

Keep Smilin'

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THE SKIFF

VOLUME XX.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1922

NO. 21

Medical Missionary Loses Life in Second Attempt to Carry Gospel into Heathen Fastnesses of Dark Thibet

Rev. Dr. Albert Leroy Shelton, missionary of the Disciples of Christ, who was the first Christian missionary to be allowed to enter Thibet, and who was kidnaped and held by Chinese brigands sixty days, two years ago, was murdered by Chinese robbers Feb. 17, last, it was announced Saturday.

The announcement was made by the United Christian Missionary Society, which received a cablegram from the Rev. Dr. W. W. Hardy, also a medical missionary in China, which read:

"Robbers killed Shelton near Batang Feb. 17. Notify girls."

The girls referred to are Dr. Shelton's daughters, Dorothy, 17, and Dorris, 15, who are attending school in Pomona, Cal.

Rev. Dr. Shelton's headquarters were at Batang, near Thibet, and Rev. Dr. Hardy's cablegram was from Likiang, the nearest telegraph station, a fifty days' journey, and this, it was explained, is responsible for the delay in the news of the murder.

Although Thibet has not been open to missionaries, Rev. Dr. Shelton departed from Vancouver last August to open a hospital at Lhasa. He received a written invitation from the Dalai Lama, the supreme power of the Mohammedan church in the province, to establish the hospital, in recognition of his work among Thibetan soldiers.

The last word received from Dr. Shelton was when he was fifteen days' journey out of Batang, which he said he expected to reach Dec. 23. The theory of the missionary society here is that he reached Batang on schedule time. Lhasa is a 35-day trip by caravan from Batang, and it is not thought the time between Dec. 23 and Feb. 17 was sufficient to allow him to organize the caravan. Consequently it is believed he was killed while on a side trip alone administering to the sick.

The theory of his safe arrival in Batang is the fact that no one else is reported wounded. His wife did not accompany him to Batang, but went to Calcutta to obtain translations of the Scripture in the Thibetan tongue.

In his party were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Morse and their small child of Tulsa, Okla., and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Duncan of Buffalo, who were entering the mission field.

Robinson Takes First Honors in New Men's Clash

The Add-Ran Literary Society won the New Men's Oratorical Contest. The forensic clash was held Tuesday night in the main auditorium, with M. A. Buhler, president of the Oratorical Association, presiding.

Robinson of the Add-Rans, a freshman, was awarded first place with "Harding's Memorial Address."

Chestnut of the Shirleys won second place with the story containing the facts about Cuba before the Spanish-American war.

Stevenson won third place for the Add-Rans, delivering Patrick Henry's "liberty or death" speech.

The Add-Rans were also represented by Homer Strong. Other Shirley representatives were Jerome Moore and Homer Payne.

Varsity Alumnus Aspires to State Superintendency

Ed R. Bentley, an alumnus of Texas Christian University and superintendent of the McAllen public schools, opened his campaign for the office of state superintendent of public instruction, at Van Alstyne, Monday.

Mr. Bentley declared that inasmuch as he was now receiving at McAllen a salary far in excess of what he could hope to receive from the state office it was not for this consideration that he was making the race, but that he was "going to the people of Texas as a plain business and professional man, asking them to give me an opportunity to have a part in the educational leadership in my native state."

SOPHOMORES WINNERS IN INTRAMURAL GAMES; FRESHMEN IN THE SOUP

CLASS GAMES GIVE THRILLS AND SOME REAL CAGE STUFF

SOPHS BEAT JUNIOR-SENIOR FIVE.

Romping home easily to the tune of 23 to 5, the Soph basketball team, in a slow game, defeated the Junior-Senior aggregation Thursday of last week.

Probably the only high light of the contest was a near fisticuff battle between Boob Fowler and Page Cross during the early stages of the game.

Mormon's playing at guard for the Sophs was a feature. Incidentally, he scored three goals from the field also.

Estes, at center for the Sophs, fought hard all the way.

Camp, Soph forward, though crippled, played a good game.

The only leading light for the Junior-Senior club was little Bobby Badgett, who played a good floor game.

The game, on the whole, was very slow and not interesting.

Lineups.

Sophs—	
Cross, forward	9
Camp, forward	4
Estes, center	4
Mormon, guard	6
Mack, guard	0
Total	23
Junior-Seniors—	
McCorkle, forward	3
Badgett, forward	0
Fowler, center	0
McCorkle, guard	0
Prinzling, guard	2
Total	5

FISH LOSE TO UPPERS.

Overwhelmed by a volley of accurate goal shooting, with Freshmen on the tossing end, all looked black for the Junior-Senior basketball team for practically the entire period of time in the Junior-Senior vs. Frosh cage contest last Friday afternoon in the big T. C. U. gym.

Fighting heroically, the upper class aggregation overcame an 11-point lead and, just as the pistol shot reverberated from wall to wall of the gymnasium, denoting the end of a hectic battle, threw the inflated ball through the hoop for the winning point, turning defeat into victory by the score of 17 to 16.

Toad Stevenson is the hero of the hour. The score stood 15 to 14, with his team scrapping terrifically but seemingly in a losing battle. Two minutes to go and no score; one minute to go and still no goal; thirty seconds, ten seconds—would they ever get that ball to him? At last his chance came. He got his hands on the ball; it slipped, he nearly fell; and then, with a herculean effort, he recovered and arched the sphere from his position, which was far to one side of the court, high into the air and through the basket for the two points that won for the upper class gang just as the game ended.

Playing football rather than basketball and on the defensive most of the time by both teams is probably the reason for the low score.

Badgett was the high-point man for the winners.

Lineups.

Junior-Seniors—	
Beard, forward	0
Badgett, forward	6
Stevenson, forward	3
Fowler, center	2
McCorkle, guard	4
McCorkle, guard	2
Prinzling, guard	0
Total	17
Frosh—	
Stout, forward	6
Kennedy, forward	4
Jacks, center	0
Weldon, guard	0
Ayers, guard	0
Total	16

SOPHS DEFEAT FRESHMEN.

Playing a pretty defensive game from start to finish, the Sophomore quintet mounted the Freshman five in a basketball game Wednesday of last week by a score of 18 to 10.

(Continued on Page Three)

FROG DEBATERS SPLIT FIFTY-FIFTY IN ANNUAL TRIANGULAR DISPUTE

AFFIRMATIVE WINS AND NEGATIVE LOSSES, FRIDAY EVENING

The annual triangular debate between T. C. U., Trinity and Southwestern was a fifty-fifty affair for the Horned Frogs. The debate was held Friday night. The subject was, "Resolved that the Kansas Industrial Court plan for settling industrial disputes should be adopted throughout the United States, the constitutionality admitted."

Defending the affirmative side on the home platform, M. A. Buhler and Al Nelson won the decision for T. C. U. over Trinity, while down at Georgetown, Henry Fassell and Pete Fulcher, debating against the Pirates, fared worse, getting the small end of a two-to-one decision.

In the triangular, the school winning both sides of the argument is the winner. It has not been learned here yet which school accomplished the feat.

Other debates are coming. The Frogs will meet the Haymakers from Phillips University soon. Then on March 24 comes the crowning forensic event of the year, when a team from the University of Southern California will argue with local debaters here. The preliminary for this tilt is set for Wednesday night. Everyone connected with the University has an urgent invitation to come out and give the fellows encouragement.

Mayor Cockrell Discusses Hobby, "City Problems"

Mayor E. R. Cockrell, former head of the department of law and political science of T. C. U., was the principal speaker on the chapel program, Friday.

Mayor Cockrell spoke on what he termed his hobby, "City Problems." He outlined his program for a greater Fort Worth, declaring that the city can never achieve her ambition as long as she remains divided. He said that those suburbs which are fighting annexation are not planning in terms of the future but are providing for only a few months ahead. The mayor cited Los Angeles as an example of a united city that is accomplishing wonders.

Dr. Cockrell is rated as a prime friend of T. C. U. and is always more than welcome here. He is an alumnus of T. C. U., Columbia, and Oxford, but he declares that his heart will always be with the first of the trio.

MINISTERIAL STUDENT AT NEW YORK CONFERENCE

J. Arthur Lester, ministerial student and president of the North Texas conference of student volunteers, has just returned from New York City, where he went as a delegate to the national assembly of volunteers.

Faculty to See Selves As Others See Them, Friday

The faculty will be taken off Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Hold on, Don't cheer yet. That doesn't mean that the dear profs will be spirited away. Oh, no. Couldn't think of lesing them just before exams.

A take-off, dear uninitiated, is nothing more nor less than a burlesque show, and in this instance the faculty gets burlesqued.

So. For emphasis it is repeated that the faculty will be taken off Friday night. Bold students will endeavor to make it easy for the faculty members to see themselves as others see them.

The faculty take-off is an annual affair sponsored by the Senior Class for the benefit of the Horned Frogs fund.

It'll be a scream. Don't miss it.

HALF-AND-HALF SERIES WITH MUSTANGS CLOSES FROGS' BASKET SEASON

LETTERS ARE AWARDED BY ATHLETIC COUNCIL TO TEN MEN

The Horned Frogs divided a two-game series with the Southern Methodist University Mustangs last week, making it a total of three out of four in favor of the Dallas club.

The first game, played on the local floor, was one of the best ever seen here. With Adams, Frog freshman, guarding Jimmy Kitts, Methodist phenomenon, in an airtight manner and Captain "Dutch" Meyer playing a strong offensive the locals came out of the tilt with the big end of a 15 to 11 score. The game was full of thrills and goal-woops looped from all sorts of difficult angles.

On their own court the following night the Mustangs came back strong and defeated the Frogs to the tune of 24 to 16, due to the Christian's inability to get away to a good start. Only two points were chalked up for the locals in the first half, but they staged a rally and clearly outplayed their opponents in the latter period.

This series ended the cage season for the Horned Frogs. Withal, it was a successful season. Out of a total of fourteen games played, the Christian aggregation won ten—and they did it with a team no two of which had ever played together before. T. C. U. finished third in the T. I. A. A. conference.

The standing of the twelve teams competing in the T. I. A. A. basketball season, follows:

College—

W. L. Pct.	
N. T. Nor., Denton	10 0 1.000
Southwestern	8 2 .800
T. C. U.	10 4 .714
Simmons	7 3 .700
S. M. U.	5 3 .625
E. T. Normal, Com.	1 3 .250
Austin	1 5 .197
S. W. Normal, S. Mar.	1 7 .125
Trinity	1 7 .125
Howard Payne	0 4 .000
N. W. T. Nor., Canyon	0 2 .000
Rice Institute	0 2 .000

Letters Are Awarded

At a meeting of the T. C. U. Athletic Council Saturday, the following men were awarded letters in basket ball: L. R. "Dutch" Meyer captain, Waco; James Cantrell, Alton, Ill.; M. W. "Canuck" Bishop Fort Worth; G. A. "Froggy" Loovern, Stamford; Roy Largent, Merkle; Walter Ready, Strawn; Homer Adams, Ozona; C. A. Waller, Booker, Okla.; C. B. "Kit" Carson, San Angelo, and Wesley Beard, Eastland, manager's letter.

Young Men Score Decided Success in "Y" Program

With Freeman Heath presiding, Lawrence D. Andrews at the piano, and Arthur Lester leading the songs, the Young Men's Christian Association scored a decided success in the Sunday evening service in Bible chapel.

The program was entirely in the hands of the young men of the association, and the speeches were delivered in the form of an acrostic built on the letters in the word "Christ." Following is the program:

Song.

Devotional, Matt. 25:34-46, Bill Sherley.

Invocation, Edwin A. Elliott.

"C," Charity, Barney Briscoe.

"H," Happiness, Alfred McAfee.

"R," Righteousness, Elmer Smith.

"I," Interest, "Dutch" Meyer.

"S," Service, "Cowboy" Ogan.

"T," Truthfulness, Heinie Prinzling.

The talks were interspersed with lively singing led by Mr. Lester, and Duane Howard sang a solo.

The benediction was pronounced by Mr. Heath, who is building secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and who was chief engineer of the evening's program.

The young men who spoke deserve a great deal of credit for the uplifting and entertaining manner in which they handled their various subjects, and the many who heard the program were loud in their praise.

FORT WORTH EXES FORM T. C. U. CLUB AND ELECT MARTIN AS PRESIDENT

MORE THAN TWENTY FORMER STUDENTS MEET AT FIRST SUMMONS

Local T. C. U. Club No. 2. Friday evening at 8 p. m. a Fort Worth T. C. U. Club was formed in the biology lecture room, Main Building. The officers elected were Mr. Jesse Martin, president; Mrs. C. A. Stephens (Vier Allison), vice president, and Mrs. Edwin Elliott (Ora Leveridge), secretary-treasurer.

There was much pep and enthusiasm in evidence at this meeting, when most everyone present told something of what they are doing and what their dream is for the club. This is Club No. 2, Breckinridge being No. 1. Plans are being made for the organization of many other such clubs over the State, where there are as many as 10 or 12 former students of this institution.

The officers were instructed to arrange a program and draw up an outline of the general policy and plan of procedure for the club, both to be presented at a meeting in the near future, the exact date to be announced later, and it is hoped that every former student who lives in Fort Worth will attend the next meeting.

The following former students were present at this first meeting: Dr. R. H. Gough, Miss Nell Andrew, Mr. and Mrs. Butler S. Smiser, Mrs. E. P. Alexander, Mrs. Edwin Elliott, Mrs. H. C. Wallenberg (Venice Luse), Jesse Martin, Willis McGregor, Mrs. C. A. Stephens, Mrs. R. Fox (Margaret Kennedy), Raymond Fox, Ruth Kennedy, May Bettie Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Needham, Mayor and Mrs. E. R. Cockrell, Mrs. Colby D. Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Williams.

Bible Class Will Stage Minstrel of Anti-Gloom Type

Othontes. What does it mean? Greek to you, you say? That's just what it is—Greek. No matter what it means. It is sufficient that it stands for a Sunday School class of live wire young men and young women who are planning to put over a real program for T. C. U. Prof. Warren E. Gettys is teacher of the class, and, take it from anyone who's ever been in one of its meetings, he's an honest-to-goodness teacher.

Othontes has an attendance of from seventy-five to a hundred every Sunday morning in the Shirley-Walton hall.

The class is laying plans for staging in the near future one of the most stupendous blackface minstrels ever seen in Fort Worth—a show that will make Neil O'Brien and Al Fields turn green with envy. The best talent of the school will be commanded by the committee in charge of arrangements. In fact, about thirty people have already been selected as a nucleus for the great company of fun-makers.

Every imaginable novelty will be introduced to spice the program, it is announced. The best end men, the best clog dancers, the best banjo pickers, the best singers, the best everything will be arrayed in the campaign against gloom.

No date for the minstrel has been decided upon, but all are advised to watch for the announcement, as none can afford to go to sleep and let pass the opportunity to see the biggest hit of the season.

PROF. RICHARDS ANNOUNCES RESIGNATION FROM FACULTY

Prof. J. K. Richards, for several years professor of modern languages in T. C. U., has announced his resignation from the faculty, to take effect at the close of the present school year. Mr. Richards is an accomplished linguist, having received his education in both French and American universities. He has not yet announced his plans for next year.

"Are you trying to make a fool of me?" he cried.

"I never interfere with Nature," replied the girl with the painted cheeks and penciled eyebrows.

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NARROWED DOWN.

What is flippier than a flapper?

"Work Succeeds Hays in Cabinet," headlines the headliner. In south, a worthy successor for any Cabinet resigned.

Queens We've Known or Read About. — of Sheba.

Laundry — of hearts.

Campus — of the May.

Another argument for co-education is that springtime comes at least once a year.

Mary Had a little cough, And but a single lung, And everywhere that Mary went Tubercle bugs she flung.

All work and no pay makes jack a commodity very much to be desired. Ye editor knows.

There is only one road to happiness, but it is a sure one, paved with unselfish deeds, with the tombstones of martyrs for milestones.

Little Eva may have degenerated into a moonshiner, but her old friends like to hang around her still.

These prohibition jokes are so dry.

Furthermore, we are convinced that the English language is an excellent vehicle for expression, because, although one can hear the lion in his den, Leo has the privilege of escaping by a close shave.

Then, again, you can "put on" a show or "pull off" a show with exactly the same amount of effort and the same effect.

The Radiopost

Declaring "this wireless business has got to stop," E. C. Beck of Chillicothe, Ill., said that he had not been able to sleep for two weeks because of hearing voices and music in the air and because of shocks he gets when he tries to sleep at night.

One night he said he awakened as in the grasp of a phantom and a crackling noise greeted him. He says music, lectures, market reports and voices break the silence of his bedroom each night and he blames it all on a huge radio-telephone sending set at Bradley college. Beck has no radio receiving set, but radio operators say his bed springs, an ideal wireless aerial, may attract the signals.

HAVE THEY DIED IN VAIN?

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

The brotherhood of the Disciples of Christ is stunned by the announcement of the tragic death of Dr. A. L. Shelton, missionary to Tibet, who was killed by bandits, Feb. 17. He died as he had lived, ministering to the afflicted heathen, suffering that others might have the light of life.

The pages of Christian history are written in the blood of such martyrs as Dr. Shelton. From the very beginning of the Church, men have laid down their lives for the triumph of a cause which they have believed to be the power of salvation for the world.

Have they died in vain? Does their supreme sacrifice mean nothing to our hide-bound theologians who are more concerned over the authenticity of the Jonah-and-the-fish story than they are for the practical ability of the principles given by the carpenter of Nazareth? What was the great, dynamic, impelling force that spurred Dr. Shelton on to such heroic attempts to penetrate benighted Tibet? Was it his belief in the Genesis account of the creation, or was it his faith in the Christ's outline of life, tempered with an overpowering love for humanity? Surely it was the latter motive. Men like Dr. Shelton submerge dogma and theology in favor of the true religion, service.

May the God of Hosts raise up more men like Dr. Shelton, two-fisted men who will keep their feet on the ground and their hearts atone to the vibrant plea of the Savior, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

DRUGGING A NATIONAL CONSCIENCE

Is the road to "normalcy" to be paved with tar and feathers? Shall we admit that we have failed in the matter of self-government and turn law and order over to organizations that are in their very inception lawless?

We have been watching with growing concern and trepidation the rise of the secret order known as the Ku Klux Klan. Its editor is a Southerner. His forbears wore the gray through the inter-sectional conflict of '61 to '65. Therefore everything that was dear to them is sacred in his memory. The Ku Klux Klan of reconstruction days was one of these. There was an excuse for such an organization then, and it served a noble purpose. The South had no other redress against carpet bag domination. All honor to those klansmen who checkmated unscrupulous greed and protected the fair womanhood of the Southland from the perils of a newly-freed race!

Be that as it may, we fail to identify that organization with the present-day group which dignifies its ranks with the same name, disguises itself with the same costumes, and follows the same fiery cross. We cannot understand how an organization can stand for law and order when it is unlawfully banded together, when it denies the first principle of good government, namely the right of trial by jury. When we go to the polls and vote for a regularly constituted authority, we consider it an insult for a mob of masked men to take that authority into their own hands. When the law says that our fellow citizen shall be tried before twelve good men and true, soberly chosen and sound, we are wrathful if that fellow citizen of ours is whisked away and given a coat of tar and feathers, even if he is our worst enemy and the "law-abiding citizens" are our best friends. There is nothing fair or just about the whole procedure, and you can't make us believe that there is.

To us it means the decay of a national conscience. It means that we are confessing our weakness even while professing such strength. We are not willing to pay the price of good government, so we take the easiest way—the way of masks and tar and feathers. We need to wake up to our everyday duty. Hercules couldn't kill the Hydra by merely cutting off the heads—he was forced to go to the root of the matter. Let us not deceive ourselves into the belief that we are curing the disease by taking care of the open sores. Somewhere behind it all is a germ; and, if we are not mistaken, that germ is Ignorance.

Verily, the issues of life are still out of the heart, and the old world will never be won by a policy of terrorism.

FACULTY FORUM

T. C. U. AND THE CITY.

By Prof. W. E. Bryson

When students from town tell me that they find it hard to write themes because they don't see much of college life, and when I find some of our citizens, when I tell them that I live at T. C. U., vaguely wondering whether I live at T. W. C. or out on Seminary Hill, I am inclined to believe that T. C. U. has not yet found its rightful place in the city of Fort Worth.

There can be no doubt of the value of Fort Worth and T. C. U. to each other. As a college, T. C. U. fosters learning and culture, and is therefore vital to the spiritual development of the city. T. C. U. is a center of clean, wholesome sport. T. C. U. is of distinct commercial value to the city. The members of a college spend with the merchants of a city money which, in many instances, has not been earned in the city, but which is brought to the city from all parts of the state.

The city, on the other hand, contributes very directly to the prosperity of the college. Many of our best students come to us from the Fort Worth high schools. The citizens of Fort Worth attend our lectures and help to support our athletics. The merchants of Fort Worth advertise in our publications. The newspapers give valuable space to accounts of our activities.

And yet this co-operation can go so much further that I don't know that I can make better use of this valuable space than to offer a few very brief and practical suggestions in this direction.

1. We can make T. C. U. better known by advertising more. When we make casual acquaintances in our own, let's remind people that we are T. C. U. men and women. The newspapers are glad to give space to T. C. U. news. Let us, then, faculty members and students, make a point of seeing that the newspapers get accounts of the many really interesting things that happen at T. C. U.

2. We can help T. C. U. by making every effort to make our town students feel that they are as important a part of the college as he students who live in the dormitories. Often we may be able to arrange our social meetings with reference to their convenience.

3. We can help T. C. U. by making every stranger heartily welcome, by never showing him casual courtesies, but by showing him that every person who comes upon the campus is considered an honored guest.

4. We can help T. C. U. by getting acquainted with the patrons of the school who live in the city. Why not have, in the spring, a great fete or festival in honor of our friends in the city? Why not ask especially the parents and friends of the students to come and spend the day with us? For one day T. C. U. would be theirs. On that day we would neglect our own chums and comrades, if necessary, and devote ourselves to giving these guests, old and young, a memorable time. A picnic lunch could be arranged. The afternoon could be given to sports and stunts, all arranged ahead. The early evening could be devoted to speeches, songs, general good fellowship. Perhaps a beautiful outdoor play, could be given—a play to be long remembered for its beauty and distinction. The program would need to be arranged weeks ahead. Everything ought to be so carefully provided for that each guest would realize that we had made careful preparation for his coming. Every student would need to help, and so would every member of the faculty. This sounds like a big thing to do, but it could be done.

May the day come when every citizen of Fort Worth will know T. C. U. and love her as we think she deserves to be loved.

CLARK MEETING.

Monday evening the Clarks met as usual in the Add-Ran-Clark Hall. A short program on the Life of Washington as a man and as a soldier was given by Maynette Moffet and Dorothy Reed.

After the program the election of officers for the remainder of the year was held. The following girls were elected:

President, Fanny Mae Wiseman; vice president, Dorothy Reed; treasurer, Jewel Roan; press reporter and critic, Elizabeth Kinder.

DR. T. M. HALL DENTIST

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PUGE'S POT SHOTS

Well, I see as how that we are going to have another bunch of those infernal examinations. I guess that yours truly and several others of the old gang will have to start burning the midnight oil instead of the gas. Such is life, damn the back!

It seems that every one of these profs is trying to flunk a crowd of us. On the other hand, we are trying to fool them and slide by with a passing grade. Nothing but a battle of wits, I call it. And, doggone me, I'm a pacifist and don't believe in battles of any form.

You know, there is something about S. M. U. that I can't quite understand. There are a goodly number of fine fellows over there, but there are several other humans (I suppose that they are human of a species not good, and also hard to define, there, too.

During the last T. C. U.-S. M. U. basket ball game in Dallas was the first time in my young life that I ever heard a crowd of so-called college students has a visiting team, especially when that visiting team was holding down the little end of the score all the way and playing a clean game every minute of the time.

Another little thing which caused me surprise was the fact that a sorry-appearing individual of the jelly-bean type chased around the gym floor after the game and all the T. C. U. gang but me had left, shouting loudly that he was hunting a certain T. C. U. boy to whip, all the while he was waving a club in the air.

Speaking of jelly-beans brings back a little incident to me that has caused much merriment among some of the Clark Hall gang. The hack drivers of Fort Worth are a terrible bunch—that is, some of them are. I borrowed Red Bradley's derby not long ago and wore it to town. I was passing a gang of their roughneck taxicab engineers standing on a corner talking politics or women, I dunno which, when one of um hollers, "Hello there, you sweet little thing."

I got so all fired rattled that I didn't know whether to thank him or just bow sweetly and then run. I felt so flattered that I had to go back and compliment him on his

good taste. And damn my soul if I didn't get all mixed up and inject a gang of swas words into my bit of palaver, and now they are all mad at me and won't speak to me. It was the first time that anybody ever told me that I was sweet, and then I had to go and spoil it all.

I was supposed to have a date with a certain little old girl later in the afternoon. I met her downtown and when she saw me she ran off up the street and left me holding the sack.

I went on down the street and a couple of newsboys got to whistling at me and going like little birds. One fellow tipped his hat to me. Never no more will I be wearing one of these here derbys; the common people can't appreciate beauty, anyway.

Funny how these lowly sophomores always seem to get the best of that wonderful freshman class. The sophs beat the fish during the football season, and now they went and run under them in basket ball.

Yuh, know, I've heard lotta argument about what kind of eyes and hair a beautiful woman should have. I've heard some fellows rave hilariously about red hair and green optics, and I've heard others hollering about blonde tresses and grey peepers, and so on down the line.

But it is all tommyrot. It is not the color of the hair nor eyes; it is the way that she treats you that counts. I used to be absolutely insane over blue eyes and black hair, but now it's brown eyes and auburn locks. Yeh, and it depends a lot on how those hair and them eyes is handled, too. I've seen other fellows change, also.

This here freshman class president Adams, pulled the best on of the season not long past. There

was a gang going to Dallas, and Coach Driver gave each fellow a round-trip ticket on the interurban. The conductor on the car takes Adams' ticket and hands him back the Dallas to Fort Worth part, and this here Adams goes and has a brainstorm and throws it away. He don't seem to know what it is all about. As Bobby Stow says, he musta thought it was a rain check.

Pat: "I saw a funny thing today. I saw a big turkey going down the street without a feather on him, yet it was full of dressing."

Mike: "That's nothing! I saw a sewing machine running down the street without a stitch on."

Teacher: "John, what expression is used more in the schoolroom than any other?"

John: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Correct."

Ed: "Say, you'll have to paint that flivver red."

Bill: "What's the idea?"

Ed: "The law says all cans containing gasoline must be red."—Ex.

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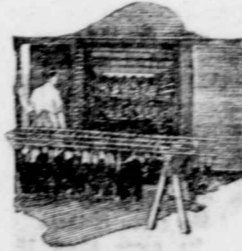
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Ordinary japan consists of a tough, rubbery, tar-like "base" and a highly inflammable "solvent." The solvent dilutes the base so that the metal may be coated with it easily. The presence of the solvent involves considerable fire risk, especially in the baking oven.

Milk is a watery fluid containing suspended particles of butter fat, so small that one needs the ultra-microscope to detect them. An insoluble substance held permanently in suspension in a liquid in this manner is in "colloidal suspension."

The principle of colloidal suspension as demonstrated in milk was applied by the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to develop Water Japan. In this compound the particles of japan base are colloiddally suspended in water. The fire risk vanishes.

So the analysis of milk has pointed the way to a safe japan. Again Nature serves industry.

Connected with the common things around us are many principles which may be applied to the uses of industry with revolutionary results. As Hamlet said, "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

General Electric Company

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New York University Coach Hands Professional Football a Wallop; Says It Tends to Convert Player Into Bum

New York, March 4.—Professional football is the most demoralizing of sports, just as non-professional football is one of the best, according to Tom Thorp, gridiron coach at New York University. Thorp, widely known as a sporting writer, probably is even more widely known as a football referee and umpire, having officiated at different times in all of the football classics of the country. In his student days when he played at Columbia, he was ranked as an all-American line-man.

"I think I can safely claim to know football from all angles," said Thorp today, "and it is my judgment that professional football will never be widely popular in America, where college football has such a multitude of followers."

Played It Himself.

"And professional football does not deserve to be popular. What makes me of that opinion? Well, I will reveal a dark page in my past and admit that I once played professional football for a short time. It was long ago, just after I was graduated, and I think it is only due to myself to say that I quickly saw the error of my ways and reformed."

"One season of professional football was enough for me. What I saw then, and what I have seen since, has strengthened that opinion, convinced me that professional football is the most demoralizing of sports from the standpoint of the players themselves. To use a slang expression, professional football tends to make a bum of a player."

"The reason is plain enough. A college player who has made a great reputation in school as a gridiron hero and is induced to play professional football has a month, or, at least, two months, ahead of him each year when his services will be in demand. If he takes that month or two months for football it means that he can not occupy himself with any regular business or employment, for a young man in business can not afford to be away from it a month or two each fall."

Game Becomes "Profession."

"The result is that the player makes football his real occupation and loaf through the rest of the year or takes up stop-gap jobs that lead nowhere and can be dropped when the football season comes around."

"A few years of that and the man's football days are over and he has acquired nothing except habits of idleness and shiftlessness that probably have ruined him for a useful career."

"That is considering professional football from the standpoint of the player only. I do not believe the professional game will ever become popular with the public either, because the public has come to look upon football as a purely college sport."

WHAT THE EXCHANGES TELL.

Hunter College, New York.
Hunter College recently celebrated her fifty-second anniversary. Her student body numbers 1,200.

Simmons College.
Girls of Simmons College are going in for athletics, even as the girls of other Texas colleges. They will join the Girls' Intercollegiate Athletic Association, says the Brand.

University of Arkansas.
Arkansas U. is making elaborate preparations for the celebration of her fiftieth anniversary, June 10-14. Her annual for the year will be called the "Golden Razorback." Arkansas has a "twenty-one-day law" which prohibits all social activities for three weeks just preceding final examinations.

Southern Methodist University.
As a parting gift to their alma mater, the seniors of 1922 will erect two stone columns at the entrance of the campus, each column to be surmounted with a light.

Colorado College.
A new gymnasium will be erected at Boulder at a cost of \$430,000. The new building will be built of Lyons stone obtained from the university's own quarries.

If you drink enough moonshine you won't see the sunshine.

Marvin Brown goes into a crowded barber shop to get a shave: "Barber, how long will I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber, (after looking closely at Marvin's face): "Oh, about 25 years."

Former Students Off for Extended Sojourn Abroad

Sunday, Feb. 26, Miss Sybil Black, 2224 Harrison Avenue, who took her B. A. in June, 1920, left Fort Worth on the Texas Special, starting a six months' tour abroad. At Denison she was joined by Miss Lorraine Sherley of the class of 1923. They will visit relatives and friends in Chicago, Indianapolis and New York City before sailing with the Dunning party aboard the Arabic March 8. Their itinerary is as follows:

March 8, leave New York; March 16, Madeira; March 19, Gibraltar; March 21, Algiers, Algeria; March 23, Monaco, Monaco; March 24, Genoa, Italy; March 25, Naples; March 28, Athens, Greece; March 30, Alexandria, Egypt; March 30-April 3, Cairo, Egypt; April 4, 5, 6, Luxor, Egypt; April 7, Cairo, Egypt; April 9-16, Jerusalem, Palestine; April 17, to Naples; April 18, Mount Ebal and Mount Gerazim; April 19, Haifa, Mount Carmel; April 20, Nazareth; April 21, Tiberias, Sea of Galilee, Capernaum; April 22, Semak and Damascus; April 23, 24, Damascus; April 25, Baalbek; April 26, Beirut; April 29, 30, Cairo, Egypt; May 1, Alexandria, Egypt; May 6-9, Naples, Italy; May 10-16, Rome, Italy; May 17, Assisi and Perugia, Italy; May 18-19, Florence; May 21-22, Venice; May 23, Innsbruck, Austria; May 25, Oberammergau; May 26, Bavarian Castles; May 28, Lucerne, Switzerland; May 30, Interlaken; June 1-7, Paris, France; June 7, Strasbourg, Germany; June 8, Heidelberg, Germany; June 9, the Rhine by steamer; June 11-12, Amsterdam, Netherlands; June 13, Haarlem and Leiden; June 14-16, The Hague; June 16, Antwerp; June 17-18, Brussels, Belgium; June 20, London, England; June 21-27, London, England; June 28, Oxford. Also Norway, Denmark and Sweden.

At Oberammergau the travelers will see the world-famous Passion Play.

SOPHOMORES WINNERS IN INTRAMURAL GAMES; FRESHMEN IN THE SOUP

(Continued from Page 1)
The game was close all the way, and was fraught with thrills and quite a bit of bloodshed, viz.: Jacks' nose and Puge's mouth.

Mormon, at guard for the Sophomores, loomed as a man of varsity caliber. He played a great floor game and an even greater defensive game. It was his work, ably assisted by Soph guard, Mack, and the Sophs' giant center, Estes, that smashed the dope and made it possible for the unheralded Soph club to defeat the highly-touted Frosh aggregation.

At forward, Camp of the Sophs put up a wonderful game. Fighting hard, playing a floor game, and on the defensive most of the time, he would shift to the offensive, which eventually each time made it possible for a Soph score.

Jacks, Freshman center, looked best for that team. He was in the fight every minute.

Stout at forward was the only other Freshman light.

Lineups.	
Sophs—	
Cross, forward	14
Camp, forward	2
Estes, center	0
Mormon, guard	2
Mack, guard	0
Total	18
Frosh—	
Stout, forward	4
Kennedy, forward	4
Jacks, center	2
Horton, guard	0
Harbord, guard	0
Total	10
Subs, Cherry and Ayers; referee, Meyer; umpire, Cantrell.	

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ADD-RAN-CLARK - SPICE BOX - K

At the regular weekly meeting of the Add-Ran Literary Society on last Wednesday evening, fifteen new members were taken in.

Many were the moanings thereof when each candidate, with a hood-wink over his eyes, toop the trip of life across the hot sands of the desert. A great spirit of initiative was shown by the old men in adding new effects to the ceremony in the form of two-by-fours that looked somewhat like young houses.

The new men showed a physical integrity par excellence. Strange to say, there was no one hurt, showing that the Add-Rans made a good selection of the new material.

After the pledges had shown their continued desires to become members of the society by suffering the intimidations meted out to them, a banquet was tendered them. Lots of good eats consisting of sandwiches, apples, oranges, pickles and what nots, were enjoyed alike by new and old, chewing gum (Wrigley's Pride) and cigars (the best hand-made have-another) were passed to help the digestion. Being as we have had two initiations this year, we have enjoyed twice the inhalation of the aroma of cigars.

A general get-together meeting was made interesting by talks from every man present. Forecasts of great work to be continued throughout this year and next were the themes of most of the speeches.

Henry (Gulliver) Fussell entertained all by an interesting discourse of his long and varied travels. He put Dr. Lord in the shade in the matter of the number of voyages to his credit. No one doubted the veracity of his statements, strange to say. Most of us went under, however, when he said that he traveled 3500 miles for the meager sum of forty cents. "Slim" rode the pullman most of the way, but he didn't have porter service or mattresses on his beds. Talks like these are interesting, and if any other member can draw upon his originality in any way, it is his duty to notify the chairman of the program committee.

The Add-Ran quartet sang several melodies to the enjoyment of all.

A few items of business were attended to and the meeting adjourned. Every one left with an added interest and the motto on their lips, "Instead of knocking the other fellow down, knock yourself ahead."

The attention of every Add-Ran is called to the fact that the meeting on next Wednesday will be the last one this term. Officers will be elected for the ensuing term and it is desired to have every member present. Remember, Wednesday, March seventh, at seven-thirty.

The Add-Ran-Clark Literary societies desire to thank Messrs. Robinson, Strong and Stevenson for their great work in winning the New Men's Contest. This is only one of many honors gained by the Add-Rans this year. Things like this are only possible when every member does his duty. There are other contests this year, Add-Rans, so pep up.

Porter Crowell: "She promised to marry me."

Foglen: "Your own fault, you shouldn't have asked foolish question."—Ex.

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McKinney Woman Writes in Honor of "Mother" Ross

The subjoined stanzas were written in honor of "Mother" Ross by Mrs. Clifford Weaver of McKinney. The occasion was a birthday party tendered by Mrs. Arthur A. Everts of Dallas in honor of the good woman's seventieth birthday. "Mother" Ross was the guest of the University recently for two weeks.

THE SEPTUAGENARIAN.
Mother Ross has a birthday! Well, what would folk say
If such a thing happened without a bouquet?
We've heard you are seventy. Seventy this spring—
Years seem in your case not to matter a thing.

So here's a nosegay, nosegay dearest,
Made from flowers of your planting, rarest.
We've plucked them all fragrant and kissed with the dew
From Our Hearts Garden! They were planted by you!

Roses of love and forget-me-nots sweet,
And green leaves of laurel for fame so discreet;
Then twined "for remembrance—a bit of rosemary"—
"Pansies for thoughts"—our dear septuagenary!

Love bless thee, Joy crown thee;
God speed thy career.
Oft come back to Texas—
We all love you here!

MY MEMORY ROOM.
The House of Dreams in which I live
Has airy rooms and high;
It's builded on a quiet court
Where birds come calling by.

It has a great old-fashioned stair,
A hall where shadows woo,
But best of all is my Memory Room
Where I live with thoughts of you.

The thoughts are robed in brilliant hue,
Radiant companions they.
Thy voice I hear—'tis a vesper song,
But it warms and cheers my day.

Incense you left! What a heritage!
There you bowed in prayer at night.
I close the door! Though clouds hang dark
I can sing "My sky is bright."

Ah! My Memory Room has furnishings
All set with jewels rare,
Many of them—the hours with you,
Godmother with silver hair.

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Where Most Women Trade

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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NARROWED DOWN.

What is flipper than a flapper?

Work Succeeds Hays in Cabinet. headlines the headliner. In sooth, a worthy successor for any Cabinet resignee!

Queens We've Known or Read About. of Sheba.

Laundry of hearts. Campus of the May.

Another argument for co-education is that springtime comes at least once a year.

Mary Had a cough, And but a single lung, And everywhere that Mary went Tubercle bugs she flung.

All work and no pay makes jack a commodity very much to be desired. Ye editor knows.

There is only one road to happiness, but it is a sure one, paved with unselfish deeds, with the tombstones of martyrs for milestones.

Little Eva may have degenerated into a moonshiner, but her old friends like to hang around her still.

These prohibition jokes are so dry.

Furthermore, we are convinced that the English language is an excellent vehicle for expression, because, although one can hear the lion in his den, Leo has the privilege of escaping by a close shave.

Then, again, you can "put on" a show or "pull off" a show with exactly the same amount of effort and the same effect.

The Radiopost: Declaring "this wireless business has got to stop," E. C. Beck of Chillicothe, Ill., said that he had not been able to sleep for two weeks because of hearing voices and music in the air and because of shocks he gets when he tries to sleep at night.

One night he said he awakened as in the grasp of a phantom and a cracking noise greeted him. He says music, lectures, market reports and voices break the silence of his bedroom each night and he blames it all on a huge radiophone sending set at Bradley college. Beck has no radio receiving set, but radio operators say his bed springs, an ideal wireless aerial, may attract the signals.

HAVE THEY DIED IN VAIN?

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

The brotherhood of the Disciples of Christ is stunned by the announcement of the tragic death of Dr. A. L. Shelton, missionary to Thibet, who was killed by bandits, Feb. 17. He died as he had lived, ministering to the afflicted heathen, suffering that others might have the light of life.

The pages of Christian history are written in the blood of such martyrs as Dr. Shelton. From the very beginning of the Church, men have laid down their lives for the triumph of a cause which they have believed to be the power of salvation for the world.

Have they died in vain? Does their supreme sacrifice mean nothing to our hidebound theologians who are more concerned over the authenticity of the Jonah-and-the-fish story than they are for the practicality of the principles given by the carpenter of Nazareth? What was the great, dynamic, impelling force that spurred Dr. Shelton on to such heroic attempts to penetrate benighted Thibet? Was it his belief in the Genesis account of the creation, or was it his faith in the Christ's outline of life, tempered with an overpowering love for humanity? Surely it was the latter motive. Men like Dr. Shelton submerge dogma and theology in favor of the true religion, service.

May the God of Hosts raise up more men like Dr. Shelton, two-fisted men who will keep their feet on the ground and their hearts atune to the vibrant plea of the Savior, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

DRUGGING A NATIONAL CONSCIENCE

Is the road to "normalcy" to be paved with tar and feathers? Shall we admit that we have failed in the matter of self-government and turn law and order over to organizations that are in their very inception lawless?

We have been watching with growing concern and trepidation the rise of the secret order known as the Ku Klux Klan. Its editor is a Southerner. His forbears wore the gray through the intersectional conflict of '61 to '65. Therefore everything that was dear to them is sacred in his memory. The Ku Klux Klan of reconstruction days was one of these. There was an excuse for such an organization then, and it served a noble purpose. The South had no other redress against carpet bag domination. Al honor to those klansmen who checkmated unscrupulous greed and protected the fair womanhood of the Southland from the perils of a newly-freed race!

Be that as it may, we fail to identify that organization with the present-day group which dignifies its ranks with the same name, disguises itself with the same costumes, and follows the same fiery cross. We cannot understand how an organization can stand for law and order when it is unlawfully banded together, when it denies the first principle of good government, namely the right of trial by jury. When we go to the polls and vote for a regularly constituted authority, we consider it an insult for a mob of masked men to take that authority into their own hands. When the law says that our fellow citizen shall be tried before twelve good men and true, soberly chosen and sound, we are wrathful if that fellow citizen of ours is whisked away and given a coat of tar and feathers, even if he is our worst enemy and the "law-abiding citizens" are our best friends. There is nothing fair or just about the whole procedure, and you can't make us believe that there is.

To us it means the decay of a national conscience. It means that we are confessing our weakness even while professing such strength. We are not willing to pay the price of good government, so we take the easiest way—the way of masks and tar and feathers. We need to wake up to our everyday duty. Hercules couldn't kill the Hydra by merely cutting off the heads—he was forced to go to the root of the matter. Let us not deceive ourselves into the belief that we are curing the disease by taking care of the open sores. Somewhere behind it all is a germ; and, if we are not mistaken, that germ is ignorance.

Verily, the issues of life are still out of the heart, and the old world will never be won by a policy of terrorism.

FACULTY FORUM

T. C. U. AND THE CITY.

By Prof. W. E. Bryson

When students from town tell me that they find it hard to write themes because they don't see much of college life, and when I find some of our citizens, when I tell them that I live at T. C. U., vaguely wondering whether I live at T. W. C. or out on Seminary Hill, I am inclined to believe that T. C. U. has not yet found its rightful place in the city of Fort Worth.

There can be no doubt of the value of Fort Worth and T. C. U. to each other. As a college, T. C. U. fosters learning and culture, and is therefore vital to the spiritual development of the city. T. C. U. is a center of clean, wholesome sport. T. C. U. is of distinct commercial value to the city. The members of a college spend with the merchants of a city money which, in many instances, has not been earned in the city from all parts of the state.

The city, on the other hand, contributes very directly to the prosperity of the college. Many of our best students come to us from the Fort Worth high schools. The citizens of Fort Worth attend our lectures and help to support our athletics. The merchants of Fort Worth advertise in our publications. The newspapers give valuable space to accounts of our activities.

And yet this co-operation can go so much further that I don't know that I can make better use of this valuable space than to offer a few very brief and practical suggestions in this direction.

1. We can make T. C. U. better known by advertising more. When we make casual acquaintances in town, let's remind people that we are T. C. U. men and women. The newspapers are glad to give space to T. C. U. news. Let us, then, faculty members and students, make a point of seeing that the newspapers get accounts of the many really interesting things that happen at T. C. U.

2. We can help T. C. U. by making every effort to make our town students feel that they are as important a part of the college as the students who live in the dormitories. Often we may be able to arrange our social meetings with reference to their convenience.

3. We can help T. C. U. by making every stranger heartily welcome, by never showing him casual courtesies, but by showing him that every person who comes upon the campus is considered an honored guest.

4. We can help T. C. U. by getting acquainted with the patrons of the school who live in the city. Why not have, in the spring, a great fete or festival in honor of our friends in the city? Why not ask especially the parents and friends of the students to come and spend the day with us? For one day T. C. U. would be theirs. On that day we would neglect our own chums and comrades, if necessary, and devote ourselves to giving these guests, old and young, a memorable time. A picnic lunch could be arranged. The afternoon could be given to sports and stunts, all arranged ahead. The early evening could be devoted to speeches, songs, general good fellowship. Perhaps a beautiful outdoor play, could be given—a play to be long remembered for its beauty and distinction. The program would need to be arranged weeks ahead. Everything ought to be so carefully provided for that each guest would realize that we had made careful preparation for his coming. Every student would need to help, and so would every member of the faculty. This sounds like a big thing to do, but it could be done.

May the day come when every citizen of Fort Worth will know T. C. U. and love her as we think she deserves to be loved.

CLARK MEETING.

Monday evening the Clarks met as usual in the Add-Ran-Clark Hall. A short program on the Life of Washington as a man and as a soldier was given by Maynette Moffet and Dorothy Reed.

After the program the election of officers for the remainder of the year was held. The following girls were elected:

President, Fannye Mae Wiseman; vice president, Dorothy Reed; treasurer, Jewel Roan; press reporter and critic, Elizabeth Kinder.

DR. T. M. HALL, DENTIST

Phone Lamar 5876 103 1/2 West Sixth Street Fort Worth, Texas

PUGE'S POT SHOTS

Well, I see as how that we are going to have another bunch of those infernal examinations. I guess that yours truly and several others of the old gang will have to start burning the midnight oil instead of the gas. Such is life, darn the luck!

It seems that every one of these profs is trying to flunk a crowd of us. On the other hand, we are trying to fool them and slide by with a passing grade. Nothing but a battle of wits, I call it. And, doggone me, I'm a pacifist and don't believe in battles of any form.

You know, there is something about S. M. U. that I can't quite understand. There are a goodly number of fine fellows over there, but there are several other humans (I suppose that they are human of a species not good, and also hard to define, there, too.

During the last T. C. U.-S. M. U. basket ball game in Dallas was the first time in my young life that I ever heard a crowd of so-called college students hiss a visiting team, especially when that visiting team was holding down the little end of the score all the way and playing a clean game every minute of the time.

Another little thing which caused me surprise was the fact that a sorry-appearing individual of the jelly-bean type chased around the gym floor after the game and all the T. C. U. gang but me had left, shouting loudly that he was hunting a certain T. C. U. boy to whip, all the while he was waving a club in the air.

Speaking of jelly-beans brings back a little incident to me that has caused much merriment among some of the Clark Hall gang. The hack drivers of Fort Worth are a terrible bunch—that is, some of them are. I borrowed Red Bradley's derby not long ago and wore it to town. I was passing a gang of them roughneck taxicab engineers standing on a corner talking politics or women, I dunno which, when one of um hollers, "Hello there, you sweet little thing."

I got so all fired rattled that I didn't know whether to thank him or just bow sweetly and then run. I felt so flattered that I had to go back and compliment him on his

good taste. And darn my soul if I didn't get all mixed up and inject a gang of cuss words into my bit of palaver, and now they are all mad at me and won't speak to me. It was the first time that anybody ever told me that I was sweet, and then I had to go and spoil it all.

I was supposed to have a date with a certain little old girl later in the afternoon. I met her downtown and when she saw me she ran off up the street and left me holding the sack.

I went on down the street and a couple of newsboys got to whistling at me and going like little birds. One fellow tipped his hat to me. Never no more will I be wearing one of these here derbys; the common people can't appreciate beauty, anyway.

Funny how these lowly sophomores always seem to get the best of that wonderful freshman class. The sophs beat the fish during the football season, and now they went and run under them in basket ball.

Yuh, know, I've heard lotsa argument about what kind of eyes and hair a beautiful woman should have. I've heard some fellows rave hilariously about red hair and green optics, and I've heard others hollering about blonde tresses and grey peepers, and so on down the line.

But it is all tommyrot. It is not the color of the hair nor eyes; it is the way that she treats you that counts. I used to be absolutely insane over blue eyes and black hair, but now it's brown eyes and auburn locks. Yeh, and it depends a lot on how those hair and them eyes is handled, too. I've seen other fellows change, also.

This here freshman class president Adams, pulled the best on of the season not long past. There

was a gang going to Dallas, and Coach Driver gave each fellow a round-trip ticket on the interurban. The conductor on the car takes Adams' ticket and hands him back the Dallas to Fort Worth part, and this here Adams goes and has a brainstorm and throws it away. He don't seem to know what it is all about. As Bobby Stow says, he musta thought it was a rain check.

Pat: "I saw a funny thing today. I saw a big turkey going down the street without a feather on him, yet it was full of dressing."

Mike: "That's nothing! I saw a sewing machine running down the street without a stitch on."

Teacher: "John, what expression is used more in the schoolroom than any other?"

John: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Correct."

Ed: "Say, you'll have to paint that flivver red."

Bill: "What's the idea?"

Ed: "The law says all cans containing gasoline must be red."—EX.

YOU'LL NEED A

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Ordinary japan consists of a tough, rubbery, tar-like "base" and a highly inflammable "solvent." The solvent dilutes the base so that the metal may be coated with it easily. The presence of the solvent involves considerable fire risk, especially in the baking oven.

Milk is a watery fluid containing suspended particles of butter fat, so small that one needs the ultra-microscope to detect them. An insoluble substance held permanently in suspension in a liquid in this manner is in "colloidal suspension."

The principle of colloidal suspension as demonstrated in milk was applied by the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to develop Water Japan. In this compound, the particles of japan base are colloiddally suspended in water. The fire risk vanishes.

So the analysis of milk has pointed the way to a safe japan. Again Nature serves industry.

Connected with the common things around us are many principles which may be applied to the uses of industry with revolutionary results. As Hamlet said, "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

General Electric Company

General Office Schenectady, N. Y. 12301

New York University Coach Hands Professional Football a Wallop; Says It Tends to Convert Player Into Bum

New York, March 4.—Professional football is the most demoralizing of sports, just as non-professional football is one of the best, according to Tom Thorp, gridiron coach at New York University. Thorp, widely known as a sporting writer, probably is even more widely known as a football referee and umpire, having officiated at different times in all of the football classics of the country. In his student days when he played at Columbia, he was ranked as an all-American line-man.

"I think I can safely claim to know football from all angles," said Thorp today, "and it is my judgment that professional football will never be widely popular in America, where college football has such a multitude of followers."

Played It Himself.

"And professional football does not deserve to be popular. What makes me of that opinion? Well, I will reveal a dark page in my past and admit that I once played professional football for a short time. It was long ago, just after I was graduated, and I think it is only due to myself to say that I quickly saw the error of my ways and reformed."

"One season of professional football was enough for me. What I saw then, and what I have seen since, has strengthened that opinion, convinced me that professional football is the most demoralizing of sports from the standpoint of the players themselves. To use a slang expression, professional football tends to make a bum of a player."

"The reason is plain enough. A college player who has made a great reputation in school as a gridiron hero and is induced to play professional football has a month, or, at least, two months, ahead of him each year when his services will be in demand. If he takes that month or two months for football it means that he can not occupy himself with any regular business or employment, for a young man in business can not afford to be away from it a month or two each fall."

Game Becomes "Profession."

"The result is that the player makes football his real occupation and loaf through the rest of the year or takes up stop-gap jobs that lead nowhere and can be dropped when the football season comes around."

"A few years of that and the man's football days are over and he has acquired nothing except habits of idleness and shiftlessness that probably have ruined him for a useful career."

"That is considering professional football from the standpoint of the player only. I do not believe the professional game will ever become popular with the public either, because the public has come to look upon football as a purely college sport."

WHAT THE EXCHANGES TELL.

Hunter College, New York.
Hunter College recently celebrated her fifty-second anniversary. Her student body numbers 1,200.

Simmons College.
Girls of Simmons College are going in for athletics, even as the girls of other Texas colleges. They will join the Girls' Intercollegiate Athletic Association, says the Brand.

University of Arkansas.
Arkansas U. is making elaborate preparations for the celebration of her fiftieth anniversary, June 10-14. Her annual for the year will be called the "Golden Razorback." Arkansas has a "twenty-one-day law" which prohibits all social activities for three weeks just preceding final examinations.

Southern Methodist University.
As a parting gift to their alma mater, the seniors of 1922 will erect two stone columns at the entrance of the campus, each column to be surmounted with a light.

Colorado College.
A new gymnasium will be erected at Boulder at a cost of \$430,000. The new building will be built of Lyons stone obtained from the university's own quarries.

If you drink enough moonshine you won't see the sunshine.

Marvin Brown goes into a crowded barber shop to get a shave: "Barber, how long will I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber, (after looking closely at Marvin's face): "Oh, about 25 years."

Former Students Off for Extended Sojourn Abroad

Sunday, Feb. 26, Miss Sybil Black, 2224 Harrison Avenue, who took her B. A. in June, 1920, left Fort Worth on the Texas Special, starting a six months' tour abroad. At Denison she was joined by Miss Lorraine Sherley of the class of 1923. They will visit relatives and friends in Chicago, Indianapolis and New York City before sailing with the Dunning party aboard the Arabic March 8. Their itinerary is as follows:

March 8, leave New York; March 16, Madeira; March 19, Gibraltar; March 21, Algiers, Algeria; March 23, Monaco, Monaco; March 24, Genoa, Italy; March 25, Naples; March 28, Athens, Greece; March 30, Alexandria, Egypt; March 30-April 3, Cairo, Egypt; April 4, 5, 6, Luxor, Egypt; April 7, Cairo, Egypt; April 9-16, Jerusalem, Palestine; April 17, to Naples; April 18, Mount Ebal and Mount Gerazim; April 19, Haifa, Mount Carmel; April 20, Nazareth; April 21, Tiberias, Sea of Galilee, Capernaum; April 22, Semak and Damascus; April 23, 24, Damascus; April 25, Baalbek; April 26, Beirut; April 29, 30, Cairo, Egypt; May 1, Alexandria, Egypt; May 6-9, Naples, Italy; May 10-16, Rome, Italy; May 17, Assisi and Perugia, Italy; May 18-19, Florence; May 21-22, Venice; May 23, Innsbruck, Austria; May 25, Oberammergau; May 26, Bavarian Castles; May 28, Lucerne, Switzerland; June 30, Interlaken; June 1-7, Paris, France; June 7, Strausburg, Germany; June 8, Heidelberg, Germany; June 9, the Rhine by steamer; June 11-12, Amsterdam, Netherlands; June 13, Haarlem and Leiden; June 14-16, The Hague; June 16, Antwerp; June 17-18, Brussels, Belgium; June 20, London, England; June 21-27, London, England; June 28, Oxford. Also Norway, Denmark and Sweden.

At Oberammergau the travelers will see the world-famous Passion Play.

SOPHOMORES WINNERS IN INTRAMURAL GAMES; FRESHMEN IN THE SOUP

(Continued from Page 1)
The game was close all the way, and was fraught with thrills and quite a bit of bloodshed, viz.: Jacks' nose and Puge's mouth.

Mormon, at guard for the Sophomores, loomed as a man of varsity caliber. He played a great floor game and an even greater defensive game. It was his work, ably assisted by Sogh guard, Mack, and the Sophs' giant center, Estes, that smashed the dope and made it possible for the unheralded Soph club to defeat the highly-touted Frosh aggregation.

At forward, Camp of the Sophs put up a wonderful game. Fighting hard, playing a floor game, and on the defensive most of the time, he would shift to the offensive, which eventually each time made it possible for a Soph score.

Jacks, Freshman center, looked best for that team. He was in the fight every minute.

Stout at forward was the only other Freshman light.

Lineups.
Sophs—
Cross, forward 14
Camp, forward 2
Estes, center 0
Mormon, guard 2
Mack, guard 0

Total 18
Frosh—
Stout, forward 4
Kennedy, forward 4
Jacks, center 2
Horton, guard 0
Harbord, guard 0

Total 10
Subs, Cherry and Ayers; referee, Meyer; umpire, Cantrell.

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Made With Milk
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ADD-RAN-CLARK SPICE BOX

At the regular weekly meeting of the Add-Ran Literary Society on last Wednesday evening, fifteen new members were taken in.

Many were the moanings thereof when each candidate, with a hood-wink over his eyes, toop the trip of life across the hot sands of the desert. A great spirit of initiative was shown by the old men in adding new effects to the ceremony in the form of two-by-fours that looked somewhat like young houses.

The new men showed a physical integrity par excellence. Strange to say, there was no one hurt, showing that the Add-Rans made a good selection of the new material.

After the pledges had shown their continued desires to become members of the society by suffering the intimidations meted out to them, a banquet was tendered them. Lots of good eats consisting of sandwiches, apples, oranges, pickles and what nots, were enjoyed alike by new and old, chewing gum (Wrigley's Pride) and cigars (the best hand-made have-another) were passed to help the digestion. Being as we have had two initiations this year, we have enjoyed twice the inhalation of the aroma of cigars.

A general get-together meeting was made interesting by talks from every man present. Forecasts of great work to be continued throughout this year and next were the themes of most of the speeches.

Henry (Gulliver) Fussell entertained all by an interesting discourse of his long and varied travels. He put Dr. Lord in the shade in the matter of the number of voyages to his credit. No one doubted the veracity of his statements, strange to say. Most of us went under, however, when he said that he traveled 3500 miles for the meager sum of forty cents. "Slim" rode the pullman most of the way, but he didn't have porter service or mattresses on his beds. Talks like these are interesting, and if any other member can draw upon his originality in any way, it is his duty to notify the chairman of the program committee.

The Add-Ran quartet sang several melodies to the enjoyment of all.

A few items of business were attended to and the meeting adjourned. Every one left with an added interest and the motto on their lips, "Instead of knocking the other fellow down, knock yourself ahead."

The attention of every Add-Ran is called to the fact that the meeting on next Wednesday will be the last one this term. Officers will be elected for the ensuing term and it is desired to have every member present. Remember, Wednesday, March seventh, at seven-thirty.

The Add-Ran-Clark Literary societies desire to thank Messrs. Robinson, Strong and Stevenson for their great work in winning the New Men's Contest. This is only one of many honors gained by the Add-Rans this year. Things like this are only possible when every member does his duty. There are other contests this year, Add-Rans, so pep up.

Porter Crowell: "She promised to marry me."

Foglen: "Your own fault, you shouldn't have asked foolish question."—Ex.

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—that money saved is in reality stored energy?
Have you begun to set aside some portion for Life's Autumn?
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McKinney Woman Writes in Honor of "Mother" Ross

The subjoined stanzas were written in honor of "Mother" Ross by Mrs. Clifford Weaver of McKinney. The occasion was a birthday party tendered by Mrs. Arthur A. Everts of Dallas in honor of the good woman's seventieth birthday. "Mother" Ross was the guest of the University recently for two weeks.

THE SEPTUAGENARIAN.
Mother Ross has a birthday! Well, what would folk say
If such a thing happened without a boquet?
We've heard you are seventy. Seventy this spring—
Years seem in your case not to matter a thing.

So here's a nosegay, nosegay dearest,
Made from flowers of your planting, rarest.
We've plucked them all fragrant and kissed with the dew
From Our Hearts Garden! They were planted by you!

Roses of love and forget-me-nots sweet,
And green leaves of laurel for fame so discreet;
Then twined "for remembrance—a bit of rosemary"—
"Pansies for thoughts"—our dear septuagenary!

Love bless thee, Joy crown thee;
God speed thy career.
Oft come back to Texas—
We all love you here!

MY MEMORY ROOM.
The House of Dreams in which I live
Has airy rooms and high;
It's builded on a quiet court
Where birds come calling by.

It has a great old-fashioned stair,
A hall where shadows woo,
But best of all is my Memory Room
Where I live with thoughts of you.

The thoughts are robed in brilliant hue,
Radiant companions they.
Thy voice I hear—'tis a vesper song,
But it warms and cheers my day.
Incense you left! What a heritage!
There you bowed in prayer at night.
I close the door! Though clouds hang dark
I can sing "My sky is bright."


Ah! My Memory Room has furnishings
All set with jewels rare,
Many of them—the hours with you,
Godmother with silver hair.

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

ALUMNITEMS

Edited by BETH COOMBS.

Freeman-Hamlett.

On Friday evening, Feb. 24, at 7 p. m., Miss Elizabeth Hamlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hamlett of Milford, were married at the Presbyterian Church of that place, Rev. W. M. Williams officiating. The church was beautifully decorated and the ceremony nicely arranged.

After the ceremony and reception the bride and groom left for Temple, where they caught the train for Galveston, en route to New Orleans for a two weeks' honeymoon. The bride was a popular student of '19, and Mr. Freeman is a promising young business man of Temple. We wish them success and happiness.

Miss Nell Andrew and Miss Mary Beth Waits went to Milford to attend the Freeman-Hamlett wedding. Mary Beth was in the wedding party. Miss Kazilla Dark, who graduated with Elizabeth from high school and came to T. C. U. with her, also was in the wedding party.

'10—Miss Ada Culpepper, B. A., receives her mail R. 1, China Springs, Texas.

'12—Mrs. Edward T. Etzel, formerly Miss Harriet Shirley, B. A., now lives in Phoenix, Ariz.

'15—Mrs. George W. Crossman, formerly Miss Lera Brown, B. A., now lives in Dallas with the address 3922 Gilbert.

Ex-'20—Miss June Rhodes, now Mrs. P. Jay McGee, lives on a ranch near Odessa, Texas.

Ex-'21—Miss Helen Phebus of Eastland is visiting Miss Maxine Shoemaker in Mistletoe Heights.



Here are some of the men who will guide the affairs of the University Club recently organized in Fort Worth. Reading left to right, they are: Top row—Leonard Withing, president; L. G. White, manager; J. H. Barwise Jr., director. Below—Rev. J. K. Thompson and Dr. E. M. Waits, directors.

The club is soon to have permanent quarters and will be regarded as a distinct asset to the city and to T. C. U. as well.

Marie's Mirror

Seeing as how this here Puge and Anti-Puge controversy has taken up so much space of late, I'm going to utilize some of that space myself. Don't get scared. I ain't a-going to use any electrifying shrapnel. I'm merely going to show you—faculty and student alike—how you appear in my mirror. Be sure my mirror is invulnerable. Otherwise, I wouldn't risk the cracks.

Hair slightly tinged with gray; beautiful brown eyes that twinkle and sparkle with humor or sternly glint with the thought of discipline. Strict when it comes to the letter of the rule—yet possessed of a kindly, likable personality, beloved of all—Our Dean.

Tiny and dainty; lovely, shimmering auburn hair that curls and curls. School-girlish in appearance. Friendly and charming—Miss Major.

A smile, and what glorious, radiant smile it is—lovely, cheerful, scattering sunshine and illuminating the countenance of its fair possessor—Miss Shumake.

The busiest man in school. Happy and pleasant, but with only one topic of conversation, "The Horned Frog"—Bobby Badgett.

A full, sweet face, glowing with the enthusiasm of the thoughts behind it. A delightful speaker, with a combination of innocent naivete and sophistication. A wonderful, much-admired instructor, who makes her students WORK—Miss Smith.

Rosy cheeks and lily-fair complexion; blue-gray eyes; a dandy good athlete—and something vaguely, subtly incomprehensible about him, but what that something is my mirror has been unable to divine—Melvin Bishop.

Sparkling eyes, dark hair, gifted with a talent for witty, snappy sayings. A clever student and noted for a remarkable propensity to talk—Jennette Ginsburg.

Sweet and dear, like a fragrant breath from an old-fashioned garden. The sort of girl who lives

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Evolution of a Name.

"I thought your wife's name was Elizabeth?"
"So it is."
"Then why do you call her "Pegky?"
"Short for Pegasa."
"What has that got to do with it?"
"Why Pegasa is feminine for Pegasus."
"Well?"
"Well, Pegasus is an immortal steed."
"What of that?"
"Sh-h! Not so loud. She's in the next room. You see an immortal steed is an everlasting nag, and there you are!"—Vancouver Province.

Mary had a little curl,
Which hung beside her ear.
When she went to bed at night,
She put it on the chignon.

Mr. Willemon (talking to Miss Fraley about his baseball team):
"You see Elizabeth, Harry will be our best man."
Miss Fraley: "Oh, Tyre. What a nice way to propose!"—Ex.

Even So

Motor and the girls motor with you, walk, and you walk alone.—Ex.

on the pages of a novel. Clever and charming and well entitled to the "princess" bestowed upon her—Ann Ligon.

Dark hair, bobbed short and straight; big, gray eyes, fringed with long, dark lashes; a rosebud mouth and a pleasant voice—Marge Glasscock.

Roman Philosophy.

A Jew was fought
By Knott and Schott
Knott was shot
And Schott was not
In that case I would
Rather be Schott than Knott.

Capt. Fradenburg: "Are you sure that this theme is absolutely original?"
Hastings: "Well, you might find some of the words in the dictionary."

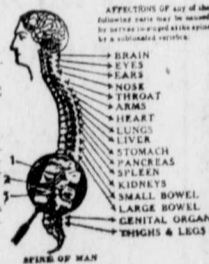
Victor: "You shouldn't smile so much. It is dangerous."
Gladys: "Dangerous?"
Victor: "Yes, when a smile lights up your face, it might set off the powder."

Hotel Clerk: "What will you have please?"
Newcomer: "Give me a room and a bath."

Clerk: "Sorry sir, I can give you the room, but I haven't time to give you a bath."

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.



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Plenty of Coal in the Earth.

Under the caption, "France Has Coal for the Next Two Hundred Years," a writer in Je Sais Tout scouted the idea that the world is facing a coalless age. He contends that, for the time being, it is merely a question of manual labor and transportation. There are at present about eight trillion tons of coal in the known mines of the earth.

Don't Fail to See

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