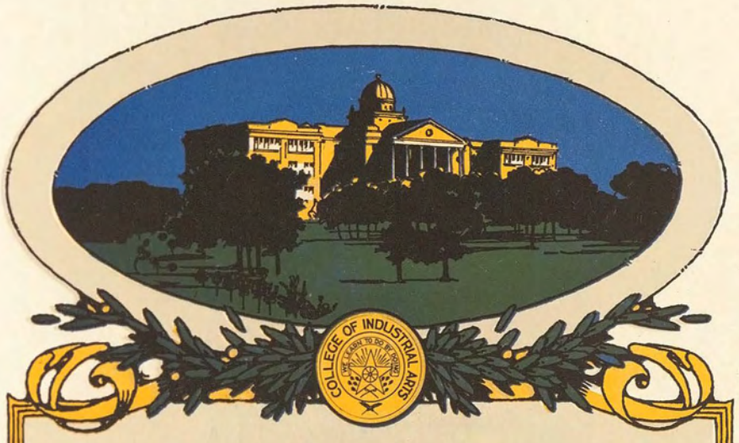
DAEDALIAN

1920

MARY THOMAS

EX LIBRIS



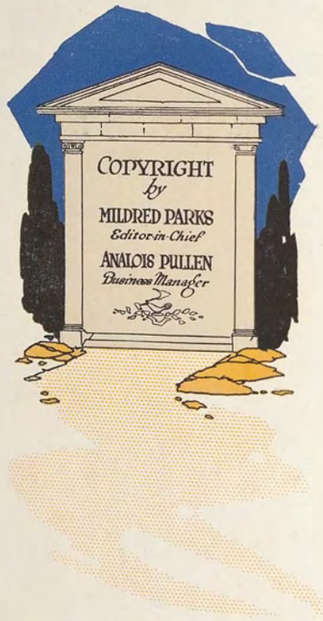
DAEDALIAN

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty

Published by the

SENIOR CLASS of
COLLEGE of INDUSTRIAL
ARTS

DENTON
TEXAS



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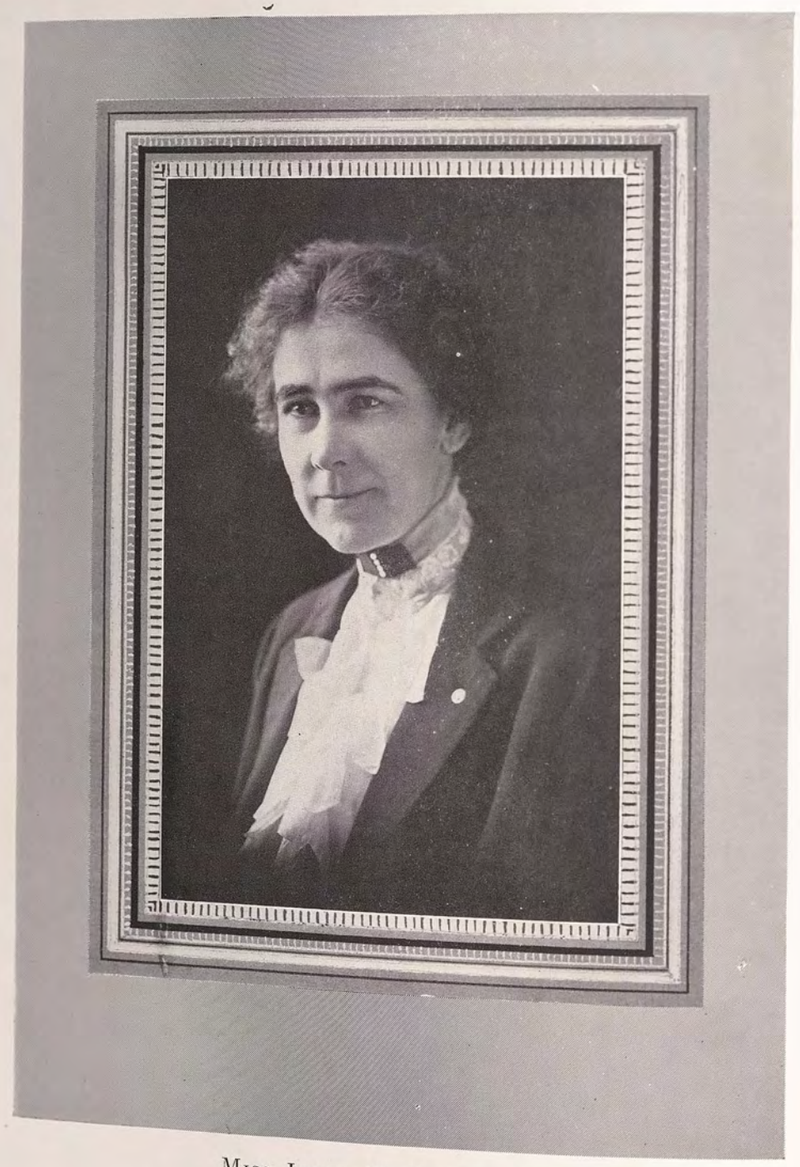
Foreword

It is our purpose in publishing the 1920 Daedalian not so much to excel that which has been done before, as to characterize as fairly as possible the life of the entire school this year, to portray not only the environment in which we live, but the habits and the activities of those who make up this great student body.

Class mates, if perusal of these pages in later years reminds you of happy experiences and dear old days of C.I.A., our efforts shall not have been in vain.

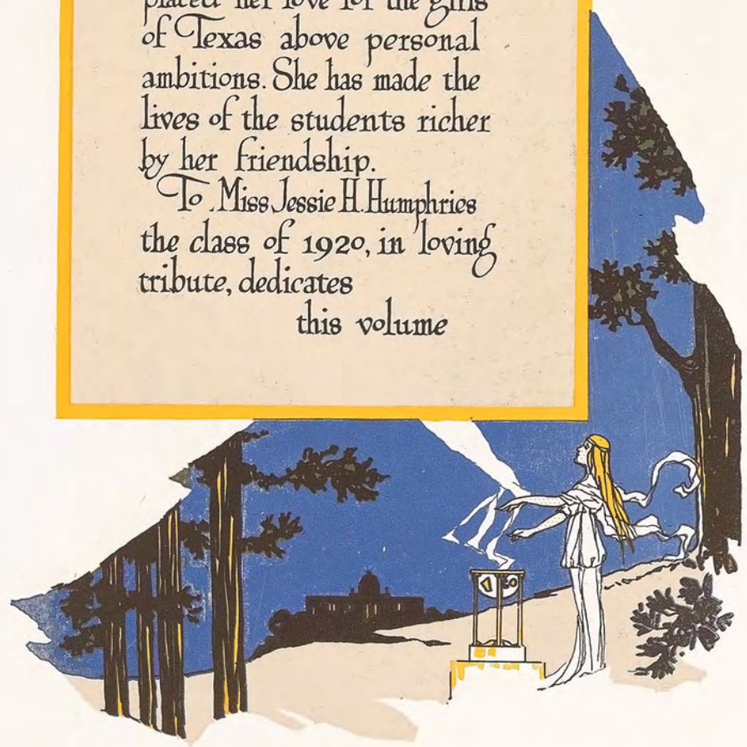


Miss Jessie H. Humphries

Dedication

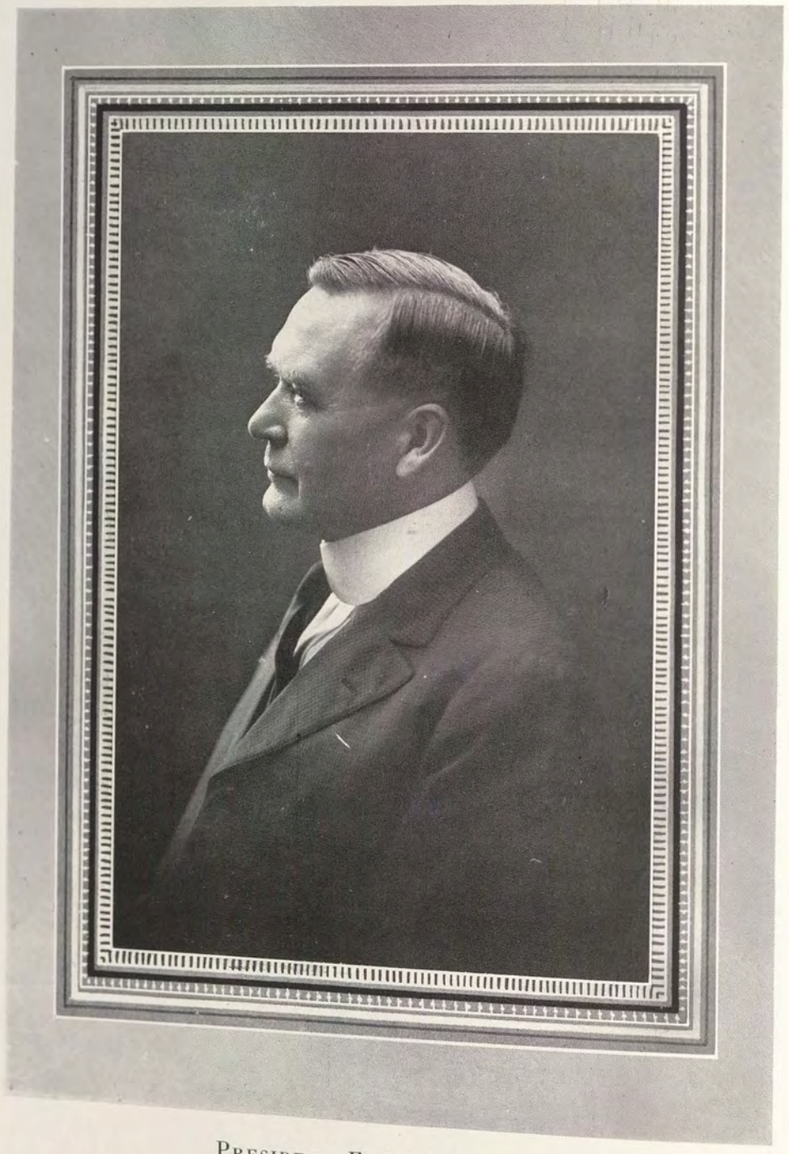
She has kept at heart the best interests of our college since its founding. She has placed her love for the girls of Texas above personal ambitions. She has made the lives of the students richer by her friendship.

To Miss Jessie H. Humphries the class of 1920, in loving tribute, dedicates this volume



Mr. William Stanton Donoho

IS a token of appreciation this page of the 1920 Daedalian is dedicated to Mr. William Stanton Donoho, a professor whose genial courtesy, sympathetic helpfulness and understanding heart have endeared him to the students of the College of Industrial Arts.



President F. M. Bralley

HIS frankness and his democratic leadership have won our respect; his untiring and unselfish devotion to the best interests of the college has won our loyalty; his sincere friendship for each student has won our love.

L. A.

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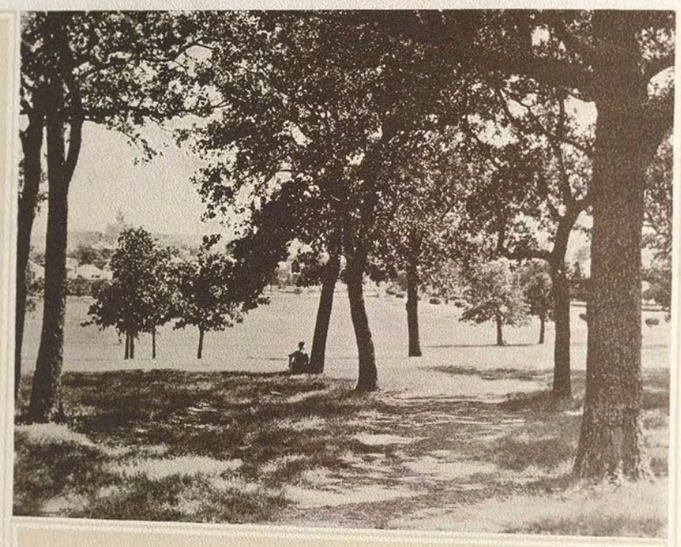
Contents

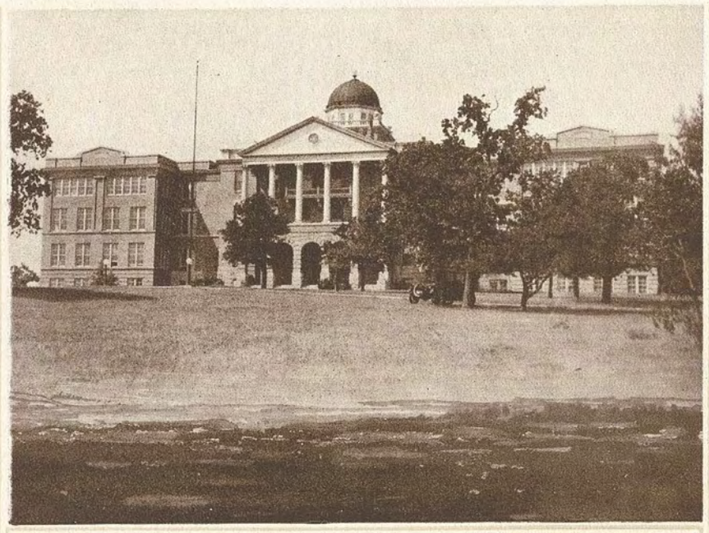
Classes
Administration
Athletics
Organizations
Things Wise and Otherwise

ADMINISTRATION

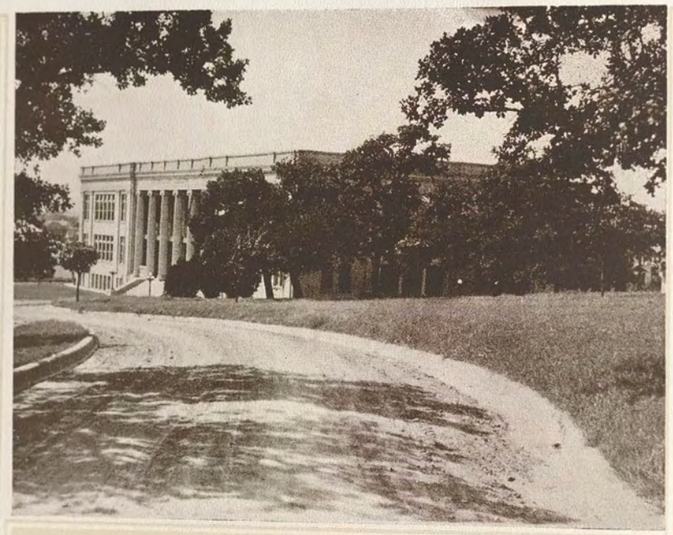
And the clouds come up with softer glow
A scene forever dear



When time which steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasure too
The memory of the past will stay
And half our joy renew

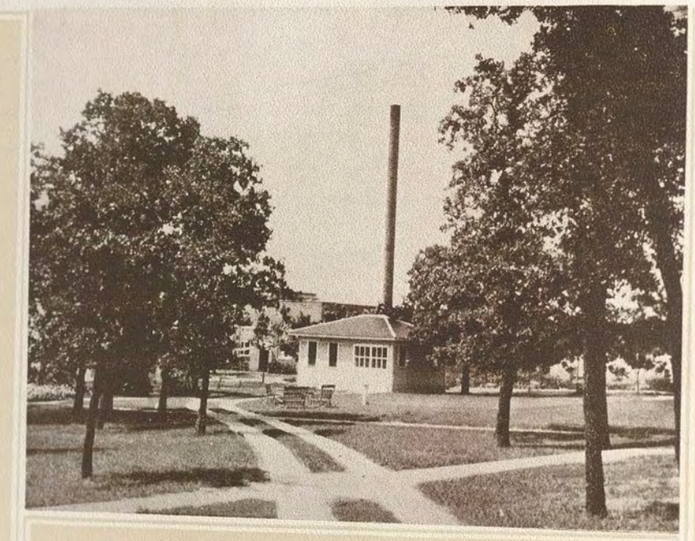


For her we raise
our songs of praise

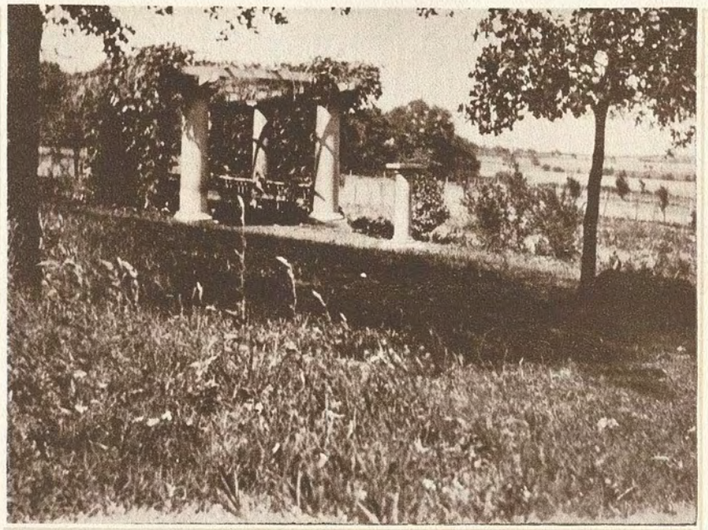


One royal road
to learning

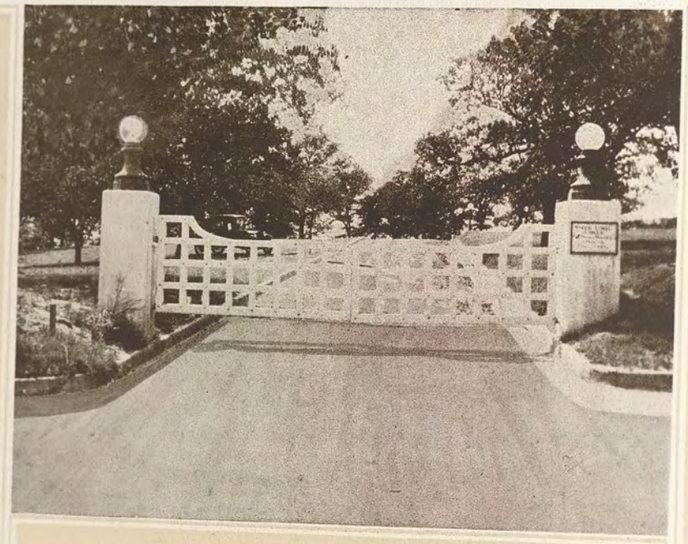
It might be – Lover's Lane



The home of the
college jitney



The setting for innumerable
and varied poses —



One way out

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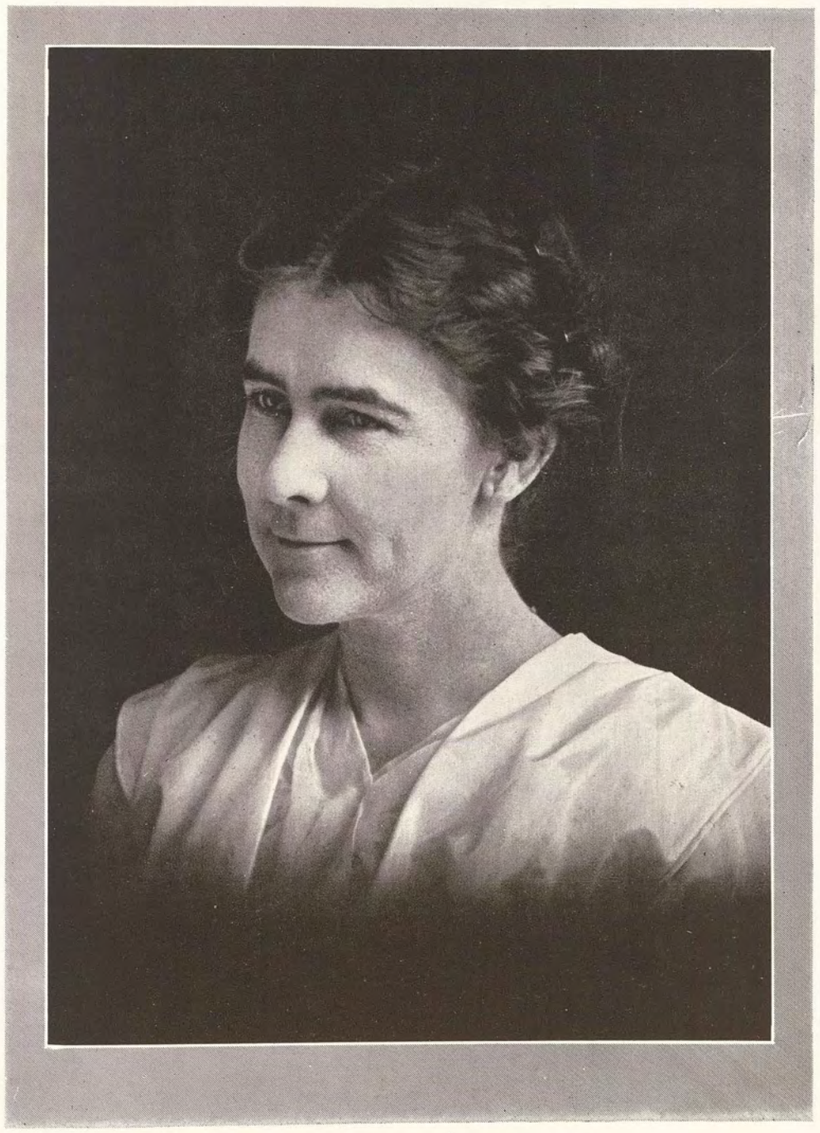
DEAN OF WOMEN

MISS ESTELLA G. HEFLEY
ASSOCIATE DEAN OF WOMEN



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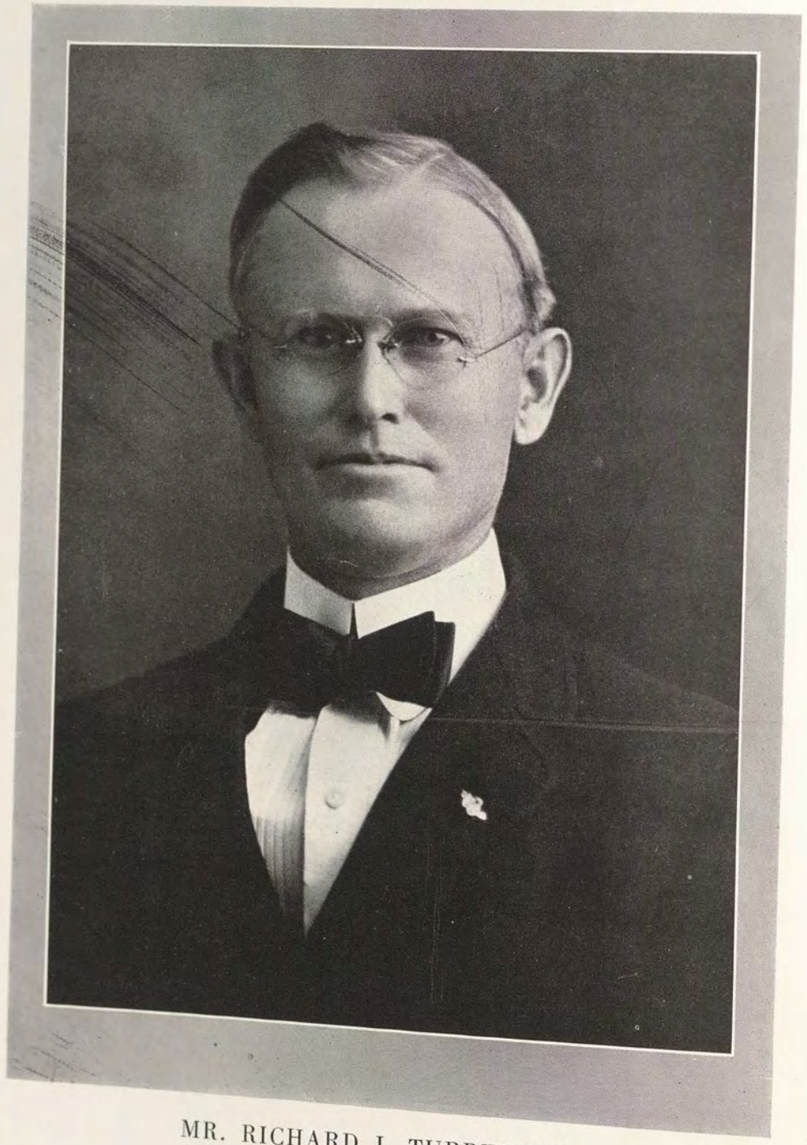

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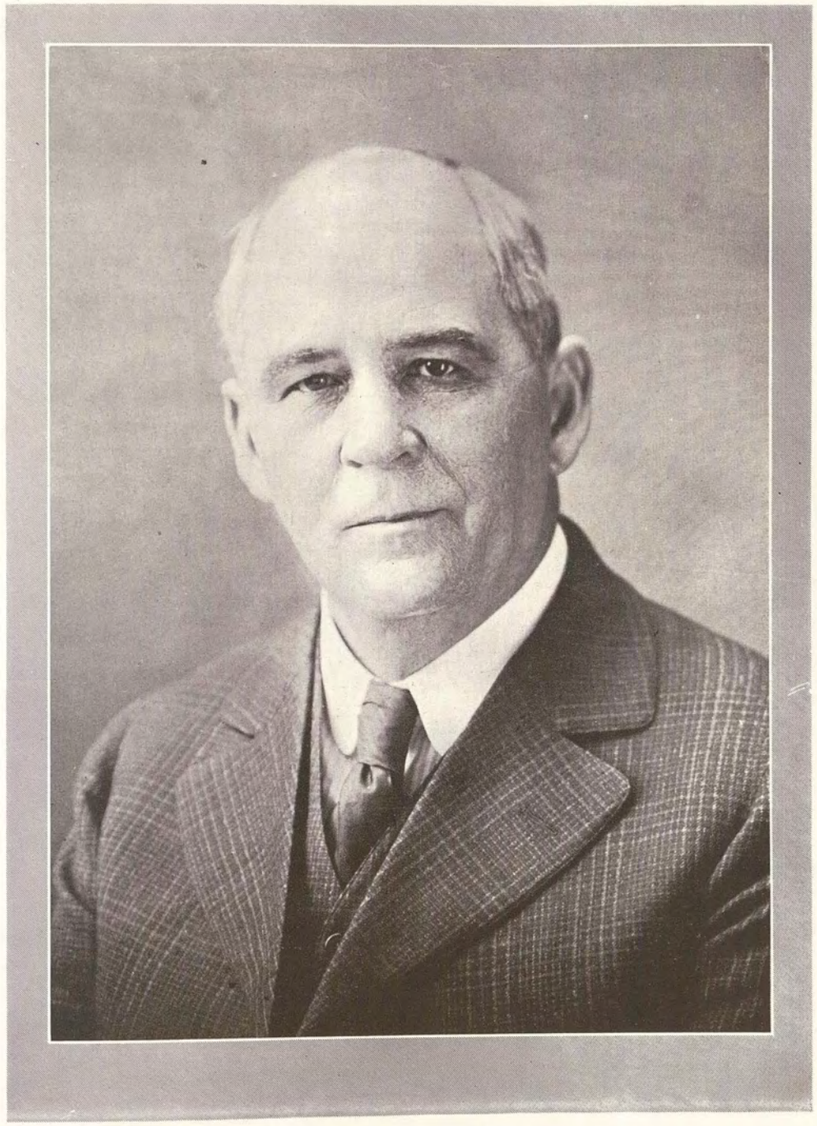
ASSOCIATE DEAN OF THE COLLEGE



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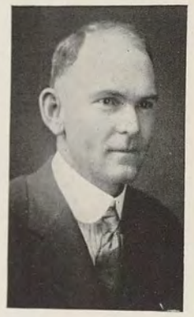

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Voice
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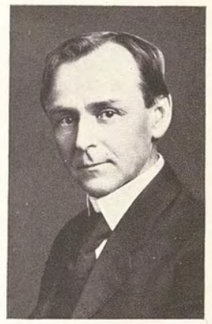

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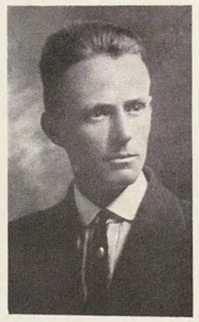

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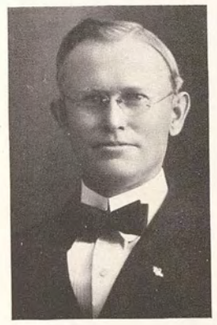

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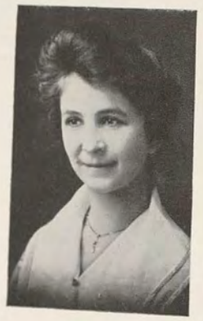

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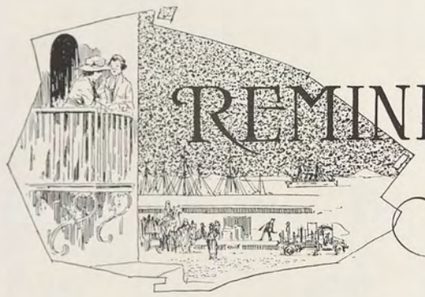
CLASSES

MAJESTIC THEATER
HIGH SCH
SENIOR



REMINISCENCES of 1920

MAURINE CANON, *President*

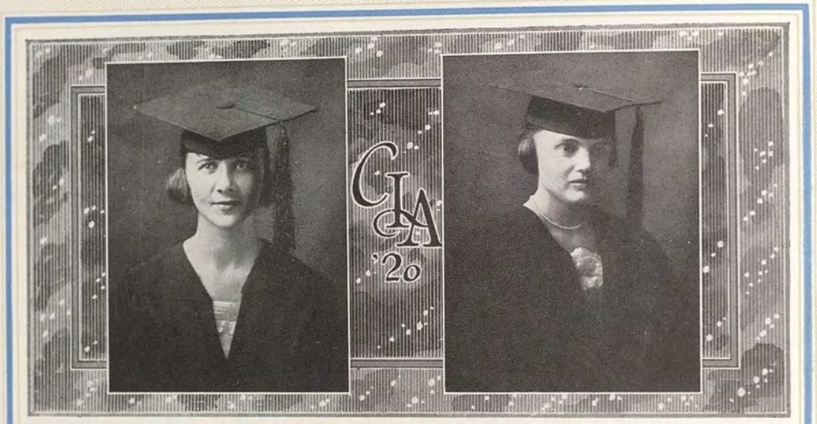
WE leaned on the white balustrade of Bakhara, the girl of my old class of '20 who is ageless, and I who had renewed my connection with the past through the witchery of our meeting. Below us, in the market place of Port Said, the representatives of the world went by unheeding, while she spoke of our work-filled, happy school days that we wished were back again.

Those four years for our class were gay ones, filled with days of work that were lightened by many pleasures; tasks that gave us a training we have never forgotten; and friendships we have guarded through the years that have passed us since.

We were significant because of the fact that we were the only class without a mascot, but the omission of this personage never thwarted or detracted from the honors that we gained for ourselves or the laurels that we held in literary fields.

The ignominy thrust upon us by authority in forcing us as juniors to give up publishing the annual, was more than effaced by the fact that we witnessed the first Senior privileges. Our class can never forget

that landmark, though our hair be grayer than it is today. The effect of our struggles we have handed as a legacy to the girls who throng the campus of our *Alma Mater* after us. And we have left to each girl of the class of '20 the gift of a memory that will last throughout the years; memory of friends we loved, of work well done, of school life that cannot come again, for the class of '20 who have found another work to do.



FAY ALEXANDER, B. S. ..... Denton

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Chaparral Literary Club, Denton County Club.

Calm and implacable, she makes no concessions. She does not even feel impelled to laugh at the professors jokes, unless she be amused. The class likes her, but not on account of theological tendencies. Her discriminating sniff is no respecter of persons.

MARY AIKEN, B. S. ..... Clarksville

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Chaparral Literary Club, Y. W. C. A.

One might add that murderous phrase, "Her intentions are good." So full of good will to everybody you couldn't get mad at her even if she did precipitate a quiz in P. Chem. one day when there was no use. She is the incarnation of science and studies chemistry because she enjoys it.

1920

MRS. J. C. AVERY, B. S. ..... Jacksonville

Household Arts, Domestic Art, Y. W. C. A.

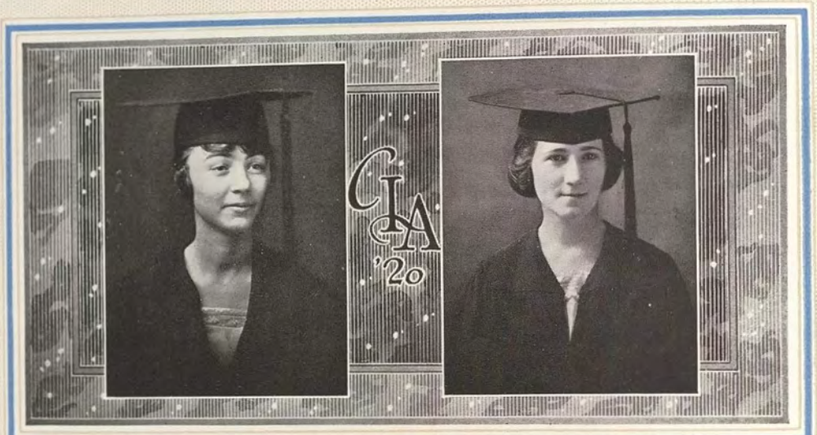
The oldest Senior who has ever graduated from the college, and the chief flag bearer and upholder of the standards of conservatism. She is an example of dignity and perseverance. Although she has studiously devoted the last four years to a concerted consideration for professors, she has escaped being a grind, and we all like her.

EVELYN R. ANDERSON, B. S. ..... Round Rock

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

She has changed her policy from bugs to grafting: "gitting through." Whatever she lacks above the eyes, she must be credited with a tongue that all but sees. She thinks with that tongue, and, when once started, all *C. I. A.* cannot stop her. But to do her justice, she is a student of no mean ability, and a mighty good sport.

1920



MAYME DISHMAN BALL, B. S. ..... *Denton*

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Denton Club.

Thirsting for adventure and not content with navigating the perilous seas of sewing with Miss Gleason as a pilot, she must needs acquire further cargo in the shape of a husband. The fact that she was lucky should not be held against her. She always makes her distance.

JUANITA BRIDGES, B. A. ..... *Sulphur Springs*

Literary. Chaparral Literary Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

A catalogue of her charms:
1. Dimples.
2. Brown eyes.
3. Ditto.
4. Double ditto.

In her journey after knowledge she has discarded high heels, dances and men with equal impartiality.

BERNEZE BUCKNER, B. A. ..... Bridgeport

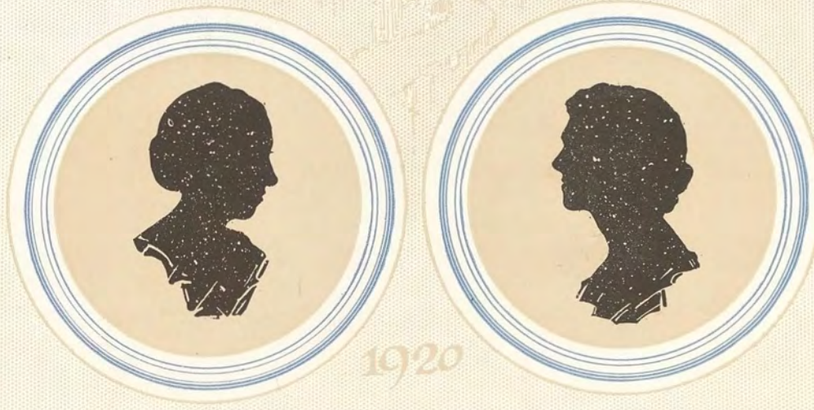
Literary. Press Club, Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A.

She made good grades in Freshman math; her pedigree is safe. She has accomplished in three years what the duller of us stumble over in four, and with half the effort. Her voice might charm multitudes if she knew what to say.

DOVIE BROWN, B. S. ..... Henrietta

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Chaparral Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., Press Club, Student Assistant History Department, Lass-O Reporter.

Spends half her time working on the Cafeteria and the other fifty per cent in the history office. Her spare time is given over to debating with herself which of the two she will work on next. If association counts for anything, she would make a success with a gypsy band in the role of chief palm-reader. "Me tella fortunes cheap!"



NELLIE BRYSON, B. S.....Denton

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Denton Club, Y. W. C. A.

A good student, a consistent worker, and the fortunate possessor of an active brain. She is a perfectly normal, healthy girl, in spite of the fact that she makes good grades. She lets other people's business attend to itself.

GERTRUDE BERNICE CARTER, B. S.....Mercedes

Household Arts, Domestic Art. President Students' Association, Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

Oh, hear the rumblings of the distant guns. Fooled! It's our president elocuting. Loquacious is not the word, but we have never been known as inventors and it will have to suffice. She entertained the inmates of Senior Dem. one night wth a reminiscence which required two and one-half hours for the telling, but she got by with it, and we lived over it. Her devotion to duty will make her a place some day.

DOVIE BARBER, B. S.....Edgewood

Household Arts, Domestic Science.

Of love's young dream she had her share, and so she didn't return after Christmas. She was a good student and a popular girl when she was here, and the class to which she paid her dues is missing her.

MAURINE CANON, B. S.....Lufkin

Household Arts, Domestic Science. President Senior Class, Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Students' Council.

We meet her every day and she's always the same. Perhaps that's the reason we're so strong for her. Her main line is making friends and standing up for them. She dabbles in politics and has been known to hold office. One hundred Seniors stand ready to defend her claim to the title—Favorite.

MARY VIRGINIA CAVILEER, B. S.....Austin

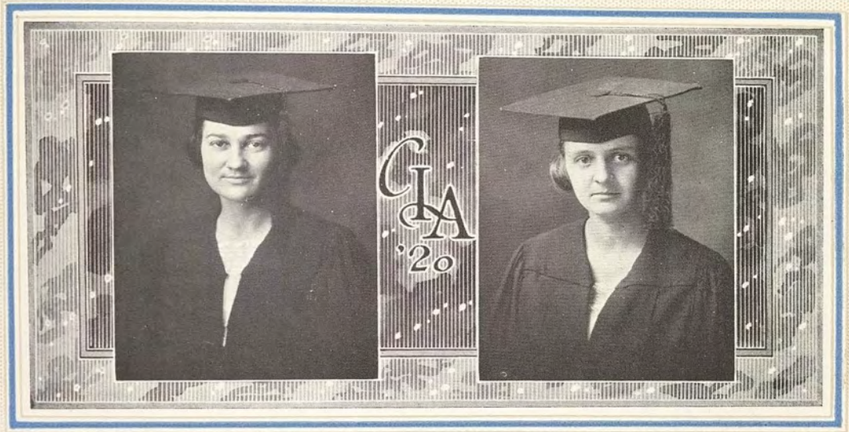
Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A.

Mary hails from Austin, the home of the Varsity rooters and it's a wonder some of the schools in her own city didn't claim her. At any rate we got her. We guess she knows a good school when she sees one. Dignity! May it never forsake her.

CARRIE CODY, B. S.....Caddo Mills

Household Arts, Domestic Science.

Unconcerned, carefree and mighty likeable. There are things she likes better than the Cafeteria but she always gets around to it. Her motto is: "Everything will eventually work out, anyway."



MARY EVELYN COLEMAN, B. S.....Wills Point

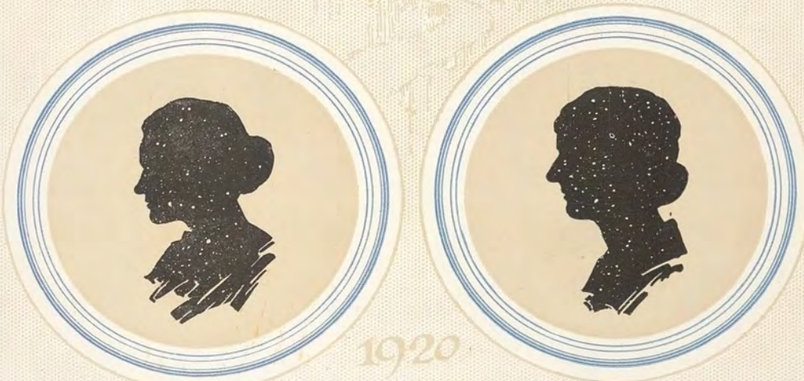
Household Arts, Domestic Science. Chaparral Literary Club, Students' Council, Secretary and Treasurer Van Zandt County Club, Y. W. C. A.

We could not start without saying she is from Van Zandt; however, this fact is not apparent always. She went through two dems and not once was she profane, and that's enough!

CARRIE LEE COLLINS, B. S.....Mt. Selman

Household Arts, Domestic Science. East Texas Club, Y. W. C. A., Student Assistant Foods and Cookery.

A cook after a man's own heart. Her *Alma Mater* has trained her well. She is a "study in quiet." The fact that she is student assistant in the Foods and Cookery Department should not be held against her. She says little, not because she has nothing to say, but because she has more important things on.



RUBY COMPERE, B. S. ..... Abilene

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., West Texas Club.

Snappy black eyes that bore through your futile efforts at defense. The real thing when it comes to pep, because she knows fifty-nine different, hair raising varieties calculated to keep the most wary faculty advisor on the jump.

RUTH DEAN, B. S. ..... Houston

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Chaparral Literary Club, Houston Club.

She is the originator of the *C. I. A.* crush, a pesky animal which she has carefully tended, but dropped after three years' dalliance. Houston is her home, and she likes the north, but no matter how far she goes, friends here are as true as she'll find.

1920

LOTTIE RUTH DOWNING, B. S. ..... Angleton

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club.

She has little to say unless asked questions or talked with and then she has plenty of facts to state, particularly in regard to the Cafeteria. Lottie says she plans to remodel the Union Terminal according to *C. I. A.*

BERTHA DUNCAN, B. A. ..... Fort Worth

Literary. Spanish Club, Fort Worth Club, Y. W. C. A.

Here is the other one of this literary combine. *Downing and Duncan.* (They roomed together as Juniors and are still at it.) We will place her before the eager public as a collaborator of Arnold. As a student she is polished and accomplished; as one of the bunch, always there.

1920

BERTHA DUNKLIN, B. S. ..... Henderson

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A.

She is a triumphant declaration that Dem. need not ruin your life. She went through two and here she is, claiming her degree. Has served a four year sentence in hard working. Persistency desirable? She'll get there, then.

OLABEL DUNKLIN, B. S. ..... Henderson

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A.

Another Senior who has managed to carry plenty of courses and still retain her optimistic disposition, though once at the end of a certain quarter her store of life was dangerously low. Her pet abomination is nutrition.

VIRGIE DYER, B. A. ..... Miami

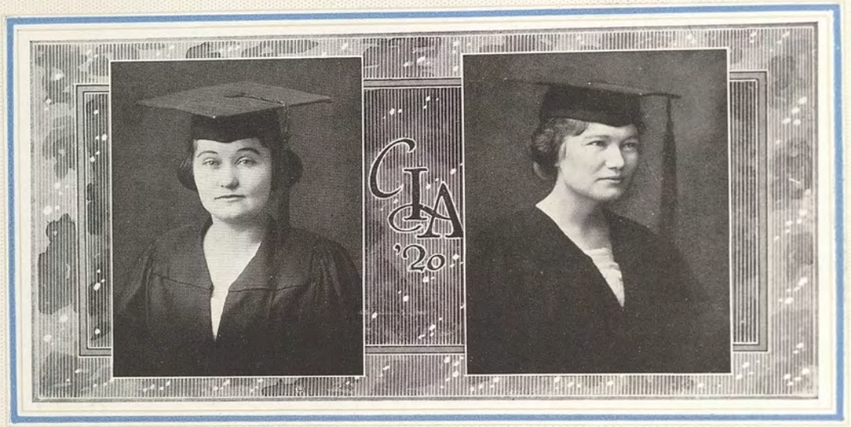
Literary. Press Club, Panhandle Club, Y. W. C. A., Student Assistant Extension Department.

With the heart of a gladiator she bet on her team and lost. State University, it wasn't her fault that you got beat. President of the clipping bureau, statistics fiend, eagle-brained. In studies, she is known for her line.

MARY ELLZEY, B. S. ..... *Denton*

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Town Girls' Club.

Take back your tin and pewter. Never shall it be said I sold my freedom because somebody wanted to buy it. She had the nerve and the opportunity and she used them both. We can stand a lot of girls like Mary.



LADY JANE ELLIS, B. S. ..... Rotan

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Kodak Editor 1920 Daedalian, Chaparral Literary Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

We and the men think a lot of this girl. Bolsheviki? No! Just a gallon of pep compressed in a quart container. She has a finger in every pie where there's devilment at the bottom.

MABEL EUBANK, B. S. ..... Hereford

Household Arts, Domestic Science. President of Capps Hall.

One time she shook her fist at an irate professor. This event took place to trouble a previously peaceful scholastic career. Such is the irony of fate! So creditable has been her subsequent behavior that she is the all-efficient president of Capps Hall, and the chart and compass to two younger sisters.

ELIZABETH FRALEY, B. A. ..... Ladonia

Literary. Literary Editor 1920 Daedalian, Vice-President Chaparral Club, Senior Representative to Students' Association, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

One of the few Seniors who could well risk a profile view. Red lips and blue eyes are an attractive combination and when backed by brains and a degree, an irresistable one. She is an attractive frame to hang evening gowns on.

ELEANOR FIELDS, B. S. ..... Sonora

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

The class of 1920 lost a good sport and a fine student when Eleanor dropped out. It's the gain of next year's class, of course, but we'll miss her.

MATTIE GIBSON, B. S. ..... San Antonio

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A.

Far from the madding crowd she lives but she is reputed to be a deep thinker on the problems of the world as well as those of the student body. She believes that Longfellow was not all wrong when he declared life to be real and earnest.

CARRIE GOODRICH, B. A. ..... Mount Pleasant

Literary. Editor Daedalian Quarterly, Press Club, Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A.

"Not me," said Carrie, as she chucked her literary accoutrements aside and went to Waxahachie instead of T. I. P. A. The possessor of a bright mind crammed with original ideas which she perpetrates via the *Daedalian Quarterly*. We like her.

RUTH GOOCH, B. S. ..... Navasota

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Art Club, Athletic Association, Y. W. C. A.

She concentrated three winters and two summers, picked up the trophies of the conflict, and with pardonable insouicance sailed forth into regions more conducive to spring style, at the close of the second quarter of the third year.

RUBY GOOCH, B. S. ..... Navasota

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Art Club, Athletic Association, Y. W. C. A.

Her idea of a seat on the top of the world is not going to be revised by anybody. A seamstress by college education, a wit by talent, and a society queen by inclination and ability.

ESTHER HUGHES GRAVLEY, B.S., Farmers Branch

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Student Assistant Foods and Cookery.

She wields the big stick in the Foods and Cookery Department. Queen of the order sheet, she is unmerciful if yours comes in late. Her chief occupations are making good grades and more or less good things to eat in the recesses of the H. A. building.

IRA GREGG, B. S.....Ada, Oklahoma

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A.

Her particular type of beauty is the Cleopatra, but the metaphor is only skin deep, as per proverb. In reality, she dons the square top weekly, and plods sedately leagueward, with her full quota of fish. Not too pious, but wholesouledly persevering throughout her Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years—which, incidentally, numbered but three.

EMILY GUTHRIE, B. S.....Brownwood

Vocational Home Economics. Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

Too much knowledge is not good for the nerves, and so Emily left us for the winter quarter. Now she's back and getting her degree just as if she hadn't cut three months of grind. "Champeen" bluffer, there was never the day Emily was not prepared, and never the question that floored her.

ELIZABETH HARRIS, B. S.....Brownwood

Literary. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Student Assistant Phyics Department.

Ability, dependability, stickabilty, and all other desirable abilities may be discovered in this atlas of the physics world, this Hercules who has destroyed the hydra ignorance, by systematically taking each head as she came to it. English, Spanish, Science have each had their turn. Elizabeth has conquered them all.

THELMA GINN, B. S. ..... Granbury

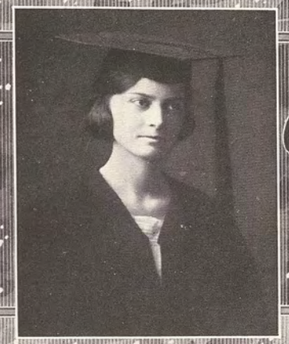
Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Press Club, Secretary Senior Class, Comic Editor 1920 Daedalian.

On intimate terms with little yeast bugs and she and chemistry are as one. A droll satirist whose caustic wit is the delight of persons at whom it is not directed. She became of the opinion that the charms of her native city are more charming in winter splendor than in summer heat, and she will finish here this summer as a consequence.

MARION HILL, B. S. ..... McKinney

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

Solemnitude and quiet personified, unconcerned, carefree and likeable. She studies sociology and will get her sheepskin yet.



NELL B. HARRIS, B. S. ..... Denton

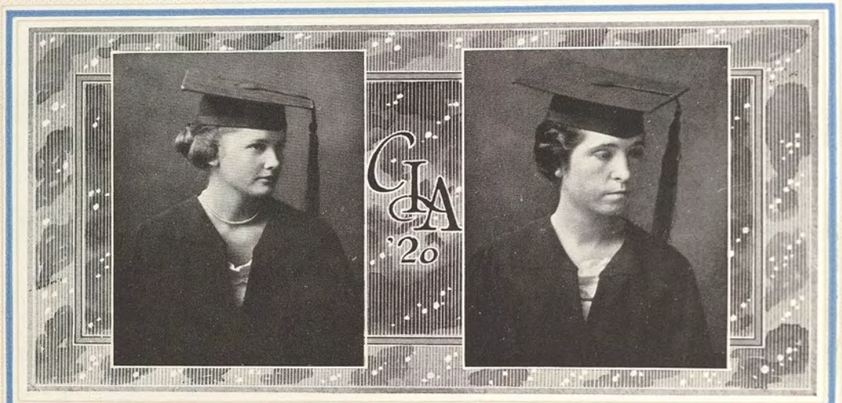
Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Denton Club, Orchestra, Athletic Association.

This quiet and unassuming exterior hides real capability and somewhat of the original stick-to-it-ive-ness. Attractive as she is at first, she grows on one; in fact, one needs must quote the time worn line, "To know her is to love her."

LOUISE HARRISON, B. A. ..... Denton

Literary. Y. W. C. A., Denton Club, Athletic Association.

One who can combine the faculties of a conscientious worker, an agreeable companion, a good sport, a sweet girl, and never give the impression of being other than single minded, as indeed she is. (Single minded, we mean.)



MARGARET HAWKINS, B. S.....Hamilton

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Athletic Association, Y. W. C. A., Student Assistant Chemistry.

She would lend money to a thief and take it good-naturedly if she were not repaid for her trouble. She can take forty zeroes in chemistry with the equanimity of a clergyman, or forty demerits with the smile of Billikin. This never happens. It is the other way round. But our point remains the same. She has no superior in the point of good nature.

NADINE HOLCOMB, B. S.....Whitewright

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., College Orchestra.

With domestic ennui she refuses the chair of host, nether does she accept the post as dispenser of H^2O. She works the finned tribe, instead. She has character, see? Imagine Nadine voting for the fish to get in the dormitory first!

WINNIE HUGHES, B. S.....Chandler

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, East Texas Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

Roll on thou long and twisted tongue of women roll. Ten thousand men stop up their ears in vain. From East Texas, down where the malaria grows, she is a valuable adjunct in nutrition class.

CLARA BELL HOOPER, B. S.....Plainview

Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Plainview Club.

She's been here before and I guess she knows. Temperamental fits her. When her mind is in step with her tongue she is almost coherent. Conversation on tap at all hours. We are mighty glad she came, and we will hate to say good-bye.

FANABEL HULL, B. S. ..... Carthage

Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Officer Chaparral Club.

Effervescent, pretty and not too fond of uniform. Old bachelors—not too old—in search of lively and congenial company may put up their lanterns, and purchase tickets for the Majestic. We don't see exactly how *C. I. A.* held her, but it did, which is saying a lot for *C. I. A.* and Fanabel.

ESTHER HOLLY, B. S. ..... Winnsboro

Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Texas Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

Tall and willowy, and Titian-haired. We suspected that her temper was being disciplined when she valiantly assaulted, assimilated and digested huge chunks of ethics. Watch her closely and see if she is changed, eats the immoral sugar out of her coffee cup, and resists the temptation to eat the green property of the State of Texas off the pear trees.

EUNICE JENKINS, B. S. ..... Denison

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Assistant Office Dean of Women.

Knows more about the demerit system (that intangible unknown) than the originators. Knows why rules change. Knows everything. Optimistic in the face of it all. Reads telegrams in the original. Wish we could.

MYRTLE JENNINGS, B. S. ..... Luling

Household Arts, Domestic Science, Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Treasurer Senior Class.

Not nutty, because she has been exposed. Has a monthly attack of good intentions but successfully downs all budding ambitions to become a student. Nevertheless A's and B's neatly sprinkle her card every term.

ARDELLA JONES, B. S.....Bryan

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

Who but she would rush on where angels fear to tread? Ask her why the ride from Dallas is short. More blue air! She says not anything but looks must count.

LOMA JONES, B. S.....Tampico, Mexico

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Athenæum Club, Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

About four years ago she was imported into Texas that she might learn more of military tactics and the art of war in order that she would be fully capable when it came her time to start an insurrection in that stormy country of hers.

EULA JOHNSON, B. S.....Trent

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

Her enthusiasm varies in direct proportion to her distance from WORK. Though it be little known, she is an accomplished chemistry INFATUATE. Not averse to a joke.

RAY JOHNSTON, B. S.....Wichita Falls

Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Athletic Association.

To Des Moines she went and from Des Moines she returned, not empty handed. Athletic and witty, she is admired by us all.

MABEL LIVELY, B. A.....Seymour

Music. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A.

A diminutive blond, who in spite of her miniature proportions carries the music course. Unlike the proverbial woman she takes more interest in her own affairs than those of other people.

VELMA LOVELESS, B. S.....Mineral Wells

Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

We still maintain that an excellent job was spoiled when she didn't join the navy. Witty and adamant to tyranny, she is not to be so easily moved. Picture her in undress blues, swabbing decks. Blue air!

MARIE LOWERY, B. S.....Sonora

Household Arts, Domestic Art, Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

Fond of the campus. Good, Marie, we are too. Humoresque holds no terrors for her. Also likes Ruby. Notorious bean stringer, we wonder why they don't hire her in Lowry kitchen.

THELMA LUCAS, B. A.....Grapevine

Literary. Press Club, Athenæum Club, Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Society Editor 1920 Daedalian, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

Fond of surprise war packages from France, they said, last year. Infatuated with the French language. She can tell you anything you want to know about language, modern or romantic.

ELLA LUNDAY, B. A.....Denton

Literary.

Ella and *C. I. A.* get along well together, and she and knowledge are the same as one. Her forceful ways are always recognized. A pedagogue she'll be.

ALBA LYSTER, B. S.....Naples

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A.

She prefers Locust Street to the dormitory, mainly because her experience in dormitories is limited to Oakland Annex. Such trifles cannot count against a girl who powders her face and wears a hair net every day.

1920

GAMMA MARQUESS, B. S.....Calvert

Household Arts, Domestic Science. President Y. W. C. A., Press Club, Mary Eleanor Brackenridge.

Gamma has done various and sundry things. Everyone knows that she has "Demmed" in both Junior and Senior styles; likewise, everyone knows that she has Y. W. C. Aed, has cafeteriaed, and has press clubbed, but few people know that Gamma has tickle-toed.

BEATRICE MATTHAEI, B. S.....Bellevue

Fine and Applied Arts. Press Club, Vice-President Art Club, Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Student Assistant F. A. A.

Question: How can Bee remain so "sweet and childlike" even in her Senior year?

Answer: She believes in fairies!

Yes, Beatrice draws and paints fairies; she writes about fairies; she lives among fairies. Her ambition is to bring fairy folk into their own. An Andersen come to *C. I. A.*

1920

ΓΔ '20

ELSINORE MASSEY, B. S.....Denton

Fine and Applied Arts. Press Club, Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Art Club, Y. W. C. A.

Held to be good looking. When the Senior hunt for escorts was on, she took her choice from a list, and then offered the remaining six to us. As a usual thing, it is unusual.

LILLIE MCGEE, B. S.....New Boston

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

She treads the paths of dignity with fitting grace. At last we know why northern men like the South. She sleeps all night and works in the daytime.

1920

ΓΔ '20

LEATHA MUSGRAVE, B. S.....Raymondville

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Press Club, Athenæum Club, Y. W. C. A.

An avowed friend of the professors and the natural result is good grades. That doesn't keep her from being a regular fellow; she merely finds it more convenient. Quiet but she has her opinions and they're good ones, too. She went to Oklahoma A. & M. last year, and is proud of it. Can you believe that this mild, honest girl pins a tiger on her door?

MRS. EMMA NORMAN, B. S.....Denton

Household Arts, Domestic Art, Y. W. C. A.

Night and day she studies and the affairs of men trouble her not. She has that gift which many of us strive for in vain—a genial disposition. This, added to her sense of humor, makes her our friend.

1920

MARY OGBURN, B. S.

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Athletic Association, Y. W. C. A.

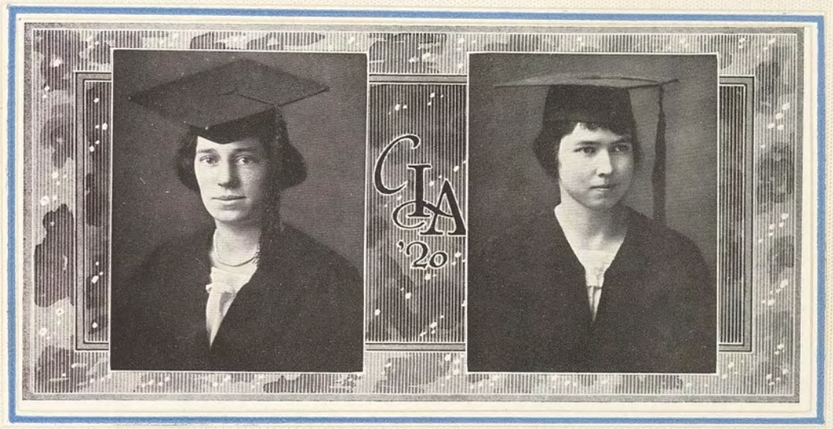
She has a wicked forelock and a love for things away from *C. I. A.* Just about as inscrutable as a Sphinx, but she's worth your trouble. Like most of us she doesn't get the why of uniform.

BESS POE, B. S. ..... Carbon

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Press Club, Athletic Association, Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Cabinet.

Just a human sunbeam. Happy and from Carbon, we wonder why she's not satisfied. Her good nature and cheerfulness contaminate us all. The Senior Class' right hand man,

"Flashing teeth in winning smiles,
And shining windshields o'er her eyes."



RUTH PALMER, B. S. ..... Henrietta

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Student Assistant Department of History and Sociology, Vice-President Senior Class, Lass-O Reporter.

Although she does not, and will never "blush unseen" (for she has the qualities that go with a leader), Ruth is unobtrusively important. She has her finger in the pie when it comes to successful college activities, but she works quietly, and keeps up with her regular class work, meanwhile.

WILLA MARIE PARK, B. S. ..... Denton

Manual Arts. Y. W. C. A., Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Student Assistant Department of Manual Arts.

This versatile virgin drives nails one period and appreciates Thackeray the next. One may well trust Willa Marie to accomplish what she wishes to, for she always *hits* the spot at which she aims. She looks nice in Senior uniform.

CLARA PRICE, B. S.....San Antonio

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, San Antonio Club.

No, they're not twins, but how's a mere innocent bystander to tell which is which? The only difference, one is bow-legged and the other is not, but with the uniform skirt, nine inches from the floor—and, besides, we don't know which is and which isn't.

LILA PRICE, B. S.....San Antonio

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Student Assistant Chemistry, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, San Antonio Club.

Lila does her hair high, and Clara adopts a low coiffure, or *vice versa*. Anyway, they both answer docily to either name, and they always have up the problems, so don't hesitate or vacillate, on the subject of names!

ANALOIS PULLEN, B. S.....San Antonio

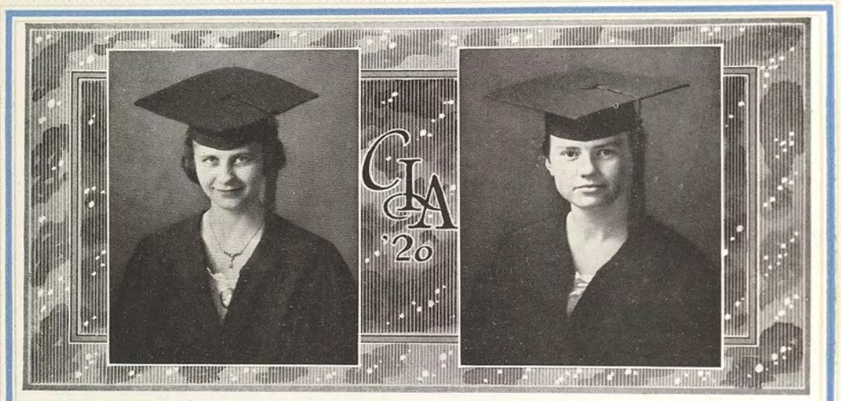
Household Arts, Domestic Science. Press Club, Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Karnes-Bee-Wilson Club, San Antonio Club, Business Manager 1920 Daedalian, Voting Delegate to the Texas Inter-Collegiate Press Association.

Has more hearts than a cat has lives. At present has only six of them placed. Anyone interested call at 113 Ad. Building. There, get in line, don't crowd! Her office is a popular place with her, interior decoration being her hobby. She has a purple hat, and wears it, making a symphony orchestra in ensemble activity with her hair. (Signed: Office Dog. You've seen the office, can you imagine the looks of the cur?)

MILDRED PARKS, B. S.....Merit

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Press Club, Athenæum Club, Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Hunt County Club, Athletic Association, Editor in Chief 1920 Daedalian, Recording Secretary, Texas Inter-Collegiate Press Association.

Millie's lessons are a terrible cross for her work-surfeited soul. She says, "Don't ever start Senior soci if you're not a lady of leisure." She has sat over the faculty council, hob-nobbed with the president, bribed the janitors for a home for her annual, and all in vain. That's why folks say she's a Bolsheviki, but all she wants is an office. Can you imagine *C. I. A.* without Millie? *Can you imagine it?* (Harassed friend, pressed into service.)



THELMA RABB, B. L. I. ..... Greenville

Reading. Athenæum Club, Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Dramatic Art Club, President Hunt County Club.

Thelma belongs to the type that is "too good-looking for her own good." You can't dislike her, even though your best beloved falls in love with her at the Senior banquet. In the words of her next door neighbor, "She's the *swe-e-test* thing that ever lived!"

OLLIE RAMBIN, B. A. ..... Vivian, Louisiana

Literary. Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Spanish Club, Athletic Association.

Just "Red"; nobody knows her first name, nobody can pronounce her last. She has an inopportune faculty for nocturnal vocal efforts. Study hour squeals, her specialty. Everybody knows her, and everybody loves her—except the faculty advisor.

SUE RANSOME, B. S. ..... Bastrop

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Press Club, Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

Sue has so much executive ability she could execute a West Texas horned frog with one glance. For that reason, she's always an important, necessary, and inevitable adjunct to every finance committee. Incidentally she executed about two score of preps in the history peculiar to their youth and innocence and came out unscathed from Mr. Walther's eagle-eyed supervision.

BEULAH ROBINSON, B. A. ..... Sanger

Literary. Press Club, Athenæum Club, Athletic Association, Treasurer Press Club, Y. W. C. A.

You won't put anything by Beulah! She's good and goes to League, even leads it on *C. L. A.* nights, but her goodness hasn't blinded her to the evils of this wicked world, as exemplified by its other inhabitants. Her voice is a symphony of girlish naivete.

LENOMA ROGERS, B. S.....Denton

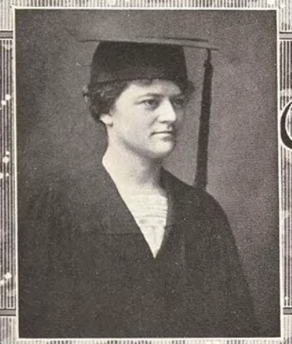
Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Denton Club, Y. W. C. A.

While going through the process of earning her degree, she has made no enemies. When she teaches high school girls to cook and sew, if teach she must, the good will of students, fellow teachers, school board, and patrons will be with her. This is a prophecy, but what more could a fellow want?

VEDA LUCILLE SAMUELL.....McKinney

Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Athletic Association, Y. W. C. A., Vice-President Dramatic Club.

Some call her "beautiful," some call her "attractive," some call her "sweet"; in reality, she may be called all these and more, for she is the type of the ideal American girl, the girl who "gets there" by virtue of her innate charm as well as her accomplishments, which, by the way, are many.



OLGA STANDEFER, B. S.....Denton

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

Olga has been sternly utilitarian in her D. A. course for four years and now she's taking vocational Ed to learn why she is vocational and proletarian. Sits on the front seat, ready to blush when asked something she is not acquainted with like phenylhydrazene.

EUCLID SMITH, B. S.....Caldwell

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Student Assistant Commercial Arts Department.

She is given to appearing at breakfast after a hurried toilette effected between 6:59 and 7:00, rakishly wearing a chambray, a touseled head, and a diabolical smile. We don't like to blacken her character entirely, but truth demands that we say she is given up to be the smartest girl in Senior chemistry.

MARY E. SMITH, B. S.....Austin

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

Hoop, la, la, to hear Mary play the steel guitar you'd think you were on the famous beach of Wahkiki. She's individualistic in spite of her name. In fact, she's so individualistic that she declares she worked hard the first two terms at State, and didn't have a good time. This is rather paradoxical with other statements at different times.

PEARL TAYLOR, B. S.....Denton

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

Cheerful when she has to wash dishes in the cafeteria on Saturday afternoon and that's saying a lot for dispositions, because we've tried it. Enamoured of her little preppos, she will make a popular teacher, be she college, high school or rural. A regular girl, and a scholar.

CHRISTINE TAYLOR, B. S.....Texarkana

Household Arts, Domestic Science. Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Press Club, Business Manager Lass-O.

We feel sorry for Cris. She just can't keep her "boy chums" in a good humor, especially when they indulge in startling requests through Brack office. As a rule her rabbit foot stays lost, as on such occasions when her roommate's individuality runs off with Cris' bathrobe. Straight, even though she is a business manager. Pretty, capable and efficient, popular too. If she does not succeed then the rest of us had better quit trying.

MAURINE THOMPSON, B. A.....Sherman

Literary. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Press Club, News Editor Alumnæ Review, Kodak Editor the 1920 Dædalian.

Too inconsistent to live. She's little, pretty and looks so inconsistent in the role of the 100 per cent straight, a scholar, that the casual observer feels impelled to administer the usual five for this supposed underclassman's Senior uniform. More than this she is loved by all. If "he" don't like her, send her back to us; we do.

ETHEL THOMAS, B. L. I.....Abilene

Reading. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Athenæum Club, West Texas Club, Dramatic Art Club, Student Assistant Reading Department.

Ethel is peculiarly versatile, a mixture of childlike artlessness and clustering curls, and promising potentialities as an actress who understands the most intricate secrets of intricate dressing. It makes no difference what style, color or type the garment is, she can wear it!

KATHERINE TROUT, B. S.....Honey Grove

Fine and Applied Arts. Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association, Secretary Senior Class.

A considerable dash of pluck, enough of the intellectual to pass her work creditably, energy enough to keep her slim and amenable to tennis, a great big heart, and you have Katherine. Who but her would have advertised in chapel for a be-numeraled sweater?

BERTHA TROTTER, B. S.....San Antonio

Household Arts, Domestic Science.

Though the sky should fall, Bertha would remain at her post. She makes a success as a teacher of preps, which triumph is not remarkable, as she makes a success of all her undertakings. Show me wherein she has failed to do her duty, and I will show you that twice two are five.

MRS. W. A. WILSON.....Denton

Music.

She keepeth house, she reareth her child, she goeth to school, yea, she maketh good grades, All even at the same time; and yet she remaineth in her right mind, and calleth the roll in choral.

HELEN WORLEY, B. S.....Sherman

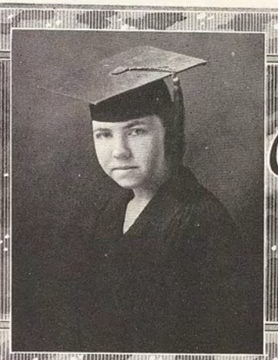
Household Arts, Domestic Science. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

As schools go, we are a moral well-behaved and genteel school, but we believe Helen's graduating this year is all that will save the rest of us poor sinners. She is so saintly that the rest of us simply eat dust by comparison. She didn't even pause by a star when hunting a constellation to hitch her Ford to.

ONA YOUNGBLOOD, B. S.....Dallas

Household Arts, Domestic Art. Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club, Y. W. C. A., Athletic Association.

At this juncture, we can't find enough mellifluous and tuneful syllables to start singing the praises of one who is suffused with that rare and starlting trait, industry. Ona has made her degree in three creditable and brilliant years' work, and all this, in spite of the fact that she has been violently enamoured of a Ph. D. (not in *C. I. A.*) all the time. Perhaps like Postum, "There's a Reason."



FLORENCE WILLIAMS, B. A.....Bonham

Chaparral Club, Y. W. C. A., Press Club, Comic Editor Lass-O, Comic Editor 1920 Dædalian.

Florence the inimitable, the inevitable, the undeniable. We have known all along that we had to write her, and now we are floundering. To those who know her, she is to be sensed, known and superlatively and gloriously enjoyed; to those who don't—well, words are mere twaddle in a case like this, and you've missed half your life.

BRANCH WILLIAMS B. A.....Denton

Literary.

Well, Branch, how did you slip by Senor? We're glad you did, although we are sorry to see your golden mop of curls no more. It is a mystery to her friends how she inhibited her nomadic tomboy spirit long enough to pass "Soci," and like necessary evils, but she did, and here's looking at her!

ALICE RAY, B. S. ..... Fort Worth

Chaparral Club, Art Club, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Athletic Association, President Fort Worth Club.

Small of stature, artistic of temperament, winning of personality, capable of everything. Alice has literally "scads" of friends. She is president of a wide-awake club; rooms in Capps so that she can have quiet to concentrate.

IRIS ROBERTS, B. S. ..... Denton

Household Arts, Domestic Art.

A most resourceful girl! When her uniform becomes unwearable she becomes non-uniform temporarily, of course. An athletic girl; plays basket ball and tennis, really.

HISTORY OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

IN September of 1917 there arrived at the *College of Industrial Arts* a body of almost five hundred of "the maids of the land," who had succeeded in passing without fatal injury to body, mind or soul, through the dark ages of prepdom or high schooldom. The scars of their battles in "Caesar's Gallic War" and of their daily combats with such ancient soldiers as Beowulf and Savonarola had healed; and the fight had only made them stronger to overcome the poisonous

gas, which attacked them on the third floor of the Administration Building.

Through the revival of learning which followed their entrance into the College, these young Amazons showed the aptitude for growth which is characteristic of all green and fresh things.

As Sophomores, during the period of chivalry, when "knighthood was in flower," many of the members of the class won honors for "feats of arms"—in basket ball, volley ball, and tennis. It was in this second year of their work together that they learned the valuable lesson of class co-operation—losing themselves in the thoughts for the class.

Their life as Juniors, after spending one year in getting acquainted and one year in learning to work together, has been one of unalloyed pleasure and profit. Keeping the enthusiasm of the Freshman renaissance, and the co-operation of the Sophomore chivalry, they have been able to pass in this the third year of college life, into the true "golden age" of their college career.

MELBA ASCHBACHER.....Victoria, Texas
H. A. D. S.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.
What's in a name? Sometimes her hearers wonder which the *real* Melba is, anyway.

RUTH ALLEN.....Denton, Texas
Reading; M. E. B.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.
Enchantingly feminine; dimples, too. (To be mathematically exact, three.)

ELOIS F. ALLISON.....Denton, Texas
Music; Denton Club; Public School Music Club; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
The Mutt of the DeWitt-Allison combine.

LILLIAN ARLEDGE.....Abilene, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
She took Economics to learn to be economical. A leap-year precaution.

MINNIE ARMSTRONG.....Denton, Texas
V. H. E.; Denton Club; Y. W. C. A.
A fit subject for a work on abnormal psychology; Chemistry is her forte.

MAGG BALL.....Alvarado, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
Her ambition is to be a widow, because she wears black so well.

ETHEL BARBER.....Brownwood, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
Question: Does she pay internal revenue, or are they naturally pink?

MARY BECKHAM.....Mexia, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.
The acme of neatness and regularity, just what *C. I. A.* would have its girls to be.

ALICE BLEDSOE.....Lubbock, Texas
H. A. D. A.; Athenæum; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.
"Some are born poets, some achieve and some have it thrust upon them."

FAYE BIBLE.....Valley Mills, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.
"She has the name of being a good girl."

LAVINIA BRISCOE.....San Antonio, Texas
Literary; President Chaps; President San Antonio Club; Comic Editor Daedalian Quarterly; Athletic Editor Daedalian Annual; College Yell Leader; Business Manager A. A.; Treasurer Junior Class.
"Perhaps 'Lavinia' in ruffles, but unmistakably 'Jack' in any other garb. Her vocal efforts sound well 'over water'."

KATE BRODNAX.....McAlester, Oklahoma
H. A. D. A.; Chap.; Press Club; Y. W. C. A.; Lass-O Reporter; Society Editor, 1920 Daedalian.
"The only way she can get her name spelled right is to change it."

FRANCES BUSHONG.....Port Arthur, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
"She has a brother in Rice."

MARY CARLOCK.....Ben Franklin, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.
She used to wonder why they called her "Cameo"; she moved her mirror to a better light and now she knows.

EMMA CARTER.....Wichita Falls, Texas
H. A. D. S.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; John R. Mott Club; Treasurer M. E. B.'s.
Open and above-board, except—how does she curl her hair?

GWENDOLYN CHAMBERS.....Sanger, Texas
Literary; Y. W. C. A.; M. E. B.
"Being engaged was her inspiration in the novel course. She's married now. Finis."

CLEO PATRA CHOATE.....McKinney, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
Not wicked, just seductive.

ROBERTA CLAY.....Dublin, Texas
Literary; M. E. B.; Press Club; Y. W. C. A.; Assistant Editor the Lass-O; Student Assistant Biology.
"She's as good as the angels and getting better every day; valiantly reads 'Tom Jones' and boils agar agar."

ELEANOR COFFIN.....Blum, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.
"Better known as 'Fish', when she is called, there are six hundred answers."

OPAL COLE.....Denton, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Denton Club; Y. W. C. A.
"She was wont to regale her colleagues in Physics Lab. with reminiscences of last night's 'Jack Gardner'."

FRANCES COOK.....Wichita Falls, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.; Athenæum; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Junior Class.
What an addition the other sex lost; "A good man is hard to find."

DOROTHY CONNER.....Brownwood, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Chap.; Y. W. C. A.; Press Club; Lass-O Reporter.
She has been to Dem.; the less said the better, until the smoke clears.

MATTIE RUTH CORLETT.....Wichita Falls, Texas
H. A. D. A.; Chap.; President Junior Class.
Her executive ability is contagious; she executed a new coiffure, and speedily schools of fish did likewise.

EVA BELL COVERT.....Pilot Point, Texas
H. A. D. S.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.; M. E. B.
"She had a pedagogical turn; she is the faculty of 'Bloomfield Academy'."

KATHERINE CURTIS.....Wills Point, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Chap.; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; President Van Zandt County Club; A. A.; Vice-President John R. Mott Club; Student Assistant Household Arts Department.
One of those dependable creatures.

RUBY DELONG.....Eldorado, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.; West Texas Club; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.
"Did you say shimmie?"

RUTH DEVALL.....Mount Vernon, Texas
Literary; Associate Editor the Lass-O; Press Club; Athenæum Club; East Texas Club; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.; Student Assistant in English; Delegate to Texas Inter-Collegiate Press Association.
A valiant chaser of the phantom individuality. Also, the perpetuation of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, in the coming generation.

KATIE DICKIE.....Woodson, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; M. E. B.; President A. A.; West Texas Club; Varsity Basket Ball Squad.
"She just can't get Myrtle to hurry."

MYRTLE DICKIE.....Woodson, Texas
Reading; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.; M. E. B.; West Texas Club; Athenæum; Manager Student Loan Fund.
"Anybody here seen Kelly?" Conservative: A "stand-patter."

TENNESSEE DOUGLAS.....Edna, Texas
M. A.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; Student Assistant Manual Arts.
She has in her make-up that rare constituent of any time—common sense, and still rarer, a sense of humor.

LERA K. DRAKE.....Giddings, Texas
H. A. D. S.; President Chaps.; Secretary Students' Association; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.
Stately as to gait, adipose as to tissue, she seeks other fields to conquer, and a more extended means of reducing. She discourages all forms of dieting.

CORALEE ECHOLS.....Whitewright, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.
She will get twenty-five demerits and go home; still wearing a thin waist.

LOIS ESTES.....Paris, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; M. E. B.; A. A.
A pedestrian by choice? Yes, of somebody *else*.

GERTRUDE FOSTER.....Thornton, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.
Carries five courses, and a daily Lab. in Interior Un-Dec.

AILEEN FOLLIARD.....Brownwood, Texas
Literary; M. E. B.; Student Assistant in Library; Cartoonist; Tennis Manager.
A naive disciple of Mary Miles Minter. She even wears her coquettish optic gleam to classes.

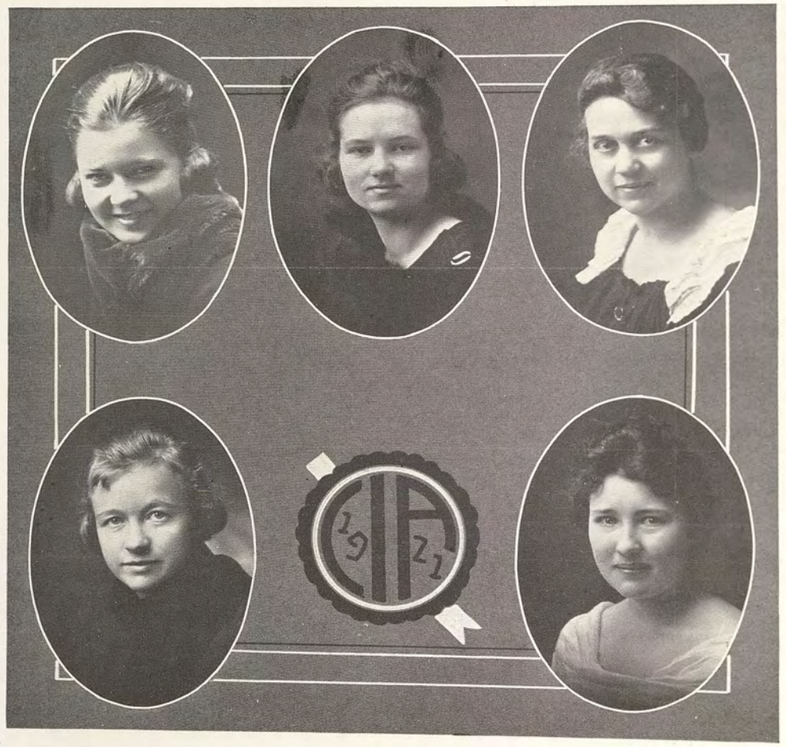
MARY FOX.....Henderson, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.
Rotund, good-n..tured, tolerant to the Nth degree, chemistry.

EVELYN GAINES.....Annona, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; M. E. B.; East Texas Club.
A self-made vamp, her dresses bear the likenesses of her trophies. Sightseers days, Mondays and Fridays.

MATTIE MAYE GLOVER.....Fort Worth, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.; Fort Worth Club.
An experimenter in the demerit institution. She discovered that elasticity was a property.

KATHLEEN GONZALES.....San Antonio, Texas
H. A. D. A.; President Spanish Club; M. E. B.; San Antonio Club; Y. W. C. A.
Speaks English rapidly and incessantly, and Spanish even more so.

LILLA BETH GRAHAM.....Stamford, Texas
Literary; Y. W. C. A.
"She *used* to be a wild co-ed."



SUE BETTY GRAY.....Cherokee, Texas
Reading; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
Eternal vigilance is her—mother's. Sue belongs to that too-attractive type.

LOLA GUNTER.....Denton, Texas
Literary; M. E. B.; A. A.
A martyr to sulphurous fumes, and not the purgatory stage, either.

LAURA MILDRED HALBERT.....Waco, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Chap.; Y. W. C. A.
Makes signing up for choral a saccharine process.

SUSIE E. HAMLETT.....Snyder, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; West Texas Club.
The soul of efficiency when surrounded by a chem-marked chambray.

MABELL HAYS.....Ben Franklin, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.; M. E. B.
She intends to take up the study of telephones in the nude, after graduation.

RUTH HAYS.....Marlin, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
Possible, though hardly probable; believes in work, but in moderation.

MARIE HENDRICKS.....Sherman, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.
Dimple in chin, always an enviable feature, but particularly adorable in Marie.

BLANCH HENSLEY.....Anderson, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.
You don't appreciate her until you see her smile!

KENNIE HOLT.....Denton, Texas
Literary; Denton Club; A. A.
Sweetly domestic, but she's firmly resolved to get her degree first.

MAUDE HOLT.....Wheeler, Texas
Reading; Chap.; Panhandle Club; Dramatic Club; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.
Fifteen rah's for old Erin! We'd like to know who doesn't like her.

JANE HOLMES.....Big Springs, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; West Texas Club.
This wild winsome Western woman will win—we don't know what. Our alliterative muse deserted us at the crucial moment.

BESS HOLSTEAD.....Houston, Texas
H. A. D. A.; Y. W. C. A.; M. E. B.; A. A.
In the eyes of the law, she is her own guardian, but the higher authority says differently.

BESS B. HUGHES.....Brenham, Texas
F. A. A.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.; Art Club.
Bess carries her College principles into her civil life, and avoids the noxious automobile.

MARIE HUGHES.....Floydada, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; M. E. B.
All is fair in love and war, but the Juniors really ought to have more privileges.

ALLENE JONES.....Rule, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.; M. E. B.; West Texas Club.
She dwelt among the untrodden ways, beside the Orient railroad—until she came to *C. I. A.*

SIBYL JONES.....Eldorado, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; M. E. B.
She aspires to *parlez-vous.*

RUTH KEESE.....Jefferson, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
Alluringly feminine, the clinging vine type. Better watch her or your man—preferably both.

ANNA BELLE KIBER.....Corsicana, Texas
Literary; Secretary Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Press Club.
We wonder how it would feel to be possessed of that eternal, unfailing power of adaptation?

EMMA KIBER.....Corsicana, Texas
F. A. A.; Y. W. C. A.; President Art Club.
She has the floating strands of wavy hair requisite to a scene of moonlight romance, but —"not yet, Marie."

AGNES KING.....Gatesville, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.
"Black hair, brown eyes and dimples; what more could one wish?"

VIVA KING.....Winfield, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; East Texas Club.
Plumply affable, a dead game sport, and always in the proverbial "hot water."

DOROTHY KOHN.....San Antonio, Texas
Literary; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
"Hence, vain, deluding joys" (A Ph. D. won't *start* her career).

LOUISE LANGLEY.....Bullard, Texas
Literary; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; East Texas Club.
The proud possessor of two round blue eyes, and a nose delightfully *pugged*.

METTIE LAYCOCK.....Dozier, Texas
Literary; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; Panhandle Club.
She once endeavored to take a spot out of her coat with H^2SO^1. She succeeded.

FRANKIE LOWRY.....Troup, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
So fond of cookery! She has a twinkle in her eye.

HELEN LYTTON.....Austin, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; M. E. B.
Maybe you can't tell it from this "top elevation," but she really is divinely tall, the willowy sort, you know.

EDNA LYSTER.....Naples, Texas
H. A. D. A.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.
She sagely restrains the effervescences of her youthful exuberance.

RACHEL E. MARSHALL.....Rockdale, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.; Spanish Club; Orchestra; Student Assistant Physical Training.
She rooms with two sisters. Talk about an angelic disposition and the patience of Job!

FRANKIE C. MAVERICK.....Galveston, Texas
H. A. D. A.; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Athenæum; Secretary Press Club; Lass-O Reporter.
She bears the further distinction of being the daughter of the namesake of the derelict calf, better known in the western wilds as *maverick*.

BERNICE MCDONALD.....College Station, Texas
V. H. E.; Athenæum; Students' Council.
Her will power is made of pig iron; she lives on the campus of A. & M. and then stays to summer school!

MARGARET MCDAVID.....Henderson, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.; A. A.; East Texas Club.
She wears a wicked forelock and pink cheeks.

TENNIE MINTON.....Hemphill, Texas
Literary; M. E. B.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.; East Texas Club.
Mild, moderate, Methodist; we are sure our fathers would have no more silver locks if she were the pattern on which daughters are cut.

LUCILE MOORE.....Blossom, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
One of our beauties whom the summer will see in Blossom.

MARTINE MORRIS.....Bonham, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.; Athenæum; John R. Mott Club.
She has such a characteristic giggle; just like rippling buttermilk being poured into a churn.

SUE NELSON.....Sherman, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
A poet and, as betrayed by her picture, a hopeless, heartless flirt.

EUGENIA NEWBERRY.....Georgetown, Texas
Literary; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.
"A petite child with locks modishly curtailed."

GRACE I. NICHOLSON.....Houston, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
Not nearly as serious as she looks; most inflammatory after third flash.

MAMIE KAE NUTTER.....Henrietta, Texas
Reading; Chap.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.; Dramatic Art Club.
Gracefully and ponderously aloof, yet a self-confessed vamp. Just watch the twinkle in her eye.

MAURINE ORR.....Putnam, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary West Texas Club.
We wonder what Putnam does in the winter when the Orrs are gone. (If you have never seen Putnam, you won't see the joke.)

MILDRED PALMER.....Denton, Texas
Secretarial; Athenæum; M. E. B.
"She cheweth gum intellectually."

MARY VIRGINIA PENRY.....Denton, Texas
H. A. D. A.; Athenæum; Denton Club; Student Assistant Household Arts.
She is a man-tamer! We all know what she brings in submissive tow to Artists' Course numbers.

BESSIE PLUMMER.....Fort Worth, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.
Bessie comes with a very intelligent look, having worn it for a number of years (just *how* many we do not say) for the edification of her school children.

FERRY PINER.....Sherman, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
Man-hater? We-ell, not ex-actly.

RUBY GRAY PUGH.....Houston, Texas
H. A. D. S.; A. A.; Houston Club; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
She's the kind of girl that takes an empty suit case home on week-end visits, so she'll have room to bring back the desired "eats".

BASSIE K. PYBURN.....Cooledge, Texas
Literary; M. E. B.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.
"Square-tops are to be worn on the head, not under the arm."

ALICE RAY.....Fort Worth, Texas
F. A. A.; Art Club; President Fort Worth Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Chap.
An artistic charter member of the Natural Eyebrow Club. She has her eye on the Amen corner.

ANNYCE RICE.....Kemp, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.; Treasurer Spanish Club; East Texas Club.
"And some contend that she *has* ears."

HELEN RICHARDSON.....Henderson, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; M. E. B.
One of those famous East Texas peaches!

ETHEL ROWELL.....Anson, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
Placid and peaceful, as long as you don't interfere with her American prerogative of eating.

REBE ROBINSON.....Temple, Texas
Literary; Y. W. C. A.; M. E. B.; A. A.
She has that touch of fashionable ennui necessary to the harassed social butterfly.

GLADYCE RUDD.....Beaumont, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.
She has decided opinions. Fortunately, she's not fat.

EDNA SAUNDERS.....Greenville, Texas
Music; Y. W. C. A.; Public School Music; Orchestra; Chap.; President Press Club.
She must be "girl for the place," for she's always nominated, and too often for her own peace of mind, elected.

ANNIE SCHRIMSHIRE.....Houston, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Houston Club; M. E. B.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.
Learned preparedness from her Boy Scout brother, and chums with Miss Darrah.

FLORENCE SCHALLERT.....Alice, Texas
H. A. D. A.; Chap.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.
She has made her work with the least work possible—but of course, if she comes back next year, and the profs read this, she will be a changed woman.

ANNA BELLE SEARCY.....Dallas, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.; Chap.
Anna Belle must be one of those transmigratory souls. Wouldn't she have been incomparable with the dress of Martha Washington?

GLADYS SEARS.....Whitewright, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.
Oh, well, what is *C. I. A.'s* loss will be Fifth Avenue's gain.

MARGARET SHIREY.....Dallas, Texas
V. H. E.; Y. W. C. A.; Dallas Club.
"So sweet, so shy, withal so sensitive."

WILLIS LUCILE SMITH.....Anderson, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; A. A.
Can she wait until she gets her degree? We are all holding our breath.

MARGARET STORRIE.....Denton, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; Denton Club.
She is the sister of the illustrious and adored John.

MARGARET SPENCER.....Britton, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
She discovered that *date* concentrated difficulty—when the Seniors are also having a banquet. Too much festivity.

CORNELIA SULLIVAN.....Denton, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Denton Club.
"She just *can't* wash the dishes until the mail comes."

LOUISE STOCKTON.....Estacado, Texas
Reading; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
The possessor of violet eyes, and an enchanting voice—like you read about in books, only more so.

EXA STOUT.....Ennis, Texas
H. A. D. S.; Y. W. C. A.
Dem. and the cafeteria keep her from living up to her name now, but in the end, her even disposition will produce avoirdupois.

FLETE STALEY.....Wichita Falls, Texas
Literary; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; A. A.; Denton Club; Chap.; Treasurer Athenæum; Vice-President Junior Class.
Specialized in æronautics.

WINNIE TAYLOR.....Cedar Hill, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Dallas Club.
Strictly business, until her hair begins to kink, which happens not infrequently.

JENNIE TANNER.....Denton, Texas
Literary; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
You hate to be in her classes, for she always knows what you are sliding down in your seat to avoid being asked.

MARY ELLEN TISDALE.....Eldorado, Texas
H. A. D. A.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.; M. E. B.;
"It is said that teachers try to crush "Miss *Teesdale.*"

BESS THORNHILL.....Chapel Hill, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
'Tis *known* that Miss Thornhill succeeded in crushing teachers—and carried the recipe with her into matrimony.

MARIAN THOMSON.....Coleman, Texas
F. A. A.; M. E. B.; Press Club; Art Editor, Daedalian Annual; Student Assistant Art Department.
"Oh, my stars, I *must* go to Pottery!"

MARGARET THOMPSON.....Dallas, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; Dallas Club.
"Calm, serene and unruffled, every hair is in place."

LILLIAN THOMAS.....Waxahachie, Texas
F. A. A.; Art Club; Athenæum; Y. W. C. A.; Student Assistant, Fine and Applied Arts.
"She still longs for 'Sis' Watkins."

KATE LEWIS VERNON.....Strawn, Texas
Literary; A. A.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; West Texas Club.
"Better known as 'Fly,' and she does occasionally—off the handle."

ELLENA WALKER.....Decatur, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.
Is she guilty or not? The charge is lobbying.

LILY WEBSTER.....Denton, Texas
H. A. D. A.; Denton Club.
One who scintillates socially in the Denton younger set.

MARY JANE WEATHERLY.....Garrison, Texas
V. H. E.; Y. W. C. A.; Chap.; President East Texas Club.
"Tige" assumed the proportions of a goldfish, as was more befitting *C. I. A.*, but alas, he died.

JESSIE WALKER.....McKinney, Texas
H. A. D. A.; M. E. B.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.
She's such a pretty girl we know there are many men in the case.

DORIS WILLIAMS.....Mineola, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.; East Texas Club.
A disciple of Ruskin when it comes to feminine beauty. *She* adopts marcelling.

MABEL TALLEY WOODS.....Houston, Texas
H. A. D. S.; President M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; Press Club.
"One of the finest," "true blue" and "four square" are all applicable to her. In fact, we think they must have been started to modify some of her ancestresses.

ANNE WOLFE.....Mineral Wells, Texas
V. H. E.; M. E. B.; Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer, Karnes-Bee-Wilson Club; Treasurer A. A.
She evidently has a strong financial turn. At any rate, they are always *turning* the ducats of the organizations over to her.

MONA YARBROUGH.....Alexander, Texas
H. A. D. S.; M. E. B.; A. A.; Y. W. C. A.; West Texas Club.
A wearer of the white sweater, and one of the bulwarks of the Junior class, who never gets too studious for athletics.

LOUISE LEICHAM.....Wichita Falls, Texas

H. A. D. A.; Vice-President Students' Association; Secretary A. A.; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Chap.

The record above tells the story.

GLADYS WRIGHT.....Benjamin, Texas

Literary; M. E. B.; West Texas Club; Press Club; Editor-in-Chief the Lass-O; Delegate to Texas Inter-Collegiate Press Association.

With the heart of a gladiator she weathers storm. Friend and sponsor of the students; advocator of high heels.

MILDRED BAILEY.....Denton, Texas

Literary; President Athenæum; Spanish Club; Denton Club.

She teaches "school" and yet has not absorbed the atmosphere of the profession so that you can spot her on first sight.

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

ANZIE PHILLIPS, *President*
First Term

SOPHOMORES! By the public we are generally recognized as that specie of humanity just past the stage of "fishdom" and salty water. Webster defines us briefly as students in the second year of our curriculum. The upper classmen and the authorities in general make no attempt to define us, but permit us to continue our existence with the assurance that we know *enough not* to follow in the steps of our unsophisticated little sisters, and *too little* to indulge in the privileges of our more learned classmen.

GLADYS BATES, *President*
Second and Third Terms

HENCE! We will tell you who we are and what we are doing here: We, the choicest high school graduates of 1918, volunteered during the final issues of the great world war; and from time to time, we have placed ourselves under the most able commanders. With courage as a foreword we have met the enemy and they are ours, on the athletic field or in the classroom. Today we are the war scarred veterans of eighteen months' service on the firing line. Our little band of patriots is somewhat diminished by the unexpected counter attacks of unrelentless instructors and the well-aimed arrows of cupid's bow. BUT WE'RE HERE.

BARTLETT H.
BARTLETT M.M.
BAYLOR
BENNETT
BIGHAM
BLANCH
BOSWELL
BOUNDS
BOULAND

BOSWELL B.
BUMPASS
BUSH
BUCHANAN
BRASSELL
BRUTON
BOWDEN
BATES
BURNS

CAHILL
CARR
CARROLL
CAMPELL Z.
CARTER
CARLOCK
CARRICO
CAMPELL E.
CHILDRESS

COCHRAN R.
COCHRAN T.L.
COOPER R.
COOPER L.M.
CRUMPLER
DANSBY
DAVIDSON
DAVIS
DENNIS F.

DENNIS O.
DEWITT
DENMAN
DISHMAN
DONNELL
DOUGLAS C.
DOUGLAS K.
EAGAN
EUBANKS

FELTS
FORESMAN
FOOSHEE
GILLETTE
GRAY
GROVES
GRIFFIN
GROSS
HALLORAN

HALL K.
HALLAM
HALL R.
HALL N.
HARDIN
HARKRIDER
HAMMER
HENDRICKS
HINSON

HENSLEY
HENDRICKS M.
HENRY
HINYARD
HIGGINBOTHAM
HOGUE
HOWARD
HORN
HOOK

HUPPERTZ
HUSBANDS
JACKSON
JENKINS V.
JENKINS D.
JOHNSON B.
JOHNSON A.
KREAG
KYLE

LAWHON
LABET
LOWRANCE
LAWTHER
LAWSON
LATHAM
LAMBERT
LARKIN
LAIRD

LUDEMAN
LEICHAM
LITTLE
LEA
LORENZ
MAPES
MASSEY
MARTIN
MAHAFFEY

HALL
McBRIDE
McCOY
McDAVID
McMURRAY
McCLELLAN
McGREGOR
MEIR
MITCHELL

MILEY
MORGAN
MONTGOMERY
MONTAGUE
MUSGRAVE E.
MUSGRAVE
NAUMAN
NELSON
NEILSON

NEAL
NICKOLSON
NICHOLSON
NORWOOD
NUNNALLY M.
NUNNALLY B
PAUL
PACE
PELLERIN

PECK
PETERSON
PEARCE
PHILLIPS
PICKETT
PIERSON
ROBERTS
RATTAN
RAVKIND

REED
RICHARDSON
RODNEY
ROSE
ROSS
ROPER
SCOTT
SCALES
SEALE G.

SEALE
SELBY
SHEPARD
SIDDALL
SIMPSON
SLAUGHTER
SMITH A.
SMITH L.
SMITH O.

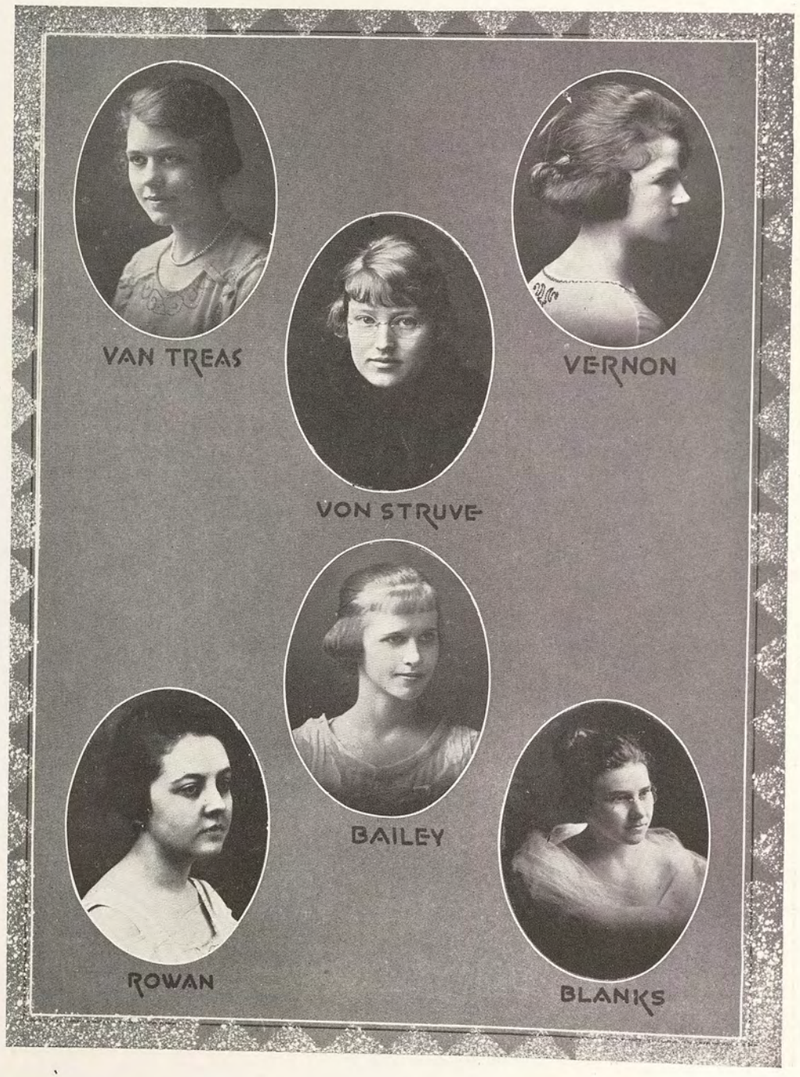
SMITH V.
SMALL
SPEARS
SPARKS
STRUBE
STANLEY
STOKES
STRIBBLING
STEPHENSON

TAYLOR E.
TAYLOR K.
TAYLOR I.
TERRELL
TERRY
THOMAS M.
THOMAS F.
THOMSON
THORNTON

THORBURN
THOMPSON
TIDWELL
TREADAWAY
TRICKEY
TYSON
UMPHRESS
WALKER C.
WALKER E.

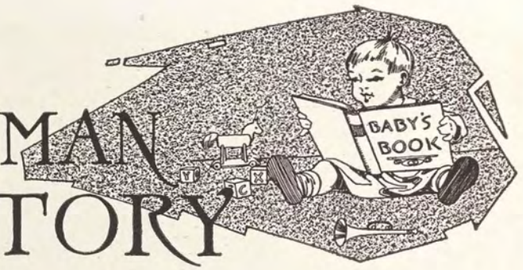
WALLACE
WARNER
WEIL
WHARTON
WILLINGHAM
WILEY
WINZER
WILLIAMS L.L.
WILLIAMS L.

WIGHT I.
WIGHT M.
WIGHT E.
WILSON
WINKLER
WILLIAMSON
WOLF
WOOD
WRAY


VAN TREAS
VERNON
VON STRUVE
BAILEY
ROWAN
BLANKS

FISH
M. Thomson

FRESHMAN HISTORY



ADELE MARCUS, *President*
First and Second Terms

WE FRESHMEN, fresh from the field of fads, foibles, and flirtations, entered the *College of Industrial Arts* with a light step. Our life after our entrance can be thus well summarized:

1. Matriculation.
2. Club initiations.
3. Our remodeling begun by Juniors, Sophomores, Seniors, and Preps.
4. Our rejuvenation completed by means of chapel talks, mass meetings and demerits.

The exceptional qualities of the Freshman Class were well demonstrated in our "Negro Minstrel Show," which was declared by the students of the College to have been one of the best ever seen. Our triumphs in the athletic fields can only be predicted at such an early date, while our prowess as boot-blacks was displayed when we rolled up our sleeves and vigorously wielded the brush and shinola in our temporary "shine parlor." The motive behind the brush made that instrument all the more powerful—the financing of the trip of our representatives to the Des Moines convention.

DANA FAIRCHILD, *President*
Third Term

Some of us have begun even now to receive the honors which are going to be heaped upon us in the future. For instance, several of us have had work published in all the literary publications. Others have contributed cartoons; and still others have held major offices in the clubs.

A finer Freshman Class has never come from the hands of its Maker than this one. Rare and worthwhile talents have been discovered; crushes have come into being. Surely we are not encroaching upon the antique privileges of the ancient prophets when we say that this class is going to contribute wondrously to the world's good. Some of our Freshman Class may be society belles, some future wives and mothers of Texas, some Cannibal queens, some dignitaries of the *College of Industrial Arts,* some cultured boot-blacks, some Galli-Curcis, and female Paderewskis and some hamburger venders.

BAKER B.
BAKER L.M.
BALDRIGE
BARNARD
BARNETT
BARTON
BARRINEAN
BOUGH
BAXTER
BAYLESS
BEAL
BEAIRD
BECKER
BICKNELL
BECKHAM
BERRY

BICKFORD
BIGHAM
BIRDWELL
BLADES
BLACK
BLACKSTOCK L.
BLACKSTOCK M.
BONNER
BOSE
BOULDEN
BOURLAND
BOWLES
BOYKIN
BRADFIELD
BRADLEY C.
BRADLEY E.

BRADSHAW
BRANNIN
BROCKMAN
BROYLES
BROWN
BRIGHT
BRIGGS
BUCK
BUCKNER
BULLOCK MAMIE
BULLOCK MAUDE
BULLINGTON
BUMPS
BUMPASS
BURNS
BURTON

BUSH
BUSTER
BUSSEY
BUTLER
BUTNER
BYRD
CANNON
CARPENTER
CARTWRIGHT
CASWELL
CHANCE
CHANCELLOR
CLINDINING
COCHRAN
COLSTON
COLLIE

COLLINS A.
COLLINS B.
COLLINS M.
COMPERE
COOKE
COOLIDGE
COVIN
COX
CRAIG
CRAWFORD
CRIDER
DAVIS C.
DAVIS R.
DAVIDSON
DODD
ASHWORTH

DORRANCE
DOTY
DUNCAN
DUNKLIN
DUTTON
EASON
EDLEMAN
EDWARDS M.
EDWARDS W.
EICKHOFF D.
EICKHOFF M.
ELDER
ELLIS E.
ELLIS H.
ELSBY
EMERSON

EVANS
EVERLY
EVERS
EUBANKS
FAIRCHILD
FARMER
FISHER
FITE
FITZGERALD L.
FITZGERALD M.
FLOYD G.
FLOYD T.
FORD
FORESMAN
FOSTER A.
FOSTER M.

FRALEY
FRANCIS
FRAZIER
FULLER
GALBREATH
GAINER
GARRETT
GIDDINGS
GILLAND
GIPS
GOODE
GOODRICH
GRACE A.
GRACE N.
GRIFFIN
GRIFFING

GRIZZARD
GROVES
HANKS
HAMILTON E.
HAMILTON M.
HAMMONDS
HARGROVE
HARRIS M.
HARRIS S.
HART C.
HART S.
HARTZOG
HATCH
HAWES
HAYES
HEAD

HEATH
HEISIG
HEITZBURG
HESTAND
HESTER
HIGHTOWER
HILL ADAH
HILL ALMA
HINES
HODGES
HOFF
HOLLOWELL
HOLLOWAY
HORTON
HOWARD A.
HOWARD D.

HOWARD M.
HOWLOVETZ
HUDZEITZ
HUFFAKER
HUNTER
HUSSEY
HUTCHINS
ISELIN
CAILLET
JAEGLI
JACKSON
JAMES A.L.
JAMES E
JAMES L.
JAMESON
JARVIS

JENKINS
JONES E.
JONES R.
JOHNSON F.
JOHNSON L.
JOYCE
JUNKIN
JUNSON
KEAHEY
KEELING
KELLY D.
KELLY L.
KERR
KIRGAN
KING A.
KING E.

KING M.L.
KINARD
KINCHLOE
KIMBROUGH
KLOTZ
KNIGHT
KNOLLE
LANSFORD
LAVENDER
LAWHON
LEACH
LEFFLER
LEOHONEY
LEVERETT
LEWIS
LEEPER

LILLY
LINDSAY
LIVELY
LOCKE
LOVE J.
LOVE T.
LOWE
LE MAIRE
MABRY
MACKIMSIN
MAHAN
MAJISKA
MALONE
MALLORY
MANSKE
MARCUS

MARSHALL
MATTHEWS
McBRARY
McCAMPBELL
McCARTER
McGOUGHEY
McKEE
McCLENDON
McCLURE
McCONNELL
McDAVID
MEADOR
MEAD
MEISENHEIMER
MERPHEY
MICKLESON

MILLER H.
MILLER M.
MITCHELL D.
MITCHELL E.
MONTGOMERY E.
MONTGOMERY
MORGAN
MOORE E.
MOORE J.
MOORE L.
MORRIS
MORTON
MUNTZ
NEAL
NELSON
NEWDING

NICHOLSON
NOBLES
NORTON D.
NORTON E.
NORRIS
OWENS
OLIVER
O'HAIR
PARDUE
PARK
PATTON
PAZDREL
PERRYMAN
PETERS
PITTS
PLANGMAN

POLLARD A.
POLLARD E.
PRICE L.
PRICE N.
PUCKETT
PYRON
QUINN
SANDERS
SARGENT
SCHARLACK
SCHLEIDER
SCHMIDT
SCHOW
SCOTT J.
SCOTT M.
SENTER

SEARS
SHEPARD
SHIRLEY
SHORT
SHROPSHIRE J.
SHROPSHIRE W.
SIMMONS
SLAUGHTER
SMITH A.
SMITH F.
SNIDER
SOASH
SPRINGFIELD
STALLS
STALLINGS
STAGNER

STARK
STEED
STEWART N.
STEWART U.
STILWELL
STOKES
STRAYHORN
STREIBER
STURDIVANT
SUDDETH
SULLIVAN
SULLIVAN J.F.
SUMNER
SWOPE
SYPERT
RAMSEY

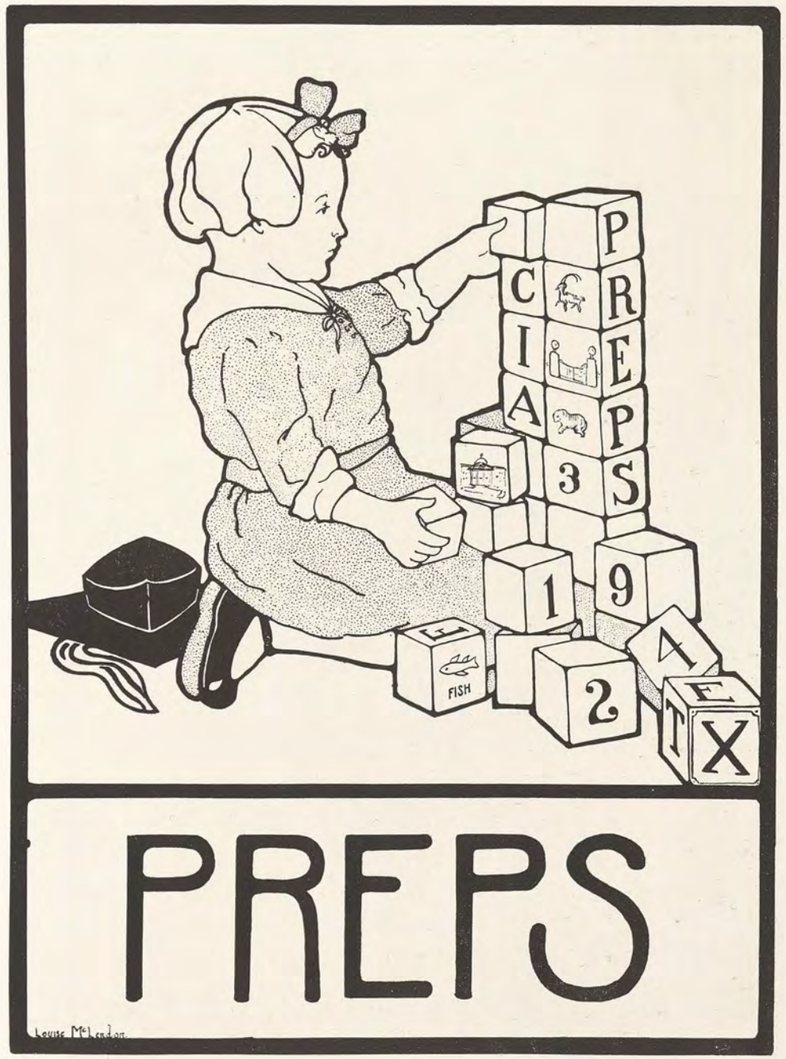
RAMEY
RATLIFF
RAYBURN
REAST
REWELL
REED M.
REED M.M.
RICKETSON
RICHARDSON
RILEY
RITCHEY
RIXON
ROBBINS
ROGERS M.
ROGERS I.
ROGERS T.

ROSS
ROWELL
ROWLAND
ROOTS
RUNYON
TABB
TAGGART
TAYLOR
TERRY
THATCHER
THOMPSON F.
THOMPSON I.
THOMPSON L.
THOMPSON M.
THOMPSON V.
THRIFT

STURMER
TIDWELL
TREADAWAY
TROTTER
TURNER
TYRELL
VAN STUCKEN
UBBEN
VANDER STUCKEN
VENEIL
WAITMAN
WALL
WALLACE J.
WALLACE L.R.
WATKER
WATKINS

WATTS
WARE
WENDT
WEST B.
WEST H.
WEST R.
WHEELER
WILCOX
WILHOIT
WILLIAMS
WILLIAMSON
WILLINGHAM
WILSON LILLIEN
WILSON LON
WINFREY
WIDTT

WOLFORD
WOOD
WOODS
WRIGHT F.
WRIGHT I.
WRIGHT W.
YOUND
VAUN
PEARSON
TIPLON
WATKINS
MONTGOMERY
NARROW


CLASS OF 1924
PREPS
FISH
Louise McLendon

FANNIE HILL, *President*

GRADUATION

reach the Summit—
obstacles and finally
determined to overcome all
goal, and a great many of us are
that most of us will reach the first
our first goal, FISH INN. We are confident
of Determination, we began our struggle to reach
had succeeded we could also, and shouldering our pack
steep climb before us. We believed, however, that where others
ings as we looked up that treacherous pathway, and thought of the
foot of that great mountain College Education. We were full of misgiv-
PREP CLASS of 1920, started our ascent, from the little rise of ground at the
Preps are always struggling upward! We of the

CURRY
DALEY
DAVIDSON
DAY
DENMAN
DICKEY
DILL
DOUTHIT
EASLER
EDELBROCK
EDENS
ESTELL
EVANS
FLOREY
FOX
GAINER

GARRETT
GERRON
GIBSON
GREENE
GREENE
GREER
GUINN
GUNTER
GORE
HARRISON
HARFORD
HASKELL
HAWKINS
HAWKINS
HEADLEE
HENDERSON

HENDRIX I.
HENDRIX V.
HILL F.
HILL Z.
HODGES
HOLLY
HUGHES
JAY
JENNINGS
JONES E.
JONES M.
JONES W.S.
JONNSON A
JOHNSON I.
JOHNSON I.M.
JOHNSON VERNA

JOHNSON VIVIAN
KNOX
LAMBERT
LA ROE
LESTER
LINKE
LYNN
LYTTE
MATASKY
McMURTY
MOORE
MOREMAN
MORRIS
MURRAY
NOVEY
NOWLIN

OLIVER
PACE
PATTERSON
PHILLIPS
POTTS
POWELL
PRICE A.
PRICE F.
RANDALL
RAMEY
ROBINSON
SCHNEIDER
SEWELL
SHOFNER
SLOAN
SMART

SMITH N.
SMITH R.
SPEER
STARR
STOAN
STRATTON
STRAUS
SNYDER
TAYLOR P.
TAYLOR P.M.
TOLSON
WADE
WADE W.
WADLEY
WALLER
WASTON

WENDWEHEN
WHEAT
WILEY
WILKINSON
WILLIAMS
WOLF
WRIGHT

ONE YEAR CLASSES
L. THOMAS

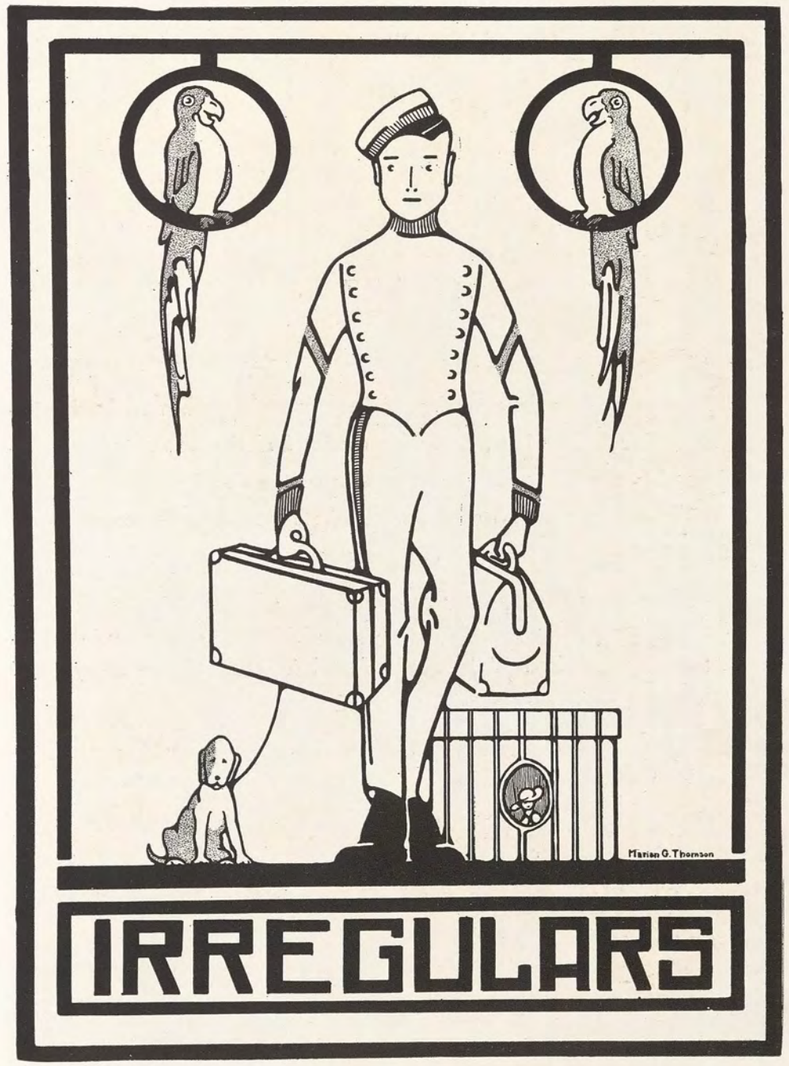
HOMEMAKERS HISTORY

ALTHOUGH a one-year class, the Homemakers of the College have organized themselves into one of the best classes in the College. The purpose of the Homemakers Course is to give a thorough knowledge of the problems of homemaking and home management. The course prepares students to cope efficiently and intelligently with all the duties and problems that they may meet in home life. The Homemakers have taken an enthusiastic part in the activities of the College, in both clubs and athletics.

VOCATIONAL HISTORY

THE VOCATIONAL CLASS of the College has just completed the most successful year of its history. The class has worked toward a goal with a definite purpose in view. The object of the vocational course is to teach each student a vocation in order that after one year of training she will be able to efficiently earn her own living in her chosen line of work. This course is especially adapted to meet the needs of students who are unable to complete a regular four-year course.

VOCATIONALS
ALBIN
ANCELL
BREWER
EDWARDS
GEBHARD
KOSANKE
LEE
LIPSCOMB
MARTIN
McCAIN
PEDIGO
POWELL
SHAW
TAYLOR
WALLACE
WRIGHT


Marian O. Thomson
IRREGULARS

HISTORY OF THE IRREGULAR CLASS

NAMES do not stand for everything. Indeed, no! For the Irregulars are a number of "regular" girls with well-fixed ideals in view, but who cannot find the exact studies desired in the otherwise named courses of the College.

These girls come from all parts of the State to our "*Mecca of Learning*"—and accomplish that purpose, too.

In going over the grades of the students, one finds many of the very best among the "Irregulars." They come, select the most interesting and beneficial courses found in each of the many others and work at them with vim, and energy.

The "Irregulars" might appropriately take a quotation from Emerson's "*The Humble Bee*" as an expression of their aims and ideals:

"Sipping only what is sweet,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

HAWKINS
HEATH
HOEFNER
HOESTER
HOWARD
HYDE
KOEPCKEY
KYLE
LATHAM
MALONE
MASON
MASTERSON

McCLENDON
MOCKEY
MORELAND
ONSTATT
PRATT
RUHMAN
RUTLEDGE A.
RUTLEDGE B.
SMITH
WHARTON
WILSON
WORLEY

Kindergarten Graduates

Mary Thomas	Marfa, Texas
Gladys Carter	Detroit, Texas
Jewel Owens Montague	Wills Point, Texas
Nora Bell Horn	Plano, Texas
Leola Standefer	Denton, Texas
Robbie Harper	Denton, Texas
Lucille Avant	Dilly, Texas
Marion Foresman	Biglowe, Arkansas
Mrs. Leigh Hullam	Brownsville, Texas

ATHLETICS

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Katie Dickie	*President*
Gladys Dansby	*Vice-President*
Louise Leicham	*Secretary*
Ann Wolfe	*Treasurer*
Gladys Dansby	*Basket Ball Manager*
Lavinia Briscoe	*Business Manager*
Mary Beth Alderman	*Song Leader*
Lavinia Briscoe	*Yell Leader*

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION of the *College of Industrial Arts* is one of its largest organizations. Membership in the Athletic Association entitles one to all varsity and interclass games held during the year. The main purpose of the Athletic Association is first of all to promote interest in all sorts of athletics, to establish a spirit of friendly rivalry between individuals and classes and to teach the value of good team work and self control. Secondly, the purpose of the association is to create, promote and direct all healthy forms of class and College spirit, generally known as "pep."

The point system for winning athletic honors was just tried out in the year 1918-19. The plan proved so successful that last year there were fourteen white sweaters with the *C. I. A.* emblems awarded. Because of the popularity of the prizes and in order to create more rivalry the qualifications for obtaining sweaters have been raised from the original fifty to seventy-five points. Additional rewards for those already holding the white sweaters are offered. Thirty-five advance points

entitle one to a stripe for the arm and forty more advance points entitled one to a red blanket with white *C. I. A.* letters on it.

Points are awarded as follows: Members of squad in volley ball, basket ball, or base ball, ten (10); members of a team in volley ball, basket ball or base ball, thirteen (13); members of a championship team in interclass volley ball, basket ball or base ball, two additional points; winners of a class championship in tennis singles, five; winner of school championship in tennis singles, two additional points; winner of class championship in tennis doubles, five; winner of school championship in tennis doubles, two additional points; five-mile hike, one; ten-mile hike, three; no girl may obtain points for more than fifty miles in hikes; a grade of 95-100 in P. T., per term, three; a grade of 90-95 in P. T., per term, two; a grade of 85-90 in P. T., per term, one; a grade of A in aesthetic dancing, per term, two; members of varsity squad, fifteen (15); members of varsity team, twenty (20). Besides the articles already mentioned, other incentives are offered in the way of numerals for all who make a team in either volley-ball, basket ball, base ball or tennis, with special distinction given to the members of the school basket ball team.

The fall quarter of each year is devoted almost entirely to the organization, practice and final class games of the volley ball teams. The championship was won again this year by the class of '22. Just before the Christmas vacation, basket ball practice was begun for those who wished to try out for the school team; the members of which were not chosen however until several weeks after the holidays. The progress of the varsity squad was some what interfered with by the return of the "flu" epidemic in February, during which time, the school was under quarantine. However out of the seven inter-collegiate games played, our team won five and lost the two by only one point each. Even though the school has only taken part in inter-collegiate ball for two seasons now, our team was not one to be overlooked.

At the same time, class basket ball teams were organized and after much practice and "pep" the inter-class championship was won by the Freshman class.

Just at present the attention of the classes is divided between the base ball enthusiasts and the tennis players. As to the class that shall win out in either or both of these sports, we can not say. We all have hopes.

The greatest news of all, to those interested in athletics, is the fact that the foundations for the new $85,000 gymnasium are now being laid. The plans include a sure-enough swimming pool. The whole is expected to be completed by the spring session of 1921.

Winners of White Sweaters 1918 Through 1919

Gladys Dansby

Bess Carlock

Mona Yarborough

Susie Thompson

Louise Von Struve

Jack Briscoe

Ann Wolfe

Katharin Taylor

Katie Deckie

Louise Leicham

Martine Morris

Inez Wight

Champion Volley Ball Team

Reading from left to right—
Top Row: Louise Von Struve, Elizabeth Siddall, Bess Carlock.
Bottom Row: Gladys Dansby, Gladys Bates, Mona Yarborough.

COACHES

Miss Alice Arnold

Miss Vera B. Haines

Miss Alta Randels

The Varsity Squad

Forwards: Gladys Bates, Ida Mae Hall, Helen Francis, Blanch Hensley.
Guards: Gladys Dansby, Marion Roland, Mona Yarbrough, Katharin Taylor, Maebelle Jarvis.
Centers: Edith Wight, Inez Wight, Annie Lipscomb.

SCORE OF GAMES

C. I. A.	51	E. T. S. N.	26	At Denton	March 2	C. I. A.	49	T. W C.	7	At Denton	March 11
C. I. A.	11	T. W. C.	12	At T. W. C.	March 5	C. I. A.	25	Mart Y.W.C.A.	16	At Denton	March 25
C. I. A.	29	S. M. U.	30	At S. M. U.	March 6	C. I. A.	49	Mart Y.W.C.A.	26	At Denton	March 26
C. I. A.	26	E. T. S. N.	22	At E.T.S.N.	March 9						

Gladys Dansby, *Basketball Manager*

Ida Mae Hall, *Captain Varsity Squad*

Winners of Numerals on Varsity Team

Ida Mae Hall
Captain and Forward

Gladys Dansby
Forward

Evelyn Goodrich
Side Center

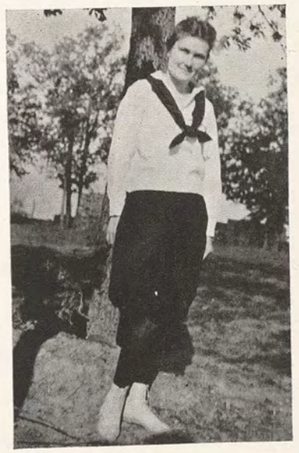
INEZ AND EDITH WIGHT
Centers

GLADYS BATES
Forward

BLANCH HENSLEY
Forward

MAEBELLE JARVIS
Guard

MARION ROLAND
Side Center



ANNIE LIPSCOMB
Jumping Center

Junior Basket Ball Team

Forwards: Rachel Marshall, Martine Morris, Katharine Curtis.
Guards: Mona Yarborough, Ann Wolfe, Katie Dickie.
Centers: Ruby DeLong, Mary Ellen Tisdale.

Sophomore Basket Ball Team

Forwards: Gladys Bates, Stella Treadaway, Nora Mae Sheppard.
Guards: Louise Von Struve, Jewel Lowrance.
Centers: Susie Thompson, Bess Carlock.

Fish Basket Ball Team Champions

Forwards: Helen Francis, Wilma Pearson, Louise Preston.
Guards: Maebelle Jarvis.
Centers: Annie Lipscomb, Evelyn Goodrich.

Helen Francis, *Captain*

SCORE

Fish	53	Sophs	18
Fish	49	Sophs	18
Sophs	43	Juniors	17
Fish	25	Juniors	16

Mary Beth Alderman
Song Leader

Jack Briscoe
Yell Leader

Tune: HOT TIME.

1.

Cheer, girls, cheer; our team has got the ball.
Cheer, girls, cheer, and ..... must fall,
And when we hit that goal, we're sure to raise the score
And have a hot time in our school tonight.

2.

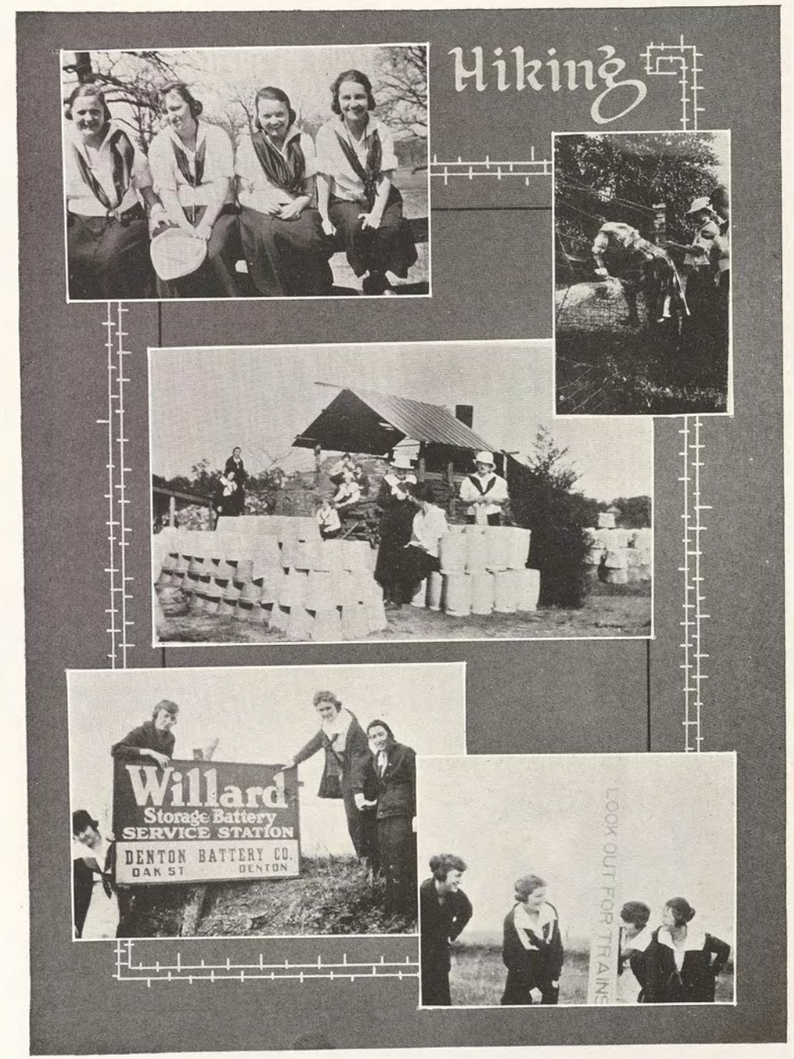
Cheer, girls, cheer; we're playing a winning game,
Cheer, girls, cheer, we'll whip 'em just the same,
And you can bet six bits to a piece of lemon pie
We'll have a hot time in our school tonight.

TENNIS

AILEEN FOLLIARD
School Champion

AILEEN FOLLIARD
EVA BELL COVERT
Champions in Inter-Class Doubles, 1918-1919.

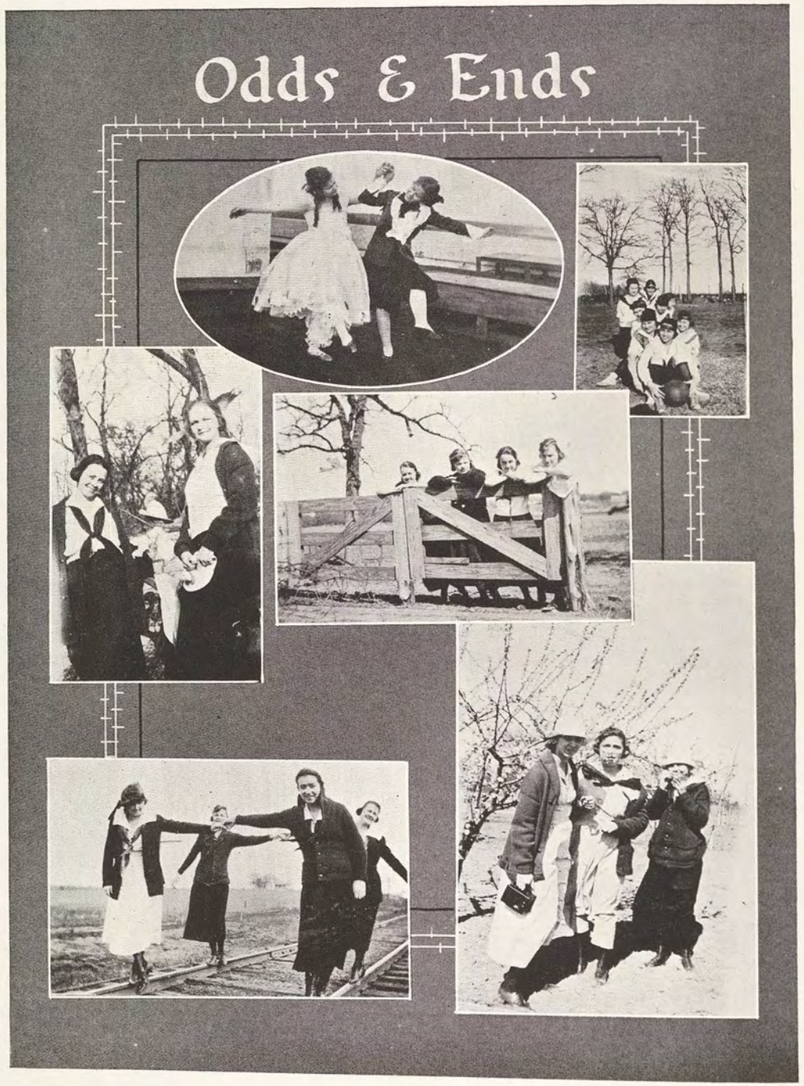
TRYOUTS—1919-1920.



Baseball

Boating

Odds & Ends



ORGANIZATIONS

THE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

THE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION of the *College of Industrial Arts* has been since it came into existence as an organization in June, 1905, an active and loyal factor in furthering the interests of the College. Since the founding of the College (in 1903) approximately eleven thousand students have been in attendance of which more than one thousand are graduates. The number will be increased to something like thirteen hundred at the close of this summer's commencement exercises.

Two business meetings are held yearly: one during the spring commencement exercises at which the officers for the ensuing year are elected and on which occasion the annual banquet is held; the second at the meeting of the Texas State Teachers' Association at which time a luncheon is given for the alumnæ and their guests. The publication of a quarterly magazine (started in 1918), containing news of the graduates, their work and activities and of the general interests and progress of the College has had no small part in preserving the unity of the organization.

Miss Jessie H. Humphries, vocational councellor of the College who has given her time and labor so willingly to keeping in touch with the members of the association, has on file in her office the most recent addresses and occupations of every graduate of the institution that it has been possible for her to procure.

The STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

THE most important and beneficial association in the College is the Students' Association. The Students' Association is an organization composed of all the students of the College. The officers are elected each year by popular vote of the student body, while one representative is elected by each class. The Student Council is the greatest single organization to bring benefits and services to the student body. The Council has always worked for the girls and with them sympathetically. The Student Council was organized for the purpose of establishing a true self government, and fostering and maintaining the highest standards and ideals of conduct. An atmosphere of loyalty between student and student, and student and teacher has been established. Although, on the whole, this year has been considered very successful, still it is the ambition of the organization to become a more vital factor in the development of the College, and to render greater service to the student body.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Camma Marquess ..... *President*
Maurine Canon ..... *Vice-President*
Anabel Kiber ..... *Secretary*
Ray Johnston ..... *Treasurer*
Kate Vernon, *Chairman* ..... *Finance Committee*
Bess Poe, *Chairman* ..... *Bible Committee*
Maurine Thompson, *Chairman* ..... *Meeting Committee*
Lulu Wood, *Chairman* ..... *Social Service Committee*
Rachel Marshall, *Chairman* ..... *Music Committee*
Alice Ray, *Chairman* ..... *Art Committee*
Emma Carter, *Chairman* ..... *Missionary Committee*
Louise Liecham, *Chairman* ..... *Social Committee*
Charleen Hogue, *Chairman* ..... *Special Committee*
Angie Phillips, *Chairman* ..... *Room Committee*
Katherine Curtis ..... *Annual Member*
Gertrude Carter ..... *Honorary Member*

BY the name, Y. W. C. A., many things are implied to the *College of Industrial Arts* student. It greets her with a welcome as she begins her College career by furnishing to her a big sister who tries to fulfill in some measure the place of one she "left behind" or at least one who sees that she is comfortable and happy, just at first and not too lonesome. It furnishes her with a handbook which can be her guide when Big Sister is not "there." In addition to this it furnishes to both "new and old" girls a number of entertainments throughout the year. For every gala day a festival is planned by this organization for the purpose of bringing the student body closer together.

The work of the Association has been quite broad this year. Among other things it has sent delegates to several missions, the largest of which was the Students' Volunteer Conference which meets only every College generation and which met at Des Moines in January. That it emphasizes the world fellowship movement may be shown by the fact that it has brought the spirit of Japan to the student body in a very pleasing form of entertainment by the Orgawa players and the spirit of Ireland has been brought in the person of William Butler Yeats, the most prominent figure in Irish literature living today. These are only two of the many "treats" given under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. this session.

In the weekly meeting held in the living rooms of the several dormitories we have striven for both intellectual and spiritual uplift as have we in the special meetings held in the auditorium, so that we might all be together for the occasion.

All of the work has not been strictly local, however, as we have not failed to remember the great work to be done in foreign fields. We have for several years supported a missionary in China and so in every way has the Association endeavored to incorporate into its being some of the spirit of Him for whom it was named, and to carry out its great principle which He brought—Service.

JOHN R. MOTT CLUB

GREAT is John R. Mott Club, which had its real beginning on the night of December 29, 1919, in the big station at Dallas, Texas, for that was the biggest act of our experience. It became a pronounced fact in the conference hall at Des Moines, Iowa, on the morning of December 31, 1919, when the gavel sounded its first stroke in the hands of Mr. John R. Mott. Since that time we have "lived, moved, and had our being," in other words, we are, and ever shall be!

No definite organization was carried out until our return to the College, but as is characterisic of *C. I. A.* our club had its name, constitution, and purpose, before the other Texas delegations had recovered from the effects of that special train. A number of our members gave to the school, in a series of chapel talks, the big ideas and ideals that Des Moines had given us; and so that these might be kept alive, we formed an organization under the name of the big man who has inspired nothing but the best in every life, John R. Mott. Our first meeting included an election of officers: Charleen Hogue, president; Katherine Curtis, vice-president; Ray Johnston, Secretary and Treasurer; and the appointment of committees for furthering the work of the club. The meetings which have been held every two weeks have been the inspiration of every member, and because the purpose of the club is as big as the conference, it calls for hard, preserving, life-long-worth-while work. Those who share in this responsibility and constitute the membership are:

Charleen Hogue
Katherine Curtis
Emma Carter
Bernice Schoew
Ruth Laird
Mattie Bounds
Ray Johnston
Fleet Staley
Gertrude Carter
Martine Morris
Mrs Willie Bigham
Ruth West
Miss Mamie Walker, *Sponsor.*

PRESS CLUB

OFFICERS

EDNA SAUNDERS ..... *President* FRANKIE MAVERICK ..... *Secretary*
BEULAH ROBINSON ..... *Treasurer*

Press Club delegates from the *College of Industrial Arts* to the 1919-1920 Texas Inter-Collegiate Press Association

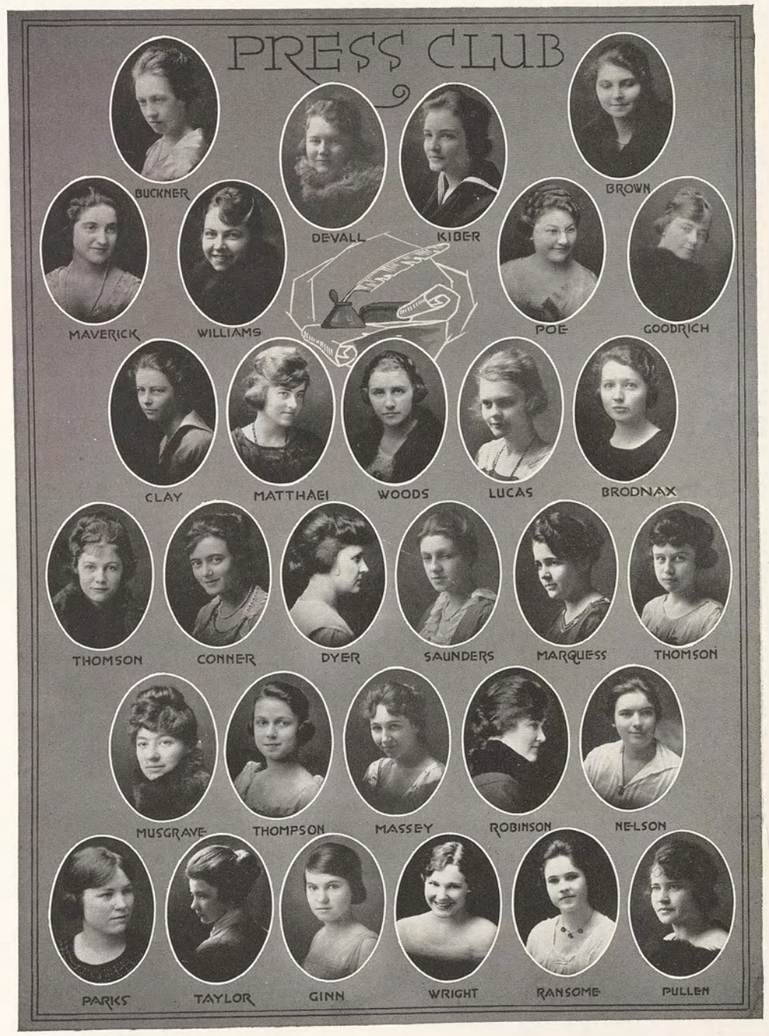
MILDRED PARKS ..... *Recording Secretary* GLADYS WRIGHT ..... *Delegate*
ANALOIS PULLEN ..... *Voting Delegate* RUTH DEVALL ..... *Delegate*

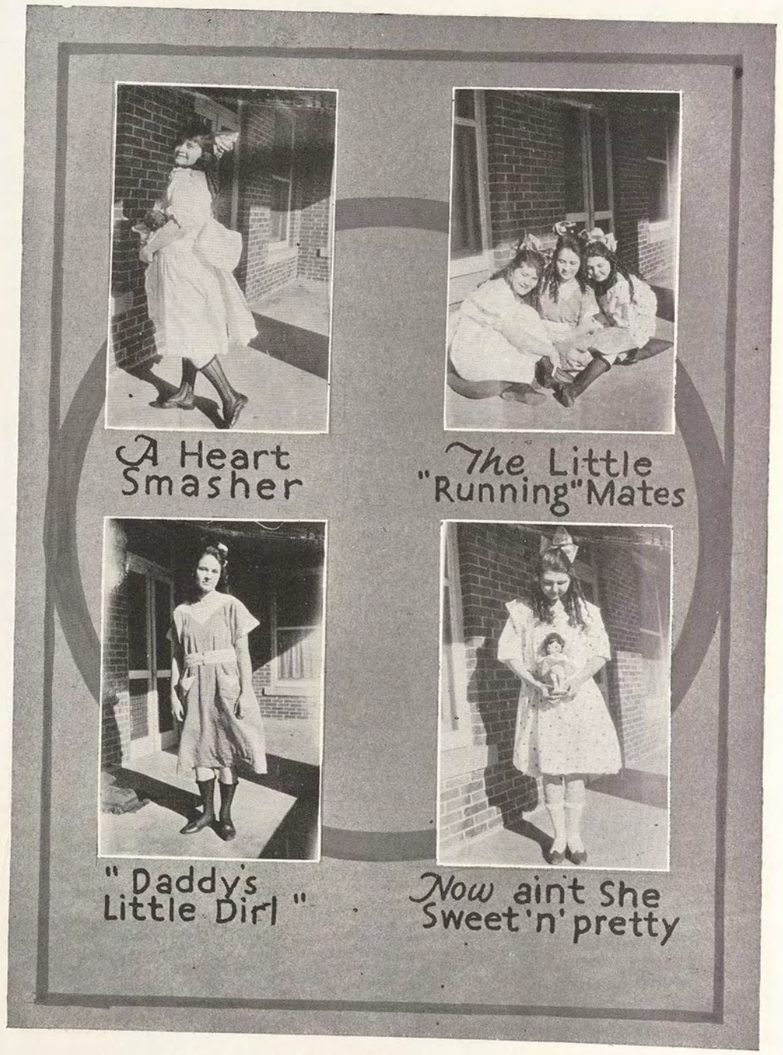
BECAUSE of the fact that it is one of our pioneer clubs, it is the most dignified. The Press Club was organized in 1910. The course of study for the year has been very interesting and helpful. In addition to a study of journalism, the Club has devoted the year to a study of certain phases of such subjects as music, art and poetry. The course was followed according to the outline given in the year book.

The object of this Club is to improve and advance the cause of college journalism; to dignify the staff of the college publications; to raise the standard of literary achievement; and to promote the study of journalism in all its branches.

The requirements for entrance to the Press Club will be modified for the coming year, 1920. The Club will become a journalistic as well as an honor club. Each member of the Club holding no position on staff publications will be requested to publish at least three articles in the annual or quarterly, or to work as a reporter for the *Lass-O* for a period of not less than two months. Such work must be satisfactorily accomplished before admission to the Club is granted.

Journalism has become one of the most important factors in the modern world, and it is evident that college journalism not only holds a place in college life of benefit to the school, but it also gives training which will be of great service to those interested in journalism after leaving school.





FEATURING THE PRESS CLUB SANS DIGNITY

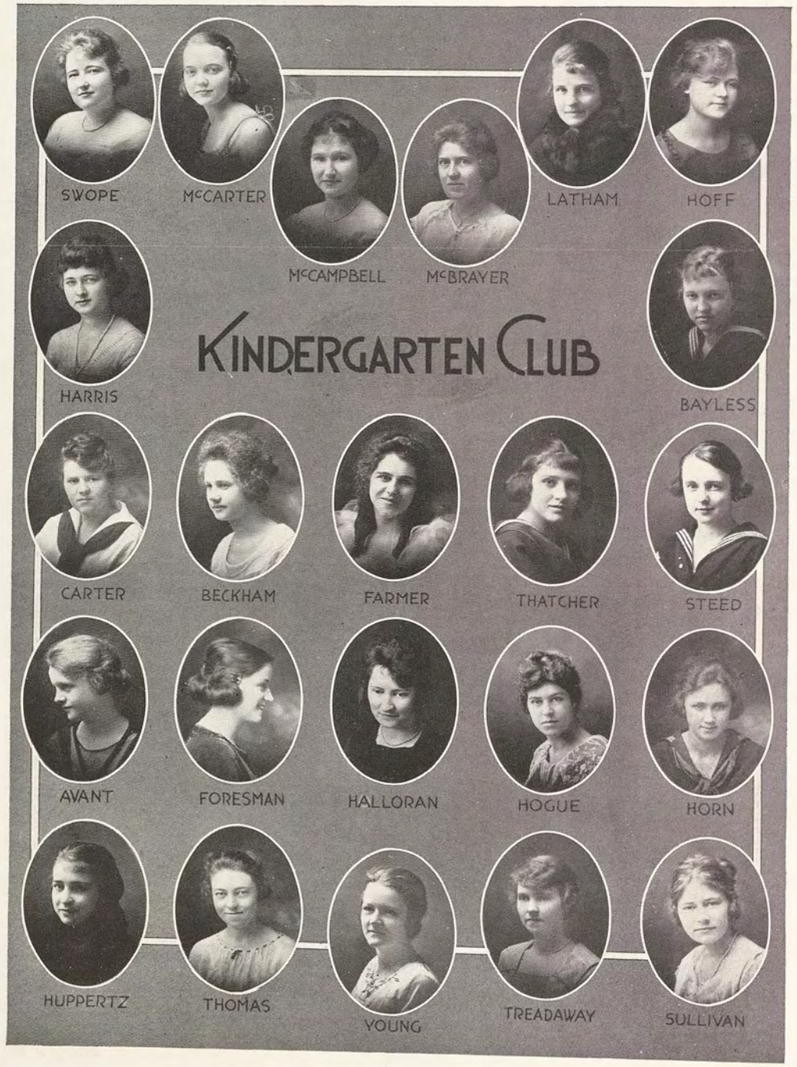
THE ATHENÆUM CLUB was organized February 26, 1917, and since that time it has been achieving success. As its dignified name signifies, it stands for all that is noblest and best. The program for study this year has been two types. The first two quarters of the year were devoted to a study of musicians, including violinists, singers, and opera-composers. The last quarter was given to the study of modern poets, novelists and literary men of today.

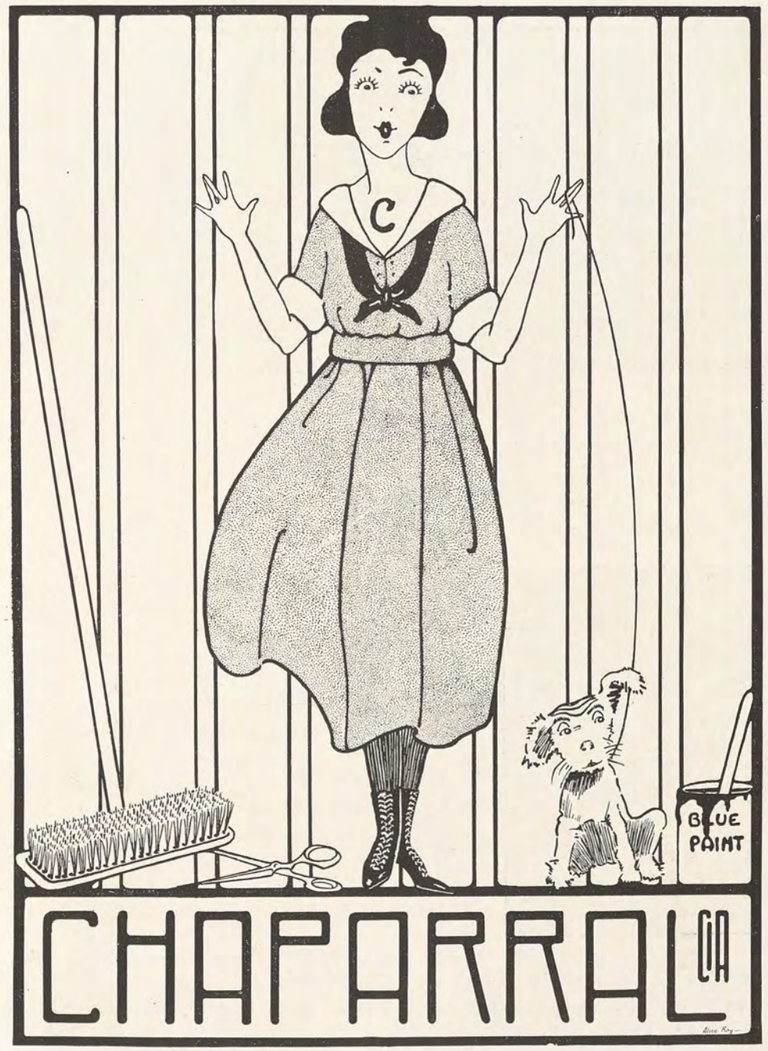
Although the Athenæum Club is the smallest literary society in the College it stands among the first in importance. The members are clever, awake and progressive, and every one works for the betterment of the club.

What could speak better for the club than the inspiring motto that it has chosen: "We set before ourselves high ideals, and strive to attain them."

ATHENÆUM CLUB ROLL

Mildred Bailey
Gladys Bates
Alice Bledsoe
Exa Cahill
Edna Carrico
Frances Cook
Ruth DeVall
Myrtle Dickie
Willie Edwards
June Harkrider
Lucile Hook
Dorothy Jenkins
Loma Jones
Charlotte Kyle
Mary Leverett
Thelma Lucas
Helen Ludeman
Bernice McDonald
Blanche Mahaffey
Frankie Maverick
Mona Morgan
Martine Morris
Wilne Morton
Leatha Musgrave
Fayme Meyer
Elizabeth Neilson
Mildred Parks
Mary Penery
Thelma Rabb
Beulah Robinson
Genevieve Simpson
May Dee Smith
Ruth Speer
Fleet Staley
Jenne Tanner
Ethel Thomas
Lillian Thomas
Statira Thornton
Lillian Williams
Helen Worley


KINDERGARTEN CLUB
SWOPE
McCARTER
LATHAM
HOFF
McCAMPBELL
McBRAYER
HARRIS
BAYLESS
CARTER
BECKHAM
FARMER
THATCHER
STEED
AVANT
FORESMAN
HALLORAN
HOGUE
HORN
HUPPERTZ
THOMAS
YOUNG
TREADAWAY
SULLIVAN


C
BLUE POINT
CHAPARRAL CIA

CHAPARRAL LITERARY CLUB

LITERARY CLUBS are the only kind of social organizations in *C. I. A.*, since we do not have sororities. The Chaparral Literary Club was organized in 1904. The club has been represented each year at the annual convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs.

The purpose of this club is to extend among its members broader ideals of scholarship, and higher planes of thought by a study of pure literature, and through a free discussion of the same, together, with those problems that are of vital interest along ethical and social lines to present-day people.

The course of study for this year has been very interesting and instructive. The course included a study of modern poets, authors, war heroes, and great artists. The club gave three scholarships this year.

The motto of the club, which is: "Let us pride ourselves on the thinking of high thoughs, the achieving of great deeds, and the living of good lives," enables the club to work more earnestly and faithfully to uphold and live by its principles.

CHAPARRAL LITERARY CLUB

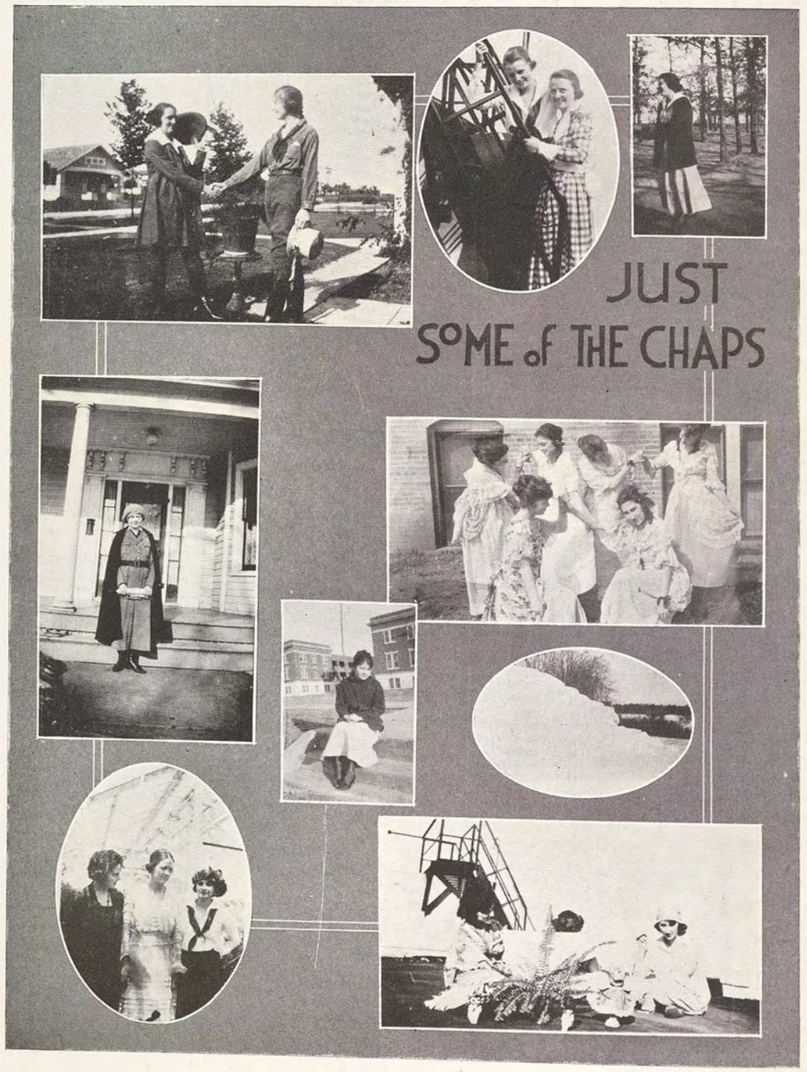
Lera R. Drake
Elizabeth Fraley
Fanabel Hull
Lula Wood
Marie Ruth Garrett
Adele Marcus
Laura A. Hines
Dorothy Jenkins
Inez Pellum
Margaret Hendricks
Jennie Dunne Montague
Katherine Watts
Crystelle Waggoner
Edna Mae Fraley
"Red" Random
Beatrice Ann Halloran
Pattie Seale
Gertrude Seale
[illegible]
Luna Mildred Halbert
Juanita Evans
Jack "Princess"
Lula Buck
Dorothy Kelly
Selinda Hallett
Eva Cornell
Ruth Allen
Anabel D. Seavey
Dorothy Conner
Fay Mahaney
Katherine Snider
Dorothy Pool
Artymise Keitt
Susan A. Davis
Mary Winchelaa

Ruth Carroll
Bernice Neubaum
Alice Nelson Pratt
Jennie Mae St. Louis
Alice Ray
Anne Claire Wooley
Corrine Philp
Annie Lee
Ina Baird
La Rita Bayless
Mattie Lee Strauss
Mozelle Wall
Reba Robinson
Opal Marshall
Virginia Shelton
Helene Miley
Katherine Hart
Eva Lynn Montague
Dorothy Shipstrine
Winnie Lee Cutter
Gloria Brown
Ruth Palmer
Fay Rodney
Alva Wallace
Bertha Trotter
Gladys Bounds
Ruth Cox
Anna Baker
Hilda Rudd
Statira Thornton
Quitance Douglas
Thelma Morris
Harriet Elizabeth Davis
Ruth Pierce
Annalois Fuller

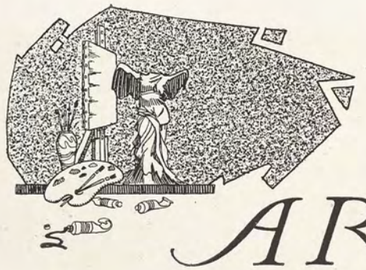
Honorary Members

Edna M. Mendenhall
Marguerite E. Brodeur
Harry E. Shultz
Mamie N. Walker
Elsie MacClanahan
Elizabeth Leake

Helen McBride
Laura Price
Ruth Barnard
Lurine Lucham
Inez Scott
Lizzie Fenn Jackson
Mary Evelyn Coleman
Hedwig McCarter
Margie Coates
Lola Wolfe
Lucile Pardue
Olive Thompson
Laura Street
Mary Dow Oliver
Grace Carothers
Emmon McGaughey
Velma Hayter
Lena Hoach
"Di" Avis
Ruth Allen (2)
Juanita Bridges
Mary Aiken
Ruth Barnard (2)
Onda Boulden
Kate Brodnax
Ruth Boykin
Ruth Baldridge
Katherine Curtis
Fleet Haley
"Di" Fowler
Lois Fitzgerald
Myra Goode
Aileen Mae Eller
Lady Jane Eller
Pauline Davenport
Mattie Carr
Lucy Harrison
Fenne Wellman


JUST
SOME of THE CHAPS

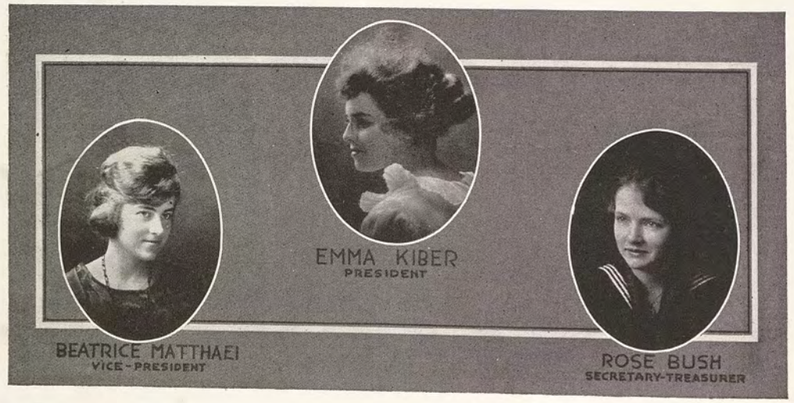
ART
Marian G. Thomson



The ART CLUB

THE ART CLUB of the College, which was organized in 1913, has for its object the development of art education, and art appreciation, not only among its members, but among the student body as a whole. The year's work has been carefully planned and systematically carried out. A study of modern art, including lectures with illustrations, has been particularly beneficial.

A scholarship fund for the benefit of any art student who wishes to continue her study in New York, has been founded. The interest in the work of the Club has been heightened by many artistic social events in which the members have participated.



DRAMATIC ART CLUB

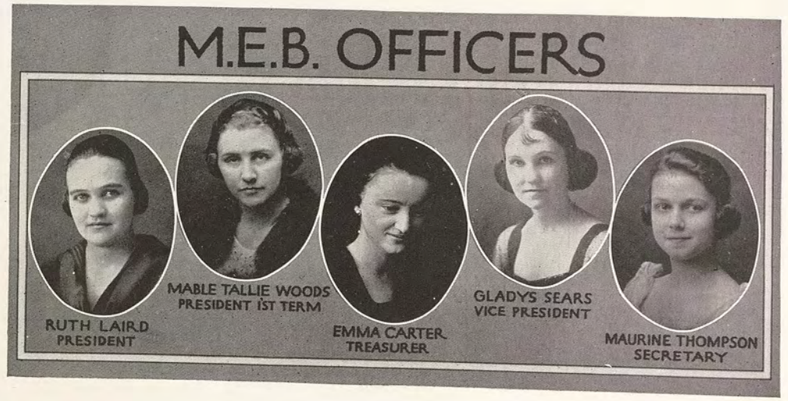
Ruth Allen ..... *President*
Veda Samuell ..... *Vice-President*
Blanche Mahaffey ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*
Edna Carrico ..... *Reporter*

Ruth Allen
Georgia Bassel
Annie Lee Burns
Sue Betty Grey
Myrtle Dickie
Edna Carrico
Nadine Person
Louise Stockton
Sue Huff
Marie Hughes
Marie Henry
Alma Johnson
Lucille Hook
Blanche Mahaffey
Willie McJunkins
Maude Holt
Veda Samuell
Thelma Rabb
Mammie K. Nutter

The MARY ELEANOR BRACKENRIDGE CLUB

THE MARY ELEANOR BRACKENRIDGE CLUB has grown from a small, but enthusiastic, organization in 1907 to a present membership of more than 450. From the year of its beginning until the present year it has endeavored faithfully to live up to its motto: "Live to make the world better, and, therefore, happier for all."

The work of the club has been helpful not only to its members, but it has also been alert to the needs of the world. Seven scholarships, amounting in all to the sum of two hundred and twenty-five dollars, have been provided for the worthy and needy girls of the College. Christmas boxes filled with clothes and toys, which amounted to approximately one hundred and seventy-five dollars, were sent to the Evangelic Home in Waco, Texas. This gift of good things was proclaimed to be one of the greatest gifts of its kind ever received by the Home. Thus by such practical service the Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club desires to continue to make the world better and happier for all.



M. E. B. CLUB ROLL

Adams, Geraldine
Adams, Winnie
Aiken, Lorene
Albin, Hilda
Allen, Birdie Lee
Altman, Louise
Ancell, Ethel Marie
Anderson, Electra
Anderson, Evelyn
Ard, Vesta
Arledge, Hilda Bell
Ashworth, Helen
Aston, Louise
Avant, Gladys
Avant, Lucille
Avenger, Mamie
Bailey, Kate
Bailey, Louise
Bailey, Mildred
Baker, Beryl
Baker, Kathlyn
Ball, Magg
Barber, Dovie
Barnard, Ama
Barnette, Thelma
Barnhill, Mattie Dell
Barton, Willie
Bates, Gladys
Baugh, Ethel
Baxter, Bonita
Baylor, Florence
Beall, Alma
Becker, Hazel
Benett, Ethel
Bigham, Virginia
Bigham, Mrs. Willie
Bingham, Mary
Blades, Louida
Blanks, Titia Belle
Bonner, Hattie
Boswell, Bird
Boswell, Louise
Bounds, Mattie
Bowles, Addie Bob
Bourland, Fannie
Boydston, Coryce
Bradfield, Helen
Bradshaw, Dorothy
Briggs, Mattie
Brown, Otelia
Bryant, Beulah
Buchner, Bernize
Burke, Margaret
Bushong, Frances
Bussey, Elsie
Butler, Annadee
Butner, Gladys
Byrnes, Sallie
Cade, Mary Joe
Campbell,
Campbell, Zola
Cannon, Lillian
Cannon, Maurine
Carlock, Bess
Carlock, Mary
Carpenter, Ray
Carter, Earle
Carter, Emma
Carter, Gladys
Cartwright, Katherine
Caswell, Jean
Cavalier, Mary Virginia
Cazley, Marie
Chance, Lucile
Childress, Mildred
Christensen, Christene
Clark, Frances
Clay, Roberta
Cochran, Leila
Cochran, Tommie
Cohen, Karolyn
Collie, Thelma
Collier, Marietta
Collins, Birdie
Compere, Miriam
Compere, Ruby
Compton, Mary
Connally, Dora Lee
Connally, Eula
Condiff, Lillian
Connally, La Dora
Coupeland, Gladys
Conway, Florence
Cooke, Alice
Cook, Frances
Cook, Ora
Cooper, Lillie Mae
Craig, Clara Mable
Crawford, Kathleen
Crider, Conway
Cutbirth, Naomi
Dansby, Gladys
Davidson, Genevieve
Davidson, Mary
Davis, Florence
Davis, Helen
Davis, Ruth
Davis, Vannah
DeLong, Ruby
Denman, Beulah
Denman, Mabel
Dennis, Fay
Dennis, Orpha
Dickerson, Evelyn
Duncan, Cristine
Dunklin, Nettie Lee
Eagan, Melissa
Edelbrock, Mary
Eichkoff, Imogene
Eichkoff, Maurine
Elder, Tincy
Ellis, Essie
Elsby, Thelma
Eubank, Bertha
Eubank, Lydia
Eubank, Mabel
Farmer, Grenade
Fields, Eleanir
Fiske, Catherine
Fite, Mattie Lee
Fitzgerald, Mary Earle
Fisher, Cora
Floyd, Thelma
Foresman, Jean
Foshee, Mary
Fuller, Grace
Gilette, Francis
Gieliland, Grace
Gilmore, Georgia
Ginn, Thelma
Glass, Sibyle
Godfrey, Alma
Gonzales, Kathleen
Gooch, Ruth
Gooch, Ruby
Goode, Fannie
Gregg, Ira
Gresham, Gertrude
Griffing, Irleene
Griffis, Bonnie Marie
Hallam, Marguerite
Hall, Bernice
Hammond, Bettie
Hamilton, Eleanor
Hanks, Ellie
Hargrave, Rachel
Hardin, Nina Lee
Harford, Louise
Harmon, Effie
Harris, Elizabeth
Harris, Katie Mae
Harris, Stella
Hart, Corrine
Hart, Santa
Hatch, Pearl
Hays, Gladys
Hawes, Eloise
Head, Vollie
Henderson, Sibyl
Hendricks, Marie
Hendricks, Vera
Henkel, Laura
Hestand, Mary
Higginbotham, Mary
Hill, Marian
Hill, Zola Mae
Hoerster, Ella Mae
Hoff, Glennie
Holcomb, Nadiene
Holland, Nona
Holley, Esther
Holley, Ruth
Holmes, Jane
Holstead, Bess
Honea, Lona
Hope, Lois Ray
Horton, Louise
Howard, Helen
Howard, Iris
Hughes, Bess
Hunter, Cicil
Huppertz, Grace
Jackson, Beulah
Jaeggli, Elsie Marie
James, Dolly
James, Esther
James, Lula
Jarvis, Maybelle
Jenkins, Ruth
Jennings, Etna
Jinkins, Mardie
Johnson, Alice
Johnson, Eula
Johnson, Ina
Johnson, Lucille
Johnston, Ivy
Jones, Ebba
Jones, Edelene
Jones, Maidell
Jones, Willie Grey
Jones, Sibyl
Keahey, Loreta
Killy, Dorothy
Kerr, Lorene
King, Agnes
King, Minnie Lee
King, Viva
Kirkland, Cecil
Klatz, Alice
Kapecky, Mrs. Lola
Kraege, Viola
Kyle, Charlotte
Laird, Ruth
Langley, Louise
LaRoe, Louise
Latham, Doris
Lavender, Bessie Lee
Lawhon, Jewel
Lawhon, Lola
Lawther, Margaret
Lone, Theo
Leach, Erma
Lee, Margaret
Ledrick, Cassie
Leeper, Maud
Leffler, Teland
Lahning, Louise
Leicham, Agnes
Le Marie, Valeria
Lewis, Lenora
Lilly, Robbie
Limm, Francis
Linke, Gertrude
Lindy, Patsy
Lipscomb, Annie
Little, Zola
Lively, Mabel
Locke, Delsice
Loveless, Velma
Lowe, Elsie
Lowry, Frankie
Lowry, Marie
Lowrance, Jewel
Mackensen, Verona
Majeska, Blancho
Malone, Mamie
Marshall, Rachel
Martin, Mrs. Anna
Martin, Geraldine
Martin, Leona
Massey, Elsinor
Malthaee, Beatrice
Matthews, Eloise
McCain, Willard
McCampbell, Eddie
McCampbell, Ruth
McClellan, Mattie
McClendon, Bertha
McClendon, Martha
McCullough, Mourice
McCoy, Martha
McDonald, Mary
McGleason, Ona Bell
McKee, Beryl
Millar, Margaret
Miller, Francis
Miller, Mary Francis
Minton, Tennie
Montgomery, Estelle
Montgomery, Mamie
Montgomery, Marie
Montgomery, Nell
Moreland, Flo
Moore, Edwina
Moore, Lula
Morgan, Nadine
Morris, Coral
Morrow, Lorene
Moss, Allie
Moss, Ida
Nason, Elsie
Nelson, Lottie
Nelson, Sue
Nicholson, Elizabeth
Nicholson, Vera
Norris, Mary Ella
Novey, Katherine
Nunnally, Margurite
Oliver, Myrtle
Onstatt, Lynette
Orr, Maurine
Owens, Beulah
Parks, Mildred
Palmer, Mildred
Patton, Pearl
Pearce, Mildred
Pearson, Wilma
Peck, Alma
Person, Nadine
Philipps, Lottie Louise
Pickett, Mary Vance
Pitts, Robbie
Plaramon, Genevieve
Porter, Marianna
Potts, Winnie V.
Precise, Lilia
Price, Clara
Price, Lila
Price, Inez
Price, Mixie
Price, Neta
Price, Rose
Pyron, Lelia
Quinn, Eloise
Rabb, Thelma
Ramey, Pauline
Ramsey, Francis
Randall, Laura
Rea, Edna
Renee, Elsie
Reed, Mack
Rewell, Elsie
Richey, Leah
Riley, Silence
Rixon, Golda
Rodd, Kathleen
Rogers, Faye
Rogers, Inez
Ross, Zula
Rowan, Mildred
Rowell, Ethel
Ruff, Hope
Samuell, Veda
Sanders, Francis Lucile
Scales, Jewel
Scott, Jessie
Scott, Myrtle
Schoew, Bernice
Scroggins, Inez
Schmutt, Mattie Lee
Sears, Elizabeth
Sears, Gladys
Sellby, Cecil
Sewell, Hazel
Shirley, Kathryn
Siddall, Elizabeth
Slaughter, Seba
Sloan, Beatrice
Sloan, Roberta
Small, Mary Annie
Smith, Alberta
Smith, Florence
Smith, Mamie
Smith, Rena
Smith, Willie Lucile
Smith, Venture
Smith, Mary
Snider, Jedonia
Snider, Mary
Snips, Fannie
Spencer, Lela
Snyder, Mary
Spencer, Marguerite
Stales, Mattie Ruth
Stagner, Lucile
Stark, Baby
Starr, Abbie
Steede, Lucile
Stewart, Nita
Stinson, Clifford
Stokes, Viola
Stratton, Bess
Stribblin, Hattie
Strube, Thelma
Sullivan, Cornelia
Sullivan, Jo Frank
Swoop, Dorothy
Tabb, Mary
Taylor, Anna
Taylor, Pauline
Taylor, Pearl
Taylor, Winnie
Terrell, Pauline
Terron, Jewel
Terry, Mary
Thompson, Francis
Thompson, Florence
Thompson, Margaret
Thompson, Maurine
Thompson, Marian
Thompson, Susie
Thompson, Valeska
Thornton, Elenor
Tidwell, Nasnu
Tisdale, Mary
Trickery, Lillie
Trotter, Mary
Tyrell, Margurite
Tyson, Margaret
Vauderstucker, Leisal
Vauderstucker, Margaret
Van Trease, Thelma
Vencil, Belt
Vernon, Kate
Vernon, Rose
Waller, Mickey
Walker, Elizabeth
Walker, Elliena
Walker, Mary
Ware, Ida
West, Beulah
West, Ruth
Wharton, Cletylee
Wileman, Glenn
Wilcox, Tula
Wilhart, Ethel
Wilkerson, Elsie
Wilkerson, Mae
Williams, Doris
Wilson, Ardie
Wilson, Fern
Wilson, Lillian
Wilson, O'ive
Winkler, Flossie
Winser, Nadine
Witcher, Eurma
Wright, Altha
Wright, Gladys
Woods, Mrs. Mabel T.
Wolfe, Alma
Wolfe, Annie
Wynt, Annie
Yarbrough, Mona
Yates, Dorothy
Young, Nadine
Youngblood, Ona

SAN ANTONIO CLUB
AVANT L.
AVANT G.
BRISCOE
BOYKIN
BRASSELL
DOUGLASS
DUGGAN
DAVIDSON
HUPPERTZ
HOESTER
HEITZBERG
HARRIS
JAMES
KLOTZ
KIMBROUGH
BOSE
WILLIAMS

SAN ANTONIO CLUB
LARKIN
LEE
LOVE
MACKENSIN
MATHEWS
NEWDING
PULLEN
PYRON
PRICE L.
PARDUE
RILEY
PRICE C.
TIDWELL
TROTTER
TYRRELL
VAN STUCKEN
VANDER STUCKEN

COLEMAN COUNTY CLUB
ASTON
BRANNAN
CULP
GILMORE
JAMESON
LAVENDER
PEARCE
F. THOMSON
M. THOMSON
WILSON
WILHOIT
WEST

PLAINVIEW CLUB
ANDERSON
ALLEN
COOPER
CAMPBELL
CRAIG
GOODE
HOOPER
HARGROVE
HENKEL
LYNN
LEACH
McCLENDON
NEAL
SMITH
SEWELL
TREADAWAY M.
TREADAWAY S.
VENCIL

VAN ZANDT CLUB
BAIRD
BAIRD
BARBER
COLEMAN
CHANCELLOR
CURTIS
HALLMAN
MURRAY
NUNNALLY
SLAUGHTER
SPEARS
TERRY
THATCHER
WRIGHT
WEST

DENTON CLUB
ALLISON
BOSWELL
BATES
BALL
COLE
FRANCIS
KING
McDADE
NELSON
PENRY
PALMER
PARK J.
PARK W.M.
ROBERTS
SULLIVAN
STALEY
SHEPHARD
TURNER
UBBEN
WATKINS

DALLAS CLUB
BRADFIELD
BENNETT
CASSELL
DENNIS
DUNCAN
FOSTER
HORN
HOWLOWITZ
JENKINS
JOHNSON
LAWTHER
MILLER
RAVKIND
ROOTS
SEARCY
THORNTON
TAYLOR
WINKLER
YOUNGBLOOD

DALLAS CLUB
BRUTON
BARTLETT
COOPER
ELSBY
GRAVELY
HAWES
HORTON
JOHNSON
LEFFLER
MAPES
MITCHELL
McMURRAY
PELLERIN
SEARS
STILLWELL
THOMPSON
TAYLOR
WALLACE

FORT WORTH CLUB

OFFICERS FOR FIRST TERM

Alice Ray.....*President*
Louise Boswell.....*Vice-President*
Irene Taylor.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
Katheryn Taylor.....*Reporter*

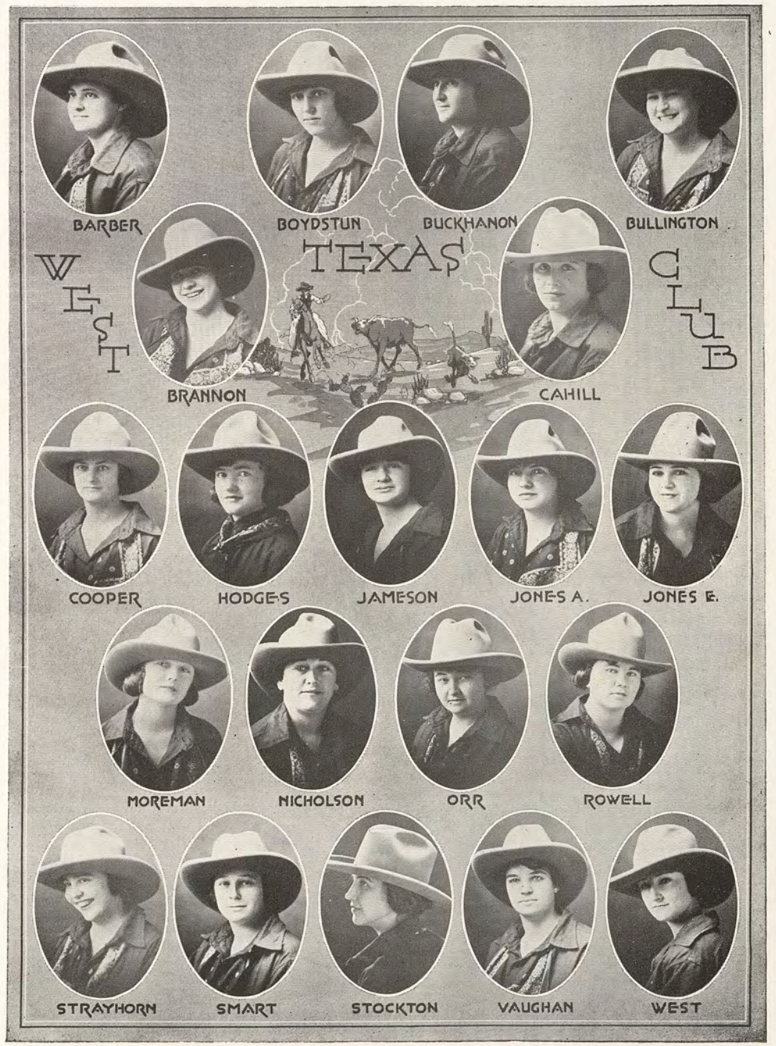
OFFICERS FOR SECOND TERM

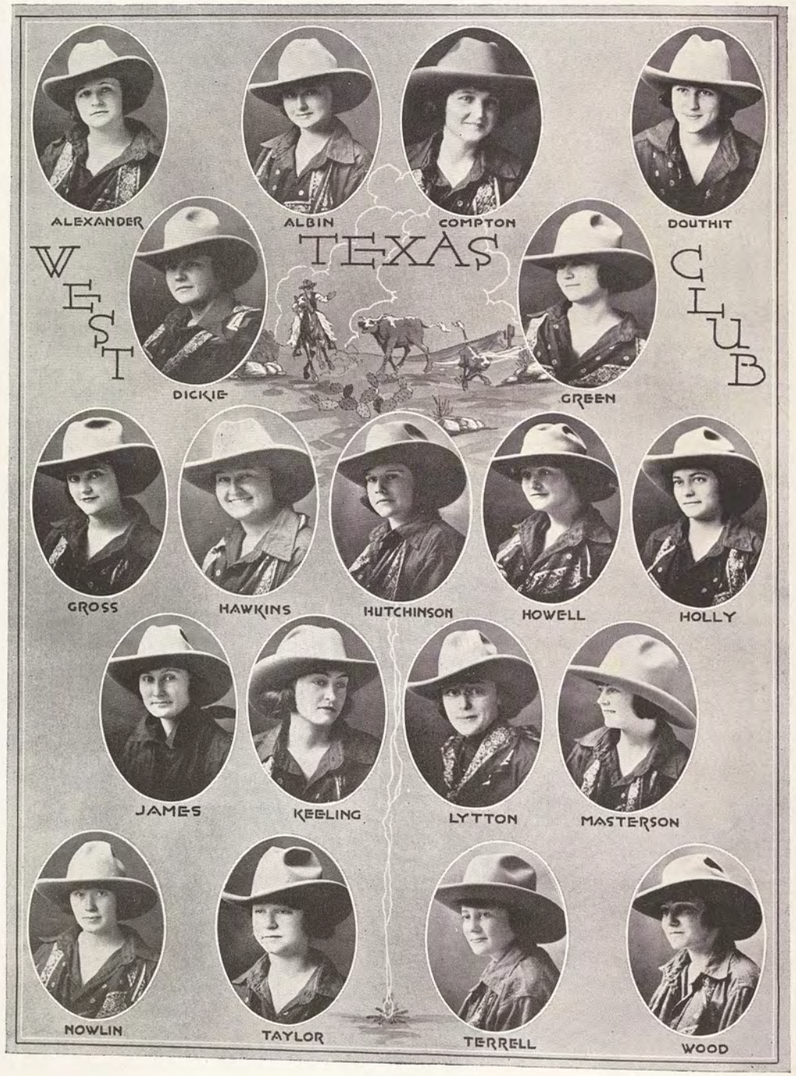
Louise Boswell.....*President*
Hazel Becker.....*Vice-President*
Pauline Tyson.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
Gladys Dansby.....*Reporter*

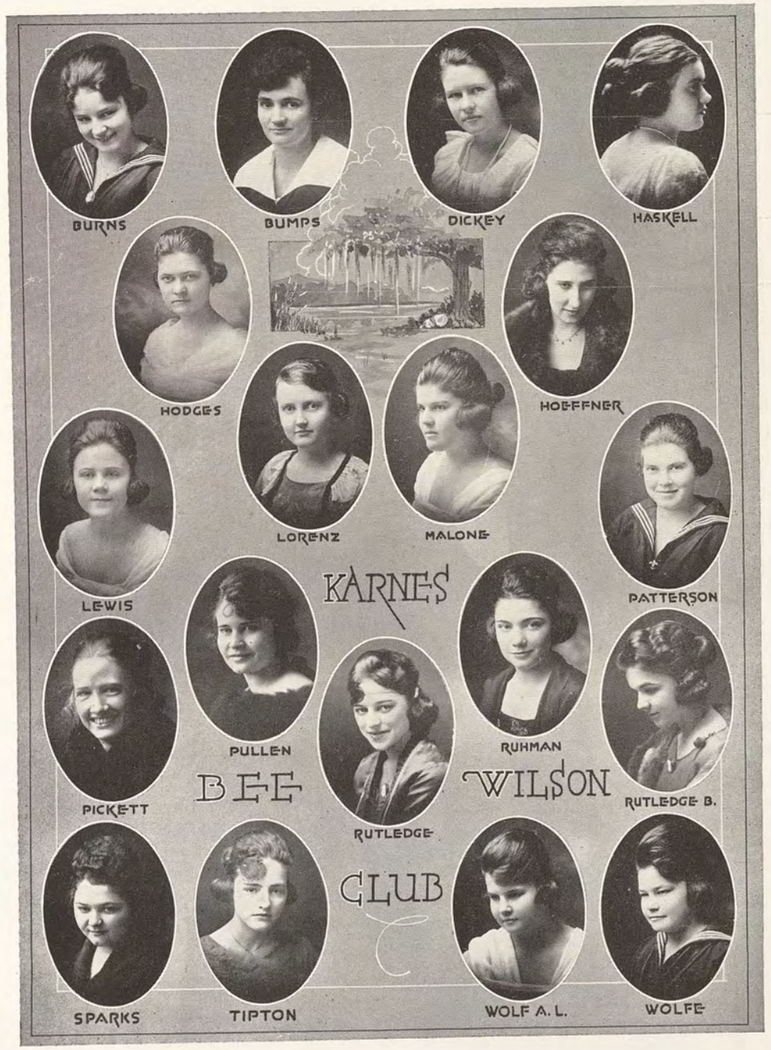
Hazel Becker
Louise Boswell
Eula Buck
Gladys Dansby
Ruby Davis
Marie Cosby
Mamie Edelbrock
Ethel Estelle
Mattie Mae Glover
Bertha Duncan
Ruth Greene
Jane Gebbard
Selma Hightower
Mabel Keith
Ruth Leverett
Ima Lawson
Mattie Beth Morgan
Mattie McClelian
Louise McLendon
Bessie Plummer
Alice Ray
Marion Runyan
Lorna Soash
Margaret Sargent
Lucile Sanders
Winnifred Spain
Ava L. Stephens
Thelma Strube
Pauline Tyson
Irene Taylor
Katheryn Taylor
Lillian Williams

We hail from Fort Worth,
The dearest city on the earth.
Here at *C. I. A.* we dig and groan,
And have no time for going home.
Though there are many rules that vex us,
We're "future wives and mothers of Texas".

WEST TEXAS CLUB
BIRDWELL
BURKE
CARR
COTES
CUTBERTH
DICKIE
FISHER
HAMLETT
HOLMES
HUFFAKER
HARKRIDER
JOY
LYTTLE
NOBLES
ROWELL
STRAYHORN
VERNON R.
VERNON K.L.
WIGHT


WEST TEXAS CLUB
BARBER
BOYDSTUN
BUCKHANON
BULLINGTON
BRANNON
CAHILL
COOPER
HODGES
JAMESON
JONES A.
JONES E.
MOREMAN
NICHOLSON
ORR
ROWELL
STRAYHORN
SMART
STOCKTON
VAUGHAN
WEST


ALEXANDER
ALBIN
COMPTON
DOUTHIT
WEST TEXAS CLUB
DICKIE
GREEN
GROSS
HAWKINS
HUTCHINSON
HOWELL
HOLLY
JAMES
KEELING
LYTTON
MASTERSON
NOWLIN
TAYLOR
TERRELL
WOOD


BURNS
BUMPS
DICKEY
HASKELL
HODGES
HOFFNER
LORENZ
MALONE
LEWIS
KARNES
PATTERSON
PULLEN
RUHMAN
PICKETT
BEE
WILSON
RUTLEDGE B.
RUTLEDGE
CLUB
SPARKS
TIPTON
WOLF A. L.
WOLFE

First row left to right: Eleanor Hamilton, Dorothy Knight, Ida Moss, Louise Babers, Katherine Shirley, Ruth Dean, Maybell Weber, Frances Gillette, Myrtle Swilley.

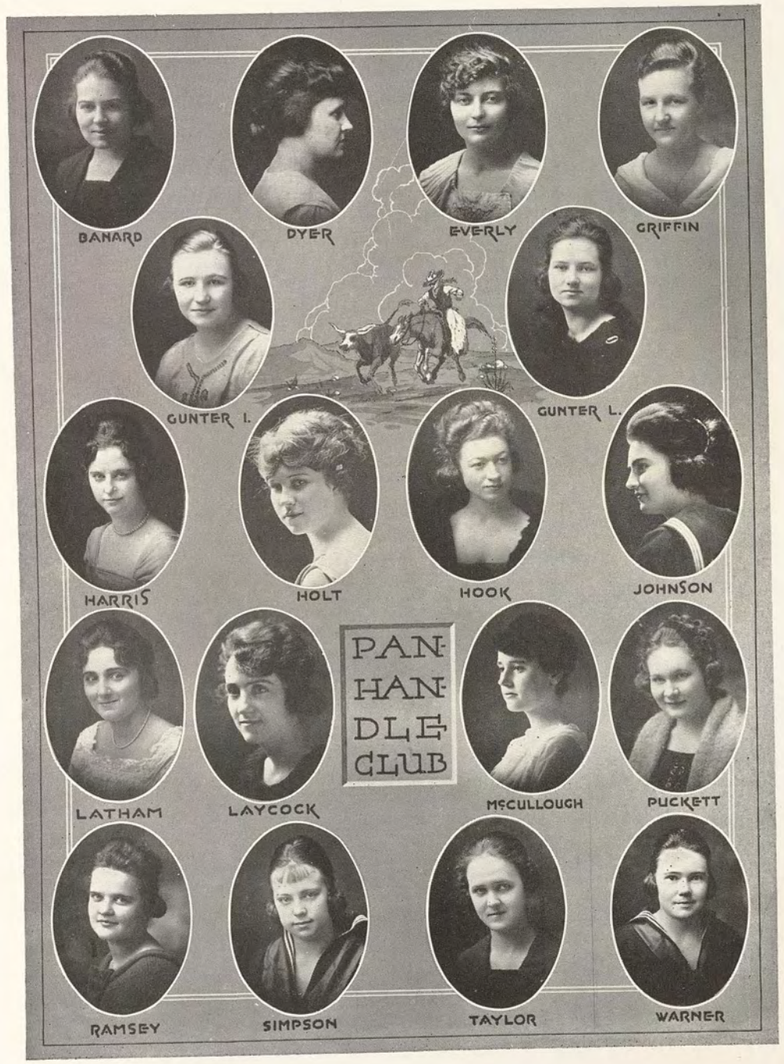
Second Row: Karoline Cohen, Miss Farrington (sponsor), Alice Cook, Hazel Gawley, Margaret Hendricks.

Third Row: Nina Lee Hardin, Cecil Selby, Mary Louise Wilson, Annie Scrimshire, Vallie Head, Evelyn Pollard.

HOUSTON CLUB

OFFICERS

NINA LEE HARDIN ..... *President*
FRANCES GILLETTE ..... *Vice-President*
HAZEL GAWLEY ..... *Secretary*
ELEANOR HAMILTON ..... *Reporter*

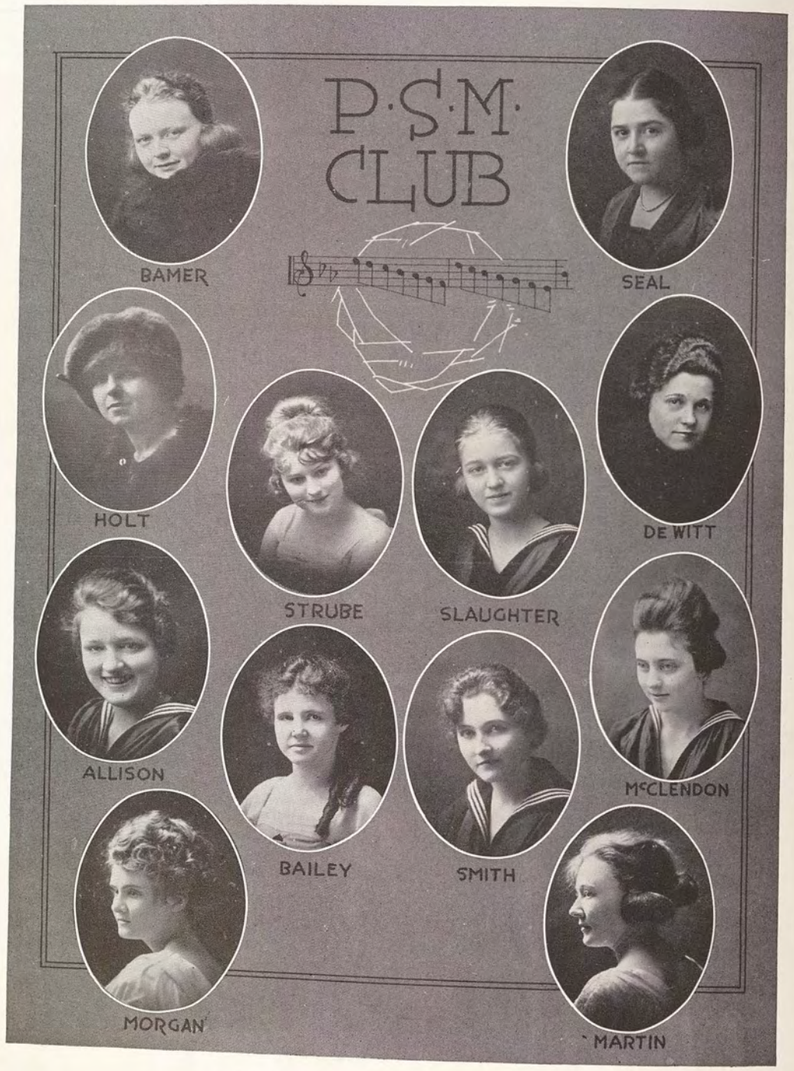


EAST TEXAS CLUB
ADAMS
BUSSEY
DELONG
HART
KELLY
LANGLEY
McGEE
RICE
SCHMIDT
VALL
WILLIAMS
WEATHERLY
WOODS

EAST TEXAS CLUB
AIKIN
BEAL
BAXTER
BARNHILL
COUPLAND
COLLINS
GAINER
POWELL
ROGERS
STURDERVANT
THOMPSON
TIDWELL
WILLINGHAM V.

GRAYSON COUNTY CLUB

Louise Altman
Ann Wendt
Genevieve Davidson
Macie Montgomery
Roberta Sloan
Catherine Cartwright
Clara Dishman
Marie Hendricks
Vera Hendricks
Lucile Hendricks
Nadine Holcomb
Frances Wilson
Louise Tarol
Estella Montgomery
May Thrift
Nell Montgomery
Fay Witt
Winifred Reast
Beryl Sullivan
Eunice Jenkins
Lois Jenkins
Dorothy Yates
Genevieve Plangman
Lucile Steed
Alma Peck
Esther Hartzog
Helen Thomas
Lou Ida Blades
Gladys Jones
Emma Witcher
Digny Feidt

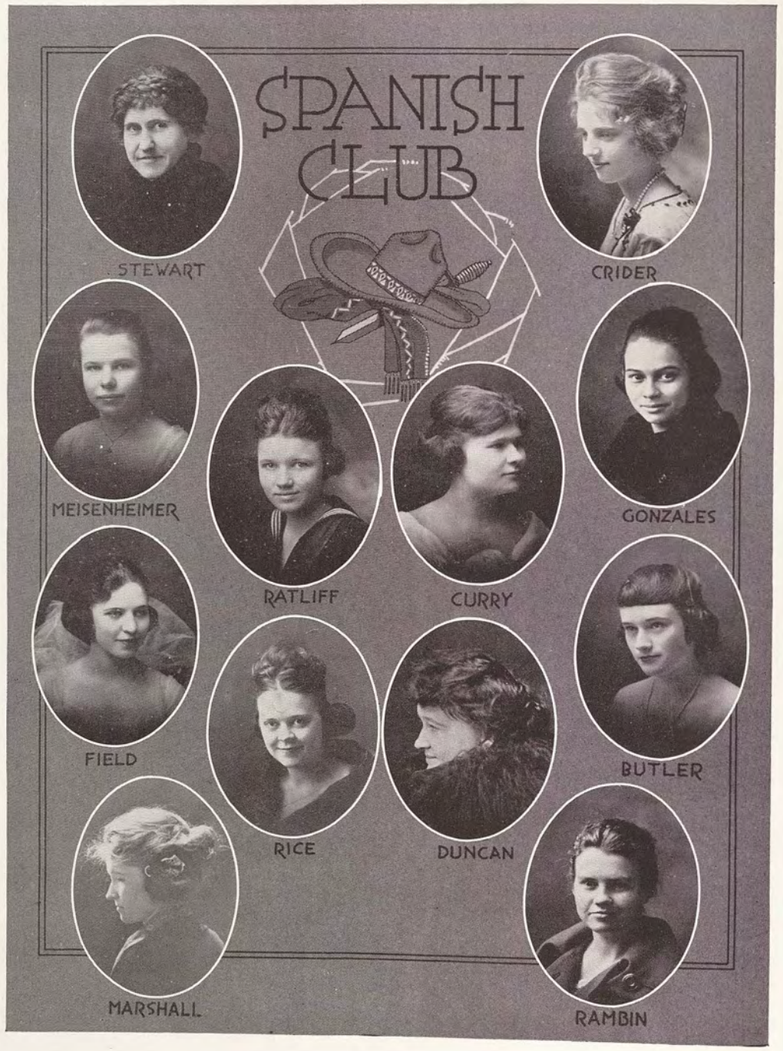


PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC GRADUATES

Thelma Barnes	Port Arthur, Texas
Pattie Seale	Beaumont, Texas
Kennie Holt	Denton, Texas
Mona Morgan	Hebron, Texas
Thelma Strube	Fort Worth, Texas
Ina Ruth Slaughter	Edgewood, Texas
Grace I. DeWitt	Ballinger, Texas
Elois Allison	Denton, Texas
Louise Bailey	Ozona, Texas
Ventura Smith	Houston, Texas
Bertha McClendon	Groveton, Texas
Edna Saunders	Greenville, Texas
Leona Martin	Rockwall, Texas
Veda Samuel	McKinney, Texas

PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC CLUB

Mona Morgan
Thelma Strube
Ventura Smith
Kathryn Shirley
Elois Allison
Cornelia Varner
Grace DeWitt
Ina Ruth Slaughter
Alta Rowan
Gretta Minter
Bertha McClendon
Leona Martin
Edna Saunders
Mary Vance Pickett
Veda Samuel
Louise Bailey
Thelma Barnes
Patty Seale
Lois Taggert
Viva King
Mabel Lively
Bess Rutledge
Stella Harris
Joardis Park
Mary Louise Fox
Ida Ware
Lucile Humphries
Loreta Keahey
Viola Stokes
Lorene Aikin
Gladys Avant
Doris Latham
Elsie Mae Fraley
Imogene Eickhoff
Marguerite Young
Jeanne Foresman


SPANISH CLUB
STEWART
CRIDER
MEISENHEIMER
GONZALES
RATLIFF
CURRY
FIELD
BUTLER
RICE
DUNCAN
MARSHALL
RAMBIN

Seen Every Day

COME OVER

STRUMMIN'

THE RETREAT

INSPECTING THE ROADS

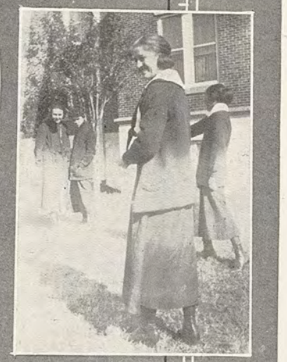
ALONE BUT NOT LONELY

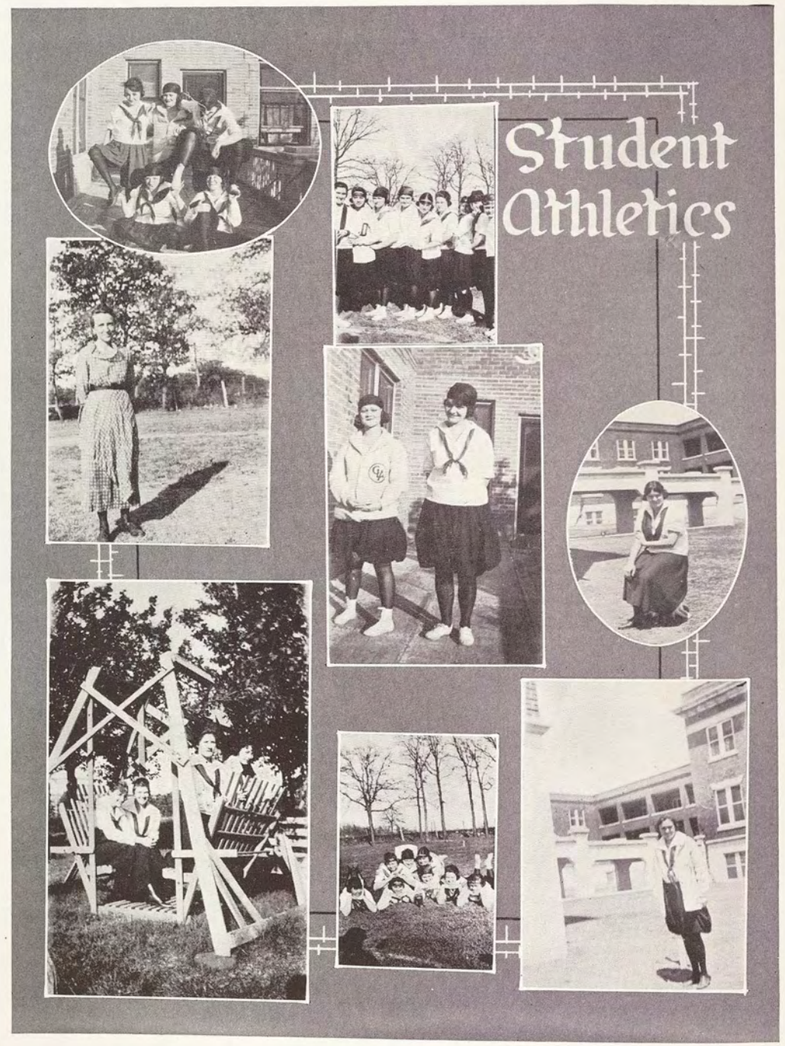
JAZZ COOKIES

SEE US SMILE

UP AGIAINST IT

INDIFFERENT





THINGS WISE and OTHERWISE

FAVORITES

Senior Favorite
Maurine Canon

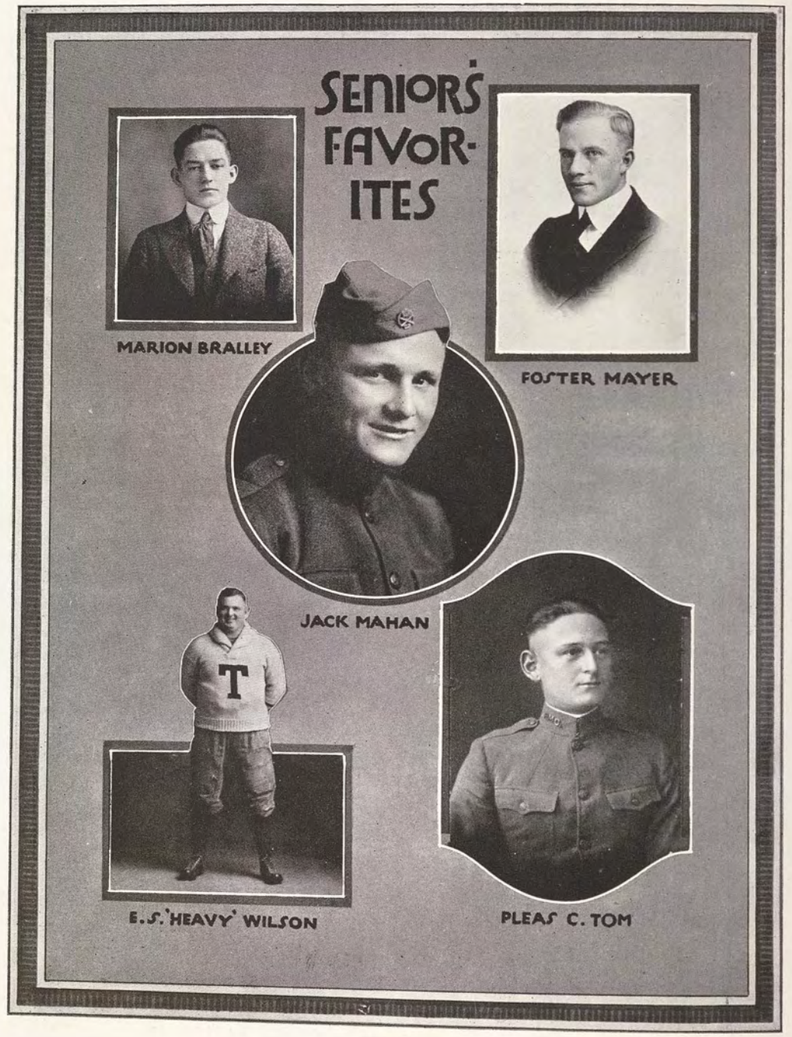
Junior Favorite
Mattye Ruth Corlett

Gladys Bates
Sophomore Favorite

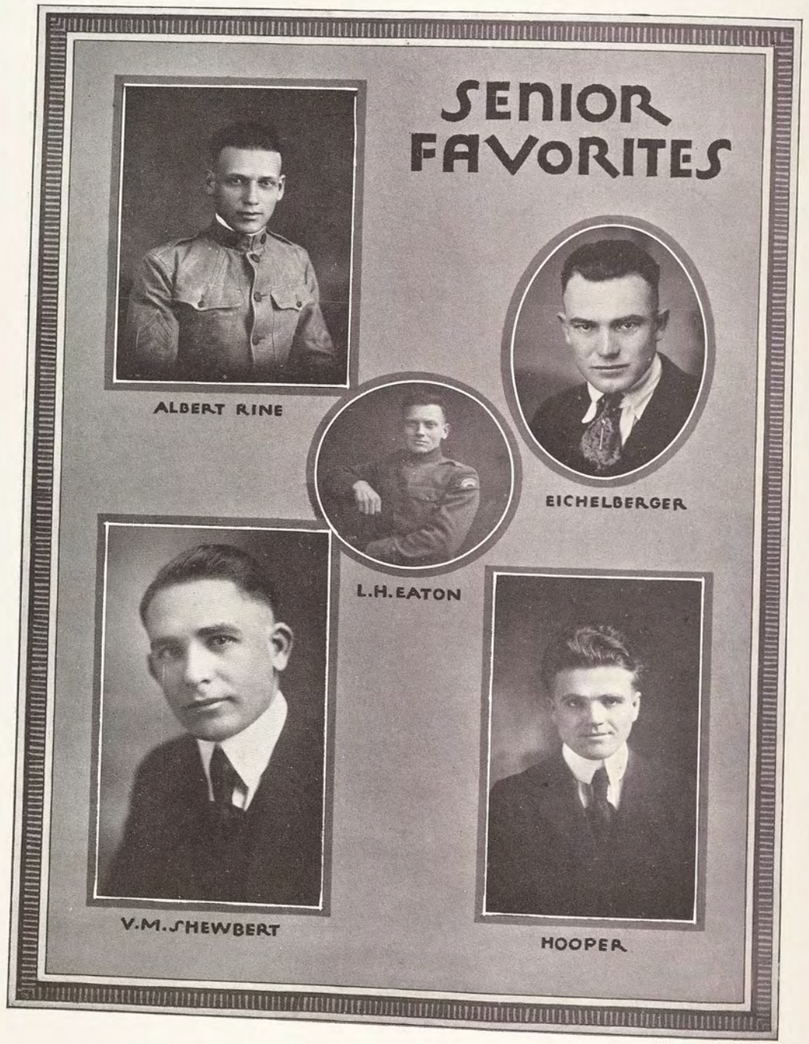
Freshman Class
Favorite
Dana Glass
Fairchild

Lillian Condiff
Under Classman
Favorite

SENIOR FAVORITES


SENIOR'S FAVOR-ITES
MARION BRALLEY
FOSTER MAYER
JACK MAHAN
E.S. 'HEAVY' WILSON
PLEAS C. TOM

SENIOR FAVORITES
HORACE S. HAWKINS
W.B. MURRAY
W.J. GRUBB
P.L. FERGUSON
WM. H. McNITZKY


SENIOR FAVORITES
ALBERT RINE
EICHELBERGER
L.H. EATON
V.M. SHEWBERT
HOOPER

SENIOR FAVORITES
C.R. WILLIAMS
WM. A. SCROGGS
C.R. KEHNE
J. RALPH ELLIS
PALMER G. BARTON

SENIOR FAVORITES

J. THOMAS ROLLINS

ELMO HOOD

JOEL McGEE

T. O. McINTOSH

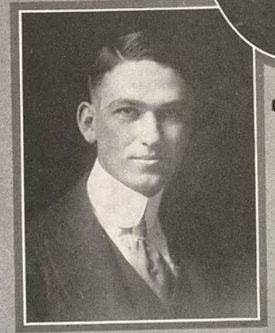
WILBUR RYLANDER

FAVORITE BOYS

JARRETT J. TAYOR

DAVID L. NELSON

FRANK P. BROGNIEZ JR.



VERLAIN DANIEL

O. KOEPKE

SENIOR FAVORITES

R.O.CANON

J.I. GORDON

SCOTT ALEXANDER

EDGAR WILSON

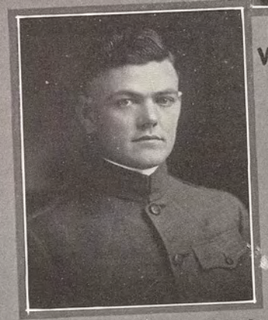
KIRK ALLBRIGHT

SENIOR FAVORITES

JNO.C.McWHORTER

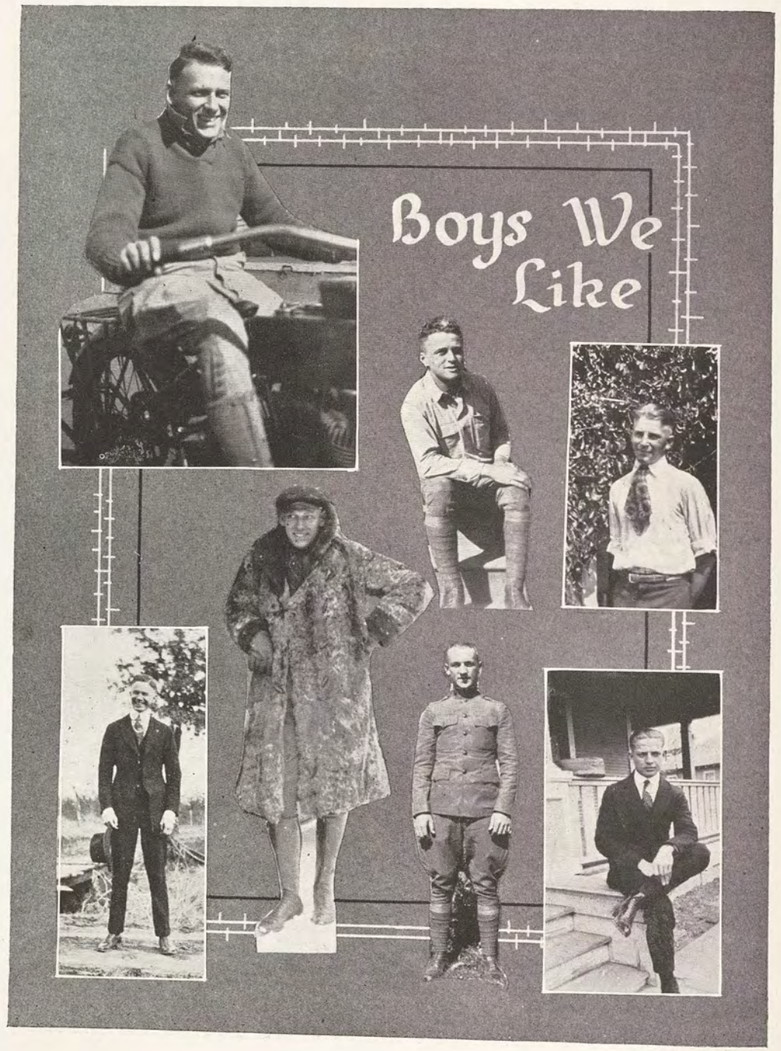
WILLIAM FRED COLE
"TITUS"

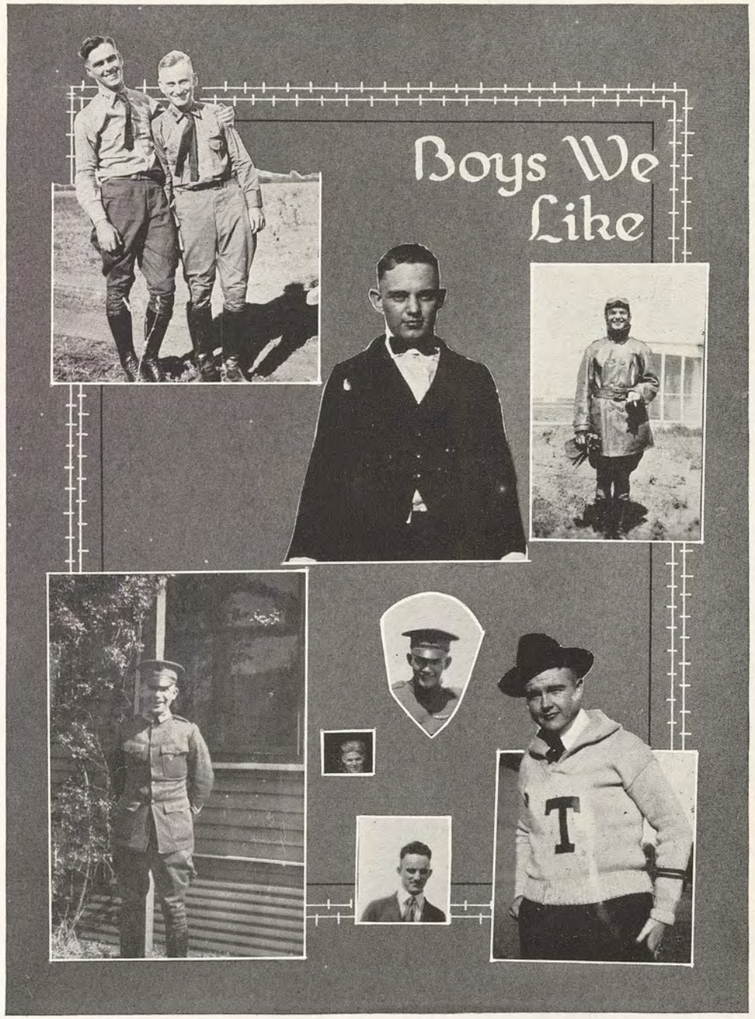
DENTON WILLIAMS



CHAUNCY NELSON

HOMER GENTRY


Boys We
Like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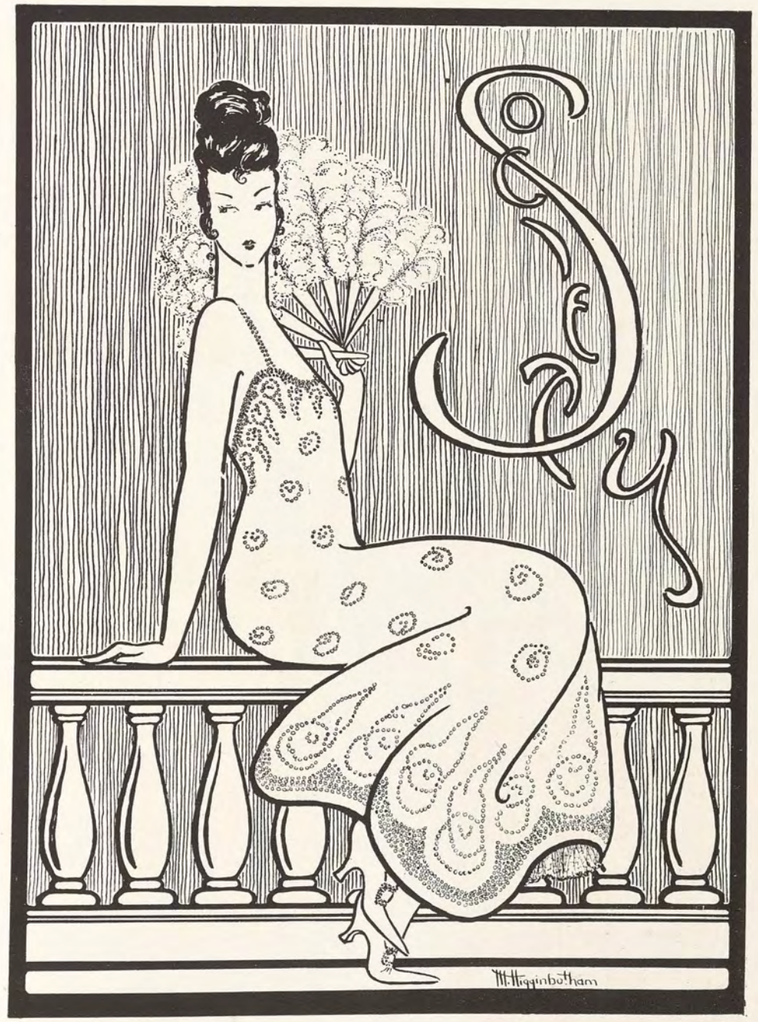
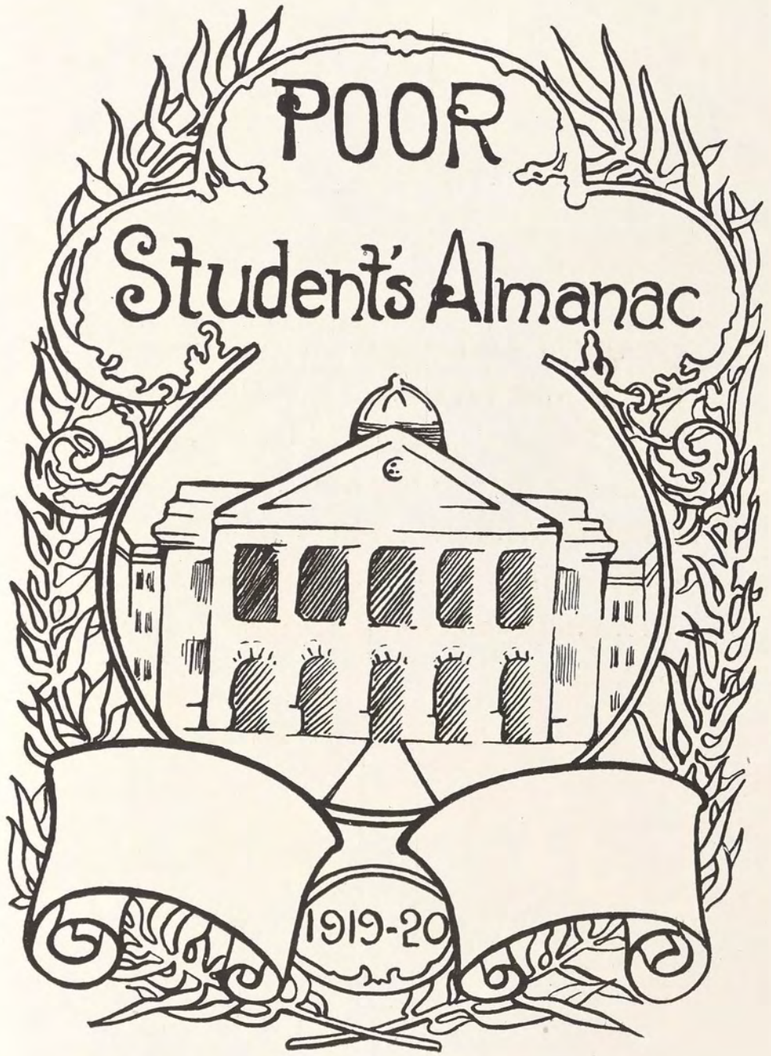
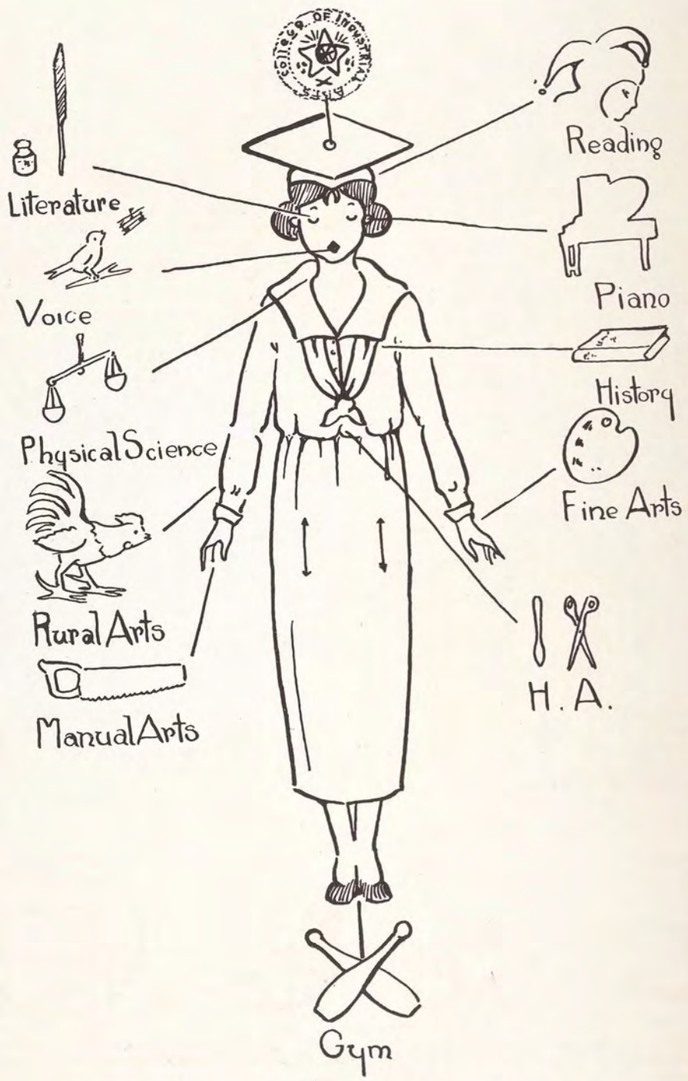
SOME SNAPS



OUR local scientists have been at work for months compiling a volume of calculations and prognostications for the universe of C. I. A. If you will allow yourselves to be guided by the results of their research your plans will surely prosper and your knowledge grow as the gourd vine.





The Twelve Signs of the C. I. A. Zodiac and Their Relation to the Human Anatomy of the Atom of C. I. A.

SEAL

Begins in September and ends the fourth of June, following. All those who live during this time love home very much sometimes. They are enthusiastic at times but have occasional fits of depression. They are inclined to diseases enlarging the brain and the body. Produces absolute paragons of perfection—behold the Seniors!

December and June are the lucky months; there is no lucky day. The blue bonnet is the lucky flower and the curb is the lucky stone. The color is navy blue.

PEN AND INK (Sign of Literature)

All influenced by this sign are in theory endowed with fifty-four varieties of strength and eyesight; nevertheless in many cases insanity develops and blindness sets in. Fame chooses these victims to make sport of.

Cleveritus is a common disease. The attacks are usually spasmodic and result in no permanent injury aside from a slight over-development of circumference of the cranium.

The rhyming rose is the lucky flower (it is so convenient) and cold white marble is the lucky stone. Black is the color.

THE BIRD (Sign of the Voice)

Those influenced by this sign suffer greatly before reaching maturity. Their breathing is faulty and cannot be controlled. They are so emotional that the mere sound of water gurgling from a faucet sets them wailing. When mature they delight mankind and fill the Victrola with jealousy.

Lucky Flower: Whippoorwill pea.
Lucky Stone: Corn.
Lucky Day: Friday.

SCALES (Sign of Physical Science)

All influenced by this sign are equal to all emergencies, such as the churn handle breaking or the Ford carburetor dropping a stitch. They are of a practical nature with steady nerve, able to withstand violent shocks. Their favorite amusement is the moving picture show.

The lucky days are bright and sunshiny. The lucky flower is the touch-me-not, and the stone is soapstone. The colors are yellow, red and blue.

THE CHICKEN (Sign of Rural Arts)

Those influenced by this sign are filled with energy and a love of the simple life with all its attendant complications. They are inclined to diseases, which "limber" the neck, and cholera.

The corn flower is the lucky flower. The color is green. Gravel is the lucky stone (oyster shells may be used).

SPOON AND SCISSORS (Sign of Household Arts)

All influenced by these signs are of a practical disposition. Some become decrepit on account of blindness and some on account of indigestion. Characterized by domesticity, they are the "future wives and mothers of Texas."

Orange blossoms are the lucky flowers. The diamond is the lucky stone. Blue and white are the colors.

SAW

All influenced by this sign are very capable. They have broad shoulders and a sure step, but love ruffles just the same. They are liable to serious injuries in youth.

Those influenced by the saw should avoid cows. Experiences could be cited to prove this.

The wood violet is the flower. The grindstone is the lucky stone.

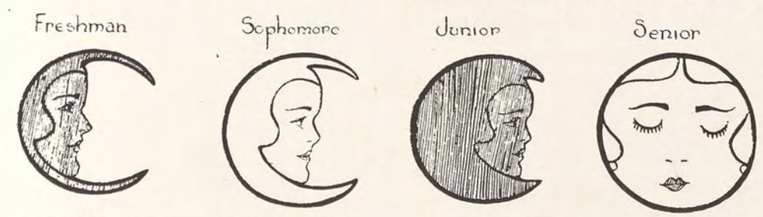
INDIAN CLUBS (Sign of Physical Expression)

Begins in September and lasts until the second of June, following. Those influenced by this sign are inclined to be graceful and lithe (after it is all over). They are inclined to diseases of the joints. Sometimes they are given to fits of despair, feeling that they should like to "pass the buck" and end it all on the ropes. The Johnny-jump-up is the flower and a new cornerstone is the lucky stone.

PALLET (Sign of Fine Arts)

This is the sign of Bohemia in some sections where interior decoration is unknown. Interior decoration has a civilizing effect. Those influencd by the sign of the pallet are noted for their perfectly balanced complexions and the glasses they are compelled to wear for studying.

Their flower is the conventionalized dream of a lavender rose or the capsized cubist chrysanthemum. Their lucky color is neutral.



BOOK (Sign of History)

All influenced by this sign show much womanly wisdom. They are very observant of character in other people and inclined toward argumentation as a steady occupation. Economy is one of their virtues. When mature they are remarkable for their political speeches and rare Jacksonian anecdotes.

The century plant is the lucky flower and concrete is the lucky stone.

PIANO (Sign of Instrumental Music)

All those influenced by this sign are inclined to a love of solitude and seclusion for long periods each day. Their hair is not necessarily abbreviated in length nor their fingers long and double jointed, but these features give an authentic appearance.

The lucky flower is the trumpet vine. Ivory would be the lucky stone but it ain't.

JESTER'S CAP (Sign of Expression)

Those influenced by this sign are usually temperamental, or beautiful, or both. When young these people are often inclined to weakness in the knees. They live in an unreal world of fancy.

The jack-in-the-pulpit is the lucky flower; stones are too hard and cruel. Blush pink is the color.

HAPPENINGS

First mass meeting on Friday evening, September 19. Auditorium crowded to capacity. Air charged with genuine C. I. A. pep. Funny program.

Saturday evening the Y. W. C. A. entertained for Big Sisters and their Little Sisters. Scientifically done with doctors and nurses to diagnose cases. Picture show and pep in auditorium prescribed.

Sunday calls made on all new students.

PROVERBS

The best way to get by some people is to go around them.

Learn your lessons while you may
That is the lighter task,
The more discoveries each day
The more the 'profs' can ask.

It's a wise girl who studies; but a smart one who doesn't have to.

Beware of the man who knows women too well;
You know ten times what he ever can tell.

A man on foot is worth two on horseback—unless they get off.

1920 SEPTEMBER 1920

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	☾	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	First Quarter 19th	Full Moon ○ 27th		

DAILY ASTRO GUIDE FOR SEPTEMBER

1. New experiences and old come soon.
16. Take a journey.
17. You are taking great risks.
18. Be happy if you can.
19. Never shed tears.
20. Impress your teachers. Meet people.
21. Be careful of blots on your letters.
25. Look at Mr. Lowry.
29. Be generous to the "Lassies."

FORECAST

Sixteenth to twentieth unsettled, damp and showery in region of C. I. A.

Twenty-first, cloud burst followed by clear weather.

Twenty-second to thirtieth, fair period with few disturbances.

Hygeia is a pleasant place,
So restful and so quiet
Until it's full of patients
Put on a soft cooked diet.

Brown oxfords have caused many a pair of bent shoulders because they draw the admiring gaze of the owner downward.

Who wouldn't be an old maid teaching school? Just think of going home Christmas!
—Margaret Hawkins.

OCTOBER

1. All is fair.
3. Cook your supper.
11. Did you join?
13. Suitcases are stylish.
14. Don't poke your head out
15. Because somebody

16. Has something.
17. You can do.
18. Look around you but keep walking.
21. Do you ever study?
31. Beware of ghosts.

FORECAST

First to eighteenth, showery and uncertain until Mr. Bralley brought an umbrella.

Nineteenth, gloomy with mutterings of thunder.

Twentieth to thirtieth, fine weather for indoor pursuits.

Thirty-first, electrical display, supernatural manifestations.

HAPPENINGS

Saturday, October 4—Picture show. May be "It's Easy to Make Money."

Fort Worth Club entertained with candy pull. Everybody got sweet and sticky and elected Alice Ray, president.

Van Zandt Club reorganized with Dovie Barber, president.

Dormitories had wienie roast. Leta Mae visited and talked to students before show.

Dallas Club reorganized with Dorothy Jenkins, president.

Houston gets in line with a club. (No damage done.)

1920 OCTOBER 1920

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

Saturday, October 11—Chaps. and M. E. B.'s quietly take in several new members. The Chaps entertained in the Y. W. C. A. room; while the M. E. B.'s used the gym. A delightful time was enjoyed by all the old members.

Monday, October 13—The auditorium was filled by the golden tones of the brass band of Denton. Some people wanted front seats. It is to be hoped that they had ear muffs on.

Tuesday, October 14—Artist course announced Madame Stanley will be first to appear.

1920 NOVEMBER 1920

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	Last Quarter 3rd	New Moon 10th	First Quarter 18th	Full Moon 25th		

Saturday, October 18—Two trainloads went to the Fair. Nobody knows what they all did there except that they walked "most" everywhere. The foot ball game and the scenic railway were competing attractions.

Saturday, October 25—Karnes-Bee-Wilson Club reorganized.

Friday, October 31—Hallowe'en dinner. Everybody went out of uniform. The "eats" were a huge success.

NOVEMBER

11. Remember.
15. Hear ye!
21. Make the most of your opportunity.
25. How long?
27. Make the most of your opportunity.

FORECAST

First to third, calm.
Fourth, ground slightly moist.
Fifth to tenth, not settled.
Eleventh, wonderful day (after ten-thirty.)
Twelfth to thirtieth, brisk and peppy with several disturbances.

HAPPENINGS

Month marked by musical offerings and Miss Hefley's trip to the Majestic.

Saturday, November 1—Madame Kohnova gave recital. College proud of distinguished artist as member of faculty.

Grayson County Club organized with forty members.

Coleman County Club organized Wednesday, November 5.

The Juniors blew themselves for a good time. Went to town to "Virtuous Vamp." Had supper at American Cafe. No orchestra. Noise was provided in form of toasts and yells.

Saturday, November 7—Mr. Shultz gave program of English songs. Surely was *sweet*.

Monday, November 9—Class favorites nominated.

Saturday, November 15—Madame Stanley charmed C. I. A. She spent Sunday in Denton, too.

Two more clubs organized, Panhandle and Denton. San Antonio showed some signs of life and had a wienie roast.

Monday, November 24—Miss Owsley appeared in recital. C. I. A. has some prima donnas of its own.

Thursday, November 27—Turkey day at C. I. A. The turkeys were accompanied by lots of good things.

Saturday, November 22—Press Club held initiation for new members. All fourteen distinguished themselves.

Saturday, November 28—Jack Gardner came to C. I. A. for Jean Burton and the rest of the Chaps. The M. E. B.'s had a good time, too.

Household Hints for Relieving Ordinary Ailments

When suffering from overwork set the alarm for five each morning and forget to wind it.

When hungry and broke follow Joe Bill's advice on how to get something for nothing: "Charge it."

When desirous of a little excitement aside from that gained by going to chapel every other day start a rumor that Prof. Jackson is to be married. The next time you hear of it it will include a description of Mrs. Prof.-to-be's wedding gown.

When you don't know what is the matter with you, eat a Frappe, dill pickle and drink a double coke and you'll have a case you can diagnose.

When you don't get any mail from your sweetie in Pennsylvania remember there is usually a wreck on the Dallas-Wichita road.

If you can't subtract correctly don't worry about overdrafts; let the bank do that.

If the roller comes off your bed put a text book or two under it. This serves the double purpose of elevating the bed and protecting the book from loss until time to return it.

1919 DECEMBER 1919

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
First Quarter 18th	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	☾ Full Moon 25th		

Camouflage your radiator for the winter and you'll never know it is there.

When bored in chapel read a song. Some who have tried this remedy have already finished the book twice.

ASTROSCOPE FOR DECEMBER

1. Look to your sins.
2. Because
3. The end draws near.
4. Pay your bills, too.
5. Some of the exams.
6. Will have time
7. To come off.
8. Have you learned to skate.
9. Go slowly.
14. Don't cram.
15. Be careful what you say.
16. See that your suitcase
17. Isn't too heavy
18. To carry to the station if necessary.
20. Remember rules.

FORECAST

First to sixteenth, unusual arrangement of the heavenly bodies accompanied by unsettled spells on earth.

Seventeenth, perfect calm.

Eighteenth, fine walking weather.

HAPPENINGS

Monday, December 1—Miss Ruth Beth Watts read "Pomander Walk" to an appreciative audience.

Saturday, December 6—Long looked-for faculty stunts come off, but without the cabaret scene. Why is it a faculty? Ziegfield has never seen them.

The Athenæums held initiation for sixteen. Putting a big purple bow under the victim's chin and buttoning her sweater in the back surely makes her intelligent looking.

3. Find out who is married now.
5. Did you resolve
6. Not to go
7 To the store?
15. Tell all you know about Des Moines.
19. Study the League of Nations.
20. Don't vote just any way.

FORECAST

First to fifth, cloudy with storms.
Fifth to close of month, cool but agreeable.

HAPPENINGS

January 9—Several wearers of the blue serge took the veil—and orange blossoms during the holidays.

January 11.—M. E. B. dance. Contortions accompanied "Singey" Smith's orchestra. Cute programs and good times as usual with the M. E. B.'s.

Miss Barton and Bailey gave two piano recitals. Their program showed careful preparation and unusual ability.

January 19—Inspiring reports made by delegates to the Des Moines convention.

Miss Vernelle Allison gave her recital in the evening.

January 25—Miss Mendenhall talked to Art Club on her personal experiences in famous art schools.

Gronert's Germicidal Glue for hair and scalp. Don't envy orderly locks; have them. This delightful compound is recommended by a doctor.

FEBRUARY

6. Arbor Day starts.
7. Keep in touch with A. & M.
9. Don't get married.
14. Get out your string of hearts.
15. Wash all the powder out.
24. Arbor Day continues.

1920 JANUARY 1920

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
Full Moon 5th	Last Quarter 12th	New Moon 21st	First Quarter 28th	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

December 17 and 18—A number of out of town trips. Merry Christmas.

DAILY GUIDE FOR JANUARY

1. Return again.
2. Don't lose your number.
25. Read Fort Worth papers.
28. Pick the right man.

FORTUNATE DAYS AND MONTHS

All Mondays are considered good except the first in the month. It is lucky to receive a

letter on the first of the month even if it is first Monday. June is a good month for contracts of anykind, especially if there is any gold or platinum concerned. Some event of importance usually happens between Christmas and June. Always eat ice cream on cold days; the temperature within and without are thus equalized. February 29 is a good birthday for any woman over twenty-one. A dietitian's birthday ought to be lucky. It may be.

HAPPENINGS

Weddings

Chrystal Lipscomb to Parvin Taylor of Denton.

Lorene Richey to Lex Byron Morris of Plainview.

Elliot (Tookie) Britt to E. K. Caperton of Shamrock.

Sherman orchestra made a hit with everybody at the picture show. Glad their mammas let them come.

Dr. S. H. Clark read "Washington" Thursday evening (5) and "David Copperfield" on Friday. Micawber and David live again.

Leirtski responds to encores with wan smile of fatigue. Autograph chasers are relentless.

Dallas Club entertained itself with a kid party, Saturday, February 7. All-day-suckers were the refreshments so other entertainment was dispensed with as superfluous.

Valentine party and buffet supper in the dormitories, Saturday, February 14.

The dining rooms were utterly transformed, as were the girls who wore colonial and Valentine costumes. The sophomores served. Everybody else had a good time.

Tuesday, February 24.—Frieda Hempel was heard and seen in the college auditorium. The impression seemed to have been mutual. The more we hear the more uplifted we are.

February was marked by the fish minstrels, which out-jazzed anything which ever came out of that dizzy "Land of Jazz." The jokes took fairly well and the play which opened the performance was very appropriate. Multiply this by 100.

The Press Club had a kid party, too. They had a good time, but few Freshmen could believe them capable of such frivolity.

DAILY ASTRO GUIDE FOR MARCH

4. Good-bye quarantine.
5. Have your character.
6. Read in at the new place.
7. Don't let business keep you from church.
20. You don't care what the Seniors do.
25. Keep quiet if you can.
27. Haul out that racquet.
31. Don't dishonor your candidate.

FORECAST

First, no unusual conditions.

Second, Cherniovsky trio.

Third to eighth, no storms in sight apparently. All is calm.

Eighth to fourteenth, rising temperature with high winds prevailing. Rumbles of distant thunder toward end of the period.

Fifteenth to nineteenth, the storm breaks. Much damage done. Many people injured in the tornado.

Twentieth, influenced by the full moon. Bright clear evening.

Twenty-fifth, phenomena caused by full moon —much attention attracted.

Twenty-seventh, influenced by the moon at three-quarters.

1920 FEBRUARY 1920

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29						

HAPPENINGS

Tuesday, March 2—The Cherniovsky Trio appeared in the College auditorium. The student body was privileged to hear an unusual musical program.

Saturday, March 13—Albert Spalding gave the last number on the artist course offered for the school year. He will long be remembered because of his position as a thorough musician who is thoroughly American.

Saturday, March 20—The Senior banquet took place in Lowry Hall dining room which was decorated in pink and green, the Senior colors. Small tables were used, grouped in the center of the hall. Besides the toasts a program of vocal and instrumental music was given between courses while an orchestra played throughout the evening.

Saturday, March 27—The Juniors presented an all-star cast in "Green Stockings." The play was well advertised and admirably put on. Elaborate gowns from Sanger's furnished excitement for the wearers of the blue.

OLD SIGNS AND OMENS

Numers 2, 6 or 7 in the song book means that the visitor on the platform is a preacher.

To see a frappe, a tennis racquet, a letter, or the street car's "in'ards" just before cutting a class means temporary pleasure. To see your instructor means that extremely warm or painfully cold weather is coming.

In Denton green is more apt to mean fall than spring.

To see pennants on the walls on an H. A. Senior's room means heroic sacrifice; they are good and must be worn out or they belong to her roommate.

Chocolate for breakfast means ice cream for dinner.

APRIL

1. Get full benefit from this day.
2. Is your permission in?
3. Don't cut today.
4. Dress up today.
5. Don't work too hard.
6. Enjoy yourself.
9. Settle your debts.
10. Take some recreation.
11. Don't overeat.
12. Avoid misunderstandings.
13. Be a good citizen of C. I. A.
18. Beware of men.
19. Look out for Irishmen.
20. Get a bathing suit.
21. Don't go near the water.
22. Get a roof for your head.
25. Carnival that was to be.
27. All hail the Governor.

1920 MARCH 1920

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
Full Moon 4th	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	Last Quarter 12th	New Moon 20th	First Quarter 27th

1920 APRIL 1920

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
Full Moon 3rd	Last Quarter 11th	New Moon 18th	First Quarter 25th	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

HAPPENINGS

The Seniors celebrated with an eight-day week crowding a sunrise breakfast, the May Peterson concert, theatre party, swimming party, up-town supper, banquet, and a strictly Senior dance into that limited time. Then they finished off with chapel exercises.

Anyway the Seniors were generous at chapel and everybody appreciated the presents and tributes. Some of the Seniors are very young and innocent looking.

Saturday, April 3—Louise Stockton and Willie McJunkin, Juniors, of the expression department, were presented in recital. Our own stars shine, too.

Weddings—Clare Owsley to Mr. Clarence Dubose of Dallas, Sunday, April. 4.

Monday, April 5—The long looked for holiday was duly observed. There was a Christmas-like exodus from Denton.

Tuesday, April 6—C. I. A.'s favorite artist, May Peterson, was presented in recital by the Senior class. She commands the admiration of every student because of her generosity and graciousness.

a delightful Irishman besides.

Take T. P. Cobb's chlorine capsules. Conducive to cleverness.

ASTROSCOPE FOR MAY

1. Gambol on the green and bring your little baskets.
8. Don't pay any attention to the Juniors.
15. P. G. all your good clothes away.
16. Have you packed?
17. Don't study any more.
18. What's the use.
29. Don't linger.
30. Unless you
31. Have to graduate or something.

FORECAST

First, downpour of rain and hail with bitter north wind. All vegetation destroyed and May baskets demolished.

Second to fifteenth, steady calm. Low hanging clouds in the distance.

Fifteenth to twenty-eighth, intermittent cyclones.

Twenty-ninth to thirty-first, beautiful if it doesn't rain.

1920 MAY 1920

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
Full Moon 2nd	Last Quarter 11th	New Moon 18th	First Quarter 24th			1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Saturday, April 10—The Sophomores repeated their success of '19 in their Majestic. The beautiful and the ludicrous were combined in an original manner and the Sophs deserve the universal praise they received because of their initiative and talent. "Exactly so!"

Tuesday, April 13—The New York Chamber Music Society gave one of the finest musical offerings ever heard in Denton. The College was extremely fortunate in securing this organization which interprets a little heard form of music.

Saturday, April 17—Art Club had a picnic. They thought they could go swimming, but found out better. The picnic was a giddy reaction from the intellectual programs on historic costume given shortly before.

Monday, April 19.—William Butler Yeats addressed an appreciative audience on the "National Theatre of Ireland." He is that sane and fantastic freak of nature known as a "poet" and

HAPPENINGS

Saturday, May 1—Freshman May fete, Louise Stockton, queen. Parade of classes and program of dances.

Saturday, May 8—Junior banquet.

Friday, May 22—Press Club banquet at the cafeteria. Postponed indefinitely——.

Saturday, May 29—President's reception.

Sunday, May 30—Baccalaureate sermon.

Monday, May 31—Alumni reunion.

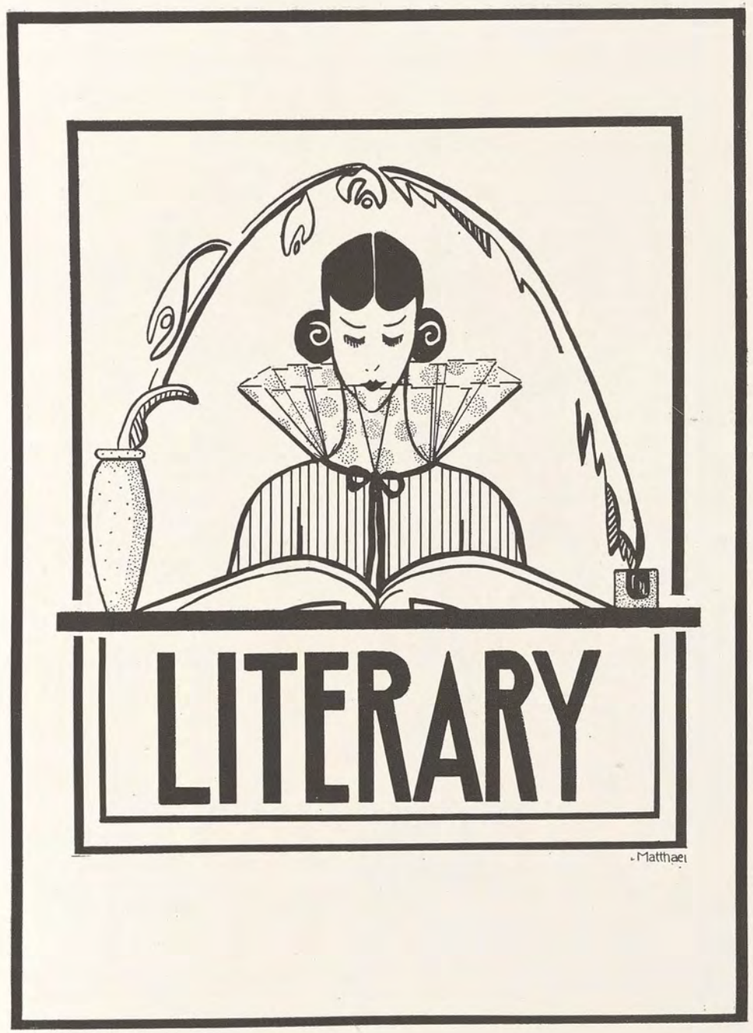
JUNE 1—HOME.

CHARACTER TOLD BY BLUE CHAMBRAY LACES

No Lace—Daring disposition inclined to taking risks. Love's exercise; especially unnecessary walking around the H. A. building.

Wide with Large Bow—Vain disposition.

Laced Through Only Four Holes—Energetic disposition, fond of rapid motion. Thoughts on higher subjects than dress.



The Masterpiece

By Ruth West

(The second State prize-winning poem; submitted by the College of Industrial Arts in the Annual Contest of 1920 in the Texas Inter-Collegiate Press Association.—The Editor.)

I painted on my canvas white today,
The sunset colors, blending with my mood,
The violet and the gold, the rose, the grey,
And in my vast conceit I deemed it good;
My weary eyes I lifted to the sky,
A glorious flame had blazed above the sod;
I slashed my canvas through. No man should buy
An imitation of that gift from God.

Begot of Idle Phantasy

Florence Williams, '20

"Lucile! *Lucile!*" Mrs. Warren's voice penetrated sharply from the dining room to the living room. Lucile crouched deeper in the big arm chair, endeavoring by every power of her imagination to remain oblivious of the summons. As a measure of precaution against a possible search, her eyes closed and—crowning touch of convincingness—her mouth opened slightly. In a seemingly natural way (which argued experience), her finger kept her place in the magazine which she was reading.

Mrs. Warren waited a moment in the dining room and then went back into the kitchen. Her silent exasperation tingled in the air and caused Lucile's heart to beat queerly for a second. Though rather hardened to defying her mother secretly, she had not yet acquired the hardihood to do it openly, and still less to justify her action to herself. But now, deeming herself safe, she re-opened the magazine.

* * * * * *

"James Standifer, I'll ask you once more to give me that letter!" Regally, she waited.

"Suppose I don't, *then* what're you goin' to do?" jeeringly asked the man.

"I think you're going to give it to me," was her answer, given in a quiet but confident tone.

The man laughed mockingly, still not knowing her power over him.

"Aw, go on," he said cheerfully. "I ain't agoin' to give you that letter an' you know it. You bore me to death, M'rie!"

"Ed Harvey!" she said intensely, looking sternly into his eyes, which wavered before her steady, disconcerting gaze, "I think you are going to give it to me."

The baffled miscreant started violently at the name and then made a threatening movement towards her, desperate resolve written on his face.

But Elise drew her slim figure disdainfully back from him and again the sun flashed on her silver detective badge.

(Continued on page 115)

* * * * * *

Lucile flipped the pages over desperately and then with painstaking slowness—to face the heartbreaking fact that not only page 115, but all the rest of the magazine was missing, torn away by her mother to build a fire with, in all probability.

"Damn," she whispered. It was a matter of secret pride with Lucile that she said "damn" to herself and that nobody—especially her mother, who would certainly be unreasonable concerning its employment—knew of her wickedness. Not that Lucile really thought it wicked; she knew only that other people, for some silly reason, would deem it so. And with the canniness of fifteen, she had not even tried its shocking powers on Mamie, her chum.

"Lucile!" Her mother had entered the room suddenly and unobserved. "I *thought* you were in her. Why didn't you answer me a while ago when I called you? Haven't you any sense of responsibility?" Mrs. Warren spoke the reproaches in a voice which admitted her weary recognition of their ancientness and futility. "I'm going over to Mrs. Moore's for a while and I want you to get supper tonight, and for pity's sake, clean yourself up a little; you're a disgrace to the family, and you'll have to start on the potatoes right away, too."

"I'm *sick* of peelin' potatoes," muttered Lucile impudently.

Mrs. Warren recognized the impudence, but it made her too heartsick to try to cope with it. Suddenly, however, her worn nerves, in resentment against the endless strains put upon them by her unruly daughter, betrayed her, in a nagging tone which grated as harshly on her ears as it did on her daughter's. "Well, you'll do what I tell you to, whether you like it or not, so long as you stay here in this house."

"I won't stay here, any longer'n I can help! Tyrant!" muttered Lucile—inaudibly—to her mother's departing back.

Then she lay back in the chair and yawned luxuriously, becoming cognizant at the same time of the beauty of the afternoon and the attractiveness of having the house entirely to herself. Lazily she lay, half asleep and inactively thinking. Suddenly she thought of her magazine, and the remembrance of the girl detective turned her thoughts in a new, purposeful direction.

"Wish I could go to New York!" she said aloud, daringly. "But I wouldn't be any girl detective. I think I'd be an actress at Coney Island." Simultaneously with the words, she conceived a flatteringly attentive *vis-a-vis* sitting in the straight-backed little chair across from her. Involuntarily she removed her feet from the chair arm, straightened up in the chair, smoothed her dress, and brightened her face with a smile.

"Yes, Mr. Banks," she spoke eagerly. And immediately the person of her confidante shifted from a vaguely nebular state to an entirely visible one; he was a short, stout man in a brown suit, holding a derby hat on his knee. "I am sure I can do it. I know lots of funny songs and I learned how to jig last week. And I have the cutest hat and dress I wore in the Wild West show we gave at the High School last month. Don't you think they would be nice to wear?"

"Oh, I don't know. *** I'll leave it to you; whatever you thing is right, will suit me. *** Fifteen a week is all right with me. *** Oh, thank you, I'm going to like it, too.

"N—no, I haven't right now. I spent so much of my allowance ahead of time that father stopped giving it to me. *** *Will* you? *** Thank you ever so much! I'll pay you back soon's I begin getting my salary.

"Why—I think Hugh Moore would be a good partner for me. I wish you would ask him. He's awfully good looking and I—all the girls are crazy about him.

"Well, I'm sorry you have to go. Guess I'll see you soon in New York. *** Goodbye. Don't forget to ask Hugh and to come to see me when I get there. *** Well, goodbye."

In the acting out of her part, she had risen to her feet and she finished the conversation at the hall door. A sudden fear came upon her that someone might have heard her, for her voice certainly resounded loudly. But the house was as empty and quiet as before and, glancing at the clock, she saw that it was high time she went into the kitchen; she would not now have time to dress. She made a face at the disagreeable thought and, happening to see herself in the mantle mirror, deliberately made some more grimaces, conscientiously endeavoring to look as ugly as possible, and finding a peculiar fascination in the result.

Suddenly her mental attitude changed and she began to pose before the mirror. With her back to it, she looked superciliously over one slightly raised shoulder and slowly and gracefully waved a derby hat, supposedly in lieu of a fan.

"Oh," she spoke in a cutting tone, "don't trouble yourself, sir. My fiance, Hugh Moore, will wait on you in the morning to demand repairs for this insult. *Good afternoon, Sir Terrence!*"

Just then she forgot all about the humiliation of the ducal villain in a rush to the telephone.

"Hello," rather breathlessly. "This is number 203 . . . Oh, is that *you,* Mamie? . . . Hunh? . . . Oh, nothing right now; I got to go and start supper in a minute, though. . . . Hunh? . . . When? . . . . A real dance? You lucky dog! Gee, ain't it grand? . . . I dunno, Mamie. I ruined my white slippers yesterday in the rain. . . . . No, I don't think she'll let me get any more because she told me not to wear them and she doesn't know anything about it yet; I've been afraid to tell her. . . . What girls are you goin' to ask? . . . What you want *her* for? Of course it's your party, though. . . . . Well, goodbye. I'll sure come if I can. S—say, is Hugh Moore going to be there? . . . . I just wanted to know. I don't see anything to laugh at; he's not anything to me. . . . Well, goodbye. See you tomorrow, I guess. . . . Goodbye."

Her joy over the dance—her first one—was tempered by the remembrance of the waiting potatoes. It was too late to have them finished by the time mother got home. With a sudden

happy inspiration, she joyously put a chair before the hall clock, climbed upon it, and set the hands back fifteen minutes.

"Now," triumphantly, "I guess she can't say anything! I'd better hurry, though."

Again the telephone rang and rather hesitatingly she went to answer it. It probably wasn't anything important—and those potatoes were!

"Hello. . . . Yes, this is me. Who're *you?* . . . *Oh!* . . . . I'm all right. Nothing special right now. . . . Yes, she called me awhile ago and asked me. . . . *Do what?* (Rather stutteringly) I'll be glad, I mean, *sure—yes,* I'll go with you, Hugh. Thank—ugh—is that all? . . . You're welcome. Goodbye."

Slamming the receiver down, she waltzed happily around for a minute, with a swirl of jumbled thoughts in her head: "Mamie probably told him to ask me! . . . I'll bet he does like me better'n that old Maryanne Clark, else why did he ask me? But he wouldn't have asked me if he could see what I look like now, with this dirty old apron and my hair all down. . . . I'll *have* to have some new shoes now. . . . Oh, I forgot to ask what time he was coming—but he oughta said that himself. . . . My First Date!!! . . . I'd better wash my hair tomorrow. . . . Wonder if mother'll let me take her silk scarf; b'lieve I'll get it and see what it looks like on me." Humming, she was about to dash up the stairs, when she caught a glimpse of her mother coming across the lawn.

Without any formulated thought processes whatever, she rushed into the living room and fell into the big armchair. Lying in the position into which she had fallen, she closed her eyes, opened her mouth slightly, and—

Horrors!! Her mother was talking to someone; what if she had brought someone home to supper!—and there wasn't even a *sign* of supper! What was she saying?

"Well, Hugh, you'll have a chance to see what kind of a cook Lucile is, because she was going to get supper tonight. It certainly was too bad that your mother had to leave so suddenly and I'm glad I came when I did so that you didn't have to go to the restaurant tonight for your supper. Come right on in; I don't see Lucile anywhere. I suppose she is in the kitchen. Wait a minute till I lay my hat in here. W—why, *Lucile!*"

"*Mother* (in a stage whisper), oh, mother, don't let him come in here; don't let him see me like this, and I'll never, never do it again. I'll reform right now—"

"Just a minute, Hugh," Mrs. Warren called over her shoulder. Then to Lucile, "Are you *sure* this will be a lesson to you?"

"Yes!"

"Well, go upstairs and dress then, and I'll start supper. You can say you overslept. Run now!"

And Lucile ran.

Thomas Hardy as an Exponent of the Experimental Novel

By Ruth DeVall

(The second State prize-winning essay; submitted by the College of Industrial Arts in the Annual Contest of 1920 in the Texas Inter-Collegiate Press Association.—The Editor.)

The theory of the experimental novel was originated by the great French novelist, Emile Zola, who was so completely obsessed with the idea of naturalism in fiction that he put to scorn all attempts at novel writing which did not conform to the principals laid down in his work, *"Le Roman Experimental."* In this work, Zola excuses his own novels from the criticism they have received as being too full of the ugly, sordid things of life. Now the distinguishing characteristic of the experimental novel is that it professes to report the results of inquiry into the meaning of spiritual and psychical phenomena exactly as Darwin's *"Origin of the Species"* reports the meaning of certain physical phenomena observed in plants and animals. The experimental novelist endeavors to apply, therefore, the method of induction in his effort to discover the laws which determine human life and character. The scientific method involves the gathering of as much material as possible, then the truthful presentation of all the evidence derived from his material. The truth of the conclusion depends in part upon how extensive the research has been, whether any case has been neglected or omitted, and in part upon whether all the phenomena have been faithfully reported. It is upon this principle that Zola justifies his use of ugly facts; if you are going to dodge the bad, to close your eyes to the unattractive, the repulsive aspects of your experiment, of what worth will your conclusion be? Since no fiction is good unless true, how can fiction that is only partially true be as good as that which is entirely true? There have been realistic novelists in all periods of the history of fiction—there have been novels which report the facts of life with essential truth and fidelity, but until Zola, and our English Hardy came, there was little if any delving into the very bottom of things, and bringing to light motives and characteristics which, while common, are rarely mentioned. Fielding was indeed a great realist, but an examination of his treatment of *"Tom Jones"* will reveal a certain shunning of the unpleasant. Had Fielding been a philosophical naturalist, he would never have had allowed the end of *"Tom Jones"* to be so delightfully and completely satisfactory; he would have deprived Tom of his Sophia as surely as Jude Fawley was deprived of his Sue, for every unfortunate adventure he experienced pointed to certain failure with the precision of a weather cock. In contradistinction to the attitude of the ordinary realist, the philosophical naturalist asks this question: Do matters commonly arrive at such an issue under the conditions of actual life? The philosophical naturalist orders his events in conformity to the inexorable logic of life and nature. Writers like Fielding and Thackeray allow the element of personality to enter into the shaping of their characters. The efforts of Tom Jones and of Henry Esmond are rewarded by earthly happiness and material pleasure; the efforts of Jess Durbeyfield and of Jude Fawley to gain their desires are as futile as those of a flame against a stream of water, and that is because Hardy has allowed himself to observe no instances in life where personality had much, if anything, to do with the destiny of mankind—we no sooner overcome fate in one way than we are vanquished by her in some other unforeseen way; human effort is of no avail against the destiny that shapes our ends. This is what Hardy believes to be the law of human life, and he has arrived at this conclusion by careful investigation into the motives of actual people in actual life, seen always through his fatalistic spectacles.

The scientist spends much time in selecting, arranging, and classifying his phenomena before he is able at last to formulate a general law. He then finds it necessary to exert the same painstaking care and skill in selecting types, conditions, and environment which will best exemplify the general law. Now Hardy has lived for years in Wessex, and has formulated his law of life by observation of the joys and sorrows of Wessex people, and analyzing the causes for them. It behooves him, then, to select characters that will best typify the law he intends to represent in his novels. His success in selection can best be shown by examples. When he wishes us to know a type of man who lives all his life trying to realize a great ideal, and is as far from its realization when he dies as he was when he began, he shows us Jude Fawley —at first a boy with every good impulse, later a young man with hopes for realizing his ideals. Hardy gives this character certain weaknesses, which he eventually subjects to great strain. The yielding to the temptations of wine and women, together with a train of incredibly cruel, though inevitable circumstances, serves to disintegrate a soul, the soul of Jude, the obscure. Jude Fawley is the one man for this place. A stronger man or a less simple man could have

resisted Arabella Down. A man of more commonplace ideals might have forgotten Christminster. Jude is the typical specimen for Hardy's scientific investigation. As the best representation of a pure woman tossed about by fate, Hardy chose Jess of the D'urbervilles. A woman of less beauty would not have tempted Alec D'urberville, a woman of less simplicity would not have attracted Angel Clare; a woman of less devotion would not have remained faithful all those years. A man less prone to idealize than Angel would not have caused the years of tortuous misery to both himself and Jess. Such instances of character selection show that Thomas Hardy has taken the utmost care to choose for his experiments those subjects upon whom the reaction will be most complete.

Thomas Hardy's selection of plots is no less scientific than his selection of characters. "Every novel (of Hardy's) is in answer to the question: Given certain characters in certain situations, and allowing for the irony of fate, what will happen?" The reaction of these carefully selected characters to the circumstances imposed by their author is determined, then, by his observation and his outlook on life. Given the character of Eustacia Vye, who hates Egdon Heath with all her soul; whose one object is leaving it. The tendency of the ordinary realist would have been to allow Eustacia to drag Clym to Paris, but Hardy was not an ordinary realist. In real life, Hardy thought, this soul that was repelled by Egdon Heath would have been required to remain there, and he consequently made the plot of *"The Return of the Native"* consist of a series of incidents which make it necessary for Eustacia to stay. He added to the pity of it by having a noble man blame himself for her tragedy; he hastened the inevitable end by the incidents connected with Mrs. Yeobright and Wildeve.

The engineer who is about to build a bridge subjects his material to the most rigid tests in his laboratory—he learns exactly how much weight that material can uphold before he uses it. Likewise, Thomas Hardy determines the exact strength of each character by the most relentless trials. By the time he is ready to present him, he has determined his strongest as well as his weakest points. The mayor of Casterbridge, for all his remarkable will power, has a weak spot, his inordinate pride, and Hardy mercilessly attacks him at that spot. The rise of Farfrae, and the consequent fall of Henchard, is one of only a few possible forces that can strike the mayor to the ground, and for that reason Hardy has chosen that force. For the same reason, he has Elizabeth Jane misunderstand Michael's motive in lying to Newson; his belief in the irony of fate is responsible for Elizabeth Jane's reaching Henchard half an hour too late. There is perhaps no better example of Hardy's trial of his creations than his treatment of Jude. The ruthless author omitted no power that would prove destructive to the soul of a man of Jude's temperament. Jude is made to drink the cup of life to the very dregs, and the reader of "Jude" is compelled to see him as he suffers from the agonizing effect of each draught.

No scientist can perform a delicate experiment without proper environment; the chemist must have his laboratory; the photographer, his dark room; the chef, his kitchen—all must be so that in no other place and under no other conditions of environment would the reaction show to its best advantage. It is with the same view that Hardy has chosen the settings for his novels. For the whole group, he chose Wessex as his laboratory, because he considers the inhabitants of Wessex less hampered by convention than those of cities or of other sections of the country. The setting of *"The Return of the Native,"* Egdon Heath, is as much a part of the story as is the reddleman, or even as Clym Yeobright, himself. Hardy causes Egdon's effect upon the different characters to determine their respective destinies. He selected the heath as the setting of *"The Return of the Native"* because it had the characteristics that repel or attract one, and those reactions to or against surroundings constituted the object of that particular experiment. He selected Christminster for the partial setting of "Jude the Obscure" because that city was, for Jude, truly representative of unrealized ambition, of lost hope, and was, therefore, a fitting background for such a career as Jude's.

Not only must the writer of scientific works *select* the most representative specimens, experiments, and surroundings for the final determination of his general law, but also he must use every means to present truths as they really are to show every reaction in its natural color. In his treatment of subject he must omit absolutely no detail which would have any effect upon the determination of the underlying universal truth. Thomas Hardy, in his treatment of character shows a truly scientific spirit. No matter how much he loves a character, he does not hesitate to show his weakness as well as his strength, to give him unlovable as well as lovable traits. Thus, Jude Fawley, for all his laudable ambition, his industrious determinations, his artistic taste, is allowed to yield to the lowest of temptations to give up in utter despondency, and in the course of the novel he reader finds him in the most disreputable state. We cannot say that Hardy disliked Eustacia Vye, yet he showed her selfishness, her passionate nature, her bad impulses, as readily as her beauty as Queen of Night and her pitiful revolt against circumstances. Thus a complete fairness to every character is one quality of Hardy's; even the animal Arabella is spoken of by Sue as "not an ungenerous soul." But the real science of Hardy's treatment of character lies in his conception of them as playthings of a capricious

fate. He excuses certain moral weaknesses as natural endowments which cannot be overcome by the will, indeed his character might as well have no will at all for all the influence it has upon their destinies. This Hardian conception of destiny's power is the universal law determined by the experiments he performs upon his characters. If he persuades his reader, for the time being of course, that man's will has no effect upon his destiny, his novel is successful, his theorem is proved.

Hardy's plots grow out of his characters of the action of fate upon his characters—the behavior of those men and women of his creation under certain circumstances which he imposes upon them. That is the characteristic that separates Hardy from "novelists with a purpose." Instead of writing stories to embody a perconceived moral idea, he "grasps a piece of life and *** discusses the meaning of profound moral significance." The Hardy story is always devoid of complexity, there is only one interest, and that interest is in the spontaneous development of the plot concerning one, two, or perhaps three characters. In "Jess," the interest is almost completely in Jess and Angel Clare. In *"The Return of the Native"* there are Eustacia, Clym, and the minor interests of Mr. Yeobright, Wildeve, and Jamsie. The mayor of Casterbridge is a one-man story. This simplicity of plot adds much to the scientific character of Hardy's novels. It is quite reasonable to suppose that the fewer themes the author has to carry, the clearer his thesis will be. The more complex plot would be unscientific, and therefore, Hardy does not use it. Hardy's stronger novels are concerned with Macbethian disintegration of human souls. The plot never consists of events which build up men's characters, but it always displays the tearing down process; indeed, Hardy's philosophy admits no such happy evidence of a kind fate as a "satisfactory ending." That he never allows his characters to show progress spiritually is only another evidence of his scientific treatment, he includes what his observation has taught him as true to life, and omits those accidents in which fate forgot to practice irony, for he considers them exceptions which are so rare that they have no place in scientific works.

The style Hardy uses in his novels has been characterized as "Hardian simplicity." Just as we would expect only simple prose in scientific discussions, so we can expect nothing but the most unvarnished style from such a philosophical naturalist as Hardy. True, in his nature studies he reaches poetic sublimity as Hardy is undeniably a poet. Some would say that such poetic sensitiveness to nature as is exhibited in his description of Egdon Heath is inconsistent with his purpose of scientific realism would disprove of him as a writer of experimental novels of scientific works. But Hardy's very conception of nature as a kind of force working with fate upon men's souls is an answer to such a statement. The very moral truth he is bringing out in all his works is aided by his treatment of nature, of man's environment. No less scientific in his presentation of the exact truth about life is Hardy's naturalistic treatment of conversation. The dialogues of his character are not only superb vehicles of characterization, but they are the same truthfulness that is found in his plots and characterization. What could be more realistic than this extract from *"Under the Greenwood Tree?"*

"Now, Fancy, you've not told me all!" said Dick rather sternly for a quiet young man.

"O, don't speak so cruelly! I'm afraid to tell you now! If you hadn't been so harsh I was going to tell you all, now I can't!"

"Come, dear Fancy, tell: Come, I'll forgive, I must, by heaven and earth, I must, whether I will or no, I love you so!"

"Well, when I must put my hand on the bridge, he touched it——"

"A scamp!" said Dick.

This simple and complete natural management of conversation is entirely compatible with a scientific work, a work with the sole purpose of relating the logical destiny of given characters placed under given conditions.

Thomas Hardy, then, is an exponent of the experimental novel. His work viewed from the angle of selection, treatment, and style shows a scientific attitude, an experimental treatment, which, scientifically accurate as it is, does not mar the artistic power of the author.

Oil Upon the Social Waters

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MR. ROBERT WELL-TO-DO.....*An elderly banker*
MR. RATHER-WELL.....*A bachelor partner of Well-to-do*
MR. SAMUEL GUSHER.....*An ex-teamster, now a rich oil man*
MR. HEZIKIAH PURSEFULL.....*Another oil man*
MR. LEMUEL MONEYBAGS.....*A third oil man*
MRS. HELEN WELL-TO-DO.....*Wife of the banker*
MISS MARION WELL-TO-DO.....*Her daughter*
MRS. SAMUEL GUSHER.....*Oil queen*
MISS FLUELLEN GUSHER.....*Princess of the oil line*
MRS. PETUNIA MONEYBAGS AND
MRS. HELIOTROPE PURSEFULL.....*Female regents of finance*
MRS. PUBLICIUS OPINION.....*Head of the receiving line*
MRS. READY CASH.....*Sister of Mrs. Well-to-do*

Other scions of society.

ACT I.

(Mr. Rather-well, an energetic man of forty and Mr. Well-to-do, a gray-haired and punctilious banker of fifty, are seated in the comfortable living room of the older man. At their side is a card table arranged for a game, but the two men are engaged in looking over some papers and maps. Mr. Well-to-do points to a spot on the map and speaks.)

WELL-TO-DO—Well, there's no doubt about it. Gusher controls the big interest here anyway. This tract of land has fifty big producing wells, and two years ago I could have had it for a song. Now I am scheming to get hold of a half million deposit of this same Gusher.

RATHER-WELL—And we've got to do some tall old scheming, too. If the First National gets that deposit, we're as good as ruined. There must be some way.

WELL-TO-DO *(Lighting a cigarette)*—Yes, but how? You can't appeal to these people by ordinary business methods. Why, Gusher was once a teamster, and can hardly write his name. And as for Pursefull——.

RATHER-WELL *(Striding across the stage)*—Yes, I see your point, but still? Oh, I have it! You say these people have a society bee in their bonnets?

WELL-TO-DO—Oh, they are crazy for social recognition, which is out of the question, of course.

RATHER-WELL—I fail to see why, if they are willing to pay high enough for it. It strikes me this is the straw we clutch. If we launch the ladies into society, the men will come across with the gold, naturally.

WELL-TO-DO—But it can't be done—who would——?

RATHER-WELL—Why not your wife?

WELL-TO-DO—Helen! Why, Jack, you must be mad. In the first place she wouldn't do it.

RATHER-WELL—Oh, she might. She'll be here to play cards in a minute, and you might ask her anyway. It isn't every lady that can sit down to dinner with a millionaire laundress.

WELL-TO-DO—But we must think of Marion. Why I'm told that the Gushers have a daughter who once rode in a *"Horse"* race. You don't know my wife.

RATHER-WELL—Well, I hear her coming. We'll just ask her, anyway. Business is no respector of persons. Are you with me on this?

(They gather up papers.)

WELL-TO-DO—Oh, of course, but I still say it can't be done.

(Enter Mrs. Well-to-do and Marion. Mrs. Well-to-do is a slender brown-haired woman of forty-five, with a marked air of culture, patent to the most casual observer. Her daughter is a heavier and more youthful edition of the parent.)

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—I am so sorry I kept you waiting, Robert; but I was working at the Red Cross and did not realize the time.

MARION—Oh, no, mother never knows how late it is. I had to drag her away. Now for the game.

(She gets out the cards, and they seat themselves.)

MARION—I can hardly wait for the card party at Mrs. Land's. She always shows one such a jolly time.

RATHER-WELL—By the way, we had a little scheme of our own.

MARION—I thought you looked guilty when we came in. Go on and tell it.

MR. WELL-TO-DO—Well, you see we had planned to have some kind of entertainment.

MARION—How perfectly lovely! What'll we have?

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—But, Robert, we have entertained once this month.

WELL-TO-DO—I know, my dear, but this is a business arrangement.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—I don't understand.

RATHER-WELL—You see we are after the deposit of the old oil kings, Pursefull, Gusher, and Moneybags. We can't seem to get at them except through the influence of their wives, and so we thought if you would——.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—Mr. Rather-well! You don't mean for me to entertain them. Why, I would be the laughing stock of the town.

RATHER-WELL—But, listen here, Mrs. Well-to-do. These people have several million dollars, the interest from last month's oil land, that must be deposited.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—But, Mr. Pursefull was once a well-digger—ugh.

MARION—And I hear that the Gusher girl wears *overalls* in the garden.

WELL-TO-DO—But think, Helen, how unusually wealthy they are.

RATHER-WELL—Old Moneybags has an income of six million a year.

WELL-TO-DO—And Mrs. Pursefull may buy her a new limousine every hour if she wishes.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—Nevertheless, my dear Robert, she was once a laundress.

WELL-TO-DO—Quite right, my dear, but you overlooked the fact that she is now a gold-plated one, and think how many limousines you could buy if they deposited in our bank.

RATHER-WELL—Won't you reconsider, Mrs. Well-to-do, and give the scheme a try-out? No one could be so sure of success as you with your brilliant social assets and standing. Think what it would mean to your own income.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—I cannot entertain for them. I must think of Marion.

MARION *(Coming to her)*—Let's do it, mother. It ought to be heaps of fun. Think of the millions under our roof, and besides, the whole town is talking about them. Then think of all the things I want.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO *(Wavering)*—I don't know what to do. I feel that we ought not.

MARION—Oh, please, mother dear. I think it would be the greatest lark ever. Besides I could go to Europe when things got settled.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—Well, if you say it is best.

WELL-TO-DO—Then you will?

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—Oh, yes! Bring on your oil queens, if it is going to mean so much. What kind of entertainment shall it be?

RATHER-WELL—A dinner.

MARION—No, a reception by all means. Think how screamingly funny they will be in evening dress.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—A reception it shall be.

WELL-TO-DO AND RATHER-WELL—Fine! Good!

MARION *(Dancing around in glee)*—Then the three oil queens and the three oil kings will come to our reception. Oh, we'll have the teamster and the laundress and the well-digger, too, under the wing of society. Won't it be glorious! Then think how rich *we'll* be!!

CURTAIN

ACT II.

(The scene is laid in the reception hall of the home of the Well-to-do's. Mrs. Publicius Opinion stands at the head of the receiving line, and announces the guests as they arrive. Mrs. Well-to-do stands in the receiving line, but greets the guests perfunctorily.)

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—Why don't they come? Oh, how I dread their coming.

MARION—Maybe they are sick.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—Oh, there's no hope of that. They couldn't all be sick.

MRS. PUBLICIUS OPINION *(Beamingly)*—Mrs. Cash.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—So glad you came.

MRS. CASH—Yes, I wanted to be here when your friends arrived. Mr. Ready told me of your intended guests. Have they come?

MARION—Not yet, but we expect them any minute.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—I hope they won't stay long.

MARION—Hush, here they come.

MRS. PUBLICIUS OPINION *(Scathingly)*—Mrs. Pursefull.

(Mrs. Pursefull ambles in. She is a woman well past the prime of life, and she beams on the world with the staunch kindliness that has pervaded her entire score of years. She is quite corpulent. As she comes down the receiving line, she shakes hands and bows low to each lady.)

MRS. PURSEFULL—Why, howdy do, howdy do. I'm pretty pert, thank you. Proud to meet-che. How do you, Miz Well-to-do? Unexpected pleasure, quite the happiest———. So this is your datter. Well! Well!!

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—Yes, this is my daughter, Marion.

(A maid approaches and tries to relieve her of some of her wraps.)

MRS. PURSEFULL—Well, I don't know but I'd as lieve, only I believe I'll keep this here shawl around my head. The night air is kind of bad for my asthmy.

MRS. PUBLICIUS OPINION *(Frigidly)*—Mrs. Petunia Moneybags.

(Mrs. Petunia Moneybags marches down the receiving line without regard for the toes of the receivers, but gradually loses her swagger as she sees the size of the reception and recognizes the pillars of society whom she must face. She is a scrawny, dark woman of middle age, with a roman nose that seems to give her strength of character, and eyes that belie the possession. She shows distinct nervousness when she faces Mrs. Well-to-do.)

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—How do you do, Mrs. Moneybags. Where is your husband?

MRS. MONEYBAGS—Oh, him *(Coughs)*—Why you see he hadn't hardly got out of the bath tub yet. *(Clears throat rapidly.)*

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—I'm very sorry he couldn't come.

MRS. MONEYBAGS *(Gaining courage)*—Well, I oughtn't to be here by rights. Perunny's baby's teethin' and I ought to be with it, but on such a occasion——*(Voice trails off.)*

MRS. PUBLICIUS OPINION *(In a voice of "I-am-resigned-to-anything")*—Mrs. Samuel Gusher.

(There is much craning of necks and conversation among the guests. Mrs. Gusher drags her three hundred pounds of flesh ponderously down the receiving line, leading behind her, Fluellen, arrayed in a gorgeous expanse of green satin. She greets each member of the receiving line effusively.)

MRS. GUSHER—Why, what a perfectly larrapin pleasure. Proud to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Ready Cash. I've saw your name in the society news many and many a time. Why, howdy do, everybody. This here's my daughter, Fluellen, named after both her gran' mammies. I wouldn't a brung her only she didn't seem very peart, and I wouldn't leave her.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—We are very glad you have come.

MRS. GUSHER—Air ye now? I told Fluellen ye would be when she was worri'in about a dress to wear. I sez to her, I sez: "You just go on an' wear anything you want'o an' you'll be just as welcome as the flowers in May," I sez. Fluellen, come out here an' speak to the wimmen.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—And this is my daughter, Marion, Mrs. Gusher.

MRS. GUSHER—Well, now is it? Ye never could have told from the looks o' her. Does this here plaid set well on me? I'm afraid it's a mite too tight for beauty.

MRS. WELL-TO-DO—Oh, it looks quite nice. *(Aside)*, Marion what shall I do?

MARION *(To her mother)*—Never fear, I will help you. *(To Mrs. Gusher)*—Come with me and let me introduce you to some more of our friends.

(As they pass, the guests draw away from them and group toward one side of the stage, where they converse in loud stage whispers. Marion takes Mrs. Gusher to Mrs. Moneybags and Mrs. Pursefull, and introduces them.)

MRS GUSHER—Why land sakes, me an' Petunia Moneybags has been chums since Heck was a pup.

MRS. MONEYBAGS—Well, if it ain't Hepzibah Gusher! *(They embrace.)*

MRS. PURSEFULL—Ye ain't goin' to leave me out o' all this, be ye? Tain't been so long since we pulled hair in school.

MRS. GUSHER—The Lord be praised, Heliotrope, it's you! I ain't see ye in three weeks. *(Kisses her.)*

(Marion goes to the crowd on the left side of the stage; the oil queens go to the right.)

FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP OF SOCIETY—Impossible—Atrocious.

FROM THE PLACID PLAIN OF OIL (Mrs. Gusher)—Yeh, I use tobacco and whiskey.

MRS. MONEYBAGS—You don't say!

MOUNTAIN TOP—Why did they ask them here?

PLAIN—To fry cabbages——

MOUNTAIN TOP *(Scornfully)*—Isn't it silly to hear——

PLAIN—That the baby has two teeth, and has been havin' a right smart little jag o' fever.

MOUNTAIN TOP—But they have money. Yes, think of the money!

ACT III.

SCENE I.

(This scene is laid in the bank. Mr. Rather-well and Mr. Well-to-do are sitting behind their desks counting money.)

WELL-TO-DO—Well, it seems time to me for our trick to work.

RATHER-WELL—Oh, well, we'll give them an hour, I guess. Remember they'll have to hunt all their wealth up.

WELL-TO-DO—Be still and look busy. Here they come.

(Enter Mr. Moneybags, Mr. Pursefull and Mr. Gusher. They carry great heaps of gold

which they set down on the floor, and return for more. When they have made several trips, they line up and Mr. Gusher acts as spokesman. All shake hands.)

GUSHER *(Bass voice)*—Well, we've come to deposit.

MONEYBAGS *(Suspiciously)*—We're a gonna deposit if the bank's safe.

RATHER-WELL—Oh, we can convince you of that. Here's our charter.

(Mr. Rather-well hands Moneybags the charter. He takes it, looks at it knowingly, and hands it to Gusher, who looks at it solemnly, upside down.)

GUSHER—Good-enough! Now for the deposit.

RATHER-WELL—We've put it across.

WELL-TO-DO—Congratulations, old chap. Our troubles are over.

RATHER-WELL—Now sign this paper, gentlemen. *(Pushes paper toward Moneybags who shakes his head and passes it to Pursefull.)*

MONEYBAGS—Here, you sign for all of us.

PURSEFULL—Oh, no. Here's Gusher. Fact is I've got a little rheumatism in my fist.

GUSHER *(Desperately)*—Is it necessary?

RATHER-WELL—Quite.

GUSHER—Well, I can't write, but I can make my mark.

WELL-TO-DO—That will be quite all right.

RATHER-WELL *(To Well-to-do)*—Oh, we've put it by, all right.

GUSHER—That was an awful nice party you all give my wife las' night.

WELL-TO-DO—Glad you think so.

GUSHER—She was just a calculatin' this mornin' as how she reckoned she'd give one of them things just like that of your wife's.

WELL-TO-DO—*(Taken back)*—Oh, I say.

MONEYBAGS *(Nodding solemnly)*—It's the gospel that my wife's gettin' the craze, too.

PURSEFULL—My Heliotrope ain't been the same since.

RATHERWELL *(Who has recovered from the shock)*—I'll tell you what you do. You get a list of the people in town that go to these receptions, and invite them. It's all very simple.

GUSHER—Gee Rusalem! You don't say that's all you have to do to give a party?

RATHER-WELL—Yes, that's all there is to it. Just invite them.

MONEYBAGS—Even if you never know'd 'em?

RATHER-WELL—Oh, that won't make any difference. Here, the list is in this newspaper. You just take this home to your wife.

GUSHER—I shore am obliged to you. An' Hepzibah will be plum joyous. She's been just hankerin' after society.

PURSEFULL—An' my Heliotrope can stand in the receivin' line.

GUSHER—Thanky kindly.

MONEYBAGS—To think of my Petunia's leadin' a cantillion.

(Exit oil kings.)

WELL-TO-DO—What under high heaven ever possessed you to play that joke? You know nobody is going to their reception.

RATHER-WELL—Yes, they will. I am going to start the report that there are to be diamond stick-pin favors, and that the leader of the cotillion will receive a thousand dollar dinner ring. Oh, they'll come fast enough.

WELL-TO-DO—It's worth trying, anyway. Now, let's count our money. 30,000, 300,000, 3,000,000.

ACT III.

SCENE II.

(A street in oil center. The numerous scions of society are passing by, engrossed in the rumors afloat in regard to the coming reception. Enter Mrs. Ready Cash and Mrs. Land. They walk across the stage.)

MRS. CASH—Why, I cannot believe it. A three thousand dollar ring of all things.

MRS. LAND—And diamond stick-pins for favors.

(They exit. Enter Mrs. Publicius Opinion and Marion Well-to-do.)

MRS. PUBLICIUS OPINION—They could give five hundred stick-pins and I wouldn't go. I intend to have nothing to do with them.

(Exit. Enter Mrs. High-Stepper and Mrs. High-Class.)

MRS. HIGH-STEPPER—But my dear Mrs. High-class, I heard it was five thousand!

MRS. HIGH-CLASS—What on earth would I wear?

MRS. HIGH-STEPPER—I really don't know whether I shall go or not, but five thousand dollars——

MRS. HIGH-CLASS—Yes, and diamond stick-pins!

(Exit. Re-enter Mrs. Publicius Opinion and Marion.)

MRS. PUBLICIUS OPINION—But understand me. Their money has nothing whatever to do with it. Nothing at all, Marion.

They really are sweet, good people, aren't they?

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

(The home of Mrs. Samuel Gusher. The crocheted table covers and pillow tops vie in beauty with the marvelous paintings of flowers and mottoes of "God Bless Our Home" on the walls. Beautiful bows of yellow ribbon adorn the furniture. Mrs. Petunia Moneybags heads the receiving line while Mrs. Gusher and her daughter prepare to do the honors of the occasion, and Mrs. Heliotrope Pursefull comforts the stricken husbands who have been forced into small collars and too tight shoes.)

MRS. GUSHER—Lan' sakes, Fluellen, I'm gittin' right figity.

FLUELLEN—Oh, pshaw, ma, don't let me forget to ask 'em to powder their noses as they come in.

GUSHER—Say, mother, I got business that's gotta be tended to. I'll be right back.

MRS. PURSEFULL *(Pouncing upon him)*—No you don't! Samuel, you set right down here where you belong. It's 'most time for 'em, an' you'll have to be receivin' 'em.

MRS. MONEYBAGS—I just know I'm goin' to have a perfectly scrumptuous time. Lemuel, ye'd better git a brush an' red yourself up a bit.

FLUELLEN—Pa! Ma! Here they come. Make a line. *(She marshals her forces into a narrow line, the men on one side, the women on the other.)*

MONEYBAGS—Gol darn it, I feel like a skunk cabbage.

PURSEFULL—Confound this collar. It's chokin' me.

FLUELLEN—Be quiet.

(Mrs. Moneybags shakes hands with Mrs. Cash and comes in before her carrying the card between thumb and finger. She announces Mrs. Cash, and the members of the receiving line greet in rapid succession Mrs. Cash, Mrs. High-class and other guests.)

MR. GUSHER—At last the fluction of visitors is through. I nearly pumped my arm off.

MRS. PURSEFULL—My face feels like a boiled lobster.

MONEYBAGS—Let's go back to the kitchen.

GUSHER—You can't. You gotta head the cantillion with Miz Well-to-do.

MONEYBAGS—Oh, Lord. *(Starts to bolt but is dragged back by Fluellen who stations him in line.)*

FLUELLEN—You come back here, here come some more.

(Enter some more guests.)

MRS. GUSHER—Well, if you're all here, we'll start off with our cantillion.

MRS. HIGH-CLASS—Now we'll see!

MRS. HIGH-STEPPER—I wonder if it's as big as I heard.

MRS. GUSHER—Here, Petunia, you lead out with Mr. Well-to-do, and Miz Well-to-do, you and her, Moneybags. Come on, now, an' step lively. *(Guests arrange themselves.)* Now, Mr. Gusher, give out these here favors. I'll give the ring. *(She bestows an enormous dinner ring on Petunia.)* Now for these favors. *(She begins to distribute favors which consist of tiny nosegays of flowers.)*

GUESTS *(In amazement)*—Why did I come? How silly! Disgusting!

RATHER-WELL *(To Marion)*—But they all came.

MARION—Yes, they all came. Remember, Gusher's income is $9,000 a minute.

His Homecoming

Katie Adele Hill

A cool, soft breeze blew from the waves of the Atlantic over Bard's face as he leaned over the rail and looked toward his native shores. It was a clear, calm May night, and the moon shone gently down on the soldier's tanned profile, as he watched the waves and dreamed.

He had slipped out of the sleeping bunks, where so many tired boys lay dreaming of the homes they were coming back to again. He wanted to be alone tonight, to think of what had happened in the last two eventful years; for it had been just this time two years ago that he had gone out to the busy little Western city of San Argon, to keep from losing his health.

He had not liked the place at first; only the knowledge that he *must* remain, and the cheering friendship of Wright, whom he had met soon after his arrival, kept his determination to the sticking point during the first weary month. But, one night at a dance at the City Club Rooms, all his old discontent was scattered. He had met Jean—how beautiful she was! How free and open and truly Western she had seemed to him that night, as she had danced with the same easy grace with which she rode her horse or drove her car. Happily, joyously, he had laughed at his eccentric friend, when he had earnestly told of "bad blood" farther back in Jean's family and had quoted ominously the "Law of Reversion to Type." And he had become genuinely angry when Wright had expressed his disapproval, almost bluntly worded, of Jean's utter disregard of convention, and her—what her lover had glorified in—"free spirit of Western womanhood."

Spurred by his resentment against the friendly warning into ardent expression of his love, he had gotten her promise to marry him when he got strong again. How happy they had been, and how rapidly his health had returned—then came the day he was called in the draft. When he found that he must leave soon, they had a hurried wedding, and three wild, insanely happy weeks. Jean, with all her splendor of beauty, her impulsiveness, her queer, lovable ways, had been his, all his, for three whole weeks. Her love, so impetuous, she generously gave him with her usual reckless abandon, just as she threw herself, heart and soul, into every new craze—now bridge, now an illogical venture into politics—or poetry.

Then, one memorable night, had come the orders to entrain for a camp in a distant city. He had phoned to their apartments, and had told Jean to come to the train. There had been such a hurry and bustle, so many heartbroken wives and mothers at the station, and they had had so little time, that he had not found her. The train had pulled out before he saw her, but he tried to comfort himself with the thought that in a few days, at most, Jean would be with him again.

He thought of how he had found another little apartment for her when they reached the new camp. He had wired her to come, but she had gone back to her mother's, and had decided to come later. He was disappointed for a time, but she was so young, she probably didn't want to cross four States and be in a strange city alone, just to be with him the twenty-four hours a week that he could be absent from camp. Perhaps it would be better for her to stay at home, but still, in his heart, he felt the vague heaviness of impending ill. Not that he didn't trust her—he had forced himself to place in *his wife* the most implicit faith, in spite of her own naively-worded and roguishly given confession of her queer, unconventional ideas, and as she had expressed it, "inborn coquettishness," which, somehow, grated on his more conservative Eastern spirit, and in spite of Wright's last longing look and reluctant farewell on the night of his wedding. And so he had stayed on, telling himself that she would come later, but when orders to embark came, she still had not joined him.

When they were in New York, he had gotten a long, beautiful letter from her, telling him of how lonely she had been and how she missed him. She had not been well, she said, and

was afraid to take the trip to the camp alone. He knew she was better off at home, so he stifled his own disappointment, and sent her a telegram that he was sailing.

He had had letters from her while he was in France; they had been characteristic, irresponsible, unworried letters, but she had never told him what he wanted most to hear. He had so hoped that if he *were* destined not to come back, that there might be a Bardwell Johnson Barnes, Jr. to love Jean and be her support and comfort in his absence; but she did not write him of any such hopes. Maybe she was planning to surprise him; maybe—maybe—. His thoughts wandered on and on as he reviewed his past experiences, and his heart leaped up with joy as he realized he was going back to Jean. In two weeks more he would see her, for they would land the following day and go straight to the demobilization camp.

He had not had a letter from Jean for about four months, but the mails had been so congested, he knew she had written but he had not received her letters. He was thinking of all these things when he saw the first faint gleam of dawn and realized that he must be back in his bunk by reveille, and he hastened below.

At noon the next day they landed, amidst all the cheers and noise that greets a troop ship. As soon as they had done the necessary marching and were released, Bard found the Western Union and send this telegram:

Mrs. Bard J. Barnes,
San Argon, California.
Landed and am coming to my girl as soon as I can get there. Love.
Bard.

The next day they left the port and came by rail to Camp Gunter. He slipped off the train at one station, and wired Jean to meet him at Springfield, his old home, since the train was to stop there for a short time. He could think of no other thing, but that Jean, his Jean, would meet him. After all these seven months of the anguish of being away from her; after all the horror and sadness, the human agony, the devastation, the pain, that he had seen; after all the ugly, sordid, grimy, nauseating things that he had witnessed in the base hospital in France, he was once more to see her! How good God had been to him, to let him come back to her, whole and sound, to love her, cherish her, and worship at her shrine all the rest of his life. He thought of his blessings all along the tiresome trip. At last, on the third night, the train was pulling into Springfield.

Ah, soon, soon, they would be there! Why, by the way, his mother and father would be there to meet him, too, for their home was in Springfield, but somehow he had not thought so much of that—but Jean, Jean, his glorious, beautiful Jean would be there! Oh, it was worth all of his loneliness, all of everything, to know that now, in only a few short moments, he would crush her to his heart again.

As they pulled into the station, every soldier shouted as if he would burst his lungs. They tumbled off the train into the arms of the waiting loved ones. Bard ran through the crowd, searching each face for Jean's black eyes.

"Jean! Jean!" he called, as he ran.

Then he saw his mother and father, looking about with anxious eyes. He ran up to them, and amid their tears and kisses he asked hoarsely, "Where is my Jean? Why isn't she here? I wired her to come! Oh, why isn't she here?"

His mother put her hands on his shoulders and sobbed, "Oh, my dear boy! My poor, dear boy!"

Then the train whistled and the officers commanded the men to get back on to go to Camp Gunter. Dazed, numb, half-crazed with disappointment and pain, he climbed into the train. She had not been there! His Jean! God! Why had she not come? When he wanted her more than anything else in the world!

He mechanically did as he was bid when they unloaded the junk of the company. He worked as if he were in a dream, and what horrible dream it had been! He fell down upon

his cot at last, and then his heart seemed to burst. Some big cloud was hovering over him, some mystery, some great and awful thing that he did not understand. Then his shoulders heaved with great, rocking sobs; masculine sobs of mental agony, and hot, bitter tears streamed down his tanned cheeks.

Wright, his old pal, lay in the next cot, and he sat up as he laid a friendly hand on Bard's shoulder, and said, "Old man, what's the trouble?" The storm broke. Wright's comforting words seemed to intensify the paroxysm, and he said, in surprise, "Why, Bard, I never saw you shed tears in my life! Can I help you? My God! Man, what is the matter?"

'I don't know—Jean wasn't at the train—maybe she didn't get my telegram—maybe she doesn't know I'm here—but, Wright, I feel that some terrible thing is about to be revealed to me—I can't stand it! Oh, why *wasn't* she there?"

Then he sobbed his tired body to sleep, as Wright sat there, gently rubbing his aching head, and saying what he could to comfort him.

The Captain had gotten a twenty-four hour leave for the whole company the next day, and Bard caught the first car for Springfield. He still hoped Jean would be there, but something told him that she would not.

He walked amid familiar sights until he reached his home. His mother was not expecting him. As he opened the door, she started up and began to cry nervously when she realized it was he. As she sobbed on his shoulder, he said, "Mother, what is it all about? Why all this sadness about my coming back? Where is Jean? I know something is wrong—tell me about it, I've got to know."

Then his mother said gently, "Wait, son, sit down here a moment."

And she went upstairs, to return in a minute with a stack of newspapers, the local papers from Jean's home. "Read the society columns of these, dear, and you'll understand. And—maybe—I can't tell you—Oh, my big splendid son! Why do you have to suffer like this?"

His face grew tense, his hands trembled as he opened the first paper, and suddenly he saw a blurred headline:

Miss Jean Gardner is Hostess
at an Informal Dance.

Her own name—Miss Jean Gardner—only four months' ago. His brain seemed sodden, paralyzed. Then, he forced himself to realize the truth—his cloud has burst; the presentiment had materialized. She was no longer *his* Jean.

According to Form No. Fifty

MARGARET STARK, '24

(The second State prize-winning short story; submitted by the College of Industrial Arts in the Annual Contest of 1920 in the Texas Inter-Collegiate Press Association.—THE EDITOR.)

She folded the letter, breathed a deep, delicious sigh, and turning to her bosom friend, she exclaimed,

"Oh, Anabel, he does write the *sweetest* letters."

"Yes, but, Frances, he's a stick in the mud when it comes to speaking his mother tongue."

"I give you that much. He *isn't* very demonstrative. But still at the same time, he has a writing vocabulary that is marvelous. Besides, Claude is generous. He has showered me with gifts and is all I could wish, in the way of a perfect husband. He has a lovely family and seemingly—yes, they do like me," she finished, half certainly and half musingly, with a bowed head and far-off eyes.

"Aw, let's go in and make some fudge. These sandy August winds are not on good terms with my eyes, anyway. Moly Hoses! Here he comes, your Claudius Antonius Josephus Orange Blossom."

"How do you know that's Claude?" Frances quizzed, half jealously.

"How could I keep from it? Why, Frances, I'd know that slouch walk if it belonged to the ex-Emperor and Master of Ceremonies of the Cannibal Isles."

"Oh, Anabel, you know very well how he happened to walk that way. That bunch of high school boys when we were in the Senior class began to practice that walk after going on a camp with that idiotic negro as cook who ambled along in that same aimless sort of way."

"Call it ambling if you want to—I call it the rail fence glide. He's crossing the lawn now. 'Lo Claude, I'll be back in about three wiggles of a hoot owl's toe."

And with that simultaneous greeting and parting, Anabel darted into the house, leaving Frances dumb, though gallant, cavalier, that is, gallant by mail—for his letters were remarkable epistles of fiery love—to his fair lady. However, Frances was just seriously foolish enough to devour each flattering word of impassioned persuasion. She stoutly maintained to Anabel that "poor dear Claude" was a veritable diamond in the rough; that he had the real making of a man, but like our immortal Lincoln he "just couldn't make love in the usual sort of way." Whereupon Anabel would invariably return, "If he can't make love now, how do you expect him to be after the 'stunt'?" Then Frances would purse her lips and wrap a strand of flying, golden, and carefully waved hair about the tip of her upturned nose and ruminatingly reply, "Oh, but that'll be different then!"

"Yes, about as different as the north and south poles—all the difference in the world between the two, but the same temperature and condition at each one." Then it was Anabel's wont to thrust her hands into the skirt pocket of her favorite sport suit, and cocking her shining brown head at a mischievous angle, give Frances the benefit of her smile of mingled sarcasm and chagrin—sarcasm at her favorable attitude toward Claude; and jealous chagrin at the defeat of her own bright speeches by Claude, the embodiment of awkward, masculine timidity. She took the stand that a man who didn't have a "line" strong enough to "sell" himself to his most desired prospect, would fail as a business man, in his attempts to sell himself there. However, she did not take into consideration Claude's unassailable honesty, his steadfastness of purpose, that made his perseverance a thing at which to be marveled and a means by which he gained everything he had ever really wanted. He was a favorite with the men on account of his ability to enter into any sort of a game, either golf, football, hunting or cards, with the same principles of fair play and a "square deal." But undoubtedly he "simply couldn't talk," and was no sparkling scion of society.

When Anabel returned, proudly bearing a plate of hot fudge, she found Claude meekly assenting that he, too, hoped the moon would "come up" that night.

Her rosy cheeks lately colored by the task of candy-making, her damp ringlets clustered about her bright face and shining eyes, formed a pretty picture as she jauntily goose-stepped, plate high before her, singing in distinct tones:

Oh, what a husband he would make
How quiet would be the house,
His gentle voice would ne'er disturb
The slumbers of a mouse.

And Claude, in angular, blushing confusion, made a wild dash for his hat, stammering as he backed off,

"G-good evening, ladies."

"Oh *don't* go, Claudie," pleaded Frances with a hurt look in her eyes. "Please come and get some fudge."

By this time Claude had backed into a flower pot at the edge of the steps. He rolled over. In an inglorious heap he landed in the flower bed, but quickly got to his feet with a simple grin on his face, and walked off—his shiftless amble somewhat perverted by a slight limp.

Her slim little body rocking with paroxysms of laughter, Anabel threw her arm out in the direction of the departing figure, and declared with a significant wink,

"Entitled, 'Shot at and Missed!' Respectfully dedicated to Mr. Claude Daniels."

"You're a perfect brute, Anabel. Can't you stop laughing? Let's read this letter he left —or will you laugh all night?"

Well, go ahead, I can stand anything now."

Frances began:

> *My Darling Girl:*
>
> Since you and I are in every way ideally suited to each other, and since we are in every manner complementary to one another, it is my sincere belief that Providence, in its omnipotent power, has brought our two lives together to form a splendid union blessed by unseen hands.
>
> To me you are the most wonderful woman in the world —the only woman for me. And together, I firmly believe that we can make our lives better and happier. Let us not linger too long in indecision, but promise, dear, that you will be my own—my beautiful wife.
>
> Your beloved,
>
> CLAUDE.

"Huh," disgustedly grunted Anabel, "sounds like something the old cat drug in and the little kittens wouldn't have."

"You unappreciative girl. Just for that I'm going to marry him!" And she did—the very next month, which happened to be September.

According to the old stereotyped form, "they were married in the little stone church around the corner, amidst a small circle of relatives and friends." And Frances often entertained Anabel in her own home just a few blocks from the house occupied by "mother and dad."

* * * * * *

Spring housecleaning was in full sway. Anabel was there in a bright pink apron and cap. And this was the day set aside to clean out and overhaul all trunks, drawers, and closets. There had been a process going on all morning of sorting, discarding, and re-sorting. Just now the two were delving into the pigeon-holes of Claude's writing desk, when Anabel extracted from the far end of a most inconspicuous hole, a very yellow little book in fine print, with no back, but evidently much thumbed and dog-eared. With heads together Anabel and Frances watched as it mechanically fell open to reveal a letter headed:

Chapter IV.
Proposals of Marriage
Form No. 50

Anabel began to read:

> *My Darling Girl:*
>
> Since you and I am in every way ideally suited to each other and since ——

"Stop!"

Anabel turned to see Frances as pale as death, her eyes moist, and her lips quivering. She dropped the book and sprang to her feet as Frances automatically rose to hers and went to the window to pull the curtain aside and look out.

"Put it up, Anabel," she said calmly, "Here he comes—that same dear old amble—I wouldn't have him find I knew for worlds."

"Why, you precious old goose," returned Anabel.

Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club Reveals Clubdom's Mysteries to Quaking Novices

(The second State prize-winning news article; submitted by the College of Industrial Arts in the Annual Contest of 1920 in the Texas Inter-Collegiate Press Association.—THE EDITOR.)

Saturday evening marked the beginning of the stormy era of initiating rites for the unsuspecting schools of Fish who thronged M. E. B. headquarters, the gym, to await with fear and trembling the first dread order, "Take down your hair!" Hardly was this introductory behest obeyed when the unhappy victims found their vision obscured by a substantial blindfold. Then the quaking "would-be's" began the gauntlet of unknown and terrifying perils; cliffs were fallen from; greasy ropes precipitated the unsuspecting unfortunates into icy pools; desperately coerced cavalrymen rode piano stools the tops of which became unscrewed at every turn.

At the last preliminary test of faithfulness and courage, the candidates were persuaded to imbibe a potion which, in its composition, majored in "worms" and castor oil. If this effective balm was not sufficient to insure eternal loyalty, the slackers will be discovered by the end of the week of trial, during which the old members may observe the mettle of the new ones. Many have already shown the brass which predominates in their anatomy; the prevailing "metal" of others, it is feared, bears a striking resemblance to warm chewing gum. All, however, have yet a chance to redeem themselves and become dependable members.

Monday and Tuesday were designated by the authorities as the appropriate days for new members to convey books to class in suitcases. The accepted hair dress was an elongated psyche, terminating in a bow. Here a tribute should be paid the artistic genius of the Fish, for everything from a variegated lingeries rosette to a flowing bridal effect graced the coiffures, which reared themselves heavenward in altitudinous attitudes of ascension.

On Wednesday, it was officially announced, trotting was to be the order—or gait, rather—of the day. If fatigue retarded the feet of a new initiate, an old M. E. B. was always on hand to accelerate the pace of the poor pedestrian.

Altogether, the week's excitement has been entirely satisfactory—from the old members' point of view. When their rooms were cleaned, their shoes shined, and uniform buttons three years missing, were sewed on by the patient Fish, their "superiors" sent them on errands, and even dispatched them to classes of absent-minded professors to fill space and answer roll-call. And then, after all imaginable tasks had been performed, the ingenuity of the old members suggested that chambrays be donned backwards, ham omelet be eaten with the knife and sundry other vaudeville acts performed for the amusement of the upper classmen.

In a word, the week of general flunkeying for the old members has shown the entire good spirit which characterizes the growing and democratic Mary Eleanor Brackenridge Club.

MY PATH

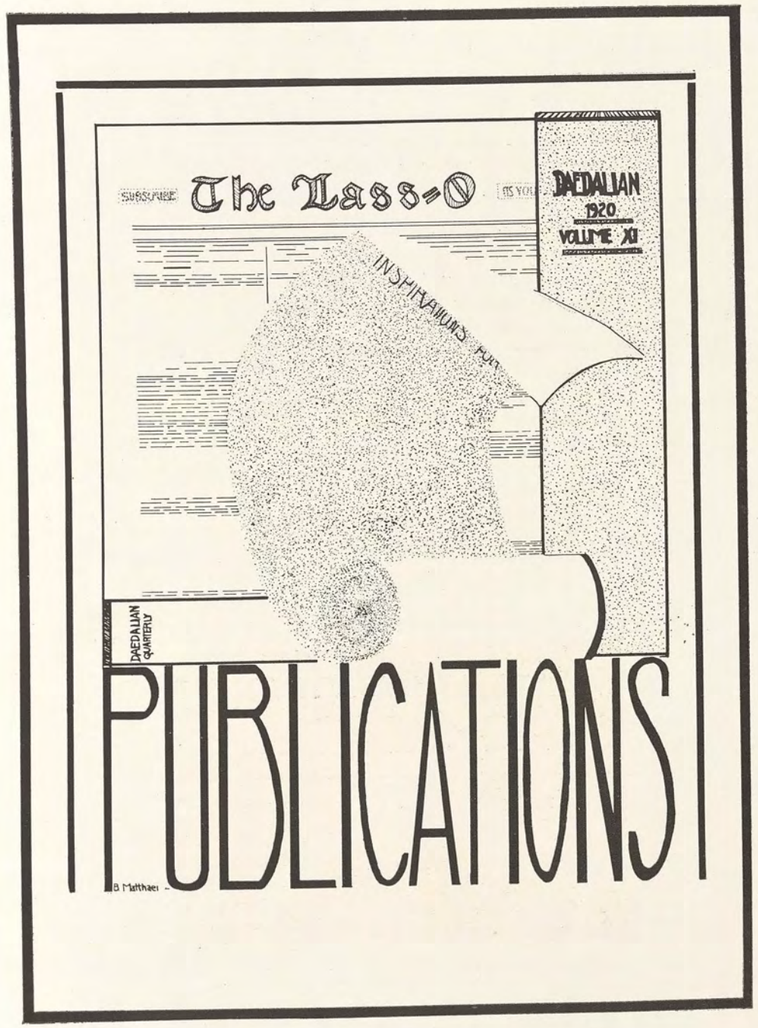
There's a path that leads—most anywhere,
And it carries one on and away
To the land of love and no-care,
To the land of infinite day.

It's green, is this dear little path so true,
And it's gold with the sun ray's glow,
And the light is the smile of the big sky blue,
That the blue bird brought, you know.

And it leads to the hills of the setting sun,
Where the waters to silver turn,
Where the violets grow and the fairies run,
And the carpets are emerald fern

Won't you come with me down my little path,
Transformed by a fairy's rod,
To the sunset land of hope and faith,
To the dear little plains of God?

—*Ruth West.*



THE LASS-O

Gladys Wright ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
Ruth DeVall ..... *Associate Editor*
Roberta Clay ..... *Assistant Editor*
Ruth West ..... *Staff Poet*
Florence Williams ..... *Comic Editor*
Christine Taylor ..... *Business Manager*

REPORTERS

Bertha Duncan
Ruth Palmer
Dovie Brown
Maurine Thompson
Kate Brodnax
Dorothy Jenkins
Dorothy Conner
Louise Von Struve
Frankie Maverick
Margaret Stark

THE DAEDALIAN QUARTERLY

Carrie Goodrich ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
Thelma Lucas ..... *Literary Editor*
Jack Briscoe ..... *Comic Editor*
Christine Taylor ..... *Business Manager*

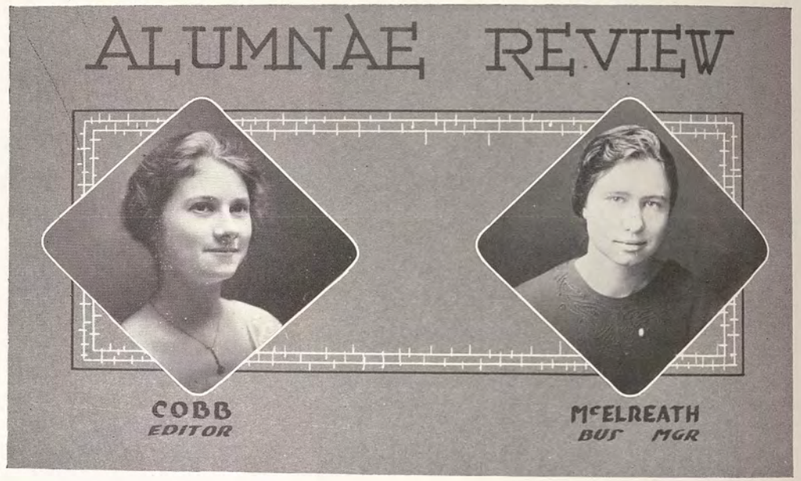
The Daedalian Quarterly

THE DAEDALIAN QUARTERLY is the literary quarterly publication of the College. The magazine is representative of the best literary ability in the English Department and during the year 1919-20, especially has the merit of the magazine been exceptionally high. The circulation of the magazine is broad, the selection of material careful, and, hence, the position which it assumes among the other publications is one of excellence.

WRIGHT
EDITOR IN CHIEF
DEVALL
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Lass-O Staff '20
CLAY
ASSISTANT EDITOR
WEST
STAFF POET
WILLIAMS
COMIC EDITOR
STARK
REPORTER
TAYLOR
BUSINESS MANAGER

REPORTERS
LASS-O STAFF
Duncan
Palmer
Brown
Thompson
Brodnax
Jenkins
Von Struve
Maverick
Conner

ALUMNAE REVIEW



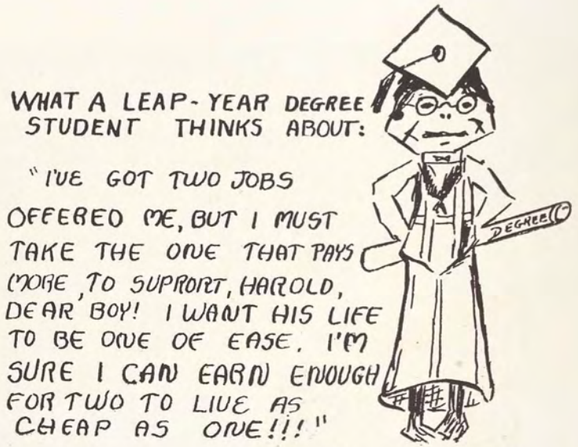
THE aim of this magazine, as is that of every graduate publication, is two-fold: To preserve the bonds of love and fellowship between the members of the Association by keeping them in constant touch with one another, and to promote the progress and usefulness of the mother college by keeping its alumnæ informed concerning its undertakings and accomplishments. It is the hope of the Association and of the management of the Review that this aim may be realized and that the service rendered may be of real benefit both to the Association and to the College.

DAEDALIAN STAFF—1920

Mildred Parks	*Editor-in-Chief*
Analois Pullen	*Business Manager*
Marian Thomson	*Art Editor*
Kate Brodnax	*Society Editor*
Elizabeth Froley	*Literary Editor*
Jack Briscoe	*Athletic Editor*
Florence Williams	*Comic Editor*
Maurine Thompson	*Kodak Editor*
Lady Jane Ellis	*Assistant Kodak Editor*
Aileen Folliard	*Assistant Comic Editor*
Dorothy Jenkins	*Assistant Comic Editor*
Bess Holstead	*Assistant Business Manager*

BRODNAX
SOCIETY EDITOR
FRALEY
LITERARY EDITOR
BRISCOE
ATHLETIC EDITOR
Daedalian Staff '20
WILLIAMS
COMIC EDITOR
THOMSON
ART EDITOR
FOLLAIRD
ASST. COMIC EDITOR
JENKINS
ASST. COMIC EDITOR
THOMPSON
KODAK EDITOR
ELLIS
ASST. KODAK EDITOR
STARK
ASST. COMIC EDITOR
HALSTEAD
ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER

HUMOR



ON MARCH 20

Ben Roberts tells this tale. He said he was out at the Normal on the afternoon of March 20, the day of the Senior Banquet—and also of the lecture of Mr. Eisenlohr, who was to offer entertainment to those who were not permitted to go to the banquet.

Normal Student—"Going anywhere tonight, Ben?"

Ben—"Yes, I've got a date out at C. I. A. tonight, at the Senior Banquet."

Normal Student—"Well, you know, that was announced out here at chapel this morning and a lot of us fellows are thinking about going. The tickets are thirty-five cents, aren't they?"

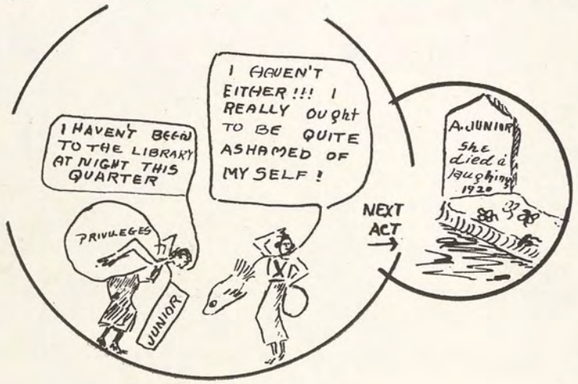
FROM "SCALPY"

The point to the following epigram will be caught at once by all C. I. A. students:

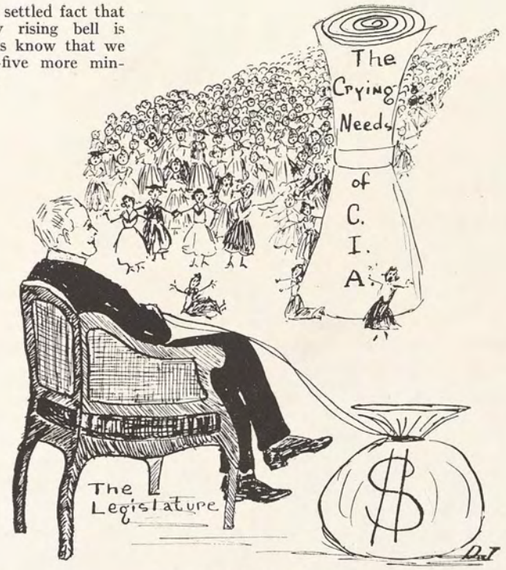
"*First Stude*—'Was there a full audience at the University Band's program last night?'

Second Stude—'They must have been; they stayed clear through it.'"

Who steals my duds can be sought for, but the person who steals my electric curling iron —is safe. Why?



It is now a settled fact that the six-thirty rising bell is rung to let us know that we have twenty-five more minutes to sleep.



It used to be our fashin
To talk of dates an' mashin',
But now we speak in tones sedate
Of themes and calcium carbonate.

THE LASS-O

Extracts and Essences From OUR College Paper

LFN. Wonder if the Juniors are goin' to taik pins to their banquet to pin their sleeves back to eat? Gimps have been sugjested.

Theres a town in Texas Mr. Bralley sez where they can't keep C. I. A. girls as teachers, becauze they allers git marreid the first year they teech there. But I ain't tellin where that place is tell—Milly an me here from the school bored.

It would be a chemicle impossibillitie for sum peepul up here to ever, ever get a B. S. digree.

Marian Thomson's bein art edditur of the Annyual this year will be a good prepparation for being the saim of the Quarterlie next year.

Although it's rather late in the year for this, anyone who went to the Dallas Fair can appreciate it at any time:

Accounts: October 17, one pair new shoes.....$10.00
October 20, shoes re-soled..... 1.50

NOTE—If you wish to have any pep, arrange for it previously through the Brackenridge office.

Some one asked Prof. Jackson if he was a "Dr." yet, and he said, "No, and if he was, it would be sure to be 'Doc'."

APROPOS OF THE DALLAS FAIR

LFN. No, we didn't see *none* ov the exhibits but we rode on the Seenic Railway three times and on the Mammuth racer and then went through the Royal Gorg. We allso took in the Gaim and the Majestic up town.

Then we went window shopping for a while winding up at Woolworth's where we bought a few things.

We nearly ruined that swell supper we had in Dallis because we forgot where we was and shook the salt-celler *hard.*

And that reminds us that someone suggested that a good cartoon for the Annual would be the picture of a girl trying to extract salt from one of the dormitory salt-shakers. Our artists could not draw it with perfect justice, declaring—with truth—that only a moving picture film would suit the subject—and so we just pass on the idea—to whom it may concern.

HAMMER HIT

PERHAPS the most diverting occupation extant is that of listening to the gems of philosophy concerning women which proceed with all seriousness out of the mouths of male Profs.

Should a girl who had just got her privileges back feel like a privileged person?

One Soph recommends *"Paradise Lost"* as a sure cure for insomnia.

LFN. Billie Burke wants fore prominent Seniors warned that the library ain't the plase for discussing there respectabul teachurs, Carlyle, Socey, crushes and other foolishness, setting a bad exampul to other peepul who want to read.

THE LASS-O

Extracts and Essences From OUR College Paper

Character sketches of peepul you might be interested in:

Carrie Goodrich—A five-foot bundle of giggles, funnie remarks, an' real knowledge.

Maurine Canon—Always between the devil and the deep blue sea: the Senior Class and the Faculty Council.

Gladys Wright—Divided between two ambitions; to be a vamp or a literry chenius, with leanings toward the formur.

Florence Williams—Her motto: *Eat first,* THEN to business.

Lillian Condiff—"Who and what are you? I'm from Missouri."

Ruth DeVall—Since bein' on the *Lass-O* she looks at father's paper with a critical eye.

FEMININITY SPEAKS

We know that the true college spirit is to pass over the unpleasant and to speak only of the pleasant, but there is a limit to all things—even to the tolerance of rats. An occasional visit from this little animal affords a bit of harmless excitement in the dormitories, but when they come by families, clans, tribes, and hordes, their visits grow a trifle monotonous.

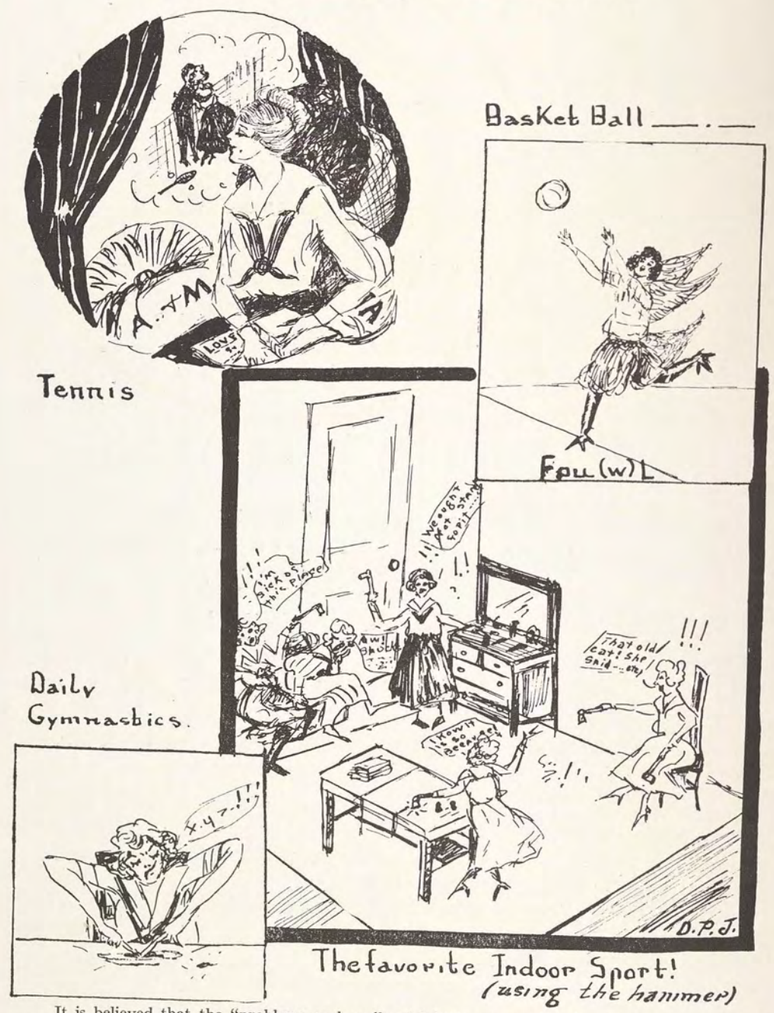
Some night when you have just settled down for a good hour's work, you feel an unusual touch on your foot, glance down and find some gay debutante of the rat family straightening the powder on her little pink nose with the pom-pom of your bedroom slipper, you decide that certainly you have a right to more than the ONE uniform scream permitted by the astute faculty advisor.

Later, at the third flash, you rush for the upper part of the stacked bed, only to find some old grandfather rat taking a nap on your pillow. You say this is even worse than when, a few minutes later, you found some of his gayer descendants holding a banquet in that box you got from home. All through the night you can hear some member of the family, who has chosen carpentering as his profession, cutting away on something, and you lie still, wondering fearfully whether it is your term theme or the sole of those new eighteen-dollar walking shoes. You can see in the moonlight eight or ten frisky mice dancing across your curtain pole to the music furnished by the more industrious of their tribe as they go about their nightly task of cutting up your hose and lingerie.

It is when, in the sequence of events, affairs reach this point that we say it is not infringing upon the spirit of college loyalty to complain.

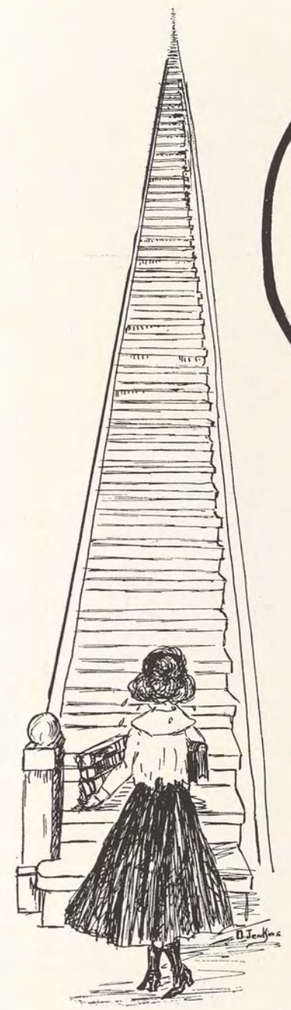
(But some people say it's worse to have a roommate who takes Zoology and who keeps her specimens in the room overnight.)

ATHLETICS AT C. I. A.

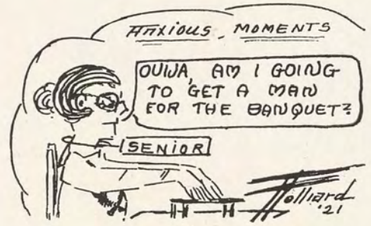


It is believed that the "problems and perils of leisure are greater than those of labor," and that members of the faculty should play with the students as well as work with them. At the College, both are done with earnestness and joyousness. The final test of any plan or method is, "does it work?" The College counts its happy hearted, self-controlled, serious-working student body a sufficient answer.

(From the Catalogue.)



A Woman's Question—
WHICH?



ZHANYA GOES TO ZOOLOGY LAB

O, Meez Birge, Meez Birge, joost look at my cook-roaches! Aren't they cute little things? But they aren't very little, are they? Meez Pearson said they're the largest she ever saw. I got them in the kitchen of Methodist dormitory and I want to take them home with me to tell Mrs. Carrol. The girls here can get all they want there; there are just oceans of them there.

But how can I murder them? Chloroform them? But what if they don't like it? (After a while) Meez Birge, Meez Birge, they're coming alive, they're coming alive; they're waking up after the chloroform.

I don't see any nervous system to this roach; mebbe Meez Birge was mistaken; I bet cook-roaches don't have any nervous systems. I wish I had never taken this stuff. I'll look and see if I can find a real nervous cook-roach next time.

(Takes dictation)—Take ten gallons of meal and four of arsenate, delude with five gallons of water—(But here Florence Williams breaks out into unseemly mirth and is sent from the room. Bell rings).

AT ARTIST'S CONCERT

Miss Long—"Oh, I've forgotten my ticket."
Miss Alexander—"Well, you can get in on your face, then. Let it be your ticket."
Miss Long—"But I understand they're punching the tickets."

CALENDAR FOR JUST ANY MONTH AT C. I. A.

Sunday, First—Miss Hefley insists on observance of quiet hour. Paper bag lunches served. Wardrobe calls on Beulah Robinson. Martine Morris goes to Sunday School.

Monday, Second—A Fish wishes to enter the Press Club. The Gooch twins introduce a new style of hair dress.

Tuesday, Third—Prexie makes the announcement that C. I. A. is the best College for girls in the South. (Prolonged applause.)

Wednesday, Fourth—Groans issue from Room 117, Administration Building. They are found to originate in the literary pains of one self-satisfied staff. Jack Briscoe has advised "pep."

Thursday, Fifth—Senator Hopkins delights damsels with a talk saying C. I. A. is finest school in the South. (Prolonged applause.) Flossie W. has exam in science.

Saturday, Eighth—Chaps. make statement that they are best club in school. Flossie W. decides to study science.

Sunday, Ninth—Wardrobe calls on Allene Jones.

Tuesday, Tenth—President Bralley says he and Woody and the Queen of Sheba are all of the same opinion—there is no better college for the girls in the U. S. than C. I. A. M. E. B.'s declare themselves the best club in school.

Wednesday, Eleventh—Flossie reconsiders her resolve to study. Roberta Clay writes an English theme.

Thursday, Twelfth—Miss Hefley tells anecdote of "When I Was a Girl."

Friday, Thirteenth—Mr. Allen gives twenty-seven questions on a twenty-minute quiz.

Saturday, Fourteenth—Student Council considers late immoralities.

Sunday, Fifteenth—Martine Morris, Hazel Becker and Gamma Marquess go to Sunday School. Wardrobe calls on Beulah Robinson.

Monday, Sixteenth—Maurine Canon consumes food at the cafeteria.

Tuesday, Seventeenth—President Bralley says the need for a new dormitory is felt.

Wednesday, Eighteenth—Miss Hefley delivers lecture on cheek dancing and tickle-toeing. Mr. Donoho requests poetry from his Freshman class.

Thursday, Nineteenth—The regents make an inspection. Gladys Wright interviews Mr. Baldwin.

Friday, Twentieth—Carrie Goodrich declares the *Quarterly* won't be worth having. Thirty Fish desire to drop Chemistry.

Sunday, Twenty-second—Bolshevistic classical music is indulged in. Gamma and Hazel go to Sunday School. Wardrobe calls on Allene Jones.

Monday, Twenty-third—F. W. flunks on exam in science; writes a serial for the *Lass-O*.

Tuesday, Twenty-fourth—Senator Hopkins says C. I. A. is greatest school in South. (Front page headlines in *Lass-O*.)

Wednesday, Twenty-fifth—*Lass-O* reporters search madly for space filler.

Thursday, Twenty-sixth—Mass meeting for purpose of judging erring damsels and placing sentence.

Friday, Twenty-seventh—Athenæums say they are best club in school.

Saturday, Twenty-eighth—Mr. Bralley declares that C. I. A. is best college for girls in the South.

Sunday, Twenty-ninth—A few old reliables go to Sunday School. Lowry girls wash their hair.

Monday, Thirtieth—*Lass-O* bids for news. Mr. Cobb lectures in Spanish on "When I Was at Baylor."

POPULARITY

As seen by a small-town "Soda-Jerker"—In your home town as well as mine

"HE'S A REGULAR FELLOW!"

Yes'm, Sam, that's just what I say, "Better to be a big fish in a little pond than," as Judge Victor says, "Vice versa." Now ain't it? Splendora ain't what you'd call a mee-tropolis, but there ain't so much competition here as in the city. You know, yourself, that I'm the best li'l ole soda-jerker in town. But them city fellers have me beat——just a minute, Sam. There comes Worth and his gang.

Whew! It was a big man's job to quench all them camels. But you'll have to hand it to Worth: he's a regular feller—don't hesitate a bit about settin' 'em up even to ice cream sodas, let alone cokes. But, listen, Sam, don'tcha wish them "buildin' props" would move off the corner outside long enough for the nigger to sweep? This is the way I look at it: It's all right for a feller to come in town after work and at night—not mentionin' Sundays—that's all right, I say, but that Willard feller and his bunch gets on their silk shirts ever' day and patrols our corner. Reckon what fun he gets out o' rubberin'. Look at 'em, Sam. Look at 'em! They're rubberin' to beat sand at Della Barclay. She thinks she's a bright un now. Been studyin' Homemaker's course at C. I. A. Guess she thinks she'll hook Bill Dick Powell. Oh, oh, here comes Ruben and his two "rubies" hangin' on each wing. I'll be back in a minute, Sam. Watch 'em order, "three vanilla ice cream cones, please." Them piney woods birds ferget that we make any kind of ice cream 'cept vanilla—an' THAT on just Sad'dy.

Say, Sam, what'd I tell you? Ain't it vanilla cones? Oh, boy! here comes the Graham girl. She's the most popular girl in Splendora. Three times a day ain't nothin' for that little clerk when it comes to the swells treatin' HER. Well! if that Lawrence and Robert didn't have the nerve to butt in on her an' Walter. Wonder which one'll pay for the drinks, Sam. But ain't that Gladys Graham grand lookin'.

That's one more trouble lifted from my honest brow. Lawrence is paying for the drinks. I guess he had to. That Walter Street is so stingy that if he buys a girl an ice cream soda, he puts the straw in his memory book.

If it ain't ole Judge Victor limpin' down the street. That ole man's about as loved by me as a boil on the back of my neck. He's smart, though. You'll have to hand him THAT. You know what he did last week? There was a feller here—auditor or somethin'—auditin' that bankrupt hardware concern. Ole Judge gave him a check for a hundred and sixty-six dollars. The auditor wouldn't take his personal check. So, Ole Judge Victor goes down to the bank and gets a hundred and sixty-six dollars in pennies and has 'em carted up to our own little "Busy Bee Confectionery." This same little upstart auditor takes a whole week of his ten-dollar-per-day time to count his pay.

Well, well, there goes Johnny Hart in his new car. He's a good ole sport and all the business fellers like him. Last Tuesday, after all that rain, you know what those pals of his did? Well, there was a big mud hole right in front of his "Gate City Garage" just around the corner. When he came down at nearly noon, he found a bright red sign in front of the door, "No Fishing Allowed."

Be back after supper, Sam. Try to hold the store crowd of clerks down until seven. S'long, Sam.

BEST LI'L OLE SODA-JERKER

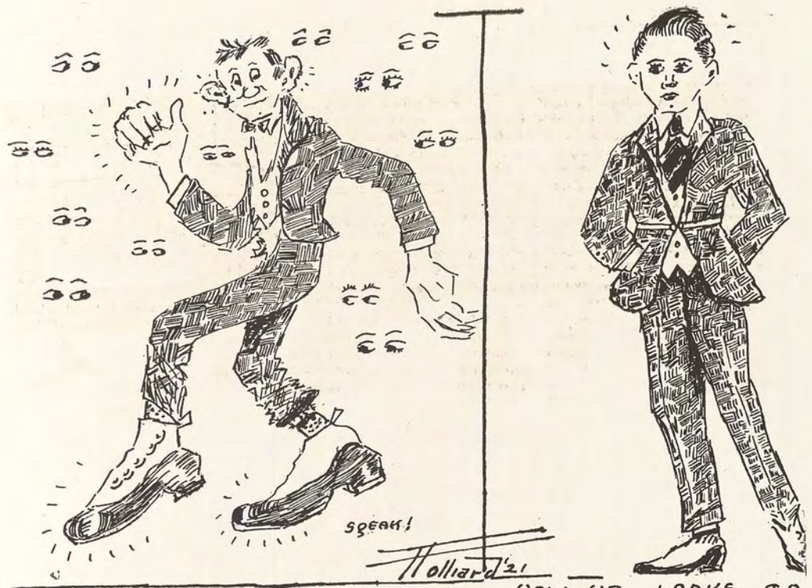
"BUILDING PROPS"!

THE EVENTUAL TERMINATION OF C. I. A. FACTS

AS WE SEE OUR FACULTY

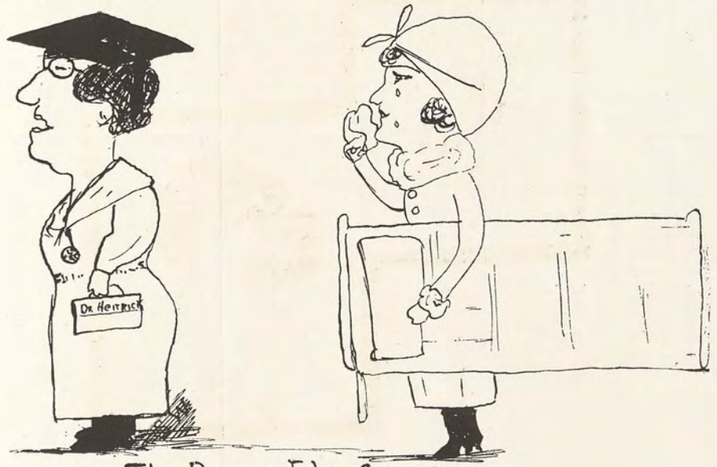
MARY'S AND SUSIE'S GUESTS

AS WE SEE OUR VISITORS



HOW A BOY LOOKS TO HIMSELF WHEN HE ENTERS LOWAY DINING HALL ON SUNDAY!

HOW HE LOOKS TO EVERY GIRL IN THE SAME DINING HALL!



The Busy Flu Season

WE PRINT ALL THE NEWS

Alas-Oh

C. I. A. Denton, Texas

THAT AIN'T SO!

Volume XX — Number Last

ARTIST'S NUMBER

Especial interest centered around the recital of Bored M. Lottski, the undistinguished but available pianist, who gave a recital to a small and unexacting audience on Tuesday evening. It was hoped he would attract a large audience by means of a flattering picture taken about ten years ago, but the students, being wise in their generation, attended the dance in the Gym instead, and only a few who had been commanded by their music teachers to come were there, remaining only a short time, however. His program was divided into three parts. The first group of songs is especially noteworthy because they were sung continuously, thereby giving no one a chance to leave. During the second group the students left, and during the third, the teachers.

Although not much was expected of M. Bored M. Lottski, the artist did not even come up to those expectations. It is gratifying to the students to know that there is no chance of his ever coming back again and that the receipts of the evening's performance did not pay the expenses.

MAY FETE

A May Fete will be given by the Physical Training students on May the tenth on the campus south of the Administration Building. Faculty and students are cordially invited to come, by the gym teacher, and to stay away by those taking part in the exercises. This will be one of the largest entertainments ever given at the College and pictures will be taken of it, to be sent to the *Dallas News* and all other papers which will print them, as an advertisement of the College. A photograph of the spectators will also be taken, to be sold by the Faculty Club, for one dollar each.

The excellence of the entertainment is assured by the length of the time in which the students have been in training for it. By the promise that they would not have to take regular physical training work if they would be in the Fete, a large number were induced to report to the evening Fete classes, which usurped the only dancing place on the campus, for somewhat over two months.

For a wonder, admission will not be charged, but attendance will be compulsory. Regular seats will be assigned and "checked up." Double cuts will be counted.

EDITOR DECAMPS WITH LASS-O PROPERTY—MANY RUMORS AFLOAT

The College was shocked and grieved last week by the departure of Miss Gladys Wright, who deserted us—hurriedly—for Canada, taking the Lass-O's last one-cent stamp and one-fourth pound of copy paper with her. The students are to be congratulated that she did not take with her also, the decrepit old typewriter, which is rumored to have given such faithful service in the past, and for which they would have had to pay.

The following are among the rumors as to the cause of Miss Wright's disappearance:

That nine of her various lovers due to a confusion of dates appeared on the same Saturday night.

That she had been given her tenth demerit for having worn a middie blouse to breakfast when a Fish and had been reported.

That she had been elected for another office for next year.

Friends of Miss Wright know that any one of the three causes mentioned would be sufficient to drive the young lady away. Investigation is being made by the Sherlock Canon Agency. If the cause of the departure is discovered, every available measure to remove it will be taken in order that Miss Wright may be persuaded to return to her neglected duties.

REQUIEM OF LOVE

When the lilacs were in bloom,
When stars were winking at the moon—
You loved me then.
But now the moaning winds have blown
The lilacs from their native home,
And all is changed.

Your words, untrue, no more deceive;
My poor heart now is forced to grieve.
Ah, woe is me!
Oh, give me back my broken heart,
'Tis better now that we should part
Forever more.

Tell me 'tis all a cruel dream;
The moon still casts its yellow sheen
On purple lilacs.
Tell me again you linger near,
My quivering heart has naught to fear;
One hour of bliss, then Death!

PROMINENT STUDENT WAS ARRESTED

On Monday, April 5, Miss Pauline Tyson, a student of the College, spent the day at her home in Fort Worth. Having occasion to do a little shopping, Miss Tyson was walking along Main Street. Unconsciously—forgetting where she was—the young lady "jay-walked," at the corner of Main and Tenth. She was promptly arrested by a policeman, whose unusual alertness and industry for once cannot be commended.

He escorted, under protest, the young lady to the Municipal Court Building, to the room where Judge Weisenheimer holds sway and diminishes justice. Judge Weisenheimer asked the young lady her name, her offense, and then, being puzzled by the novelty of the crime, asked her where she came from.

"From C. I. A.," answered the young lady, promptly.

"Case dismissed," said the judge.

This affair can only be regarded as another of the successes and recognition which the *College of Industrial Arts* is achieving everywhere.

Alas-Oh

A publication gotten out more or less weakly by the students of the *College of Industrial Arts*.

Entered at the C. I. A. postoffice and the wastebaskets of all the dormitories as first-class rubbish.

STAFF ALAS-OH!

Editor-in-Chief and Big Chief Worker — Gladys Wright

Associate Editor, who really associates — Ruth DeVall

Assistant Editor, who lives up to it — Roberta Clay

Comic Editor, who will certainly sidestep if given a chance. — Florence Williams

Staff Poet, who takes life seriously — Ruth West

Reporters who deserve a lot more credit than they get—Dorothy Jenkins, Kate Brodnax, Justine Harris, Margaret Stark.

VERS LIBRE

A comma, two dashes and a semi-colon.
A chimney-sweep falling down the steep
roof of a garage;
The ghost of Webster, weeping soft tears
On the tomb of Shakespeare.
An old boy uttering globular notes
In the back yard of a pest-house.
The clatter of girlish tongues in the
Midst
Of announcements in the auditorium.
Two Freshmen trying to recite Amy
Lowell
To a Black Cat on the Methodist lawn.
The pink pale dawn of a day before
yesterday—
This is Vers Libre.

—*T. G. Gronert, Ph. D.*

WANTED—AN OFFICE

For days, yea, weeks, the atmosphere in the Annual Editor's immediate vicinity has been smoky; it has been vibrant with ejaculatory epithets, much rolling up of sleeves and spitting on of fists, with other evidences of pugilistic intentions, all directed against some individual or individuals who had usurped the Editor's chair of state, her sacred precinct, her OFFICE. At first, we could not gather the exact nature of the atrocity which had been perpetrated at her expense, from the darkly significant syllables that came from between the editorial teeth in sundry hisses, or fell on our ears as throaty growls, but by piecing together such lucid fragments as "I'll run 'em out!" "By Yiminy, I've got the key!" et cetera, et cetera and so on, ad infinatum, we gleaned that the young lady wanted an office. In fact, on one occasion, contrary to her usual state of poise and injured dignity, she became so deeply moved as to almost froth at the mouth.

Now, however, the new regime has begun; the air is calm; a beautific peace sits on the brow of the once irate, imposed-upon, evicted dignitary as she comes into our office as of yore, telling us how to run the *Lass-O*, or pawing in her box of scratched and tumbled cuts. We knew what had happened, even before she invited us, with a toothsome grin, to "come see something." Of course we fellowed her as she led us into the dark and dank recesses of the bulletin room. After groping about, she raised a window, and permitted some of the "before the war" atmosphere to escape, turned on her new light (with a shade) and beamed on us all. There, in the privacy of some hundred of neatly-wrapped and pastily-scented bulletins, we saw it with our own eyes! We recognized it at once by the desk, which, the editor has repeatedly assured us, has for aeons of time been the undisputed property of the Annual.

We breathed a sigh of relief; the Annual Editor was once more the proud and happy proprietor of an office.

LITTLE FLOSSIE'S NOTE BOOK

One ov the best jokes we kno iz when an asistent edditer of the Annual tells the Edditer, sure all her coppie will be entirely in tomorrow, all ov it. Sum ov 'em hav got so they grin when they say it, but othurs try to put it over.

So far az we kno none ov the favorites ain't been half as intrested in the elektions as their zellous friends.

I hoap when College reopuns in Sept. that the Y. W. clock will be fixed.

Taik your roller-skaites home with you—and give them away.

Well, we bin here all yere, but we hoap we ain't caught the 6-thirty habbet yet. Anyways, no sines ov it hav yet bin observed.

At Capps Hall they're ringing the five mins. to 7 bell, 5 minutes erlay, so's the girls will hav moar time to dress.

An that's all for the pressent.

THE QUESTION BOX

The Lass-O has opened to its subscribers a department devoted to the mental uplift of the ambitious students attending the *College of Industrial Arts*.

Any sensible questions, or any such as those set forth and capably answered below may be submitted. If the matter is to be kept strictly personal, send a self-addressed envelope to Miss Ima Nutt, Ainogood Department, Lass-O box, C. I. A.

When is a C. I. A. student a member of the aviation corps?
When she has flu.

What is the difference between Miss Tietze's speeches and the good old hymn entitled, "Showers of Blessings?"

To the end of the title of the hymn should be added that tiny, but momentous little word, "OUT."

Why is it so many of our fair damsels about the Campus are being looked upon as having nine lives—Inquisitive Kitty.

Because they display numerous feline characteristics.

CONFESSIONS OF A COKE FIEND

Some terrible monster was weighing me down, some unspeakable tyrant was subduing my gay and thoughtless mood. My bones in the rear of my neck crackled dismally, and with a last supreme and final wiggle of my little finger, I surrendered and was gone—gone to the land of beautiful and rose-hued dreams. I must have been side-tracked, however, on a by-way of brambles, for I heard myself murmuring a cooing plea, "Charge five cokes, please." And as I took into my dainty fist, with firmly fixed purpose of inscribing my "yours truly" on the artistic little charge slip, I grasped the length of the two-inch pencil, and ruminatingly exploring the roof, cavities, and bridge-work in my mouth with my tongue (not excepting the gold teeth and fillings), I accomplished the long-coveted end.

A TREACHEROUS SLAT DID IT!

"WHATCHA BEEN DOING WITH MY PORE OLE HORSE?"

But I was falling! falling down a deep and fathomless chasm. I caught myself with a tremendous jerk and jar. Ah, dreams were realities once more. A treacherous slat did it! But soon my poor human faculties were again obscured by the giant, Sleep, and I found myself wandering "alone, alone, all, all alone," alone in a long, long lane. I followed the winding path through the dark forest of Forgetfulness to the threshold of a tiny cot in pastel shades, with lavendar predominating. I turned the key and entered. My eyes, unaccustomed to the gloomy darkness of the interior, failed me. The door closed automatically behind me, and I heard hundreds of wails from the spirits of the dead of those lives I had wrecked. One was the hot tamale man, who gratingly, grindingly, unmercifully thundered, "Where's that thirty cents you owe me for them hot dogs?" I shuddered and turned to face the cook I had fired. And added to the horror of the voices, high above and obscuring the remainder, I heard the harsh, metallic, yea! derisive shriek of the woman whose buggy I stole to use for a joy-ride one starry night. "Watcha been doing with my pore old horse what's been peddling turnips all day?" I needed no further explanation. This was the "House of Past and Forgotten Sins."

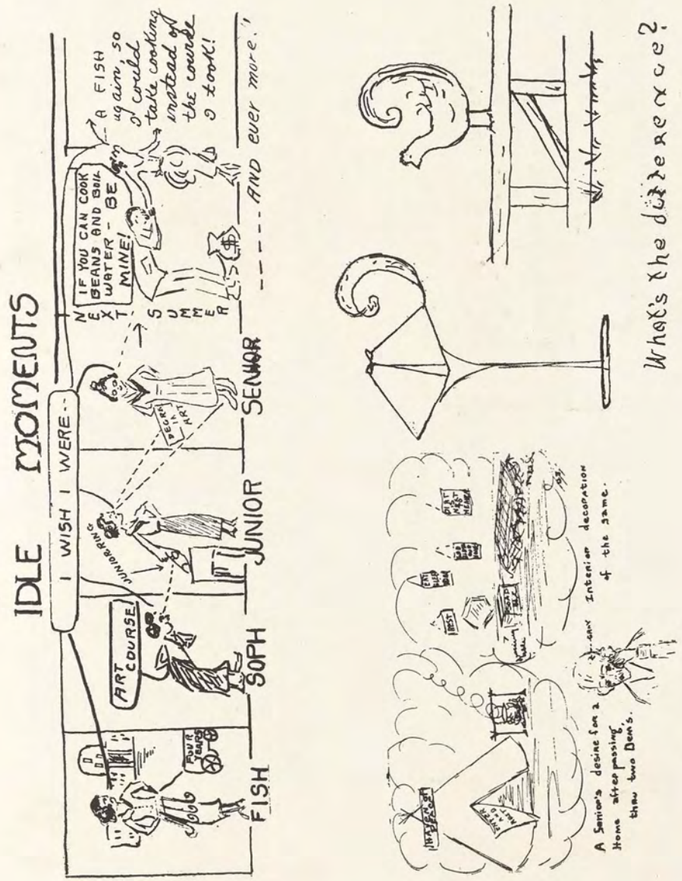
"EUREKA! MY OCTAGON SOAP!"

I flew, unguided, save by flying feet. I cast my eyes soulfully about me. The open road lay to the right. "Eureka," I cried (meanin' of course, "I have found it") even as Diogenes in his Turkish bath at Persia as he said, "Eureka! my Octagon soap." I rushed on and on, then stopped with a start. I was sitting up in bed rubbing my eyes and repeating alternately in sweet, unsophisticated accents:

Roses is red
And grass is green.
I've just heard it said
That five cokes is good for the spleen.

AND

Don't wash your dog when fleas pursue;
The task he will not shirk
He knows just where they are and you
Should let him do the work!



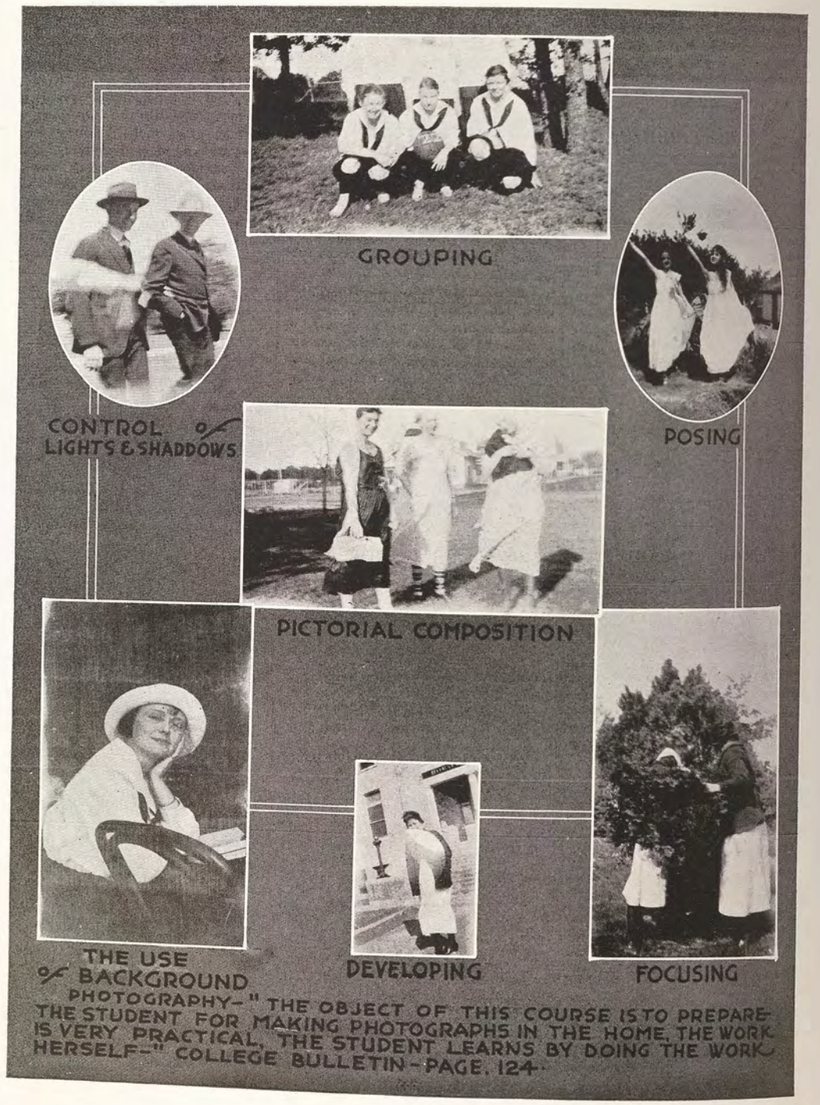
"Girls may come and girls may go, but we go on forever"

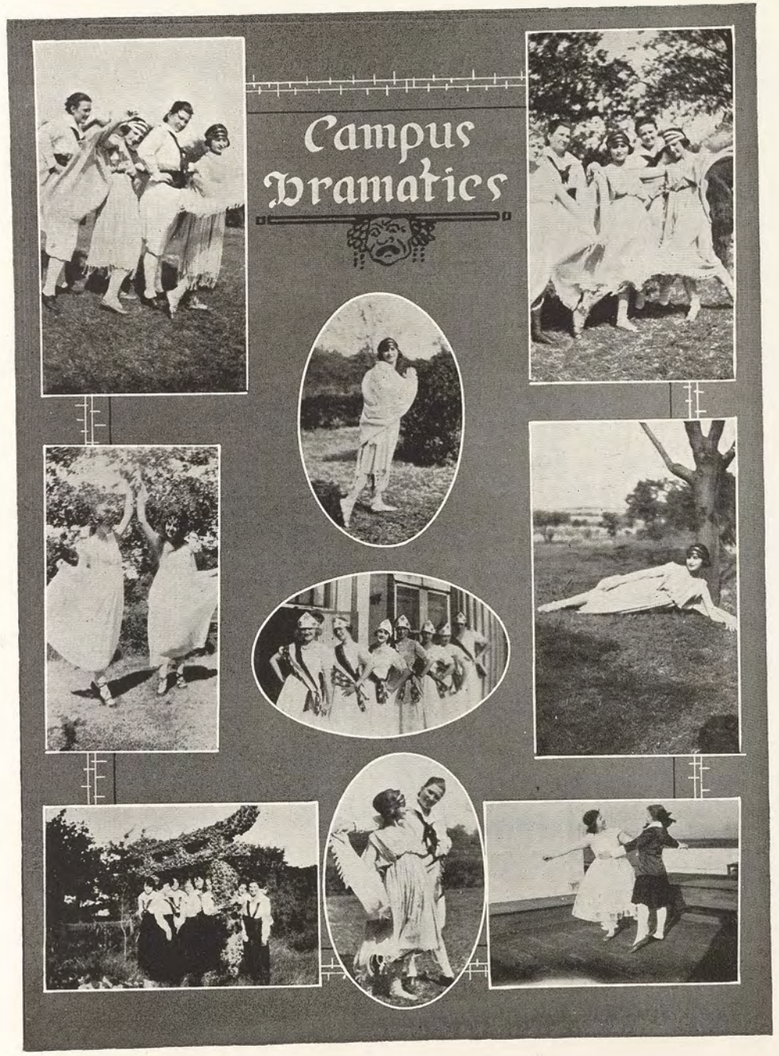
NOT ON SUNDAY MORNING

IT JUST ISN'T DONE

UNMISTAKABLY SUNDAY

FROM DOWN HOME


GROUPING
CONTROL of LIGHTS & SHADDOWS
POSING
PICTORIAL COMPOSITION
THE USE of BACKGROUND
DEVELOPING
FOCUSING
PHOTOGRAPHY-" THE OBJECT OF THIS COURSE IS TO PREPARE THE STUDENT FOR MAKING PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE HOME. THE WORK IS VERY PRACTICAL. THE STUDENT LEARNS BY DOING THE WORK HERSELF-" COLLEGE BULLETIN-PAGE. 124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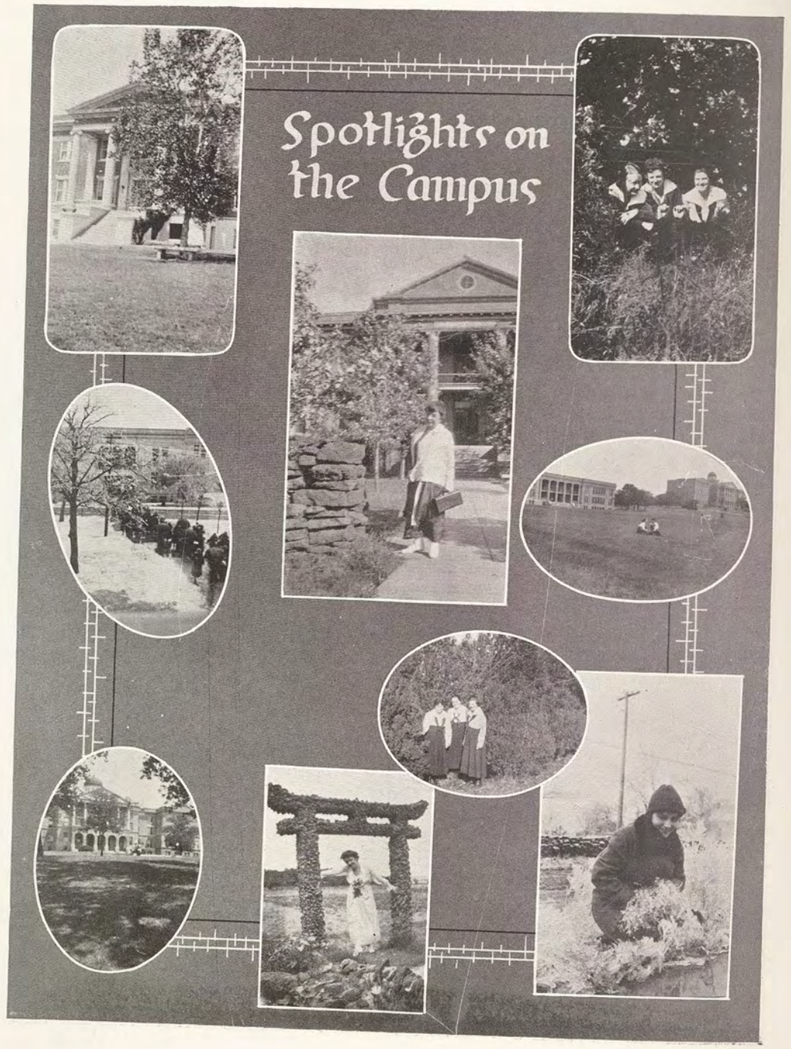
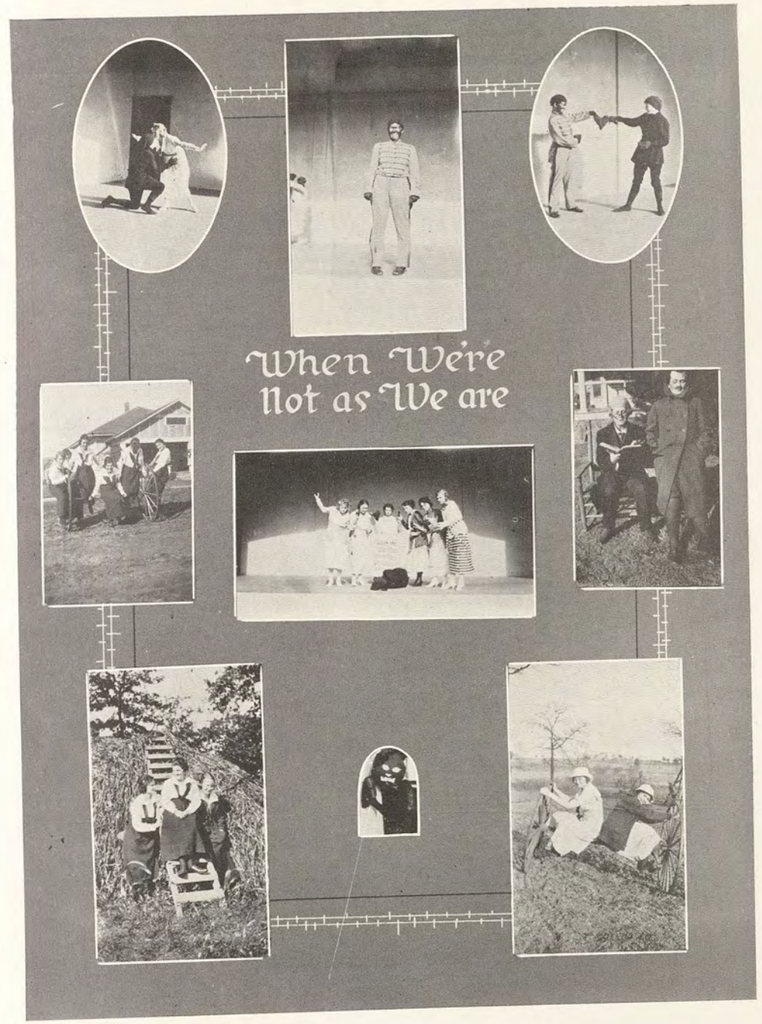
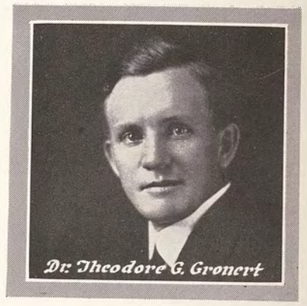

Spotlights on
the Campus


When We're
Not as We are

Literary Advisor



Advisor of Finances

APPRECIATION

IN WRITING an appreciation it is always impossible to mention everyone who has been of service in preparing a book. Therefore, with a few exceptions, this is a general, rather than a specific thanks, for service and favors extended to the DAEDALIAN Editor and Business Manager, by the students and College authorities.

Specific thanks must be rendered, however, to Miss Mamie Walker, and Dr. Theodore G. Gronert, our faculty advisors, for their assistance and sympathy in helping us with financial and literary details. Upon their shoulders, many times, has rested the weight of our accumulated woes, and to them is to be given the credit for the restoration of our flagged-out morale.

Thanks of a general nature must be given to the whole DAEDALIAN staff for the work that they always did cheerfully and usually efficiently. To Miss Kate Brodnax who took charge of the society section at the last moment and who worked it out under much difficulty goes our unbounded admiration. To the girls not on the staff and to the members of the faculty who did valuable work on the Annual goes also our sincere appreciation.

Special credit is due Mr. Roy J. Beard and the Southwestern Engraving Company for the careful attention that they gave every detail of our work, and Mr. Oliver J. Pease and the Hargreaves Printing Company for the well-handled pages and the helpful suggestions they made.

MILDRED PARKS, *Editor.*
ANALOIS PULLEN, *Business Manager.*

MORITURI SALUTAMIS

A COLLEGE ANNUAL is an ideal which we may some day come near to realizing. Modestly, we thought we would reach it, but now that our solemn duty of preserving the picture of college life this year is at an end, do we realize we are leaving much to the new staff to achieve. What we do earnestly and sincerely hope is that you will find the book as interesting as we have tried to make it.

Although we have suffered disillusion and disappointment at times, we have enjoyed our work. And now that the time has come to give up the DAEDALIAN, to write the last page, we find in our hearts not the vast relief we expected, but a bit of regret, and more than a bit of envy for the new staff which is to take charge of the Annual for next year. In this last sentence the staff sadly scratches a farewell to the checkered page of the year —the page that portrays Duty, bending with furrowed brow and solemn face glaring at the traitorous mass that represents the DAEDALIAN in the making; the page that shows Fun lurking in musty corners, eluding Duty in a merry chase that leads back to DAEDALIAN office (perhaps by way of the window); to the page on which you may see Folly, dancing gaily on the sub-editor's table, scattering sandwiches and ink with staffish abandon and perhaps upsetting the swivel chair. The page shows all this and more. The pictures glimmer in a mellow blending of sunshine and shadow. Through the office there steals a ghostly figure. It is the signal for the staff to go. With a backward glance and a reluctant hand the staff closes the door on the spirit of the 1920 DAEDALIAN.

COLLEGE OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS

(The State College for Women)

DENTON, TEXAS

THE *College of Industrial Arts* at Denton, Texas, is the largest college for young women, not only in Texas, but in the Southwest. During the current session it has matriculated more than 1462 students, and during the summer session of 1919 matriculated 666 students, making a total of more than 2100 students who attended the College during one year. In organization, courses of study, equipment of laboratories, faculty and all other respects, it is a college of the first class, according to the report of the College Examiner of the State Board of Examiners. When the College first opened its doors to receive students, September 23, 1903, no public high school, normal school, college or university in Texas offered courses in Home Economics. It is, therefore, the pioneer educational institution of Texas in the matter of Home Economics education, and during the current session has four times as many students studying Home Economics as any other educational institution in Texas.

The College gives four years of bona fide college training, its courses of study being composed of correlated subjects and including every proper phase of the education of woman: (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 Homemaker's Course; (7) the Music Course, including piano, voice, violin and public school music; (8) the Reading or Expression Course; (9) the Commercial Arts Course; (10) the Kindergarten Training Course; (11) the Vocational Courses, and (12) the Summer Courses, including (a) the regular College Courses, and (b) the Summer Normal Institute Courses required for all grades of teacher's State certificates. The College maintains a well-organized and efficient Department of Extension, through which it renders helpful service to women's organizations, to the homes of the State and to the public high schools of Texas.

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 one hundred and nine members, educated and trained in the best colleges of America and Europe.

The College plant is valued at $1,500,000.00, and consists of fourteen substantial, commodious buildings. The instructional and dormitory buildings are located on a high hill in the center of the seventy-five-acre campus. It is a Texas College for Texas girls, and has the best and most modern equipment, and is a College of the first rank. Why send girls out of Texas to college when they can get better education and training in their home State at the College of Industrial Arts?

The summer session of 1920 will open June 1 and continue for twelve weeks. The next regular session of the College will begin Tuesday, September 14. For further information, or for the catalog, address

F. M. BRALLEY, *President*

COLLEGE OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS

DENTON, TEXAS

ADVERTISEMENTS

WHITTLE
EVERYTHING MUSICAL

Music Makes Good Times Better

For the home or for school-days frolics, here are instruments that make possible the best of music of every kind

—Duo-Art Pianos
—Pianolas
—Aeolian Players
—Pianos
—Columbia Grafonolas
—Aeolian Vocalions
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The Southwest's Largest Dealers in Musical Instruments of Every Character

THE WHITTLE MUSIC CO
EVERYTHING MUSICAL

1604 Elm St. Dallas, Texas

TO THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE—

Next to the adornment of true womanly character, nothing can claim so necessary and graceful a part in life and the home as good music.

Permit us to suggest a fine Piano, Player, or Phonograph as a lasting and ever appreciable memento when the school days are ended if not before.

FIELD-LIPPMAN PIANO STORES
(Jesse French Piano Co.)

Dallas Fort Worth San Antonio

COMPLIMENTS *of*

BLAIR-HUGHES

Wholesale Grocers

DALLAS, TEXAS

"SUCH UNEXPECTED FLAVOR COMBINATIONS"

is the verdict of every one who eats

TEXAS GIRL CHOCOLATES

"Sweetest in 48 States"

15 DIFFERENT ASSORTMENTS—101 DISTINCT VARIETIES

Comprising Real Fruits, Nuts and Creams

All Delightful Surprises

DE LUXE 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

The above, as well as a complete line of Brown's small package Candies on sale at University Store.

RENOWN BRAND

IN TEXAS IT'S

***RENOWN* Tea**
***RENOWN* Cocoa**
***RENOWN* Coffee**
***RENOWN* Peanut Butter**
***RENOWN* Food Products**

(ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES)

"The House of RENOWN"

BOREN-STEWART COMPANY

Branches: Denton, McKinney, Paris, Terrell, Waxahachie.
General Office and Factories, Dallas.

RENOWN BRAND

CONFIDENCE IN BUSINESS

CONFIDENCE is a real business asset. Its establishment holds old customers and brings new ones. It forms the basis of success.

To be assured of fair treatment—the application of the *Golden Rule*—is the craving of each of us.

Confidence is encouraged through mutual understanding, through acquaintanceship and through personal contact, each one knowing the other and the other's habits, characteristics and ambitions.

It is to promote just such mutual confidence that this advertisement—serving as our personal message—has been written. We want the people who now deal with us and others who may be inclined to do so, to know, intimately, something about our house, our merchandise, our methods and our management.

We invite a close acquaintanceship, and hold ourselves in readiness to establish ourselves in the confidence of the trade through faithful performance, proper consideration and a strict observance of the policy of fair treatment.

Perkins Dry Goods Company

Wholesale Dry Goods

Dallas

MACHINERY AND MILL SUPPLIES

Briggs-Weaver Machinery Company

DALLAS

"The House of Service"

Exclusive Distributors—

—BETTY WALES DRESSES

—PRINTZESS SUITS *and* COATS

A Complete Department Store

W. A. GREEN CO.

DALLAS

CUT FLOWERS

BAKER BROS.

Florists

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

A GOOD STOCK *and* GOOD TRAIN SERVICE

Telephone Your Orders

PANGBURN'S
FORT WORTH

"Pure Food Ice Cream" *"Better Candies"*

For sale by all Leading Druggists and Confectioners of Denton

1301, 1303, 1305, 1307 West Seventh Street
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

WHEN IN FORT WORTH *Visit Pangburn's*

CAFETERIA

The most modern south of St. Louis

1007 Houston Street

COMPLIMENTS

of

WAPLES-PLATTER
GROCERY
COMPANY

Fort Worth, Texas

White Swan ***Wapco Brands***
Pure Food Products

It's Quality Supreme

SHAW BROS

ICE CREAM

Prepared for the Connoisseur

SHAW BROS. CREAMERY CO.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

COMPLIMENTS

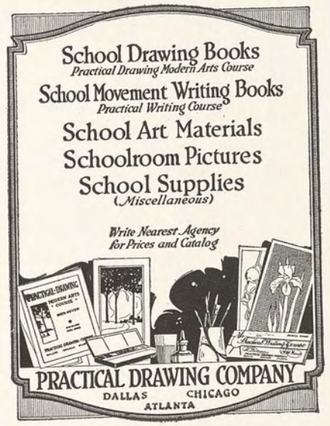
of

CARTER GROCERY COMPANY
Fort Worth, Texas

The House of Service

—

Send Us Your Next Order for Drawing Material and School Art Supplies



Practical Drawing Books Modern Arts Course Adopted by State Board for Texas Public Schools

The Daedalian

WAS PRINTED
and
BOUND BY US

ASIDE from Catalog work, we do Lithographing, Embossing, Made to Order Blank Books, Special Rulings, Legal Blanks, Etc.

Engraved Wedding Invitations, Announcements, At Home and Visiting Cards, Dance Programs

A Complete Line of Office Supplies, Fancy Box Papers, Score, Tally and Place Cards, Picture Framing, Kodak Finishing, Etc.

30 YEARS IN DALLAS

"THE HOUSE OF SERVICE"

Hargreaves Printing Company

1012 Elm Street — DALLAS — 1013 Main Street

Factory 2700 to 2705 Swiss Avenue, Corner Cantegral

RODGERS-MEYERS

The Criterion Home Furnishers

DALLAS

We Desire to Thank You

Sincerely for your valued patronage during the term 1919 and 1920.

We trust our merchandise and service has been all that could be desired.

The resources of this big store will be brought to you at any time by the use of a postal card.

A. HARRIS & CO.

In the Heart of Dallas

Seawell's Cafe

1108 Main St.

DALLAS, TEXAS

College Patronage Solicited

Paper for the *Daedalian*
Supplied by

Southwestern Paper Company

DALLAS - HOUSTON

Our Apparel for Youth Portrays New Fashions at Their Best

Suits and Street Frocks
Frocks for Teas, Dinners, Dances
Smartest Togs for Spring Wear

—And each charming garment shown has been chosen to complement the loveliness of each particular type of young girlhood.

—And last, but not least, wise planning has made possible pricings which, we are certain, will be found unusually satisfactory.

SANGER BROS.
Dallas

C. I. A. ANNUAL

—With each issue of the Annual has gone *our name.*
—We esteem it a privilege to carry an advertisement in your Annual and wish to call your attention to the fact that we *Try at All Times* to have just the kind of merchandise the people need. We appreciate every courtesy shown us and assure you we will try to make you feel at home when you are in our store.
—Remember we handle all the Uniforms—including Suits, Caps, Hats, Coats, Bloomers, Gloves, Shoes and all the accessories you will need.
—You are always welcome. Do not fail to visit us every time you are in town.

JARRELL-EVANS DRY GOODS COMPANY

CAMPS DRUG STORE

Expert Pharmacists

Stationery, Fountain Pens, Toilet Articles
Phonographs

CAMPS DRUG STORE

The Popular Place

Sanitary, Up-to-Date Fountain

For Service in These Lines We Are Unexcelled

C. I. A. STUDENTS

Meet Your Friends at Curtis'

You will always find a welcome at Curtis', so come on and make yourself at home. You'll find a good stock of goods at Curtis' which is fresh, complete and up-to-date, and a force of helpers who are interested in the business and in you and who are anxious to please you in every detail.

Try Curtis' Ice Cream

Curtis' Ice Cream is as good as can be. It is made from pure cream flavored with the finest quality fruit juices. You and your friends will both like it.

The Curtis Company

South Side

The Olympia Confectionery

Makers of
Home Made Candies

DENTON, TEXAS

AMBITION

This store has never wasted time dreaming of bigness—its growth has been the logical result of simple hopes put into action. Its ambitions have been to do the very best it could each day—to play big, work hard, deal honestly, inwardly and outwardly, and to better tomorrow the best of today.

Consequently, if it is, as many believe, an ideal trading place it is because ambition got up early in the morning and started off in the right direction, while good, hard, honest, joyful work put wishes into action.

It is our ambition to render the Faculty and Students of the *College* the best service possible.

For the opening of the fall term of 1920-21 it will be our ambition to have the uniforms, materials and smaller items in quantities large enough to meet the large demands that will be made on us.

W. B. McCLURKAN & CO.

"Send Us Your Mail Orders"

A Store of Specialties

CATERING to the more discriminating rather than to the entire range of trade has placed this in a different class from the average store. A Store of Specialties more clearly describes it. That being our policy, it behooves us to carry lines of merchandise that are distinctive—things that are so desirable that women recognize them as being so, the moment they see them.

Student trade commands our close attention in supplying their wants and if we so say it, we believe you'll agree that we come very near meeting your every requirement in the way of both merchandise and store service.

Most of you, both alumni and students, are familiar with the character of our goods, so send us your mail orders. Such favors will receive our prompt and most careful attention, we assure you. If you teach, we can supply you with certain class-work materials.

Any item of uniform wear sold by this store is guaranteed to be correct as specified by the college authorities.

THE WILLIAMS STORE

COURT SQUARE EAST

DENTON, TEXAS

C. I. A. STUDENTS—
CONGRATULATIONS

—You are to be heartily congratulated. Your presence in Denton emphasizes the fact that you believe educational advantages in Texas just as good as elsewhere, so you make this home institution your *Alma Mater*. It is a good lesson to learn in life's morning. In later years to *"keep the home fires burning,"* carry the same principle into all your actions and your patronage for Apparel, Necessities and Luxuries, will go to swell the coffers of Denton merchants, that they in turn may assist State institutions and local enterprises.

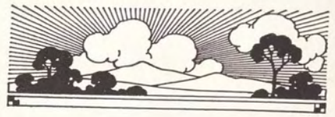
—Our store caters to people who appreciate the real advantage of purchasing high-grade merchandise that is nationally advertised and universally known as the best. That is the protection that we offer the patrons of this store. We list the following for your convenience:

Printzess Coats and Suits
Walk-Over Shoes
Griffin-White Shoes
Johansen Bros. Shoes
Gordon Hosiery
Simmons Gloves
Futurist Underwear
All C. I. A. Requirements

"The Big Store on the South Side of the Square"

WILSON-HANN CO.

The Store of Certain Satisfaction



THE DREAMLAND THEATRE

C. I. A. STUDENTS—

We Appreciate Your Patronage of the Past, Our Efforts Are to Secure a Good Picture for Every Day. Bring Your Friends and Feel at Home in Our Show

Young and Old Students Alike

Will find our place ready to serve you in an efficient manner at all times. We specialize in Jewelry. Our store is full of useful and dependable articles. Only good, reliable merchandise is carried here. In every department you will find standard and nationally advertised wares:

Eversharp Pencils
Tempoint Pens
Waterman Pens
Conklin Pens
Schaeffer Pens
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Sterling Silver Novelties
Victrolas, Records, Victrola Accessories
Wedding Books Baby Books, etc.
Elgin Bracelet Watches
Elgin Streamline Watches
Hamilton Watches
Howard Watches
D. Gruen & Sons Watches

We are reserving a date for you any time it's convenient to call

W. J. McCray, Jeweler

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TO C. I. A. STUDENTS

We Contribute This Space in Appreciation of Your Past Patronage. We Want You to Feel at Home in Our Show, and Enjoy it Every Time You Come

THE school year closes. With the closing, many of you we bid "*Bon Voyage,*" as you'll come no more. To those who are to return we say a happy vacation. We are appreciative of our customers, and in line with our past efforts, this year we are building an addition to take care of Shoe Shop, Beauty Parlor, Dressmaking, Dry Goods, Notions, and other things you will want. Again friends and customers, we thank you.

Yours truly,
WHITSON & McDADE

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To the Graduates: We hope that in your fond recollections of your College days, you can remember some instance in which this store contributed to this happy frame of mind.

—To the students who are still here: Call on us when we can be of service to you. We appreciate your patronage.

COLLEGE STORE

EXCUE & WILEY

College Steam Laundry

IN the past year our plant has been pushed to its capacity, a part of the time we could not produce the quantity of work needed, and at the same time maintain the quality.

We chose the quality.

We felt that with the excessive cost of the delicate fabrics that pour into our plant by the thousands we should use the most modern and scientific methods.

The high cost of production due to labor and supplies found its way into our plant the same as the commercial plant, yet we have done the work at a rate of sixty per cent less than their prices.

We thank you for the courtesies shown us, especially during the time we could not supply your needs.

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IF IT IS GOOD TO EAT
They Have It

PHONE 25

IN REMEMBRANCE

Of the days when you were a student. You will look over this book and recall days that were more happy than you realized at the time. Hoping that your recollections of the Fair Store may be among the pleasant ones, we wish you well.

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East Side

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AND GIVE THEM OUR LOYAL SUPPORT IN EVERY WAY.