



VANITY BOX NUMBER

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THE SKIFF

VOLUME XX.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 1922.

NO. 16

TEAMS SELECTED FOR TRIANGULAR DEBATE: OTHER TILTS COMING

BUHLER, FULCHER, FUSSELL AND NELSON MAKE TRIANGULAR TEAMS.

PHILLIPS TRYOUT FRIDAY

DEBATE WITH SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WILL BE STAR MEET.

In a preliminary held Monday evening, January 23, in Brite Chapel four men were chosen to represent T. C. U. in the triangular debates against Trinity University of Waxahachie, and Southwestern University of Georgetown. M. A. Buhler, J. T. Fulcher, Henry Fussell and Al Nelson won the first four places in the order named, and consequently comprise the vascity team. A. B. McReynolds and Bryan B. Blalock followed closely as alternates. Other contestants had comparatively good arguments and platform appearance. Grading was done on the point system.

The debated question is "Resolved that the Kansas Industrial Court plan for adjusting disputes should be adopted throughout the United States, the constitutionality granted." In the preliminary six speakers upheld the affirmative side of the question and two the negative. In the triangular debate T. C. U. meets Southwestern at Georgetown, Southwestern meets Trinity at Waxahachie, and Trinity meets T. C. U. here. The local team is to have the affirmative at home and the negative at Georgetown.

February 17th has been set for the debate, but as Southwestern wishes a postponement of two weeks it is probable that the night of March 3rd will be chosen for the event. It is estimated that T. C. U. will win in each debate this year as she did last season, provided she has the proper support of the students.

Meet Southern California. An unprecedented debate in the history of the Oratorical Association is the one in which T. C. U. will meet the University of Southern California this year on the home platform. M. A. Buhler, president of the association, announces that the question has been decided: "Resolved that a court of industrial relations for the judicial settlement of disputes should be adopted by the several states." T. C. U. chose the affirmative.

Phillips University, whose team is one of the strongest in southern states, will again meet the Frogs with the question: "Resolved that all Immigration to the United States should be prohibited for a period of two years." Phillips has the affirmative. This same question was thrashed out in the triangular debates last year, in which T. C. U. was victorious. All things considered, the contest bids fair to be a heated one, as Phillips was awarded the decision over the Frogs last year. The preliminaries to the Phillips debate will be held February 3rd, but no date has been definitely set for the inter-collegiate contest. Preliminaries to the Southern California tilt will transpire soon.

Add-Rans Hold Regular Weekly Society Program

The Add-Rans gave their weekly program last Wednesday night in the Add-Ran-Clark hall, and a rare good time was reported by all. This weekly event is one to which every Add-Ran looks forward. About 40 members and 10 visitors were present.

A very delightful program had been arranged and, unusual to society custom, every performer was present. The program was then given as follows:

- Solo, (selected).....John A. Stevenson
- Salemsmanship.....Vernon Bradley
- Poem, Ripley's, "The Old Trundle Bed".....Henry Fussell
- Poem, Cohan's, "Life's a Funny Proposition".....James W. Bender
- Poem, Kipling's, "The Betrothal".....Rupert Whitley

After this delightful bit of amusement a short business session was called and applications of Wayne Weldon and Gatlin Mitchell were considered and voted into the society. This concluded the business so adjournment was voted.

WOMAN

By A MAN.

This is a very peculiar topic for man to be expounding on. Especially, when one takes into consideration that the author does not possess a sister from whom we, the men, should gain a great deal of knowledge about their opposites, the women. By this, the reader can readily see that the writer has gained his knowledge through observation and contact, but not close contact.

From my observations, I have placed women into three groups; the educated or more refined woman, the uneducated or middle-class woman, and the degraded woman.

Of course, we must all take into consideration that our earliest environments and associations, that is, the home, is the starting place of the race of life. Often times this gives the individual an advantage or disadvantage as the case may be. Especially, is this more true of woman because once a girl falls before the eyes of mankind, seldom does she regain her standing with her fellowman.

Now, we will take into consideration, the educated woman. Among these we occasionally find some who are accomplished in most of the arts of life, and beyond this, they are tactful and willing to help others attain those heights which are desired by every human individual. The educated woman is one who is refined, sociable and sensible. Through these characteristics, her companionship is often sought and she is highly respected by those whom she comes in contact with. She is a person who can sympathize with those of lower educational attainment, while on the other hand, she can appreciate the higher phases of society as well.

Next, we take into consideration the uneducated or middle-class woman. Here, we find the greatest number of our women classed. Some of the members of this class live along the same lines with which they are first instilled. That is, they do not learn to appreciate from generation to generation the new styles and fads that come into existence. They do not study the conditions which new inventions and discoveries cause their children to see in different attitudes, and which often causes strained relationship in the home.

Also in this group, the author of this topic thinks should be placed, those women who can not discriminate between the good, the mediocre and the bad elements with which their children and themselves should become associated with, either mentally, morally or physically. And through the lack of such knowledge our civilization is lowered just that much because every fair-minded, human individual gives the woman, his mother, credit for being the basis of home training.

Finally, we come to the degraded, down and out woman who usually causes many poor, illiterate girls to fall. In my opinion these women are the biggest detriment to the civilized world. Not only do they lure girls to practice debauchery but they also entice young men to their places of abode and therefore make them corrupt in their morals.

And one of the regrettable features is, that this type of woman sets many of the styles that come into vogue. For instance, the alluring hosiery that was the fashion not so many days ago was first set by women of this type. Then came the fashion of the excessive painting of the cheeks and lips, and still another which comes to mind and is classed under this head is that of the "bobbed-hair" girls. Many more could possibly be mentioned among which would come some of the fashionable dances of the day. Another phase which should be added here, is, that our good citizenry saw fit to oust out the restricted districts for such women, and today, we have such individuals walking the streets of our most important cities and encouraging young men to fall by the wayside. Not only that but throughout the country, we find that nearly all hotels, even the ones of best repute, have several such characters as inmates. Personally, I realize that often it is not the woman's fault for her fall from society and her going to the depths of the slough of despond. But on the other hand, I think we should in some manner put them in restriction camps that they

THE BADNESS OF THEIR BADNESS

Favored by "Mother" Ross

O the neatness of their neatness when they're neat;
O the fleetness of their fleetness when they're fleet;
But the neatness of their neatness
Are as nothing to their sweetness
And the fleetness of their fleetness
When they're sweet.

O the gladness of their gladness when they're glad;
O the sadness of their sadness when they're sad;
But the gladness of their gladness
And the sadness of their sadness
Are as nothing to their badness
When they're bad.

WOMAN

By ONE OF 'EM.

It is really our own fault, you know, that we are not called "ladies" any longer. Since we have begun to vote and stand up on the street cars, we have decided to drop the older title with its reminiscences of chivalry and class distinctions in favor of the broader term. In spite of the fact that it has been admitted for a long while that "a man's a man for a' that"; it is surprising how long it has taken to apply the rule to the "females," as those good old eighteenth century men delighted to call us. But truth will leak out eventually, and people, even in the best of circles, are finding out that on the whole women are just as usual, and unromantic, and capable as men are.

The fun of it is that everybody (ourselves included) is shocked to discover this. Is it so remarkable that women can manage to hobble along the streets without the support of a masculine arm? Or that some of us like to cut our hair short? Or that once in a great while—oh, well, you know the sort of thing I mean. I rather think that if there weren't such a lot of fuss raised over the eccentricities of women—short skirts, for example, and various ugly ways of camouflaging the human countenance with whitewash and paint—that we wouldn't be so interested in thinking up new ways of shocking the public.

The fact of the matter is that women have all of a sudden found out what a lot of real enjoyment they have been missing when they kept themselves away from the workaday world up on the pedestal where the chivalry of men planted them—and left them. Grandmother has a season ticket to the "movies," and is addicted to chocolate sundaes; mother has discovered a few facials and a Paris gown will keep her young and attractive.

There is not a shadow of a doubt that women—young and old—are very decidedly alive nowadays.

No doubt you wonder why this explanation exerts into "The Skiff." It is because this issue, which is all devoted to what the men say about "women," ought to give us a little chance to speak of ourselves. So this little corner (for I am certain this article will be hidden among the ads) could not be better used than to tell you that the "new woman" is not at all alarming; in fact, there is no such thing. We are just the same as in the days when you called us "ladies," and left us at home while you went off to earn a living, and run the government, and see the world; just the same, only now we go right along with you.

We are giving away our secrets to tell you all this, but T. C. U. is such a happy, big family, that we want to get along with you the best we possibly can, and so we take you into our counsels. Confidentially, and frankly, don't you like us—just the way we are?

YOUNG PEOPLE WILL HAVE CHARGE OF EVENING SERVICES

Dr. Lockhart, chairman of the church board, announced Sunday morning that the entire Sunday evening services are to be turned over to the young peoples organizations of T. C. U. The Christian Endeavor, Ministerial Association, Mission Circle, and the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. are planning to work together to make the meetings each Sunday evening as helpful and as interesting as possible. The Ministerial Association is to have charge of the program for next Sunday evening. All are invited to attend these services.

CLASS EDITIONS

Upperclassmen in T. C. U. must prepare themselves for a decisive shock which will be flaring forth from the Skiff pages on its very next appearance. For, lo, the freshmen class will have charge of this edition, the coming date of which is Feb. 6.

It is believed that this edition, in the common vernacular, will be a knockout sheet. However, the following week will see the sophomore class take the fore, then the juniors and then the seniors. Be prepared, public, be prepared.

TIGERS LOSE SECOND GAME OF SERIES TO SCRAPPING FROGS

LOCAL BASKETEERS WALLOP PRESBYTERIANS BY 34-19 COUNT.

HONORS EQUALLY DIVIDED

HARD FIGHTING ON DEFENSIVE IS FEATURE OF CHRISTIANS' GAME.

Putting up a hard-fighting defensive game, the battling Horned Frog quintet slashed the Trinity Tiger to the tune of 34 to 19 in a basket ball contest of mediocre form as basket ball goes, but of superb form from a scrapping viewpoint, on the local court last Tuesday afternoon. It was the second and last game of the series between T. C. U. and Trinity. The first set-to was taken by varsity also.

As usual, the outstanding players of the game were short and stocky. Captain Meyer and Big Jim Cantrell, closely seconded by the debonair "Kit" Carson.

Meyer, at running guard, covered the entire floor, fighting hard every minute of the period. As behooves a captain, he was a true leader in scrapping ability and is the keeping up of the morale of the club. "Dutch" also led the scoring, connecting with 14 points.

Cantrell played an unusually clever game at center, dropping back to a standing guard position after each tap. His defensive work was heartily impregnable.

Carson, at forward, played smoothly and rolled up 10 markers. Randle of Trinity stood head and shoulders above the rest of the Tiger outfit. He also worked in a good floor game with accurate goaling proclivities and scored 10 of his aggregation's 19 points.

Coach Driver ran nearly all of his substitutes onto the floor in the second half. Although the second string men held their opponents to even terms, the game was a comedy from then until the final whistle.

The line-up:

T. C. U.	Position	Trinity
Loovern (8)Leming (c) (7)	
	Right forward.	
Carson (10)Randle (10)	
	Left forward.	
Cantrell (0)White (0)	
	Center.	
Meyer (c.) (14)Wilmar (0)	
	Left guard.	
Bishop (2)Kuykendall (0)	
	Right guard.	

Substitutes: T. C. U.—Largent for Bishop, Reddie for Carson, Burns for Largent, Adams for Loovern, Waller for Reddie. Trinity—Dowd (2) for Willimaro, Bailey for White, Carmichael for Bailey.

might not defile many other of our pure men and women.

Just to digress slightly from this subject in conclusion I will say, that many women will say that women as a rule are better than men. Naturally, and I readily agree. But again the problem that confronts us is, that each sex sets the standard by which the other sex have to abide, or fall from their good graces. Therefore, it is a well known fact that man's standard for woman is higher than woman's for man. For example, suppose a man goes down the street smoking and the scent of whiskey is on his breath, how many of our respectable young women would not allow him to call on them the next evening and make him welcome in their home? But let some girl do this and see how many young

PEDAGOGUES DELIGHT LARGE AUDIENCE WITH "NOTHING BUT TRUTH"

FACULTY PLAY GOES OVER BIG DESPITE UNFAVORABLE WEATHER.

BRYSON IS SHINING LIGHT

ENTIRE CAST ACTS UP IN SURPRISINGLY PROFESSIONAL MANNER.

The faculty of Texas Christian University, under the auspices of the local Woman's Club, gave a very delightful three-act comedy entitled "Nothing But the Truth," last Tuesday evening in their college auditorium.

The play was a roaring success in which the staid and stolid professors cast aside their cloak of dignity and mingled personal humor with the already laughable situations of the play itself. From the opening curtain until its final drop the unusually large audience was kept in a tumultuous ecstasy of laughter. Frequently the actors were forced to cease momentarily in their lines by outbursts of applause from the appreciative audience. From the minor roles to the leading character the impersonations were howling successes.

The theme of the play is that Bob Bennett, an illustrious young salesman who, in an effort to raise 10,000 dollars for his girl, Gynn Ralston, wagers that amount with Mr. Ralston, the Boss; Van Huesen, the Dude, and Dick Connelly, another salesman, that he can go twenty-four hours without telling a lie. Immediately upon sealing the wager the three conspirators set about asking Bob all kinds of questions in an endeavor to ensnare him in a falsehood. As a result of this questioning Bob insults the daughter of the richest man in town, quarrels with his girl, almost wrecks the Ralston family, saves an unsuspecting old Bishop from the clutches of the designing Van Huesen, and disgraces Dick Connelly for life. Everything is rent asunder and war is about to be declared, but the time set for the bet to end arrived and Bob by telling innumerable lies restores the group to its normal tranquility. Bob wins his bet, the money is turned over to charity with an equal amount donated by Mr. Ralston, who proclaims that he always has to pay.

Prof. W. E. Bryson, in the role of Bennett, was easily the leading character in the play. His humorous lines touched with extremely good acting, characterized by an extreme humor and shyness, delighted the audience. Dean Colby Hall as Van Huesen, the Dude, was also extremely good in his interpretation and delighted with his sissy, dude ways. Taking all in all every part was extremely good and the writer only regrets that space prohibits him from lauding each actor personally.

- The cast:
- Bob Bennett.....W. E. Bryson
 - B. M. Ralston.....Edwin Elliott
 - Van Huesen.....Colby D. Hall
 - Dick Connelly.....W. E. Gettys
 - Bishop Doran.....R. A. Smith
 - Ethel Clark.....Miss Shoemaker
 - Gynn Ralston.....Miss Echols
 - Mrs. Ralston.....Mrs. Davis
 - Mable.....Miss Majors
 - Sable.....Miss Ousley
 - The Maid.....Mrs. Cockrell
 - Miss Elliott Todhunter, director.

respectable men would be caught walking down the street with her. This may sound absurd, but has been observed in reality several times.

COMING LECTURER ON MODERN DRAMA BEARS UNIQUE DISTINCTION

DR. STOCKTON AXSON BROTHER-IN-LAW OF WOODROW WILSON.

DELIVERS FIVE LECTURES

COURSE WILL EXTEND OVER THREE DAYS, FEBRUARY 9, 10, 11.

Stockton Axson, A. M., L. H. D., a brother-in-law of ex President Wilson, stands on his own merits as a lecturer, educator and writer. He will deliver a series of five lectures in Fort Worth on February 9, 10, 11, four of which will be in the main auditorium of T. C. U. The final talk will be given at the Texas Hotel, at which time his friends will have an opportunity to greet and talk with him.

"Some Aspects of Modern Drama," is his general subject, and the program is as follows:

- "Ibsen's Point of Departure," Thursday afternoon, 3:30, February 9.
- "Shaw the Intellectual," Thursday evening, 8 o'clock, February 9.
- "John Galsworthy and the Human Dilemma," Friday afternoon, 3:30 o'clock, February 10.
- "Modern Romances and Idealists in Drama," Friday evening, 8 o'clock, February 10.
- "A Literary View of Modern Drama," Saturday afternoon, 3:30, February 11, at the Texas Hotel.

It is immediately evident that Dr. Axson has chosen topics of special interest to students and citizens alike, as the study of modern drama has been nationally introduced by universities and women's clubs. The lecture on Ibsen will perhaps be the most attractive for T. C. U. students. Last year while in Fort Worth, Dr. Axson said in one of his discourses: "An interesting example of the dramatic way is the plays of Ibsen. We know that Ibsen wrote many of his dramas from a definite philosophical point of view, but he was so much the dramatist that he has left to the audience and critic an almost limitless region for debate."

That the distinguished teacher is an ardent exponent of education may be gathered from his statement: "I long to see the day when every state in the union will make ADULT EDUCATION a part of its systematic campaign on human ignorance. If we stop our education when we leave the school or college we stop too soon—too soon by all the years that lie between the day of graduation and the day of burial."

The English department of Texas Christian University, who presented Dr. Axson last year in a course of five lectures on "Victorian Writers," brings him back this year, and it is calculated that no student should fail to hear him. Therefore a season ticket of admission to the five lectures may be had from Mr. McKee for \$1.00, whereas the price of admission to each separate lecture is 50c.

Not Alcoholic Humor But Natural Ability Comedians' Trump

Any one scouting through the brush and wooded ravines in the rear of T. C. U. campus does so at his own risk. Tales have been told of ghosts, of chicken stealing forays, of battles, and of murders in these same wooded dells.

The latest story out is one which might be of interest to many. Dark rumors have been going the rounds to the effect that there is a "liquor still" hidden somewhere back there in the shrubbery well guarded by fierce, quick shooting, outlaw, mountaineer bootleggers. Up to now, no perfect evidence has come to light on the matter.

However, a person when knocking around in that particular section of the country is very liable to stumble over that which seems to be conclusive proof of a certain nature. It is mainly this: Most any afternoon one, overlooking a specific little shady nook which is not very far back in the maze of brambles and other vegetation, will behold a sight which would tend, at the first glance, to bring tears of reminiscence to any

(Continued on Page Two)

THE SKIFF

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

Entered as second class mail matter in the postoffice at Fort Worth, Texas, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The only advertising medium that reaches every student of Texas Christian University. Advertising rates reasonable. Phone R. 1716, and ask for Vernon W. Bradley.

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The Wail of the Issue Editor

Women! Women! Nothing but Women! The last hectic week has done all but obliterate ye so-called issue editor from ye proverbial map. Six long days filled with mad scrambles and many heart rendering attempts at obtaining news, data, copy concerning that world-wide issue—for it is an issue to every man—women. One hundred and forty-four hours filled with just one idea, one hundred and forty-four hours with his brain concentrated on but a single thought—women.

Have no far-fetched surmises, ye proletariat of T. C. U., if ever again ye behold the crude countenance of this worthless one of your number, the editor of this issue. Worry your intellect none at trying to arrive at conclusions as to the whereof of his disappearance, but merely place it your memory that he went down fighting and that the sole cause of his succumbing was nothing else but—women.

"Yea; Verily, if a man knew the dangers of love when it approached, he would seek more readily the association of nitro-glycerine." This clever bit of philosophy by the right of gallant Sir Frank Council, who is a student among few, could be applied to the situation in which a poor misguided human would be who would have the pure, inane lack of foresight to attempt a paper on such a complex subject as—women.

Women! Women! Nothing but women! Stories, concerning women, which border on the proximity of the risks, stories with naught but the most sublime of thought lauding them to the very heavens, stories of the most scintillating sarcastic, satirical type; all of this has ye sad excuse for an issue editor had to deal with during the last several hours of ye final week of the month of January. The innumerable howls of many pseudo journalists, crying forth their different emotions, those emotions of Love—passionate love, Hatred—diabolical hatred, and Fear—terrible fear; copies of all of this has ye sympathy-craving issue editor perused until his eyes burned, and his brain grew numb, and it seemed that his head would burst.

He feels that his days in this world are numbered. Women! Wonderful women! Women! Hellish women! His mind is literally torn asunder. He can not think coherently. His shall be the desserts of a man become insane, of a man who as turned stark, raving mad, of a wild, roaring, snorting maniac.

Women! Blonde women! Brunette women! Nice women! Bad women! All kinds of women! He shouts out in agony, in woe never again will he attempt such an undertaking.

Not Alcoholic Humor But Natural Ability Comedians' Trump

(Continued from Page One)
ardent anti-prohibitionist. For there is the funniest sight imaginable, enacted by two young gentlemen who seem to be not only enjoying themselves very highly, but who seem to be even pleasing the forest inhabitants at large. Many of these creatures are gathered around drinking in every antic of the two.
On looking closer and listening harder one easily becomes cognizant of the fact that the hilarity and

mirth can not possibly be caused by such a crude stimulant of wit as any of moonshine spirits, however. All actions seem to be too well governed to warrant any such suspicions, and the different puns and humorous jibes are so nicely handled that all such fears are put to route.
Sad to say, still hunters' hopes are blasted here. This woodland comedy is naught other than the estimable Dr. Doc Bender and Mr. Puge Cross of that glorious company of comedians, "The Walla Walla Hot Dogs," practicing their vaudeville skits which are soon to be presented to T. C. U. audiences.

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Three Types

There comes once into every man's life that which is called "types of women." The most noted editor, and his assistant, are numbered among those elites to which this phenomena has occurred. These types will, for various, obvious reasons, be known as the three L's. The first and second of this noted trio will be discussed by the assistant editor, while the third will be elaborated on by the editor.

The first type, or the first L, is a mere slip of a kid. She is not pretty, but neither is she hard to gaze upon, being what is called the medium worldly bestowal, or attractive. She is one who, during her brief sojourn on earth, has had an innumerable number of lovers, and through this companionship has acquired that knack of aloofness which is so scarce among the female types of this age. She has also that knowledge of the game that makes her capable to handle any situation into which she chances to be thrown with apparent ease. Cleverness is one of her most predominating characteristics and makes her a type that pleases as well as enchants her followers.

The second type, or the second L, is one to which it seems the author of that term, the true "American Beauty" refers. She is graced with a mass of bobbed hair, an unusually fair complexion, sparkling eyes and that characteristic shyness which is so apparent in the younger type of "Texas Girls." She is a fun-loving, joy-spreading sort of creature, at all time capable and willing to romp and play in the presence of friends, but extremely shy and demure among strangers, a true Southern type with hospitality the main actor in her cast. All in all it is a type we are all glad to know now, and to cherish in our memories in the future.

Ye worthy issue editor now takes the helm and endeavors to place before you, gentle reader, the third type, the third L.

As I sit here meditating about her, about that Princess of celestial brow encompassed by a glorious mass of raven locks, about that adorable Goddess into whose wonderful eyes—ah, those deep pools of azure tint—I could sit and gaze, enchanted, powerless to move for periods interminable, cold perspiration appears on my own fevered brow, my blood races, my pulsating heart beats till it seems that it will be torn from my throbbing breast, my brain re-

fuses to function coherently, and I feel oblivion approaching.

The likeness of her appears in my mind's eye—ah, the oval of that fairy-like face of perfect contour, and that heavenly mouth with those cupid's bow, so kissable lips. The rich, sweet, modulated tones of her voice, her joyous, tinkling laughter seem to drift to me wafted on the ethereal breezes of a not worldly paradise.

Small wonder is it that, the brain of a mere human should become a boiling cauldron of writhing, seething, tumultuous emotions; that his blood should alternately run thick and then thin; that cold chills should chase each other up and down his crooked spine just at the sight of her.

Ye Gods! There are none other of her type. She is a type of her own. Ye poor ignorant editor finds it utterly impossible to carry on any further. Her raving, tantalizing beauty and entrancingly wonderful personality holds him shackled, chained, spellbound. His is a failure. He must surrender.

Grieving that he did not succeed in carrying out the contract with the assistant editor vs. the portrayal of the third type, he beats a hasty retreat to the doing of things which are more easily accomplished. Au Revoir.

Obituary to Jazz

What shall we add now? Jazz is dead.

And we who praise and—who blame, With wash of words across its name, Find suddenly declared instead

On Wednesday life in Jarvis, dead. Jazz, our beloved one, passed away in Jarvis Jan. 3, following many harsh and bitter words. It is believed by all that it died of a broken heart.

Jazz was born in Jarvis Hall in 1910, therefore being 11 years and 4 months old. Jazz was well known throughout the hall as being the "fairy" of the home. Every girl loved it, praised it, and held it far above everything. The desire of all the girls was to place Jazz as the "Queen of Jarvis," for it had won a place in every heart—still remains in the minds of every girl, "gone, but not forgotten."

It is survived by eighty-five girls, and the Skiff wishes to extend to them sympathy.

The pallbearers were: There's a Long Long Trail Winding, I'm Lonesome for You That's All, Tired of Me, K-K-K-Katy, Pd Like to Go Back to Home Sweet Home, Tripoli, Caroline, and, I Want a Little Bun-galow.

Purgatory

Can you find a creature more fickle, more capricious, more inconstant, more frivolous, and with more levity, than woman?

I feel that no one is adroit enough to discover such a being, living or dead, though he travel from the east to the west, north to south, over the broad expanse of space, yecept by some an earthly paradise, but made by woman what Sherman said of war.

But I must have some grounds for my statements, or else this sex of beings will relegate me from their society forever. True, children can not get along without toys, and so it is with the female sex—we poor men are their toys. Well, we don't mind that so much; but there is one thing that causes anguish to our mind, that is the old, false, alluring, beguiling statement that when we, like saps, fall in love, are sure to receive, as we press our sweet, yet serpentine damsel toward us, and, in words, full of simplicity and youth (it is always youth—an experienced man knows better), ask her if she has ever been kissed. Quick as the flash of a poisonous dagger, we hear the reply, "No, dearie"—and, like apes, we believe it.

Well, I fell for all that line of chatter once—no, not once, many thousand times once. To tell the truth about the matter, the first time I thought that that pure, lily-like mold of clay could prevaricate, was the time that, through misfortune, or otherwise, a missive fell into my hands, written by this said

girl I was in love with, to a girl friend. This is the gist of the letter.

"I am to see H— tonight. We are to meet in the park. I can already picture the beautiful fountain, the fading twilight, the smell of the sweet tulips. I can feel the entrancing beauty of the scene over-coming me. I will think of nothing but love.

"I can feel H— taking me in his arms, holding me gently, scarcely daring to breathe, half afraid to kiss me. I know that when he presses me close to him, in his ignorance, which is bliss, that I will struggle a little—then, when he tells me my lips are like cherry blossoms—I will allow him to kiss me. He will think that his kiss is falling on virgin lips.

"Honey, aren't men fools to believe in women; and isn't it a grand and glorious feeling to be experienced?"
Oh, what a curse that woman is man's paragon. But, what a great joy it is to be experienced, and to know that she is but the fruit of the Garden of Eden not to be handled.

Free Instincts.
A Harvard professor says "dancing is an instinct, just like eating and fighting." It has long been observed that man will eat anything, and fight anything, and now he's getting so he'll dance anything.—Kansas City Star.

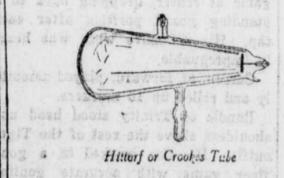
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How Were X-Rays Discovered?

SIR James Mackenzie Davidson visited Professor Roentgen to find out how he discovered the X-rays.

Roentgen had covered a vacuum tube, called a Hittorf or Crookes tube, with black paper so as to cut off all its light. About four yards away was a piece of cardboard coated with a fluorescent compound. He turned on the current in the tube. The cardboard glowed brightly.

Sir James asked him: "What did you think?"
"I didn't think, I investigated," said Roentgen. He wanted to know what made the cardboard glow. Only planned experiments could give the answer. We all know the practical result. Thousands of lives are saved by surgeons who use the X-rays.

Later on, one of the scientists in the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company became interested in a certain phenomenon sometimes observed in incandescent lamps. Others had observed it, but he, like Roentgen, investigated. The result was the discovery of new laws governing electrical conduction in high vacuum.

Another scientist in the same laboratory saw that on the basis of those new laws he could build a new tube for producing X-rays more effectively. This was the Coolidge X-ray tube which marked the greatest advance in the X-ray art since the original discovery by Roentgen.

Thus, scientific investigation of a strange phenomenon led to the discovery of a new art, and scientific investigation of another strange phenomenon led to the greatest improvement in that art.

It is for such reasons that the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are continually investigating, continually exploring the unknown. It is new knowledge that is sought. But practical results follow in an endless stream, and in many unexpected ways.

General Electric Company
General Office
Schenectady, N. Y.

SCIENTIFIC VIEW of LOVE

It is indeed phenomenal that so little is known of a thing so widely studied and so universally prevalent. The pages of history have been swelled to an enormous degree by the records of observations made alike by sage and fool, king and layman, saint and sinner. These records, however, are merely observations, and establish but a few relatively unimportant principles. The modern man of science, law, religion and, in fact, of every walk of life, has had its turn and in turn has been baffled by this perplexing problem.

The humble writer of this paper does not attempt to give an exhaustive treatise of the subject of love, but does feel that with the centuries of records left by careful students of the past, together with the observations that he himself has been able to make through years of exhaustive research and study, certain fundamental principles may be established as facts, and thus some advance will have been made.

Love has been defined as a disease, which, if true, curiously enough attacks only the males of the human race. So far as the writer knows, no bona fide case of "true love" has ever been detected in a female. Several cases have been reported, but very careful experiments have proven conclusively that the ailment was not love. The females, however, do have a very important part in the spread of the disease. Their particular function is to transmit it. (There are other diseases in which the transmitting agent does not itself become a victim, so that this phase of the subject within itself is not so surprising.) It has been shown in a number of instances that those afflicted go through a very definite cycle of inoculation, sickness, and recovery—provided they recover. (The reader should not take the term cycle to mean that the love sick individual habitually goes in circles. He does, however, describe circles with arcs both great and small in whatever task he undertakes, but these "rings" are only some of the many outward manifestations of the disease.)

The sequence of events in the development of a malignant case of love is about as follows: A perfectly normal young man, absolutely foot-loose and fancy free, comes prancing (sometimes sprinting) along life's way, and meets a young lady, perfectly normal, too. Perhaps she is beautiful, perhaps just winning. The beauty type seems to be more virulent. She smiles or perhaps only glances. The unsuspecting young man hesitates. The disease begins to get in its work. Often further meetings are necessary before a real case is developed, but in any number of instances the writer has observed young men thrown into the acute stages of love almost instantly. These acute stages are manifest outwardly by the circles mentioned above, very weak heart, such

utterances as "Oh, boy!" "Ain't we got fun!" and "Ain't love grand!" and an extremely saccharine manner in the presence of the feminine sex, mirrors, ice cream sodas, and baby shoes. Once love has its hold, there is no escape. The first symptoms are also accompanied by the absolute helplessness of the young man, and from hence forward the unequal struggle goes on, with the man ever on the losing side. Associated with the smiles of the young lady, at this time, there often appears a very definite frown. (Quite different from the first few meetings, when everything seemed beautiful.) Next the thing of beauty and entrancement commences to do everything that will make the young man almost, but not quite, give up. Just at this stage love may take either of two courses, both of which are quite familiar to everyone and will not be dealt with here.

Recovery is slow and fraught with innumerable dangers of relapse—and relapses are said to be even more harrowing than the original attack.

One attack of the disease confers a very definite immunity to future infections. This immunity may or may not last indefinitely. There are numerous recoveries on record in which the individual was later subjected to what were, apparently, the most favorable conditions for infection, without developing any symptoms of the disease. Others recover from one attack only to be plunged into another.

Attempts of prevention or control of love have been unavailing. To the young swain who starts out to meet the dangers and difficulties of life, the years of careful studies and researches in the matter of love, give no promise. It is estimated that 98 per cent of the male population sooner or later become afflicted. It is believed that the only solution to the problem lies in the total extinction of one or the other of the sexes. And it is a regrettable fact that extermination seems guided by the hand of woman and consequently means the destruction of man.

The fundamental facts in connection with the matter of love have been presented. Further discussion can only elaborate upon the points already mentioned. It is hoped that this short paper will give the youthful reader some idea of—not what to escape, for there is no escape—but what to expect. The writer has seen fit to stick closely to observations. Whatsoever experiences he might have had, have not been recorded. Neither have the related experiences of any other individual been considered of value. It is a remarkable and long-established fact that a love sick individual is totally incapable of making anything tangible. He is incapacitated for making any distinction, even of "nay" from "yea."

It must be realized that any further information on the subject of love can only be revealed by the ladies—and they, of course, will not.

Girls Literary Societies

Dear Jim:

How are you? Why haven't you been so see me. Say but I sure did hav a lot of fun the other day. Guess I better tell you about it. Old Sid was in on it, too.

Well we was lookin' over some of Ma's old books and saw some what looked awful good and interestin' so me and Sid just kinder thought maybe it wouldn't hurt nuthin' if we was to read 'em. I said, "Don't guess Ma would care, do you Sid?" Sid, knowin' how Ma took such good care of her libery, didn't have nuthin' to say, but I could tell by the expression on his face that he didn't care much if we did just kinder look at 'em a little bit. So I pulled the biggest one of the books down and boy you should order have been there. The first part didn't look so awful good cause it was a lotta pictures of some old men and ladies—oh I guess they musta been about how old Ma and Pa is. Then there was some readin' that was all right I guess, and me and Sid liked it pretty good, but gee there was a nother part what we liked more'n that. It kinder surprized us, to cause we didn't know they was gonna be nuthin' like that in it. Well I guess you must be wantin' to know by now what it was that was so interestin', so I suppose I will tell you. "Don't guess you'll know what I'm talking about, but boy just take my word for it—it was good. I'm tellin' you you won't know any more about than you did at first—well I don't know any more'n that either but I guess I saw

it and you didn't—so here it is.

This was what was on one page in great big letters like this—CLARK LITERARY SOCIETY. You didn't think I could spell nothin' like that didja. I can though.

Well me and Sid didn't hardly know if we should look on the next page to see what was there or not, cause—well you know sometimes when you don't know what's comin' you might get a pleazant surprize and sometimes you might get a kinda unpleazant one. Say boy, but it was shure a pleazant surprize. Me and Sid just couldn't hardly say nuthin' at first. We was speechless—I think that's what you're supposed to say—any way I know you don't know any more'n I do about it so I guess I'll just leave it. Sounds to me and Sid like its all right.

Oh gee boy but I wish you could see what is on that page. Me and Sid thought we would tear it out and send it to you but I don't guess we will cause you know it's Ma's book, and I don't suppose she would do nuthin' to me, but I guess we better not tear it out cause—well it's her book you know.

Guess you're still kinda wantin' to know what was on that page—well boy there was a whole bunch of the prettiest lookin' girls I most ever saw. Sid thinks the same thing, but he said it more emfatik than that and I don't guess Ma or Pa either would like it much if I should write it on paper, so I don't guess I will. I suppose you kinda have a idea what he had to say though, haven't you? You know what me and Sid have de-

ecided to do? When we get big we are going to that school where there is a Clark Literary Society so we can keep company with such pretty girls. Cause I guess we sure do want to. I suppose you can go with us if you'r Ma or Pa don't care none.

Say I most forgot to tell you that me and Sid was going fishin' Satidy. Come on and go with us.

Cincerely,

Heavy.

P. S.: While home during the Christmas holidays I happened to find this old letter that I wrote twelve years ago. Sid and I are attending T. C. U. now, so I thought perhaps you might like to know our opinion of the Clarks after having associated with them. If you have had the pleasure of meeting all the girls its most needless for me to say that we think of them just as we did. However beauty was the only thing that counted with us when we were younger. Today much more is added to that, and that "much more" the Clarks happen to have.

Isn't it queer that in most cases when a thing is started correctly it usually remains that way? That most assuredly seems to hold true with the Clarks. After having learned something of its history, we find that among those who organized this society there were the most cheerful and charming, the most loyal, the most ardent, the most risky, and the kindest of all girls in the world. The same is true of the Clarks of today and in my opinion will always be. Each and everyone of them is always ready to do her bit. Sometimes little mistakes are made but afterwards we are sorry and hope to do better next time.

Oh I could sit here and catalogue good characteristic after good characteristic of the Clark Literary Society and while doing so I could admit the very few faults—for indeed we all have our faults. But why go any further with my thoughts of this society, for you can very easily get your own opinion of it by applying to it the little statement "Actions speak louder than words."

(Signed) A Clark.

WALTON NOTES.

The Walton Literary Society met in the Shirley-Walton Hall on Monday, Jan. 16, 1922. The subject was "Mother." A very interesting program was given:

Reading—Chowning Moore.

Vocal solo—Maurine Hale.

Reading—Anne Ligon.

Short talk "Mother" Ross.

A surprise came to all members when the president, Floy Schoonover, told us that "Mother" Ross had become an honorary member of our society. After the program was given, a business meeting was held. Martha Moore, Elizabeth Bishop, Lucille Fox, Rossie Lipscomb and Opal Weatherly applied for membership. Misses Shoemaker, Major and Ousley were installed as members. There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

History.

The Walton Literary Society was started as a mixed society. It was named for Major John T. Walton, because he gave the first books to the Library. In 1919 it was changed when the two societies divided. All through the history of the Walton society, its members have taken a leading part in all of the activities of the school.

In literary work the Waltons have always been prominent. Waltons have had many members as contributors to the Skiff. They have done their part on programs, producing plays with the Footlights Club, and even in writing them.

In the Fine Arts department, they have been well represented, having artists in the vocal and instrumental departments.

Almost all of the Brite College graduates are or have been members of the Shirley-Walton societies, and some have gone out to foreign fields.

Many of the scholarships offered have been won by members of these two societies. The president of the Honor Council is a Walton. They are well represented on the different feminine athletic teams of the college.

All Waltons expect to live up to the true standards and ideals that the Walton Literary Society stands for.

Hiking

Hiking. What picture does this call to your mind? Do you see a number of girls with glowing faces and snappy eyes, eagerly setting forth on a tramp? If not it surely should, for this is what happens every Tuesday and Saturday afternoon at T. C. U.

The Hiking Club is steadily growing, now boasting a membership of fifty.

At present, that is excluding the past few days, if you please—we are having ideal hike weather. The air crisp and cold, the wind blowing just strong enough to whip the color into one's cheeks, making you feel full of pep and energy—and that evening when you are ready to tumble into bed what a restful and refreshing sleep you enjoy.

The girls receive three big benefits:

First of all it is one of the best of exercises, putting most of the muscles into use; this makes for healthy, fresh, wide-awake girls. It makes fat people slender, and skinny people plump, which is surely a reward in itself. But, then they also have the fun of hearing jokes and of interchanging gossip, plus the glorious free feeling you get from being out in the open, with the wind just cold enough to send tinglings up and down your spine. And still another prize awaits them: The winning of a letter! This is each and every one of the girls' ambition—to be able to get 100 points in hiking, which entitles her to wear the hiking emblem, a white H on a purple background, on her sweater. She is given her points by the following system:

Three 5-mile hikes—25 points.

Four 8-mile hikes—50 points.

Six—10-mile hikes—100 points.

And these girls deserve their points, for remember they are out for business, no little stroll is this, with Tom, Dick or Harry gallantly helping them over rocks, and across rough roads. Why you ought to see some of the dandy hikers—you'd never recognize them as the same helpless individuals who need assistance up and down the college steps!

Speaking of good hikers, I must say that the club certainly has some of the fastest walkers and a few of the best long distance hikers that can be found—they ought to go out for track work in the spring. For example (one always sets forth a few of one's very best as examples—doesn't he?) there are Dorothy Anderson and Mary Hodgson who walked to Handley and back, 15 miles, in 4½ hours, and Ruth Wiggins, who, by the way is the first girl to make her letter, walked to T. C. U. from Grapevine, 21 miles, in 6½ hours. I dare anyone to turn up their nose at such a hike.

Come on girls—join the Hiking Club. The more the merrier. No—no boys allowed.

YOUNG WOMEN LEAD

IN CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

The Christian Endeavorers of T. C. U. enjoyed a most interesting program Sunday evening when the girls had charge of the services. The program was given as somewhat of an answer to the one given by the boys the previous Sunday. Miss Floy Schoonover was leader and Miss Etta Williams, song leader. The subject was well discussed in the following

topics: "Missions and Exploration,"

Loja Smith; "Missions and Commerce," Ethel Kemp; "Missions and Education," Verda Jarrell; "Missions and Science," Lillian Henson. The song, "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters," was rendered most beautifully by Misses Day, Gates, and Schoonover. The meeting was closed by a discussion of "The World's Debt to Our Missionaries," by Miss Vena Foote.



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I Should Say So!

A College Boy who purchases his suit from this store, chooses a suit that is especially designed and tailored for college bred men.

Do you like to feel confident of the suit you buy?

Do you like to think that you have realized the worth of your dollar?

Do you appreciate a guarantee on your suit?

Do you appreciate courtesy, service, plus interest of a firm's salesmen?

Are you glad to have the highest respect paid you when you wish to look instead of buy?

If you appreciate the above mentioned things, then you should trade with a store who gives you this at the least possible cost.

WE APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS



---Presenting New Spring Apparel of Unquestioned Style and Quality

The average woman gets every bit as much enjoyment out of selecting new clothes as she does in wearing them. That is why she will just love to note the new style features, to inspect the lovely new fabrics, and to examine the quality of workmanship offered in this season's smart apparel, and to make her choice, while there is lots of time for thoughtful selection.

Charming Creations In New Spring Suits

Suits have come back into their own again, and no wonder. The styles are exceptionally becoming this season and the prices are very moderate. The finest suits are fashioned of Poiret Twill, Pequetine, Tricotine, Twill Cord, Covert, Velour and Serge. Some on conservative lines accentuating all the details of tailoring, others are elaborately embroidered or braided. Then of course there is the popular Sport Suit in lovely checks or smart Tweeds, in colors that are decidedly attractive. They range in price as low as \$39.50, and on up gradually to \$98.00.

New Skirts in Spring Styles

Spring seems to bring out latent ideas, snappy designs, and attractive color combinations, and as a result the most attractive skirts we have shown in years, now await your selection. Short plaited skirts in gay colored plaids, browns, tan, blue and green combinations along with black and white. They are priced from \$6.95 to \$25.00.

It's Getting About Time to Think of Spring Frocks

This week has seen many new arrivals in Spring Frocks, copies of more costly models, showing many clever features for the new season. Among the popular materials are Poiret Twill, Twill Cord, Tricotine, Crepe Knit Velleite and Canton Crepe, in shades of navy, black, brown, rust, cactus, and corn flower. Trimmings are of silk and wool embroidery, military and fancy two-tone braids and beads developed in some contrasting color, which adds much to their attractiveness. They range in price from \$25.00 to \$79.50.

Smart Short Sport Coats Are Popular

And they are developed in Chinchilla, Camel's Hair and Polow Cloth, in several shades of tan, green, brown and blue. Some are full lined, others are three-quarter lined of good quality silk. All are priced moderately at from \$22.50 to \$49.50.

Campbell Varnish & Paint Co.

708 Houston Lamar 1402



◆ PUGE'S POT SHOTS ◆

"Curses!" ejaculated the fierce villain as Jack Dalton, our stalwart cowboy hero, slapped him from his perch on the edge of the Grand Canyon down, down, swirling, twisting, into the sinuous, snake-like, treacherous river which wended its tortuous way below.

"Carramba!" shouted the Spanish banditta as the gallant cavalier pinioned him against an apple tree at the point of his trusty diamond studded rapier.

"S'death! S'death!" bellowed the English freebooter as the daring knight errant nothing daunted kicked him out of the court yard into the meat under the draw bridge.

These three paragraphs are typical of excerpts taken from any of the popular, blood-stirring thrillers—the novels of love and adventure which are greedily snatched up and digested by the thirsty public of this twentieth century. Ah, those wonderful tales of the days of yore—those reckless excursions of the ancient knights, those bloody battles on the Spanish Main, and those thrilling combats of different warring factions; and their causes, yea, their lovable causes, those captivating, soul enslaving causes—women.

Woman, the fairest, yet most unfair creation existing in the land of heaven, rules all. Why do men strive valiantly, heroically to surmount obstacles, the odds of which are really unsurmountable, but for woman, beautiful woman?

What is the paramount cause of the world's greatest fools in all the epics of history? Who has caused mere man to pull a million prize chump stunts from the very beginning, but woman, gracious woman!

And above all, where would all this wonderful literature of the dime novel type find its theme; where would any fiction or truth obtain its thrills; where would the immortal bard Shakespeare have got the plots for his works but for woman, fickle woman?

What more enjoyable and yet more pitiable a sight is there than the sight of a stalwart man who is slave to a beautiful woman? What is more comical than the same sight?

On the other hand, I can imagine nothing more pleasant than this sort of thralldom—bond servant to some dear, angelic little creature who had never seen the really sordid side of life.

Yet, on the other hand, imagine the poor benighted cuss who has bucked up against old lady misfortune and has become enslaved by the wiles of some light headed flapper or worldly wise ingenue—commonly called the vampire.

Yea, imagine the helpless mutt all tangled up in the web of one of these designing feminine devils. The poor fly and spider ain't got nothing on this unlucky bird.

Women, have a heart. The average male is as so much potty in the hands of an artisan, when basking in the radiance of a pair of dimples or the light emitted by a couple of twinkling, roguish, girlish optics of one of the opposite gender???

"I adore women. I'm wild about them. I revere women to such an extent that I can not imagine them as other than beings sent down from heaven to brighten this world. I just want to place them on a pedestal and worship them." A certain poor mutt handed me that spiel last year right here in T. C. U. Peculiar to state, he is in the insane asylum now.

I've seen many a good man driven frantic by some slip of a girl who knew her stuff. Many intellectual and physical giants have met their down fall at the hands of some lisp-ing, baby-faced damsel. No male of the genus homo is safe where women are concerned. What is it all about? I shout succor, assistance, Give me enlightenment!

Once more, women, I say have a heart, especially you who come under that class called innocent vamps.

8 Clairs Phone L. 750
Ninth Street Barber Shop
C. E. QUICKEL, Prop.
105 West 9th Street

Well, I guess I'll have to quit raving about the women long enough to comment a little on a rather cheap, insignificant jab which was taken at my good nature last week in the Skiff in the form of a column of pungent remarks donated by some poor misguided nomenclature who did not seem to care to attach his name to it.

I do not mind having somebody get back at me now and then. In fact, I crave a little competition once in awhile. But I do not enjoy such so-called satire as that which was thrust on me in that Skiff column last week headed "Anti-Puge Shrapnel." One may call it shrapnel if he desires to, but the term is really too flattering. That column from start to finish was absolutely nothing but a joyous bit of mud slinging of the rankest boomerang type. It hurt him and bothered me none. I really should ignore the poor sucker's efforts. He seems to want a battle of wits, a sort of skirmish of intellects. However, his first effort in this, what might be called war of words, speaks very poorly for the status of his wit or intellect. But, I shall endeavor to satisfy him, although he does not deserve to be noticed.

Surely the freshman class did not authorize any one of their number to deliberately exist out and display such pure, unadulterated, inanely foolish, unsportsmanlike ignorance. It is a historical fact, it is the tradition of years that a freshman class in any college or university anywhere should have to put up with quite a bit of mistreatment and jibes at the hands of upperclassmen. The better they bear the brunt of these attacks the better men and women are they in the long run. Furthermore, it is custom, it is usually law, that no freshman has the right of redress. The Skiff was very liberal in allowing this (whom I had believed to be) gentleman, the space in which to place these sad attempts at rapid fire sarcasm fired at one who tries to be a gentleman himself.

At the beginning of his sickly stabs at satirizing me he made the statement that he "judged" from certain circumstances, liberties I had taken, etc., that I must at least hold a "P. H. D." degree.

Frankly, gentle reader, I do not believe that he knows what a Ph.D. degree is, nor do I believe that he has the least essence of a mental capacity with which it would be possible to pass any sort of judgment on anything any where.

Further down in his rancid paragraphs this clean-blooded, sportsman-like "gentleman" deliberately alluded to me as "An ornery sophomore with nothing more to his credit than a reputation as a pseudo prize fighter, etc."

Now that certainly was a sweet, clever, aristocratic, charmingly decent statement to throw at anybody, much less a fellow student in Texas Christian University. A pseudo prize fighter—is not that an enjoyable term to apply to a man who is trying to hold up his head with the rest of the people? Prize fighting for a while was my sole pecuniary assistant toward an education.

His next putrid comeback was this: "I'm in favor of taking that home-brewed crown of laurels off his brow and substituting a nice floral wreath."

That was a daring thing to say. I just wonder who he would suggest

to do this stunt. He must be trying to incite some of the girls to jump on me. He sits back and says, "I'm in favor of"—but he positively has not the nerve to try it himself. In fact, I DARE him to make the attempt.

In making another reference to me he took a wild toss at trying to be humorous. He articulated this: "Wouldn't that make you wanta borrow your grandmother's snuff brush?"

That certainly was an elegant little sentence. It has such a refined air. It is the elevated type of thought usually expressed in college week-lies—yes, like a "fish." Crude stuff, freshman, crude stuff.

Freshman, you deliberately fibbed when you said fifteen upperclassmen fought for two hours trying to keep nine freshmen from locking them in a cell down at the jail. You were not even present at that battle, freshman.

You were hiding in some girl's house during the whole affray. I was there on the field of strife, and I know it to be a fact that twelve upperclassmen tried to lock up fourteen of you freshmen, and in forty-five minutes of play succeeded in jailing nine of you. The other five broke and ran.

He commented on a little talk I made in chapel not long ago. He said that he felt like crowning me (one). What he meant was that he felt like hitting me over the head with something.

I'm certainly sorry he merely "felt" that way. It just naturally breaks my heart to have to think that he really has not the courage to come right up to me and do so. It would please me highly to give him a chance to make an effort at crowning me. Come ahead, freshman. I challenge you.

He did say that he was sure that I am a wonderful asset to the school, even if he could not find out what it was. He is not supposed to be able to find out anything, anyhow. But, I appreciate the fact that with all his childish egotism he admits my superiority to him in at least this one instance.

Well, then "Anti-Puge Shrapnel" was a cruel, cruel blow, folks; and I hope that no more illustrious freshmen will be so harsh as to mount me again that way. But such is life, such is life—eh, what!

"What is modern woman?" queries Ted Ohnsorg of Clark Hall. He comes right back with the answer:

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Where Most Women Trade

Woman is a chunk of bone and a hank of hair melted together in a boiling cauldron of protoplasm, a la silks and satins, out of which she emerges wearing clothes more or less—mostly less.

Speaking of women, there is a bunch of them on this T. C. U. hill who be owing me a bit of the old kale seed for Horned Frog stationery which I sold them on credit. Some of my creditors are about to foreclose on me now and I'm broke. It surely is hard to step up and ask a good looking girl to give you money. I crave pecuniary support, not moral support.

I guess I might as well drop a hint as to who the sweet young ladies are written up by Toad in that terrible article of slush which is headed "The Three L's." I ain't gonna divulge no secrets, but the first "L" is a little old bob-haired girl sojourning in Jarvis Hall. I believe that she has a wicked pair of blueish, greyish, greenish eyes and that she might spend part of her time in Mineral Wells, Texas. That second girl lives down on Hemphill street, and I believe that she chases around in a Ford coupe to an extent. Incidentally, I might tell you that L is the first letter of both girls' first names. I ain't gonna say who the third L is, because I chumped enough when I spread myself so in trying to elaborate on her.

Ole Rab Ryan, my roommate, kept yours truly awake nearly all night long the other night. The poor cuss rolled and tossed and moaned, and at times bellowed right out in his sleep.

I was getting ready to stab him with a finger nail file when in one of his loudest outbursts he sobbed rather incoherently, "Women! Women! I've had nothing on my mind for three long weeks but women. Oh, women! Women!"

Just another strong man weakened.

Yeh, that girl of the second type, or the second L, wears Kemper sweaters, too. You don't stand a chance, Toad.



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