

THE
IRIS



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Rev J. M. Mason



WARD SEMINARY.



THE IRIS

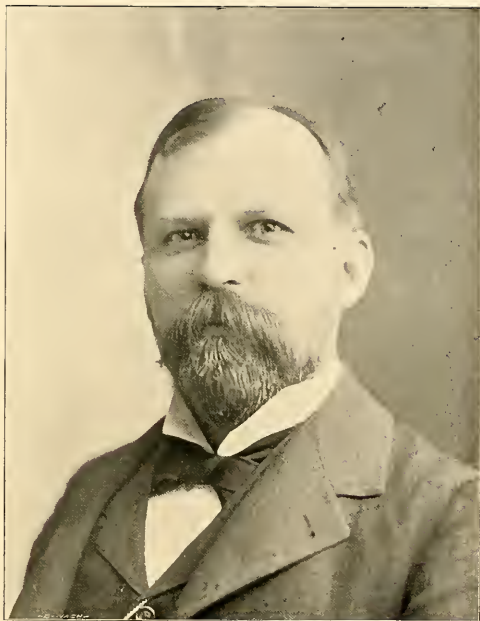


To

Mr. John Diell Blanton,

Our Esteemed President
and Friend,

This Book is Dedicated.



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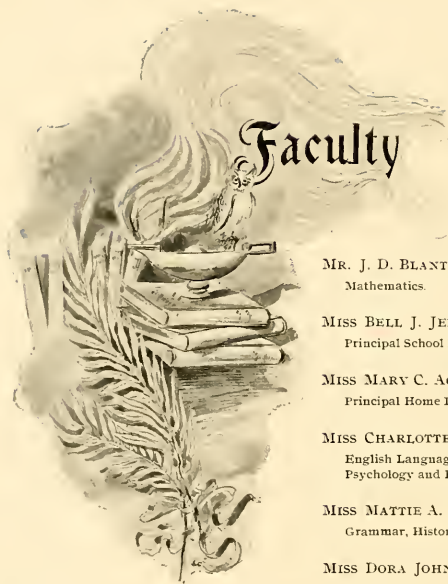
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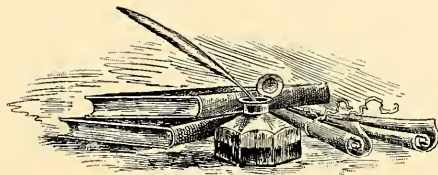
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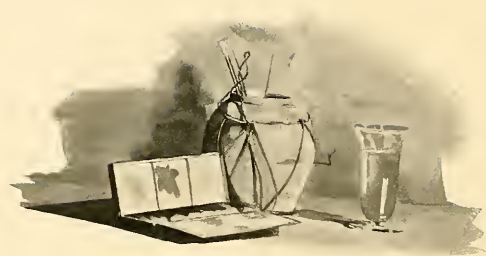
Ward

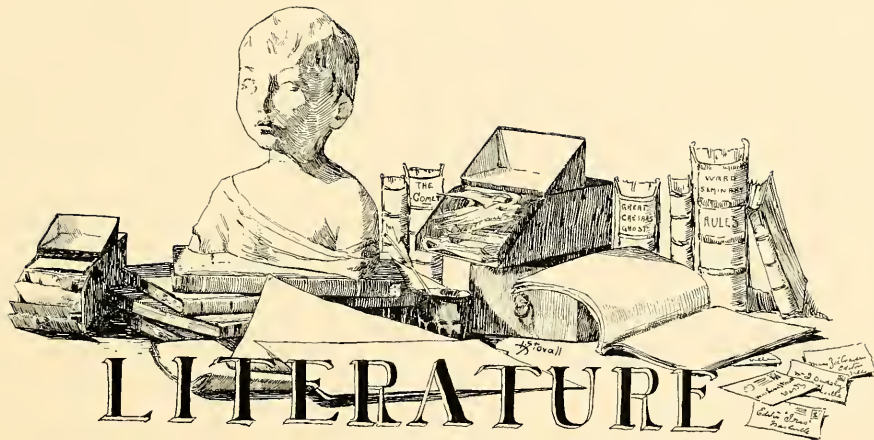


WARD SEMINARY, the Alma Mater of the majority of Nashville's accomplished women, and the school home of her daughters still, was founded in 1865 by Dr. William E. Ward. For twenty-two years, under his excellent and unobtrusive management, the school progressed, standing firmly against the "Durm und Drang" of the after-war depression, until it stood first among the schools of Nashville. This time-honored position it still holds, though its founder has long since departed.

In 1891 it was purchased by the Presbyterian Coöperative Association of Nashville, and though in the hands of this church still, it is not sectarian. In 1892 the services of Mr. J. D. Blanton, of Virginia, were secured as President. He is a capable, Christian gentleman, whose sustained efforts to raise the school in curriculum and standing have not been in vain.

Ward Seminary has no money endowment, but its successful history of more than a quarter of a century, its independence of character, its memories and associations, its warm support from hundreds of graduates all over the land, constitute for it an endowment far better than money. Within its walls, surrounded by refinement and Christian culture, young ladies may find an excellent impetus to a full and well-rounded life.







The Vagabond



THE START

He starts in the morning, clean and neat,
When his bright eyes sparkle, and his smile is sweet.
He wears a white waist, and a jacket of blue,
With a cap like a sailor's, nobby and new.
In one hand he carries a sword of wood,
In the other a sling, with pebbles good.
He runs toward the meadow, to meet his foe,
But what will befall him? and where will he go?

THE RETURN



He returns at noon no longer neat,
With no shoes nor socks on his sun-burned feet,
His waist is stained with strawberry gore,
And the jacket is torn which he throws to the floor.

His sword is broken up to the hilt ;
His sling is lost, his pebbles spilt.
His foe was a turkey, his spoil a feather,
Which he stuck in his hat, then lost both together.

I said, " Your Sunday clothes I must mend,
For brother has no clothes to lend.
You must go to bed till you 've clothes to wear."
He merely answered, " And do I care?"

—*Garnet Noel.*



Peach Blossoms



Bursting from your waxen buds

Blossoms pearly pink
Sparkling dew of opal hue
Your dainty pistils drink

Trembling in the passing breeze

Opening to the sun

From your lives some tale

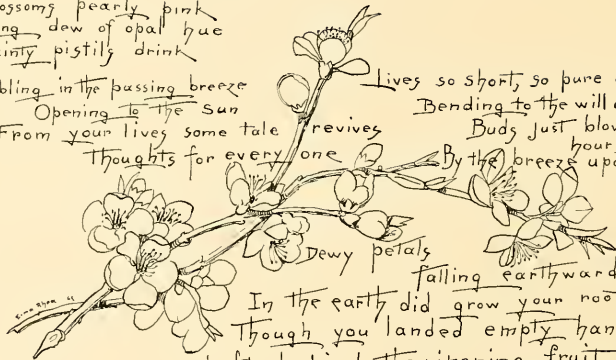
Thoughts for every one

Lives so short, so pure and fair,

Bending to the will of God,

Buds just blown

By the breeze hourly thrown



Dewy petals

falling earthward,

In the earth did grow your root.

Though you landed empty handed,

Left behind the ripening fruit.

Garnet Noel.

Twilight



The fair October sun has set,
And the clonds of purple grays,
All mixed with scarlet, blue and gold,
Lie heaped in a fading maze.
A while the dim and twilight world
Seems lost in a golden haze.

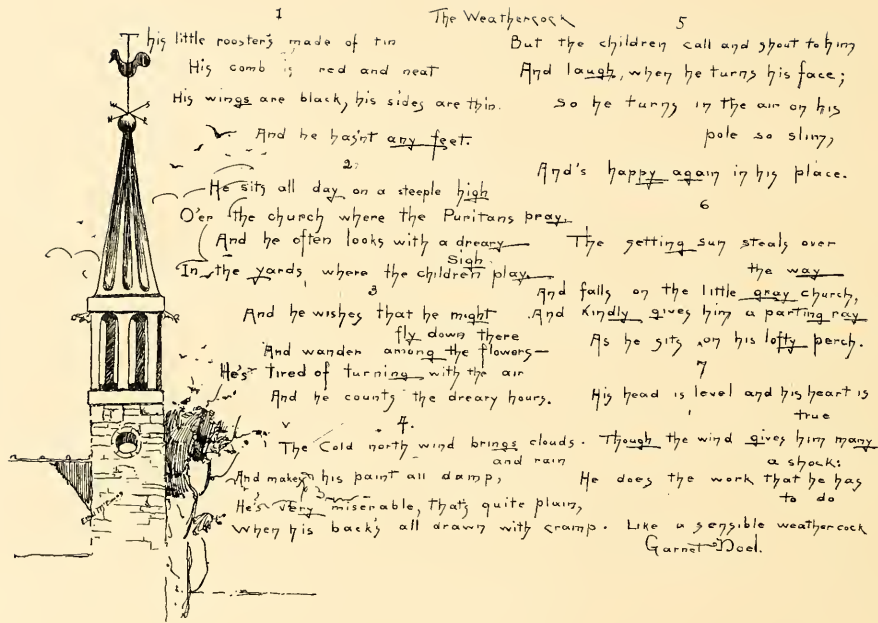
The clucking fowls and turkey of bronze
Have wandered off in search
Of a pleasant spot to spend the night,
Then flown to their lofty perch,
Where the yellow leaves of a maple tree
Twine in with the red of a birch.

But the bright red clouds are changing fast,
And the blue has turned to gray ;
While the mist of soft and yellow gold
Is faded in the dusk away ;
For high in the clonds hangs the Evening Star
To tell of the death of day.

The fire-flies leave the dewy grass,
The moon comes o'er the hill ;
The Katydid and locusts sing,
The sleeping flowers alone are still ;
And hearts praise God for all fair things
Created by His will !

Garnet Noel.





1

The Weathercock

5

his little rooster's made of tin

His comb is red and neat

His wings are black, his sides are thin.

And he hasnt any feet.

2.

He sits all day on a steeple high

O'er the church where the Puritans pray.

(And he often looks with a dreary ^{Sigh}

In the yards, where the children play.

3

And he wishes that he might

fly down there
And wander among the flowers—

He's tired of turning with the air

And he counts the dreary hours.

4.

The cold north wind brings clouds.
and rain

And makes his paint all damp,

He's very miserable, that's quite plain,

When his back's all drawn with cramp.

Though the wind gives him many
a shock;He does the work that he has
to doLike a sensible weathercock
Garnet Doel.

But the children call and shout to him

And laugh, when he turns his face;

So he turns in the air on his
pole so slinky,

And's happy again in his place.

6

The getting sun steals over

the way

And falls on the little gray church,

And kindly gives him a parting ray.

As he sits on his lofty perch.

7

His head is level and his heart is
true

Lines to a Picture



(Tender Memories)



I.

Tender lines, so faithfully drawn—
The bowed white head, the simple cap,
The shawl of black, whose simple folds
About her trembling shoulders wrap.

II.

The weary head rests on her hand,
The gathering tears are falling fast,
And crowding round with gentle tread
Come memories of the past.

III.

Her bridal wreath of flowers gay,
Now yellow, torn and aged;
The wedding ring and veil of white,
The bracelet worn when first engaged.

IV.

Her trembling fingers tightly clasp
A little shoe, a golden curl;
How green the grass that years has grown
On the grave of grandma's baby girl.

V.

Some small black trousers, proudly worn
By Little Jack, her lovely boy;
The small gray coat, the velvet cap,
His tiny shirt, the broken toy.

VI.

Husband, children, all are gone,
Resting in the arms of God,
And only tender memories left
Of those that sleep beneath the sod.

Garnet Noel.



OLD EPH went up in a balloon, and this is what his companion heard him say :
 Great scott! chilluns, I tell you I wus powerful anxious to git in dis 'ere consarn, but, laws-a-me! I 'se gitting still more anxious to be back down dar to home. It 'peared to me, 'fore I git in, dat I could see you'ns walking 'bout down dar wid yo' mammy, but shoo! can 't see nuthin' but de forg.



I 'minds mysel' of dat fedder which yo' know'd to come outer our ole black 'ooster's back dat windy day, an' it flewed 'way up in de air, an' nebber wus seen no more; but laws, chillun, I mustn't be a talkin' so sollum, kase I hopes dat dis 'ere black fedder of a nigger in dis 'ere bulloon will soon git back down dar.

I consumplate dat de corn crap will be puny while dis yere forg lasts. I 'se powerful glad mammy put in my overcoat, fur sometimes I feels like we 'd done tuck an' got hainged up in de nawth, an' den, agin, I feels like I wus in spittin' distance of de sun.

Nebber mind, y'u all be peart a helpin' yo' mammy; an' pap will soon be to home.

I 'se 'ginnin' to feel my rheumatiz in my laigs, an' I wishes mightily fur de goose grease.

Well, I'll be blessed! If dis here air horse ain't a goin' back down thro' de air like a bullet. O little chilluns, how my haid is a swimmin'. I feels like I did dat day when I stole too much of mammy's wine outter de chist. O sweet chilluns, I knows I is gwine to die, fur my haid is done gone plum distracted!

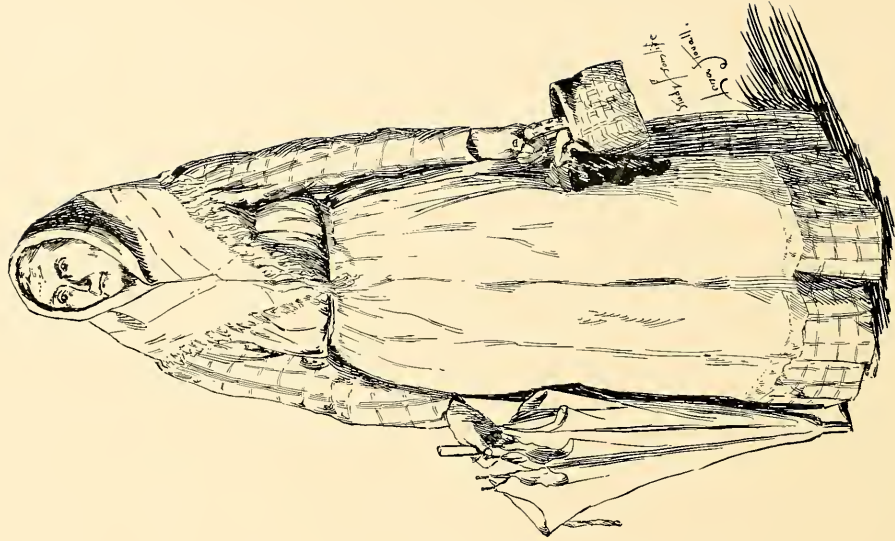
O good Gawd! honnies, if yo' pap ain't a gwine down into de sea. Oh, if de good Marster would jest save this pore ign'rint nigger till de corn crap is laid by, so Marindy an' de chillun won't starve. O honnies, yo' pap's in a critical coudition. O please, good Marster, tell dis yere hornet of a balloon not to take me down into de sea, but save dis pore critter jest dis time.

De next thing you knowed, I'll be gwine down into de water jest like a big black bottle, wid de same gurgling noise an' all.

But somehow, little chilluns, a big wind has done tuck an' sot me squar' down in my own cornfield, an' I knows Marindy will never know me, fur I'se done thanked de Lord till I ain't nuthin' but skin an' bones.

Louise Wright.





Life and Love



Though this life were but a vapor,
Though some say 'tis but a dream,
'Tis best that we'd remember
Things are never what they seem.

Tell me not that I am fickle ;
Tell me not that I'm untrue ;
For these words fall like arrows,
Piercing my heart through and through.

O why must words be spoken,
That have me to believe
That you were true and I was false,
I, the one, who did deceive ?

Now will you calmly listen,
While I tell in words of woe,
That I love you even more
Than I did long years ago.

Hark ! What words are those you utter ?
Do you mean them, one and all ?
Do not cause my hopes to rise thus,
Then so suddenly to fall.

Did you say that you still loved me,
That your heart remained so true,
That though I had broken promise
You love me now as I do you ?

Then will life not be a struggle,
And a year will seem a day,
For I'll love you all the better
After having strayed away.

A. B.

Snowflakes



Down, down, the snowflakes come,
Silently one by one,
Drifting to us nearer, nearer ;
First a speck, then getting clearer,
Then in forms so light.
They fall into earth's arms so white
And are lost forever more.

Thus it is our lives are done,
Silently one by one ;
They drift onward, near, quite near,
To eternity's sea so drear,
And with a sigh, a farewell motion,
Roll into that dark ocean
Which we call death.

As the snowflakes drop with lightness
Into a streamlet, with all its brightness,
Just so our friends will leave us—
“Those we love and those who love us ;”
Seeing their journey on earth completed,
They silently slip away.

May our lives be a garland pure,
That our home in heaven be sure.
In the weaving of our garlands,
May many real buds be entwined,
Which, after we leave earth no more to roam,
Will bloom forever in our heavenly home.

Louise Wright.

The Modern Matrimonial Mart



DRAWN BY CORNILLE LINDSLEY, WITH APOLOGIES TO "TRUTH"

Love

I.

When all the world was very young,
And all the stars of morning sung,
For every joy of love, that hung
 In Heaven above,
Then lads and lassies loved right well,
And had no other tale to tell,
Then love began with a little "I";
 That was love.

II.

And when the world was sad and sear,
When mind became the heart's compeer,
And peopled all this hollow sphere
 And skies above
With little gods, as poets tell,
Who cast the dust or wove a spell,
Then love began with a capital "L";
 That was love.

III.

And now the world is half decay'd,
And hearts and minds are things of trade,
And girls, when marriages are made,
 Think wealth above
All sense and sentiment, and sell
Or buy sweet lives for gold, the spell
Of love begins with a sterling £,
 That is love.

Jerusalem



OW often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing, and ye would not, O Jerusalem."

Fast pinnaced on Pisgah's heights,
In Siloa's waters bathed,
Where as of old the morning lights
Break slowly o'er the wave,
In far off lands, a city stands—
Jerusalem!

Child-home of Christ in distance near,
A city loved by him,
Where lepers came for healing dear
Of withered hand and limb.
Bethesda's flood made clean their blood—
Jerusalem!

Lo, by yon western wall is heard
Lamenting sad and low,
For aching hearts, with hope deferred,
Wept there in evening's glow.
"O city lost! in woe, sin-tossed!
Jerusalem!"

Where Christ, the God-man, moved and slept
A heathen monarch reigns;
A city o'er which Christ has wept
The Sultan holds in chains.
O blood-stained spot, Creation's blot!
Jerusalem!

Hear ye the cry from Him above—
From Him, the Sufferer!
"My city fair; my darling, love!
Will ye not go to her?"
In heathens' hands, deserted stands
Jerusalem!

My Music



YES, we went down to Nashville town,
To hear them big folks play
That do piannies an' organs brown—
Are artists, so they say.

We heard 'em, yes, and must confess
Their fingers 'er mighty sry;
And once, 'twas soft and low; I jess
Sure enough had to cry.

But mostly 'twas so wild and loud
I had to hold my ears;
Yes, right there in that great big crowd,
And they just whooped with cheers!

'Bont music, anyhow, I'm right queer;
I don't like them grand things.
When mandolins twang, well, I fear,
I can't think of angels' wings!

And I jes set here in the dark
And listen hour by hour;

And when I wake I always find
That nigger Jim has stopped.

A fiddle sometimes brings me round,
A playin' old time airs;
It makes me think of "Big John's" ground,
An' dancin' 't country fairs.

And guitars always makes me think
Of "Little Em" and June,
Us a-drivin' the cattle down to drink,
And bringin' 'em back too soon.

But even that, and all them things,
Are out, way out of sight,
When my old Jim pulls banjo strings,
Out thar in the moonlight.

That nigger Jim, he sets out thar
A playin' tum-de-tum,
Till cats and dogs and chickens clar
Surround him one by one.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN,

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

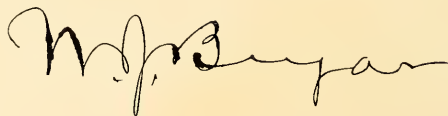
May 18, 1897.

To the 62 Young Ladies who voted for me at the
Election held in the Seminary on November 3, 1896.

Ladies: I am now trying to catch up with the telegrams and letters received just before and after the election, and find your message of November 4th, stating that the vote in your Seminary was 62 for myself, 27 for McKinley and 2 for Palmer.

I write at this late date to express my appreciation of the very large majority which your school gave me. If we could have confined the election to your Seminary I would now be in a position to sign a free coinage bill. I hope that the intellectual discipline which you have acquired in the school will enable you to make proselytes to bimetallism between now and 1900.

Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'W. J. Bryan', written in a cursive style.

KINDERGARTEN

The word "KINDERGARTEN" is rendered in a bold, black, serif typeface, slanted slightly upwards from left to right. The initial letter 'K' is exceptionally large and features a decorative, textured interior. Behind the letters, a detailed woodcut illustration depicts a group of children in a grassy field. Some children are sitting on the grass, while others are standing and playing with long sticks or poles. The illustration is executed in a fine-line, cross-hatched style, typical of 19th-century book ornamentation.



Our Children



"Out in the meadow, bright, bright, bright,
Close by the clovers, red and white;
With a heart of gold and a fringe of snow,
And there's where the dear little daisies grow."

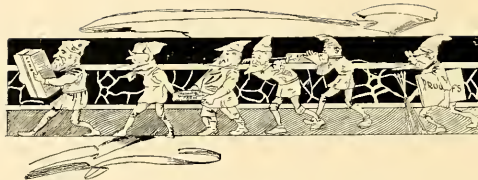


"Out in the valley, deep, deep, deep,
Where little sunbeams wink and peep;
Under the grasses hiding low,
And there's where the sweet little violets grow."



"Upon the hillside, high, high, high,
Peeping out at the bright, blue sky;
Where the wee birdies sing and the breezes blow,
And there's where the dear little Forget-me-nots grow."

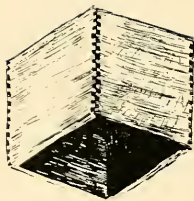




Kindergarten Department

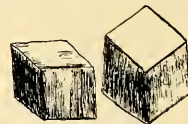


“Kommt lasst uns unsern Kindern leben.”



The Kindergarten is a child garden, named by Froebel, the founder of it. How truly the words, “child garden,” picture the nature of the Kindergarten; for is it not a garden where the children should grow naturally, as plants, having their all-sidedness developed, and laying the corner-stones that will be guide-posts through all their future mental, moral and physical lives; a place where the early buds of patience, purity and love for all spiritual things should be watched and cultivated

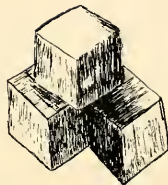
and entwined into a garland that will bloom into grain which the Angel Truth





shall garner, binding the golden grain into sheaves for the Angel of Resurrection, casting out the cheat?

The Kindergarten is not a place where a great many facts are probed or stamped as indelibly into the minds and hearts of the children as we mark our initials on linen; but it is the place where their mental, moral and physical natures are developed: where things are understood, not as memorized axioms, but where things are learned from the child's own observation and experience.



It is a place where the germs of knowledge are to be gained more as ideas than facts; a garden where the true gardener prunes or cultivates according to the nature of the plant; a garden where the gardener is ever watchful, ever careful, lest some destroying insect gnaw into the heart of the tender bud, thus blasting the hope that the tender petals might, at the time appointed by Nature, gracefully unfurl and bloom forth into a beautiful flower, casting out a rich perfume to all that come in contact with it; a garden where the gardener is ever patient, ever willing to help some little one along the path of childhood, where shadows gather, casting darkness over snares into which they blindly stumble; where the sun, mingling with the shadows, casts little checks over the path, in which joy is sunshine, hate is shadow.



"Life is checkered shade and sunshine";

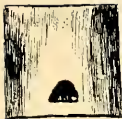
When streamlet, wood and dale
Pay homage to Dame Nature;
When the robin's call is heard,





When the bluebird's nest is seen ;
When little chickens, soft and fluffy,
Scratch busily in the sun.
Songs of summer, still and sunny ;
Songs of autumn, bright and golden,
When the leaves so gently fall ;
When the golden grain is garnered ;
“When de frost is on de pumpkin,
An' de fodder's in de stack ”;
When Nature offers her children as a sacrifice to God ;
When Summer lifts her robes of red and golden,
And like a dream or fancy glides away.
“How through each familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst.”
Now with peas so nicely softened,
And with wires so bright and shiny,
They can make some tiny furniture or geometrical figures.
Now with clay they work together,
Making cups, making saucers,
Making fruits or making vases.
As their clay is soft and pliant,
Growing into earthen vessels,
Showing skill of touch in handling,
Making things of beauty, sometimes,
Or things ugly or disfigured,





According to the touch they give it ;
So their souls are early moulded
Into good or into evil,
By the touch our hands bestow ;
Often marred, disfigured, ruined,
By the want of early touching.
Luncheon time has now come,
And, tired and hungry, too,
They gather 'round the tables ;
The appointed housekeeper rises, smiling,
Giving lunch to each and all.
Then, with their hands clasped together,
And heads bowed meek and low,
They repeat their childish thanks,
Thanking God for all His goodness ;
All the showers of His mercy ;
All the blessings and the love He bears for them.
So the Kindergarten hour is ended,
The children march out together,
Bright and happy, young and earnest.



A little boy with long, white curls, was sitting in his father's lap talking to him, when his father said, "Son, do you say bad words?"

The little fellow immediately began to swing his feet and said: "Papa, why don't you cut some of these trees out of this yard?"

"I am not talking about the trees; but, son, do you say bad words?"

"Now, papa, you are fixing to whip me."





"No, son, I won't whip you if you tell papa the truth. Do you say bad words?"

"Yes, sir," replied the child.

"What do you say, son?"

"I says 'hang it.'"

"Well, son, what makes you say that?"

"Well, papa, when de chicken pecks bread out of my hand."

"Well, son, do you ever say anything worse than 'hang it'?"

"Now, papa, you're fixing to beat me."

"No, son, papa won't whip you if you tell him the truth. Do you say anything worse than 'hang it'?"

"Yes, sir," came the meek reply.

"Well, what do you say?" asked the father.

"I says 'dog-gone it.'"

"Well, son, I am shocked. What makes you say such naughty words?"

"Well, papa, wen de chicken just *keeps on* pecking bread out of my hand."

"Where do you learn such ugly words?" asked the father. "From Tommy Grace?"

"Yes, papa, (sobs) an' Tommy Grace is going to be the ruin of me yet."



"Well, my son," asked a lady of a little boy, "how old are you?"

"Four years old," answered the child.

"How long have you been wearing pants?" asked the lady.

"Seventy years," answered the boy.



"Mamma, what makes me have de chicken pecks? I ain't been playing with no chickens."



A little girl, after looking at some blooming pansies planted in a box in the window, came running back and said, "O mamma, you fought you planted fowers, but they've come up a whole nest of butterflies."









Organized, 1894

COLORS — Baby blue and royal purple.

FLOWER — Violet.

YELL — Delta Sigma! Delta Sigma!
Maizette! Maizette!
Dixie, Dixie, Dixie, Dixie!
Dum vivinus, vivamus!



Roll, '96-'97



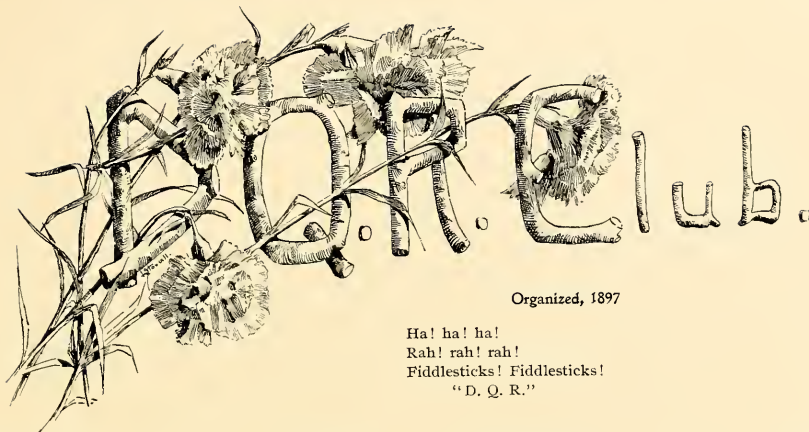
SARAH WILLIAMS AVENT, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
KATHERINE RANDOLPH BIGBY, Atlanta, Ga.
RENA CECELIA BIRK, Owensboro, Ky.
ALYCE LATIMER BAUGHMAN, Danville, Ky.
CLARISE ELIZABETH BAUGHMAN, Danville, Ky.
DONNIE LEE CARTER, Fort Worth, Texas.
EULA LEE DENTIN, Gainesville, Florida.
LUZANNE HOUSTON HALL, Maysville, Ky.
CAROLINE RICHARDSON LOGAN, Monroe, La.
MINNIE RICHARDSON LOGAN, Monroe, La.
MAE LOU MACMULLEN, Knoxville, Tenn.
JEANETTE ELIZABETH NELSON, Monroe, La.
LILY BELLE NELSON, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
ORA OTT NELSON, Versailles, Ky.
FLORA WHITE RODGERS, Knoxville, Tenn.
ROZANNAH JACKSON RODGERS, Knoxville, Tenn.
MYRTLE IVIE SKEEN, Bellbuckle, Tenn.
LYDA DICKINSON SNEED, Knoxville, Tenn.
ELOISE PEARL SPENCER, Fort Worth, Texas.
MARIE LOUISE STANLEY, Augusta, Ark.
JENNIE MAY WALKER, Fort Worth, Texas.
MARY BRANHAM YOUNG, Memphis, Tenn.

Sorores in Urbe

MARTHA LANIER SCRUGGS.

MRS. W. F. ALLEN.





Organized, 1897

Ha! ha! ha!
 Rah! rah! rah!
 Fiddlesticks! Fiddlesticks!
 "D. Q. R."

ZOÉ L. CRAVENS, ... *President.*
 BESS TOWNSEND, ... *Vice President.*
 MAYRE RAMSAUR, ... *Sergeant-at-Arms.*

LUCILE MORTON, ... *Secretary.*
 NELLE WILSON, ... *Treasurer.*

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 ETHYL MORRISON, TENNESSEE.

FANNIE ORDWAY, TENNESSEE.
 MAYRE ELIZABETH RAMSAUR, ARKANSAS.
 LENA STOVALL, TENNESSEE.
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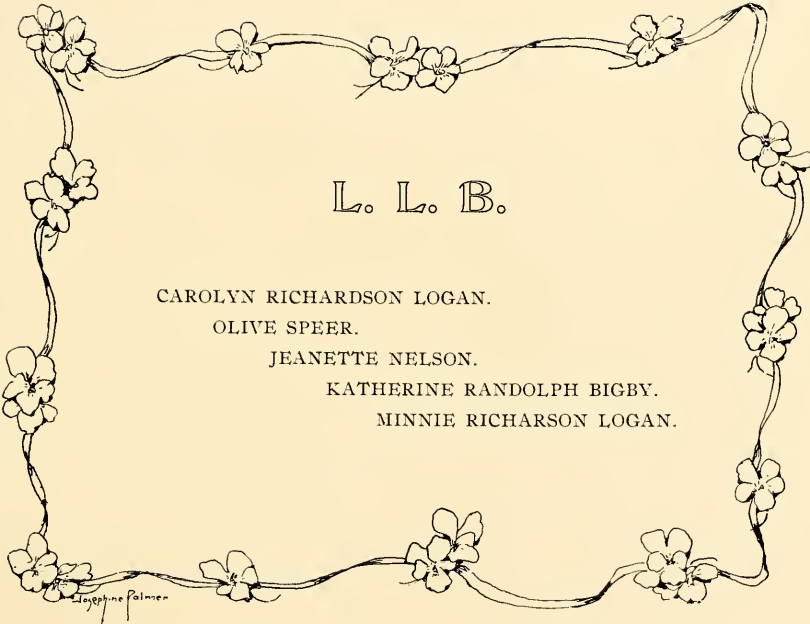


BRANDON, Nashville

CLUB TABLE

NAME.	NICK-NAME.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	OCCUPATION.	DESTINY.
CRAVENS, .	<i>Judy,</i> . .	"It 's the last of pea-time,"	Puffing girls' hair, ...	Hair dresser.
TOWNSEND,	<i>Frenchy,</i> .	"We have Latin to burn,"	Reciting, ...	Reader and impersonator.
MORTON, .	<i>Major,</i> . .	"Yes—ah!"	Setting alarm clock for 6:50 A.M.	Rip Van Winkle II.
WILSON, . .	<i>Freaky,</i> .	"Con-sider the lilies!"	Has none, ...	Another foolish virgin.
DUNLAVY, .	<i>Barney,</i> .	"I should <i>lay</i> down and die,"	Wearing diamonds, ...	Wife of a pawnbroker.
MORRISON, .	<i>Fidd,</i> . .	"But ain't it the truth,"	Fiddling, ...	"Arkansas Traveler."
LINDSAY, .	<i>Bob,</i> . . .	"O Thomas!"	Going to Christian Endeavor,	Female preacher.
MATTHEWS,	<i>Cholly,</i> . .	"I see your finish,"	Diking up, ...	Society woman.
ORDWAY, .	<i>Indif.,</i> . .	"It 's a matter of supreme indifference,"	Translating Cæsar, ...	Interpreter.
RAMSAUR, .	<i>Ram,</i> . . .	"Well, I should kiss a pig,"	Giving lessons in kissing, . .	"Old Maid."
STOVALL, .	<i>"Gibson,"</i>	"Gee Mun!"	White-washing fences, ...	Sign-board painter.





L. L. B.

CAROLYN RICHARDSON LOGAN.

OLIVE SPEER.

JEANETTE NELSON.

KATHERINE RANDOLPH BIGBY.

MINNIE RICHARSON LOGAN.

Josephine Palmer



JENNIE MAY WALKER, *President.*

KATHERINE R. BIGBY, *Corresponding Secretary.*

CARRIE LOGAN, *Assistant Corresponding Secretary.*

PIERRE COLEMAN.

MYRTLE SKEEN.

Sorores in Facultate.

! ——— !!!

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns on thoughts of love."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.



For Christ and the Church.

PLEDGE

Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will make it the rule of my life to pray and to read the Bible every day, and to support my own church in every way, especially by attending all her regular Sunday and midweek services, unless prevented by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Saviour; and that, just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will endeavor to lead a Christian life.



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ELIZA COFFEE, *Vice President.*

BESSIE BLAKER, *Recording Secretary.*

MUSA McDONALD, *Corresponding Secretary.*



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Lookout.

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DONNIE LEE CARTER,
PIERRE COLEMAN.

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MUSA McDONALD,
KATIE REED,
EUGENIA GRIFFITH.

Social.

MRS. J. D. BLANTON,
MYRTLE SKEEN,
HELENE LAMKIN.

The first Christian Endeavor Society was organized in Portland, Maine, February 2, 1880, by Rev. Francis E. Clark. There are now over two million members, representing all churches and lands.





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ADA BLAIR, . . . TENNESSEE.

MAGGIE SUTTON, . . . TENNESSEE.

ANNIE BINKLEY, . . . TEXAS.



Junior Class of 1897



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<i>Secretary,</i>		RUTH PARK,		KENTUCKY.
<i>Treasurer,</i>		PIERRE COLEMAN,		TENNESSEE.

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ELOISE PEARL SPENCER,	TEXAS.
LILY HOUSTON WATKINS,	TENNESSEE.
ALICE WILSON,	TENNESSEE.



Hobble, gobble, waddle, waddle,
Siz, quack, bah !
Ward's ducks, Ward's ducks,
'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !



Team



LOUISE JACKSON, . . . *Captain.*

DAISY EZELL.

CLARA ELLIOT.

LOUISE BRANSFORD.

LILLIAN ACHESON.

DONNIE LEE CARTER.

EMMA TINNIN.

Substitutes

HELENE LAMKIN.

CORNELIA MONTGOMERY.



COLORS—Scarlet and white.

YELL 2—Ward's ducks, Ward's ducks,
Sis, boom, bah!
Put it in; do it again.
Rah! Rah! Rah!



Games Played

Ward vs. Normal,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4—3
Ward vs. V. U. Co-eds,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	0—2*

* Disputed.



YELL 3—Hippety huss! Hippety huss!
What in the world the matter with us?
Nothing at all, nothing at all—
We are the girls who play basket ball.

Basket Ball Dilemmas



In '96 and '97 the Ward girls declared
That they would in the sports be better prepared.
Of literature, chemistry and math, we had plenty of lore,
But in basket ball and such we needed a lots more.

We resolved to indulge in no kicks at all;
To play nothing but straight-out basket ball.
Hands and tact were all that was needed—
With these all victories to us would be ceded.

The coach taught us rules, word for word—
Please find something we had n't heard.
There was at last coaches a splendid seven;
We were sure we could play our way even to heaven.

Soon a challenge from far off Normal came—
For our champions this was indeed a lucky game.
Our girls played with a victor's pride,
And not one single foul did we hide.

Our first—our greatest victorious time—
Naturally—don't you think?—should fall into rhyme.
We felt that we were champions true,
And over any game we could n't feel blue.

So, with happy hearts, to the V. U. went we,
To play the Co-eds, in their highest glee.
We saw at once that they *could* play,
And were doing extra fine that day.

But higher and higher our courage and balls rose—
We thought we'd win before the game could close.
But still, at length *our* ball lay stone dead;
But this—sad fate—did n't euter the Co-eds' head.

Up went our ball to *their* basket high;
Up went from us a great big sigh.
Back—"Put her off!" our Captain loudly cried,
And she did—but off on the *other side*.

We surely said that was foul,
And from this they raised a frightful howl.
The point to the referee was given;
He for a while his answer deferred.

At last—because he could n't *resist*—
He said they 'd made a pretty hard hit;
And we—because we could n't *desist*—
Raised a charming chorus of—nit!

K. B.





Ward Hymn



WE, thy children, sing thy praise,
Dear Ward with song we come ;
With joy we hail the old-time halls,
Wherein we've found a home.

CHORUS.

Sing a song, ye merry girls,
Sing ye girls of Ward ;
Thro'out the wide land let it ring,
One grand harmonic chord.

Thy classic walls surround us,
Historic, gray and old ;
Thy mystic halls, thy class-rooms dear,
Full many a tale unfold.

May peace and joy attend thee,
Long may thy virtues shine ;
And never may oblivion's night
Dim this fair name of thine.

T.

To Chopin



O thou sublimest Muse,
In thine art without a peer,
'Tis in sincerest love
These lines are inscribed here.

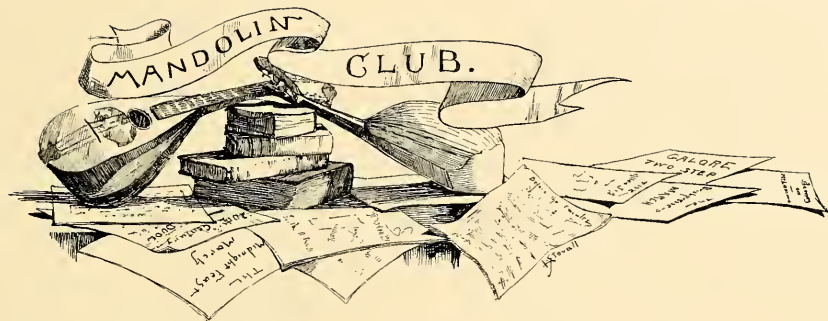
May it not seem presumptuous
For one so shallow
To address this to thee,
Whom all men hallow.

Thy life, indeed, was full of sorrow ;
But such is life
To those who strive
Not to exist, but to *live*.

Oh, couldst thou but know
What peace thou hast wrought
In many a troubled, stormy heart !
We think 'twould please thee now to know
What inspiration thou hast given,
And we believe thine immortal melodies
Were inspired by very heaven.

—L. F.





PROF. W. F. ALLEN,

Instructor.

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SUZANNE HALL, KENTUCKY.
CARRIE MORRIS, TENNESSEE.
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MISS MILLER, TENNESSEE.

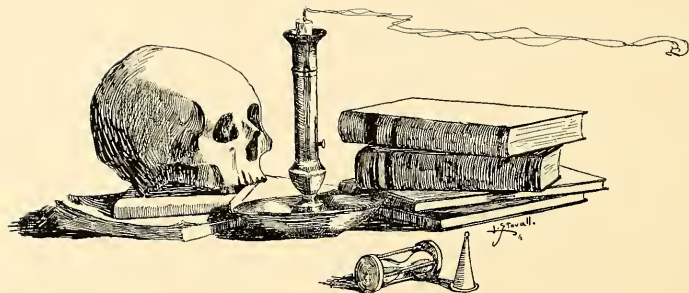












Ward's Ducks



I.

No doubt our rep is widely knowu
All over Tennessee,
For we are up to all the fun,
And jolly as can be.

II.

We laugh and sing from morn till night,
Our music is from Faust ;
And College yells we sometimes give,
I tell you what, they're jouce !

III.

With us the " Johnny Bill " is " nit,"
Why cau't we speak to boys ?
'Tis cruel ! cruel ! yes it is,
To deprive us of such joys.

IV.

If your opinion of us is good
We'll welcome you with *quack* ;
If not, it makes no more impress
Than water on our back.

V.

'Tis getting late, we must go to roost,
Our health is not perennial ;
So cluck, cluck, we'll say adieu,
See you at the Centennial.

A Gosling.



Dudely—My deah fellow, wheeah ah you off to?

Cholly—Since the Johnny Bill and the cigarette passed, Nashville has lost its chawm faw me, don cher know?

Characteristic Speeches



Our Faculty is "mighty fine;"
Each is worthy to define.

Mr. Blanton, a glance on us he'll cast—
"Oh, I wish that Johnny Bill had passed."

Miss Jennings, so tall and grand—
"All the girls that have talked, please stand."

Miss Agnew, so stately, who talks very low—
"No, dearie; no."

Miss Moore, so intelligent, though not very thin—
"Are all the note books in?"

Miss Hopkins, so dear, but rather high strung—
"Girls, the light bell has rung."

Miss McIlwaine, small, but taller than Miss Hop—
"Girls, this noise must positively stop."

Miss Johnson fusses like a Turk—
"Girls, have you learned that grammar work?"

Miss McDonald, so dear and clever—
"Dear, won't you read a verse at the Christian Endeavor?"

M'lle, on her little high heels she'll dance—
“Oh, we never do that in France.”

Miss Caldwell, into chapel she'll go—
“Girls, do n't sing so miserably slow.”

Mrs. Randle, good are all her traits—
“Girls, bring your money for that Schubert portrait.”

Miss Williams, though rather tall, always says sweetly,
“Girls, I would n't do that.”

Mrs. Martin, who, with her dear little curls—
“You must come to the infirmary, girls.”

Miss Kieser, who is always to “biz”—
“Girls, tomorrow we'll have a ‘quiz.’”

Mr. Allen, whose head is destitute of hair—
“Hello! ah, there!”

Mr. Starr, this is what he'll say—
“Please sing do-re — — —”

Miss McMillan, last but not least—
“Dear, will you never learn your piece?”

Lessons from a Polliwog



1

They met on a summer's night,
The stars were shining bright;
Ah, their love was true as steel,
For they had written upon its sacred seal.

2

He said, that her lovely face,
Her subtle, charming grace,
Were haunting him everywhere !
Of all creatures, she was most fair.

5

I know you men too well,
Having heard my mother tell
How you would wed a graceful polliwog,
Then desert her, when she grew into a stupid frog.

MORAL.

Now all you pretty girls,
With rosy cheeks and curls,
When a few years more
You have proposals galore,
Refuse "all" with womanly grace ;
For men tire of a pretty face.

C. B.

3

For you I'd lay down my life,
Won't you consent to be my wife !
I'll be a husband kind and true ;
I swear, I love only you.

4

Sir, I love you with all my heart,
But, alas, we must part,
For I am entirely too young to wed ;
A pause — then she said :



Three Cheers for Ward Seminary



Three cheers for Ward Seminary, girls!
And give them with a will,
Until the echoes thunder back
From every mighty hill.
And give the cheers with all your hearts,
For it is but her due;
For the hearts that wear the white and gold
Are always brave and true.

And when Commencement time shall come,
And we be scattered wide,
We'll remember old Ward Seminary
With a glow of honest pride!
We'll never forget the grand old place,
'Till death shall claim his due;
For the hearts that wear the white and gold
Are *always brave and true*.



Our Girl



We see her at front windows,
We see her on the street,
And against her will naught hinders,
For away she runs quite fleet.

Her suit and hat are always blue,
And she has a jaunty air;
She flirts and smiles in a way most true,
While the teachers tear their hair.

She thinks all things are "jounce"
(From church spires down to a mouse);
And all club men are "desperately cute,"
And her wild fancy exactly suit.

The V. U. boys are simply divine,
Thinks our girl with mind so fine;
For them has winks and "fun galore,"
And loves them just a "wee bit" more.

She "dotes" on "frat" pins and candy,
And makes her beaux quite handy;
For when "in line" they walk behind her,
She gives each one a gentle (?) reminder.

Lots more sport for this duck ("the rah"),
Lots more festive youths to fool;
For the "Johnuy Bill" has gone to the shucks! ha! ha!
So she flirts on till the close of school.

When at the age of tender twenty,
Of love she thinks she has "a plenty,"
To this poem an end must be lent,
So our girl goes home—not sent.

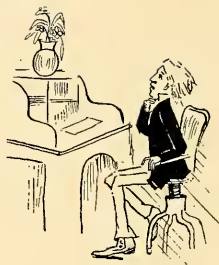
K. M. B.

Fate of the Amateur Joker



8 P.M.

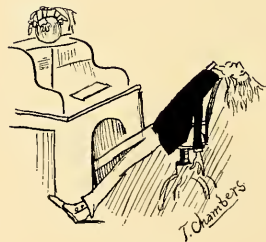
The dea' girls asked me for a joke for the "ANNUAL." I'll just dash them off a few.



10 P.M.



12 o'clock.



2 A.M.

T. Chambers





EDITORIAL STAFF OF
1897. WARDS IRIS



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Lma Wood
Lenna Paul Lenn
Loly H. Walker
Joe Louise Cravens

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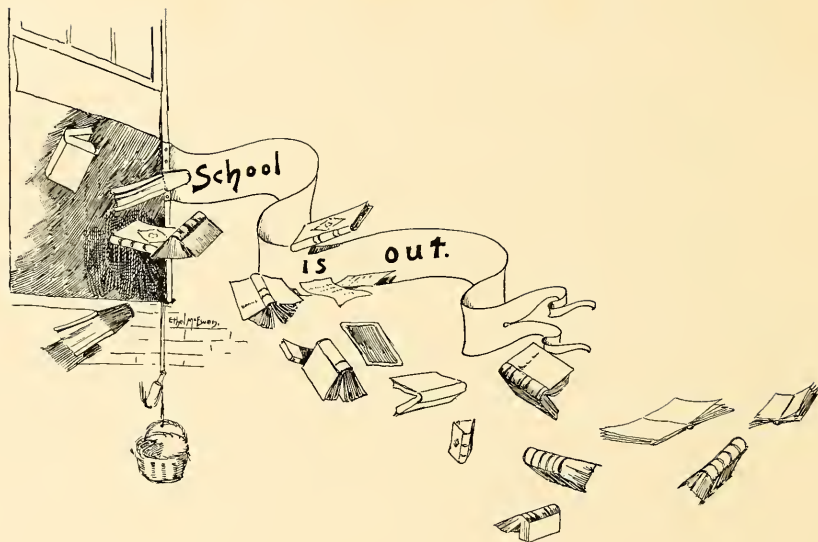
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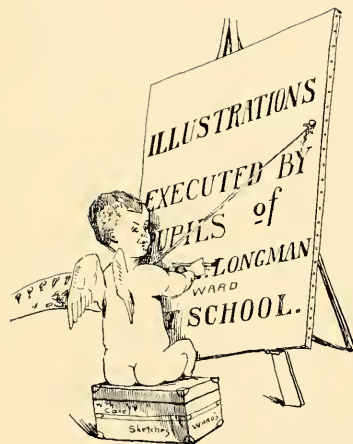
Business Manager.

Chairman Committee on Music.

Chairman Committee on Literature.

Katharine E. Pyle -
Engenia Griffith
Ben Nelson
Reverend Lohman.
Elyse Leoffe





A D V E R T I S M E N T S .

WARD
OFF
ALL PILLS
AND
TAKE
SMITH PILLS

LOST!
THE
WARDS
of
J. BOLIVER TOMPKINS

THEATRE
VENDOME
FREDK.
WARDS
LAST
PERFORMANCE

TEN DOLLARS
AWARDED
TO
ALMOST
ANY BODY

WILD WEST



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INDIANS

SIXTH
WARD

DEMOCRAT
CLUB



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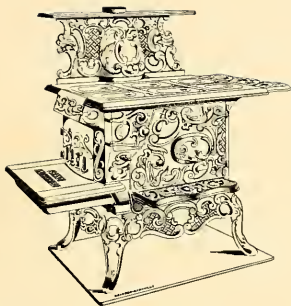
Dorider & Sidebottom,



*Cakes and Candies
Ice Cream...*

*Ladies' and Gents'
Restaurant*





Any Girl Graduate can Shine in a Parlor Only the Ideal Woman can Grace a Kitchen

How often does a girl grow up having the idea instilled within her that the one dark dungeon or "Black Hole of Calcutta" in each household lies within the tabooed precincts of the kitchen.

The Nucleus—of the ideal kitchen is the dainty, durable, ever reliable *Grand Enterprise Range*, of which we append an illustration. This Range, queenly in proportion, chaste in design, light in weight (and guaranteed to be the more durable on that account), is not over burdened with ginger bread ornamentation to wear away its fair keeper, but is easily cleansed inside and out, and will accomplish those all-important ends, perfection in baking, boiling and broiling, while consuming the least fuel of any so called competitive range in the land. We formerly appealed to the ladies of the South to buy a Nashville Range, made of Southern Iron by Southern Workmen who are sustained by the product of Southern farms, because this left in their own circles the entire amount invested, whereas, the

purchase of a foreign made stove left only the agent's commission at home; but now we throw down the gauntlet and defy competition both as to price and to quality.

Whenever the reader is in Nashville we will be proud to show an endless array of the products of the ingenuity of the nineteenth century for lightening and brightening the duties of the housewife, for we are recognized authorities on Fine China and Glassware for the service of dainty dishes, easily cleansed enameled, aluminum and steel wares for the preparation of the season's delicacies, Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Water Coolers, Oil and Gasoline Stoves for summer cooking, and everything necessary and convenient for kitchen, laundry, dairy and dining room.

One of the evidences of the progress of the New South lies in the noticeable growth in popularity of the Culinary Art. With each recurring season are found greater numbers assuming the study which will result in ultimately lifting above the level of the grease-begrimed negro-quarters, the kitchen, in which is prepared the food that is to nourish and sustain the ambitious bread-winner, or, if ill prepared, is to slowly drag the unsuspecting through dyspepticism into that eternal kitchen where the mortal man becomes the immortal fuel.

The maid of today has for her delectation, when fancy bears her kitchenward, the best of all the ages in the way of appliances for brushing aside the drudgery and increasing the results from the strength she has to spare.

Having determined to devote great care and attention to Art Goods and White China for decorating, we have prepared an Art Room that is simply superb in its electrical effects, to which all lovers of the artistic are cordially invited.

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