

'T' ASSOCIATION INITIATES TWO NEW MEMBERS

Live Wire Organization of Letter Men Is Doing Things.

Thursday night the two remaining new members, who were not fortunate enough to be here at the last initiation, were ushered into the Association under the supervision of the Initiation Committee. Reinforced by a number of members who had to be away last week on account of the Glee Club trip, the ceremony was put on in grand style. The new men taken in at the initiation last week showed a remarkable improvement and proved themselves very capable in putting on the ceremony. The new men who have been initiated are members of last fall's championship football eleven. They are Houtchens, end; Bishop, guard; Ryan, full; Jackson, half; Levy, guard; Rowson, half; McFarland, guard; Fulcher, tackle; and Cherry, end.

After the initiation a business meeting was held and the committee on certificates made its report. The form of certificate to be presented was agreed upon. They will soon be ready for distribution. All former letter men of the institution are requested to communicate with L. R. Meyer, president, at once. Regular monthly meetings of the association are held the first Thursday night of each month at 7:30 p. m. All former letter men are urged to attend.

TOWN MEMBERS OF CLARK SOCIETY MEET.

A meeting of the town members of the Clark Literary Society was called on February 21st. Miss Dorene Gee presided. At this time it was unanimously decided that on the first Monday of each month the attendance of all members residing in the city would be required. A fine of ten cents will be exacted for absences.

CLARKS ELECT OFFICERS.

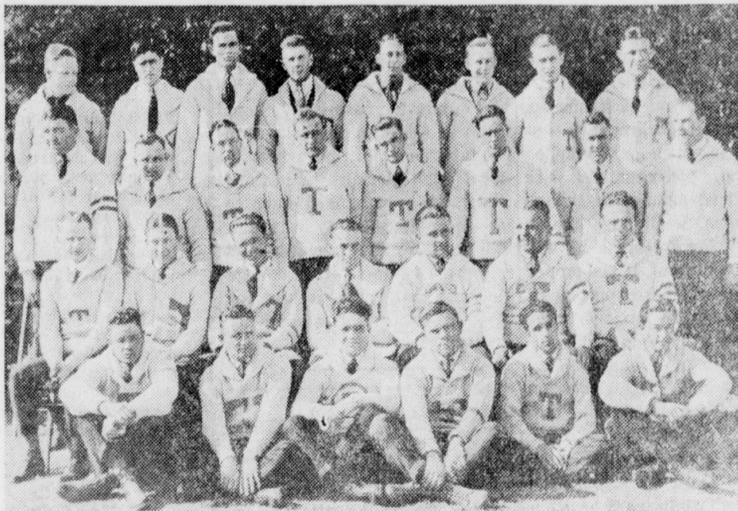
The Clarks met Monday evening at 7 o'clock for the election of officers. The following were elected:

- President—Adabel Leaverton.
- Vice President—Edwina Day.
- Assistant Vice President—Helen Aden.
- Secretary—Sibyl Germany.
- Treasurer—Fannie Mae Weisman.
- Assistant Treas.—Dorothy Reed.
- Sergeant at Arms—Tyler Wilkinson.
- Press Reporter—Angeline Thompson.
- Critic—Dorene Gee.
- Finance Chairman—Millicent Keeble.
- Chairman Poster Committee—Zalemah Clutter.

Epitaph for the Motorically Deceased.

Here lies the body of Jim Lake, Tread softly all who pass; He thought his foot was on the brake, But it was on the gas.

Latest Photo of "T" Association Men.



Left to Right—Top: Henry, Houtchens, Donahue, Bishop, Ryan, Prinzing, Jackson, McDaniel. 3rd. Row: Douglass, Levy, Morrison, Reeder, Ligon, Harris, Rowson, Haire. 2nd. Row: Kane, Barger, McFarland, Green, Acker, Meyer, Fulcher. Bottom Row: Fowler, Gann, Hamlin, Ogan, Pecora, Cherry.

MISSIONARY TO MEXICO MAKES CHAPEL APPEAL

Dr. Cook Acquaints the Students with Need for Action.

We have had an unusually large number of interesting speakers from the foreign field to address the student body at the chapel period lately, but none had a more interesting talk than that of Dr. Cook, president of the Evangelical Board of Education of Mexico.

Dr. Cook said that he had heard that the longer the spoke the greater the tire, but he could have spoken much longer than he did without any tire to his listeners at all for his message was fearless and sincere, and he told facts as they really are.

Many of us sit back and feel that affairs in Mexico are none of our business, but Dr. Cook did not leave us with any such self-satisfied feeling.

He pleaded for helpers in any line to go to Mexico, the land which has had 99 forms of government in a little over 100 years. And he gave us a part of his vision for that land that has been long in the darkness of ignorance.

So Thoughtful.

Mr. Westend: You seem very happy tonight.

Mrs. Westend: Yes, indeed. That jewel of a maid is not going to leave me after all.

Mr. Westend: Why, I thought you told me only the other day that she was going to Mrs. Murrhill's.

Mrs. Westend: Yes, she was; but Mrs. Murrhill died this morning. Was it not sweet of her?

A Truant Husband.

Mrs. Bacon: "You say your husband has got much stouter?"

Mrs. Egbert: "Oh, yes."

Mrs. Bacon: "I suppose you are satisfied now?"

Mrs. Egbert: "Why so?"

Mrs. Bacon: "You said once you'd like to see more of him, you know."

The Book of Life

You are writing a book, my brother,
While passing along the way;
The proofs are coming up to you,
'Twill go to press some day.

This book is called the Book of Life,
Filled with deeds you've done;
The good and bad's recorded there—
It started when life began.

Some of the pages tell of love—
Of deeds of kindness shown,
Of sweetest perfumed flowers
Among the pathway strewn.

Mayhap some pages tell of hate,
Each book has a villain's part,
Pages red with blood of sin
Drawn from another's heart.

Oh, then be careful what you write;
Be prudent, kind, and wise,
For when the book goes on to press
No one may then revise.

Then write your book with zealous care,
Weave garlands for the crown
To place upon the hero's head
When he with Christ sits down.

Dip your pen in the well of love,
And write, immortal soul,
A story tender, strong, and true,
As you bear it to the goal.

Y. W. C. A.

Much merriment was afforded the girls of Jarvis Hall Thursday night when the Y. W. C. A. held a mock trial. Miss Bodie Bateman was charged with cheating Mr. Boon Barger (Miss Helen Aden) at croquet. There were heated arguments on both sides, but the jury decided that the defendant should be sentenced to wear a short dress and her hair down her back the following day.

After the trial there was still more fun as taffy candy had been made and was just ready to be pulled.

Many other interesting programs have been arranged, but we feel sure none could be more successful than this one.

SUPPORTERS OF COCKRELL FORM ORGANIZATION

"Cockrell for Mayor" Is Slogan of Members of New Club.

On last Saturday evening at the home of Dr. Cockrell, some thirty of his friends among the residents of the T. C. U. hill met with the favored candidate to discuss with him some of the plans for the coming campaign.

A short greeting and presentation of past work and future plans for the campaign was first in order from the candidate. Then followed a challenge to these class friends of his to bend every personal effort and influence in these last four weeks.

Judge H. Lane spoke at length on campaign methods, then Rev. Jennings, Colby D. Hall, and others present followed with short talks.

The sense of the meeting may be best expressed by one who said, "Those who know Dr. Cockrell best are strongest for him."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

We, of the Senior Class wish to express our appreciation of the thoughtful and beautiful sentiment expressed by the Sophomore class in the dedication of its edition to The Skiff.

As we go from these dear old halls, which have grown to mean so much to us, we have one great wish for you, and that is, that it may be your good fortune to remain here within these classic walls until you, with us, have reached your year of Seniority, and may be able, with us, to look back upon your Alma Mater with as much love and devotion as we do.

A bald-headed man, sitting in front of a small boy at church, was scratching the fringe of his remaining hair. He kept it up long enough to attract the little fellow's attention, who leaned over and said: "Say, Mister, you'll never get him in there. Why don't you run him out in the open?"

LARGE CROWDS GREET CLUB ON WEEK-END TRIP

Italy and Waxahachie Hear Male Singers from T. C. U.

The Mens' Glee Club was never greeted by more enthusiastic audiences than that which enjoyed its concerts at Italy and Waxahachie last week. It was the first trip made by the club since the men returned from their long winter tour in January, and it was so encouraging that other like trips will be made, according to Dan J. Baker, director of the club.

The first concert was given in the high school auditorium at Italy, Friday evening, the club leaving T. C. U. about noon of that day. The auditorium was packed to its capacity, the men were "right," and the evening was entirely satisfactory to all parties concerned. Several familiar ex-Frog faces were seen in the audience, among them Park Stovall, Buddie Stovall, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Slay and Tom Hooser.

Early the following morning the troupe doubled back to Waxahachie, and that evening what was considered by many the best concert of the season was given at Sims Library. Standing room was at a premium. The audience was with the performers from the time the "Barcarolle" was sung, to the final number, "That Old T. C. U. Team." The male quartet had gone to Waxahachie Thursday night and remained there till noon Friday, advertising the concert by singing at the various schools. On their arrival at the hotel they found a Trinity Junior-Senior banquet in progress, springing an agreeable surprise by hitting a few of their choice selections. Friday morning the quartet was introduced at the high school, two ward schools, and Trinity University, singing at all four places. With this advertising there was no help for a large crowd on Saturday evening. The club was assisted, by Mr. Baker, Mr. Uniacke, Mr. Rosenthal and the orchestra.

The Glee Club and Quartet are in constant demand in the city as well as over the state. Tuesday evening the quartet responded to an invitation to sing at the Spring Style Festival, and Thursday evening the entire club entertained at the weekly supper of the Young Men's Club of the First Presbyterian church. Officers of the club are constantly having to turn down requests for concerts in remote parts of the state on account of the coming baseball trips.

GALVESTON MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The following T. C. U. boys are enrolled there: Fred Norris, Lem Day, I. P. Barrett, and S. H. Taylor. In recent semester exams, all passed, making good records. There were only 18 A's given in the entire school in three courses of 180 grades. Only three men in school made as many as three "A's" and Norris was one of them. Day got three B's.

SHIRLEYS WIN LION'S PORTION IN NEW MEN'S

Fulcher, Cross, and Pyle Declared Winners in Contest.

Pete and Puge were returned winners in the annual New Men's Contest last Monday night and the Shirleys took the decision, winning first and second places respectively. Harold Pyle, Add-Ran, was winner of third place. The Shirley Team was composed of Fulcher, Cross and Badgett; and the Add-Rans were represented by Bradley, Pyle and Holland.

The winning declamations were: "The Guillotine," delivered by John Fulcher, "Defense in the Heywood Trial," by Bruce Cross, and "The Prosecution in the Haywood Trial," delivered by Harold Pyle.

The contest was possibly the best ever held between the two societies. The contestants showed an absolute mastery of their orations. T. C. U. has a right to expect great things from such a promising group of New Men. The winner of first place in this contest received ten dollars in cash, and the winner of second place five dollars. In addition to these prizes the competing societies offered something new in the way of awards. Three Ever-sharp pencils, one gold and two sterling, were engraved: "Winner First Place New Men's Contest 1921" etc. These were given to the judges to write their decision with and were afterward returned to the chair and presented to the winners.

Right after 'em New Men! Run some of these old warriors off the field of battle!

SHIRLEY-WALTON PROGRAM.

The Shirley-Waltons rendered the following program in the chapel on Tuesday night, March 1:

Piano Solo—Anna Lee Scott.
The Terpsichorean Art—Ernest Ligon.

Two Months of Married Life—Lorraine Dutton.

Vocal, Solo—Rebecca Townsend.

Why Is It?—Mary Beth Waits.

Evils of Tobacco—Bruce Cross.

Reading—Iris Kingsberry.

WALTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Walton Literary Society met in the Shirley-Walton hall Monday night, February 28. The following officers were elected: Mary Beth Waits, President. Lorraine Shirley, Vice President.

Della Leveridge, Secretary.

Vivian Yoder, Treasurer.

Mildred Stroud, First Critic.

Jewel Blanche Armor, Second Critic.

Jennie Lumpkin, Parliamentarian.

Mary E. Noble, Press Reporter.

Watch the SENIORS!

The Skiff

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

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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 in 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 EDITOR FLORENCE DURRETT

THE VISIT OF EDGAR A. GUEST.

During the course of the school year every year, the University makes it a rule of the school to invite some noted lecturer, reader, or poet. This year we have enjoyed the extra privilege of having all three. In the early fall we enjoyed a visit by Dr. Southwick who gave us a very interesting evening. Then in the early part of February we enjoyed a visit by Dr. Stockton Axson. Dr. Axson spent three days with us and gave us some very rare entertainment. Then on Tuesday of last week we enjoyed a visit by Edgar A. Guest.

Words cannot express our deep appreciation of Mr. Guest and his wonderful messages which through his poems he left in our hearts. He is considered to be the leading poet of the American continent. There seems to be within him that love for all human beings, both good and bad. He can express his love for humanity in a more effective way than can any poet of this age.

We had already come to love

Mr. Guest before he arrived in Fort Worth. His little poems on Life have been appearing in the column, "Just Folks" on the editorial page of the Star-Telegram for many months. From these breezy little poems we are inspired to get up and fight the battles of life even when all around us is discouraging.

At the chapel hour Tuesday Mr. Guest was the principle attraction. Long before the time came for Mr. Guest to appear, the entire auditorium and balcony was completely jammed. Many people from the city had availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing Mr. Guest and had come out for the chapel exercises. Among the selections which Mr. Guest gave during the chapel hour are the following: "It Couldn't Be Done," "Wait Until Father Gets Home," "Auto Orders from the Rear," "James Whitcomb Riley," "The Girl Who Could Sing and Wouldn't," "The Inventors," and "Father Understands." Each number was greeted with a storm of applause. When the time came for him to leave everyone still clamored for more poems, but because of an engagement in the city he was compelled to leave.

Following the program the Clark girls entertained Mr. Guest with a tea in the society room. The Clark girls also sold many of his books at a booth which they placed in the hall of the Administration building.

Though Mr. Guest is gone and probably we will never hear him again, yet there will ever live in our memory the sunshine of his life. Even down the road of life we will carry his poems and with them we will carry the living spirit of Edgar A. Guest.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

"A good many husbands are entirely spoiled by mismanagement in cooking, and so are not tender and good. Some women keep them constantly in hot water; others freeze them; others put them in a stew; others roast

them; and others keep them constantly in a pickle. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be good and tender managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated.

"In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, and as in buying mackerel; nor by the golden tint as is wanting salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to the market for him, as those brought to the door are always best. It is far better to have none than not to learn how to cook them properly.

"It does not make so much difference what you cook him in, as how you cook him. See that the linen in which he is wrapped is white and nicely mended, with the required number of strings and buttons. Don't keep him in the kettle by force, as he will stay there himself, if the proper care is taken. If he sputters or fizzes, do not be anxious, some husbands do this. Add a little sugar in the shape of what the confectioners call 'kisses,' but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not try him with anything sharp to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently while, lest he stay too long in the kettle and become flat and tasteless.

If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you, and he will keep as long as you want."

JARVIS HALL NEWS.

Rebecca Townsend's mother is visiting her.

Vernon and Lucille Miller spent last week-end at home in Crawford.

The Jarvis girls occupy a large seating area on the bleachers every afternoon. The captain reports good prospects for his team—with such an inspiration.

Occasionally one hears a sigh caused by the thought of the Junior-Senior banquet.

Jaunita Huddleson has returned from her home where she spent last week-end.

A surprise is awaiting in the form of — Watch the Senior class. They have something on.

Mary E. Noble spent the week-end in Dallas.

All the Jarvis girls are looking forward to the day that Rube's Jolly gets here.

Ione Rigney has been home for a few days. Consequently there has been one whistle missed during the said few days.

Laura Dangeleisen's mother visited her last week.

THE ADD-RAN SOCIETY.

In the new order of things, the Add-Ran Society feels that there should be a minimum of boosting and a maximum of action. Therefore we will eliminate all useless and idle words, and only list a few of the more important activities which, we feel, we may be justly proud of.

There are, of course, a great many events and functions which are commonly carried on by both societies—the receptions, entertainments, and open programs, designed to eliminate all opportunities for nostalgia on the part of the lonesome little fish during their first month away from home. The part the A. R. L. S. and their sisters was, we believe, fully carried on dur-

ing that critical period.

'In the field of inter-society contests, the Add-Rans have won and lost—average to date being in the Triangular Debate tryout, we were not so fortunate, placing one man in the four. However, the Add-Ran Society feels that the best men among those who tried out were picked. Before you read this, the debate will have been won or lost, and, for the sake of the old school, let us forget society prejudices and stay right behind the men who represent us.

As one of the promising young Pat Henrys said the other night, "I know no way of judging the past but by the future." We hope that the Add-Ran Society will in the future do all in her power to uphold the glorious traditions that have been handed down to us—the oldest society in the institution. We have a creed—and may we live up to it, in college and out, that "what is best for T. C. U. is best for me and my society."

A Bit o' Nonsense.

The Court Order.

When an Irish country court was about to open its session recently, the discovery was made that the court crier was absent. A substitute was provided, and the court had barely taken up a case when a breathless messenger boy dashed in with a telegram signed by the absent crier. The missive was handed to the judge, who read: "Wife's mother died last night. Will not be able to cry today."

Better Results Possible.

Two Irishmen were passing by a Jeweler's store that had a lot of unset precious stones in the window. They stopped and looked at them, when Pat said to Mike, "How would you like to have your pick?" "No," said Mike, "I would rather have me shovel."

Too Personal.

A trolley car had collided with a heavenly laden milk cart and sent can after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a crowd gathered. A man, coming up, had to stand on tiptoe and keep dodging his head about to see past a stout lady in front of him. "Goodness!" he finally exclaimed, "What an awful waste!"

The stout lady turned and glared at him. "Mind your own business," she snapped.

Too Loud.

"Surely you don't despise him simply because he's a self-made man?"

"No. I merely regret that when he made his voice he didn't pitch it in a lower key."

On the Surface.

A comely young woman named Jane,

While walking was caught in the rain.

She ran—almost flew
Her complexion did, too.

And she reached home exceedingly plain.

She: I don't see why women shouldn't make as good swimmers as men.

He: Yes, but you see a swimmer has to keep his mouth shut.

A nickel these days is about as useful as a glass eye at a key-hole.

John: "That's a nice umbrella you have. Was it given to you, or did you steal it?"

Joe: "I've been trying to make up my mind on that point. You see, I was standing in a doorway, out of the rain, when a fellow passed with an umbrella, who seemed to be going my way."



Spring Footwear

Fashion's newest conceptions are expressed here in models notable for their charm of line and correctness of design. The shoe you want—that slender, graceful pump, strap slipper or oxford—is here. You may make your selection from an assortment that allows broad range for individual choice. The prices prevailing demonstrate the increased buying power of the dollar.

A new Black Satin One-Strap Pump, has light turn soles, either full Louis or Baby Louis heels; AAA to D, \$10.00.

A new Gray Suede One-Strap Pump, patent leather collar and trimmings; turn sole and dainty Louis heels; AA to D, \$12.50.

A new Cousins Oxford of Brown Calfskin over smart last, has light welt soles, Cuban heels; AAA to D, \$3.00.

A new Two-Strap Walking Slipper has welt soles, Cuban heels, mitigation tip; extra value, \$5.95.

W. E. Stripling Co.

"Where are you going with that umbrella?" I said, thinking he might let me accompany him. The fellow dropped the umbrella and ran."

To a Freshman.

"When I see a young man with his pants rolled up, And his lovely silk socks in view, With his flaming tie and his little green hat

With a band of marble hue; And his sixteen rings and fourteen pins, That he got at his little Prep school—

I say of accord—Oh my Lord— Was I ever that big a fool!" (With apologies.)

Some time ago, our colored friend, Joe, was burning the grass off the campus, when a Freshman walked up to him and said, "Say, Joe, don't you know

that if you burn off this grass, the whole campus will be as black as you are?" To which Joe replied, "Well, that ain't nothin', this spring when it comes up, it'll be as green as you is."

"The cat that nightly haunts my gate, How heartily I hate her. Some night she'll come and mew till late, And then I'll mew-ti-later."

What's a Fellow to Do?

Tisme—"Bob is absolutely nil, he's running below par as far as I am concerned."

Splashme—"Why?" Tisme—"When we started riding last night I made him promise not to kiss me."

S.—"And he broke his promise."

T.—"No, he kept it!!!" —Baylor Lariat.

Do You Know

—that money saved is in real stored energy? Have you begun to set aside some portion for Life's Autumn?

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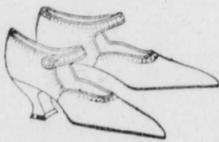
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Catching the Professor.

There is a certain professor of natural history who delights in propounding catch questions to his class, and one young fellow, who had been caught by one, determined to get even at the next class, therefore he said gravely: "Professor, you have made a special study of snakes have you not?"

professor responded.

"Then, Professor, you can undoubtedly inform me on a point which, while doubtless simple, puzzles me. May I ask you a question?"

The professor began to feel uneasy, but there was nothing to reply to but "Yes."

"Then, sir, what I desire to know is, where does a snake's tail begin?" He asked gravely.

The professor was silent for a moment and a titter began to run over the room, which increased to a roar as the professor replied calmly:

"That is quite simple; it begins at the end of the snake which is not the head."—Ex.

But Wait for Vacation.

A country clergyman on his round of visits interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories. "My lad," he said, "you have, of course, heard of the parables?"

"Yes, sir," slyly answered the boy, whose mother had inducted him in sacred history. "Yes, sir."

"Good!" said the clergyman. "Now which of them do you like the best of all?"

The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied: "I guess I like that one where somebody loaf and fishes."

Ed—"Would you object if I placed your name on the ticket to run for the most popular girl in Baylor?"

Co-ed—"Thanks, but I think that I will run for the most popular boy as soon as he's elected." —Baylor Lariat.

THESE BIRDS DIDN'T BELIEVE IN SIGNS

Lies slumbering here
One William Lake;
He heard the bell
But had no brake.
—Detroit News.

At fifty miles
Drove Ollie Pidd,
He thought he wouldn't
Skid, but he did.
—Rome, (N. Y.) Times.

At ninety miles
Drove Edward Shawn;
The motor stopped,
But Ed kept on.
—Little Falls, (N. Y.) Times.

Under the sod
Lies Deacon Hale;
He winked and drank
Some "ginger ale."
—Utica, (N. Y.) Press.

Here he sleeps
One Johnny Fonker;
He rounded a turn,
Without a honker.
—Johnson City Record.

This monument's
For Jackson Druck;
His Lizzie was lighter
Than the truck.
—Scrantonion.

Down in the creek
Sleeps Jerry Bass;
The bridge was narrow,
He tried to pass.
—Wilkesbarre Times-Leader.

Two more are gone,
To promised Land;
He tried to drive
With just one hand.
—Battalion, A. & M.

Here's Johnnie Speed,
Composed to slumber—
A motorcycle
Took his number.

The College Press.

(Battalion, A. & M.)

Boy, you'll be surprised! We expected it to be good, but at present the "Powder Puff" bids fair to be a most remarkably interesting number if the material being received is any indication. Practically every girl's school and the majority of the co-ed institutions will be represented. Many students have stated that they have requested contributions and girls everywhere are taking much interest in this feminine number of the Battalion.

Bones—I have a broad acquaintance on the campus.
Groanes—Yes, I saw you with her last night.

(Colorado College Tiger).

Whether or not Colorado College is to have an annual is left to the student body. Unless five hundred subscriptions have been secured from the student body and faculty by next Thursday no 1922 Pikes Peak Nugget will be published. This is the final con-



What Is Air Pressure?

THE air is composed of molecules. They constantly bombard you from all sides. A thousand taps by a thousand knuckles will close a barn door. The taps as a whole constitute a push. So the constant bombardment of the air molecules constitutes a push. At sea-level the air molecules push against every square inch of you with a total pressure of nearly fifteen pounds.

Pressure, then, is merely a matter of bombarding molecules.

When you boil water you make its molecules fly off. The water molecules collide with the air molecules. It takes a higher temperature to boil water at sea-level than on Pike's Peak. Why? Because there are more bombarding molecules at sea-level—more pressure.

Take away all the air pressure and you have a perfect vacuum. A perfect vacuum has never been created. In the best vacuum obtainable there are still over two billion molecules of air per cubic centimeter, or about as many as there are people on the whole earth.

Heat a substance in a vacuum and you may discover properties not revealed under ordinary pressure. A new field for scientific exploration is opened.

Into this field the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have penetrated. Thus one of the chemists in the Research Laboratories studied the disintegration of heated metals in highly exhausted bulbs. What happened to the glowing filament of a lamp, for example? The glass blackened. But why? He discovered that the metal distilled in the vacuum depositing on the glass.

This was research in pure science—research in what may be called the chemistry and physics of high vacua. It was undertaken to answer a question. It ended in the discovery of a method of filling lamp bulbs with an inert gas under pressure so that the filament would not evaporate so readily. Thus the efficient gas-filled lamp of today grew out of a purely scientific inquiry.

So, unforeseen, practical benefits often result when research is broadly applied.

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General Office Schenectady, N. Y.

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HALTOM'S
MAIN AND SIXTH STS.
FORT WORTH

clusion arrived at by the editor and manager of the year book.

Bee—Has she many suitors?
Sting—Oh yes, but none of them do.
Bee—Do what?
Sting—Suitor.

Prof. X (in library)—"Why Mr. Freyschlag, I'm glad to see you in the library today. What are you working at?"
Fish—(looking daggers at buzzing co-eds)—At intervals, sir.

Wherjargettit?

They sat in the hammock out in the garden. It was moonlight—pale, still, beautiful. The gentle breeze wafted sweet odors toward their nostrils.

Gently he slipped his arm about her.

"Oh, George," she cooed. Then he said the same old things, and she made old answers. They were happy.

Gradually he gathered her into his strong, manly arms and kissed her—a long winded, high-pressure kiss.

"Oh George" she breathed, "kiss me again."

He did. As he released her, her dainty nose seemed to sniff, almost imperceptibly.

"Kiss me again," she said, softly, and again their lips met for a long time. At last, "Oh George, you have been drinking, Kish me again."

Orange and Black, Oklahoma A. & M.

The Oklahoma Aggies swamped the University of Arkansas mat squad in a score of 47-0 Wednesday evening in one of the most spectacular wrestling contests ever held at A. & M. Coach Gallagher's men demonstrated a superiority in skill in every period.

Phillips University Slate.

Don—Would it be improper for me to kiss your hand?
Frances—It would be decidedly out of place.

Jack Sullivan—I think you had better board elsewhere.
Lee Semones—Yes, I will admit I frequently have.

Jack—Have what?
Lee—Have better board elsewhere?

Clergyman (who has sat down next to slightly intoxicated man)—Do you allow a drunk on this car?

Conductor (low voice)—It's all right so long as you don't get noisy. —Gargoyle.

"Will you let me," said the stu-

dent
As he quickly doffed his cap—
But the maiden with a right hook
Handed him an awful slap,
And the student's face was crimson
As he stood before the lass,
But he finished out his sentence
"Will you kindly let me pass?"
—Notre Dame Scholastic.

Wishes He Still Hung.

He hung on the words
Of beautiful Kate,
And also hung
On the old front gate.

They've been wed now
Ten years I'd state—
And he wishes he'd hung
On the old front gate.
—Columbus Dispatch.

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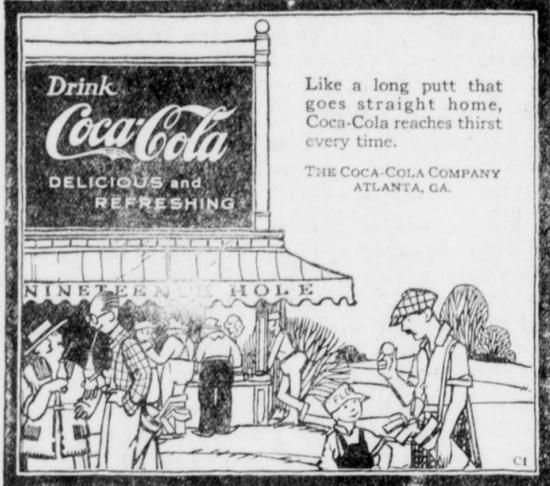
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ATLANTA, GA.

A young colored couple were sitting at the foot of the Statue of Liberty. Henry was holding Mandy's hand.

"Henry," said Mandy, "Does you all know why dey has such small little lights on de Statute o' Liberty?"

"Ah duno," replied the Ethiopian swain, "unless it's because de less light, de mo liberty!"—Pelican.

NEW VARIETY "HOUND" DEVELOPS IN A. & M.

(Battalion).

No candidates for "tea-hounds" being announced since the Waco Cotton Palace, and the student body tiring of the more than common meal-hounds, society-hounds, hounds for work, hounds for dance, news-hounds, and all the other canine similes, the more recent termination of "Mail-hounds" is coming in vogue. The new variety of the species has many followers. The characteristics by which they are known are quite pronounced. This is the species which can be seen in vicinity of the Faculty Exchange, hovering near a mail box during the entire period of mail distribution and fifteen minutes margin at each extreme included. Arriving on the scene of action before the Postmaster, the Mail-hound remains until every letter, postcard and package has been distributed. Occasionally he may be observed to open a box—usually returning the mail piece by piece as the length of his face increases with each disappointing address. Frequently he uses the mail box as a speaking tube through which to shout at the Postmaster, asking him if the mail is all put up; if so, why? If not, when? The new pack increases rapidly.

Scissors or None.

Wise Papa.
Pearl—Oh, we had a delightful wedding and received so many silver presents.
Ruby—That was fine. And did your father give something in silver, too?
Pearl—No, he gave us a bottle of acid to test the other presents.—Boston Globe.

Soft Soap.
She (pettishly)—I don't see why it is you find poker so fascinating.
Husband—It's the queens in the deck, my dear. They remind me so much of you.—Boston Transcript.

They Needed the Money.
Church—I see a visitor to Chicago was arrested the other day because he had \$350.00 in his pocket.
Gotham—And it wasn't his money?
"Oh, yes; it was proved in court that it was his own money."
"Why on earth did they arrest him, then?"
"He was trying to get out of town with it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Modern Version.
"Get thee behind me, Satan—and slip the stuff in my hip pocket," is the modern version.—Nashville Tennessean.

"The next one in this room that speaks above a whisper will be put out!" exclaimed an angry judge.
"Hip Hip! Hooray!" shouted the prisoner as he ran for the door.—Daily Nebraskan.

What Good Did It Do Him?
A merchant was recently persuaded to purchase an excellent parrot. This one had traveled far and could jabber in several foreign lingo. He ordered it sent home. That same day his wife had ordered a fresh spring chicken for dinner. On leaving the

house she said to the cook: "Mary, there's a bird coming for dinner. Wring its neck and have it fried hot for Mr. Richards when he gets home." Unfortunately the parrot arrived first and Mary followed instructions. At dinner he was duly served. "What's this?" exclaimed Mr. Richards.
Mary told him.
"But, for goodness' sake, Mary," he said, "this is awful. That bird could speak seven languages."
"Then, phwy the devil didn't he say something?" asked Mary.—Journal of the American Medical Association.

One Down!
Out walking, went one morning,
A li'l colo'ed chile;
Out wobbling, went one morning,
A great big crocodile.

The wobbler and the walker
Met in a forest wild;
The little child was filled with fright,
The crocodile, with child.
—Punch Bowl.

The Brute.
Wifie—I don't see why you object to my singing lessons. Perhaps some day my voice will keep the wolf from the door.
Hubby—It probably will, if the wolf hears it.—Boston Globe.

Still Wearing 'Em.
Mrs. Goodsole—I am soliciting for the poor. What do you do with your castoff clothing?
Mr. Longsufferer—I hang them up carefully and put on my pajamas. Then I resume them in the mofning.—Boston Globe.

Thought She Had, Perhaps.
Flatbush—What's that hen of yours making all that noise about?
Bensonhurst—What noise?
"Why, that awful cackling. She hasn't laid an egg, has she?"
"No, not lately; but she's probably absent-minded."—Yonkers Statesman.

Not a Word.
First Maid—Your fiance stutters quite a bit, doesn't he?
Second Maid—Yes; but it does not matter. After we are married he won't have a thing to say, anyway.—Detroit News.

Oh, That's Different!
Mrs. Dibbs—Every time I raise my hand my husband gives me an awful beating.
Mrs. Dabbs—Heavens! Why don't you call the police?
Mrs. Dibbs—What do they know about bridge?—Buffalo Express.

Repartee.
Your tongue is mute; time vainly waits for it
A space, then goes. Naught boots your after-wit,
That winged, quick remark you might have spoken
Appeases not your pride a gold-darned bit!—Lampoon.

Encouraging a Bard.
"I can't use this poem of yours," said the editor of the Chiggersville Clarion.
"Why not?" asked the disappointed village poet.
"Well—or—I haven't room for it. But I'll tell you what I'll do, as long as you handed in a year's subscription with your manuscript, I'll put a little notice in our personal column stating that you have written some lines in which you show a firm grasp of spelling and punctuation."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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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.

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 cheapen 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.

A VOTE FOR COCKRELL IS A VOTE FOR A MODERN, CLEAN, PROGRESSIVE CITY GOVERNMENT.

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