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A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER; PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE STUDENT BODY OF TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

VOL. VIII.

NORTH WACO, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 18, 1910.

NUMBER 21

STETSON SHOES
FOR YOUNG MEN

THEY HAVE THAT STYLE, THAT SNAP, THAT VIGOR, THAT VIM SO DEAR TO THE YOUNG MAN'S HEART, YET WITH ALL, ARE FULL OF WEARING QUALITY AND COMFORT. THE NEW SPRING LASTS ARE BEAUTIES AND ARE SHOWN IN ALL LEATHERS.

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Prospects for a Sophomore Baseball Team

It is our intention and purpose to pull for the University team, but we also believe that with the bronze and brains that is evolving in the Sophs, we will be the crowning victors in baseball over our fellow classmates. We further believe that when the class games close we will be undisputed in our right to the cup.

Some perhaps will call us rather egotistical for these seemingly radical remarks, but remember that we are Sophomores, with not the dignity of a junior, but past the ignorance of the "Fishes," hence anything we might say or do can be looked at from these two standpoints.

We are proud of our class and know it to be a good one. Although small in numbers as compared to our under-study, there is not a quitter among us and we look back with pride to the football game, for we did our best. That famous (?) class rush is veiled to us now in a mist of memory. We have a vague remembrance of looking up toward the heavens through millions of trampling hoofs, but we would not have had it otherwise, for the Freshmen had to find some way of becoming recognized. But now the baseball season is here and we are going to match our strength with any class who may feel worthy to cope with us.

We are not speaking at random, for we have material for a winning baseball team—men who have been tried and who have not been found wanting. In Milton E. Daniels we have a man who stands in a class by himself when it comes to an "all-round" athlete. Then there is Brown, the well known

WOMEN'S SHOES



Always a Little

AHEAD

on new styles is the reputation we have, and it's well deserved. The new Ankle Strap Pumps and Instep Strap Pumps are in. Come in and take a look.

\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00

Miller-Cross Company
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S

Dramatic Club

On account of the illness of two of its members, the Dramatic Club did not present the play, "Quality Street," on February 10 as was previously announced. This stirring romance lost nothing by the delay and will be staged on the evening of February 22 by the best talent in T. C. U. Among the cast will be found the names of many seniors in the Department of Oratory, and the past records of such public favorites as Misses Rash, Jackson, Webb and Smith and Messrs. Gough and Hackney need no comment.

Miss Clyde B. Reeves, the director, knows what T. C. U. wants, as she has ably directed many plays which have made successful "hits." She is a manager who knows how to make things go and has done much toward furthering dramatics in T. C. U.

Miss Reeves presents

The Dramatic Club of T. C. U. in Barrie's Comedy "Quality Street."

T. C. U. Auditorium. Admission, 35c.

The cast:
Granville Howard.....Earl Gough
Lieutenant Wright.....Fred Bush
Captain Winchester.....Leron Gough
Lieutenant Small.....Dibrell Melton
Major Pepper.....Clyde Hackney
Albert Sydney Wallace.....Ivan Alexander
Phoebe Sparrow.....Bess Rash
Sarah Sparrow.....Una Jackson
Matilda Langweid.....Ethel Webb
Isabel Appleton.....Harriett Shirley
Julie Langweid.....Jennie Britton
Ellen.....Stella Smitham
Louise Andrews.....Elizabeth Maurer
Eva Bryant.....Ora Carpenter
School Children—Jeanette Salling,
Louise Cockrell, Charles Ford.

ACT I—In Miss Sparrow's sitting room. A dream and an awakening.

ACT II—Scene same as Act I. Six years later. Home from the war.

ACT III—At a garden party. A proposal by Proxy.

ACT IV—Scene same as Act I. The last chapter.

Music furnished by the T. C. U. Orchestra under the direction of Prof. W. C. Hunter.

Time—Tuesday, February 22, 1910.
Place—T. C. U. Auditorium.
Price—Thirty-five cents.

Purpose—To help the T. C. U. Library of the Dramatic Club. U. J.

The Freshman Edition

Very humble indeed—"Angels could do no better."

We offer here a shorter answer to the question, "What is a Freshman?" In the first place, we would place him according to his own estimation at the "1000" mark. Next we will erase the "i" and leave him as other people see him—only a goose egg, which, under favorable conditions, may produce

O

something which could be named. In their write up on "Freshman Achievements—"we intend to run the whole second team next year"—this is what Lowell has to say:

"Greatly begin, tho thou hast time,
But for a line, be that sublime,
Not failure, but low aim is crime."

Your aims are certainly high. The starting of "athletics and parts taken by Freshmen" reads like this: "There has been much in the way of athletics this year." We would like to ask what "much" referred to—a stumbling block or what? E. B.

Sophomores to Use Chapel Hour

Ever since we breathed our first hot air, even while we were Preps, and up through the bottle age of Freshmanhood, there was latent in the class of '12 that germ which has grown into the spirit of "the class that does things." We are a progressive class, and when we do things (and people) we do them right. The Sophomores will be the first to use the chapel hour during this session of school. The talent, genius, manly virility and feminine loveliness of this excellent class will be presented on the T. C. U. rostrum Wednesday, February 23, at 10 a. m. in the following program:

Song
Scripture Reading.....
Egbert R. Cockrell, Class Professor
Address by President.....Leron B. Gough
Music.....Mabel Baldwin
Paper.....Josie Heavenhill
Vocal Solo.....Willie Ben Irby
Reading.....Una Jackson
Mixed Quartett..... U. J.

P

second team catcher, who, by his timely hitting, won more than one game for the famous scrubs of last season. Turner also comes in this lineup, for if all our pitchers went wild, Johnnie never failed to put his toe in the box and hold the score down. Looking on down the line we find Odell, the well known southpaw, who is almost invincible with his fast breaking curves and clever headwork. Harpole, a new man, promises to show up well, although he says little, we can apply to him that old adage, "Actions speak louder than words." Then take a look at the other second team men we have in our ranks—Bussey, Tomlinson, Melton and Gough—all of these warriors helped to make the Great Team. Looking still further among us we find good utility men—Wise, Rogers, Barnard, Wilson and others.

Now with the players already mentioned, do you blame us for boasting a little, for he who has no confidence in himself is indeed not worthy to hold an honored position in the class of '12. We are going to pull together as one and our motto is—"I take 'em all." L. B. G.

The Protracted Meeting

Brother W. J. Hilton, pastor of the Christian Church of Greenville, Texas, has been conducting a meeting for the University Christian Church for the past week. Brother Hilton is an able speaker and one who chooses his subjects well. He has secured the attendance of nearly every student in the University since the opening service, and much good work has been done. The meeting will be continued indefinitely.

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Baseball Prospects

The football season has come and gone. The team has been successful and we are proud of the laurels which they have won, but now the baseball season is here in all its glory.

For the past week or so the prospects for a winning team has been the athletic talk of the University, and these talks came to one grand head at a call meeting by Coach Hardy last Monday morning. Mr. Hardy, in a few well chosen words, expressed his sentiments toward the baseball club and the school in general. We recognize in Coach Hardy a man who is a man. A friend to T. C. U., one who has seen the purple and white wave triumphantly through many victories and few defeats, he comes to us again this season with the determination to repeat last season's victories and even bring a more glorious defeat to the green and gold banner of our friends across the way.

"But to get these results," says Mr. Hardy, "I must have the co-operation of every man on the team and of the University." He says further: "I am here responsible for the victories or defeats of the coming season and I want to say once and for all that no favoritism will be shown. Then, if when the season closes and we have been defeated, I will feel that every man has done his best, whereas if favorites had been allowed to come in, then I would charge myself personally with our defeat. However, we don't intend to lose, but the man who makes the club will make it on his own rigid training and hard work." He goes on to say that uniforms don't make the ball player. "Give me a man with

his well trained eye never fails to see both the good and bad traits in a player. With a man of his ability we should feel in a certain degree confidence of success, although the team is handicapped somewhat by the loss of some of the old players.

Let everyone show the old time spirit and pull, not for one individual player or any certain organization, but for the general good of the team and school. D. AND G.

The Basketball Game

"Twas the day before Sunday,
And our lessons had been said,
And the words on the bulletin board read,
"The Sophs will challenge," as is always the rule,
"To play basketball with any class in school."

Now the the Freshmen, not knowing the Sophomore's rep, immediately wrote on the board, "We accept." Still fearing they might have to go through the rube, they preferred playing under name of "The Scrubs."

At last the day came and the team all steady. The referee said, "Attention! Are you ready?" Every hand went up straight, but one was too late. For the center man strong and quick and tall, had already given Harriett the ball.

Of course this meant, as everyone knows, the ball was compelled to go through the goal. "Shame! Shame!" the Scrubs would say, "That the Sophs get the best of us every day."

That we do get the best of them is a fact. And they will find by looking back through the books and records of bygone days, that they were beaten in the same old way.

The game ended with the words, "Time's up. You Freshmen are still in the same old rut." Then a shout was heard from the visitors, "God bless the Sophs, they have won the day." E. S.

There was a Freshman named Mauraine,
Who, to everyone made it plain,
When a Freshman was smitten,
She gave him the mitten.
For a Soph made her almost insane.

Special Massage for Ladies at T. C. Ladies only.

S

Special Trousers Sale

AN EXTRA PAIR OF TROUSERS IS ALWAYS A VALUABLE ADDITION TO ANY MAN'S WARDROBE. IF YOU ARE STOUT, SLIM OR AVERAGE, COME RIGHT ALONG, SIR, WE CAN FIT YOU PERFECTLY. PARAGON AND DUTCHESS TROUSERS.

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MASONIC TEMPLE.

THE SKIFF

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The privilege is granted us; we are now before you, trusting you may give your hearty approval of our edition. It is indeed a privilege and pleasure for each class to be allowed to call forth from its darkest corners jewels, that while always brilliant, have not been seen because of the unusual lustre of more polished gems. Now, however, the opportunity has come for the appearance of such gems as may be hidden in Sophmordom and we trust their brilliancy will be of the clear, soothing light, rather than of the flashing light which is blinding in its effect.

We seek the approval of all in this edition and are certain of the approval of but one person—the editor of The Skiff, who is now sitting back in an easy chair and enjoying his rest from the labors of a weekly publication. No doubt he smiles as he sees the worried looks on the faces of the Sophomore staff as they go about hustling news; he looks wise and doubtless says, "I told you so."

Anyone who was asked the question, "Do we respect our girls?" would of course answer in the affirmative. It would not seem that we do in T. C. U., however, when we see our girls going through the halls to their classes and being forced to pick their way through the trash and rubbish which may be found on first and second floors of the main building. If we care nothing for the appearance of our buildings; if we care nothing for the comfort of our students; let us at least live up to the standard of a Christian institution and remember the text, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

You ask why there is so much sickness in school lately. To make a long story short, the sanitary conditions are not what they ought to be. This is not a supposition, but a fact; and while we are proud of our school and are not contemplating making a change, before June anyway, we can't afford to keep mum and thus shield her in her mistakes when the health of three hundred pupils is at stake. We will not enumerate the improvements that could be made, but only trust some money will be invested at an early date for disinfectants.—E. S.

"MAKING A RISE"

(With tender apologies to Tennyson.)
Roll call and chapel bell,
And one sad sound to hear!
For on "exams" my mind doth constant dwell
And falling do I fear.

Thus late at night I study half asleep,
Too dense to read a word;
And weary pouring o'er these problems deep
That seem absurd.

Midnight and later hours,
And after that the morn,
Still reading in these books and notes
So dull,
I sit forlorn.

Though days within this awful lone-
some place
In cramming have I spent,
I hope to meet my "rises" face to face
When marks are homeward sent.
—Ex.

Concerning Style, and What It Is

Ever hear an artist talk about lines, beauty of curvature and exact proportion? That is style—and if it isn't correct, it isn't style at all. It's pretense.

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are designed by artists with the tone idea of style—not the shadow, but the substance. A fact that sticks out in every detail of our new spring models. This classy clothing is now arranged for your choosing. Infinite variety devoid of sameness and the most monumental money's worth for every college man who wills.

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A Typical Parlor Meeting

On the old blackboard in the hall this glaring notice is posted:

IMPORTANT—There will be a parlor meeting immediately after dinner. Every girl must be present.

(Signed) MISS WATSON.
Maurine and Wanda pass by. Wanda: "Gee, kid, look at that sign; guess we'll get stung!"

Kathleen Munn: "Wait, Mvrtle, here's a notice; maybe it's about my long lost Horace. Law no! It is another old parlor meeting. It's against my religion to go to those things."

At 1 o'clock Nita commences a rag and the girls stroll into the parlor, depositing themselves on the chairs, settees and floor. Miss Watson peeps in, "Where are all the girls?" The brass bell is sounded at the hall door, the side door, the back door and the front door. Miss Lottie views the campus, frowns and replaces the bell. The love-lorn maidens leisurely walk in and make bee-lines for the windows, where they watch for a last fond glimpse of their "lemmings."

"Is everybody here?" Miss Watson raps on the door and puts on a bold front. Nita continues to play until Pitts kicks her rudely with, "Aw, cut it out, Neet."

Miss Watson (consulting small paper): "Now, girls, there is one thing I want to tell you about, and that is that this so-called in the halls must be stopped. It cannot go on. Why, the conduct of some boys and girls in this school is terrible. What would your parents think if they knew some of the things you are doing?"

The next time I see a boy and girl talking in a corner in the Main Building I shall hand their names to the discipline committee at once. And another thing, girls, you must not stay so long in the dining room and do not walk out with the boys and stand and talk until I ask you in. This must be stopped.

"Now, another thing, girls, you have not been keeping study hour. You are not here to play, but to work. And the housekeeping has been something awful this week." Julia wings at Willie Ben who giggles.

"Another thing I want to talk to you about is spending so much money over at the stores; your parents fuss at us because you spend so much and we get the blame. (Much laughter in back of room.) Miss Watson knocks on the door. "Girls, if you are through laughing, I will continue. Some things have been missing from the girls' rooms. Now I know—at least, I think—we have no one who would take things but—"

"Say, Miss Lottie," says Eva Harris, "I lost a pair of gold cuff buttons. Somebody stole 'em!"

Nita: "Miss Lottie, somebody took three pair of hose out of my room; they were good ones, too; never had been worn."

Miss Watson: "Has anyone seen Nita's hose?"

Bess Rash: "Miss Lottie, I've lost a silver fork and it had B on it; I lost it last year."

Lucile (whispers): "Was that B for Barnard?"

Miss Watson: "Miss Chappell has lost a switch, a rat and other valuable articles. Does anyone know where they are?"

Skeeter: "She might find them in the museum if she'd look."

Ader: "Miss Watson, I've lost my intellect."

Mary Ritter: "Miss Lottie, the heat never does come on in our room. I just wish you would tell Prof. Anderson about it. Mr. Elam—"

Starkey: "I've lost my 'critical period.'"

Aunt Tut: "Good thing you lost it. Dear nephew has it now."

Miss Watson: "Everything seems to be lost; has no one found anything?"

Melrose Jones: "I found some wax that wasn't mine."

Girls grow restless and, amid much giggling and whispering, the matron's voice is heard saying, "That's all."

Ader: "Oh, gee! Bud, help me up."

Glee Club Organized

At last we are to have a Glee Club. It is rather late in materializing, but it is only another case of "better late than never." All the old members of last year's Glee Club, together with several new men, met last week and organized with Prof. Hamner as director. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. T. J. Allen; secretary and treasurer, Mr. Grantland Anderson.

Everyone expressed a willingness and desire to go into the organization with a determination to do things. The new members were especially enthusiastic and showed a spirit that promises good work from them.

It is the intention of the club to use only new songs; songs that have never been sung in T. C. U. before. A lot of new music was ordered and we may expect a treat from them in the near future. The club is planning a concert, to be given sometime next term, and also, if possible, to take a trip.

Prof. Hamner is giving his time and energy to make this club a success, and from what he has done in former years, we feel sure that if the boys do their part T. C. U. will have a glee club of which she will be proud.

When you are rejected

Don't say

"Good day,"

Then grab the door and slam it.

Be quite

Polite;

Go out and then say "d— it."

—Ex.

You will be pleased with your photo if Heilman takes it. Studio 109 1/2 South Fifth street.

Texas Christian University Abroad.

People, things and institutions are appreciated more abroad than at home. Why this is so is one of the unexplained mysteries of association, yet it is an absolute fact and it applies to T. C. U. to a certain degree. No matter what the uninformed or unappreciative ones may say, it is very evident that the people of the Texas consider T. C. U. as one of the state's leading educational institutions; and since the people of this state are interested in T. C. U. her progress and school activities are closely watched.

Texas Christian University has gained prestige throughout the state by her aggressive college spirit. Everyone knows that her students have the "pep," or in other words the ability of doing things or of being able to deliver the goods. Last fall when the Texas Christian University aggregation was in Dallas to attend a football game, this enthusiasm of the students was noted and was the talk of the town for several days. This commendable spirit of her students gained many friends for T. C. U. for people realize the truth that as the students are so in the school; the citizens of Dallas, then, more than ever, recognized the fact that T. C. U. was a live, wide-awake institution.

But T. C. U. is admired for more than her student-body and college spirit. Her teachers are recognized and respected for their scholarship and character. The University is fortunate, indeed, in possessing so many noble men and women to guide the students and set examples for them.

In athletics T. C. U. is justly famous. Every city and town in the state keeps fully posted as to T. C. U.'s standing in athletics. Her teams are carefully watched the year round and are the subject of much admiration and discussion. When the big games of the season are on, in every city crowds eagerly watch the bulletin boards to find out how much T. C. U. beat her opponents, whether she was scored upon or not, and who starred in the game. This great interest in T. C. U. is not sectional, but it prevails over the entire state. Even the public school pupils eagerly scan the morning papers to find out how the games came out and to see if T. C. U. still maintains the lead. In their Athletic associations they all point to T. C. U., as the acme of perfection in college athletics and they strive to put out a team that would do honor even to the Texas Christian University. When it is possible T. C. U. graduates are obtained to coach their teams.

Last summer when other colleges were forgotten, T. C. U. was constantly before the public because of her baseball team playing at McKinney, suffice it is to say that no amateur team in the state was watched as closely as McKinney. This team was a great advertisement for the school and made many T. C. U. sympathizers. This custom now initiated should be kept up for it is one of the greatest factors in upbuilding the University. It means a greater team and a greater school.

Prospects for Track Team.

It is true that there has not been very much interest shown for track work up to the present time by our boys, but a few are coming out every day, and quite a number have promised to begin work at once. And if they do as they have promised there is no reason why T. C. U. cannot carry away honors from Sherman next spring in track work as well as in baseball—and we have no doubts about what our "husky" nine can do so let us all boost for a winning track squad. Baylor has asked for a meet with us, and we see no reason why T. C. U. cannot show them up in our usual way of doing things.

Leron Gough, Wakefield, "Runt," Parker Shepperd, Joe Murray, G. P. Braus have all had experience in track work and can make a good show in when the time comes. "Fuzz" has promised to come out, and though a new man, we know his speed on the gridiron with "pig-skin" under arm and "goal to gain." There are many other valuable sprinters among the new men and we hope they will come out and work hard.

Charlie Fields is throwing the "lead ball" in a way that can not be equalled. Ross Churchill has a good record with the discus and can make a winner if he will train.

The Sophomores take great pride in the fact that several of the runners mentioned above are members of their class.

Mr. R. L. Marquis, a graduate of T. C. U. has recently been elected to fill the chair of Biology and Zoology in the Texas State Normal at Canyon City, Texas.

Member of the Staff: "Harriett, we had to leave some things out of the Skiff, for want of room.

Harriett (seriously): "Why, cut out most of the ads!"—poor business manager.

Mr. H. E. Bozeman, a former student in T. C. U., has recently been elected president of the Waco Typographical Union. Mr. Bozeman has been in Waco but a short time and he is to be congratulated on receiving this honor.

Mrs. Chapell, just two blocks up the car line, does plain as well as fancy sewing.

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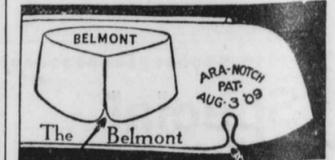
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Tuesday's Sophomore Class Meeting

Mr. Gough announces in the dining hall: "There will be a meeting of the Sophomore Class immediately after supper in the President's recitation room. Every member is urged to be present." Then comes the rush to reach "headquarters," for each member of the '12 class knows what a Sophomore meeting means. Upon reaching the announced place we are greeted with outstretched arms by Prexy Gough.

A few minutes later all is quiet. The awe-inspiring personage arises and begins. "As you all know, this meeting was called for the purpose of seeing how the work is progressing for our number of The Skiff. Mr. Hall, the editor-in-chief, has a matter to present, so I will turn the chair over to him."

"It's just this way, Mr. President, all articles and printed matter to go in the Skiff must be handed in by morning. We can't afford to delay the edition not even one mail, so you all get busy and write your parts. I'd like to see how many have their parts ready to hand in now. Please raise your hands. (Not a hand goes up.) Well, that will never do. (Just then the door is opened and five or six tryants enter.) I'd like to know again how many have their articles ready for the Skiff?" Herr Wise ventures to speak. Clarence proceeds: "That is a little better, but I'd like to know how many are going to write them? If not, say so, or forever hold your peace."

Clarence is seated and Prexy begins to tell us how important the matter is; what it means and most of all—"never let a Freshman beat you!"

The Chapel program is then presented, which meets the approval of all but Mabel.

The President: "Well, that will be all right, Miss B. That is the reason we wanted you to hear the program. Any more business to present?"

Clarence: "Mr. President, I move you we have one member of our class to read the Scripture lesson next Wednesday morning, and as you are such a distinguished member here, I move that you do this part."

Mr. Daniel: "I second that motion."

President: "The gentleman is out of order."

However, the vote is carried and the duty falls upon Mr. Gough.

Sairley: "Mr. President, I move you we have a standing vote."

Joe Murry: "There were no objections, so—"

Harriett: "Oh, yes, there was; I didn't vote for him and neither did Miss Unie."

"All right, then." (The vice president takes the floor.) This time Mr. Gough is defeated and Roy Tomlinson arises:

Mr. Prexy, we all know that Clarence M. Hall is a preacher boy, so I nominate him to read the Scriptures."

The vote is defeated and the matter

allowed to rest.

President: "Any more business? (Silence.) I see we have quite a distinguished visitor here tonight—Miss Noblitt—and a Junior—perhaps she will give us a word."

Louie: "This is the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting with you this year, but I assure you it has been as great a pleasure as it used to be."

President: "Beg pardon, Miss Noblitt, you did not address the chair."

Louie: "Oh, Mr. President; members of Sophomore class, I believe that is all I have to say."

President: "Any more business?"

Clarence: "Mr. President, I move that the chair appoint two gentlemen to escort Miss Noblitt to the Girls' Home, and that Mr. Leron Gough not be one of that number. This is done for the safety of our president."

Miss Unie: "I second that motion."

Mr. Gough coughs violently, turns red in the face and says: "Well—er—well, I appoint Mr. Earl Odell and Mr. Hugh Braus."

Much laughter. Starkey nudges little Allison, "I say that's too funny."

John Barnard addresses the chair and says: "I am strictly opposed to that vote, Miss Noblitt's consent should have been got."

President: "Her consent seems to have been obtained. Is there a motion to adjourn?"

Herr Wise rises to his feet in a dignified manner and solemn way, he says: "Mr. President, this is what we most desire—freedom, yes freedom, in all things, so with the wish of all I move you that the house be dismissed."

Miss Heavenhill: "I second that motion."

President: "The house stands adjourned." M. B.

The St. Cecilia Club

The St. Cecilia Club, under the direction of Mrs. Salling, is doing excellent work this year and deserves special mention.

The club was not organized until a few weeks before Christmas. It contains twenty-four of the best singers among the girls of the University, with Miss Elizabeth Higginbotham, president; Miss Grace Hackney, secretary-treasurer, and Miss Leta Pitts, pianist. They are working on several numbers, which we hope to hear soon.

Heilman, the photographer, 109 1-2 South Fifth street, between Austin and Franklin streets.

Personal Notes

Miss Kathleen Wilfong and Mr. Roy Shook, former students of T. C. U., were quietly married in the home of the bride at Haskell, Texas, on Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. R. D. Martin of Arlington visited her daughter Neta the latter part of last week.

Mr. Irvay Taylor of Dumas, Texas, a former student of the University, visited his cousin, Miss Leta Pitts, last week.

Miss Una Jackson has returned from Bartlett, where she spent a few days on account of sickness. We are glad to have Miss Jackson with us again.

Everybody come to "Quality Street" February 22. It is a holiday and if you have the price, come.

Miss Neta Martin visited friends at Reisel Sunday.

Mr. Grantland Anderson spent last Sunday in Reisel.

Miss Gertrude Stockton of Louise is a new matriculate this week.

Mr. Ernest Anderson was on the sick list last week. He certainly recovered from the chicken-pox (?) rapidly.

Miss Myrtle Tomlinson has been suffering from a severe cold the last few days.

Miss Elisha Walker has been sick with the measles for the past week and has gone home to recuperate.

Wanted—A name for Clifton Ferguson, our "pardner bean." Apply to Byrdie Stevenson and Mertis Stockard.

Miss Ruth Brookshire of Baylor University visited Miss Ouida Murrah Sunday.

Mrs. Higginbotham of Ennis is visiting her daughter, Elizabeth, this week.

"Quality Street" will be presented by T. C. U.'s best talent on February 22. Don't miss the treat. Admission, 35 cents.

Messrs. Ralph Brookshire and Drawn Gardner from Ganger visited Miss Ouida Murrah Sunday.

Mrs. Geneva Wood Carson, graduate of 1892, visited the University Monday.

Miss Katie Mae Chilton has withdrawn from school for a few days.

Miss Roobie Mantooth is on the sick list this week.

Miss Stella Loggins of Marlin has entered school.

Miss Genevieve Mullins returned Tuesday from a short visit at her home in Hubbard City.

Miss Clara Bryant, student of the University in 1909, has re-entered school.

Miss Ader Estina Culpepper once more wears her usual smiling countenance since the long-looked-for semi-weekly arrived Tuesday from the east.

Mrs. Lola Stockton Bruns, graduate of 1904, has been here to enter her cousin in school.

Messrs. Hair and Kernes of Granger visited the University Monday.

Miss Nancy Lee Swann was a welcome visitor to the girls of the Y. W. C. A. last Thursday. She spoke to the students during the chapel hour and addressed the Y. W. C. A. in the evening. The students enjoyed her visit and hope that she will again visit the University.

Miss Collie Wright will leave Saturday for Santa Anna, where she will teach a private art class.

Mrs. Allison of Huckleby is visiting her daughters, Vier and Odessa, this week.

Notice

All clubs, societies, etc., are requested to notify the editor of changes in officers, that the directory may be kept straight. Ever and anon some one comes to us and complains of the error, when we have no way to find out when officers are changed. Let the secretary of all clubs and societies please notify us of changes. Drop the information in the Skiff Box or give to editor and oblige us.

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JOKES

In Chemistry Class—Prof. Parks: "Now when the air passes through the potassium chlorate the moisture is taken out before it passes into the bottle which contains the water."

Gordon: "But, Prof. Parks, if the air goes into the water, won't it get wet?"

When one of the girls was inquiring where to find some fancy stationery, Miss Lottie said, "Oh, go to 'Hill-Hill'; you can find anything there."

I wonder why Mary Riter can only sing the first two tones of the scale? Why because they are the only ones that include "Do—re," of course.

Ermine Starkey—Mary, please tell me where to find that verse in the Bible that says, 'Make hay while the sun shines.'

Wanted—Someone to give Louie Noblitt a picture of Leron Gough as she has only four.

Leron: "You know last year I said I would always have a tender feeling for the Freshman class, but I have decided differently since then."

Clarence: "Oh, Leron, I still have a tender feeling for the Freshman class (?)"

Mertis Stockard must be reprimanded for her negligence in the music hall, as she spends all her time playing "On the Old Camp Ground."

On February 14 Bess Rash received a valentine from New York in the form of a souvenir coin. She was heard to exclaim to Miss Reeves, "Oh, I wish 'Nap' had sent me one of those Latin quarters I have been reading about."

Abernathy: "Kittens, how do you tell bad eggs?"
Katharene: "I never told any, but if I did I would break it gently."

Kathleen Munn: "Please pass the figs, Mr. Bateman."
John: "There are no figs here. You will have to take syrup of figs."

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MISTROT'S

CLASS PROPHECY

Ann Arbor, Mich., July 15, 1934.
Miss Evelyn Cruzan, St. Louis, Mo.

My Dear Evelyn: Do you realize how many years have passed since we were Sophomores in T. C. U.? Well, I dare say that when you think of your busy, prosperous life it seems that only a short time has elapsed, but that when in the quiet of your own room, you take time to observe the gray hairs about your temples and the wrinkles across your brow, you feel that twenty-four years really have gone by—at least, it is so with me.

But notwithstanding the great gulf of time that stretches between me and the happy days of 1910, I have not forgotten one of the classmates and am always thrilled with pride and joy when I hear of their successes.

And I have never rejoiced more than I did a few days ago when I read of the "new feather that you've begun to wear in your cap." For several years I've been reading your short stories and magazine articles with silent interest and appreciation, but now that you justly bear the title of novelist, I must send my direct congratulations, and I'm doing this with all sincerity, for I've just finished reading your latest edition, the beautiful story, "Frier Promise."

But within the past few weeks it has been my privilege to see a number of our classmates and to hear through them of the others, and as I know that you will be interested in their whereabouts and vocations, I'm going to tell you about them.

Perhaps you know that I've been pursuing that get-rich-quick (?) profession, pedagogy, for the last twenty years. Well, at the close of my last school term I calculated very carefully the interest of my "rainy day" fund and found that by strict economy I should be able to make a four weeks tour of the Middle Atlantic and the New England states, and then spend the remainder of the summer in the State University of Michigan doing some special work in the subject of education.

In company with three friends I left my little West Texas home the first morning in June. That night found us in Fort Worth, the metropolis of Texas. We lingered about the union depot for a time, but soon tired of the surging throng assembled there, and went out upon the streets to seek purer atmosphere. As we walked leisurely along I chanced to notice a spacious brick building whose sign read: "Melton & Turner, Dealers in Drugs, Paints, Oils, Fancy Toilet Articles, etc." In an instant I recognized the names as those of two of our classmates, and, eager to see the faces of the proprietors within, suggested that we stop and get some ice cream. My friends seemed astonished at my sudden generosity, but, nevertheless, unhesitatingly accepted the invitation.

When a well-dressed, middle-aged man came up to meet us and asked politely, "What may I show you, ladies?" I knew at once that he was Carl Melton, whom I had known in T. C. U. When I told him my name he called his partner, who proved to be John Turner of old. They told me that they had been in business together for fifteen years and were steadily growing in prosperity.

A few hours after this meeting we resumed our travels, and soon passed out of the Lone Star State and into the land of Arkansas.

Our only stop of length in that state was at Little Rock, where we attended a popular Southern comedy in which Jim White "starred" in the role of an Irish "Tramp."

From Little Rock we went over into the sunny land of Tennessee, crossing the mighty Father of Waters just above Memphis. As it was Sunday, we decided to spend the day in the city and attend the dedication services of a newly constructed Christian church.

No sooner had we entered the door of the magnificent building than a pleasant faced, bald-headed little woman came down the aisle and gave us a gracious welcome. As soon as she spoke I knew her to be Mable, the musician of the Sophomores of '10. When the service ended she took us out to her pretty suburban home to dine and spend the remainder of the day. Then, but not until then, I realized that our hostess wasn't the same little girl who used to room in 11, but a matronly woman instead, so I asked her to tell me all about herself, and she gave the story in this one sentence: "Twenty years ago I chose my life profession, and every day it grows dearer and sweeter; it's making a happy home for a 'Mam'."

In the afternoon when we were talking of the bygone days, Mable told me of two other of our classmates, Earl Odell and Charles Bussey.

Several years ago Charles, still as impulsive and ambitious as ever, went West to make his fortune. After he had ac-

cumulated a handsome little sum of money he fell in love with a miner's beautiful daughter, and she returned his affections, but was wooed by another whose suitor father favored. She spurned this second admirer and argued with her father, out to no avail. He told her that she must either marry the man of his choice or be disinherited and turned from her home in shame.

When Charles heard of the miner's rash act all the fiery passions of his being burst into flame. He went at once to the mining camp, and after denouncing the old man fiercely, told him that he intended to go to the dwelling that very night and claim the girl for his bride. Then the miner, raging with anger, threatened Charles' life, and in order to save himself, our classmate was obliged to wound him severely. He was then placed under heavy bond to await his trial, which occurred not more than a year ago. Earl Odell, a prominent lawyer of California, defended his friend and proved his innocence, and later "all has ended well."

We left Memphis early Monday morning and went over to Nashville, where we visited the renowned Belmont College. There I was indeed surprised to find a member of the class of '12, formerly Ora Carpenter, but now Mrs. Darkie-Winkieleit, a lady in her "second widowhood." She was presiding as preceptress of the fashionable dormitory with all the grace and ease of a princess, and made us feel quite at home while we were within her walls.

After we left the college one of our number took a violent toothache and we began to search for a dentist. At last we found a sign which read: "C. M. Hall, Dentist, office upstairs." After climbing three flights of steps we found ourselves in a cozy little sitting room just in front of the main office. Presently a voice from within said, "Have seats, ladies; I'll be out in a moment" and, as I started at the familiar tones, my eyes fell on the life size portrait of a woman, tall, willowy and graceful, with soft, dark hair and large, soulful eyes—almost divinely beautiful. The picture told the story even before Clarence entered.

Leaving Tennessee, we went over into the Blue Grass Region and spent a day in the old city of Bowling Green. There I met another of the '12 class, John Bardard, who is now proprietor of the largest soap factory in the Mississippi basin.

Our next stop in Kentucky was at the wonderful Mammoth Cave. To visit this natural phenomenon had always been one of my rose-colored dreams, so I urged that we lose no time in securing a guide, donning the necessary apparel, and entering the dark cavern.

When we were well into the cave we met another party coming out, and while our guides stopped to speak for a few moments we engaged in conversation with the other excursionists. As we stood there in the pale light of the guides' lanterns and remarked about the beauty and grandeur of the cave, a large, handsome woman, who clung to the arm of a tall, strongly built man, said gently: "I remember that when I was a girl in Texas Christian University President Lockhart told us of the cave, it ever since that time I've longed to see it, but this is my first opportunity." Then I recognized the speaker to be our own Bettie. She introduced her husband, Mr. Theodore Dalrymple, and when I ventured to ask how long she had worn the title of "Mistress," she laughed joyfully and replied: "Oh, you know I never did believe in youthful marriages; this is a part of our bridal tour."

At this point in the conversation our guides started and I saw Bettie and the remainder of the journey was exceedingly delightful, but the crossing of the "Styx" River was especially interesting to me. No sooner had our gay-colored little craft reached the water than we heard a negro's jolly laugh which seemed to be only a short distance away.

Our guide explained that a colored man had started out with a party just a little before us, and that it was he whom we heard laughing. I thought, of course, that we should overtake the negro and his crowd, but it was not so.

Throughout the remainder of the day we heard voices occasionally sometimes from one direction, sometimes from another; once a child's soft accent, again a man's gruff tones, and sometimes a woman's subdued words. And in the afternoon as we were recrossing the "Styx" we heard the negro again; this time singing "My Old Kentucky Home." Still we saw no one.

When at last we came out of the cave, just at evening glow, and the negro's party was still unlocated, I asked our guide if he didn't fear that the darky had become lost. Then when he looked at me in an amused way and said, "Well,

you're just as dense as ever; here you've been with a ventriloquist all day and haven't discovered it, and worse still, you haven't recognized your guide to be a member of the '12 class of T. C. U." I suddenly realized that he was none other than our fellow classman, Hugh Brous.

From Kentucky we crossed over into West Virginia and spent a couple of days in Charleston. While we were there a great circus came in the city, and on my party attended. When we entered the menagerie I saw several yards in front of me a large cage containing a man and two monstrous lions. Eager to have a good view of the person who could tame the king of beasts, I hastened to the cage, above which hung the inscription, "Daniel in the Lion's Den." I paused and gazed in wonderment as the man stroked the shaggy necks of the animals and they in turn licked his hand. Then the modern Daniel turned his face towards me, and I saw that the inscription was true, for the lion's friend was evidently "Dan" of the '12 class.

I was tempted to make myself known, and ask him of his life as a showman, and also of a certain young lady of the old class, but I refrained.

However, the desired information even came to me, for after we had departed from Charleston and were crossing the beautiful Shenandoah Valley on our way to Washington, D. C., whom should I meet but Odessa, the "teeny weeny one" of the Sophs. She told me that her sister married a wealthy Colorado ranchman some fifteen years ago, and that "Dan" became a traveling showman soon afterwards. Odessa herself was on the way to Boston to study oratory.

When we arrived at the Capital City I assured my friends that we would be welcome at the White House, and notwithstanding their remonstrances, took them to call on the chief magistrate of the United States. Lenora received us so gladly as if the occasion had been a "Sophomore class meeting in the President's reception room," and the first lady of the land—although she is not a member of the '12 class—welcomed us graciously.

These friends told me of two other classmates, Miss Daisy Morrow, who is a stylish hairdresser in Chicago, and E. J. Harpo, traveling salesman for a large millinery factory in Atlanta, Ga.

From Maryland we went up to Pennsylvania and visited the city of Brothly Love. While there we went with some friends to a little suburban church. When we entered I was astonished to see the leader of the "third floor gang," Ermine Starkey, hymn book and tuning fork in hand, leading a crowd of childish voices as they sang "Wonderful Words of Life."

When the service ended Ermine told us that she would be a psychological discourse, entitled "Habit," delivered at the City Auditorium the following night, and insisted that we stay over with her and hear it, so we consented. She said that she had forgotten the lecturer's name, but assured us that he was a man of national reputation. However, when the hour came, and a slender, light-haired little woman, clad in a plain dark gown appeared on the platform, Starkey's outburst of laughter gave her prank away, and told us that she had known all the while the speaker was to be nobody but Mary Heath, another of the "gang."

Leaving Philadelphia we traveled northward through New Jersey as far as Newark, and then passed over to New York City.

The greatest of the many entertainments that we attended there was a concert given by Miss Willie Ben Wby, America's most popular soprano soloist.

And it was in New York, I believe, that I heard of another classmate, Mr. Boyd Wilson, who is a practicing physician in that city.

Next we took a steamer and sailed out through Long Island Sound into the Atlantic Ocean. Rounding Nan Tucket Island we steered north to Boston.

On this little voyage I met Earl Brown, and when I asked what the years had brought him, he answered in his sarcastic way: "Oh, plenty of bread to eat—and to throw—and a good time in general." Later I heard that he had charge of a little restaurant and baking establishment in Salem.

At Boston I found Una Jackson filling the place formerly occupied by Mrs. Southwick in the Emerson School of Oratory. When I saw "Miss Una" I thought of Joe Murray—the law of association, I suppose—I inquired about him, but Una shook her head gaily and said: "Oh, I don't know; he's somewhere writing 'tenor verses' that I don't set the music to."

From Boston we went over to Cambridge and found another one of the "twelves" occupying a position of honor—the chair of philosophy in Harvard University. And from the number of degrees that he carries, B. S., A. B., A. M., Ph. D., D. D., p. q. r., x. y. z. I'm sure that Oscar is as "wise" as his name.

Our Cambridge visit ended, we traveled westward into the Empire State, and crossed the beautiful Hudson one night

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