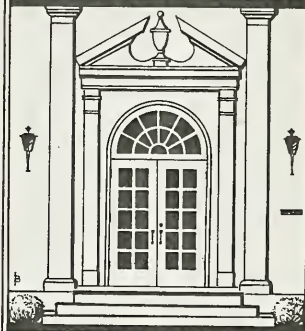


THE·IRIS·
·WARD·
SEMINARY

· 1905 ·

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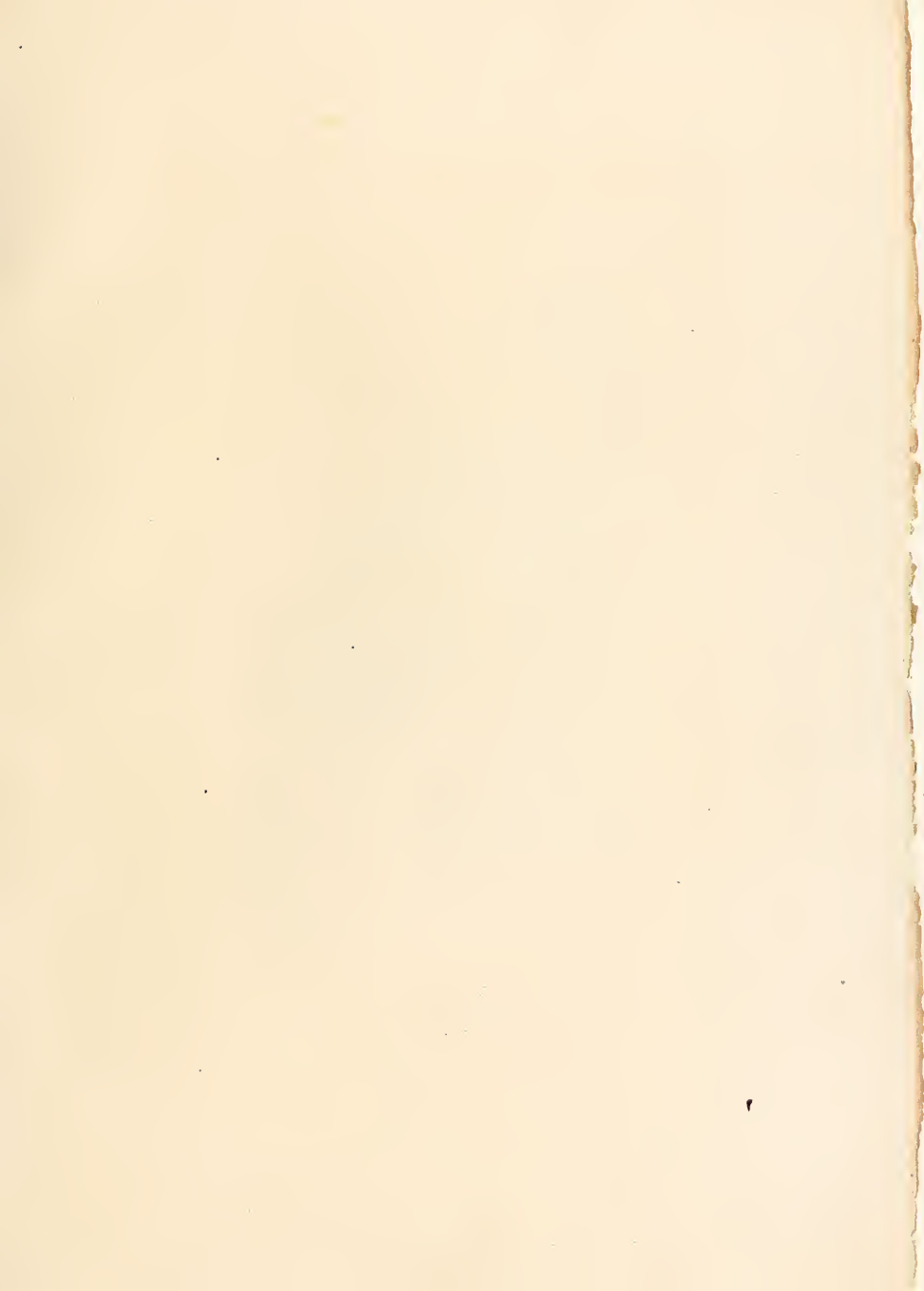






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Dedication

We, the Class of 1905, dedicate "The Iris" to Miss Lamira Goodwin, in grateful recognition of her work in the Art Department, and of her interest in the illustrations of this book.



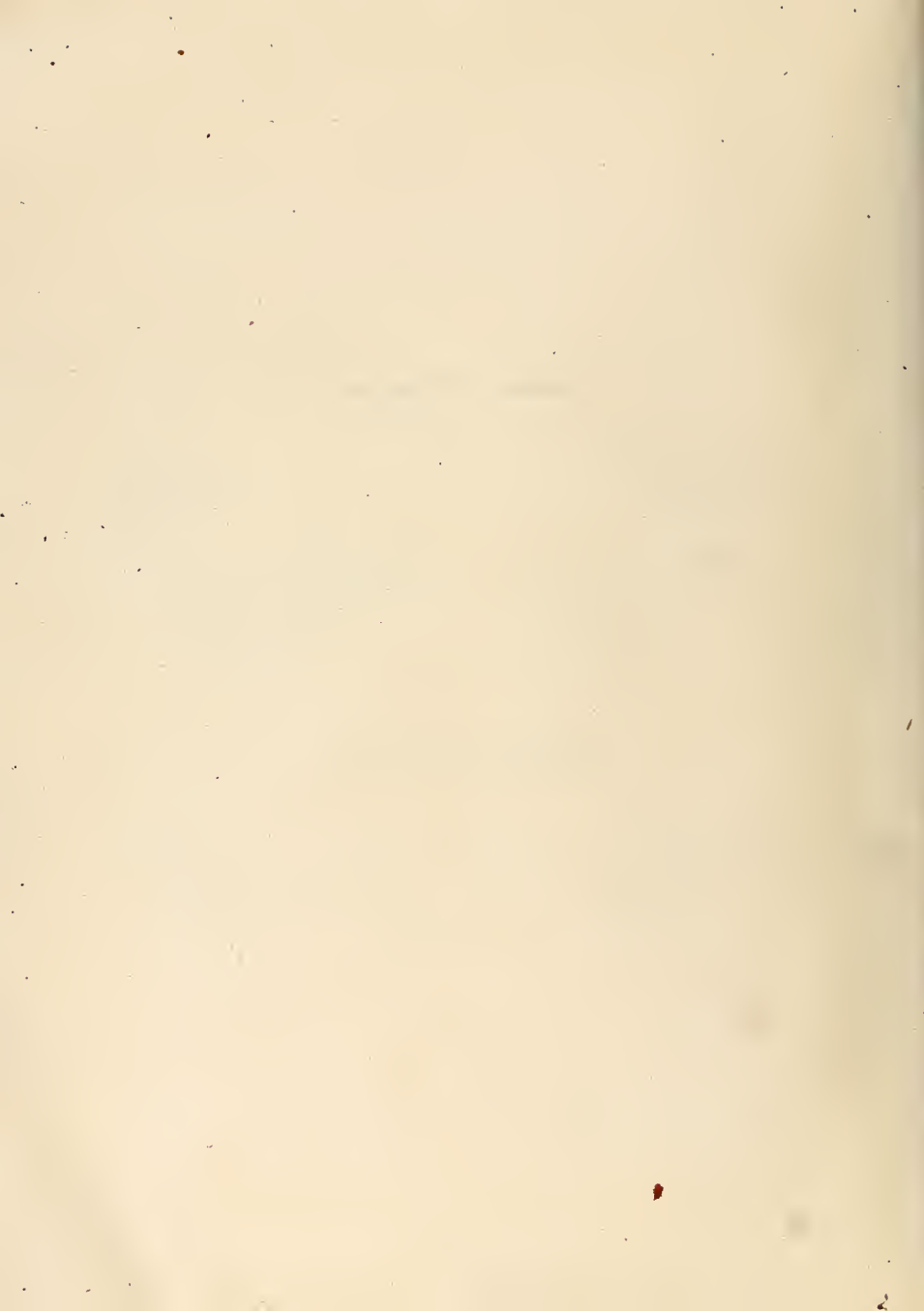
MISS LAMIRA GOODWIN

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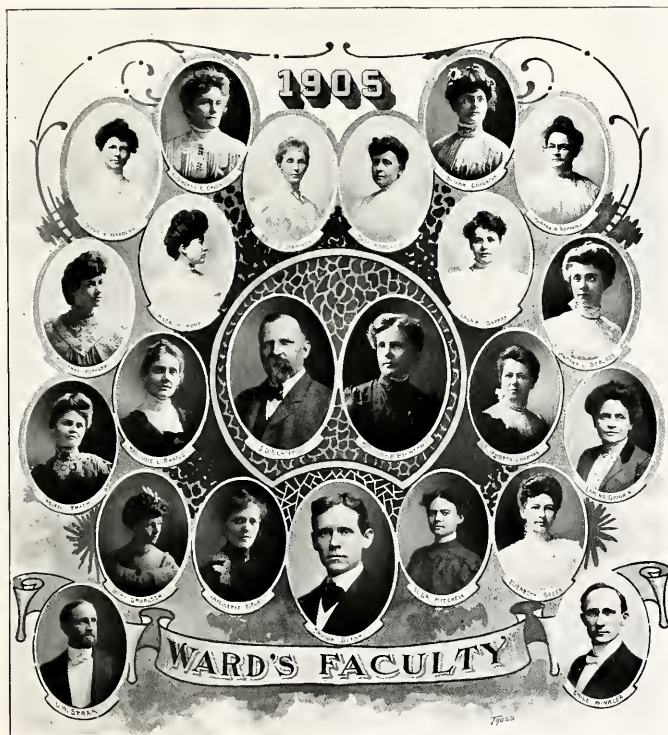
WARD'S SEMINARY

Officers of Instruction and Government

Session—1904-5

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LULIE L. RANDLE Piano, Organ	RICHARD JONES Lectures on Literature
ELIZABETH C. CALDWELL Piano, History of Music	COLLINS DENNY Lectures on Life of Christ



Miss Elizabeth Chapman



A Tribute from the Class of 1905

"She gave *us* eyes, she gave *us* ears:
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy."



ASSISTANT ART EDITOR

ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR

ANNA BLANTON

ELLEN SELMAN

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MGR.

MARGARET YARBROUKE

ASSISTANT EDITORS OF THE

IRIS

1905

*Printed
Paris.*

The page is a decorative title page for the Iris magazine. It features three oval portraits of women, each with a label above or below them. The top portrait is of Anna Blanton, labeled 'ASSISTANT ART EDITOR'. The middle portrait is of Ellen Selman, labeled 'ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR'. The bottom portrait is of Margaret Yarbrouke, labeled 'ASSISTANT BUSINESS MGR.'. The text 'ASSISTANT EDITORS OF THE' is written in a stylized font above the word 'IRIS', which is in large, bold, serif letters. The year '1905' is prominently displayed in the bottom left corner. The background is decorated with ornate scrollwork, floral motifs, and a small starburst. A signature 'Printed Paris.' is visible in the bottom right corner.

The Class



1905



Senior Class



MOTTO—Excelsior

COLORS—Crimson and Gold

FLOWER—American Beauty



Officers



ANNA M. COOPER		<i>President</i>
ELLEN SELMAN		<i>Vice-President</i>
ANNE RICHARDSON		<i>Secretary</i>
JESSIE SMITH		<i>Treasurer</i>

Senior Toast



Too soon must we part,

Oh! classmates,

Too swiftly the years have fled,

How sad is each heart,

My classmates,

Too soon are our school days sped.

The prize we possess,

Oh! classmates,

Out into the world we pass,

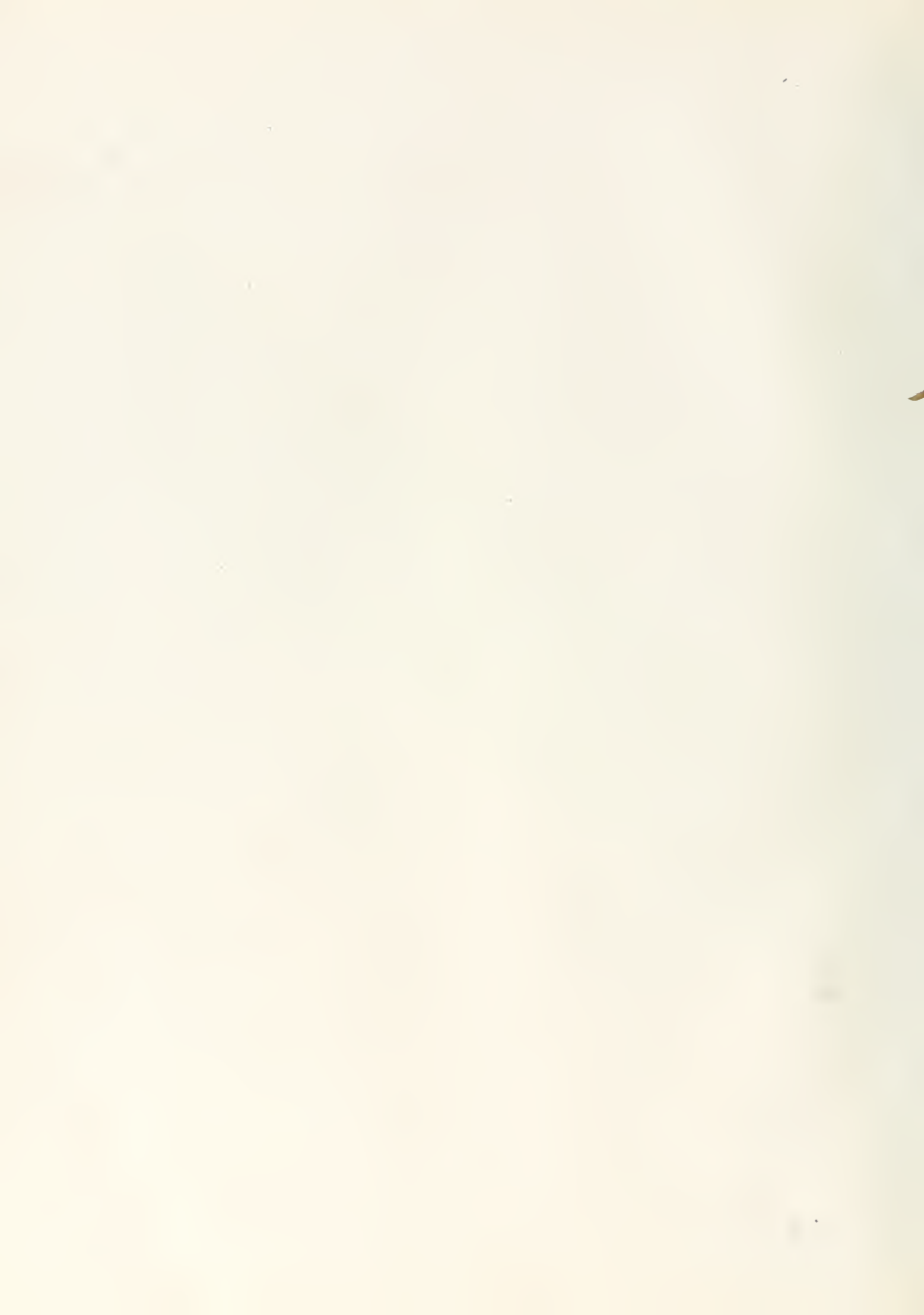
So here's to success,

My classmates,

Here's to the SENIOR CLASS!



- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| 1 | MARY GRAHAM ALEXANDER |
| 2 | LYDIA FOSTER BARRS |
| 3 | SARAH BARKER |
| 4 | EMMA FRANCES CLARK |
| 5 | FANNIE BRUNNER CAMPBELL |





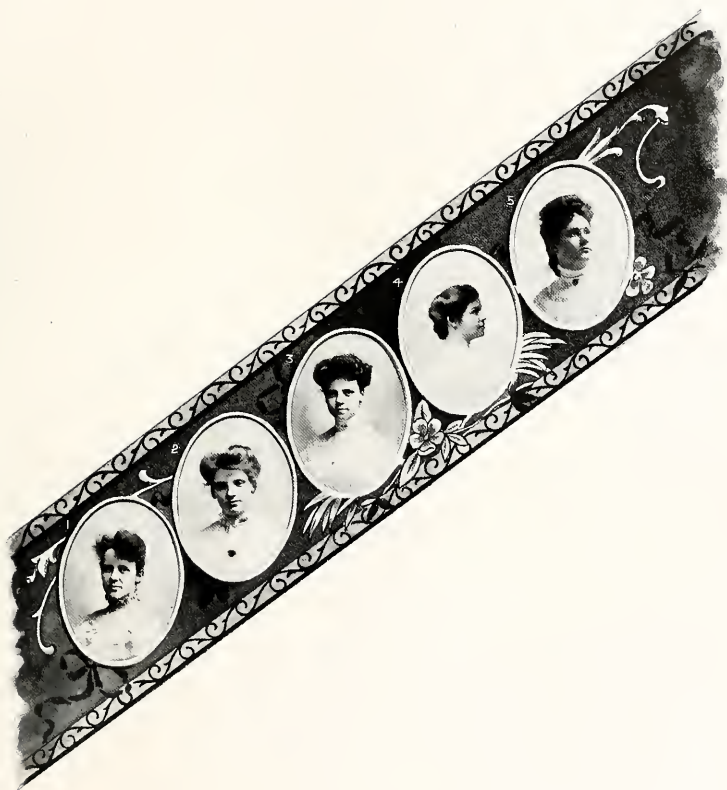
- 1 ANNA RUSSELL COLE
- 2 ANNA MARTHA COOPER
- 3 MARY SUE CUMMINS
- 4 ELIZABETH DALLAS
- 5 MARY CALDWELL DAVENPORT



- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| 1 | ALICE SPENCER HALL |
| 2 | MARGARET HAYES |
| 3 | JESSIE HICKS |
| 4 | ZERELDA INGRAM |
| 5 | CLARA MAI KELLY |



- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| 1 | HORTENSE LEBECK |
| 2 | MARTHA LIPSCOMB |
| 3 | SARAH MORGAN |
| 4 | JEAN McDONALD |
| 5 | JESSIE ILLMA MCPHAIL |



- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| 1 | MARY PAXTON PENNINGTON |
| 2 | MARY ROSE PRINGLE |
| 3 | ANNE RICHARDSON |
| 4 | MARY ELLEN SELMAN |
| 5 | MARCIA SELLERS |



- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| 1 | JESSIE CUNNINGHAM SMITH |
| 2 | WILLELLA VIOLA STUMP |
| 3 | ELOISE SIMMS WHITE |
| 4 | MARGARET MCGAVOCK VARRBROUGH |

Senior Class Meeting

(Scene, Chapel)

Don't forget
next meeting
at third period
to-day. All
Seniors come!
Anna M. Cooper
Anna R. Cole

Blanton

The faculty and
senior class please
go to the rear of
the room for
Jennings's
speech and then
class to cabinet.
All go before
7:45?
—Anna R. Cole.

(Time, latter part of Second Period. Amid great uproar, Miss Jennings thumps vigorously upon the bell, and scowls down upon the disorderly multitude. Anna Cooper and Anna Russell stand meekly on each side of Miss Jennings, whose thumping grows deafening.)

MISS JENNINGS (in a martyr-like tone): "If I can have the attention of those girls in the rear of the room for a few minutes, I should like to make a very important announcement. The Senior Class will meet their Manager—" (turning around abruptly to Anna Russell) "where is the meeting to be held?"

ANNA RUSSELL (in a meek whisper): "In Miss Green's room immediately."

MISS JENNINGS: "In Miss Green's room immediately." "Now those girls in the rear of

the room may bring their books up here and spend the next two hours standing, not lounging, behind my chair." (Gives the bell a final vigorous thump, and the classes rush out.)

(Miss Green's recitation-room. Temperature 150. Number of scarred-up benches huddled together in the middle of the room. A generation of Nashville soot upon discarded topic books on the antique mantle in the rear of the room. Class tumbles in, some bearing Psychologies and a goodly number History of Art books.)

ELIZABETH DALLAS (gliding through the door as class settles down on benches): "Gracious goodness, Anna Russell, why were you obliged to have this horrid meeting at this period? I simply must study my History of Art."

ANNA RUSSELL (in impressively distant tones): "I am afraid, Elizabeth, that if I consulted each member of the class individually when I wished to have a meeting there never would be any meeting. This class is the most unpatriotic lot I ever ran up against. Here we poor editors struggle night and day, and you are not even willing to come to one meeting."

ANNA COOPER (*wearing a piteously worried expression*): "Do let's go to work. I am afraid we won't get half through anything before the bell rings. Anna Russell, what must we talk about first?" (*The editors whisper apart and make mysterious movements with backs turned to class*).

MARTHA LIPSCOMB (*looking extremely bored*): "Hurry up, you all; we haven't got all day to sit here, with our minds far from our beloved studies. I shan't get E. in a thing to-day at this rate."

ANNA COOPER (*facing the class with a flaming red dummy of the Iris, and a long finger-marked document*): "Girls, the most important thing to come up before the class to-day is to decide what shade of red the Iris shall be."

(*Interruption from the business manager, who has been swinging her feet and whistling a low tune*): "Now, please don't imagine that that thing is going to be the color. That book is only the dummy, and though you may not know it, a dummy is not supposed to be like the genuine article, except rarely in shape."

JEAN McDONALD (*smiling pleasantly and in an animated tone of voice*): "O, Anna Russell, I know a dandy shade. Just the color we want."

ANNA RUSSELL (*eagerly*): "Do tell me; any suggestion on earth to help the poor editors!"

JEAN: "A brick red as back-ground, with light pink shading."

ELIZABETH DALLAS (*raising her eye brows, and in a very pleading tone of voice*): "What does that word shading mean when applied to color in leather?"

ANNA RUSSELL (*impatiently*): "I don't know; but that does not signify. It isn't at all important." (*In a condescending tone to Graham Alexander, who has been trying to speak for five minutes*) "What were you about to say, Graham?"

GRAHAM (*looking up sideways from her History of Art*): "How are the Seniors going to have their pictures taken, in bas-relief and strong contrast to the background—"

ANNA RUSSELL (*abruptly interrupting, while the class titters in suppressed giggles*): "Thank you for that important suggestion." (*In a very emphatic tone, and punctuating her remarks with gestures*): "Every Senior who does not have her picture taken before, or by, February 27th, will not appear in the Iris" (*with deep earnestness*). "Honestly, this is no joke; and, moreover, no girl can have her picture taken in a low, round, or V-shaped garment. It's not in good taste for a school girl." (*Clamoring protests from Elizabeth Dallas, Fannie Campbell, and Marcia Sellers*) "Oh, please let's do. It's so much nicer than old plain shirt-waists."

ANNA COOPER (*who still wears troubled expression*): "Oh, we don't mean shirt waists, do we, Anna Russell? Just ordinary, common afternoon dresses."

LYDIA BARRS (*suddenly coming back to earth from the mysteries of psychology*): "Oh, Anna Russell, couldn't we have some quaint, strange illustrations along the margin of the pages in the Iris, sort o' gold and red, like they used to use in the old manuscripts in ancient times?"

ANNA RUSSELL (*very satirically*): "I fancy, Lydia, that would be slightly impracticable."

ANNA COOPER (*imploringly*): "Hurry up, girls; pray let's decide. Everybody vote about the color of the Iris. Those in favor of brick red with pink trimmings, kindly make it known by getting up on the benches and shouting yes."

ELIZABETH DALLAS (*endeavoring to step up gracefully, with one foot poised in the air*): "Shade of Jupiter, I can't step up there. I'll just say yes where I am."

ANNA RUSSELL (*taking down notes on a tablet in a business-like manner*): "Thank goodness, that's finished. Now, if you will kindly have the decency to listen to me

for a few minutes, I am going to read a poem, which has been written to represent the Senior Class in the Iris. Please tell me frankly what you think about it, but don't interrupt, since we haven't but twenty-three more seconds." (*A clamor from the class whose heads are all buried in books*): "Oh, gracious goodness alive, we haven't got time to hear that stuff; we don't know our next period lessons. Let's cut that out and go on to something that doesn't have to be listened to."

ANNA RUSSELL (*utterly oblivious*): "This effusion is entitled 'A Sweet Senior Maiden—'"

There once was a sweet Senior Maiden,
Who never got anything right,
She always omitted her G's,
And never pronounce ———

A series of jerky explosions from the bell over the door, which causes the class to put their hands over their ears. Everybody jumps up and makes a rush for the door, leaving Anna Russell mumbling away in the middle of the room.



The Revery of a Senior

3



T is the first of May. How soon it will be before the all-important day, the great day of graduation, comes. It has seemed as if it would never come, and you have thought with what joy you were going to welcome the first of May. What causes this different feeling, is it the time of afternoon? It is just at sunset; and now as you sit under your favorite tree, the old dogwood, with your books piled high around you, your eyes wander toward the west, where the sun has just disappeared, leaving its glorious touches on the solemn sky. The line from Wordsworth, "The clouds that gather round the setting sun do take a sober coloring from the eye that hath kept watch o'er man's mortality," keep flitting through your thoughts far more easily than they did several months ago when you thought it so unreasonable to be asked to learn the ode. Probably the very stillness of the hour has much to do with your mood and takes your mind far, far away from the books at your side. Many an afternoon you have sat here and dreamed, but then your thoughts wandered into the future—to the time when you would be a Senior, and even farther. Is it because at last you are a Senior and feel the weight of your seventeen years that your mind now returns from the future and goes to the past? Or is it because you are soon to lay aside your books that you feel the sorrow at parting with your schoolhood days, which you have always declared you wished were over? Probably even up until the end—of course you mean the end of school days—you never again will have such thoughts as these, but now they are overpowering. Everything else is forgotten, even the old turkey gobbler who every afternoon struts up to receive the corn which he knows will be waiting, has gobbled and scraped his wings, and done all in his turkeyship's power to let you know that he is ready to be served, and now becoming impatient, succeeds in getting the ear of corn on the bench at your side to fall to the ground, and there in offended silence pecks the grains one by one from the cob.

The old dogwood itself must feel that you need stirring; this old dogwood is even older than you; what a great age it must be, for when you first started to school it had an arm strong enough to bear your solid weight. It is toward those days when you were young that now in your old age your mind turns. You even remember the very first book you had, a Reader with wonderful pictures; and just as soon as you got home from school and were ready for study—study you called it then, but at last you realize it was only play—you would race out to the old dogwood, and with a squirm or two up you would go and seat yourself just where two limbs forked. In those ancient days little girls had pockets, and yours, to suit your

needs, was unusually large; there was a needle and a spool of thread in it, for of course when your tree had flowers on it you had to sew the leaves and flowers together into wonderful hats; then when the flowers went away and the little red berries came there were coral necklaces and bracelets galore. Besides the spool of thread and the needle there were shelled acorns, and bits of bread for the old turkey, for there was a gobbler in those days, too, not of course the same one as now, for there have been a whole series since that time. You remember shedding many tears over the departed gobblers; some died because their years were many, but even more because Christmas and Thanksgiving were days of feasting, feasts at which the turkeys appear, it is true, in the flesh but without the feathers. Poor old gobblers, they had to pay for the bits they got from your pockets; you would throw the corn away off and make them run for it, or, as was more fun, to tie some of the useful thread to a grain of corn and dangle it right over their heads, then at last let them swallow the corn, but you, full of the spirit of mischief, would hold to the string. True it is that you carried the Reader with you up the tree, but also true it is that generally the Reader had a great fall, and sometimes remained under the tree all night.

Then the days of the First Reader and the paper doll playing in the primary room passed by, and you found yourself in the chapel; a first intermediate, looking down on the primaries, and though you would not have acknowledged it then, looking up towards the seniors. Yet, though you were a dignified and grown-up girl, on the bright spring afternoons you did not give up your dogwood tree, though it was a wee bit more difficult to hoist yourself up, and it was lucky that the tree grew in proportion to your size and number of books. In those days the books did not fall so often, nor was the gobbler teased so much.

Thus two years longer you enjoyed your tree, but soon you became a Freshman, and then it was that you made up your mind to put aside childish things, yet you were taught that fresh air was healthful, so there was an excuse for having a seat built around the tree, and then sure it was not childish to feed a turkey, only humane, so still you were sheltered under the dogwood. Sometimes if you had time, for in those days you wrote themes and studied literature, not grammar, mind you, you would regretfully look up at your old seat, and what harm is it now to tell that once in a while you would actually go up?

Well, there was not much change between the Freshman and the Junior year; your dresses only grew longer and your pile of books larger. Yet when the Junior year came you had forgotten that you had ever been a primary, or anything but a quiet, sedate young lady, who expected to be a Senior. That was the time when all your thoughts went far into the future, pausing only on the vision of yourself, dressed in the most beautiful of white dresses, surrounded by the most beautiful of flowers, and a diploma in your hand. There had been a day, when in a burst of love for the old dogwood, you had declared you thought her flowers more beautiful than any, but in your vision there were no dogwood branches about you—only American Beauties, lilies and fine flowers. This all came to your mind while a Junior, the time seemed far away when your dream should be realized, and yet it was a vivid one.

Now here you sit; you have reached the goal; you are a Senior; your hopes are realized, and just this afternoon, as you rest here beneath the old dogwood, with the white petals about you, you have not the feeling of joy that you anticipated at the thought of finishing school, but instead a feeling of sadness, which has carried you back and allowed you to go over again the years of school work gone by. You do not think now of the trials of school, but of its pleasures that are almost past. You

wonder how you could have ever have wished so much to finish, and you begin to think of how much better you might have done, and this thought brings you back to the present. There is still time to do better, four weeks are ahead, and much may be gotten out of those weighty looking books by your side, so you begin to gather them up. The dark clouds of night are beginning to overcloud the sky and a gentle breeze stirs the old dogwood, brushing down a shower of petals upon you. Some are caught in the leaves of your books to be opened at some future day and found pressed, a remainder of this afternoon when you mused on school days gone by.





Statistics for the Class of 1905

Most Respected Teacher—Miss Jennings.
Most Popular Teacher—Miss Chapman.
Best Friend to the Girls—Miss McDnald.
Most Popular Girl—Ellen Selman.
Girl who has done Most for the Class of 1905—

Anna Russell Cole.

Best Athlete—Jean McDonald.

Class Doll—Mary Sue Cummins.

Funny Girl—Lila Nolan.

Class Sport—Elizabeth Dallas.

Energetic Girl—Sarah Barker.

Brightest Girl—Martha Lipscomb.

Smallest Girl—Hortense Lebeck.

Gospel Shark—Jessie Hicks.

Lovesick Girl—Margaret Yarborough.

Best Natured Girl—Zerelda Ingram

Grouchy Girl—Eloise White.

Peanut Fiend—Jessie Smith.

Hard Luck Girl—Mary Pennington.

Honorable Mention—Emma Clark.

Social Success—Lydia Barrs.

Neatest Girl—Anne Richardson.

Honorable Mention—Sarah Morgan.

Most Respected Girl—Anna Cooper.

Quietest Girl—Alice Hall.

Honorable Mention—Clara Kelley.

Best Student—Margaret Hayes.

Honorable Mention—Fanny Campbell.

Tallest Girl—Marcia Sellers.

Girl with Strongest Pull—Mary Davenport.

The Heavenly Twins—Rose Pringle and Jessie McPhail.

Winiest Girl—Willella Stump.



Class of '06



MOTTO—"Noblesse Oblige"

FLOWER—Golden Rod

COLORS—Gold and Green

Officers



AMELIA McLESTER	<i>President</i>
ANNA TREADWELL BLANTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
ANDREWENA ALEXANDER	<i>Secretary</i>
CARRIE DUNCAN HART	<i>Treasurer</i>

Junior Confessions



1. *Favorite Study.*
2. *Usual Exclamation.*
3. *Sole Topic of Conversation.*
4. *What is Paradise?*

1. How to get Latin without studying.
2. "Makes me *so* mad."
3. "Edward" and "Bill."
4. To wear a K. A. pin.

—ANDREWENA ALEXANDER.

1. Latin composition.
2. "I *don't* want to get up."
3. Boys!!
4. To live with Ellen forever.

—ANNA TREADWELL BLANTON.

1. The shortest route to Texas.
2. "Oh, Judy!"
3. Persimmons.
4. To be Queen of the "Varsity" Ball.

—MAIDEE BASKETT.

1. Unity, Emphasis, and Coherence.
2. "Goodness gracious."
3. ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
4. Rhetoric Room (?)

—AGNES BATES.

1. Subject for my next theme.
2. "The very idea!"
3. A good time.
4. Writing topics.

—MARY BARNWELL.

Junior Confessions

1. Next summer.
2. "My country!!"
3. — — — — —
4. A big box from home.

—ANNIE BAKER.

1. Excuses for being out of my seat.
2. "Oh, you brute!"
3. Stunts.
4. Wards—minus the recitations,

—HAZEL H. BRANDON.

1. The clock.
2. "I never get a bit of sympathy."
3. "My high particular."
4. When "don'ts" are out of date.

—SADIE BUCHANAN.

1. Literature—when Miss Chapman reads.
2. Has "preparatory" bell rang?
3. Lila.
4. Not to talk so loud.

—JEAN BRADFORD.

1. The most approved method of saying "I don't know."
2. "Oh, Boo!"
3. "The Iliad."
4. Ward—without Rhetoric.

—MARY CORBETT.

1. New plans for annoying Miss Mitchell in Study Hall.
2. "Great 'Scott'!"
3. My Brother.
4. Army Life.

—KATE WARREN CHAMBERS.

Junior Confessions

1. Dancing.
2. "I don't care."
3. Rosemary.
4. No light bell.

—RUTH COLEMAN.

1. How to stay in bed till 6:55 and then be on time for breakfast.
2. "How perfectly dreadful."
3. Minnesota.
4. A room without a transom.

—ETHEL COSGROVE.

1. Hearts.
2. "Oh, Mercy."
3. "Have you written your theme?"
4. A feast every night.

—EUNICE DEBARD.

1. History, because we have "dates."
2. "Oh, for a letter from home!"
3. "His" eyes.
4. Sleep.

—RUBY DUNCAN.

1. Nature.
2. "Oh, what *shall* I wear?"
3. "Him."
4. Never to hear "Juniors bring paper and pencil to class."

—ANNA EASTMAN.

1. His (s) tory
2. "Gee! how sleepy I am!"
3. Have you had your picture taken yet?
4. No more themes.

—MARY FLOWERS.

Junior Confessions

✽

1. New pranks to play on my roommates.
2. "You know."
3. Eating.
4. "Wards" (before I *came*).

—MARY GLAISELL.

1. June, 1906.
2. "Oh, you're crazy!"
3. Latin.
4. When I am out of school.

—HELEN L. GILBERT.

1. Land—especially Rye—land.
2. "Oh, shoo!"
3. Salted peanuts.
4. No rising bell.

—IVIE GRAVES.

1. How to keep awake in Literature class.
2. "Cheer up! the worst is yet to come!"
3. Gee, but this is hard to do!
4. Where Latin is prohibited.

—CARRIE DUNCAN HART.

1. "Jim"
2. "Oh, mama!"
3. Do you know your Chem.?
4. No more tests.

—ZULEIKA HENDERSON.

1. Mankind, because of its infinite variety.
2. "Oh, slush! get your rubbers on!"
3. Lessons (?)
4. If mother were only here.

—NEVA KERLEY.

Junior Confessions

1. Star gazing.
2. "By George!"
3. The weather.
4. Mail-call, when I get lots of letters.

—EDNA MOSS.

1. Chemistry, because of its connection with experiments.
2. "Great Cicero!"
3. What do you reckon we'll have for dinner?
4. The dining-room.

—JESSIE MOSS.

1. The dictionary.
2. "Horrors alive!"
3. Matinees.
4. To be head in Latin.

—CECILE MCCARVER.

1. Spelling.
2. "Oh, wait a minute, Miss Sheppe."
3. The Iris.
4. Where the word "topic" is not in the "dictionary."

—AMELIA MCLESTER.

1. A way to please Miss Sheppe.
2. "Come and let's get Latin, Andrewena!"
3. "Henry," "Van," and "William."
4. To wear a garnet ring, always.

—MARY GOFF PALMER.

1. The Odyssey.
2. "O, Wards."
3. Miss Chapman.
4. Never to hear "lights out, girls!"

—FLOY PENDLEY.

Junior Confessions



1. The art of story-writing.
2. "Horrors!"
3. Athletics.
4. "The Vendome."

—HENRIETTA PETER.

1. Chaucer.
2. "Oh, my!"
3. How to grow tall.
4. To get "E." in Literature.

—BERTHA RUSSELL.

1. How to get out of taking Geometry.
2. "O, dear!"
3. The theatre.
4. To teach school.

—ESTHER SANFORD.

1. Doxology.
2. "Sure enough!"
3. Woman's Rights.
4. To be distinguished from "Mamie" and "Jessie."

—MARY SCOTT.

1. Deportment.
2. ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
3. The school I went to last year.
4. To occupy the Latin chair at Ward.

—MAMIE SCOTT.

1. How to stay in Kate's room till 9:45 and then get my light out at 15 to 10.
2. "I cannot tell."
3. The "deer" in Louisiana.
4. "E"ase.

—JESSIE WILBURN SCOTT.

Junior Confessions

3

1. "German."
2. "I am *so* sleepy."
3. Why? when? where? what? who?
4. Fudge, fudge, fudge!

—FAY SHELLEY.

1. Some new way to please Ruby and Emma.
2. "Gracious!"
3. When I go abroad.
4. To be a Bloomfield-Zeisler No. 2.

—RUTH TINSLEY.

1. How to get a distinction.
2. "Now, really?"
3. Practicing.
4. To get my diploma.

—MARY A. WALKER.

1. ?
2. "My kingdom for a horse," Miss Thach!
3. "The gentle knight who pricked on the plain."
4. Mrs. Tony's.

—MAY WATKINS.

1. The best way to make fudge.
2. "That'll be all right."
3. The Good Old Summer Time.
4. To be in a "front" room.

—FRANCES WILLIAMS.

1. Theology.
2. "Rats!"
3. The Iris for 1906.
4. Not to have to teach the Catechism.

—SUSIE WILKES.

1. Plutarch's Lives.
2. Reely?
3. The way we do at home.
4. Eating "gubers" in Georgia.

—MAIDA WOOTEN.

Junior Toast



Hail! all hail to the Juniors! hail!
Here's to your great success!
And may your courage never fail,
As toward the goal you press.
May fortune be forever thine,
And high a standard fix,
That hard they'll strive who will outshine
The Class of Nineteen Six.





The Woes of the Juniors

(WITH APOLOGIES TO HOMER.)

3

ING, oh Muses, the woes of the tribe called Juniors; the harrowing woes that make of the fair tribe of Juniors, rattling skeletons upon which there is no flesh. For, verily, through many moons have they endured exceeding tribulation, and for many moons more shall they endure, for so it is written in the prophecies of the catalogue.

Lo, early in the morning they assemble with the tribes of their kinfolks in a great room in the house called Wards. And the house doth echo again as the hosts sit them down, and there is turmoil. And behold, the chief ruler of the tribes, even she that doth sit on high in the place of assemblage, doth descend therefrom and doth stand among the hosts and make words as follows: "Verily, hearken ye! I insist upon order; I *must* have order and I *will* have order." For fifteen minutes thereafter do they rend the atmosphere with sweet music from their vocal organs, and with sweet smiles do sing 268, while a man doth wave his arms before them that the songs of the tribes may be sweeter to hear.

Then do the tribe of the Juniorites separate themselves from their kindred that they may learn a strange language. But, alas! the tribe of the Juniorites do walk in evil and unsound ways; they do read from a book which is called a "pony," and because of their iniquity do possess brains which she that teacheth Latin doth declare to be bogus. She doth speak unto them from her mouth winged words: "Lo, abide you in silence and give ear unto my words. The stupidity of the Juniors is a sore trial unto my heart, and verily you shall all have U's."

With many bewailments and much flowing water from out the eyes do they betake themselves to a room wherein they do learn to draw strange figures. But, alas, the learned pedagogue doth lift her hands to wring them withal and doth speak with her mouth thusly: "Ye gods, ye gods! I am so nervous I could fly. Drawing wisdom from thy empty heads verily is like unto extracting teeth. Were it not for thee, Mary, daughter of Barnwell, I should long since have been laid to repose with my ancestors." Whereupon she whose name is Amelia gently murmurs, "Now, O wise one whose name is Sheppe, I know all concerning this. Just wait." But sorely wroth doth the nervous one turn them forth, and on their feet they depart therefrom unto a meeting which is called daily together by the awe-inspiring ruler of fire-darting eyes. Now, she of the fierce look is frequently much perturbed in her spirits by the movements which certain of the other tribes do make with their feet across the floor, and the sounds they do form with their lips. Therefore doth she make harangue thusly: "Verily he who doth arise again from his seat shall surely stand upon his legs in that spot wherein I find him with my eyes until I do command him to stir therefrom." Now speaks the ruler unto Mary, whose second name is Goff: "Say unto me what you

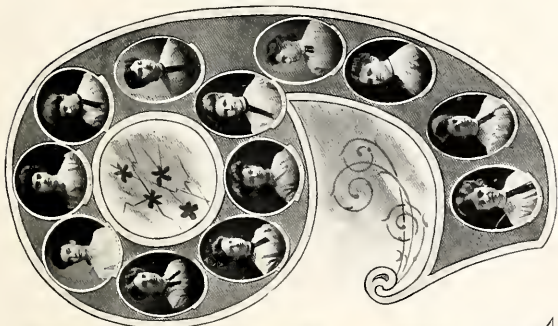
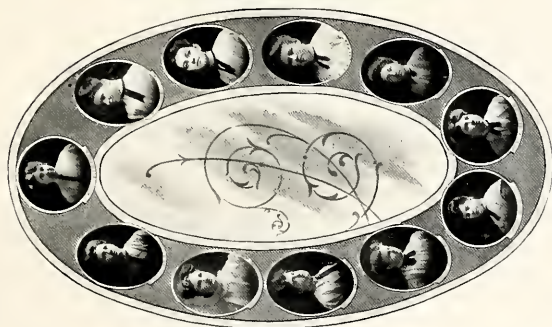
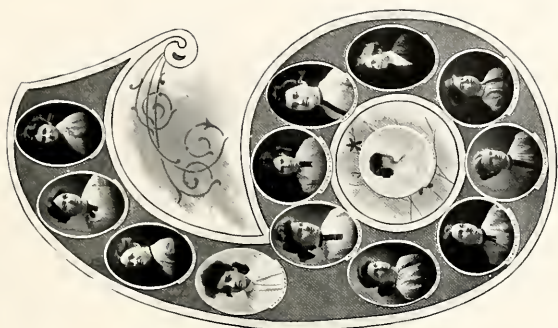
know about Cæsar, who, without the shadow of a doubt, was a most *extraordinary* man." And Mary makes answer for fifteen minutes. Hereupon doth there come unto the side of the ruler a black woman who doth bear a message withal. She of the keen eyes doth glower upon the black woman so that her knees do tremble beneath her and doth remark that she simply *cannot* be so *continually* interrupted, but doth also arise and with a loud voice make inquiry whether Kate Chambers be in the room, and doth say, "Well, where dwelleth the damsel Kate, surnamed Chambers? Verily, anybody that doth set their eyes upon her make request that she draw nigh unto my presence immediately if not sooner." Then doth speak one named Mabel concerning that man Alba Longa, so that laughter unquenchable doth arise from out the mouths of the Junior History class.

And straightway do they repair unto that place wherein doth sit in state she surnamed Chapman, that giveth many U's and few E's, she that believeth in much air and much washing in water withal, and doth make frequent harangue thereon. Now, the air of the room wherein sitteth she named Chapman is purified by the outside atmosphere which doth enter in through five open windows. And, verily, icicles do hang about the ceiling and the wintry blasts do blow away the manuscripts of the Juniorites. And, lo, the stern aspect of the wise woman doth strike terror to the hearts of the timid. She doth open her mouth in speech unto Andrewena, scribe of the Juniors, saying: "Miss Alexander, thou of the slothful tribes of Wards, which do nothing but eat and sleep, do thou repeat unto me a few chapters of Chaucer." And verily Andrewena cannot. Then is the wise woman wroth, and doth speak winged words into the ambrosial air as follow: "Behold, thou shalt in nowise get an E, thou nor any of thy idle kindred, saving only one or two. And, verily, shalt thou be far from my heart, which shall be even the worse for thee." Then doth she also make a question unto her surnamed Scruggs, who truly doth patronize "The Grand" in preferment to "Everyman." And, lo, the foolish one who did not attend "Everyman" answers, "I do not know," and for her also is it even the worse. And concerning Esther, the trifler, and all others of the tribe of iniquitous Juniors, doth she pronounce hard things from her heart. They do fan themselves with bricks and feathers and 'tis like would ne'er recover were it not that at this time their souls are refreshed with beefsteaks and distilled water.

And, behold, in the last hour are they committed unto the instructions of one named Green, that they may become authors. And verily the Juniors do write thrilling stories, sublime descriptions and weighty arguments. But, alas! she named Green doth find many flaws, and doth not appreciate the genius of the Juniors. And, verily, she doth make with her lips embarrassing comment and doth cause red blushes to appear on the fair cheeks of the Juniors, through great depths of Mennen's talcum powder withal. But surely unto her called Anna and her named Carrie Duncan doth she ever hand out a sweet smile.

And, lo, here endeth the tale of the woes of the Juniors.

ETHEL C. COSGROVE.



SOPHOMORE.



"My Lady Sophomore"



My lady in the motor car
How cute and coy your blushes are!
Ah, tell me truly I implore
Are you my lady Sophomore?
Two years of test before you lie,
And puzzling paths your wits defy.
There's many a sum to vex your soul,
Before you reach the happy goal,
Against the dangers dark insure
And let me be your brave chauffeur.

Ah, lovely lady turn your eyes,
To where the shining portals rise,
For Cupid with his piercing dart
Lurks by the way to wound your heart,
But flowers bloom 'round yonder gate
To crown you sweet girl graduate.

Things Well To Be Remembered



WAYS sit in a dignified position in Literature, and never look as though you are going to sleep. Topics must appear on scene of action on Monday.

Be sure to keep the seat assigned to you in History and keep clear of the back row.

In Algebra always have two things equaling each other in order that Axiom I may be put in parenthesis. No example with less than two hundred steps will be accepted.

Beware of all quadrupeds in Latin, and above all things do not get trapped.

"Not to the point" is a most terrible thing to have written on topics, themes, etc.

It is well to at least read your Bible lesson over before coming to class.

Lastly, in all things live up to the standing (?) of a Sophomore.

Sophomore Toast



Here's to old Wards, dear white and gold,

Here's to her teachers, too;

Here's to the pupils within her fold,

Here's to uniforms blue;

Here's to our lessons, long and hard,

To "E's" our ambition soars;

Here's to the finest class in Wards,

Here's to the Sophomores.





Freshman Class



Motto—"To thine own self be true"

FLOWER—Trumpet Vine

COLORS—Red and Green

Officers



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RACHEL HOWELL	FLORENCE HUDGEL
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MARY LINDA MANIER	MARIAN McTYEIRE
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MARY STUART CONGLETON	ANNIE CARROLL
ANNIE HAWKINS	JENCY HAWKINS
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LOUISE McCLELLAN	HELEN NELSON
MARY PENTICOST	NELSON SAVAGE
MARY SPERRY	BESSIE TURNER
OLLIE WEED	JOSEPHINE WILKERSON
MARY WILLIAMS	LILLIE WILSON
SARAH GOODPASTURE	JESSIE MAY JOURNEY

A Freshman at Study



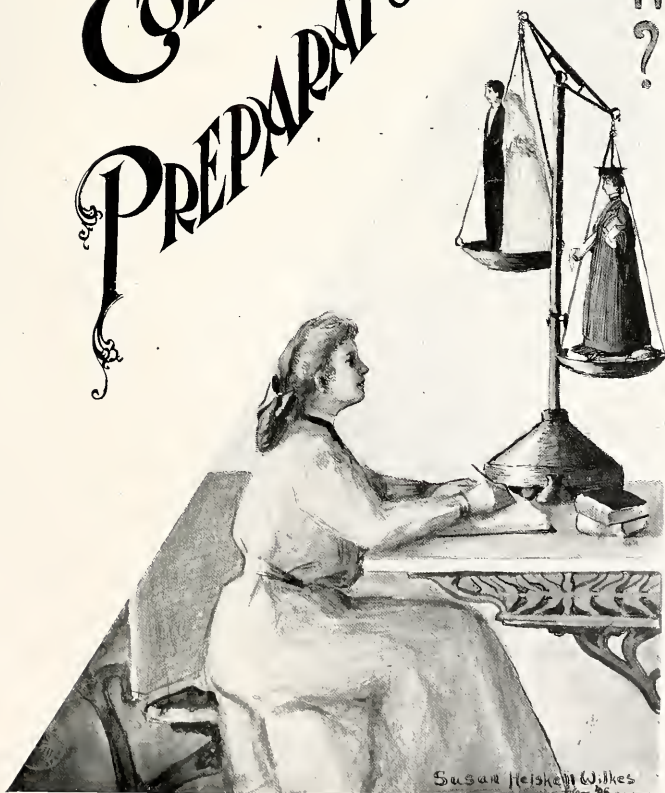
BETTY, I am so glad you have come! We can study together, two heads are always better than one, you know. I didn't—When did you get your hand-bag? It's the cutest one I ever saw. Did you translate that Latin? You didn't? I thought I could get you to help me with it. By the way, have you seen my new coat? It's perfectly darling. It's black, and I'm perfectly crazy over black. Let's work this algebra. Could you get the first problem? I couldn't either. I worked and worked on it and it wouldn't come out right, so I stopped trying. These examples in elimination are awfully tedious. Suppose you work the first by comparison and I will work it by substitution, and see if we get the same result. Betty, have you seen Jack lately? You did? How lucky you are! Where did you say for me to substitute? Goodness! Just look at the clock; we've been working on this algebra almost an hour. Betty, you don't know what you missed by not going yesterday. Six of us Freshmen went together. I knew you would be sorry you didn't go. O dear! This theme! I can't write it to save my life. The subject is hard enough for the Juniors. Must you go, Betty? I'm so sorry. Well, we have studied two long hours, and if we have bad lessons to-morrow it won't be because we didn't study. Good-bye dear."





COLLEGE PREPARATORY

WHICH?



College Preparatory



COLORS — Crimson and White

FLOWER — Carnation

MOTTO — "Get wisdom, get understanding."

Officers



ANNA BLANTON	<i>President</i>
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ANNA RUSSELL COLE	LAURA McBRIDE
EDITH DENNEY	FRANCES McLESTER
JANIE GASTON	KATE TILLET
LENA GODBEY	JUDITH WILKES

Second Intermediate

COLORS — Lavender and White

FLOWER — Sweet Pea

MOTTO — "Be true to Truth."

Officers



BESSIE SHWAB

President

GEORGIE HUME

Vice-President

MARTHA WEATHERLY

Secretary

THEO FOWLKES

Treasurer

Members



DOROTHY CRIDDLE

ALICE HIBBETT

MAY HITCHCOCK

BETHA TURNER

VIRGINIA WARTERFIELD



SECOND IN

INTERMEDIATE

CLAS

1905



Not photo

First Intermediate

MOTTO—"Do it now, do it well"

COLORS—Pink and Green

FLOWER—Sweet Pea

Officers

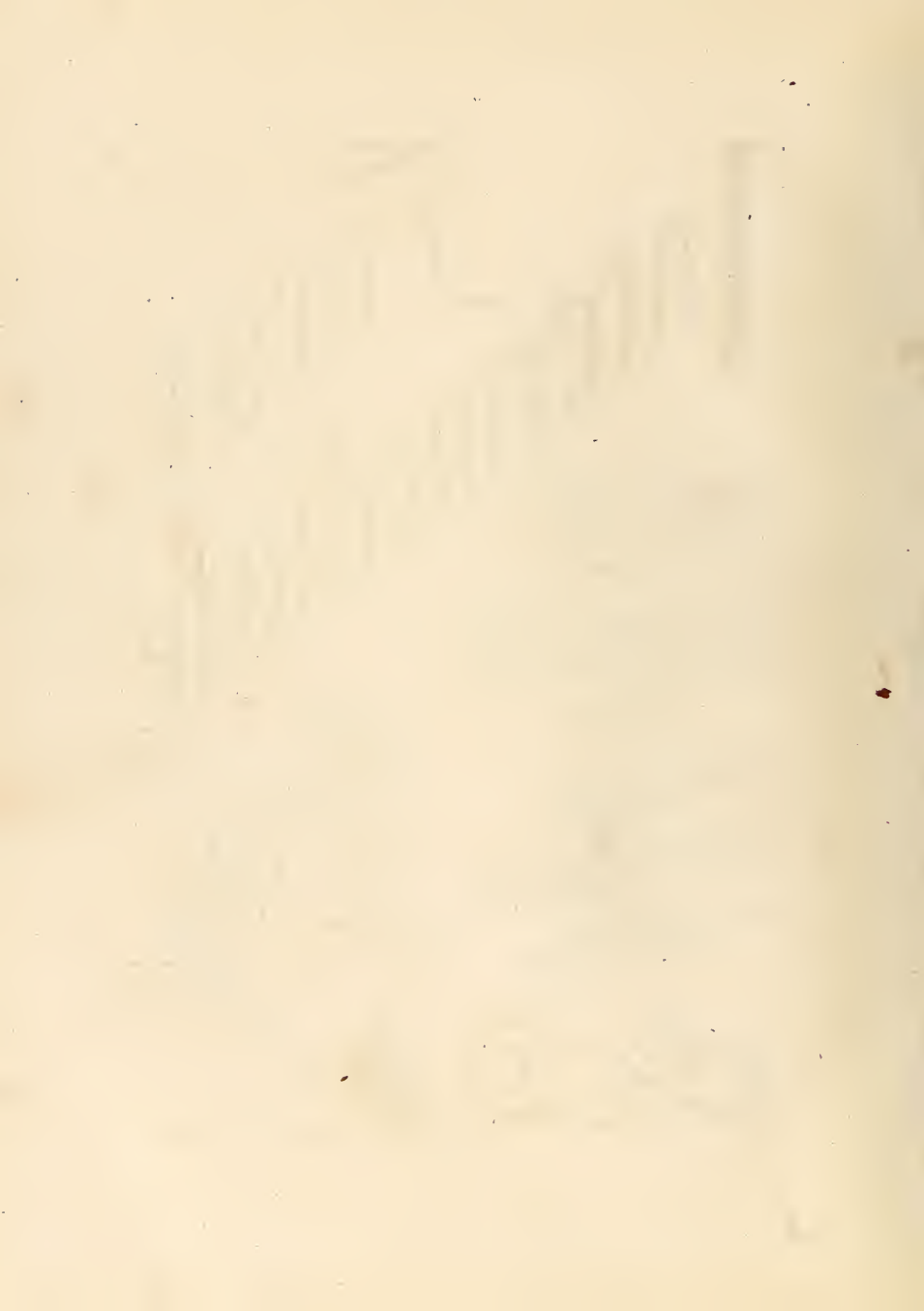
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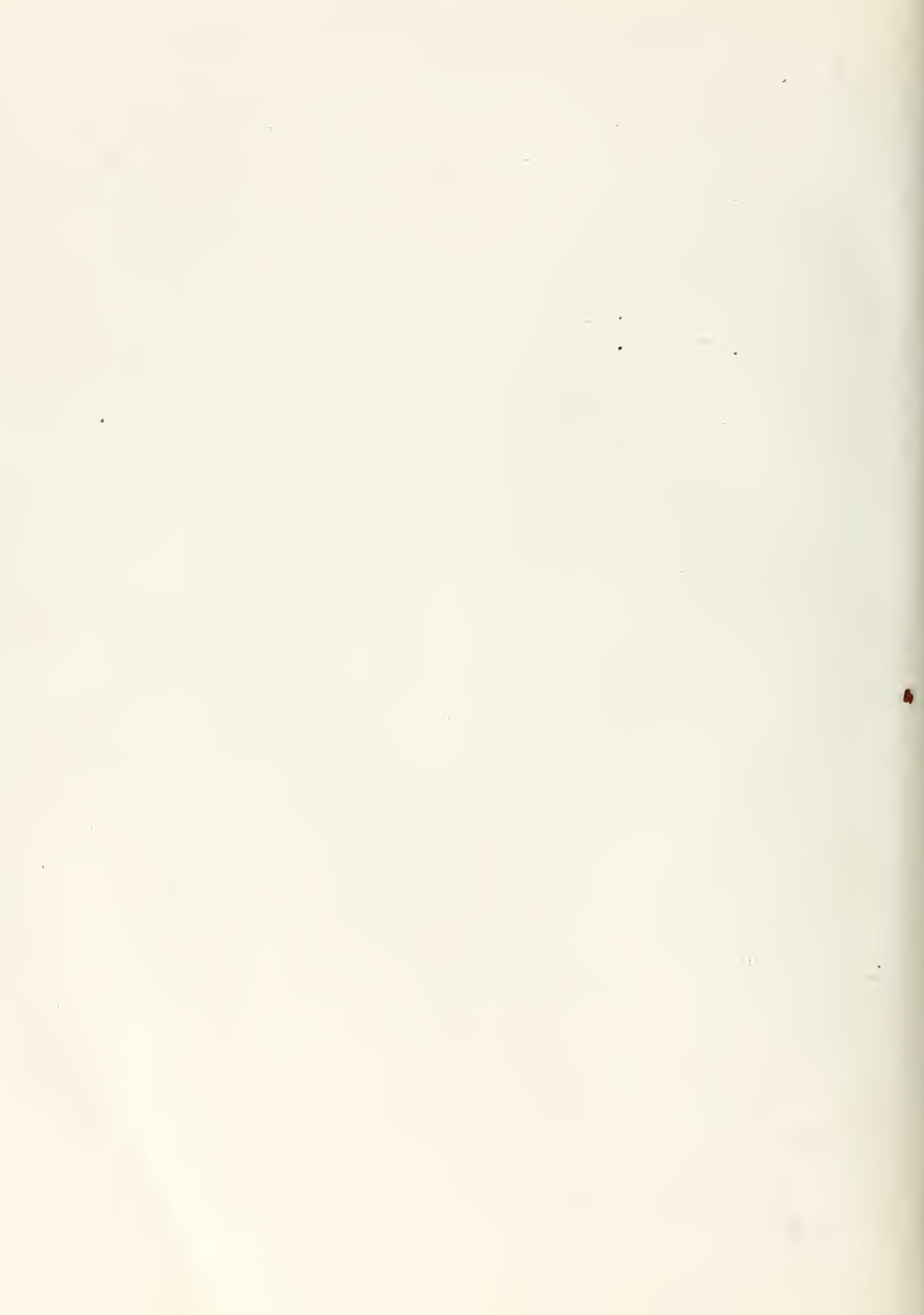


Mary Kilvington.



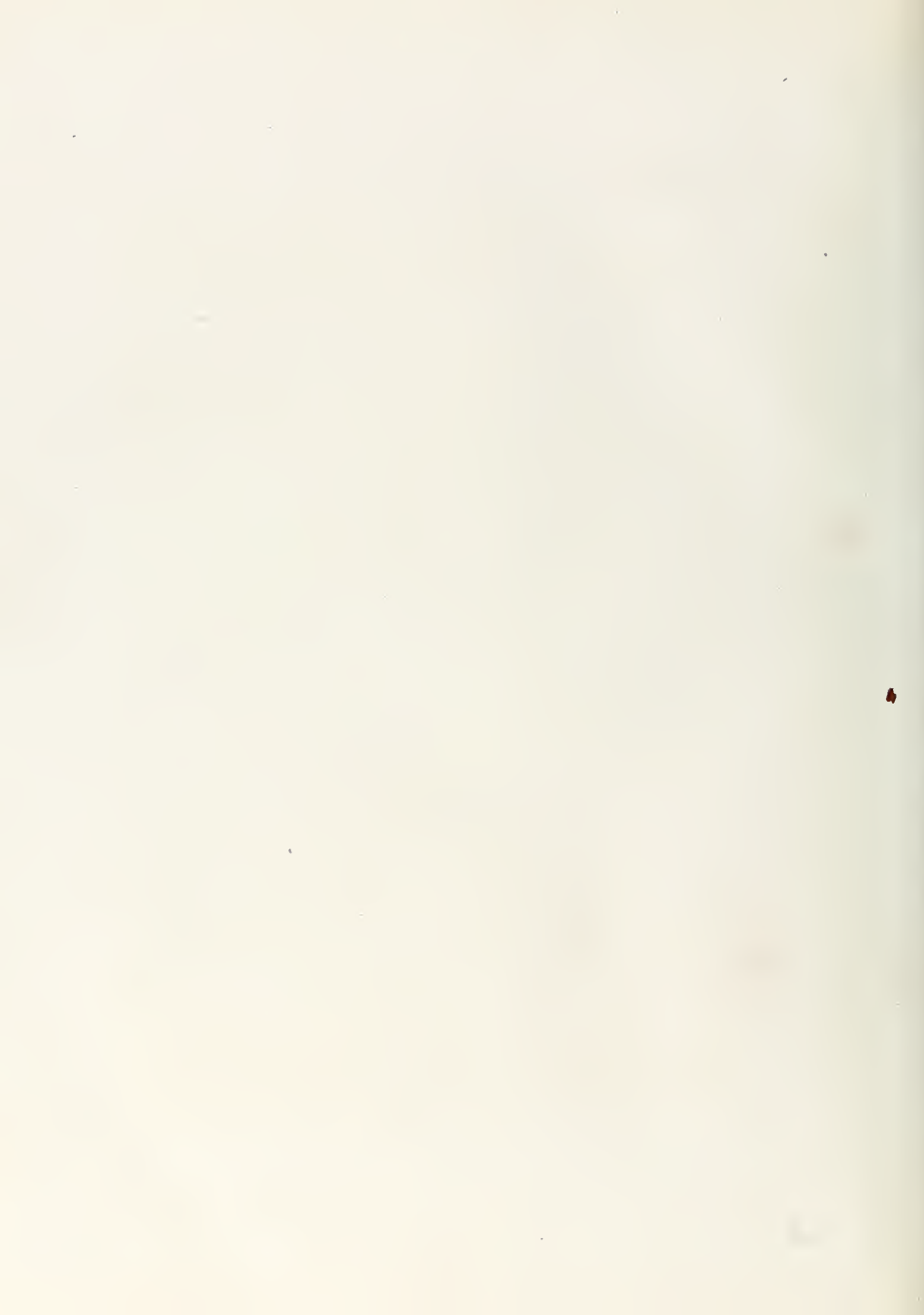


W. B. Photo





PRIMARY

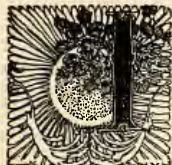




PRIMARY CLASS



The Burial of Peter



ONCE had a little gray-and-white cat named Peter. He was a promising specimen, and I had great hopes of his becoming cock-of-the-walk; but it was not to be. While still in the prime of his kittenhood, Peter fell sick and died. After my first outburst of grief had subsided, I concluded to hold a wake over him. At first my friends seemed prostrated by the news of his death, but visibly brightened at the mention of a funeral.

I and the minister-to-be spent all that day rendering the last services to the dead. We wrapped him in a white shroud and laid him out upon the washboard. He looked very gruesome, except that his tail would stick straight out from under everything, despite our efforts to conceal it. We covered him with a split pillowcase, tied at each corner with a black ribbon, and carried him into the parlor, where we established him upon two chairs. Then we tied a dragged piece of crepe to the front door knob, and retired to compose the burial service.

Our guests were unusually prompt that night. All were in their places, when the minister, clad in what was familiarly known as "Dad's long-tailed coat," rose to deliver her sermon. She started out bravely on the biography of Peter, but the very mention of his name caused such a tide of emotion that she was forced to wait until quiet could be restored. Her whole sermon was punctuated with similar outbursts of feelings. When she had finished, she took her seat, and another friend of the deceased read an impassioned appeal entitled "Friends, mourners, pallbearers, lend me your tears." Two other poetic effusions, sacred to the memory of Peter, followed, each one producing in turn a startling effect upon the audience.

When all were finished the minister, rising, announced in a sepulchral tone, "The pallbearers will now take up the body and bear it to its final resting-place"—meaning the watermelon patch in the back yard. Influenced, doubtless, by the custom in such matters, we had chosen two gentlemen to be pallbearers, and it was not until too late that we saw our mistake. Disregarding all customary formalities, they proceeded, literally, "to take up the body," ignoring the presence of the washboard. Horrified beyond measure, we flew to the rescue and persuaded them to release the unfortunate body. Peter's grave garments had not been adjusted with an eye to this emergency, and he had to be re-wrapped before we could proceed. At last they were secured; the minister gave the word, and the pallbearers started off, this time, with the washboard between them.

We followed them out of the front door in single file, I at the end, bearing a torch. They were half way down the front steps when a sudden cry of "Whoop, there she goes!" broke from the one behind, and we beheld him seize the corpse by the tail, just in time to keep it from sliding off on the ground. An unseemly giggle swept down the line. After that the minister watched more closely than ever to see that Peter's remains suffered no further indignities. Nevertheless, I thought we would

never reach the grave. While rounding the corner of the house the rear pallbearer ran into a post, and the other one fell down. Again it was only Peter's tail that saved him. They insisted upon carrying the washboard at a most perilous angle, and nothing could have induced them to keep step.

Finally, however, we did reach the grave. They were just about to drop Peter into it—and it seemed as if there was nothing else left to happen—when "I needs that washboard" came from the kitchen door. My hopes of the interment of my kitten began to shrivel; he seemed bewitched. But my guests were evidently more resourceful, for when I looked around again Peter was in the hole with a half inch of dirt over him, while the offending washboard lay serenely at my feet. While the grave was filling up, all those who were not shoveling dirt favored all those who were, with "My Peter, thou art dead," an original composition set to the tune of "Nearer My God to Thee."

The last note died away; the last clod tumbled into place, and all was over with Peter.

KATHARINE HAMMOND.



Peach Crops Come and Go



NCE again the graduation days roll around. Once again the sweet girl graduate holds regal sway. Florists hang out their "busy day" sign. Papa goes down in his jeans again for the long green and with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow seeks out the jeweler's shop. Newspapers begin their annual consumption of spring poetry "Odes to Girlhood," innocence, and all that sort of thing. The college boy, big trousers, and a little sample of the cap he is intending to buy on the back of his overworked head (caused by butting in) is seen everywhere; on the streets, in the shops, looking down on life's tragedy from the "roost" of the theater, or standing around the lobby of the hotel. He suddenly takes an abnormal interest in recitals, church services, receptions, musicals, and other forms of herding the people (a college doesn't make fools, it develops them).

On a bright May morning they gather. There's the President over there looking cheery and important. He is a great fisherman, you must know, and has written a learned treatise on "How to prevent bad effects caused by the bite of venomous reptiles." There is something about this treatise that cheers and brightens, and it is needless to say this something comes in bottles. But the President's all right, and here's to him in Cumberland River punch. Near the President, foreign looking and distinguished, the cynosure of all feminine eyes, another member of the faculty. Altogether he is a pretty high-toned article, makes one want to say Monsieur and suggests the boulevards of gay Paree. On his face is a screamingly comic expression, seeming to say we are all here to kill time, and I'll try to sit through the performance. But he is the only one in captivity and must be handled with care. Our principal we see, sad-eyed at our going, looking into each loving face and thinking of the happy days gone by and the rest ahead. Ordinarily the mention of our names to her causes about as much enthusiasm to stir her as would Willie Brejan's name in Wall Street. Yet times have been when she actually seemed to *dislike* some of us. But now we know better; "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

The faculty is the primal cause of our being here. They are the ones behind the guns. They have led us down the paths of learning, out the long road of art, through the wanderings of the English Literature, around the log of Mathewmatics. They have unfolded the secrets of Chemistry. We all know what radium is and can easily detect sodium chloride and write the formula for water. They have shown us that the menial profession of cook is not to be despised. How often we have heard something like this: Suppose some day your cook left you; got sick, or was run over by a motor car. Husband down town telephones you that he will have an old college friend home for dinner. Now, what would you do? Thanks to our instruction, we are equipped for this emergency. Only a few minutes would be required to knock

together a meal, put a bowl of flowers in the center of the table, robe ourselves in a charming gown, and wearing the smile of welcome, give husband and old college friend the "glad hand" and happy look at the door. After dinner, while John and his old friend are in John's room silently inspecting some old book-binding and a new device for carbonating lemonade, we are domestically washing dishes. All the knowledge we owe to our dear teachers. All this and many more things. Perhaps now we don't realize how much good we have from our life in school. Perhaps as that crusty old lady out there in the audience thinks we are only giddy girls and know nothing practical. Time will show and all men come to her who waits, if she doesn't wait too long.

But let us turn to the main attraction, the graduates, the others are only a side show. They are all here. Here is she who comes from one of the oldest and best families in the State, and wants every one to know it. She is one of those charter members of this foot-stool. The Lord made them and then quit. The rest of us just happened. That's the rich girl whose daddy has the dough. He is the big fellow with the "warm" tie and "hot" waistcoat sitting out there. He has just figured on back of his cuff that daughter inventories about \$250 as she sits, and is wondering if it wouldn't be a good plan to get a detective to escort her home. Over on the end is the big brunette, strikingly handsome in a big black way. There's the girl with the dreamy eyes we hear so much about, and the cute little blonde, not to mention several blondines. But time flies. While we have been meditating the exercises are finished, the audience is filing out, only a few bad college boys left trying to flirt. To these faithful few also we must now say good-bye. Peach crops come and go, you know, and we'll meet you all when the peaches bloom again. Au revoir.



Notes on Health



IN DECEMBER the well known speaker, Mrs. — Townsend, gave before the school a series of interesting and instructive lectures on Hygiene.

The following are some notes handed in by various classes :

Notes

1. Never at any time take food upon an empty stomach.
2. Never do any work immediately after eating ; rest for at least two hours after each meal.
3. Do not rise before seven o'clock in the morning, and eight o'clock would be even better.
4. When asleep be very careful to assume a correct position and breathe first through one nostril, then the other.
5. Castile soap is good for the eyes, sand paper for the teeth, vaseline for the feet, and listerine for the hair. (Be very careful not to get these directions confused.)
6. Chew every morsel you eat sixteen times, and at the same time indulge in cheerful conversation.
7. Deep breathing and drinking a quantity of water will cure any known disease—even small-pox and yellow fever.

Suggested Menus

BREAKFAST

Force

Postum

LUNCH

Shredded Biscuit

Two Nuts

DINNER

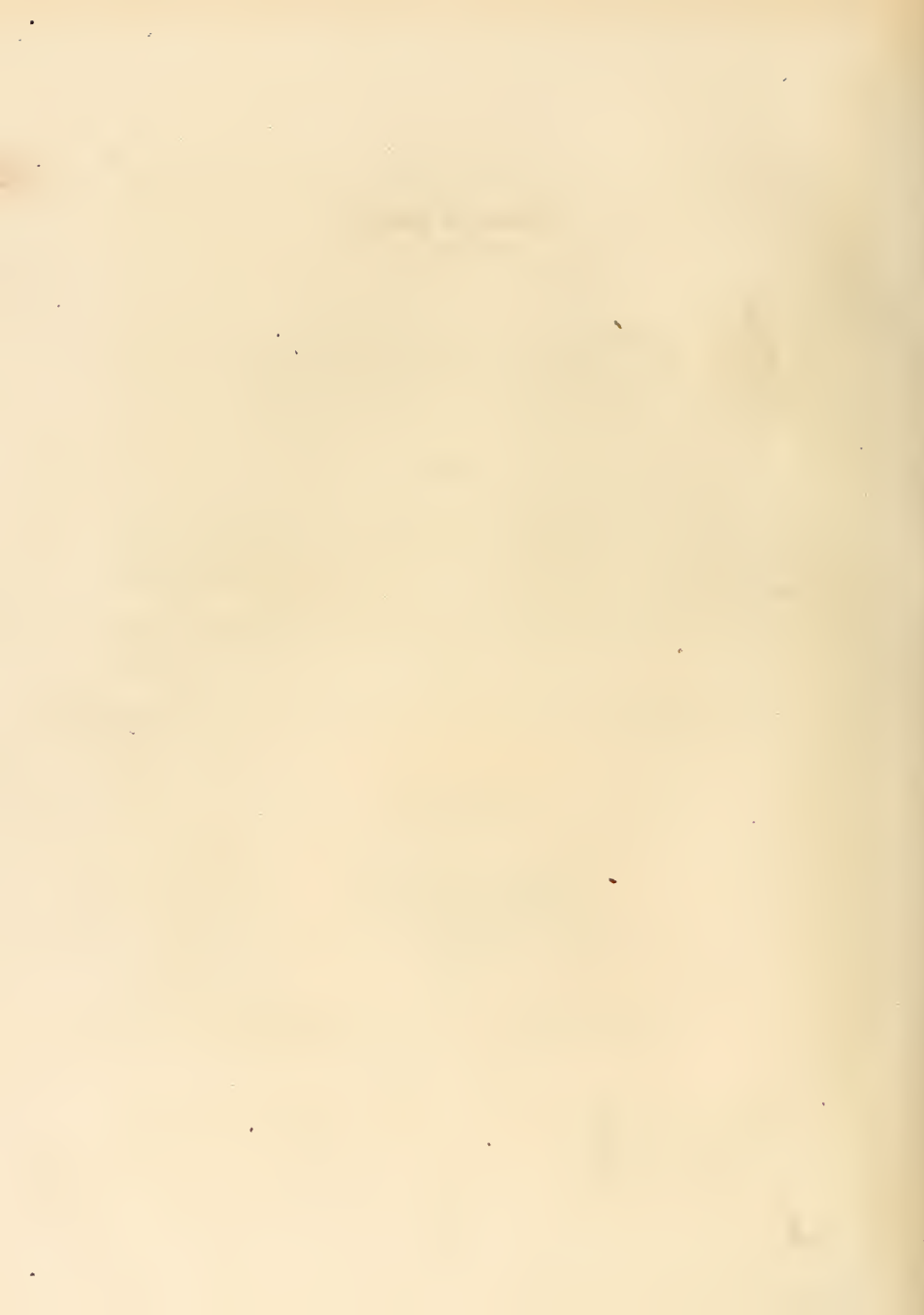
Clear Soup

Pettijohn

Two and one-half nuts (if the system should be in a condition to digest such heavy food)

Ice Cream (of Wheat)

Whatever else you may forget, *remember this*: Breathe deep and drink plenty of water, especially during school hours!







BEAR child of long forgotten years (tears,
 Who wept your weep, and shed your
 And even had your secret fears
 For pudgy plumpness yet-to-be,
 Tell us, had you but known your luck,
 Would you have tennised and croqueted,

AND sometimes would you have essayed
 (With marvellous sagacity)
 The old primeval game of ball,
 With strike and run and trumpet-call,
 Of umpire,—had you known it all
 Could not avert obesity?



IT is not gar-ments, you will find.
 She shapes, it is the hu-man mind.
 Woe to the crook-ed lit-tle brain
 That on the bias would re-main.
 She fells it promptly in its gore,

AND tucks the facts in, score on score.
 Or, in the pic-ture here, it seems
 That dain-ti-ly she whips her seams;
 But in the school-room, ope your lips,
 And you will find, it seems she whips



WHEN stealing jam from pantry shelf
And filling full your inner self,
Didn't know in future years that you
The cramming act would still pursue,
Gorging your pupils brains, I ween,



WITH Wordsworth's ode and Fairy Queen
And lines from Chaucer old and quaint,
Until your victims make complaint
That they are growing weak and thin,
Oh maid of years that long have been?



AH, little maid of long ago,
 Reading books that charm you so,
 Could you then your future see—
 The stern presiding teacher be

DAILY telling thoughtless lasses
 "No more talking 'twixt the classes,"
 Your young heart were vex'd, I trow,
 Little maid of long ago.





Anna Treadwell Blewton-

O HAPPY maid of early days,
 With all your coy and winning ways,
 Didst't know the lad that by you sat,
 Would stir your soul, would stimulate,
 Your choice of life work on this plan,

THE study of mankind is man."
 To solve by scientific fact
 The mystery how his heart does act,
 Thro' all its psychologic maze,
 O happy maid of early days?



MODEST maid of years gone by,
When at the spinnet you did try
The Monastery Bells to play,
Dreamed you that in some future day

AT St. Cecilia Club presiding,
Or through rag-time stiff fingers guiding,
For everlasting rest you'd sigh
O modest maid of years gone by?





Alpha Chapter of Delta Sigma Sorority

(FOUNDED IN 1894, NASHVILLE, TENN.)



COLORS—Light Blue and Purple

FLOWER—Violet

YELL

Delta Sigma, Delta Sigma!

Mazette, Mazette!

Dixie, Dixie, Dixie, Dixie!

Dum Vivimus, Vivamus!

Officers



LYDIA BARRS	Grand High Mogul
MARY DAVENPORT	Vice Regent
SARAH BARKER	Chartularia
JEAN McDONALD	Quaestor

Roll for 1904-1905



LYDIA BARRS	JEAN McDONALD
SARAH BARKER	ROSA McRAE
MARY DAVENPORT	MILDRED McRAE
JANE ECHOLS	NINA RAGON
ELISE MARSHALL	

Beta Chapter (Alumni), Ogontz-Ogontz, Pa.

Sorores in Urbe



MISS MARTHA LANIER SCRUGGS	
MRS. W. F. ALLEN	MRS. J. E. GARNER
MRS. JOHNSON BRANSFORD	MISS JULIA DUDLEY







ΔΣ







Delta Delta Fraternity

Beta Chapter

(Founded 1903)



WARD SEMINARY,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Alpha Chapter



RANDOLPH-MACON WOMAN'S
COLLEGE,
LYNCHBURG, VA.

Fratres in Urbe

MARGARETTE WADE
ETHEL CHAPPELL

ANDREWENA ALEXANDER
EUGENIA BARNARD
SUSIE HICKERSON
ISABELLE GETTYS
AGNESS GORDON
HELEN MOORE
FLORENCE PETERSON
JESSIE HICKS

Anna D. Blanton
Copied



DELTA DELTA
FRATERNITY





Beta Chapter of the Kappa Delta Phi Sorority

NASHVILLE, TENN.



FLOWER—American Beauty

COLORS—Red and White

Officers



BERTHA FOWLER	President
HALLIE HOPKINS	Vice-President
ETHEL COWEN	Secretary
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Roll, 1905



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ALPHA CHAPTER AT NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY . . . FOREST GLEN, MD.







The Argonauts



HEN Jason led the valiant Argonauts
From Hellas and Iolchos by the sea,
To sail to distant lands and do a deed
No man had ever dared, their hearts were strong,
Their faces set undaunted toward one end,
To conquer, and bring home the Golden Fleece,
Or come not home themselves. How well they fared
Has been in song and story written oft,
And needs not here my telling; but the Fleece,
The price of all their labor they achieved,
Fighting their way through dangers manifold,
And bore it home in triumph. Ages since
Have passed, and dark Aietes guards no more
His Fleece from Greek marauders; vanished now
The dragon and the dim enchanted wood,
And Brimo, the witch-huntress, with her pack.
But still for each of us there is a Fleece,
Wild, stormy seas to sail e're it be ours,
Dragons to conquer e're we capture it.
Still do we younger, happier Argonauts
Love the ideals those Minyan heroes taught;
Honor and courage still are dear to us,
Hateful are lying tales, and all deceit;
And, for the tasks that come to us through life,
May we perform them with a right good will,
And never shame the noble name we bear.

The Argonauts

(Founded February 23, 1903)

MOTTO—"Honor Binds Us"

COLORS—Purple and Gold



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THE ARGONAUTS







Sigma Tau Gamma Sorority



FLOWER — Lily-of-the-Valley

COLORS — Green and White

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Kappa Omega Alpha



COLORS—Black and Gold

FLOWER—Black-eyed Susan

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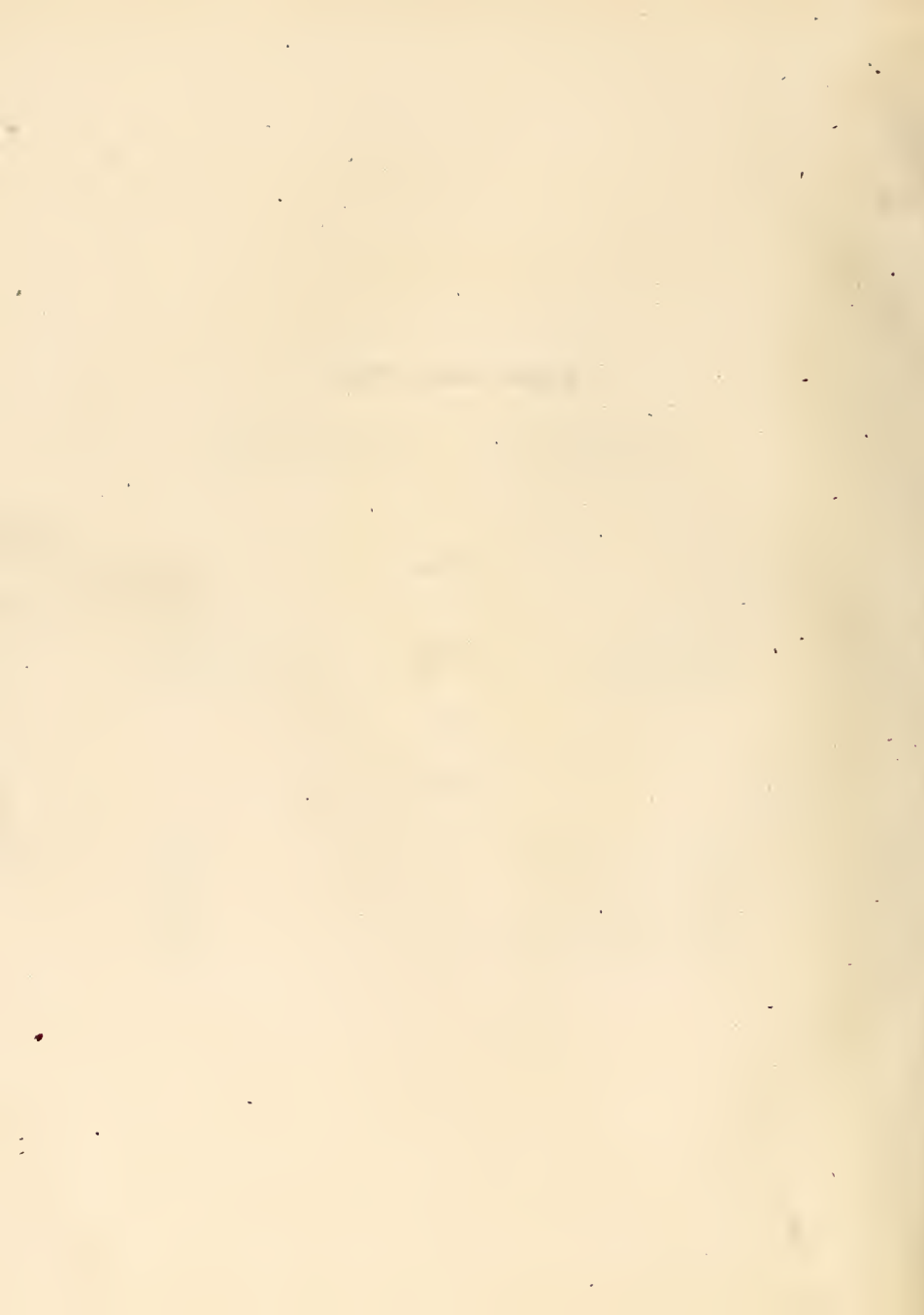


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Kappa

Omega

Alpha

T. 1900





FLOWER—Rose

COLORS—Black and Gold

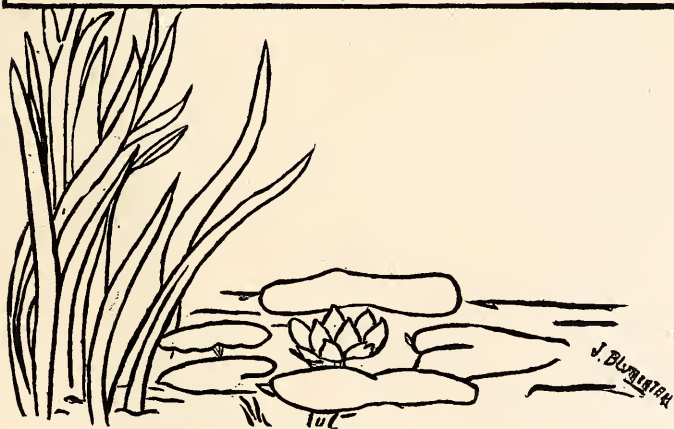
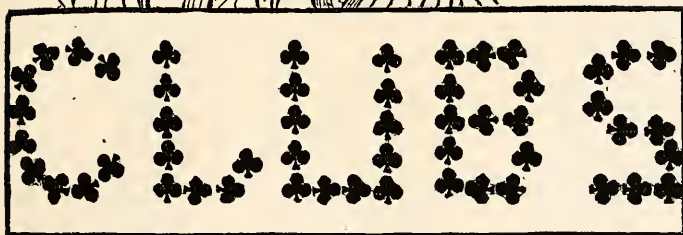
MOTTO—Truth, Honor, Loyalty

Roll Call

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REBECCA BAIRD
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MARY STUART CONGLETON
KATIE MAYES CHOWNING
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2011



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MOTTO—"Ais longa vita brevis"

COLORS—Purple and Gold

FLOWER—Chrysanthemum

Club Yell

Barum, barum, barum!
Barum, barum, baree!
Allegro! Presto! S. C. C.!

Club Day

November 22 (St. Cecilia Day)

STUDY TOPICS FOR THE YEAR

Saint Cecilia Club



October 14—Bach's Life and Minor Works.

October 28—Bach's Fugues: "Christmas Oratorio" and "St. Matthew's Passion."

November 11—Handel's "Messiah." Current Topic—Music at the St. Louis Fair.

November 22—Celebration of St. Cecilia Day.

December 9—Hayden's "Creation" and "Seasons."

December 23—Mozart's "Requiem" and "Magic Flute." Current Events.

Holiday Adjournment.

January 6—Beethoven: His Life and Influence.

January 20—Beethoven's Symphonies; especially the 7th, 5th and 9th.

February 3—Shubert as a Song Writer.

February 17—Shubert's "Unfinished Symphony." Current Topic—Some music we have recently heard.

March 3—The romantic life and tragic death of Robert Schumann.

March 17—Chopin's Life and Works.

March 31—Mendelssohn: His Works, especially "The Midsummer Night's Dream."

April 14—Richard Wagner: His Life and Influence.

April 28—Wagner's Works, especially "The Nibelungen Cycle." Current Events.

May 5—Music in America.

"East, West,
Home's best."

May 12—Reports for the year. Social Meeting. Adjournment.

In Memoriam

Dobey Myers

Died December 2, 1904, Aged Eighteen Years
For two Years President of St. Cecilia Club

And it happened once upon a time that there lived a little child who dearly loved music. She had no great gift herself, but a love that was almost a passion. She was happy when she became old enough to study, and the study was never a drudgery, not even the finger exercises and scales which frighten most children. She said that she really liked them, this dear little girl! Bach had no terror for her; she pronounced him "interesting." From the first, however, she felt always something lacking in her own Music, and often in that of others; a want, a something unsatisfied, "a nameless longing and a vague unrest." As she grew in musical knowledge, she felt this more and more, this cry of the soul. At last, one day, she fell asleep, and she heard the most wonderful Music; it was complete, satisfying, no unrest, nothing unfinished. It was most beautiful, ecstatic, and what she had always longed to hear, but she was afraid it would not last. She said, "I shall awake presently and find it a dream." But, no! she did not awake, and it was not a dream!



Y.W.C.A.

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19

05

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1905

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If you chance to be an artist and a person says to you,
As though it were a sensible remark,
"I don't know anything of art, but know just what I like!"
You may answer, "So do monkeys in the park!"



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Tennessee



MOTTO—"Honor to Our State"
 FLOWER—Marechal Neil Rose
 COLORS—Old Gold and Light Blue

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MOTTO—"Nos efforts pour la gloire de notre Stat"

COLORS—Olive and Blue

FLOWER—Cotton Blossom

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MOTTO—"United We Stand, Divided We Fall"

COLORS—Blue and Green

FLOWER—Blue Bell

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Missouri.



MOTTO—"Seeing is Believing"

COLORS—Purple and Gold

FLOWER—Violet

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Alabama



FLOWER—Wild Rose

COLORS—Emerald and White

VELL

Roc-a toc-toc!

Sis-a-boom-bah!

Alabama! Alabama!

Rah, rah, rah!

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MOTTO

"Peace and Justice Rule the People"

COLORS

Cardinal and White

FLOWER

Apple Blossom

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MOTTO—"Honor to Us"
COLORS—Green and White
FLOWER—Cotton Blossom

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TEXAS



COLORS—Yellow and White

FLOWER—Cactus

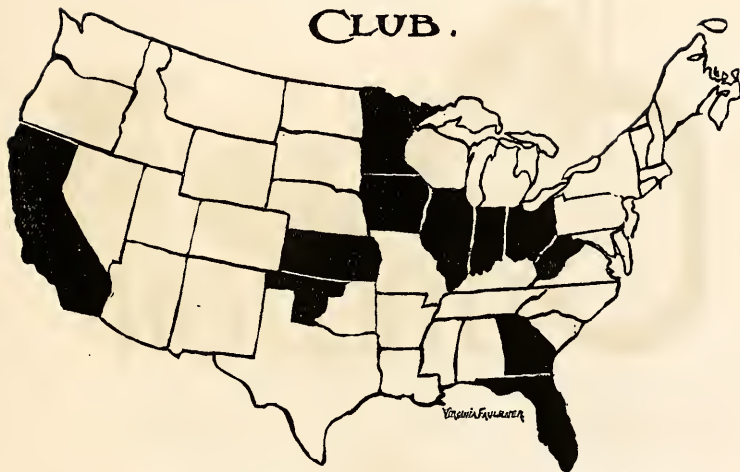
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UNITED STATES CLUB.



COLORS—Red, White and Blue

FLOWER—Goldenrod

MOTTO—"E Pluribus Unum"

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MOTTO—"We won't get home until morning"

FLOWER—Moon Flower

COLORS—Black and White

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MISCELLANEOUS

First Aids to the Injured



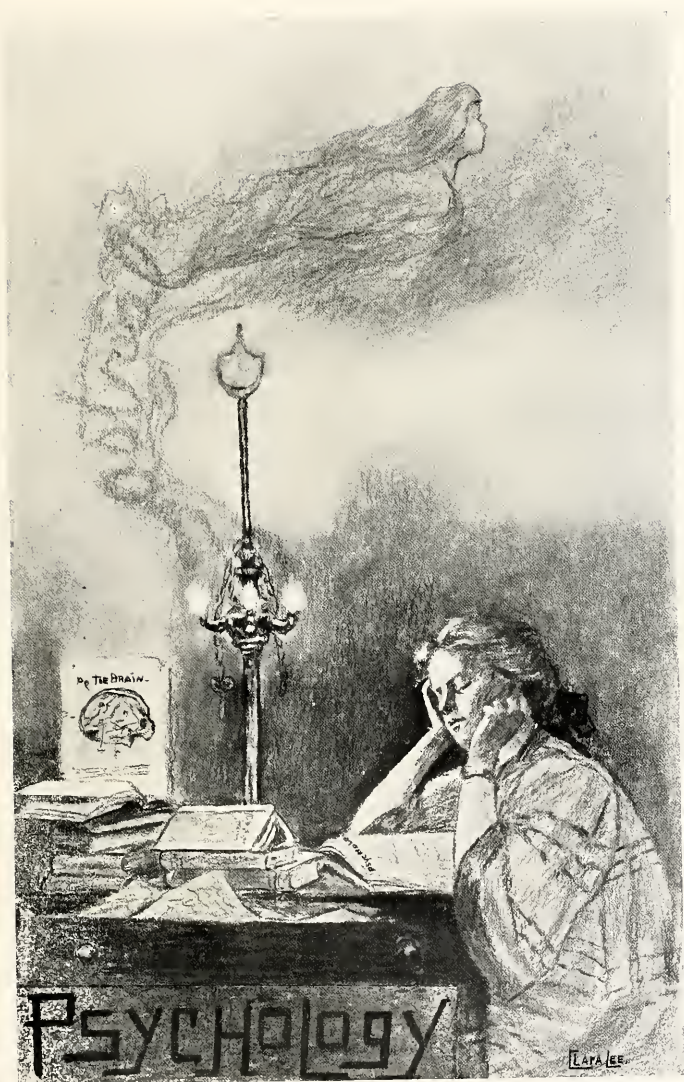
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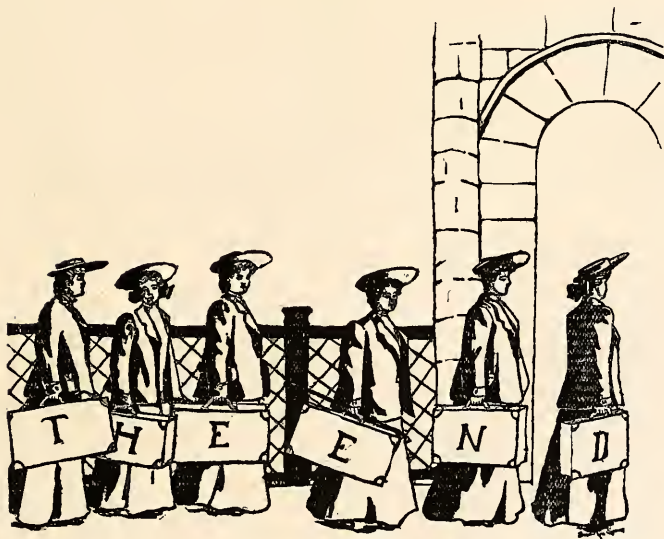


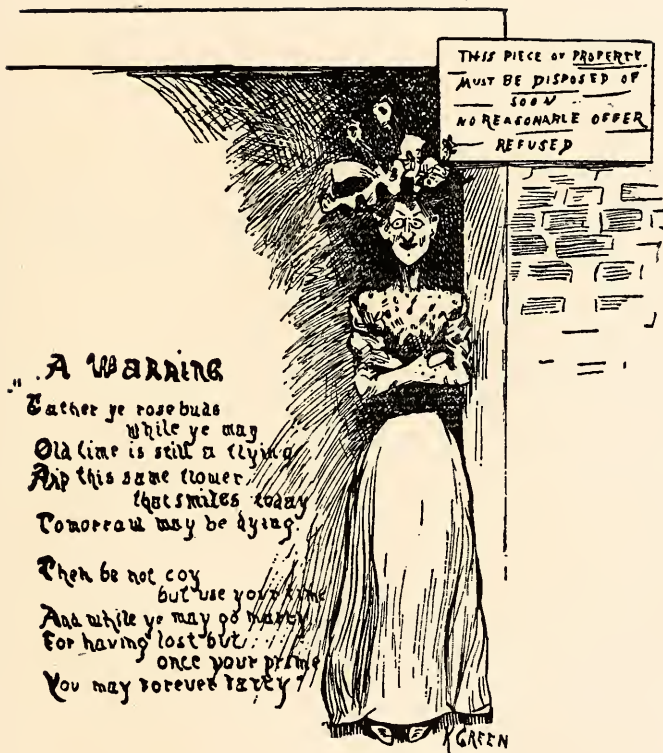
CLARA LEE



THE END! The last page of "The Iris"! What a motley array of things there are hidden among the leaves of this beloved red volume—photographs, stories, jokes, illustrations—a variously assorted mass meaningless to the uninitiated, but crowded with associations for the least of us. How much of our school life is bound up in "The Iris;" what a host of recollections this book will always bring with it. When we shall grow old and prosaic, a peep into our half-forgotten Iris, lying discarded upon the upper shelf, will make us school girls once more. Tests, class meetings, the chapel, the face of our "chum," the pride we felt in first wearing our class pin, a vision of Mrs. Tony's little shop—they all come up before us, "shadowy recollections" of the happiest, freest time of our lives, a time to be lived over in dreams.

Shut the book, only to open it again and again.





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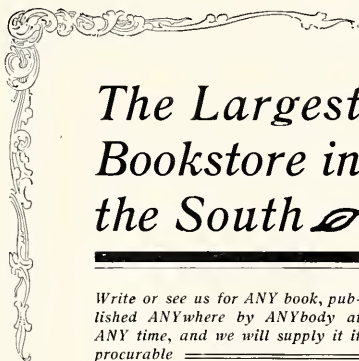
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