

# THE PRAIRIE

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## FRESHMAN CLASS EDITION

### Buffaloes Easily Defeat Bull Dogs in Two Fast Games

Coach Burton with his Buffalo warriors invaded Bull Dog territory, Thursday, February 16, and won two exciting games from the Clarendon Bull Dogs, the score for the first game being 50 to 30 and the second mix 62 to 38.

The Normal lads dazed the C. C. five so completely that they won the first game quite easily. At no time did it look like the game was in danger. In the second clash the Clarendonites came back strong and led the scoring nearly all through the first half but the Buffaloes pepped up and the first period ended with the count 25 to 23 in herd's favor. After Coach Burton had instilled just a little fight in the Normal lads, they came back strong in the second half and completely swept the Bull Dogs off their feet and when the final whistle sounded the score was 62 to 38 with victory in the Buffalo's possession.

Coach Burton remarked that the herd performed better in those two games than they had during any games this season. He said that the student body should have seen the Normal quintet "pour it on" our old rival team Clarendon.

These games probably ends the season for the herd and considering the stiff schedule they have made a great showing. Out of fourteen games played they won ten and lost four, all of the latter away from home. Their percentage stands at 750. The teams played this season were: Simmons College, Abilene Christian College, New Mexico Military Institute, Clarendon College, Decatur Baptist College, and Wayland College.

### INTERSCHOLASTIC LEAGUE TO MEET IN APRIL

The Interscholastic League will meet at the West Texas State Normal College, Canyon, Texas, April 21-22. This event is expected to bring the largest crowd that has ever assembled in Canyon. More than 2,000 were in attendance at the meeting last year and Canyon is already making preparations to entertain a much larger number on April 21-22.

Twenty-three counties with more than one hundred and fifty individual schools are represented in the League. It is estimated that more than 16,000 school children are in the district.

The counties having the largest number of schools are members of the Interscholastic League are arranged below:

Randall	22 schools
Swisher	19 schools
Lipscomb	13 schools
Ochiltree	12 schools
Hansford	10 schools

Other counties are represented with fewer than two separate schools.

### MISS SADIE O'CONNELL'S READING OF THE MOLLUSC

One of the most delightful programs of its kind ever given in Canyon was the reading of Hubert Henry Davies' "The Mollusc" by Miss Sadie O'Connell of the Public Speaking Department of the College, on Friday evening, February the tenth. Those who heard Miss O'Connell's beautiful interpretation of "The Prince Chap" last spring perceived in her recent program an even greater artistic achievement.

"The Mollusc" is a comedy that fulfills the requirement to make one think while one laughs, and it was read with an ease which comes only after technique is conquered. Absolute economy of attention was secured by the elimination of all unnecessary action—matters of theatric appeal that do not belong in the realm of the platform artist,—while the illumination of character and the projection of message received paramount consideration. Miss O'Connell's unusually beautiful diction assured her marked success in this difficult piece of work. The result was an impression of singular charm and brilliancy, and one that will remain in the memory like a vivid experience in real life.

They arrived at the beginning of the second half.

He: "Oh, the deuce! The score is nothing to nothing!"

She: "Oh Goody! We haven't missed a thing!"

Japan has 32 student Associations.

### NATIONAL PARK MEETING IS CALLED FOR AMARILLO MAR. 2

A very important meeting has been called for Amarillo on Thursday afternoon, March 2, for the purpose of formulating plans to make a National Park of the Palo Duro Canyon.

This question has been discussed in this section many times, and now representative citizens of the Panhandle-Plains country are meeting for the purpose of drawing up plans in order to push the matter in congress.

### Buffaloes Take Two Games from Wayland

The Buffalo caging crew ran true to form in the two games with Wayland College Friday and Saturday afternoons, winning both games by a very handsome score.

The games Friday was taken by the Normal boys by the big end of the 53 to 19 score.

The game Saturday was likewise annexed by the Buffaloes with a score of 58 to 28.

### WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH EDUCATION IN TEXAS?

(The first of a series of articles on the educational situation in Texas).

Governor Neff has just held a conference in Austin of those who are charged with educational leadership in this State. Governor Hobby held several such conferences during his administration. The State Department of Education and the Teachers' Association have jointly conducted several educational campaigns in Texas in the last few years. The Thirty-seventh Legislature will go down in the history of the State as one of the stormiest that ever gathered and that because public education with its perplexing problems became the storm-center of thought and action. Country schools all over the State are expressing alarm at the prospect of shortened terms and poorer teachers for 1922-23. City schools, though in better condition, in many cases face inevitable reduction in the quality and quantity of service. The institutions of higher learning are finding it increasingly difficult to maintain present standards, much less to expand with the expanding needs of society. We are told several times a year that Texas ranks low in education among the states of the union and that ignorance constitutes a grave social and national danger. Yet, in spite of our popular indifference to public education in this State and our failure to educate ourselves we are constantly face to face with the problem of financing the educational facilities we have. The legislature asserts its eager willingness to appropriate money, provided it can be found, but is wholly unable to command it in sufficient quantity to meet the situation. The people are groaning under what they term "the burden of taxation" and we now face in all probability the longest delinquent tax list the State has ever known.

These facts constitute an anomalous situation. From one point of view it appears that our schools must deteriorate for the want of money; and, from another point of view, that our money will dry up from the want of education. But whichever is cause and whichever effect, or if both are cause and both effect, as may easily be the case, there is something seriously wrong with education in Texas. In fact, it must be apparent to all who have given real study to the problem that there are systemic ills that are gnawing at the very vitals of our educational organism. Failure to differentiate between symptom and disease accounts for our present ailments. It is high time that we strike at the root of the evil. In this series of articles the writer attempts a diagnosis and offers a remedy.

J. A. HILL.

### A SNAP SHOT

"Now sit there, right there. No! straight, like this! Here, this way—now there—Good, that's a baby! Won't you give me a kiss, Sweet, innocent baby? 'Oh! you mushy little thing! Now! Dad, get it! Here, with this play thing, This way! Look, Baby! Hurry! Hurry! snap it! —Label it, 'Look, Baby!'"

—J. L. M.

All Ireland asks is a fighting chance Wall Street Journal.

### FRESHMAN COLLEGE CLASS IN SPIRIT, FACT, AND COMMENT

Statistics in the office of the Registrar show the Freshman Class not only to be first in numbers among the present classes, but also the largest class ever enrolled in a regular session of the West Texas State Normal College. There are 108 girls and 42 boys—a total of 150 High School graduates.

#### Class Officers

President	Odus Mitchell
Vice-president	Grady Burson
Secretary	Gladys Downing
Treasurer	Burleson Atkins
Prairie Rep.	Addie Coffman
Annual Rep.	Lila Simms
Rep. to Students Council	Arlene Rose

#### Freshmen Desire Live Mascot

Would you like to have a real mascot; a live buffalo—one to lead upon the gridiron and diamond, and on parades? Our college mascot is the most majestic creature that ever trod the "boundless reach of prairie," but there remain comparatively few bison equal in every respect to the original animal. If we desire to have a live mascot the sooner one is obtained the better. In view of this fact, the Freshman Class, at the suggestion of G. I. King, voted to bring the matter before the Students' Council. Miss Arlene Rose accordingly presented the question to the Council at its last meeting. In discussing the subject, President Hill stated that he believed a buffalo can be easily obtained and cared for, should the students desire to have one. The Secretary of the Council was instructed to inquire where and how a buffalo may be procured. Further action will be taken when her report is ready.

#### SING A SONG OF FRESHMEN

Sing a song of Freshmen,  
A jolly bunch are we;  
Days are filled with laughter,  
Nights are full of glee.  
Of the students in this school,  
The Freshman is the one,  
At whom the Seniors try in vain  
To poke their doubtful fun.

—V. W.

#### WE ARE PROUD OF THE FACT THAT—

Jessie Ritchie is the College Beauty.  
Grady Burson is Captain-elect of the '22 Buffalo football eleven.  
Jim Webb is the Handsomest Man.  
Lila Simms is the most "All 'round" Girl.  
Odus Mitchell is Captain of our crack basketball team.  
Foy Terry, Grady Burson, Ira Jenkins, Odus Mitchell, Clifford Henry and Everett Key won their letters with the Buffaloes in football.  
John L. McCarty is our peppy Yell-leader.

The'ma Atkinson is Secretary of the Elaphians.

Faye Kirk is Vice-president of the Spanish Club.

Vera Stodgill is Serg't-at-Arms of Elaphians.

Winnie Poole is Sec'y-Treas. of Philo Kallos.

Brower Hannah is President of the Antlers.

Austin Love is Vice-president of Philo Kallos and Art Editor of Le Mirage.

Tony Vaughn is Antler Representative to "The Prairie."

Winnie Mae Crawford is on the committee to administer the point system.

Louise Orr is Prairie Representative from the Philo Kallos.

Allen King won a place on the debating team.

A Freshman made the Honor Roll.

Irene Crawford is Treasurer of the Sesames.

Byrd Mitchell is a "Prairie reporter."

Boone Horne is Vice-president of the Antlers.

L. I. King is President of the Practical Arts club.

Wherever good work is being done, Freshmen are among those leading the way.

#### THAT FRESHMAN PARTY!

It seems unnecessary to speak very fully of the Freshmen party given last Friday evening, since those who enjoyed the event have spoken so freely of the entertainment. As one student remarked, "It was surely a jolly crowd." There were no strange "Fish;" the Freshman spirit pervaded the room "breaking the ice" immediately. There were almost one hundred students in attendance, of whom nearly half were boys.

An indoor track meet was the first feature on the program. Prof. Lockhart conducted the meet in a very realistic manner. From the cracker race to the "standing broad grin" the events were "screams." Students of Doolittle Institute, Skintiru Normal, Hardnox University, and Dunmore College competed with all the pep, yells, and enthusiasm that a competitive game inspires. Dunmore College "did more" and won the loving (tin) cup.

The second feature was a story hour. Miss Richardson entertained most delightfully with selections of the finest humor. After a little while, she called for a number from the program committee, which responded with pans heaped high with popcorn balls and shining red apples.

#### To Our Enemy

You say we're green—alas, we know it; We only hope that we'll out-grow it. You call us "Fish," and treat us rough, You think we never get enough. But every dog must have his day, And when the years have passed away The Fish might be Sophomores And then—look out!

—F. F.

#### Freshman Ambitions

One of our reporters was instructed to ask 24 Freshmen this question: "What do you intend to make your life work?" His report follows:

Broker, Carl Kemp.  
Farmer, Carmen Tate.  
Teacher, Louella Woodward.  
Housewife, Violet Goad.  
Teacher, Winnie Poole.  
Journalist, J. Lawton McCarty.  
Hobo, Waldemar Wallace.  
Teacher, Jessie Ritchie.  
Preacher, Tony Vaughn.  
Tulla Housewife, Daren Turner.  
Cotton Buyer, Clifford Henry.  
Home Ec. Teacher, Bessie Leggett.  
Matron of Orphanage for Stray Cats, Leah Amend.

Illustrator and Cartoonist, Austin Love.

Teacher, Jim Webb.

Sewing Machine Agent, Hayden Goodnight.

Teacher, Gladys Horton.

Athletic Coach, Odus Mitchell.

High School Teacher, Obed Baker.

Poet, Edith Rayzor.

University Mathematics Prof., Lila Simms.

Manual Tr. Teacher, Ira Jenkins.

Stenographer, Irene Crawford.

Medical Missionary, Elmer Marshall.

#### The Class Called "Fish"

On every side, where'er you go You hear the Seniors lauded so, That I'll declare, you'd almost think The rest of us were quite extinct.

The poets write them lines of verse, And praise them to the Universe, And all the people in the land Hasten to shake their honored hand.

But though they sit and look so wise, The Freshmen Class will take the prize,

For we've the brains, and we've the pep,

Our hearts are right, and we're in step.

We've hitched our wagon to a star; Our name will soon be spread afar.

The Freshman Class of twenty-two Will show the world what it can do.

—G. H. G.

### PANHANDLE-PLAINS HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUSINESS MEETING

The annual business meeting of the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society is to be held at the Normal on Friday afternoon, February 24, for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year.

A nominating committee of Miss Hattie Anderson, Mody C. Boatright, and C. W. Warwick will present a list to the members for their approval as officers for the coming year.

### Governor Neff Will Visit Normal With the Board of Regents

Governor Neff and the Board of Normal College Regents will visit the West Texas State Normal College the second week in April. This visit on the part of the Regents is in compliance with the law that requires the Regents to visit each of the Normals once a year. Governor Neff will join the Regents on this visit for the purpose of acquainting himself with the work of the West Texas State Normal College. Governor Neff is the first governor of Texas who has undertaken this personal inspection of schools, and deserves to be commended for taking this important step.

President Hill says with reference to this visit of Governor Neff that in his opinion "the greatest obstruction of educational progress in Texas today is the lack of first hand information about our schools on the part of those who direct the policies of this state. If governors and legislators had more direct personal knowledge about our public schools and institutions of higher learning, our educational problems would be quickly solved."

#### THE MOLLUSC

On Saturday evening, February 18, the Redpath Bureau presented in the auditorium of the West Texas State Normal College Hubert Henry Davies' pleasing three act comedy, "The Mollusc."

The cast of characters is as follows: Tom Kemp.....Edwin Evans  
Mr. Baxter.....Charles Fleming  
Miss Roberts.....Marion Evensen  
Mrs. Baxter.....Lillian Booth

This play constituted one of the regular "blanket tax" entertainments for the faculty and students of the college; and it was one of the most enjoyable numbers of the series so far given.

The plot of "The Mollusc" is exceedingly simple. The scene is laid in the sitting room of the Baxter's country house, thirty miles from London, and remains unchanged throughout the three acts. The only characters introduced are Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, Tom Kemp, brother of Mrs. Baxter, and Miss Roberts, the governess of the two children in the home. Tom Kemp, who has spent some years in the states, "breezes in" from the home of his adoption, in Colorado, for a visit to his sister and her family. He senses the situation in the household, almost immediately upon his arrival. Mrs. Baxter is a type of woman perhaps too common—a parasite, or, to use the more impressive title of the play, a human mollusc. Tom gives her this name, explaining that a mollusc is a creature that prefers clinging to exerting itself in any way. Indeed, the human mollusc portrayed in this play has become almost entirely dependent upon the efforts of others. The management of her household, the entertainment of her husband, the care of her children—everything—she has turned over to the capable Miss Roberts. Tom Kemp promptly falls in love with this young woman, and betrays the fact to his brother-in-law, whereupon the typical slow, easy-going Englishman is startled into a declaration of his own infatuation for her. With characteristic vigor and somewhat mixed motives, Tom takes matters into his own hands, reforms Dulcie (Mrs. Baxter), wins the girl's love, straightens out all the complications of the situation.

"The Mollusc," simple as it is, affords scope for a very considerable degree of acting ability. The audience were much divided in opinion as to the relative merits of the performers—first place being given to each of the four actors, by individual admirers. The acting was uniformly good, except in the opening act, which was far from convincing. Things went better from the first curtain to the end of the performance. It is impossible justly to discriminate. But if one must

### Normal First in State to be Classed as a Texas Senior College

President Hill of the West Texas State Normal College has received a letter from Miss Emma Mitchell, Chairman of the Board of Examiners, stating that the State Board of Examiners have recommended to Miss Blanton, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, that the West Texas State Normal College be placed on the list of Texas Senior Colleges.

It will be recalled that the Legislature authorized the State Normal Colleges to add to their course of study the work of the junior and senior college years. For several years students completing the four years' college course have been granted a Bachelor's degree. For the most part their work has been accepted by other institutions both in Texas and in other states, but it is not until now that official recognition of the work done has been formally given to the State Department of Education.

In a personal letter to President Hill, Miss Mitchell makes the following statements: "I recognize the fact that the Normal Colleges are meeting a special need and are, therefore, doing an unusually valuable work in the field of education, and for this reason I feel a keen interest in their success. Permit me to congratulate you on being the first of the Normal Colleges to receive this recognition and to wish for you an increased usefulness in future years."

### PAMPA MINISTER GIVES INSPIRATIONAL LECTURE

Reverend Paul J. Merrill, pastor of the Christian Church at Pampa, delivered an address in the College Auditorium the 14th and 15th at the chapel period on "The Brotherhood of Man." This address was the result of eighteen years of study in America and abroad of the problems confronting the human race.

The address was presented in the form of an allegory. The picture was: Humanity almost overburdened with her load of unsolved problems, with her bosom companion, Selfishness, who advises upon every occasion, is seeking an agency that will usher in the Brotherhood of Man. In this way she hopes to lighten her burdens. There comes a knock at the door and Armament Reform is admitted as an agency in bringing about the Brotherhood of Man by force. Selfishness advises that Humanity try it. She does, but Armament Reform fails. Then one at a time Political Reform, Industrial Reform, and Social Reform are ushered in as agents in bringing about the Brotherhood of Man. Each in his turn tries but fails. Lastly Education comes in. Humanity then leads in a small child and says, "Here is where I shall begin. I shall not attempt to reform the present generation. But I shall teach the rising generation to have Love for their bosom companion in place of Selfishness. I shall teach them to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them and to love their neighbors as themselves. This is my solution of your problems."

Reverend Merrill closed by picturing a tableau two or three generations hence in which Humanity was standing with upright head and shining eyes. Her arms are about the shoulders of her companion; and, lo, this companion is not Selfishness but Love.

try, perhaps Miss Evensen's enunciation should be mentioned. It is clear and therefore pleasing. It possesses, too, that indescribable "throaty" quality so seldom achieved by an American. It might be added that Mr. Evans' stage laugh is genuinely mirthful that his audience cannot refrain from joining in the wholesome fun which he pokes at "Dulcie." We are glad when she comes to her senses, which she does, as he does everything else, charmingly.

Now then—is it not impossible to particularize, in this case? Remains only to toss a bouquet to Mr. Fleming. But would he not refuse to pick it up, awkwardly but endearingly protesting, "It wouldn't be me."

—S. E. D.

#### ASPIRATION

Chaucer wrote poetry,  
Bunyan wrote prose;  
O that I could write  
Either of those!

—C. W.

## FRESHMEN LEAD!



## THE PRAIRIE

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### A CHALLENGE

Don't we believe in this school as Bo McMillan believed in Centre College?

Just before a hard game the boys were in the locker room at Centre dressing for the battle, when the coach began to talk. "Boys," he said, "I have never gone for religion very strongly, but I don't believe any one can truthfully say that I don't go straight. I know we have a strong team to play against, but boys, we have it in us to beat them. I can't pray myself; will some of you boys try to lead us in prayer?" The boys hardly knew what to do, but they felt as they had never felt before. At last one of them said, "O— it, let me pray."

When the boys went on the field they were nearly all crying. Were they sissy, or were they loyal? They were thinking of their school, what it meant to lose, and what it meant to win.

The game was played clean. It was one long to be remembered because of the wonderful victory now to the credit of the loyal, hard fighting foot-ball men.

Boys of the Old W. T. S. N. C., can we not do as well? We are boys of the same class if we will just stay in this old school and work as they did. I know that we can make a wonderful record even next year, but in about two or three years let us make our team one to surpass even Centre College.

Don't we think as much of our school as Centre College men do of theirs? Are we not all coming back next year? The basket-ball men are all coming back. (We hope and expect.) We are expecting almost all of the foot-ball boys back, with an addition of many new ones. Next year is going to be a great year for us in athletics. We are not going to meet defeat in basket-ball; our base-ball team is going to be excellent; our foot-ball team will be heard of in other places than Canyon.

If there is not a "Bo" in this school, let us make one. I challenge every boy who wants to help, first, this Old School, then himself, to meet me here next year for the foot-ball training camp.

—Odus Mitchell.

### THE ART OF TAKING A VACATION

The art of taking a vacation is not given to every man, even if he tries. As with all other things, there are those who can do it and those who cannot. One man will spend a thousand dollars and travel from Maine to California in an attempt to enjoy himself during a vacation. Another man can put on some old clothes and an old battered hat and start out with an old Ford car, and in five minutes the cares of the world are blotted out, his mind forgets the trials he has left behind, and he hears the call of nature as he leaves the city behind him.

There is an art in taking a vacation. Either you can do it or you cannot; and in this world where men are after the dollar rather than for living a beautiful life, most of us are apt to forget the way. Many people go about taking a vacation as if it were merely a substitution of one kind of work for another. But the art lies in whether or not you can forget your daily routine and in truth "lose yourself in play."

But look at those rare human beings from whom the spirit of the vacation has not been cast out. Such a being is the sort of man that can get into his little Ford and be carried far beyond his daily existence. Let him have but an afternoon off, and he will slip beyond this present world, and will truly "be dead to this old mean world" of ours. Some writer tells us of a humble clerk in New York, who was able to seat himself with stockinged feet on a barrel and open a good novel, and carry himself to another world.

Do you understand the art of taking a vacation?

—H. B.

### WHERE THE DEER DON'T RANGE

When the boss dropped into camp one afternoon about four o'clock, Shorty and I were just coming into the camp from up a branch canyon. After asking about the cattle, water, and 'chuck,' the 'caporal' casually remarked that there was a half mile of fence down between us and the Quien Sabe outfit; and then he turned the flivver toward the ranch headquarters, twenty miles to the east, and rode away.

The Quien Sabe fence, at the nearest point was only about five miles from camp. But the trails that led to it were rough, and to the rider who traveled them they seemed almost straight up. Of the three known paths that led to the fence we chose the shortest and roughest, on the morning following the visit from the boss. Sunrise found us high up the hill. As we swung around the crest of the hill to reach the ridge that we had to follow up the mountain, a lone white-tail jumped out of a thicket and ran pell-mell around the edge of the hill and disappeared in a hollow. Shorty profanely remarked that he never had his gun when he needed it.

The traveling continued to get worse as we climbed higher up the ridge. Shorty, who was riding a sure footed little plug, divided his time between picking the roughest road and taunting me because my saddle kept slipping back on my pony.

"If you won't pull the horn so hard it won't slip!"

"Quit holdin' so tight, you are cuttin' your horse's wind."

"Why don't you ride a horse that can climb?"

These are just a few of the gibes he threw back during that climb.

As we topped out we struck the fence and turned up it toward the west. When we had ridden four or five miles further, the fence crossed the head of a branch canyon, and turned south. There we found the fence that was down. Most of the day we worked on the fence. When we had finished at that point and had ridden on to the corner where the fence turned back west, Shorty suddenly decided he had worked enough for any one day and we began to talk about going to camp.

"It's either go back the way we came, which is about fifteen miles; go on to the head of the canyon and back down it, which is about seventeen or eighteen miles; or fall off down there, which will finish the trip." Shorty remarked as he pointed to the floor of the canyon several hundred feet below us.

"Well, so far as I'm concerned I believe I'll just tumble off," I remarked.

"Durned if I won't just dare you to follow me down," came from Shorty.

And so we began to pick our way down a hill side, where one crooked step on the part of the taker would never have been followed by another, crooked or straight. The ponies we rode were well trained and good "rock horses," but they snorted and tried to turn back. My pony struck a large rock with one foot and started rolling. By the time it reached the bottom there were thousands more like it chasing it down.

The rocks under Shorty's pony gave way, and down he slipped, spread out like a cat coming down a gallery post. When the pony stopped sliding by catching sound footing in a bush, my heart started trying to catch up for the time it had lost while the pony was sliding. Shorty turned a chalk white face back up the hill to me and I asked him very kindly what he wanted me to tell his folks.

"Blankety! Blankety! Blankety! Blank! Shut your ole yap, will you please," Shorty sang back at me.

A little further on we were obliged to swing around the hill, as there was no possible passage straight below. When we had picked our way about half a mile further around, a pair of eagles spied us coming their way, and deserted their nest with a scream.

An hour or more passed before we reached country where cattle had formed a path down the canyon floor. Our horses had stood up well, but were very tired and seemed to rest easier when we reached the bottom of the canyon.

When we reached camp at dusk and went in to prepare a much belated "dinner," Shorty turned to me and remarked, "You've heard about the places where angels fear to tread? Well, we've been today where deer fear to tread."

—A. S.

### CHRISTMAS IN TAMPICO

"Senorita, you are invited to the 'Allo Breaking' at the home of Senora Maria Vicente on the good night," was the substance of a note which I received soon after my arrival at home. I had been at several entertainments at Mrs. Vicente's home; therefore I knew I would miss something worth while unless I accepted the invitation to the "pot breaking" on Christmas night.

The house was decorated with vines, cape-jasmine, and orange-blossoms. It looked more like a June wedding than

a Christmas celebration to me. The children were sitting primly in stiff-backed chairs. Nothing but the sparkle in their fiery black eyes showed that they were excited. The older girls were sitting on one side of the room, the boys on the other side. The parents sat near the girls, seemingly on guard, but if one watched closely he would often see a maiden smile coyly at an ardent youth from beneath her fan as she pretended to fan herself.

Dinner was served at so late an hour that I was getting sleepy, but I wanted so badly to see that "Allo" broken that I forgot my weariness. Unless one has eaten Mexican cooking, one cannot dream how good it tasted. We had tamales, mole, enchiladas, tortillas, pan dulces, and many more dishes whose names I have forgotten.

After supper, we were taken to a lovely, fragrant smelling "patio" where, suspended from a rope and supported by a clothes-line, hung a huge pot. This pot was dressed up to resemble a doll. I was told that the pot was filled with goodies and that we were to break it in order to obtain the good things. We took turns about trying. We were blindfolded, given a long stick, turned around three times, and let loose. Some of us almost hit those looking on, others ruined the pretty flowers striking at them, and some just missed that doll! The reason they didn't hit it was because our host kept it out of danger by pushing the doll out of reach.

I suppose he got tired or wished to humor me; in either case I hit the jar and broke it into pieces amid the shouts and cheers of the others. Of all the scrambles one then ensued; the nimblest child received the larger amount of goodies.

After the "Allo" was broken, presents were given to the happy children, who retired, while the others danced a regular "break-down-dance" until dawn.

I became exhausted before dawn, but I will always remember the way in which the Mexicans celebrate Christ's birthday, thanking Him that we Americans have our own happy way in which to celebrate.

—C. E. J.

### ON WASHING MY FACE

Every one has his or her own peculiarities—at least, they seem peculiarities to other people, but to our own selves, they are the most natural things in the world; and for my part, I can't see why they should seem unusual in us, but rather we might consider those people who smile at us, the peculiar ones.

I like to wash my face. I have always liked to wash my face, every ways liked to wash my face, ever the wonderfully clean fresh feel of a carefully cleansed skin. And I am very carefully careful about performing this special task, and as a result have been the object of much ridicule and numerous so-called witticisms on my "peculiarity."

I have a certain manner in which I go about the task. The first necessity is a perfectly clean lavatory, and even though it may look quite clean, I cannot feel entirely at ease until I have applied Dutch Cleanser liberally, and used a goodly amount of energy in scrubbing. After the bowl is immaculate, I rinse the wash cloth thoroughly, fill the bowl with hot water—and I like it really hot—and then I am ready to begin. I believe in systematic washing. There are three stages in my face-washing exercises—first, preparation—second, presentation—and third, conclusion.

In the first stage I prepare my face by bathing it slowly with hot water until I feel that all the grease and grime is thoroughly loosened.

Then I am ready to enter the second stage—namely that of applying the soap. There is a real art in this step, I claim. I work up a soft creamy lather with my hands, and rub it in gently with my fingers.

After a very careful massage, I am ready for the third stage, which is really the most pleasant of all. I simply rinse off the soap with warm water, and then with vigorous dashings of cold water. After gently wiping and patting away the moisture, I breathe a sigh of pure delight! My face is clean.

When at length, I return to my room, my room-mate says: "Have you been all this time washing your face? You're the funniest girl I ever saw!"

But my face is clean and my conscience clear. A peaceful night of repose is assured.

—G. H. G.

There are 441 college associations with a total of 51,551 members.

### Palo Duro Barber Shop

(North Side of Square)

We appreciate your patronage.

J. M. DAUGHERTY, Prop.

## OUR OWN COLLEGE

BY PHEBE K. WARNER in Star-Telegram

Last Fall when the new Seventh District of the Texas Federation was sliced off the old First District it naturally created many new and interesting problems. The First District was always recognized for its push and progress and especially for its size. It included sixty-nine counties stretching from Fort Worth on the southeast to Texline on the northwest, north to Higgins and south to Snyder. This was a wonderful section of country larger than several of the Eastern States put together.

There was not a member in the First District who was not proud of their part of Texas. Yes, and there was a lot of sentiment felt down deep in the hearts of the women when it became necessary to divide the district. The one motive was for better work. The district was without question TOO BIG for any one set of club workers to reach. There were many possibilities going to waste for lack of somebody to take advantage of them.

No one knew and felt this keener than the women of the Panhandle and the South Plains. It was not because the West Texas women wanted to pull away from the mother district, but because the women of West Texas felt their work belonged nearer home. They knew there were thousands of women capable of doing the work that had nothing to do. They needed a new district to develop. And they needed a district to develop themselves into more useful citizens of Texas. They needed a president of their own, and a corps of officers all their own to work out the social and economical and educational problems of their particular part of the State. And like a wise, brave mother the First District saw and appreciated this condition and with many regrets for the division and many good wishes for the new district the West Texas delegates bid farewell to their mother at the Fort Worth meeting and went back to their homes to work out their own salvation, to reorganize their new district and go to work to be an honor and a glory to their mother and the State.

It was a hard proposition to divide such a stretch of country, because most of the people and most of the club workers were condensed in the least space, the counties adjacent to Fort Worth. But after careful calculations and consideration by the Executive Board, fifty-two counties in the Panhandle and South Plains were marked off for the NEW Seventh District, and seventeen in the First District. Still there were almost as many clubs left in the first as in the seventh and they were the larger clubs because they represented all the cities in the First District. Naturally most of the State and district workers were on the side of the First District. But that did not discourage the new district. Everything must have a beginning and it must begin at the beginning. Why was the old district so large it had to be divided? Simply because it had grown. And that is what the new district went home to do.

The first thing was to get to work. But before that could happen a whole new army of workers must be discovered and organized. With the appointment of the new officers came the question, where shall we begin and

what shall we do first to build up the greatest district in the State? Looking round, the different communities saw they had ONE STATE COLLEGE left in their district. And they at once resolved to seek the co-operation of that school to help develop the great natural and human resources of their district. The most natural thing to do, then, was to hold the first official meeting of the new Seventh District of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs at the West Texas State Normal College, at Canyon. This meeting was called for Feb. 3 and 4 of last week by the president, Mrs. Carl Goodman, on the invitation of the faculty of the West Texas State Normal College.

The meeting was two fold. First to get acquainted with our own college; second, to plan and decide upon a plan of work for the entire district. The first day was spent visiting the college and enjoying its work. The committee visited every department from the kindergarten to the faculty meetings and were the guests of the college at the annual musical recital given Friday night by Prof. Clark and his pupils in honor of the visitors.

Most everybody knows there is a West Texas State Normal College, but very few people even in the territory surrounding it know what the West Texas State Normal College is, the work it is doing, the standards of work the extent of the work and the wonderful equipment it represents. A State college, still in its "teens" in age, having once been entirely destroyed by fire, it stands today as one of the most complete and best equipped State Normals in the whole United States. With an enrollment of over 800 young men and women with a ratio of nearly two-fifths men and three-fifths women it is doing a work that no other institution could or would do. Sitting alone far out on the Western Plains, like a great

picture framed by the walls of the Palo Duro Canyon, in less than fifteen years it has drawn into its wonderful influence more than 8,000 Panhandle and Plains boys and girls, many of whom never would have drifted far enough away from home to have reached any other State Institution.

### SAMBO

When I lifted the lid of my trunk of childhood treasure, there lay Sambo peering out at me. Sambo is not just an ordinary rag doll, for his experiences have been different. On account of his chocolate color he has never been coddled, but, instead, he has been the very naughty boy of the Doll family.

One night the naughty Sambo was left out doors for punishment, and was found by the pup. Now only a few small bits of fuzzy, black fur are scattered promiscuously over his somewhat flat black head.

Two large white shoe buttons serve Sambo as eyes, and shine in daylight or darkness. His broad smiling lips are shaped with stitches of heavy red yarn.

He has always worn the same suit, a bright red broadcloth, stitched firmly to his unresisting body. A row of small black buttons trims the front of the coat, while the two small pockets are more ornamental than useful.

Sambo's arms are quite stiff and clumsy, and many small tufts of cotton protrude from his awkward finger tips. This, however, does not keep him from being a very good guard to ride in the base of the doll carriage, and ward off danger from the beautiful Flora Dora.

—L. O.

John L. McCarty is coaching the High School track team. He is developing some fast men, especially in the longer dashes, and has good material for the other events.

Roy Carver in Physics Class: "What direction would straight-up be at the north pole?"

Mr. Shirley: "Straight-up! Why, Roy, don't you know straight-up?"

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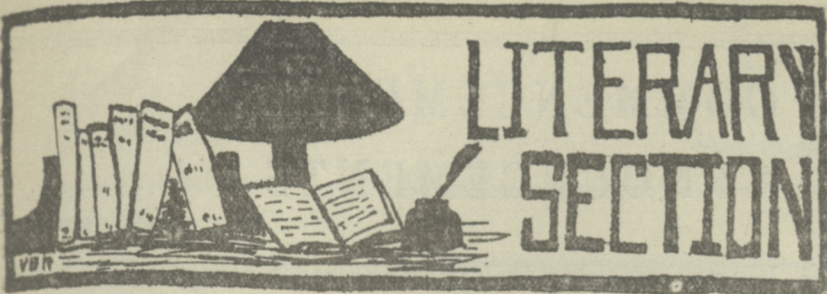
For School Supplies, Best Drinks, Fancy and Staple Groceries. Where your trade is appreciated.

Phones 166 and 234

## STUDENTS!

The merchants who advertise in "The Prairie" make possible the publication of the paper. Why not patronize the merchants who patronize us?





## A HOPE—A FEAR—A WISH

I have a hope when the sun shines  
That all the world is happy,  
Like the butterflies in our garden  
When all the flowers bloom,  
I wish I could sing you the beautiful  
songs

That I hear in our garden each day,  
The birds and the winds and the foun-  
tain  
All sing their songs to me.  
Bluebells jingle little tunes  
For the fairy dance.  
Down below the garden lies a brooklet  
That joins the harmony.  
The fairy folk dance till the light  
grows dim,  
Then they fly away with the last sun-  
beam,  
And I run away home from the dark.

I have a fear when the dark comes  
That all the world is dark,  
And everywhere the night is dreadful.  
For there's a great black cat on the  
garden wall;  
And a dragon beyond the gate;  
There are geni and witches a-watch-  
ing me  
And a horrid black dwarf in that cor-  
ner.  
Goblins and brownies are laughing at  
me.

The garden is full of legions of things—  
Ogres and giants and cannibal men.  
The night birds sing in funeral tones  
And the little creatures shriek in fear.  
The garden is cold—and I want to go  
in  
Because I am afraid of the dark.

I have a wish when I look at the fire-  
light  
That I could tell you the stories  
Which the flame-folk tell to me.  
It's a life of love and beauty  
Which the fire-people live.  
They build each other houses,  
And they sing each other songs.  
Sometimes the houses tumble down  
Then they have to build them up again.  
But their songs live all the time.  
Sometimes they sing their songs to me,  
And build me castles high.  
The castle walls always crumble  
And all the fire-flowers die—  
But the songs—they are still with me.  
—O. C.

APOSTROPHE TO  
THE APOSTROPHE

Oh, apostrophe! You heartless little  
despoiler of all my themes; you cruel  
little mischief maker, you! Elusive,  
evading, you are never where you be-  
long. You are like some gossiping old  
lady, always intruding where you are  
not wanted, and forever taking the  
wrong place at the wrong time. You  
are like some naughty, mischievous  
boy, never to be found when you are  
needed. Why, oh, why have you such  
a grudge against me? Why cannot we  
become as familiar friends as your  
brother, the period, or your sister, the  
comma? Why do you persist in in-  
serting yourself just in that place  
where no long-suffering English teacher  
could possibly tolerate you? Why  
do you explore my helpless paper for  
the most unheard of resting places,  
and creep slyly in to all my possessive  
adjectives? Why, you absurd little  
wretch, why are you never present in  
my can't's and don't's? Must you and  
I always remain strangers, O apostro-  
phe? Long have I sought your ac-  
quaintance; carefully have I endeavor-  
ed to cultivate your friendship, but all  
in vain. I long for your good-will—  
all day I try to conquer your indiffer-  
ence toward me, strive to break down  
the barrier that stands between us. I  
lie awake in the wee, small hours of  
the night, busying my weary brain  
with new schemes to gain your love.  
Will my reward never come? How

Hamburgers, Chili, Soup, Pie, Hot  
Chocolate, Sandwiches, Candy, and  
Fresh Fruit at

MRS. AMEND'S STORE

NORMAL BARBER SHOP

A Sanitary Shop

East side of Square

M. B. BRYANT, Prop.

DR. INGHAM

DENTIST

All Work Warranted

long, O apostrophe, how long must I  
seek thee?

—G. H. G.

## ON THE PRAIRIE

The mad winds sweep o'er the level  
plain  
Where the cow trails link in an endless  
chain,  
And the eagles nest and rear their  
twain,  
On the Prairie.

The nights are cool and the dawn is  
still,  
The coyote comes and goes at will,  
And the sun creeps up with a crimson  
thrill,  
On the Prairie.

The sun beats down from a cloudless  
sky,  
The heat waves dance from the parch-  
ed earth dry;  
While mirage water mocks the eye  
On the Prairie.

The rattle snake flattens himself to  
rest  
In the sun-baked heart of the Prairie's  
crest,  
For there's not a shade on her treeless  
breast—  
On the Prairie.

The sun droops low, o'er an amber rim,  
Purple shadows the distance dim.  
While the bull-bats close to the earth's  
breast skim  
On the Prairie.

—Vivian Edith Rayzor.

## THE "FREIGHTER"

Rough, uncultured, and fearless he  
was; a plainsman of a peculiar type.  
An important character the freighter  
was in his time, forming as he did the  
connecting link between the small in-  
land towns and the railroad stations.  
With great regularity he made the  
trips of perhaps one hundred miles;  
hauling provisions, lumber, and coal  
inland, and returning with wheat or  
other grain.  
As he approached a town, he almost  
invariably announced his coming with  
a series of terrific reports from his  
writhing whip, pride of his heart. For  
although he was an expert rider, his  
affections were not centered on a ten-  
dollar cowpony, a fifty-dollar saddle,  
and a horse-hair lariat; instead, the  
freighter fondled a long, slender,  
plaited whip, tipped with buckskin  
and attached to a short hickory stock.  
He selected the whip with the greatest  
care—usually it was a "Yonkley," the  
product of a man named Yonkley.  
With this weapon he was a master per-  
former. At his bidding, the whip hissed,  
leaped, and struck like an angry  
serpent. With a flourish he could  
flick a fly from the ceiling, sever a  
rattlesnake's head cleanly, tame a  
drunken Indian, or skillfully direct a  
team of eight or ten vicious young  
mules, as the situation demanded.

It was not an uncommon occurrence  
to see a freighter leave town in an un-  
steady condition. Usually, however,  
strange to say—he was sober enough  
to direct the leading team at the cross-  
roads. Once on the main road, the  
leading mules needed little attention.  
Night falling, perhaps the freighter  
would drive into the "Ten-Mile House,"  
the "Fourteen-Mile House," or the  
"Half-Way House," as the wagon-  
yards were called. In these stopping  
places, he would care for his teams,  
then—if he were extravagant—order  
a hot meal prepared by the lady of  
the house. Or perhaps he preferred to  
cook his meal on the little bachelors  
stove in the bunk house, where he  
might enjoy the stories and jokes of  
his fellow freighters. Few men ever  
approach the profane eloquence of the  
bunk-house story-teller! If he could  
induce some of the younger men to  
fight, so much to his power! When  
they had exhausted their supply of  
yarns, the freighters crawled into rude  
bunks, two high, built into the sides  
of the bunk-house.

Should night fall while he was far  
from a house, the freighter promptly  
halted—by a stream if possible—fed  
his teams in boxes fastened to the  
sides of the wagons, and cooked his  
meal over a fire made of sage-brush  
roots. A rusty frying pan, filled with  
bacon, beans, and perchance an egg,  
would contain the bulk of the meal. A  
lard pail satisfied the remaining needs:  
to the freighter it was dinner pail,  
water bucket, coffee pot, stew pan, or  
teakettle—as the occasion might re-  
quire. He slept on the ground, on  
bedding that was carried in a huge  
roll on the front wagon. If a rattle-  
snake shared the bed with him, there  
was not usually cause for alarm. The  
ever-present coyotes furnished the

evening concert, and acted in the capa-  
city of camp scavengers.

While possessed of much pride, and  
a fickle temperament, the freighter  
was not a mean man. Though numer-  
ous to a thief, he was as kind and  
gentle as a mother to a comrade in  
distress. He knew one law—fair play  
—and it is to his credit that he kept  
this law conscientiously.

The freighter's time is past. There  
are few who sing his praises, but  
others will always remember his pec-  
uliar part in the development of the  
Panhandle region.

—O. E. H.

AN "IF" FOR ENGLISH STUDENTS  
(With apologies to Kipling)

If you can study books while those  
around you,  
Are leaving theirs for East End or  
the show;  
If you can read assignments when it's  
needful,  
Although your pals are urging you  
to go.  
If you can write a simple exposition,  
Explaining clearly how a thing is  
done;  
Or write a type of paper called Narra-  
tion,  
Recounting one full day of joy and  
fun;

If you can write description, clear and  
forceful,  
Or make an outline that will stand  
the test;  
If you can "keep your daily theme eye  
open;"  
(The motto that Miss Davis likes  
the best);

If you can write a letter for inspection,  
With due regard for substance,  
charm, and style;  
Without a "period fault" or "comma  
blunder,"  
Consulting Woolley's Handbook all  
the while;

If in your writing you regard the  
Technique  
For English 31 a, b, and c.  
Observe your margin, penmanship, and  
spelling,  
And find these things correct as they  
should be;

If you can keep a notebook quite in  
order,  
The contents free from red ink, F's,  
and E's;  
If all your themes are marked, "Good!"  
May I have this?  
And not a one is labeled, "Copy,  
please;"

If, when you've done this you can take  
the "final,"  
Of twenty questions miss not more  
than one;  
You'll win the admiration of your  
teacher,  
And, what is more, you'll make an  
"A," my son.

—A. C.

## MOODS

There are all kinds of moods: Indi-  
cative, subjective, melancholy, devilish,  
serious, and wild moods. We are sup-  
posed to get acquainted with the first  
two before leaving high school. But  
the others? They are always inter-  
fering. They seem to be necessary  
pests. We continually have to be on  
our guard against them, or they will  
get the controlling hand. They come  
out of nowhere, and are gone before  
we know what made them leave.

Haven't you felt so melancholy, so  
gloomy, so dismal that you wanted to  
see no one? You wanted to go off by  
yourself and think. You gazed at  
this wonderful old earth through blue  
spectacles. Everything and everybody  
was wrong; you, perhaps, have even  
doubted that there was a God in  
Heaven who could permit such a world  
to continue. And all the time it was  
yourself who were wrong.

Then you have felt devilish, oh so  
very devilish! You absolutely could  
not keep your mind on your lessons.  
You felt as if you really had to shove  
the arm of the person next to you in  
the library, and cause him to ruin his  
page of notes. The library, of all  
places—this silence—you must let out  
a scream! You rush from the room,  
meet your pal, and plot something to  
do. Studying is the last thing to at-  
tempt in such a case. Walking is very  
beneficial; walk until you are too tired  
to think, and you will be as mild as a  
kitten, or rather an old cat.

Occasionally you are serious. Yes,  
even the most gay of people, are some-  
times serious. You think a long while,  
then go talk to someone, some dear old  
pal who understands you in all your  
moods. This pal will talk seriously  
with you. Together you will arrive at  
certain conclusions. These may be  
about missionaries in China, or the  
modern view-point of life, or if you  
think far enough your discussion may  
end with, "What is life anyway?" But  
tomorrow you are normal again.

Fortunately, wild moods are not fre-  
quent. If they were, we might not be  
where we are today. However, there  
are times when you feel like rebelling,  
breaking loose from all these conven-  
tions. You want to go out where the  
sun is setting, or to follow a long  
winding trail, or if you stand on the

shore and gaze oceanward, you want  
to be out yonder where sky and ocean  
meet; you have an insane desire, an  
impulse to follow a mountain path.  
You want to get away from prevalent  
customs, to go out where nature calls.  
You forget your ties, your duties, your  
obligation to society; you are, for the  
moment, the primitive creature stand-  
ing on a cliff, the cliff of society, gaz-  
ing on the jungles of the infinite.

Ah! but you are soon brought back  
to your former position; you take up  
the old tread of affairs, no better, per-  
haps, but certainly no worse for your  
flight.

—K. C.

## THE PLAINS

The singers of old have told us  
Of beauty of wood and stream.  
But none of the ancient songsters,  
Of the plains could ever dream.

When the sun settles down in the even-  
ing  
And the cattle are ready to bed,  
And the far off sun in his glory  
Is sinking in gorgeous red;

And the wind seems very gentle,  
And the coyote calls for his mate;  
No man in the world could venture  
Upon an errand of hate.

God made the plainsmen brothers,  
And though they may kill in the day  
He calls them together at evening  
And takes all their hatred away.

They love always in the evening  
When trouble is cleared away,  
And God is a Silent Partner.  
Of the men at the end of the day.

They listen to stories of Mother  
Of Brother or Sister or Dad,  
And picture the heart touching picture  
Of homes that each of them had.

God gave us the plains for their beauty,  
For spaces to breathe the fresh air,  
And know just a bit of the power  
That he manifests everywhere.

—T. P. V.

## ON BOBBED HAIR

An epidemic of bobbed hair has been  
sweeping over the land. It invades  
alike the palace and the hovel; its vic-  
tims are both the matron and the maid.  
Alike the idle flapper and the dignified  
college instructor bow down before it.  
Unlike most epidemics, it bears no  
taint of death and sorrow; instead  
there follows in its wake paeans of re-  
joicing. Then, on with the bobbed  
hair!

"Alas!" sighs the man, "How  
could'st thou part with that which is  
the crowning glory of Womanhood?"  
Oh! stupid man, crowns are passe.  
They were fashionable back in the  
Dark Ages.

Many a woman not so old, but bor-  
dering the lack-lustre years, has found,  
in this happy fad, the fountain of  
youth. To many a maid not old  
enough to make her debut, have been  
ascribed the dignity and propriety of  
young ladyship, just because bobbed  
hair has made her age an uncertainty.

Someone has said that woman's eter-  
nal problem was to keep a man guess-  
ing, and here is the solution. Bob your  
hair, and see if they will not all be  
wondering, "Is she fifteen, or is she  
thirty-five?"

There is a genius that can perform  
wondrous works of magic as myster-  
iously, as magically, as did the genii  
of the world-famous Aladdin's Lamp.  
If you are tired of being just "you,"  
call forth the genius, and Lo! you will  
be transformed into a newer, freer  
personality—just bob your hair!

—V. W.

## WHAT'S UP?

Something's doing,  
Something's brewing;  
"Fish" reviewing!  
Each one "stewing."

All seem worried;  
Actions hurried,  
Flustered, flurried—  
Hope seems buried.

Teachers sighing,  
Patience flying;  
Work is trying—  
Sleep-defying.

Mystery's clearing!  
Hark! I'm hearing  
Sounds of cheering;  
Dawn is nearing!

Exams are o'er,  
Red ink galore!  
Many happy, few "sore"—  
But no one's crying, "Give us more!"

—O. E. H.

## NOTICE

Heretofore no charges have been  
made for the services of the Committee  
on The Placing of Teachers. However  
the recent demands on the committee  
have been so great funds are no longer  
available for the purpose of carrying  
on this work. Hence it will be neces-  
sary in the future to charge a fee of  
one dollar for enrollment with the  
committee. The fee is to be paid  
upon enrollment and no other charge  
will be made.

L. F. SHEFFY,  
Chairman, Committee of Teachers.

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Canyon, Texas

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## CANYON CITY SUPPLY COMPANY

PHONES 25 and 27

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WHY?

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\$5.00 Short Order Meal Ticket for \$4.00

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## THE TRIPLE QUARTETTE

"Go'ge Washington Jackson Perry Scott, I done tol' yo' what I'se gonna do to you 'f yo' draps dat basket o' clo'es. Why ain't you done took 'em to Miss Mary's, lak I tol' you? An' fo' de lan's sake hurry back wid dat money. I want's a chicken fo' suppuh."

George Washington Jackson Perry Scott was not to be hurried by threats or entreaties, nor even by the hope of fried chicken for supper. He moved slowly down the alley to Miss Mary Allen's. There was no reason for hurrying to her house. She never gave him anything, and never told him anything but to be sure to latch the gate and not to step on the cat's tail. There was simply no fun to be had at the Allen place; so he went very slowly, pretending to himself that the basket was heavy.

Just as he reached the back gate he heard mysterious noises coming from the Allen garage. He dropped the basket near a friendly looking fountain, and ran to the back window of the garage. He had a good position to see what was taking place in the empty room.

Such a battle was not often seen in Franklin Street. About sixteen boys were fighting, everyone for himself and against all others. The proud mothers of Franklin Street had spent days and days transforming their sons into sixteen nationalities of old warriors. The Boys' Club—it had a name too long to be remembered—had just given the Mothers' Club a fine show of the old warriors—their costume, weapons and manner of warfare. But the women had gone, and only the little negro saw the stately warriors lay aside their knives and fight in the modern boy's way. The spectator could not recognize any of the boys, for all he could see was sixteen pairs of feet and legs kicking from a multi-colored heap which had also thirty-two fists, pounding nothing for certain, but aiming at everything.

After a while the kicking match stopped, and a free-for-all quarrel began. The racket stopped when someone saw the boy in the window.

"Tain't nobody but Gage's 'Choc-late'."

"Come on in, Choc." "Choc" went in and was given floor space in a corner. Then the dispute began again.

"You know you did it yourself, Otis," the most freckled boy said.

Otis grunted something that sounded suspicious.

"You're another un, you'll ole bluff baby," the Freckles sneered. "You're always grouchin' and objectin' to everything the Club does."

"Long-Dick, you just shut your mouth, or ill—"

"You won't do nothin' you say you will."

"I will, if you aren't careful."

"Just come on then, old bluffer!" Otis would probably have proved himself a coward at this point, but for the sudden appearance of somebody's big brother. The new-comer was welcomed with shouts and a shower of shelled corn.

He paid no attention to that; in a tone of superiority he asked, "Is the Holy Alliance busted already?"

"Tain't no Holy Alliance."

"Triple Alliance then?"

"No!" Shouted all the boys at the disagreeable intruder.

"Not Ku Kluxes, I hope."

"You'll think Ku Klux—Dick couldn't express his meaning with words; so he threw it in the form of an Indian war club at the offender's head. A successful dodge let the weapon pass and hit the negro boy."

All the boys laughed at him. He ran out, much disappointed. He had wished very much that the boys on West End might have a "Club" like this, but now he wasn't so sure. Then he noticed that it was getting dark, and remembered the clothes. He jumped for the basket, but it seemed heavier. He felt something run down his back. He looked up just in time to get a heavy sluice from the fountain, right on his head. He understood the heaviness of the basket then.

For the first time in his life Choc was in trouble which he could not run from. He could not take the soaked linen to Miss Mary—he hadn't forgot the time he carried her a nice little puppy in the top of the basket—; he couldn't leave the clothes there. He grabbed the basket and ran faster than the dark to the little shack back to the Giles' house. He didn't answer Horace Giles' "Hello, Chocolate," nor pay any attention to Fatty Brewster's inviting whistle. He almost fell into the cabin door.

"What you got, chile? I done tol' yo' pa you wouldn't stay 'way fo' nothin'." He done brung me a nice basket of vittles from Miss Mary.—Fo' de Lord's sake, what's this? Go'ge Scott, 's them my white clo'es I poned fo' Miss Mary? Why n't you say 'suppin'? She followed this up with a long lecture and condemnation which meant nothing to the prodigal but that he was a good-for-nothing negro, and was to get no supper.

He left the house to find Horace and Fatty. They were his old stand-bys. They knew he was a good-for-nothing

negro, but they didn't care. He turned with new hope, and said to the pet goat, "Come on Biff, don't nobody want us 'roun' here."

Biff led Choc to the back of the Brewster barn. There Fatty was slicing bacon, and Sid Morris was breaking eggs. At sight of Choc they welcomed him in their usual way.

"Come on, you'll ole' Chocolate drop, it's your turn to bring the wood."

Choc knocked some boards off the lot fence, and started the fire.

"O, Choc, the' ain't no sugar, you and Biff go git some."

Choc and Biff raced back to the house. They pushed open the back door, and Biff walked in. After putting his nose into every sack in the kitchen, he found some sugar, and came out chewing the twist off the sack. Choc got the sugar and ran back to the boys. Biff followed like a whirlwind. The fire was saved from destruction only by his flipping over it. That began the fun, which increased after the supper was eaten.

When they were too tired to play any longer, Fatty rolled around with the goat, while Sid told a story that made their teeth pop. When it came Choc's turn to "tell something" he related his experience of the afternoon, not omitting a word that was said.

"Say Choc, didn't they say nothin' that 'ud 'splain what 'triple' means?" "O, dat means they's somebody in de bunch what ain't quite like de rest. De triple in dere club wuz a red-head. Dey wanted to put him out—"

"Well, then, Choc, you're the 'triple' in our bunch—but we ain't gonna put you out just because you're chocolate coated."

"Aw, Fatty, lem'me talk," put in Horace. "We gotta name ourselves something. We're just as important as them Franklin Streeters."

"Let's be an Alliance of—"

"Not no 'lance neither—that's what them Franklin kids wuz fightin' 'bout—one called another 'un a 'lance."

"Not an alliance, Choc, you mean—"

"Don't make no diffence what I mean, we ain't goin' to call ourselves no 'lance."

"But we gotta have a name—"

"I say, fellers," said Sid after a sudden thought, did you see that there 'quartette' thing over at school?"

"What's that got to do with our name?"

"Quartette, boy, quartette—that means a jolly bunch like us," Sid explained.

"Le's be a qua'tette then—"

"But that doesn't get you in, Chocolate, you're not like us," Fatty reminded him.

"No, Choc's a 'triple', so we'll have to call it the 'Triple Quartette' to get us all in."

When this fitting name was finally agreed upon, three members of the band began seriously to discuss the nature of the union. The fourth member's legs, being very fat, were also very tired. It would be restful to place at least one of them across the knees of the nearest boy. Fatty proceeded to find out if it would not be better to have both of them there. But two fat legs were too much for Horace. He quickly jumped aside, letting Fatty fall almost into the fire. Then Fatty bounced up and fell upon Horace. Sid thought he was needed to balance the two; so he fell upon them. Choc, wishing to keep peace in the brotherhood, stooped to pull out some legs—then like a "rushing mighty wind," the goat rushed up, and with lowered head, dissolved the meeting for the night.

—O. C.

## MY FIRST VISIT TO A BARBER SHOP

In the average small boy's opinion the worst disgrace that can befall him is to have curls. In this respect I was even more intolerant than the average little boy. I hated worse than poison the long, yellow curls that I wore. They were the source of unlimited trouble to me. I had fights innumerable because my little playmates insisted on calling me a sissy and taunting me almost beyond endurance. My mother and two sisters liked my curls as much as I disliked them; consequently I had to stand still several times every day while my hair was being untangled and curled around a loving finger, while I knew that I could have been spending the time much more profitably in playing out of doors.

On my fourth birthday my eighteen year old uncle came to make us a visit. The second day he called me and told me that we were going to town, but added that I was not to tell my mother anything about it. I was willing and soon found myself in a veritable wonderland, where the walls were all mirrors, and jolly talkative men were snipping their scissors thru the hair of other men. While I was gazing wide-eyed around me, one of the barbers chided "Next," at which my uncle helped me into the chair and told the barber to "make a boy out of the kid," adding, "he's all right every other way." The jolly barber soon won my confidence, and did as my uncle directed. With astonishment and almost with awe, I watched him in

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the mirror, as he clipped the long hateful things away. He was soon through, and as I ran my hand back and forth through my close cropped hair, I was speechless with delight.

I went back home literally treading on air. I was unconscious of every thing except that I was rid of my curls. I burst in on an astonished mother and sisters, shouting, "O, look, looky at me!" My mother stormed and my sisters cried; but I did not care in the least. I rushed out of the house, proudly showing my short hair and shouting to my playmates, "O, looky at me! I ain't a sissy any more!"

—B. H.

## STUDYING TOGETHER

Studying together is, in the opinion of my roommate and me, the most pleasant and profitable way to study. We always live up to our creed, and when temperature, hours, and public opinion are agreeable, we have the whole house in to study with us. I start the business of preparing the most important lesson by placing chairs for all the girls. They are in good spirits for study, and respond immediately by curling up on the bed, resting on the arm of a chair, and finding other positions encouraging to mental exercise.

My roommate at once begins, reading the lesson. She reads almost a whole paragraph of uplifting wisdom without giggling. But in a sudden encounter with a long word she loses her voice. After a few minutes she regains her normal speech, with the help of some chewing-gum which I always keep for just such emergencies.

Then follows a few minutes of quiet study, ended by the discovery of a strange word. Six different meanings are set forth and maintained. In the argument that follows, nothing is intelligent but pinches and giggles. To settle the dispute, I give five precious minutes from study to finding the dictionary. My roommate, of course, thoroughly misunderstands Webster, and even giggles at my scholarly explanation of the word.

Having disposed of the word, we are not delayed any more until someone whispers a joke. The undignified frolic that follows the telling of the joke is exasperating to me. I take upon myself the lead in the discussion, with the determination that they shall not wander from the subject again. Being naturally a patient person, I show no displeasure at the appearance and sudden disappearance of some small cakes; but when a box of chocolate is passed around, I consider it my special duty to stop as much of it as possible.

The supper bell sounds suddenly, and we all hurry singing, joking, and laughing to the dining room. Back in our room is my roommate, still reading Canby, fussing at Webster, and contradicting Woolley, and all the while declaring she has got nothing from our study, which I think is most excellent.

—O. C.

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