoken be you, will be doin' the same befare long. Mister Hinnisy," continued Mr. Dooly impressively, "Whinivir the pripisition *is* is prayceeded are suesayded be a noun in 'th infinitive tinse, the last syllable on the befarmintioned pripisition is changed to *are*."

"Who tould ye all that?" demanded Hinnisy, pausing in his work.

"Dr. Butler," replied Mr. Dooly.

"Did ye murther him?" asked Hinnisy.

"No," said Mr. Dooly.

"Will,—do thin," said Mr. Hinnisy. "Is he wan av thim perfissers up in the University?"

"He is."

"What were ye doin' up there, Mr. Dooly?"

"Oi wint up be the rayquist av me frind, the Govnur."

"Ye did?"

"Yis. Oi wus sittin' in me kitchin ferninst the foire wid me shocs aff, warmin' me fate, whin the guvnur called me up be tilifoam.

'Hillo, Dooly, is that yerself?' sez he.

'Yis, yer honor,' sez oi.

'Mr. Dooly,' sez he, 'Oi wish thot ye'd conshtitute yerself into a committee, consisting of three siniters an' four riprisintitives, an' invistigate the conditions at the University. Oi'm tould be imminint min thot we nade, ayther anuther wing an the main buildin, or a new buildin' all be its silf.' 'O'll roight, sur,' sez oi, 'Oi'll do it fer ye at wanst.' 'Thanks, in the marnin' will do. Good bye' sez he."

"Dooly," interrupted Mr. Hinnisy, "are you all uv thim siniters an ripresintitives yersilf?"

"Oi am thim," replied Mr. Dooly.

"Thin ye aught to have a picture av yersilf taken in a group."

"Oi did," said Mr. Dooly, "Holland tuk it yisterday marnin' an the front stips."

"What happened te ye, whoile ye wur up there, Mr. Dooly?"

"Will, Oi'll till ye all about it."

"Oi furst wint up te the top floor in th' ilivater to look for me ould friends in the ingineerin' daypartmint. Oi wint inte the ould room and found no wan there ixciptin' a smood-faced young man wid spees, who wuz wroitin' on the blackboord, an surrounded be beautiful parian n.arble statues av wimmin an beasts.

'Good marnin,' sez oi, oi'm lookin for th' ingineerin' departmint.'

'Good marnin,' sez he, 'the ingineers no langer occupy this soot av rooms. The inconvanient location an limitation av space an this floor made it onsuitable fur the rapidly roisin' an expandin' ingineerin' departmint an we were obliged to put them downstairs.'

'Indade oi'm agrayably surprised,' sez oi, lookin' at th' aygyptian hoiroglyphics he wus wroitin, 'What's thim things yer makin,' sez oi, 'its' all grake to me.'

'Yis, an' it's all greek te me, too,' sez he, an thin he turned round and smoiled at me. I gave wan look at him, and thin oi ran out fur me loife, fearin' oi'd be turned to stone be his smoile.

'Oi found me way down stairs an, knocked at another door. 'Is this th' ingineerin' departmint,' oi asked of a tall slinder hansome young man.

'No, it's Dr. Calloway's office, sez he.'

'What! Me ould friend Dr. Calloway? Can oi say him fur a minnit?'

'Oi'm sorry,' sez he, 'but the doctor's very, very busy makin' commas fur the frishmen to use nixt term, an' he hates awfully to stop makin thim.' 'Oi know he likes thim,' sez oi, 'oi've hurd tell theat he ates thim biled fur breakfast ivry marnin. 'Will, oi'll call agin.'

'Do,' sez he. An I wint further on down stairs. Be the directions av an young man wid a very hoigh forehead in the rigistrar's office, oi foinally discovered the ingineerin' drawin' rooms an found it filled wid young min drawin.'

'Where are the perfissirs,' oi asked.

'Across the hall,' sez wan av thim.

'Oi wint across the hall an found another room full of min at work an asked the same quistion."

'The perfissers are out at field practice wid the other half of the class;' they tould me.

'Indade, an is this only the half of ye,' sez oi, 'thin where do they put ye whin ye're all at home here?'

'Oh, we stand an top av wan anuther thin. We ixpict to be drawin in tints out on the campus nixt fall, av they don't give us no more room before thin.'

'Thim is foine desks ye have,' sez oi, troyin to draw him out.

'Yis, they are,' sez he, 'but they could stand improvin.'

'What more de ye want' sez oi.

'Will, we'd like to have hot and could water an electric loights an thim an' a burglar proof vault undernate each wan av thim, so that a man could kape his drawin tools in safety.'

"Oh, they'r a broight lot of byes, Hinnisy, an oi'm thinkin av sendin me bye Dannie up there mesilf. Oi had a long talk with some of the students av the departmint, an' oi till ye, Hinnisy, av oi knew as much as thim young min, oi could have made eighteen thousan dollars on me conthract fer buildin' the chimical labratoroy instid av a masely twilve thousan."

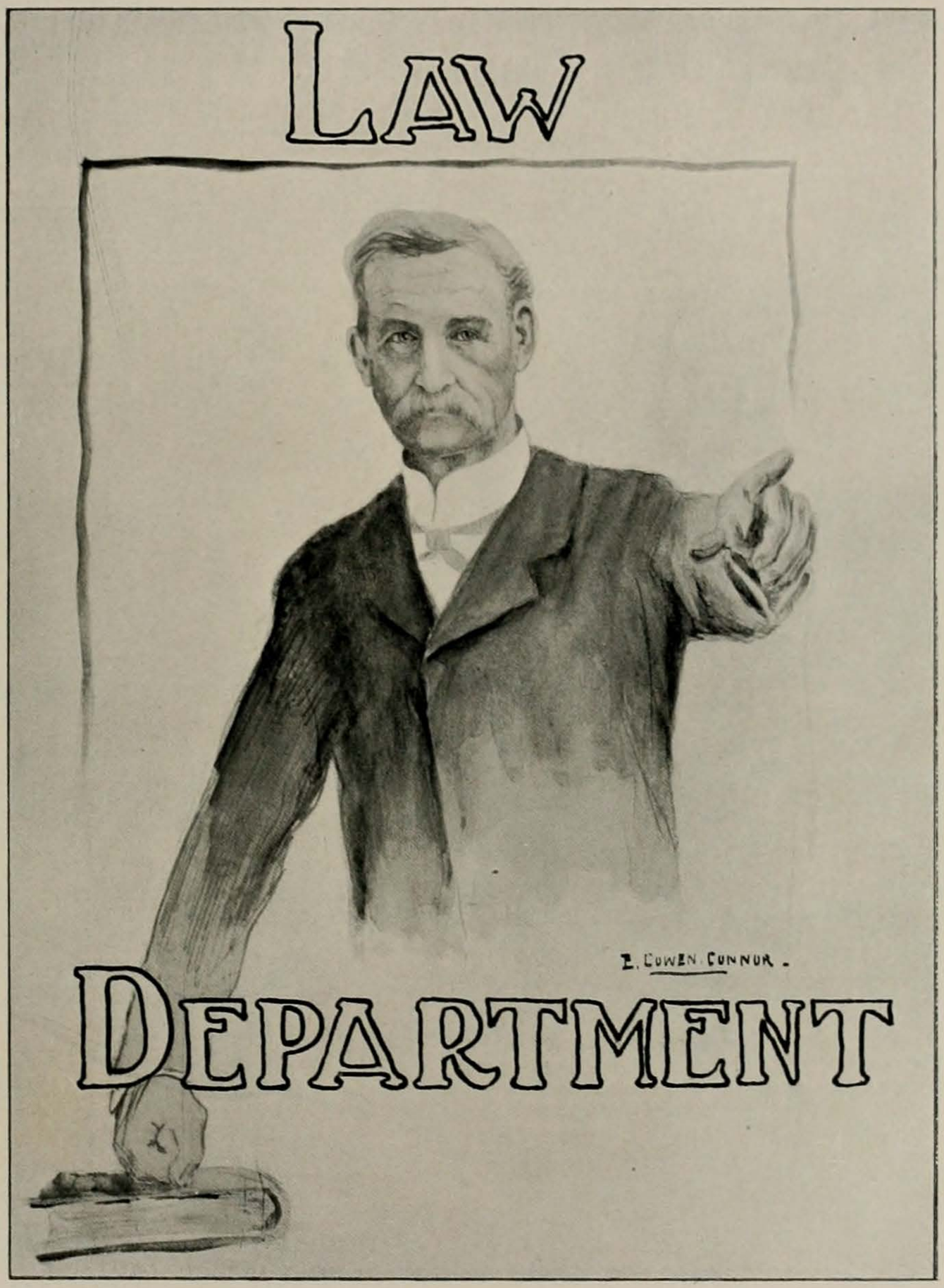
"Thim byes have a talint fer drawin too, Hinnisy. The showed me a landscape up there. It was the product of the united ifforts av siveral av thim. It wus a very stroikin scane, Hinnisy, an judgin be the number of stars oi saw, oi'm thinkin' that it moight properly be called knockturnal scanery. They sint me home in a carriage immediately afterwards because me posterior posterity was that sore that I couldn't walk."

"An what did the guvnur say about it all, Mr. Dooly?"

"He says that he thinks th ingineerin' departmint av the University has grown large enough to need a siparate buildin' for itself, an that he intends to mintion the fact in his nixt missage to the legislature an recommind thim t'appropriate about fifty thousand dallers fur that same purpose."

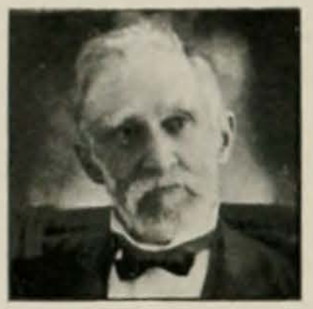
H. MARTIN.

LAW



DEPARTMENT

Law Faculty and Other Officers



Robert Simonton Gould, M. A,, LL. D.,
Professor of Law.
B. A., University of Alabama, 1844, and M. A., 1846;
Southwestern Presbyterian University, 1886.

Albert Lee Burford, L.L. B.,
Quizmaster.
LL. B., The University of Texas, 1901.

John Charles Townes, L.L. D.,
Dean of the Law Department, and Professor of Law.
LL D., Baylor University, 1898.

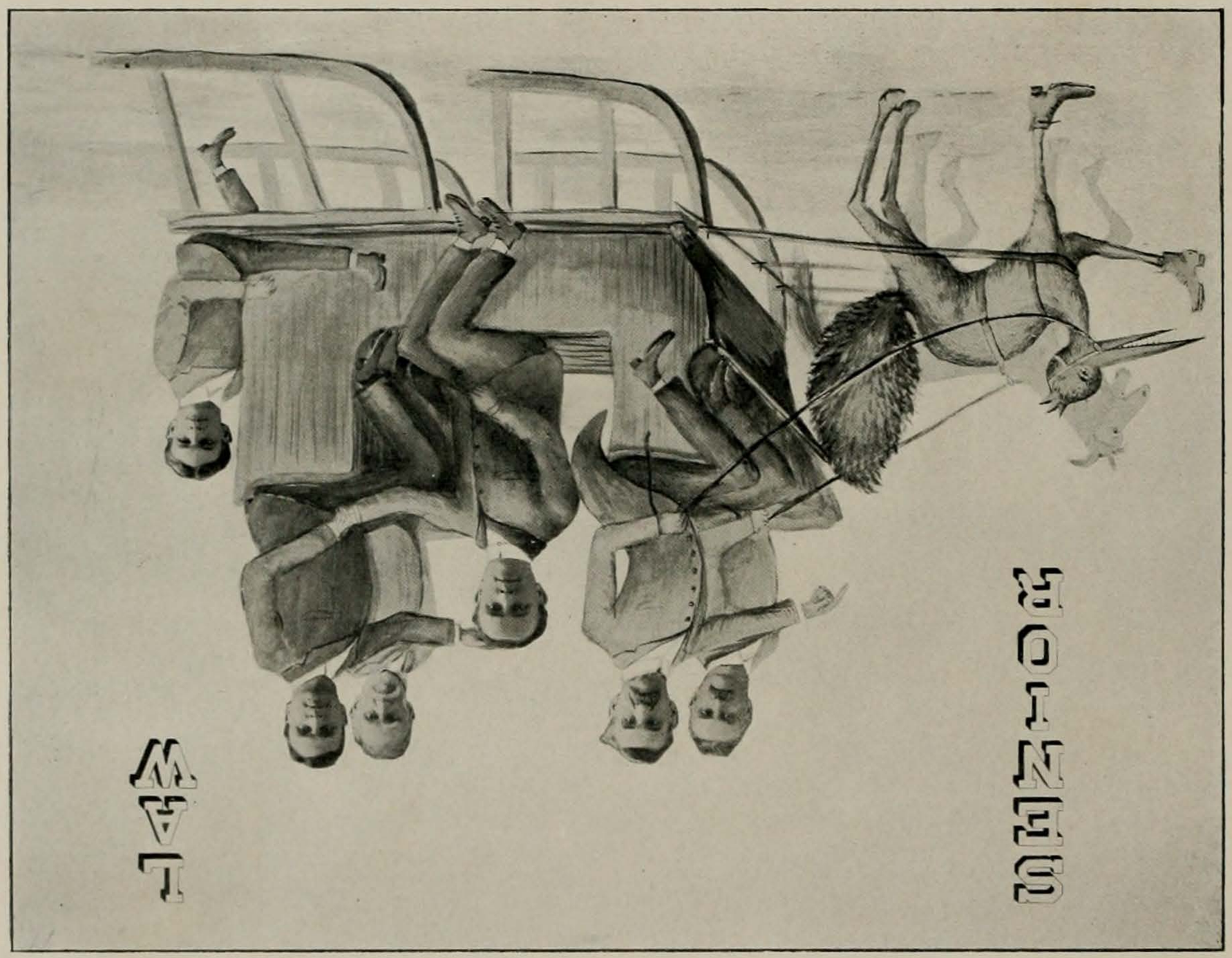
Robert Jerry Randolph, LL. B.,
Quizmaster.
LL. B., The University of Texas, 1901.

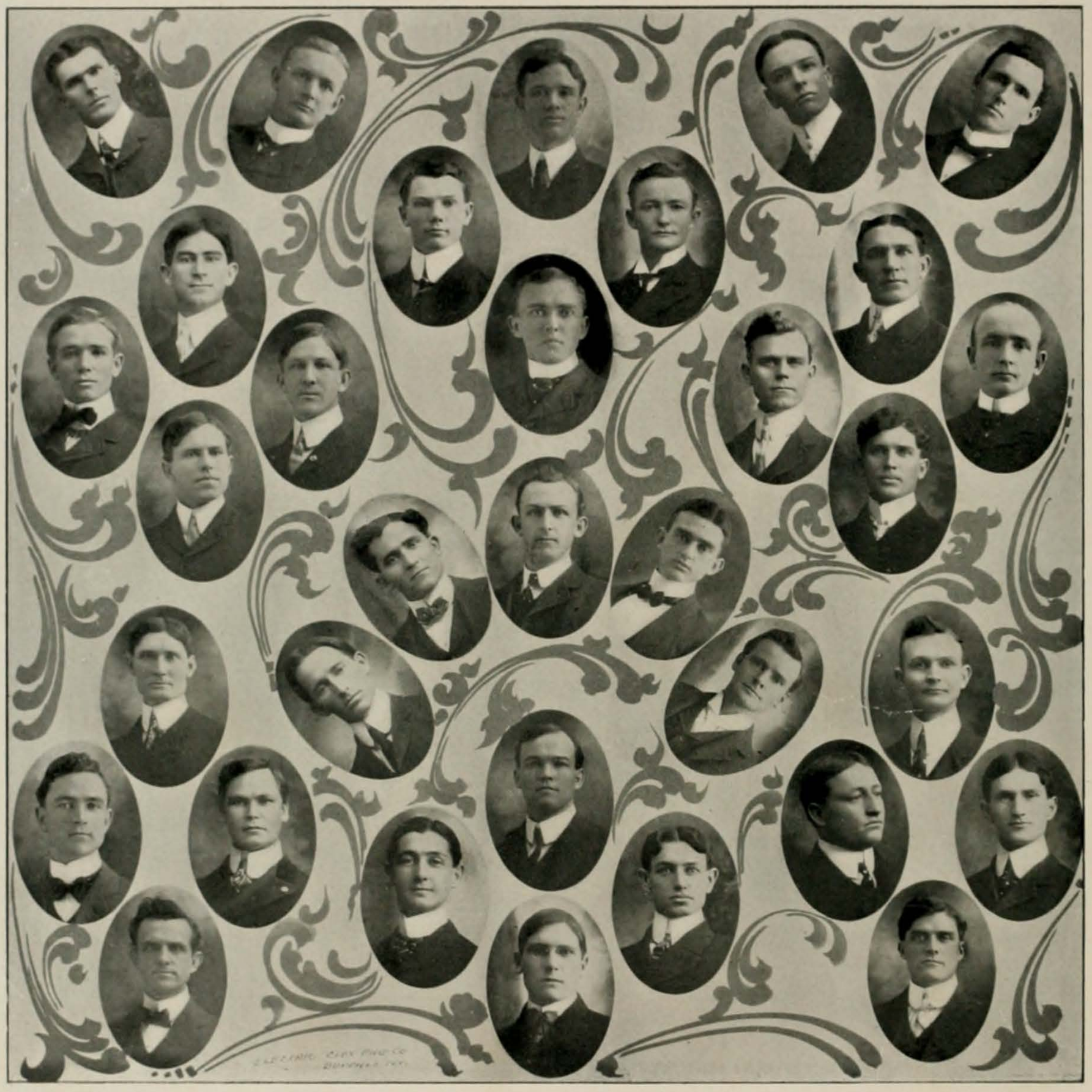
William Stewart Simkins,
Professor of Law.

Harry Rhodes Bondies, LL. B.,
Law Librarian.
LL. B., The University of Texas, 1901.

Yancey Lewis, B. A., LL. B.,
Professor of Law.
B. A., Emory and Henry College, 1881;
LL. B., The University of Texas, 1885.

Samuel Fenner Leslie,
Assistant Law Librarian.


LAW
ORDER



SENIOR LAWS.

SENIOR LAWS.

Championship Football Team

Senior Law

Senior Laws vs. Junior Laws	11— 0
Senior Laws vs. Freshmen	11— 0
Sophomores vs. Freshmen	5—11

V. M. Brown, . . . *Captain.* F. M. Kemp, . . . *Manager.*

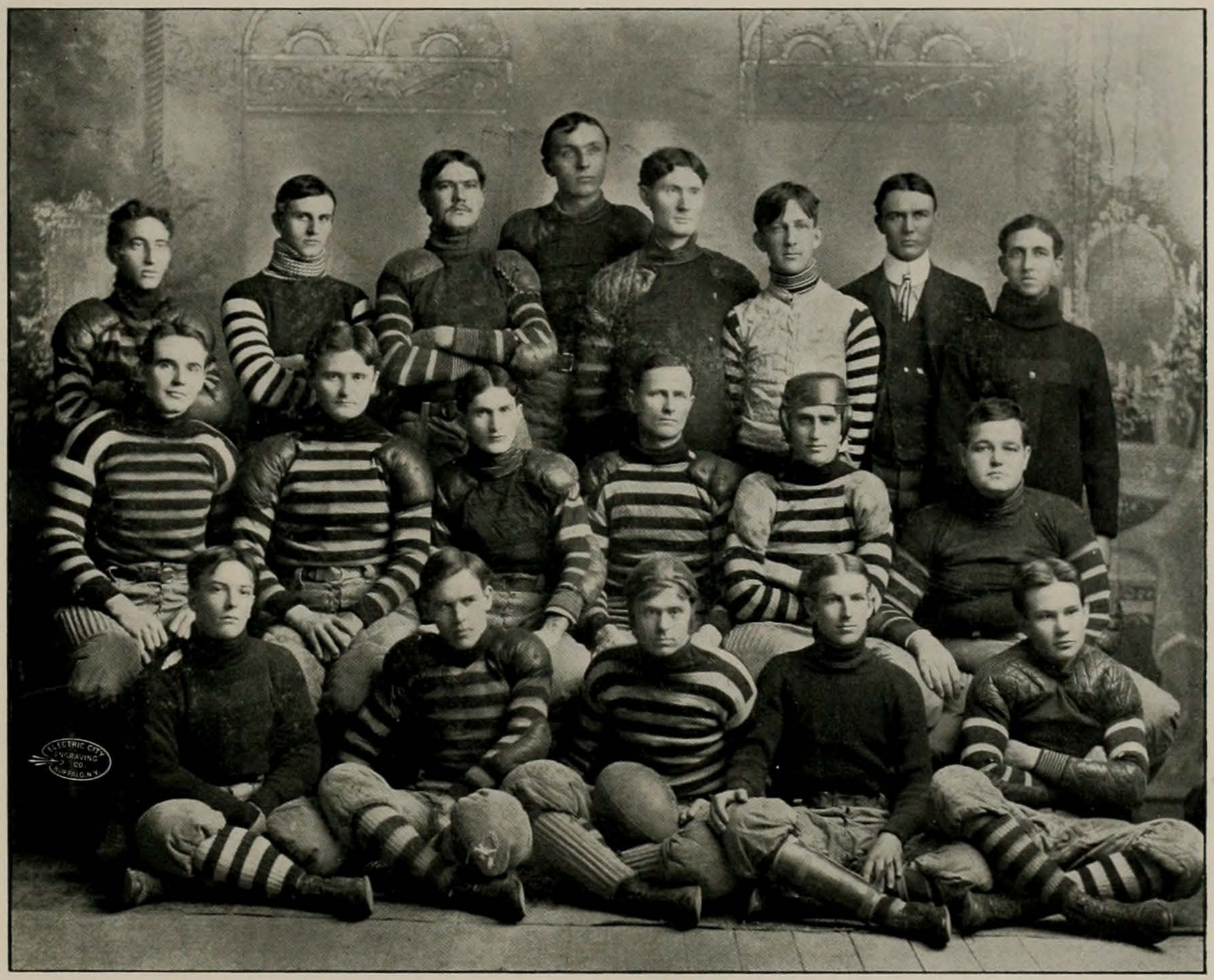
Clarkson, (Lee)	*Right End.*
Slay, ...	*Right Tackle.*
Hooker, ...	*Right Guard.*
Lesovsky, ...	*Center.*
Huggins, ...	*Left Guard.*
Hays, ...	*Left Tackle.*
Richardson, ...	*Left End.*
Files, ...	*Quarter Back.*
Taylor, ...	*Left Half Back.*
Moore, (Baer)	*Right Half Back.*
Brown, ...	*Full Back.*

Substitutes

Pope, Ward, Nowlin, Fairchild, Hamblen, Sheppard.

Yell

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Roos!
Simkins! Simkins!
Peregrinus!
Senior Laws!



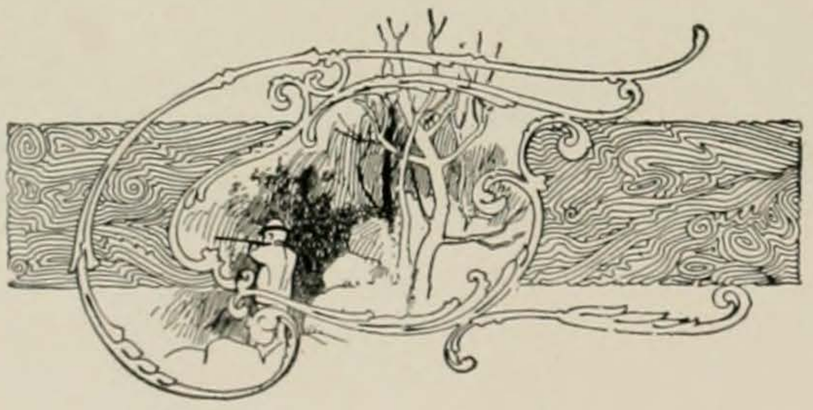
SENIOR LAW FOOTBALL TEAM—CLASS CHAMPIONS.

Senior Class Roll

Alexander, H. E.,
Allen, W. P.,
Baer, L. A.,
Bell, C. L.,
Bigler, H. W.,
Bishop, H. S.,
Boggess, A.,
Bramlette, E. M.,
Brown, J. T.,
Brown, V. M.,
Butler, S. L.,
Camp, E. A.,
Camp, J. A.,
Campbell, E. R.,
Cook, R. F.,
Cowan, W. E.,
Cox, B. L.,
Engleking, S.,
Fairchild, I. D.,
Faulk, T. P.,
Files, J. B.,
Foster, W. N.,
Goldbeck, J. N.,*
*Deceased.

Griggs, R. S.,
Hamblen, O. E.,
Hart, V. V.,
Haynes, C. P.,
Hays, R. H.,
Hefner, R. A.,
Houghton, T. F.,
Huggins, C.,
Jones, W. M.,
Kemp, F. M.,
Kramer, A. L.,
Kubala, J. R.,
Lawhon, I. W.,
Lee, R. E.,
Leslie, S. F.,
Lesovsky, F. S.,
Liedtke, W. C.,
Mann, E. M.,
Martin, C. L.,
Merill, S. R.,
Mills, J. L.,
Mock, H. B.,
Moore, E. T., Jr.,

McInnis, V. E.,
McNeill, A. G.,
Niebling, A. L.,
Nowlin, C.,
Parker, W. R.,
Pope, W. E.,
Ramsey, W. F., Jr.,
Richardson, J. A.,
Russell, G. B.,
Savage, R. R.,
Sayles, J.,
Shepard, W. C.,
Slay, W. H.,
Taylor, J. M.,
Terrell, J. E.,
Terry, R. S.,
Thomas, J. W.,
Townes, E. E.,
Valentine, I. T.,
Ward, W. H.,
West, F. T.,
Wood, V. W.,



Senior Law History

SENIOR History of the Law Class of 1902 had a beginning. This you must know. Senior History likewise had an ending. This you might know. It is to tell you of the beginning and ending that all this is written. In the interest of proper government, conduct and glory of future classes, we feel it our duty to make known how, in these particulars, "Law 1902" is synonymous with "Perfection." Thus will we attain greater superiority and do a good deed, for the blind coming after will thank us and follow where we have led.

To the preservation of order the first term we dedicated Valentine, President; Bishop, Vice-President; Sheppard, Secretary; Huggins, Sergeant. These officers "lived to see another day", and so others were found not unwilling to serve the second term, viz.: Savage, President; Sheppard, Vice-President; Faulk, Secretary; Hays, Sergeant. The third term found presiding: Hays, President; Campbell, Vice-President; Liedtke, Secretary,; Lesovsky, Sergeant. Other officers of a secret nature were duly installed at proper periods. Chaplain "Bun" presided in a ministerial capacity over the class during its entire seniority. V. M. Brown captained the class football team; Files the baseball aggregation. For class orator we had Foster. Above all, we had the Peregrinus

Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Roos,
Simkins, Simkins, Peregrinus—
Senior Laws!!!

Peregrinus was a creature of Equity. In a written Equity quiz one day, the head of our Savage, turned topsy turvy by the question put, bumped up against the black-board,—then, Minerva-like, full curried, out popped Perry. So was this "Star of the East" born to us and Savage relieved. The performances of this beast are impossible of description, hence to imagination and memory we leave his career. So much for class government.

The conduct of this class has been exemplary. At the first class meeting it seemed like fairy-land come true. The tales of childhood seemed realized. That one time we must confess to confusion and disorder. But, we say, how could it be otherwise when first are brought together a Baer, a Crain, a Martin, a Campbell, a Hart and a Savage, then one Mann, one little Shaver, a Fairchild, a Sheppard, a Pope, a Bishop, a Taylor, a Butler, one Slay and a Valentine. This condition did not last long. Chaplain "Bun," upon receiving appointment to office, with the saintly assistance of the Pope and the Bishop, immediately tamed these wild spirits, so that soon was seen the Baer contentedly

munching the leaves of the Campbell's book, the Fairchild was trying to ride the Slay, the Shaver was sitting in the lap of the Mann, the Crain was sitting in the Martin's nest, the Hart and the Valentine had formed a partnership and the Butler was trying to wait on the Savage. Only upon examination did this element become unruly. At such times the Baer growled, Crain squawked, Campbell kicked, Savage yelled, Shaver cried, Taylor cut up and Pope blessed out all. So it was when we cleaned our hands and went into and through Equity; put by Partnership, took out Insurance, mutilated Constitutional Law, negotiated Bills and Notes, plowed through Real Estate, made Corporations and passed International Law for a bar(e) touch-down. So much for class conduct.

When we view the bright light of our glory the spirit of Shakespeare comes over us:

"When the moon shone we did not see the candle,
"So doth the greater glory dim the less."

Will there ever be a sun to eclipse our moon? Impossible!! Listen: As evidence of great hardihood, know that we have, in large numbers, braved the uncertainties of B. Hall the year round. This spirit of ours has been acknowledged in the elevation of West and Nowlin to Floor Managers, "Mayor" Brown to the office of Secretary, and Hayes to Presidential office—different positions of high honor held open by the Hall.

The Rusk has found it necessary to call upon us for three Presidents, first Slay, then Cook and Lawhon. The *Athenaeum* next finding itself in need of Presidents, begged of us E. A. Camp and Foster.

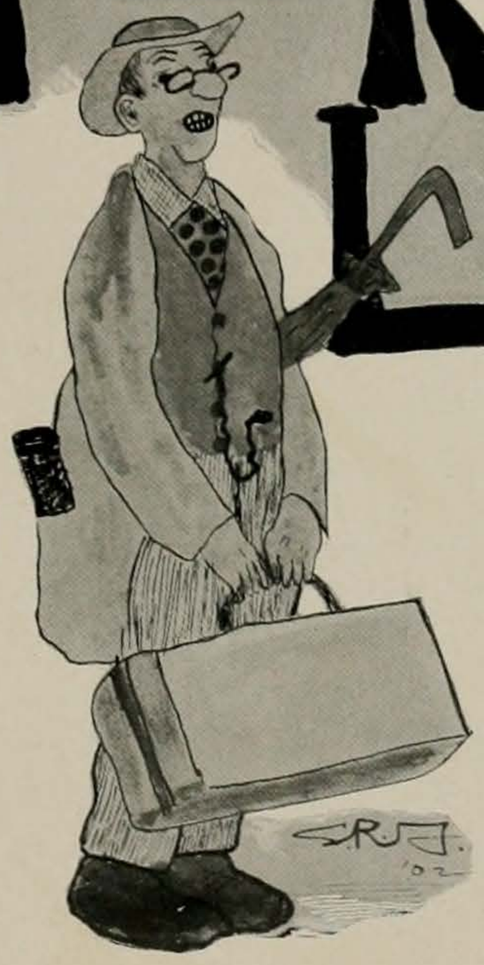
Of talkers we have any number. Our ability in this line has been recognized in the selection of Slay and Moore to be on the debating team.

In athletics "Law '02" has been writ large and luminous on honor's record. In class football games we were victorious over all. The Junior Laws were easily beaten by a score of 11 to 0; the Freshmen defeated the Sophs 5 to 0, then, in turn, the Freshmen fell easy prey to our "Peregrinders," the score standing as in the Junior Law game. Our baseball team has not yet been tried,—but with a Files for Captain we will surely "cut some ice."

Leslie, Big Mc. and Little Mc. all played football for Texas. Of captains of College teams we furnished three: Big Mc. for football, Leslie, baseball, and Hays for the track team. So much for class glory.

Our duty done, this tale is ended.

JVNIOR LAWS



Junior Law Roll

Baker, B. W.,
Bartholomew, W. T.,
Basham, J. D.,
Binkley, T. G.,
Bishop, H. C.,
Bowen, W. J.,
Buckler, C. M.,
Borden, H. L.,
Buckler, J. A.,
Bivins, C. H.
Campbell, W. W.,
Carlton, A. T.,
Carter, B. A.,
Christian, S. C.,
Cole, A. B.,
Crain, W. H.,
Crain, W. O.,
Crowder, R.,
Dabney, Edwin,
Dalton, C. L.,
Davis, W. T.,
Davis, W. I.,
Dean, J. W.,
Dibrell, J. B.,
Daugherty,
Donnelly, J. L.,
Dreesen, B. J.,
Elkins, C. F.,
Ellis, C. M.,
Fisher, A. S., Jr.,
Flowers, M. O.,
Gay, K. V.,
Giles, C. B.,
Groesbeck, F. L.,
Grubbs, S. M.,
Hardy, H. H.,
Hatchett, C. C.,
Haven, J. P.,
Henne, H. G.,
Holland, W. W.,
Horton, G. P.,
Hughes, E. H.,
Hutchings, T. C.,
James, F. H.,
Jennings, K. V. Z.,
Kapner, G. J.,
Kellis, J. P.,
Kendricks, E. I.,
Lane, F. A.,
Lawrence, Claude,
Leavell, E. S.,
Lendewig, F. F.,
Lytle, G. N.,
May, A. R.,
Merrill, W. B.,
Moore, W. S.,
Moss, M.,
Moursund, A. W.,
Perkins, C. E.,
Portier, F. C.,
Powell, B. H.,
Prather, W. L., Jr.,
Ratliff, E. S.,
Rhome, R. J.,
Rivers, M. L.,
Roos, E.,
Russell, A. T.,
Samuell, J. J.,
Solomon, R. V.,
Scott, C. F.,
Sayle, W. E.,
Sewell, C.,
Singleton, J. M.,
Stansell, J. A.,
Stephenson, J. D.,
Tatum, F. M., Jr.,
True, W. J.,
Walling, M. T.,
Walthall, J. D.,
Wiley, J. E.,
Williams, E. B.,
Wise, W. L.,
Witt, C. E.,
Witt, E. E.,
Wynne, Clyde.

JUNIOR LAWS.

Junior Law History

ON OCTOBER 1, 1902, about eighty of the finest young men in Texas met together to organize themselves into a permanent association under that time honored name—the Junior Law Class. After carefully looking over the room for a man who could creditably preside over so enthusiastic a body of men, the choice finally fell upon Mr. Edwin Dabney.

Being ever watchful of University affairs they quickly decided to take part in the class football games, and under the captaincy of Mr. Henne, and the management of Mr. Leavell, eleven of our bravest football enthusiasts donned their uniforms and determined to carry everything before them, as the whirlwind does the sands of the desert, and finally land the class football pennant on the walls of our class room. It was our misfortune, however, to be first pitted against those brave and equally enthusiastic heroes of the gridiron, known as the members of the Senior Law Class. After a hard fought battle, much to our surprise, we found that our ambition to lead in class football had faded away as a mere dream, and that others, too, could play most effectively this extremely interesting game.

With that loyalty for the Law Department which has ever been their characteristic, they determined to support with all their might, in yells and songs, their brothers of the Law Department to wrest the championship from our old-time enemies, the green and extremely fresh members of the class of 1905. With our most valuable assistance, the Senior Law Class under the banner of the "Peregrinus" won the victory and were hailed Champions.

At the close of the game last above mentioned, the Junior Laws had a chance to have a rush with the Freshmen, for which they had been so long anxious, but from which they had been deterred in their almost mad frenzy by the President of the University. Rallying to the defense of the Peregrinus, the members of our class under the banner of the "Hoss," drove back the file and rank of the presumptuous Freshmen, and finally with the aid of the Senior Law Class landed the Peregrinus, though torn and tattered, safely in its resting place.

Space forbids any further talk of our part in football, and through lack of interest, in baseball we did not make a very creditable showing.

Not alone in outdoor athletics has our class been prominent in University affairs,but in gymnasium work it has been specially creditable. In the annual gymnastic contest the class won the "wand" drill through the skillful efforts of Mr. Bowen, who had previously won the medal in lightweight wrestling. In these contests, Mr. Gay also made a worthy showing.

This class has moreover furnished the University two of its four debaters, one against Tulane—present President Dibrell—and one against Colorado—Mr. Moore.

In the Glee Club we are represented by Mr. Solomon, whose melodious voice has held spellbound the audiences of many North Texas cities. Likewise in Declamation, have we been represented. In the Evans Contest in Declamation, Messrs. Hardy, Moore and Perkins made the welkin ring, and were given hearty applause by their captured audience. Nor have we been lacking in representation on the publications, for our Mr. Powell has been Editor-in-Chief of "*The Texan*" and "Manager" of the CACTUS during the present session.

With brain and brawn, with a college and class spirit that has never been surprised, we believe the Junior Law Class is the most potent factor in the development of University activities, and we predict for its members, when they shall have been graduated in 1903, a life of usefulness not only to themselves but to the State at large. Nine rahs for the Law Class of 1903.

I. MARTIN. '04

After Gibson.

In Memoriam

LESTER GLADSTONE BUGBEE

Born May 16, 1869.

B. Lit. University of Texas, 1892, M. A., 1893.

Fellow in History, University of Texas, 1892–1893.

Fellow in History, Columbia, 1893–1894, 1894–1895.

Instructor in History in this Institution 1895–1900, and
Adjunct Professor, 1900–1902.

Died March 17, 1902.

In Memoriam

HELENE AUGUSTINE NAGLE

Born December 4, 1883; Died November 20, 1901.

JOE WILLIAM POINDEXTER

Born February 21, 1883; Died December 15, 1901.

JAMES NICHOLAS GOLDBECK

Born February 14, 1880; Died February 12, 1902.

I MARTIN.'04

The Medical Department.

Medical Department

Faculty and Officers

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.), F.R.C.S. (Ed.) Professor of Anatomy.
Licentiate Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh, 1890, Fellow of same College, 1892.

ALLEN J. SMITH, M.A., M.D., Dean of Faculty of Medical Department; Professor of Pathology: Lecturer on Mental and Nervous Diseases; in charge of work in General Biology, Normal Histology, and General Embryology
B.A., Pennsylvania College, 1883, and M.A., 1886; M.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1886.

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 MABRY MORRIS, B.S., M.D , Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in Schools of Medicine and Pharmacy.
B.S., The 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.
M.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1890.

JOHN BRANNUM HADEN, M.D., Lecturer on Opthalmology, Otology, Rhinology, and Laryngology.
M.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1892; Licentiate University of New York.

THOMAS P. LLOYD, M.D., Lecturer on Dermatology.
M.D., Baltimore Medical College, 1896.

———————————Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence.

———————————Lecturer on Medical Climatology.

WILLIAM GAMMON, M.D., Associate in Pathology.
M.D., The University of Texas, 1893.

CONN L. MILBURN, PH.G., Demonstrator of Chemistry and Botany
Ph.G., The University of Texas, 1899.

JOHN T. MOORE, M.A., M.D., Demonstrator of Medicine.
M.A., Add-Ran University, 1894; M.D., The University of Texas, 1896

HOWARD RUSH DUDGEON, M.D., Demonstrator of Surgery.
M.D., The University of Texas, 1899.

LOUIS EDMOND MAGNENAT, M.D., Demonstrator of Pathology.
M.D., The University of Texas, 1895.

M. CHARLOTTE SCHAEFER, M.D., Demonstrator of Biology, Normal Histology, and General Embryology.
M.D., The University of Texas, 1900.

C. C. JONES, M.D., Demonstrator of Obstetrics and Gynecology.
M.D , The University of Texas, 1898.

HENRY B. DECHERD, M.A., M.D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.
M.A., The University of Texas, 1896, and M.D., 1900.

OSCAR H. PLANT, Demonstrator of Physiology.

JOHN O. KEMP, Demonstrator of Pharmacy.

*EMMA LEE CARTMELL, Clinical Instructor of Nursing.

MISS M. OVERTON, Clinical Instructor in Nursing.

JAMES POPE JOHNSON, Provost and Secretary of the Faculty of the Medical Department.

FLORENCE MAGNENAT, B.LIT., M.A., Stenographer and Librarian of Medical Department.
B.Lit., The University of Texas, 1898, and M.A., 1899

*Deceased.

MEDICAL COLLEGE BUILDING.

The Medical Department

Retrospective and Prospective

THE Medical Department of the University of Texas, isolated from the main portion of the University by distance and by difference in methods of maintenance, has since its foundation ten years ago been one with every other part of the University organization as well in spirit as in fact of government. As with every part of the University, as with every State educational institution in a young, developing and widely ambitious commonwealth, its history aside from the popular demand for its foundation begins and is ever in close relations with the political mechanism of the State. In the main progressive it has now been aided by such relations and now hampered in its development; and in whatever light viewed, whether with favor for its accomplishment or discredit for failure to accomplish more, this feature must always be recalled as an important factor in its movements, now permitting its development, now retarding its progress in some line of anticipated advance. Whatever the objections to such relations,the actual enlistment of the Legislature of the State of Texas in the founding of this, as of every other part of the educational apparatus of the State,and its maintenance for the period which has intervened, must remain a credit to the whole State; and it is proper that those objections to its establishment and support arising in the body politic of the State should be answered by full recognition of such obligation and the most earnest efforts to attain efficiency in fulfilling the purposes of its creation. It is well known that the school has had concentrated upon it the adverse criticism and votes of an important minority in the Legislature, including those who oppose all higher education and find it more easy to fight this as a part of the University than to oppose the entire University following, those who for technical reasons oppose the maintenance at the hands of the State of a school for professional rather than general education, and those who oppose its support from the general revenues and insist that it should not have been founded until the University endowment of lands be sufficiently productive to permit its establishment. In face of such opposition it remains that a majority of the Legislature of the State of Texas, recognizing the importance to and actual need by the State of such an institution, has established the department and maintained it for a period of ten years; and to these men, and to all others who care or are interested a sketch of its mode of operation and a statement of its needs and hopes for the future must be opportune.

The school at Galveston was opened for students in October, 1891, with a term seven months in duration and with a graded curriculum extending over three annual sessions. Over a vast part of the country at the time the medical schools were conducted as two-year, non-graded institutions, with sessions ranging from five to seven months in duration; and in the South and West this condition prevailed almost universally—that, too, at a time when the tremendous advances of medical knowledge of the past genertion were already well developed. The Regents in putting the new school into operation held the view that the greatest need for the good of the people and for the advance of the medical profession of the State lay in the provision of an institution whose prime object should be

that of adequate and timely undergraduate instruction, drawing a sharp line between such work and the advanced, post-graduate study and instruction which has made famous so many of the institutions of the older centres of population in the North and abroad. With a generation of alumni well trained by such a school it was believed that the ultimate perfection of the institution would be more easily and certainly attained than through the creation of a single focus of medical celebrities, working primarily for the purpose of medical discovery and only secondarily and as time permitted for the training of the individual students; and thus would be procured a high standard of medical practice and the preparation of a large number of individuals fit to undertake the peculiar problems of local medical character. With this in mind the selection of the faculty was originally and since, as occasion has risen, been made with the appointment of men trained rather as teachers than known as specialists and from the first the school has pursued undergraduate instruction as its one aim. Whatever of advances have been made have been attempted with the purpose of more thoroughly fixing this feature-insistence upon the acquisition by the student of the fundamental branches, rigidity of system and examinations, individual study and practice by the student, extension of the period of study as needed, first by the addition of a fourth session to the curriculum, then by lengthening the term to eight months. It has become well understood that the teachers of the school realize their duty to teach the student so that he may know sufficiently well the various branches to be able to pass creditable examinations upon them, rather than to "pluck" him because he has not learned enough; and while but a small proportion of the entering class eventually attains the doctorate of the school it is a universal belief that the opportunity was at hand for such success had the individual chosen to strive for it or been mentally capable of grasping it. In most of the best known professional schools it is the exception that the professors should devote above a few hours each week to class instruction—such work is relegated to the assistants, the chief of each branch turning his attention to the intricacies of the subject which he is pursuing with the purpose of advance of his special knowledge; in the University of Texas this is reversed and it is the rule that actual class work takes up a large part of the time of the professors, and that much of their remaining time is spent in preparation for lecture and demonstrative exercises, and that little or none is available for individual research or other advanced study.

These same methods have characterized the School of Pharmacy which was added to the institution in 1893; and what is said of the whole department is equally applicable to its individual schools of medicine and of pharmacy.

These things have been done, their effects are not inapparent; in some lines they are more wide-reaching than dared be hoped for in the beginning. There has probably been no other single influence as potent in lifting the standard of southern medical education than the establishment of this one high-grade undergraduate school in the midst of a host of small private colleges satisfied for generations to have carelessly accepted all who applied to their classes, to have offered the most meagre outlines of instruction instead of a complete and thorough curriculum to the easily satisfied and ignorant student, and to have graduated rather him who had paid his fees to the school than him who had proved his attainments. In form at least the lead of the new Texas school was soon followed; sessions were lengthened; courses extended from two to three years and later to four years; some degree of care exercised in admission of applicants; and more or less gradation arranged in the courses of study. All over the State of Texas distrust has given way to confidence in the meaning of a diploma

from the school, and it is long since it was possible that a medical editor of the State dared declare the best use of the Texas school would be the conversion of its buildings into a "storehouse for green hides." The position of its graduates in the medical profession of the State is not unenviable, and thus far their competition for positions in the public government services has been attended with unbroken success. One of the strongest reasons for the establishment of the present medical law of Texas, seeking to permit the privileges of medical practice to only such as are properly qualified and to prevent imposition upon the people by the ignorant and the charlatan, has rested in the fact that the State after providing for adequate medical education might with the utmost right demand that at least the same degree of proficiency be proved in the candidate for privileges. Such accomplishment, the elevation of medical education in the South and West,the sending forth of alumni high in the profession in the State and nation, the greater justification of protective laws for the State, can scarcely fail to justify the efforts put forth by the State and the Regents in the founding and maintenance of the school; and it has been attained at a cost to the State which has been returned over and over again in the money values which have been saved to the public wealth instead of scattered through schools beyond the State boundaries, and in the hundreds of thousands of dollars in benefices to the property of the State in the plant of the medical college at Galveston, to say nothing of the credit such educational advantages must create in the minds of those whose kindly thought any State is anxious for every reason to obtain.

The Medical Department of the University of Texas comprises three schools, that of medicine, of pharmacy and of nursing. Two more of right should eventually be included, dental surgery and veterinary medicine and surgery; and the same reasons for their establishment now obtain as originally existed for the present schools. The interests of both are important to our people, and it cannot be but a matter of time before both are undertaken; but it must be kept well in mind that upon the present basis the plant of the school is unable to accommodate either. New buildings must be erected; additional ground obtained; special instruction and appliances in each line provided. Even in present conditions there is reason for expansion. Some of the laboratories need enlargement and more convenient and sanitary accommodations; the hospital accommodation and room for special classes of sick should be extended; assembly rooms, dormitories, and proper places for physical exercise and recreation should be provided for the students; and financial support, aside from the ever recurring need for applying to the already burdened State revenues, for maintenance must be obtained. Such material needs underlie the organic well-being of the school and are absolutely requisite for the growth of the department even along the present lines.

Moreover there are new phases of development which cannot long be put aside. Ten years have made mighty changes in our nation. Expansion of commerce and expansion of territory are moving side by side. Texas lies in the pathway of both; and when the isthmian canal shall connect the two oceans Galveston will be a far more important town than now or ever heretofore. The position of Texas as a subtropical area, the facilities of her ports for shipments to and from tropical climates and the whole Pacific ocean, must bring and are already bringing new problems of preventive and of curative medicine to our doors for solution; and the whole nation is bound to demand of Texas no mean part in the investigation of these problems. Founded ten years ago as an undergraduate school the institution at Galveston must soon take up in addition her part in the advance of medical study, must do a part of the labors of investigation, must be ready to meet such demands;

or one item of credit to our state will be lost. Thus some changes must come to our methods, not as distinct changes but as additional features. Our men must be required to devote time and energy to these problems, and leisure must be afforded from the routine class work that this may be possible; more instructors must be added for undergraduate work to permit such leisure to the faculty as is naturally best fitted for these matters of research. Facilities in the way of additional room, special apparatus, library, provision for research by trained graduates in post-graduate study, as well as revision of class duties, all demand attention. At the bottom of all this is the "root of all evil," money; and the insistent question which comes for an answer is: where is it to be obtained? It will come, for it must come. It is not merely the wish for it, but the actual need of it—not the need of one person or of one group of persons, but of the whole State, the whole nation, and in the end of all people. The same problem has faced other similar institutions elsewhere, and it is a matter of history that eventually the means are surely obtained. In the end it matters little whence—whether from State revenues, from the developed resources of the University, or from great-hearted benefactors; it will surely come. When it has been provided, the University of Texas will repeat the history of other great institutions; its position in the trend of human effort will not permit it to escape or fail; and no other part of the whole University is more likely to prove the truth of such prophecy than the Medical Department. Some who are now living will see on regenerated, elevated, protected, beautified and sanitary Galveston island, not only the present half-dozen buildings of the medical school, but blocks of edifices crowding the present plant into comparative insignificance—a vast hospital, great laboratories, special buildings for each of the important branches, and all the homes and appropriate accommodations for hundreds more students in medicine, pharmacy, nursing, dentistry, sanitary science, and veterinary medicine; and there will be men who teach and men who study, men who disseminate knowledge and men who seek into the unknown. We who have been are only the forerunners, missionaries in a cause as sure of fulfillment as is the destiny of this land.

Senior Class Officers

First Term

C. D. Cantrell, *President.*
H. M. Austin, *Vice-President.*
D. H. Lawrence, *Sec. and Treas.*
J. S. Jones, *Sergeant-at-Arms.*

Second Term

W. Rouse, *President.*
J. R. Elliott, *Vice-President.*
W. A. Shields, *Sec. and Treas.*
C. D. Cantrell, *Sergeant-at-Arms.*
J. B. Thomas, *Historian.*

Class Roll

W. L. Allison,
C. D. Cantrell
J. S. Jones,
W. Rouse,
E. M. Steger,
M. H. Wheat.

J. S. Anderson,
J. R. Elliott,
D. H. Lawrence,
M. R. Sharp,
J. J. Terrill,

H. M. Austin,
L. Hume,
O. H. Plant,
W. A. Shields,
J. B. Thomas,

Senior Class History

IT IS with a realization of the honor done me, and with a consciousness of much responsibility, that an attempt to chronicle even a few events in the history of Class '02 is undertaken.

The class entered into existence with a membership of fifty-six. Ere long the struggles began, difficulties were encountered and obstacles attacked. Many went down under the load, others turned back, and a few moved onward. These have been reinforced by the accession of four others who also pay homage at the shrine of Æsculapius. Indeed there has been much inco-ordination of action; but now, after the toil and battle of almost four years the smoke is clearing away and our equilibrium is being regained. While the loss has been alarmingly great, yet there is consolation in that the "fittest have survived"—numbering in all sixteen, and these have striven with a determination and power of will that must characterize the efforts of all who would become Doctors of Medicine from this institution.

In all its history the class has been noted for the ability, unity of purpose and harmony of action with which it has acquitted itself upon all occasions, under many and varied conditions. The superior intellectuality of the class, as a whole, has never been questioned, nor its vocalistic powers approached. Choir exercise has been a daily diversion, "Rye Straw" being the favorite rendition.

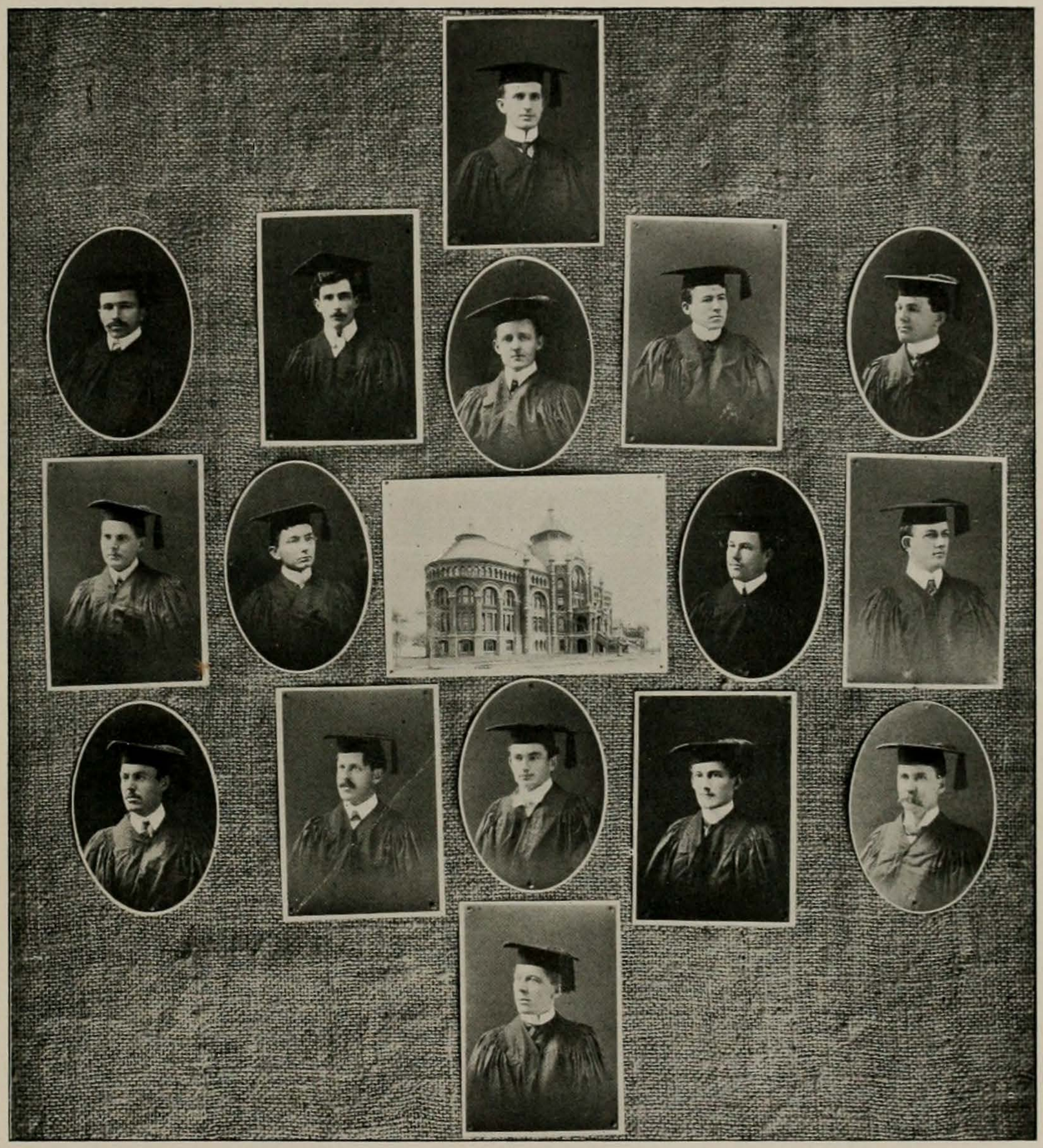
Our history is reviewed with mingled regret and satisfaction. We regret because so many have fallen from our ranks; we are satisfied because of the belief that our work has been faithfully and well done.

As the Class of '02 we shall soon pass from the stage of evolution; but in the approaching separation we feel assured of a perpetuation of the precepts which have so well directed our efforts and inclinations, and the enthusiasm which has stimulated our best energies in the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of medicine.

Among the numerous happy incidents of our long association, we recall with pleasure and in our reminiscences shall cherish with fondness, the many ties of friendship that have been created; and not to be forgotten are the nicknames which are now so familiar. Though the christening was done in jocularity, yet they have come to be cords that tenderly bind us closer together.

In concluding this brief record of the illustrious Class of '02, we cannot resist adding that as we have been energetic and progressive as students, so we hope to continue in our profession, and as alumni be ever ready to promote the best interests of our greatly beloved Alma Mater.

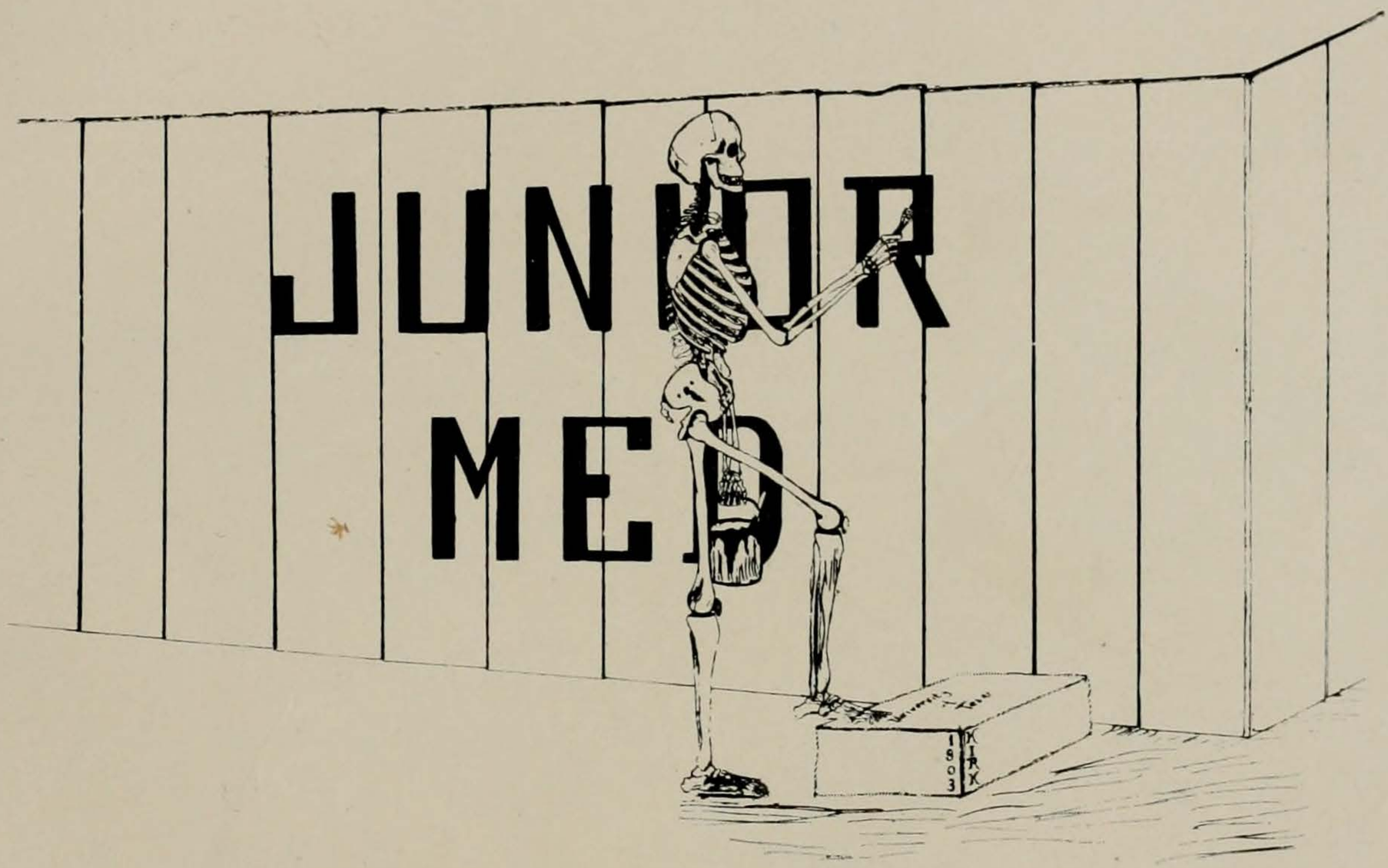
J. B. T., *Historian.*



In Memoriam

THOMAS FLAVIN, M.D.
Demonstrator of Anatomy
Died, November 5, 1901

MRS. EMMA LEE CARTMELL
Supt. Training School for Nursing
Died, January 5, 1902


JUNIOR
MED
1903

Officers Junior Medical Class

First Term

A. T. Kneip,	*President.*
S. H. Grant,	*Vice-President.*
Z. T. Scott,	*Secretary and Treasurer.*
J. W. Reifel,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

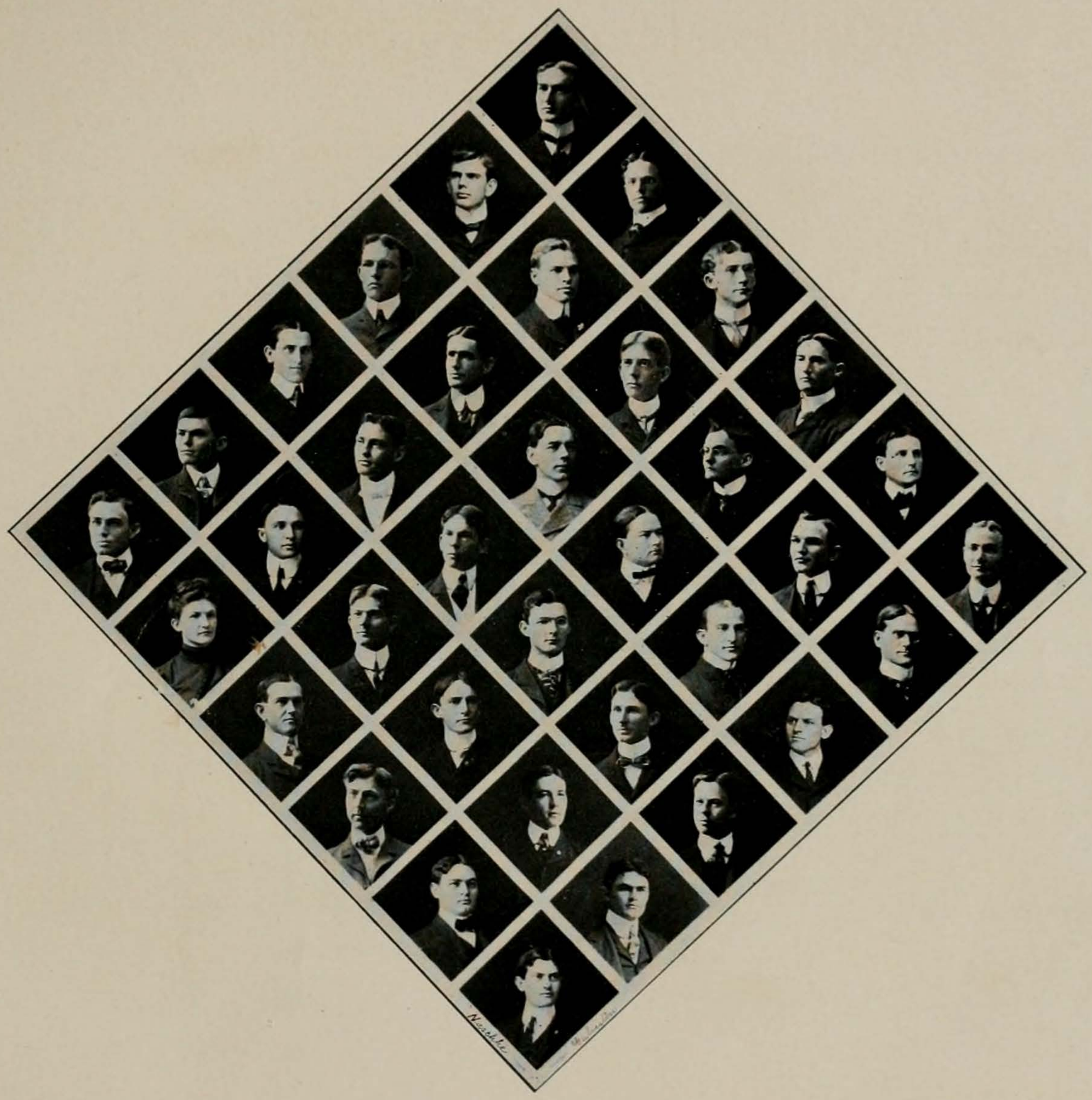
Second Term

S. H. Grant,	*President.*
E. L. Jones,	*Vice-President.*
T. C. McCurdy,	*Secretary and Treasurer.*
A. T. Kneip,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

Miss M. A. Wood, *Class Editor*, "Medical."

Class Roll

Bowen, R. E.,
Bradfield, J. W.,
Beckham, W. S.,
Dudgeon, L. O.,
Easton, E. S.,
Ferguson, Bismarck,
Gilbert, G. H.,
Grant, S. H.,
Griffin, L. L.,
Jones, E. L.,
Kirk, Louis,
Kneip, A. T.,
Lamar, L. L.,
Loving, J. M.,
Mathis, Edgar,
McCain, Eugene,
McKinney, Howard,
McCurdy, T. C.,
McCurdy, W. C.,
McIntosh, J. A.,
McLaughlin, J. W., Jr.,
Miller, J. S.,
Moore, W. H.,
Reifel, J. W.,
Robinson, L. W.,
Scott, Z. T.,
Simpson, Friench, Jr.,
Seuhs, P. E.,
Sypert, J. R.,
Stone, M. P.,
Taylor, J. L.,
Taylor, S. J.,
Vaughn, E. H.,
Wilhite, J. T.,
Wood, Miss M. A.,
Watts, J. A.,
Wysong, W. S.,
Yates, J. S.



S. HARRAL.

SOPH-MEDS

Officers of Sophomore Class of 1901-1902

First Term

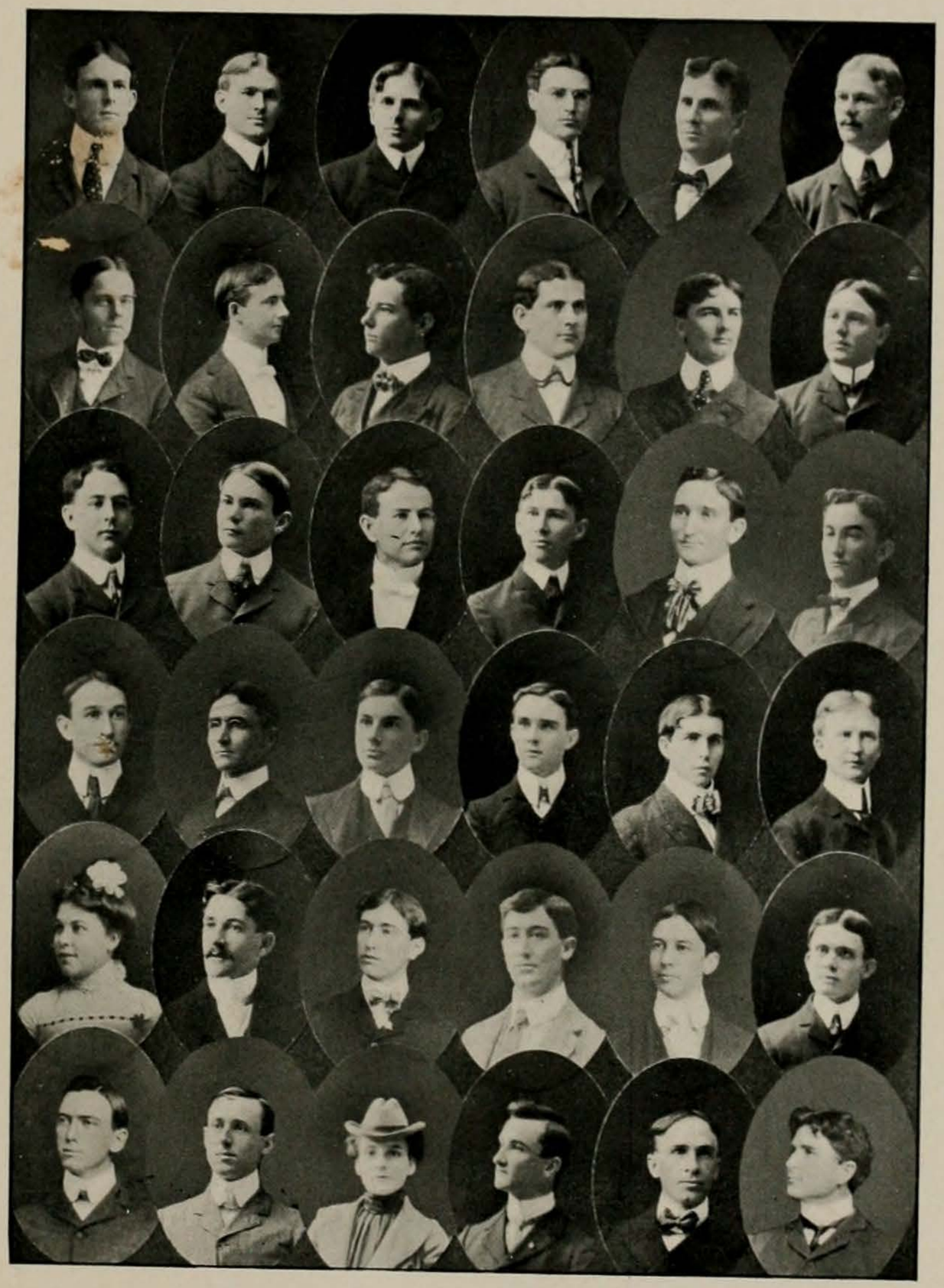
A. A. Chapman,	*President.*
J. Fain Moore,	*Vice-President.*
Miss Claudie Potter,	*Secretary.*
E. G. Burgess,	*Treasurer.*
G. C. Nix,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*
S. M. Briscoe,	*Associate Editor.*

Second Term

C. A. Searcy,	*President.*
A. S. Holley,	*Vice-President.*
F. D. Sims,	*Secretary.*
Chas. Spiller,	*Treasurer.*
M. E. Lott,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

Sophomore Class Roll

Aynesworth, H. T..
Bailey, W. E.,
Baker, C. D.,
Briscoe, S. M.,
Britton, W. W.,
Burgess, E. G.,
Buhler, G. A.,
Chapman, A. A.,
Collard, W. E.,
Curtis, M. E.,
Dabney, Ed,
Gilson, F. J.,
Granville, J. B.,
Haggard, F. A.,
Harrison, W. P.,
Holley, A. S.,
Holt, O. C.,
Lott, M. E.,
Mayes, J. A.,
Moore, J. Fain,
Nix, G. C.,
Paisnainsky, I.,
Potter, Miss Claudie,
Pritchett, C. E.,
Roberts, W. J.,
Reed, Mrs.,
Sealy, T. R .
Seiver, C. M.,
Searcy, C. A.,
Shaver, P. J.,
Sims, F. D.,
Slaughter, J. M.,
Spiller, Chas.,
Stalnacker, Paul R.,
Thomas, G. T.,
Watson, S. H.
Webb, Sam,
Weir, W. M.,



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Sophomore Class History

Let Virgil sing the praises of Augustus, let Plutarch extol the talents of the great, but let the annals of the Class of '04 engross my pen.

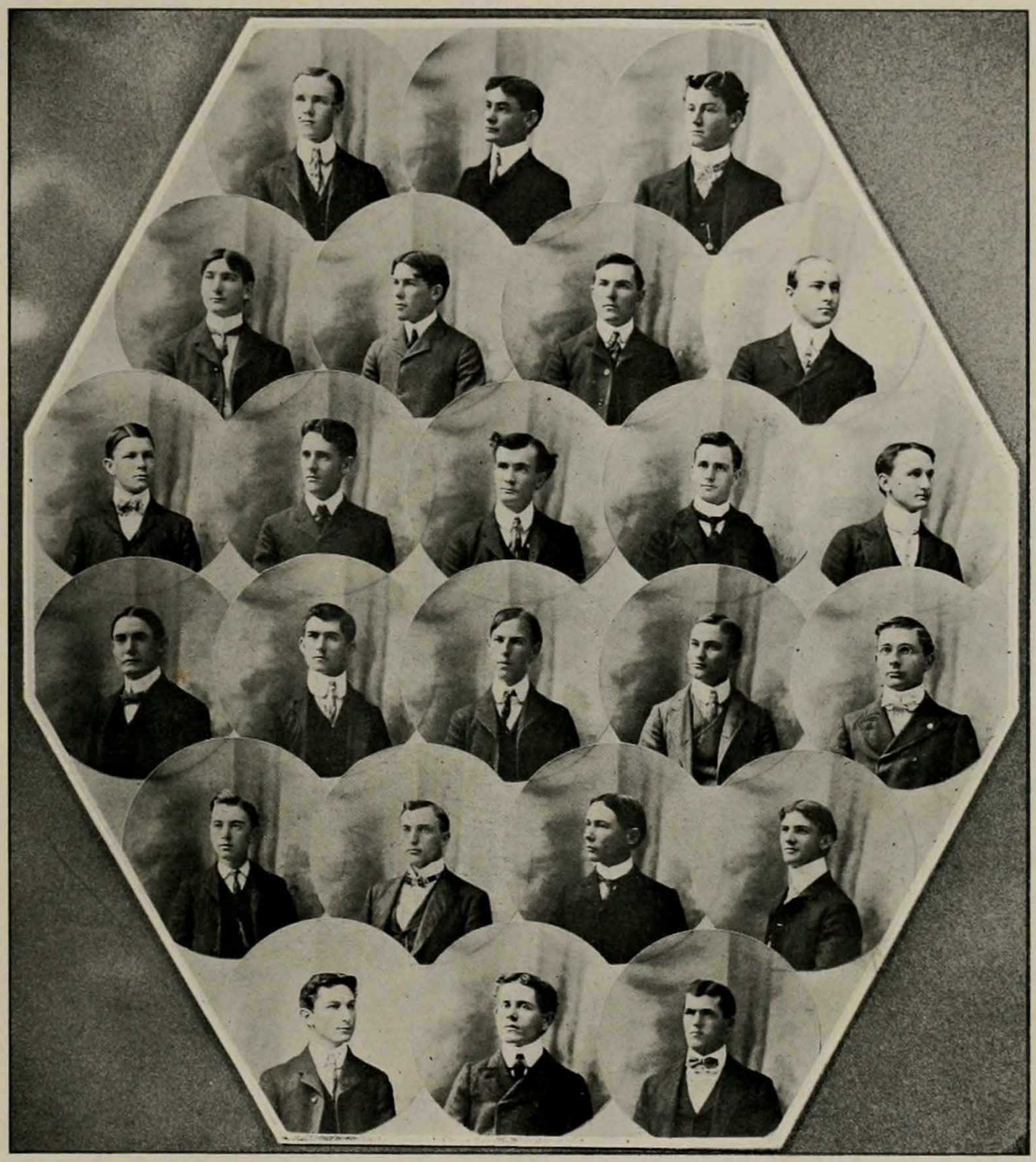
AT THE opening of the session of 1900-1901, about fifty poor Freshmen entered the Medical Department of the University of Texas, having left homes and loved ones and come to Galveston in the condition it was at that time; there was a motive in view, the one of making doctors of themselves.

The scourge of Chemistry, the pestilence of Physics, the burdens grevious to bear of Histology and Anatomy we considered as nothing to become Sophomores. Many of us groaned most piteously at our miserable fate, and said to ourselves, "Would that I were at my father's house where there is plenty and to spare." Some of our number fell by the wayside and were gathered up by the other easier schools, while the greater number of us came back singing Hosannahs, eating bananas and jollying Freshmen.

Our class had three accessions from the session before last, which we cordially welcomed and invited to take high seats.

Our class has not attempted to square the circles, to paint the lily nor add perfume to the violet, but rather has been content to walk in the old paths, yet we do claim to have boys as handsome as some of the Juniors, some who are (let us say it modestly) nearly as smart as the Freshmen, and a gentle co-ed whose presence reminds the faltering heart of a dear sister or perhaps someone dearer still, the thought of whom inspires him to redoubled efforts. Each one of the class has ever kept before him the motto "Labor and Patience," striving to do his best and make himself worthy of the dignity to which he aspires. Each employing the divine gift of reason for the use and benefit of mankind, leaving no rugged path untrod if it but led to more wisdom; no problem unsolved that would broaden our minds for the truth.

FRESHMAN CLASS



Officers Freshman Medical Class 1905

First Term

T. S. Edwards,	*President.*
W. T. Dawe,	*Vice-President.*
Joe. C. Darracott,	*Secretary.*
S. F. Noble,	*Treasurer.*
R. B. Crawford,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*
George M. Decherd,	*Class Editor.*

Second Term

W. T. Dawe,	*President.*
Edgar Burrows,	*Vice-President.*
Chas. A. Crossley,	*Secretary.*
W. C. Mayes,	*Treasurer.*
Douglas Largen,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*
Walter Kelton,	*Class Editor.*

Robert Blakeley Crawford, *Class Artist.*

Class Yell

Whooperty-Whooperty-Wah-Who-Wah
Naughty-five-Naughty-five Rah-Rah-Rah
Medics-Medics-U. of T.
Lone Star Medics—00000—weeeee!

Class Colors

Orange and Maroon.

Class Roll

Anderson, B. H.,
Anderson, Wirt. W.,
Baugh, William,
Bland, L. F.,
Booth, G. R.,
Bradley, Fred E.,
Burrows, Edgar,
Chaffin, J. B.,
Clement, J. E.,
Crawford, R. B.,
Crossley, Chas. A.,
Danforth, Frank N.,
Darracott, Joe C.,
Davidson, M.,
Dawe, W. T.,
Day, G. P.,
Decherd, George M.,
Delaney, C. W.,
Dick, N. E.,
Douglass, F. M.,
Edwards, T. S.,
Elkins, Homer,
Fritz, G. L.,
Garrison, C. W.,
Gober, Olin,
Grant, W. A.,
Harris, L. R.,
Hodge, Robert H.,
Holmes, George,
Irwin, W. S.,
Kelton, Walter,
Kincaid, Miss Ada,
Largen, Douglas,
Lehmberg, C. E.,
Littlejohn, Frank S.,
Luckett, Tom O.,
Lyon, W. R.,
Mahone, Jno. R., Jr.,
Mayes, Walter C.,
McCullar, G. L.,
McCullough, F. E.,
Mitchell, J. L.,
Murrie, Gregg,
Noble, S. F.,
Oliver, J. T.,
Pipkin, Mrs. R. A.,
Potthast, C. H.,
Ricks, G. M.,
Roberts, Chas.,
Rodgers, Joe,
Robinson, G. J.,
Robinson, Mrs. T. L.,
Robison, J. A.,
Sadler, F. E.,
Slataper, Felician J.,
Smith, Chas. E.,
Smith, George M.,
Sneed, W. N.,
Sorell, Frank W.,
Stephenson, H. H.,
Thomas, Walter S.,
Vick, Ben M.,
Walton, A. J., Jr.,
Warren, C. D.,
Warren, Chas. A.,
Wilkison, W. S.,
Willerson, J. E.,
Wofford, Tom B.,
Wolford, Fitzhugh.

Freshman Class History

"Liber, quo iste omnem rerum memoriam breviter complexus est."—T. Livius.

UNDER the reigning dynasties of Theodore Roosevelt and Dr. Allen J. Smith, and while the world was wheeling serenely around its orb, the Guardian of the Mystic Records, having drained his stein to the last drop,—knocked. The effect was electrical!

Immediately, millions of heterogeneous units, called cells, rushed together from divers parts of the Universe, and by a terrible impact formed into tissues, organs, systems,—Organisms!—Infant Giants!—crowning triumphs of aeons of the slow and selective processes of organic evolution!

Grinning Ghosts who were tripping their "light fantastic" in the dissecting room, the most holy of all the college sanctums, ceased their gyrations, and perched upon an assortment of fibulas.

Sophomores, worldly wise and full of fiendish machination, conjured up a new series of "keen stunts," and gave their pieces of sheffield steel another turn at the oil-stone.

Juniors, versed in college-lore and full of wise conceits, fond of their morning glass and their pure Havana, joined with the Seniors, modest men sprouting beards cut *a la Van Dyke*, in singing verses of "Poor Fool" most unmelodiously.

The panorama was at once odd and interesting. But it was plain to us Infant Giants that such unseeming demonstration was for the purpose of cloaking the performance of drastic deeds. What else could their acts betoken other than swipers of skulls, diggers of graves, bibbers of champagne, and cutters of quiz-classes? We would none of it; ours was a different province.

We had some mighty lenses made for us, and by their aid we watched the petty plottings of a billion parasites. Beware, O Micro-organism, for in the midst of your secret conclaves and at such an hour as you guess not, we Infant Giants will trample you under foot and exterminate you, without so much as the saving grace of a marble slab!

Our toilings knew other bounds. With Bunsen-flame, beaker, test-tube, and flask, with a myriad cruder drugs, we searched out the guarded secrets of the alchemist, learned how the crafty brewer takes his wine—new vintaged—and pumping oxygen therein, matches the flavor of wines now thirty years since first the juice was pressed.

With scalpel, forceps, and many pointed instruments we explored the hidden systems of the body, and the concealed tunnels. We discovered even the various sinuses and promontories, in order that with wily stratagem and surer skill we might invade the vast unknown.

We robbed the flower of its mystery; established the fraternity of man and the anthropoid ape; and of other useful things we were instructed.

All this, aye, and more! We courted war and learned the arts of Battle! Twice did our valiant hosts withstand a terrible onslaught from those who despised us; twice did our vainglorious enemy writhe under us and bite the dust! Deceive not yourselves, O Sophomores, ye of acid temperament and of a billious attitude towards life, for the Infant Giants are inspired of the bones of their fathers, having blood even nobler than the blood of gods. And let this be for a sign unto you.

When you see a cardinal helmet, and engraven thereon an image of grinning Death,—know that danger is near, and make your feet wings, that you escape destruction.

F. Ernest Bradley (Historian).

Pharmaceutical Department

Officers Senior Class, 1902

First Term

L. B. Sanders,	*President.*
F. J. Skrivanek,	*Vice-President.*
E. J. H. Meier,	*Secretary and Treasurer.*
S. H. Spuriell,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*
E. J. H. Meier,	*Historian.*

Second Term

Frank Clark,	*President.*
J. Burson,	*Vice-President.*
W. S. Cookenboo,	*Secretary and Treasurer.*
W. R. Neville,	*Sergeant-at Arms.*
Frank Clark,	*Assistant Historian.*

Class Roll

Aiken, J. H.
Burson, J.,
Clark, F.,
Cookenboo, W. S.,
Donald, L. O.,
Jacobs, O. E.,
Kemp, J. O. ,
Meier, E. J. H.,
Neville, W. R.
Roeller, E. F.,
Sanders, L. B.,
Skrivanek, F. J..
Spruiell, S. H.
Thomas, R. A.

Motto

Slow, but sure.

Colors

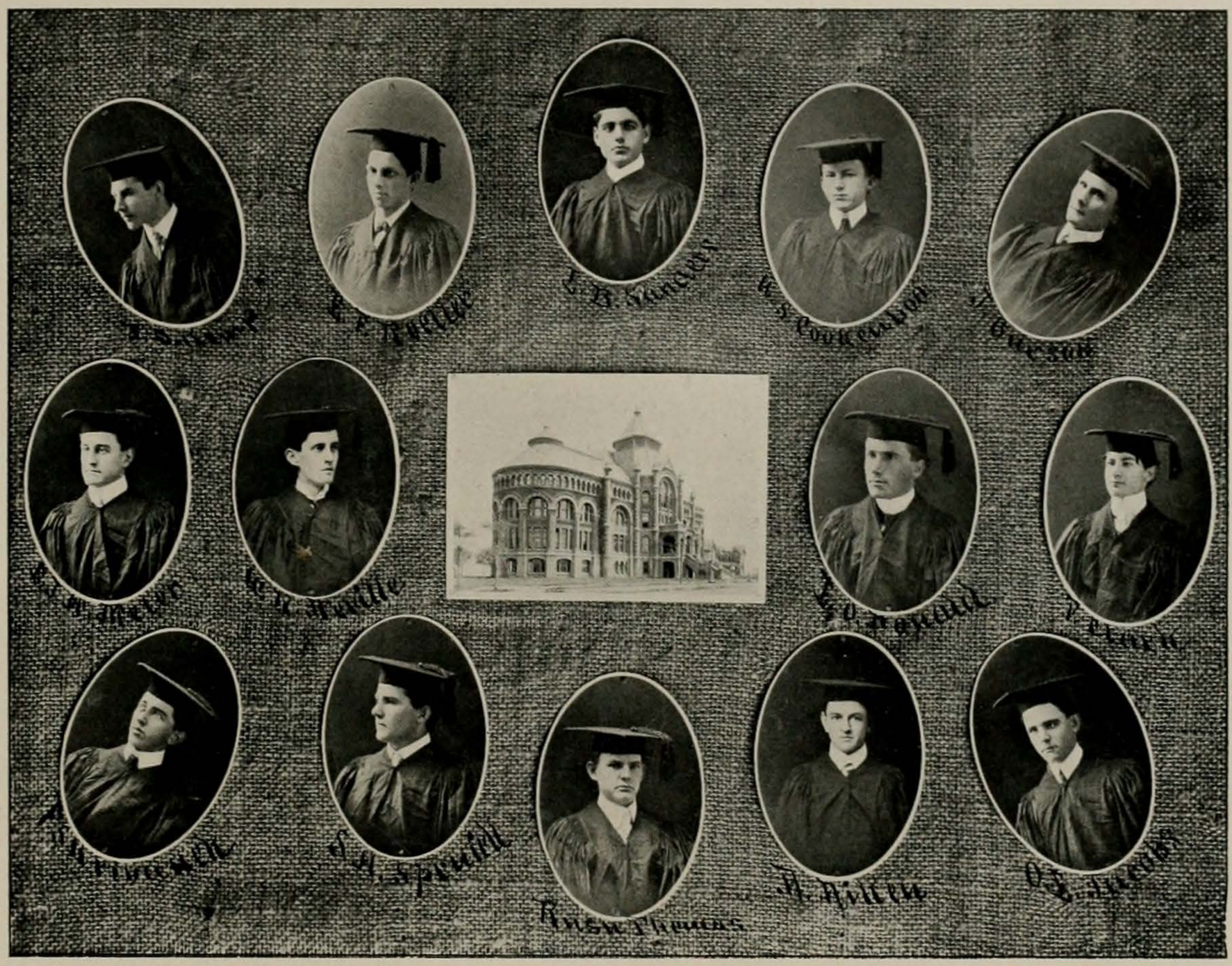
White and Blue.

Flower

Magnolia.

Class Yell

Bum a lacka, Bum a lacka, Bow, wow, wow,
Ching a lacka, Ching alacka, Chow, Chow, Chow,
Bum a lacka, Ching a lacka
Who are we?
We are the boys of '02 Pharmacy.



Senior Class History

AFTER spending a pleasant vacation, the elements of the Pharmacy Class '02, returned to their beloved school and professors to continue their studies and unfold a few of the mysteries of Organic Chemistry, Inorganic Chemistry, Pharmacy and if possible, tell whether or not drugs increase or decrease the action of the pulse.

The elements began by combining in groups and forming some of the easier salts, some of which were marked C. P. by the element of highest specific gravity and others were marked impure, due to the fact, that the elements failed to work in unison or they neglected to pour in a thin stream stirring all the time. This latter reason was never fully appreciated until a certain group combined to form a salt the color of which, when properly treated, should have been an orange, but the result was an ugly green. The element with highest specific gravity was called to account for this and the reply was, "You failed to pour in a thin stream stirring all the time." After this reaction, the elements never failed to follow the above rule.

Right in the midst of this work the elements of this class were agreeably surprised to hear that owing to the excellency of one of the elements, the "Board of Regents" confers the highest honor upon the class, by selecting him as the assistant of the element of highest specific gravity.

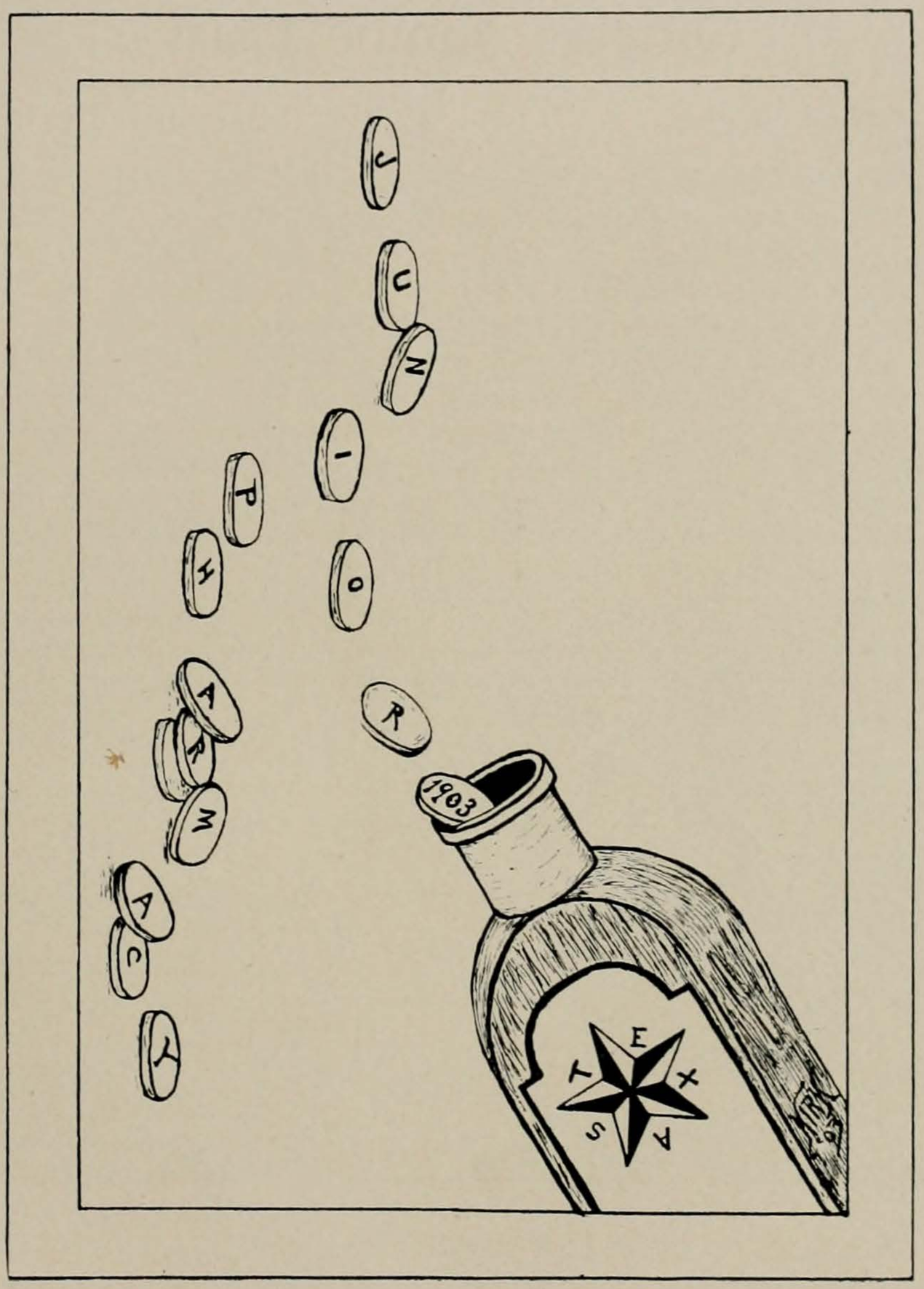
The work on these inorganic salts continued for some time, until one day the highest element decided to take up organic salts.

This was a great relief for the various groups, in part a surprise and accordingly all started the new work, feeling as though they were sure to discover some new organic compound. The combination and reactions worked very nicely, excepting an explosion, or a rather active evolution of fumes now and then. Nevertheless, the elements decided that these violent reactions were the redeeming features about Organic Chemistry and helped to make it interesting. The groups finally managed to manufacture quite a number of the organic compounds. The question about the medicinal value of these various compounds then arose. In order to satisfy themselves about this, the elements began prescription work.

The various salts and compounds were put up in all styles, such as emulsions, pills and simple mixtures and the appearance, taste and value were discussed.

After satisfying themselves about the value and purity, the element of highest specific gravity decided to put the finishing touch to the various groups by letting them assay their numerous compounds. This they found rather interesting but difficult, although by hard work they finally unfolded the mysteries of this branch and were then ready to go out into the wide world to help their fellow brothers and further the interest of the Pharmacist.

E. J. H. Meier, *Historian.*
Frank Clark, *Assistant.*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1903
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Officers Junior Class

First Term

W. T. Garbade,	*President.*
Mabel Giddings,	*Vice-President.*
Fannie Kennedy Schenk,	*Sec. and Treasurer.*
Jno. R. Chambers,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

Second Term

T. R. Longmire,	*President.*
C. C. Caruthers,	*Vice-President.*
N. E. Stuckey,	*Secretary and Treasurer.*
R. S. McCracken,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

W. H. Johnson, *Historian.*

Class Roll

Atkinson, G. D.,
Atkinson, F. P. K.,
Brown, J. W.,
Caruthers, C. C.,
Chambers, John R.,
Crittenden, J. R.,
Davis, R. C.,
Fowler, H. E.,
Garbade, W. T.,
Giddings, Mabel,
Greenwood, T. B.,
Hart, William B.,
Hayes, William F.,
Hillman, L. Wright,
Ingle, B. B.,
Jenkins, Witt Thomas, Jr.,
Johnson, W. H.,
Jones, W. F.,
Jung, Jos. F.,
Keahea, V. S.,
Kendricks, Homer,
Leatherwood, C. W.,
Longmire, T. R.,
Luhn, H. A.,
McCracken, R. S.,
McElroy, C. Ernest,
Morris, E. S.,
Nichols, C. L.,
Robinson, J. B.,
Schenk, Fannie Kennedy,
Sherman, Lipscomb,
Siros, E. A.,
Skidman, Sam C.,
Smith, B. T.,
Stavinoha, Ladin,
Stewart, Chas. L.,
Stone, T. Elliott,
Stuckey, N. E.,
Waller, Jas. J.,
Walker, W. A.,
Willoughby, J. Herman.

Motto

Thoroughness and Constant Vigilance.

Colors

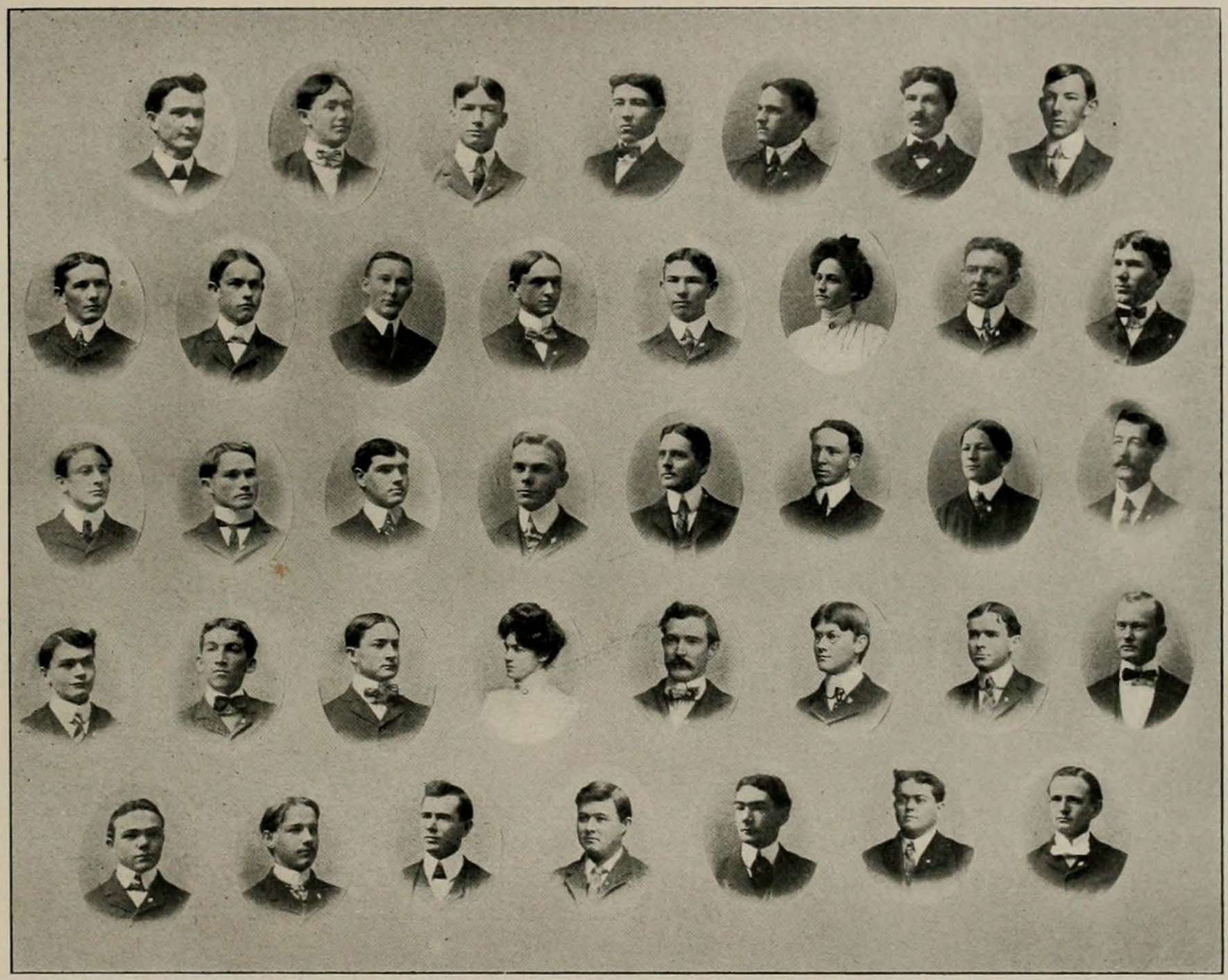
Blue and Gold.

Flower

Violet.

Class Yell

Rah! Rah! Ree!
U. of T.!
Hey up! Hey up!
Pharm-a-cee!
Pharmacy Rah! Pharmacy Ree!
Junior Parmacy—
Nineteen—three!



Junior Class History

BETWEEN the meridians of 94° and 106° W. and the parallels, 23° and 36° N. there lies a mighty state.

It achieved its own independence and surrendered the state of an empire, to become a member of the Union.

For its coat of arms it has chosen a radiant star, and about the star has placed a live oak wreath.

The history of this state is just beginning, yet its annals with glorious deeds are bright as the star beams and the memory of its heroes, green as the live-oak.

The glory of a state is the heritage of its children, yet to every son and daughter of that state, is given the privilege of influencing its current history. Among the two hundred students in this "City by the Sea" there may be some who will use this privilege, and it may be that their names are now on the roster of the Junior Pharmacy. A band of forty-one future druggists, our class history lies within the dates of our enrollment, September, 1901, and that of our graduation, May, 1903. Forty-one individual histories covering the period of forty-one lives, and a class history of only two brief years. With the first we have little to do. Each record will be influenced by the character and environments of each class member, but the class history is now in our possession. We can make it what we will. It will surely become a chapter in our Alma Mater.

Shall the pages tell the bright story of endeavor and success, the disgraceful one of idleness, or the dull tale of mediocrity?

The question is ours to ask and to answer. The first period of our history has passed. The Junior Pharmacy Class of 1903 may be considered as having lived through its childhood and youth.

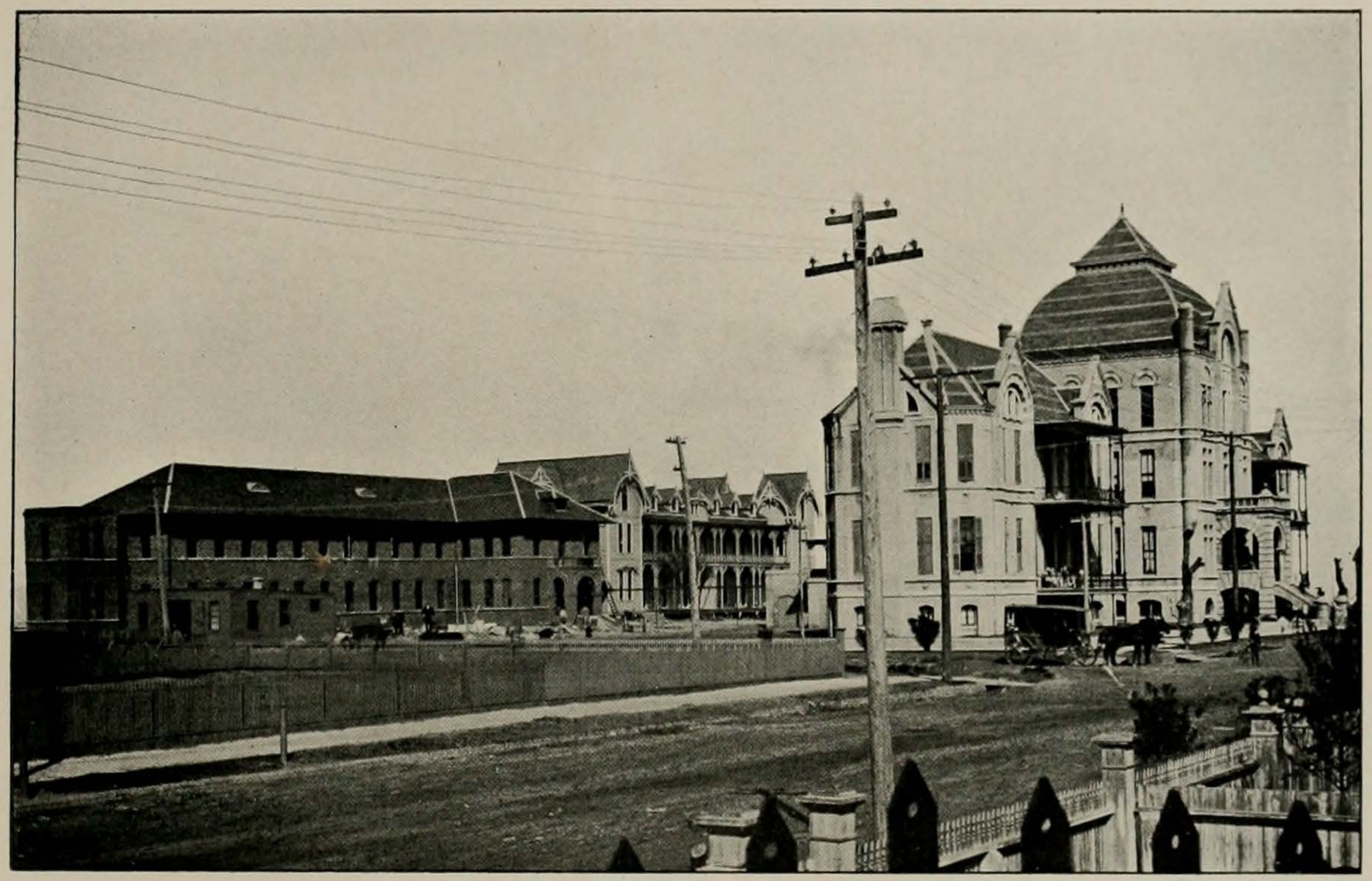
Today its closing year lies before it, as does the life of one who has reached his manhood's prime.

The perfection of power, the fullness of life is his.

His best endeavor is to be made and his greatest reward is even now in sight. Of the record of 1901–'02 the class is in no wise ashamed.

May that of 1902–'03 be one of pride to the Junior Pharmacists and to the University.

May the individual history of some of our number, add another leaf to the wreath of live oak, another gleam to the splendor of the dawning star of Texas.



JOHN SEALY HOSPITAL.

The John Sealy Hospital

Hospital Board

DR. J. E. THOMPSON, . . *President.* V. E. AUSTIN, . . . *Vice-President.*

JOHN SEALY,

I. H. KEMPNER,

DR. C. W. TRUEHART.

Visiting Staff

J. W. MCLAUGHLIN, M.D., *Physician.*

J. E. THOMPSON, F.R.S. (Eng.), *Surgeon.*

J. F. Y. PAINE, M.D., *Obstetrician and Gynecologist.*

W. S. CARTER, M.D., *Pediatrician.*

ALLEN J. SMITH, M.D., *Neurologist and Pathologist.*

JOHN B. HADEN, M.D., *Ophthalmologist, Laryngologist and Aurist.*

Resident Staff

H. O. SAPPINGTON, M.D., *House Surgeon and Superintendent.*

S. L. BOREN, M.D.,

D. H. LAWRENCE,

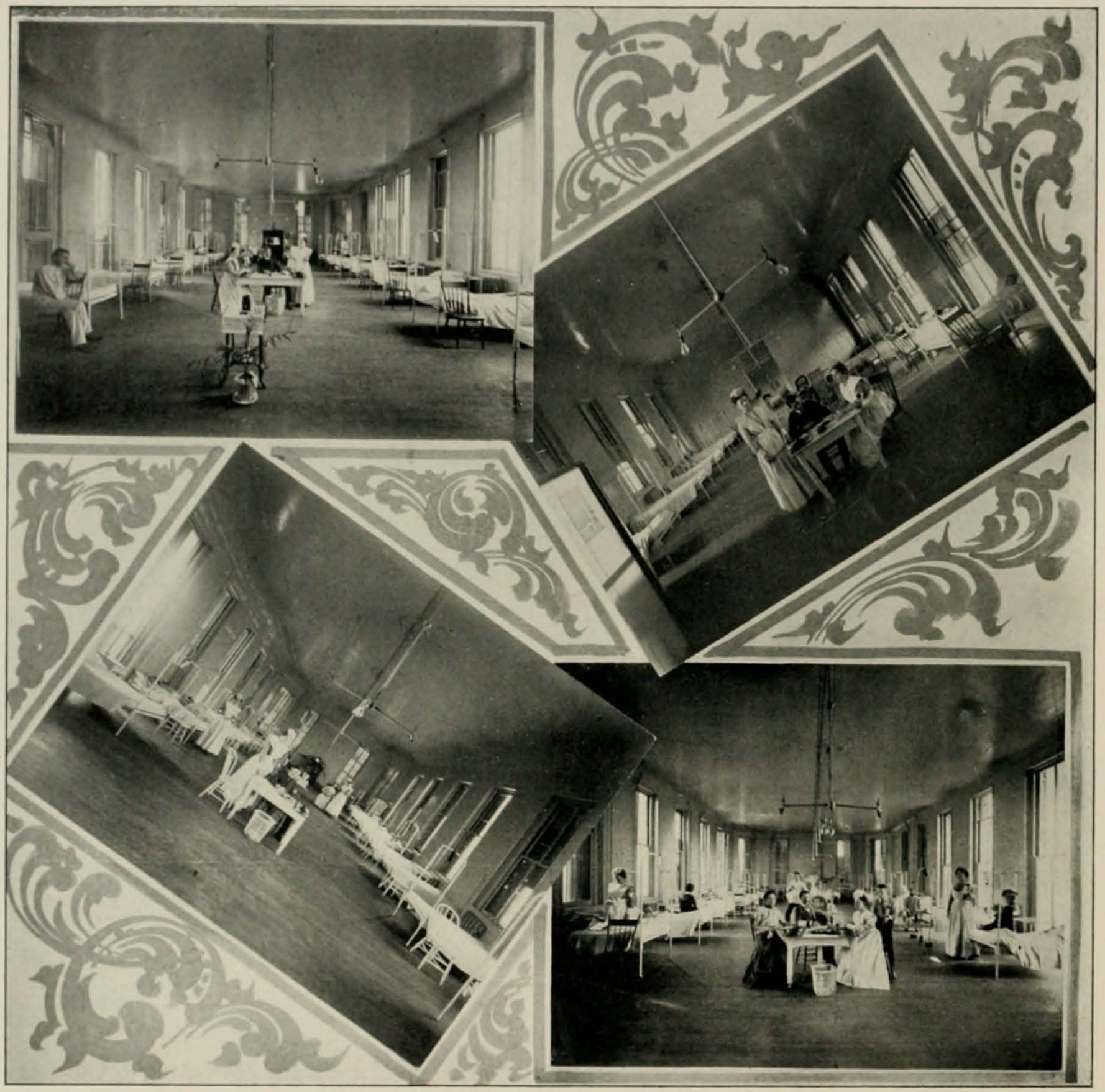
E. M. STEGER,

H. M. AUSTIN,

JAMES J. TERRILL, *Pathologist.*

HENRY J. FLAVIN, *Pharmacist.*

RESIDENT STAFF.



Sealy Hospital Training School for Nurses

School of Nursing U. of T.

Senior Class Officers

Miss Bertram,	*President.*
Mrs. True,	*Vice-President.*
Miss Wood,	*Treasurer.*
Miss Fontaine,	*Secretary.*

Junior Class Officers

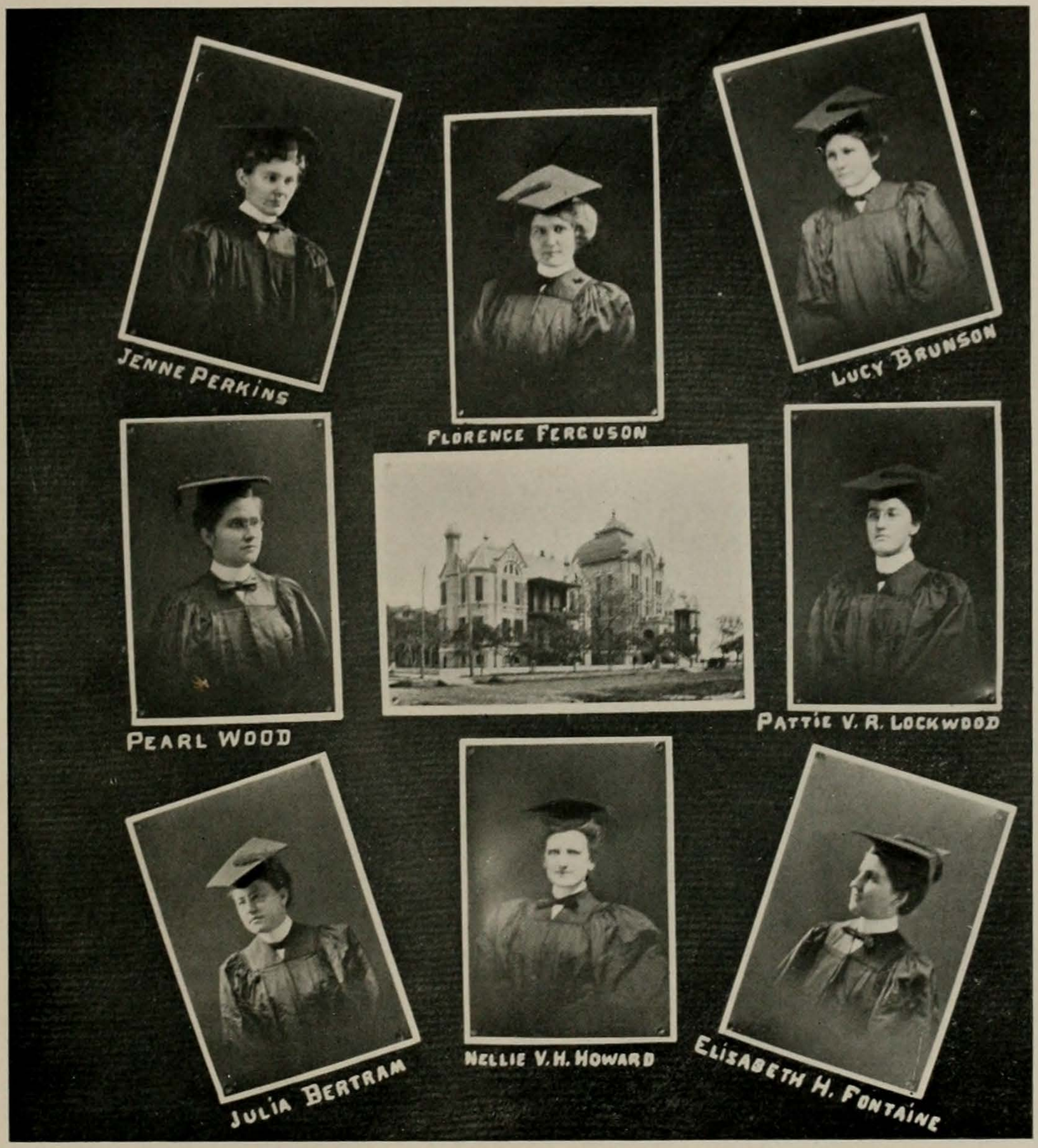
Mrs. N. D. Herring,	*President.*
Miss Salome Walker,	*Vice-President.*
Mrs. N. Munro,	*Treasurer.*
Miss Sara Farmer,	*Secretary.*

Senior Class Roll

Bertram, Julia,
Brunson, Marguerite Lucy,
Develin, Mattie E.,
Ferguson, Florence,
Fontaine, Elizabeth Henry,
Hardin, Lottie,
Howard, Nellie Van Hortin,
Kennedy, Ethyl,
Lockwood, Pattie Van Renesselear,
Perkins, Jenne,
True, Minnie,
Wood, Olga Pearl.

Junior Class Roll

Farmer, Sara,
Harbison, Ree,
Herring, N. D.,
Marx, Carrie,
Munro, N.,
Took, M.,
Walker, Mamie,
Walker, Salome.


JENNE PERKINS
FLORENCE FERGUSON
LUCY BRUNSON
PEARL WOOD
PATTIE V. R. LOCKWOOD
JULIA BERTRAM
NELLIE V. H. HOWARD
ELISABETH H. FONTAINE

Senior Nurses Class History, 1902

DOWN the corridor of time comes Florence, the oldest, not in years but experience, of all our twelve, let's lift up the curtain of future and take a peep. I see a children's hospital in a far off city and she in all the realization of her dreams as the Superintendent. It is in this place she is given the chance to display the tender, motherly feelings she is so strongly endowed with.

Next comes serious-eyed Lottie, too modest to take the place of honor allotted to her and yet she shall realize those travels across stormy seas, into foreign countries that her heart yearns for now, but on farther, I see her in a cottage by a stream with all the peace that is rightfully hers, away from the pride and pomp and care of the world.

Ethyl: A sweet and winsome girl beloved by her classmates and patients. Deft and expert in her work aspires to army nursing. We hope however that someone with strong will and much determination will teach our Ethyl in the quiet charm of domestic life to forget her longing for the stir of war.

Minnie, the joy of all, next comes before us. Oh! Minnie your life to you is all joy, to see the joy in your face, yet those who know you best know that deep in your heart is sorrow.

Tommy, the sixth illustrious maiden in this group is now for us to prophesy for. For her we see nothing but matrimony, as she has the facility of inspiring people to be poets, and she the theme for their lay.

Nellie, the seventh and lucky number is next. The most brilliant future of all is for her, because in her short career she has been one of the lucky ones to manufacture and use to advantage something no other in her class could have done. But let it be whispered that Nellie has endeared herself to each of us in her own sweet way.

Lucy, "deception is thy name." When you first came we voted you slow and uninteresting and lo, we find you what the stern sex would call attractive. "Judge not until you know."

Pearl is a priceless jewel and is alone all gold or riches to him. I would not dare say her days would be spent in the Nursing world for she has a higher duty to perform than administering to the wants of mankind, viz: one man.

Elizabeth, stern necessity and the idea of being independent and doing for and being all to that beloved father has caused her to take up this beloved work. We see for her a bright and happy future. An unlimited amount of knowledge is hers and we trust will be used judiciously.

Pat, the helter skelter next comes; she is not serious enough to shoulder the responsibilities and throws them off on other shoulders more able to bear them, but in later years we see a more settled woman who has learned that "it is not all of life to live."

Mattie stands last in all that row of twelve; she is so small she could be well overlooked, had she not in her quiet, unassuming way crept into our hearts; and for her we see a woman too pure and innocent to do aught but be an uplifting instrument placed in the world.

Of myself I dare not portray my future; it is altogether too brilliant and for fear of causing my more unfortunate classmates to suffer by the comparison, I will let you draw your own conclusions what must necessarily be the future of one who wrote this brilliant and original history.

Organizations and Societies of the Medical Department, University of Texas

Alpha Mu Pi Omega Medical Fraternity

Founded in 1891, at the University of Pennsylvania

University of Texas Chapter

Established in 1898

Fratres in Urbe

T. L. Kennedy, M.D., Julius Ruhl, M.D.

Fratres in Facultate

Allen J. Smith, M.D., L. E. Magnenat, M.D.,
Edward Randall, M.D., C. C. Jones, M.D.,
William Gammon, M.D.

Fratres in Universitate

Seniors

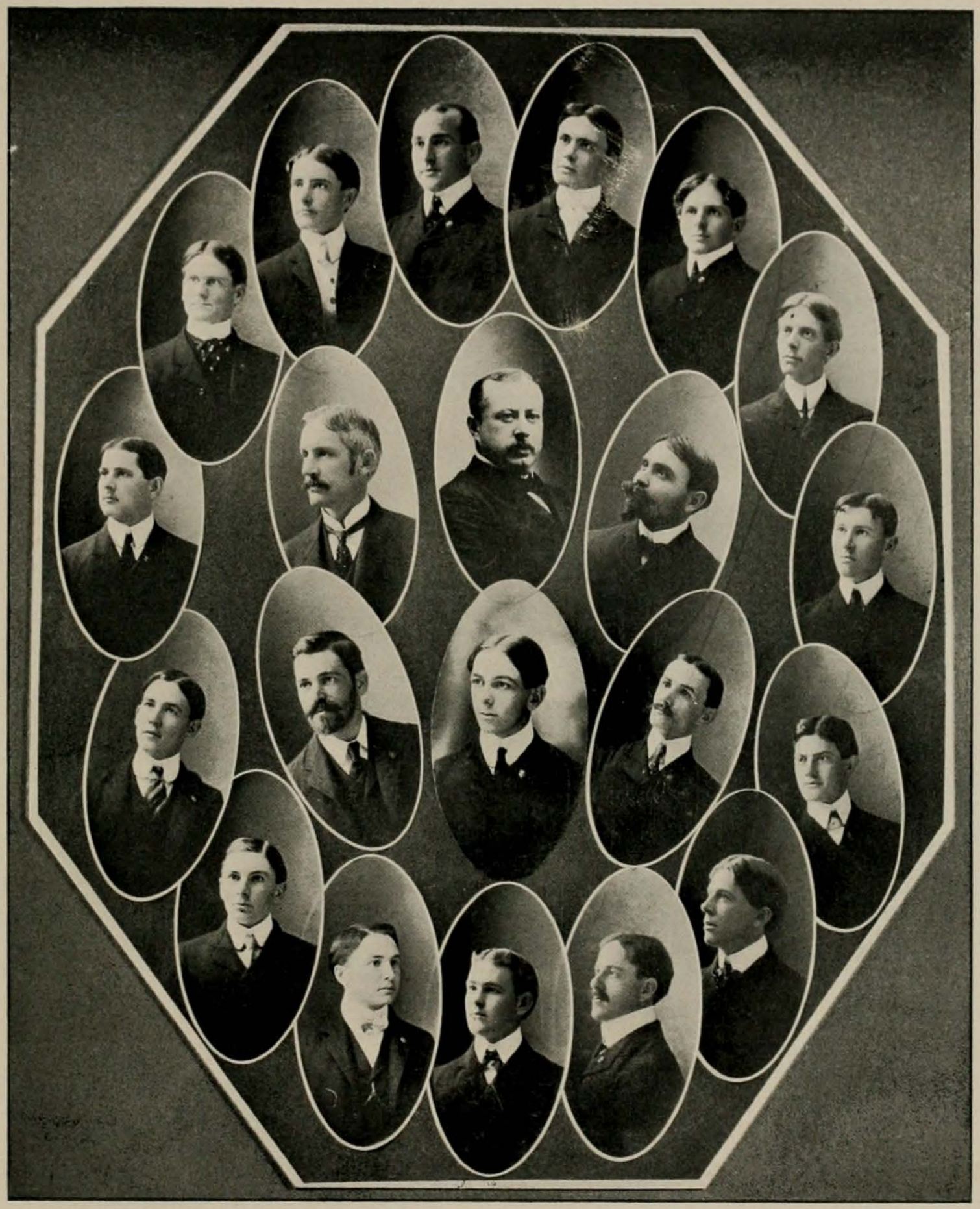
David H. Lawrence, C. D. Cantrell.

Juniors

Evan S. Easton, Horace Gilbert, John A. McIntosh,
Bismarck Ferguson, James Loving, John W. Reifel,
Judson L. Taylor.

Sophomores

S. M. Briscoe, E. C. Burgess, I. E. Pritchett,
George A. Buhler, A. S. Holley, J. M. Slaughter,
P. J. Shaver.



The Jolly Bone Jugglers

Organized in 1897 at Medical Department, University of Texas

Officers

C. C. Jones, M.D.,	*Giant Skeleton.*
J. W. McLaughlin, Jr.,	*Skeleton.*
M. E. Lott,	*Grand Mogul.*
S. H. Watson,	*Mogul.*
E. J. H. Meier,	*Bone Box.*
W. A. Shields,	*Three Eyed Monster.*
L. L. Lamar,	*Phantom Hand.*
P. Stalnaker,	*Bony Warrior.*
S. M. Briscoe,	*Anatomist.*
C. D. Baker,	*Demonstrator.*

Active Members

Baker, C. D.,
Briscoe, S. M.,
Jones, C. C., M.D.,
McLaughlin, J. W., Jr.,
Lott, M. E.,
Milburn, C. L.,
Meier, E. J. H.,
Stalnaker, P.,
Lamar, L. L.,
Shields, W. A.,
Sharp, M. R.,
Anderson, J. S.,
Reifel, J. W.,
Plant, O.,
Jones, J. S.,
Steger, E. M.,
Austin, H. M.,
Mathis, E.,
Watts, J.,
Simpson, F., Jr.,
Cantrell, C. D.,
Kemp, J. O.,
Watson, S. H.,
Kirk, L. H.,
Currie, R. F., M.D.,
Noble, F.,
Decherd, H. B., M.D.,
Ralston, J., M.D.,
Ruhl, J. H., M.D.,
Crawford, R. B.,
Sherman, J. L.,
Moore, J. T., M.D.,
Jacobs, O. E.,
Sanders, L. B.,
Kelton, W. E.,
Lucket, T. O.

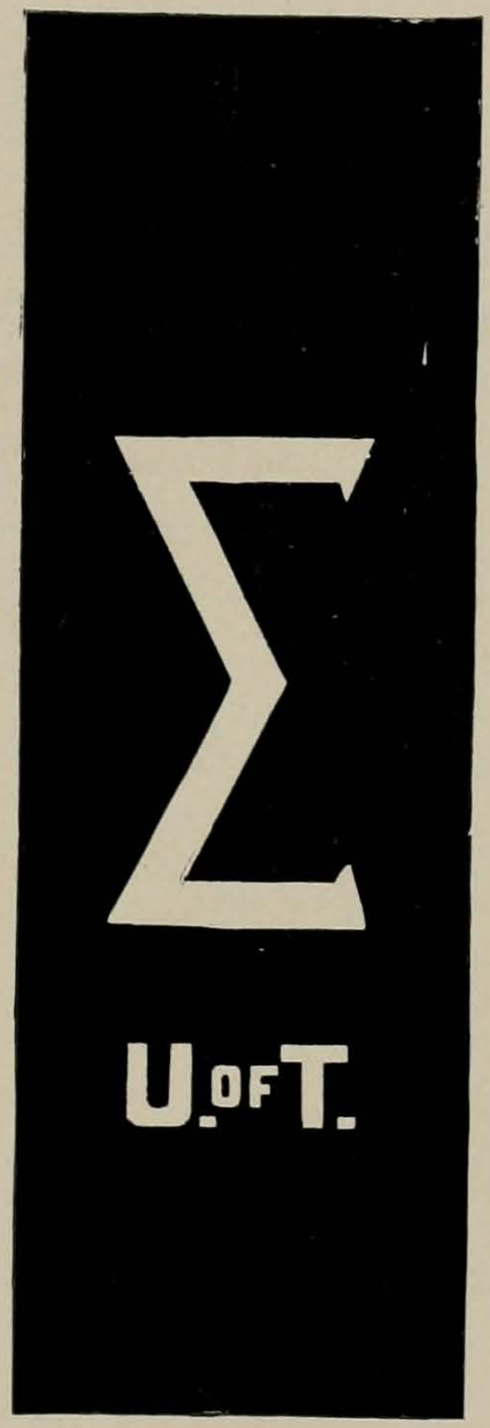
Sigma

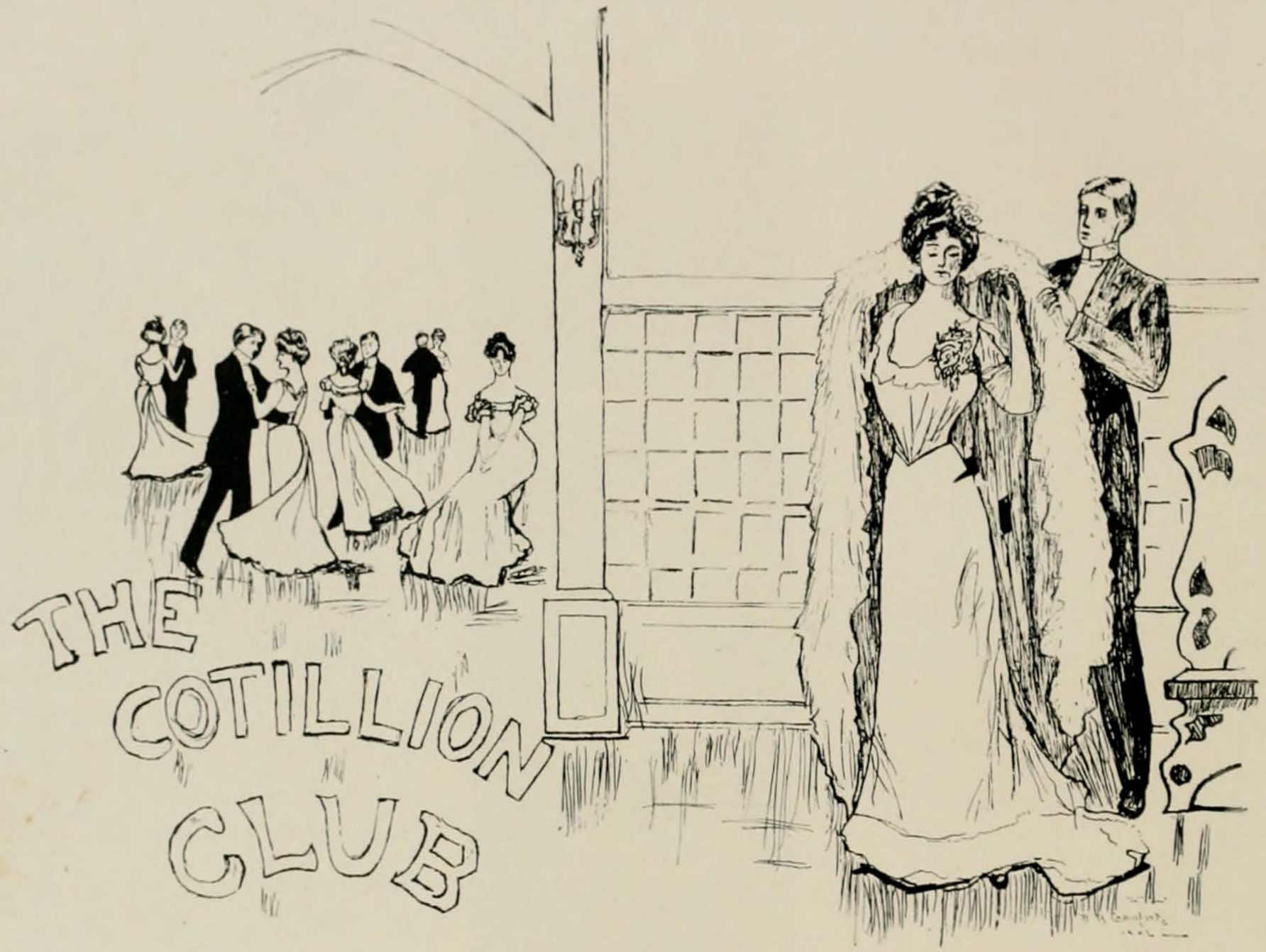
Founded at the Medical Department, October 3, 1896

W. F. Starley, M.D.,
J. H. Ruhl, M.D.,
H. M. Austin,
Lea Hume,
E. S. Easton,
S. H. Watson,
G. H. Gilbert.
P. J. Shaver,
F. N. Danforth,
R. B. Crawford,

Alumni

Ed. L. Batts, M.D.,
J. T. Ward, 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.,
F. W. Lawson, 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.,
J. M. Evans,
H. E. Nolan, M.D.


U. OF T.


THE
COTILLION
CLUB

Officers Cotillion Club

Winter Term

Z. T. Scott, ... *President.*
F. N. Danforth, ... *Vice-President.*
Conn. L. Milburn, }
P. J. Shaver } . . . *Secretary and Treasurer.*
R. B. Crawford, ... *Leader.*

Spring Term

M. R. Sharp, ... *President.*
F. N. Danforth, ... *Vice-President.*
J. L. Taylor, ... *Secretary and Treasurer.*
P. J. Shaver, ... *Leader.*

Class Roll

Austin, H. M.,
Briscoe, S. M.,
Buhler, Geo. A.,
Bradley, F. E.,
Clark, Frank,
Cookenboo, W. S.,
Crawford, Robert B.,
Decherd, H. B.,
Danforth, F. N.,
Davis, Ralph,
Dawe, W. T.,
Douglas, F. M.,
Donald, L. O.,
Griffin, L. L.,
Gilbert, G. H.,
Holley, A. S.,
Jones, C. C.,
Kilton, N. E.,
Kirk, L. H.,
Luhn, H. K.,
Luckett, T. O.,
Mathis, E. G.,
McCurdy, T. C.,
Milburn, C. L.,
McLaughlin, J. W., Jr.,
Meier, E. J. H.,
Plant, O. H.,
Reifel, Jno. W.,
Sharp, M. Raysdale,
Stalnaker, Paul R.,
Scott, Zack T.,
Shaver, P. J.,
Simpson, Friench,
Stone, T. E.,
Slaughter, J. M.,
Smith, B. F.,
Taylor, J. L.,
Taylor, S. J.,
Thomas, G. T.,
Watson, S. H.,
Watts, J. A.,
Walker, W. A.,
Wafford, T. B.

Patronesses

Carter, Mrs. W. S.,
Compton, Mrs. A. J.,
Gammon, Mrs. William,
Hume, Mrs. F. Chas.,
Magnenat, Mrs. L. E.,
Milburn, Mrs. Conn L.,
Morris, Mrs. S. M.,
Paine, Mrs. J. T. Y.,
Randall, Mrs. E.,
Smith, Mrs. A. J.,
Thompson, Mrs. J. E.

Final Ball

P. J. Shaver,.....*President.*

Finance

S. H. Watson,.....*Chairman.*

H. M. Austin, L. L. Griffin, P. R. Stalnaker, T. B. Wofford,
C. D. Cantrell, Frank Clark, W. E. Kelton, T. E. Stone,
J. L. Taylor, S. M. Briscoe, F. E. Bradley, B. F. Smith.

Invitation

D. H. Lawrence,.....*Chairman.*

E. J. H. Meier, C. A. Searcy, W. P. Harrison, Fitzhugh Wolford,
J. S. Jones, J. A. McIntosh, T. O. Luckett, C. W. Leatherwood,
W. A. Shields, W. C. McCurdy, R. H. Hodge, J. R. Crittenden,
James M. Loving, A. A. Chapman.

Arrangement

Friench Simpson, Jr.,.....*Chairman.*

E. M. Steger, J. T. Wilhite, Charles Spiller, W. A. Walker,
W. L. Allison, L. B. Sanders, J. T. Oliver, R. C. Davis,
J. W. Bradfield, W. R. Neville, C. W. Garrison, W. W. Britton,
L. H. Kirk. A. S. Holly. F. M. Douglas.

Floor

O. H. Plant,.....*Chairman.*

M. R. Sharp, E. G. Mathis, M. E. Lott, W. T. Garbade,
Wallace Rouse, L. O. Donald, J. M. Slaughter, H. A. Luhn,
J. W. McLaughlin, Jr., W. S. Cookenboo, W. T. Dawe, S. J. Taylor,
F. N. Danforth.

Entertainment

G. H. Gilbert,.....*Chairman.*

Lea Hume, T. C. McCurdy, J. O. Kemp, J. C. Darricott,
J. J. Terrill, I. E. Pritchett, R. C. Connor, Walter Johnson,
Bismarck Ferguson, John Burson, C. D. Baker, C. L. Nichols,
J. R. Sypert.

Reception

J. A. Watts,.....*Chairman.*

Z. T. Scott, J. B. Thomas, J. S. Yates, F. J. Gilson,
R. B. Crawford, John Reifel, O. E. Jacobs, B. B. Ingle,
J. S. Anderson, W. H. Moore, Sam Webb, W. B. Hart.

Officers Pharmaceutical Association

The Association was Organized for the Purpose of
Promoting Pharmaceutical Research

First Term

L. O. Donald,	*President.*
B. B. Ingle,	*Vice-President.*
Mabel Giddings,	*Secretary and Treasurer.*
J. Burson,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

Second Term

W. T. Garbade,	*President.*
J. J. Waller,	*Vice-President.*
Fannie Kennedy Schenk,	*Sec. and Treas.*
John R. Chambers,	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

Fannie Kennedy Schenk, ... *Historian.*
John B. Robinson, ... *Assistant Historian.*

Roll Call

Atkinson, G. D.,
Atkinson, T. P. R.,
Aiken, J. H.,
Brown, J. U.,
Crittenden, Jno. R.,
Clark, Frank,
Caruthers, C. C.,
Chambers, Jno. R.,
Donald, L. O.,
Fowler, H. E.,
Garbade, J. T.,
Giddings, Mabel,
Hart, Wm. B.,
Hillman, L. U.,
Ingle, B. B.,
Jones, N. F.,
Jacobs, O. E.,
Johnson, W. H.,
Jung, J. T.,
Keahea, V. S.,
Kemp, J. O.,
Kendrick, Homer,
Longmire, T. R.,
Leatherwood, C. W.,
Luhn, H. A.,
Meier, E. J. H.,
Morris, E. S.,
McElroy, C. Ernest,
McCracken, R. S.,
Neville, W. R.,
Robinson, Jno. B.,
Roeller, E. F.,
Smith, B. F.,
Scherman, Lipscomb,
Stewart, C. L.,
Sanders, L. B.,
Sirros, E. A.,
Schenk, Fannie Kennedy,
Stavinoha, Ladin,
Skrivanek, F. J.,
Stone, T. E.,
Stuckey, N. E.,
Skidmore, Sam C.,
Thomas, R. A.,
Waller, J. J.,
Walker, W. A.,
Willoughby, J. H.,

"Our Greeting"

THE purpose of the organization, and continuance of the Y. M. C. A. in the Medical College is to afford an opportunity for those interested in Christian work to meet together and cultivate a spirit of Christian fellowship. Also that the cause of Christ may be advanced among the students of this branch of the University of Texas.

It is urged that all men, especially members of churches, take membership with us early upon coming to Galveston, as students in the Medical College, *help yourself, by helping us.*

Y.M.C.A. Officers Medical Department

President,	JAMES J. TERRILL.
Vice-President,	J. S. MILLER.
Secretary and Treasurer,	T. R. SEALY.

Class Roll

ALLISON, W. L.,
BOWEN, R.E.,
DAY, G. P.,
EDWARDS, T. S.,
GRANT, S. H.,
JONES, W. F.,
KEMP, J. O.,
LITTLEJOHN, F. S.,
MAYES, W. C.,
MILLER, J. S.,
MCKINNEY, H.,
ROBINSON, G. J.,
SEARCY, C. A.,
SORELL, F. W.,
SLATAPER, F. J.,
STEPHENS, H. H.,
SEALY, T. R.,
TERRILL, JAMES J.,
THOMAS, W. S.,
VAUGHN, E. H.,
WILKERSON, W. S.
WILLOUGHBY, H.

FRATER
NIT IES
E. Cowen, Conn ar.

Phi Delta Theta

Texas Beta Chapter, Established 1883

Fratres in Urbe

Rev. J. W. Lowber,
Franz Fiset,
J. H. Caldwell,
A. H. Graham,
F. H. Raymond,
L. B. Fontaine,
J. H. W. Williams,
Malcolm Graham,
Leigh Ellis,
Dr. John Foster,
J. P. Waggener.

Fratres in Facultate

David F. Houston,
Eugene C. Barker,
Morgan Callaway,
E. P. R. Duval,
John A. Lomax.

Academic

W. P. Hargrove, '02,
I. V. Duncan, '04,
Roy Bedichek, '03,
B. W. Teagarden, '05,
Alex Pope, '05,
A. P. Ward, '04,
G. D. Hunt, '03,
G. F. Price, '05,
G. F. Witt, '04,
R. H. Kimball, '04,
C. W. Weller, '05.
H. P. Steger, '02,
D. S. H. Howard, '05,
H. M. Hargrove, '04,
I. B. McFarland, '04,
Arthur Mathis, '05.

Law

J. P. Haven, '03,
C. E. Witt, '03,
W. L. Prather, Jr., '03,
E. E. Witt, '03,
H. H. Hardy, '03,
R. J. Rhome, '03.

HARRY P. STEGER
R. J. RHOME
A. MATHIS
W. P. HARGROVE
W. L. PRACHER JR.
JOHN A. LOMAX
G. F. PRICE.
ROY. BEDICHEK
A. PAPE
E. E. WITT
BRUCE TEAGARDEN
D. F. HOUSTON
DR. M. CALLAWAY
J. V. DUNCAN.
H. H. HARDY
G. F. WITT.
H. M. HARGROVE
EUGENE C. BARKER
J. B. McFARLAND
R. H. KIMBALL
G. D. HUNT.
D. S. H. HOWARD
E. P. R. DUVAL.
A. P. WARD
ELECTRIC CITY ENG. CO BUFFALO N.Y.

Beta Theta Pi

Founded at Miami, 1839

Beta Omicron Chapter

Founded 1884

Fratres in Urbe

Dr. E. B. Wright,
A. S. James,
John Orr, Jr.,
Judge S. R. Fisher,
Fitzhugh Thornton,
R. L. Pollard,
Dr. R. G. Smoot,
Clarence H. Miller,
H. A. Thornton,
Bishop Kinsolving,
William Orr,
Dr. J. A. French,
E. W. Townes,
Ewell Nalle.

Fratres in Facultate

Dr. H. W. Harper,
Dr. Edward Randall.

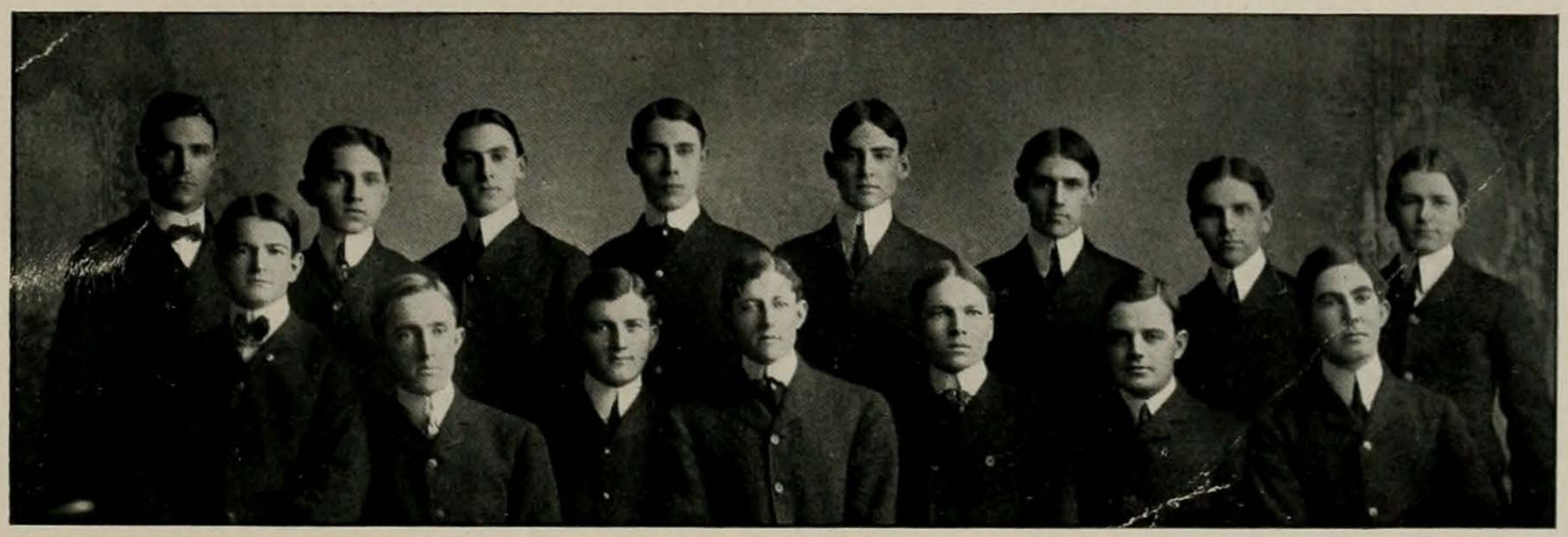
Fratres in Universitate

Academic

F. C. Beall,
H. C. Dunbar,
R. P. Blanding,
Wallace Tyler,
C. S. Oliver,
R. Porter,
Bob Andrews,
Ed. E. Bewley,
R. E. Harding,
Thomas Caldwell,
W. D. Caldwell,
C. R. Kincaid.

Law

H. Lee Borden,
E. E. Townes.



Kappa Sigma

Founded in 1867, University of Virginia

Tau Chapter

Established in 1884

Fratres in Urbe

Dr. Goodall Wooten,
Dr. Joe S. Wooten,
Dr. H. L. Hilgartner,
Dr. Matt M. Smith,
Dr. Frank S. Ross,
Dr. Joe Gilbert,
W. W. Fisher,
Rev. C. Polk Goodson,
Fred Connerly,
Arthur Moore,
Victor Moore,
Victor Brooks,
George S. Dowell,
F. C. Von Rosenberg,
J. W. Maxwell,
Jasper Wooldridge,
W. D. Hart,
R. A. Slaughter,
R. A. Thompson,
J. H. Hart.

Fratres in Facultate

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

Academic

Hal B. Thomson, '02,
T. C. Cole, '05,
Joe B. Hogsett, '05,
John Hancock '05,
Albert O. Singleton, '05,
Liston Paine, '04,
Rembert Watson, '05,
B. Fisher, '03.

Law

E. T. Moore, Jr., '02,
Verdo W. Wood, '02,
Edgar Mann, '02.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Founded 1856, University of Alabama

Texas Rho Chapter

Established 1884

Academic

JESSE F. MCCLENDON, '03,
STERLING R. FULMORE, '02,
ADRIAN MOORE, '05,
ROBERT E. COWART, '02,
J. FRANK GIBSON, '02,
WALKER STEPHENS, '05,
DOUGLAS W. SUMMERFIELD, '03,
ERWIN J. CLARK, '05,
DAVIS M. PRENDERGAST, '05.

Engineering

EDWIN COWAN CONNOR, '04,
JACK KIRKPATRICK, '05.

Law

W. FELIX RAMSEY, '02,
JOEL J. SAMUELL, '03,
W. T. BARTHOLOMEW, '03,
W. BOOTHE MERRILL, '03,
CAM B. GILES, '03.

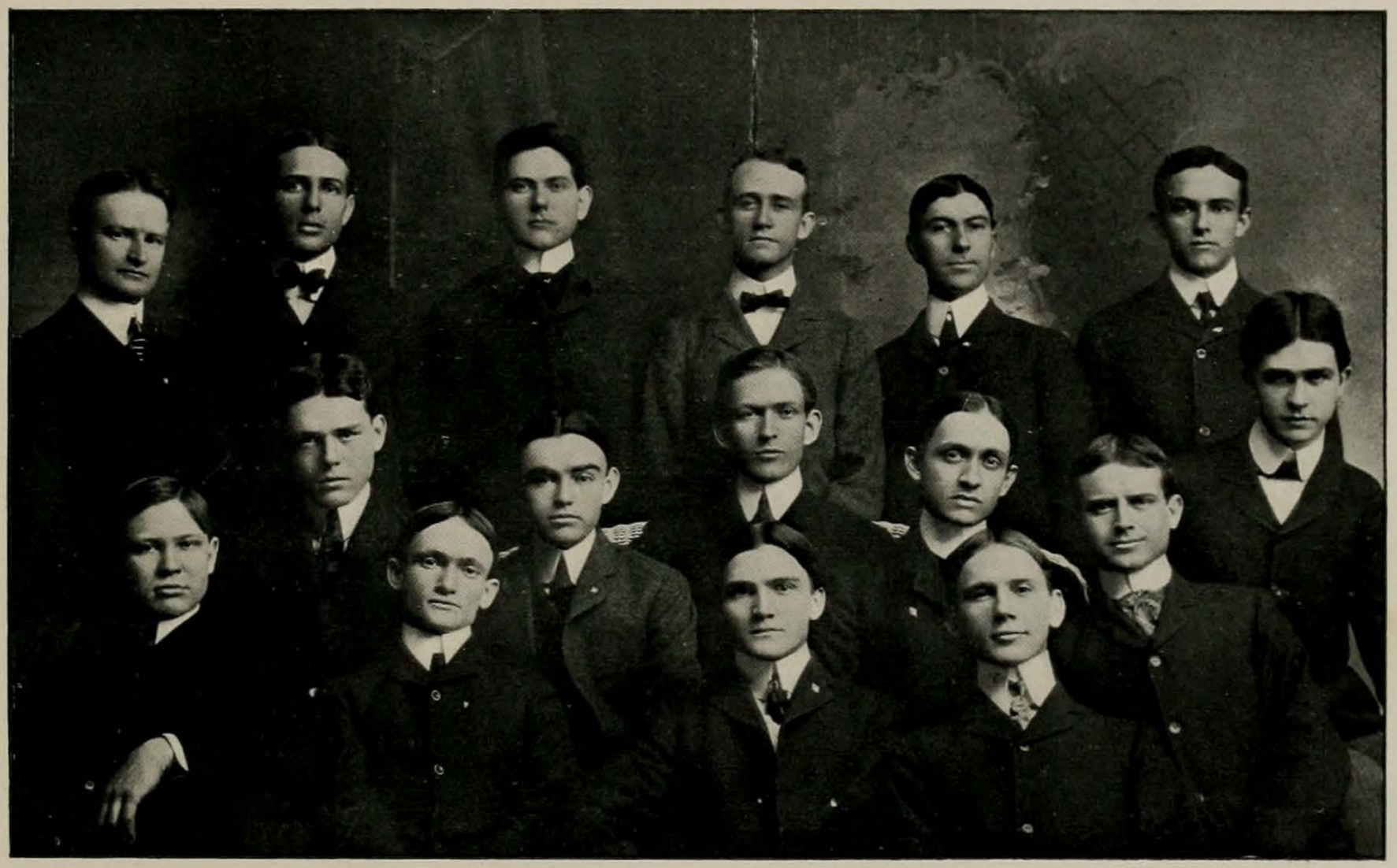
Fratres in Facultate

EDWIN W. FAY,
H. Y. BENEDICT,
*LESTER G. BUGBEE.

Fratres in Urbe

JAMES W. MCCLENDON,
W. H. P. HUNNICUT,
R. MELVIN SHAVER,
E. B. HANCOCK.

*Deceased.



Sigma Chi

Founded at Miami University, 1885

Alpha Nu Chapter

Established in 1884

Fratres in Urbe

W. H. Richardson, Jr., Dr. S. V. Southall, J. Bouldin Rector,
Jno. N. Butler.

Fratres in Facultate

Dr. A. G. Reed, Ph.D., Yale and Columbia Universities.
Wilbur P. Allen, Fellow.

Academic

Edward R. Crane, Marcellus Kleberg, Roy R. Burnett,
Cleveland Amsler, Carl Dickerson, Victor C. Eckhart,
Walter Kleberg.

Law

J. A. Richardson, J. Richard Bowman, J. D. Walthall,
J. N. Goldbeck.*

*Deceased.

DR. REED
W. P. ALLEN
J. A. RICHARDSON
J. R. BOWMAN
J. N. GOLDBECK
R. C. DICKENSON
ΣX
V. G. ECKHART
M. G. KLEBERG
R. B. BURNETT
J. D. WALDALL
C. ANISLER
W. K. LEBERG
E. CRANE

Southern Kappa Alpha

Founded 1865, Washington & Lee University

Omicron Chapter

Established 1884

Fratres in Urbe

JAMES R. HAMILTON,
FRANK ANDREWS,
A. G. SMOOT,
R. L. BATTS,
A. J. GIBSON,
W. W. WILKERSON,
EDGAR SMITH,
CHAS. F. NORTON,
FRANK KNIGHT.
A. S. WALKER,
D. E. SIMMONS,
DR. PORTER,
WILL HOGG,

Fratres in Facultate

D. A. PENICK,
STEVE H. WORRELL,
A. CASWELL ELLIS.
BEN F. HILL,

Academic

CHARLTON HALL, '05,
HARRY H. FORD, '05,
CLINTON G. BROWN, '04,
EDWIN G. PASCHAL, '05,
ROBERT WRIGHT, '05,
ROBERT RING, '04,
VICTOR KELLER, '05,
RUSSELL D. COULTER, '04,
GEORGE A. DUREN, '03.

Law

VERIS E. MCINNIS, '02,
JOHN SAYLES, '02,
WILLIS KELLER, '02.
W. C. SHEPPARD, '02,

Sigma Nu Fraternity

Founded at V. M. I., 1869

Upsilon Chapter

Organized 1886

Academic

FRANK BARRY,
N. T. ROBERTSON, '04,
T. A. SMITH, '05,
F. F. SAMPSON, '03,
WAITES BOWDON, '03,
T. D. PONNER, '05.
O. M. SMITH, '02,
BEN ROBERTSON, '03,

Law

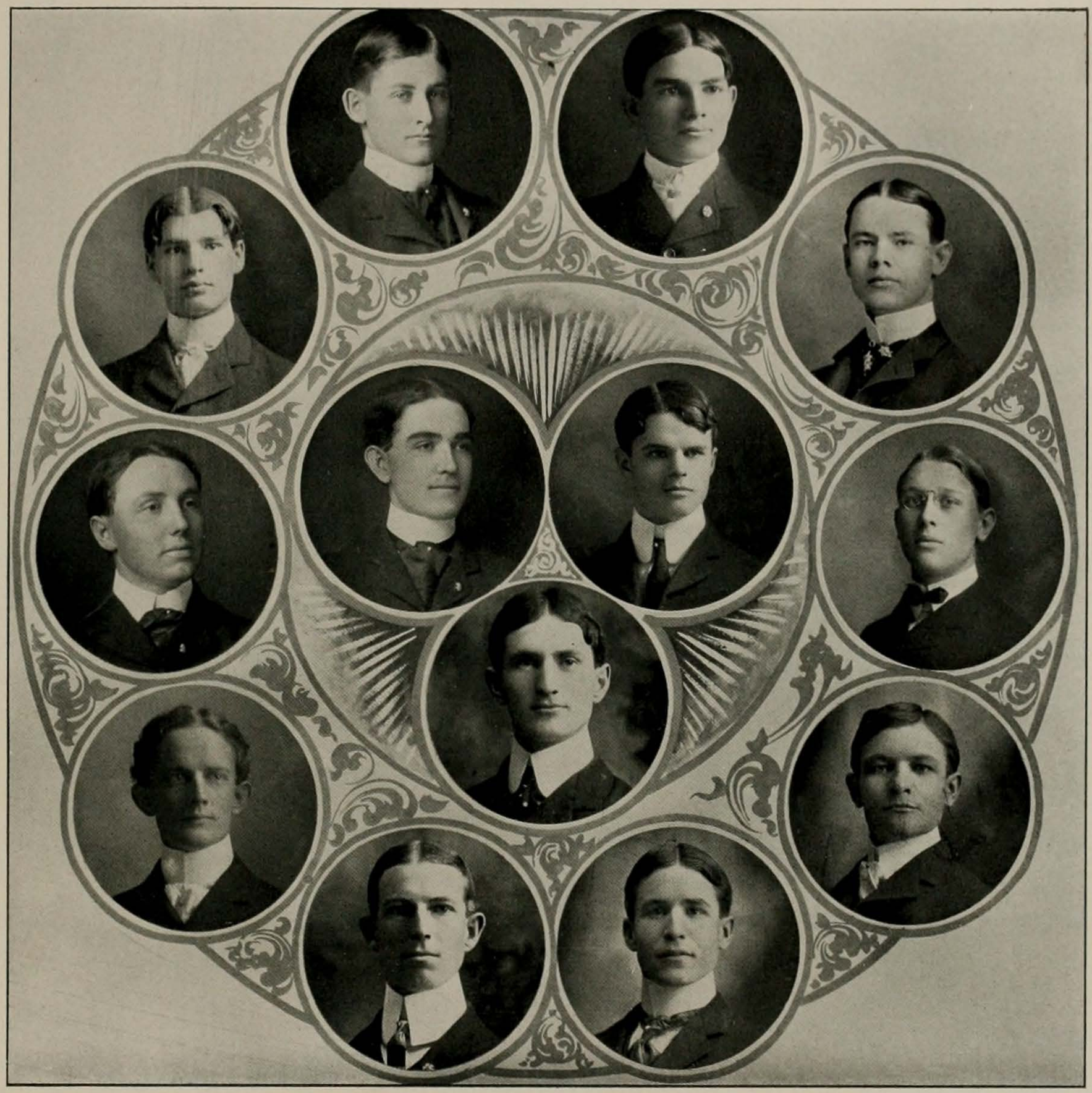
W. E. POPE, '02,
R. E. LEE, '02.

Faculty

THOMAS FLETCHER,
R. J. RANDOLPH,
H. R. BONDIES.
E. P. SCHOCH,

Fratres in Urbe

GEORGE E. SHELLEY,
W. T. ROBERTSON,
P. H. MCNEMER,
FRED. SHELLEY,
CHAS. STEPHENSON,
G. J. CARTER,
R. I. DAVIS,
CULLON H. BOOTH,
G. S. MYRICK.



Chi Phi

Founded at Princeton, 1824

Nu Chapter

Established 1892

Fratres in Urbe

Chas. A. Hoyt,
J. Stanley Ford,
Thorton R. Sampson,
W. T. Caswell,
Arthur Lefevre.
H. E. Ford,
Charles W. Morrison,

Fratres in Facultate

J. F. Y. Paine,
Sidney E. Mezes,
Omerod H. Palm.
Charles H. Huberich.

Academic

George S. Wright,
Allen G. Heard,
James Earl Broussard,
Harry Moore Crighton,
Edward J. Palm,
Seth S. Searcy,
Chester H. Terrell,
H. D. Mendenhall,
Ralph W. Loomis,
Wallace Carnahan, Jr.,
Frank W. Sampson,
Joseph M. Reynolds.

Law

William Henry Ward,
Albert Boggess,
Herbert G. Henne.

Phi Phi Phi

Established in University 1897

Fratres in Urbe

F. W. Kibbe, L. K. Smoot.

Academic

Sam Neathery, '02,
J. H. Ranson, '04,
H. H. Burchard, '04,
Frank Hawkins, '04,
D. T. Johnston, '04,
A. L. Calhoun, '04,
H. T. Fletcher, '05.
H. B. Ruckman, '03,
R. G. Brown, '05,
W. L. Boothe, '04,

Law

J. B. Files, '02,
E. K. Bramlett, '02,
G. N. Lytle, '03.

ELECTRIC CITY
ENG CO. BUFFALO N.Y.

Alpha Tau Omega

Founded at V. M. I. in 1865

Texas Gamma Eta

Established 1897

Fratres in Urbe

T. W. Gregory,
Walter Bremond,
R. E. L. Saner,
Will West,
McCall Lanham.
J. O. Caldwell,
E. P. Gregg,

Fratres in Universitate

Academic

W. H. Thomas, '02,
L. D. Brown, '02,
Howard W. Key, '02,
Hanno Faust, '03,
A. R. Byrd, '03,
H. Masterson, '03,
R. Knox, '03,
Coke Burns, '04,
A. Barton, '05.

Law

Scott W. Key, '02,
K. V. Jennings, '03,
C. Sewell, '03,
Lawrence Mills, '02,
A. S. Fisher, '03.

A
Ω
T
A
Ω

Phi Gamma Delta

Tau Deuteron Chapter

Re-established 1901

Fratres in Urbe

HON. A. S. BURLESON, WILBER H. YOUNG.

Fratres in Facultate

WILLIAM L. PRATHER, EDWIN DUBOIS SHURTER.

Fratres in Universitate

Academic

H. LAMAR CROSBY, ROBERT A. RICHY, OSCAR D. HARGIS,
CECIL H. SMITH, J. BARRY BENEFIELD, FRED D. RUSSELL,
ANSON T. FEAGIN.

Law

W. N. FOSTER, FRANK M. KEMP, J. TURNER BROWN,
WILL E. COWAN, S. FENNER LESLIE, CARTER T. DALTON,
JAMES M. TAYLOR, JOSEPH B. DIBRELL, JR., J. FRANK CLARKSON,
CHARLES E. PERKINS, BEN H. POWELL.

Pi Beta Phi

Founded at Monmouth College, 1867

Texas Alpha

Established February 19, 1900

Charter Members

JAMIE ARMSTRONG,
MINNIE ROSE,
ALINE HARRIS,
FLORA BARTHOLOMEW,
ADA GARRISON,
ANNA TOWNES,
LOULA ROSE,
VIVIAN BRENIZER,
ELSIE GARRET,
ATTIE MCCLENDON.

THE GRAND COUNCIL
OF
KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA
ANNOUNCES THE INSTALLATION OF
BETA XI CHAPTER
AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
ON THE TWELFTH OF MAY,
ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND TWO,
AUSTIN, TEXAS.

Sorores in Universitate

Charter Members

Minnie Avelyn Pettey,
Helen Olive Devine,
Alma Jones,
Josephine Lucile Wathen,
Marian Leigh Rather,
Olatia Crane,
Eva Miriam Sodekson,
Katherine Andrews Searcy,
Fannie West Harris.

Initiated

Emma Howard Hearne,
Lois Cema Lake,
Mary Helen Simkins,
Annie Jo Gardener,
Grace Gould,
Mary Virginia Rice.

Affiliated

Bessie Grafton Austin.

Sorores in Urbe

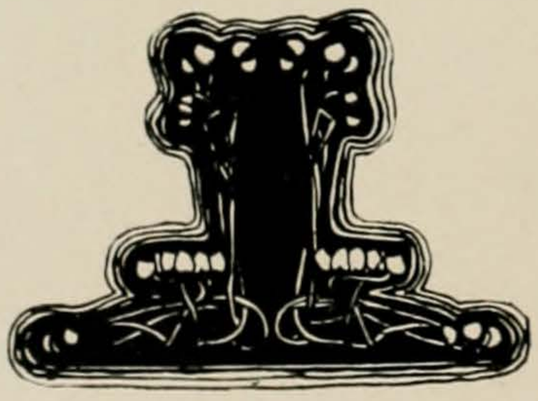
Mrs. Wm. L. Bray.

Summary of Fraternities

	ESTABLISHED.	MEMBERS.
Phi Delta Theta	1883	28
Beta Theta Pi	1884	14
Kappa Sigma	1884	17
Sigma Alpha Epsilon	1884	17
Sigma Chi	1884	13
Southern Kappa Alpha	1884	15
Sigma Nu	1886	13
Chi Phi	1892	17
Phi Phi Phi	1897	12
Alpha Tau Omega	1898	14
Theta Nu Epsilon (Inactive)	1898	
Phi Gamma Delta	1901	19
Pi Beta Phi (Sorority)	1902	10
Fraternity Men Without Local Chapters		6
		195

Fraternity Men Without Local Chapters

W. J. Battle, ΖΨ,	*North Carolina.*	C. D. Rice, ΔΚΕ,	*Vanderbilt.*
J. B. Clark, ΖΨ,	*Harvard.*	F. H. Curtis, ΦΚΨ,	*Perdue.*
W. T. Mather, ΨΥ,	*Johns Hopkins.*	Pierce Butler, ΔΤΔ,	*Tulane.*



Clubs

E. Cuvry Connor

Officers German Club

First Term

Hal Thompson,	*President.*
Chas. Oliver,	*Vice-President.*
J. B. Robertson,	*Secretary-Treasurer.*
R. E. Cowart,	*Leader.*

Roll

Shaver, R. M.,
Kerbey, J.,
Pope, A.,
Key, S.,
Ward, A. P.,
Fisher, A. S., Jr.,
Cowart, Bob,
Hall, C.,
Smith, O. M.,
Kincaid, C.,
Nalle, Ewell,
Thornton,
Rose, Tom,
Caswell, W.,
Love, Bob,
Harding, R. E.,
Ragsdale, Bob,
Witt, C.,
Thomson, H. B.,
Graham, M.,
Burnett, R. B.,
Blackburn, W. D.,
Hudnall, O. D.,
Ellis, L.,
Bowdon, W. T.,

Robinson, O.,
Paine, L.,
Fulmore, S. A.,
Pope, W. E.,
Summerfield, F.,
Robertson, J. B.,
Smith, T. A.,
Kirkpatrick, J.,
Tyler, W.,
Fletcher, T.,
Dickerson, C.,
Barry, F.,
Bonner, T. D.,
Allen, W. P.,
Hogsett, J. B.,
Randolph, R. J.,
Andrews, B.,
Butler, J.,
Wright, G.,
Oliver, C. S.,
Hunt, G. D.,
Wood, V. W.,
Price, G.,
Walker, D.,
Moore, E. T., Jr.,

Cochran, H.,
Mann, E.,
Fischer, B.,
Porter, R.,
Brown, C.,
Merrill, B.,
Blanding, P.,
Hancock, J.,
Clark, E. J.,
Easterwood, O. P.,
Connor, E.,
Masterson,
Samuels, J.,
Kimball, R. H.,
Duncan, I. U.,
Mills, L.,
Dunbar, H.,
Rhome, R. J.,
Sampson, F. F.,
Bowman, D.,
Scarbrough, E.,
Walthall, J.,
Borden, H. L.,
Beveley, E. E.,
Key, H.

University Musical Organizations

University Glee Club

E. E. Townes, ... *President.*
Dr. D. A. Penick, ... *Director.*
Carl T. Widen, ... *Secretary and Treasurer.*
W. P. Hargrove, ... *Business Manager.*
Dr. D. A. Penick,
Lewis Johnson, } . . . . . *Program Committee.*
Carl T. Widen,

First Tenors:
Hertzberg, Harry,
Hill, L.,
Penick, Dr.,
Smith, C. G.,
Solomon, R. V.,
West, F. T.,
Womack, D. H.,

Second Tenors:
Bolin, Chas. F.,
Hargrove, H. M.,
Hargrove, W. P.,
Kramer, A. L.,
Perkins, C. E.,
Price, Geo. F.,
Sheppard, W. C.,
Welker, L. W.,

First Basses:
Audrain, L. C.,
Golden, J. R.,
Haidushak, G. L.,
Harling, J. D.,
Marquis, Robert L.,
Pantermuehl, R. C.,
Penick, S. T.,
Potts, C. S.,
Russel, Fred D.,

Second Basses:
Crosby, H. L.,
Johnson, Lewis,
Richey, Robert A.,
Smith, F. H.,
Townes, E. E.,
Widen, Carl T.,

'Varsity Band

Officers

Dr. H. E. Baxter, *Director.*
L. C. Audrain, *Leader.*
W. C. Sheppard, *Business Manager.*
Lewis Johnson, *Secretary and Librarian.*

Members

Clarinets.
Eb.—E. P. Schoch, Bb.—C. F. Bolin.

Cornets.
L. C. Audrain, Walker Stephens.

Melophones.
R. D. Gist, C. F. K. Blucher,
S. J. Wilson, C. J. Howard.

Baritone.
W. C. Sheppard.

Tubas.
R. E. Thomas, Lewis Johnson.

Saxophone.
J. A. Buckler, . . . *Soprano.*

Trumpets.
J. H. Newsom, R. V. Solomon.

Trombones.
W. R. Gillette, A. L. Kramer,
H. M. Crighton, W. O. Bailey,
K. C. Miller.

Drums.
A. L. Calhoun, F. E. Lumpkin.

The University Octette

A. L. Kramer, ... *Director.*

Violins

A. L. Kramer. Miss K. Wright. H. Hertzberg.

Violas

E. P. Schoch. C. F. Bolin.

Cello

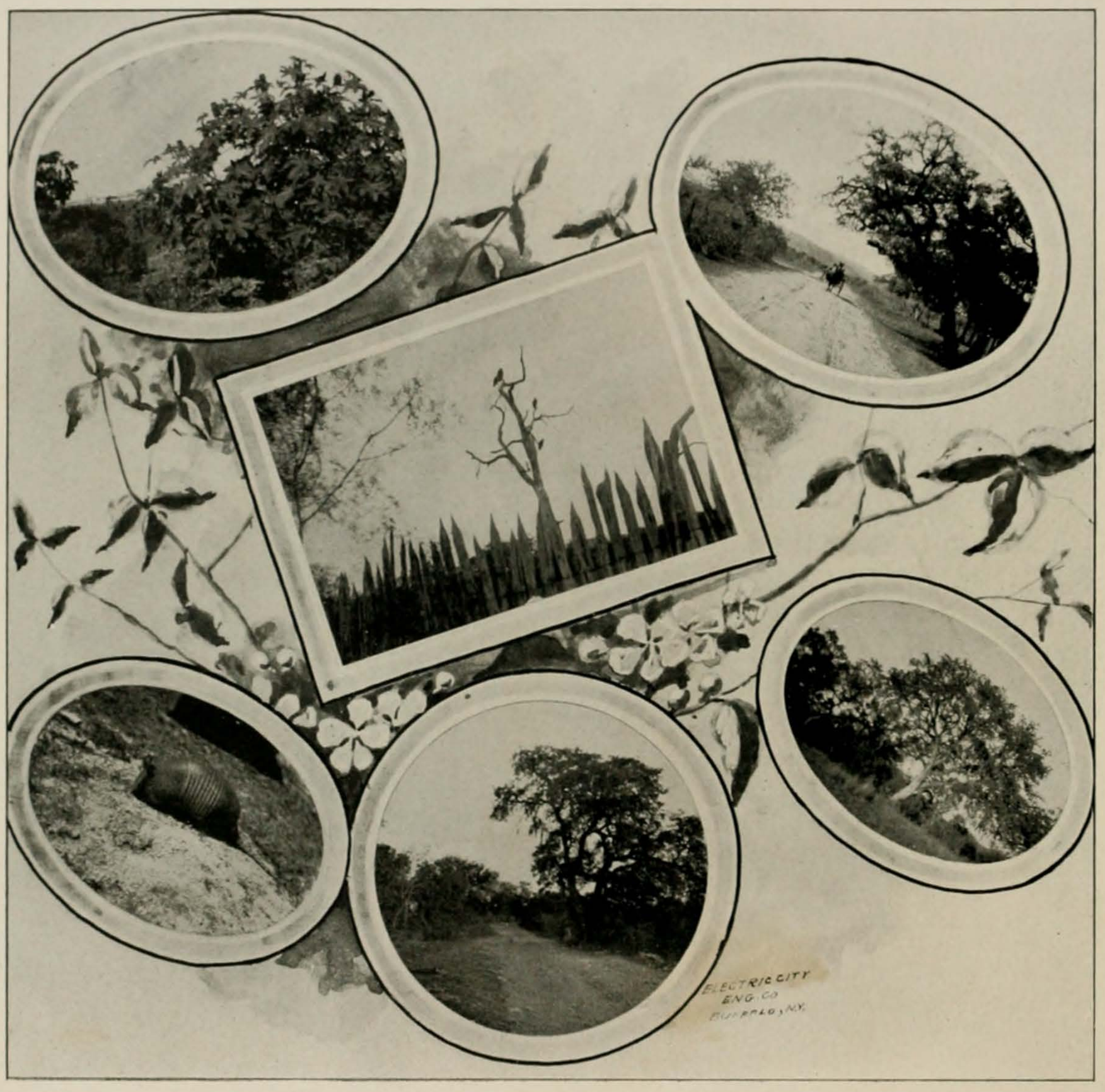
C. T. Widen.

Basso

R. C. Pantermuehl.

Piano

Miss E. W. Simkins.


ELECTRIC CITY
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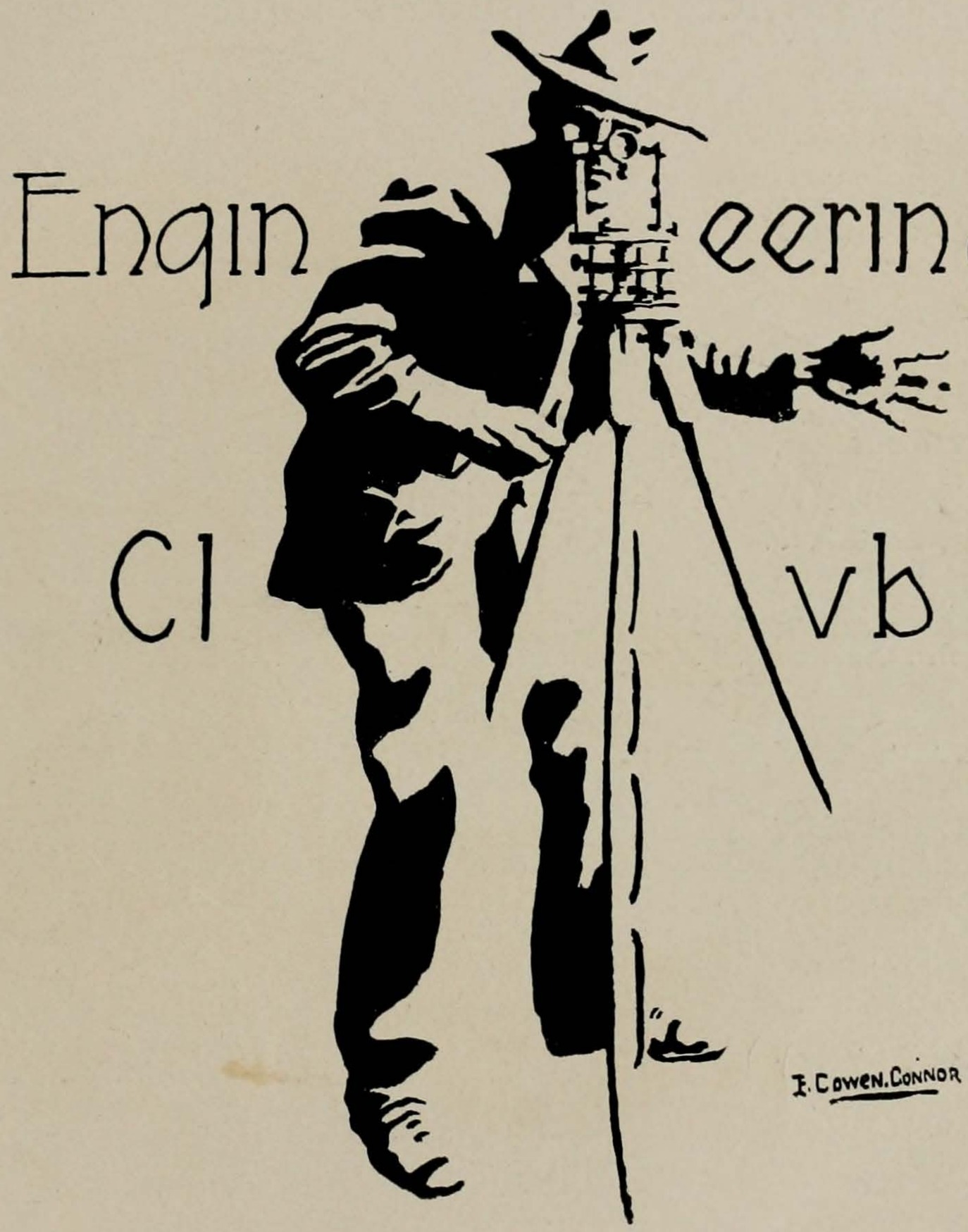

Engineering
Club
F. Cowen. Connor

Officers Engineers' Club

Fall Term

A. A. Cother,	*President.*
H. D. Mendenhall,	*Vice-President.*
J. E. Mitchell,	*Secretary.*
T. W. Carter,	*Treasurer.*

Winter Term

J. E. Mitchell,	*President.*
W. O. Washington,	*Vice-President.*
T. G. Palm,	*Secretary.*
T. W. Cater,	*Treasurer.*
G. R. Johnson,	*Sergeant-at-arms.*

Spring Term

W. R. King,	*President.*
S. W. Parsons,	*Vice-President.*
A. C. Amsler,	*Secretary.*
Lawrence Hill,	*Treasurer,*
C. N. Campbell,	*Sergeant-at-arms.*

Class Roll

Amsler, A. C.,
Arledge, A. R.,
Bantel, E. C. H., C.E.,
Blackburn, N. T.,
Burleson, R. Dick,
Benson, E. R.,
Blain, E. W.,
Blucher, C. F. K.,
Cater, F. W.,
Cother, A. A.,
Campbell, C. N.,
Carb, D.,
Caldwell, E. T.,
Easter, J. F.,
Edwards, G. G.,
Forsgard, L. W.,
Gillette, R. B.,
Goode, A. J.,
Hill, Lawrence,
Haberer, C. E.,
Hogsett, J. B.,
Howard, C. J.,
Hatchett, R. R.,
Johnson, J. R.,
King, W. R.,
Leonard, C. E.,
Lichtenstein, E. A.,
Lane, P. G.,
Lewis, G. C.,
Mitchell, J. E.,
Mendenhall, H. D.,
Martin, W. F.,
Palm, T. J.,
Palm, J. W.,
Parsons, S. W.,
Powell, W. J.,
Peacock, C. W.,
Robertson, N. T.,
Shands, N. D.,
Starnes, J. P.,
Schoch, E. P., C.E.,
Sampson, F. W.,
Stockwell, W. A.,
Taylor, T. U., M.C.E.,
Thompson, R. A., C.E.,
Vann, W. W.,
Washington, W. O.,
Wickline, G. G.,
Warren, W. D. P.,
Watkins, W. G.

History of the Engineers' Club

WITH the enormous increase in members of the Engineering Department of this University, came the birth of this now noted Engineers' Club.

At the beginning of the season of 1900-01 a few bold spirits, backed by the approbation and moral support of our invincible Taylor, organized themselves into a band, whose prime purpose was to encourage and promote a spirit of original study, and research in engineering lines, and incidentally to place before all engineering students an opportunity of becoming proficient in the preparation of logical and instructive papers upon these subjects and in presenting them to an audience.

Under the successive administrations of our able presidents and their cabinets the institution has grown and prospered and now bids fair to equal, aye to surpass, its elder brother, the Texas Academy of Science. Cast your eagle eye, O Academ and Law, upon this list of illustrious chief executives and marvel not that the aforesaid T. A. of S. is doomed to "go way back and sit down" before many ages have passed over our youthful head.

First in line came Campbell, better known as "Chollie," who will go down to posterity as our pioneer president; twicely was he seated upon the throne and like unto the patron saint of every engineer (G. W.) refused a third term (because it was not offered). Following him came "Je Rusalem" Johnson, pedagogue, farmer, teller of tales to unsympathetic Freshmen and a great man withal, and thus ended year one.

Year two gave us Cother, who like Rufus of old was dubbed "the Red"; a genial, jolly man and possessor of a grin wondrous to behold. After him came Mitchell, the Dignified, under whose reign occurred the persecution of one, Palm; and lastly to date we rest in the fatherly care of our King, an orator of great renown and possessor of a musical, magnified "grin de Cother."

The event of his administration has been his own inaugural address, delivered from the top of the executive desk, with all the fiery eloquence of a "natcheral born" orator and engineer, and plentifully punctuated with grins, and "gags" from last week's *Texan* when the audience snored too loudly or yawned too openly.

Here's to our president the "spieler." Of the minor officers and the common herd of members I fain would speak at length but the history of an organization is summed up in the history of its chief men and hence to the intelligent reader of this, there is nothing more to be said.

Great is the U. of T. but greater still is the E. C. of U. of T. and King is its president.

X. Y. Z.

Waco Club

C I Alexander
A C Amsler
J J Averitte
Roy Bedicheck
Albert Boggess
Mabel Cooley
Naiad Cresap
Josie Eikel
Lee Forsgard
Penn Hargrove
Maxie Hargrove
Frank Harrison
Joe Hill
E I Kendricks
E M Mann
J P Morris
R G Marquis
A L Martin
Adrian T Moore
W G McWilliams
Ethel Oliphint
Jake Phillopowski
Davis M Prendergast
E D Sanders
Ethel Trawick
Alexander Weisberg
Frank T West
Fanny Prather
Grace Prather

Will L Prather

University Hall

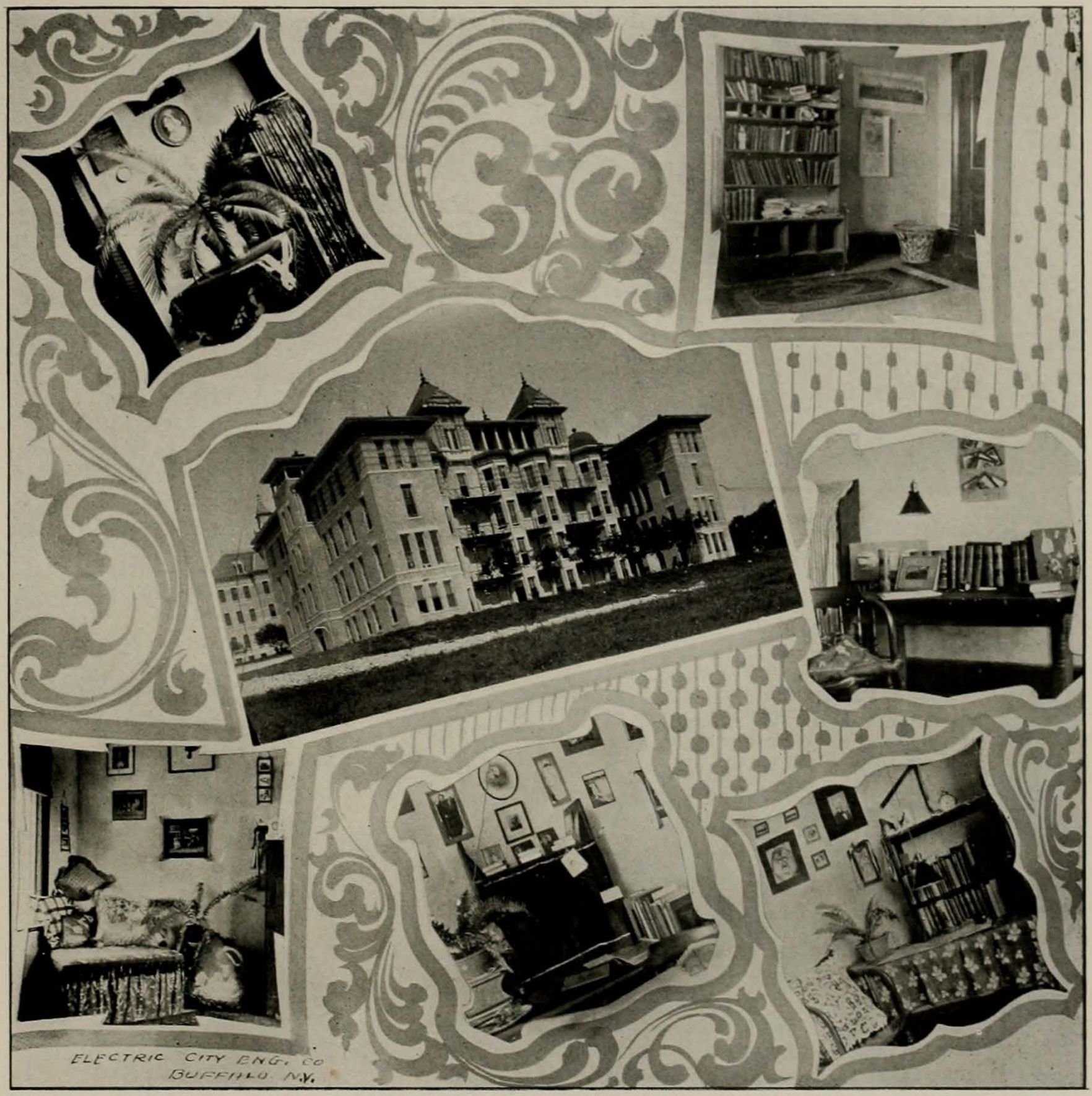
The Governing Committee

R. H. Hays, ... *President.*
J. T. Brown, ... *Secretary.*

Lomax, Jno. A.,
Richey, Robert A.,
Dabney, E. W.,
Hatchitt, J. B.,
Mann, Frank,
Bell, Spurgeon,
Nowlin, Claude,
Vann, W. W.,
Rigby, L. F.,
West, F. T.,

Roll

Arledge, A. R.,
Audrain, L. C.,
Akers, O. R.,
Amsler, A. C.,
Amerman, C. H.,
Akazawa, M.,
Allen, W. P.,
Bennett, F.,
Bower, W. J.,
Bell, C. L.,
Burney, P. C.,
Brothers, G.,
Blankenship, A.,
Brown, V. M.,
Bowman, J. R.,
Bolen, B. F.,
Bramlett, E. M.,
Buchanan, L. R.,
Borden, J.,
Bond, J. R.,
Bedechek, Roy,
Barry, F. B.,
Bright, C.,
Boggess, Albert,
Barden, Hugh,
Banes, C. T.,
Burford, A. L.,
Bramlett, F.,
Burford, J. M.,
Buckley, W. F.,
Breehon, E. W.
Bell, S.,
Bruse, O. T.,
Cox, B. L.,
Cannon, J. M.,
Crosby, H. L.,
Cater, F. W.,
Cox, A. B.,
Carswell, L.,
Campbell, W. W.,
Camp, E. A.,
Christian, L. C.,
Carrington, W. R.,
Caldwell, E. T.,
Cunningham, J. C.,
Crane, Edward,
Claywell, J. W.,
Davis, E. W.,
Davis, W. I.,
Dabney, Edwin,
Dean, J. W.,
Dupree, W. A.,
Dalton, John,
Duval, E. P. R.,
Deussen, A.,
Davern, E.,
Duncin, I. V.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BUFFALO. N.Y.

Roll—Continued.

Elkins, C. F.,
Easter, J. F.,
Fletcher, Thos,
Flowers, M. O.,
Files, J. B.,
Gist, R. D.,
Giles, C. B.,
Golden, J. R.,
Guy, W. H.,
Gay, K. V.,
Good, A. J.,
Hatchett, C. C.,
Hatchett, R. R.,
Hatchitt, J. B.,
Huggins, C.,
Haven, J. P.,
Hargrove, H. M.,
Hays, R. H.,
Hutchings, L. C.,
Hargis, O. D.,
Howard, D. H.,
Hargrove, W. P.,
Hamilton, J. B.,
Howser, Paul,
Hamilton, J. A.,
Hackett, J. E.,
Hill, J. A.,
Johnson, J. P.,
Johnson, Lewis,
Johnson, J. F.,
Kubala, J. R.,
Kemball, R. H.,
King, W. R.,
Lancaster, E. H.,
Levosky, F. S.,
Lallier, B. C.,
Longino, W.,
Leslie, S. F.,
Lumpkins, F. E.,
Luby, J. P.,
Mathis, A.,
Mann, E. M.,
McNeill, A. G.,
Mann, Frank,
McCormack, R. E.,
Moore, W. S.,
Martin, I.,
McFarland, J. B.,
Moffitt, F. G.,
McLendon, W. C.,
Mitchell, E.,
Melander, A. L.,
Millekin, M. H.,
Marrs, J. P.,
Miller, K. C.,
Marley, J. F.,
Morgan, P.,
McWilliams, W. L.,
Marshall, N. J.,
Morgan, Ritchard,
Nowlin, C.,
Neathery, Sam,
O'Keefe, J. S.,
Palm, J. N.,
Pope, W. S.,
Paul, C. T.,
Pope, W. E.,
Parsons, S. W.,
Potts, C. T.,
Powell, W. I.,
Powell, Ben,
Russell, F. D.,
Ritchey, R. A.,
Rector, T. M.,
Rodius, H. R.,
Rose, J. H.,
Ramsdell, C. W.,
Randolph, Jerry,
Rhome, R. G.,
Rainey, R. M.,
Rigby, L. F.,
Robertson, A. D.,
Ransom, J. H.,
Sayle, W. E.,
Savage, R. R.,
Shaw, W. F.,
Samuels, J. J.,
Smith, C. H.,
Schock, E. P.,
Steger, Harry,
Shudemagen, C.,
Smith, C. O.,
Stephen, W.,
Simpson, J. A.,
Steele, W.,
Terrell, C. H.,
Taylor, J. M.,
Thomas, W. H.,
Trippett, A.,
Vann, W. W.,
Watson, R. J.,
Wickline, G. G.,
Warren, W. D.,
Wood, W. H.,
Walling, M. L.,
Wesson, M. B.,
Wild, E.,
Witt, E. E.,
Witt, G. I.,
Witt, C.,
West, F. T.,
Weisberg, Alex,
Wright, George,
Wood, A. P.,
Welker, L. W.,
Williams, E. B.,
Ward, A. G.

Final Ball

The 1902 Final Ball

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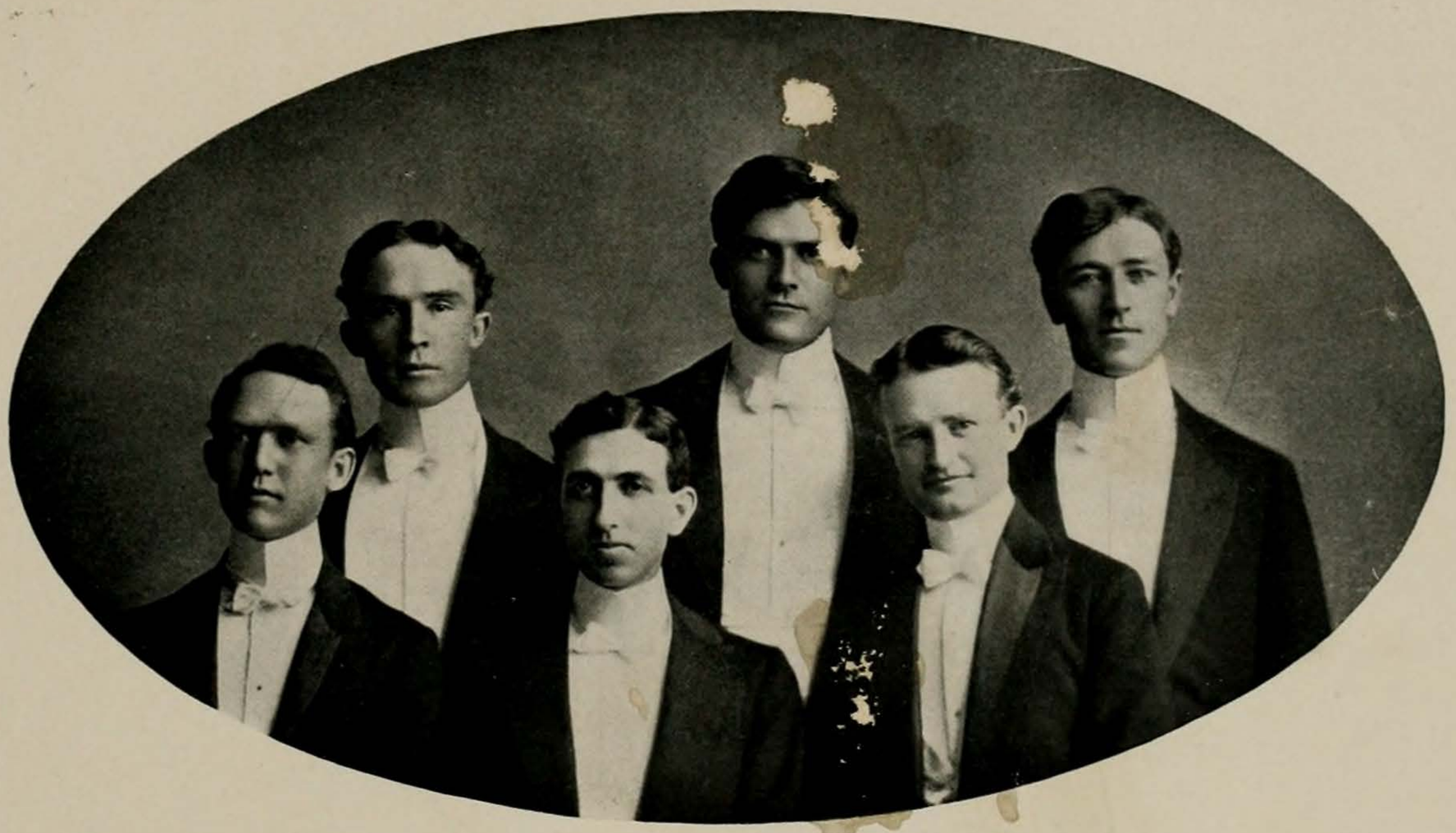
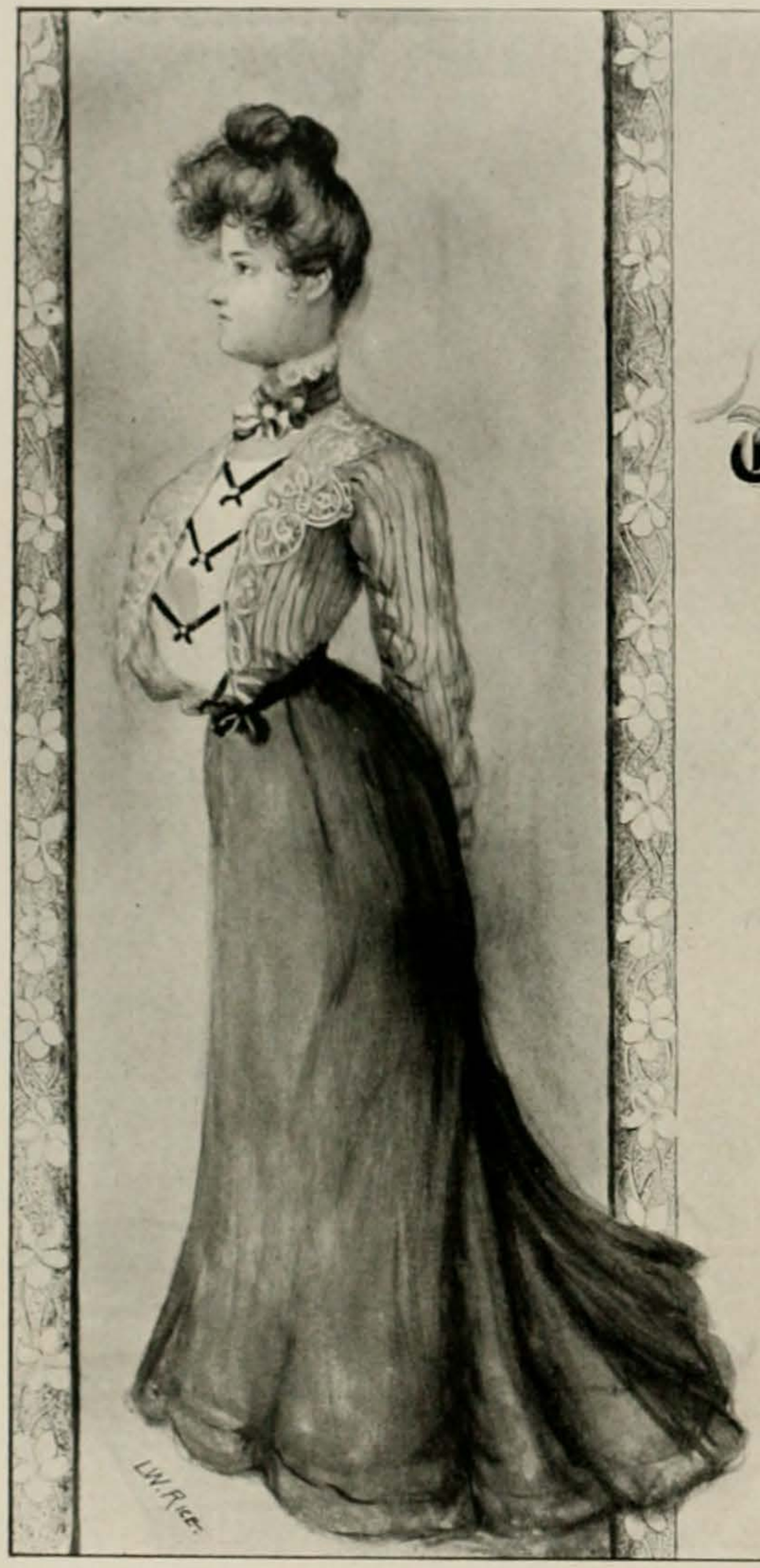


Organizations



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Shipe, Columbus A.,
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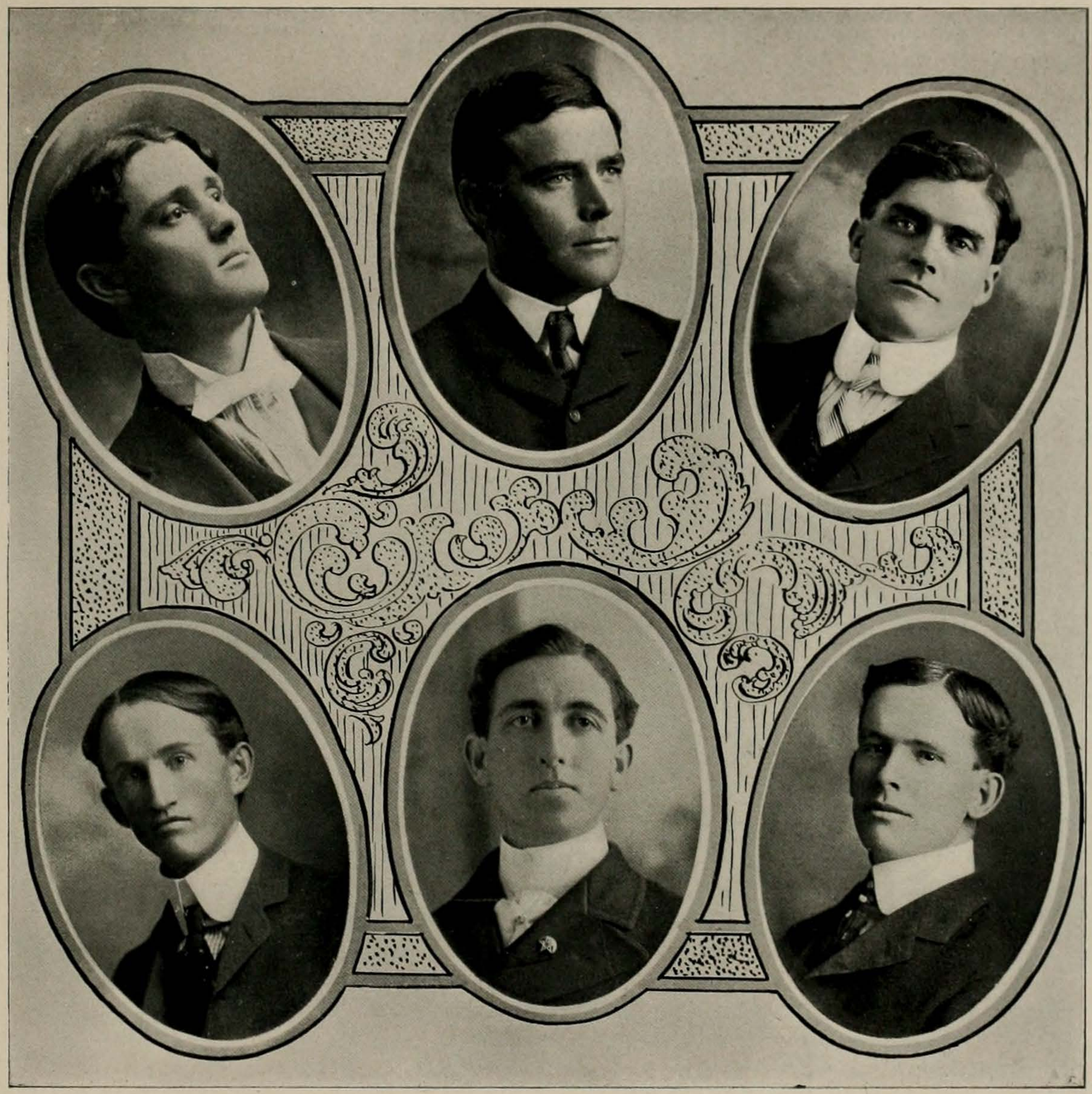
J. E. Hackett, *Alternate.*

Texas-Colorado Debate, at Boulder, May 23,
W. H. Slay, W. S. Moore.
H. S. Bishop, *Alternate.*



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*Failed to return—Foster elected to suceed him.

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Brown, J. T.,	Harling, J. D.,	Perkins, C. E.,	Townes, E. E.,
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Burford, J. M.,	Hubbard, L. H.,	Porter, R. A.,	Williamson, J. W.,
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Cavett, R. M.,	Kemp, F. M.,	Ramsdell, C. W.,	Wright, W. O.,
Cavett, M. S.,	Kleberg, M.,	Ranson, J. H.,	*Deceased.
Crane, E.,	Liedtke, W. C.,		

The Athenaeum

AS the work of the first year in the new century, the Athenaeum has three notable achievements to record. There has been crystallized and reduced to a statute a working principle, which, for many years, has been slowly taking shape. This consummation came through the most effective of all agencies, through the thorough process of evolution: the result is substantial because it is an outcome, and the outcome is noteworthy because of the value of the in-go; for into this gradual development have been turned intelligent aim, unremitting perseverance, and a splendid loyalty, which is the badge of every son of the Athenaeum.

As for the principle itself, it is difficult to define. It finds a terse, rugged sort of description in a sentence which is current, *the man who does things is the man who counts.* And there is capital illustration of the beauty of the practical workings of this theory in the conduct of the literary exercises at the regular meetings of the Society. Attend a debate in the Athenaeum Hall: the question is live; the debaters follow one another by easy stages; the speeches evince the clearness that is born of painstaking preparation, but all traces of labor are buried beneath a wealth of forcible illustration and graceful embellishment. The significance of such excellence is this: A splendid spirit of attainment has taken possession of the members; besides being incorporated in the By-Laws of the Society, this spirit is embodied in the members also. It is this latter fact, that the enthusiasm of the members themselves is fired with the resolve to show to the world only the best they have, that is the great achievement of the Athenaeum for the present year.

The second advance culminated in the establishment of the annual Athenaeum Banquet, given on the night of the Ross-Rotan Medal Contest. This brilliant dining, a faultless feast, attended by the finest mirth, is not more a matter of pride on the part of the members of the Society, than is the brotherhood, a most admirable intellectual fraternity, which binds the members together, and puts its impress upon every man who comes into the Athenaeum. The Saturday evening meetings have come to be gatherings of congenial minds, bent upon entrancing mental exercise.

The third achievement is one the Athenaeum repeats with the lapse of time. As the years come and go, there arise places of honor and glory to be won, and as these opportunities present themselves, the Society captures her bountiful share. On the two teams, which will represent the University this year in inter-collegiate debates, the Athenaeum has filled three of the four places. And the great Scarborough prize of one hundred dollars in currency, the highest honor in this department of the University was won by the gifted and well-beloved Moore, with the brilliant Dibrell a close second.

History of the Rusk

THE Rusk Literary Society was born Oct. 5, 1883, taking its name from that eminent Texan, Stephen J. Rusk. From its organization to the present day, it has had a life of uninterrupted prosperity and usefulness, and has kept pace with the steady advancement of the University. The little group of charter members has been increased until now there are names of one hundred seven (107) active workers on the roll. On account of this large membership it has been the rule for the last three years to divide the society at every meeting into three debating sections, and three debates are held in separate rooms, in order that all members may appear on the program with proper frequency.

The Rusk has always had a generous share of the honors offered to the student body for ability in public speaking. Especially has it been very successful in inter-society contests ,and last year, its members secured three of the four places on the inter-collegiate debates, and a Rusk man carried off both the DuBois prize in oratory and the honor of representing the University in the Southern Inter-State Oratorical Contest. During the present year, the Rusk has not been quite so fortunate but at this writing all the events have not yet taken place, and in the year's record the society will, without doubt, make a most creditable showing. But successful as the Rusk has been in gaining competitive honors, its greatest glory has ever been in the very great benefit which its members have derived from the practice in public speaking gained upon its floor. We very often have reminders of this from the alumni, who occasionally wander back, after winning the smiles of fortune in their chosen vocation, to tell us what a help the Rusk has been to them.

The Rusk is a very democratic society and quite representative of the whole University. Its members comprise budding scholars from the academic department, and hard-headed engineers, and stentorian-voiced law students. But among all, from the Freshman trembling and blushing on his first appearance before an audience to the forceful assertive Senior Law, there is a unity of aim and the same insatiable appetite for hearing a speech. When a speech is demanded, a denial is impossible. Even a newly elected member is not allowed to shrink away from public attention without granting the society a little sample of his talking ability. The regular speeches on the program are of various kinds; there are ornamental declamations, and eloquent, Websterian orations, and debates full of fire and facts. When these programs are carried out with earnest effort, as is usually the case, the educating influence upon both participants and audience is indisputable, and, in addition to this influence, we should not fail to mention the genial good fellowship which pervades these gatherings of Rusk men and rounds out and completes all the rest of the society's many attractions.

S. R. A., *Historian.*

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Ass't "	R. S. Griggs,	C. Huggins,	H. Bardin,	

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Alley,
Ashby, L. R.,
Alexander,
Bailey,
Benefield, J. B.,
Bigler, H. W.,
Bishop, H. S.,
Bishop, H. C.,
Bond, J. R.,
Brown, V. M.,
Butler, L.,
Buchanan, L. R.,
Boyd, W. T.,
Brooks, B.,
Barton,
Bardin, H.,
Bramlette, E.,
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Campbell, W. M.,
Cook, R. F.,
Cook, W. L.,
Cox, J. F.,
Cunningham, J. C.,
Curd, J. M.,
Curtsinger, I. J.,
Crowder, R.,
Carter,
Coulter, R.,
Dabney, E. W.,
Dreesen, B.,
Dodson, E. W.,
Davis, E. W.,
Davis, W. I.,
Engleking,
Fairchile, I. D.,
Faulk, T. P.,
Flowers, M. O.,
Files, J. P.,
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Griggs, R. S.,
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Gordon, T.,
Hefner, R.,
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Hackett, J. E.,
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Hattchitt, J. B.,
Hayes, R. H.,
Houghten, T. J.,
Houghston, S.,
Huggins C.,
Horton, E. P.,
Jones, W. M.,
Holland, W. W.,
Johnson, C. B.,
Kubala, J. R.,
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Potter,
Reed, W. E.,
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Robinson, A. D.,
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Sayle, A. B.,
Stanley, H. A.,
Slay, W. H.,
Simpson, J. H.,
Stansel, J. A.,
Stockwell, W. D.,
Smith, H. D.,
Tatum, F. M.,
Thomas, J. W.,
Trippett, H. E.,
Terrell, J. E.,
True, W. J.,
Valentine, I. T.,
Walker, A. B.,
Wesson, M. B.,
Wise, A. B.,
Weisberg,
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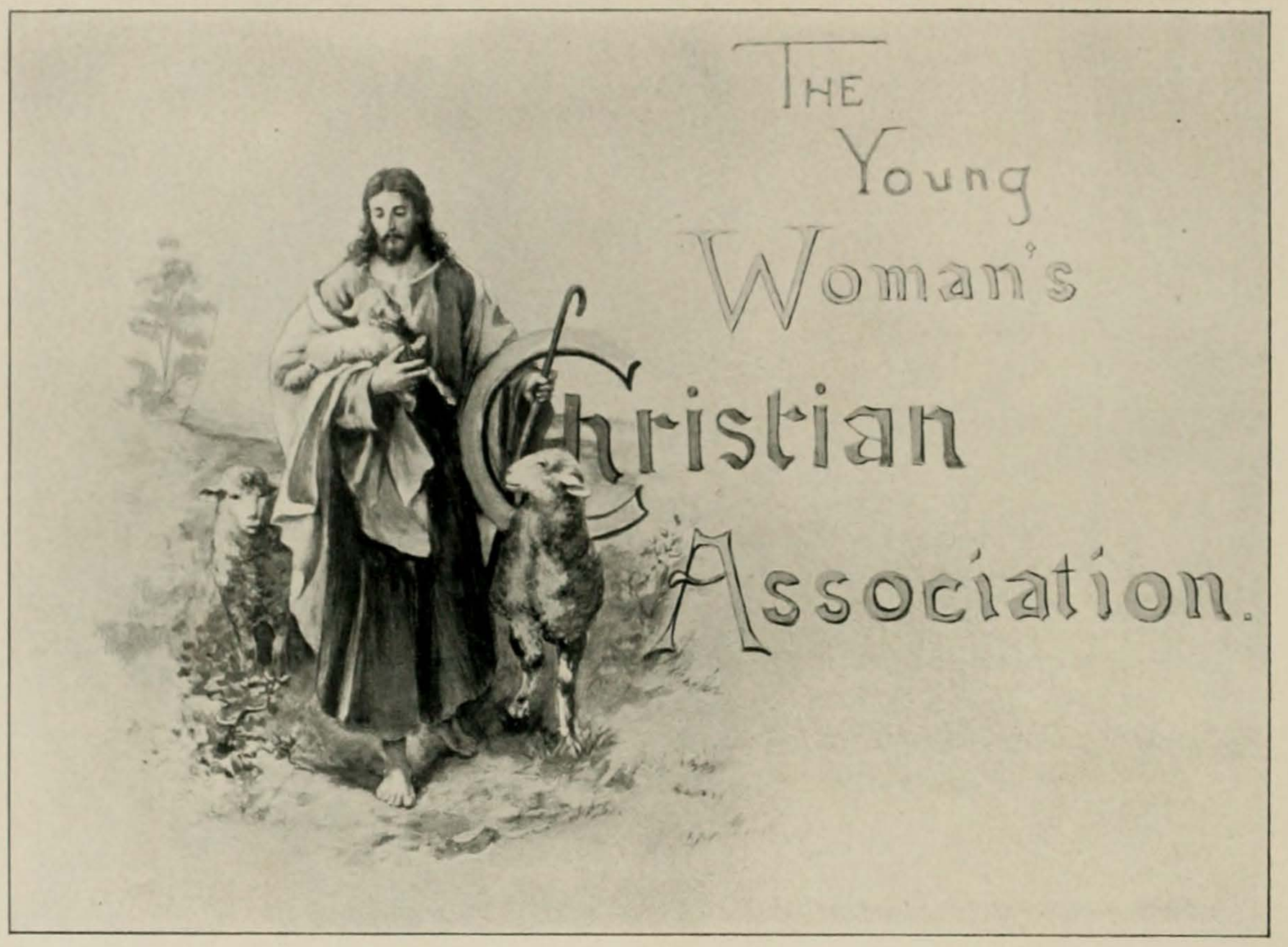
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Woman's
Christian
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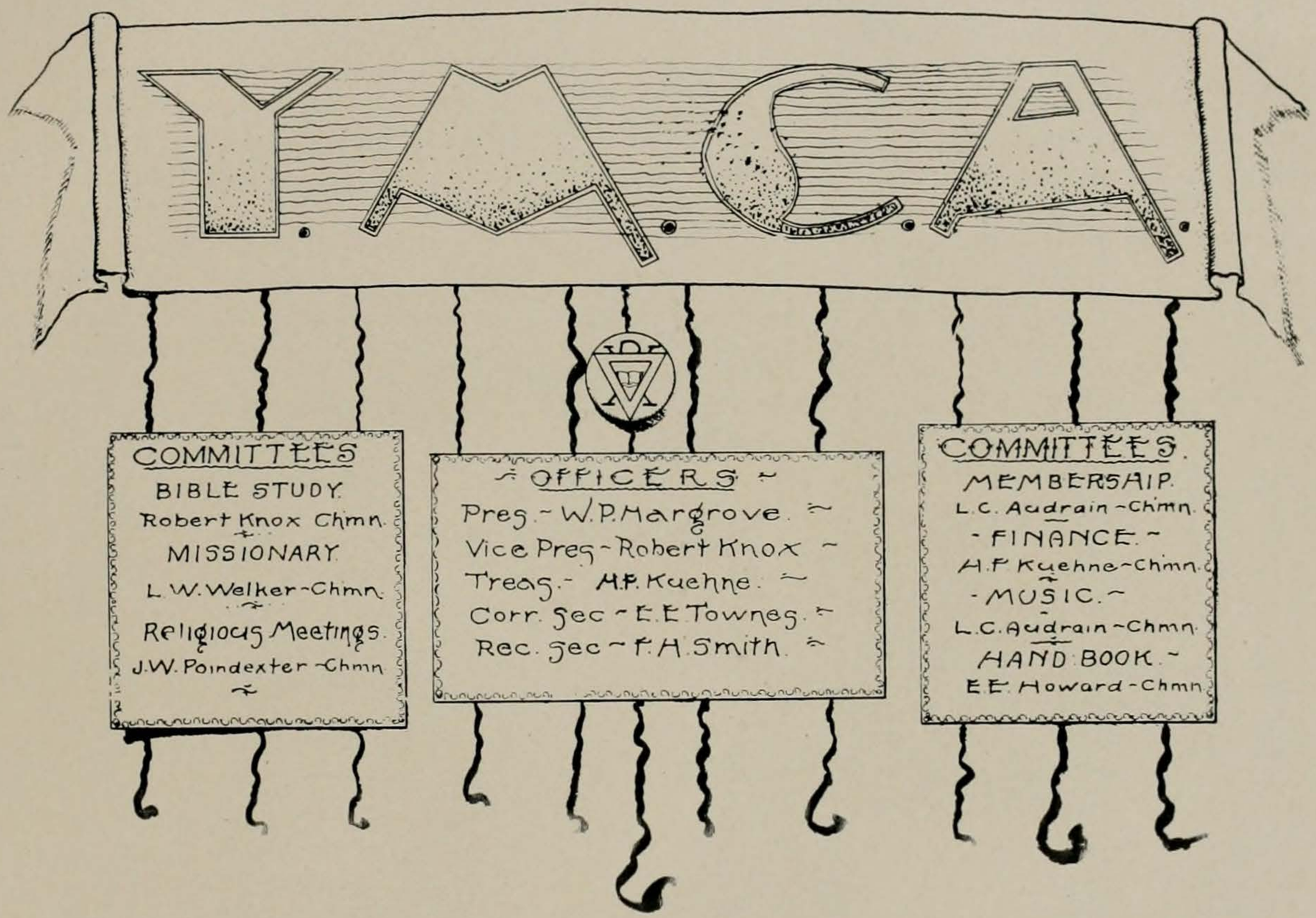
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THE University Co-operative Society was organized in June, 1896, for the purpose of supplying the University with books, stationery, and athletic goods, at the lowest prices consistent with safe business methods.

It is composed of members of the Faculty and students who pay the annual fee of one dollar. The directors consist of the committee of the Faculty on book-store and representatives chosen by the Society from the different classes and departments. No salaries are paid except to the clerks, two students who are thus assisted in making their way through the University. Sales are made at a uniform price to all persons connected with the University, but members of the Society receive at the end of the year a rebate in proportion to the total amount of their purchases.

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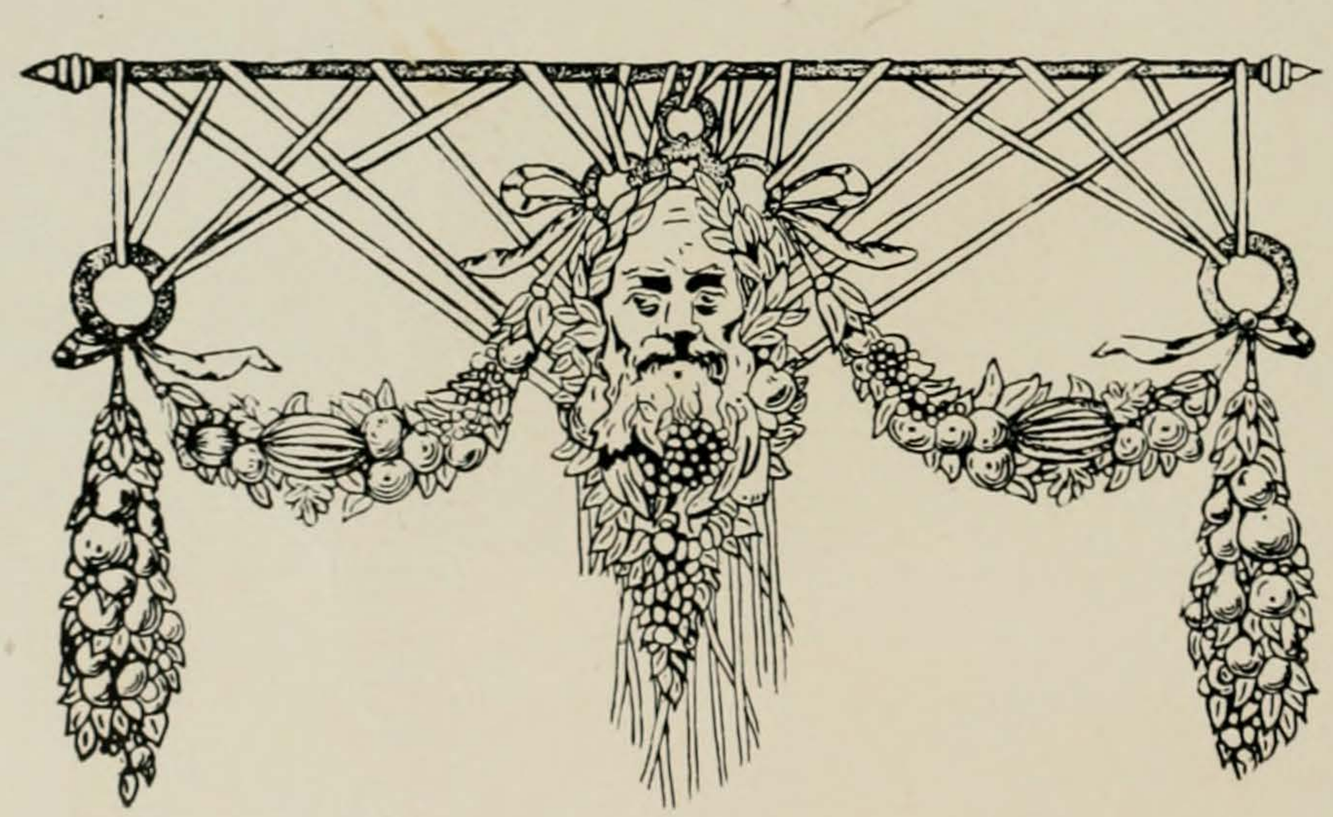

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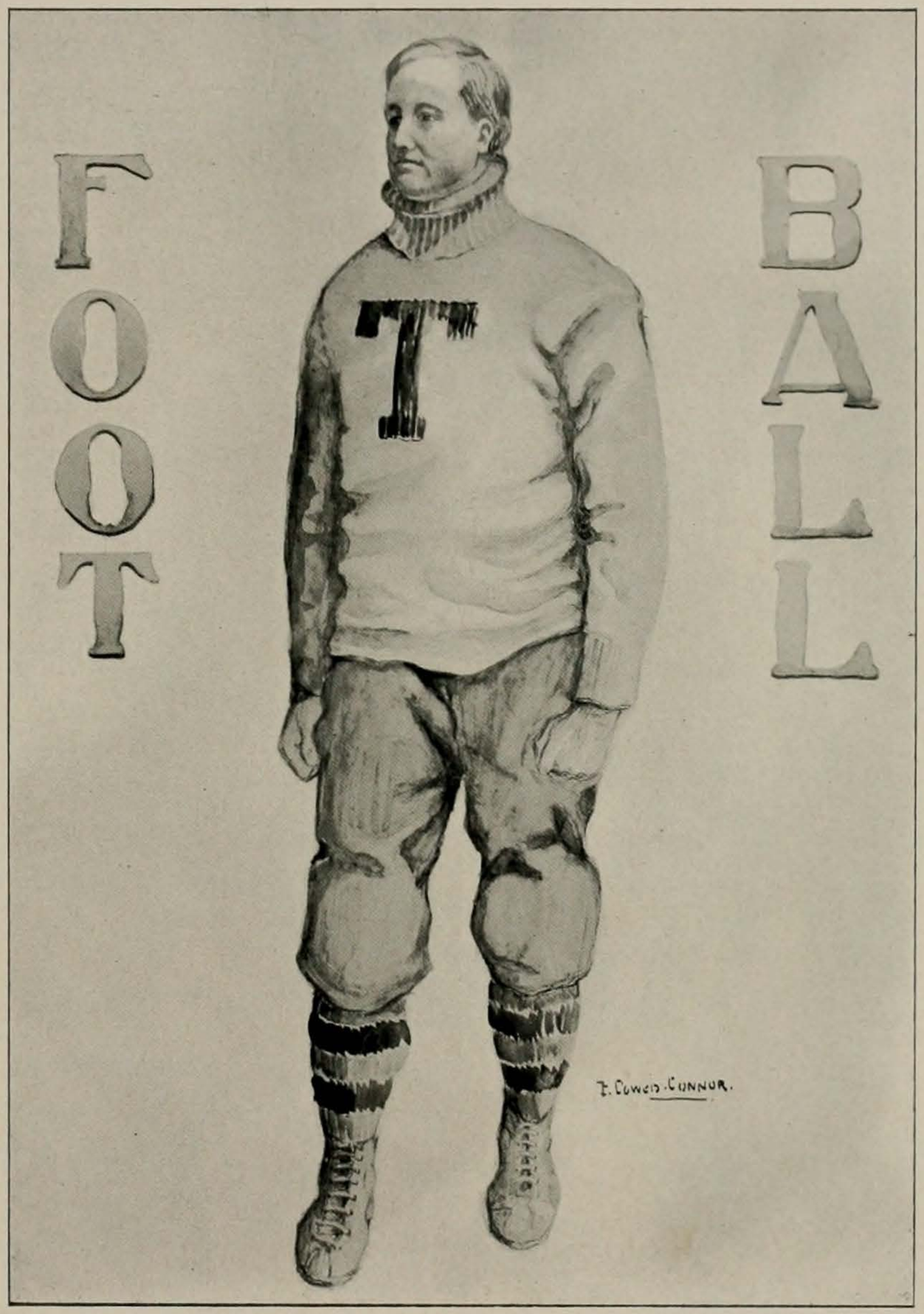
PROF. E. J. VILLAVASO, *Faculty Mgr.*

Winners of Tournament

SCOTT W. KEY, *Singles*
SCOTT W. KEY, GEO. S. WRIGHT, } *Doubles*


FOOT
BALL
T
T. Dowd. Connor.

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Jas. M. Taylor, . . *Manager.*
Osco McQuatters, . . *Center.*
W. C. Gathings, . . *Right Guard.*
D. M. Prendergast, . *Left Guard.*
M. M. McMahon, . . *Right Tackle.*
T. H. James, . . *Left Tackle.*
J. L. Brown, . . . *Right End.*
W. W. Hyde and I. V. Duncan, *Left End.*
R. G. Watson, . . . *Quarter.*
S. F. Leslie, . . . *Right Half.*
H. B. Ruckman and W. E. McMahon, *Left Half.*
E. E. Bewley and W. W. Hyde, *Full Back.*

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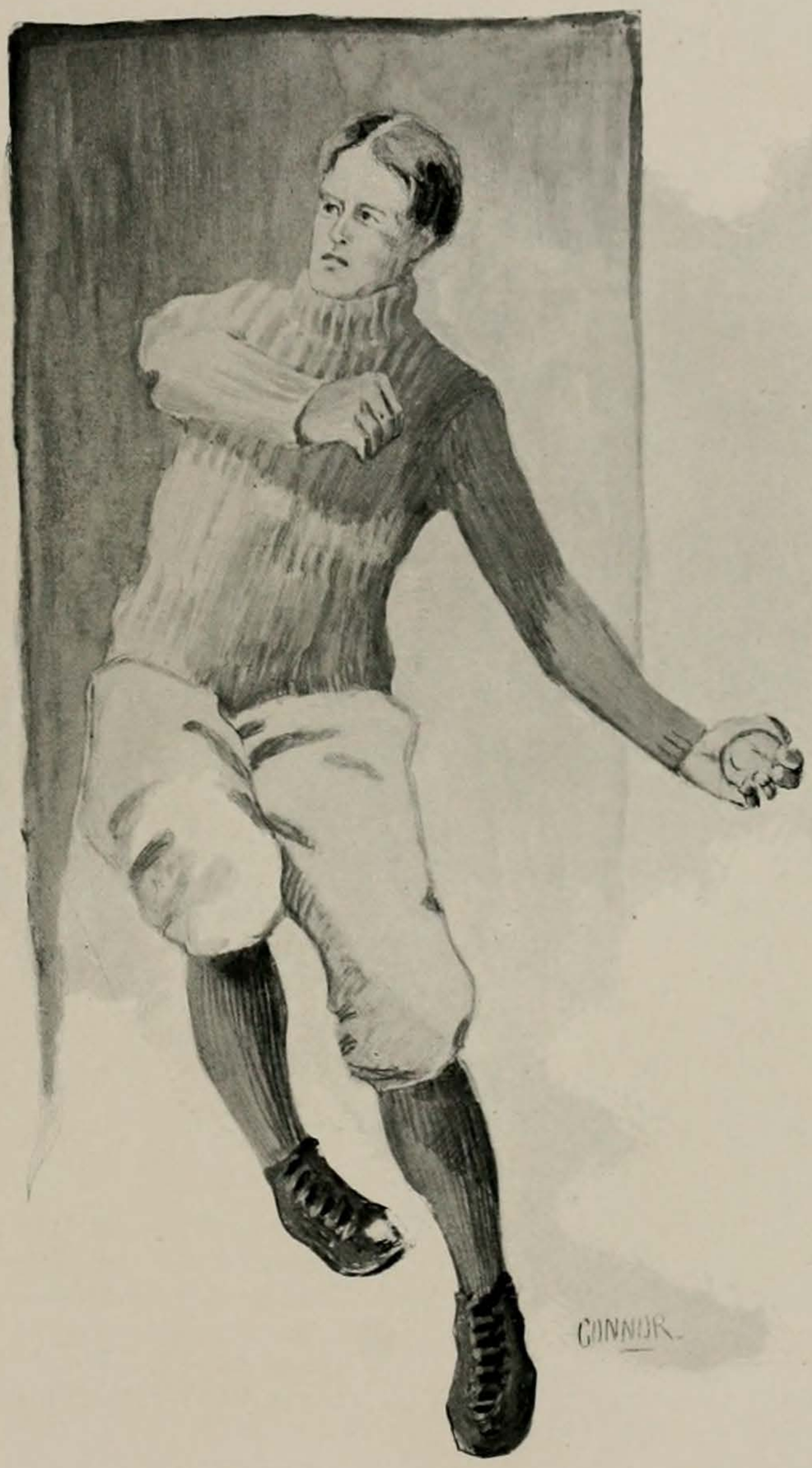
Randon Porter.
N. J. Marshall.
Clinton Brown,
J. L. Mills,
Victor Kellar.

BASE BALL



First Team, 1900-1901

M. F. Highley, . . . *Manager.* S. F. Leslie, . . . *Captain.*
A. C. Ellis, ... *Coach.*

Leslie, ... *Catcher.* Haven, ... *Short Stop.*
Vann, ... *First Base.* Garland, ... *Third Base.*
Holman & Thomas, . . *Pitchers.* Fant, ... *Left Field.*
Chapman & Connor, . . *Second Base.* Burke, ... *Centre Field.*
Amsler, ... *Right Field.*

1901—1902

R. J. Randolph, . . . *Manager.* S. F. Leslie, . . . *Captain.*
A. C. Ellis, ... *Coach.*

Records 1899–1900

Taylor, ... *Captain.* Moore, ... *Manager.*

Texas vs. Y. M. C. A., Austin,	10—0	Texas vs. Mississippi,	3—1
Texas vs. Austin Team,	5—0	Texas vs. Mississippi,	9—0
Texas vs. Austin College,	21—0	Texas vs. Vanderbilt,	3—2
Texas vs. San Antonia Ath.,	3—1	Texas vs. Vanderbilt,	3–14
Texas vs. Southwestern University,	13—3	Texas vs. Sewanee,	3—2
Texas vs. Jefferson Military Ins.,	8—3	Texas vs. Sewanee,	3—4
Texas vs. Jefferson Military Ins.,	7—7		

Records 1900–1901

Leslie, ... *Captain.* Highley, ... *Manager.*

Texas vs. St. Edwards College,	12—2	Texas vs. Jefferson Military Institute,	4—1
Texas vs. Deaf and Dumb Institute,	9—1	Texas vs. Tulane University,	13—4
Texas vs. Southwestern University,	6—3	Texas vs. University of Mississippi,	9—6
Texas vs. Southwestern University,	6—5	Texas vs. University of Mississippi,	3—4
Texas vs. Louisiana State University,	1—2	Texas vs. Fort Worth University,	22—2
Texas vs. Louisiana State University,	6—1	Texas vs. Weatherford College,	9—5
Texas vs. Jefferson Military Institute,	13—8		

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ELECTRIC CITY
ENG. CO
BUFFALO NY.

Young Ladies' Basket Ball Team

PEARL ELEANORE NORVELL, ... *Directress of the Gymnasium.*

Center

SUSIE HAMMOND.

Right Center.
MARY POPPLEWELL.

Left Center.
FELTON WALKER, (*Captain*).

Goal Throwers.
ADA GARRISON,
ANNIE MATTHEWS,

Goal Defenders.
KATIE SMALL,
KITTY SEARCY.

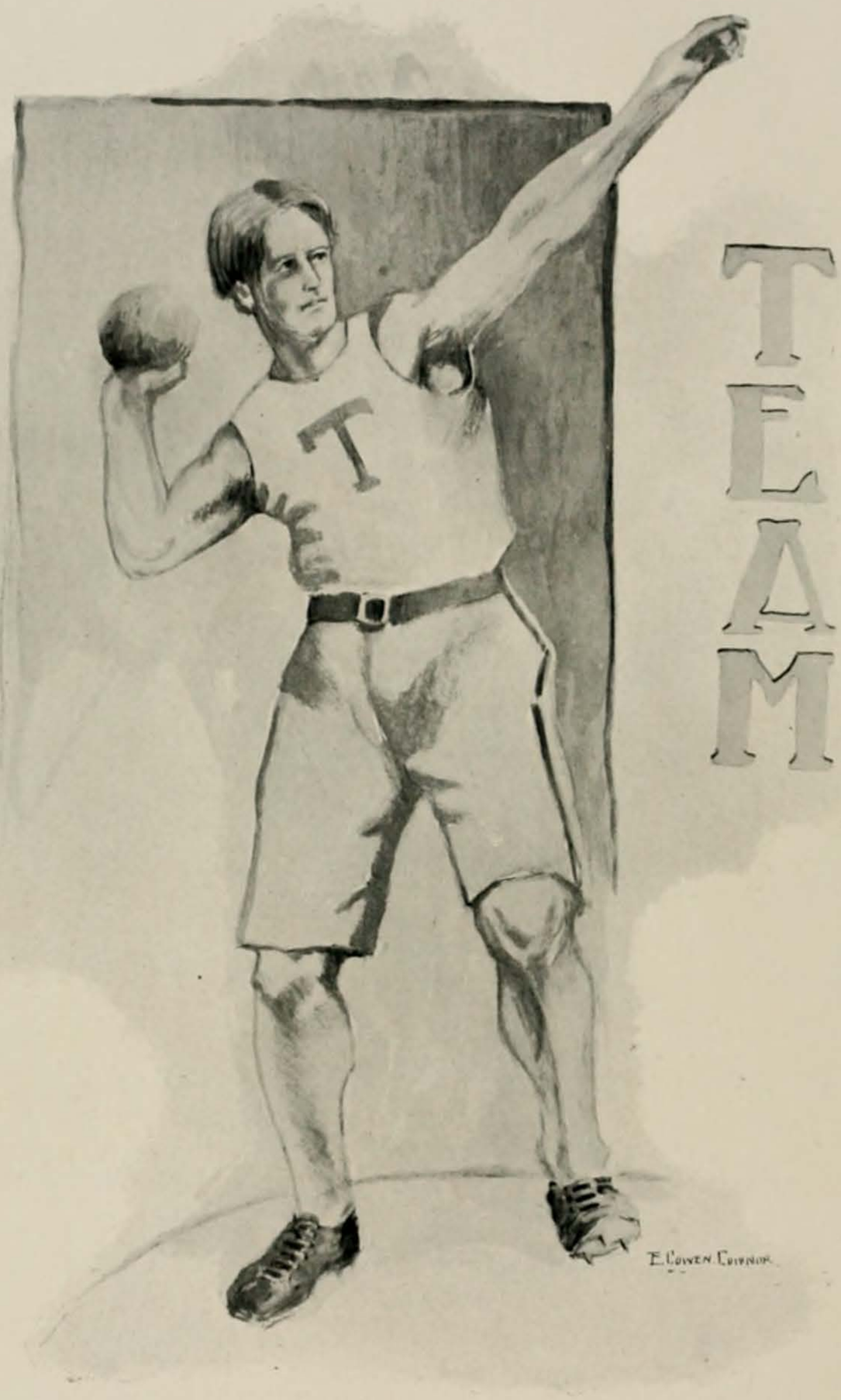
Substitutes

MARY HOPKINS,
GRACE HILL.

Match game: 'Varsity vs. Town Girls,
Score, Varsity 7; Town Girls 4.

1902

TRACK TEAM



Second Annual Gymnasium Contest, Friday, March 21st, 1902

Wand Drill
W. J. Bowen, (Law '03) First.
W. L. Booth, ('04) Second.
J. P. Howser, ('03) Third.

Horizontal Bar.
J. P. Howser, ('03) First.
W. L. Booth, ('04) Second.
G. W. Briggs, ('04) Third.

Parallel Bars.
W. L. Booth, ('04) First.
J. P. Howser, ('03) Second.
G. W. Briggs, ('04) Third.

Tumbling (Single).
J. P. Howser, ('03) First.
W. L. Booth, ('04) Second.
A. L. Calhoun, ('04) Third.

Side Horse.
J. P. Howser, ('03) First.
G. W. Briggs, ('04) Second.
L. A. Baer, (Law '02) Third.

Tumbling (Double).
Booth and Calhoun, ('04) First.
Leslie and Baer, (Law '02) Second.

Score for "College Gymnastic Championship."
J. P. Howser, ('03) First, 19 points.
W. L. Booth, ('04) Second, 14 points.
G. W. Briggs, ('04) Third, 5 points.

Score for Class Championship.
1903, First, 19 points.
1904, Second, 14 points.
Law 1903, Third, 5 points.

First Annual Wrestling Championship Contest, Friday, Feb. 8th, 1902

Light Weights

W. J. Bowen (L. '03) 135 / R. M. Rainey ('05) 125 — Bowen
P. Lane ('05) 134 / C. G. Smith ('05) 127 — Lane
R. B. Burnett ('04) 124 / H. B. Mathews ('05) 130 — Burnett
W. W. Holland (L '03) 134 / B. C. Lallier ('05) 134.5 — Holland
C. H. Terrell ('05) 129 / I. Martin ('04) 129 — Terrell
L. A. Baer (L '02) 135 / A. D. Robertson ('05) 130 — Baer

Bowen / Lane — Bowen
Burnett / Holland — Burnett
Terrell / Baer — Terrell

Bowen / Burnett / Terrell — Champion Light Weight, Bowen

Welter Weights

N. C. Walker ('05) 145 / E. B. Boynton ('04) 140 — Walker
K. V. Gay (L '03) 145 / R. W. Fowler ('05) 143 — Gay

Walker / Gay — Champion Welter Weights, Walker

Middle Weights

N. C. Walker ('05) 154 / H. W. Gaston ('05) 150.5 — Walker
R. C. Pantermuehl ('04) 154 / S. Bell ('02) 155 — Pantermuehl
C. L. Schuddemagen ('03) 150 / A. M. Frazier ('03) 149 — Schuddemagen

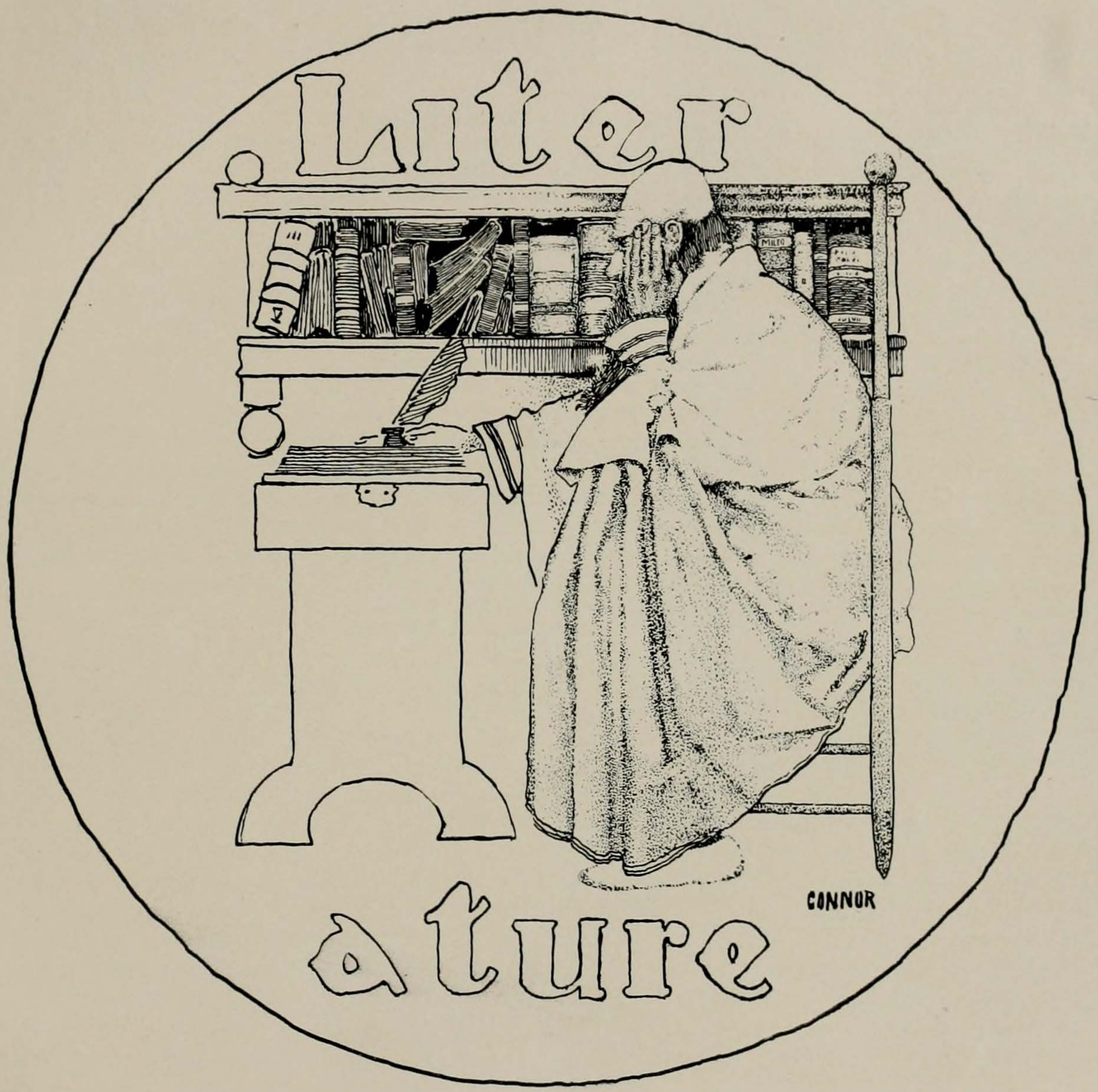
Walker / Pantermuehl / Schuddemagen — Walker

Champion Middle Weight, Walker

Heavy Weights

Vann ('04) 170 / N. J. Marshall ('04) 190 — Vann

Winner "All Comers Cup" and Championship, Vann.
Score for Class Championship—1905, First 10 points, 1904 and Law '03, tie 5 points each.


Liter
ature
CONNOR

In A Dream

Last night while the earth lay sleeping
In the calm of night's mid-noon,
Softly fell the sound of weeping,
Mingled with the southwind's croon.

By my bedside stood a woman,
Pale and dark, and wondrous fair;
Silently she beckoned to me,
Pushing back her unkempt hair.

Shivering I lay and watched her;
'Twas a woman I had spurned,
One whose fragrant, crimson kisses
Once upon my lips had burned.

"I have come, my faithless lover,"
Spake she, and the wan words fell
Dully on my shrinking senses,
Like a second funeral knell.

"I have come to claim the pledges
That you once so lightly made;
Sworn with kisses, now full measure
All your love-vows must be paid."

"Know you not, you pale dark woman,
How my young heart burst and bled?
I have loved too many women,
Now my heart is cold and dead.

"All the mad, ecstatic fever
Of those boisterous boyish years
I have wasted, and of loving
Now is nothing left but tears."

"Come," she said, "the night is waning,
Soon the bridal feast is spread;
You must don your newest dress-coat,
For tomorrow we'll be wed."

Quickly then I rose and followed;
In a distant empty fane
Strummed the ghostly night orchestra,
Playing a wild nuptial strain.

—A. Clark, Jr.

His Last Card—A Rascally Jack

HE felt that even one waltz, one stroll, and one confidential talk with her would be to him an elixir of life on a small scale. She lived far across the State, and the books of his instructors already had too many absences marked against his name for him to think of buying himself a ticket for Aurora. Consequently, in the latter part of March, in one of his weekly letters to her were these sentences:—

"Margy, do come down here for a week or two. I saw your aunt the other day, and she is dying to see you, not to speak of myself. The students here have some jolly affairs. Besides, Austin has glorious moonlight nights, the roads are level and hard, and there is a peach of a trap downtown at one of the stables."

In her answer Margy said:—

"I should be delighted to come down, Tom. I know auntie would be tickled to death to see me; suspect, too, that she would lease to you and me her front parlor and gallery. But I am just putting things in shape for making an attempt to get a public library for Aurora. Wouldn't that be grand? Think of having a place where young boys as yet uncorrupted could go and read elevating books instead of spending their time"———

"Confound the Aurora Library!" exclaimed Thomas. The little blue letter was much mistreated. Tom was a stubborn young man. His next letter ran:—

"Dearest Margy,

The grip has got me at last. I have often boasted of my health, but I'm down now, low down. I can hardly write, I'm so weak. A sight of a home-face would do me more good than a quart of medicine. If you would just arrange to pay your aunt that visit that she has asked so often," etc.

But the young lady who was engineering a library scheme was not to be so taken in. She called on Tom's mother, and her answer to Thomas contained these sentences:—

"By the way, I saw your mother yesterday. She says that the minute one of her boys gets the least bit sick he sends for her, wherever he may be. I admire your ingenuity, but I think you are monstrous selfish to try to fool me off to Austin, when my presence here is absolutely necessary for the future Aurora Library. For, if I do say it myself, I have some qualities of the leader in me. Anyway, I know nobody would turn a hand if I were not here. I learned just today that Mr. Carnegie is in the best humor right after breakfast. That is worth a thousand dollars to the Aurora Lib."——

"Damn the Aurora Library!" whispered Thomas. Such strong language is foreign to a Texas Senior's lips, but the anger of this Senior was profoundly stirred. Thomas was not only obstinate, he was also resourceful. Then there was something in him which said, "She thinks she

can fathom any of your schemes; show her." He waited quite a little time past the usual day for answering, and finally wrote:—

"Dearest old Marge:–

Our friendship will not be disturbed by your unwillingness to waste a few of your library days on me. But I'm getting on fine just now. Just returned from a jolly ride. Miss Ferris had her deaf coachman drive by, and we went out on a quiet country road—for my health, she said. She has been an angel to me in my attack (which I wanted to keep from mother). You should meet Miss Ferris, Marge, if you ever come to Austin. She is a stylish, handsome charming creature," etc.

It might be expected that upon the receipt of this cruel, cruel letter the face of "Dearest old Marge" would turn several colors, one of which would be green; that she would dream of the aforesaid Miss Ferris in the form of a cat, and would post down to Austin on an investigating tour. But, lo, when she read Thomas' letter, her face went blank a little, and then a simoon of laughter shook strand upon strand of gold over her shoulders and drove a film of moisture across her eyes till they took the rich color of great brown cameos seen under water. And a smile played about her lips as she wrote this answer to Thomas' cutting epistle:–

"Dearest old Tom:–

I am glad that our friendship is still intact; and even if it is a little in need of repairs, we can attend to that in the summer, when you come home. Then my mind will be free from all disconcerting library matters. For my plans are working fine. Senator Ransom is working for us, and his wife has already persuaded the private secretary of Mr. Carnegie to promise to read our letter to him right after breakfast, when the great man is in the best humor. Hurrah for the Aurora Library!"

"Blankety blank the blank blank Aurora Library!" softly cooed Thomas upon reading the glorious news from his home-town. "She thinks she's the smartest thing that breathes." Is it any wonder he was discouraged? A true son of Eve was Thomas, and what had been even at first an ardent desire had grown through refusals into a great longing. But he went on studying, gritting his teeth, writing letters which said nothing about visiting Austin, longing more and more as the spring bloomed into summer, and diverting himself in several ways peculiar to students so circumstanced.

And energetic, full-browed Margaret went on with the famous Aurora Library. One day in April, when her lieutenants were beginning to lag, when the citizens were beginning to get impatient at the frequent calls, when the fate of the library was still uncertain, Margaret received a dirty envelope with her name sprawled across it. The sheets on the inside were covered with huge swellings where drops of some liquid had fallen on them. They were smudged with dirt; covered with hieroglyphics that ran sometimes in curves, sometimes in angles, but never straightforward; and they had about them that piquant, omni-liquorous odor which one smells when he passes those shops that have blazoned upon their walls those mystic words, "Anheuser-Busch." After mentally adding a number of punctuation marks and omitted letters, the dainty *billet-doux* read something like this:–

"Dearest Margy:–

Just got in from a fine time down town. It's late, but I must write you a line. Margy, ever try any Manhattan cocktail? Cracker-jack stuff! Tell your pa about it. Tell him there's nothing like Four Roses when he wants the straight. The table is turning round, but it would take more than a crazy table to keep me from writing to you, my darling. All the tables that ever were made couldn't keep *me* ————. The lamp, too, is jumping around, but let it go out; the moons will make plenty of light. There are all out tonight; I saw them. Frank, never bet on roulette; it's made for suckers. And don't go to that Spanish Opera if it comes through Aurora—not decent. Anyway, don't have nothing to do with that little red thing that sings on the left. She looks cute and modest and gentle, but she is a little devil when the wine goes up. Frank tell old Maud I love her yet. Would write more but table is sinking under me. In haste,

Yours till death,

Tom."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

It was on that quiet, level road out by Pease's Park. There were two in the trap, and she was talking, lecturing. Earnest, solemn, eloquent she had grown. Even the horse looked guilty and repentant. She rose to her climax, and fluttered back down to earth with a little quaver in her voice. Then spake Thomas, and something twinkled in his eyes:–

"Margy, I never take anything stronger than Dr. Pepper's. I spent four hours preparing that letter. It was a gem if it fooled you. Think I'll turn to literature. Look over yonder at that red glory, and then you can't get mad."

"Oh!" Then they both were silent.

The horse poked on, the gold in the West tarnished blacker and blacker, the thorns on the cacti became less and less distinct, and on a low bush beside the road a dark-brown whippoorwill ruffled his feathers, and sent out the first wail of the night.

Tom felt that it was dangerous to speak. She was looking away, and he imagined that the air was growing chilly, and that on the other side two full red lips were moving outward. He waited fearfully.

"Well, Mr. Francis," she finally said with a smile that lit up the world for Tom, "I want you to understand, sir, that I think you had a good excuse for your fabrications, to wit, myself; but, sir, I would have you further know that I would have consigned you forever to Miss Ferris and her deaf coachman if I hadn't got a telegram this morning saying that, despite my hasty departure, the Aurora Library has passed the crisis, and is now a sure thing."

Tom turned his head, and into the ear of nearby night softly whispered through close-shut teeth:–

"Damn—no, God bless the Aurora Library!"

J. Barry Benefield.

On the Night of the Final Ball

I.

There's something of sadness about it,
But it's soothing just the same,
And it brings a sigh of a deep regret,
Though of course it's not to blame,
Yet some way, it makes us lonely,
In spite of the joy of it all,
When th' band swings into
Th' Sweet Home Waltz
On the night of the Final Ball.

II.

It gives us a feeling of goneness
Somewhere about the chest,
For we're gliding over the polished floor, each
With the girl whom he loves best;
And we know when this dance is ended,
There's no more to come—that's all—
When th' band swings into
Th' Sweet Home Waltz
On th' night of th' Final Ball.

III.

It shoots a man all to pieces
When he hears that sad old tune,
For he knows that the year is ended,
Ended all too soon.
Tomorrow they'll all be going,
"Platonic friends," and all,
When th' band's swung into
Th' Sweet Home Waltz
On the night of the Final Ball.

IV.

The ball is over, the dancers gone,
The dawn is beginning to break.
We take a last look at the empty hall,
Just for old times' sake,
For weeks we can hear the fiddles,
Crooning above it all,
As they did when they swung into "Home Sweet Home"
On the night of the Final Ball.

—Will M. Schultz.

Chacha

WHEN I first saw him, he was a dismally dejected bunch of feathers, huddling unhappily in a Mexican birdcage. The little wicker prison was so narrow that his long tail bristled out between the withes, its beautiful ends all broken and spoiled. I had never so much as heard of a chachalaca before, and as I peeped in at the ruffled, dusty little traveler, my first impressions were more of pity than admiration. But when the soft dark eyes met mine for a moment in shy reconnaissance I fell promptly a victim to the winsome personality of my feathered guest, andd set about overtures of friendship.

First, I must offer such attentions as my weary stranger would expect, for Chacha had come nearly two hundred miles, crossing the hot, sandy, stretches of prairie which lay between San Antonio and his far away home on the Rio Grande. Cooped up in his wicker cell, or occasionally set free inside the stage by the kindhearted gentleman who was his cicerone, he had jolted on his way, at last reaching the railway terminus, to undertake his first and last journey by train. I fancy the motion of the cars had affected him painfully, for he wore that look of unmitigated woe which follows seasickness. Inside his traveling carriage were creature comforts of seeds and biscuit, but they seemed to have been untouched. The mere indignity of his surroundings was sufficient to take away his appetite. A cage for *him*! A chachalaca of *his* spirit and independence—what insult! How his poor cramped limbs longed to return to their rovings!

At home he was accustomed to pass the time in untrammeled enjoyment of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Early in the morning he used to set out upon his travels, scouring the prairie for miles around; personally conducted, and accompanied by his devoted mate, the small tourist would go upon his way, turning aside often to divert himself with sightseeing not in Mr. Cook's itinerary. Sometimes there were stray coyote tracks to be investigated; the stupid, gray, horned toads darting across his path must be flouted, with many tail flirtings and like gestures of superiority; occasionally his cousin, the roadrunner, came up, and the two stopped for half-hostile interview; behind every rock and cactus clump lurked new adventures; always there was the gliding, venomous rattler to shun—that haunting, loathsome, deadly thing, whose whirring signal made Chacha's crest spring bolt upright, while his stout wings responded instantly to their owner's need; and again the dark shadows of buzzards wheeling overhead sent him dodging with instinctive dread into the nearest chaparral; his terror past, he danced fantastically with his mate in sheer joy of their deliverance or challenged her to races, half running, half flying. With such vagaries the yellow prairie was crossed, then on to the scattered jacals of his friends, the Mexicans.

Here he was never unwelcome—the cheery brown beings and the blithesome birds made merry together, sharing the frijoles and *tortillas*, with once in a while a tidbit of the delicious, sugary peloncillos. Hopping in and out across their hospitable thresholds, with innumerable friendly twitterings and impudent explorings into every corner, Chacha was, like a second Tam O'Shanter, "glorious." When the long, golden afternoon was well spent, the happy pair would journey homewards in the glimmering sunlight, ready to mount their perches and dream, with drowsy delight of another day afield.

Poor Chacha! Bereft of his mate, whom an evil-spirited strange dog had pounced upon, to the deep indignation and amazement of all the friendly pelon dogs of the neighborhood, he wandered disconsolately. And next a more wonderful thing happened—one day his master picked him up and bundling him unceremoniously into a narrow, wicker cage, handed it to the American who was just leaving; then the stranger tossed over a coin, seized the rest of his baggage, and climbed into the crazy old stage. Thus the bird left his happy life, and started into the great, busy world that lay beyond the plains.

A very sad little waif he looked as he cowered forlornly in the midst of the circle of curious gazers. As sympathetically as we could, we took him from behind the tormenting bars, and settled him in a luxurious apartment next the servant's room. The little chamber had for sole furnishing a discarded dresser, and we thought he would have space enough for a restful stretch. Leaving refreshments of water and soaked bread on the floor beside him, we withdrew. Early the next morning, softly opening the door, I looked vainly around in the half-dusk for my new pet. Perplexed at not finding him, I turned, when a soft rustling noise above my head made me look up, and I saw two bright eyes glowing like stars, apparently out of the bare wall. Decidedly startled, I drew up the shade and investigated. There was my Chacha, perched quaintly upon the high top of the old-fashioned dresser, staring gravely down, like the too hackneyed Raven. He seemed to have lost his shyness and came to accept his breakfast from my hand; the rest of the day he roamed about the house at his own sweet will, examining his new quarters with the delightful innocence of a child. He was in no wise disconcerted by the train of admirers who followed him about, smiling at his odd stilting walk, and the inquisitive way he had of peering into dark corners, and retreating, with a little affrighted "queet, queet," if anything alarming presented itself. An unexpected treat of pecans, which one of the new friends bethought herself to add to his dinner as dessert, entirely won his heart, and the further luxury of a bath in one of the laundry tubs seemed all that was needed to complete his satisfaction.

But if his contentment had been pleasant to see, the next day his ecstacy, when at last set free in the yard, was a revelation of bird delight. At first he was dazed, but in a moment seemed to a appreciate his good fortune, and with an eager scream of excitement flew half the length of the lawn without faltering. Then followed such maddening flight, such dartings and swoonings, such unique waltzes and two-steps, such spontaneous frolicking as only a long imprisoned Chachalaca could be inspired to execute. Finally he stopped, for sheer lack of breath, and cocking one eye towards me, as I sat at the open window, gave a little cry of recognition, and flying upon the sill, nestled his head in the palm of my hand. That was the beginning of our devotion to each other.

Daily his spoiled plumage regained something of its lost beauty; the green and gold tints came back to the glossy breast and neck, the frayed wings acquired new feathers, and the long tail assumed its wonted independent poise. How gloriously he would strut forth in the sunshine, not with the vain display and vulgar ostentation of the peafowl, but with a childlike rejoicing in his own agility and charms that was most captivating. His little flurries and excitements, and his attacks of lofty dignity were equally comical and naive. Looking out one day, I saw a carriage stop in the street, while its occupants seemed to be very much amused by something about the house; puzzled, I peeped through the blinds to see what could be so funny, and exploded in my turn to discoved Chacha majestically patrolling the front porch, tail and crest erect, with all the severity of a sentry on duty. Such

ferocity in a slender bird, scarcely a foot tall, and marching on veritable stilts of legs, was incongruous, to say the least.

I shall never forget the fright he gave me on the occasion of his first—well, you may guess. There suddenly came to my ears from the direction of the stable the most awful clamor that ever served to promote hysterics—such shriekings and squawkings I had never even imagined! With frantic haste, for I caught a familiar note in the outcries, I rushed headlong to the scene of tragedy, prepared to do battle for my pet's life, or to lament over his remains if, as seemed probable, he was already in the throes of death. Flying into the carriagehouse, I stopped to locate the source of the noise. There, atiptoe upon the carriage fender, stood that dauntless bird, Chacha the Valiant, pouring forth the execrable melodies which were yet torturing the echoes. Apparently there was nothing whatever the matter with him—he even seemed to be enjoying himself. And then the truth flashed upon me, and I sat down to laugh weakly. Those weird cachinnations were neither more nor less than the chachalaca's crow, of which I had once heard! Could it be possible that such earsplitting sounds came from the same little throat which uttered so softly its musical greeting to me? No matter how late at night I went into his state bedroom, there were always two diamonds, sparkling at me out of the gloom, and from my Chacha, aloft on the dresser, came the low "sweet, sweet" that I loved to hear, and the gentle rustling, swaying salutation which meant "Come, take me." What a bonnie bird he was!

But evil days came. What could the lonely little fellow know of the perils of a city? When he began to be more at ease in his new home, he felt the stirrings of his explorer's nature, and independently, as befitted him, he sallied forth to see and to conquer. Then began the times of my affliction.

The "quare-lookin' bird," at first a wonder and a mystery to the entire neighborhood, soon became but too well-known. The rumor spread, and Chacha was brought back to me at all seasons by relays of grinning pickaninnies, while I despairingly considered undertaking an expedition to the end of the rainbow in quest of the pot of small change said to be located there. Accommodating gentlemen all along the avenue headed relief expeditions when Cachha took refuge from canine pursuers upon their second story porches. On one occasion I was summoned from the very halls of learning by an excited little girl of my acquaintance, and, obtaining reluctant permission from an astonished teacher, accompanied my guide into a stranger's back yard, to rescue that wandering bird of mine from durance vile under a washtub! Whether brought back "right side up with care" by courteous friends, or restored to his long-suffering mistress with feathers and dignity damaged by unceremonious handling, he always nestled joyfully to me, and, like a frightened child, hid his head under my arm. Often now I think I see those appealing, beautiful, liquid eyes, gazing from beneath the long dark lashes, that gave the little creature such a human look.

At last there came a day when Chacha vanished and returned not, neither was he heard of more. And we never knew whether it was a merciful fate which overtook the little stranger from the far-away plains of the Rio Grande. May it not be, that, together, he and his lost mate are winging joyously through the fair green groves and forest raptures of the Birds' Paradise?

HELEN RALEY.

In Portia's Eyes

In Portia's eyes great deeps of sadness lie
Behind the veil of wistful thoughts that die
Into maiden dreams (sweet dreams, ne'er dreamt before,)
Whose mystic strength swings open wide the door
That Fate shuts fast to me, howe'er I try.

The future, written large, would terrify,
And bring the suffering, shuddering human cry—
The calm of resignation shines the more
In Portia's eyes.

A deep sea calm, though shadows flit and fly,
Pervades their soft, dark world; yet by and by
(Perchance when love would teach its precious lore)
Comes artful artlessness, and vexes sore
The vain attempt its meaning to descry
In Portia's eyes.

—John A. Lomax.

A Mistake Mistaken

Max and Freddy, rival suitors for Mamie's heart and hand, had grown so importunate that she, not wishing to decide the matter yet, must needs resort to strategy. So she wrote a letter. It ran thus:

Dear boy:–

You have always been so good to me that you shall be among the first to hear my happy tidings. I have decided to marry one, John Frederick Baker (whom you know) provided he continues to be willing, and I want you to wish me joy.

Now, Max, try not to let this make you blue. Perhaps you will find you were mistaken after all in—well you understand. At any rate we shall always be the best of friends.

Very sincerely yours,

MARY LOUISE TOMPKINS.

She would send this to Fred. A copy, with names exchanged, to Max.

Then, elated with her cleverness, Mary Louise grew careless, and sent each letter to the man for whom it would seem it was intended.

J. M. C.

A Sacrifice to Hymen

WINTER. Sunday. Evening. A little island in a sea of pines. Quietness save a monotonous "drip, drip, drip" of water from leaves and from roofs of huts. Hills of yellow sawdust; stacks of yellow lumber; the mill; the river filled with long rafts of logs. Groups of heavily-built, mud-splotched wagons; in the pens, big-shouldered cattle, half asleep, chewing, slowly chewing,with rhythmic jaw a Sabbath cud. Many scattered, small, pineboard, smoke-blackened huts.

In one of these huts before the fire sat two figures—an old woman and a young man. The coffee pot simmered drowsily; the bacon softly sizzled, waiting for the corn bread in the skillet, which sobbed for being behind time. The shadows played around the darkened room. Old Tom awoke, gaped his head half open, and arched his back toward the ceiling.

"What you mopin' 'bout, Jack?" said the old woman, aroused from her meditative stare into the fire by the cat's hideous contortions. "You ain't moved scercely since dinner 'cept to figger on thet ole slate. Git up an' go on down to the mill, an' git a basket of blocks. An' ef Joanna Brown asts you 'bout me, tell her the rheumatiz hez shifted to my left side. Wait! An' ast her to lend me a few draps uv turpentine. A piece uv saterated flannil on my chist uv nights helps me mightily."

And as the young fellow dragged himself down the road, the wrinkled schemer picked up the slate with a sly look, seated herself near the hearth, and adjusted her glasses, talking to herself all the while.

"It must be so, what they're sayin', that Dick Akin's cuttin' him out uv Rosey. Usually, he'd be gittin' home 'bout now from her house, happy ez a calf at suckin' time, a-huggin me and ole Tom like we wuz his gal. No, 'taint' so; I'd like to see any Dick or Nick or Snick or anybody cut my Jack out."

The ancient mother broke into a soft laugh as she looked at the slate. Half erased but still legible letters of wondrous formation spelled out: "Me and Rosey"; "Rosey and me"; "Dick and Rosey"; Dick Akin and Rosey Akin"; "the devil"; "Jack Haynes and Rosey Haynes."

"Oho!" the reader exclaimed gleefully, putting down the slate to pull coffee, meat, and bread off the coals. "Wants to marry; consterplating matermony. An 'why not! He can git her. She'd never say No to Jack. No sirree, never! Let's look at the other side. Apt's not he's wrote a pome on her blue eyes. 'Fore the Lord, her eyes are wonderful. Ah—"

A startled look spread over her face. Not a love poem did she see, but columns of crude figures, which answered her question, "Why not marry?" There were the amounts she knew so well: so much for coffee, so much for bacon, for meat, clothes, etc. Then came two items, "m....$3," "d

b....$7," which were added with the other expenditures. The sum was subtracted from thirty dollars, his wages as a lumber-trucker. The remainder was four dollars. No, Jack could not marry hearty Rosey on a monthly margin of four dollars.

"Pore boy! Pore Jacky!" She mused. "He loves her, too; an' course she loves him. But what's that three dollars and seven dollars spent fer? He could s'port a wife on thet. I wonder what—Can Jack be a drinkin' an' a gamblin' away his money with them rowdies down to the planer? Oh!—"

A spasm of pain crossed her face; she recollected that it took ten or more dollars each month for medicines and a doctor to keep in check her ailings.

Jack returning found his mother setting supper on the table. She said nothing about his blue looks. Her voice was not always steady, and her eyes were very watery. She called her son "my Jack"; once in fun she said "Mr. Haynes," and tried a laugh, but it quavered off into a pitiful, choked sob. Jack was so pre-occupied that he did not notice these things.

After supper the two sat silent before the fire; he with head bowed in his hands, she gazing now at the red coals and now at the boy with face full of love and pain. The wind sprang up and whistled in the crevices of the house, and made the limbs of the trees in the yard rasp roughly against one another, and swirled sawdust in beating clouds against the walls. "A norther!" exclaimed the son. "It's goin' to be powerful cold in the mornin'. Let's git to bed, mother."

When Jack tucked the cover about the old woman, she hugged him twice and quite closely. "You're mightily in love, you ole rascal," she said, patting his cheek. "Good night, Jack. God bless you, my boy."

Somewhere near midnight, the old woman awoke with a fearful pain at her heart. Such attacks were not new to her. Former plans of action had been to wait for momentary relief, to reach for some article on the table, wake her son by dropping it (for she could not call), he would hasten for the doctor, who could ease but not cure her. With great effort she raised herself slowly and reached toward the table. The fire was struggling to keep up a little blaze, but was gradually growing feebler, and she could not see what she had taken from the table. She caught it with both hands to throw it on the floor hard, for the wind was still noisily groaning. The thing in her hand was square; she hesitated. The fire sent up a little flame; the flickering light showed her what she held, and died. She sank back upon the bed; moaned a little; rose again; held high the thing to throw; still held it; sank back once more. The wind was suddenly hushed; a pale gold light shone around her head; there was a soft, soft rustle in the room, a faint sound of music a million miles away, a murmur, "Good-bye, Jack." The body was still.

Next morning the son tenderly covered the glazed eyes, kissed the smiling face, and unclasped her fingers from around—the slate.

—J. Barry Benefield.

October

How fickle now the changeful Autumn seems,
That brings today the blue, unclouded skies
With late returns of Summer's languid dreams,
While in her heart arise

Old loves and longings that shall move her soon
To drive cold storms amid her tender vales,
And, faithless, blast her trustful flowers at noon
With sudden wintry gales!

When your eyes shone into my soul they made
Fair love to grow and blossom like a flower
That now yearns outward from the deadly shade,
But withers hour by hour.

—J. L. Sinclair.

Via Vitae

A dimpled kiss,
A darling Miss,
Go admirably together.
Surely 'tis bliss
To kiss that Miss
In every kind of weather

But then you know
Where'er you go,
You'll generally meet her papa,
Who makes a show
Before the beau,
Just right in time to stop her.

But, what is life
Without the strife
That fate is always giving?
And what is life
Without the wife
That makes the life worth living?

—S. R. F.

Beside the River's Crystal Brim

Beside the river's crystal brim
The light winds waver through the grass;
High over-head the forest weaves
Its restless roof of tangled leaves,
Dark where the swift cloud-shadows pass—
Beside the river's crystal brim—
Beside the shining river's crystal brim.

Beside the river's crystal brim
The flowers a strange, new beauty hold;
The murmur of the placid stream
Is like the music of a dream;
Love's touch has turned the world to gold
Beside the river's crystal brim—
Beside the shining river's crystal brim.

—J. L. Sinclair.

The Flower of Song

In the west a pale flower groweth,
    Lonely, from the rest apart;
On its snow-white bosom gloweth
    The dark image of a heart.

Through the day it sleepeth, drooping
    To the dust, and fain would die;
But at night the west wind, stooping,
    Wooeth it so tenderly,

That the slender petals tremble,
    And a subtle perfume feeds
All the sentient airs assembled,
    While the crimson image bleeds.

Once a minstrel, roaming idly
    There, inhaled its fragrant breath;
Now he wanders, singing wildly
    A strange song of love and death.—A. Clark, Jr.

Robert Browning

Our gentle brother, Browning, say, did you
Long serve and starve and slave as 'prentice, too,
Through years of hopeless fear and shrinking doubt,
And grow to Italy by slow degrees?
Or did your glorious muse in sudden rout
Drive back the shadows of a poet's ease,
And rise, a full blown Venus, 'mid the foam
Of Cyprian islets in a Briton's brain?
"I had my struggles, yes; the muse's home
Was set in darkness, girt with rings of pain;
God gave me strength and talents; genius, too,
Glowed like a sun-burst, pierced the blackness through,
Revealed the soul, where God's truth tarrieth;
And then—and then—there came Elizabeth."

The critics, Browning, finding through and through
Your verse a note of something strangely new,
Cry out, "obscure!" and, lacking sense and soul
To see the human spirit, striving long
To rend its prison flesh—uncloud the goal
Of truth—they smile and turn to simple song.
A delver in the realm of souls, you knew
Sordellos, Sauls, Ben Ezras, Abibs—those
Who type mankind, the false, the great, the true,
The fiery hearts who win a world's repose.
When words beclouded thought or went astray,
A woman's hand swept all the mist away;
Love fused your song and spirit gave it breath
When you had found and known Elizabeth.

The Soul's asserter, who with seeing eye
Looked far within the largenesses of life,
And delved beneath the pageant rolling by
To con the secrets of its storm and strife;
A singer for the strong, a manly man;
A poet king—the Jove of all the race;
A lover, painter, sculptor, artisan,
Interpreting the heart from Nature's face,
Not seeing but externals; through heaven and hell
In winged flight, applying reason's test
To the broad universe: thou hast done well,
Full justly earned the plenitude of rest;
In quiet peace through silence misnamed death,
Sleep, sweetly sleep, with thy Elizabeth.

—John Avery Lomax.

In a Few Short Years

THE days of the pioneer, with their hardships and perils, their daily privation and display of fortitude and unconscious heroism, are so near us that we forget to give their meed of praise and recognition to the humbler life of that epoch of our civilization. In the midst of our environment, rapidly becoming one of ease, refinement, social grace and intellectual culture, it is well to look back now and then, that we may learn to appreciate the more highly both our own blessings, and the sterner stuff of which our pioneers were made.

In the spring of 187— a huge emigrant wagon, containing a family of four, father, mother and two children, with all their equipment, was halted on its western journey beside a spring, around which was a grove of trees, growing green in the midst of recent showers. Wild flowers were showing in the young grass, and the prospect was fair, though the loneliness of the prairie had been unbroken for miles. It was too early for the night halt, and there was evidently something seriously amiss.

On the road some miles back, the man had been taken ill, and had lain down in the wagon, hoping for relief. The woman had taken the reins, after giving him the medicine from their little store of drugs, which seemed best in her simple judgment. He had grown rapidly worse, and the halt beside the spring had been made. A fire was soon burning, and a teakettle singing its fireside song in a strange land. But the deathly pain was not relieved. With the setting of the sun life departed from the husband and father. The woman was stout of heart though small of frame, and she was not utterly dismayed and helpless, though her situation might have appalled the heart of a man.

They were beyond the settlements, and she hoped for no help from neighbors or friends. They were to till the land at their journey's end, and there were farming implements stowed in the wagon, with their food supplies. So with help of the boy, a lad of twelve, she shoveled a grave in the not unkind soil, and in it placed, with tender hands, the body of him who had been her lover, husband, friend.

What next? She could not make the hundred miles still between her and the spot he had chosen. She would e'en stay where she was. If it be home where the heart is, her heart was in that rude grave, and this must be her home. There was a small tent in the wagon, a gun and ammunition, some corn, some garden seeds and flowers. Them she would not need so much for God's gardens were all about her, the prairies. It was early spring, she would plow, and teach Jack. She would do what she could.

She would have died, you say? She did not. The spring where she had camped, flowed into a river not far off. There were fish, rabbits and birds. She raised some corn, and made a little garden.

And before another winter, a party of surveyors camped at her spring, the heralds of a railway and of advancing civilization.

She had been a comely woman, not unacquainted with books, and the more polite forms of life. Her heroism of the unconscious, matter-of-course sort, appealed to the men of this party, some of whom also had hearts of gold beneath coats of homespun. One volunteered to aid her in securing her right to the land. Money, the four hundred dollars her John had hoarded to build their frontier home, had been useless to her as so many clods. But now it would work like magic. An early

construction train brought her lumber, and the men, when off duty, built her house, even utilizing moonlight nights, and singing as they wrought.

Another spring, and about this cottage, rude indeed but a blessed shelter, were planted seeds of vines which soon hid its rough exterior with a mantle of leaf and flower.

The engineer continued to be her friend. And he was the sworn ally of her boy, Jack, and of baby Marjorie.

"I can not take gifts," she said,"even from one so kind. In my old home before the War left it desolate, I was a lady," and her head was raised proudly, and her cheeks flushed like a red rose.

"The gifts are not for you," he replied smiling. "The Jersey is for Jack, and the hens, and the Newfoundland dog for Marjorie."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Five years passed. A railroad town had sprung up, as they have a way of doing on our prairies, and a pretty framed house, with roses abloom over door and window fronted the main street. The cottage had not been torn down, for this woman had a vein of sentiment, and to her it was sacred as an altar. It was a refuge which God had built for her in the wilderness, and a light, not of the sun, seemed to lighten its low rooms.

She had become the wife of the friendly engineer, who persuaded her that she needed his help on her farm, in the training of Jack, and in the care of little Marjorie.

The grave in the near timber was not forgotten. Roses bloomed there, and she believed her lover in heaven was not jealous of her earthly friend and helper. Her need had been so sore.

The railroad ran through her land. Part of it was now in the town, and her burden of poverty was lifted. She need not toil now. She had leisure for books, and she read with Jack, and to Marjorie. She loved nature, and there was not a lovely spot, nor prairie-flower near with which she was not familiar. The light of health was in her eye; the song of peace was in her heart. Her lines had fallen in pleasant places.

A few years more, and the shadow of the death of her own and her children's good friend, the engineer, fell upon the home. Then Jack married a sweet girl whom she knew, and brought her to give new interest to her own life, and keep her from brooding over sad thoughts. Marjorie was away at school, in one of the noted Woman's Colleges. Her step-father had said naught was too good for her.

The girl's letters were sweet and loving, but the mother felt that the pretty home in the prairie town would be a cage to the daughter, who had grown into stately beauty, while her years of study had been crowned with academic honors. The calm of her life was broken, and she felt a chill. Would Marjorie be imperious, ambitious? Would she set aside as a cipher,the mother who had known poverty; whose hands had been hardened by toil? Would she pine for the world, and reproach her if her days were dull and lifeless? Or would she be one whose beauty would brighten at love's coming, who would make a plain home radiant with her presence,—a poor man rich with the treasure of her love?

These thoughts came and went, without answer, as the train sped eastward, bearing her to see Marjorie graduate. The tall, reposeful figure in cap and gown dispelled none of her doubts, nor the same, at night, in trailing white robes with breast knot of white roses, with a smile lighting the depths of her luminous eyes, and the flush of victory upon brow and cheek.

We shall not even guess. The future is not yet unfolded. This flower of young womanhood has yet the dew of the dawn on its opening petals, and gives only a hint of the fragrance hidden in its heart. May it bear no thorn for the mother, so simple, so strong, so true.

Dream Flowers

A dream sometimes appears
Amid the fragments of the broken years
That sleep in golden light beyond the
latter days of tears;
Therein I see again
All them that sleep beneath the sun and rain—
That sleep nor hear the voice of spring, nor heed
the summer's wane.

Oft seen in childhood's hours,
Where are ye now, myriads of yellow flowers
That seem to smile upon me then through
tears of April showers?
With alien eyes I view
The fields that long ago so well I knew
With thousand sun-stained petals open
to the morning dew.

Come when the night-wind blows,
Dream-like remembrance of the crimson rose
Whose drooping beauty made more sweet the
twilight's peaceful close—
Sweet rose, that heard of old
A lover's tale that now no more is told—
Now when the desolate winter winds are
blowing bitter cold.

Return again tonight,
Dream-flowers, from the days of past delight,
From placid streams and wind-swept hills,
fragrant and pure and white;
Come from the days of gloom,
Come from the silence of the darkened room,
Come from your patient bending o'er the cold
stones of the tomb.

So doth swift Fancy range
Where'er she will, to regions far and strange.
(I journeyed thence, borne on the ever-turning
wheels of change,
As one who leaves the shore
Of some fair land which he shall see no more,
Whose slow-receding beauty all the years
shall not restore.)

—J. L. Sinclair.

"The Night Before"

HE KNOCKED the ashes from his half burned cigar, applied a lighted match to its charred and ragged end, and after a puff or two, to satisfy himself that there was some smoke left in it, he settled himself deeper in the cushions of his big leather chair, and turned his thoughts loose.

Tomorrow, he was to be married, and while, when viewed from a distance, it seemed the most natural thing in the world, yet when he looked at the coming catastrophe at short range, it hit him between the eyes, so to speak, and staggered him.

Could it be possible that he, who had scoffed at his chums as they had left him one by one, had at last let his feet become entangled in the cobweb of matrimony which would only hold him the closer the harder he tried to escape? Had he at last after a hundred hair-breadth escapes deliberately, with a clear head and his eyes wide open entered into a life time partnership with one of those fluffy, frivolous, irresponsible, composite creatures, who glory in the name of woman?

Yes, he undoubtedly had. The evidence all pointed that way, and it was of such a nature that there was no getting around it.

He poked the reddening coals in the grate into a brighter glow, and taking a box from the table, reseated himself, and snapped his fingers at a bull terrier that lay on the rug in sleepy contentment at his feet.

"Well, Bob," he said as the dog raised his red eyes to those of his master and thumped the floor with his stub of a tail, "it's all over with us. The queen ascends the throne at noon tomorrow and then.—" He paused. "Well doubtless you'll have to leave the house when you want to gnaw a bone, and in all probability I'll have to do the same when I want to smoke or cuss a little, which will be pretty often."

"But we can't help it now, we're into it, and there's only one thing to do: keep a stiff upper lip and take our medicine, for as far as I can see, we've mixed the dose, and if it leaves a dark brown taste,—well it's our own doings."

He opened the box in his lap, and poured a motley collection of photographs, dance programmes, and dinner cards on the table.

"Some of these I'll keep," he said, "but the pictures 'll have to go," and he began extricating them from the mass of relics on the table.

"Well, girls," he said, as he looked into the faces smiling up at him, "it's come at last, and you'll have to go, and if, in the dim and shadowy thing people call the future, our paths should cross again, you'll be Mrs. so and so, and I'll be Mr. Franklin, not old Jack as it used to be. We've had some blamed good times together—the crowd of us," he went on, "not all at once of course, but me, and one or two of you at a time you know, and it makes a fellow feel like the show was sort of going on without him to think of Tom, Dick, and Harry driving and lunching, and dancing with you when he's dead and gone—or married, which is about the same thing. But somehow —

well it's up to me, and there's no use yelling "fat meat" now. The stuff's off." "I'd send you all back," after a pause, "for some of you could be used again, and I hate to see *good* suckerbait wasted; but I don't know where some of you are, for how in thunder could I keep track of all this covey, make a living and get myself in readiness to furnish the corpse at a wedding at the same time? So here goes."

He took one of the pictures, held it toward the grate, then drew it back for another look.

"You first, Beth? Good bye, old girl. It comes hard but we couldn't have you lying around afterwards; you're far to a prettyy ou know, and our wife might see us giving you one of those 'way down south' looks we used to do—and then? Well, there'd be fur in the buck—wheats—that's all."

"I wonder if you remember the dance at Walker's the night I met you? But of course you haven't forgotten that. We sat out four dances round the corner of the veranda and watched the moon shine. I don't remember exactly what else we did, but it's all over now, and we'd both better forget it—if we can."

The picture flared up for an instant, and then was gone.

He drew another from the heap.

"Good morning, Carrie," he hummed, "so you're next." "Well, we were pretty good friends —but you never made any unusual hit with me so we'll pass on to the next."

There was another flare of light for a second—then more ashes.

Mechanically he pulled a third from the pile in his lap, and gazed on a face whose features told plainer than words could have done that her father was a distant relative of Moses, and had, beyond a doubt, at some time been in the clothing business.

"Hortense, little one," he began, "I'll swear I never thought it would come to this. If some one had told me in June, 1900, that I should be burning you here in February, 1902, and that I would be married tomorrow, I should have called him a fool in the X. X. X. class, and believed I was telling the truth."

"Your face," he continued, "calls up memories of moonlight drives through the old campus. Of little lunches we used to have on rainy nights when 'mama' made the sandwiches, and 'papa' opened small bottles, and cracked jokes on the 'Gentiles'." He paused. "But everything has been declared off from this time on. Luck to you wherever you are. Good bye."

So it went on till the mass of photographs with which he had started, dwindled away to one, and, with a sigh, such as one will give at the end of a task, he picked it up, then stooped and kissed the face of the girl he was to marry on the morrow.

He held it so the light would shine upon it to the best advantage, and looked long and earnestly at the dainty, piquant, saucy little face whose laughing eyes looked straight back into his.

"Why, little woman," he queried softly "how did you get in here with the common herd who have all been consigned to the flames?"

He held the picture closer.

"Sweetheart," he said, "I've been a fool—I've been selfish, childish, anything you will, for I've been sitting here dreaming over the old days as though there were none to come; not forgetting I had you, but worrying just a little because I did; thinking alone of the few petty sacrifices I've made, and forgetting entirely those which you were making for me; forgetting the chances you've had long before you met me — chances any one of which would have brought you happiness and wealth and social position far above that which I can ever hope to give, and a life of luxury and ease, while with me it may take a good deal of figuring to make ends meet sometimes without pinching just a little too much to be comfortable. And here, without a word, without asking anything, like the brave little woman you are, you've chopped it all out, put it behind you, and hung by me; have said you were willing to hang by me through thick and thin — ' 'cause you loved me.' "

He seized the poker and raked the fragments of the recent conflagration to the center of the fire, and laughed as they blazed up and crumbled into ashes.

"Burn," he said; "you're understudies, and there's nothin' "didding." I've only got one play; it only calls for one leadin' lady, and I've got her. God bless her little soul! I've got her."

He kicked the dog.

"Get out, you lazy devil."

WILL M. SCHULTZ.

The Better Life

BY WM. AMOS WYNNE.

Above the misty valley
The mountain ranges rise
Beyond the clouded summits
The stretching, boundless skies.

Across the gray-crested surges
Broad plains of oceans are,
Beyond the dim horizons
The evening star.

Higher, from any, any limit
Of toil and care and strife,
Gleams like a flitful beacon,
Your blessed, better life!

The Apocalypse of Despair

Time's shaken hair shall blot: and the whirled dust
Flung from his careening chariot-wheels shall sweep
Forever in between these eyes that weep
And all of comfort, condolence or trust.—
What greater? to be taken on the gust
Wherewith this earth shall crumble down the steep
Sheer, endless, everlasting, void deep,
Wherein the million worlds that have been thrust
There down, like unseen motes the sunlight takes,
Dissolve, and are forgotten. Lo, I lean
Locked lips of love above her peaceful lips,
Where no joy smiles, love lives or sorrow aches,
And say, "My soul in absolute truth has seen
Its one desire in this Apocalypse."

—LEONARD DOUGHTY.

On the Lake

IT was late on a pleasant afternoon in May, when he took that long-to-be remembered boat-ride with her. Down from a sky of purest blue, tufted in places with the whitest fluffy clouds, the sun smiled brightly as if glad to see the world so fresh and beautiful. The little dancing waves of the lake were gay with sparkle, and the surrounding forest, unbroken except in the neighborhood of the hotel, was showy in its vernal green.

He had been rowing very slowly up to the moment when she pointed out his brother in a boat with a young lady. It seemed as if in those long and leisurely strokes, he was giving expression to thoughts which he liked to dwell upon. But on looking at the other couple, he stopped the oars in rigid poise for a second, and a pucker of the brow, a flush, and a frown, evinced the sharp turn of his reflections. Then a superior smile came and remained, and giving a quick dip to the oars, he rowed rapidly away from the approaching boat.

"Who is that with your brother?" she asked. "Do you know?"

"That's Miss Josephine Brace."

"And who is *she*?"

His smile became rather serious. "There is one thing I haven't told you, Muriel," he said, "though I have told you an awful lot. It's concerning this young lady. I'll tell you right now."

He pulled on in silence for a little while, his eyes appearing to see only when turned directly upon his companion, and there they would linger. Could it be that he was contrasting her with Miss Josephine Brace? She sat with one elbow on her knee, and chin in hand; the sailor hat was a bit awry on her auburn curls; and her sleeves were pinned up above the elbows, for she had been dabbling in the water. Plainly she ignored the gaze of the sun on those white arms, though a tiny freckle or two on the fair round face should have taught her a lesson. Miss Josephine Brace, the heiress, would not have allowed herself to assume such a careless attitude as Muriel's. *She* believed that a statuesque, queenly bearing accorded best with her type of beauty.

Theo looked at Muriel quite steadily now. He was evidently thinking about her. Was he thinking about that little school incident which she had told him that afternoon, about how she had turned around in her seat at school and boxed a boy soundly on both ears, because he just would pull her curls, and how, when the teacher had confined her for punishment in an upstairs room she had climbed down the lightning-rod and skipped home? Or was he musing about how beautifully she could paint, and recite, and sing? No, when he spoke, it was seen that his mind had been much more seriously occupied.

"Muriel," he said, "I don't quite understand how it is that you know me so well and yet know nothing about Miss Brace. I thought her name and mine had been linked together often enough by the gossips—and not entirely without reason either. I paid court to her very gallantly at one time, and so did many other fellows for about the same reasons. She is handsome and inherits a large fortune. I am all candor, you see. But I must say this for myself: it was a personal attractiveness—which I thought I saw—more than dowry that appealed to me. My father supplied all the ambition in the other quarter. He was a moderately rich man, as you know, and like most rich men, he was

never content. He had spent his whole life in building up a fortune, and he wanted us two boys to keep on adding to it. There was no easier and quicker method, he concluded, than by securing moneyed brides for us. So he egged me on in my attentions to Miss Brace. In fact, he was determined that I should marry her."

"A few days before he died," Theo continued, "about a year ago, we had a very solemn talk about this matter. He wished to insure the increase of his fortune even after his own death. But I could not promise him even on his death-bed that I would ask Miss Brace for her hand. What my objections were, it is not easy to say. I simply could not think of *marrying* Miss Josephine Brace—provided she would have me. Well, poor father was thrown into quite a state of rage. He really was not himself during those last days of sickness and suffering. He had already made his will, leaving most of his property to me as his elder son, but after our unfortunate talk, he called in his lawyer, Mr Ames, and dictated another and secret will, in which he left everything to my brother Joe. This will he confided to Mr. Ames with very unusual instructions. The lawyer was to conceal it and allow no one else to know the contents except myself, and to destroy it at the end of two years in case I married Miss Brace, otherwise to bring it forth. So a year from now, since I do not intend to sue for Miss Brace's hand, I shall be a poor man."

"I admire your spirit, Theo," she said with a frank smile. "Still I am afraid this rashness will bring you to grief."

"But if you like me the better for it—" he began, dropping his oars and leaning forward in sudden earnestness—

"O, I just dote on you already, you know. How could I any more?" She laughed gayly, yet a quick little gulp seemed to annoy her, and she started off in a fit of coughing with a red face. "Whoa there, save the pieces!" she admonished herself.

"Muriel," said Theo, "perhaps you have thought it a little queer that I should tell you about this—this family affair. But I owe the confidence to you before I tell you something else. I have been intending to tell you something for several days. But I couldn't. So much hangs on the result. Now that chance has made the start, I have grit enough to go on. It may be that you too have come to feel, after our many days of jolly good-fellowship together, that we are more than friends. For my part, the thought of your going away and of my not seeing you again, is unbearable. So even though I am to be a poor man for a while, I offer my whole heart to you—to the noblest, truest girl I've ever known—and ask you to be my wife."

By the time he had finished, she had become very white, and when she spoke at length, it was as if she felt deeply the shock of a life's crisis.

"My dear Theo," she said, "I know what honor you do me in this. If any girl can appreciate your love, I feel I can—but I ought not to say that—you will find—oh, I wish you had not told me! For I can't—I can't accept your love."

"Muriel!" he cried incredulously, "you tell me *no*? It can't be possible."

She looked down at the water, and would not meet the pitiful appeal of his eyes, saying quietly:

"I have no other reply."

Slowly he drooped forward until he was a picture of utter dejection. "Why, I thought, dear girl . . . the bond between us . . . had grown so that it could never be broken. Why is this? Tell me, why." Then he straightened with cold pride. "The trouble, without doubt, is the

loss of my fortune. I have called to mind this point, but I was sure it would have no weight with you. I believed there was a finer nature in you than this would show. Besides my brother would not allow me to become a pauper, and I should not be poor long. Of course, I am not the rich match you may have considered me."

Muriel's only response was, "Take me home."

The sun had settled down behind the woody horizon, and the glare of the day was beginning to soften in the promise of evening, when Theo turned the prow of his boat toward the hotel. All had been said. The rattle of the oar-locks and the splash from the oars were the only sounds which relieved the painful stillness.

As the boat drew near the shore, it was met by another, whose occupant, a small boy, accosted Theo by name, delivered a note, and then rowed away. There was still light enough to read by, and with a word of apology to his companion, Theo perused his message. Immediately signs of the greatest amazement broke out upon his face. He read the note over and over again, turning at last to his companion with a gloomy smile.

"My brother writes to beg my forgiveness for having proposed to Miss Josephine Brace. He says she has accepted him."

"Your brother and Miss Josephine Brace!" exclaimed Muriel excitedly. "Then"—She hesitated, while an uncertain eagerness and joy filled her eyes. "Then you have lost all? And my love can't make your loss any greater?"

When he understood, an ecstacy of love mingled with a sort of reverence welled up in his heart.

"You refused me because you didn't want me to make that sacrifice for you?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"I confess."

"And now that the loss is unavoidable, you will be my wife?"

She smiled assent with that bright honest smile he loved so well.

There was so much to talk about now. Theo turned the prow of the boat away from the shore, and pulled out among those little waves which bobbed and danced with glee. Presently, when many simple words endowed with beauty by the grand harmony of love to which they were entuned, had stirred their hearts, he said:

"But there is something else in this note, my Muriel. I didn't tell you all. Joe says that Lawyer Ames has told him about that secret will, and he has prevailed upon the man to destroy it. I could not believe any of the time that my own brother would allow me to be ruined by a whim of father's, humored in a fit of anger and the delirium of sickness. Now what more can we ask of this old world, sweetheart?"

The world seemed grand indeed just then.

Over in th west, the sky was ablaze with rosy and golden splendor, which played upon light masses of cloud in varying tones of gorgeous beauty; and yet the moon was in sight, and the stars were beginning to twinkle. It was as if the orbs of the sky were hurrying out ahead of time for a peep at this man and maid on the lake who had found such ineffable content.

—S. R. Ashby.

In the Marshland

All nature, in a moss-draped, Southern marsh-land,
Hung in dewy damp that dripped like sobbing tears;
He led his childhood's sweetheart there at morning,
E'er he said farewell, with hope in life and years.

The marshes weep with hearts that sob,
And half-heard sighs steal to the ears:
The soul of sweetest joys men rob;
The kindly marshes shed their tears.

They vowed once more the old, sweet oaths of young love,
And they sealed each with a sacred true-love-kiss;
With faltering voice and down-cast eyes so earnest,
Then, she asked their God to shield their hearts in bliss.

'Tis years, now, since that time when love and beauty
Mingled joy into the faith he vowed to keep;—
A life that friends have loved for true and happy
Turns in sorrow back beside the marsh to weep. —G. C. Embry.

Song

(TUNE: AMERICA.)

Oh, Perry 'tis of thee,
Creature of equity,
Of thee we sing;
On which thro' "zams" we ride,
Thou art all Seniors' pride.
From every mountain side
Let praises ring.

With some audacity
We strove to master thee,
Peregrinus!
Thou smil'st in fiendish glee,
Till Simkins spat out thee,
Peregrinus!

Thou thing of timeless space,
A grin upon thy face,
Peregrinus!
A back with bristles low,
A hide as white as snow,
Thy image haunts me so,
Peregrinus!

"Love," Sings the Lark

(WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.)

Far from the South over daisies and clover
Comes he, as fleet as a wild bird's wing,
Violet-crowned, passionate, beautiful rover,
Wandering, white-breasted, azure-eyed Spring.

We two and Spring and the dear larks above us;
Nothing but love in the earth and the sky,
Nothing but love from the dear ones who love us,
Nothing but love in our lives till we die.

"Love," sings the lark, and the far valleys hear him,
The lilt of his song makes the violets spring.
All my heart rises in love to be near him,
Wafted away on the sweep of his wing.

"Leaf again, life again, love again"—love again!
Laughter and light over mountain and dell,
Blue sky and beauty of white clouds above again
Farewell forever, farewell forever——Winter farewell!

—LEONARD DOUGHTY.

Sunset a la Mode

Earth lost her sun-burst in the western sea
But on the lake—in panne of silver-gray—
A slender crescent now is pinned. The lea
Is olive-green with roses applique.

The cloud-folk pass in lumbering automo's
'Long avenues with little stars belit
Hark! I heard murmurings that fell and rose—
Air spirits who to scenes of pleasure flit.

Behind the feather ruff of cedar trees
That tops yon line of hills the moon is gone.
Then, as the chillness of a sea-born breeze
Steals over her, Earth puts her raglan on.

—J. M. C.

Hot Shot

Cursed be he who first cries:"Hold! Enough!" —*The Cactus Board.*

Jolly your friends; pass your enemies by in silence. —*The Grinds Committee.*

"Young Men, the eyes of Texas are upon you!"

WANTED! By Cater and Hatchitt, a girl, who, when she's sick, can't walk the streets.

"Come lay thy head upon my breast
And I will kiss thee unto rest." —*Dunbar to Co-ed.*

I was not always a man of woe! ! !

Alex Deusson after a third attempt to be "funny" in THE TEXAN.

What a spendthrift is he of his tongue. —*Leon Brown.*

A Mellin's Food baby. —*George F. Price.*

The sports of children satisfy the child. —*Haynes.*

His smile the cherub smile of innocence. —*See Griggs.*

The soul of this man is in his clothes. —*J. W. Claywell.*

He flirts with law
He moves with grace
A look of sunshine
In his face? —*H. L. Borden.*

A smile angelic, a look divine. —*E. W. Davis.*

"What proof have you got?" —*Savage.*

HORACE TRIPPET: "Miss B— I been with you three times and tuck you to the show; I want to know if I 'mount to much with you, and mus' I come back any more."

What God hath scanted men in wit, He hath given them in hair. —*Potts.*

Sing again; mine ear is much enamored of thy note. —*Sheppard.*

I love myself and have no other love. —*C. L. Martin.*

If thou wert an ass thy dullness would torment thee. —*A. P. Ward.*

Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself, an eye like Mars. —*Ivan Martin.*

In the silence of the night, how we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of his tone. —*McInnis.*

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. —*Holliday.*

"And still they gaze and still the wonder grows,
How one small head can carry all his nose!" —*W. E. Pope.*

He can not long hold out these pangs, th' incessant care and labor of his mind. —*Max Hargrove.*

Eternal sunshine settles on his head. —*J. R. Johnson.*

He's a justice of the peace in his country, simple though I stand here. —*Ben L. Cox.*

"Let's lock Hackett in the bath room." —*K. C. Miller.*

A practical joke? Yes, I'd like to play a practical joke. —*J. E. Hackett.*

Should every creature drink but me? —*Watson.*

As busy as a hen with one chick. —*Dickerson.*

A sight to dream of, not to tell. —*Junior Laws.*

Very great in very little things. —*Wm. Moses Jones.*

What quick wit is found in sudden straits. —*Joe Burford.*

His bark is worse than his bite. —*Mr. Barker.*

A face untaught to feign. —*N. B. Judd.*

Lest men suspect your tale untrue
Keep probability in view. —*Mayor Brown.*

Temptatation has a music for all ears. —*Bully Boozers.*

Tetchy and wayward was thine infancy. —*The Freshmen.*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. —*Cowart to Easterwood.*

Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk. —*Jake Phillipowski.*

We shall have him talk to us in silence. —*Hertzberg.*

The race by vigor not by wants is won. —*Bennett.*

"What do you know." —*Horace Whaling.*

I would that I were tough! —*Kirkpatrick.*

As a flower of the field so he flourisheth. —*Flowers.*

My name is legion. —*R. F. Cook.*

The noble army of martyrs. —*Bully Boozers.*

O for a stand in, O for a stand in,
O for a stand in at Grace Hall. —*Jack Hubbard.*

"Close personal friends." —*Annanias and Mr. Lomax.*

Who said I looked like Billy Bryan? —*W. H. Slay.*

In mien how graceful he appears. —*Horace Trippet.*

What think you of this wondrous guest who has come to our abode. —*Freshman Ford.*

What god, ye Muses, first revealed to us this art? —*H. P. Steger.*

What then must we do, when our sentiments differ so widely from those of the vulgar.
—*Bondies and Allen.*

I would be a politician—a politician I would be. —*Jack Hubbard.*

The sweet simplicity of the three per cents. —*W. R. Carrington.*

No tears dim the sweet look that nature wears. —*Dickerson.*

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels. —*Leslie and Watson.*

God had sifted three Kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting. *Potts, Bennett and "Sleepy" Robinson.*

I never dare to write as funny as I can. —*Horace Whaling.*

More black than ashbuds in the front of March. —*H. S. Bishop.*

I am a part of all I have met. —*Henry Clay Dunbar.*

Wisdom shall die with you. —*Miley B. Wesson.*

There were giants in the earth in those days. —*Hugh Bardin.*

Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown. —*Parsons.*

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth. —*C. E. Witt.*

Spreading himself like a green bay-tree. —*A. L. Burford.*

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles. —*Mr. Wyche.*

The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there. —*Freshmen Kirkpatrick and Tim Allen Smith.*

Mingle a little folly with your wisdom. —*Ashby.*

He who a tale so learnedly could tell. —*Judge Clark.*

How much in love with himself, and that without a rival. *H. H. Parks.*

What region of the earth is not full of any works. —*Dr. Halsted.*

Wherefore thunder on in noisy eloquence as thou art wont. —*Joe Dibrell.*

Common sense is seldom found with great fortune. —*Lewis Johnson.*

The voice of one crying in the wilderness. —*Sam Houghston.*

A goose, he gabbles among the swans. —*J. A. Camp.*

A great intellect lies concealed beneath that uncouth exterior. —*Dr. Mather.*

You may try, but you can't do it. —*W. R. Carrington.*

Quack! Quack! Quack! —*Rose.*

Hands up! Your money or your life. —*Phelps.*

Let's have "our" hair cut. —*"Aguinaldo" Files to Annanias.*

The Prethident of the Orathorical Aththothiation rulths that the tho thietty ith thill in thethion.
—*Thamie Neathery.*

"When I was at Michigan." —*Gay.*

Thirteen is an unlucky number. —*Bully Boozers.*

"He's tough, ma'am, tough is J. B. and devilish sly." —*Joe B. Hatchitt.*

Labor itself is but a sorrowful song. —*George Wright.*

This goin ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur.
—Cactus *Board.*

With the smile that was childlike and bland. —*Phillipowski.*

He talks much who has least to say. —*L. C. Robinson.*

No office so humble, but it is better than nothing. —*Joe B. Hatchitt.*

He who persists in genuineness will increase in adequacy. —*Edwin Dobney.*

Sir Plume, of amber snuff box justly vain. —*Dick Bowman.*

By magic numbers and persuasive sound. —*University Octette.*

Joy rises in me like a summer morn. —*Judge Clark.*

"My life is one demd horrid Grind." —*Shuddenmagen.*

Take a joke as a joke, and it will not provoke. —*M. O. Flowers.*

"Constant occupation prevents temptation" to law students. —*Judge Lewis.*

The conscience of well doing is an ample reward. —*Roberta Lavender.*

Drinks like a fish—water only. —*L. W. Welker.*

Be not wine bibbers. —*Bully Boozers.*

Talking comes by nature, silence by wisdom. —*J. R. Kubala.*

He's registered as a man
So let it stand. —*Faulk.*

There seems to be a slight contention as to whether Fred Cater is greater than, or less than, the connecting link between nothing and a naught with the rim knocked off.

One struggle more and I am free! —*Dick Bowman.*

Like unto Cyrano am I! —*Leavell.*

How green and fresh you are in this old world! —*Lumpkin.*

"I was a poet, too!" —*Mayor Brown.*

But still his tongue ran on. —*Bolin.*

My salad days;
When I was green in judgment. —*Sophomores.*

"He's real cute." —*Edgar M. Mann.*

A cask that will never fill. —*Crosby.*

"No ear can hear nor tonge can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!" —*Fresh. Chemistry Laboratory.*

The still small voice (of common sense) is wanted. —*W. E. Pope.*

A fine fellow. —*Tod Moore.*

A congenial crowd! ! ? ? ! ? —*S. A. E. Fraternity.*

A combination to run things. —*Phi Gamma Delta.*

The pillar of the Law Department. —*Judge Townes.*

Two escapes from the co-eds. —*I. Martin and W. Tyler.*

As lazy as Ludlam's dog that leaned his head against the wall to bark. —*Easterwood.*

Long man short name,
Short man long name. —*Brues and Melander.*

"An ape is ne'er so like an ape
As when he wears a doctor's cape."

(*Gibson in Cap and Gown*).

"All saints without,
All devils within." —*Brack Hall.*

"Self admiration is the daughter of ignorance." —*Wilbur Allen.*

"A fine new nothing." —*Wallace Tyler.*

"I am not in the roll of common men (?)." —*George Wright.*

What is it but a map of busy life,
Its flirtations and other vast (?) concerns. —*Grace Hall.*

Beware of him whom God hath marked. *Tham Neathery.*

Long, long kisses, kisses of youth and love. —*Third Floor.*

"He mowths a sentence as a dog mowths a bone." —*Fulmore.*

As much wit as three folks, two fools, and a madman. —*Witt, E. E.*

Miss M————E:—Mr. Brues, why do we see so many dead beetles coming up to the University now?

Nothing is more terrible than aggressive ignorance. —*Budley.*

Holds the eel of science by the tail. ——*Miss Rucker.*

He that is down can fall no lower. —*Allen.*

A deplorable mockery. —*Chas. Oliver.*

Judge a tree by its fruts, not by its leaves. —*Dr. Penick.*

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. —*Dodson.*

"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair." —*Fletcher and Powell.*

I'm going to be a great orator some day, some day. —*Alex. Weisberg.*

Slay (in Equity Class),—Judge Simkins, will you please explain the status of Joint-tenancy.

Col. Simkins,—Why, my dear young fellow, its simply this: When two fellers hold property in Joint-tenancy, the one that dies first takes the pot.

Judge Gould,—Give the history of the assignment of negotiable instruments.

Yick Wo Lee,—I never heard of it till the statute of 3rd Ann.

Col. Simkins,—What can a married woman do to secure her property rights as against her husband when the Brute has abandoned her?

Ben Cox,—I don't know the law in Texas, but in Van Zandt she could bring an action of *non compos mentis*.

Notable differences in the price of some stocks from the standpoint of the holder and the purchaser. 100% is par.

	His estimation.	Respectable price.
Borden	340	60
Cowart	730	28

	His estimation.	Respectable price.
Connor	520	24
Slay	496	54
Pope, W. E.	300	15
Thompson (Hal)	150	76
George Wright	420	42
Dunbar	330	56
Dickerson	640	42
Lumpkin	460	19
The Hatchetts	999	05

Why Some of Us Come Here

Borden—to win a fair heart.

Kirkpatrick—to become a man.

Dickerson—to make A's.

Cowart—? ! ! ? ! ? ?

Haven—to play ball.

Merrill—to loaf.

Coeds—to join a sorority.

McInnis—to explode.

Audrian—to play in the Band.

Widen—to join a musical organization.

Jerry Randolph—to be a politician.

Wanted

——by Professor Reed more than the recitation time or else an assistant to help him put an hour's exam. on the board.

——to know, by the working students, why some of the young ladies do not wear sleigh bells on the hem of their skirts to better advertise their whereabouts.

——by Mr. Moore, a harder text book than Puckle's Conic Sections for his beginner's class in Analytical Geometry.

——to know, by the Freshmen, if they are not the *swellest class* that has ever entered the University.

——by the student body, the President to give each teacher, in turn, one day off, and to appoint a committee to conduct him over the entire main building and chemical laboratory and show him the amount of work the students do outside of his respective class.

——by Mr. C. E. Witt, three or four new sweethearts.

——to know, by Grace Hall people, what is Benny Powell's net weight?

——by a Freshman co-ed, the skin of the Peregrinus, as a souvenir.

——to know, by Mr. Ewing, if there are any "co-eds" here whom he has not called upon.

——by the Freshmen, the bluejays to go to the lower region (the basement) where they belong.

——to know, by the Capitol Club, if Mr. L. C. Robinson really went through that cave at the lime kiln.

——to know, by interested friends, if one of our young ladies, mentioned in the *Texan*, has ever received her "T."

——to know, by a Junior Law, if the Freshmen really have free use of the elevator and telephone.

Who said that Compere objected to the Final Ball Committees on the ground that half the numbers could not play ball?

Who said that when Melander obtained a fellowship in the University of Chicago, Brues applied for a divorce?

What will the University do for another Leslie when this one is gone?

Doesn't Mr. Curtiss' Athletic Class look cute in its new tights?

Wanted to know by a Freshman: If it's a fad, fashion, or forgetfulness that girls have to be introduced to a gentleman just six times before they will recognize him afterwards?

Information wanted!—By a Junior Law why Mr. Burford can not see as many good points in an exam. paper as Judge Lewis can.

What young lady was that who said that Porter was "one of those little fellows cute enough to kiss?"

WANTED—A fresh supply of adjectives by Horace Whaling.

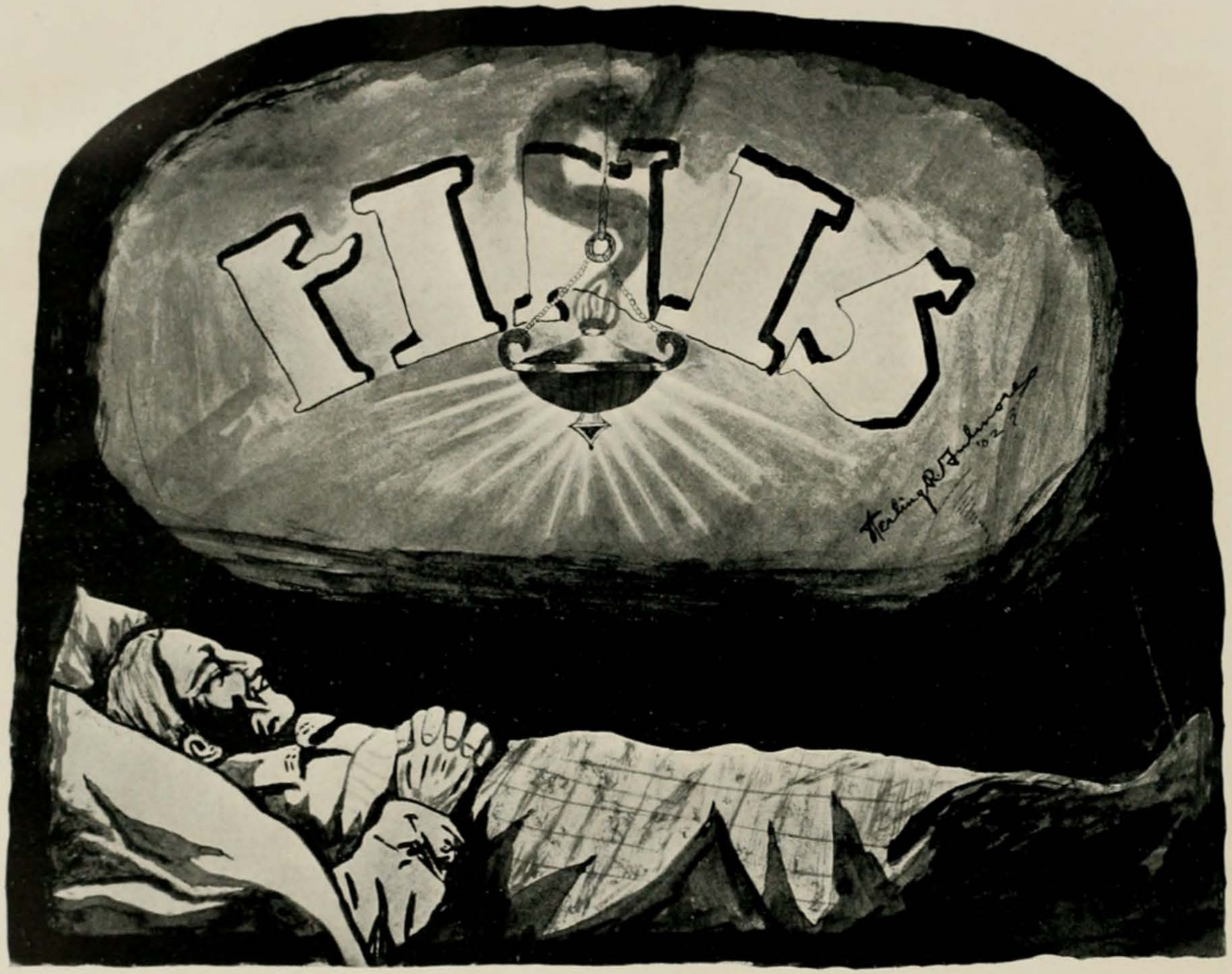
Forthcoming Fiction

"The Principles of Equity"—By W. S. Simpkins. The author will devote much attention to the development of the newly discovered creature of Equity, the far-famed *Peregrinus*. The origin, history, use and proper care of the animal will be discussed at great length. The volume will be profusely illustrated by original and artistic drawings from the masterly hand of Mr. R. R. Savage of the class 1902.

"The Art of Spooning."—By Benj. Wyche. The author will show whereon he is amply qualified for editing such a book. He will discourse ably the way in which spoony couples are ousted from the alcoves of the library and sent to seek the verdant woodland where all nature sings an old love song and where the amorous swain will receive a powerful nerve tonic sufficient to cause him to return the sly glances of his bashful Jane and tell her she is the only woman in all the world. The volume will be gladly placed free of charge in the hands of all who expect to take a course in spooning next year. For introductory purposes into other colleges sample copies may be obtained from the author at the rate of 10 cents per copy.

"How to Retain an Office to Which you have been Elected."—By Budley Fisher, Esq. The author shows a clean grasp of all the details of his subject and exhibits a remarkable insight in laying down rules for avoiding the hidden reefs upon which an inexperienced incumbent is likely to wreck his boat. Some very pertinent suggestions in regard to the incumbency and some valuable advice to inexperienced office holders are contained in the closing passages of the book. The volume is handsomely illustrated by the celebrated artist, Mr. E. C. Connor, in some 15 beautiful drawings. There are also some valuable explanatory footnotes by Messrs. O. P. Easterwood and J. J. Samuels. The work contains 256 pages and can be had at the Coop for the remarkable low price of 3 cents.

"My Experience as Editor of the Cactus."—By F. T. West. This volume is intended for the guidance of wayward youth who may subsequently be ambitious to edit the 'Varsity annual. The great delight which the author experiences from his editorial labors, and the recreation to be derived from the promptness with which the various organizations responded to the appeal for help, and the dispatch with which the contributors from the various organizations did their work are charmingly set forth. Especially entertaining is a chapter compiled with the aid of Mr. E. S. Easton, which portrays the intense pleasure to be derived from the extreme urbanity with which some members of the various faculties tend their pictures ranging from an oil painting to the most recent Kodak photo to the editor for service in publishing our souvenir book. The ease with which class organizations, fraternities and literary societies can be induced to act promptly receive especial attention. There are illustrations by Mr. E. C. Connor and valuable annotations by Misses Edith Clark, Laura Williamson, Messrs. J. M. Newsom, E. E. Witt, C. N. Campbell, E. T. Moore, Jr., Thos. Fletcher, Howard Key, J. B. Benefield and others. Finally there is appended a treatise by Mr. B. H. Powell upon the successful business management of the enterprise, the most valuable part being that in which is set forth the ease with which he and the editors got the contributions to the publishers in due time and very materially lessened the expense of publication. Withal, this is a most valuable book and should be in the hands of every 'Varsity student who would seek editorial honors.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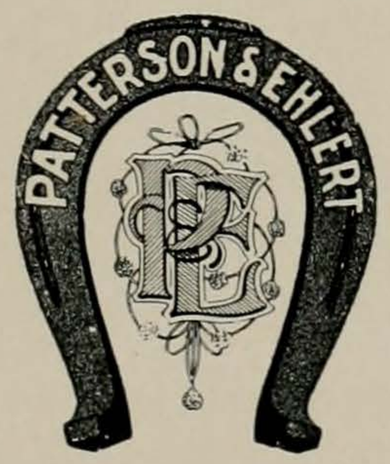

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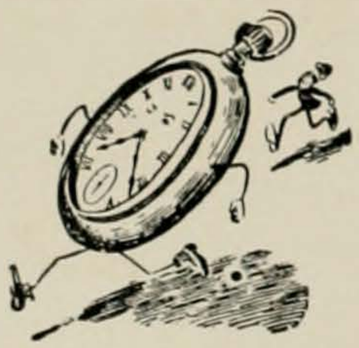

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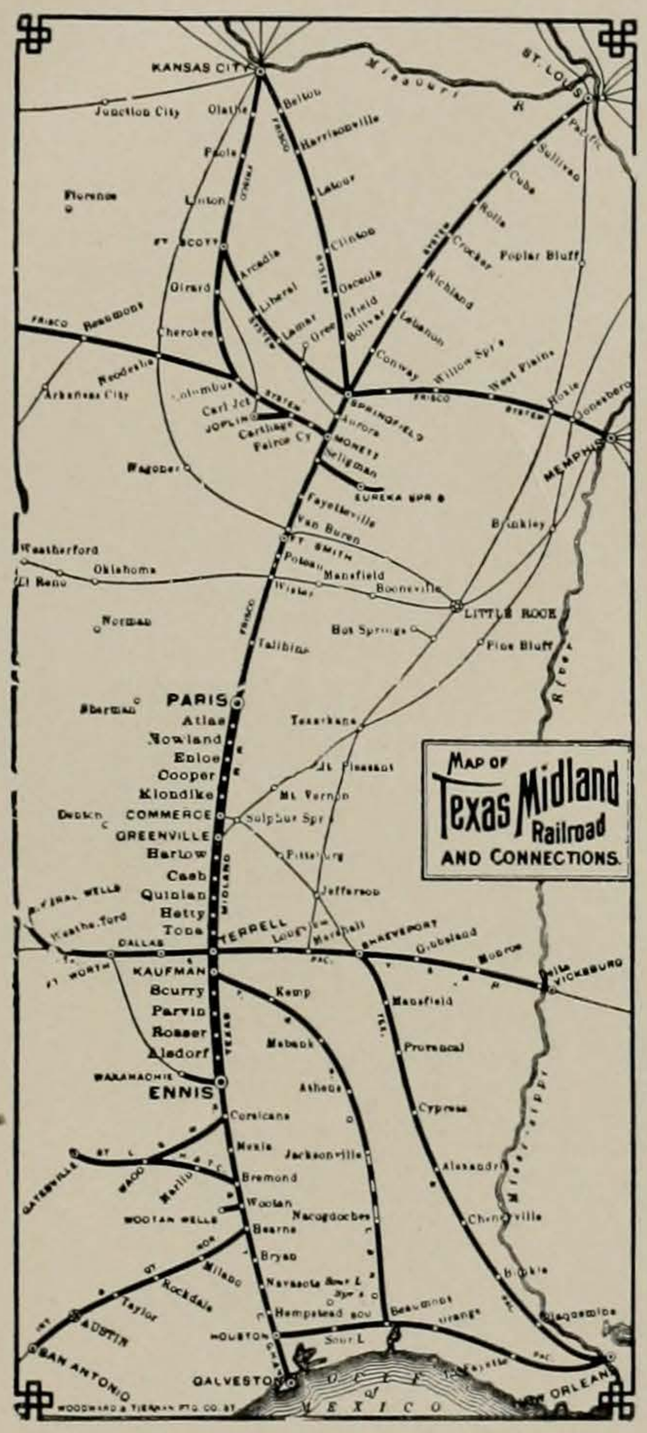

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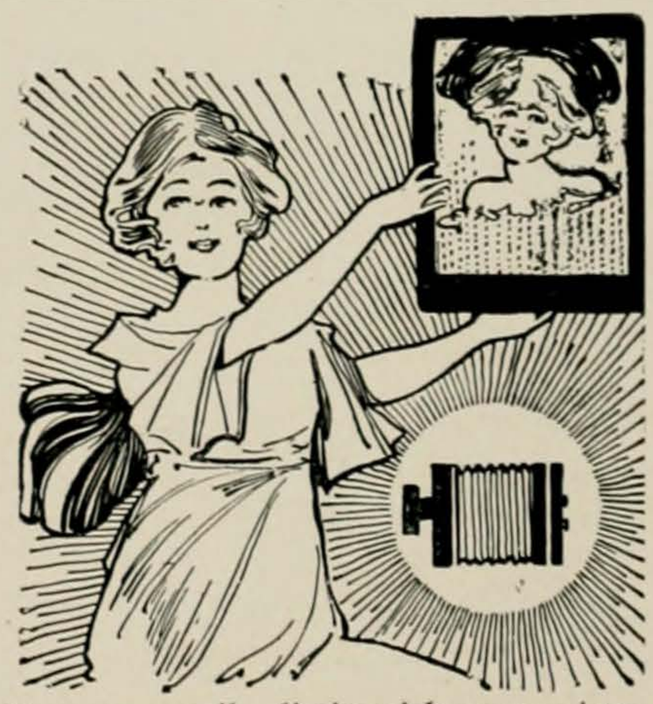

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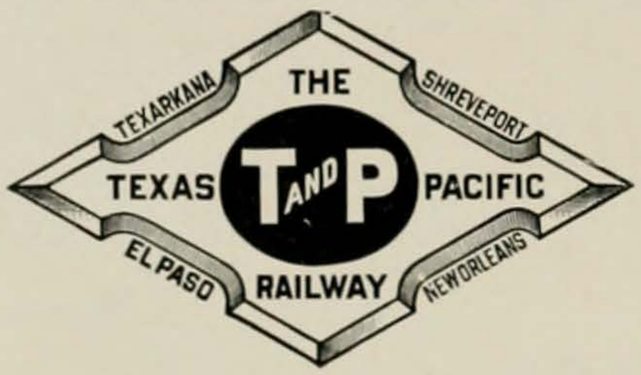

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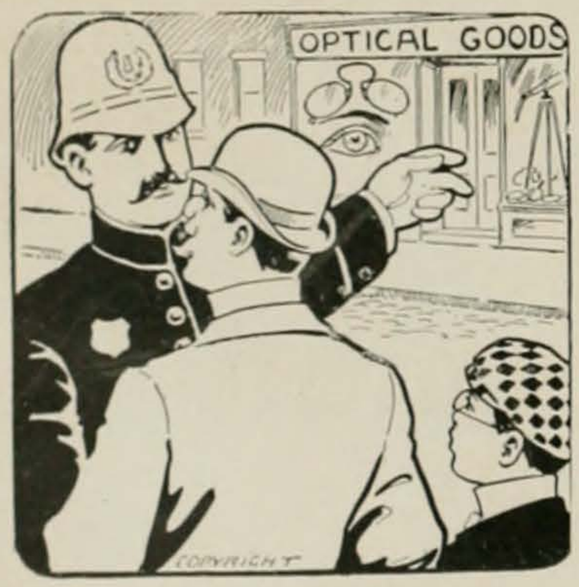

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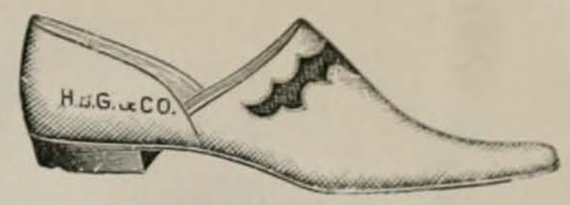

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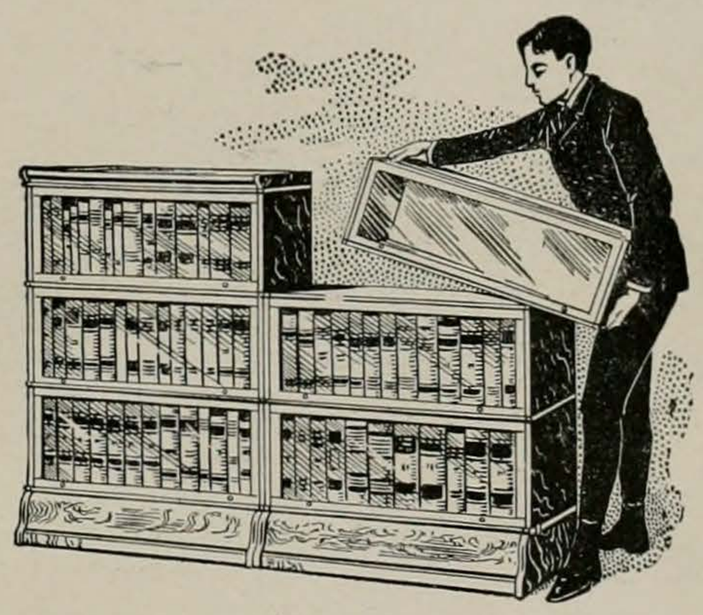

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