

OUR WATCHWORD—Ginger,
Hit 'Em High! Hit 'Em Low!
T. C. U. Let's Go!

THE SKIFF

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VOLUME XVIII.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1920.

NO. 21

SENIOR CLASS 1920

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS GREAT EPOCHAL EVENT OF T. C. U.

The annual formal banquet by the members of the Junior class of the Texas Christian University in honor of the Seniors was held Saturday evening at Joseph's cafe. This is the most pretentious social affair of the college year and the banquet table was a thing of beauty. A color scheme of purple and white with George Washington symbols was carried out. Eight large baskets filled with sweet peas and violets formed the predominant part of the decorations with ferns and small flowers intermittent on the "U" shaped table. Place cards of George Washington hats with small dangling cherries marked places for ninety guests.

The programs carried out the chosen colors and the favors were purple and white mint baskets. Eight courses were served. Mr. Harry Martin, president of the Junior class, acted as toastmaster. Mr. John Sandige, president of the Senior class, gave a brief survey of the two classes. Mr. Winton, the Senior class professor, and Mr. Bryson, the Junior class professor, made short talks on "Middle Class Ideals" and "The Upper Crust." A reading was given by Miss Gertrude Florence Davis. Toasts followed by Mr. Forrest McCutcheon and Mr. Cecil Braford.

A vocal solo with violin obligato was given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Cahoon, with Miss Inez Hedgings accompanying. Mr. Cahoon was formerly Junior class professor.

President E. M. Waits concluded the program with an address on "The Demands of an Hour Like This." He brought home very forcibly the needs of leaders in the present age as never before.

Music was furnished by the Fort Worth Club orchestra.

Those present were Misses Beulah Bell, Elizabeth Shelbourne, Sybil Black, Gertrude Florence Davies, Lola Bridges, Nan Carter, Florence Durrett, Beth Coombes, Cobby de Stivers, Ava Maud Wester, Pauline Allen, Bodie Bateman, Geneva Horn, Mary Francis McQuillan, Golden Kennemur, Thelma Ruth, Margaret Stuchert, Ruth Robinson, Leona Goshorn, Lillian Johnson, Odessa Hensley, Mary Jane McLain, Ethel Ellis, Mary Elizabeth Waits, Vivian Parker, Dorothy Keeble, Madeline Jones, Ruth Davis, Hallie Strange, Anna Lou Jones, Cleo Bradley, Jewell Andrews, Jonnie Connell, Bonita Martin, Dorine Gee, Mrs. Sloane; Messrs. and Mmes. Winton, Bryson, W. B. Norris, Stack, Cahoon, E. M. Waits. Messrs. Boone Barger, J. E. Sentell, Van Camp, Fred Gamble, Edwin Kane, Astynax Douglass, Lem Day, Cecil Bradford, William Shepperd, Gayle Scott, Tom Morrison, Willis McGregor, Forrest McCutcheon, Ernest Ligon, John Sandige, Lloyd Adams, Ben Gibson, Hubert Wester, Harry Martin, Calvin Henry, Loy Ledbetter, Frank Council, Lawrence Wood, Fred Norris, Bose McFarland, Overton Abernathy, Martin Halsell, Granville Jones, Paul Glenn, J. W.

SENIORS VOICE APPRECIATION OF ALMA MATER

We, the class of 1920, seize this opportunity to express in a measure our appreciation of Texas Christian University.

Four years ago we came here, the greenest of freshmen, hoping that we might lose some of this greenness during the ensuing years. And many wonderful things HAVE happened to us; we've rubbed shoulders with the most democratic, likable crowd that could be found anywhere; we've studied under a capable faculty—a faculty we admire out of the class-room as well as in it.

We've had our uphill and our downhill; we've had our likes and our dislikes; but on the whole we feel that we're "coming out on top" and we're just full of the joy of living.

There isn't a building but that we regret leaving it. There isn't a tree, a walk, a flower—even the rocks and concrete floors, so disastrous to shoe leather, are beginning to appear lovely to us.

No doubt we have more knowledge stored in our craniums than when we first came out here, but we realize we are just beginning to have a faint inkling of what it means to really live. And when we start our pilgrimages into the world; into business or homes, whether near our Alma Mater or whether in foreign lands, one of the dearest landmarks in our memories will be our days in Texas Christian University.

CHAPEL PROGRAM.

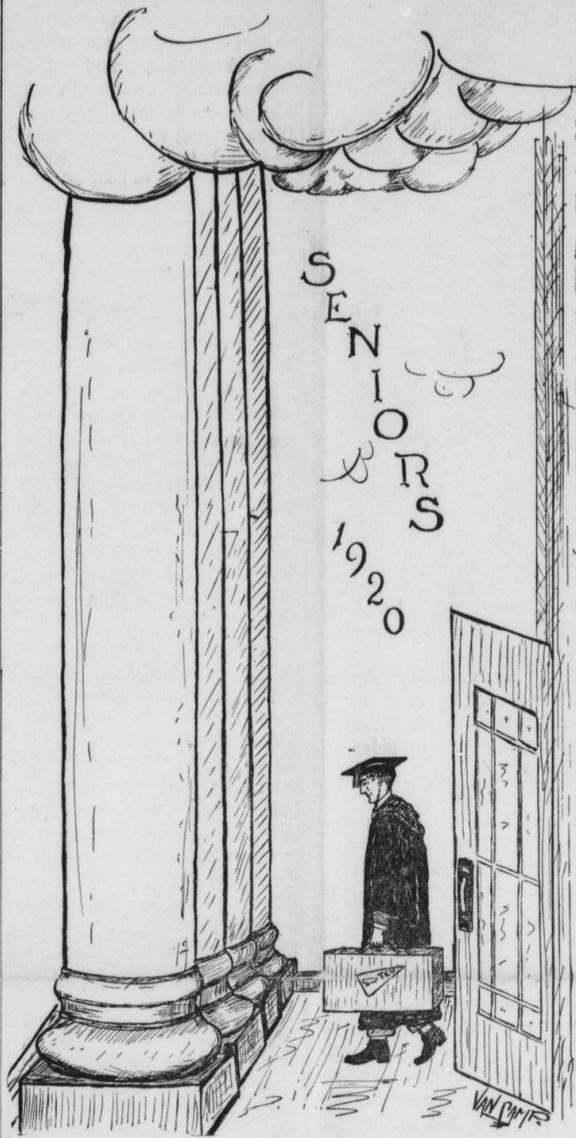
The Student Volunteer Band, in regular session Friday afternoon, had an interesting study of "Our Church in China." The work of different stations was presented in an illuminating way. Acquaintance was made with some of our greatest missionaries there.

But the outstanding fact developed from a study of this kind must be the appalling disparity between what has been accomplished and what is still undone. The Disciples have six stations, with outposts situated in two of the nineteen provinces of China proper, a small part of the great Chinese empire.

"China's needs will be the subject discussed in the public program to be given in Chapel Friday morning. This is the first of a series of presentations on work and needs of different world fields.

1. Introductory Remarks by President—Mr. Humphries.
2. Evangelism—Mr. Elbert Reeder.
3. Education—Mrs. W. C. Sloan.
4. Medical Missions—Miss Ethel Shockley.
5. Song, "Speed Away"—Ladies' Quartette.
6. Industrial Missions—Mr. Bryan Blalock.

Boultinghouse, Frank Fidler, R. H. Eastley, Tony Pecora.



WOODED BY WIRELESS A SHORT STORY By O. B. DOUGLASS

I.
Marion Reynolds stood musingly by the taffrail of the White Star liner Blue Bell as the vast ship swung into its stride, and surged eastward through the first easy rolls of the Atlantic swell. The stiff salt wind whipped her hair flowingly about her piquant face—a merry face, though somewhat touched with pensiveness—and conspired with certain rebellious thoughts to tinge her cheeks with crimson. It was a boisterous wind indeed, but bravely she defied it, her eyes fixed on the long western blur which, fading into vagueness at the end of the world, bespoke the last land she was to see for six interminable days.

"Well, there's the end of America for one while!" she laughed triumphantly. "And of Bob Matson, too! What a comfort not to be pestered any more and having to say 'No!'"

She thrust back the flying hair from her eyes and settled her cap with an impatient gesture.

"Three times in three weeks—just fancy!" she went on with irritation. "As if I'd be coerced by any man—even Bob! Such impertinence! And persistent isn't the word for him. Why, that man hasn't got so much as a single negative in his whole vocabulary, I know. I simply had to run away from him, or he'd have run away with me!"

"Gracious, how those horrid gulls do cry! They make me feel quite shivery. I wish they'd

go away! Well, it's all over between Bob and me, anyhow; there's some satisfaction in that! I guess I'll go below to mother, now; it's really growing quite rough, and besides, poor dear mother may need me in unpacking. Oh, those horrid, wailing seagull! Ugh!"

And Marion, flirting her wind-tossed head, made her way unsteadily forward with a sigh that somehow was not all of relief.

II.

One long day wore itself out, then the second; and time began to lag right slowly for Marion Reynolds. She found scant pleasure in ocean travel, for the ocean was an old, old story with her even at its best; and now that it elected to be rough and stormy, prohibiting deck-chairs and shovelboard, it became intolerably tiresome. Most of the time she passed with her mother in the state room, for their fellow voyagers were few and in no wise to their liking. There were only half a hundred or so all told; two or three business men, a very old-maidish female of decided views, and a Yale professor on his sabbatical—were the only ones who ate at the captain's table. Nor was she in any mood for making new acquaintances. Bob's kindly, resolute face obtruded itself annoyingly before; despite her petulant denials, she could not banish it. Her last curt refusal of him, too, clung on her memory. All (Continued on Page 2)

MOVEMENT OF INTER-CHURCH IS EXPLAINED

The Inter-Church World Movement—what is it? That question has puzzled many "high brows" and some of the other sort as well. "What is it?" "What is its program?" "What is its trend?" These are the types of questions asked. Those who attended the conference at Dallas know more than before going—or they think they do—and yet they reply with commendable caution when asked "What is the ULTIMATE goal desired?" Perhaps the real leaders themselves could not give a correct answer. Like those of whom it was written, "They feel after God," it may be true that these are "feeling their way."

A few things may be spoken with considerable definiteness. The meeting at Dallas was in two parts—preachers and women. There were eight hundred and one preachers registered. The two bodies met separately. This conference was one of a number being held in America. The purpose is not organic union of Protestant bodies—at least not the present purpose. It is to arouse simultaneous and general movements among Protestant bodies looking to far greater achievements than have been even planned in the past. These achievements in present aims are large evangelistic campaigns, greatly increased beneficencies in answer to a world cry, better equipment for church schools, worthy enlistment of life and means for the Christianizing of the world.

Each religious body sets its own goal and works to that, drawing all the inspiration it may from the large movement. The appeal is to look above for help and guidance.

It will meet with problems of various sorts. The religious bodies attempting to co-operate will be puzzled at many of the turns of the way. The dream is not the ideal for which the Savior prayed as recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John, but many believe that its face is in that direction. The movement has presented to it many tremendous possibilities and the prayer of multitudes is that it may be equal to its opportunities.

Y. W. C. A.

The regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held in Jarvis Hall Thursday evening. The leader of the meeting was Miss Hallie Strange and the topic discussed was China. The program was as follows:

- Scripture Reading—Matt. 28.
- Song—Miss Ethel Shockley.
- America's Interest in China—Cleo Bradley.
- Our Mission Fields in China—Gladys Smith.
- Among China's Rural Multitudes—Erin Jones.
- Chinese Women—Ethel Shockley.
- A Typical Mission in China—Lorraine Sherley.

Next year we predict an overflow of girls here, now that "Dads" are finding out how cheap they get their board.

DR. LOCKHART SIXTY-TWO ON LAST FRIDAY

'Twas a merry group who gathered last Friday evening at Dean Lockhart's home to surprise him with a party in honor of his sixty-second birthday. Although there was an unsolved mystery concerning the dean's whereabouts from about eight until nine-thirty o'clock, the party was a very happy occasion. Dr. Lockhart was presented with a handsome leather suitcase from the members of his classes. A few remarks of appreciation were made by the dean, which caused the students to realize more than ever before what a true friend Dr. Lockhart is to all of them. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Lockhart later in the evening. It was an evening enjoyed which will never be forgotten, and all wish Dr. Lockhart many more years of happiness with his greatest desires and wishes granted.

LUNCHEON IS GIVEN DEAN ON ANNIVERSARY

A few most fortunate members of the faculty were entertained at luncheon on Saturday at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Lockhart just south of the campus, in honor of the birthday of Dr. Lockhart.

Dean Lockhart is a highly honored and beloved member of our faculty, and it was with great pleasure that the following persons celebrated this occasion with him: President Waits, Rev. and Mrs. Jennings, Prof. and Mrs. Cockrell, Profs. Wilson and McDiarmid.

Mrs. Lockhart and her daughter, Mrs. Webb, had prepared a most delicious and beautiful luncheon for the occasion. The flowers used in the decorations were violets, and the birthday cake, while lacking its customary candles, was surmounted by a bunch of violets which might have revealed the number of years if they had been counted.

This affair followed a surprise party given by Dr. Lockhart's students the night before, and Feb. 21, 1920, will no doubt linger long in the memory of the beloved Dr. Lockhart as well as of his friends and associates who wish him many happy returns of the day.

NINE O'CLOCK BREAKFAST.

Thursday morning Misses Georgia Rigney and Mary Ella Grey acted in the capacity of host and hostesses at a breakfast in the Domestic Science dining room. Three courses were served, borne out by a yellow and white color scheme. Those present were Misses Fay Williams, Erin Jones, Beulah Bell, Lou Alice Singleton, Alberta Webb and Esther Ruth Gibson. Miss Ima Gray Woodward acted as maid for the occasion.

Senior Majestic, March 5. Remember the date.

THE SKIFF

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LOOKING FORWARD.

(Editor's Note—The following is the speech delivered by Mr. John Sandidge at the Junior-Senior banquet. It is an apt expression of the feeling and wishes of every member of the Senior Class of 1920.)

Looking to the future. We wonder oftentimes which way the future lies. There are some who face the stars, and a great many others who face a future in the fiery depths below. But we this evening shall experience little difficulty in keeping close to the earth, and will merely advance the hands of the clock to the year 1925, and turn our gaze southwestward toward "the little college on the hill."

In that not far distant day we see that hill crowned not by five buildings, not by six, or seven, but by a dozen of the most excellent examples of man's brick and mortar handiwork. Of course the new church and gymnasium are there. They are already practically under way, and in addition we note first of all the fine arts building, a true masterpiece of architecture. The lines in general follow those of the older structures, but in the materials there is no comparison. The columns are of the purest dolomite, the brick of superb quality, and the halls are wainscoted with the finest polished marble. On the first floor they are lined with copies of all the great masterpieces of art, both sculpture and paintings. In the class rooms there are dozens and dozens of students decorating every conceivable object, from chinaware to the most gorgeous tapestries, and Mrs. Cockrell is ruler of it all. On the second floor the oratory department is found reveling in halls especially constructed to obtain the best acoustic qualities, and there is an auditorium and a stage where Shakespearean enthusiasts may rehearse to their hearts' content. The third floor is devoted to music, and here we find every conceivable noise-making instrument known to the mind of man. There are grands, and baby grands, and uprights; there are trombones, cornets, saxophones, clarinets; there are violins and violoncellos; drums and cymbals, and what not; and practice rooms for all. Truly this building would delight the heart of any artist.

Girls' Home.

There is a new girls' home, too, with lots of lights and electricity, and lots of heat and plenty of hot water in winter as well as summer.

Science Building.

And there is something entirely new in the form of a plain but serviceable and exceedingly convenient science building, the first floor of which is lorded over by our distinguished Dr. Winton. The hall is a veritable museum filled with fossiliferous remains of every type, from the gigantic emfypshrdlu to the needle-like nodasaria. And skeletons galore, besides flowers and bugs too numerous to mention. On the second floor the physics department, for once, has ample space in which to store its innumerable apparatus that puzzles the brain of all but the most mathe-

matically inclined. And if the signs of the time may be trusted, our own Mr. Douglas Norris may be in charge. On the third floor we find Professor Davis where he can have skylights for his studios and make photographs to his heart's content. At this high altitude the chemistry department can get up in the air (as Dr. Lockhart expresses it) as often as it pleases and nobody will be the wiser.

Law Library Arch.

There is an imposing law building for Dr. Cockrel, a library which rivals the arts building for beauty; and last, but not least, a magnificent memorial arch at the end of the main building walk.

Ah, what a dream, you say! What air castles! But stop! Think for a moment, and you will realize that it is not a dream; that these buildings are not air castles, but real brick and mortar possibilities.

Fort Worth is the gateway to the Southwest! Fort Worth has the largest population of any North Texas city, not excepting Dallas, as shown by the Federal census, according to the Star-Telegram! Fort Worth is the metropolis of North Texas! The oil fields are at her door! Fort Worth is the railroad center of the state! Fort Worth should be the educational center of Texas! Texas Christian University should be made the nucleus around which this plan is to grow.

The time is ripe. The opportunity is here. It is up to us fellow students, and more particularly up to those who follow us, to seize this opportunity and bring the plan to a realization. You know that there are friends of our school who could build any one of these structures mentioned and hardly miss the cash. It is for us to boost; to talk; to use our influence in persuading these people to open their hearts and to put old sumpin missing--

WOODED BY WIRELESS.
(Continued from Page 1).

things considered, she was most uncomfortable for a good-looking, high-spirited young woman of twenty-two.

With the coming of the third day out, Marion found herself fair and square in the doldrums. "Pshaw! What stupid weather!" she yawned, peering through her little cabin window at the driving clouds and rain-swept waters, grayly tossing to the horizon. "What slow-poky people! What an idiotic book! I just abominate these mushy love-stories!"

And she flung the offending novel, leaves asprawl, onto the cushioned seat beside her, all to her mother's scandalization.

"Rap-rap-rap!" sounded a sudden knocking at the state-room door.

"Come!" yawned Marion wearily; and there stood a fellow in brass buttons with an envelope in his hand, an envelope he was extending toward her.

"Well?" she queried with an impatience only slightly tinged by interest.

"Wireless for you, miss," he answered. "It's just come in—no sending-point named."

Marion's eyes widened with the astonishment of her half-premonitory thrill. "For me?" she murmured incredulously. "Why—why—"

Her wonder became inarticulate as she turned the envelope in her hand. She noted the cross flags in the corner, scrutinized her own neatly written name. Her mother's voice recalled her.

"Open it, my dear. Why don't you open it?"

Marion fumbled out a bit of small change for the brass-buttoned man; she slit up the envelope with a hair pin and pulled out a yellow slip, headed by a lot of printed hieroglyphics, below which appeared these words:

"Even Jonah went to sea—Bob."

"Well now, of all the insults," cried Marion, blushing to her ear tip. "I'll never forgive him—never in this world! I thought he was a gentleman, at least!"

And the offending paper fell in a miniature jaundiced snowstorm to the stateroom carpet.

Her mother, all alarm, focused her tortoise-shell lorgnette. "Dear, dear, such language!" she remonstrated. "I'm surprised! Marion, control yourself and tell me what it's all about!"

"Nothing, mother, nothing. I assure you; just a stupid joke, that's all, played on me by—by one of the—that is, oh, never mind!"

She stooped, hastily gathered the major portion of the fragments, crushed them in her hand, and with an apologetic "I'll be back soon!" flung out of the stateroom. I am afraid she slammed the door, too.

Mrs. Reynolds, petrified with amazement, crossed prim hands and wagged a sage head. "There it goes, her father's temper right over again!" she opined. "And after all the training I've given her! I am dumfounded!"

Marion at this time was throwing a handful of yellow letters over the rail of the Blue Bell. "The idea! The very idea!" she was saying, as with an uncommon satisfaction she watched the fragments whirling out and away. "The idea of anybody daring to call me a Jonah—most of all, Bob!"

And as she turned inboard again she lifted angry eyes to the high mast whence dangled, swaying, the tenuous spider-web of the Marconi.

III.

Marion's fourth day out was a long day. Her moods alternated among impotent indignation, astonishment, a somewhat irrelevant elation, and a teasing curiosity which Marion felt to be unworthy of her strength of mind and which she tried reluctantly to banish. They kept her busy, what time she was not roaming the wind-swept promenade or impatiently parrying her mother's rapier-play of anxious interrogation. Her mother, despite her lorgnette, had wisdom; she soon discovered that she could discover nothing, and went back to her Baedeker, from which she was learning the names of all the Italian cathedrals.

Marion was learning too—but something more modern than Gothic or Renaissance, albeit Italian in its origin; no less a thing than the operation of the wireless. She asked the captain himself for an explanation of the mystery that afternoon; and he, all politeness, though with a certain jocundity which puzzled and annoyed her, drew very abstruse-looking diagrams which he lettered ABCX and explained in very bothersome language.

"Yes, yes, of course. I see," said Marion; but she didn't see a particle. All that business about induction-coils and coherers and antennae sounded very hodgepodge, she thought—the antennae especially, which brought up in her mind absurd connotations of bugs and butterflies.

"And now," concluded the captain, "why not take a look at the apparatus itself? Most interesting, I assure you!"

Marion acquiesced. So the captain led her along wet decks and up little slippery stairs till they came to a square cubby-house into which the dangling mast-wires ran. And there Marion saw a quite incomprehensible little machine, tended by a slave—a machine that didn't look at all like the captain's diagram, but much more complicated. And here again the captain made explanation, while the slave, ostensibly reading a yellow-backed novel, smiled irritatingly to himself.

"So you see," the captain concluded, "the ether-vibrations sent out from the mainland or from some other ship, run down these wires and—"

"Oh," Marion interrupted, "so you can take them from another ship, too—way out in mid-ocean?" The glimmering of a possible solution were beginning to whiten the horizon of her mind. "And suppose you should want to answer back, what then?"

"Well, that all depends on whether the sender is in tune, in harmony with the receiver," he answered with a half-quizzical look which made Marion hotly uncomfortable. She glanced suspiciously at him, but he was all deference, and waded boldly into fresh technicalities, whereat Marion tried to look wise but succeeded only in looking blank. As for the slave, he continued to smile intermittently, as though his novel were most amusing. Marion felt irritated with him, with the good captain, with wireless, and with everything in general.

She glanced almost incredulously out of the window at the heaving vastness of the old Atlantic, through which the ship was throbbing irresistibly eastward. Could it really be possible (thought she) that from somewhere far back over the world's edge, behind that curving line of waters, that tossing wilderness—?

The slave came suddenly to attention, dropped his yellow-backed novel, and picked up a pencil from the telegraph desk. Something seemed to be happening to the machine—buzzings, tickings, and mysterious noises. Letter after letter the slave traced on a sheet of paper, slowly, steadily. Then, even as Marion stood with a certain cardiac flurry prouetting within her, the slave (still smiling) handed over to the captain, who handed it to Marion, this cryptogram:

"Half seas over and no whale yet! Bob."

Marion, dumfounded, stammered a word of thanks, and incontinently fled.

IV.

Time dragged even more heavily than ever, the next forty-eight hours. Marion tried to occupy herself with embroidery, but found herself running off the design half a dozen times; she talked with her mother, who sniffed suspiciously at her malapropos answers; she tinkled the ship's piano; she even borrowed a book from the library and plunged into it at random, but found no surcease from her indignant wonderings. What was it, and how, and why—this mysterious persecution, for she chose to name it so; and most of all, what should she do to meet it? At times she resorted to bid the slave to fling out some violent "def" to the unbound ether, trusting that the insulting Bob, off there somewhere in the unknown, would be stricken dumb by her embittered words. But every resolution went down before the fear of heralding forth her story to the winds and the sky and the wide listening world, which she fancied a-tiptoe to catch her answer. No, she could not answer, any more than she could understand; she must endure in silence, in forced wonderment, in anger, which, though she would not admit it even to herself, still held something of respect for such a lover, who dared, like Kipling's hero in a poem she recalled, to

"Send a message to his dear A thousand miles and more to her—"

Not even the incongruity of Bob's remarks anent whales, nor their apparent idiocy, could quite obliterate her half-subconscious longings; but these she put resolutely away, and when all else failed tried the narcotic of an

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hour's Baedeker study with her mother.

The fifth day passed, and no brass-buttoned individual presented her with an envelope.

"Glad of it!" Marion told herself; but at dinner that night she listened abstractedly while the captain told of heavy weather raging farther north in the ocean lane—weather, he said, which must put on her mettle the stoutest ship afloat.

"We are just getting the tag-end of it here," he added, "and as it is, we ought to have the racks on the tables. I'll see that we do have them tomorrow, if this keeps up."

"What if—" thought Marion;

but her thoughts were too vague even to find a phrase. She did not understand; she was afraid, puzzled, irritated, all in one—figuratively as well as literally "all at sea."

That night the storm caught them. The Blue Bell wallowed like a hog, groaned, grunted, throbbed, staggered as the leaden seas bruised her, shuddered when the propellor "raced" in the seaway, and acted, on the whole, drunken and disreputable. Breakfast found most of the passengers hors de combat, with no use whatever for any kind of a table, either with racks or without. But Marion was a sailor to the marrow; no little

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In "OLD CRONIES"
By John J. McGowan

thing like half a hurricane could undermine her appetite.

She found nobody on hand save the old-maidish person and the captain, who smiled politely as she took her seat in the revolving chair. A roll of the ship sent the plates sliding, and from under hers appeared an envelope—another of those irritating envelopes with cross-flags in the corner.

Marion gasped and seized it with eager hands. Only now did she realize how miserable she had been, how worried, how devoid of rest, since that last "No" of hers. This time she forgot to be angry, forgot even the captain and the old maid as she read:

"S. S. Maurenia, Mid-Atlantic, To-day."

"The cat's out of the bag at last. Rough times here; broke Marconi apparatus yesterday; all right now. [Having whales with a vengeance—leviathans! Are you safe, little one? Bob."

And it befell that, when the Blue Bell warped up to the quap at Havre, a girl named Marion was standing at the rail, searching with her gray eyes the kerchief-waving throng below—and that she felt her heart leap, her face flush, at the sight of a familiar sturdy figure in a long ulster. For this figure was "a

goodly figure of a man" and his hand (higher than all the others) waved at her, not a piece of linen, but a yellow paper which bade fair to prove of vastly greater interest.

"Why—why, who's that?" quavered Mrs. Reynolds, peering nearsightedly over the rail. "It looks like Mr. Matson, I do believe! What does this mean, Marion?"

"Hush, mother! I guess he's only been imitating 'My Mariuccia,' that's all!"

"Dear, dear, such slang! I'm surprised at you, Marion, and I'm sure I don't comprehend. Is it possible that man has beaten us across, and means to continue his persecutions? Really, Marion, this—"

But Marion did not hear, for "that man" was opening up his yellow paper, which seemed to be several telegraph-blanks pasted together; he was holding it wide-spread to her gaze. On it was painted in bold black letters: "Jonah Wins the Race! Does He Get the Prize?"

And while poor dear mother strove to focus her lorgnette on the persecutor, Marion, all unseen to her, leaned over the rail and pursed her red lips so tantalizingly that not even a Jonah could have misunderstood.

ANNIBEL HAS LITTLE USE FOR SPIRITUALIST

Dear Ethyle:

Oh, oh, and a couple more of ohs, Ethyle! I am just back from going where I indeed and certainly do wish that I had not beguiled myself into thinking that I wanted to go! And oh, Ethyle, you just can't imagine how glad I was to get back to my dear old Jarvis home; I thought I had never seen a fairer spot in all my wanderings, and I even thought when I saw Mrs. Douthit, and Mrs. McDiarmid, and Mrs. Beckam that I wished I could hug them for being so glad to be home, sweet home again, but then I knew that they would either know that I was crazy or trying to get on the good side of them for something, and so I didn't, Ethyle, for you know me, I never am one to sail under false pretenses, however critical and crucial may be the situation and how strained be my nerves.

Oh, what a thoughtless and heartless wretch am I! I have entirely omitted to tell you—and I know that you have been just dying with suspense, too, Ethyle—and I am truly sorry that I have delayed so long in telling you what it was that got me all so upset, but it seemed that I just had to tell the mood that was upon me. I do feel so dreadfully depressed; I only wish that you were here to comfort me—I often feel the need of your dear, soft hand, Ethyle. And now is one of the times. But I must be on my way of telling you the dreadful news—I only pray that such may never befall you, that is, if it makes you feel so terrible as it did me to-night. Well, it was just like this, Ethyle: Everybody else has been going down to the Spiritualists (it's kinda a style out here now. Everything comes in fads. Just let one or two start anything, and everybody else has to do it, or they aren't even anything like in style, and you know me, Ethyle, the style doesn't pass that hasn't had my experimenting hand somewhere in it.) Well,

And I've learned my lesson. No more gallivanting around for me, spirits or no spirits. I'll just do without, and thanking you very kindly for letting me do without.

Oh, yes, I never did tell you how many pennies I got the other day when I was collecting them for my birthday present. You see, I knew how glad everybody would be to contribute if they just knew that I had a birthday, and I knew how much

gladder they'd be if they didn't have to give any more than pennies, and so I just collected all I could from everybody that I could. And now I take great pleasure in announcing that I am the proud and grateful possessor of exactly 256 pennies. I haven't bought the present yet. I want to get something that everybody can enjoy, but you know, Ethyle, in these days of varied tastes, it is so hard to get anything that everybody will like—and I'll have to do that, because that was the way I got the pennies—I promised that I'd get whatever they wanted, and they could come enjoy it. Rash promise, I found out, but I have the pennies now, and I'd sorter hate to return them, since I have them. I'll let you know what I get, and if you have any pennies you might just send them on, they would come in handy, you know, if I hadn't decided to get it then.

Well, I must go to bed. I think I'll be a nervous rigor if I don't. This day has been entirely too spiritual for me. With much love, I am, your fond and feeble, ANNIBEL.

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SENIOR SNAPSHOTS.

Prof Wilson: "Miss Coombs, you're taking a big chance on this subject, and if you don't watch your step you will fail."

Beth: "Oh, well. I should worry, for life is all a Gamble anyway."

Good!

"There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl," but Ruth Allgood and Mary Toogood must be exceptions (?)

Jack M.: "All the girls I've been with have kissed me good-night."

Maxine M.: "Well, then, I'll just break your record."

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," judging from the books of our most-high Seniors around exam time.

Dr. Lockhart: "My office reminds me of the Plagues in Egypt."

Beth: "How's that, Dr.?"
Dr. L.: "The Frogs are so numerous."

We are sure that the Marcella Hoffman Co. appreciated Thelma Routh's "Hello Marcella."

Dr. Lockhart, sniffing air: "Huh, the Chemistry Department is 'all up in the air' again today."

The Junior-Senior Banquet turned out to be formal after all, especially around "Cobby," "Doug" and Van.

The Fish succeeded in teaching several of the dignified upper classmen to cast aside the dignity and swim for shore.

We notice that our kind friend, Mr. Burns, in his Billy Bee buzzes a lot in an effort to sting T. C. U. We thank him for his kind attitude towards us. He seems to believe in backing Fort Worth and her institutions, yet if his were the only kind of backing poor old Fort Worth would be in hard luck, unless everyone does as most people do and never pay any attention to his buzzings. Some men are so small they are never heard, and such is he. If he ever grows he will get in his own way and get stung by his brilliant (?) wit.

Our basket ball season was rather disastrous to our team, but watch us come back in baseball.

Sometimes bees get their wings broken or singed, and we predict that our own Little Billy, with his wit (?), foresight (?) and optimism (?) will cease his buzzing and then we will all be bad off indeed without his assistance.

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The Newest Spring Suit

Delightfully adapted from the most attractive Parisian styles, and fashioned of Tricotine, Poret Twill and Serge, navy being the most popular color. Still there are other shades to select from. Then too, the modified Sport Suit in smart checks, is finding much favor with the Miss or Young Woman. Whatever style you prefer—you are sure to find it from our large and varied selection of the more exclusive models. Prices are not so high as one would expect as they range from \$35.00 and up to \$210.00.

New Spring Dresses of Bewildering Beauty

Our extensive line of dresses come in a multitude of modes and pretty fabrics. Most of them have the short sleeve, but in the tailored types there is the long fitted sleeve, but in the myriad of models there are scores of styles all different so that every woman will find the choice she seeks. Taffetas are leading in popularity for early Spring wear, some are trimmed with rufflings or flounces to give the wide hip effect, others are wired with charming tulle draperies, then, too, there are many models in Taffeta and Georgette combinations, as well as the figured Georgette styles. However all are equally becoming, and will surely interest the woman who is particular in choosing her wearing apparel. Prices range from \$42.50 to \$225.00.

Spring's Newest Skirts for Separate Wear

Your wardrobe is not complete without one of the snappy Sport Skirts. Brilliant in colorings and varying in fabric from the softest silks to the coarser woolens. There are the accordion pleated Crepe de Chines, the knife pleated novelty plaids in woolens; attractive models in Fan-Ti-Si, Kumsa Kumsa, all Silk Faille and Crepe Milanos in pretty sheer effects, all are here in assortments that make choosing easy, and are priced from \$13.95 to \$47.50.

Clever Sport Coats

Our showing of Sport Coats has been selected with unusual care and include the very popular Polo Coat which is being shown in several shades of tan and blue, then there are other styles made up in Peachbloom, Tricotine and Broadcloth, some plain tailored effects, others trimmed with same material in the softer pastel shades. They are priced from \$59.50 to \$110.00.

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Complete assortments in Blouses, Shirts and Waists are now on display and are being shown in all the newest materials and colors, trimmed with real Irish and Filet lace, or with hand embroidery, beading or tuckings in charming new effects. Prices range from \$6.75 to \$49.50.



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The new boarding system is oh gee! it h— on their "sweet very easy on the girls' Dads, but daddy."

ALUMNI COLUMN.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Russell were in T. C. U. Thursday, Feb. 12, on their way to their new home in Hominy, Okla. Mrs. Russell was formerly Willie Lou Jenkins of Menard, who has been in T. C. U. in the past. We are always glad to see the new "families." We hope they all come by here.

And we have heard (from Lora Hills, sister of the pair, who is in school now) that Rayford Hills, who was a popular student here in '16-'17, is married and living at Rule. "Bill" is there, too, but as yet, we understand, he has not made the fatal step.

Ira Taylor and old "A. B. C." Vanlandingham were here last week. Reminded us of the time when Ira had his own particular "Cannon" to carry around with him. It's mighty good to see the familiar faces again. Bet Heaven's a place where we can meet all the old T. C. U. people we've ever known.

Mr. and Mrs. Cockrell's home was the scene of another wedding Sunday. Patti Richardson gave her hand and heart to one Norman East of Kingsville. They left immediately for San Antonio, where they will spend a few days, and then go on to Kingsville, where they will make their home. Miss Richardson is a graduate of T. C. U.'s Art Department. It would seem to be advisable to take art, in case of an emergency.

The University Library is in receipt of a copy of "Sky Piloting the Great Lakes—a Valedictory," a book compiled and edited by Rabbi David Goldberg, A. B., 1913, T. C. U. Mr. Goldberg was a lieutenant in the Corps of Chaplains, U. S. Navy, stationed at Great Lakes, Ill. His book was written for, and dedicated to, Captain Frank Thompson, Senior Chaplain at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes. It is a collection of letters expressing for Captain Thompson the high regard of those who came in contact with him, with a set of representative sermons delivered by the chaplains of the posts. Mr. Goldberg has two sermons included in the list. He was the first Jewish Chaplain of the U. S. Navy, and was appointed by Secretary Daniels. The spirit of the book is a very beautiful evidence of the esteem and love which the men held for their leader, and T. C. U. is proud to think that one of her alumni has voiced the appreciation of his fellows. She also thanks Mr. Goldberg for the copy he sent to the University Library. The book is on the reading list; drop in and look it over.

THE HARP.

(Editor's Note—The following bits of poetry are free translations from the Spanish of Gustavo Adolfo Becquer by Mr. W. W. Blume.)

In a corner dark of the drawing room,
By its masters perhaps forgot,
Could be seen the harp, by dust bedecked,
As silent as a phantom's thought.
How much music slumbers within its strings

As birds in the branches about,
Awaiting "the touch of a vanished hand,"
Which knows how to draw it out.

Ah! mused I, how often genius
In the depths of a soul doth sulk,
Awaiting a voice, as Lazarus did,
Saying to it: "Arise and walk!"

What is poetry? you say while fixing
On me your eyes so blue;
What is poetry? Of me you're asking?
Poetry . . . my dear . . . 'tis you

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