



THE PRAIRIE



VOL. II.

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

CANYON, TEXAS, MONDAY, AUGUST 15, 1921.

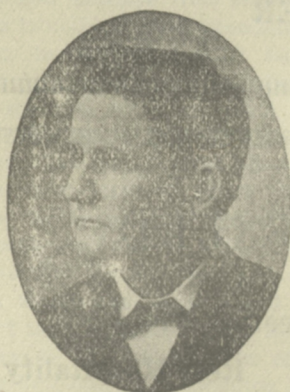
NUMBER 21

R. B. COUSINS, FORMER NORMAL HEAD, TO BE SUPT. OF HOUSTON CITY SCHOOLS

The following article taken from the Houston Post, regarding R. B. Cousins, former President of the West Texas State Normal College will be of interest to his many friends in Canyon. The article follows:

"R. B. Cousins is the next superintendent of the city schools. Prof. Cousins was elected to fill the unexpired term of Superintendent P. W. Horn by the city school board Monday night. The school board, after meeting at 7:30 p. m., and approving the minutes of the previous meeting, on motion suspended the regular order of business and went into executive session behind locked doors to elect a new superintendent. No addresses on behalf of the various candidates by their friends and partisans, who had filed petitions in their interest, were allowed by the board.

"The board went into executive session at 8 o'clock and remained in



closed conference until 10:30 p. m., when it opened the doors and Vice Chairman C. H. Hurlock announced the election of Prof. Cousins. Chairman Hurlock had previously stated that the claims and qualifications of the various candidates would be carefully and fully considered by the board in making a choice for the position.

"Prof. Cousins, who was present at the open meeting of the board, was asked by Chairman Hurlock if he desired to make a statement. Replying, Prof. Cousins said in part:

"I am deeply sensible of the compliment passed upon me by your board composed of representative citizens of Houston in being selected as the superintendent of your city schools. The compliment is enhanced by virtue of the splendid array of men and women from which you made your choice. It is still further enhanced by the fact that I follow a man who has blended the years with that of many distinguished citizens of Houston in making the schools of this city known throughout the entire country. Thousands will regret that he leaves the city of Houston and thousands more throughout Texas will regret to learn that we are to lose this distinguished and patriotic citizen to our sister republic on the south.

"I am not obsessed with the idea that belated wisdom has arrived upon my election. I shall approach everything that you have begun or finished with the belief that you have done wisely and well, but there are still many things to be done. I shall labor diligently to find out the qualities of the board and render every service possible and blend my judgment with yours whenever possible. I shall approach teachers and their problems in a sympathetic spirit and shall undertake to be their faithful and sincere friend.

"While the city school system is the crowning glory of a city, it is the very bread of life to the children within its borders. We should not forget that the board exists, that superintendents and teachers are employed and that school houses are built for the benefit of the children.

"I come to you with a varied and delightful professional experience through the administration of city schools, State schools and State colleges. I bring this rich experience, with whatever wisdom that might have come with it, to the administration of the city school affairs of Houston and sincerely trust that this may be the crowning work of my life. I greatly desire your sympathy, your confidence, and your co-operation."

Instructor—Why have you not prepared the assignment, Mr. Blink?

Blink—I don't know sir; I burned lots of midnight oil.

Must have been cylinder oil.

Patronize The Prairie Advertisers.

Historical Society Gives Program

Realizing something of the importance of the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society to the people of this section of the country, the members of the Second Year Normal Class gave a program which enabled them to understand better the work of that society. There were toasts to the scouts and pioneers and to the buffalo, who is doubly dear to us because he is the college mascot. Several of the poems that were written years ago in this section created a very decided atmosphere of the pioneer days. The nature and scope of the work was discussed, and Mr. Sheffy urged each one to help create an interest in the work wherever he went, and invited everyone to visit the "zoo" which the society has started.

Miss Pinkston and Mrs. Taylor Entertain

Miss Eva Pinkston, who has had charge of the Department of Geography this summer, and Mrs. Taylor, entertained a company of ladies Monday evening at the residence of Mr. Service. From there they went to the Olympic Theater where seats had been reserved for the party. After enjoying William Russell's "In the Challenge of the Law," the "line" was led by Miss Pinkston to the City Pharmacy where decorated tables had been prepared for the party. Delicious refreshments of cream and Angel food cake were served from delicately appointed tables. The plate favors were daisies. After a pleasant conversation which lasted about an hour, each individual paid due respect to the hostess, and returned to her home. Those who enjoyed this occasion were Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Hanscomb, Mrs. Beckham, Misses Mansfield, Davis, Boulware, Aiken, Hibbits, Bell, Watkins, Brackney, Bontright, Mary Clark, Lamb, Edna Graham, Phillips, Malone and Anderson.

Dr. Sutton Speaks in Chapel

Dr. W. S. Sutton, Dean of the School of Education of the University of Texas, delivered a series of two lectures at the chapel hour August 12-13. The subject of the lectures was the part of the colleges in world reconstruction. Dr. Sutton in the first lecture outlined briefly the social, political, and economic conditions existing today. The second lecture was devoted to the work of the colleges and higher education in general in solving the problems confronting us. The speaker emphasized the importance of the study of social science as a preparation for meeting the world crisis.

Summer Normal Students Return Home

The Summer Normal having ended and the examinations being completed Aug. 17, most of the summer normal students have left the city. The enrollment of review students in the summer normal for this session surpassed that of any year in the history of the institution. 437 took the state examinations for certificates. This number was distributed as follows: second grade state certificate, 131; first grade state certificate, 220; permanent state certificate, 86.

Sunrise Breakfast

Five-thirty a. m. Aug. 7, found twenty-seven girls at the west entrance of the campus ready to accompany the Concho-Colorado Teachers Club on a sunrise breakfast. After hiking about a mile north of town to a creek, a fire was built. The girls made coffee, broiled meat and toasted marshmallows. Then everybody sat down around the camp table and enjoyed a bountiful breakfast.

Mrs. Hill Entertains Graduating Class Friday evening Mrs. Hill entertained the graduating classes and the faculty at Cousins Hall. A delightful program was rendered to a large number of guests. The program consisted of musical numbers and readings by Misses Brigham, Clark, and Phillips, Mr. Clark and Mrs. Sheffy.

Miss Morris and her sister, Mrs. Oval Keen, of Hereford, spent the first of the week with their cousin, Theo Bagwell.

West Texas State Normal College

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

SUMMER QUARTER

BACCALAUREATE SERVICES

Sunday, August 21, 1921, 11 o'clock, Address by

Rev. R. Thomsen, Amarillo, Texas.

GRADUATION EXERCISES

Tuesday, August 23, 1921, 9 o'clock, Address by

Hon. R. A. Baldwin, Lubbock, Texas.

Conferring of Degrees. Granting of Diplomas by

President J. A. Hill.

GRADUATION EXERCISES

Processional

Faculty, Degree, Diploma and Certificate Students.

Orchestra

Address - - - - - Hon. R. A. Baldwin

Orchestra

Conferring Degrees, Granting Diplomas and Certificates - - -

President J. A. Hill

Singing of Alma Mater - - - - - Assembly

BACCALAUREATE SERVICES

Doxology - - - - - Assembly Standing

Invocation - - - - - Rev. B. F. Fronabarger

Gloria - - - - -

Scripture Reading and Prayer - - - - - Rev. A. E. Osborne

Hymn, No. 7 - - - - - Assembly Standing

Announcements - - - - - President Hill

Anthem - - - - - Choir

Sermon - - - - - Rev. Thomsen

Hymn No. 145 - - - - - Assembly Standing

Benediction - - - - - Rev. Simeon Shaw

Teachers' Consolidated Institute

CANYON, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 5 to 9, INCLUSIVE

FEATURES

1. Two Primary Teachers: Mrs. Otho Hanscom of the West Texas State Normal College, and Miss Anna K. Garretson of Austin City Schools.

2. A Leading Authority on Rural School Problems: Miss Mabel Carney of Teachers' College, Columbia University.

3. A Recognized Authority on High School Questions: Dr. Shelton Phelps of George Peabody College for Teachers.

4. A Man of National Reputation to Do Intermediate Grade Work: Dr. C. A. Phillips of Warrensburg, Missouri, State Normal College.

5. A Noted Lecturer on Social and Economic Problems: Dr. G. R. Miller of Colorado State Teachers' College.

6. The Devereux Players of New York for three performances: "Daniel Druce," "Romancers," and "Ghosts."

7. An Entertainment by the College and the Citizens of Canyon for the Teachers.

8. Reduced Rail Road Rates: Teachers should buy a ticket to Canyon, showing continuous passage, and should get a receipt from the agent for this ticket.

Program starts at 8:15 o'clock Monday morning. Very truly,

H. W. MORELOCK,

Note: We are holding most of the programs for use during the institute.

Note: Teachers desiring a Boarding Place should write Travis Shaw, Canyon, Texas.

TWENTY-FIVE MEN ENROLLED FOR FOOTBALL TRAINING CAMP

Twenty-five men have enrolled for the intensive course in football to begin the first of September, according to Prof. D. A. Shirley, chairman of the Athletic Committee. The men will encamp somewhere on the canyon, where they will be thoroughly worked out under the direction of Coach Burton. The work will include not only thorough coaching in football, but cross country running and other forms of intensive physical training calculated to put the prospective players in first class physical condition by the opening of the season.

Last year the Normal Colleges were seriously handicapped during the early part of the season by reason of the late opening of school and the consequent lack of training of their men in comparison with those of the other colleges which opened some weeks earlier.

All expenses of those whose applications for entrance are favorably acted upon will be born by the institution. Prospective students who desire to make application for this training should communicate with D. A. Shirley, Canyon, Texas.

The Teacher—Public Servant

During the debate on the University budget on the floor of the House of Representatives on July 29, Mr. John Davis of Dallas strongly supported the policy of reduction in salaries as carried in the Bonham amendment to the Appropriation Bill and, among other things, said that when a man chooses a profession of any kind, such as law, medicine, or teaching he turns his back on wealth and gives himself over to the public service; that the lawyer who becomes rich either does so through activities outside his profession or through the prostitution of his profession.

Now we hold no brief for the University of Texas and do not care to spend their time defending violators of the budget of that institution. But the sentiment expressed by the gentleman from Dallas is so mistakenly founded and so damaging to the profession of teaching that teachers who love their profession cannot let it go unchallenged.

It is true that the man who chooses teaching as his profession does virtually close behind him the door to wealth. The very character of teaching is such as to preclude a high devotion to the acquisition of money. Teaching is an intellectual and spiritual process and deals with the things of the spirit. Material considerations must necessarily be secondary in importance. Beyond this, however, there is another reason which compels the teacher to refrain from attempts at the acquisition of wealth—which makes it, in fact, impossible for him to enter intelligently into the business transactions of his community. The teacher's daily business carries him directly away from the marts of trade. He has no opportunity to form intelligent judgment as to commercial values, so that if he makes an investment, it will likely be an unprofitable one. This fact has given rise to the popular impression that teachers are visionary and impractical beings, wholly lacking in both common and business sense.

It is also true, as Mr. Davis says, that teachers are public servants. They are such because they are employed by the public through its legally constituted authorities (boards of trustees, Regents, etc.) work in public institutions in official capacity, and receive their pay from the public treasury. Their terms of office begin and end according to the public will and the policies they follow are promulgated by legally constituted public authority. Indeed, so completely is the teacher a public servant that he is not even free in what is usually termed purely private and personal matters. The social, business, and religious life of the teacher is under constant public surveillance. The public will not tolerate in the teachers a plane of conduct below the highest level of the community he serves, nor much above it.

Not only is the above true, but the public demands practically all of the time of its teacher servants. The teacher who gives much of his time to personal business or to personal pleasure soon loses public confidence and with it his position. Accordingly, the public delimits the private life of its teachers in a measure that almost precludes ordinary private living.

Thus far, Mr. Davis' position is entirely sound, but when he attempts to apply the above statements to law and medicine he is so far wide of the mark as to be ludicrous. Both the lawyer and the physician are constantly dealing with material things. Their daily work calls them into contact with the

which they live. They mix and mingle hourly with business men. Each has an exceptional opportunity to know commercial values and to reap profit from the misfortunes and mistakes of others. Their professions make of them permanent citizens of the communities in which they live as against the migratory character of the teacher's citizenship. I do not know how many of the lawyers and doctors become wealthy, but I am sure that the percentage is much higher than among teachers. If they accumulate such excess through a prostitution of their professions, as Mr. Davis asserts, then most of them, I fear, are "prostitutors."

Moreover, neither the lawyer nor the physician is in any proper sense a public servant. The state does not employ lawyers except the few that are needed to preside over courts and prosecute criminals. Many lawyers spend their time defending violators of the public will as expressed in law, or in formulating policies and devices by which corporate wealth may evade and do violence to the spirit of the law. An overwhelming majority of them are not employed by the public or any body representing the public. They draw no pay from the public treasury and are not officially amenable to the public will. They do not lose their positions when their personal conduct fails to meet public approval and they are free to choose the communities in which they live.

Much the same thing may be said of the physician. He is not a public servant in the same sense that the teacher is, and has every advantage over the teacher from a commercial point of view. The public in official capacity does not employ, or pay, or discharge him. He is a public servant only in the sense that the farmer, the merchant, and other workers are public servants.

The fact that the teacher is a public servant in the true meaning of that expression makes it all the more important that the public adequately remunerate him—not, however, for the teacher's sake, but in the interest of the public service.

Scurry County Club Meets

The Scurry County Club, which maintains a permanent organization in this institution, met August 1, to reorganize for the summer. Mr. C. V. Hall acted as temporary chairman. The following officers were elected: President, William Falls; Vice-president, Thelma Williams; Secretary and Treasurer, Ethel Isaacs.

After brief discussion it was unanimously voted that President Falls send, on the same day to Representative M. E. Rosser at Austin, a telegram expressing the attitude of Scurry County Club toward the Budget Bill.

The Club is preparing to organize a joint club within Scurry County to be maintained throughout the year by students and teachers who have attended the West Texas State Normal College. Special effort will be made to keep the clubs in the two sections in close relation with each other.

Town Criers Give Good Measure

Sometimes we get short measure in what we pay for, but not so in the case of advertising through a town crier. He sometimes not only gives the measure of advertising bargained for, but adds touches of his own, which he thinks will be effective.

Such was the experience of the Lyceum committee in advertising "Richelieu," the first play given by the Devereux Company. With a huge sign mounted on his car, the youthful crier rode through the street shouting thru his megaphone, "Don't fail to see 'Richelieu,' the greatest play that Shakespeare ever wrote!"

THE PRAIRIE

Entered as second-class matter November 21, 1919, at the post office at Canyon, Texas, under the act of March 3, 1879.

A semi-monthly college newspaper published by the students of the West Texas State Normal College, under the supervision of the English Department.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

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For the year.....\$1.00

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....Mrs. Tommie Montfort
Business Manager.....Floyd Golden
Literary Editor.....Mody C. Boatright
Exchange Editor.....Mattie Swayne
Society Editor.....Davis Hill

Reporters

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Joye Mills
Anna Lois Todd
Charles Wilson
Bessie Williams
Deskins Wells
Faculty Adviser.....H. W. Morelock

A Lake at Twilight

As I wedged my way through the thick undergrowth of a great forest, a long, drawn out stretch of water suddenly presented itself as a barrier to my further progress. This lake was known only to the animal kingdom, and had never suffered at the destructive hand of man. For this reason, it presented a singular effect of beauty and seclusion. Being on all sides by the same dense growth of trees, briars, and vines, it forbade any man to explore it. The trees hugged close to the sides of the lake, their long limbs impending over the water's edge; and the branches dipped in and out of the water, as the light breeze sagged the limbs to and fro.

It was late summer, and the thick, mantled foliage of vines and trees shut out every beam of light from the low, descending sun. The interwoven branches gave to the lake a touch of coolness and shadiness. The soft moss-covered shoals, projecting into the water, tempted one to lounge on the nature-made sofa, and watch the smooth surface of the water, rippled only by the occasional flouncing of a trout as he jumped from the surface to catch an insect and fell back with a splash of the water that echoed and re-echoed between the opposite shores of the lake. The circular wave motion of the water set up by the fish extended to the extremities of the lake, and each wave was followed immediately by another slightly smaller, until the motion died away, and the water regained its former stillness. But the one flounce was the signal for the whole fish family to come forth in search of supper. Their eager response to the summons resulted in a constant wave that set the whole surface shivering. The turtle awoke from his sleep on an old snag in the center of the lake, and quietly slid into the water. The bull-frog jumped from his high perched throne of moss, and went "plunk" into the water, to begin his

bass croaking. Overhead the whirling sound of a tardy buzzard was audible, winging his way southward to the roosting ground. As the day-light faded into darkness, the egg-shaped moon, bathed in a brilliant yellow light was just rising over the tree tops in the eastern horizon. The hoot-owl gave his lonesome greeting to the rising moon, seconded by the shriller voice of the whip-poor-will, which brought a shudder over the woodland. The two greeting blended, and bounded back and forth in the still night air of the forest.

—G. M. C.

The Exterior of a Haunted House

The decayed old house, hidden among its untended trees, living and dead, was a byword for dreariness. For more than a quarter of a century no one had entered this house, secure in a thickly wooded hollow, where the trees had been allowed to grow wild, and there were big dead boughs across the grass grown track which had once been a drive. This place looked like the last few acres of some graet forest. The entrance was guarded by two decayed gateposts.

The house was an appalling ghost of a building, exceedingly tall and ugly. It would have been wickedly ugly, if its gray-white face had not been masked a little by the elms that laid their boughs across the windows, and the long weather-stains that made it look as if it had been weeping until it could weep no more. At the side of the door, a cumbrous bell-pull slumbered after many years of service and across this door, heavy iron bars were fulfilling a useless mission.

—M.

My Old Swimm' Hole

Winding its way drowsily, a small stream broadens its bed beneath a big elm tree, making an admirable place for swimming. On the south there is a vast growth of underbrush and saplings, which shade the pool on hot summer days. Further out the beauty of the scene is accentuated by a steep acclivity dotted with trees.

To the north is a mesquite flat, interspersed with cacti and red-colored flowers. Fields of waving corn and glistening cotton form the background. Up the stream a group of cattle, knee deep in water, one drowsily chewing her cud. Down the brook everything is lost in the midst of a heavily wooded flat.

Everything is quiet, except for an occasional note of a mocking bird in the lofty elm tree. In fact, the solitude of the noon day is almost as oppressing as the rays of the July sun.

These elements of beauty, I observed unconsciously as I lazily approached the brook. But when I had undressed, all natural scenery had lost its charm, for soon I was swimming around in the cool glassy water, watching the lapping of the waves at the bank of the stream—what a wonderful experiment.

—C. H. J.

Samaria attained the pinnacle of its glory under Roman rule.

A walrus hunt is the most dangerous sport of the Arctic regions.

Residents of Tibet stick out the tongue as a form of salutation.

PERSONAL NEWS

Coach McCorkle left Saturday. He will attend school and assist the athletic coach at T. C. U. or Oklahoma University.

Miss Mary Watson of Silverton had as her guest this week, her mother, father and brother.

On last Sunday, Miss Florence Smith visited her brother, who is still in the sanitarium in Amarillo.

Floyd Trowbridge, Gordie Hanna, and Zant Scott, visited in Canyon last week.

Dessa Mae Steele is teaching a music class at Groom.

Blake Bolton was in Tulia on business last Monday.

Sam and Dessa Steele visited in Canyon last week.

Kenneth Sherrer is visiting friends in Canyon.

Mr. Shaw has been harboring a feeling of uneasiness all summer: he is in constant fear of a stampede in school for to his own certain knowledge there are three "Mad-oxes" enrolled.

Misses Marie Fronabarger and Viola Ballard were in Amarillo Wednesday.

Miss Aiken spent Wednesday in Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ritchie and son George, of Strawn, and Mrs. G. P. Moury and daughter of Mineral Wells are in Canyon this week to visit Miss Jennie C. Ritchie.

Faculty Members Seek Rest

Miss Hudspeth will visit several points in Texas and New Mexico during vacation.

Miss Yocum left Saturday for her home in Oberlin, Ohio, where she will remain until school opens.

Miss Boulware leaves Tuesday for Amarillo where she will spend her vacation.

Miss Brigham will leave this week for Los Angeles, California, where she will attend school.

Miss Edna Graham will spend next year in Columbia University.

Mrs. Hanscom will leave this week for New York where she will attend Columbia University.

Miss Davis will be in Colorado until school opens again.

Miss Hattie Anderson is going to spend her vacation at her home in Missouri.

Mr. Reid will join Mrs. Reid and family at Mexia.

Miss Rambo will visit her home in Illinois.

Miss Watkins will leave this week for Corpus Christi.

Mr. Baker will leave this week for California. He will attend school in Leland Stanford, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahan will spend their vacation at Mrs. Mahan's home near Plainview. Mr. Mahan will attend school at Chicago University.

Mr. Shirley will visit his parents at Granbury.

Miss Clark will go to Wichita Falls next week to visit her parents.

Miss Haines will go to points in Ohio.

Miss Pinkston has returned to her home in Dallas.

Miss Bell will spend the vacation in Colorado.

Miss Hibbitts will leave this week to visit at her home in Washburn.

Miss White will visit in San Angelo.

Miss Brown will visit in New Mexico.

Mrs. Taylor will return to her home in Amarillo.

R. A. Terrill and family will go to New Mexico.

Mr. Charley Keith, who has been attending school here this summer, was called home on account of his sister's illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Thorne of Wichita Falls were in Canyon last week to visit their daughter, Marie, who is attending school here this summer.

Miss Lois Hill, who is attending school here was in Amarillo Saturday.

Miss Harriet Graham, Miss Mattie Swayne and Mrs. Tommie Montfort, left Monday morning for Estes Park, Colorado, where they will attend the Y. W. C. A. conference.

Miss Edna Payne, a former student, is returning for the fall quarter of the regular term.

Mr. Joe Jacobson, who attended school here last term won in the boxing contest in Canyon Saturday.

Miss Edna Graham spent the week-end with her sister at Littlefield.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shanklin, who have recently come from Porto Rico, are planning to make their home in Canyon.

President Hill returned to Austin, the thirteenth, in the interest of school affairs.

The Rodeo, which was held two miles from Canyon, was a real "Wild West" affair. The aviator, doing some cunning stunts with his airplane, added much to the pleasure and excitement of the event.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. West of Floydada spent Tuesday and Wednesday of last week in Canyon visiting their daughter Mae West, a student of the Normal.

Guy Rogers, an alumnus of this institution, has been visiting in Canyon with his mother, Mrs. L. B. Rogers.

Miss Ruby Bray will teach in Vigo Park this winter.

PERSONAL NEWS

Gal. FOUR—Prairie

Mrs. George Tubb, formerly Dorothy Dohrman, was a visitor in chapel Saturday.

Carl Mauer of Friona visited in Canyon last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Atkeison and family of Munday visited their daughter, Thelma, who is in school here, Saturday.

Eleanor McFarling visited home folks at Tulia the past week end.

Effie Warlick left for her home in Booker Friday.

Misses Ouida Buzdee, Mabel Vaughn, Hazel Grace Brown, Thelma Atkeison, Pearl Clements, Vivian and Addie Coffman were shopping in Amarillo Saturday.

Miss Naomi Hooper of Hale Center visited her sister, Lena, this week.

Miss Alice Boston left Friday for her home in Kress.

Eltha Austin of Childress left after the State examinations last week.

Mr. Guenther left Wednesday for Austin in the interest of education.

Thelma Atkeison visited her aunt, Mrs. Renison, at Amarillo last week end.

Harold Rogers of Tulia visited Miss Eleanor McFarling Sunday.

Miss George Stiles of Sweetwater left for her home Wednesday.

Misses Watkins, Mansfield, Witt, and Mac Laran chaperoned a crowd of girls on a moonlight supper Wednesday night.

Lelia Smith of Bellevue left last week.

Leland Mounts of Hale Center was here this week. He is preparing to enter the University this fall.

Tony Vaughn and Clifton Davenport of Kress visited Canyon friends Sunday.

Mrs. Essie Hamilton left for Lamesa the last of the week.

Estelle Slaton of Hereford left for home Thursday morning.

Miss Hudspeth was an Amarillo caller Saturday.

Velma Wilenman spent the week end in Amarillo with her sister.

Erna Bentley of Cousins Hall visited, home folks in Amarillo the past week end.

Mr. Barker Eubanks of Hale Center visited Miss Mabel Vaughn at Huntleigh Hall, Sunday.

Mr. Lawrence Fuller, who has been attending the West Texas State Normal College this summer, left a few days before the last term closed, on account of his health.

Mr. Edgar Hicks, who has been attending the West Texas State Normal College this summer, has returned to his home in Pluvama.

Miss Mattie Jones, who has been attending school here this summer, was called home last week on account of her sister's illness.

Miss Della Gober and Mr. Ray Webster of Memphis are visiting friends and relatives here this week.

Tony Vaughn of Kress, a former student of the Normal, was in Canyon last Friday and Saturday.

Miss Savale Roberts, a summer Normal student, left for Clarendon, July 25.

Miss Ollie Cullender left for Channing Saturday.

On last Tuesday Miss Mansfield of the physical education department took her class in Folk Dancing to the grove north of town for an outing.

Miss Gladys Puckett gave a delightful dinner party at Cousins Hall Sunday.

A Straw Stack

A large brown straw stack stood in the center of the field, the remnant of what had shortly before been hundreds of acres of growing wheat. One tall peak towered above its several neighboring peaks, in somewhat the same way that one big mountain overlooks the heads of several smaller sisters. The broad level stretches of wheat stubble surrounding this heap, and the general smoothness of the country tended to make its size more impressive, with their barren surfaces, made it look all the more like a mountain above its many cliffs, crags, and precipices, the line of vegetation.

Cattle and horses stood at the foot of this immense mass, up to their knees in straw, and switched their tails continuously to ward off the flies. The stock had eaten great caves into the side of the stack. These tunnels occasionally caved in on the stock, and smothered them to death, while others narrowly escaped, bringing with them great heaps of straw on their backs.

Not only was this mountain of straw a gathering place for stock, but for the birds and insects as well. These infested the remoter points to make their nests and rear their young. Even little boys visited this mountain of the plains, scaled its peaks, then turned loose with all speed to roll to its foot.

It was probably a sad occasion for the inhabitants of this rolling and molting stack, when it succumbed to the flames and went up to the sky in large, boiling clouds of smoke, and the mountain of the plains was reduced to a small ash mound.

—G. M. C.

Patronize The Prairie Advertisers.

SAFETY
+
SERVICE

Here's a Hearty Hand-Clasp

To Our New Neighbors

To those who have recently moved to Randall County and this vicinity—we take this opportunity of extending a hearty hand-clasp of welcome.

This bank will count it a privilege to be of help to you in every way it can. We have a cordial, friendly, willing service—which is at your disposal.

Come in and let's get acquainted the first time you are in Canyon.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BUY

"GIFTS THAT LAST"

FROM

W. L. BROWNING

THE JEWELER

Southeast Corner of Square.

HOTEL AMARILLO

The Panhandle-Plains Meeting Place

Splendid Food

Real Hospitality

Ernest Thompson, Manager

HUNTLEIGH HALL

"HOME FOR BOYS"

GLAD TO SEE YOU THIS FALL

MRS. CARRIE P. TURNER

Good Service

Rates Reasonable

The Mid-way will open under new management in time for the Teachers' Institute.

Mrs. Luttrell, who will have it in charge, is an ex-teacher and is well known to many of the students. It is her intention to make a home-like place. A warm welcome awaits you.

THE MAN'S STORE

1 lot Ladies' Black Silk Hose, \$3.50 value.....\$2.95
1 lot Ladies' Black Silk Hose, \$2.00 value.....\$1.50
1 Lot Ladies' Gray Silk Hose, \$2.00 value.....\$1.25
1 lot Ladies' Cardovan Silk Hose, \$3.00 value.....\$2.75

Another big value, Men's Union Suits, now selling for 75c were formerly \$2.00.

W. A. WARREN

Phone 98

Canyon, Texas

THE STAR BARBER SHOP

ALL FIRST CLASS BARBER WORK DONE.
BY BEST BARBERS IN TOWN.

"Try Us Out"

West Side Square

B. B. Cluck, Prop.

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

J. B. YOUNGER, Proprietor

Little Want Ads Bring Big Results.

The Devereux Players

IN A

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Normal Auditorium

SEPTEMBER 7, 8:30 P. M.

"DANIEL DRUCE"

SEPTEMBER 8, 3:30 P. M.

"ROMANCERS"

SEPTEMBER 8, 8:30 P. M.

"GHOSTS"

Season Ticket: \$2.00

Single Admissions: \$1.00



The Burning of My School

As I walked into my school room early one morning, I saw light gray smoke oozing through the cracks in the floor. I rushed to the hall door, and there beheld a column of smoke boiling from beneath the drinking fountain. At the same moment the old iron bell in the belfry sounded forth the alarm, which was repeated by the shrill whistle of the nearby gin, thus proclaiming the news throughout the town.

Men and boys, fighting their way through the dense smoke, were busy trying to save books and desks, while the teachers were guarding the entrances to keep the frightened children from rushing into the flames. Mothers were running here and there, wringing their hands and searching for their children. Boys and girls, both young and old, stood with tears in their eyes, recalling the happy school days spent in this old building.

Within a few moments the whole town was gazing upon a picture that is long to be remembered. Already the smoke and flames, which had been crawling upward between the walls, were belching forth at the eaves of the roof. Large black clouds of smoke poured from every point of the building and settled against the sky. All of a sudden, great flames gushed into the air, hurling blazing embers in every direction, and with a terrible crash the building sank to the ground.

—Z. R.

How to Kill Antelope from Horseback

There is nothing more interesting or exciting, to the experienced hunter, than shooting antelope from horseback, especially when he has a good gun and is mounted upon a well trained horse. The hunter must get within two or three hundred yards of the antelope before they start running. He then starts his horse at full speed directly toward the antelope, and when he gets within one hundred and fifty yards of them he should begin turning his horse to the left or right of the running antelope. The direction he is going to turn depends upon the shoulder he shoots from. If he shoots from his right shoulder, then he must turn his horse to the right. The antelope, from some cause unknown to me, never fails to try to pass in front of the run-

ning horse. The rider keeps turning his horse away from the antelope, and the antelope, true to his instinct, keeps trying to pass around in front of the horse. This soon causes the horse and antelope to be running in a circle, with the antelope on the outside and still trying to pass around and in front of the horse; which in a short time will cause the horse and antelope to be running side by side. The hunter then takes his bridle reins in his teeth or in his left hand, and raises himself in his stirrups. This frees him from the jar or shock of the running horse, and gives the rider both hands free to handle his gun, which he should now use with deadly effect.

—F. S.

A Snow Storm in the Rockies

Snow everywhere. As far as the eye could reach—fifty miles, looking southward from the highest white peak—it filled ravines and gulches, and dropped in white drifts from the walls of canyons. It hid the bases of giant old trees, and completely covered young trees. Snow was lying everywhere over the Colorado Rockies, on the 14th day of March, 1915, and still falling.

It had been snowing for ten days, snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp spongy flakes, in thin feathery plumes; snowing steadily from a leaden sky, snowing fiercely, the soft fleece roughly shaken from purple black clouds. But always the air was silent. The woods were so choked with snow and the branches so laden with it, that all sound was deadened. The strongest gust awoke no sigh from the snow packed forest. There was no crackling of boughs nor of underbrush. The silence was vast and complete.

—L. M.

The Calm

It was a relief to wake and stretch without feeling the never ending roll and pitch of a vessel in a heavy sea. It was pleasant to lie and listen to the contented hum of the big engines and dynamos, when for three days we had been struggling through a severe storm.

The sun was not yet up, but I rose dressed, and went out on deck. Several of the other boys were already there and were standing along the port rail looking toward the south. The transport was not making more than fifteen knots an hour, through a sea that was perfectly calm. In every direction as far as the eye could see there was not the slightest ripple. The water was perfectly smooth and appeared to

be covered with a thin scum that changed in color as the dawn advanced. The only thing that broke the smoothness and silence of the picture was off to the south about three miles, where fine large whales seemed to be taking their morning exercise. Their splashing and spoutings could be plainly seen and heard from the ship.

The water near the ship seemed to be covered with a slimy green scum, except where the path of the ship broke through; the numerous bubbles and oily streaks appeared, while away in every direction tracks similar to those made by mice and other small animals on dust covered floors, trailed through the scum.

Soon the sun came up, bringing the wind with it, and small ripples began to appear on the smooth surface. The calm was broken, and by nine o'clock white caps crested the waves.

P. C. F.

A Country Church

Standing all alone near the center of a small rural district in the community church. It is a low, wide-roofed building, with five windows on either side, through which both the morning and afternoon rays of the sun stream brightly. A road, worn deep into the soil, leads from the main highway, and disappears in a broad, grassless spot, where are located a number of hitching posts in various stages of degeneration.

On the other side of the building the grass grows tall and green, undisturbed, except by a single, well worn path. A hundred yards or so in the background is a grove of maples, forming a beautiful, inviting shade. Indications are that this shade is frequented by large crowds of the country folk. One could easily imagine the people of the entire community gathered for "all day singing and dinner on the grounds."

On all sides, scattering farm houses are visible in the distance, and they all seem to surround the tiny white church in a protecting and worshipful manner.

—G. W.

The Spirits of the Mist

Oh, purple mists of the canyon, Trembling 'mong rugged hills, Hovering near ancient temples Caressing clear mountain rills, Perhaps you're the spirit of lovers That thousands of years ago Roamed from their tents at evening To watch the sunset's glow.

Miss Olga Crawford of Channig, who attended our summer Normal session last year, is here on a visit.

Phases of School Life

There are days and days,—there are cheerful days, When each pupil is glad and bright, Each task assigned is cheerfully done; None seem their work to slight. Good order prevails. No harsh word mars

The quiet of our domain. With a pleasant word and a smile for all, Each heart sings a glad refrain. Do these days come to you?

There are other days,—those darksome days

When to zero the mercury falls, The harmony broken in many ways, One reproof for another calls. The very air is rife with noise, Each walks with heavy tread, At variance with a band of girls and boys, One's heart feels heavy as lead. Do these days come to you?

There are thoughts and thoughts of other years,—

The years that are sure to come. Dare we enter the harvest devoid of fears, And reap from the seed we have sown? Each word we speak, the tone indeed, May lodge in some child's heart, And o'er that life for good or ill, May somehow, play a part. Do these thoughts come to you?

There are dreams and dreams of a haven beyond, When all of our work is o'er, And we meet around the Father's throne

To learn of heaven's lore, That some one from out the angel band May come to us and say, As he gives a kindly grasp of the hand, "You helped me on my way."

Do these dreams come to you?

—Pattie C. Wright.

Calendar of C. C. T. of W. T. S. N. C. The following calendar shows to what extent the aims of our organization are being realized:

- I. Boosting.
 - Aug. 5. Report of Yell Committee.
 - Aug. 10. Publication of organization in respective county papers.
- II. Social Activities.
 - July 30. Picnicing trip to Palo Duro canyon.
 - Aug. 7. Sunrise breakfast.
- III. Education.
 - July 29. Lecture by Miss Mansfield.
 - Aug. 4. Telegram to Rep. Simms in regard to Education Bill.

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Ellen's Decision

Ellen pulled back the dingy little boarding house curtain and looked out through the rain-spattered window on a muddy, untidy back-yard. A bedraggled cock stunk out from his shelter under the coal shed to seize a choice scrap cast out by the cook. Ellen shuddered at the ugliness of the scene. She drew her bath robe close about her for the air was damp with a penetrating chill. For the first time the girl was able to be up from an illness of two months. Those two months were like a bad dream to her, and often when the influenza had held her within its grasp she had felt that there was little need to plan for her future. Now that she was almost well, Ellen knew that she must make some arrangement for the summer. Ellen pressed her forehead against the window pane as a mist of tears blurred her vision.

"If school would only last another month," she sighed, "perhaps I could tide over the summer on one more salary."

"May I come in, Dear?" came a voice from the outside, and Bertha Lane another of the teachers of Alvis school entered. "You mustn't take cold, Ellen, come down stairs where it's warm."

"I shan't, Bertha, but I have just been thinking what I can do during the summer. I intended to go to College; you know, I only lack three months of graduating, but my little nest egg is all gone now, and I am at sea."

"I shall go home tomorrow; I don't know what I should do if I did not have a home to go to in the summer," said Bertha softly.

"I could look forward to a happy home going, too, if mother and Daddie were living," Ellen sighed wistfully.

"There, don't worry, little girl, but dress your pretty self and come down, because dinner is almost ready."

Ellen shook out her soft, wavy brown hair and arranged it becomingly about her pretty young face. It was not her nature to take a melancholy view of life and a little primping makes one feel vastly more cheerful.

"I don't know any way but to cultivate old Lankie Moore," Ellen dimpled mischievously.

"Old Lankie has the cash alright but the main proposition would be to make him use it," remarked the practical Bertha. "We have to learn to be scheming wretches, after a few years of teaching, Ellen. If you could go to a place where people appreciated you, you would be a perfect wonder; with your good looks and talent you could make a fortune in anything but school teaching."

"But I came from a family of teachers, dear. Daddy was a teacher and after he died mother taught, and it took all of her salary to send me to a teachers' college. That's what I was trained for, and I love it," exclaimed the girl waxing enthusiastic over the profession that was dearer to her than all else. "How I long to take those dear kiddies to the woods once more before I leave. Bertha, I wish I could afford to teach," Ellen's blue eyes were filled with tears.

"There, there, don't do that," comforted Bertha, going over to her and slipping her arms around Ellen's slight shoulders. "You know they offered you a five dollar raise to stay here another year."

"Yes, but I have to live in the summer; I'll—I'll probably be a Woolworth's clerk the next time you see me."

"Come, there's the dinner bell, you will feel more like planning after dinner," consoled Bertha.

Ellen dabbed a little powder on her nose, fastened the last hook on her blue serge frock, and the two girls started down to dinner. After they were seated at the table, Mr. Lankie Moore glided in and seated himself opposite Ellen. At intervals during the meal he adjusted his horn-rimmed spectacles, patted his hair that was skillfully brought over the top of his slightly bald head, and looked at Miss Ellen Compton with an air of pleased approval.

Ellen with a desperate half formed resolution forcing itself into her consciousness gave a wan smile to the highly self conscious gentleman opposite her. After dinner the boarders gathered in the parlor. They all called on Ellen to play and sing.

"Let's all sing," cried Ellen sweetly. "Mr. Moore, I am sure you have a good tenor voice."

"Indeed, Miss Compton, not in the least, but we enjoy your singing," replied the gentleman, moving toward the piano, deeply touched by the unexpected compliment.

Ellen had a clear lyric soprano voice and played her accompaniments moderately well. Now Mr. Moore had no special liking for music, but he admired Ellen's talent immensely.

When Ellen refused to sing again, someone suggested a pitch game, and all the boarders except Ellen and Mr. Moore went into the next room to play. "I presume you will be going home now that school is out," he began. "I have no home now," Ellen said

slowly, "I am not sure where I shall go."

"Ah," exclaimed the gentleman, "perhaps you are thinking of a—er—going into a home of your own."

"Oh, indeed," protested Ellen, "I am sure I never thought of that."

A short strained silence.

"Oh, Miss Compton."

Ellen sweetly, "yes?"

Mr. Moore shifted his chair a little closer to the piano stool that Ellen still occupied. The light shone unmercifully on his bald head that gleamed white beneath the few slick, straggling hairs that were combed over it. Ellen gasped unvoluntarily as the chair moved closer to hers; her eyes were wide and frightened.

"Miss Compton," he continued, "do you know that you are immensely attractive to me?" His soft hand touched her own that hung limply at her side.

Ellen started involuntarily, then laughed—

This was the beginning. In a half hour she walked dazedly up the stairs and into her room. Sitting before her mirror she addressed herself: "What have you done, Ellen Compton? What would your father think? But this is a good moral man and an efficient business man. But your mother would rather you would marry him than . . . Oh, dear!"

Ellen's eyes filled with tears; she shut them tightly for she could see her sunny little school room with its bright flowers and fresh white curtains; she could see the rows of happy youngsters she had spanked and cuddled during the past year. "I'll have to say goodbye to my little school room," she sobbed, "but perhaps" brushing away the tears, "this will be a little romantic after all."

WHO'S WHO

Among Our Former Faculty

Mr. Blaine is now Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Raton, New Mexico.

Mr. R. L. Marquis is President of the Normal College at Alpine, Texas.

Miss Margaret E. Cofer is now Mrs. R. T. Echols. Her address is 9635 Forest Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mr. H. W. Stillwell is Superintendent of the public schools in Texarkana, Texas.

Mrs. Lawrence Hill, formerly Miss Mae Pickrell, is living in Berkley, California.

Mrs. W. O. Hopper, formerly Miss Virgie Thompson, lives in Amarillo, Texas.

Miss Winnie D. Lowrance is teaching Latin at C. I. A., Denton, Texas.

Miss Pauline Wright, now Mrs. Hugh Jester, is living at Corsicana, Texas.

Dr. Buckholtz is at the University of Arkansas, in the Biological department.

Mrs. H. E. Hilley, formerly Miss Olive Denman, is in Aurom, Mo. She has recently been in the hospital at Galveston, Texas.

Mrs. Nellie Clements is teaching in the Sul Ross Normal at Alpine, Texas.

Dr. T. A. Earls is in the Education department of the University of Texas. Miss Clemma Billingsley is in Canadian, Texas.

Miss Merle Wharton is in Wharton, Texas.

Former President Cousins of the W. T. S. N. C. has accepted the Superintendency of the Houston City Schools.

Dear Old W. T. S. N. C.

In dear old Canyon,
Where we are often seen,
Beneath the skies of blue,
Dear old College here's to you.
We'll give our College yell,
And all our praises tell;
With many hearts sincere,
Our College dear.

For dear old W. T. S. N. C.
We are fighting for victory,
Our colors maroon and white,
Are streaming clear and bright.
'Neath Texas skies of blue,
We will ever give our best to you,
And win the victory.

Our school will never fail
As out thru life we sail;
And our teachers will win
For they will not give in;
They fight with struggle anew,
Till they go plunging thru;
And win the victory
For W. T. S. N. C.

—Fred Arrington.

Misses Lorene Simmons and Annie Cross of Spur left Friday for their homes after attending the Summer Normal here.

Madge and Frank Day spent a few days last week visiting at the home of Miss Ritchie.

Miss Ruth Wakefield, a former student of the Normal, and P. L. Johnson of Groom, were married at the home of the bride's parents at Joshua on July 31.

Eris Gustavus spent the week end visiting friends in Canyon.

Lewis Lohn, a former student of the Normal, will enter the football training camp here this fall. Lewis is in a hospital now having a knee that he injured in football, treated.



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THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS
(WE PRINT THE PRAIRIE)

Unsocial Living

By social or unsocial we mean the relation of one individual to his neighbor. Our neighbors here are our friends and fellow students. True education will teach us that social duties require us, at all times to consider the little things of life as well as the big. We can be unsocial in many little ways.

Do you ever go into the library and disturb someone who is reading? If so, you have prevented that person from concentrating on the thing he was trying to get; caused him to lose time and keep a book longer than was necessary. You not only interfered with him but with others who were waiting for the book.

Not only do we disturb people who are simply attending to their own needs, but we interfere when they are busy with class work, by calling them out for our own benefit when the matter could be deferred. We only think of our own convenience.

The Y. W. rest room is a place for rest. One person may come in there who has only ten or fifteen minutes. He could completely relax and sleep if he were not continually forced to listen to whispered gossip of a few people who have nothing else to do. Is that social?

Favors are things that we, as a rule, consider it good taste to grant. But when a favor, if granted, would mean greater sacrifice on the part of the grantor than the asker, we feel that this is an unsocial action. Do not ask your friends to make such concessions.

When you borrow something from a friend we are supposed to return it, seeing that it is in good condition. But somehow we have forgotten and thought that some of the "borrowed books" were ours. Not only are books borrowed and not returned, but people even walk out of the library and fail to check the book they carry; as a result they fail to return it.

There would be no necessity for library rules if everyone were ready to do the right thing, such as not holding a book several hours without using it or even helping the librarian by placing it where it can not possibly be lost, behind a shelf or between two stacks. That is consideration!

Little courtesies count, too. There are certain rules of etiquette which say—turn to the right; keep your place in line, don't steal the other fellow's; do not run over people to get the best seat; and do not talk so loudly that you will disturb others. If we could keep these we would help to create a better atmosphere in which to live.

We usurp other's places in line, but we do more than that. We take advantage of other people and obtain privileges that are not granted to all. Suppose some special entertainment were to take place. Would you consider it exactly fair and right to obtain a reserved seat, on the aisle, before the day generally announced for the reservation just because you were in a position to do so? No, that is unsocial.

Most of the students who are here in school are going out to teach. If that kind of things are done now, they will be done later. Is that unsocial attitude the one for a person to take who is going out to train others? Is he giving a foundation for better living and social conditions?

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Moore and family of Kress were here Sunday and Monday on business.

Judge Kerr and son, Will S., and Bryan McDonald were here for the Rodeo.

Who's Who

Amelia Ficke is now Mrs. Seldon Warren and lives at Friona, Texas.

Marion Foot is working in the office of the Board of Education in Dallas.

Mary Dorcas Cullum is now Mrs. Richard Clennin, and is living at Friona, Texas.

Ima Kuykendall is a supervisor in the Primary Department of the Ft. Worth city schools.

Fay Eidson, now Mrs. Joe Smithson, lives at Stanton, Texas.

Emma Hope is County Superintendent of Stephens County.

Edith Cousins is Y. W. C. A. Secretary at the "baby" Normal at Alpine.

Fredda Griffin, now Mrs. Willis Hawkins, is living at Tulia.

Florence McAfee of Wichita Falls is visiting friends at Friona.

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