

File No 3  
CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

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# THE SKIFF

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

A newspaper  
reaching both un-  
dergrads and  
Alumni. Circula-  
tion over 2500.

I. C. U.  
NO. 26

VOLUME XXI.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, JANUARY 30, 1923

NO. 18

## C. M. T. C. WILL BE IN SUMMER

Norman Spencer.  
The Citizens' Military Training Camps will be held during the summer of 1923 for able bodied men between the ages of 17 and 35 providing a month of wholesome recreation and training at no expense to the individual. Last year a number of T. C. U. students attended the camp at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and many of them expect to attend the camp again this year.

According to Brigadier Gen. W. R. Smith, the student given only his time, and in return he learns: first, how to serve his country in peace and war; second, how to take care of his body—build up his health—and live a happy vigorous life; third, habits of self-control—resourcefulness—selfreliance and other elements of many character; fourth, discipline, precision and a sense of order; fifth, cooperation and teamwork; sixth, citizenship.

Of all the students who attended the camp at Fort Sill last year 96.2 per cent liked the camp, 95 per cent would like to attend the camp this year, 49 per cent found the camp interesting, 98.7 per cent felt that what they learned was commensurate with the time and effort spent, 96.6 per cent felt that the camp had made them better men and better citizens. These figures were compiled from questionnaires answered by students after the camp closed.

In order to give an exact idea of the physical benefits that the students received the commander, a Camp Travis, Texas, caused an accurate record to be kept of the average gains in weight, height, and chest measurement.

The figures are:  
Average gain in weight.....3.8 lbs.  
Average gain in height.....1.9 in.  
Average gain in chest measurement......51 in.

General Smith says that this rapid physical improvement during a single month was due to the daily program of systematic exercises, and of properly supervised athletics and diet.

Information can be secured from the C. M. T. C. office, headquarters 8th Corps Area, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

## ADD-RAN-CLARKS TO BANQUET FRIDAY EVE

Arrangements have been completed for the Add-Ran-Clark banquet to be held next Friday evening at 7:30 in the University club banquet rooms. Wilburn Page, president of Add-Ran, is to be toastmaster.

The program arranged by the vice-presidents of Add-Ran and Clark Mr. Dering and Miss Cockrell, is as follows:

1. Music.....A.R.C. Orchestra
2. Toast to New Clark.....Mary Lee Pinkerton
3. Response.....Mary Whitehead
4. Toast to New Add-Rans.....Philip Ayres
5. Response.....Mike Byrne
6. Toast to Waltons.....Hattie Rue Hartgrove
7. Response.....Anne Ligon
8. Toast to the Shirlleys.....E. A. Elliott
9. Response.....Fielding Bohart
10. Violin Solo.....Henry Elkins
11. Vocal Solo.....John Stevenson
12. Future of Add-Ran-Clark.....Miss Smith
13. Mandolin Duet.....Ida Tobin and Edwina Day
14. More Music.....A.R.C. Orchestra

## "OUR JOB"

Due to the fact that a number of the girls had to go down to the First Baptist church Thursday night to play basketball the Y. W. C. A. service was postponed till Friday night.

Miss Hattie Rue Hartgrove, Social Service Chairman, had charge of the program with "Our Job" as the subject. The service was opened with a song, "The Day is Dying in the West," by the girls. The Lord's prayer and "Lead Kindly Light," followed. Then Miss Hartgrove read several passages of Scripture and the program was announced. Miss Mary Leslie White spoke on "Pulling Together," Miss Thelma Shivers sang a solo; Miss Ethel Kemp spoke on "Our Grandmother's Job," and Miss Irene Ligon told about "What We Can Do." The service was closed with the Mizpah.

## 3 French Classes To Act As a Unit

Norman Spencer.  
Sophomore, Junior, and Senior French classes met in their recitation room last Saturday morning and organized a French Club with Elizabeth Wayman president; Dora Louise Cockrell, secretary and reporter; Prof. March Merrill, treasurer and advisor.

There are thirty students in the three classes who expect to join the club and whose names will be printed as soon as the organization is completed. The regular meetings of the club will be held during the chapel hour on Saturday.

It is the purpose of the club to give short programs, games, songs, in French, and pantomimes. The first public entertainment will be "French Dolls," the date of which has not been announced.

At last meeting two committees were appointed, one to draft a constitution and one to arrange for a page in the annual. The members of the constitutional committee are Anna Mary Wells, Esma Jones, and Elizabeth Wayman; and the members of the other committee are Alice Taylor and Katherine Hagler.

The next meeting of the club will be held next Thursday, at which time a constitution will be adopted.

## Request Program To Be Given by Artists

Friday night will be T. C. U. night at Radio WEAP, Fort Worth Star Telegram.

The Fine Arts department will feature a program of numbers that have been requested by radio fans who have heard T. C. U.'s talent before.

Among those who will appear on the program are the soloists, Misses Carleton and Monray and Dr. Guelick, the Men's Glee Club and Jazz Orchestra, the Girl's Quartet, Messrs. Teldston and Stevenson.

## New Mer Orators Finally Awakened

By Demosthenes.  
Shirley Literary Society has a large number of men trying out for the New Men's Declamatory finals. At present Jim Slaytor, Cort Reeder, Hillard Camp, Jim Turner, Shiek Nolen, Harvey Palmer, Evin Montgomery and Martin Batton have entered for the tryouts which will be given next Monday night. It is expected that others will enter during the week and a great deal is expected from all contestants.

## CLARK HALL COSMOPOT

BY EDWARD BERRY  
"Humidor" Browner went home to show his valentines to his girl. He came back in civilian clothes.

Miss Nellie Brand visited her cousin in Marion Johnson Sunday.

The I Tappa Kegs was organized Sunday night. One Tap McConnell was elected President. The meeting was full of pep, but everything was conducted in an orderly manner until the orchestra played the Keg Scene from Anheiser, then "One Round Parker was thrown out because he did not rise.

MacK George visited his brother Thomas Saturday and Sunday.

No, Red, Manuel Labor is not a Mexican.

Harold Sorrels visited home the week-end.

All the boys who captured Stang have severe colds. The slept in a pasture but forgot to close the gate.

A serious operation was performed in Clark Hall last night. Bill Honey and Cort Reeder held Jim Slaytor down while "Cowboy" Organ scraped his socks off.

While attending a dance on the Roof Garden of the Keystone Hotel "Red" Kent lost his lady companion when his jealous rival stepped on the laundry whistle.

Shipton Parke wants to know how many doors are in the House of Representatives.

Walter Friburg spent the week end at his home in Wichita Falls.

Yesterday afternoon Joe Faskin was looking around for the Ley to the "Y" cabinet.

In the Glee clubs recent offering at

## JUNIOR CLASS IS ALREADY IN THE SADDLE WITH HORNED FROG AND SKIFF STAFFS

JUNIOR WEEK MOVED UP TO WEEK BEGINNING FEBRUARY 20. COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO ARRANGE SENIOR BANQUET.

"ALEX" ALEXANDER.  
Junior class of this year is formulating plans for next year's Horned Frog. At a meeting, held in the chapel last Thursday morning at 10:00 o'clock, William X. Page was elected to edit the annual with Bill Shirley as business manager. Mr. Page, at this early date, has not chosen all those who will serve on the staff, but announces the following selections: Roy Mack, assistant editor; Elma Smith, art editor; Millicent Keeble, kodak editor; Ivan Alexander, athletics editor. He expects to announce the remainder of the staff as selections are made.

The date of the Junior Week, which was set for the last week in the month of April, was moved up to the week beginning Monday, February 26, so that is the week in which the Junior Edition of the Skiff will be published. Roy Mack was elected to edit the class edition of the paper, but as yet has had no announcements as to the personnel of his staff.

It was decided to hold the annual Junior-Senior banquet at some time during junior week, and a committee was appointed to plan and arrange for other special features for the occasion. The plans of this committee will be announced at an early date in the future.

The Junior class has charge of the church opening services next Sunday, and a committee was appointed to arrange the special features for this service.

## DEMOLAY REVUE FEBRUARY 8-10

The DeMolay Revue of 1923 sponsored by the DeMolays of Fort Worth, of which there are quite a number in T. C. U., is to be produced by the Chris Ming Company of Houston at the Chamber of Commerce on February 8, 9 and 10th.

Lewis Lacey representing the production company has already arrived on the scene and has begun rehearsals for what promises to be one of the best local talent shows yet produced in the city.

The play is a very clever comedy with a good plot interspersed with minstrel. It shows the poor but proud youth in his struggles for recognition from the girl he loves.

The cast will be selected by a process of elimination and the all-star cast is assured.

Tickets are on sale by every member of the local chapter. Get yours!

## SCOLARSHIPS ARE OFFERED IN COMMERCE AND ADMINISTRATION

Announcement has been received from the University of Chicago announcing a series of assistantships and scholarships in their School of Commerce and Administration. The scholarships pay from \$150 to \$1500 a year and are open to all graduate students who are interested in taking advanced work in business administration. Such scholarships show the great future in store for students in the field of business and they indicate the well paying positions which follow. There is a poster on the bulletin board describing the assistantships and scholarships. Students who are interested in business administration should read it carefully. There is a wonderful future for a student trained in the field of business.

Brown Bone Handled knife, with picture of woman on one side. Has three blades, boxing blade on north end, Saturday blade on south end, and finger nail blade on the X-axis. Reward if returned to Shipton Parke, Clarke Hall, in good condition.

Mr. and Mrs. (Elizabeth Oberthier) Devrey Lawrence have a son, Dewey Jr., now about two months old.

The Majestic, Dick Gaines drew much applause and one head of cabbage.

We believe that the basketball team will go on a trip soon because we saw Froggy Lovvorn practicing eating with a fork.

No, SMU is not a disease, it's a horse.

## LOST

Miss Lillian Hinson Honored.

Saturday evening at 9 o'clock Miss Mayme Garner entertained Miss Lillian Hinson at a surprise party in honor of the latter's birthday.

Beside the guest of honor there were present Miss Gladys Smith, Miss Sybil Smith, Miss Jeal Wells, Miss Anna Mary Wells, and the hostess, Miss Mayme Gardner. Thanks are due to Miss Eugenia Sheppers for one study table donated for the occasion.

## EVANGELIST HERE.

James T. McKissick, who has just closed a very successful revival meeting in San Antonio was in our midst last publication day. He was formerly president of Midland College at Midland, but is now pastor of the First Christian church of Sweetwater.

## COMPETITION IN CLASS EDITIONS OF THE SKIFF EVIDENCED BY EARLY ACTIVITIES

Unusual interest has been shown in last week's announcement of the class editions of the Skiff, which are to begin Feb. 13. At a meeting of the Freshman class, Raymond J. Nolan was selected editor for the Freshman edition. Among those who will probably assist him are Carlos Ashley, Mayme Garner, Edward Berry, Anna Mary Wells, Clarence Richard and Garland McLeod, and the entire class.

The Sophomores also took a great deal of interest and elected Fomer Adams as their editor. He will have for his assistants Miss Ada Albright, Mary White, Karl Mueller, Phillip Ayres, Ione Bewitt, Fielding Bohart, Alice Taylor and the remainder of the class.

Roy Mack was recently elected editor of the Junior Skiff, has not selected his staff. Seniors will probably announce their pilots next week.

## Glee Club Appears At First Baptist

Men's Glee Club of T. C. U. will give a concert at the First Baptist auditorium next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the American Legion.

The proceeds will go to the fund for building a memorial arch for the soldiers of the World War and to help disabled veterans.

The club has made two tours of Texas towns, and has given radio concerts at the Telegram and the Record. Last Thursday evening it appeared on the Majestic platform.

Students will be expected to help pack the Baptist Auditorium.

## Girl Makes Success Sermon Preaching

The Sunday evening service held under the auspices of the Girl's Mission Circle was led by Julia Magee. Miss Floy Schoonover sang a solo accompanied by Lorraine Shirley at the piano.

Vida Elliot then preached on "Are You Ashamed of the Gospel of Christ?"

"Can we say with Paul that we are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ?" began Miss Elliott. "The Gospel of Christ is a Gospel of love for greater love hath no man than this: that he lay down his life for his friends. It is more than a Gospel Love—it is a Gospel of Light—a Gospel of Peace and a Gospel of Life for it is the power of God unto salvation for everyone that believeth" was the cream of her philosophy.

## Postponers Have Nothing on Waltons

ANNA MARY WELLS  
The dramatic program, "An Evening with Uncle Remus," which was to have been presented before the Walton Literary Society on January 29th, has been postponed for one week. It will constitute the program of February 5th. This rearrangement was due to the fact that a basketball game was played on Monday, the twenty-ninth, with which the Waltons did not wish their program to conflict. Members met as usual in the Shirley-Walton hall at 7:00 p.m. for a short business session.

On January 22nd the modern short story was discussed at the regular Walton meeting. Short stories from modern authors were entertainingly told. Miss Mary Helen Redmond gave a short selection from one of Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" stories and Miss Fannie Housel kept the society laughing for ten minutes with Mar. Robert Rinehart's story "Twenty Three and a Half Hour's Leave" after on "Contemporary Autobiography," which had been held over from the former meeting, was read by Miss Eetta Mae Lusk.

After the program all Walton remained for a short business session upon adjournment it is unofficially reported that the whole society gathered on the campus to enjoy the snow.

## JUNIORS TO LEAD.

The Junior class of the University will have charge of the church services in the chapel on next Lent's morning. Chalmers McPherson will present the third of the series of sermons on "Fundamentals." The subject will be "Our Conspicuous Helper, the Holy Spirit," students and faculty, as well as residents "on the hill" are cordially invited to hear this and the following sermons of the series.

The Bible school will meet at 7 o'clock. The evening service in the College chapel, will be in charge of Christian Endeavor.

## LIBRARY NOW TAKING THE BUSINESS FORECAST

The Business Forecast, as published by Prentice Hall Co., Inc., of New York City has been subscribed for by the Department of Business Administration and placed in the library. The Forecast is received twice a month and will be of special importance to all students in Business Administration and in Economics. The first January issue is now on file and contains a forecast for the year by prominent business executives, a survey of stocks and bonds for the past year, an article on the Peace Conference, etc.

Dear Captain Zilly:  
"Why do women put money in their stockings?"  
"Because it draws interest."

## LYMAN HOOVER TO VOLUNTEERS

Mayme Garner.  
Lyman Hoover, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, visited T. C. U. last week while touring the schools and colleges in his triangular field which extends from New York to Wyoming. Mr. Hoover is a graduate of Butler College of Indianapolis, Indiana and plans to take his B. D. and M. A. degrees at Yale after two years work there. From here he visited T. W. C. and Baptist Seminary after which he attended the Student Volunteer Conference at Sherman, leaving there for the State University of Oklahoma. Upon completion of his studies in Yale, Mr. Hoover will go to the foreign field—that of the Moslem World in West China.

## Speaks in Chapel.

"We know not the strength of our influence," emphasized the speaker as he pointed out examples of college graduates who had "made good" because they were REAL MEN. "Every enterprise today calls for men—men who can be men among men—who can treat their fellow-workmen as their equals whether they be miners or senators."

With Y Cabinets and Volunteers  
Mr. Hoover met the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Cabinets, discussing their activities, the scope of their work, and their obstacles, besides informing them on the progress of other colleges in these organizations and offering many Y's ideas.

## Speaks at Ministerial.

The regular program of the Ministerial Unit was postponed last week and the evening given over to Mr. Hoover. In discussing the criticisms of the ministry, he emphasized conduct becoming such a occasion and attempted to give his listeners a broader vision of service—that of the world!

"One needs all the preparation for service he can get—and then some," continued Mr. Hoover. "The ministry is no longer that of the pulpit and parsonage alone; but the list of opportunities is long and a region is wanted to enlist for them!" he concluded.

## Nearly Entire Band Goes To Sherman

MARY KEMP  
Student Volunteers of North Texas met in a conference at Sherman Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Among the speakers were missionaries from China, Japan, India and the Philippines. Seventeen students went as delegates from T. C. U. They left the school about noon Friday to arrive through in cars. They were Arthur Lester, Sarah Williams, George Horton, Constance Smith, Johnnie Roberts and wife, Edwin Montgomery, Edwin Tyson, Kenneth Bonham, Winnie Williams, Harvey Palmer, Leona Hood, Ralf Swain, Ida Robin, Gladys Smith, Annie Lou Tenshale and Edna Darrow.

## Home Economics To Study Clothing

BY "ANDY"  
The Home Economics Club will meet Friday afternoon, February 2, at 4 o'clock in the Domestic Science Dining Room.

The program is:  
Topic: Selection of Materials and Care of Clothing.

1. How to buy Clothes, Mary Lee Pinkerton.
2. Purchasing of Materials, Mary Bell Sams.
3. Discussion of Colors, Mrs. Sheppard.
4. Care of Clothing, Mary Leslie White.
5. Darning, Miss Owsley.

All members are urged to be present and visitors are welcomed.

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# THE SKIFF

A newspaper published every Tuesday afternoon by the Students of Texas Christian University. Devoted to the art of broadcasting the common message while it is still news. Pledged to the support of high ideals. Committed to a true reflection of the progress of the University in such a way that the people inside and outside of its walls may know that T. C. U. is a center of real and broadening culture.

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## Do You Talk?

Spare time should be utilized until the last gong rings in June in the preparation of declamations, debates, and orations. Old Men's contest will revive to spirit of eloquence tomorrow night, soon thereafter the New Men's contest will follow, and on the heels of these will be thrown into the limelight the Triangular and dual debates which are already scheduled and marking time for T. C. U. men of reason to get busy.

The time has come when the man who has learned the fine art of public speaking is vastlier to the advantage over a man who cannot sway great numbers at once, but who must put his ideas across in personal conversations. There should be thirty men lined up from each society to try out in these different inter-society and intercollegiate contests. The Shirley's announce that they have begun on their campaign for the greatest tryout in history, and we are sure that the Add-Rans are working to the same end. One of these societies announces a try-out for next Monday night. Are you expecting to come out this year? Then, it isn't our fault. There's plenty of time NOW.

## SALLIE'S LETTER

Jarvis Hall,  
January 27, 1923

Dear Ma:

I didn't rite last weeke bee kawse sense thee false alarm aboutt thee Majest Tick Partie I ain't felt like it. I wont tell you wot happind fer you mite worrie aboutt me butt I'm safe now and the Welle Faire Kommittee is going to proteckt us frum now on.

We had a kwizz to-dae in Spanish and Proff. Davidson askt John Oakes wot kwestshun was botherin him. An John said: "It's nott the kwesshun Prof., it's the anse!" Later he was askt to konjwgate the verb "hablar" but failed to ketch the verb and sew he turned to Alton Reeder and askt him wot verb the proff. kawled fer. "Darned if I no!" Alton replied. Then John started konjw-gating: "Darndefino, darndefinas, darndefina, etc." Whenn wee all started laffin he lukt embarist and sed: "I must be off," jist az iff we didn't no itt thee first time we saw hem.

Prittie sune I'll be upp with awl my lessens. I haven't dunn my outside reading yett fer its bin too kold! but

Weather its kold  
Or wheather its hott  
Wee must hav wheather  
Wheather or nott.

I had a letter frum Ant Eusie last weak and she sed that kalled there infant an Bill bee kawse he kame thee 1st of the mo. and is getting bigger awl thee time.

Ely Smith, the boy with the kind fase—you know, the funnie kind —told Punkin Simp Son thatt there wuz somethin sew dove-like aboutt herr. At first I wuz kinda puzzeled about wot he ment untill I nott thatt shee wuz pigeon-toed! I dont think he had any rume to tawk fer heze shure gott a ferm foundashun —and they arnt mates.

I wuz standin inn frunt of Renfro's Drugg Store last nite when Joe Farken walked upp-to-a ladie and sed: "Kan I see you akross the strette ma'am?" Shee lukt at hem rather pitifull and anserd: "Shure littel mann, how long hav, you bin waiting fer him won't, take you akross?" The expresshun on Joe's fase changd frum thatt heze bin waring since Miss Phares left.

I've bin rith this in chahppell and its about time fer annowmsints to bee finisht sew I'll now lisen to the speaker.

Yur obzervont dawter,  
Sallie.

P. S.—2nd floze, haz bin kampust so now I want hav to worrie aboutt my weak-end; Jimmy Simp Sun —thee sister of the gurl with thee affekshunate bes—suggested thatt I put my hat on it.

## Goode Mail Clearings

"Choctaw" Batton.  
Three alimes passed by Friday and in three cracked voices let out the strains of "Out of the Ivory Palaces," but before they could continue, there came from one of the rooms, in the rich clear voice of a senior, the words, "into your ivory domes."

Palmer got back but he says that he was only visiting with the parents. It seems that all of my

## Wild Oats

A Continued Story by  
**"LEROY GORDON"**

### SYNOPSIS

James Wilson, an employee of the Victor Insurance Company, had been in love with his mother's beautiful daughter, Marie Elliott for four years before he mustered sufficient courage to ask her to marry him, when he finally proposed he was wholly unprepared for her answer. Marie told him that all men had to sow their wild oats and that she naturally wanted James to sow his before she married him.

The next morning James went to an all night cabaret with Lorena Peterson, a girl of the streets, whom he had met earlier in the evening at a cheap restaurant.

James and the girl drank too freely of a special drink called "Blue Moon."

The next morning James showed up at his desk late and wearing on his face the evidence of a wild night. Mr. Elliott gave him his pay check and told him to not return until he straightened up.

Marie when her father related the incident that night showed no signs of surprise.

James was in his own apartment next morning and had just called Lorena Peterson.

A moment later the telephone in room 204, LaVerne Apartments, rang loudly, and Lorena Peterson rose somnolently and crawled to the other end of the bed to the table where the phone stood.

"Hello. This is who? Oh yes, James Willard, the fellow I was with Friday night. Yes, you can come up to see me. Why surely, you're always welcome up to my house. All right, good-bye I will. Good-bye."

She hung up the receiver languidly, yawned widely and crawled back to bed, pulling the sheet up under her chin. She was hardly tucked in, however, when a knock sounded on the door.

"Oh, Cripes!" she muttered as she again climbed out of bed and put on her kimono and slippers and tiptoed softly to the door, and opened it.

"Come in boys," she called with a cheery laugh to three men out in the hall. "I've just been trying to get up." She rubbed her eyes and hid a yawn with her hand.

When they had entered, she closed the door behind them and drew up chairs and a small center table at which the men took seats, she sitting on the bed.

"Well, what's up now?" she asked by way of opening the conversation and out of a real, interested curiosity.

"Just a new deal, that's all. Nothing special," replied one of the men. "Nothing big or new?" There was a note of disappointment in her voice.

"No. We just thought we'd come to see you and have a quiet little game of poker, and a little swig of pep on the side."

She rose and crossed to the dresser and opened a drawer; she soon returned and tossed a deck of cards on the table.

Just then a second knock sounded on the door and the three men glanced apprehensively, then turned to her with questioning in their hard faces.

Her smile reassured them as she said, "Don't be scared. It's a friend of mine," and rose and opened the door.

Come right in, Jimmie, and waving her hand at the trio at the table, "These are just the boys, and boys, this is Jimmie."

James was about to murmur a polite "Glad to meet you," but on seeing the cold manner of reception of the men, he responded to the introduction with only a gruff, half-audible grunt of recognition and a stiff nod of the head.

The man who was the apparent leader of the gang tossed the deck of cards onto the table and turned to the girl.

"We'll cut out the game. Get us some pep and we'll talk things over," and turning to James he said, "Just have a seat on the bed here. I want to talk to you."

As Lorena went to the next room for the pep, the leader rose quickly and followed her. He closed the door between the rooms and came to her side. He slipped an arm around her shoulders.

"What kind of a guy is that bird, Jimmie. Do you think we can trust him?" She glanced up at him and replied.

"He's just a jelly. He's not in on this game, but he's sure a good sport, all right. I think he's safe."

"I'm gonna risk him if he wants to get in on it. I'll break him in on that job tonight, if he wants in."

In a little they returned to the room, bearing a couple of bottles of pep and five wine glasses. In a short time the drinks were going the rounds, but James took particular care to see that he didn't take too much. And, too, the pep didn't seem to be as strong as the Venus' famous or infamous Blue Moon.

After the bottle had been emptied of their contents, James suggested that they play cards. The others, after a short debate, agreed. They taught James to play stud poker. He was a pretty apt pupil and was

lucky. He managed to come out even on the game.

Another bottle of pep was emptied, and the leader rose to his feet, "Well, boys, we'll be moving on. You beat it. I want a word with Jimmie here, alone."

As soon as they were gone and the door was closed behind them, the man turned to James.

"Say, ho, we have a trick on for tonight. Do you want to help. Being as how you're a friend of Lorena's we're willing to let you in on it, if you want to. What say?"

James hesitated a moment, and looked at Lorena. She smiled her approval and nodded her head. Still he hesitated a moment, but the drinks he had had helped him to a quick decision, and he nodded his head.

"You're on."

"Be here at nine o'clock sharp, then."

Before James could reply the man was gone.

James turned to the girl.

"Well, kiddo, I'll be rambling along. See you tonight." He kissed her, a long hard kiss, and went out.

Outside in the hall, he stretched out his arms and smiled happily.

"Oh, Im getting along!" he said gleefully.

That Sunday morning was one of great import to Marie Elliott too. James had been, always, a severely regular attendant at church and if he was not there this morning—it meant that he had torn himself away from his old order of events and was really living up to her highest hopes in sowing his wild oats.

It was with a genuine feeling of pleasure and relief that, after a close look over the auditorium, she saw that he was absent. All through the service she kept an eye on the door, for fear that he might have repented from this, the greatest of all sins to him, and come in late. Every tardy male being that entered gave her heart a flutter until she was able to see that it was not James. And when the sermon was finished and they were at home again, she was happy.

After dinner Mr. Elliott went into the sitting room and picked up a cigar, leisurely lit it, and seated himself comfortably in a big arm chair.

"Marie, come here. I want to talk to you."

"What is it, father?" she asked coming to his side and seating herself on the arm of his chair, placing her arms about his neck. She thought that she knew what it was about and her father's first words told her that she had thought correctly.

"It's about James. I am really worried. His conduct that other night and his absence from church are sufficient cause for alarm. You know that James never missed church before?"

"Then you noticed his absence, too?"

"Why surely. But don't you think you ought—?"

"Now daddy, wait," she interrupted, foreseeing his suggestion. "You were brought up under the belief that every man has to sow his wild oats at one time or another in his life. Well, you see James proposed to me the other night."

"It's about time," Mr. Willard interrupted with a grunt.

Ignoring his remark, Marie went on, "I told him that I would marry him as soon as he had finished sowing his."

"So that's the reason for his inexplicable actions," mused her father.

"Yes, that's it."

"Well Marie, listen. I was brought up under a lot of other old-fashioned beliefs that the world has outgrown since my childhood days. I never tried to keep any of my life from your mother, and since you have become a grown young lady, from you. Maybe it would have been better if I hadn't told you, but I never thought of it as taking this turn. I don't think it at all necessary for a model young man like James WAS to sow his wild oats. I don't think he has them to sow. It's against his very nature. I'm sorry to say it, but I think you have done very wrongly in this case, and you may have a hard time getting James straight again, before it is too late."

Seeing that look of commingled fear and hurt that came over her face and the tears that were beginning to appear in her pretty brown eyes despite her struggle to check them, he pulled her into his arms.

"I didn't mean to hurt you dear. I wouldn't have done it for the whole world. I said what I did to warn you, and help you."

In a few moments her sobs ceased and she wiped the tears from her eyes and looked up at her father.

"I know, dad, and I thank you. I'll get him!" And she squared her jaw with a firm look of determination.

She leaned over and kissed her father gently on the forehead, and turned and ran up the steps to her room.

There she carefully mapped out a

plan of action by which to re-capture James Willard. After she had worked over it and thought over it until nearly dark, she felt that it was well near perfect and could see no reason why it should not succeed.

"The idea," she told herself, "is to see how deep he is into this business, then I must plunge in as deep, or deeper, and then I can better help him back out."

In room 204, LaVerne Apartments, sat three men and a girl, in chairs placed at random about the room. One of the men stirred from his comfortable position, sighed deeply and began drumming nervously on the bottom of the chair between his knees. After a moment he sighed again and glanced at his watch.

"It's nine-ten now, and that dumb-bell jelly bean's not here yet. If— if anything happens now, I'll get him! I'll blow ten holes in him before he could think, sure as I'm a crook!"

The girl half gasped at his words, and rose from her chair. She started to speak, but her words were interrupted by the sound of a step in the hall and a knock on the door. Quickly and quietly each man arose and drew an automatic pistol from his coat pocket.

"Open the door," muttered the chief with a nod to the girl. "Then stand back for safety."

Softly she moved to the door and with hands that strangely trembled, opened it. James stepped into the room. At the sight of him, alone, the men returned the guns to their pockets.

James stood just inside the doorway, looking from face to face of the little group.

"It looks as if you were expecting someone besides myself," he commented with a twisted smile.

"Well, we didn't know. We have to play safe, you know. It's late now, boys," turning from James to the others, "so let's be shuffling along."

When the three had passed out, and James had turned to follow Lorena stepped quickly to his side.

"Kiss me before you go. You may not come back, you know," she murmured softly, looking wistfully up into his eyes, and twisting a button of his coat.

"Oh, there's no real danger," He tried to conceal the tremor in his voice; and the hard merciless laugh that followed was plainly forced. He continued, trying to steady his nerves by speaking slowly, "I'll come back as soon as we are thru. Goodbye, till we meet again." He bent over and took her in his arms and kissed her; and went out into the hall, down the hall, down the stairs and into the street.

The gang was there waiting at the curb with a closed automobile.

In the back of the car, James noticed when he was seated and they were started on their way, were several tools: fuses, crowbars, wrenches, "jimmies," and a small stick of dynamite. The later carefully wrapped and held by one of the men.

These things held his attention for

a moment, because they were new, and consequently fascinating; then his mind began to wander over the incidents of the past three days. How unreal it all seemed. How like some hideous dream; his night at the Venus; the interview with Mr. Elliott; and now this ride to be knew not what fate. He still realized his individuality. He was James Willard—but certainly this was not reality. It was some strange-far-off world into which he had strayed by accident. And he had strayed too far, he feared, to ever find his way out again, back to his real existence, his real life. Already he sat there in that rapidly moving car, every moment bringing him nearer and nearer to the place where he, James Willard, the once honorable clerk in the employ of the Victory Insurance Company, was to help commit at least a robbery; perhaps a murder. The idea was too horrible too terribly unreal, too impossible for his dazed, confused mind to grasp. When he had set out to sow his wild oats he had not counted crime in the program. Then why had he agreed to this venture. He tired to analyze the situation. It was too much for him. The liquor that he had drunk must have upset his mind to some degree, he thought, for certainly he would never have agreed to undertake a robbery unless he were more or less out of his mind. He wished he could back out, now, but he knew he couldn't. He wouldn't let himself do it.

He pinched himself to be sure that he was really there, and awake, then tried to turn his interest to the flying pictures framed by the windows of the rapidly moving cab.

They were well out of the busier part of the city and were passing down a street, along which, at more or less regular intervals stood the large, pretentious homes of the well-to-do of the city.

Suddenly they swerved from the broad, smooth avenue and darted into the shadows of a narrow, dark side-street and stopped abruptly.

"Unload," muttered the leader, then added to James, "Jim you went

(Continued on Page 3)

**PHILLIPS EGYPT**  
NOW SHOWING  
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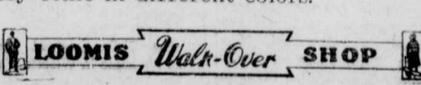
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"Outbursts of music, dancing and comedy" The Unusual Follow

We are showing on the screen this week "Faint Hearts," a Rip-roaring Comedy with Charles Murray and Mary Anderson, "Treasure Island," a Cartoon Comedy, "Movie Chats" and "Fun From the Press."

Special Added Attraction  
**THE FORT WORTH FOLLIES**  
An Ensemble of Local Talent Selected from Opportunity Nights

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True Qual \$32.5 suit. now.

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**Frogs**  
PURPLE DOV

Yoakur the scene ters of f Frogs an tled to a showed twenty fit made two the Tige whole gar never thro off to the rison rec thirty yar In the evened th Adams to each and Camp. F took the Cantrell b evening th Adams standing and tackle were the g lines both into broke Tankersly fensive pl back for occasions. The Froj hattan who the Kansas The succes Aggies ma Frogs mee the dope s It might f Sooners dr then the Sooners to remember their right Okla. Aggie Summary T. C. U. Tankersly Ward McConnell Ogan Jacks Cantrell Cherry Adams Honey Camp Fender Subs—T. McAfee for Afee. Fend McCluney fo Derden. Ho for White f Morrison. F Little Girl my new doll Mother: "Little Girl: head."

## Alumni and Ex-Students' Section

OFFICERS FOR 1922-23.

DAN D. ROGERS, President, Southwest National Bank, Dallas.  
A. C. WILLIAMS, Vice-President, The Texas, Fort Worth.  
BETH COOMBES, Secretary, T. C. U., Fort Worth.  
NELL ANDREWS, Treasurer, T. C. U., Fort Worth.

### PERSONALS ABOUT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS

Can some one tell the secretary the street address of Mrs. R. L. Sherrill (Bess McNeill) who has moved to Houston from Temple?

Clydia Gray Corbett lives 304 Maplewood Ave., Houston.

Miss Tyler Wilkinson is now in Del Rio where she receives her mail B. 1006. We are hoping that she will be here in June.

Miss Leilia L. Powell receives her mail 32 E. Belason, Youngstown, Mo. She had expected to come to Texas for some recitals this Spring but has given up the idea for the present.

Can some one give the initials and address of Mrs. Sackett, who was Martha Lightfoot '13.

'87, Mrs. Hammett, Cora de Spain, of 1315 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City writes: "Enclosed find check for dues to the Ex-Student's Association. I was a student in the old Add-Ran College for a number of years prior to 1887 (when I was married to Robert Hammett, and we left the state.) For thirty-five years we were spared to each other. Mr. Hammett passed away June 1st, last year.

"Of course there has always been a warm spot in my heart for old Add Ran and I have watched with interest its growth into T. C. U. I hope to be able to be there to attend the Jubilee."

'89, Mrs. Milliken (Olive Jones, SB) is another to pay dues. She writes: "It gives me pleasure to do my mite for my Alma Mater. I was graduated in Add Ran College in 1889, having had the privilege of being taught by Mr. Addison Clark himself. I have always been interested in noting the progress of the school and have enjoyed reading the Skiff with its information about the school and the old students whom I know." Address: 36 W. 14th St., Atlanta, Ga.

'94, Dr. John T. Moore, MA, sends his due to the association. He is the father of Martha, now in school. He offices 431 Kress Bldg., Houston, Texas.

'94, Anna Wallace Clark, wife of Dr. R. C. (Charlie) Clark, AB, head of the Department of History, University of Oregon, died November 28, 1922 at Eugene, Oregon. We wish to express our deepest sympathy.

'95, Mrs. W. R. Ferguson (Elma Childs) and daughter, Audrey '21, now Mrs. H. Gamble of Canyon were here Tuesday. Mrs. Ferguson lives 1004 Broad, Wichita Falls. She paid dues while here.

Mr. and Mrs. Veale (Lula Black) '87, Mrs. Jack Roberts (Ada Veale '13) of 2200 Mistletoe Ave., and Miss Lucy Smith '14 of T. C. U. Hill are others to pay dues recently.

'02, Claude M. Easley is Capt. 31st Infantry in Manila, Philippine Islands. Annie Mae Easley '19 has been there with him since January 1922.

'02, Mrs. T. C. Cole (Henry Lea Walcott of Midland) now lives in Waxahachie where her husband is

### WILD OATS

(Continued from Page 2)  
need no get this time. Just follow us and do as we say." Then turning back to the gang who were by now out of the car and awaiting his command, "Now, over that hedge there, all of you. Take it slow and easy and don't make no fuss about it."

They crept thru the shadows, across the unpaired street to the hedge which marked the edge of a broad lawn, dotted with trees and flower beds, arranged in fantastically beautiful designs. Over and thru this hedge they went, quietly and quickly, then keeping as much in the shadow of the trees as was possible, they crept, one at a time, into a flower bed at the side of the house. A small projection of the wall, evidently for a chimney, cut off all the light and they were in almost total darkness. When they were all safe the leader muttered: "Jimmie, I'm glad to see you had raisins enough to wear black clothes. Now all lend a hand and boost Lightning up to that window above us."

They all took hold of the man called Lightning, and lifted him up. Swiftly and silently he worked with expert hands, and soon the window

### EX-STUDENT Association Dues \$2.50, including a year's subscription to the Skiff.

in the real estate business. She recently returned a list of matriculates and writes: "Am pleased to send the addresses I know and am also glad to send dues to the Ex-Student's Association. Will try to attend the Home-Coming in June."

'04, L. Guy Ament, AB., sends dues from Sabinal, Texas, where he is pastor. He will be with us in June if nothing happens.

'05, Earl E. Lavender, formerly of Lancaster, has moved to Abilene, Texas and lives N. 8th.

'11, Graham Tyson has left Santa Anna and the Lone Star State, and now lives 891 N. Gordon, Pomona, California.

'11, Mrs. A. B. McGill (nee Clara Moese, AB., or "Moses") sends her dues from Bertram, Texas. She will be here in June to greet her friends of "the Good Ole Days."

'14, Miss Johnnie Agnew, AB., of Bonham is teaching in El Paso this year. She lives 3606 Montana. We hope she will be back in time for the Home-Coming.

'14, Mrs. Kirby Page, nee Alma Foise, lives in Logan, Oklahoma, address B. 53.  
'15, James Edgar Lincoln, once of Dublin, now lives in Waldrip, Texas.  
'16, Mrs. Otis Ramsey (nee Florence Young) is visiting in the city. She is secretary of that wide awake Breckenridge club and receives her mail B. 1147.

'19, Mrs. Fred Bramlett, nee Grace Jones, AB., has moved to Corpus, Christi and receives her mail B. 906. We are expecting you and your family in June, Grace.

'20, Miss Beulah Sheridan, of Matador, is teaching in Mineral Wells with the address B. 90.

'20, Mark Mooring of Cleburne who has been studying costume designing in New York since leaving T. C. U. was recently awarded Mrs. Woods Bliss' scholarship and will leave New York February 26 for Paris. He will study there a year at the Academy Quilien. Then he will go to London for a year of study with Mr. Oden, in the Atelier.

'20, Dr. C. Smith Woodward, AB., sends dues to the Association. He offices with Dr. S. A. Woodward, 807 F. & M. Bank Bldg.

'21 Mary Jane McLean sends her dues this week. Her address is R. 3, B. 75, Fort Worth.

'21, Granville Jones, A. B., teaches in Yorktown this year. He sends dues from B. 4041, Thanks, Granville.

'22, Miss Fannie Wiseman, AB., teaches in the McKinney school this year. She is a visitor this week-end.

'22, Miss Elsie Jones sends her dues. She is at home at Childress this year.

slid quietly up and Lightning crawled into the house. Then, one by one, helped by those above and below, they clambered up the side of the house to the high window, and in. When the last man had entered, the window was closed, the shade pulled down, and an electric flash-light cautiously turned on. In that brief second of light James noticed that the room was elegantly furnished and was evidently a drawing room.

French doors opened into the next room, the study, or a kind of home-office of the man of the house, and in one corner stood a large safe, the object of their quest.

One of the men tapped James' shoulder and pointed to the front room, separated from the room they were in by heavy, hanging curtains. "Go in there and watch for a cop. As soon as you hear the shot, beat it in here and follow us out," the man whispered.

Softly James crossed on the big, heavy rugs, into the long room, and took his place at the front windows, looking out with useless caution now and then for a sight of the dreaded cop.

From the other room came a low purring sound, accompanied by a slight grating and grinding. This soon ceased, and for a while silence,

thick as death, hovered over close in the dark. James found himself in a cold sweat, with the fear gripping at his heart that his comrades had become frightened at something and had fled, leaving him behind. Then there could be heard, now and then, by a conscious effort, a slight rustle, as of some one moving about. James sighed his relief.

A low sputtering sound came to his ears, and he realized, with a sudden gripping terror that the fuse was set. He turned and glanced apprehensively out of the window. There, just across the street, under the bright light of the street lamp, stood a blue-clad officer. James wanted to scream, but something kept him from it. He turned in terror to the door, not knowing what else to do, and started into the next room. He barely reached the door when a deafening roar filled the room, and amid a burst of smoke and flame, the vault door crashed open. There was a minute of wild confusion, during which James stood rigidly still. He seemed paralyzed. Then there came the crash of breaking glass, and then and not till then did he realize that he was left—alone in the house, with the policeman probably even now racing across the lawn.

He was still bewildered by the suddenness of it all. He did not know why he had not followed his accomplices. Something had held him transfixed, while they had made their hasty get-away. Now that he was able to move, he did not know where to turn.

A moment longer he stood, then a heavy clatter of foot-steps on the stairs and another on the front porch brought him out of his stupor and he made a wild, desperate scramble, up, over the top of the safe, and dropped down behind it, between it and the corner of the wall.

As he crouched there in abject terror he heard the man run to the front door, and after a brief exchange of words with the man on the outside, open it. He heard the policeman enter, and saw the lights switched on. The two men rushed to the vault and began to examine it. James' heart raced and pounded, and he trembled in every limb. His breath came in choked gasps and sobs and hissed in and out between his clenched teeth. He felt that it was only a matter of seconds till he would be discovered. His cramped position was becoming extremely painful and he felt that he must change it at any cost, and yet he dared not move. These few seconds were an eternity of Hell to him. The mental and physical torture which he passed thru were enough to drive a man mad.

After seeming hours of this, with captivity awaiting him not three feet away, he heard the man's voice. "There isn't much gone. They missed it." "Let's see if we can trace them out," the policeman said. He heard them rise, and start to move away.

"Here is where they went thru the glass door," the man's voice announced suddenly.

"Yes. Now let's get outside and follow this up if we can. We can see what traces they left."

The hushed steps receded and the front door slammed. James sighed; the sigh of a man dragged from death's portal into new life, and hope—for so it seemed to him. As quickly as he could manage, he scrambled over the top of the safe and into the room again. They had left the light burning and there, on the floor amid the wreckage of the interior of the safe, were several torn bags of money. He turned his face away from it in horror. The very sight of it sent a shudder of repulsion over him as he realized how near it had brought him to the end of all; to a living death in a prison's cell.

(Continued Next Week.)

**APARTMENT FOR RENT**  
Three rooms and kitchenette.  
Phone R. 1030.

**FOR RENT.**  
One small house, T. C. U., 3-rooms, gas and water. \$20. Phone R. 431.

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Anything That Can Be  
Typewritten  
Work done on short notice. \$2.00 per hundred copies.  
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Don't Chew the Rag, but get a sack of  
**TAFFY CANDY**  
Before getting on the Car.  
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**Trade At**  
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WHERE THEY APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS  
If We Please You, Tell Others—  
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COURTESY—PROMPTNESS—  
SERVICE

### Do You Remember Way Back?

When "Cobby" De Stivers used to write her Annibel letters. She now lives at 1901 Alexander Street, in Waco, where she is teaching.

"Annibel to Ethyle"

Dear Ethyle,  
Take it from me, Ethyle, these subtle words you hear about atmosphere are not all what they seem! And I speak advisedly, for have I not left kith and kin to return to the haunts of yesteryear, that I might woo from the gentle muses a chance word or so with which to again beguile you? To make less ado about a great deal of nothing, I hid me back last week to the old stamping ground—namely and to wit, old T. C. U. hill—that I might be inspired with burning words. And behold! I have words—a few—but nothing hangs on them! They burn not! Little good it did me to gaze upon the still cherubic plumpness of Scottie, the new China closet in Jarvis Hall, the eternally locked and never-to-be-beheld-save-from-the-exterior gym, etc., for I could not woo from the Muses a single spark of inspiration.

And so I am back again now, Ethyle my own, at the greatly underestimated task of convincing young America that a little knowledge, tho' a dangerous thing, is a very present help in time of trouble. Fed, indeed, there be of mine who will ever be forced to confess that "much learning hath made them mad."

But again to the subject in hand: just between you, Ethyle, and me, Annibel, party of the second part, I was well nigh asphyxiated (if one does become such under such circumstances) when I was rudely snatched from my pensive memoirs as I was on my way out to T. C. U. by a side-track of the streetcar line, off to the right into Forrest Park. I had chanced upon a less rollicksome way for the old Green Bug to float up and down the hill. But this kind that was ended by being informed that the track but led to a prosaic swimming pool in the Park.

When I advanced from the snatched-from-memoirs place I found that the school looked the same old beloved, unchangeable from everlasting to everlasting pile of stone that it always did, as we'd go over the hill. Queer how it looked like a choice prize collection of prison walls on my first trip out.

There were lots of things that were changed tho. I tried weighing on Renfro's scales, to start the homecoming off in the proper way, but immediately thereupon—upon the scales you see—I felt a foreboding weight on my heart that all was not well and who wouldn't, on tipping the scales at 135, particularly after desiring a willowly 115?!! The wonder is that I've heart to write at all. The gloom of the situation was heightened by poking my head in at Ford's and not getting to see Uncle Ben's smiling visage. General affect was dampening there, I must admit, for I beheld two girls bedecked in knickers—which same was a private ambition of mine while in T. C. U., and which never got realized, save in the inner recesses of the lineup was:  
my closet, deep in the stilly night.

Impression of a deep dream in a dreamless sleep was also furthered by being able to trip my fantastic toes over honest-to-glory sidewalks all up and down around the campus. It now but remains for some abiding love to perpetuate his name in the hearts of all "Frogs" in general by providing a walk to the most important buildings, that of the Department of Interior Decoration, formerly known as Ford's Cafe.

Which-reminds me! I have looked with fiery eyeballs and snorting nostrils upon this idea of changing the Heaven-sent cognomen of "Frog" for some other high-flown, aristocratic appellation. Having begun Frogs, it would seem that we would naturally be Frogs until the end of days, until of Frogs there are no more. As for me and my house, we'd rather be a lovely horned frog than the most lithesome of all giraffes, the most billowy of all hippopotami, the most regal of all unicorns. I may not be able to poetize as some (being talented in entirely different lines Ethyle) but I say says I of the Frog was I once and of the Frogs let me die! If I were of male persuasion as unhappily I am not, I believe, Ethyle, that I should arise in my wrath and descend upon these Seekers-after-Beauty-rather-than-a-lowly-Lizard, Lizard, indeed! Better say, the Noble Horned Frog, King of the Beasts!

Another thing to contribute to general sadness was the fact that Mary Hefner, one of the twelve girls who used to sit at the same dining table, has ensnared (He is her husband, don't misunderstand me Ethyle) a husband, and writes back giving all the—gruesome details. They ARE gruesome, you see, because I sat at the same table, and I am afraid that I'll never get to the ensnaring stage.

But sad or no sad, Ethyle, I'm coming back for the Jubilee. Shall have given up attempting to convince young America by that time, and I'm going to be there with as-near-bells as I can get on. "Oh Meet Me There."  
Fondly and Froggily,  
Annibel.

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Fondly and Froggily,  
Annibel.

**James E. Turner**  
who may be found at the T. C. U. Business Office, or called at R. 3859, has been chosen to sell the best flowers from  
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—You'll Want One of These—

**New All Wool Sweaters Offered Special at \$1.98**

This is quite in the nature of a scoop—representing a most fortunate purchase. At this price every woman should take advantage of this sale. They come in the popular slip over style, nice open weave—with short sleeves. Colors are jade, buff, honey-dew, silver, orchid, peacock, pink, orange and tan. See them tomorrow.

Every day brings us new shipments of the latest styles for Spring in Dresses, Suits, Coats, Capes and Skirts.

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**THE WOMAN'S STORE THE FAIR**

### Ex-Students Give To Memorial Fund

Toward the erection of the Memorial Arch in front of Main Building to be dedicated to the soldiers of T. C. U. and particularly to the dead, the following have contributed their assistance to the Senior Class, which is sponsoring the move.

M. B. Judd, Houston; C. Smith Woodward, Fort Worth; E. S. Kane, Palestine; E. D. Walker, Ballinger; Bird A. Walker, Fort Worth; Bro. Chalmers McPherson, T. C. U.; Mary Jane McLean, Fort Worth; Elsie Jones, Childress; John M. Yates, Hamlin; Ruby Parks, Lancaster; T. E. Martin, Justin; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Sybert, Dallas; M. J. Hamm, Red Oak; Mrs. Claude Drennon, Fort Worth; M. Whisenant, Allen.

This list does not include those who have contributed since Saturday night.

Mrs. J. O. Jones is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Raley, at 1313 12th St., Wichita Falls. Mrs. Jones was Sallie Bedford and attended "Add Ran."

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T. C. U.

NO. 26

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# Miss Netherall Has Been "Taken Up"

Since the Netherall made its debut some months ago it has been "taken up" by the entire younger set. A list of its patrons would read like a page from the social register.

At the proms, for sports, in the gym, on the campus or at business the Netherall is the active girl's closest and best friend. Worn next the skin it combines in one garment the virtues of vest, brassiere and bust confiner.

Beside the needed support and control that it gives there are so many practical advantages that you really must see it to appreciate it. Easy to tub, easy to adjust, and you could almost pack it in a thimble.

Dainty enough for the most fastidious of girls, the Netherall is made of jersey silk or a combination of silk and downy suede cloth in charming shades of orchid, flesh and white.

Another advantage is the price—only \$5.00.

*W. C. Stripling Co.*

## KOMMENT KOLUMN

At last we have had a thought. Not ours, though, for it took some one else to start the process.

That talk made by Prof. McDiarmid the other day in chapel on true school sportsmanship is the cause of the latest show of mentality of the Kommenter.

You know that talk sure had the right idea. There's no two ways about it, we don't want to have T. C. U. get the reputation of having a bunch of bum sports, so the idea is that if you have any thoughts of the kind the prof mentioned—keep them to yourself. They won't help anything, and they may hurt T. C. U. and her athletic teams.

The Kommenter has tried hard to keep the Kolumn free from all slurs and hints of injustice. Once or twice we have had to wait till two or three days after the game to keep from saying some things we might feel ashamed of later.

No student of T. C. U. wants the school to get a reputation of being gripping, howling bunch who question every decision of the officials. Not a one wants that.

Prof. McDiarmid knew enough of human nature to know that some hadn't thought of that side of the question. A spectator at a football basketball or baseball game doesn't do very much sane thinking.

The professor wanted to start us thinking the idea over. He wanted us to see the thing in a clear, steady light. He made us think. Good! We feel absolutely sure that the talk will have the desired effect.

We are surely sorry that Howard Payne and the Frogs didn't get tangled up last week, as per schedule. The way the Frogs have been going we surely saw the symptoms of a Purple and White victory.

Lots to think about this week folks. There's S. M. U., in the first Southwestern conference basketball game of the season. Also there's Austin College and Trinity.

We've got to even things up with the Kangaroos, especially for the defeat in football they gave us. Every dog must have his day and this applies to Horned Frogs and Kangaroos as well.

As to the Trinity Tigers, we have already given them a lesson in the fundamentals of the game, and now we get a chance to show them the finishing touches.

Let's all get the pep, and show them a real enthusiastic student body, and a clean bunch of sports.

We are glad to notice the large bunch of folks from town that have been getting out to the games lately. Looks as the city were beginning to wake up to the fact that there is a real school to the South west of town.

Let's just keep reminding them of the fact by turning out the best teams and best student body supporters of any school anywhere. We can do it, if we all pull together. But we must all work at it. YOU do your share, I do my share, and we'll accomplish anything we set out to do.

## Knox Made Pres. T.C.U. Tennis Team

DWIGHT HOLMES  
T. C. U. Tennis team was recently organized with Walter Knox as president. Walter is looking forward to the production of a team that will uphold the standing of the University in this particular line.

Knox is an old timer at the game, having learned to play with Ben and Kirk Parks, now of Oklahoma University. (And by the way the old timers often break into the tennis fields of the eastern and central states and come home occasionally loaded down with trophies.)

Besides Knox, some of the other players are Holmes and Tomlinson of last years team, and a world of new material, among whom are Newcomb, Ashley Tripp, Turbeville, Wilkerson, Epperly, Chambers, Towery and Van Allen Kent and Ashley Robey.

The courts will be replayed soon and until this is done the hardball court can be used for stroking practice.

A number of conference schools have expressed a desire to get games with T. C. U., but unless an extra strong team develops the athletic director thinks that it will be best to "hold off" until next year, then let them have it hard.

A practice game will be played with the Meadowmere Country Club.

Forward	Sams	Forward	Hslder
Forward	Mills	Guard	Hughes
Guard	Williams	Guard	Hutchinson
Subs—T. C. U.:	Pyron for Kirklm.	Brown for Sams;	

## HORNED FROG SPORT NEWS

"ALEX" ALEXANDER, Editor

### BASEBALL MEN TO START WORK SOON

If you have noticed, you will have seen that there is an amount of fresh dirt piled on the Athletic field, especially in the Northwest corner. In a few days this dirt will be wet down with a hose, or by old Jupiter Pluvius, and then rolled into the semblance of a hardwood floor.

If you haven't guessed yet the meaning of all this, we will tell you. It means that baseball season is coming. Yes, Spring is upon us. Soon we will hear the merry crack of the war club smacking the old apple for a goal, and the pop of the ball in glove.

Last season we had one of the best baseball teams in this or any other state, and the prospects look good for another great one. We have not seen any of the new men in action but we hear good things about them, and we know what the old timers can do.

### TRACK DELAYED BY BAD WEATHER

On account of inclement weather track practice has been somewhat delayed in starting, but according to Athletic Director Wright, the time has come for action, and lots of it. The practice is due to start in full swing this week, and the men will have daily workouts when the weather permits.

The track material for this season is mostly green and untried stuff, but some good men may develop before the season has gone long.

Wright announces that T. C. U. will be represented in the T. I. A. A. and Southwestern Conference meets and will hold two or three dual meets besides.

### W. A. A. WILL BEGIN VOLLEY BALL PRACTICE

Volley ball practice will be begun at an early date; all girls who are interested are urged to come out and help develop a good team.

Also handball is under way and if sufficient interest is shown to develop strong teams a tournament

### Frogs Play Five Games This Week

Five games per week is a pretty stiff game for a basketball team, but that is the way the Horned Frogs are scheduled for this week. Last night and tonight they meet the S. M. U. Mustangs in the first Southwestern conference basket ball game the season. The games are being played down town in the new First Baptist Gymnasium, and a big crowd of town people are expected to attend tonight.

Wednesday and Thursday the Frogs meet five Kangaroos from Austin College. Saturday, with only one day of rest, they will meet the Trinity Tigers in the second game between these two schools. The Frogs covered themselves with glory in the first tilt with the Tigers, but the Tigers have got the taste of blood and are coming back strong with a determination to upset the dope. We all have our opinion as to how much luck they will have, but it won't hurt anything for them to try.

### Girls Beat Baptists Hotly Contested

ELVA KIRKLIN  
The First Baptist basketball net met defeat Thursday evening in their own gym when they tackled the T. C. U. team, the score being 17-4.

This was the first game of the season for the T. C. U. girl's team and they showed excellent team work throughout the game. The Baptists put up a hard fight, but their team work was not so good as their individual fighting.

T. C. U.	BAPTISTS
Haden	Tucker
Jumping Center	
Kirklm	Tucker
Running Center	
Wings	Stevenson

will be held later in the season. During the past week it has been very difficult to get pictures of the basket ball teams because the girls never seemed to appear at the appointed time.

## Radio T.C.U.

Making their first bow to the radio public, the 19 members of the Girls Glee Club, directed by Miss Elizabeth Moutray of the Texas Christian University, covered themselves with glory on the late concert period of W. B. A. P. The Star-Telegram Radio, Friday from 9:30 to 10:30 o'clock. To say that the Glee Club made a hit would be putting the matter exceedingly mild, according to expressions received from those who listened in.

The Glee Club was assisted in putting on the program by W. M. Martin, reader; Prof. H. D. Guelick, accompanist and general director; Mary Lee Pinkerton, soprano soloist; Reva Morris, pianist; Henry Elkins, violinist, and Edna Thompson, accompanist, and the work of these artists was of the usual high class and pleasing character that has made T. C. U. radio concerts an eagerly awaited fortnightly feature by thousands of radio fans who listen in to the Star-Telegram's programs.

The Girl's Glee Club presented three songs, "The Slumber Song," by Ganor; Nevin's "Rosary," and a T. C. U. song, Dr. Martin presented his audience with two readings, "The House you Live in and How to Keep it," and "The Devils and the lawyers." Miss Moutray, as usual, charmed her auditors with her splendid presentation of "Lonesome, That's All," by Roberts.

Two violin solos were given by Henry Elkins, accompanied by Edna Thompson, these being "Ferceust," by Gounod, and "Whispering Hope," A vocal duet, "Where My Caravan Has Rested," offered by Mary Lee Pinkerton, and Bernice Gates, accompanied by Edna Thompson, also was a favorite with the fans.

The program closed with a soprano solo, "Evening Hymn," presented by Miss Moutray, accompanied by Prof. H. D. Guelick.

Telegrams of praise were received from the following enthusiastic listeners:

Jacksonville, Florida: "Am enjoying your program. Congratulations to Glee Club."—Dr. Grey Smith.

Brownwood: "T. C. U. program coming in fine, old friends listening."—George A. Wall.

Prof. Arthur moved the radio set of the Science Department into the main auditorium so that the concert, presented by the Girls' Glee Club, could be heard by all.

From Clarendon College, "Claro," Jan. 9.

Plans have been outlined for the immediate installation of a radio receiving set, sufficiently large to entertain a crowd as large as the seating capacity of the auditorium. This set will cost upward of \$200, part of which amount has been collected and is at present securing the radio. An admission of ten cents will be charged for each concert until the set has been paid for. The faculty is behind this new proposition and has assessed each of its members in advance, so that the installation of the machine will be made without delay.

Carson and Stevenson, Miss Moutray, and the Men's Glee Club were featured over the Record Radio last evening at eleven o'clock.

Brother R. H. Bonham, an alumnus of T. C. U. has been visiting for a few days with his son, Kenneth.

The Preacher Basketball team hit their stride last Thursday evening at the Central Methodist church gym beating the Soldiers Memorial Baptist boys 15-14. The score was close throughout and was won only in the last few minutes on a free toss by Horton.

Walter Knox and "Charlie Rabbit" Granville Knox are attending the Older Boys Y. M. C. A. Conference at Dallas.

Arthur Lester, George Horton, Ralph Swain, Edwin Montgomery, Harvey Palmer, Kenneth Bonham, Ernest Tetens, of this Hall and Preacher Coach Johnnie Roberts, with a number of girls from Jewell Hall attended the Student Volunteer Conference in Sherman, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Nimmo Golstein spent the week end in his home in the big city of Milford.

Harvey Redford is gone for a few days at his home in Paris.

Thomas Earl Dudney spent Sunday in the city.

D. W. McElroy closed his meeting in Handley Wednesday night with a total of nineteen additions. Mr. McElroy is the first in the state to go over the top in his Pre-Easter Campaign for at least ten per cent increase. Mr. McElroy reports about thirty per cent.



HERE is one of the most charming slippers of the season, reflecting the artistry of the shoe craftsman.

Rich black satin tie, three silk worked eyelets, embroidered side cut-outs, short vamp, 1 1/2" Spanish heel.

\$11.50

**Washer Brothers**

## Boy, Look! RADIO

A complete set of parts for a Peanut Set, mounted, but unwired, on Bakelite Panel in Mahogany Finished Cabinet.

SET for \$17.50

Other necessary extras listed separately as follows:

- Phones \$3.00
- Tubes \$6.50
- Batteries \$2.25

This machine has a range of about a Thousand Miles, and under good conditions Two Thousand Miles.

We are interested in "Radio T. C. U." and want to put a set in each room for your enjoyment.

**Radio Electric Co.**

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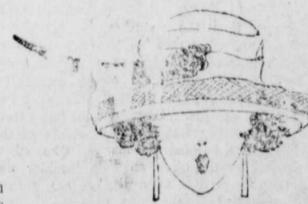
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FORT WORTH, TEXAS

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Little Girl my new doll Mother: "Little Girl head."