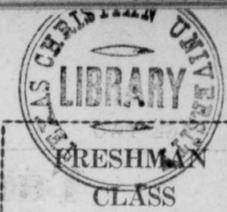


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FRESHMAN CLASS EDITION

THE SKIFF

FRESHMAN CLASS EDITION

VOLUME XX.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1922.

NO. 17.

UNIACKE SPEAKS ON EVILS OF JAZZ MUSIC; FROM TIN PAN ALLEY

SHOWS DECLINE IN QUALITY OF POPULAR SONG MUSICIAN AVERS

On Tuesday evening, in the parlors of Jarvis Hall, Professor Uniacke delivered a most interesting address on the subject of jazz music.

Professor Uniacke discussed first the lamentable effects of jazz music upon our American music. "We have been musically asleep," he said, since the entrance of jazz into our lives, and its soporific effect will, if it has not already done so, result in the atrophying of our musical sensibilities, until we shall be incapable of the enjoyment or production of good music. But the price of our sleep will not end in merely a non-musical nation, but it will tend to disastrous results in every phase of our lives.

"Jazz music," he continued, "represents a gradual filtering up of the slime of the underworld through the medium of the folk song. Now the folk song is one of the noblest institutions of humanity, by which is expressed the highest and best sentiments of man, for it results from the heart of man. How much great music owes to the folk song, can never be estimated. The folk song was written through exuberance of spirit, inspiration, love of life, and depicts some clean and wholesome aspect of life. But now the songs given to the public to sing are ground out in factories in Tin Pan Alley. Yes, there is such a place, and it is called by that name. It is in Twenty-Eighth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. It was because of the constant shouting of voices, the blare of trombones, the banging of pianos that it received that name. Here the songs are written, tried out and published. Men and women are then paid to sing them in department stores; actors are hired to sing them exclusively; phonograph records, made for advertising purposes, rasp them out in every public place; bands and orchestras are given complimentary copies, and at every turn and twist in life's pathway the latest song hit is drummed into our ears. There is a jazz trust in back of all this, and what is the motive? Is it for satisfying public demand, for artistic merit, musical ingenuity, or poetic worth? No, it is simply salesmanship, resulting in huge financial returns; and, for that reason only, the trust makes us sing what they want us to sing, rather than what we should like to sing."

Step by step, Professor Uniacke showed the decline in the quality of the popular song. The folk song, like "Ben Bolt" or "Nellie Gray," was followed by popular songs, such as "Everybody Works But Father"; then came the "western stuff," like "I'm a Rootin', Tootin', Shootin', Fightin' Son-of-a-Gun From Arizona." Still the popular song was clean, but another kind of song was to come. The mad rhythms of the jazz dance furnished the basis for a type of song which went to almost unbelievable limits of vulgarity.

The jazz music itself, the speaker explained, was positively dangerous in the physical effects upon the hearers. Quoting from the findings of physicians and scientists, he said:

"Jazz sends the temperature up; it produces a fevered physical condition; it atrophies the fine nerve control balances; it has the same effect as alcohol. The human organism responds physically and emotionally to musical vibrations. Scientists who have been experimenting in music-therapy with the insane have no hesitation in saying that even on the normal brain, jazz produces an atrophied condition of certain brain cells. Under constant syncopation, combined with inharmonic partial tones, the brain becomes so disorganized that it is actually incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, of making right judgments. After jazz music had been played to them, girls in cigar factories could not work. They were too much worked up emotionally and physically to pay close attention to what they were doing.

"In hospitals, experiments with jazz music sent the temperature of

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FRESHMAN SELECTION OF CLASS PROFESSOR ASSURES FUTURE RISE

PROF. BRYSON IS CHOSEN TO GUIDE DESTINIES OF 1925 CLASS

At a meeting of the Freshman class last Tuesday, Dr. Bryson, head of the English department, was unanimously elected to the position of Freshman class professor. The first-year men have been wearing a broad smile ever since, for they realize that they have put one over on the other classes; indeed, he is a regular "find" for the Freshmen. At the conclusion of the meeting a committee was appointed to notify Dr. Bryson of the result of the election, which it did. Dr. Bryson stated that he was glad to have the position, and that he would give every assistance to the Freshmen in carrying out any project which their fertile minds might evolve, provided it did not entail the necessity of smashing any of the school property. He further said that he would see to it that the Freshmen were given their rightful place in school affairs. This means, of course, that the Freshmen will soon stand at the head of every undertaking.

T.C.U. HILL RESIDENTS GATHER FOR FAREWELL TRIBUTE TO MINISTER

FAREWELLS SAID TO HONORED GUEST ON EVE OF DEPARTURE

Friday evening, in the parlor of Jarvis Hall the ladies of the University Hill Church gave a farewell reception to Rev. Mr. Jennings and his family. At 7:30 the crowd, composed of practically all the residents on the Hill and girls and boys of T. C. U., began to collect. Rev. Mr. Jennings and his family formed the receiving line. After a short social gathering, Dr. Lockhart, chairman of the official board, arose to speak. He read a sweet tribute to the entire Jennings family from the board, thanking each one for the work rendered during their stay here. He then presented Mr. Jennings with a purse from the church with which to buy something for the new home in remembrance of the people here. Then "Dutch" Meyer presented Mrs. Jennings with a marvelous silver service from the student body. Mrs. Jennings thanked the students and told them how much she had enjoyed her work here.

The guests again enjoyed talking to the pastor and his family. Then the girls of Jarvis Hall served each one with hot chocolate and cakes. The party broke up and the guests left about 9:30.

Although the residents of University Hill and the students of T. C. U. regret the departure of Rev. Mr. Jennings and his family, they all realize the change will be to his own advantage and everyone wishes them the happiest and most beneficial sojourn in Texarkana. Just the same, we envy the people there!

STUDENT BODY ADDRESSED BY CHARLES H. MACKINTOSH.

Following the address of Dr. Yu Yui Tsu, the student body was helpfully and entertainingly addressed by Mr. Mackintosh on the subject "Selling Yourself and Your Wares." He adhered closely to his subject and kept up a running fire of wit throughout his speech, illustrating it profusely. He said:

"People don't buy machinery or an article; they buy the use of it and the value it is to them. Sell them holes and they'll buy augers; sell them rain and they will buy a raincoat. If you put yourself in the other fellow's place and keep this idea in mind while talking to your prospect, you will be successful."

Mr. Mackintosh summarized his speech as follows: "What we do with what we know is what counts. Put yourself in the other fellow's place, and remember that simplicity and sincerity are the keystones of success nowadays."

Soph—These Fish remind me of the sea.
Junior—Howzat?
Soph—They look green, but sometimes they are awfully rough.

ODE TO "MOTHER" ROSS

With calm, sweet face and snow-white hair,
With shoulders straight beneath her cross,
There comes to us, year after year,
Our own beloved "Mother" Ross.

O'er land and sea, from state to state—
No hesitance or counting cost—
She carries cheer and happiness,
This angel known as "Mother" Ross.

With lighted torch of Christian life,
Her ship by storm and sorrow tossed,
With nothing hind'ring footsteps firm,
Or cheery smile of "Mother" Ross.

From Canada to Africa,
She teaches all to bear the Cross,
The white, the black, men near and far,
All smile at thought of "Mother" Ross.

Good-bye, dear Angel bearing light
To all you meet; 'tis Satan's loss
When men and women flock to hear
The silver tongue of "Mother" Ross.

—Alleen Rayl.

CARLOADS OF WEINIES TO BE BIG FEATURE OF FRESHMAN-SOPH FEAST

FISH TAKE PITY ON STARVING SOPHOMORES AND ISSUE INVITATION

The barrier that has so long existed between the Freshman and Sophomore classes in T. C. U. is about to be broken down, and probably will be broken down in the very near future, due to the efforts of this year's Freshman class. For some time plans for a get-together party of the two classes have been taking place. After a series of important meetings, in which every phase and factor of the elaborate entertainment has been threshed out, the Freshman class is quite ready to announce that within the next few weeks the second-year men and their respective ladies will be the guests of honor at the Annual Freshman-Sophomore Weenie Roast. As soon as a definite date for the affair has been settled, the engraved invitations will be mailed to each member of the Sophomore class. Watch out for them, Sophs!

Much time and energy has been spent in arranging with Chefs and Waiters' Local No. 77 to furnish all necessary culinary assistance for this "long to be remembered" event. The managements of the downtown hotels have responded to the call for help and have co-operated with the Freshmen in carrying out their Christian duty in feeding the starving Sophomores. They have also made arrangements with Swift & Co., packers, for a fleet of trucks loaded with the Sophomores' delight, weinies, to be on hand.

The Freshmen are going to attempt to do the impossible—to give each member of the Sophomore class sufficient wherewithal to sustain them for twenty-four hours on a stretch. Further announcements will be made later. Watch for them, Sophs!

This student has not been long of this school, but he understands one thing in regard to the Skiff—it is not supported by the student body as a whole. Is he right, Mr. Editor? Granted he is, there is but one way to remedy the situation. The school authorities must act in conjunction with the management of the Skiff. T. C. U. must have a compulsory students' activity fee of at least \$6 per year, not including athletic fee. The Skiff must be allotted a portion of this fee, and in return each student must be regularly furnished with a copy of the Skiff. This, I contend—and it has been proven so—is the only feasible plan for placing any college paper on a solid financial footing.

NOTED CHINAMAN SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

Students of T. C. U. were treated to an unusual privilege Wednesday morning when they were addressed by Dr. Yu Yui Tsu. Dr. Tsu is professor of Sociology in St. John's University in China, general secretary of the Chinese Students' Association; secretary of Committee on Friendly Relation Among Foreign Students; a member of the National Committee of the Y. M. C. A. executive board; and president of the Boy Scout movement in China. He took the degree of Philosophy in Columbia University.



DR. YU YUI TSU

Dr. Tsu presented a thorough digest of conditions in the nations of the Far East pertaining to educational facilities, or lack of facilities; and the international relation to China and Christianity in China.

"China is passing through the throes of a political revolution, just as the United States did in the period following 1776," Dr. Tsu said. "It took many years for the United States to adjust itself to a new form of government. It will be remembered that China has had a representative form of government for 11 years. Again, it is the only nation in the Far East that has this form of government or even attempted it. China is attempting to crowd into a hundred years work of regeneration that took Europe hundreds of years to establish.

"China asks that the world have patience with her. The organization is being hastened to a very great extent. China hopes to arrive at a place where the students in China will have a full comprehension of national problems, very much the same as the American college students. China is beginning to realize the need of thorough educational facilities."

Dr. Tsu spoke again Wednesday at Brite College of the Bible on religious conditions in China. He said that in the seventh century the first form of the Christian religion came to China through Siberia. It was a form of the Catholic religion and was well received by the rulers and

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T.C.U. WINS FIRST GAME FROM SIMMONS CAGERS; COWBOYS FIGHT HARD

BAPTISTS WIN SECOND GAME OVER FROGS BY 17 TO 15 SCORE

The Simmons College quintet was fought to a standstill here Monday night by T. C. U.'s Horned Frogs in the fastest basket ball game of the season. Carson was easily the individual star of the game, both in his ball hustling and goal shooting work. Time after time he doubled the length of the court and dropped the ball through the basket with a pack of raging Cowboys hot on his heels. Not content with these singular exhibitions of speed, Carson intercepted passes that seemed perfectly safe from his grasp, and, shooting from the center of the court, he rang one after another with startling accuracy.

Crowding Carson in every phase of the game was big Jim Cantrell, star center for the Horned Frogs. He, too, is a new man—in everything but the art of handling a basket ball. Cantrell easily got the tap on his opponent in the circle and then down the court he raged, towering head and shoulders above everybody else and upsetting Cowboys like so many ten-pins.

And while these two demigods of speed and power were carrying havoc through the ranks of the Cowboys, another Freshman skirted the melee, watching for the chance to dash in and snatch the ball, wheel and drop it into the basket. That Freshman was Froggie Lovvora, forward for T. C. U. He was here, there and everywhere, shooting goals from every conceivable angle and dealing misery in raw doses to his opponents.

Meyers, Bishop and Ogan were also in the game.

The first half of the game with Simmons Tuesday night was anybody's pie. The Simmons bunch fought with all four feet and desperate determination marked every play that they made. Carson again starred for T. C. U., and it was owing largely to his lightning-like dribbles through the stiff defense of his opponents that the first half ended slightly in favor of T. C. U.

But when the whistle blew at the beginning of the last half, Simmons swept the floor with an offense that put them half a dozen points in the lead before the surprised Horned Frogs could stem the tide. Then it was too late. The game ended with T. C. U. two points behind.

T. C. U. Lineup:
Forwards: Carson and Ogan.
Center: Cantrell.
Guards: Meyer (c), Bishop.
Substitutes: Lawson for Ogan; Ogan for Bishop.
Same for second game.

BASKET BALL NOTES.

Yea, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, I fear that you will lose in girls' basket ball. Those many secret practices you have held will only end in defeat. Ye Freshmen have had no secret practices, and yet they stand the best chance for class championship. We have some little players, but they are fast on their feet. They may be little, but they can shoot goals. They may be green, but they have teamwork down "pat"; they have asked for no coach; they intend to work it out themselves, so that no one can lay their defeats on partiality.

What I mean is that we will have the backing of the entire class. We have always stood together and always will.

Back to the subject of basket ball. We have a fine showing of guards. The writer has played against two of them and they nearly killed her. These Sophomore goal throwers will not get off as easily as they think they will. They can't get well with their guards either. None can get around our forwards. They seem to have a real tall, jumping center and a small running center, but that doesn't cut a figure with us.

At first, I thought the Junior-Seniors would have the best team, but, like the rest of the upper-classmen, they wouldn't come to practice as they should have. Time will show. All we got to say is that these other teams will have a worse opinion of us after the games which are to be played in a few days.

MOTHER ROSS HONORED; GIRL GIRLS TENDER HER UNIQUE TEA PARTY

W. P. JENNINGS AND FAMILY LEAVE FOR NEW HOME AT TEXARKANA

The Circle Girls gave a tea from 4:30 to 6 o'clock Tuesday afternoon honoring Mother Ross. All the girls in Jarvis attended this tea, for it marked the last social event in Mother Ross' honor.

The Circle girls, represented by little Colby Dick Hall, presented Mother Ross with a heart-shaped box of homemade candy. Little Colby Dick expressed the sentiment of everyone in his speech of presentation, when he said, "Mother Ross, we love you."

Then Mother Ross treated everyone by reading aloud a letter from her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Emory Ross, who, with her husband, is a missionary in Africa. The most interesting feature of the letter was the account of a dinner given at the Ross bungalow to the Governor General of Congo and his staff.

Following the reading of this interesting letter, the guests all gathered around and gave a demonstration of some college yells and sang

DR. AXSON'S FAME IS INTERNATIONAL

The winter schedule has been changed conveniently so that all students will have their mid-term examinations completed before the opening lecture by Dr. Stockton Axson, who is to speak Thursday and Friday in our main auditorium on "Some Aspects of Modern Drama." Four lectures are to be given in T. C. U. in the afternoons at 3:30 and in the evenings at 8 o'clock. His successive subjects will be Ibsen, Shaw, Galsworthy and Romanticists and Idealists. A final lecture will be given in the Longhorn room of the Texas Hotel on "A Literary View of Modern Drama," Saturday afternoon, 3:30 o'clock, in which the speaker will present a panorama of the modern stage. Detailed programs may be seen in the libraries and all dormitories.

Dr. Axson has proven himself popular abroad as well as nationally, and Bert Worth in general considers him as perhaps the greatest lecturer on literature that has ever appeared in the Panther City. We students should by no means fail to hear him at this opportune time when we have been fortunate enough to have him brought to our university. No efforts were spared by the faculty committee in arranging this course to special advantage of the students. A blanket admission cost of \$1.00 has been placed on the entire course of five lectures, whereas a single admission will be 50c. A limited number of these tickets are on sale at the book store and may also be had from Mr. McKee or any member of the English department.

A Wrong Righted

About ten weeks ago, history was made by the Freshman class, but, unfortunately, that history has never up to this time been recorded. It is true that a garbled, inaccurate and utterly unreliable account of the event was given by a number of bystanders, presumably members of the Sophomore class. These reporters are not to be blamed, as they were not near enough to the scene to make an accurate report; but the trained Freshman mind, with its sense of historical accuracy and feeling of responsibility to the public, will not rest content until a true and accurate account of this event becomes a part of the annals of T. C. U.

As everyone knows, it has been a time-honored custom for the Freshman class of each year to stage its annual Majestic party. And, likewise, it has been a time-honored custom of the upper-classmen, with disregard to broken heads, arches, etc., to gather their wits (for they suffer from a terrible lack of brains) and to do all to prevent such an event from taking place.

Accordingly, it was duly arranged by this class of '25 that on the following night the affair would be pulled. A meeting was called for the next morning to make the final arrangements. On examining the

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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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INTRODUCING THE CLASS OF '25

Venice has its Doges Palace; Switzerland has its Alps; France has its Paris; Rome has its St. Peter's; India has its Taj Mahal, and T. C. U. has its Freshman class of the year. It combines the majesty of the Goges Palace, the grandeur of the Alps, the gayety of Paris, the impressiveness of St. Peter's, and the incomparable beauty of the Taj Mahal. Kings, queens, conquerors, statesmen, scientists, leaders of men, are within its ranks. The authorities and upper-classmen alike carry its favor.

With this brief introduction of the class which has set into itself the task of publishing what any impartial observer will see to be the only worth-while class edition, I will endeavor to give you in brief out the history of the class of '25, modestly pointing out some of its most noted accomplishments, past and future. This is no easy task to be lightly played with for a moment and then cast aside. It is a task calling for the highest degree of mental development. It requires the genius of a Gibbon, the brush of a Spenser, the master hand of an H. G. Wells, to properly execute such a mission.

Prejudice must be cast aside; fears must be banished; the heart must be attuned to the greatness of the work and the soul must vibrate in perfect rhythm to the stirring scenes which such a history must unfold. The eye must be fixed on the faint, flickering star, the goal of your ambition, and the pen must graphically and skilfully draw out a pathway to the goal. All emotion of the human must be brought into play. The pen must dip deep into the hidden depths of human souls.

That reminds me. I lost my pen yesterday. I don't believe I will be able to write the history. Thanks, gentle reader, for following me thus far.

Quiz Department

(NOTE.—If there is anything not known, but you want to know it anyhow, just write the Editor. He knows everything. Your question, as space permits, will be answered below. Limit your query to 12,000 words, and do not write with a fountain pen.)

Editor of Skiff: Is it improper to eat peas with one's knife?—Hattie Rue Hartgrove.
Answer: It's dangerous.

Skiff Editor: When were battleships first used in warfare?—Dutch Meyer.
Answer: Battleships were first adopted by the Eskimo Navy, and given their initial test in the War of Roses, fought at Bull Run, April 27, 1234.

Dear Editor: I have been calling upon a young lady for the past three years. Do you think it would be proper to ask her to accompany me to the movies?—Toad Stevenson.
Answer: Certainly not. No girl admires a spendthrift, Toad, and, besides, this department is very strict about such things. If you must go to the movies, invite her brother. It would be much better taste.

Dear Editor: Can you tell me a good, quiet way to reduce?—Bernice Gates.
Answer: Certainly. I think that if you will take up tight rope walking you will find it an easy way to fall off.

Dear Editor: What is good for bruised and bleeding flesh caused by a Freshman's pooch paddle?—Millicent Keeble.
Answer: The only remedy we can think of is for you to have this application continued in smaller doses until the skin becomes gradually hardened.

Dear Editor: Can you tell me someone who has a vacant room for rent?—Verda Jarrell.
Answer: Yes, we hear Rab Ryan's whole top floor is vacant and for rent.

Dr. Winton, while discussing the phenomena incident to the degeneration of certain species of the animal kingdom, hailed Puge Cross up to the front of the class: "Here, my friends, is a very celebrated example of this phenomena."

HONOR COUNCIL NOTES.

December 16, 1921.
The Honor Council met to confer on two cases brought up before them by one of the professors. Two examination papers were presented which upon reading were found to be practically identical. The students were brought in before the Council and questions were asked them. As it could not be decided which one, if either, had done cheating, it was decided that they were to both take the examination over, and it would count for 1-3 instead of 1-2 the term's work as the first examination would have.

February 2, 1922.
The Honor Council met and decided upon a case presented to it. The student had copied notes on 50 pages of collateral reading.

The decision of the Council after hearing his case, was to require the student to make an "A" on this term's work in order to get credit on the course, and he would have to read 100 pages of collateral reading and hand in a review.

The case of the student from whom the notes were borrowed is pending.

SOPH BRAINS.

"I was down to Forest Park t'other day," said Ephraim, "when I was surprised to hear one of those con-sarn parrots they keep down there say, 'I'm hungry.'"

"Hungry, you imp, I says, haven't you had any dinner?"

"Yep," says the bird, "I had dinner, but not much. They caught one of those Sophomore animals and brought him down here to feed the bunch, and they gave me the brains. Gee, but I'm hungry."

Comparative Anatomy

It has long been a subject for discussion among men of science, why the Freshman classes in colleges show such marked superiority over the Sophomore class. Various theories have been advanced to explain this phenomenon, many of them meritorious in their way, but none of them striking home to the real root of the reason.

Dr. Fisheem, head of the Research Department of the University of Ohio, asserts that it is a case of temporary deterioration of the species. Agreeing with him on his theory are such men as Dr. Ludwick of Oxford, Dr. Alminrhode of the University of Prague and Dr. Kelly of the city of Copenhagen.

On the other hand, certain of our scientific men hold to the theory that the fact of the Freshman class always being superior to the Sophomore class of the same school is not a case of degeneration of the Sophomore class, but, rather, a case of the perpetuity of this class being overshadowed by the superior intelligence of the Freshman class—just as an electric light seems to cut off the light of an ordinary coal oil lamp when placed in the same room with it; yet the coal oil lamp still sends out just as much light as it ever did. I have always adhered to the second theory myself and, lined up with me, I have the support of most of the leading scientists of the world, including such world figures as Prof. E. Y. Bowser of Columbia and Dr. R. U. Selvidge of Harvard.

Perhaps, in view of the depth of the subject, it would be best to use the classes of some particular school for study. Let us take for a specific example one near our home; let us consider the case of the Freshman and Sophomore classes of Texas Christian University. Pursuing the second theory advanced, I purpose to account for the superiority of the Freshman class over the Sophomore class. When opening a discussion that may lead into the abstract, it is well to rest your foundation on an acknowledged and irrefutable fact. Hence, my use of the fact just stated above, i. e., that the Freshman class of T. C. U. is markedly superior to the Sophomore class.

Now, as stated before, I propose to show that this seemingly inexplicable fact is not caused by any deterioration of the Sophs, but rather by the extra brilliance of the Freshman class. I will give a few cases in point that will bear me out. Some time last fall, during the first term of school, the Freshman class in meeting assembled. They had for the purpose of the meeting the adoption of a project which when carried out would demonstrate clearly their mettle. Needless to say, the project was adopted. In the meantime, certain of the members of the class next in the scale to us, up the scale in classification, but down the scale in intelligence, not realizing that it was useless to pit their wits against the superior skill of the Frosh, summarily attempted to disrupt the plans laid out. They were allowed to win for a time, merely to give zest to the undertaking; but when the time came for the final carrying out of the project, the Freshmen smilingly bade the Sophs good-day and right merrily had the Freshman Annual Majestic Party.

Over and against the many magnificent exploits of this year's Freshman class, stands a record of absolutely nothing accomplished by the Sophomores. While the Freshmen forge steadily ahead, the Sophs lag behind. While each individual of the Frosh is building himself "more stately mansions," the Sophs are saying, "Oh, my soul." While each day brings new laurels for the new men, each hour marks a retrogression of the second-year men.

In conclusion, let me give this

Do You Know

—that money saved is in reality stored energy? Have you begun to set aside some portion for Life's Autumn? We have every facility for Service in our Savings Department.

(Established 1873)

Fort Worth National Bank

Capital, Surplus and Profits \$2,100,000.00
Main at Fifth. United States Depository

B. F. HOLCOMB VISITS T. C. U.

B. F. Holcomb, who was a student of this institution when it was Add-Ran College at Thorp Spring, recently paid us a visit. For eight years Mr. Holcomb has been superintendent of public schools at Vernon, Texas, and for more than thirty years he has been a prominent educator of Texas.

His oldest son, and first to attend T. C. U., is I. E. Holcomb, who took literary work along with a medical course in '16-17. The Texas and Pacific Railway Co. have built a hospital for industrial workers for him at Thurber, Texas. On January 27, Mr. I. E. Holcomb was in the city, bringing with him a patient to the All Saints Hospital, where he himself served an internship. Prominent doctors have predicted for him a brilliant success in his work. He is hoping to return to T. C. U. and take his degree.

Mr. B. F. Holcomb's son, Emerson, is enrolled this year, and he has a daughter who probably will attend here next fall.

We are interested in the progress of our Alumni and Ex-Students and appreciate their visits as well as their patronage.

W. E. Sturgeon, who took his A. B. in '09 when T. C. U. was in Waco, visited the University January 26. This was his first visit in years. He brought with him to Fort Worth the Waco High School girls for a basketball game. He is Professor of Chemistry in Waco, HI.

Mr. Sturgeon is planning to attend the meeting of the Alumni and Ex-Students Association in June, when he expects to see many of his old time friends.

Soph—May I accompany you across the street, Fish?

Fish—Certainly, sonny. How long have you been waiting for someone to take you across?

bit of advice to those misguided Sophs who are not yet aware of the true state of affairs as set forth in this article, that the man who lies down in front of a steam-roller is liable to get flattened out. Be wise, join the steam-roller Freshman class of T. C. U.

History

As we look back over the annals of our school and the pedigrees of its exalted and pre-eminent upper-classmen, we find that every one of them were fish, slimes, low-lives, swines, etc., even as you and I today. Some of these intelligent species of *Manus* have probably had time to forget that day, because it has been about seven or eight years since they entered school here. One or two of them are making rapid enough progress to be Sophomores. Now, others can hardly be classed in that group, but they all have hopes. Others who came to this school as late as last year class themselves with these extraordinary men. They, of course, still have much to learn as to the treating and "pooching" of Freshmen; however, they always seem to be the most eager and proud wielders of the "hair brush" in the school. They wish to impress vividly on the new men that they are not new men. That is about their only reliable source, as their appearance is such that it is hard to distinguish them from the Fish, except in the classroom, where some of the Fish are fair students and none of the educated "Sophs" seem to be.

It has always seemed to me that if the upper-classmen were as far superior to the Fish as they admit themselves to be, they wouldn't associate with them. Instead, they make it a point to have the Fish recognize them when passing on the street. They lower themselves by coming into the rooms of the low-lives, who timidly make their abode high up on the top floors of the dormitories and crawl humbly up and down the stairs to their meals and classes. These men who have elevated themselves and ceased to live this abominable life come back again to their old level by associating with the fool Fish. However, we may say that the Fish hardly solicit this association, as we are an organization of our own and can be perfectly content without having the upper-classmen lower themselves merely to entertain us. It rather hurts our consciences to think that they are doing this all for us, just because they think that we need attention, that we may enjoy our Freshman year at

Late.
Prof (to student entering 10 minutes late)—When were you born?
Student—Second of April.
Prof—Late again.

A Big Job.
Fond Parent—What is worrying you, my son?

James Bander—I was wondering how many legs you gotta pull off a centipede to make him limp.

T. C. U.
As I have said, the boys who came last year, those who went home Christmas and didn't return, and those who just slipped through and didn't make a Sophomore rating scholastically, seem to be the ones who gloat on antagonizing the Frosh. I wonder if they realize that in doing this they lower themselves to the same plane with the new men. The fact that they have been in school before is the only alibi they have, and in associating with us and dealing us misery they automatically surrender that. We don't mind the misery, but it is really pitiful to see the boys who have been through that before go through it again in the eyes of the faculty and outsiders. We have to sit back and laugh to ourselves at this type of man. College man, ha! ha! It is a good joke, don't you think? The thing that makes it funny is the fact that they don't realize what "chumps" they are. I don't think that in later life they will be very proud to say to their children that time was the only thing that kept them from being a slime for two or three years. I believe that if I don't make a Sophomore rating this year, I won't "pooch" any Freshmen next year. I think I'll get down and study first so I'll feel like I have the right, whether I use it or not.

We're Freshmen and we're "dern" proud of it. We're at least glad we are not classed with the boys who went home last year at Christmas. You upper-classmen have a haughty bravado in that you have numbers and strength, but that's as far as it goes, and that doesn't mean a thing. We've been laughing at you since school opened. A "pooch" hurts a few minutes, but a laugh of this kind lasts all through life.



From A Faint Blue Glow To Modern Miracles

EDISON saw it first—a mere shadow of blue light streaking across the terminals inside an imperfect electric lamp. This "leak" of electric current, an obstacle to lamp perfection, was soon banished by removing more air from the bulbs.

But the ghostly light, and its mysterious disappearance in a high vacuum remained unexplained for years.

Then J. J. Thomson established the electron theory on the transmission of electricity in a partial vacuum—and the blue light was understood. In a very high vacuum, however, the light and apparently the currents that caused it disappeared.

One day, however, a scientist in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company proved that a current could be made to pass through the highest possible vacuum, and could be varied according to fixed laws. But the phantom light had vanished.

Here was a new and definite phenomenon—a basis for further research.

Immediately, scientists began a series of experiments with far reaching practical results. A new type of X-ray tube, known as the Coolidge tube, soon gave a great impetus to the art of surgery. The Kenotron and Plotron, followed in quick succession by the Dynatron and Magneutron, made possible long distance radio telephony and revolutionized radio telegraphy. And the usefulness of the "tron" family has only begun.

The troublesome little blue glow was banished nearly forty years ago. But for scientific research, it would have been forgotten. Yet there is hardly a man, woman or child in the country today whose life has not been benefited, directly or indirectly, by the results of the scientific investigations that followed.

Thus it is that persistent organized research gives man new tools, makes available forces that otherwise might remain unknown for centuries.

General Electric Company

General Office Schenectady, N. Y. 86-47310

FANT'S FRESHMEN FRIVOLITIES

I am to step in Puge's shoes this week—Eureka! (chest expansion equals 15 inches.) Now I am going to do this to the best of my ability, but you know yourself there is not anyone can fill that place, but him. They are not big enough!

I have felt for some time—about twenty years (yeh! Some time) I'd be called upon to write, for I know I am talented (???) and yet I didn't know just where my talent "lied," although I know it lies pretty deep. When I was in my prime my parents suggested that I see what I could do in the musical line. Well I started in taking music, and did right well at it, too, until the people in the music store got to watching me too closely, so I had to give it up! After I had been in T. C. U. awhile I was just bent on being a cartoonist. I'll tell you where I got the idea. Every time I'd go to Biology, Mrs. Winton would tell me how funny my drawings were. I guess she was joking, for I failed to make my mark in that line. Now, I take my stand as a "writest"—ahem!—look me over—yes, I've had a little experience in this. I made \$25 over what I put in our daily paper at home (it's published every day). That's the truth, and I can prove it. It was this way. I found a diamond ring, so I put an article in the lost and found column and when the lady came for her ring, she handed me over \$25. She said it was for putting the ad in the paper. I guess the editor told her to give it to me, but you know he hasn't told any one else to give me money in a long time. S'funny, isn't it?

I think it shows "unloyalty" and "diskindness" to run down Puge, and I'm downright ashamed of the one that does it. Say what you want to, but he certainly is gallant and polite to the ladies. For example, coming back on the street car, not very long ago, he was sitting by a bunch of us girls that were standing up, and he didn't rub it in either that he had a seat and we didn't. No, sir! He just sat there. He's that polite! And he never slams a door in a girl's face, and if any one could do that, Puge could, 'cause he always goes first. Again I repeat, don't you Freshmen knock Puge, please.

Never will I forget the first impression I had of Puge. I thought he looked more like an ape than anything I had ever seen (and I'm not trying to throw anything at apes, either, so all ye ape owners don't take this the wrong way.) But really, since I've known Puge, I realized I've misjudged the ape! Just to be real bold and to show Mr. Cross how brave I am, I'll tell him it's a Freshman writing this. I just know from now on I'll be called "Joan of Arc." Sometimes I wish I wasn't so daring!

We are having more fun in Jarvis these days. One of the girls has learned to play "America." Ever hear it? Well it's our native song. Sure puts me in a patriotic frame of mind, you know I believe in taking up for your native county, whether you are born there or not! But any way, to get back to the point, it's awful the music these girls play. One of them—I won't mention her name, plays "Sweet Nellie Grey." Now, honest to goodness, don't you think it should be prohibited? Why, honestly, I'd be ashamed to look my parents in the glasses!

Yeh! We've decided to humor the Sophs by giving them a blowout soon. I think we used a lot of head work in deciding how to entertain them. We realized they would feel out of place at a party, or some similar affair our class would enjoy, so we chose something that would make 'em at ease, forget their timidity, and give them a chance to run wild. Sophs, you're invited to a weinie roast. Please come. I've a quarter invested in it.

I've been in the best of spirits (Aw! Wh's talking about anything to drink?) for a long time now, but if my writings don't take the city of Fort Worth by storm, I'm doomed to disappointment.

I don't know anything else to say, except everyone's wearing their own sweaters, but if I find out Mary has on Tom's, I'll send it in, as Puge has been sending a "Who Wears Who's" column off and on since Sept. 19th, and I don't want to leave out anything important.

I've worked so hard on this I'm afraid of a mental breakdown, if it hasn't already broke down.

To prove your appreciation of my earnest efforts, don't publish this in anything but the Skiff. My family opposes notoriety!

The Intelligent Canine.
"Dogs have almost human intelligence." Almost," replied Miss Cayenne. "They behave just like some people I have seen who were always anxious to leave good homes and risk getting into all kinds of trouble."

From Mother Ross

Sing a song of sixpence,
No where to go.
Searching for a perfect spot,
Looking high and low.
Since I've come to T. C. U.
This my only woe,
That I didn't come here
Years and years ago.

Shortly after I arrived at T. C. U. early in January I was tendered the keys to the kingdom by the editorial staff of the Skiff. So without let or hindrance I have gone in and out and browsed around in this highly intellectual atmosphere, and made friends with the "Immortals." I've been "On the Heights" since Jan. 9th. The higher altitudes have clearer vision; my eyes have been open to the glorious sunrises and the gorgeous sunsettings.

I have rested my body and let my soul go surf bathing in a sea of beauty. My room has been made fragrant with flowers, "just a hint of His beauty." Fruits and candies have been lavished upon me; every kindly attention has been shown me, warming the cockles of my heart.

Our greatest inspirations come to us on the wings of the morning—through the doors of expectancy and hope. The love of young people is like wine in my blood:
"You have opened for me the eastern windows
That look toward the sun;
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run."
he did to Joshua, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon that have I given unto you," I would be a very rich woman. I would own half the continent. I am richer than Hetty Green, for I am rich in friendships, in mutual aspirations and hopes that reach within the veil.

This makes 23 of our own colleges that I have visited and many others—the memory of them all is like Peter Pan's Tinker Bell.
Henry Drummond said, "I become a part of every man I meet and every man I meet becomes a part of me. We have been together here in T. C. U. this last month. I have spoken often to you: You have talked with me. I have told you the stories out of my heart and you If God would vouchsafe to me as have given me your love and sympathy and prayers. We have exchanged our soul's belongings, some thing has come into your life which was not then and something into mine. We will never be just the same, God grant that it may mean for each one of us, deeper consecration, holier living, larger giving.

It is a joy to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arms of comrades kind,
To help me onward with my load,
And since I have no gold to give
And only love can make amends,
My one prayer is while I live
Lord make me worthy of my friends.
—Mother Ross.

CLASS OF '25.

Saved through the Ages
For 1921....
They have come to T. C. U.
To carry Her to Victory:
Victory upon the Gridiron,
On the Diamond,
In the Cage,
On the Field,
In the Classroom,
And out in the World.
These who entered College,
September '21,
Who will Graduate
June 1925
Cannot be Surpassed
By any Class
In T. C. U.
Or Elsewhere.

While all Girls
Are not Beautiful,
These Freshmen
Can claim Their Share
Of pretty Members;
While all Men
Are not Heroes,
This Class can claim
Its share in Athletes.
Then Hail, all Hail
The Class of 1925.
With lots of Pep,
And many Brains,
No Slackers and no Dullards,
They come, these Fish
To T. C. U.
To bring Her out
To Victory.

Pearls on California Coast.
Pearl oysters are extremely numerous along the coast of Lower California on the west side, and many valuable gems have been taken there annually for many years.

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Literary Societies

ADD-RAN MEETING.

An enjoyable program was rendered under the direction of the program committee of the Add-Ran Literary Society at its regular meeting Wednesday evening in the Add-Ran-Clark society room. The Add-Ran quartet consisting of Mr. Bill McBee, first tenor; John Allen Stevenson, second tenor; Kit Carson, baritone; and Homer McCartney, basso, rendered several selections and as usual were received with much enthusiasm.

The leading number of the evening was the reminiscence of experiences in the World War by Mr. Gayle Scott. Mr. Scott did not say so himself, but he was decorated during the war by the Order of the Crown, of the Belgian government. Gayle having spent more than two years on the front lines has a wonderful field of information regarding the war. After he concluded his speech an old time Add-Ran got up and mentioned the fact that of all the men who went out from T. C. U. in 1917, those who paid the supreme sacrifice or received decorations by the different governments were members of the Add-Ran Literary Society.

The next number on the program was rendered by Messrs. McBee and Dickerman. Mr. Dickerman at the piano and Mr. McBee singing a number of popular songs. There were many young ladies from Jarvis Hall visiting the Add-Rans, and Miss Hattie Rue Hartgrove, president of the Clark Literary Society, extended the boys a most cordial welcome to visit with the Clarks at any time.

After a short business meeting, Messrs. Franklin and John Rice Hall, Morris Nicholson, and E. Moreman were voted in as members of the society. Upon motion for adjournment, the meeting came to a close.

CLARK MEETING.

The Clarks held their weekly meeting Monday evening, January 30, in the Add-Ran-Clark Hall. The subject for study this month has been the lives and works of great American writers who were born in January. At this particular meeting the life and works of Edgar Allen Poe were discussed.

The following interesting program was rendered:
"Life of Poe".....Ola Dublin
"Eleanor".....Maudie Ladd
"The Haunted House," (from "The Fall of the House of Usher,".....Florina Lasker

A business meeting followed, after which the motion was in order for adjournment.

This meeting was full of pep and enthusiasm, showing the interest with which the new members have entered into the real spirit of the Clark Literary Society.

WALTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

Monday evening, January 30, the Walton Literary Society held its regular meeting. China, the second of a series of foreign countries to be studied, was thoroughly discussed. The following program was rendered.

A Brief Outline of China's History—Maxine Onnell.
The U. S. as China's Protector, Fighting China's Home Battles in U. S.—Bernice Gates.
Why the Struggle for Stantung—Catherine Robinson.
Men and Manners in China—Ethel Kemp.

Unbinding the Women of China—Gladys Smith.
The Famous Porcelains of China.
How We Get Our Chinese Pottery—Verda Jarrell.

The program was enjoyed by everyone and much useful knowledge was gained. After a short business session the meeting was adjourned.

Pearls on California Coast.
Pearl oysters are extremely numerous along the coast of Lower California on the west side, and many valuable gems have been taken there annually for many years.

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NOTED CHINAMAN SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

(Continued from Page 1)
people alike. At first the government even gave money to help, but when a new group of emperors arose, they were all driven out. The Jesuits came to China and established their order there about three hundred years before the Protestants. Today there are more Roman Catholics in China than Protestants. The Jesuits discovered a large stone which gave the history of the Buddhist church in the eighth, ninth and tenth century, which is the only record of it in existence. The writing on the stone could be deciphered only by the Buddhists priests.

"In eighteen hundred and seven, Morrison in England found in a London Museum an incomplete copy of the four gospels, and he conceived the plan of going to China as a missionary. He went to China, but he had great hardships. He studied the Chinese language for a long time, and finally compiled an Anglo-Chinese dictionary, and translated the English Bible into the Chinese language. In 1814 he had his first convert in Canton. He took the convert to a small body of water outside Canton and baptized him there."

Dr. Tsu stated that China's first war was with England over the question of smuggling opium into China. England easily won and the treaty of Nanking was signed in 1842. This treaty brought great assistance to Christianity, as it opened up five ports to Christian missionaries. With the opening up of China to the missionaries, thousands of converts to Christianity were made; many of them being native Chinese who gave their life to the work. This assisted materially in breaking down the bars of sectarianism and making "China for Christ," the motto of the missionaries.

Dr. Tsu outlined the main facts of the Boxer rebellion. "In 1900 the uprising came and the slaughter of many Christians, both white and Chinese followed. There were many Chinese martyrs who willingly laid down their lives for their Lord and Master's sake. Soon after the rebellion there came a great revival of Christianity and a re-establishment of the motto, 'China for Christ.'"

Dr. Tsu announced that from May 2 to May 11, 1922, there will be a great Christian convention in China of thousands of Christian workers, both Chinese and foreign. He stated that the Christian missionaries in China are now trying to stress the common grounds of the different denominations instead of their difference. "The Chinese are not devoid of great faith or capacity, but they lack the knowledge of the truth. The Christian religion must not let denominationalism interfere with the truth."

Soph—And why do you think I am a poor judge of human nature?

Fish—Because you have such a good opinion of yourself.

Lilac Should Be Everywhere.

No country lane or road today is complete in the northern states unless it shows touches of lilac. A few hedges occur here and there, but while otherwise adaptable, the lilac does not admit easily of such training. Longfellow's "Cragie House" is still surrounded by lilacs planted years ago, and the purple bloom makes it a rare retreat.

CHIROPRATIC FOR EVERY ILLNESS

INVESTIGATE
Things "do more" now-a-days and people who say it can't be done are always being interrupted by someone doing it.

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UNIACKE SPEAKS ON EVILS OF JAZZ MUSIC

(Continued from Page 1)
convalescents up three degrees. Shell-shocked men, on the contrary, were gradually cured by means of good music—brought back to normal health and state of mind."

"Stand on any busy city street and watch the jazz faces among the young people that pass—the sophisticated faces of 15-year-olds. Artificial intensity, the result of living and especially 'emoting' at high pressure is mirrored there."

Passing to a discussion of the words of jazz songs, Professor Uniacke gave a number of excerpts from songs of the day, and commented: "And this is how we find our folk song, the joy of the people, the clean and wholesome entertainment of the home and public gatherings, degenerated into the filth, vulgarity, sensuality and rottenness of the dregs of human society, indulged in by all classes of society, and all with the thoughtlessness and devil-may-care lead us."

In contrast with this commercialized music, Professor Uniacke pointed out that great music is never written for financial returns, but such music is a language, a language of the soul, through the medium of which musicians speak from their souls and give their message to the world.

He illustrated this fact by reference to the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven. Sketching briefly the stormy and tragic life of Beethoven, he related an incident from the story of the composer's love for the Countess Theresa Brunswick.

"One stormy winter's day in 1794, while the snow stood deep in the streets of Vienna, Countess Theresa Brunswick was waiting for Beethoven to come and give her a piano lesson. Weather never stopped him, but when he appeared it was plain that as fierce a storm was raging in his soul as in the streets. He entered with hardly a movement of his head, and she saw that something was wrong.

"Practiced sonata?" said he, without looking at her. His hair stood upright more than ever, his splendid eyes were half closed, and his mouth—oh, how wicked it looked! She stammered a reply: 'Yes, I have practiced it a great deal, but—' 'Let's see.' She sat down to the piano, and he took his stand behind her. The thought crossed her mind, 'If only I am lucky to play well!' But the notes swam before her eyes and her hands trembled. She began hurriedly. Once or twice he said, 'Tempo,' but it made no difference, and she felt that he was getting more impatient as she became more helpless. At last she struck a wrong note. She knew it at once, and could have cried. But when the teacher struck a wrong note, which hurt his

pupil in both body and mind. He struck—not the keys, but her hand, and that angrily and hard; strode like a madman from the room and from thence to the street-door, through which he went, banging it after him."

Then Mr. Uniacke discussed the symphony, movement by movement, showing how Beethoven painted his beloved in colors that can never fade. "Like the story of their love, the music whirls upon its tumultuous course, fierce and terrible, at times almost incoherent for all its strict form, rising and falling in waves of passion, yet with touches of ineffably pathetic tenderness, and ending with the note of triumphant courage and faith."

The lecture ended with an appeal for the cultivation of a worthy taste in music. "Which type of manhood is more worthy of the world's respect and adoration, Irving Berlin or Beethoven? Which type of manhood is more worthy of the world's of your growing powers, the stagnancy and degeneracy produced by jazz, or the nobility, high-mindedness and strength of character created by great music?"

The address was illustrated by selections played on the Victrola.

"Father, why are the Sophs carrying their books to class today? They never did it before."

"They have examinations today, my son."

Visitor—What does the Dean do here?

Fish—Oh, he gets up in chapel every morning, looks at the bewildered Sophomores, and then prays for the college.

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Anti-Puge Shrapnel

Ha, ha, Puge is getting poetic again. "Breathes there a man with..." The dear boy; isn't it cute...

Got to hand it to that man Puge for one thing. He is certainly one great little economist. Herbert Hoover is not in it. Here is what gives him the title: He knows that postage stamps cost money...

How interesting, that coal pile. How it must irk the soul of the great poet, though, to have to come in contact with such a common thing as coal dust. It is a crime for such a sensitive nature as Puge's to have to endure such tyranny...

Am glad Puge has gotten enough coal out of his "ear"—he seems to have only one—so that he can say, "It has come to our ear." Note the use of "our." I suppose when he goes to town on the street car he pays two fares...

Take notice, all you valorous upper-classmen, the Freshmen are going to have a little party all of their own sometime in the near future. Cocksures, addlepaters and dough-rollers will positively not be admitted.

Naughty, naughty, Puge, for you to borrow that young lady's bathing suit. What does she swim in while you are thusly clad? You shouldn't conjure up such visions before the eyes of your fellow-students.

Thank you, Puge. I had intended my remarks to be PUNGENT. I see now, though, that they would have to be tipped with diamond drills to penetrate your thick skin.

That was a magnanimous statement you made, that you craved competition. It is passing strange that a man of your known acumen would admit that he had, has or ever will have any competitors that begin to reach the high zenith of knowledge which you seem to have reached.

I can imagine that it is discouraging to have someone poaching on your preserves; but it had to be done. The little ego bubble, unless it is pricked with a pin once in a while, soon reaches enormous size, with consequent danger of bursting.

Battle of wits—skirmish of intellects—man of words—those are sonorous-sounding phrases enough, although slightly worn by constant

usage. Egad! I feel honored, Puge, the mighty Puge, master of wit and repartee, juggler of words, argumen-tator without peer, has deigned to look down and offer to cross wordy swords with me, an humble Fresh-man. The pain is truly exquisite. The writer again wishes to express his appreciation; but, due to the fact that he has neither the time nor the inclination to continue the "battle" (There's a good opening, Puge. You might, in your cunning way, finish out the sentence just above by adding that from appearances he, in addition, does not have the necessary brains. Sorry to forestall you; I know your keen insight would have instantly hit upon that rejoinder).

Jagdad wants to take this opportunity of reminding Pot-Shotten that rancid is a term more properly applied to spoiled butter. However, we can't always think of the right adjectives to use, can we? Consistency is a rare virtue. Too bad, we can't all have it. About the most inconsistent thing I have seen lately is your attitude. First you want to challenge me to a battle of wits. Then, six blank spaces down, you want to take me on with your fists. Again I must decline. Boxing is one of the gentlemanly arts I have not acquired. However, if you want to try bowie knives in a dark room, I'll be with you there.

I know it's annoying to a person to be continually corrected and shown the error of his ways, but I must refute a false statement in regard to the City Hall affair. I WAS there in full force. I distinctly remember badly injuring some upper-classman's fist by running my nose into it; also, the dunt of men stands as I first put it. There were only nine Fresh in the main fight, while I remember the count of names we made at the time showed that fifteen upper-classmen were present. However, let's turn the page on that matter with this remark: Puge showed himself to be the best sport of the bunch at that battle.

Don't some fellows beat the deuce? Of the conclusion of my helpful hints in a previous issue I made a general remark that some of the handsome birds that hang around here must be a wonderful asset to the school. And I'll be hornswoggled if Puge didn't think I was talking about him, and put in a paragraph in which he said that he appreciated the fact that with all my childish egotism I at least admitted his superiority over me in one thing. I am sadly disappointed. I thought I might stir up a hornets' nest, but I find that I was only raking among dead ashes. I am going to spike my guns.

I just went down to the post office to get my mail and received a copy of that well known Skiff. I know it is the Skiff because it has S-K-I-F-F written on the front sheet, and "Puge's Pot Shots" written on the back.

Being a regular subscriber I had opportunity to read an article in this well known publication last week entitled, "Anti-Puge Shrapnel." Evidently the author of that article intended to satirize "Puge." But, kind reader, let me state right here, that I am not directly concerned in the dispute between "Puge" and the author of the Anti-Puge propaganda, but I am concerned in what comes out in our student body mouthpiece, and as an innocent bystander will take this occasion to cast, what I believe to be, the opinion of a number of students in T. C. U.

I don't know who the author of the "Anti-Puge Shrapnel" is, but I do know that he hit the nail on the head in more than one instance. I am glad he elucidated as he did on the origin of the name "Puge." I have been wondering about that for a long time. However, I am still in doubt as to how he so much as gained the name of "Puge" by fighting. I saw him in a bout last evening and his opponent was daring enough to stick his jaw out and let him pound on it merely to demonstrate that Puge could not hit hard.

The Anti-Puge Shrapnel was directed solely towards Puge. It hit him, because he came back in this last issue of the Skiff squawling loud-

Two Lightheads

Once—or twice, I forget just which—upon a time, there was a young man whom you and I shall call Richard Roe. Our hero was a most original character, and, unlike those of his more prosaic brothers, it was one of his eccentricities to admire beautiful women. Droll fellow. Well, after searching three jungles, over continents, under mountains, after scanning the high seas and scrutinizing the low seas and the adjoining beaches, he discovered the girl of his dreams.

It occurred thus uniquely. As he was arising one afternoon, he chanced to see on the lawn of the luxurious home across the terrace the woman of his reveries. She was an enchanting creature of about 18 years, inclusive—a sweet child, pure and simple. Oh, how simple she was!

So he planned and intrigued how to meet her, and this is how it happened: It was at a very formal dance. Richard, being naturally show and retiring, had retired to the punch bowl. He was a bit under the weather and was gradually getting it on top of him. As he glanced around the room, he saw, coming toward him—and the punch bowl—a young man and a girl. The man was an old friend of his and the girl was the girl of his dreams. His old friend introduced them, and as the orchestra started playing he asked her for the dance.

During the dance they became close friends. They couldn't have been closer. It was a touching scene. When at last the clamor ceased, the dear young couple sought a secluded corner far from the crowd, and seated themselves on a divan, he courteously refraining from sitting directly upon her.

"Will you kiss me?" he inquired, eagerness in his voice and love in his eyes.

"Certainly not. It is your place to kiss me!" Realizing his mistake at once, poor Richard turned scarlet. The effect was charming—black suit, white shirt, white collar, and scarlet face.

"You will have to forgive me," he continued miserably. "I am not myself tonight."

"Then who are you?" she cried. "I'm just dying to know who you are."

For a while Richard gazed dreamily at the ceiling, then gazed at the floor. Finally he broke into speech and, having once broken in, found it hard to get out.

"For a long time"—he looked at her wrist-watch—"for nearly forty-five minutes I have felt myself a changed man. Since I first met you there at the punch bowl I have thought of you morning, noon and night—and sometimes at tea."

"But you haven't known me that long."

"Don't interrupt," he said between sighs and among sobs. "I want to ask you a question."

"Oh, do you, really?" "Yes!"

"How interesting! But why?" "To find out your answer."

"Well, go on."

"Will you marry me?" "Oh, now, really," she said, "Don't be absurd."

"May I marry you?" he persisted, despair creeping into his voice.

"Of course, you dear boy."

er than "Red" Kent does when he loses a dime. Did you ever throw a rock into a crowd of dogs? The hit dog always howls. For the same reason Puge is howling. It hurts him very deep that anyone would insinuate that he does not have a perfect right to abuse the personal pronoun "I." Or even suggest that he has an inflated opinion of himself.

Personally I think Puge is clever. I think he is very capable; but at the same time I believe if he would have spent more time on his text books instead of so much sarcasm which he has been poking at us through his Pot Shots, that he would be representing us on the basket ball squad instead of occupying a berth with the ineligible as he is doing. Be up and after 'em Puge. I'm for you.

A Subscriber.

Freshman Paragraphs

A certain Sophomore around this place by the name of Bill Shirley has a new idea by which to make money. Ask Tanlac and Boob about Willie's graft. Willie demonstrated his idea very clearly to them last week in the gymnasium.

The Rev. Mr. Parker has resigned from his position as president and leader of the second floor Dwingling Club. He has accepted a position as Monitor on the third floor to keep all bloody Freshmen in bed.

Toad Stevenson has invented a new kind of hair oil (Kreso-Dip). We wish Toad would please explain why he uses such strong oil on his hair.

In the beginning, a rib was taken from man to make woman. There must have been a bone pulled. I know there was in some cases. Especially with some of these Sophomore girls.

The Simmons Cowboys think that they are good riders, but they found something they couldn't ride when the mounted big Jim Cantrill.

Information Wanted. When will John Woodard and Celeste Coursey marry? How would Red Kent look if he were real thin?

Lucille Massie, the champion pugilist of Van Alstyne, challenges any Sophomore or Junior to a battle to be fought Monday night between halves at the basket ball game.

The height of imagination is to be seated on a block of ice, to have jam thrown on your face, and then imagine that you are sleigh-riding. But the height of an upper-classman's imagination seems to be to imagine that his class successfully prevented the Freshman party.

Y. M. C. A. SUPERINTENDENT VISITS T. C. U.

Mr. Elliott, superintendent of the Y. M. C. A., addressed a joint meeting of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. cabinets Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock in Jarvis Hall. The general theme of the speech which he made dealt with the conditions existing among the peoples of Europe and why it behooved America to alleviate in a measure the sufferings of the unfortunate ones there.

An interesting account of his travels through Holland, Poland, Bohemia, England, Austria, Switzerland and France revealed the facts that everywhere, friendship is expressed for Americans and great deference shown to their needs and wants. This spirit of brotherhood is not only manifested by officials along the way, but by the private people, and Mr. Elliott cited several instances to illustrate.

Another point which Mr. Elliott emphasized in his address was the paradox which characterizes the economic situation in Europe at the present time. As a result of the war, prices have fallen or rather money values have decreased to such an extent that a poor man in America could live like a lord in Austria or other European states. In one instance Mr. Elliott and his party spent the night at an inn, ate breakfast and rode half a day on a train for the total sum of one dollar and thirty-two cents. Skilled laborers re-

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ceive only twenty-five cents for their work and the wage rate for any kind of labor has reached such a low standard as not to admit of competition. According to Mr. Elliott's view these complications will have a very serious effect upon the English shipping and trade, inasmuch as English labor cannot compete with that of the other European nations.

Then there are other complexities of importance existing in Europe as a result of the recent war. Poland instead of being highly satisfied to be independent, is waging reckless warfare on her neighbors over petty boundary lines. Especially is she dissatisfied with the terms of the treaty of Versailles, which, in fact, gave her the right to exist. More just cause have the Tyrolean group of peoples for complaint than the Poles, because they cast their lot with other nations in the pool of diplomacy and as a result, lost their independence and had their country divided among their greedy neighbors.

But the thing which became most obvious to Mr. Elliott as he passed along through the various countries was the need of relief funds for the suffering students, who were struggling along in abject poverty. Not only students, but starving women and children, stricken with age and deformity were seen to be in the direst need of the necessities of life; this condition being brought upon them by the allied blockade established during the war. And so upon his return Mr. Elliott has established a relief fund of five hundred thousand dollars to be raised by the student bodies of America and the drive is sweeping forward with great success. Miss Leona Crain and Mr. Lester have charge of T. C. U.'s quota. Let's help them put it over!

Bill Shirley and Cowboy went to a show. The orchestra played some music. Bill thought it was "T. C. U.'s Team" and stood up. So did Cowboy.

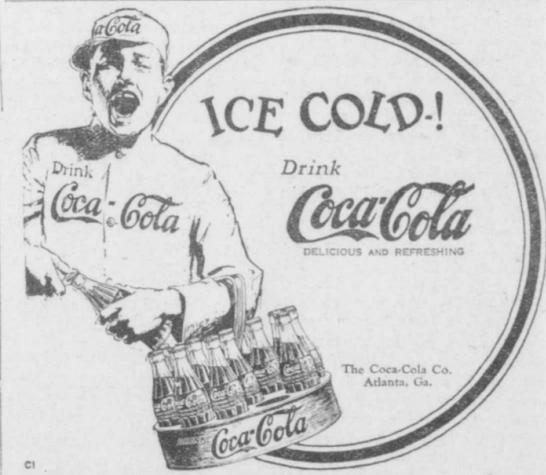
Miss Smith (absent-mindedly quoting a popular poem)—"Married men may come and married men may go, but I go alone forever."

A WRONG RIGHTED

(Continued from Page 1) chapel for stray bits of Sophs, etc., two of the smallest fragments were found in the balcony. Other inquisitive bits of this same class peered through the broken door and saw the struggling bodies of their fellow-classmen being severely poached by an angry mob of Freshmen. Now, it seems that the most degrading punishment that can befall a dignified upper-classman is to be poached by a Freshman. Consequently, those on the outside rushed in to the rescue of their battling brothers on the inside. They were in a vengeful state of mind, too—for had not Freshman intellect planned the escape of Adams, Fish president, from a football banquet the night before when the super-intelligent opposing classmen were so sure they had him? But—while the Sophomores and Freshmen were arguing heatedly with their fists and other weapons in the balcony and in the main chapel, the other two freshman officers, Fant and Moffett, were being slyly spirited away through a rear window and silently rushed to a place of safety.

Although their officers were safely stowed away, the Freshman class as a whole was going through trials and tribulations of its own. For instance, some of the Freshman boys were being carried off and locked up in the "city public hotel," namely, the jail, wherein the best rooms had been reserved. A Ford coupe full of girls were being held up at the entrance to Forest Park by about twenty-five boys. Imagine our surprise when we arrived at a town girl's house to find three of our classmates handcuffed together! For safety, these "upper-men" left two boys and several girls to guard these Fightin' Freshmen. The superior intellect of the Freshmen was again in evidence in the effective way they used in making their escape.

But when the curtain went up at the Majestic Theater at 8:30, every seat that had been reserved for a Freshman was occupied by a Freshman; and the officers of the class took their places in their box amid the shouts and cheers of their fellow-classmen. Now, who can say the Freshman party was not a success?



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