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**SIMMONS  
NEXT!**

# The Skiff

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

**ROCKWALL  
FROGS!**

Vol. 24.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, OCTOBER 14, 1925

NO. 4



LUNG TUNGPEN is a little old town somewhere in Kipling's India. Anyway, the boys that went into that burg were a new breed of devils when it came to fighting the natives and there was a "melly av a sumpshus kind for a whole;" in the thick of the mix-up—but that's another story. Anyway, I was reminded of it yesterday by the fighting, cryin'-mad spirit that Matty Bell's Purple and White warriors showed at Fair Park Stadium.

A Barrack Room Ballad is on my mind right now and I don't want to have to oust it after that game with the cowpunchers next Saturday. With apologies to its author, here it comes:

So we loosed a bloomin' volley,  
An' we made the beggars cut,  
An' when our pouch was emptied out,  
We used the bloomin' butt,  
Ho! My!  
Don't yer come anigh,  
When Frogland is a playin' with  
the baynit an' the butt.

THOSE Simmons boys think they know more about football than Will Rogers knows about Bull Durham, but they haven't played a conference team yet. And there are quite a few lads that would place four bits on Rogers and the Horned Frogs and call it a cinch. Howbeit, the Saturday game is going to be a battle from the first to the last whistle, and we have to yell and fight like Purple and White men CAN AND WILL.

THE "CHARLESTON" is making grey hairs and millionaire cooks as we go to press. It looks like a cross between a shuffle and a tango. It is the craziest, most idiotic, most rhythmical piece of Terpsichorean boobyery that ever originated in the United States. Think of King Lear doing the "hula-hula" and you have it. Imagine an Australian bushman trying the dainty steps of a minuet on a waxed floor and you have it again. It is both silly and absurd. I like it.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON lectured in Fort Worth the other night and not quite a handful of students were there. My fren, M. E. H., will review Mr. Anderson's latest novel, DARK LAUGHTER, in the next issue of the Skiff. Read Mr. Holcomb's estimable Literary Review from week to week and thereby keep posted on current literature.

GAYLE SCOTT, associate professor of biology and geology in T. C. U., who has been studying in France during a year's leave of absence, will probably be back in the university about the middle of November. Mr. Scott's graduate work has been in geology, and he will be made a Dr. de l'University of Grenoble, France, some time this month.

THE Tuesday Night Banquet that Dan Rogers and Jim McFarland gave the T. C. U. football men and the Exes was a fine conglomeration of good spirits and good appetites. Speeches were made, but quite a few have said that it was a great entertainment.

## T. C. U. Delegates Back From Meet

At the International Convention of Disciples of Christ held in Oklahoma City from October 6 until 11, T. C. U. was represented by President E. M. Waits, Dr. Clinton Lockhart, Dean and Mrs. Colby D. Hall, Professor and Mrs. E. W. McDiarmid, Professor and Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Billington, Miss Mayme Garner, Harvey Redford, and Nimmo Goldston. There were approximately 6,000 out-of-town delegates to the convention, representing China, Japan, South America, Africa, and all sections of the United States.

# FROGS BATTLE BAYLOR TO TIE

## FOOTLIGHTS CLUB OPENS SEASON MONDAY

### TWO ONE-ACT PLAYS CARDED BY DIRECTORS

Tragedy, "The Valiant," Will Be Preceded by Farce in Chapel Auditorium Monday Evening.

"THE VALIANT," a one-act tragedy, and "Six to One," a comedy in one act, will be presented by the Footlights Club on Monday night, October 13, at 8 o'clock. (This date is tentative; if a change in the date of production is deemed necessary it will be announced in chapel and a notice will be placed on the bulletin board.) The two plays mark the opening of the dramatic season in the university, and, according to the directors, the range from the farce to the serious drama will provide indelible impression and entertainment.

"The Curtain-Raiser" is a pure farce, a group of situations in which a certain young man and his six affaires d'amour will cause the audience to break down completely, is under the direction of Miss Harrison, sponsor and supervisor of the club.

"The Valiant" is under the supervision of Professor L. D. Fallis, head of the department of public speaking. The play had quite a run in Boston, where Professor Fallis saw it enacted recently and decided to make it the initial production of the university's Footlights Club. It is a gripping and intense drama, of such merit that the Little Theater of Fort Worth has also decided to use it as a season-opener on the night of the twentieth.

### FRANK STANGL NAMED ESCORT

Frank Stangl has been selected by her highness, Duchess Adine Harkney, as her escort for the Collegiate Circus, to be held in Dallas, Oct. 17. Stangl is president of the Senior class—he was also president of his class during his freshman year.

Friday morning all the royalty is to be called together to practice for the coronation of the Queen (to be elected.) Following this there will be a luncheon for the Duchess at Stoneleigh Court. One of the main social events, the Queen's Ball, is to be held Friday night at The Baker. It was heretofore announced that T. C. U. was to be represented in the circus by her Pep Squad, but according to Carlos Ashley, president of the student body, this has been changed, and the Pep Squad will appear, as usual, in the T. C. U.-Simmons game, to be played here Saturday, Oct. 17.

### PLAYED GREAT GAME AT END



Trickey Ward, who for three years has been a tackle, started his first game yesterday as an end, and justified Matty Bell's judgment in sending in a veteran, even though new at the position. He stuck all the way along with the other ten heroes of the day. Trickey may be heard from against Simmons, too.

### All Class Heads Have Been Elected

T. C. U.'s four classes have selected their officers for the year 1925-26, and a big scholastic season is expected, judging by the grade of leaders selected. The Sophomores, wisest and most sophisticated of them all, were the last to select their officers, thus completing the list. The officers, by classes, follow:

Seniors—Frank Stangl, president; Harve Light, vice-president; Mabel Mills, secretary-treasurer.

Juniors—Henry L. Shepherd Jr., president; David Leavell, vice-president; Martha Mae Morris, secretary-treasurer.

Sophomores—Raymond Matthews, president; Bert Herron, vice-president; Thelma Pratt, secretary-treasurer.

Freshmen—Claude Manning, president; "Doc" Rowland, vice-president.

### Journalists Put Out Paper

The Journalism Class of T. C. U. edited an issue of the Dallas Journal last Saturday evening, Oct. 10. The Dallas News recently sent letters to the leading universities of the state, stating that several issues of the Dallas Journal, under the management of the Dallas News, would be published during the Dallas Fair as the Dallas Journal Jr.,

and requesting the various classes and schools of journalism to "put out" the papers.

The Journalism Class of T. C. U., under the supervision of Miss Logan, edited the first of the series. David Leavell, T. C. U. publicity agent and News Editor of the Skiff, had charge of copy and type-setting. Henry L. Shepherd Jr., supervised "heads" and "make-up."

A prize will be awarded by the Dallas News to the university which edits the best paper.

## Simmons Cowboys Will Invade Frog Stadium Saturday With Strong Team Bound on Getting Revenge

Close on the heels of the Baylor Bears come the Simmons Cowboys, and the Horned Frogs will hardly be recovered from the effects of Tuesday's game before they will have to look to their laurels again at the Frogland Stadium Saturday when they meet the Baptists.

Little can be ascertained as to the true condition of the Bell Boys for several days after Tuesday's battle, but the three intervening days will be spent in rest and recovery so that the Frogs should present a fairly formidable club to Shotwell's gang. In view of the fact that the Horned Frogs have been thoroughly

scouted by Simmons coaches, while the Cowboys have not been forced to open up thus far this season, the Abilene aggregation should have all the advantage. Then while the Cowboys have had over a week of intensive preparation for this game, which is very significant for them, the Frogs have fought one of the hardest games on their schedule with the powerful Bruins.

Shotwell is credited with having one of the smoothest machines in the Southwest this season, and he is out to prove against first rate competition that Simmons University is worthy of membership in the exclusive circles of the Southwest Conference. For several years the Cow-

boys have been working for admitting his one time high school champs into college champs. Practically every boy on the famous Abilene high school team entered Simmons to be under Coach Shotwell. Now nine of the lads who made names for themselves during their careers in the secondary schools are numbered in the starting line-up of the Cowboys.

A great spirit of rivalry has existed between T. C. U. and colleges of the T. I. A. A. ever since the Frogs were admitted to the Southwest Conference and severed relations with their erstwhile associates. Nothing gives them pleasure like trouncing the Bell Hops and it is

against them that they put up their fiercest battle. Simmons is a bitter enemy of long standing, having been on the Horned Frog schedule for a number of years. In 1922 the teams battled to a 7 to 7 draw at Abilene. In 1923 the Frogs trounced them to the tune of 16 to 0. And last year the Frogs nosed them out by a 7 to 0 score when Harry Taylor made the most spectacular run of his career for the lone touchdown.

Abilene is sending a large delegation along with the two hundred students, who are chartering a special train to Fort Worth. The classy Cowboy band will be on hand as well as fifty spritely pep-squad girls all decked in purple and gold.

Yessir, it was a great triumph. And on top of it, the Frogs have not really opened up yet. T. C. U. made six first downs to two by the Bruins, but the passing attack which will be held for the Sooner Aggies and the Texas Aggies, was only partly revealed, for only in the last quarter did Clark try passing as a ground gaining expedient. T. C. U. flashed a real offensive in that second quarter, when with 22 yards to go after "Rags" had recovered Nash's fumble, Williams and Clark smashed their way straight through for a touchdown. "Blackie" was great, but so was the line that crashed through the big Bears to open gaping holes for him.

### T. C. U. EXCELS IN EVERY WAY AGAINST B'ARS

Frogs Whip Bruins Down to State of Submission; and Bad Break Prevents a Win.

SOUTHWEST Conference champions 7; Baby member of the conference 7.

Before the game they thought the Frogs would be lucky to score on the mighty Bear machine, at the end of the half, the Bears KNEW they would be lucky to get a tie.

After Captain Herman Clark and "Blackie" Williams, fighting behind the greatest line that ever wore Purple jerseys, had pushed over a hard earned touchdown in the second quarter, and the old combination of Clark and Washmon had worked for the extra point, the Bears had to be lucky. When they broke through and blocked Clark's kick in the next period, they had gotten the break. It was a crying and a praying Jack Jones who dropped back to try for the extra point, for he knew that a miss then and it was all up, for there would be no more scorings against the demoniacal line of Horned Frogs.

Jack Jones did kick that goal, and it was 7-7. Baylor was lucky to tie us, we know that. But the big thing is that we know that we have a real football team. Come Sooners, come Aggies, come Razorbacks. One at a time, but nobody holds any terror for us, as long as the Frogs have that spirit that carried them across Tuesday in the greatest exhibition of dash and smash that the Dallas stadium has ever seen.

Matty Bell did not pull a single one of his players until the very last quarter, when Don Frazee went in to try a pass, but was immediately subbed for by Parrish. Just that once and all the rest of the time eleven men stood the onslaughts of the great Bears.

And that mighty Bruin line, The line that has Jack Jones, "Bear" Walker, Sam Coates, Jack Taylor. It was torn to shreds time and again, whipped down time and again by the line that has "Rags" Matthews, "Tubby" Brewster, "Bear" Wolfe, Trickey Ward, Johnny Washmon, "Jew" Levy and Ansell Greer.

Abe Kelly, the toe artist of the Bears, was outdistanced by Herman Clark, the greatest quarterback in the conference without a doubt. "Blackie" Williams, the plunger, Harry Taylor, the most elusive and persistent punt returner seen this season, and Hobo Carson, leader of interference, and a sure tackler.

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# THE SKIFF

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### DEPARTMENTAL AFFILIATION.

Students should choose early the department in the university in which they intend to take their major work. There has been little stress laid upon the value of finding a fixed point, a strong "major" and corroborative "minors," and sticking to that point, adhering to that department at least throughout the junior and senior years.

By following this line of action the normal student will become ultimately more versatile and well-rounded and, above all, more sure—more certain of his own field of endeavor than the student who has haphazardly gathered a great mass of heterogeneous material. The latter student will find that his knowledge lacks a peak and that it will soon become blunt, dim, and commonplace.

It is convenient and satisfying to know a little of everything—that is, if you know almost everything about some one thing. It is well to realize, too, that the peak is supported by lesser mountains, and then foot hills; a man, in order to have almost complete information on one subject must necessarily have some knowledge of many other subjects. All things are related—some more closely than others. The essence of nature is altruism. In the sublime words of Francis Thompson:

All things by immortal power  
 Near or far,  
 Hiddenly  
 To each other linked are,  
 That thou canst not stir a flower  
 Without troubling of a star.

Devotion to a subject will lead to the acquisition of knowledge, but mastery is only secured when it is combined with insight. The French anatomist, Mery, said of himself and his colleagues that they were like the rag-pickers of Paris, who knew every street and alley, but had no notion of what went on in the houses. The accumulation of miscellaneous knowledge of useful things, copious, inexact, inapplicable, may, like rag-picking, leave us ignorant of the world in which we live. Let us try to reach the inner life of something, great or small. The truly useful knowledge is mastery. Mastery does not come by listening while somebody explains; it is the reward of effort. Effort, again, is inspired by interest and sense of duty. Interest alone may tire too quickly; sense of duty alone may grow formal and uninteresting. Mastery comes by attending long to a particular thing—by inquiring, by looking hard at things, by handling and doing, by contriving and trying, by forming good habits of work, and especially the habit of distinguishing between things that signify and those that do not.

Although success or failure in T. C. U. supplies for us no accurate standards by which the promise of the future may be estimated, it is safe to say that those who become really interested in and devoted to one branch of knowledge will have greater peace of mind and will fit into the scheme of things better than those unfortunates who flounder on the rocks of indecision. You are at present in one or the other of these groups. You cannot be in both.

(Editor's Note—This is my tie; I like it and will wear it for the second time.)

### DEMONSTRATION VS. DEFINITION.

Bored, annoyed, and conscious of calamitous ennui,  
 We picnicers were returning from a gay soiree,  
 When a flippant lass, opening me to be obtuse and dense,  
 Essayed to have a jest, and all at my expense.  
 We had conversed of various, yes, and even sundry things—  
 Memories that jovial company always brings—  
 Events of thrill, or interest experienced together.  
 But these grew trite; then we abused the weather.  
 Jaded we became with such common lines of thought,  
 And with zeal new pleasures and diversions sought.  
 The boys did not flash in wit, or sprightly conversation—  
 The flapper, sensing this depressing, cheerless situation,  
 Desirous that her own sophisticated wits might shine,  
 Said this to me, which is the reason for this rhyme:  
 "Will you to me the meaning tell of osculation?"  
 Scarcely was I able to restrain my wroughtup indignation.  
 Was I reckoned as a "softie" by this brazen flirt,  
 That she should speak in terms, at once, so bold, so pert?  
 I wondered how in me such ignorance she should find,  
 That she should delve into the contents of my mind,  
 By testing range of words, or else my use of brains,  
 When, to her, such prying could bring no gain.  
 Yet, I marvelled at her occult power, at my own transparent mind;  
 For, just as Eve accomplished, while Adam meek, declined,  
 The girl, ingenuous, and of a stouter mold,  
 Had voiced my wishes fond, in unmistakable terms and bold.  
 Tho' full well the meaning and the term's intent I knew,  
 The possible results suggested this to be a game for two.  
 I asked her if the word pertained to commutation,  
 Or if perchance that it resembled approbation.  
 She ignored this linguistic hash, this slight pedantic air.  
 Invectives caustic followed; softly she began to swear.  
 Then, reckless, bold she grew, and just a little bolder still;  
 She said those brazen words that set my heart athrill:  
 "If the meaning of the word," she lisped, "you can not tell,  
 "Perhaps," she cooed, "to show me will do just as well."  
 "You probably could not comprehend," I said, "a definition,  
 "So, I'll demonstrate until you cry in deep contrition."  
 Now, I'm always glad when thinking of that day;  
 For, next breath she took, close in my arms she lay.  
 But the girl—I'll bet she wished she'd never asked the definition  
 Of such a word so cruel, so hard, so long as osculation.

—ALFRED L. WHITE.

## EXCHANGE

By E.A. (Ted) Brown

The following papers are on exchange with The Skiff:  
 The Daily Lariat, of Baylor University, Waco, Texas.  
 The Prairie, of West Texas State Teachers College, Canyon, Texas.  
 The Indiana Daily Student, of Indiana University at Bloomington, Ind.  
 The Hornet, of Furman University at Greenville, S. C.  
 The Tritonian, of Trinity University, Waxahachie, Texas.  
 The O'Collegian, of Oklahoma A. & M. at Stillwater, Okla.  
 The Megaphone, of Southwestern University at Georgetown, Texas.  
 The Thresher, of Rice Institute, Houston, Texas.  
 The Houstonian, of Sam Houston State Teachers College, Huntsville, Texas.

The Lynx, of Spearman high school at Spearman, Texas.  
 The Yellow Jacket, of Howard Payne at Brownwood, Texas.  
 The University Daily Kansan, of Kansas University at Lawrence, Kan.  
 The Clarco, of Clarendon College at Clarendon, Texas.  
 The Brand, of Simmons University at Abilene, Texas.  
 The War Whoop, of McMurray College at Abilene, Texas.  
 The Daily Texan, of Texas University at Austin, Texas.  
 The Daily Missourian, of Missouri University at Columbia, Mo.  
 The Battalion, of Texas A. & M. at College Station, Texas.  
 The Sandspur, of Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla.  
 Keynotes, of Kidd-Key College at Sherman, Texas.  
 The Kangaroo, of Austin College at Sherman, Texas.  
 The Torch, of Texas Tech at Lubbock, Texas.

"It's the way they do at old Rice":  
 The good old days when the sophomores ushered unwilling freshmen to pep meetings with the aid of belts have gone, and in their place is the slip-shod, easy method of sometime attendance at yell practices now in vogue.

Things in general seem to be off-color; laxity is everywhere predominant, and as a result, the spirit of past football seasons seems to be lacking. It is characteristic of small high school newspapers to urge attendance at pep meetings, subscriptions to school publications, and other such local enterprises. It has not been characteristic of the Thresher in the past to harp on this one, small-time subject; and it shall not be the policy in the future. Nevertheless, the editorial columns are the place for suggestions, and a suggestion is truly in order.

The sophomore class is more closely in touch with the freshmen than any other class due to their associations disciplinary and otherwise. Logically, the sophomores are the class to see to the proper disposition of the slimes in their rated place in the scale of things. Hazing, we all know, and we all forget, has been abolished at the Institute. Belts, straps and brooms can no longer be utilized as pleaders for attendance at yell practices, those held nightly in the Commons especially. Gentle words and seductive smiles must be employed instead.

Very well. Let them be employed, but use them. A sub-committee of sophomores for the special handling of the slimes at yell practices and pep meetings can and should be instituted. The rounds should be made of the dormitories, the survey of the cloisters, the rallying of departing students should all be attended to. Sophomores, the upper classes are looking to you to make of the incoming class, Rice students with the Rice Boost and the Rice pep. The members of the class of '29 expect subjection; and they are disappointed when they don't get it. For years they have read books of college life—as it exists in some man's mind—of how the new student is mercilessly hazed. How he suffers. And they thrill to it—they want it. And when it is not forthcoming from the logical dispensers of such harshness, the sophomores, they lose their respect for that class.—The Thresher, Rice.

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### T-QUILL CLUB TO REORGANIZE

The T-Quill Club, an organization in the Texas Christian University for people connected with the Skiff and the Horned Frog, will be continued this year.

Its members must be pledged, voted on, and initiated same as in other clubs and organizations. The president has not been elected this year, but its vice-president is Dick Gaines, its secretary and treasurer is Lois Tyson, its parliamentarian, Carol Jim Roberts.

The purpose of this club is to get the members of the two staffs together in order to have better cooperation for the school paper and annual.

## LITERARY REVIEW

### A TALE OF THE SEA

CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES, by A. Kippis, New York. Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. (Blue Jade Library.) In placing Kippis' 'Captain Cook's Voyages in the Blue Jade Library, Alfred Knopf has brought new life to this very excellent book. Written in 1788 by Andrew Kippis, D. D., F. R. S., S. A., it has been little read in the past years. Indeed, Captain Cook was bidding fair to become a legend, as our esteemed friend, Captain Kidd, has already become. Practically the only popular reference to Cook in the past few years have been in connection with the disappearance of the native races of the South Seas, being attributed to the diseases introduced by the gentleman and his sailors in their "debaucheries."

But Kippis, a fellow member of Cook's in the Royal society, gives us a different view. True, it is not written in the modern style of "Restless Souls," etc., but it displays the man, nevertheless. A boy, born of common stock, but in whose creation the chromosomes united to make a man of high caliber he was ambitious to become a seaman. Following the conventional procedure, he had a dispute with his master and went to sea at the age of fourteen. But his inherent ability and great ambition brought him to the top, not only as the master of his ship, but as a mathematician and a marine surveyor. Then followed his two trips around the world and his final, and fatal, trip to the Pacific in search of a new continent.

Told in the style of the later eighteenth century, this life is as readable as any written by Gamaliel Bradford and his disciples. As a history of the exploration of the Pacific it is invaluable.

### GOODMAN AND HECHT.

THE WONDER HAT AND OTHER ONE-ACT PLAYS, by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman and Ben Hecht. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1925.

In this little book, bound in its attractive red cover, we have five one-act plays for the Little Theater that make very pleasant reading, and which have been successfully produced by the Washington Square Players and others.

This collaboration is very interesting, for in spite of the almost perfect fusion of the two styles, one will occasionally find, e.g., in *The Wonder Hat* Pynchello says, "When you put it (the hat) on, you will exist only in your own mind." If my memory does not play me false, the last clause of that sentence appears in almost exactly the same words in Fantazius Mallare.

Then, too, as is suggested in the preface, the plots of *The Hand of Siva* and *An Idyll of the Shops* were evidently Hechtian in their inception.

The first play in the book, *The Wonder Hat*, is a Harlequinade, with a very clever ending. The second and fourth, *The Two Lamps* and *The Hand of Siva*, are military plays dealing with Henri Durot, the French secret service agent.

The third play, *An Idyll of the Shops*, is a short but bitter tragedy of a Jewish tailor's employes. And the last, *The Hero of Santa Maria*, is called "a ridiculous tragedy" and fully lives up to its description.

All of the plays are very short and are aptly fitted for a few minutes of enjoyable reading.

### JOHN DOE, ET AL.

EVOLUTION FOR JOHN DOE, by Henshaw Ward. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1925.

That a book on evolution, i.e., a reliable and authoritative book on evolution, could be written by a person not a biologist is inconceivable. Yet here it is. Mr. Ward is a layman in the biological world and makes no claims to be considered as a biologist.

The title explains the purpose of the book—to present the facts of evolution to the man who knows not a protozoan form from a chordate form, at least by those terms. The basis of Mr. Ward's work is found in his first paragraph:

"John Doe thinks evolution is 'the doctrine that man is descended from monkeys,' and he is so amused or so offended at this theory that his whole mind is occupied with it. His conception is ridiculously false. Until John Doe discards that notion and takes a fresh start, he will never understand the subject. In this book there is no reference to any ape-like creature and no discussion of the descent of man."

From this point on he analyzes Mr. Doe's ideas concerning evolution and presents the real ideas of the scientists in a very clear and concise manner. There are very few technical terms used and these are explained in such a way that even the jury at Dayton, Tennessee, could understand what they mean.

The book is divided into three divisions: A description of evolution, which takes up the forms and modes of life, adaptations, the struggle for existence, variation, heredity and natural selection; the evidences of evolution; and the history of evolution, from Lamarck to Fosdick.

### An Interview With Dr. Hughes

"It isn't the ordinary routine of newspaper reporting that contains the thrills. It is the 'breaks' and they come only to those who know how to keep their eyes open."

Dr. Hughes, the new head of the English department, leaned back in his chair and spoke with authority. And well he might. He has been a newspaper reporter as well as a teacher of journalism, and he knows "the game" from both angles. As he talked his eyes showed his enthusiasm and his graceful hands emphasized his sentences. Sitting there in his living-room, without coat and with legs crossed, he discussed the problems of his department, both in T. C. U. and in other schools. Wide experience in teaching and directing all over the South makes him thoroughly capable of understanding and handling all problems that may arise.

Herbert L. Hughes is a product of "schools" rather than of a school and therefore has a more cosmopolitan outlook. He received his A. B. degree at Transylvania and ten years later his master's degree from the University of Columbia. At the University of Virginia, where he taught for many years, he received his Ph. D. He also taught in the University of Alabama and was head of the English department of the State Teachers College at Denton for one summer.

Varying with his interest in the educating of younger people has been a great interest in the "newspaper game." Having been a cub reporter in Virginia, he has seen the inside working of newspaper offices, and has used this knowledge to help his students, several of whom have been prominent in that field. Dr. Hughes has written many articles for publication in college papers, and magazines, but, as he said with a smile, "The English teacher has little time for his own writing."

Not only in prose composition has he been successful, but eminently so, in the more artistic field of poetry. One of his poems was selected for the annual "Anthology of College Poems."

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## 日本人云々

By N. Oda.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The Japanese husband calls his wife by her given name, but the wife never addresses her husband by his. Generally she calls him "Anata," meaning "you," or "Oto San," meaning "father," when there is a family. When she speaks of her husband to others, she does not call him "Mr."—Mr. Oda, for example, but "Oda."

In Japan people do not generally call others by their given names. Only my mother and elder brother call me "Nohundo." While others call me "Oda Son" or "Oda Kun" (meaning boy friend) my younger brother and sister call me "Ni i son"—"Mr. Elder Brother."

The Japanese do not call their emperor by his name but always they call him "Kinjo-Tennoheika" (honorable present emperor)—so they do not know his real name.

### Friendly Courtesy.

When a man gives his friend a present he always says "This is a very humble thing, I fear you will not like it, but please receive my heart."

If the present in question is something to eat then he says "This is not so good, but please taste it."

When one is invited to dinner the host says "This food is very poor, but take your time and eat plenty." The governing idea is a great humility.

I'll bet a year's subscription to the London Mercury against a box of Post's Bran that our club shows plenty of fight at our next game, too. The Simmons cowboys are liable to have to ride hobbyhorses and go home and tell their Pappas and Mamas that Frogland is football's Hellmouth.

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# Society

A picture of Miss Adine Harkey appeared in the Saturday Fort Worth Record with the following write-up:

"Miss Adine Harkey of Lone Oak, Texas, will attend the All-College Circus at the Dallas Fair Oct. 16 and 17, as Duchess from Texas Christian University. Miss Harkey is a member of the senior class at T.C.U. and Frank Stangel, president of the class, will act as her escort.

"Miss Harkey won the honor at an election held by the student body for that purpose. She is Texas Christian University's second Duchess to the All-College circus, Miss Roberta Roamond being accorded that recognition last year.

"The Queen's Ball will be held in Dallas at the Baker Hotel Friday evening and the circus proper will be staged Saturday in the Fair stadium."

Miss Edna Graves of Hamilton, Texas, is the guest of Sarah Hal Williams in Reed Cottage for the week. Miss Graves is a Tri-Delta of S.M.U.

Ludie Wiggins is making a week-end visit in her home town, Grapevine and it is rumored that she is giving a great deal of worry to one "Pessum-Trot" by so doing.

Nolene Simmons went to Dallas for the A. & M. Sewanee football game Saturday.

Miss Mary Belle Sams, former student of T.C.U., was the guest of Lon Wiggins Saturday. Miss Sams attended the A. & M. Sewanee game in Dallas.

Miss Mabel Mills had as her week-end guests, her cousin, Miss Sybil Mill and Miss Hancock from C.I.A.

Miss Ruth Whitesides, who attended T.C.U. last year and is now at C.I.A., spent last week-end at home.

A dignified Senior and sophisticated Junior had a huge water fight at the Tea Room last Wednesday. Second childhood is beginning early.

Let it be known from henceforth that "Skeet Barse is the original Texas Terror.

Lost—The city of Fort Worth. Please return to Miss Julia Grace Gardner at the Art Rooms.

Professor Zeigler of the Art Department will give an art reception next Thursday. Every one is urged to attend.

For three consecutive mornings Robert Conklin has furnished chewing gum for Professor Ballard's classes.

"Big Mac," who was on the varsity team last year, visited us last Saturday.

The Tri Phi announces Miss Kathryn Hamm as a new member of the varsity.

Miss Johnnie Day, 2201 Washington, left last Monday for Washington, where she will enter school.

Misses Katherine Whitten of Corsicana and Sarah White of Fort Worth have registered for work in the University of Texas. Both girls attended T.C.U. last year.

Some of the T. C. U. girls were mighty stuck up after they had their names in the Press last Tuesday.

The meanest thing a prof can do is to give a "pop quiz" the day after the big game.

Mr. Jelly Height, former student of T. C. U., is in Marfa, Texas. He is with a surveying party on his way to Mexico.

Sue Halrell is a freshman from Bonham. In high school Sue was a member of the Dramatic Club, Glee Club and Music Club. She is especially interested in music and is working for a Bachelor of Music in T.C.U.

Helen Boren is from Snyder. During her high school career she was the accompanist for the high school orchestra, treasurer of the Senior class, reporter of the Junior class and secretary of the Freshman class. Helen is working for a B.M. degree.

Hellan Herral came to T.C.U. from Fort Stockton. She was valedictorian of her class, a member of two literary societies and interested in all the school activities. Hellan is working for a B.A. degree.

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## McCONNELL-CLINKENBEARD

Dorothy Clinkenbeard and W. E. McConnell were married four-thirty Saturday afternoon by Rev. Anderson at the First Christian Church.

Dorothy was a Sophomore in T.C.U. at this time, and will be missed very much by her friends.

"Big Mac" has been in the University three years and was a football star. He is now coaching the football team of Sulphur Springs high school.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McConnell will be at home to their many friends on Connally street, Sulphur Springs, Texas.

Miss Abbie Dalton spent the week-end at her home in Mansfield.

Ganie Miles Monroe is from Houston. In high school she was interested in athletics, a member of the girl reserve, the school literary society and art club. She is working for a B.A. degree.

Quillian Garrison is from Angleton. In high school she was valedictorian of the class, president of the literary society and a member of the Choral club. Quillian also had an important part in the Senior play. She is interested in a B.A. degree.

Daisy Willis is also from Angleton. In high school she was captain of the basket ball team four years and played on the Valley team two years. Daisy was a member of the Choral club, the literary society and in the senior play. She is working for a B.A. degree.

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## Fables

Fables In Campus Chatter After George Ade's Fables In Slang Cat—A Considerable Distance, However.

There was once a fair frail, who went to a co-educational school of higher learning, sent gratis by the state in which she happened to have been born and bred.

She was duly pledged to a Greek Letter, not because of high-powered brain, but because her nose did not reflect a false beard. Said Greek Letter being about the richest scent in the surrounding country, the poor Arcadia was unable to lower her pretty *goux* *deux* to the level of the common cattle.

An old lowbrow who had nicer people and hailed from her own village tagged her at a shindig one night and quavered an entreaty about the next Dansant.

"And when is said hop?" she enquired insipidly.

"Next week-end."

"No, I have all my dates made way ahead," she threw back, and camouflaged it by, "I'm sorry."

That night our hero suffered from insomnia and was high on to drink, which came too high in that season. However in the blindness of his fury he resolved to show her that he had some onions in his own shirt.

The next year he went East to a real college (so called) and she stayed on in that refined university atmosphere.

Three years later they met by chance. He'd forgotten all about the affair, and looked on Lotty as just another brainless damsel.

"Won't you come over next week-end, Freddy?" she pleaded.

"What day?"

"Oh, any one."

"Sorry, but I'm dated up way ahead," he sweetly replied.

That night the ily of the Field chewed her finger nails and trimmed up mama's best counterpane.

Moral: A worm can crawl at both ends.

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## Pastels of a Voyageur

Edinburgh is not the only place in Scotland, immortalized by "words made mystic by lips that once were warm." The quaint little village of Age holds in its heart a tiny modest little dwelling. That one sheltered Robert Burns. Estimates of his morality may differ, but estimates of his poetry that brings a song from the very heart of Scot and, now martial, now pleading, now inspiring, now tender, cannot differ. Truly genius arises in strange places! The low-thatched cottage with its crudely furnished rooms is kept in such an unblemished newly painted state, now that much of the flavor is gone. One feels that a large family, together with the cows, pigs, and children (whose quarters adjoin the combination kitchen and bedroom of the cottage) could not have lived in such spotless cleanliness. In the museum near the cottage are numbers of Burns' belongings, and most interesting of all, some original manuscript. I remember particularly the rather scrawly writing and faded ink of it:

"Scots who ha'e we'  
Wallace bled,  
Scots whom Greece has.....  
Welcome to your gory bed  
Or to victory.

Letters of illustrious people are always interesting, especially love letters and some Burns' were charming. This passage in one caught my eye:

"I have found that the law of absence from a dear one is exactly opposite to the old theory. For the further you get away from me on your trip to London, the lighter the loads were and the more I felt drawn to you, beloved" I wonder if the recipient of the charming thought believed him! The Burns Mausoleum at Dumfries contains not only his body, but that of his wife, Jean Armour. Hope that she wasn't as hopelessly homely and disagreeable looking as both pictures and statues show her. I couldn't imagine a lover of the beautiful in life married to such an unpleasant person.

One seems in England to leap constantly from one literary shrine to another. From Age to Keswick, made famous as the residence of the Lake School of poets, was only a few hours drive. And one more day brought us to the artistic and literary mecca of the world. Stratford on the Avon. We took only a minute to freshen up a bit at the famous Red Horse Hotel and then we were on our way to Shakespeare's house. It may have been a comfortable home in that early day but it is now a dilapidated souvenir of the visiting thousands from every rank and condition of life rather than of the geniuses who made it famous. His spirit seems to have entirely disappeared. There is about the house, as everywhere in Stratford, a very commercial air. The guides' smiles are positively metallic. The seventeen thousand visitors who have put their names in the great album from the first of January to the middle of June this year, seem to have taken away something that can not be returned. It is indescribable that feeling of lack and emptiness in that house that should offer more inspiration than any other.

Anne Hathway's cottage, peeping out from its tangle of vines and flowers, seemed much more satisfying. The spirit of the poet seemed to hover much nearer there. One could see in his mind's eye a happy if some what restrained, young couple, seated on the straight-backed settee before the huge fire-place. (The restraint was due to the ever-watchful parental eye. Girls entertained their callers before the family in those days.) In that very low-ceilinged, pleasant room, with the rosy glow of the fire reflecting itself on the burnished brass and copper kettles, Shakespeare persuaded Anne Hathway to become his wife.

Of course we stood, as tens of thousands other travelers have stood, within the chancel of Trinity Church and gazed at that most famous epitaph in the world. We wondered as no doubt those same tens of thousands of travelers have wondered, what whim, what fancy or what deeper motive caused the world's greatest writer to thus constitute himself inviolate through all the years.

There are two castles in England that one should never miss. One is in its state of pristine glory, and the other a magnificent ruin. The first, Warwick, is situated in the midst of an indescribably beautiful landscape, made up of leafy thickets, magnificent vistas of verdure, huge trees and the most vividly green grass. It is said that the grass is an institution in England, and the pains that are taken in sowing, clipping, tending and otherwise nursing it must be seen to be appreciated. The castle itself, a huge pile of battlements, towers and thick, gray walls, looks exactly like a dream of what a castle should be. Here under these lofty trees have sprung and fallen a line of princes. The fortunes of the present Earl of Warwick are at so low an ebb that he cannot maintain his hereditary estate. He has rented it to an American millionaire for several thousand dollars a year. One wing of the castle, only, is open to the public, and it is full of the most priceless and beautiful historic relics. There are portraits of English kings, queens and statesmen by Vandjke, Rubens, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Gainsborough. In the boudoir of ady Warwick hangs the famous Halcyon portrait of Henry VIII with his fat, white hands crossed complacently over his very ample stomach, and his little greedy eyes looking out lustfully from his brutal, selfish face. We passed through a bewildering maze of apartments, examining hundreds of treasures: all kinds of armors, a rare collection of swords, wonderful tables and cabinets inlaid with capias lazuli and mother of pearl, death masks—one of Oliver Cromwell with his crooked nose and the wart over his right eye, and everywhere the famous Warwick crest, the bear with the ragged staff.

It is only a short distance—all distances in England seem short to Americans—to that other mot stately castle that Cromwell permitted to be so ruthlessly destroyed. Like Fountains Abbey, Kenilworth has suffered much at the hands of time, but like the Abbey, too, the cruel ravages have been tenderly covered. The sympathetic vines have crept lovingly and protectively upward to shield the broken and ruined splendor from bitter winter winds and the blistering summer sun. It is easy with the mastery description of the castle that Scott gives to rearrange the scene and see the magnificent red sandstone walls draped with gay banners. How the great hall must have resounded with the bursts of merriment and the plaintive twang

of the troubadours guitar as he told his tales of far-away lands. Elizabeth must have indeed ruled her heart with an iron hand to have kept it proof against the many sieges with his crooked against it. Perhaps Sir Walter's interpretation of her near acceptance—that was thwarted only by the unexpected appearance of Amy Robsart, Leicester's secret wife—is not so far wrong. At any rate, Kenilworth, in its prime, must have thrilled even a queen.

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## Goode Hall Groans

Claude Jacobs walked away with all honors in the Goode Hall golf tournament with Peter Bordonoro a close second. Jake appeared in a Scotch Highlander's garb, while Peter had the usual "walking habit."

The late "Eun" Jack Parker has resigned in favor of James Slater, who is now serving his second term on the throne. He is undoubtedly a deserved receiver of the crown.

Girls watch your step, for the boys have the low down on your morals and etc. After an extended discussion in Room 206 the question of "which girls shall we choose" was thoroughly threshed out. If any of you ladies are refused an engagement, then someone has reported you as unapproachable.

Mrs. Frances called Hobo Carson to the telephone Friday night and received the answer from Harvey Light that he was at football skill practice. She returned and told the party that he was out at the stadium practicing football. Whether he was at the stadium is not doubted but it is a new rule of Coach Bell's if they have skull practice under the stadium at midnight.

Speaking of absent-mindedness, Doug Bush drove over to town yesterday in Mr. Day's Ford and parked on Main and turned to thank the man for the ride and couldn't find him.

Peter Bordonoro, the fire-cracker of Goode Hall, returned to his quarters and found his other pair of pants on the floor and called in the school board to investigate the "stealing" of his room.

Claude Jacobs is said to be the best mathematician in school—he is so good at figures.

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## Horned Frog Chapel Orchestra

Professor Claude Sammis, conductor; Henry G. Elkins, concertmaster and president; Allen True, vice-president and librarian; Miss Nolene Simmons, secretary-treasurer.

The personnel of the new orchestra is as follows: First violin section: Henry G. Elkins, Amelia Bell Taylor, Claire Caldwell, Tillman Durden, Sarah Elizabeth Childers, Franklin Fitz, Mary Broadus, J. W. Shugart, Frances Allen, Theodore Luce, Nolene Simmons, Flora Mae Thompson; second violins: Dorothy Head, Maxie Echols, Dorothy Denby, Otis Zacharias.

Cornets: Erent Waggoner and Clinton Hackney; pianist, Marie Balch; clarinets: J. B. Trent, Roxelle Cavness, Hubert Lindley; trombones: H. R. Gipsen, Lyle Wilkerson; saxophones: Allen True, Paul Kett, James Balch, James Patterson; bass violin: Charles Fitzgerald; drums: James Jett; tubas: Walter J. Probury and Elmer Walden; mellophone and alto: C. B. Simmons; cello: J. M. Smith.

## Juniors Planning Annual Banquet

The Junior class is planning a banquet in honor of the Seniors, to be held sometime before Christmas. At a meeting held last week of the Juniors, the members of the class took hold of the plan with ready accord, and a success of the affair is assured.

According to announcement made by the prexy of the class, all who intend making the banquet must turn in their names to Martha Mae Morris, secretary-treasurer. After the names are received, the assessments will be made. Seniors, too, are asked to give their names to Miss Morris.

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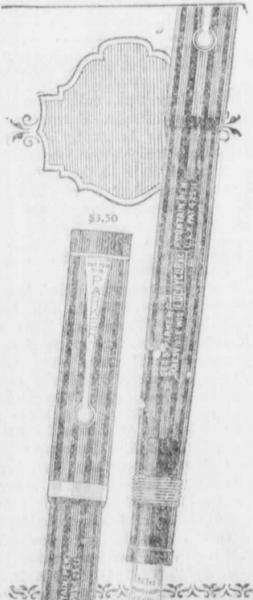
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## SPORTS

By Carlos Ashley

#### THEY SAY THAT CHIVALRY IS PAST.

They say that chivalry is past, That men who cherish Love and Fame No longer yearn to breathe their last To safeguard some fair virgin's name. But these wise words I gravely doubt; Men still will gladly suffer pain, And villains boldly put to rout, As Lancelot did for sweet Elaine.

These college boys in modern life Are quite outspoken in their love, They earn her not through war and strife, Nor send her letters by a dove.

Though they wax strong in their conceit, The most of it is just a stall, A clever girl, naive, petite, Can have them at her beck and call.

Two football teams were close arrayed Before a wildly cheering throng, The hands in raucous discords played, While rosters rocked with yell and song.

Then of a sudden action ceased, The players all seemed turned to stone, Their faces paled as men deceased, And from their breasts escaped a groan.

A female voice in anguish squealed, "Will no brave man protect my name?" The heroes all dashed from the field, And forthwith busted up the game.

**DON'T LET UP!** Keep in there behind those Frogs. The season is not well started yet, and we should just be hitting our stride as a gang of rousing rooters. Bug out your eyes, back your ears and blow out your front teeth. **DON'T LET UP!**

#### BAYLOR GIVES SENIOR CIRCUS LONG CONTRACT ON HALLOWE'EN

A three-year football contract with Baylor University has just been completed and signed, according to an announcement made by L. C. "Pete" Wright, director of athletics at T. C. U. The games are to be played each year at the Dallas Fair on Dallas Day, Fair Park Stadium. The battle yesterday was the first of the series and the first fight Frogland has had with the lads from Bruin Town since the memorable T. C. U. victory in 1921. The great yell meeting held last Tuesday night in the auditorium testified to the fact that the old T. C. U.-Baylor grudge is not cold, and the tussle yesterday in Dallas smashed all doubts as to whether it is now at white-heat.

Bridges changed the Bear schedule in order that his Waco crew would not have to make the trip to Arkansas U. so early in the season. Then, too, it is said that he did not want a "hard" conference game at an early date. Too bad! He'll be "looking for his ear" before he's through with the Frogland series.

Those hot hamburgers sure go good these cold days. Try one of them today. University Sandwich Shop.

In answer to the question, "Who is the premier defensive quarterback of the Southwest conference?" the fans who witnessed the Sewanee-Aggie game Saturday would doubtless cry without hesitation, "Dusty Berry." But if that same query were directed to the members of the Farmer team they would scratch their heads in apology to Berry and hesitatingly admit that little Herman Clark of the Horned Frogs is about the neatest safety man they ever tried to side-step and couldn't.

Not much work for the Bell Boys the remainder of this week. Just a little light signal practice to loosen them up after that terrific Baylor battle. Rest is what they need to condition them for Simmons, and Matty is not running any chances of their going stale.

Hooray!! Baylor three years in a row! Dallas Day, Dallas Fair, Fair Park Stadium! Hooray!! Next saving and we'll all go again next year. Hooray!!

Mr. Horace P. Tub Brewster and his old friend, Mr. Bounds of Simmons University, will resume intimate relations next Saturday. Last year, when the Frogs visited the Cowboys at Abilene, Mr. Bounds lost interest in the contest after a couple of quarters due to the extravagant manner with which he was caressed by Mr. Brewster. May he be as cordially greeted again.

All the authorities who have seen the Cowboys in action are of the opinion that they compare favorably with the best clubs of the Southwest conference. Two of our hardest games within a period of five days is some hill, but it takes a team just like the Horned Frogs to make the Rocky Mountains look like Forest Park Boulevard.

President Frank Stangl announces that members of the senior class are planning a big show, The Varsity Circus, to be given in the gymnasium on Halloween night, Saturday, October 31. At a class meeting held last Wednesday, committees were appointed to look after Spooks, Peanuts, Confetti, Barkers, Animals, the Charleston Side Show, Nigger Babies, the Two-Ring Circus, and the Hot-Dog Camp. All of the sideshows, the candy, chewing gum, and popcorn markets, et cetera, will be housed in the Y. M. C. A. room and adjoining halls. Fortunately, the "Spidora Girl," "Hula Lou," C. Ashley, the Ring-Master, and others of the old troupe are back with us this year, and have promised things. The main circus will take place on the second floor, the basket ball practice gym. The ducats, the yens, the dollars coined from this venture will be deposited in the treasury of the senior class, later to be used by the class as a part of the fund being raised in order to defray the expense of a suitable parting gift to the university.

#### Mr. Winton Will Attend Vandy's Big Convention

PROFESSOR W. M. WINTON, head of the biology and geology departments, entrained today for Nashville, Tenn., where he will represent T. C. U. in the Vanderbilt University Semi-Centennial Celebration which will be held on October 15, 16, 17 and 18.

In 1908, Professor Winton received his B. S. degree from Vanderbilt, and in 1909 he was awarded the M. S. degree.

### BULL FROG

By Carl Ashburn

The secret of Bill Palmer and little Weldon Linley sobbing like their hearts would break last week has been discovered. Seems like Bill and Weldon who hail from the great hog regions near Sulphur Springs became homesick when Antelope Eddleman hollered "Sooyey."

According to Plug Hat Perry Hardigree, the things that roll around T. C. U. at a specified time are: Eggs for breakfast, fish on Friday, chapel three times a week, and street cars every thirty minutes.

"I'm off," said Hezzie Carson, as he rolled a nine!

Bull Frog is the receiver of the sad news that Francis Corn brought the Christian Endeavor to a sudden close last Sunday. Seems that Eugenia Sheppard, leader of the society, called for a volunteer song and Francis asked for Lou-Lou. Immediately the meeting stopped and prayers were offered for Miss Corn's salvation.

Sophomores throughout the campus can hardly await the arrival of biology bug hunts. When inspected the other day fifteen bug nets were found in Frank Stangl's room and it is a well known fact that he has never had a course in biology. However, Billy Crawford, local sleuth and biology clerk, intends to run a blacklist. To date Frank Bowser and Claude Jacobs have been outlawed.

The cast of the new Goode Hall play, "A Maiden's Dream," has been announced. Horace Brewster is to be the maiden; Frankie Cantelmi, the city slicker; Cheese Stewart, the maiden's mother, and Ferrill Fox, the hot lover. Rehearsal has been called off because Horace wouldn't go to sleep.

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#### T. C. U.'s Museum

The biology and geology museum of Texas Christian University is housed in the basement of Clark Hall where the biology laboratories are situated. In 1913 the entire collection consisted of a few minerals and a few stuffed birds which were left here by George Hutton. At present Mr. Hutton is nationally known as an ornithologist and lives in Pennsylvania.

Few specimens were added to the museum before 1915. At that time Prof. W. M. Winton and his wife, Hortense Winton, returned from Rice University at Houston, where they did special work, and took charge of this department. Prof. Winton had been in T. C. U. in 1913, but was granted a leave of absence for 1914-1915 to attend Rice University. Almost all of the specimens have been collected by students and are used for teaching and instructing. One fine collection of fossils to be found in the first two shelves to the right of the entrance has been loaned indefinitely to T. C. U. by Mr. Norman E. Nelson, agent for the Winfield Scott estate. Mr. Nelson has made paleontology a hobby and this collection includes fossils from this region and fossils from other countries which he secured by exchange.

The insect and flower collection of the museum serves as a guide and example for the new science students in their field work. A few pressed flowers from the Holy Land are also on exhibit. These have been given to T. C. U. by friends of the school who have traveled abroad. The specimens in the museum are for the use of students and material that cannot be so used has not been added.

#### PROFESSORS' BIOGRAPHIES

"Now there's Dr. Winton, for instance. He holds a great many honors, and he's done things, but you can always get to him and ask him about a little problem you don't understand."

Two students stood in the door of the Main Building at Texas Christian University and voiced their opinions, opinions that are held in common with the rest of the student body at that institution regarding Dr. W. M. Winton, head of the biology department.

Dr. Winton himself rarely talks about his life, and then only with reluctance. A typical Britisher, he gives the impression of achievement and capacity for work, emanating an atmosphere of quiet confidence and good fellowship, combined with a natural courtesy and regard for others.

"I guess you might say that's how I came to take up this work—that's how I got interested in it."

He was speaking of his boyhood and thoughtfully rolling a cigarette, while his keen gray eyes took on a far-away look, as he gradually unfolded his life.

Born in California in 1885, he went to Mexico when he was two years old with his father, a missionary. There in San Luis Potosi, then the second largest city of Mexico, he had the good fortune to be allowed to accompany parties of scientists from big universities of the United States through his knowledge of Spanish, which he spoke fluently. The scientists needed an interpreter and were easily lead into discussing their finds and showing him things, so that he soon developed an intense interest in biological work.

"I was just as much a scientist as any of them," said Dr. Winton, smiling in his easy way.

At the age of fifteen he came with his parents to San Antonio where an attack of some unknown disease held him convalescent for about two years. Then, although he had never attended high school or elementary school, he entered as a freshman at Southwestern College at Georgetown, Texas.

"Of course that was more like high school work for Texas colleges then were about two years behind other colleges."

He had been there only a short time, however, when he found that he was passing over work that he already knew, so he was taken out by his parents. His father had instructed him at home and he was considerably above the course he was taking.

Moving to Tennessee a few years later, he lived in Nashville for some time before entering with his brothers in Vanderbilt where his father had gone. He had the rare honor of getting both his B.S. and his M.S. degrees at the same time when he graduated in 1908.

"My hobby? Fossils. My ambition?"

There came a quick smile and his eyes twinkled imperceptibly.

"I want to get more room to do this work here. We are pressed for space and just can't take care of the students. On laboratory days we use every nook and cranny, but we just haven't enough room to accommodate the number who are taking the course."

Some one entered with a new device for measuring minute objects.

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#### Ex-Duchess Is Named Sponsor of Frog Eleven

ROBERTA ROSAMOND was elected sponsor of the Frog Football Club last Friday at a special meeting of the Frogland warriors. It is the opinion of Manager Frank Cantelmi that the official sponsorship activities will take place at the T. C. U.-Texas A. and M. game on November 7.

Last year, Miss Rosamond, who is from Anna, Texas, represented T. C. U. as duchess in the Dallas Fair College Circus.

and he paused to give his attention to that. A few questions he asked involving technical terms which rolled easily from his lips, before he turned again to his discussion.

"The biology department is inflexible. You can't do like you can in other departments and put in extra students. We have instruments for only a definite number."

Pausing a moment a sh prepared for his next class he spoke a last admonition:

"Let me see that before publishing. It is a rule o' scientists not to talk about themselves."

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#### When Are You Going to Start Strutting?

Only a few men think too much of themselves—the vast majority do not think enough. And, if the proprietor of the hotel does not think his steak dinners are good enough to be proud of—who in the world is going to eat them? We're not advising you to strut—we'd hate to see a good citizen like you grow conceited—but we do think you ought to think enough of yourself this Fall to, thru' the ownership of a Washer suit, discourage the idea with others that you don't think you amount to much yourself.

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