

BLALOCK WINS FIRST PLACE IN PROHI TRYOUT

Bryan Blalock and Harry Martin will represent T. C. U. in the State Oratorical contest to be held early in April. This was decided in the tryout Monday evening in the main auditorium, when Blalock won first place and Martin second. Forrest McCutcheon was the third contestant. The speeches were all original productions, according to the requirements, and showed considerable thought and labor, all three being on some phase of the world war or on conditions growing out of the war.

"America's Supreme Test" was the subject of the oration which won first place. In his theme Mr. Blalock showed the timeliness of America's response to the cries of stricken Belgium and France in war, and emphasized the need of sending leaders to those countries to direct the rebuilding of nations in peace.

Mr. Martin, who spoke on the subject, "Foch, the Gray Man of Christ," paid a stirring tribute to the greatest military genius of all time, Marshal Foch, who was placed in command of the combined forces of the allies and led them to victory against the hitherto indomitable Hun. He told a story which depicted the inner life of that great general; how he used to go, unattended except by orderly, into a quiet little church and spend three-quarters of an hour in prayer, a practice which won for him the title, "The Gray Man of Christ."

Mr. McCutcheon, in his theme, "Meeting the Responsibilities of the New Age," paid homage to the educated man, yet in his very eulogy of him, laid a heavy responsibility upon that individual. The scholar, he declared, holds the key to the treasures of earth. He has but to speak, and the world springs to do his bidding. But, he said, in this period of reconstruction it rests upon the shoulders of the college man to assume the leadership which is rightfully his.

Splendid attention was given all the speakers, and the attendance, although depleted because of the failure of most of the students to return from their between-term vacation, was good.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB CONCERT PLANNED FOR AN EARLY DATE.

Work in the Girls' Glee Club has started in earnest, now that the exams are safely passed. Mr. McKirdy plans to offer the club in concert April 30th, but this will be possible only by the fullest co-operation on the part of those who take part in the club. This co-operation will be best manifested in a regular and prompt attendance of every member for every rehearsal.

The club has received an invitation to appear at one of the local churches about the middle of April, and so it will be seen that every effort must be put forth by the members to work the progress up at the very earliest date. Let everybody be there from now on, Tuesdays and Fridays. Make it a point to spend two hours a week in that way.

"So live that you don't care whether the telephone girl listens in or not."

**With best wishes for all,
And with malice toward none,
The Shirleys and Waltons
All greet you as one**

DINNER PARTY AT RIVER-CREST COUNTRY CLUB.

The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet furnished guests to a delightful dinner party, given at Rivercrest Country Club last Tuesday evening. At this dinner there were gathered together over a thousand eager workers who are to take part in the \$800,000,000 campaign for the erection of the beautiful Y. W. C. A. buildings that is now on. The inspirational address given by Dr. Thompson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of the city, was of itself sufficient to convince one of the demand and absolute necessity for the success of this campaign. Many other speeches were made. The Y. W. C. A. secretary from New York, Miss Colt, was a very interesting speaker. Mr. Paddock, a prominent business man here, followed Miss Colt with a boost of all Fort Worth, which, he said, never failed to "go over the top."

Much "pep" was displayed. Each team tried to be the loudest in the team songs and yells that burst forth in the excitement. One would hardly think that a dinner party could be as informal and pep-filled as this one was, but when one stops to think what the party was for—to put over a campaign for the betterment of society and the happiness and contentment of thousands of girls and mothers, it is no wonder that there was a long "snake dance" and happy singing.

Mrs. Douthit is captain of the T. C. U. team, and Misses Sybil Black, Beth Coombes, Nan Carter, Laura Dangelisen, Marjorie Hoffman, Lorraine Shenley and Ethel Ellis are her lieutenants. This captain and her corps of workers were the guests from T. C. U. at this dinner.

OGAS IN EXAM WEEK.

At least one of T. C. U.'s professors gives enjoyable examinations. This was proven last week when Dr. E. C. Wilson took his Psychology of Play class to the woods. The class left the University at 12:30, and hiked to the river west of the campus where they put into practice some of the theories which they had been studying during the term.

A very pleasant two hours were spent, and the students greatly appreciated the fact that Mr. Wilson has kept abreast of the newest of pedagogical work, and who gives the students the benefit thereof. They also wish that more of T. C. U.'s profs. would follow his example.

The College Press Association of South Carolina has arranged to publish a state intercollegiate magazine with a staff from the colleges of this state. There will be four issues a year—all purely literary, with no local features or departments.

WHAT THE SHIRLEYS DO.

Whenever you argue with an Add-Ran you are always asked, "What have you Shirleys won in the last two or three years?" We need not go back two or three years, but just this year is sufficient. Just read it carefully.

Possibly they have won the most places in the New Men's Contest for the year or two, but that is about all. This looms so big in their minds that they forget that there are bigger things to be done in and for old T. C. U. These "new men" of theirs last only until the newness has worn off and then let the Shirley "old men" carry on the honors of defending and representing the school. We admire McCutcheon for what he has done for the school, but he is their only real representative.

Some of our men who represent the Purple and White are Blaylock, Sentell, Hamlin, Buhler, Boultinghouse, Martin, etc. They represent us in some of these things which go down in history for T. C. U.

Of the four men in the Triangular debate, three men were Shirleys. Not so bad.

Then we take all three places in the Phillips debate, and in the State Oratorical Contest last Monday we represented the school in two men, taking all the places. In the Prohibition Contest the Shirleys take all three places.

It looks as if it is getting to be a habit for the Shirleys to take all of the places in each contest. We still have debates coming with S. M. U and Simmons College; watch out for the Shirleys.

Besides all of these literary representatives, we have other branches of school activities represented.

Almost all of the real athletes are Shirleys. Look at the following:

Ligon, Kane, Weems, Bradford, all letter men in track; that makes four out of six track letter men Shirleys.

We have five three-letter men in Haire, Douglas, Meyer, Bradford and Prinzling. Other letter men are Berry, Ogan, McKowan, Acker, Rutherford, etc. This is a fine representative body of men for any society to be proud of.

The real merit of our society is that we hold together, and more than that, we are backed really and truly, too, by our sister society, the Waltons. Are you a Shirley or a Walton? Yes, and WE are proud of it.

That Great Britain cannot ignore the economic effect of a prohibition American was an argument strongly presented in the opening session of the British Parliament. The King discussed the alcohol situation in his speech, Lloyd George referred to it, and Sir Donald MacLean sharply interrogated the government as to its attitude.

ALUMNI COLUMN.

(So far as we know, the alumni have been quiet and peaceful for the past week or so, but we knew that we had better mention the column or they would feel as if they weren't being treated fairly—people will do it, you know.)

Annah Jo Pendleton, '18, was seen in Renfro's drug store for three minutes last week. It doesn't seem that she deserves any mention as having visited T. C. U., when she didn't, but anyhow, she was in town, and she spoke to us, and so we will give her a little space. Would have given her more if she had visited out here a day or two.

Howard Gibson of Waxahachie has been visiting friends the past few days.

Payton Shelburne was seen at Ford's the other day, too. He and Annah Jo should have been put in the same paragraph, but so long as Annah Jo's paragraph is finished, he can have one to himself. T. C. U. wishes that her alumni would stay long enough to inspire her future alumni a little.

The rest of the alumni have made themselves noticeable by writing to inquire about their Skiffs. At least we know that they miss them when they don't get them, even if they never do take the time to send a word of appreciation.

The two-year-old son of Paul Pirkle and Maud Keith fell in a tub of water at his grandmother's, Mrs. Keith's, just east of Ford's, the other day. He at once became fearful that his mother would not see the funny side to his having all his clothes wet and dirty, and so he repaired to the front porch of the Cockrell home, and proceeded to divest himself of every shred and strip of clothing and spread it up to dry, meanwhile baring his little damp body to the chilling north breezes. The clothes dried, but before they did somebody found him out there shivering, and carried him, shivers and all, in to his mother, who was not at all angry, as he had feared. As Paul, Jr., is the son of two of our old alumni, we thought you might be interested in knowing that he stripped and shivered. (Editor's note: This is a true story.)

FISH.

Well the slimy Fish are to try again to put something over the upper classmen. They are going to be in a track meet Friday with them. They think they are going to win, and unless we miss our guess they are pretty likely to do it. However, an upper-classman must not say such things. Everybody ought to come. You will see some of the most wonderful feats you ever feasted your eyes on. No doubt, several new world's records will be set. Come and see it done. That's all.

UNIVERSITY PREMIER MINSTRELS APPEAR HERE FRIDAY NIGHT.

The winter term has closed. Examinations have left some of us satisfied, yet a few are still lingering with the "exam blues." There is no more fitting way of driving away those "blues" and arousing the old T. C. U. "pep" than by attending the University of Texas Minstrel, which will appear in connection with the Longhorn Band in the auditorium of the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce, Friday night, March 26, at 8:30 o'clock.

Included in the program is everything from jazz to ballads, and the minstrel has never failed to register a distinct hit. "Red" Stanley, "slide-horn" artist, from Waco, and Solmie Berwald of Dallas, have a very clever act entitled "A Merry Melange of Mirth."

Harrison Dedford, baritone soloist, with Dwight Bourn at the piano, renders a very popular and clever musical skit, using some of the most popular numbers. In connection with this, a balanced orchestra of eight pieces renders popular "blues" in jazz time cadence for the Ebony Entertainers, who have a collection of jokes and humorous conversations.

All of us are eager to listen to a quartet such as we heard in the past in our own University. The Harmony Four Quartet renders several melodies and spirited songs that will please everyone, even those who "flunked" in logic.

The last and the real mirth-provoking act of the Minstrel, "The Deserters," contains all the comedians. The last act itself is worth every one's attendance.

The Minstrel is given under the auspices of the law school of our own University, and all of us should attend. Everyone should attend, not only to spend one of the most enjoyable evenings you have experienced, but to show the people of Fort Worth that we are one and that everyone is for the development and the best of T. C. U.

Tickets may be obtained from any member of the law department, and if you desire further information, see some of the members of the law department.

BRUSHES HEAR LECTURE.

The Brushes were the hostesses Wednesday evening, March 17, at a lecture on Outdoor Architecture. The lecture was announced to be illustrated with stereopticon slides, and the slides were there, but the machine could not be induced to behave properly, and so the lecture by Dr. Cockrell was "without illustration." Mrs. Cockrell announces that another lecture, bearing on the work of the present class in History of Sculpture, will be offered soon, and that the lecture will be "accompanied and illustrated" this time.

FROGS BEGIN BY SHUTTING OUT MERIDIAN

Meridian College sent her nine to Fort Worth for the purpose of beating T. C. U. They thought it would be easy, for everybody is beating T. C. U. now, but they went back with quite a different idea. 10 to 0 spells the result and they got the lesser number. They didn't know big Pete had pitched until they heard the pill hit Reub's mitt. Reub says he doesn't have any trouble finding it out though. At any rate Gilmer, Francis, and Rucker each got a hit and that was all. They each met an untimely death on bases. Oh, Petie would get lazy once in a while and pass one or two, then with two or three on bases and no outs, calmly strike out two or three. The rest of the team didn't have to worry much, although each did well his share of the work. Our Douglas-Fowler combination looks good around the keystone, pulling a couple of double plays in this game, with Chily Mack on the last end. Heine got sore once and got a long foul that couldn't be gotten for a third out. A Meridian left fielder aspired to do likewise the next inning on one of Reub's fouls, but he missed it some thirty or forty feet. He simply wasn't Prinzling; that's all.

Every man on the team batted in the second inning with six scores. Prof. Mc. was making notches on a stick for every tally but ran out of space and cut the stick in two. Chily got a three bagger that made a little right fielder get up and move to prevent a home run. Troy tried to do the same thing into center field right behind him and managed to make it two bags. Petie only got eight strike-outs. Just wait until he strikes out Bib Falk, that is what we want to see. We have got a notion that the White Sox will want Pete too after that game, but they can't have him. He is HOURS, Ziggy Sears was some ump and nobody doubted his word. We hope he makes the Panthers alright.

Here is the box score:

T. C. U.	A	B	R	H	O	A	E
Prinzling, lf.	.5	1	1	3	0	0	
Douglas, 2b.	.5	1	1	6	3	0	
McDaniel, 1b.	.4	1	1	5	2	1	
Haire, cf.	.3	1	1	0	0	0	
Berry, c.	.3	1	0	9	2	0	
Donahue, p.	.2	1	0	1	2	0	
Fowler, ss.	.4	1	1	2	2	1	
McKown, 3b.	.4	2	1	1	0	2	
Gans, rf.	.4	1	0	0	0	0	
Total	.34	10	6	27	11	4	
Meridian—	A	B	R	H	O	A	E
Gilmer, ss.	.4	9	1	2	2	3	
Colwack, c.	.3	0	0	3	0	0	
Sorenson, 1b.	.4	0	0	9	0	1	
Shirley, 2b.	.3	0	0	1	2	1	
Francis, rf.	.3	0	1	2	0	0	
Owens, 3b.	.3	0	0	2	3	0	
Rucker, cf.	.3	0	1	5	0	0	
Railsback, p.	.3	0	0	2	2	0	
Compton, lf.	.3	0	0	3	0	0	
Totals	.20	0	3	24	9	5	

Summary—Struck out, by Donahue 8, by Railsback 4; stolen bases, Prinzling 2, Douglas 1; Fowler 1, McKown 2, Daniels 1; three-base hit, McDaniel; two-base hit, Haire; umpire, Sears.

Degrees and diplomas for brewers and malsters are a feature of the University of Birmingham, England. There is a regular department of biology and chemistry of fermentation and a brewing school.

THE SKIFF

T. E. DUDNEY.....Editor
 COBBY de STIVERS.....Asst. Editor
 LOY LEDBETTER.....Bus. Mgr.

STAFF

Beulah Bell.....Society
 Forrest McCutcheon.....Law
 Anson Rainey.....Y. M. C. A.
 Dorothy Keeble.....Y. W. C. A.
 Leona Crain.....Exchanges
 Cobby de Stivers.....Editor of the Week

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We, the Students of Texas Christian University, show daily and constantly all the earmarks of belonging to a special, juvenile class of kindergarten pupils. The amount of disturbance and furore, racket and rumor, that we create in chapel every day is quite typical of a kindergarten class, and the men and women, oftentimes distinguished visitors, who appear for our benefit in the chapel, can carry away no other opinion of us. We have been said to have less manners on the whole than any college or university in the state, and this by outsiders, and not by some "native" speaker who has been piqued because some particularly witty part of his speech failed to "carry." We are thoughtless; we proffer to the speaker or the casual visitor an impression that we are loud, noisy, rude, and careless of what we do so long as that is what we care to do. It is now time that we pull up short in our playful conversation, etc., during chap-

el period—those of us who go. The chapel could be the one period in the day when we would be entertained without any particular effort on our part, if we would attend. It really must be said of the chapel committee that they have always afforded an interesting program, and it is far more than worth our while to go and listen to the fruits of their labor. Turn over a new leaf this term. Empty the halls during chapel period, and empty them into the chapel. And while we are there let us furnish the visitors with the impression that we know when to hold our tongues and let better men than we are have the floor. Yes, turn over a new leaf. Turn over the whole book if necessary, but give it a trial—just try once to see what it is for everybody to go to chapel, and be decently quiet while we are there.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Cooper, head of the Voice Department, will appear at the National Festival, Lockport, N. Y. Mr. Gilberti, America's most successful writer of song, has asked Miss Cooper to sing a group of his songs and he will accompany her.

On Sunday afternoon in the College Auditorium there will be a Vesper service given by the choir and members of the Music Department. The program is as follows:

- Prelude—An Evening Song—Johnson
- Beulah Bell
- Processional—Choir
- Invocation—Pres. Waits.
- Anthem—Arise, Shine, for Thy

- Light Is Come—Holden
- Choir
- Solo—The King of Love—Bullard
- Arlen McKenney
- Scripture Reading.
- Solo—I Know My Redeemer
- Liveth (Messiah)—Handel
- Bertha Ann Cooper
- Violin Solo—Cavatina—Raff
- Ralph R. Uniacke
- Solo—Arise, O Lord—Huhn
- Miss Cooper, Miss McKenney
- Anthem—Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem—Maunder
- Choir
- Benediction—Pres. Waits.

Miss Arlen McKenney of the Voice Department has been engaged to sing the contralto solo parts in the May Festival at Clarendon College, Clarendon, Texas.

Mr. Ralph R. Uniacke will be presented in recital Friday evening, April 9, assisted by Mr. Stuart McKirdy of the Musical Faculty. Mr. Uniacke has made a splendid impression wherever he has appeared in concert work. Mrs. Cari Doering will do the accompanying. T. C. U. is most fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Uniacke as head of the Violin Department.

The enrollment for the new term has surpassed that of all other terms this year. It is expected that the summer bulletins will soon be out.

CENTRAL HIGH GAME.

Central High came out last week to play us a game of baseball. We took the big end of 9 to 1. Captain Scottie had no trouble with the preps. It was mostly a friendship game, for most of the Central men are coming to us in the near future. We like to watch them work. We hope they win state championship.

There isn't much use writing up the game. There wasn't much pep shown on either side. However we scored whenever the notion struck us hard enough. They came. They saw. We conquered. That's all.

PANTHER GAME.

We journeyed out to Panther Park to play the cats and kittens last week. They thought they had a cinch, but when Big Pete began shooting them over they thought Walter Johnson was ringing for us. They didn't make a real run. We did. We made two. They got two and called it a tie score. Well we won't kick at that. They will get the Texas League pennant this year. That means that we are just as good as any team in the Texas League. They beat the White Sox. The White Sox may win the world series. That means that the Fort Worth Texas League Team of the Panthers and the T. C. U. team of Horned Frogs are the two best teams in the world and will have to play for the world's series. Q. E. D. Everybody played wonderful ball. There wasn't a single error chalked up against T. C. U. Just hard luck caused the Panthers to score at all. In reality we beat them. We honestly feel sorry for the other Texas Colleges.

Recruiting Officer: "So you wish to join our organization? Have you had any military experience?"

Percy: "Yes, indeed; I've worn a wrist-watch for years."

The lady had just been introduced to her partner at a dance. "Tell me," she said, "who is that terribly homely man over there?"

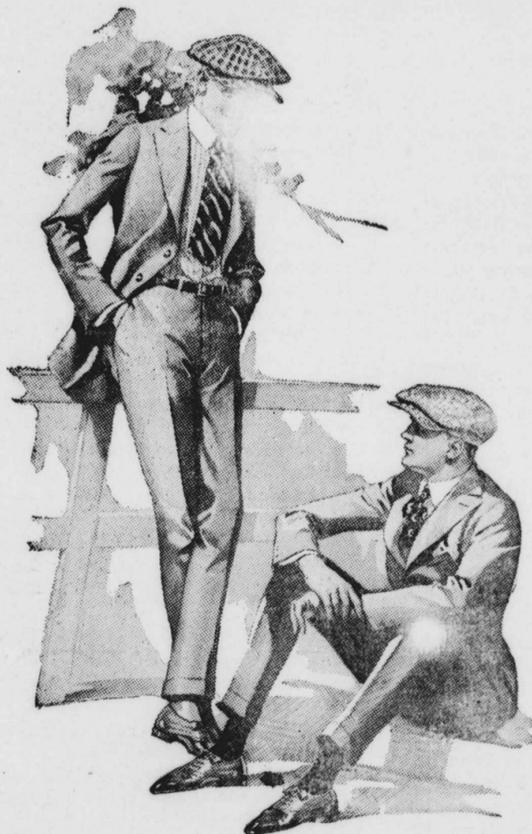
Said he: "That is my brother."

"Oh," she gasped. "Pardon me. Really, I hadn't noticed the resemblance."

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The Suits—

are correctly modeled, by the very latest trend in style tendencies, from materials which have passed the censorship of fabric experts and finished by the best workmen of the craft. Double and single breasted numbers.

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For men who are young in years and for men who are young in ideas—Suits that lend character and prestige to the wearer.

There is no risk—no experiment in buying clothes from this store, for the Sanger guarantee of satisfaction goes with every garment, which is an insurance against disappointment.

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of new snappy build, both extreme and conservative, from medium weight Spring fabrics, represent the supreme achievement in the manufacturers' art. They are shown in sizes from 34 to 46.

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Such is the Store that awaits
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MOST men are beginning to get tired of the hat they've been wearing all the winter; they are looking for something new for Spring. Get one of our Stetsons. No-Name or Perfek-Felts; they are here in all the Spring Shades—Green, Gray, Pearl, Brown and Palm Beach.

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Successors to John Williams.

Dear Ethyle:

Well, I now sit me down at the close of a long, trying term, month, week, day and hour. You perhaps will not understand what I mean unless I tell you that the whole past term I had just twice as much to do as I could do, the past month has been the hardest month of that hard term, and the last week has been examination week, and that this day has been the last day before everybody comes home who went away—and that was just about everybody in the Hall, too, I'm telling you, Ethyle—and so of course it was hard, and that this last hour has been hard, or I'm just recuperating from a long wild-goose chase violet trip. The sunshine was so pretty to-day, and everybody had been talking about how pretty the violets were, and so another girl and I decided that we'd go and be spring-like too. Well, to begin with, we went to the wrong place first. There weren't enough violets there to fill one corner of our basket—there weren't over seven—and so we went on and on. We finally found some, but every time that I would go to pick a violet, I would seem to pick some sort of stinging vine instead. I don't know poison oak when I see it, Ethyle, but if that was poison oak, I'll look like I'd run into a whole forest of it. And we didn't get more'n enough violets to look at once. Next time I want to go, I'm just going to stay at home and save myself the stings.

We have been having class editions of our school paper, Ethyle, and the Freshman one was the last one to come out. And, Ethyle, once upon a time, the Freshmen kept up a green flag that they tied up somewhere, and then when the Juniors and Seniors had a banquet, the Freshmen pulled a typical

Freshman trick, and swiped the toastmaster, and if it hadn't been that they did those two things, the Freshmen couldn't have put out a paper this year, because they were almost the only two things that were in the paper. Nearly everybody that wrote an article for it spent most of his time mentioning that they "kept up the flag, and kept Ligon away." Well, anyhow, I'm glad they had those two things to fall back on, for it would have been awful to have a Freshman class that didn't have a thing to write about to put in their class paper.

Oh, Ethyle, I pulled the bone of my life the other day. I know I'm good at such things as bones, but if I've pulled bones before, they were never such ivory bones as this one! I was in a store the other day, and I calmly picked up a pair of shoe trees, and put them in my pocket. I meant to pay for them all right, but I just forgot. I happened to remember, though, before I got out of the store, and went flying back to the clerk. But just imagine, Ethyle, if I hadn't remembered! More'n likely there was a floor-walker walking around behind me watching to see if I would try to get off with anything else, and then if I had left the store, maybe he would have sent a policeman after me, and then maybe I would have had to go to jail, because maybe they wouldn't have believed me when I said that I meant to pay, and maybe I would have been expelled from school when I got back out of jail, and—Oh, my, it just gives me the creeps to think what might have happened! Of course, now, I don't mean to insinuate that I never did swipe anything in my life, for I most certainly have, and since I came to this T. C. U. college, too, Ethyle—but that was before the days of the cafeteria. I've reformed now since they lock all

the pies and everything up in little wire cages. But anyhow, I just want to warn you not to be absent minded around a shoe tree rack, for you never can tell what might happen if your mind was absent too long.

I got my handkerchiefs washed the other day, and it was the very next day, Ethyle, that I took another cold. You know that I wrote you that I didn't know what I would do if I were to take a cold while all of them were dirty. Well, I got 'em washed, but I have been wondering ever since if Providence was just waiting till I got them clean to send me a cold or if I took cold washing them. However it was, they're nearly all dirty again. I need at least two maids and one valet to keep my things in shape. No, I don't mean that I have so many clothes—just the opposite. You see, if I had more, I wouldn't have to bother so about having "the other one" ready to put on when "this one" is taken off.

Honest, I'm glad this is the last term—so there won't be any more times for everybody to go home and for me to stay here all by myself. But I bet by the time June comes I'll be wishing that I could be all by myself, just so I knew that I'd get to see them all again in a few days.

It was funny, I didn't have any exams on Saturday, and so I cleaned up my room on Friday night, and did the rest of the Saturday jobs then, and bless your soul when Saturday came, I didn't know what to do with myself. It seemed just like a day that was thrown in from somewhere. I know it is leap year, and there is supposed to be an extra one, but that is the first time that I ever was so aware of a leap year before.

Well, I think I have raved long enough. I knew when I sat down here that I didn't have anything to say. Being by myself takes all the pep out of me, I can't think of anything to say for a week. As I say, I knew that I didn't have anything to say but I thought that maybe I could get warmed up when I'd been writing a while, but it was all a dismal mistake, and so I guess I will let you go for this time.

Oh, yes, I want to tell you what happened in the Cafeteria to-day. They gave us about twenty cents worth of ice cream for six cents. I thought that they were mighty philanthropic or had all gone crazy, but if they were going I was glad that they went that way, for it sure was good. It was a little soft, but honest, Ethyle, I never enjoyed anything so much in my life as that, to think that we were getting so much more than we paid for. I wanted to go back and get twenty more cents worth or six cents, but I was so full when I got through with the first that I couldn't hold any more. Of course, that's like me—get sick when all the fun is going on. I guess they were trying to be nice to us because we were here all by ourselves. If so, I hope we get more sympathy another time.

Now, sure enough, that is all the news that I know. You can send me something to eat if you want to. I am trying to reduce. I mean that I want to, but every day I am so hungry that I can't get near enough to eat. You might send foods that aren't fattening, though on the whole, I will admit, Ethyle, that I don't care whether it fattens or not, just so it is something to eat. I really mean to diet, but I'll have to wait until this hungry spell passes over.

Well, don't forget, now—and send it right away.

Yours in hunger,
ANNIBEL.

TRACK.

Track! We need one. We beat Baylor once. We are going to do it twice more in the Next week. Just watch our smoke. They will be here April 1. We predict the score will be something like this:

T. C. U. -----100
Texas U. ----- 50
Burlison ----- 20
Baylor ----- 1

Then comes the dual meet with Baylor on the third. The score will be even worse on that day. Maybe we shall let them count once or twice. At any rate we are going to beat them badly. April 1 is to be a holiday. Everybody and his dog is coming. There will be so many people on this day that Heine is liable to lose Mable before the day is over. Believe me that is some people. The white hopes of the prep schools and high schools are coming in great numbers. We will have men running around in track suits from sunrise to sundown.

Two big loving cups, two gold medals, two silver medals, two bronze medals, and some steen dozen minor prizes are to be awarded. Oh, it is going to be some day. Plan to be there and bring your friends and your lungs and yell for T. C. U. like sin, for that helps an awful lot believe me. If the band was there to play "T. C. U. Team" everytime one of us got down on the line, we could run twice so fast. How about it band. That's all.

Now that everybody's wish for an early matriculation, and continuous school work has been satisfied, we hope that too much won't be expected of us in the near future. Of course, it's all right to keep right on with school if you have an iron constitution, and all the fixings that go with a constitution of that particular type, but we haven't either constitution or the fixings. And of course, reluctant though we are to admit it, we did live over it all, but just the same our feelings are hurt, and hurt feelings are awful things to carry around on your heart.

And those of us who didn't fail in Logic ('cause we took it last year, and had our regular three trials at it then) are so depressed by the general atmosphere of melancholy of those who will have to "try, try again," that we know our system needs some sort of attention. Even Shadow seems to have developed auto-intoxication over something. It may be that he suffers from ennui after all the publicity he gets in the Skiff, but even then it is quite evident that something is wrong and sadly ailing. We may recover, and we hope to feel better soon, but then you never can tell what will happen to a broken heart and feelings that are hurt.

PHILIPPS
EGYPTIANS
711 HOUSTON ST.

PRESENTS SUNDAY, 2 P. M.



DEALRY PICTURES presents
ALICE BRADY
in
'SINNERS'
by Owen Davis
scenario by Eve Unsell
directed by Kenneth Webb

The Story of a Girl
to the City.
Who Goes

Does Opportunity
Make
"Sinners"
Or Is It
MAN'S DESIGN?
She Was a Real Girl
She Struggled to Earn
Money
— BUT —
She Also Sighed for the At-
tractive Things of Life—
Pretty Clothes, For At-
tention, For Entertainment,
For Sympathy.
Foolish Moth to Fly So
Near the Flame.

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Easter Suit

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Your stopping place. We are always glad to see you.

T. C. U.'S PART IN THE \$800,000 CAMPAIGN

The officers of the Y. W. C. A. in T. C. U. for the coming year are: Lorraine Sherley, president; Leona Crain, vice president; Ethel Ellis, associate vice president; Dorene Gee, secretary, and Pauline Allen, treasurer.

They will be installed next week and will pick the cabinet that will help carry on this very important phase of the college life.

The call comes to T. C. U. for willing and cheerful giving to a cause more than worthy. As students of T. C. U., we must be willing to carry T. C. U. over the top and preserve the reputation which she has made for herself of never shirking but always fulfilling the tasks which have been set for her. We have a part to play in this campaign to keep abreast of Fort Worth in her undertakings. The campaign has been outlined in this way:

WHY: The Y. W. C. A. is asking for \$800,000.00 with which to build an activity center and a boarding home to meet the needs of the girlhood of this city.

BECAUSE: Fort Worth is

the "Fastest Growing City in America," and if it wishes a long-continued prosperity, it must meet the needs of the great working force of 25,000 young women in its midst.

BECAUSE: Hundreds of Fort Worth girls find it impossible to secure suitable living accommodations within their means. This lack of rooming facilities is so critical as to threaten the welfare of our young women and the city's moral and economic reputation.

BECAUSE: Present day business efficiency demands that young women be comfortably housed and have opportunity for pleasant environment, wholesome companionship, and healthful recreation.

BECAUSE: Fort Worth is the only city of its size in the state of Texas, or throughout the United States, that has not given its girls Y. W. C. A. buildings of their own, and its citizens are not willing for this record to stand.

Fort Worth Y. W. C. A. 1907-1920.

In March, 1907, the first Y. W. C. A. in the state of Texas was organized in Fort Worth. Membership in the association has grown from 619, its first year, to

2,700, Jan. 1st, 1920. Its present quarters are now utterly inadequate to meet the needs of this continual growth.

The Output of Y. W. C. A. in 1919.

Service of the Y. W. C. A. cannot be computed in cold figures. Human services live in the hearts of the girls. The life of the girl, the work of the girl, the health of the girl, her study, her ideals, her recreation, her preparation for womanhood, her place in the world of business and achievement, all receive consideration from Y. W. C. A.

Room Registry and Living Accommodations.

Seven hundred and thirty-eight placed in private homes, 22 girls accommodated continually in boarding home, 221,408 meals served in two cafeterias.

Employment.

From May to December, 741 applications for employees were received, 608 girls made applications, 274 girls were placed in positions.

Traveler's Aid.

13,948 assisted at the T. & P. station. 6,700 assisted at the Santa Fe station.

Physical Education.

883 are enrolled in gym and swimming classes; 1,450 attended gym social events.

Recreation and Clubs.

6,240 have employed noon-hour privileges of recreation hall in four months.

1,115 girls are members of four business clubs, 1,057 teen age girls are members of clubs. 2,952 girls and boys attended evening parties, 323 girls attended Sunday afternoon vespers, 652 girls attended educational classes, 577 girls enjoyed vacation at Camp "Dunworkin," 20,000 girls have enjoyed the privileges of the Recreation Hall in 1919.

Yet with all the help that has been given these girls, 16 per cent are turned away because facilities for taking care of them are inadequate in every respect. **Fort Worth Y. W. C. A.'s Tragic Limitations.**

Instead of the attractive, cozy atmosphere so characteristic of the modern Y. W. C. A., you will realize that the present headquarters is nothing but a store-room utilized for many needs of girls. It is plain to see that this crowded condition is not conducive to rest or recreation and that the secretarial staff is working under uncomfortable conditions that do not make for efficiency.

Proposed Y. W. C. A. Buildings to Be Built in Fort Worth.

Activities Center, where educational, physical and religious training will serve the girls and women, and, therefore, the city of Fort Worth. This building, with the lot and its equipment, will cost \$450,000, and will include the following departments:

Service Bureau.

Cafeteria.
Educational rooms.
Gymnasium and showers.
Baths.
Library and reading room.
Auditorium.
Rooms for transients.
Club rooms.
Beaux parlors.
Swimming pool.
Recreation rooms.
Writing and rest rooms.
Health center.
Offices of secretarial staff.

Boarding Home.

Self-sustaining, attractive home quarters wherein young women of meager incomes may be comfortably and properly housed at moderate cost. It will measurably serve the many girls whose work in contributing to Fort Worth's prosperity and whose interests, financial and moral, must be furthered and safeguarded. This home, with the furnishings, is estimated to cost \$275,000.

Home atmosphere, happy environment, wholesome companionship, and healthful recreation are three fundamental requisites necessary to business efficiency and can best be acquired through the right sort of "home atmosphere."

KLIPPED FROM KUTE KOLUMNS.

"What is the best environment for calves?"

"Silk stockings."

"How is it," the teacher asked small Willie, "that your name is Allen and your mother's name is Brown?"

"Well, you see, she married again, and I didn't."

Teacher: "Jack, please correct this sentence: 'The swell young gent was well dressed.'"

Jack: "The inflated young gentleman was neatly attired."

"Shall I have your lunch brought up to you on deck, dear?" asked the husband of the sea-sick wife.

"No, love, have it thrown overboard; it will save time and trouble."



J.B.S.C.V.

Washer Hats---

That's all many men care to know when buying a Hat—and that's all that's really necessary.

For the style has been looked after by us and our quality standards are never lowered to meet a price.

The Hat must be a credit to the face beneath so be sure it's a good one.

Stetsons Schobles Trimbles Bossalinos

Washer Brothers

Main at Eighth Fort Worth

It may be interesting to us to know that our own Beatrice Mabry Stack, editor of the Skiff last year, was moved to poetry when she was a student in Kidd-Key College. The particular verse which we shall quote was sent to us by an ex-student of T. C. U. who had run across it somewhere, and who made the remark that Beatrice was the college favorite the year she was in Kidd-Key. We give generous credence to that, for we know how fine she is, and we know that no one could fail to appreciate her. The "verse" is as follows:

SPRING'S MISSION.

On a sweet spring day what must one feel?
Sorrows that our lives embrace—
Troubles we would from the world conceal—
Woes that have left their trace?
No, a thousand times no,
'Twere sin against the Divine—
He sent Spring days to teach us so—
To make our lives more sublime.
I am no bard, nor claim to be,

But I had these thoughts one day.

So I jotted them down to a random rhyme,
That they might not steal away.

Sentry: "Who goes there?"
Soldier: "Russian soldier."
Sentry: "Pass on, Russian soldier."

Sentry: "Who goes there?"
Soldier: "English soldier."
Sentry: "Pass on, English soldier."

Sentry: "Who goes there?"
Soldier: "Who in the hell wants to know?"

Sentry: "Pass on, American soldier."

The fussy old gentleman who had asked a million questions, said to the sergeant:

"Is the strap under your chin used to keep your hat on?"
"Naw, it's to rest your jaw after answering fool questions."

"What did you think of the banquet last night?"

"It was the most daring bareback performance that I ever attended; and Miss Jones, she outstripped all her competitors."

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