

THE PRAIRIE

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

VOL. I

CANYON, TEXAS, MONDAY, MAY 17, 1920.

NUMBER 17

TENTH ANNIVERSARY TO BE CELEBRATED

Home Coming West Texas State Normal College, Canyon, Texas, May 30th, to June 4th, 1920.

Sunday, May 30, 10:30 A. M.
Commencement sermon, Dr. Herbert Bigelow, Cincinnati, Ohio.
College Auditorium.

Monday, 8 P. M.
Cantata—Training School.

Tuesday, 10:30 A. M.

(a) Class presentations—Training School.

(b) Class presentations—Class of First Year.

(c) Class presentations—Class of Second Year.

Tuesday, 2:30 P. M.

Reunion of Individual Classes.

Tuesday 8 P. M.

Musical Concert—College Orchestra.

Wednesday, 10:30 A. M.

(a) Class presentations—Class of Third Year.

(b) Class presentations—Class of Fourth Year.

(c) Class presentations—Class of Fifth and Sixth Years.

2:30 P. M.

Grand Processional of Faculty, Students and Ex-Students.

3:30 P. M.

Field Sports on Athletic Field.

8:00 P. M.

Pageant—Students and Faculty.

Thursday, 10:30 A. M.

Assembly of Home Comers and Addresses by Mr. Cousins, Mr. Marquis, and Ex-Students.

Address of Welcome—Pres. Hill.

2:30 P. M.

Unveiling of Soldiers' Memorial Tablet.

Alumni meeting 6 to 8 P. M.

Special entertainment 8:30.

Commencement Day, June 4, 1920

Address—Hon. R. B. Cousins, First President of the West Texas State Normal College.

Presentation of Certificates and Diplomas, and conferring degrees—Pres. J. A. Hill.

Pupils' Annual Recital

The annual open recital of the music pupils was given in the College Auditorium Thursday evening, May 6th, at 8 o'clock. The following program was rendered:

Theme from Calif of Bagdad—Violin Ensemble—Boildieu—Else Conner, Fred Oberst, Anadel Guenther, Josie Wiggins.

Song Without Words, No. 9—Mendelssohn—Pauline Rice.

Roses in June—German—Grace Milam.

Happy Farmer—Schumann—Louise Shanklin.

Minuet in G—Beethoven—Fred Oberst.

Butterfly—Hugo Reinhold—Mary D. Meinecke.

Goodbye Sweet Day—Kate Vannah—Thelma Black.

Gypsy Boy—Schytte—Josephine Duflot.

Song Without Words—Jeane Conte—Anadel Guenther.

Minuet—Norris—Cora Rankin.

Is It Goodbye—Marston—Annie Beene.

Dollie's Dream and Awakening—Theo Osten—Pauline Steele.

Cantilena (Cantabile in G)—Andre—Odecia Greer.

Hunting Song—Leo Ornstein—Margaret Dillon.

Song from India—Rimsky Korsakov—Margaret Guenther.

Frolic—Mana Zucca—Dessie Mae Steele.

Hunting Song—Bachmann—Josie Wiggins.

To Spring—Greig—Hazel Allen.

Overture to Zampa—Piano Ensemble—Herold—Hazel Allen, Mary D. Meinecke, Dessie Mae Steele, Pauline Rice.

One Sunday morning Miss Funk was sitting by her window reading. A little 3-year old boy was outside beneath the window, busily pounding on a can. Becoming annoyed, Miss Funk leaned out the window and said: "George, don't you know it is wrong to hammer on Sunday?"

Without looking up the little boy replied: "Yes'm, but I ain't hammering on Sunday, I am hammering on de tin can."

SOPHOMORE EDITION

Home Comers' Special Day
Thursday of Home Coming week has been designated as Ex-Students, Alumni and Ex-Faculty Day. Come and help make it a grand success. The following program has been scheduled:

10:30 A. M.

Assembly of Home Comers and visitors.

Address of Welcome—Pres. J. A. Hill.

Addresses by Ex-Pres. Cousins, Prof. R. L. Marquis, Ex-Students and others.

2:30 P. M.

Unveiling of Soldiers' Memorial Tablet.

Music by College Orchestra.

Presentation—Prof. J. W. Reid.

Acceptance—Pres. J. A. Hill.

8:30 P. M.

Special entertainment under auspices of Music Department of the College.

Activities of the Sophomore Class

The illustrious career of the Sophomore Class of Nineteen Twenty began on September 30, 1919. Mr. Lewis Hardin was chosen to lead us through the initial struggles of the year, and had for his worthy assistants:

Glen Aikers—Vice President.

Gladys Downing—Secretary.

Custer Service—Treasurer.

Willie McClellan—Annual Rep.

Under the guidance of Mr. Hardin we were one of the first classes to commence class activities. As we are always ready to have a good time, we got busy at once and gave the first class party of the year.

At the beginning of a new year and quarter the following officers were chosen to direct us through the bleak and barren months of winter:

Willie H. Kennon—President.

Frank Farmer—Vice President.

Gladys Milhollon—Sec'y.—Treas.

Willie McClellan—Annual Rep.

A. E. Hunt—Prairie Rep.

On the first of March we gave another party. But we were not satisfied with just entertaining ourselves; so we invited—not another class—but each of us invited our nearest and dearest friend. Of course we had a great time.

The following officers were chosen to conduct us through the "home stretch" of the year:

James Bloxam—President.

Allen King—Vice President.

Paul Johnson—Secretary.

Gladys Downing—Treasurer.

Willie McClellan—Annual Rep.

Glen Aikers—Prairie Rep.

One of the memorable events of the year was our trip to the canyons. On that day we forgot all our troubles in the form of teachers and textbooks, and I am sure our efforts to have a good time were better rewarded than are our efforts to make A's.

We are indeed proud of our record in athletics. Our basket-ball team won the championship of the school, while on the famous base ball team of the college we had five men.

We have some very notable men in our distinguished class. The Apollos of the College could be found only among us, and what we prize still more is the fact that we have the honor of claiming one of the most brilliant men of the Inter-Normal debating team.

Although we think we have established an excellent record, all has not been happiness and easy going. We had in our course the "Jonah" of the College—Math 23. Many of us have heard these words of woe, "You failed in English 23, History 24, or Math. 23."

A Momentous Crisis in a Student's Career

He had cast many wistful and loving glances in her direction. He was timid, and his collar always grew uncomfortably tight when he started to ask her for a date. Thus things went on for a few weeks. Then he determined to "do or die." His heart was pounding like a sledge hammer as he neared the all-important subject. His voice shook, and he choked just a little. But somehow or other he managed to speak. She did not seem surprised in the least; she was silent a moment and then nonchalantly smiled: "I guess so."

The Good News Is Pouring In
Among those who have notified us that they will attend the Home Coming are the following:

Grace Brewer, Ochiltree.

Ivan Luce, Ochiltree.

Birdie Lee Buckhalter, Vernon.

Lois Bumgartner, Miami.

Jimmie Knox, Clarendon.

Mary Meadow, Post City.

Minnie Bell Clubb, Petersburg.

Gladys Gill, McCaulley.

Thelma Jones, Abertathy.

Mary Evans, Abertathy.

B. A. Myers, Abertathy.

Charles Smith, Plainview.

Cecil and Willard Montgomery, Dimmitt.

Herman Glass and Eva Denson, Wichita Falls.

A. L. Tarlton, Clayton, N. M.

Hilliard Fatherree, Hawley.

Frances Charles and Ethel Tubbs, Amarillo.

Rosa Lee Moore, Memphis.

Mrs. Hester Stall, Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Reed.

Clay Thornton, Tolbert.

Juanita Beal, Sweetwater.

Olive Slaughter, Amarillo.

The Pageant

Wednesday evening's feature of Home Coming week will be a pageant now being prepared under the direction of Miss Brown. This pageant is entitled "Alma Mater, the Immortal."

It is an allegorical representation of the history of the West Texas State Normal College.

The period prior to the existence of the school and its establishment is shown in a series of scenes in which Quaesitor, the pioneer of the Plains, is seen struggling with the forces of nature and of ignorance. The spirit of Progress comes to his rescue; the result is the release of Alma Mater from a stone, where, before her birth, she has been imprisoned by the forces of evil.

After her release, the sons and daughters of Quaesitor sit at the feet of the Alma Mater and become the Disciples of Learning. They go into the far places, performing miracles; they heal the blind, the lame, and cast out the devils of ignorance.

Other leading events in the history of the institution are featured. Among them are the destruction of the first building by fire; the war activities of the College; the departure of our first president and the instating of his successor; and finally, the Home Coming, at which Alma of her disciples and points to them to the future, "where long centuries of splendid dares and grand fulfillments lie untouched, awaiting the inspired hand of the Disciple of Learning to touch them into eternal activity."

"The Pierrot of the Minute"

The Expression and Physical Education Departments presented in the Auditorium on Wednesday evening a production of rare artistic merit. A dramatic phantasy, "The Pierrot of the Minute," was played by Misses Sadie O'Connell and Frieda Michell.

Miss O'Connell as Pierrot was a captivating boy, frankly moon-struck and so convincing that only a few moments were required to bring the audience into sympathy with the romantic mood of the play.

The character of the Moon Maiden was equally well sustained by Miss Michell, who seemed in very truth a dweller in that realm where

"the air

For mortals' breath is too refined and rare."

Her dancing was an exquisite feature of the little phantasy.

The setting was in the new manner, with small attention to detail, but in which line and color were suggestive, creating the desired atmosphere.

Excellent music was furnished by the College Orchestra, and incidental violin music by Miss Mary Clark.

Fifth and Sixth Year Class Entertained

Easton Allen entertained the fifth and sixth year class at his home last Saturday night. Hazel and Harper Allen assisted in the serving of delightful refreshments. Those present were: Misses Marie Fronabarger, Viola Ballard, Sara and Ruth Thompson, Mary Ethel Adams, Bernice Parker, Lizzie Kate Smith, Gracie Penrod, Vivian Benson and Mr. Marcellus Hawkins.

Mr. Basil Walker went to Dumas last Saturday to attend the closing exercises of the school.

Miss Aikin's Art class will go to the canyons for a picnic next Monday.

As a Sophomore Sees It
I would not be a Senior;
I'll tell you the reason why:
They act so bloomin' dignified,
And hold their head so high.

They move about with stately mien;
They know that they'll "get by,"
Because they think—well, they
Are next thing to the faculty.

I would not be a Junior;
It almost makes them cry
To meet the Seniors in the hall,
Who coldly pass them by.

They can't see why their fate is so,
Any one so learend they say—
How could a Senior stand a show
When Juniors have the day?

I used to be a Freshman—
With reluctance, I admit it.
It really is surprising
How they ever make a credit.

They think themselves far up the
height
Of the path that leads to knowledge;
This is only the effect of
Spending "one" year in this College.

I am a Sophomore now;
We have the best class of them all;
We attempt most any thing once,
And it's seldom ever we fail.

We have our ideals fixed high;
None of us aim to "flunk";
And when it's all over, O, joy—
We won't have to be a Soph. but just
once.

Cousins First Team Defeats Antlers

The Antlers were confident; the Cousins were hopeful. It was an ideal day for a game. The air was cool, and had been cleaned by a spring shower the previous day. The teams backed by enthusiastic rooters, were full of fight and determination. Coach Willy was umpire and called the game at 4:10. The struggle was hard and the score stood 6 to 6 at the last half of the ninth inning. The Cousins men were at the bat. Allen was first; he struck out. Williams went to second. Whippo came to the plate. He hit one over the left field; this brought Williams home and advanced Whippo to third. The score was now 7 to 6 in favor of the Cousins.

Canyon Defeats Tulia by Score of 11 to 8

In a loosely played game, the W. T. S. N. C. baseball team defeated a mixed team of the Tulia High School and the town team by a score of 11 to 8. The score ran rather evenly until the 8th inning. At this point in the game Tucker of Tulia took the place of Cockran as pitcher and the batters pounded his easy balls all over the diamond. Akers, as usual with him, pitched a safe, consistent and dependable ball. Several star plays were made, and several bad errors were recorded. Canyon registered 14 hits and Tulia 15. Canyon's batters were Akers and Hill; Tulia's, Cockran, Tucker, and Stroup.

Cousins Win Over Antlers

On Thursday afternoon of May 6th, one of the most unusual ball games of the season was played by the scrub teams of the Antlers and Cousins Literary Societies. One of the most notable features of the game was the number of excellent pitchers used by each team.

The batteries were as follows: Cousins: Williams, Allen, Keller, and Cope; Antlers: Hunt, Lohn, Key, Lynch, and Bloxham. No regular team men were allowed to play, and many of the men were hastily picked and went into the game with little practice beforehand. Nevertheless the game was exciting from start to finish. A number of really good plays were made. Bloxham did some excellent work in center field for the Antlers, while Williams, a Cousin, proved himself a catcher of unusual ability. The final score stood 26 to 11 in favor of the Cousins.

Wednesday Afternoon Luncheon

Misses Eris Gustavus and Ruth Harrison entertained a few of their friends with a luncheon Wednesday afternoon. A tiny Buddha breathing out sweet-smelling incense added to the charm of the service. Those present were: Misses Elsie Hall, Lizzie Kate Smith, Pauline Rice, and Ruby Lattimore.

God's Own Creatures

Tucked away in the very heart of the prairie, there live some mysterious little citizens of the Western Plains. Since they are shy and retiring individuals, we may only draw conclusions about them at a distance. They have absolutely no desire for publicity or prominence. They give no aid to their biographers. We can not, therefore, be entirely sure of our conclusions; but, from certain excrescences, we are forced to form a few opinions.

From such excrescences, I am convinced that these humble little creatures are very happy. In fact, if the wag of a tail is conceded to be a true thermometer of joy, they must be the happiest of living creatures. Their tails make but a brown blur on the landscape, so rapidly are their vibrations of joy. I sometimes wonder at the deep source of their happiness. Is it that the sunshine is new to them each time they emerge? Had they forgotten the wide sweep of land and sky? Are they overwhelmed by the sudden beauty of the new day? I do not know; but often, as I pass them by, I look out to see again the far stretches of the plains, and unconsciously I measure myself up against the sky.

Their choice of friends is another point of interest. Their one comrade seems to be the Prairie owl. Curious that these little underground people should choose winged friends; but day by day they can be seen playing together over the prairie. Is it that they are eager for news of the out-side world, translated to them in the language of the prairie? Buried in their little narrow homes, are they hungry for the far distant news, for the flying thoughts of the sky? In the mornings when they emerge so early, are they waiting for these friends of the winged news, waiting with the same eagerness with which others of us watch at the little Post Office or follow the East-bound trains as they lose themselves in the canyons? Such comradeship is satisfying in these lonely stretches of infinite distances.

These natives of the plains appear to have a strong community sense. Their homes are grouped together with a great show of sociability. Community gossip seems to wax eloquent when they collect on each other's door-steps on fine afternoons. Community watchmen insure safety. At any sign of human approach the signal is relayed across the community with great swiftness. Having arrived within a safe margin of their own door steps, they turn and give their parting yelps, their shrill farewells.

But my interest in these little fellows culminates in their morning devotions. Some mornings I see as many as five or six of them standing devoutly, with solemnly poised tails, paying their respects to something. Perhaps it is to the sun, or the morning, perhaps to an unknown Being. I do not know. They may be making prayers of thanksgiving, for doubtless they have their own peculiar and clandestine blessings. It may be that they are making prayers of departure, for they may have heard that the humans have decreed that they must be killed. Whatever be the petitions of these little citizens of a vanquished race, I am aware of their morning reverence and I too stand at attention in the presence of the Angelus of the Prairies.

An Enjoyable Occasion

The following persons enjoyed Madam Schumann-Heink's recital at the "D and I" Theater at Amarillo Friday night, May 7th: Mr. W. R. Clark and family, Miss Mary Clark, Miss Margaret Guenther, Mr. and Mrs. Guenther, Eris Gustavus, Mr. Travis Shaw and son, Mabelle White, Vivian Coffman, Miss Elizabeth Davis, Mrs. A. W. Jones and daughters, Rosa, Golda and Willie; Jamie and Rebecca Smith, Annie Richie, Dorothy Cobb, Grace Caudle, Bird Mitchell, Mary Meinicke, Jessie DeGraften-reid, Thelma Clinkscales, Miss Edna Graham, Thomas Braham, Kenneth Burns, Lucy McGee, Hazel Allen, Annie Beene, Horace Shield, Grace Milam, Myrtle Nelson, Ora Wilson, Grady Hazelwood, Miss Pauline Brigham, Clara Jones, Edna Dyche, Oma Irons.

A PROSE POEM BY L. P. LOOMIS

Delivered Before the 1920 Session of the Panhandle Press Association

Far from the surging, restless tides of the East, beyond the touch of selfish men in the marts of greed and high finance;

Out on the rim of the world—placed high on a plateau of tableland whose magnitude of length and breath is that of a matchless empire;

Out in the full light and vision of heaven's sunshine, lies a landscape fashioned after nature's purest ideals in the beginning of time;

Lies a landscape moulded from the rich lava loams escaping from the Rocky Mountains, and we reverse this landscape in song and in story, in sign and symbol, in lore and in history, in heart and in firesides as The Panhandle—of Texas.

As a beautiful band or token of its parentage, as a seal and seam of proprietorship, the Rocky Mountains have cast across this plateau a mighty river, the Canadian, traversing whose bed and creeping ever towards the rising sun the waters travel as a messenger of the fatherland;

And along the course of the Canadian River and about its picturesque terrain for distances are piled in wild and rugged formations, and placed in ponderous and marvelous profusion, cliff sides and rocks and crags and mesas to proclaim the triumph of nature.

As lesser heralds of a mighty king there feed into the Canadian laughing, playing, prancing brooklets, by whose springs the dust stained pilgrim rests and has sweet thoughts of friends and homes afar; and these brooklets are interspersed ever and anon by inlets of dry arroyos pouring in their lesser currents of nothing.

Here in the Panhandle is a rich empire, storm-freed, sun-kissed, wind swept, health laden, hope-impregnated, wealth-giving.

Truly, "This is the land of the turquoise sky,

Where sun and stars eternal shine,
Where youth and vigor ne'er decline."

—A Land of history, romance endeavor. A Land that stands at the portals of opportunity like Janus, the two-face of mythology.

One face, old wrinkled, seamed, storm swept, looks back on the fading glory of the West, for it is to that land that the pioneer characters have taken the long trail and ridden out of our generation.

The other face of Janus—Opportunity of the Panhandle—is turned to the East with an eagerness to be meeting the problems of a new-born day, with a desire to arise to a place in a new world of advancement, and carve a new name, for—

"They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and I fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win."

"Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again."

Turn to the right, turn to the left. Look north, look south! The prairies expand before the eye in endless profusion, bounded alone by the horizon, and as limitless in their abundance as an ocean swell.

Here the beautiful white face cattle adorn a thousand empires for the lords of creation, the Panhandle cattle kings; there the fields resplendent with bounteous crops of grain and cotton; iron rails carrying meat and bread and raiment to all the world; monuments to King Oil rearing their derricks to the skies on every hand; screeching, screaming gas wells adding glad acclaim to every other jazz chord of resources,

The world is at our shrine. One moment the lone cowboy rides his herds. Resting on the virgin soil,

(Continued on page 3)

HOME COMING
MAY 30th to JUNE 4th

SUMMER NORMAL OPENS
JUNE 8th

THE PRAIRIE

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

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Athletic Representatives-----
-----Frank Lohn, Alma Guenther
Fine Arts Rep.-----Annie Beene
Faculty Advisor-----H. W. Morelock

Do You Know?

Do you know who, besides the students of the West Texas State Normal College, get a copy of "The Prairie" every two weeks? It is received by one hundred and eighty seven State Senators and Representatives, two hundred and two high schools, colleges and universities, eighty-one weekly and daily newspapers, seventy three individuals, thirty one presidents of County Boards of Trustees, and twenty eight county judges. "The Prairie" is read in seven of our states, and in practically all the counties of Texas.

College Friends

The art of making friends should be cultivated by every college student. It is within the power of every student to be either an active agent in this phase of college life, or a drone. A student may shut himself away from the outside world; confine himself to candid facts; imprison himself with volume after volume of prosaic books. He may mingle with none; seek the acquaintance of none; resent the approach of any who would offer one of life's rarest gems—friendship.

On the other hand, college students have every opportunity to create permanent friendships. They are brought mentally and physically into touch with numberless individuals each day. They may exchange views; discuss the many interests they have in common. In this way they are brought into mutual sympathy with each other, and may establish close friendships, which will (if nurtured by daily contact and enriched by the sunshine of a congenial spirit) blossom into the beautiful flower of friendship that will shed its fragrance all along life's uneven pathway.

For these reasons, it behooves each and every one of us to cultivate a friendly relation toward our fellow-students, in order to prepare ourselves for more complete living. After we have finished our course and have gone our many different ways in life, we can look back, and our moments of retrospection will be flooded by the sacred memories of the friends we met at college.

A Former Member of Our Faculty Honored

"T. R. Garth, adjunct professor of psychology at the University of Texas, was elected vice-president of the Southern Society for Philosophy and Psychology at the annual convention of that organization held recently in New Orleans at the Tulane University."

The above article recently appeared in an Austin paper. We remember Dr. Garth as the head of the Education Department of this institution. While we regret very much that Dr. Garth is no longer with us, we are very glad to hear of his increasing popularity in his new field of work.

Children's Story Hour

One of the most enjoyable social hours of the season was "The Story Telling Hour" on Miss Ritchie's lawn last Thursday evening from 6:30 to 7:30 o'clock, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. The story tellers were: Joe Boy Hill. Marion Hill. Dorothy Fay Rusk. Moncie Rusk. Dorothy McDonald. Harold Simms. Hazel Mathis. Deskins Wells.

Agriculture 11 was reciting on "The Propagation of Seeds." Mr. Ives: "What is a sport?" George Bagwell: "A sport is a boy who thinks himself a ladies' man when he is not."

Mr. Duflet: Gravity is the force that Brings everything down—except prices.

Joint Entertainment of Literary Societies

On Monday evening, May the 10th, one of the most sensational and emotional programs of the season was rendered in the Normal Auditorium by the combined literary societies of W. T. S. N. C. The program was of a comical nature, and the central theme, "A Good Man Gone Wrong," was very suggestive of this fact.

A short dramatization of the death of Caesar was successfully staged by five young gentlemen, Joe Weaver playing the leading part of Mark Anthony. He gave us a modern interpretation of the facts of the situation, which we are rather inclined to believe more true than those depicted by Shakespeare. Caesar was duly buried and then dragged off the stage.

Misses Murphy and Harrison each delivered very appropriate comical readings, which were chosen from the World's Masterpieces of Literature of Roffey. Goodwine, Hays, and Tarlton contributed to the occasion by singing two very classical selections from either Bologna (ground dog) or Vienna. Pres. Hill became so "enthused" over the first selection, which ran: "He wanted more! He got it too!" that, when the artists came back to give the encore, he arose and shouted, "We want some more!"

The Inter-society orchestra played an important part in the evening's performance, by giving some very "jazzy" music; and this feature was without doubt to some the most enjoyable part of the program. When it began such refrains as "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" and "How Ya Gonna Keep'em Down On the Farm," a thrill ran through the audience, causing every individual present to have that feeling that Mr. Duflet once spoke of in chapel—"I ain't got nuthin' agin nobody."

The gate receipts amounted to \$35.50; the proceeds were donated to the Gregg Cousins Memorial Fund.

Deskin Wells Wins Tennis Singles Championship

In a hotly contested tournament between Deskin Wells and Harper Allen last Wednesday, the former was the final victor. This game was the finals of the try-out of tennis singles for the championship of the Normal. All through the tournament of five sets one thrill followed another, and it could not be told who the victor was to be until the last set, when Wells began to win Allen's serves.

The following gives a synopsis of the entire game: 1st set: Wells 6 games to Allen's 3; 2nd set: Wells 6 to Allen's 3; 3rd set: Wells 6 to Allen's 2; 4th set: Wells 4 to Allen's 6; 5th set: Wells 6 to Allen's 3. There was a total of 44 games played.

A Page From The Diary Of The Hall Clock

Perhaps no other observer sees or has seen so much of W. T. S. N. C. people as has the Hall Clock. From its position upon the wall it has looked down upon the progress of all who have ever passed through these halls of learning. Thus it has become very wise in the ways of man (with a maid).

This is what I read upon an imaginary page of this clock's diary:

"May 21, 1920. Today, like every day at W. T. S. N. C., was full of interest for a sympathetic observer of boys and girls. Though some be crowned with silver (for I have learned by studying the many who pass before my face that only those are old who have ceased to grow in mind and spirit), none such remain here. They cannot endure the atmosphere of learning.

These boys and girls began to come in this morning before my hands had pointed to seven; very bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked they were, as they hurried in from the great outdoors, bringing with them a refreshing breath of the cool sweet air of springtime. All day they have been passing to and fro before me; sometimes whole classes pouring from their recitation rooms; sometimes lonely stragglers; sometimes idle, happy friends lost in each other.

As they have looked questioningly into my face, they have told me many different stories; some tragic, some comic, but all fascinating to one who has learned to love them. To all I tell the same story, the story of the present. It is short. They may read it at a glance. For how brief is the present! 'Tis but an instant. Yet it is all the time they have, and he who can grasp it and fill it with his purpose is a master of Time and Eternity.

Mr. Blaine: In Geography "21."

"What is the equator?" Louis Hill: "It is an imaginary line around the earth half way between the poles."

Mr. Blaine: "Can you hang clothes on it?" Louis Hill: "Yes-sir, you could hang imaginary clothes on it."

Bygone Days

(By A. E. Hunt)

"For I dipped into the future, far As human eye could see, Saw the Vision of the world, and All the world that would be."

It was a beautiful June day in the year 1950 when the Sophomore Class of 1919-20 again met in reunion. From far and near, by land and sea, from stately palaces and humble firesides, they came upon this pilgrimage to the dear old Alma Mater, where they had worked and played together in the springtime of life.

They began to gather at the south entrance of the campus while a belt of crimson still lingered over the eastern horizon, and the morning dew still jeweled with diamonds the campus flower. They came by ones and twos and in little family groups; for many of them had found it good to stroll from college corridors down the corridor of time together.

How changed they seem! Can these these grave dignified men and women be the merry, bright-eyed boys and girls of yesterday? Yes, for as they look about them they find faces which cling to memory; and clasping hands, they look into each other's eyes and find their old schoolmates.

Courteous, embarrassed Sophomores of this year's class meet them at the entrance, and under their guidance the guests of honor start out to view the school campus and buildings.

How changed the old campus seems! It has grown to embrace thousands of acres, and from its rich setting of ornamented grounds rise more than a score of the most beautiful public buildings. The old college has become a great university which draws its students of the teaching profession from all over the world.

While they wander about the grounds and buildings comparing this great university with the dear old school they knew, they are drawn by a common feeling to the west end of the campus where stands the beautiful building within whose walls they were sophomores together. Many throats grow uncomfortably tight, and many an eye grows strangely dim, as they gaze upon the temple of wisdom so long enshrined in the hearts of these lovers of learning. For it brings back the past—a rich and holy world. Fancy peoples it with many people they loved, but, who are not with them today. "Its dark spots are blended into soft shades, and its bright spots mellowed by the sweet atmosphere of distance, and fancy and memory together make up a rich dreamland of the past.

Back against the corridor wall, and facing them as they enter, they are touched anew by the most perfect and beautiful group of statues that man can make. It is the work of one of the old class, one whose presence they miss today. The statues are of

the old faculty which they knew and loved; all men and women of noble minds. For though a strong or cultivated mind may command respect and reverence, only a truly noble one can inspire affection. Gazing upon these poignant reminders of the past, they know that the old school has not changed except that it has grown larger and better. It is the vision of those noble men and women come true. Its spirit is still the spirit of love and service. The philosophy of life that it teaches is not one of selfishness, but of service to mankind.

They meet many of the old teachers about the halls. Some are still hurrying to class rooms, but all take time to greet, with courtesy and affection, these men and women whom they helped to find themselves, and in whom they still have a deep and tender interest.

I might go on and tell you how they visited all their class rooms and sat in their old seats; how, at noon, they were banqueted in the great dining room in the new Home Economics building; how through much of the long afternoon they rested on the grass beneath the campus trees, recalling the golden memories of school days and living those days again; how, at evening they meet in the old building in room 211 where they used to hold all their class meetings; how, there they talked, not of the past, but of the future, of how through them W. T. S. N. C. might continue to bless childhood and mankind with still greater love and service. Let us leave them there with their hearts and minds fixed upon the future. They have reached the evening of life, and as the shadows lengthen over the land, they beckon us to;

"Come, grow old along with us, serene and unafraid.

The best is yet to be, the last of life for which the first was made."

How to be a Good Freshman

To be a good Freshman, a student must come into the Normal for a purpose. He should set a goal ahead that will challenge all of his ability and determination. He must get acquainted with his classmates and teachers. He should join one of the societies, and in all of its social and business affairs take an active part. His loyalty to the school should not be impaired by his support of the society. He should be independent in all of his school life. This should be done in such a manner that the other students will not think he is haughty or self-conceited. Then he should make his work so that he will journey steadily onward and upward and some day wear that grand and dignified expression of the seniors.

FLOYD TROWBRIDGE.

Patronize The Prairie Advertisers.

I Say:

You'll Not Find

Better Looking Suits

Anywhere Than Our

New Ones for Spring

And they are just as good in material and workmanship as they look. In Killough suits for spring nothing is forgotten. You'll find many little things that add to their appearance and worth that other makers forgot. The materials are fine and patterns beautiful. They are suits worthy of the names they bear:

Kirschbaum, Collegian and Stadium

And last but by no means least, Killough suits will cost you no more than ordinary suits. Come in today and let us show you.

And another thing. Those new shirts just received for spring are beauties. And they are here in the most popular fabrics as well as colors.

Joe Killough & Co.

Where Quality and Low Prices Meet.

AMARILLO, TEXAS

Thompson Hardware Company

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

Canyon, Texas

An Examination in Algebra

I had just taken an examination in Algebra, and the outcome looked very discouraging. A homesick, gloomy feeling settled upon me. As I started home, I was greeted at the door by a gust of sand-laden wind, which howled and moaned around the building. The sky was overcast with dark clouds, and the blowing sand gave everything a grey, dismal look. As I hurried on home, I passed a group of students dragging along under their burden of books. Then an old yellow dog went slinking by eyeing me with suspicion. An old coat, hanging on a near-by fence, was flapping dismally in the wind. Even the trees, which bowed their branches as I passed, seemed to be mourning with me.

English 22 (Mental point of view).

A Boy Is:

1. The joy of his mother, the pride of his father, and the torment of his sister.
2. A group of possibilities.
3. An unlimited receptacle for sweets.

Kodaks, Films, Film Packs, and Supplies

THE CAMERA SHOP

East Side Square
Kodak Finishing and Enlarging
Let us make an Enlargement from your Pet Negative.
Mail Orders Solicited.
Canyon - - - Texas

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DENTIST
The Careful and Conservative
Preservation of the Natural
Teeth a Specialty

Call 49 for Service Car.

Country driving—new car. Price 50 cents. Stand at Palace Hotel. Phone 49

To Rural School Trustees

If you are in need of a teacher for the summer months, write to Committee on Teachers, West Texas State Normal College.

L. F. SHEFFY
Chairman.

Jarrett Drug Co.

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SCHOOL SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS

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CONFECTIONS OF ALL KINDS

DELICIOUS FOUNTAIN DRINKS SERVED RIGHT

Come, meet your friends here.
Phone 174 Canyon, Texas

COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS

We have a very fine line of Commencement Announcements and invitations for the Senior Classes of High Schools and College. These are furnished either engraved or printed. The quality is the best we have ever handled. The prices are reasonable.

But seniors should order at once owing to the difficulties in getting this high class of work done when needed.

Phone or write for samples. Engraved or printed visiting or name cards.

Randall County News

(We print The Prairie)

Canyon Garage

SERVICE

Agency for Goodrich Tires and Tubes

General Repair Work
Work Guaranteed

Phone 169 Canyon, Texas

Gouldy Furniture & Undertaking Co.

Furniture, Floor Coverings and all Undertaking Supplies.
Night Phone 250—Day Phone 220
Canyon, Texas

Tennis Goods

are now in demand. We meet all these demands with the best made and at the lowest prices.

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Holland Drug Co.

in the center of things on the East Side of the public square.

ooo

We'll Know You

if you give us half a chance. Come in and see us, and you will like us, our goods, our prices, and especially our—

SODA FOUNTAIN DRINKS

CITY MEAT MARKET

handles fresh meats of all kinds, also cured meats. Come to see us.

Phone 257 Canyon, Texas

Foy's Tailor Shop

Better Clothes Less Money
Suits tailored to your individual measurement.

HIGH CLASS TAILORING

Dry Cleaning Steam Pressing

LADIES WEAR A SPECIALTY

Phone 299 Canyon, Texas

A Prose Poem by L. P. Loomis,
(Continued from Page 1)

gazing from a tarpaulin bed at the friendly stars as his only neighbor and confidant, he goes to sleep and dreams of further prowess on the morrow with the rope and spur. But he awakes at dawn to find himself in the midst of a hustling, bustling commonwealth of farms, little cities and petroleum fields.

'Tis to the Panhandle that scientists come to uncover the history of ages and eons before the time of men. The Panhandle is both the oldest and newest country in America.

The Panhandle is the sunshine land, the paradise of the health-seeker, the final challenge and opportunity of the home-seeker. For years range and realm of the cattle king, it is now the last and greatest undisputed field of capitalistic investment.

"It lies not East nor West, but like a scroll unfurled

Where the hand of God hath hung it, down the middle of the world.

"It lies where God hath spread it in the gladness of his eyes, Like a flame of jeweled tapestry beneath the shining skies."

The Panhandle is the home of heroic home-building pure Anglo-Saxon citizenship. The Panhandle is a vast storehouse of nature's gifts to maintain and build up real manhood, to develop 100 per cent efficiency in character and clean citizenship. Field and ranch and forum contribute to the world physically, socially, mentally.

The Panhandle is a great university

of nature equipt with a comprehensive laboratory of geology, anthropology, ethnology and archaeology.

"Go, then, ye Sir Launfal, in search of the Holy Grail; Go publish glad tidings, for your quest is o'er."

Go, herald abroad the spot where the chalice of God's love has o'erflowed and mingled with nature. Go, but come back soon, for we wish you to share with us the joys of heaven in the Panhandle of Texas.

The Panhandle is nature's playground, nature's vacation campus adorned with such handiwork as the Palo Duro, in whose recesses of impenetrable fastnesses life giving streams leap and plunge in the joy and freedom of an untrammelled spirit, and flower and fish and foliage abound in beauty and grace, and the water sprite revels in the delight of all things attuned to nature. Me thinks the beautiful Japanese gardens were really drafted after miniature patterns of these Panhandle paradise plots.

This wonderful land of the Panhandle is God's temple and the Palo Duro is the chancel, more sacred than the Matterhorn. See the foundation laid of rocks in the Palo Duro, pavements of packs rising like steps to the altar above; altars draped with the trinity colors of green. And overhead the twinkling stars as altar lights softening the choir music of the running streams which chant the sacred anthems of a higher eternal love.

No wonder,

"We love these rocks and rills, these woods and templed hills," No wonder,

"Our hearts with rapture thrills like that above." Like a dew sparkling on the petals of a rose, like a diamond gleaming within a casket of jewels, like a ruby glowing upon my lady's breast, the Panhandle lays as heaven's sanctuary.

"Sage and sand and craggy land; brazen sun in vault of blue; Cactus thorns and toads with horns, rattlesnakes and 'trant'las, too.

Gulches deep and streams that seep 'neath the rocks and sand and silt; Valleys green with peachblow sheen, where the low hogan is built.

High perched halls in canyon walls, where the Canadian river flows, Bound is all in mystic thrill you feel but cannot penetrate,

Though it fills you, holds you, thrills you!

The Panhandle! Say, ain't she great?"

To The Girls

Girls, men divide you into three classes: the "masculine," the "clinging-vine," and the "good pal." No matter how cosmopolitan you may be, there are certain qualities that stand out more clearly than others and thus you are placed in one of the three types.

All men have an aversion to a certain extent to the masculine woman. By this we do not mean masculine in a strict physical sense. Rudeness, slang, coarseness in speech and action, and profanity, even in the slightest usage on the part of the girl, create an intense sensation of disgust and lower the girl in the mind of any real man. To this type of woman, there is only one type of man, the weak-minded dolt.

While masculinity in any girl is not admired by man, that soft, mushy, clinging vine is hated just as intensely—except by a few. These few may be divided into three classes: the brute, the blind philanthropist, and the natural-born fool. The brute is the one who likes to rule; whose every word must be law; who knows that no sane, robust, and well spirited girl will stand for his autocratic rule. The blind philanthropist is the poor, misguided thing who thinks that his only duty is to find some clinging-vine and protect it through life—he soon awakens. The natural-born fool is the really pitiable figure of the three—he knows no better.

Ninety percent of the men prefer the "good pal" type, and look for that class when they choose their life companions. This type embodies all that is really beautiful in a woman—refinement, an optimistic companion; a haven in time of need—a real pal.

To the silly, doting, love-sick child of sixteen or seventeen, beauty is the only quality that matters. He is not in love with you; he is in love with your beauty. "A dollar to a doughnut" he never thinks of you; of your good qualities; of your character. It is always, "Say, she's some looker! A perfect stunner!" And, "Oh Boy! Those blue eyes!" You know what it is. You have all heard it. The poor boy is no more responsible for it than an idiot is for his acts. It is in an irresponsible stage through which he must pass.

With the man who is serious, it is a different matter entirely. To him, your beauty is only one of the smaller things. It is your character that counts. Nine times out of ten the man who is really in love with you is not able to tell the exact color of your eyes when he is away from you.

Analyze yourself. If you are a "clinging-vine," for your own sake "get out of it." What would you do if there were no brutes, blind philanthropists, and natural born fools? If you are of the masculine type, either reconstruct yourself or find some poor, weak-minded specimen of humanity and marry it! If you are a "good pal," "stay in there!" "We're for you!"

Girls' Ideas of Managing Husbands

It was a cold, rainy night. An atmosphere of gloom and chill had settled upon the unusually cheerful and gay spirits of the girls in the dormitory. It was Saturday night, the girls had worked hard at their lessons all the week and they were sorely disappointed that the weather prevented their accustomed Saturday night dates. After dinner they sauntered about in the lobby for a while and then one by one withdrew to their rooms, wondering how they would occupy themselves until time to go to bed. The solitude of the cheerless rooms became too great for their restless spirits. Soon they began to collect in groups in the warmer rooms. I dropped into one room, more as a spectator than an entertainer, for my spirits were too depressed to talk. Several girls made attempts to start a conversation, but each attempt failed until Mary suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, girls! Why

be so downhearted because we can't have dates tonight? Can't we have just as good a time at home by ourselves? Why, we can't expect to go through life with a man forever at our heels, making a jumping jack of himself every time we crook a finger. For my part, I think life would be just as pleasant without one to worry your life away."

"Oh, I don't think so," objected Sue who was at that moment sewing on her trousseau. "I don't know what I should do if I didn't have Jimmie to love and care for, and I don't know what he should do without me. I think every woman ought to marry, and it isn't so very hard to manage a husband if you know how, and especially if you have a good man like Jimmie. I think it would be great fun."

"Just wait, Sue," returned Mary, "until you have tried to manage your Jimmie for a while, and then you will find out that husbands are not such angels. They can be beastly sometimes. For instance, when they come home some evening and find dinner a little short. Then your love will go to naught, and what are you going to do? The only way to manage a husband is to satisfy his stomach and his heart will take care of itself. I don't see that managing a husband would be such fun when you have to slave your life away over a cook stove to do it."

"I think," said Lucy, "that a real man is bigger than that, and I'm going to have a real man. I'm going to be a good pal to my husband, for men like the comrade sort of spirit in woman, you know. I think it would be easy to manage a husband that way. If you show him you've got lots of spunk and you are going to stand by him and be an honest-to-goodness pard, he'll do most anything for you."

Mary planted her feet on the floor and brought her hand down firmly on the table, while her face bore a disgusted look. "Bosh! All this comrade stuff may be all right in theory. I'll admit it's nice to think about, but when you put it to practice you find that the husband don't want his wife to be on an equal with him. He wants to boss. Bosh, I say."

Edith decided she had a better plan for managing a husband than any that had been mentioned. "I think men like for women to be comrades all right, but they like clinging vines, too, and always will. If you want a man to love you lots and do nearly anything for you, just act like you are wholly dependent on his support and protection. That's the way I'm going to manage my husband."

"Clinging vine! The idea!" exploded Mary. "If you act like a clinging vine long, you won't need any method to manage your husband. He'll manage you. Talk up to him, I say, and talk until you win him over. He'll give in all right, for a man had rather give in any time than to hear a woman fuss."

"Yes, that's true," said Eleanor.
(Continued on Page 4)

Mr. Pep



The Trouble is not so much with labor as with idleness

And idleness is the worst thing that can happen to anyone.

OUR BUTTERS AND CREAMS

We rate ourselves the most fortunate buyers of butters and creams. Inferior butter and cream would go far toward spoiling the best menu in the world.

We will serve only the freshest and richest.

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M. A. HENSON, Prop.
Canyon, Texas

WHEN IN AMARILLO GO TO

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AMARILLO, TEXAS

"Dorothy Dodd" Shoes for Ladies

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Go to--

CITY PHARMACY

for all school supplies, toilet articles and best drinks--Meet your friends there.

PHONE 32

CANYON, TEXAS

SURPRISE YOURSELF

Keep an accurate account of all the money you spend in a month and what you spend it for. It will surprise you.

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

You will never regret the resolution if you act.

First State Bank of Canyon

Canyon, Texas

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BACK IN THE BUSINESS, AND ARE PREPARED TO GIVE
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SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

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

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The Ladies' Store

AMARILLO'S MOST EXCLUSIVE SHOP FOR
LADIES AND CHILDREN

The House of Fashion

517 POLK STREET

AMARILLO, TEXAS

THE CANYON SUPPLY CO.

wants your business. Everything in Dry Goods, Clothing, Millinery and Groceries.

Trade With Us

When You Visit Our City

Come in and see us, and in the meantime if you are interested in Wall Paper, all the new and up to date patterns, we have it.

Eastman Kodaks, Nunnally's Candies, Jewelry, Fountain Pens, in fact everything carried in a Drug Store.

We give mail orders quick and prompt attention. We do Kodak Finishing.

City Drug Co.

Biggest in the Panhandle

Amarillo, Texas

ATTENTION

LADY TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

For nice comfortable rooms and good table board at corner of the campus of West Texas State Normal College, come to

HUNTLEIGH HALL

Mrs. C. P. Turner, Prop. Every room an outside room.

COLLEGE GIRLS, WE ARE FEATURING OUR REMARKABLE
SHOWING OF

NEW SPRING COATS AND SUITS

produced by the best makers in New York; purchased at most unusual price concessions, and now being offered at the very start of Spring-like weather at prices that present as great a saving as will ever be offered at any time in the height of the season.

These special values are offered to create an incentive for early buying, and you will find that your Spring Suit will cost far less than you expected to pay.

Ripple Styles, High Waist Lines, Straight-line Effects, Braid-Bound Suits, Embroidered Models, Plain Tailored Suits. In Finest Tricotines, Gabardines and Serges Wonderful Values at—

\$45.00 TO \$95.00

NEWEST STYLE SPRING COATS

We wish to announce the arrival of many unusual ideas in new Polo and Sport Coats for Women and Misses. These Coats are the very last word for Spring. Their modern style-ideas are exclusively combined with those rough, smart fabrics in coloring refreshingly different. Very Special at \$29.75 to \$69.75.

NEW BLOUSES FOR SPRING—NEW HATS FOR SPRING

REGENT'S

MODE SHOPPE HI-STYLE COATS AND SUITS
512 POLK STREET
AMARILLO, TEXAS

Saving by Check

The principle of saving embodied in a Checking Account means not only a saving of money, but a saving of time and of work.

Even if a Checking Account saved you only ONE of these three things, you could not afford NOT to have one.

First National Bank

CLOTHES

THAT HAVE THE FIT, THE WEAR AND THE PEP

HARRY HOLLAND'S Men's Store

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AMARILLO, TEXAS

J. W. Collins Drug Co. Amarillo, Texas

Wall Paper, Paints and Varnishes Imported and American Perfumes and Toilet Articles

We especially invite the faculty and Students to our store

The City Barber Shop

All kinds of first class barber work done the "Sanitary Way".

We "Treat You Right"

If not satisfied—Whiskers refunded.

B. B. CLUCK, Prop.

ROYAL CAFE South Side Square

GOOD MEALS GOLD DRINKS

H. L. LONG, Owner

SEE THE SPECIALIST the

EAST END GROCERY

Bulk Chocolates

Box Candy and

Blue Books

Phone 234

For Best Service

Phone 166

Patronize The Prairie advertisers. Patronize The Prairie advertisers.

Personals

The "Ge-hee" girls went to Way-side Sunday, on a picnic.

Miss Jimmie Knox, a former student of this school who has been teaching near Clarendon, was visiting friends here Tuesday.

Mr. Hill delivered an address to the graduating class at Dumas last Saturday evening.

Wesley Allen, Dan Sanders, Ethridge Dockery, Harper Allen and Mr. Shirley will represent this school at the Students Conference which will be held at Hollister, Missouri, from June 10th to 21st.

The amount raised by the students and faculty for the expense of the representatives to the Student Conference was two hundred and twenty-six dollars and fifty cents.

The Elapheian literary society gave fifteen dollars to the Gregg Memorial Fund.

Last Wednesday the base ball game between the Training School team and Tulia was called off at the end of the sixth inning on account of rain. When the game was called off the score stood 6 to 2 in favor of Tulia.

Elmer Turner of Plainview spent the week-end with Katherine Jennings.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Mahan spent the week-end with relatives at Tulia. Thomas Brahan was at Plainview with home folks last week-end.

Mrs. Ruth Sparks spent the week-end in Amarillo, visiting relatives and friends.

Mildred Graves of Plainview spent Saturday and Sunday with Nell Morris and Louise Heizer.

Mr. Shirley is in Galveston this week as a representative of the Christian church of Canyon.

At 3:30 on Wednesday of Home Coming week there will be a base ball game between the First Normal Team and an Ex-Student Team. Mr. Blaine will organize the ex-student team.

Miss Madge Day, a last-year student of this institution, has been teaching at Abbott, near Hart. The Abbott school has been consolidated with the Hart school, and Miss Day is now teaching the first four grades in the new school.

Mr. Ives took his agriculture 33 to Amarillo Monday to inspect the Grain elevator. The elevator there is the largest one in the Panhandle.

Madeline Bennett spent last week-end at her home near Panhandle.

Morton Angel, a former student of the Normal, has been attending the Peacock Military Institute at San Antonio.

Myrtle Nelson spent the last week-end at her home near Memphis.

Miss Vildred Cummings is in school again after spending the past two weeks at her home in Memphis, Texas.

Miss Dora Cane spent Sunday and Monday with friends near Hereford.

Misses Lila Simms, Erle and Verle Fletcher and Messrs. Gary Simms, Carl and Ray Brown spent last week-end with Miss Hazel Mathis at her home near White Deer, Texas.

Chapel exercises for the past week were in the hands of the four literary societies. The program was as follows:

Tuesday—Sesames.

Thursday—Antlers.

Friday—Cousins.

Saturday—Elapheians.

Miss Gladys Francy of Happy spent the week-end in Canyon with her sister, Nellie.

The Normal band accompanied the base ball team to Hereford last Tuesday.

Miss Lolagene Howard spent last week-end with her aunt in Pampa.

Miss Fannie Bell Hart, who has been teaching near her former home at Harte, has finished her school work there and is now at her home in Canyon.

Sixty dollars was raised for the S. O. S. campaign tag day. This money goes to help finance the campaign for the constitutional amendment removing the fifty-cent school tax limit.

On April 29th, the combined cooking classes of the eighth grade served a cafeteria luncheon to the ninth grade sewing class and teachers, Miss Lorena McGeehee and Miss Rambo.

Mr. Reid went to Bovina Friday to deliver a commencement address.

Mrs. Mae Sheen of Mertzon, Texas, a former student of this institution, will enter school here again this summer.

Misses Abbie Graham and Sadie O'Connell spent last week-end at Amarillo.

Mr. Morelock went to Farwell Tuesday to deliver the commencement address of the graduating class.

Messrs. A. E. Hunt and Allen King went to Wheeler and Mobetee Saturday.

Miss Maggie Rutherford spent the week-end at her home in Claude.

Mr. Duflo has moved into his new house just south of Mr. Sheffy's.

Mr. Shaw and son, Travis, have moved into the house vacated by Mr. Duflo.

The Y. W. C. A. has elected the following officers for the coming year:

President ———— Alma Guenther
Vice Pres. ———— Leona Burns
Secretary ———— Ollie Sone
Treasurer ———— Pearl Lohn

The Normal Orchestra gave a concert in Tulia last Monday evening.

Mr. Bob Donald is building a new house on the lot just east of Mr. Guenther's.

Ollie Moore, now Mrs. E. C. Spivy, a former student of this institution, is planning to attend the Home Coming.

Edna Key, a graduate of this institution, was married Sunday, May 2nd, to Mr. Yeager of Amarillo.

"Evangeline" was shown in the Auditorium, Saturday night, May 1st. The sum taken in was one hundred and seventy-five dollars. The proceeds will be used to help finance the Annual.

A recent letter from a member of the Panhandle Club at the University of Texas, contains the following: "On last Saturday evening Dr. and Mrs. Garth entertained Ira Allen, William Gibson, Charles Keffer, Frank Day, and Ruth Wakefield."

Miss Eunice Farmer of Floydada, who was on her way to East Texas for a visit, stopped over in Canyon Wednesday to visit her brother, Frank.

Last Friday Mr. Morelock went to Olton to deliver an address at the close of school there. He returned via Tulia where he delivered an address to the graduating class on Friday evening.

In response to a call made by Mr. Jamison, executive secretary of the Panhandle-Plains Chamber of Commerce, a number of representative citizens of the Panhandle met in Canyon on May 11, for the purpose of discussing the immediate expansion of the Home Economics, Agriculture, and Manual Training departments of the West Texas State Normal College. Captain L. J. Tilson of Plainview made an enthusiastic address in favor of this movement. After a lengthy discussion, those present voted unanimously for expansion. At noon the Junior Home Economic class served luncheon to our guests in the dining room of the college.

Girls' Ideas of Managing Husbands

(Continued from page 3)

"A man certainly doesn't like a nagging tongue, but that would be unkind to manage him that way. The best way is to cry. He can't stand a woman's tears. That's what I'm going to do."

"Sloppy weather, eh?" sneered Mary. "I'd humble myself enough to cry to a man. I would just love to see you girls married. I imagine you would experiment with your theories only a short time until you would come to the conclusion that husbands are not machines you can work a certain way and reap an inevitable result. All of married life is a blind gamble."

"The only objection I have to married life," chimed in Margaret, "is that men take women's love for granted. I believe we are right in demanding a demonstration of our husband's love everyday and finding out if he still loves us. You know men are prone to forget the little things that mean so much to a woman, aren't they? But Jane, you haven't told us how you would manage a husband yet."

"Well, mediated Jane, "I don't believe in letting a man know he has the whip-hand; anyway, a man likes to be kept guessing. As for managing him, a man can't be managed without having a quarrel with him occasionally. Men get bored, I think, from an unstimulating sense of security. Be careful, though, to have a quarrel with him only occasionally."

Mary rose again as if determined to carry her point. "The more you quarrel, the more you get. You girls' ideas on managing a husband are equal to an old maid's or a young preacher's instructions on how to rear children. But why have all this discussion about men when the world is so full of interesting things to talk about."

A girl in the back of the room, who had sat silently and thoughtfully through the discussion, made a gesture as if to speak. The girls grew suddenly quiet as was their custom when this girl had anything to say. "Girls," she began, "you have been analyzing men as if they were a machine or a necessary toy of some kind. Now, do you really think of them in that way? Let's think about their fineness, their bigness, their kindness. Why, what would we do without them? Aren't they wonderful, girls?"

So hearty was the response that poor Mary was forced to run from the room.

Lutes, a rather modest and timid young man, was being teased about a girl, for whom he confessed warmer feelings than ordinary friendship called for. Suddenly one of his tor-

Just Received

GOOD SHIPMENT OF

HIRSH-WICKWIRE SUITS

AND

GRIFFON SUITS

MEN AND YOUNG MEN

WEARPLEDGE SUITS

FOR BOYS

NONE BETTER THIS SIDE OF LONDON

FREDERICK KENDALL

412 POLK STREET

AMARILLO, TEXAS

FOR NORMAL STUDENTS:

We have installed the most modern sanitary fixtures money can buy and we are now operating the most sanitary parlors operating in the city.

SERVICE—Sanitary and Modern—Why? Because we are prepared and equipped to give it.

Ladies' massaging and shampooing our specialty.

The Normal Barber Shop

GREER'S ANNUAL WHITE SALE

Ample stock and the most careful preparations combine to make this the most advantageous WHITE SALE we have ever held. Supply and demand are too widely separated for prices to come down, probability is that they will be much higher. Therefore no time should be lost in making your selection. The rapidity with which certain lines will be absorbed makes it wiser to visit this WHITE SALE early. The real importance of this Sale lies in the more staple things, many of which we cannot replace. Women who are planning their spring sewing will benefit largely by attending this Annual White Sale. (The most valuable habit you can acquire is that of comparison.)

GREER'S

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE

Corner Fourth and Polk Street

Amarillo, Texas

You Always get a Square Meal if You Eat at THE CANYON CAFE

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

Hot Chocolate, Cakes, Pies, Chili, Candy

Rooms for rent in connection.

CHASE CONDREY, MANAGER

W. T. S. N. C. STUDENT

GROCERIES--BREAD

We solicit your business on the grounds of our ability to serve you in the best possible way with our carefully selected line of staple groceries which are perfectly sanitary and in every respect complete. We lend our time and energy to please our customers. Let us have your account.

Try our bread. We have a first class bakery. We will also have at all times a fresh lot of cakes and pies for your inspection.

NORMAL GROCERY

Phone 158

Joe Foster, Prop.

mentors exclaimed: "Say, Lutes, if you would take a Tie Cobb stand at the home plate, you would surely make a hit."

English 47 was studying Henry IV. Miss Vada Murphy: "Mr. Morelock, I can't get Henry IV."

Mr. Morelock: "You should be satisfied with any Henry."

One night during the carnival Miss McClesky had quite a romantic experience. She had her hair arranged according to the latest styles, and her nose powdered. She was arranged in quite a nifty costume. She was taking in the many attractions of the carnival, when she happened to pass

close by a quiet nook where Dick Oliver and his lady friend were conversing. Dick glanced in Miss McClesky's direction and exclaimed:

"That must be Miss McClesky."

"Aw, now, 'taint. That's just one of the show girls," replied —

Mrs. Montfort recently received the following paper from a seventh grade pupil:

"The central theme of The Courtship of Miles Standish is, Do it yourself, John."

Mr. Duflo: An expert is just a common guy away from home.