

"Lives of great men oft remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."
—Longfellow.

THE SKIFF

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the
Pierian Spring."
—Pope.

RICE IS FIRST, FROGS SECOND IN TRACK MEET

CONFERENCE HIGH JUMP RECORD IS SMASHED BY PARKER OF CHRISTIANS

Taking eight first places and four second places, Rice Institute athletes won the annual T. I. A. A. track and field meet held at Waxahachie Friday with a total of 60 1-3 points. T. C. U. was second with 44 1-2 points; S. M. U. third with 20; Austin College next with 9 1-2; Trinity University next with 6, and Southwestern last with 5 5-6 points.

Lindsey Rice was individual point winner, taking four first places for a total of 20 points. In the 100-yard dash Lindsey tied the T. I. A. A. record, stepping the century distance in 9 4-5 seconds. Goss, Rice, was the second best in the matter of points won, making 10.

Parker, T. C. U., broke the T. I. A. A. record in the high jump, going over at 5 feet and 11 inches.

Summary:

120 yard hurdles—First, Fowler, T. C. U.; second, Brooks, S. M. U.; third, Haire, Rice. Time 16 2-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—First, McCorquodale, Rice; second, Morse, Southwestern, and Parker, S. M. U.; fourth, Baker, Trinity. Height 11 feet.

100-yard Dash—First, Lindsey, Rice; second, Fowler, T. C. U.; third, Gross, Rice; fourth, Jones, Austin College. Time 9 4-5 seconds.

Shot Put—First, Lindsey, Rice; second, Wilson, Austin College; third, Reeder, T. C. U.; fourth, Carmichael. Distance 41 feet, 6 inches.

One-half Mile Run—First, Weems, T. C. U.; second, Coleman, Rice; third, Foster, Southwestern; fourth, Morrison, T. C. U. Time 2 minutes, 5 1-2 seconds.

220-yard Dash—First, Goss, Rice; second, Lincoln, S. M. U.; third, Jones, Austin College; fourth, Morse, Southwestern. Time 23 1-5 seconds.

Broad Jump—First, Dyer, Rice; second, McGee, Rice; third, Smith, Austin college; fourth, Smith, T. C. U. Distance 21 feet, 7 1-2 inches.

Discus Throw—First, Lindsey, Rice; second, Fulcher, T. C. U.; third, Brooks, S. M. U.; fourth, Wilson, Austin College. Distance 117 feet 7 inches.

440-yard Dash—First, Lindsey, Rice; second, Coleman, Rice; third, Shappard, S. M. U.; fourth, Trinity. Time 53 1-5 seconds.

High Jump—First, Parker, T. C. U.; second, Griner, S. M. U.; third, Bryan, S. M. U.; fourth, Smith, Austin College; McGee, Rice, and Morse, Southwestern. Height, 5 feet 11 inches.

Javelin Throw—First, Deprato, Rice; second, Bailey, Trinity; third, Ogan, T. C. U.; fourth, Hair, Rice. Distance 140 feet 10 inches.

220-yard Hurdles—First, Brooks, S. M. U.; second, Cherry, T. C. U.; third, Hair, Rice. Time 26 3-5 seconds.

One Mile Run—First,

UNANIMOUS DECISION OVER METHODISTS WON BY FROG DEBATERS.

A. B. McReynolds and Geo. Antoine, defending the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved that the open shop as understood by capital would be to the general interest of the public," won a unanimous decision over a debating team from Southern Methodist University, Thursday evening. The visiting team was composed of Isabell and Pope.

The negative defenders put up a brave fight, their speeches showing a great deal of thought and preparation, but the rebuttal of McReynolds was too much for their argument. The T. C. U. debaters, besides complying with every demand of the negative, successfully refuted every argument offered by the Methodists. Both McReynolds and Antoine are new men on the debating stage, and are to be highly commended for the success of their first attempt. McReynolds has been prominent in oratorical circles here for several years, but Antoine is a Freshman.

HOWARD PAYNE MEETS DEFEAT IN TWO GAME BASEBALL SERIES HERE

Howard Payne College of Brownwood lost both games of a two-game series played with the Horned Frogs on Clark Field, Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The score of the first game was 3-2, and of the second, 5-1.

"Dutch" Meyer twirled the apple in the first game and held the Payne men to few hits. However, the game was characterized by loose playing on account of the fact that the Frogs had just returned from their Arkansas trip and had traveled all the previous night. Errors made by the locals were responsible for the two runs made by the Brownwood men in the ninth inning.

Sam Gann pitched for the Frogs the second day, keeping up his record of no losses this season. The game was somewhat truer to form than Wednesday's battle.

PUBLIC SPEAKING HEAD WILL MAKE CHAUTAUQUA TOUR.

Prof. J. Quincy Biggs, head of the Public Speaking Department of T. C. U., has contracted with the Travers-Newton Chautauqua Company for the summer and will leave as soon as he can be relieved from duties in T. C. U. This company claims a larger chain of Chautauquas than any other company.

Mrs. Biggs, Portia, Anita, and John Melvin, will go to Davenport, Iowa, where Mrs. Biggs will do post graduate work in the Palmer College of Chiropractic.

The Biggs family will drive through in their Oakland and will return in the fall to take up their work in Fort Worth, when the daughters will enter T. C. U.

Weems, T. C. U.; second, Hargis, Rice; third, Kane, T. C. U.; fourth, Bickford, Rice. Time 4 minutes 47 seconds.

One Mile Relay—Forfeit to T. C. U.

DAUBERS HOLD HIGH CARNIVAL TO HONOR MAY

BRUSHES ENTERTAIN WITH MAY DAY PARTY IN PARLORS MONDAY

Miss Mary Marjorie Dickey was crowned Queen of the May at a May Day fete given by the Brushes, official organization of students of the Art Department, in the art rooms Monday evening. The crowning ceremony took place on the roof of the adjoining auditorium, the Honorable Pete Theodore Fulcher, officiating, after Miss Dickey had been elected by popular vote to that exalted position.

The entertainment of the Brushes bore all the earmarks of a regular party combined with a carnival. It was dangerous for a guest to open his mouth, since confetti filled the air like snow in a storm, and many were the dry mouthfuls that prevented the recipient from hurling the invectives that came to the tip of his tongue but got no farther. Miles and miles of paper streamers coursed their writhing way through the air, entangling the unwary in their serpentine coils. The air was filled with the care-free din of the merry-makers throughout the evening, until the affair was brought to a close by the impressive ceremony of the crowning of the May Queen.

An air of mysticism was lent to the event by the presence of a fortune-teller from the Far East. Miss Evelyn Birmingham, who read the palms of the customers, told unhesitatingly just what was to befall those whose head lines or heart lines betrayed the secrets of their young lives. Miss Birmingham in her make-up looked as though she had just come from the Sultan's harem, as did also Miss Marjorie Record, who sold the customers at a nickel a shot. Miss Bernita Robb, dressed effectively as a Chinese woman, also had a part in the plot to entice the unsuspecting lads into the lair. Weird strains of Oriental music, floating out from the darkness, served to furnish the atmosphere.

The proceeds of the entertainment, which amounted to nearly fifty dollars, were used by the Brushes to help in the Mexican relief movement recently begun in Fort Worth.

He Had Hopes.

He was a professional conjurer. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, with a wave of the hand, "this is the magic cabinet. I invite any lady in the audience to enter this cabinet. I will then close the door, and when it shall be opened again the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace."

There was an impressive silence until a little under-sized man in the second row turned to an enormous woman, who sat by him, and breathed eagerly:

"Marie, dear, won't you oblige the gentleman?"—Pearson's Weekly (London).

MOTHERS ARE HONORED HERE ON THEIR DAY

FIFTY-EIGHT MOTHERS OF STUDENTS ENJOY SCHOOL HOSPITALITY

That the Mother's Day event was such a signal success that it will probably be made an annual affair, was the promise given out by Mrs. Sadie T. Beckham, matron of Jarvis Hall, Monday. Fifty-eight mothers of T. C. U. students enjoyed the hospitality of the University through the weekend, coming from all parts of Texas and Oklahoma.

An invitation had previously been sent to the mother of every student of T. C. U. to spend the week-end of Mother's Day as a guest of the school, and the response was even more hearty than those in charge had dared to hope for. Special entertainment was arranged for the mothers, including a faculty recital in the auditorium Saturday evening and a special church service Sunday morning.

The two programs follow: **Saturday Evening Recital.** Morir! se e bella (Duet from Aida), Verdi. Bertha Ann Cooper and Dan Baker. Spanish Dance No. 8, Sarasate, Ralph R. Uniacke. Spirit Flower, Campbell-Tipton. The Crying of Water, Campbell, Tipton.

Yesterday and Today, Spross. Dan Baker. La Capriceuse, Elgar. Souvenir de Moscon, Wieniawski, Ralph R. Uniacke. Scena and Aria (Aida), Verdi. Bertha Ann Cooper. Rigoletto (Paraphrase), Liszt. Carroll C. McKee, Lawrence D. Andrews, Accompanist. **Sunday Service.**

Processional, Hymn No. 46, Oh Mother Dear, Jerusalem. Invocation. Response, No. 9, Glory Be to the Father. Scripture Reading. Response by Choir, Lord, I Seek Thee.

A Story by Oscar Wilde, Elliott Todhunter. Communion Hymn, No. 10, Softly Now the Light of Day. Anthem, "Gallia" (Gounod) Choir.

Director, Dan Baker. Soloist, Bertha Ann Cooper. Pianist, Lawrence D. Andrews. Sermon, W. P. Jennings. Invitation, Hymn No. 29, There's a Wilderness in God's Mercy. Recessional, Hymn No. 85, Jerusalem the Golden. Benediction.

Summary Smu Game.

Summary—Run, H. Adams; errors, Fowler, Barber 2, Donahue; two base hit, McDaniel; sacrifice hit, Donahue; struck out, by Donahue 10, by Matthews 3; bases on balls, off Matthews 3; bases on balls, off Matthews 1; hit by pitcher, by Matthews 4; stolen bases, Pierce, Kitts, 2. Time of game, 1 hour and 42 minutes. Umpire, McDonald.

"DUTCH" MEYER WILL HEAD STUDENT BODY DURING YEAR 1921-22.

"Dutch" Meyer, popular hero of the gridiron, the basketball court, and the diamond, was elected president of the Students' Association for next year by an overwhelming majority in Friday's election. "Dutch" received 216 votes to Bose McFarland's 110. McFarland was his only opponent.

In the race for the vice-presidency, Judge Green received 155 votes, Freeman Heath 89, and Earl Dudney 80. As Green failed to get a plurality of the votes, a run-off election was set for next Saturday, but Heath retired from the race in favor of the former. Judge Green was thereby declared the next vice-president. He is a star track man, and is expected to shine on the gridiron also next fall.

Miss Leona Crain was elected secretary-treasurer, receiving 195 votes to 125 for her opponent, Miss Venus Farmer.

The student body as a whole is well pleased with its corps of officers for next year. Every new officer is one who has done things for T. C. U., and it is expected that the biggest program ever put over will be effected next year. During the recent campaign, J. W. Boultinghouse, president of the student body, was commended for his efficient administration this year.

TENNIS TEAMS HOLD MEADOWMERE CLUB TO CLOSE TOURNAMENT

Despite the fact that they lost four out of the five matches played, the fast T. C. U. wielders of the racquet held the Meadowmere Tennis team to close scores in all events played Saturday afternoon on the Meadowmere courts. The local team is composed of Ralph Holmes, Roy Wallace, C. McCloud, and Merle Waltrip, all of whom are veritable whirlwinds in spite of their youth. Ted Hackney, one time coach at T. C. U. and present manager of the Meadowmere club, played on the opposing team. A return engagement is slated for Saturday, on the University courts.

The scores in Saturday's tournament were as follows: Fitchovitch defeated Wallace 10-12, 1, 6-4; Wallace and Waltrip defeated Hackney and Siddon 6-1, 6-4; Wallace and Waltrip defeated Hackney and Siddon 6-3; 6-3; Fitzpatrick and Norton defeated McCloud and Holmes 6-3, 6-4.

The University was represented in the T. I. A. A. meet at Waxahachie Friday by a tennis team composed of Ralph Holmes, singles, and Waltrip and Wallace, doubles.

NEW LIGHTING SYSTEM EXTENDED TO CAMPUS

Work on a new lighting system, consisting of 150 lamps which will be strung around the campus and in the blocks toward the city, was begun Monday, and the new project is expected to be completed within three weeks, according to advices from the office of the new light commissioner.

The need for lights along the dark road toward the city has long been felt.

T. C. U. LOSES INITIAL BATTLE TO METHODISTS

DONAHUE PITCHES NO-HIT GAME BUT JINX INTERFERES.

Old Man Jinx robbed Pete Donahue, twirling phenomenon of the Horned Frogs, of the best game he has pitched this season, on Clark Field, Saturday, when the Southern Methodist University Mustangs, luckily overcoming their hitless batting, got to the Frogs for one run, winning the game 1 to 0. While Donahue allowed no hits and passed no batters to first, the Frogs touched the Mustang twirler for seven safeties.

Four errors were charged to each team, but it so happened that the Frogs' slip-ups came at the critical time, letting in the lone tally of the game. Although at two different periods of the game the bases were filled with Horned Frog runners, the necessary punch to put them across the plate was lacking, and as a consequence fourteen runners died on bases. Chile McDaniel, the hard-hitting first baseman for the locals, secured a three-bagger and because nothing followed it, died on third. McDaniel reached third base four times during the engagement.

This unfortunate defeat was the first misdeed of an entire season of victories, the Frogs having taken eighteen straight games previous to Saturday. However, considerable hope is yet expressed, in view of the fact that the local pill-swatters meet the Mustangs for a return game in Dallas Wednesday, and if Old Man Jinx keeps his hand out of the affair, the Frogs will show the Methodists that they are not as wild as they seem. In case of a victory for the Christians Wednesday, the tie will be played off in a third game. It is predicted that a third game will be played.

The box score:

T. C. U.	AB	H	O	A
Fowler, s	5	2	1	4
Donahue, p	4	0	0	3
McDaniel, 1b	4	2	15	0
Acker, rf	4	1	0	0
Barger, 3b	4	0	0	4
Levy, 2b	3	1	0	1
Cherry, c	4	0	0	0
Haire, lf	3	0	0	0
Bateman, c	4	1	11	0
Totals	35	7	27	12

Score by innings:

T. C. U.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
S. M. U.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Speakin' of Co-Eds.

The most conceited co-ed we know of is the one who turns and scowls at the man who gets on the street car behind her.—California Pelican.

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.

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

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PROF. ANDREWS SAYS VARIOUS MINDS NEED VARIED BRAIN FOOD.

Local music circles are in a turmoil, caused by the announcement of a prominent piano instructor of T. C. U., Lawrence D. Andrews, that he was in favor of rag-time music. Horrors! What is the world coming to when the jazz bug pierces the armor of a champion of the classic art, and causes him to make such a statement as this? But don't stop here. Read what he has to say:

WHY I BELIEVE IN RAG-TIME.

By L. D. Andrews.
Perhaps you are surprised to know that I do believe in rag-time. To make matters more surprising, I will say that I do believe in rag-time, yet I do not play it, and seldom have a desire to listen to it. In fact, I would generally like to choke

the people whom I hear playing it or singing it—especially singing "jazz". This jazz singing makes me sick at my stomach. And yet I believe in rag-time in the sense that I believe it is inevitable at this stage of human progress (or should I say "retrogression?"), and I believe that it must, at least, be tolerated by those who are styled "high-brows." I believe that you will understand me better after I have explained myself.

Before really discussing this matter of rag-time, I want to tell you a story. This is not supposed to be a funny story, tho if you see anything funny about it, please feel free to laugh. You know young folks MUST laugh occasionally or else they would explode. Once there was a little boy who liked music very much. That was before the days of jazz, but rag-time was quite a good-sized youngster. This boy liked all kinds of music, tho he did not understand the so-called classical music at all. But something told him that he had better not take the attitude that since he didn't understand the so-called classical music, therefore he would drop his interest in it. At the same time as he grew older he became enamored with rag-time, and even wrote several rag-time pieces for the piano and some songs in similar style. But about this time he began to study music seriously, and in the course of a year or so, by a process which I need not describe, but which might be called musical conversion, he had taken the attitude that rag-time and popular music in general were all worse than worthless. And he had cut away from

playing for dances, and had lost all regard for rag-time. In fact he detested it, and almost disliked those of his friends who still couldn't see anything wrong with rag-time. This attitude persisted for several years. But as he grew older and began to study people and people's minds and personalities, he began to change his mind about some things which he had previously branded as concoctions of the devil. He began to see that different types of minds require different types of intellectual and emotional food. And he came to believe that for some kinds of minds rag-time is a natural food, and the only way to change the food is to develop and change the mind so that it will demand another kind of musical food. This story is the story of my personal experience. I tell it here because I don't want you to think I have never been able to see anything beautiful in rag-time.

Now, to get down to tacks. I have suggested that the kind of music we like depends upon the kind of mind we have. So our discussion will take up the different kinds of music in existence, and the different kinds of minds in existence. When we understand these two subjects, it is easy to reach a conclusion.

Music may be divided into five classes: Classic, Romantic, Semi-popular, Impressionistic and Rag-time. In order to place the music we hear into one of these classes, it is necessary to recognize that there are two elements in music, and that the quality and relative proportion of these two elements determine the class in which the music belongs. These two elements in music, and that the quality and relative proportion of these two elements determine the class in which the music belongs. These two elements are thought and feeling.

Thought and feeling are present in all forms of intelligible expression—in speech, in painting, architecture, sculpture, proportion of these two elements covers a very wide range. In music, thought manifests itself in the use of the technical devices of composition—Harmony, Counterpoint, Form, Notation, and the like. Feeling manifests itself in the spiritual content of the music. It is at once the original cause of the music, and it is also the result of the music. It is the emotional element. Most listeners are conscious only of this element of feeling when they listen to music. But both thought and feeling are necessary in well-balanced expression, whether this expression takes the form of music or some other form. "Thought creates the form, but feeling gives vitality to the thought."

As to the quality of a thought, it is obvious that some thoughts belong on a higher plane than others. In music, thought manifests itself in the choice of the material. In order to be a proper judge as to the class of a piece of music so far as the element of thought is concerned, it is necessary that one be acquainted with the technic of composition.

And it is also obvious that there are many qualities of feeling. Animal attraction, sentiment, admiration, sympathy, sacrificial devotion are all different degrees of love. Surely we have all experienced the different kinds of feeling produced by different kinds of music. Some music suggests emotions of a lofty nature, and some suggests emotions that had better be left dormant.

Classical music may be described as music in which more attention is given to the element of thought than to that of feeling. Both elements are of a high order, but the thought in clas-

sical music exists partly as an end in itself. Examples are Scarlatti, Mozart, Haydn, and some of Beethoven's music. In romantic music this condition is reversed. Thought is a MEANS to an end, not an end in itself. Feeling is preponderant. Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and many other modern composers are examples. Still both thought and feeling are of a high order.

In semi-popular music, both thought and feeling are of a lower order than in romantic, with most of the emphasis upon the emotional element. Impressionistic music is beyond description. It is either all thought, or all feeling. If it is all thought, it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to figure it out. And if it is all feeling, we should have to call on the Bolsheviks for help. As for rag-time, what shall I say? Please don't be offended when I say that there is very little thought in rag-time, and what there is isn't worth mentioning. But ragtime and jazz are strong on feeling. There is no denying that. The feeling is irresistible. As to the quality of the feeling, it seems to vary in different individuals, and at different times in the same individual. With me, rag-time occasionally makes me want to wiggle my toes; then again it makes me want to swear. Notice that I merely say "WANT to swear." Sometimes I do go so far as to say "Gee whiz." But on the whole, I believe you will agree that the feelings of emotions produced by the average piece of rag-time or jazz do not rise very high in the scale. And sometimes the feelings aroused are positively vulgar.

Passing now to the different types of minds, we find that minds, like music, may be divided into five classes: Intellectual, Emotional, Rigid, Well-balanced, Rag-time. And as in music, the class in which a mind belongs is decided by the quality and relative proportion of the elements which make up mind. These elements are Reason (corresponding to Thought in music), Feeling, and Will. The intellectual type of mind is the one in which the reason predominates and rather overbalances the Feeling and Will. The emotional mind is guided largely by feeling. The right mind is notable—sometimes notorious—for strong will power. In the well-balanced mind, reason, feeling, and will have free interplay, with the result that all goes smoothly. The rag-time mind is self-explanatory. It is the emotional type of mind gone to seed. You can never tell where the ragtime mind is going to break out next.

Now it is plain that these different types of mind will attract to themselves the kind of material that appeals to them. The intellectual mind will attract that which is intellectual in music. It will therefore lean toward the classics or the intellectual type of impressionistic music to the exclusion of

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romantic and other kinds of music. The emotional mind will feed upon romantic, semi-popular, or certain kinds of impressionistic music, according to the quality of the feelings which exist in the mind. The rigid mind, if music appeals to it at all, will become set on one style of music and stay there until some cataclysm jars it loose. The rigid mind is related to the mind of the mule. The well-balanced mind will enjoy all kinds of music that are well-balanced. And last of all, the ragtime mind will feed upon rag-time as long as rag-time is to be had. And if all the rag-time in the world were burned up, and there remained one rag-time mind, it would soon manufacture some rag-time music—home-brew. This is because the mind will express and create that which it IS, and it will attract to itself that which it demands for its enjoyment. This is simply the operation of the Law of Attraction or the Law of Love.

You will now see why I believe in rag-time. It is because I have to believe in it. There is nothing else to do so long as the rag-time mind exists, for rag-time music is the affinity of the rag-time mind. One cannot exist without the other.

What shall we say then? Shall we simply take things as they are and let them remain so? Isn't it much better to have a high ideal towards which to strive? One of the main purposes, if not the only purpose of this University, is to help those who come here to create a worthy ideal in life and to strive to reach this

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ideal. Should we not have ideals in music as well as in education, business and social life, morals, and religion? As soon as we form an ideal, provided there is an accompanying sincere desire to reach this ideal, the character of our minds begins to change. If it is a rag-time mind to begin with, and we find within us even a faint desire to understand and enjoy a higher type of music than rag-time and jazz, if we will yield to this desire, the way will be made plain, and in course of time we shall find ourselves enjoying the world's best music.

I hope these few words will stir up your minds a bit and set you to thinking about this subject. I am sure it is a more important one than we may think at first. I have said what I have said in love, and I know you will think it in the spirit in which it has been said. I only want to help you to find in music that which is of real worth—that which passeth not away.

T. W. C. WOMEN HAVE CHARGE OF Y. M. C. A. PROGRAM

The girls of Jarvis Hall were delighted with a program given by a few of the Y. W. C. A. members of Texas Woman's College, in Jarvis parlors, Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Miss Ballard, president of the Y. M. C. A. of the neighboring institution, was the leader, and the subject was "A College Girl's Opportunity in Her Own Community." Misses Hutchinson, Sutherly, and Lee discussed the subject to the fullest extent, showing the local girls the opportunities which lie before them in their own com-

munities.

A violin solo by Miss Owens and a vocal solo by Miss Castleberry were other very enjoyable numbers of the evening.

Changing the Topic.

"Esmeralda?"

"Yes, mumsey."

"In the parlor last evening I thought I heard you and that Umson boy talking about love and kisses."

"But Mumsey, no matter how lovely the weather is, one can't go on discussing it forever."—Youngstown Telegram.

Great Expectations.

"Who is the mysterious stranger who has upset Punkville?"

"The boys think he's a baseball scout, while the girls hope he's rounding up beauties for a moving picture concern."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Baffled at Last.

"Madam Cleo, the soothsayer, has retired from business, a victim of the housing shortage."

"How did that come about?" "Most of her clients wanted to know where they'd be living next year, and all the usual methods for prying into the future failed."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Knowing Woman.

"My dear," said Mr. Bibbles,

over the telephone, "I won't be home until late tonight, so don't sit up for me. John Jagsby and I have an important matter to discuss."

"Very well," said Mrs. Bibbles, in a tone of resignation, "but when you begin to get full of the matter I do hope you won't let Mr. Jagsby persuade you to have just one more discussion."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Laugh on the Lawyer.

In a packinghouse hearing recently an attorney who had cross-examined a member of the butchers' union on about

every other subject; finally asked him what the packers did with the squeal. "They give it to the employees when they ask for a raise in wages," the man replied.—Capper's Weekly.

New Year Resolutions.

Yeas—What did you swear off two years ago?

Crimsonbeak—Wine.

"And what did you swear off last New Year's?"

"Beer."

"And what are you going to swear off this year?"

"Wood alcohol!"—Yonker's Statesman.

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**POETRY CONTEST
REVEALS CONSIDERABLE
SPLENDID TALENT**

An unusual amount of interest was manifested in the poetry contest which was announced last term, according to Prof. W. E. Bryson, who Bryson says that more than a dozen different contestants entered the event, a few of them turning in two or more articles.

Some of the most noted of the American poets and critics are

acting as judges in the contest. Mrs. Karle Wilson Baker, of Nacogdoches, a regular contributor to the Yale Review and a poetess of considerable recognition, has already sent in her estimate of the poems submitted. Prof. Bryson asserts that she even went so far as to do what he had hoped she would: write her criticisms on the manuscripts. It is thought that this voluntary service of Mrs. Baker's will of itself make the poetry contest well worth while. Another judge who has accepted the responsibility is Prof. Killis Campbell, noted poet and professor of the University of Texas.

An attempt was made by Prof. Bryson to secure Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, who is known here for a recent visit to the University, but Mr. Lindsay modestly declined on the ground that, although a poet, he was not a judge. Dr. Boyd A. Wise, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, instructor in the Lincoln Memorial University of Tennessee, and personal friend of Prof. Bryson, will probably be the third judge.

The sponsor of the event has announced that he will be able to show a report of the judges in a few weeks, or at least before the term has ended.

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THE COLLEGE FUNSTERS.

Startled.
Customer—Are you showing your spring lingerie?
New Clerk (not very comfortable)—I hope not, ma'am.
—California Pelican.

Suiting the Occasion.
He—I notice you say "idear" for "idea."
She—Only on special occasions.
He—Nonesense.
She—Yes; when any one asks for a kiss, I say "aye, dear."
—Princeton Tiger.

Modern Winnings.
Nip—I played poker all last night.
Tuck—How did you come out?
Nip—Fine! I won eight prescriptions.—California Pelican.

Anticlimax.
Enthusiastic co-ed, relating

an exciting play in a recent football game:
"And Johnny grabbed the ball and hugged it to him—"
Second ditto—Oh, to be a football!
"—then kicked it."—Southern California Wampus.

Gdansk at a Glasnk.
In Polish parlansk
It is known as Gdansk;
As Dantzig the rest of us know it;
But over in Fransk,
You can see at a glansk,
If they do understandsk,
they don't show it.

Now the men of Gdansk
Wear the brightest of pantsk,
And the women are lightly romantzig;
Which facts so entransk
We, I think—man to mansk
I should like to ship eastward for Dantzig.

For I think 'twould be grandsk
To inhabit a landsk
Where the syllables finish so squeaky—
And I'd throw up my handsk
And not give a glandsk
For the latest advansk Bolsheviki.
—Pa. Punch Bowl.

Foolish Frosh
There was a young freshman named Brice
Who was fond of rolling the dice—
His clothes were all hocked,
His parents were shocked,
And canned the young man in a trice.
—Columbia Jester.

A Sticker.
Professor in Aeronautical History—Can any one name the first aeronautical journal?
Voice from the back of the room.—Fly paper.—Massachusetts Technical Voo Doo.

A cyclone broke out in Weehawken
While Oscar, the oof was out walkin'!
His new parasol
Succumbed to the squall—
Which left him a-gapin' and gawkin'!
—Harvard Lampoon.

Man's Cruelty.
Along the country road
walked a man and woman. The latter was bullying the meek little fellow who trudged in front of her with downcast head. Suddenly the woman saw a bull racing down the road behind them. She took refuge in the hedge, but her companion kept on, unconscious of aught but his woes. The bull caught him up and sent him spinning into a muddy ditch. Then it continued on its wild career. As the woe-begone figure crawled out of the mire he saw his better half coming toward him. Plucking up a little courage, he whimpered: "M-M-Maria, if you hit me like that a-a-a-again, you'll really get my temper up, so I warn you!"—Boston Globe.

Defined.
Two brawny men were discussing a mutual friend. One said: "Naow, I tell yer, Bert ain't no blinkin' good. Worry-in' kind of blighter 'e is." The other agreed. "Ho, yus. Bert is the kind of blowk that puts on a pair of gloves to do a job o' work, an' then does it wiv' 'is feet."—London Morning Post.

Sad Trials.
"Ever try any bootleg liquor, Judge?" said the man in the train, making conversation.
"No, I haven't," was the Magistrate's reply; "but I've tried some men who have."—Yonkers Statesman.

THEY ALL FLOP SOONER OR LATER.

By Colvern Henry, '22.
There was a young lady so handsome,
Who was courted up over the transom,
But with his keen eyes
The Old Man got wise
And on the youth's neck he did land some.

This fellow was awfully slow,
There's lots of things he didn't know,
But as nectar he sipped
From her sweet ruby lips
She said, "You're a wonderful Bo."

There was neither a smile nor a tear,
And they thought that no one was near,
Then Pop raised a kick
With a piece of a brick
And threw him out on his tin ear.

Pop thought that the young fellow stayed,
But the way of a man with a maid,
Was never meant so
And this wonderful Bo
Next night 'neath her window strayed.

The wedding bells sang their old song,
With a couple o' 'Dings' and a 'Dong,'
A wise old man said
As he shook his gray head
"There's another good fellow gone wrong."

An Ill-Natured Wish.
I often wish that I were rich,
I some times wish that I were younger;
I've many wishes—none of which
Quite satisfies my hunger.

But oftenest, my vain ambish
Emerges from a mental fog
And speaks again my favorite wish—
I wish I were a dog!

Oh, not to chase th' elusive cat,
And not to bay th' inconstant moon;
'Tis not for this and not for that
I beg this bounteous boon;

Not to be servant to a man,
Nor woman-pampered, fat and sleek
And not to hear the words, "He can
Do everything but speak.

But, oh, to be a dog, and free
From friends to whom I'm now polite!
O happy thought! O joy! O Gee,
The people I would bite!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stung!
Bacon—I sent a dollar to that fellow who advertised to tell how to take out wrinkles in the face.
Egbert—And did he tell you?

"He did, He said to walk out in the open air at least once a day, and the wrinkles would go out with me."—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Natural Idea.
Director—Have you any suggestions to make regarding this picture?
Legit. Star (a film novice)—Don't you think we'd better run off a reel of curtain calls?
—Film Fun.

Getting Suspicious.
"Well, my dear?"
"The cook has issued an ultimatum."
"What about?"
"She says every time she has an afternoon off our car is in the repair shop and it's beginning to look to her like a put-up job."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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