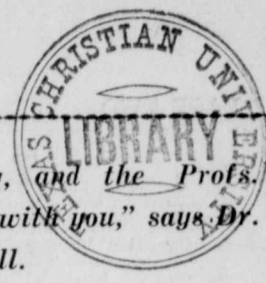


Coming back next year?  
Sure thing!  
Attaway to talk.

# THE SKIFF



"Play, and the Prof.  
play with you," says Dr.  
Angell.

VOLUME XX.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, MONDAY, MAY 22, 1922.

NUMBER 30.

## Million Endowment and All Debts Paid by June, '23, Slogan

Texas Christian University will be entirely out of debt and will be backed by a million dollars endowment by June, 1923, if plans of the Texas Christian Missionary Convention, recently in session at San Antonio, are carried out.

This encouraging report was brought back to T. C. U. by President Waits, Dean Hall and Mr. McPherson, president of the convention, all of whom were especially impressed with the ardor with which the assembly went into the educational session. Some of the strongest men in the brotherhood of the Disciples of Christ in Texas, according to President Waits, spoke at this session, voicing an enthusiastic good will toward the University which bodes nothing but progress.

Another important step taken by the convention was the decision to hold its 1923 gathering in Fort Worth in June, simultaneously with the Semi-Centennial celebration of T. C. U. It is thought that this factor will do much toward boosting the financial program as outlined by the body, as well as making the fiftieth anniversary a memorable event in the history of the institution.

As a means toward expediting the educational work of the brotherhood, the convention voted to establish a general State board of education to supervise all the Christian schools of Texas. This board, consisting of twenty-five members, is made up of the following men, prominent ministers and laymen:

Dan D. Rogers, Dallas; S. J. McFarland, Dallas; W. P. Jennings, Texarkana; L. D. Anderson, Fort Worth; E. M. Waits, Fort Worth; Worth; E. M. Waits, Fort Worth; Cephas Shelburne, Sherman; J. Lem Keevil, Wichita Falls; Geo. F. Cuthrell, Sherman; George Hendricks, San Angelo; D. R. Hardison, Colorado; Clifford S. Weaver, McKinney; Graham Frank, Dallas; J. T. Bradbury, Tyler; Roy Rutherford, Amarillo; Andrew Bush, Waco; Leslie Fimmel, Paris; Dr. Bacon Saunders, Fort Worth; R. S. Sterling, Houston; H. H. Rogers, San Antonio; Noble Weaver, Timpson; W. L. Hay, Sherman; Andrew Sherley, Anna; D. S. Reed, Austin; F. G. Jones, Denton; E. R. Bentley, McAllen.

A Texas father was dining with his son in a Texas hotel, and in the course of dinner the son got into an argument with a cowboy. The cowboy called the son an offensive name, a very offensive name, and the young fellow grabbed his knife in his fist and started around the table to be avenged.

But his father seized him by the coat-tails.

"Ain't ye got no table manners?" the old man hissed.

"But, pop, ye heered what he called me, didn't ye?"

"Yes, I heered all right, but that ain't no ground for yer ferretting yer table manners. Put down that there knife and go at him with yer fork."

—The Detonator.

The Boss—I'm afraid you are not qualified for the position; you don't know anything about my business.

Applicant—Don't I, though! I am engaged to your stenographer.—Boston Transcript.

Patient—Is my mouth open wide enough, dentist?

Dentist—Oh, yes, ma'am! I shall stand outside while drawing the tooth.

—Answers (London).

The teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils the importance of doing right at all times, and to bring out the answer, "Bad habits," she inquired: "What is it that we find so easy to get into and so hard to get out of?"

There was silence for a moment and then one little fellow answered, "Bed."—Boston Transcript.

"I hear you and your wife had some words last night."

"We did, but I never got around to using mine."—The American Legion Weekly.

## "1922 REVIEW" DRAWS HUGE HAND ON BIG-TIME SENIOR MAJESTIC BILL

SIX OTHER ACTS ALSO FURNISH FUN; HORNED FROG PROFITS.

Melodiously musical  
Gloriously girflul.  
Capriciously comical.

Alliteratively speaking, this sums up the Senior Majestic bill of "big-time vodvil" presented in the main auditorium Friday evening.

The headliner on the bill was called a "1922 Review" and was billed as "J. A. Stevenson and Company." "Toad" sang the songs well and was supported by a chorus which would make Flo Zeigfeld shower down his bottom kopeck. Such beauty has seldom been arrayed on a Varsity stage. Witness: Dorothy May, Elizabeth Wayman, E'sie Jones, Leslie Butcher, Maynette Moffett, and Jeanette Bludworth. And did they get a hand? Well, rather. Billy McBee and Dorothy May were exceptionally clever in a "put-and-take" costume dance. Bill also started the act off right with a catchy introduction. Miss Alla Gens Holmes assisted "Toad" in a Dutch song number which was splendidly executed. Miss Louise Roy appeared in a number which drew a hearty encore. Music was furnished for this act by Miss Marjorie Glasscock, pianiste, and Homer McCartney, violinist.

Every other act on the program was received with enthusiasm:

A five-piece orchestra: Bill McBee, piano; Homer McCartney, violin; Ted Ohnsorg and Morris Parker, saxophones; Roy Mack, traps; Oates, mandolin.

Pete Fulcher, billed as "Personality Pete," in fifteen minutes of well-delivered nonsense.

Oates and McBee in a mandolin specialty with a knockout punch.

H. B. Brous and Miss Carrie Jean Davis, in "Two Lunatics," a one-act play full of fun.

Mary Poston and a select company of black-face artists in "Shadows," Alice Taylor and Katherine Hagler in a clever song-and-dance act, "Something Different."

Wood Carson and Herbert Dickerman got a good hand with a song between acts.

The Seniors cleared \$125 for the annual.

THE COLLEGE BOYS GET FUNNY (From Judge's "Overflow of the College Wits.")

NANNETTE  
By Walter B. Wolfe, Dartmouth '21.

Nannette is just the dearest girl,  
To her I vow my love and duty,  
From slipper tip to shining curl  
She's my ideal of charming beauty  
She's all a fiancee should be,  
No words too sweet to praise my  
Nan—  
But life has lost its charm for me  
Since she became a free-love fan

The passing fad of every day  
Has caught and held her fickle fancy;  
It nearly took my breath away  
When Nan went in for necromancy  
She studied psychical research  
Weird hypnotism couldn't phase her—  
I think she joined a Buddhist church  
And then became a crystal gazer!

Of course I know it's but a freak  
The very latest flitting notion  
(She may forget it in a week  
Or find some other new devotion).  
But with my heart too long she's played!

I wonder if 'twould worry Nan  
If I should woo another maid  
While she remained a free-love fan?

Professor—Now, my dear young ladies, I shall explain something that should interest all of you. It is in regard to resuscitation. First, let me ask what you would do in case of an emergency.

Prettiest Girl in Class—Why, I'd—I'd—er—slip on a kimono.—Florida Times-Union.

The Reporter—There's a rumor that his lordship has passed away. Is it correct?

Jackson—Quite; but I regret his lordship has nothing to say for publication.—Sketch (London).

## PLAY WIZARD YANKS SEDATE PROFESSORS OFF THEIR DIGNITY

Score one for Doc Angell. Any man who can get hold of an entire institution, from its prexy to its lowest Slime, and yank it off its dignity, as the "wizard of play" did for a whole hour Friday, deserves a place in the sun.

Dr. Angell, who came to Fort Worth for a week under the auspices of the Star-Telegram, paid Varsity a visit and made more friends within an hour than most "angels" make in a lifetime.

The "play wizard" introduced some new games to the students and faculty, confining his activities at first to the girls in gym costume, but gradually working the others into the melee until he had the entire body fighting like a herd of stampeding steers.

One game, played with two inflated balls each about three feet in diameter, made such a hit with the students that it may be introduced into Varsity playdom. Dr. Angell lined the Freshmen boys in double rank on one side, and in like manner the Sophomores on the other side.

"I call this game 'kick 'em,'" he announced.

The Fish yelled in glee.

"No!" roared the doctor. "Kick the balls, not the Sophs."

This game was loads of fun, but the game which caused most merriment was that which Doc Angell called "Snakes and Birds," in which the sedate professors participated as "birds."

## "FORTY-TWO" BUGS MEET WATERLOO IN VARSITY WORKMEN

By FUSSELL.

"You intellectual birds have a couple of fine representatives in forty-two," said the chief engineer of the University powerhouse to one of the students a few days ago.

"What is the matter? Can't they do what they claim to do?"

"They came down to the workshop to play us and after four straight games in our favor, they quit us."

A few weeks ago Mr. Martin Banton, representing himself as manager of the forty-two champions of University hill in the personages of Messrs. Jack Hammond and Freeman Heath, challenged any forty-two team on the hill who might think they are good. After successfully downing Mr. Ashley Robey and Frank Morrison, then again "Uncle Billie" Acker and Wayne Bateman, tasted defeat at the hands of the champions. This caused them to become real chesty over their skill as forty-two players.

Messrs. Hammond and Heath invaded the sanctum of the workmen of the University and lost four straight games to the workers. This took the egotism out of the champions and they gave up the tournament.

"Daughter," said the mother severely, "I wish to speak to you on a very serious subject."

Daughter assumed her most child-like expression and murmured, "Yes, mamma."

"I must tell you that I was passing through the hall last night and I saw that young Mr. Simpkins kiss you."

"Yes, mamma."

"Did you give him permission to kiss you?"

"No, mamma."

"Then how did he come to do it?"

"He asked me if it would offend me if he kissed me."

"Yes, yes. And what did you say?"

"I said how could I tell until I knew how it would affect me."—Cleeland Plain Dealer.

Professor—Now, my dear young ladies, I shall explain something that should interest all of you. It is in regard to resuscitation. First, let me ask what you would do in case of an emergency.

Prettiest Girl in Class—Why, I'd—I'd—er—slip on a kimono.—Florida Times-Union.

The Reporter—There's a rumor that his lordship has passed away. Is it correct?

Jackson—Quite; but I regret his lordship has nothing to say for publication.—Sketch (London).

## THEY CALL HIM LEO AND HE'S A LION OUT ON ATHLETIC FIELD

They named him Leo—and Leo is the Latin word for lion.

If you should call the roll of the



—Photo courtesy Star-Telegram.  
LEO (DUTCH) MEYER.

lions in T. C. U. athletics, Dutch Meyer's name would appear near the head of the list.

Dutch has starred in football, basketball, and baseball for three seasons. He pitched his final game of college baseball Friday, winning from Simmons college, 11 to 3.

Meyer is a type of that rare combination of all-around athlete and serious student, placing his school work first. He is retiring president of the student body and a member of the graduating class.

## WONDER WHAT A PARK BENCH THINKS ABOUT?

(Thanking Briggs for the suggestion and congratulating ourselves upon the result).

"I'm only a park bench, but I know what I know, and I didn't have to ask dad either. Being a park bench has its disadvantages, but I'm satisfied. Of course, it isn't a pleasant thought to think that you're in a position where people are forever sitting on you. There is nothing which makes one (even a park bench) feel so undignified as to be deliberately sat upon.

Still, that's my job, and I'll stick to it. In my vocation one is found to be the victim under the existing circumstances, and when the existing circumstance is a lady weighing 250 pounds—well, it's hard to geep up. What is? Why, the existing circumstance.

The other benches are sore at me because I'm in the dark and everybody comes to sit on me. Nobody likes them under park lights. That's why I get all the trade.

Many of the people who visit me are students. I know they're students, because in their conversation with their girl friends they insist that everything is all right because they're sons of rich men. The time of night doesn't matter either, because they say they can sleep all the next day. (What else can they be if they're not students?)

W. B. Bunnell, Suffield '23.

## Frogs Undefeated in Race for T.I.A.A. Honors in Baseball

A series of two easy victories over the Simmons College Cowboys on Clark Field, Friday and Saturday, brought the baseball season to a close and left the unbeaten Frogs in undisputed possession of the T. I. A. A. championship. The locals played a total of sixteen games, eleven of which were matched with teams in the State conference.

## DUDNEY ELECTED HEAD OF STUDENT BODY; OTHER OFFICERS ARE CHOSEN

BISHOP GIVEN VICE PRESIDENCY; EDWINA DAY SECRETARY-TREASURER.

Earl Dudney was elected president of the Student's Association for next year in the run-off election held Tuesday. Dudney received 212 votes. He was opposed in the run-off by Robert Chapler, who polled a total of 128 ballots. A third opponent in the primary election was "Judge" Green. The final election was necessary because no one man received a majority of the votes cast in the primary.

The other officers of the student body were elected in the primary.

For vice president, Melvin W. Bishop defeated Wood Carson. For secretary-treasurer, Edwina Day received a majority over two opponents, Anne Ligon and Jeanette Ginsburg.

Bruce Cross had no opposition in the race for cheer leader.

## UNUSUAL INTEREST IN SPRING FOOTBALL TRAINING EXHIBITED

That football has more fascination for the majority of athletes than any other game in college athletics was demonstrated Monday afternoon when about 25 members of T. C. U.'s 1921 squad appeared on the Clark field in football regalia.

Big Jim Cantrall, the poison tackle of last year's squad, was on the field punting and passing the ball. Elbert Crowley, another big lineman, was out. "Cowboy" Ogan, who has been a little undecided as to whether he would return for the 1922 season, was out and said that after he had handled the ball a little while he believed that he would come back for another year.

T. C. U. has wonderful prospects for a great football season next fall. Gilbert Jackson, the ten-second halfback, has decided to come back. He and Adams will make a beautiful pair of halfbacks, while we have the mighty Cranfil to plow the lines of the opposing teams. Cranfil was selected as All-American halfback of the A. E. F. Blair Cherry, an old veteran at the wing position, will take charge of his usual place. While the other end positions vacated by Loren Houtchens will be open, there is a lot of material from which to select the man to fill the place. "Doc" Livsey will probably make somebody hustle for a place on the team.

This year is the first time that the football men have manifested any interest in Spring training. With the wealth of material we have in store under the captaincy of "Judge" Green and the marvelous coaching of "Midget" McKnight the Frogs should have another undefeated record in the season of 1922.

## JUNIORS ENTERTAIN SENIORS WITH PICNIC

The Junior class honored the Seniors with a picnic at Camp Minnetonka on Lake Worth, summer camp of the Bryant Training School for Boys, Wednesday evening.

The party was conveyed to the site in automobiles. Canoeing, boating, and kodaking offered amusement before and after the picnic lunch which was served in box style and embellished with iced tea and brick ice cream.

Throughout the entire season Coach Nance has relied on a pitching staff of only two men, Dutch Meyer and Sam Gann. But this duo has proved unusual mettle. Pitching alternate games, neither man has had to be removed from the box at any time during the season. It was Meyer's last effort in college athletics, since he graduates in June.

Wayne Bateman, putting in his second season behind the bat, has exhibited unusual stuff in receiving the agate. "Batey" is a hard-working catcher, always putting the old light into the game when it lags.

The initial sack has had ample cause to rest easy this season, knowing that it was safely covered by "Chile" McDaniel, one of the most consistent first-basemen that college baseball has ever produced. "Chile" has been a demon with the timber, too.

"Doc" Livsey played his first season in college baseball this year, but he covered the second bag like an old-timer. "Doc" nailed 'em when they came his way, and when the "E" column was footed up he was in the minority.

"Tanlae" McKown moved a few paces from his old third base stand this season, playing the short stop position in stellar fashion. "Tan" has been a mainstay in the famous airtight Frog infield for three seasons, and naturally he would inherit the job which "Boob" Fowler relinquished when he went to the big show.

McKown's successor at third made his debut in Horned Frog athletics this year. "Kit" Carson conducted himself in the region of the tertiary cushion as though he had done nothing but field grounders all his life. Carson was the man who lifted the S. M. U. game out of the fire in the eleventh inning, swatting the circuit clout which broke the tie and gave the Frogs a 1-0 victory.

The Christian outfield was always well protected. "Froggie" Lovvorn covered the left field territory in the best style since Heine Prinzing was carried away unconscious two years ago. Blair Cherry, of football fame, exhibited his old-time form in center field, while over in right field Meyer and Gann alternated with their pitching.

"You've got a great ball club," was the verdict of every fan who saw the Frog gang in action this season.

## I WONDER

By E. B. Dennis, Jr., Corville.

I wonder, in the years to come,  
If flappers will flap their chewing gum;  
If students stewed will always be,  
And necking parties you will see,  
Around the corners, in the park,  
For loving's "necking" in the dark;  
I wonder if our girls will wear,  
More than a net of flimsy hair,  
Or will they only show their knees,  
As though to say, "We strive to please."

Or will they simply scrape and bow?  
I wonder if, in Washington,  
The Conferences, once begun,  
Will end in peace, or will they scrap,  
About the war, or anent Yap,  
Will bootleggers still sell their ware,  
Which puts the crimp into your hair,  
Or will this world cease to run,  
I wonder—in the years to come?

Smith, a lover of music, took his friend, Vere de Vere, to a pianoforte recital.

Smith was enraptured. He turned to his friend, who held the program, and asked, "What is the magnificent thing he is playing now?"

"Can't you see?" replied Vere de Vere. "He's playing a piano."—Seattle Argus.

THE SKIFF

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EXECUTIVE STAFF

VERNON W. BRADLEY Business Manager  
THOMAS E. DUDNEY Editor

CONTRIBUTING STAFF

Elizabeth Wayman Bruce Cross Norman Spence  
Wilburn Page Allene Rayl Homer B. Adams  
Mrs. Clara Jas. Mitchell Arthur Lester Ethel Kemp  
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HIGHER EDUCATION AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

(From Notre Dame "Juggler.")

With trade stagnant, credit lifeless and millions unemployed, Notre Dame faces its most prosperous year. And this condition is not peculiar to Notre Dame. From all quarters we read of increased enrollment in colleges, and renewed interest in higher education. It is an interesting and somewhat paradoxical truth that widespread hardship fills our schools and also improves the academic work of the pupils. The reasons this year are evident. The abnormal industrial conditions of the war period gave the untrained laborer an enhanced value. Youths saw no pecuniary value in completing their education, and went into the factories and shops. The school teacher, clerk and professional worker were caricatured and jested, and their salaries unfavorably contrasted with the carriers of dinner pails. Then came depression. The unskilled and partly-trained were first to go. They now march in the bread lines, while the trained man continues at his desk, in greater demand than ever before. Scientists and electricians, playing in their second childhood with trick questionnaires, may cite the horrible ignorance of the college man; his success in the world answers all arguments. Education does pay. And the American people know it.

Cheer Leader Elect Replies to Taunts of Jelly-Bean Brother

No "pasty-faced, puny-brained, dirty-minded little excuse for a piece of humanity can make a job at the he-men of T. C. U. and get far with it. One of them tried it in a recent issue of a local newspaper and was promptly pounced upon by Bruce Cross, cheer leader elect and champion of the cause of unadulterated humanity in the Horned Frog camp. Below is a copy of the letter written by "Puge" to Betty Brown, writer of advice to the lovesick, whose column contained the aforementioned "jab."

Puge's Letter.

T. C. U., May 14, 1922.  
Betty Brown,  
Fort Worth Press.

Betty, old chap:

We all make mistakes, don't we? Why, you even make little errors in your column of advice, or whatever it is, to lovesick children yourself, don't you, Betty?

Betty, I don't read that column, and I don't know of any other T. C. U. boys who do. Nevertheless, I was surprised when my attention was called to it, at the column's contents in the Press dated May 13.

Betty, you took a somewhat un-

derhanded jab, which was all uncalled for, at an educational institution of the highest standing, a Fort Worth institution which should be boosted and not run down, when you allowed the thrusts at "the T. C. U. fellows" to be put in print.

Betty, don't you think that you should have investigated the matter first? Even if you had looked into the matter, which you did not do, Betty, and had found that these thrusts at "the T. C. U. fellows" were true, don't you think that for the sake of the rest of the student body of Texas Christian University and for the sake of the reputation of the University at large you should have left such comments out of the Press?

Betty, your Flapper friend's jelly bean brother told a deliberate lie when in answer to the query "Why do boys go with a bobbed-haired girl?" he said that bobbed-hair is the trade-mark of the boys' desire—a wild time, etc.—and that he knows "many" T. C. U. fellows who think the same.

Betty, that jelly bean brother would not last one week in a T. C. U. dormitory. We don't allow jellies in our dormitories. We make life so miserable for that type out here that our campus is practically clear of that kind of trash.

Betty, is your hair bobbed? Very

close to two thirds of the girls in T. C. U. have bobbed-hair. Betty, this may sound like bluff, but my name appears at the end of this epistle, and I am not hiding any where—I am just enough of a man (there are others here who feel the same way) to jerk up and give the spanking of his life to any pasty-faced, puny-brained, dirty-minded little excuse for a piece of humanity who has the false courage to make the statement that these T. C. U. girls of bobbed-hair are not of the cleanest, most intelligent type of young American womanhood. The girls out here were of the clear eyed and straight, standing kind before they bobbed their hair; and let me assure you that since they clipped the so-called tresses they have deteriorated none in the lives they live.

On the other hand, Betty, I am acquainted with some girls who happen to have bobbed hair who are positively so innocent that they are downright ignorant. Yet there are dumbbells who beat to the winds that a bobbed-haired woman is wild. I agree with the sagacious circus manager who said that a fool is born every minute.

Speaking of short skirts, the shorter the skirt the more freedom of movement for the wearer. The knee dress is healthful, also. The source of all trouble in regard to short skirts is found in no other place than in the evil hands of the would-be libertines who object so stentoriously when their sisters appear in that garb. Your narrow-minded pride might put in a word here also, Betty.

Yes, Betty, I have a sister. Her hair isn't bobbed, but I shall not object if she does cut it.

Betty, here is hoping that you will not in the future run stuff in your columns which might tend to give any Fort Worth institution a black eye, much less Texas Christian University.

BRUCE G. CROSS,  
A "T. C. U. fellow."

"What is your attitude toward women who smoke?"

"One of successful competition," said Mr. Grumpson.

"Yes?"

"When it comes to fumigating the atmosphere a cigarette is practically helpless before a well seasoned pipe that has been used regularly for several years."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

There wasn't any place for the people to go in Neodesha the other day for a few hours. Someone accidentally locked the postoffice door. —Altoona (Mo.) Tribune.

A member of Congress took a taxi one rainy day at the Capitol to proceed to his home in the suburbs.

When he arrived and asked the chauffeur the charge, the latter replied that it was \$4.

"But," protested the congressman, "you are charging me for four miles."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I understand that the distance is only two miles and a half."

"It is as a general thing, sir," assented the driver, "but you see we skidded a lot."—Harper's Magazine.

Orville Wright, at a dinner in Dayton, was reproached for not taking up the challenge of the Smithsonian

Institute that it was Langley, not the Wrights, who was the first to fly.

"The trouble with you, Orville," said a banker, "is that you are too taciturn. You don't assert yourself enough. You should press-agentize more."

"My dear friend," Orville Wright

answered, "the best talker and the worst flyer among the birds is the parrot."—Detroit Free Press.

"Are you doing another book?"  
"No; just a little pamphlet, this time. It is called 'What to do Until the Bootlegger Comes.'"—Cincinnati Times-Star.



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Gordon Baswell  
FLORISTS

EXT to the day of "Orange Blossoms," Commencement Day at the College or the University, is one of the most momentous occasions in a girl graduate's life. A day that inspires bright visions of the future and its anniversary will always recall sweet memories.

What you wear on Commencement Day is not simply for now, but will linger in your memory in the days to come and some of the items of dress will serve as souvenirs of the occasion.

This is an invitation to add to your toilet the correct Slippers and Hosiery, which bear the approval of Dame Fashion and have been assembled here for your choosing. May we serve you?

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Men! See this one in Gray horse with black cordovan saddle, or gray horse with white saddle, or brown with tan saddle.  
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THAT'S another thing that makes Tub Frocks finest for vacation. You know what a damper it puts on good times if you have to be on the lookout continually for fear of damaging your clothes. You needn't give Tub Frocks a second thought. They're always smart and easily tubbed.  
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Delicious and Refreshing  
5¢  
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**ALUMNITEMS**

By BETH COOMBES, A. B.

Ex. '88 Mrs. R. R. Shappard, formerly Miss Mallie Lewis, lives in Anson. She is planning to attend the fiftieth anniversary, June, 1923.  
Ex. '87 Mrs. Hartgrove, Hattie Rue's mother, who lives at Paint Rock, was one of the visiting mothers this week-end. She was miss Cora McKinney when she attended this institution at Tropp Spring.

Ex. '97 Mrs. Lollie Wright, formerly Lollie Broad, lives in Edmond, Okla.

Ex. '06 Mrs. Letha Milroy, formerly Letha Schley, who lives in Brenham was here last week.

Ex. Mrs. Alex Harwood, nee Carrie "Cad" Schley, was here last week. She lives 1606 Velasco, Dallas.

Ex. '10 Mr. Blair Kerr, who was here from Trinity with the baseball boys is a former T. C. U. student.

'15 Mr. E. R. Bentley, A. B., who was winner of the best debaters' medal in '13, vice president Student Body '14, editor Skiff '14, won Reed Oratorical Watch '14, was president Senior class '15, editor Horned Frog, and charter member and president of the Bar association, was here for chapel Wednesday morning. Since leaving this institution he has taught in Savoy, Van Alstyne, Alpine, student teacher in T. C. U., and for three years has been superintendent of public schools in McAllen. Mr. Bentley was state director of National Educational Association in 1917 and recently was appointed by the governor on the Free Text Book Commission. Now he is running for State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Ex. '17 Mrs. M. S. Knoy, formerly Pauline Carter, lives 1009 S. Adams, city.

Ex. '18 Mrs. Milton B. Sleeper, nee Annie Faris, has been given much credit for the rise of a new "Radio King," Milton B. Sleeper, now head of the General Apparatus Company and a power in the radio world. Four years ago they were married and much of his success in that time he attributes to Mrs. Sleeper. In eight years this 26-year-old radio king has risen from shop boy to head of a large manufacturing plant. In the meantime he has found time to edit two magazines, become the author of a dozen books, on radio subjects, and serve six months in the British Royal Flying Corps during the late war. Mr. and Mrs. Sleeper live 180 W. 238th street, New York City.

Ex. '19 Mr. George Kemble who lives 1895 Hurley, is candidate for State representative. George is a senior at the University of Texas this year.

Ex. '19 Mrs. Fred Bramlett, formerly Grace Jones, A. B., now lives 210 Casa Blanca, San Antonio. Her daughter, Gloria, is now four months old.

Ex. '20 Miss Bernice Anderson was married to Mr. Otis White, April 18, at the home of her parents in Cooper. Since a trip to New Orleans immediately after their marriage they, are at home 130 Corsicana, Hillsboro, Texas.

Ex. '21 Miss Minnie Baker who lives 409 Alcalde, Dallas, over for the week-end.

Ex. '21 Miss Vida Jones who lives

in Coleman spent last week end in the dormitory.

Ex. '21 Tom Morrison, who is teaching at Spur was married recently.

Ex. '82 Mr. W. P. Treadwell, formerly of East Point, La., now lives 4803 Columbia avenue, Dallas.

Ex. '84 Mr. Terry L. Baker, who lived in Crawford during Add-Ran days, and later at Stamford, now lives 1413 Akard, Dallas.

Ex. '84 Mrs. W. S. Whaley, formerly Fannie D'Spain, now lives in Cleburne. She has recently sent in a number of addresses of students in Add-Ran.

Ex. '84 Annie Souther who is now Mrs. Havoe lives in Joshua, Texas.

Ex. '85 Mrs. Boggess who was Beulah Bush is now doing Y. W. C. A. work in Wichita Falls and lives 1200 Indiana.

Ex. '85 Mrs. Tom Irby who was Susie Graham, lives 719 W. Third, city. She has as her guest Mrs. C. I. Bedford from Plains, Texas. Mrs. Bedford was Lura Irby before her marriage.

Ex. '85 Mrs. J. M. Barrow, formerly Ophelia Jenkins, now lives in Stacey, Texas.

Ex. '88 Bob Homan, formerly of Caldwell, now has the Homan Sanatorium in El Paso, Texas.

Ex. '89 Mrs. R. L. Moulden, formerly Mattie Dabney of Thorp Spring, now lives in McKinney.

Ex. '93 Mr. Homer D. Wade, who is secretary of the Stamford Chamber of Commerce sent in a number of new addresses recently. He and Mrs. Wade celebrated their 24th anniversary May 18. They are planning to be here June '23 for T. C. U.'s fiftieth anniversary celebration.

Ex. '93 Mr. R. J. Clanton who is a druggist in Dallas lives 5307 Hudson.

Ex. '83 Mr. Cicero Hall, formerly of Thorp Spring, now lives in Sanger, Cal.

Ex. '93 Mr. R. M. Scott is now living in Dallas where he is practicing to the faculty members. A litigious law. He offices in the W. Indemnity building.

Ex. '94 Miss Elma Childs is Mrs. W. R. Ferguson. Mr. Ferguson also attended this institution in '93. They live 1004 Broad and are the parents of Robert, who is in school here now and Audrey, who is Mrs. Henry Gamble of Canyon, Texas.

Ex. '99 Mrs. O. K. Phillips of Rockdale, mother of Lottie Mae, who is now in school, was here for the week-end. She was formerly Bessie Sims.

Ex. 15 Miss Johnnie Hudson formerly of Arlington, Texas, is now Mrs. Emmett Ditto and lives 2216 Lipscomb, city.

Ex. '18 Mr. Mark Frederick who lives 2016 Hurley Ave., was a week-end visitor.

Ex. '21 Miss Helen Tucker is now Mrs. Bud Tempell and lives at the Lucerne apartments.

Ex. '21 Mr. J. Wylie Harris was over Sunday from Dallas where he is attending S. M. U. He lives Phi Alpha House.

'21 Miss Florence Durrett, A. B., returned Thursday from El Paso, where she has been visiting for the past six weeks. She saw a real bull fight at Juarez while out there. Florence lives 500 Lipscomb.

**DR. NAAHUM.**

Dear Friends,

I know that you will read with the deepest regret that this is the last of my series of articles for your paper. I am going to work on Dr. Littlefield's theory about producing life from salt. If he can produce life in miniature then why cannot I or any one else who knows the science of the thing produce a man natural size. If Dr. Littlefield will consent to work with me, I should be glad to permit him the honor, but if he declines to do so, then my old fellow-worker Dr. Fraud and I will take upon ourselves the stupendous task. As soon as I have my man going well, just to show you how much I appreciate your kind reception of my articles, I will send him to T. C. U. to make a talk in chapel. I am sure you would be glad to hear him, and he will be every bit as big a freak as most chapel talkers are. And since he will certainly be as dry as any. Of course, I am taking for granted that my experiments will be successful. But enough of Dr. Littlefield and his salt men. I must get down to the article for today. It is to be, you probably remember, on Cephalopactor, the coming science of the age.

You remember that I said last time that it was in a way related to Chiropractor. That is true thus far; that Chiropractor works on the spine while we, the Cephalopactors, work on the head. The Chiropractors are right as far as they have gone, but they have not gone far enough. Is the spinal column the center of life? No! The brain is the center of life! Then why waste time working on the mere transmission wires when the main power-house is out of fix. Get at the root of the trouble. When something is wrong with the battery of a car do you go to the wiring to the spark plugs to fix it? Certainly not! Then why go to the spinal chord when the real matter is in the brain.

Well, then, you know, or should, that the skull which encloses the brain is not one solid bone, as one might be led to believe, but is made up of several bones, as the nasal, parietal, occipital, frontal, temporal,

palatine, etc. Now our theory is very deep, so get ready to do some thinking.

Now you know from my last article that the senses and functions of the brain are grouped in so-called centers. Well, one of these bones of the skull will slip out of place a little and will cause a pressure upon, or will actually pinch sometimes the brain. If it happens to pinch the stomach center, you immediately become violently sick at the stomach. See? Simple, isn't it. It is simple as Chiropractor, and much more sensible! All you have to know to be an expert Cephalopactor is the location of the various centers. You know Chiropractor schools require an expert blacksmith or carpenter to take a six weeks course. Why waste six weeks? We can give you one of our charts with the centers of the brain all marked out, for only twenty dollars. You can learn all there is about Cephalopactor in a week. And besides that we do something that no Chiropractor school in the country will do for its students. We supply our students with a list of questions such as exponents of all new sciences will likely be asked by men of the older, hide-bound schools. You know these questions are very annoying unless you can answer them right off. We send you these questions, which are questions which have been asked us by men who wished to tear down our theories. As soon as you are able to answer them all, send us the answers, and

we will send by return mail our handsome chart of the brain, a certificate for your work with us, and a picture of us, the founders of the great science you represent. These will be things you will be proud to show your friends, rivals, and customers when they visit your office. I hope I have made the science of Cephalopactor perfectly plain to you all, and I hope you may realize the unequalled opportunities it offers the young man who has no training for a business or professional life. Our theory is straight, although, like the Chiropractors, we have no means to prove it, other than a miraculous chain of cures which we have effected. Hoping to hear from any of you, I beg to remain, yours,

DR. NAAHUM.  
MOTHERS DAY.

Mother, I am so glad God has Permitted us to be together, On this, the honored Mother's Day Now, we can talk things over And I can tell you, my dear mother, How much I love you, and, That you are to me as the Bright star of the East Which guided the Wise Men To the crib where Jesus lay. I can find no words to express What I have in my heart to say, mother But just repeat over and over: "I love you."  
—Ermine Hawkins.

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The timeliness of the many reductions we have made in our Ready-to-Wear Department will appeal to every woman who is planning her vacation needs now, for opportunity has joined hands with fashion to make this a most satisfying time to select one's wear for the months of sunshine yet to come.

**50 COATS AT HALF PRICE**

These are our Coats taken from regular stock and are fashioned in the latest stylings and colors in materials such as polo, camel's hair, tweeds, tricotines and Poiret twills. Sizes 14 to 42—

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**Silk Wraps Reduced One-Fourth**

This is your chance to get a lovely cape of Canton Crepe, Crepe Rene, Jacquards or Taffeta, lined with Chiffon, Georgette or Canton Crepe, in some contrasting color. All sizes. Choice Less One-Fourth.

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Up to \$119.50 Coat Suits are reduced to...\$59.50

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There are but 45 of these handsome dinner, afternoon and evening dresses, fashioned of the highest grade materials, with exquisite beaded or hand embroidered effects. The sizes range from 16 to 40 and include many French imports. Former prices were as high as \$149.50. Take your choice Monday at \$55.00.

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*W. C. Stripling Co.*

### EDDIE WEEMS PLEADS FOR FEWER HOUNDS IN TCU DORMITORIES

By Eddie Weems.

Only a few centuries ago the domesticated dog of today was a wolf running over the boundless prairies. Even those who have an aversion to evolution must admit that this is true. Just where and when the evolution of the dog will end, nobody knows. If he continues to develop for the next ten thousand years, it is possible that he will become an animal that will be of some use to man.

Two generations ago nobody would have thought of sending a dog to school, not believing that he could be educated, but today dogs in school are numerous. There are nearly as many dogs in T. C. U. as there are other students. The condition is fast growing worse, and the students should arise en masse and protest to the Board. If the Board does not segregate the dogs the students ought to leave and go to a school that is not dog-educational.

The colored race and the whites in Texas are separated, and it is the opinion of the writer that the dogs and whites should also be separated. The Board should either put the dogs out of the dormitories and build kennels for them, or it should leave them in the dormitories and erect other buildings for the boys and girls.

On the T. C. U. hill one sees dogs of every description. There are old dogs, young dogs, big dogs, little dogs, and middle-sized dogs—nearly every kind of a dog is represented here. There are curs, bull dogs, terriers, spaniels, bird dogs, and numberless other kinds of dogs that are just dogs, and whose pedigrees cannot be ascertained. When a stranger comes to T. C. U. he is embarrassed, for two of three of these pesky creatures invariably trail him all over the campus, sniffing at his heels. If he is in a car, they chase him, and bark as if they were running a coyote. Also, these yelping animals distract the students from their studies. Dog fights occur almost daily around the buildings, and every time that they happen the boys throw down their books, run to the windows, and watch the canines bite each other with their wicked teeth. At night every dog on the hill forgets that he is a domesticated animal and reverts to his wild life. He sits on his tail, looks up at the

moon and howls mournfully. No student can study when he is disturbed every night by "the call of the wild."

How are we to get rid of these dogs?

A number of methods might be suggested. The condition would be greatly improved if those students who are so fond of dogs were forbidden to keep more than one of the growling creatures. This also should apply to the faculty members. A better method, however, would be to prohibit all students from bringing their dogs to school, as one student has as much right to keep a dog as another. Inasmuch as the students have self-government, it would probably be best for them to attend to this. The writer would suggest that a bounty of one dollar be paid for each dog's scalp. This not only would decrease the number of dogs, but it would be the means by which a number of the poor students could defray their expenses through the university.

#### IN MEMORY OF ARTHUR HYDE'S WHISKERS:

He cut 'em off, he yanked 'em off,  
He chewed 'em off, chopped 'em off,  
But still his whiskers grew!  
He saw'd 'em off, whacked 'em off,  
He pulled 'em out, and burnt 'em off,  
But still he has a few.

#### Beatitudes.

Blessed are the knockers, for theirs is the kingdom of scorn.

Blessed are the ignorants, for they shall have many companions.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall escape demerits.

Blessed are they who do receive a box from home, for they shall be filled.

Blessed are those who have sisters for they shall obtain exercise without taking gym.

Blessed are they that ride ponies for they shall receive good grades.

Blessed are they which do visit,

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#### THE EVOLUTION OF A MODERN NOVEL.

By Herbert S. Talbot, Rarimouth '25

Arthur Ranton was an author,  
An author—he said so himself,  
He wrote several books  
About heroes and crooks  
Which decayed on the bookseller's shelf.

And Arthur could not understand  
Why his volumes were not in demand.

Poor Arthur grew thinner and thinner—  
Was losing each time that he weighed.

For the publishers told  
That when books were not sold,  
There could hardly be royalties paid.  
But Arthur could not understand  
Why his books were in such slight demand.

Now Art had a business-man uncle,  
A man who was portly and stout.

The trouble all lay,  
He'd repeatedly say,  
"In what those damn' books are about."

For Uncle could not understand  
How such books could be in demand.

"That stuff is old-fashioned," he muttered,  
"My press agents might help you some."

Art, advised by these sages,  
Wrote four hundred pages  
Discussing the life of a bum.  
But said he could not understand  
How the novel might be in demand.

The agents replied very curtly,  
"Oh, we know the darn thing is rank,  
But the good public will  
Have a genuine thrill.  
When we shout 'it's amazingly frank,'  
Sweet youth, you do not understand  
What the public to-day does demand."

Now that book is undoubtedly rotten,  
Lacking structure, or style, or a plot.  
The ideas are wrong,  
It's a great deal too long.

Yet the sales have gone up like a shot.  
And its readers cannot understand  
Why that book is in such great demand.

Could bathe and rest and proclaim,  
That the fountain of youth is lost to all  
Who go in search of fame.

#### "THE TALE OF THE TRINITY" By J. W. ARCHER.

Conceived in the heart of mother earth

A sparkling, bubbling spring,  
Cradled in ferns prepared for my birth,

A new tale to the world I bring.  
A tale of youth, ambitious and strong

Conquering, climbing to fame;  
A tale of age, regretting the wrong  
Done to make great a name.

Spurred by the tales brought to my nook,  
By the wild geese going north;

A gentle, youthful, singing brook,  
Into the world I sallied forth.

I've carved my name in the hall of fame;  
Through cities and valleys and hills.

I've swallowed the weak—the babbling creek,  
For the strength to run men's mills.

The city light is gained from my flight  
Beside its ponderous walls.

Men fought on my shore till steeped in their gore,  
Their life's blood softly falls.

I've given to thousands their livelihood,  
And hundreds I have drowned;

In search of blood I have raised in flood  
Till king of floods I'm crowned.

I've journeyed life through to the end;  
There's none so great as I,

But I've heard at last the voice of the king—  
"Trinity you must die."

I'm swallowed up in his vastness,  
In his arms my strength is bereft;

My conqueror is the ocean,  
The conqueror of man is death.

I must say in shame that men seek fame,  
And as they pass through life—

They fight the strong and trample the weak,  
And glory in the strife.

But the strongest willed and the richest  
Must face the last great call,

The brave, the meek, the strong, the weak,  
At the throne of death must fall.

Oh it's great to be the Trinity,  
But could I live again,

I'd remain a brook in some quiet nook  
And be a friend to men.

The bird, the beast, and the traveler