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

VOL. IX

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, JANUARY 11, 1911

NUMBER 17

## THE BASEBALL OUTLOOK

OUR TEAM SHOWING THE STATE CHAMPION AS USUAL—THE OLD RECORD AGAIN.

### T. C. U. ALUNNI COACHING

It Has Been Tried and Proven That Alumnus Coaching Is the Best Plan.

The baseball problem is solved. T. C. U. failed to make a show in athletics last fall, but the past must take care of the past and we will watch the best team in Texas begin the season. The T. C. U. team will soon beat the Fort Worth League, and show the Giants a trick or two, before the college season begins. We would brag about the record of the team for the past ten years, but that would be useless, for everybody knows what our baseball team is. We are now awakening to the fact that we must show Fort Worth what a college team can do. We have not had any special support from our home town in football, because we were not able to put out a winning team, for Fort Worth will not cherish a losing one. But now we have all on our side. Fort Worth goes wild over baseball and especially the winning bunch.

The Council was unable to secure the services of the last coach of our team, Mr. Hardy, of Waco, because of the move from that city, and we regret the fact. But a new plan, to us, is going to be tried this year—but not a new plan to the larger colleges and universities. Mr. Baldwin, an alumnus of T. C. U., and a player of four years under the coaching of Mr. Ellis Hardy, the best coach in the South, is taking up this new work. The plan of alumnus coaching is proving the best that can be had. The heart of the institution is at hand, as well as the services that are being given. We are all trusting in Mr. Baldwin with the utmost confidence.

Mr. Grantland Anderson has been chosen as the baseball manager for the coming season, and will soon be able to announce his schedule. Mr. Anderson is full of business, and a player besides. It is with all confidence that he was given this important place.

Mr. Oren Dodd, our captain for this year, is indeed a rustler for the team and an excellent player. Dodd is one of the best men that can be found for college baseball. He has been working with all diligence during the summer months securing the best players to attend the university. And he has done well. He succeeded in gathering around him nearly all of the players of last year, and a number of others as good. Already many of the players are known as to their ability, because of what they have done, and many more are anxious to show themselves as players. There is no reason to believe anything but that T. C. U. will hold the championship this year in baseball.

The team can not be made for quite a time yet, but some of the known players will be mentioned in the following words: Pitchers are Miras, from Wichita Falls; Haslip, from Farmersville; Bert Cozine, from Bonham, and Roy Morton are some of the best men for the place. Of course, they will all be needed for the schedule will demand them. For catchers, we are looking to Lamonica, Minner Betterson, from Paris, and A. L. Buster. Infielders are showing up in Geo. Sharp, from Detroit; Querry Witt, Graves, Parks, Grantland, Anderson and Jim Adams, from Dallas are some of the known men. For outfielders, Diddy Daniels, Wakefield, Ken, Cooper and Jim Adams, from Dallas. There are others who are not known for their ability who can, probably outclass many of these, when the test is made. We never know what we have until we try them.

Among all the men that are ready to play baseball this season, we will be as of old—a first, second, third, and fifth team. At one time diamonds were spread all over the Pump House pastures, and a game called nearly every day. This is alright and we have ample room in the field this year. Let the teams come into training. They will be taken care of.

God created all things—plants and animals, man and woman included, and after He rested from his six days' work He breathed the breath of life into man and made him a living soul. What was man more than other animals before the breath of life (the soul) was breathed into him?

Director Johnson, of Music, has recovered from his illness and is again meeting all of his pupils.

## THE DAGGETT REUNION

BOYS OF THE DAGGETT HOUSE MET FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE FIRE.

### PRESIDENT ROBINSON HOST

A Rehearsal of All the Old Times Was Gone Thru, and a Special Program Given.

Many receptions have been held in T. C. U. since the opening of school, yet none have been more thoroughly enjoyed than the one held in the room of Messrs. Robinson & Denton last Saturday night. At 8 o'clock the door of their room swung open and the invited guests filed in. This was the first reunion of the boys who originally occupied the Daggett house. On Dec. 5, 1910, this home was destroyed by fire, and many of the boys lost almost all they possessed.

This was a very congenial crowd of boys and they dwelt together in peace and harmony, with nothing to mar their happiness or prevent them doing good school work. While they were living together a bond of sympathy and of love sprang up binding these together into one brotherly band. Each grew to appreciate the weaknesses and faults of his companions and lent to him his hand in overcoming his faults. On account of the fire these boys were forced to find other homes and thus became widely separated; not more than three being at any one home. These happy days, in which they would gather in one room and tell their stories, try their offending members before their court of last appeal, lecture the Freshmen and set their traps for each other, have been numbered in the past.

After all had assembled and a few minutes of pleasant conversation, Robinson rose and in a few words of welcome made the members realize that the same spirit of hospitality was still extended as formerly and that this was indeed their home. Mr. Oscar Wise responded and he well expressed the feelings of each man present.

Toasts were given by the following: "Daggett House Life"—Tyson. "Our Pleasures"—Brown. "Friendship"—Barnard. "Our Girl Friends"—Denton. "Society Men of Our House"—McFarland.

"What We Miss Most"—Swink. Photographer Denton then took several pictures representing different phases of their home life. The Freshmen came in for their part and Brown declares that the life of a Freshman is not yet all bliss and that those who would aspire to success must pay the price.

Next a box that Mrs. Swink, of Temple had sent for the occasion, was opened and to say that these boys appreciated it expresses it mildly. If all fathers and mothers knew how these messages of love from home are appreciated, many students would be made happy every Saturday night.

Two of their number were absent John Doughty was visiting home folks in Dallas and Robert Varnell had withdrawn from school. Mr. Will McFarland, of Ladonia, arose and gave a very touching talk, "In Memoriam" of our departed "ruffian," Mr. Barnard of Dallas, acting as chief mourner. At last his effigy was slowly interred while many of his friends gave vent to their uncontrolled grief, knowing full well that he may be resurrected at the opening of school next year.

At a late hour the boys departed to their several homes, hoping that these same boys might again assemble around a festive board, enjoying the same hospitality.

### THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Let the students of the university remember that the prizes to be given to the students who have the best original essay, short story, and poem, are just as good for you as for the other fellow. Be sure and have these ready by Feb. 15th, so they can be sent to the judges by that time.

No poem, essay, or short story, can contain more than 2,500 words, and must not have been used in any oratorical contest or debate. The next Texas meet will be held at Brownwood.

The leisure of the holidays afforded those of us who were in Fort Worth an excellent opportunity to visit and enjoy the Art Exhibit at Carnegie Library. It was a rare treat to see some of the things that had won medals at the New York and Philadelphia exhibits recently, and the whole collection was of a class that is seldom seen outside of a metropolis.

Miss Irene Brown and Miss Myrtle Stockard were with Miss Rose Brown during the holidays.

## SPECIAL CHAPEL TALKS

ON LAST THURSDAY THE ENTIRE STUDENT BODY WAS INSPIRED BY THE TALK

### BY MR. CLARENCE OUSLEY

Editor of the Fort Worth Record Expressed Himself on Higher Education.

Mr. Clarence Ousley, editor of the Fort Worth Record, favored the students of the University with an inspiring address. It is impossible to give anything like the inspiration of the speaker, in a summary, but a portion of the thought may be gotten from the following, taken from what was said:

I congratulate you that you live in this time—the time of the twentieth century. I believe we are entering upon the greatest development that the world has witnessed. I speak not of material things, but of intellectual things. I attribute the wonderful development of this state to the educated citizenship. Under the stress of the civil war we were so attracted to the immediate conditions of the battlefield that the negligence of education was not realized. But there have been awakenings, realizations of the worth of the higher learning; and the special training for service. But we have nothing to boast of. And what is the use to boast anyway, for if you cannot prove yourself up to the standard of the conditions for which you are boasting you are confessing that you are degenerating, the family, or state. Then if you are able to match the conditions, and show what you are, there is no use in boasting about it for the other fellow will see it any way and think the more of you if you do not mention it yourself and leave that for some one else to do.

The whole purpose of education is great. It gives one power and culture, not only to know, but to know the reason, and the means by which we may advance; after all it is fitting men to the society, country and higher responsibilities of higher life. While the Faculty delights in your achievements, and your parents rejoice and sacrifice for your improvement, the purpose is that you become useful. You have become debtors, and you owe yourselves to it.

I congratulate you for acquiring your education in your own State—the State in which you intend to make your life's career. We do not need to go abroad for the subjects of Chemistry, Philosophy, Logic, Virgil, and Homer. They are the same in Texas Christian University as they are in the North. For a selfishness you need the friendship of the business men of the State in which you are working. A friendship that is acquired in college. These boys will find friends in all business relations. You young ladies will find the pleasures in society, more than any one else.

I applaud the young man though that seeks for the scholarship—the degree, from Chicago, Yale, or Harvard. I congratulate you that you are taking higher education. It pays in a material way, but above all it pays in a nobler way than that. It pays in that uplift of view, of which nothing is greater or sweeter.

Last of all I congratulate you for taking your training in this, the Texas Christian University, the school that is going to be one of the greatest factors of education in the great State of Texas—one that will be a great pillar of strength.

Mary had a little hat—  
But there! I'm really grieved;  
There's no use finishing the "poem,"  
It will not be believed.

The fellow that always boasts himself never boasts anything else.

Miss Louise Clark has returned ready for work after spending the holidays in the North.

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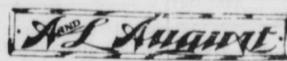
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### THE HORNED FROG PICTURES.

It is the purpose of the Horned Frog Management this year to get the annual out sooner than usual that all may get the book before leaving the university. In order to do this it will be necessary to have the co-operation of all the students of the school. It is important that every student be represented in this book, and surely for your own sake you will not omit sending your picture in until it is too late to have it entered in its proper place. The time set for all pictures to be handed in was at Christmas, but because of the rush of the photographers, with Christmas pictures, it was impossible to have all pictures ready. Now it is necessary that a time be set for these pictures in that they be used. The best way to secure good results is that each class be responsible for the pictures of that class, for the purpose of having a full representation of the class. Same is true of societies, clubs and other organizations. If the management wait till next June some of the students would not be ready to enter their pictures, so it is absolutely necessary that the date be within short limits. The higher the advancement of the class the sooner the time will be shut off. So watch for the vacant place in the Frog, where your picture might have been. See Mr. Hulsey for any information.

### REORGANIZATION OF THE BAND.

The Texas Christian University Band is requested to meet Wednesday afternoon in the University Auditorium for the purpose of reorganizing. There are many new students that are able to do band work and we want them to get into the organization. From all accounts there is enough material willing to work that we can realize an excellent band from the old organization. Cornets, clarionets, trombones and altos are abundant in every direction. Why not get all of these men together, and into the work? Mr. Clyde Hackney, the old band president, will call the meeting. Officers will be elected for the new organization, at this time. Let every one that is interested in the least be present.

### CLASS SKIFFS.

It is the custom of the University classes to each get out a Skiff during the month of February. In order that the classes may have ample time to do themselves justice it would be well to bring this matter up in the earliest class meetings, so that the Class Staff may be working for the best advantages. The regular Editor and Business Manager will have the management in hands, and the class will do the editing, or furnishing copy. The Senior Class has the choice of beginning the number, and the other classes to follow in order.

### THE FLUNKER'S PRAYER.

When in exam on modern French,  
A culprit failed a thought to wrench  
From out the vacuum 'neath his hair,  
He blushed and wrote this flunker's prayer:

(Before Exam)

"Oh, Lord of hosts! be with me yet,  
Lest I forget, lest I forget."  
(After Exam.)

"The Lord of Hosts was with me not,  
For I forgot, for I forgot."

Then like a rooster gone to rest,  
His chin sank down upon his breast,  
His fists into his jeans he plunked  
And like a bashful dew-drop, flunked.  
—White and Blue

## T. C. U. AGAIN AHEAD

WORD COMES AGAIN OF T. C. U. STUDENT'S RECEIVING HONOR BECAUSE OF TRAINING HERE.

### BONNER FRIZZELL CHOSEN

Mr. Frizzell Was Chosen as One of the Debating Team of Columbia University.

Another T. C. U. student has won honors for the school. Mr. Bonner Frizzell, '09, has succeeded in winning the chance to represent the University of Columbia in the debating team. The other contestants were all old law students of much ability in that line, but Mr. Frizzell was too much for them. Mr. Frizzell's worth as a public speaker and thinker has often been noticed, but this instance proved to us what he really is. There is a great and bright future for Bonner. His college training has been strong and masterful; it is with pride that we claim him as an alumnus of T. C. U. May the success be in favor of him in the coming debate is the earnest desire of his Alma Mater.

The following is a clipping from Mr. Frizzell, in a letter to a personal friend. With all due respect to him it is in print:

"I also made the debating team, though as an alternate, which meets Cornell here next February. I work as a member of the team, prepare a speech, assist in the collection of material—a sort of utility man, am I—share the glory, get membership in the Sigma Rho Toet or some such Greek letter fraternity among the colleges of this section. I really tied with another cuss and after the judges wrangled three-quarters of an hour, they tossed a coin to decide and a Nebraska scullion won. All members of the team, save one, are law school men in Columbia, and I want to tell you they did some corking good speaking to make the team—they have preliminary trials in order to decide who shall represent the University."

### THE WALTONS.

One of the best meetings in our history of the school year was held on last Monday. A very interesting program was had. Every member brought up their parts extremely well. The thing that was most encouraging though, was that there was not an absentee in the whole society. Can you beat it? The name of Miss Ida Mae Lansing was presented for membership. Miss Lansing is a new matriculate in T. C. U. and we predict for her a good literary career. Everyone is cordially invited to the programme for next Monday morning at 9:30.

"A Study of R. E. Lee"—Ethel Dabbs.  
Medley ..... Kathleen Munn  
Reading ..... Ora Carpenter  
Journal ..... Jose Cannon  
"The Garden Spot of the Universe"  
..... Libbie Wade  
"Something of Interest" ..... Myrtle Dear  
..... Ruth Williams  
Piano Duet ..... and Hallie Byrd Perkins

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## ADVICE TO FRESHMAN.

Now that you are to enter the university as a Freshman, I would like to write you a few suggestions that may be helpful. In the first place I hope you have a well defined purpose in going to school. That purpose is sometimes vaguely expressed and understood by beginners as "Equipment for Life." If you dig into this phrase, you will find that it includes a knowledge of the highest thoughts of the ages, ability to think, a highly developed personality, and many other things that will suggest themselves to you after a little thought. I hope, too, that you will aim to learn to be a broader and better man.

In arranging your course of study, I would suggest that you plan for a good course in Mathematics, not only because it is a mental trainer, but also because you like the study. Another trainer of thought is the political sciences. This course is also a very practical one for a future leading man. And do not neglect Philosophy and Classics. On the other hand, I will say that you should take one course of study which you utterly dislike. You will by this study gain an ability to master and not to shirk any hard problem, that may come your way, in years to come. Before leaving you to select your course, I want to say, "Take at least one special course." Either Oratory, or Voice Training will help you. And during your four years' course I think you can be able to take both.

Your association at the University will either be one of the greatest aids to success or your most degrading factor. I have found no middle ground. My fellow students are here for work or they are here for play. One of your greatest problems, therefore, will be in selecting your associates. I am not sure just what suggestion will help you. But I will say first that you need not be hasty in selecting close friends; and second, choose your chums after asking yourself: "What is his purpose in the college?" Your lady friends may be your best friends and advisers, but these will be your friends and not your lovers. It is interesting to note how few fellows choose lady friends who are really a help to them.

I think you should take time to take part in some of the athletics sports. I am sure it is worth your while to learn to play one of the college scientific games, but a warning is always in order that you should keep in mind the fact that athletics is a secondary matter. Other college organizations such as a literary society, the Y. M. C. A., the Prohibition League, your class organization, or kindred clubs will always be helpful to you.

Last and most important of all, I want to leave a few suggestions with you in regard to the use of your time. Since to learn is your first purpose, you should naturally give more time to your studies than anything else.

## THE MAN WITH COMMON SENSE.

It is often said that any certain man may be a scholar, but he has not the common sense. In reality, he is none the less valuable if he has not the common sense, as it is generally used. For the term "common sense" is nothing more nor less than the common interpretation of the philosophy of the past generation. For instance: It was once common sense to believe that the world was flat. And at the same time it was a known fact that the earth was not flat. It was once common sense to believe in the Greek gods—a god for every cause or effect, and at the same time it was not the accepted belief of the thinkers of the day. It was common sense once to believe in the heaven above and at the same time to know the earth to be round. If a person should tell you of the progression, yes, the evolution, existing through the entire universe in animal, plant, and even the earth itself, or even if he go so far as to speak of the evolution of matter itself, you have no right to say to him that he is dealing in fancies, because

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his statements are not common sense. Rather lift yourself to the philosophy of the present time and draw the back numbers to you. Do not condemn the man that is a scholar, that is said to not have the so-called common sense, for he is the man that is leading the world.

## TAKE TIME TO KNOW WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING.

In the wild rush for scholarship, of today, do not let slip the importance of the knowledge of the world of today as well as of the past ages. Do not let the thing be said of you that is said of many,—yes, I fear the majority of the college men—that he does not know what is taking place in his own State. For instance, how many can tell what is going on here in our own State concerning the Mexican Revolution? Do not let yourself be cut absolutely off from the daily happenings.

## Baseball Season Tickets.

The season ticket plan has met with success everywhere it has been tried, in whatever phase it is used. It is a great convenience to the students and patrons from the city, and furnishes a security to the financial side of the Athletic Council. It is true that most of the students go to the games, a home, but there is no assurance of the attendance from the city. These tickets can be sold at an unusually low price counting all the games. Say twenty games scheduled, with half of them away from home, could afford the council to give quite a reduction in the prices. To approach the city people with a book of tickets for twenty games is certainly an inducement if the price is made low. The question has often been asked why we did not have a season ticket book to be good for all games. This is undoubtedly the thing we need. These tickets should be numbered, and entitle the holder of the book to the game of that number, but the book should not be transferable.

## ART NOTES.

Mrs. Cockrell, Miss Baldwin and Dora Louise wish to thank the "Brushes" and Art Students who remembered them so kindly at Christmas time.

A belated letter from the President of the International Fair at San Antonio says that his records show ten prizes for the T. C. U. Art Department. That wasn't so bad after all.

Miss Lucy Vincent, of the city has recently matriculated for art.

The art room has recently been furnished with a new showcase and curtains for the lockers and a few pictures have been added. Every addition makes it look more like "old times."

A frequent visitor in the art room made himself useful by bringing some warm water from second floors which he said he procured by turning on the "extemporaneous" heater.

A sophomore sat on his bunk. His heart was full of sorrow. The faculty had sent him a note—He must go home tomorrow.

And as he thought of college days, With fun elective and work required, The only thought that soothed was this:

That all "fine china" must be fired.

True Strong: "Give me a comb, please."

Saleslady: "You want a small ladies' comb?"

Mr. Strong, very exact: "No, I want a comb for a large lady with rubber teeth."

"Chapel attendance is essential to college life, and college spirit. It draws all students closer together and makes one feel good that he is there." "Where does a student get more in less time than at chapel."

The faculty desires an excuse from every one that fails to attend chapel.

Mr. Hulsey: "Please excuse my absence at class as I had an engagement at the studio for the annual."

Prof. Anderson: "Please excuse my absence from chapel, on last Monday, as I was unusually busy."

Miss Nell: "Prof. Parks, please excuse my absence from chapel, as I was so busy that I did not know when the time came. There is so much rustling of the feet all the time that I could not tell that all were going in."

## SHORT STORY, Continued

Written by Misses Amboline Tyson and Juddie Holloway.

The room had no light except that of the big steady fire. The soft rays that it sent forth from the wide rock fire place showed dimly, the beautiful old mahogany furniture and cast-iron deep black shadows into the corners of the big comfortable room. Near the hearth, sat a slender girl with dark eyes and soft black hair. The flickering shadows danced around her as she sat there with her hands folded, and all was very quiet except the ticking of the small clock on the mantel and the crackle of the blaze that now and then brightened up enough to show that the face of the girl was very beautiful, in spite of the fact that it wore a troubled look.

Presently she stirred a little and began to smooth the soft folds of her white dress in a thoughtful manner. As she did so the large diamond ring which she wore sparkled beautifully. She thought of the low, dark complexioned man that had placed it there then her thoughts flew swiftly back to the happy college days and dwelt particularly upon the last year when she was a junior and her brother Ted and their friend, Roger Winn, were seniors. How long it seemed, and yet it had been only a year and a few short months since she and Roger had parted the best of friends. How well she remembered the big reception given at the beginning of her first year at college. She was shy and lonely because she knew so few girls and Ted, faithful Ted, failed to come as he had promised; being kept away on business. It was then that she met the dark-eyed sophomore boy, Roger Winn. How tall and broad shouldered; how handsome he had grown since then! They were together often after that at other receptions, at class rushes and class picnics.

As she sat there quietly thinking a big log burned in two and cast a bright light upon her face revealing the fact that it was no longer troubled but wore a smile and her eyes were soft as they watched the coals. She was not conscious that the fire was low and that she was cold, but was thinking of the last junior and senior picnic, twelve short months before. It was then that another diamond ring, a smaller one, for Roger, the giver, was poor, had been placed on the finger that now wore the large one, one that had cost a small fortune.

So many things had taken place since then. Her father had failed in business. That was hard to bear, but it was still harder when Roger did not write. She would not believe a first that he was not true, but finally yielded to her aunt's persuasion that he had only loved her for her money. It was her aunt, too, that had caused her to become engaged to the dark-complected rich man, John Ross Page. She felt faint that night when she allowed him to take the small ring from her finger and place the larger one in its place. How crushed her heart felt as she wrote a letter to Roger and returned his ring. She only wished that he would care and would reply but he did not and she was glad that he did not know that she loved him still, even if he had treated her so ill. He had written Ted, a month or two after their misfortune and they still were close friends, but if he had ever mentioned her name in a letter to her brother she never knew of it.

She had never told Ted why they had broken their engagement nor had he asked, thinking that she would explain when she thought best. Why had she not told Ted? she asked herself. Was he not her best friend, and had she not told him all, before? But how could she? Aunt Kate alone knew. She turned to the large painting of her mother and said in a low voice, "I wish you were here, mother, you would understand. You would not be like Aunt Kate. Her eyes filled with tears and her lips trembled but she clinched her hands tightly together and said in a determined voice: "I will not cry." After all, Aunt Kate had not been so harsh. She was not working for her own interest when she said: "Marry for money," because she had plenty of her own. Auntie must have been afraid that she would marry the man who

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did not love her. No. She had been very kind for it was from her that all the beautiful dresses had come. She turned to view several of the fine dresses, laying on the bed, then she thought of the trunks already packed for her wedding tour and of the many other things that remained to be packed. Her eyes rested for a moment on a big square table near the dresser. It was covered with beautiful cut glass wares, which were wedding presents. Many others were put away and more were coming each day from her many friends.

She turned wearily away from them all. Had she not been used to such all her life until the last year? Was it not somebody else's time to enjoy wealth now? Why should she marry for money even if it was hard to be poor? Her father had written, too, that soon they must give up the grand old home that reminded them so much of her dear, dead mother. Aunt Kate was right when she said that Mr. Page had been kind and would buy the house. Besides, she had seen his temper aroused and confessed to herself that she was afraid of him.

"Oh, why did I promise to marry that man?" she burst out. "I hate myself. I hate—" But she stopped abruptly for she heard footsteps in the hall. She remembered suddenly that Mr. Page was to call that evening and it was about time for him to come. Thinking that it must be her aunt, she started up to turn on the light and begin dressing so she would not be scolded, but just at that moment the door opened a little and Ted peeped in. "May I come in, Leneva?" "Yes, brother, come in," she said, much relieved.

"I hardly expected to find you here, sis. But I'm glad I did. You haven't been here long, have you?" "Yes, I've been sitting here since about six, I think." "Gracious, your mind must have been wandering some. You have let the fire go out. Aren't you cold?" he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I say, sis," he said, after fixing up the fire and seating himself on a pillow near her chair. "I haven't seen you in a week—except a minute or two at breakfast—now and then. I was beginning to think I wouldn't see you any more for a week again, pretty tonight, little sis, and it seems good to see you with all that tfinery you have been running to the dress-makers so much. You look awful again," he said, waving his hand toward the bed. "But I hate to see you go. You are young yet, only twenty, I am four years older and still I feel like a kid. I hoped you wouldn't marry for two or three years yet. At least until you had gone back to school another year." He paused and for a moment neither spoke. "And to think you will be going in a week from tonight. I am not joking when I say I want to see more of you.

Haven't you enough 'finery' already, and can't you stay at home a little more this last week?"

"Of course I will, Teddie," she said, as she squeezed his hand and smiled bravely to keep back the tears. "I see you have some more presents," he said, walking over to the table to see them more closely.

"Yes. Those on this side—" "Well, by the way— Ah, pardon me for interrupting you, sister, but I have a letter for you here. It came in mine; that accounts for it being open," he said, handing it to her.

"I suppose it's from Nell. She sent that pretty vase there, and I have been expecting a letter from her," said Geneva, as she slipped out a letter of only two small pages.

"No, it's not from Nell, but you had better come nearer the light or you'll hurt your eyes. I don't know what's the matter with this old light, but it don't burn well tonight. I'll look at these things while you read." He was looking at the names of the cards that lay in the dishes but was evidently thinking of something else. A sudden move of his sister's caused him to look up just in time to see the letter fall to the floor.

"Brother!" she cried, with a queer little laugh, then sank down by the table and sobbed.

"Why, little sister! what's the matter?" he asked, gathering her up in his strong arms. But she made no answer.

"I thought—I—I—" but he got no farther; he was too much surprised to say more. Why didn't he go on? Why didn't he say what he thought? It would be easier to tell him then, perhaps. And she did so want him to know, yet she dared not tell him. Something must be done. She could not stand there and cry like that. In a few moments the sobs were forced back and the tears dried and she tried to smile.

"Look here, sister, what was in that letter? Did that fellow insult you?" cried Ted, with his black eyes flashing. "I don't care if it is just a week before your wedding. I don't care if it was a week after your wedding. And I don't care who the fellow is. He shall not insult you." And before Geneva could stop him he had snatched the letter up from the floor.

## CONTINUED STORY. Chapter II.

He read it over and over, but he saw nothing in the two small pages to cause his sister to turn pale and to be nervous like that. It was an awfully strange proceeding to him over so small an item. He walked over to the foot of the bed where she stood leaning and gently took both her hands in his while he said kindly, yet firmly: "Look here, sister, dear, this will never do. You must not

Continued on page 3.

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Full line of Toilet Articles, Stationery,  
Hot and Cold Drinks. Candies.

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For Satisfactory Work. To prove It  
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BOTH PHONES 176

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Late Proprietors of

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Artists' Materials

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Candies, Cold Drinks and Cigars.

We Rent Books, 10c for 5 days. All latest Fiction.

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### Canton Pharmacy.

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OPEN 18 HOURS A DAY.

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DRUGGISTS.

810 MAIN STREET.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

## Local Notes

J. C. Haslupp, of Farmersville, is a matriculate of this week.

Arthur L. Largston has returned from his home in Palestine.

E. U. Scott left Monday for Greenville, New Mexico.

Sterling P. Strong was here Monday with his brother, True.

Grover Stewart opened up the New Year in the proper style. He occupied the pulpit both morning and evening at the First Christian Church at his home in Denison.

Mena Battison has recently enrolled. He will be a good baseball man.

Tom Lamonica matriculated Monday.

Grover W. Stewart arrived Monday from his home in Denison, where he spent Christmas holiday.

Lex Sory, a new student, matriculated Monday.

A. L. Buster has again matriculated.

Mr. Ken returned yesterday to take work in the University.

Roy Wakefield is reported on the grounds and will take up work.

Miss Verd Scott was married yesterday in Lancaster, to Mr. Harris.

Miss Blanche Baldwin, assistant art teacher, returned Monday.

Miss Blanche Baldwin wishes to express her most hearty thanks to the Brushes and art students for presenting her with a beautiful cut glass jewelry case.

Prof. Roberts' classes meet in the room formerly known as Prof. Cockrell's. Dr. Lockhart's room has been assigned to Prof. Cockrell.

Miss Christelle Hemphill from San Angelo, is a new matriculate.

We are sorry Miss Angie Hill could not return after Christmas.

Misses Corinne and Mary Dell Gallaher and Mr. Gallaher are visitors this week.

Miss Lorena Murphy of Waco, was a visitor at T. C. U. during the holidays.

Miss Parker, Mr. Lutehr Parker's sister, is a new matriculate.

Miss Edith Bandy returned for work this week.

Miss Clara Townsend is back after the holidays.

Miss Bowles from Oklahoma, is a visitor of Miss Burns this week.

Mrs. Heard is visiting her daughter, Miss Jane Barnard.

Mr. William Alfred Rial was with his parents Christmas.

On Monday afternoon a few of the Seniors visited Forest Park and other places of interest near the new site Kodaks made the afternoon interesting.

The chapel attendance on last Saturday night was better than usual.

Miss Minnie Jo Blanks writes that she will be in school this term.

The Lawn girls enjoyed a very much appreciated feast last Saturday night in the room of Misses Wilkes and Higginbotham.

Some of the organizations we hear have already had pictures made. Let more do the same.

Latest joke of Girls' Home: Light

Mrs. O. B. Sears was here during the holidays.

Mrs. McKinney was in Dallas a few days during Christmas.

The enlargement of a man's possessions too often contracts his heart.

The world is looking for a man  
Can you fill the bill?

E & H—O. K.

The engineer was asleep,  
Happily no tragedy followed.  
It was his time to be off duty,  
And he was in his bed.—Ex.

"There are announcements made most every morning which apply to the whole school, and it is necessary for all to be present."

## Barber Shop and Bath House

703 Main Street

8 first-class barbers. (We use a Towel Sterilizer.) 8 bath rooms fitted with electric fans. Only vapor baths in city. S. W. phone.

PHIL G. BECKER, Prop.

Established 1895.

## GOOD CLOTHES AT BARGAIN PRICES

All Mens Suits and Overcoats are now 1-3 less than regular price, a fact worth considering—when there is 3 months of winter yet to come.

\$35 Suits or Overcoats for \$23.50

\$30 Suits or Overcoats for 20.00

\$25 Suits or Overcoats for 16.65

\$20 Suits or Overcoats for 13.35

\$15 Suits or Overcoats for 10.00

## MONNIG'S

IN FORT WORTH TWENTY TWO YEARS.

## SHORT STORY

Continued from page 2.

treat your brother this way. Make him your confidant, and tell him all

With that she felt compelled to say something and as she did not feel disposed to let him see her feelings for Roger, for she knew what Ted would think of her if he knew she was so soon to be married to a man who did not possess her love in its entirety, so she determined to play her part, and she replied:

"Brother, I am sorry to have caused you this alarm over my foolish whims, but—but—ah, there is nothing the matter with me, sure enough."

"Don't say that, Geneva, after having acted so strangely. If there was nothing the matter why did you shriek and turn pale. Why did you drop that letter as you did? Tell me; tell me, Geneva!"

She drew herself together, collected her wits, as she afterwards expressed it, and said:

"O, Ted, that was affectation. Couldn't you tell it? When I read that letter I'll admit I felt a little strange to know who it was from, feeling toward the man like I do, and knowing, too, what a dear friend he is of yours, that it caused me to act a little strange, perhaps, but most of it was affected, sure enough. I didn't want to hurt your feelings, Ted."

"Feelings toward him; hurt my feelings? How? What do you mean?" asked Ted.

"I mean I have no time for Roger Winn, and I don't want him writing to me. I thought I was never to hear from him again and this looks like it, doesn't it? What does he think of me, I wonder, to believe I will accept letters from young men, especially from him, when I am to wed another so soon? I used to think he was a gentleman, but now how do I feel?"

"Little sister, dear, don't be too hard; don't censure Roger too harshly, for I'm sure he had no evil nor improper motive in writing to you at this time. Of course, he knows that you are soon to be married and he has no desire to prevent it, I'm sure. But because of his associations with me and his former attachment for you I suppose he feels a kindly interest in you, and for that reason would make the request to see you before you married."

"Then what do you advise, Ted?"

"Why, that you let him come, of course."

"Through?" she interrupted.

"Through courtesy to me and your past relationship," he replied, and as he left the room abruptly she called to him: "Don't be mad at me, Teddie, dear, I shall do as you desire this one time."

After she was left alone many and varied were her thoughts concerning it all. She had no doubt now as to her ability to play her part well with Ted, for she felt sure he did not detect her true feelings for Roger; that he did not think she cared for him, and concerning that she felt better, but as to Roger's mysterious actions and motives she was not so sure. That night she tossed restlessly in bed, many times turning over in her mind the thoughts: "If he doesn't care for me, why does he so earnestly request an opportunity to see me before I marry? And if he does care for me, why has he treated me like this when I have loved him all the while, and when I was true to him to the last, for I wrote the last letter and he doesn't want me or he would never have treated me so, and if he doesn't why can't he be contented to let me marry another man who does, without his seeing me first. Shall I see him or shall I not? Is it justice to Mr. Page to see him without his permission, and will he ever give it, knowing of our former relations? Ah, I am tired tonight and can't decide

## COUNTING?

On getting your picture in your Annual. You will have to hurry.

## PICTURE FRAMES

at reduced prices to the Students. Frame your art and calendar pictures while they are cheap.

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502 MAIN STREET

For skin comfort this winter, Yav-nah Smooth Skin Lotion, 25 cents.  
R. A. Anderson, 706 Main St.

## GREETINGS

...TO THE...

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Call on us in our new quarters and let us show you the best stock of goods carried in any first-class Jewelry Establishment.

## G. W. HALTOM,

Jeweler

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properly, so I will go to sleep now and think of it tomorrow.

The next morning dawned clear and bright. The atmosphere was crisp and bracing, and all nature seemed to be glad, so Geneva could not help feeling much better. She gaily made her toilet, then wrote the following note:

"Mr. Roger Winn,  
"Dear Sir:—Your note received. According to request I send you fol-

(Continued to page 4)

## These Are Days of CLEARANCE SALES

It is the time of the year this store makes a sweeping reduction on all left over winter fabrics and wearables.

### IT IS ECONOMY TIME

For You that is if you care to save, and it is man's duty to save, no matter how well to do.

### WILL YOU LOOK THROUGH

Our line of Mens Suits, Womens Suits. So many good things here, you can easily spend a day looking. Always welcome.

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## THE STATE NATIONAL BANK

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Corner of Fourth and Main

We cordially invite you to do business with  
THE STATE NATIONAL.

## Directory.

### Student Body.

President—Earl Gough.  
Secretary—Kathleen Ritter.

### Press Association.

President—Milton Daniels.  
Secretary—Louie Noblett.

### Add-Ran Literary Society.

Pres.—Edgar Bush.  
Sec.—Ben Parks.

### Shirley Literary Society.

Pres.—Milton Daniels.  
Sec.—Bert Camp.

### Clark Literary Society.

Pres.—Grace Hackney.  
Sec.—Ermine Starkey.

### Walton Literary Society.

Pres.—McXie Mae Mason.  
Sec.—Bess McNeill.

### Seniors.

Pres.—Robt. Abernathy.  
Sec.—Mary Ritter.

### Juniors.

Pres.—Milton Daniels.  
Sec.—Bess McNeill.

### Sophomores.

Pres.—Velpeau Denton.  
Sec.—Grace Hackney.

### Freshmen.

Pres.—Carl Tomlinson.  
Sec.—Alice Hall.

### Specials.

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## TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY

Extra hours spent in small offices; short hours of sleep and long hours of waking have created an unnatural strain on the eyes.

### What Have You Done To Relieve the Strain?

Start 1911 right by taking care of those eyes that have so far been taking care of themselves and of you.

### When It Comes to

Glasses Come to Us

G. W. HALTOM'S OPTICAL PARLOR  
Entrance on Sixth.  
Corner Main and Sixth Streets.  
HEADQUARTERS FOR  
SHUR-ON EYE GLASSES.

## SHORT STORY

Continued from page 3.

Following dates: Wedding Wednesday evening, 9 o'clock, Nov. 29th. You may see me Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the public library. Respectfully,  
"GENEVA JOICE."

Monday, Nov. 20th.

She had just finished it when she heard Ted in the hall preparing to leave the house. She hastened down just in time to hand that letter to him as he passed out the door with the indifferent request for him to please post it for her some time during the day. Ted went on to his place of business without giving that letter another thought. Tuesday and Wednesday were very full days for him, for not only was he rushed in the office with his books during the cotton season, but during the absence of a clerk he had that place to fill, too, and in all he was very busy from early morning until late at night trying to discharge well the duties of two men; so, for this reason, when Friday afternoon came that letter still lay hidden in the inside vest pocket of his best suit, the one he had worn on the day he was given the letter.

Geneva had made an effort to see Ted much that week, as she had promised to do, but because of the business misfortune she had failed to be with him any except at meal time, and then he was so rushed and preoccupied that they could talk none, and of course she never mentioned the letter to him. Friday afternoon came and with care she donned her white wool coat suit, which, with her black furs and large beaver hat, with white kid gloves, made her quite stylish and attractive. She reached the library ten minutes before four and eagerly surveyed it closely to see if he had beaten her there, but no glimpse of him did she get. She wanted to appear self-possessed, so she got a late magazine, then took a seat near the door and began to read. At the sound of every footstep her heart would leap and her eyes would rise from the pages of the uninteresting magazine. There she sat, waited, and watched eagerly until 5 o'clock, when, angry and disappointed and sad she started home. Just outside of the library whom should she meet but John Ross' rage. After a pleasant greeting he carried her home in his auto; all the way he was commenting on the pallor of her cheeks and the unnaturalness of her expressions and manner. He wanted to call that evening, but finessing to her excuse of illness he did not. Never had another man occasioned such disappointment to Geneva as had Roger Winn and this was the second time he had treated her this way. In the secret enclosure of her room that night she determined never to give him another opportunity to even speak to her—never a word of explanation from him would she hear, and she would get her revenge some time and somewhere on that man. This was Friday before her wedding on the next Wednesday evening, and that night in her room as she thought of the fact she both rejoiced and grieved over it. She was glad that she was to marry a man so well pleasing to her aunt and her friends, one who was generally considered a business success and a man who loved her as he did. Too, we can't doubt her tinge of joy at being able to show Roger Winn that she was loved and welcomed into a much higher social circle than the one in which he moved, that there was one man who cared for her and who was true to his promises to her. Yet, in spite of this fact, she was grieved because she could not have the feeling of deep, abiding love for him that she had felt for Roger. She could never feel the joyous longing for his coming, and the wedding that she thought a to-be bride should feel. In fact, when she thought of it all calmly she almost thought it was sacrilege to marry a man to whom she felt as she did John Ross Page. These were only momentary meditations, though, and she would soon cast them aside and determine to marry him and make him the best wife possible, never letting him have cause to suspect her feelings for him. She resolved to treat him better; to give him more time, so she arose and requested him over the phone to come over the next afternoon that she might see him for awhile. As he was a man of leisure most of the time, he was delighted to accept her invitation. He was there every afternoon and evening from then on. And Tuesday night she attired herself earlier than usual with painstaking care that she might have a few moments alone before he came, and that she might look her best on the last evening at home. She stirred the fire, then walked over to her piano and softly and plaintively began playing "The Melody of Love," when there came a light knock at the half-open door. She turned to greet her betrothed when her eyes met the steady gaze of—Roger.

To be Continued.

## NEW YELL.

T—C—U!  
That's the way to speil it,  
That's the way to yell it,  
Don't you hear?

Hey—who? Yea-waw!  
Baylor-Baylor! He-haw!  
Hoop-la! Wawhe!  
Texas Christian! University!

## PRICES REDUCED To Close Out Winter Garments

The saving on a Suit or Overcoat ranges from \$3.75 to \$12.50, and that's worth while. We include in this sale Fancy Suits, Black and Blue Serge Suits and all Fancy Overcoats.

Saving on 15.00 Suits or Overcoats \$ 3.75  
Saving on 20.00 Suits or Overcoats \$ 5.00  
Saving on 25.00 Suits or Overcoats \$ 6.25  
Saving on 30.00 Suits or Overcoats \$ 7.50  
Saving on 35.00 Suits or Overcoats \$ 8.75  
Saving on 40.00 Suits or Overcoats \$10.00  
Saving on 50.00 Suits or Overcoats \$12.50

## WASHER BROS.

Main and Eighth.

## FAVORITE YELLS.

Every student that does not know the following yells and song is expected to cut them out of the Skiff, or copy them and repeat them until they are learned. Take them with you to the game if you are not sure that you know them.

For when old T. C. U. team fall in line  
We're going to win a game another time,  
For old Varsity we'll yell, yell, yell,  
For the football team we love so well,  
Well, well, well, well, we'll fight,  
Fight, fight for every score,  
Circling ends and then we'll win some more.  
Then we'll roll old Poly in the sod,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Whistle  
Yah! yah! ki!  
Yah! yah! ki!  
V-a-r-s-i-t-y  
Humpty, dumpty,  
razzle dazzle,  
jump-an-jazdle  
Rickety, yakity  
Who! what! who?  
Varsity, Varsity, T. C. U.  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Varsity! Varsity! Varsity!

Oskey! Wow, wow, wow,  
Skiney! wow, wow, wow,  
Oskey, wow, wow, wow,  
T. C. U., T. C. U.  
W—O—W.

Rip! Ram! Ba' Zoo!  
Lickety! Lickety!  
Zoo, Zoo, Zoo!  
Who! Who! Who! Who!  
Let'er go—T. C. U.

Rackety Yak!  
Ki-Yak; ki-yak,  
Rackety Yak.  
Ki-yak; ki-yak,  
Hallabaloo, Hallabaloo,  
Varsity, Varsity,  
T. C. U.

Hey—Who? Yea Wah!  
Baylor—Baylor; He-haw;  
Whoop-la! Waw-he!  
T. C. U.! Vars'tee!

Comanche! Ranche!  
Rip! Rah! Ree!  
"Baylor!" "Baylor!"  
Twenty-Three!  
Kalamazoo is the place for you!  
Back to the Cactus, now skidoo!

Boomer! Sooner!  
Sooner, Boom!!!!  
Rat-ti-ti! Rat-ti-ti!  
Tat-ti-ti—Rin.  
T. C. U. is bound to win.

Sky-rocket  
Sis—boom—ah,  
T. C. U., T. C. U.  
Rah, Rah, Rah!

T. C. U. at the bat  
Will stand pat,  
Count on that—  
Why! we'll eat 'em,  
'Steard of beat 'em.  
Honk! Honk!  
"Baylor," "Baylor,"  
Nonk! Nonk!  
Think that little bit  
Of a palyer'll make a hit  
Off our player?  
Nit! Nit! Zib, zam,  
Slip, slap, watch us go,  
Rip, rap, time to blink,  
Don't you think?  
Going some! Um, um;  
T. C. U. rah! rah!  
"Baylor," "Baylor," he-haw!

The new hood for the chemical laboratory has just been installed. The large water distillery has also been recently set up.

## DR. JOHN F. GRAMMER,

Dentist

Rooms 201-202, 2nd floor Wheat Bldg.  
8th and Main Street.  
Phone 585.



TRY A  
PARKER  
LUCKY  
CURVE  
Fountain Pen

For ten days and then decide if you wish to keep it. That's the way we sell 'em. \$1.50 and up

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Twelfth and Main.

## U T. C. U. Boys

Come to the Congress Barber Shop to get first-class work done. You can get good baths; also I have eight first-class mechanics.

L. D. SHEFFLETT Prop.

**Congress Barber Shop**

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WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS.  
..ENGRAVERS AND DIE SINKERS..

T. C. U. Students Cordially Invited to Call.

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PENNY LAUNDRY AND HAT WORKS.

Call for and deliver

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Phone Lamar 5925. New phone 1337.

## THE CITY Y. M. C. A.

makes a special membership offer to T. C. U. Students. \$5.00 for the school year. Thirty students have already taken membership.