

THE PRAIRIE

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FOOTBALL SEASON BROUGHT TO CLOSE

Normalites Out-Class Wayland College, But Lose to Clarendon Methodists Thanksgiving.

Normal Defeats Wayland Team
Canyon easily defeated Wayland on the local gridiron here Friday by the score of 21 to 7. From the beginning it was apparent to onlookers that Canyon had entered the game to win. The Normal played practically all the time in Wayland's territory, and time and again Wayland prevented another touchdown by rallying at the last moment.

The only touchdown marked to Wayland's credit was made early in the first quarter. Lipscomb intercepted a forward pass from Jenkins to Lancaster and carried the ball to Canyon's one-yard line. A forward pass netted a touchdown for Wayland. From this time to the end of the game, Canyon's goal was never materially threatened.

The enthusiastic support given the team by the student body and friends contributed largely to the success of the game. The afternoon was ideal for football, and long before the game was called the grandstand and the side lines were crowded with football enthusiasts. The spirit of victory seemed to possess the crowd, and time and again it cheered some spectacular play of the home boys or substantial gains in line bucking.

With one or two exceptions the game was clean sport from the beginning to the end, but Canyon outplayed and out-generated Wayland at every stage of the game. Most of the Normal team had never played football until this season, and for this reason they have been handicapped. However, Coach McCorkle has given them good training and they are now playing the game in good fashion.

Officers: Parcels, Amarillo, referee; Blackmore, umpire; Crudgington, head linesman.

Lineup

Canyon—Lancaster and Henry, r. e.; Trowbridge, r. t.; Sanders and Carey, r. g.; Floyd Golden, c.; O'Keefe and Hazelwood, l. g.; Roy Golden, l. t.; Wallace, l. e.; Jenkins, q.; Durham, l. h.; Terry and Akers, r. h.; McCorkle and Battenfield, f. b.

Wayland—Lipscomb, r. e.; Brady, r. t.; Kennedy, r. g.; Codenhead, c.; Jones and Head, l. g.; McCosland, l. t.; Munsey, l. e.; McCohader, q.; Brazzil, l. h.; Granes, r. h.; Roberson, f. b.

Clarendon Wins Thanksgiving Game

In the Game Thanksgiving with Clarendon College at Clarendon, the tide was turned against the Normalites when the Methodists took them into camp to the tune of 12-0. Meades of Clarendon succeeded during the first half in kicking two goals out of three trials, thus netting his team six points. A touchdown, also made by Meades, in the last quarter made the final score 12 to 0. The game was featured by many incomplete forward passes and fumbles. A shower of rain fell during the second half and seriously handicapped the players, but did not interrupt the game. On the whole the affair was a poor exhibition of football, neither side showing itself master of the game. The Canyon line, especially Golden and Tucker, did excellent work; but the back field was badly disorganized on account of the absence of McCorkle.

Floyd County Club Organized

November 18th, about thirty Floyd County and former Floyd students responded to an invitation to meet in room 210. After a brief explanation of the purpose of the meeting had been given by Ray V. Jones, Floyd Trowbridge was appointed temporary chairman and immediately called a business session for the purpose of perfecting the organization of a Floyd County Club. The following officers were elected for the first quarter: President, Ray V. Jones; vice president, Floyd Trowbridge; secretary, Tina Jackson; assistant secretary and treasurer, Velma Moore; reporter to home papers, Susie Stanley and Zoe Foster; reporter to "The Prairie," C. R. Wilson. The chairman then appointed a committee to plan a social entertainment, and the club adjourned to meet the following week.

All Floyd county students are urged to become members and to cooperate in making this one of the liveliest and most beneficial of the college social organizations.

Two Interesting Art Exhibitions Given by Art Department

About two weeks ago the Art Department exhibited a large collection of Jules Guerin, Maxfield Parrish, and W. L. Taylor prints, and Bruce tinted photographs.

Mr. Jules Guerin, the originator of the Guerin prints, and a magazine designer of the highest rank, is an American, born in St. Louis. He, among comparatively few American print makers or illustrators, has become well known among American Artists for the real art value and beauty of his compositions.

These prints are all portrayals of public buildings, with a few subordinate surroundings. Some are of our own buildings, such as the National Capitol, Smithsonian Institute, Library of Columbia University, Independence Hall, etc. Other are foreign buildings. They are works of art because the compositions are good; and some, exceedingly unusual. In all there is the predominant space or mass (in the prints it is the buildings), which is the center of interest on account of its predominating size, which controls the less important objects and space in the composition. It is in turn dependent on the lesser spaces for the completion of the composition.

In these prints there is also a most pleasing balance. They are works of art because the color is harmonious. It is all flat color, and at first glance reminds one of the color found in Japanese prints. By flat color we mean color which does not portray the light and shadow caused by the rays of the sun. The color does not always tell the exact truth; for the artist may take large liberties so as to produce certain charming effects, a practice which is always legitimate and desirable in design. Some tell of the deep blue, starry night; others of the fog and mist, and still others of the bright sunshine. Yet all of this is produced in the simplest and most suggestive way. Mr. Guerin is very skillful in leaving out all of the insignificant details, but one would instantly recognize the subject at a great distance.

The Parrish prints are perhaps more widely known and loved than those of Guerin. One could not well express a preference, however, since the character of the two is so different. Mr. Maxfield Parrish, an American, born in Philadelphia, is solely an American trained artist, never having studied abroad. He is a mural decorator and designer of classic magazine illustrations. His designs were occasionally found in the "Ladies' Home Journal" about ten years ago. They were symbolic of special occasions, for instance, Christmas, hence his "Three Wise Men."

The Parrish prints are works of art because of the principle of subordination and because of, perhaps their most preeminent characteristic, that of most charming balance of spaces or objects. In the "Garden of Allah" the two large urns in the foreground and the two smaller ones in the background and the long horizontal line of the garden wall give the composition a feeling of symmetry (which is a principle of art); yet the leaning human figures and the large tree trunk placed slightly to the left destroy that perfect symmetry and create a beautiful balance throughout the whole composition.

Mr. Parrish is successful with color, using either extremely intense color, or all soft colors. Most of the Parrish prints have a mythological theme or story connection, which is interesting from the standpoint of literature, though secondary to the observer possessing a high appreciation of art principles. Mr. Parrish will always rank among the most eminent American designers.

The beautiful prints by W. L. Taylor, also an American designer, entitled "O Little Bethlehem" and "When I Consider Thy Heavens," were greatly admired.

The tinted Bruce photographs of California missions, sand dunes, and sea gulls, are charming because Miss Bruce, an art photographer of Los Angeles, knows exactly the right spot upon which to focus the camera, the spot which will make a lovely composition and not a mere imitation without artistic value.

These four collections are new acquisitions of the Art Department, and were placed on display for two days that those students who are not taking art courses might enjoy and derive benefit from them. Many students desired to make purchases, and some sent away for duplicates. Every one is thirsty for beauty, and we lead such busy lives that these things are

indeed dear to us when we stumble upon them.

At the second exhibition, one of Japanese prints and novelties, we were more kind, for we not only gave to everyone the privilege of enjoying the exhibits, but the opportunity to possess as well. Practically all made purchases. The lovely little novelties, such as brocaded card cases, coin purses, familiar old Buddha incense burners, sandal wood, etc. were sold during the first half hour of the exhibit. Most of the prints were marked sold almost as quickly as the novelties.

It gives the Art Department great pleasure to know that the world in general is rapidly coming to a realization of the beauty and charm of the Japanese prints. We are slow to adopt and give recognition to those which are different in character from those with which we have grown up. The beauty of the Japanese prints is lost if one uses naturalism or realism as a standard. A Japanese artist never paints with his subject before him, but from memory. In this way his composition is part real but more ideal. He never fumbles at composition; he is absolute master of arrangement. He knows the exact place and shape for every spot of color in his design. For centuries the Japanese have led the world in mastery of the brush. They are a thoroughly artistic people. They are filled with conceptions and acts of rhythm and grace.

—A. A.

City Band Begins Practice

Wallace R. Clark, head of the Music Department of the Normal, states that the first practice of the Canyon band will be held in room 201 at the Normal building next Tuesday night. Mr. Brothers of the Music Department will direct the band.

As pointed out in the News last week, an effort is being made to get together all of the people of Canyon interested in band music in order to organize a strictly Canyon band. The members of the Normal band will be invited to join in the practices, but primarily the meeting on Tuesday nights will be for the benefit of local people.

Mr. Clark states that a large number of Canyon people have expressed an interest in the new band, and it is expected there will be a large number at the practice next week.

The opportunity offered the people of Canyon in the new band is indeed exceptional. Mr. Brothers is a band director of many years experience. His services are offered free of charge to the local people in order that a good band may be organized here.—Randall County News.

HENSLEY-HEISER WEDDING SOLEMNIZED SATURDAY EVE

Miss Carletta Hensley and Harold Lynn Heizer were united in marriage Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the home of Rev. T. F. Robeson, who performed the ceremony. No guests or witnesses were invited by the bridal couple to the ceremony.

Both the bride and groom are well known among the young people of this city. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hensley. She has been a student in the public schools and the Normal. During the past few years she has been a very efficient clerk in the Holland Drug Company. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Heizer and is associated with his father in business. He was a student in the Normal.

Foot Follies

A most enlightening and interesting lecture was given in the Auditorium on the afternoon of November 18, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Miss MacLaran lectured on the care of the feet. She spoke of the necessity of physical development which could not reach the greatest perfection unless the feet were given the proper care. She spoke also of the fact that American girls and women cannot walk the long distances that English women do because they do not wear correct shoes as the English women do. Miss MacLaran said that in her work as a nurse she had seen only one pair of perfect feet.

This lecture was followed by a splendid picture show, illustrating various "Foot Follies."

It brought this message: Almost every individual starts life with straight, smooth feet. Their good looks would last through life if it were not for their shoe follies. The natural foot is the only beautiful foot and it is straight along the inner line. The Chinese women used to bind their feet and we were shocked. Now they laugh at us. The one remedy for weak feet is a shoe scientifically designed—roomy, straight on the inner sole. Correct the feet and shoes and you have gone far in correcting walking. True good looks are based on health and efficiency. Beauty and health rest on harmony and freedom.

The Y. W. C. A. has catalogues and will later have samples from factories making common sense shoes. The girls of the Normal are invited to see them and are urged to enter into this campaign for good sense shoes.

Miss Elizabeth Davis, of the English Department spent last Monday in Amarillo.

French Club Organized

The members of all the French classes met at the Service home, Monday evening, November 15, by the invitation of Miss Elizabeth Reck. When everyone had arrived, the following delightful program was rendered:

Piano Solo—Miss Saxche Simms.
A Ghost Story—Miss Mary Morgan Brown.
Violin Solo—Miss Rose Stewart.
La Soiree—Miss Elizabeth Reck.
La Tombe et La Rose—Lois Baumgartner.
Piano Solo—Miss Dessie Mae Steele.

Immediately after the program, Dan Sanders presented to the assembly a proposition to organize a French Club. The purpose of this club is to help everyone who studies French to acquire a better use of the language and to become familiar with current French. It was unanimously voted that such a club should be organized. As a result, the following officers were elected:

President—Dan Sanders.
Vice President—Miss Elizabeth Reck.

Secretary—Saxche Simms.
Press Reporter and Annual Representative—Lois Baumgartner.

For honorary members, those present who do not study French were elected—Miss Brown, Miss McCleskey, Mrs. Guenther, Mrs. Wirt, Mrs. Baum, the Service family and Madge Miller.

Everyone expressed his enjoyment of the evening, and his pleasure at the organization of the club. The meeting adjourned to meet at Mrs. Guenther's, Monday evening, November 22.

Art Exhibit Coming

From the fourth to the tenth of December there will be an exhibition of Medici Prints, under the supervision of the Art Department. The Medici prints are produced in Europe and are considered the superior of any others made in other parts of Europe or America. It will consist of forty-five copies from famous old master painters. To meet the expense of transportation we will charge a small admission of twenty cents for adults and ten cents for children.

Wm. Jennings Wasn't There

But Rip Van Winkle was—and true to form! Family relations had not improved. Mrs. Van Winkle had not heard of the League of Nations, but she enforced peace in the home—at Rip's expense. Prohibition was no hindrance to Rip—nay, he found the modern "kick" quite satisfactory! Rip should not be judged too harshly, however; instead, blame the four college Literary Societies that gave the impromptu program in honor of the Wayland football team. The classic readings and musical numbers were received enthusiastically, while a humorous male quartet delighted the large audience.

After Rip had been initiated into the modern sinful life, a pleasing announcement sent the merry students scurrying to room 105. There everyone established or renewed pleasant acquaintances, munching the while on apples, cakes, and "all-day-suckers" distributed liberally by the Societies.

—Lynn C. Doyle.

EXPRESSION RECITAL

Wednesday, November 24, 4:00 p. m., room 105.

PROGRAM

1. The Revenge—Tennyson
Deskin Wells
2. The Angelus—
Leona Sumner
3. Secrets of the heart—
Theodosia Garrison
Jessie DeGraftenreid
4. Captain January's Star—
Laura E. Richards
Joye Mills

Bulletin of Institute Out

The Bulletin giving the proceedings of the Consolidated Institute which was held in Canyon from September 6th to 10th has just come from the press and copies of it have been mailed to all teachers who attended the institute and to all County Superintendents and County Judges whose counties were represented in this institute. If any of the teachers in attendance failed to receive a copy of this bulletin, they should write H. W. Morelock, Canyon, Texas, for a copy.

Texas has more teachers' cottages, or teacherages, than any other state of the Union. In the oil districts, even the large towns are building teachers' homes.

Mr. C. E. Cecil of Weatherford, Oklahoma, visited Miss Dell Haswell last Sunday.

OVER HUNDRED ROOTERS ACCOMPANY TEAM

Special Train Carried Normal Students and Others to Clarendon Thanksgiving.

After considerable trouble, the required number of passengers for a special train was secured last week; and at 10:10 a. m., Thursday, about one hundred and fifty Normal students, members of the football team, High School students, and town people boarded the train for Clarendon. The special was not run directly from Canyon, but two coaches were added to the local passenger which carried us to Amarillo.

Upon reaching Amarillo, we walked over to the Fort Worth and Denver station, where, together with a number of Amarillo people and old students, we made our way into our special train of three coaches. But, before entering the train, numerous college yells and songs were led by Mr. and Mrs. "Pep."

We left Amarillo with about one hundred and eighty-five people on the train that we thought we would have so much trouble filling. At Clarendon the Canyon High School team climbed off the train to play the High School football team at that place. By this time, most of the girls had "coupled up" with boys, and were making money for the "news butch."

We arrived in Clarendon at about 1:00 o'clock, to find two or three hundred Clarendon College students at the station to cheer us, and to find it, to our surprise, advertised that a special train carrying four hundred Normal students and the College band would be in Clarendon. Our entire Normal delegation bombarded the restaurants, cafes, and hotels. And when the supply of the eating houses was exhausted, we went into the soft drink stands.

After our Thanksgiving dinner, (did you get any?) we made our way out to the Clarendon College. Here we found a so-called football gridiron, which covered part of a hill and part of a valley. Of course, we don't mean any harm to Clarendon College, for we don't suppose it is their fault.

At 2:30 o'clock the battle was on, with Clarendon rooters on one side of the gridiron and Canyon rooters on the other. By 4:00 o'clock the game had ended in Clarendon's favor with a score of 12 to 0. An account of the game may be found elsewhere in this paper. Canyon left the field, feeling that she had done her best and that she had played the game "fair and square." We believe yet that Canyon could have won the game if we hadn't been handicapped by the injuries of some of our players.

After numerous yells and songs, we boarded the train for home at 6:30 p. m., all glad that they had come, even if they did lose. We arrived in Amarillo on time and boarded the south-bound Santa Fe for home. As we neared Canyon, the dark form of our Alma Mater loomed up before us. We stepped off the train at station to be greeted by those who stayed at home.

That Last Winter's Dress
How I gloried in its fashion,
Only twelve short months ago;
First, I wore it just on Sundays,
Then 'twas every where I'd go.

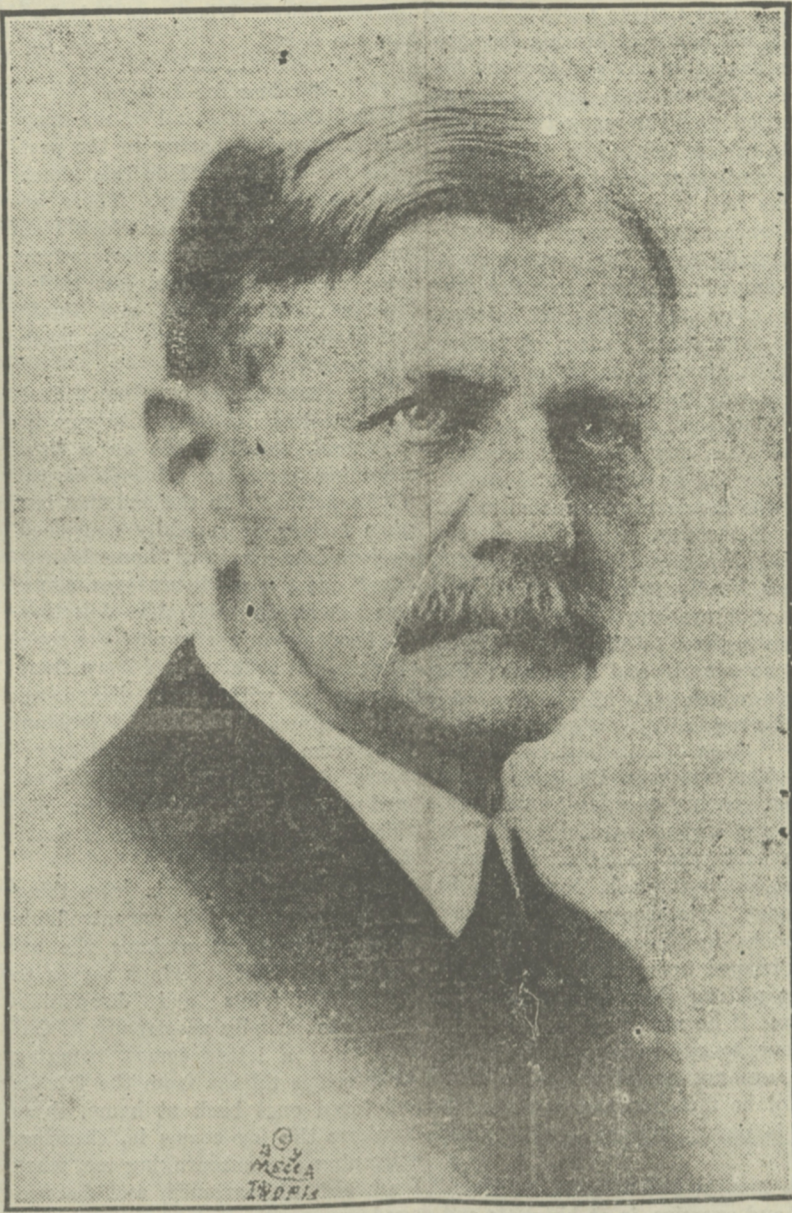
So at Christmas, you remember?
Oh such weather, crisp and fine!
"Mother," said I, "may I wear it
To go skating, just one time?"

And she let me—wish she hadn't,
'Cause that mean old barbed-wire
fence
Caught my nice best dress and tore it.
And I've never worn it since.

—S. S.

November
When the reddened leaves are falling,
And the meadow's brown as sear,
And the birds fly over crying,
"We lament the dying year;"
When the tiny webs of silver
Gleam in autumn's mellow sun,
And the slow and winding river
Seems to murmur sadly, "Done!"
Then to know that autumn's ended,
That drear winter's here instead,
And with smiles and tears then
blended,
We bless the living, mourn the dead.

—J. D. P.
There are 31,000 students at Columbia University this year. This is the largest university enrollment ever recorded in history.—The Independent.



HON. THOMAS R. MARSHALL
Vice President of the United States

**LECTURES
AT THE NORMAL AUDITORIUM
NOVEMBER 30
ADMISSION—Blanket Tax or \$1.50**

THE PRAIRIE

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Inter-Society Debates For Girls

Does America demand anything of girls as citizens of this country? Indeed! America demands the best, and the highest ideals of every citizen that is protected by her government. How are you to come in contact with these ideals? One way is to become informed upon current questions. There are questions of the community, county, state and nation to be solved. There is no possible solution except by being informed, or having a knowledge of the situation as the physician has knowledge of the disease he has in hand. A knowledge of current questions is the first step toward their solution.

Owing to the complexity of our government, America demands that girls be able to analyze educational, social and political problems. You must be able to look with an eye as scrutinizing as that of the chemist. The chemist has analyzed a certain chemical. Not only does he know the various parts of the whole, but he knows the exact proportion of each; he has derived a formula. These educational, social, and political problems are to be analyzed. Through an analytical process work out these problems, apply your formula that will lead America toward higher ideals.

Analyzing these problems is not enough. Leaders are necessary. Not only are more leaders demanded, but more efficient leaders; leaders who know where they are going; those who have a formula. America ever demands efficient leaders.

If so much is required of the citizens of America, how are these demands going to be met? Where is the training camp that will help develop the girls into more efficient citizens? A beginning is the Inter-Society Debate for Girls. In these debates the girls would become interested in current questions. They would acquire a knowledge of the problems to be solved. Through a broad discussion of these problems a formula would be derived which would help them solve the problems they face.

Out of Inter-Society debates would grow leaders. These leaders would have a broad vision, due to arguments set forth in debating procedure. A Joan of Arc is needed, not to lead our military forces, but to awake the girls to their new political obligations. Shall the girls in this institution have the opportunity to meet the demands of America?

—V. D.

INFORMATION COLUMN

Origin of "Hobson's Choice"

"Hobson's choice" (this or nothing) originated in the sixteenth century. A certain Thomas Hobson was a carrier between London and Cambridge. When letting out his horses to hire, he would allow the customer no choice as to which animal he took, but would allow each horse to leave the stable only in his turn. Hobson's choice" became a current expression in London and Cambridge, where it found its way into our literature.

Language Simplified

Do you ever grow weary over much study of prepositions, verbs, forms etc? Then go to Finland. The Finnish language has no articles or prepositions and the verbs have only two tenses, present and past.

"Motor Density"

The people of the United States own over seven and a half million automobiles, or about one for every 14 persons. The "motor density" is greater in the rural districts than in the cities, and in the Middle West than in the South and East. It is highest in South Dakota, which has an automobile for every 6.1 persons, and lowest in Alabama, which has one for every 39.9 persons. Texas

has one automobile for every 14.1 persons.

Origin of Macaroni

Macaroni is said to have originated in Sicily. A wealthy nobleman of Palermo had a wonderful cook, who, upon one occasion, devised a new dish consisting of tubes of pastry served with a rice sauce. At the first mouthful, the nobleman cried, "Cari!" or "the darling." With the second taste he cried, "Ma Cari!" in English, "O, but what darlings!" Presently with much enthusiasm for the new concoction, he cried, "Ma Caroni!" or "Ah, but the dearest darlings!" Thus he unwittingly gave a name to the food that we know as macaroni.

The Publication of a Small Newspaper

It would take pages and a long drawn out description to tell all about how a newspaper is got together and printed. I shall only try to "hit the high places," and give a very brief exposition.

The editor or editors, first, gather and typewrite the material. This copy is then handed to the type setter or linotype operator. In the larger and most modern plants a machine called the linotype is used for setting the type, but in the smaller plants the type is set by hand. The "body-type" that is, the reading matter, is set into lines of about two and one-half inches long. The type is set into a "stick," an instrument for holding the type. It is then deposited into a galley, a tray for holding large quantities of type. When "press day" comes, the type is removed from the galleys and placed in a chase—a large steel frame for locking the type up so that it can be placed in the press. This is called "making up." At this time the reading matter and the advertisements are arranged as they will appear in the paper. After all type has been placed in the chase, the form is locked up with keys; and, then, a proof is made by placing a wet paper on the inked form and "planing" it. The proof is then proof-read and the form corrected and "justified." The form is then placed on the press and the papers printed. The papers are addressed, put in the post office, and sent on their way. After the "press work," the form is removed from the press bed, placed on the stone and the type distributed in its many many cases. The office force is then ready to start another week's work of practically the same kind.

—F. H.

On Wearing New Shoes

The first new shoes that I can remember having were a pair of little black shoes with red tops and tassels. These were the finest shoes I had ever seen and I was extremely proud of them. These shoes appealed to me very much, not only on account of their beauty, but because they creaked. I liked to hear them creak and walked around feeling very big, thus causing my shoes to creak all the more, and saying to everyone I met, "See my new shoes, and just listen!" Then I would walk in order to produce the creak. "Daddy bought them for me at town. Don't you wish you had them?"

As I grew older I did not cease to be delighted to get a new pair of shoes. I really think my delight increased, if that were possible. Now, strange as it may seem, I still admired shoes that creaked. In fact, this now became the predominant element of new shoes. For unless the shoes creaked how would I inform other people, children especially, that I had a new pair of shoes? I would not tell them about my shoes, as I once did; so the shoes themselves must be capable of telling people that they were new shoes.

At about the age of fifteen, I managed to get my first pair of real shoes, that is to say, what I considered real shoes at that age. These were white pumps with French heels. At last, in my own estimation, I was almost a "grown girl." I felt my importance very much the first time I wore these new shoes. At the same time everyone else saw and felt my awkwardness. I never dreamed that I looked awkward, however, and only thought how each of my chums must be envying me my shoes.

I think these three stages are the ones most prominent in the progressive development of any girl's ideas concerning shoes. Although perhaps not so desirous of everyone's knowing she has a new pair of shoes, the average girl is always proud of her new shoes.

—F. B. H.

Everett Key, a student of this institution last year, now instructor in Manual Training in the Farwell High School, joined the Canyon delegation in their Thanksgiving trip to Clarendon. He remained in Canyon visiting over the week-end.

Misses Ora Wilson and Grace Milam visited in Canyon Friday.

Miss Josie Hart has returned to her home in Hansford, being unable to continue her studies for the rest of the quarter on account of illness.

SKETCHES

How Sister Manages the Family Wash

On washday when Mother is sick, Sister does the washing. First, she tells everyone to go through his wardrobe and bring only those things which must be laundered this week. While this is going on, she has me build a fire in the laundry stove. Then she puts the boiler on and provides me with buckets with which to carry water from the rain-barrel. Sister gathers table linen, while six-year-old Clare cuts soap. When the water is hot, Father and I pour it over the clothes in the washer. Next, I turn the "minute washer" ten minutes. Since it is necessary to be careful about buttons, Sister places the clothes while I turn the wringer. Always at this point a book agent or morning caller demands Sister's time until I get the cloths rinsed. Finally, because she is taller, Sister hangs the clothes.

Sister says that with modern management washday is no longer a drudgery.

—L. O.

From My Window

I had not had a letter from home for days. School was dull that day, and the weather exceedingly warm. Everything had gone wrong. I threw myself upon a couch near the south window of my room. The clack, clack of a near-by windmill emphasized my loneliness and depression of spirit. This mill was surrounded by dense, shadowy locust trees. A little to the south lay a once-beautiful garden spot, the plants now drooping. On the other side of the road stood a large barn and a small white bungalow. Beyond this house rose another old creaking mill with an old-fashioned wooden supply tank, slightly warped and ready to subside at any moment. A large, black cloud hung gloomily over this sun-parched view.

—H. C.

Mother Majory

She was a low, rotund figure of the Irish washerwoman type, though lacking in that cleanliness which is characteristic of the Irish. She wore a "slink" black voile dress for thirty consecutive days, each week changing the color of the large ribbon bow at her throat, to amuse her tiny pupils, or rather to keep them from tiring of her appearance. Her supposedly white waists were yellow with age and rendered dingy from careless washings. The faded red sweater which she wore was greasy and patched at the elbows; for she had often rested her elbows on her desk and fallen asleep with a book in her hand, while the frolicsome children enjoyed their stolen busy hour. Inside this grotesque personage lay heating a kindly, hospitable old heart. Although you laugh inwardly at her ceaseless, squeaky voice and her other peculiarities, you are compelled to respect and revere her, since she shows such warm interest in all, as well as in her young son from overseas.

—H. C.

The College Clock

With his hands before his face, he stands day after day and through his fingers observes with uncritical, unprejudiced eyes the many things that pass in review before him every hour. In the early morning, the first to behold his face is a man who in ghost-like silence moves through the corridor, making ready for another busy, buzzy day of confusion. In a few moments come the statesmen, stateswomen, and other leaders of tomorrow, each hurrying on his or her respective way before that ever watchful sentinel shall sound forth his clarion call of a new day's work begun. Day after day he watches and guards those who are deeply interested in the duties of the day. Also with shameless eyes, he sees those couples who are not vitally interested in school duties, but are engrossed in a subject interesting to themselves alone. Here he stands and tick-tacks the minutes which if idled away, can never be regained.

—E. G.

The Notebook Epidemic

From early morning until late night, the student manfully tries to stamp out the notebook epidemic. Notebooks in English, Notebooks in Language, Notebooks in Science, Notebooks in Education, are continually heaped upon him. If he goes to the picture show, his themes unwritten; if he strolls around for half an hour to enjoy a good cigar, his notes are not copied in good form; and lo! he must do them over. His path is paved, and his way inclined to F.

The mental athlete, who scoffs at sleep and exercise, is at his wit's end. He takes an early morning nap with Woolley's Handbook on Composition under his pillow, and wakes to rant at his roommate for allowing him to oversleep. The mere mortal, however, tears his hair, and gasps, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

It is to be earnestly prayed for that in the world to come we will not have to expiate our sins with notebooks.

—R. G. H.

"A Perfect Baby"

Have you ever in your whole life had the joy of taking care of a "perfect baby?" Well, you are more fortunate than I, if you even know a "perfect baby." Oh! yes, I have seen the "precious babes" that do not know how to do anything but cry. All of these babies are considered as perfect children by their mothers. The worst thing that can happen is to stay at home and keep your sister's baby while she goes visiting.

One day last summer, I started to town, and mother met me at the door and said, "Now, Lucy, I want you to stay at home and care for Mary's baby. She is a perfect little cherub, and will not give you one bit of trouble. You will have a whole afternoon of pleasure."

"Pleasure, nothing!" I replied. "Why, mother, that 'kid' can beat every child in this town in a crying contest."

"Cry!" exclaimed mother in an angry tone. "You know the precious child never cries unless she is sick."

Well, there was nothing else for me to do but stay at home. This would have been a very wise plan, but I did not follow it out. When mother and my sister left home, I began to plan a way to go to town and take care of the baby too. I might have stayed at home, but Nell came over and planned my way of escape. The baby was dressed and in the carriage to go in a very few minutes. Away we "flew," as fast as we could possibly go. The Confectionery Shop was too great a temptation to pass by without stopping. This brought up another question. Where would we leave "our precious little charge?" There was a rest room near by, and she was quickly disposed of. As it always happens, we stayed to refresh ourselves with an extra "coke." Then we went outside and had a long walk by pushing the carriage back home. When we got home, I started to lift the baby out of the carriage, and Oh, horrors, something had happened. She was not there. What had happened, we did not know. The worst thing that happened was mother just turning the corner for home. She saw the horror in our faces, and one look at the empty carriage was enough to tell her what had happened. Mary was in hysterics and screaming that her child had been killed.

Away rushed Nell and I. We were determined to find that "precious bit of humanity" that was worrying me almost out of my senses. We did not think that it would be such a great loss to Mary if she did lose her "ugly cry baby." A long, hot hunt down the street brought us to the confectionery shop; and there was that troublesome child playing with two children as nicely as if there had been no trouble on my shoulders at all. We picked her up and away we went for home. Mary grabbed her and took her out of my way as if she thought I would "eat her up."

Well, I got enough from mother to last me for a few months anyway. But oh! the joy of attending to a "perfect baby!" Where can it be, and how can it be?

—G. L.

Writing for Letters

I find that almost all of my spare time is spent in chasing to the post-office for the mail. I do this almost unconsciously every day. There are many days that pass, on which I am sure that there will be no letters from home nor from friends, but still I saunter down to town, and finally find myself looking into one lonely little empty box.

Then there comes over me a feeling of a-stealing its way into my inmost soul, and it takes on a form something like this: "Nobody cares," or "Forgotten." In the end this forsaken feeling, if carefully nourished, develops into a case of "homesickness blues," and I spend hours—yes, sometimes days—in miserable dejection. Yet I will go on performing the same act over and over, when I know there is connected with it the disappointment expressed in the foregoing. There seem to be some inward supernatural force, which impels me toward my desolate little postoffice box, which brings me so meagre a share of love or news.

But perhaps there is something that accounts for this uncontrollable habit or tendency; perhaps the occasional joy that it brings serves to balance the trials and disappointments that usually accompany it. Oh! yes, when a letter comes, bringing the precious tidings from the friends and loved ones back at home, there is where the joy comes in, cheering, enlivening and encouraging me, when I am sad, disheartened, and discouraged.

Perhaps waiting for letters is not so bad, after all, taking into consideration all of the factors which enter into the experience.

—W. M.

About twenty members of Miss Ritchie's Sunday School class of the Baptist Church went to Amarillo Sunday, Nov. 21, to visit the Sunday School and church of the Amarillo Baptists.

YOUR PORTRAIT!

The Gift That is Not Merchandise

Early Appointments for Xmas

Sittings Assure You Best Results

MRS. BRITAIN'S STUDIO

Don't Forget the Place. One Block South West Palace Hotel.

Write This

In your notebook when you are in Amarillo looking for clever suits, coats, dresses, millinery, dry goods and shoes, don't fail to see us.

WHITE & KIRK

The Place to Buy Shoes

502 Polk St.

Amarillo, Texas

Go to---

CITY PHARMACY

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

PHONE 32

CANYON, TEXAS

GROCERY, BAKERY and

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.

NORMAL GROCERY

East Side Square

JOE FOSTER, Prop

Phone 158

COLLINS DRUG COMPANY

Retail Druggists

We invite the Normal students to visit us when in Amarillo. While drinking from our fountain, make some selection from our line of Drug Sundries.

Knowledge is an Endowment

One's endowment is enriched or impoverished according to and in proportion to the kind and the volume of Knowledge possessed. We invite association, because it is through association that we learn to know people.

We invite social and business intercourse because through this we are able to exemplify our desire to do toward others as we would have others do toward us.

We invite observation because we believe that only honest and legitimate dealings can stand the light of public observation.

We believe that every action of the individual or of the associated individuals should be such as would add to their own endowment and to that of the people under whose observation they may have come.

Remember that every transaction with our house must be one of satisfaction.

Learn our people and observe our methods of dealing. We believe it will prove profitable to you as well as to ourselves.

Redfearn & Co.

One Price

Spot Cash

The Leaders in Dry Goods

Old Stuff

By Lloyd C. Douglas

Because, while a student in college, he had imagined that his insides were built like a concrete-mixer or a hydraulic ram, and had gorged on greasy fried potatoes, cold baked beans, and other deadly weapons of the sort, many a man of forty is obliged to take his breakfast from a capsule and go about with his pockets full of zwieback and pepsin pills wherewith to entertain a spoiled stomach requiring more attention than a six weeks old baby.

A host of middle-aged respectables are unable ever to take a steep grade on high for lack of physical power. Most of their hills are climbed, if

they are climbed, by the aid of some friendly tow-ropes. At the very time of life when they ought to be zipping along at top speed, they have to get out and under to see what the dickens is the matter this time.

The college mole who takes all his exercise in the grandstand, and slouches about with caved-in chest and dragging heels, is pouring sand in his bearings at a period when he should be sprinkling it on the track.

This is a problem that concerns adolescent youth. It must be solved then, or not at all. After twenty-five, the matter is quite settled. At that age, the body is completed. There will be no further growth, whatever is done to it, after that, by way of

repairs. So—part of the college student's business is to decide whether he will go through life in a vehicle that he can be proud of, or one that spends most of its time reposing on a jack.

Because he has never learned to think clearly, rapidly, and independently, while in college, many a mature man is led about by the nose, feebly echoing other people's opinions and operating a sort of mental junk-shop.

He may have loaded up enough general information to sprout a new encyclopaedia. He may have amassed enough knowledge about his chosen craft to stall an eighty h. p. truck. But for lack of ability to think, he is worthless to himself and the age to which he belongs. Oh, he can gather data for other men's books; he can sharpen tools for other men to work with; he can stand by, holding the lantern and murmuring "Well, whatcha know 'bout that!" while his fellows make experiments and unearth discoveries; but there isn't much fun to be had in such pursuits. Of course, somebody has to play the um-pah in the band, but the part is not very interesting. Before twenty-five a man may contrive to do enough thinking to make himself everlastingly independent of such dull conditions. After twenty-five, the metal in the mould is set. It is no longer malleable.

Of course, this is old stuff that makes one yawn until one's jaws ache and one's eyes water. But, all the same, every commencement releases a new crop of people who appear never to have heard that these things are so.

Many a man has discovered that because he had failed to pay any attention to the culture of his soul, while he was in college, the thing has atrophied—which is a nice way to say dried up. He prods it and it responds sluggishly, like a dead frog touched by a hot wire. But it is not good for an endurance test, any more than the frog could enter for the standing broad jump.

No—there is a period of later youth when normal humanity is keenly sensitive to all forms of spiritual phenomena. It is during these days that the soul takes on its full stature. Added years will bring it added beauty, perhaps, but only on condition that its structural work has been accomplished in adolescence.

Unless you are content to be two-thirds of a man, find out what manner of exercise develops the soul. It is too long a story to be told here. Go to some student friend who seems to have a radiant spirit and ask him how he came by it! Lead your soul along the river bank or over the crest of a hill, some Saturday afternoon. Find your way into some church on Sunday morning. And, every day, before you leave your room, pause a minute, with your hand on the knob, just before you open the door, close your eyes, and ask the Source of your soul to show you new and better ways for caring for your most precious treasure.

It is a dainty thing, delicate, sensitive, fragile! Peach-bloom and the gauze of a butterfly's wings and the colors in a dew-drop—these are all heavy and lumbrous compared to the texture of that which serves as a receiving set for ideals and dreams wireless from outside the field of tangible things.

This is, as you say, old stuff. Breathing, and the blue sky, and the mountains, and the sea, and the hopes, the fears, the triumphs of men—all, are old stuff. And this about the soul is old stuff, too. Every student generation opens with a brilliant opportunity for a few fit leaders to prepare themselves for eminent service. These do considerable thinking about the old stuff, on the theory that it must have been pretty well worth having, or it would never have gotten so old!

How I Renew My Typewriter Ribbons
My father once told me how to renew typewriter ribbons. Place a few drops of machine oil, he said, on a sponge, and hold it against the ribbon while slowly winding the ribbon from one spool to another. If the ribbon is not worn, but merely dry, he said this method would renew it very effectively.

For myself, however, I have hit upon another method which I like better. It is equally effective and less troublesome; and it does not soil the fingers.

By removing the caps from the ribbon spools, I can spread a little oil over the rolled ribbon on each spool, in such a manner that it will become evenly distributed between the folds. I then replace the caps, and, if possible, leave the machine unused overnight. If the ribbon is used immediately, the print will be uneven as it also will be if the ribbon is used soon after treatment with the sponge; but after a day or night it will be delightfully even and clear.

—T. L.

Patronize The Prairie Advertisers.

Where They Are This Year

Kenneth Burns is studying law in Valparaiso University, Valparaiso. Burns is to be remembered as one of the Normal's debaters.

George Ritchie is studying law in the University of Texas.

Lewis Lohn is working for a wholesale company in Corpus Christi, Texas.

Mr. H. W. Stilwell, a former member of the faculty in the English department of the Normal, is superintendent of the Texarkana, Texas, public schools.

Miss Claudia Johnson is teaching at Ralls this year.

Walter D. Hardin, a Normal graduate of '16, is teaching in the Commercial department of the Austin, Texas, High School.

Winnie D. Smith, a graduate of the '20 class, is teaching school at Flagstaff, Arizona.

Fred Phillips, a student of last year, is attending a business college at Fort Worth.

Bessie Foster is teaching at Sumnerfield, Texas.

Lora Kibbe, a graduate of the '20 class, is teaching at Vega, Texas.

Charles Keffer, Homer Cowan, Ira Allen, "Dick" Oliver, and Miss Eris Gustavis, all former students of this institution are attending the University of Texas this year.

Miss Fannie Malone, a graduate of the Normal in 1913, is head of the English Department in the International School for Girls at Madrid, Spain. She is also a private pupil of Toma's Navarro Toma's, the greatest authority on the pronunciation of Spanish. She received her A. B. degree from Drake University and her M. A. degree from the University of Chicago. Miss Fannie Malone is a sister of Miss Tennessee Malone, the Normal librarian.

Madelene Vaughn, a graduate of the '20 class, is teaching in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Hazel Mathis, a former student, is teaching near Panhandle.

Home Economics Notes

The Home Economics Club of which Mrs. J. J. Powell is the president went on a "hike" Saturday afternoon. Twenty-three "hikers" and six "pikers" accompanied by the staff members of the Home Economics Department, Misses Rambo, Bell, and Watson, (also "pikers") went to North Creek and cooked campfire supper. Bacon was broiled on forked sticks and toast was likewise made; coffee was made in syrup pails and was only the better by having bits of ash twigs and dry leaves in it. There were so many things to eat, in fact the plebeian onion was the only thing excluded from the list of "eats" which make camp fire suppers what they are.

A few of the girls distinguished themselves by industry, but it was voted that gypsy blood instead of energy made them "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Several climbed the near by "mountain" in order to have a better view of the sunset. Aside from that, gossip was the only diversion; but, judging from the abundance, it must have been the most popular.

About six o'clock, travelers must have wondered who were the happy, noisy stragglers on the road to Canyon.

The eighth grade cooking class gave the ninth grade sewing class a surprise tea Tuesday afternoon from two-thirty to three o'clock. Anne Morris and Eunice Hines were the hostesses. Other girls of the class served tea and cinnamon toast.

Block House Breezes

We have a new hat on the Block House hat rack. Roy Golden has a permanent lease of the piano bench, where he is busily engaged in building a bird house for (Martins.)

The Block House daily routine was brought abruptly to a stop a few days ago and all stood astounded while Miss Rita Baldwin (our one dignitary) indulged in a hearty laugh.

We do not know where Mr. Mahan had been or what he had had, but we are just surmising, for a few nights ago he did not even know his own hat.

Moral—Girls, if you have any desire to have a fire, always turn the damper of your stove on.

Signed:
—Thelma Bivens at the Block house

Whether or not the League has been scrapped, the scrap about it hasn't.—Boston Transcript.

E. BURROUGHS

Jewelry

Magazines

East Side Square

Phone 138

Dressmaking — Remodeling — Altering

Several years experience and training

MRS. USERY

One block north C. O. Keiser Land Office

LINDELL PURE LINEN

W. T. S. N. C. Monogram Stationery as long as it lasts at 89c per box.

See our line of Christmas Post Cards, Folders and Letters, while they are complete.

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.

JARRETT DRUG COMPANY

CANYON SUPPLY CO.

You can get the benefit of all market declines by trading at the Canyon Supply Co. We took the advances, now you get the declines. Trade with us. We want your business.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Millinery, Groceries

CANYON SUPPLY COMPANY

Where Will You Land?

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.

First State Bank of Canyon
Canyon, Texas

Foy's Tailor Shop

Better Clothes — Less Money

High Class Tailoring. Ladies Wear a Specialty. All work called for and delivered.

YOURS FOR SERVICE PHONE 299

THE EAST END GROCERY

APPRECIATES YOUR TRADE

Phone 234 or 166.

THANKS

Christmas Printing

—greeting cards, both printed and engraved—the very finest cards we have ever presented to our customers.

—engraved or printed visiting cards—the newest styles.

—Crane and Highland linen fancy stationery—both linens Nationally Advertised.

—Place your Christmas orders now to be delivered when you want them.

RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

OUR PRESENT LOWEST PRICES

Are and have been adjusted to conform absolutely to them market today. We save each customer money on

BEST QUALITY MERCHANDISE

We outfit the entire family. Try our better way. We are here to serve you.

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

The New Department Store 701-703 Polk Street, Amarillo.

Half Price Clearance Sale

We are now offering our large and well selected stock of Furs at HALF PRICE

A wonderful showing of Suits, some Fur Trimmed, others with self material. Your Choice HALF PRICE

All Silk Dresses HALF PRICE

All Wool Dresses HALF PRICE

A discount in every department.

All Ladies Coats HALF PRICE

The Ladies Store

Amarillo, Texas

VETESK'S MARKET

Good Things to Eat

Best Home Dressed Meats

Phone 12

Canyon, Texas

Do Your Christmas Shopping at

MONTGOMERY BROS.

AMARILLO

Premier Boot Store

THOMPSON HARDWARE COMPANY

Invite you to examine their line of SHELF and heavy Hardware, Silverware, Cutlery, China and Cut Glass.

CANYON, TEXAS

THE STAR BARBER SHOP

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

"Try Us Out"

West Side Square B. B. Cluck, Prop.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS**Amarillo Greenhouse**

Every day there are things happening—anniversaries, weddings, birthdays, various observances, etc., which call for floral floral recognition. Fresh flowers every day. Blooming plants, Ferns.

DEPENDABLE SERVICE

A. ALENIUS, Prop.

4th and Jackson Sts., Amarillo, Texas
Amarillo's Flowerphone 1116 Night or Day

"HOLLAND HAS IT"**Everybody says**

therefore we have the reputation of being in the lead for everything in our line. We call your special attention to our

NEW SODA FOUNTAIN

one of the latest makes for dispensing all kinds of good cold drinks. Our Drug Department leads in quality and in low prices.

HOLLAND DRUG CO.

East Side Square

School Supplies**That Best Serve Your Purpose**

We cater to the requirements of teachers and students of all grades, and are especially prepared to supply materials for higher literary, technical and art classes.

Visit our store and mail us your orders. Any merchandise sent on approval.

Russell & Cockrell

Amarillo, Texas

The most complete Stationery and Book House in West Texas.

YOUNG MEN

If you attend West Texas State Normal next term, Huntleigh Hall is the place to stay. Every convenience. Close to the College. Rates very reasonable.

MRS. CARRIE TURNER**THE NORMAL BARBER SHOP**

Offers first-class Barber and Laundry work. Ladies' Shines, Shampoos and Massages are our specialties.

Come in and give us a trial.

PRICE BROS., Props

East Side Square Canyon, Texas

Your Cleaning and Pressing done at

STAR TAILOR SHOP

See our Fall and Winter Samples.

J. H. DUNCAN, Prop.

Phone 37

Celestial Mathematics

Somewhere up above us,
Far beyond the bright blue sky,
There's a place—so the preachers tell us—
Where the angels love to fly.

Surely in this realm of glory,
Far from all life's gloom and care,
(If we can believe the story)
Math has never entered there.

All the ancients we have heard of,
Kings and heroes of renown,
Whose claim we have no right to question
To this Sainted stamping ground.

Lived on earth as they were meant to,
Loved their love and fought their
fuss;
And never spent their nights in angu-
ish
Struggling with calculus.

What did Adam know of Thermo?
Had Jacob ever seen a graph,
When he blessed his son who dying,
Standing, leaning on a staff?

When Samson wrecked the heathen
temple
By the hands of thousands made,
Do you think that graphic statics
Yielded him material aid?

What knew Moses of hydraulics
When he parted the red sea
So a highway led across it,
Letting all the Jews go free?

In the rush of angry waters
Of the famous ocean gale,
Think you Jonah used mensuration
In dimensioning the whale?

And I'll bet you old King David,
Accustomed as he was to strife,
Never solved a long quadratic,
In all of his eventful life.

So I ask you why, my brother,
If we don't want to sweep the
streets,
Do we have to learn this rubbish
In order that we may earn our
eats?

And when finally up in Heaven
With the angels standing near,
We display our mathematics,
Angel Chorus—"That old stuff
don't go here."
—The Protector.

Cross Currents

Did you ever sit on the banks of
a stream where there were currents
that merged into one? These two
currents were at first widely separated,
perhaps, by a gravel bed or a sand
bar. As these streams come into con-
tact with each other, they splash their
waters back in a white frothy spray.
In fact, to me there seems to be a
struggle or a fight that takes place
before they eventually converge into
one and flow on to help form the
main river.

If you have seen such a stream, you
will know what I mean when I say
that I have found my life to be a
cross current, when it is compared
with the lives of others. It doesn't
sound very fascinating, does it?
Nothing that suggests a tendency to
a cross current or a counteracting
agency against the things of life has
ever been cherished.

My earliest recollections are of
those incidents that seemed to show
the differences between other chil-
dren and me. I often ask myself if
I were really ever a child. In my
early life, as I stood wild-eyed while
the girls and boys played and enjoyed
themselves, I wondered why I was
cursed with this peculiarity that
seemed completely to isolate me.

As I now consider these singular
traits, I think I must belong to one
of those extinct species of woman-
kind. We read about the extinct
species of animals, and often exca-
vate them from the earth. Can it
be possible then, I ask, that I may
belong to an extinct human species?

One of our best writers says that
it is selfishness that causes one to
feel and act as if he were different
from others. I protest that I take as
great pride in seeing others enjoy
themselves as anyone and am one of
those who would gladly share with
others the things of life which I
might possess. Yet how shall I do
these things that others may see that
which is within? How reveal to
others a proud, shy heart?

Though these things exist as they
are, I like to be alone often and revel
in the beauties of the great human
stream of life, ever remembering that
though there are antagonistic rivu-
lets, each is, after all, a part in the
mighty universe and that in tending
its own peculiar way, it is just as
essential to the perfection of God's
plans as is the seemingly smooth
placid one.

Mr. Phillips' and Mr. Sheffy's Sun-
day School classes had an entertain-
ment at Cousins Hall last Saturday
night. Delicious refreshments of
fresh air were served. Games were
played and everyone had a merry
time.

News Items

William Younger, superintendent of
the Farwell High School, and Minnie
Adams, teacher of domestic science in
the same school spent last week-end
in Canyon.

Roy Pennington has quit school and
gone to his home at Lockney.

Etheridge Dockery has accepted a
position as principal of a three-teach-
er school near Vernon. He left last
week for that place.

Last Monday evening at 6:45 p. m.
an entertainment was given to the
members of the Sunday School and
Baptist Church. After an interesting
program, the church went into busi-
ness session. Punch was served to
all present.

The Training School of the Normal
held the Amarillo Boy Scouts to a tie
game of football Saturday, Nov. 20,
on the local gridiron, the score being
7 to 7. The Training School football
team is showing some improvement.

Ray Daniels, a former student, was
visiting in Canyon last Saturday. He
now holds a position as assistant
cashier of a bank at Follett, Texas.

Pres. J. A. Hill, Misses Walker,
Haines, Anderson, Brackney, and
Graham, Mrs. Hanscom and Mr. L. G.
Allen have gone to the State Teach-
ers' Meeting at Fort Worth. Two or
three of the above faculty members
are on the program at the meeting.

Sidney Sheffy, a former student
of this institution, is visiting here.

Miss Eunice Rutherford, who is
staying at Cousins Hall, spent last
Saturday and Sunday at her home in
Tulia.

Miss Lucy Dean Hamilton was
very pleasantly surprised by the ar-
rival of her father and mother at
Cousins Hall Tuesday.

Miss Joy Mills spent last week-end
at her home near Plainview.

The Sesames and Elopehians are
practicing for an inter-society basket
ball game to be played next Friday.

Miss Carlotta Cheney spent the
week-end at her home in Amarillo.

Mable Barnhart spent the week-
end at her home in Hereford.

Mr. E. H. Horton and family of
Hale Center visited their daughters,
Misses Mona and Unus, last Sunday.

Miss Minnie Johnson and Mr. Os-
car Hite were married last Saturday
evening at the Baptist parsonage, the
Rev. B. F. Fronabarger officiating.
The couple left immediately for Tulia
where they will make their home.

Miss Martha Caldwell, a former
graduate of this college, is visiting
friends here this week. The school
she is teaching this year near Claude
is closed on account of dyptheria.

Vergil Dodson visited friends in
Silverton Sunday.

Enod Grundy and Thelma Bivens
spent last week-end with relatives in
Tulia.

Miss Ruth Pitts, a former student,
and Mr. David Batty of Floydada
were married last week.

Bryan McDonald spent the week-
end with friends at Dimmitt.

Ersie Fort of Silverton, a former
student, visited friends in Canyon
Sunday.

William Newberry of Tulia, a form-
er student, was here last Sunday.

Monday night, November 22, the
Senior Epworth League was enter-
tained at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
Jim Vetesk. The house was beauti-
fully arranged by Miss Ollie Sone
and Mr. Frank Phillips. Games were
played and a general good time was
enjoyed, after which delicious re-
freshments were served.

The Y. W. C. A. had charge of the
chapel exercises Friday and Satur-
day. Miss Sara Thompson was the
speaker Friday and spoke of mission
activities in North and South Amer-
ica. Tuesday Miss Frances Ramsey
spoke of the possibilities of mission
work in Africa.

Unschooler Hjalmar Rutzebeck is
the first Alaskan to win literary
fame. His novels are puzzling crit-
ics throughout the country, who are
at a loss to understand how they
could have been written by a man
who never attended school. It is
considered remarkable that Rutze-
beck, who has for years adventured
through Alaska and its blinding snow
storms and icy torrents, should have
found time to educate himself.

A University of Texas Teacher is
studying negroes—Dr. T. R. Garth,
adjunct professor of psychology in
the University of Texas, attended a
convention of the Southern Universi-
ty Race Commission which met in
Atlanta, November 17 and 18. The
commission met in joint session with
the Interracial Commission of the
South. Dr. Garth attended the con-
vention as one of the representatives
of Texas.

Thirty-nine rural schools in Brown
County have been approved by the
Rural Aid Division of the Department
of Education, and will receive extra
school funds this year to the amount
of \$18,568. This will enable the
schools to practically double their us-
ual length of term.

May we look forward with pleasure,
and backward without regret.



Were You in the Crowd

That Bought High Class Merchandise at
Absolute Cost and Below Cost?

Then if you were not, be sure to come in
early and get your choices.

Nothing reserved, and a full and complete
stock from which to make your selections.

Suits, Overcoats, Shoes, Hats, Shirts and
Underwear—in fact everythings goes.
Don't Miss This Opportunity.

Joe Killough & Company

514 Polk. "Where your dollar does its duty
AMARILLO, TEXAS

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.

Teachers are invited to make use of our helpful banking facili-
ties. Courteous attention is ever accorded.

Students and Teachers alike should feel that they have a good
friend in the

First National Bank

CAPITAL and SURPLUS, \$100,000.00
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE BANK

C. D. LESTER, President E. H. POWELL, Cashier
Investments, Commercial Farm and Cattle Loans.

STUDENTS

We Test Eyes Without the Use of Drugs
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Topics in Brief

Price cuts haven't reached the
stage of quantity reduction.—Marion
Star.

The poor profiteers are beginning
to feel the pinch of moderation.—
Richmond News-Leader.

Apparently Great Britain is a body
of land entirely surrounded by troub-

led waters.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.
Prices are not coming down from
that mountain peak very fast, but
they are doing an awful lot of yodel-
ing.—Columbia (S. C.) Record.
Lots of men forget that a hunger
strike is liable to follow a work
strike.—Financial America (New
York).