

Tame the Mustangs!

THE SKIFF

Poor old Methodists

VOLUME XX.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1921.

NO. 7.

LITERARY ORGANIZATIONS CLASH

"Bonesetters" Suffer Second Defeat by Horned Frogs

Shirleys and Waltons Serve Resolutions in Regard to Agreement

Spirit is running high between the two groups of literary societies in Texas Christian University as the result of an exchange of resolutions relative to the agreement entered into by the Add-Ran-Clarks and Shirley-Waltons at the beginning of the fall term, 1920. There has been some talk among the members of the latter group for some time, questioning the practicability of last year's action. Finally, the matter came to a head in the adoption by the Shirleys and Waltons of resolutions condemning the agreement as detrimental to society spirit, at the same time announcing their withdrawal from the contract, effective Saturday, November 5, at noon.

According to Robert F. Chapler, president of the Shirley Society, the resolutions drawn up by his organization were meant wholly as a statement of the position of the Shirleys and Waltons, and were directed to the Add-Ran-Clarks as an invitation to take action by appeal to a joint session of the two groups. This explanation was concurred in by Miss Carrie Jean Davis, president of the Waltons. The Add-Ran-Clarks replied with a declaration, signed by Henry E. Fussell and James W. Bender, president, and vice president respectively, of the Add-Rans, and by Hattie Rue Hartgrove and Tyler Wilkinson, president and vice-president of the Clarks, scoring the Shirleys and Waltons for their action and avowing their intention of "standing pat."

Following is the text of the resolutions adopted by the Shirleys and Waltons in joint session:

RESOLUTIONS

Demanding the Repeal of Joint Society Agreement Restricting the Solicitation of New Members.

WHEREAS, Texas Christian University has no other means of promoting a healthy, friendly spirit of rivalry than through her literary societies; and

WHEREAS, The joint agreement entered into by the Add-Ran-Clark and Shirley-Walton organizations sounded the death knell of a keen and lively spirit existing prior to its adoption, throwing a damper on all activities undertaken by either group, and threatening the future of literary societies in Texas Christian University to an alarming degree; and

WHEREAS, Time has proved said agreement to be not only impracticable, but also detrimental to the friendly attitude which always has existed and always should exist between the two groups, by reason of the very fact that the plan is not workable; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the Shirley-Walton Literary Societies do hereby indicate their withdrawal from

INTRAMURAL PRELIMS SHOW GOOD MATERIAL FOR TENNIS TOURNEYS

RALPH HOLMES AND BRUCE CROSS STAND AT HEAD OF LIST

Tennis enthusiasts are taking much interest in the singles and doubles tennis tournament going on in T. C. U. at the present date.

The object of the tourney is for the final decision as to who shall represent Varsity in the different inter-collegiate tennis meets which will be coming soon.

Up till now just the first and second rounds of preliminaries in the singles have been run off. R. Holmes and B. Cross stand at the head of the list, ready to enter the semi-finals, having eliminated players in the first, second and third preliminary rounds. Heath, Badgett, Tomlinson, McWilliams and Friedly are still in the second rounds.

FROGS PLAY HAYMAKERS TO SCORELESS TIE; RAIN MAKES OFFENSIVE WEAK

PENALTIES SPOIL CHANCES OF TEXAS GRIDMEN TO SCORE

In a drizzling rain that rendered the field heavy and fast football impossible, the Horned Frogs battled the Phillips University Haymakers to a scoreless tie on the Oklahoma's grid at Enid, Saturday. The game was almost entirely one of defense for both sides until the fourth quarter, when the Frogs assumed the offensive and kept the ball in Phillips territory throughout the period. The Texans threatened their opponents' goal seriously on two different occasions, once when the oval was nosed up to the Haymakers' four-yard line and a penalty for roughing kept it from going over for the marker, and again in the last quarter when the Frogs had the ball on Oklahoma's ten-yard line and a wild pass was heaved for a touchdown.

The offensive of both elevens was reduced to a minimum, from the viewpoint of the spectator. The high lights in the Frogs' program of aggression came in the form of the completion of some good forward passes, which would in all probability have led to touchdowns had it not been for other circumstances of a more unfortunate nature. The shining light of the Haymakers' crew was Brandt, fullback, who was never thrown for a loss and who made consistent gains through the Frogs' line.

Punting honors seemed equally divided between Brandt of the Haymakers and Ohnsorg of the Texas machine. The former averaged about forty yards to the latter's thirty-eight. Ohnsorg made ten out of eleven punts against the wind.

The Frogs made two unsuccessful attempts to turn the trick by field goals. It is a fact worthy of note that one field goal is the sum total of the scoring that has ever been chalked up between the Texas institution and the P. U. aggregation. Last season, it was Billy Acker's trusty toe that saved the day with three points for T. C. U.

There were only two unpleasant features of the game. One was an altercation which resulted in a Frog's being ousted from the game for roughing. The other was a similar occurrence, although this time it was a Haymaker who was taken from the line-up for unsportsmanlike conduct. It is thought that the heaviness of the field and the generally depressing atmospheric conditions prevailing were responsible for these outbursts, and neither side harbors any ill will.

Texas Christian University and Phillips University are fostered by the same church brotherhood, namely the Disciples of Christ, and it is hoped that the two institutions will come into even closer relations than have heretofore existed.

The line-ups:

Phillips	Position	T. C. U.
Greene	Right End	Cherry
Owens	Right Tackle	Bishop
Parsons	Right Guard	McConnell

ORGANIZATION OF NEW CLUB IN FORT WORTH ATTRACTS T.C.U. MEN

LEADERS IN MOVEMENT VISIT UNIVERSITY AND EXPLAIN THE PROJECT

Fort Worth's own University will be well represented in the membership of the University Club when that organization is perfected, according to all indications. A keen and lively interest was aroused among the young men of Texas Christian University when E. G. Wallace and H. V. Wade, Jr., leaders in the movement, visited the institution Tuesday and laid the project before them. The men were invited to remain in the auditorium after chapel, and many of them showed their interest by staying to hear the details of the new plan.

Mr. Wade began by saying that the new movement should not be construed as meaning that the so-called University Club is an organization of ex-students of the University of Texas, and that it should not be confused with the A. & M. Club recently organized. He then explained that any man who had ever spent as much as one year in any college of recognized standing was eligible to membership. Mr. Wade spoke at length of the advantages which the University Club would offer its members. He outlined the plans of the Advisory Committee to secure a charter membership of at least three hundred Fort Worth business men and fit up club rooms on the fourth floor of the new F. & M. Building.

Men students of T. C. U. will be admitted to the University Club on a non-resident membership basis. This membership admits a man to the club on payment of an initiation fee of \$12 and yearly dues of a like sum, carrying with it all privileges of the club except voting and office-holding privileges.

Bebbs	Center	Haden
Milam	Left Guard	Fulcher
Kurtz	Left Tackle	Green
Price	Left End	Houtchens
Weatherly	Quarterback	Fowler
Brandt	Left Half	Camp
Shelton	Right Half	Adams
Elliott	Fullback	Ryan

Substitutions—Phillips, Combs for Elliott, Elliott for Combs, West for Price, Hutchinson for Elliott, Lungstrom for West. T. C. U., Crowley for chiles, Adams for Fowler, Camp for Adams, Haden for Ogan, Cantrell for Green, Fulcher for Crowley, Honey for Camp.

First downs: Phillips, six; T. C. U., nine. Penalties, Phillips, nine for ninety yards; T. C. U., one for forty-five yards. Phillips punted twelve times, averaging forty yards; T. C. U. punted eleven times, averaging thirty-eight yards.

Referee—Waller (Epworth), Umpire, Brown, (K. A. C.); head, linesman, Collins (Georgia Tech).

FOR FROG FOOTBALL FANS

RESULTS TO DATE.

Sept. 24.—At Amarillo: T. C. U. 30; W. T. S. N. C. 0.
Oct. 1.—At Abilene: T. C. U. 7; Simmons College 10.
Oct. 8.—At Stillwater, Okla.: T. C. U. 21; Aggies 28.
Oct. 15.—At Fort Worth: T. C. U. 19; Trinity U. 3.
Oct. 21.—At Fort Worth: T. C. U. 16; U. of Tulsa 0.
Oct. 29.—At Enid, Okla.: T. C. U. 0, Phillips U. 0.
Nov. 4.—At Fort Worth: T. C. U. 7, Missouri Osteopaths 0.

REMAINING SCHEDULE.

Nov. 11.—Southern Methodist University at Dallas, Texas.
Nov. 18.—Haskell Indians at Fort Worth, Texas.
Nov. 24.—University of Arkansas at Fort Worth, Texas.

Missourians "Have to Be Shown" - Texans Upset All Osteo Dope

Captain "Boob" Fowler's bull-dog perseverance, aided by Blair Cherry's fast co-operation from the right-end position, prevented another scoreless tie and defeated the Missouri "Bonesetters" by the close count of 7 to 0 at Panther Park this afternoon. The winning score came in the first period of the game when, given the pigskin by an exchange of punts on the Missourians' forty-yard line, Fowler started his passing game. Two passes fell incomplete. On the third down, the doughty and heady captain made as if to run around right end, then suddenly turned and shot a forty-yard pass in the direction of Cherry, who eluded a couple of charging Osteopaths and caught the long pass, downing the pigskin directly behind the goal. The stands were brought to their feet, cheering wildly the daring play.

The fact that the Missourians were playing in a much warmer climate than that to which they are accustomed probably gave the Frogs the edge on them to some degree. Although some of the "Bonesetters" have done most of their playing in the South, the greater part of them are from the North, it is said.

Sernon, quarterback, was the sensation of the game from the point of view of the Missourians. Always in the game, smearing end runs, intercepting passes, accurately passing to his black-and-maroon receivers, the little chap gave a fine exhibition of football from first to last. He received good support from his teammates, too, and at times it looked as if the gains which the big fellows were making through the Frogs' line must result in a score. However, the Frogs held when holding counted most, and the charge of the heavy brigade was stopped before a Christian goal was ever seriously threatened.

One of the pleasing features of the clash was the consistent punting of Ohnsorg, the fast little fullback of the Texas aggregation. Ohnsorg never failed to gain on an exchange of punts, getting an average of fifty yards for the day. He showed up splendidly at returning the punts of the Missourians also.

Rab Ryan again starred at plunging the line for the locals, proving himself good for gains of from three to five yards and more on every plunge. As usual, Rab was the old reliable when a few yards were needed for a first down, and he always went over. The hard-hitting half-back was sent to the sidelines with an injury to his leg in the second period, however. Honey, who replaced him, showed considerable smashing ability, tearing through the heavy line every time his number was called.

On defensive, McConnell was easily the star for the Horned Frogs. Smearing line bucks, tearing through the Osteopaths' line for tackles several times, and foiling attempts at off-tackle brushes, the big fellow was never missing in action. Mack showed considerable talent for ripping holes in the opposing line for his own backs to go through, as well. "Cowboy" Ogan went in for Haden at center in the last period. The fighting plainsman caused a near-riot in the grandstand a few seconds after he entered the game, when he snatched the ball after a "Bonesetter" had muffed an intercepted pass, and dashed seventy yards before he was finally tackled. However, it was ruled that the Osteopath had not completed his catch of the Christians' pass, and the pigskin was brought back. "Cowboy" deserves praise for being on the job at any rate.

Homer Adams, half-back for the Frogs, played a great game on the offensive, but received injuries which may keep him out of the game for the rest of the season. His shoulder was dislocated during the second period of play.

The pep squads put on an even bet-

ter show than usual, with the assistance of Johnnie Roberts, local tumbler and acrobat de luxe. The boys' squad formed a pyramid, Johnnie mounted its topmost point, and let fly purple-and-white streamers. Around this human "may-pole" the girls' squad danced in celebration of the seven-point margin chalked up for the Frogs. The boys' pep squad is led by Morris W. Parker, and the girls' squad is under the leadership of Miss Margie Glascock. Their shows are always a feature of the games at Panther Park.

The line-ups:

T. C. U.	Positions	Osteopaths
Houtchens	Left End	Hurt
Cantrell	Left Tackle	Harris
McConnell	Left Guard	Hueftle (c)
Haden	Center	Kint
Fulcher	Right Guard	Lindsey
Bishop	Right Tackle	Kunhle
Cherry	Right End	Caldwell
Fowler (c)	Quarterback	Sernon
Ohnsorg	Left Half	Montieth
Adams	Right Half	Bayer
Ryan	Fullback	Stark

Score by periods:

Osteopaths.....0 0 0 0—0
T. C. U.....7 0 0 0—7

Substitutions: T. C. U.—Camp for Adams, Honey for Ryan, Ogan for Haden, Jacks for Cantrell. Osteopaths—Wilson for Montieth, Cartwright for Bayer, McCleary for Hurt, Dooley for Caldwell, Allen for Lindsey, Adams for Stark.

Scoring: T. C. U.—Touchdown, Cherry; goal from touchdown, Ryan. Officials: Referee, Cochrane (Mississippi); umpire, Venne (Carlisle); head linesman, Alexander (Texas Aggies).

Time of periods, fifteen minutes.

FROGS' NEXT JOB WILL BE TO TAME MUSTANGS; ARMISTICE DAY IS SET

LARGE NUMBER OF STUDENTS WILL GO TO DALLAS FOR GAME FRIDAY

Armistice Day will be anything but peaceful.

That is the day set for the initiation of the Southern Methodist University Mustangs into the Royal Order of Horned Frog Bait, the day which marks the substitution of horse meat for bear meat on the menu of the Christians.

Every indication points to a victory over the Methodists. Professor Dope chalks up many good points in favor of the Christians, not the least

(Continued on Page Two)

THE SKIFF

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Fitting in

Everyone is familiar with the old story concluding with this little jingle: "For want of a nail a shoe was lost; for want of a shoe a horse was lost; for want of a horse a rider was lost; for want of a rider a battle was lost; and for want of a battle"—but we don't know the rest, if there is any. The point is, we never know just what is going to be the result of a little omission, a little neglect, a little "putting off till tomorrow what we might do today." On a parity with this evil lies the error of misapplied activity, the unfortunate circumstance of not "fitting in."

The individual member of the human race is small—very small—a mere atom in a great, moving, pulsating mass. Yet there is a little nook somewhere for every atom. If the atom fails to find its place, one of two things happens: A vacuum is created—and nothing is more dangerous than a vacuum; or some other atom slips in and attempts to fill the place created for someone else. The result is obvious. Chaos and confusion ever follow in the wake of the misfit.

The engineer at the throttle of the mighty, charging monster of the transcontinental trail is master. At his touch the locomotive is a purring kitten or a relentless beast of the jungle, snorting, roaring, plunging through mountain and forest with the accumulated force of the four winds within its steel sides. The engineer carries both sand and lubricating oil, either of them indispensable. Let him put so much as a spoonful of the sand on the bearings of his engine, and he has a situation which makes a hot-box look like a refrigerator. Again, when his steed hesitates, and his immense drive-wheels, conspired against by a heavy load and a slick track, lose their traction with the steel rails beneath, let him use the oil; he only renders impossible an already difficult task.

No engineer is fool enough to abuse his locomotive in that fashion. He knows that the oil has a place and that the sand has a place. He puts the oil on the bearings. When the track is slick and the load is heavy, he uses the sand on the rails. The result is harmony instead of discord, progression instead of retrogression, order instead of chaos.

Fit in. It's no disgrace to be unable to play football. School life is made up of innumerable activities of which football is only one. If everybody played football, school "wouldn't keep," that's all. This may sound very discouraging to some who are laboring under the illusion that institutions of higher learning were founded for the one purpose of perpetuating the grid game. And indeed, the newspapers have contributed to just such a mistaken view. The fact that Centre College defeated Harvard places the little school at the head of the list regardless of academic standing.

Yet the editor of the Skiff knows full well that there are other phases of college life, and so does the editor of every other college paper, and so does everyone else who has ever tried to put over a proposition in college. And everyone of these poor, responsibility-laden "goats" knows how hard it is to get action on any proposition involving the expenditure of energy and ingenuity.

Let's be broad enough to give credit where credit is due. When you see a man doing his best to fill the place which he has conscientiously selected as his own, slap him on the back and tell him to go to it; then find your own place and finish the job. Any cavalryman will tell you that a horse is an animal of one idea, to do what he sees all the other horses doing. Don't be a horse.

A man's house is his castle; yea, verily, his cellar is his stronghold.

The State of Connecticut has put the official seal on bobbed hair for women. We'll bet some paragrapher will be wanting to know who put the "cut" in Connecticut.

WHAT AND WHY?

(The Seniors' Canes)
It appeared upon the campus;
Made its way with vicious stride
Into halls and into classrooms
Putting lesser rules aside;
Lacking yet commanding stature
None the less demands with ease
The pedestal of Prime Importance.
What 'tis? Why? O tell us, please.

Has it here a hidden mission?
Is there purpose, ill or wise?
Is there madness in the measure
Or a blessing in disguise?
Is it prophecy unfolding
Or a relic of the Past?
Halts it here for moments only;
Will the spell be loosed at last?

The populace, perplexed and troubled
Seeing naught save bleak despair,
Have read again the lore of cave men
Then asked a Senior here and there
Each in turn said, "Go ask Heinie."
Thus did Heinie make reply:
"Speak, O Sphinx, for thou can'st
tell them—
Thou can'st tell them more than I."

—Clara James Mitchell.

SHIRLEYS AND WALTONS SERVE RESOLUTIONS IN REGARD TO AGREEMENT

(Continued from Page One)
months, dating from Sept. 1 in any school year. This is being preserved for the benefit of new students who come into the University and who are not well acquainted, that they might be enabled to choose their own course and join the society to which they can be most loyal.

The officers of the Add-Ran-Clark Literary Societies are publishing this article to clarify any doubt that might arise as to the standard and ideals these societies maintain. The members of the Add-Ran-Clark Literary Societies regret very much that the Shirley-Waltons can see no keen and lively literary society spirit unless they be permitted to harass and "rush" members into their societies. They are also very sorry that the agreement has proven impracticable and detrimental to their attitude toward the other literary organizations. We are also very sorry that the practice of said agreement threatens the future of their societies, because it has been very satisfactory to the Add-Ran-Clarks. This article fully expresses the attitude of the Add-Ran-Clark Literary Societies.

Signed: Henry E. Fussell, president of Add-Ran; Jas. W. Bender, vice-president Add-Ran; Hattie Rue Hartgrove, president Clarks; Tyler Wilkerson, vice-president Clarks.

The actual text of the agreement, as entered into by the two groups of literary societies in 1920, is as follows:

Preamble.

We, the Shirley-Walton and Add-Ran-Clark Literary Societies of Texas Christian University, in 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 1 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.

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JESUS CAME TO RAISE HELL, METHODIST TELLS STUDENTS IN CHAPEL

Jesus Christ came on earth for the purpose of "raising hell," if the testimony of Dr. John A. Rice, who was the chapel speaker Friday morning, can be believed. Dr. Rice went on to explain that the Master desired to stir men up to the best that was in them, and to spur them on to heights and attainments never before reached.

The speaker was introduced in a novel manner by President E. M. Waits. Dr. Waits told the story of the college professor who advised the student to eat "whale on toast" every morning for breakfast, on the assumption that fish was good brain food. He then brought a laugh when he declared that he was furnishing the whale, while certain Methodist conferences seemed to be furnishing the toast. The president referred to the resignation of Dr. Rice from the faculty of Southern Methodist University following the bitter criticism with which his latest book was received by members of the conference. Dr. Rice was associated with President Waits years ago when the former was pastor of the First Methodist Church and the latter was pastor of the Magnolia Avenue Christian Church, in Fort Worth.

Hunger, Dr. Rice said, is undeniably a part of man's physical and spiritual being. First of all, he said, man is hungry for health, and the person is abnormal who does not desire to be well in body. Then, he continued, man is hungry for wealth, not necessarily of money, but of the consciousness of independence. Again, according to Dr. Rice, man is hungry for sociability, but surmounting all his other cravings is his hunger for God.

Man's relation to God, the grizzled veteran of the pulpit went on, is a thing quite apart from his relation to his fellow man. And it is man's relation to man, he observed, that seems to be the purport of the teaching of the man of Nazareth.

Dr. Rice spoke eloquently and earnestly for a full half hour, and few there were who appeared to begrudge him the few minutes which he borrowed from the following class period, much as the average student dislikes to have his class periods utilized in any other manner than that designated in the catalogue.

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FROGS' NEXT JOB WILL BE TO TAME MUSTANGS; ARMISTICE DAY IS SET

(Continued from Page One)
of which is the victory over the Missouri Osteopaths, the heavy aggregation which was slated to trample the Texans in the dust of Panther Park.

However, the Methodists are confident. They have not allowed their repeated defeats to dampen their hope for an Armistice Day victory, and they are expected to put up a hard fight.

The Frogs are in excellent condition, although the game with the "Bonsetters" cost them one of their best backfield men, Adams being laid up with a dislocated shoulder. During the last few games, Driver's men have developed a number of new plays to such a degree that they can be depended upon for gains whenever they are called into action. Captain "Boob" Fowler is handling his passing game in phenomenal fashion, and brilliant aerial work is expected in the Dallas game.

Plans are being made for the student body as a whole to attend the game. The day will be a holiday, of course. Special rates will be given via the electric railway. A T. C. U. band will probably accompany the student body, and it goes without saying that the pep squads will put on a real show for the Methodists.

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BRITE COLLEGE NEWS

ARTHUR LESTER, Editor

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

The Ministerial Association, under the efficient leadership of Jack Hammond, has quite a few aggressive ideas for the benefit of the Association. One of the most important departments that is doing constructive work is the Employment Committee, which arranges places for the students to preach. This committee under the name of the Association, working in conjunction with the Dean and State Board, is able to carry out the work efficiently. Working on the assumption that we learn to preach by preaching, a part of the program of this week was given to a 15-minute sermon by one of the new students. These meetings, which are primarily for training young men and young women in Christian leadership, are by no means exclusively for ministerial students. Everyone is invited. We like company. If you are interested in great questions, if you like a good song service, if you enjoy a "peppy" program of forty-five minutes, come over to Brite Chapel each Tuesday night at 7 o'clock.

Albert Burns, better known as "Bobbie," who was unable to enter school at the beginning of the fall term because of a serious case of malarial fever and rheumatism, was able to return Monday. There is no doubt in the minds of any that with the return of "Bobbie" comes one of the most consecrated student preachers of T. C. U.

Ben Hearn, graduate of '20 and present pastor of the First Christian Church at Marlin, was a visitor on the Hill this week. Ben has the distinction of sending three ministerial students to T. C. U. this year from the Marlin church. Keep the good work going, "Math. Shark."

GIRLS' MISSION CIRCLE

The Girls' Mission Circle had its regular meeting Tuesday night at the home of Mrs. J. B. Holmes. The program, led by Miss Hallie Strang with "India" as the subject, was most helpful and inspiring. Miss Dora Louise Cockrell told of the conditions and characteristics of India. Miss Constance Smith spoke of our missions there, and Miss Maurine Hale sang, "India's Sunset Song."

A social hour was enjoyed after the program.

"Choc" Batton, fleet-footed quarter-miler of last season, would-be tennis shark, coming orator of T. C. U., and general authority on prize fights, etc., was the proud host of his sister, Mrs. L. J. Ellis, and Miss Wilma Shaw, of El Reno, Okla., a few days ago. After seeing the last-named lady, we now understand why "Choc" is affected in the region of the heart.

SONATA RECITAL PROVES ABILITY OF ARTISTS

One of the most enjoyable concerts given for a long time at T. C. U. was presented last Friday evening by Carroll C. McKee, pianist and Dean of Fine Arts, and Ralph R. Uniacke, head of the Violin Department. The program was the first of a series of three to be given by these artists during the year. These concerts are to consist of sonatas for piano and violin, and will possess much educational value in addition to their musical interest.

On the first program were the Sonata in G Major by Tartini, the Beethoven Sonata in D Major, and the Grieg Sonata in F Major. The exacting demands made by the technical and musical difficulties of these works were adequately met.

both by Mr. McKee and Mr. Uniacke. Each artist displayed a keen musical insight and a facile technique, fully equal to the occasion. To hold the attention of an audience throughout so heavy a program is an achievement worthy of note.

Miss Bertha Ann Cooper, head of the Voice Department at T. C. U., deserves much praise for her singing of the soprano aria, "Batti, Batti," from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Miss Cooper's voice is of very pleasing quality, and her interpretation of this aria was very enjoyable. Her accompanist was Lawrence D. Andrews.

The next recital of the series will be given on Feb. 3, and the last on March 16.

The program in full is subjoined:

1. Sonata in G Major.....Tartini
 - (a) Antante.
 - (b) Allegro.
 - (c) Presto Assai.
2. Sonata in D Major.....Beethoven
 - (a) Allegro con brio.
 - (b) Theme with variations.
 - (c) Rondo allegro.
3. Aria, "Batti, Batti" (Don Giovanni).....Mozart

Mr. McKee, Mr. Uniacke, Bertha Ann Cooper, Lawrence D. Andrews, accompanist.
4. Sonata in F Major.....Grieg
 - (a) Allegro con brio.
 - (b) Allegretto.
 - (c) Allegro molto vivace.

INTERIOR DECORATING IS THEME OF THE "MRS."

Fine Arts Morning of this week was changed from Friday to Wednesday, when Mrs. E. R. Cockrell made an interesting talk in the chapel Wednesday morning. She took President Waits' half-jesting, half-serious description of the small boy at the circus, who spends all his money on the side-shows before he reaches the big tent, as applicable to herself, for the reason of the change of Fine Arts Morning was the promise of a big speaker on Friday morning.

The subject of Mrs. Cockrell's talk was "Interior Decoration," and, from the thorough treatment she gave the subject, she easily proved that she belonged, not to the side-show attractions, but to those of the big tent.

Mrs. Cockrell declared that the real person is expressed in the decoration of his home. Whatever he likes, whatever appeals to him, is found in his home, and she gave a very apt illustration of her theory by the use of several decorations from her own drawing-room. The entire decoration of the room is based on the appeal which a vase—copied from an old Japanese print—makes to Mrs. Cockrell's artistic taste. The vase has both light and dark colors, allowing Mrs. Cockrell freedom in her choice of furniture and accessories.

The two paths of life were fully described by Mrs. Cockrell—the artist's path, the longer way, which discloses all the beauties of nature en route, as chosen by President Waits and Professor McDiarmid, and the business man's path, the more

direct way, as chosen by Dean Hall and by which he saves perhaps one-eighth of a second.

The conclusion of Mrs. Cockrell's speech was the reiteration of her theory that whatever you really are will find full expression in the interior decoration of your home.

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PUGE'S POT SHOTS

I notice the Senior Class is carrying walking canes. Must be for protection. Ain't nobody made a threat against them that I know of, though.

This here gang of freshmen came out a day or so later wearing broomsticks. And believe you me, they are going to need more than broomsticks for defense if they don't quit playing shinney over in the main hall of the Administration Building with 'em.

I ain't whipped no freshman this year yet. I calculates as how I better be getting my gang together.

You know I thought that we had a dumb bunch of freshmen back in '18, the year I sold them a gob of shower bath tickets, but after that freshmen class meeting held in chapel the other day I've come to the conclusion that for a downright dumb, animal-like set of creatures, this here present-day gang of fish has got the original dumb-bell looking like a sick porpoise trying to eat cayenne pepper by absorbing it, and imagining that he is in his seventh heaven, instead of being an aristocratic, blue-blooded dumb-bell used by the best of prize-fighters and ballet dancers.

The meeting is called to order, and the dumb-bells is told to elect a president. I starts to make a long oratorical outburst and wind up by nominating the right honorable upper-classman, Mr. James W. Bender. I was just going to help the poor nuts out, and anyhow Mr. Bender could run the freshman class very well, with me coaching him. But this here freshman, Fussell, arose in righteous indignation and crumbed the deal for me; so I retreated before his majestic, ruffled gaze, and them imperious commands of his.

Some bird would make a nomination and then a whole flock would pop up and start nominating. They would keep this up until the chairman 'ud holler time out. It was the same way in the case of each office.

Boy, howdy! When it come to voting for these nominees that gang had Barnum and Bailey and a flock of sheep so far outclassed that it was a shape.

That whole mob stood pat to a man and jumped to their feet and voted every time somebody yelled out a name.

Mr. Bender chairman, finally got disgusted and picked three of his favorite freshmen and told them that they were the officers of the illustrious Class of '25. Oh, piffle!

Ain't it peculiar how dumb some people can be? I've often wondered why the Lord had to pick on freshmen, though.

I wonder how come this freshman, Adams, to be falling in the swimming pool Halloween night. It is funny how these fish will stumble around.

Some of these freshman girls, just barely out of the cradle, don't know no better than to try to kid Dutch Meyer, our student body president. Can some of you old heads imagine that? Take warning. Beware, infants.

Prof. Gayle Scott seems to know and understand perfectly all the idiosyncrasies of the frosh. Guess he must have gained his knowledge in his biological research work—studying the habits of the protozoa, amoeba, etc.

The other night there was quite a bit of loud and promiscuous bowling going on in Clark Hall. At intervals a mighty boulder would go crashing down a hall, ricocheting from wall to wall and causing havoc in general; finally Prof. Scott calmly opened the door to his room, walked down the hall, nabbed a pair of freshmen and locked them in the room with him for the rest of the night. The bowling ceased.

Prof Scott must have an iron constitution if he slept any that eight All the freshmen I know haven't learned how to sleep inaudibly yet. Get two of them in a room together, asleep, and it sounds like a bullfight in a tin pan factory.

These fish girls are a fairly good-looking lot, but the heck of it is some of them realize it too well.

Ain't it funny about girls? If they ain't pretty and don't know nothing they don't realize it. If they are fairly pretty and don't know nothing, they think they are beautiful and know it all.

Don't you worry, little freshman vamps, you will be mature Theda Baras some day—that is, if you don't lose your nerve and your lipsticks.

I wish I could get a couple of sweet young freshman girls to come down and clean my place up. The wife went off on a visit last week and left me and the husband to run the house by ourselves. I been running it. He comes home only late at nights. Oh, the trials and tribulations of us married women. Thank the Lord, I don't have to marry a man.

I bet that when the wife returns he will take to coming home at nights. And I bet that after she gets back I won't be afraid to run right through the house as careless as I please, knowing full well that there ain't any danger of my falling over any dirty dishes.

I got to just twist myself around through a maze of pans and wrecked furniture and milk bottles and everything, before I can find my bed. Gosh, when I do locate that bed I ain't rewarded none, neither. How are studious birds like me going to ever find time to learn how to make up beds anyhow?

If this wife ever leaves again, I'm going to take unto me a wife of my own.

I certainly do hope she don't leave no more, though, because I dread the idea of becoming any woman's property. I've been watching her and she has got this here husband well in hand. I don't want no woman to be taking away my freedom.

We ain't going to have much of a glee club this year. I started to sing with it, but I been bought off.

There ain't going to be no second tenor part in it, either. Second tenor is what I sing. How could there be any second tenor in a glee club when such guys as this Pete Fulcher, Dean Beard and this Bob Badgett and this Bill McBee try to sing it?

This here Dutch Meyer is as big a grafter as anybody. I've been watching him a long time and I can't keep quiet any longer. What he don't know about grafting just naturally ain't in the grafting book.

I think that I had better be borrowing me a electric iron and running me a little competition in this grafting game myself. I sure can press trousers and middle blouses and things.

The printer who handles this stuff crossed me up last week. The mutt shifted a paragraph on me, which made perfectly good sense and left the impression that Mr. Elliott had certainly given me a powerful beating. Mr. Elliott didn't whip me, and what is more, he ain't going to get that chance.

It is great sport watching these girls play indoor baseball outdoors. Some of them women wield a wicked willow when it comes to slapping the old apple for the proverbial goal.

This here Katharine Hayden is the original Bambino. The big leagues ought to be yelping for her this minute. And this Helen Tucker certainly is a flash on the bases. She has the best form of any infielder that I've seen yet—I mean fielding form.

T. C. U. is certainly playing the sports this year all at one time. There is football and female baseball going on every afternoon. Two or three of the boys and the preachers are pulling off a tennis tournament. The ne'er-do-wells are at it nip and tuck in a pool contest. And I know a bunch of jazz hounds who will soon be taking each other's lives in the hard and strenuous game of bridge. Personally, I'd like to start a little African golf contest. I'll speak to Mr. Elliott about this.

The Fort Worth Record, newspaper, comes out with a picture of Mme. Cyrena Van Gordon, famous singer, and says that she is held to be the most beautiful woman. She may be famous, but she aint got nothing on some of these T. C. U. damsels for looks. How come this Record to overlook the local talent anyhow? Me and Pop Boone are going to have to get together on this proposition. All of us sporting editors stick together, you know.

There is a certain young lady—I ain't going to tell you her name unless she does it again—who had better lay off of me. She was tampering with her car with an old shoe, when I hollers "Down with the Clarks." I prides myself with being quick on the guard, but this time I don't show enough speed. That there shoe caught me flush on the cheek, with that French heel crowding my right optic till I saw all the stellar luminaries ever heard of. The Add-Rams-Clarks won a contest that time against the Shirley-Waltons.

But while I was being whipped, Boob and Cowboy were making up for it. Vernon Bradley gets rampant and rides the Shirley society, verbally, rather hard. Boob and Cowboy gives him a tumble and the Add-Rams are defeated. Such is life, but I don't want no more shoes up side my head. Anyhow competition between these organizations is supposed to be oratorical, and not physical.

I just happened to think about it. I've been turning out this stuff called "Puge's Pot Shots" pretty regular, and there have been no casualties yet. Some guys can get by with anything, and I must be one of them. Don't anybody start picking on me, though, just because I've been lucky so far.

In the last six or seven months I've noticed quite a few of these turtle doves, three loving couples, come to the parting of the ways.

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The boy just couldn't take the punishment, or the girl couldn't stand the gaff. The funny part is that after these couples have had their last spat, fought their final battle, and have started on their different paths, they don't get very far.

They start the same old cycle again with some other poor girl or boy as a subject to work on. I wonder do these folks have consciences. There is a song which goes something like this: "When you have someone else's arms around you, do you ever think of me?" etc. Ain't life, peculiar?

I knew a girl once; don't ever see her any more though. Some other fellow with a better line than I have ran under me. I bought her a phonograph record—it was a good record, too—entitled, "Love Me." I wonder if she ever plays that record now.

J. W. Bender concocted a composition, which appeared in the Skiff last week, named "Reverie." He deviated from the beaten path which the old proverbial pipe dream has formed for us. He would have us believe that he was lounging before the fireplace, indulging in a fragrant Havana cigar, from whence we are carried into the mystifying land of dreams. Anybody who failed to read this reverie certainly missed a good time. One would naturally know that it was about the eternal question—woman.

The point that I want to bring out is this: After reading that stuff I have come to the conclusion that J. W. was not smoking a cigar, but was smoking a pipe, and that it was a pipe-dream after all, and that that pipe was not loaded with tobacco, but was stuffed to the rim with opium. Do be careful, Bender.

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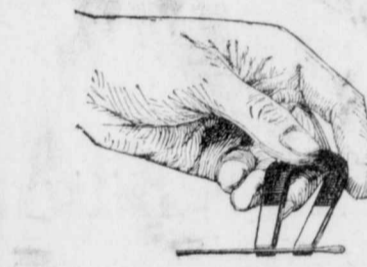
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