



Reduced Size for Summer Distribution

THE SKIFF

VOLUME XIV

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, FORT WORTH, FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1916

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No 1

T. C. U. LAW DEPARTMENT ENDS SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Faculty Is Made up of Capable Men. Mr. Cockrell Heads New Department

(J. H. Monk.)

"Distant pastures look green." This is true of the prospective law student. "Texas" has a fine law school, a fine law faculty a fine class of law students--and great advantages. Yet why did two of last year's Texas students come to T. C. U. this year? There's a reason.

Texas is large. The classes are large. The student body is large. Things are done there on the wholesale scale. Individual attention is at a premium--practically a thing of the past.

Go to the ameba, thou prospective law student, learn his ways and be wise. Tho he is but a small little microscopic animal, yet he knows well the law of conservation of energy. After he has grown to certain proportions, he gladly divides. He is thenceforth two instead of one. He has multiplied his usefulness one hundred fold.

Law students at Texas do not get individual attention. They are too numerous. It is too far for those living in the Panhandle and North Texas to go there and back twice annually. In T. C. U. it is different. The faculty is strong.

Dr. Egbert R. Cockrell, the noted educator, lecturer, and traveler; a strong man, an impressive teacher, and a friend to his students. Dr. Cockrell is the student body's one choice for T. C. U.'s next president. He a popular man, and is head of the law department. You will be under his instruction at T. C. U.

Milton E. Daniels, the all-state grid-iron man of "Texas." A young man, a single man, a manly man--a man's man. "Dan" is never more at home than when sitting in the recitation room with his "boys" or when attending the many "stag" banquets T. C. U. stages during the year. Daniels is one of the finest athletes Texas has ever produce, and one of the finest physical specimens the race affords. You will catch his spirit and be in his classes at T. C. U.

Judge Marvin H. Brown, one of the brainiest and sharpest leaders of legal thought in the state. Judge Brown, regardless of his 41 years, is also a "boy"--a boy in their inter-

Continued on last page.



"THE BIG FOUR"

The four young men comprise one of the best quartetts T. C. U. has ever had. "The Big Four" possess excellent voices. They know one or more appropriate selections for every occasion. Their moonlight serenades under Jarvis Hall windows would make a Co-ed. Baylorite love T. C. U. Their snappy "college harmony" won for them a reputation in every place they sang. Willis McGreagor sings bass; Tom Paul Sweeney, baritone; Jesse Martin, first tenor; and Shirley Sweeney, second tenor.

Room Reservations Are Coming in Rapidly

Mr. Durrett, business manager, reports that reservations have already begun to come in for rooms for the coming fall term. In fact, more rooms have been reserved in Jarvis Hall, the young woman's hall, at this time than were reserved by the middle of August last year. This is not surprising, however, for indications show that T. C. U. will have at least two hundred omre students than last year. Numerous improvements are being made in the buildings and on the sampus, and 1916-17 is undoubtedly going to be a banner year for the University. The success of this great money-rai-

Continued on last page.

Annual Summer Reception in Jarvis Hall Friday Night

A delightful entertainment was given Friday night in the parlors of Jarvis Hall for the summer school students and faculty. The guests were met at the door by Miss Wilkerson and Mrs. Cockrell and were introduced to the new students by Misses King, Lambert and Douglas. "Fortytwo" was the principal diversion of the evening. Mrs. Alexander gave some beautiful readings. One which especially pleased all, was: "The Ruggles Dinner Party." Misses Wilson and Goff also gave some piano selections.

The rooms were decorated with daisies. Tally cards with white background bore purple ships representing the progress and colors of T. C. U. Punch was served later on in the evening.

UNIVERSITY SIZE OF T.C.U. TURN OUT BETTER MEN

Student of Big University Often A "Mere Cog in the Machine"

Most of this squib will be speculations in an attempt to account for an ascertained fact. That fact is that the graduate of the smaller schools are realy bigges, broader and better trained men than those of the great universities. Rub up against large groups in graduate or technical schools and you will constantly astonished at the pre-eminence of the graduates of schools like T. C. U.

A doctor of international reputation who teaches in the medical school at Galveston was asked one day if he knew five students, named by his questioner. He seemed very much surprised. "Why, yes," he said, "they are about the five best students I have." They were graduates of T. C. U. Probably fifteen times that number of graduates of the State University but he had not noticed them as a uniform good group.

Why is it that nearly half the graduates of Williams College may be looked up in "Who's Who?" It is evidently not a question of the number of hours a week they put in others can equal them there. It is not a matter of the price paid teachers, or the care in their selection. There must be something in the very smallness of a school itself. There is.

The student in the school like T. C. U. gets a much more thorough "liberal" education. That is, he gets a much better grasp of the world in general. Nearly all the good teachers come from the smaller colleges. In the beginning of his career, the teacher must usually take a position in which he is called upon to instruct in a very wide range subjects. Eventually, if he has the right kind of stuff in him, he picks some narrow special field and moves on to a higher-salaried position. His best period as a teacher is just at the time when the small college has him--while his interests are general and cultural rather narrow and technical. The under graduate needs the guidance of a man interested in the whole field, not a world authority on a small part of it, with weak interests outside his specialty.

In the great univereity, with thousands os students, one individual is too much of a mere cog in the machine. A few assume leadership--as often on the basis of "brass" as on merit, and the rest, mere figureheads, descend either to abjectnes or indifference. Their initiative and originality are seriously im-

(Continued on last page)

THE SKIFF

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Texas Christian University

CHAS. CHRISTENBERRY, EDITOR

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All material should be in the hands of the editor Wednesday morning to insure publication in the issue of that week. Special articles and magazine features should be in by Monday or earlier.

Reduced Size for Summer Distribution

WHY THE ARBOR?

Did you ever wonder why certain freshmen view with such evident delight the progress that is being made in the construction of the arbor over the sidewalk between the girls' home and the main building? Or why they long for it to be covered with vines and flowers?

If you can't settle the questions

yourself, you might find some enlightenment in the statement of an experienced upperclassman who said that he could see in his imagination the beginning of many a love affair—and ending, too, for that matter—in the shelter of this friendly bower where only a few scattered moonbeams can peep in and into which no curious eyes from the windows above can penetrate.

Sisk Appointed Chemistry Assistant

Professor Dabbs has appointed Joe Sisk laboratory instructor in inorganic chemistry. Sisk is thoroughly familiar with the work, and makes a splendid assistant. He is also taking advanced work in chemistry this summer under Professor Dabb. Joe was a student in Texas Christian University year before last, and taught school this last year. He expects to continue his teaching this coming year. Meanwhile, he is spending a busy vacation. Besides being assistant in chemistry, he is foreman printer for T. C. U. this summer.

M. E. Daniels, professor of law and our athletic director next year, was here thru Sunday. "Dan" is making plans for a great year in athletics.

Judging by the amount of hubbub being raised over leap year, one might be led to believe that it is an unusual thing for the skirt to propose.

T. C. U. BOY ON THE BORDER

Letters to Jas. A. Crane from Claude Wingo, who is spending the summer at Uvalde, where he is preaching for the Christian Church, state that he is finding life rather strenuous on the border. When he arrived there he found the church work somewhat disorganized on account of the lack of leadership, but is getting things in fine shape.

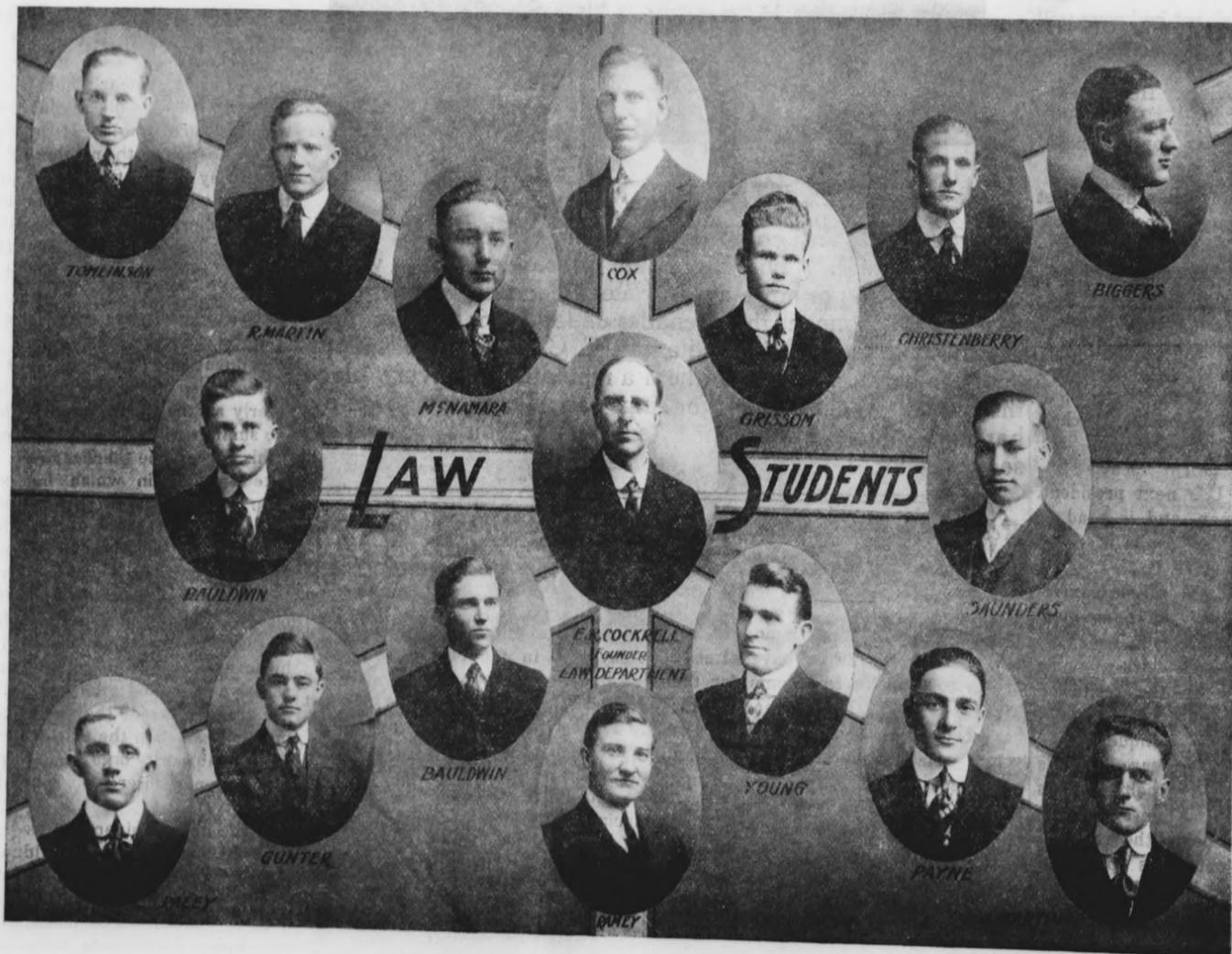
The churches of the state are coming more and more to realize the energy that is latent in the men of Brite College, and are demanding their vacation time in increasing numbers. Every church in Texas that does not have a regular pastor ought to make an effort to secure one of the Brite College boys for the summer months. This is the evangelistic period in Texas, and such an investment will pay large dividends. Also there are young men here who can preach acceptably throughout the year and the churches in reach of Fort Worth will be making investments that will pay double dividends when they employ them—first, they will build up their local church, and second, they will have the blessing of having made it possible for some young preacher to educate himself for his chosen work.

T. C. U. HAS A WEDDING

On Tuesday night, June 26, Mr. F. E. Graham and Miss Mary Marlow, both of the city, were married in the parlor of Good Hall, Jas. A. Crane officiating. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Helm of the North Side, Miss Francis Williams and Miss Lillian Knox. Mr. and Mrs. Graham will make their home in the city.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

The sun sets in the West,
The world around grows still,
The wind blows sweet and low
As it comes o'er the hill.
The busy day is done,
And, Oh! that sweet release,
To lay all earthly things aside
Just for a moment's peace.
'Tis then the soul of man is free
To seek for its content
In things above this earth
In the great firmament.
The soul of man is not of clay,
Or things on mortal sod,
It comes down from above
And thus is kin to God.
So, when our minds are free
From this old busy world
Good things come trooping in
As if in a great whirl.
The still night whispers low,
In ears that listen there;
Why do you worry so
While I have not a care?
I blow the same on land and sea,
On rich and poor tonight.
I always do whate'er I can
Of things I know that's right.
The stars have words to say:
I do whate'er I can
To make this old world bright
And lovable to man.
The moon with its bright face
Shines forth as if a sun,
Doing whate'er it can
Before its race is run.
How, then, can the poor man
With such thoughts in his head,
Disgusted and troubled,
Turn to his pleasant bed?
—Composed by Claude Wingo.



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In conclusion, I would say to the pa-
rent who is not so fastid
George Hirt, of Cleburne, was a
And the Lord's Holy House is plumb hid in disguise,
Till if Christ's self wuz there I will bet you my hat.

Locals and Personals

Joe McNamara left Sunday for his home in Waco.

Miss Miller of Oklahoma was a visitor in Jarvis Hall Monday.

Anna Lee Harris has just returned for a house party in Denton. She looks like her trip agreed with her.

Bethany Overmier was a visitor at the university Monday and Tuesday. She seems to be enjoying a pleasant vacation.

Mary Byrne and Gladys Tyra spent Friday night in Jarvis Hall. They engaged in an early set of tennis the next morning.

M. L. Munday spent Sunday with friends in Denton. Munday is "at home" in Denton, as he attended the normal for two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglass and their little son, "Pat," visited Ruby Douglass last Sunday. Ruby is taking a heavy course in the summer school, and could not go home, so her parents reversed the usual course, and visited her.

Hattilu West is here visiting friends.

Miss Lola Edwards has returned to school after a brief illness.

Letters received from Skete says she is sending us a box of eats real soon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Hall and daughter left Monday for New York where Mr. Hall will study in Columbia University.

An "after-supper" swimming party was enjoyed last Monday evening by: Misses Genevieve Goff, Fay King and Grace Jones. Messrs Willis McGregor, Shirley Sweeney and Clyde Arnsperger. They were chaperoned by Mr and Mrs Boyd Clayton.

The students and faculty of the summer school had their pictures snapped on the front steps of the main building last Wednesday, by the Star Telegram photographer. There were so many in the group, it reminded one of the regular session student-body. The cut will be used by the Skiff in the near future.

Mrs. P. T. Jackson and daughters, Winnifred and Vallie Jo, passed thru here Monday and were accompanied to their home in Cleburne by C ora Blakeney.

The Song of the Woman

By JAMES H. MCBRIDE

I didn't raise my girl to be a mother,
That is to tame a thing for her to do;
I've reared her so that she will always smother
The promptings of her nature, good and true.
Not once to man's seductive words she'll hearken,
Not once to call of baby or of home--
These children of the flesh shall never darken
The way of life that she will tread alone.

Refrain:

This is the song the women sing--
With it they hope to usher in
A bright new day,
And do away
With the burden of the women.

It is not right that she should be, forever,
A slave to some mere man's capricious will--
She was not born for such a fate, No, Never!
I'd rather have her heart forever still.
Alone, she has the world stretched out before her
She can attain to riches and to fame;
But with a man to hinder and to bore her,
What chance has she for a high-sounding name?

Refrain:

This is the song the women sing--
With it they hope to usher in
A bright new day,
And do away
With the burden of the women.

Texas Christian University
Fort Worth, Texas



PARTIAL VIEW OF BUILDINGS AND CAMPUS

For information as to courses and expenses write to
THE REGISTRAR, TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

THE SKIFF

University Size of T.C.U. Turns Out Better Men

Continued from first page.

paired. In our great graduate institution we find altogether to many men who can grind out fairly good technical research stuff under the direction of other men, but who lack the imagination to see the real, final implications of their own work. To do oneself justice in such a situation requires a curious mixture of the judicial and the imaginative which is utterly foreign to the mob atmosphere of the great university.

About this mob spirit of our great school groups there is something curious, pathological, maudlin. Last year the writer was at the University of Texas during the election of a president of the Freshman class. The successful candidate had been wrought upon and lied to until he was out of his mind. So strong is the gregarious impulse in man that anyone of us can be completely unbalanced by it. The student body mind, when it turned on that subject was in a state of hysteria. Nobody could stop and pinch himself awake—there were too many of them. Mass meetings had been held at which perfectly insane speeches were made in good faith. In a word, in a school even of that size, the atmosphere is very abnormal and unhealthy. The entire social atmosphere in any of the larger schools is pathological. The narrow clan spirit of the fraternities and other organizations makes for anything but broadmindedness, judicious reflection and mental poise.

A comparison of the T. C. U. catalog with that of any other institution in the South will show a wider variety of good, sensible general courses at the base, and superimposed upon them the right and sane amount of advanced study. One of our major students of this year got one of the best fellowships to be had in the United States. He had majored in biology. He had taken enough other work—he was required to—to open up avenues of thought in every direction from his work. He is not only absolutely grounded in the foundations of his chosen science, but he is also a broadly cultured man. He knows a little about nearly everything—has been well exposed to the general facts in nearly every field of knowledge and he also has a respectable foundation in the field of his election.

We need not be vainglorious. There is plenty for us to do still. We need more library, and laboratory facilities. No school is ideal and we must realize there is not a thing in the world which is past all improvement. We have a right to be proud of the fact that we turn out the best A. B. men and women in the state of Texas, into the research and the teaching fields. The general sanity which the small college peculiarly bestows is for use. Let us not be hypnotised by numbers, remembering that almost any school has enough students to perform the great intellectual task of a nation, if only they were good enough. A friend of mine graduated from a college with less than a hundred students. He then took SUMMA CUM LAUDE two consecutive years at his state university. From there he went to Cornell, took his Ph. D. degree and was immediately taken into the faculty. Everywhere and always, people were amazed by the number of different things he knew—and knew well. He had ideas—and ideas do not come from the air—they come from places we have visited.

Don't choose a school that is too large. In the medium-sized colleges

The "Campus Beautiful" No Longer A Dream

(W. Stovall)

"The campus beautiful" became for a time a pun in T. C. U. But no one who has seen the progress made on our campus in the past year, can doubt that sometime in the near future, T. C. U. will have one of, if not the most beautiful campus in the south. By the time school starts in September the driveway in front of the buildings will be regraded and widened. The drives behind the buildings will also be graded. Two new tennis courts will soon be completed in front of Jarvis Hall, for the young ladies. This will give them an opportunity to have a game of tennis before breakfast as an appetizer.

McGregor is negotiating for a rustic seat in a clump of elder trees in front of the main building. This is to be a "lover's seat" for upperclassmen. No freshmen will dare approach its sacred precincts.

The flowers are in full bloom and the archway from Jarvis Hall to the main building is rapidly being concealed in a luxuriant growth of vines.

With the shady lanes sequestered nooks and ivy covered buildings we can soon say with Milton:

"Too blest abode, no loveliness we see In all the earth, but it abounds in thee."

THE ROOSTER

A rooster in the fowl yard,
Without a place to go;
He flew upon the barn roof,
And there began to crow,
He crew about his victories,
He crew about the hens,
He crew about his virtues
By two's and five's and ten's.
The hens were in the feed box
A scratchin' with their feet,
But rooster on the house top
Had rather crow than eat.
By night he crew about the moon,
By day he praised the sun
Until at last the farmer
Cleaned up his rusty gun.
He dared not harm the rooster,
To decrew the crow he tried,
But when he shot the crow away
The rooster went and died.
Some men are like old Chanticleer,
The world, they nothing give.
They do not only live to crow,
But also crow to live.

—Riley Aiken.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

—Shakespeare.

If the price of gasoline continues to rise, a lot of folks will take to walking for the exercise.

Prof—"What three words are used most among college students?"
Weary Fresh—"I don't know."
Prof—"Correct."—Literary Digest.

the faculty men are as carefully chosen for scholarship as in larger ones. In other respects they are much more so. Hard work rarely hurts anyone. But not everything is in the grind. Pick out your idea of a cultured man and find out how he was trained. In the majority of cases, he is the product of a school not much larger than T. C. U.

M. M. K.

Room Reservations Are Coming in Rapidly

Continued from first page.

ing campaign means additional improvements all thru the year; a fine arts building and a gymnasium will be the next structures to adorn our campus. As it now stands, there are few colleges or universities in the southwest whose buildings can compare with our splendid edifices. T. C. U. is the coming university of the southwest.

By Thoughts

(Riley Aiken)

If a girl attempts to "bawl you out", say nothing. Responding at such a time is as sardonic as trying to pelt the devil with brimstone and fire; and as Quijotic as trying to keep the dirt swept from a West Texas sidewalk.

Biology student morbidly masticating a chicken neck at lunch: "I haven't the respect that I used to have for chicken since I have learned that he is related to reptiles."

Optimistic Pesimist: "Fiddlesticks! I have more respect for man since I have learned that he is akin to monkeys."

As you look upon your past
You should realize,
It will be your soul at last;—
When the body dies.
Good or bad, whate'er the cast,
All depends upon the past.

An Ingersoll watch is the exact time by which you should step to success; if you can afford to ride, ride a Ford; and when you get ready to tell the world about it, buy your wife an Oliver and save the cost of a typewriter and the expense of a stenographer.

If you think we are trying to be ironical you deceive yourself. We are only trying in an erotic and romantic way to become pedantically spasmodic; nothing more.

Dryden says: "Great wit is sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

We have nothing to fear. We do not intend to become a great clown; and the hydrophobia skunk is particular who it bites. Jokers have a tendency of going from the bad to the worst. They finally drift into buffonery and jokes on the Ford.

Ledbetter should not have done such a thing. We are surprised at him. But at any rate he "sure got back at Walker." But Howard was angry, very provoked about his mail. The follow-up discussion took place in the post office: (Above all we wish to emphasize Ledbetter's "get back.")

Walker: "Ledbetter you make me tired. You havent sense enough to be a postmaster."
Ledbetter: "Yes I have, too."

Sisk in rush to get to class: "Where in the regions of the eternally d—ed is my pencil?"

Room mate, (without raising head from study): "It must be in your pocket."

He is quite an erudite,
But supporters he should learn to use;
For we, as yet, cannot forget,
That his socks ooze over his shoes.

T. C. U. Law Department Ends Successful Year

(Continued from first page)

ests, in joking with them, and in that he knows them and their needs. What he knows (and he knows it) is at your disposal at T. C. U. All you have to do is to let him know you want to know it, and the information is forthcoming and spontaneous—and to the point.

George M. Connor, one of the thoroughest of lawyers. When Connor gets thru with his students, they know it. Judge Connor is one of the Board of Examiners for the bar of Fort Worth. So thoro is his work that when the student has passed under him, the road to the legal profession has been made straight and assured.

R. E. Rouer is the annual addition to next year's faculty. All living things grow. Our law faculty is alive.

The time has come when Texas should have another law school. It has it—at T. C. U., Forth Worth, Texas. This school should be located in North Texas—it is. It should have a strong faculty—it has. It should be connected with a strong university—it is. It should be located in an ideal place, with ideal associations—it is.

Then take a glance at our special lecturers. Judge R. H. Buck, of the Courts of Appeals, second district. Every lawyer and law student in Texas knows Judge Buck—know him as second to no man in the state. You will hear him at T. C. U. Judge Marvin H. Brown, aside from his regular classroom work, will give a series of special lectures. You will also hear these. Then there is Judge Ocie Speer, the woman's law man. Judge Speer is the one authority on the law of married women, and his voluminous book is the one text book on the subject. You will hear his lectures also. Also Judge F. O. McKinsey, of the forty-third district court. And R. H. Rowland, attorney for the Rock Island Railway, Fort Worth. One of our latest "pulls" is that of Judge S. C. Paddleford, of the Cleburne bar. One can absorb law by looking at Judge Paddleford, such a powerful personality is he. You will hear him also at T. C. U.

We challenge anyone to present a better line-up than this. If you are in doubt, come and see before you invest. We will bear investigating.

Our ideal is ideal; rolling grass land to the west; the city of Fort Worth to the east, with Forest Park, one of the parkiest places in the world a good evening stroll's distance away. Our social condition is ideal; lots of handsome young men, and pretty young ladies in abundance, and rules—well, neither too loose nor too slack, but just the kind that add pep at every corner. J. H. Monk.

Stop talking and think awhile.

Miss Case passed thru Ft. Worth on their way to Omaha Monday.

"The Rocky Road to Knowledge" was never better illustrated than by the street-car line to T. C. U.

Miss Elizabeth Dutton has been visiting her brother Loraine this week.

Joe Edens is here making arrangements to enter school in September.