

The  
Chaparral  
'06



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Chaparral '06

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# THE CHAPARRAL

VOLUME I



PUBLISHED BY THE

## SENIOR CLASS OF '06

COLLEGE OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS

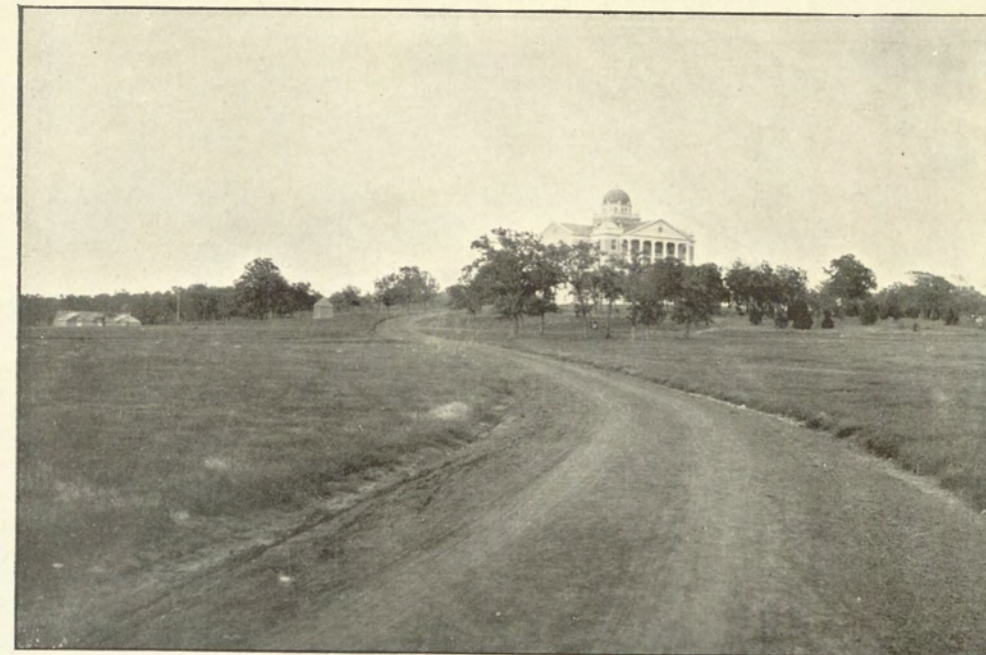
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COLLEGE BUILDING.



## Preface.

---

WE trust, that in this the first issue of The Chaparral, you will find something which will now interest you—which will in later years bring to memory a kind recollection of happy days spent in college life and that with such a memory you will ever keep in your heart a warm spot for the C. I. A. and her girls who assemble here from time to time.

If there is something in THE CHAPARRAL that you like, read it again and enjoy it more. If what you would like to see is not found in its contents, be charitable in your criticism—this is our first attempt, so charge the faults not to our hearts, but to our heads.

Dedicated

to

The Industrial Girl.





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	Y. M. C. A. and L. E. F. Reading Circle	

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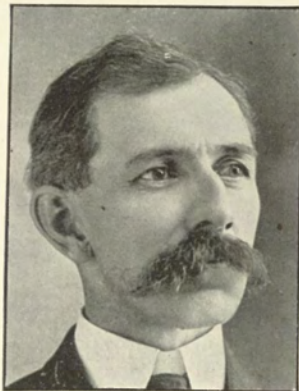
## CALENDAR

Fall term of 13 weeks began, Wednesday, Sept. 20  
 Reception to Students by Faculty, Sept. 25  
 D. A. Club Initiation, Saturday, Oct. 7  
 Lecture by Frederick Warde on Shakes-  
 peare and His Plays, Saturday, Oct. 21  
 Visit of Ladies of the Home Mission  
 Conference of the M. E. Church, Friday, Oct. 27  
 Readings by Opie Read, Saturday, Nov. 11  
 Lecture by Mr. Banks on "Education  
 in Japan," Friday, Nov. 24  
 Informal Thanksgiving Party, Wednesday, Nov. 29  
 Lecture by Miss Bell on "Domestic  
 Science," Friday, Dec. 18  
 Snow-ball Fight (Juniors and Second  
 Prep's.) Wednesday, Jan. 10  
 Lecture by Mrs. Brooks on "Aesthetics  
 in Dress," Friday, Jan. 19  
 Tacky Party by Juniors, Saturday, Jan. 27  
 Lecture by Miss Sprague on "The  
 Appreciation of Pictures," Friday, Feb. 2  
 First issue of Chaparral Monthly, Friday, Feb. 16  
 A talk on Hygienics by Dr. Evans, Friday, Feb. 16  
 Washington Birthday Party to Seniors  
 at Mrs. Beverly's, Thursday, Feb. 22  
 Boynton Company Concert, Saturday, Feb. 24  
 Senior Colonial Party, Thursday, Mar. 1  
 Reception to A. and M. Glee Club by  
 Faculty and Senior Class, Saturday, Mar. 3  
 Lecture by Miss Humphries on "Russia  
 and Her Rulers," Friday, Apr. 6  
 Lecture by Miss Whit en on "The Growth  
 of Plants," Friday, Apr. 27  
 Junior Class Reception to Seniors,  
 Monday, May 28  
 Open meeting of Literary Societies,  
 Saturday, June 2  
 Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday, June 3  
 Class Day, Monday, June 4  
 Demonstration and Exhibition Day,  
 Tuesday, June 5  
 President's Reception to Graduating  
 Class, Tuesday evening, June 5  
 Commencement Day, Wednesday, June 6



## The Faculty as We Know Them.

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MR. CREE. T. WORK, . . . . . *President*

Psychology, Ethics, Manual Training. Master of Lecturing (the girls.) Presides at all important functions, such as faculty meetings and chapel exercises.



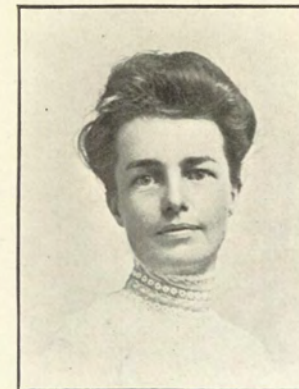
MRS. GESSNER T. SMITH, . . . . . *Preceptress*

Modern Language and Latin. First ass't in lecturing department. Chairman of Boarding House Committee. Chief receiver of reports on conduct.



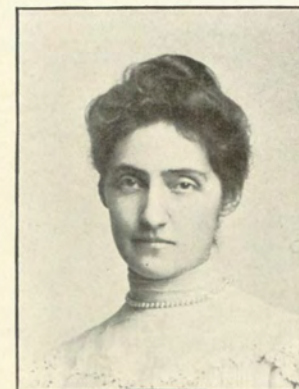
MISS LUCY E. FAY, *English Language and Literature*

Deals in wholesale examinations and low grades of compositions.



MRS. HELEN B. BROOKS, . . . . . *Domestic Arts*

Sewing, Dressmaking, Millinery. Mistress of the Uniform. First instructor in the coinage of demerits.



MISS AMELIA B. SPRAGUE, . . . . . *Fine Arts*

Advocates free use of paints. Makes a speciality of China painting and Basketry.





MR. HARRY GOLDEN ALLEN, *Commercial Arts*  
Very short handed, yet master of Commercial  
and Business World.



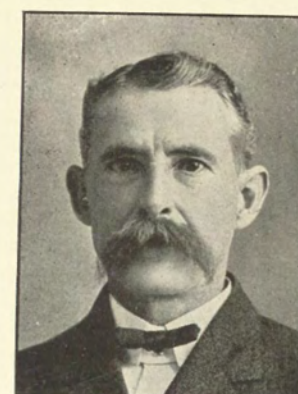
MISS REBECCA M. EVANS, *M. D.*  
Physician and Lecturer on Physiology and  
hygiene. The great champion of the pill.



MISS JESSIE H. HUMPHRIES, *History  
and Economics*  
Gives lessons in Past, Present and Future.  
Advocates placing the seen before the unseen,  
when you are offered a proposal of marriage.



MISS JUSTINA SMITH *Physical Culture,  
Elocution, Vocal music*  
Graduate in the A. B. C. and Do Re Mi course.



MR. A. L. BANKS, *Mathematics*  
Can add, multiply, divide and subtract. Serves  
as Prime Factor.



MR. C. N. ADKISSON, *Physical Science,  
Photography.*  
Atomic weight = .5 Physically, very inert. Is  
a supersaturated solution of Chemistry and  
has great affinity for Physics.





MISS MARTHA BELL, *Ass't in Dom. Science*  
Specialist in the hardening of soft water and  
the softening of hard food.



MISS MARY LOUISE TUTTLE, *Domestic Science*  
Commander-in-Chief of the forces arranged  
against the common enemy of all—Bacteria.



MISS HARRIET V. WHITTEN, *Biological Science,  
Geology, and Geography*  
Graduate in crawfish anatomy. Carries a  
full line of excuse blanks and curtain lectures.

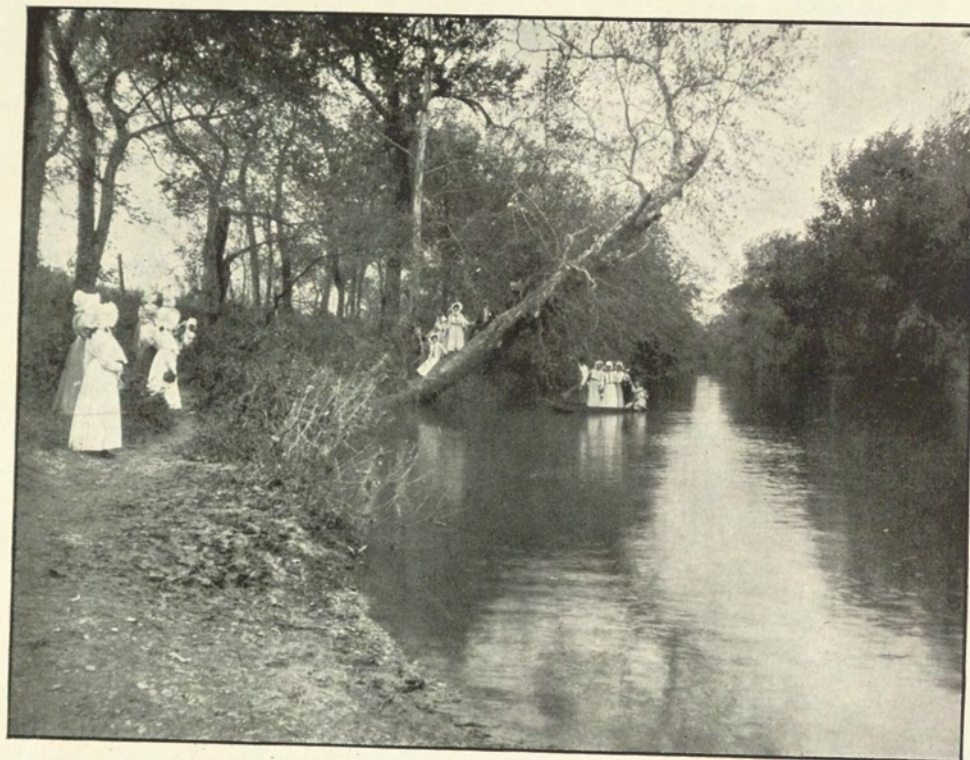


MR. W. J. SOWDER, *Overseer of Rural Arts*  
Chicken and Bee Physiognomist.

## Student Assistants.

MISS MABEL WHEELER,	English
MISS GERTRUDE REEVES,	History
MISS DORA WARREN,	Latin
MISS NELLIE MILLS,	Chemistry
MISS MARY FAIN,	Domestic Science-Cooking
MISS PEARL BLOW,	Domestic Science-Cooking
MISS ORA BLAIR,	Domestic Science-Laundering
MISS LENA BUMPAS,	Domestic Art
MISS VIRGINIA MILLS,	Domestic Art
MISS SARA KIRKPATRICK,	Fine Art and Manual Training
MISS OLA HERREFORD,	Clerical Work





BLUE HOLE.

CLASS OF '06 PICNIC.

## College Organizations.





'06 GRADUATE

## Senior Class.

### Motto.

*Altogether well or not at all.*

### Colors.

Sunshine yellow and white.

### Flower.

Daisy.

### Yell.

Seni! Seni! or! or!

Seni! Seni! or! or!

Seniors Seniors!!

### Class Officers.

GRACE TAYLOR,	President
ERILE HUGHES,	Vice-President
G. BRYANT,	Secretary
R. CROXTON,	Treasurer
S. SWENSON,	Critic
E. BISHOP, } M. REDDICK, }	Sergeants-at-Arms



## Senior Class Roll.

LAURA ABADIE,	Austin
SUSIE BATES,	Denton
ORA BLAIR,	Justin
ETHEL BISHOP,	Denton
GEORGIA BRYANT,	Cedar Hill
JULIA BEALL,	Wortham
MAY CLARK,	Rockdall
RHUE CROXTON,	Nocona
MAGGIE DENNY,	Iowa Park
GERTRUDE DENNY,	Iowa Park
EMILY EASLEY,	Chillicothe
CORA FREEMAN,	Whitesboro
MARY GLASS,	Franklin
JESSIE GRIFFIN,	Denton
OLA HERREFORD,	Del Rio
WILLIA HUCKABY,	Van Alstyne
ERILE HUGHES,	Phoenix, Ariz.
NELLIE KERCHIVILLE,	Big Foot
MARY KIMBROUGH,	Houston
EULA MCFARLAND,	Whon
NANNIE MCILVAIN,	Ponder
KATHERINE MCLEOD,	Terrill
DONNA MCQUINN,	Weatherford
NELLIE MILLS,	Houston
VIRGINIA MILLS,	Canyon City
ALICE MOORE,	Meridian
LURA NIX,	Hembrie
MARIANNA REDDICK,	Denison
BEULAH ROLLINS,	Farmersville
MOLLIE STONE,	Okmulgee, I. T.
SADIE SWENSON,	Clifton
GRACE TAYLOR,	Austin
MABEL WHEELER,	Lufkin

## Class Song.

(Air—Heidleburg.)

DEAR is the praise of the faculty  
To the class that is always jolly,  
Beaming with happiness, hope, and health,  
And warmed by love of our class.  
But dearer than honors we win by work,  
Are the hours we give to folly:  
So come let us clink, and then let us drink  
One toast to our honored class.

### CHORUS

Here's to the class of *Naughty Six*,  
Here's to the flag she flies,  
Here's to her girls, the best on earth,  
Here's to her teachers wise,  
Here's to the class that brings us honor  
Bright as the stars above,  
Here's to the day when we'll be through  
Here's to the class we love.  
Oh! Senior Class, dear Senior Class,  
We girls will ne'er forget,  
The golden haze of college days  
That's round, about us yet.  
Those days of yore will come no more,  
But through our future years,  
The thought of you, so good, so true,  
Will fill our eyes with tears;  
The thought of you, so good, so true,  
Will fill our eyes with tears.



## Seniors.



LAURA ABADIE, D. A., came to the C. I. A. the first year of its existence. She has done well. Her time has been evenly divided between scheming how to get out of work and trying to find out how to become popular. She hopes to become a crammed pedagogue and an old maid.



SUSAN BATES, D. A., by nature a musician and by practice a cook, hopes some day to join the working women (housewife). And why not? She has qualified herself as an athlete, a cook, a laundress and a dairy-maid. Her mind and hands are well trained and the conquest of her heart would be easy.



Here is an article sent us from Cedar Hill, catalogued Georgia Bryant. She is very industrious, her merits having won for her the coveted position of flunky in the kitchen, for the D. A.'s with whom she takes her degree in '06.



ORA BLAIR, D. A., very distinguished (looking)—has a reputation of "standing in" with the Prof's and has succeeded in deluding them out of enough credits to graduate. As she is so passionately fond of cats and goes into such rhapsodies over "the sweet little chickens," we can but predict for her a life of single blessedness in which she will bestow her undivided affection upon these treasures of her heart.



\*JULIA L. G. BEALL, F. I. A., (our sleeping beauty) was never known to stay awake through an entire class, especially Chemistry. She decided in her Junior year that rather than work so hard, she would take less *force* and more time to accomplish the same end, namely, her diploma.



\*ETHEL BISHOP, D. A., one of our frailest little girls is always complaining about being worked to death. In order to get the most credits for a small amount of energy spent in studying, she decided to take Senior work in two doses of a year each. She advocates keeping on the good side of the teachers and never misses an opportunity of being nice to them.

\* Not a candidate for graduation.





MAY CLARK, F. I. A., came into our midst two years ago, a Junior then, and although she is not one of our pioneers, we feel that her rapid nature has caused her to make up in progress what she lacked in years. Her ambition is seemingly to use her genius in making some man's home beautiful.



RHUE CROXTON, F. I. A., our "brown eyed beauty" came here three years ago with a brush in her hands and has used it constantly since. She has done well—can paint smoothly and aspires to teach this art to some of her more unfortunate friends. We cannot see further into her future, but her far-away, dreamy expression often leads us to half guess at her plans.



MAGGIE DENNY, (sister to Gertie) was born in the good old summer time. Her chief enjoyment is eating peaches and water-melons, her fad, painting tea cups, and her ambition to keep a boarding house for oppressed C. I. A., girls.



GERTRUDE DENNY, (sister to Maggie) came to the C. I. A. in the early years of its existence and has grown up (mentally) with it. She has no idea of being a social butterfly, but is arming herself for the battles so sure to come in the life of a "school-marm."



EMILY EASLEY, D. A., our deep thinker, came from Chillicothe. She is warm-hearted and jolly and has won the love of every one by her kindly smile. But her real chance for fame rests on her being Editor-in-Chief of THE CHAPARRAL, and we think that she has become so attached to it that she will enter the field of journalism for life.



CORA FREEMAN, F. I. A., has been in our ranks only one brief year—was formerly an Irregular but when she saw the determination with which we were pressing on toward the goal, her soul was filled with longing to become one of our members. After due formality she was admitted into Seniordom and has at last succeeded in wheedling the teachers out of enough credits to squeeze through on.





MARY GLASS, F. I. A., is not so brittle as her name might imply. She too, is one of the pioneers of the Institution and you may know her name has nothing to do with her personality or she could never have survived the crushes of Second Prep., Jr., and Sr., years as she has done.



JESSIE LOUISE GRIFFIN, E. S. Her whole countenance bespeaks intelligence, which is made all the more striking by those glasses set so jauntingly on her nose. She has studied hard this year (so she says) and is now ready to pose as a finished student of the E. S., course. Her plans she will not reveal so we suppose she is to be one of our "old maid" girls.



ERILE HUGHES, C. A. She came to us from the "wild and woolly west" but after two years' stay in Texas, she has taken on a slight degree of civilization and our little maid from Arizona has really consented to join the Y. W. C. A. and become a Christian. From present indication her efforts in the future will be toward the uplifting of the *cowboy* in Arizona.



OLA HERREFORD, C. A. Life is an even tenor to this unassuming young lass with the exception that she becomes very enthusiastic over Evolution of Expression, in which she particularly excels. Her plans are to assist Miss Hughes in her missionary work in Arizona. We hope that it is an unselfish heart that prompts this action but *hearts* are out of the question here.



WILLIA HUCKABY, F. I. A., (our happy, go-lucky) always does the right thing in the wrong place--was never known to get mad (unless at a "P" on her report card) and takes life easy.

But all of this is trying on her nerves and she sometimes looks downcast and has been heard to murmur, "In summer days, and shady bowers, O, what a happy world is ours (were it not for work.)"



MARY KIMBROUGH, E. S., our little *cute* girl, is short only in stature, and although not loud, her voice is heard on all occasions. She has promises of becoming a brilliant society leader and if her heart can be made armor-proof against Cupid's darts, we entertain high hopes for her.





NELLIE KERCHEVILLE, C. A., hails from the Mexican border. Her greatest hobby is to write short-hand for Mr. Allen—her chosen vocation to be a country school teacher till she is forty (a long time) and then to get married.



KATHERINE MCLEOD, D. A., came from Terrell but not from the State Institution. She is noted for her disposition for "getting along" with people, which accomplishment she claims to be due to her indifferent attitude. She hopes to spend her future in New Mexico, engaged in the Poultry Business, in conjunction with some congenial cowboy whom she now dreams of in secret.



NANNIE MCILVAIN, D. A., under the guidance of Miss Blair, came here from Ponder and has attended the C. I. A., for three successive years. She receives her diploma by virtue of *absorption*, and now since she is well equipped with domestic knowledge, we trust that she is ready to take up her calling—that is of a home-keeper.



EULAH MCFARLAND, D. A., came to us when quite small and has never yet attained her growth though her mind has developed wonderfully. She can quote Mr. Sowder on Poultry-keeping. Her ambition is to lead a quiet life and practice such exercises as will cause her to approach indefinitely *in size*, her friend, Miss Bishop.



NELLIE MILLS, D. A. Lord High Proprietor of all knowledge—wisdom dispensed free: Hopes to spend a few years of her life as Prof. of Alchemy, after which time, she will, as a typical old maid, probably become the head of an orphanage.



\*VIRGINIA MILLS, E. S. To look at her, one would think she bore the responsibility of the whole world on her shoulders. Be not deceived. she is only a *chaperone*. Her fondest hope is to some day reach that position in the C. I. A. where she will be invested with full authority to give five demerits for not having the traditional hooks and eyes.

\*Not a candidate for graduation.





DONNA MCQUINN, C. A., has the honorable distinction of being one of our "auburn haired" beauties. She fully realizes her importance, as has been shown on several occasions. Her favorite amusement is to speak Dutch and her highest ambition is to play "fair Juliet" for some handsome "Romeo."



ALICE MOORE, D. A. Her greatest fault is her imagination, which, at times, in spells of great activity, almost overcomes her. However she possesses a keen intellect and we have bright hopes for her future.



LURA NIX, another one of our "little dainties." Due to her parents belief in compulsory education, she has attended the C. I. A., for three years: has had a trial at the F. I. A., degree, at the D. A., degree, and now graduates as an *Irregular*.



BEULAH ROLLINS, D. A., a beautiful lass with "dark curls and hazel depths," is our leader on the ball field or when it comes to jilting boys.



SADIE SWENSON, D. A., is always causing disturbances in class—hangs up on every new theory. She aspires to lofty things and will, if her energy holds out, some day become renowned as a sonnet writer.



MOLLIE STONE, D. A., never bothers her brain about serious things. Her only care is given to her personal attractions and the result is evident—we have been unable to find out her ambitions, if she has any, but hope she may continue a care-free life.





GRACE TAYLOR, F. I. A., came to us from the University after deciding that the red and white of the C. I. A., would be more becoming to her rich complexion than the orange and white of U. of T. In appreciation of this choice, the class of '06, chose her as its President and hopes she may preside as wisely and graciously over the home that as rumor has it, is waiting for her when college days are over.



MARIANNA REDDICK, C. A. This jealous little beauty declares her heart's desire is to become a gentle nun and do deeds of charity all the days of her life. But as she has often been caught at the type-writer, writing love-sonnets to her beau-ideal, we fear that way down in her heart she has planned to make some poor son of Adam, miserable.



\*MABEL WHEELER, E. S. Her ideal—Wm. Wordsworth. She fondly hugs the idea of immortalizing her name through the inspiration of the fair goddess of verse. We hope she will not be too woefully crushed if she finds herself teaching in the country districts and vainly endeavoring to persuade the happy, little urchins that it's incorrect to say "I have saw."

\*Not candidate for graduation.

## Echoes from Our Senior Departments.

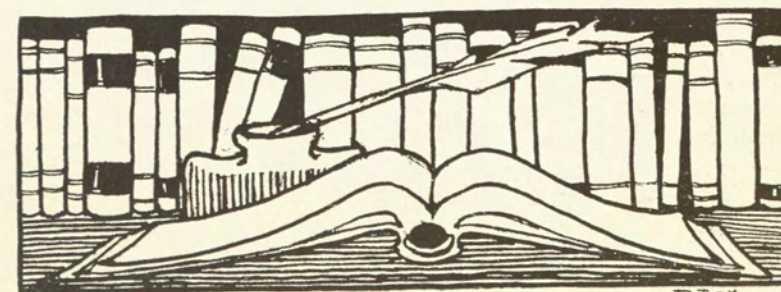
"Trouble, trouble everywhere  
But not a soul to share it."—

"OH my! here it is Thursday and I wanted to get that china ready to burn by Saturday—what on earth will I do?"

"Well I've been ready to burn this ledger for a month—why can't I get these accounts to balance?"

"Pooh! I'm sure *neither* of you would make a cook, for I'm not allowed to scorch, much less burn, even the water for the soup."

"Did I hear somebody say burn—Girls, I'd be willing to burn, sizzle, yes even go up in smoke, if I could only get warmed up to start this essay."





## English Science Department.

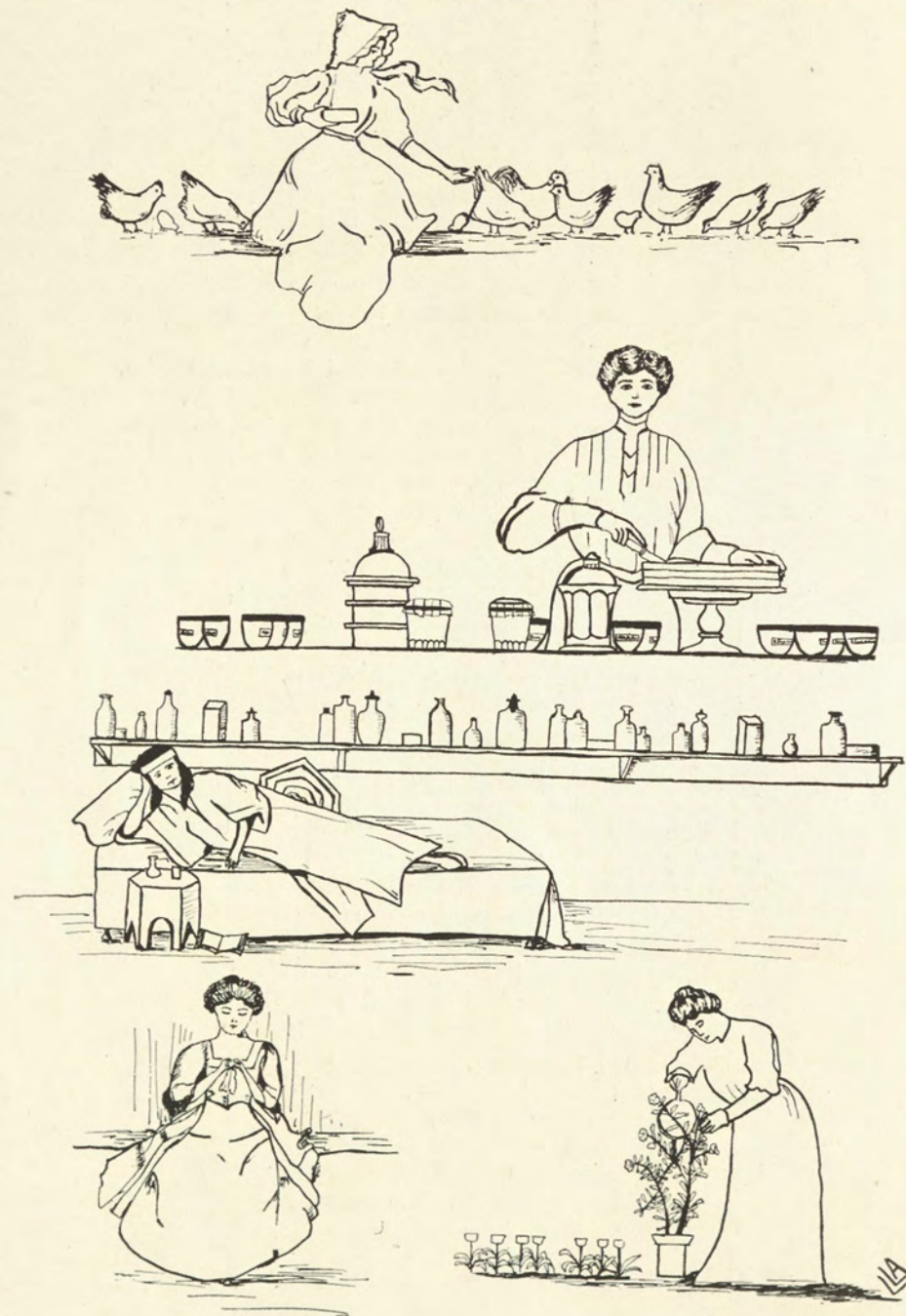
### Modern Canterbury Tales.

FOUR maidens there were of a schule  
Who dwelt else apart from their classe  
And once to them was given the mighty task,  
Their historye to write, in words true.  
For soon a mightye booke, bothe great and wise,  
With deeds of all their classmates was to be,  
And of this book themselves were to be scribes  
Since English Science they were ycleped (ye see),  
And each was anxious for her very fame  
That she in print might see her little name.  
So on a certain eve, when late was the hour,  
Each faire maid sat her down in her bower,  
And with abundance of paper, pen and ink  
Began to pray that the gods would help her think.  
(For I'd say to the reader—though I would that he forbore  
To tell it to others—she'd ne'er done it before.)  
*Miss Griffin* is the erst of our quartette,  
Erst accordant to the alphabet,  
"Tis useless to expound about alle her knowledge,  
She's an E. S. Senior of the Industrial College.  
She algate and ever of the Deutsche language prates,  
But "Ich leibe all menchen," she never translates.  
This principle she strongly advocates  
Don't run after the teachers—don't, for goodness sakes—  
Poor Jessie troubles—and worries her head  
Why Elizabeth Barret and Browning wer' wed,  
But she worries and wonders more stil  
If two other verse writers could do as well.  
She has studied their lives and tryes to write like them  
We know why she has succeeded—she has worked with a vim.  
And now her dreams of life are near realization  
For her sonnets are famed throughout the nation.  
In our midst there is a mayde, our pryde  
With her sunny smyle and bonny locke  
Her greeteste oaths is ever just "Oh Ache"  
And she was ycleped *Marye Tweette Kinbrough*.  
The Mathematics stunt she did full faire but O!  
Her mind refused to work on density, mass and weight  
And she rebelled because gravity pulled her 138.  
Her intellect is not hir only grace  
A voice divyne, a fortune in hir face.  
Her manners algate, gentil, never rude,  
As a faire example she was viewed,  
By teachers and by scholars night and day.

She was never known to breke a rule, naye, naye—  
The ways of animals she understands aright,  
"Rabbits reproduce by eggs and succours bite."  
Sayde Marye and she knows for sure  
She's been to Easter parties, mayde demure,  
Oh, manny such worthy truthes from her lippes felle,  
But to her now we must saye, "Fare thee welle."  
With these there was a thridde, a comely mayde,  
Who eke with hire gode n edleful semely played;  
Garments sche mad of many a schap and hue  
And every lippe did sing her praess due  
At schule well i-taught was she with alle  
Sche litle no worde from hire penne falle  
That was not semely and just, I trowe.  
In size sche was not hardly under-growe  
Hire mouthe ful schmal, hire forehead brood and faire,  
And down hire back was one longe curl hung ther.  
On bokes for to rede sche did delyte  
In alle this world, ne was ther none hire lyke.  
And eke sche was of such discrecion  
That ther was no mayd in hire region  
That hire in wisdom or speche mighte passe  
She was the charitable mayd of thote closse  
Her head ever with knowledge now sche fills  
And sche is highte Miss Virginia Mills.  
A swete maid there was of dignity,  
And counted years I trow, about twenty  
And striving ever was her mission  
To excel in English Composition  
Excellent was this mayd at any work  
Was never known hire ful duty to shirk  
And since whe was of this great gift possessed  
In having hire, they were truly blessed  
For when it was a paper that was to be,  
To idit it, the chosen one was sche  
And full well she did it to my knowledge.  
Hire fame was spread throughout the college  
For chicken fried sche had so great a love  
That with hire dainty fingers sche did it move  
Straight from the platter to her polate  
And then the tempting piece sche ate.  
But I mot turn again to my sentence;  
Sche was estemed so for her religion  
And fore alle sche had a great composiom  
That to Conventions far she was sente  
And to gode things her whole being bente,  
And sche the lost of alle, her tale to telle  
Was by hire father ycleped Mabel.



Domestic Arts' Department.



Fine and Industrial Arts' Department.





## Commercial Arts' Department.

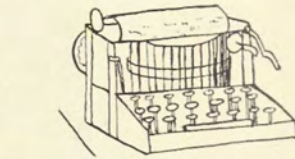
THE Commercial Arts, class though very small,  
Is a very bright class, taking it all in all.  
Our history begins in the year '05.  
Our number was, seven, we were Juniors besides.

Bookkeeping we tackled with never a fear,  
We were masters of the art at the end of the year;  
Our Commercial Arithmetic deserves a high place,  
For in that we advanced at a very fast pace;  
In English and Chem. we often "fudged,"  
But we squeezed through, our teachers judged.  
Of course we had troubles, as all classes do,  
But we fought them all bravely, and away they soon flew.

And then at the close of our Junior year,  
Days that were bright and full of good cheer,  
We bade farewell, as we tearfully sighed,  
And shaking in our shoes, to Senior ranks we hied.  
But when we reached there, we were filled with dismay  
For two of our number had been lost on the way.

Five Seniors we are, full of dignified grace,  
And remarkably well have we filled our place.  
Typewriting and shorthand have kept us quite busy,  
At the rate we take dictation t'would make you quite dizzy;  
Commercial Law, in its voluminous pages,  
Has taught us the wisdom of all the past ages.  
It has been a hard pull up the steep, steep hill,  
But we've arrived at the top, and we're alive still.  
As remarked heretofore, our number is five,  
Whom it wouldn't be fair not to describe:

Donna comes first, who has auburn hair,  
In stenography she ranks as being "very fair;"  
Demure little Ola captivates all,  
She is an excellent student in Commercial Law  
And now for our Erile, shall I take the dare,  
To tell you she possesses a "motherly air?"  
Next comes Nellie, who loves "Espanola,"  
'Tis hoped she will learn more as she grows older;  
And at last is one, who does the best she can,  
She is known by all as merely Mary Ann.



Though not often  
called on to do it,  
I can easily write  
5000 words a  
minute.

I'll give  
you a trial.

## Senior Class History.

ON September 22nd, 1903, thirty-three girls, representing various parts of this great state, entered the Second Preparatory class with a fixed purpose to do their work and do it well. We can boast of the fact that we were the first class and the only one for sometime, to organize. We had many interesting meetings in those pioneer days. Early after our organization, we adopted as our motto, "Altogether well or not at all," and as a class we have not wavered from it. After having put in several months of hard work, we felt that we needed something in the way of a picnic to complete the union of our class—this we decided should be strictly a class affair and should come off on the first day of April, while the other classes who did not need the day of rest, essential to our welfare, were in school. It is unnecessary to say more of this, for those who attended will never forget it, and those who were here then, and those who have come since, have heard of our day at "Blue Hole."

As our path upward grew rougher and steeper, a few of our comrades deserted us, but when we reached Juniordom our members were increased to forty-three by the addition of new students who were lucky enough to be enlisted with us. We now began to have monthly class programs which were a source of great pleasure to all. We also organized a Class Council at this time which has been in existence ever since but never once have we had an occasion to appeal to it.



A third time, September rolled around and we were once more brought together with only a slight withdrawal from our numbers—now as dignified Seniors. Though our way has been strenuous, life and joy have intermingled everywhere. Words fail to express how true has been our intercourse in the school-room—on the athletic field, and in every way that we have been brought together. Here we have formed dearest ties of friendship which will bear with us through the sunshine and storms of life. As we look back upon the past three years with a feeling of just pride, the hard work and monotony will be forgotten in the recollection of the incidents which lightened them. Our picnics at "Blue Hole," our class receptions, our Colonial party and other entertainments of similar character, serve only as memories of many enjoyable times. We step out and give place to those who shall come after us, with a determination to ever strive to reflect credit upon our Alma Mater. We go with great hopes for the future but with a tinge of sadness, remembering that the happy days at the College will never come again. We hope to be loyal College of Industrial Arts Alumnae in the truest and best way.

M. G.

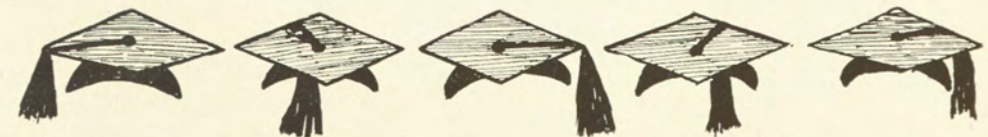
#### VERSES.

(From the Chaparral Monthly.)

We know not all life holds  
 But this we know  
 That youth is but a guest, who  
 Too soon will go.  
 Then heap the board of Life  
 With wine and flowers blest.  
 Drink deep and long, greet Joy and Love,  
 While youth is guest.

## Senior Bridge of Sighs.

SENIORS unfortunate,  
 Quite out of breath,  
 Destined by fate  
 To be worked to death.  
 Look at them tenderly,  
 Don't say you don't care  
 That they're looking so slenderly;  
 They were once *young* and *so fair*.  
 Look at their garments,  
 Why they give you the "blues,"  
 Worn to mere darnments,  
 And faded to all hues.  
 Alas! for the rarity  
 Of Faculty charity  
 On the final exam!  
 Oh! it is pitiful  
 No matter how sleepyful  
 The Seniors must diligently cram.  
 Speak to them tenderly,  
 Handle with care,  
 Though looking so slenderly,  
 They were once young and so fair.

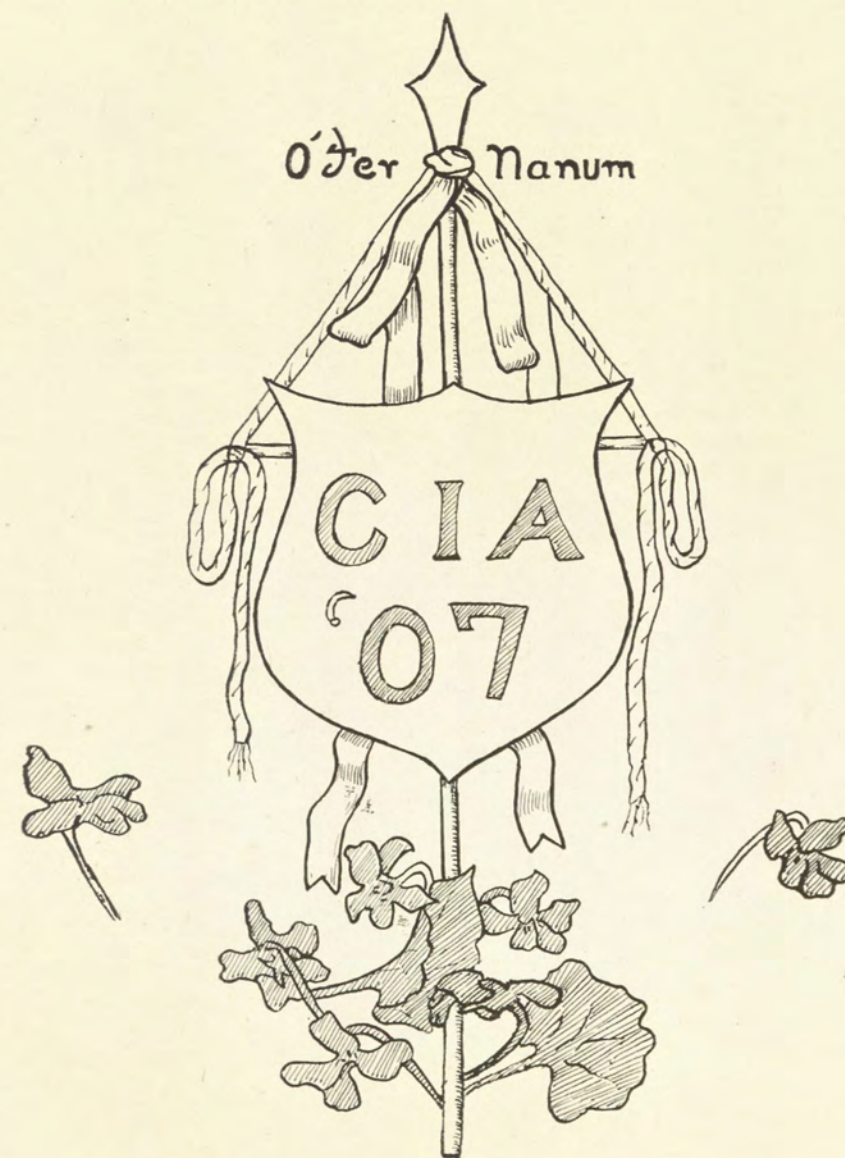




# On the March.



# Class of 1907.





## Junior Class.

### Motto:

*"Second to none."*

### Flowers.

*Violet and Carnation*

### Colors.

*Purple and white.*

### Yell.

Rickety, Rackety, Rackety. Rue.  
We are the Juniors, who are you?  
Zickety, Zackety, zackety zeven  
We are the class of 1907.

### Officers.

EULA TURNER	.	.	.	.	<i>President</i>
OPAL FRAZER	.	.	.	.	<i>Vice-President</i>
GENEVA GLEASON	.	.	.	.	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
FLORENCE MORRIS	.	.	.	.	<i>Critic</i>
CORA REYNOLDS	.	.	.	.	<i>Sergeant-at-arms</i>



*Class of '07.*



## Roll.



Grace Risley thinks a stitch  
in time will save a lot of  
verbal "darning".



Gertrude Reeves,

"I just love to teach History."

Eula Turner will joy  
and comfort give you.



Bertha Bowles—

This pensive little miss will  
talk a bit when coaxed.



Margaret Evans, "Is it real?"

Fairy May Rushing, "Course it is! Who do  
you take me for— a poor man's daughter?"



Winnie Buchanan—

Who needs a private secretary.



Eunice Tyson and Florence Morris,

Among the first in their class  
though they appear backward.

sun rise.



Ada Butler who never saw the



Mamie Steger and

sister Irene eagerly  
reading the Chaparral Monthly.



Lucile Stallcup—

"Oh I know I'll ruin it."



Opal Frazer—a lover of sweets  
and also sweets— anything so  
its good to eat.



Cressie Beckmann,

Our musician who is fond of

Horace, Livy, and especially "Virgil".



Mary Farn who makes those  
delicious cakes.



Addie Kendall—

"I'm going home."



Lura Vandell, our California girl,  
longs for a letter from home.



Cora Reynolds— who is so very studious at times.

Our Mary of Sterling qualities.

Olalee Lyon—

"I know I must be prettier than that."



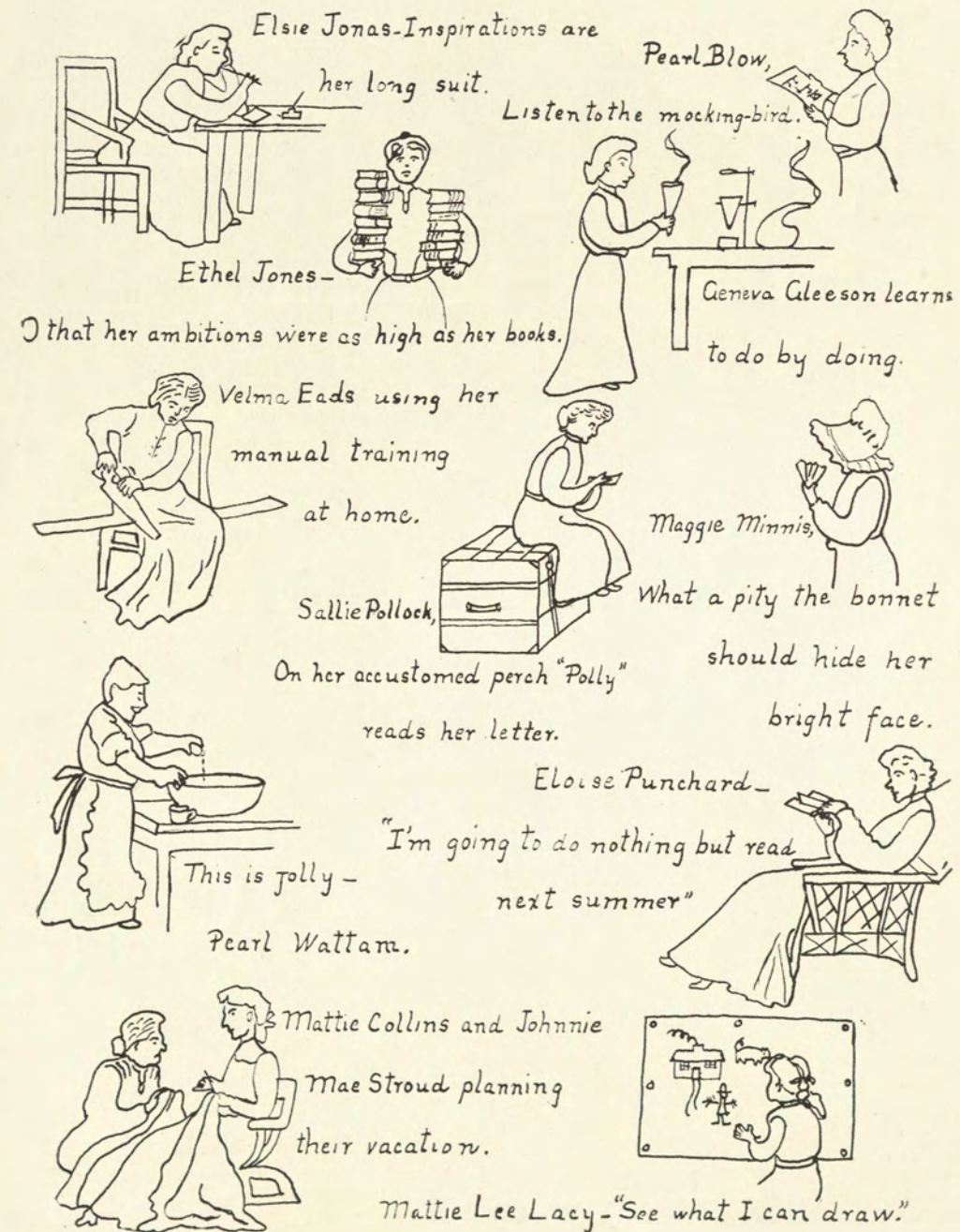
Bessie Sneed, who depends on

"cramming" in time of need.



Lela Simmons, a helper up the hill to knowledge.





## Class Song.

(Tune, "Maryland, My Maryland.")

Of all the classes in the land  
Junior Class, O Junior Class,  
We are the bright and happy band  
Junior Class, O Junior Class.  
Our colors are so pure and bright,  
They stand for aims, noble and right,  
Our colors are purple and white  
Junior Class, O Junior Class.

Of all the flowers we love to view  
Violet, O Violet,  
We love thee and carnation too  
Violet, O Violet;  
Carnation is for purity,  
The violet is for modesty,  
And they both mean so much you see  
Junior Class, O Junior Class.

When we have drifted far apart  
Junior Class, O Junior Class,  
We'll think of thee with loving heart  
Junior Class, O Junior Class,  
Our teachers too will come to mind  
And then the classes left behind,  
The work we did of every kin  
Junior Class, O Junior Class.



## History of Junior Class.

IT was in the month of September, 1903 when we came from all parts of our big state and landed on these sacred college grounds. We cannot forget the sensations we experienced upon our arrival at college and for the first few days following. Also we remember how awkward we were and what blunders we made much to the amusement of our teachers. But we have gotten bravely over them now and consider ourselves the "Vera Best."

We entered as First Prep's. and what could a college do without Freshies? We knew that you must have them or else die of melancholia or perhaps one of the other humors. We were designated as "fish" by the upper classmen and several times did we open our mouths and devour the honors they hoped to win. After the holidays we elected our class officers, adopted our colors, yell, and motto, and began having our regular class meetings. This organization has strengthened the bonds uniting us and every effort has been put forth to make us always stand together. When June came we dropped our title of First Prep. to bear that of Second Prep. and to make that name ever more distinguished.

The Second Preparatory year gave us quality not quantity, for many of our honored members did not return, but we welcomed to our class all such of the new girls who were made of the same material as ourselves—the fruit of the loom. We set to work with a will and soon we commanded the admiration of the faculty and caused the upper classes to quake and tremble, while the Freshmen only waited for an occasion to touch the hem of our garments. On the Second of March we proved our ability to do, by serving to the faculty a six-o'clock dinner. At this time we had received no training in this line but without being daunted by others' opinions, we went boldly to work and by our own efforts alone, gave the dinner—and carried off the palm.

Once more commencement rolled around and we were forced to leave the name of Second Preparatory behind and for the year of '05 and '06 we bear the

name of Junior. This great and illustrious class of '07 now pauses in her path to knowledge, to review her brilliant achievements, mentally, physically, and socially and to look to the future to weigh her talents and select the courses best suited to her different girls. The Domestic Arts and the Fine and Industrial Arts courses have been well represented. Only two of our number, however, felt themselves called upon to show the Commercial world what a woman can do, and we are sorry to say that our only girl who aspired to the lofty English Science course has, on account of illness, been kept away.

The Junior Class has taken no small interest in the various organizations. It has furnished some of the best material for the Literary Societies, the Glee Club, the Y. W. C. A., and the CHAPARRAL MONTHLY and never has there been at this College such a Basket-Ball team as the "Haughty Hits" and such Base-Ball players as Rushing and Frazer.

The weather through the winter months did not admit of much field sport but at one time however, we did revel in the fleecy white. The Second Preps, challenged the Juniors for a snow ball fight, the challenge was accepted, the game fought and over the vanquished waved the victorious colors purple and white.

Space forbids my mentioning the virtues of our individual members, yet you see that in whatever field we discuss them as a class that they are equal to the best and second to none.

Long live the class of '07.





## Will.

WE, the Juniors, of the College of Industrial Arts, of the city of Denton, county of Denton, State of Texas, being in failing health and realizing the uncertainty of life, but in possession of sound mind and memory, do this year of 1906, make and declare this to be our last will and testament.

*First:*—We will, and bequeath to our honored and beloved President, Cree T. Work, the eloquence of Demosthenes in order that his curtain lectures may not be without effect.

We also bequeath to said Cree T. Work, a frock-tail coat, stove-pipe hat and gold headed cane to be used exclusively when delivering above named lectures.

*Second:*—To Mrs. Gessner T. Smith, our beloved preceptress, we leave \$1,000 with which to buy a type-writer, so that her future pupils may not have the difficulty experienced by us during the past year in deciphering those peculiar hieroglyphic characters that she is pleased to call her hand-writing.

*Third:*—To Miss Lucy E. Fay, we bequeath the sum of ten dollars, with which to purchase a new hat, as the famous gray has served her well. May she hang it in her ancestral halls so that she may look upon it in after years and say: "This old hat is dear to my heart, I wore it in the College of Industrial Arts."

*Fourth:*—To Miss Jessie H. Humphries, we leave our knowledge of Ancient Myths, together with two boxes of health food. May she take the "House-keeper" as her model and grow in stature and wisdom.

*Fifth:*—To Mr. A. L. Banks we leave the knowledge of geometry that we didn't have, an automatic winker, and a perpetual apology.

*Sixth:*—We give to Mr. C. N. Adkisson the chemistry problems we have solved—May he not need to worry himself gray-headed in future years.

*Seventh:*—We give and bequeath to Miss Harriet V. Whitten, a car-load of specimens for her zoology classes so that future Juniors may not have to undergo the hardships that we have experienced in the laboratory work.

*Eighth:*—To Miss Mary Louise Tuttle, we bequeath the "Elixir" of youth and one half-dozen checked gingham aprons, so that she will not get her white dress soiled when cooking.

*Ninth:*—To Miss Martha T. Bell, we bequeath our sincere thanks for the teaching us how to launder our collars. We feel sure this will aid us in securing husbands.

*Tenth:*—We leave to Mrs. Brooks our basket-ball skirts as we don't care to use them any more—May the world long be blessed by having such an advocate of hooks and eyes and such an enemy to pins.

*Eleventh:*—We give and bequeath to Miss Amelia B. Sprague one dozen stencil sofa pillows, each different in design—one half dozen to be made of eider-down, the others of zibiline.

*Twelfth:*—To Miss Justina Smith, we give one beautiful volume of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" and a costume suitable for appearing as "Launcelot" when she makes her stage debut.

*Thirteenth:*—We leave to Mr. Harry Gordon Allen our Household Account books and also \$6,000 for hiring an assistant to aid in correcting all mistakes.

*Fourteenth:*—To Miss Rebecca M. Evans, our faithful physician, we leave one hair switch, one box of "Sweet Sixteen" face powder, one jar of Rosaline, a décolleté evening dress and one pair of French heel slippers. We know from experience that the latter is a sure cure for colds.

*Fifteenth:*—To Mr. William J. Sowder we leave one bottle of Hall's Hair Restorer, and a sufficient supply of material for equipping his elegant class-room.

*Sixteenth:*—To the Student Assistants, we leave a bottle of Hunt's Lightning Oil, which we know to be good for the swell head.

*Seventeenth:*—To Thomas P. Price, our secretary, we bequeath a talking machine to be compounded of the velocity of the faculty, the common sense of the Juniors and Seniors and the absurdity of the Soph's and Freshies.



*Eighteenth:*—To each member of the Senior Class we leave a cupid-proof armor. This armor shall be to afford the said Seniors protection from the swiftly shooting darts of Cupid.

*Nineteenth:*—To the First Prep's we leave our fund of sympathy and perseverance. Let this comfort you. "Patience brings its own reward"—you will be Juniors some day.

*Twentieth:*—To the Second Prep's, we leave the final reward for the faithful—the most precious thing in our possession—our honored name, "The Juniors."

*Twenty-first:*—To the Irregulars, we bequeath three spools of thread, all scraps left over from our uniforms, a lot of linen dish rags, one plane and saw, one type-writer, one box of paints and one half-dozen Webster's Dictionaries. With these articles, we sincerely hope they will make their way in life.

*Twenty-second:*—To Mr. J. E. Jones, our dairyman, Mr. C. W. Ferguson, our engineer, Mr. W. H. Hatfield, our florist, and Mr. Ellison, our gardener, we bequeath the privilege of riding in the college hack during the summer vacation.

Lastly, we nominate and appoint Miss Tuttle and Miss Whitten, the executors of this our last will and testament, and in consideration of any trouble imposed upon them, we do hereby bequeath unto the said executors \$800 to buy chickens and pigs for the farm which shall come into their possession at the expiration of the twenty-first year of the said Miss Whitten.

We hereby revoke all former wills made by us at any time. We, the said Juniors, hereunto, in witness thereof, set our hands and seals, the year mentioned; signed, sealed and acknowledged by the said Juniors as, and for their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who in the presence of them and at their request, subscribe our names hereunto as witness thereof.

(Signed) JUNIORS.

HARRISON WELCH, Janitor.

*Witness:*





## Proclamation.

### Seniors Piked.

It is with sadness of heart and disgust of soul that we proclaim to the past, present, and future students of the C. I. A., that the Class of '06 piked.

On a cold February morning in '05, the class of '06 challenged the class of '07 to a snow fight. Later on in the day, the challenge was cancelled and the fight postponed until a next snow. No doubt but that their prayers were long and earnest for that snow never to come. But in '06 it came and it was then, that that bluffing, boasting Senior class piked. They did not have grit enough to fight. Cowardice was their banner and it showed—oh so plainly—against that background of snow.

No, that is all a mistake: the Seniors didn't know it had snowed or perhaps they challenged us and the challenge was lost—or perhaps their little brains were frozen hard in their heels. No, they surely must have piked. It is hard dear Seniors, to send you out with that brand, but "as we sow, so shall we reap," so you must be branded and turned loose as PIKERS.

But we feel grieved and think we shou'd help you as best we can, so Seniors—oh dear Seniors, on the fourth day of June '06 come to our BIG FAREWELL DINNER, and we will serve you with the following courses which have been analyzed and recommended by Dr. Knowledge of the Institute for Hopeless Pikers.

## Menu.

- |                                   |                    |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Gall soup                      | Yeast wafers       |
| 2 Game chicken, with gritty sauce |                    |
| Squares of toasted Piker Bread.   |                    |
| 3 Unadulterated Brains            | Distilled water.   |
| 4 <i>Snow</i> Ice Cream           | Non-piker pudding. |

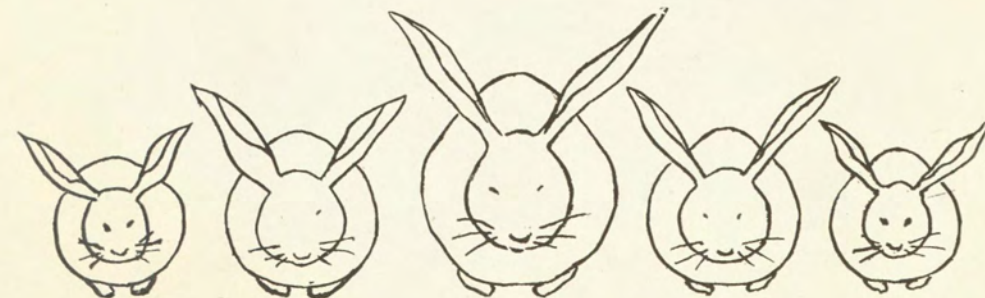
Yours with utmost disgust,

JUNIORS, '07.

PRAY COME.

No snow.

No fee.





# D. A. Jr. Class Record.

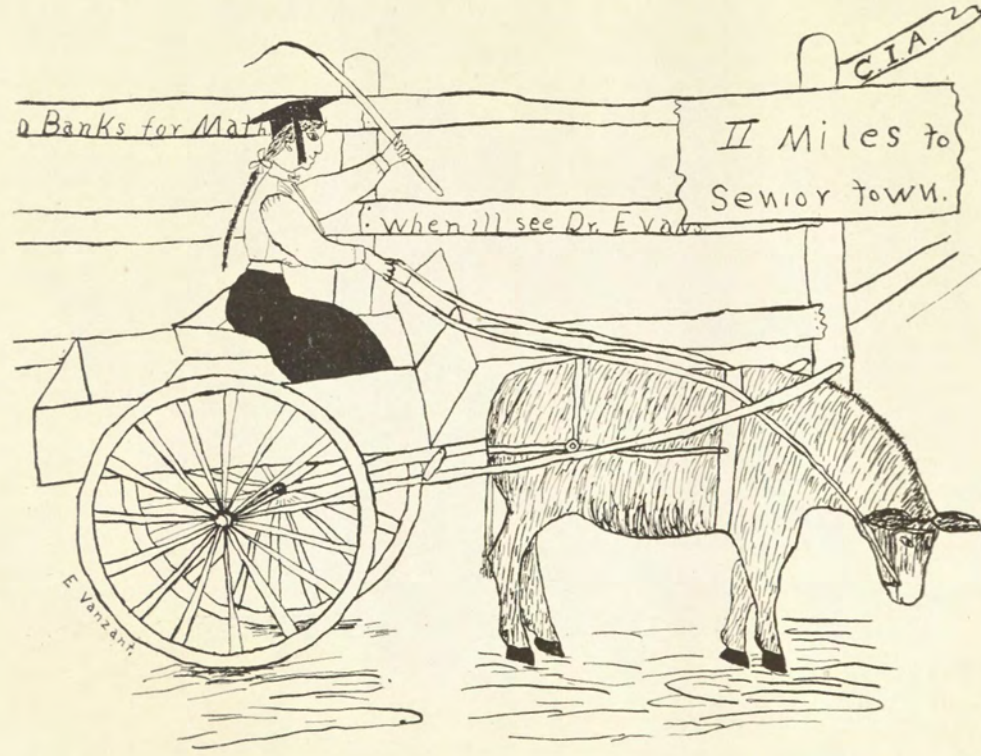
JUNIORS, D. A.	Unexcused		Class Standing	Conduct	Originality	Grade made on final Exams.	Demerits
	Absent	Tardy					
Blow, Pearl	6	12	P	U	F+	P-	25
Bowles, Bertha	3	17	U	P-	F-	U+	27
Collins, Mattie	8	5	G-	E-	F+	G-	17
Evans, Margaret	11	9	P+	U-	F+	F+	14
Fain, Mary	4	13	U+	G-	F	U-	9
Frazer, Opal	5	18	G-	P	F-	P-	19
Gleason, Geneva	10	3	E+	U+	F+	G+	21+
Jonas, Elsie	7	23	P-	U	F	U+	15
Kendall, Addie	9	14	G-	P+	F-	E-	29.5
Lyon, Olalee	6	9	U	P-	F-	P	13
Minnis, Maggie	5	16	E-	G+	F+	U-	11.25
Morris, Florence	3	24	P	U	F-	F-	27
Punchard, Eloise	3	21	G-	P-	F	P-	18
Pollack, Sallie	4	12	U+	G-	F+	F+	9.05
Reeves, Gertrude	18	2	P-	U+	F+	U-	17
Rushing, Fairy May	8	5	E-	F+	F	F+	29.99
Sneed, Bessie	11	15	G	G-	F+	P-	19
Stroud, Johnnie Mae	9	22	U-	P	F-	E-	14
Turner, Eula	7	19	P+	U-	F-	U+	24.6
Wattam, Pearl	12	11	F	G+	F	P	25.2
Yandell, Lura	6	14	F-	F+	F+	G-	16

Note:

E=Excellent.  
G=Good.  
P=Passable.  
U=Unsatisfactory.  
F=Failure.

Junior, D. A. Class Roll lost by Miss Tuttle, who requested the finder to return without reading.

# 1908





## Class of 1908.

## Colors

## Black and Gold

## Flower

*Black-eyed Susan.*

### Motto

*"Not first honor, but honor first."*

Yell

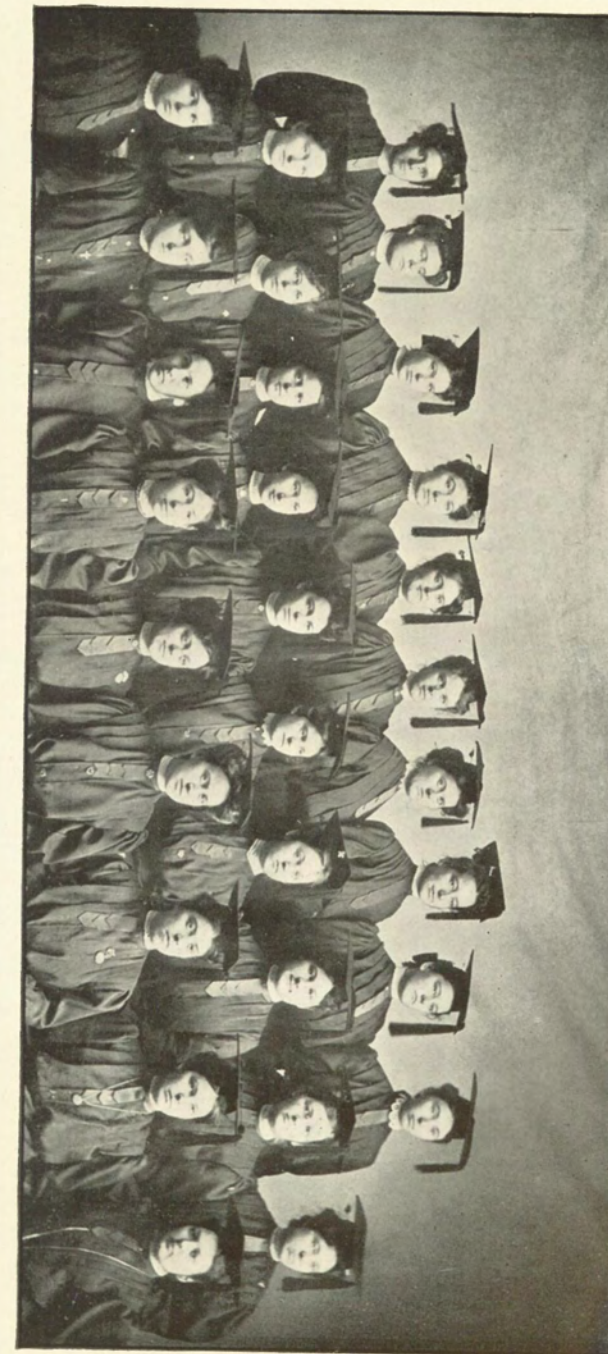
Razoo! Ree! Razoo Ree!  
Second Preps! Second Preps! Can't you see?  
Always ready, never late!  
We're the class of Naughty Eight!

### Favorite Occupation

*Teasing the Juniors.*



## Officers

[illegible]

Class of '08



## Class Roll of '08



Steva Birdsong of Denton,  
First on the roll,  
You can see from her name,  
That she isn't droll.

Lillian Birdsong of Mississippi,  
Came all the way to this College,  
For in no other place,  
She could find such knowledge.

Birdie Blow of Denton,  
Who lives down town,  
Be sure and don't mistake her,  
For some little clown.

Miss Ivah Brock's,  
From Collinsville sandy,  
And for our secretary,  
She sure is a dandy.

Mamie Bowles of Christain,  
So bright and witty;  
But the way she laughs,  
It is a pity.

Eulah Dunks from Crosby  
Whose nickname is "Tease,"  
We'd like her better,  
If she wasn't so hard to please.

Sallie Davis of Denton,  
With a dimple in her chin,  
When asked a question,  
She answers with a grin.

Lura Durham from Hico,  
Laughs all the day,  
Every one's sorry,  
When she is away.

Hattie Dishman from Collinsville,  
Who admires silk and satin,  
But I'll tell you right now,  
She don't admire English and Latin.



Miss Cora Garrison,  
Lives in McKinney,  
But her future home,  
Is in New Guinea.

Zollie Griffith from Venus,  
With pompadour high,  
If you'd sit on top of it,  
You could reach to the sky.

Addie Grafton from Italy,  
Italy, Texas we mean,  
Because the Italy in Europe,  
She has never yet seen.

Myrtle Guyton from Gatesville,  
Well, now don't you laugh,  
Because she gave us,  
One dollar and a half.

Annie Juren from Fayetteville,  
A Bohemian by birth,  
Studies her lessons,  
For all she is worth.

Pearl Harrison of Newark,  
The belle of the class,  
Because she's such  
A fair little lass.

Neitha Kincaid of Denton,  
Our Algebra student grand,  
Has pretty eyes,  
But she sure is tanned.

Mary Martin of Denton,  
This simple sweet name,  
We all love her  
And who is to blame.

Ollie Mathews of Nocona,  
Is smart in History,  
But the way she learns it,  
It is a mystery.

Elsie Miller from Postoak Point,  
Likes to sleep all the time,  
The way we keep her awake,  
It seems a crime.





Hettie Mulkey from Quanah,  
Away out west,  
Loves her dear Quanah,  
But Jodie the best.

Eleanor Nelson of Galveston,  
Makes a good boss,  
As sweet as you please,  
Except when she's cross.

Mattie Parker of Denton,  
A maiden so loud,  
She would stop school,  
If she were only allowed.

May Bell Pirtle of Denton,  
Lives near the college,  
And runs over here,  
To gain a little knowledge.

Ella May Rucks of De Berry,  
Sure knows how to draw,  
One of her best pieces,  
Is that of a squaw.

Viola Riley of Pilot Point,  
Who uses so much paint,  
You would never mistake  
This maiden for a saint.

Callie Richardson of Bremond,  
Is not very fast,  
But we hope this  
Won't always last.

Mattie Robinson of Denton,  
Who's in our class,  
We'll write her name  
And on we'll pass.

Ella Schraeder of Industry,  
So wise and stern,  
But if otherwise  
She'd never learn.

Tillie Schmitz of Denton,  
Goes to school a gitten,  
But she's always tardy  
When she goes to Miss Whitten.

Gertrude Strickland of Denton,  
Has eyes of blue,  
And for a good friend,  
She's sure to prove true.

Annie May Scales of Trenton,  
Sure loves the boys,  
Doesn't sing in the "Glee Club",  
But can sure make a noise.

Ola Stegall's of Denton,  
Here's another name  
We'll write down  
And pass on the same.

Cecile Tillman of Patroon,  
Our base-ball player fine,  
Makes a home run  
Nearly every time.

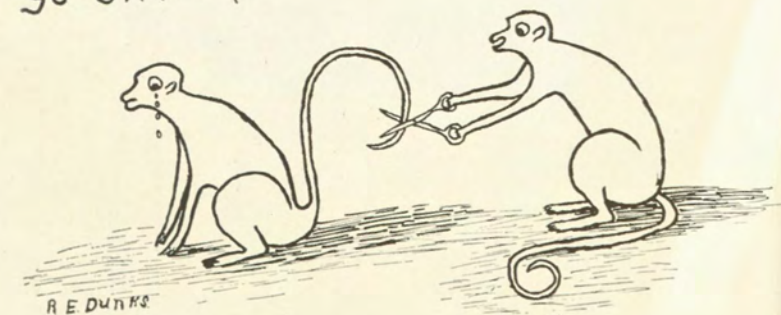
Effie Van Zant of Tioga,  
Whom we nick-named "Hap",  
When you get her started,  
She's a funny little chap.

Alice Winkleman of Rosebud,  
Sure is a sight,  
Flies around the College,  
Like the tail of a kite.

Minnie Ward of Italy,  
So graceful and tall,  
I guess that's the reason,  
She don't play ball.

Mary Zumwalt of Denton,  
Is a mystery to us,  
So with this  
We'll discontinue our fuss.

Ye end of



Ye little tale



## History of Class of '08.

IN the year nineteen four, there entered the C. I. A., the largest class that had come to the college since its beginning. The greatness of this class lay not alone in its numbers, but in its brain and brawn, its determination for success and the all-round capabilities of its girls.

Soon after we arrived and were classified, we were told that the First Prep. class would always be imposed upon and that the higher classes would roast us. We wondered what was coming; our curiosity was aroused to such a pitch that we determined to investigate for ourselves, so we at once elected some temporary officers, composed yells and were ready to stand them off. Early in our history, we determined to be a class whose names should be remembered and whose record should eclipse that of any preceding class and of all classes to come, so we settled down to work. Cooking probably interested us a little more than did some other subjects, but we found enough to keep us busy and with such loyal girls as were ours, we were able to entertain the Faculty and Students with a valentine party on February fourteenth.

Days passed and the month June arrived and with it came the sad hour of separation. When we returned in September, although we were saddened by the absence of many of our original number, we had words of welcome for the new girls such as were so fortunate as to be enlisted with us. Soon again we knuckled down to work, determined to do a little better than in the preceding year. The only interruption to our steady grind was the snow-ball battle with the Juniors in which we came out losers. However, the Juniors then learned that they were up against it and have always since been afraid to try a conclusion with us.

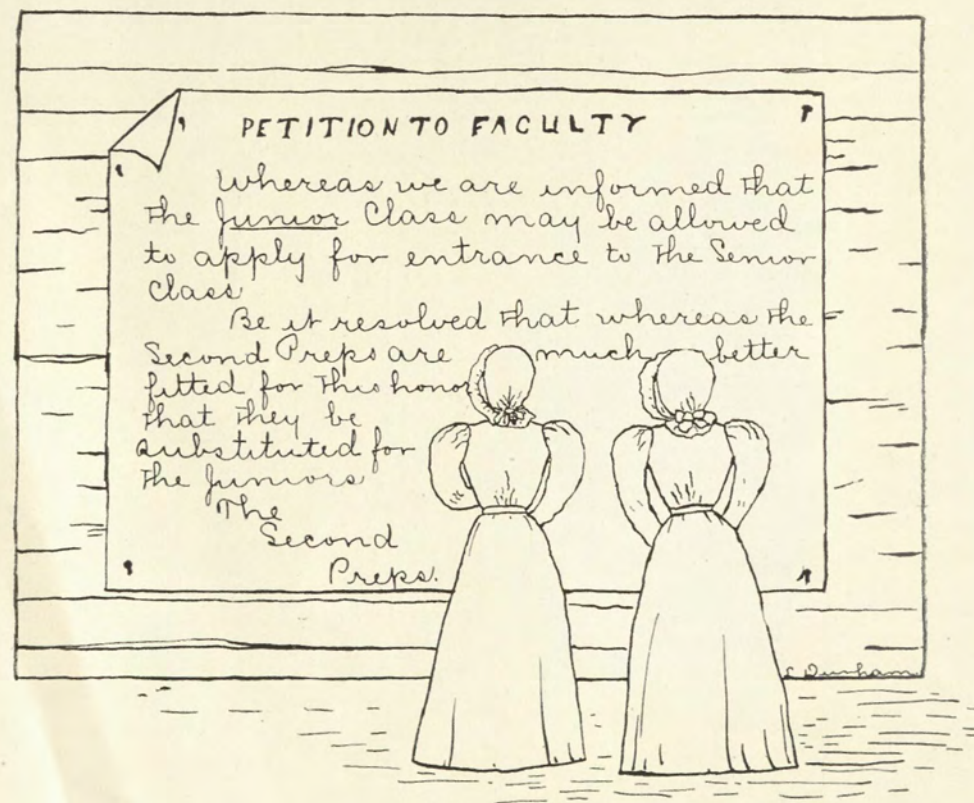
In athletics, our class ranks first. The T. B. base-ball team uses bat and ball with might and main and has done excellent playing. The S. L. E. Tennis Club has puzzled many: not being able to find out our name, they call us "Smart Little Elks."

We all feel that these years have done us good—that we have learned much, even from the other classes which have tried so hard to teach us. But better still, we feel that we have demonstrated beyond the least doubt that the C. I. A. will never suffer in our hands and as long as we are a class, we will continue to do things just a little better than others, so that the class of '08 will go down in history as the class of self-doing.

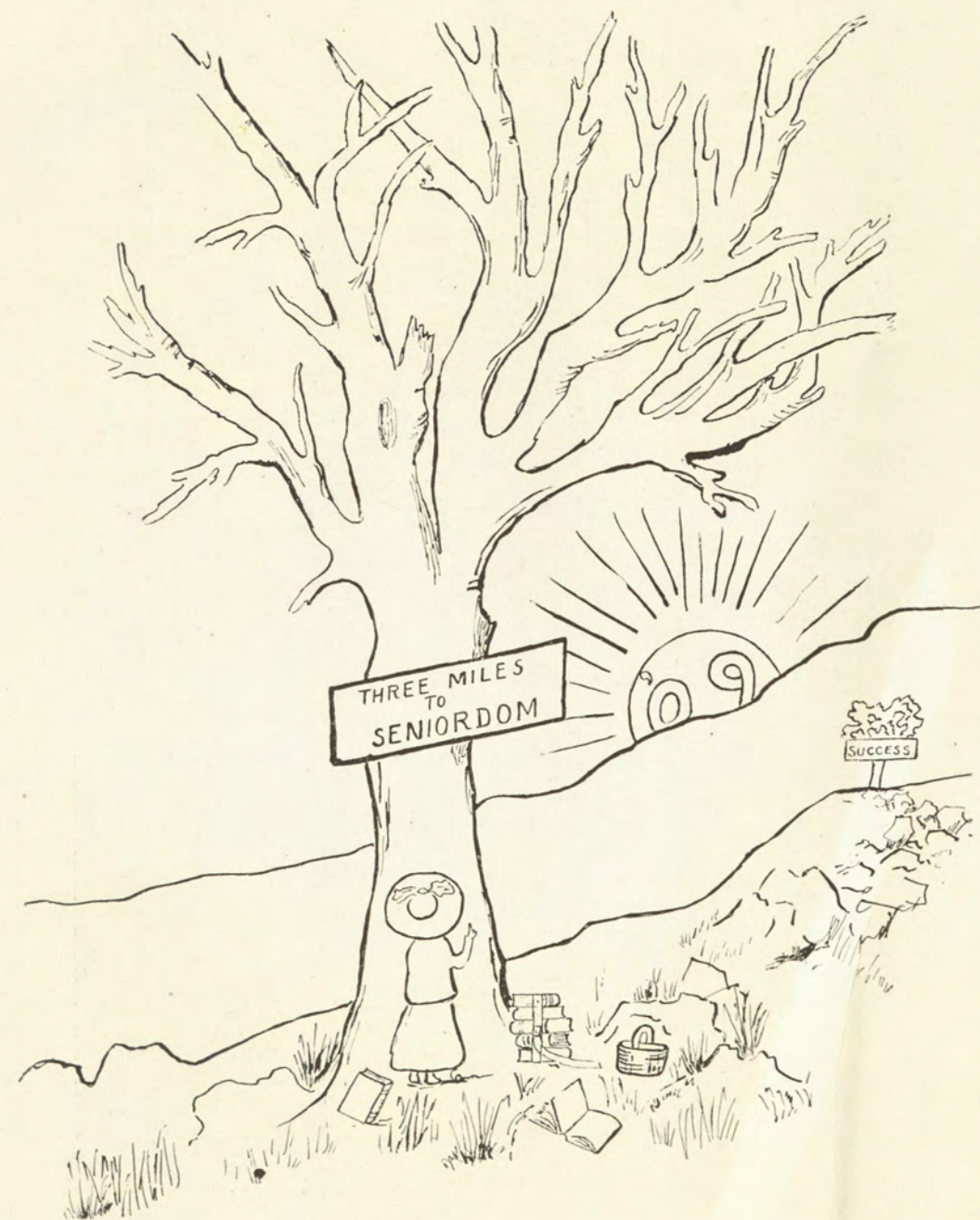
H. M.







## Class of 1909.





## Class of '09.

### Colors.

*Green and white.*

### Flower.

*White rose.*

### Motto.

?

### Yell.

Who, who are, who are we?  
First Preps, First Preps, don't you see!  
Hurrah, hurrah for the green and white,  
They are our colors, and we are alright.

### Officers.

INEZ SCHERRER	President
GENE SEAY	Vice-President
ANNIE ANDREWS	Secretary
FANNIE LEE CHANCELLOR	Treasurer
FLORENCE OLIVER	Sergeant-at-arms

### Members.



## History.

“THE first shall be last, and the last shall be first.” We are the first because we are First Preps. and we will take a *full* course and graduate —no one, entering as Senior, can do this. On September 20, '05, fifty busy looking girls entered the First Preparatory class of the C. I. A., ready for work. Never before did a Freshie class go to work with such energy and zeal as did our girls. Our idea has been for all-round development. We have striven not only for high standing in our notes but for physical development as well. Our class boasts of the honor of having organized the first base ball team that has ever existed in the college.

Although we are the last class in ranks, they can't get along without us. We are not going to pretend that we know it *all*, for if we even thought we did, we would have never come here to learn more. In this respect, we are ahead of other First Prep. classes—we know we are only Freshies but are proud of it, for we feel that by being such, we have the advantage over other classes.

As the sun-kissed mountains reflect back to the god of day, their love, so in after years, our girls will turn with true and pure affection to our old Alma Mater, with that joy and affection which a child extends to its loving mother.

May each succeeding First Preparatory class follow joyfully our footsteps.

A. A.





## Roll.

ANNIE ANDREWS,

"Favors to some, to all she smiles extends;  
Oft' she neglects, but never once offends.

LULA COCHRANE,

C, is for Cochrane, who is never on time  
She says on the farm, is the place she can shine.

MAUD CRANE,

"Her lips are red, and one is thin  
Compared with that one next her chin,  
Some bee had merely stung it."

JIMMIE FRAZIER,

"'Tis good in every case you know,  
To have ten strings unto your bow."

HATTIE MILLER,

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—  
An excellent thing in woman."

KATE LACY,

L, is for Lacy, who comes at a call.  
She's champion player in a game of ball.

FLORENCE OLIVER,

O, is for Oliver, whom we know will not fail,  
Although during reading she gets very pale.

NELLIE BELL PATTISON,

"Not much talk, a great sweet silence."

INEZ SCHERRER,

S, is for Scherrer, who is always in glee,  
When she works examples in Algebree.

HARVEYLOU SMITH,

And here's a nice youngster of excellent pith  
Fate tried to conceal her by naming her Smith.

DOSSIE SMITH,

Only an atom of the great mass of Smiths.

KATHLENE STEVENS———,

"Lies ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet."

GENE SEAY,

S, is for Seay, we call her old maid,  
Though her matrimonial plans are very well laid.

GENA TERRELL,

"Sometimes a violent laughter screwed her face."

DUSSIE VISE,

"To see her is to love her, and love her but forever."

JULIA WATTS,

"Modesty's the charm  
That quickest hearts can warm."

PYRENE WOOD,

W, stands for our little girl Woods  
When it comes to high grades  
She is there with the goods.

JESSIE BEVERLY,

"Health is better than riches."

FANNIE LEE CHANCELLOR,

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the best of men."

BESSIE FLETCHER,

"Lock your heart as well as your door."

EDNA LYLES,

Woe be to her who stops to tie her shoestrings!

SOPHIA KARBACK,

"As long as the moral law."

NELLIE FOSTER,

"Better be an hour too early than a minute too late."

LOUISE LUHRSEN,

"Be serious."

CHLORAL SIMPSON,

"Laugh and grow fat."



ANNIE HARDMAN,

Bury her neath the tall, tall grass  
And put a straw in her mouth to let out the gas.

LILLIE TOMLINSON,

Oh! were I dead now,  
Or up in my room now  
To cover up my head now,  
And have a good cry!

MINNIE SCHNEEMAN,

"Merry larks are ploughmen's clocks."

VIRGINIA WILMETH,

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

ANNA SORENSON,

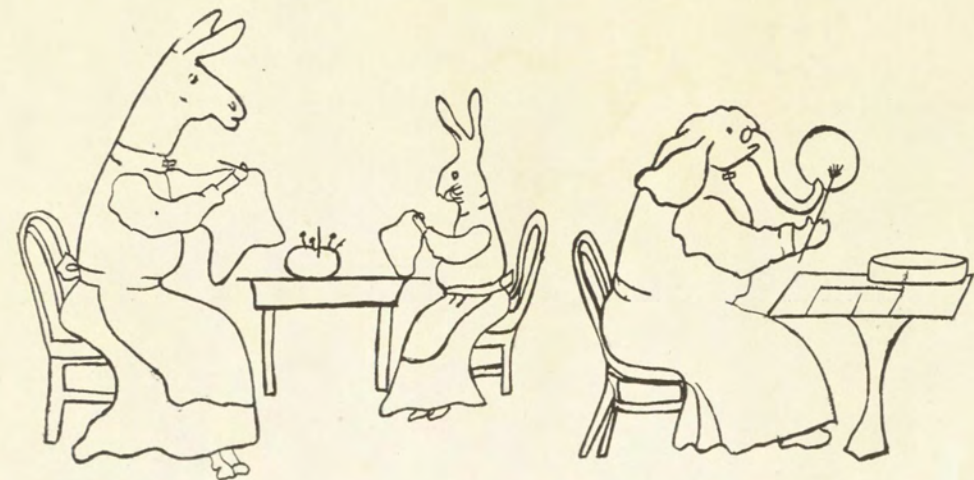
"There's a gude time coming."

ANNIE CHASTAIN,

"The rest is silence."



## IRREGULARS





Members.

JEWELL BLAKEY  
NELLIE BREIHAN  
GERTRUDE BROWN  
NELLIE BUCHANAN  
LOUISE CHERNOSKY  
JULIA CHERNOSKY  
MARY CHRISTIAN  
HANNA FAUTS  
RUBY GRAHAM  
EVA HAMNER  
MARY JUREN  
WINNIE LE FEVRE  
KATIE LANE  
WILLIE JOHNSON  
JEFFIE OUTHOUSE  
MINNA PREUSS  
MINNIE SAMMON  
FANNIE WATTAM  
DORA WARREN

The Irregular Class.

Colors:  
*Gold and Purple.*  
Motto:  
*Hasten slowly.*



CLASS GROUP.

Officers.

JULIA CHERNOSKY	President
WINNIE LE FEVRE	Vice-President
JEWELL BLAKEY	Secretary and Treasurer
LOUISE CHERNOSKY	Sergeant-at-arms



## Alumnae Association.



## History of the Class of '05.

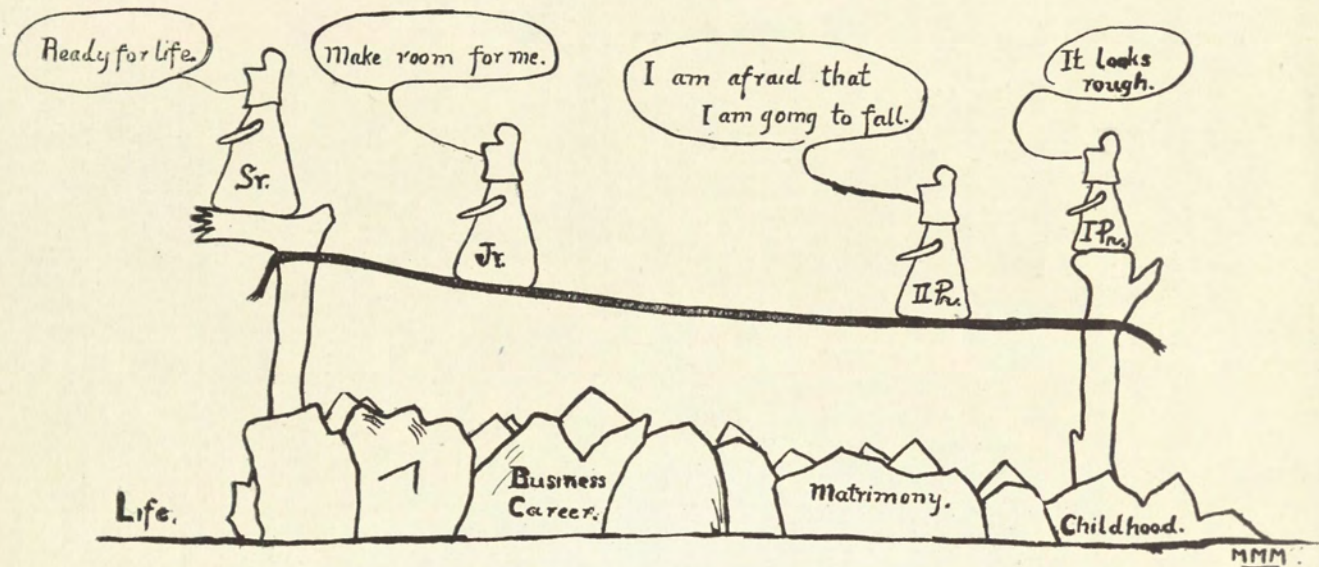
The class of '05, holding fast to the old adage "In unity there is strength," went into class organization in the fall term of their Junior year, with twenty in membership. Only nine of the original membership remained however at the close of the Senior year to testify to the fact that we were the same band that organized as Juniors in the first year of our institution.

We adopted Crimson and Champagne for our class colors, the red Meteor Rose as our flower, and with the motto "Strive and Thrive," we felt ourselves ready for anything that might happen. Our social pleasures were but few but for that reason were more enjoyable. Our "sight seeing" trip and shopping expedition to Dallas and Ft. Worth during February, in pursuance of our work in Political Economy, deserves special mention.

We all have our hobbies, vocations and ambitions. Miss Medlin's hobby is singing. She spends her time in tracking Miss Neale and her highest ambition is to have a galvanized kitchen outfit. Miss Lovelace believes in having a good time. She strives to make herself tall and she hopes some day to be able to grade papers, essays, etc., just like Miss Fay. Miss Bumpas is always concocting new dishes. She carries soup bones home from town and aspires to be a teacher of Domestic Science. Miss Neale's hobby is writing business letters. She "breaks contracts" and her chief aim is to wear diamonds and have a house-party. Miss Sterretts hobby is coining big words. She poses as the "cutest girl in town" and directs all of her efforts towards getting a stand-in with the teachers. Miss Cobb's hobby is wearing bright colors. She spends most of her time "cutting classes" and she aspires to attend a higher institution of learning. If Miss Poynor has a hobby, it is "sham-pain." She "apes other people" and her ambition is to successfully tie a blue string tie. Miss Hofstetter's hobby is Tennyson; she upholds the dignity of the class and aspires to become a splendid teacher of Manual Training. Miss Kirkpatrick likes "pets;" she goes to bed at eight o'clock and hopes to become an architect.

As pioneers, our life in the C. I. A., has been one of pleasure. But as we go forth and take up our various duties, we shall watch her progress and the great love we have for our Alma Mater will ever be upper-most in our hearts.





## A DIFFICULT FEAT.



MUST HAVE SEEN A  
ZOOLOGICAL STUDENT.

## Societies and Clubs.



# Chaparral Literary Society.

## Colors.

Silver gray and turquoise blue.

## Motto.

"Aim high and hold your aim."



## Officers.

CORA FREEMAN	President
BESSIE SNEED	Vice-President
KATHERINE MCLEOD	Secretary and Treasurer
GRACE TAYLOR	Critic
LURA YANDELL	Sergeants-at-arms
ELOISE PUNCHARD	

# Elizabeth Barrett Browning Literary Society.

## Officers

MINNIE WARD	President
ADDIE GRAFTON	Vice-President
ELLA SCHROEDER	Secretary and Treasurer
ALICE WINKLEMAN	Critic
ANNIE JUREN	Sergeants-at-arms
BIRDIE BLOW	



## Members

LILLIAN BIRDSONG	ELEANOR NELSON
LURA DURHAM	CALLIE RICHARDSON
EULA DUNKS	ELLA MAY RUCKS
ZOLLIE GRIFFITH	CECIL TILLMAN
HETTIE MULKEY	EFFIE VAN ZANT
ELSIE MILLER	

MISS FAY, Honorary.



## L. E. F. Reading Circle.



"'Tis the good reader makes the good book."

For three years the Junior and Senior classes have been meeting weekly with Miss Fay, to read Thackery. Seeking out some quiet spot, we have, in these intervals of relaxation, thrown care to the winds and allowed our fancy to follow its own sweet course. These hours have been to us the pleasantest and happiest of all. 'Twas then we felt, with Wordsworth, that "Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know, are a substantial world, both pure and good."

## Die Deutsche Gesellschaft.

"Ein Festlag soll dich starken  
Zu deines Werktags Werken."



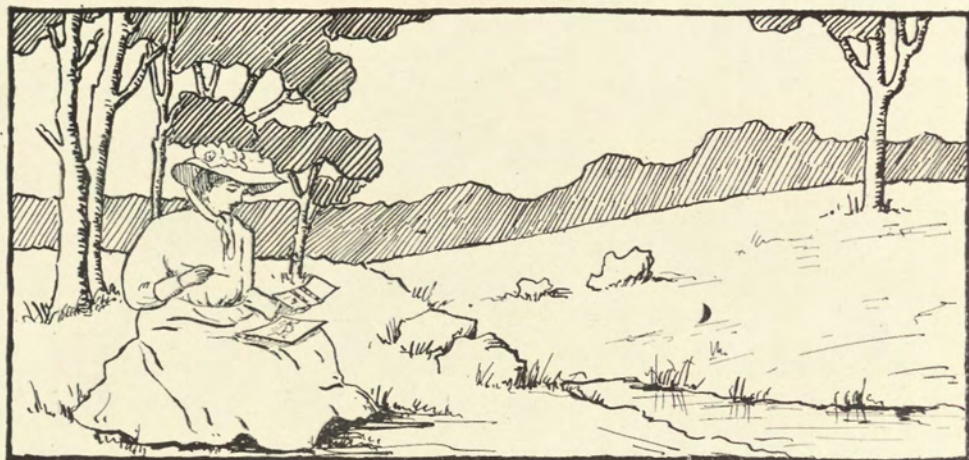
GERTRUDE DENNY  
CRESSIE BECKMAN

*President*  
*Secretary*

### Mitglieder.

ADA BUTLER	NELLIE BREIHAN	LOUISE CHERNOSKY
MAY CLARK	JULIA CHERNOSKY	MAGGIE DENNY
JESSIE GRIFFIN	CORA FREEMAN	WILLIA HUCKABY
ELSIE JONAS	MARY KIMBROUGH	SOPHIA KARBACH
DONNA McQUINN	SARAH KIRKPATRICK	ELSIE MILLER
VIRGINIA MILLS	MINNA PREUSS	MINNIE SAMMON
MINNIE SCHNEEMAN	MARY STERLING	
MRS. SMITH	ELLA SCHROEDER	GRACE TAYLOR
	MABEL WHEELER	





## The Order of the Brush and Pencil

### Members

MAY CLARK	President
WILLIA HUCKABY	Guide
RHUE CROXTON	
SADIE KIRKPATRICK	GERTRUDE DENNY
MAGGIE DENNY	CORA FREEMAN
VELMA EADS	CRESSIE BECKMAN
EUNICE TYSON	JULIA L. G. BEALL
GRACE TAYLOR	IRENE STEGER
LUCILE STALLCUP	GRACE RISLEY
MARY GLASS	MARY STERLING
	CORA REYNOLDS
MATTIE LEE LACY	
ADA BUTLER	
ETHEL LULA JONES	

The Order of the Brush and Pencil is composed of all the Fine and Industrial Arts Girls in both Junior and Senior classes. Our object in organizing is to cultivate a social spirit and to get the recreation that is afforded by going on tramps and sketching tours.

## E. S. T. C.

### Flower

Tea Rose.

### Colors

Amber.

### Motto

"Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage and venerable liquid;—thou female tongue-running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tipling cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moment of my life, let me fall prostrate."

### Meetings

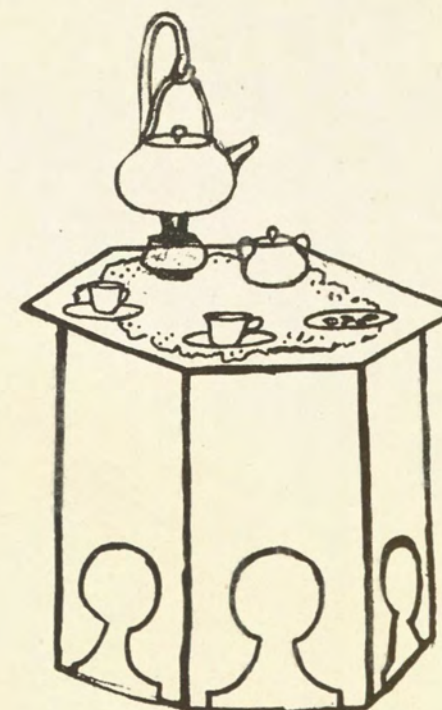
Sunday afternoon—five o'clock.

### Members

MARY KIMBROUGH
JESSIE GRIFFIN
MABEL WHEELER
VIRGINIA MILLS

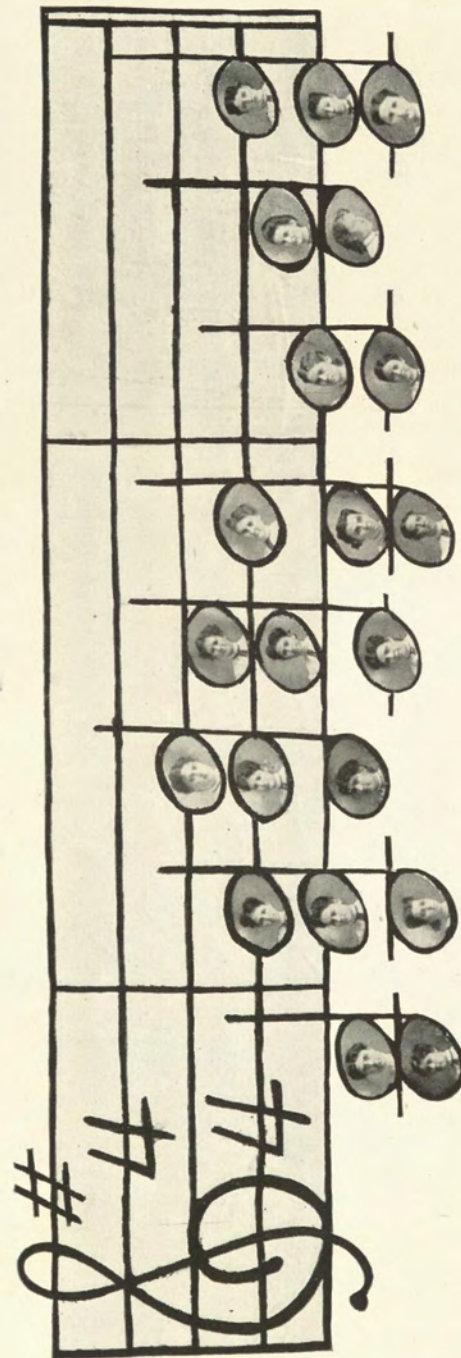
### In Faculty

MISS FAY





## Glee Club.



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### Officers.

OLALEE LYON . . . . . *President*  
MOLLIE STONE . . . . . *Secretary*  
MARGARET EVANS . . . . . *Treasurer*  
MISS JUSTINA SMITH . . . . . *Directress*

### Members.

OPAL FRAZER  
PEARL BLOW

### BIRDIE BLOW

ORA BLAIR  
FAIRY MAY RUSHING  
ELOISE PUNCHARD  
MARIANNA REDDICK  
CRESSIE BECKMANN  
LAURA ABADIE  
ADDIE KENDALL  
MARY KIMBROUGH

SUSIE BATES  
NELLIE MILLS  
EUNICE TYSON  
MATTIE COLLINS  
MAMIE BOWLES  
LURA YANDALL  
ADA BUTLER  
JULIA CHERNOSKY  
ELSIE JONAS

## D. A. Club.

### Colors :

*Yellow and Brown.*

### Flower :

*Bachelor Button.*

### Motto :

*"A maid in the kitchen is worth  
two in the parlor."*

### Officers :

LENA BUMPAS . . . . . *President*  
EULA TURNER . . . . . *Vice-President*

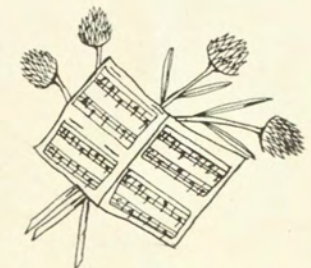
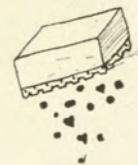
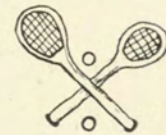
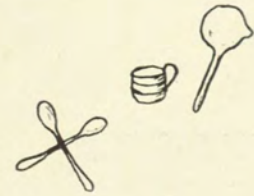
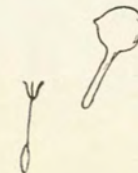
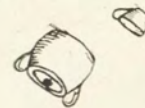
### Members :

LAURA ABADIE  
SUSIE BATES  
ETHEL BISHOP  
ORA BLAIR  
BERTHA BOWLES  
GEORGIA BRYANT  
MATTIE COLLINS  
EMILY EASLEY  
MARGARET EVANS  
MARY FAIN  
OPAL FRAZER  
GENEVA GLEASON  
ELSIE JONAS  
ADDIE KENDALL  
OLALEE LYON  
EULA MCFARLAND  
NANNIE MCILVAIN  
KATHERINE MCLEOD  
NELLIE MILLS  
MAGGIE MINNIS  
ALICE MOORE  
LURA NIX  
ELOISE PUNCHARD  
GERTRUDE REEVES  
BEULAH ROLLINS

FAIRY MAY RUSHING . . . . . SADIE SWENSON . . . . . MOLLIE STONE . . . . . LURA YANDALL

### Honorary Members.

LAURA NEALE . . . . . MARIE POYNOR . . . . . TOPSYE MEDLIN . . . . . ADELE HOFSTETTER  
MISS TUTTLE . . . . . DR. EVANS . . . . . MRS. BROOKS  
MISS BELL . . . . . MR. SOWDER . . . . . MRS. C. W. FOULK



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## C. O. P.



### Motto

*"Knock, or be knocked out."*

### Members

DOSSIE SMITH  
 HARVEYLOU SMITH  
 LAURA LEE ABADIE \*  
 HETTIE MULKEY  
 WINNIE LE FEVRE  
 FAIRY MAY RUSHING  
 EVA HAMNER  
 MARY KIMBROUGH

## The High Five.



### Motto

*"You may come and you may go, but we're High Five forever."*

### Flower

*Any we can find.*

### Favorite Bird

*The Eagle.*

### Greatest Abhorrence

*Study bell.*

### Greatest Pleasure

*Climbing high mountains.*

### Favorite Occupation

*Living high.*

### Members

HAPPY VAN ZANT  
 GRUMBLING MILLER  
 TEASING DUNKS

JOLLY DURHAM . . . . . *President*  
 BEAUTIFUL SCHROEDER



## Allen Club.



### Colors:

*Green and White.*

### Flowers:

*Mistletoe.*

### Officers:

MISS JULIA CHERNOSKY . . . . .	President
MISS LURA M. NIX . . . . .	Vice-President
MISS NELLIE BREIHAN . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer

### Members:

ADA BUTLER  
NELLIE BREIHAN  
ANNIE LOU CHASTAIN  
JULIA CHERNOSKY  
LOUISE CHERNOSKY

CORA FREEMAN  
RUBY GRAHAM  
ELSIE JONAS  
LURA NIX  
MINNIE SCHNEEMAN

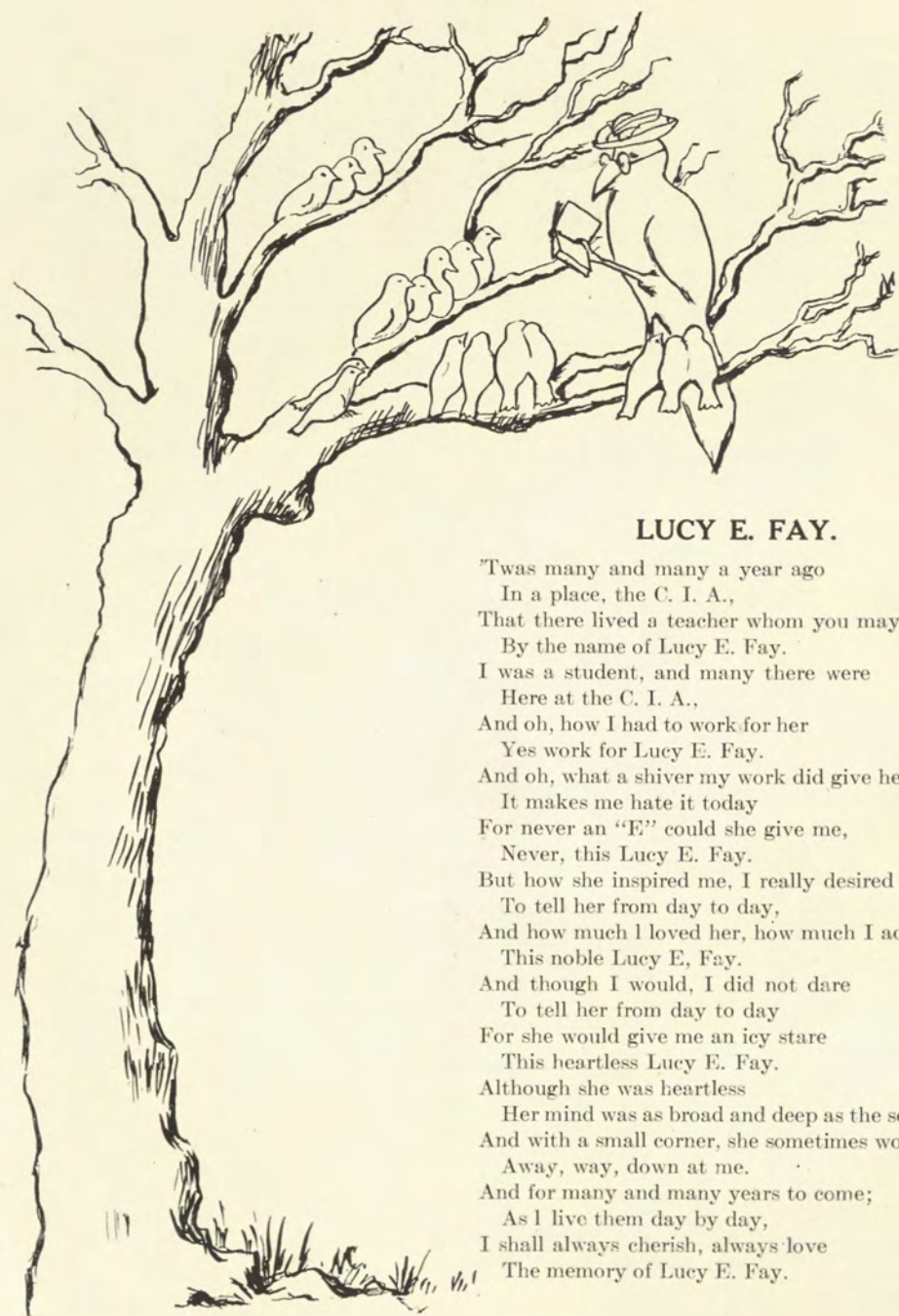
S. W. E. A.



# BE YE REFLECTORS OF CHRIST

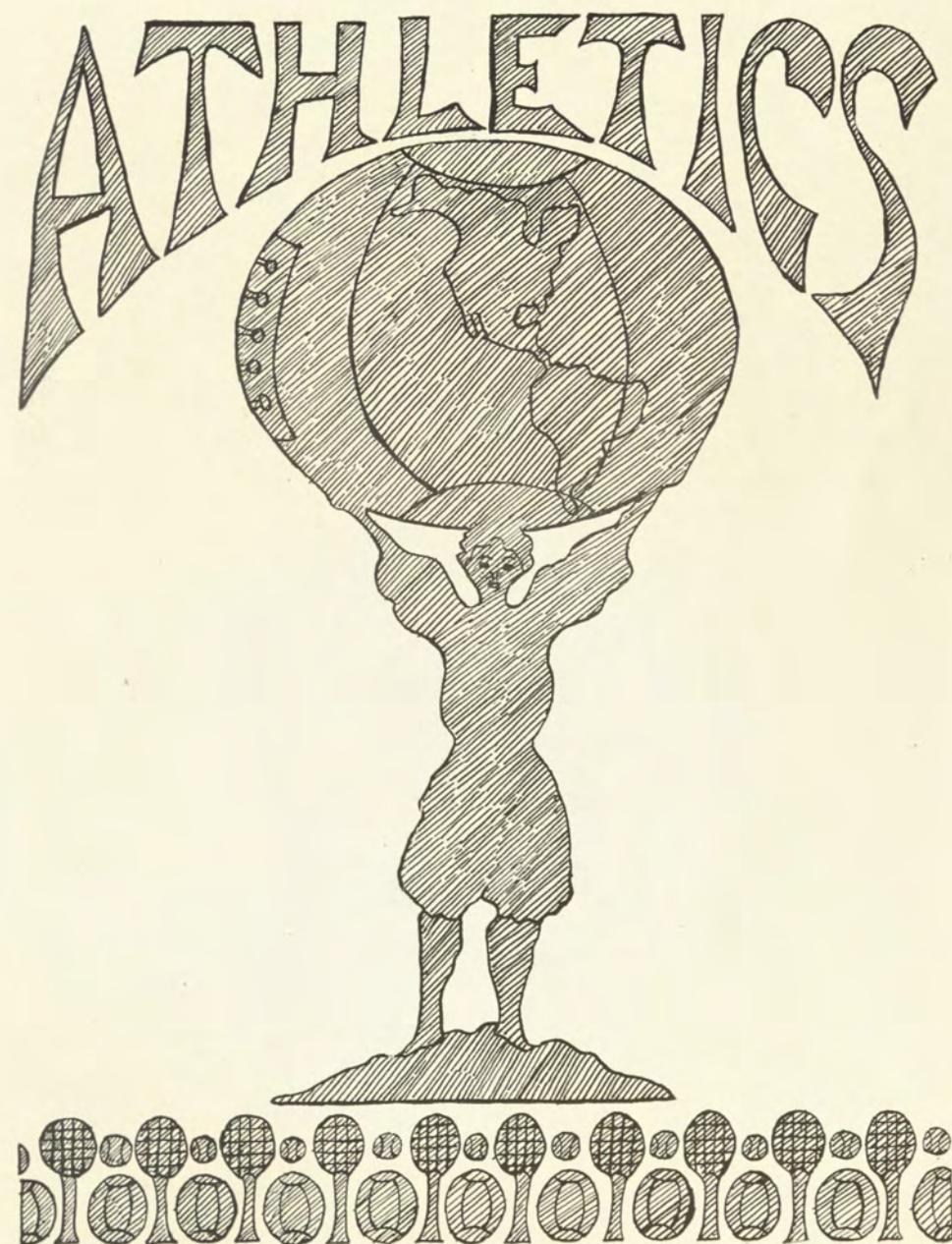
ORGANIZED-1904





### LUCY E. FAY.

'Twas many and many a year ago  
 In a place, the C. I. A.,  
 That there lived a teacher whom you may know  
 By the name of Lucy E. Fay.  
 I was a student, and many there were  
 Here at the C. I. A.,  
 And oh, how I had to work for her  
 Yes work for Lucy E. Fay.  
 And oh, what a shiver my work did give her,  
 It makes me hate it today  
 For never an "E" could she give me,  
 Never, this Lucy E. Fay.  
 But how she inspired me, I really desired  
 To tell her from day to day,  
 And how much I loved her, how much I admired  
 This noble Lucy E. Fay.  
 And though I would, I did not dare  
 To tell her from day to day  
 For she would give me an icy stare  
 This heartless Lucy E. Fay.  
 Although she was heartless  
 Her mind was as broad and deep as the sea  
 And with a small corner, she sometimes would peep  
 Away, way, down at me.  
 And for many and many years to come;  
 As I live them day by day,  
 I shall always cherish, always love  
 The memory of Lucy E. Fay.





## Vikings '06.



Members.

GRACE TAYLOR  
LAURA ABADIE  
GEORGIA BRYANT  
ORA BLAIR  
MAY CLARK  
RHUE CROXTON  
MARIANNA REDDICK

*Captain*

JESSIE GRIFFIN  
WILLIA HUCKABY  
MARY KIMBROUGH  
NELLIE MILLS  
EULA MCFARLAND  
MOLLIE STONE

## Haughty Hits.

**Colors.**  
*Green and White.*

**Flower.**  
*Touch-me-not.*

**Yell.**

Hi, Ki, Ku  
Hipzoo! Mazoo  
Haughty Hits, Haughty Hits,  
Shi! bim! bah.



Members.

*Captain*

FAIRY MAY RUSHING

**Centers.**

FAIRY MAY RUSHING

OPAL FRAZER

VELMA EADS

ADDIE KENDAL

**Forwards.**

GRACE RISLEY

ETHEL JONES

CRESSIE BECKMAN

MATTIE COLLINS

**Guards.**

MARY STERLING

GENEVA GLEASON

LUCILE STALLCUP

MARGARET EVANS



S. L. E. Tennis Club.

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T. B. Base Ball.

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Freshman Ball Team.

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General Matter.



## Alphabet as Taught at the C. I. A.



A stands for Allen,  
Our Stenographer fine;  
When you learn type-writing  
He'll put up the sign.

B stands for Banks,  
He can't tell a story;  
But to tell fairy-tales  
Is the height of his glory.

C stands for College,  
The best in the State;  
Come take advantage,  
Before it's too late.

D stands for our doctor,  
She makes us rejoice;  
When we see her coming,  
And hear her dear voice.

E stands for easy Easley,  
Our editor-in-chief,  
She surely is troubled  
From some great grief. (Her lost beau.)

F stands for Fay,  
So beautiful and tall,  
If you don't know your English,  
She'll sure make you squall.

G stands for Gessner,  
Who lives just beyond  
The old picket fence  
And the bright sparkling pond.

H stands for Helen,  
So tidy and neat,  
When we don't get demerits,  
We say: "Oh! Ain't she sweet?"

I stands for Innocence,  
When the teachers are around,  
But my! When they're away  
The whistles do sound.

J stands for Jessie,  
Bless her dear soul,  
We'd rather get E in History  
Than a hundred pounds of gold.

K stands for Katherine  
With a long Roman nose,  
Followed by Mills  
Where ever she goes.

L stands for Laura,  
A "belle" in the school,  
When with a "dear friend,"  
She sure breaks the rule.

M stands for Martha,  
Who came the other day,  
Do you like her?  
Well I'll just say.

N stands for Noble,  
Now he isn't vain,  
So don't you say it,  
No, never again.

O stands for Ola,  
Whom the faculty think nice,  
But she never fails to smile,  
At any old Price (Secretary.)

P stands for Perry,  
Who is now keeping house,  
She loves her dear kitchen,  
But runs from a mouse.



Q stands for questions,  
And many we ask  
To answer them all  
It proves a great task.

R stands for Rhue,  
A brown-eyed girl,  
When "Spragie" says come,  
She goes in a whirl.

S stands for Smith and Sprague,  
They're both so happy and gay,  
That the students hope with all their might,  
That they with us will stay.

T stands for Tuttle,  
Who is quite clever,  
And if you knew her,  
You would love her forever.

U stands for Uniform,  
So stylish and blue,  
We wear them continually  
And fuss when we do.

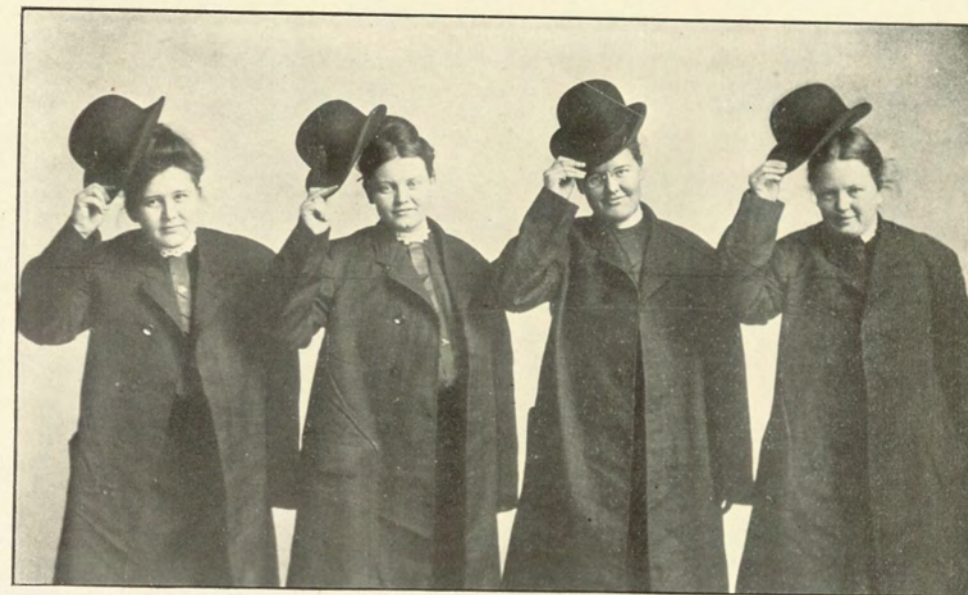
V stands for Virginia (Whitten)  
Our Zoology teacher bright,  
Be sure and bisect those bugs,  
Or she'll be ready to fight.

W stands for Work  
Who works all the time,  
Cuts out paste-board,  
And whittles off the pine.

X, Y, and Z stand for all left out,  
And you'd better thank your stars,  
'Twas the others talked about.

## Lilliputians.

Average Weight 175 Lbs.





## Maxims Culled From Chapel Talks.

"Don't cut chapel."

"Control your tongue."

"Don't meddle with teacher's affairs."

"Be patient."

"Don't go to town too often."

"Have a life purpose."

"Don't expose yourself in bad weather."

"Do one thing."

"See your faculty advisor before accepting a proposal."

"Don't whistle at the boys."

"Aim at something High."

"Go to Miss Whitten for excuse blanks."

"Keep still when the gong sounds."

"Observe study hours."

"Beware of street acquaintances."

"Don't study too hard."

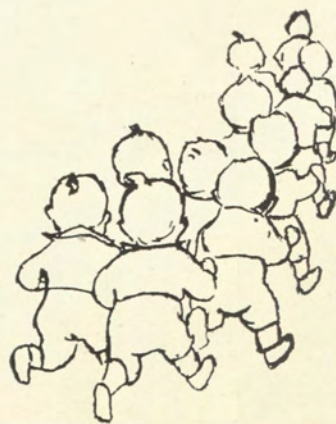
"Run your beau off at ten."

"Don't use the phone without permission."

"Don't parade the halls."

"Don't write too many letters."

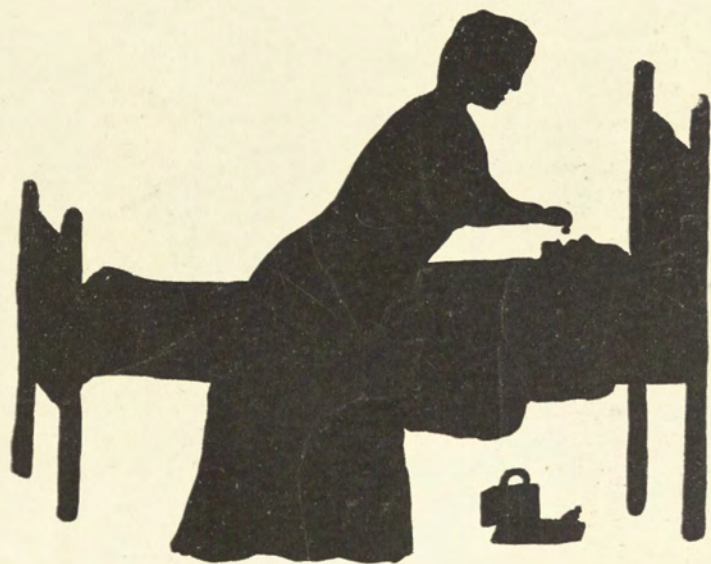
"Go to bed at ten."



## Gloomy Glimpses.











## How to "Stand In" With the Teachers.

PROF. WORK:—Kiss his children. (Miss Kimbrough is authority for this.)

PROF. BANKS:—Laugh at his jokes.

PROF. ALLEN:—Be quiet when passing his door.

PROF. SOWDER:—Pretend to listen to him.

PROF. ADKISSON:—Help him get out of work.



DR. EVANS:—Unnecessary—she never flunks any one.

MRS. SMITH:—Never break a rule.

MISS FAY:—Be bright and never act timid.

MISS WHITTEN:—Tell her your secrets

MISS SPRAGUE:—Love art and use the right side of the drawing paper.

MISS HUMPHRIES:—Understand as she does.

MISS SMITH:—Smile at her.

MISS TUTTLE:—Promise to teach cooking or laundering.

MISS BELL:—Be precise and sedate.



## Paradise Lost.

(With apologies to Mr. Milton.)

There was never a pair so happy as they,  
While they lived in their bright Eden Home;  
They had nothing to do but to sleep and to play,  
And enjoy new beauties where e're they did roam.

There was just one fruit they dared not try,  
For it was forbidden; and they had been told  
That the day they should eat there-of, they should die;  
And they cheerfully obeyed; they were noble and bold.

But alas! the Serpent came, in his most attractive attire,  
And told them 'twas false, they wouldn't die at all,  
To try it, 'twas very fine. This set their hearts on fire,  
And, though noble and true and strong, they did fall.

They hastily marched to the place, on a slight elevation,  
And lo! just as they mounted they struck a trap-door,  
Down they came with a crash! down to degradation!  
And frightened and disgraced they lay on the floor.

They shuddered to think of the sin they had wrought,  
They were dazed with amazement, deadened with fright,  
And these poor little mice were less quiet in thought  
When they found they were to be Tab's supper that night.

N. E. M.

## An Unusual Saturday Night.

It was Saturday night and strange to say there was no mischief on foot. At supper every one seemed to be thinking deeply, there was no laughing and talking as was usual on this one free night of the week. After the meal was over, we all gathered on the front porch. It was a hazy moonlight night and the wind moaned softly through the trees in the yard; somewhere in the distance we heard the faint throbbing of a violin accompanied by singing. At first it was very indistinct, but as we listened it grew plainer;

"Be it ever so humble there's no place like home"  
came clearly across the distance. Someone down on the front steps began to cry so pitifully and soon the whole crowd had joined her. Such sobbing and crying! We were home-sick, reader, and the moonlight, moaning wind, and distant music had been more than we could stand. I'll venture that in each of our minds there arose the picture of home, perhaps it was humble, but none the less dear, and when this picture faded there came another, far dearer, that of father and mother.

After some time the crying grew less audible and one by one the girls quietly stole indoors and I was left alone. I raised my head and listened, the music had ceased, the wind had died away and I felt a great peace and contentment steal over me. For an hour I sat thus, drinking in the beauty of the moonlit world. Then I arose to follow the others, thinking what an unusual Saturday night.

OPAL F.





## Sonnet on the Late Slaughter of the Innocents.

Avenge, O maids, thy down trod cause whose fate  
Lies crushed at the feet of the faculty cold,  
E'en us, who the College dignity uphold,  
While Preps and Juniors hold their revels late,  
They spare not; but of us, they, in great state,  
When we in an agony of doubts and fears,  
Await their will in trembling and in tears,  
Of our class standing and so forth they prate.  
Arouse, avenge the senior cause to-day,  
Our pride, our dignity with us support  
O'er all the College, where now doth sway  
The cruel faculty; let there be court:  
Let Seniors be the jurors, and what they say  
Decide not only fun but also a good report.

J. L. G.



## The Way of a Woman.

You say there's a sameness in my song,  
You long for the savor of something new,  
You tell me "love is not worth while,"  
You tire of the verses I write to you.

Then shall I sing to you of the town,  
Of the rabble throng that crowds the street?  
Or of the country life perhaps you'd know,  
The new mown hay with its odor sweet?

No! I'll leave the theme to you  
Prose or poetry, short or long.  
Only we'll let this be our cue  
*Love* is excluded from the song.

Shall I sing of some old Cathedral tower,  
Its massive dome; its spires so high,  
Or how some martyr perished by fire  
While the surging crowd stood gazing by?

Subjects you see, are not so few,  
Any subject, short or long  
And you long for the savor of something new,  
So, love is excluded from the song.

What! for a song of yourself you sue!  
I'm surely mistaken, yes I am wrong  
Sing of your smile and your voice and—Pooh!  
*Love* is excluded from the song.



## A Heart's Treasure.

Only a bunch of daisies fair,  
A cluster of yellow and white  
Flowers that bend in the breezes soft  
The flowers she wore that night.  
She tenderly lifted each drooping head  
So gracefully tossing there,  
And the beautiful flowers nestling close  
Smile back at the maiden fair.  
"How lovely you are," she softly said  
As she pressed them to her cheek  
"Your very petals almost seem  
As if they were trying to speak."  
"And Oh, if you could only speak,  
The story you would tell,  
Would be of a Senior's love, I think,  
The love she bore you well."



## An Experience Meeting.

TIME:—Ever since midnight, March 2nd, 1905.  
PLACE:—Corridors, stairways, recitation rooms, chapel and office of the C. I. A.; streets, by-ways and alleys of Denton; villages, towns and cities of Texas.  
MEMBERS PRESENT:—Second Preps, of 1905 (now Juniors).  
RUSHING:—"I tell you what, people, this is the swellest stunt that has ever come off in this college."  
LYON:—"Hoopie, didn't every thing turn out *perfectly beautifully*? They said we were little dears."  
MINNIS:—I heard one of the teachers say it was startling—the grace and ease with which we did it."  
LACY:—"And the decorations"! ! !  
BLOW:—"Haven't we shown them how *well* we can do things?"  
FAIN:—"Just think of serving eight courses."  
JONAS:—"And we did it all by ourselves."  
BOWLES:—"Yes, 'glory and palms' are ours."  
TURNER:—"It's plain that we have covered ourselves with honors."  
TYSON:—"And aint we glad we tried? I am sure we will now pass on all of the exams. next week."  
REEVES:—"But the best of all is, the Juniors could have never done it so well—won't they envy us?"  
BECKMAN:—"The light of the sun is dim compared to the light of our glory."  
ADVICE FROM OLDER AND WISER HEADS:—Go ahead children and sing your own praises, for verily, verily, "He who tooteth his own horn is sure of having it tooted."





## Ted's Visit to the Big House.

I was tired of the old barn, so I started out to learn who lived in the big house on the hill. I had hardly gotten into this strange house when I was startled by a horrible noise. It sounded like the rattling chains of a ghost but upon investigating I found it was only the janitor dragging his basket of pans and dusters along the floor. I had just recovered from this fright and had started again on my explorations when I saw another mouse coming toward me. He came nearer and would have passed by me but I stopped him with a pleasant "Good-morning! What is your name sir?"

He was not inclined to be very friendly and did not even answer my questions but I kept talking to him. "I am just a little mouse named Ted, and I want to see all the wonderful things which I have been told are in this college." The other mouse began to look a little more friendly. "This," he said, "is the College of Industrial Arts. I have lived here three years and know all about the place. You seem to be quite harmless, so if you will come with me I will take you around to see what is here."

As we started off, Ted, (the other mouse's name was Tod,) cautioned me to keep away from the girls in blue. I did not know who the girls in blue were but soon learned that they were the ones who made things happen in that house.

"We will not go into the dairy now" said Tod, "for the dairyman keeps every thing so clean, we should find nothing to eat. We will not visit the laundry either until we have more time to cut the linen."

Hurrying into the engine room, Tod led the way to a tiny hole which opened into a long dark passage. Through this passage I followed him for a long time, but at last we came to light again on the first floor. "There is nothing of special interest on this floor either" said Tod. "In that room they make stupid pictures that I can't see any use for, but I like to sharpen my teeth on the baskets and brushes that are kept in there."

"What is that big room across the hall, the one in which there are so many chairs and desks?" I asked.

"Oh! mercy! we must not go in there," said Tod. The new secretary, a very cross man, sits in there ticking on a machine of some kind. The man who makes the girls walk the chalk stays in there also. If they saw us they would certainly attempt to kill us." Just as he was saying this, a girl in blue almost stepped on Tod's tail. Fortunately she missed it and we scampered away. While we were sitting down resting, Tod told me he would not take me in to either the language or mathematics room. "But," he said, "we will go into the English

room. It is just grand to hear those sweet girls declining nouns, talking about sentences and the papers they had written; reading Shakespeare and all kinds of poetry."

Having made this visit we went on to the second floor. We did not visit the chemical laboratory for fear of being "blown up." Tod told me that he had once gone into the Science-Lecture room and had seen with his own eyes, an immense lobster. We did not care to encounter any more lobsters so we started into the history room. Immediately the girls began to scream and jump up in their chairs so we hastily retreated and went up to the third floor.

"We have not time to go in the dress-making room now," said Tod "for I know there is something doing in the kitchen right now." Accordingly we went into the kitchen and sure enough—there was the whole Mouse Club. After several business matters had been attended to, my name was proposed for membership in the club. The members were willing for me to join them and I soon felt very much at home among them. We were all having a big time, when suddenly Tod was caught in a trap and part of my tail was cut off by being caught in another one. With this experience I felt ready to leave the big house, for although having a kindly feeling for my fellows in the club, I don't care to have my life further endangered by coming into contact with those who have been our enemies since the time of their mother Eve.

M. M. '07.





## We'll be Satisfied When we Can.

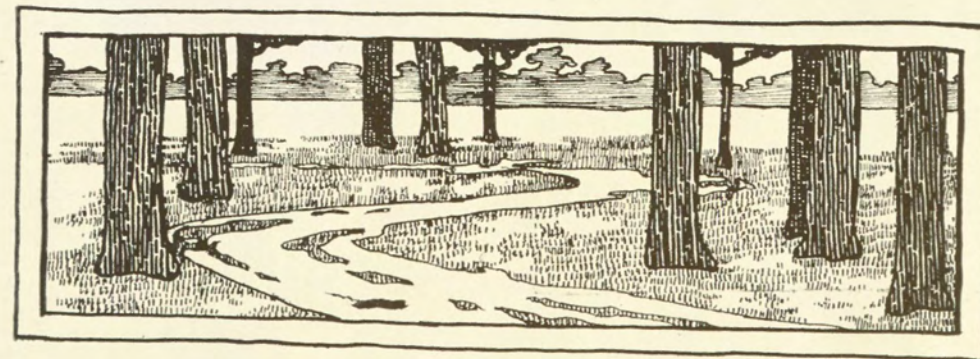
Fix magic lantern slides like Prof. Adkisson,  
Walk like Miss Fay,  
Paint like Miss Sprague does (her cheeks,)   
Give demerits like Mrs. Brooks,  
Be dignified like Mrs. Smith,  
Scare boys like Dr. Evans,  
Love science like Miss Whitten,  
Give lectures like Mr. Work,  
Act a clown like Mr. Allen,  
Be loved (by girls, of course) like Miss Humphries,  
Spin yarns like Mr. Banks,  
Raise chickens like Mr. Sowder,  
Smile like Miss Smith,  
Use long words like Miss Bell,  
Hate bacteria like Miss Tuttle,  
And *get married* like Miss Perry.



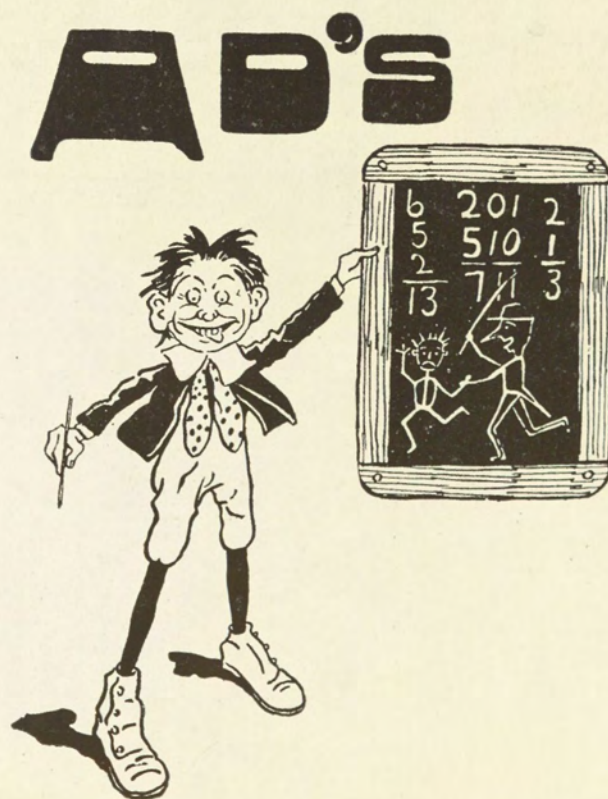
## The Pines.

The lofty pines! How like a mighty army they stand,  
Through the long lapse of years standing ever faithful still,  
While storms rage around them—so mighty, and so grand,  
Still they are forever monarchs of the forests, of dale, and hill.  
They mock the fiercest winds that through them blow,  
And still in their grandeur stand triumphant over all—  
Yet in their depths, the sweetest peace is found, here below,  
When soothed by the moaning wind's low rise and fall.  
Alone with the Maker, under this canopy of perpetual green,  
With this strong and faithful host encircling us around,  
Our enemies, the sorrows and cares of life, vanish as a dream,  
And to us in sweet contemplation is left this hallowed ground.  
No thoughts can enter here except those that are pure and sublime  
For the pines stand like monuments to things noble and true;  
And faithful still, their duty will perform until the end of time—  
Still with the same sublimity rearing their heads into the ethereal blue.

L. STALLCUP.











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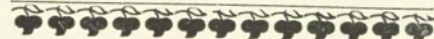
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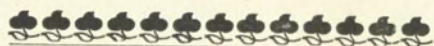
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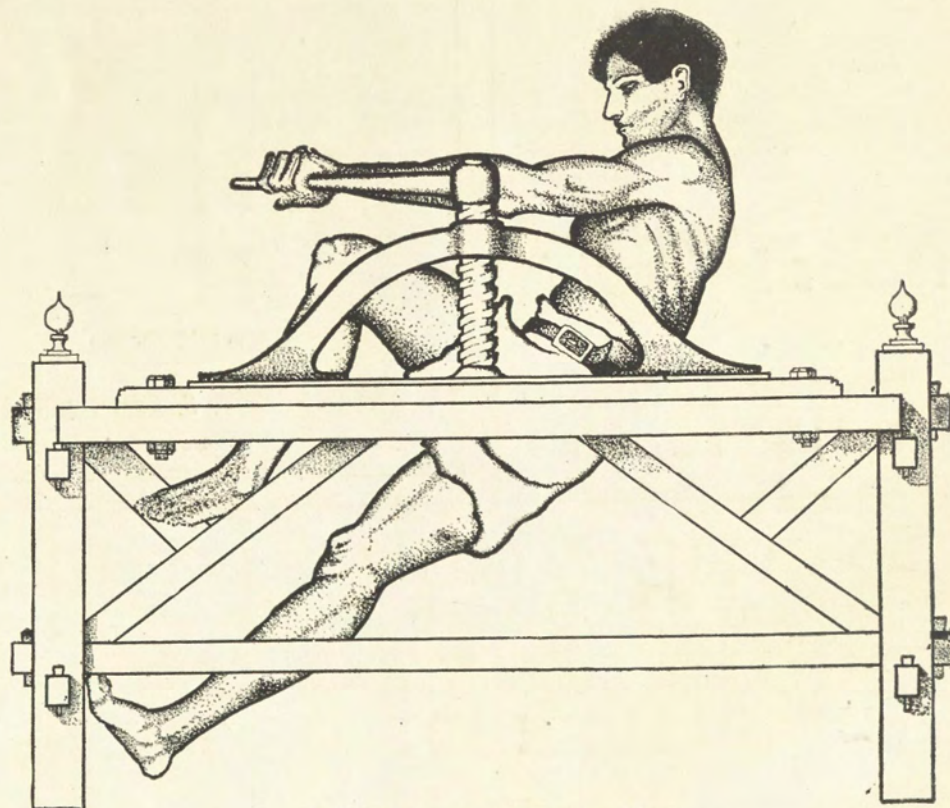


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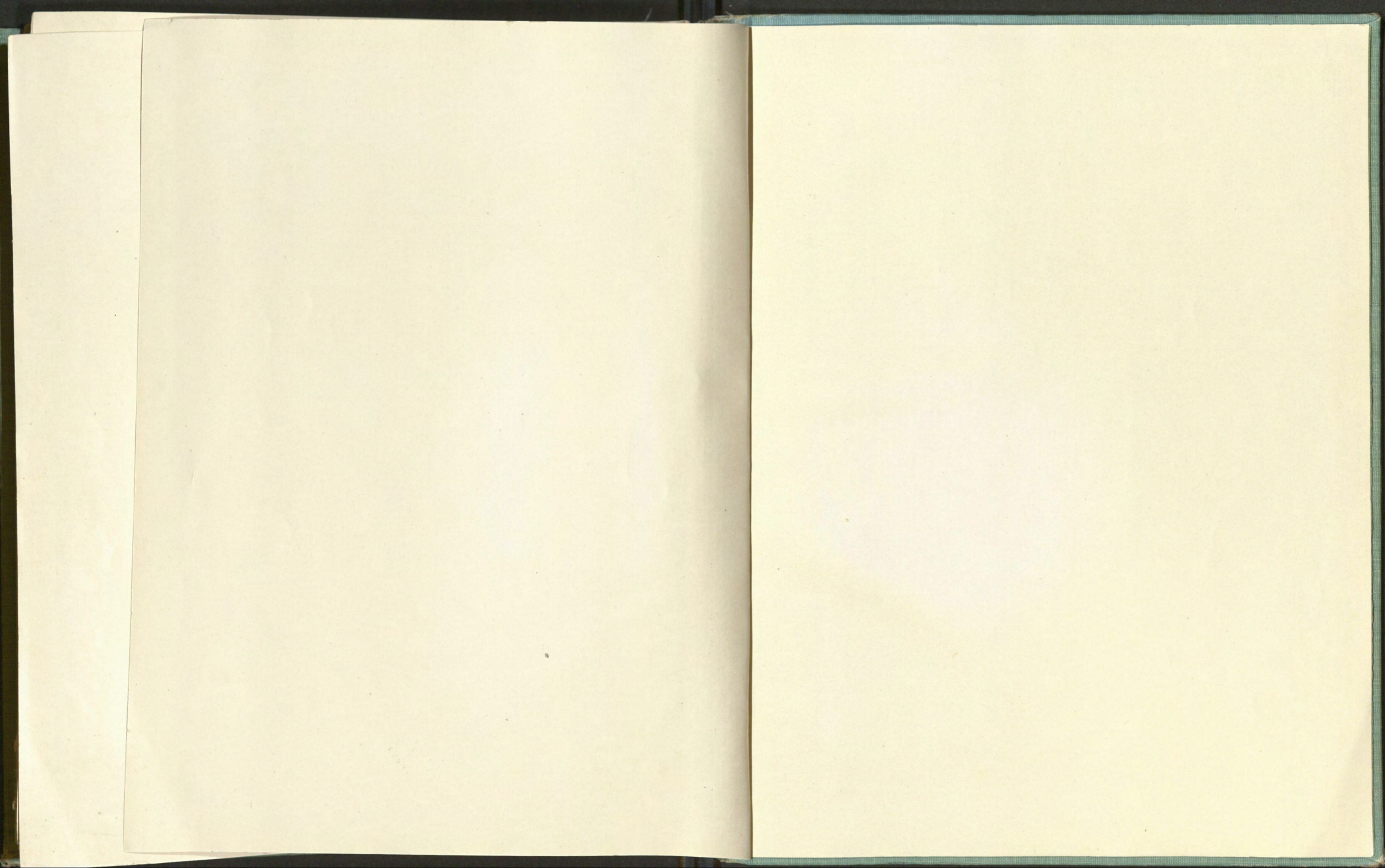
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