

# THE PRAIRIE

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE WEST TEXAS STATE NORMAL COLLEGE, CANYON, TEXAS.

VOL. II.

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NUMBER 8

## An Educational Opportunity of The Legislature

The master-key to the solution of our educational problems is the "trained teacher." It has been said that he is born, not made. If so, then there is no justification for Normal Colleges, for all they may do will not avail anything toward providing an adequate supply of teachers. If it be argued that the Normal Colleges give general education to those who are born with the power to teach, it may be said as well then that they are only colleges of liberal arts and are not to be differentiated from those institutions in curriculum, organization, administration, instruction, spirit, and purpose and therefore may as well be recognized as little State universities.

But, in a legal sense at least, Texas has asserted that teachers may be made and has, therefore, provided six institutions for the training of teachers. According to statistics recently reported from the State Department of Education, nineteen per cent of the teachers in the common school districts and thirty-two per cent of the teachers in the independent districts are graduates of normal colleges. Seventy-five per cent of teachers in common school districts and forty-three per cent of teachers in independent districts have no college training of any kind, while twenty-three per cent, in 1918, of the teachers of the State were graduates of Normal Colleges as against eleven per cent who are graduates of other colleges and universities. In the same year, thirty-three per cent of the teachers of the State held second grade certificates and, therefore, had no college training whatever, to say nothing of professional training. Probably half of those who hold first grade certificates and above, have never had any college training whatever and certainly have no special training for teaching.

Statistics also show that the number of those who are preparing to teach is smaller than it was a few years ago. Accordingly it appears that the very small supply of trained teachers we already have is gradually being reduced and that the school rooms are being filled with teachers who have no college training and no preparation for the profession.

In short, it appears that the master-key, which we have never held at all securely, is about to be lost altogether. It is to be hoped that we shall be saved the embarrassment and loss of having to take axes and mauls in order to open the door to complete educational opportunity for every boy and girl in Texas.

Fortunately there is yet time to recover. Indeed, something has already been done. Salaries have been raised throughout the State and this has had the effect of staying disorganization in the profession. For the good of the State, salaries will yet have to be materially raised, but financial conditions at present do not justify agitation of this question. In fact, the raising of salaries is not now the most urgent need.

Having advanced salaries the public will rightfully expect a higher quality of service. If teachers do not wish the general level of salaries to decline, then they must give the people the best schools we have ever had. Every teacher in the State owes it to his profession as well as to the public to teach as he has never before taught. He must bring to his work a much higher degree of preparation and consecrate himself, body and soul, to the great task of serving the people, through the wholesome development of the people's children.

We have no reason to hope, however, that the teachers will, as a class, so comprehend their problem as to save the situation. Our main reliance is the present session of the legislature. If this body will place on the statute books a bill governing certification as prepared by a representative body of educators, which bill is a part of the recommendations of the State Department of Education, it will have gone a long way toward the solution of our teacher problem and will have guaranteed to the public a better quality of service than the

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### Y. W. C. A. Lunch Room

The members of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet are preparing a room at "Cozy Cottage" for a lunch room. This will give those who bring their lunches to school a place in which to eat. The Y. W. C. A. will serve coffee, tea, chocolate, and other hot drinks daily. Sandwiches will also be served. The place is to be known as the "Cozy Cottage Lunch Room."

## DEBATERS FOR NORMAL CHOSEN

Tarleton, Baucom, Hill and Boatright Selected to Represent W. T. S. N. C. In April.

Canyon will be represented in debate at Huntsville by Mody C. Boatright, Lester Hill, and Virgil Dodson (alternate). Ivan Baucom, D. T. Tarleton, and Lewis Hill (alternate) will defend our Alma Mater against Commerce here. From whence come these young men who will represent us in the inter-normal debates? What do we know about them?

Mody C. Boatright comes to us from Abilene, and has been here as a student three years. Last year he was critic teacher in the Training School. He was among the students of this institution who volunteered for service during the war, and was in the army about a year. He is editor in chief of "The Prairie." He will receive his B. A. degree next year.

Lester Hill of Weatherford, Parker county, was first with us in 1917. He taught school for the next two years and is back again to resume his studies. He will get his permanent certificate in the Spring.

Ivan C. Baucom was a student here the first year of the Normal and has been back several times since. He is now student assistant in athletics. He will receive his B. A. degree in the Summer. Mr. Baucom comes from Mineral Wells.

D. T. Tarleton, from near Cleburne, was also a student here the first year of the Normal. He was on the battle front in Europe and was wounded. He will get his B. A. degree next year.

Virgil Dodson is a Canyon boy, having come here from Floydada. He served in the navy for some time during the war. He has been with us three years.

Lewis Hill comes directly from the Lipscomb schools and has been here two years.

### Teachers' Consolidated Institute

H. W. Morelock, chairman of the Institute Committee, has heard from practically all the county judges and county superintendents whose counties were represented in the consolidated institute which convened in the West Texas State Normal College last September. Every letter received has heartily endorsed the consolidated institute and approves the action taken by the teachers of the twenty-two counties represented here last year to return to Canyon for another consolidated institute, September, 1921.

The West Texas State Normal College cordially invites any county in the Panhandle which desires to do so to join us in this next consolidated institute. If you have not been with us heretofore, join us in the next consolidated institute. After you have seen at first hand the possibilities of a consolidated institute, I believe that you will afterwards be dissatisfied with the small institute with its limited possibilities. The touch with the big men and women who are engaged for addresses at these consolidated institutes, the delightful associations possible for the teachers who attend, and the enthusiasm for their work which teachers catch and take back to their school—these advantages are worth many times the investment.

### Grade Summary for Fall Quarter

A recent summary of grades which were made by students last quarter was given by President Hill in chapel the first of the week.

According to the report three students made five A's, and six students made four A's. The students making five A's were Ada Clark, Elizabeth Reck and Lucille Gill. Those who made four A's were Winnie Mae Crawford, Mody C. Boatright, Effie Jewell Goodpasture, Mona Gertrude Helton, Bettie Rose Kerr, and Ruth Thompson.

The total number of A's, B's, C's, D's, E's, F's, X's, Q's and W's was as follows:

A's	263
B's	712
C's	713
D's	410
E's	149
F's	216
X's	43
Q's	84
W's	74

While the report is not accurate in every particular owing to the fact that other grades have been handed in and some students have taken examinations raising their grades since the report was compiled, it gives an estimate of the standing of the student body.

Miss Mildred Keffer was called to her home at Lipscomb last Wednesday on account of the death of her uncle.

### The Teacher, The Vital Factor in Education

Almost from the time our country entered the world war the public schools of America as a vital factor in a democracy have been accorded much recognition by the leading newspapers and magazines. The scarcity of teachers and the large per cent of illiteracy among the masses forced the question of public education, both in degree and kind, upon the attention of thinking men and women. In order to meet the inadequate supply of teachers, the unfortunate step of lowering standards was taken. Statistics do not always tell the truth. We stultify educational standards when we lower them that more people may obtain a higher grade of certificate. An inferior teaching corps is the worst investment that school authorities can make. The mere fact of remaining in school does not constitute an education; wrong education is worse than no education. The implanting of improper tendencies not only drives boys and girls from the school room, but it belittles the idea of an education.

The public has not learned well the all important lesson that the teacher is the most vital factor in education. No amount or kind of physical equipment can take the place of a teacher devoted to his profession and fitted for it by head and heart preparation. The right kind of education is spiritual in its purpose, though it may be industrial in its practice. No external splendor of appearance or internal appointment of beauty necessarily makes a home, and the most splendid physical palace may be a soulless mansion. Laboratories, gymnasiums, and even libraries (however invaluable these may be or however pretentious in appearance they may seem) can not consciously originate ideas or develop character.

The teacher only can justify or condemn the wisdom of the vast sums expended for public education. Our textbooks, as a rule, provide safe and sound subject matter. But the vast amount of material which an industrious teacher may gather for supplementary purposes has practically no limitations either in degree or kind. The contention which a gifted but unscrupulous teacher may apply to facts has in it the possibilities of the most direful consequences for unsophisticated minds. The application of truth is sometimes more important than the truth itself. Too many lives obey the admonition Lady Macbeth gave her wicked husband: "look like the innocent flower, But be the serpent under't." The inner life and the outward life of men and women do not always correspond. I suppose the fear of custom or public opinion makes us moral cowards. The teacher of all people has the most abundant and unhampered opportunity of ridding his mind of "what he would fain believe but would not at all dare express." How we teach is as important as what we teach. I am not writing an indictment against the methods teachers employ in their instruction of our youth; I desire only that the public realize more fully the opportunities for good or evil that inhere in the teacher's position.

In these times of social, moral, political, and religious unrest, when the spirit of injured justice rankles in the heart of millions of people, it is pertinent that we demand of all teachers that they be patriotic. No teacher should be allowed to continue in his work who is not aggressively interested in the good of his country, or who does not believe in the ideals for which it stands. A half-hearted tolerance of one's supposed political faith should not be accounted sufficient; we must insist that those who teach our boys and girls the virtue of American citizenship bow with devout heads before the Statue of Liberty. It is not enough that we outline programs of instruction in the principles of citizenship, or that we prescribe definite textbooks for study; we must know that the heart of him who is to give coloring to these facts beats true to those impulses for which our forefathers fought, bled, and died.

Not only should teachers be patriotic, but they should know young life—their tendencies and potentialities. I would not discredit scholarship, but I believe that we often overemphasize subject matter to the utter neglect of boys and girls. How many parents realize too late that their method of rearing their own children violates the fundamental laws of growth so exacting in the genius but so variable in the species. With but little regard for the possibilities of variation in the individual we provide the same conditions which fostered our growth. It is possible that your child—my child—inherited some of his evil tendencies, or even some of his genius, from one of his remote ancestors. Our duty and our opportunity as teachers is to take

note of whatever exists in the heart and mind of those under our guidance, regardless of what it is or who is responsible for its existence. It is a notable fact that some children behave one way at school and another at home. This conduct is sometimes complimentary to the home and sometimes to the school. But in every case where this condition obtains, either the home or the school is at fault. But I submit that, if all teachers were what they should be, might they not serve as a kind of corrective for conditions in some homes? Under our present social laws and practices the public exercises but little influence in the making of homes, but it possesses the right of selection in making up the list of teachers. It is imperative, therefore, that the list of teachers from which the public is to choose should be large in numbers and right in kind. But this condition does not obtain at present. In the words of Brann, we "must take the best that offers and try to be content."

But most indispensable than patriotism and a knowledge of young life is spiritual capital. To demand that every teacher who enters the school-room shall be a professing Christian would perhaps be unwise. But his soul aspirations should be in harmony with whatever is beautiful and good in life; his actions should be circumspect, his thoughts pure, and his thinking high. Nothing little or low or mean should ever manifest itself in the relations with his students or his community.

The teacher in charge of your school either possesses these characteristics or he does not; but in either case his influence, either for good or for bad, will be just as great. And whether we will have it thus and so or not, the teacher is and will remain the vital factor in education which looks to the shaping of manhood and womanhood as its highest and holiest purpose.

### New Policy for Summer School

The summer session of 1921 will be divided into two terms. The first term will begin Wednesday, June 8, and end Saturday, July 16; the second term will open Monday, July 18, and close Tuesday, August 23. In all subjects classes will meet six times a week. A student may schedule for not more than three subjects and not fewer than two subjects. Under this new plan for the Summer Session a student may enroll for either term and receive a full quarter's work in the subjects for which he is scheduled. However, in order to receive credit for a full term's work, the student must do standard work and attend the entire term. Late entrants and students who leave school before the end of the term will not receive credit for work done. Saturday, June 11, will be the last day students will be permitted to enter the First Term and receive credit for the work done; and Tuesday, July 19, the last day they will be permitted to enter the Second Term and receive credit for the term's work. No other entrance examinations than those scheduled in the catalogue will be offered for the Summer Session.

### Summer Normal

The Summer Normal will open June 8 and close with the state examinations—August 8, 9, 10, and 11. Summer Normal subjects will recite three times a week, on alternate days: Monday, Wednesday, Friday; and Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday. For example, mathematics will meet on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; English on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. This arrangement makes it possible for students to attend a larger number of classes and in this way review all the more difficult subjects for examination.

### English 59 to Issue Illustrated Edition of "The Prairie"

English 59 is getting out a special eight-page illustrated edition of "The Prairie" which will give, briefly, a history of the West Texas State Normal College from its establishment in 1910 up to the present time. This work, if well done, should prove invaluable for future reference. So many important events are too soon forgotten, even by people most directly concerned in them. In later years, when other people come to take our place, they will be glad to know what landmarks have signaled our progress. On the monuments to our achievements a few names will be written in large letters, and justly so; but no autobiography of an institution should omit to take account of those who toil behind the scenes. A loyal student body with high ideals and worthy ambitions makes possible the greatness of any school. And just as in the Sistine Madonna the angel faces of thousands of lives brighten every page of our history.

Have you had your picture taken for the Annual? If not, why not?

## NORMAL DIVIDES DOUBLE-HEADER

State Champions For Four Years Succumb to Normal Quintet.

For the first time in their basketball history, the Clovis Diagonals tasted defeat on their home court when the Normal basketekers handed them the small end of the score in the second game; 18 to 24. The first game was recorded in a different key, Clovis winning, 38 to 32.

When the whistle blew on the evening of the 12th., the Diagonals started with a rush, playing an overhead game which our boys couldn't solve on account of not being able to reach the ball. Clovis played an open game featured by long shots. Led by Captain Craw, they hung up a lead that the Normalites could not overcome in the short halves.

On Clovis' part the second half was like chasing elusive shadows. The Normalites persistently appeared in unexpected places, but like shadows they flitted into the maze of speedy athletes, to reappear with confusing rapidity. But Clovis persisted in "mussing up" perfectly good tries for goal on account of their enormous reach. The final whistle found our ball-tossers on Clovis' heels, 38 to 32.

Clovis	Forward	Normal
Craw, Capt.		Hale
Panderhurst		Hill
Howell	Center	Mitchell
Hobby	Guard	Golden
Montgomery		Simms, Capt.
Referee, Gibbons.		

Substitutes: Wells for Golden; Lancaster for Wells.

As the ominous calm which precedes a storm, as the darkest hour precedes the dawn, the worst ordeal fate holds in store for man is the suspense of waiting. Between "42", checkers, and shows, all but Golden, who preferred the privacy of the phone booth, and Wells, who contracted the habit of carding, we loafed away the day of the 13th.

Late that afternoon, in the small gym of the High School on the outskirts of Clovis, there raged a battle that for earnestness of purpose, speed, and released fury was surpassed only by the wintry blizzard without. For the Clovis had witnessed a rare occurrence when snow flakes came hurtling out of a clear sky, before the day ended she saw sights more unbelievable, and events more startling. Simms' powerful, smooth-running machine swept aside the opposition; his speedy cohorts, while battling to victory, were also establishing themselves in the hearts and esteem of their rivals, and the fans who had come to "root" Clovis to victory. The speed, teamwork, and sportsmanship of the Normal cagers won applause from more than one group of admirers, for Farwell, led by Key and Younger, were out in full force. They spilled pep, enthusiasm, and support with a vim that would put to shame the most ardent College rooter.

The second game was played with dazzling rapidity, the efforts put forth in the first engagement seeming mere child's play in comparison. The ball passed from hand to hand, back and forth, for three minutes without a try for goal. Then Craw's long shot was snatched in mid-air by Mitchell who passed to Simms, to Hill, to Hale, who shot the first goal. Another by Hill followed quickly. Clovis was never able to overcome this lead.

Hale's work under the basket, the way Hill covered the court and plucked the ball out of the air on the tipoff, and Mitchell's work in smothering the Diagonal's star forward went a long way toward amassing the final score of 18 to 24 in our favor. The little six foot center more than met his match in Captain Simms, whose generalship and goal shooting was a feature. Joe was "up and at 'em" from whistle to whistle, toting the smile that defeat nor victory does not alter.

Both games were of peculiar interest on account of the contrast in the size of the teams. The Diagonals ranged from six feet to six feet six inches in height. We could not have played a better bunch of sports. Their conduct at all times was marked by honesty and good sportsmanship; as entertainers they were supreme.

Line-up: Clovis, same as first game. Canyon, same forwards; Simms took center, Mitchell and Lancaster, guards. Referee, McCorkle.

Nothing could have been more appreciated than the little banquet given at the Elite Cafe by our good friends

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## NORMAL WINS OVER WAYLAND

Speed and Short Passes Kept the Baptist Athletes Guessing

Whatever championship aspirations Wayland may have had went glimmering Saturday evening when the Normal defeated her for the second consecutive time, 46 to 15. The first game resulted in a score of 61 to 15, our basketekers having had no trouble whatever in locating the basket.

The Wayland gym was packed Friday evening, as there were three games billed. Both Boys' and Girls' teams from Oden entered the contest against the Wayland girls and the Cottonails, or second team. The crowning event of the evening was the Normal-Wayland game. Confident of victory, the Baptists were out in force. From the tip-off the ball was shot back and forth for several minutes until Hale caged a long try for goal. This started the fireworks, and the Normal five scored almost continually for a time. While Golden and Simms were smothering the Baptist forwards, Hale and Hill darted in and out of the maze, shooting goals almost at will. Mitchell was there with the goods, and Simms, determined not to be out-done, dropped the ball into the cage time and again. At the end of the first half, Wayland found herself staring at the tail end of a 30 to 3 score.

The Jack Rabbits started the second half at full speed. They were able to register 12 points during the half, but in the meantime our boys had not been idle. Simms set the pace and at the end of the game was high point man, having caged an even dozen field goals. Hill threw five field and one free goal; Hale tossed nine field and two free baskets, while Mitchell caged three field goals. Seven fouls by the Baptists gave a like number of free throws to our basketekers, three of which tossed went thru the loop. Of the two free throws off the Normal, Wayland made one. For the Baptists, Heath was high point man, making three field goals. Gettys and Ewing tied with two field goals each, while Tate shot the lone free goal. The Jack Rabbits specialized on long passes and shots. Many of the passes went into the hands of the speeding Normalites, and thence to the basket. McCorkle's well-trained cohorts shot short passes back and forth with bewildering rapidity, and this feature alone had much to do with the annexing 61 points to Wayland's 15. The game was fast, clean and hardfought throughout.

NORMAL	FG	FT	F
Hill, F. ....	5	1	0
Hale, F. ....	9	2	0
Mitchell, C. ....	3	0	0
Simms, Capt., G. ....	12	0	2
Golden, G. ....	0	0	0
WAYLAND	FG	FT	F
Heath, Capt., F. ....	3	0	0
Tate, F. ....	0	1	1
Gettys, C. ....	2	0	1
Ewing, G. ....	2	0	4
Buckley, G. ....	0	0	1

### Referee, McCorkle.

### Second Game

Saturday evening found both teams eager to renew the contest—the second game. They were out to win; Wayland had seemingly forgotten her previous defeat. From the tip-off Hill shot the ball to Hale who threw the first goal. But the basket at our end of the court was not flooded with balls. Wayland's turn had come. She had changed tactics, trying the short pass with some success. Her teamwork was much improved, but with all the changes the Jack Rabbits could annex but 8 points the first half. Our boys found the second game much more interesting, as did the yelling rooters. However, in their characteristic manner, our boys located the basket and rung up 26 points.

If the first half was a whirlwind, the second was a cyclone. The fans were continually in an uproar, and, judging from their chatter our players were doomed to defeat. But they were surprised to the extent that the Normal scored 20 points to Wayland's 7. Total for the game: Normal 46, Wayland 15.

CANYON	FG	FT	F
Hill, F. ....	1	2	0
Hale, F. ....	6	0	6
Mitchell, C. ....	6	0	1
Golden, G. ....	3	0	3
Simms, Capt., G. ....	5	0	0
Wells, F. ....	1	0	0
Lancaster, G. ....	2	0	2
WAYLAND	FG	FT	F
Heath, Capt., F. ....	1	1	0
Tate, F. ....	2	2	0
Gettys, C. ....	3	0	1

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## "Prairie" Staff

Editor-in-Chief—Mody C. Boatright.  
Business Manager—Charles Wainwright.  
Associate Editor-in-Chief—

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## The Unhonored Living

Genius has often paid tribute to "the unhonored dead," and I would not pluck one flower from the garland that wreathes their noble brows; but not all our incense should be poured upon the head of those whose heart is beyond the feeling of gratitude. Bouquets variegated with good wishes and brightened with joy at others' success should bloom in the garden of every heart. A candid recognition of worth wherever found and a wholehearted willingness to "pay Caesar his dues" would make of this world a different place in which to live.

I wonder how in human hearts and human lives. Not until she could view the situation through the telescope of distance did England realize that Jane Carlyle has sacrificed her opportunities for greatness upon the altar of her husband's fame. How many "unhallowed kings," how many "uncrowned queens," could you name? How many men and women practically unknown to the masses have been elevated to positions of honor and trust through the discovery of talent in them by their most intimate friends? And how many of these men and women through this opportunity of exercising potential abilities have achieved a reputation which astonished even their most ardent admirers? In order that the individual may attain to his greatest success, opportunity and ability must be well mated. All of this argues that one of the chief purposes of education is to assist young people in finding their talents, to provide abundant opportunities for the highest developments of these talents.

## Our Platform

1. We believe in the possibilities of the average child—that he is created potentially able to achieve, and finds greatest happiness in self realization; that personality is the most sacred thing in the world and its development the most important task to which human hands may be set; that the peace of the world and the progress of mankind depend upon the salvation of the individual through a righteous adjustment to God and an orderly unfolding of divinely given powers; that the personality of childhood offers the supreme opportunity to the state and to the age, and that material values must not become the measuring-stick of a nation which aspires to stand first on the roster of great powers.

2. We believe in the sacredness of teaching, that the raw materials of the profession are the millions of boys and girls in this country, each one of whom is richly endowed by nature; that its tools are all the good things which God and man have placed at our disposal; that the master workman is the trained teacher, who, with deft hand, clear head, and soulful heart fashions each unit of our social structure and helps it to find proper adjustment, and that the products are the perfect citizens whose "self-fulfillment" through education has made them supremely happy, their country supremely grateful, and their God supremely proud of His achievement.

3. We believe in the trained teacher—that ignorance at the teacher's desk is more costly than the richest jewels and that learning, richly set with magic skill and noble purpose, is more precious than all the gold of Croesus; that to touch with awakening power from year to year the unfolding life of children is a privilege that only kings enjoy and thrills every true teacher from tip to toe; that no other vocation or profession offers its followers such intellectual and spiritual rewards as the teaching profession offers to him who believes that "it is more blessed to give than to receive" and that "whosoever shall

lose his life for My sake shall find it."

4. We believe in the government of the United States, and that enlightenment is its sure foundation—that faith, not force, is the best national safeguard; that if more money were spent upon education less would be necessary for penal institutions, law enforcement, and standing armies; that our schools contribute more to the maintenance of law and order than do our constabulary and our courts; that the trained teacher is the nation's most constructive statesman, and that all the virtues which come through genuine education must be magnified in private thinking and in public policy, so that our lives may be more abundant, our country may continue to lead the nations of the earth toward liberty, and our God may be glorified because of the achievement of His people.

## Fear

The chief fears that lower the vitality and invite disease are the fear of ill health, the fear of misfortune or bereavement, and of loss of money or position. But should sickness, bereavement or adversity come to you, face the facts courageously, catching the spirit of the ancient song, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Do not fear anything. Every morning, when you awake, repeat the words of this song until the strength of them is felt in your mind and body. "In quietness and in confidence shall be my strength." Begin each day with these promises uttered aloud with a confident assurance, and again each night as you prepare for sleep, and you will be surprised how much easier your days will be and how much more restful will be your nights. The habit of serious, resolute, trustful meditation upon these divine assurances, once formed and held, works its own marvels. The verifiable results of such a practice upon health, upon mental adequacy, upon character, delicate imperceptible though they seem at first, are increasingly registered upon the life within until they utter themselves in an enlarged and well-founded efficiency for all life's tasks. This is what the Psalmist said—he was perfectly aware of the fact that life would not be all green pastures and still waters; he would be compelled to walk in and through the valley of many a shadow; but, come what might, still he would not fear nor be afraid. The man whose inmost soul is filled with and possessed by such thoughts finds himself fortified against the encroachments of disease.

According to your faith, your openness, your willingness, your capacity, be it unto you! If everyone could form the habit of going about with the words, "I will be well! I will be well! I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me!" on his lips, in his mind and deeply imbedded in his heart, I do not say it would enable him to lie down with rattlesnakes or to drink water full of typhoid germs unharmed, but it would add greatly to his prospects of good health. Pitch your expectation high. Look for the best, hope for the best, strive for the best, and, according to your faith, be it unto you. If you will say these words resolutely, and keep on saying them trustfully, hopefully, that very action of your inner life will work wonders.

I do not say that no disease can stand before you, for you are not omnipotent; but I do say that you will set in operation one of the great healing forces of the world. Fear of disease and death is normal; still, to allow the mind to dwell on these things is to become a hypochondriac. To shrink from pain is as natural as hunger and as necessary for the preservation of the race; however, to be a slave to suffering is to be a nervous wreck.

Stop talking about your ills; stop thinking about them; stop pitying yourself. Fix your eyes on something high, fine, useful. Be unafraid, and say bravely and steadily, "I will be well! I will! I will! I will fear no evil!" You will be helped, because then you will be in tune with the infinite; your desires and determination will be linked with the purpose of God for you.

We are put into this world with a

clean waybill to another port than this. Across the ocean of life our way lies straight to the harbor of Eternity. We are freighted with a consignment that is bound to be delivered, sooner or later, at the Master's wharf. Let us be alert, then, to recognize the seriousness of our destinies, and content ourselves no longer with shallow soundings. Look to it that your ship is in good order; then spread the sails, weigh the anchor, and point the prow fearlessly and trustfully for the country that lies on the other side of the deep and restless sea. Sooner or later the voyage must be made. Let us make it, then hopefully, courageously, uncomplainingly, with a resolute will at the wheel and the great God himself to furnish the chart. Then shall we weather the wildest gales, and find entrance at last to the Harbor of Peace. Learn how to live.—The American Journal of Clinical Medicine.

A recent statement from the A. & M. College of Texas, affirmed that 108 out-of-state students were enrolled in their student body from 20 states. Arkansas is represented by 24 of these, Louisiana by 27, and Oklahoma by 15. Sixteen students from foreign countries are enrolled. Brazil, Cuba, Peru, and Poland are represented. The enrollment of Texas students last quarter was 1,678.

## Celebrities for Le Mirage Selected

After an exciting election, the celebrities for the Le Mirage have been selected. Miss Leona Sumner was elected prettiest girl and Floyd Golden most handsome boy. The ballot showed Miss Ruth Thompson to be the most all 'round girl and Wesley Allen the most all 'round boy.

Two elections were necessary to determine the four successful candidates. The first vote was remarkable for the number of people that were nominated for each office. The following people were selected as nominees for the four honors by virtue of their having received the highest number of votes:

Prettiest girl: Helen Croson, Tip Bradford and Leona Sumner.

Handsomest boy: Floyd Golden, Bryan McDonald and Shirley Scott.

All 'round girl: Mary Meinecke, Olive Michael and Ruth Thompson.

All 'round boy: Wesley Allen, Gary Simms, and Dan Sanders.

As a member of the faculty expressed it, it was hard indeed to select from a list of such worthy candidates the most worthy of election.

The number of celebrities has been reduced this year from eight to four. This change was made on account of the fact that the Annual Staff felt that such a reduction in number would correspondingly increase the importance of each position and would make it really an honor to be considered by the students worthy of election to any of the positions.

## Where They are This Year

Miss Agnes Charleton, a former Normal student, is now teaching mathematics in the Dalhart High School. She is reported as the best teacher Dalhart has ever had.

E. B. Brown, a '12 graduate, now holds a fellowship in chemistry at Yale University.

Earl Sparks, who graduated here in 1915, has a fellowship in Harvard University.

Miss Ura Crawford is teaching Spanish in the Dalhart High School. She is making an enviable record.

Misses Lucy Goodwine and Minnie Gray Smith are teaching manual training in the Wichita Falls High School.

Misses Abbie Clibourne and Lois Peck are teaching in the El Paso Public Schools.

Miss Evelyn Monahan is a nurse in Amarillo.

Ernest Atkins, who took his B. A. degree in 1920, holds a graduate fellowship in the Department of Psychology of the University of North Carolina.

The first woman to fly from Paris to Morocco, a distance of about 1150 miles, made the flight in two days.

Here's to the present—anticipation may be very agreeable, but participation is more practical.

**Survey for Aristocracy or Democracy**  
(Statement by A. E. Winship, chairman for Discussion by National Council of Education in Atlantic City, 1921.)

The National Council of Education should only consider large and vital educational problems, and the most vital of America's present educational problems is to eliminate all causes for a death grapple between aristocratic and democratic ambitions in American education.

Let present tendencies continue to develop antagonism and there will be at no distant day such a catastrophe as has not been in America since the Civil War.

The stage is already set. He is wilfully blind who does not see it.

It is not a question of school men and women alone. It already involves Capital and Labor. Big business and big politics are organizing; it is already a race question and a religious question. It requires no considerable wit and no wisdom to see the classes that are arrayed with aristocracy and the masses that are arrayed with democracy. The National Council of Education should be big enough and broad enough to avoid being caught up by the fascinating charms of educational royalty and too staunch and strong to be caught by the under-tow that is so seductive when the cry of autocracy is raised.

If aristocracy ever rules and reigns the public will be mere slaves, but if democracy becomes merely anti-aristocracy the world will go back to the autocracy of savagery.

If for twenty-four hours the Ten Commandments should be absolutely and completely ignored it would take a thousand years to get back to law and order. We must not be the slaves of aristocracy and we must not be barbarians.

To avoid both, we must consider the tendency of the Educational Survey. If it is allowed to be an aristocratic scheme, if it becomes the tool of aristocrats in big business, in finance and in scholasticism it will repeat the experiences of the Czar, the Kaiser, the Sultan and Belshazzar.

Create educational rulers who thru surveys can say: "Whom they will they can slay and whom they will they can keep alive and whom they will they can set up and whom they will they can put down" and in that day will be written on the walls of their banqueting hall the words "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN," weighed in the balances and found wanting.

If that day shall ever come the surveyors will be dancing at their own funeral.

On the other hand a wayfaring man though a fool can see the massing of limitless forces—industrial, political and social—ready for some Lenin and Trotsky to lead them when Belshazzar's feast is the wake of the anti-common people.

The great hope of America, industrially, financially, socially and religiously, is an Educational Survey in which there shall be equitably represented scholastics and industrialists, university and normal colleges, superintendents and principals, secondary and classroom teachers—a survey in which there shall be no monopoly of propagandists of any color, hue or tint of professionalists.

## Exchanges

Canada is busy buying airplanes from England for fire patrol and survey work. An attempt will also be made to use them in the seal industry.

It is predicted that the famine stalking thru China will claim more lives in the next six months than were lost in all the armies during the world's war.

A Chicago woman left \$3,000 to provide a home and luxuries for her pet poodle dog.

Conductor: Ticket please, number of your berth?

Young Industrial (on Pullman for first time): I didn't know I had to tell you, but if you must know, I was born in 1902.—C. I. A.

Patronize "The Prairie" advertisers.

**Normal Wins Over Wayland**  
(Continued from page 1)

Ewing, G.	0	0	2
Buckley, G.	0	0	3

Referee, McCorkle.

Coach Rice met our team at the station with a smile and a hearty welcome. We were offered everything they had in sight except sweets, but nothing sweet would they allow us—not even their girls! We were soon "at home" and treated as one of the bunch. Everything connected with the school was spotless in appearance, conduct, and sportsmanship, and the same spirit marked their actions on the court.

## News Items

Fred Taylor, a former student of the Normal, visited here last week.

There are one hundred and twelve students enrolled in the Commercial Department. The boys outnumber the girls by ten. There are sixty-two of the total taking typewriting, twenty-seven bookkeeping, and ten shorthand.

A. L. Tarlton, a former student and also a brother of D. T. Tarlton, was here from Clayton, New Mexico, last week visiting.

Miss Ruth Boyd of Plains, a former student, is back in school.

Huntleigh Hall reports fifteen new boarders this quarter.

Miss Hibbets of the Educational Department was called to her home at Washburn last Monday on account of the death of her aged father. Several members of the faculty attended the funeral which was held on Wednesday.

Have that picture made for the Annual. When? Now!

Bill Taylor of Canadian, who is one of our former students, visited here last week. He is now in business at Canadian.

Lucy Dean Hamilton, Margaret Hawkins and Andrew Allen are on the sick list.

Vera Williams, a former student and now of Amarillo, was here last week.

The bulletin for the next term of the Summer School and the Summer Normal is now in the press, and will be out sometime in March. It is to contain lengthy descriptions of the work, and a great variety of courses will be offered.

Superintendent B. F. Sisk of the Vernon Public Schools is to be at the head of the Summer Normal this year. Other members of the Summer Normal faculty will be announced later.

Clarence Hope is a bookkeeper in a bank at Breckenridge, Texas.

Miss Irene Hutton is teaching in the grades of the Dalhart Public Schools.

L. F. Hill, who graduated in 1913, holds a fellowship in History, University of California, under Dr. Herbert Bolton, America's most eminent historian of Latin American and Southwestern history. He is on a leave of absence from the East Texas State Normal College, where he holds a position as professor of history.

Travis Lively, a former student, is working for a hardware firm in Amarillo.

The American Institution in Berlin receive from America thirteen tons of scientific literature, the first large shipment since the war.

**An Educational Opportunity of the Legislature**  
(Continued from page 1)

schools have heretofore rendered. Every part of the bill seeks to improve the preparation of the teachers of the State and to safeguard the people against incompetent instruction and poor educational leadership. The present certificate laws penalize professional preparation by putting the one who has it on an equal footing with the one who does not have it. Incidentally it penalizes the Normal Colleges, because their products are sold in competition with a poorer quality of goods. The present session of the legislature will render the people of Texas, the teaching profession and the Normal College a distinct service by the enactment of the proposed certificate law.

**Normal Divides Double Header**  
(Continued from page 1)

from Farwell, Misses Mildred Redfearn and Sarah Parks, Messrs. Key and younger.

Last Act: Scene, dining room Antlers Hotel. Cast: The Team; a waiter. Table spread with hot biscuits, butter, honey, apple butter, blackberry jam, and a large bowl of assorted fruit.

"What shall we bring you for breakfast? We serve cereals, grapefruit, ham, porkchops, coffee and sweet milk."

"Yes, Mam!" chirped Hale, "Bring it all! Hey Joe! Leave me some of that honey!"

## STUDENTS

**We Test Eyes Without the Use of Drugs**

grind them in our own shop; you don't have to wait. Send us your broken glasses for repair. Our lens duplicated from the pieces.

## HYDEN'S

**Exclusive Optometrist and Opticians**

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One large front room down

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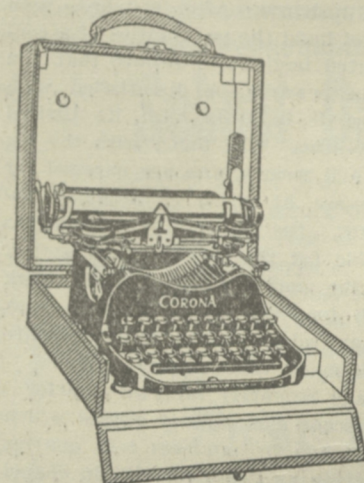
week. Meals \$6.25 per week.

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for all school supplies, Eastman kodaks and films, best drinks and candies—Meet your friends here.

**PHONE 32**

**CANYON, TEXAS**

## The West Texas State Normal College

CANYON, TEXAS

### Announcement of Summer Normal and Summer School

Summer Normal: June 8 to August 11. Summer School: First Term, June 8 to July 16; Second Term, July 18 to August 23.

The College offers the following curricula:

I. A four-year curriculum for kindergarten-primary teachers leading to the Bachelor's degree.

II. A four-year curriculum for teachers of intermediate grades leading to the Bachelor's degree.

III. Various four-year curricula for high school teachers leading to the Bachelor's degree.

IV. Special courses: Music, Public Speaking, Home Economics, Agriculture, Manual Training, Business.

The Normal School offers courses leading to the various classes of certificates.

Advantages: Fourteen departments, fifty regular instructors, ten visiting instructors, unexcelled equipment, first class college dormitory for girls, ample private boarding houses, free tuition, and necessary general expenses a minimum.

NOTE: SUMMER BULLETIN WILL BE OUT MARCH 1.

For further information, write

J. A. HILL, President.



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New Department store of Amarillo  
Established 18 Years

Our present stocks are discounted thousands of dollars. Lowest reconstruction prices on every item in every department. We save each customer money. Send us your mail orders. We are here to serve you.

**J.C. Penney Co.**  
A Nation-wide Institution  
297 STORES

Home of Pictorial Review Patterns

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**WHITE SALE**

Will continue until and through Saturday, January 29th, offering very special prices on Muslin Underwear and other White Goods.

Amarillo, Texas

700-702 Polk Street

Basketballs, Footballs, Golf Bags, Golf Clubs

Basketball Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Punching Bags.

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**OF THE PANHANDLE**

Special attention to schools and colleges

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COME IN STUDENTS

**HOTEL AMARILLO**

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Splendid Food

Real Hospitality

Ernest Thompson, Manager

Stop at the little Red Store for Candies, Cookies, Tablets and Groceries.

**J. B. YOUNGER, Proprietor****The Freight Train**

Far up the canyon came the lone-some whistle of a freight train. I stopped to see it come in sight, and to watch it twine its way down the snake-like railroad track. At times it would come in sight and disappear again between the hills, slowly winding its way out again. At times it was hard to distinguish which way it was coming, as it made such a big curve with the track. The unusually large engine astonished me for a moment, it being the first of its kind I had ever seen. The long string of empty cars behind it seemed to speak for its power. Instead of the usual number of cars, the number seemed to be doubled.

—H. S.

**The Road**

I sat on the doorstep and looked out over the valley. It was night, and the moon shone brightly, so that there was no darkness except for the shadows that lay resting under the trees and down by the pailings. The houses of the village looked like little white patches nestling against the hills. To the east, there was a break in the rugged skyline. It was a road that led away into the world beyond. From afar, came the dreamy, sweet tinkling of a cow bell. A little gray rabbit crept under the gate, and fearlessly ate the leaves from an althea plant. A useless road it was that led away across the hills, for all the world lay dreaming at my feet.

—A. M. W.

**When Your Laundry Comes**

Your bundle of clothes looks so small that it is with reluctance that you claim it. You feel, from the facial expressions of the girls around you, that they are inwardly voicing the question, "How can any one maintain respectability and practice such economy in cleanliness?" In a subdued, timid tone you inquire how much you owe; but it is with strength born of shocked surprise that you lustily gasp, "Three dollars!" With shaking fingers you write the check, while you make mental calculations of your dwindling bank account, and, at the same time, resolve that you will use fewer clothes next week. You open your laundry, then and there, and in the presence of your friends count out: two pillow slips, two sheets, two towels, one apron, and one blouse. Your face burns in indignation that it costs so much to have your laundry done. You look up into sympathetic faces—nay, even envious that you have a bank account that will permit you to pay for laundry work—and with a smile you say, "Well, next week those towels must be added to the bath-tub list."

—J. D. P.

**Waking Up in the Morning**

Place—Cousins Hall.  
Time—4:30, on a cold morning—"the morning after the night before," when I had worked my brain (I often wonder if I have any brains when I am in a grammar class in English 31a) so hard at trying to absorb Solid Geometry and dissolve Ovid, that when I tried to read a "proposition" I could only see the conjugation of the verb "amo."

I am suddenly awakened by what sounds like the rattle of a half a dozen machine guns, or the noise of a chivaree, when all the dish pans in the neighborhood are present—only to realize that it is the heat coming on. Angriily I flop over in bed and cover up my head in an attempt to keep out the dreadful noise. Then just as I have succeeded in getting back to sleep, dreaming of good old summer time, that terrible alarm, which my roommate has set in order to get an hour's study before breakfast, goes off, and I start up thinking it is the rising bell. I look out upon the dreary world outside and wonder why people try to be so industrious and disturb the peace of the universe by getting up at such an unearthly hour. Why don't they stay in bed at least until the sun gets up! The sun would rise earlier if we were supposed to get up earlier! I cry out in my mind

"Backward turn backward, O time in thy flight  
Make me a child again just for—"  
this morning—so I can sleep as long as I want to! I try desperately to go back to sleep, but I am aroused by the faint tinkle of a bell, and I realize I have only a very short time in which to get ready for breakfast and a 7:30 class.

—A. T.

**View From My Window**

It is a cold, gray day in January as I look out of my north window. Directly in front of me rises the bleak brick wall of Cousins Hall laundry room. It thrusts its ungainly self out, seemingly purposely to obstruct the view. By craning my neck, I catch a glimpse of "scenery." Some white clothes and three frozen ging ham dresses hanging on the clothes

line, sway stiffly in the biting wind. A sheet has torn one end free from clothespins and is flapping in the dirt, thus changing its snowy whiteness to a dingy brown.

Beyond the clothesline is a barren pasture. Five cows with ruffled hair are nibbling the scanty weeds. They must be endeavoring to pass the time away, for surely they cannot expect to gain any sustenance from prickly nettles and dried up tumble weeds.

To the right of the cows stand an old broken down windmill which pumps all the time, but never gets any water on account of a broken suction rod. Its imaginary water flows into an old battered sheet iron tank, which looks as though it would lose all the water which might be poured into it.

In the distance, across the black-streaked prairie, rise the lavender tinged canyon walls. A faint mist enshrouds them. They are drear and lonely, and I can almost imagine a solitary coyote, sneaking around the hills. A shiver creeps down my back as I raise my eyes above the canyon walls and see lifeless grey clouds slowly spreading southward. I turn gratefully back to my own warm room.

—L. B.

**On Making Fires**

Did you ever make a fire? If so you have my heart-felt sympathy; if not, never try it—marry a millionaire! But since this is not always possible, I will tell you how to make one.

The first thing necessary is a large magazine, or better still, a Montgomery Ward or Sears and Roebuck catalogue. Tear each sheet off separately, wad it up, and place in the stove. Next you must have wood. I usually have to go to the East End for mine, but perhaps you may not be so unfortunate. Put in splinters and small pieces first, gradually coming to the larger ones, until it seems that you have twice as much as you need. Place a shovel of coal on this; then pour some kerosene oil over it all. You are now ready to light your fire! You will light a paper and place it under the grate with a feeling of duty done. Your bed is made, but, unaccountably, the stove is not hot. Examining it, you find that the wood, paper and oil have burned to nothingness, leaving the black, unyielding coal just as near ashes as when you put it in.

There is only one thing to do, roll up your sleeves, go in head first and recover your coal. Repeat the process described in the foregoing until the coal gets discouraged and gives up.

—T. B.

**The Gulch in the Spring**

Beyond a curve of a little stream at the bottom of a winding gulch in South Dakota, there appears one of the most exquisite spots of nature I have ever known. It is just the place to spend an hour with one's self, on a crisp afternoon in late spring.

Tall box-elders overhang the stream, while on the sloping bank on the south the tangled choke-berries are in full bloom, their delicate fragrance pervading the tingling air. On the north the banks are abrupt and rocky. The ragged rocks are curiously shaped, and cling to the steep sides of the bank with a freakish appearance of hanging in mid-air. In the cool shade near the banks the grass is long and green, and white violets peep from the foot of the trees. On a large moss-grown rock at the edge of the stream sits a great green frog, the singing master of the school of frogs whose heads project above the still water in a semicircle about the rock. Their monotonous croaks harmonize with the sound of the dancing water farther down the stream like the harmony of bass with clear-toned soprano. The other voices of the evening chime in for a time, and then die away, as darkness comes down.

—L. O.

**Biography of My Pet Dove**

Once, when I was walking in a field, I found a dove's nest. It was in a fence corner and was almost concealed from view by weeds and high grass. In this nest, were two little half-naked, half-starved doves; and near the nest lay their dead mother. I picked up the little doves, nest and all, and carried them to the house; the little fellows were so nearly dead that nothing seemed to frighten them. I tried to feed them, but only one would eat. The other died in a short time. I christened my remaining bird Dovey. After Dovey began to eat well, she began to grow very fast. At first she could eat nothing but bread crumbs, but in a short time she was strong enough to eat maize and wheat grains. In about two weeks she was feathered all over, and how pretty she was! She was very tame and would often sit on my shoulder when I was walking about the yard. All summer she seemed to be contented and happy.

One cold evening in October, Dovey failed to go to her box to roost. The next morning we found her in the water tank, frozen. Poor little Dovey! Her annals are brief, but she gave much pleasure during her short stay with us, and we missed her when she was gone.

—B. W.

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Bologna white, bologna right, bologna round and brown. United here in high-class cheer in MEATS, the best in town; Tenderloin well worth your coin, nad porterhouse the same, Chickens, lamb, pork chops and hams, and different kinds of game. Here is the place to feed your face, but you must cook it first. Everything from fall til spring, from fish to "winny" wurst. Ribs to spare—spare ribs for fair; liver, hearts and cheese, Sausage, too, and bacon true—in here we aim to please. We even aim to please you with our ads.

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**THE STAR BARBER SHOP**

All first class barber work done. If not satisfied whiskers refunded.

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See our Fall and Winter Samples.

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This week we will have a complete line of California Fruit Chocolates, Brown Texas Girl Chocolates, also June's Glazed Candied Fruits at \$2.00 per box.

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An expert says: "Most individuals spend money the same way a dog jumps over a fence. They do not know whether they will land in a fox trap, a bee's nest, or close to a juicy bone."

In other words they spend their money and take chances. It pays to save money and keep it in a reliable bank, like ours. Then when investments are to be made our entire banking facilities and banking experience are at your disposal and you need not take a leap in the dark. We carefully safeguard every dollar entrusted to our care.

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**Schibner's for January**

"Guide Posts and Camp Fires": "Guide-Posts and Camp-Fires" is the caption of a department conducted by Dr. Henry Van Dyke. He here gives as a New Lear article, "The Twelfth of Twelve Papers," a very beautiful little essay concerning greetings and farewells, entitled "On Saying Good-by." The writings of Dr. Van Dyke are always touched with beauty, and when he manages to steer clear of sentimentalism, have always an individual charm. If you care in the least for the personal essay of a reflective type, thick set with literary allusions and brightened with blithe philosophy, read this delectable bit.

"Adventuring After Adventure": "Then and there I determined that some day I would myself sail those adventurous seas in a vessel of my own that I would poke the nose of my craft up steaming tropic rivers, that I would drop anchor off towns whose names could not be found on ordinary maps, and that I would go ashore in white linen and pipe-clayed shoes and a sun-hat, to take tiffin with sultans and rajahs, and to barter beads and brass wire for curios. . . . which I would bring home and display to admiring relatives and friends as conclusive proofs of where I had been.

"But school and college had to be gotten through with. . . ."

Read the rest.

"Putting a Republic on the Map": A graphic account of the picturesque features of the new Czecho-Slovakian republic, especially of its capital, the old city of Prague, formerly capital of Bohemia; and an exposition of the chief difficulties which confront the new state.

"Shadow": A subtle and vivid, if unpleasant "psychological story," inevitably calling to mind the work of Katherine Fullerton Gerould.

"The Wives of Xerxes": Something "different." An interesting, if highly improbable, story of a university student who failed to systematize his course of study, accepting somewhat literally Shakespeare's dictum.

"No profit comes where is no pleasure to 'em;

In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

There is nothing improbable in this, so far, but the story goes on to tell how this youth won the Phi Beta Kappa, broke his father's heart by not having specialized in agriculture, went forth in disgrace, in search of a job, walked straight into the land of adventure, met the girl, "made good" (even as a cook), and married ideally. Read it.

"The Stay at Home": A convincing little Irish lyric:

"The years are slipping past me,  
And I've never left my home,  
Though the best strange world has called me,  
And tempted me to roam.

But when I'd think of going,  
Och! my little fields were sweet,  
With soft green grass and blossoms  
That clung about my feet."

**The Yale Review for January**

"The Yale Review" is one of the best of magazines, and the January number is as good as usual. "Women in the Election" is a dispassionate study of this complex subject. The author frankly acknowledges that the "present day student of morals and manners" is too near the events leading up to the 1920 election to possess a proper perspective. He simply tries to use his material as well as it can be used at present.

"Germany Since the Revolution": Attempts to answer the question, Has the new German republic, up to the present time, proved a blessing to Germany and to the world? The article is by the author of "J'accuse," and is profoundly pessimistic in tone.

"Zionism To-Day": This article by Israel Zangwill gives the present status of "the fiasco of political Zionism."

"Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa": A very interesting article, giving intimate glimpses of the picturesque life and the charming personality of R. L. S. It is written by a personal friend who was in constant association with him during the period of his life which is dealt with in this paper.

"The Permanent Utility of Dialect": A plea for the literary use of "whole-some, home-bred words."

"In the Hunger Districts": A heart-breaking account of the food situation in Czecho-Slovakia.

—S. E. D.

**Around the Old Fireplace**

I remember one Christmas day, eight or ten years ago, that made a lasting impression on my mind.

While mother and my aunt were in the kitchen preparing the game father had brought home for dinner, my brother, sisters, cousin, and I were gathered around the old fireplace.

We had just come in from the yard, where a thin carpet of snow barely covered the grass, and the north wind moaned around the corners of the house and whistled thru the cedars.

My older sister took a bag of nuts and another of fruit and set them in front of the fireplace. Then while we ate and laughed, she read us a story

from a, now, long extinct third reader.

Omitting names that I have forgotten and recalling as nearly as I can the main events, I shall repeat this story in my own words.

As I remember it the title was, "The Land of the Midnight Sun."

For six months, darkness like a mantle had spread itself over Lapland. For seeming ages the only light seen in that far northern land was furnished by lamps with hollowed bone for bowls, with plaited hair for wicks floating in whale or bear oil; but now the great northern lights began to play on the ice in a fantastic dance of colors.

Soon the sun's rim will show itself above the horizon, graduate into a disk of blazing red, half exposed, and fade into dismal dargness, to hurry south ward for another winter.

During the sun season, tempted by the vivid luring lights, a young Laplander harnessed his little reindeer to his sled and drove away to Spirit Land in search of adventure.

Suddenly, upon turning into a mountain pass, he was accosted by a rough voice. The voice was that of the Northwind, killer of all who ventured too far from food and fire.

Northwind, seeing that his prey was a mere child driving a diminutive reindeer, barely half grown, asked why such a tiny fellow as the boy was so far from home, and why the boy's father allowed him to drive such a little reindeer.

The little boy then explained how the lights had lured him to Spirit land, and ended with begging that he be given mercy this time.

Northwind, a gruff old fellow, listened in surly silence, but being a sport, after a fashion, he replied by making the following offer to the boy and his reindeer.

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The terms were agreed upon; and everyone concerned made ready for the race.

The wolf howled, the race was on. They were off, over frozen streams and snow drifts, flying faster and faster.

The boy talked to his little reindeer, telling how much he loved it. (Such things can be done.) He offered the little reindeer golden oats and a silver trough, and a special stall, built so that Northwind could never enter and bother him, if only he would outrun the wolf.

Over hills and thru valleys they ran, till they came to the last stretch, a long level plain up to the boy's ice house.

"Now master, quick! On my back!" said the reindeer.

The little boy made a flying leap to the back of his reindeer. Landing, he reached hastily down and slashed the traces on either side.

Freed of this extra weight, the reindeer began to run faster; followed, but just too late, by the wolf, who had begun to run abreast with him.

Just as the little reindeer with the boy on his back, ran into the little boy's ice house, the huge wolf sprang for the little boy, with a vicious snap. Happily the wolf fell short, and his snap carried away only the little reindeer's tail.

Of course the little boy got the wolf's hide, for his father killed the wolf with a spear, and of course the little reindeer got his reward; but to this day the reindeer is tailless, and sway backed as a result of his mad flight for life and freedom.

The voice of the reader thrilled with triumph as the climax was reached, and contentedly paused at the conclusion.

The small boys and girls forming the audience, drew a happy sigh of relief and dived into the bags of nuts and fruits.

—R. G. H.

**The Flag Pole**

The south side of the campus cannot be particularly admired for its beauty; but when the "daily theme eye" student passes by, there is a rusty pole to attract his or her attention. This pole is many feet in height, and has an assigned patriotic duty of displaying our country's flag. The pole may seem to be neglected, as the weather beaten marks show from a distance.

Yet, when we see the stars and stripes waving from its heights unmolested, or happen to visit an English class when the students read their essays composed about this wonderful object, we wonder why some Shakespeare or Wordsworth could not exist to give it due praise in some literary masterpiece.

Then the student passes on, thinking to himself, "If I can only get a 'pass' on my minute essay, I will devote one entire leaf of my literary career to an essay entitled, 'The Flag Pole of the West Texas State Normal College.'"

—M. McC.

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