

The Class
of '23.

THE SKIFF

Mainstay
of T. C. U.

VOLUME XIX.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1921

NO. 20

BOOK LOVERS SEE AUTHORS IN NEW LIGHT

Dr. Axson Fascinates 5 Large Audiences with His Lectures.

The recent lectures by Dr. Stockton Axson, given at an unparalleled reasonable figure, met with an unprecedented attendance, both on the part of the students and the residents of the city. Delivered on Feb. tenth, eleventh and twelfth, they were a pronounced success and were heard with great enthusiasm and interest. So popular were they that President Waits has assured us that arrangements will be made to secure the noted lecturer again next year.

Not only did Mr. Axson exhibit a profound knowledge of English, French, and Scandinavian literature, but he is well informed in all social and political problems of America. His subjects, the foremost writers of the Victorian Age, Thackeray, Dickens, Eliot, Stevenson, and Kipling, were most aptly chosen, and were especially timely for many of the students of English in T. C. U. because of the fact that their course includes the study of these writers. Dr. Axson, acting as a medium between the students and these literary men was beyond criticism, not so much because we gained many technical points, a comprehension of their works, and a knowledge of their lives, but because of his unique treatment of these authors. He has indelibly impressed himself upon the minds and memories of all who heard him. The audience was made to feel the personality, eccentricities, and individuality of the famous writers, and to love them in the way in which Dr. Axson himself did.

Dr. Axson was for a number of years professor of English at Princeton University, but since 1913 has been connected with Rice Institute. During the war he was National Secretary of the American Red Cross. He has contributed to various journals and magazines, and as a lecturer is nationally known, being constantly in demand at many of the larger universities of the country.

These lectures were truly an event in the life of T. C. U., and Prof. McKee, head of the Fine Arts Department, and manager of the lectures, expressed great satisfaction with both the attendance of the students and the support given by the citizens of Fort Worth.

Gentleman (to cigar dealer): "Have you any Bunco Brand in stock? How are they?"

Dealer: "First class, sir. This last lot is extremely fine."

Gentleman (departing): "Thanks! You wrote that they were rotten, but I am glad to find you were mistaken. I am the manufacturer."

"Minnie, whose socks are you darning?"

"Willie Sharp's. When I refused him I said I'd be a sister to him, and he took me at my word."—Spare Moments.

Class Professor Commends and Congratulates

Now in their second year T. C. U., in another year the Sophomores will be upper classmen. Are we to rejoice in the rapid approach of that lofty standing, or are we to sigh that college days are passing so rapidly away? We may surely have satisfaction in the progress that the Sophomore class is making on its upward way, and in the very evident access of knowledge and culture that is coming to be the part of every member of the class. In a very important sense the Sophomore year is one of the vital years of the college course. The Sophomore is over the embarrassment of freshmanhood, and he has not yet reached the eminence where many have their heads turned by the adulation of their fellows. It is, therefore, a year for orientation for finding one's self, so to speak, for making the map of the whole college itinerary, if not for the venture of life itself.

Your class professor congratulates the class upon its fair success thus far, and ventures to express the hope that the ranks of the class will remain unbroken, and that all the present members will remain at T. C. U. until their graduation day. Getting an education these days is a soul-testing process. There are so many enticements to turn aside to more remunerative and less strenuous employments; so many obstacles to overcome. Sophomores, having come thus far in your work, allow nothing to interfere with the happy consummation of your college plans and hopes.

You are in T. C. U. at a most favorable moment. The future is secure. Policies of expansion and growth are being successfully advocated and our students will be the beneficiaries thereby. The new gymnasium, the finest building of its kind in the great southwest will be in a wonderfully helpful use next year. Get your part of this value. The abandonment of the preparatory department is a great forward step. Your standing as juniors next year will be more dignified as one result. Let us make our second year at T. C. U. better in every way than the first year; let us look forward to the two remaining years ahead of us with our plans definitely forming to make them the culmination in learning, character, and religion of all that has gone before. Whatever help, counsel, or advice the writer can give to that end, will be considered by him as an opportunity and an honor.

(Signed) E. W. McDIARMID.

An exceedingly loquacious old Irishman was employed as train dispatcher at a watering station. His telegraph reports every night were tediously long. He was at last reprimanded by the road superintendent and told to make his reports concise. The next day a washout occurred. His "concise" report was:

"The river is where the tracks were."

She (fixing disordered hair): "My, but I like it in the fall."

He: "Hum, I like it any time."—Gargoyle.

This Issue Respectfully Dedicated to Senior Class

We, the class of '23," respectfully dedicate the Sophomore "Skiff" to the Senior Class of '21." We feel that the Senior Class deserves deference and esteem which is due them. It is a time honored custom that the Senior Class should be looked up to and respected, and given more privileges on account of their station. In time past T. C. U. has been rather lax in regard to this, and in spite of the precedent set by other universities. We feel sure, however, it has not been from lack of regard for our Senior classmen, but from thoughtlessness.

In view of this fact, we wish to express our sincere regards and respect for the Seniors of 1921 by dedicating the Sophomore "Skiff" to them.

Eats--A Fable. Letter to His Son.

In hammering out the forthcoming, let us here insert a word of explanation from the author. This is a piece of highly imaginative fiction. It possesses no plot, no characters, no chronological order of events, no climax, no anti-climax, no conclusion. It is labeled "Fable," but strictly speaking, it is not even a fable, for a fable draws a moral, but this production, while not in any sense immoral, is absolutely free from a moral of any description. It is written without a purpose, and without a single true to life fact upon which it might be based. It is truly a nonentity. No excuse is offered for the perpetration thereof, for probably no excuse would be accepted by the reader. What is written is the disordered outpouring of a feverish mind and is perhaps occasioned by the acute pangs of indigestion.

Once upon a time, there was a youth who was attending a great institution of learning. He was neither tall nor short nor ugly nor handsome. He was not a brilliant young man, nor was he a fool. Of both vices and virtues of mankind he possessed his allotment. His daily routine was that of the normal college student. It was his wont to attend classes when necessary, thereby proving his scrupulous character. But, the most noteworthy characteristic and idiosyncrasy was the punctiliousness and eagerness with which he observed the hours for his meals, thereby proving one of his human weaknesses, for one of his chief joys in life was eating. And the opportunities for pampering pet penchants and predilections of this variety were unbounded at this great institution, for there the daintiest delectables abounded in profusion.

Early every morning he would arise, attire himself, and merrily proceed to the cafeteria. He would studiously select from several actually palatable breakfast foods, and having satisfied himself in his choice, he would then help himself to either ham or bacon and eggs or waffles or hotcakes, or to a combination of these rarities if his appetite were particularly unruly. He would then provide himself with fruit, such as apple or an orange, or, mayhap a half of a grapefruit. He would next provide himself in abundance with a hot liquid stimulant and slices of unscorched toast. He would then repair to a table, groaning under real butter, seasoning, and unfermented syrup.

At mid-day he would again promptly perambulate thru the

(Continued on Page 4.)

Embryology Is Fascinating Study Here

What study is more fascinating than that of embryology? And what university can offer a more comprehensive and exhaustive course in said subjects than our own T. C. U. ? Here, clinic material of the highest type is super-abundant at a literally nominal figure. Of course, my readers have by this time already deducted that the student body is the clinical material of which I speak, and that the four elements composing this supply are represented by the respective classes of the college.

Naturally, the very highest stages of development of the embryo, or in the evolution of life, are presented to us as the three upper-classes, and inasmuch as with these types of the finished product, there is no necessity for, nor any advantage to be derived by, entering into an exhaustive treatise upon them. The void which separates them from the lowest form is vast, to be very conservative. Indeed, the difference between them, in both structure and faculties, is so manifest and manifold, that the slight connection existing is exceedingly hard to detect, even under a microscope. One of the transition stage between the lower and the higher forms, for tho the time is relatively short, the change, intangible, is astounding in its effects. All scientists have been non-plussed in their attempts to explain this transition.

In speaking of this lowly form of the process of evolution, the embryo (yclept freshman), let us discuss the habits of the one-celled (brain) animal, and from that make our deductions and predictions.

They are at once detected by a brilliant verdance and ostentatiousness, which is extremely obnoxious. The present form is remarkably true to type, but nevertheless promising. In their edition of the "Skiff," it must be confessed that they exhibited a certain originality and self-complacence above the ordinary, and, those on good terms with themselves generally succeed, for, "he that tooteth not his own bugle, that same shall no be tooted". So let it be with the slimes. Naturally, their literary Pseudo-accomplishment, thoroughly inebriated with exaggerated and unpardonable ego, was totally lacking in polish and finish, but that was to be expected from freshmen. The analogy of the bull in the china shop is striking in this case.

It is the wish of the Sophomores to congratulate the slimes many short comings. We predict that they will eventually inexplicably go thru the transition stage, and emerge as Sophomores not altogether unworthy

knowledge as to the proper disposition thereof, inform me and I shall further elucidate.

And now, my dear son, I am enclosing the check which you requested to dispose of several obligations which you have acquired, namely, radiator tax, campus fees, and shower bath tickets.

Your loving father,
Lord Chester Field.

INTEREST HIGH IN NEW MEN'S ORATORICAL

Tryouts Show Number of Sophomores on Teams.

One of the annual oratorical classics of T. C. U., the New Men's Contest, is being eagerly anticipated by many gifted young Demosthenes' and Ciceros. From all indications, the number of participants this year will be far in excess of any preceding year, and the material seems to be particularly promising.

The Add-Ran Literary Society will hold its preliminaries the night of Thursday, February 17, and a large number are expected to show their wares that night. The Shirley Literary Society announces as its representative, Badgett, Cross and Fulcher.

Not only new students are preparing for the preliminaries, but many old men of one of more years standing are taking an interest in speaking, and as a result, competition is expected to be close. Cedric Hamlin has proposed a novel idea to both the literary societies, that of granting prizes of gold and silver pencils, the inscription inscribed thereon, to the winners of first, second and third places in each society. Neither society has voted upon this yet, but the idea seems to be popular.

Prof.: "All those who haven't been absent in the last three days say nothing as I call the roll. First, Mr. Mack—"
Slime Mack: "Nothing."

of their illustrious precedesors.

Out Where T. C. U. Begins.

(Apologies to Chapman.)
Out where the handclasp is a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells alittle longer,
That's where T. C. U. begins.
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snow that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a little tighter—
That's where T. C. U. begins.
Out where the skies are a little bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where T. C. U. begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where laughter's in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing—
That's where T. C. U. begins.
Out where the world is in making,
Where finer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where T. C. U. begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where T. C. U. begins.

The Skiff

A newspaper published every Friday by members of the Students' Association of Texas Christian University.

EXECUTIVE STAFF
THOS. E. DUDNEY.....Editor
FORREST McCUTCHEON, Bus. Mgr.

CONTRIBUTING STAFF
REGINALD MARTIN.....Assignment
EDWINA DAY.....Y. W. C. A.

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Fort Worth, Texas.

Devoted to the promotion of a wholesome spirit of co-operation within the walls of Texas Christian University first, last, and all the time. Pledged to the support of high ideals. Committed to the task of reflecting the progress of the school in such a way that the outside world may be convinced that T. C. U. is the center of real and broadening culture.

ISSUE EDITORS:
Hubert F. Hawkins.....Editor
Edwina Day.....Associate Editor

Contributors:
Fowler, Green, Mayer, Elliott, Waltrip, Shirley, Tobin.

ADDRESS TO THE FRESHMEN.

Freshmen, as you know, the sophomores and the freshmen are by precedent and natural inclination, rivals all thru their college career. This rivalry exists in all spirited universities and is as old as the traditions of the schools themselves. But, in the vast majority of cases, this class animosity, while keen, is by no means malicious, nor is it carried on in any other attitude than that of class spirit and good humor. Rarely any real harm is done, even in class rushes, and as a whole the three upper classes hold a strong, true friendship for the freshmen, despite appearances. They realize that they were themselves freshmen not so long ago, and they also realize that a college without freshmen would be a failure. It is the same in T. C. U.

Naturally, in this issue of the "Skiff" it has been a part of our plan to have fun at your expense, and to "get back" at you in every fair way possible, but in entirely good spirit, free from prejudice and hatred. That is to be expected.

But, on behalf of the entire sophomore class the staff chosen for this issue wishes to renounce all responsibility for the disappearance of your publication of the "Skiff" before circulation. We feel certain in asserting that no real sophomores were involved in this, and we deprecate the unfortunate occurrence. It is our regret that you were not able to carry all your plans thru, and, to use plain language, we think it was a dirty trick. We can see no motive for what has happened and regard it as an in-

excusable breach in the etiquette of fair play.

OUR PILOTS

(By E. A. Elliott)

Institutions rise no higher than the human element that composes them, and it follows as a natural corollary that the leaders of a class determine its destiny.

In the class of '23 is a type of leadership unsurpassed, a leadership that is most capable and most inspiring.

In our freshmen year we realized the importance of proper leadership. We surveyed the ranks of our capable faculty. Most any of them would have made a good class professor for some class, but for the class of '23 a particular type of a college professor was needed. We wanted more than a teacher of texts, dogmas, etc., we wanted a man, one with a human interest one who smiled when he worked, one who caught and shared the view-point of youth, one who desired the friendship of others because he was himself a friend. We wanted one who was interested in the things we were interested in. This was the type of professor we wanted, and true to the dauntless spirit of the class of '23, that was the kind we secured, when we chose Dr. Errett Weir McDonald, that philosophical-minded, great hearted sportsman of the faculty known to us as "Mr. Mac"—a lover of sports and all that is clean and manly. He is beloved to us because "He is the same yesterday, today and forever."

For this year's class president we again wanted a real man, one four-square, and one who dwelt and moved among us, bearing a name above reproach. We wanted one who would stand in the honor roll of grades and one who could take his place in the "Old Varsity" on the gridiron and on the diamond. We wanted a leader who led by example, one of a few words but of many deeds: We wanted, most of all a friend, and such we have in that manly, clean-cut, all-round friend of ours, Leo R. Meyer, or, our beloved "Dutch", the president of the class of '23, dauntless left end of the ever-victorious Frogs, pitcher for the T. I. A. A. champions, student par-excellence, friend always.

Classmates of '23, we are lucky. No class has ever had such a "Mr. Mac" nor such a "Dutch" as we have had, and no class was ever superior. No it is up to us to make of ourselves worthy shipmates of such pilots as these.

The annual sweet potato output of the world is approximately 233,000,000 tons, of which one third is consumed by T. C. U.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

A recent chart by the Bureau of Education of the United States Government has as its title "Many are Called but Few are Chosen." It shows that out of every 1,000 pupils who entered the first grade in 1904-5, 600 finished the eighth grade, 300 entered high school, 111 finished high school in 1918-19, 38 entered college and 14 will graduate this year.

It is the province of the college to prepare for complete living. A common school education increases one's chance for success 50 per cent, a high school education increases one's chance for success 100 pct. and a college education increases one's chance for success 300 per cent.

The fundamental work for all colleges is to furnish our nation adequate leadership. The leadership nation is a lost nation. The leadership of the European nation has gone and it will be another generation before their colleges can be rehabilitated and create a new leadership, and Europe will look increasingly to America and American colleges for its leadership during these days of reconstruction which are still upon us.

The importance of this training for leadership cannot be over-emphasized. With no school training, of 5,000,000 young people only 31 attained distinction. With elementary school education, of 3,000,000 only 808 attained distinction. With high school training, of 2,000,000 young people 1245 attained distinction; and with college training, of 1,000,000 young people, 5,768 attained distinction. Less than 2 per cent of our boys and girls go to college yet from this 2 per cent comes 90 per cent of the leadership in the professions and the industries of America. College training develops judgment, constructive imagination, memory, the co-operative spirit, and the ability to do hard work.

It should be remembered that 32 per cent of our congressmen have been college men; 46 per cent of our United States Senators have been college men; 50 per cent of our Vice Presidents have been college men; 65 per cent of our Presidents have been college men; 73 per cent of our Judges of the Supreme Court have been college men, and all of our Chief Justices save one have come from the halls of the college. Of the 15,142 names in "Who's Who In America, 5,336 or more than one-third, were college men. One out of 40 college bred men in America have attained into distinction while only one out of 10,000 non-college men have become equally prominent.

Let us illustrate: Two young men of like capacity and aptitude graduated from high school. John immediately goes into business while James enters college. Four years later John has mastered some of the principles and many of the details of business. James, who has won his degree in college, now enters business, beginning at the bottom. In six months he will know as much about business as John did at the end of the first year; in two years he will know more than his companion did in four years, and in four years he will have overtaken and passed John both in knowledge and in efficiency. From that time on the progress of James will be far greater than that of John—another case of the wood-chopper who took time to sharpen his ax.

Even from an economic and commercial standpoint it has been shown that education pays; that every day spent in school pays a child \$9.00. Here is the proof: Uneducated laborers earn on an average of \$500 per year for 40 years, a total of \$20,000. High school graduates earn an

average of \$1,000 a year, a total of \$40,000. This education required twelve years of school of 180 days each, making a total of 2160 days in school. If 2160 days in school adds \$20,000 to the income for life, then each day at school adds \$9.00. A young man or woman who stays out of school to earn less than \$9.00 a day is losing, not making, money even from an economic standpoint.

But this is not the big argument for education. Upon the trained intelligence, the clarified insight, and the disciplined will of the American boys and girls will depend the fate of the world in the decades that are to come. "Men do not live by bread alone." To eat and to be comfortable physically is not all of man. Man is a political, social and religious animal.

Education is constructive individuality; hence the motto: "Many are called but few are chosen," and the need of the persistency in our Freshmen boys and girls in going on to the end of their college courses.

SOPHS FORM BACKBONE OF 1921 TRACK TEAM.

Although handicapped by not having a track team just now, the prospects for a winning track team this year are exceedingly bright and auspicious. Coach Driver is rushing the work along as rapidly as possible, but owing to the fact that the baseball diamond had to be put in shape immediately, the cinder path has not yet received the attention which it will.

A greater interest is being paid this branch of athletics than usual this year as is manifested by the number of applicants who are seeking track suits from the coach. The men are now engaged in jogging and light preliminary work-outs. Real work will soon follow.

Among the track men who showed up to best advantage last year are the following: Green, quarter-miler and relay man who showed his heels in every track meet we entered last season, and who was elected to captain the 1921 squad; Fowler, sprinter and quarter man, known over the entire state as a wonder; Harris, another demon sprinter and short distance runner; and Weems, conceded by many to be the ace of Texas college half-milers. These four men are "Sophs," by the way, and compose one of the fastest relay teams of the southwest in 1920. Unless a jinx takes a hand they are going to duplicate their feats again this spring, and make the spectators take notice.

Other Sophomores who will be conspicuous, and of whom great work is expected are Rehbach, Batton, Bradley, Childers and McElroy.

As it is to be expected, there is also a fair representation from the Juniors and Seniors. Hamlin and Ligon are quarter-milers of real ability, and are no slouches at distance running. Pecora and Kane both look good again, and are hard to beat in the two mile.

The slimes have on hand a copious supply of crude green material that shows up as promising. With a little training and development several seem likely to land on the squad.

But, the "Sophs" are the backbone!

HAIR AND HAIR CUTS.

(Compiled by one of our Eminent Soph Statisticians).

A modern young Pythagoras has just achieved the impossible. In other words, he found how far all the hair that is cut in Texas barber shops in the course of one year would reach if placed end to end. The result is astonishing: it electrifies the whole civilized world. The solution follows: There are approximately 1,

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750,000 men in Texas who get haircuts. There is an average of 300,000 hairs on each human head. Multiplying we get 525,000,000,000. There is an average of one half inch cut off each hair. Dividing by two, we get 262,500,000,000, or the length in inches. The average number of haircuts per year, per head, is twenty-four. Multiplying, we get 6,300,000,000,000, or the length in inches of a years' output. Reducing to miles, we get the following unbelievable result: 99,431,060 miles and 3,200 feet, which would make a total of a little more than 3977 circles around the world at its equator.

Nominations are now in order for the Hall of Fame.

IKKI

(A Bedtime Story of the Zubu)
Ikki had been very naughty that day. He had sneaked into the kitchen and nibbled at the missionary before he had half baked. "Blitz! Mngst!" shrieked his Aunt Globuck, as she chased him down the Nile with an inverted tree. Ikki had run half way up the Congo and had lost seventy ears in a game of Ethiopian polo.
Now he sat wistfully on the

jagged edge of a polo stump, while the family partook of Christian meat. Within an hour there was naught to be seen of the feast, save a denuded radius orbitia here and there, and the family settled down to sociable tubs of scalded elephant's milk. Tears of hunger rolled down Ikki's back until they were finally absorbed by his scant suit.

After every one except Ikki had retired, the resourceful child took revenge in the most kittenish manner. He dropped a lighted pine torch down his father's exposed arnyx, drew a naughty picture with a poison tiger's tooth on his brother Bloobo's back, and drove a black spike through his aunty's ebony skull.

Sleep was resumed after the hearty laughter had subsided.—Harvard Lampoon.

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Divine: "Yes, but it takes marriage to square things."—Scalper.

Synco: "I'm going to carry my banjo over and play for Grace tonight."
Patton: "Something to string her along with, eh?"—Scalper.

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES AT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



CATHERINE CALVERT
DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

A new feature in the theatrical line of Fort Worth is the appearance of the new Vitagraph production, "Dead Men Tell No Tales," which will appear at the Chamber of Commerce Auditorium all next week, commencing Sunday. In this feature production Catherine Calvert is playing the leading role with Percy Marmont. Fort Worth is beginning to realize the need of a new theatre and the beginning of a series of big productions at the Chamber of Commerce will afford movie goers a variation. The Chamber of Commerce has recently been equipped with every necessary requirement for an up to date screening of any film.

THE SPREADING EVIL

A friend and I were walking down one of the main thoroughfares of Fort Worth the other day when we were both struck by the same thing—an idea! We tried to turn the topic of the same conversation into other channels, but in vain. At every corner, in every nook, in fact, everywhere we met with those same things which had originally started the mutual idea. At first we thought nothing of this spectacle, but as we continued our way thru the crowds we became more and more astounded, stupefied, and agitated over the innumerable evidence that our idea was well-founded.

My companion emitted heart-rendering sighs and my own heart grew cold within me. Suddenly we both stopped short, facing each other, and groaned, "Jellybeans."

Literally it was a crowd, nay, verily an army of those creatures. Their complexions would have done honor to any "wicked wielder of the brush and powder puff." Their clothes were equally faultless, and well, personal antipathy prevents me from describing the highly scented, lubricated coiffures. And this malady was not confined to young bloods and high steppers. Old bachelors, and married men were also shamelessly addicted. These one could tell by their "Tied" expression.

Verily, verily, this is becoming a country, a nation of Jellybeans.

AN UNIQUE NAMESAKE.

All T. C. U. rejoices in the fact that another Sophomore has attained distinction. Dr. E. C. Case, historical geologist and paleontologist of the University of Michigan and fossil expert of the Smithsonian Institute, has recently discovered the tooth of a lung-fish, some forty million years old, which he has christened Ceratodius Dorothea, after Miss Dorothy Daughty.

The fossil belongs to the triassic period, and was found in the Holmes Creek formation. While Miss Daughty does not exactly relish the idea of having a "fish" named after her, the unquestioned age and experience of the

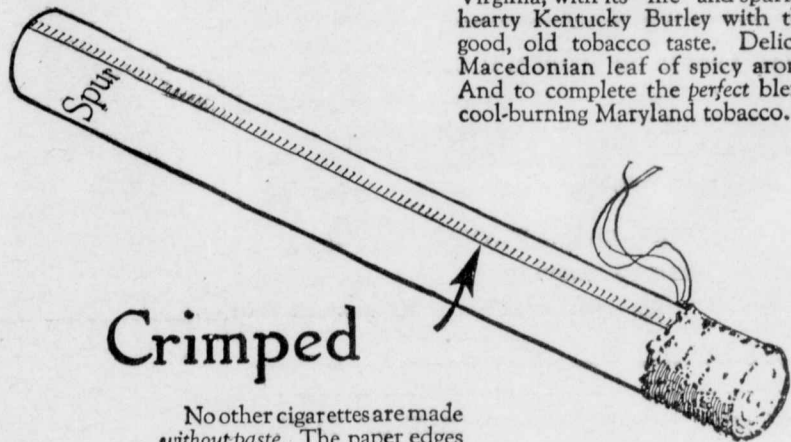
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One

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No other cigarettes are made without paste. The paper edges are firmly clinched by a patented machine. Gives Spur its clean-cut look and means a long-burning, even-drawing cigarette. *Some idea!*

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specimen forms a compensating feature.

Class riots between the Sophomores and the Slimes of S. M. U. are in full swing, according to our Dallas correspondent. The impunity of the lowly aquarium dwellers in selecting as the night for their class party the same night that the Sophomores had chosen for theirs is what led to the rukus. Needless to say, the slime party was not held successfully.

The authorities of S. M. U., though quite a disturbance was created, are not contemplating canning anybody.

A profiteer who had made his money during the war sought admission to the Pearly Gates.

"What have you done that entitles you to admission?" asked St. Peter.

"I gave two cents to the Red Cross."

"What else have you done?" "I met a newsboy the other night half frozen to death and gave him a cent."

"What else have you done?" "Well, I can't recollect anything else just now."

"Gabriel, what do you think we ought to do with this fellow?" "Give him back his three cents

and tell him to go to Hell."—Scalper.

Heard a noted doctor speak the other day. Said girls needed exercise more than candy. I tried to put this in practice, but my rival sent her a box of candy. Consequently I was misunderstood and underestimated.

There are 500,000 college students, about one to every 212 persons in the United States.

Aristophanes' advice to young men: "Meetum, lovum, leavum."—Puppea.

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my readers will readily see, the fable has lived up to the assertions made of it in the introduction. Its purpose is nil: its conclusion ditto. It insinuates nothing. Perhaps the only charm and interest to be found herein is the absurd unreality of it and its untruthfulness to life.

SOPH SAGAS.

Without you, dear, skies are not blue;
Life is a myth, unclean, untrue.
There is no gaiety, no zest,
To living; singing is a jest,
And dreams a ghastly, fearful brew.

How different the days I knew
When I went forth Romance to woo!

Ah, Life holds nothing of the best
Without you, dear.

A month ago, or, maybe two,
I wrote the lines above to you.
But—well, two months is quite a test,
And now it has to be confessed
That I have tried—and I can do
Without you, dear!

Slime: (Making his debut at Jarvis Hall) "What flag is that?" pointing to Navajo blanket.

Prof. Hogan calls attention to the fact that despite his name and Titian Tresses he is not a Frenchman.

Biology Prof.: "By way of giving a simple illustration of my subject, I shall quote a little story. 'There were three little kittens: one had one fit and dide, the second had 2 fits and died, but third had three fits and lived'. Can anyone explain that phenomenon?"

Eager Slime: "Survival of the fittest!"

"Same old bluff, eh?" yawned the blase tourist, as the guide pointed out the precipice known as lovers' leap.

I really ment to kiss heron the mouth, One of those lover's Alas, I only touched her nose I skidded on the wax!

Bumpa: "How's business?"
Debump: "That's funny. Now I'LL tell you one."

Pessimist: What's the roast sirloin like?
Witty Waiter: "Tender as a woman's 'eart, sir."
"Umph! I'll have sausages and mashed potatoes."

"He knows all the best people in town."

"Then, why doesn't he associate with them?"
"They know him."

He threatened to throw me over the cliff but it was only a bluff.

"Taxi, sir?"
"Go to Hell!"
"Sorry, sir, can't leave the city limits."

A flim-flam flopped to a fillamalloo,
Where the pollywog pinkled so pale,
And a pipkin piped a petulent pooh,
To the garrulous gawp of the gale.

Formula: Four Bevos, one cherry-coke, two milk-chocolates.

Did You Ever Know It to Fail?
Haman: "Qvtbejt the kept," as he approached threatenly.

Eggs: "Sutneurthwircteg?" his color slowly congealing.

Haman: "Jeh ruengrinyer-ir," uncompromisingly.
Eggs: "Bjxtinghebitpkntyt-zutn," desperately.

Haman: "Shtybutmfgn," re-

luctantly.

Eggs: "Hsjuthndlao tjne dibel hey," again taking hope.

Haman: "Axblbuy," placatingly, his brow clearing.

Eggs: "Axblbuy," wiping beads of sweat from his forehead in great relief.

And, the debt was paid next Monday.

Virginia had a little quart
Of cider, hard as steel.
And everywhere she went 'twas sport
To watch Virginia reel!

—Gargoyle.

Dean: In what course do you expect to graduate?

Slime: In course of time, I suppose.

Curiosity Seeker: It must be awful to spend half your life in prison.

Convict: Not so bad: they only have visiting day once a month. —Detroit Free Press.

Three little co-eds yawning classes thru,
Long came a football man—
Then there were two.

Two little co-eds basking in the sun,

Long came an unmarried prof—
Then there was one.

One little co-ed, sitting all alone,
Long came a sleek, gray mouse,
Then there was none.

—Syracuse Orange Peel.

"James committed suicide this morning!"

"What in Hell?"
"Very probably."—Tiger.

Teacher: Willie, was Edward III a Knight of the Garter?

Willie: Yes, it says that before he went out to battle he met his supporters at the bridge.—Scalper.

Not on Good Terms.

Kitty, aged four, had been naughty and her father had had to administer vigorous correction before going to business.

That an impression had been made was apparent when, on his return from business in the evening, Kitty called upstairs with frigid politeness:

"Mother, your Husband's home."—Boston Globe.

She (preparing to jump small stream): If I sprain my ankle how would you feel about it?

He: Aw, you go on, now.—Sun Dodger.

Soph: That new mustache of yours is a sight.

Senior (rather young): Don't knock a mustache when it's down.—Burr.

Our patience has at last been rewarded. A long delayed census report has just arrived which gives Ivanove-vozesensk a population of 169,422.

A tea-kettle sings when it is merely filled with boiling water, but man, unfortunately, is not a tea-kettle.

Our idea of the true jellybean is the abominable male Cleo who toddles your sugar-plum to a far off corner and keeps her all thru your dances with his line of chloroform, while you gnaw holes in the table silver. As a first-rate pest, we gladly concede to him the isinglass pajamas.

Bootlegger: "Hawaii today, Mr. Jenks?"

Yenks: "All right, but can you get Samoa Booze?"

B. L.: "Yes, Siam sure I can."
Yenks: "Well, Russia self off and get it."

B. L.: "Yes, be pleased to Servia."

Prof.: "Is there any question before we dismiss?"

Slime: "Yes, sir, what makes you wiggle when you talk?"

E. R. Cockrell Candidate For Mayor of Ft. Worth



Some Things I Advocate

I advocate free garbage disposal, and a sewage disposal plant built after competitive bidding, and not on the cost plus 10 per cent basis, and constructed preferably by Texas contractors.

I favor an efficient and adequately paid police department, one that can and will subdue and control crime and criminals, and end high-handed lawlessness in our city.

I favor lower taxes, based on just and impartial valuation, and a thorough business-like and economical administration,

100 per cent efficient.

I favor the re-establishment of an active health board.

I favor a single library system, with well-equipped branches in various sections of the city, the entire system to be kept out of politics.

No one thing is more vital to a city than its interurban connections. I hope to see the proposed trolley line to the northwest built by Lake Worth so as to cheap transportation and bring the untold benefits of this great municipal playground within the reach of all our citizens.

I favor the elimination of meter rent in the water service. I favor better and cleaner streets and cleaner alleys, larger and better viaduct facilities, and an adequate and inviting terminal station.

I believe in an impartial treatment of labor and capital and that each is entitled to a fair return on investment.

I favor inviting suburbs to join Fort Worth whenever and whenever such action will be mutually helpful, thus making a "Greater Fort Worth" a reality.—Political Adv.

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It has been suggested that the Middle Ages were known as Dark Ages because of the great number of Knights.

"This must be a jungle scene," said the slime, as he gazed thru the dense foliage of the woman's hat in front of him in the movie.