

A large, ornate, symmetrical decorative frame in a light gold color. It features intricate scrollwork and floral motifs, with a central oval medallion containing the text "WARDS 1900".

WARDS
1900

THE IRIS





Thos Cooley Scruggs—

May 29—1900

Nashville.

Tenn.



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Ward Seminary Annual



VOLUME III

SENIOR CLASS, 1900



he Iris



Not far from Olympus still
Do I, when gods declare,
Tidings of good or ill
To trembling mortals bear.



Paths happier to be trod
Now lead me from above,
One Master only—God;
One message only—Love.



GREENINGS

THE
IRIS

Dedication

To one who has been sympathetic in our troubles, glad
in our good fortune, and loving always ;
who has commanded our respect,
inspired our love, and
raised our ideals,

To

Miss Jennings,

Do we,
the Class of 1900,

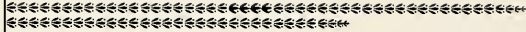
Dedicate this book.



MISS BELLE J. JENNINGS.



WARD SEMINARY



was organized in 1865 by Dr. William E. Ward, who, prevented by throat trouble from continuing in active ministry, by the advice of his wife rented the Kirkman residence on the corner of Summer and Cedar streets, and on September 2 opened a school with thirty girls present. By the succeeding

March the attendance had so increased that he purchased, from Mr. W. P. Bryan, the present site on Spruce street, and there for twenty-two years was President of the Seminary. His registers for that time show that more than three thousand girls were intrusted to his care. The life of this Christian gentleman and noble worker, whose aim was the elevation of humanity, left its mark upon every home thus represented and these make his most lasting monument. Dr. Ward's successors were: Mr. J. B. Hancock; Rev. B. H. Charles, D.D.; and the present incumbent, Mr. J. D. Blanton.

Through Dr. Ward's administration, Mr. Hancock's, and Dr. Charles', Mrs. Mary H. Robertson was Principal of the School Department. Hundreds of girls through the South remember her with grateful affection and are stronger and better women for her influence. Inspired by these influences, and by love for their Alma Mater, the Alumnae of Ward Seminary formed their Association. All will concede this most suitable, for by the quality of her work the school has won the right to be classed among the leading educational factors of the South.

During the Tennessee Exposition the enthusiastic graduates succeeded in securing Wednesday, October 2, for a reunion of the Alumnae, and at this the foundation of this Association was laid. On April 22 of the following year the first formal meeting was held in the chapel of the Seminary, and the Monday of Commencement week of every succeeding year was appointed Alumnae Day, the business meeting to be held in the afternoon, and the reception in honor of the graduating class in the evening.

At the first meeting Mrs. Edward Buford was elected President; Mrs. J. Horton Fall, Treasurer; Miss Lizzie Lee Bloomstein, Historian; and Miss Mary Lucy Mitchell, Secretary; and for each State represented in the school a Vice President was appointed whose duty is to look after the interests of the Association in her State. The present officers of the Association are: Mrs. James M. Head, President; Miss Lizzie Atcheson, Historian; Mrs. P. A. Shelton, Treasurer.

One object of the Association is educational, and at the last meeting it was decided that a two-years' scholarship should be given to the daughter of a member of the Association, to be conditioned upon the previous record of the candidate.

MADGE C. HALL,

Rec. Sec'y Ward Seminary Alumnae Association.



WARD SEMINARY.

Board of Directors

GEN. G. P. THRUSTON *President*

MR. J. B. O'BRYAN *Secretary*

MR. W. C. COLLIER.

MR. HENRY SPERRY.

W. G. EWING, M.D.

PROF. C. B. WALLACE.

MR. JOHN HILL EAKIN.

J. D. PLUNKET, M.D.

MR. A. G. ADAMS.



Executive Committee

G. P. THRUSTON *President*

J. B. O'BRYAN *Secretary*

W. G. EWING.

C. B. WALLACE.









COLORS : Red and Gold.

MOTTO : "What thou lovest, that thou livest."

FLOWER : American Beauty.

Officers

President : Katharine Cornelia Winstead.

Vice President : Maude Selig.

Secretary : Mary Earle Adams.

Treasurer : Mary Jane Blue.



ADAMS, MARY EARLE, B.L., Tennessee.

Diploma Elocution, 1900; Secretary of Senior Class, 1899-1900;
Vice President of C. L. C., 1900; Vice President of Kodak
Club, 1900.

"She towered fit person for a queen."

ARMSTRONG, ELLEN BAXTER, B.A., Virginia.

"Not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrops' inner leaves."

BARR, BESSIE, B.A., Tennessee.

Treasurer of Sophomore Class, 1898; Secretary of Junior Class,
1899; Associate Editor of "The Iris," 1900.

"Choice words and measured phrase above the reach of ordinary
men."

BEECH, VIRGINIA, B.L., Tennessee.

Diploma Elocution, 1900; President of C. L. C., 1900.

"Blithe of heart from week to week."

BLUE, MARY, B.A., Tennessee.

Treasurer of Senior Class, 1900.

"Comfort have thou of thy merit."

BURKE, MARY ELIZABETH, B.L., Tennessee.

"Modest, yet withal an elf."





CANNON, WILMOTH, B.L., Tennessee.

"Majestic in her person—tall and straight."

DAMON, MYRTLE, B.A., Tennessee.

"Alas! Who can converse with a dumb show?"

DICKSON, LIZZETTE BLANTON, B.A., Tennessee.

Secretary of C. L. C.; Secretary of Chorus Club; Vice President
of Kentucky Club; Secretary of S. O.

"Her hair was brown, her spherèd eyes were brown."

EPLER, MARY STEVE, B.L., Illinois.

President of Kodak Club.

"Heart and hand that move together."

FISHER, MINNIE, B.A., Tennessee.

"Kindly, unassuming spirit."

GOANS, EDNA, B.A., Tennessee.

"A gentle maid."



THE
IRIS
—17—



HALE, KITTIE, B.A., Tennessee.

"Sweet flower."

HERMAN, ELIZABETH ANN, B.L., Tennessee.

Treasurer of Kodak Club.

"The charm that in her manner lies
Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise."

JONES, ROWENA, B.L., Tennessee.

President of S. O.

"A violet by mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye."

LACY, SUDIE PARKER, B.L., Tennessee.

Special Music Certificate, 1900.

"A nun demure of lowly part."

LENOX, MAMIE, B.L., Tennessee.

"But not once her mouth she opened,
Not a single word she uttered."

MASON, EFFIE, B.A., Louisiana.

"She riseth while it is yet night."





McCARThY, ALMA, B.L., Tennessee.

Assistant Business Manager of "The Iris," 1900.

"For the four winds blow from every coast renowned suitors."

MONROE, VIRGIE, B.L., Kentucky.

"She is more precious than rubies:

And none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared unto her."

PARK, MADALIENE, B.A., Tennessee.

President of Delta Sigma, 1898-1899.

"Flower of womankind."

PATTERSON, ALMA, B.L., Tennessee.

"How wide the forehead's calm expanse!"

PRYOR, MARY BUCHANAN, B.A., Tennessee.

Vice President of Junior Class, 1898-1899; Editor in Chief of

"The Iris," 1900; President of Iris Club, 1900.

"Of all things good, you are the best alive."

RATHER, MARY, B.L., Tennessee.

"Thine eyes are like the deep, boundless heaven."





ROSSER, RAY, B.A., Tennessee.

"A brow of pearl
Tress'd with redolent ebony
In many dark, delicious curl."

SELIG, MAUDE, B.A., Louisiana.

Vice President of Senior Class, 1899-1900; President of Louisiana
Club.

"She was a woman of stirring life."

STRICKLAND, MARIAN, B.L., Georgia.

"All our dignity lies in our thoughts."

THOMPSON, CONN OVERTON, B.L., Tennessee.

Class Prophet, 1899-1900.

Business Manager of "The Iris," 1900.

"Let me play the fool."

WILLIAMS, ISABEL, B.L., Tennessee.

Vice President of Delta Sigma; Treasurer of Tennessee Club.

"Model of beauty, both in form and face."

WINSTEAD, KATHARINE CORNELIA, B.L., Tennessee.

President of Senior Class, 1899-1900; Treasurer of Delta Sigma;

President of Tennessee Club.

"Such strength, a dignity so fair!"



Old Maid's Memory Book, 1925

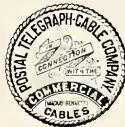
TABERNACLE LYCEUM

Friday Evening, Jan 16.

MISS MAIMIE ADAMS

WILL READ HAMLET

PRICES, 50c TO \$1.50. SEATS ON SALE



THE POSTAL COMPANY'S SYSTEM REACHES ALL IMPORTANT POINTS IN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH AMERICA, AND VIA COMMERCIAL CABLES, TO ALL THE WORLD.

FORM 114.

TELEGRAM

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WILLIAM H. BAKER, V. P. & GEN'L MGR.

JOHN O. STEVENS, SEC.

ALBERT B. CHANDLER, PRES.

RECEIVED AT

NASHVILLE, TENN.

75-BM. J. Br. 10 Paid. 8:05 AM.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., 29th. Nov. 1901. (WHERE ANY REPLY SHOULD BE SENT.)

Miss Conn. O. Thompson,

Franklin Road, Nashville, Tenn.

Jack and I will arrive on the ten-fifty train.

KATIE NEAL DOOLITTLE.

Mr. Thomas Lanier Williams

requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of his daughter,

Isabel,

to

Mr. Muluyc Myllyen Syre,

Wednesday evening, November the ninth,

nineteen hundred and three,

at eight o'clock.

THE
IRAS
—25—

MARY J. BLUE, M.A., PRESIDENT.
MARY B. PRYOR, VICE PRES.

ELLEN ARMSTRONG, SECRETARY.

THE GIRLS' LATIN SCHOOL, BOSTON, MASS.

PREPARES FOR COLLEGE.
LATIN, GREEK, AND MATHEMATICS
A SPECIALTY.



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...issioner General Luke Wright.

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Goodlettsville was all astir last night, the occasion being the debut of Miss Elizabeth Ann Herman, the charming daughter of Mrs. K. S. Herman. Their beautiful home was artistically decorated with palms and cut flowers, and from behind a screen of evergreens strains of soft music filled the air. Miss Herman was gowned in a Parisian creation of white silk mull over taffeta, and looked the veritable queen of society that she is to be. Those receiving with Miss Herman were: Misses Burke, Lacy, Lenox, and Mrs. Tom Verasopht (*née* Madeline Park), and with their charms lent grace and enjoyment to the occasion.

Pastor N. D. Hillis, of Plymouth
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comfort and consolation.

CANNON-BYG-ACRES.

Mr. Sam. Cannon announces the betrothal of his daughter, Miss Wilmoth P. Cannon, to Mr. Bob Byg-Acres.

The monthly statement of the pub-
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Yokohama,
 is now prevalent in Osaka. The
 quarantine will be reimposed.

MISS RATHER'S HOUSE PARTY.

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the season is the house party given by Miss Rather, the charming and attractive daughter of Mr. Rather. It is needless to say that the guests are being universally admired and entertained. Box parties at the opera, luncheons, dances, drives, and amusements of every sort are being enjoyed. Among the guests are: Miss Strickland, of Georgia; Miss Rosser and Mrs. Kittie Hale Smith, of Tennessee. These beautiful women are fair samples of the daughters of the South, who are everywhere admired for their charming personality.

The great Paris Exposition was
 opened on April 14, amid much con

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(SOPHOMORE YEAR.)

CLASS YELL—Rickety Rah! Rickety Rah!
 Century girls—Ha! Ha! Ha!
 What'll we be when two years
 have passed?
 Dignified Seniors, excelling
 the last!
 Rickety Rah! Rickety Rah!
 Beautiful to think about,
 Ha! Ha! Ha!



(SENIOR YEAR.)

CLASS YELL—Rickety Rah! Rickety Rah!
 Century girls we surely are!
 Rickety Rah! Rickety Ree!
Bachelor girls, we'll never be!

loss of \$100,000. Seven
 of cotton were destroyed. The losses
 are covered by insurance.

LEXINGTON, Oct 18.—The season be-
 gan here with the three-year-olds' race,
 there being nine entries. The favorite,
 "Ep," was an easy first, winning four
 out of five heats. "Ep" is owned by
 Miss M. Steve Epler, of Illinois, a well-
 known stock owner, whose horse "Pry-
 or," it will be remembered, took the
 prize at the New York Horse Show

George H. Brush, of Ridgely, Tex
 just patented a mach' b

MATINEE
Sat. Eve., Jan. 23
4 L 15

Vendome, Sat. Eve., Jan. 23
MISS ALMA MCCARTHY
— IN —
"LA BELLE PARISIENNE"
Prices, \$1.00 to \$5.00. Seats on sale

Twenty years old. Situation
will appear in a short time.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the
six books which have sold best in order
of demand during the month are:

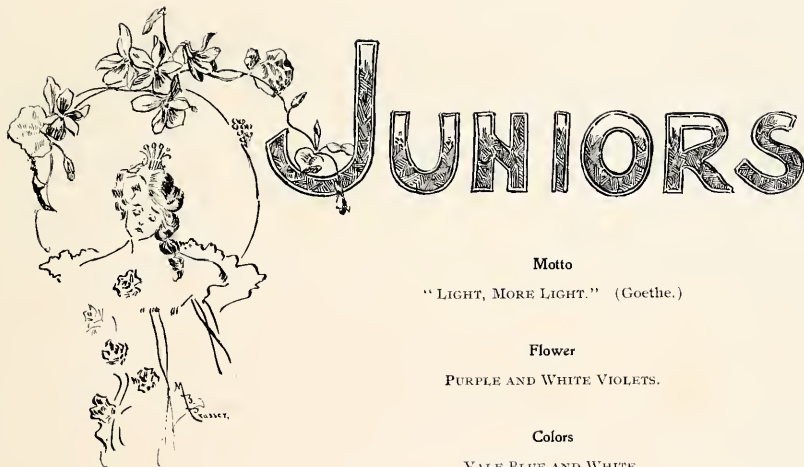
1. "One Summer." Virginia Beech.
(Scribners.) \$1.50.
2. "Bayou Ballads." Maud Selig
(Harpers.) \$1.50.
3. "The Snake Charmer" Bessie
Barr. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. "A Kentucky Courtship." Lizzette
Dixon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.
5. "A Manly Maiden." Myrtle Da-
mon. (Scribners.) \$1.50.
6. "The Science of the Mind." Min-
nie Fisher. (Small, Maynard & Co.)
\$3.50.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA

Nearly everybody, I suppose, is
aware of the "famine" which are



TAKEN ON MY FORTIETH BIRTHDAY.



Motto

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT." (Goethe.)

Flower

PURPLE AND WHITE VIOLETS.

Colors

YALE BLUE AND WHITE.



Officers

President : KATE WARREN CHADWELL.

Vice President : FREDDIE MAE SCHAMBERGER.

Secretary : REBEKAH KINNARD.

Treasurer : MARY ANNA GAUT.



JANE BERRY.

"Black are her eyes
as the berry that grows
on the thorn by the
wayside."

KATE CHADWELL.

"She that does good
for good's sake seeks
neither praise nor re-
ward."

MAUDE BUSH.

"Dreams in her large
lotus eyes."

HATTIE CUNNINGHAM.

"Silence is a true friend
who never fails."

JANE BILES.

"A generous soul is
sunshine to the mind."

WILLIE COWAN.

"Slow in considering,
but resolute in action."

MARGIE LIN CALDWELL.

"Good humor is the
clear, blue sky of the
soul."

RUBY EZELL.

"Kindness in woman
shall win my love."



JESSIE GANT.

"The voice is the flower
of beauty."

GEORGIA HICKERSON.

"Clever people turn
everything to account."

CELESTE HARRISON.

"Sweet expression is
the highest type of fe-
male loveliness."

FANNIE HUTCHESON.

"I know what study
is."

MARY GAUT.

"She who has much
spirit makes most of her
life."

EDITH HOLLAND.

"Work first, and then
rest."

HERMINE HAVERKAMP.

"Under a free brain gladly
beats a free heart."

REBEKAH KINNARD.

"The fairness of her
face no tongue can tell."



MARY LOUISE LOVE.

"Her face is full of
mirth, the overflowing
of an innocent heart."

LETTIE OWEN.

"Patience and time
do more than strength
or passion."

MAGGIE BELL MORROW.

"In thy heart the dew
of youth,
On thy lips the smile
of truth."

EDDIE RIEVES.

"The unspoken word
never does harm."

META MITCHELL.

"Malden with the
meek brown eyes."

ANN RHEA.

"Least in size, but
not in knowledge."

CLAIRE ODIL.

"A lovely girl is above
all rank."

LULA RIEVES.

"A good woman is a
treasure."



RUTH ROSSER.

"To be honest is to be one
picked out of ten thousand."

MARTHA TAPPAN.

"When women wish
to carry a point, they
dare anything and ev-
erything."

LILLIAN SCOTT.

"It is good to be char-
itable."

MAGGIE MAY WILSON.

"Individuality is
everywhere to be
respected."

FREDDIE SCHAMBERGER.

"There is no minia-
ture in her face but is
a copious theme."

JANE WATKINS.

"Tresses like the
morn."

MARY KEENE SHACKLEFORD.

"Her words are trusty
heralds to her mind."

KATE WOOTEN.

"The ideal of beauty
consists in simplicity
and repose."

BROOKS SPIVEY.—"Her cheeks are like apples that the sun has ruddied."

NELLIE WEISE.—"O faithful conscience!"

THE
IRIS
—31—



COLORS—Green and Gold. FLOWER—Marshal Niel Rose.
MOTTO—Loyauté m'oblige.

Class Officers

MARY CHEATHAM	-	-	-	-	-	President
JANE TILLMAN	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
NANNIE OVERTON	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
ELIZABETH GLENN	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Class of 1902



Class Roll

EMMA BERRY.

MILDRED BRONSON.

MARTHA CARROL.

FLORENCE CLANCEY.

MARY CHEATHAM.

BESSIE DUNBAR.

ELIZABETH GLENN.

MATTIE GOODPASTURE.

PEARL GUNTER.

BESSIE HEFFLEY.

KATHRYN HART.

HAZEL HIRSCH.

ANNIE HUEY.

MARY HUGHES.

FEDORA JONAS.

MATTIE LOU MANN.

ANNA MCCAMPHELL.

MARY SUE MEADORS.

MABEL MURRAY.

AGNES O'BRYAN.

EDITH O'NEIL.

NANNIE OVERTON.

SADIE PECK.

MAUD RIDLEY.

LOUISE SHWAR.

THEO. SCRUGGS.

ALVA SCUDDAY.

ADINE SMITH.

MAUD STEBBINS.

LIZA TALLY.

LENA TAMBLE.

IDA THOMPSON.

JANE TILLMAN.

MARY WEBB.

LILLIAN WILLIAMS.

FLOYD WILSON.

MAUD WILSON.

SUE YARBROUGH.



One-Minute Biographies—Sophomore Class

NAME.	NICKNAME.	FAVORITE STUDY.	FAVORITE OCCUPATION.	ULTIMATUM.
EMMA BERRY.	"Sport."	Primping.	Writing compositions.	Old maid.
MILDRED BRONSON.	"David."	Human nature.	Copying "Paradise Lost."	Vassar professor.
MARTHA CARROL.	"Biddy."	Cooking.	Riding a white horse.	Arkansas traveler.
FLORENCE CLANCEY.	"Dumpy."	Singing.	Going to church.	A Sutherland sister.
MARY CHEATHAM.	"Teen."	Thirty-nine articles.	Riding a wheel.	Clergyman's wife.
BESSIE DUNBAR.	"Norwegian Pine."	Bach.	Practicing.	Music teacher.
ELIZABETH GLENN.	"Jonathan."	Composition outlines.	Reading Caesar.	Society belle.
MATTIE GOODPASTURE.	"Daisy."	Painting.	Tending sheep.	Milkmaid.
PEARL GUNTER.	"Pearline."	How to scrub.	Has none.	Houskeeper.
BESSIE HEFFLEY.	"Bouncer."	Latin.	Taking gymnasium.	Congressman's wife.
KATHRYN HART.	"Lovedove."	Poetry.	Palpitating.	Valentine composer.
HAZEL HIRSCH.	"Petite."	New York styles.	Standing on corners.	Baroness.
MARY HUGHES.	"Skinny."	Algebra.	Prescribing.	Doctor.
ANNIE HUEY.	"It."	Gymnastics.	Going to C. E.	A foolish virgin.
FEDORA JONAS.	"Frenchy."	Fashions.	Traveling.	Concert player.
MATTIE LOC MANN.	"Pink."	Vicar of Wakefield.	Playing tennis.	Florist.
ANNA McCAMPBELL.	"Fatty."	Elocution.	Dancing.	Trained nurse.
MARY SUE MEADORS.	"Simple."	Bible.	Telling the truth.	Missionary.
MABEL MURRAY.	"Chicarine."	Boys.	Grumbling.	Fat woman in museum.
AGNES O'BRYAN.	"Vanity."	Curling her hair.	Playing cards.	New woman.
NANNIE OVERTON.	"The Wicked."	Getting out of her lessons.	Flirting.	Ballet dancer.
SADIE PECK.	"Cutie."	Measuring.	Parading the streets.	French actress.
MAUD RIDLEY.	"Sweetheart."	How to ride on the train.	Avoiding boys.	Hairdresser.
LOUISE SIWAR.	"Weezy."	Rag time.	Standing before a mirror	French countess.
THEO. SCRUGGS.	"Lilliputian."	Arrangement of rats	Reciting.	Teacher.
ALVA SCUDDY.	"Miss Knowall."	Everything.	Bragging.	Knowledge box
ADINE SMITH.	"The Great."	Genealogy.	Lending cotillions.	Globe trotter.
MAUD STEBBINS.	"Freaky."	Her costumes.	Setting alarm at 6 A. M.	Rip Van Winkle II.
LIZA TALLY.	"Bean Pole."	How to grow tall.	Riding on a tallyho.	Typewriter.
LENA TANGLE.	"Lena Way Back."	Street car schedules.	Being vaccinated.	Governess.
IDA THOMPSON.	"Togologa."	Man.	Going to football games.	Baltimore belle.
JANE TILMAN.	"Curiosity."	Learning to ride a horse.	Asking questions.	Circus rider.
MARY WEBB.	"Judy."	Driving.	Wearing class colors.	Preacher.
LILLIAN WILLIAMS.	"Walking Encyclopedia."	Her appearance.	Singing.	College girl.
FLOYD WILSON.	"Possum."	D. Q. R. Regulations.	Posing.	Photographer.
MAUD WILSON.	"Cassandra Slinn."	Astronomy.	Knitting.	Bachelor girl.
SUE YARBROUGH.	"Dago."	Arrangement of her hair.	Riding on the street car.	Evangelist.

THE PANMAN

THE
IRIS

1899-1900

MOTTO—"To be, not to seem."

FLOWER—Pink Carnation.

COLORS—Pink and Green.

Officers

MARY MILLER BLANTON	<i>President</i>
SADIE LINDSLEY WARNER	<i>Vice President</i>
MARY FITE TURLEY	<i>Secretary</i>
FANNIE MAY WITHERSPOON	<i>Treasurer</i>

Class of 1903



Class Roll

Lollie Baisden.

Maggie May Beaty.

Sarah Berry.

Mary Miller Blanton.

Alice Carroll.

Emma Gale Craig.

Helen Crandall.

Frances Harris.

Lula May Haynes.

Binnie Carter Hodge.

Lyda Jackson.

Laura Belle Malone.

Theresa McGavock.

Sarah Morgan.

Mary Tom Odil.

Clara Park.

Mamie Plicque.

Mary Sanders.

Ethel Smith.

Laura Kate Thomas.

Valery Trudeau.

Mary Fite Turley.

Sadie Lindsley Warner.

Sarah Wendel.

Gertrude Bowling Whitworth.

Fannie May Witherspoon.



THE
IRIS
—11—

Freshman Class Prophecy

IN the year 1900 a member of the Freshman Class of Ward Seminary, who shall herein be nameless, being taken with a convenient indisposition, was sent to the infirmary for repairs. She had provided herself with a ball of twine in order to facilitate the transportation of a large bunch of bananas from the street below, which she considered necessary to one in her delicate state of health. When darkness spread her sable wings over the mediæval castle known as "Ward Seminary," she carefully tied her curling tongs to the end of the twine and lowered them until she heard their click upon the pavement. Giving them a slight upward jerk, she realized that her fish was firmly hooked, and began to haul in. "The catch must be a large one," she thought, for 'twas very heavy. She was somewhat startled at the appearance of a head at the end of the line; but, pulling it over the window sill, she discovered that it was a fragment of what appeared to have been an ancient piece of sculpture, made of hollow bronze. The face, which was sphinxlike, had opalescent eyes of some peculiar translucent stone, and bore an inscription in Etruscan, which she readily translated, and which ran as follows :

If you look me in the eye,
You the future will descry;
Whisper name into mine ear,
And 'twill all to you appear.

How this weird and occult talisman came into the possession of the writer she is not permitted to state. The secrets of banana raising must not be given to the public. Let it be sufficient to say that one dark and stormy night, when the moon was full, Jupiter was eating crabs, Mars had a quarrel on with the twins, Neptune had accidentally stuck his trident through the tail of the bear, and Venus was wandering through the asteroids, she, the writer, ensconced in her lonely tower, resolved to consult the fates in regard to the futures of her beloved classmates.

Hastily whispering a name into the ear of the image, she gazed into its eyes and beheld a vast auditorium filled with a large and enthusiastic crowd. At length a figure appeared upon the stage, a woman dressed in white. For a moment only, the crowd was strangely silent, then the

people seemed to shake the very foundations of the building with their tumultuous applause. This is no small wonder; for before them stands the world-famous young violinist, Mlle. Marie de Blantonousky!

Again she gazed; the scene had changed. A brilliantly illumined palace hall met her view. The lovely young Duchess of Wheelbarrow and her friend, the Duchess of Cannot, were being presented to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. She looked more closely and was startled, for in their faces she found something quite familiar. All was clear. In them she recognized Sadie Warner and Laura Kate Thomas, formerly of Nashville, Tenn.

This time no concert hall nor enchanting court scene greets her gaze; but a convent, bleak and drear! What would she find at this uninviting spot? Presently, from the principal entrance issued, clothed in robes of black, the beloved and honored Mother Superior. 'Twas her old friend, Valery; but O how changed! How little did she think to find her here! Valery, so full of life, of unconquerable, overflowing spirits, a nun—stately, steadfast, and demure—all in a robe of darkest grain! How time can alter one!

Looking once more into the wonderful eyes, she saw the interior of one of Nashville's most magnificent churches, beautifully decorated with evergreens and the season's choicest blossoms. 'Twas the wedding day of Sarah Morgan, one of Tennessee's fairest and most gifted daughters. The bridegroom was a promising young physician. Beautiful was the blushing bride, and equally so the maid of honor, Mamie Plicque, who is also a leader in Nashville society.

A scientist was Lyda Jackson, of deep and erudite mien, the possessor of much esoteric wisdom, and highly respected by her fellow-scientists.

Helen Crandall, she found to be occupied as lady principal in a celebrated seminary for young ladies. She was living a successful life, and seemed contented and happy. Associated with her as teachers were Sarah Wendell and Lollie Baisden.

Suddenly before her eyes there appeared a procession of kings and other royal personages bearing garlands and palms. On a gorgeous throne in the background sat a figure in robes of green. Over her head, in incandescent lights, flashed out the word 'fame.' The procession approached and laid their offerings at her feet. The observer had just time to distinguish the classic features of Mary Fite Turley, when darkness came to her relief.

Theresa McGavock she saw as a blooming young matron occupied with sweet home duties.

Ethel Smith's keen wit had placed her in the position of editor of "Puck," and well did she fill her place.

Frances Harris had become a poet of sweet and charming personality, and was fast taking her highly merited stand among poets of every tongue.

Mary Saunders had developed into a learned Latin and Greek scholar, and spent her days in digging up old monuments and deciphering their inscriptions.

A great volume of smoke obscured the view. When it cleared, a battlefield, with all its horrors, presented itself. Soothing the groans of the dying, dressing wounds, and performing offices for the dead, were to be seen members of the Red Cross Society. Foremost among them, she discovered Mary Tom Odil, whose gentle face was loved by all with whom she came in contact.

Bennie Hodge a brilliant journalist had become, and her name was famous throughout the entire world.

Much might be said of Laura Malone's historical works, but the fact that they were to be found classed with Gibbon's "Rome," and Guizot's "France," speaks for itself.

Sarah Berry was an artist of great promise and rare and singular genius, and Emma Gayle Craig's voice had made her a second Patti.

Gertrude Whitworth had graduated at Vassar, and attained great honors there; while Alice Carroll was spending the winter in New York, giving a series of successful musical entertainments.

Next the eyes of the image showed her the interior of an enormous theater, upon which was being played, with great feeling, "Romeo and Juliet." The leading lady she recognized as Maggie May Beaty, an actress of great note.

Clara Park she found as a woman's rights advocate, and her eloquent appeals were heard throughout all the country.

Lula May Haynes was the wife of a well-to-do banker, and was living in great state.

The fate of all, save herself, had now been revealed. Raising the image in her trembling fingers, she attempted to put it to her eyes; but her hold upon it had been very slight, and in a moment she beheld it in a thousand pieces at her feet. "Alas! Alas!" she cried. "What have I done? My fate is sealed from me forever!" And with this she sank upon the floor in a swoon.

FANNIE MAY WITHERSPOON.

Heart's
Delight
Two Step

To the
Senior Class
1900
Ward Seminary

PUBLISHED BY

THE IRIS



COMPOSED BY

Frederic L Farrar.

To the Senior Class 1899-1900. Ward Seminary, Nashville, Tenn.

HEART'S DELIGHT.

TWO-STEP.

Composed by FREDERIC EMERSON FARRAR.



Copyright, 1900, by Frederic Emerson Farrar.

HEART'S DELIGHT. Continued.



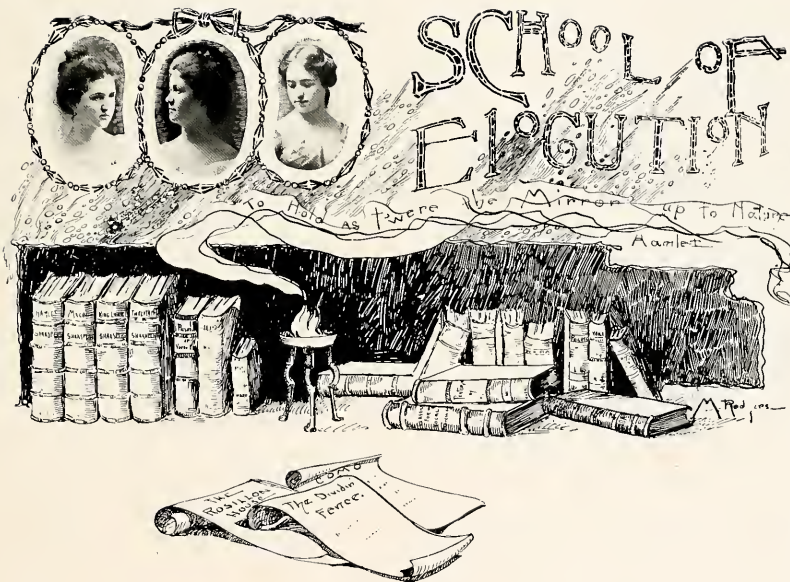
HEART'S DELIGHT. Continued.

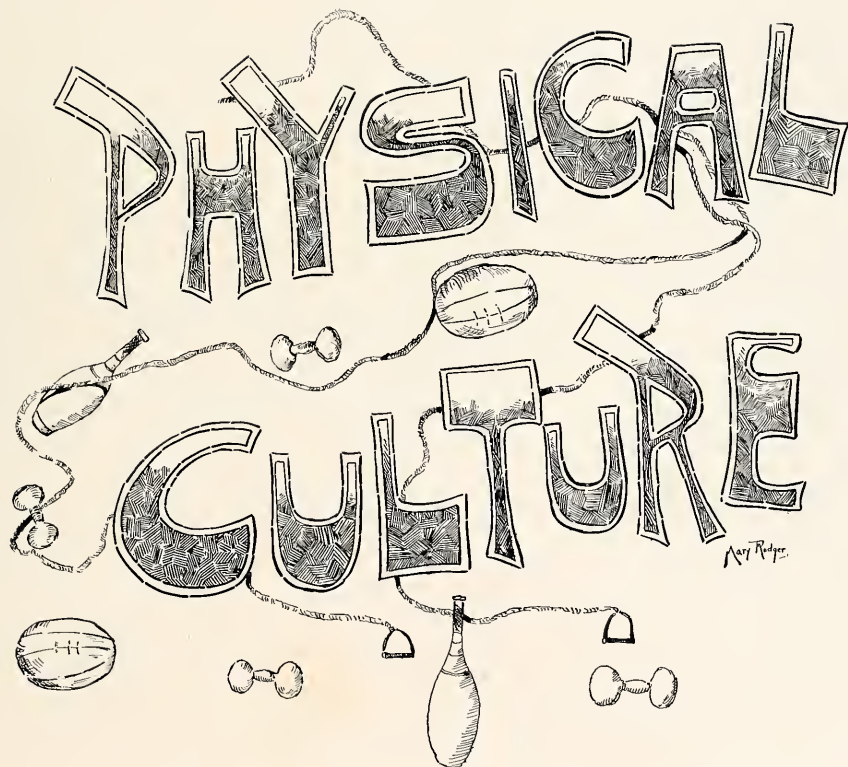


HEART'S DELIGHT. Concluded.

THE
IRIS







THE
IRIS
—51—

DEPARTMENT OF

Physical Culture

JESSE KILGORE WARDLAW

Instructor

MOTTO:

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Physical Culture Exhibition

WARD SEMINARY

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 28, 1900

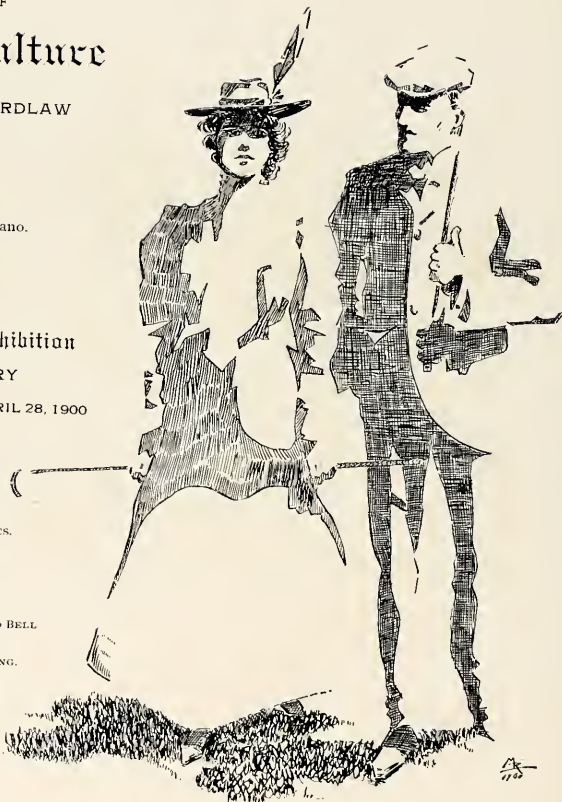
From 4 to 5 o'clock

Programme

1. MAY DRILL.
2. (a) SWEDISH GYMNASTICS.
(b) CLUB SWINGING.
3. GERMAN BELL DRILL.
4. FANCY MARCH.
5. RING DRILL.
6. COMBINATION WAND AND BELL
EXERCISE.
7. ADVANCED CLUB SWINGING.

* * *

All lady friends of the school are
cordially invited.





Graduates.

School of Music.

Voice.

Miss Evelyn Little, Tenn.

Piano.

Miss Evelyn Little, Tenn.

Miss Virgie Jackson Monroe, Ky.

School of Elocution.

Miss Mary Earle Adams, Tenn.

Miss Virginia Duncan Beech, Tenn.

Miss Annie Duryear Wright, Tenn.

Ward Seminary Commencement

MAY 17-30, 1900



- Thursday, May 17, 8 P.M. *Recital*.—Pupils of Miss McIlwaine.
- Friday, May 18, 8 P.M. *Recital*.—Pupils of Miss Geary.
- Saturday, May 19, 8 P.M. *Recital*.—Pupils of Miss Cosgrove and Mr. Allen.
- Monday, May 21, 8 P.M. *Recital*.—Pupils of Mr. Starr and Miss Caldwell.
- Tuesday, May 22, 8 P.M. *Graduate Recital*.—Piano and Voice, Miss Little.
- Thursday, May 24, 8 P.M. *Annual Recital*.—Elocution, "The Princess."
- Friday, May 25, 8 P.M. *Recital*.—Pupils of Mrs. Randle.
- Saturday, May 26, 3 to 6; 8 to 10 P.M.—*Art Reception*.
- Sunday, May 27, 11 A.M. *Baccalaureate Sermon*, Rev. Jas. I. Vance, D.D.
- Monday, May 28, 8 P.M. *Alumnae Reception to Senior Class*.
- Tuesday, May 29, 8 to 10 P.M. *Graduate Recital*.—Music and Elocution.
- Wednesday, May 30, 11 A.M. *Address to Graduates*, Professor William Spencer Currell, Ph.D.
- Conferring Diplomas,*



Clang, Clang, Clang!

(With apologies to Tennyson)



LANG, Clang, Clang!

I hear thy call, O bell,

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that within me dwell;

For I know I am late for breakfast,

And I feel that stony stare

That comes from the angry teacher—

A warning, I'd best take care.

But, still, I am always tardy,

Though I honestly, earnestly strive

To get up when I hear that gong ring,

And be there at six fifty-five.

Clang, clang, clang!

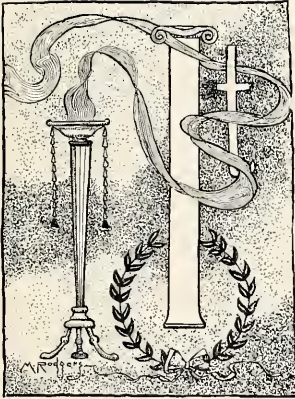
Comes sharply again to my ears,

And it always has this meaning:

A lecture, repentance, and—tears.

—ISABELL WILLIAMS.

The Senior's Story



WAS the night for our club to meet in my room. Mr. Blanton had very kindly permitted us to form the club, with the provision that its meetings were not to interfere with our college duties; in fact, though no such admission was ever made in so many words, he permitted the club to exist *sub rosa* in the Seminary. It was a story-tellers' club. Each member was put under solemn obligation to hatch up a story and tell it at some meeting. This had been the order pursued by the others until my turn was now due. I had racked my brain for the last several months trying to evolve some fabrication from my unimaginative mind, and I felt that I had not only failed, but must certainly continue to fail in the future. I had never been able to tell a story when it had been produced by some one else, and the task of making the story and telling it, too, seemed ridiculously far beyond me. Now

that my fate was staring me in the face, I felt deeply conscious that I had been almost a traitor to permit myself to join a story-tellers' club. To tell the whole truth, I had had at each meeting qualms of conscience; had felt my guilt, but not sufficiently keen to stick to my half-formed resolution to confess and resign. So I had not done it. I had listened to the stories told by the others in turn with varied and conflicting sensations, first with wondering approval, and then with fault-finding disapproval. It was so easy, as I looked back upon it, to sit in judgment upon the efforts of others, and yet now I realized with a vengeance that to criticise and find fault is, after all, easier than to do better oneself. Therefore, I sat in my room almost prostrated with the overwhelming sense of inability to do as well as those I had thought in my ignorant pride

were so imperfectly "filling the bill" of the club's demand. At the thought of the ordeal so rapidly approaching, the cold, clammy perspiration came out on my hands and feet. If Miss Carter had come in on me then, and, doubting my state of health, had put her educated touch upon me, I am sure she would have pronounced me suffering with a chill, possibly a congestive chill, or even approaching death.

For the sake of the privacy we were tacitly allowed to meet late, our meetings sometimes lasting for an hour or two after lights were out. I had gone up to my fourth-story room, south wing, at once after supper. That awful coming event had already begun to cast its baleful shadow over me, and I felt I must get off for a while to bring myself into some composure, if possible. It was all in vain. Disgrace, as I felt it, like an avenging Nemesis, was just behind me. I, the *very last* of the ten, was about to make the *first* failure. I realized now that the poorest effort, that one that I had thought so imperfect, was as beautiful as a dream of happiness and as perfect as an ideal fancy from the poet's heart on fire with his theme. My mind would not or could not work, and my memory, usually so good to help me, was a perfect blank; so, like a rudderless vessel, I drifted to my fate.

Hush! Was that the step of the first member? No, nothing but the hungry wandering of a mouse. I could not repress a ghastly smile at the thought of a mouse, of all living things, wandering about in a college for young ladies. Thus, it is said, men will sometimes go to death with a smile on their lips. But that smile seemed to loosen something inside of me, and, much to my joy, I felt a wave of blood leave my heart and run through me, carrying warmth and (what was more important) a feeling of renewed life. Strange to say, I felt confidence growing in me, although I could not tell upon what basis it developed, and was not inclined to take time to analyze it. I was too deeply grateful that I was to meet my fate in a better frame of mind, to say the least, and I just shut my eyes with those joy bells ringing in my ears and enjoyed that thrill of satisfaction to the fullest extent. The next moment I opened my eyes glowing with delight, for when my lids shut out my lamp and the fire light I saw a *vision*. Never mind what it was: that will come later; but that glimpse was like a peep into heaven. I wanted to sing, to shout, to dance, to tumble on the bed—wanted to do everything a well-ordered Senior ought not to do—and I had hard work to hold myself in check. The prisoner sentenced to die, standing with the yawning grave just behind him, momentarily expecting the flash of the rifles, never received his reprieve with a greater shock of joy than I did when I realized that my pride was not to tumble to the

dust. Now I would welcome the ordeal and feel satisfied with any outcome. The critic in me was dead, and my soul leaped within me as the man whose faith had made him whole. I felt I had passed a crisis in my life which would exert a humanizing influence to its latest years. What a respect for others had grown within me! What a charity—wide, liberal, generous! So happy and elated did I feel that I sat there with almost palpitating breath to enjoy the luxury of a good “think” before the quiet assembling of the club. Back and forth along my college course, now so soon to close, my mind flew like the busy shuttle of the weaver. The glowing radiance that the future had suddenly taken, seemed to glow along the pathway of the years behind me also, and the successive gradations of my intellectual training seemed suddenly to assume definite proportions and to flame with vivid meaning. I felt as if my mind had hitherto been asleep and had just now awakened to the sunlight of a fully developed strength. I felt that the attitude that had formerly been mine toward classmates and teachers had somehow changed. They were, of course, untouched; so it must be that I had undergone this wonderful, all-pervading change. As I thrilled through and through with my new-found ecstasy, I felt that I resembled my old self less than the airy butterfly resembles the ugly chrysalis from which it has just escaped. The past took on a fuller meaning; the future offered an illimitable opportunity. As my mental—and, I might add, my soul—exaltation increased, I felt I must fill my lungs with more of life’s elixir, and so I threw my head back to get a deep breath, when I lost my balance and fell from the chair. My castle in Spain was all a dream, and the crushing sense of my impending degradation rolled like an icy avalanche upon me.

D. R. S.



The Violin's Story

I

I lie forgotten in these walls,
Where even sunshine may not stray,
So closely doth the yellow earth
Bar out the light of day.

II

Across my breast the broken bow
Rests idly—it has lain for years—
And one by one my silver strings
Have fallen mute as tears.

III

Yet he, my master, as he played
Across my throbbing bosom, pressed
His slender fingers, and his curls
Upon my heart were wont to rest.

IV

He wandered 'neath the gold and blue
Of Andalusia's sunny skies,
And ever into song caressed
The cadence of our mingling sighs.

V

And I, a violin, brown with mold,
Yet time hath sweetened by her tread,
Within this narrow box, and by
The side of him, my master—dead!

VI

They found him at the fountain's brink,
And cold upon my arching breast
His lips; and I, a violin, mute,
Upon his young, dead heart was pressed.

VII

And here within the grassy rod,
Beyond the busy lives of men,
Alone with Nature and with God,
They buried us beneath the fen.

VIII

And with the chill of setting sun
I hear across the fallow marsh
The long-beaked crane her wand'ring mate
Recall with wild notes weird and harsh.

IX

Here, where the blushing jasmine binds
The willow with her twisted arms,
I slumber in the silent clay
Beneath the green and spreading palm.

X

And here his spirit softly comes
To greet me with the love of years,
And as the pale moon waxeth old,
We meet and linger with our tears.



XI

Soon, soon my form shall crumbling die,
And mingle with the loamy earth;
The flowered moor, the stagnant tarn,
Shall give a modern city birth!

XII

Will Progress mark her changes here
By era of the harp and pen?
Will nations meet upon the soil
That once has been our lonely fen?

XIII

The anthems of forgotten years,
In time shall live again to prove
That still upon his heart there lies
A dead musician's only love.

—GARNET NOEL.

Our Pound Party



BREATHLESS hush fell upon us all when Nydia Rutledge sat up straight, her eyes glowing like coals of fire in a face almost ashen with emotion. We felt that something was coming. Somehow the silence before a storm burst was the feeling that had been insensibly growing in our minds, as we saw her flush and pale with alternate waves of suppressed excitement. Our gathering was rather unique. Strictly against Seminary rules, we had conspired to give this strange, self-poised girl a treat, garnished with a genuine surprise. It was just at the close of the Christmas holiday vacation, when the boxes of good things were almost emptied of their hoarded goodies. It had been noticed that Nydia Rutledge had not received any box from home. When this was seen and fully realized, we more fortunate ones felt a sympathetic tenderness come over us toward her; yet, however genuine the feeling, none of us could have spoken to her. She had held everybody at arm's reach, as we then decided, although no consciousness of any feeling of coldness was present to any one. It was just known to be the case when the subject was discussed, and that was all there was to it. Ways and means were privately discussed as to how we could best contribute at least the remnants of our Christmas dainties to her pleasure. When the proposition was made it was adopted unanimously, and it seemed the easiest thing in the world to do; but by the time we had rejected some half dozen schemes as not suitable, it began to dawn upon us that it was the hardest kind of thing to do. We had all known her and liked her in a general way; but upon the demand being made for volunteers to do something tangible, it developed that she had not been intimate with any one of us or any one of her other schoolmates. Therefore our good intention seemed about to die of congenital lack of vitality. At last, however, some genius—I believe it was Miss Peck, though I am not certain—suggested that we might give her a surprise party some night, and each one was to contribute what she had or what she thought best. I called it a "pound party," but the girls laughed that out of countenance, because some of them did not have a pound of anything left. But, anyway, call it what you please, we decided to drop in on her some night and have a feast as the closing event of our holiday vacation.

In our little world it does not take long to mature a plan, especially if it has anything to do with eating, and by the following night, like a band of conspirators, we slipped along the corridors to her room. I think at first she was inclined to disregard our leader's knock, thinking it was some prank; but the certain, confident tone it next assumed opened the door at once. She showed surprise, if not annoyance, also, at the sight that met her gaze, but in the next moment we were invited in. Six girls in one room, and that not the biggest, are a good many, and it took some diplomatic as well as unconventional managing to get us all seated. Without preliminaries our leader stated the object of the meeting, just as in one of our literary societies. I tell you, it took a good one to keep right on beyond the danger line, as she did, when Nydia began to stiffen and freeze as the full import of our call dawned upon her. But we had not reckoned without our host, and she was just compelled to understand that our hearts were right, whatever our methods lacked. All the "returnus," as I called them, were in by the time our peace was fully established, and the top of her small center table was covered with fruit cake, sardines, raisins, marshmallows, and so on, until it would have made the mouth of a cannon *water* to have seen the spread. Opening our mouths seemed to open our hearts—or just the reverse, if it suits you better—and the icy atmosphere rose in temperature at a rapid rate. Conventionality flew out of the window, and joyous hilarity ruled in its stead. Our talk rambled as inclination or impulse, especially the latter, dictated; and, but for that occasional something that Nydia seemed to swell with, all was as serene as could be. No one seemed to notice her or to fear any accident, yet all of us were perfectly prepared for something, if not anything, when that hush which I have mentioned fell upon us. Nydia had straightened up with talk in her manner and a strange combination of conflicting emotions was playing changes on her face.

"Girls," she began, "now that our feast is about over, I feel that I ought to do more than thank you. I find my heart so full of varying surges of inclination that it is almost impossible for me to articulate at all. I may not say what I wish to; in fact, I feel that I cannot; but because I so fully appreciate your kind intentions I feel that I must fail trying to do my best to that end. I realize more fully than you think how this tangible kindness is only the outward manifestation of your intangible good will, and I know the sympathetic hearts that throb back of this pleasant little party. I feel, too, that the foolish pride which all but caused me to treat you rudely at the outset should be atoned for by a confidence from me to you. This confidence must take the form of a complete life story, which, when fully in your possession, will, I believe, explain much that

may have mystified you and others of my schoolmates. Before I can remember, my father, a well-to-do merchant in Charleston, S. C., lost almost everything he possessed in an unfortunate trade. With flaming pride he collected what was left and went over the Blue Ridge and settled, with wife and child, on a modest farm hidden in one of the deep coves on the Tennessee side of the Great Smoky Mountains. Their pride of birth and educational incompatibility with their neighbors isolated them from almost all associations. There, on the bank of the Little Tennessee River, I was reared, with no friends but my parents and no companions but my soaring aspirations. As a child I pined for the opportunity of education almost without knowing its import. As far as my parents could teach me, I was taught; but the wings of my ambition were only strengthened by such instruction, and I found myself soaring up to the sky line of the Smokies with a never-weakening desire for learning. It is most likely true that none of you have felt what I am trying to depict, and I humbly pray that it is so.

"After years of beating fruitlessly at the bars of my cage, as it were, a chance came like a providential gift. One day, while aimlessly strolling along the valley road, I picked up a scrap of newspaper, and just as aimlessly commenced to read it. That was four years ago, before I commenced here, and seems almost a dream of another and former existence."

She paused for a moment, and her fine eyes were filled with a soft light of reminiscence. We were dumb in the presence of this noble girl thus revealing—for the first time, doubtless—the cherished, companion secret of her girlhood. In a moment, with a perceptible start, she returned to us and resumed her narrative.

"That scrap of paper contained an account of the finding of pearls in Stone River, a tributary of the Cumberland, that flows by this city. It was a message from the outside world, and as such arrested my attention, and I read with rising interest of how the people along its banks were seeking pearls in the common mussels found in the shallows of that stream. Already pearls had been found worth hundreds of dollars to the dealers in the cities. Until I had quite finished its perusal no thought of its having a personal interest to me came into my mind, but then in a flash I was transfixed with the idea that here my chance had come. The Little Tennessee River, a tributary of the Tennessee, was filled with sand bars upon which I had known for years those same fresh-water mussels abounded. Many a time I had waded, more like a solitary boy than a girl, into the water, and pulled them out of their beds for the idlest pastime. Now the very suggestion that they might contain pearls, pearls with a money value, caused me to pant with a new-

born hope. I was impatient to be at the work of finding out, and before I went home at twilight I had piled up a half bushel or more along the sandy bank. Almost bursting with my secret, I could hardly wait for the early breakfast before returning to my search. Armed with an old hatchet, I hurried to my work of exploring those mussels, and the fire of my ardor refused to be dimmed by the continued disappointments that repaid my labors. But when my fingers were beginning to show the effects of sharp edges and awkward blows, I came upon a pearl, a genuine pearl—not very large, to be sure, but as a warrant that there were others to be had sufficiently alluring. Days and weeks were filled with my persistent search, and one shallow after another was almost depleted of its supply, and yet my zeal knew no abatement. The good-natured chaffing of my parents gradually died out before the pile of pearls that steadily grew from day to day, and my hopes rose as their number and fineness increased. Every pearl to me was an added pillar in the temple of my cherished ambition, and visions of a college career began to take definite outline in my daydreams.

“When I had about exhausted the resources of the river, as far as I could conscientiously claim, I began to take stock of my treasures. I knew nothing of the value of pearls, and yet, ignorant as I was, I knew I had enough to bring several thousand dollars at a proper valuation. Then I declared my ambition at home. My father wrote a description of the best and largest I had to Tiffany’s, and received a letter giving a probable valuation at twenty-five hundred dollars. My heart stood still within me when he opened that communication, and as he read I almost fainted with the sunburst of joy that flooded my soul with its radiance.

“As I look back upon that beautiful morning in late summer, now four short years ago, I am sure I felt like the Peri when the tears of repentance opened the crystal gate of paradise for her triumphal entrance. It seemed to me my task was done, and yet, as I’ve found out since, it was really just beginning. Mr. Blanton kindly agreed to accept most of my hoarded treasures as payment in full of my tuition, and I am soon to reap the harvest of a long-cherished hope in my diploma.

“The fear that ever hung like the sword of Damocles over my head, that after all it might not be real, that some day I might wake to find it all a dream too beautiful to last, has kept me from yielding to the attractions and relaxations that might have made my life here so much more enjoyable. This has been the cause of my seeming lack of personal interest in my classmates and all human surroundings. But now that you have, by a fortune happy to me, broken through my

reserve, I feel that the few remaining months we shall be together will be the happiest of my life. Again I thank you from the bottom of my heart, that can feel, if it cannot express, all the thoughts that arise in me."

Do you know, when she stopped talking somebody caught her and kissed her, and that "pound party" of ours turned out a regular old-fashioned "love feast," and we all slipped out of her room too full of happiness to say a word!

D. R. S.



Teacher (to a caller): "Mr. Dale, do you know Alice Arnett's brother, the minister?"

Mr. Dale: "Did you say he was a 'D.D.?' "

Teacher: "Really, I do not know his initials."



RECIPE FOR A SENIOR ESSAY.—Soak a small brain in a copy of the "Iliad" for two weeks; take it out and hurriedly stir in it a large cup of Encyclopedia Britannica; into this sprinkle a teaspoonful of quotations, and one-half drop of thought; flavor this with a stub pen and a little boarding school ink, not too strong; garnish this with a handful of commas and periods, and serve "warm."



Serenade



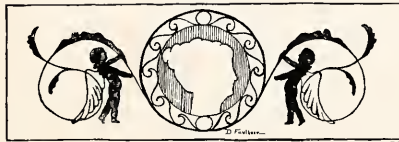
HE moon sifts down her powd'ry beam,
In elfin dance on rippling stream;
And gurgling waters, low and far,
Beat time to note of light guitar;
"Ecoule, petite!" comes soft and sweet,
"Je t'aime, m'amie, je t'aime."



'Neath lattice dark lurks shadowy cloak,
Vines softly part at stealthy stroke,
And swift appears, through moonlight sheen,
A slender hand, the leaves between.
"Tiens! petite" mid scurrying feet
"Je t'aime, chéri, je t'aime!"

The terrace spurned in agile bound,
The balcon rail with grace is found,
And ardent fingers eager clasp
A snow-white *rose* in baffled grasp.
"Adieu, petite!" sly winds repeat,
"Je t'aime, ma vie, je t'aime."

EFFIE MASON.



A Story of the Pink Silk



WAS pink, just a delicate rose tint. I was a piece of silk. I lay on a counter in a great store. One day the clerk took me down to show to a fat old lady. When he draped me and pointed out my beautiful color and luster, I trembled; for I was afraid I was going to be bought, and how could I ever beautyfy that wrinkled old woman? I was measured, folded, and sent upstairs. I was bought. I was carried a long distance, blindfolded with brown paper. After that I was cut and sewed and twisted; and all the while I wept bitterly. I could have borne the pain if it hadn't been I knew it would all have to be done over again; for they were making me entirely too small for the fat old woman. At last I was finished, and—O, what delight!—I wasn't for my purchaser at all, but for the sweetest, daintiest girl I ever saw. She was going to a party, and I was so glad I was going, too. When she and I were at our prettiest, we went downstairs; and her brother—it must have been her brother—kissed her and called her "Little Rosebud."

The party was so much fun. I coquetted all evening with the broadcloths, and so did my mistress. I must have been so interested in them for a while that I forgot my mistress, for something happened that night—I never knew what. That night was the last time I ever saw her.

There followed an age of darkness. It might have been a century, for when the light shone on me again, my beautiful color had faded. I felt dizzy and dazed in the brightness. I passed through a terrible place whose horrors I cannot bear to relate. I came forth uniform in color—a dark blue. I had a new mistress—not the laughing, dancing Rosebud, but a pale, sad girl. She prized me highly and handled me with the greatest care. Every Sunday we went to church, and on our return I was put away until the succeeding Sunday. We did this Sabbath after Sabbath for years. I grew old and very weak. At some places I could scarcely hold together. I became very tired and felt like giving it up altogether; then I thought of the staid, quiet girl, and wondered if she didn't get very tired, too, and if she didn't want to give it up. I was very sorry for her. Her life was just as monotonous as mine.

One day, very suddenly, I did give way in so many places that I couldn't be worn any more. Then the silent, blonde girl made me into a sofa cushion. When she lays her colorless cheek against me, weaker and more tired than she, I soothe and help her all I can.

I heard her say once that I first belonged to an aunt of hers; and then there was a story, but her soft voice became so very soft that I could not hear it. Sometimes, when the fire burns brightly and I am alone, I dream of the party, the bright lights, and my beautiful mistress.

BESSIE BARR.

Our Annual Christmas Tree



FOR many years it has been the custom of Ward Seminary to have a Christmas tree during the holidays for the pupils. Last year it was suggested that the tree and presents be contributed by the girls to some less fortunate than themselves. The plan was so enthusiastically received and successfully carried out that this year it was adopted again.

The names and ages of about two hundred boys and girls were sent in by the Nashville Relief Society, so the Purchasing Committee were not working blindly when they bought the toys. A very pleasant evening was spent in dressing the dolls for the children. It was a merry scene—a hundred or more girls, their tongues going as fast as their needles, dressing almost as many flaxen-haired, blue-eyed dolls. Materials were furnished by the Christian Endeavor Society. Misses Epler and Smith won the prize for the best-dressed doll. Friday before Christmas every one was busy decorating the tree and labeling the presents.

Eleven o'clock Saturday morning was the time for the celebration, but a great number of children were in the chapel even an hour before time. The tree was on the platform, but was hidden by curtains. These, however, did not keep many children on the front rows from peeping under to see what was in store for them.

At last every one was in his place, and after a carol was sung, Dr. Landrith read a Scripture lesson and was followed by Dr. Matthews in prayer. Then the curtains were drawn aside, and what a sight met the eyes of the eager children! An evergreen reaching from floor to ceiling, decorated with pop corn, red berries, and chains of bright-colored paper—the work of the little folks of the Primary Department! Gay tinsel chains, vari-colored balls, and brightly burning candles added to the beauty of the tree. On one side was a large pyramid of dolls, especially attractive to the girls; on the other were wagons, tool chests, horses, balls, and other things that are dear to a boy's heart. In response to their names, each one came forward and received the gifts, fruit, and candy.

One old lady was there who was seventy-two years old, but had never seen a Christmas tree before. She received her present, also, and went home, with many others, very happy and grateful for the pleasure given her.

MARY BLANTON.

A Ward Girl's Version of "The Psalm of Life."



TELL me not in accents joyous,
Girls are put here just for fun—
Just to laugh, and talk, and frolic,
From early morn till set of sun.



II

A girl must work, and she must study,
With "diploma" as her goal;
"Dunce thou art, and dunce remainest,"
Was not spoken of her soul.

III

Here at Ward's we think and ponder
On our Latin, Math., and Greek,
From September until May days,
As some knowledge we do seek.

IV

Days are long, and lessons longer,
And our hearts, though brave and strong,
Fail us when Miss Chapman tells us:
"Write these topics well and long."

V

In the chapel reigns Miss Jennings,
And full often does remind us:
"Do not talk and run about, girls;
Rules of thoughtfulness must bind us."

VI

We must trust not to the future,
For we know not when to look
For a hard and horrid test
On some deep, absorbing book.

VII

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With one happy end in view—
That some day we'll have it told us:
"Hearken, Seniors! You are through."
—M. B.



THE
IRIS
—73—



Music



"Music hath charms," some one did sing,
 "To soothe the savage breast,"
 O, if he knew how these halls ring—
 Ring with a wild unrest
 Of Études, Studies, Fugue, Sonata,
 By Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Schumann—
 He'd think that savage was a martyr,
 And that his ear was scarcely human,
 If he were soothed by such wild sounds
 As from the practice hall resounds.

—VIRGIE MONROE.



Music Weather Report for one Week



SUNDAY.—Fair, but temperature falling toward night.

MONDAY.—Zero! !!

TUESDAY (Bible Day).—Weather rather gloomy.

WEDNESDAY (Psychology Day).—Very threatening, with
 strong east wind blowing.

THURSDAY (Music Lesson Day).—Weather very uncertain.

FRIDAY.—Fair, especially so toward noon.

SATURDAY.—A perfect day! !!

—St. C. C.



What two quotations from Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" do Ward girls think Miss Jennings has memorized?

Cæsar to Antony:

"I shall remember."

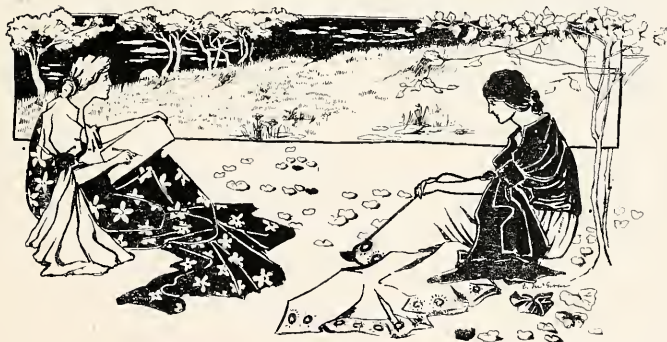
Cæsar to Trebonius:

"What, Trebonius!

When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is performed."



A is for Art, which this book represents.
It cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents.



THE
IRIS
—75—



B is for Boys, Billiards,
and Beer,

And other bad things that all
girls should fear.

C is for Candles, which
shed a glad light

On all of the feasts that we
have in the night.

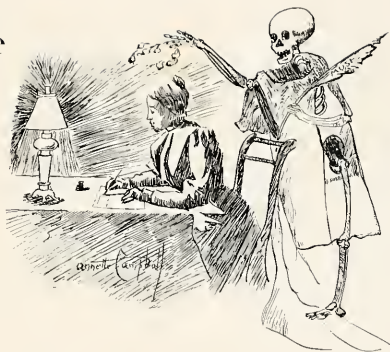


D is for Dancing each
day at recess.

Though it isn't much
fun without boys,
we confess.

E is for Essays the
Seniors must
write,

Which often present a
most pitiful sight.



F is for Flirting, a frolic-
some fun—

Till the teacher finds out, then
the trouble's begun.

G is for Golf, and, though
we don't play,

We wear a golf costume on
each rainy day.



THE
IRIS
— 79 —



H is for Holiday so
rarely we get,

The absence of which
is a cause for regret.

I is for "Iris," the finest of
books,

Whose contents you'll find quite
as good as its looks.



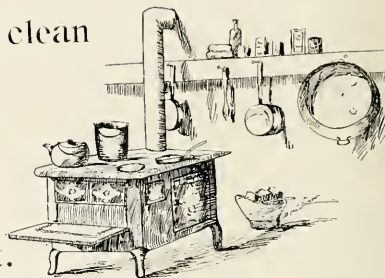
THE
IRIS
—70—



J is for Jennings, the Belle of
Ward's school,

Who surely "peals forth," if we
break any rule.

K is for Kitchen, so clean
and so neat,



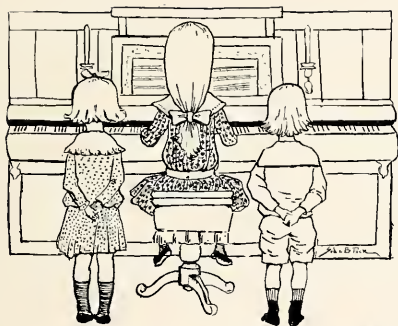
From which issue forth
our bread and our meat.



L is for Letters we get
at mail call.



And if we don't get
them, then our
tears fall.



M is for Music, whose
discord and strain

From pianos below do
give us a pain.



THE
IRIS
—81—

N is for Nashville, the city of learning;
Toward this great center the thou-
sands are turning.



is for Order; how often we've heard,
"Two in a line, no room for a third!"



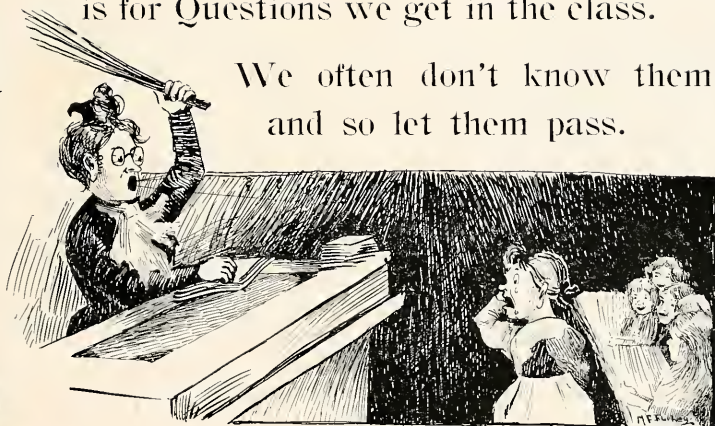
P is for Pit-a-
Pat, the
cutest of creatures,

Who's just as well known as pupils or teachers.

Q

is for Questions we get in the class.

We often don't know them,
and so let them pass.



THE
IRIS



R is for Rosa, who waits at
the door,

Who takes up the flowers and
candy "galore."

S is for Seniors, the
heads of the school,

Who are never supposed
to break any rule.



T is for Thanksgiving, the day for
the game

That wins for old Vanderbilt glory
and fame.





U is for Ugliness, which none of
us own;

But perhaps it will visit us when
we are grown.

V is for Vanderbilt,
who the cannon
did paint;

Their names for this act
received not a taint.





W is for "Ward's,"
a school of re-
nown;

It is by far the best of our
town.

X are values unknown,
Y And into the waste-
Z basket will have to
be thrown.



Bengerman.

Frankling.

Bengerman. was a poor boy and wonce he want-
ed some books but
he could not buy
them so he would not
eat any meat for two
years in order to get
the books. He walked
all the way from
Boston to Philadelphia
he wanted to get the
Physician in print
ing office.

(A Senior's first original essay.)

Le Lotus

Dans les jours quand le monde était jeune, et l'homme avait fait peu d'impietements dans les forêts et les retraites favorites de la Mère Nature, elle allait souvent par ici et par là parmi les scènes de ses créations, et conférait encore plus familièrement que maintenant avec ses enfants, en embellissant et encourageant les fleurs à fleurir, l'herbe à pousser, et les grands arbres à repandre leurs branches pour protéger le voyageur.

Une de plus jolie de ces scènes fut une grande vallée, dont la beauté fut gâtée par la présence d'un fleuve qui prenait son cours au milieu, et foncée et engourdie l'eau qui était en grande contraste aux arbres et le feuillage qui saillent ses rives. Un jour, en passant, la Mère Nature voyait le fleuve noir avec sa converture d'écume, de limon, et de la boue au dessus.

"C'est vraiment une contradiction du loi qu'il y a de beauté partout," disait-elle, et se mettait à l'embellir. Dans la place où l'écume était plus épais et la boue plus profonde, elle jetait une petite semence, satisfié qu'avant longtemps, une change prendrait place.

Au printemps on voyait une légère meunte sur l'eau, et après quelques jours il y avait des prouesses tendres qui développaient bientôt en ferrilles qui flottaient sur la surface d'une forme différente qu'on n'avait jamais vu. Sur les ferrilles il y avait un bouton, qui commençait à grandir et sortir de sa forme conicale sous l'influence du soleil. Un matin les créatures du forêt furent surpris voir, parmi l'écume, une fleur parfaite, supportée seulement par ses propres feuilles, sans tache sur l'eau noire du fleuve.

Les hommes ignorants le tenaient en révérence, pensant qu'elle signifiait le monde, parce qu'elle représentait si bien les éléments dont ils croyaient—la terre, l'eau, l'air et le feu. Mais nous, nous voyons une plus jolie et plus profonde signification. Il semble montrer que n'importe quoi les environements d'un homme, il peut triompher sur eux, et devenir aussi bel et aussi pûr que ce lis, donnant à son propre caractère plus de gloire en contracte avec ses environements; et comme, quand l'hiver vient, la cosse est tenue dans son lit, attendre l'arrivée du printemps, quand il retourne au surface avec encore plus de beauté qu'autrefois, nous avons l'idée de l'éternité. Il y a des leçons merveilleuses que la Mère Nature apprendre ses enfants !

MARY CHEATHAM (age 15).

The Exhibition



HERE is a beating of drums; two little boys arrayed in shabby uniform march up and down before the tent.

The crowd, but a few moments ago widely scattered, gather about the door. They listen to the inducements of the "spieler," but the demand for entrance is very small. Mothers are hurrying dirty children away, saying: "O, dreadful! No you don't want to go in there; the snakes would bite you!" The children, on account of their denseness—the world fondly calls it "innocence"—are easily pulled away.

It is a poor crowd and a poor tent in a public park. It must be something good, to bring the long-treasured dime from the almost empty pocket. The "spieler" cries out desperately: "Wait, ladies and gentlemen; bring back the children. See! the queen herself appears." At this the crowd turns back to gaze upon the snake charmer. She stands upon the raised platform, decked in gaudy tinsel—green, yellow, and red. Two long, slender snakes twist and wind themselves about her. Her face is pale, almost cadaverous; but there is a pose, an indescribable something—perhaps the curve of her neck or the slight sway of her body—that suggests the serpents.

The "spieler" continues: "This lady doesn't enslave the snakes; she has an affection for them. See! she kisses them. This longer one—O no; it won't let me touch it! is named "Glider;"

the other, a little shorter, though larger in diameter, is "Crawler." Come closer; look at them! They are as healthy specimens as there are in the world."

All the time the woman coils the beautiful, glistening creatures about her arms, measures them out before the crowd, kisses them, and faintly smiles.

"This lady," cries the showman, "has traveled with Barnum's circus. She has been the wonder of every people to whom she has shown her marvelous powers. Come in and see the wonderful gentleness of the boa constrictor!"

She, standing, with that grace so peculiar to her, listens indifferently to the words that have rung so many times in her ears. Slowly she coils "Glider" around her right arm, and finally about her neck. A sudden convulsion paralyzes her face. She tears frantically at the snake. There is a cry of horror from the crowd. The showman springs forward, grasps and struggles with the serpent. The silent, deadly creature is seen to jerk and tighten his coil. The force of the "spieler" dislodges it, hissing and venomous.

Ah, but the tinsel—the green, yellow, and red—lies in one insensible mass; the face, black and distorted, is horrible to see. "Glider," the traitor, has played his last part; his survival is but a moment longer than that of the betrayed.

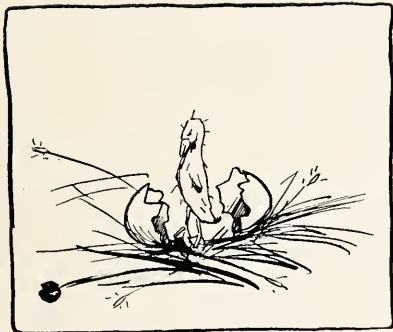
BESSIE BARR.



First Little Girl (carrying in her hand a letter in a mourning envelope): "What do you suppose they put this black around the edge for?"

Second Little Girl (proudly): "Why, so it will go to the Dead Letter Office, of course."





I



II

The Advantages of an Education



III



IV

The Evolution of a Name at Ward's

"I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I may set it in my prayers),
What is your name?"

Shakespeare, The Tempest.

At Home	1st Year at Ward's	2d Year
MARY	a { MAMIE b { MAYMYE	a { MAE b { MARIE
LUCY	LUCYE	LUCILE
SALLIE	SARA	SAIDEE
SUSIE	SUE	SUZANNE
LILLIE	LILY	LILLIAN
EVIE	EVA	EVANGELINE
FANNIE	FRANKIE	FRANCES
KITTIE	KATE	KATHERINE
MATTIE	MATTYE	MARTHA
JENNIE	JANETTE	JANICE
PATTY	PATTYE	PATRICIA
MAGGIE	MARGARET	MARGUERITE

"What's in a name?"

Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet.

—ST. C. C.

CLUBS



Alpha Chapter of the Delta Sigma Sorosis

FOUNDED IN 1894.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



COLORS—Light Blue and Purple. FLOWER—Violet.

YELL—Delta Sigma, Delta Sigma,
Mazette, Mazette,
Dixie, Dixie, Dixie, Dixie,
Dum Vivinus Vivamus.



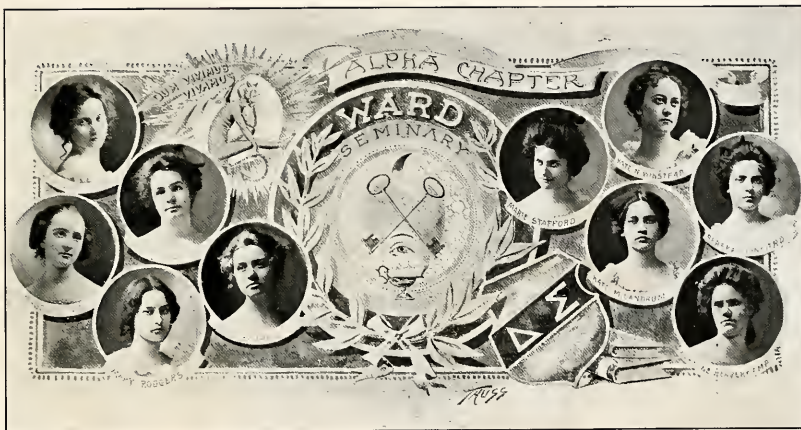
Officers

MARIE BROOKS STAFFORD	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Grand High Mogul</i>
ISABEL SEVIER WILLIAMS	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Vice Regent</i>
KATIE NIEL WINSTEAD	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Quæstor</i>
REBEKAH McEWEN KINNARD	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Chartularia</i>



Beta Chapter Ogontz-Ogontz, Pa.





Roll of 1899-1900.



EFFIE BARROW. HERMINE HAVERKAMP. REBEKAH KINNARD. KATIE MAI LANDRUM.
MARY RODGERS. MADELEINE PARK. MARIE STAFFORD.
ISABEL WILLIAMS. KATIE NIEL WINSTEAD.
MARTHA TAPPAN.

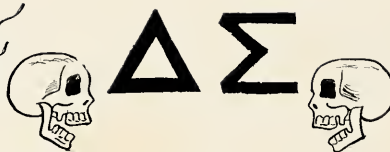


Sorores in Urbe

MARTHA LANIER SCRUGGS.

MRS. W. F. ALLEN.

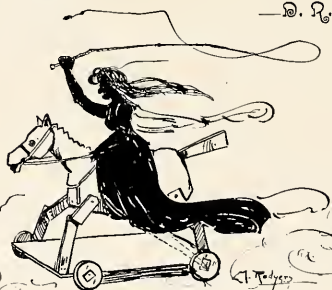
MRS. JOHN E. GARNER.



Don't thou ask me now to tell
E'en the sacred story true,
Lying 'neath the mystic spell,
That's enshrined in symbols two?
Ah, that would most deadly be;

Soon they'd make a corpse of me!
Inviolate must be their grove,
Growing out of sacred tier,
Made in faith and born of love;
All to each for aye allied.

—D. R. S.



Delta Sigma Sorosis

A CLOUD—A VISION



A Cloud—

“ Sing a song of pretty maids—maidens young
and fair!

Sing of our Sorosis! Sing its virtues rare! ”

Thus a bearer came to me,

Sitting in my room;

Thus he said and left me then

Wrapp'd in mental gloom.

Then my soul within me groan'd, shriek'd, and
tore its hair;

For the man had left the word with no *points* to
spare.

I would sing—of course, I would,

Ride my muse to death;

I was taught to serve the fair

With my latest breath.

This is why my brow is sad, overcast with care;

This is why my face is pale, eyes in circles stare,

I for them no “ bricks ” can make,

For they sent no “ straw. ”

Why, to set such task for one

Is against the law!

A Vision—

But softly, now, there comes a vision

Of a band of fairest maids,

Link'd in one true round of union,

Join'd in love which never fades.

Fair they are, as maidens should be,

True and loyal to the core,

Banded for all holy uses,

Friends and loved ones evermore.

Such a sisterhood is lovely!

Like a string of pearls are they

On a cord of virtues thread'd,

Join'd by love, though far away.

Then, all hail to Delta Sigma!

May her ranks forever grow,

May the charms that now bedeck her

Never loss nor fading know!

—D. R. S.





Officers

ROWENA JONES,

President

LIZZETTE DICKSON,

Secretary

MARY FOSTER,

Vice President

ISABEL WHITE,

Treasurer







D. Q. R. Club

Organized January, 1897.

COLORS—Emerald and Old Gold.

FLOWER—White Carnation.

Officers

MAGGIE MAY WILSON	- - -	President
MAY JOHNSTON STEED	- -	Vice President
CECIL SHARON TIPTON	- -	Secretary
FLOYD ASH WILSON	- - -	Treasurer
EDITH PAULINE HOOPER	-	Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

EDITH PAULINE HOOPER, Colorado.	LENA STEGALL, Tennessee.	MARY JOHNSTON STEED, Tennessee.
CECIL SHARON TIPTON, Tennessee.	MAGGIE MAY WILSON, Mississippi.	
FREDDIE MAE SCHAMBERGER, Tennessee.		
FLOYD ASH WILSON, Mississippi.	GLADYS HOLMES, Texas.	MATTIE SUE SMITH, Tennessee.





THE "MASONS"

ORGANIZED OCTOBER, 1899

MOTTO: "Eat, drink, and be merry."

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: "Dissecting jokes."



LYDA JACKSON.

LENA STEGALL.



LEOLA MILLETTE.

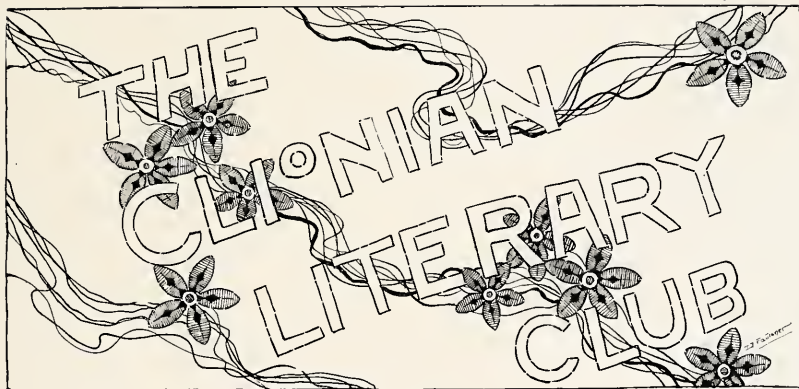
MARY RODGERS.

MARTHA TAPPAN.

ZIPPORAH MCCOY.

HATTIE BETHEA.

EFFIE BARROW.



To Clio

To thee, O Clio, goddess fair of literature and art,
Who long delightful sway hath held
O'er each ambitious heart,
We sing.

II

For 'twas from thee that inspiration came,
To gain a firmer hold on all you love
And form the club which proudly bears thy name,
"The C. L. C."

IV

And while we sit within some cozy bower,
And take the stitch that saves the other nine,
One reads aloud the best book of the hour,
And all is gay.

11

III

When slowly pass the hours from day to day,
'Till Saturday once more hath made the round,
We cast our trials to the winds away
And meet with thee.

V

Long may you live in poetry and fame,
O goddess born!
We, striving, shall prove worthy of the name—
"Clionian."

—J. B.

Clionian Literary Club

<i>President</i>	VIRGINIA D. BEECH
<i>Vice President</i>	MAMIE E. ADAMS
<i>Secretary</i>	LIZETTE B. DICKSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	JANE L. BILES

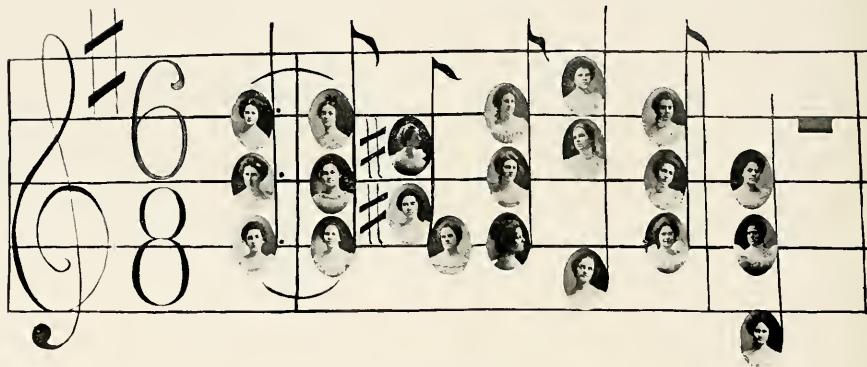


Members C. L. C.

EFFIE BARROW.	REBEKAH KINNARD.
MARGIE LIN CALDWELL.	EVELYN LITTLE.
WILMOTH CANNON.	ZIPPORAH MCCOY.
REBECCA CARPENTER.	MARY KEENE SHACKELFORD.
DAISY FAULKNER.	CORNELIA WEBB.
EDNA FRIERSON.	FLOYD WILSON.
BESSIE HERMAN.	MAGGIE MAY WILSON.
KATIE NEIL WINSTEAD.	GLADYS HOLMES.



WARD CHORUS CLUB



"Ah, we have sighed for rest!"

Class Flower: STAR(R) JESSAMINE.

Class Colors: GREEN AND WHITE.

President:

Evelyn
Little.

Treasurer:

Isabel Houston
White.

Blauche
Stearns.

Floyd Ash
Wilson.

Anita
Alison.

Bessie Claire
Heffey.

Freddie Mae
Schamberger.

Vice President:

Margie Lin
Caldwell.

Mary Steve
Epler.

Hattie
Cunningham.

Cecil Sharon
Tipton.

Ruby Lee
Chamberlain.

Lura Genevieve
Goodrum.

Secretary:

Lizette
Dickson.

Susie Elizabeth
Abney.

Nelia
O'Neal.

Elizabeth Ann
Herman.

Mary Fletcher
Rafter.

Bertha
Faulk.

Rowena
Jones.

Sadye
Cohn.

CHARLES WANZER STARR, DIRECTOR.

St Cecilia Club

Made the forest glad our throats
And if our voices ring through
None can when pains of care
And make us sing and make us glad
Our eyes follow the organ
And authorize the hymn above
Thus the forest echoes round
And in her Maker's praise we find the sound
When the full organ joins the sweetest voice
The immortal powers praise their God
Praise on the swelling organ, our souls inspire
While solemn airs inspire the sacred air
And teach us from heaven to hear
—Alexander Pope



Elizabeth Caldwell
Bar.
Virgie Monro
Vice Pres.

Maggie Kennedy
Sec.

Marie Stefford
Treas.



St. Cecilia Club

FLOWER—Chrysanthemum.

MOTTO—"Ars longa, vita brevis."

St. Cecilia's Day, November 22.



Maude Stebbens. Alma Patterson. Susie Abney. Margie Lin Caldwell.

Ethel Smith. Emma Gale Craig. Lillian Williams.

Eliza Tally. Ethel Wallace. Daisy Smith.

Bertha Gardner. Katie M. Landrum. Lettie Owen. Marion Strickland.

Maud Wilson. Miss L. C. Caldwell, President. Anna Blanton.

Virgie Monroe. Marie Stafford. Maggie Kennedy. Lollie Baisden.



Potpourri

A *posthumous* work is one written by an author after he is dead!

Beethoven's infirmity was his *bad temper*!

A flat lowers a note and a sharp *highers* a note!

St. Cecilia is the *pattern* saint of music!

Bach's music is really better than it sounds!

Poco a poco means to *poky* along!

The most noted thing about Handel was his wig!



THE
IRIS
—18—

Studio Club

NAME.	NICKNAME.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	OCCUPATION.	DESTINY.
FRITH.	"Fancy-racy."	"I'll never paint another plate."	Looking for the Wilson Brothers.	Teaching in China.
PECK.	"Pecker-wood."	"I'm Mr. Longman's pet."	Talking about the boys.	An early grave (talked herself to death).
DIFFENDERFER.	"Diff."	"I guess I'll paint China."	Painting violets.	A famous flower painter.
RED.	"Sue."	"Where's Mrs. Longman?"	Giving art lessons.	Poet of the studio.
CAMPBELL.	"Camp."	"Just anything."	Cleaning casts.	Sculptor.
WENDELL.	"Old Maid."	"O mercy! Here's Mr. L."	Erasing her drawings.	Painting portraits.
MURRAY.	"Silence."	"What period is this?"	Arranging flower studies.	Designer.
FAULKNER.	"Little D. F."	"Give me tapestry, or give me death."	Waiting for inspiration.	Whitewasher.
RODGERS.	"Brownie."	"It is the cutes' thing."	Cutting the class.	Signboard painter.
TURLEY.	"Gibson."	"What must I do next?"	Disparaging her work.	Excelling Gibson.
WITHERSPOON.	"Suippy."	"I said so and so."	Making book covers.	A French teacher.
BRONSON.	"Vanderbail."	"St. Louis is the only place."	Painting something for papa.	A St. Louis society woman.
MORGAN.	"Reue."	"What do you think of that?"	Designing.	Illustrator.
BLANTON.	"Nancy."	"I'll tell papa on you."	Painting water colors.	A famous artist.
McEWEN.	"Mac."	"O, do you think so?"	Sketching from life.	An artist of the twentieth century.
HITT.	"Dear."	"Just any old thing."	Painting China.	Something good.
KERLEY.	"Patsy."	"Avoid the appearance of evil."	Telling the story of the nervous goats.	The world-renowned traveler.
LONGMAN (Mrs.)	"Legion."	"Girls, be quiet."	Working for the girls.	Nervous prostration.
LONGMAN (Mr.)	"Jack."	"Go to work, girls."	Advising Mrs. L. in French.	Reincarnation.
PIT-A-PAT.	"Darling."	"Downvow."	Sitting in the window.	A little angel.



Copy of 40 Longman.

THE IRIS CLUB.

“Iris Club”

SOME writer has said, “Our most joyous moments, as well as most profitable, are spent in earliest childhood;” but we, the “Iris Club,” have no such ideas, for we well know that no happier nor more profitable moments could be spent than at our meetings.

At the beginning of the year, the Senior Class formed themselves into a club, taking the “Iris” editorial staff as officers. Their sole aim was to make the paths of the “Iris” spread as far and as wide as those of the “Comet.” They met every two weeks and discussed “Iris,” handed in various literary matter, and, though always at work, had very pleasant times. At the first meeting the President reminded us to label everything we handed in, especially the “jokes.”

A crowd of little boys, playing in the court, attracted by our witty (?) remarks, marched up to the window. They stood still for a little while; but the subject under discussion being too deep for them, they began cake walking. Being so engrossed with our own work, we left them unnoticed for a few moments, when a shout, a crash, and then—we looked up just in time to see our dignified Business Manager jumping through a closed window, which, in her excitement, she had forgotten to raise.

All tried to talk at once, but one tap of the bell by the “well-trained” Secretary brought silence.

In the clear, sweet tones so characteristic of our President, she asked: “Miss —, please read what you have written.” “I didn’t write anything; but, really, I have an idea, Miss President, but I can’t express it.” “Why don’t you freight it, then?” was the consolation received.

For the next few minutes, profound silence ensued, broken only by the low, musical voice of our Treasurer, as well as treasure, reading one of her charming stories. When she had finished, our class poet began reading the class poem. Only a few verses had been read, when the door

was opened and Mr. Blanton came in to inquire as to whose funeral services were being held. We told him not to be alarmed ; that it was only the class poem.

It seemed that our good President was unusually anxious about us that day, for a little later when our Business Manager was indulging in a little laugh over one of the numerous jokes, the door was hurriedly thrown open, and again Mr. Blanton wanted to know if any one was in distress and whether we needed assistance. We assured him that his fears were groundless and invited him to stay with us; perhaps we could entertain him for a few moments. He sat in a remote corner, and when next we noticed him he was actually reading a letter.

The ringing of the bell announced a visitor for him, and once more we were left alone and ready to carry on our work; but as it is time for the "Iris" to go to press, I can tell no more of the achievements of this, the "Iris Club."

MAUDE SELIG.



The Iris



HE very name, "Iris," brings to our minds thoughts of beauty and gladness. Before Nature spreads her green carpet beneath the leafless trees, the little iris springs up, bringing with it beauty and fragrance, and announces the coming of Spring, with her sweet song birds and beautiful flowers.

This little herald comes to announce to us, after months of wind and snow, the coming of bright, sunshiny days; but its name-sake, *The Iris*, will not be a herald; its voice will, in after years, speak to us from its musty leaves and remind us of all the pleasure and happiness that we, as the class of nineteen hundred, enjoyed at Ward's.

MINNIE FISHER.





Wheel Club

Officers

DAISY FAULKNER	-	-	President	GLADYS HOLMES	-	-	Secretary
MARY RODGERS	-		Vice President	MAUDE STEBBINS	-	-	Treasurer



COLORS—Black and Yellow.

FLOWER—Black-eyed Susan.

MOTTO—"United we ride, provided we do not fall."



Members

MISSSES ADAMS.

ALISON.

BAISDEN.

BECH.

BILES.

DIFFENDERFFER.

FAULKNER.

HAVERKAMP.

HARRISON.

MISSSES HEFLEY.

HOLMES.

HOOVER.

JACKSON.

KINNARD.

RODGERS, M.

REID.

SCHAMBERGER.

SHWAB.

MISSSES SOKOLOSKI.

STEBBINS.

STEGALL.

WEBB, C.

WEBB, M.

WILSON, M. M.

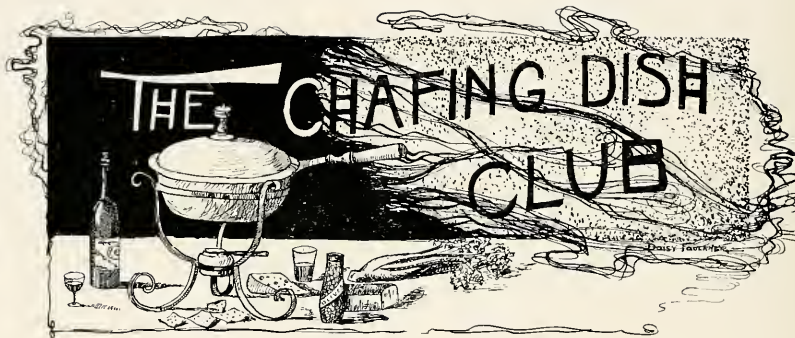
WILSON, F.

WINSTEAD.

WOOTEN.



Rowena Jones. Cecil Tipton. Mamie Adams. Lizzette Dickson. Essie McBride.
 Mamie Burke, Maggie May Wilson. Edna Coans. Martha Lassing. Mary Keen Shackelford.
 Leola Millette. Lollie Baisden. Sadie Cohn. Virginia Pippin. Zipporah McCoy.
 Ethel Smith. Meta Mitchell. Emma Gale Craig. Genevieve Goodrum. Lulu Mullens.
 Bessie Herman. Mary Epler. Katie Neil Winstead. Sudie Lacy.
 Beulah Johnson. Rubye Chamberlain. Mattie Sue Smith. Floyd Wilson.
 Emma Berry. Mary Blanton. Pearl Gunter. Katie May Landrum. Martha Tappan.
 Anna Blanton. Grace Diffenderfer. Lyda Jackson. Freddie Schamberger.



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MAY STEED	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
MATTIE SUE SMITH	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
KATIE MAY LANDRUM	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer



Members

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CELESTE HARRISON.

CECIL TIPTON.

ZIPPORAH MCCOV.

MARIE STAFFORD.

ISABEL WILLIAMS.

VIRGINIA BEECH

FLOYD WILSON.

EDITH HOOPER.

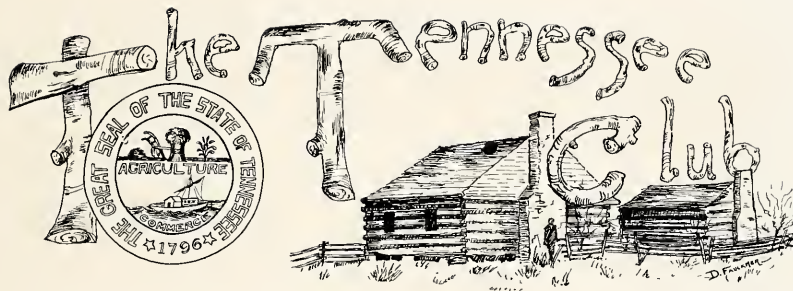
MARY FOSTER

LENA STEGALL.

DAISY FAULKNER.

GRACE DIFFENDERFFER.

FREDDIE SCHAMBERGER.



FLOWER—Clover Blossom.

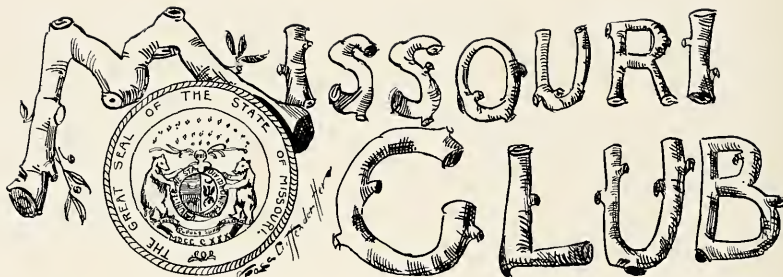
COLORS—Red and White.

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CORNELIA WEBB		VICE PRESIDENT
MARIE STAFFORD		SECRETARY
ISABEL WILLIAMS		TREASURER

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LILLIAN SCOTT.	NELIA O'NEAL.	ALMA PATTERSON.	MARY RATHER.
MARY RODGERS.	REBEKAH KINNARD.	MAY STEED.	SUDIE LACY.
EVELYN LITTLE.	MARY LOUISE LOVE.	BESSIE HERMAN.	GEORGIA HICKERSON.
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Louisiana!

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MYRTLE SOKOLOSKY, Vice President.

MAUDE E. STEBBINS, Secretary and Treasurer.



Members

LETTIE OWEN.

EFFIE MASON.

ELISE CHAFFE.

MAUDE SELIG.

EDNA LICHTENSTEIN.

MYRTLE SOKOLOSKY.

MAUDE STEBBINS.

Greeting

I

We come from the land where the orange flower blossoms;
From the land of the citron, the lemon, the palm;
Where the meadow lark sings like an angel in heaven
And the air is a breath of perpetual balm.

II

We come, a gay band of light-hearted maidens;
The warmth of our climate instilled in our veins;
The joy of the sweet, sunny South in our bosoms;
Our minds filled with summer's soft, musical strains.

III

We come to the cold, sterner North for a season;
We come with misgiving, with shudder, with dread;
For the blood that now throbs through our warm, sunny nature
Runs cold, if grim Winter but shake his gray head.

IV

For we love not the cold, nor the wind, nor the rain storm;
We long for the cheer of our far Southern home;
We droop and we pine for the sun's genial luster;
Like exiles 'mongst strangers we hopelessly roam,

V

Nay, nay; not at all ! That, indeed, was the picture
 That filled our sad hearts with forebodings so dread;
 But we learned that a wealth of warmth and of welcome
 Awaited us here, ere our greetings were said.

VI

And we knew that the blasts of the chilliest of winters
 Would warm by the blood that a tender heart thrills,
 And felt that the breasts of our own Southern comrades
 Had withstood the fierce storms with their terrors and ills.

VII

O, friends, gentle friends, of our home of adoption,
 When again, with farewells, we may tearfully seek
 The soft, sunny clime we as tearfully quitted,
 One boon of you, comrades, we, ardent, bespeak !



VIII

May the thoughts that of us you will tenderly cherish
 Be as kind as the welcome received from your hands
 By the shy little hand of timid young maidens
 Who left, to be with you, their own sunny lands.

EFFIE MASON.



"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

—Kipling.

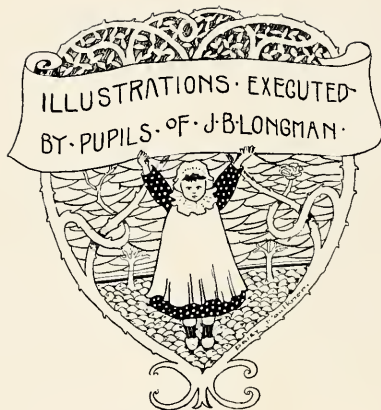


THE
IRIS
—130—

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise, like a fountain, for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is ev'ry way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

—Tennyson.





THE
IRIS
—132—



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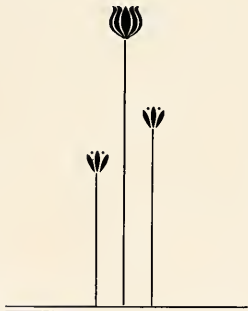
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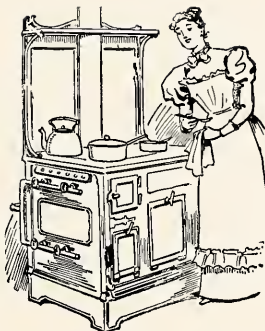
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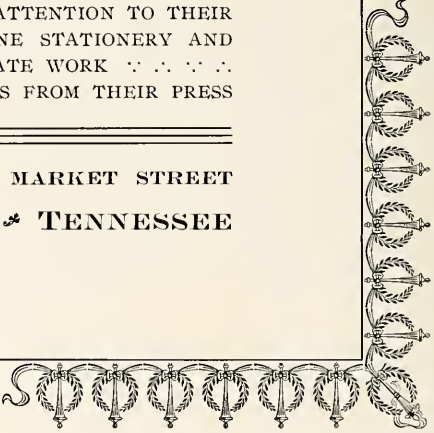
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WARD SEMINARY PUPILS are assured every COMFORT and COURTESY from all Local and General Agents of these LINES

To the Class of 1900 Ward Seminary

Perhaps no mercantile establishment in the world comes in such close relations of friendliness and acquaintanceship with young ladies of any institution of learning as we have with "Ward's Girls" during the past year. It has always been our aim to extend a welcome to the faculty and students of this great and deservedly recognized institution that would make them feel when in our store that "this is a temporary home." We believe we have succeeded. Each young lady, by her sweet ways and ladylike demeanor, has endeared herself to us. May all of them find naught but happiness through life, and remember that letters from each when they reach home will be held in high esteem by

Their friends,

L. JONAS & CO.

THE PALACE

NASHVILLE, TENN.

