

SERIAL
STORY
BEGINS
TODAY

The Skiff

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

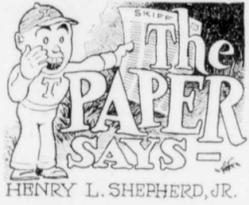
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CLASSIC
OF T. C. U.—
PAGE 3

VOL. 25

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1927.

NO. 19.

FROGS VANQUISH RICE IN FINALE



HENRY L. SHEPHERD, JR.

THERE are two sports over which Vee Tee Hamlin waxes exceedingly enthusiastic—football and baseball. So, today, with the advent of the baseball practice season, Vee Tee once more graces our first page with a cartoon, and will continue doing so during the rest of the year. Vee Tee has nothing against basket ball, you understand, but he doesn't get artistic over it like he does in the other two sports.

AN achievement! A journalism department for T. C. U. The newspaper field is constantly attracting college students, and any theoretical background they possess before breaking in is valuable. The board of trustees has assured us that the man who will come as head of the department will be capable, a real newspaper man as well as a scholar, and we look forward to the time when T. C. U., like many another university, will have its own printing shop, with presses, linotypes, and so on.

OF ALL followers of muses, the poets are probably least tolerant—of each other. While writing this column at my desk in the Record-Telegram, a copy reader who is a good poet, so I am led to believe from reading several of his poems and from the fact that he sells his verse every now and then, came over to chat. I had on my desk a volume of one Glenn Ward Dresbach's poems, and, with that as a base, my friend began a long review of poets, cliques, and so forth. It seems that in their struggle for eminence, so my friend tells me, the poets cut each other's throats, play favorites, knife and thrust interminably.

It is difficult to believe that in a field where beauty and at least philosophy are supposed to reign the expounders thereof so debate themselves in perpetual civil war. If the writer is wrong in his interpretation, will some poetically inclined person who is not prejudiced against his or her fellow versifiers, kindly gainsay such pessimism?

FOUND! A most question seems solved. Anita Loos stood the world on its flat end by the unqualified announcement that "Gentlemen prefer blondes." At once all those males who considered themselves of the elect, and who, upon gazing upon the top knots of their beloved—and finding them in a brunette state, began to whoop and howl at the injustice of the statement. And many young ladies who were meant to stay dark haired dyed of fear that men would not love them.

But, as we assured the reader, we have found the genus constant that actually prefers blondes. The type is the metropolitan Japanese. It is reported that in the last decade some 200 New York girls have married Japs, and in almost every instance the young lady preferred by the Oriental has been blonde, or at least red-headed. So, mayhap the brunette will once more become brunette and trust to the fickleness of the male "Boobus Americanus."

AND SO, dear students, another point of the collegiate zodiac has been turned, and basket ball has joined the dim images of the past, and baseball stalks upon the stage, with vengeance in his eye and hair upon his chest. How now, Horatio?

TWO NEW PROFS SECURED; FELLOWSHIPS OFFERED

DEPARTMENT OF JOURNALISM CREATED

THE securing of two professors of very high rank, both possessors of the Ph. D. degree, and the establishment of a department of journalism stood out conspicuously as the work of the regular spring meetings held by the trustees at T. C. U.

As the head of the department of Modern Languages, which chair has been vacant since the departure of Dr. Davidson to take a similar chair in Mississippi Woman's College, will come Dr. Jos. H. Combs, a man of wide learning and experience. Dr. Combs received his Ph. D. at the University of Paris and besides spending many years in France in study and observation, he spent three years in Prague, Czechoslovakia, as editor of a newspaper there.

Dr. Combs will teach graduate courses in French and Spanish and will carry two or three undergraduate courses in French. His specialty is French but with such capable associate professors, Aiken and Miss Carter to teach Spanish, Spanish will be well taught in every grade of the work. It is fortunate to secure a man like Dr. Combs, who has the knowledge of a foreign language. He comes here from the University of Oklahoma, where he was associate professor of modern languages.

Dr. Wm. C. Morro, who holds Ph. D. from Yale, comes to T. C. U. to take a place on the faculty of the Brite College of the Bible. He has been the past year a professor in the School of Religion at the University of Michigan, which yearly draws the most scholarly men in the country to its department.

Dr. Morro is a ripe scholar, he is thoroughly versed in his favorite field, the New Testament, and will fit into the work of the Bible school admirably, according to Dean Colby D. Hall. Dr. Morro graduated from the University of Kentucky and the College of the Bible in 1896. After preaching for some time, he went to Australia, where he founded a Bible school. Returning from this field he went to Harvard and Yale for graduate work, receiving his degree from the latter university.

Butler University drew Dr. Morro in 1911, and later he went to the College of Missions, whose changing plans have made possible his release to the Brite College of the Bible.

Selection of a professor has not yet been made for the chair of the department of journalism. But, according to Dean Hall, the man who will take the place will be of high enough caliber to be the nucleus for the school of Journalism. One of the best newspaper professors in the country will be selected, according to the plans of the Board of Trustees.

The Journalism department will offer to students a course that will equal in theory any course in the country. As much practical work as possible will be given the students through the medium of The Skiff, The Horned Frog and publicity work of the university.

It is made plain, however, that the work of the department will not interfere with the management of The Skiff or the annual in any way, but will merely furnish those publications with more staff members and insure a firm cooperation.

Editor of "Skiff" to Be Instructor in Dept. of Govt.

HENRY L. Shepherd Jr., editor-in-chief of The Skiff and president of the Senior class, has been named on the faculty of T. C. U. for 1927-1928 session as instructor in the department of Government. His appointment will make him the successor to Karl Mueller, instructor this year, who will go to California University to pursue work in law. Shepherd plans to teach here one year and then go to Harvard Law School, where he will spend three years for the LL. B. degree.



Editor's Note—Each week The Skiff prints answers to a stated question, such answers to be gathered from students at random over the campus. Next week's question will be, "Are there too many college degrees conferred: is being a 'collegian' too common to carry any distinction or prestige, as formerly?"

This week's question: "Should college baseball be abolished?"

"Spick" Clark—I do not think that college baseball should be abolished. It is too valuable a sport in college life. Many men do not take part in any other college sport but baseball, and it gives them their only chance to letter. Other men who do not play basket ball would have nothing to look forward to after football season if it weren't for baseball. This aim helps them to keep in training. Also, many college students who are good in baseball are able to earn money playing ball in the summer. College baseball gives them a chance to discover their talents, and to use them, and may become the foundation for a professional career.

Eva Estes—According to a decision reached in Ethics class last year, we do not have enough college athletics. The competitive spirit and other qualities developed in clean college sports is beneficial to any college and on this basis if on no other we should have college baseball.

Cecil Walters—Baseball is America's national sport, and as such should be developed in American colleges. It is as much a part of college athletics as football and is played at a season of the year when sports should be encouraged.

Horace Bacus—I do not think college baseball should be abolished. We have in T. C. U., however, a problem that most colleges do not possess—we have a nationally known baseball team in the city of Fort Worth that receives the support of the citizens of this city. The T. C. U. baseball team is overshadowed, and for that reason some people have said that baseball is not successful in T. C. U. On the other hand, the baseball develops as should all good athletics, a spirit of sportsmanship that is needed in colleges. On the whole I am in favor of college baseball.

24 AWARDS FOR GRADUATES LISTED

TWELVE fellowships and 12 scholarships have been offered to graduate students in T. C. U., according to a definite policy announced by the board of trustees.

According to Dr. John Lord, dean of the graduate school, these fellowships and scholarships are open to competition, and any student in the university who will receive in June or has received his bachelor's degree is eligible. Application forms may be secured from Dr. Lord now.

List of the fellowships and scholarships, with the stipend offered follows:

- Fellowships:
- 1 in Education, \$500.
 - 4 in English, \$500.
 - 1 in History, \$500.
 - 1 in Mathematics, \$500.
 - 2 in Journalism, \$500 each.
 - 1 in Modern Language, \$500.
 - 1 in Physics, \$500.
 - 1 in Psychology, \$500.

- Scholarships:
- 4 in Bible, \$133 each (tuition free).
 - 1 in Chemistry, \$250 each.
 - 4 in Biology, \$250 each.
 - 2 in Economics, \$250 each.
 - 1 in Government, \$250.

Offers of these scholarships and fellowships are being advertised in Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas, and many applications are expected for them between now and June, when appointments will be made.

Instructors Jack and Mrs. Hammond have secured their leave of absence for a year to study. It is expected they will enter the Yale graduate school.

Assistant Professors Wells and Elliott, of Sociology and Economics, have been elevated to associate professorships for next year, according to Dean Hall.

SCHOLARSHIP CONVENTION

The 24 chapters of the Texas Scholarship Society will hold their annual conference at T. C. U., Saturday, beginning at 9 o'clock, at Brite College. Business will occupy the morning session, which will be followed by luncheon in the cafeteria. Various entertainment features have been worked out for the delegates in the afternoon, and a banquet at the Westbrook is planned for the evening at 6:30.

Dr. Lord is vice-president of the Texas Scholarship Society, and Charles Mohle is local president.

All members of the society are urged to co-operate in the convention, and to be certain to attend the business session Saturday morning.

SCIENCE SOCIETY INITIATION.

The Science Society of T. C. U. will have its semi-annual initiation meeting tonight. Those majoring in science are eligible for membership and those taking science for one year or more are eligible to associate membership. Anyone wishing to join the society is welcome tonight.

WE'RE ABOUT DUE, ANYWAY



1927 CATALOG WORK PUSHED

The new catalogue for the summer session has been out for about a month and copies may be secured from the business office or by addressing a letter to T. C. U. The new catalogue for 1927, Prof. Tucker states, is well under way and it is expected that the work will be pushed forward very rapidly from now on.

Most of the departments have already turned in their material, and numerous changes have been made in their work. Next year a major is to be offered in Public Speaking with the first minor to be taken in English and the second minor to be in any Social Science. A major in Social Service is also to be offered for which Religious Education among other courses, may be counted as a first minor.

According to the new requirements modern language will not be counted toward a major in a modern language and students who fail to make a grade of fifty per cent on the placement test for modern language will be required to take the course without credit.

There is also a regulation that each teacher be required to report at the end of each semester, sophomores and juniors, whose English is not passable. If at the end of the junior year one-third of the total number of semester grades for sophomores and junior years show non-passable English, the student will be required to take for graduation, three extra semester hours in English. The above regulation will begin to apply to the present sophomores, but not to the present juniors.

Freshman Pins Are Selling Fast

"Got your pin, Freshman? They are going fast."

Through the efforts of Rainey Elliott, class president, a very attractive pin has been selected. The pin is a small, gold fish with "T. C. U." embossed on the body, and "30" near the tail. These are the first freshman pins to appear at T. C. U., and every freshman is urged to wear one. They cost \$1.50, and can be obtained at the book store.

SIXTH OF SERIES BY LOCKHART

Dr. Clinton Lockhart lectured Monday afternoon on the subject of "The Assyrian Nation in the Age of its Power." This lecture was the sixth of a series of eight which Dr. Lockhart is delivering as a university lecture course on Bible subjects and monumental inscriptions.

Assyria is related with Israel, Dr. Lockhart explained, for the most part indirectly, for during a long period in history Assyria and Israel took turns in possession and control of land, even while they did not war with each other for it. The greatest kings of Assyria during the period extending from 850 B. C. to 600 B. C. were given brief individual discussion.

Dr. Lockhart explained the importance of astronomical observations in establishing accurate dates for historical events. Dating of Assyrian events begins about 800 B. C. with the eponym list, a list of consecutive years each named for some man; in case the year is named for a king it is so marked in the list. Since the record is complete for nearly four hundred years, it was necessary according to Dr. Lockhart to establish only one date in order to achieve accurate dating for the whole list. This was recently accomplished by astronomers who placed an eclipse of the sun, recorded in one of the chronicles at the year 763 B. C.

100 Frosh Enjoy Pantages Party

The Freshman class held a theatre party at the Pantages last night, and about 100 frosh enjoyed themselves immensely. The play, "New Brooms," has a good cast and made a big hit with the Frosh.

Freshman are asked to watch for the announcement of the skating party. Elliot, the prexy, has promised a good time, with some surprises.

MUSIC SCHOOL ON TONIGHT.

T. C. U. school of music will give a program tonight at the Music Box for the benefit of the Fort Worth nurses. The orchestra will present several numbers, and the glee club will give their production, "The Truth Serum." Prof. Klingstedt will give some vocal selections. The school will broadcast over WBAP Friday night.

FRANKIE LEADS ATTACK WITH 10 POINTS; 27 TO 21

T. C. U. closed its basket ball season Monday night with their second consecutive victory, by beating Rice 27-21. This conquest rounded out the season with an average of .600 six games won and four lost. The quartet in the red were dropped to the Arkansas Razorbacks and the S. M. U. Mustangs. From the Texas Aggies and Texas University the Frogs won two each, a feat never before accomplished by the Purple basketeers in a Southwestern conference season. One game each was won from Rice and Baylor, the other games being cancelled, due to the tragedy that befell Baylor.

Captain Frank Cantelmi brought his reign as leader of the Frogs to a fitting close by looping five field goals for 10 points. Though Captain Morris of Rice was high man with a dozen points, Cantelmi was the sensation of the night and the spark plug in the Frog machine. Defensive work was perfect for the Frogs, and their passing game was dazzling, according to reports from that neck of the woods.

Now, if Rice can turn like the storied worm and smite the haughty Mustangs, who were recently trampled by the Steers and if the Aggies can rise in their wrath and a few other clothes and strike down the Longhorns this weekend, the Frogs will finish in their favorite berth—second place. We have a good chance to wind up in third, and can not finish lower than fourth. Time will tell.

On the whole, the season was a good one, the team scored some stirring victories, notably against Texas University, and fought hard throughout. Students and other critics must bear in mind that Matty Bell had to build up a new machine, minus the great Tom George. But next year, with McDonnell and Eddleman, who responded nobly to the demand on their talent, and Acker, Matthews, Steadman and Williams returning our hopes are higher for a stronger combination to go after those—Hogs.

Fall Honor Roll Ready Next Week

The honor roll for the past semester, according to Prof. Tucker, will probably be published in the Skiff next week. The requirements to make the honor roll are that the student shall be carrying at least nine hours of work and must have an average of "B" in all his subjects and have no grades of E, I or F.

THE SKIFF

A weekly newspaper conducted by the students of Texas Christian University, office, second floor, Main Building. Entered as second class mail matter at the post office at Fort Worth, Texas.

Henry L. Shepherd, Jr.	Editor-in-Chief
Ted Brown	Business Manager
Amos Melton	Managing Editor
W. P. (Bill) Atkinson	Advertising Manager
Louise Smart	Associate Editor
Billy Chancellor	Assistant Sports Editor
Pauline Barnes	Society Editor
Louise Scott	Asst. Society Editor
Frances Taylor	Assistant Society Editor
Luther S. Mansfield	Review Editor
Louise Shepherd	Exchange Editor
Loyda Fuller	Assignments
Olive David	Features
Anna Lee Childress	Features
Fred Erisman	Assignments

Repertorial staff from the Class in Journalism, instructed by Miss Jane Logan, and composed of the following members: Margaret Cameron, Pauline Barnes, Harold Carson, Anna Lee Childress, Mrs. Gail Gilmer, Mrs. T. J. Grady, Helen Hess, Irene Jones, Nina Kountz, David Nash, Odalie Rogan, Gene Taylor, Betsy Walton, Elizabeth Webb.

WHERE WE PRACTICE WHAT WE PREACH

LAST week in this column the editor printed an editorial, "Simplicity and Greatness," in which was quoted a maxim of Horace Greely. The famous old editor said that the way to write an editorial was to write it, then cut it in two at the middle and publish only the last half.

So this week we have followed his advice. The top editorial, contributed by a non-member of The Skiff staff, entitled "Modern Shock Absorbers," was cut in two at the middle, and the sense not hurt in the slightest. The second editorial in this column, "The School of Life," written by a young lady member of the staff was treated likewise, with the exception that the first paragraph, which was a needed introduction, was printed to precede the last half.

Thus, we have said this week what we wanted to say in almost half as short a space, and we hope that the "gentle reader" will appreciate our efforts and pursue all of the abridged editorials.

MODERN SHOCK ABSORBERS

NOVELS stir emotions and create mental images—produce thrills. When we consider how strong the sex appeal is in human beings, we have no difficulty in understanding why the sexy novel appeals to the majority of individuals. We cannot escape the fact that man is a part of his thought as well as thought is a part of man.

Vulgar thoughts, as a rule, stay with us longer than pure. Time after time they return to haunt and tempt us. If we saturate our minds with them from books, from hearsay, or from our own creative imaginings, we grow callous to their hurt. Our "shock absorbers" increase in efficiency with every jolt until we no longer feel the bumps.

Fenelon imagined a dialogue between Ulysses and Grillus, the man whom Circe had turned into a hog. Ulysses wished to bring him back to manhood. But Grillus would not consent. He said, "No, the life of a hog is so much pleasanter." "But," said Ulysses, "do you make no account of eloquence, poetry, and music?" "No, I would rather grunt than be eloquent like you." "But," asked Ulysses further "how can you endure this nastiness and stench?" Grillus replied, "It all depends on the taste; the odor is sweeter to me than that of amber, and the filth than the nectar of the gods."

There is more good, clean, wholesome, high class literature than we can read and digest in several centuries. How long do you expect to live?

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE

EVERY man, woman and child has or has had at some time in his or her life an ambition to do or be something. This earth could not exist if there were no ambition in its peoples. Ambitions vary a great deal with each individual, but there is one ambition every person should have, that is, the ambition to learn and become educated. Our desires to learn are more easily acquired now than in former days. In this age, modern science and mathematics and other educational studies are more developed than formerly and because of this development, the community has been able to build more schools and promote education, so that our ambition to learn is much more easily acquired. We are also favored in this undertaking by a splendid Board of Education, which has uppermost in its mind the promotion of education.

Although we have all these wonderful advantages, yet there are obstacles in the road. We are offered charity scholarships by various community organizations, but despite this there are a great number of boys and girls who are unable to further their education because of seemingly financial difficulties. Even as great a set back as this does not stop their ambitions to learn, for they will work night and day to earn their way through school. Truly this is ambition at its best.

One might say off-hand that the greatest amount of education is received at school, but a more thorough investigation will prove that the greatest amount is acquired after school days. Where would the medical world be today if the young doctor did not keep abreast of times by reading the medical journals? Indeed there would be untold suffering, if he failed to keep up to the minute on his professional work. So it is with everybody, a great amount of education remains to be acquired after leaving school, for the education acquired in schools is only a foundation for that acquired in the school of life.



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A unique contest is being sponsored in C. I. A. by a member of the language faculty. The student who writes the best scenario may choose her cast and be general director of the picture, which will be filmed on an improvised "movie lot" a comedy, a drama or a comedy-drama, and the cast will include only girls, some of whom are capable of impersonating male characters.

Some time during this week the student body of Texas Woman's College will elect the five most representative girls of the school for the popularity section of the Twoco, the annual. Later on, a "smile girl" will be chosen. At the opening of school a member of the board of trustees of T. W. C. made the suggestion that the school have a "smile girl" by offering a one-hundred dollar dress to the girl who smiled the most during the year.

In the "Indiana Daily Student" is an announcement of a new Zeta Tau Alpha sorority house to be constructed at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. Elizabethan architecture will feature the construction of the three story chapter house, which will be thirty-four feet high with a length of about seventy-five feet.

Following the publishing of an editorial in "The Thresher" of Rice Institute criticizing a particular biology class and a certain faculty member of the biology department, this biology prof made a denunciatory attack upon the staff of the student publication. He stated that the staff was composed of a group of low-class morons and suggests that all reporters, editors and other members of the staff be required to pass an intelligence test.

"The Simmons Brand" of Simmons University, Abilene, Texas, recently dedicated an issue of the publication to Mrs. Dan Moody, wife of the Texas governor, and alumna of the university. Mrs. Mildred Paxton Moody responded with an appreciative and complimentary letter, saying, in part, that she was very "touched at this pleasant surprise" and that she thinks the "Brand" is a "cooking good paper." She also said that Simmons University was one place where Dan had to take a back seat and be known as the husband of Mildred Paxton.

When T. C. U. played a football game against Texas Tech of Lubbock, Texas, in the early fall everyone agreed that the two-year old college made a mighty fine showing. Below is another indication of their fine work and progress, clipped from "The Toreador":

When the question of appropriations for the Tech is presented to the state legislature at Austin a number of Tech made products will be presented also. The textile department will have a major part of these products although it is likely that products from the home economics school will be presented also. Work on these products is being carried on now.

The looms at the textile mill are now running cloth with "T" emblems. Students are busy drawing in threads for the picture of Governor Dan Moody which will be woven in cloth and presented to the legislators.

Professor E. W. Camp, head of the textile department, plans to weave more than 300 of these pictures and work out a beautiful desk scarf for the desk of each legislator. The "T" emblem will be on the scarf also. The plans call for the Tech colors, Scarlet and Black.

SAMMIS MUSIC CHAIRMAN.

Prof. Claude Sammis of violin has been named chairman of the bandmasters for the National Music Week committee here. Numerous bands of the city will give a massed concert at Forest Park during the week of music. T. C. U. will enter a band in this concert.

Melton Pot

It was a bright and moon-lit night. The girl was sweet and lonely. To think I had to rush away With one wee "good night" only.

But there was cause, although the night Was made to love and neck 'em. For what I thought was just a post Turned out to be Mrs. Beckham.

Father hasn't been out in years. Infirm? No jail.

Winnie Robinson is some mathematician: the way that girl can set out figures is a marvel.

Young Cecil Cunningham has mistaken the Library steps for a law class. He sits and courts and courts.

"That's a dirty dig," said Mike from the muddy ditch bottom.

"I'll raise you ten," said the elevator boy.

Katherine wants to know if the "Plastic Age" has anything to do with sculpture.

I just received a check for a pitiful story.

Fine. How did it go? Like this: Dear Dad, I haven't eaten in three days—etc.

They arrested Dick for tuning with one dial. How come? Oh, it had a bank vault on it.

"That's over my head," says "Blondy" as she looked at the aeroplane.

The boy stood on the burning deck while the Dean searched his room for more aces.

"That's a snappy comeback," said the suspender as it slapped the boy on the back.

No, aesthetics isn't a linament, it's a mouth wash.

Our hearts go out to the guy who thought "Spring Styles" was a new device for getting over fences.

MORNING.

By OLIVE DAVID.

A faint, shy breeze creeps thru the trees;

Across the hills day steals;

The sweet wild rose, with lowly pose,

Its golden heart reveals;

The mossy green, with gorgeous sheen,

Reflects the light of day;

With soaring wings and throat that swings,

The lark thrills loud and gay;

The witch bells swing and faintly ring

A greeting to the morn;

In mossy pool, both deep and cool,

The soul of a day is born.

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NEXT WEEK
"Is Zat So"



STUDENTS of history and literature can get a good idea of the English viewpoint of a century ago in the bound volume of the "London and Westminster Review" (1837-1840) which is now on the reserve shelves at the TCU library.

An article on the Maine Boundary Question in the June 1840 issue gives an interesting "inside" on the part of England in the dispute.

A criticism of Emerson in the March 1840 number is also of interest. This article attributes to Americans a large part in the development of English authors in recognizing their genius before Englishmen became aware that their books were worth reading.

MRS. W. R. Potter's "History of Montague County" was recently donated to the TCU library by Mrs. Ella Cowden. This book gives the story of the county from the early days of Austin. It is one of the few histories of Texas counties which are now available at the library.

AMONG the treasured books at the TCU library are four volumes which are valuable as well as interesting. These are: a two volume set of Yoakum's "History of Texas" and two copies of Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi."

The "History of Texas" is one of the first editions which was published in 1856. These volumes are in very good condition and are valued at twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

The interesting fact about the copies of "Life on the Mississippi" which belong to the TCU library is that though both copies are from the first edition they are not alike. In one of these on page 441 is a picture of Mark Twain in flames which cannot be found in the other volume. It is said that his wife objected to the publication of such a picture and had it removed before the entire first edition was printed. Copies of the uncensored volume have sold for over \$17.50.

W. T. SUHY of the New Method Book Bindery of Jacksonville, Illinois, was a visitor at the TCU library last Wednesday.

According to Arthur R. Curry, librarian the company which Suhy represents has done some excellent binding for TCU at low cost. Over 375 books and magazines have been bound for the library by this company at a price varying from 65 cents for the smallest to approximately \$2.00 for the largest volumes.

"Dog's Life" Not Hard Around T. C. U.'s Campus

A dog's life around T. C. U. must not be so bad, judging from the campus pup. He never fails to be up in time for breakfast, is always on time for any 8 o'clock class he chooses to make, and never cuts chapel.

To whom the campus pup belongs or where he is supposed to live I have not been able to find out; yet I do know this much, he is always here. On one day he will follow Bill Crawford to Bible and Hobo Carson will be the only one who can persuade him to leave the room. When finally persuaded, he seems to think that Hobo is leaving too. Fickle pup! The very next day, he is sure to be seen giving Arthur Graham his undivided attention during the chapel period. When not on the entertainment committee, the pup usually indulges in a sound sleep—the sound, however, not disturbing the chapel exercises.

At the beginning of the new term he waited patiently with the line outside the Registrar's office. I did not stay to see what courses Prof. Tucker was going to let him take but from his expression I think he must have been in hopes of a major in "Civil Devilment" with a minor in "Snoozeology."

BAND DIRECTORS CHOSEN.

Hon. Dan G. Rogers of Dallas and Butler Smiser, T. C. U. business manager, have been named honorary directors of the T. C. U. band, and have accepted their nominations. The band has formally adopted a constitution that has been approved by the administration.



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BRYSONS DISCUSS WALPOLE

Hugh Walpole was the subject of the program at the Bryson Club meeting Monday evening, February 14, when Misses Pruden and McDiarmid were hostesses at the home of the former.

H. F. Bough discussed "Facts about the Life of Hugh Walpole" and brought to light some most interesting incidents. The paper showed ability and understanding of the material at hand. Granville Knox and Louise Scott told of their impressions of the man as author, lecturer critic and as an individual personality. Katherine Schutze gave a review of the lecture delivered here by Walpole. Frances Bell and Emerson Holcomb reviewed novels and revealed their high points before the society.

A vote was carried to pledge \$25 to the university club fund in behalf of the Bryson club toward furnishing a club room in rBite Col-

lege for the general use of campus organizations. The matter of new members for the new term was discussed and slips of paper passed on which names of the candidates for membership were written. The Bryson club is composed of members of the junior and senior classes who have attained some marks of scholarship, and who preferably are majoring in English. It is suggested that only names of juniors should be submitted, as so many of the members will graduate in June that the Bryson roll will be greatly shortened.

At the conclusion of the business session, a delicious plate lunch was served in the valentine appointments. Hot chocolate with marshmallows, heart shaped sandwiches, and mints composed the tempting fare.



Montgomery Ward's girl basketball team were badly defeated in a recent game with the T. C. U. Frogettes by the slightly one sided score of 33 to 3. Hooray for the purple and white!

On the other hand the "fish six" suffered defeat nobly at the hands of the Central High School cagers in a game in which they lost 24-18.

T. C. U. has scheduled a game with T. W. C. on February 28 in the T. W. C. gym.

Come on and yell for them Frogettes.

Archery equipment has arrived. Now you chase the arrow. Archery

promises to be a very popular sport among the girls this spring, especially in classes of girls excused from swimming.

The Girls Pop Squad has not discontinued practice since the close of the basketball season, but they are getting in condition to perform at the baseball games. How is that for staying behind our "Fighting Frogs" on gridiron, court or diamond? The girls have made a few mistakes which could not be helped but our hat is off to them for the work that they have done and the mistakes that they didn't make. All right now you pepper kids show us you have the right spirit and support the best baseball team in the Southwestern Conference!

Class pictures of the girl's basketball teams will be made for the Horned Frog this week. Watch for later announcements.



YE Editor Henry Shepherd was found guilty of slander last week in Business Law Class. The fine was Eskimo pies for the class.

Prof Ballard: "Nobody loves a fat man." Easter Lord: "I do." P. S. We wonder if she means C. C. Peters.

Business Law class enjoys yeast cakes now through the courtesy of Winford Cunningham and Jew Holcomb.

Edna Verne Cox visited a charitable institution recently.

Dorothy Crady hurt her knee when she fell from an automobile recently.

T. C. U. Enrollment Jumps to 1,161 as 81 Studes Added

EIGHTY-ONE new students have enrolled in Texas Christian University for the spring semester. Of this number nineteen were transfers from other colleges representing in all a total of thirteen colleges. The rest are new students and students who have attended T. C. U. before. This makes 1,161 students who have entered T. C. U. since last September.

according to Sherlock Floy Dorsey.

According to Duke Andrews, some people are like tacks; some have no head at all, others are flat on top, some have to be driven, some go straight, and some go crooked.

"Fireman" Roy Reynolds was not

SENIORS GET SEAT ASSIGNMENTS

Senior class members, at the regular meeting of Friday seated members in alphabetical order and will be checked thereafter each Friday. Those absent will have their names turned into the Registrar's office.

A committee composed of Edna Hamilton, Ted Brown, Harry Taylor and Willis Hewitt, was appointed to represent the Senior class in the Horned Frog of this year.

present at the recent conflagration on the baseball field.

Lester Prothro recently subscribed to the local paper.

R. L. Pettit Jr. is looking for a place where he can leave his clothes watch, etc. in safety.



By SADIE HAWHAWS TULOUD

CHAPTER ONE

Rip Van Winkle didn't have anything to brag about; of course, he snoozed for many moons, but he finally sawed all the logs in his wood pile. Not so with the unconscious hamlet of Goofville. The only two ailments which this burg had escaped so far were insomnia and overwork. Talking of Work in Goofville was as dangerous as razing woman suffrage at an Anti-Saloon League meeting. It just wasn't done.

The one ray of sunshine in this dizzy den of darkness was Hiram Hoozis, the bright and shining son of the Ex-Deacon Hoozis, who had been the keeper of the sacred money bags of the Goofville Holy Rollers church at one time. Old Deacon Hoozis was a good egg—at least he had been at one time; but the lure of easy money had been too much for the old sport. When the glittering shekels had overflowed from the cash bag Old Deacon Hoozis had decided on a change of climate, leaving the Parson and the Old Ladies' Aid Society holding the empty sack.

This came as a cruel shock to innocent young Hiram Hoozis, who was so sincere and earnest that he had stood for two hours in the hot sun trying to think of some upright reason for Widow Jones' boy kicking him so viciously when he stopped to pick up a bogus quarter in the village square. He had proudly decided that his strong personality had invited the attack. Hiram was one of these dark, rakish looking birds. He had that intangible appeal for women. They all wanted to smooth down his short stiff black hair which had a feeble circle of white horse hair on one side, making him look like a disappointed African head-hunter; they all wanted to caress his handsome beak that hung like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The baby elephant pair of goggles he wore were another source of his many attractions, which failed to hide the vacant pair of black eyes that lay behind them. Hiram had an A-No.-1 form, he resembled Bull Montana; when seen at a distance he looked like twelve o'clock straight up. He was at his best in his high water pants and number 10 tan shoes. Hiram was a trifle worried about his legs; he was so bow-legged that he couldn't catch a pig in a two-foot alley. Still, Hiram was the big noise—in fact, the Lemon's Peel—when it came to looks.

Despite the black-hair which old Deacon Hoozis had left on Hiram, the boy had gained distinction—he had served as pallbearer on several important occasions. He was well known; in fact, he was called the Village Comer, and all the home town boys were telling strangers to watch Hiram's smoke. If anyone could bring home the bacon Hiram could—and besides you could even trust your most prized bottle of Pre-War stuff with him—he was a whang, and that's not whispered either!

The detour in Honest Hiram Hoozis' life came one morning in the U. S. Heir Male. The outside envelope was a hot shade of purple and white, and inside was a nifty booklet which explained the setting of "Paradise Regained." According to the pamphlet, paradise had been lost upon the bleak campus of S. M. U. in the ill-famed city of Dallas—but all is not lost," it continued, "paradise has been found again upon the sunny, captivating Campus of Texas Christian University. Come where the men rule and the women obey. Success is a ship and T. C. U. is its port. Don't let some fake institution put you on a submarine. We guarantee you a wife, home and happiness. Don't trifle with fate. Come, while the coming's good. WE WANT YOU—T. C. U., Fort Worth."

For two days Hiram stamped around looking like the thug in "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Busted Lung Brasted, the village sheik, said that Hiram was sparking some gal—but not so—Hiram was fixing to swallow the luring pill of education. On the memorable 30th day of February, '27, Hiram Hoozis arose early, put on his extra loud suspenders and his snappy Sunday suit. He packed all his night-gowns and winter flannels in a brightly colored flour sack. The entire village followed him down to the depot, and as the train left the old home town there was a mingling of shouts, barks and brays—ah, it was a touching scene, and tears clouded the glasses of young Hoozis as he listened. And so it is, folks—the Village Short-Circuit is headed for college.

The only vacant seat in the chair car when Hiram gets on is one next to a low, heavy-set bird who wears dark glasses. He has a pugnacious chin as well as a pugnacious air. However, when he sees Hiram his face lights up like a church, and he lets loose one of these dangerous glad-tameetcha smiles.

"Sit down, son," he tells Hiram, heartily. "B'lieve I will," answers Hiram, parking himself and his flour sack in the empty zone.

It isn't long until they get the low-down on each other, as the stranger's as friendly as an old maid to her last chance. It seems that this bird, who calls himself Black-Jack Snyder, has got a trick knife that you can't open unless you know the combination. His idea is to lure some sucker into betting that he can open the knife and then frame the combination on him.

"It's a cinch," he declares to Hiram in a hoarse wheeze. "All you will have to do is to bet some egg that you can open the knife and that he can't. With your face and unusual appearance it'll be easy. They'll fall so quick that it will jar their ancestors. You put up the cash and I'll put up the knife. How about it," he finishes, "are you on?"

"Yeah," answers Hiram uneasily, astounded at the seeming evil of the thing. "But don't you calculate it's wrong to contrive agin fellers that-way?" This gets a dirty laugh out of Snyder, but he finally calms down. "Don't let that worry you any," he barks, witheringly. "Of course, we intend to just play a joke on these hayseeds; but people always pay to be amused, don't they?" he asks. "Look at the movies and the circus. They make 'em shell out." This takes all the wind out of Hiram's sails, and when Snyder wants to go to the smoking room it's all O. K. with him. As soon as they get to the Smokery, Snyder spots what he thinks is easy money.

"See that bird over there with the soft mug," he asks Hiram in a hoarse whisper. "From his looks, he's so tender he wears dark glasses to keep girls from being struck dumb by his beauty. He's our meat—go hit him up." It turns out that Snyder is right. This Weepin' Willie falls like the price of soda water in January, although anyone can see that Hiram is boobing the deal. Just as the bet is made Snyder saunters up and agrees to hold the stakes, which are ten berries each, or twenty rollers, all told. The sucker strains at the knife for awhile, but can't get anything done. He finally gives up and passes the knife back to Hiram. It looks like it is all over but the countin' of the cash, when Hiram finds that the knife is stuck worse than a sinner at church. After a terrific battle, Hiram feels worse than Nurmi after a race with Daddy Time.

"What's that matter? Can't ya open it?" snaps Snyder, with an evil look.

"It's busted or something!" says Hiram excitedly, seeing visions of ten plunkers fading in the distance.

"Well, that's too bad," grins this hayseed bird, reaching over and snagging the young fortune in Snyder's mit.

"Say," yells Hiram suddenly, noticing the brotherly smile Snyder and

this fellow give each other. "There's something wrong here now. You two fellers know each other. Why, you've even got stickpins alike. Say, I'll have the county constable on you-all for this."

"Yeah," comes back Snyder, with a look that would make a clock run backwards. "Listen here, four eyes—you'll have a nice cool place in the cemetery if you snitch on us. I'd like to scalp out that white horse hair, anyway."

"You said it," sneers this other bird. "You've got as much chance with us as Harold Lloyd would have if he happened in on the Old Maids' Sewing Circle. Get your toy balloon and air out. We're tired of playing with you anyway. Beat it!" he barks, pulling out a nasty looking sleep producer. Hiram left in a Paddock gallop—he had some sense.

Naturally, Hiram feels mighty bad after this dark episode, but he brightens up when he hears the conductor yell, "Fort Worth." On Saturday Goofville had always been more dangerous than usual, but when Hiram made his way out of the station he was thrilled to the bottoms of his hot Boy Scout shoes. There were automobiles buzzing around like the Adams apple on old Deacon Hoozis's throat. It was plenty fast. It scared Hiram. He trembled as he played hide and seek with the busses and trucks and finally crossed the street. The ringing bells and the hooting horns made his head go around. All was well until he reached 13th and Main—here he plays the part of the bull and rushes a red light. There is a loud squawk of a horn and Hiram feels something in the seat of his trousers and he goes shooting across the pavement on his hands and knees. After seeing all the stars and planets, Hiram realizes that his stylish Sunday go-meetin' suit is no more. The handsome coat is torn in many places; his perfectly cut high water trousers are snagged and soiled beyond repair. His flour sack has been torn open and his nightgown and winter flannels are blowing down the street. Even the goose oil that he used on his sheiky hair is gone. He feels like Jonah after the whale got kind-hearted. Just when he is coming out of dreamland this hit-and-stop driver comes running up.

"You rube—whadya' mean trying to cross against a red light?" he yells, shaking like a bathing beauty in one of these mid-winter bathing or Eskimo exhibitions. "I mighta' killed myself," he shouts, "by running into one of these posts along here."

"What red light?" stutters Hiram, all frightened by the mob that's gathering around him. Suddenly he thinks of his annihilated suit. "Look at my best suit," he shrieks. This scares this dead-eye Dick driver plenty. "Come on," he says, real low, so the crowd can't hear. "Get in my car and we'll get you another suit." This is Santa Claus without his red suit to Hiram, whose knees are knocking like a pair of bellows. Since he isn't badly disabled, he loses no time in getting in the car. They get started with this kind-hearted motorist cussing under his breath over having run down such a false alarm.

"Where are you headed for?" he snarls. "T. C. U.," comes back Hiram, with his dumb stare. "Well, I can't take you out there," this bird answers. "I'll give you an order on Monnig's and you can get your suit there later. Here it is—Monnig's, 5th and Houston."

"How d'ya' get to T. C. U.?" wheezes Hiram, all scared at the thought of being left alone in this traffic jam.

"I'm in a hurry," snaps the driver, "but I'll take you to Renfro's drug store at 9th and Houston. You can catch a car there." When they get to 9th and Houston Hiram hates to get out, but the driver shakes him move on. "There's your car now," he yells, stepping on the gas.

Hiram now looks like a second-hand clothes dealer. He's carrying his nightgown and several pairs of winter B. V. Ds in his arms. His clothes are torn and dirty. Even his handsome head, with its goose egg of white horse hair, looks bad. His bow legs are well set off by his narrow high water black pants, and his number 10 clothoppers. Yes, and his shoe-string bow tie is askew in its 1890 stiff collar. So he is when Hog-nose Matthews, Apron Strings Holcomb and "Keeper of the Bees" Grant come upon him.

"Holy smoke—the old stud himself," grins Matthews. "By George," says Grant, "Snoop Pollard, in person. Look at those loud-speaker goggles."

"You boys lay off," breaks in Holcomb, with a Yiddish wink, "give the wreck a chance." He turns to Hiram: "Where are you headed for anyway, Shylock?" he asks. "You look like Haybailer Brasted after a Sunday night date." Hiram is all in. He's been getting the cob all day and he's plenty ready to lay his weary head upon Hebrew Holcomb's manly breast. But he wants to impress these three roughnecks with the fact that he's going to college and carry off the bacon. He stretches his ostrich neck one more notch—his nose shoots up at a crooked angle.

"I aim to go to T. C. U.," he sniffs, proudly. He peers around cautiously. "How d'ya' get out to the school?" he asks Matthews eagerly.

"See this white moving van?" asks Matthews, earnest like, pointing to the T. C. U. car. "If you can climb in the back you get to ride free. We aren't big enough to but I kinda believe that you can. When you get in there all college boys sit behind that little sign you'll see. We'll enter the front and fix you up," he adds, raising his eyebrows and running his finger across his throat.

"Yeah," chime in Holcomb and Grant heartily. "We'll fix you up." But luck is not with Hiram and when he crawls in he finds the motor-man looking at him like Hard-Hearted Hannah.

"Ya will, will ya?" snarls this Northern Texas Traction Co. engineer. "What's the matter?" asks Hiram hoarsely, trying to hide behind his long-distance goggles, "didn't I crawl in right?"

"You try to horse me and I'll hit ya so hard you'll hear the cuckoo singing in your family tree," comes back this hard egg. Hiram doesn't lose any time paying off this crack, but he thinks something is sour in Denmark. "He's a bum sport," says Matthews sympathetically.

"Yeah, he'd put a tack in the electric chair," agrees "Keeper of the Bees" Grant. "Never mind," says Hebrew Holcomb, consolingly. "The boys out at the bread and water shacks will sure give you a warm welcome—won't they men?" he asks Matthews and Grant earnestly.

"Oh, my, yes," warbles Grant enthusiastically. "If they don't it will be because Bear Wolf is deaf and dumb or disabled, and didn't get all I told him about this Village Short-Circuit over the telephone just before I got on," mutters Matthews real low, and grinning behind his hand.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Tune in on this collich classic. Keep up with the price of soap. Be in the know. Follow Hiram as he falls into the shackles with Miss T. C. U. Who is Miss T. C. U.? What is a sword eater? Are you a "parlor athlete"? All this will be in the next issue, entitled—"Living for Love."

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TOILETRIES

The Old Order Changeth!

Time was when woman went to great length to conceal from the world her use of rouge, artificial hair and other beauty accessories. Katherine of Russia kept her hairdresser for three years in an iron cage in her bedchamber to prevent his telling people that she wore a wig.

Today the artistic application of beautifiers is openly practiced by well-dressed women as an indispensable requisite to good grooming.

Our toilet-requisites section is daily visited by even the most conservative women whom our beauty specialists have taught magical ways and means of improving and preserving their beauty. You may buy the best imported toilettries and cosmetics here.

You have your hair bobbed in our women's barber shop; 8 chairs, 8 men who know the hair-cutting art; shop second floor near rest room.

Also find a beauty shop where you may have a permanent wave, a hair cut, facial treatments. A busy place. It's best to phone and make appointments. Try our beauty parlors.

W. E. Stripling Co



THE Parent-Teacher Association of T. C. U. will hold an open meeting tomorrow evening, February 27, at 7:30 in the cafeteria. To give the parents of town students an opportunity to meet the faculty is the main object of this meeting. All mothers and fathers of town students are invited to come and bring their sons and daughters with them.

A chicken dinner will be served and an excellent program has been arranged, one feature of which is the Horned Frog Quartet.

This invitation was officially extended by Mrs. Charles Nash, president of the P. T. A.

Honoring the 19th birthday of Irene LeBus, some of her friends of Jarvis Hall entertained at a surprise dinner party Thursday, February the 17th at the Blue Bonnet Tea Room.

The dining room was attractively arranged for the diners with a long banquet table set with 15 places, appointed by tiny place cards, bearing the names of the party. Orchid and pink crepe paper baskets held after-dinner mints.

Irene was presented with numerous gifts and expressed her appreciation for them and for the "surprise party" in a fitting manner.

The birthday cake bearing the 19 candles was set before the honoree who cut it into 15 pieces and passed it around, too.

Misses Virginia Cunningham, Odessa Johnson, Virginia Douglas, Nelle Brown, Anita Grissom, Mary Elizabeth Bacon, Corinne Brown, Mildred Woodlee, Florine Martin, Lucia McGee, Frances Veale, Nana Kilpatrick, Frances Grissom, Louise Scott and Irene LeBus.

Virginia Seay visited in Denton last week-end.

Bertine Moore and Betty Glenn spent last week-end at their home in town.

Thelma Branom was the week-end guest of Doris Shaw in town.

Helen Osborne went to her home in Melissa last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. LaRue and Mr. and Mrs. Mangrum of Whitewright visited their daughter Lucille LeRue and Verma Mangrum in Jarvis last week.

Luella Bush visited in McKinney last week-end.

Anne Lee Long visited friends in town last week-end.

Hazel Crosby and Leona Gibson visited Dorothy Head and Dorothy Leavell in Reed Cottage last Saturday night.

Catherine Martin visited her aunt in town last week-end.

Betty Tucker was the week-end guest of Mrs. Tolbert in town.

Inez Willis visited in Mineral Wells last week-end.

Belle Burnett spent last week-end as the guest of Miriam Flint in town.

Hezlie Carson and Billy Ashburn, two of T. C. U.'s popular graduates in '26 were welcome visitors on our campus last Saturday.

IN OUR TIME WE WEREN'T THAT WAY.

BY JOE B. SIMS.

In the dim, bygone days of old,
When grandpa was a lad,
Many have said that men were bold,
And that hicker wasn't bad.

Now in those days that have gone by,
The folks did go and have their fun
The "square" they danced until they sighed,
And didn't get home 'till half past one.

The skirts were long and touched the floor,
Were plenty large and roomy enough,
All considered them the vogue,
And the girls thought they were the stuff.

The times have changed from long ago,
And everything is different now.
The girls are always on the go
And just stop long enough for "chow."

And the old folks talk and criticize,
The modern youth that we have today,
But they do not stop and compare themselves,
Because in their prime they were the same.

So in the days that are to come,
When our grandchildren are young and gay,
Why should we stop and say to them,
"Now, in our time we weren't that way."

Dorothy Channey and Sue Rehboe played at Mr. Foster's recital last Saturday night.

Hazel Crosby and Leona Gibson visited Dorothy Head and Dorothy Leavell in Reed Cottage last Saturday night.

Catherine Martin visited her aunt in town last week-end.

Betty Tucker was the week-end guest of Mrs. Tolbert in town.

Inez Willis visited in Mineral Wells last week-end.

Belle Burnett spent last week-end as the guest of Miriam Flint in town.



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WASHER BROTHERS

LEON GROSS



A WINDY DAY.

By Olive David.

I stood upon a sandy beach,
Breathing the salty air,
While the roaring land north wind
Blew my streaming hair.

It swept and stung my reddened cheek,

And blew my loosened cape,
It tore around the green fir trees,
And angered the foaming lake.

The white-capped waves came rushing in
And wet the soft, white sand;
Each moment darker grew the sky,
And mist spread o'er the land.

The tall fir trees did bend and sway
With a loud, melodious sound,
While the thick, green needles of the trees
Came rustling to the ground.

Then softer, softer blew the wind
As it had been before;
And I with joy did travel back
To the old log cabin door.

her latest admirer, of which truly she hath hosts, and deservedly so for not even Longfellow's Evangeline could rival our own black-eyed maiden. Enjoyed her visit immensely and regretted only that she stayed not longer. In addition to her beauty Lady Farmer beith a true and comforting friend.

Hear someone calling "Bird Egg" down the hall. To my surprise, was informed that the same beith a new name which Nana Kilpatrick hath acquired, and that she boasteth it most proudly.

After dinner sauntered into Lady Grissom's room to see how she fareth in the absence of Nora, who hath undergone an operation in Breckenridge. Heard there of the Bohemian girls of certain of our football heroes. On inquiring as to the meaning was told that I should not have cut chapel.

AFTER having taken a holiday last week, Sammy feeleth much more inclination to scribble again this week. But verily, methinketh the old adage which saith that play keepeth Jack from being a dull boy, is erroneous, for of a truth, Sammy only waxeth more slovenly.

Scurrying to ye classes in much haste, did pass a goodly group of girls in the hall reading a notice posted there. It seemeth that Dean Hall requesteth us to be vaccinated so that now it hath become stylish to wear a small patch on the arm.

I am informed that Rusty hath grown bold enough in clays to venture the idea that strawberries are the national flower of France. Yet indeed I was not muchly astonished for such are the usual fish bone-heads of a strawberry blond.

Walking down ye hall in you main building passed the good friends Florence McDiarmid and Edith McDonald, and recalleth the fact that the latter hath a new lover which she spurneth coldly and only consideration constraineth me from mentioning the unfortunate one's name. Who would have suspected that such a fair damsel could have a heart so cruel? Yet it was ever thus, for never was fair lady won by faint heart, so the proverb telleth us.

Walked over to gym with a friendly soph, the popular Elizabeth Ayers, who informeth me of her intention to become most sedate and dignified, having been informed that she acteth childishly. If she be childish, it must be hoped that she remaineth so, for truly methinketh her most cleverly attractive. Verily, it behooveth her never to grow up.

And it might be added here that we have heard she receiveth letters from France.

In the afternoon received a call from the beautiful Evangeline Farmer, who hath, much to our sorrow, moved out of Jarvis and returned to her mother. Chatted gaily for thirty moments in which she telleth me of

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Main Floor

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LIVING MODELS

Beautiful Frocks and Gowns, Gay Coats and Wraps, Lovely Hats,
Clever Footwear, Smart Accessories

Come—spend a pleasant and inspiring hour 'mid surroundings that are radiant with spring beauty.



GEORGE WASHINGTON . . . whose 195th Birthday Anniversary we commemorate (this week) . . . gave a vivid definition of Liberty with these words:

"Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth!"

So is Financial Liberty . . . once you sow the seed for it by practicing Thrift in your daily expenditures and developing a system of Saving a certain amount of your income regularly!

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