

COWBOYS 0
FROGS 16

THE SKIFF

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

VOLUME 22

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, OCTOBER 16, 1923

NUMBER 5

FROGS WALLOP COWBOYS 16---0

TWO ARE CHOSEN BY COMMITTEE ON RHODES AWARD

Ivan Alexander and Walter Tomlinson were selected by the committee on education to represent T. C. U. in trying out for the Rhodes scholarship. The committee met during the past week and decided to take advantage of their privilege of sending more than one recommendation. Therefore, one student, Alexander, was chosen from the science department, and the other, Tomlinson, from the liberal arts department.

This latest decision of the committee gives T. C. U. two chances instead of one at sending the Texas representative to Oxford. These two names will be placed before the general committee of Texas October 27 and will compete with representatives from such schools as State University, S. M. U., Baylor University, Southwestern, Rice and probably others. The last count will be taken on December 23 and the fortunate candidate will receive three years' instruction in Oxford University, Oxford, England. He will be provided with an annual stipend of approximately \$1,750, and is allowed to choose any course of study which he may desire.

JARVIS IS HOST TO SING SONG

"Sing a, Sing a, Sing a Little C. E. Song" was the motto last Wednesday night when the whole student body gathered in front of Jarvis for an old time sing-song. The porch was well lighted—the piano brought forth from the parlor, song copies passed out and the fun began. Charles Mohle was leading the sing-song which would have been incomplete without Edna Thompson at the piano and Henry Elkins there with his violin.

With a spirit that "those who can sing and won't sing ought to be sent to Sing-Sing" all mundane worries were cast aside and jolly fellowship reigned. In fact, some went so far as to forget the ninth commandment. Special reference is hereby made to Vashiti Green who is indeed an artist when it comes to "telling 'em."

C. E. songs set to popular music, rousing convention songs and clever "pantomime songs" filled the night air on T. C. U. campus. "Sam Brown's Baby" is still being doctored in Jarvis and though "Harry Has Just Come Back From the Front" he seems to have stopped right there without any hopes of getting any further. Echoes of these songs can still be heard here and there which all goes to show that Mr. Mohle has an ear for catchy music.

Following a short pageant a yell went up from the audience, not as applause for the playlet, but for the "cats" which was the concluding number on the program. The cakes tasted like those mother used to try to bake and the apples—well, they would have tempted Eve!

Such a pleasant evening does not just happen of its own accord. It requires the talent of a social committee chairman like Sarah Williams to "put it across" and sometimes even more than that, the help of Mrs. Hart and Wayne Newcomb.

T. C. U. Students Will Broadcast

The program over WBAP Friday night, October 19, from 9:30 to 10:30 o'clock, will be given by T. C. U. The program will be given by the Stringed Quartet, the Men's Glee club, the Glee Club orchestra, Nimmo Goldstein, baritone; Marie Bauch, pianist, and Henry Elkins, violinist. The student body and faculty are invited to listen in.

Keep It Up

The whole gang showed their old pep and true spirit at Panther Park Saturday, but—remember the season has just begun. Our worst game is yet to come. Our true pep, sportsmanship and loyalty is yet to be shown. The yell leaders could not have asked you to have done more, and they appreciate it. On next Saturday we will have a chance to avenge the defeat the Hill Billies administered to us last year. This is as much your fight as it is the football team's. We have no cinch on the game, but as long as we have the pep there is no danger of the result.

Come to those pep meetings, and "Down with the Hill Billies!"

DOBIE TELLS OLD LEGENDS

"I do not profess to tell the truth at all times, for I tell legends," said Dr. J. Frank Dobie, head of the English department in the University of Oklahoma and secretary of the Texas Folklore Society, in his lecture on "Texas Folklore" in the chapel of T. C. U. Thursday, October 11. "A legend has a historical foundation, is delivered by word of mouth from generation to generation, but always retains a grip on the people."

Dobie told many interesting legends, one of which is about Eagle Lake.

"There is a legend about Eagle Lake that explains why the lake was called after the tree where every year eagles build their nest. Across from this tree there was a tribe of Indians. The daughter of the chief was wanted by two members of the tribe, a young warrior and an old warrior. The chief said that the one who would climb this tree and bring down the young eaglets alive could have his daughter. Each went to the tree and started the ascent while the tribe looked on. During the climb the young warrior, who had succeeded in getting the young eaglets was pushed from the tree and fell to the earth. He died at once. Immediately the young daughter threw herself into the lake and was never found alive again. The two bodies were buried at the foot of the tree and ever since the lake has been called for the tree."

He told of the origin of the names of many Texas places. He said:

"Texas has an unusually large amount of legends, and the largest group groups itself around places. There are at least four on the naming of the Brazos river. Brazos means 'Arms of God' and each legend ends with the naming of the river because of its protection. Corpus Christi means 'Body of Christ' and received its name in much the same manner as the Brazos river. The legend about the San Antonio river is that it started from a spring that was discovered by pulling up a grapevine. This was supposed to have been the answer to a prayer for water during one of the dry spells in Texas."

Dobie was brought and presented by the four literary societies.

—Get Centenary—

ALL ABOARD!

The fastest and cheapest trip ever made around the world will be started at 7:30 p. m. Friday, November 9, and finished the same night at 10:30 o'clock. The ship will leave the New Orleans port for various cities on the Gulf of Mexico, from there to South America, across that continent to the Pacific Ocean where another ship will take up the relay and speed to Japan and China.

Watch next week's Skiff to see what other countries you will have the opportunity of seeing that night. Also sit up and take notice from now on to the chapel announcements, for thereby will you learn the price, the when and the where of these "round trip" tickets.

"Do not put off until tomorrow what you should do today." Make your reservation now! Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded!

For reservations see Leslie Chambers or Sarah Williams.

—Get Centenary—

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HILLBILLY CREW WILL TAKE ON FROGS HERE SATURDAY

"No hill too steep for a Hillbilly" is the well intended Daniel Baker motto which their footballists will attempt to prove to the Frogs' dismay next Saturday when the two teams will clash. Whether the figure was deliberately aimed at T. C. U. which is built on a hill, or whether it was just a happen-so may never be known, but it must be considered that Matty Bell and his hustlers have gotten together a hill that seems at present to be proof to all varieties of billy goats.

Both teams before going into action will be read the account of last year's game in which the Frogs were beaten 13 to 21. The attentive Frogs will have recalled to their memories the reason for last year's disaster when the Billies, thoroughly down but not out, took advantage of Frog overconfidence and put across two touchdowns in the last five minutes of play, thereby winning the game. The inquisitive Hillbillies will hear the account and will learn what fight will do even in the face of a big score. If both teams give proper heed the probable result will be that the Frogs will not show the overconfidence which ruined them last year, and that the Hillbillies will have their full quota of fight.

Hillbilly journalists seem to think their team has better prospects this year than ever before and after taking due allowance for journalistic overenthusiasm it must still be admitted that they are likely to make T. C. U. step. Their only real game so far was a 12 to 0 win over East Texas Teachers College last Thursday. While the victory was certainly not as auspicious seasonal opening as it might have been, it seems logical that the Billies will do some rapid improving in the interim between that game and the coming one for their coach will profit by every mistake made last Thursday and the team will be a vastly improved one when it faces the Frogs.

Weight Is Even.

The "tonnage" of the two teams is almost exactly the same, with the figures slightly in favor of the enemy. T. C. U.'s entire lineup, if it is the same as in the last game, will weigh 1,901 pounds, while Coach Gillfillan's eleven make up 1,907 pounds of good hard goat meat. Six pounds of difference distributed over eleven men is the same as no difference at all and the teams will be unusually well matched in poundage. Herman Clark, "infant" football prodigy of the Frogs, will have the unusual experience of being opposed by a quarterback smaller than himself. Clark only weighs 145 but Flack, who apparently has cinched quarterback with Daniel Baker, is a 125-pounder, five feet six inches tall, and is only 17 years old. He will have Clark badly "out-prodiged" but will have to show a lot of stuff if he keeps up to the football standard that Clark set in the Simmons game.

Last Year's Nemesis.

Pluto LeMay, who spelled defeat for the Frogs last year, will try to repeat in Saturday's affair. The local boy, famed not only for football but for the huge quid that he always carries through the hottest of fights, has spat tobacco juice during many a hard tussle with T. C. U., both on the grid and diamond, and will be one of the Frogs' big problems. He was all-association fullback last season.

The probable Daniel Baker lineup with position, name, number and weight:

End, Denny (captain), 25-175; fullback, LeMay, 6-185; guard, Coke, 1-188; guard, Stringer, F., 20-192; center, Irby, 24-175; half, Stringer, E., 10-165; end, Vernon, 18-180; tackle, Smith, 4-183; tackle, Bragg, 23-180; half, Meritt, 3-160; quarterback, Flack, 7-125.

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The Reward of Revenge

As surely as man seeks his own revenge, he is rewarded in double kind. Leroy Gordon has discovered this idea, and in his thrilling story, "The Boomerang of Revenge," has given us something of his view of revenge and its consequences. A boomerang is treacherous in that it may circle back and hit the one who first sent it on its journey. Watch the effects of the boomerangs thrown by Bill (Machine) Rhea and Tornado. Page two of this issue carries the first installment of this thriller.

Add-Ran-Clarks to Foster Play

The Add-Ran-Clark Literary societies will present "At the End of the Rainbow," a college play, next Friday night at 8 o'clock in the chapel of the main building. There will be no admission, and the entire student body is most cordially invited to attend.

The scenes of the play are located in a college town. The men are practicing for a football game with a rival college and much interest in the outcome is shown. It develops that Douglas Brown, a football star from another locality, is in town on business connected with his father's estate, and to distract attention enters the college. Phyllis Lane induces him to play with the team at the request of the captain, thus creating a romance.

Robert Preston, a lawyer, secretly loves Marion Dayton, his client, and she reciprocates. He entrusts the combination of his safe to her and tells her of a packet of important papers lying in it. Louise Ross and her mother, Mrs. Brown, stepmother of Douglas, learn that a second will, disinheriting them, has been found and is among the papers in Preston's safe.

But too much of the plot is being revealed. Come! See for yourself. You know that seeing a play acted is much more interesting than hearing it told. But here's the list of characters:

Dorothy Reed, director; Marylee Pinkerton, assistant director; Tom Morrison, Douglas Brown; Hubert Robison, Jack; Philip Ayres, Ted; Carlos Ashley, Palmer; Morris Parker, Robert; Roush Baxter, Dick; Millicent Keeble, Marion; Tyler Wilkerson, Phyllis; Angelina Thompson, Marie; Mary Belle Sams, Nell; Maynette Moffett, Louise; Mary Louise Lawrence, Mrs. Brown; Lucille Weaver, Kathleen; Katherine Hagler, "Imp"; Dorothy LeMond, Emily; Elizabeth Wayman, Molly; Carol Jim Roberts, Polly; Frances Wayman, Elsie; Mabel Mills, Marjorie.

—Beat S. M. U.—

LOCAL PREACHER TALKS TO CHAPEL

By drawing a comparison between human life and the life of a seed, Dr. McConnell, pastor of Broadway Presbyterian church of Fort Worth, who addressed the Tuesday chapel, showed that effort must be spent, just as the seed is spent, in order that the capabilities might be developed to their highest capacities. He said that we must spend energy, both mental and physical, if we expected to increase our energy. The hoarded seed wasted away, so he said, but the buried seed died and then lived again.

—Beat S. M. U.—

Y. M. C. A. Announces Thursday Meeting

The following program will be given by the Y. M. C. A. Thursday night in the Clark Hall parlor at 7:10 o'clock:

Leader, Nimmo Goldstein; welcome, Eugene Briseoc; response, Harry Campbell; devotional, Harvey Redford; special number, Henry Elkins; speaker, Edwin A. Elliot; benediction.

All old men come and bring a new man with you. This is an organization for every man in T. C. U. and we want every fellow to have his part in making this the best "Y" this year T. C. U. has ever had.

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—Beat Daniel Baker—

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—Beat Daniel Baker—

—Beat Daniel Baker—

—Beat Daniel Baker—

FROGS RUSH SIMMONS IN FIRST MINUTES OF PLAY AND SHOW NO MERCY; GOAL NEVER IN DANGER

"Patience waits long and we are patient" has been about the only communication the Frogs have been able to give to gloating Simmons Cowboys since 1921, but the Frogs have found a shorter and more satisfying answer which will chill all Simmons remarks for many days to come. The words "T. C. U. 16, Simmons 0—1923" came true Saturday and, in the minds of Frogs, offer convincing proof to Cowboys as well as all other T. I. A. A. members, that T. C. U. is at last definitely out of T. I. A. A. class and will remain so unless Coach Bell quits, the college fails, or some other such improbability should happen.

NEW BAND AT COMING GAME

The newly organized band, under the direction of James King, was organized this week and will play "That Old T. C. U. Team" and "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" Saturday at the game with Daniel Baker at Panther Park.

The band is open to every student in school. If the band is a success, Mr. Dan Rogers will see to it that every man has a snappy uniform and the band will get to go to Dallas and Houston and on other trips with the football team. The members of the band to date are: Director, Mr. James King; cornets, Clinton Hackney, Edwin Boone and Randolph Scott; saxophones, Leslie Chambers, Frank Bowser, Allen True and Morris Parker; trombones, Lyle Wilkerson, J. E. Roberts and Ben Halsell; clarinette, Shirley Collins; baritone, Henry Elkins; bass, Dick Gaines and Chester Fowler, altos, Sam King and Charles Burnette.

PEP SQUAD IS PICKED

Charles Coombes, head yell leader, and his assistants, Frances Wayman and Kathryn (Babe) Haden, have been whipping the T. C. U. rosters into shape for the past two weeks. Two special "pep" meetings have been held, each on a Friday night, and practically every night from 6:30 to 7 o'clock has been devoted to learning new yells and becoming better acquainted with the 'old. Coombes has also organized a good pep squad, composed of 12 boys and 12 girls. Johnnie Roberts, physical director for the men, has charge of training the squad special stunts to be given between halves.

The following is the corps of boys to make the pep squad: Anderson brothers, Browser, Collins, Bush, Knight, Jacobs, McElroy, Harris, Cunningham, Holland, McCorkel, Crews and Charlie Coombes, leader.

The girls to make the squad are: Betty Evans, Edna Hill, Mary Helen Paine, Kathryn Ellington, Elizabeth Dutton, Peggy Tibbets, Katherine Penn, Mary Leslie White, Jewell Roan, Alice Taylor, Martha Barnum and Chowning Moore, leader.

—Beat Daniel Baker—

Ministerial Association

Mission, October 16, 1923. Song leader, Bessie May Rogers. Devotional, Katherine Schultz. Sermon, Albert Burns. Benediction, Roy Calmes. Ministerial Association meeting October 23, 1923.

Song leader, Randolph Scott (substitute, Erwin Montgomery). Prayer, Sarah Williams (substitute, Etta Williams). Sermon No. 1, Roy Calmes (substitute, Winnie Williams). Sermon No. 2, Leslie Chambers (substitute, Sybil Smith).

Critic, praise and delivery, Harvey Redford (substitute, C. B. Mohle). Critic, content or sermon material, E. R. McWilliams (substitute, Annie Lou Kenshalo).

Benediction, May Kemp (substitute, Archie Gee).

—Beat S. M. U.—

—Beat S. M. U.—

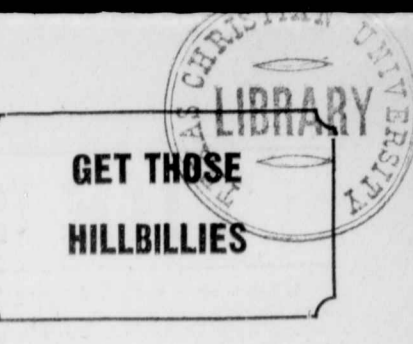
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(Continued on Page 4)

THE SKIFF

A newspaper published every Tuesday afternoon by the Students of Texas Christian University. Devoted to the art of broadcasting the common message while it is still news. Pledged to the support of high ideals. Committed to a true reflection of the progress of the University in such a way that the people inside and outside of its walls may know that T. C. U. is a center of real and broadening culture.

THE EXECUTIVE STAFF
 NIMMO GOLDSTON Editor
 SAM PACE Associate Editor
 WILLIAM IRVINE Assistant Editor
 AGNES BRADFORD, ERNEST GEORGE, BEDFORD SMITH Reporters
 KARL MUELLER Business Manager
 ERWIN MONTGOMERY Circulation Manager

REPORTORIAL STAFF
 May Kemp, Ethel Kemp, Ruth Dacus, Mayme Garner, Granville Knox, Bessie Mae Rogers.

CONTRIBUTING STAFF THIS ISSUE
 Erwin Montgomery, Charles Coombes, Henry Elkins, Sarah Williams, Harvey Redford, Leroy Gordon.

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PROPHETIC RETROSPECTION

The T. C. U. team has won its second victory of the season. The first, against Oklahoma A. & M., was by a hair's breadth, the score being 7-6, while the second, against the Simmons Cowboys, was won by a safe margin, 16-0. Although neither of these scores was heavy, yet they have proven to the minds of the students, as well as to Fort Worth, that T. C. U. has a coach of no mean ability at the head of her teams.

Neither game showed any great spectacular playing from single members of the team, but rather left a person with the feeling that something revolutionary was going on within the rank and file of the old T. C. U. team. Some showed up better, possibly, than others, but no one man stood out above his fellows so far that he could be proclaimed the greatest of all T. C. U.'s players. It might be mentioned also that many mistakes were made, and several rough places need smoothing out, but only by mistakes does one learn to overcome same. There is no doubt but that Coach Bell will straighten these things out before our game with Daniel Baker. Each game should show fewer and fewer flaws, and by this method does a team work toward perfection.

One thing is becoming outstanding, and that is the fact that the Frogs are fighting. One fault characteristic with the T. C. U. team in the last two or three years has been the lack of fight in the second half. However, this habit is slowly being brought out by Coach Bell, and by the middle of the season we will probably see the Frogs doing their hardest fighting in the second half.

The old T. C. U. team has still the larger part of the season before it, but if it continues the steady climb, as witnessed by the past two games, nothing can stop its terrible on-rushing drive. Someone said before the opening of the season that T. C. U. had seen her greatest day in football, but "ye Editor" cannot but feel that T. C. U. has yet to see her master team, and this in no more than a year or two.

THE COWBOY BAND

The spirit of Simmons could never have been better manifested than it was by its band on Saturday, even though there had been several hundred rooters along to cheer the team. With only a handful of students and a band of at least twenty-five pieces, the true spirit of the College was expressed, and impressed the hundreds of T. C. U. backers most favorably. Their friendly rivalry in vieing with the T. C. U. rooters as noise makers showed the genteel sportsmanship of the Westerners.

The Cowboys had a band, and a good one. They played with a confidence that spoke of much work and preparation on the part of the band boys. When they broke forth with a good lively air, the effect upon both teams was noticeable. The way those fellows would lead the T. C. U. rooters in on "The Old T. C. U. Song" for a few lines, and then completely demoralize them by changing to "The Old Grey Mare," was, to say the least, ludicrous. On the part of the Simmonites, it was merely an evidence of their spirit of fun, but to those among the Frog backers who took time to reflect, it showed that great need of a band in T. C. U.

Mr. Smiser, in his chapel talk a few days ago, expressed the true sentiment of everyone who wants to see T. C. U. have a band. The game with Simmons, with their Cowboy band, drove the whole matter straight home, and the question just naturally looms up: "Why cannot T. C. U., with all the material within her walls, have a good band?" Simmons College, with probably an enrollment of four or five hundred, puts out a band of twenty-five or thirty pieces. What could T. C. U., with an enrollment of over seven hundred, do if those who have the ability to play would back Mr. Smiser's proposition?

Students, this game shows the need of a band in T. C. U. The school promises uniforms to the band members, and will probably send the band on the football trips to Dallas and Houston if it is prepared to "deliver the goods" by that time. At the first meeting of the band, nineteen men reported, but T. C. U. is capable of putting out a larger band than that. If you can play any kind of wind instrument do not hold back or hesitate, but get into the band. It is not only a privilege to be a member of a good band, but it is also the patriotic duty of every student, who can, to try out for that band. Let's go! Get behind those boys who are out there on the field fighting for the honor and glory of the Purple and White, and help them win those games!!

SOCIETY LOYALTY VS. SCHOOL LOYALTY

Loyalty is a faculty worth possessing, and nothing is greater than Society loyalty. But we sometimes allow these things to get the better of our good judgment. We are also prone to permit our patriotism to come between us and our friends in personal quarrels and spitefulness. However, we ask if this, after all, is true loyalty or false?

Many things occur which tend to lower the high standards and purposes of the Literary Societies when the organization is placed above all else. The Literary Society is of vast importance when it is carried out according to the original plans, but it can become a menace when it is used as a means of personal gain. After all, the Society should never be made more important than the school itself. We should be for T. C. U. first and for Shirley, Add-Ran, Clark, or Walton some other time.

Many accusations are made by each society against the others, and more or less truth can be found in all of them. But why any accusations at all? We hear it said that this Society or that Society is trying to put its members in all the public offices and that they are accomplishing things in one underhanded way or another. Many others are brought to light in the course of the year.

The person who is not large enough to think in terms of his school as a whole, but must always think through the channels of the Societies, is hardly large enough to even be a member of a Society. Nothing shows up a person's narrowness much quicker than his or her attitude toward those in the rival Societies.

As it happens, the Skiff is represented equally, as one manager is Shirley and the other Add-Ran. Whether this fact was taken into consideration when the managers were elected or not is of little import at present. But the Skiff would like to outline a platform as concerning Literary Societies. We consider ourselves above all petty jealousies and prejudices so far as the

"The BOOMERANG OF REVENGE"

Le Roy Gordon
 Author of "Wild Outs"

Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.—Romans 12:17-19.

CHAPTER ONE.

"On a June Night."
 On the corner of a narrow, dirty street, lined by forsaken, weather-beaten shacks and sickly-pale lights, is a low saloon and dive called "The Place."

On a certain night in the month of June, two men, one tall and heavy, with a rough, yet kindly, face; the other short, powerful and quick of action, sat in the corner farthest from the door, talking idly over a scarred little cardtable.

"Rolf," the big man said, "tomorrow's a great day for me." The one addressed nodded, but did not reply. "I am the happiest man on this earth tonight. Tornado won't have a chance with me tomorrow. And then, Rolf, after the fight, do you know what's gonna happen?"

"No," with a questioning frown. "Vida and me is gonna get married! Ain't it enough for one day?" The big man chuckled happily. "Might be too much, Machine," he finally said. "How in thunder do you figure it?" blurted the other, surprised at his friend's reply.

"Is Vida gonna be at the fight tomorrow?" Rolf asked, disregarding Machine's question.

"Sure thing."
 "Think she won't make you—sorta nervous?"

"Nervous? No!" he snorted. "She's be there expecting me to whip him. Why, man," he almost shouted. "I'll murder that guy. I'll kill him!" bringing his fist down with a bang upon the rickety table.

"You've got the license, I reckon," Rolf said.

"Sure. I didn't want to leave it till tomorrow."

"Good thing. Got a ring?"

"No. I couldn't. I ran out of dough. I had so much to get. I wanted to get her a nice one, and as I didn't have the coin, I'll have to wait till after the fight."

Rolf merely grunted and resumed staring past Machine toward the open door of the saloon.

The ragged, half-drunken pianist sipped from the bar to his place or the piano stool, flung his mop of black hair back with one dirty hand, and commenced to bang viciously on the rickety old piano. The floor was soon crowded with dancers, shuffling, whirling, writhing, in close embrace.

A girl—the mere ghost of a girl that had been, half-dressed, half-drunken, half-dead, glided over to the table in the farthest corner and, placing a pale, skinny hand on the shoulder of each man, motioned with her head toward the dance floor. Rolf glanced questioningly at Machine, who shook his head grimly.

"Go away," Rolf growled, pushing her back.

After a minute of musing, Machine spoke. "Vida's a fine little girl, ain't she, Rolf? Good and clean, and not like that there," motioning with a jerk of his thumb to the girl who had just left them and who stood nearby, puffing idly at a cigarette.

"Vida's too damn good for me, after the life I've lived. She's kept straight and clean. I've been a down-and-out, a bum, a slum-rat. But I'm going to go straight. I could go through hell without a drop of water for her!" And again he fell silent, content with staring at the dirty swinging-lamp over his head and dreaming of the morrow and what it promised to bring.

Two hours later, as Rolf and Machine pushed open the greasy swinging doors and stepped up the worn cement steps to the sidewalk, two other men entered the Place. Machine, with his eyes on the stars, did not notice, but Rolf, ever alert, turned and peered after them as they pushed through the mob of dancers and loungers to the bar.

"Tornado and Crook!" he ex-

claimed in a half-whisper. "Where?" asked Machine, brought suddenly from his trance by Rolf's words.

"In 'The Place. They just passed us as we came out."
 "Huh!" Machine grunted. "They can stay all night, as far as I care. Things look good for us tomorrow, eh?" he chuckled.

Machine and Rolf strolled listlessly along the dark street under the star-lit June sky until they arrived at an outside stairway leading to the second floor of an unpainted, weatherbeaten structure that bore a sign reading, "Apartments."

"Gosh, ain't this a peach of a night?" Machine whispered. "How I hate to climb into that hot-stuffy, little loft to sleep on a night like this."
 "Better cut out the sentiment and get to bed for a good night's rest," Rolf cut in sharply.

They climbed the squeaky stairs together and halted on the landing at the top. While Machine fumbled in his pocket for the key, Rolf asked:

African Golf

By AL B. NELSON.

Five coal black niggers with heavy scowls All sat together, cheek and jowl. The ivory cubes rolled, and the losers growled, But the winner rose with a gleeful howl.

"Roll dem bones, sah,
 Hear dem a-clicken.
 Roll dem bones, sah,
 Buy mah baby chicken."

One coal black nigger, with the kinkiest hair,
 Rose up to his feet with disconsolate air,
 Then he sat him down on a soap box chair;
 He was out of the game, they had cleaned him fair,

"Dey's already rollin', sah,
 Hear dem a-clicken.
 Didn't roll fo' me, sah,
 Gotta steal dat chicken."

1923 Anthology, published by Modern Poetry Class.

in the cool, fresh air, filling his lungs again and again.

"God, ain't it great!" he exclaimed to himself. He turned away from the window, and, casting one farewell glance at the golden June moon, climbed into bed.

CHAPTER II.

"The Battle."

By fifteen minutes to four on the following evening, the last of the preliminary bouts had been fought. The great crowd that packed the arena sat sweltering and almost breathless under the scorching rays of the June sun, waiting for the grand final, which was to be a fifteen-round fight for the heavyweight championship of the state, between Tornado Black and Bill Rhea, better known as The Fighting Machine.

Black, in his dressing-room, leaned comfortably back in a chair and smoked a cigarette, watching listlessly the heavy rings of smoke as they curled above his head. He was slightly above the medium height, very heavy-set, and finely muscled. On his face he bore the scars of

fighting.

"Where you gonna live from now on, Machine?"

"I've bought me a little home out in Parkway. Say, boy, but it's a peach." He left off hunting the key, straightened up and went on enthusiastically. "Pretty as a picture; smooth lawn, flowers, every-

thing! Boy, but it's great! You'll have to come out and stay with us all the time. No pal of mine is going to stay down here in this hogan when I have a nice home! No, sir! Vida and me will make you welcome at all hours of the day and night. We want you to consider that your home and—"

"Well, say, that's fine. This place here is my home now, though, and I'd sure like to get into it. If you'll please get that key and open the door!"

Machine turned again to the door. "I forgot," was all he said.

The key turned in the lock and the two men entered. Rolf struck a match and lit the smoky oil lamp that stood on the dresser. Standing in front of the cracked mirror, Machine stared pensively at himself until Rolf brought him from his dreams with, "Come on to bed, man, and cut out that light. You'll need all that extra energy tomorrow."

When he was dressed for bed, Machine blew out the lamp, and, going to the one window of the room, threw it open. He stood staring out across the twinkling, blinking lights of the great city to where the moon shone dimly through a heavy haze of smoke. He breathed

Church Plans Full Program

The first of a series of sermons on "The Mountain Top Experiences in the Life of Jesus" was preached by Brother Chalmers McPherson Sunday morning in the main auditorium. He will preach the second sermon of this series on next Sunday morning. Five boys took student membership with the university church on the issuance of a call.

Homer D. Wade will again speak to the Othontes class in the Shirley-Walton Hall at 10 a. m.

As Christian Endeavor was called off on account of the weather, the same leader, Miss Annetta Tyson, will lead next Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock in Brite chapel.

Miss Clark of Fort Worth, a golden jubilee worker of the Christian Missionary society, will speak in Brite chapel at 7:30 o'clock following the Endeavor program.

The joint program to have been presented by the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. Sunday night was postponed until a later date, due to the inclemency of the weather.

DR. HICKMAN WILL ADDRESS BRYSONS

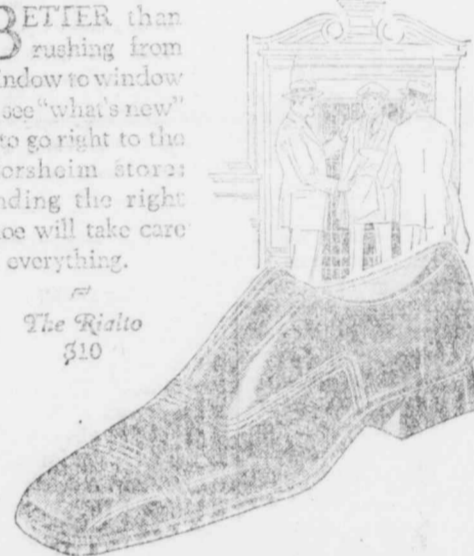
The Bryson club held its first meeting of this school year Thursday night, October 4, in the Add-Ran Clark hall.

Thursday, October 18, it will meet there again and Professor Hickman will discuss "The Use of Pictures in Teaching Literature." All seniors who are majoring in English are eligible for membership in this club and occasionally a junior is admitted if special ability is shown.

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\$25 to \$225

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New Studes Fed Mexican Supper

The Add-Ran-Clark Literary societies entertained the new boys and girls of the university with a Mexican supper in the Add-Ran-Clark hall last Thursday at 5:30 p. m.

Real cactus in the corners, favors to be pulled out of a rock well, the "sterling trio" composed of Baxter, Gaines and Parker in the "senior outfits" and their stringed instruments, and other attractions, brought a large number that crowded the rooms and the entire hall.

The menu could have been no more Mexican had it been served right in Mexico City—chilli, hot tamales and Mexican candy, and it was said that the pepper in the menu was "hot stuff" for the pep meeting that followed.

The favors for the affair were sent to the Clarks in the summer by Miss Edwina Day, a graduate of last June, who attended the University of Mexico in the summer and bought them while in Mexico City.

—Get Centenary—

THE BOOMERANG OF REVENGE.

By Leroy Gordon.

(Continued from Page 2)

many battles. His lips were thick and his nose awry. He glanced back over his shoulder as Crook, his manager and head second, entered. Crook was a panther-like man, tall, thin and pale, but he moved with a grace and dexterity that told of unsuspected strength.

"I've heard some news, Tornado," Crook stated abruptly.

"Sure enough?" Tornado asked, without moving so much as an inch. "Yep. After this fight Machine is scheduled to marry Vida."

"The hell he is?" incredulously, but without emotion. "Who told you?"

"That friend of hers. What's her name?"

"Della?"

"Yes, that's her."

"The hell he is?" Tornado repeated. "A swell woman he's getting, eh?" And he laughed a hard, mirthless laugh.

"Guess he thinks so," Crook responded, with a twisted smile, glancing at his watch. "It's eight till, Tornado. Better get on out."

"Yeah, I guess so."

Tornado arose, threw the cigarette to one side and put on his faded bathrobe. Crook took from a floor a pair of boxing gloves and a box of resin.

A shower of applause broke from the crowd as Tornado, followed closely by Crook, swept down the aisle and climbed through the ropes into the ring. Tornado seated himself on a folding chair in his corner, while Crook, kneeling on the floor, laced the rubber-soled shoes tighter, kneaded his legs and poured some of the resin on the floor in front of him.

The timekeeper, seated beside the ring, looked at the watch in his hand and then spoke to the referee, who rose and stepped to the side of the ring, leaning on the ropes.

The door to Machine's dressing-room swung open and Machine and Rolf trotted to the ring amid a second and louder burst of cheers. Machine pegged off his faded blue sweater and, tossing it to Rolf, stepped into the ring. The referee leaped the ropes and hopped to the center of the stage. He motioned the two men to step forward. With a hand on the shoulder of each, he went over the agreements, telling them:

"No foolishness when I'm the third man in the ring; understand?"

Each nodded, shook hands with the referee and then with each other, and returned to their corners.

"Is Vida here yet, Rolf?" Machine asked as he rubbed his shoes in the pile of resin on the floor.

"You keep your mind off of Vida. You're as nervous as an old man, Machine. Look how you're trembling," Rolf growled impatiently.

"I'm not nervous. I'm anxious to

Add-Ran-Clarks To Meet Jointly

Add-Ran-Clarks will have a joint meeting next Monday night, instead of individual meetings. The program is being planned to be of exceptional interest to everyone. Not only are all Add-Rans and Clarks urged to come, but the program is open to every new girl and every new boy in the university, and it is the desire of both societies that a large number of the new students attend and see the kind of programs that Add-Ran-Clarks give.

—Beat Daniel Baker—

FROSH FURNISH FUN FOR SOPHS

A very amusing and diverting entertainment occurred on the 11:30 Fort Worth bound street car Friday morning. The freshmen had the delightful and highly coveted honor of entertaining a most appreciative street car audience.

Ye noble sophs were looking around for some "fish" to furnish them amusement and entertainment, when lo and behold their roving eyes rested upon a most handsome freshman, whose golden locks were neatly arranged in the latest "cut-away" style, whose voice was the envy of many sheiks. Then the handsome freshman was asked to deliver some specimen of vocal music—which he declined to do. But "Mr. Fish" was finally prevailed upon to give a speech. This speech was in no wise the kind of a speech a freshman should make and surely it kindled the wrath of the noble sophs. This handsome freshman was subjected to a most undignified "pooching" which the sophs hope he will treasure in his memory.

The next entertainment on this unexcelled program was a freshman of a different type. His "stacombed" locks were combed back, a pair of tortoise shell spectacles served as windows through which looked two black, innocent eyes. When commanded to sing he told the sophs he could do nothing but whistle. So they told him to whistle. Unabashed he sent the clarion notes of his silvery whistle through the street car and then far out into the clear atmosphere. His most creditable performance was duly applauded.

But now the best act of all was to take place. For it was suggested that a freshman boy propose to a freshman girl which was indeed very fine. But here many difficulties arose to prevent the culmination of so happy a plan. Either such of the freshmen as were upon the street car had too much experience in such matters or they were loath to enter upon a life of battles in which rolling pins and dishes are the chief supply of ammunition, and in which female triumphs—since she is deadlier than the male; for these freshmen manifested much caution in pushing into such a hazardous matter. Be that as it may, for while the sophs were trying to persuade the freshmen to essay at least one matrimonial effort, why—the freshmen girls got off the car!

get going, that's all! Is Vida here? Answer me that."

"Where's her seat?" asked Rolf as he glanced back over his shoulder at the crowd.

"Second row."

Rolf looked. On the second row was an empty seat, but no Vida.

"Yeah, she's there," muttered Rolf.

The gong sounded. Simultaneously the two men leaped to the center of the ring, touched gloves for a moment, and the fight was on!

(Continued in next issue.)

Shirleys Still Are Politicians

All new men are cordially invited to attend the Shirley open program at the Shirley-Walton hall tonight at 7:30 o'clock.

The Shirleys are planning an educational program whereby the society may help the new student in his classes. The old Shirley, through a committee advising with the teachers, will strive to help the new student to get better acquainted with his teacher and work.

The program for tonight will carry out the plan for other fall programs on politics. Some possible candidate and his platform will be presented. An old Shirley will better acquaint the new men with the part old Shirleys have played and are now playing in all departments of T. C. U. Other numbers of benefit and pleasure will be presented. All old Shirleys are expected and all new men are invited.

—Beat S. M. U.—

WALTONS WILL STUDY O. HENRY

Walton Literary society had an interesting program on Lomax Monday evening. The program was as follows:

"A Glimpse of Life in Southwest Texas in Its Early Days," Miss Ruby Walker; reading of the foreword in "Songs of the Cow Camp and Cattle Trail," Miss Ethel Kemp; selections from "Songs of the Cow Camp and Cattle Trail," Miss Peggy Tibbitts.

The room was decorated to represent a ranch and the speakers, dressed as cowboys, were seated around a camp fire.

Next week an interesting program is being planned on O. Henry and his works.

—Beat S. M. U.—

Student Volunteers Have Fine Meeting

The Oriental trophies which decorated the Brite College chapel Friday evening held the interest of all who attended the Student Volunteer program. The program was most interesting and instructive. A number of T. C. U. graduates, who are detained Student Volunteers, were here to do their part in making the program a success, among whom were Rev. J. Arthur Lester of Milford, Miss Leona Hood of Mansfield and Miss Anna Lee Scott of Grand Prairie.

Talks were offered by Lester and Miss Hood, which were inspirational,

OTHONTES CARRIES ON

By IRWIN MONTGOMERY.

Say, another wonderful message has been dropped into the cars of a fine bunch of bright and sunshiny faces Sunday morning, October 14. Yes, it was a cloudy and rainy day, but everything keeps moving just the same—remember Isaiah 40:8. That the spirit that God wants and we must have in our work at T. C. U. And to hear Homer D. Wade is the place to be enthused along this subject.

If you want to hear him you will have to come to the Shirley-Walton Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

If you haven't been there just ask Charles Coombes or some other person that has the pep and spirit that T. C. U. wants and will have—if he didn't enjoy Wade's message on "A Missionary Motion."

Stop and think! We want to know if the doses of medicine helped any. If it did, come and see what else you can receive by the little message of the "Capsule."

After all, we want every student in the dormitories to be with us each Sunday morning. It means that you will have something to carry with you in your thoughts every day.

Be there and find out where the "Center of Christianity Is." His subject?

—Beat S. M. U.—

and Miss Scott rendered a special piano solo. Talks of both inspirational and instructive nature were presented by Dr. John Lord and Dean Colby Hall. Nimmo Goldstein, a prospective volunteer, rendered a vocal solo, "My Task."

Many visitors were present from the Baptist seminary, Texas Woman's College and out of town. Also several people from across the seas attended the meeting.

—Beat S. M. U.—

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Frogs Wallop Cowboys 16---0

er Estes dropped it when he was tackled. Starting from the Cowboys' 28-yard line, the Frogs gained a few feet and then Bill Honey wove a spectacular path through a host of would-be tacklers and was downed only on the 3-yard line. Homer Adams, Cantrell and Honey each carried the ball one of the three yards needed for the touchdown. Cantrell kicked the placement.

Johnson kicked off to Homer Adams. Failing to gain, Frogs punted. There was an exchange of punts before Estes fumbled a kick and Nicholson recovered on Simmons' 35-yard line. Clark made a short gain. Cantrell did likewise. Honey made first down. Adams carried the ball to the Cowboys' 11-yard line, making another first down. Honey made three yards and the quarter ended 7 to 0, T. C. U.

Adams made a short gain and then Cantrell made a touchdown but failed to kick goal.

T. C. U. received the ball and carried it to Simmons' 35-yard line. Here Coach Bell sent in a new backfield except for Clark. The Frogs were penalized twice.

Carson punted out of bounds near the Simmons goal line. Johnson punted for the Cowboys, and the ball was out of bounds on his 30-yard line. Coach Bell sent in fresh ends, tackles and center. His team worked to within striking distance of the goal. Carson tried to field goal, but missed. Johnson punted and again T. C. U. moved toward the last chalk marker. They were stopped within the 10-yard line and Washmon booted a goal from placement on the 15-yard line.

The half closed a few plays later, and the scoring of the day was over. In the third quarter T. C. U. was pushed to within a yard of her own goal line, while in possession of the ball. An offside penalty against Simmons saved them possession at one time and Carson kicked out of danger.

Spectacular Run Useless.

Homer Adams made the most spectacular play of the game when he broke away for a 65-yard run to the Simmons 5-yard line. An offside penalty against T. C. U. annulled the play, and T. C. U. kicked.

In the last quarter, while deep in their own territory, Simmons started their only real offensive of the game. Three consecutive first downs were made before the march was stopped by subs sent into the game by Bell. T. C. U. took the ball on her own

Glee Orchestra Prepared for Action

The orchestra which will travel with the Men's Glee club this year was organized this week. The organization made its first appearance in public before it was 24 hours old. It played for the Lions Club luncheon in the crystal ballroom of the Texas hotel Thursday noon.

The members chosen for the orchestra are Bernice Gates, pianist; Nolene Simmons, violinist; Harry Hampton, violinist; Henry Elkins, violinist; Clinton Hackney, cornet; Allen True, saxophone; Lyle Wilkerson, trombone; Carlos Ashley, drums.

The Glee Club orchestra is to make its second appearance Friday night, October 19, when it will play over WBAP, the Fort Worth Star-Telegram radio broadcasting station.

The orchestra is under the direction of Professor Guelick, dean of the school of music and director of the glee clubs.

—Get Centenary—

20-yard line when Simmons punted and the game ended with the Frogs moving down the field past the 50-yard line.

Despite the fact that he made costly fumbles twice, Estes played a stellar game for Simmons. He directed his team well and made a considerable portion of the Cowboys' gains. Camp and Adams ripped the T. C. U. tackles.

The Lineup.

T. C. U.	SIMMONS.	
Nicholson	Left End	Woods
Ward	Left Tackle	Wright
McConnell	Left Guard	Cardwell
H. Bishop	Center	Maggart
Jacks	Right Guard	McCasland

— MIMEOGRAPH —

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VIOLIN CHOIR IS ORGANIZED

The Stringed Quartet was organized this week and it will make its first appearance over WBAP, the Fort Worth Star-Telegram radio broadcasting station, Friday, October 19, from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m.

The members chosen for this new organization are Henry Elkins, first violin; Marjorie Harrol, second violin; Harry Hampton, third violin; Nolene Simmons, fourth violin.

The quartet will play for the WBAP radio station regularly and also for banquets, socials and recitals during the year. Miss Bernice Carleton is director.

—Beat S. M. U.—

Football Sponsor Reads Downtown

Lena Shirley appeared before the Fort Worth Shakespearean club and read "Ashes of Roses" on Friday, October 5. Miss Shirley's work was so well rendered that the ladies of the club thought she was the professor of expression in T. C. U.

Miss Shirley completed her work for a diploma in expression last June and will receive her Bachelor of Arts degree this year. She has accomplished much in the field of expression while in T. C. U., having been a member of the Footlights club, organized for presenting amateur plays, and has given several individual recitals. Her graduating recital of last spring was a presentation of a very difficult three-act play.

—Beat Daniel Baker—

Y. M. C. A. Is Given Talk By Dr. Lord

By GRANVILLE KNOX.

Last Thursday evening the Y. M. C. A. held its first meeting of this school year in Clark Hall parlor. A very interesting talk was given by Dr. Lord on the subject "The Hammer As a Constructive and Destructive Implement." Those who were not there missed a worth while program.

Mr. Earhart of Dallas, former state secretary of Y. M. C. A., was at the meeting and offered a few words of encouragement. It was Earhart's purpose to be here at this first meeting to help the "Y" get started. He says that such a "peppy" bunch as he found here needs no help. Now what are we going to

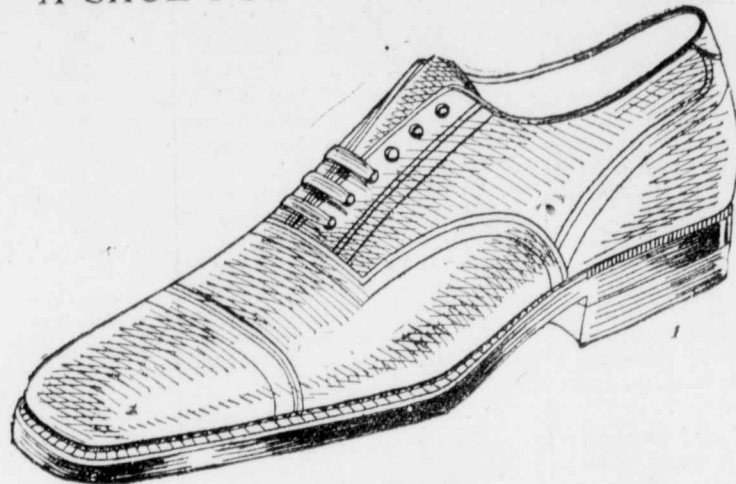
M. Bishop	Right Tackle	Morris
Ayers	Right End	Gibson
Clark	Quarterback	Estes
Honey	Left Half	Johnson
H. Adams	Right Half	Camp
Cantrell	V. Adams (Capt.)	Fullback

Officials: Utay (A. & M.), referee; Whitaker (Wisconsin), umpire; Roach (Baylor) headlinesman.

Substitutions—T. C. U., Fender for Cantrell, Carson for Honey, H. Taylor for H. Adams, Tankersley for Nicholson, O. Adams for Ayres, Washmon for M. Bishop, Stangl for Ward, Cantrell for Fender, Honey for Carson, H. Adams for H. Taylor, Nicholson for Tankersley, Ayres for O. Adams, M. Bishop for Washmon, Stuart for H. Bishop, Ward for Stangl, Tankersley for Ayres, B. Cherry for Nicholson, Axtell for McConnell, Stangl for Ward, Fender for Cantrell; Simmons, Harrison, Ferguson, Cook, Harrison, M. McCasland.

—Beat Daniel Baker—

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Every other school of any importance has its "Y." Men, how do you feel when your visiting friend asks about our "Y" and you have to tell him that we don't have one? It makes us all feel ashamed and at the same time gives the visitor a bad impression of T. C. U. We have got to build up our own "Y." The only way to do this is to attend these meetings and in this way show our interest. There will always be a short snappy program. Our plan is to equip our room and to make it the pride of Clark and Goode halls as well as if all T. C. U.

—Beat Daniel Baker—

A number of boys who are contemplating making the band have been making life miserable for those around them by their incessant practicing.



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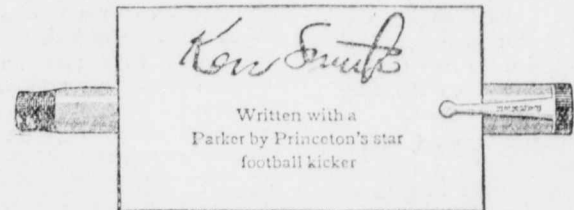
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