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AN ARMY CAMP AND COLLEGE PAPER COMBINED

VOLUME XVII

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1918

NUMBER 6

INAUGURATION OF TRACK

From now on nearly every week there will be a track meet between the 1st and 2nd companies of T. C. U.'s S. A. T. C. At present there is more spirit—company spirit—shown than there ever was class spirit in all the history of the University.

There are company football teams, company pugilists and wrestlers, in fact everything that it takes when combined to make the greatest college spirit. It takes class spirit to make college spirit, but in T. C. U.'s case it takes company spirit. T. C. U. now has that old pep.

Athletic Director Cahoon and Coach Tipton put the two companies through for the first clash of the year in a track meet Wednesday. At the end the score stood: Second company, 67 points; first company, 27 points.

For individual honors Hamlin and Barham of the second company and Simmons of the first

Continued on Page 3

VARSITY SURPRISED

There was quiet on the old campus Saturday afternoon, not much life anywhere. To enliven things, a game was called between the varsity and the scrubs.

The bleachers were filled half-heartedly and the fans settled down to witness the same old tale, the second team trampled on by the first team. The game started that way. In the first few minutes of play the score stood 7 to 0 in favor of the varsity, to the fans' utter disgust.

The scrubs, undaunted, lined up to receive. Overton caught the kick-off and carried the ball to the fifty-yard line. A futile line buck, an end run by Overton, and a successful pass, Easley to Cross, brought the ball within twenty yards of the goal. Things began to happen. Those scrubs—those hateful scrubs—set in and outplayed the first team at every angle of the

Continued on Page 3

PUNCHES BY PUGE

Yell like everything when your team wins. But the time to root, and root your hardest, is when that team is losing.

Someone said that when Lockman left, T. C. U.'s forward

Continued on Page 3

HERE AND THERE

Comments For and by the Students

S-S-S-Sh! We wouldn't have it get out for anything, but Lieut. Kitchen says this is the worst paper he ever saw. Oh, well. He hasn't seen much.

But we don't feel so bad, He paid for Two whole subscriptions the other day. Maybe he can worry along with 'em.

Overheard at the ball game: "Say, have any of you fellows got a couple o' coon dogs you'd like to trade for a tol'ble good fiddle?" Of course Dick Finnegan was in the crowd.

Dick got himself in the lime-

"Y" ACTIVITIES FOR CORPS

Secretary Eastwood Takes Charge of Recreational Side of Training

All the varied "Y" activities of a regular army camp are to be the portion of our unit of the Students' Army Training Corps.

James A. Eastwood, Y. M. C. A. secretary, arrived this week to take charge of the recreational part of the army program. He expects to establish suitable quarters, possibly later a hut somewhere on the campus, to be used for entertainments, athletic contests, moving picture shows, reading, writing, and general recreation. His program is now being held up until the influenza epidemic has abated.

Contrary to the usual impression concerning all Y. M. C. A. secretaries, Mr. Eastwood is not a preacher, nor has he ever been one. But he has had much experience as a teacher. He knows boys; and T. C. U. should feel especially fortunate in securing a person so eminently qualified for this responsible position.

According to Mr. Eastwood, every college having as many as 250 men in the S. A. T. C. is entitled to a secretary. Very few have been supplied so far, however, on account of the scarcity of "Y" men. T. C. U. is among the first to secure a secretary.

FORMER INSTRUCTORS ARE GIVEN COMMISSIONS

Notification has been received that two former instructors in this institution have been granted commissions.

Prof. J. R. McClung, head of the chemistry department last year, has been made a second lieutenant, stationed at Camp Greenleaf, Ga.

Prof. W. H. Batson, for several years connected with the department of education, has been commissioned second lieutenant and assigned to the Students' Army Training Corps of a state school in Terre Haute, Ind.

Lieut. Batson was a faculty representative at Fort Sheridan during the late summer, going from a school in Oklahoma.

S. A. T. C.

By Paul Boynton.

WEST POINT CANDIDATES TAKE EXAMS AT T. C. U.

According to instructions from Washington, candidates for West Point in this district reported to the Orderly Room of the S. A. T. C. Wednesday for physical and mental examinations for West Point. There were men from Austin, A. & M., S. M. U., and other points over the State.

Three of the men disqualified immediately upon the opening of the examination. The exams include everything from the physical to algebra, geography, history and so forth.

Ernest Bomar and John Gay were the only T. C. U. boys to take this examination. This is due to the fact that the officers here did not receive notification to instruct the men in the necessary preliminaries soon enough to let others get the consent of their congressmen.

LT. ALEXANDER COMES AS SMALL ARMS INSTRUCTOR

Lt. Randle B. Alexander reported to the Commanding Officer on October 14th as special instructor in the small arms division of the S. A. T. C.

Lt. Alexander is a Texas man. He was a former student at Trinity University over at Waxahachie and would have been a senior there this year had he returned. He went to Fort Sheridan last summer and spent five weeks. From that post he was sent to Camp Perry Small Arms Firing School and did special work in this line. While there he met Lt. Ben Terrell of this school, who also distinguished himself in the art of small arms, and took extra work.

While in Trinity, Lt. Alexan-

S. A. T. C. POSTOFFICE

The S. A. T. C. now has a mail system of its own. Post-office boxes are being put in Clark Hall and the boys will get their mail there. It will be assorted according to companies. This will do much to relieve the crowded condition in the post-office.

FEW FEVERED BROWS TO SOOTHE: NURSES CONSPICUOUSLY ABSENT

The Pilot of this Boat called me the other day, and said:

"Say, Mac, I want you to feature the nurses in this week's issue."

"What do you mean, feature?" I asked.

"Oh, you know," the Pilot snapped. "The writer of a feature story is privileged to go anywhere to see anybody, to ask any number of questions and then to write up any sort of a story, upon any kind of information. That's feature stuff. Now get busy!"

Naturally the field which I plowed me first and most strong-

BOYS UNDER EIGHTEEN MOVE TO GOODE HALL

All boys under eighteen who are in the college and have been living in Clark Hall have been moved into Goode Hall. Some of these men, as Forest McCutchen, Lawrence Woods and Bruce Cross, are second year men in the university, but are not eighteen years old yet, and cannot live with the boys who are in the S. A. T. C. It was thought for a time that they would be allowed to remain if they were taking the military drill and following the S. A. T. C. rules; but it was finally decided that they would have to move.

LT. VARNER ILL

Lt. A. R. Varner, Commanding Officer, has been afflicted with the common malady for the past several days. The Influenza got him also.

The Lieutenant was in the office Monday, but was unable to appear Tuesday. Lt. Cochran, personnel adjutant, and ranking officer of the other three, assumed charge of affairs and ran them in the Commandant's absence.

Lieut. Klauer thought that he was going to get sick last Monday, but he ate a good supper that night and was able to make it all right.

BOYS MEASURED FOR SUITS

Sgt. Britton started running the boys through his clothing shop Monday afternoon. All the men were measured when taken in for the necessary clothes, and it is thought the suits will soon be on the way to alleviate the dire necessity which is everywhere so evident in Clark Hall.

When Sgt. Gay measured the shoes he asked the men what size they wore. If they said sevens, he gave them nines and a half, and on up in proportion. Faulkner would look at a man who would wear a No. 00 leg-gins and order him a No. 4, while Kemble would measure a man for an 18¾ collar for his blouse when the fellow never wore over a 14 collar in his life.

From all reports there will be

(Continued on Page 3)

XMAS BULLETINS FOR BOYS IN SERVICE

Name of Every Former Student Now in Army Wanted At Once

For the second time, former T. C. U. men now in the service of Uncle Sam will be remembered by the institution at Christmas time. President E. M. Waits and Miss Nell Andrew, librarian, have already begun working on a plan to make this possible, although the holidays are still two months away.

Last year every boy whose address could be ascertained was sent a card on which were expressed the good wishes of the faculty and student body. Each carried a ray of hope and a note of appreciation for the boys who are giving themselves to the nation.

President Waits hopes to send small bulletins this year, in which will be incorporated the name and address of every T. C. U. boy in the service. These addresses are not all at hand. Furthermore, it is possible that many students are in the army whose names, even, have not been added to the list. If you should know of such a case, or of a change in the address of any student, you are requested to send it to Miss Andrew as soon as possible. These bulletins must be compiled at once if they are to reach the boys by the holiday season.

OBITUARY

Dean Colby D. Hall and family were called to Hillsboro this week on account of the death of E. Carl Tomlinson, brother of Mrs. Hall and Miss Leila Tomlinson, which occurred in Waco last Saturday morning. The deceased will be remembered as a graduate of T. C. U. in the class of '14. The entire family has been prominently connected with this institution

(Continued on Page 2)

SONG OF THE "Y"

When your billet is a barnyard,
And your bed is crawling hay,
When it's raining, and you're
out of luck,
And likely out of pay;
When the only girl you want to
see
'S a thousand miles away,
What's the answer, kid?
The answer is the old Y.M.C.A.

If it wasn't for the friendly
tents
They run up over night,
Where a guy can find some
smokes
And make a place to read or
write,
Or maybe see a picture show
Or watch a ten-round fight,
Why, kid, we'd all go dippy
Before we'd end it right.

But don't you lose no sleep
About our funking any scrap!
For your wise old Uncle Sam-
mie
Knows the way to treat a chap
When he's half the world from
Homeland
Is to dot the muddy map
With snappy Red Triangles
where
The U. S. A.'s on tap.

STUNT-FEST!

Cummings to Direct Musical Comedy, Benefiting Red Cross and S. A. T. C.

Local talent is going to put on a stunt-fest in the T. C. U. Auditorium within the next two or three weeks, under the direction of Swayne Cummings, benefiting the Red Cross and the Company Fund of the S. A. T. C. They tell us it will be worlds of fun, including laughable blackface comedians and snappy jazz music.

Cummings, local jazz band leader, who is getting up the show, believes there is enough local talent to put on a regular amateur musical comedy.

Some of the excellent entertainers to be featured in the performance are: Jack Breacher, the original Georgia peach; Hanway Anderson, with the big line of Oxilene; Hod Carrier Finnegan, with his Irish wit; and Spence Gibbon, who plays forty-two with the eats and juggles the limburger without a gas mask. (He uses a clothes-pin.) Then there are others not yet accounted for.

Everybody should come. Part of the 25 cents admission will go to the T. C. U. Red Cross.

EXCLAMATIONS AND EXPLANATIONS FOLLOW TIE-UP

The Spanish Influenza and the consequent tying up of the boys over the week-end caused many humorous situations to arise hereabouts.

Those who were expecting to talk to HER in town Saturday night at a cozy movie, talked to her over the phone—if that were possible. And for several hours it was impossible. Every phone in the building had somebody hanging over the transmitter wildly trying to explain about the quarantine and just why and wherefore he or she

(Continued on Page 2)

They treat you like you'd ought to be,
They treat you like a man.
They don't make no distinctions,
And they don't put any ban
On a guy who's never signed
His name to no Salvation plan—
You're good enough for them
If you're a good American!

But, believe me, kid, there's times,—
Well, take my case the other day—
When a whizz-bang kind o' shocked me
Up and made me wonder—say,
When you have to talk to someone
And you don't know how to pray—
What's the answer, kid?
The answer is the old Y.M.C.A.
LEE WILSON DODD.

FINE ARTS NUMBER

After a chapel-less week on account of Influenza it sounded good to assemble again Wednesday morning and hear Mr. Ziegler render two excellent 'cello numbers. They were "Ballade" (Friml) and "Orientale" (Cesar Cui). Both were enthusiastically received by the audience.

BEAT S. M. U. NEXT SATURDAY

THE SKIFF

BEATRICE MABRY—Editor
MYRA PEACOCK—Bus. Mgr.

STAFF

Paul Boynton, McKee Caton, Howard Hill, Morrow Boynton, Bruce Cross, Elizabeth Hamlett, Beulah Bell, Forrest McCutcheon, Hill Hudson, Shelby Faulkner.

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ATTEN-SHUN!

Do you know of a T. C. U. boy now in the army whose name is not on Miss Andrew's Honor Roll? Doubtless there are many, and you, yourself, may know of several. They are wanted at once for the Xmas bulletins to be sent out from the university to all the men in service. No time must be lost if these gifts are to serve their purpose. So spare a few minutes and send them in at once. This is the least thing we stay-at-homes can do.

We have been informed that many old out-of-town subscribers to the "Skiff" have experienced difficulty in receiving their paper, often failing entirely to get it. We do not know what this situation has been in the past, but we wish to assure the patrons of this year that every issue will be mailed out regularly. All we ask is that any change of address during the year be sent us. We will do the rest.

Another thing. Many of the boys in the S. A. T. C. have not subscribed to their camp and college paper because they think they will soon be transferred to some other camp. This may be true, but if they should be transferred they will want the paper then more than ever. It will look pretty good to them when they are off among strangers; and it will be a connecting link with their school life. They will surely want it then; so they might as well subscribe now and get it all year for the same price—one dollar.

ACCOUNTING FOR OUR JUST PRIDE!

Had you noticed the broad smiles emanating in all directions from the "Skiff" room this week? They have been positively contagious. The cause of it all is printed below:

To Whom It May Concern:

I received by "Skiff" all O. K. and certainly was glad to have it come to hand with all the good news and "Old T. C. U. spirit." It had so much "pep" and spirit in it that the Commanding Officer had me to post it with this heading: "Where Life and Spirit Abide. Read and Indulge!" Keep the good work going, as it makes me feel mighty good. I caught the fever and still possess it.

I am getting along just fine and like this place very much. Hope our athletes have better luck in the future.

With my best regards to all T. C. U. people, I am,

Your schoolmate,
LT. L. R. MEYER.

Now, when a commanding officer off in Transylvania University, clear away in Kentucky, posts our paper and urges his soldiers-in-the-making to indulge in our pep and spirit, haven't we a right to feel peacocky over it?

The very next time we hear

SOCIETY HAPPENINGS

RECONSTRUCTION EXHIBIT MONDAY

College students are always open to new thoughts and ideas, and the district art chairman of the Women's Federated Clubs has furnished just such another opportunity. The College of Industrial Arts, as a matter of course, has taken up very extensively the reconstruction work, newly established in T. C. U. A program with forty-four exhibits, including interior decorating, basketry work, designing, pottery, metallog, batitz wood and block printing, has been prepared and will be presented for the first time Monday at 4 p. m. in the art rooms.

The Clark Literary Society, as a member of the Texas Women's Federated Clubs, will direct the program. Mrs. Cockrell, who has charge of the reconstruction work in T. C. U., is supervising the demonstrations and Mrs. Greathouse of the city, as district chairman of the T. W. F. C., will be present in person and is very anxious for the program to be a success on its initial appearance. Many of the new students have not yet visited the art rooms on the third floor, and this occasion will be the first official opening to the entire student body of one of the most interesting places in school.

A social hour afterward will afford ample opportunity for its investigation.

RED CROSS PAGEANT BRINGS SERIOUS MESSAGE

The "mother of the world" was typified as a Red Cross nurse by Lena Gilbert in the Red Cross pageant given by the Walton Literary Society Monday night. She made an attractive picture, draped in white, wearing the insignia and holding a stretcher in her arms. The characters in the pageant were introduced by Nina Phillips, representing Liberty, and carrying the national emblem. Cobby de Stivers was a realistic wounded soldier, and she exhibited real dramatic ability in the pantomime. The Belgian refugees were suitably costumed to portray the suffering of this heroic little country. They were Carolyn Crisp, Ruby Jones, Elizabeth Hamlett, Elizabeth Oldham, John Weir and James McDiarmid. The prologue was sympathetically read by Ireta Robison.

The hall was crowded for the performance, which proved a decided success. To each it brought a message of the noble mission of this world-wide organization.

Lieut. Varner (inspecting barracks): "See here, have you mopped up this room yet?"

Sergt. John I. Hawes: "No."

Lieut. Varner (indignantly): "No? No, what?"

* Sergt. Hawes: "No mop!"

ANNIBEL LEARNS ABOUT TEACHERS FROM GIRLS; 'T WAS ONE REVOLUTION TO HER

Dear Ethyle dear:

Just when I need a letter, of course you won't write. Everything that could happen, did, Ethyle, and none of the happenings were gay or the least bit joyous.

To begin with, end with, and to deal exclusively with in the meanwhile, Ethyle, we are quarantined! Yes, we are! I mean it! Everybody's supposed to be, but I've come to think it's only the Fish and Preps. that are—just let any of us want to go anywhere, and we're "quarantined" all over! But plenty of the others go, and have visitors, too; but we can't, Ethyle. It's all wrong.

And I'm just having an awful time in French. I can't understand my teacher, and he can't understand me, either. And Freshman English is just as bad, Ethyle. All my particples either dangle or trail, my infinitives are always split, and every comma blunders—and Ethyle! I never can get Unity, Coherence, and Emphasis all in the same paragraph, Ethyle.

We had a regular teachers' institute in Jarvis Hall Saturday night. Some old T. C. U. girls who are teaching came back for the week-end, and they were telling some of their experiences, and it certainly was one revolution to me, Ethyle! You just ought to have heard them telling what a time they have. The one named Skeete is teaching Arithmetic, and she said the kids were always bringing up questions about the multiplication table that she couldn't answer, and anyhow, Ethyle, she didn't have time be-

cause she was busy working out the answers to the "Oral Problems" that the book said give, and Ruby Douglas said one day in her Geography class, Ethyle, that she looked all over the map of the world for Asia, and could not find it, so she had to give them a written lesson. And one of her little girls recited that a King died of a certain disease (and the disease was "Intrigue," Ethyle. She didn't know that they usually get over that). Mary Strange was so overcome by the responsibility her two weeks' experience had given her she couldn't see things in a joking light. You see, Ethyle, she's such a kid she has to practice acting old all the time.

As I said, it certainly was a revolution to me—I've learned about teachers from them! I'm suspicious two or three of my teachers already. I'm going to ask them tomorrow if they know the answers to the questions they ask me.

Well, Ethyle, I must go and gargle some of the Winton Influ Special. I'll send you a bottle of it soon. It tastes awful, but they say a stitch in time is worth a pound of cure, so be faithful to it, Ethyle, even unto the end—to the end of the bottle, I mean, of course. More'n likely you'll be quarantined like I am, if you don't.

With oceans of love and a kiss on every wave,

Your chummy-chum,
ANNIBEL LEE.

P. S. Don't you think that adew is sweet? One of the S. A. T. C. U. boys wrote it to me the other day. A.

a word of criticism of our brain child, we are going to spring this letter from "Dutch" on 'em and make 'em feel cheap. Wonderful, isn't it, what a little praise will do. We are working this week just like we were drawing a salary for it.

The "flu" has hit the faculty pretty hard, too. Mr. Bryson, Mr. Davis, Mr. Winton, Mrs. Cahoon, Dean Hall and Miss Turner have had to miss classes on its account.

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STUDENTS

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OBITUARY

for many years, the father, Mr. T. E. Tomlinson, being at one time president of the board of trustees.

Interment took place in Hillsboro.

Bryan Blalock received notification Tuesday of the death of an older brother, Earl, in the Panama zone. The young man, who was in the United States Army, had recently left Camp Travis, and his death occurred on board a transport bound for Siberia.

Gratitude

In this dark hour of sorrow, when death has claimed my beloved brother, I wish to express my deep appreciation of the comforting words and sunny smiles which I have received from my many friends in T. C. U.

May your lives be brighter and happier in the years to come. That the richest blessings of God be showered upon you is my earnest prayer.

BRYAN B. BLALOCK.

PLANATIONS FOLLOW TIE-UP

Continued from Page 1
had to break the date. Troops of would-be date-breakers went from 'phone to 'phone only to find a waiting line ahead of them. Then, too, the service was what might be expected with half of the hello-girls at home with the Flu.

Everywhere there was howling and muttering when the notice was posted that until further orders no passes would be granted. The girls began wondering how long this would be;



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Tenth and Houston

INAUGURATION OF TRACK MEETS

Continued from Page 1
tied, each having 8 points to his credit.

Next time the first company expects to make a better showing. There are rumors to the effect that this company is preparing for a boxing and wrestling tournament, after which a different tale will be told.

VARSITY SURPRISED

Continued from Page 1
game. Thus the half ended 7 to 6—Varsity.

The second half started with a rush, first team carrying the ball. Zigzag, zigzag went the old game until suddenly little Osborn of the scrubs dropped-kicked goal from the thirty-yard line. The scrubs were ahead, 9 to 7 the score!

Now varsity settled down to business and bucked across the line for another tally, but could do no more. The game ended 13 to 9 in favor of varsity.

With such a scrapping second team to give them practice, the men on the first team can't but stay in the best of trim.

Yes, T. C. U. fans, a fighting second team is what makes a winner out of the regular team.

PUNCHES BY PUGE

Continued from Page 1
passing end of the game was lost. The only touchdown scored so far started from a forward pass. In one game, at one time T. C. U. advanced sixty-five yards on successive forward passes.

Varsity isn't the only fighting little team in Texas. Watch those T. C. U. scrubs.

Wonder why the women don't organize a rooting section. The companies are doing it.

These crippled athletes are rounding into form. They will be present when the roll is

called at Baylor.

We are sorry for S. M. U. The Horned Frogs are to visit them soon.

LT. ALEXANDER COMES AS SMALL ARMS INSTRUCTOR

(Continued from Page 1)
der was quite a participant in the workings and the activities of the Glee Club and the Dramatic Club; and it is hoped that he will lend his efforts toward making the routine life here in school more pleasant for the men as a result of his proficiency in these lines.

Since coming here the new lieutenant has taken charge of the drilling of the Goode Hall boys and is putting them through. This is not permanent, however. If he does as well in proportion with the regular S. A. T. C. as he has with these in the short space of time, he is undoubtedly a fine man for the place.

BOYS MEASURED FOR SUITS

(Continued from Page 1)
enough clothing to go around. As a matter of fact, if the above mentioned plans were carried out on everyone, the school could be called unpatriotic for failing to Hooverize on wearing apparel.

Few Fevered Brows to Soothe; Nurses Conspicuously Absent

Continued from Page 1
and asked Paul Glenn if he would go with me. He bowed very ungraciously—but he went. All the way upstairs I talked very loudly. You see I wanted everybody to hear my feminine voice so they would know that a lady was approaching and wouldn't any of them run out with those little white suits on like I saw at the track meet Wednesday afternoon.

I almost made a social blunder

when Sgt. Spitzer admitted me into the vestibule of the hospital rooms, and, in answer to my query, said he was the nurse. Right here I'll tell this on the Sergeant: Last Sunday afternoon he came to our Senior table to eat supper. We told him all the places were taken, but he said he didn't care, 'twas the only way to get acquainted—and he did! But we like him, though, and he may come back sometime.

Anyway, the nurses were both gone—ditto most of the boys—and the rooms were in darkness. Now, wasn't I in a predicament? Orders from the Pilot to feature the nurses, and I couldn't find any. I felt better when Edward Barham gave me some grapes to eat; and especially good when I went back downstairs and met Lt. Alexander again. I told him of my disappointment, and talked to him awhile; and, girls, he confided that he didn't like publicity! And his gold bars aren't even rusty yet, either.

But, honest now—isn't it fine that the nurses could leave; and that the boys are all about well?

At Goode the experience was repeated, only worse, because I couldn't even find a nice Sergeant to feature.

Jarvis Hall, however, concealed a real heroine—Mrs. A. L. Mead. She had a total of forty-two cases recorded; thirty-five of these were at one time. We wonder when she ever snatched an hour's sleep. But she was all smiles to greet me—not a case of influenza, and only a few girls suffering a slight indisposition. She said that many of the girls' parents had come to take them home, but on finding the hospital rooms so splendidly equipped, and seeing the girls so well taken care of, they returned home without them. Suda Willis wanted to go home very badly, but she didn't, though, and now she's all well. Mrs. Mead said "the two little birds in 223"—Mary J. Williams and Lura Bassett—were the hardest she had ever seen to keep in bed. I found "Cindy" sick, but she was much improved because Dr. Waits went to see her yesterday.

Taking all things into consideration, I think the Pilot wanted to play a joke on me. Just one nurse, and no sick folks! How was I to feature when there was nothing to be featured?

And, say, he is going to read the "Skiff," too. That is why we are putting in lots of nice things about him this week. We want to give him his dollar's worth.



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HERE AND THERE

Shankle Monday. She hasn't yet recovered from the shock. It came about in this wise.

Miss Shankle journeyed to the neighboring city to do a bit of shopping, and incidentally to see the sights. During her rambles she hit upon just exactly the kind of beaded bag she had been wanting—just the right shade 'n everything. The deal was about consummated except for the wrapping when it occurred to her to ask the price. "Fifty-two fifty," the girl answered, languidly. Miss Shankle declares she was tempted to use violence right then and there, but on second thought she decided to recommend to the management a course in "Economic Causes of the War."

Something to be thankful for: that you haven't got It—YET.

Isn't it funny for those who knew T. C. U. of old to see the boys have to run in when the bugle blows, sometimes before the bell rings for the girls, even? How times have changed!

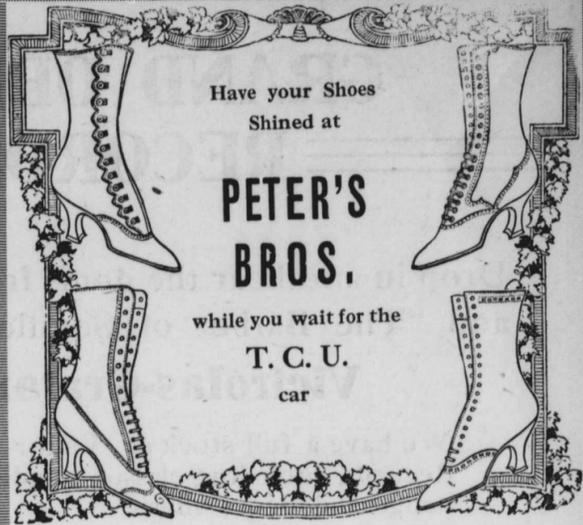
'Tis an ill-mannered bugle that blows nobody good. That's all we have to say about it.

Say, girls, the new lieutenant is a native Texan. Fact. In all probability he says "you-all" and "over yonder" just like the rest of us.

And his name is Alexander—Randle Alexander. Nice, isn't it?

We nearly forgot to record Lieutenant Cochran's Two subscriptions. And he is so easily pleased that he says "you-all" in free publicity. Isn't a disposition like that wonderful!

Now the question is—where is Lieutenant Klauer and his Two subscriptions? We are worried about him. Far be it from us to waste bouquets on desert air, and this is just about what will happen if he doesn't



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read the sheet. Maybe he didn't notice that the Last Free Issue had come to pass. (It will be just our luck to have him subscribe before the paper comes off the press—that is, if we have unusually GOOD luck.)

Everybody was broke this week—that is, the male population of the institution. Just because of that thread-bare old excuse, we think we will put on another "Skiff" campaign right soon. We are going to get that dollar yet. You just watch us.

Honest, didn't you think the little purple and white tag that we pinned on you when you paid your subscription was a clever idea? We didn't originate it; so we can brag all we please.

Well, we thought it was about the proper thing until a couple of officers sailed down on us in the hall and expostulated in this wise: "There is going to be trouble around here if you people don't quit decorating these soldier boys up with those pretty little purple tags." We gulped a few times, and then craved to know just why there was going to be trouble.

"There is going to be trouble," they said, fiercely and officer-like, "There is going to be trouble because it is against army regulations. It is contrary to all standards of etiquette and ethics of war. It is prohibited by the United States government. It violates one of the fundamental rules of militarism."

Then they impressively withdrew, leaving us to assimilate their authoritative edicts as best we might. Of course, it worried us a lot, but we went

right on pinning on tags just as fast as subscribers would let us. We couldn't let our three dollars and twenty-nine cents go to waste like that. Thrifty, that's us all over, Mable.

One boy said he couldn't subscribe because he had left his money in his OTHER trousers. To tell the truth, we think he just wanted us to know he had two pairs.

Botany and other things that grow on the campus ought to be interesting subjects for a couple of our inmates. They have ten whole days to devote to such activities.

But did you ever hear of such luck? Imagine being campused when there is already a quarantine on. The irony of fate struck the dean a cruel blow that time.

We have made no effort to keep a count of everybody who has been home because of illness themselves or in their families. If we had, there would have been little space for anything else. But just in passing we note the following Jarvis inmates who have been home or are now away: Ruth Martin, Elizabeth Oldham, Bernice Anderson, and Jim Rattan.

Have you seen Cobby's "lightning bug special"? They do say it keeps time; so you can't always judge from the looks of things.

And did you know that Sergt. Earnest Bomar's moustache shows almost as much as anybody's moustache after he has been drinking black coffee or eating chocolate ice cream?

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WAR TRAGEDIES

By Zack

Quarantined!

Having a perfectly "Goode" dormitory all defaced on the northern extremity with a little frame "outdoor cottage" or "summer house" or something.

Having to loan your uniform to some girl every time a program is given.

Having your brilliant advertising scheme wet-blanketed by a conscientious young lieutenant requesting you to stop decorating his men with Skiff Tags.

Having a prohibitory regulation for everything you want to do, say or wear.

Saving so much day-light that the trip to breakfast must be made by star-light.

IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS, BUT—

Why does the car persist in taking us down to the end of the line instead of letting us off at the skip stop?

The bugle always blows just as we are beginning that beauty sleep.

We would like to meet some of our officers in a restaurant.

The dishes at our table always manage to empty themselves just as they get to us. Hurry up, Alice.

A certain sergeant never gets any nearer that lieutenant, commissioner than he was when he joined the S. A. T. C. Too bad, Bob.

Seventy-five dozen eggs don't satisfy this bunch of huskies.

We would like to have some week-end passes, but of course we enjoy hanging around this joint.

The Spanish flu doesn't stop the classes. We want to know if that doesn't come under the list of public gatherings. Aw, nix!

We sure have some fine singers in the S. A. T. C., who are going to set the rocks to shaking and the trees to dancing when they start in on

The way they forget to seal up your sugar envelope so you just get a half-spoonful instead of two.

The idea that being cooked well done and soldiering are inseparable.

That regulations prevent your running to the store every few minutes as in days of yore.

Further: having to commandeer some girl as a messenger when you simply must have a smoke.

This hard-boiled look the new non-coms wear.

Having to write "war tragedies."

Worse still: having to read them.

"My Castle on the Rhine," a la quartet.

We wonder where the kaiser keeps his goat and where Hindy is buried. Sauerkraut, please.

We wonder if your "Skiff" subscription is paid.

Did "Froggie II" ever have a serious thought?

Anyway, in appearance he is a literal second edition of the original.

LITTLE WILLIE'S DEFINITIONS OF THINGS WAR-LIKE

The K. P.

A K. P. is a man who has been handed tuff luck and a platter of hot beef and has been told to hurry. Some K. P.'s can handle ten complaints, a platter of beef, beans, gulosh and goo and not lose any of them.

He is also one of the most valuable and most criticised and most misunderstood fellows in the camp. Most K. P.'s are glad to see the last diner who has consumed a plate of bread and depopulated a platter of steer neck depart, that he may soon be on his way to class. A gift of getting to be K. P. bestowed on someone is about as much welcomed in our camp as an iron cross from the kaiser.

SPATTERINGS FROM THE HOD

When the next Fite-Nite?

Weekly moving day again observed. Be ready for the next.

Speaking of the song, "Hang My Pants On the Hindenburg Line," better be careful, as the "line" is getting very weak.

Speaking of the lady in charge of the mess-hall, she can think of more work in a minute than a squad of K. P.'s can do in a week.

K. P. (washing dish rags): "Gee, if SHE could only see me now!"

Top Bradford (having shoes measured): "Order the largest and a size and half over." Some under-standing!

Extra! General (Nuisance) Powers now a Scoutmaster.

'Tis bad enough for "Bucks" to be caught rolling the "galloping dominos," but when the exalted "Non-Coms" are found indulging in "Ethiopian Golf" it is time for change in K. P.'s.

Bradford: "No, Lieutenant, I was not 'rolling.'" Even at that he could be in the game.

Patronize the Canteen (Stogie) and help the Company Fund.

Sunday afternoon services in the chapel are under direction of Revs. Templeton and "Jazz" Cummings.

That "wild and woolly" Ford that runs around the campus in the evenings should be converted into a tank. Good-bye, Germany!

Everyone pull for the S. A. T. C. "Stunt-Fest and Vodeville." Real enjoyment and money for the Company Fund. With such stars as Anderson, Hawes, Hill (Rats) Cummings, Breacher, Wingo, Roberts and Gibbons, this Stunt-Fest should have the interest of every member of the Corps, student body and faculty. All together for a big time!

Do you know this fellow? He is the one who, when his mess kit is filled, is deaf to the yells for "punk," "B-l neck" and "duff," etc. Down with the table profiteer!

RIMES OF A ROOKIE

By "Nixie"

ALL OF US stayed home on SATURDAY AND Sunday OH, WELL, FOR the fun of it AND THE NOVELTY of it also.

WE LIKE to hear Swain TICKLING the ivories and NOW THAT THE PIANAR is MOVED UP near our roost IT SINGS us to sleep and MAKES US forget that TOMORROW WE WILL also help

MOP THE HALL and pick up BROKEN BOTTLES AND cigar stubs;

BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT, as we

GET ALL THE BEANS and gulosh we

WANT. WE ARE ALSO satisfied that

THE DAMES ARE NOT putting

OUT THOSE SALUTES TO the lieuts

FOR NOTHING; there's something

BEHIND IT ALL, mark us.

ALSO THIS PLACE is right there

ON THE BEAUSTROLLING idea.

IT SEEMS POSITIVELY contagious

AND THE WALK between the STORE AND the Jarvis Hall is SOME BEAUWALK—a regular highway

FOR DAN, and he's no lazy one either;

NOR IS OUR NOBLE FOOTBALL TEAM, for

THEY ARE GETTING ready to land

BAYLOR SOON and the funeral PROCESSION of the bear will soon

BE THE THING. Say, those gold hat cords

ARE LIKE OUR WHISKERS and pay checks—

DESTINED TO bloom later.

THAT ELUSIVE YARD OF SKIRMISH LINE

Private Simmonds, acting under orders from Corporal Pat McCarthy, interrupted a most pleasant and enjoyable "siesta" of Sgt. Bradford—all just to ask him for a yard of Skirmish Line for the use of Sgt. Gay.

After all his trouble, Private Simmonds was advised that if he wished to keep off K. P., to "git out," as the yard of Skirmish Line was being used by Sgt. Jack Lusher. Disappointment again for Private Simmonds. Sgt. Lusher had turned the yard of Skirmish Line over to the Quartermaster's department!

After an hour of persistent searching, Private Simmonds became a wiser private; and he is now preparing to send in his recommendation for promotion.

A FAMILY FUSS

The usual battle between the literary and the fine arts seniors is on. The same thing never pleases both groups at once. For instance, the F. A.'s were not included in the Senior picnic. It will be interesting to stand on the side lines and watch it rage.

Following are a few squibs handed in from the fine arts side of the fence:

"Senior distinction" may be alright; but, personally, we like toilet water better.

We are not a very good judge of human nature, but we think senior fine arts girls are about as desirable characters as "prep" boys for the senior table. (Signed): One of 'em.

Tillie Clinger says that the reason she wouldn't move to the south side of the partition is that since the "senior table of distinction" is located on that side she prefers the north, keeping in mind the direction of the wintry winds.



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