

Get Behind 'Em

# THE SKIFF

Stay Behind 'Em

VOLUME XX.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1921

NO. 3

## NEW STUDENTS GET HEARTY WELCOME FROM OLD TIMERS THURSDAY

"CAMPUS STROLL" ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL IN YEARS

## PRESIDENT WAITS SPEAKS

YOUNG LADIES SERVE DELICIOUS REFRESHMENTS; LOTS OF FUN

The old T. C. U. campus was the very picture of gaiety and merry-making, Thursday night, September 29, when the old students of the University entertained with a "campus stroll" in honor of the new students. The lawn in front of Jarvis Hall was decorated and lighted with many-colored Japanese lanterns, and the dormitory itself seemed to stand out as the pinnacle of the evening's pleasure. The cool weather which it was feared would decrease the number of guests added spirit to the crowd, and eight o'clock saw the beginning of one of the jolliest evenings in the social history of the institution.

The old students met the new ones in the spacious parlors of Jarvis Hall, and after every one had met every one else, programs were distributed.

The crowd wandered outside and gathered around the porch while President Waits gave a hearty welcoming address. This address was followed by talks from "Dutch" Meyer, president of the student body; Leona Crain, secretary-treasurer, and Heinie Prinzing, president of the Senior Class. Then the Single Smith Jazz Orchestra, which occupied a corner of the porch, struck up a popular air, and the tongue dance began with a burst of enthusiasm and excitement. Dance followed dance—rather promenade followed promenade, and laughing, singing, happy couples dotted the winding walks and the grassy lawns of the campus, while the orchestra continued its repertoire of popular music. Indeed, the campus itself seemed to sway to its rhythm.

At the eleventh hour the girls of the Y. W. C. A. served a lovely midnight supper to every guest. The favors on each plate were little doll messengers carrying a message of loyalty to every student new and old. They were particularly clever and original, as well as very demonstrative of the great purpose for which T. C. U. has lived. The serving of refreshments was the climax of the happy evening. The students began to disperse, slowly and reluctantly at first, but with increasing speed as the porch light of Jarvis Hall flashed the well known warning.

Everyone experienced the most wonderful time of his life, and the new students were given such a hearty welcome that they were at once made perfectly at home, acquainted with all their fellow students, and inspired with the fine spirit of loyalty which has always been so prevalent on the T. C. U. campus.

### MY DREAM COUNTRY

I am a King, my palace grand  
Is in a wooded dell  
Where flowers bloom on every side;  
A heavenly place to dwell.

And when I enter my domain  
My royal court to greet  
My heart is quiet, my soul is filled  
With joy so full and sweet.

And all my woodland friends will come  
To flit from tree to tree  
And fill my little paradise  
With sweetest melody.

Sir Robin sings a song to me  
And I will bow to him,  
An let him from my jeweled crown  
Pluck every shining gem.

Prince Oriole will come and sing  
In notes so clear and sweet;  
I set for him a golden plate,  
My royal fruit to eat.

And sweet contentment fills my soul  
To know 'tis all my own;  
My royal friends, my royal court;  
My royal woodland throne.

Clara James Mitchell.

Enjoy "An Evening in Alaska,"  
Friday evening, October 14.

## Girls Gambol Gaily; Kut Kunning Kapers Kamouflaged as Kids

The Waltons gave their annual "Kid Party," Friday, September 30, in the parlor of Jarvis Hall. All old girls came dressed as little boys, while the new girls became little girls again, and many and varied were the "children" gathered together. Every type, from the "sissy" and his "gir," to the newsboy and the farmer's boy with their so-called "sweets," could be found.

An interesting and child-like program was given with Miss Carrie Jean Davis in charge. In the little nimble-footed negro boy who first entertained the "children" by jiggging, no one would have recognized Miss Rayl, the nurse. Little Miss Floy Schoonover then read a piece about "I Ain't Agoin' to Cry No More" in a very child-like manner. This was followed with the song, "I've Got the Mumps," by little Miss Maurine Hale, the grocer's daughter. Every one thought of similar incidents in their own life to the one in "Oh, Nuffin' Tall" told by Miss Ethel Kemp, who was a "regular feller." Little Miss Luella Penix then sang "I'm Sorry, Dear," in such a sweet, unsophisticated, and childlike manner that she was encored twice. Two little boys, otherwise known as Misses Tyler Wilkinson and Sidna Rea Barron, even had a fight to see which might have her for "his girl."

All the little girls as well as the boys joined in, and little Mr. Barron was proclaimed the victor. After this, Miss Lorraine Shirley, a "social success" with the gait played a piano solo in an educated way, in the meantime, having quite a time with his foot and his "education" which caused much laughter. Miss Venus Farmer, a little boy fiddler, then played a typical little boy piece. This concluded the formal program, but several other little boys and girls performed at the request or rather, the suggestion of Miss Davis. Among these were Miss Gladys Smith, the farmer's boy, little Misses Lo'a Smith, Laura Shelton, and Jean Gibson. Playing games, chewing gum, and pulling taffy were no small part of the evening's fun. part, and a number of older guests part, and a number of older guests enjoyed the frolic quite as much as they. Every one voted it great fun, and when the time came to go home, Miss Lorraine Shirley, the educated boy, was forced to admit that the party as well as he, was a "social success."

## GARRY CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION TO BENIGHTED CONTINENT

MISS RUTH MUSGRAVE WRITES TO Y. W. C. A. OF HER EXPERIENCES

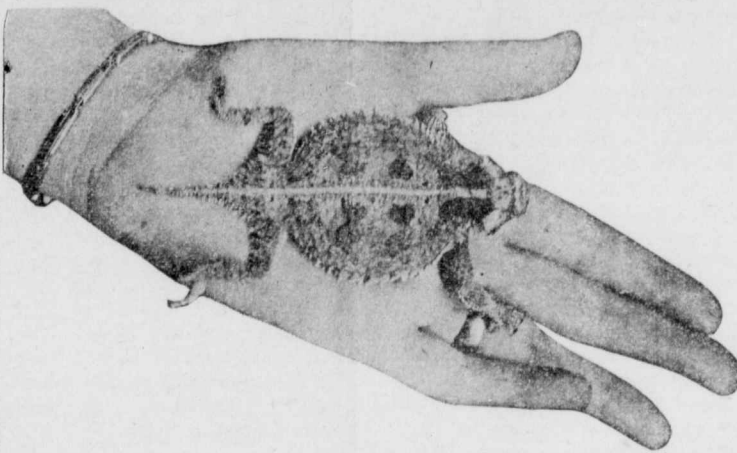
The far-reaching influence of an institution like T. C. U. is not always appreciated, but it is a fact nevertheless that the University has for the past twenty years and more exerted a powerful hand in the up-building of civilization in benighted lands. Perhaps the greatest accomplishment of the school through her graduates is the work done in the Belgian Congo, Africa, the famous mission of which Dr. Royal J. Dye spoke in his address Thursday. Dr. Dye spoke of Miss Ruth Musgrave, graduate of T. C. U. and educational missionary to the Belgian Congo, who will return to the United States in a few months on her first leave of absence.

Miss Musgrave recently wrote a letter to the Young Woman's Christian Association here, telling of some of the things which a missionary experiences in the work over there. The letter is so interesting to T. C. U. students that The Skiff is reproducing it below.

Miss Musgrave's Letter  
Lotumbe, Congo Belge, W. C. Africa.  
June 29, 1921.

Dearest T. C. U.; Y. W. C. A.:  
Our teachers and evangelists come in twice a year with enquirers. That is, those who have heard the Word and try with their limited wisdom to live the Christian life. Some have really had a change of heart while others think it another heathen idol to worship, with another charm to watch over their dead bodies. They all come together. Some are ready for baptism when they come,  
(Continued on Page Three)

## Here Is Emblem of T. C. U.



Here's what we mean when we speak of the Horned Frog. This little animal, so typical of the West, and its free-hearted bigness, is known all over the Southwest as the emblem of Texas Christian University.

## STIRRING APPEAL TO STUDENTS MADE BY DR. R. J. DYE, MISSIONARY

SPENT MANY YEARS WITH NATIVES IN BELGIAN CONGO IN AFRICA

Dr. Royal J. Dye, returned medical missionary to the Belgian Congo, Africa, who is traveling throughout the United States in the interest of the stewardship campaign of the United Christian Missionary Society, spoke to a large crowd of students in the main auditorium, Thursday, at 10 a. m.

Dr. Dye related some interesting experiences which he encountered at various times during his ministry in the Bo'enge mission, and made a stirring appeal to the young men and women assembled in the chapel. He declared that the mission field is no place for the namb, -pamby individual, but that the missionary's job is a job for the real man and the real woman.

Students were very much impressed with the address.

To Africa in 1899  
Dr. and Mrs. Dye went to Bolenge, Africa, as medical missionaries in



DR. ROYAL J. DYE, Missionary to Africa

1899, with Prof. Elsworth M. Faris, who was a teacher in Texas Christian University during its first two years in Fort Worth. There, where missionaries had struggled for years to establish the work, these young people entered into the life of the people by beginning to teach them the rudiments of care of the body, the making of clothing, the building of houses and the construction of a system of sanitation, which soon made the mission one of the most healthy in the continent.

The Bolenge mission is on the Congo river, about 800 miles inland, and exactly on the equator. It lies in a low, swampy country, where the land is fertile, but stagnant from centuries of idleness in an undrained condition. The natives are of a rather high type, but rude in all their conceptions of arts and crafts. The enthusiasm of Dr. Dye soon overcame the lethargy of the native, and he began the making of brick, the construction of buildings, and the laying out of a modern townsite.

**Bought Steamship**  
In 1909 Dr. Dye was in the employ of the board in presenting to the people of West Coast country the cause of the foreign work. While in Oregon the idea was conceived of getting the people to buy a small steamboat for the purpose of using it on the Congo river in the development of the field. The people

## AGREEMENT BETWEEN LITERARY SOCIETIES TABOOS "RUSHING"

NEW ARRANGEMENT HAS SEVERAL ADVANTAGES OVER OLD SYSTEM

Old students are urged to remember that the agreement entered into by the two literary societies last year, setting the date of registration of new members at December 1st, is still in full force and effect. This agreement taboos all solicitation or "rushing" of new students.

It is thought that by this arrangement a two-fold advantage will be gained: The literary societies will be placed on a more dignified footing than was evident prior to last year; and the intervening time between now and December First will give new students an opportunity to get acquainted with the various societies, and vice versa. Following is the text of the agreement:

**Preamble**  
We, the Shirley-Walton and Add-Ran-Clark Literary Societies of Texas Christian University, or order to add dignity to and raise the standards of our respective organizations, do hereby agree to the following:

1. That no pledges to membership in any of the above societies shall be taken until December 1st of this year and each succeeding year.
2. That no member of said Societies shall urge one or cause one to promise to become a member of their respective societies.
3. That candidates for membership in said societies must obtain formal application blanks from the secretary of said society and file same for consideration by the society with said secretary.
4. That no application for membership will be considered from any student who is not in college standing and passing in two-thirds of his college work.
5. It is furthermore agreed that any member of any of the aforesaid societies who is known to violate any part of the above agreement shall be automatically dropped from the roll of his respective society.

The following articles being agreed to in open session of the Shirley-Walton-Add-Ran-Clark Literary Societies is hereby and duly signed by their respective presidents in the presence of the President and Dean of the University, a copy of said Articles of Agreement being placed with the Shirley-Walton and Add-Ran-Clark Literary Societies, and one copy being placed on file in the office of the President of the University.

of Oregon were enthusiastic about the idea and soon raised the funds for the ship, sent representatives to select and make the purchase and then to have the boat torn down and shipped to Africa. Young men of the churches of Oregon volunteered for service in one capacity or another in the operation of the ship.

The Bolenge church has more than 4,000 members, and all are tithers of their incomes. The most significant thing in the life of the congregation is the tithing of the membership. Every tenth member is supported by the congregation as a missionary in the undeveloped fields among the native tribes. Hundreds of preachers have been sent out, and completely supported by the home church.

## Pep Practice Packs Powerful Punch and Augurs Ag'in Aggies

It is easy to be cheerful and to have all kinds of pep when the home team is ahead, and it is hard to back a losing club. However, the auditorium in the university administration building trembled and shook Wednesday night while T. C. U. students took part in a rousing pep meeting regardless of the fact that just a few days before Varsity had been defeated.

T. C. U. students are aware of the fact that when a team loses, it is the very time that that team must be supported. Perhaps this is the reason for the abundance of pep on this occasion.

Pep Dispenses Fussell, ably assisted by Parker and Glascock, pep squad leaders, and Farmer's Jazz Orchestra, certainly put the meeting across with gusto. All the old yells and several new yells were practiced.

This demonstration by the student body, coupled with a week's hard training, has imbued the Horned Frog team with a new fighting spirit. Football is going to be a brand of game which Oklahoma A. & M. at Stillwater will abhor in just a short period of time. Varsity left for that village Friday and will play Saturday afternoon.

The pep squads have been fully organized with Miss Marjorie Glascock leading the girls, and Morris "Chump" Parker, leading the boys. These organizations have already made arrangements to get their uniforms and are expected to be out in all of their splendor on the 15th of this month for the first home game.

Miss Glascock and Mr. Parker have shown rare judgment in selecting these "pep" dispensers and we are going to have a noisy good time at every game. The student body as a whole is requested to commit the following yells to memory, in order to fully express that feeling of loyalty for the indefatigable "Frogs":

Rim! Ram! Bah! Zoo!  
Lickety! Lickety! Zoo! Zoo!  
Who! Wah! Who! Who!  
Let 'er go! T! C! U!

Boomer! Sooner!  
Sooner! Boom!  
Rat-a-tat-tat!  
Tat-a-ta-rin!  
T! C! U! is BOUND to win!

Rackety Yackety Yackety Yack!  
Rackety Yackety Yackety Yack!  
Hulla Baloo! Hulla Baloo!  
Varsity! Varsity! T! C! U!

Here comes some new ones, let's  
Ricky, Chick and these will likely  
get them sure:  
Ricky, Chicky, Boom!  
Ricky, Chicky, Boom!  
Ricky Chicky, ricky chicky,  
Boom! Boom! Boom!  
Rip rap rah! Rip rap ruh!  
Horned Frogs, Horned Frogs,  
T! C! U!

Comanche! Ranche!  
Rip! Rah! Ree!  
S-M-U! S-M-U!  
Twenty-Three!  
Kalamazoo the place for you!  
Back to the cactus! Now SKIDOO!

Ti, Ya, Ya!  
Ti, Ya, Ya!  
S-M-U wants her ma! ma! ma!

Well, Well Well,  
You can't tell!  
We may beat you all too,  
Well! Well! Well!

Rattle on a tin can,  
Looney up a tree,  
Sooner, Sooner, teedle-dee-dee!  
Rattle your slats! Your slats!  
Your slats!  
Horned Frogs beat you,  
Ti! Ya! Ya!

Hit 'em hard! Hit 'em low!  
T. C. U. Let's go!

Individual yells:  
Y-e-a, Fowler, rah! rah! rah!  
Fowler!

Tea! Rah! Tea! Rah! T. C. U. Rah!  
Tea! Rah! Tea! Rah! T. C. U. Rah!  
Tea! Rah! Tea! Rah! T. C. U. Rah!  
BOOM!

Come on out to the Pep meetings  
and learn the songs.

Edgar C. Raine's illustrated lecture  
on "Alaska," Friday evening,  
October 14, will be entertaining and  
instructive.

## JINX INTERFERES AND FROG'S WINNING STREAK IS BROKEN AT ABILENE

SIMMONS COWBOYS GET BIG END OF UNIMPOSING SCORE

## PLOWED GROUND FARCE

FROGS NOT AT THEIR BEST AND BREAKS GO TO THE HOME TEAM

Old man Jinx broke the Horned Frogs' winning streak and upset a lot of dope out at Abilene last Saturday, when the Varsity eleven left the arena with the little end of a 10-7 score, the Simmons College Cowboys winning by a shade.

The game could hardly be called a football clash when measured by the form which characterized the playing of the Frogs in the season of 1920. The field was anything but fast, having been freshly plowed and harrowed, and this made the going exceedingly difficult for the fast Frog backfield, accustomed to the firm surface of the Clark field grid. Penalties were frequent for the locals, in several cases resulting in substantial gains for the opposing team.

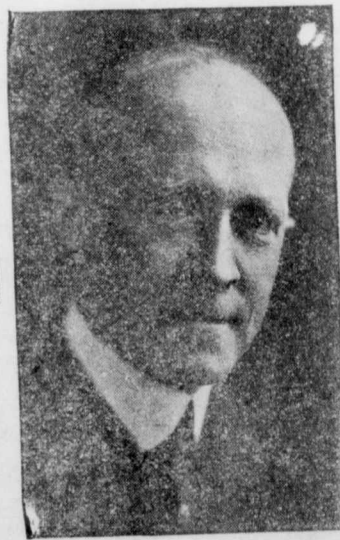
The Horned Frog count came in the third quarter when, by a series of end runs by Adams and Fowler and a beautiful forward pass from Fowler to Houtchens, the pigskin was placed near enough to the enemy's goal line for Camp to shove it over for the touchdown. Goal was kicked. T. C. U. 7. The Cowboys scored with a touchdown, a goal kicked, and a place kick from the field.

The Simmons aggregation is much stronger this season than it was in 1920 when the Frogs subjected the Cowboys to an overwhelming defeat. The acquisition of Yeager, clever quarterback and broken-field runner, is regarded as their best card, since he was the shining star in the recent tilt with the Frogs.

The defeat of the T. C. U. machine by the Cowboys is not generally accepted as an indication of Simmons College superiority. The Frogs acknowledge that they were not at their best Saturday, due to the indisposition of some of the men brought on by the hard trip to the West Texas city, and they believe that with even breaks, they could play an altogether different tune. Varsity fans by no means accept the defeat as prophetic of the season, which has barely begun and which yet includes a list of heavy games.

T. C. U. line-up: Houtchens, left end; Acker, left tackle; Green, left guard; Ogan, center; Fulcher, right guard; Bishop, right tackle; Cherry, right tackle; Meyer, quarterback; Camp, right half; Fowler, left half; Ryan, fullback.  
Substitutes—Jacks for Fulcher, Crowley for Jacks, Adams for Ryan, Carson for Camp, Honey for Carson, Waller for Meyer, Cross for Houtchens, Hayden for Ogan.

## WILL DELIVER ILLUSTRATED LECTURE ON ALASKA HERE



EDGAR C. RAINE

Who is reputed to know more of Alaska by actual contact than any other living man. His illustrated lecture on "Alaska, the Land of the Midnight Sun," which will be delivered from the University stage, Friday evening, October 14, is one of the few carefully selected entertainments which will be brought here by the faculty committee.



# THE SKIFF

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**EXECUTIVE STAFF**  
 VERNON W. BRADLEY Business Manager  
 THOMAS E. DUDNEY Editor

## Turning Defeat Into Victory

"If you think you are beaten, you are."

There's more truth than poetry in this line from the pen of one of our modern poets.

How many of us really believe that the old gang deserved defeat in the game with Simmons College, Saturday?

Not one, of course!

We are not discouraged, even if it did seem as though the breaks of the game went in favor of our opponents. We have faith in that old gang of ours because we have seen them in action against much more formidable opponents than the Simmons Cowboys, and we have seen them emerge from the scrimmage victorious.

Furthermore, we are not "gripping" at the result of the game with Simmons. We realize that we can't expect to get all the breaks and we are perfectly willing to abide by the official report of the game, hard as it is for us to get accustomed to the sting of defeat.

The thing for us to do is GET IN BEHIND THAT OLD GANG AND BACK THEM WITH OUR LAST BREATH! No eleven men can make a victorious football season. It takes the whole heart and soul of an institution, its student body, its faculty, its traditions. We are very much afraid that the student body has not taken the matter seriously enough, and that because the first few games are away from home, we are inclined to be lazy. That is a dangerous idea! The football season began for us the very day the first man reported for workout on the squad, and the end will not be until the last whistle blows in the Thanksgiving game.

Do you remember the countless occasions in that memorable season of 1920, when our chances were hanging by a slender thread? Do you know what furnished the necessary ounce of energy to put the pigskin over time and again for the winning touchdown? Certainly you do. It was the spirit of a united student body, and it worked with a punch!

Horned Frogs, we are with you. Perhaps you did lose the Simmons game, but you went down fighting, and we think none the less of you for that. Stay in there and fight, and we'll make a glorious season out of it yet.

An ounce of poise is worth a pound of noise.

Who fills the wee sma' hours with alcoholic laughter,  
 Does well to bear in mind there's aye the "morning after."

Lesson in anatomical geometry: A man's nose is the scenter of his face.

### THE FALL OF TWENTY ONE

I look upon my new career;  
 I see a future fair;  
 My thoughts turn back to T. C. U.  
 To friends and comrades there.  
 To class work done with thoroughness;  
 To hours of wholesome fun.  
 Oh, dear to me the memory—  
 The Fall of Twenty One!

I watch the tangled threads of life  
 With which we weave but know  
 Not what design to choose nor which  
 Will bring us weal or woe;  
 The threads are hard to change or break  
 The pattern once begun;  
 More dear to be the memory—  
 The Fall of Twenty One!

I look upon the fleeting years  
 And know that close at hand  
 A moment waits to bear me on  
 To that Mysterious Land.  
 With peace wait I that call because  
 Life's race was rightly run  
 With ever golden memory—  
 The Fall of Twenty One!

Clara James Mitchell.

Hear Edgar C. Raine tell of the  
 "Lure of the Great North," Friday  
 evening, October 14.

## The Breaks of the Game

By BRUCE CROSS

Who Was a Spectator at the Simmons Game

Jazz music can be easily enjoyed by football men, and may possibly help them to win a hard gridiron battle. The "breaks of the game" are another enjoyable feature in the football man's life, and these breaks certainly are highly essential for the winning of a game.

However, when jazz music is played by a twenty piece band, and this band parks itself before a hotel in which are twenty travel-worn and fatigued football warriors who are trying to rest, trying to sleep, trying to recuperate sufficiently so that they might have an even chance to defeat a hard fighting team on its home grounds the next day; when this band plays into the early hours of the morning, jazz music is a handicap and not a help. When the "breaks of the game" break against a team from every angle, the Goddess of Victory nine times out of ten deigns not to smile on that team.

When officials get in the way of the men carrying the ball or attempting to complete a pass, chances are very slim for that man to accomplish much. When incompleting forward passes are called fumbles and a member of the opposing team falls on the ball it certainly tends to make one's blood boil. Time and again when a purple and white player covers a real fumble and the referee gives the ball to a yellow and black warrior, there is small wonder that a purple and white sympathizer should go stark, raving mad; and there is small wonder that the purple and white team should lose the game. When a team brings the ball within striking distance of the goal on several occasions and is then penalized, there is a strong chance for the morale of that team to be broken. When the opposing team holds, slugs, and kicks, taking advantage of the fact that it is in its home town, that team ought not to win, but the chances are that it will.

When a team on its home grounds makes thirty and forty yard gains, incidentally carrying the ball in and out of bounds at will, and when the officials sustain these gains, that team is bound to take the long end of the score. When that home team kicks at a field goal, and the referee calls it no goal, and later says he does not know whether or not the ball crossed the bar, while the score keepers are nevertheless marking up three points for said home team, the climax is capped and that team wins.

All the aforementioned events took place last week in Abilene whither the Horned Frogs had journeyed, and had engaged in a rather hectic form of football combat with the Simmons College Cowboys. The up-

shot of the affair was a score of 10 to 7, T. C. U. receiving the small end of the verdict.

Far be it from the writer to indulge in hollow alibis or to make mere shallow excuses for the purpose of ameliorating the feelings of a student body which is naturally desirous of being behind a winning team. We also might add that every man on old Varsity is of sterling caliber, is of the type which, whether in victory or defeat, whines not nor whimpers. The writer was present on the field of battle and knows that beyond a doubt Varsity labored under handicaps that few football teams ever meet. The Simmons team is a good team. At times is put up a dazzling brand of football. Its backfield is fast and its line is fairly heavy, and somewhat clever. Yeager at quarterback is a good leader and a dangerous broken field runner. Practically the whole club fights hard from start to finish.

But seven penalties against the visiting team compared with one penalty against the home team is bad. Especially is it bad when certain events occur time after time, such as a T. C. U. player being flat of his back while a Simmons man stands over him deliberately kicking him in the face, the referee merely cautioning the offender.

On two occasions Ugan covered a fumble for T. C. U. but the ball was given to Simmons. Meyer on one

specific occasion when completing a forward pass had the ball knocked out of his hands by colliding with the head-lineman who was standing fully twenty yards inside of the boundary lines. But why go into details. Varsity should have surmounted all these barriers if she expected to win the game. In the vernacular of a Simmons rooster who seemed inclined to talk too much, "There ain't no team supposed to lose in its home town, 'specially us."

We hope that this is not the feeling of the Simmons student body as a whole, and we pray that a team as good as Simmons has, does not contain such a spirit.

One bright spot in the affray came in the third quarter when that old purple jerseyed team, fighting like a wounded tiger at bay, cut loose on the offensive and walked right down the field for a touch-down. End runs by Adams and Fowler, and a beautiful forward pass Fowler to Houtchens put the ball within scoring distance. Before T. C. U. could receive a penalty or have the ball taken away from her, Camp bucked across for the tally.

Fighting all the way although at a disadvantage practically every minute, Cherry, Houtchens, Bishop and Crowley certainly showed West Texas fans how football should be played whether they won or lost.

### Natural Mystery

The little ant  
 Looks rather scant  
 When measured by the elephant.

But to be stout  
 And have a snout  
 Is surely not real elegant.

Still, to be frail  
 And have no tail,  
 Must also be unpleasant.  
 —Boston Beanpot.

## "CANDY AND CURLS"

Are two requirements of the College Girl. And both can be had with a minimum amount of trouble and worry, if she is provided with the proper

### ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

The appliances described below should comprise a part of every college girl's equipment—They are both a convenience and a pleasure.



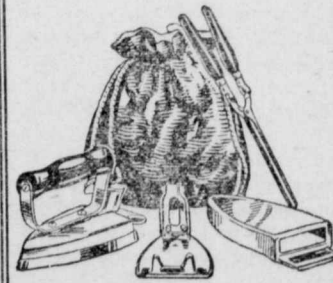
### Chafing Dishes

Chafing Dish parties make a picnic of dull winter evenings. Just suggest fudge or Welsh rarebit and see the pleasure your chafing dish affords.



### Grills

Perhaps you sleep late and miss Sunday morning breakfast—but why worry if there is an Electric Grill at hand to fix fresh, buttered toast for yourself and the "bunch."



### Irons Curling Irons

Indispensable to your fresh appearance is a boudoir iron. We are showing one enclosed in small folding ironing board—will fit in any hand bag. Curling irons, too, whose value to your appearance you well know.



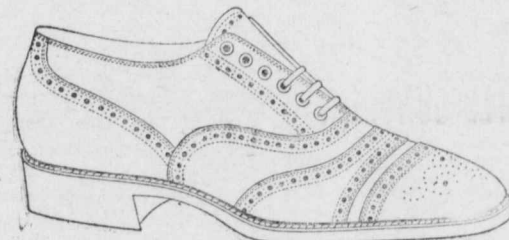
### Coffee Urns

If you intend keeping an apartment you will want a Coffee Urn for a morning cup of coffee, or to serve light evening refreshments.

**FORT WORTH Power & Light COMPANY**  
 Ninth and Commerce  
 Lamar 6390



## Knicker Oxfords



All Sizes

Flat Heel Walking Oxford, as illustrated, welt sole and developed in Patent Kid, Brown Kid and Light Tan.

Patent Leather	\$8.50
Brown Kid, plain tip	\$7.45
Brown Calf, plain tip	\$7.50
Brown Calf, wing tip	\$8.00
Brown Kid, ball strap	\$9.75

### Evening Slippers

Unusual brilliance is promised by the social season now at hand. For the dance and every social occasion, whether formal or informal, one's slippers should be carefully chosen. All sizes in our stock.

One-Strap Metallic Cloth of Silver Pump, and same in Brocaded Cloth of Gold; has hand turned sole and self covered Louis heel; fashioned by famous French artists, LeGen & Lippe.  
 Priced \$15.50 (55c tax)

Cloth of Silver with either Baby Louis or Louis heels	\$11.10
Black Satin with either Baby Louis heel or Louis heel	\$11.10
Black Satin, Beaded Vamp and Strap Pump, Baby Louis heel	\$13.85

### Ballet and Gym Shoes

For your convenience we have a complete stock of Women's White or Black Ballet Slippers. Also regulation Gym Oxford.



HOUSTON—FIFTH—MAIN

SERVICE QUALITY FAIR PRICE

New and Old Students Welcome to  
**Ford's Store Cafe**  
 MEALS SERVED AT ALL TIMES OF THE DAY

Wait Here for Cars— Just North of Campus

### Coloring the Evidence.

A colored brother makes this explanation of an alibi: "A alibi is provin' you was at prayer meetin' where you wasn't in order to show dat you wasn't at the crap game whar you wuz."—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

## PANGBURN'S

MANUFACTURERS

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## The Eternal Question

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Rebecca Smith, of the Department of English, recently returned from Europe where she spent a summer sojourn which included a tour of the British Isles, France and Belgium, and has graciously consented to contribute an article or series of articles bearing on her travels. We believe that Miss Smith, in attacking her subject from the angle which she has selected in the first of the series, shows a keen appreciation of the feelings of her readers and of the ills which so often attend the narration of a travelogue. She not only believes that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach," but she is cognizant also of a similar relationship existing between the same man's intellect and his alimentary tract. We hope that the popular instructor will see fit to continue the series.

By REBECCA W. SMITH

I am entirely aware of the fact that the editor expects me to be abroad this summer; in fact, I can see the very headlines he has planned for this article—"PEDAGOGUE VISITS LITERARY SHRINES"—or something of the sort. But, instead, I mean to be truthful and tell about the most important things first.

After one travels awhile the eternal question, "Where do we eat?" gets to be the paramount issue three times daily; and whether most returned tourists will admit it or not, a large proportion of their vivid memories are when and where and how they dined. Regardless of the scenery, we like that town where they serve real butter, and blessed is the memory of those rare European cases where a thirsty American can get ice-water.

I myself must confess a fondness for some localities more than others, because—well, to illustrate—there was a certain English pudding at Keswick in the Lake Country, and real Edam cheese in Holland, and better-than-French pastries in Brussels. We hardly forget that sort of thing, you know.

But through this haze of gastronomic memories two or three occasions stand out clearly. Most memorable of all is our lunch at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet Street, London, haunt of Doctor Johnson's Circle and many another famous wit since. From the crowded street we went through the narrow passage past the bar to the little room with its sanded floor and oak tables, where the air reeked with smoke and the smell of the famous pudding.

We were lucky enough to occupy the very corner dedicated to Johnson and his friends; and sitting in the massive arm-chair reputed to have been the favorite of the great man himself, I ordered pudding. One only tells the waiter, "The pudding please," because for centuries the inn has been famous for this marvelous concoction of beefsteaks, oysters, larks, mushrooms and all else that is rich and indigestible. I ate it and almost liked it—frankly, some of the others did not, and everyone enjoyed the toasted Cheshire cheese, piping hot. No wonder all the seats around us were crowded, and a line of people waiting.

Of course, like most of the other famous spots, the place was cluttered up with us Americans, but it required no great stretch of imagination to forget them, and conjure up the days of old when within those same four walls "Bozzy" worshipped Johnson and worried Goldsmith, while the good doctor talked and talked into the wee sma' hours.

In striking contrast comes the recollection of the day we ate at Clermont, on the edge of the Argonne Forest in France. Or rather, I should say, at the place where Clermont used to be, for all that remains is the shell of a village. Our car stopped where the hotel had been, and we were invited to a room in the cellar where the former innkeeper's wife serves meals amid the ruins of her house.

I do not mind admitting now that I strongly suspected at the time that it was probably horse-meat that we ate; and the wine and bread were extremely poor even to us who had been strenuously "doing" the battlefields. But the little old lady brought fresh almonds to dress up the scanty meal, and said such pleasant things of the American troops who had been stationed there, that we ate what we could and fed the rest to the friendly cat under the table without complaint.

No doubt she charged us far more than the poor food was worth but I hope she will be able to rebuild her house all the sooner, and maybe the three little children about the place will be the happier for it. The guide told us a story about those children, too, that I wish I could stop to relate; they all were orphans, their fathers "morts pour la France."

In speaking of being held up for high prices, one is necessarily reminded of Paris. Nowhere in the world, so far as I know, do they re-

lieve the tourist of his money so painlessly or so pleasantly as in Paris. Lovely clothes, excellent food, all the beautiful "unnecessaries" of life seem somehow necessary there. I am tempted to digress from this discussion of "Where do we eat?" to "Where shall we shop?" and of course there is only one answer—the Rue de la Paix.

But instead I shall ask you to put a pleasant end to this ramble by stopping with me at the Cafe de la Paix, just at the head of the street, where we shall sit on the sidewalk for an hour or two late in the afternoon and watch all Paris go by. The chocolate is extremely good, or perhaps you wish a "glace" or something to drink; it doesn't matter so long as we stay a long while and see the crowds.

Then, in defense of this little essay of travel-telling, so reminiscent of cookery, good and bad, I ought to add that I believe there is nothing more indicative of the temper and character of a people than its habit of dining. The long, formal English dinner where your plate is flanked with a dozen and a half pieces of miscellaneous silver; copious meals in Holland when three or four meats are supported by eggs prepared several ways and a dessert or two; the out-of-door cafes of France and Belgium—these are integral parts of the national life. Truly, to know a people one must break bread with them.

### CARRY CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION TO BENIGHTED CONTINENT

(Continued from Page One)

while others have to be taught longer in the teaching to return in the next six months. Many young boys stay in Lotumbe to get further schooling and many become teachers and evangelists.

Of course with Christianity comes civilization. Much of it helps Christian teachers in their leading the heathen from their sinful lives. For

instance, God had to give Adam and Eve clothes when they learned right from wrong. On the other hand it ruins these people like it does some at home, eh. Last Sunday morning at church was like emancipation day. One might have thought the same thing was happening here as far as looks were concerned. Everybody out in their finest duds to show off the fellows who had none and to let their relatives see how rich they look. One of the hospital boys who has been out the last six months dispensing medicines came in wearing his operating apron to show his rank. He looked like a priest. Then next to him in clothes was a man in white clothes, helmet, black hose and white shoes. He was very tall and appearing to be quite dignified, but the joke about him was that he had the right shoe on the left foot, making the points stick out and up rather than in and up. Of course he crippled terribly. Another man came wearing the coat of a coat suit he had gotten from some State man's wife. He had cut the sleeves out to make a vest out of it. It was some nifty, if you please. You are wondering why I don't say something about the woman's dress. Well, their day will come. They dress O. K., but they have one style and that is a skirt that ties under their arms and extends to their knees. Of course a few of the wealthy ladies wear dresses and shoes and stockings. But they are few. It takes Bolenge to give them a chance.

But with all this gaiety of duds when Dr. Mosher sang a song in their language there was not one sound in the house of 800 people. They feel the spirit of a thing very keenly. And too, all through the sermon there was the marked spirit of respect—although there were two or three hundred heathen who had never heard a white man speak before in a church. I had 60 instead of 12 in my Sunday School class and it was surely an inspiration to me to stand before them as interpreter for Jesus. He surely gives me power or else I could not do it.

Today 216 were baptised at the river beach. Three white men did the baptizing. Our cook and Goldie's wash boy were in the number. The songs were so pretty they sang as they went to the river from the church. From the first to the last took about thirty minutes to walk down. Everybody in town was there. This has always been a Sunday service itself, but a steamer will be here at the beach then so this was the only time. They will all be gone before the next Sunday. But the weddings will take place soon. I'll tell about them later.

It is very ordinary to hear one man call, "John, John"; when he answers, he will say, "How do you do?" Then the other will say, "Tom, Tom"; when he answers, he will say, "Good morning." They will both pass on without another word. Sometimes two persons will pass

each other without speaking and then discover that they are relatives and go back and shake hands. Their method of shaking hands is just to let the palms touch as they bring them together. I like it.

There is not but one reason for scarcity of food. It is quite plentiful in the heathen villages. The reason is this. So many people bring their families and come to the mission to work. They may be here a month, they may be here a year or a lifetime. They don't know when they come whether it will pay to start a garden or not. The women are used to doing the work in the back villages. She makes the garden and does the fishing. The men clear the ground first and their work is done except to hunt. When they come to the mission to work it is the man that has the job. The man spends his money for her dresses so why should she work. She can go to market to buy food so why not sit back and take things easy. It ruins the woman and the village as far as food is concerned. The poor women in the back country have to bring food to us from fifty miles back. Now you say, "Why can't you plan some way to avoid this?" We have promised to buy the gardens of any who want to leave. We will pay a good price for it to encourage them to grow gardens. They don't want to. We refuse to let the town people buy at the markets but they

slip someone in that is entitled to it for them. These people will lie and steal for others as quick as they will for themselves. We have to have the market for the hundreds of boys and men who come to work on the mission who don't have time for other work. Or don't have time to hunt their own food. Here is what Mr. Moon, who started a new mission station last year, said: That he was not going to let a family stay on the village longer than a month without starting a garden. He says the church should not allow a member who is so lazy that they will not garden. It simply means all to a village. No garden raises the prices so that wages have to be increased every so often to keep the people in a living wage. It is surely a problem that comes up at each of our

conferences but has not been settled yet. Maybe we get it settled at next conference in November, when we have all missions in Congo to discuss things with. Some missions three times as old as our own.

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## The Way of the Transgressor

By James W. Bender

"Why so pensive, Jim?" asked Randolph George, as the former gazed meditatively at the suit of stripes which he had just discarded for an ill-fitting civilian suit of coarse fibre. "I should think you should be glad to get into the light again," continued Randolph as his cell-mate made no reply.

"I was thinking," said Jim, "how little of a sensation this is to me. I can remember the keen joy the first time I made the change," and at this recollection a twisted, mirthless grin came to his face. "Imprisonment is a habit with me now. This is my fourth release, and now, at the age of fifty I'm leaving again. I wonder how long I will be out this time."

As he finished, a guard entered and motioned Rowley to follow him. The way led to the warden's office. There a clerk handed the convict a large envelope which he received rather indifferently.

"Your discharge is in there," he vaguely heard the warden say, "and the money from the state. Times are good outside and you ought to get work easily. Buck up and play the game; stay outside the camp. You are not a natural inebriate."

Rowley shook the warden's hand, and said indifferently, "I will try."

He slowly climbed into the prison car which was waiting at the door and once more he passed beneath the grim portals of the prison wall. As he jolted through the streets of the city thoughts came to him, fleetly, but none the less poignant. For a moment he dwelt sadly and tenderly upon the memory of his mother, whose sensitive heart had long since been broken by her son's retrogression. Then the thought of crowding years overwhelmed him. He realized the utter futility of a man of his age turning over a new leaf.

He had now reached the ferry which was to convey him across to the city, the city of his own kind. A city which in its own manner would welcome his return once more.

Let us look back to the time when Jim Rowley, was a far different character from the present pitiable wreck of what had once been a man.

He had been a promising and brilliant student in college. Before him there had been nothing but fame, honor, and success. He had been the idol of the school, and had instantly attracted all who came in contact with him. He had had one, and only one, enemy, and that was jealousy, which held him with the silent and insidious tenacity of a clinging octopus.

It had been a beautiful, glorious month of May. To him it had seemed as if the glory of earth with all its grandeur, magnificence and warm, pulsating beauty, had benevolently centered upon Margie and himself, as they had wandered, hand in hand. They were both to receive their degrees in the next few days, all was happiness, and the world had never shown her kindness so before.

Then the night of commencement had come—that night which changed James Rowley from a scrupulous, accomplished young man into a disillusioned, despairing and depraved creature that held not the slightest semblance to the once brilliant James Rowley.

And what had happened in that tragic night?

Margie had, yielding to her passionate impulse of nature, eloped with Hubert Rollins, Jim's best friend—one with whom he had trusted everything, his future plans, hopes, sorrows, joys. Rollins had not played the game; he had fallen far short of the "a" in making up the word man, the ability to be true, and fair. He had shamelessly robbed his best friend of his very heart and soul.

Years had passed. A wild cruise to the South Sea Islands had failed to bring forgetfulness. Next the underworld of Rio de Janeiro had claimed him. Finally, this bit of human jetsom had been swept by the undercurrents of life to New York—then—Sing Sing. His last few years had been years of alternate freedom and prison. But he had not been the kind to forget easily; the tragic past had left an ineradicable warp upon his mind and soul.

Returning to the present—he spent the money the state had given him to shoo a ragged little newsboy. Then, that intangible and unrelenting call of the underworld again grasped him. Officers surprised him working upon Tom Marlowe & Company's safe. He was quick enough to make his escape through a back window. Running like a deer down dark alleys, he could hear shrill whistles of the police as they signaled to each other. Reaching a hidden trap door near the docks, which was known only to the underworld, he slipped through and down a dark flight of stairs into New York's Chinatown. He was now safe from the law, groping his way through the long, dimly lighted halls, past tiny doors from which issued a faint, pungent odor of opium. Suddenly he heard a wild cry, a wail, choking cry, one bespeaking anguish, terror, and bewilderment. Making his way to the place whence the cry seemed to come, he more distinctly heard the voice, that of a girl. Gathering all his strength he hurled himself against the door, which quickly shattered. Before him, on her knees was a girl of exquisite beauty. A Chinaman stood over her. Rowley gasped, hardly believing his eyes. The girl's face stirred memories in him. It was a face from the past; one which had been dead to him for years, except in memory.

Realizing the exigency of the occasion he sprang upon the surprised creature standing above the girl. The Chinaman was borne to the floor, his head striking with a dull thud, but not before Rowley had experienced an excruciating agony in his side.

Arising, Rowley gathered the helpless girl into his arms, and fled

down the dark corridor. After an interminable time he again reached the steps, which he had shortly before descended. A few minutes later he had placed the frightened girl, who was now sobbing in relief, on a quiet place on one of the docks. A great faintness now seized him, and he sank down beside the girl. He placed his hand to his side, and drew it away wet.

"Girl, how did I happen to find you in that place?" he questioned heavily.

"God only knows," She said timidly. I was out riding and I think I must have gone to sleep. When I woke up I was where you found me. Then that awful man came, and you came just in time."

"Is your mother living?" he questioned eagerly. "And your father?"

"Mama is living, but I cannot remember my father; he died when I was a baby."

"Is your name Margie—Margie Rollins?"

"Yes," was the wondering whisper. "I thank God! Margie—I am going—a long journey—goodbye—kiss me," he gasped, breathing in short

gasps. Trembling and tearful, the girl pressed her soft lips to the white, quivering lips of the man. He now lay quiet and still. Spasmodic breathing had ceased. The moon, which had been covered, now filtered its rays through a rift in the clouds. It fell upon the white, tranquil face of the man, giving it a serene, unearthly, almost beautiful cast.

Strangely—the girl was not frightened in the presence of death. The face upon which she gazed sorrowfully bore a haunting likeness to that of a picture which she had often seen. This picture belonged to her mother, and the girl had more than once seen her mother gazing wistfully at it with tears in her eyes. Then revelation came.

Two hours later, an officer lifted a softly sobbing girl from beside the body of an ex-convict and reported to headquarters that the lost girl had been found.

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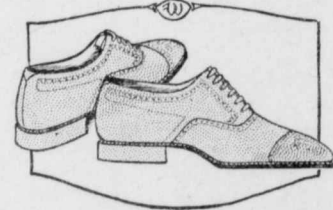
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