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

VOL. IX

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, JANUARY 19, 1911

NUMBER 18

YOUNG MENS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

YOUNG MEN OF THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION ELECTED OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR.

ROY G. TOMLINSON PRES.

The Other Officers, Carl Melton, Gordon McFarland, and Clifton Ferguson.

At a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association last week the following officers were elected to carry out the work of the Association for the coming year...

With this set of officers the Y. M. C. A. can mean more than any other organization, in the University, has ever done.

To be president of the Y. M. C. A. is to have the greatest honor that the University can bestow upon a man. Some might differ in this point of view, but go to the bottom of the whole matter and see the responsibility of the different organizations in school and you will find that more lies upon the leaders of the Y. M. C. A. than on any other group of men.

When a student leaves home and comes to the university, he leaves many of his old customs and falls easily into the habits of those with whom he comes in contact.

The plans for the future have not been completed, by the new cabinet, for the entire set of helpers have not been chosen by the president, and his officers.

Since their election the new officers of the Y. M. C. A. have manifested an active interest in the work of the association, which is to be

UNIVERSITY BAND ELECTS OFFICERS

THE OTHER BUSINESS OF BAND WAS TO ARRANGE FOR NEW INSTRUMENTS.

LUTHER PARKER PRESIDENT

Other Officers Were, Marvin Hill, Trombone, and Fred Simpson, Cornet

At a meeting of the Band Monday evening last, the following officers were elected to stand behind the workings of the members for the rest of the year and the first of next year:

President, Luther Parker, slide trombone; vice president, Marvin Hill, slide trombone; secretary and treasurer, Fred Simpson, cornet.

These men are all in their first year in the University but they are enthusiastic, and good players. Most of the older men of the band will go out from the college next year, and it was thought wise to choose all new men to carry on the work into the following terms.

Other business of the band was attended to at once; such as arranging for more instruments. Three French horns, drums, and baritone, will soon be added to the stock. The cornet section is running over. The clarionets have a good section, and other good players are showing up every day.

Every young man in the university is earnestly requested to attend every meeting of the organization.

The Y. M. C. A. meets Friday evening at 7 o'clock, sharp, in Prof. Hamner's recitation room.

A special invitation is extended the faculty of the university and the Y. M. C. A. men of the city.

Y. W. C. A. CABINET ENTERTAINERS.

On Monday evening, the sixteenth, the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet entertained at the cell of Misses Burns and Tyson, the occasion being in honor of Miss Libbie Wade, one of the newest members of the Cabinet, who left (school) Tuesday.

The girls were met and allowed to enter with the password of "chicken." There was a real skillet, a long fork, and, best, two chickens to fry. Last—not least—there were anxious hands to cook. It was such fun to do it.

T. C. U. STUDENTS HONORED IN STATE

STUDENTS FROM TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY ARE CONTINUALLY RECEIVING HONORS.

TOMLINSON AND PERKINSON

Douglas Tomlinson and Lee Perkinson Are Showing Up as the Best That the State Has.

On Thursday, the 19th of this month, two of the T. C. U. old students are going to appear in debate together in the Rusk Literary Society at the University of Texas.

Mr. Clyde L. Perkinson of Temple, and student '09 of Texas Christian University is in Second Year Law in the University. He was for two years a student in T. C. U., taking an active part in all college affairs.

Mr. Douglas E. Tomlinson, of Hillsboro, and graduate of T. C. U., in '09, is a Junior Law student in the University. He was for the entire four years of his course in Texas Christian University, a steady and faithful worker for all departments of the school, and especially in oratory and debating.

The subject for the debate is: "Resolved, that the adoption of the free raw materials in our tariff legislation is for the best interests of the South."

The members of the Rusk team are: Messrs Alvin M. Ousley, of Denton; G. L. Perkinson, of Temple; Douglas E. Tomlinson, of Hillsboro; and A. R. Grambling, of Dallas.

In this contest not only the supremacy of the Society is to be determined, but the first individual will receive a \$100 solid gold watch. Besides this the team for inter-state debating will be chosen from the best debaters of the two societies.

Freshman—Thought you took Ovid last year.

Sophomore—I did but the faculty enchored me.

Prof. Hamner—I am tempted to give a toast.

Fresh. English—Yield not to temptation.

Mr. Cockrell: "Miss Ruth, what was the Bill of Attainder?" Ruth: "I think it was something that effected our ancestors."

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ACADEMY LITERARY SOCIETY MEETS

NO ORGANIZATION IN UNIVERSITY DOING BETTER WORK THAN THIS ONE.

PRINCIPAL ROBERTS LEADS

Prof. Roberts Organized the Academy Literary Society, with the Aid of the Shirleys.

The Academy Literary Society was organized during the fall term by Principal Roberts, to give the students belonging to the Academy an opportunity to do literary work.

However, there are many students in the Academy who are not working with the society. No student doing High School work or its equivalent can afford to go through the course without doing a great deal of rhetorical work.

The members of the Rusk team are: Messrs Alvin M. Ousley, of Denton; G. L. Perkinson, of Temple; Douglas E. Tomlinson, of Hillsboro; and A. R. Grambling, of Dallas.

In this contest not only the supremacy of the Society is to be determined, but the first individual will receive a \$100 solid gold watch.

AVIATION MEET WAS EXTRA SUCCESSFUL

PEOPLE THROGGED THE FIELD LIKE THE NEWS BOYS AT A FIRST CIRCUS.

BIRD FLYERS WERE GOOD

The Flying Could Not Have Been Better—Lighting and Startling Good.

The aviation meet in Fort Worth proved a great success. On both days the weather was splendid, and the flying was eagerly watched by all. The days were warm and clear, and the wind blew gently from the south.

The marshal force tried to hold certain bounds, over which the crowd must not pass, but inch by inch they moved until all made a mad rush for the goal in view.

It all had the appearance of the description of the entrance of the first train into the little village of my old grandfather. I can imagine how interesting it will be to the next generation to tell how eagerly the people gazed upon the first ship of the air in their town.

Miss Neta Martin had her tonsils amputated last Monday.

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STATE DEBATE.

The Austin Statesman came to the editor's desk, stating the representatives of the Intersociety debate, in the University. Among the speakers was noticed the names of Douglas E. Tomlinson, T. C. U., '09, brother of Roy G. Tomlinson here in school, and Lee Perkinson, of Temple, a former student of T. C. U.

This should be an incentive to the students coming up thru the college course. You will find, not only in the State University, but in the larger universities of the North, that the students that are doing the best and the most important work are those that have come from the smaller schools of the South and West. If you will only realize this statement to be true you will be profited the more by it. Now while you are in a school that is small enough to recognize your ability, and push you to the front is the time to do something. You may think that you have not the time to spend in practicing oratory, or debating. But you have not the time to neglect this work. This may look queer to some, but it is true. The less time you have to spend on such work as furnished by the literary societies, the less you will amount to in your life work. I care not what you may follow. You will want to know the best means of expressing yourself. Often there is more depending upon the way a thing is presented, than there is in the saying itself. Even if you think you will not become a public speaker, you will have occasion to express yourself to your own personal friends. Even if you are in conversation with only one, sometimes you will want for a better delivery. Make all the time count for the most in the literary societies.

THE T. C. U. Y. M. C. A. REORGANIZED.

The time of office of the Young Men's Christian Association recently expired, and the new officers were elected.

The work of the past year has been badly crippled, because of the many difficulties that have come to it, but the association under the leadership of Mr. Clyde Hackney, has moved on wonderfully under the trials that it had to meet. No meetings have been shirked, or abandoned. The few faithful members have worked hard, but those living far away, have not been able to attend as they would like to have done. Especially have the officers done their part.

The organization, as all others, must have the different changes. A rise in one direction soon often brings a fall in another. It is hard to keep an all round organization. Last year the work was flourishing in most lines but the financial, and that was low. But this year the finances have come to the front, but some other disadvantages have arisen. But the low condition, only leaves room for more improvement in the future. When the spiral swings from us it comes back just a little higher up in the scale of life. It used to be thought by the common people of the day that the time and conditions could be compared to a pendulum, but that is not the case for once you have an ex-

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perience, you will never have it again. It may, and very likely will be, that you will have something similar to it, but not the same, for that one is gone never to be gotten hold of again. And the spiral swinging around to us again now, for the better in all phases. We are becoming accustomed to the circumstances into which we have been thrown and we are learning to overcome the difficulties of yesterday, and rising to face the future, square in the face for the best interests of the Y. M. C. A. in T. C. U.

THE UNIVERSITY BAND.

The University Band was reorganized on last Monday night. All of the officers are new men in the University, but experienced players. The enthusiasm that was manifested shows that in the near future it will be asked whose band that is going to give the concert. The expectation is that we need not want for a band at the baseball games. We want to make the presence of the Band at the games as necessary as the rosters. It all helps. Some say that the noise made by the yells of the students detracts the players' in the game. And not only that, it keeps city people from coming to the games. I do not believe that to be true, but it is true that the city people appreciate a band, anywhere. Anywhere you see a group of men with horns in their arms, you will see a crowd around them. The band draws a crowd no matter the occasion.

THE ERECTION OF THE BELL.

It has been the desire of many for a long time to have the old college bell raised and rung for meals, and chapel. It, too, would be a good idea to warn the classes each hour if the time could be kept accurately. It is thought that this can be done in the beginning of this week. 'Mars Jim' has been consulted, and he is willing to use the bell, if it can be placed on the ground, to avoid the expense of lifting it to the top of the building. And, too, it would cause a rope to be bought, in that case. So I guess we will let the bell set on the ground by the kitchen, and be rung by the wheel, to save the expense of the rope. It does not matter whether the sound gets out from behind the buildings or not. If not, then we can ring the little hand bell, in front of the building and make out any way, it is good that the bell be rung.

PAY YOUR POLL TAX.

Every young man in the University that is entitled to a vote should not let the time slip for him to pay his poll tax. This should be done every year, but especially now when the greatest campaign of the history of the State is on. It is taken for granted that all will vote for the Anti-saloon Movement, but if that is not your belief, you should do your part and pay your tax any way and probably you will be convinced before the time to vote that you are a Prohibitionist. Do not forget the time in which you must attend to this matter.

Whereas, our newly formed friend Judge Emory H. Smith, has, for the encouragement of oratory in our institution, promised a medal to the winner of the Preliminary to the State Oratorical Contest, we wish to express to him the highest appreciation of the Oratorical Association of Texas Christian University for this worthy act.

JOHN BATEMAN,
LOUIE NOBLITT,
HERBERT BOZEMAN,
MARY RITTER,
CLIFTON FERGUSON,
Committee.

Ft. Worth, Tex., Jan. 10.

I wish I was twins, so I could send one half to talk to Odessa, while the other half talks to Willie.—Joe.

SHORT STORY, Continued

Written by Misses Amboline Tyson and Juddie Holloway.

Chapter III.

She sat there for a moment, too much surprised to move, then she stood up, but still she said nothing. There was something in his eyes that she could not read. He looked angry, but why? He had no cause to be. She was the one who had been mistreated. No, surely she was mistaken. She did not know her own thoughts and for a moment she felt glad to see him. She held out her hand and he took it coldly in his, saying as he did so, "At last I have found you. I have come for an explanation." The hot blood rushed to her face, and her eyes flashed angrily. What a fool she had been, she thought, to let him know her feelings by greeting him as she had, and he had shown her that he did not care by his cold touch. She knew that he was angry by his words. He was still looking straight into her eyes and because it made her angry she dropped hers. This made her angrier still and she looked back.

"Found me at last? And have come for an explanation?" she asked hotly. "I have," he replied calmly.

"When have you looked for me and what explanation have I to make? It seems to me after your past conduct you would not have dared to come here."

"I will assure you that I am not the least bit afraid of you," he said with a sarcastic smile, "but that I am disgust—but that I am thoroughly disappointed in you."

She was so angry that tears came into her eyes.

"Why are you disgusted and disappointed in me? Because I was not foolish enough to marry you?"

This cut him deeply and he was as angry as she was now. Ah, he knew he had a right to be hurt and angry at the girl who had, a little more than a year ago, set the date for their wedding for November 29th. And now, on the night before she was telling him that she would be a fool to marry him and was going to wed another. He had come for an explanation and he would have it.

"I had not thought exactly that, but why do you think you would have been a fool had you married me?" he burst out. "Yes, why do you think you would be a fool if you married me tomorrow, instead of John Page?"

"Because you did not love me," she said, turning her face.

"And when did you find that out? If I didn't love you what did you think I wanted to marry you for?" he asked with a somewhat puzzled look.

"My money, I suppose," she answered frankly.

"You have none."

"I am well aware of the fact." Her lips trembled slightly as she said that. His manner toward her softened a little when he saw that he had hurt her pride that way.

"Since you have none now—"

"Since I have none now it is very plain that you didn't care for me or you would have written."

"Written?" he asked.

"Yes, written. You did not write to Ted either until nearly two months after father's—Ah, after our misfortune. Then you didn't even so much as mention my name!"

"I did write, and I see no reason why Ted should explain your actions, unless he saw fit to do so!"

"My actions! What have I done? You said that you came here for an explanation. You are the one to explain. You know that you have not done right."

"Didn't do right? What have I done to you that was wrong?"

"You refused to write."

"I told you before that I did not write you the last letter and you refused to answer it. After I had written you a dozen letters and tried every way possible to see you and got snubbed all around, I thought I had better—"

"Here, sit down in this chair. You look like you are about to drop," he said, as he pushed a chair forward.

"I am not," she said, in spite of the fact that she felt very weak. He stood for a moment looking at her while his hand rested on the chair. Then he stepped to her side and took hold of her arm.

"Stop," she cried, shrinking back as his hot fingers touched her.

"Then sit down," he commanded, as he let her arm go, and she sat down. "I want to know now why you didn't answer my letters," he said.

"Because I didn't get any. It seems queer to me that I didn't get the letters if you wrote any."

"It does seem queer, I'll agree with

T. C. U. STUDENTS

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you. Didn't you get that letter I sent in Ted's last Wednesday?"

"Yes, and like a goose I answered it and again you showed me no respect whatever," she said, standing up with her dark eyes flashing.

"What! You say you answered it. I didn't get it. How can you hold me accountable for doing something I had no idea I was doing? Did you post that letter yourself?"

"No, I gave it to Ted."

"Then he has failed to post it," he said, coming nearer to her. "What did you say in it? Did you say I might come?"

"Yes. And you didn't!"

"Well, I am sorry I didn't get it, but why didn't you let me see you when I came before?"

"I didn't know you ever came," she exclaimed.

"I came three different times and your aunt said first that you were not at home. The other time she told me you had company and the last time you refused to see me."

"I didn't know that you ever came. Surely Aunt Kate—I wonder why she didn't let me know. Ah!" Then she remembered how she had felt towards her aunt when she persuaded her that Roger did not care and she remembered, too, that her aunt had never left home before the mail came and that she always looked through it first. She understood now that Aunt Kate had gotten her letters.

"If I had known this," interrupted Roger, maybe I—but he stopped, for there was a rap at the door.

Geneva remembered that Mr. Page was coming and she trembled a little as she opened the door. She found a little boy with some roses and a note from Mr. Page saying that he would probably be delayed an hour on very important business. She was very much relieved and sat down by the table, burying her face in the roses as she did so. She had suddenly realized that she had never loved any one but Roger and that she had wronged Mr. Page by letting him think that she loved him. She felt grateful to the flowers for hiding her fact, but all at once their stems seemed to burn her fingers and she laid them down.

Roger had seated himself on the other side of the table and was watching her. When she laid them down, her hand wearing the beautiful ring lay close to his. He covered it with his own and she tried to draw it away, but he held it firmly and said:

"Geneva, do you love that fellow?" Her eyes did not meet his as she said:

"I don't think that a fair question, and besides, what is that to you?"

"Not a fair question? and what is it to me? Why it's all the world to me! Not a fair question when it means so much to me and to you? Tell me why you gave me up, Geneva; was it all because you got no letters? If it

was you surely can forgive me since you know it wasn't my fault. Listen, Geneva. Why don't you look at me?" He waited a moment until she looked up. Then, "You used to love me. I know you did. Don't you love me a little still?"

"Yes," she said simply.

"Then let me take this ring off and place the one that rightfully belongs there in its place," he said eagerly. Again she tried to free her hand but it was no use.

"Geneva, I ask you again if you love John Page?"

She was silent for a moment, then shook her head.

"Then you will let me put the ring on again?"

She nodded her head.

"Say it, Geneva, say it!" he cried, squeezing her hand until he almost crushed it.

"Yes!" she murmured as he slipped the large ring off and put the small one in its place. He looked at it for a moment, then raised her hand to his lips. She breathed a little sigh of relief as she picked up the other ring and was looking at it.

Just then a knock came at the door. She knew that it was Mr. Page. Never before had his coming been so unwelcome. Her heart beat wildly, for she knew that it would be hard for her to tell him and she felt guilty, too.

"I am sorry I was late, dear," said Page in a soft tone that made Roger's blood boil, "but I hurried through and am here sooner than I expected to be. I hope you are not tired of waiting and—" but he stopped short on seeing Roger.

"Mr. Page, this is Mr. Winn," she said.

"How do you do, Mr. Page, but I believe I have met you before," said Roger coolly.

"You must be mistaken. I have never seen you before," returned Page.

"Pardon me, but I knew you first in my home town. Later I knew you in New Mexico. It was there that you got some—it was there that you made some money (perhaps?) I am sure that you will remember a certain night that I met you down on —"

"I remember you now, but what are you doing here?" said Page angrily.

"The same thing that you are doing, I presume," returned Roger calmly.

"It seems to me since your past relations to Miss Joyce and knowing my present relations to her, you should not be here."

"So long as it pleases Miss Joyce to let me remain here I deem it unwise for you to ask me to leave," said Roger with some heat.

"Geneva, what does this mean, that on the night before our wedding you will allow this man to call on you?"

Continued on page 4.

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NEW MAN'S CONTEST.

The representatives for the New Man's Contest will soon be chosen. The contestants in the trial contest had better be doing some good solid work now. This kind of work can not be done in a day, so you had better do now what you will not have time to do tomorrow. Both the Shirleys and the Add-Rans have an abundance of new material, that will make a good showing. Neither society can tell what will be the outcome of these

men, for it is to be composed of inexperienced men, that is the men must have never represented the society in any contest whatever. Many of these men are doing good work, but they have never done their best.

Mr. Bertrand Camp says there are two views of flirtation; one is when "Bo" is there, and the other one is when he isn't.

Conductor—"Your fare, Miss?"
Miss Helms—"Really do you think so?"

Local Notes

Mrs. Lawrence B. Harris, nee Verda Scott, an old student of T. C. U., visited Miss Noblitt and other friends here last Thursday. She was en route to her new home in Ballinger, Texas.

Mr. J. T. Holloway, from Longview, visited his sister, Miss Juddie, also the other students here from that place, on last Friday.

Miss Christelle Hemphill's father was with her on Monday.

Miss Reeves' father was visiting her and his son, Jim Reeves, last week.

The girls at the Girls' Home were made happy last Monday evening by the return of Miss Gladys Reed.

We are sorry to say Miss Ermine Starkey was on the sick list last week. However, she is recuperating now.

Misses Myrtle Dean, Lela Odell, Jack Baldwin, Eula Mae Riall, Josie Cannon, McXie Mae Mason and Ewing Eason were victims of grip this week.

Miss Minnie Jo Blanks, a great favorite of the Girls' Home, returned to take up work.

We are all very sorry to know Miss Libbie Wade had to leave for her home Tuesday. If her health improves enough, she will return for the spring term of work.

CLARK SOCIETY.

The Clarks are nearly all back full of enthusiasm and interest for the new year. The programme on Monday, Jan. 16, was very interesting, and we had a number of visitors from the other societies. The Clarks are only four years old this month, but they have done exceedingly good work ever since they organized. Come out and enjoy some of our programmes.

Programme for Jan. 23:
Piano duet, Elizabeth Henderson and Katie May Chilton.
Reading, Daisy Morrow.
"Life of Shakespeare," Pearl Gibbons.
"My Ideal Man," Mabel Smith.
Autobiography, Elizabeth Higginbotham.
Reading, Camille Gallagher.
Piano solo, Jane Barnard.
GRACE HACKNEY, Pres.
ERMINE STARKEY, Sec.

THE WALTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

Last Monday's meeting of the Walton Literary Society was quite interesting. Miss Dabbs deserves special mention for her excellent paper on "A Study of Robert E. Lee." Miss Wade presented some interesting facts on "The Garden Spot of the Universe." We are each day more and more pleased with the work in this society. It is far eclipsing any work ever done before; but still there is room for improvement. "Watch them improve." Visitors are always welcome. Come to the following programme Monday, 23rd:

Piano solo, Bess McNeil.
"Once Upon a Time," Ambolins Tyson.

"Good for Students to Know," McXie Mae Mason.
Reading, Jeffie Britton.
"My Ideal American Leader," Lorine Scott.

"A Mix-Up," Kathleen Gibson.
A solo, Juddie Holloway.

ACADEMY LITERARY SOCIETY.

Prof. Hamner's Recitation Room, Saturday, 4:00 P. M.

PROGRAM.

Reading—Myrtle Hart.
Selection—John Doherty.
The Prophecy—Mildred Roberts.
Why the Academy Should be Organized—Dick Hardwick.
Life of Poe—Beatrice Hart.
Trombone Solo—Marvin Hill.
What the Society Has Gained in the Past—Eugene Kelly.
Original Poem.
Visitors welcomed.

Some One: "Miss Taylor, are you a Gentle?"

Miss Taylor: "No, I am not anything."

T. C. U. STUDENTS!

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CLASS SKIFFS.

The senior class is to head the list with the class Skiffs. You may find their number out any week, from now. The last of January is the usual time to begin this work, not only in T. C. U., but it is the custom in all of the colleges of Texas. Not a few of them give a week to the classes only, but allow some other strong organizations to have the opportunity to push their organization.

THE T. C. U. REVIVAL.

The Texas Christian University revival begins next week, with Dr. J. E. Dinger as preacher. The meeting is under the auspices of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. It is the desire of the young people that lessons be arranged for in the afternoon, so that the services of every evening may be attended by all. This is expected to be one of the best meetings that was ever held in our chapel. Do your part in the meeting. We need more enthusiasm, and there is no better way to get it.

TO MOTHER

There's a sweet soft light in thine eyes, Mother,
Where pure wondrous feeling repose;
Like sunshine that wakens the dawn,
Mother,
Or dewdrops that glisten the roses.
So dear that I scarce can tell why,
Mother,
The thoughts and emotions that arise
When I gaze on thy beautiful spirit
By the sweet soft light of thine eyes.

There's a sweet, soft light in thine eyes, Mother.
The angels have woven a lay,
The tenderest thoughts of thy heart,
Mother,
Attuned to Love's music today.
The voice of a heavenly songster,
Or golden-toned lyre from the skies,
Are not the enfolding endearment
As the sweet, soft light of thine eyes.

When the late homeward bee ceases humming,
And the robin hath flown to her nest,
And the fancies of twilight awaken,
In the far, faint glow of the West,
By the clustering stars of the evening
A serene, holy hour I'll prize,
Then look! let me dream of and cherish
The sweet soft light of thine eyes.
—Minnie Iverson.

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SHORT STORY

Continued from page 2.

He paused for one brief second; then, as he caught sight of the ring on her finger he burst out:

"Geneva, where is the ring I gave you?" and started towards her.

"Stop!" said Roger, as he stepped between them. "Your ring is yonder on the table, I believe."

"Mr. Page, since you recognized mine and Miss Joyce's former relations you must have known me all the while, for I am sure she has mentioned my name to you. I know perfectly well why you did not wish to recognize me, but Miss Joyce does not, and I think you are due her an explanation. Will you give it?"

Page shot an angry glance at Roger and said:

"Geneva, why have you allowed this ring to be taken from your finger and that one put in its place? Do you think you have done me right?"

"Mr. Page," said Geneva, in a low, yet clear voice, as both men looked at her and waited for her to speak. "I have found that Mr. Winn has been true to me, while I have, unknowingly been untrue to him. I felt that I had done you a wrong in letting you think that I really loved you when I loved him instead. But now I see that you didn't really love me, since you have something in your life hidden from me and are afraid to tell it. I know now why you and Aunt Kate have had many a long consultation together. You were planning to take my mail and to keep Roger away. I cannot see why you wished to marry me. Could you expect me to now?"

"Hello, Sis!" Good news!" They looked up and saw Ted standing in the door. "Why, Roger! How do you

do, old pal?" cried Ted, springing over and giving his friend a hearty hand shake. "My, but I am glad to see you! But what's the matter here?" he said, looking from one to the other.

Mr. Page was the first to speak. "Your sister has acted like a—"

"Go slow here, sir!" demanded Ted, clenching his fist. "I'll literally wipe up this floor with you, I'll have you understand, or anybody else who dares to not treat my sister with proper respect. Now do you understand that? I think sister can explain things without your aid. What's the trouble, sister?"

"It's only this, Teddie. I have found that Roger has been true to me and I have been false to him. I was sorry that I made Mr. Page think I loved him when I really did not, until I found he has something hidden from me. And—"

Here she was interrupted by Page "I—I have—"

"Shut up, will you; sister is speaking," said Ted. "Go on, sister."

He and Aunt Kate have kept Roger's letters from me and kept him away. They told him that I refused to see him. Brother, I wanted to tell you, but I just couldn't. I wish I had. You would have helped me, and saved all this," she said, with trembling lips.

"Well, never mind. I understand," he said, slipping an arm around her. He turned to Page, who said, between clenched teeth: "I'm rotten tired of this."

"Well, if you are tired of this company, get out, and get out quick!" roared Ted.

A moment later their aunt came in. "Good news for you, Aunt Kate!" exclaimed Ted. "Father writes that we needn't sell the place. He's had a streak of good luck."

"Well, that is good, but where is Mr. Page?"

"Oh, the Lord only knows, and the devil only cares, unless you do," said Ted.

"Why Ted!" exclaimed Geneva.

"Pardon me, Aunt Kate, but I forget who you are," said Ted, impertinently. "Page has gone from here—gone for good, I suppose."

"Theodore Joyce, have you done this, said his aunt very precisely.

"Oh, yes, I guess so. I don't know what you're talking about, but I am willing to take the blame."

"Geneva, what does this mean?"

"Oh, Aunt Kate, for cat's sake, go on and leave 'em alone!"

"Theodore, you have never treated me with the proper respect. Respect due a woman who—"

"Well, Aunt Kate, can't you see—"

But she had shut the door, so he did not finish, but grabbed his sister up and danced around with her. "Gee, but I am glad and happy." Then he put her down by Roger's side. "But I forgot myself," he said, stopping and kissing his sister's lips and giving Roger a hearty handshake. "I must go."

"If this service is missed one half of the students do not know what the other half is doing; and unity is the keynote of success. The students should attend chapel, receive its benefits and add their mite of encouragement to the worthy cause."

THAT OLD BELL.

For four long years
I've heard the call
Of that old bell
O'er dining hall.
Of all the hope
That school could bring,
There's none more sweet
Than its glad ring.

E'en tho the wind
Be cold and bleak,
From bed I jumped,
And with a shriek
To heed the call—
That bell so true—
I stood at place,
As all should do.

E'en tho the night
Be warm and clear,
I'd stay in bed
That bell to hear.
Till news came sweet
So soft and low
From 'neath my room,
That bell below.

E'en tho at meals,
Oatmeal and hay,
The only dish—
Was served each day.
There is some charm,
As each one brings
Himself to meals,
Just as it rings.

In midst of day,
In class half o'er,
The teacher warned
Of time in store,
That first bell told
Of meals again
That all might come
Without chagrin.

It came again
At five-four-five—
That bell was heard,
And all alive.
The sound soon learned,
Was known by all;
By girls and boys,
Both great and small.

And when by chance
The meal was late,
There ne'er was need
To congregate,
That by this means
Might always tell
The proper time
To ring that bell.

If chance should be
That meals be soon,
No standing 'round
Would be at noon.
That bell it peals,
And loud to all,
And I could work,
Not wait the call.

Then why as we,
Ta join Fort Worth,
The time of us,
Be here, less worth
The moments spent,
In North Waco?
If this be true?
How can we grow?

No. May you not
Small measley bell,
That can't be heard
By those that dwell
In self-same house,
O'er Dining Hall,
Be rung by "Liz—"
No chance for all.

But may it be,
As in the past,
That bell be swung
O'er tower at last,
And rung by cooks
At quarter till time,
The meals be served,
To all sublime.

Oh! How they stand
And long for this,
No thing would seem,
The more like bliss—
Than that the chance
Might come to them,
No meals be called
With strategem,
Oh! How the bell,
It groans and sighs
In store-room trash,
The pile it lies,
And how it longs!
Its tongue to swing!
And cheer us all,
With pealing ring.

How O'erton longs!
And looks with hope
To have the chance

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WASHER BROS.

Main and Eighth.

To pull the rope!
How pleased you'd see,
The matron be!
As all at once
We come in glee.

No more the Dean
Need urge the crowd,
To get inside,
And ne'er be loud,
If old "Mars Jim"
Could half foretell,
The good he'd do,
He'd raise the bell.

DONT'S IN THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

Don't make a noise like a cyclone.
Don't forget to put your chair under the table.

Don't lose the number of your experiment.

Don't spill water on other peoples' paper.

Don't allow mercury to get away from you.

Don't leave apparatus out of the case.

Don't leave apparatus set up, without permission to do so.

Don't mark on your notebook.

Don't draw pictures on the tables.

Don't work too fast.

Don't work too slowly.

Don't ask questions to hear your head rattle.

Don't "cut" laboratory period.

"SING A SONG OF VICTORY. NOTHING ELSE."

(By Marvin Hill.)

Tune, "Casey Jones."

T. C. U. is the winner's name;
On the football field she has won great fame;
She's got all the pepper and a little bit more,
And she's not gon'a let old Baylor

CHORUS.
T. C. U.'s got all the pepper;
T. C. U., she's bound to win.
We C U poor old Baylor,
The way we'll beat you sho' am a sin.

Although we've been outweighed in the past,
We sho' had the pepper on Thursday last.

We held those farmers right down on the field,
And in the last quarter they had to yield.

The following yell is original with T. C. U. and should be kept up—it is an effective one. The girls know it. Let us all learn it for Baylor:

T. C. U. at the back
Will stand packed;
Watch us act—
Why, we'll eat 'em
'Stead of beat 'em.

Honk! Honk!
Baylor, Baylor,
Nonk! Nonk!

Think that little bit
Of a runner's make a hit
Off our players?—
Nit! nit! Zam, Zam,
Slip, slap—watch us go,
Rip, Rap, time to blink,
Don't you think?
Going some! Um, um,
T. C. U. Rah! Rah!

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