

THE PRAIRIE

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LETTER AWARD FOOTBALL MEN

College Adopts Policy of Awarding Letters for Distribution in Athletics.

For the first time in the history of the institution letters were issued to sixteen men for distinction in athletics on December 14. This is a policy that has been under consideration for some time, and one that is almost universal among colleges. Most schools award only a few, and these are given only under certain conditions. Aside from making the team with distinction, a candidate must make a satisfactory grade in three fifths of his prescribed courses. This year the athletic committee has seen fit to award sweaters to sixteen players subject to the requirements named above.

This "sweater plan" has been satisfactorily worked out and will be strictly observed in the future. Only one sweater can be awarded to a man each year, and for each year he makes the team, the college emblem or monogram will be given. A service stripe on the sleeve will indicate that the wearer of the sweater has been a member of the first team for one year, and that he has also met the requirements as to class work.

Provision was also made for the seven heroes who fought for us in the past. These athletes will be awarded a stripe for each year of service. The following men will be entitled to two service stripes under this provision: Captain Byron Durham, Floyd Golden, Royal C. Carey, Dan Sanders, Gary Simms, Richard Battenfield, and Glen Ackers.

In addition to these, the following men will be issued sweaters for one year's service: Roy Golden, Foy Terry, Chink Tucker, Floyd Trowbridge, Ira Jenkins, Ernest McCorkle, Delbert Bivins, Wallace O'Keefe, and Clifford Henry.

The football season will open next fall in September with a training camp in the canyons. This camp will be conducted without expense to the players and will be open to all who wish to try out for the team.

At the football banquet held near the end of the fall term, every man on the team expressed his intention of returning next year.

Founder of Canyon Passes Away

The people of Canyon were shocked on Thursday, Dec. 30, to learn that L. G. Conner, founder of the town of Canyon, had died suddenly the night before. About six o'clock in the evening he was taken seriously ill with acute indigestion, and by one o'clock had passed into the "Great Beyond."

A Pioneer of the Plains

Mr. Conner was a native of Missouri, and came to Texas in 1876. On Christmas day, 1887, Mr. Conner had surveyed and located on the section on which Canyon now stands. On January 3, 1888, he put the first building material on the ground. At that time there were but five settlers in the county.

With keen foresight, Mr. Conner saw the possibilities of the country, and established himself in the live stock business. During the spring of 1889 he laid out the town site of Canyon. On July 27, 1889, Randall County was organized, and Canyon was selected as the county seat. Mr. Conner was the first post master, built the first store, and opened the first real estate office in Canyon. Since that time he has been closely identified with the development of Canyon and Randall County.

Instrumental in Securing Location of Normal College.

When the campaign for the location of the West Texas State Normal College came on, Mr. Conner took an active part, and helped materially in securing the location here. Among the services rendered, were a substantial cash donation, and the tract of land upon which the campus is located.

His daughter, now Mrs. Mamie Bradford, was the first student to enroll in the institution.

Mr. Conner has rendered a distinct service to the town, county, and state in general. It is difficult for us to realize the debt of gratitude we owe to those pioneers, who forsook the comforts of civilization and bore the hardships of pioneer life, in order to turn the fertile but wild expanse of the western plains into a prosperous and civilized section.

The genius is the man who has found the task to which his soul best responds, and who works at it harder than the average man is willing to work.

—President Hill.



Floyd Golden Elected Captain of Football Squad for 1921.

Floyd Golden was elected Captain of the football squad for 1921 at the last meeting of the football men held Dec. 15. Golden hails from Snyder, and has figured in Panhandle athletics for the last four years. He was a member of the S. A. T. C. in 1918. His knowledge, experience, and ability eminently qualify him for the position to which he has been elected.

Hon Lee Satterwhite Speaks in Chapel

On December 14, 1920, Hon. Lee Satterwhite of Panhandle, Representative to the State Legislature, spoke in chapel. Mr. Satterwhite, as a friend of the institution, has worked for its upbuilding. In a large measure it was through his efforts that the new dormitory was secured.

Mr. Satterwhite spoke of the educational advantages of Texas. He said that, in his opinion, there is no need for anyone to leave Texas for an education, since there are such splendid educational institutions in Texas.

Mr. Satterwhite spoke very highly of the Normal College, saying that the West Texas State Normal College, with one of the greatest school men in Texas at its head and supported by a faculty second to none and by a noble student body, stands out above all the other Normal Colleges. The Panhandle, he declared, with its population made up of a greater percentage of pure Americans than any other part of the United States, needs such an institution and the State of Texas is proud of it.

The purpose of Mr. Satterwhite's visit was to find out the needs of the institution. He pledged his influence to the securing of additional equipment in the Department of Agriculture, Manual Training, and Home Economics.

Paul J. Vickers, associate editor of the Amarillo Daily Tribune, was at the Normal Thursday collecting data for a special Normal article in the above mentioned paper.

GOOD WISHES

FROM THE STAFF

(K. W. W.)
In this hour of unrest a note of optimism may seem strangely out of harmony with the public heart-beat. But somehow I feel kindly disposed towards all humanity, and I want to close forever the book whose chapters are labeled "hatred," "malice," "despair." This morning I stand on the rim of a new year, and all the future is flooded with golden promise. My dreams mount almost to the ecstasy of a reality, and I take new courage as I weigh in the daily balance my assets of youth, health, and opportunity. I am The Spirit of "The Prairie," you know, and I feed only upon youthful ambition and lofty idealism. I wake every morning with a new determination to do something worthwhile, and at the close of each day I score to my credit some achievement. For my life motto I have adopted Browning's well known lines:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be."

I have elected to do some deed of kindness at every opportunity; I have resolved to encourage all who would fall by the wayside or seem willing to give up the struggle. My mission is to help students find themselves and to encourage the development of the best in them. I believe in the possibilities of every life which is properly ordered and given a chance to assert itself.

Believing as I do, I naturally wish for all my friends a year full of good thoughts and good deeds. I hope that all your D's will grow into B's, your B's into A's; I trust that you may win for yourself many worthy friends during the coming year, that you may live in prospect what you would approve in retrospect; I wish that all your worthy ambitions develop into happy realities, and that your life at the close of the year be broader and richer and better than at the beginning.

Board of Control Recommends Addition to Cousins Hall.

The State Board of Control, at a recent meeting, recommended to the Legislature of Texas that an appropriation of \$110,000 be made for the purpose of building an addition to Cousins Hall. This appropriation will be passed by the Legislature in about sixty days.

At present, the plans are to build a seventy-two foot extension on to the west end of the building and thence north seventy feet. The extension will contain about fifty rooms and will accommodate one hundred additional students. This will make it possible for one hundred and ninety girls to stay at the Hall. The entire addition will be three stories high, and practically all of the rooms will be bed rooms. When the plans are carried out, a total investment by the state of \$260,000 will have been made in Cousins Hall.

The dormitory was built with the intention of later adding to it. The addition will really be a completion of the present structure, since this was the end in view when it was built. The West Texas State Normal College was the first of the Normals to be granted funds by the state for the purpose of building a dormitory. This "started the ball rolling," and this year it has been recommended that dormitories be built at all the Normals.

Where They Are This Year

Miss Helen Baird is teaching in the Panhandle Public School.

Miss Carrie Dobbins is principal of the Roscoe High School.

Miss Ludy Cary is teaching in Pampa.

Miss Beulah Tucker is teaching in the McLean High School.

G. H. Jones is superintendent of the Follett High School. He has as his assistants, Bryant Baker, Mattie Herber, and Lottie Henneigh.

Miss Helen Evans is teaching at Bowie.

Miss Ruby Lattimore is principal of the Ralls High School.

Misses Maude, Annie, and Lora Williams are teaching in the city schools of Wichita Falls.

Misses Inis Burns, Zelma Red, and Nora Hale are teaching in the Lamesa Public School.

Normal Graduate Makes Good

Mr. Robert E. Rowan, a former student and graduate of this college, has been elected to the position of instructor in Mathematics in the Rusk Junior College, to begin work immediately. For the last year he has been representing an insurance company at Hereford. Mr. Rowan is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rowan of this city. He will be remembered as one of our star football players of several years ago.

Miss Tennessee Malone, Librarian, spent the holidays at Alto, Texas.

SEVERAL FORMER STUDENTS WEDDED DURING HOLIDAYS

Mr. Paul Foster of this city and Miss Laura Easley of Chillicothe, both of whom are former students of the Normal, were united in marriage during the holidays at the bride's home. Both were very popular students in the Normal and are well known in Canyon. They are to make their future home at Silverton where Mr. Foster is teaching in the schools.

News comes from Sweetwater that Miss Juanita Beall, a '20 graduate of this College, was married to Mr. T. D. Dabney of San Angelo on December 20. Miss Beall is well known here, and was on the editorial staff of "The Prairie" last year. Mr. Dabney is a well-to-do stock ranchman. The couple will make their home near San Angelo.

Miss Eunice Farmer, a former student of this College, and Mr. William Anderson were married Christmas Day at the home of the bride's parents in Floydada. They expect to make their future home at that place. Only a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony.

Mr. Cass McGee of this city and Miss Lillian Hendrix of Floydada were united in matrimony during the holidays. Cass has been a student in the Normal for several years, and Miss Hendrix attended school here last summer. They will make their home in Plainview where Cass is working in a printing office.

Mr. Ernest Archambeau and Zerah McReynolds, both of whom are former Normal students, were married December 30 at the home of the bride's parents in this city. At the time of their marriage both were employed in a bank at Wichita Falls. Immediately after the marriage the couple left for Wichita Falls, where they will make their future home.

Word comes that Miss Lucile Pollock and also Miss Elsie Connor, both of whom attended school here last year, have been married, but we are unable to gather the particulars of either case.

"The Prairie" joins the many friends in wishing these sons and daughters of the West Texas State Normal College a happy and prosperous life in the future.

Davis Hill, son of President Hill, has been appointed as a page in the House of Representatives by the Speaker. He withdrew from school and left Saturday afternoon to assume his duties. He expects to return in time to enter the spring quarter of school.

The happiest man I ever knew was one who loved himself preeminently, and, as far as I could see, he had no rival.

—Mr. Stafford in lecture on "The Friendly Road."

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NORMAL DEFEATS HIGH SCHOOLS

Farwell and Higgins Suffer Defeat at Hands of the Normal Five.

Farwell High School was twice defeated on December 13, by the Normal Basket Ball Team. The first game, called at four o'clock in the afternoon, resulted in a score of 49 to 11. In the evening the visitors succeeded in piling up a score of 31, but the Normal team was able to surpass them by duplicating the afternoon score of 49.

On December 18, the Higgins team arrived in Canyon to play the Normal two games. The first game was called at 10:00 a. m., and resulted in a final score of 44 to 26. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the same teams met in the gymnasium for a second game. The visitors fought hard from start to finish, but were unable to cope with their better trained opponents. The final score was 69 to 27.

One of Our Friends

Paul T. Vickers of the Amarillo Daily Tribune paid us a very pleasant visit one day last week. He spent much time in looking over our plant, and he appeared pleasantly surprised at what he found. This is the invariable experience of people all over the Plains country who have heard about the equipment of the West Texas State Normal College, but who have never paid us a visit.

In the Sunday issue of "The Tribune," January 9, 1921, Mr. Vickers gave the West Texas State Normal College a very commendable write-up. He sensed with considerable critical ability the outstanding merits which characterize the institution, and with a good judgment of proportion he touched upon the salient features of each very cleverly. There are many things, of course, which he failed to mention. Our library on history, for example, is equally as good as our library on English. However, he could not be expected to find all the good things we have at one visit, and we most cordially invite him to come again.

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY LECTURES ON FEB. 7

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the foremost promoter of the juvenile system and one of the best authorities on juvenile delinquency, gained his fame through his great work as Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver. He became judge of the court in 1901 and so great has been his work that practically every juvenile court owes its inspiration to him. His methods and ideas have been copied the world over.

He began his fight for cleaner, stronger, childhood by an interest in playground and public baths. He soon found, however, that he could not just stay on the surface, and he began to hunt the symptoms and causes and the reasons behind the wretchedness of mothers and children. He has won and is daily winning against the interests of commercialized vice.

Lindsey is an extraordinary character. His fame has traveled quickly, but it has reached millions of people. He has probably taken more punishment and less reward than any other defender of child welfare the past ten years, yet he is just as eager as when he began. His sympathy is still as quick as it was for the first childish victim of social injustice brought into his court. All the powers of furious politicians, of revengeful corporations, of the outraged barons of industry and finance, have been unable to drive him out of his court or take him from it. He spoke in Europe before all countries on a moral alliance of the nations in their struggle with the social problems which the war has increased and he returns to America continuing the work of that alliance, with a message which America will listen to as it has listened to him in the past.

A Lindsey lecture always deals with vital topics, but it is also always entertaining and brimful of fun and humor. Judge Lindsey is a capital raconteur and his audiences laugh with him heartily.

Enrollment Reaches 539

The records in the office of the Registrar show that 539 students, representing 74 Texas counties and five states, have enrolled since the opening of the Fall quarter. While a number of students have withdrawn, late students are still registering, and the total will probably exceed that of last quarter.

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THE WEST TEXAS STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

ANNOUNCEMENT OF SUMMER SESSION

FIRST TERM: JUNE 8 TO JULY 14.

SECOND TERM: JULY 15 TO AUGUST 23.

THE PRAIRIE

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Why Not the Honor System?

Why not institute the "Honor System" of government in the West Texas State Normal? Inasmuch as it is a college whose prime purpose is to train teachers, it seems that the students should be self-governing. If they cannot correctly discipline themselves while training to teach, how can they be expected to discipline others, after they are teachers? There are certain abuses that can only be eliminated by such a system, or the faculty and officers of the school will have to become military police or expert detectives. To be police or detectives is to force them into a profession they did not choose and for which they were not employed and would cast a reflection upon the student body.

Mentioning a new system of government does not mean that our school needs a cleaning up like a corrupt city, because those in a position to learn realize that the West Texas Normal possesses a student body of high ideals and honor.

To adopt the "Honor System" would not be an experiment. It has been tried and found successful in other institutions. The success it would be here would be in direct proportion to the high standard of "American Ideals" and that would mean the highest to be obtained, because our school is located in a section of the country where there are practically no foreigners.

The system would relieve the President and Faculty of many trivial worries and responsibilities that detract from their best possibilities. It would engender a closer fellowship between the students and the Faculty. It would make every student feel that this is his school. Finally, it is my belief that personal honor is a delicate plant that responds readily to cultivation and responsibility. Wouldn't every true and loyal student of our school today be glad to introduce the "Honor System" into this school immediately?

The Inter-Normal Debates

A sufficient number of young men have signified their intention of trying out for the Inter-Normal debating team to assure this institution of a strong team, but many who are not contemplating entering the preliminary would find it highly profitable to do so. The advantages accruing from participation in the preliminary will amply repay anyone who makes the expenditure of effort, whether he makes the team or not. Besides developing the ability to "speak with ease," to "think on one's feet," and the other benefits that we have heard until they have almost become trite, participation in the try-out may be regarded by those who do not secure a place on the team as direct and valuable training for the next year. If a student begins debating when he is a freshman, it is safe to assume that he will have the honor of representing his Alma Mater in debate before his college career is over.

Great Truth For Today!

If students will give their student number when asking for information at the Registrar's office, the general atmosphere will be much more genial, and the time saved will add to the efficiency of the department. Heed!

President Home From Austin

President J. A. Hill returned yesterday morning from Austin where he has been attending for the past week the meeting of the state committee appointed by Governor Hobby to investigate educational problems of the state and make recommendations to the legislature.

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ON THE OLD TRAIL

One who studies Education cannot enjoy a poem until he has formulated his "aims" in studying it; nor can a person connected with the English department enjoy even a Christmas trip without considering the duty of "writing it up". Most travelers seem to feel that their first duty is to appear blasé; but you cannot feel blasé, can you, when the Old Trail beckons you west, and you follow, even to the Golden Gate? You wish to share with all your "Prairie" friends the exuberant joy that is yours.

Even the fact that you rise in the darkest hour of night to catch the through train, only to find it three hours late, cannot reduce the ardor of your spirit. You're going, and nothing else matters. And even when you find some one else ensconced in your reserved Pullman space, you refuse to indulge in a bad quarter of an hour. The porter's face inspires confidence—that good black face. You give the porter a quarter, which you earned teaching English. That quarter is worth at least an ordinary dollar, if the porter only knew it. Apparently he does, for he becomes your slave. He tells you that there's a tourist car, but he adds, ingratiatingly, "That wouldn't do for you—they isn't no carpet on the floor." You are immensely flattered, even though you know you are indebted only to the quarter, and possibly to the tassel on your coat. "I'll get the conductor to fix you up," he adds. And the conductor does. You get lower 10, on the sunshine side of the car.

Before you know what has happened you are in Clovis—Clovis, where you were to have breakfast. It turns out to be luncheon instead, for it's eleven forty-five, but "travelers must be content." A traveler who would not be content in a Harvey House dining room would not deserve your sympathy. Exquisite cleanliness; snow-white linen, carnations (real, not artificial, Christmas carnations, red and white); self-respecting waitresses, in neat black dresses, with captivating little pleated aprons; percolated nectar from a shining urn with a generous spout; thick juicy steak; and a separate spoon or fork for everything! And yet an imane looking young person swallowed up in a set of vampish yellow furs shrugs her supercilious shoulders and drawls, "What I can't understand is what girls do for recreation in a place like this."

Whew! The skies are overcast, and the air is suddenly yellow and brown with whirling sand. Then the rain slants down, and the sunshine follows, in streaks. Passengers scamper back to the car, and a rainbow drops in a near by meadow, as the long train of cars slowly gets into motion again. Then unrolls a panorama of prairie land, wonderful exemplification of variety in unity. Both soil and rock are touched with tints of brown and dust and brick and mouse and mauve; of taupe and terra cotta; of smoke and salmon and lavender; and of delicious neutral shades that have no name (for the colors we can name are no more adequate for setting forth the colors in nature than are the tones of our ordinary scale for representing her sounds; but fortunately we can see and hear what we can by no means reproduce). Lonely homesteads here and there flaunt gayly painted windmills to the glorious sky, windmills that slowly rise and fall with the swing of the skyline, as the prairie lightly undulates. White faced cattle graze rather drearly over the "stern and rock-ribbed" ranges. But most of the cattle have been driven farther up, you are told, where the grazing is better. Bristling cacti pierce the plains. You wish they were in bloom, but you can't have everything. Sedge grass and stubble; cattle pens; occasional oil drills; oil cars by hundreds; miles and miles of barbed wire fence; and then, as twilight suddenly falls, snow fences, skillfully placed according as winds prevail from north or south, to protect the track from drifting snows which otherwise would soon block the road, here in the foothills of the Rockies. These foothills begin to appear—strange, rough little mountains of gray and brown, fantastic and freakish in configuration.

Then the night comes, and you sleepily await the making of your berth. You think you'd like to be awake when you go through "Canyon Diablo"; but you aren't. You drowse and wake and drowse again, which is the best you can do on the car. At last you are fully awakened by a child's ecstatic treble, "Oh, Daddy, look at the Christmas trees!" You look, and sure enough, there are thousands of Christmas trees, for you are in the land of enchantment. The barren rocks are lightly touched with snow, and thousands of conical cedars, scrubby pines, and sturdy junipers glisten in the morning light. They are just the right shape and size for Christmas trees, and each one holds for you a little separate gift, in the shape of a fresh perception of beauty. You think of Jack London

and Bret Harte and Zane Grey and Walt Whitman and Helen Hunt Jackson and Joaquin Miller and Edwin Markham and Rudyard Kipling and William Wordsworth and the Bible. "The heavens declare the glory of God," and the earth is a part of the heavens.

Really, you've never seen anything like these boulders. You think that owning a gold mine under them would not in the least detract from their grandeur. "Jes' look at them rocks!" exclaims a fellow passenger. You do look, but you cannot convey your impressions. There! There are two new varieties of cactus. You are in the heart of the desert, with a long run ahead before you get to "God's country." So you are told by a Los Angeles gentleman who sits opposite you. "Tourists are a pest," he continues. "And them movin' picture people are a rotten set—all of 'em. Every one of them stars is rotten!"

You protest. "Ah, perhaps a few of them—"

"No, they're a bad lot, I tell you. Why, I wouldn't have my daughter to accept an introduction to Mary Pickford for no amount of money." (One wonders just how much money it would take to effect an introduction in that quarter. Not that Mary isn't sweet and approachable.)

You tell the Los Angeles gentleman that his remarks about tourists do not sound particularly hospitable, but that you expect to see Los Angeles before you die anyway. He grins. But repartee is not in his line. Tractors are. He gives an exposition of water glasses. You gather that a water glass is a thing that lets you know when an engine is getting ready to blow up. You are at least sure that the engine on this train isn't going to blow up. The Santa Fe is "given up to be the best road in the United States"; so you are assured by the porter, the conductor, and one third of the passengers. (Adv.) Privately, you wonder why they don't get up more speed, and for one ungrateful moment you wish you were going from glory unto glory (that is, from Baltimore to New York). But just at this instant your attention is riveted to a rocky pinnacle that pierces the sky, and a soft white veil of cloud that floats across its barren breast.

"How soon a smile of God can change the world!" The mountains take on a different aspect. Their bold, bleak nature is miraculously subdued, as if the great Creator's hand had lingered more caressingly in favored spots. The odd shapes are the same, but unbelievably softened, as by the touch of love. An exquisite blue haze wraps them about, leaving the glare of an Arizona morning to fall unrelieved upon the yucca filamentosos, and gnarled cactus trees that prick across the plains. Shining yuccas, beautifully named by the Conquistadores "La Lampara de Dios," the Candles of God.

A sudden glimpse of date palms, willows, eucalyptus trees! And all at once you come upon the Colorado River, all but empty now that its bounty is not needed. In June, when the snows have melted, it will be full even to overflowing. Its bed is sandy, and along its banks runs a line of the familiar cottonwood trees of the West, now tinged with autumn gold that makes you forget that this is the season of hollyberries shining through Christmas snows.

Just a few miles along this river, and another oasis appears. Needles! This little place takes its name from two very sharp peaks in the mountains near by. But the traveler has small time for observation, for he has only thirty minutes to dispose of another Harvey House meal. More carnations! A dozen to a table! Spanish architecture, with its cool and easy suggestion of uncrowded space, unhurried time. Date palms again, and eucalyptus trees, tall, slender, their young leaves softly blue, and only the mature leaves green, their bark rough and scaly, for the eucalyptus sheds its bark instead of its leaves. Indian squaws, with strings of glaring beads for sale. Most unattractive creatures, these squaws, in the main, yet picturesque in spite of it, with a rude art which has harmonized apparently incongruous colors. You would like to buy a blanket, if you could be sure it was clean. But you content yourself with purchasing a dozen glazed, garish, but sanitary looking picture postcards. When you get on the train, you wonder whom you'll wish them on.

Soon the oasis seems but a happy dream, for you are again on the endless brown trail, and you begin to wonder what you found so fascinating about it a few short hours ago. But a fat, good natured fellow passenger tells you a diverting story, which sets your fancy at work; and magic returns. This is the story—a true one.

Above Topeka the conductor and one of the porters had a row. At Topeka the conductor got off to report the porter and, in his indignation, made too long a stop. Through a mistake in

signals, the train left him, and went on to W—, where it had to wait two hours for him. That accounts for two of the three hours you had to wait for the train at the dawn. You wonder how many people, from Topeka to Twenty-second Street, were inconvenienced one way or another by that foolish little row. It must run well up into the hundreds. The moral is, Avoid small rows; you may start a train of inconveniences which you cannot control, even if you repent, which the conductor didn't. Indeed, as the fat lady said, he "had a continual grouch on," whereas she dryly remarked she thought "we was the ones to have the grouch on." But somehow you have a holiday spirit which is incompatible with "a grouch." You do not sympathize with the fat lady when she says she's "tard lookin' at the same thing over and over, next time she's goin' by the Rock Island." Dire threat, that. And at this very moment mountain and valley are suffused with the amethyst tint of twilight, still further etherealized by a filmy veil of ashes of rose!

You catch a glimpse just here of a winding automobile road, the Overland Trail, "hit" last summer; it is said, by ten thousand machines. It would be nice to be on the open road, for this car grows stuffy, and the passengers show signs of strain. Why do people travel for pleasure? How grim seems the farce, as you look at the grimy and travel-sick faces of your enforced companions! How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable the whole thing seems! You were told you wouldn't have to change cars, yet you do. And your train is late reaching the junction, so that your second Pullman reservation must be canceled, and you must sit four mortal hours in a dreary little waiting room, and meditate on your sins, and wonder again why people ever travel when they don't have to.

"It's too cold outside of this waiting room, and too hot inside," grumbles a good natured woman in a sport suit three seasons old.

Two little boys have a fight. The weary mother separates them, while the father threatens to slap the older one in the mouth if he says another word. The little boys subside.

The train for Salt Lake is called, but not your train. You sit "like one that hath a weary dream," physically exhausted, mentally paralyzed. And the dreary hours drag by. But by nine o'clock you join the favored few who have been lucky enough to get reservations. They have actually saved you a berth. Some railroad officials have a heart.

You ask the porter how late you can have breakfast.

"Oh, eight thirty," says the porter. "Come, now, porter, can't you do a little better than that?" you ask lightly.

The porter smiles. "Well, then, maybe about nine o'clock," he says, with added deference. (Though why laziness should be respected, I have never known).

You feel the terrific jerk when the belated train "hooks on to" your sleeping car at heaven knows what time of the night, but it doesn't disturb you. Nothing does. You sink back blissfully to sleep, your last waking thought being, Why doesn't everybody travel for recreation.

And about nine o'clock in the morning you have the promised late breakfast, alternating fresh California dates and scenery. You tell the waiter you didn't get a square deal on cream. "You can have all you want," he smilingly rejoins. There's nothing little about the West. Witness the bill which the waiter brings. But you note that there's no extra charge for the refilling of the delectable little cream jug.

Now you secure a seat in the observation car at the rear of the train, and settle down to enjoy the novel sights that appear on either hand. The road bed runs up for many miles through a country as level as the Panhandle plains, bounded on the right by soft blue mountains, slipping easily on the left to the still distant coast. These lands are fresh and green, and beautifully laid out in truck farms, orchards, vineyards of raisin grapes and groves of nut trees. Wonderful homes are scattered up and down the valley for hundreds of miles. They are mainly of a low, rambling type, peeping romantically through well kept trees of eucalyptus, date palm, and dark, rich orange, the last invariably loaded with red golden fruit. These orange trees are mostly ornamental, however; you are only on the edge of the orange section, and very soon you are in the fig belt. You wish that all your friends could see that little adobe house, its gray sides serving as a perfect foil for the brilliant scarlet geraniums that grow in the open lawn!

If only some one would tell you the names of all these luscious plants! Trees, shrubs, bushes, many of semi-tropical luxuriance. One evergreen shrub in particular attracts your notice, with its flaunting berries of the richest crimson. The weeping willow you recognize, and the scrub oak and live oak, also the Lombardy pop-

lar, the cedar, the chinaberry. The acacia and the pepper tree are pointed out to you. But there are dozens of others, and you would like to know their names. Are they Olive? Lemon? Nut?

The morning paper says a storm is sweeping in from the Pacific coast. But again travelers must be content. You do not care what happens, so long as something does happen.

The landscape very gradually takes on the well loved aspect of the coast. Green meadows yield to sandy flats, long piers stretch over the waste, hoarse boat whistles blow, gray sea gulls spread their raidant wings in the soft salt air.

The porter meticulously flicks the dust from your traveling bag, and whisks you into comparative respectability, whereupon you know there is hope of reaching your journey's end. Sixteenth Street! Berkeley! Oakland Mole! The mysterious labyrinth of a ferryboat station; bored and non-committal officials; mob psychology which somehow bears you along to the proper gang plank. You ascend. You are on the Bay! It is a gray day, hence the water is a lovely olive green tint, except where it is churned to silver by the paddles of the busy watercraft which ply from city to suburb, from suburb to city. If you wanted a change, you are getting it.

As for San Francisco! You surrender your heart before you are three blocks from the ferryhouse, for you catch sight, amid the gay Christmas throng, of street stall after street stall heaped with flowers, unbelievably rich in size and coloring and variety. You almost stop the taxi man, but decide to restrain yourself. After all, this isn't the only city. (Addendum: But it is!) You therefore try to look as if you had lived in a conservatory all your life. You hold out till you reach your hotel, where you promptly embrace a jar of Jerusalem cherries. What are Jerusalem cherries? Why, that is the wonderful tropical plant, with glossy leaves and holly-red berries, to which you had longed to be introduced on your journey. You are presented. Your hotel is ablaze with them, yet their splendor is subdued by the myriad shaded lights that suffuse their glow through garlands of evergreen. It is fairly land! You have seen nothing to compare with it since "Peter Pan."

Each pillar in the dining room is twined with greens, as is the railing of the musicians' gallery. And when the entrancing strains of "Meditation" from "Thais" fall quiveringly from the first violin, and the head waiter smilingly shows you to a little table decked with frisks, you draw a happy sigh, and order every thing on the menu card, from cocktail to demitasse. The mischief is done. You are a "California," and will forever after see things through a rosy mist.

"But . . . You maun haud your tongue, whatever you may hear or see, for if you speak word in Elflinland, You'll ne'er win back to your ain countree."

Not that the cocktail isn't all right. It is only the magic effect of "San Francisco, the Care-free City!" It is only "California, which produces the maximum of scenery and the minimum of weather; California, which grows the biggest men, trees, and vegetables in the world, and the most beautiful women, babies, flowers and fruits; California, which, on the side, delivers a yearly crop of athletes—boxers, tennis players, swimmers, runners, and a yearly crop of geniuses—painters, sculptors, authors, musicians, actors, producers and photographers; California, where every business man writes novels, or plays, or poetry, or all three; . . . California, the home of the movie, the Spanish mission, the golden poppy, the militant labor leader . . . the most progressive politics and most American slang; California, which can at a moment's notice produce an earthquake, a volcano, a geyser; California, where the spring comes in the fall and the fall comes in the summer and the summer comes in the winter and the winter never comes at all; California, where everybody is born beautiful, and nobody grows old."

You should never have seen San Francisco first. For when once you drive up Market Street, one hundred and twenty-five feet wide, gay with flowers and greens, softly yet brilliantly lighted by clusters of ornamental electrolers, you are lost. You will linger here forever. You will never see the rest of the state, and the places which knew you once will know you no more forever. That is, until your money gives out.

San Francisco is situated on a peninsula which juts out west and north from the mainland. So that when you have crossed the continent to the water's edge, you must take a ferry to reach "the city," as everyone in the West calls "Frisco." San Francisco is built on a cluster of hills overlooking the Bay and the ocean, and with a protecting rearguard of mountains, deeply blue. The special guardians are called Twin Peaks, and they are within easy driving distance of the

city's heart. Indeed, in San Francisco you have a city within touch of mountain and country and beach. Add to this the natural advantages of heavenly climate; of gorgeous flowers; of prosperity and progressiveness; of cosmopolitan culture; of the gracious charm of age combined with the fervor of youth. Why, within a decade of the Great Fire which followed the Earthquake, scarcely a trace of desolation was left. True, there are a few ivy-run ruins of ancient palaces, and a few rusty iron fences of elaborate design, which guard the foundations of mansions that have passed away. But the city as a whole is new and clean and fresh and shining, yet so skillfully adapted in architectural spirit to its proper milieu, as to give the impression of timelessness. It is an enchanted spot. Standing in the heart of the shopping district you may lift up your eyes unto the hills, which are always of the same alluring blue, and usually touched with drifting fogs, light as a thistle down. Perhaps the rainy season may come, and wrap them round with impenetrable gray. You do not know; you do not care. There has been no past—there will be no future. You breathe an atmosphere as tonic as wine. You see the yellow sunlight fall through palms which overhang a row of inviting seats on "the plaza," where citizens of leisure stretch contented limbs and rest their eyes on beds of pansies and of calla lilies.

You drive to the Golden Gate Park, where, if anywhere, is found a perfect combination of the charm of nature and the gloss of art. The park consists of a thousand acres, laid off in magnificent style, with paths and winding drives bordered with vegetation of remarkable richness. Here and there are stately formal gardens, adorned with replicas of famous pieces of statuary. Artificial lakes peep enchantingly through the dense overhanging cypress and pines. Wild duck swim on the surface, reduced to civilized life, as any barbarian would be in this gentle region. At other spots nature has been allowed to have her way, toned down a bit, perhaps, by the landscape gardener's art.

You wind about on perfect automobile drives, some of which are kept up by Uncle Sam, for here is located the "Presidio," or garrison. A soldier boy is sounding taps; smart officers briskly stroll in front of the elegant homes of Major This and Colonel That and Lieutenant The Other. Your chauffeur thoughtfully drives you to the very tip end of the great Lincoln Highway, which links the two Wonder Cities of our continent—New York and San Francisco. The chauffeur enjoys your delight. You do not say anything, but he can see that you like the effect of the sunset across the Pacific, from the commanding height of the terminal of the Lincoln Highway. Out of the tail of your eye you see the chauffeur and your hostess watching you with absorbed interest. Is it, then, indeed to look happy when the Golden Gate of the West stands open before you, and a new heaven and a new earth stretch out at your feet? The ocean is rolling gently, and the opalescent colors of evening light the expanse with subdued glory. If only—! But the after glow fades, and the little lights shine out against the hills. You step into the car and drive silently home, for your hotel is now your home. The Japanese elevator boy smiles, and hopes you are having "a velly pleasant time."

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The clerk says, "Ah, you stayed a long time; did you have a nice drive?" And do you believe it, even the telephone girl isn't impatient about the connections which you insist upon leaving.

Your cup is full, yet your hostess produces theater tickets on top of all this, and a reckless mood descends (or ascends) upon you. You do not care though you "sleep namore than doth a nightingale." Your hostess has found a little "highbrow" theater. It is tiny, artistic, intimate. There is no orchestra, only an Italian harp, hidden by draperies; the lights are shaded; the play is idyllic. You are too happy. You are sure something will happen. Perhaps your new skirt will not be delivered promptly. Because you took time to select that skirt, you missed the squadron which sail majestically through the Golden Gate that very afternoon, laying down a barrage before them. But a new skirt is at any rate an extenuation, and one must leave something to the future. Why not the squadron?

You leave the theater in a daze. You are intoxicated with aesthetic delight. But the midnight "Abalone a la Newburg" (a Frisco specialty) brings you to earth again. You've seen silver chafing dishes (once or twice), but never one with legs made in the shape of lobsters. And such solicitude on the part of the waiter lest your abalone should be less steaming hot (as if you'd know the difference!) Abalone is like frog legs. You're glad you've tasted it, but now you've tasted it—it isn't so bad. You're glad to find something in California that you're not "crazy about." It's reassuring.

Perhaps you would have been better able to sense the savor of the abalone if the first violin had not been an artist "whose heartstrings are a lute." For when he touches "the trembling, living wire of those unusual strings," you forget the abalone. You forget the magic city. You forget everything. And really it is to be feared that you forget yourself, for the wistful face of the musician suddenly relaxes; he looks straight at you, and smiles into your eyes with the naivete of a child—an Italian child. Why should a real artist be condemned to play while people feed? You push back your abalone, and ask the waiter to bring your check. But the strains of that violin follow you up the mottled stairway and into the crowded street. They blend themselves with all the rest you see and do, and the car wheels that roll you back to everyday life turn to their rhythm.

"Ah, I have sighed to rest me"—
Why should a real artist be condemned to play while people feed?

The thought of this musical artist calls to mind the literary artists who have lingered in the Magic City, and you go down to Portsmouth Square and sit on the bench where Robert Louis Stevenson used to sit and where he loved to watch the foreign children play on the spot which is now adorned with a combined monument and drinking fountain erected to his memory. You read the familiar words "To be honest, to be kind" (That, at least, you can try to do) . . . "to earn a little, to spend a little less" (That, not in San Francisco! The Japanese shops, the art stores, the florists' establishments, the department stores with their importations, are too alluring).

But you must tear yourself away from the shops, and visit the University of California. This necessitates a trip to Berkeley, on the Bay. You like this; water has an endless charm for the inland dweller. A happy afternoon is spent in a visit to the great university, and a long drive through the attractive residential sections of the Bay suburbs. You linger in the magnificent library, looking at autobiographical copies of books by California writers; you visit the famous Greek theater; you lay your hand on the giant oaks. You dare not remain, lest you transfer your allegiance from your own alma mater. You force yourself away, and drive, and drive, and drive. The chauffeur is in despair. He does not like to admit that you have seen everything. Yet from his point of view you have. He suggests a side trip to Mt. Tamalpais and the Muir Woods, where the Big Trees are. You haven't time. You must see the Palace of Fine Arts, and the old Spanish Mission Dolores, and take another look at the seals disporting themselves on the big Seal Rocks.

The Palace of Fine Arts fills you with despair. It is so vast; it is so enchanting; it is so impossible to "do." Arrested by beauty at every turn, you are bewildered, and you leave without a clear impression of one single thing, except—the monument to the memory of the pioneer mothers of California.

The Palace of Fine Arts is the most perfect building of its kind that you have ever seen. It is really worthy to house the art treasures entrusted to its care.

The old Spanish Mission is a little memorial to the Spain of the past. It is a soul-satisfying thing, and, for an American building, truly venerable, having been erected in the first year

of our independence. As you wander among the graves in the old churchyard, a sense of peace steals into your heart, and again you forget the Magic City.

Yet the Magic City is added, in your memory, to the dearest things in life. —S. E. D.

The End of His Great Work

"It is a beautiful place," he said to himself as he gazed from the lofty hill to the bottom of the valley below, "and what a splendid chance to make this plain 'the garden spot of the world.'"

Frank Lyn was a deep thinker, and now that he had completed his course at Yale, he had sought the lovely plains of New Mexico to make his dreams of an ideal country. Many years had passed since he had visited the old home and disclosed his dreams to "the girl he left behind him," for he was struggling harder each day to bring the plan nearer to completion. It had been eight months since he had left the real stir of merriment and had sought the desert, and each day closed with very little progress being made. This day, Christmas Eve, found the task within two months of completion; then he would be known throughout the state for the wonderful piece of work, which he had made a success.

During his stay in this country, he had made but few acquaintances, for what did it matter whether he knew anyone else, just so he was busy? But this Christmas Eve found him lonely and "blue," as he scanned the grand prairie around him. He kept thinking of home and friends, and of the "one girl." He began to think what he had been missing during his stay in this country. Sniffing the fresh breeze, he got a delicious odor of turkey cooking. Looking around to discover its source, he saw for the first time a short, almost hidden "dugout," in the far end of the valley. He almost snatched his lips as the odor again brushed his nostrils, and he began to realize the pangs of hunger.

"I believe I will slip down and eat a real old fashioned Christmas supper, he said, and started off. He soon found himself at the head of the steps and was invited "down into the house" by a charming young girl quite in contrast to her surroundings. Frank found himself somewhat embarrassed, but the odors coming from the kitchen were so delicious, that he found courage to explain his visit.

"Sure," the childish voice of the girl was heard to say, "I am always glad to have company, and especially so at Christmas time; it helps Mother and Father so much."

The shy, timid little creature led him into the long room, where sat the two aged people, and he observed at once that they were both blind. What a pity, and how unfortunate it must be to be in their condition, he thought; but he remarked aloud to the girl, "How fortunate you are in having a home here. A dark shadow crossed the face of the girl, and the two old people hung their heads as if in sorrow.

"Yes," the girl replied, "I know we are fortunate, and we are all thankful, but we have been notified by the government that this tract is on sale to a company in the irrigation work, which means that we must leave our old home, unless the head manager

consents to let us stay."
"But, who is the manager?" he questioned.

"You know," said she, "I have tried many times to find who this person is, but today is the first time I have found any trace of him."

"And who is he, how did you find it all out?" he continued to question nervously.

"I do not know him yet," she went on, embarrassed, "but they say he wanders about the valley during the day, and my sister from Kentucky has written us so much about him."

"From Kentucky!" he started breathlessly, "Who is she, and where does she live in Kentucky? That is my home."

"You then are the person," she cried, "how could you take our home, the one my dear father and mother love so well? My sister is coming home for the Christmas holidays; it is time for her to be here now. Listen! (a sound was heard on the step), Why, here she is now." They all ran to the door and greeted the other one of the household; then Frank called out happily.

"Why Helen—my Helen, why did you not tell me? Now that I know all," he said, turning to the girl and her parents, "you may keep all; it was for this girl that I have tried so hard to make this plan a success. Rest easy and have a happy Christmas in your dear old home, for we wish to share it with you." —D. T.

From a Car

It was one of those May mornings when you feel as if you would live forever, and you long to do so. For everything was singing of spring. In all three directions I could see the fertile country with its prosperous farm homes. The landscape was divided into acres of plowed land and acres of green wheat, like checkerboard blocks, that stretched away to meet the distant horizon. To the north one could just see through the many willows and cottonwood trees that lined its banks, the winding gleam of a river. The back haze of the far east showed where the distant city lay. Along the south side of the road a sloping apple orchard, pink and white lured its admirers into the fragrance filled air of spring. —G. L.

WILL SING "THE CREATION" AT NORMAL IN SPRING

The Normal chorus, under the direction of Wallace R. Clark, will present the oratoric "The Creation" by Haydn during the spring quarter for the benefit of the Gregg Cousins Memorial Fund. There are eighty voices in the chorus, to be accompanied by the orchestra of twenty pieces. The solo parts are to be taken by local people. "The Creation" is pronounced by musicians to be Haydn's greatest work. The chorus is getting the work well in hand and practices will soon start with the orchestra and soloists.

History Club to Give Open Program

The History Club will meet Monday evening, January 18, at seven o'clock. The program will consist of a study of the immigration problem. Everyone is invited to be present. While this club is conducted largely by history students, all interested in historical study are eligible for membership.

The Christmas Party

Soon after our arrival we found our way to the dining room, the dining room which reminded one of the frozen North, except that the atmosphere was warm. Snow laden branches were festooned around the room. Big white balloons bobbed round among the branches and hung gaily from the ceiling.

In the center of the white, glittering table stood a small pine tree. A number of tiny, red lights glistened among the long green needles, and from the tree's topmost branch a shower of red ribbons fell to the edge of the table. Scarlet poinsettias were scattered over the white cloth and small bonbon dishes held white mints and salted almonds.

We were seated in chairs that were placed round the walls. Ice cream in round mountains with bits of green poking out their fat sides, Angel food cake, delicious little sandwiches tied with red ribbons, and bonbons were served by the girls dressed in white with red beads round their necks, and a bunch of red ribbons attached to the beads dangling down their backs. —E. M. P.

Canyon Band Under Prof. Brothers

Arrangements have been made to hold the practices of the Canyon Band in the Court House, using the office of C. F. Walker.

Wallace R. Clark, head of the music department of the Normal, is very anxious to see a strong band worked up in Canyon in order that concerts may be held on the court house lawn during the summer months when there is most likely not to be a Normal band.

The Normal is offering the services of Mr. Brothers free of charge to the young people who will take a place in the Canyon band. The Commercial Club of Hereford closed a contract with Mr. Brothers this week to direct the Hereford band, and it is indeed fortunate that Canyon will receive free of charge the services of a musician who is so greatly in demand in other towns.

The practices will be held on Tuesday evening. The band is just getting into position to do good work, and every young person who has had a little experience, or wishes to learn a band instrument should join the organization at once.

The History Club

The History Club is the most efficient means the West Texas State Normal College has for helping the students in the study of current events. The events of the day are discussed one by one by some member of the club. Then follows the Round Table discussion.

Everyone has an opportunity to talk and ask questions. Democracy and truth are the two things sought and used. —R. G. H.

Baptist Encampment in Canyon

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Canyon City Club Monday afternoon, the use of the club grounds was offered to the members of the Baptist church for the annual encampment to be held this coming summer. Rev. B. F. Fronabarger stated that plans would be started at once to bring in several hundred representatives from the Baptist churches of the Panhandle-Plains country to attend this encampment.

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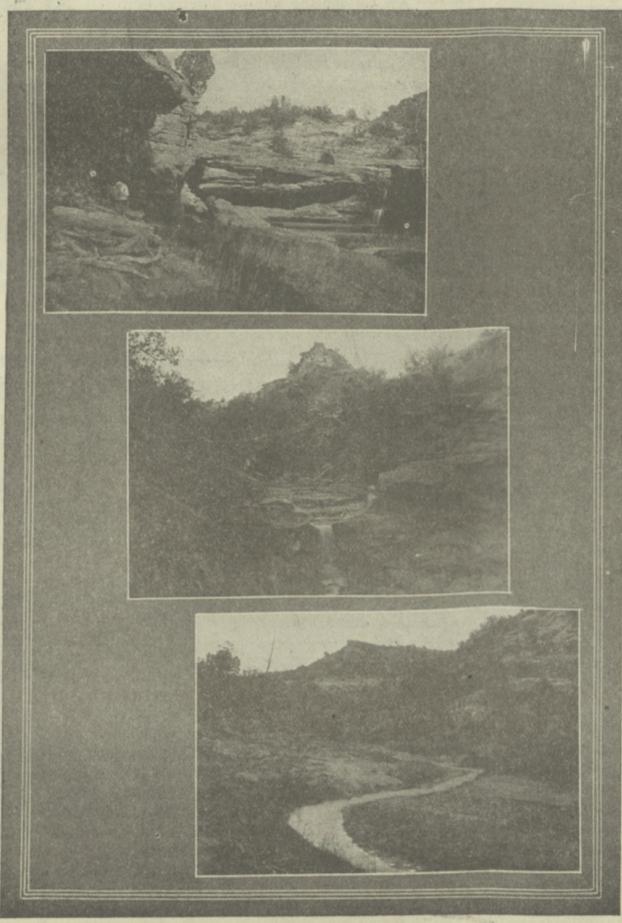
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Normal Seniors Re-Organize

The Normal Seniors met Wednesday for the purpose of re-organizing and electing new officers for the quarter. The following officers were elected: President—Carl Maurer.

Vice President—Olive Mitchell
Secretary-Treasurer—Joe Della Pennington.
Prairie Representative—Mary Meinecke.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has a number of 1921 Calendars, with the College Seal, for sale. They can be purchased in the Association Room, two for twenty-five cents.

Cousins at Work

The Cousins Literary Society has started the New Year right and met on January 7th for the purpose of re-organization. The following officers were elected:

President—Virgil Dodson.
Vice President—Wesley Allen.
Secretary—William Allen.
Treasurer—Deskin Wells.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Hubert Rutherford.
Prairie Representative—Olin Hinkle.
Yell Leader—Allen King.

Sesames Step Lively!

The Sesame Literary Society is keeping in step. They met and elected the following officers, on January 7:

President—Frances Ramey.
Vice President—Joyce Mills.
Secretary—Ethel Root.
Treasurer—Leona Sumner.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Thelma Black.
Critic—Rita Baldwin.
Yell Leader—Pearl Bauerie.

The Sesames are planning great things for this quarter and they urge that all the members attend every meeting.

Home Economic Notes

Miss Lillian Peek, Assistant Director of Vocational Home Economics in Texas, visited the Home Economics Department on January 4.

The staff of the Home Economics Department, Misses Rambo, Bell and Watkins, will give a formal reception of the Home Economics Students on Friday, January 14, from four to five-thirty. This party is one of several which the staff intends giving for the purpose of bringing the students together socially.

French Club

The French Club, which discontinued its activities during the examination period of last quarter, will soon reorganize. Members of the club are looking forward to a profitable quarter's work since they plan to work intensely. Dan Sanders is the present president of the club.

President Hill is back from a busy visit to Austin where he went to attend to some very important meetings from an educational standpoint.

Elapheian Meeting

The Elapheians held a very progressive meeting in room 207 Thursday evening, Jan 6th. The following officers were elected for the winter quarter:

President—Saxache Simms.
Vice Pres.—Gracie Penrod.
Secretary—Sara Thompson.
Serg.-at-Arms—Dollie Clark.
Parliamentarian—Jo. Della Pennington.

Treas.—Olive Mitchell.

Press Reporter—Lizzie Kate Smith. This was a very "peppy" meeting. The record for transacting business swiftly and with precision was undoubtedly broken.

—Elapheian Reporter.

Pennants

As I was sitting in my rocking chair last night thinking over subjects for a theme to be written today, my absent-minded gaze fell upon the pennant of my high school. I stopped rocking and looked at it again, for I suddenly thought of what all that pennant and other pennants stands for. What if it is only a piece of felt of many different designs and colors, it is the flag of its school! It represents all that we have put into and gained from those happy school years—those years which shall live in our memory forever. Into the design of this "scrap" of colored felt, we put our combined effort at originality and good taste. What other thing of our college life sees more display than the pennant? It adorns the college boy's and girl's room, and even after graduation, goes with them into the world. It waves among the cheering crowd, watching a gridiron battle, and as we gaze upon it in later life, we are thrilled with the happy memories of that occasion. In fact this "flag" takes part in everything of our school life, and I pity the student who does not possess one or more of these things, which must always hold out to him the joys, the sorrows, the high ideals, the goal for which he strove for in the jolly college days, and which he is still striving for—it is a thing to be revered.

—A. L.

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NEWS ITEMS

The following is a list of old students who were not here last quarter, but have enrolled for this: Gordon Cone, Rual Ford, Dean Crawford, William Falls, Thurman Hawkins, Paul Callahan, Robert Hester, Clarence Lutes, Frank Farmer, James Vetesk, Billie Melton, Gordon Bourland, Jesse West, J. Mack Noble, Harry Chineswith, Grace and Pauline Cantrall, Tony Reeves, Elihu Dockery, Alvis Lynch, Lois Davis.

Miss Hudspeth, Dean of Women, spent the holidays in Arkansas visiting her grandmother.

Mr. J. W. Reid visited his father in North Carolina a few weeks ago. We are glad to learn that his father is much improved from his recent illness.

Omar Owens from Lipscomb county has entered the college as a "special" student.

Charles Keffer, a former Normal graduate, now attending the University of Texas Law School, was a visitor in Canyon the first of the week.

Miss O'Connell of the Expression Department visited Miss Abbie Graham, former Y. W. C. A. secretary at the Normal, at Alice, Texas, during the holidays.

President J. A. Hill left Tuesday for Austin, where he will attend to some business pertaining to the College. He expects to return by way of Hamilton and pay his mother a visit.

Lem Sone has quit school to accept a position as teacher in the Birch school near Amarillo.

Miss Margaret Davidson, a sister of Mrs. Mary Meinecke, is among the new students to enroll this quarter.

Hazel Brown, a former student of Wayland College, is with us for the remainder of the year.

Mr. Morelock, head of the English Department, spent Christmas with his mother in Oklahoma.

Miss Gladys Puckett of Amarillo has entered the Normal.

Miss Annie Kate Ferguson of Hale Center has entered the Normal.

Mr. Phillips of the Agricultural Department spent Christmas near Denton, Texas.

Kathleen of Stratford, a former Clarendon College student, is now a student in the Normal.

Nellus Tedford of Tulia is among the new students this quarter.

Miss Davis reports that several of her students who made B's last quarter are expecting to make A's this quarter.

Misses Virginia Ellis, Sallie Lee Patterson, Mable Richburg, and Esther Young are among the new students who have enrolled this quarter.

Wade and Lee Christopher of Tredway, Borden County, have enrolled as students in the Normal.

Charles Lightenbur of Bovina is a new student in the Normal.

Miss Sammie Jones, sister of Mitchell and Frank Jones, has entered the Normal.

Frank Helm of Plainview and J. Z. Scott of Floydada are among the new students.

College Friendships

"A cheerful friend is like a sunny day." To have a well-rounded college life, we must realize the vast importance of college friendships. We are social beings, and no one lives unto himself alone. All of us have the hunger in our hearts to be known and understood. Before we have been here many days, we find that certain people are influencing us; we admire or are attracted by them, yet we cannot tell why.

As is always the case, there will be those among us who have the gift of making friends and holding them. But to all of us this art is not given. Some of us are timid and shrinking in disposition, and we long to be encouraged and helped, do we not? Really, don't you believe that just for such lonesome reticent person as you and I, friends are waiting in this Normal among both faculty and students, whose sympathy and broadening influence can change us and make us surprised at ourselves.—Campus Chat.

It is true that all do not have the gifts of making friends, but this art can be cultivated, and the best time for cultivation is during our school days. We know that many of the great events that history records were accompanied thru the help of friends. If we are to accomplish great things when we go out into the world they will be thru the assistance of our friends, and mostly thru the friendships we have formed in our youth. So then, let not these golden days of youth pass without acquiring friends and let these friends be as numerous as possible.—Searchlight.

The Headlights are Darning

The Headlights met Thursday in a business session. The following officers were elected for this quarter:

President—Verle Fletcher.
Vice President—Allen King.
Secretary-Treasurer—Viola Vetesk.
Prairie Representative—Ruth Stewart.

The club also decided to have their regular meetings on the first and third Thursdays of each month.

In the Light of the Fire

When I was a child we lived in a large, rambling old house situated in the woods of East Texas, near the Louisiana border. This old house had many nooks and corners which cling to my memory, but those of all is the fire place. In those roaring fires the fancy of childhood pictured the scenes and dramatic personnel of the fairy stories that mother told quietly to me in one corner, while the other children studied school lessons. How vivid was "Beauty and the Beast," as I gazed into the flashing light of the fire! The story of "The Three Pigs" who caught the wolf in a pot of boiling water as he came down the chimney, should never be told without a fire place.

Of course, there came a time when I was too big to believe in fairies, and too young to dream for long on account of an excess of energy; still, even at that period, I could study better by an open fire. Christmas books are so much more charming read by the fire light than by the most subdued white reading globe. Who would prefer an electric light to a fire light when reading "Treasure Island?"

There was a time, also, when I was sick, and could not read or use my eyes closely. It was then that the spell of the firelight returned. Without serious illness, yet I was taken away from my work. Out of the light of the fire I drew futures and futures. As soon as one was perfectly studied—every detail thought out—they seemed to lose their color. Was it because the fire was dying down? No, for when the fire was replenished the picture still refused to glow as it did in

the making. It was not living. It was built out of the imaginations. There was no one living in the picture, and new pictures were evened. The one that lived and glowed even after the fire turned to gray ashes was the picture that kept work uppermost; and in that work, always I was given the privilege of helping some one else.

—L. O.

The Night Before Christmas—Work, Snow, everywhere, everywhere—this is no time for play, for tonight is Christmas Eve, and this room must be decorated. The scene was in a small country school room, which was a mass of confusion. This confusion was composed of children, toys; all manner of Christmas decorations, many anxious mothers, who were constantly on guard lest Johnny or Willie should see his new sled or pop-gun; but the most confused piece of all confusion was the small blond teacher, who was worn out by a "frazzle" from many rehearsals, with angry charges, big, awkward, boys who did not want to say their "speeches," and still more from fear that the program would not be a success.

—E. G.

Antler Society

The Antler Literary Society met on January 6, and began their work for this quarter. The following officers were elected:

President—Roy Cary.
Vice President—Gary Simms.
Treasurer—John Tucker.
Secretary—Dorothy Hawkins.
Asst. Secretary—Mack Noble.
Master-at-Arms—Vaughn Winn.

GETTING READY FOR COMMENCEMENT

Last spring the Randall County News furnished more than twenty high schools of the Panhandle-Plains country with their

COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS

This year we hope to increase this number very greatly. Our supply of samples will be ready January 20th, and we want to send them to graduating classes in all towns.

The Randall County News specializes in school printing, and we are therefore in position to give the very best service with Commencement Invitations.

Write today concerning Invitations. Do not put this matter off until Commencement time rolls around. Those who order early always get the best service and are never disappointed by late shipments.

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School Days Begin Again

Another school year opens, and we welcome the Teachers and Students on their return to work.

Students will find us always ready to advise them on money matters without charge of any kind.

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