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THE SKIFF.

F. & M. National Bank
 A bank of strength
 and character
 SEVENTH AND MAIN

VOL. XI FORT WORTH, TEXAS THURSDAY MARCH 6, 1913 NUMBER 26

CALENDAR FOR THE FRESHMAN WEEK

Containing Events of Notable Importance Since the Last Issue of The Skiff

Friday	Saturday	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday
Mr. Warren occupied chapel hour. Soph Skiff appeared; much comment.	Shirleys sent ultimatum to Add-Rans.	Punk dinner.	Add-Rans answered Shirley ultimatum. Cook quit; oh, joy! Mrs. King home from Texas points. Prof. Kinsey partied Teachers' Training.	Prexy spoke in chapel on Woodrow. Shirleys and Add-Rans made terms without bloodshed. Death of Floyd.	Cub Osburn, Energy Welker and Laud Rattan began Lab. course in Campustry. Colored co-ed cooks appeared; anticipation.	Mrs. Sherwood in chapel; vociferated on art. "Mrs. Mack" home from Mineral Wells. Freshman Skiff goes to press.

THE NEW SPRING CLOTHES
 For Young Men Are Here.
 INVITINGLY PRICED, \$16, \$20, \$25.
A. & L. AUGUST
 Main at Seventh

W. E. FLOYD
 W. E. Floyd died in his room in Goode Hall Tuesday evening at 6:15. He was about twenty years of age and had been a faithful member of the Christian church for eight years. His death was due to measles and pneumonia. He was a country boy and a poor boy, and had done remarkably well for the chance he had had. His one desire had always been that he might enter college, and his parents, who were here at the time of his death, said that they were grateful that he had had a chance to fulfill his ambition that far. In all his school work his grades showed proficiency. In his class in mathematics he was neither absent nor tardy at any time during the fall term, and had no unexcused absence for this term. He was a quiet fellow who attended to his own work, a faithful member of the Y. M. C. A., and wittol agreeable and congenial. His life was one of upward struggle and a noble example of man's battle for the nobler things.
 '16
 Dr. Ragsdale Sharp of Granger was a visitor in T. C. U. this week.

We Have Made Special Preparations for the Horse Show.
 A Most Wonderful Chance to Secure Gorgeous Imported GOWNS, COSTUMES AND COATS.
ALL READY FOR EASTER IN OUR WOMAN'S SHOP
 Exclusive Styles are possible for every fashionable woman if you only know where to go to find them.
JACKSON'S,
 Sixth and Houston Streets
 Mrs. M. V. Baugh, visited her daughter, Marion, this week.
 Miss Jewel Cary's mother visited her in Jarvis Hall this week.

Why pay \$1.50 to have your suit cleaned?
WE DO IT FOR \$1.25
 Now is the time to have it cleaned. See Isaacks
TEXAS LAUNDRY-PANITORIUM

AN EVENING WITH TEACHERS' TRAINING

From eight to eleven p. m. Monday, Prof. and Mrs. Kinsey threw open their apartments in Main Building for an informal evening with Prof. Kinsey's Sunday school training class and friends. The honored guests were twelve young ladies from Jarvis hall. The men were received in Prof. Kinsey's study, and after a few minutes were shown into the parlor where the young ladies were assembled. There for a short season some of the company enjoyed piano selections by Miss Henderson. Others withdrew to the study for a few games of forty-two. Then by piecing together dissected names of flowers partners were selected for an author contest. So subtle were the suggestions as to the identity of each writer that the contest proved a severe test of observation and association. Four couples were successful in seventeen of the eighteen names, they all failing on the one suggested by "A plant found in marshes"—Reid. To settle which of the four couples should be declared winners they each guessed at the number of pages contained in "Angelet," by Price. This volume was awarded as the prize to Miss Clendenen as the successful guesser. Lest they should forget that they were children, Prof. Kinsey's class room was turned into a playhouse and all engaged in "winkum." Then by a game of "slap in, slap out" new partners were selected. To these couples Miss Jaunita Kinsey served sandwiches, chocolate and wafers. At eleven o'clock the guests presented their compliments to the host and hostesses, all declaring that they had never spent three hours more happily than on this occasion. Those present were: Misses Wade,

Freshmen

NINE HOURS IN JARVIS HALL

Freshmen Girls Resolve to Begin a Reform

Just as the ten o'clock car passed Jarvis Hall a bell was rung which told the prisoners they were free for thirty minutes. Slamming doors and hurrying footsteps announced considerable activities throughout the building. Such noisy uproar is heard at no other time of the day. But in a voice louder than all these unearthly sounds one of the Shirley girls called to her classmate, "Ruth—Ruth Musgraves please mail this letter sticking in my door; I never get ready in time." At the same time Pansy Bozeman came about half way down the hall on the second floor and yelled in her deep, coarse voice, "Eileen, are you and Lola going to breakfast in the morning?" and Eileen, in an equally loud voice replied, "Indeed, I'm going; do you think I can miss my coffee and a glimpse of — — ?" She stopped short, for Adeline opened the door of cell ten and said in her flippant way, "I can't do without my coffee (?) either." Pansy and Eileen suddenly disappeared. "Come on, Addie, it are most time

Dodd, Baldwin, Robins, Carson, Henderson, Clendenen, Farmer, Kinsey, Ferguson, Caldwell, Bozeman, Odell, and Gibson; Messrs. Knight, Osburn, Miller, Wood, Jones, Hayes, Melton, Glass, McConnell, Patison, Young, LeMaster, and Sisk.

Another Freshman girl called to Viola to have her veil ready for her as she passed the door. She caught it as she ran past and fortunately reached the dining room five minutes after the car had awakened her. A number from the upper floors, among whom were Earnestine and Robbie, fairly fell down the dormitory steps and ran as though their very lives depended on that one breakfast. They got there just in time—to hear the lock snap as the matron pushed it together on the other side of the door. While Mollie and Fannie were peer-

for the lights to go out"—and her Senior roommate thus quieted her anger. The ten-thirty bell rang and the monitors stealthily crept into each room to make sure that each little charge was under her own shelter. After what seemed only a few minutes of sleep an alarm clock on the east side broke the stillness of the night. Several of the girls who did not need the full forty-five minutes for dressing only turned over and went back to sleep. Before long, however, they were awakened by a bell which Miss Lizzie usually rings ten minutes before breakfast. At this same moment the car passed and the bell in Main Building announced that the oatmeal and toast were served, and the girls realized that it was a case of "breakfast-caps or nothing to eat till dinner." Everything seemed queer and out of place on this particular morning until the time worn question was heard, "Has the bell rung yet?" and the equally trite, but ever amusing reply, "If it has rang I haven't heard it." Anna McNeill was heard all the way to third floor calling, "Doddie, Doddie, let me have your cap." Catherine replied that her cap was serving a very pressing need at home; so the chair beside Ledbetter was not occupied that morning.

ing through the curtains they called the other girls to behold two young men who had evidently planned the night before to don breakfast-caps to save time in getting ready for this meal. Thus provoked to action, before leaving the basement the secretary of the '16 class, who was with those outside, called the Jarvis Hall members to meet immediately. This body assembled unanimously resolved to rise hereafter when "Big Ben" sounded his call, and never again have reason to resort to such means of deception.
 '16
GORDON A NONCONFORMIST
 The '13 class has labored with untiring efforts trying to make a Senior of Gordon McFarland, but alas, 'twas of no avail! His literary work is unquestionably good, but he fails to possess the other qualities that are so characteristic of that dignified class. If the Seniors drop him pray where will he land? The Juniors are PAR EXCELLENCE, the Sophs are far out of his class, the Freshmen could not accept his wriggly, giggly, kiddish ways, and the Senior-preplet dropped him and turned "Brown." But strive on, Seniors, with a dogged determination; there are yet about four months in which to conform this disowned specimen.

DR. KERSHNER SPEAKS ON WOODROW WILSON

On March 4th a great scholar took the oath of office as President of the United States. Such an event would naturally be a cause of rejoicing among a body of students and teachers; but it was especially so here, because our President gave a very interesting chapel address on the new executive. Inasmuch as Dr. Kershner was a student in Princeton University while Mr. Wilson was President of that institution, he is well acquainted with the character of the man who will be the head of our nation for the next four years. According to Dr. Kershner's opinion, Mr. Wilson is by far the most scholarly man who has ever filled the President's chair. He is also one of America's most finished orators, is deeply religious, thoroughly democratic, and is a man who will carry out what he conceives to be his duty at all times. Of course we were already acquainted with Mr. Wilson as a public character, but it was an unusual treat to be told of some of his gentler and kindlier private virtues by one who has been personally associated with him.
 '16
 Anna McClendon (solemnly)—"Mrs. Nye, may I, please, get permission from Dean Parks to go home; I have lost my front false tooth."
 Mrs. Nye—"Why, no; borrow Katherine Dodd's."
 '16
 Prof. Page (in English)—"We can get most any kind of feet together."
 '16
 Jack Baldwin (concerning T. C. U. boys as "supers" in "Everywoman")—"Did Louis represent King Love?"
 Hunter—"No; is that all you think he can do?"

SAVOY THEATRE
 PHONE LAMAR 1847
 Frank North Company This Week
 The Great Play of the Chicago Stock Yards.
THE GREAT JOHN CANTON.
 Next Week, Nat C. Goodwin's Success,
The Cowboy and the Lady.
 Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 15c, 25c. Night, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c

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 Quick service popular prices
 Our Success- Quality, Service
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 The Quality Restaurant
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The Skiff

A weekly newspaper published by the students of Texas Christian University, Ft. Worth

1912-1913

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We present this issue of The Skiff to you hoping that it will stand of its own merits. If you like it we feel amply rewarded for our honest effort; if it does not measure up to your expectation, then what we might say in defense of it would move you to no greater appreciation of its value.

'16

OUR MOTTO.

"To show our simple skill,
This is the beginning of our end."

We are proud of our motto. We think in is the best one in school, and believe that it is truly expressive of a high and noble sentiment. Things can get into a rut even around a University, and to a certain extent such has been the case here. Class after class has passed along the way receiving training and knowledge; class after class of Freshmen have been styled "ignorant," "aboriginal," and other such pet names, until it has become a time-honored maxim in T. C. U. that a Freshman can know nothing. But the class of this year stands for a new spirit. We know some things. We have some "simple skill," and are not afraid to say so. We realize that the University is a training ground, but we realize also that it is a working-ground where there is plenty to do; and we are here to help do it. As long as we are here we shall be found showing forth the simple skill that God has given us, boosting, pushing, and helping every good cause, and fighting with all our might every evil one.

But our motto does not stop at this. We are beginning our end. We are this year taking upon ourselves the responsibility of citizenship in the student body of Texas Christian University. It may be that untold thousands of difficulties and problems will beset us; but since we know that "our end" lies before us and that the path of duty leads straight to it, we shall wade calmly in with the firm faith that the waters will recede before us and difficulties fade away at our approach. The Future is before us. The spirit of Progress has taken hold of our nation, and is going up and down the land

"ETYMOLOGICAL SPECIMENS"

It was with a real and genuine regret that we perused last week's Skiff, which was edited by our contemporaries, the Sophomores. Really we had thought better of them. Of course we know that they are an ignorant lot, and have learned very little during their stay in the University; but we had entertained fond hopes that from associating with us for the past six months they had at least learned not to use a long and strange word without first coming to us and finding out its real meaning.

And so we were grieved and shocked when we began reading this paper, to find that one of the writers had picked some "etymological specimens" out of his oatmeal. Now of course he might have meant that his manuscript fell into the dish (for his article is the most curious etymological specimen we have seen lately) but we believe he meant to say that there were bugs in the breakfast-food, or in other words, "entomological specimens."

Hence, dear public, we desire to

apologize for the ignorance of the Sophs. The bugs the writer saw were products of his own bug-house imagination; and we feel sure that you will charitably overlook them. But as to the real want of knowledge displayed, we assure you that such is not characteristic of T. C. U., and even the Sub-preps use better English. We trust that time will eventually civilize these rude iconoclasts, and that some day T. C. U. may truly be a society of learning.

'16

Drs. Kookin & Simmons, eye, ear, nose and throat specialists, Mitchell building, 9th and Main. Friends to T. C. U.

'16

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

An advertiser proclaimed the high quality of his stock in trade, assured the public of the kindness and courtesy of his clerks, and ended his plea for patronage with the statement that his prices were in keeping with the times. Guess so; most of us in this day play the game with the blue sky for a limit.

HAF YOU SEEN MIN BISMARK?

I haf lost min dog. His name vas Bismark, mit only von eye, on account of a old plack cat, vot pelongs to a serfant gals mit red-haired hair, also he has only dree legs, on account of a mocolotif engines mitout an pull ketcher. He vas a dog, Bismark vas. He vas palt headed all over himself, in consequence of red hot vater, on account of fighting mit an old maid's cat. On von end of himself is skitcherated his head, und his tail, it vas py de oder endt. He only carries apout von-half of his tail mit him, on account of a circular sawmill. He looks a good deal older as he is already, put he aint quite so oldt as dot until next Christmas.

De vay you can know him is, if you call him 'Shack' he won't say noddings, put he makes answers to the name of "Bismark" py saying "pow-wow-wow!" und in the meantime vaggung half of his tail, dot oder vos cut off so he can't vag it of course. Also if you drow some shtones on top of him he vil run like the tefful, und holler "Ki-ki-ki!" Dot's de vay you can told min dog. He looks like a cross between a pull foundlandt und a cat mit nine tails, put he aint. He got not even von whole tail, und he aint cross, not von bit. Anoder vay vot you can told if it vos Bismark, is dot he vos almost a dwin, he vould pe half of a bair of dwins dot time, only dere vos dree of dem, a bair of dwins and a half. I pelief day calls dot a driplet. Also he got some scares on de top of his side, where he scratched himself mit a Thomas cat, put dot Thomas cat neffer recovered himself.

You can also told Bismark on account, of his vunderful inshtinct. He can out inshtinct any dog vot you neffer saw in min life. For instance if you pat him on top of his head mit a pavement shtones, or de shtick of a broom, den he vil suspect right off dot you care not very much apout him. I dink after all maype de pest vay vot you can tell him py his inshtinct. [Efrypody says he vot de most inshtinct dog vot neffer vos.

"Haf you seen min Bismark?"

THE TEST OF LOYALTY

Time after time have we heard it repeated in dining-room announcements, "Let every loyal T. C. U. student be there." Again and again has it reached our ears through chapel announcements, in the halls, and on the campus: "Now is the time to show your loyalty for T. C. U."

And hearing these things so much, we fell to wondering one day just what loyalty means in T. C. U. Does it mean the ability to hoot and yell and shout at student "pep" meetings? Does it mean to buy a ticket to every football, base ball, or basket ball game which is played? Does it mean to stand up and defend the action of our representatives against rival schools, regardless of whether they have acted rightly or wrongfully? Or does it mean something deeper and more vital than all this?

For our part, we refuse to accept the test of loyalty as set forth in the above mentioned announcements. It is quite true that loyalty means love, respect, obedience, and support all rolled into one; and it is also true that support is the best measure of loyalty. But support of what?

The truest support of T. C. U. is that support which furthers the purpose for which it was created. In the foreward of our catalogue we learn that Texas Christian University exists for the purpose of developing positive Christian manhood and womanhood. This being the case, every activity promoted by it should work toward this end; and whenever any particular line of activity ceases to advance the ideals of Christ or is diverted to the merely selfish end of sport or amusement, it can no longer lay claim to the support of students on the ground of loyalty demanding it, but can only claim support on its own merits as a recreation.

In every university of this kind there is always a large number of students whose incomes are very much limited; and it is sometimes the case that these students are embarrassed by having their loyalty to the institution questioned because of their refusal to invest their time and money in what is after all only a sport. We are glad to stand on the threshold of a new era and proclaim that public opinion in T. C. U. is coming to realize that the true test of loyalty in a student is his faithfulness in doing the tasks set before him, his gentle and kindly consideration toward his fellow students, and his willingness to sacrifice for the good of the school.

T. C. U. must turn out strong and stalwart Christians; she must send forth brilliant and intelligent men of affairs; and if she accomplishes the purpose of her existence she must fit her graduates for a success in life which will redound to the glory of God's Kingdom. The true test of loyalty in every student, therefore, is not how many football games he goes to, but how gently, kindly and considerately he tries to lead all about him to a higher and purer life.

LOVE'S WAY

A country weekly mentions at great length the ingenuity of two deaf and dumb lovers, who, because they used the sign language, seemed confronted with the woefully embarrassing necessity of having light when they wished to hold conversation. They discovered that through the sense of touch by slight pressure of the hand they could convey the assurance of the infatuation of each for the other.

We would rise to remark that the practice has rapidly spread from its originators, it having become a means of communication even in T. C. U. Witness: take a peep into the Biology lecture room and laboratory during an off period, or make an unannounced visit into the C. O. B. during the noon hour. Surely we are modern.

'16

We have a young Junior named Cox, Who's the knockingest knocker that knocks:

So students beware
Of the extra hot air,
Of this hammering artist called Cox.

'16

History is in the making. Subscribe for the Record and keep up with current events. See Shelley M. Watson. Subscription price only 45 cents per month.

'16

"Bob, are you going to church with Miss Bozeman?"

Bob: "I'd like to, but I fear she would turn to Wood."

"NIGHT WAR?"

Enter Freshman and Senior.
Freshman: And how like you your place of dignity, Master Senior.
Senior: Truly, Freshman, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a Senior's life it is naught. In respect that it would give me dignity, I like it very well; but in respect that dignity does not become me, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect that it affords many social privileges, it pleaseth me well; but in respect that I make no progress in my love affairs it is tedious. Hast any philosophy in thee, Freshman?

Freshman: No more than that the more I watch Seniors the more determined I am to encourage the growth of mother wit while I am young; and that he that wants wisdom, modesty and many other virtues is a Senior; that all an average Senior doesn't know would fill many, many volumes: that he who has forgotten more than a Senior (of '13) ever knew is a Freshman (of '16); that he who has let self-importance make a mut of him may complain of being a Senior or of having come from the Sophomore class.

Chorus of Freshmen: Them's my sentiments.

'16

Dr. Sutton: (in debating class)—
What is the matter; can't you speak any louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it.

Artist's Materials College Pictures
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Will be glad to meet the Students

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We have hats that will appeal to every girl in school. Come in and see them.

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Demand the Genuine—Refuse Substitutes

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ATLANTA, GA.

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you see an
Arrow think
of Coca-Cola.



MISS NEARLY GONE DIPPY'S First Aid to Injured Hearts

Love in Colleges

There is not a more likely place in the world for real romance than in educational schools. Common problems, common sports and pastimes, and common ideals are agencies which combine to make relations close and personal. In the class rooms young men and women are led through the same mental processes, in the grandstand they rise in common loyalty to the same athletic team. With these relative causes it is not a wonder that sympathetic ideals should result.

In the halls every day we see those pursuing the lighter courses of infatuation leaning against walls and stair-rails searching for light on the subject, while in the laboratories we find the more advanced students in mixed classes of two each performing all 'Lab.' experiments laid down in Cupid's manual; and there are those who are as deeply sincere as any, yet they make no ostentatious demonstrations of their proficiency in the art, the latter class of whom I am constrained to admire most of all. That "all the world loves a lover" does not mean that it needs unmistakable exhibits of the actual process in order that it may know where to place its affection.

Many dangers beset the ways of even the most judicious minded and those of the best intentions. There is the pretty young Freshman girl with so many possibilities in her voice, who aspires to nothing short of the success of Terrizani, but when she becomes enthusiastic over the handsome quarterback she divides her time between her work and him. He forgets the "girl back home" for this pretty face, unthoughtful that as her star he might, after shining for but a season, dim and finally pass from her horizon. And there is the Senior man who because of his class standing is able to turn the attention of the fair preplet, and having succeeded, leaves her in the lurch, while he seeks other hearts to invade. Now love is a sacred thing and a violation of its holy principles is nothing less than sacrilege.

This week I have a number of interesting letters accounting real life romances and setting forth some of their perplexing problems.

His Brother Is Contemptible

Dear Miss Dippy:

I am a Sophomore in T. C. U., 27 years old, and considered very good looking for my age. I am heels over head in love with a young stenographer who graduates this year. A week ago I thought he was mine for sure, but now something terrible has happened to wreck my hopes.

ORATORS TAKE NOTICE

The next event which will claim the attention of the orators of this institution is the Preliminary Prohibition Contest to be held March 14, in preparation for the State contest which comes to T. C. U. April 3 and 4. A number are preparing orations on the subject, but there is a need for more. In the State contests T. C. U.'s representatives have always fallen miserably short on their compositions. This can be remedied this year by beginning on your manuscripts now.

The first prize of fifty dollars and a fifty dollar gold medal with a diamond setting rather appeals to me and will to you, so let me urge the men to get in and win for old T. C. U. on April 4. Baylor is entering twenty-five manuscripts, and Trinity and Southwestern are both entering about fifteen. This means that they will have strong preliminaries and that their representatives will again stand high in the State contest.

Now the local officers cannot make this contest what it should be without your interest. Take the matter up among your friends; tell them what it means to us as an institution to have these ten or twelve colleges and Universities as our guests. We cannot afford to do anything on a small scale for we are a great school and do great things.

I had trusted my intended implicitly until a few days ago, when his younger brother, a lean, hungry, and contemptible looking pup, gave me some horrifying information. He sent me a theme which revealed all the disgraceful past life of my beloved, telling of thirty-seven girls to whom he had been engaged, and what "classy Janes" they were in comparison to me.

Before this dreadful episode, this younger brother and I had been fairly good friends, although I could see he didn't think very much of me as a prospective sister-in-law. Now, however, I am at my wit's end. At first I was sick with grief and could not come to my meals. Gradually I recovered, and when I resumed my place in the dining room I was astounded and chagrined to see that my torturer did not show the least sign of compunction at his vile deed. Although I daily pass him up without speaking to him, treat him as icily as Northern Labrador, he persists in prospering; and he even has the nerve to look me squarely in the eye and grin when I am at the table.

Miss Dippy, tell me what I should do. I feel myself gradually losing ground on the battlefield where I thought once that victory was mine. Advise me what my conduct should be toward this charming young man whom I can not help but continue to love, and toward his vile, contriving, sneaking, low-down brother. Answer at once, please, for the object of my affections may want to accompany me to church next Sunday and I want to be prepared to give him an answer.

Brokenhearted.

Poor child! Give up this false lover for the time being. Win the heart of his brother, and then drop him. This will squelch him right. If this plan does not succeed, get your brother or cousin to thrash him.

She Loves a Giant

Dear Miss Dippy:

I am a young girl of twenty summers, with light hair and beautiful gray eyes, and am very attractive. But I am very thin which sometimes causes me sore embarrassment.

I am deeply in love with a young man over six feet tall, who has beautiful dark brown hair and blue eyes. He seems bashful when around the girls and I want to know how I can obtain his admiration and love, for I could never be happy without him, and can hardly stand for other girls to admire and talk about him. I would even be glad to wait until he finishes his college course, although he is but a Freshman. If he does not pay me more mind do you think I would appear un-

sophisticated if I should tell him of my love? I also want to know how I can gain flesh.

Senior.

To gain flesh, you better eat regularly of only flesh producing foods, such as are obtained in the dining hall. Make no visits to the store, even occasional—such things are not beneficial to health and are conducive to over-eating between meals, a severely injurious habit. It would be quite improper for you to approach the young giant on such a subject, as it might frighten the dear bashful thing away. Increase your enthusiasm for the sports he is devoted to; get on common ground with his thinking. Be a good fellow, and above all, do not show your jealousy.

Not Beened Present to Him

Dear Miss Dippy:

I have been attending this University about three weeks. I am short, with dark hair and eyes. I am crazy about a girl who sits near me in chapel. Although she has never been formally presented to me, I know she knows me. Why will she not speak to me? I never miss an opportunity to hear her play as she is a fine musician. How can I win her affections?

"J."

It is improper for a young lady to speak to a young man whom she has never met. She should not be presented to you; have some friend present you to her, then she may recognize you if she wishes—though she is not obliged to do so. Do not impose yourself on her.

Shall She Wait?

Dear Miss Dippy:

I have red hair and blue eyes. I am freckled, but manage to keep them covered up with powder most of the time. I am persistently wooed by a young Senior who swears his devotion, and wants me to marry him this summer. I had rather finish my college course here as it will take but one more year, but my wish seems to cause doubt in my lover's mind. In Logic Prof. Exley recently told us that doubt in love affairs is often the fuel which keeps love's flame aglow. My lover is so persistent that I can not doubt his seriousness. What would you advise me to do?

Anxious.

I do not advise long engagements, yet it does seem a pity that you are so near through your course and yet can't finish. Talk the matter over with your parents and with the young man before you decide.

Misses Katie Mae Chilton and Marina Stiles are victims of the measles. We hope for them a speedy recovery.

Also, when the committee on entertainment comes around help them out, and when the delegates come extend to them a true student fellowship.

E. C. Tomlinson,
State President.

'16 LOVING CUP FOR HAN- DICAP TOURNAMENT

Tennis men are elated over the promise of A. J. Anderson Company to give a loving cup to the T. C. U. singles champions. Carl Tomlinson and Buford Isaacs put the need of a cup before them while working on a handicap tournament to be held early in April, and they through their genial Mr. Stearin assured the above gentlemen of their support and good wishes for a successful tennis season.

The trophy is to be a beautiful silver cup with gold lining, about five inches high with an ebony base, making it about eight inches in height.

A small membership fee of one dollar will be charged. This amount will be used in defraying club expenses.

We extend our hearty thanks to the A. J. Anderson Company for this manifestation of their interest in our tennis possibilities.

'16

Visitor—"Have you studied metals in your Chemistry yet?"
Pansy—"Wait just a minute; I'll get my text-book and see."



Miss Ruth Robnison

Who is making "The Great John Ganton" a success at the Savoy this week.

Sample Shoes **FASHION SHOE CO.**, 703 Houston St.
Many of our spring styles have arrived. Remember, college folks, we always save you money on your shoes
\$4.00 AND \$5.00 VALUES \$2.50

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Fruits, Cream, Candies and Ices served fresh and cold.
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CONGRESS BARBER SHOP
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Nine Barber Chairs, Six Bath Rooms
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A Word to U, T. C. U. Students
DON'T LOSE YOUR SOLE
CARRY THOSE SHOES AT ONCE TO
GOODYEAR SHOE REPAIRING SHOP
103 West Sixth St. Phones: Lamar 690; New 617

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Call and see the new spring heel, rubber sole oxfords, a practical shoe for college girls. White buck and tan Russian calf \$4.00.

Also gray buck pumps for street wear \$5.00

Men's oxfords \$3.50 and \$4.00

Burton Dry Goods Co.

Where were the girls when the lights went out? All at their windows with their heads stuck out.

16

Helen Dale's mother is visiting her in Jarvis Hall this week.

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2 for 25 cts. C. UETT, REZARDY & CO., Makers

FRESHMEN HINTS TO UPPER CLASSMEN

Don't forget the time that you were once a Freshman.

Don't think that you are better than the Freshman—it doesn't pay to make mistakes.

Don't interrupt a Freshman while he bides his time; don't envy him while he makes himself popular; don't slander him while he secures advocates; don't hurry him while he lubricates the way; don't discourage him while he pulls the wires, and don't try to stop him when he slides noiselessly into his place.

Don't be hard on the hungry Freshman when he complains of the beef-steak, for you must remember that he has not had as much practice in chewing it as you have.

Be careful not to set a bad example before the Freshman by smoking, for smoking in boyhood is about as useful in building a strong man as dynamite would be in building a house.

Pay as you go, but don't borrow money from a Freshman for he may need it to donate to the book store.

Please do not tell a Freshman that it won't make any difference if he breaks a rule, for "if he ain't any better than the law makes him, he'll go to hell sure."

Don't blame all the bone-head stunts on the Freshmen, because most of them are committed by the Sophomores; for instance, last week's issue of The Skiff.

If a Sophomore begins to tell a fictitious joke on a Freshman, don't be afraid to tell him what he is; the Freshmen admire a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil.

Be polite to us, life is not so short but that there is time for courtesy.

Let the Freshman profit by your experience.

Don't try to monopolize all the time and space in the parlors of Jarvis Hall; although the Freshman may be backward in saying so, he likes to be sociable with the fair co-eds.

Join with the Freshmen in boosting T. C. U. even if the Sophs do backbite the institution.

Never believe anything about T. C. U. that is had unless you positively know that it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, for what you say about T. C. U. you say about the student body.

Get acquainted with every member of the Freshman class, they are a jolly good bunch and worth knowing.

Encourage the Freshman in athletics, for when you leave school he will take your place on the team.

Help the Freshmen in their effort to offset the false reports spread by the Sophomores in their class edition of The Skiff.

Meet your friends at the fat stock show next week.

Keep your room clean.

The Freshmen and the Sophomores and the Juniors and the Seniors are the student body of T. C. U. Do your part to make it the best to be found anywhere.

A. H. BAUER Manufacturing OPTICIAN
803 Houston St. FORT WORTH, TEX.

THE DINING ROOM

(a la Sophomore)

We Freshmen are sorely grieved to learn that our Soph contemporaries have been pining away so many long and weary days in piteous and pathetic starvation. It fills our hearts brimful of solicitude and compassion to note the haggard, pallid, emaciated and woe-begone aspect of their physiognomies. They remind us of Blunder searching for the "Wishing Gate," when he climbed up and sat down on it and then, frustrated and exhausted, vowed he could not find it. So they go into the dining hall expecting a king's luncheon for sixteen cents, and shying malodorous wads of reproach at the business management because they don't get it. Now we as intelligent, discreet and judicial-minded Freshmen do not care to go on record as calling the fare superlatively sumptuous or gustable, but being not reared in a palace back-yard with a silver spoon in our mouth, we have learned the wholesome lesson of expecting what we are likely to get. But no! we note that in his concluding paroxysm, he suggests to the gentle and docile reader whose patient sails have caught enough of the hot air to waft him thus far, that his heart pineth for "concretion." We consult our trusty Webster and discern that "concretion" means "the uniting of particles into a single mass." The light breaks in upon our bewilderment. HE MEANS HASH! Being brought to their present semi-maturity upon this savory concoction, the Sophomore soul crieth out night and day, like Rachel for her children, "hash, HASH!" and "will not be comforted." It dawns upon us that we have had no hash, and thus it is that the souls of our contemporaries are in agony. To the "proper authorities," supplicated in the expiring throes of his exacerbation, we petition, beseech, entreat, implore, that this one dizzy plunge from the fair heights of prudence and good taste be not by your excellencies adjudged sufficient reason for visiting us

TEN DOLLAR

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with HASH for the remainder of the year. Please, "authorities," pardon their waywardness for this time, remembering that "sophomore" originally, "foolish person," and forget not that, since they must associate with the Freshman class for two years longer, there is yet a chance that they may grow in wisdom and in grace.

to wait upon the great writers for a subscription. My father, being one of the deputation, gave me Ruskin's answer. He said "You want nothing with churches, get out amongst the people and there preach to them." This concluded the audience.

Through the interest of a body of men called the "Lake District Preservation Association," paths and byways have been laid throughout the district in such a way as not to destroy in any degree the natural features. At all seasons of the year it is a happy hunting ground for painters and photographers. The private schools and colleges take their students for practical Botanical, Geological and Archeological lessons. The peculiar construction of the rocks, the relics from prehistoric times, the floor—including the "bracken," ferns from one to nine feet high, Roman castles and the caves of hermits, along with the cascades and waterfalls, all combine to make it a district suited to every taste and designed to be a source of inspiration and to stamp indelibly upon the mind those pictures which are choice and elevating. Dozens of poets and prose writers through the language and inspiration of the English Lake District have left behind them in various ways interpretations which are some of our most treasured bequests.

The English Lake District OR THE HOME OF THE POETS

BY WM. JONES

My earliest recollections are associated with what is known in many lands as the English Lake District. From the very beginning, the rarified air of that district entered my lungs, and the majestic forms of this region have produced many treasured pictures in my mind.

To every temperament it makes its appeal. The lovers of art catch the music of the spheres, and nature in her varied forms and colossal features desires very eagerly to leave her impress so that the mind ever after may have many inspiring scenes in her picture gallery. It is just here that the Natural Scientist may revel amongst God's peculiar handiwork and find for himself a laboratory which stands in a place apart.

But to many it is best known by reason of its associations with such men as Wordsworth, Samuel Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, John Ruskin and certain other poets who have drunk deep from its chalice and bequeathed to us a noble heritage.

The southern borders stretch from the coast inland eighty miles to the north-west of Liverpool, it is bounded on the east by the rugged moorland forming part of many shooting estates, and on the north by a parcel of land separating England from Scotland. Ten lakes and the highest mountains in the country are included in this limited area. Nindermere, being the center of the district, receives its name from the largest lake along whose banks it is situated, its length being eleven miles and its breadth one mile. Apart from four pretty islands, the lake is adorned with white and yellow water-lilies from six to twelve inches in diameter, numerous bulrushes and many varieties of grass. Because many streams continuously flow into this natural reservoir there is always a rich profusion of salmon, trout and eels; in fact one of the streams which empties itself in the lake is named Troutbeck, because during the season it is quite a simple matter to take many Trout from the beck with the hand. From the verge of the lake on every side the mountains rise with a gradual slope, being heavily timbered with oak, chestnut, sycamore, silver larch, pines, lime, elm, copper beech, maple and walnut, the Spanish chestnut and hazel thrive luxuriously, and the English walnut in a less degree. In the month of August the banks of some of the smaller lakes are aglow with raspberries and a month later, blackberries or "bumlekites," as the folks in that part call them, are in great abundance. To any interested in mountaineering many facilities are offered.

The ascent of Helvellyn, the mount

on which the shepherd's dog displayed so much bravery as found in Wordsworth's poems, is accompanied with charms never to be forgotten. From this summit the lakes of Windermere, Rydal, Grasmere, Dewentwater, Ullswater and Thirlmere can be seen almost lying at the foot. Under favorable weather conditions miles to sea coast, the Lowlands of Scotland and the Welsh mountains are all within the range of the unaided eye. Enveloped by these rugged surroundings, the picturesque villages of Ambleside, Rydal and Grasmere with their literary associations are to be found.

Many of the houses are built of slate which varies in thickness from 3-4 to six inches. When constructing buildings of this material all the mortar is hidden thus showing the unfinished edge of the slate stone. The roofs in many places are covered with "Thatch" which is formed by plaiting and twisting broom, heathes, straw and other brushy growth. Ofttimes these roofs are bedecked with mosses, ferns and flowers. This also applies to the walls which in certain places separate the highways from the private land.

The birthplace of Wordsworth—"the Nature Poet," called Dove Cottage is at Grasmere on the verge of Grasmere lake. Though simply a small white-washed cottage of two stories, yet with the creepers and ferns hanging from the roof and walls, and with garden plots at the rear and front of the house containing some thirty varieties of flowers,—this birthplace makes a decided impression upon visitors. About the middle of his life Wordsworth removed to Rydal Mount, four miles from Dove Cottage, this new residence being only fifty yards from Rydal Lake. On a small hillock overlooking this lake you may see even to-day an old rustic seat upon which the venerable poet was prone to sit and muse. As the banks of this lake are profuse with trees the Cuckoos would congregate, and after listening to their shrill chirion call you could depend upon it that spring had been ushered in. No wonder, then, that Wordsworth makes reference to that ever welcome bird. One and a half miles from Rydal the homes of Matthew Arnold and Samuel Coleridge are to be found at Ambleside. Under the shadow of Mount Loughrigg the pink-washed mansion called "Fox Howe," where the renowned school master of Rugby spent so many years is situated. The worthy home of John Ruskin is at "Brantwood," Coniston, is fifteen or twenty miles to the north west. There is nothing aesthetic or pretentious either in structure or its furniture, yet within its walls is untold wealth. At the angle of one of the rooms known as the turret-chamber, a kind of oriel window is so constructed that from it the art master could not only see the whole stretch of surrounding country, but also the rising and setting of the sun. Describing down from this outlook, he says, "Morning breaks as I write, along those Coneston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and gray beneath the rose of the moorlands veil the lower woods and the sleeping village and the long lawn by the lake shore." Though a God-fearing man, Ruskin seldom went to church. And despite the fact that every Lord's Day he would drive his daughter to the old parish church yet he seldom darkened its doors. A few years ago a project had been commenced to build a new church, and a deputation was formed

16

A run in time saves a fine.

16

Almost everybody is in love—first person, singular, objective case.

16

On the sea of matrimony it is often the lucky traveler who misses the boat.

16

In the loaded gun there is a timely sermon for the fellow who is "waiting"—it sometimes goes off.

16

In the time of our kindest thoughts we even pray that our enemies may finally go where we are pretty sure they will not.

16

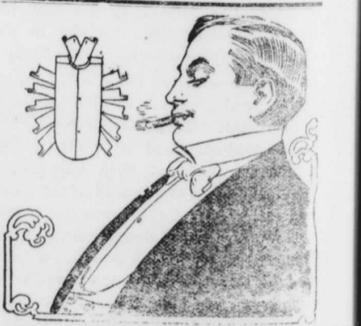
Hung conspicuously on our wall is a tablet on which is engraved the Golden Rule, that its message may sink deep into—other's hearts.

16

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but that isn't what makes our most beloved stay away from the laboratory when she knows we are waiting there for her.

16

The idea that some people have of their importance on the campus is best illustrated by the story of the fish that some-one caught last summer. When it was pulled out of the lake the water sank three feet.



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