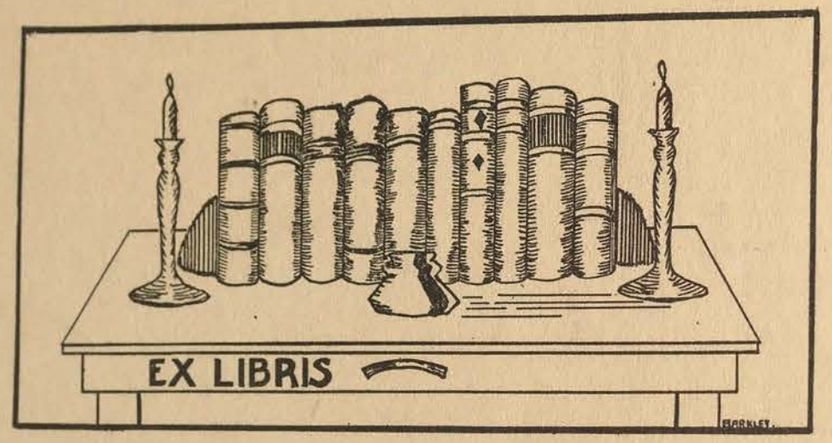
DAEDALIAN

COLLEGE OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS

WE LEARN TO DO BY DOING

1917



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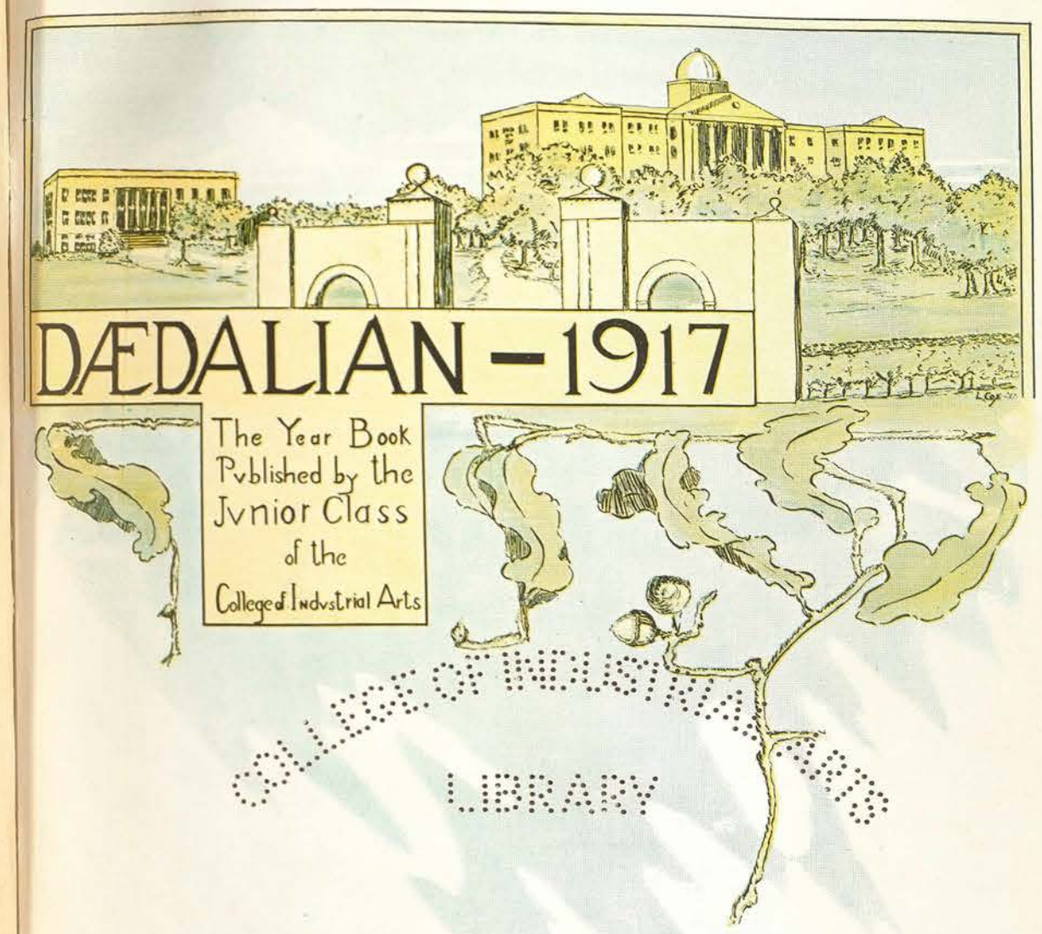

DÆDALIAN – 1917

The Year Book
Published by the
Junior Class
of the
College of Industrial Arts

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1917

FOREWORD

The purpose of a Junior Year Book is to portray the story of the year. This idea the staff has endeavored to carry out by making the book a true image of college life for the past thirty-six weeks.

We sincerely hope you will receive it in the spirit in which it is offered, and that as you look through its pages, you will appreciate its value as a reminder of happy days at the College of ndustrial Arts.

THE STAFF.

310698

MISS LINA PERLITZ
DEAN OF WOMEN

DEDICATION

We Dedicate this, the Year Book of 1917, to Miss Lina Perlitz to whom untiring efforts in promoting the general welfare of the College each student owes a debt of gratitude. Not only has her service been for the whole, but she has never been too tired or too busy to listen to any individual problem however insignificant. We wish to express our appreciation also for the high and lofty ideals which she has instilled into the minds of the students that have made them wish to do right for its own sake, and we wish to express our esteem for the work [illegible] herself who has upheld these ideals.

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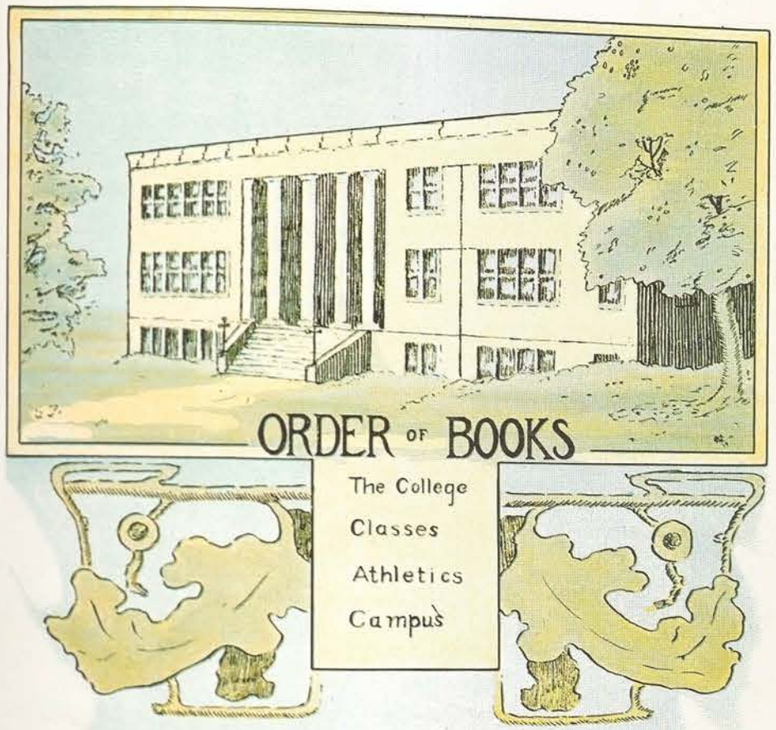
IN MEMORIAM

Ella Williams

April 5, 1897
April 9, 1917

Eula Stone

June 24, 1898
Dec. 20, 1916



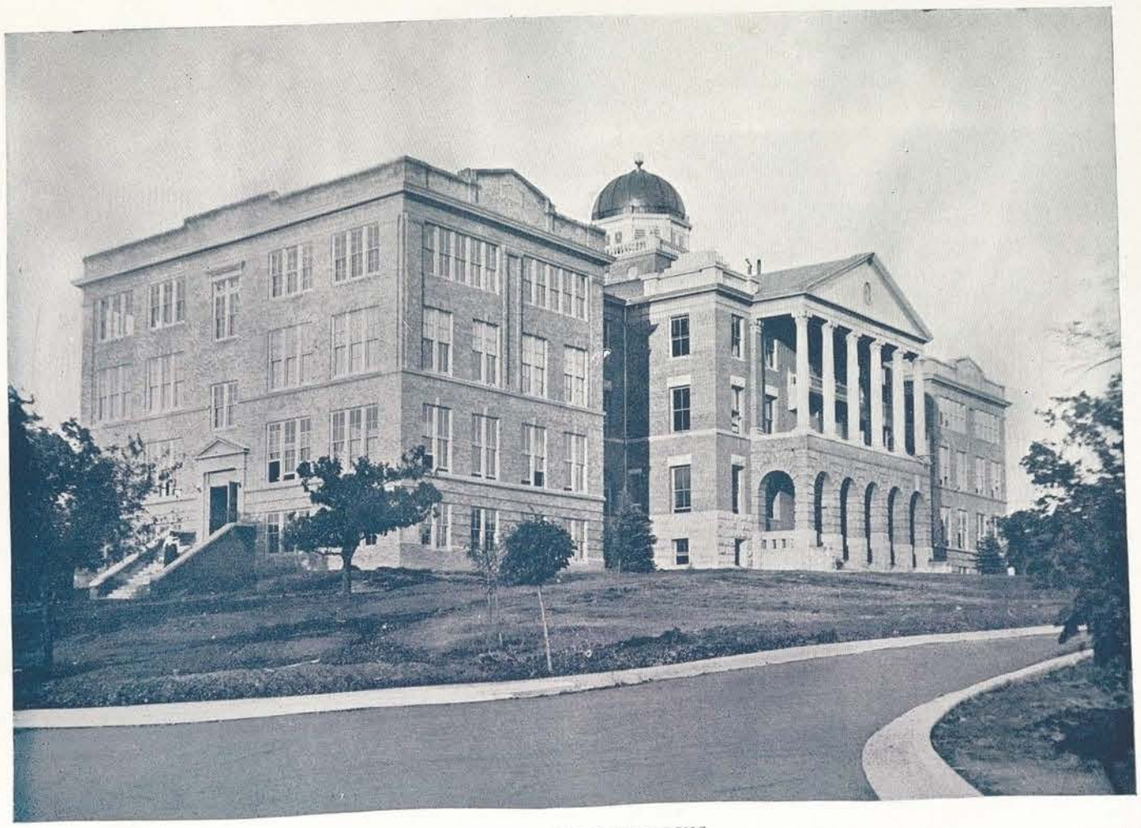
ORDER OF BOOKS

The College

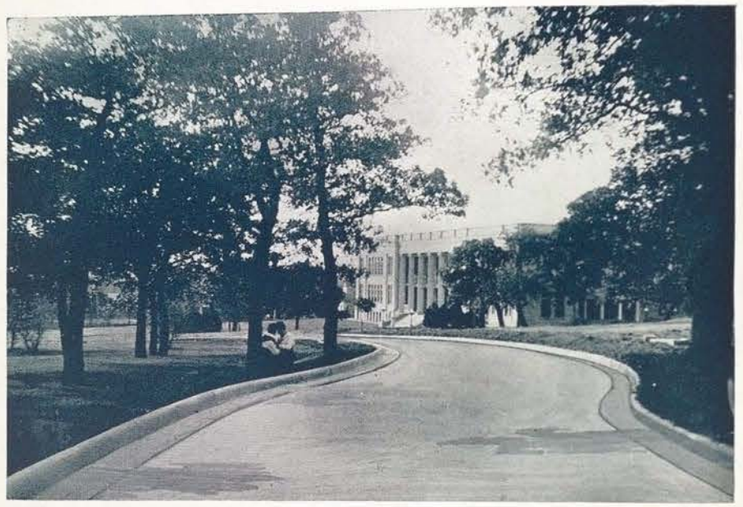
Classes

Athletics

Campus

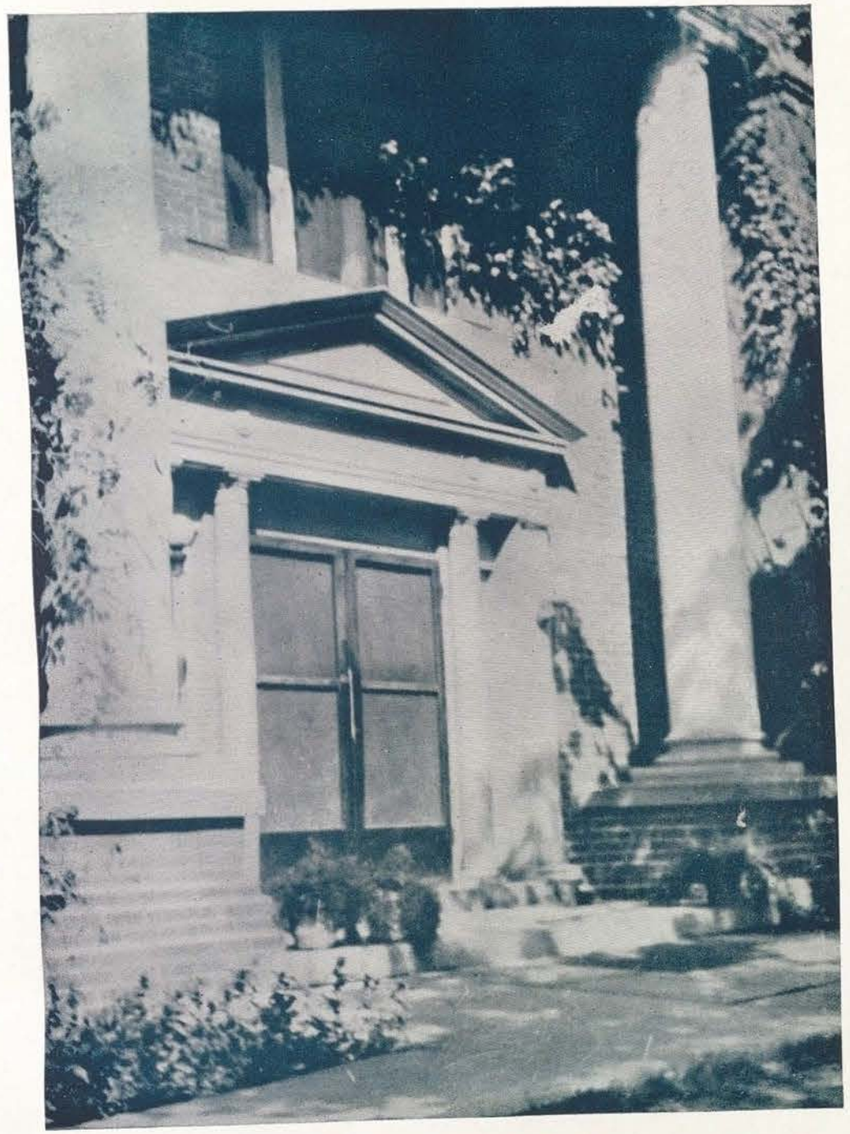


ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



DRIVE

HOUSEHOLD ARTS BUILDING



ENTRANCE TO STODDARD HALL

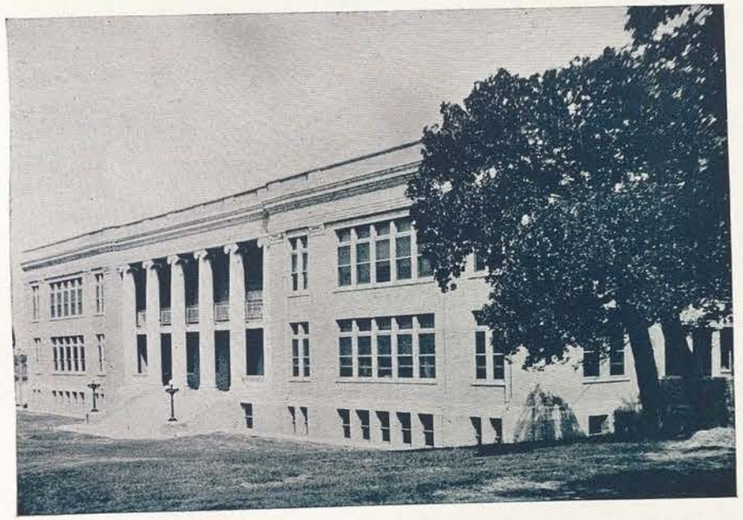
COUNTY COURT HOUSE

EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK

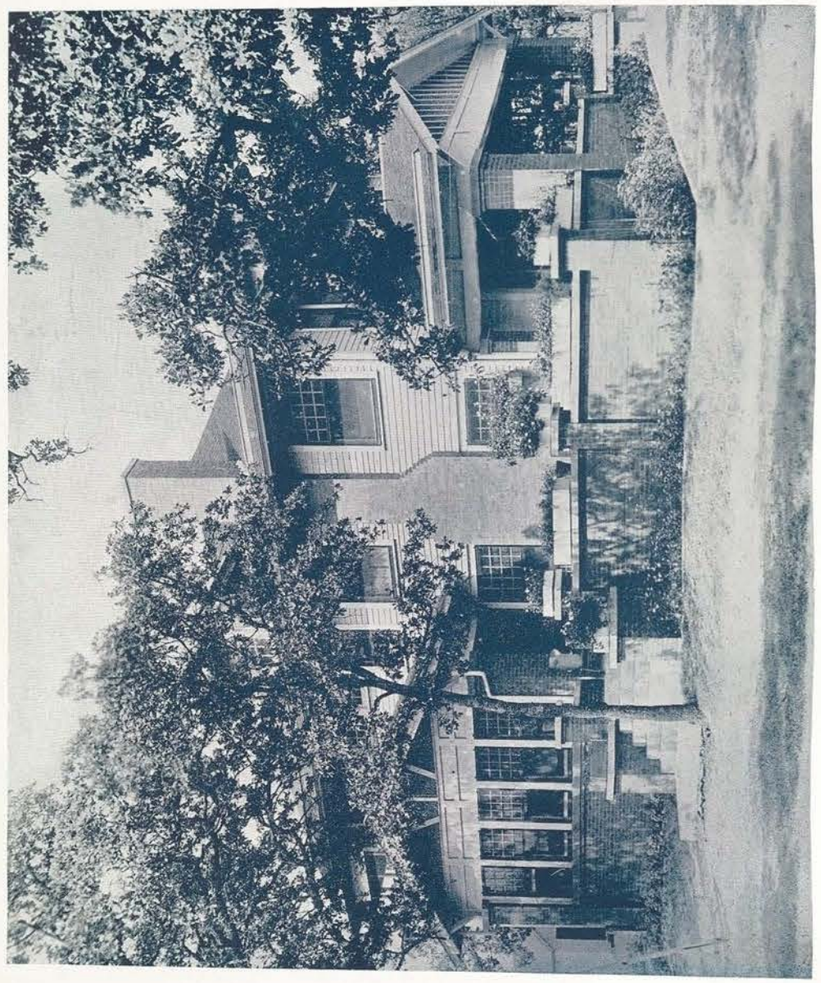
METHODIST DORMITORY

HYGEIA HALL

DEMONSTRATION COTTAGE



HOUSEHOLD ARTS BUILDING



A DENTON RESIDENCE

MR. F. M. BRALLEY

Alma Mater

Hail! Alma Mater! Hail!
  Joyous we sing;
Voices a-tune with love
  Shall loudly ring.
Thy daughters sing to thee
  Praises today.
Hail! Alma Mater! Hail!
  To C. I. A.

Strong ties of friendship true
  Bind us to thee;
Hours spent with thee are dear
  To memory.
With loyal love a-glow
  Sing we our song:
Hail! Let our voices glad
  The notes prolong!

On broad and rolling plains,
  'Neath Texas skies,
There, crowned with majesty,
  Thy buildings rise.
Thou hast with purpose new
  Lighted our way.
Hail! Alma Mater! Hail!
  To C. I. A.

The College of Industrial Arts

The College of Industrial Arts is the State College for women. It was created by an act of the Twenty-Seventh Legislature in April, 1901, and is maintained by legislative appropriations. A locating commission consisting of one person from each congressional district was directed by law to choose a location, and in making the choice "to take into consideration the healthfulness, moral and social environment and influences, accessibility, and other facts and circumstances affecting the suitability of the site in question as a location." From a number of available places the commission, in February, 1902, selected Denton as the place fulfilling all the required conditions. The College formally opened its doors to receive students on September 23, 1903.

The College of Industrial Arts has fulfilled, in all respects, the requirements of a standard college. Formal recognition of this fact has been given by the State Department of Education, and the College rated as a college of the first class.

The College campus of seventy-three acres occupies a commanding and attractive site upon an elevation within the city limits to the northeast. A twenty-five acre park with grassy slopes and large oak trees forms the approach to the main group of buildings. In the rear of this group of buildings the campus is, for the most part, devoted to the poultry yard, the College experimental garden, field, orchard, and the wooded pasture of the dairy herd.

The College buildings are substantial, modern, attractive, and well equipped. They are located near each other on the most elevated portion of the campus. The principal instructional buildings are known as the Administration Building and the Household Arts and Science Building. They are constructed of a uniform colored brick, and are three and four stories high. They contain the administration offices, lecture and class rooms, laboratories, library rooms, and an auditorium with a seating capacity of eleven hundred.

Hygeia Hall, the College hospital, serves the double purpose of a place for taking care of the sick and for a demonstration laboratory for the classes in home nursing. A woman physician and a trained nurse,

both of whom reside in Hygeia Hall, look after the health of the student body. The College holds a very extraordinary record in regard to the health and physical well-being of its students.

Conveniently near these buildings are located the President's home, the Demonstration Cottage, Horticulture Building, Music Building, Gymnasium, the greenhouses, the laundry and a new modern steam heating plant.

The College is well equipped throughout. It has always been the policy of the College to purchase only the best equipment. All the buildings, both instructional and residential, are heated with steam, lighted with electricity, and supplied with pure cooled artesian water.

One of the most prominent characteristics of the student body of the College of Industrial Arts is the atmosphere of wholesome congeniality and democratic living that pervades it. The unity and the loyalty of the student body are exceptional. It is contributed to by several conditions. The close association and sense of comradeship existing among the students have often been the subject of favorable comment. The teachers give unrestrictingly of their time and energy, outside the classroom and formal instruction, to the social life, the moral uplift and the solution of the problems of the individual student. No student comes to the College of Industrial Arts and is lost in the mass. Every student is assigned a definite place in a small group that is directly supervised by a member of the faculty, who looks after the students' needs and comforts in every possible way. This applies to students living in private homes as well as those living in the dormitories—and students living in private homes are subject to the same supervision and requirements as dormitory students.

Wholesome, recreative pastimes and various ways of securing healthful enjoyment and entertainment are generously provided within the College community. Excursions and picnic trips to some of the woodland resorts are supplemented by smaller group luncheons and spreads in the park or woods of the College campus. College and dormitory teas, parties and receptions, both formal and informal, give the students the advantage of both the pleasure and the training in the proprieties of social life.

Outdoor sports, tennis, basket ball, hockey, tether-tennis, track work, field day exercises—all add vigor and zest to the College life and stimulate strong but friendly rivalry, further strengthening the oneness of the student body while developing a true sense of self-control, self-direction and fair dealing.

It is believed that the "problems and perils of leisure are greater than those of labor," and that members of the faculty should play with the students as well as work with them. At the College both are done with earnestness and joyousness. The final test of any plan or method is:

"Does it work?" The College counts its happy-hearted, self-controlled, serious-working student body a sufficient answer.

The law providing for the establishment of the College of Industrial Arts sets forth the fundamental purpose and scope of the work to be undertaken, namely, to prepare the young women of Texas for the duties and responsibilities of life, in whatever lines of work they may choose to follow. Since the College has been in operation, the Board of Regents and all others entrusted with the administration have so directed its policies as to make those policies consistent with the purpose for which the College was created. The College offers both literary and industrial work, believing that a right combination of the two kinds of training results in the soundest culture and the highest degree of efficiency.

Brackenridge Hall

Brackenridge Hall is the new state dormitory completed in November, 1916. It is one of the best dormitories for women in the South, being erected at the cost of $140,000.00. It is modern and absolutely fireproof, and harmonizes in material and in architectural design with Stoddard Hall. The dormitory is entirely separate from the instructional buildings, so that the quiet of home life is not invaded by the atmosphere of laboratories and formal instruction, a fact decidedly to the interest of both home and school life.

On the basement floor is the dining room and kitchen. The large dining room is furnished for health and comfort, and will accommodate about five hundred students for meals, which makes it possible for a part of the students rooming in private homes, near the campus, to have their meals at the state dormitories and therefore to enter into the social life of the College, as those students do who reside in the dormitories. The dining room and kitchen equipment cost approximately $5,000.00, and is perhaps the best in the state. The kitchen has a bakery, an ice cream freezer run by an electric motor, and a large refrigerator for keeping foods and furnishing water for the fountains on the first and second floors. The dormitory cuisine is under the direction of a graduate dietitian who uses only the best of foodstuffs in balanced proportion.

At the front of the first floor is a large reception hall 36x64 feet. Back of this, and also on the third floor, are the girls' rooms. There are enough rooms to accommodate 160 students, besides the offices of the dietitian and help. There are single, double, and three-girl rooms. Each room is furnished with single beds, large lavatories, running water, suitable furnishings, comfortable wicker chairs and arrangements for systematic separation of the individual property.

The roof garden contains 16,137 square feet, and will easily accommodate from 1,200 to 1,500 persons. On the east side is a stage, which will be used for the entertainment of the students. There are three stairways leading to the roof garden—two in the west end of the dormitory and one in the east. In addition there is an elevator for carrying trunks from the basement to the first floor and second floor and a smaller elevator for carrying refreshments from the kitchen to the roof garden.

There are two resident teachers in the dormitory who assist the Student Council members in managing the affairs pertaining to order and conduct. Student government is practiced in both of the state dormitories.

Brackenridge Hall was named in honor of Miss Mary Eleanor Brackenridge, who has been a member of the Board of Regents since the foundation of the College in 1903.

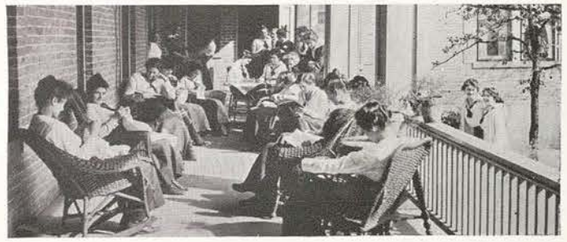
Stoddard Hall

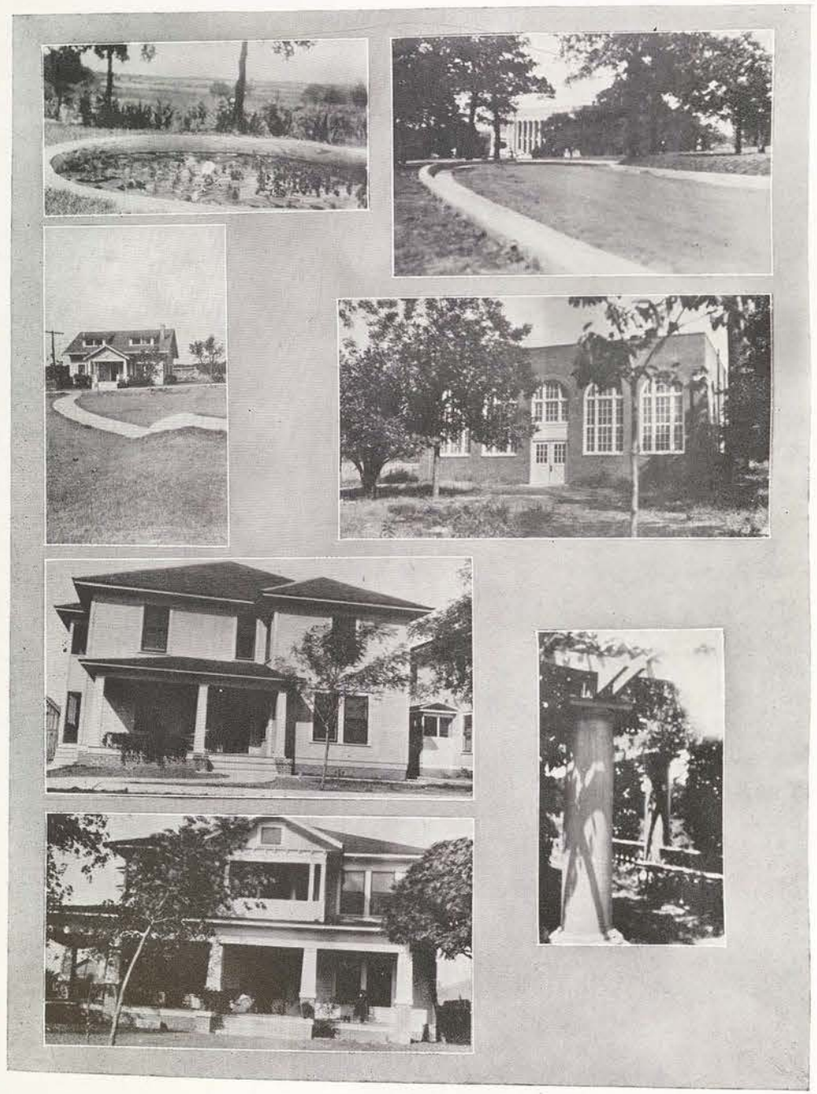
Stoddard Hall, the first state dormitory to be erected at the College of Industrial Arts, formally opened its doors to students and faculty on April 1, 1908. Breakfast with a menu of oranges, scrambled eggs, toast and coffee was served to about eighty members of the student body, President Work and his wife and the three resident teachers, Miss Jessie H. Humphries, Miss S. Justina Smith, and Miss Anna M. Cron. The building was erected at a cost of $150,000. The dormitory provided sleeping space for ninety-eight students. This was before the appropriation for the basement floor and before there were any three-girl rooms. The first year from April until May the dormitory was not full.

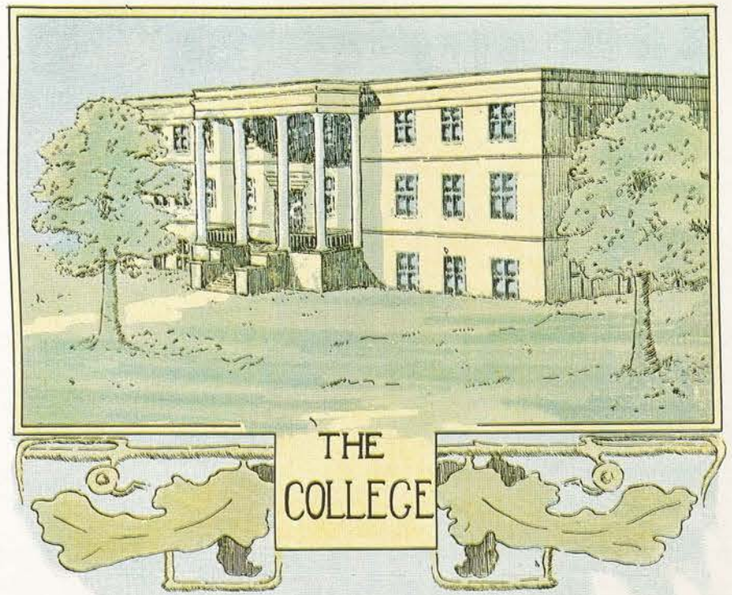
At the present time Stoddard Hall has seventy-two rooms and holds comfortably 150 girls. On the basement floor is the large recreation room, formerly the dining room, in which there is a piano and a Victrola, which are used for dancing and for entertainments. On this floor, also, are the large storerooms for Brackenridge kitchens and several bedrooms for girls. The students' kitchen on this floor is furnished with kitchen and dining room equipment. It is entirely at the disposal of the students, and may be used for special meals and for feasts. On the first floor are the parlors, the rooms and office of the Director, the sewing room and girls' rooms. The second floor is devoted entirely to bedrooms for the girls. The bedrooms are 12 feet by 14 feet, well ventilated, furnished with closets, running water and suitable furniture. The corner rooms are used for three-girl rooms.

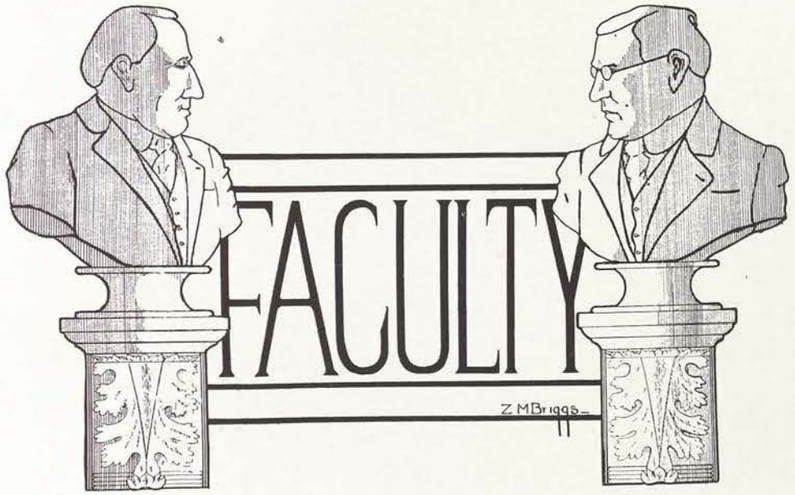
Stoddard Hall, like Brackenridge, is under control of a Students' Council, the members of which are elected by the students. With the exception of the Presdient of the board, the members are re-elected each quarter, so that each girl has an opportunity to do her part of service. There are three resident teachers in Stoddard Hall, who look after the welfare and safety of the girls.

Stoddard Hall is situated about 100 yards from the Administration Building, and is connected by covered passage with Brackenridge Hall, where the students take their meals. Like the other buildings, Stoddard is on a hill, so that it receives the benefit of pure, fresh air. Cement walks lead to the various buildings around the campus and to the car line, so that no one is inconvenienced by bad weather.

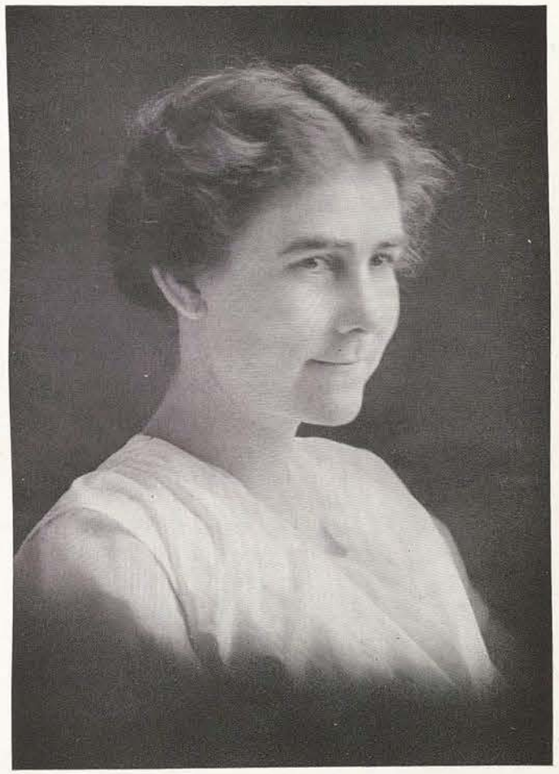





THE
COLLEGE


FACULTY
Z M Briggs

MR. E. V. WHITE,
Dean of Faculty



MISS JESSIE H. HUMPHRIES,
Associate Dean

Board of Regents

COLLEGE OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS

Mr. J. H. Lowery, President ..... Honey Grove
Miss M. Eleanor Brackenridge, V-Pres ..... San Antonio
Mrs. William Capps, Secretary ..... Fort Worth
Mr. John Coit, Treasurer ..... Denton
Mr. Walter D. Adams ..... Forney
Mr. Sam P. Harbin ..... Richardson

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Miss Stella Owsley
Miss Helen Norfleet
Miss Northera Barton
Miss Elida Pearson

Miss Sarah Best
Miss Zinita Graf
Mr. C. N. Adkinson
Miss Madeline Fess

Miss Genevieve Spencer
Miss Edith Ingham
Miss Nelle Batchelor
Mr. Myron L. Williams

Miss Lessie Lindsey
Miss Mary A. Shouse
Miss Cornelia Simpson
Miss Em Patty

Miss Gertrude Helmecke
Miss Helen F. Fair
Miss Selma Tietze
Miss Alma Ault

Dr. Beth A. Michel
Miss Jet Winters
Miss Kate Lacey
Miss Willie Birge

Miss Lila McMahon
Miss Kathryn Torphy

Mr. W. S. Donoho
Mr. A. G. Koenig
Miss Helen Stafford
Miss Alice Fairchild

Miss Agnes Milne
Miss Mattie Lee Lacey
Mr. A. G. Pfaff
Miss Alice Sigworth

Faculty—1916-1917

ADMINISTRATION

Francis Marion Bralley ..... President
Edmund Valentine White ..... Dean of the College
Jessie H. Humphries ..... Associate Dean of the College
Myron L. Williams ..... Associate Dean of the College
Lina Perlitz ..... Dean of Women

DEPARTMENT OF FOODS AND COOKERY

Corabel Weimer, Laura F. Neale, Sarah Best
Agnes Milne, Mary Rohan, Cornelia Simpson
Jet C. Winters, Alice C. Fairchild

DEPARTMENT OF CLOTHING AND TEXTILES

Virginia Babb, Gertrude Strickland, Adah H. Hess
Nelle Batchelor, Madeline C. Fess, Blanche Bradley
Em S. Patty, Kathryn Torphy

DEPARTMENT OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS

Mary W. Shackelford, Mattie Lee Lacy, Willie R. Johnston
Blanche Sloat, Anne L. Strother
Mary Marshall

DEPARTMENT OF RURAL ARTS AND SCIENCE

E. M. Tiffany

DEPARTMENT OF MANUAL ARTS

Anna M. Cron, Kate Lacy
Cora Reynolds

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS

E. V. White

DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES

Lina Perlitz, Minnie Lee Barrett

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE

C. N. Adkisson, A. G. Koenig
Genevieve Spencer, Edith M. Gordon

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Mary A. Shouse, W. S. Donoho, M. Helen Higgins
Lila McMahon, Susan Cobb

DEPARTMENT OF BIOLOGY

Willie I. Birge, Ophelia C. Wesley
Elida M. Pearson

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND SOCIOLOGY

Jessie H. Humphries, Felix B. Ross

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCIAL ARTS

H. G. Allen, Linnie M. Carter

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

M. Gertrude Helmecke

DEPARTMENT OF HYGIENE AND HOME NURSING

Dr. Beth A. Michel

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

M. L. Williams, Edward P. Gilchrist

DEPARTMENT OF EXPRESSION

Edna Spear, Zinita B. Graf, Alice Sigworth
S. Justina Smith (on leave of absence, 1916-17)

DEPARTMENT OF PIANO

Nothera Barton, Helen Norfleet, Lessie Lindsey
Selma Tietze, Hannah Asher, Ruby K. Lawrence

DEPARTMENT OF VOICE

A. G. Pfaff, Stella Lea Owsley

DEPARTMENT OF VIOLIN

Alma Ault

DEPARTMENT OF EXTENSION

C. A. Tripp, Floris S. Culver

Faculty of the College of Industrial Arts—Continued

LIBRARIAN

Marian E. Potts

OTHER ADMINISTRATION OFFICERS

H. G. Allen ---------- Secretary of Faculty
Helen Faye Fair ---------- General Secretary Y. W. C. A.
Dr. Beth A. Michel ---------- College Physician
Sarah S. Best ---------- Director of State Dormitories
Virginia Meade ---------- Dietitian of the State Dormitories
Mrs. F. B. Carroll ---------- Director of Methodist Dormitory
W. E. Spencer ---------- Auditor
Marie E. Croft ---------- Secretary to President
C. A. Tripp ---------- Acting Registrar
M. W. Bralley ---------- Cashier and Assistant Bookkeeper
Douglas Penry ---------- Bookkeeper
George G. Welch ---------- General Clerk
Mrs. Gertrude West ---------- Secretary to the Registrar
Mrs. C. T. Van Liew ---------- Stenographer in Registrar's Office
Fleta Walker ---------- Secretary to Dietitian of State Dormitories
Elizabeth Dealey ---------- Secretary to Director of State Dormitories
Irene M. Davidson ---------- Secretary Department of Extension

Student Assistants

DEPARTMENT OF FOODS AND COOKERY
Katharine Harper

DEPARTMENT OF CLOTHING AND TEXTILES
Charley O'Neal, Lela May Dyer, Charlotte M. Owsley
Lutie Craddock, Rosalie Kirkpatrick

DEPARTMENT OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS
Lucy Cox, Maud Barkley
Grace Root

DEPARTMENT OF RURAL ARTS AND SCIENCE
Elizabeth Wright

DEPARTMENT OF MANUAL ARTS
Nannie Howell

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE
Hazel Trawick, Willie Hope
Mate Keeble

DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES
Hybernia Grace, Johnnie Lee Feemster

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
Lucy Johnston, Leola Campbell

DEPARTMENT OF BIOLOGY
Lyndall Brown

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND SOCIOLOGY
Winnie Modrall, Alice Murrey

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
Catherine Wisdom, Mary Fields
Grace McClanahan

DEPARTMENT OF HYGIENE AND HOME NURSING
Lula Stewart

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
Juanita Rice

LIBRARY
Volah Swindell, Kittie Washington
Margaret Farris, Ula Brown

DEPARTMENT OF PIANO
Nellie Phelps

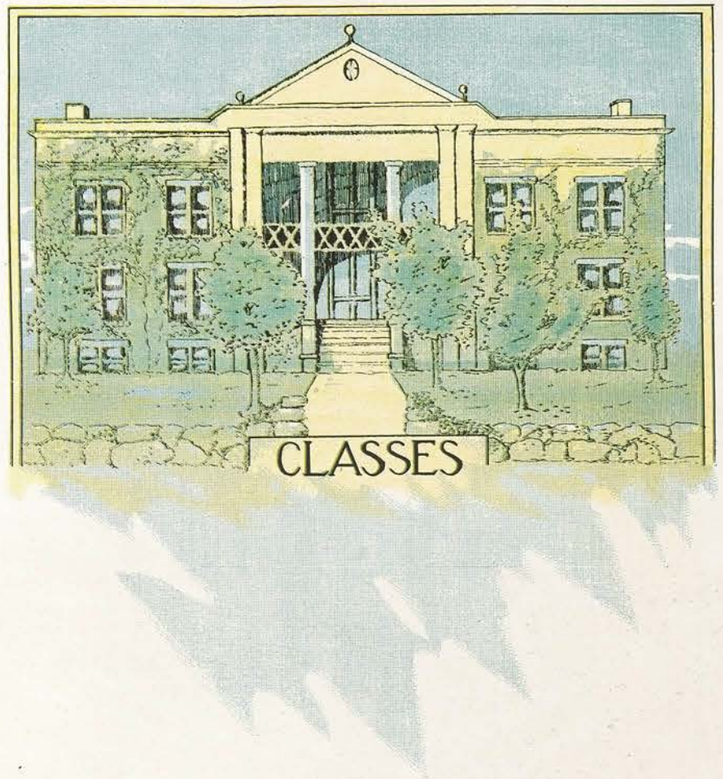
DEPARTMENT OF VOICE
Lennie Hallman

Lula Stuart, Alice Murrey, Verda Farris, Elizabeth Wright
Grace Root, Maude Barkley, Hazel Trawick, Leola Campbell
Winnie Modrall, Willie Hope, Lucy Cox
Elizabeth Senior, Volah Swindell, Hybernia Grace, Catherine Wisdom
Juanita Rice, Kittie Washington, Lennie Hallman

Officers of Administration

Mr. W. E. Spencer Miss Marie Croft Mr. Cecil M. Procter

Miss Irene Davidson Miss Elizabeth Dealy



D

SENIOR

Senior Class

CLASS OFFICERS

John Lucy Manning ..... President
Mamie Walker ..... Vice-President
Connie McFarland ..... Treasurer
Lottie Owsley ..... Secretary

Colors: Dark Blue and Cardinal.

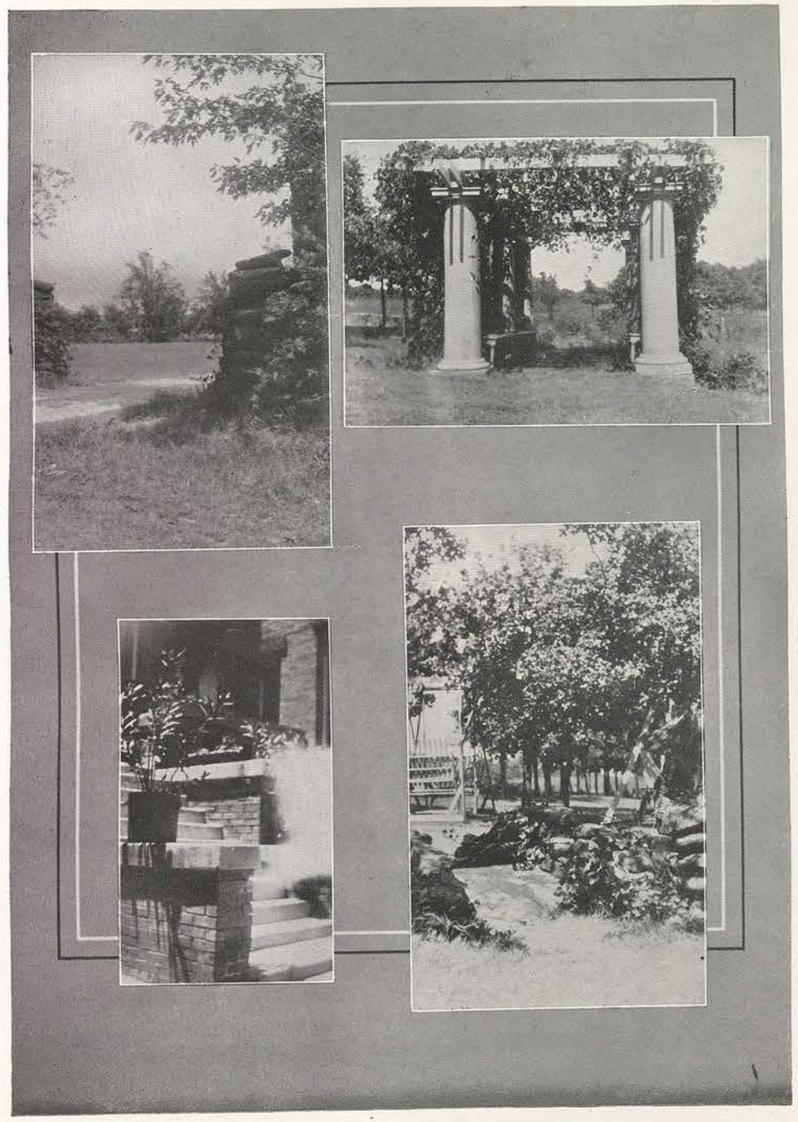
Flower: American Beauty Rose.

Motto: We will reach our highest aim, for "He reaches highest who begins at the lowest."

To us who represent this heterogeneous mass drawn from numerous classes, She speaks a various language.

From the class of '07 we have a voice of gladness, and '11 smiles with eloquence and beauty. '12 glides into our musings with a kind and loving tenderness that binds her to us ere we are aware. Now friends of '13 come like hosts into our midst, and those of '14 help us to grow. Then '15 with her treasured few makes us to rejoice and be happy at heart. Look out and behold the '16 and list to her teachings of wisdom all around the class rooms and laboratories; they know of what they speak. Then comes a strong voice,—no more separate classes, separate and apart. All of us Seniors.

A new spirit shall bind us together to be forever the Seniors of '17.



D

Seniors

Charlie Aldredge
Lois Bailey
Nellie von Blucher
Effie Brown
Susie Carlisle

D

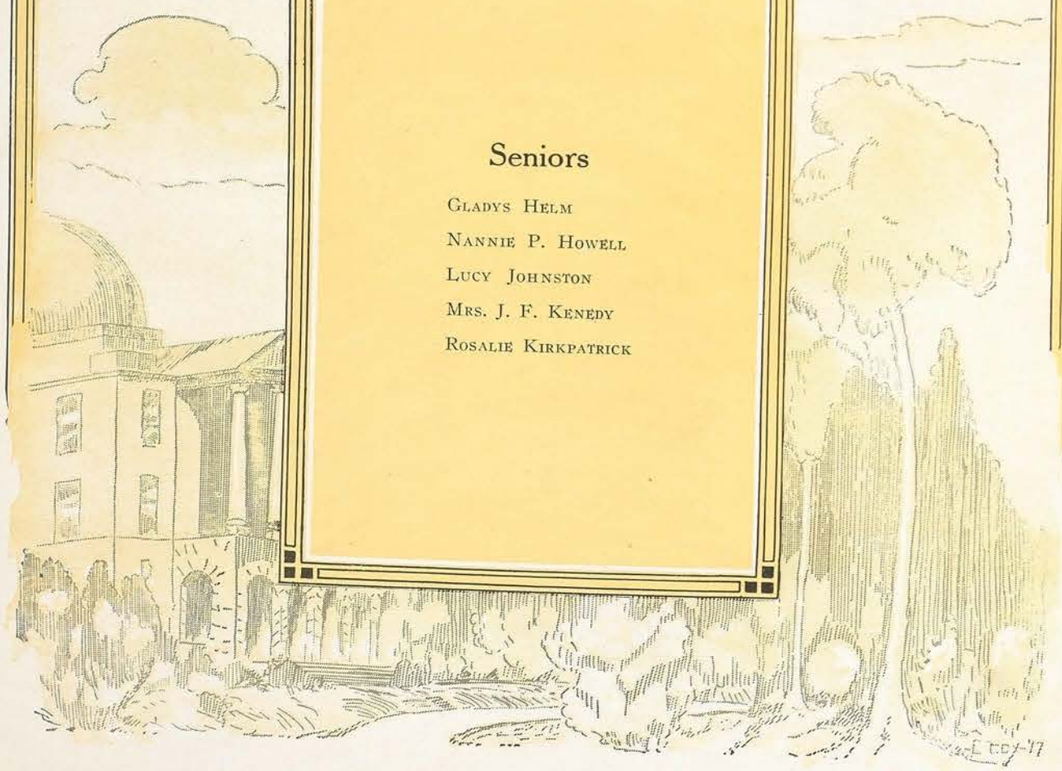
Seniors

Mary Lucy Cleer
Lutie Craddoc
Mattie Craddock
Lela Mae Dyer
Hybernia Grace

D

Seniors

Gladys Helm
Nannie P. Howell
Lucy Johnston
Mrs. J. F. Kenedy
Rosalie Kirkpatrick



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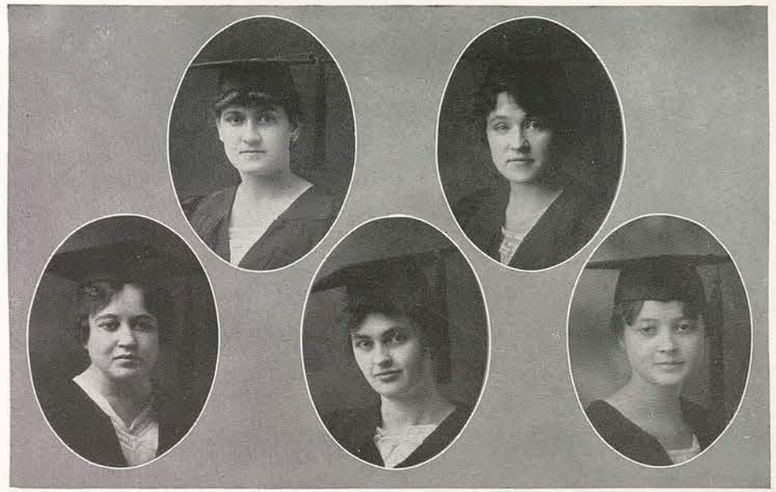
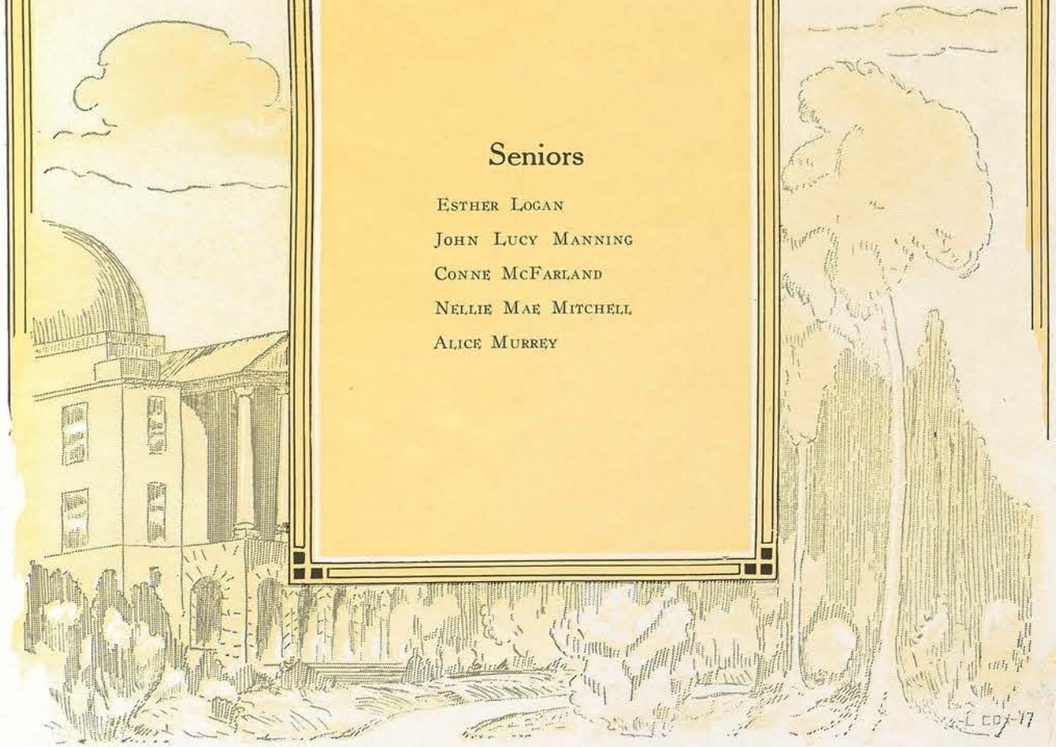


Seniors

Esther Logan
John Lucy Manning
Conne McFarland
Nellie Mae Mitchell
Alice Murrey



Seniors

Mrs. C. R. Nichols
Charlsie O'Neal
Charlotte Owsley
Juanita Rice
Edith Rogers

Seniors

Francis Kline
Rosa Spearman
Lula Stewart
Hazel Trawick
Mamie Walker

Seniors

Kitty D. Washington

Leone Winn

Katherine Wisdom

Lillian Kiber

JUNIOR

Junior Class

CLASS OFFICERS

Katherine High	President
Eunice Locker	Vice-President
Stella Esry	Treasurer
Augusta Price	Secretary

Motto: Nothing is impossible.

Flower: Marechal Niel Rose.

Colors: Marechal Neil Yellow and Green.

Junior Class History

CHAPTER I.

It was a bright sunny day in September and a throng of eager young faces pressed closely against the door panels of the Classification Room in the Household Arts Building of the College of Industrial Arts. They were all very modest shrinking girls, who spoke in quiet, beautifully modulated tones. These girls constituted the Freshman Class of 1914. As to intellectual accomplishments, they were far above the average. They were all either valedictorians or salutatorians of their high school classes—but they never mentioned the matter; no, never! No one knew it—except the President, the Faculty and the students. The whole college stood in open-mouthed awe at the sight of so much brilliant-minded young womanhood. But suddenly the Classification Committee spoke, and its voice was low and caressing; in fact, it spoke with almost religious rapture: "You have not sent in your credits:" The Freshman Class was surprised, insulted, bored. Why, everybody knew they were qualified to enter; of course!

As time passed they became accustomed to the ways of the place. They learned that they were expected to wear uniforms occasionally, and go to classes now and then, and to meals quite often, especially to breakfast on severely cold mornings. The fact finally penetrated the outer layers of their brains that at chapel one should stand up when asked to do so, and yell lustily with all one's breath to the accompaniment of the click-click of one's neighbor's rapidly-oscillating tatting shuttle.

The Freshmen were marvelous athletes, winning prize after prize with the utmost ease. Did someone offer a silver loving cup in tennis? The Freshmen nonchalantly gloomed out on the courts and with absolutely no effort won the cup. Did the Athletic Association offer a pennant in basket ball? Even though the other classes stormed and wrestled, fought, jumped and smashed, the outcome was never doubtful; the pennant belonged to the Freshmen.

CHAPTER II.

A year had passed since the opening of the last chapter. It was autumn again, and the girls were back at school with their faces pressed closely against the same door panels of the same Classification Room. The two great topics of conversation were: "Is So-and-So back this year?" and "Who is rooming with whom?" By the foregoing, the reader will perceive how much deeper the mind of the class had grown since the preceding year. Intellectual accomplishments mounted higher. Several Sophomores became so famous as playwrights as to find their work often in the Daedalian Quarterly. This was not remarkable, either; but half the Faculty half-believed, half-didn't believe they did it, and the other half half-believed, half didn't believe they didn't do it—which merely serves to show the gullibility of the average Faculty.

Again the Sophomores won every athletic prize—the tennis cup, the high jump, the baseball throw, the running jump, the hundred-yard dash, the potato race, the boat race, the human race, and the basket ball pennant. The Sophs and Freshmen were at each other's throats for some time over the results of the contest, which came to a terrible climax on the night after the last basket ball game. A Fish was buried on the campus in front of Stoddard Hall, but I cannot point you, dear reader, to the spot, because the Freshmen carried away the remains secretly, in the dead of night, and deep mystery surrounds the terrible, gruesome event. In fact, when a Soph speaks lightly of the affair a Fish is sure to dart at her a look calculated to make the afore-mentioned Soph feel like—but she doesn't feel it.

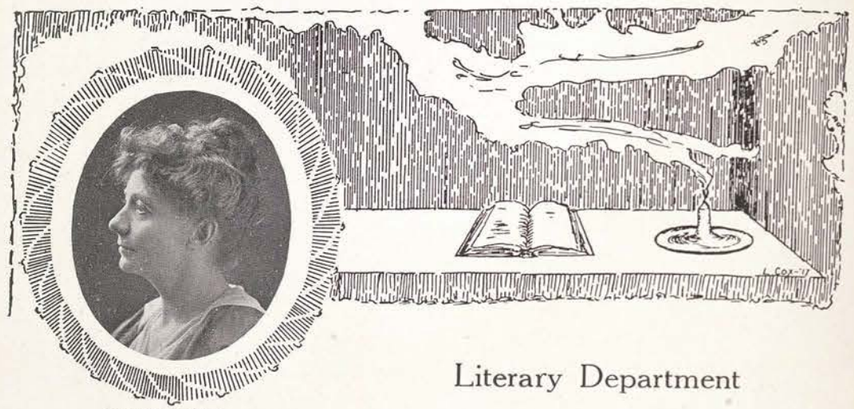
CHAPTER III.

Two years had passed, and the class of '17 were pressing against the door panels of a new Classification Room. They had returned to find the College of Industrial Arts a very different place. Many new and splendid buildings adorned the campus, but their importance was nothing as compared to the individual importance of the Juniors. The class really began to realize its true social status, the cause for this feeling of superiority being "Junior privileges," some of which are (1) Pouring water at the table until right arm feels like a yard of rubber garden hose; (2) having "gen'leman callers," provided, of course, the "gen'leman" is available, and (3) being chaperoned to the picture show by a teacher on Saturday eve.

But the event of the year was the "Prom!" Invitations were issued to the men and boys infesting the town, saying that on a certain evening they might attend a splendid function at C. I. A. (Of course, the Juniors really didn't care whether the said men came or not; one does become bored with so many men around all the time.) But they came, and the Juniors managed to endure them for an evening (and to think of them for a week after in both sleeping and waking dreams).

The class play gave an opportunity for some of the celebrated Juniors to show the silly little underclassmen that Sothern, Marlowe and Robertson were really quite passe'.

The tripping gracefully across the platform and the eager snatching of the sheepskins form a fitting end to the history of the greatest class that ever left the beloved halls of the Alma Mater, C. I. A.



MISS SHOUSE

Literary Department

The Literary Course

The work leading to the literary degree in the College of Industrial Arts is fundamentally the same as that offered in any college of "A" rank, except that more latitude is allowed in the choice of electives. In a college where literary work alone is offered, all electives must be chosen from such courses, while at the College of Industrial Arts any course in the college curriculum may be applied for credit on an A. B. degree.

The first year comprises English, one language (French, German, or Latin), one science (Chemistry, Botany, or Zoology), and one elective. The second year, English, History, one natural science, and one language are required, and one elective is chosen. The third year consists of English, Economics, one language and two electives; the fourth year, one language, Mathematics, History or Sociology, and three electives. All academic courses correspond in content and method of treatment to similar courses offered in other standard colleges.

The work is so planned in the A. B. course that a student must pursue a major subject; then she is given a liberal field of electives. She may obtain her degree and take no industrial courses, or she may elect some industrial courses each year, if she feels by so doing she is making herself a better rounded woman. The whole aim of the college is to allow a student, according to her tastes and capabilities, to fit herself for life.

Literary Juniors

Alice Davidson-------Wilmer, Texas
Virgie Dyer----------Miami, Texas
Lula Mae Elkin-----Midland, Texas
Johnnie Feemster---Beckville, Texas
Lennie Hallman--Wills Point, Texas
Alta Maude Murphey-Moscow, Texas
Augusta Price---------Albany, Texas
Mary Snipes -----Douglasville, Texas

MISS SHACKELFORD

Fine and Applied Arts Department

The Department of Fine and Applied Arts occupies ten studios in the new east wing of the Administration Building. These studios are well equipped with a choice selection of casts, prints and all other appliances and equipment essential to the successful study of art.

Art subjects have been taught since the beginning of the College in correlation with the other courses of study, but it was not until 1915 that a course of study was introduced having for its purpose the training of teachers and supervisors of art. The 1917 Daedalian presents the first class to graduate from the new course.

The Art Department offers by reason of its relation with the other departments of the College, extraordinary advantages, both to professional art students and to students planning to teach or supervise art in the public schools. It is enabled, by its position, to influence college life and thought through lectures and courses open to students in other departments, while at the same time opening to the student of art the possibility of finding herself a part of a large cultivation to which her own activities may be intelligently related.

The following courses are now being taught in the department:

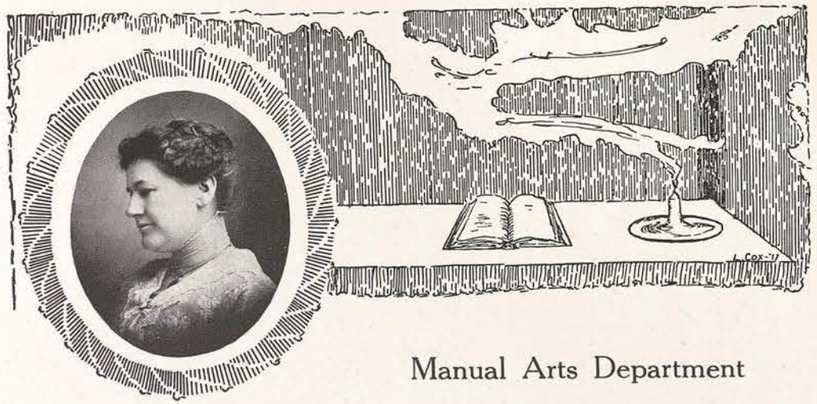
- Regular course leading to a Diploma in Art.
- Regular course leading to the B. S. degree.
- Group of regular art subjects elective in the College, counting toward the degree of D. S.
- Regular courses required in the Household Arts course.
- Regular course given in correlation with the course in Manual Arts.
- Regular courses taught in correlation with one-year vocational courses.
- Special courses in studio work.

Fine and Applied Arts Juniors

MAUDE BARKLEY-----Corsicana, Texas
BONNIE BELL----------Denton, Texas
ZADA BRIGGS ----------Barstow, Texas
LUCY COX ----------Gouldbush, Texas
NELL CREWS----------Childress, Texas

Fine and Applied Arts Juniors

VADA FRANCIS _____Campbell, Texas
MILTIA HILL_____Eldorado, Texas
ANNE LEE JAMESON__Montague, Texas
NINA PEEPLES_____Emory, Texas
BLANCHE SANDERS__Wills Point, Texas
RACHEL SHERRILL_____Kerens, Texas



MISS CRON

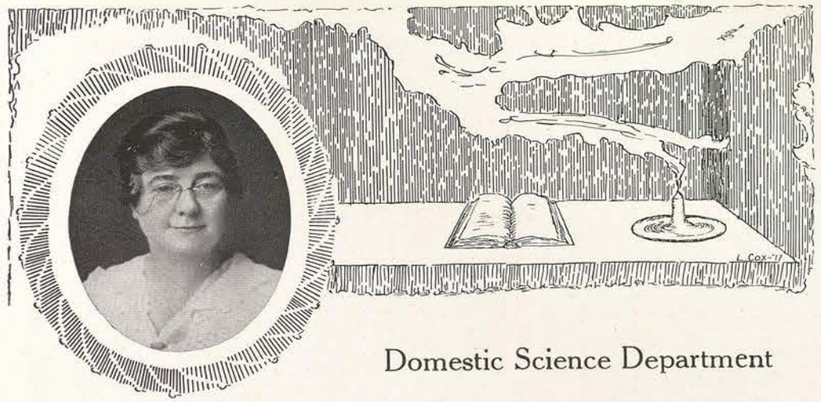
Manual Arts Department

In the Manual Arts Department of the College of Industrial Arts, under the direction of Miss Anna M. Cron, three young women will graduate in 1917 with a record of good work in their special line behind them. These three include Misses Maggie Brashears of Denton, May Williams of Mertzon, and Cora May of Tulia, Texas. In majoring in the Manual Arts work the three have had, besides the regular literary work which is a part of every course, three years of the following departmental work:

Woodwork, including simple carving, inlay work and cabinet work; bookbinding, art metal, craft jewelry, basketry, leather work, free-hand drawing and design, with a study of the principles of design and its adaptation to beautify useful articles in all crafts, and mechanical drawing, which includes working drawings, lettering, geometric problems, orthographic projection, isometric and cabinet projections, working drawings of furniture, and tracings and blueprint.

Manual Arts—Juniors

MAGGIE BRASHEARS-----Denton, Texas
CORA VICTORIA MAY-------Vigo, Texas
MAY WILLIAMS-------Mertoon, Texas
SADIE OLIVER----------Belton, Texas
(Rural Arts)
NELL PHELPS ----------Dallas, Texas
(Music)



Domestic Science Department

MISS WEIMER

The Foods and Cookery Department of the College of Industrial Arts offers such courses as are of vital importance in the education of every girl. These subjects are not only expanding rapidly, but are also markedly increasing in public favor.

The work, as given in the College of Industrial Arts, aims to give instruction in those subjects which shall result in raising home conditions to a higher, healthier plane. And, since the standard of living in the individual home governs the standard of living in the community, this instruction reaches out beyond the home and means general social betterment.

Women's work in the future will be in the application of the arts and sciences to a deepened and more extensively organized home. We aim to form new traditions in the home and make possible a new understanding and a new outlook. Effort is made in Home Economics work to comprehend the entire sphere of women's activities, together with the realization of its possibilities in building better children, better men and women, and better communities.

We aim to make this education purposeful and scientific in its instruction; an education based upon practice, with a comprehension of the theory back of the action.

The courses in Foods and Cookery have been divided into four years of graded work, and are planned to give a broad knowledge of foods, their production, care, preparation, cooking, and serving, as well as to make the student familiar with the composition of foods, their digestion and assimilation, and their value to the body.

Additional required courses are Dietetics, Advanced Nutrition and Dietetics, Sanitation, Domestic Laundering, Household Administration, and a course in Special Methods for Teaching Household Science is required of those students who are preparing to teach.

Elective courses are offered in Marketing, Institutional Management and Cookery and in Demonstration Cookery. Thus we aim at the College of Industrial Arts not only to equip young women for the home and its most intimate concerns, but also to meet the demands of the modern conception of the essentials in education, not least among which is the ability to earn a livelihood through the acquiring of some useful art.

Domestic Science Juniors

Verna Adams---------Denton, Texas
Cora Ayres----------De Leon, Texas
Lila Mae Benson------Austin, Texas
Juliet Blackmon ---Groesbeck, Texas
Mattie Bobbitt------Hillsboro, Texas
Willola Buster----Lewisville, Texas
Barbara Byers--------El Paso, Texas

Domestic Science Juniors

Ruth Chorn--------Mansfield, Texas
Grace Crystal--------Denton, Texas
Ethel Coffee---------Loraine, Texas
Sue Coffin ----------Itasca, Texas
Esther Crawford------Menard, Texas
Winnie Davis--------Denton, Texas
Bernice Edwards------Denton, Texas

Domestic Science Juniors

Mame Edwards--------Denton, Texas
Bonnie Enlow ---------Mexia, Texas
Ollie Mae Evers------Denton, Texas
Lucille Farris--------Denton, Texas
Irene Ferrill ----------Allen, Texas
Dorothy FitzGerald----------
---------Grand Rapids, Michigan
Vallie Fountain-Nacogdoches, Texas

Domestic Science Juniors

Winona Gause----------Mart, Texas
Maude Gresham--San Antonio, Texas
Lou Willie Hall------Dallas, Texas
Katherine Harper-----Lawton, Okla.
Esther Herring----Groesbeck, Texas
Esther Holley----Winnsboro, Texas
Laura Huckabee------Haskell, Texas

Domestic Science Juniors

Sadie Hull----------Carthage, Texas
Fay Jackson----------Miami, Texas
Ruth Jackson ---------Mexia, Texas
Mary Johnson ------Childress, Texas
Mate Keeble------Fort Worth, Texas
Mable Kerley---------Denton, Texas
Lillian Bell Kuschke Temple, Texas

Domestic Science Juniors

Aline Lynch-------Beaumont, Texas
Pearl Mickie----------Kemp, Texas
Kathleen Mixon--------Buna, Texas
Winnie Modrall-----Sherman, Texas
Margaret Moore----Lampasas, Texas
Edith Morris ----------Brady, Texas
Maude McHenry -----Mission, Texas

Domestic Science Juniors

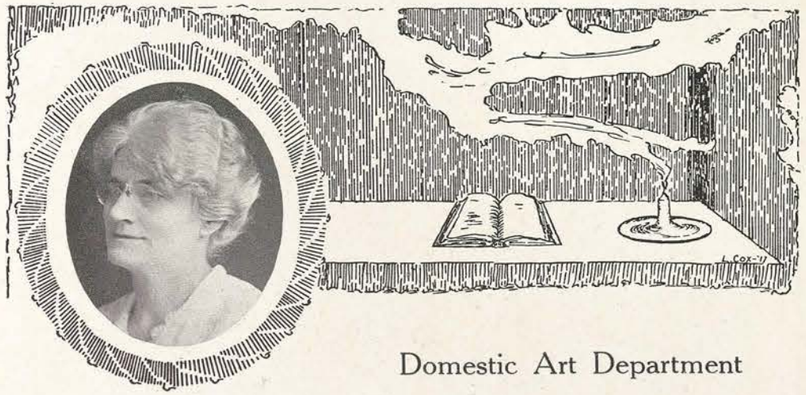
Willie McJunkin_Whitesboro, Texas
Allyne Newton____Midlothian, Texas
Bess Jeanette Nolan___Durant, Okla.
Olivia Rawlins _____Brount, Texas
Madge Rudd_____Temple, Texas
Irma Sealy_____Thornton, Texas
Rose Shafer_____San Antonio, Texas

Domestic Science Juniors

Annie Townsend_Hallettsville, Texas
Jabie Thompson_____Venus, Texas
Josephine Taylor__San Angelo, Texas
Gladys Strickland____Denton, Texas
Florence Marie Smith_Seguin, Texas
Naomi Shoemaker_____Lawton, Okla.

Domestic Science Juniors

Eleanor Turner-----Marshall, Texas
Vivian Walker---Fort Worth, Texas
Ruth West----------Mart, Texas
Annie Merle Wood----Uvalde, Texas
Bessie Woodrum-----Seymour, Texas
Elizabeth Wright-----Alfred, Texas
La Merle Kelly-----Garrison, Texas



MISS BABB

Domestic Art Department

The Bachelor's degree of Textiles and Clothing is awarded to students who have completed either of the regular courses. The students who take Household Arts work may major in either Cooking or Textiles and Clothing. During the first year both courses are required, but in the Sophomore year one subject must be chosen. The work for the Freshman year consists of two units of work in simple cotton materials, with some experience in patterns and needlework. More complicated and specialized problems are given in the Sophomore year; pattern drafting and altering are emphasized. The work of the Junior year includes pattern-making, handling of silks and woolen materials, and millinery. The work of the fourth year consists chiefly in organization and in a review of the work of previous years, with the addition of advanced dressmaking and needlework.

Besides the courses leading to a degree, the Textile and Clothing Department offers courses to short-term students. These courses are known as "Practical Sewing," "Vocational Sewing," and "Home-maker Sewing,"—all of which are so arranged as to give the student a practical, useful knowledge of the essential elements of dressmaking and household furnishing within one year.

Domestic Art Juniors

Marion Ayres----San Antonio, Texas
Edith Bell----------Bartlett, Texas
Gertie Berry ---------Dawson, Texas
Beulah Bradley-----Memphis, Texas
Lyndall Brown-------Orange, Texas
Leola Campbell ---Winnsboro, Texas
Katherine Cox---San Antonio, Texas

Domestic Art Juniors

Minnie Lee Dabney--De Leon, Texas
Marva Dishman------Denton, Texas
Elinor Ellison---------Marfa, Texas
Rheba Fabj ----------Austin, Texas
Verda Ferris----------Denton, Texas
Madge Fyffe----------Denton, Texas
Mary Gandy----------Austin, Texas

Domestic Art Juniors

Blanche Garrison----Denton, Texas
Ruby Henderson----Henrietta, Texas
Maggie Lemon---------Durant, Okla.
Amanda Lofland----Rockwall, Texas
Catherine Loughlin ---Dallas, Texas
Mamie Lucas -----Richardson, Texas
Ollie Moyers ----------Ferris, Texas

Domestic Art Juniors

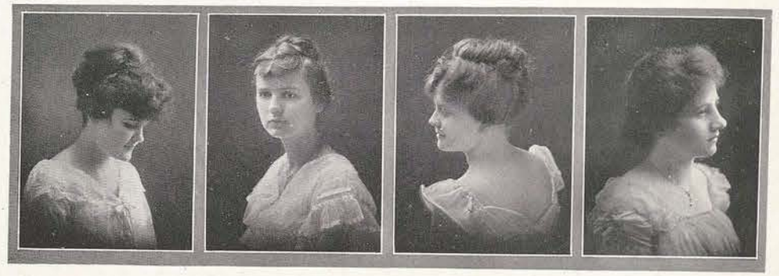
Reva Mulkey------Tom Bean, Texas
Corinne Richie --------Dallas, Texas
La Rue Russell---Robert Lee, Texas
Vera Skeen---------Silverton, Texas
Mary Helen Sparks--Quanah, Texas
Beatrice Swafford ----Denton, Texas
Agusta Watts-------Bremond, Texas

Domestic Art Juniors

MARGIE WEST ---------- Rivera, Texas
WILLOUISE LOW ------ Arlington, Texas

SOPHOMORE

Sophomore Officers



Blanche Branson — Mildred Trible — Mildred Murray — Mary Sanders

Resumé of Sophomore Drama

TIME: September, 1915.
PLACE: C. I. A.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:
A FEW FORMER PREPS.
INNUMERABLE NEW FRESHMEN.

ACT I—SCENE I.

Wild confusion and tears reign supreme as old Preps and new Freshmen enter for classification. Comic dialogue ensues between the two factions, with former Preps as wits. A strange mingling of tragedy, comedy and pathos occurs when a new Freshman, having been warned that to get into Miss So-and-So's class meant sudden death, goes unknowingly to Miss So-and-So and relates the story. As in the Elizabethan drama, quick shifting of scenes brings about clubs, initiations and organizations.

SCENE 2 follows as the Winter Quarter. The same characters, feeling more at home, wrestle with earthworms and carbohydrates, while others risk their lives in chemistry lab. searching for dilute H_2O. Work suddenly ceases, and the counting of days becomes the chief amusement. Sidelight on the times. Homesickness is the predominating influence just after Christmas vacation.

SCENE 3—End of the term. High grades, memories of good times and athletic triumphs are shadowed only by the sorrow of parting. Element of pathos enters. Largest class in school in pep and number.

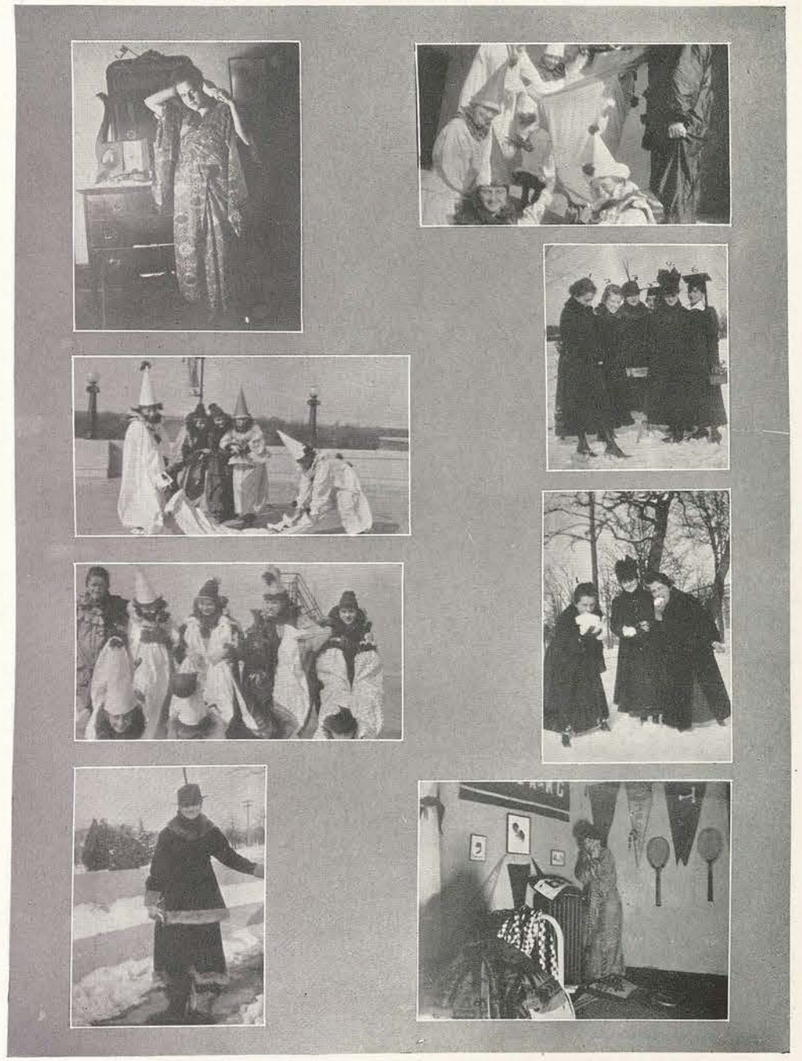
ACT II—SCENE 1.

Enter a large number of former Freshmen. Same amount of confusion rages as in Act I, Scene 1. This time the new Sophs are consolers and advice-givers. In mythological terms and figures of speech, stories of supernatural quality are related concerning summer vacation.

SCENE 2—Characters establish friendly relations with Shakespeare and Marlowe, even friendly enough to criticize their faults. Miss Shouse seems to be the exciting force. Climax of the act comes when Sophs win prizes in college songs.

SCENE 3—Threads of the narrative are unraveled. The classical parasite is conspicuous by absence. The catastrophe occurs. The villain, Hardship, is carried out, conquered and dead. Long live the class of '18!

CURTAIN FALLS.



Evelyn Anderson
Exor Bobbitt
Mable Bridges
Olga Carter

Erma Beal
Esther Bowles
Elliott Britt
Bertha Carter
Motie Cass

Bulah Bell Bennett
Cleo Bradly
Ula Brown
Eura Carter
Katherine Chenney

Florrie Berry
Robbie Brewer
Morie Buster
Zelma Cochran

Ruth Coffee
Vera Crippen
Lottie Downing
Nell Foster

Jenkie Collins
Mildred Crouch
Bertha Duncan
Tennie Florey
Ruth Gervey

Iva Crawford
Elsie Curlin
Emma Earle
Janey Foster
Bessie Gerlach

Thelma Crawford
Mary Lou Davis
Katherine Edwards
Mary Gibson

Bess Glass
Rebecca Graham
Vinnie Harrell
Eunice Huckabee

Esther Gleason
Gladys Hall
Lucy Harrison
Nell Herblin
Myrtle Jennings

Marion Goldstucker
Grace Hall
Kathleen Henderson
Willie Hope
Lovie Jeter

Myrtle Gooch
Gladys Haley
Bernice Henry
Elinor Jones

Lilac Jones
Mary Kirby
Myrtle McCollom
Lucile Miller

Margaret Jones
Lucille Koethe
Leta Mae McCravey
Bess McKamy
Virginia Miller

Nelle Jones
Della Kubella
Lily McGee
Evageline Matthaii
Clarice Mixon

Alice Kilingsworth
Louise Libscomb
Jessie McElrath
Mary Moffet

Gladys Moore
Mary Agnes Murphey
Faye Pipher
Vera Robbins

Faye Morrison
Fayme Myer
Locket Price
Edith Rhyne
Boose Rodgers

Altha Morton
Mattie Lee Palmer
Adele Ragland
Coila Richardson
Grace Root

Mary Motley
Mauriel Philips
Elsie Rea
Lila Rubell

Lillie Faye Sanders
Nette Schultz
Elsie Smith
Winnie Stallings

Loraine Sanders
Ula Sears
Lyda Smith
Alma Spears
Bess Stockton

Ethel Scallert
Pearla Sims
Maude Smith
Thelma Spencer
Ila Swiney

Vera Scarborough
Dovie Singleton
Ruth Southerland
Corrine Desenberg

Dorothy Taylor
Winifred Winston
Mattie Walker
Bessie Whyburn

Annie Woodall
Elloise Trigg
Leta Tankarsly
Acie Wall
Norine Wihleman

Annie Louise Wright
Kittie Walker
Isabelle Vaughn
Mary Warren
Erna Williams

Mable Yearwood
Pauline White
Adele Wagnon
Ethel Williamson

FRESHMAN

Freshman Class Officers

Nett Ashley — Robbie Stratton — Viola Warner

COLORS: Black and Gold.
FLOWER: Black-Eyed Susan.

Freshman Class History

1. FRESHMAN FACTS.
   A. Arrival at College, September 12, 1916.
      1. Appendages:
         a. Bag and baggage.
         b. Doting mothers.
         c. Determined fathers.
      2. Glows added to the landscape:
         a. Rosy Glow (by cheerful-chatty Freshmen).
         b. Gray Glow (by sad, weeping Freshmen).
         c. Torrid Glow (by madly-rushing, frenzied Freshmen).
         d. Mottled Glow (by poor, bewildered Freshmen).
         e. Just Green Glow (by all Freshmen).
   B. Mysteries of Matriculation.
      1. Classification.
         a. Assertion of father's authority in the face of all odds.
      2. Schedules.
         a. Arranged as per directions of fond parents (?).
      3. Freshman Symbol: ?
      4. First Lesson:
         a. Subject: Patience.
            Example: Standing in line.
      5. Organization of the Freshman Class.
         a. Class officers:
            President—Viola Warriner.
            Vice-President—Willa Marie Park.
            Secretary—Robbie Stratton.
            Treasurer—Ruby Cahill.

         b. Class Colors: Pink and Green.
         c. Class Flower: Pink Carnation.
      6. Reading of Rules and Regulations by President Bralley.
         a. Freshmen cowed.
      7. Simultaneous popping into uniforms September 26, 1916.
         a. Green glow neutralized by blue chambray.
2. FRESHMAN CHARACTERISTICS:
   A. Real—
      1. Asking questions.
      2. Chewing gum.
      3. Haunting the Library.
      4. Begging for mail.
      5. Interviewing Dean of Women.
      6. Frequenting the movies.
      7. Playing paper dolls—i. e., counting the days.
      8. Keeping a memory book.
   B. Intended—
      1. Studiousness.
      2. Dignity.
      3. Superior manner.
3. FRESHMAN MEMORIES.
   A. Unpleasant:
      1. English Outlines. (Heavy sighs.)
      2. Exams and Quizzes. (Deep groans.)
      3. Demerits. (Tears.)
      4. Chemistry. (? ! * ? ! * ? ! * Dense atmosphere.)
   B. Pleasant:
      1. Freshman Hop.
      2. Dallas Fair (October 21, 1916).
         a. Freshmen in evidence in parade.
      3. Initiation to Clubs.
         a. Thrills! Thrills!!
      4. Y. W. Tea.
      5. Boxes of eats—Feasts.
4. FRESHMAN HONORS.
   A. Success in Basket Ball.
      1. Second Preps.
      2. Sophs.
   B. Elevation of Freshmen—to the Balcony.
      1. Superiority over mere Juniors.
      2. Higher than the Faculty.
   C. Largest class in school.

Freshman Class Pictures

Ackerman Aikin Alderson Allen Thompson Allison Alvord

Armstrong Armstrong Badgett Barker Barker Barker Barkley

Barnhill Boyles Bauchamp Burges O'Bingham Bloodworth Bowlby

Brigham Britian Brown Brown Burks Bridge Bullock

Burges Christopher Callihan Cannon Cannon Carter Cariten

Childers Clark Cleer Cline Cluck Cook Cahill

Freshman Class Pictures

Coffin Coit Coleman Cobb Conner Cornell Corey

Cowles Dale Dollins Daniels Davis Davis Davis

Baird Denton Dishman Dowden Ellis Evans Evans

Evans Feagin Feidt Fields Forester Finely Fraley

Furman Gale Gorman Gerlach Gillette Ginn Glass

Goodrich Graham Gravely Grey Harber Hall Hoog

Freshman Class Pictures

Harrop Hensley Hilliman Hodges Harwood Holcomb Hodges

Hodges Howard Holder Howard Horan Hornaday Hudson

Jones Jones Johnson Jones Jones Jones Jones

Jones Casberg Kingston King King Koenig Latham

Lamar Gunter Lawson Lea Lyster Loughlan Lovelace

Lowery Ludman McClendon McFarland McGinnis McGinnis McKnight

Freshman Class Pictures

Manly Marier Matthei Gray Massingill Masters Miller

Mills Montgomery Moore Moore Morris Morrow Murphuree

Musgrave Myers Nelson Newton Norman Norman North

Ogburn Pace McKnight Palmer Parks Parks Patrick

Patterson Patton Plaster Poe Pope Porten Powell

Rabb Ramsey Richardson Rice Roberts Robinson Robinson

Freshman Class Pictures

Russell Rutherford Samuels Scheid Sears Swim Scofield

Shack Sheppard Sherril Singleton Sherril Smith Smith

Spring Stalcup Sterns Lactor Tate Taylor

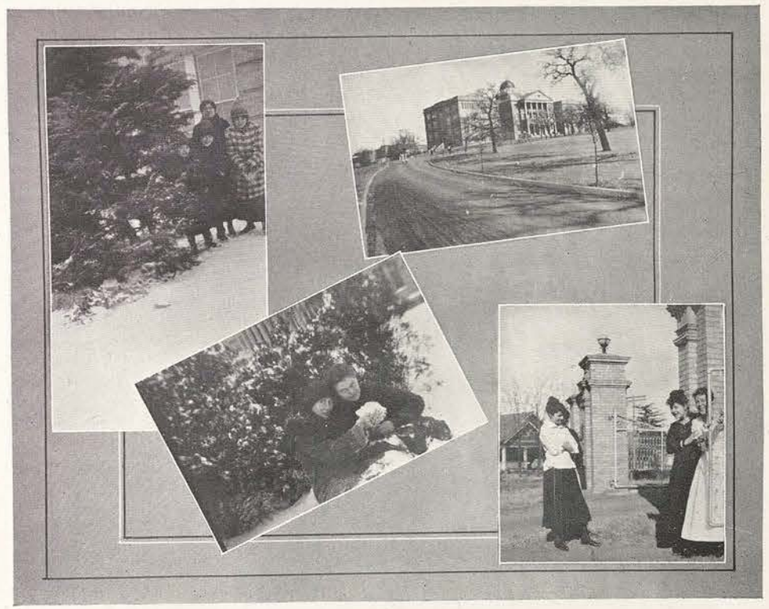
Thompson Tisdale Thompson Thompson Thompson Thornhill Trammell

Trout Turrentine Vautrin Van Riper Von Blucher Walker Walker

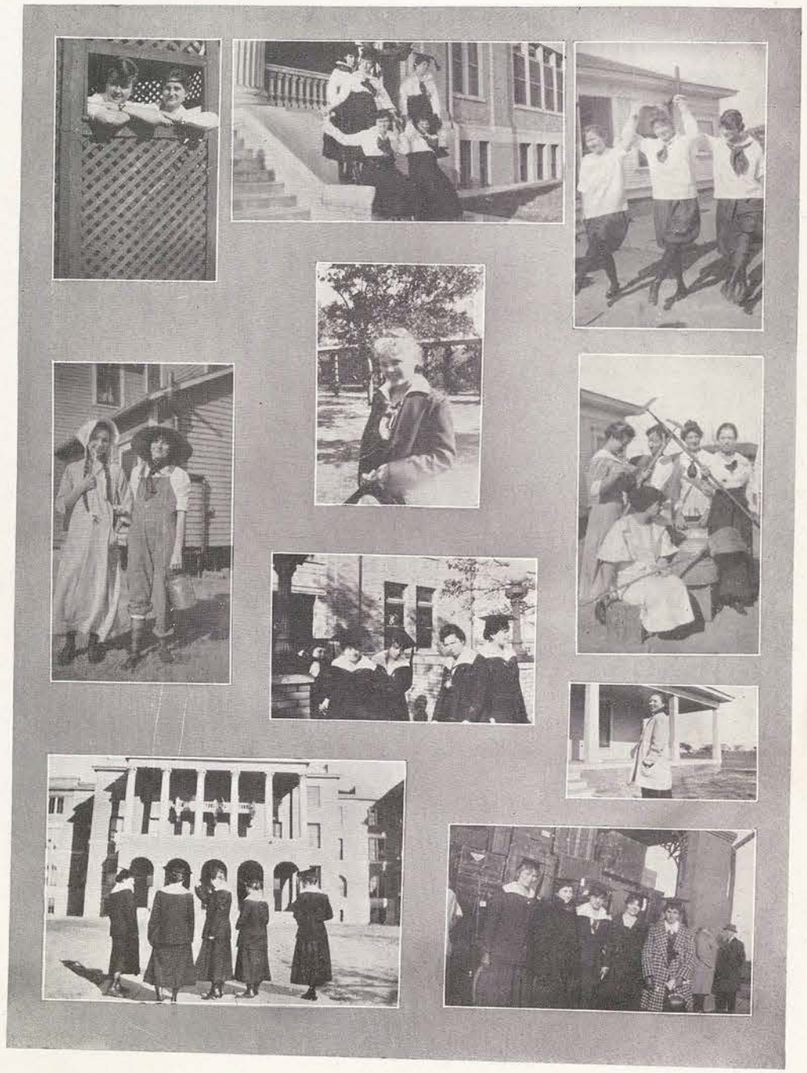
Walker Warden White Williams Williams Williams Williams

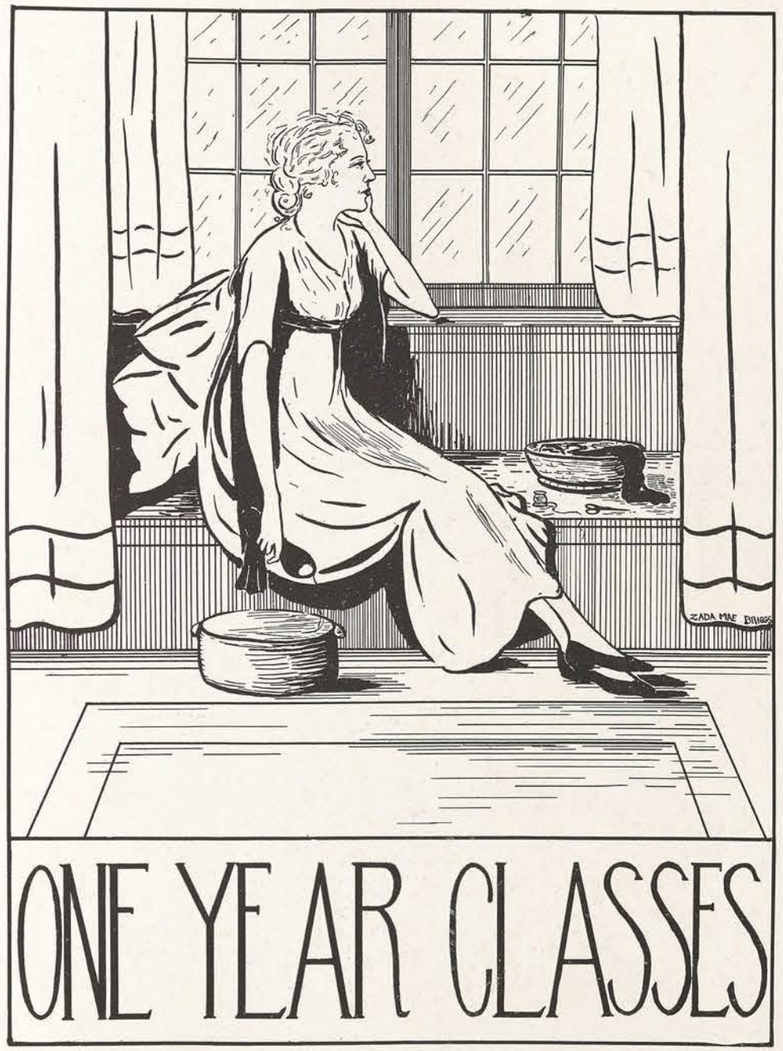
Freshman Class Pictures

Williams Winstead Winzer Young Yeamans



Freshman Kodaks





Homemaker Class

OFFICERS

Carrie Mae Lea ..... President
Cora Killingsworth ..... Vice-President
Charlotte Lynch ..... Secretary-Treasurer

Motto: "Efficiency; doing the right thing, in the right way, in the right place, at the right time."

Flower: White Carnation
Colors: Green and White.

The Homemaker Class of 1917 is the largest in the history of the College of Industrial Arts. The fifty members hail from every part of the State. Most of them are at C. I. A. for the first time; a few there are, however, who after one year's regular work, have, for some mysterious reason, changed to the Homemakers course. If anyone has an idea that the Homemakers course is a joke, we refer them to the following formula prepared especially for the moulding of Homemakers at C. I. A.:

Time of preparation, nine months. Three months each, House Plans, House Furnishings and House Management; season with three months Sociology. Simmer in three months Laundry for ninety-six hours, or until dissolved. Then sift nine months Cookery with six months Dietetics five times a week; add very slowly three months Physiology, three months Home Nursing and three months Sanitation. Boil until exhaustion is apparent; then add three months of Child Study. Line casserole with three months Textiles, quarter bleached; pour in mixture. Cover with nine months Sewing, finely gathered and stroked. Bake in slow oven 612 hours. When the mixture threatens to boil over, sprinkle with six months Millinery cut on the bias. Garnish with three months Design and serve on House Foundation. If directions are followed, this concoction makes a delicious product, keeps flavor and strength indefinitely and may be served in any Texas home.

These characteristics are peculiar to Homemakers: Serious enthusiasm in the work, a diamond ring (from Dad) on the left hand, and an aptitude to secure life positions before the victims have even secured their certificates.

Freshmen arrive,
Seniors survive,
Class loyalty changes ever;
But a Homemaker will
Be a Homemaker still,
Even after the classes must sever.

Homemaker Pictures

Ray Albert | Mary Camp | Anna Davidson | Gussie Guerinsky | Pansy Harris

Louise Kunst | M. Langhamm | E. Mackemson | Dell Robinson | Jessie Steele

Annie Self | Tennie Wimberly | Florence Allen | Erna Wagoner | Esther Howard

Anita Mullaley | Lettie Glithero | May Tollerson | Nettie Shields | Era Waddle

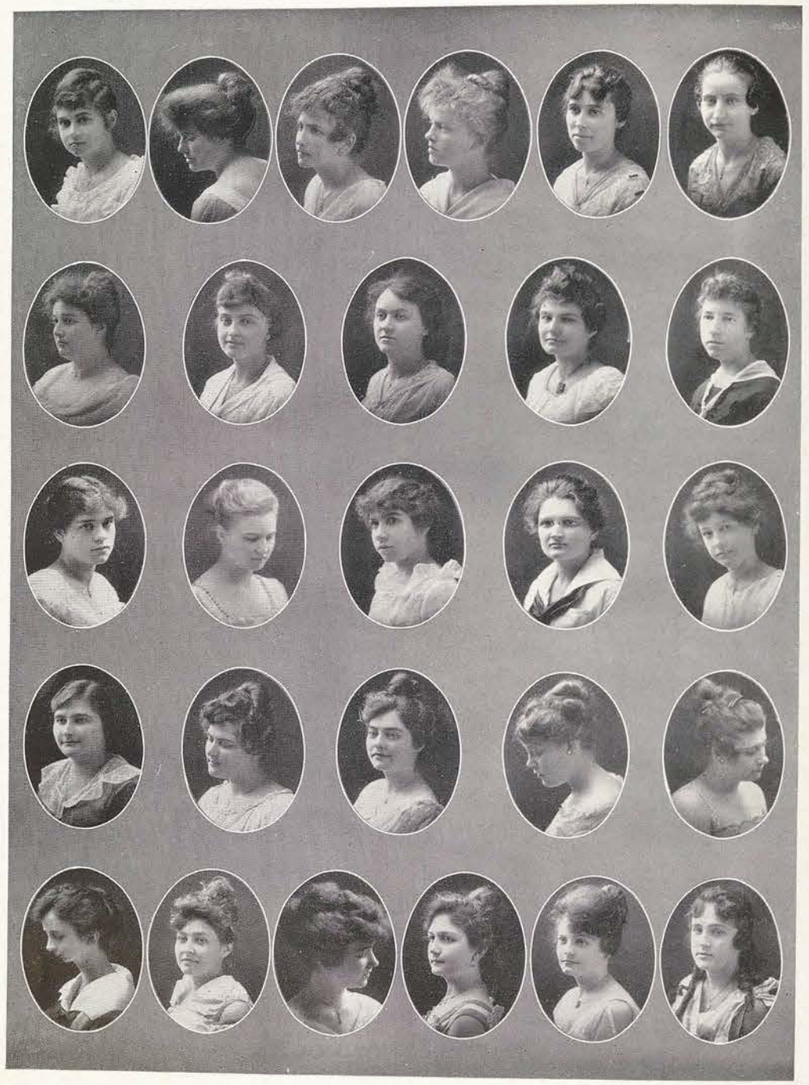
Charlotte Linch | Hope Stearns | Nora Morris

Irregular Class

Miss Russell Hughes

Our Class History—can we call it that? For our members come and go, and each year changes our ranks. Some of us have been here four years, some three, some two, and some are only insignificant "Fish." But we are working toward a goal, a goal that lies outside the calfskin roll. All of us have our ambitions, and they are much too big for our small bodies; so if we do not work hard toward them we will surely burst with their bigness. And who knows but what, at some future time, the students of C. I. A. will read in the great books of their library, of the wonderful women of the Twentieth Century and say: "Let us be proud, for they were students of C. I. A."

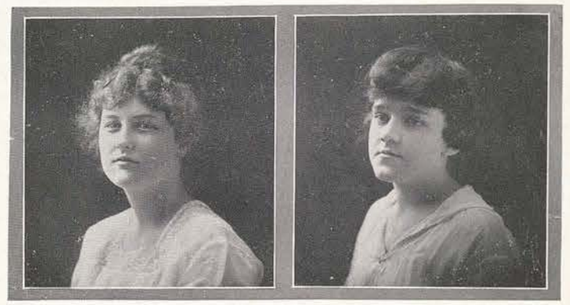
Dewey Harris, Francis McBride, Delva Price, G. McClanahan, Nell Jones, Ella Schraffl, Varina Sarrazin, Maude Bickerstaff, Winnie Sparks, Elizabeth Senior, Susan Lewis, Virgie Leavitt, Janet Jenkins, Mary Hilbolt, Marie Taylor, Maurine Maxwell, Adelyne Pleagan, Frankie Lowry, Irene Hawkins, Josie Myers, Volah Swindell, Reta Taylor, Lucia Porter



Louise Fleisher, Marjorie Watson, Ella Williams, Ruth Wagnon, Cleta Willis, Sallie Weaver
Lillian Pace, Ollie March, Virginia Adams, R. Ballentine, G. Blumberg
Kate Blount, Altha Bridges, Elsie Bilhartz, Elizabeth Bernard, T. Bradshaw
Marion Berwin, Neta Cobb, Gladys Chambers, Jane Wood, Mayme Cobb
V. Douphrate, Ottolene Etter, Francis Fisher, Gladys Futch, Gillie Giddings

PREPARATORY

Second Preparatory Class



OFFICERS:

FIRST TERM.

MARY FAVOR ..... President
FANNABELLE HULL ..... Secretary
MAYBELLE DUNCAN ..... Treasurer

SECOND TERM.

JANE LANGFORD ..... President
WINNIE TAYLOR ..... Vice-President
BESS HOLSTEAD ..... Secretary
THELMA RUTH ..... Treasurer

MOTTO: "Climbers."
COLORS: Red and Green.
FLOWER: Ivy.

HISTORY OF THE SECOND PREPARATORY CLASS

In September, 1915, from the different sections of our State came twenty-four girls, ignorant as to the ways of college life, yet eager to drink from the cup of knowledge which awaited them at the College of Industrial Arts. Although the quantity decreased during the ensuing year, the quality remained the same—"sweet, unassuming buds of Texas womanhood." September, 1916, brought many of them back to join a new throng which we hope will some day hold the enviable and coveted position as honor class of the College of Industrial Arts.

Second Preparatory Pictures

Bruff Bowen Boyd Rush Carlock Doty Green Harrell

Hays Hendricks Halstead Jordon Hall Kidd Knight Leatherman

Lot Lodal Masters Mikeska Minter McGregor McKinney McKinney

Minter Parks Rayburn Roof Roderick Rabb Russell Sears

Simpson Smith Smith Talbert Todd Trammel Watson Wolf

First Preparatory Class

OFFICERS

Maurine Miles ..... President
Ruth Wallace ..... Secretary
Allyne Parker ..... Class Representative
Minna Wright ..... Class Representative

Class Motto: "Preparedness."
Class Colors: Blue and Gold.

In the beginning the First Prep Class was created.

And it was without form, and the darkness of ignorance was upon it. And the spirit of chaos reigned over all.

And the Faculty said unto it, "Behold, we have set before you the lamp of knowledge; be thou enlightened thereby."

And the Faculty blessed it, and said, "Gain thou wisdom and multiply and replenish the earth."

And it was forced to strive mightily to exist.

And it prospered and grew strong.

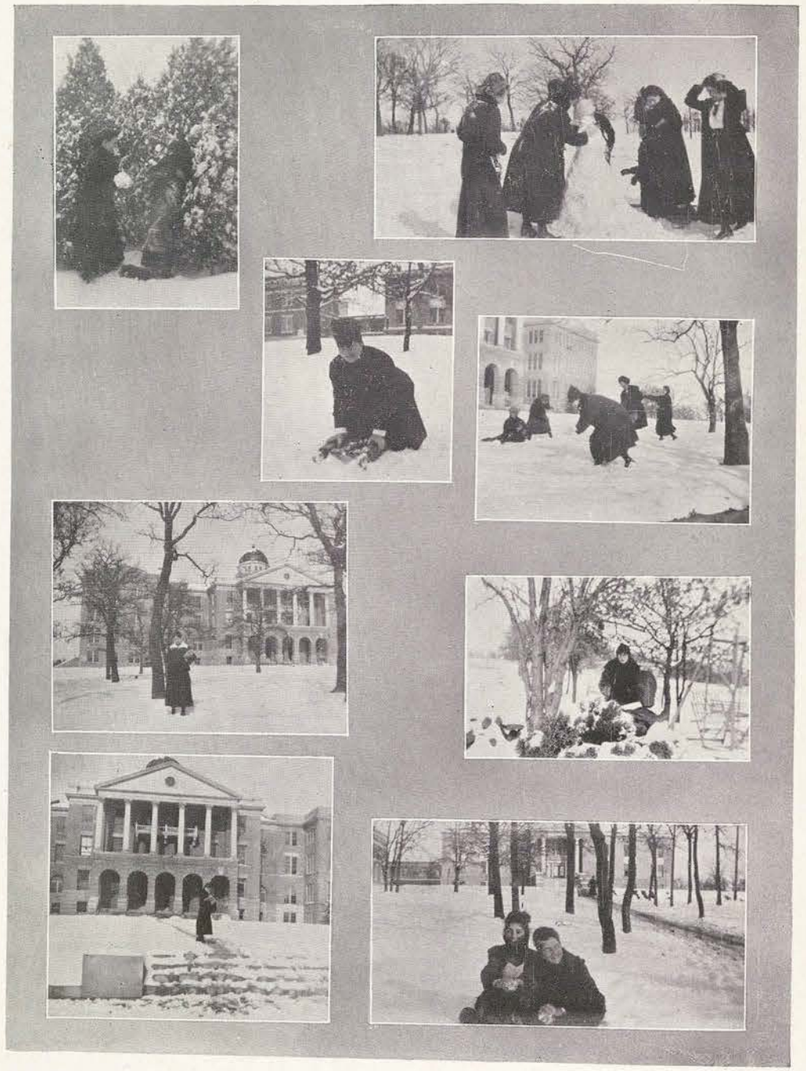
And all the days of the First Prep. Class were two hundred and forty, and it died and ascended to the higher plane of the Second Preps.

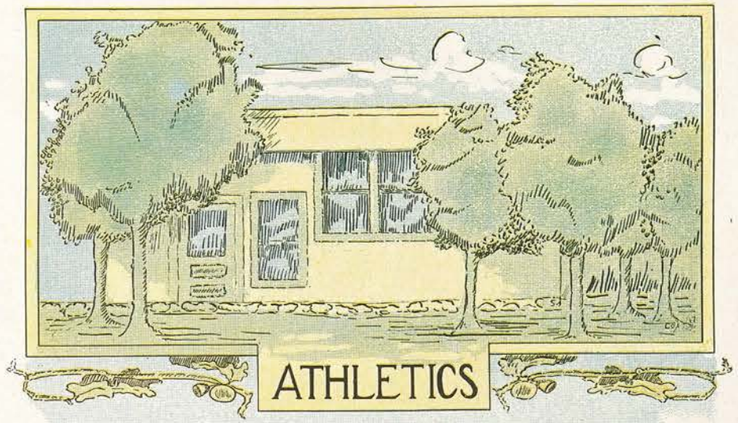
Florence Anthony
Mable Fralley
Eva Robertson
Marguerite Turney

Rose Bush
Charlotte Gerlach
Lelia McGarity
Alberta Smith
Rose Vascula

Marie Belding
Allene Jones
Carmen Ricks
Mary Stockton
Annabell Williams

Helen Crumly
Grace McGarity
Maude Sharp
Virginia Ware




ATHLETICS

Athletic Associations

Sue Coffin

OFFICERS

Sue Coffin ..... President
Oma Holloway ..... Secretary
Thelma Crawford ..... Treasurer
Mary Sanders ..... Basket Ball Manager
Lou Willie Hall ..... Tennis Manager

FACULTY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

Miss Gertrude Helmeike
Miss Anna M. Cron
Miss Willie Johnston
Miss Myrtle Higgins
Mr. M. L. Williams

Wearers of White Sweaters

Lou Willie Hall, Captain

Cora Ayres, Center

Wearers of White Sweaters

Annie Merle Wood, Goal

Winona Gause, Goal

Wearers of White Sweaters

Sue Coffin, Guard

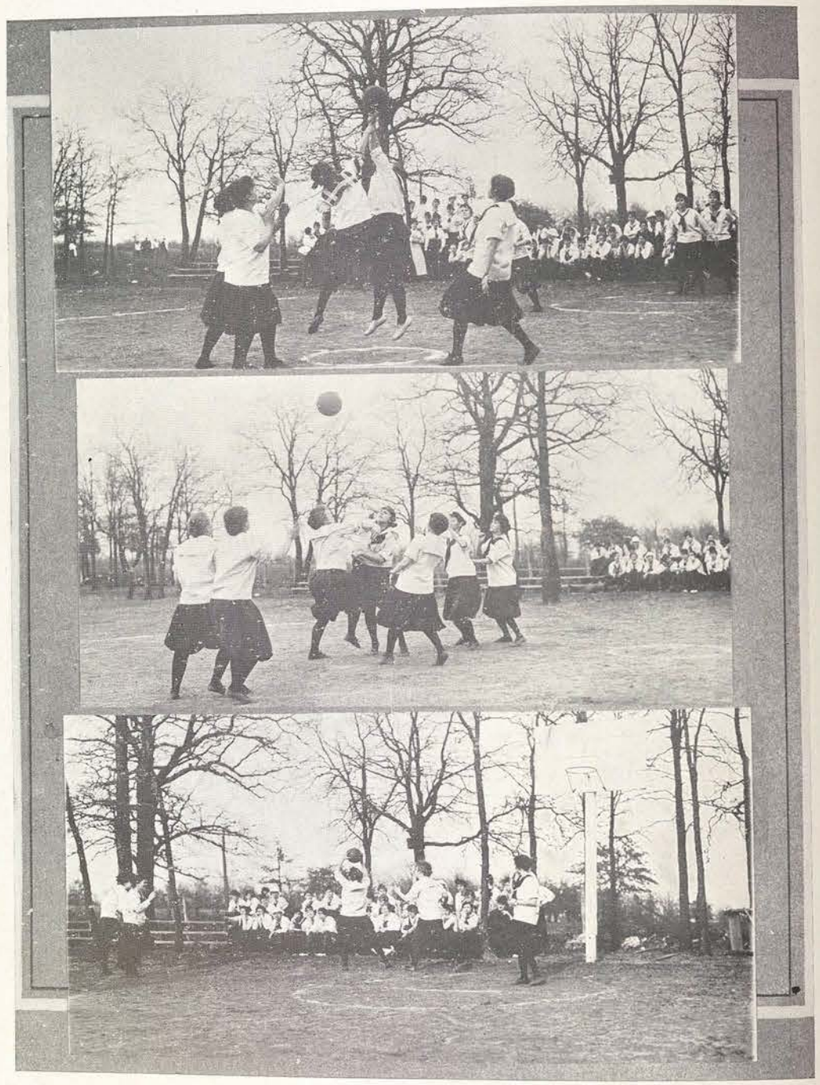
Ruth West, Guard

Basket Ball

Mary Sanders
Basket Ball Manager

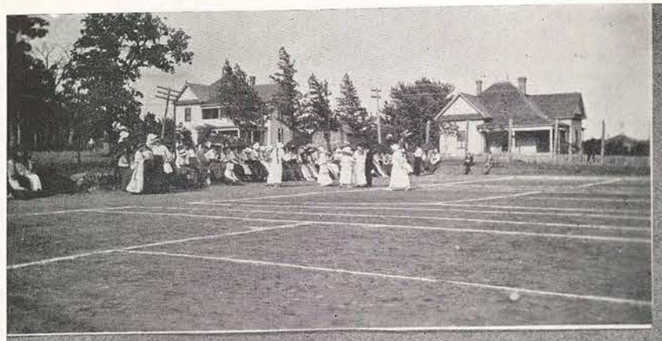
Basket ball has always been the most popular of the College sports. Every class has an individual team, and each year an inter-class tournament is held. To the winning team a College pennant is awarded, and the members are given the privilege of wearing white sweaters. Since the present Juniors have carried off the pennant for two years, the interest now centers in whether they will be able to hold up their record in the coming tournament. Besides the pennant and white sweaters, favors are awarded to star players in all the teams.

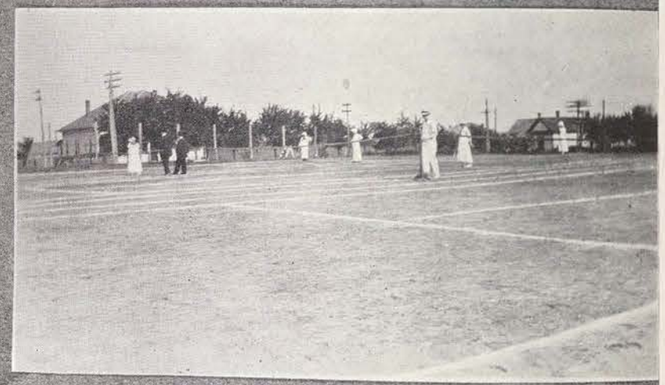
Action Pictures in Baseball and Basket Ball

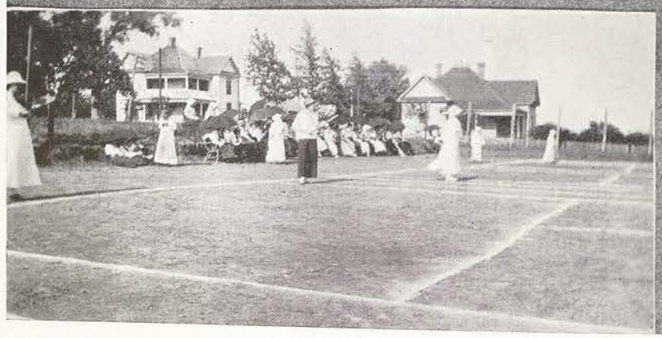


Classes in Artistic Dancing

Tennis Playing







Tennis Playing

Lou Willie Hall
Tennis Manager

Tennis

During the tennis season an inter-class tournament is held. The three best players are chosen to represent C. I. A. in the North Texas Inter-Collegiate Tennis Association. A pennant is awarded to the winning class team in the tournament, and two loving cups are given—one to the best novice player and the other to the best amateur player.

Tennis

Tennis Players

Lou Willie Hall
Winner of Loving Cup

Class Athletics

Junior Basket Ball Team

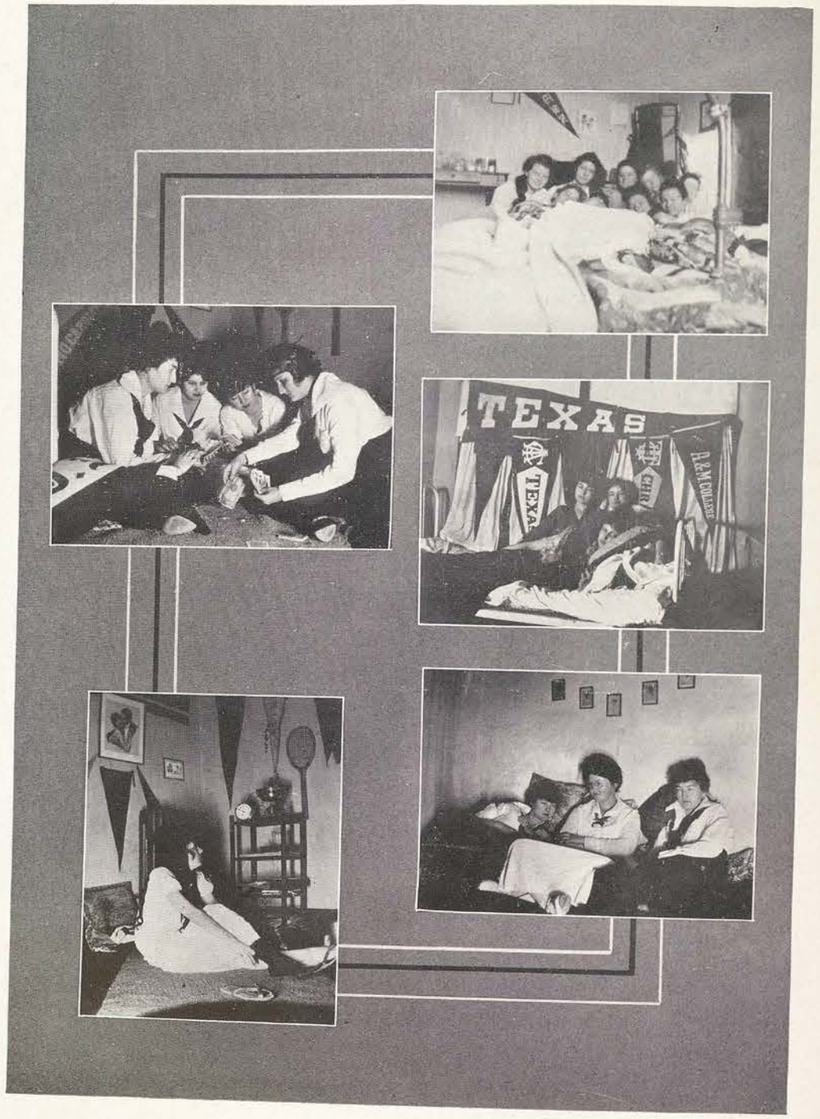
Sophomore Basket Ball Team

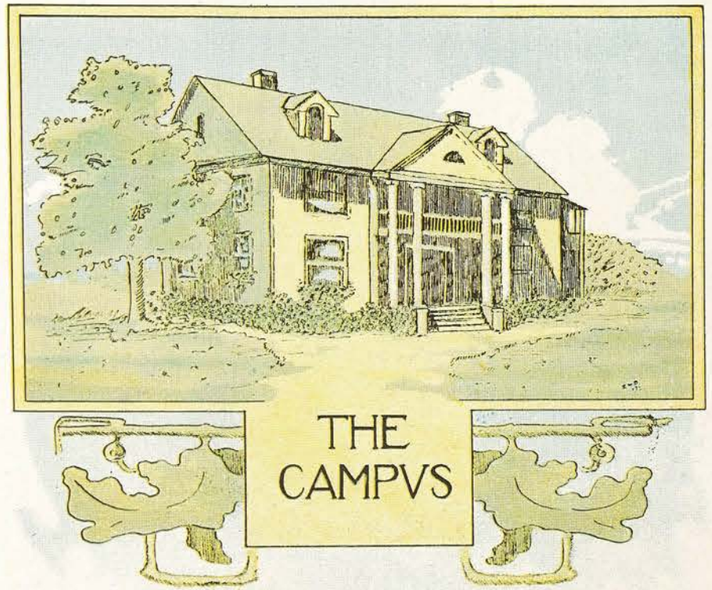
Freshman Basket Ball Team

Baseball

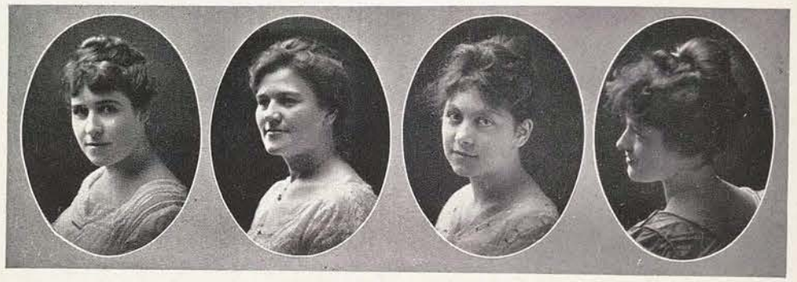
Bess Glass
Baseball Manager

Baseball is a new activity indulged in by the student body. The girls have organized their team—the Cubs—while the Faculty have organized as the Tigers. Games are played throughout the year, and a great deal of enthusiasm and interest has been aroused.


TEXAS


THE
CAMPVS

Students Council



OFFICERS

Mary Gandy	President
Mattie Bobbitt	Vice-President
Alma Spears	Treasurer
Willie McJunkin	Secretary

REPRESENTATIVES

Rosa Spearman	Stoddard
Ann Powers	Brackenridge
Lucy Johnson	Senior
Alice Murry	Senior
Winnie Modrall	Junior
Lillian Bell Kuschke	Junior
Bess McKamy	Sophomore
Mary Lou Davis	Sophomore
Any Leatherwood	Freshman
Pearl Taylor	Freshman
Rosalee Mikeska	Second Preparatory
Prue Minter	Second Preparatory
Minna Wright	First Preparatory
Allyne Panker	First Preparatory

The Students' Association of the College of Industrial Arts is an organization which includes every member of the student body. Through the faithful co-operation of the students, it has grown into a strong, well-established body, upholding integrity and the highest standards of honor. In addition to the promotion of self-government and the honor system, the Association endorses something higher and rarer than is usually found in the average student body, a beautiful feeling of friendship among the members of all classes. Class distinction is discouraged to a certain extent, and by this means the student body is transformed into a small, unified democracy.

The executive power of the Students' Association is vested in the Student Council, which is composed of two representatives from each class, the officers, elected by popular vote of the student body, and the House President of each of the dormitories.

Student Council

Bess McKamy
Anne Powers

Rosa Spearman
Mary Lou Davis

Alice Murray
Lillian Bell Kuschke

Miss Fair
Virgie Dyer
Winona Gause
Lillian Belle Kuschke
Faye Jackson
Marion Wright
Kittie Washington
Nell Phelps
Madge Rudd
Leola Campbell
Kathleen Mixson
Fayme Myer
Ruth West
Elizabeth Wright

The Young Woman's Christian Association

The largest voluntary organization in the College of Industrial Arts is the Young Women's Christian Association, which stands for all-round development in a girl's life, and for fellowship in maintaining Christian ideals of character and conduct.

This year the Association, under the fine leadership of the President, Miss Fay Jackson, has tried to bring to every girl in school the meaning and purpose of the Y. W. C. A. As the Association has had this year, for the first time, a General Secretary, Miss Helen Faye Fair, more activities have been undertaken, all of which have been directed toward the common purpose of bringing the girls of C. I. A. into the fullness of the Christ-life.

At the beginning of the session a "get-acquainted" party was given for all girls, "new" and "old." Other social affairs have included spreads for different groups, monthly birthday parties and a members' party in February. In January the Association entertained the College classes, Faculty, and landladies at a series of teas. These teas and other social affairs were held in the new rooms. These two rooms—one an office, the other a large room for meetings—were set aside by the College for the Association, and the Y. W. C. A. has furnished them attractively, hoping that they will be used by all the girls and clubs.

The Sunday evening services, varied in content, have proved to be of exceptional importance in their inspirational value. The entire student body derived benefit from the series of chapel talks on current social movements, given by Faculty members under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. A preparation class for leaders of Eight Week Clubs in country and small towns, the beginning of a Student Volunteer Band and several study groups in "The Students of Asia" have been carried on; and the Association has co-operated with the churches in offering interesting Sunday school classes for students. By means of the Association it was possible for a gift to be made by the students for the aid of European students in war prison camps.

After presenting the purpose of the Association by campaigns, posters, and calling, the membership reached a total of 375.

Panhandle Club

Florence Anthony, Sue Bush, Dorothy Gerlach, Cora May, Louise Stockton, Mary Burgham, Nova Callihan, Bernice Henry, Bessie McFarland, Kerrick Warriner, Fay Morrison, Beulah Bradley, Nell Crews, Ann Jackson, Merle Phillips, Lennie Wimberly, Elliot Britt, Jenkie Collins, Lillie Logue, Florence Shelton, Mable Yearwood, Rose Bush, Charlotte Gerlach, Myrtle Maer, Vera Skeen, Alice Young

Panhandle Club

OFFICERS

Fay Jackson ---------- President
Mary Johnson ---------- Secretary-Treasurer

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mr. M. L. Williams — Mrs. M. L. Williams

ROLL

Allen, Vivian
Anthony, Florence
Armstrong, Alma
Armstrong, Wanda
Baird, Helen
Bigerstaff, Maud
Bingham, Mary
Bradley, Beulah
Bradley, Cleo
Britt, Elliott
Bush, Rose
Bush, Sue
Callahan, Nova Lee
Cannon, Lois
Carter, Olga
Crews, Nell
Collins, Jenkie
Davis, Dorothy
Dyer, Virgie
Farris, Eleanor
Gerlach, Charlotte
Gerlach, Dorothy
Green, Florence
Henry, Bernice
Jones, Kathleen
Jackson, Anne
Jackson, Fay
Johnson, Mary
Long, Frances
Lough, Lillie
Lutreck, Elizabeth
Marr, Myrtle
Morton, Alta
May, Cora
McFarland, Dessie
Morrison, Fay
Perdue, Elzla
Phillips, Muriel
Powell, Margaret
Rutherford, Glena
Shelton, Florence
Skeen, Vera
Stockton, Louise
Summerville, Maymie
Taylor, Ruth
Tullingim, Dovie
Warner, Kerrick
Wimberly, Linnie
Yearwood, Mabel
Young, Alice

Die Deutsche Gesellschaft

Der Wahlspruch: „Sprecht deutsch"

Beamte

Varina Sarrazin	Präsident
Emma Mackensen	Vize-Präsident
Clara Kasberg	Sekretär

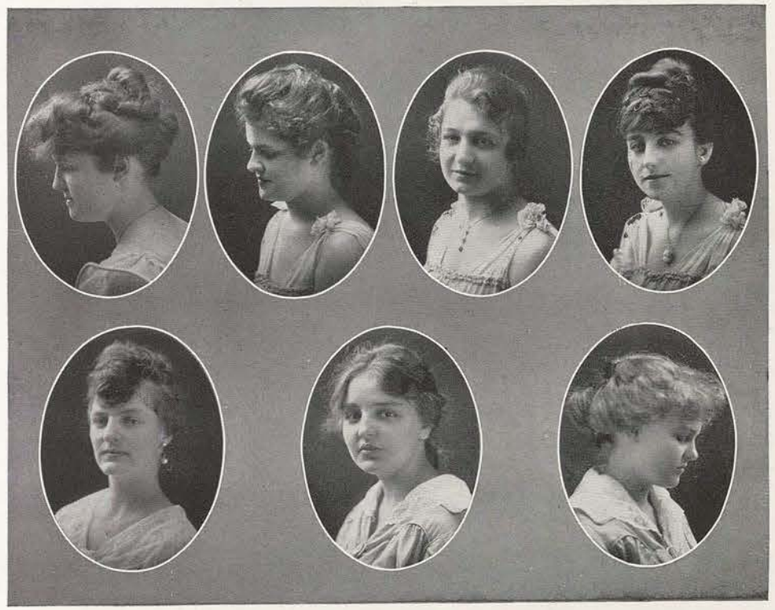
Mitglieder

Bowles, Fannie
Baze, Mayme
Foerster, Lena
Harrop, Johanna
Jones, Sulema
Kasberg, Clara
Lacy, Mary
Mackensen, Emma
Muella, Lena May
Price, Augusta
Sarrazin, Varina
Williams, Florence

Ehrenmitglieder

Fräulein Barret
Fräulein Helmecke
Fräulein Perlitz

Galveston Club



Sadie Jones
Annie Mae Davidson
Louise Vautrin
Rose Lott
Mary Belle Cox
Sarah Ellen Cornell
Viola Wariner

Houston Club

Isabel Vaughn
Esther Logan
Zelma Cochrane
Marion Wright
Ollie Mae Marsh
Elizabeth Dealey
Fayme Myers
Laurie Williamson

San Antonio Club

Lucille Morris
Maude Gresham
Mildred Murry
Rose Shaffer

Annie Betterson
Russell Hughes
Lucille Parker
Erna Wagner

Elsie Bilhartz
Grace Miller
Romania Patterson
Jane Woods

Eleanor Dowden
Virginia McFarland
Anne Powers
Opal Baker

Dorothy Evans
Helen Rawlins
Elizabeth Senior
Catherine Cox

East Texas Club

Irma Bale
Lois Daniels
Mary Ogburn
Frankie Lowery
Gladys Futch
Alba Lyster
Catherine Cheney
Marjorie Rayburn
Vallie Fountain
Marion Goldstucker
Mary Belle Webster
Frances Fisher
Mary Motley
Esther Holly

Maude Barkley Blanche Saunders Lovie Jeter Gertrude Anderson

The Art Club

OFFICERS

Maude Barkley ---------- President
Vada Francis ---------- Vice-President
Lovie Jeter ---------- Treasurer
Blanche Sanders ---------- Secretary

ROLL

Hoyland Barnhill
Bonnie Bell
Zada Briggs
Mattie Burgess
Lucy Cox
Nell Crews
Josephine Davis
Blanche Garrison
Nelle Harris
Miltia Hill
Anne Jameson
Beatrice Mathall
Jessie Lee Williams
Nina Peeples
Ruth Roach
Grace Root
Rachel Sherril
Cleo Thompson
Mary Grace Veal

MEMBERS OF FACULTY

Miss Mary Shackelford
Miss Blanche Sloat
Miss Willie Johnson
Miss Marshall
Miss Mattie Lee Lacy
Miss Belle Bates

The Art Club is the baby club of the Federated group in the College. Since its organization in 1914 the club has not only increased its membership, but also the extensiveness of its work.

The Art Club of this year has had for its object the development of art education and art appreciation, which work it has striven to extend to the student body. Toward this object the club has held, under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts, a series of exhibits. These exhibits represent the work of leading art schools, also the work of leading professional artists. Miss Martha Simkins, a portrait painter of note, during her visit to the College was a great inspiration to all those who heard her speak and saw the collection of portraits which were exhibited. The Craft exhibit of the General Federation of Women's Clubs is also an annual feature.

Art of the leading American cities has been the subject of the club study for this year.

A system of art extension for rural schools, in which good prints, craft work and other illustrative material are used, has been the extension work for the club year.

Art Club

Hoyland Barnhill
Bonnie Bell
Zada Briggs
Mattie Burgess

Nell Crews
Lucy Cox
Blanche Garrison
Militia Hill

Ann Jameson
Nelle Harris
Nina Peoples
Ruth Roach

Grace Root
Cleo Thompson
Mary Grace Veal
Jessie Lee Williams

Coleman County Club

Marie Taylor
Reta Mae Taylor
Cleo Thompson
Lucy Cox
Bess Lindale
Esther Edens
Florrie Fullerton

Farm Girls Council

Sadie Oliver
Leta Mae McCravey

What is the Farm Girls' Council? An organization which was formed in December, 1915, of students whose homes are on the farm. It is federated with the State Convention and has for its aim the betterment of living conditions on the farm, better farm methods, more efficient rural schools, better extension services, together with social center work. In brief, "Every member is a live wire, wherever she is." Regular meetings are held every two weeks, at which some specialist of one of the various activities delivers a lecture.

Hunt County Club

Nina Cantrell
Aline Shepard
Lockett Price
Ottolene Etter
Lucille Swann
Annie Leatherwood
Mary Kirby
Eva Waddle

Hunt County Club

OFFICERS

Pearla Sims ..... President
Amy Leatherwood ..... Secretary-Treasurer
Nina Cantrell ..... Reporter

ROLL

Cantrell, Nina
Etter, Ottolene
Kirby, Mary
Marshell, Mary
Price, Locket
Leatherwood, Amy
Parks, Mildred
Shepherd, Aline
Swann, Lucile
Sims, Faye
Sims, Pearla
Stratton, Rob
Rabb, Thelma
Waddle, Eva

Haskell-Jones County Club

Beryl Boone
Hybernia Grace
Myrtle Marr

Alma Benard
Onita Gray
Alice Killingsworth
Jessie Newton

Elizabeth Day
Laura Huckabee
Kora Killingsworth
Frances Sherrill

Elizabeth Davis
Eunice Huckabee
Carrie Sherrill

Haskell-Jones County Club

Laura Huckabee ..... President
Jessie Newton ..... Secretary-Treasurer
Hybernia Grace ..... Reporter

ROLL

Boone, Beryl
Ballard, Alma
Cahill, Ruby
Dyer, Lela Mae
Day, Elizabeth
Davis, Elizabeth
Grace, Hybernia
Gray, Onita
Huckabee, Laura
Huckabee, Eunice
Jones, Nell
Jones, Allene
Killingsworth, Alice
Killingsworth, Cora
Marr, Myrtle
Newton, Jessie
Rowell, Ethel
Reimer, Oneida
Sherrill, Frances
Williams, Anabel
Sherrill, Carrie

Dallas Club

Catherine Loughlin
Esther Gravely
Maymie Lucas
Lucille Stopple

Corinne Ritchie
Lou Willie Hall
Ollie Moyers
Ola Mae Turrentine

Alice Davidson
Nell Jones
Nell Phelps
Leone Winn

Stella Esry
Frances Kline
Lorena Sanders
Ida Mae Terry

Ca Co_3 Club

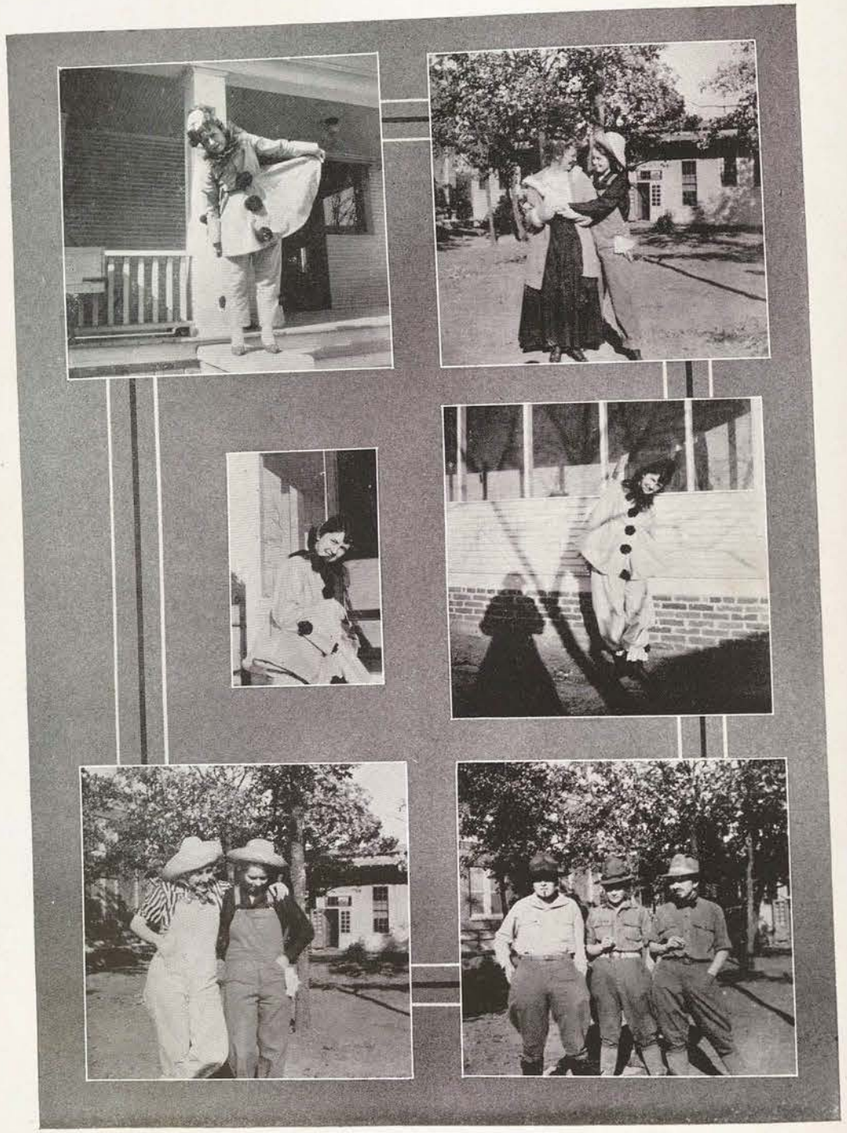
Ca Co_3 Club

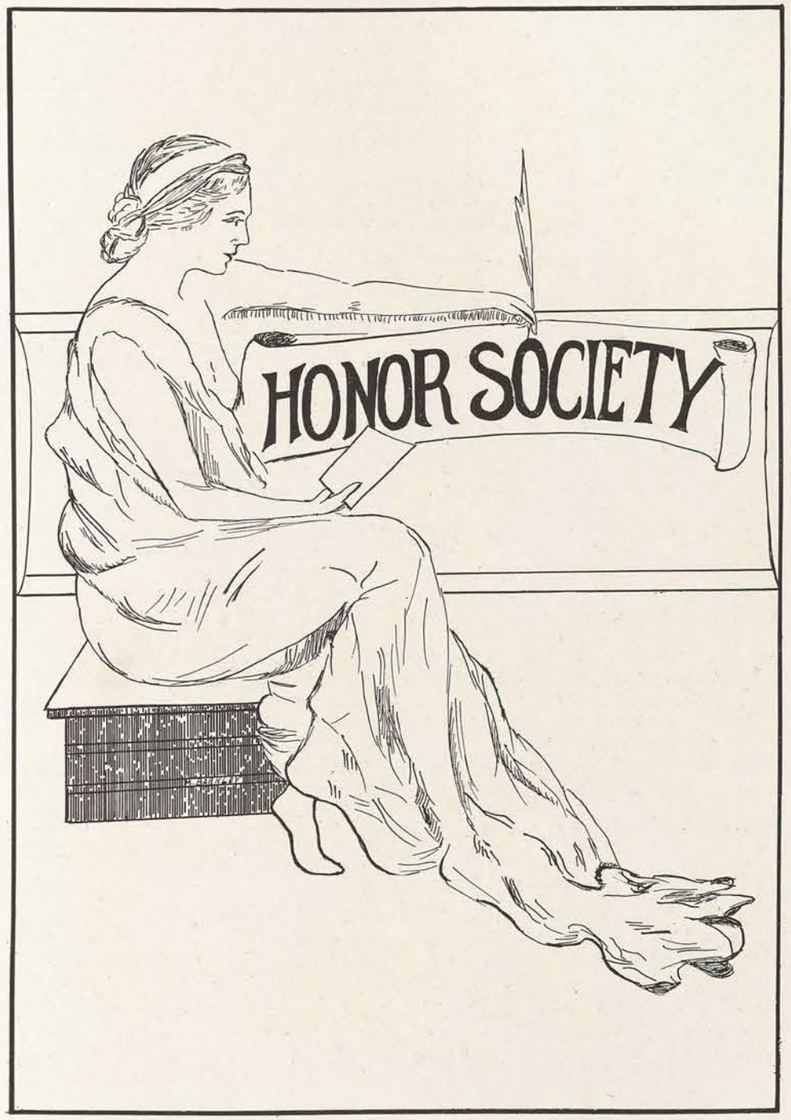
OFFICERS

Esther Pearl Herring ..... President
Bonnie Enlow ..... Secretary-Treasurer

ROLL

Jackson, Ruth
Desenberg, Corinne
Wallace, Ruth
McCravey, Leta Mae
Blackmon, Juliet
Herring, Esther Pearl
Sealy, Irma
Mills, Emma Lee
Bonnie Enlow




HONOR SOCIETY

Press Club

Lennie Hallman ..... President
Ollie Mae Evers ..... Vice-President
Kittie Washington ..... Secretary-Treasurer

Motto: "Press on."

Color: Gold.

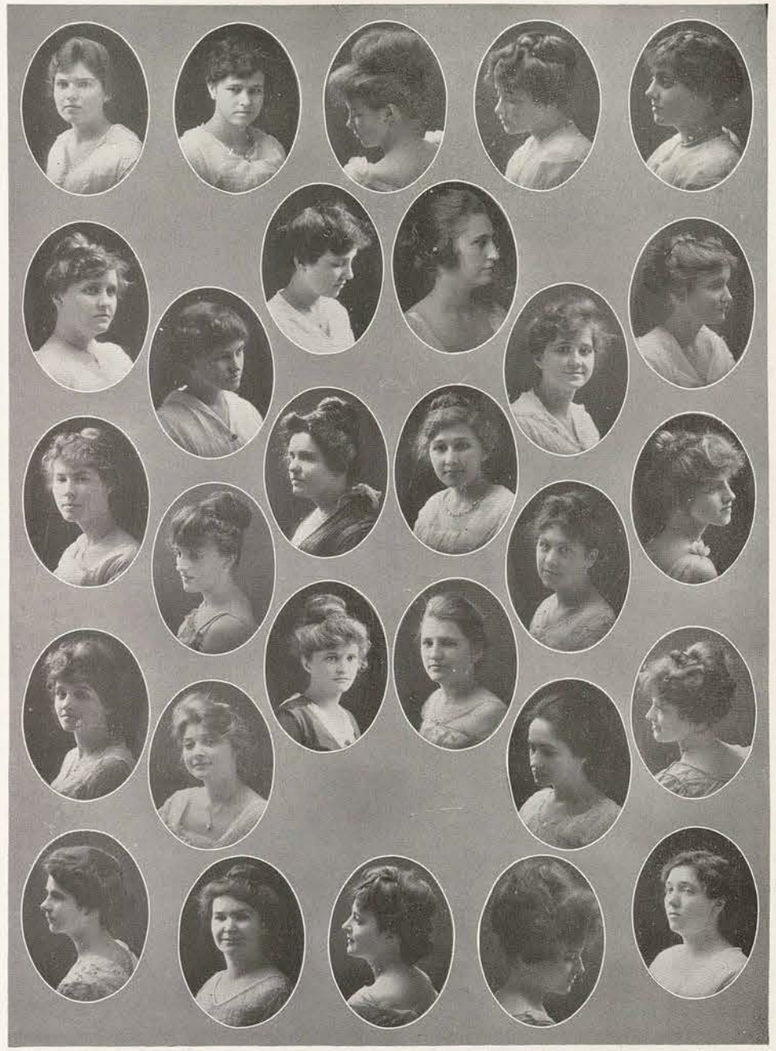
Flower: Carnation.

Press Club

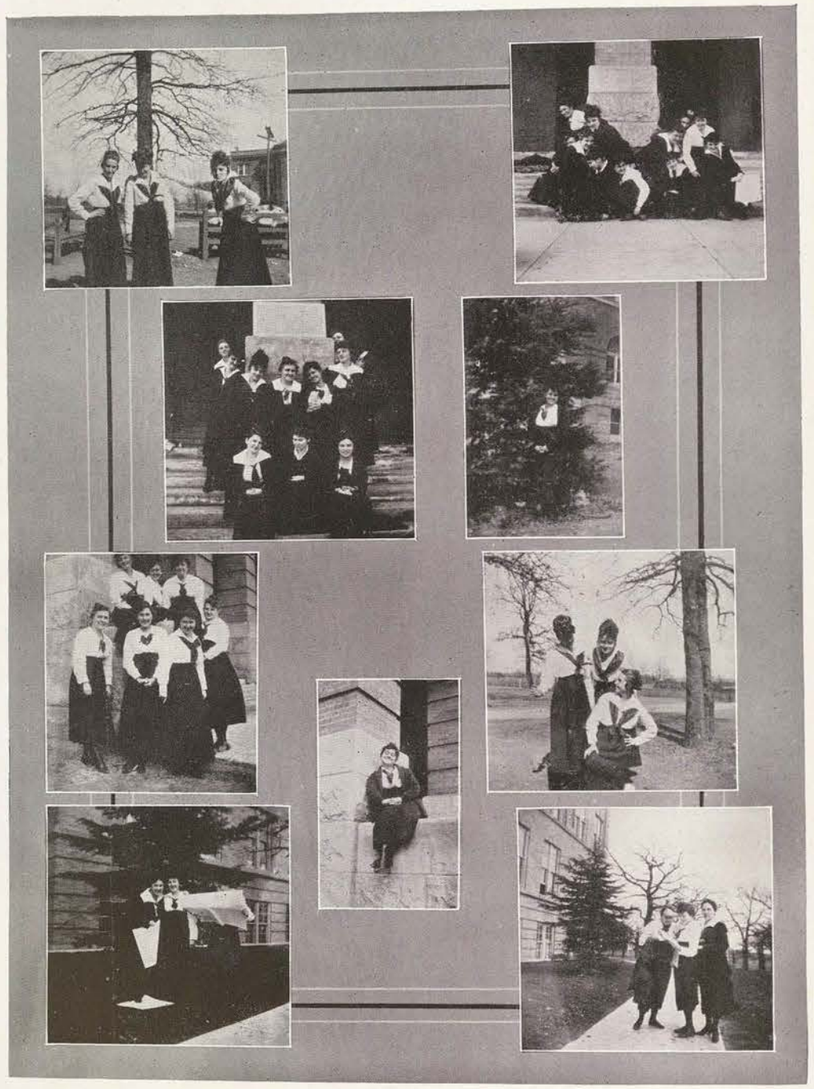
The Press Club of the College of Industrial Arts was the third College Press Club to be organized in the State. The work of organization was forwarded by students who had been representatives to the Texas Intercollegiate Press Association for the years 1909-10. The club became a reality in the spring of 1910, with a membership of fourteen students. Since that time the club has grown steadily in interest, membership and importance.

The object of the Press Club, broadly stated, is the advancement of the cause of journalism in our College. The club this year is making a special stduy of some phases of journalistic work, and it is hoped that such a study will result in the establishment of a chair of Journalism in our College.

The Press Club is the honorary literary society of the College. It is the only organization in which scholarship of the student is considered before she becomes eligible to membership. A grade of "A" in English, a general average of "B" in all other subjects, and the unanimous vote of the club, together with a keen interest in journalism, are prerequisites for admittance to the club. The membership is limited to thirty members.



Nellie von Blucher, Virgie Dyer, Gladys Helm, K. Mixson, Mayme Walker, Leola Campbell, Ollie Evers, M. McHenry, Alice Murrey, Kittie Washington, Ruth Chorn, Rheba Fabj, Sadie Hull, Anne Powers, Ruth West, Grace Christal, D. Fitzgerald, Faye Jackson, Madge Rudd, Leone Winn, L. Hallman, W. McJunkin, Lyda Smith, Sue Coffin, Lucy Harrison, Clarice Mixson, Alma Spears, Katherine Wisdom



M.E.B.

The M. E. B. Literary Club

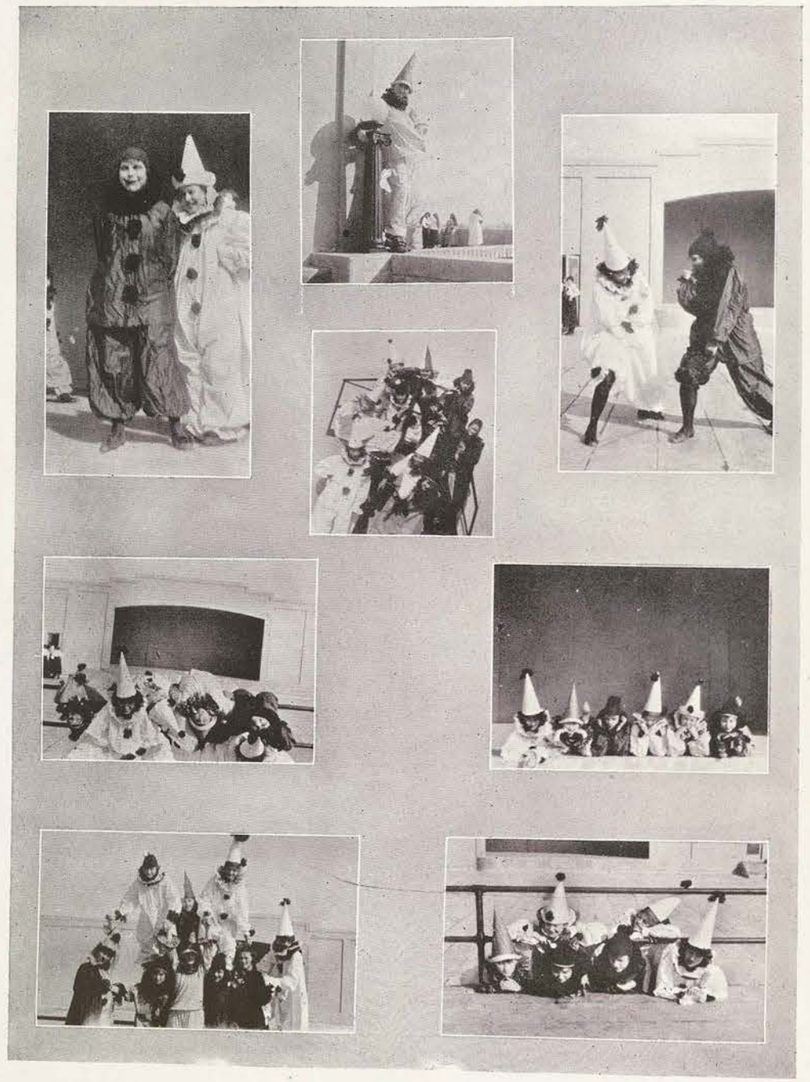
The Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Literary Club grew out of the Elizabeth Barrett Browning Literary Society, which was organized in 1906 by the 1908 class. Before this class left in 1908 the club reorganized into what is now the M. E. B. Club. In 1911 the club became affiliated with the Federated Woman's Clubs.

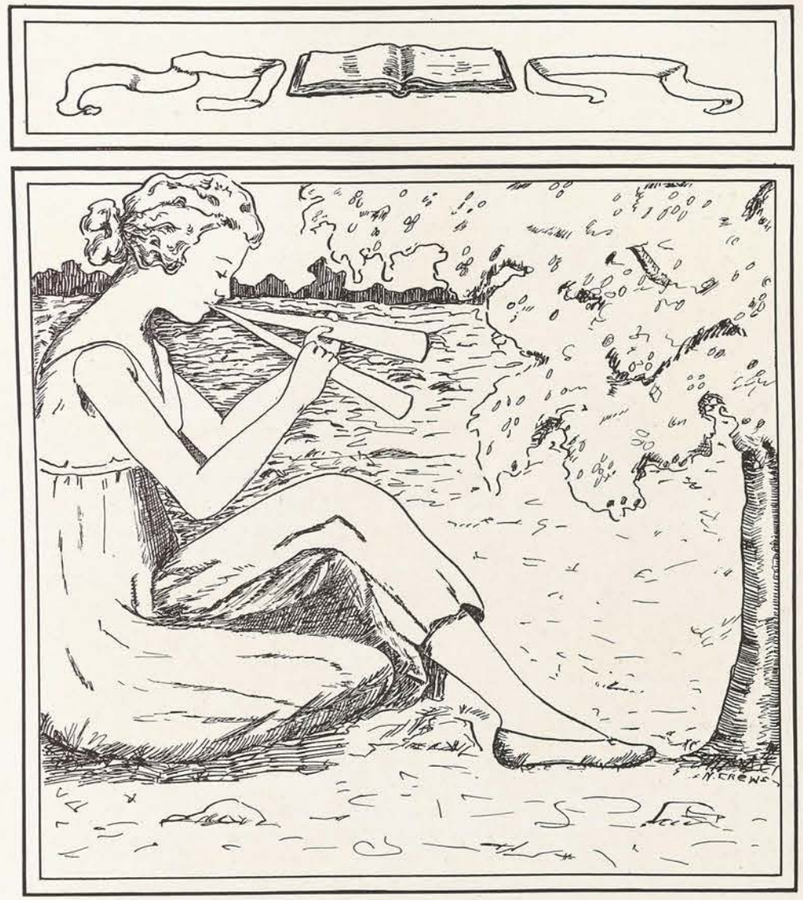
The club has as its motto and endeavor the furthering of the mutual improvement of its members by a knowledge of literature, science, arts and the relation of women to the vital interest of the day, especially in regard to the laws governing the women in Texas. Regular meetings are held twice a month throughout the year.

In addition to this course of study the club endeavors to aid in the education of the girls of Texas by putting its money into a loan which defrays the expenses of a fellow student. One or more entertainments are given throughout the year to promote social life among the girls, and to aid the students in becoming better acquainted.

M. E. B. Roll

Allen, H. G. (Hon.)
Alderson, Ruby
Anderson, Evelyn
Arthur, Adele
Armstrong, Wanda
Aryes, Cora
Ayers, Kathryn
Babb, Virginia (Hon.)
Bario, Helen
Badgett, Kathleen
Barnhill, Hoyland
Batchelor, Nelle (Hon.)
Bell, Ora
Barrie, Florrie
Bennett, Beulah B.
Berwin, Marion
Best, Sarah (Hon.)
Bickerstaff, Maude
Birgham, Mary Oliver
Birgham, Mary
Bobbitt, Exor
Bobbitt, Mattie
Bowen, Aggie
Blumberg, Geneva
Boone, Beryl
Boyles, Clara
Boyles, Laura
Bradley, Blanche (Hon.)
Bradley, Cleo
Bradley, Beulah
Bralley, Mrs. F. M. (Hon.)
Bray, Vonia
Brewer, Robbie
Bridge, Altha
Bridges, Mable
Britton, Doris
Britian, Ethel
Brigham, Sue
Briggs, Zada
Branson, Blanche
Brown, Eula
Burks, Mabel
Camp, Mary P.
Carpenter, Esther
Carroll, Mrs. F. B. (Hon.)
Carroll, Rita
Carter, Olga
Carter, Eira
Carter, Gertrude
Canon, Maurise
Callihan, Nova Lee
Christal, Grace
Cobb, Mayme
Cole, Winnie Lee
Cole, Mary
Coit, Mildred
Coffee, Ethelyn
Collins, Jenkie
Cornell, Sarah Ellen
Choney, Katherine
Coffee, Ruth
Cochran, Zelma
Conner, Elsie
Cox, Mary Belle
Cox Lucy
Craddock, Lutie
Crawford, Esther
Crawford, Iva
Callum, Lennie
Dabney, Minnie Lee
Daniel, Lois
Doty, Annie M.
Davis, Winnie
Davidson, Annie Mae
Davies, Mary
Davis, Elizabeth
Downing, Lottie
Denny, Lottie
Denton, Gladys
Donoho, W. S. (Hon.)
Dishman, Mauva
Dishman, Mayme
Dowell, Beth
Drake, Trixie
Dunn, Ruby
Dyer, Lela Mae
Eaddeart, Margaret
Edwards, Katherine
Elkins, Lula Mae
Esry, Stella
Evers, Ollie May
Fabj, Rheba
Ferrell, Irene
Fields, Elearior
Fitzgerald, Dorothy
Fletcher, Maude
Fleischer, Louise
Flowers, Linda
Forester, Lena
Foster, Nell
Favor, Mary
Glass, Lillian
Gandy, Mary
Garney, Ruth
Garrison, Blanche
Gerlach, Dorothy
Gerlach, Charlotte
Gleason, Esther
Giddens, Gillie
Gillitte, Gette
Goodrich, Carrie
Goldstucker, Marion
Gibson, Mary
Gormon, Nollie Mae
Gravely, Esther
Gunter, Esther
Gunter, Ruby
Guerinsky, Gussie
Gerlach, Bessie
Hall, Bernice
Harrison, Louise
Halay, Gladys
Harrington, Helen
Harper, Ethel
Harlsness, Margaret
Harper, Katharine
Harrell, Winnie
Harris, Pansy
Harwell, Louise
Harwood, Francis
Helm, Gladys
Hedgepath, Hallie M.
Henry, Bernice
Hendricks, Marie
Henderson, Ruby
Hill, Nieta
Hillboldt, Mary B.
Holley, Esther
Holloway, Oma
High, Katharine
Holstead, Bess
Hoover, Willma
Hoenaday, Grace
Huckabee, Eunice
Hughes, Winnie
Jackson, Ethel
Jackson, Annice
Jackson, Fay
Jackson, Ruth
Jamerson, Ethel
Johnston, Lucy
Jennings, Myrtle
Jones, Margaret
Jones, Sadie
Jones, Lillian
Jones, Nellie
Kasberg, Clara
Keeble, Mate
Killingsworth, Cora
Kline, Francis
Kubella, Della
Lacy, Kate (Hon.)
Lacy, Wortham
Lane, Margaret
Lamar, Kathleen
Loughlin, Catherine
Lofland, Amanda
Langford, Jane
Leatherwood, Amy
Lee, Hattie
Lemon, Maggie
Leverette, Bess
Lewis, Susan
Logue, Lillie
Logan, Esther
Lott, Rosa
Lowe, Willowise
Lowry, Frankie
Lowry, Marie
Lucas, Maymie
Luna, Gertrude
Lynch, Aline
May, Cora
Maney, Marion
Marquese, Gamma
Masters, Jesse
Matthai, Evangeline
Matthai, Beatrice
Maxwell, Louise
Maxwell, Agnes
Mayo, Vallie
Martin, Myrtle
Marr, Myrtle
Massergill, Lucile
Maxwell, Maurine
McClendon, Annie
McKamy, Bess
McGinnis, Juliette
McMahan, Lila (Hon.)
McGee, Lillie
McKinney, Nan
McGregor, Ruth
McJunkin, Willie
McCrovey, Lela Mae
Miers, Leah
Miles, Maurine
Miller, Grace
Miller, Virginia
Michie, Pearl
Milne, Agnes (Hon.)
Mixson, Eulalia
Moore, Lennie Ora
Morris, Edith
Morrison, Fay
Moffitt, Mary
Muldey, Reva
Mottley, Mary
Murphree, Bert
Morton, Altha
Myers, Fayme
Moyers, Ollie
Walsh, Oline Mae
Newton, Allyne
Newton, Jessie
Newhall, Dorothy
Nichol, Ready
Normon, Anne
Ogvurn, Mary
Oliver, Sadie
Patterson, Elizabeth
Patton, Ruby
Palmer, Mattie Lee
Parks, Willa Morie
Peeples, Nina
Phelps, Nelle
Phillips, Muriel
Poe, Bess
Ponder, Margaret
Potts, Marion (Hon.)
Price, Dealva
Price, Lena
Procter, Cecil
Mr. Ross (Hon.)
Reubell, Lila
Rees, Ruth
Rhea, Elsie
Rhyne, Edith
Rowlins, Olivia
Richardson, Coila
Ritchie, Corinne
Root, Grace
Roderick, Jo
Ross, Margaret
Routh, Thelma
Roberts, Mary Ola
Russell, Annie Laurie
Russell, Wilma
Robison, Marie
Shackelford, Mary, (Hon.)
Samuel, Vida
Sanders, Loraine
Sanders, Blanche
Schmitz, Hilda
Schaerdel, Frierder
Schraffl, Ella
Scofield, Rowena
Sears, Eula
Sears, Gladys
Sears, Mary Lee
Sealy, Irma
Simpson, Ruth
Singleton, Dovie
Singleton, Ellie Mae
Schockerlfor, Mary W.
Shelton, Florence
Sigworth, Alice (Hon.)
Smith, Maude
Smith, Florence
Schoemaker, Naome
Smith, Lucy Mae
Smith, Alice
Snipes, Mary
Skeen, Vera
Southerland, Ruth
Sparks, Winnie
Sparks, Mary
Spearman, Rosa
Spenser, Thelma
Spear, Alma
Spenser, Marguret
Stocton, Bernice
Stowe, Marie
Stopple, Lucille
Strickland, Gertrude (H.)
Strickland, Gladys
Stratton, Rob
Stocton, Bess
Stallings, Winnie
Sterns, Hope
Swann, Jane
Spear, Edna (Hon.)
Taylor, Marie
Taylor, Kathleen
Tarkersly, Leta
Thompson, Katie
Thompson, Jabie
Thomlonson, Lear
Toepperwine, Louise
Trigg, Eloise
Troy, O'Neita
Trawick, Stella
Tripp, C. A. (Hon.)
Turner, Elnora
Terry, Ida Mae
Vautrin, Louise
Veale, Mary Grace
Wagonon, Adele
Wallace, Elizabeth
Walker, Mattie
Walker, Wilma
Wen, Virginia
Warner, Kercick
Warren, Mary
Warriner, Viola
Weeks, Rega
Watts, Augusta
Walker, Wilma
Weaver, Allyne
West, Marjorie
White, Irene
White, Pauline
White, Aline
Williams, Mae
Williams, Eloise
Williams, Erna
Williams, M. L. (Hon.)
Williams, Ella
Williams, Helen
Williams, Annabelle
Williamson, Ethel
Williamson, Laura
Winn, Leone
Winston, Winifred
Witson, Anna
Wolfe, Annie
Wood, Annie Merle
Yearwood, Maybelle





CHAPARRAL

Chaparral Club

OFFICERS

Grace McClanahan	President
Sue Coffin	Vice-President
Ruth Chorn	Secretary
Ann Powers	Treasurer
Mildred Murray	Parliamentarian

Chaparral Literary Club

The Chapparral Literary Club was organized in 1904, for the purpose of extending among its members broader ideals of scholarship and higher planes of thought through a study of pure literature and of present social and ethical problems. The club holds two meetings each month. During this year it has taken up a study of the short story and social problems of the day. The programs are varied with musical numbers, readings and other forms of entertainment.

The Chapparal Club, in addition to its other work, has taken up a new activity this year, in offering four scholarships which are to aid in defraying the expenses of four College girls.

Socially the "Chaps" have tried to promote good-fellowship throughout the student body and Faculty. The club opened its social life this year with an entertainment for the Faculty and new students of the College. This was followed by various parties and dances for the club members, and ended with the annual entertainment for the M. E. B. Club.

Chaparral Literary Club Members

Armstrong, Lady Cary
Allen, Ruth
Ackerman, Mary
Alvord, Jeanette
Adams, Virginia
Adams, Verna
Arthur, Maud
Ayer, Francis

Balcom, Thelma
Bettison, Anna B.
Britt, Elliot
Blucher, Anna
Brown, Adlyne
Buster, Thelma
Bilhartz, Elsie
Beauchamp, Charlie
Byers, Barbara
Blackmon, Juliet
Bell, Edith
Buster, Willola
Beall, Irma
Berry, Gertie
Berry, Florrie
Ballatyne, Roberta
Buster, Morie
Bray, Vonice

Cleere, Hattie
Cluck, Thelma
Cowles, Florence
Crews, Nell
Coleman, Mary
Cory, Nettie
Childres, Irene
Clark, Marguerite
Cleere, Mary Lucy
Crawford, Thelma
Coffin, Sue
Carpenter, Lucille
Campbell, Illone
Chorn, Ruth
Cass, Modie
Curlin, Elsie
Cooner, Mattie
Cahill, Ruby
Criffen, Vera

Drake, Lera
Downs, Lois Jo
Dollins, Helen
Dishman, Mauva
Davis, Dorothy
Desenberg, Corinne
Davis, Mary Lee
Dealy, Elizabeth
Dyer, Virgie

Ellis, Jane
Easters, Merle
Evans, Dorothy
Earle, Emma
Enlow, Bonnie
Edwards, Bernice
Ellis, Rachel

Fisher, Francis
Furman, Ruth
Florey, Tennie
Farrell, Gladys
Feagan, Lorena
Fraley, Elizabeth
Fountain, Vallie
Feemster, Johnnie Lee
Farris, Lucille

Graham, Lucille
Grace, Hybernia
Gray, Bettie Lou
Gresham, Maude
Glass, Bess
Gause, Winona

Hughes, Russell
Hudson, May
Heye, Adelle
Hull, Sadie
Hensley, Eleanor
Harbes, Vera
Hresig, Nellie
Hillman, Wilna
Harris, Dewey
Harmonson, Naoma
Herblin, Nell
Hall, Lou Willie
Hallmon, Linnie
Harrison, Lucy
Henderson, Kathleen
Herring, Esther Pearl

Jordon, Gladys
Jones, Eleanor
Johnson, Mary
Jeter, Lovie
Jeter, Jewel
Johnson, Marjorie
Jenkins, Janet
Jameson, Anne
Jesse, Ida
Jones, Lilac

Kingston, Fannie
Kirkpatrick, Rosilie
Koethe, Lucile
Kuschke, Lillian Bell

Lemond, Addie Lee
Lyly, Dorothy
Lea, Thelma
Lipscomb, Pauline
Leatherman, Afton
Long, Clarice
Lynch, Charlotte
Lawson, Elma
Long, Francis
Lucas, Thelma
Lea, Carrie May

Morris, Lucile
Maxwell, Eunice
Marron, Mary
Mullally, Anita
Maer, Maroin
McKnight, Bernardine
McFarland, Virginia
McFarland, Connie
McHenry, Maude
McIlvain Bess
McClanahan, Grace
Minter, Prue
Miller, Grace
Manning, Lucy
Moore, Margaret
Mixson, Kathleen
Murray, Alice
Murray, Mildred
Murphy, Alta Maude

Nolen, Bess

Owsley, Lottie

Pope, Marion
Parks, Pauline
Pickrell, Hallie Belle
Palmer, Ruth
Parfelt, Edith
Patterson, Romona
Powers, Anne
Price, Gussie

Rush, Sallie Burk
Ransome, Sue
Russell, Inez
Rudd, Madge
Rayland, Adele
Rogers, Boose
Robbins, Vera

Smith, May Bell
Smith, Mary
Smith, Euclid
Smith, Lyda
Smith, Dorothy
Sanders, Mary
Stude, Jesse
Shelton, Virginia
Styles, Eline
Sarrazin, Varrina
Sanders, Blanche
Scott, Elizabeth
Schultz, Nette
Spears, Alma
Sherrile, Rachel
Simms, Pearla
Sanders, Lillie Fay

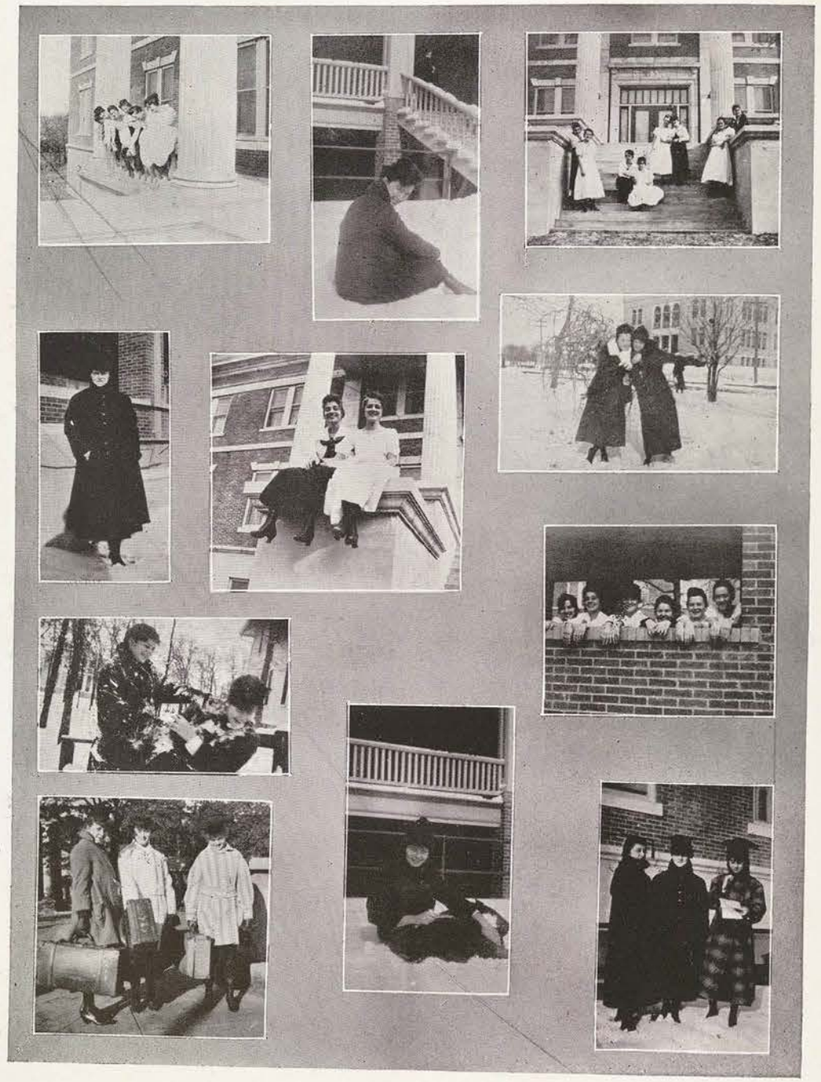
Trout, Kathrine
Thornhill, Bettie Lee
Talbert, Martha
Tribble, Mildred
Tate, Eula
Terry, Mary
Taylor, Josephine
Taylor, Dorothy
Townsend, Annie Louise
Thompson, Kate

Von Blucher, Nellie
Vaughn, Isabelle

Walker, Mayme
Wyatt, Delphine
Willis, Cora Lee
Wagner, Erna
Williams, Branch
Walker, Jonnie
Watson, Marjorie
West, Ruth
Woodrum, Bessie
Wright, Marian
Wright, Elizabeth
Wall, Acie
Washington, Kittye
Walker, Kitty
Walker, Vivian
Winn, Hattie May
Wall, Alta
Wood, Jane

Van Ripper, Thelma

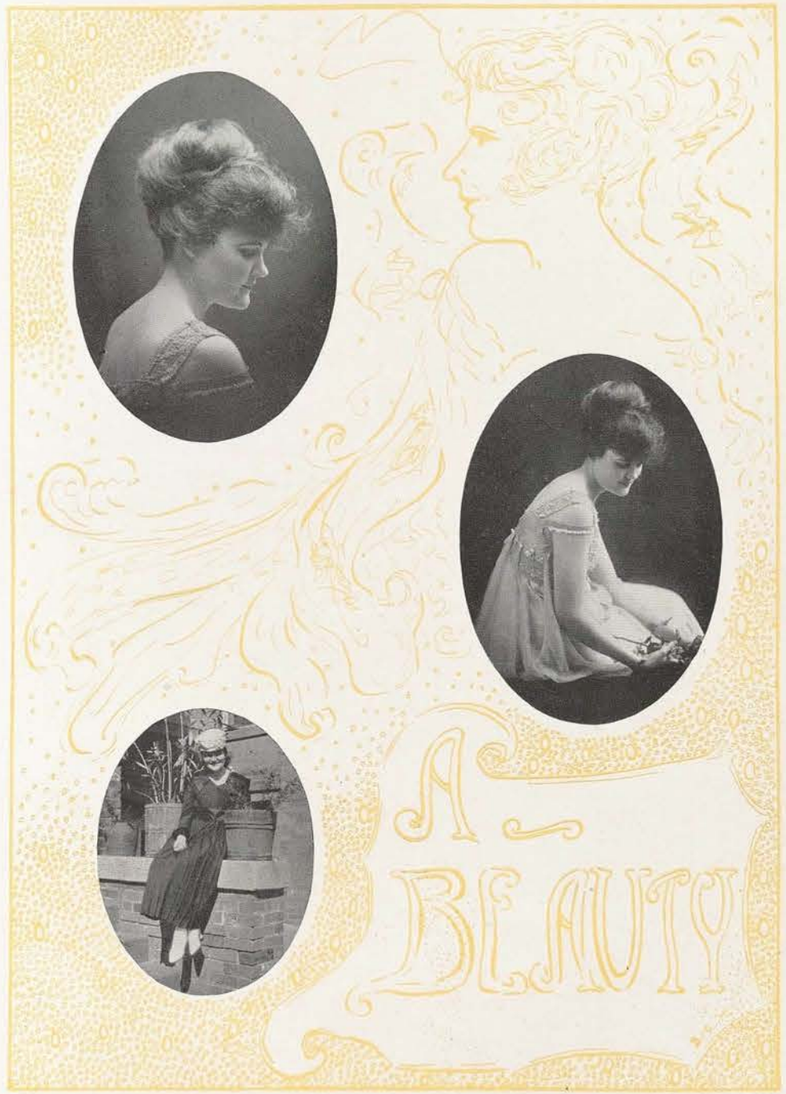
Young, Alice



BEAUTIES

"When first my eyes saw thee,
I found thee my thrall,
By magical drawings,
Sweet tyrant of all!"

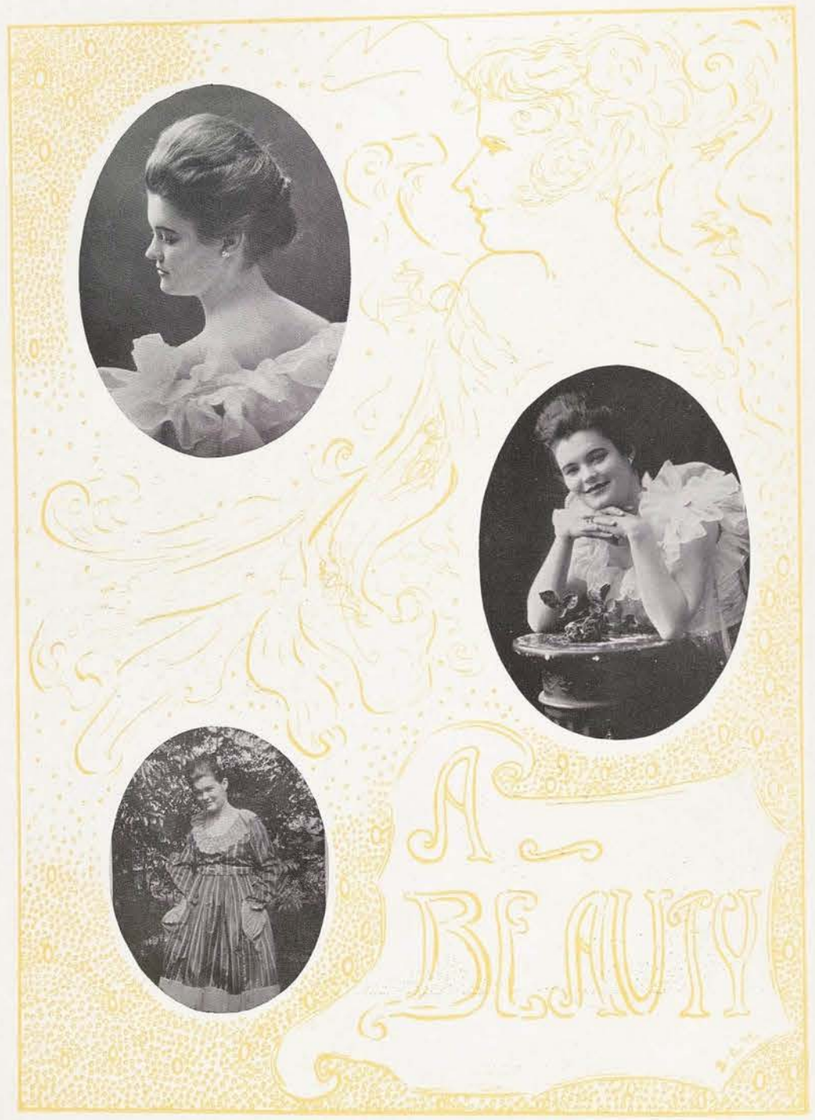
Emerson.



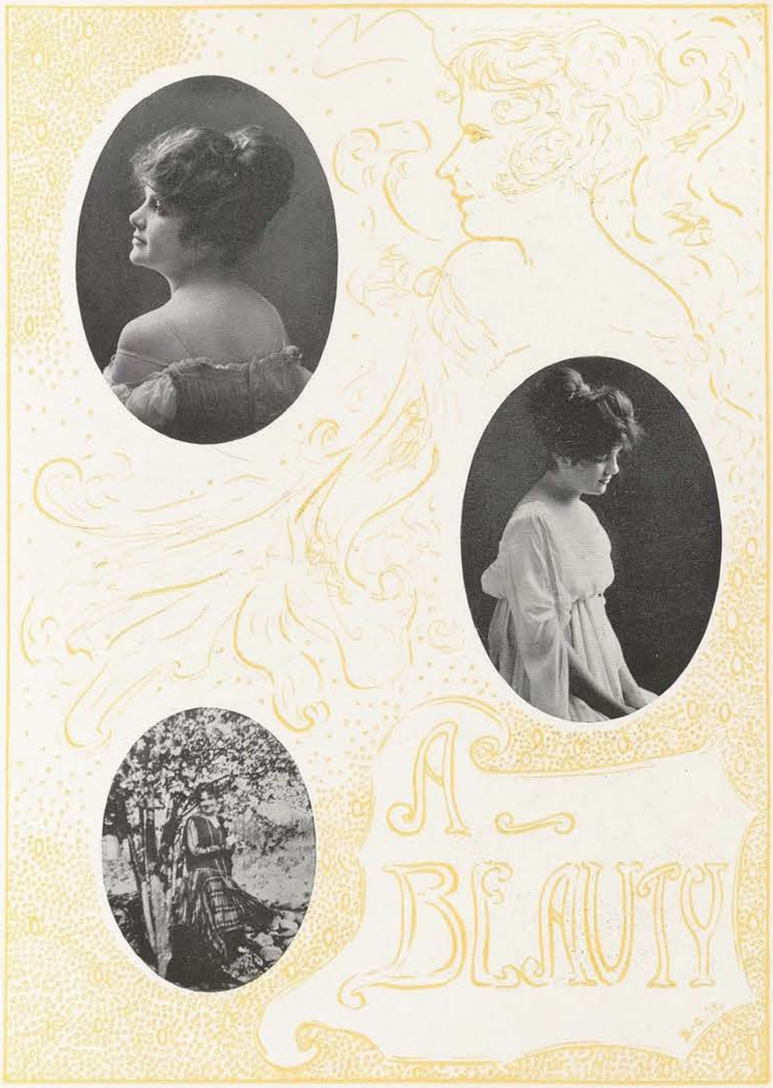
BLANCHE BRANSON

FAYME MYERS

LENNIE HALLMAN



MARIE TAYLOR



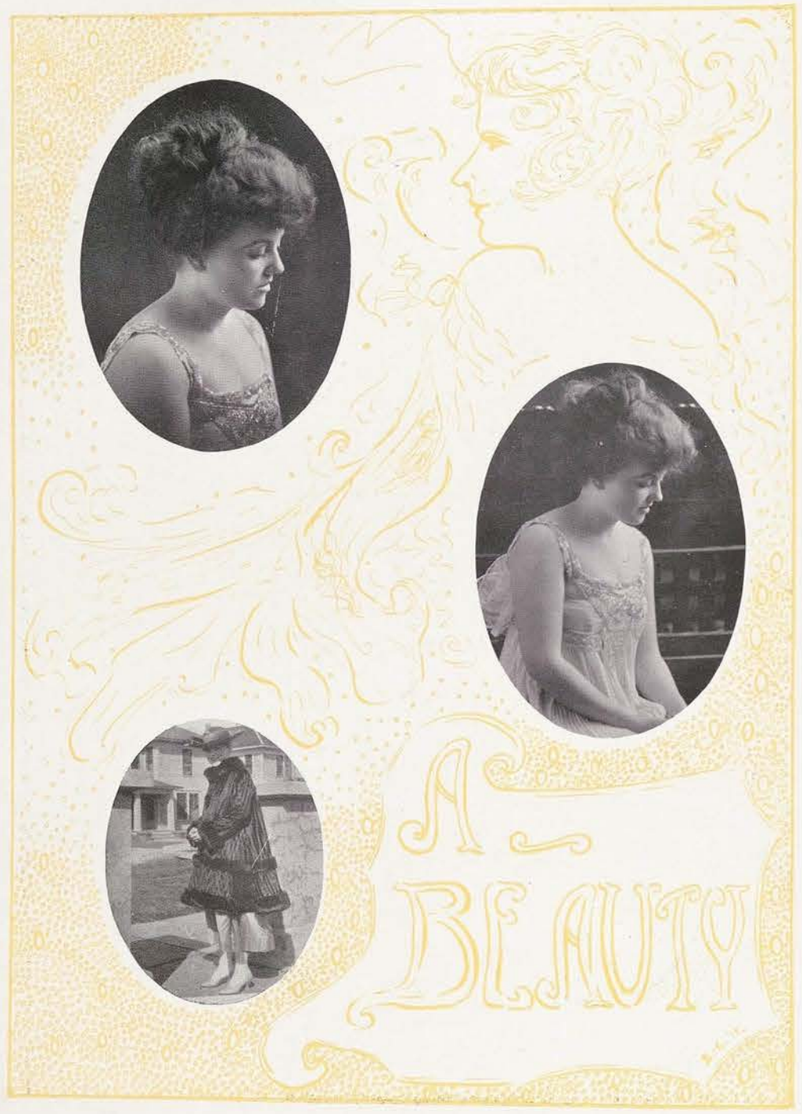
DOROTHY SMITH

D

SUE COFFIN

D

LUCILLE MORRIS



MARY LEE SEARS

THE PRESS

College of Industrial Arts Publications

THE LASS-O

RUTH WEST ..... Editor in Chief
REBA FABJ ..... Business Manager

The Lass-O is the weekly publication of the student body. Under the guidance of Ruth West and Reba Fabj it represents what a wide-awake student body can do.

THE DAEDALIAN QUARTERLY

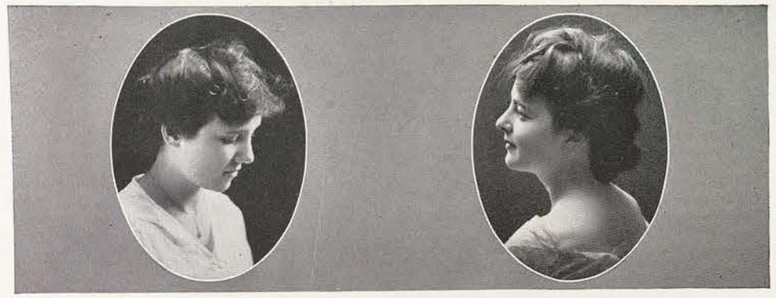
CORA AYRES ..... Editor in Chief
REBA FABJ ..... Business Manager

The Daedalian Quarterly is the literary publication of the College. It is published once each quarter. The Quarterly has gained its place as one of the best college literary publications.

THE DAEDALIAN

DOROTHY FITZGERALD ..... Editor in Chief
LEONE WINN ..... Business Manager

The Daedalian is the year book of the Junior Class. Its purpose is to give a picture of the college year as it is.

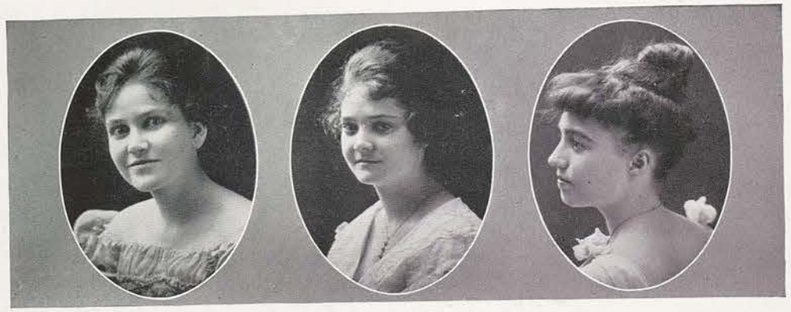


REBA FABJ RUTH WEST

Lass-O

RUTH WEST ..... Editor in Chief
LYDA SMITH ..... Assistant Editor in Chief
REBA FABJ ..... Business Manager
ELIZABETH SCOTT ..... Circulating Manager
ANNE POWERS ..... Assistant Circulating Manager

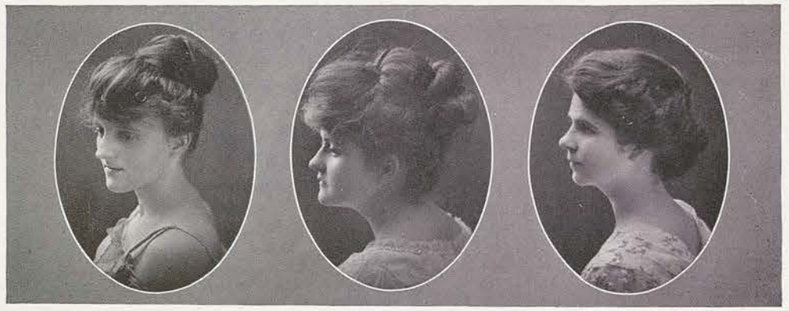
ANNE POWERS ELIZABETH SCOTT LYDA SMITH



Marion Wright Eloise Williams Lillian Bell Kuschke

LASS-O REPORTERS

Marion Wright	Bernice Stockton
Eloise Williams	Mamie Walker
Lillian Bell Kuschke	Maude McHenry



Maude McHenry Bernice Stockton Mamie Walker

The Daedalian Quarterly

Cora Ayres
Editor in Chief

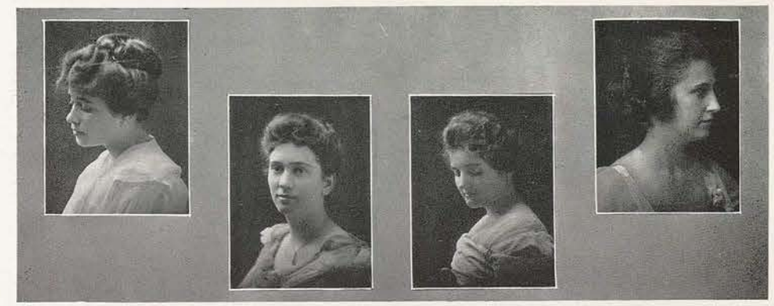
QUARTERLY STAFF

Cora Ayres	Editor in Chief
Sadie Hull	Literary Editor
Ruth Jackson	Exchange Editor
Grace Root	Art Editor
Annie Laura Russell	Comic Editor
Reba Fabj	Business Manager
Frances Harwood	Assistant Business Manager
Elizabeth Scott	Circulating Manager
Anne Powers	Assistant Circulating Manager

DAEDALIAN
1917

Dorothy FitzGerald
Editor in Chief

Leone Winn
Business Manager



Crystal Cox Hall FitzGerald

Daedalian

EDITORIAL STAFF

Dorothy FitzGerald ..... Editor in Chief
Lucy Cox ..... Art Editor
Lou Willie Hall ..... Athletic Editor
Grace Crystal ..... Society Editor

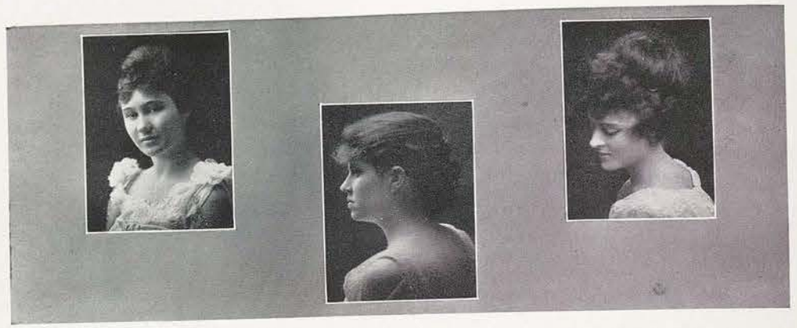
ASSISTANT EDITORS

Ruth Chorn ..... Assistant Editor
Leola Campbell ..... Literary Editor
Ollie Mae Evers ..... Comic Editor
Nell Crews ..... Art Editor

STAFF MEMBERS

Mary Moffett, '18 Clarice Mixon, '18

Campbell Chorn Crews Evers



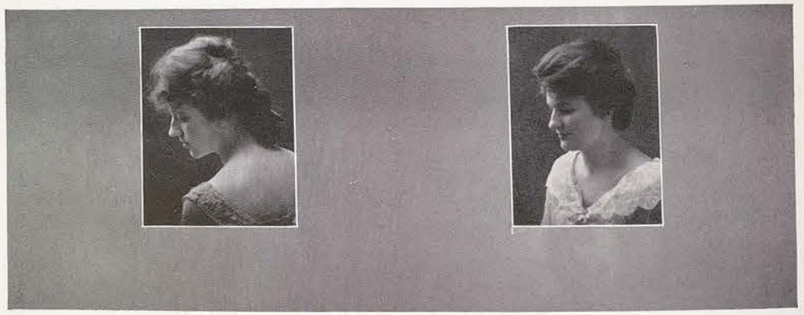
Blackmon Low Winn

Daedalian

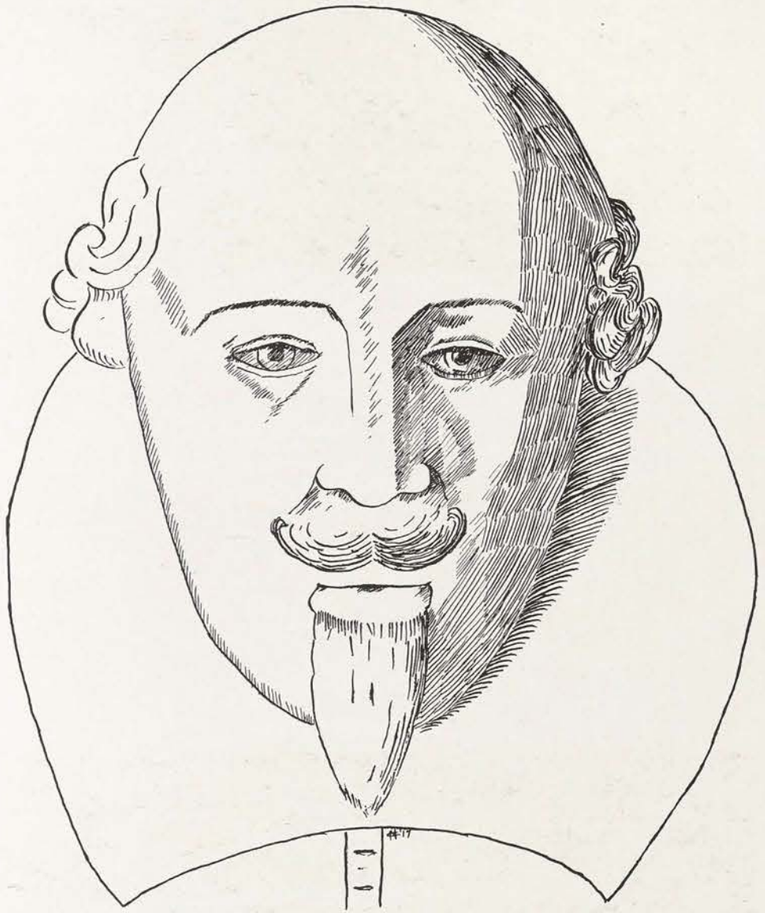
BUSINESS STAFF

Leone Winn ---------- Business Manager
Juliet Blackmon ---------- Assistant Business Manager
Willouise Low ---------- Assistant Business Manager

Annie Merle Wood, '17
Katherine Edwards, '18
Blanche Branson, '18
Annie Laurie Russell, '18



Edwards Wood



LITERARY

"Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hopes are yet unfilled,—
The promise still outruns the deed,—
The towers but not the spires, we build.'

Holmes.

Thomas Hardy's Use of Nature

LENNIE HALLMAN.

Thomas Hardy's aim was pre-eminently to paint life in its most fundamental aspects, inasmuch as his theories were based on biological facts. Since he dealt solely with the primitive emotions, he felt that truth demanded that he choose simple, yet noble characters, who, in consequence of a life-long propinquity with nature, would be more capable of spontaneous expression. With this belief in mind, he recreated his native hills in a district called Wessex, within the boundaries of which he was familiar with every tree and shrub, brook and stream, cottage and manor, even every tradition and legend. It was his boast that in this narrow world, among people of the humblest social type, he found the greatest elements of the human drama and the development upon a tragic scale of all those motives which would have contented the dramatic genius of Sophocles and Aeschylus.

In his use of nature Hardy has created an essentially new treatment of background. He represents a culmination of centuries of development from the time when background was a mere relief for figures in the foreground, through the pages of pictorial setting and sympathetic harmony of action and external nature, to background as a vital force in character growth. This exquisite harmony between humanity and external nature constitutes the very essence of his portraiture of life.

In "The Return of the Native" Hardy accentuates the influence of Egdon Heath till it becomes a virtual personification with Egdon, the dominating force in the book. Eustacia Vye, beautiful, sensuous, a woman to whom life and love were as meat and drink, chafed at the fate which doomed her to spend a loveless existence on its brown waste. The hidden beauties of it escaped her; she beheld it as a vast desert broken only by thorn bushes and stagnant pools of brackish water. Wildeve was welcomed as an oasis. Consciously blind to his weakness, she clung to him for relief from the oppression of life, then foorsook him for Yeobright, in whom there seemed more hope of escape. Thwarted in this adventure, her passion died, and the desire to escape became an obsession which culminated only in her death.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles was a daughter of nature. Fresh, radiant, sentient with life and love, she was a part of the flowers and birds about her. A series of unavoidable circumstances, combined with a feeling of impotency against fate, precipitated her first sorrow. However, the buoyancy of youth refused to be crushed when all nature rejoiced about her; she bloomed again more richly and beautifully than before. Singular ill-omens of natural phenomena preceded the tremendous struggle of her confession and separation from Angel Clare. Here nature predominated. Tess waged a futile battle for existence against the wind and snow, and at last succumbed to the inevitable and met her tragic death.

Hardy's characters absorb the simplicity and grandeur of the trees about them and reflect with exactness the varying moods of nature. Their joys are one with the song of the thrush and the soft, musical breathing of the pines; their sorrows are echoed by the sob of the night wind sweeping the desolate heath. One would not recognize Giles Winterborne in other guise than as a "woodland spirit, half-disappearing among the moving tree-stems, half-distinguishable from the motion and sound of the breeze-lifted leaves and the elfish interweaving of the shadows." He was indeed "Autumn's very brother, his face being sunburnt to wheat color, his eyes blue as corn flowers." In the depths of his soul was an innate purity and sternness of purpose which lent his homely form the dignity of the forest. Marty South was the equal of Winterborne. Her sturdy simplicity evoked sympathy from the moment her loyalty to old John South prompted the sacrifice of her glorious hair at the time she most wished to be beautiful for Giles' sake till the closing scene, when she stands in the moonlight at Winterborne's grave and whispers: "Now, my own, own love, you are mine, and on'y mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died. But I—whenever I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted, and whenever I split a gad and whenever I turn the cider-wring I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget thy name, let me forget home and heaven! But no, no, my love; I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things."

Clym Yeobright was a true child of the heath. The exquisite harmony of its silence, broken only by a sympathy

of sounds such as the humming of insects and the whispering of the dry fern ruffled by the breeze, soothed him; and he desired nothing in life but to be the disciple and teacher of the simple people of the heath. Egdon crushed life from the two women he loved—his wife and his mother—yet he did not rebel, but found solace for his wounds in the cruel grandeur of its solitudes. The Reddleman, running like a red thread through "The Return of the Native," reflects, too, the dignity of nature.

Hardy's deep study of nature imbued him with a feeling of her absolute relentlessness. Man was happy in so far as his soul was in communion with the infinite heart of nature, but rebellion against her laws was punished with an inexorability which leaves one shuddering with a sense of her utter changelessness. Man labored to snatch the heath from the exotic wilderness of furze only to have it mockingly reclaimed by its brown covering at the moment he thought success within his grasp. Gabriel Oak felt her cruel power as he stood at the precipice containing the mangled sheep which were the sum of his earthly possessions, and with the dog which was the unwitting cause of it all licking his hand, and "listlessly surveyed the scene." By the outer margin of the pit was an oval pond, and over it hung the attenuated skeleton of a chrome yellow moon, which had only a few days to last, the morning star dogging it on the right hand. "The pool glittered like a dead man's eye, and as the world awoke a breeze blew, shaking and elongating the reflection of the moon without breaking it, and turning the image of the star to a phosphoric streak upon the water."

His use of nature is further shown in his descriptions, which are done in terms of nature. He pictures Thomasin as reminding one of the feathered creatures who lived around her home. All similes and allegories concerning her began and ended with birds. When she was musing, "she was a keatrel which hangs in the air by an invisible motion of the wings." When she was in a high wind, "her light body was blown against the banks and trees like a heron's." When she was frightened, "she darted noiselessly like a kingfisher." When she was serene, "she skimmed like a swallow." In speaking of Eustacia Vye, he says that when she laughed "the sun shone into her mouth as into a tulip's and lent it a similar

scarlet fire." Of Michael Henchard he says, "his strong, warm gaze was like the sun beside the moon in comparison with Farfrae's modest look." Grace Melbury is likened to "a weak queen bee."

The most impressive scenes of Hardy are in the open air. The opening scene in "Under the Greenwood Tree" is an exquisite picture of these old village choristers outlined against the gold of a wintry sunset, suggesting "some processional design in Greek or Etruscan pottery." Eustacia Vye appears in silhouette as an organic part of the entire motionless structure of the harrow. "There the form stood, motionless as the hill beneath. Above the plain rose the hill, above the hill rose the harrow, and above the harrow rose the figure; above the figure was nothing that could be mapped elsewhere than on a celestial globe." One picture which stamps itself irrevocably upon the mind as much for its fantastic beauty as for the oddity of circumstances is that of Wildeve and the Reddleman throwing dice by the light of the glow-worms in the depth of Egdon Heath. Hardy's lovers are a part of the pageantry of nature, and their loves as deep as the elements themselves. Clym and Eustacia hold tryst with the eclipse of the moon as their signal. Giles wooes Grace as the woodbird calls his mate. Bathsheba Everdene succumbs to Troy, bewitched by the shimmer of the moonlight on his brass military buttons. Tess's meeting with Angel Clare and their fresh love are painted as an inevitable result of their contact with each other in the open air. Tess, viewed as a milkmaid in the misty dawn of the woodlands, was so pure and virginal that Clare's attraction deepened and their love unfolded gradually with the ripening of summer, as naturally and gracefully as the opening of a flower.

Thomas Hardy's use of nature is concomitant with his success as a novelist, for it is so essentially a part of his plot, character, and scene as to render separation impossible.

The Carnival

Elinor Jones.

A wagon rattled noisily down the road, leaving a cloud of white dust behind it. Zerubabel Jenkins, an energetic young farmer, was returning from the little town where he expressed his produce to a real city. He had started before sunrise, in order to avoid exposing his berries and vegetables to the hot rays of the sun, and was now going home in the mid-day. A vivid poster of red, green, and orange on a post caught his eye, and he reined up his horse for a better view. Snatching off his old straw hat, he wiped his red and perspiring face with the back of his sleeve.

"My, but it's hot!" he grumbled to himself, and then turned his attention to the poster. "Humph!" he snorted. "A carnival over at Simpkinsville! Well, they'll get none of my money. Never did believe in such, anyway."

As he turned back to his horse a young man drove by and hailed him. "Better pep up, Jenkins, and go to the carnival with me tomorrow."

"Nope, Jim; I can't take the time; besides, there ain't any sense in the things. I'd only waste a lot of money." Zerubabel flicked his horse with a whip and drove on, followed by Jim Day's hearty laugh.

It was small wonder that Zerubabel Jenkins had no use for a carnival. His parents had been hard-shell Baptists and his "raising" had been according to the literal translation of the Scriptures. Many severe whippings had beaten all the boyish fun and mischief out of him, and hard work had left no time for play. He had always been different from the other boys of the neighborhood. His home was one thing that made him queer, his clothes another, and his forced seclusion from playmates still another. No indeed! The Jenkinses were not going to have their boy led into the open road to destruction by a lot of fool youngsters whose parents did not care what their end might be. No; so for twenty-six years Zerubabel had been tenderly cherished and protected from all outside taint, and had walked the straight and narrow path behind his parents without a protest, or even a thought that he was being cheated out of his just heritage.

Two years prior to this time Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins had "crossed the river" during an epidemic of smallpox. Zerubabel was left sole owner and manager of not only a large, well-kept and valuable truck farm, but also of himself. Life went on much as usual. Zerubabel was an entirely capable manager, for, although his father had thought the State Agricultural College a dwelling place of sin and iniquity, he had sent his son through a neighboring agricultural high school, and then encouraged him to avail himself

of all bulletins and pamphlets pertaining to farming and truck-gardening. After a year or more of hired help in the kitchen Zerubabel began to feel a longing once more to taste home-baked bread and pies and to enjoy such other comforts as had been supplied him by his mother. The longing began to bother him along in February, and by the last of March it was almost unbearable. Accordingly, he set his methodical brain to work to find a solution. A week passed and still the answer baffled him. It came suddenly, without any effort on his part.

As was his custom on Sunday, he set out on the three-mile walk to church, since he believed in the Fourth Commandment implicitly. As he drew aside for a passing carriage, he glanced up to see his closest neighbors, Mr. Beeman and his wife and family, on their way to church. Mr. Beeman reined up and called to him: "Come on, Jenkins, and ride to church with us. We won't be crowded in the least."

Zerubabel was about to refuse on general principles, when he caught a glimpse of dark hair, red cheeks, and laughing brown eyes. Then all ideas of refusal left him, and his one object was to get into the carriage beside those eyes.

"Be glad to," he answered, his heart pounding like a trap drum.

"Well, climb in," returned Mr. Beeman. "You know Mary Ellen, I guess, although she's been gone quite a time."

Zerubabel stuttered an inane greeting, conscious of the fact that his face was a horrible crimson, and that his hands and feet had suddenly assumed colossal proportions.

Could this beautiful creature beside him be Mary Ellen Beeman? he thought in surprise, the little girl he had been forced to escort to primary school while he was attending the high school? Was it possible, that ten years had passed since that time, and she had grown up? He had even forgotten there was such a person.

"I guess you don't hardly know me," laughed Mary Ellen. "But it's no wonder, for it's been ages since you used to come by and take me to school. I expect you didn't even know I'd been away from here—now, did you?" she inquired teasingly.

Poor Zerubabel! He had not talked five minutes to a girl since his high school days, and now he was completely overwhelmed by embarrassment and a new feeling he had not time to analyze.

"Mary Ellen's had two years at the Bellview Domestic Science School," volunteered Mrs. Beeman proudly, "and she's been teaching. But we couldn't get along without her any longer, so she's home for good."

The drive was only too short for Zerubabel. He had not opened his mouth during the whole time, but had listened with a kind of paralyzed delight to Mary Ellen's chatter of school, her experiences as a teacher, and a dozen other subjects, lightly touched upon and quickly dropped.

At the church they parted; the Beemans filed into their family pew, while Zerubabel sat in solitary state in the Jenkins pew at the front of the church. As the sermon progressed Zerubabel felt some peculiar and

alarming symptoms. Was it possible he was going to be sick? His mind simply would not fix itself upon the sermon. A vision of Mary Ellen floated before his eyes and he felt a strong desire to turn around for a glimpse of her. His mind was busy with worldly thoughts, when suddenly one word of the minister's sermon stood out alone, vivid and clear. "Marriage" was all that he heard, but it was sufficient. His problem was solved, the mystery of the new feeling explained, and, with his characteristic determination, Zerubabel set out to accomplish his purpose in as short a time as possible.

He determined on a systematic courtship of short duration, and proceeded to lay siege to Mary Ellen's heart.

But alas for his hopes! Over a year passed, and, though he had wooed her with dogged persistence, he was not any nearer to marrying Mary Ellen than he had been on the first day. She flirted with all who would flirt with her, went on picnics with whoever asked her first, rode impartially in all their buggies, laughed at their love-making, and was as happy as a young, good-looking, popular girl could be. Zerubabel was madly in love with her by this time, insanely jealous of her other beaus, and in a regular slough of despair unless he was with her. He had gone through many changes during that year, both in ideas and in appearance. He used his own horses now on Sunday in order to take Mary Ellen driving. He had attended several sociables, and the month before had even taken her to a country dance rather than let Jim Day, the grocer's son—and his greatest rival—be her escort. Also his love had reached the stage where his bank account was open to supply her slightest whim. These and many other improvements had been hard and painful, but he was vastly bettered by them. The whole neighborhood had watched him change with varying degrees of surprise and amusement, but with general approval.

One hot July morning as he drove to town he noted the shreds of an old poster hanging on a telegraph pole. With no other thought than to remove it on the way back, as it presented an untidy appearance, he drove on. But, on returning, he found that the old poster had already been removed and a new one plastered in its place. Zerubabel stopped to read it, and a little longing crept into his heart to attend the carnival which the poster proclaimed would be held the following Saturday in Simpkinsville. However, his conscience warned him that he had no excuse to lay off for a day to attend such a worthless and wicked thing; so he firmly resolved to stay at home.

But as he drove on his mind reverted constantly to the carnival, and it occurred to him that Mary Ellen might enjoy going over to it. Jim Day would ask her if he didn't; therefore he resolved to stop by her home and ask her to go. He drove up just as the Beemans were sitting down to dinner.

"Come in and join us," called Mr. Beeman, and, although he refused at first, the prospect of being with Mary Ellen for so long a time overcame his reluctance. The meal came to an end only too quickly. Zerubabel wondered why his family had never gotten any pleasure out of the meal hour; he decided that Mary Ellen was the cause of so much happiness. This conclusion further strengthened his determination.

Mary Ellen was all excitement over the prospect of a carnival.

Almost before he could get his invitation out, she had accepted and was planning a dress to grace the occasion, the lunch, and a thousand other details. The smile with which she rewarded him set his heart aflutter, and he departed hastily lest something might occur to mar his joy.

The eventful day finally arrived. Zerubabel rose at four, and, having satisfied himself as to the probable weather condition, proceeded to dispatch his work with unusual swiftness. His heart beat high with anticipation, for he had planned a wonderful surprise for Mary Ellen and by means of it hoped to become a permanent attachment to her. The week before, he had made a trip to the city and had secretly purchased a small runabout. He had spent several hours in mastering the mysteries and mechanism of the "Flying Angel," as he called it, and now he felt perfectly competent to run any car in the country. Accordingly, he donned his Sunday suit, slipped on a long linen motorcoat, placed a jaunty cap upon his head and hooked a pair of goggles over his ears. For several minutes he gazed proudly at his reflection in the mirror.

"This ought to make a hit with her," he said aloud. "Guess I'd better be going along." So, taking one more look at himself, he started for the barn, supremely unconscious of the fact that "$4.98" was marked in white chalk on the back of the coat. Zerabubel cranked up and started forth. The sun looked down on the car and its occupant and winked at the little cloud on the horizon. The cloud took the hint and began to grow, slowly but surely. Meanwhile Zerubabel was having some difficulty in keeping in the road. Though he grasped the wheel tightly, the car would persist in zigzagging from one side of the road to the other. Moreover, he did not seem able to control the speed. Every time he put his foot on the accelerator he bounded forth with such haste that only the windshield kept him from shooting head first out of the car. Immediately on taking his foot off, however, the car moved at such a snail's pace that it would have taken all day to get anywhere.

Nevertheless, he finally managed to reach the Beemans' and passed through the gate, only bending one fender. Sounding his horn, he dashed up the drive and drew up with a flourish, stopping so quickly that he doubled up over the wheel.

At the croak of the horn Mary Ellen came running out of the house. Seeing the car and its occupant, she gave a little shriek of delight.

"Oh, Zeb, where did you get this darling little car? Are we going over to the carnival in it? Oh, isn't it lovely?" and she jumped in beside him.

"Now's the time," thought Zerubabel, and he leaned over her.

"I bought it, Mary Ellen, sweet——" but by that time the whole Beeman family had joined them, and his opportunity was gone.

While Mary Ellen was gathering up her wraps and luncheon, poor Zerubabel was endeavoring to answer all Mr. Beeman's questions concerning the car, assuring Mrs. Beeman that he was capable of running it, and trying to keep both the boys from completely ruining his precious possession. With a sigh of relief he assisted Mary Ellen in beside himself and, with comparatively little trouble, started. He passed through the gate and on to the road this time in safety, and then settled back in his seat with the confidence that all was well with him.

Mary Ellen chattered ceaselessly about everything in general, but principally showered generous praises on the car and the owner. Zerubabel was in the seventh heaven of delight, and resolved to secure the desired answer before reaching the carnival grounds. Glancing around at her tenderly, he said: "You are the prettiest, sweetest girl I ever knew, Mary Ellen. Will—"

"Look out!" she screamed frantically, and clutched his arm. Just in time he discovered they were about to climb a fence post. With a mighty wrench of the wheel, he escaped a collision, and after some difficulty brought the car back into the road. Alas! He could plainly see that he must postpone the fateful question as long as he was driving; so the remainder of the ride was accomplished with no danger to their lives.

Zerubabel had decided to leave the car outside the grounds, since he was somewhat distrustful of going in. He was for wearing his motor outfit inside, but Mary Ellen, observing that he was not exactly a "thing of beauty," insisted that it be left behind, and, unwilling to offend her, Zerubabel reluctantly removed it.

The morning they spent in wandering over the grounds. Many of their neighbors were there, including Jim Day, who glowered on Zerubabel, much to the latter's delight. The young people gathered in a group near the merry-go-round discussing where they should eat their lunch and what they should do the remainder of the day. Everyone was in high spirits, and each suggestion for the afternoon and evening's fun was hailed with delight and approval. Mary Ellen was in her element, suggesting first one thing and then another.

"Let's go ride on the merry-go-round," she cried, and, catching Zerubabel's hand, she darted forward, followed by the laughing crowd. Zerubabel's heart sank as he climbed slowly on the back of a horse, and he fervently prayed. Faster and faster flew the horses, up and down, round and round, until the world was spinning too fast for poor Zerubabel to catch up with it. But he held on to his horse grimly, and after an age it finally slowed down. He slipped off and staggered to the ground, which rose in waves to meet him. His head swam dizzily, and his knees cracked together.

"Come on, Mary Ellen," he gasped. "Let's go get the lunch."

The merry crowd met in the nearby park and spread their lunch beneath the trees. Zerubabel, too abjectly miserable to eat a bite, sat by and watched Jim Day devour the salad, sandwiches, and cake that Mary Ellen had brought, and then calmly appropriate the biggest part of the box of candy he had bought especially for her. Zerubabel wondered whether he would ever feel safe to walk, but knew that his rival would appropriate Mary Ellen if he stayed behind, so when the crowd prepared to go back to the grounds Zerubabel stepped in front of Jim and, taking Mary Ellen's arm, marched off with the others.

The afternoon was a nightmare to poor Zerubabel. He had followed blindly wherever the crowd had gone, and his initiation to "High Life," the "Shoot the Chute," "Ferris Wheel" and a dozen other ingenious devices had been quite painful to him, but heartily amusing to the rest of the crowd. They had prevailed upon him to ride the "Roulette Wheel," and he had clambered on with the others. But, instead of sliding off on the

mattress, as Mary Ellen and Jim did, he slid across the floor and sprawled against a post with a thump. With his head ringing, he climbed to his feet and clutched a chair for support. He did not see the solicitous look in Mary Ellen's eyes, nor hear her anxious inquiry, which was drowned in the shout from the others. His head was splitting, his eyes felt as if they would pop out, and he ached all over. His physical torture did not bother him at all, but his mental disturbances! Everywhere they had gone he had acted the fool before Mary Ellen. How could she know that he was not to blame; that all these things were new to him, and that, as a boy, he had never gone through the first painful trip that he was taking today? The bitterness grew in his heart at each new blunder. Then, to make his misery complete, Jim Day had followed up each failure of his by a performance both graceful and successful. Small wonder that Zerubabel ceased to enjoy the day, and wished for the time to go home!

Mary Ellen noticed the gloomy cloud that had settled on Zerubabel's face, and vainly tried to remove it. But at each act of hers he became more nervous, and at last she decided sadly that she had offended him. It was a quiet Mary Ellen that seated herself beside Zerubabel for the home trip that night. For miles they rode in silence. Finally Mary Ellen ventured to say: "I sure have had a good time, Zeb. It was just loads of fun."

The bitterness in Zerubabel's heart burst its bounds as he answered fiercely: "I reckon you did. I've played the fool all day, and I guess I've sense enough to know it. You and Jim will have a plenty to laugh about, all right; but I am going to tell you right now I've never had a chance like the other boys. I never had been to a circus or a carnival until today, and it wasn't my fault that the things made me sick. I can't help being awkward. I've wanted to tell you all day that I was crazy about you, and wanted to marry you, but I have sense enough now to know that you'd never have any use for an awkward, clumsy fool like me." Here his voice broke, and he looked ahead into the darkness. A drop of rain fell on his hand, then another and another. He cast an anxious eye down on Mary Ellen, his first thought being of her comfort.

"It's going to rain, Mary Ellen," he said gently. "I guess you'd better put on my coat."

With a little cry Mary Ellen clung to him.

"I don't care if it pours," she sobbed. "I thought you were mad with me, Zeb, and I just couldn't stand it. You ought to know I detest Jim Day."

Instinctively Zerabubel's foot clamped down on the brake as he took Mary Ellen into his arms. The clouds poured down their showers of rain, and the little car skidded along in the mud, but the occupants were serenely unaware of roads or weather, while Zerubabel demonstrated that a car was driven much easier with one hand than with two.

The Flood in the Pond

IN ONE ACT

By Mary Gandy

CHARACTERS

Mr. Toad
Mrs. Toad
Mr. Snake
Squire Goldfish

Scene One.

(A living room in Mr. and Mrs. Toad's house in the moss pond.)

Mr. Toad: Well, I think I'll go to the dance and the serenade tonight. Mr. Bull Frog is going to lead.

Mrs. Toad (Gently): Oh, dear, don't leave me here to guard this nest alone.

Mr. Toad: Well, the moon is shining so brightly on the water tonight I think you can watch over it without me. (Angrily) How many do you think it takes to watch over the nest? Of course (Sullenly), I could stay if you are going to be disagreeable.

Mrs. Toad: Oh, no, no. I don't mean that. I was simply—I am so afraid of Robber Snake.

Mr. Toad (Speaking quickly and emphatically): But from your bed here in the moss you can see the nest, and this is not a dark night, for a moonbeam keeps flickering through those reeds yonder. And, you know old Robber Snake will not be bothering round in so much light. It isn't any risk to leave you, for there is absolutely nothing to disturb you so late in the night. But, of course—

Mrs. Toad (Meekly): What time will you return in the morning?

Mr. Toad (Carelessly): By the time the sun reaches the chalice of those lilies. Good-bye.

Mrs. Toad (Almost tearfully): Good-bye.

Scene Two.

(The same living room at 2 a. m.)

Mrs. Toad (Roused from sleep): Dear me! Our house feels cold, and it seems so dark. I must look at our little nest. The water is growing colder, too. I'll close out this cold current all I can. (She pushes the pieces of moss as tightly together as she can.) Oh, dear! The reeds are bending so low, and I don't see where so much timber is coming from. I do wish Mr. Toad had not left me tonight. I cannot help being frightened, for it is so terribly dark. Horrors! What is this? Oh, our nest is moving, and I must move our eggs. (She becomes more frightened and nervous.) Where shall I take them? (She struggles valiantly against the strong current and gathers the eggs together.) Oh, if only Mr. Toad were here to help me place the eggs on that strong willow limb yonder! But I will try to do it alone. (She braces herself with what little strength she has and puts the burden on the limb. Just as the eggs are securely placed the limb cracks and gives way before her eyes. Then, horrified, she screams.) Oh, my husband! What will he do? He will never forgive me for losing our little nest. But I could not save it. What shall I do? Oh, dear, where are my neighbors, that they do not help me? Just look! (She screams hysterically and jumps to the bank in order to save her own life.)

Scene Three.

(The next morning. A hole in the bank. The reeds and the mosses are all broken and bruised; the clear water is now muddy and foaming.)

Mrs. Toad: I never was so unhappy. (Weakly) Oh, why doesn't Mr. Toad return. Yet how I dread to see him, for he will surely chide me. (Mrs. Toad goes up and down the bank. At last she meets Squire Goldfish.) Have you seen my husband?

Squire Goldfish: Yes, I saw him during the storm, safe in the east puddle.

Mrs. Toad: But, dear me, haven't you seen him since? (Mrs. Toad starts to weep.)

Squire Goldfish (Encouragingly): Don't worry, for he is sure to appear now it is morning. But if he doesn't, remember that Mrs. Goldfish and I are you friends, and our doors are always open to you.

(Mrs. Toad looks at him gratefully.)

(Exit Mr. Goldfish. Mrs. Toad sobs herself to sleep. Mr. Toad unexpectedly finds her.)

Mr. Toad (Angrily jerking her by the shoulder): What are you doing here, you wretch? Our home is ruined; our nest is gone; the work of a lifetime has gone to the winds. Wretch! Wretch! Wake up! Did I not leave you here to guard over it? I was helping to save the town.

Mrs. Toad (Dazed and stammering): The willow limb—I tried—oh, Mr. Toad! Oh,—ah—er—

Mr. Toad (Storming): Willow limb, the deuce! You know I did not want to go, and you insisted. This would not have happened if I had been home.

Mrs. Toad (A new light burning in her eyes): Yes, dear, I know it would not have happened if you had been here.

At Meal Time

By Della Kubella.

CHARACTERS:

John Green, Young Business Man.

Mary Green, His Wife.

Act I—Scene 1.

A modern, well-furnished, cozy, and attractive dining room. John and Mary at breakfast. John insists on reading his morning paper, and refuses to be sociable, much to the displeasure of his wife.

Mary: Dear, now don't start reading that old hateful paper again. You can do that after you get to the office. Come, now, and talk to me. (Short pause.) Listen, sweetheart, put that old paper down and—

John (Starting and looking up): What? Yes.

Mary: Come, now.

John: In a minute—just in a minute. (Begins to read again. Mary goes to kitchen after more toast. Then she takes John's half-emptied coffee cup and fills it with hot coffee, adds sugar and cream, and places it at his plate again. She then stands back of his chair with hands on his shoulder.)

Mary: Now, let's put it away.

John: Little lady, why won't you ever let me read the news? (Folds paper, lays it by his plate and begins eating. Mary goes to her seat.)

Mary: What makes you so selfish? I want to tell you about the bridge party I am to give this afternoon—you know. It is my time to entertain. The color scheme is to be pink and green. I'll decorate with ferns and the coral vines from the porch. The refreshments—well, I haven't decided. Would you serve tomato jelly salad on lettuce leaf—pink and green, you know—and then green-tinted mint ice and pink angel cake?

John (Absently): Everything in pink and green. My! but you are a fine little planner! Pass the butter, dear.

Mary: Marmalade, too?

John: Yes, I'll take some, thank you. (Glances at paper by his plate, and picks it up.) What this? Another ship sunk!

Mary: Now, John, don't start that paper again.

John: Listen; let me read to you about this. The Germans have sunk another ship.

Mary: Well, what do we care about the Germans? They are too far away to bother about. I don't want to be bothered about war news.

John: Well, I can't help it; I do. (Reads paper to himself.)

Mary: Just go ahead and read your old paper. I don't care if you do. (Angrily leaves the room. Later returns panting and begins to clear away the dishes.)

John (Looking at his watch suddenly.): Fifteen till eight! Fifteen minutes to catch the car! I'll have to hustle! (Leaves room. Mary continues to clear away the dishes.)

John (Re-entering, with coat in hand): Mary, where did you put that clothes brush?

Mary (Sulking): I—don't bother me.

(John exit.)

John (Enters, hat in hand): Sweetheart, tell me good-bye, quick; the car is coming. Aren't you going to tell me good-bye? (Puts his arm around her, but she draws away.) What's the matter? Aren't you going to kiss me?

Mary: No, I am not. Leave me alone. There is your car.

John (Loftily): Well, good-bye.

Mary: I'll fix him—you just wait! I'll double the subscription to "The Chronicle" and get even with your morning paper habit.

Curtain.

Scene 2.

Dining room. Mary and John at breakfast, each reading a newspaper.

John: May I have some hot coffee, dear? (Pauses, but does not look up.) Mary! Some coffee, please. (Louder.)

Mary (Absently): What? Well, wait a minute. (Continues slowly eating breakfast and reading paper on the same line.)

John (Smiling, rises and gets his coffee, pouring some for Mary, also).

Mary (Reading paper): Big German retreat from Northern France! (Tracing line of march.) Let's see,—they went from Rheims to Verdun—and then—here is Paris; it's safe, but that looks pretty bad for the Belgians. (Mary takes bread plate and goes after biscuits, but carries paper with her and continues reading. Returns with biscuits, still reading paper. She sits down; both continue eating and reading.)

John: It's getting late. I'll have to be off. (Leaves table.)

John (Returns with hat in hand): Good-bye, Mary; I

must be off. (She holds her mouth up for a hasty peck, and continues reading.)

CURTAIN.

SCENE 3.

Dining room. Mary and John at dinner.

JOHN: You are all dolled up tonight—is it the Majestic, or the Glee Club?

MARYS Neither. Let's go to hear Bryan's Peace Lecture.

JOHN: Thunder! War's going to your head. I'm not for peace.

MARY: Well, I want to hear the other side.

JOHN: Seems to me you've got both sides, from the amount of reading you've been doing. But, of course, if you want to go, we'll go. By the way, how did the bridge party come out?

CURTAIN.

Playmates

I play that the wind is my playmate;
  We fly over forests and hills;
We drop with a swoop into valleys
  And rise with a quickness that thrills.

We leap over crags, wildly crying;
  We dash o'er the falls with the streams;
We shout and we shriek at each other,
  And joy in our own mad screams.

We moan and we groan together,
  Then mock at the people who hear,
And button their overcoats higher
  And speak of the blustering year.

We gather the snowflakes of winter
  And toss them to earth with a tune;
We scatter the cobwebs of clouds adrift
  From the face of the merry old moon.

We whistle and swirl in the whirlwinds,
  We twist the tall trees till they cry;
Then, weary and worn with our playing,
  We drop to the pines with a sigh.

When spent with our own swaying movements,
  We rest on the tips of the trees,
Or rock on the waves of the water,
  A-rest on the broad, beating seas.

MAMIE WALKER.

The Gypsy Call

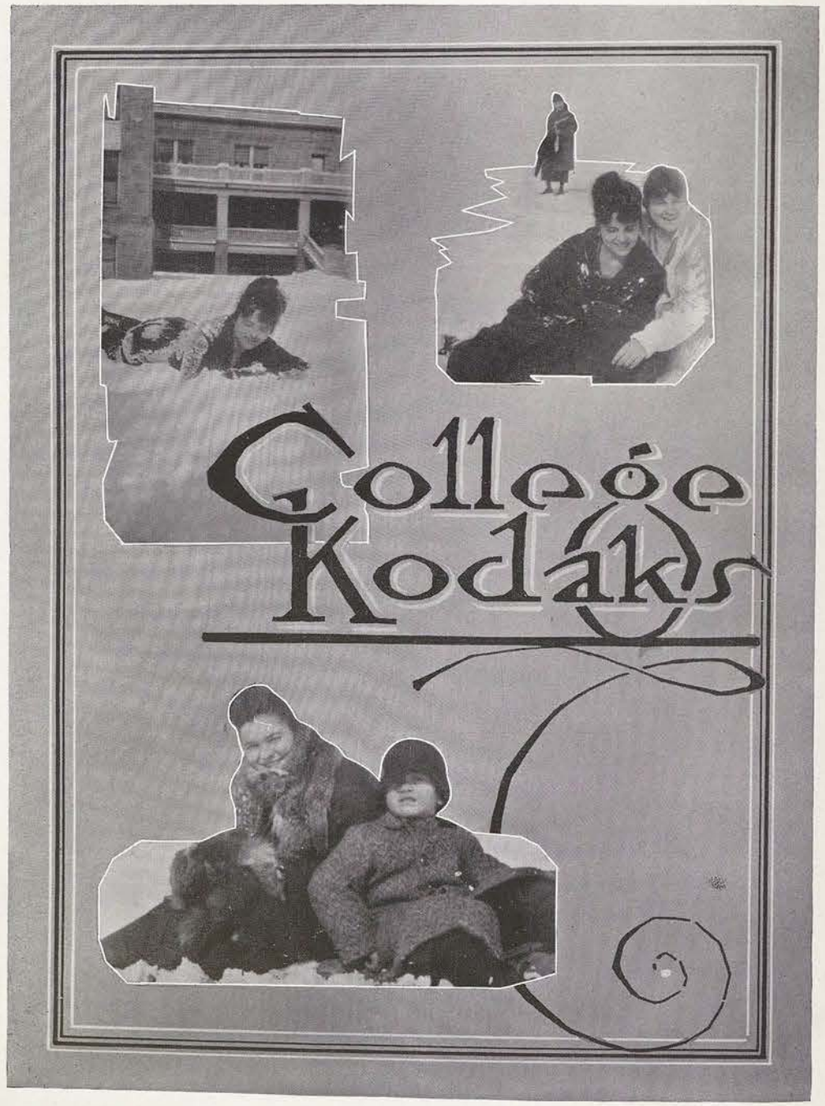
CLARE OWSLEY, '16.

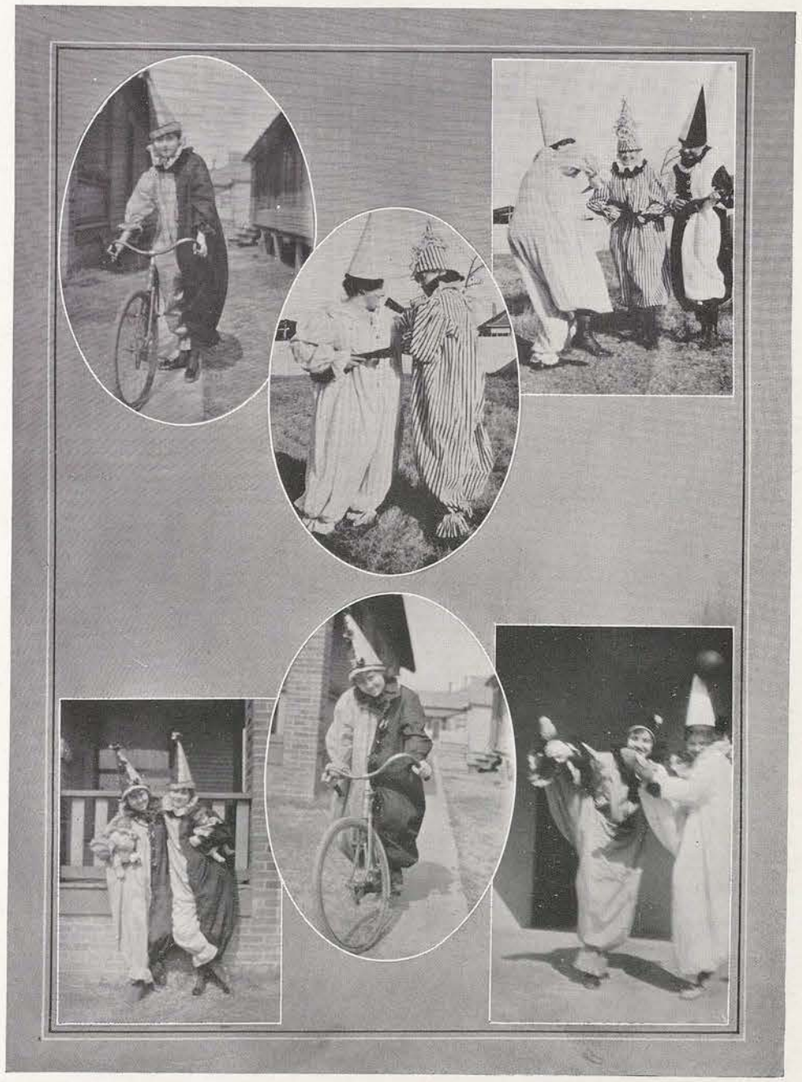
My Gypsy heart is calling, dear,
  For the happy, open trail,
Where, hand in hand, we may tramp and hear
  The fluttering of frightened quail.

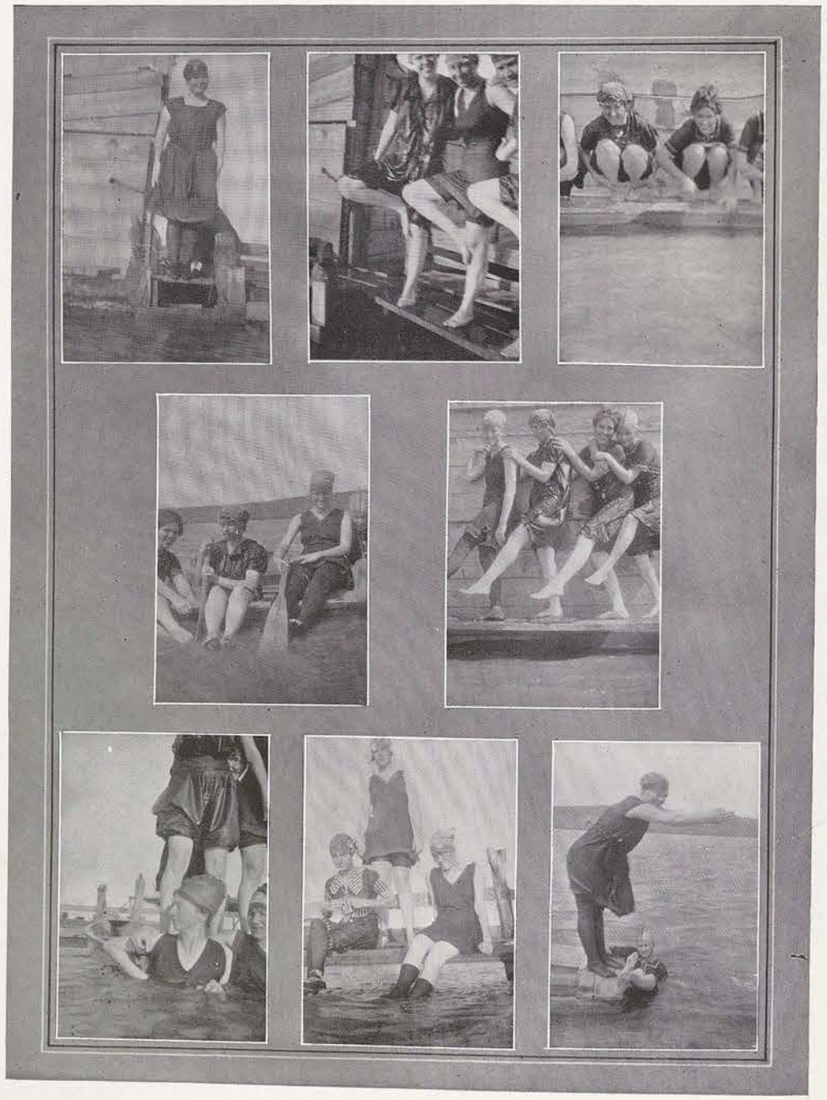
Where you and I in the field of grain
  Can brace against the wind,
And feel the cleanness of God-sent rain,
  And know the world is our friend.

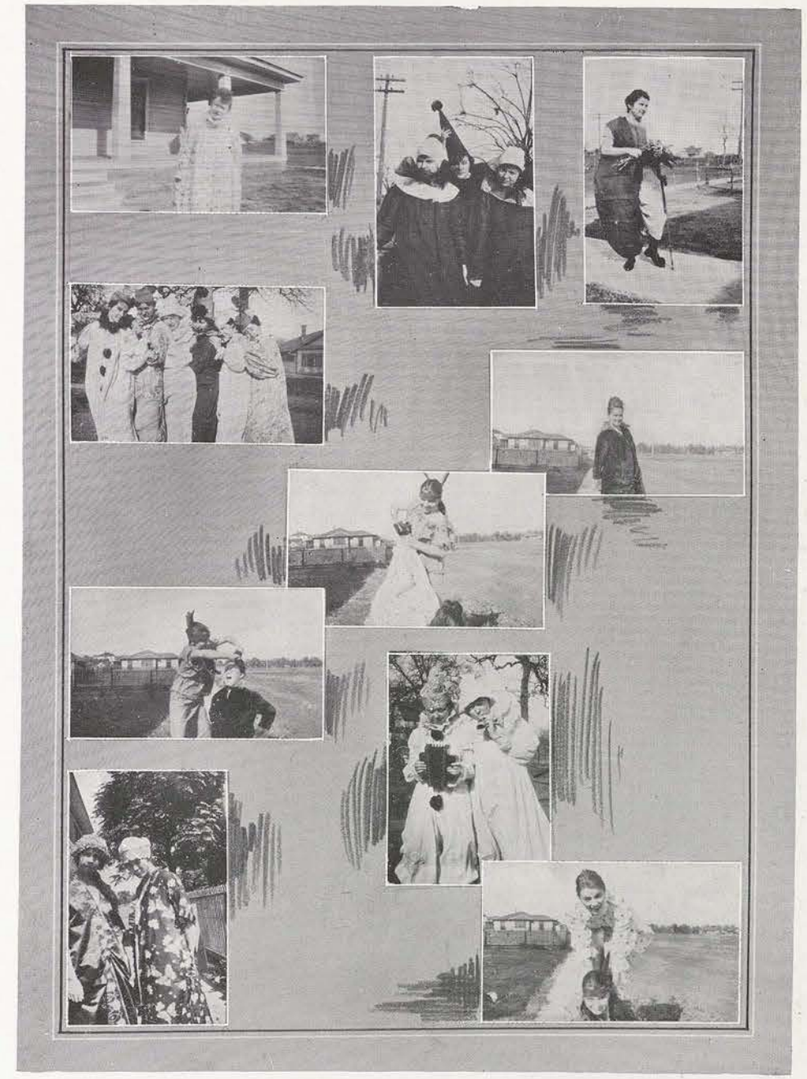
Where out in the soul-cleansing sunbeams,
  My mate can answer my call
Over poppies (they brew happy love dreams),
  Instead of a city wall.

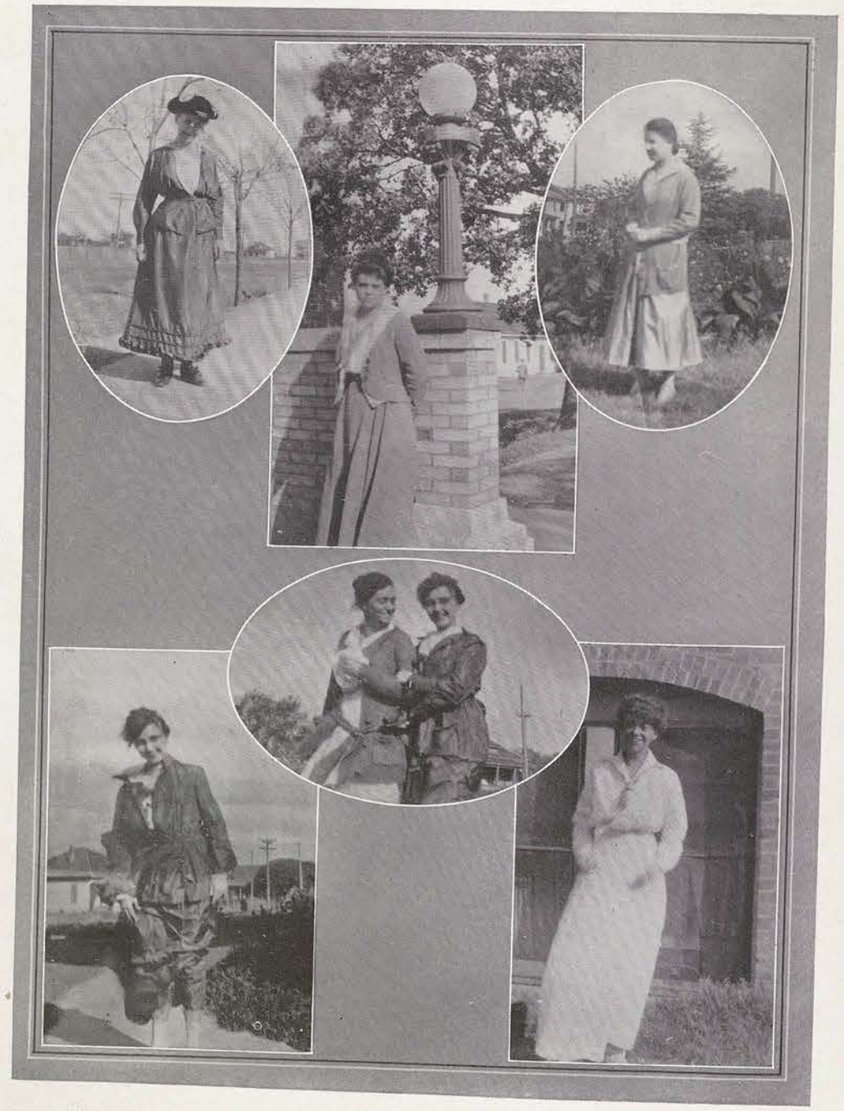
Some day we'll go where the world is glad,
  Where the sky is not gray, but blue.
Ah! My Gypsy heart cries out, dear lad,
  For the open trail—and you.

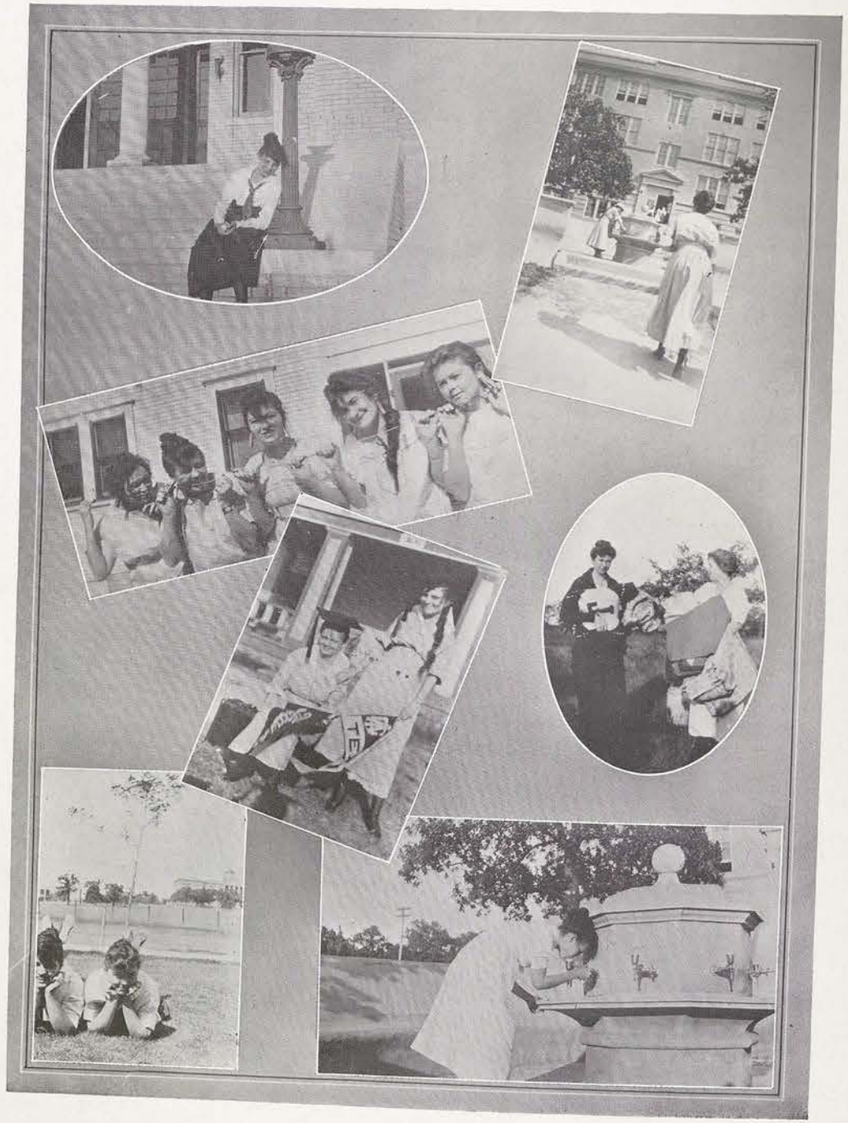

College
Kodaks

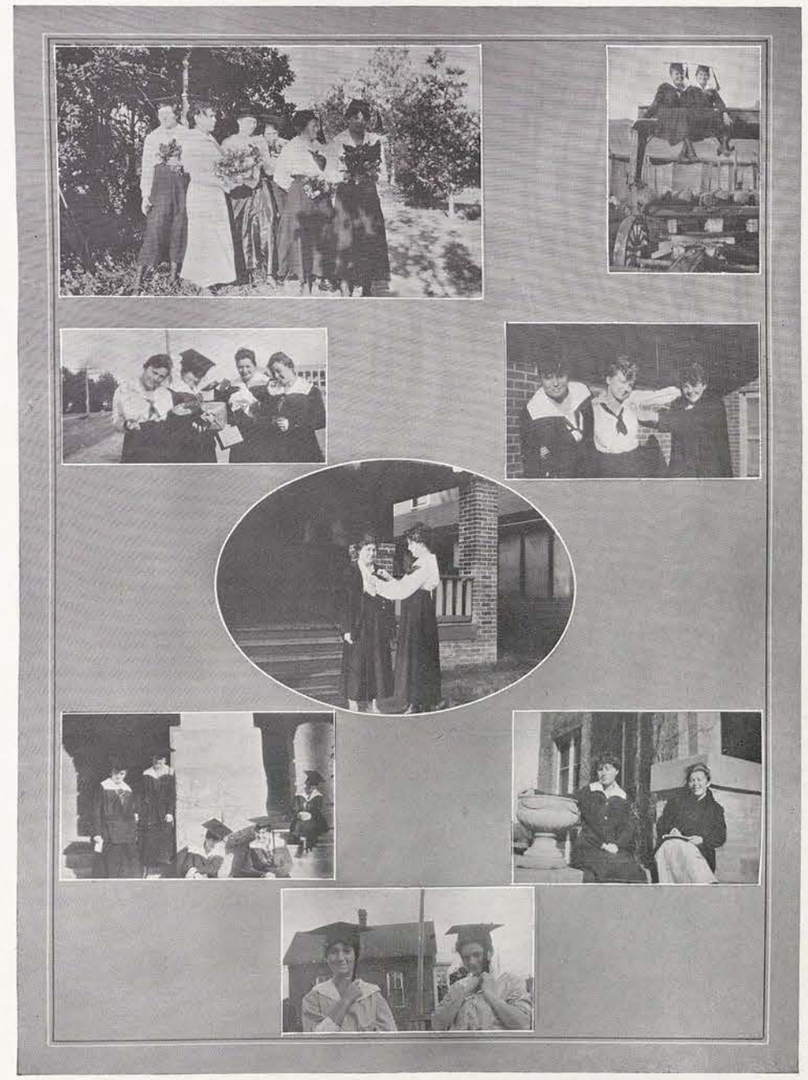


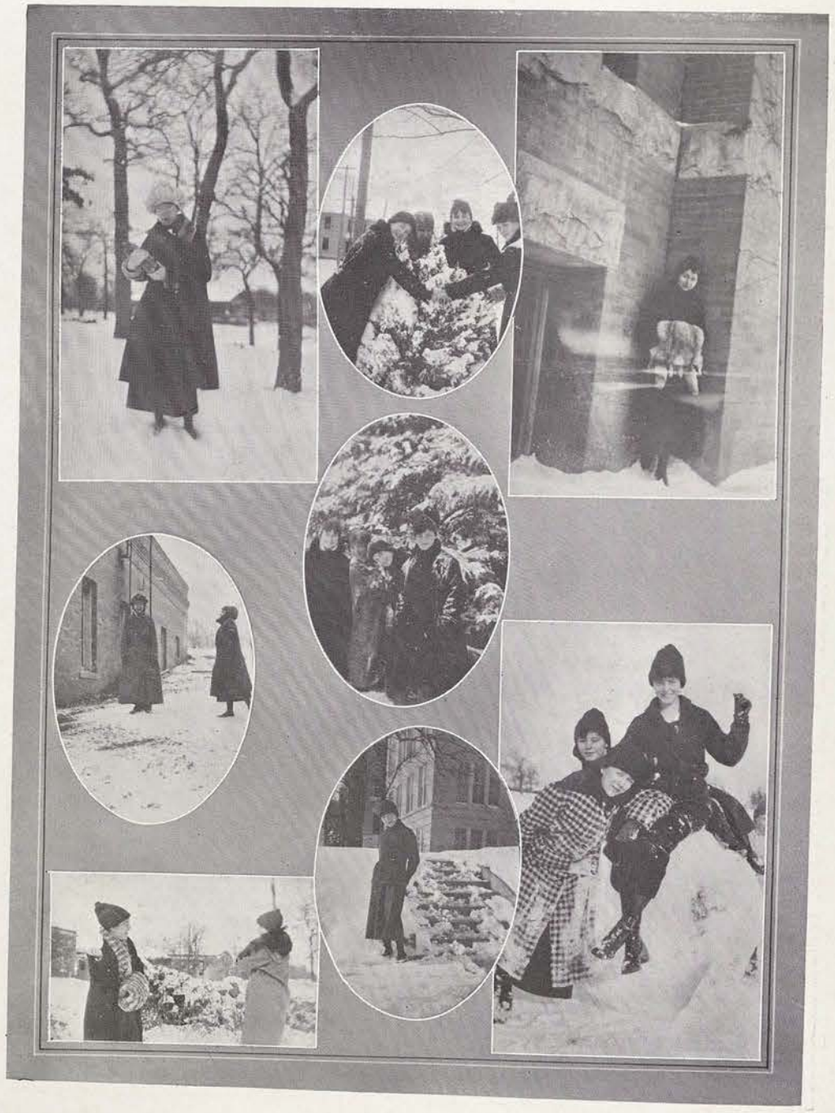


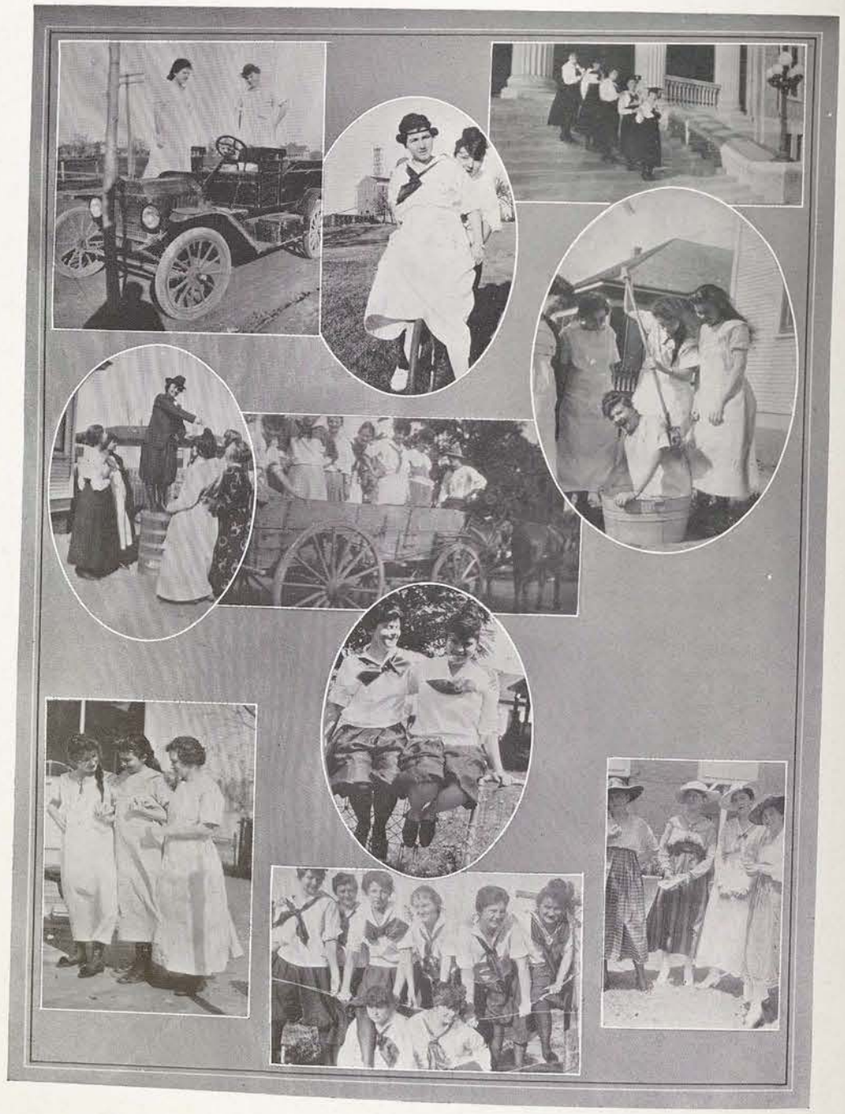


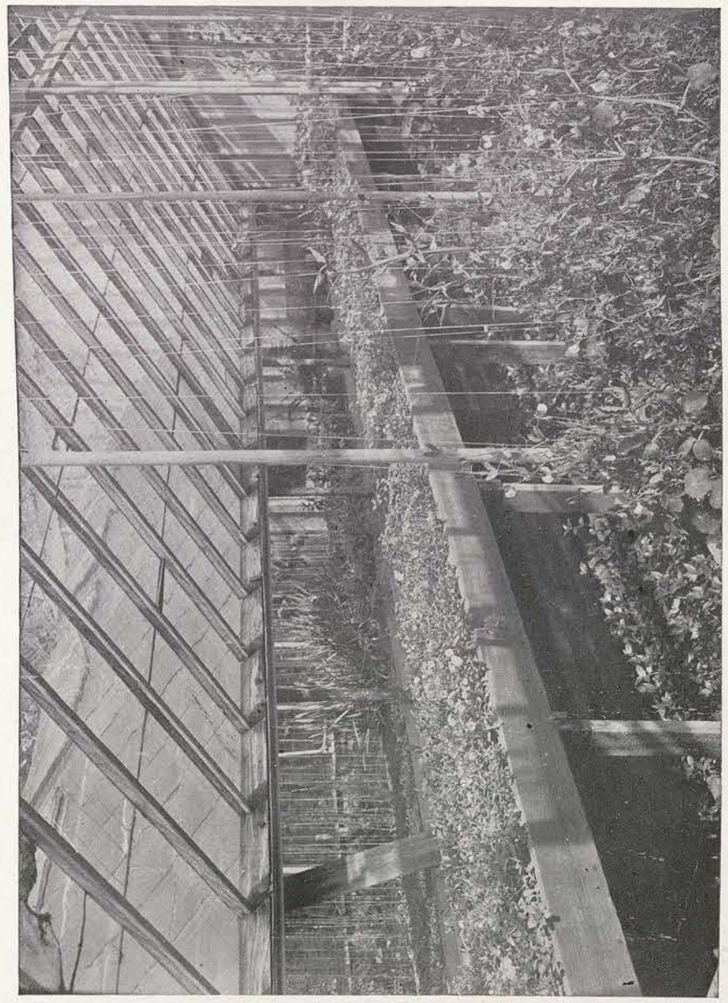




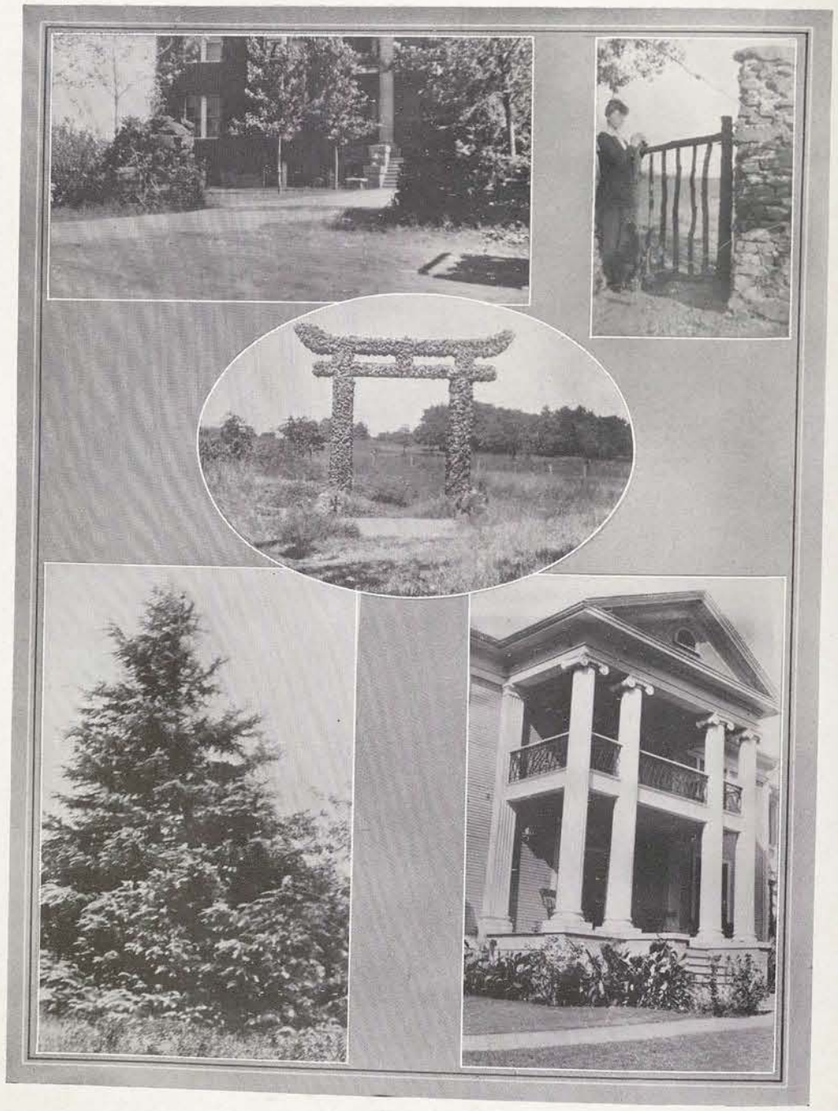


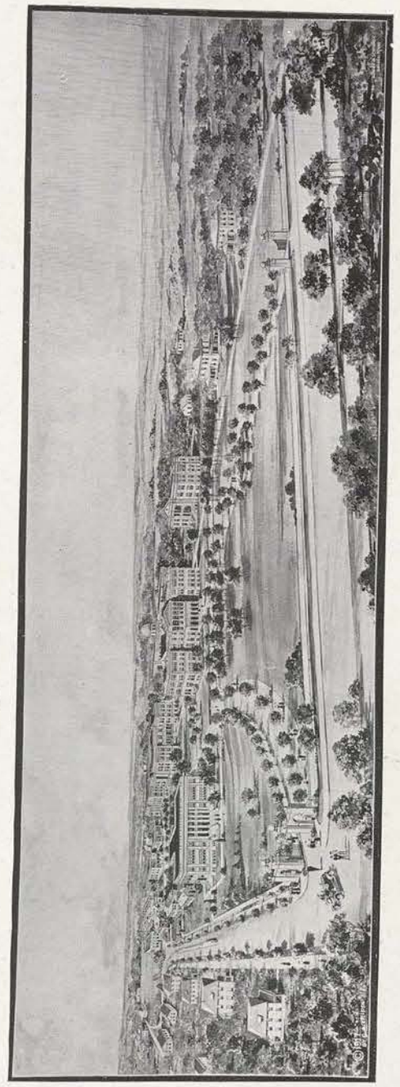




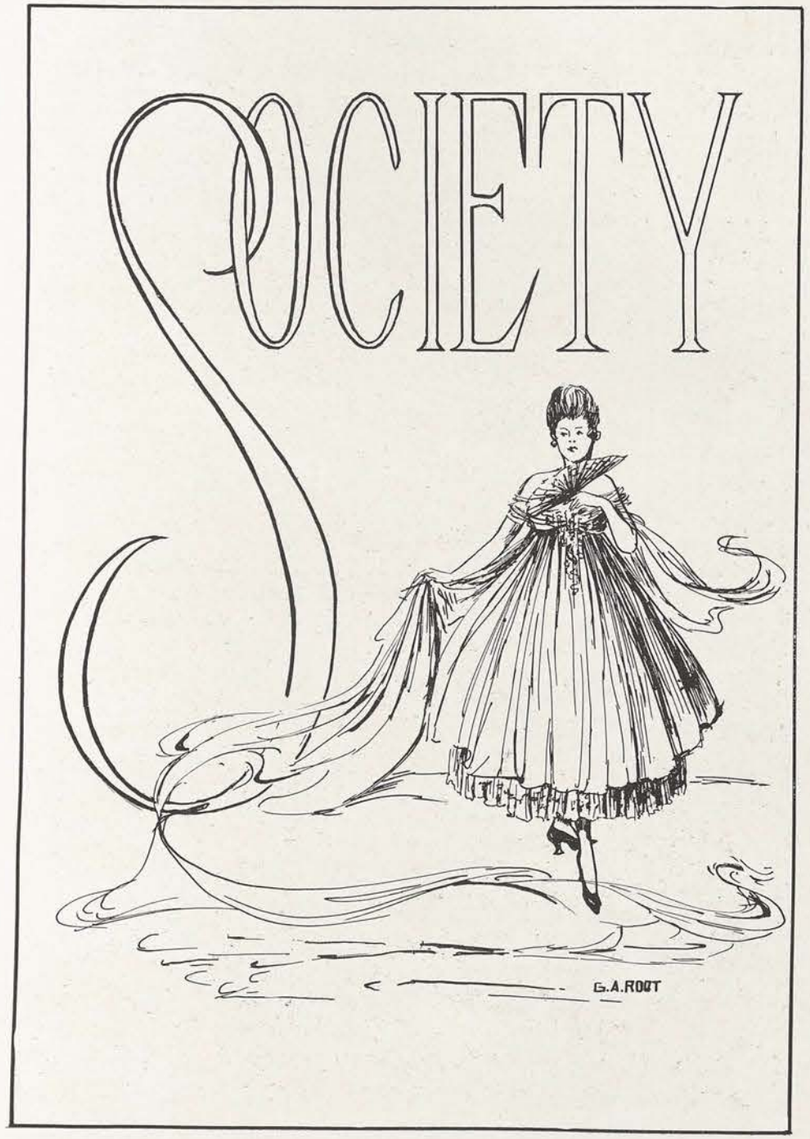


INTERIOR GREENHOUSE





BIRD'S-EYE VIEW COLLEGE OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS


SOCIETY
G.A.ROOT

Chaparral Dance

COMMITTEE

Russel Hughes ..... General Chairman
Bettie Lee Thornhill ..... Refreshment Committee
Mary Garrett ..... Decoration Committee
Pauline Parks ..... Music Committee
Francis Fisher ..... Program Committee

Hear ye! Hear
Ye new Chaps entertain
Ye old Chaps with
Ye Thanksgiving masked ball
On the evening of November 25
Come all Ye old Chaps
And make Merrie.

M. E. B's. Honoring the Chaps

COMMITTEE

Zelma Cochrane, Annie Laurie Russell ..... Music
Esther Logan ..... Decoration
Blanche Branson ..... Invitations
Leone Winn ..... Program
Mate Keebel ..... Cotillion

Sophmore Junior Dance

Zelma Cochrane ---------- Program Committee
Maude Gresham ---------- Decoration Committee
Nell Herblin ---------- Refreshments Committee
Olga Carter ----------
Isabel Vaughn ---------- } -------- Cotillion Committee

Cotillion led by Misses Elizabeth Wright and Isabelle Vaughn; Annie Merle Wood and Mildred Murray.

Music ---------- Mahony's Orchestra

Chap Junior-Senior

Tacky Ball for the M. E. B's.

Us Chaps, Juniors and Seniors
Ast you all Juniors and Seniors
To come to our Tacky Ball in
Stoddard Dance Hall.
Be sure and cum
At 7:45 o'clock.

On February 10th the recreation room at Stoddard Hall presented a picture of gayest revelry. All the tacky Juniors and Seniors were there, attired in their "Sunday best." The dances were twelve in number, and were made up of the new popular dances such as "Casey Jones," "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and other modern favorites. Later in the evening the motley throng was entertained with a dance by the members of the faculty. Another important feature was the dance by Misses Hughes and McClannahan, also a vocal solo entitled "Down by the Old Mill Stream," sung by Misses Crews and Bell.

A very pleasant time "was had."

The Junior Play

"The Romancers"

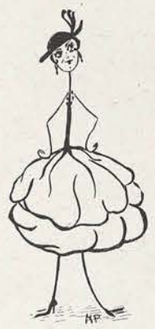
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Percinet, a lover ---------- Miss Elizabeth Wright
Stafforel, a bravo ---------- Miss Catherine Loughlin
Bergamin, father of Percinet ---------- Miss Willie McJunkin
Sylvette, daughter of Pasquinot ---------- Willola Buster
Pasquinot, a gentleman of France -- Esther Pearl Herring
Blaise, a gardener ---------- Lucy Cox
Musician ---------- Winona Gause
Swordsmen ---------- { Rachel Sherril / Katherine High
Property Mistress ---------- Lucy Cox
Costume Mistress ---------- Willie McJunkin
Business Manager ---------- Lillian Belle Kuschke

COLLEGE CALENDAR

RECORDS OF A FRESHMAN

SEPTEMBER 12, 1916—This is the way I looked when I started out to matriculate and classify this morning!



This is the way I looked tonight! I thought that classification and matriculation consisted in calling on the President, who, I thought, when I told him that I had finished the Homeburg High School with first honors, would pat me on the head, put my name on the Freshman roll, take my fees, give me my books, and let me go!

How different it all was! I stood all day in a wriggling, pushing mob, holding tightly to my diploma and a catalogue of Homeburg High School, trying hard to keep back the homesick tears, and endeavoring to smile sweetly and forgivingly when girls with more feet than manners took all the skin off

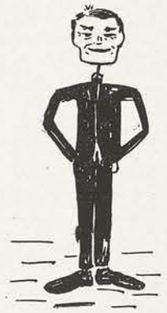
the toes of my Sundayest shoes. I held, as a result of my all-day efforts, a tiny square card with the letter "F" printed on it. Wonder if F stands for Freshman or something else that I know begins with F, and ends with "l." Matriculation, registration, prostration, classification, indignation and contemplation of resignation follow in next issue.

SEPTEMBER 13—I have registered in the College of Industrial Arts! Registration consists in writing one's full name (last name first), one's church affiliation, birthday and place of birth, family history, pedigree, father's birthday, occupation, present place of residence, etc., on a little card in one's nicest handwriting. The card is furnished by an endless line of unobliging ladies (well past middle age).

First formal chapel this morning at ten. Great doings! Nice so-glad-you're-here speech by Prex. He is a dear,—nice and human, not a bit learned looking,—doesn't even wear nose glasses. Misses Ault, Lindsey, Owsley and Graff rendered program. One thousand were present.

SEPTEMBER 15—Hurray! I am all properly classified, matriculated, booked and fee-ed. Roommate arrived today. Some snob! Paints her face, does her hair up nightly on curlers, and wears silk stockings with high-up shoes, even for every day.

SEPTEMBER 16—I stopped crying long enough to go to Pep meeting tonight, and came back with a glad-I'm-here feeling.



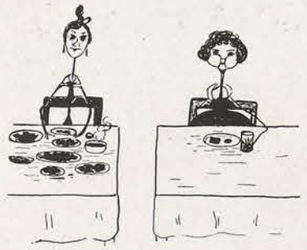
SEPTEMBER 18—There are some nice people here after all! Tonight, when I was in the very depths of despair, an "old" girl, with a friendly twinkle in her eyes, came to my room and asked me if I wouldn't go with her to the get-acquainted party on the lawn of the President's home. I reluctantly consented, hastily removed the traces of my recent heavy tearfall, donned my graduating dress, and went. Everybody had her name pinned on her, and the process of getting acquainted wasn't at all bad. We met a long receiving line of faculty, who can be lovely when they try!

September 25—No more steps for Millie! I wish they would install one that would take us up the hill. Fifteen Rahs for the elevators!

October 2—First installment of Juniors go to D—— Cottage. Wonder why they call it D—— Cottage? Maybe it's because they usually get a grade of D*, maybe not. Anyway. I am glad I am a Freshman.

October 3—Beauty contest announced. Primping is the order of the day. Roommate says it's a shame I haven't more color. I don't care. I have pretty eyes, and I stand as much chance as she does. She buys her color at the drug store.

October 5—Fats and Leans go on special diet. Glad I am medium sized.



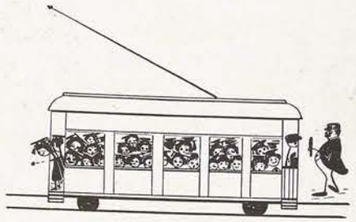
October 6—Beauties nominated. Roommate nor I were either "put up." Roommate is "peeved." Don't care, only I know I look as well as some of those sticks who were nominated.

October 14—Press Club initiates appear with onions suspended on vari-colored ribbons around their necks. Of course, my opinion wasn't solicited, and I wasn't even asked to join, but I can't be bothered, even though I can't help thinking it's awfully bad taste to wear onions. Well, I guess that's the penalty for brilliancy. I happened to be talking to the Presi-

dent of the club the other day, and casually mentioned that I was valedictorian at Homeburg, but she didn't seem especially impressed. Oh, well, I suppose I'll join next year, anyway.

October 17—College songs and yells in Chapel every day, apropos the Dallas Fair.

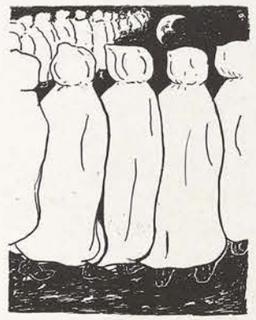
October 21—Great day at Fair! Spectacular line of march. Dallas greatly impressed. Everybody meets "Buddie" and "Jimmie," or name of somebody from home.



October 23—Miss Ault charms her audience with violin recital.

October 30—Miss Spear gives "Kindling." Not the wood kind, you know, but a play.

October 31—One thousand Campus Ghosts hike themselves away to the city. "A Phantom vanished."



November 3—Good English week in full swing. Hall is lined with placards, forbidding certain usages.

November 6—Miss Barton gives delightful recital. Texas Woman's Fair opened by Misses Owsley and Norfleet.

November 13—Mrs. Pennybacker and other distinguished visitors at C. I. A. I think I'd like Mrs. Pennybacker if I could forget that she wrote the Texas History that I had to study in the sixth grade.

November 18—Owsley-De Stephano recital in Auditorium. Mr. White unhospitably treads on a resting dog's tail, but the yelps and the resulting giggles do not stop Herr Gottheb De Stephano.

November 20—President Bralley offers prizes for College songs. Hundreds of musical powers develop; everybody tries to set words to "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."

November 28—Dr. Winship and Mr. Mussleman visit College. Pleased with C. I. A. We can't blame them.

November 30—A real Thanksgiving dinner at Stoddard Hall. Ukulele orchestra. I am being thankful that examina-

tions are tomorrow, not today. A. M. C.-TEXAS demonstrates that "the eyes of Texas are upon you." Some have downfall of tears, while others cheer.

December 1—Examinations!!??
December 2—Examinations?!!!!?

December 3—Messrs. Venth and Davies in sacred concert.

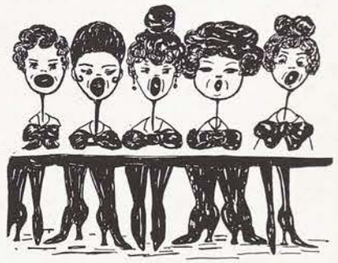
December 4—Examinations!!!!!!

Decembrr 5—Exams. The last day. Ignorance!! is not bliss.

December 6—Mrs. Stoddard visits College. Women's Rights! Bravo!

December 9—Legislators at College. Students on good behavior.

December 16—Initial appearance of Choral Club.



December 20—Home for Christmas! I'm uncontrollably happy. Good-bye, Diary, until January 4.

January 2, 1917—Well, I'm back at the Cooks' International Association after a glorious vacation. I know how convicts felt when they return to prison after having been at home on a furlough. Resolved: That I will never let a day go by without doing my dead level best!

January 4—Eyebrow-pulling craze develops at the College of Innocent Angels. For a whole agonized hour I let my roommate "pluck" on me, and emerged from the fray, red-eyed, and with a tiny, pencil-like line of brows. I look awfully distinguished!

JANUARY 6—If Gottlieb Pfaff only knew how weary we are of singing College songs! I almost hate the girls who wrote them.

JANUARY 8—Ukuleles are our latest craze. I want one awfully much! Yaka Hula Hicka Dula! I also want some ear screws——I saw some "loves" downtown.

JANUARY 13—Miss Bailey gave an interesting recital in the College Auditorium.

JANUARY 18—C. I. A. gives $641.75 to Prison Campers. Farewell visions of ukulele, ear screws, car rides, picture shows, and banana splits! Oh, well, I guess the prisoners need nice woolen socks worse than I need such vanities and luxuries.

JANUARY 20—Fort Worth High School girls visit C. I. A. and are visibly impressed. Poor deluded creatures!

JANUARY 22—I almost wish that I hadn't subscribed to the War Relief Fund. The Hawaiian Musicians played at the Auditorium tonight, and I really need a ukulele. I have decided that I am going to teach in Hawaii, and I think that I owe it to the natives to have a first-hand familiarity with their music.

JANUARY 28—Mrs. MacDowell, widow of the great composer, gives program of MacDowell music.

JANUARY 29—M. E. B.'s compliment the Chaps with a Yama Yama dance. Organ grinder and monkey create a furore by their performance.

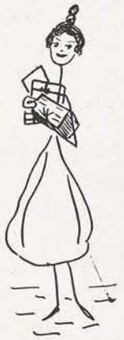
FEBRUARY 8—John Kellard presents Hamlet and Macbeth in the Auditorium yesterday afternoon and evening. The curtain was very perverse, and several times the histrononic personages were forced to maintain agonized or ecstatic (as the case may have been) expressions for several minutes, while frantic curtain boys sought to dislodge the seat of the annoyance. Once Macbeth crashed into his spouse with such gusto that the lady's equilibrium was almost disturbed.

FEBRUARY 10—The Chap Juniors and Seniors entertain the M. E. B. Juniors and Seniors with a unique tacky dance. I

observe the merriment with longing eyes, through a small window.

February 11—Sunday concert is given by Misses Barton and Baily (cousin to the late Barnum and Baily), on two pianos.

February 14—St. Valentine's is duly celebrated by the arrival of tender missives, "heart-y greetings" and boxes of sweets.



February 15—My "plucked" eyebrows are coming out with an alarming bristle-like irrility. I mustn't re-pluck them, 'cause it makes cancers, and I believe that I prefer bristles over each eye to cancers there.

February 16—The Young Men's Business League is banqueted at Brackenridge Hall. Juniors chaperon the young men to roof garden.

February 18—Oscar Seagle gives a recital in the Auditorium. I like Oscar; he sings well.

February 22—The Sophomores honor the Juniors with annual dance and frozen punch served from a flowery balcony. Freshmen, Irregulars, Preps, Homemakers, Specials and Seniors watch proceedings enviously from the windows. Next year I am going to have an adorable pink tulle creation, low of neck and high of sleeves and skirt.

February 25—Miss Asher, pianist, and Mr. Carpenter, violinist, render Sunday afternoon concert.

February 28—The College Bible Classes present Ruth.

March 6—We've had rice for every meal today. Maybe Miss Mead thinks this is Rice Institute!

March 7—Rice every meal again today, again. All five hundred of us went down to dinner tonight in Chinese regalia, with our hair in pigtails. After dinner we paraded and snake danced around the campus to the tune of "Rice! Rice! No more rice!" Miss Mead proved herself a true sport by leading the procession with her hair in a really and truly pigtail. Exams. are forgotten, thanks to rice.

March 8—No more rice! Exams are worse.

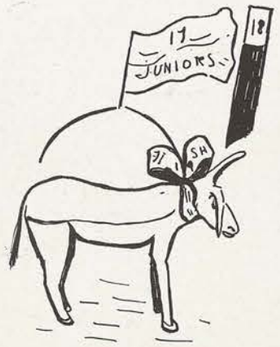
March 10—The Chaps entertained the M. E. B.'s with a darling picture show, with lots of cute kiddies in it. Soda pop, peanuts and popcorn are served between acts. Faculty attend in uniform, with accessories of rouge, ear screws, class pins and chewing gum.

March 13—I went through the agonizing process of classification this morning. Miss Lindsey gave her recital in the Auditorium tonight.

March 16—The "Annual" Denton Style Show was given in our Auditorium tonight. I wasn't asked to be a model, but it was right good, after all.

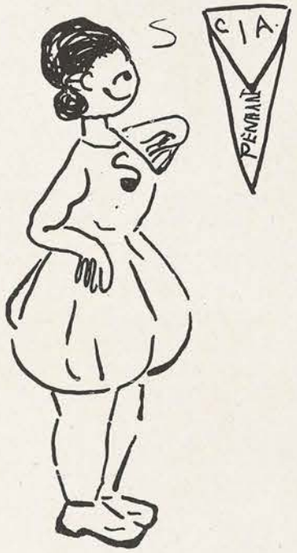
March 17—My! I haven't had a minute to study this whole week. I am just home from seeing "The Romancers" presented by the Junior Class.

March 19—I have never seen such peppy demonstrations. Each class is trying to outdo the other. Loyal janitors risk their lives in planting class flags on the topmost pinnacles of the buildings. The Juniors have painted all the sidewalks. The Sophomores have painted the smokestacks, while Freshmen colors adorn the hot tamale mule.



March 21—This has been one of my red letter days. Two wonderful things have happened. We beat the Juniors, and I heard charming May Peterson in a recital. She won all our hearts by singing "Comin' Through the Rye" for an encore, to her own accompaniment.

March 23—Farewell pennant! The Sophomores beat the Juniors today, and the pennant is theirs.



March 24—The Normal Faculty honored the C. I. A. Faculty with complimentary tickets to Mischa Eilman concert, Normal Auditorium.

March 26—Miss Norfleet gave her annual recital in the Auditorium tonight.

March 27—I spent one hour in fairyland, beautiful, thrilling fairyland, while seeing "Alice in Wonderland."

March 31—Miss Sigworth presented "Rackety, Packety House." The kiddies were dears.

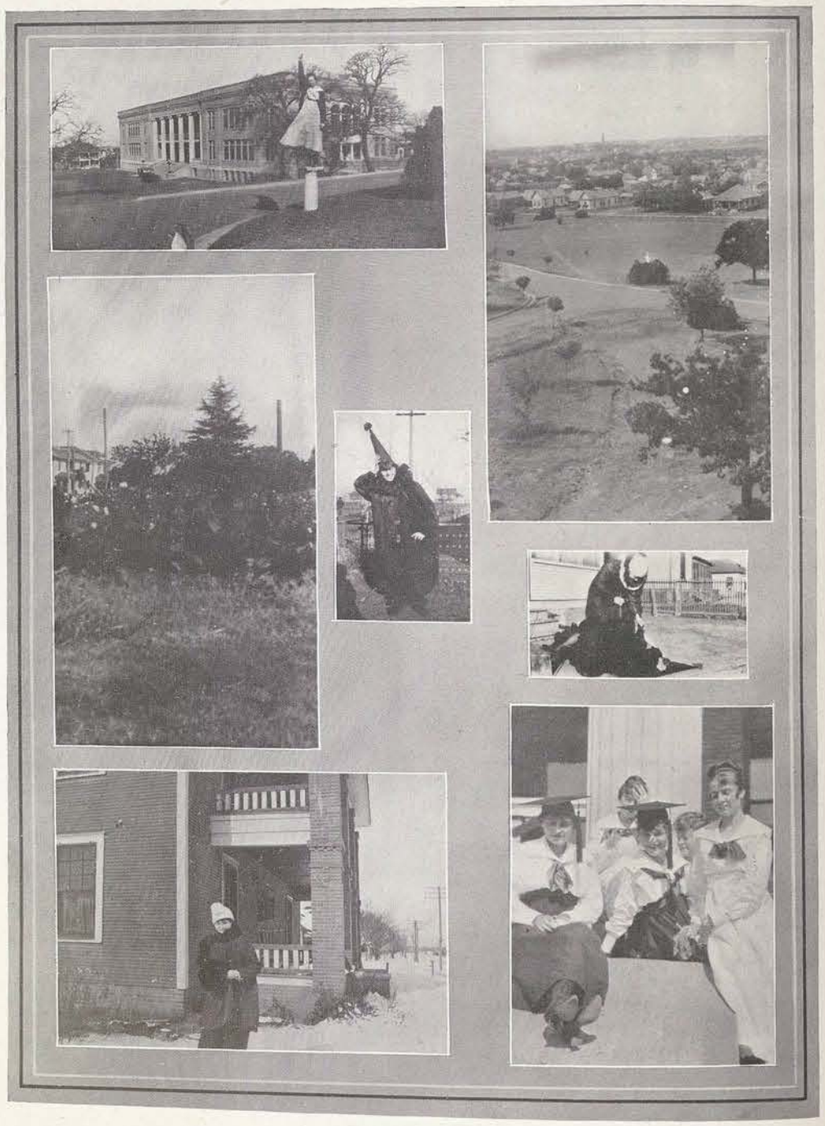
April 19—The Devereaux Players presented "Taming of the Shrew" and "A School for Scandal."

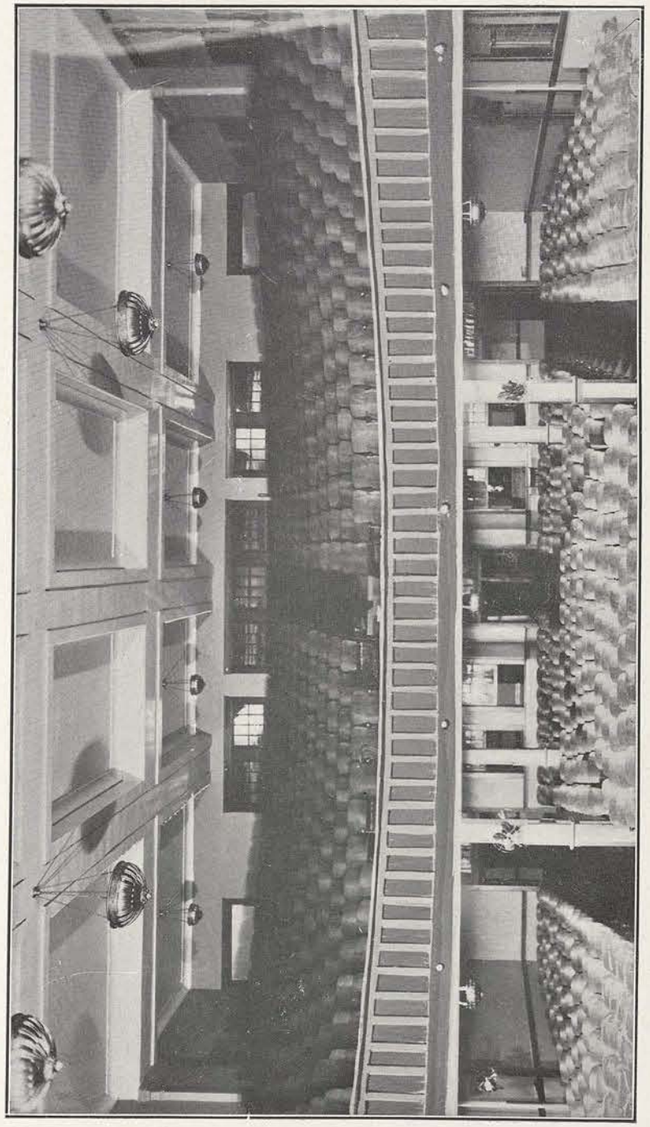
April 21—Juniors in evening dress march around Brackenridge Roof Garden with bored-looking men in dress suits. The process is known as the Junior "Prom," and is an annual affair. I'm going to be ill or out of town in 1919 when the affair comes off. Johnny'd be scared to death if I asked him to come up here to anything like that.

April 23—So many men we're having lately! The College highbrows, otherwise known as the Press Club, are having a banquet. I forgot, though, I'm not a Press Cluber yet. I wonder how Johnny'd like to come to a banquet year after next.

May 5—For three days I have thought nothing but Spring Festival. It was thrilling and beautiful, and wonderful.

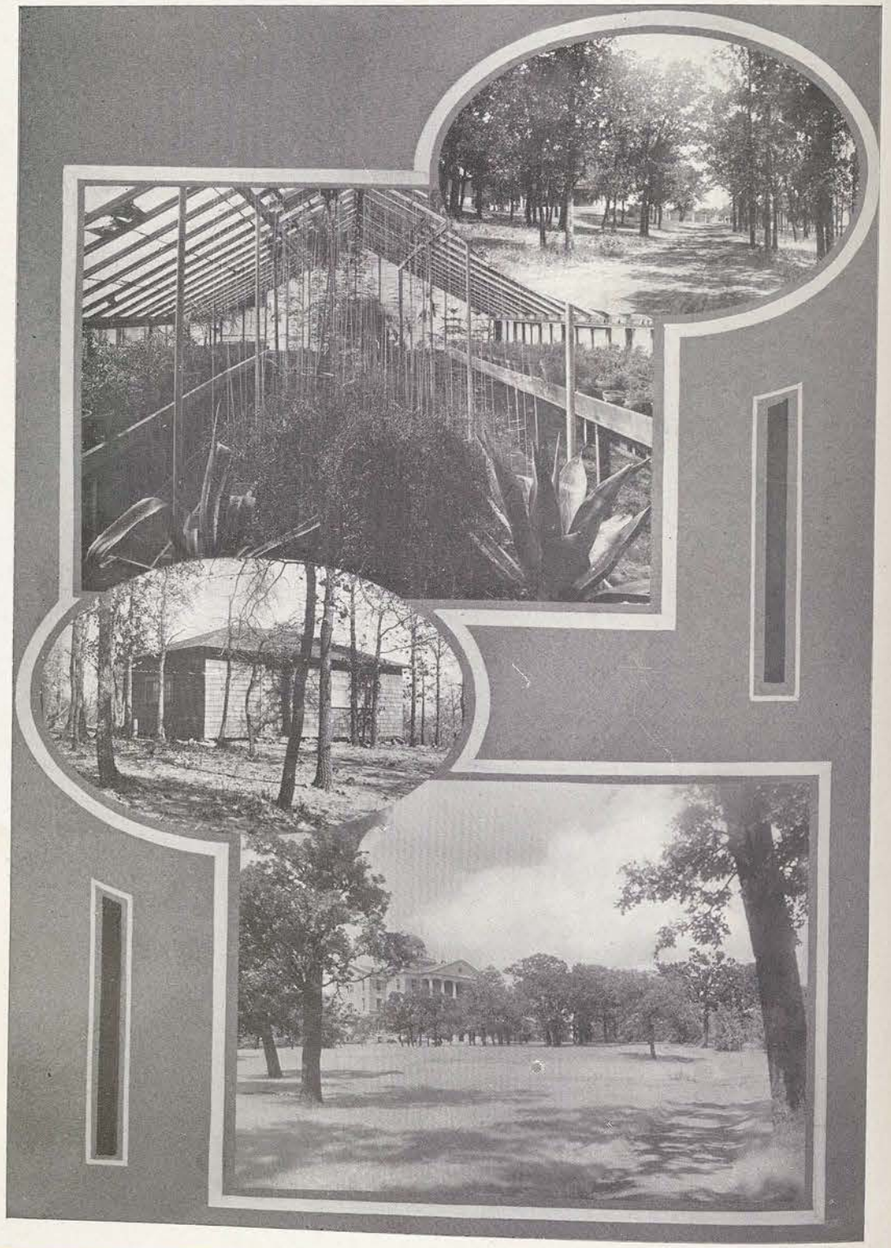
May 30—Commencement! HOME!!





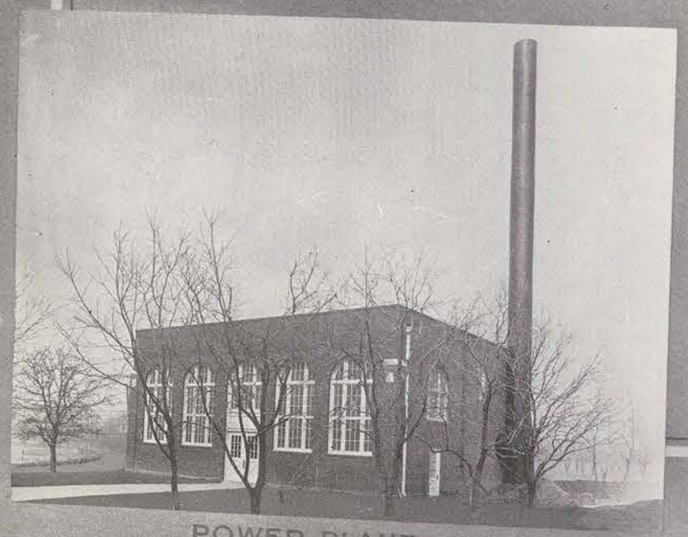
INTERIOR AUDITORIUM

INTERIOR AUDITORIUM

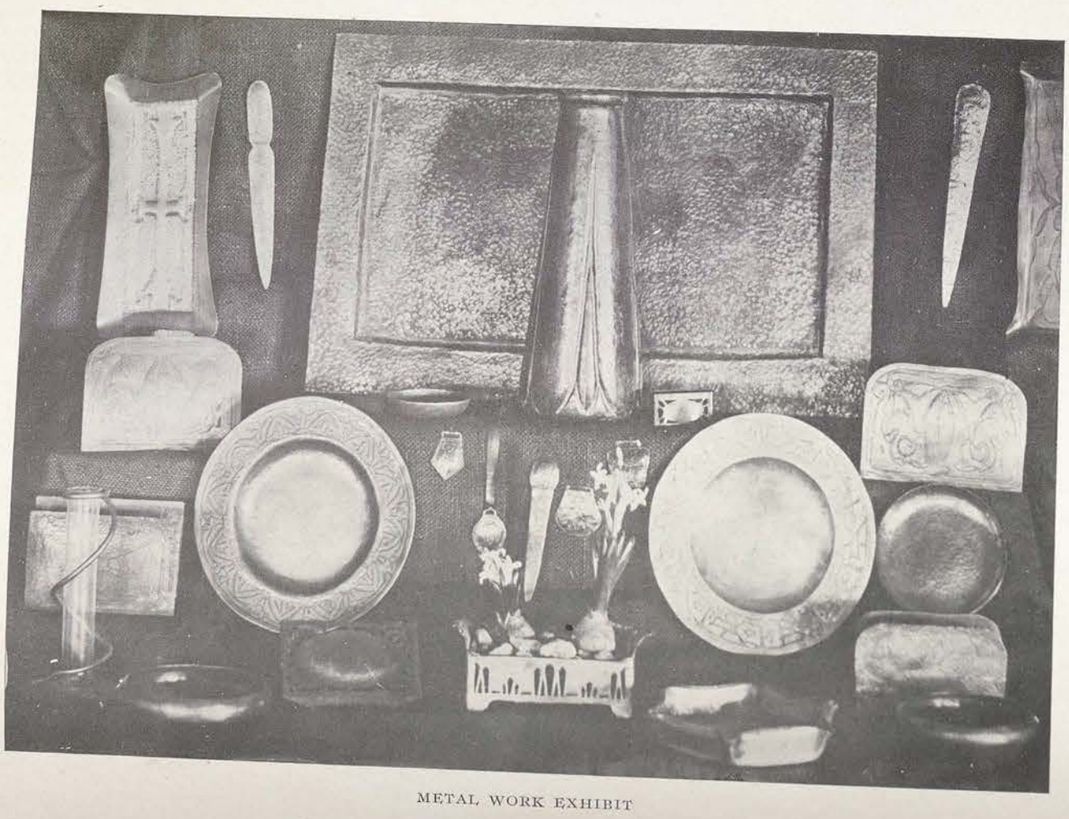


George

LAUNDRY



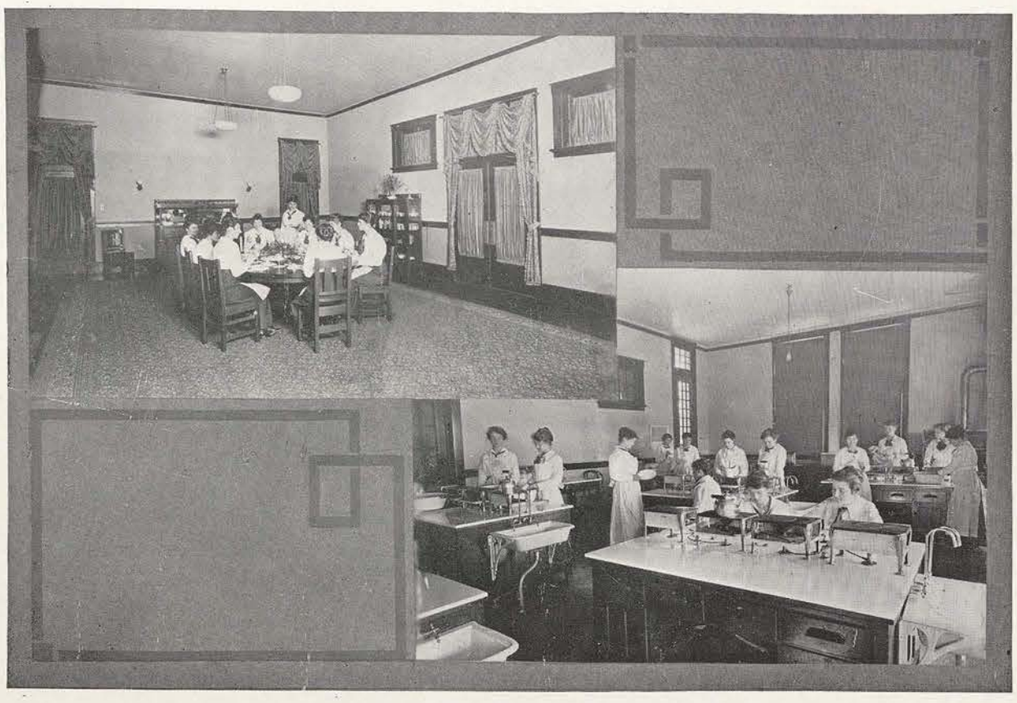
POWER PLANT.



METAL WORK EXHIBIT

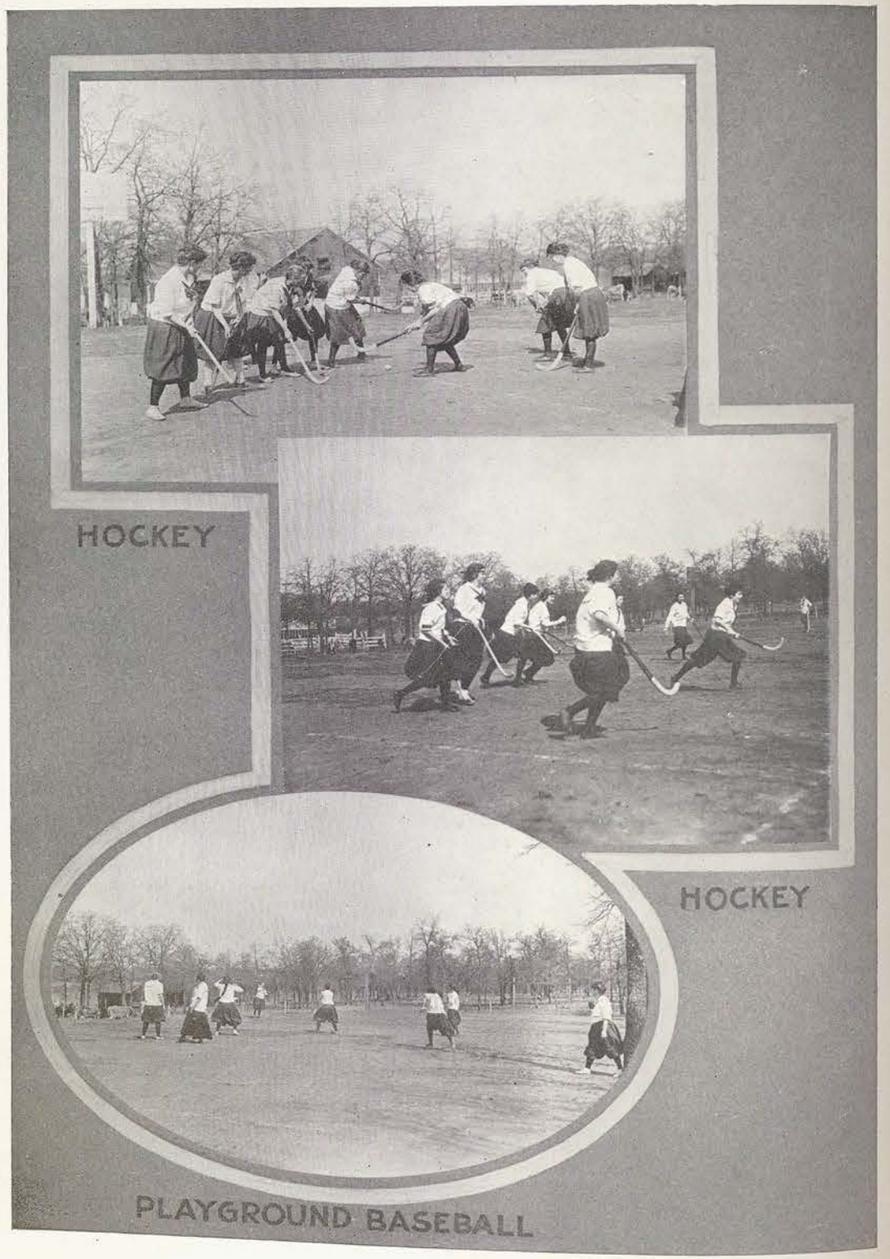
SECOND PREPARATORY SEWING EXHIBIT

FOODS AND COOKERY EXHIBIT



INTERIOR VIEWS IN FOODS AND COOKERY DEPARTMENT

MANUAL ARTS EXHIBIT

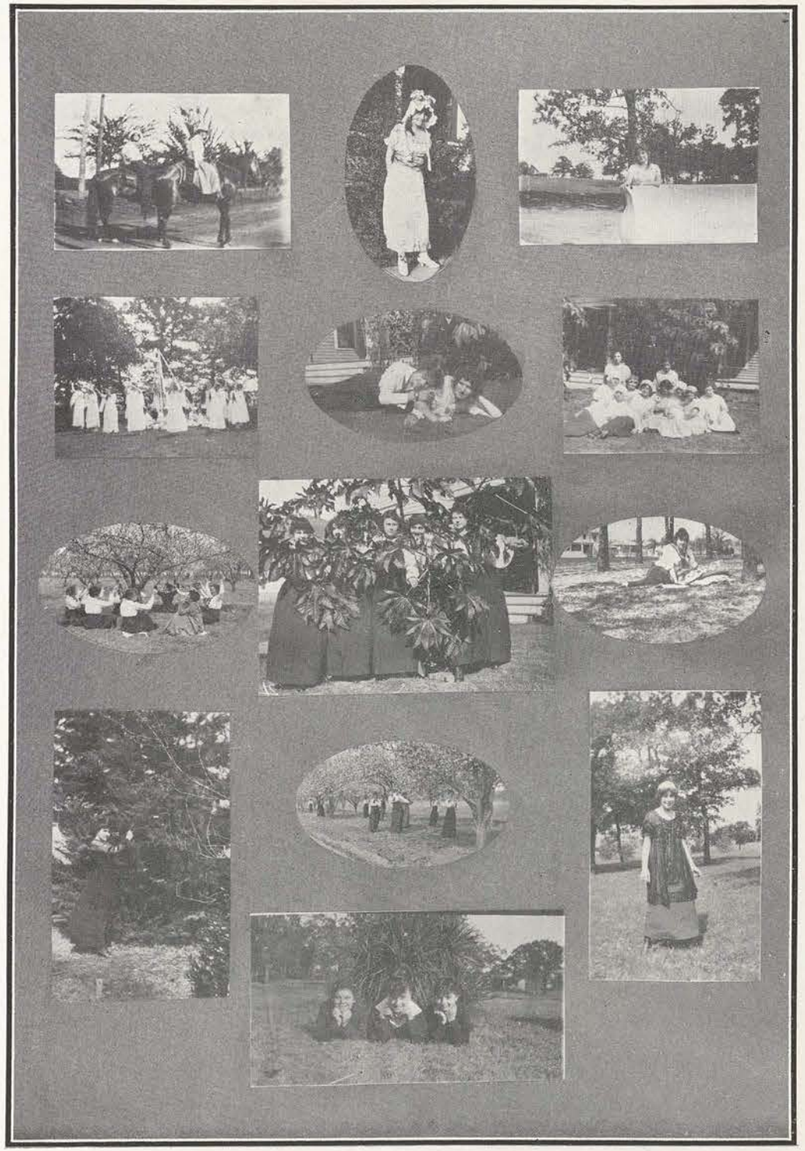


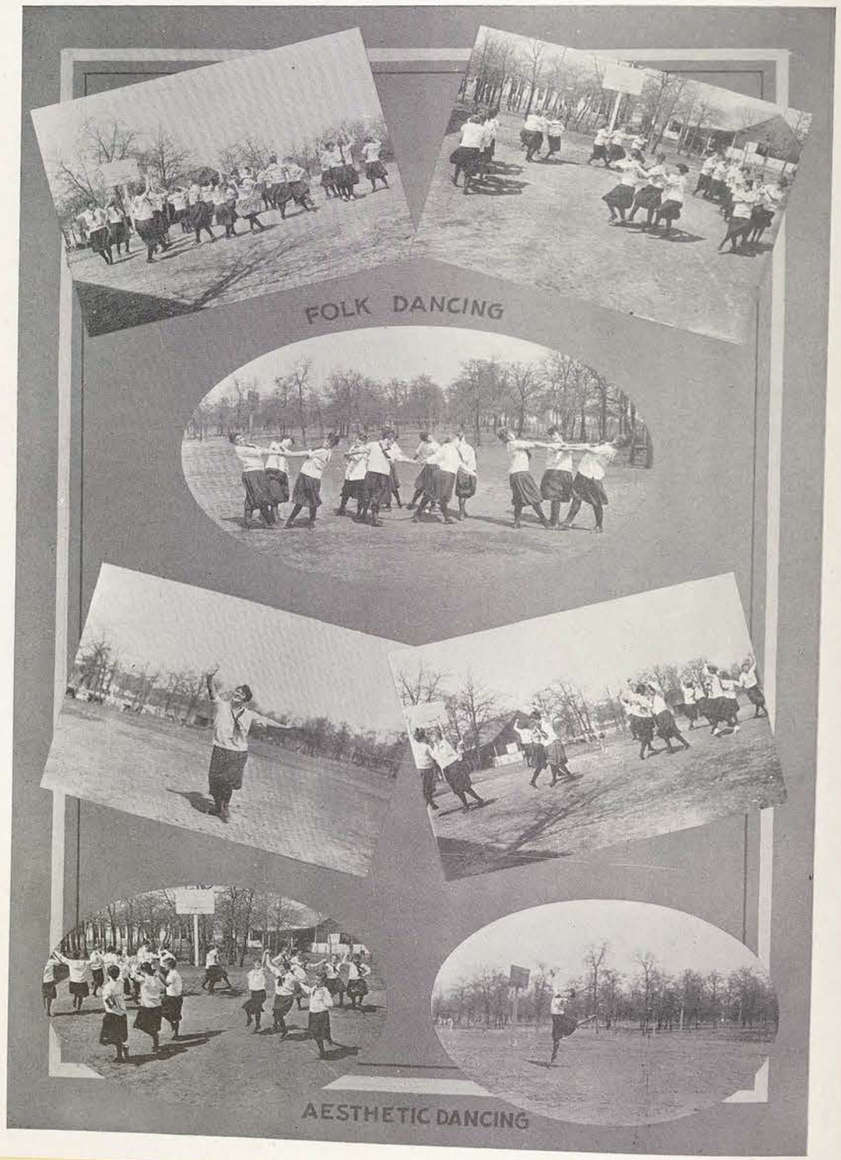
HOCKEY

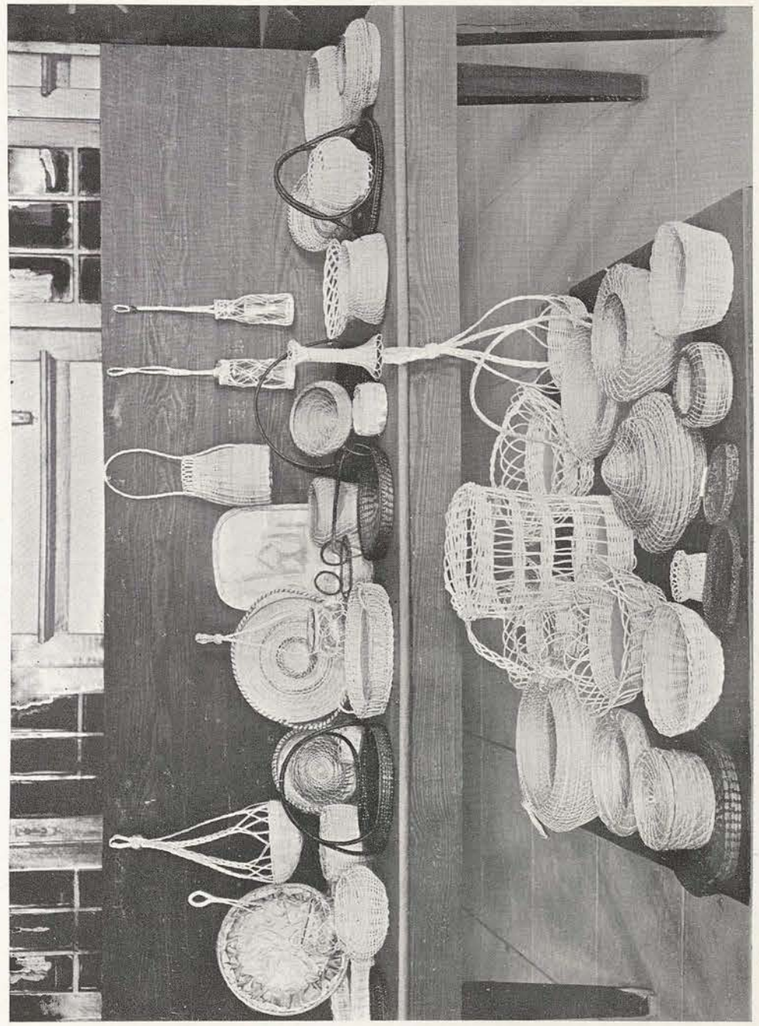
HOCKEY

PLAYGROUND BASEBALL

EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY







BASKETRY EXHIBIT

OAKLAND ANNEX

PRESIDENT'S HOME

COMIC SECTION

Up Side Down

What would you think
Should you see Miss Weimer with broom
A-sweeping off tables with all her might?
Or red apron with dots like the moon
Enwrapping Miss Babb in sorry plight?
What would you think?

How would you feel
If Bre'r Williams suddenly broke loose
And in class "cut pigeon wings?"
Or Miss Humphries acted the goose,
Coming inexcusably late to all things?
How would you feel?

Where would you go
If with many a hoot
Dr. Gilchrist romped into view,
And then Miss Pots, to boot,
Walked without a shoe?
Where would you go?

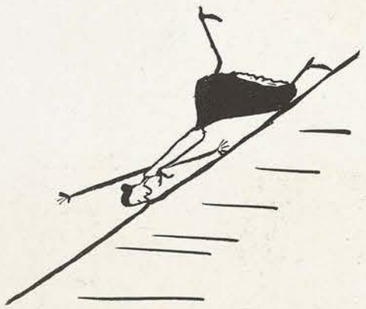
The Ukulele

Once a young Philippino
Came on an ocean line-o.
  The "Ukie" he did strum,
  Just with the thick of his thumb,
And that made all the girls pine-o.

A UKE-BUT-NO-MONEY

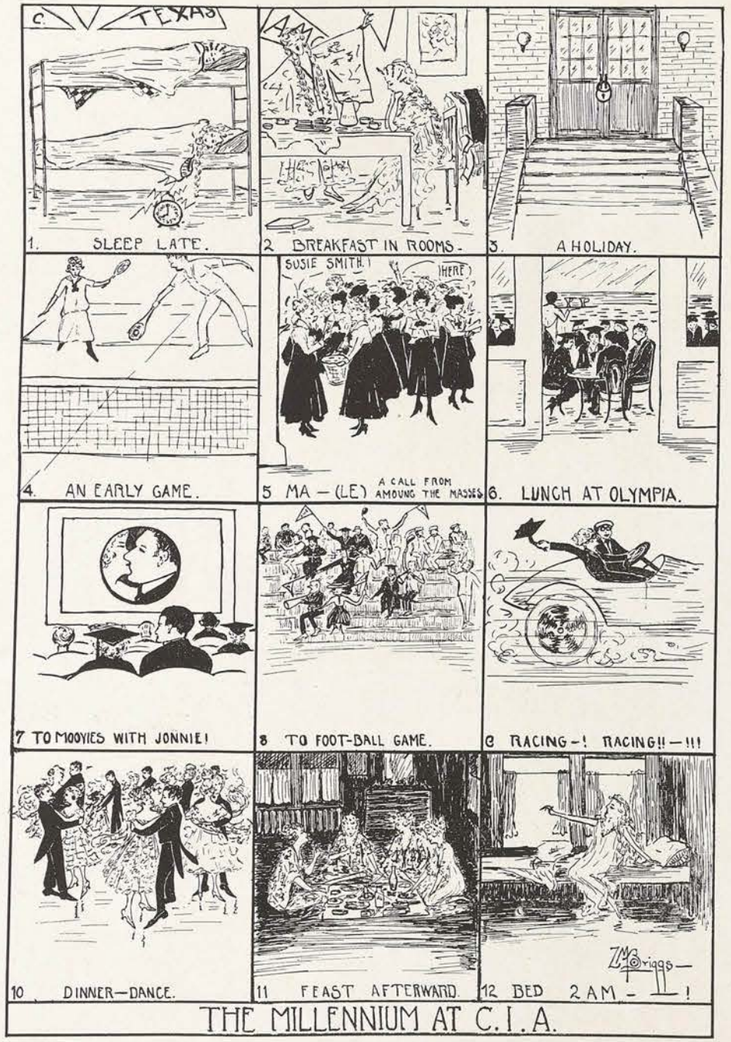
And after this young Philippino
Went back on the ocean line-o,
  Our campus, it did hum,
  For every girl bought a "Ukie" bum,
Which kept up a lively time-o.

1st S- Well, well, I declare! Theyve Blown Up
The College!
2nd S- So They Have. Let Us Reserve Comment,
However, And Maybe Everything will Blow Over.



SKATING DOWN HILL-JAN.11

NEXT DAY



My Chemistry

The hours I've spent on this
stuff
Are as a thousand years to me.
Dear teacher, how does it seem
to thee?
My chemistry! My chemistry!

Oh, maddening formulae, structural and plain,
How oft you give my head
great pain!
I try to get you,—but in vain.
For of all elusive things 'tis
thee.

Oh, the exams, that teacher
gives me!
I hope with all my heart I see,
If not a B, well, then, a C,
Or even a pass, in chemistry.

Chapel Talks by Great People

"It has been found by the authorities here at the College of Industrial Arts, a college of first rank, that in previous years the girls who have come here have wasted too much time. As a result of this important discovery there are to be many important changes made in the lives of the students. Classes will be in operation six days a week, leaving Sunday as a holiday, with the exception of church, letter-writing, studying, mending and house-cleaning. This regulation is in accord with all colleges of first rank. We hope that each student will fully appreciate this day of rest. I also wish to announce that classes will continue from sunup till sundown. This will prove very delightful, I am sure, as the girls will have the opportunity of seeing the beautiful sunrises and sunsets for which Denton is especially noted. This, too, is in accordance with a college of the first rank."

—Mr. Bralley at the opening of school.

"As President of the College of Industrial Arts, a college of the first rank, I feel a great deal of pride in the institution, and in the student body, and even in the faculty. As a result of this great pride, I desire to make the school one of the greatest for young women in the United States. I have, therefore, seen fit to add the following features to the college curriculum: The night school is perhaps one of the most modern educational devices, and I am sure it will appeal to those students who feel they do not attend enough classes during the day-time. The night classes, as organized, will begin promptly at seven in the evening, and continue until ten. For students who take this course the study hour will be from 10:00 P. M. until 1:00 A. M. The specific courses to be offered will be announced later. I am sure, however, that these courses will equal in every respect the regular courses given during the college year. I know positively that the student body will uphold me in every attempt to make this a college of 'A' rank."

—Mr. Bralley.

"Owing to some peculiar cause, the present system of Christmas vacation must be entirely done away with. As you know, you girls are

neither able to leave or return on time. After my conference with 'a chosen few' of the students and the entire faculty, I have some interesting things to offer for the following year. In the first place, 50 per cent will be taken off for each absence from class. This, of course, will mean a great deal to the entire student body. On the other hand, delightful correspondence courses are to be offered to each and every student during the holidays. These classes will be made very attractive, and extra credit will be given for the work. If there is any student who feels the homing instinct very strongly, she must see me, and I will arrange for correspondence work during the vacation at home. This course will enable the student to spend most of her time at home in the field of college work. This course will have the added advantage of giving the college atmosphere together with the home environment."

—Mr. White (immediately after the return of the students from the Christmas vacation).

Miss Lindsey on the Pageant

Girls, you all know that we're going to give a pageant, and we need the help of each one of you. The College is not giving the pageant, neither are the members of the Faculty, although we all want their help. You are giving your pageant. The pageant is going to be given, and it remains with you as to what kind of a pageant you will have. We cannot have a pageant without girls, and you must be the girls.

Now, to give you a little idea of what the pageant is to be like, I'll tell you the charming little plot into which the dances are woven. The scene opens with a garden scene and a gardener—not the plain kind, but one of these delightful, picturesque gardeners. He is surrounded by a court of cutworms, who sing him to sleep with a lullaby. Then the chorus of grasshoppers and crickets come in and sing delightfully soft music, and and dance. For these dancers we are going to have special training and beautiful costumes. Now, we have only two grasshoppers and three crickets, and I know that there are girls here that are just meant to be grasshoppers—and we need forty-five more. Won't you volunteer? Just hold up your hands, please. But the gardener still sleeps. There's opportunity for one very talented girl to fill a very important role, the Grand-daddy-long-legs who walks across the gardener's nose and wakes him. She has not been selected; so I'll ask you all to "come out to the gym in li-lac time, in li-lac time, in li-lac time," and make your pageant a beautiful success.

Such Stuff as Talks Are Made Of

(An address by the President to the student body on most any occasion where he sees an opportunity of consuming fifteen minutes of the chapel time and ten minutes of the following period.)

If any member of the student body of the College of Industrial Arts is so weak-minded, so lacking in the principles that make a strong student while in school, and a strong woman in life after leaving college—well, I want such a student to see me in my office directly at the close of the present hour. No, just go to your room and pack your trunk, and paint your face, and then telephone for me. I will offer my services in helping you to leave the college. I will rush you off. If necessary, I will have a special train to take you to your home and to your parents. They will probably have more time and endurance for humoring and looking after your moral imbecility and mental deficiencies.

I was at a convention in Dallas yesterday, and I came away knowing that the College of Industrial Arts is the first and foremost college in Denton. And I want each member of the student body who is not willing, or is physically unable, or who has not sense enough, to live up to the ideals and purposes of the college, and keep its standards as a college of the first class, to leave at once.

Now, if there is any student who, for any reason, cannot pick up her song book upon leaving the college chapel, she will please hold up her hand and I will appoint a deputy to do it for her.

Dean White has some announcements to make.

GOOD-MAN THE RAGE
FAD-GOODS UNDESPENSABLE
SQUARE-TOPS NOW WORN BACK-SIDE IN FRONT.
FRENCH HAIR-DRESSING ALWAYS FETCHING.
JEWELRY ON ALL OCCASIONS.
STYLES IN SHIRT-WAISTS.
GREAT TIES, SMALL TIES TIES OF EVERY SIZE.
SHORT-SHIRTS AND FALLS } ALL THINGS VERY POPULAR THIS SEASON
BOTH OLD AND NEW UNIFORM SHIRTS BEING WORN.
VERY LOW-NECKED AND SHORT-SLEEVED EVENING-DRESSES.
FASHIONS IN UNIFORM

THE-GIRL · SHE LEFT BEHIND

CIA
CIA
Hee!! HAMSANDWICHES cheese on toast, cheese-Pimento, Coffee Hot-choc. 'S'a!!.

HEAVEN HELP ME Will I BE THIN
NEVER
LEAN and FAT TABLE Guaranteed Results
-BRACKENRIDGE-HALL-
I MUST get AT LEAST AND FAT NICE PLUMP
And Now - Behold!!

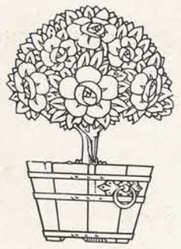
Spring

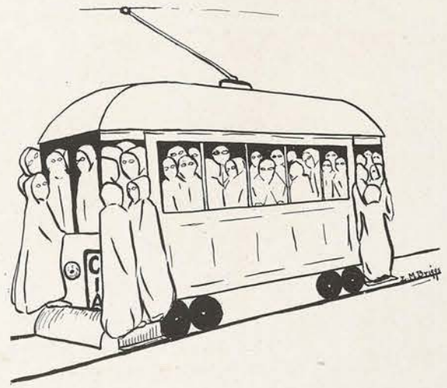
There are many kinds of springs—clock springs, bed springs, buggy springs, hair springs, spring beauty, and even the bubbling spring—but this is to be a treatise on the main spring—weather spring.

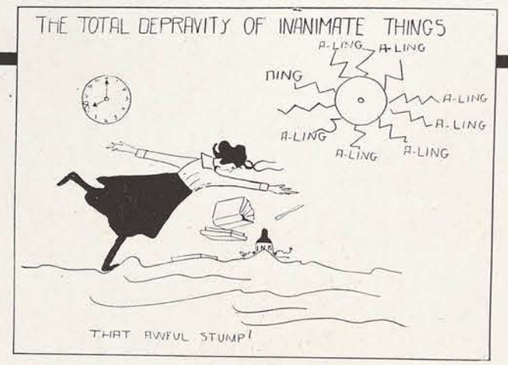
According to the calendar maker, spring comes on March twenty-first. It is universally known as that season of the year in which plant life begins to bud and shoot. But the weather man and I disagree with the calendar maker and dictionary writer. I guess the calendar maintained that we should go peacefully along in our winter flannels until twelve o'clock of March the twentieth, and then wake of a sudden to find that spring had come. Not so! The weather man way back in February, and sometimes in January, even in Texas, says: "We will have a nice warm day." Of course, the day might be cold, but it is warm as spring. For several days the sunbeams are so hot that you find yourself with a crick in your neck from gazing at the trees, looking for buds. You needn't fool yourself, "Spring ain't came," and you needn't worry Miss Perlitz about the summer uniform, for she does know more about Texas weather than you think you do.

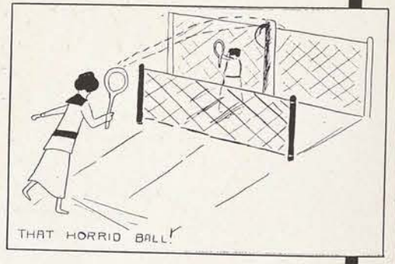
After a nice, lovely winter of spring weather, along comes the calendar man saying spring has come. Instantly the weather maker, his dire enemy, says that he has to get his wintry, stormy weather in somewhere, and he will do it now. So all the elements brew and stew, and the universe of Texas is sent back into its winter flannels, and recalls its unseasonable spring fever. The wind blows frantically just when you want to look nicest for the Junior Prom, and your hair gets broken and your complexion ruined!

Don't worry, though; the dictionary writer will score a point, for the next morning you wake up. How you do spring into that summer uniform, for "Spring has come!"









"AUNT MARY" AND HER "KEYS"

SHOCKING NEW FEATURES IN THE ART DEPT.

Jokes

Bright colored boy, supposed to harness the horse in time for a town girl to get to school, at 8 o'clock: "That is the earliest taken up school I ever seen. Jis' haf' to get there before daylight."

MATE K. (speaking of small pieces of colored paper): "Is that confetti or spaghetti?"

MISS SHOUSE, in English class, discussing disappointed lives: "You know some people are never satisfied with what they have to do in life. Some English teachers, for instance—!"

MISS BARTON, looking at the picture of her own likeness in her hand: "I couldn't use those at all; the teeth are terrible." Confident photographer: "Don't worry about that, Madam; I can move them."

An Outline in Sociology

1. Growth of inferiority of country pastry.
   A. Low salaries.

Music?

We listen and it thunders,
We work and it soars;
We start a-runnin' and it follows:
Music penetrates H. A. floors.

Cooking Notes

To serve, bring the plates in and set them before individuals of the right temperature.

Never buy anything but immaculate milk from wagons packed in ice.

MR. ADKINSON, in Junior Physics Class: "Now, who can tell me why the sky is blue? Surely you all know such a simple thing?"

RUTH CHORN: "I always thought it was because it was so far off."

Attention ! ! ! ! !

Miss Weimer did not say: "Clear and sparkling, nor crisp and clean.

Katherine High has just pulled off some more of her "pep." She tried to freeze chicken stock into lemon ice, for a formal dinner.

Johnnie Coit wore a suit in the Style Show, the latest suit in Vogue. It was adorned by huge drops of water patterned after the recent rainfall.

TEACHER: "Johnnie, don't you know you mustn't laugh out that way?"
JOHNNIE: "Yes'um. I didn't intend to. I was just smiling, and the smile busted."

The Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet reported as follows: "After the business meeting Miss West read a paper on 'Personal Devils.' There were fourteen present."

From the way some girls spend money, one gets the impression that their fathers were swimming in gold! Well—there are submarines afloat.

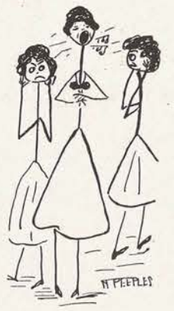
M—— (making out D—— Cottage Menus): "Ruth, what is another vegetable I can have?"
RUTH (impatiently): "Oh, wait till Friday lunch and you will get a full list of all we have had in two weeks in the vegetable salad."

BUSTER (struggling with French grammar): "Miss Perlitz, do the people who live in France have as hard a time learning French as we do? (Aside): Gee! I'll bet a French baby has a hard time learning to talk!"

The T. L.

The T. L. is a funny thing.
It sneaks about all day,
And every time it sees a girl
Someone is sure to say:
"A nice T. L. I've got for you."
(Aside) But it's aye this way,
Not a thing about her has e'er been said.

The T. L. is a bird of prey.
It seeks poor little girls,
And tells them just such stuff as this:
"You have such lovely curls."
"What a perfect voice you have!"
And "You dance in graceful whirls."
Is it true or not? Who cares?



"JUNIOR PEP" AT 5. A.M.
(GUARDING OLD GLORY.)

Twenty Third Psalm

NELL HERBLIN.

Mr. Bralley is our President; we shall not want another.

He maketh this a "first rank" college; he giveth us a "purpose" in life.

He teacheth us to sew; he teacheth us to prepare meals for our future husbands' sake.

Yea, though we travel through the years of learning, we fear no evil; for thou art with us: thy chapel talks and mass meetings encourage us.

Thou preparest a table before us in Brackenridge Hall; thou fatteneth us on liver; thou feedeth us cabbage.

To work from eight until five-thirty will follow us the days of our school life; and we will dwell at C. I. A. until we get our degrees.

Cupid at a Disadvantage

JENKIE COLLINS.

"Hello, Central. Give me 614."

"Is this Miss Perlitz? No? Yes, I desire to speak to Miss Perlitz, please."

"Is this Miss Perlitz? This is Mr. C. I desire to call on Miss H—— next Saturday night, if——"

"No, this is the first time I have called at C. I. A. You know, I——"

"Oh, I have to see Mr. White first, you say? No; I haven't seen Mr. White. I didn't know I had to call him."

"Very well. You say his number is 104?"

Mr. C. hangs up receiver and calls Mr. White's number.

"Is this Mr. White? This is Mr. C. I would like to call on Miss H—— Saturday night."

"No, I haven't called on her before?"

"No, I don't live here."

"Yes, I attend the Normal."

"Yes, I have known her for several years."

"Yes, I give you Mr. Benton as a reference."

"So I must call Miss Perlitz again and tell her I have your permission?"

"Very well; thank you."

(Aside) "Gee! He sure does like to know all the family history!"

(Later) "Miss Perlitz, this is Mr. C. again. Mr. White said it would be all right for me to call. May I call Miss H—— now?"

"Oh, I have to call someone else now! You say Miss Best at Stoddard Hall? Very well; I thank you."

(Aside) "Darnit! How many more? But I have started, so here goes."

"Is this Stoddard Hall?"

"I want to speak to Miss Best, please."

"Oh, you say she is out? Well, when will she be in?"

"Between eight and nine A. M. and one and two P. M. Very well; thank you."

(Aside) "Office hours! I wonder what they think I am? I haven't time to waste on office hours."

(Next day) "Hello, is this Miss Best? Yes, please. This is Mr. C., and I would like to call on Miss H—— Saturday night, if you don't object."

"Yes, I have permission from Mr. White and Miss Perlitz."

"Yes."

"Yes, we are old friends."

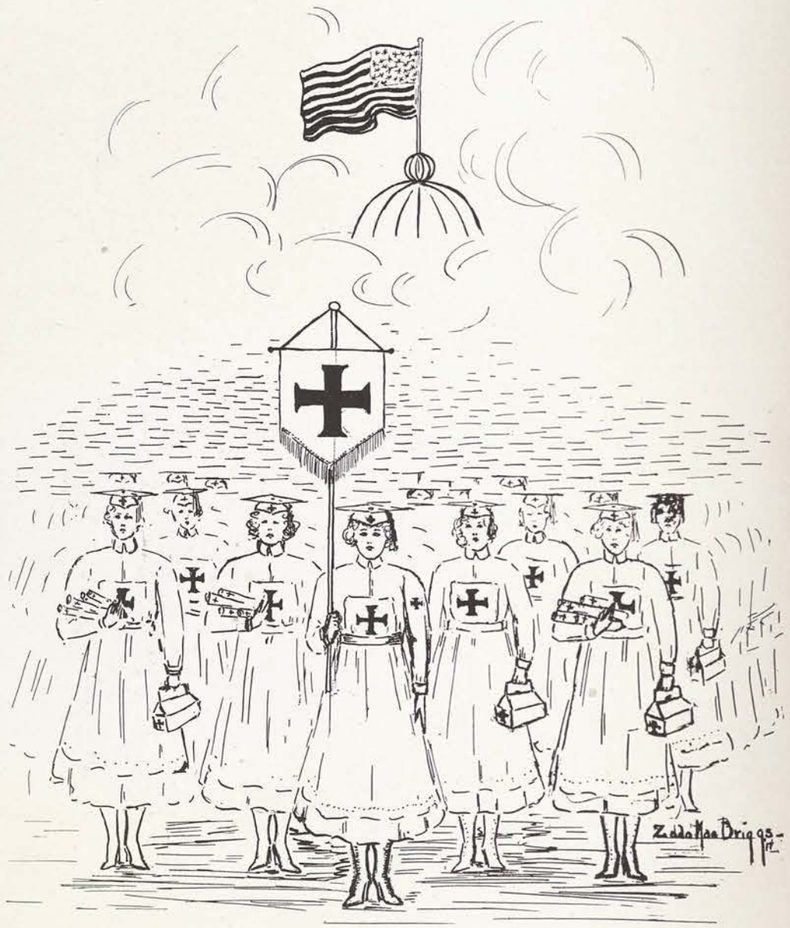
"Oh, very well. You say if it is all right with Miss H——, I may call?"

"Oh, I see; call again and get a definite answer."

"Thank you very much, Miss Best."

(Aside) "Darn those rules! Why didn't I tell her my hair is red, my eyes brown, I am six feet in height, my parents are living, I am healthy, and all the rest of my family history. Call again tomorrow! Three days making a date to see a girl just about two hours! If I ever make a date with anyone else there, I hope——"

OLD GLORY.



"RED CROSS" AT C.I.A.

JUNIOR "PROM".

THE DAEDALIAN

THE NOTE BOOK
OF THE
JUNIORS

FOREWORD

We are sure you will like this book better than any other book you read. If you don't like it better, tell us—don't tell our competitors.

THE STAFF.

DEDICATION

We dedicate this loving volume to the forth coming picture which has rendered so little service in up-lifting and building our constitutions.

We thank you,

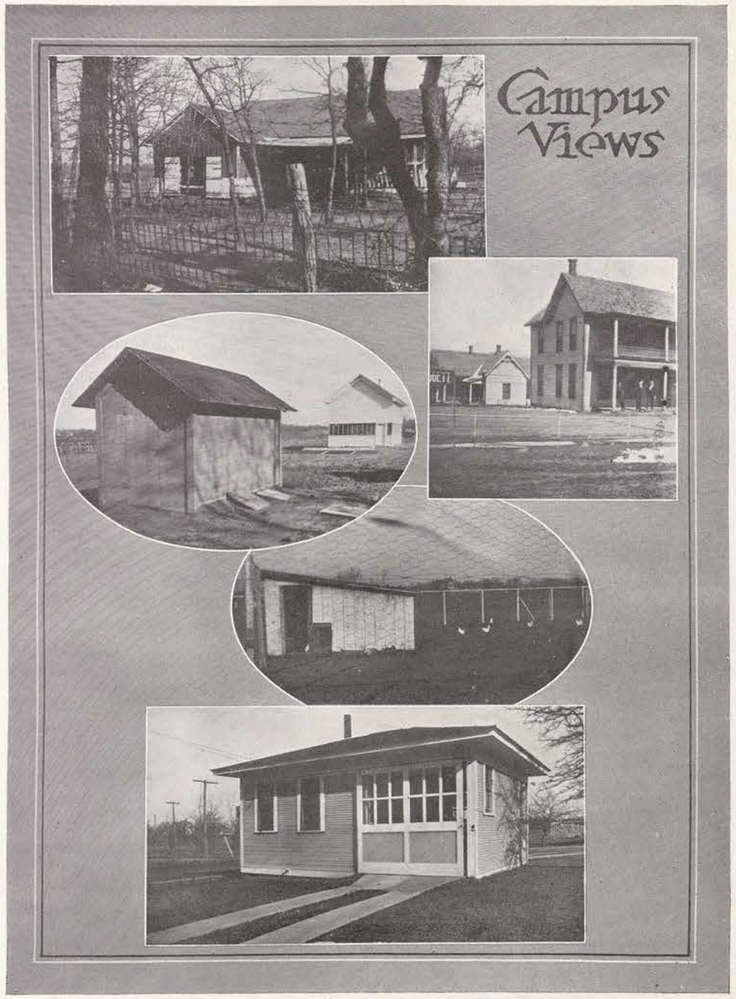
THE CLASH.

Mr. Worth Littleornothing

Faculty Meeting

WOMEN MEMBERS LORDING IT OVER MR. BRALLEY.

C. I. A. at Home



Students

1. Sara Ann Matilda Jane Molly Polly Hopkins----------Argyle, Texas
   Upper Graduate—P. O. Junior.
   Junior Dance Committee.
   "A simpler thought has no man."
2. Fuzzie Fannitinbubble----------Crumb, Texas
   Entered in 1908.
   Holder of Lead Medal.
   Literary Magnate.
   "We do by letting others do first."
3. Katy Kanoyluzrn, Ph. D----------Boston, Mass.
   Chaptushe Club.
   Teachers' Pet.
   Freshman Mascot.
   "Oh, how we shall miss you after you have gone!"
4. Azurea Floramay----------Salt Creek, Texas
   Champion Swimmer.
   Varsity Basket Ball Team.
   Heart Smasher.
   "Like a rose, thou art sweet to me."
5. Theda Bara----------Paris, Okla.
   Chairman of Final Ball.
   President of Self-Control Association.
   "She is a model for all who sleep."
6. Catherine Irene Atlanta----------Denton, Texas
   Junior Class Play.
   Entered in 1914.
   Crochet Medal.
   "Her heart is not here; it has (risen?)."

Note—Apology is due to the fact that Miss Atlanta's picture does not appear on this page; furthermore, we are very sorry; but, due to a fracture which she received while uniting in a basket ball game, she was confined to the hospital for some time, and was unable to reach the photographer's office. Much can be said concerning Miss Atlanta.

Special Junior Section

Pep--------Pep--------Junior Pep
Pep----------Pep--------Junior Pep
Pep----------Pep--------Junior Pep
Pep----------Pep--------Junior Pep
Pep----------Pep--------Junior Pep
Pep----------Pep--------Junior Pep
P-e-p----------P-e-p--------JUNIOR PEP

Our Song

What's the matter with our team?
They're all right!
What's the matter with our team?
They're out of sight.
Whether they win or lose the game,
We're right behind them just the same.
What's the matter with our team?
THEY'RE ALL RIGHT!

Rah——Rah——Rah—Rah—Rah!
Rah——Rah——Rah—Rah—Rah!
TEAM!
TEAM!
TEAM!

Frat Houses

M. E. B. House

The most modern fire equipt building off the campus. Meals served three times a day. Elevators to all rooms. Under the direction and management of an expert Optician.

The Chap House

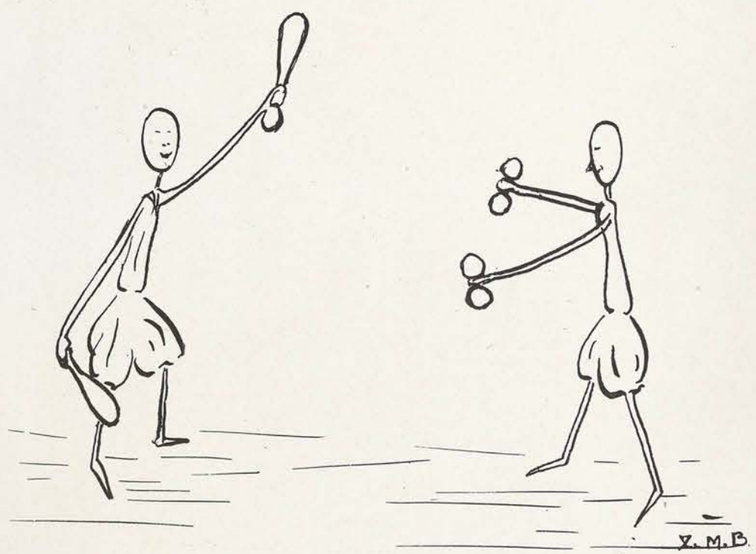
Modern, well-built log cabin, equipped with running water. Under the supervision of management of the entire Faculty. Some of the nicest girls in school belong.

The Press House

The only honorable club in school. Due to this distinction every student is eligible who has a purpose in life.

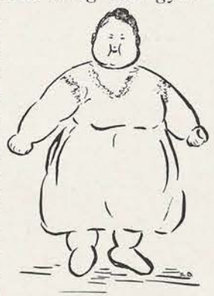
Meals served collectively or individually or separately, also together.

ATHLETICS.

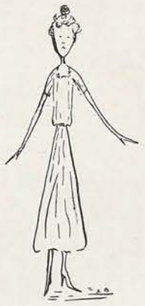


Physical Training at C. I. A.

Physical training is popularly known throughout the College as Physical—Torture. (It is conducted by none other than the highly esteemed and fully competent Miss Helmeicke.) It is a required subject for the first year students. No one would ever know it, though, for even our dignified Seniors clamor for a little corner in the gym. I think this over-exuberance of interest in the department is due to the wonderful achievement as exhibited in the graceful tread of the graduate students of the department, and in their sylph-like forms and agile movements. This is especially noticeable when one is trying to sleep in the morning. We do wish we had a big new gym for this reason.



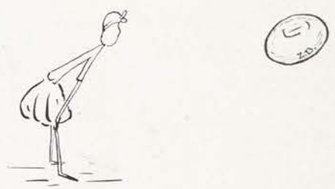
But there is another attraction offered by this department. Of course every course must have an aim, a vocational aim, so to speak! It is the sole aim, aside from the numerous other cultural and aesthetic aims, to produce for the uplift of the world, beautiful circus women. I think this is such a lofty "purpose," especially since it is so new and oh!—so aristocratic! Now, this aim is further divided into smaller aims. They aim for part of the students to ride bareback better than others, and others to make sensational drops, and still others to walk tightropes, and still others to ride bicycles, so that we have a regular circus of our own up here. That's a big advantage! On the whole, I think this is about the most important course in the College. When I begin to think of all the "jobs" one can get when one has completed the gymnastic course my heart swells with pride. And to think that the College guarantees positions! Yes, I would advise even H. A.'s and Lit's and Manual Arts and everyone to make a specialty of this course.



College Athletics

An Afternoon of Basket Ball

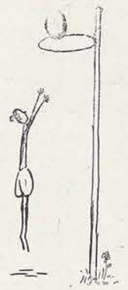
Eager for battle, undaunted by the whoops of the oncoming enemy, the two champion teams hopped forth upon the field, somewhat like the gladiators of the good old days gone by. The spectators were as divided as the team; tense, rigid and bloodthirsty they were, ready at the first sign of victory to give the joy-laden cry: "Fifteen rahs for our team!" So bitter and fierce the strife, the colors even fought and clashed. Aye, even after the loyal class members had been careful each to keep her colors within the safe distance of one-half foot from contamination of the Mason-Dixon line.



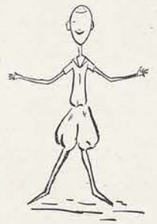
The umpire's whistle blows shrilly, and the game is about to begin. The crowd draws near the side lines! The battle is on! The ball progresses down the court; gracefully, but swiftly, the opponents knock each other down in the mad fight for the ball. Again the referee blows her whistle. Each side is tense. Can it be that she is going to loudly and defiantly announce to the whole world that the enemy has forfeited the game? Lo! 'twas only a toss-up. The thuds of the disappointed hearts as they descended quickly from the throat into the usual resting

place could be heard for blocks! For the third time the keen whistle blows! The first half is ended, and the score is 0-0.

The interval of space is filled with the merry chatter and happy College yells of the opposing sides. The leaders of the classes pound each member of their team on the back with the hearty assurance that her college classmates are betting on her.

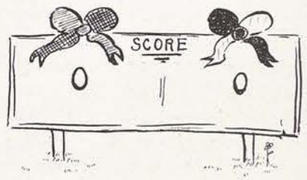


The game begins again at the appointed and appropriate moment. The teams walk calmly to their places and smile a knowing and beloved smile into the sea of faces. They know they will win. Are they not going to live up to lofty ideals

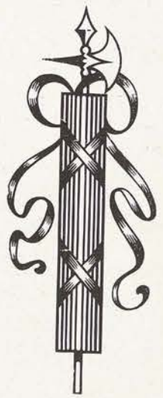


of their childhood? They must realize the dreams of their girlhood! They must keep their flag on the dome of the building! Each would become the blazing and bright star of the College world. The ball rapidly travels down to the east goal. The blue and pink side lines burst into a chorus of yells. Fate is against them. Just as the ball trembles at the goal, a gust of

wind comes lightly along and knocks the ball into the arms of the winning enemy. She rushes frantically to the side line and after a long while of fighting and struggling, the ball is put safely into the arms of her sister players. This time the red and yellows yell. Above the roar can be heard the non-ceasing, fate-controlled whistle of the umpire: "Time is up." The Gym



is like unto the angry sea of clashing waves. The umpire raises her arm dramatically; the crowd subsides into a still silence. Could it be? "The score is 0-0!" The crowd departs slowly, wending its way to its respective dormitories. Each person is fully confident that his team would have won if the game would have lasted for one minute longer, for—?!



The Social Side

Miss Shouse Entertains Alfred Noyes

Entreated by the three literary clubs for her help in a stressing matter, Miss Shouse kindly offered her hospitable assistance with house and home to the entertainment of the wonderful noted Noyes and wife during their stay in the community.

A systematic schedule was made out, assigning the various tasks of reseponsibility for the great occasion to helping members of the clubs which were bringing the supreme personality to our College. The following entertainment was rendered:

(1) A few hours before his arrival two fine linen sheets and pillow cases, a set of silver, plates and cups, silver sugar bowl, sandwich basket and a baking powder can biscuit cutter were rushed unwarnedly across town and dumped at the above-named destination.

(2) Six trips were made to land a pretty comfort from Miss Perlitz.

(3) At 10:30 P. M. a housekeeper next door to Miss Shouse spilled nearly a sifter of flour in an effort to shovel up a cupful to a flurried girl.

(4) A large new blotter found its way at the last minute to the open writing desk.

(5) A forgotten stewpan of chocolate showed evidence of the source of a burning odor after the lecture of Mr. Noyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred left town deeply impressed with the charming EFFICIENCY of C. I. A. students. Perhaps they would have known better, when they had complimented one of the girls for the delicious biscuits, if she could have told them that a housewife had sent the batch of biscuit dough from which they were produced across town the afternoon before, or that they had been rolled out on the drainboard to the sink.

In cleaning up after the departure the girl was glad of the chance to save a cigarette stub of ALFRED NOYES.

ADVERTISEMENT SECTION

We have a sweet line of
EVENING DRESSES
Come around and try them on before buying.

Marshall Field & Co.

Me-Own-Beauty Parlor

Get your face shined free.

Hair done on or off head.

The Donation Bank
OF DENTON

Per cent paid for all funds loaned.

We lend money at 5%.

The Students Laundry

Open all night—Irons rented very cheap.
This saves you from getting your buttons lost.

Tea House Tilly

All alcoholic drinks served,
$10.00 down,
$11.00 a week

Porter House Sandwiches a specialty

Shoe Shining Parlor

Shoes shined while you wait.

Our Motto: "Brilliancy"

We Thank Our Advertisers

Y. W. C. A.

Lass-O

Y. W. C. A. SERVICES WILL BE HELD SUNDAY EVENING

Owing to present conditions in remodeling, the Y. W. C. A. services will be held as usual in Whitson's store, and continue to do so until further notice. Sunday night services will be held as before, at 6:00 A. M.

Subject: "The Art of Wearing Clothes in the Most Conspicuous Manner."

Leader: A. L. Russell.

Song Director: K. Cheney.

Hymn: "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

NOTICE

Owing to congested conditions, the oratorical department has kindly consented to repeat all plays in the evening as per schedule, so as not to interfere with studying. The Ukulele Orchestra will furnish the desired numbers.

Tickets for the play "The Book of Jeremiah" are selling early two for 5 cents, but will increase in price the longer you wait. Everybody buy early and come late.

JUNIORS NOTICE

A letter recently received from U. S. Bureau of Education states that all applications for positions must come in, as they are holding open all desirable places.

THE ARTISTS COURSE PAINTED IN THREE REELS

Said to be the most cultural that has ever come to the College. Headed by Delatone, the famous baritone, followed by most noted suffragette, followed by stories to amuse the little folks, followed by much Noyes, followed by artistic dances by Cruso. This completes the program. Season tickets at the village store.

Season tickets ..... $ .25
Single tickets 5.00

DRAMATIC LEAGUE C. I. A. SCHEDULE FOR PLAYS

Monday—

5:00 A. M.—East Lynne.
5:30 A. M.—Uncle Tom's Cabin.
6:30 A. M.—Book of Jeremiah.
7:30 A. M.—Perils of Pauline.
8:00 P. M.—Bought and Paid For.
9:00 P. M.—Her Double Life.

PRIZE CONTEST

Girls, this is a serious proposition. $50.00 offered to the girl who can persuade the greatest number of Juniors to the Junior Dance with a man.

Y. W. C. A.

Lass-O

Y. W. C. A. GIVES MONEY TO MISSIONS

Uncle John is dispatching to New York with the C. I. A. Mission Fund, which consists of $52,000,000.00.

Y. W. C. A. FROLIC

Come with us and have tea,
For we will be so jolly and full of glee.
Let's frolic!
Every member invited.
Time: 10 P. M. to 2 A. M.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

New York (Associated Press)—Miss Mary Gandy, former student at C. I. A., has made a most brilliant success as ballet dancer in one of the late productions.

OUTLINE FOR COURSES OF STUDY

Monday ----------10:30
Tuesday ----------8:00-8:00
Wednesday ----------8:00-5:30
Thursday ----------Holiday
Friday ----------Holiday
Saturday ----------3:00-5:00

If any of these periods conflict with the girls, please see Dean White.

SOLELY FOR OUR STUDENTS

Those desiring jobs in Utah, Porto Rico or Alaska apply early, as the demand is greater than the supply.

PERSONALS

Miss Green has left school rather abruptly for Chicago, where she expects to accomplish something. If she does not like her field we wish her to feel free to return.

—

We wish to state here that any girl feeling the migratory spirit, at the psychological moment, will please go.

—

Miss Cooper spent a delightful evening at Mrs. Echols.' Popovers were served.

—

News from the battle-lines has caused weeping and wailing and knashing of teeth.

—

A new dormitory has been started, the completion of which will occur within the next twenty-four hours.

JUNIOR PRIVILIGES

Little Folks Magazine

Daedalian Quarterly

LITTLE SUSIE GILBERT----------Editor

Appreciation from our little readers:

DEAR EDITOR:

I read your magazine each month. I love the pictures and the stories. Here is my picture. I hope you will publish it.

Hoping to see you soon,

MARY ANNA LOUISE BOCHAR.

DEAR ED.:

It is snowing today, but thought I would send you my picture. I go to C. I. A., and take all the work given. Wish you could see our institution. I am sure you will remember me, as we went to different colleges together.

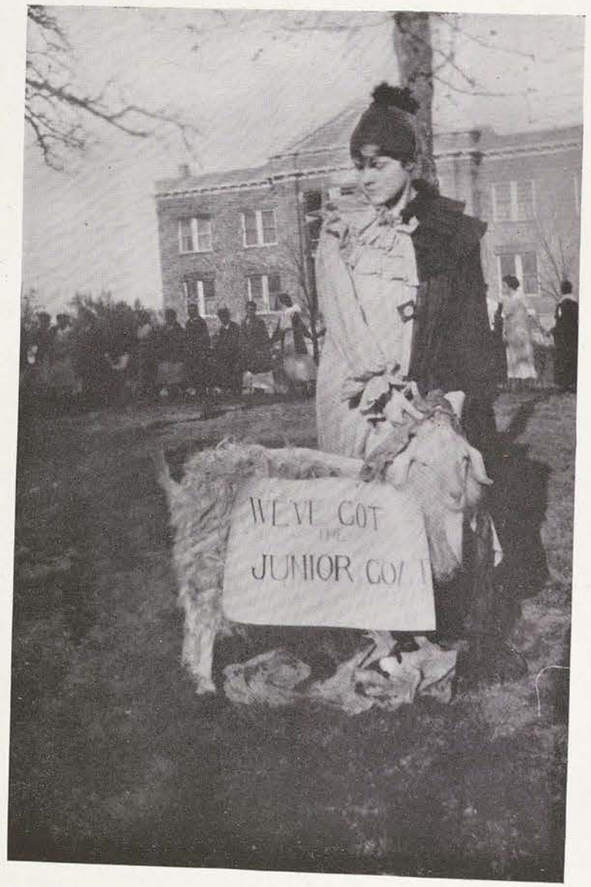
Lovingly yours,

NELL.

DEAR MISS EDITOR:

All three both of us want you to print our picture, 'cause we read your journal every time we get it. This is not a very good picture of us, but hope you enjoy it. From we boys,

TOM, DICK AND HARRY.



Are You Sure???

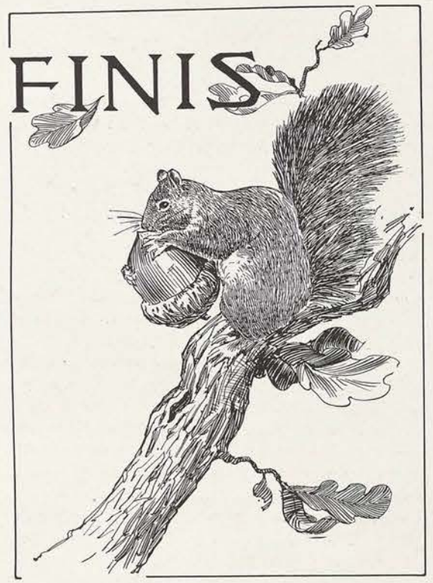
"With faces grim, with eyes grown dim,
With fingers all crippled and sore,
We write these lines, turn down our steins
And close the sanctum door.
We ne'er forsook a task of the book,
Nor one of its many ills.
We've done our best—Heaven give us rest
And cash to pay our bills."

THE STAFF.

APPRECIATION

The Managers of the Nineteen Seventeen Daedalian take this opportunity for thanking those who have helped in making this book what it is. Space will not permit the mentioning of each individual of the many who have willingly given all of their spare time to the work. The artists, the office staff, the associate editors, all have bent their best efforts toward making the book a success; these and the many others who have done their part, the Managers wish to thank.

The work of our photographer, Mr. R. J. Stone, the engraving work of the Southwestern Engraving Co. and the printing work of the Hargreaves Printing Co. have been very satisfactory. The Staff appreciates particularly the personal interest and splendid ideas and assistance of the complete organization of the Southwestern Engraving Co. and Mr. Pease of the Hargreaves Printing Co.



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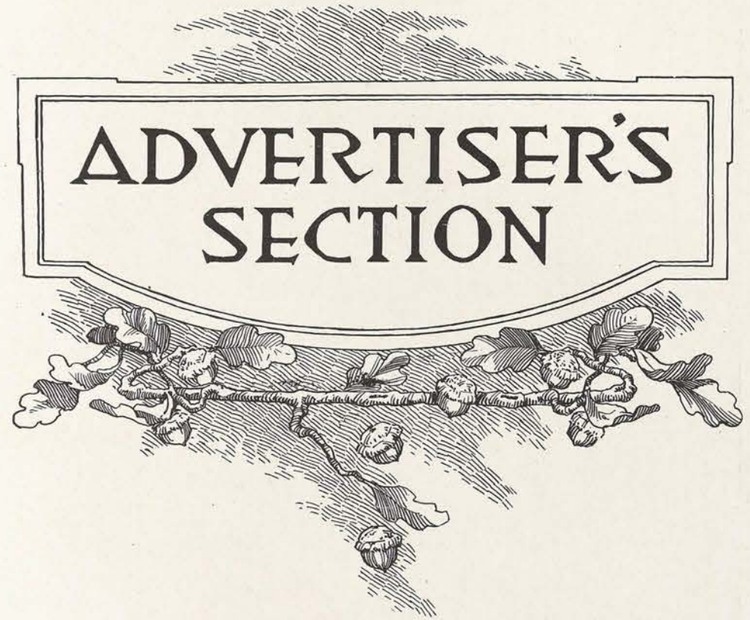

This section is devoted to our advertisers. They have been selected with care, and we assure you that they are reliable. They are largely responsible for the success of this book, and will appreciate your patronage.

College of Industrial Arts

(The State College for Women)

Denton, Texas

THE COLLEGE OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS is the largest College for young women in Texas, having matriculated during the current session 1075 students. The plant of the College consists of fourteen substantial, commodious buildings, including the following dormitories: Oakland Hall, Stoddard Hall, Brackenridge Hall, and the Methodist Dormitory. A new fireproof dormitory and dining hall, the erection and equipment of which is to cost $140,000, is now in course of erection, and will be ready for use September 18, 1917.

The College first opened its doors to receive students September 23, 1903, at which time no public high school, normal school, college or university in Texas offered courses in home economics. It has four times as many students studying home economics as any other college or university in Texas. Its laboratories in home economics are the most complete and the best equipped of any in the Southwest. It is a "college of the first class," which means that its faculty, its laboratories and its courses of study, and all other college requirements, conform to the best educational standards.

The following courses of study, composed of correlated subjects, are offered: (1) the Household Arts Course; (2) the Literary Course; (3) the Fine and Applied Arts Course; (4) the Manual Arts Course; (5) the Rural Arts and Science Course; (6) the Homemakers Course; (7) the Music Course, including piano, voice and violin; (8) the Expression Course; (9) the Commercial Arts Course; (10) the Vocational Courses; (11) the Preparatory Course, conforming in content and method to the last two years of work in a modern, well-equipped high school, which includes cooking, sewing and manual arts; and (12) the Summer Courses, including (a) the regular College Courses, and (b) the Summer Normal Institute Courses required for all grades of Teachers' State Certificates.

The work is so organized that groups of subjects or integral parts of the several courses of study may be taken in one year, in two years, in three years, or in four years; and in all proper cases college credentials, teachers' certificates, diplomas and the bachelor's degree are awarded.

A woman college physician looks after the health of all students. The faculty consists of sixty-seven members, educated and trained in the best colleges of America and Europe. The instructional and dormitory buildings are located on a high hill in the center of the seventy-five-acre campus.

The Summer Session of 1917 will open June 4 and continue for ten weeks. The next regular session of the College will begin September 18, 1917.

For further information, or for announcements and catalogue, address

F. M. BRALLEY, *President*

College of Industrial Arts

Denton, Texas

SERVICE

SERVICE is an overworked word. Whether it means much or little depends upon the one who uses it. With us, SERVICE is half of friendship and true education, at least seventy-five per cent of religion, and one hundred per cent of business.

SERVICE necessitated the recent addition to our brick press room, increasing the floor space five times. This SERVICE demanded the installation of a Model "C" Intertype, the only multiple-magazine typesetting machine in Denton, and positively the *best equipped typesetting machine in Texas.* The composition for *The Lass-O, The Daedalian Quarterly,* catalogs, and large posters are set on this machine.

SERVICE added a counter to each of our three presses, in order that we might *positively know* that *you* are receiving full measure. No guesswork, no explanations, no allowances when we deliver an order, because we *know.*

Amplified SERVICE enables us to assure you that your order will be executed when promised, that you will receive accurate, artistic, satisfactory work and full count.

When desired, our SERVICE includes the editing or rewriting of copy, or even its entire preparation. Behind this SERVICE are several years of successful experience.

For one hundred per cent SERVICE on printed or engraved programs, invitations, visiting cards, etc., patronize us. You will be gratified that you did so.

McNITZKY PRINTING CO.

WM. H. McNITZKY—JAS. D. BALDWIN

25 SOUTH ELM STREET : DENTON, TEXAS

"Wish every day was my birthday!"

Armstrong's Pure Food Products

(U. S. GOVT. INSPECTED)

"There's A Plover on the Cover"

AMONG our products are *Plover Ham* and *Breakfast Bacon, Little Pig Brand Pork Sausage, Buttercup Pure Lard, Oak Leaf* and *Bird Brand Shortenings, Dewdrop Cooking Oil* and *Emerald Salad Oil.* All of our products are guaranteed to be Pure, Wholesome and of Delightful Flavor. All animal products are U. S. Government Inspected. We also produce the highest quality Fresh Meats, Provisions, Sausages and Specialties. Made in a Texas Sunlit Plant—fifty buildings on a fifty-acre tract—where cleanliness is a creed. Plover Pure Food Products will insure happiness and healthfulness in your home.

MADE ONLY BY

Armstrong Packing Company

THE PIONEER PACKERS OF TEXAS

DALLAS

"SUCH UNEXPECTED FLAVOR COMBINATIONS"

is the verdict of every one who eats

Texas Girl Chocolates

"Sweetest in 48 States"

15 DIFFERENT ASSORTMENTS
86 DISTINCT VARIETIES

Comprising Real Fruits, Nuts and Creams

All Delightful Surpises

ARISTOCRACY and CREME DE LA CREME
assortments contain the choicest goodies of

TEXAS GIRL CHOCOLATES

Ask your druggist or confectioner for them. If he can't supply you, write us. *Our guarantee with every box*

BROWN'S :: DALLAS

IN appreciation of the great volume of business that the student body has given us, we take this means of thanking you for your most generous patronage and confidence shown in our store.

We trust that the service given and the quality of our Merchandise has been such as to merit a continuance of your business, for it has been one aim to give to you the very best store service possible and nothing but dependable Merchandise.

You will find in stock at all times a complete line of C. I. A. requirements and we will be pleased to give your mail orders careful attention.

We will appreciate a word in our behalf to any of your friends who contemplate coming to C. I. A. in September.

Wilson-Hann Co.

C. I. A. Requirements
Ladies' Furnishings
Ready-to-Wear and Shoes

THANKING YOU for your generous patronage in the past, we are still at your service.

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No. 1059

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"SYDNEY SMITH, Sec'y and Gen. Mgr."

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