

GAME WITH TIGERS IS SIGNIFICANT

FROGS LOSE TO AGGIES IN LOOSE GAME

In a game brilliant at times and poor at times, loosely played from start to finish, Varsity met defeat at the hands of the Oklahoma Aggies in Stillwater, Okla., last Saturday by a score of 28 to 21.

The first score resulted for T. C. U. Ryan and Fowler made a steady march down the field. Ryan carrying the ball over for touchdown. During this period the Horned Frogs had the appearance of a real football machine, showing quite a flash of form.

In the second period the Aggies showed a strong offensive, tied the count, and forged ahead by a touchdown. Their first marker resulted from a fifteen-yard pass and a thirty-five yard run.

Their second score also resulted from a pass, the ball being brought to the two-yard line from whence it was bucked across.

In the third period the Aggies completed another pass followed by a broken field run which netted another touchdown, bringing the score up to: Aggies 21, T. C. U. 7.

In the final quarter the Horned Frogs rallied and by straight football tactics sent Power over the line. Then the Aggies increased their lead when Nicholson, end, grabbed a fumble by Adams, T. C. U. safety man, and ran fifty yards for a tally.

The final score of the game came when Houchens, Horned Frog end, picked up a fumble and dashed half the length of the field for touchdown. Captain Fowler was the Horned Frog mainstay, covering much ground and gaining much territory.

At intervals Varsity certainly did look good and at other times quite mediocre.

During the past week practically all the kinks have been ironed out by Coaches McKnight and Driver. A prolonged "skull practice" was indulged in Monday followed by a stiff signal practice and tackling drill.

Tuesday found the Pollywogs and Varsity locked in deadly combat in the form of more than an hour's scrimmage. The rest of the week was spent in intensified signal drill. When Varsity takes the field again, which will be Saturday the 15th, at Panther Park in Fort Worth, the sun will set that evening on a victorious club instead of one in defeat.

The line-up of Saturday's game: A. & M. (28), Positions: T. C. U. (21) Nicholson

Lineup table showing positions like Left End, Right Guard, Quarterback, etc. for both teams.

Score by periods: Aggies 0 14 7 7-28; Frogs 7 0 0 14-21. Substitutions: Aggies—Snow for Crutchfield, Hughes for Cherry, Ogan for Ryan, Wells for Haden, Honey for Wells, Carson for Ogan, Crowley for Green, Green for Crowley, Cantrell for Green. Scoring: Touchdowns: Aggies—Mason 2, Crutchfield, Nicholson; Frogs: Ryan, Fowler, Houchens; goal after touchdown: Aggies, Wilson 4; Frogs, Meyers 3.

The three Vernon, Texas, girls matriculated this fall, bring us the good news that Anna Jo Pendleton in class 1918 is teaching Expression in the public schools of Vernon. As her friend, Homer Tomlinson, remarked, "She is actually working like the rest of us. Who would have thought it of old Anna Jo!" That expresses the best we know. By the way she sent us a fine bunch of students from Vernon!

OLD STUDENT WRITES INTERESTING LETTER FROM N. Y. UNIVERSITY

EDWIN KANE SPECIALIZING IN BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

All old students of T. C. U. will be interested in knowing something of the whereabouts of Edwin Kane, whose decision not to return to school here this year has caused considerable regret. Ed would have received his degree from T. C. U. this year. He is now in New York University specializing in business administration. President E. M. Waits, whose secretary Ed has been for the past three years, declares that he is peculiarly fitted for the work of a business executive and predicts unusual success for him.

In a letter to the Skiff, Ed says: "I am working hard during the day and am studying and reciting most every evening at New York University. I like the school fine. So far some 9,000 have registered, and over 5,000 of these are in the school of commerce in which I am registered. The work is both undergraduate and graduate and of high class.

"I am glad to say that all my work in T. C. U. was O. K. here, although I am ranked as a Senior with a full year's work to do to meet their degree requirements in required courses in American Government and American History.

"My education so far has not been limited to school work, however. I have attended the Globe Theater and have seen the Follies of 1921. Last week I saw 'Get Together' at the great Hippodrome Theater. Some show, similar to but far out-classing our 'Majestic bills.' I have also attended numerous other shows.

"Among the rushing crowds of Fifth Avenue and Broadway I find myself elbowing and being elbowed. I'm still going, though. The subways are about the noisiest and most intricate puzzle I ever tackled—locals, express, shuttle trains, the Lord only knows what else. I got on an express today at Brooklyn Bridge and was carried to 86th street, where I got off and took a local back to 42nd, where I thought the train would stop but no. I'm learning fast, though.

"It is also my privilege to be living in the middle of Greenwich Village, so my landlady tells me. So far, though, the only follies I have seen off stage are those in which a fellow pays from 8 cents to \$1.50 for a sandwich and a cup of tea in 'The Pepper Shop,' three steps down, and numerous other candle-lighted lunch rooms and cabarets where daintily dressed dames, smoking cigarettes, ask what you'll have. These places are decorated with cubist dolls, made of rags, which will sell you for \$1.50 and up. I must say, however, that I have seen fewer vamps, to recognize them as such, than I have seen on the streets of Fort Worth. It may be bad here, but you must have red goggles to find it.

"I have also tested the salty water of Brighton Beach and find it very cool and delightful. I saw last Saturday a Chicago boy of 17 beat the world's record for 100 yards indoor pool—some name like Mulweisen.

"As this is rather a long letter and as it is 7 p. m. and I have not yet dined, I'll bid you all a fond good-bye. But Ed does not stop here. Here's the P. S.: 'P. S. I had almost forgot the thing I most wanted to say: I'm with the old football boys to the very last, whether they lose or win. I don't know yet the outcome of any of the games, but I'm anxiously waiting for my Skiff to tell me of a 1000 per cent season. 'Hit 'em hard! Hit 'em low! Let's go!'

BLIND MAN SOUNDS OPTIMISTIC NOTE IN ADDRESS IN CHAPEL

REV. HARRY WILSON HAS BEEN WITHOUT SIGHT FOR 49 YEARS

The keynote of optimism, "Be grateful for what you have," was sounded Tuesday morning in a chapel speech by the Rev. Harry Wilson. Mr. Wilson, who has been blind for forty-nine years, declared that in all that length of time he has never felt discontent or unhappiness over his lot as a blind man.

He began his cheerful talk by reading a text from a Braille copy of the Bible and offered to let anyone who wished examine the Bible at the close of the chapel exercises. He stated that we who are not blind are ungrateful, unhappy, lazy and unappreciative of the great gifts bestowed on us. The blind are all content with their fate and rarely ever become unhappy, according to Mr. Wilson. (Continued on page 2)

Table titled 'FOR FROG FOOTBALL FANS RESULTS TO DATE' listing games like Sept. 24—At Amarillo, T. C. U. 30, W. T. S. N. C. O. etc.

Buzzard Mill By HOMER BERNARD ADAMS. Lurid flashes of lightning broke forth intermittently from the dark cloud bank that rimmed the western horizon. A dull red glare and long darkening streamers of resplendent colors, lighted up the sky over the ranch house, while below, dim shadows grew longer and more indistinct, vanishing in the distance. Night was falling.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Funkhouser!" Guida B's dark eyes sparkled. "We are not married yet, you know. Have the courtesy to reserve your kisses until we are." "But, Guida," faltered Mr. Ernest Funkhouser. "You are leaving me tomorrow. Why won't you let me kiss you?" "Really I can't say, Mr. Funkhouser." She settled back comfortably. "You won't let me tell you good-bye," he asked wistfully. "Sure," she answered gaily. "Good-bye!"

HOW THE TEAMS WILL LINE UP AGAINST EACH OTHER SATURDAY

Table showing lineups for Trinity and T. C. U. teams, listing players like Goodman, Coach, Herring, Sawyer, etc.

UNIVERSITY EXTENDS WORK TO CITY; OFFERS COURSES TO TEACHERS

For the benefit of all public school teachers who wish to take some college courses along with their other work, the board of trustees of Texas Christian University has arranged to give lectures down town in the auditoriums of the high schools. All teachers wishing to take the courses must be qualified for college work, and must show sufficient high school credits for admission to the classes.

Table titled 'AT SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL' listing subjects like Bible 32, Econ. 21, etc. and lecturers like Dr. Lockhart, Prof. Gettys, etc.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY INAUGURATES ITS SOCIAL CALENDAR

SPLENDID AFFAIR HELD IN GOODE HALL DINING ROOM.

The Christian Endeavor Society held its opening social in the basement of Goode Hall, Friday, Oct. 7, at 7:45 p. m. Nearly a hundred young men and women, quite a number of them town students, enjoyed the fun.

An interesting program of games, stunts, relay races, and contests followed, in which everyone took part. As the young people arrived they were each given a slip of paper and a pin. On the former they were to write their names, and with the latter to pin them on so that everyone would soon know everybody else. On the back of some were pinned names of great characters, including Mrs. Chapman, Mutt and Jeff, Charlie Chaplin, Bro. Mac, and many others, while the rest of the party tried to help the victims learn who they were without telling them their names.

An unusual race in which two groups of boys took part came next. The object was for each boy to run a certain distance, take enough clothes out of the grip he carried to dress like a girl, put them on, take them off, and return to his side for the next one to run. The winning side was presented with a large stick of red peppermint candy. The "slang" contest was an unusual feature of the evening's fun. Each person was given a pencil and a slip of paper on which he was to write the most slang words. When time was called many had fifteen and some as many as twenty or more, but the prize was awarded to the one who had written not the greatest number of slang words, but "the most slang words."

Refreshments of sticks of white and red candy were served. Little C. E. Hammond, first prize of \$100, average, 4.66; D. W. McElroy, second prize of \$80, average 4.47; J. C. Phillips, third prize of \$60, average 3.95. The three next contestants with grades worthy of mention were: Ralph Swain, 3.94, J. W. Boultinghouse, 3.93, and Ed Weems, 3.83. The prizes are to apply as credits on this year's college expenses.

FORT WORTH DISTRICT CONVENTION

Local Endeavors are looking forward with interest to the assembling of the Fort Worth District Convention at Arlington, beginning this evening (Friday) and continuing through Sunday. Such well-known speakers as Dr. Royal J. Dye, W. Roy Breg and J. W. Underwood are on the program.

TRINITY GAME OPENS LOCAL GRID SERIES

"Horned Frogs vs. Tigers." This is the way the card reads for the big battle tomorrow. Will the little Frog's horns prove to be sharper than the claws of the jungle beast? Old Professor Dope answers this question in the affirmative, despite the fact that the Christian aggregation was defeated in the two engagements just preceding. The Presbyterians are coming to Fort Worth with the determination to exact payment for the ignominious defeats of the past several seasons. Last fall, the T. C. U. gang played the Trinitians, routing section and all, clear off the field, and the Tigers want revenge. It is rumored that the entire student body of the Waxahachie institution will be out at Panther Park to back their team.

The local gang is going into the fray with an even greater determination to make the initial game of the home series an auspicious counter for a yet-victorious season. The squad is reported to be in good condition. A week of scrimmaging and intensive training has put every man on his fighting mettle to a high degree. "Skull" practice, too, has occupied a prominent place on the week's program, and every man who played in the unfortunate Oklahoma game has been thoroughly coached with a view to avoiding the mistakes made in that engagement.

The pep organizations of the student body have worked overtime to insure the proper support of the Purple-and-White warriors when they march on to the field tomorrow. Seven o'clock of every evening this week has found Cheer Leader Henry Fussell in his place on the platform putting the student body through the program of noise that is expected to drown the screams of the Tigers at Panther Park. Miss Margie Glasscock, leader of the girls' pep squad, and Morris Parker, leader of the boys' pep squad, have been drilling their respective groups each afternoon, and they promise a repetition of last year's success.

Saturday's game is recognized as one of the most significant of the season, not because of its individual importance, but because it is the first of the home series. It is believed that if T. C. U. wins this one, she will hit the stride that will carry her victorious through the remainder of the season. The home series includes five games.

THREE MINISTERIAL STUDENTS RECEIVE MILROY BENEFITS

PRIZES WILL APPLY ON COLLEGE EXPENSES FOR THE CURRENT YEAR.

There is one source of income which many students overlook when coming to college: the financial help that can be gained through excellent scholarship. Last year, chiefly through the personal efforts of "Brother Mac," Brite College of the Bible offered to its students a total of \$675.00 in scholarships.

Prominent among the scholarship funds is the Erie Milroy Memorial Fund established last year by A. D. Milroy of Brenham in memory of his deceased son, Erie Milroy, who was an alumnus of T. C. U. In order to be eligible for this scholarship, a person must be a male ministerial student carrying at least three hours work in the college of the Bible through the entire year. The work in the college of arts and sciences is averaged with the Bible courses. Grading on the basis of five points, prizes were awarded as follows: Jack Hammond, first prize of \$100, average, 4.66; D. W. McElroy, second prize of \$80, average 4.47; J. C. Phillips, third prize of \$60, average 3.95.

The three next contestants with grades worthy of mention were: Ralph Swain, 3.94, J. W. Boultinghouse, 3.93, and Ed Weems, 3.83. The prizes are to apply as credits on this year's college expenses.

THE SKIFF

Published every Friday by members of the Students' Association of Texas Christian University.

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What is a failure? It's only a spur
 To a man who receives it right,
 And makes the spirit within him stir
 To go in once more and fight.
 —Edmund Vance Cooke.

The Home Series

We are looking forward with a great deal of interest to Saturday, which brings the inauguration of the home series of 1921 football. This game has a great deal of weight by virtue of the fact that we regard it as the turning point of the season.

Thus far we have played in hard luck, losing two games which we had reasonable assurance of winning. This should not daunt us. We believe we have a winning aggregation, despite the dirty work of the jinx in recent weeks. Such hard luck can't hold. The breaks of the game must come our way sooner or later. And when they come, we must be ready to take advantage of them with a smashing victory. We have the team. It only remains to be seen whether or not we have the student body.

Naturally enough, after the brilliant home series of 1920, there must come a sort of relaxation when the season opens in foreign territory. We have seen the result and it can be attributed in large measure to our half-hearted support of our gang.

WE YET HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO WIN SIX STRAIGHT GAMES. Will we do it? Well, who's going to keep us from it?

Our Short Story Artists

We are more and more pleased each week with the variety of contributions which we receive for the columns of the Skiff. Especially are we pleased with the interest shown in a permanent short story section. Last week we had a clever story entitled, "The Way of the Transgressor," by James W. Bender, and now comes a Western thriller, "Buzzard Mill," by Homer B. Adams, who is himself a product of the plains country. We predict that the short story section of the Skiff will be one of the most attractive departments of the paper. The section will be unique in that none of our exchanges has a like feature regularly and permanently.

One Mrs. Obendorfer comes to the front now with the declaration that jazz is an invention devised by the Incas of Peru to frighten their enemies away. Shades of Belshazzar! They'll be telling us next that the lads of the Cambrian age played football.

Miss Rebecca Smith is author of the statement that a woman named Smith is naturally an optimist—she's always looking for something better. True enough. But why pick on the Smiths? A woman by any other name would be synonymous with change.

BLIND MAN SOUNDS OPTIMISTIC NOTE IN ADDRESS IN CHAPEL

(Continued from Page One)
 Wilson. They develop highly the sense of touch in the right fore-finger and learn to read from the raised texts of the Braille system. Learning to read through touch seems to be a laborious task, as Mr. Wilson said that oftentimes his finger grew numb from constant pressure on the page.
 The blind cannot tell color by touch, he said. They have no means of learning to tell color and can distinguish one material from another only by the way in which they fold it or the location in which they place it. He seemed very anxious to relieve his hearers of thinking the blind capable of telling colors and urged that those with the faculty of sight work ten times as hard as the blind with their sensitive fore-fingers do.
 Mr. Wilson emphatically asserted that college boys and girls are the silliest things on earth and endeavored to prove his assertion by relating a conversation in which the boy told the girl that he could not live without her. Mr. Wilson's interpretation of that passionate declaration is that the man means the girl is to make the living.
 "Love is a ticklish feeling around the heart," he said and warned the young people to forego such sentimental notions and indulge in hard, earnest work.
 As he had suffered a great deal of misfortune through the theft of his suit case, containing all of his money and clothes, Mr. Wilson asked that the student body of T. C. U. be generous enough to contribute whatever they could to help him and in return promised the gift of a piano scarf crocheted by Helen Kellar, the marvel girl of the world.
 The blind minister's speech was right to the point, invigorating, helpful and calculated to raise the gloom from the spirits of anyone discontented, unhappy or too lazy to work

PRAISE.
 Did he say the right word when your courage was low?
 Did he lend you a hand when your progress was slow?
 Did you find him a light in the night of your woe?
 Let him know.
 Does he stand by your side when your troubles begin?
 Does he point you to God and away from your sin?
 Do you care that he's there through thick and through thin?
 Tell him then.
 Did you offer a word in the hour of his need?
 Are you glad that he tried though he didn't succeed?
 When he tries yet again the true life to lead,
 Bid him speed.
 You are here for awhile; just life's little span;
 Spread joy abroad every way that you can.
 Praise God for your part in His Infinite Plan
 Then praise man.
 —Clara James Mitchell.

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OCTOBER MARKS 42ND YEAR OF PERFECTION OF ELECTRIC LIGHT

REPRESENTS TIRELESS RESEARCH AND PERSEVERANCE OF WIZARD

By E. W. DAVIDSON

Since man first walked the earth he has met the great needs of his daily life by trying first one thing and then another, persistently, ingeniously, until he got what he had to have. By that means he obtained food that was good for him, and clothing and shelter that had been handed down through the ages constantly increasing in brilliance and serviceability from the pine knot, the tallow candle, the wick-in-oil and the gas burner to the incandescent electric lamp of today—the lamp whose invention 42 years ago, in October, 1879, by Thomas A. Edison is being celebrated this year.

Research—this inquisitiveness which grew out of a man's constant striving after new and better things—embraces whole groups of professions peopled by men and women who are devoting their lives to scientific improvement of that which satisfies man's wants. And of all researches, it would be hard to find one that has resulted in so much definite benefit to mankind as that in which Mr. Edison played so notable a part in the year 1879.

Long before 1879—in 1810—the arc lamp was devised. By 1878 it had become well established for outdoor illumination. But it was too powerful for home or office lighting. The task before the electrical researchers of the time was to "subdivide" it into units small enough for indoor use. Several men had made incandescent lamps which radiated light from a carbon rod in a partial vacuum to prevent the carbon from burning up instantly. But none of these crude lamps would burn long enough to make them practical.

Then Mr. Edison centered his remarkable talent tirelessly upon the problem in 1879. For a year he experimented, making an occasional forward step.

He thought a carbon thread would make the best filament. But it had to operate in a more nearly perfect vacuum than any obtainable at the time. So he built a superior pump to secure such a vacuum. Then he struggled for weeks to find the right sort of material to carbonize into a filament, using bamboo, cotton thread, and finally cardboard paper.

Having made his fine filament, and secured a sufficiently high vacuum in which it might operate inside a glass bulb, the next difficulty was to get a filament sealed inside the bulb. The connection between the filament and the current wire outside the bulb had to be made of some material that would expand and contract at the same rate as glass in order that the glass would not crack. He produced an alloy of platinum and iridium which filled this need.

Then the first Edison lamp was made October 21, 1879. When it was attached to a trial, employees in the Edison laboratories at Menlo Park, N. J. wavered excitedly over the number of minutes it would burn before the fragile filament broke. It burned 45 hours. Mr. Edison knew that he had succeeded.

Since then other epoch making improvements have been made in the incandescent lamp. Dr. W. D. Coolidge of the General Electric Co. in 1910 discovered how to make tungsten, that brittlest of all metals ductile so it could be drawn out into filament of any size ranging down to a gauge six times finer than human hair and tougher than any known substance for lamp use. The tungsten lamp then replaced the far less efficient carbon lamp.

A few years ago Dr. Irving Langmuir discovered that if lamp bulbs were filled with argon, one of the most inert gases in our atmosphere the tungsten filament would operate at even higher temperatures with even longer life. This resulted in the gas-filled lamp which, in various

form, is one of the highest products of electric lamp makers today.

Thus, one thing and then another has been tried by experimenters in lamps just as prehistoric man made his crude efforts in his own behalf. Constant research has given man a better and better lamp so that the most modern ones among the more than four hundred million which glow every 24 hours all around the world, are giving eight times as much light for a given input of current as Mr. Edison's original lamps and the cost of lighting in 1919 was but three per cent of the cost in 1881.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Of The Skiff, published weekly at Fort Worth, Texas for October 1, 1921.

State of Texas, County of Tarrant, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Thomas E. Dudley, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the Skiff, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Texas Christian University,

Fort Worth, Texas.
 Editor, Thos. E. Dudley, Fort Worth, Texas.

Business Manager, Vernon W. Bradley, Fort Worth, Texas.

2. That the owners are: Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, Texas.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

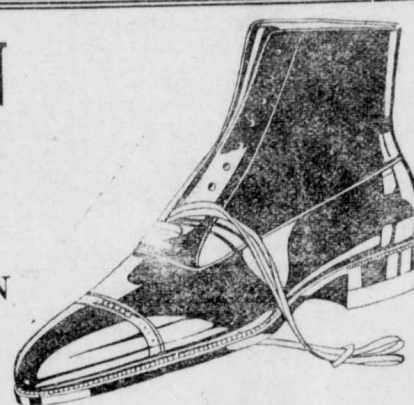
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THOS. E. DUDNEY, Editor.
 Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of October, 1921.
 (Seal) LOUIS MORRIS,
 (My commission expires June 1, 1923.)

HANAN SHOES

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The wearer of Hanan & Son shoes knows that it is impossible to secure better fitting, better styled or better wearing footwear at any price. Hanan shoes are everywhere recognized as quality shoes and, because of that fact their style is tempered by gentility and good taste, they are the choice of fastidious men and women who appreciate the satisfaction of having their feet correctly clad at all times.

We are the exclusive agents for Hanan Shoes in Fort Worth and are now featuring the new autumn styles, which in women's shoes include all the latest novelties, notable among which are the Junior Louis heel in strap effect and the military heel in walking shoes.

Women's shoes in black and brown kid and patent leathers as well as in satin range in price from \$13.50 to \$16.50.

Men's shoes in the best dependable styles, in both black and brown kid, are priced at from \$14.00 to \$15.00.

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ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

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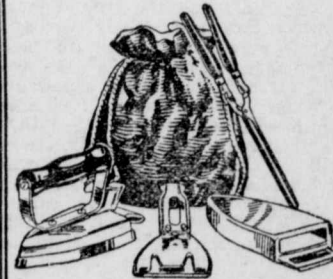
Chafing Dishes

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."



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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

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BUZZARD MILL

(Continued from Page One)

a judge in El Paso who wants to see you for carrying a revolver on a passenger train."

Suspicious eyes condemned her as the passengers crowded around. In vain she pleaded that she didn't know she had it with her—that she thought it was in her trunk.

No one had noticed the tall figure entering the car. He had lurched heavily to one side at the report of the pistol. It was Arthur Broome of the Kittles Ranch, come to Dryden to fetch his employer's daughter home. The bullet had struck the buckle on his hat band, glanced and ranged upward, taking a neat clip out of his hat along with a strip of hide and hair.

The blow stunned him for a moment but he quickly recovered himself, and elbowed his way to the girl.

"Are you Miss Kittles?" he inquired.

"I am," she replied. "But I dropped my pistol, and this man says I must go to El Paso and answer for it. Oh, can't you help me?"

"Perhaps," said Arthur significantly. "I am Arthur Broome, foreman of the Kittles Ranch, and I guess we are ready to go."

Dead silence fell over the car. The train detective started for his gun but promptly desisted when Arthur's flashed into play.

"Put up your hands," snapped Arthur. "Turn around." The detective obeyed and was immediately relieved of his firearms—two handsome automatics.

"I'll leave these at the entrance of the car," he said to the detective. "Conductor, put the lady's suitcase in that big touring car," pointing out the window. "Miss Kittles, you get in it too. Everybody else keep perfectly still." This last to the passengers who were staring wide-eyed at the cool cowpuncher.

The conductor did as he was told, as did everybody else. Arthur backed to the entrance and laid the two automatics on the floor.

"You'll find your guns here on the floor, detective," he said. "Guess we had better return the lady's weapon. She might need it."

The detective only grunted. He still had his back to Arthur with both hands up.

"Start the train, Conductor," said the cowpuncher curtly.

"Sure," agreed the conductor. "We are wasting time."

The train began to move forward, and as it passed the big touring car Arthur stepped off and into the driver's seat. He had left the engine running and in ten minutes they were almost as many miles from the little station.

They rode in silence. Guida B. was too shaken up to be talkative, and Arthur was having all he could do to keep the car in the road.

"Rather a close shave," he wheezed directly. "I didn't have time to argue with him. It's going to rain a flood and if we don't hurry we'll get caught this side of Dry Gulch."

"I am frightened almost to death," said Guida B. weakly. "How far is it to the Ranch?"

"Only twenty miles and good roads at that if we can get across Dry Gulch before she comes down. It's raining now. I put the chains on while waiting for the train." He held tightly to the steering wheel.

The rain came in torrents. The lights shone brilliantly, but so heavy was the shower of water that the road could be seen only very indistinctly. Guida B. turned to look at Arthur, but he quickly switched out the dash light for fear that she would see the blood soaked head and shoulder, which, unfortunately, was turned toward her.

Sensing something wrong, she flashed the light on again before he could prevent her.

"You are shot," she gasped. "Arthur—Mr. Broome! Why didn't you tell me? Here, let me drive. See, you are already out of the road. We have a car like this at home and I can drive it."

"Uh huh," grunted Arthur and fainted over the wheel.

Guida B. quickly threw the gears out and applied the brakes. Standing up and bracing herself, she grasped Arthur around the waist and dragged him, after much difficulty, to her side of the seat. Then she took the driver's place.

"But I don't know the way," she thought to herself. "Oh what shall I do?"

Arthur stirred. "Brandy—car pocket—quick!"

Frantically, Guida B. reached into the nearest pocket and brought forth a flask of Mexican whiskey which Arthur promptly accepted. Meanwhile the car had come to a stop. Directly the cowboy raised his head.

"Drive as fast as you can," he gasped. "Take first right hand road and hit Dry Gulch at top steep. The carburetor is cased in." He rained again.

The road, being rocky, was still firm and solid and Guida B. drove as fast as she dared. The curtains had been dropped long ago, and the wind tore madly at them. The strain was terrific! Long streaks of water were the only guides as to where the road lay, and presently these divided. She took the right as Arthur had directed, and on they flew. Arthur lay crumpled and senseless beside her, while she used every ounce of strength that she had, trying to hold the big car in the road.

Above the vivid roar of the engine, came the dreaded sound of rushing waters. The noise seemed to arouse Arthur.

"Dry Gulch," he croaked weakly. "Step on her."

She did. Down the long slope they raced, water flying far out on each side and in front. It had ceased to rain and fifty yards ahead Guida B. could see the swirling waters of Dry Gulch. The speedometer hoisted to forty miles per hour, and tense with excitement and fear, she grasped the wheel desperately. With a mighty rush the car took the water. Guida B. failed to brace herself firmly enough and the steering wheel caught

her in the stomach, forcing the breath from her. Arthur fared better. Just before the car struck the water, he had unconsciously rolled to the bottom of the car and Guida B. was so occupied that she had not time to raise him up. In spite of the curtains, they were sprayed with water and Arthur revived in time to pull on the emergency brake. The momentum of the car had carried it across, but water had been sucked up into the cylinders and it had begun to roll back when the brakes were applied.

"Miss Kittles!"

No answer from the little bundle of wet clothes on the steering wheel.

"Gosh! Wonder if she is dead," muttered Arthur as he dragged himself to a sitting position on the seat again. "She's beginning to twist. I guess she just got the breath knocked out of her. That stop was sort of sudden, I reckon."

It was some time before Guida B. recovered herself and then Arthur had fainted again. A small artery had been cut in his head and was shooting a fine spray of blood over his face. By the time Guida B. had banded it up the heat of the engine had driven off the water in the cylinders, and the car started without trouble.

The next morning found Arthur still in bed and very weak from the loss of blood. The old ranchman would have been very wrathful with any one but his daughter, for the carelessness that had put his most trusted man on the sick list but as it was he had consoled himself by having all the boys sit up with the foreman that night.

Guida B. looked a little pale, Mrs. Parker thought, but insisted on getting up to see Arthur for she blamed herself for his being hurt. By the end of the week they were both feeling fine, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Kittles and Mrs. Parker.

"Saw Stan today," remarked Arthur at the dinner table a few days later. "Tried to get him home to dinner with me, but something scared him off."

It was the first mention of Stanley Landon and Guida B. bent forward in an ecstasy of eagerness.

"Stan who?" she asked breathlessly.

"Why, Stanley Landon," drawled Arthur. He gazed quizzically at her for a moment. "You're acting just like he did when I mentioned your name. Say! What's the matter?" as Guida B.'s face turned red and she hurriedly left the table.

Mr. Kittles paused in the act of taking a bite of food and looked wonderingly after the retreating figure of his daughter.

"Did you say something to her, Broome?" frowned the old man.

"Not specially," answered Arthur. "It's not against the law to mention Stanley Landon's name in it?"

"Well you see," explained the rancher. "She went to boarding school when she was just a kid, and met this Stanley Landon. They fell in love but my wife got wind of it and brought Guida B. home, pronto. She met Ernest Funkhouser in San Antonio and, I thought, sad forgotten Landon, but I guess I reckoned without my host?"

"I see," said Arthur. "Didn't they write to each other?"

"Yes, but Mrs. Kittles intercepted their letters. She thought the kids too young to fall in love, and undertook to put a stop to it. She usually accomplished what she started," he continued. "I have no objections to Landon myself, and now that her mother is gone, he faltered and then went on, "now that she is gone,

Guida B. does as she pleases. When she makes a choice I will make no objections."

They rose from the table and passed out on the veranda. Arthur was visibly troubled and soon excused himself on the pretext of having to grease Buzzard Mill, some five miles distant. He walked out to the stables and donned his boots and spurs. Taking a lariat, he went to the corral, but hesitated between Bally and Streak, the only horses left, as the boys were at the Page Ranch, helping to round up that rancher's stuff.

"Bally is a little unmanageable and Streak is a better traveler," he soliloquized. "Reckon I'll ride Streak." Straight and true the loop went flying to Streak's head, but just as it settled the wiry mustang ducked and stopped.

"Darn yuh," muttered Arthur. "Bet yuh don't get away again." He always fell into the western lingo when angry. Gathering up the rope in graceful coils, he whirled the loop viciously around his head and let it go with a vengeance. He felt silly when Streak deliberately turned toward him and put his head forward for the loop.

"What d'yuh think this is?" he demanded of the horse. "A playhouse? Come along here! We gotta go somewhere. Wish't we could have company though." He looked wistfully toward the big house. "She usually rides but this time but reckon she's still thinking 'bout Stan." He sighed heavily and wondered if Stan still loved her. Incidentally he hoped not, as he had no relish for a rivalry with his chum, even in a love affair. Slowly he mounted his horse and trotted off in the opposite direction to Buzzard Mill.

Two hours later Streak climbed laboriously out of a small ravine and pointed his nose toward Buzzard Mill, visible along a smooth divide which rose between two valleys. Something far off to the right in the valley below attracted Arthur's attention. At first he thought it was a deer, but could not be sure on account of the thick brush. The figure raced across a little opening and Arthur's heart jumped in his throat.

"My God! It's Bally and she is on him!" Streak leaped high in the air as Arthur drove the spurs home, and then settled down to his running stride, long easy leaps that seemed to eat up distance without effort.

Bally was climbing out of the valley on a run, headed straight for the fence where it went under Buzzard Mill. Guida B. had lost the reins long ago and was frantically holding on to the horn. She had not yet caught sight of Arthur and only desperation made her capable of staying with the flying horse in his wild sallies over and around bushes.

Closer and closer Streak drew to the runaway. Seventy-five yards, now fifty, ever the distance between them grew shorter, but Buzzard Mill loomed up like a mountain half a mile away.

"Streak, you've got to catch him old boy," grunted Arthur. Streak laid his ears back a little farther and strained every muscle to the limit. Guida B. had seen them and the agonized look that she threw back to him made Arthur frantic almost beyond endurance.

"Run, Streak! Run!" he groaned.

The fence was plainly visible and Bally was foolishly preparing to take it. Streak's nose slid along the other horse's flank, then to his shoulder, at last they were neck and neck. Arthur leaned from his saddle, gathered Guida B. in his arms and lifted her to his horse. Just at that moment Bally swerved to one side, stumbled and fell headlong. In a mighty effort to save himself, he

flung his head to the left. He was almost on the mill and before he could stop, a protruding bolt caught him just above the white spot in his forehead. A shrill scream broke from his distended nostrils and foaming lips as he sank trembling to the ground. A low moan and he was still.

Streak had managed to stop himself just as his chest touched the wire. Arthur quickly dismounted and brought his hat full of water to Guida B., who had fainted. Before she recovered, a rider from the other side of the fence appeared and quickly made his way to where Arthur was bending over the girl.

"Is she hurt, Arthur?" asked Stanley Landon anxiously.

"No, only fainted, Stan. Here take this handkerchief and wash her face with cold water a minute. I want to see if Bally is alive." He handed the hat of water to Stanley and strode over to where Bally was lying. The end of the bolt had penetrated several inches and then ripped up, opening the whole top of the head.

"Too bad," he muttered. "I'll get the saddle in a minute. He turned and started back to Guida B. but stopped short, stared for a minute, and then sat down weakly on the fallen horse, his back to the other two.

What he saw was Guida B., standing upright, clasped in the arms of Stanley Landon, who was covering her face with kisses.

A dull red rim marked the sunset and then it was gone. Twilight shadows gathered quickly, and darkness came ere the lovers were aware. A coyote howled on the hillside, and, startled from their reverie, they came stealing toward Arthur. His head had dropped into his hands, but when he heard them coming, he

looked up at the monster wheel above, and softly cursed—Buzzard Mill.

THE END.

Safe!

That Frenchman who says Americans can't appreciate tragedy should watch the grand stand when an outfielder drops an easy one.—Cleveland News.

Improvements.

"That rich feller has certainly fixed up his farm in great shape."

"Yep. Got it now so that it has all the discomforts of a city place."—Detroit Free Press.

The Amazon.

"Would you marry a widower, Maude?"

"No. I prefer to tame my husband myself."—Judge.

That'll Be About All.

Bailey: What did that pretty shop girl say when you stole a kiss?"

Johnson: She said, "Will that be all today?"—London Weekly Telegraph.

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The Varsity Verse Makers

The Varsity poets continue to flood the editorial sanctum with material which, if not worthy of the Avenue of Fame, gives considerable promise. It is exceedingly gratifying to find such an enthusiastic interest in this department, and the editor feels greatly encouraged to continue this phase of the paper.

We have waited patiently for some poetic soul to burst forth into song of the marvelous sunset which marks the end of every perfect day for residents of T. C. U. Hill, and at last he has come. His name is Spencer, too, same as the immortal bard whose "Faerie Queene" graces the pages of English literature. Norman Spencer came to T. C. U. last year from Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana, and here is his

impression of our own beauty, the sunset, told in the form of a sonnet:

SUNSET AT T. C. U.

A cloud lay near the setting sun at e'en,
A gleam of blending gold and saffron hue;
Oft have I watched the glory of this scene
O'er tranquil hills beyond old T. C. U.
Where sun and cloud their silent course pursue.
Methinks the summer beauty's gathered there
Within the splendor of this autumn view,
Emblem of all that charmed the summer air.
And when the sun has set, the radiant gems

Keeping Up With Alumni

Notes Gathered by Miss Nell Andrew, Librarian

Miss Tessie Fern Mosey, now Mrs. Willis C. Danielson, of Earlville, Ill., announces that little Miss Dorothy Danielson arrived in her home Sept. 7. Miss Mosey was for several years assistant teacher of Expression in T. C. U., and was later elected the head, but on account of ill health was compelled to resign that position before serving. Last school year while at Northwestern University, Misses Sybil Black and Anna Jo Pendleton spent a week-end with Miss Mosey.

We note with pleasure that our good friend Mr. L. C. Proctor (1907) now the very popular superintendent of the Temple public schools, served Saturday as the head linesman for the Austin College-State game. "Proc," as he was known in T. C. U., while a student, is an "old timer" in athletics, but especially base ball. We can remember many times when he knocked the old ball over into the "pile of shingles" in the park at Waco, and had the "little boys" from State, Baylor, A. & M. etc., looking long and hard for the ball. Yes, Proc, with his old famous black bat will long have a place in the memories of the old ones, and only two years ago, the "young ones" of T. C. U. had an opportunity of seeing him bat in the now famous game won by the players from 1907-1912, lined up as Alumni vs. the then present team of T. C. U., at that particular date known as "champions." Proc also has a fine debating club and ball team of his own in the Temple schools.

Go Proc! Go Proc!
Go Proc! Go!
Baylor! Baylor!
No! No! No!

Dr. J. B. Eskridge, a former head of Greek and Latin in T. C. U. is now the president of the Oklahoma A. & M. College, and witnessed the defeat of old T. C. U.; saw his own boys win, and conversed between halves with a son of an old friend and schoolmate, Ivan Alexander. Also Professor Parks, former head of Chemistry and dean and acting president of T. C. U., was another to interview Ivan, and hear from T. C. U. and his old friends. We wish them ever gone out from this school. The Rotary Clubs of Texas are proud of his effort; T. C. U. is proud of him.

O. Alvin Smith (1910) has sent an announcement to Mrs. C. I. Alexander. Another T. C. U. student has arrived at his home in North Carolina, a boy, born Sept. 27.

Miss Inez Hudgins is soon to be married to a Rev. Miller of her home town, Forney, Texas. We wish for her the greatest of happiness.

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These "notes" will be issued, but not at any regular time. We are glad that you are interested.

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Still tinge the cloud that seems to tremble and wheel
While thoughts of heaven through the senses steal—
Of sweet, enchanted delis and sacred streams,
Where music, soft and clear like morning dew,
Awakes and builds the Universe anew.

Mr. Spencer shows somewhat of versatility in turning from the sedate, measured tones of the sonnet to the lilting swing of this little song:

COME AGAIN TO ME

Come, oh, come again to me,
Pure and blissful dream;
Come, oh, come across the sea,
Come back my childhood gleam.

Let me see the wild red rose
By the crystal spring,
Blowing where the tall oak grows
And the bluebirds sing.

Wild red roses were my dream,
Oaks were elves and fays,
Sparkling streams were my gleam,
And birds sang my lays.

In the poetry contest last spring, considerable work of merit reached the judges. One piece which received very favorable mention was a sonnet written by Ben Hill, of Fort Worth, who received his A. B. degree in June but is finishing his pre-medical work here this year. The sonnet exhibits not only a great deal of finish and perfection in verse form but also a knowledge of the "why of things," sounding the warning that life after college is nothing more than a continuation of life in college. Mr. Hill attaches no title to the poem, but it might be called

PREPARE FOR LIFE

"Prepare for life" must be our aim in school,
That in the future we may fitter be
Each one of us his place in life to see
And take. The future yet must never rule

My present soul. We well may call him fool
Who shuts himself in books, and ne'er can see
That knowing present life alone can be
The thing to join his future life with school.
May school to me mean life, abundant life,
Life growing, thinking, quick'ning, fresh and fine,
With nobler impulse than the urge of strife,
That ends with pride for goods that I call mine.
May I get vision here to lead me on
To lead the fight where honor shall be won.

The Freshman again comes to the front with this little bit, full of the tragedy of cafeteria eats. Miss Alene Rayl wrote it, and since she failed to name it, we'll call it

BEANS!

A holiday came with its rattle and din,
And Bobbie to Billy did say:
"Come go home with me for these two or three days,
Your home is so far, far away."

Then Billy replied, with a grin on his face,
"Oh, what will you have there to eat?"
And Bobbie was glad to be able to say,
"Mother's cooking has never been beat."

They hopped on a car and the train sped away,
These boys who were happy that day,
To talk of the eats Bobbie's mother would cook,
And from school to be going away.

"We've had nothing but beans in the school dining room
Since college began weeks ago.
Oh, mother's a cook who will plan the best eats,
She'll fill us with goodies, I know."

Thus Bobbie proclaimed as the train rambled on;
Their thoughts upon eating were bent;
They never once thought of the day soon to come,
When back to the school they'd be sent.

Bob's mother was glad to be able to cook
For Billy and Bob—hungry boys.
"I have for your dinner the dish Robert likes,
And eating is one of his joys."

Dinner was called and the covered dish smoked;
Faces were happy, the gladdest of scenes—

But glum consternation when eats are in view—
Most hated of dishes, 'tis Boston baked beans.

Frothy Music.

"Why did you take Meyerbeer off the dinner card?"
"People kept thinking it was something to drink."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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—Maybe they have.
—But after all
—"Boob" and "Cowboy"
—An' the rest of
—Th' boys get thru
—Rompin' on 'em—
—Well, they'll be
—Strong all right
—Strong for goin'
—Home. You know
—What we mean!
—We'll have a
—Little message
—For you up here
—Every now an' then.
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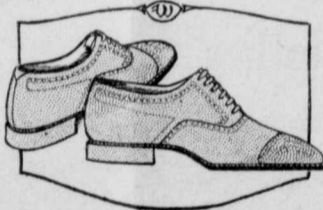
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