

1,000 STUDENTS; MILLION ENDOWMENT FOR T. C. U. JUNIORS BEGINNING NEXT YEAR ACTIVITIES

Board Trustees Enthusiastic in Recent Parley

One thousand students, \$1,000,000 endowment, all debts paid and ever higher scholastic standardization by June '23! These were the high points in the board meeting of T. C. U. trustees last Tuesday, Feb. 14.

The "old-timers" on the board said that this meeting was dominated by the finest spirit that had yet prevailed in any meeting? Why? It's because many of them have given to its support to the point of sacrifice, and were ready to give again. It's such a spirit as these trustees show that has caused T. C. U. to take its place as one of the greatest educational institutions in America.

One remarked that, notwithstanding the fact that he had heard four reports by bank directors, the report of our administration was one of the most encouraging he had heard. Why? Because level heads are guiding T. C. U. through the crisis, and faculty and administration alike are putting T. C. U. first.

Some new blood was fused into the already unified group of trustees by the addition of five most capable men: Dr. L. D. Anderson, pastor First Christian Church, Fort Worth; Dr. H. R. Ford, pastor Christian Church, Houston; Mr. H. H. Rodgers, oil man of San An-

tonio; Mr. Ross Sterling of Houston, oil man, and Mr. J. N. Winters of Fort Worth, who is engaged in the real estate business.

One more feature of the session was a follow-up meeting on Wednesday attended by some of the leading pastors in the brotherhood. This meeting and the one to follow next Friday, at which time a hundred leading pastors and laymen will be present, is in interest of the drive which will be made for the endowment. T. C. U.'s day is dawning. Let trustee, administrator, teacher, student and members of the brotherhood keep faith.

Entertained With Dinner

The Board of Trustees and Faculty of Texas Christian University were honor guests at a dinner given at the university, Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the University Women's Club.

The dining room of the Main Building was attractively decorated with flowers and ferns, and a buffet supper was served by the members of the Women's Club.

President Waits presided over the informal program of speeches after the supper, and introduced various members of the Board of Trustees and the faculty who spoke on the present and future progress of the institution. A general note of optimism characterized the attitude of the speakers, among whom were S. J. Macfarland, of Dallas, Van Zandt Jarvis, Judge Gee, of Amarillo, L. C. Brito of Marfa, T. E. Tomlinson of Hillsboro and Dean Hall of the faculty.

COL. BRAINARD SPEAKS FRIDAY

Accompanied to the university by Major Stewart, who is in charge of the organization's activities in Fort Worth, Colonel Brainard, a college degree man of the Salvation Army, spoke in chapel Friday morning. His message was a few grains of fundamental truth all wrapped around with the practical philosophy of a thoroughly human man who has crossed the Atlantic Ocean nineteen times on errands of mercy for those who had needy bodies and degenerated souls.

"Certain inventions," said Colonel Brainard, "have in some countries been developed to the limit, and all sections of the world's population are by these inventions brought into such close relationship that anything which uplifts or degenerates one people will sooner or later uplift or degenerate all other peoples." In pointing out a few of the bad agents which are having a world-wide influence, the Colonel said there is a decay of the sense of sin and a lack of reverence for God. A universal crime wave is now on, to which the people are comparatively insensible. Specifically, the socialists of central Europe are teaching their people to be atheists, while the fast movement of society in the West is debasing the sense of discrimination between right and wrong. On the other hand, wherever and only wherever there is true Christianity can be found organizations taking an active interest in the welfare of disabled, old and young, and those in general who are needy.

His message to the ministerial students was to preach Christ crucified, win men's souls to God, and uplift mankind—things the Salvation Army has been doing for rich and poor alike for the past 50 years. His concluding words were a sincere admonition to the students to develop strong bodies and minds, unhampered by tobacco and other equally detrimental agents, and to consecrate their lives to God. Such complete and heart-to-heart sermons as Colonel Brainard's are seldom delivered in 15 minutes.

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

Be it hereby known to all whom it may concern, that I, John A. (Toad) Stevenson, do forthwith and henceforth, without malice or forethought, announce my candidacy to the office of the "Most High Lord Muckety Muck of All Chumps." Having graced the campus of Texas Christian University the last three centuries, I feel it unnecessary to elaborate on my qualifications for such a dignified position. It is true that my opponent, Mr. Puge Cross, is also very well fitted for this office, but he has used many underhanded devices against me, of which I feel sure that both of my supporters will pay no heed (no metal touches the skin). Praying, beseeching and entreating that my supporters do not fail me, I am,

JOHN A. (TOAD) STEVENSON.

Given under my hand and seal this 17th day of the month of February of the year of our Lord 1922.

HOMER P. McCARTNEY,
Notary Republic.

Witness:
RAB RYAN.

Athlete Injured

Orville McGowan, better known as "Tanlac," suffered a very painful accident last Wednesday evening, when he accidentally fell, striking the floor with such force that he fractured his backbone. The injury was very painful, and necessitated moving "Tan" to a hospital, where he is resting much better.

This is a serious blow to T. C. U. baseball prospects, due to the fact that McGowan is without a peer in college baseball as a third baseman. He is in his Junior year, and is admired by all those who know him. It is sincerely hoped that his recovery may be very rapid.

SMITH HEADS VALENTINE U.

Miss Rebecca Smith, a prominent member of the English department of Texas Christian University, was at home to the Clark Literary Society, of which she is an honorary member, Monday evening, Feb. 13.

The issued invitations inscribed on red hearts suggested that Saint Valentine, as well as the Clarks, was to be honored.

When the guests had arrived, Miss Smith, in her own charming way, announced that no doubt her guests thought that for once they were getting away from school, but if they did think so, they were greatly mistaken, as they had arrived at Valentine University, of which she was Dean and Mesdames Beckham, Cockrell and Miss Waites were registrars. Report cards decorated with hearts and cupids announcing the course of study were passed. Seven elective courses were to constitute the year's work, and no subject could be taken the second time.

Matriculation began immediately. Perhaps it is needless to state that campusology was such a popular course that even Mrs. Beckham was unable to enter it, and that logic was sought only by a few Freshmen who were yet ignorant of its foils.

One very noticeable difference between Miss Smith's Valentine University and Texas Christian University was the enthusiasm and hilarious enjoyment resulting from the work of such classes as Home Economics (Pit), English (Authors) and Chapel (hunc). Genuine sorrow was manifested at the completion of the courses and the announcement of the commencement exercises.

The honor student, in this university with an enrollment of over fifty, was Miss Maynette Moffett. She was rewarded for her intellectual attainments with a beautiful Rookwood vase. Contrary to the general educational procedure, the student of lowest standing, Miss Elizabeth Kinder, was presented a beautiful Eversharp pencil as a consolation for her dullness.

As a refreshment to the students for their term of studious endeavors, a most delicious salad course was served, after which, because of the lateness of the hour, the guests reluctantly declared a holiday.

Dr. Axson Entertained by Women's Club

Immediately following the Friday night lecture the Woman's Club of the University held an informal reception in honor of Doctor Axson, on the main floor of the Administration Building. Doctor Axson and his old friends were pleased to greet each other once more, and new friends were delighted to make the acquaintance of such a charming personality as Dr. Axson.

Both town and University guests enjoyed the pleasant social event, and refreshments were served to all.

Miss Louise Roy, one of the most prominent members of the Freshman class, is suffering from a bad case of gripe. She has been out of school for the last few days. It is hoped that her illness will be of short duration.

An Appreciation

The Editor of the Junior Skiff wishes to heartily thank all those who in any way contributed toward the turning out of this paper.

He especially desires to thank Mr. Jerome Moore, and Mr. J.

NORMAL LIONS MEET DANIELS

The East Texas Lions from Commerce fell victims to the pennant-chasing Horned Frogs in a pair of games on the local court last Thursday and Friday evenings, the first game by a score of 47 to 33 and the second by 52 to 40.

The first game was full of thrills from start to finish, and the followers of the Purple and White had quite a scare. The Normalites were leading at the end of the half with a score of 22 to 21, but after the intermission the Frogs came back and led by the flashing Dutch Meyer, held the lost Lions to three field goals.

T. C. U.'s usual steady team was completely off-form and only the accurate and brilliant basket-shooting of Captain Meyer saved the day; while, on the other hand, the Lions were unusually lucky and played far superior to their usual game. It seemed that almost every shot they made got through the hoop "somehow."

Captain Meyer, who has been off form lately, came back in the true sense of the word. He led the assault and electrified the crowd with his phenomenal goal-tossing. Playing guard, he shot eight field goals and brought his total up to 18 points with two foul goals.

Rushing was high point man for the Normal, with 5 field and 9 foul goals for a total of 19 points.

The last 10 minutes Coach Driver substituted for his fast little Freshman squad. The score, first game:

T. C. U.	Fe.	Ft.	Pts.	Pf.
Loovern, forward	4	0	8	3
Ready, forward	1	0	2	1
Carson, forward	5	3	13	1
Adams, forward	1	0	2	2
Cantrill, center	0	0	0	4
Largent, center	0	0	0	0
Meyer, guard	8	2	18	3
Bishop, guard	2	0	4	3
Burns, guard	0	0	0	0
Totals	21	5	47	17

East Texas Normal College	Fe.	Ft.	Pts.	Pf.
Blevins, forward	6	0	12	4
Holley, forward	0	0	0	0
Rushing, forward	5	9	19	2
Thomason, center	0	0	0	0
Hart, center	0	0	0	0
Fluhardy, guard	1	0	2	3
Morgan, guard	0	0	0	3
Totals	12	9	33	12

Referee — Sears of Fort Worth Cats.

Second Game.

The Horned Frogs were again victors over the East Texas Lions last Friday evening by a score of 52 to 20. Playing ball in top form, the Purple and White started a brand of basket-shooting which had the Lions 31 to 8 at the end of the half. Driver then ordered his men not to shoot at the goal, but to pass and practice teamwork. This they did for about five minutes.

The subs took the game over in the second half. They played stellar ball and by the end of the game had amassed 21 more points. As usual, the comical little Ready was the source of much merriment.

This game added another scalp to T. C. U.'s list of T. I. A. A. victories and, unless they suffer reverses at the hands of S. M. U., they will be the logical team to meet Denton Normal for State honors.

Carson was easily the star for the Frogs, as he led the offense (Continued on Page Two)

Class Already Making Unprecedented Plans

This class came to T. C. U. in September, 1919, the year following the great war—a year most critical in the life of T. C. U., and a year of readjustment.

The remnant of the group which now forms the Junior class, and in June of '23 will pass into T. C. U. history, is that part which held its poise during the trying time and today stands bold and proud conquerors, worthy of the high honor which next year shall be theirs.

But there is still a work to be done. The year '23 will be the half-century mark in the history of our noble T. C. U. Ex-students and alumnae of these past years will be reminded of this golden anniversary, and will be invited to visit their alma mater and enjoy once more the fellowship and friendliness which is the dominant tradition spirit of our institution. It will be our high honor to welcome them.

Loyalty must be our watchword. Loyalty not only to the class, but loyalty to T. C. U. Let's learn the needs of our institution for the year '23 and make a great servant of our class to the old school. It is said, "The greatest among you is he who serves best." Our class must serve best of all, because the year '23 is to be the greatest year in the history of T. C. U. A thousand students, a million-dollar endowment, books clear of debt, added departments, higher scholastic standards, finer Christian influence—these are the aims of the school for the year '23.

To serve, our class must make these aims our aims. To be proud in years to come of the fact that we graduated from dear old T. C. U., we must not let one of these aims fail. Juniors must now get their officers selected for '23, must at once appoint their Horned Frog staff, must begin now to make plans for the coming year.

Juniors must pass the good word on to their high school friends of the worth of T. C. U. We can not praise our school too highly. Every student we get will help our institution toward realizing its goal for '23. Do you know that T. C. U. is one of the best schools in the

Sports Taking Place of Cemetery Strolls

Boy, ole baseball just naturally started with a bang last Wednesday. About 25 old and new aspirants for the leather-pounding job answered the call of Coach Nance. Believe me, things certainly do look good. Just think, there is old "Iron" Meyers, who has been pitching the "Frogs" to victory for three seasons; Captain Chili McDaniel, star first baseman and .300 hitter; Carson, second baseman, who starred with Stamford last summer; the famous Boob Fowler, much sought after shortstop and all-T. I. A. A. man from last year; Cherry, the fast little center fielder; Bateman, catcher, assistant last year to the famous Douglas of the Cincinnati Reds; Lovvorn, fielder, also with Stamford last year. Besides these, there is a wealth of untried material in Cantrill, Adams, Robinson, Alton Cherry, and many others.

It will not be surprising to see the Horned Frogs victors in the T. I. A. A. race. The schedule has not been fully announced yet, but includes many games with the best teams in the conference.

South?

Juniors must never knock. Helpful criticism afforded in the right way is always acceptable, but, for the love of your class, and the old school, never knock, but forever be boosting. You knock yourself when you knock your school.

Next year this class must be the example of school citizenship. Let's be the first in the support of our teams, first in the support of our auxiliary organizations, and the most ardent in our efforts to uphold the honor system, without which our degrees will mean nothing to us.

This class must break away from that time-worn and unwise custom of making a gift to the school the last thing it does. We of '23 must decide now upon our gift and begin in September to work upon it, that it may be ever in usefulness while we are still present. Instead of merely dedicating its place at commencement time, we want to unveil it, finished and ready to serve our alma mater.

The year '23 in our hands is as clay, to be moulded. But let us remember the spirit of '23 will not excel the spirit of its moulders, nor will its extent of service exceed its efforts and vision of the individuals.

MANY SUPPORT GIRL BEAUTIES

Excitement reigned supreme and enthusiasm ran rampant in the main hall and dining-room, pending the report from the beauty and popularity contest. Mr. Harris completely exhausted his Herculean strength in his frantic efforts to dispel the seething mass of humanity. Many were injured and several were suffocated in vain attempts to discover if the one upon whom they had spent their all in all had been victorious.

This was the culmination of a very severe rivalry which had been raging during the preceding week. The witty sayings, the sugar-coated remarks and the use of profuse cosmetics, to say nothing of the slaps on the back and the general display of good fellowship, left no doubt in the minds of observers as to who were the contesting parties.

Returning to the scene of action, at five-thirty p. m. in the dining-room on Tuesday, Feb. 19, exclamations of joy, sighs of dismay, whoops of astonishment and howls of rage were expressed when the following names appeared:

Mabel Hellum, prettiest.
Edwina Day, cleverest.
Ruth Wiggins, sweetest.
Millicent Keeble, best all around.
Lucila Penix, most attractive.
Melvin Bishop, best all around.
Judge Green, most popular.

The Senior class is as yet unable to announce the financial success of this campaign. They have been working in constant shifts for the past forty-eight hours in an effort to estimate the total receipts from the elections. It is rumored that the Horned Frog will be distributed free of charge and all payments will be refunded on account of the liberality of the students on this occasion. For further information see Bob Badgett.

"My dear, I'm sorry I couldn't see you when you called, but I was just having my hair washed."

"Yes, and the laundries are so slow about returning things, too."—Octopus.

THE SKIFF

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GETTING RID OF THE DRIFTWOOD

Wheres' the advantage of being a chip off the old block if the chip is satisfied with being a drifter? We have stood on the bank of a running stream and philosophized as our eye took in the significant spectacle of the floating chip. Down the stream it goes, never upstream, to be sure, but aimlessly; at the mercy of every eddy and whirlpool which it encounters on its journey; until finally it is lodged with other bits of driftwood to spend the remainder of its days in decaying uselessness.

Often have we reminated, as we watched the chips in their unchosen migration, upon the similarity in the stream of life. There is human driftwood aplenty being tossed about, hither and thither—human flotsam in process of decay because it fails to recognize that it is divine and had the God-given power of choice. Let a man lose his limbs, his faculties, his life even. The loss is small compared with the supreme tragedy of the loss of his upward look, his ambition, his determination to be useful to the world. Let him lose that divine force which propels him upstream even though the current is swift and strong, and he has lost everything. He becomes a drifting chip, henceforth to be good for nothing but to be used as a stepping stone for a harder, more determined spirit whose aim is high and whose courage is dauntless.

We are not unfamiliar with drifters in college. In fact, in every institution of higher learning there are just two classes of students: Those who are sent to school and those who go to school. The "sents" are the chips. They are conscious enough to know that they're on their way but they don't know where they're going. Their lives in college, if not negative, are surely not positive—which, in our opinion, amounts to the same thing. Just drifting. On the other and more encouraging hand we find those who "go" to school, not because they are sent but because they have an aim in life. They want to be useful citizens and they realize that in the realm of usefulness knowledge only is power. They are looking up, and looking up they stem the current of opposing forces, turning their backs resolutely upon the path of least resistance. This class presents a pleasing contrast with the driftwood type.

Not every class in the university furnishes examples of the spineless tribe. They are chiefly to be found among the first year group; and this is said as in no sense disparaging to the Freshman class but as the simple statement of an observation; for at some time or other we have all been Freshmen. The Sophomore class is unable to shake itself entirely free from the parasites; you'll find in the second-year group a few who are still being "sent."

It is in the Junior class that we first become conscious of an aggregation of serious-purposed students, with well-defined aims and plans for the future. The drifters have become discouraged and satisfied to be washed ashore, while their companions continue to battle upstream as their strokes gain force with increasing conviction. That is the typical Junior class of any college or university—fighters all and stout-hearted.

As president of the Class of 1923, we are pleased to hail our fellow Juniors with an honest opinion of this kind. It is not said in a boastful spirit, but is our deduction from observations we have made during our three years in T. C. U. We of next year's graduating class are destined to enjoy an unique distinction in that our graduation will mark the semi-centennial celebration of the University. Our job is before us. Shall we weaken? No, not that. Rather let us gather momentum with every step and make the fiftieth anniversary memorable for the fact that we were the shining lights and the guiding spirits of the year.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN LITERATURE.

By a Junior Viewpoint

(Written From an Individual)

It is, I suppose, a well known fact that the average college student is sadly deficient in originality and independence of literary taste and judgment. He blindly and thoughtlessly accepts whatever his critics and teachers set before him. He is, to use a figure of speech, like one dwelling in the midst of great orchards and vineyards, yet, dining on flat and tasteless canned goods rather than pluck the ripe, delicious fruit from the living trees and vines.

Here, however, I do not mean to say that the great literature of the past, and the criticism of it which has survived a generation or more, are not excellent and usually reliable. I recognize that the dependence upon lectures and criticisms have a tendency to create in us a state of mind that is satisfied with second hand knowledge, the most damnable type of scholastic humbug.

Then, you may ask if I deny the veracity of teachers and critics. Emphatically, no. I simply mean to say that truth and beauty are a fact in literature only because they are so; that whatever people believe and say does not change the original contents. As Clough expresses it:

"It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That howsoever I stray or range,

What'er I do, Thou dost not change.

It steadiest step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall."

I believe that the individual, as I have indicated above, is the most wholesome and dependable guide, but this recognition of the importance of the individual should not in any way hinder us, it should stimulate and lead us to seek the permanent foundation upon which literature rests.

Beauty, I think, is that foundation and the unflinching thread that runs through all that is worthy of survival. In this connection, it must be remembered that truth is a necessary part of beauty. The Bible and classic literature furnish us with abundant examples of this. For instance, the "Sermon on the Mount" and the "Iliad" gain a great deal by their beauty alone. They impress us and mean something more than the bare truth without its beautiful wording and beautiful form could accomplish.

But what is beauty? All of the great artists and philosophers from the days of ancient Greece to the present have found this a most interesting and fascinating question.

Plato is the earliest writer whose works are still a direct influence on the literary thought of the modern world. According to him the human mind is the basis of all that is beautiful and true. This is in keeping with the romantic theory, especially the transcendental school. Emerson, the great exponent of the latter, said that there had been no original phi-

GETTYS SPEAKS TO ADD-RANS

The Add-Rans had a very interesting program at their regular meeting Wednesday evening. A large crowd, including many Clark visitors, was present. These weekly meetings have been unusually successful, to the writer's knowledge the first time in T. C. U. for any society to attain such a level of perfection.

The program was started in a very unique way, by having a singsong, with John Stevenson as soloist and leader. This was the first time such a thing was ever tried, but it was very successful, as every member joined in for all he was worth. Following the singsong, Hubert Robinson recited a short poem.

Professor W. E. Gettys, the youngest and latest addition to the faculty, then gave the educational talk of the opening. Using the "French People" as his subject, he gave a brief but elaborate description of them as he himself had seen them. Many interesting facts were brought to light about their way of living, their morality, and so forth. In America we look upon the French as one of the most immoral of all people, but, says Professor Gettys, this is untrue, as the Americans are just as immoral, but cover up their immorality, while the French believe in being open. Another interesting fact brought out was that the French never put their money in the banks, but hide it in their houses. The French people are very eccentric, as shown by this desire to always have the money where they can get hold of it. This eccentricity also makes the French hard to meet, but upon your once gaining their friendship, they will always be under debt to you and can never do enough for you.

Following this speech, J. A. Lofton introduced Mr. Backstresser, one of his fellow-workers at the Continental National Bank. Mr. Backstresser is a singer of note, being soloist at the First Methodist Church and a member of the Panther City Quartet. He then entertained with a group of songs that brought repeated applause that ceased only when he had used his last song.

After adopting a motion to change the Add-Ran preliminary for the new men's contest from Wednesday to Thursday night, on account of Washington's birthday, the meeting adjourned.

Philosophical thought since the days of Plato, Carlyle, another modern thinker, attributed nearly every thing to the human mind. These men, it seems, held the view that the purpose of the "Divine Unseen" enters into the intellect where it finds beautiful and artistic expression.

Aristotle is the second of the ancients whose influence is still felt. He and his followers maintain that objective nature is the logical basis of all that is beautiful. This was the acknowledged view of the principle poets of the English Age of Classicism. When Pope wrote in his "Essay on Criticism":

"Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,
To copy nature is to copy them,"

He meant to express the purely objective attitude which characterized and dominated English poetry from Dryden to Wordsworth.

Up to this time general ignorance had made it possible for the dividing line between various theories to be sharply drawn and clearly defined. But the wonderful scientific advancement during the latter part of the nineteenth century laid bare and proved false so many traditional theories that literature rapidly developed a wider conception. Conflicting theories were harmonized; the world entered upon a broad plain of intellectual toleration and sympathy; and the disciples of Aristotle and Plato were one, for objective nature and the mind of man were both recognized as a part of the infinite universe. Henceforth a greater number of elements were to enter into the creation of beauty.

Here, we must say, that beauty depends on both thought and expression. Its central element is harmony of effect resulting from a complexity of lesser effects. Thus a thing of beauty must be made up of elements which are beautiful within themselves, and these must be so arranged that they meet the requirements of the general theme.

Of course it should always be born in mind that the harmony resulting from a complexity of effects cannot be carried beyond the point where confusion begins. Disregard of this has caused some otherwise great literary creations to fall short of excellence. For example, if we read Spenser's "Faery Queen" we find in it a series of artistic and beautiful achievements that have nev-

Geniuses Coming T.C.U. Soon

It has been said that the majority of the people are fools. This may be true, but it is a certainty that there are some who are not, and the T. C. U. public is an example of the latter. Now, listen to this:

Did you ever see a genius? Of course, you have. A genius looks somewhat different from the general run of folks, does he not? His clothes seem to wear differently, although they may be of the latest style; the expression on his face and the gleam in his eyes are different, are they not? A genius is an eccentric sort of fellow, is he not? You can not tell what he is going to do next, can you? He is an erratic type of human, is he not?

Well, there are a pair of geniuses here in T. C. U.—idiotic geniuses. They are geniuses in the art of punching a wicked typewriter, and geniuses in the art and science of tossing the verbal harpoon. They are geniuses in that they can break down all the barriers of solemn formality and substitute in its place an uproar of hearty laughter.

Did you ever notice that hilarious pair of funsters here on the campus? Of course you have. One of them is a slim, dark-eyed, black-haired, brown-skinned fellow. The other is a youth of average build, of rather brown complexion also, blond hair, and a pair of laughing blue eyes. Both of them have all the earmarks of natural-born comedians, "vaudevillians" of the most humorous type.

They are to be with us soon. Watch for the notice. Light comedy, frivolous farces and anti-prohibition stuff are all contained in their repertoire. Look out, women; beware, professors; and watch your step, men.

Have you guessed yet who they are? Of course you have. Yes, and you guessed correctly, too. They are the Walla Walla Hot Dogs, comedians supreme in the forms of Doc Bender and Puge Cross. Now do you not agree with me that they are geniuses when it comes to the mocking of the great God Fun? Surely you do. And are they not different from all other human beings on the globe? There is no doubt about it. Are they not eccentric? Are they not erratic? Do they not wear their clothes differently from the rest? And do they not just naturally look different from everybody else? They certainly do?

er been surpassed in the English language. On the other hand, when we regard the poem as a whole it fails to meet the highest requirements of harmony.

This harmony of effect is usually produced by the logical fusing of the different scenes, events, and ideas; but often the purely emotional, especially in poetry, plays an important part. Shelley says in his "Skylark":

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar,
And soaring ever singest.

We know that the connection between the skylark and the cloud of fire is emotional rather than logical.

But the theoretical knowledge of beauty is worthless unless we use it merely as a background against which we see literature from an individual viewpoint. If we can see nothing, it is more honest, more sincere—to be young Omars and leave by the same door wherein we enter.

Subscribe for the Junior Skiff and get your eyes full.

Lions Meet Daniels

(Continued from Page 1)

with 18 points. Meyer and Cantrell were again the defensive stars, Meyer shooting five field goals from a guard position.

The score: —

T. C. U.—	Fig.	Ft.	Pts.	Fls.
Loovern, forward	9	0	8	1
Waller, forward	2	0	4	1
Carson, forward	6	6	18	2
Cantrell, center	0	0	0	3
Adams, center	1	0	2	0
Meyer, guard	5	0	10	1
Burns, guard	0	0	0	1
Bishop, guard	0	0	0	2
Largent, guard	0	0	0	1
Totals	23	5	52	13

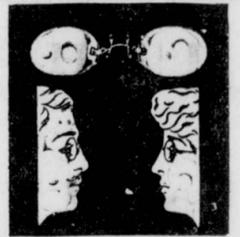
E. T. N. C.—

Blevins, forward	2	0	4	5
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Rushing, forward	2	6	10	0
Tomlinson, center	0	0	0	0
Fluhardy, guard	0	0	0	0
Hollef, guard	2	0	4	0
Morgan, guard	0	0	0	0
Hart, guard	1	0	2	3
Totals	17	6	20	12

Referee—Sears.

Kissing a woman with a pug nose is like trying to peek through a keyhole overshadowed by a Roman doorknob.—Pelican.



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Eyes scientifically tested. We fit your eyes correctly. Our service takes in every branch of optical science.

SAVE YOUR EYES
607 Main Street
Rialto Theatre Block
Tel. L. 7970

CHIROPRACTIC 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.

WEAVER REAGIN MARY REAGIN
Doctors of Chiropractic
Office 503 1/2 Main St. Ft. Worth, Texas
Residence 1217 South Henderson

Dress in Youthful Styles for Every Occasion

—Street Dresses of Poret Twill, Taffeta, Canton Crepe and Crepe de Chine, beautifully styled, are priced from \$25.00 Up

—Afternoon Dresses of Corded Taffeta, high colored Cantons, Satin Cantons, Crepe de Chine, eGorgette, Crepe Roma and Crepe Lunette, in soft luminous shadings, with beads and embroidery and novel trimming.

—Club or Sport Dresses, in many new combinations of colors, developed in Cantons, fine Crepes, Crepe Knits, Velettes, Crepe Mongel, Crepe Algiers, Kelly and Donegal Tweeds, Fancy Jerseys, etc. Chic and youthful stylings that fairly breathe of Spring. Priced from \$19.50 Up

—Dinner Dresses of Chiffon, Crepe Algiers, Crepe Mongol, imported laces and eGorgettes, elaborately beaded or embroidered. New becoming neck lines and newest ideas of the foremost French couturiers; priced \$59.50 Up

SKIRTS---

—Specializing in novelty materials and styles. We have an unusually large assortment of high-class Skirts for Sport, Street and Business wear. Fashioned of Homespun, Vigerols, Spiral Spun, Velette, Crepe Knit and Flannels. Beautiful colors and combinations moderately priced from \$6.95 Up

SWEATERS---

—O mohair and pure worsted yarns, in slip-over and Tuxedo styles; all colors and sizes; priced from \$3.98 up.
—Silk Sweaters, of orgazine silk, in the most beautiful colors and styles ever created; all sizes; priced from \$19.50 up.
*when in the course of human events it becomes necessary fo



E. T. Renfro Co., Druggist REXALL STORE

Houston at Ninth

Lamar 81

WHITMAN, KING and ELMO CANDIES, IMP PERFUMES

CIGARS, CIGARETTES and SODA

Snappy Spring Style Suits
For the Fellows of T. C. U.
SPECIAL VALUES
\$30. \$35. \$40.
A. and L. AUGUST
Main at Seventh St.

ALUMNAE COLUMN.

'12—Milton E. Daniel, B. A., who is with the First National Bank, Breckenridge, has been quite ill, but is able to be at his post of duty again.

Ex-'16—Mr. and Mrs. Otis Ramsey are living on North Rose St., Breckenridge, Texas. Mrs. Ramsey formerly was Miss Florence Young.

Ex-'17—Mrs. R. E. Bidy, formerly Miss Dema Clark, is living in Breckenridge, with address 217 N. Breckenridge.

Ex-'17—Mrs. Homer Tomlinson, formerly Miss Monette Whaley, who recently had an operation at the Protestant Hospital, returned to her home on T. C. U. Hill Tuesday, Feb. 14.

Ex-'18—Mrs. H. H. Cartwright, formerly Miss Burmah Pressley, is living in Breckenridge, Texas. Her husband is a physician there.

'18—Mrs. Glen Brunson, B. A., formerly Miss Nellie Elkin, is a visitor in the city this week from her home in Midland, Texas.

Ex-'19—Miss Jewell Lindley, formerly of Archer City, now lives at Lufkin, Texas.

Ex-'20—Miss Ruby Sams of Benjamin, Texas, is teaching at Crowell, Texas.

Ex-'20—Miss Anne Tuttle of Tuttle, Okla., was operated on for appendicitis in a local sanitarium Monday, Feb. 6, and died Tuesday, Feb. 7. We regret very much to hear of Miss Tuttle's death.

Ex-'20—Miss Gladys Walker, who has been seriously ill for about six weeks, is recovering slowly.

Ex-'21—Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Walker were visitors here this week. Raymond is with the First National Bank, Breckenridge. Mrs. Walker formerly was Miss Lona Honca.

Brushes Smear On Valentines

Listen! The other night I heard the softest, prettiest music, and I tried to find out where it came from, and where do you suppose it was? In Cupid's Den, and, oh! what a place. The lights were soft and shaded and the whole room was a brilliant mass of colors and hearts. I am sure you could have watched most any kind, large or small, but I'm afraid that lots of people haven't any hearts, as there were so many left.

Say, did you know that in Cupid's land they eat such things as chicken salad, sandwiches, olives, coffee, ice cream, angel cake, nuts and such delicious foods? They do, sure enough, because they gave me some. At the Cupid's bed time—7:30—the doors to the heart were closed and they were closed again until Feb. 14, 1923.

A musical program consisting of several piano selections by Miss Edwina Day and a few numbers by the famous T. C. U. stringed quartet, composed of Morris Parker, Billy McBee, Lawton Edwards and E. G. Ohnsorg, concluded the events of the evening.

Mother—"I think it's wonderful to have a limousine lighted inside like that one of George's."
Innocent daughter—"That's funny, I never saw any lights."—Widow.

Latest Song Hits
RIALTO SONG SHOP
607-B Main St. Ft. Worth

Proper Idea of Sportsmanship

After reading numerous articles on sportsmanship and loyalty in connection with the followers of our mighty warriors, "the Horned Frogs," I was seized with a desire to bring to light certain things which we are not so sportsmanlike in. It is probably known to most of the students that T. C. U. has always had the name of being one of the most democratic of schools because of the relationship of one student to another. Everybody has always been everybody else's friend. In other words, it was just one great, big and lovely family. But today, I am sorry to say, that condition does not exist here.

Today the words jelly-bean, cad, etc., are used with wild abandon. Petty quarrels are always popping up. Instead of a great and lovable family, it is a wild, fighting mob. Even the sweet, quiet girl of a few years ago has changed to a loud-mouthed, painted creature; and the boys carry a stick along to see that she behaves. Is that a condition to be proud of? I hope not.

A young man of good character, working his way through school, and trying, under very adverse conditions, to get an education, gave up many hours of time that he needed badly, just to live up our school paper and help the worthy editor out of a rut. And what did he receive? A young upstart of a Freshman, seeking to gain notoriety and popularity, starts a mud-slinging column, headed Anti-Puge Shrapnel, and, with the wild abandon of a beginner in the art of newspaper writing, insults that boy. Then, again, one of the sweet young things from Jarvis Hall, in a column called Fant's Freshman Frivolities, tells the world that the writer of Puge's Pot Shots is not a gentleman, but a common cur that slams doors in young ladies' faces and retains his seat in crowded street cars while women stand. Now, anybody knows that stunts like these are incapable of coming from a T. C. U. student, and that they are merely wild ideas conjured from the flexible brain of a Freshman. And to think the students ran her for the cleverest girl in school!

I suppose I could recite forever just such stunts as these, but it is unnecessary, as the ones that do such tricks are old enough to realize that such high school capers are not fitting to college students. Let us drop all these petty mud-slinging contests, get into the harness together, and all pull for a better and greater T. C. U. Be free, be democratic, but be careful that your actions do not hurt others. Remember that the greatest actions are those not for yourself, but for others. Be a T. C. U. booster.

THE UNIFORMITY OF T. C. U. LIFE.

There is a oneness, a painful similarity about T. C. U. life, which at times becomes monotonous and unbearable. For days, weeks, and months the mechanical repetition of lifeless routine slowly but surely penetrates and deadens the physical and mental fiber of every professor and student. If you meet one of them on the walk between his quarters and the main building, in the dining hall, in the class room, in the library, there is something about his carriage—the expression of his face and the sound of his voice—which plainly says: "I have done this an infinite number of times; I shall do it tomorrow, the next day and the next to eternity."

Where this is not a matter of choice it is forced. For instance, the lights are turned out at 11 p. m., and one must either go to sleep or drive himself distracted by staring into the ominous blackness and silence that are massed between the four sides of his small square room.

We go to bed, and we get up with the regularity of country chickens. There is no escape from it. The institution and all of its departments are organized and governed on the assumption that each professor and student is the same in thought and action.

Walkers Big Dandy Bread

Made With Milk.
At Your Grocery

Defending Puge

While casually perusing the Freshman edition of the Skiff, my eye was caught by a series of articles entitled "Anti-Puge Shrapnel." As I am deeply interested in Mr. Cross, I took the time and trouble to carefully read these nonentities. I was somewhat taken aghast at the audacity of a Freshman to take the liberty of writing about Mr. Cross in such an acrimonious style.

It is not my intention to take up space in the Junior edition discussing and cussing him, as the Freshman did. But I feel that he should be defended against such caustic quips and calumnies dealt by a lower-classman.

Furthermore, I do not design to be cursory in my judgment against these insolent articles; but there is nothing I abhor more than a person ridiculing or mimicking in sport one's work, whereby he is fighting and striving to get an education.

To elucidate, I am referring to the article "How interesting, that coal pile." I am sorry indeed that all my readers, including the adroit Freshman that wrote these dastardly statements are not as well versed in the personal history of Mr. Cross as myself.

For general information I wish to advise that he is working his way through school at great odds, against barriers that few indeed would oppose. But he, in his great tenacity of purpose, is overpowering all these odds, including financial opposition, by working on the coal pile, and thereby is earning his way through college.

I ask you, in all sincerity of purpose, Mr. Freshman, do you think it is the act of a gentleman to bring such a matter as this in a public way?

If you were earning your way through college, would you not detest someone casting slurs at you because you had the high principle, the fight, the nerve, the ability and the efficiency to make your education the paramount issue at all costs?

I know it must be obnoxious to Mr. Cross to have remarks made about him on such a subject. It is obvious, Mr. Freshman, that through your abominable statements you have made yourself little in the eyes of a gentleman; but at the same time you have made alive a warm and keen admiration for Puge in the light of his fellow-students, by the fact that you have made known to them through your deceiving statements that he is a man in every sense of the word.

In closing, my advice to you is, criticize Bruce all you please in regard to any remarks he might make that are detrimental to you, but in your censure please don't, for the sake of your own integrity, disparage him on the grounds which I have mentioned above.

Nowadays when a man reaches for his hip pocket, you don't know whether it's a threat or a promise.—Pelican.

Baker Floral Co.

FLOWERS
Select From Thousands Instead of Dozens

FISCHER'S

POPULAR PRICE
LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS AND MILLINERY
Phone Lamar 4164 503 Houston Street Fort Worth, Texas

YES!
We Serve Eskimo Pie
Cold Drinks and Sandwiches

The Club Grocery
End of Car Line Opposite the Gym

Kangaroos Tuck Tail Homeward

In a fast, rough and comical game, T. C. U. again defeated the Austin College Kangaroos last Tuesday evening in the Frog gym by a score of 33 to 11. This game makes T. C. U. almost sure runner-up in the T. I. A. A.

The first half ended with the score 22 to 6 in favor of the home team. Coach Driver then substituted his Freshman five, and the fun started. Ziggy Sears said that refereeing that game was worse than refereeing five boxing matches at once. Finally, in the latter part of the game, he withdrew to the side line and let them go. The crowd was kept in a continual uproar over the antics of the diminutive Ready, who time after time was knocked to the floor, only to arise and mount them again.

Loovern was high point man with 12 points, followed closely by Carson, with nine, and Wilcox of Austin College with 9 points.

T. C. U.—	Fg.	Ft.	Pts.	Fls.
Loovern, forward	6	0	12	0
Ready, forward	2	4	8	3
Carson, forward	3	3	9	3
Largent, forward	0	0	0	4
Waller, forward	0	0	0	0
Cantrell, center	0	0	0	4
Adams, center	0	0	0	0
Meyers, guard	2	0	4	0
Burns, guard	0	0	0	0
Bishop, guard	0	0	0	2
Totals	13	7	33	16

Austin College—

We Take Pride in Our
T. C. U. Business
All Orders Are Promptly Filled
Gordon Boswell
FLORISTS

MAJESTIC
ONLY THEATRE PLAYING
PIC TIME VAUDEVILLE
Mat. 2:30 Nites 8:30

FRANK DOBSON
And His SIRENS
Harry B. Toomer
"Wife Saver"
Chick York and Rose King
present
"The Old Family Tintype"
Coscia and Verdi
The Violin and Cello Boys
Eddie Allen & Doris Canfield
in "Gimme the Makins"
Sansone and Delilia
"Just a Little Different"
DeWitt Young and Sister
"Black and White"
500 Good Seats Every Night,
25c, Including Tax

Wilcox, forward	3	3	9	1	Miller, guard	0	0	0	4
Utey, forward	1	0	2	0	Monzingo, guard	0	0	0	1
Stevens, forward	0	0	0	4	Vaughn, guard	0	0	0	2
Stewart, center	0	0	0	2					
Morgan, guard	0	0	0	4	Totals	4	3	11	18



The Burma Slipper

The Burma Slipper is a beautiful one-strap pattern, with dainty French heels. The most popular style in woman's slippers for spring, 1922. Note the attractive prices.

Silver Gray Suede	\$ 9.00
Brown Suede	9.00
Brown Kid, tan trimmings	9.00
Patent Colt Skin	11.00
Patent Colt Skin, red inlay	5.00
Black Glazed Kid, patent trimmings	9.00
Black Glazed Kid	8.50

These styles are from the foremost work shops of Philadelphia and New York, and are all bench-made slippers.

Washer Brothers



BABY LOUIS HEEL



BLACK SATIN PUMPS

\$5.50

A special purchase and sale of 200 pairs Skinner's Black Satin Pumps. Have single strap, turn soles and Baby Louis heels. For street and dress wear.

FLAT HEEL PUMPS

A new shipment of late style footwear received in low flat heels. Carries the New Springs Price, \$8.75, which is very moderate.

Patent Three-Buckle Strap Pump
Brown Three-Buckle Strap Pump
Black Satin Three-Button Strap Pump



MILLINERY

The best hats as usual are here, the price is right. We hold open house for you.

BOONE'S

604 Houston Street
Where Most Women Trade

Folly and Foolishness Among The College Fops

'Sap Supreme' To Exonerate

The Right Reverend Al Bud Nelson, chief bifsteck and hollyhock of his du-umvirate, will expositulate before a most August student body in T. C. U. during that summer month. His subject will be "What Man Has Done, What Man Is Doing, and What Man May Do." It is evident to those many who know Brother Bud that the subject chosen is comparatively limited to the wide knowledge and variant elocutionary powers of this adept artist of shooting the steam heat in a sultry, summer month. Brother Bud has instructed his private secretary to be very secretive about what he is going to say. However, our cowboy scoopman has roped and brought in these following data:

Brother Bud is going to air out, as it were, before the degenerated bone rollers and sidewalkers the two great Latinian brothers, Peter and Paul. Our scoopman knows nothing of these two men who have climbed the pinnacle of fame and spit into the utter depths of Sister Vesuvius, but in a most heroic way he has obtained the ideas of Brother Bud on these two eminent sections of the census, which may be put rather naively as follows:

"What Texas needs is more Neros, what Fort Worth needs is more population, and what T. C. U. needs is more Peters and Pauls."

We are decimating our fingernails in anticipation of this coming event, and we are sure that Brother Bud will have larger audiences and gather in much shekels. Song services will be led without. Watch for the official announcement and date of Brother Bud's engagement.

CONTEMPORANEOUS CONTEMPORANEOUS

Before
There are meters of accents
and Meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to meter alone.

After
There are letters of accent
And letters of tone,
But the best of all letters
Is to letter alone.
—Tartan" (Carnegie).

She—Have you ever played the game of love?
He—Just once, but I needed a shave and was disqualified for unnecessary roughness.—Record.
Oh, What is so rare as a day in June?
Oh, where can you find such bliss?
It's finding a girl at an dance some night
That you know has never been kissed.

By the number of articles and talks we have been receiving lately on jazz, it would seem that Professor Uniacke has been reading the magazine supplement of the Record.

K. K. K.
Many T. C. U. students journeyed to the city Thursday night to witness one of the greatest Ku Klux Klan parades ever held in the South. Five thousand members of the Klan, augmented by citizens of Dallas and other nearby cities, assembled in the old Y. M. C. A. park about nine o'clock and donning the regalia of that night band of old started their line of march. At the Union Depot the Klan divided and one line, headed by a flaming red cross, went up Main street; and another, headed by the white cross, went up Houston street. The ceremony was very impressive and not a sound was heard as the silent troopers passed by.

MY GIRL

Here I sit and think,
And wonder what I'm thinking.
'Cause don't you know
That when a man does think
He just naturally has to have
Something to think about.
It wouldn't be right
For anyone to think
And not think of something;
But when you agree
That we are thinking,
I wonder just exactly
What any old boy,
Who is a student in
This grand and glorious place
Of which we all love,
Could possibly be thinking of.
Now, of course, logic makes
You loose sleep and the like,
And math, causes figures to arise,
And even history is a mean subject,
And should call forth thinking;
But even these are petty things
And don't cause much thinking.
It ain't just natural
For anybody who is human
To sit and think at all,
Unless the wonderful thing
They think they are thinking about,
Is just a girl.

WOULD YOU?

The studio was in a hubub, the conversation sounded like the buzz of bees. It was broken now and then by loud and hilarious peals of laughter.

The young, beautiful artist turned from his work to see from whence came the loud outburst of laughter, banished from his mind the offending parties and resumed his work.

The artist was handsome. In the early twenties, a Byron type of youth. His art was well known. He could blend the rough colors into artistic shapes of beautiful women of the Venus variety. He was very highly opinionated over his skill, but he was still vainer in regard to his Sheikish aptitude in winning the heart of a woman through his kisses.

He glanced around the studio. He saw there women who had fallen under his charms. There were those he had played with as toys, and then discarded when their allurements were lost in those of another.

As his eyes roved over the room he noticed a woman of the most wonderful beauty and form. Her eyes were like lakes of diamonds flashing in the noonday sun; her mouth a thin ribbon of scarlet. Strong in the belief of his magic powers, he approached her. He knew that she would yield to his wishes. He must have her—she must act as he wished. It was exigent to his own welfare.

With the grace of an artist, he bowed to her, and politely said, "Would you?"

Before he could finish his interrogation, she interrupted him. She who knew of his fame, his dealing with women in the past, and his reputation.

"No, emphatically no!" she answered.

The artist cogitated. He could not imagine such a creature that would cut him off in such a manner. Then, with a beguiling, winning smile on his face, he said again:

"Won't you ever?"
The woman's eyes read his words before they were uttered, and, quick as a flash—
"No, never!" she cried.

He left her. Would she let such an opportunity as this pass by? He could not get his mind on his work—she must. He would ask her again.

Quietly he bent over her, and whispered in her ear: "Please, please, won't you, won't you—pose for me?"

"Delighted," was the reply. "Why didn't you say so at first?"

THE VAMPIRE

I love him, but does he love me?
Of that I am not sure,
But this much I can tell to thee:
I kissed him o'er and o'er.

I sipped sweet nectar from his lips,
And surely now I think
That such, imbibed in luscious sips
Is wine the gods should drink.

Question: What others share his kiss?
And gaze into his eyes?
Answer: "Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."
—"Pitt Panther."

OH!
It was a scene of romance and beauty. The pale crescent moon was casting its half-shaded, soft rays down upon a mundane summer night.

The two were seated on a small promontory jutting out over the crystal lake. They talked of many things—of the romantic atmosphere, of the low, rippling, shimmering water; the fragrance of the sweet-smelling pines, and the easy, gliding movements of Luna. Closer and closer they moved toward each other. Then they sat in silence for minutes that were lost in hours.

The moon was fast reaching its zenith in the heavens, when at last John spoke:
"Say, Jack, we better beat it back to camp. Have you another cigarette?"
"Will you let me—" said the student,
As he quickly doffed his cap,
But the maiden, with a right hook,
Handed him an awful slap;
And the student's face was crimson
As he stood before the lass,
But he finished out his sentence—
"Will you kindly let me pass?"
—College Humor.

THE RAVING

Apologies to Poe

(By Chas. L. Goeller)

It was with a vague foreboding, notwithstanding conscience's goading,

I alighted from the taxi, and went outward toward the door,

All upon a dark and sober sultry sober night of last October

When the sky was clouded over, and the winds in passing bore

Messages of 'woe eternal wafted from the Stygian shore,

As a warning, nothing more.

Filled with direst apprehension, filled with fears I dare not mention

I beheld my partner standing, standing at the ball-room door;

And I couldn't keep from staring at the costume she was wearing,

All the earth's supply of daring from that costume seem to pour,

Merely airy films and gauzes, some behind and some before,

Only this, and nothing more.

Then the mystic weird contortions of the dancer's upper portions

Drove the profs into a frenzy such as never seen before,

Till one of the foremost teachers cried with wrath on his features,

"O thou wild and willful creatures, cease this, cease this, I implore.

"If you do not cease this you will be compelled to leave the floor,
And be seen here nevermore."

Tired, at last my spirit wandered, and my inner being pondered,

Nauseated at each couple as it skittered o'er the floor,

At the skippings and the sliding, at the pushing and the gliding,

And my partner's soft confiding, telling that her feet were sore,

To be lifted nevermore.

Till I, with a sickly feeling sinking to my bosom's core

Felt like dancing nevermore.

L'Envoi
Now the function long has ended, but my social rank's descended,

Since the figure on my bank roll isn't what it was before;

And the mere idea of taking some vampire in the making

To this brand of social faking, is a thought I now abhor.

All my social ambitions now lie dead upon the floor

Classified Ads

WANTED—Elderly lady for house-keeping in a motherless home. Apply at Clark Hall.

WANTED—Sweet spirits of rubber stopper, that won't pop off. Arthur Lester.

TO SELL—Saxophone, trombone, violins, xolophone and three mandolins. Would consider trade, or would give away and also teach you how to play them. Apply at the Academy of Misapplied Arts, Third Floor, Clark Hall.

MADAME FANT—Specialist in all kinds of cosmetics, especially good powder; guaranteed not to come off, blow up or be affected by moisture—if applied six times a day.

WANTED—By Red Bradley: Want ads.

MEN—Don't kill your wives. Let me do the dirty work. Slim Fustell, agent.

WANTED—Nursing, by a good, "practical" nurse. Jim Cantrill.

FOR DETAILS concerning the new ideas of proper posture see J. Ed Weems before 7 o'clock for demonstration.

WANTED TO BUY—Cheap corn. Kent Grain Co.

I AM A SCIENTIST well versed in the habits, structure and functions of the fish. Dr. Scott.

WANTED to trade smiles with the only obstacle between me and my degree. Bill Spleen. Would also trade good fish hound.

WANTED—Personal liberty, fresh air, and the pursuit of "Happiness." The Jarvis Hall Gang.

WANTED—An experienced life mate. May be comparatively middle aged, but must be thoroughly reliable. Allene Rayl.

WANTED—By Bender, a picture frame.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Largent looking awake?

President Waits talking fast?

Honey getting up before 12 o'clock?

Lucile Massie not waking Bill Shirley?

Woodward eating a meal alone?

Briscoe flirting?

Fat Morrison in a pole-vaulting contest?

Holcomb whipping Dempsey?

Faskin talking in a bass voice?

Carson standing still in a basketball game?

McCartney being impolite?

Stevenson not phoning Louise Roy?

Ruth Wiggan frowning?

Lawton Edwards smiling?

Puge not being a good fellow?

Prof. Roberts with long, wavy locks?

Cherry saying, "I can't play ball?"

Bateman saying, "I can't hit 'em"?

Chappler with his hair combed?

Parker without his Day?

Dickerman not a "Jelly Bean"?

Blanton leading yells?

Carrie Jean Davis whispering?

Cantrill losing a pinochle game?

D. W. Robinson looking like a city chap?

Waller going to church?

Mr. Elliott in a poker game?

McBee singing bass?

Kent making chapel?

Fussell forgetting his laundry bills?

Ohnsorg without his Roan?

Jerome Moore flunking a course?

Ethel Kemp keeping still in English?

Getting a square meal in the cafeteria?

Mr. Elliott not removing Parker's and Bender's chairs?

Page without Ruth?

Ayres smoking?

Mr. Scott in bad humor?

Dean Hall not making announcements?

McConnell getting a pass to town?

Crowley not "gripping"?

Getting to swim in the gym at night?

Room 308 minus musical instruments?

Rab Ryan fasting?

Chile Mc not going out at night?

Dean Beard dressed like a tramp?

Bob Ferguson not wanting tobacco?

Helen Tucker not vamping somebody?

Jarvis Hall girls going to a dance?

No chapel?

Not going to church on Sunday?

Mr. McDiarmid passing his class in logic?

Ida Tobin not doing something for somebody?

Lena Shirley without Marjorie?

Mrs. Beckman letting the boys kiss the girls?

Giving a dance in the gym?

All night lights?

Arthur Hyde with his "cootie ga- rage" shaved off?

Prof. Hargett and Tucker playing leap-frog?

Parker getting his credits back?

Earl Dudney not with the ladies?

Mr. Spreen not hitting you on the back?

Cecil Carpenter at a socialist meeting?

Ernest Lowry not in a hurry?

Heinie Prinzing not saying "Dumb-bell"?

Puge Cross not a gentleman?

Very Niggardly.

Sam (to his wife at show): "Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm from aroun' yo waist."

Mandy: "Tell him yoself, he's a perfect stranga to me."

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