

# THE PRAIRIE

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

VOL. I

CANYON, TEXAS, MONDAY, MAY 31, 1920.

NUMBER 17

## T. S. HAS SUCCESSFUL BASEBALL SEASON

### Summary of Training School Baseball Season

The season opened with very unfavorable prospects, as the Brown twins, Glen Dowling, Blake Alexander, Ira Jenkins and Virgil Matney had either entered the Normal or dropped out of school. But with the old material we scraped up a team which proved good by the end of school. The season opened with Bob Stratton catching, Tince Brown at his old job in the box, Robert Hester at first, John Matney on short, Tracy Service on second, Ed Otis on third, Tom Ridgeway on his mule in left field, Claude Moore, who played short stop last year, was promoted to center field, and Harry Chenworth found a place back of first base.

Our first game was with Amarillo. The Amarillo boys arrived early in the morning but as the day grew older, the wind began to blow; and by the time for which the game was scheduled a severe sand storm was raging and the game was forfeited. We had a return game with them the following Saturday, and were planning a good time. About noon of that day several cars filled with eager boys and girls set out for Amarillo. By the time they had reached their destination, a cold wind began to blow from the north and soon it began to snow. We thought it destined by that time that we should not play Amarillo, but on Tuesday of the second week they were back to Canyon as hopeful as ever. This time we had a fine quiet day and a good game. But we sent Amarillo back disheartened by a score of fourteen to four in favor of the Training School. On Thursday of the same week we played on the Public School by a score of sixteen to four.

The next game was to be played with the Normal second team, but as usual, the boulders were flying around so that you could hardly see. Nevertheless we played them a good game. The big end of the score, however, was theirs.

On April thirteenth we rallied our forces and met the Public School again. It was a fine day, but owing to the fact that Ewel Brown was unable to pitch and our center fielder didn't play, we lost the game by a score of ten to nine.

We found another game with Amarillo for the twenty-second of April. The boys had a fine trip and came back with the news of victory. In spite of the fact that Amarillo played some high school men and put in some "pinch hitters" in the last inning, we beat them by a score of seventeen to ten.

Wednesday, May the fourth, our team went to Tulla. Tulla played four first team men, and Claude Moore and Tracy Service were unable to play. We had played up to the sixth inning when it began to rain. The score stood six and one in their favor. We played them a good game under the conditions that prevailed.

On Friday of the same week we played the Public School. We found they had improved some what and it was a much better game than the previous ones. There were very few errors made on either side. At the end of nine innings the score stood three and one in our favor.

May the thirteenth Amarillo came down and we played them on the Public School grounds. Some of our players weren't there, but by letting a few Public School boys play we made out. At the end of six innings the score stood fourteen to three for us.

Wednesday, the eighteenth, we made Happy very unhappy by a score of nineteen to eight. Although it was very warm, the Training School seemed to enjoy running around the bases.

Thus it will be seen that on the whole, we have had a successful season, having won six games out of nine.

Miss McClesky in review spelling pronounced the word "bread."

Glen Oden: "b-r-e-d."

Miss McClesky: "That isn't the bread we eat."

Lewis Shirley: "That must be Sunday School bread."

All work must stop till Lewis gets through sneezing. (He sneezes on the installment plan.)

## TRAINING SCHOOL EDITION

### Thomason Speaks at College

Hon. R. A. Thomason, candidate for governor, spoke to an audience of several hundred people on Monday afternoon, May 16th, in the college auditorium. Mr. Thomason gave a very frank and clear discussion of the leading issues upon which he is conducting his campaign. His speech was void of personalities, and he expressed his desire that his whole campaign should be conducted upon issues without the injection of personalities. Mr. Thomason began his address by giving a brief sketch of his early life and explained the circumstances which caused him to enter politics. He took the position that his experience in public affairs of the state as a member of the House of Representatives and as Speaker of that body had made it possible for him to better understand the needs of this state. He spoke very earnestly in favor of the following: a marketing system for the farmers by which they could sell their produce direct to the consumer and thus eliminate the middle man; prison reform which would fix responsibility upon those who have charge of prisons; a budget system for Texas; elimination of useless state officials; reduction of taxation, but not at the expense of efficiency; encouragement of big business to invest in Texas and help develop the resources of the state; federal aid in building public highways; improvement in the educational affairs of the state from the rural school through the colleges and universities.

Mr. Thomason was the first of the candidates for governor to speak in the auditorium. All of the other gubernatorial candidates have been invited to speak here to the student body and to the voters of the county and will appear later. President Hill expressed his desire to have these candidates speak here because he thought this was the best method of acquainting the student body with the leading issues of the state.

### Expression Department Program

The Expression Department presented private pupils in two recitals given in room 105, on the afternoon of May twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth. The two programs follow:

1. The River of Stars—Alfred Noyes  
Ruth Harrison
2. The Lady of Shallott, E. S. P. Ward  
Lula Bowman
3. Gunga Din—Kipling  
Joe Weaver
4. If Love Were All—Anthony Hope  
Dixie Lee Brumley
5. Ballad of the East and West—Kipling  
Roma Tomlinson
6. The Master's Violin—Myrtle Reed  
Jewell Foster
1. The King of Boyville—Wm. Allen White  
Joyce Mills
2. Almost Home—McCanto  
Clara McDougal
3. Incentives to Patriotism—Burrill  
Allen King
4. By Courier—O. Henry  
Marie Dodson
5. The Nightingale and the Rose—Oscar Wilde  
Vada Murphy
6. Wynken, Blynken and Nod—Field  
Leona Sumner
7. Old Bernstein and the Great Fields—Poole  
Virgil Dodson

### Memorial Tablet Presentation

Program of Dedication Ceremonies with presentation of Memorial Tablet, College Auditorium, Thursday evening, May 4, at 2:30 o'clock. "Song of the Evening Star"

From Tannhauser—Wagner  
Orchestra  
"Recessional" Kipling Arr. by Gower  
Audience

Prayer—Mr. R. B. Cousins  
"Romance in F"—Beethoven  
Miss Clark

Biographical Sketches Mr. J. W. Reid  
"Requiem" Robert Louis Stevenson  
Arr. by Sidney Horner  
Mr. Wallace R. Clark

Address—President J. A. Hill  
Unveiling of the Memorial Tablet  
Marion Hill, Willoughby Morelock  
"The Star Spangled Banner" Francis  
Scott Key—Arr. by Arnold  
Audience

Mrs. Hanscomb is to have the first grade in the absence of Miss Hibbits. She comes very highly recommended.

### The Training School Cantata

The Training School Chorus, under the direction of Miss Guenther, is preparing a cantata, "The Frog Prince", to be presented next Monday evening. Beautiful scenery and costumes designed by Miss Clark will add attractiveness to the play. The story is from Grim, Libretto by Frederick H. Martens, music by William Lester. The scene is laid in the King's palace. The Princess has taken her father's golden orb of state to play ball with her maids of honor and pages in the Royal garden. While they are playing, to the dismay of all, the orb falls into the well and is given up for lost. But the Frog Prince, coming out of the well, offers to restore the orb to the Princess on condition that she will retain him as a playmate, eat with him at a table, and give him a farewell kiss when he leaves her. The princess, eager to regain the precious orb, promises; but as the promise is only to a frog, she feels under no obligation to keep it.

A few hours later the Princess sits down to an open-air luncheon in the garden. The Frog Prince appears and reminds her of her promise. She refuses to keep it, but the king, her father, appears and forces her to remain true to her word by eating with the Frog Prince and kissing him farewell. As her lips touch his forehead, the Frog-mask, which has hidden the Prince's features, falls to the ground. The Princess finds that by keeping her promise she has gained a true playmate. The kiss had released a fair Prince, who had been placed under enchantment by a wicked fairy. There is universal rejoicing, and all agree that the moral is clear—"A promise made should never be gained, and frogs we should never despise, for they may be princes in disguise."

The principal characters are as follows:

Princess—Josephine Dufrot; Prince—Elmer Hardin; King—Horace Mellock.

### Second and Third Grade Items

Dannie Mack Stewart, Elizabeth Croson, Ona Love Barnett, John Russell Poole, Frank Steen, Raymond Kirk, and William Russell Bishop are the children from the second and third grades who are taking part in the Cantata which is to be given next Monday night.

The following pupils are planning to be away all or part of the summer: Lewis Shirley, Granberry, Texas. Edwin Reid, North Carolina. Glen Oden, New Mexico. Zolena Bishop, California. Frank Steen, Erath Co., Texas. Wm. Russell Bishop, Oklahoma. Ona Love Barnett, California. A. V. Wattenbarger, Oklahoma. Mildred Jackson, Abeline. Ford Ward, Snyder. Dannie Mack Stewart, Amarillo. Elizabeth Croson, Amarillo. Jesse Thomas, Wellington.

### Second and Third Grade Celebrities

Ford Ward, Yell Leader. Estelle Bourland, Smiles. Julia Brown, Neatest Work. Edith Wiggins, Perfect Attendance. Mildred Jackson, Never Idle. Edwin Reid, Earnest Worker. Dannie Mack Stewart, Independent. Jesse Thomas, Musician. Raymond Kirk, "Happy." Eva Taylor, Elizabeth Croson, Run About.

### Luncheon Given Elementary School Faculty

One of the most pleasing luncheons of the season was that one given on last Thursday, May 20, by the girls of the Eighth Grade Cooking Class to the members of the Elementary School Faculty.

For once the faculty sat in pleased subjection to the will of the students while they served the three daintily appointed courses.

Misses Marie Downing and Ruth Hart of the class were the charming hostesses present at the luncheon, while several other potential little hostesses were gracefully serving—to say nothing of those whose presence was tasted rather than seen.

There was much merry chatting and the affair proved to be one of the kind which makes for wholesome friendship and understanding between student and teacher.

### Ninth Grade Picnic

On Monday, May 24, the ninth grade students, with Mr. Mody C. Boatright, went on a picnic to the canyons. We went in three cars driven by Davis Hill, Robert Hester, and Conner Oden. Aside from a little car trouble, nothing eventful happened until we arrived at the canyons. There five of us boys left the party and went to the creek to wade, while the rest of the party explored the big falls. They all got thirsty after climbing around the falls in a while; so they went to the creek. Mr. Boatright was holding Irma Berry while she drank, when suddenly his foot slipped. The result created quite a laughter among the others.

In the meantime we five waders had returned to the cars and stolen part of the lunch. We went up the creek about a half mile to eat what we had stolen. We had ham sandwiches, pickles, cake, oranges, apples and all kinds of good eats.

After we had finished, we started back down the creek. We had not gone far until we found the other party eating their lunch under a large tree. Without letting them know that we had eaten, we sat down and began to eat again. It was not long, however, until the secret was accidentally revealed. But this did not stop our activities.

The next thing was a water fight between the boys. Mr. Boatright came out first, but it was only because he could run the fastest.

We returned home about five-thirty, very tired but glad that we had gone.

### Fourth and Fifth Grade Notes

John Reid is molding the model for the "Cup of Wisdom" to be used in the Pageant given Home Coming week. From this model other Training School pupils will execute all the cups used.

The Fifth Grade girls played the Fourth Grade girls in basketball. Milton Anderson was the referee. The score was nine to five in favor of the Fourth Grade girls.

Last Saturday after school the Fifth Grade girls decided to win a game over the Fourth Grade girls. Grace Barnette was referee. At the end of the game the score was twelve to eight in favor of the Fourth Grade girls.

The Fifth Grade girls are diligently working on the Cantata to be given during Home Coming. They work much better while they are missing arithmetic than after school.

### Kindergarten to Have Another Teacher

Miss Hazel Behrens will teach the kindergarten during the summer quarter. Miss Behrens has been teaching in the State Normal at Oskosh, Wisconsin, this year, where she has been very successful in her work.

### Home Economics in Constantinople

The American Association of Home Economics is putting over a campaign to raise funds for the establishing of a chair of Home Economics in the American College for women in Constantinople. The association is giving each Home Economic department of the different schools an opportunity to help in this movement. The matter was placed before the department of this school by the Home Economics Club and was taken up enthusiastically. Facts showing the need of training the Turkish women the ways of health and sanitation were given by different members of the club. The following are samples of the facts stated: there are a great many people in Turkey and other countries adjoining who would not know what soap was if they were to see it; the simple art of donning and removing clothing by a missionary among them, was beheld with wonder by women who were sewed in theirs for the year; and the uncivilized and brushing of hair at night caused a great stir among those whose hair had not been unbraided for months. These few facts are enough to show the need of relieving such conditions, and the girls are glad of their chance to help and are giving their quarters to make up the salary that will pay the teacher who will go to Constantinople to train the women of that country.

### Team's Batting Average

Batting average for the spring season of 1920:		
Player	at bat	average
Glen Akers	58	.431
E. W. Roffey	62	.387
Paul Callihan	25	.360
Gary Simms	46	.346
Foy Terry	58	.344
Lewis Hill	63	.333
Lem Sone	50	.260
Everett Key	60	.250
Dick Battenfield	17	.235
Ira Jenkins	49	.204
John Fullingim	31	.193
Spencer Whippo	12	.166
Bud Williams	7	.142

### BOY SCOUT NOTES

#### A Scout Hike

At seven o'clock April 19, the scouts met at the Court House preparatory to a hike. We marched out of town in double file, and at about eight-thirty, we arrived at the Canyon Club grounds. We selected a suitable camp site, and then fished and rowed until time for preparing dinner. Asst. Willy gave some first class cooking tests, which consisted in cooking "twist", or bread baked on a stick, and a hunter's stew. Two of the boys baked a chicken. This was done by putting a layer of clay over the chicken, and keeping it in a bed of live coals for an hour and a half. Most of the boys passed the tests.

After dinner was eaten, Asst. Willy went to hill a distance off and signaled to us by the semaphore method, or with two hand flags. After this, we played "capture the flag." About four o'clock we went in swimming and stayed until supper time. We cooked supper, cleaned up the camp, then came back to town arriving at about six-thirty.

### Training School Faculty Entertains Ninth Grade

On Wednesday evening, May 19, 1920, the ninth grade was entertained by the Training School Faculty on Miss Ritchie's lawn. At eight-thirty everyone gathered on the beautifully lighted lawn. Games of Drop the Handkerchief, Three Deep and Progressive Conversation were played. One interesting feature of the evening was a gypsy's tent, where the guests went to learn their fate. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. At a late hour the guests departed, expressing their appreciation of the good time the faculty had given them.

### Minutes for Boy Scout Meeting for May 6, 1920.

The Scout Master called the meeting to order at seven o'clock with forty-six members present. As he called the roll, the boys gave their ages and ranks as scouts. The minutes were read and adopted. Hubert Hammel and Scout Ament were nominated for the office of Troop Treasurer. Hubert Hammel was elected. The Scout Master handed back the maps to the boys and pointed out their errors. Jesse Thomas, A. B. Landrum, and Calvin Myers were admitted to the Troop by a unanimous vote. The Scout Master suggested a hike for the following Monday. The Troop approved, and the place was left to be decided on Monday morning. The Troop marched in single file by the desk and saw an exhibition of camp fires arranged by William Kirk. Asst. Willy exhibited a group of flowers and trees. He also reported that there were two first class and twenty-one second class scouts in the troop. The second class scouts went to the swimming pool while the tenderfoots played in the gymnasium, and vice versa. We then assembled in the room, gave the yell and oath, and adjourned to meet this, the 13th day of May.

Felix Phillips, Secty.

### Kindergarten Entertains Parents

Thursday, May 13, the Kindergarten entertained their parents. They followed the usual daily program so as to give the mothers an idea of what the kindergarten was doing. After telling stories, playing games, etc., they gave the Children's Polka. Refreshments were served by the children. The wafers were buttered with butter the children had churned the day before.

The following parents were present:

Mr. and Mrs. George Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Rusk, Mrs. Wiggins, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Whittenberg, Mrs. Oden, Mrs. Thomas.

## NORMAL PLAYS THREE GAMES

### Normal Team Wins From Amarillo But Loses to Hereford and Farwell.

The baseball score was evened with Amarillo Friday, May 21st, when the Normal nine took the high schoolers into camp to the tune of 9 to 4.

The Normal hitters had no difficulty in driving Hudson from the box, and made several runs off Griggs, who replaced him in the fifth inning. Glen Akers was an unsolved riddle to the juniors, twelve men being put out by the Akers to Hill route.

Loose playing on the part of the W. T. S. N. C. men in the eighth inning resulted in three scores being made by the high schoolers. The errors of this inning were balanced by a beautiful triple play in the sixth when Jenkins caught Tyfe's infield fly and threw Griggs out at second, Terry then retired the side by throwing Blanchard out on an attempt to steal home.

### The Lineup

W. T. S. N. C.	Amarillo
Akers, p	A. Hudson, p
Hill, c	Taylor c
Key, 1st	Anderson, 1st
Terry 2nd	Bisbee, 2nd
Callihan, 3rd	Blanchard, 3rd
Jenkins, s	Federer, s
Sone, lf	C. Hudson, lf
Simms, cf	Tyfe, cf
Roffey, rf	Boye, rf
	Griggs, sub
	Woodard, sub
	Bevins, sub

### Hereford Game

The Normal lost its first game on the home grounds when the Hereford team took us into camp Tuesday to the rate of 2-1. Hereford scored once in the first inning and again in the third. The Normal made its only count in the second inning. Every inning was filled with interest, at several times it looked as if more runs would be made, however, pitchers and fielders tightened up in the pinches and no runners crossed the plate.

Akers in the box pitched exceptionally good ball against a team which has an unusual number of heavy hitters. He struck out thirteen men, threw one man out on a grounder and caught Vaughn's infield-fly in the sixth, making a total of fourteen men put out and one assist.

A change was made in the line-up this week. Hill moved down to third base and Williams took Hill's place behind the bat. This was Williams' first game with the regulars. Both men played good ball.

The Batteries were: Hereford, Beame and Bennett; W. T. S. N. C., Williams and Akers.

### Farwell-Texico Game

The second defeat of the week came Thursday at Texico when the Farwell-Texico ball club defeated the Normalites 9-10. The game was rather loosely played, but in spite of that was one which held the interest of the spectators from beginning till end.

The game was not finally decided until the last half of the ninth when the state-liners, with one man down and one man on, got a lucky three base hit down the third base line.

Battenfield and Akers pitched for the Normal, Carter and Denise for the T-F club.

### Cousins Hall to Open Soon

The Cousins Hall Dining room will be opened to the young ladies of the Normal on June 8. This decision was made on account of the lack of sufficient number of places where the student body could procure meals during the Summer Quarter.

This dining hall is opened for the benefit of the students, and not for profit. No profit will be made, but the price charged for the meal is intended to cover the actual operating expenses and the cost of the food. The expenses, light, water, fuel, and rent will not be added to the operating expenses but cared for elsewhere. Single meals will not be served. Any student wishing to board at Cousins Hall will be required to pay six dollars in advance each week. This will be lowered later if we find it possible to do so. It is the intention of the committee to serve the best food possible for this amount of money.

Patronize The Prairie Advertisers.

SUMMER NORMAL OPENS  
JUNE 8, 1920



# THE PRAIRIE

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Faculty Advisor-----H. W. Morelock

## Our Part in the Home Coming

We are all looking forward to Home Coming week as a week of pure enjoyment. Former students and teachers will especially be expecting this. The Training School has been given the honor of initiating this unusual week's program. Monday is our day. A tea will be given in the afternoon at three o'clock by the faculty and Training School girls. The public will be invited to this and especially the parents, students, and faculty. While the tea is being served music will be played by the Training School orchestra. Every effort will be made to make this a pleasant hour, and to see that everyone is served. In the evening a cantata, "The Frog Prince," will be given. Those taking part in the cantata are the children of the Training School Chorus. Music will also be furnished by the Training School orchestra.

One sometimes hears this criticism of training schools; that they are schools not for the students who attend them; but for the practice teacher; that in the nature of the case, the pupils being practiced upon are left to the mercies of inexperienced students. While the Elementary School is essentially a practice school, every effort is made to safeguard the interests of its students against incompetent student-teachers.

As to how well the School has succeeded in preventing its students from being ruined by being practiced upon, one may judge from the records of the Elementary School graduates. At the end of the summer session of 1919, there were eight graduates. Five of these entered the Freshman Class at the beginning of the current session. For the fall and winter quarters these five students received a total of 49 markings. Of these 49 grades, 20 were A's, 24 B's, 4 C's and one D. It will be noted that not one failure has occurred among the members of this class, that 41 per cent of their grades were A's, 49 percent B's, 8 per cent C's, and 2 per cent D's. It will be of further interest to note that according to the College's standard of grading, 10 per cent of the students receive A, 20 per cent B, 40 per cent C, 10 per cent D, and 10 per cent fail. Thus it will be seen that this class made approximately four times as many A's as the five average students, 2.4 times as many B's, one-fifth as many C's, and one-tenth as many D's.

While the blanket tax has proved one of the most beneficial experiments ever undertaken by this student body, yet, from the Training School point of view, the present system of apportionment is defective in that the Training School receives no benefits from the proceeds derived from the sale of the tickets. Thus the students of the Training School who buy tickets help finance the Normal activities, but get little support from the Normal in return. During the past year, approximately \$200 was spent by students of the Training School for blanket tax tickets. Practically all this sum came from students of the upper three grades. Since the combined enrollment of these grades is less than one hundred and fifty, it will be seen that the students of these grades contributed over \$1.20 per capita to the support of the Normal activities—and this in addition to financing their own activities. This required an expenditure that many of them could ill afford to make, and made seeing both the Normal games and the Training School games impossible to many others whose spending money was more limited. As a matter of choice, they elected to see their own activities and denied themselves the pleasures of the Normal games. It is conservatively believed that by including the Training School in the apportionment of the funds derived from the Blanket Tax the

number of tickets sold to Training School students would be increased to an extent sufficient to cover the amount apportioned to the Training School.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times has been the excellent spirit that has existed the past year between the Training School and the City High School. Rivalry between two schools in a town no larger than Canyon is natural, and if properly directed, extremely wholesome. Misdirected, it becomes dangerous and destructive. With excellent cooperation between those in charge of the affairs of the respective schools, antagonism between the students of the High School and the Training School has been reduced to the minimum, if not entirely eliminated. We have met the High School in a number of contests of various kinds. All these contests have been characterized on both sides by a spirit of friendly rivalry and fair play. In all cases, whether the High School lost or won, their contestants have conducted themselves in such a manner as to win our respect. And we believe we have won theirs. Our relations have been most cordial. We hope to compete with them in a number of contests next year.

On Wednesday, May 18th, the eighth grade gave a luncheon to the Training School faculty. The following were present: Mr. Johnson, Mr. Boatright, Mrs. Montfort, Miss Clark, Mrs. Willie, Mrs. Mahan, Miss McCleskey, Miss Bradford and Miss Haines.

Mr. Elgan Nation of Dallas visited Lillie Carson here last week.

Miss Gladys Millhollon spent last week-end with her cousin at Panhandle.

Fairy Gazaway spent last Monday in Amarillo shopping.

Ethel Enoch of Tyler is visiting Hazel Mathis this week.

Miss Ruth Foster, a graduate of this college, and Mr. J. S. Gibbs were married Sunday at the Foster home near Canyon.

Misses Michel and O'Connell were Amarillo shoppers last Monday.

Miss Sula Cook, who has been teaching in New Mexico, is here visiting her sister.

Miss Estelle Johnson shopped in Amarillo Monday.

George Bagwell spent last week-end with his brother in Hereford.

Mr. Kenneth Cone spent last week-end visiting home folks in Hereford and Dimmitt.

Misses Willie and Maggie Boyd spent last week-end with friends and relatives in Hereford and Dimmitt.

Miss Mattie Jordan and Messrs. Olney Newberry and Robert Devin spent last week-end at their homes in Tulia.

Mr. Horace Shied spent the week-end at his home in Claude.

Mr. Lester Strickle spent last Monday in Amarillo.

Miss Gladys Hogan of Tulia has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Mahan, for the past two days.

Miss Elsie Conner was in Amarillo shopping last week-end.

Mr. Walter Richardson of Plainview, New Mexico will attend the Summer Normal.

Annie Stith had a pleasant visit with her brother at Tulia last week-end.

On Friday evening, April 30, the boys of the Methodist Sunday School Class entertained the girls of the Sunday School at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Service.

Miss Gertrude Conner of Floydada will attend the Home Coming.

## Shylock

Shylock, the Jew, shows a steadiness of purpose, selfishness, cruelty, and avariciousness by his deeds. Even though he is ridiculed and insulted by the Christians, he remains firm and undaunted. He is obstinate when his time for revenge has come, and he works constantly for the prosecution of his aim. In all of his acts he shows a constancy of purpose. He is selfish, and cares more for his own interests than anyone's. He will not take the money, or even three times the sum, but, thinks of his revenge. He is selfish, for he will not give Jessica any luxuries or allow her to do anything for her own pleasure. In his treatment of Lancelot and his own servants, he shows his selfishness.

He is cruel, but he has become cruel from the Christians' treatment of him, and it is not one of his own characteristics. The Christians have insulted and laughed at him until he has become unjust and harsh. He might have become a great and noble man, but for his treatment.

He has a great love of money. This is one of the Jews' characteristics. He is thrifty, but miserly and stingy. He charges a high rate of interest for his loans. He will not give Jessica money, but keeps it locked up where it will do no one any good.

—Irma Berry, Eng. 9.

Captain William Younger, superintendent of the Farwell school, has been here for the past week securing teachers for next year's work. Among the ones that have already been accepted are Hazel Parks, for the primary department; Mildred Redfearn, for the third and fourth grades; Joy Mills, for the fifth and sixth; Loree Sanders for English and History in the High School; and Kenneth Sherer for Mathematics and manual training.

At a recent meeting of The Girls' Forum the members decided to get out a bulletin containing the information that a new student needs. Miss Sara Thompson was elected Editor-in-Chief, and Miss Myrtle McGinley, Treasurer. A committee was appointed to collect material for the bulletin. These bulletins will be distributed to summer school students at the station here and in Amarillo.

Miss Florence Elkins spent the week-end at Hereford and attended the round-up there.

Misses Thelma and Clara Brian attended the commencement exercises at Wayland college Saturday.

Mrs. Huff, formerly Miss Verna Lea Johnson, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Johnson.

Mr. Ray Showalter and family visited relatives here last week-end. Mr. Showalter has been teaching in Ochilutree, but is now on his way to Lubbock where he will spend the summer.

Miss Anna Lee Riley spent Saturday night with friends in Canyon. She has been teaching at Black.

Mrs. E. B. Ritchie of Mineral Wells is visiting her son George. She will be here until after close of school. Mr. Ritchie will join her here in a few days.

An election for the Prairie Staff for the summer quarter was held Thursday, May 20. Those elected by the student body were as follows: Editor in chief-----Mody Boatright, Associate Editor-----Lizzie Kate Smith Business Manager-----Charles Wilson Assistant Business Manager-----

-----Floyd Golden Literary Editor-----Robert Hill Society Editor-----Ora Wilson Athletic Editor-----Flanigan Smith Exchange Editor Mary Ethel Adams

Earnest Atkins, who has been away teaching school, returned to his home in Canyon Tuesday. The Misses Page of Paducah were visiting in Canyon last Saturday. Horace and Opal Helton went to Channing for the closing exercises last week.

Misses Ruby Lattimore and Elsie Hall spent the week-end in Amarillo.

Misses Lona Johnson and Louise Simpson attended the commencement exercises at Plainview last week-end.

Miss Leona Summer and Agnes Robertson attended the commencement exercises at Vega last week.

Miss Mack Foster of Dumas visited her sister, Jewel, last week-end.

M. J. Cummings of Memphis spent last week-end here with his daughter, Vildred.

Cassie Mathis spent last week-end in Hereford.

On Thursday of last week, Miss Haines took her kindergarten class for a picnic out on the creek. The youngsters report a good time with all the fried chicken and ice-cream they could eat.

The combined Art classes motored out to the canyons last Saturday evening for a few hours' picnic. Despite the rain and "sticking up" in the mud, they report a very enjoyable time.

Miss Elizabeth Helm of Tulia is here making preparations to enter the summer term.

The announcement in chapel last week by Pres. Hill that meals would be served to one-hundred students in the Dormitory dining-room was received with much gratification by those students remaining for the summer term.

Mrs. Margaret Morgan of Plainview spent last week here visiting her cousin, Ollab Muse.

Mr. and Mrs. McGuire of Tulia visited their daughters, Euphemia and Lola, Monday, May 24.

Jack Harrison of Plainview visited his sister, Ruth, last week-end.

The annual Y. W. C. A. encampment of the Southwestern District will be held in Estes Park this year, from August 17th to 27th. Misses Alma Guenther, Ollie Sone and Saxche Simms have been elected to represent our present student body.

Others will be chosen from the summer school. Some students are planning to go at their own expense.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bradford and son are visiting Mrs. Bradford's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Conner. Most of us remember Mrs. Bradford as Miss Mamie Conner, who was with us during the first two or three years of this school.

Miss Gladys Gill of McConelly, and Miss Jimmie Knox of Happy, both former students of the Normal, will attend the Home Coming.

Mr. Roy Crockett of Lovington, New Mexico, a former student of the Normal, will attend the Home Coming.

## "The Faded Letter"

A class of Nature Students from Mary Lion's School were out on their weekly excursion. On each excursion they took a different route in order to study the various kinds of vegetation. This time they came upon a very curious-looking stump. Beth Pick, who was the most observant one in the crowd, was the first to spy it. She rushed to the stump and began examining it. The stump was rapidly decaying. And in one of the most decayed and broken places, was a small slip of paper. Much to her surprise she saw her own name, "Beth," on it. Before she had time to give the note an inspection, the other girls had rushed up to her; so she slipped the note into her pocket and told none of the girls about it.

When Beth reached her room that evening, she took the slip of paper out of her pocket and read it. It was faded from exposure and was difficult to read. The lines she managed to read were these: "I had this prized treasure placed in our Secret Store House of Childhood, the Bronze Cave for you."

Earl. July 27, 1856.

Beth was much elated over these words, and she was anxious to search for the hidden treasure.

On the last excursion the nature class took, she had a chance to search for it. She thought it would be difficult to find, and searched until she had almost given it up, when her eyes dropped on an object that looked as if it were a walnut. True, it was a walnut shell, and it was closed up with sealing wax.

She opened it and found a beautiful ring, with sets of diamonds and topaz that sparkled like fresh drops of dew on some spot of green grass. A card, with these words, "With love to Beth, from Earl." She knew that this gift was meant for a different "Beth," but she kept this treasure, for the other Beth had long ago passed away.

—Annie Hart, Eighth Grade.

## Her Only Mite

Marjorie walked slowly home in the gathering dusk, thru the muddy streets, and drizzling rain. She was cold, wet, and oh! how tired. Her pale face showed plainly that the work in the office was far too hard for her. She became aware of a helpless cry coming from a dark side street. A girl was crouching under a rude shed vainly trying to keep warm. Marjorie thought of her widowed mother and little sister. She had only a little money in her shabby purse. Could she afford to give away any of this hard earned money? She was in the act of passing the place when she heard the cry again, this time more despairing. Turning, she pressed a dollar bill in the girl's hand and with a glad light in her eyes she ran swiftly home.

—Irma Berry, Ninth Grade.

## The Coming of the Night

When the glowing sun is setting Far beyond the dark blue sky, Are your memories swiftly fading With the sinking of the sun? Or perhaps there're just beginning When the moon has risen high. Can you hear the cheerful nightingale

In the twilight of the night, As the breezes to you whisper, "Rejoice! The coming of the night?" —Mallie Archer, Ninth Grade.

## The Coming of the Morn

When the stars far from the east Begin to fade and die, You may know the morning signal, It's time for folks to rise. As you hear the sweet bird's song, And smell the sweetly scented flowers, You forget your every trouble; They flee with joyful hours. It seems that all the world rejoices In the coming of the morn. —Helen Alverson, Ninth Grade.

## Can You Picture

Nell Moore without Ewell, Ruth Hart not studying, Irene Garner cutting class, Emma Hardin with long hair, Marie Downing as an old maid, Felix Phillips, acting sensibly, Bernice Dowlen not chewing gum, Louise Shanklin as an actress, Corinne Brown giving a lecture, Patsy Britain as a janitor, Annie Hart as a dancing teacher, Anadel Guenther playing before an audience, Mr. Boatright as a music teacher, Tracy Service about six feet two, Gladys Campbell tall and slim, Elva Jean Vetesk not laughing?

Miss Clark to Fourth Grade: "Children, I want you to get your drawing pads at Holland's—they're white there."

Teacher: In this sentence (Mary milked the cow) what is the construction of "cow?"

Student: Cow is a pronoun.

A pronoun? Yes, she stands for Mary.

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Everything served in an appetizing style—either regular meals or short orders.

Rooms for rent in connection.

CHASE CONDREY, MANAGER

Canyon, Texas, April 9, 1920.

Dear Cassie,

We were indeed surprised to discover last Monday that you had made such rapid progress and had finished your course in Home Ec. so much sooner than the rest of us, and departed with such a degree of happiness. As you know, Monday was rather exciting day for the Juniors. Many near fatalities occurred. We trust, however, that this incident in the day's program, serious as it was, may turn out to be a most happy one. We want you to know that we, the Home Ec Club, wish you all the happiness in the world, and may you never regret having followed the dictates of your (Sweet) heart.

Miss Rambo and Mr. Duffot both insist that they are the reason for the combination of this happy ceremony. Miss Rambo is confident that the knowledge concerning white sauce, lamb meat, cream puffs, serving luncheons, etc., which she has imparted to you, was directly responsible for this event. On the other hand, Mr. Duffot maintains that he has been the advocate of matrimony for this entire year. He has proved it conclusively again and again, to every class, he says, so that every student knows it to be an economical, Sociological, and felicitous advantage. But privately, if you want to know our opinion, we, the Home Ec's, believe that Terrill was the Instructor who should be given the credit for this matrimonial occasion.

With this in mind, we wish to relate a few facts to that gentleman. Let him never insist on your preparing (for the purpose of eating) any of the following foods: (1) Sponge Cake; (2) Coconut Pie; (3) Salad Dressing; (4) Omelette; (5) and several other dishes. As mere classmates, we value his life too highly to have him take such long chances.

Forgive us for such gaiety, but we could not resist on this occasion. You will know that the sincerest wish of our hearts is that you may find all happiness and that your home may be the kind of home that will represent all the high ideals for which we have stood. We will miss you in the laboratory and in the Home Ec. Club; however, we will still consider you one of us with only this difference—that you have acquired a private Laboratory, all your own.

With all good wishes to you both,

Sincerely,  
HOME EC CLUB

Sentence from an examination paper in English 9c.

"As Sir Launfal was leaving the castle, he encountered a leopard at the gate."

Milton Myers is the only member of the second grade who will attend summer school.

Mr. Jarrett, the new head of the Department of Education, is in Canyon.

Mr. B.: Andrew, make a sentence containing an interrogative pronoun. Andrew Allen: What is an interrogative pronoun?

We are informed, unofficially, that the Irish patriots have given up in despair on hearing that the Senate has espoused them with reservation. —New York Evening Post.

A canvass of the Presidential situation in Mexico shows the rebels to be leading slightly in the early shooting. —Detroit News.

The failure to get Mars on the wire should not be accepted as final. Perhaps the public service on that planet is under government control. —New York Sun.



## The Worn Letter

Shall I ever forget that morning? With the birds singing and the rising sun turning everything to a rosy pink? No, I am sure I never will. The birds were so happy; the flowers were so pure and fragrant and loaded down with dew. Was it because I was so happy that the world was running over with pure joy?

Going to Granmothers was no every day occasion for me. She lived something like a hundred miles from my home. Mother had let me go all the way by myself.

I was going to spend two weeks. Grandmother had been ill and now needed me to take care of her. She lived in a magnificent old colonial house. The house was set amid lofty oaks and rippling streams. The grass was long and always waving in the breeze. Hills rose majestically around the house and garden.

It was only a short distance from the little town to my Granmothers home; so I walked. She did not know of my coming, and I was planning to surprise her greatly. I loved my granmother as few little boys do, or did, or ever will, so I thought.

I opened the big iron gate, that hung between two tall white columns very quietly, and walked toward the west of the house. Flowers were growing in nice, tidy beds. Rambling vines covered the trellises. It was now sunset, and everything had an attractive coloring, and odor. I knew Granmother would be on the west porch watching the sun as it took its flight behind the purple hills. Grandmother loved sunlight and happiness; so she always sat on the porch to watch the last rays of the day disappear. She always said she could almost hear the sunbeams say goodbye to her. There she was now, sitting in her easy chair, looking at the colors that slowly left the sky.

In her hand was a letter much worn by having been carried around. On the table beside her chair lay a telegram. Grandmother looked so sad and tired. I had never seen her look this way before. I ran forward and called to her. She turned slowly and looked at me, then smiled and kissed me as she always did. I was very anxious to know what the telegram contained, but I had been taught not to be inquisitive and besides. I knew she would tell me sometime if I would wait. Then Grandmother said, "Do you remember Uncle Archie, Dear?" My heart gave a big jump. He had gone to war. Was he coming back or was he —? I was awfully proud of him. He could tell me such wonderful stories of the strange places and people he had seen. Grandmother went on, "Archie always said, when he grew up he was going to take care of his mother. He has taken good care of me until he was called away from home two years ago."

Her voice was very low; then she gave a dry sob, like people do when they are suffering very deeply.

She was reading from the letter now. It was from Uncle Archie. He said lots of things I could not understand, but Grandmother was very interested. Part of it was about his work and how he liked it, but how glad he would be when he could come back to her and the old home. He asked of her health many times, and if she missed him. Grandmother was still for a long time. At last she read this to me: "Mother, if I never come back, little Joe will take care of you, for he loves you almost as much as I do." Little Joe was I. Was he speaking of me? It was I, and he would trust me with the care of Grandmother? My! how my heart swelled with pride. I would make Uncle Archie mighty proud of me.

The telegram told very briefly of Uncle Archie's death—how he tried to carry his pall behind the trenches and a "Boche" got him. It was very short, not half long enough to satisfy anyone. And Uncle Archie was so grand and good. Didn't they know how we loved him? Grandmother said they were not apt to, for he never acted toward other people as he did toward us.

I am a grown man now. Grandmother says I remind her of Uncle Archie. It always makes my heart jump and beat in that wild fashion it did when I first heard he had left Grandmother to my care. She is more feeble, but so sweet! We always watch the sun as it goes to rest in the west. She says it was at the close of the day her boy was taken away from her, and that she always feels him nearer her at that time of day.

## A Gift From La Perouse

Jerry Halstead had come to his father's old farm in southern Texas to cultivate the land, and to raise a few boxes of oranges on the side. He had with him his trusty old dog Pete.

This old place was very lonely and at times Jerry thought that he would have to give up and go to town. In fact, it was so lonely that his ancient

dog raised his muzzle in the general direction of the heavens and howled a mournful refrain, ending with a few staccato barks that sent Jerry's heart cold. A fire was in the grate, as the southern nights are cool. Above the fireplace was a little framed picture. It was peculiar, and drew Jerry's attention immediately. He looked more closely. There were five dots of red, formed into a square. In the middle was a flying bird, whose eye was of a bright yellow. Jerry thought it strange, and then he began to think, and to think hard. He went to bed late, having drawn no conclusion as to the mystery. He worked hard the next day, came in, and resolved to uncover this phenomenon. Suddenly it occurred to him that the houses of the farm were in the very shape that the dots in the picture were. And where the bird's eye was, there was an ash heap. The bird was without any doubt the important part of it, for his eye was a yellow of the brightest hue, and it was the center of the picture, also.

Jerry got up early the next morning and got the pick and grubbing hoe to see what the ground under the heap contained. He cleared away the ashes and began to dig in a circle of about five feet. After digging for about five feet down, he came upon a sheepskin parchment. There was writing on it, but in French. This is what it said: "He who seeketh after what is not rightly his own, shall not find." Jerry was disgusted at this. Was it a joke? No, it couldn't be. He would dig farther. After three feet more of digging, he gave it up, disheartened.

He came into the house again, ate his dinner, and once more his eye fell on the picture. He left his half finished dinner and went into the yard. Old Pete was digging. He was whining softly, and digging for all he was worth. Presently, he stopped and slunk, whining, to his master. Jerry went over to the now deep hole and pulled out a bone. It was certainly queer. Then he dug farther. He came upon more bones. At last, with his heart beating wildly, he uncovered a large, oaken chest. He could not lift it; so he covered it again and went to town to get help. When he returned with two men, they uncovered the chest, and looked inside. The first thing that met their gaze was an old pistol, the handle of which was covered with shining, gleaming gold. The other contents of the chest were a large opal, many gold and silver rings beaten out of shape, hundreds of English guineas, and as many French coins. At the very bottom was a little wicked looking dagger pinning a note to the bottom of the chest. The note was also in French, but when translated means this: "With best wishes from La Perouse, the friend of honest men, but a terror to the Englishmen."

Jerry is living in San Antonio now, with his dog Pete. He practices law and is happy. All that come within his home must first hear of the picture, and of Pete's behaviour before they are friends of the master of the house.

## "The Haunted Spinster"

Deep in a valley among the Green Mountains was the little village of Briarsville. It was situated in a large bend in the river that ran its course through the valley. Over the cliffs that towered above the town hung large branches of pink briar roses. In summer the fragrance would be carried for miles on the softest breeze.

The inhabitants were, for the most part, kind, good-natured, farmer folk, though some had been city bred. They lived in a simple, unaffected style and were happy and contented in their own quiet way.

In this town lived Prudence Cole, an elderly spinster. Miss Prudence, as she was called familiarly, was as prim and proper as her name. She was always to be seen sedately stepping up the church aisle on Sunday morning, five minutes, by the clock, before the hour of service.

Miss Prudence always wore black silk, and walked with an air that reminded one of a funeral march. Tradition said that she could not endure men, as the only one she had ever cared for had died a drunkard's death. At all events, Miss Prudence never married, and the big white house remained without a master.

Miss Prudence had one fad, and that was ghosts; she literally gloried in them. You might converse with her any time of the day or night, upon any subject under the sun, without arousing her interest, but get her started on the subject of ghosts, and she would tell stories so blood-curdling that you would have nightmares for weeks afterwards.

Next door to this "ghostly lady" lived quite a different kind of person, Nellie Stone. Nellie was a pretty, mischievous girl, always playing tricks upon her neighbors, but always escaping so cleverly from the

blame that no one had the heart to accuse her. She had never liked Miss Prudence, but had always been taught to respect her. In her heart she secretly longed to play some prank on the prim spinster, because of Miss Prudence's dislike for "tom-boys."

It was nearing Hallow'e'en and Nellie was anxiously looking forward to playing the usual spooky jokes upon her friends. But this year she had also another plan in mind. Miss Prudence was to be the victim, but she told no one about it, and nobody suspected anything, least of all, the victim.

The day before Hallow'e'en dawned bright and beautiful. Everyone was eager and longing for night to fall, for each had his own plan for playing pranks. Nellie went around all day with a preoccupied air, and started when anyone spoke to her. She, too, longed for the night.

Miss Prudence stepped primly into her bed just as the clock struck ten. She was not tired but retired early through force of habit. Suddenly she heard a low moaning that seemed to echo through the house. Nearer and nearer it came until it seemed as if the air was filled with the weird, terrifying sound. She started up in horror, for the door slowly opened, and a tall white figure glided into the room. In one hand it carried a skull which gave forth a bluish light. The figure was headless, and, except for the long bony fingers that carried the skull, no part of it could be seen. Slowly it swept around the room but gaining speed with every movement, until it was almost whirling. Miss Prudence could stand it no longer, and with a fearful shriek, she fell upon the floor.

The next morning when she came to herself, there was no sign of the ghostly visitor. For a few moments she thought it must have been a dream, but upon reaching the table she saw upon it the skull. It was made of paper, and inside of it were the remains of a burnt-out candle. Miss Prudence never told anyone of this mysterious visit, but never again did she mention ghosts. She may have suspected Nellie, for she ever regarded her cautiously, and this real ghost story would probably never have been told had not Nellie Stone herself related it. —Irene Vera Garner, Eighth Grade.

## Fluffy's Adventures

One bright summer day there was a little "quack! quack!" in the tall grass. Fluffy was crawling out of the shell; he had been in so long he greeted the sunlight with joy. Mother Teal was away, for she had to get worms for Fluffy's little brothers and sisters. Fluffy was the last out of the shell, and was not old enough to eat; so while the others gobbled up worms, he looked on with eager eyes. Time passed away quickly for Fluffy, and he was soon having a jolly time, ducking and swimming about the lake.

One day when Fluffy was about three weeks old, and Mother Teal and Fluffy's brothers and sisters were all having a gay time, all at once there was a loud "Bang" behind them.

Mother Teal started to rise, but came back to the water with a splash. Her wing was broken; it had been shot by her worst enemy, Mr. Hunter.

Fluffy, with his brothers and sisters, started for the tall grass. Fluffy was in the lead. There was another "Bang." Several little ducklings went down, but Fluffy kept boldly on. He reached the tall grass in safety, and was resting quietly when, all at once, he was grabbed in the hands of the hunter who had slipped quietly up behind him. Fluffy was greatly excited when he found himself inside a basket that was bouncing along, and he did not know where he was until the lid was lifted, and there stood three little bright-eyed children peeping in. Now he knew he had been captured by the hunters. He was moved from the basket to a little pen, and given some water and food. He lived in this way for several days. "Oh," thought poor Fluffy, "how shall I ever live this way?" But Fluffy was very much pleased when he found himself being carried in a basket towards the pond, and lifted out into the water. By this time Fluffy could fly, and after the little girls let him go, he swam around a while. But before the children could scarcely breathe, he had flown away. He flew for a long time—it seemed a long time to him, but it was really a short while—until he came to a forest. Fluffy had begun to wish he had stayed with the children, because he did not know where water was or where he could get his next meal. The children also were very sorry that Fluffy had flown away because they loved him dearly.

Fluffy flew on until late that night and to his great relief he came over a pond. He was so glad to get to the water that he didn't see the evil eyed hawk watching him. He was swimming about in the

water and Mr. Hawk was ready to swoop down on him, when he heard a "Crack," which was the breaking of a twig. The moment he heard this, however, he went under the water just in time to save his life from Mr. Hawk's sharp claws.

Fluffy was startled, while in this lake, by, it seemed to him, hundreds of "Quacks." To his great surprise and joy, the lake was suddenly filled with ducks, and in an instant they were greeting him warmly.

As winter was coming on and it was about time to start south, the ducks began to get their mates. Fluffy was a grown duck now, and he didn't like the name "Fluffy," so he changed his name to Billy, and found him a suitable mate with green wings—the prettiest duck of the flock. She had another chance, but Billy suited her best.

Billy and Green Wing flew to the pond where Billy had lived before, and here he related to her his adventures.

Nellie Snyder, Seventh Grade.

## Dick

Some years ago in the beautiful country of Yellow House Canyon was a stately old ranch. This old ranch had never belonged to any one but a Janes. Its present inhabitants consisted of Mr. Janes, Mrs. Janes, and Dick, their son, who was the life of the surrounding country.

Mr. Janes loved his ranch and its work just as his father before him had. Dick was like them, in that he seemed never absolutely happy unless busy on the ranch. His parents only thoughts were for him. His father had taught him every trait and idea of ranch life. Dick had never failed to come up to his parent's ideals. When time came for him to enter college, he was sent to one of the best. As he was leaving, a great fear stole over his father's heart—would he ever return and love the old ranch as he did now?

Dick's return was a surprise and a delight to his parents. His love for the old home had only increased. He seemed perfectly contented on the ranch. His father was so delighted that he presented him with a fine new car. At first Dick used the car very little. He occasionally went to the city, but it was a hurried trip. Finally, his trips became more frequent, and his stays longer. He soon became popular among his city city friends. His father began to fear that Dick was losing interest in the ranch. He did every thing that money or influence could do to win him back. On the other hand, Dick's city friends were showing him at what a disadvantage he was, and of all the life he was missing by living so far from civilization. After such influence as this, he would go home and brood over his trouble. At these times his father was his only comfort. Dick would fully resolve to stay away from the city, and be contented with his parents and his old home. After all he had never spent better or happier days than those on the dear old ranch. This vow would soon give away, and he would soon find himself in the city again facing the same old trouble.

One day while he was in the city, a beautiful residence was offered for sale. As he looked upon the house, a curious thought came to him. Why not buy this beautiful home? Both his father and mother were getting old. They wouldn't be able to stand the active life of the ranch much longer. On the spur of the moment, he offered to trade the old ranch for the beautiful city home. The offer was quickly accepted. The blow was too much for his parents. They soon passed away.

A strange change came over poor Dick. He was no longer the happy fun, loving boy that he had been. He became a sad-faced stearn man. —Grace Paul, Ninth Grade.

## The Bravery of a Cowboy

One scorching day on the plains of Arizona rode "Love-sick Jim," as the boys called him. He was headed for the Post Office. He was in a gloomy mood. The Boss had not let him off the Sunday before, and he had not seen Mary for almost two weeks. He had written her a letter and was now on his way to see if she had answered. As he rode along, he muttered to himself, "I'll go see her next Sunday if the Boss fires me; darn it."

Suddenly a large cloud of dust away to his right attracted his attention. It was coming straight toward him. On it came. He stopped his horse and watched. Closer it came. He could make out a lone rider pursued by several more.

His heart almost stopped beating as he got a better view. The rider was Mary, and her pursuers were Indians! Mary, without a doubt! Had he not seen her wear that hat a hundred times? He felt as though he could not move a muscle. How were he and Mary to face a half dozen Indians? But he would save her if he died doing it.

A plan instantly presented itself

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Canyon, Texas

to his mind. Her horse was tired; his was not. And wasn't Gunpowder the fastest horse in the country? He would ride close to her side, draw her to his saddle, slip to the ground, and let the Indians capture him; and Old Gunpowder would take his beloved Mary to safety.

He then put the spurs to poor Old Gunpowder and leaned in the saddle, his eyes gleaming with determination. Close to her side he rode, put his arm around her waist, and while their horses were running neck and neck, tried to draw her from the saddle. He found her very heavy indeed. Looking down, he saw the face of his old tormentor, Bill. The roar of laughter that came from those Indians was not pleasant to Jim's ears.

—Hattie Foster, Ninth Grade.

Miss McClesky: "Raymond what are you chewing?"  
Raymond: "Paper."  
Miss McClesky: "Let me see your paper."  
Raymond: (Taking gum from mouth and tripping toward Miss McClesky) "It is paper and gum mixed."

Milton: Mr. Mahan, what kind of a pin is that you have on?  
Mrs. Mahan: A class pin.  
Milton: My papa taught almost long enough to get one. He taught sixteen years.

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CANYON, TEXAS

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Then resolve to bank the amount you have heretofore been spending unwisely.

You will never regret the resolution if you act.

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Joe Foster, Prop.

## Among the Training School Poets

### THE SCHOOL BOYS COMPLAINT

Said the Training School Boy, "It's hardly fair  
To make me assume such a sober air.  
Tho I'm not a fellow of studious looks,  
I'm made to think of nothing but books.

So discontented I am with my lot,  
That I shall be glad when the sun grows hot,  
And shall count it indeed a lucky day  
When the Training School ends and I get away.  
—Gladys Campbell, Eighth Grade

### AMERICA AND THE FLAG

America! America! Why art thou loved so?  
Is it because thy people are so intelligent?  
Is it because thy landscapes are so beautiful?  
Is it because thou art so prosperous?  
No, it is none of these. It is because  
The Holy Spirit is thriving among thy people.

Flag, why art thou honored so?  
Is it because of thy beautiful colors?  
Is it the arrangement of the colors?  
No, it is none of these; it is because  
Of the things for which thou standst,—  
Liberty, truth, bravery, and purity.  
—Edith Chapman, Sixth Grade.

### NED'S HAPPY DAY

It was a bright a sunny day,  
When the children went to play.

Tho little Ned was a cripple boy,  
Deep down in his heart, he was filled with joy.

He watched the children frisk and play,  
Happy as could be this summer day.

One of the children kind and good  
Told him the story of Red Riding Hood.

Tho little Ned couldn't frisk and play,  
This little child helped brighten his day.

And when little Ned said his prayers that night,  
He said, "Oh, God, bless and keep that little "mite."  
—L. L. S. and A. L. H.

### BACK TO THE FARM

My days on the farm are dearest to me.  
'Twas down in the barn or up in a tree;  
We would run up the hill and down the valley below,  
Or out in the corn patch chasing the crow.

Then out in the orchard to see the bird's nest,  
Or sit in the shade of a tree to rest.  
We would eat peaches and pears, which were deliciously good,  
Till someone we'd hear calling, "Bring in some wood."

Most of our pleasures were found in the flower-bed  
Among sweet-smelling roses, yellow and red,  
Watering the sweetpea and gathering the aster,  
Weeding the poppies to see which was the faster.

When autumn then came, to the woods we'd go,  
Or out on the lake for a final row;  
We'd gather nuts of all sizes and kind,  
Then run home to dinner to get there on time.

Then came the winter with its ice and its snow;  
Then comes the fun--no it isn't so slow.  
Just to get a horse and hitch to the sleigh;  
You can have no such fun in any other way.

But it's all just like a wonderful dream,  
And things are no longer as they used to seem.  
But vacation is coming; soon I'll be free,  
And it's back to the farm again, the farm again, for me.  
—Hattie Foster, Ninth Grade.

### SPRING IS COMING

Spring is coming, my dear, my dear,  
The very best time in all the year,  
Saying farewell to sleet and cold;  
And in his grave the winter old  
Is laid away with sorrow sincere,  
Tho we're glad that spring is here.  
We sorrow for pleasures gone fleeting by,  
Tho for those pleasures we no longer will sigh;  
For pleasures are coming the spare time to fill,  
And soon life will be a perpetual thrill  
Of pleasures coming and pleasures past,  
And long summer days will fly ever so fast,  
Until autumn arrives, and the winter days cold,  
Seize to the young as well as the old.  
And listen, my dear, now is the time  
To store up memories, and a silvery chime  
To ring thru the pages of the coming years,  
Far better than stowing regrets and tears.  
This is the way to a jolly old age,  
So says a wise undoubted old sage.  
—Mallie Archer, Ninth Grade.

### Rest

The darkness softly gathers,  
The day is nearly done;  
Dark shadows flicker-falter,  
And the night and day are one.

In a drowsy monotone  
All nature bids good-night;  
Sleepily the wind is humming;  
Softly glows the firefly's light.

By the still, dark lake of blue  
The tall reeds moan and sigh;  
And from the forest's lonely depths  
Resounds the owl's weird cry.

Above, in skies of amethyst,  
The twinkling stars shine bright;  
And silently the pale moon reigns  
Thro' all the quiet night.

And as the darkness closes,  
A stillness fills the air,  
And the silence is unbroken  
As sleep dispels all care.

—Irene Vera Garner.

### The Right Spirit

Onward thru life  
Move the spirits loyal  
To the call divine,  
Hearts of one accord  
Eager for service faithful—  
Enough for their reward.

Not alone we fight;  
Not alone we fail  
In each triumph or fall,  
As one living whole,  
We move together all  
Toward the shining goal.  
—Fred Oberst, Eighth Grade.

### If

If you can wear blue overalls,  
And bring down the H. C. L.,  
No matter if the merchants do go high  
On all the goods they sell.  
If you can forsake all fads and fashions  
And finish school as well,  
The merchants will go down  
On all the goods they sell.

If you can buy cheap cotton  
For half the price of silk,  
If you can drink clear water  
And bring down the price of milk,  
If you can study hard and learn  
And not be too proud of your learning,  
If on your monthly report card  
There appears a number of A's,  
You'll eventually get a diploma  
And win your teacher's praise.  
—Emma Hardin, Eighth Grade.

After the Rain is Over  
After the rain is over,  
The sun shines out so bright,  
And the world seemed recovered  
From its dreary gloom and blight.

After the rain is over,  
The flowers begin to bloom;  
From all the gardens of clover  
We smell their sweet perfume.

After the rain is over,  
The birds begin to sing  
And all the forest over,  
We hear their music ring.

After the rain is over,  
The lambs begin to play,  
And through the meadows of clover  
They frolic all the day.

After the rain is over  
The children are bright and gay  
And all the country over,  
We see them romp and play.  
—Velma Bourland, Eighth Grade.

### Illness of Col. Rand, The Private

It was midnight in the little French village, Recey Sur Ource. I lay wide awake on my back in the hay-loft, wondering what was in store for me in the future. There was no sound save the occasional shifting of the cows in the stable below and the regular breathing of the fifteen other soldiers who were quartered in the loft with me.

Suddenly I was startled by a fearful groan and a series of unintelligible utterances from the occupant of one of the bunks near the loft door. I immediately recognized the voice of my friend and comrade, Colonel Rand. "An officer," did you say? No, not at all, but only an ordinary buck private, with an optimistic nature, a man whom his parents had christened "Colonel," but who was known in our company by his wonderful ability to entertain his fellow-soldiers with an endless stream of songs, jokes, and nonsensical rhymes. The fact that his given name was Colonel gave rise to perplexing situations as we shall presently see.

"Oh—h: Oh! but I do feel tough!" came from Rand. "Oh, why did I eat that d— 'corn-Willie' when it always makes me sick?"

"Aw what the d— is wrong with you over there?" came from our hard-boiled Sergeant Mc—

"Cease that unnecessary chatter and quit waking everybody up." Colonel answered by drawing his knees to his chin and releasing a series of unearthly groans such as I had never heard before. Interspersed with these groans I caught several references to the Scripture. (Perhaps he was trying to pray.)

We were all awake now and thoroughly aware that our company comrade was an extremely sick fellow.

"Jones," called the sergeant excitedly, "rush down to the infirmary and get Captain E— quick, and don't fool around about it!"

Jones was off in an instant. He ran to the infirmary, a distance of five blocks, succeeded in arousing the captain from a deep slumber, and exclaimed between breaths:

"Captain, Sir, Colonel Rand is about to die and wants you to come quick."

"What's that? Colonel Rand! I don't know him," he answered, jumping out of bed, his face radiant with the prospect that he was called on to administer to a colonel, ill unto death.

"Have a seat," he said, "I'll be ready directly."

"Very well, sir," replied Jones, who seated himself on the edge of a chair and proceeded to watch the preparations of the captain.

In the meantime much was taking place in the hay-loft. A tender hearted old French lady, who occupied the part of the house adjoining the cow shed, hearing the disturbance beneath the loft door, called in a motherly tone:

"Americian soldat zigzag? Beaucoup vin rouge, beaucoup zigzag. Pas bon, Pas bon."

Rand was provoked at this accusation, for he had not toughed a drop of red wine for two days, so he retaliated thus between pains: "No, no, madame, me bacao' malad, pa zigzag, pa van range, me bacao' malad."

The old lady evidently understood that he was sick, rather than drunk, for she went into the house and returned shortly with a large bowl containing a concoction of hot milk, herbs, a few drops of Cognac, sugar, and spices which she urged him to drink.

He was at first reluctant to drink the mixture but, letting his optimis-

tic spirit get control of his mind, and not wishing to hurt the feeling of our French mother, he drank the entire contents of the bowl, saying as he did so, "Nothing could make me feel any worse. This might help me; so here goes for a shot of the pesky stuff. Tell the home folks I passed away drinking a French toddy". Immediately his face was distorted into shapes which were awful to look on, and he uttered oaths which I must refrain from repeating. Evidently the preparation was an ill tasting one, to so say the least.

Let us have the patience for a few moments now to return to the room of the Captain. After beginning to dress, he had no further conversation with private Jones. His undivided attention was given to a careful preparation of his toilet. Lest my reader be misled by the actions of the Captain, I must state that he was a man who found little favor among the men of the Company. He was, using the common expression, proud of himself, and was on the alert for a chance of promotion. It was not surprising then that he exercised great care in adjusting the white stock around his neck, brushing his hair and clothes, and finally shining his puttees and shoes. Fully twenty minutes had elapsed when the captain said, after taking one more look at himself in the mirror, "I am ready. Let us hurry!" "Very well, sir," replied Jones, who was only too glad to set out at a lively pace.

Upon reaching the narrow alley that led to our billet, he turned abruptly, saying to the captain, "This way, sir."

"Surely there is no Colonel down in there."

"Sir," he replied, "you have misunderstood me. There is no sick Colonel there but rather a private by the name of Colonel Rand."

"What do you mean!" he exclaimed.

Before the captain could recover from this they had reached the foot of the ladder leading to the loft. There they were met by Sergeant Mc—, who addressed the captain very quietly: "Sir, I am very sorry to have caused you any inconvenience. Private Colonel Rand, sir, was very sick thirty minutes ago; but after drinking a remedy that French mother gave him, his illness disappeared, and he is now sleeping as peacefully as a child."

This was too much for the captain. He tried to speak, but could not. Then he turned and, without even recognizing the sergeant's salute, slowly made his way back to the infirmary. Needless to state, he did not officially report his midnight call on Colonel Rand, the Private.

### On Getting Up in the Morning

Of all the great trials in life, one of the greatest is the task of getting up in the morning. The queer thing about it, however, is that, unlike most duties, it gets harder every time you have to do it. You groan and mumble strange words when that unfeeling monster, the alarm clock, goes off. It always breaks into the most wonderful dreams. You never were as sleepy as you are when it is time to stop sleeping. The bed never was as soft, or the light of day as welcome, as it is at that hour. You know you should get up and study that history lesson which you went to sleep over last night. You are so comfortable, however, that you feel that you are willing to risk "getting by" just this once. You are only going to lie there one minute longer, anyway. You lay a gently restraining hand on the alarm clock and say, "Peace, be still; I'll get up in a minute."

Oh, that wonderful hour between sleeping and waking, when you finish those broken dreams in your imagination. You think of all the lovely things you would like to do. Maybe you plan an ideal program for the day. What does it matter if it is an impossible one? You have had the pleasure of planning it. One-two, five, ten minutes past and still you make no move to rise. At last you feel ashamed of yourself. You remember the childish rhyme:

"Birdie with a yellow bill  
Hopped upon my window sill.  
Cocked his shining eye and said,  
"Aren't you ashamed, you sleepy head?"

You crawl reluctantly from the bed, realizing that you must hurry. You can't find all your clothes; one shoe has mysteriously disappeared; your stocking has a hole in it, and you must mend it, or hunt up another pair. All your lovely dreams are over now. The room is cold, and you wonder if there is any breakfast left. You finally get yourself together, and go down to hunt some breakfast, thinking: "Oh, its nice to get up in the morning, but its nicer to lie in bed."

Mrs. W.: It is pretty dark in here; Davis run up the shades.

Davis: Gee, she must think I am a regular monkey.