

JUNIOR PREXY STABBED BY NEGRO

Horned Frogs Choose Jacks As Next Year Captain

CAPTAINCY WILL CROWN JACKS' LAST YEAR OF BALL

Old stub armed and always fighting Lindsay Jacks was given the biggest morsel on T. C. U.'s athletic platter Saturday night when his fellow players elected him to be their captain for next year's gridiron team. Like most football captains, Jacks will be playing his last year during the year of his captaincy.

Besides the election of the captain, letters were awarded to 18 men at the banquet which was given at the Texas Hotel. The purple T was given to those who had played in three full games or the equivalent to them. Roy Mack, who has been persisting for the past several seasons in trying to win a letter, finally was rewarded at the banquet when he got the longer-for T. Following are the ones to make their letter: Blair Cherry (captain), M. Bishop, Lindsay Jacks, Nicholson, Ayres, McConnell, Clark, Kit Carson, H. Adams, Tankersley, Cantrell, Stangl, Mack, Honey, Ward, Fender, H. Bishop and H. Taylor.

Talks were made by E. W. Mc-Dairmid, chairman of the athletic council; E. M. Waits, president of the university; Matty Bell, coach; Dutch Meyer, freshman coach; B. S. Smiser, general manager of the university, and L. C. Wright, athletic director. Jacks has made one of the school's most reliable linesmen despite his physical handicap. When he first appeared for football practice in T. C. U. he had a hard time even convincing the coach that a one-armed man should wear a football uniform, but he made good and since then has been one of the best players and dispensers of fight to be found on the team.

CAPTAIN OF FROGS



LINDSAY JACKS

Footlights to Give Play for Benefit of Volunteers

Town students as well as the dormitarians will have the opportunity Thursday morning during the chapel hour of seeing the Footlights Club stage one of their productions when the play, "Thursday Evening," is to be presented for the benefit of T. C. U.'s delegates to the Student Volunteer Conference at Indianapolis. Brite chapel and other conflicting meetings have been called off. The usual admission price of a dime will be taken at the door instead of by ticket sale.

"Thursday Evening" is a play of professional quality and is one of the best that the Footlights will stage this year. The ever-interesting quarrel of a newly married couple form the basis for the plot which ends in affectionate reconciliation that is conclusively shown by the warm embrace that the twain are engaged in when the curtain drops.

Wayne Newcomb will play the part of the new husband, Gordan Johns, while the part of his matrimonial partner is taken by Eva Durden. Winnie Williams will be Mr. Johns' mother and Maxine Connell will be that of the young wife.

The Wednesday evening play will be given as usual despite the Thursday morning presentation which it so immediately precedes. "Murder Will Out" is the name of the Wednesday play. Those who attended last Wednesday expecting to see two plays, as was advertised, will be admitted on their honor for five cents. Others will pay the usual dime. The cast will be made up of Osea White, Ruby Stokes, Lois Jetton and Martha Morris. They have been coached by Chowning Moore.

Footlights members will be entertained within the next few days by Miss Margurite Kerr who is largely responsible for the growth of the "Little Theater" movement in Fort Worth. She will talk to the club about the movement and why and how it has succeeded here.

A CORRECTION

In last week's Skiff were several mistakes which should be corrected. However, we find only one which needs special mention, and that is the following headline: "Polywogs Romp on Terrell; Score 6-0." The score, as given in the writeup below should have been 60-3. We have also been asked concerning T. C. U.'s standing in the conference, and how we can place her second. This was done entirely on the percentage basis.

GLEE SINGERS TO MAKE INITIAL APPEARANCE THURSDAY

The Men's Glee Club will make their initial bow to the students and friends of T. C. U. when they present a full program in the auditorium Thursday night. This group appeared before chapel some few weeks ago, and since then have been singing at the Fort Worth High Schools and in neighboring towns. They have been received enthusiastically by all their audiences, and bid fair to making one of the best clubs T. C. U. has ever produced.

The program will consist of two parts, as did the one of last year; namely, semiclassical songs for the first part, and popular music of various kinds for the second. The Glee Club Orchestra will be one attractive feature of the program, as well as the male quartet, novel duet, and vocal and violin soloists. The personnel of the club which will appear Thursday night is as follows: First tenors: Harvey J. Palmer, Elmer D. Henson, Harry Campbell, Clinton Hackney, Glen G. Clark; second tenors: Charles Mohle, Randolph Clark, Carlos Ashley, and Sterling P. Clark; baritone: Walter Fite, Howard Towery, Wood Carson, and Nimmo Goldston; basses: James Turner, Richard Gaines, and Garland McLeod. The orchestra is composed of Robert Ford, Morris Parker, Richard Gaines, Ben Halsell, and Rouse Baxter. The male quartet is made up of Palmer, Mohle, Turner, and Goldston. The soloists who will probably delight the audience on that night are Misses Mary Elizabeth Moutray and Bernice Carleton and Messrs. Sterling Clark, Wood Carson, and Henry Elkins.

The admission, which will be announced in chapel, will be used for purchasing stage equipment and furnishing part of the railroad fare for the trips to be taken after Christmas. One trip is to be made about January 9 as far as Paris, Texas, and the other in February to San Antonio and other South Texas cities.

Easy.
Teacher—Name the seasons.
Pupil—Pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard.

TRIBUTE TO BE PAID TO THE MEMORY OF LESTER

A special service will be held in Brite chapel on next Sunday night at 7:30 o'clock in memory of J. Arthur Lester, who was killed in an airplane accident at Italy, Texas, on Friday, November 23. Lester was pastor of the Christian Churches of Italy and Milford at the time of his death.

He spent four years of his life in T. C. U. just previous to taking up the work of pastor at the aforementioned places, and received his Bachelor's and Master's degrees here. He had many friends still on the campus of T. C. U., as he had been out of school only six months. These friends are fostering the beautiful service to be held in his memory Sunday night, and it is thought that several of his classmates from nearby towns will be present at the occasion. Lester's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lester of Dallas, will also probably be here for the service.

The Student Volunteer Band, of which Lester was a member, will have charge of the program, and will be assisted by Dean Colby D. Hall and Brother Chalmers McPherson. Dean Hall will be in charge of a call service for foreign missionary volunteers at the close of the program.

FROG DEBATERS LOSE TO A. C. C.

The T. C. U. debaters went down in defeat before the Abilene Christian College contenders. As the name, under which they travel, signifies, they were literally wildcats when it came to debating. The wildcat debaters, Don Morris and Walter Adams, were given a unanimous first place by the three judges on the affirmative to the question: Resolved, that the United States should become a member of the permanent court of international justice as it is now constituted. The Frog contenders were Al B. Nelson and William Sheppard.

Are You Interested In Newspaper Work?

Everyone, including Freshmen, who would like to try out for a place on The Skiff staff after Christmas, see the editor and arrange matters for the tryout. If you are interested in any form of newspaper work—feature stories, news stories, human interest stories, editorial writing or anything pertaining to college newspaper work—do not fail to report. The work is fascinating and the experience worth while. Try it out.

CAGE PRACTICE BEGINS WEEK EARLY

Instead of waiting until this week to begin cage practice as had been planned, Coach Bell showed unexpected desire for haste with the result that the Frogs are now improved by three or four practices that they were put through last week. Coach issued orders Tuesday for his men to report to practice; uniforms were issued and about fifteen are now busily engaged each afternoon in developing their stamina and other essentials to the most strenuous of T. C. U.'s athletic games. Prospects are bright for a cage team that will outshine the football team's record in the Frogs' baby year in the Southwestern Conference.

Basketball offers for T. C. U. this year the first real opportunity that it has had for a sure-enough free and fast race for a Southwestern Conference pennant. An insufficient number of conference games, while technically no barrier, proved sufficient to keep Texas from claims of the championship in football the past season, and even if T. C. U. had boasted a winning grid team, would have allowed the Frogs no true basis for a championship. But in the cage field T. C. U. is stepping into a worthy schedule with a team that promises to leave no regrets trailing behind it.

All of last year's men are out for honors. This includes Homer Adams, Melvin Bishop, Froggie Lovvorn, Harvey Light, and Jim Cantrell who is captain. Dick Fender, who has done well on the grid and diamond, has now turned his hand toward dribbling and passing a basketball with good results so far. Kit Carson and Lawrence Tankersley are back. Othro Adams, Homer's big kid brother, is back and looking better all the time as he grows older.

NEGRO CAUGHT AFTER WARM CHASE; NOW IN JAIL

Cort Reeder, president of the Junior class, was given a painful but not grave stab in the back of his left shoulder late Sunday night while he was getting onto a T. C. U. car at Ninth and Main streets, by a negro who had become angered at being shoved back into place after trying to board the car ahead of some white ladies. The shoulder just above the shoulder blade was where the knife went in, making a gash several inches long. After being treated at a nearby hospital he was brought to his room in Clark hall where he spent a restless night Sunday.

The negro was caught after almost reaching the haven of the nigger-town just east of the business section of the city and is now in the county jail. After stabbing Reeder he showed a speed that carried about three blocks before being downed by the crowd that followed at his heels. The sight of a uniformed taxi driver whom he evidently mistook for a policeman caused him to hesitate for an instant in his flight and was likely the cause of his capture without the trials and mishances of having to ferret him from niggertown which he would surely have reached with a moment's more time.

Previous to the stabbing, Boob Fowler had been forced to give the negro a shove to keep him from boarding the car before his time and the negro at once took out a knife which he later used on Reeder. Coming up a little later, Reeder, with his girl, started on the car and was also forced to shove the negro to keep him from pushing ahead of the girl. The negro protested and after a few more impudences was staggered by Reeder's fist. He then made use of the knife and falling back into a group of negroes, there remained until he saw more safety in his heels and so took to them, going on Ninth to Main, north up Main to the next side street, and thence a block east where he was caught. He was pursued by an increasing mob of students, bystanders and even a few girls. He was caught by City Detective Ed Smith, who happened to be in the vicinity.

Clark Is Chosen Worthiest Player

Herman Clark, the midget Horned Frog quarter-back, was selected by the student body of Texas Christian University, in an election held Wednesday, as the most useful member of the football team. The election was held under the auspices of the Skiff, and the winner was presented with a good pair of Nettleton shoes by the Taylor Brothers' Nettleton Shoe Store.

The voting was very light as no more than two hundred and fifty votes were cast altogether. Clark received first place with a hundred and thirty-five votes. Only one man stood out as a contender for second place, and that was big W. E. McConnell, who received thirty-seven votes.

Clark's playing has been consistent throughout the entire season, and it has been characterized by good generalship and punting. Nor has his passing been anything at which to laugh. His playing has done much toward keeping the morale of the team up to par, and the first place goes to one who well deserves it.

Economy.

Mother—Johnnie, I thought you were trying to economize, and here I find you with both jam and butter on your bread.

Johnnie—Of course, mother; one piece of bread does for both.

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONFERENCE

The Ninth Quadrennial International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement is to be held at Indianapolis December 28, 1923, to January 1, 1924. Over 5,000 students and professors from more than 1,000 American and Canadian colleges and universities will gather to discuss the modern world movement of Christianity with particular emphasis on the progress of Christian thought and life over-seas. Outstanding leaders of student thought from many lands will address the convention on the burning issues of modern industrialism, on racial and international relations, on social and intellectual unrest now almost universal, on the problems of war as a method of settling international disputes, on the education of the will of the world for peace.

Student thought and ideals of a decade ago have been rejected or revised; arm chair philosophizing about the critical needs of a very much puzzled world will not be the indoor sport of a lot of hazy dreamers and fanatics. On the contrary the most practical methods of getting results in terms of better human relationships, better working conditions and better international understanding will be discussed by forward-looking men and women from our greatest centers of learning. There will be sessions given over wholly to forums and discussions. There will be a direct and frank effort on the part of

those responsible for the program to develop a world consciousness and to train for world citizenship the leaders of the coming generation of Christian men and women—not only by clearly presenting the need and opportunity for distinctively Christian service over-seas, but by showing the relation of the world-wide work of Christianity to the welfare of our own country.

The Student Volunteer Movement has been very much alive and on the map for thirty-seven years. More than 10,000 members of the Movement are today at work over-seas training the less favored peoples of the world for participation in the progress of Christian civilization with all its wealth of culture and opportunity. The number of these ambassadors of good will from Christian America to foreign nations is increased every year by more than a thousand members of the Movement.

This International gathering has been preceded during the past year by thirty-nine smaller Conferences in various parts of the United States and Canada at which 10,000 students have been present; and preparation for informed participation in the discussions at Indianapolis has been made through several carefully planned study courses used widely among thoughtful students during recent months. These indicate the scope of this Movement and the significance

of the International Convention: Internationalism and War, Race Relations, World Economic Conditions; and Youth and the Renaissance Movement.

This meeting in Indianapolis will be almost as representative as the League of Nations. About forty nations will be represented by their nationals, and in practically every case the situation in a given country will be presented by a man or woman who is a citizen of that country. It is planned to give a clear and comprehensive understanding of the fundamental needs not of folks in general, but of the most important nations in particular. The Convention is thus designed as an approach to the problems engaging the attention of wide-awake students all over the world, and the leaders of the Movement are expecting that there will be in the delegations going to Indianapolis the sort of men and women who have attended previous Quadrennial Conventions and who have found in the conventions not only the largest and most representative student gatherings of any kind held on the continent, but a source of guidance and inspiration for the largest service to the modern world.

As an evidence of the interest in this convention the University of Washington at Seattle is sending forty students, its full allotment, a distance of approximately twenty-five hundred miles.

THE SKIFF

Entered as second class mail matter at the post office at Fort Worth, Texas. Subscription, one dollar a year.

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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FAIR DISTRIBUTION.

The editorials of the Skiff have heretofore been directed chiefly to the students on the matter of football and school loyalty. Much has been said for pep meetings, game attendance, and general school patriotism. In this have we all been more or less vitally interested, and the Skiff makes no apologies for standing for athletics and sports of all kinds. We believe the training received from school athletics is worth much to every fellow who can participate, and—well, we are just naturally athletically inclined, anyway.

However, we do not go to the extent of saying that football, basketball, baseball, and the other sports are worth more than what we get from our books. We think that our studies are absolutely essential; if not, then why go to college at all? Why not try for professional sports, and not waste time in the classroom? Athletics are necessary and valuable for building and training the physical body; but, after all is said and done, this body of ours is not so important that it should be trained to the neglect of our mental, spiritual, and social beings. That is rank nonsense, regardless of how many tell us that our books are minor details.

When we stop to consider that we only go to school thirty-six weeks out of the year for four years to secure a Bachelor's degree, and then compare that with the many weeks we have to live and work after we leave college, we might think a little more seriously of the true purpose of attending College. We must have our physical life trained, but that is only one-fourth of our make-up. What about the other three-fourths?

One matter of vital importance to T. C. U. has as yet not been discussed in the editorial columns of the Skiff. This has to do with that principle and that great ideal upon which Texas Christian University was founded; and that is—**Christian Education**. T. C. U. has a Bible College—one which ranks with the highest in scholarship and in equipment; she has a Sunday School, supervised by an expert in Religious Education; she has regular preaching service every Sunday, held by the best of preachers, and she has an Endeavor, a Student Volunteer Band, a Y. M. C. A., a Y. W. C. A., and various Circles and Societies; and yet we find among our number those who are so weak and fearful of walking on someone's feelings that they are opposed to advertising these principles for which we stand.

If a student misses a pep meeting, he is unpatriotic; if he stays away from a game, he is disloyal; if from a Society meeting, he is not a good member, and to all of these the Skiff gives its heartiest approval, because it is true. But, on the other hand, what about that person who fails to be at Sunday School, Church, and the other religious organizations? That is different. We could not apply the same to Church attendance as we do to athletics and other school activities. But why can we not, when the school is supposed to be based upon those very things?

But that which is beyond the comprehension of those who love and reverence the great principles for which old T. C. U. stands, is the fact that these have been so forgotten that, because of athletic expenses, the treasury is so drained as to make it impossible to send even one faculty member to the great International Student Volunteer Conference at Indianapolis. It is indeed deplorable to think that a school based on Christian ideals cannot send one delegate to a Conference which is held only once in four years, and which means more individually, as well as collectively, to the student body of our own T. C. U. than ten games of any form of athletics. The Skiff merely pleads for a fairer distribution of advertisement for all the activities of the school.

Preachers Elect Winter Officers

At the regular weekly meeting of the Ministerial Association on Tuesday night, the election of officers for the winter term was held. Also the report of the secretary, on the work of the association for the past term, was heard and accepted. The officers chosen were Ed McWilliams, president; Etta Williams, vice-president; Mrs. H. J. Hart, secretary-treasurer; and Bessie May Rogers,

press reporter. The secretary's report follows:

- 11 meetings of the association with an average of 35 present.
- 17 sermons by students.
- 2 outside talks (R. R. Yelderman and Dean Colby D. Hall).
- 1 debate.
- 9 services at the Gospel Mission with an average attendance of 15.
- 1 Sunday night service in Brite Chapel.

Boys you are getting behind. In Indiana all of the "real jellies" are wearing earrings. Wake up!

FROM OUR EXCHANGES

The Baptist Seminary has published the initial issue of the "Baptist Propeller." It is published by both the faculty and the students of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary.

The "Home Coming" issue of the "Thresher" was one of the best that the exchange editor has had the pleasure of reading this year. It had the appearance of a real newspaper. The pictorial page was an unusual treat.

The Baylor Bear basketball team is being rounded into form for the annual Christmas trip which begins Dec. 16.

The Baylor Library now remains open until ten o'clock p. m.

Inspiration.

Let your work be an inspiration at all times and work so that when you have passed on your works and deeds will live forever.

Now is the time for you to realize the greater things of life, grasp the opportunity that comes floating your way and work to that greater end. It is not the man or woman who does the great things, but the person who is forever plunging the line for little gains. The big things are great, but the little insignificant things are the ones that count in the long run of life's pathway.

Don't be a jellyfish kind of a person, but be a real man at anything you undertake, and you will succeed at every undertaking.

We are in school primarily for one main object, and that is to prepare ourselves for the future. We all wish to be prepared to the finest point, and we cannot be prepared unless we grasp every opportunity that comes our way. Many opportunities are floating around in the college waiting for someone to take the advantage of them, and why should not this person be you as well as someone else? Realize the great things in school and apply yourself so that when you leave your absence will be keenly felt.

Do We Appreciate It?

We do well to stop occasionally and ask ourselves the question: "Do I really appreciate the education that I am getting?" Too often we are prone to put athletics and social activities first, forgetting that the main purpose of the college is to train the mind. Books alone, it is true, would make college life monotonous, but they should have first place. Many noble men in the years that have passed sacrificed to lay the foundation of what we are privileged to enjoy today. The realization of the fact that thousands of the students of Central Europe and Russia today are suffering privations in order to get an education should make us deeply grateful for our opportunities.

A DARKENED SEA

Strange whisperings from afar have come to me;
 And as I watch the great moon gently rise,
 To light the lustrous star-bespinkled skies
 My thoughts are lost upon a darkened sea.
 They wander on and on in mystery
 Until my spirit in its anguish cries—
 Why cling to fleeting faith that surely dies?
 Oh let me know my soul's reality!
 And yet, those wandering voices in the night,
 Those aching doubts that sensuously creep
 All vanish when I search the heavens deep
 And find truth in those myriad worlds of light;
 Then all misgivings suddenly take flight
 And I lose my fears in quiet sleep.

HELEN LESLIE.

Winner of Dallas Pen Woman's Club, Poetry Prize, 1923.

Clark Hall Poutporri

It is rumored about the campus that the stacking of rooms has temporarily or otherwise ceased.

Frank Bowser and Red Collins unceremoniously and without hesitation or contemplation moved up to the third stoop Sunday. Cause unknown.

Hubert E. Robison attended a dance Saturday night. We don't know why he did it. He did it, that's enough. Bouncer! Out!!

Dick Gaines has made known his desire to edit the "Goode Hall Tribune" for next year. Stay in there and pitch, Ralph.

We hear that a heinous, nefarious, atrocious and diabolical society has been organized in the monastery. The Horned Frog comes out in the spring term. Have you subscribed yet? Eventually, why not now?

It is only 13 days till Santa Claus comes. The Frosh are nervously awaiting the time for departure.

In this age thousands, yes millions, are forsaking the farms for vocational fields. Should there be a law

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CALENDAR FOR THE SUNDAY SERVICES

Sunday School—10 a. m.
 Othontes class in Shirley-Walton Society room.
 Homer D. Wade, teacher.
 Preaching Services—11 a. m.
 Brother McPherson, pastor.
 Senior Christian Endeavor—6:30 p. m.
 Held in Shirley-Walton Hall.
 Young People's C. E.—6:30 p. m.
 Brite Chapel.
 Memorial Service—7:30 p. m.
 Brite Chapel.

A Riddle.

"Why is an empty purse always the same?"
 "I give it up."
 "Because you never see any change in it."

look on any number of faces this seems to be the case.

Had you heard? T. C. U. is going to win the Southwestern Conference championship in basketball.

Freshmen certainly love Cowboy Ogan, as was shown by their reception of Dec. 6. The upper classmen's view of the slaughter caused much rejoicing.

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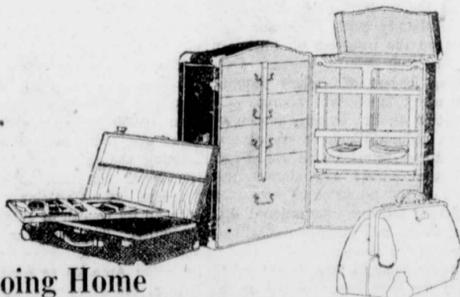
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THE FAIR HOUSTON-FIFTH-MAIN

"The BOOMERANG OF REVENGE"

Le Roy Gordon
Author of "Wild Oats"

CHAPTER IV.

"FRAMED" (Continued).

It was a scorching hot afternoon. Not a breath of air stirred. The large crowd sat almost helplessly silent under the torrid rays of the August sun.

Both Red and Tornado seemed in the tip-top of form when they stepped into the ring and shook hands. It was very evident that Tornado had been training hard for this bout. He was determined to win, but he had his job cut out for him. Red Day was just about the size of Tornado, but his arms were longer than Tornado's by inches, and his hands were big and knobby. He had a big, square jaw that had been proven to be able to absorb many, many blows.

The first round started off fast. If Tornado had been slowed any, Machine could not tell it. Both fighters dashed, leaped and bounded around the ring like lightning, flashing blows here and there, some hitting, some missing. The terrific heat began to tell on them about the middle of the second round, and they slowed down noticeably.

Five rounds of milling drug by without either man gaining any decided advantage. Neither was knocked down, and neither succeeded in bringing blood.

With the opening of the sixth, Tornado slipped as he rushed from his corner and fell to his knees. As he rose he was met by a terrific uppercut that caught him squarely under the chin. He toppled backward to the floor. Everyone thought that he was done for. He lay for the count of seven, then arose. He was weak through the rest of the round, guarding, ducking away and clinching whenever possible, to avoid punishment.

During the intermission, Crook and two other seconds worked furiously trying to bring Tornado back to himself, but it was evident, when the next round began, that their efforts had been of little avail. Tornado merely staggered about the ring, driven by the hammering blows of Red, which were landed almost at will. Four times that round Tornado went to the floor, and each time he came up a little slower, to crouch low again, covering up and running about the ring, clinging to the ropes or grasping at the empty air.

During the intermission Crook poured some whiskey down him, and he seemed to revive some. At any rate, he managed to keep pretty well away from Red's blows during the next round. He would run, spar, cover up and run—from corner to corner, from side to side. The continuous running was telling on Red, too, for he was panting heavily and his body glistened with perspiration.

When the gong sounded for the intermission, Tornado slipped back to his corner and motioned Crook for the bottle of whiskey. He drank little swallows from it all during the period, and when the bell rang, announcing the beginning of the ninth round, Red found himself face to face, not with a mere man, but with a drink-crazed brute. It all happened so quickly, neither Machine nor Rolf could remember just how, but Tornado knocked Red down three times in quick succession, and each time Red came up slower than the time before. The third time, he crawled away, covered up and backed into a corner. Tornado followed him closely, and battering down his guard with fierce right and left swings, shot a smashing uppercut into the face that sent Red toppling backward. In falling his head struck the iron corner post with cruel force, and he crumpled weakly to the floor with a deep sigh. Before anyone could get to him, a pool of blood stained the mat where he lay.

There was no shouting, no glorying over the victor. Tornado and Crook made their way, almost unnoticed, from the ring, and through the curi-

THE SCRAP BOOK

By ETHEL KEMP.

By ETHEL KEMP.
Random Remarks.

No other tent is so good to dwell in as content.

When money talks, it doesn't have any trouble getting central.

Opportunity doesn't travel by a time schedule.

All the world is a stage, and the profiteer is the stage hold-up man.

The man who rides a hobby generally wants the whole road to himself.

People who are free with advice usually pass out a poor grade of it.

The Long and Short of It.
I fear I'll never win my girl,
I'm in an awful fix;
For she is over six feet tall,
While I am five foot six.

My dear Professor Somename:
I'm writing this to you

ous, surging crowd, while Red Day

was carried, pale and limp, to his dressing room. A doctor was procured immediately and the crowd gathered around the dressing room door. For an hour, a long, painful hour, they waited, then began to disperse, as no news came from inside.

Next morning the newspapers bore the headline:
"Red Day Killed In Ninth Round of Fight."

When Rolf came around to the house the next morning early, Machine read him the report. Rolf made no comment. None was necessary. The cold, grim facts faced them—they could not be dodged. Machine was going to fight.

After a long, thoughtful silence, Rolf muttered so that Vida, who was at work dusting the furniture in the next room, might not hear, "You're in a hell of a mess now, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. But I can't help it though, damn it! It's all I could do, Rolf."

"You could have kept on training," Rolf shot back hotly.

"No, I couldn't, Rolf. You don't understand. Don't be so hard on me, old pal," Machine was pleading, hurt by Rolf's attitude and apparent lack of sympathetic understanding. "You aren't a married man, Rolf, and you love, Rolf?"

Rolf hesitated a long moment before answering, "No, not with a woman!"

"Then you can't understand," Machine continued, his voice husky and

Because I'm rather dizzy
And I've nothing else to do,
Remember Ezra Killtime—
Well, he's me (or is it "I")
I got my sheepskin last year—
And say, Prof., I hope to die—
If I don't miss your classes,
I miss them now a heap!
I suffer with insomnia
And I never get my sleep!
So, dear Professor Somename,
When you've read this senseless
rhyme,
Please send a sample lesson
To

Yours truly,
Ezra Time.

(Editor's note: This column has been given into Miss Kemp's hands to handle as she wishes. She desires all who will to turn in to her short poems or rhymes suitable for this space.)

oddy choked with suppressed emotion. "Vida didn't want me to, so I just couldn't."

"I'll take your word for that, but the fact remains that you're in a hell of a fine mess! What the devil are you going to do about it?"

"I'll have to do just exactly as we planned to do the night that McClosky came to see about the contract. 'I'll have to get someone to train me up at night.'"

"You gonna keep the job?"
"Yes, Rolf, I have to."

"You can't do it, Machine. You can't work hard all day, then go down after supper and fight five or six rounds. You just can't do it."

Rolf leaned back in his chair, slapping his hand on the arm to emphasize his statement.

"Rolf, I have to."
"I don't see it!"

"I know you don't. I don't expect you to, old fellow. But I just have to do it. It's gonna be a hard, hard pull, but I think I've got the stuff in me to do it! I can, and I will!"

Rolf grunted his doubt, shook his head emphatically. He leaned forward.

"What if you get licked?" he asked, setting his lips in a grim, straight line.

Machine made a careless gesture. "I can't help it. I'll do my best, but if he licks me, he'll lick me, and that's all there is about it."

"But you'd lose your title," Rolf burst out impetuously.

(To Be Continued.)

ADD-RANS REVEL IN PADDLES AND EATS

Last Wednesday night the old Add-Rans initiated the pledges into the society. The ceremony was carefully planned and snappily executed. Everything went off like a Frosh to his vacation. There was great merriment and no small amount of horseplay, and the new members were much impressed by the carryings-on. Nicholson and Ayres were in fine fettle and laid on heavily as is their wont, while Ashley and young George came through stout-heartedly in the pinches.

"One Round" Parker operating the "Intake and Output" did veteran service, and his efforts brought forth loud guffaws of laughter. His act illustrated beautifully that super-

production "To Have and To Hold." In the next room a table creaked and groaned under its load of eats and drinks. These eats would have called the most dumb into high flights of oratory. Even Baxter, who is usually very quiet on such occasions, felt his synonyms rising within him when his "Hawk-Eye" observed the "lay." The society was turned loose upon the eats, and right manfully did they battle. Hight and Canfield did stellar work for the pledges, while Mack and Hez Carson bore the brunt of the attack for the old men. Charlie White drank punch

until his belt buckle pushed the bowl beyond his reach, thereby causing him to gripe loudly.

After everyone had tightened up, a Bull-Pen was instituted wherein Shivers starred. Two quartets vied for first place in the matter of pouring forth harmony upon the boys. McLeod's side won when that gallant youth grabbed off a basson special somewhere below "J" and held it through the entire song.

We are glad to have with us from Houston, Lila May Newton.

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WOMEN CUT HAIR MAN FASHION IN FRANCE

Anyone who reads the newspapers frequently has probably read of the new custom of hairdressing that is the coming made in France. "Bobbed hair?" you say, "why that's common enough over here in the good old U.S." No, no, gentle reader, something far worse. French women are cropping their hair close to their heads and shaving their necks as the men do; I mean the barbers do it for them.

Just think of it! Women wearing their hair in the accustomed mode of the august male sex. The women have been taking everything that was once sacred to the dignity of the men. First they grabbed the vote (let 'em have it), then they decided that they must attend political meetings and travel and take more interest in the bridge club and leave hubby or brother or father to tend to the youngsters while they reveled in their new gained freedom. And they have worn sport skirts just like the jelly-bean kind for quite a while. Then some managed to wear overalls (as long as they could dodge the police), and then they began to wear "knickers" and men's caps and five gallon hats and chaps and all that. And, oh, yes, I forgot to mention that the cigarette consumption of the country has become larger by leaps and bounds because of the proclivity of women and girls to indulge themselves to a luxurious smoke every once in a while, and now they are going to crop their "crowning glory" and shave the surplus wool from their beautiful, white, swan like necks!

Now let us figure out what the women of the near future will look like. She will wear men's clothes from tip to toe, with slight additional adornments, of course, and if she discards her powder, paint and lipstick and persists in the luxury of the well known "fog"—how can we tell 'em apart from the men any way?

New books on etiquette will have to be printed, a new social code will have to be formed to enable the men to engage in courtship with the fair sex with any chance of success. How will a man know whether he is addressing a coy young flapper or an effeminate jelly-bean? A way out of the difficulty would be to have a password or the sex of the individual might be ascertained by inquiring from the brothers and fathers and mothers and sisters.

The imagination seems to fail one when he thinks of the possibilities of such things occurring, but it might not be so bad after all and young men of 1930 might say that they prefer the new way girl's dress to old days when girls wore dresses and hobbled their hair and wore silks and satins. And while speculating on the absorbing question of the future styles for women (and for men, too,

you know in a different way), there is no need of being in a pessimistic state of mind for the men might change their styles and wear dresses and paint and powder and run the vacuum cleaner and electric washer and cook the food for his better half, who has just come home from a strenuous day in the office and bore her to death by his talk of what the neighbors wear and quarrel certain people had. And he in turn would be bored by her talk of the rise in the market on iron and steel and the chance she has to clean up in the castor oil business if she only had a little more money to invest, which wouldn't be possible as long as the household was run in that extravagant way.

Explained.
Professor (in poetry class)—Do you know why I flunked you?
Hopeful Student—I have no idea.
Professor—That's why, my lad.

GOODE HALL GLIMMERINGS

Eddie Weems, an alumnus of T. C. U., was a visitor during the week-end.

Murphy to Oscar: Jump in the lake—go down three times and come up twice.

Goode Hall students will have a Christmas tree Friday night for those preachers who still believe in Santa Claus.

Pat Murphy spent the week-end with Randolph Scott in Grand Prairie.

Marshall Crawford has ceased his pilgrimages to Mistletoe Heights.

Harvey Redford went to Dallas Saturday to hear Professor Billington preach?

"Some Feat!" Says Fox, as he slips into his number twelves.

Bonham's "side kick" didn't kick when he turned the room into an agricultural experimental station, nor did he say a word when he used draws the line when it comes to a private zoo.

Mrs. Iris Calloway from Houston, Texas, was the guest of Bessie Mae Rogers last Sunday.

Miss Leona Hood, A. B. '23, was a welcome visitor this week-end. Miss Hood, who is a student volunteer, is teaching this year at Mansfield high school.

The results of a tussle Saturday night between two gentle girls were a bumped head, a sore knee and a broken nose. Immediately after the fight a sign was securely pinned on one door: "All freshmen keep out."

The only other casualty of the evening, so far as is known, was a broken watch.

Jarvis Jabber

Thelma Collins, Katherine Vaughn, Edna Fae Darnell, Ruth Sterling, Edna Hill, Virginia Porter, Archie LeBus, Maurine Appel, Lena Shirley, Thelma Burns, Francis Bell, Martha Morris, Catherine Ellington, Dot Largent, Kathryn Haden and Lou-weeze Scott spent the week-end away from Jarvis.

Abbie Dalton, a former T. C. U. girl, visited in the dormitory the latter part of this week.

Ruby Stoker's father was here Sunday.

War whoops were given Thursday night on third floor, north end. Personally we know who did it. Why

Mrs. Bryson Talks To Clarks On Etiquette

"Is it due to the fact that girls know all the etiquette there is to be learned, or that they don't care, that only boys use the books on etiquette in our library?" asked Mrs. Bryson of the Clark Literary Society Monday night, December 3, at the regular meeting. Mrs. Bryson hinted at various ways the student body as a whole might practice better etiquette, better conduct in the halls and on the campus, etc.

In spite of the bad weather the meeting was well attended. The Clarks decided to undertake to raise the standards of the society, and with their influence, to help better T. C. U. as a whole.

The program, in addition to Mrs. Bryson's talk, included: Solo, by Helen Evans; reading, Evelyn Baker; Daley, a newspaper poet, by Rachel Shields, and solo, by Marylee Pinkerton, Sarah Hal Williams accompanying both her and Helen Evans.

Forethought.
"I don't like these photos at all," he said; "I look like an ape."
The photographer favored him with a glance of lofty disdain. "You should have thought of that before you had them taken," was the reply, as he turned back to work.

not come clear of it? Let your conscience be your guide.

Mrs. Green has been visiting her daughter this week.

Rosalie Wells spent Saturday night in 102.

Beth Beckwith was a guest of Mary Pearl Randle.

Vashti Green went shopping Monday and bought a man's \$60 watch—there's a reason!

— MIMEOGRAPH —

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