

The Specie—Man (Co-ed Philosophy)

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands and sometimes two wives; but they never have more than one collar button or one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material, the only difference being that some are a little better camouflaged than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: husbands, bachelors, and widowers. Bachelors are a commodity, husbands a necessity, widowers a luxury—especially when making love.

Bachelors come in two varieties—eligible and ineligible. An eligible bachelor is a body of vanity completely surrounded by women. An ineligible bachelor is a man of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion.

Husbands are of three varieties—prizes, surprises, and consolations. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. Making a man out of a husband second highest. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and especially charity.

George Elliott said: "I like not only to be loved, but to be told that I am loved; the realm of science is large enough beyond the grave."

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts. (Browning) Huh! No wonder Clark Hall is so "hot."

The path of a good woman (or Co-ed) is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps (or often after she leaves school) and not before them.

Kindness—a language which the dumb can speak and the deaf can understand. We are neither deaf nor dumb; perhaps, boys, we have other defects which keep us from understanding this particular act, which surely you make every effort to perform. "A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners."

Boys are so simple. They think they are superior to girls in intelligence and they are really a whole fruit tree behind. Why Adam thought he was conferring a great favor on Eve when he took a bite of the famous apple, but she was only trying to confer a little wisdom on him. But after all their intentions are good, and it isn't their fault that they can't think as fast as a girl can change her mind. That very fact is what makes it so hard for boys to understand girls. A girl gives a boy her opinion. He takes it all in and thinks it over. She changes her mind before the words are out of her mouth and he calls her unreasonable when she tells him he is all wrong; that she does not think that way at all. Oh, well, it is not to be desired that boys should be as perfect as girls because if they were, girls would have too difficult a time keeping them fooled.

TITO SCHIPA COMING

Tito Schipa, the celebrated tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, who appears here Monday, March 30, at the First Baptist Auditorium, is making his third extensive tour of America this season.

He was born in Lecce, where he entered the conservatory when quite young for piano study, becoming an accomplished musician and composer before his voice matured, after which he took up singing in the same institution. Making his debut in "La Traviata" in Southern Italy, he won such reputation in the smaller cities that he was called to Milan, where he again made his debut in the same opera and sang in "La Sonnambula" with Mme. Galli-Curci.

He then went to Spain, where his fame as a tenor was supplemented by the introduction of some of his compositions by the Royal Symphony Orchestra of Madrid. His brilliant art and glorious singing was rewarded by the decoration of Knight Commander of the Royal Order of Spain, from the King of Spain. From there he went to South America, where he duplicated the laurels he won in Italy and Spain. From Buenos Aires he came to Chicago, making his debut as premier lyric tenor of the Chicago Opera Company where his outstanding achievements have established him as one of the truly great personalities of the music world.

Notice—I went that blond-headed boy in Clark Hall that I told I loved last year to know that I do not love him this year.—Betty Evans.

J. R. KELLUMS TO LECTURE HERE IN APRIL

A week of lectures by Dr. Jesse R. Kellums on "The Remission of Sins," to be given during the month of April, has been arranged by Dean Colby D. Hall. These lectures will be published in a book as the "Lectures delivered at Texas Christian University."

Many colleges have an endowment lectureship which pays, annually, some distinguished lecturer to deliver a series of thoroughly prepared lectures. These are published in book form and preserved. Such funds have stimulated some really great books. T. C. U. hopes that some one will some day furnish such a foundation here, and give it a memorial name.

The lectures series is primarily for the benefit of the ministerial students of the Brite College of the Bible, and the student body of the University; but it is our desire to pass the benefits to all who are interested.

A cordial invitation is therefore extended to the ministers of our churches and to all Bible students to attend the lectures.

Dr. Kellums is prepared for a task of this sort. He is widely known as an evangelist and he also is a scholar. Besides his A. B. and B. D. degrees, he was given the honorary Doctor's degree by his Alma Mater, Eugene Bible University. One of its long-time professors was his father. He is the author of four books already published.

How welcome to a scholar is the stimulus of a new vital book; but how much more value is that book when you can hear its author make its message vital through personal delivery.

CO-ED TENNIS PLAY-OFF SET FOR THIS WEEK

All girls making the tennis team this year are to be given a hundred points, and a class letter. If enough interest is shown, gold and silver tennis rackets are to be given the winners. So, girls, step out with your tennis rackets.

The ones whose names are listed below must play off the tennis match this week or forfeit their places:

Dorothy Doney, Rita Turner, Ruth Martin, Jewell Kingree, Ruth Seymour, Sure Booth, Thelma Perry, Lois Jeton, Aileen Burgess, Thelma Collins.

Winners in their first round are Dorothy Doney and Ruth Seymour. Anyone else interested in getting in the tournament please give your name to Mrs. Donaldson some time this week.

DOROTHY DONEY.

Commencement Chorus To Be Organized

The commencement chorus that will present the music during Senior Week will be organized the first week in April, under the direction of Dr. H. D. Guelick.

—HER HIGHNESS—



THE T. C. U. CO-ED

She can't be beat, they tell us. No wonder Howard Miller consented to take to pen in her honor. For her our Clark Hall darlings lie upon the sunny greensward, muse upon the time when some high-lying granaries

and cozy old mansion sleeping under the trees shall be his and hers—when the brooks shall water the meadows and come laughing down their pasture lands and daisies bless their path. (Phil wrote that.)

STUDENTS TO GIVE RECITAL FRIDAY NIGHT

The students of the Fine Arts Department will be presented in recital Friday night at 8 o'clock in the University Auditorium.

The following artists will take part in the program: Hazel Humnicut, Elsie Greer, Annie Clare Oliver, Genevieve Ahrom, Mildred Dill, Lora Elizabeth Williams, Evelyn Baker, Dorothy Leveal, Noline Simmons, Inez Wofford, Mary Broadbuss, Sylvia Naylor, Sarah Hal Williams, Edna Faye Darnall, Myrtle Gilmore, Marie Balch, Ella B. Ellis, Vera Lee Hearne, Frances Stafford, and Janie Mae Griffin.

FOOTLIGHTS TO GIVE PLAY TONIGHT

The whole campus and more particularly our special "complex" who are always eager for an opportunity to spend a quiet hour together, is looking forward to the one-act play to be presented in the T. C. U. chapel Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. The title, "The Slave With Two Faces," certainly does sound like there is a thrill in store for the audience. Don't miss it; I've got the inside dope on it and I'm telling you it's GOOD.

Co-ed Reporter: "Come on, Jerry, give me something m-e-a-n for our Skiff." Jerry: "Bit a girl on the neck last night. Meanest thing I ever heard a boy doing."

"IDEAL HUBBY" THEORY EXPLODED

The Ideal Husband! Who can describe him? He is as illusive as the will of the wisp. He exists in the brain of a million people, and is as different as these million people are. Among them are poor dummy ideals whose only measurement is the amount of money he has, or the exact duplication of Conway Tearle's eyes—"deep and pained looking." And some, only that he be not stubborn; an old grandmother, in a picture the other day, prayed that her children, "never know how much mule there is in a man."

Is not this decidedly recognized evil of divorce today, at least partly due to the fact that when our young people marry they bury the ideal of love, clothe it in the garments of their most commonplace uninteresting selves? I believe if each in thinking—for as you think surely you become—of each other in the

terms of their ideal, each will in some degree be reflected in the light of those ideals. I know, some will immediately say that is the reality, the deadly task of adjusting each one's life to correspond with the life of another, finding in that person not the ideal you supposed, but a quite human person—that this is the very reason for this tragic breaking of marriage bonds. But this the thought, a little laughable in this connection, perhaps, I have in mind. If you can not realize your ideals, idealize your realities. Instead of railing at fate because this man one happens to love, turns out to have after all a number of obvious frailties, don't throw him in the discard and demand a new deal—instead, take this human husband and idealize him before he knows it. See? Idealize the commonplace; it can be done. It is positively wonderful to me,

that having these fancies, these dreams of what one desires, this companion of his life to be, girls so deliberately take something so markedly, so absolutely unworthy of that ideal. It takes something more than a handsome mustache, a piercing black eye, to make life, in terms of marriage and home making, a success. The dreams, the ideals of our adolescent youth need direction, the steady frame of practical requirements on which to build the more colorful dreams of the heart. Each may scoff at the statement that there is an ideal in the mind of every girl and boy and this ideal is a menace to their happiness—for in proportion as they are disappointed in the fit of this ideal on the chosen one, just so will find life bitter and disappointing. I say with intense seriousness that every mother should find the timid door to her girl's dreams and make herself a sympa-

STUDENTS TOUR INDIA VIA LECTURE

"Glimpses of India," as given by Miss Rebecca Smith in her lecture on Tuesday night, proved to be a genuine "look-in." The audience was personally conducted through the land of the Hindu in a manner exceedingly delightful, the success of the journey being wholly attributed to the ability of the lecturer.

A portion of the lecture is inserted below in order that some readers who perchance were unfortunate enough to have been absent, may receive a taste of the interesting tour.

"As we stand on the banks of the Ganges at Benares we see thousands of devoted Hindus bathing and praying. A holy man stands perpetually on one leg, torturing himself while he gazes in pious meditation on the sacred waters. Bodies are being burned on the ghats near by, and the ashes are cast into the flood. This is all so strange and grotesque to our Western eyes that we must seek an interpretation of it in the psychology of the Oriental mind.

"The masses in India still think and act according to the ideas that ruled their ancestors four thousand years ago: this is the key to an understanding of India. While we Americans have long since ceased to be bound closely to the ways of our remote forefathers, among these Hindus the race consciousness remains the same that it was in early Aryan days.

"We must keep this in mind as we explore the carvings and intricacies of the caves of Elephanta. The symbols of the ancient gods, and the 'lingum' are grotesque except as we interpret them by their meanings in the Hindu mind.

"In this same spirit we see Sarnath, the ancient Buddhist city, as more than rocks and ruins. It is the memorial of a world religion. We can even behold the vultures of the Parsee Towers of Silence with less repulsion if we try to understand sympathetically the underlying symbolism of it all.

"A visit to Agra is the culmination of our trip; for here we come in contact with the Anglo-India of Kipling's tales, and more important still, we behold for the first time the Taj Mahal, that most beautiful building in all the world. This exquisite tomb, built by Shah Jahan, as a memorial to his wife, is so harmonious in conception and perfect in line that it scarcely needs the added beauty of carving and jewels, with which it is adorned.

"We can see only a little of the great peninsula in a single visit; but if our eyes are true and our hearts are humble, perhaps this aged people will share with us its heritage, and we shall have caught not only glimpses of India, but glimpses of her soul."

Pro Campaigner To Speak Here

On April 15, in the University chapel, Dr. Ira Landrith, World Prohibition Campaigner, will make an address.

His subject will be "Prohibition in the Colleges of Today."

YWCA INSTALLS OFFICERS FOR NEW YEAR

Last Thursday evening, the Y. W. C. A. installed the new officers for the coming year. The members of the new cabinet are: Mary Kemp, president; Tot Burke, first vice-president; Maxine Echols, second vice-president; Alta Pearl Day, secretary; Rannie Vestal, treasurer; Audine Harky, chairman of the social committee; Annetta Tyson, chairman of the World Fellowship; Annie Lee Bush, chairman of Bible committee; Ruth Tune, chairman of music committee; Helen Van de Benter, chairman of poster committee. Laura Sheridan is undergraduate representative.

The installation is an event that is looked forward to each year to see who the new officers will be. The old cabinet with the aid of Mrs. Beckham decide on the officers for each year.

The service is a very impressive one. All the new and old cabinet members dress in white. The room is dimly lighted by candles with a large triangle in the center, representing Y. W. C. A. The old cabinet members march in on one side of the room, carrying lighted candles, while on the opposite side the new cabinet members are marching, also carrying candles, which are not lighted. The old president, after making her farewell speech, installs the new president, who in turn, installs her cabinet. Each new and old cabinet member comes forward and after the duties of the office have been read and the new cabinet member promises to perform them to the best of her ability, the old cabinet members light her candle. At the close, the new members are holding burning candles and the old ones are standing in darkness. Then everyone present stands, and, holding hands, "Bless Be the Tie That Binds" is sung.

The old cabinet members were: Catherine Ellington, president; Ruby Stoker, first vice-president; Mary Kemp, second vice-president; Sarah Hal Williams, secretary; Julia Magee, treasurer; Marjorie Alfathier, chairman of the social committee; Bessie May Rogers, chairman of the World Fellowship committee; Katherine Schultz, chairman of the Bible committee; Annetta Tyson, chairman of the decorating committee; Mamye Garner, chairman of the finance committee; Martha Barnum, chairman of poster committee. Pauline Reeder was undergraduate representative.

PROF. WRITES ARTICLE FOR CO-ED SKIFF

What is the most important subject in the college curriculum? The answer to this depends largely upon the point of view and experience on the campus. Freshmen, in the enthusiasm of youth, with the poetry of life still determining their outlook, prefer Mathematics, chiefly because of the idealism and phantasies with which it is surrounded. Sophomores, with their hatred of anything bordering on hazing, prefer Govt. with its teaching of brotherhood and fraternity. Juniors, with their pessimistic view of life, prefer Jewish Engineering, chiefly, perhaps, because, like the instructors in that subject, they have turned to golf as relief from the vanities of life. But from the vantage ground of Senior experience, we may safely affirm that Economics is the most important subject in the curriculum.

Economics, according to Dr. Howd, is the science which treats of the production, consumption and distribution of the human race. These three activities, as anyone can see, are the most important things in life. The production of the human race may be discussed under two heads, masculine and feminine. The feminine, being older, deserves first place, but has now been crowded nearly off the boards by the masculine aspect. While men are now having difficulty in finding a vacant chair at a barber shop, women are having the same trouble at the beauty parlor. The number of girls who have had their hair bobbed is exceeded only by the number of men who have been (Continued on Page 3)

For encement ifts

NUMBER 39

E 2 DAY

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ON CAMPUS

Waits to Confer sses to Be Pre-can Colby Hall.

an University will fifty-second annual Tuesday, June 2nd, e will confer eighty-n her worthy sons The academic pro- a at the Brite Col- and proceed to the tly in front of the here the ceremonies President Edward will confer the de- numbers sixty-five four M. A. gradu- graduates, four B.S. I.M. graduates, and te. One member of ceive English Bible flowing list includes ill receive their de- The August gradu- twenty-five. The

terary Club s Musical

n in University ludes Activity Year.

terary Club spon- Tuesday night in Auditorium at 8 oving program was

vocal solo; Elna ; Monette Duncan, npanied by Verna Tyson, piano solo; a reading; Lillie vocal solo. oncluded the year's Bryson Club. A ave been introduced which have added progress and wel- it has been a fine sion Club and an- has been written

ite of McKinney, is year, is retiring

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or Smith to Ba to Girls' me.

s of a very heavy year has made it e additional provi- g girl studenta stration has made the remodeling on esent occupied by Smith, converting y for Junior girls. leave only Fresh- res in Jarvis Hall, new home will be ge."

Course ry Work mer Menu

in Primary work, Bonnie D. Dysart, the curriculum for A similar course summer and was iss Dysart has a Texas University k in both Chicago olumbia. She has perience in teach- and was for two of this field of

THE SKIFF

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 Issue Editor: Elaine Thompson
 Assistant Editor: Polly Reeder
 Assistant: Dot LeMond
 Co-Ed "Janitor": Anna Lee Bush

"CO-ED LEMON SQUEEZERS"
 Pete Tyson, Louise Jennings, Katherine Hoffenbach, Martha Kate Haggard, Eloise Russell, Lois Bryner, Evelyn Baker, Ladio Wiggins.

"LADY" PROFESSOR * * * EXCUSED

I have heard again and again this remark from students, "Oh! don't bother with that; he never stressed it in class." I am going to say something I have thought ever since my senior year in high school, all of which has been strengthened by my observation of college instruction. Professors make of themselves perfect underscores of the text; they pick out and set in emphatic brackets the kernel of a subject. Tediously, they place each footstep of the student in the exact spot easiest for the next swing. Every step of the way is outlined, illumined by lights and sign-posts at stated distances along this highway of knowledge. My firm belief is that a little stumbling, stumping of the toes wouldn't be a bad thing for young travelers on this road. I believe that more responsibility should rest on Johnnie's shoulders, that he should be forced, himself, to choose the thing that he considers worth storing away, and only thus will he learn to value and weigh the mass of material surrounding him. By painful experience, perhaps, he would learn to recognize the true and lasting, the heart of deep thought from the tissue of detail. It is a sad, but nevertheless true condition that great numbers of students after a year's intensive study of a subject cannot summarize the whole, have no idea of what the author is really getting at; all they have, unless this kind teacher straightens their messy minds for them, is a conglomeration of detached and meaningless facts.

To my way of thinking, an instructor should be an UNCOMMENTING "index" to knowledge. He should direct the pupil to the best in his present field of study. That he be ready to help that student over some hard place or suggest a way out is good and necessary, but for the most part he should be simply the inspiration to discovery on the part of this "seeker for truth." He should be the judge, silent, watchful, listening to every word, then passing judgment, merciful and just. If the party has come before him inadequately prepared with evidence for his case, it is just that he have to go and search yet again for the proof of his belief. Life is such a teacher. Man by his own decisions, by his own summary of experiences walks either the way of success or of failure. Life inspires him to battle, holds in her hand the reward for real work in her laboratory, but never dares she say, "Mark this, for it decides your future," never "This is true, that is false." But you stumble along in the world of things and make for yourself a tested and worthwhile philosophy—like unto all good men's if noble, but still your very own. You found it for yourself—perhaps, on a wind swept, lonely hill at daybreak, perhaps under stars which suddenly dropped you an old, old secret after you had searched long years. Let me add this one thing. I believe that a great many failures in the business world, and we do know that ninety per cent fail every year, are due to the early habitual dependence upon stronger, or rather, more experienced minds.

—E. T.

CHAPEL PROBLEM

Why do college students hate to go to chapel? Chapel should be the essence of that spiritual blessing which a college stands for. It should be such a source of inspiration, such an hour of enjoyment that one would come eagerly, afraid to stay away because he might miss "the best one yet." Instead it has come to hold an association with the Spanish Inquisition in the minds and hearts of college students.

There is blame for us young people, but blame falls with equal justice on the faculty. Chapel has become in some colleges the dumping place for every old "gasser" who comes along. In one college I attended, three times a week we had doses of stale jokes, old-time, archaic speeches on "What You Come to College For," often delivered by some business man about town. Any visitor who happened along was marched to the platform and privileged to speak a "few minutes." We were expected to be enthusiastic and to raise inspired countenances to the speaker. Piffle!

How make it such a place of inspiration? Never allow a speaker to repeat a failure. Have a definite time for his speech to begin and a set time for it to close, and hold every speaker to this rule. It will soon be known and will not have to be enforced often. The speakers will pack their limited time with what they have to say and not wander into the field of "mere talk." Change the personality of the speakers often—that sounds queer but variety does help. Allow the students some time to choose the subject to be given from the platform; they will back with quietness and attention a speaker they have voted to bring or one who speaks on a subject they themselves have chosen.

Students look upon chapel simply as a place of announcements. I believe that we do face a problem in chapel becoming nothing more than a "bulletin board."

PICNIC TIME

In the spring a young femme's fancy as well as a young man's lightly turns to thoughts of—, oh no, not that, but to thoughts of the great outdoors, i. e., Nature. Mrs. Beckham, Matron, and Practical Psychologist, because of her intimate association and observation of youth, has discerningly noted this and offers the following suggestion: Why not gather a gang of your likeable, most enjoyable chums and stage a real old-fashioned picnic down in the woods back of the University? There are some beauty spots down around Double Dam that would be ideal for such a spread and these pretty, warm, soft spring days put to shame that "rare day in June." The Matron suggests—let the students act.

Cure For Co-ed Smoking

Educators over the country are much concerned at the increasing number of co-eds who would willingly and eagerly walk a mile for a Camel or a Fatima.

From Vassar College to Michigan University, the feminine cry is "We'll have liberty!" And by liberty, they incidentally mean the cigarette, if and when they want it.

Authorities have assumed a serious and sober mien, and in almost every instance have passed regulations against co-ed smoking. But bootleg smokes are even more pleasurable than the other kind, and not a few Misses have been sent home as a result of their insistence on the weed.

"The American Campus" holds no brief either for those who approve or oppose the principle of co-ed smoking.

But we must remark that the method being employed in the attempt to check the habit is a notoriously ineffective one. To summarily and dogmatically prohibit a thing is simply not the way to deal with human nature. Tell a girl she cannot smoke, and a fair number of times out of ten she'll do it, no matter how distasteful it may be to her.

How much more effective would

Hard Words From a Hard-Boiled Co-Ed

Men—bah! They think they are the end and aim of a co-ed's existence, her very reason for being where she is. They can't be expected to realize that they are a side-issue in our lives—that would spoil the fun.

Love? There is no such word in a co-ed's serious vocabulary. It was knocked out of us early in our freshman year. Can we be expected to love a boy who thinks of nothing but eating and necking, and is not particular about what, when, who or where?

Do you really expect us to love a boy who comes to breakfast minus necktie, and with last night's dirt on his face; who chews tobacco or smokes vile cigars; who daily exposes his numbness of mind in the classroom, and who has no ambition and never will have?

Can we love a boy who monopolizes all our time on the campus, or comes to our homes, and rides in our cars, then never takes us anywhere; who tells dirty jokes and expects us to laugh—then talks about us; who expects us to do a hundred things for him and feel amply rewarded by a saccharine smile, and yet who is so tight with his dollars that the eagle screams in pain; and who, above all things else, expects us all to fall at his feet in adoration. Deliver me!

All college boys fall into four

fundamental classifications: the conceited bullies, the virtuous prudes, the wild willies, and the simps. Dull and boring, all of them. They gather a little more interest when they assume the human touch of friendliness, the spice of partee, or the thrill of uncertainty. Few college men possess these characteristics, however.

Perhaps the greatest joke handed the co-ed is the lad who believes himself all-wise in the ways of women. He is very, very subtle. Women hop at his command! Poor, blind, man. But why rob him of his happiness and us of a little fun? You've seen these fellows who boast of being independent. So is a mule independent if that is what they wish to call it. These belong to the first class mentioned above. They at least have possibilities as entertainment, or as a test of our technique. I prefer not to even know any who fall into the last three classes.

There is one exception—one of the simps. He is the helpless little fellow, sweet and innocent—some call it dumb. He serves for practical purposes. You have seen men string minnows on hooks in order to catch larger fish? The analogy is perfect.

So, we take our fun where we find it, and give thanks every day that Eve got the edge on Adam by eating of the apple first.

Intercollegiate Briefs

UNIVERSITY WOMEN LACK RESERVE

The college man has been described as one who "smokes cigarettes, wears loud clothes and talks football."

And now a professor at the University of Colorado has characterized the university woman.

"She is too free," he says. "You can pick her out at a glance; she has lost her reserve. Much of a girl's charm lies in the gradual unfolding of her personality; not a ready-made sample of it within five minutes' talk."

It is easy for a girl to lose her individuality at college, this professor believes. She acts and talks like everybody else. Ask ten girls how they are, and they will answer, "Just fine." When some query as, "Do you like mountains?" is made, the invariable answer is something like, "Oh, I have a perfect passion for them."

CO-EDS BOYCOTT MEN AT BELOIT COLLEGE

Piqued because fraternity boys imported too many out-of-town girls last month to be their partners at the Pan-Hellenic dance, the chief college dancing party of the year, Beloit co-eds recently organized a boycott of Beloit College men as escorts.

When they held their first part of the season, last week, they invited out-of-town men insofar as was possible.

COLORADO MEN VOW TO SHUN GIRLS

Girls at State Teachers' College,

The Campus Loiterer Pens an Epistle

Bon Ami:

No, silla, not the one hasn't scratched yet, the one I learned in Musshur Merrill's French A. If you'll tune in for a bit I'll wield the trusty Parker manfully and hand you a few of my musings. "Oh, it's lilac time, it's lilac time—come down to Kew in lilac time"—I think I have the place right. We got the invitation this morning in English Class, issued by a bird by the name of Noyes. If a pun were not the very lowest form of wit, I'd be tempted to remark about this here Noise, but I'll not obey that impulse.

Anyway, I do think that the poem is appropriate to the weather, and time of year and this English cowboy poet must have had the Spring fever almost as terrifically as some of the neckers that I can see flitting hither and yon, budding and blossoming like the little tender green leaves in the Spring, tra la! Some of them who'll have become inarticulate (good


Gresley, Colorado, are aroused over prospects of "dateless" evenings thru the formation by most of the prominent males on the campus of the "Miso-gnist" fraternity.

The object of the organization is a complete curtailment of "dates" among its members. Candidates for admission are required to swear that he believes "association with women is weakening; women are merely wolves in sheep's clothing; there is little under their cosmetics." Another belief professed is that there is no love, save the platonic kind.

No member shall allow himself to be seated at the same table in a cafe with women, and campus contacts are limited to purely business conversations.

HELEN'S MARINELLO SHOP
 ANNOUNCES
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T. C. U. Artists to Appear Before Club

The Euterpean Club and Musicians are to have their monthly meeting, luncheon today at the Woman's Club on Pennsylvania Avenue.

The music will be under the direction of Dr. H. D. Guelick, head of the Department of Music.

Special numbers will be given by Misses Carleton, Moutray, Crenshaw, and Mr. O. P. Kidder. Miss Crenshaw will accompany them on the piano.

Several numbers will be rendered by the Men's Glee Club Orchestra.

ever, made me a good, unprejudiced, unbiased observer, and I know what I want, even if I never get HIM.

There are certain outstanding qualifications: He must be able to sing like Hobo Carson, box like Pretty Wright, blow like Windy Campbell, grin like Nasty Clark, have a line like Carlos Ashley, and neck like Jelly McConnell.

Cheer up! It won't be long now, as the barber said when he climbed into the chair, and I must be drawing my remarks to a close. "Altho I'm sure you students would rather listen to me than recite your lessons this next hour."...apple sauce! But don't you wish you had a nickel for every time you'd heard it?

And now, as Ophelia sarcastically remarked to Hamlet, I am going. It is exigent that I go—I know it is that because, because Robby told me so.

See you all of a sudden,
 YOUR CO-ED.

"BUY IT ON THE HILL"
 Have you seen those new UNL-VERSITY tooth brushes, Scientifically made. University Pharmacy.

Tito Schipa
 World's Premier Lyric Tenor
 Monday Night Only
 March 30
 8:15 P. M.
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 L. 1992
 100 Seats at \$3.00
 461 Seats at \$2.00
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AMUSEMENTS
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MAJESTIC
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 WEBER & RIDNOR
 "Nifties"
 ALEXANDER BROS. & EVELYN
 "All Balled Up"
 REED & TERMINI
 MARION HARRIS
 In Person
 Queen of All "Blue" Singers
 M. ALPHONSE BERG
 Paris Fashions While You Wait
 MURRAY & ALAN
 Jesters of 3000 Years Ago

Hippodrome
 MARCH 26 TO 29
 Warner Baxter
 Billie Love
 in
 "The Air Mail"
 MARCH 29 TO 31
 Conrad Nagel
 and
 Norma Shearer
 in
 "The Snob"

RITZ
 NOW PLAYING
 The New York Success
 "THE HOTTENTOT"
 Next Week—"Daddies"



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- Stafford; violin marin" Serenade
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 Spilling out of
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 Like scared hors
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 On rusty hinges
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 And it droops l
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SOCIETY

MRS. TERREL IS HONORED WITH RECEPTION

One of the most charming events of the season was the reception Sunday afternoon given in honor of Mrs. Terrel, by the girls of Sterling Cottage. The decorations were simple but lovely. Pink candles, candle sticks tied with green maline bows, and bowls of orchid and pink, sweetpeas, adorned the piano and mantle. A large bowl of sweetpeas on the table vases and baskets of flags and bridle wreath completed the decorations. The reception was very informal. The entire house was open to the guests and they visited the rooms at their leisure. No definite program was planned, Edna Thompson, Bernice Gates, Lois Tyson and Louise Jennings played and sang during the afternoon. Refreshments of lime ice cakes, and salted nuts were served. The Cottage smiled its welcome, for the girls of Sterling had planned not merely a reception, but an evening in which they might express a growing appreciation for Mrs. Terrel's thoughtful guidance in all their affairs and they found joy in expressing their love and appreciation for her and all she has done for them.

SENIOR MAJESTIC A WOW!

Was it a success? Yes, and more. It was a success—the very best Senior Majestic that has ever been and that's a mighty lot to say. No one act stands out as the best as they were all good. Bunny and Hal were great. They took the house by storm. Parson Jacks and his flock caused convulsions. It is a dirty shame Raymond Wolf isn't a colored lady. He has the strut done so perfectly it simply isn't right for it to go to waste. Shenna Hill returned the audience's thoughts to sweetheart days and old time love songs. Shenna, always charming, was especially lovely. Dick and Monette gave a real big time vaudeville act, Dick and his piano and her voice—well that's enough said. The boxing match was a scream, the seconds was so good natured that it lent a general atmosphere to the combat. Henry Elkins looked like a real Spanish Sheik and played like Fritz Kriesler would if he were taking the part of "Ricardo" Ibanez. The jazz orchestra is fine. They certainly have been keeping their talent a secret. Now that they have been discovered, they won't have a minute to rest. Mary Leslie White, the manager, is to be congratulated. The Seniors can at last go around with a smile on their face. The proceeds came to over one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which will put the class out of debt.

Rossie Lipscomb has the old southern hospitality. She gave some of the girls a real treat this week by taking them to the metropolis of Grapevine. Norma Lee Brown, Wilma Pryon, Dell Anderson, Francis Bell, Laura Sheridan and Evelyn Dennis were the favorite guests.

Francis Swink and Mayme Weaver drove to Wortham Sunday.

Mary and Annie Lou Kenslow went to Dallas for the week end.

Lillie and Ruth Henderson spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. Clifford.

Annie Self, Elise Greer, Lois Richardson, Bernice Badgett and Francis Payne enjoyed a slumber party at the home of Dorothy McGonigill Saturday night.

Mary Pearl Randall spent the week end in Cleburne.

Louise Wiggins went to Grapevine Saturday.

Annie Lois Alexander spent the week end in Mansfield as the guest of Faye Blessing.

Mrs. Perry, Pahl Pender, formerly Maude Beard, was the guest of Martha Kate Haggard. Looks mighty good to see Maude again and it is a real pleasure to have her visit us.

Roberta Rosemond spent the week end in Anna.

Bill Shirley was in Fort Worth Saturday night and paid a fleeting visit to his old Alma Mater.

Mrs. Lucian Hickman's mother, Mrs. S. M. Blades from McLeansboro, Illinois, arrived last week for a short visit. Mrs. Blades will be honored with several social events.

PROFS. JUDGE IN FORENSIC CONTESTS

Miss Phares, Mr. Ballard and Mr. Falls were the judges in a district declamation contest at Weatherford, Texas, on March 23rd. These instructors are becoming

PROF. WRITES ARTICLE FOR CO-ED SKIFF

(Continued from page 1) receiving the attentions of the beauty specialist. Beauty, especially the artificial kind, is no longer a matter of sex. The old nursery rhyme:

Mary had a little lamb, And with him she did frolic, One day he kissed her on the cheek And died of painter's colic.

Might apply equally well to Johnnie and his dog. It is reliably reported that the "mad dog" which invaded the Religious Education class room not long ago was not really mad, but merely suffering from lead poisoning due to a visit to the class in Advertising. But beauty is not all found in a beauty parlor. There is a rumor afloat that one of the leading track men and a young lady of his acquaintance have acquired a beautiful coat of sun burn. The only peculiarity in this particular case is that his is on the right cheek and hers is on the left. Another aspect of production is that of producing a good impression on the instructor. According to Dr. Howd, this may be done best by following these rules:

1. Always call the instructor by his given name. A nick name would be still better. 2. Never agree with anything he says, he only talks to start arguments. 3. Find out the pet hobbies of the instructor and never disagree with them. 4. If the instructor is a man, be sure to keep him supplied with cigars; if a woman, with chewing gum. If you follow these rules, you can pass any course, for the instructors do not grade students on the kind of work they do, but on their personal likes or dislikes. The consumption of the human race is exceeded in its importance by production, and not even by that. Among the many aspects of the subject which are fully dealt with in the Economics classes we can mention only a few of the most important. Gum is essential to health comes the consumption of gum. All of the latest methods of chewing it are taught with emphasis upon the diminishing utility. The first stick of gum is essential to health and conformity to the dictates of the best society. A second stick is only slightly less important, and it takes at least two sticks to produce the delightful sound without which none of us would feel at home. A third stick enables one to get just the right pitch to his voice when he sings in chapel, while a fourth stick has no other use than to start the flow of thought.

The second aspect of consumption of which much is said is the consumption of the wonderful advice furnished to us in chapel and the various class rooms. Since no lecture is good enough to make notes on, it is highly flattering to the speaker if you spend the time while he is speaking in writing an English theme or working an Accounting problem. If you always do your writing on a typewriter, you may spend the time reading, which is only slightly less flattering, since the speaker will then know how many have heard his jokes before. Remember, that the speaker is the one who has the hard time, for while a few have something to say, most of them have to say something.

A third aspect of consumption is that which takes place in those fearful regions just below the chapel. It is well to remember when one enters the portals of this fearful place, that all of those awful sounds are not the moans of souls in torment. That long-drawn-out sigh is only Eli eating soup; that fearful scream is but the wail of Jew Halcomb, who has been denied a second square of butter; while that fearful sound is not some one strangling but merely Mrs. Hart drinking her daily glass of butter milk.

The distribution of the human race is the most important part of the subject of economics. Primarily it is concerned with finding enough nooks and corners on the campus to accommodate all of the couples who enjoy the delightful hours after they have emerged from the lower regions of the Administration Building. In its secondary aspects distribution is concerned with the scattering of the Seniors to the four winds of heaven after commencement. Through the splendid advice to always put your largest foot forward many of the members of the class of 1925 have found most attractive positions awaiting them. Jim Cantrell has been secured to conduct the T. C. U. kindergarten next year. Thelma Collins has joined the I. W. W. and has become a lecturer. Homer Adams has secured a position as assistant to the conductor of the Toonerville Trolley.

popular as the judges of all forensic battles throughout the state. Each one is well equipped to determine the real merit of a contest of this sort.

MAN-PROUD MAN (How We Love 'Em)

The Real Dope Gotten From Famous Women. They think they are the lords of creation. I think them a necessary evil.—Mrs. Beckham.

Men are grown-up babies. Toe-ache means certain death to them.—Mrs. Hammond.

I haven't given them a thought. On the whole they are all right. I will give them a blanket approval.—Mrs. Bryson.

Men are the least of my worries.—Miss Schrier.

Men are like Mary's curl: when they're good, they're very good; but when they're bad, they're horrid.—Mrs. Harris.

They are tactless, but rather a nice accessory for a woman's pastime.—Miss Logan.

Some men are intelligent, others are good-looking; all are part good, none wholly bad. All men are not villains any more than all women are cats. Personally, girls, I think it would be a terribly dull world if the men were left out, don't you?—Mrs. Winton.

They are the writers of the Book of Egoism; they are the chief tooters of their own horns. Their logical place in society is that of bill-payer and errand-boy.—Miss Phares.

Co-Eds Choose Most Popular "S. L."

A closed meeting was held at 6:30 Sunday morning just as the sun rose in rosy splendor. With impressive dignity Mrs. Beckham faced the grim eyed flappers. "My dearest girls, I am overcome with the honor you have bestowed upon me. You realize as I do the intense seriousness of this meeting. As a charter member I insist that you think carefully, yea, sweetly upon the names of those candidates presented here this morning. For the glory of T. C. U., we wish the election to be: consider not your own personal desire but of the good of the college." Not a sound was heard as the names were presented—Dick Gaines, Philip Ayres, Homer Adams, Carlos Ashley, "Tubby" Brewster. Each girl wrote a name on a pink slip of paper and waited with baited breath for the decision. Mrs. Beckham called upon the dignified and fair Ludie Wiggins to assist in assorting the ballot. Suddenly sobs of joy rent the air, kimonos flapped like braided banners in the morning breeze. Once more justice had triumphed—"Tubby" Brewster had been elected the most popular S. L. of T. C. U.

Classes to Debate On Child Labor Law

During the early part of next week Miss Phares and Miss Majors of the Department of English will hold an inter-class debate. The subject will be "Resolved, That Child-Labor Law Shall Be Adopted into the Constitution." Miss Alice Jennings, Charles Proctor, and Charles Gilliam will represent Miss Phares, while William Parker and Jack Gregory will oppose them as the representatives of Miss Majors.

University Church To Honor Huttons

On Wednesday night, March 24, in Jarvis Hall, the church people of the "Hill" will give a farewell party for Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Hutton, who are leaving for St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Hutton have been active members in the church and have many friends. They leave a place that will be hard to fill.

Jarvis Girls Raise \$100 For Book Fund

Miss Ruby Stoker, the president of Jarvis Hall, has raised a hundred dollars from the girls in Jarvis Hall for the T. C. U. Book Fund. The amount exceeds that which was originally pledged by the girls of

Tennis Rackets strung to order. Cost no more. We carry the Winner & Kent lines. Fresh Tennis Balls direct from the factory every week. L. B. BOWEN 804 Houston Discount to Students. Lamar 408

STUDENTS! GO TO JONES SANDWICH SHOP MEXICAN DISHES OF ALL KINDS—COLD DRINKS 702 Main Lamar 1941

Turn Snap-Shots In

A good kodak section is essential to a good annual. If anyone has any good kodak pictures, please turn them in to Polly Reeder or Mary Leslie White. We want this part of the book to be representative and we need your co-operation. —Editor of Horned Frog.



Prof. Smith's idea of humorous "Attitude": I saw her dress And laughed at it For Breuly's The soul of wit.

A perfect gentleman is one who puts a pair of skates under the back seat when he takes a girl out riding.

Interested student—"Had you heard Mr. Hickman was having trouble with his eyes?" "Dumb—"How's that?" Student—"Egoism is an incurable disease of the 'I's'."

"C" can Jew Halcomb pull down his shades.

"C" can Big George wiggle his ears.

"C" can Dick Gaines sing.

"C" can Jerry Dallins have that "school boy complexion."

"C" can Tubby Brewster keep his hands in his pockets.

"C" can Phil Ayres ever "git there" on time.

MRS. BRYSON TO STUDY IN CHICAGO

Mrs. Arsemisia B. Bryson, a member of the English department, who has been granted a leave of absence for the coming year, will spend the time in the University of Chicago. This she made known to her friends just recently.

BUY IT ON THE HILL. Easter Greetings are always appreciated when you send Pangburn's Chocolates. We keep them at all times, and mail to any address. University Pharmacy.

Moco—"Dam, a mouse crawled in my laundry and died." Nick—"That's probably why he died."

the dormitory. The fund will be turned over to Miss Nell Andrew, librarian, who will purchase books most needed.

A Sweet Breath at all times! THE FLAVOR LASTS! Wrigley's W.M.P. CHAMBERLAIN'S MINT TOOTH PASTE. Always carry Wrigley's to freshen the mouth and sweeten the breath. Soothes nerves, refreshes throat and aids digestion. WRIGLEY'S - after every meal!

Co-ed Sports Come To Fore Rapidly

T. C. U. co-eds are in their greatest sport year, as shown by the successful basket ball season that has just closed. Varsity teams in volley ball and basket ball have won a majority of their games and have brought much publicity to T. C. U. They are now planning to enter a baseball league in which they will exhibit their prowess in this field.

The personnel of the tennis is colorful: Judy Funkhouser, J. B. McCall, Peggy Horton are "year-round athletes." Several promising Fish are coming up. Prospects for a successful swimming team look bright for we have a team that can compare with any that the "eds" put out, Betty Evans, Horton, Merle Williams, Flo McDiarmid, Pat Moon, and Dorothy Denby being among the best.

Discerning critics who have witnessed the girls' baseball team of T. C. U. work out pronounce their chances to cop the local association hunting to be "par excellence." The Froglets are apparently strong in every department.

The corps of hurlers that compose their pitching staff, the back-bone of any club's defense, is as formidable a group as the writer has had the honor of witnessing on the roster of a contender in many moons.

"Babe" Haden, a tall, powerful hurler, possessing all the requisites of a winning tosser, is one of the principle twirlers. She has seen three years of experience and has been a winner from the first. "Babe" probably developed her proficiency as a twirler from the carelessly nonchalant manner in which she tossed about the neighboring laddies in the combats of childhood. She possesses a fast ball with a blinding hop, and a bewildering, sure ball, and a baffling change of pace.

Martha Van Zandt, a promising youngster, has shown a world of promise in her performances in the bull-pen to date and much is expected of her.

Dorothy Derby, another rookie, has the fastest ball ever propelled in this section, in the opinion of the local critic. She has some trouble with her control, but as yet she has not even begun to touch the possibilities she possesses with her super-abundantly powerful physique.

The Froglets have a capable corps of receivers, all in fairly good shape. These prodigious assets supported by

Boys, Your Spring Togs Are Here

"DOC" DONGES "HABERDASHER" 509 Main L. 311

You T. C. U. Fellows are Invited to Inspect the New Shipment of White's Super-Six Oxfords just received. We also shall be glad to have you inspect our Collegian oxfords, made of Golden-Glow Tan Russia, over the Short Vamp Balloon Toe. These oxfords are the most splendid values we have ever offered at \$6.00 and \$7.50 respectively.

White Shoe Houses 1204 Main St. L. 1275

Pollyanna's Advice

Dearest Pollyanna: What can I do? I just simply must have some advice at once. Yesterday I laid my curling irons on the window sill to cool, and lo and behold! they fell out. When I rushed down there to pick them up they were gone and I could not find them anywhere. But I think I have a clue: Big Mac's hair has been unusually curly today and that does look suspicious or do you suppose it could be just the damp weather? I really am afraid to mention the matter to him, so what would you advise me to do? In distress, DOROTHY.

Dearest Dorothy: Dorothy, about the best thing I could suggest would be for you to have a bucket of water handy the next time "Big Mac" calls and when he isn't looking you can just dump it on his head. And of course, if the curl stays in, it is natural, but if it comes out, on the spot, you will have found your curlers. You can just casually mention afterwards that it looks as if it might rain.

a powerful army of bludgeon wielders. Haden, the pitcher of last year, batted .594, leading the club end she is supported by six others hitting .350.



Fine Silk Hosiery for Spring Costumes

No spring outfit will be complete without well fitting new spring stockings of finest thread silk, therefore the items listed below should interest every woman who is particular about her dress.

Propper blue-edge Silk Chiffon Hose—the finest and sheerest stocking made with picot top, either plain or with fancy clocks. Comes in shades of mulot, gunmetal, flesh, \$3.95 silver and gold—a pair.

Propper blue-edge Silk Chiffon Hose—a beautiful quality to be had in shades of nude, cork, miami, saharah, fascination, field mouse, cinnamon and medium grey—priced a \$3.00 pair.

Propper blue-edge Silk Chiffon Hose—with lisle hem; a splendid wearing stocking to be had in all the newest shades and offered at a \$2.50 pair.

Propper blue-edge Silk Chiffon Hose—with 8-inch lisle tops to be had in every new and wanted shade for spring—a \$2.00 pair.

Dept. First Floor THE FAIR

For Encement Gifts

NUMBER 20

E 2 DAY

vs Near al Rites lass of 1925

ON CAMPUS

Waits to Confer

an University will fifty-second annual a Tuesday, June 2nd, e will confer eighty- n her worthy sons The academic pro- a at the Britic Col- and proceed to the tly in front of the here in the ceremonies President Edward will confer the de- numbers sixty-five four M. A. gradu- graduates, four B.S. M. graduates, and te. One member of ceive English Bible flowing list includes ill receive their de- The August gradu- twenty-five. The

terary Club s Musical

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terary Club spon- Tuesday night in Auditorium at 8 wing program was

vocal solo; Elsa ; Monette Duncan, npanied by Verna Tyson, piano solo; a reading; Lillie vocal solo.

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s of a very heavy year has made it e additional provi- g girl students stration has made the remodeling on esent occupied by Smith, converting y for Junior girls leave only Fresh- nes in Jarvis Hall, "new home will be ge."

Course ury Work umer Menu

in Primary work, Bonnie D. Dysart, the curriculum for A similar course summer and was iss Dysart has a i Texas University k in both Chicago olumbia. She has perience in teach- and was for two of this field of

Smoothness of Line

In The New Nemo-flex Brassiere



CORSET DEPARTMENT

W. E. Stripling Co.

It's a brassiere which comes well down over the hips—molded to the figure by cleverly placed darts, and which holds the figure firmly yet comfortably. Fashioned of lovely lace, this dainty brassiere has elastic inserts under the arm which allow the garment to actually hug the form and create a completely smooth effect. Diaphragm reinforcement of blue silk.

TEMPTATIONS I HAVE RESISTED

Of the stilly night, when slumber has ignominiously failed to woo my littlest baby, I have been afraid to go near the open window with him cuddled in my arms, lest I should yield to a sudden temptation and cast the little darling into the rose garden. Something has always deterred me from pitching anyone of my children out of a window. Perhaps because I knew that, even after I had closed the sash, the wails of the somewhat disconcerted infant would doubtless continue to disturb my coveted rest. Then, too, I often reminded myself that my neighbors might be mildly surprised at the discovery of a wailing baby, crawling around in the rose-garden. They would even suppose that I had lost him unintentionally and hasten to return him to me at daybreak. I should be at pains to explain that I preferred to leave my offspring out of doors in order that I might have more time for the solving of cross-word puzzles, or for the writing of essays, or for the eating of pistachio nuts. (Lately I have been forced for lack of time to eat pistachios without cracking them and find the flavor greatly impaired by this hasty method.)

After all, though, I need not assume that my neighbors would be surprised at anything I might do. They know practically everything I have ever done and many things that I have not. The two that live nearest me are small, gray, sleek, little bodies and resemble nothing so much as two fat little mice. I continually fight the temptation to thrust a bit of cheese in front of them and watch them fight for it. How the beady little eyes would shine and the sharp little teeth snap as they struggled for the dainty morsel! I am very careful to put the cheese away when I hear the squeaking voices at the door.

Another neighbor of mine was the direct cause of my resolution to stop playing golf. She plays around in the low sixties. I play in the late fifties; yet I have never won a match from her. Her method of beating me is mainly conversational. After

I have made a beautiful drive and we are walking to our balls, she will say, "Margaret, aren't you getting fat again?" I vigorously deny the charge. My ball nestles in a beautiful brassie lie, but when the caddy handed me the long club, I find myself tempted to strike my neighbor instead of the ball. I know that I should probably kill her, for I have a strong arm and a practiced swing. But the difficulty lies in the fact that I should have to explain the act before twelve good men and true, who probably never played golf. I would have a hung jury; but the risk is too great to run. So I shut my eyes when I pass the golf links, with its smooth emerald greens. I stop my ears lest I hear the click of the club as it strikes the ball. Rather than commit murder I have definitely given up the game.

The last time I was in church the choir sang a beautiful anthem, entitled "Listen to the Lambs." Every time they sang the main refrain, "Listen to the La-a-a-mbs," I was tempted to sing out a plaintive "Baa-aaa" in a minor key. The only thing that deterred me from adding to the effect of the anthem in this way was the fact that the addition would be a surprise to the choir director, and hence serve to disconcert him momentarily. Of course he would immediately recognize the effectiveness of the "Baa" from the congregation and doubtless would invite me to come every Sunday and assist him. He might even invent anthems just to give me a part. For instance, the choir could sing, "Listen to the Birds," and I should answer with a trilling "Tweet-Tweet." But I don't go to church but once in a blue moon, so I had best leave my talent undiscovered.

There are many other temptations that I resist with difficulty. I always want to pull Mrs. G's hat over on her forehead and tell Polly how awkwardly she smokes, and kiss fat Mr. H. who looks exactly like a chubby baby. For the sake of my family's peace of mind, may I continue to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan—and once behind, don't push me."

FACULTY ASSISTS IN ART CONTEST

The Public School Art Contest, conducted by the schools of the city, ended last Saturday. The chairman of the judging committee was Miss Rebecca Smith of the Department of English.

Miss Smith was assisted in determining the winner by Miss Mary Sue Darter, head of the Art Department, and Miss Mullins, an art student in the University.

There were sixteen hundred paintings in the contest.

GIRLS' CIRCLE WILL MEET

On the night of March 26, the Girls' Circle will meet after the regular Y. W. C. A. meeting. They will hem napkins to send to the Mexican school, "Colegio Morales." Miss Pearl Gibbons, an ex-student, is in charge of this school, and the Girls' Circle has been helping her for a number of years.

Ashes to ashes; dust to dust; If it weren't for the co-eds Our college would bust.

When a bunch of girls get together, heaven pity the first one who leaves.

Novel Review

"THE SCARLET TIE" (1925 A. D.), by Dr. Hubert Robinson Lambkin, the descendant of the famous Hubert Roberson who is known in history as the Original Knecker (it is now a disputed fact among noted authorities as to whether it was originally spelt with the "K").

Comment: This work of the Dr. bids fair to be a valuable source book on the ancient practice of Knecking (or Necking, as preferred).

CO-ED BRIEFS

Announcement—Basket ball girls, get busy. Ashburn says you need more supporters.

The main difference between a boy chewing tobacco and a cow chewing her cud is that the cow generally looks thoughtful. (With apologies to Nick, Morgan and Kennedy.)

The height of patriotism is taking your arm from around your girl to clap as the U. S. flag is thrown on the screen.

BUY IT ON THE HILL.

Baseballs, handballs that are live and wild, tennis balls, golf balls. Fresh arrivals. Get them here. University Pharmacy.

"LEADING MAN" GIVES 500 WORD VIEW ON WOMEN

Matinee Idol Speaks

The editor has asked me to write an opinion about girls in 500 words. Now, that is quite impossible. I don't mean the opinion part of it, but the 500 words. People have been conning the subject for several centuries already, and it appears to be far from exhausted. The girls see to that. Yes, clever and shrewd. (Shrewd, from the Greek, "shrew," meaning Jane. It may not be exactly Greek, but they're Greek to me.)

So, before starting, I admit defeat. Thereby proving that we men can be a little clever, too, when the occasion demands it. On the face of it, however, it isn't a fair topic. Anybody can see that it's going to be impossible to please everyone, for there are girls and girls. And that is embracing a whole lot.

Let me first state that I like girls. Of course, I like some girls and some kinds of girls, better than I do others; but I do like all girls. Never having been married, or nearly married, I can make the statement without reservation or exception. It is a popular fallacy that girls play a more important part in an actor's life than in that of a man of other professions. Believe me, it is a fallacy; profession doesn't make any difference. Just let him be male—any sort—and his emotional seismograph will indicate quite the standard, Grade A, garden variety of reaction to the female of the species. Yes, she can rock the boat—I mean, the earth—for all of us in quite the usual way. In fact, the best-known and best-liked—perhaps I should say, most widely-liked—sheiks I've known, have been members of other professions. Why, one dentist whom I know is—well, really, he has a truly remarkable practice—a comparatively young man, just starting in, too. He wasn't an advertising, or so-called painless dentist, either. He just out and mingled a lot, and word-of-mouth did the rest. That's really the best form of advertising in the long run.

As a sheik, you will usually find actors pretty much of four-flushers. Some of them talk a lot, but you know that old one about barking dogs. What talking they don't do, other people do for them, and it's no time until old Dame Gossip has rolled a snowball of rather astounding proportions.

Soon you enjoy (?) a purely fabricated reputation, and your life is made miserable trying to dodge living up to it. The first time I heard that I was going to be shot for wrecking a home, it made me downright uncomfortable. It's an awful feeling to think that you are going to die in vain. I did want some of my friends, who kindly warned me, to try and fix it up with the irate husband to let me meet the lady in question just once. Once wouldn't hurt—he could have been there, too—it was only fair that I, at least, SEE her. It might have made it easier for me. You know, when it comes right down to it, that it would be easier to die for some ladies than for others.

There! You'll say I'm playing favorites. Well, I haven't committed myself. But I do like some girls better than others. I can't help that. I know some girls like me better than others girls do. That's turn about. In fact, I know some girls that don't like me at all. I can see their side of it, too.



Howard Miller, prominent member of the Ritz players here, and drawing card at the theatre for the Co-Ed enrollment of the university, whose article on the fairer sex appears on this page. Mr. Miller is a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley.

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Students!!
I HAVE JUST TAKEN OVER THE
University Coffee Shop
AND AM SERVING YOU REGULAR MEALS AND SHORT ORDERS AT POPULAR PRICES.
ARTHUR A. LOUIS

BUY IT ON THE HILL. We keep I-P note paper, all markings, typewriting paper, etc. And our T. C. U. embossed stationery for social use is unsurpassed. It is economical too. University Pharmacy, R. 4179.

Easter Sunday April 12th
You'll want a new "high-powered" suit for the occasion. Quite a few T. C. U. men have already made their selection. Make yours today.
You know the Victory-Wilson label means the last word in style, fabric and pattern—incidentally a saving too, of \$5.00 to \$15.00.
Clothes for College Men
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