

NINE LIVES LOST IN T.C.U. LABORATORY

Devereux Cast Will Produce Three Plays Here This Week

PLAYERS OPEN SERIES FRIDAY IN AUDITORIUM

"Romancers," "Barber Of Seville," and "The Merrie Monarch" Are To Be Presented By Troup.

A rare opportunity to see one of the finest dramatic companies in this country is in store for the people of Fort Worth this week when the Devereux Dramatic Company of New York City will offer three performances in the T. C. U. auditorium Friday and Saturday night, with a matinee the last day. The organization is being brought to Fort Worth by the University Woman's Club. They appeared here two years ago under auspices of the Federation of Woman's Clubs.

This unique company is now on its eighth annual tour of the U. S. and Canada. Their performances here will bring their total to approximately 2,000 in nine years, rivaling the number given by any other of the few real traveling repertory theatres.

Clifford Devereux, director of the organization, is ably supported by Miss Zinta Graf as the leading lady in all the dramas.

"The Merrie Monarch," by John Howard Payne, poet, dramatist, actor and author of "Home Sweet Home," is scheduled for the initial performance. "Charles the Second," as the play was first titled, is reported by British critics to be the most representative comedy of that period, being first played at London in 1829.

"Romancers," by Edmond Rostand, author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," is a comedy of youth and charm and will be offered as the matinee program, Saturday afternoon at 2:15 o'clock. It is the tale of two youthful lovers—kept apart by paternal ancestors. The two see themselves as Rome and Juliet and revel in visions of a romantic and adventurous future. Come out and see how they evade the law.

"The Barber of Seville," by Beaumarchais, acclaimed most brilliant comedy of the 17th century, will be presented as the closing performance Saturday night. Spanish music, Spanish colors and real Spanish love, with Zinta Graf playing the charming "Rosina." The story is of a jealous guardian, a romantic word, an impetuous lover and a foolish barber who is not half so foolish as he seems.

A Spanish street is dull and uninteresting enough—but when a window in a locked house looks out upon that street, and a dark-eyed, romantic maiden leans from the casement and throws a note to the lover who sings his serenades below—then where there's a will, there's a way. Tickets are on sale at the Book Store and at Renfro's, Nint hand Houston.

There is no other musical organization in the entire world like this wonderful Mexican Tipica Orchestra conducted by Juan Torreblanca. This great orchestra was organized by Torreblanca in 1914 and in 1920 was chosen by Alvaro Obregon, then president of Mexico, as the official orchestra of the Republic of Mexico. It represented Mexico at a number of great international expositions. At the Centennial Exposition in Rio de Janeiro the president of Brazil presented Torreblanca with a gold baton, as a token of esteem and appreciation. Until the present American tour under the direction of Granville S. Johnson and Emmett Hines this orchestra has never appeared in the United States, except during the 1924 International Exposition at El Paso, Texas.

HEROINE IN DEVEREUX PLAYS

Miss Zinta Graf who will play the part of the heroine in the three plays to be presented in the auditorium here Friday night, Saturday afternoon and Saturday night by the Devereux Dramatic Company of New York City. She has been playing the capital role with the organization five years, which is now on its fifth tour of the U. S.



Bug Hunters Are Urged to Obtain Their Nets Early

In a few days the Bug-Hunting season will be officially opened in T. C. U. as there are something like 250 students pursuing the study of Biology we can quickly see that it is and for that matter always has been a fashionable procedure each Spring.

In times past many students have made pilgrimages in company with their now-too-distant lady friends to their mecca over the hill. Needless to say, if the first trip was made without serious damage, harm or disagreement then many more visits were soon paid to that shrine of pleasure.

GLEE CLUB IS ACTIVE GROUP

The T. C. U. Glee Club has been a very potent factor in advertising this school during the past year. Over the radio, on tours in surrounding territory and in local concerts in various schools, the gleemen have spread T. C. U.'s popularity more than the average student can appreciate.

Under the direction of Prof. Paul Klingstedt, rapid strides have been especially along men's work. However, he has sponsored the girls' glee club activities and has sent them on one trip so far, with prospects for more in sight. Better system in the organization is apparent this year than ever before, and the activity has been carried on on a paying basis.

OKLAHOMA CITY BASEBALL TEAM TO PLAY FROGS

Off to a good start, with two victories, one each over Trinity and Denton Normal, the Horned Frogs were scheduled to tie up with Trinity again Tuesday afternoon and Oklahoma City today. The Oklahomans are professionals training at Weatherford, and while the result of the game will not count anything one way or the other as far as either they or TCU is concerned, a victory for the Frogs will be a fair indication of "Dutch" Meyer's club's strength.

Hezzie Carson will likely be the hurling choice against Oklahoma City. He worked five very satisfactory innings against Denton last Friday, allowing no runs and only one hit. Tubby Brewster worked the other four against the Eagles, giving up two hits, and no runs. Against Denton the Frogs amassed 7 hits, Jimmy Grant bagging two of them. Levy got a double in addition to stealing two sacks. Outside of one error by Tubby, the Christians played faultless ball. The final count was 5-0, TCU.

Monday afternoon, Clarence Wood held the Trinity Tigers at bay long enough to allow his teammates to count ten runs. When Waxahachie crew got him in the eighth, little Sam Gann was sent in and he stemmed the tide without further ado. Winning out 11-8, the Frogs showed their hitting strength again with nine safe blows, Clark and Levy leading with two each, all singles.

Monituri Salutamus!

MOST of us care a great deal more for our college and our classmates than we ever take opportunity to say while we are still on the campus. The routine of class work three times a week dulls, at least temporarily, the keen edge of our admiration for our instructors' intellectual charms; rubbing shoulders three times daily with our classmates in the cafeteria line makes us slow to appreciate what good fellows they really are. Even the beauties of colorful sunsets seen across greening prairies in the spring, and the haunting fragrance of petunias heavy with autumn dew, can become so much a part of the year's routine that we take them for granted.

But each June as the Class of Twenty-Something sees the sands of college life slipping through the hourglass, there comes to every Senior an inarticulate, irrepensible longing to say to his fellow students what a fine lot he thinks they are and how he's going to miss 'em next fall—to tell the pros that even if he has forgotten most of what he almost learned in his courses he's rather glad to have been associated with them. This self-sure Senior, once prone to berate all people and particulars, even one day has to choke a sudden impulse to drop into Prexie's office and admit to the boy that T. C. U.'s a pretty good college after all, and that as a loyal alumnus he's going to tell the world about it next year. Meanwhile, Every Senior becomes persistently reminiscent and grave as the warm spring days drift by, and preaches to scoffing underclassmen of his newly awakened affection for the college on the hill.

For the Seniors know. Whatever else we may have forgotten in four years of student life, we have learned by now that the friends we make in our college days are the symbols of our youth and the companions of our freshest joys. Other friends we shall have, no doubt, but none so impulsive, none so spontaneous, none so eager as these, our classmates at T. C. U. The Class of Nineteen Twenty Six has had its ups and downs, has won and lost, has lived through gala days and family quarrels as well. But in the end, we know that only as we have stood together have we succeeded, and whenever we have been lacking in loyalty to each other and to the university we have failed.

We of Nineteen Twenty Six know, better than we did four years ago, that what all the classes at Texas Christian University need just now is more unity and cooperation among themselves, and consequently with the whole institution. The class that sticks together the tightest—Senior, Junior, Sophomore, or Freshman—is the most influential and valuable group in college. Which of you will it be—Nineteen Twenty Seven, Nineteen Twenty Eight, Nineteen Twenty Nine, or the New Frosh of Nineteen Thirty? At all events, *monituri salutamus!* The Seniors of '26 salute the future! Here's to the best class in T. C. U. next year, to the class that shall be most loyal to each other and to the university!

MISS SMITH, CLASS PROFESSOR

The Senior Class wishes to present here to the other members of the student body its confidant, adviser and friend—Miss Rebecca Smith. She has been untiring in her efforts to stimulate all of our activities, and our success we owe in large measure to her. Her friendliness, interest, culture and refinement have endeared her to each of us and we hope that some future senior class may enjoy the privileges of her cooperation as we have this year.



SENIOR STUDES IN VARIETY OF OCCUPATIONS

Ninety seniors are gathering up their scattered belongings from about the campus of Frongland in preparation for the great exodus which annually occurs on June 5, the day of their memorable graduation. They will scatter to the four-winds, probably never to all meet again, and the editor of the Senior Skiff thought that in common interest of our class we might ascertain the plans of each senior for the coming year, and at the same time wish them good speed, prosperity, and happiness.

The reporter was unable to interview all the members of the class, and some of those approached about their future plans were so retiring and shy that we are led to suspect that Dan Cupid lurks in the offing with a matrimonial arrow in his bow. Almost every field of endeavor will be presented by the class of '26. Artists, scientists, educators, preachers, business men and women, and possibly a ranchman or tiller of the soil, are numbered among them. J. Frank Stangl, president of the senior class has accepted a fellowship in the Biology department of TCU for the coming year. Frank Bowers, vice-president of the student body will also be a fellow in Biology under Dr. Winton. Miss Abbie Frances Dalton will (Continued on page 3)

TRAGIC DEATHS ENSHROUDED IN DEEP MYSTERY

Early Morning Discovery Is Made By Miss Carpenter; Inquest To Be Held Today.

8:00 A. M.—When the doors of the Biology Laboratory were opened this morning at 7:45, nine lives were discovered to have been lost through suffocation by chloroform.

Miss Margaret Carpenter, assistant in Biology made the discovery immediately upon her arrival at the laboratory this morning. Chloroform fumes escaping from the rear room attracted the attention of Miss Carpenter to the scene of the tragedy and led to her discovery.

Little is known concerning the events leading up to the grewsome catastrophe, but a hurried inquest by Dr. Winton indicates that it occurred between 6:45 and 7 o'clock the evening before.

UNIVERSITY IN DAZE. The entire university is completely non-plussed by the shocking tragedy and the refusal of the Biology department to make a statement until further facts are obtained intensifies the quandary. A veil of mystery hovers over the whole affair and some fear is expressed that the administration will institute an investigation that may disorganize the entire Science Department in T. C. U.

9:00 A. M.—Pres. E. M. Waits and Dean Colby D. Hall had requested that the news be withheld from the student body until full particulars could be obtained by means of an official inquest, and only at the last moment did they consent that The Skiff publish a report of the tragedy. It was felt by the university heads that the sudden announcement would be too great a shock and might disrupt the entire school. They expressed the desire that no students write to their parents about the matter until given permission. They also requested that no mention be made to the daily papers of the terrible incarceration as nation-wide publicity in this matter may prove of irreparable damage to the university.

STUDENT BODY PARALYZED

On Tuesday evening while the happy, care-free, and romantic students of T. C. U. were taking their usual after-dinner stroll about the beautiful campus of the School-On-The-Hill, they little thought that the grim reaper of death was stalking into their midst and taking a heavy toll. While they were singing their merry tunes they did not hear the dismal chant of the Death Angel as he led the procession of nine dead into that land from which there is no return. Even as the bell called the lovers to the protective shadows of Jarvis hall, the poisonous fumes were doing their terrible work in the rear room of the Biology Laboratory. The intrusion of ghastly reality into the midst of a scene where romance and idealism have always held sway has spread complete panic among the students. They are paralyzed with the horror of the thing and Mrs. Beckham reports that some of the girls are hysterical. In compliance with a demand from the Dean of Women, Dr. Waits has issued a notice that all girls will be (Continued on page 4)

Seniors Planning One More Show to Come Off in May

Yes! The Seniors have one more show to get off this year before they are through. This one will be put on after the Junior Frolic, and will be a faculty take-off. Some very amusing shows of this nature have been produced in the past, and this promises to be a wow.

T. C. U. ENTERS GOLF TOURNEY

For the first time in its history, T. C. U. will send a golf team to compete in the Southwestern conference golf tourney. Four men will make the trip. To determine the entrants, a qualifying round will be held over the local muni course, the four lowest cards to earn the right to compete for conference honors. The meet will be held early in May at Houston.

Among the golfers of promise who will try out for the quartet are: Jimmy Wilson, "Hobo" Carson, Bert Watson, Hubert Anderson, C. C. Peters, Walter Frieberg and Clarence Wood. All shoot fair games, but Wilson and Carson are real hot shots, and will be heavily backed to go far in the conference tourney. Wilson is one of the leading golfers of Fort Worth, while "Hobo" is one of those persistent shooters who stays with his man down to the last hole.

THE SKIFF

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SHOULD WE BE CONTENT?

WHAT is the college student seeking in life? His hopes for success lie ahead of him and he must begin to plan and work if he really expects to attain that goal which he most desires. At the same time, he is in his youth, which is naturally a restless period and he turns from one thing to another with little thought of anything definite. Proof of this may be had by looking over the record of the life of almost any under graduate during the course of any month of the college year. If we didn't know the classes, which will naturally figure with regularity, there is seldom any clue to be gained as to the end in view. By "end" I am not necessarily referring to "job" or "occupation" but rather to a philosophy of life which each must, in the long run, build up for himself.

The last sentence leads me to wonder whether they really do come to college to find life and truth or to make a living; as a matter of fact, do they come with any object at all? I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that twenty-five per cent of those who enter college do so because it is the path of least resistance. On the other hand, comparatively few leave college without having formulated some distinct notion of why they came, unless they leave because results indicate that they never should have come.

At least it can be said that the activity of any undergraduate may be summed up in the word "search." It may be a search for knowledge or for pleasure, for truth or for the means of gaining a livelihood, but it has something in common, something which is capable of being turned to the highest motives if only the desire is present. And the student has the advantage of facing life with a wider vision than the man on the street, which should enable him to bear up under strain, and to see beyond immediate difficulties; but this vision, like so many other things in life, is not bestowed on one like an honorary degree—it must be sought and developed.

After all, however, it would seem that all we can do, or would wish to do, is to push back the horizon a little further. As we climb we see more, but there is still something beyond; while if we advance, whole new vistas open out before us that we never dreamed of. So let us realize that there is all in life that one wills to find in it. Let us determine right here at college to strive to succeed, to be an individual; to find our happiness in pushing on into the untraveled paths of life, and to harbor that divine discontent—

"To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought."

SPRING MID-TERM EXAMINATIONS

ON March 31st and April 1st the Spring Mid-Term Examinations will be given. Then those grade cards go to the folks at home.

In college every boy and girl has an opportunity to so qualify himself or herself in some line of work that their future success is assured—if they are only willing to pay the price. If they are only willing to do a little work while they are playing. Now most of us are able to go to college just because someone else is willing to sacrifice and do without that we may have the opportunities which will lead to success and happiness in later life. Others are having to work and scrape to make their own way. Regardless of who's footing the bill, the price is being made. Has the person who has invested his money in you made a good investment? Or would his money bring him better returns if he had invested it in cotton-seed hulls and corn.

Somewhere, there is someone who believes in you. If you've been loafing and neglecting your studies—get to work. That's your real purpose in being here. Get ready for these mid-term exams and after the smoke has cleared away that grade card which is sent home will be glad news instead of sad news.

WHEN SERGE PLAYED THE BASS VIOL

WHAT a crowd we have become and how few individuals are to be found in comparison with the numbers who go together to form the crowd of today. How few of us ever do anything that can be considered singular.

Serge Koussevitzky received an honorary degree the other day from Brown University. And when it came time for Serge to express his thanks he came forward and played the bass viol instead of giving the customary speech. For Serge Koussevitzky is conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. He said his inability to speak the English language made it impossible to put his thanks in words.

That action of Serge's was most original, thoughtful and tolerant. How few men in the world there are who are satisfied with limiting themselves to their own field. Usually a person thinks that because he has attained eminence in one field it gives him the right to assume eminence in all other fields.

When this foreigner played his bass viol the other day he certainly did a singular thing.

A SONNET

(Being the pensive pullings of a poor poet)
WHEN I HAD CLIMBED A GRASSY HILL TO SEE
When I had climbed a grassy hill to see
The sunset and the sweeping mystery
Of earth at twilight, and the rounded moon,
And all of Nature to the night attune,
I cried aloud: "O God, that I could be
A full bright star with immortality
To splatter jungles, to tint the desert dune,
To muse on Man who dies too soon." Then soon
The sun, lifting shafts of color, sank
From view; a bird (I think a field lark) drank
Water from a little pool below
Then flew away toward the East. Quite low
The moon was. High above it I could see
A full bright star with immortality.

—Dick Gaines

BIOLOGY DEPT. HAS BIG YEAR

This year has been a most successful one for the Biology Department of T. C. U. In fact, any organization which enjoys continued success does so because the motives backing it and fostering it are untiring in their efforts to make it a success. Professor W. M. Winton, a graduate of Vanderbilt University and a geologist and biologist well known among scientists is head of the department and he is ably assisted by Dr. Gayle Scott and Mrs. W. M. Winton.

Dr. Scott received his Ph. D. from Grenoble, France and is most thoroughly prepared in all geological lines. Mrs. Winton has charge of the biology laboratories and she has few equals when it comes to running a laboratory like it should be run. We doubt if any department in the southwest can equal this trio or match the success that they have attained for the Biology Department of T. C. U.

The status of this department is recognized by even the freshmen as the enrollment each fall will indicate. The enrollment in Biology is limited to 250 and scores over this number desire the course each year. But why this large enrollment when Biology is not a required course—looks like merit and efficiency recognized everywhere—even in college.

News comes from Miss Janette Scott that she misses T. C. U., but is enjoying the life of a society lady.

Miss Anna Lee Bush went to Van Alstyne for a wedding Wednesday morning. (No, not her own).

Miss Mary Belle Hood is visiting in Bridgeport this week-end as a guest of Miss Tiela Simpson.

A FRIEND

A friend—what does he mean to you,
And did you ever have one whom you knew,
Was always for you and as true as steel,
And under pressure would grow strong, not yield.
Now real true friends are scarce as we all know,
And like a rose they bloom—they fade—then go.
They seem to come and part like all the rest,
And just a few can really stand the test.
A true friend like a star comes out at night,
We don't require them when the day is bright,
But when the shadows on life begin to fall,
'Tis then that man to his true friends must call.
A man is just an actor in life's play,
And as pre-planned he can but pass one way,
And as he goes if he can hear regret,
That he has left a friend who won't forget.
Now life and friendship have their darkest ways,
Why! rain can only come on cloudy days,
And sunshine always follows after rain,
Tho we may lose, there also will be gain.
Now friends are mighty sweet to have and know,
And they will not forget you when you go,
And when you're down it takes their hand you see,
To lift you up and then to let you free.
Our life, is just a race we all must run,
And know that it must end with setting sun,
And in the hottest part of life's long day,
It helps to have a friend pass by your way.
To some this old life at times seems quite dull,
When everything about it tends to lull,
Still if they knew a friend just for a day,
Then life would seem to be the other way.
I do not ask for pleasures that are rare,
I don't want joys without a single care,
I just ask one thing of life till the end,
That I may always have one real true friend.
D. M. B.

TO THE FELLOW WHO'LL TAKE MY PLACE

Here is a toast that I want to drink
To a fellow I'll never know—
To the fellow who's going to take my place,
When it's time for me to go,
I've wondered what kind of a chap he'll be,
And I've wished I could take his hand,
Just to whisper: "I wish you well, old man!"—
In a way that he'd understand.
I'd like to give him the cheering word
That I've longed at times to hear;
I'd like to give him the warm hand clasp
When never a friend seems near.
I've learned my knowledge by sheer, hard work,
And I wish I could pass it on
To the fellow who'll come to take my place,
Some day when I am gone.
Will he see all the sad mistakes I've made
And note all the battles lost?
Will he ever guess of the tears they caused
Or the heartaches which they cost?
Will he gaze thru the failures and fruitless toil,
To the underlying plan?
And catch a glimpse of the real intent,
In the heart of the vanquished man?
I dare to hope that he may pause some day
As he toils as I have wrought,
And gain some strength for his weary task
From the battles which I have fought.
But I've only the task itself to leave,
With the cares for him to face
And never a cheering word may speak
To the fellow who'll take my place.
Then here's to your health old chap!
I drink as a bridegroom to his bride;
I leave an unfinished task for you,
But God knows how I've tried.
I've dreamed my dreams, as all men do,
But never a one came true,
And my prayer today is that all the dreams
May be realized by you.
And we'll meet some day in the great unknown—
Out in the realm of space;
You'll know my clasp as I take your hand
And gaze in your tired face.
Then all failures will be success
In the light of the new found dawn—
So, I'm drinking your health, old chap!
Who'll take my place when I am gone.

—Dorsey

IDLE THOUGHTS

Charles Proctor making a five-minute speech to satisfy himself.
Mrs. Rathiff doing the Charleston.
Rosa McMillan in a one-piece bathing suit.
Walter Fite a football hero.
A dance in our new gym.
Mrs. Sadie Backham with a Mae Murray bob.
Tubby Brewster a "perfect 36."
B. McDonald the smallest of "the boys."
Billy Ashburn treating a crowd.
Smitty Watkins in a dress suit.
The twins having a thought.
Jack Gregory studying his Eco.
Kenneth McCorkie not in love.
Jew Holcomb spending a dime.

SUGGEST GIFT TO '27 CLASS

We think that one of the greatest things that Charlie Paddock has done, perhaps even greater than his phenomenal running, was showing the world that a man can develop his physical greatness and at the same time develop his intellect, because he is a very interesting and capable lecturer. We wonder how Professor Fallis would classify that little squeak that occasionally invaded Paddock's lecture.

While the senior class is pondering over what they shall leave the university as a permanent present to remind future students that they also studied and suffered here, we suggest that they consider as that gift the placing of some sort of mufflers on the radiators in the chapel. Mr. Paddock said after his lecture here, as do all others who speak in the chapel auditorium, that seemed to him that we had some kind of an "anvil chorus" going on during his talk. It does seem that we could impress on our visitor the fact that we have radiators in the auditorium by turning on a little more heat instead of rattling them.

Hattie Rue Hargrove, former T. C. U. student, visited in Sterling Cottage the past week.

TEXAS WRITER MAKES BOW IN STRANGE TALE

By Barry Jennerfield, New York. The Century Co., 1925.

In this novel another Texas writer makes his initial bow to the public. Barry Jennerfield is a Texan who attended the University of Texas and then migrated to New York, as do most people with good minds, who originate in these arid steppes.

Whether he has found happiness and success in New York only he can say. From his novel I would judge that at times he longs for the moonlight falling in silvery sheets on the white roads that border the Colorado River, for the youthful enthusiasm of our Texas cities and for the atmosphere of vastness that pervades everything Texan.

The Chicken Wagon Family is told in the first person singular, by a man who is centuries old in spirit and forty years old physically. He is the Long Emergency Man of a New York paper and writes this autobiography between 3 and 4 a. m., when he is alone in the office. It is a sort of Freudian confession.

It starts twenty years ago when he graduated from the State University, a bachelor of arts, with no family, no exceptional ambitions and two thousand dollars. He was sitting in front of his tent overlooking the Colorado, watching the moon swim "directly overhead, trailing ten miles of white robes behind her. In the flood of light a dozen white roads lay revealed stretching away to fairylands of hope and adventures far away." He took the longest and whitest; and that road led him to the chicken wagon family.

This strange family, composed of Jean P. B. Y. Flippany, Josephine, his wife, and their daughter, Addie (aged 10), lived on a wagon and traveled from town to town selling chickens that they bought at the nearby farms. But Josephine was not satisfied. She wanted to live in some town where Addie could get an education. Just before the teller of the story, Jim Pickett, arrived, she had announced that she and Addie were going to the nearest town to live. Jean had yielded but swore that since she wanted to live in town she should live in the largest town he knew, viz: New York. When Jim put in his appearance they adopted him and they all went to New York.

Their adventures there were numerous and strange. At a time when death was impending, Mr. Flippany asked Jim to take care of Addie, then 13, and to marry her when she was old enough. To this Jim and Addie both agreed. Time went on and Jean approached the dangerous age. Jim, though, undoubtedly no hero, saved him from the designing creature, Miss Minnie Feffer, and married her himself.

Then followed years of unrest and a continuous mad hejira to forgetfulness. At last his wife left him for a ranchman and Jim went back to New York where he found this job and wrote his story.

He finished it one night and, contemplating suicide, wrapped it, addressed it to Addie and went to sleep. The scrub woman found it, sent it to Addie and the book ends with a happy reunion.

As a first novel, this book is undoubtedly good—though not comparable to Hergesheimer's "The Lay Anthony," or Willa Cather's "My Antonia." His main plot, though spoiled by the weak ending, is good and his characters are excellently drawn. It will probably not live long but it is another indication that writers are beginning to realize the wonderful soil for romance in these desert plains. The real interpreter of Texas will have to be a composition of Dreiser, Galsworthy and Cabell. May Allah send him soon!

T. C. U. DEBATERS WIN FROM BEARS

Prof. Lewis D. Fallis and his Horned Frog debaters maintained their leadership as orators of the first magnitude when they over representatives of the Baylor University Law School here Wednesday night of last week. It was the eighth consecutive decision favoring the T. C. U. men. Leslie Chambers, Junior, and Charles Proctor, Sophomore, represented T. C. U., taking the negative side of the Mitchell Plan of Defense question. Two seniors took the opposition.

The final debate will be with Austin College in April.

For Flowers
Baker Floral Co.

Roberta Rosamond spent the week-end in Anna with her parents.
Tott Burks went home for the week end.
Nolene Simmons is spending the week-end at her home in Sherman.
Mabel Mills spent the week-end in Wichita Falls with her cousin.

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FELIX GONZALEZ
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Society

Miss Ruth Pfeiffer entertained with a bridge party at her home, 2825 Hemphill street, on St. Patrick's day. The home was beautifully decorated in green and gold. Tiny St. Patrick's favors were given each guest.

Those present were: Catherine Hamm, Gladys King, Mildred Gooch, Catherine Mulholland, Mary Wade, Vera Prince, Jerrine Long, Mildred Gardner, Blinco Smith, Isabelle Smith, Roberta Dedmon, Marie Thorne, Marie Dulaney, Othello Dulaney, Arrie Brooks, Frances Gillan, Dorella Evans, Margaret Cameron, Kathleen Goodman, Lucille Clark, Marie Fortney, Mary Madaline Miller, Jane Hughes, Jessie Margaret Jonston, Mary McGinley, Hazel Kinney, Dorothy Brown, Betty Glenn, Cecelia Byrne, Nelle Byrne, Elizabeth Farrell, Helen Spencer and Mrs. Paul Tilley of Houston, Texas.

The high score prize was awarded to Miss Margaret Cameron; cut prize to Miss Isabelle Smith of Louisville, Ky; and low score to Miss Betty Glenn.

Margaret Cameron seemed especially interested in the dark party of the Sophomore Skit at the follies.

A new device—if you fear your boy friends won't arrive at your party! have them sign on the dotted line in advance.

Remarkable!—!!
How Water Tite can study in the library when so many fair ones are gazing upon him.

The blonde has finally captured Rags Matthews after strenuous efforts.

How popular the library has become these spring afternoons.

We are all pleased to see that "The Boy With the Yellow Sweater" has fallen for Jane Hughes.

Who would not like to acquire that impersonal, nonchalant air of Lowell Parrish?

Arthur and Dean seemed to be making the most of these school days.

Judging by the number of letters Ripple Sweet writes in the library she must correspond with a "bunch of 'em."

A TCU sweater with four stripes enters the little Mistletoe Heights school every morning. Could it be yours Hezzie?

We notice (by very close examination) that Brent Wagner still has his mustache. Elsie Fae likes it!

Spring is beautiful! But Ralph Caldwell and Fred Cunningham just can't wait for summer to come???

We wonder whose Cadillac it is that stands in front of Kathleen Goodman's house most of every day.

Ed. Hart is surely studying hard this year. The presence of a certain girl upon the campus must inspire him.

The Lab Romance—Dot and Ivan.

B. B. A. CHATTER

James Pitts (in accounting class working on a balance sheet): "Mr. Ballard, I'm five dollars and four bits short."

Mr. Ballard: "Well, maybe the queen took it out of your pocket last night at the cattleman's ball."

Stock in the Andrews Bottle Stopper Co. (Duke President) has gone down considerably below par since the last exam on partnerships.

Harry Taylor, the sophisticated Bulgarian, has been casting sheepish glances at the Queen Rosie since the class rush, more or less admiring her ability to attract the attention of the opposite sex. It was thought that her engagement was filed between one and three.

Bill Ashburn, the beloved and untiring playmate of the freshmen girls, says that if dresses get any shorter we'll have to pass the apples again.

"Concho" Cunningham, the long gangling sheep herder from West Texas, says that he may not be so well educated in high society, but give him a real sharp knife and he is at home in a sheep pen.

When you want to hear a real good story just stop "Hobo Carson" some time and tell him to tell you about a good looking girl, a bridge, and the Concho River.

DRAMATICS

"A Shot in the Dark," by Harold Carson.

"A Word From the Wise," by H. L. Shepherd and Ted Brown.

"The Land of the Sky-Blue Sunday," by Co-eds of Jarvis Hall.

"Back to Nature," by Frank Strang.

"The Lost Pocket Book," by Ferril Fox.

"Sitting in the Corner," by Walter Ready.

"The Missing Man," by Karl Ashburn.

"In and Out," by Albert Acker.

"The Girls I Left Behind," Peter Barbonaro.

"Love's Labor Lost," by Bobby Dacus.

"Pressing," by Raymond Wolfe.

"The Broken Wing," by Elaine Thompson.

"The Unholy Three," by Jack Gregory, Jay Ashbury, Jack Bisco.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," by Coy Poe.

Senior Students Are Active Group

(Continued from page 1)
spend a year teaching school.

Allen True expects either to teach or work on his masters' degree at Vanderbilt.

Cullen Rogers will serve as a junior public accountant.

Carroll Jim Roberts will work on her M. A. at Illinois University.

Eugene Bennett will spend a year in State University.

Ruth Seymore is going to instruct the "young" next year.

Otho Adams says he is going to stock Crockett County with sheep and possibly do a little live stock commission business on the side.

Clarence Woods is going to coach athletics and incidentally teach a few courses to keep that cultural touch.

Ferrell Fox expects to take up his work as a Director of Religions Education, or go to school another year in order to get his Master's.

Houston Crump reports that he is going places and see things, and after that, he will take a pick-a-ax, a dark lantern, a side of bacon, and a pot of coffee and stake out a homestead in New Mexico.

Jopnie Rowan will also supervise the mastery of the "Three R's".

May Kemp says she is going to teach school and do graduate work in TCU.

Elizabeth Baldwin says she will either teach or do graduate work next year.

Marie Balch will be back in TCU next year to complete the work on her A. E. She completes her musical study in Arkansas.

Evelyn Dennis expects to teach school.

Pauline McCain will also take membership in that great national organization the aim of which is "Bigger and Better Roads and Fewer Spoiled Children." She will probably teach in Arkansas.

Miss Madalin Hunt will go to school another year.

Miss Beulah Bates will be out in the great steppes of New Mexico teaching school.

Marie Winston will also teach school.

Rosa Lee Wells expects to teach school.

Dorothy LeMond is going to do social work.

Hazel Summers will be in Vanderbilt next year.

Ralph Carr will teach school.

Hazel Davis will either go to Columbia or teach school.

Donna Jean Billington will work in the TCU library.

Hezzie Carson will open up a real estate office in San Angelo. He will handle land leases and abstracts.

Laura Sheridan will teach out West where the jack rabbits play hiding-seek with the prairie dogs.

Emerson Anderson will take his masters' degree from the University of Missouri.

Ripple Sweet is going to the University of Columbia to study art.

Lenora May Williams will teach school.

Louise Cawthon will teach school. Forest Levy will coach next year.

Mimmo Goldston will enter the ministerial field.

R. E. Luker will be located at McMurry College next year.

Nell Burne will join her family in Miami, Florida. She expects to

enjoy herself and work a little if necessary.

Henry Elkins will study violin and orchestra conducting in the American Conservatory of Music in New York City.

John Case has a position with the Armour Packing Co. of Fort Worth.

Bessie Coopersmith is going to teach school.

Douglas Bush will attend the Baylor Medical School at Dallas to complete his work toward becoming a doctor.

Trickey Ward will coach athletics next year.

We regret that no more of the seniors could be reached before the Skiff went to press. This is an expression of best wishes, each classmate for the other and may sweet memories of Frongland and the Class of '26 always be cherished in the hearts of all of us.

HIGH HAT

Hush little Nasty
Don't you cry,
You'll be a sprinter
Bye and bye.

We hope "Greek-God" Gibson doesn't lose those rosy cheeks in this beastly Texas weather.

Brace up, Connell, maybe you'll be as big as "Hub" some day and have a chance with Rosie.

Poor Nell Byrne, all those alluring smiles at Frankie only to be awarded by his taking her best chum to the show Thursday night.

One of the boys was advised by his doctor to take exercise with dumb-bells. (We suggest Frances Payne and Ruby Sprick.)

Hey, Reagan, come off that perch, that sophistication isn't going over so big with the Jarvisites, try the Gibson house.

Flora Mae to Othro—"Oh, your moustache just tickles me to death. Louise Montgomery still needs to be reminded that she's a freshman, even if she is privileged to associate with the belle of Sterling. Nice walk, eh, Louise?"

Watch out, Hobo, you can't always tell about these old-fashioned girls.

More Truth Than Poetry.
I've hung my stockings at the grate,
I'll bet you don't know why.
I've got a date at half past eight,
Oh, gosh, why don't they dry?

We suggest that "Lou" (our rah rah boy) learn more of the art of smoking lest he wear himself out puffing.

Hurray! Ellen Moffit has ceased to be just one of the girls and has joined the band of campus strollers.

We had a hard time explaining to Mary Alexander and Elizabeth Ayres that it was all in the play and Ready and Carlos weren't really shot. Ah, poor dumb frosh.

Miss Eloise Russell, a last year's student, writes that Southwestern is a good school but T. C. U. is different. Miss Russell was elected the most popular girl at Southwestern.

"Prince" Bell Short spent the week-end with his parents and Miss Imogene Clark.

Miss Fair of Dallas is the guest of Miss Hazel Wales.

Adine Harkey is visiting in Missouri with her mother.

Lois Tyson visited Bessie Walton in town this week-end.

WEIR FURNITURE HARDWARE

money—Pay us a visit.
Both New and Used—far less
1212 Houston St.

PEP SQUAD IS CHOSEN FOR '26

T. C. U. Woman's Athletic Council met in the gym Monday afternoon to complete the selection for the 1926-27 Pep Squad. After a strenuous physical examination twenty-five girls, upper classmen of next year, and five substitutes, were selected. Five substitutes were selected to take the place of any girls who fail to meet the requirements that have been previously stated.

Grades will be checked four times a year, after each semester and mid-semester, and any girl who falls below the index 2:00 in 12 hours of work will be replaced by the substitutes in order of grades, other things being equal.

When a girl is once dropped from the squad she loses her chance until the next year.

The following girls have been selected: Virginia Greer, Pauline Barnes, Merle Williams, Ruth Williamson, Elizabeth Nabors, Jesse Belle McCall, Edith Funkhouser, Dorothy Stowe, Clara Bell Holmes, Lucille La Roe, Veldeia Penry, Edna Mae Alexander, Florence McDiarmid, Margaret Storie, Betty Glenn, Lucia McGee, Artie Lee Plaxco, Elois Perkins, Frances Taylor, Margaret Horton, Lois Hutchins, Francis Gilliland, Olive Mae Cook, Louise Montgomery.

Substitutes are: Katherine Kidd, Ruth Stovall, Louise Smart, Moreen Rankin, Hortense Malone.

Mildred Gooch visited Nell Brown at Jarvis Hall Thursday night.

PETER PAN

SPECIALS

1007 Houston Street

THE CHARLESTON.

Three tiers on toast, sliced chicken, bacon, lettuce, tomato, pickle, butter and mayonnaise dressing. 35c

THE PICCADILLY.

Three tiers on toast, Swiss cheese, bacon, lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise dressing. 25c

THE CASINO.

Three tiers on toast, beef, American cheese, lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise dressing. 25c

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RBNFROS
10 Busy Drug Stores

A BARGAIN

PANTAGES

You Can't Afford To Miss
NOW PLAYING
One of the best vaudeville bills ever brought to Fort Worth—and a super motion picture.

All For
25c

Children—10 cents
ANY SEAT ANY TIME
Look
GYPSYLAND

Exotic Singers and Dancers with
Willy Camia and Andrea Viviana
ALLMAN AND MAY
"Lure of the Yukon"

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—ON SCREEN—
IRENE RICH CLIVE BROOK
Pauline Garon Louise Fazenda

in
"COMPROMISE"
A Thrilling Society Romance

THEATER
Continuous
1 to 11 p. m.

For Her
Easter



This is an occasion which can be made doubly enjoyable to her. With her new Easter frock she feels like a butterfly just released from its crystals.

A gift of King's Chocolates will complete her joyous celebration of the advent of Spring.

Here are a few novel Easter Candies from King's:

Chocolate Filled Eggs—A huge chocolate egg filled with our best chocolates wrapped in wax paper.

Novelty Hat Box—A miniature hat box filled with our best chocolates.

Easter-Wrapped American Queen Package—The new American Queen Package in an attractive Easter frock.

Come in and see these gifts—We Deliver

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Yes, We are Collegiate—
Carlos Ashley is our T. C. U. representative.
He wears our clothes and says that they measure up to the high requirements demanded by better dressed college men.
Make an appointment to meet Carlos at our store and select from him your new suit for Easter.

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REMEMBER—
To Always Insist Upon
ALL GOLD
California Fruits
and
Gold Plum Coffee
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"Grace"

Today we picture a very charming mode, one that is certain to grace many dainty feet Easter Sunday.

Wonderfully well executed in

Pearl gray kid with heel and trim of blue kid\$11.50

Patent leather with heel and trim of gray kid\$10.00

Round toe and junior Louis heels.

Order by Mail.

THE SHOE DEPT.

Easter Hats
For Young Women
PRESENTING a remarkable group that takes in the extremely dressy model, gay little sport hats and the tailored or semi-tailored types in a bewildering array of shapes and colors.

\$7.95
Meacham's, Second Floor.

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CO-ED GOLFERS' MEET ARRANGED

At last—the date of the Co-ed golf championship of T. C. U. in 1926 has been settled. On April 1st these Frogland artists will slip over to the golf course and match their tricks and abilities on the greens. This event has caused no little excitement in social circles of Frogland and already the mixed foursomes are practicing daily with the hope that on the fateful day they may be successful in their attempts to grab the laurels of the April 1st clash. The following couples have submitted their names and have been accepted. The drawings were made and the couples are scheduled to tee off in the following matches on April 1st. The time for the first round matches to start is set at 7 a. m. and it is hoped that all contestants will report on time so that the tournament may begin as advertised and so that the winner can be determined at as early a date as possible.

- Results of the drawing:
1. "Sly" Ferrill Fox and "Little Winnie Phillips vs. "Quick Fire," "Two-Gun" Ashley and "Bis" Ayres. (This will certainly be a closely contested match and no doubt the team showing the greatest technique will win. Because of their experience the betting favors the Fox-Phillips team although their opponents are artists of established ability.)
 2. Rosy McMillan and Big Tom "Stallion" George vs. Jew "Parson" Levy and Dorothy Green. (The winner of this match is hard to pick. One thing is certain—that their minds must be on the game and not on love, and the beauty and splendors of nature. It is regrettable that two such amorous pairs should have to battle in the first round. Both couples evidently are prominent members of the Municipal Golf Club because we have observed them going to the links to practice daily but never once have they been seen carrying their clubs with them. But, according to Elinor Glynn—The woman has to pay so no doubt "The Parson" and Long Tom will battle fiercely to win the contest for their lady love.)
 3. William "Rajah" "Allah" etc. Ashburn and Anna Mary "S. M. U." Marrs vs. Harold "Rodolph" Key and Mary Broadus. (We believe that the Key-Broadus combination by their accurate putting and approaches will run down their opposition in short order. However, Little Miss Marrs is certainly strong for her "menn" and she will certainly do her best.)
 4. Frank "Sleepy Time Boy" Bowser and Dorothy "L. A." Fitzgerald vs. Frank "Prexy" Stangle and Mary Harrison. This can fitly be called the battle of Geologists as both of these doctors are scientists of note. It is hoped that their battle will be conducted on a sportsmanlike and not scientific basis.
 5. Coy "King of Hearts" Poe and Eloise Perkins vs. Bye. This bye was given to this couple because the tournament committee feared that Mr. Poe might vamp the lady opponent (who ever she might be) and that she would then not even try to win. Mr. Poe was asked not to let the lady fall in love with him but he promptly replied that he knew no way to prevent her doing so and that the more he tried to keep girls from falling in love with him that the deeper they fell. Then too, it was feared that if Mr. Poe did become friendly with the lady of the opposition that Miss Perkins might commit suicide or race to a nunnery. However, this pair will meet the winner of the George-McMillan-Levi-Green match in the second round.

TRAGIC DEATHS ENSHROUDED IN DEEP MYSTERY

(Continued from page 1)
 fined to the campus throughout the remainder of the week.
DEAN OF MEN CHLOROFORMED.
 Rumors emanating from Clark Hall expressed the fear that Dean Day has fallen victim to the terrible gas. A reporter called at the room of the dean at 9:00 o'clock this morning, but he could not be interviewed as he was still in bed. The room wherein the tragedy occurred is directly under the quarters of the dean and a languorous odor was distinguishable about that portion of the hall.
WORSE THAN EPIDEMIC.
 Dr. Gayle Scott is authority for the statement that an epidemic of Bubonic Plague could not have produced such devastating results, and Prof. Walter Moremon compared the wholesale massacre to a rage of the Scurvy which swept his native city of Clarendon in his boyhood days.
 Nine lives were blotted out as one! In fact they were one! The cat is dead!

Band Concert Is Big Success; Real Talent Shown in Program

To Professor Sammis and the band goes the credit for having sponsored and put on the greatest show yet seen in T. C. U. auditorium, before a packed house. The events moved rapidly, thrilling the spectators, leaving them in an agony of suspense as to just what would happen next. By far the biggest "storm" was the famous poem, "The Shooting of Dan Magrew," portrayed with professional ability. Fred McConnell held the audience spellbound with his reading of "Dan Magrew" and the "Cremation of Sam McGee." He deserves much credit for the success of the act. Walter Ready as a drunken derelict did some splendid acting and was shot down like a dog by dangerous Dan our own Carlos Ashley who made a sleek, debonaire Dan. Dick Gaines as the stranger once again gave his admirers a special treat with his music and acting. Frank Bowser and Claude Jacobs in their feminine rolls, and Billy Ashburn as Lou were indeed most fetching. Carlos Holcomb, Frank Stangl, Tubby Brewster, and Tom George as typical rowdies of the northland, Bull Chapman as the Ragtime Kid and Spick Clark, the silent, curt bartender were all fine in their parts. Praise should be given the one responsible for the stage setting for the naturalness of the setting added greatly to the effectiveness of the play.

Miss Mary Harrison, the band sponsor, ably assisted by Miss Hazel Summers, was charming in her song act.

The Freshman Follies, featuring Margaret Bullock, William A. Balch, and Joe Bryce Wilmeth, had several outstanding numbers. The splendid ability of Wm. Balch in his interpretations of the old man and the crippled street urchin, deserve special credit.

"A Rose between two thorns," the sophomore act was an enjoyable song and dance act by Miss Virginia Knox, Authur Graham and Everett Ship. Graham and Ship charlestoned like the original Charleston Dancers and, will say that they are the

champions of the University. Ben Matthews and William Ewell furnished the entertainment in the second part of the act. Matthews' rendition of "Roses of Picardy" and "Remember" were especially enjoyed and they carried off their skit in a professional manner.

Coy Poe and Company gave the audience much merriment as well as introducing a new song by Bill Ewell.

The Junior class presented a play written by Dick Bailey entitled "Old Sweetie" and featuring Henry Shepherd and Bobby Dacus.

The programme was opened and closed by members of the band. The last number "Athletic Echoes" was the feature band stunt. The four athletic captains, Herman Clark, football, Harvey Light, track, Tom George, basketball and Hezzie Carson, baseball were each in their uniforms. Billy Ashburn with his two charming assistants, Eloise Perkins and Nell Brown in their familiar roles as yell leaders, formed a striking and effective tableau.

Mr. Sammis has proved his ability as a director by this splendid performance. He is to be commended for his work. It is just such enterprising professors and workers that we need. T. C. U. was advertised by the untiring efforts of the band and its director and the money taken in will be used to further advertise the school by enlarging the band activities.

Misses Velma Ritcheson and Bernice Badgett went to Dallas for the week-end, taking Misses Sarah Pendelton and Anne Self as visitors.

Miss Irene Moore has had her mother as a guest for this week.

Mary Elizabeth Huffman visited her cousin Martha Kate Haggard at Jarvis Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Parker were visitors at T. C. U. Thursday and Friday.

THE SKIFF

Martha Mae and Katy Morris drove to Graham Friday for the week-end.

Elizabeth Ayres spent the week-end at Reed Cottage.



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Are Near
 Begin to make
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