

# THE PRAIRIE

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

VOL. I

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NUMBER 22

## SIX NEW TEACHERS ADDED TO FACULTY

President J. A. Hill Announces  
Selection of Teachers for  
Coming Year.

Apparently the faculty of the College for the next scholastic year will soon be completed. Contracts have been made recently with six new teachers as follows:

Mrs. Otho Hanscomb, who is supplying this summer for Miss Hibbitts, has been employed as critic teacher for the sixth grade in the Training School. Mrs. Hanscomb comes from Tyler, Texas, where she has been supervisor of primary work for the last three years. Like most successful teachers, she began her professional career as a teacher of rural schools. After considerable experience here she served as principal of ward schools in Hillsboro, Texas, for nine years and went from there to Tyler. Mrs. Hanscomb is a graduate of the Southwest Texas State Normal College at San Marcos, has a B. S. degree from George Peabody College for Teachers and has spent two summers in the University of Chicago. She is a member of the Methodist church and is active in all public improvements.

Miss Alberta Brackney of New Market, Iowa, has been employed as Critic Teacher of Latin and History in the upper grades of the Training School. Miss Brackney obtained her high school training at New Market, Iowa, and in the State Normal at Cedar Falls, Iowa. She attended the Warrensburg, Mo., Normal for four years and graduated there. She has also graduated from the University of Kansas with the B. A. degree with major work in Latin and minor work in English and History. She has also spent two summers in the University of Chicago and one in the University of Missouri, in both of which institutions she majored in Education.

She has taught Latin, Mathematics, and History for several years in the high school; was principal of the Cooperstown high school, North Dakota, for six years, was superintendent of schools three years at New Market, Iowa, and has served one year as supervisor in both the State Normal at Battiman, N. D., and at Hays, Kansas. She is recommended without reservation by those who know her.

Miss Georgia Watkins who is teaching in the summer Normal, has accepted a position for the coming year in the Domestic Science Department of the school.

Miss Watkins is a graduate of the C. I. A. at Denton and for the past five years has been in charge of the Domestic Science department of the Paris high school in which she has been very successful.

Her work in the Normal during the summer as dietitian of Cousins Hall has been highly satisfactory and commendable in every respect.

Miss Miriam Anderson of Kirksville, Mo., has accepted a position as Physical Director of Women in the West Texas State Normal College, succeeding Miss Frieda Michel, who resigned at the close of the regular session in order to be married.

Miss Anderson is a graduate of Litchfield, Minnesota, High School, studied one year at Hamlin University at St. Paul and took her B. A. degree in Illinois Woman's College. Her major study was Biology and her minors were Chemistry and Physical Education. She has also studied one summer in Chicago Normal School of Physical Education, and understands all forms of athletics for women and playground work. For the two years 1917-1919 she was instructor in Biology and Physical Director for women at Texas Woman's College at Fort Worth, while she has been, and is now on the faculty of the Kirksville Normal School in Missouri. She is a member of the Methodist church and is strongly endorsed by those in a position to know her work.

Miss Harriet Graham of Summerville, South Carolina, has been chosen to succeed Miss Abbie Graham as Student Life Secretary. Miss Abbie Graham is resigning this position to continue her studies in Columbia University. Her successor, though having the same name, is not related to her, so far as is known. The new secretary is a graduate of Winthrop College, S. C., where she was actively and very prominently identified with the Y. W. C. A. For the past year she has been employed secretary for the Y. W. C. A. at North Carolina College for Women at Greensboro, N.

C. She is strongly endorsed by the Young Women's Christian Association of Texas, as one who is thoroughly capable of carrying on the excellent and very notable work which Miss Abbie Graham has inaugurated here.

Miss Nannie Yates of Lamesa, Texas, has been employed as Critic Teacher in English and Mathematics. Miss Yates has studied two years at Simmons College at Abilene and has been a student in the West Texas State Normal College for more than two quarters. She is a woman of fine personality and demonstrated teaching ability, having been a member of the faculty at Lamesa, Texas, for several years and having done excellent work in our own Training School. Miss Yates is an active member of the Baptist church.

### Week-End Camping

After having spent a strenuous and confining year in the school room four of our faculty members decided to take by way of recreation a camping trip to South Ceta canyons. It was a gay party that climbed down South Ceta slopes Saturday evening about dusk. A good, hot, camp-fire supper added greatly to the cheer of Mr. Sheffy, Mr. Terrill, Mr. Al Stafford, and Mr. Shirley, who composed the party.

All went well until Sunday evening a little after supper, when it began to grow dark with undue rapidity; the threatening clouds had not been noticed by the party and, before they realized what had happened, a drenching shower was on them. In a few minutes they were grinning at each other from under their taupes.

That was a happy moment for the one who had the foresight to bring them and the courage to drag them down into the canyons. One tent was found satisfactory, but the other hung limp and unprotected on a tree, while from the good tent roars of unrestrained laughter could be heard as two disconcerted men paddled around thru the mud in a vain attempt to find a dry spot.

The tramp, the lunches, and the ridiculous disasters were enjoyed immensely, and the men came home a happy, muddy bunch of boys.

### Cousins Hall Soon Completed

The work on Cousins Hall is rapidly being completed and the contractor hopes to close his work by the 20th of this month.

President J. A. Hill states that contracts have been let for the furnishing of the Hall, all of the furniture to be placed in the building by September first. He will announce an "open house" day after the building is completed, at which time the citizens of this section will be invited to come and examine the Hall.

Mr. Hill stated that Hon. John Marshall, member of the Board of Regents and one of the men who located the school in Canyon, stated while in Canyon last week it was his ambition to see another section added to the dormitory by an appropriation from the legislature at the next session. Mr. Marshall is a trustee for the Kidd Key College and is a strong believer in the dormitory for the Normal schools.

### Inventory of State Property

W. R. Nabors of Austin, who is connected with the new Board of Control, is in the city making an inventory of the Normal property. Also, while here, he is going over the budget of the school's needs as prepared by President Hill to be submitted to the coming session of the legislature.

Under the plan of the Board of Control, the legislature looks to this body for instruction as to the needs of the various state institutions.

Hon. John Marshall and Hon. A. B. Martin, members of the Board of Regents, were also here last week conferring with president Hill.

### Comedians Enact Tragedy

Last Thursday afternoon when Brunk's Comedians attempted to stage a comedy in which the Normal baseball team was to be the goat, they were much surprised to see the comedy converted into a tragedy; or at least it had a tragic ending from their point of view. The climax occurred in the first inning; and from that time on, tho they fought bravely at times, it was evident that they were being hurled by their opponents superior playing to an engulfing catastrophe. The final result was 8-3 in favor of the Normal.

Prof. H. W. Morelock has returned from Austin, where he has been looking after the publication of the annual bulletin.

Patronize The Prairie Advertisers.

## REGULAR SESSION 1920-1921 OPENS TUESDAY, SEPT. 21

Better Country Schools Week at W. T. S. N. C. Demonstrations in Chapel Under Direction of Y. W. C. A.

The chapel program of the week, Aug. 2-9th, was given over to the Y. W. C. A. for the purpose of demonstrating activities of special interest to those students who are to teach in the country. The week's program was opened with a demonstration of plays and games by the physical education department. Such games as these were played: The Grand March, Virginia reel, three deep, donkey's tail, circle relay, indian club relay, this is my nose, suit case races, etc. Miss Terrill, director of the games, explained plans for a circus which could be given in a small community. All students were asked to hand in suggestions for circus stunts. A compilation of these is to be given to the students the latter part of the week.

The second demonstration was given by the department of agriculture and home economics, the subject chosen being "milk." Miss Rambo explained the importance of milks in the diet, illustrating with charts. Mr. Fred Ives tested a sample of milk for butter fat, using a Babcock milk tester. Mr. Ives urged every country school teacher to secure a Babcock Milk Tester for his school and test the milk on the farms of his patrons. "90 per cent of the cows on the Southern farms are not paying for their board," he stated.

### Play Tournament Continues

The Mumblepeg Tournament ended last week, bringing more satisfaction to the Cousin fans than to the others. The games were held according to the 1920 rules compiled by Hoyle, or perhaps the Hoyle children. The results are:

First place, Vonda Sheets, Cousins. Second place, Ida Petty, Block House.

Third place, Willie Graham, Faulkner.

The basketball contests opened Monday afternoon with a hot game between Huntleigh and Block House. Interest ran up to 212 degrees Fahrenheit. There was no weeping and wailing, but there was plenty of gnashing of teeth. The score was 21 to 19 in favor of Block House. Helen Brit of Huntleigh, Beth Elo and Mildred Wilhite of Block House starred as guards. The line up was:

Huntleigh—Daisy Deane Johnston, F; Ruth Graham, F; Ruth Vandall, C; Audrey Smith, C; Helen Britt, G; Flora Crowder, G.

Block House—Beatrice Scott, F; Ruth Lowes, F; Ruby Houston, C; Alta Hull, C; Beth Elo, G; Mildred Wilhite, G.

The second game was between Gatewood and Faulkner. Faulkner's strength lay largely in its centers, Ruth and Iren Carson, while Gatewood's formidable position was due chiefly to the guards, Beulah Evans and Emma Della Summerville. Gatewood took the game, the score being 16 to 13. The lineup was:

Faulkner—Zelma Reed, F; Ruby Cowart, F; Ruth Carson, F; Irene Carson, C; Willie Mae Bramlet, G; Vivian Courtney, G.

Gatewood—Zee Foster, F; Mildred Harrell, F; Susie Hartman, C; Bertha Stenson, C; Beulah Evans G; Emma Della Summerville, G.

The third game was between Cousins and Jenkins, although Jenkins was not fully qualified for entrance into the contest. The game was extremely lively but occasionally the players lapsed into football rules. Cousins satisfied themselves with winning the game with the score 27 to 14, however, the game was not counted in the series. The stars for Cousins were Minnie Gray Smith, forward, and Iva Cary, guard. Deci Greer, forward, was headliner for Jenkins. The lineup was:

Cousins—Minnie Gray Smith, F; Savola Roberts, F; Lois Peck, C; Esther Young, C; Valentine Crawford, G; Iva Cary, G.

Jenkins—Deci Greer, F; Bernice McGehee, F; Sadie Miller, C; Effie Mace, C; Novella Forest, G; Dollie Clark, G.

The fourth game was a hard game in which Gatewood eliminated Cousins. The teams were rather evenly matched, but the score was 12 to 4. The final game was close, but was not played as vigorously as it might have been. Fouls were few, only two points being made on fouls. Gatewood became undisputed champion by defeating Block House 12 to 10.

Manual Training and Art Departments in Chapel Friday

Miss Lucy Goodwine represented the Manual Training Department in an illustrated discussion of what children can make. She showed the fundamental tools necessary to make simpler things in a rural school. Her demonstrations of things that can be made in a rural school included a rural mailbox, bird-house, newspaper holder, book-ends, window boxes, trellises, waste basket, etc. Miss Goodwine spoke of correlation of this handwork with the regular school work.

Miss McAdory, who is supervisor of art in a county in Alabama, presented the need of art appreciation in rural schools. She spoke of need for better pictures.

Have one good picture, well framed, rather than several cheap ones, she advised. This point she illustrated by two pictures. Pottery making for country schools is also advisable. Common clay may be molded and designed into artistic models. It is not the material but the artistic skill of the modeler, that determines the beauty of a piece of pottery, she declared.

The members of Art Class 35 are giving demonstrations in modeling, textile study, etc., this week and the following weeks.

Mrs. Hanscom Discusses Methods in Primary Education

The room duties of a critic teacher are such as practically to preclude all discussions of the work with any students except those observing for credit. Yet there have been so many interested observers, who "dropped in" as the opportunity offered, and who are earnest inquirers after the truth in educational matters, that I appreciate the opportunity to say something of the plans and purposes of the work this summer, particularly of the first grade room. From my limited observation, I think the work in the second and third grades has been conducted along the same general lines.

In planning and arranging the work, the child has been considered first, last, and all the time. We believe, with many others, that the center of gravity must change from the curriculum, to the child. In fact, it has already changed as far as the best practices are concerned. The child with his native tendencies must lead to, and determine what is taught. This has been the base of activities in our work. The Child. What he is, Physically, Mentally and Socially. The things taught have been considered in the light of making them a means, to him, of self-realization.

Physically we know he is in a state of disturbed equilibrium, of rapid brain growth and of limited co-ordination. The work has been carefully guarded so that these centers might receive necessary development, without being overtaxed and strained, which often results in permanent injury.

Mentally, the child is plastic, imaginative, impulsive, instinctive, and highly motor. Though considered unable to concentrate, we know, and observers have seen, that these children have under strong motivation been capable of considerable persistence and continuity of thought; therefore individuals have been allowed to pursue the working out of a project when it sometimes consumed two or three times the class period.

Socially, a child of first grade age is individualistic. But working in groups soon caused this to give way—this, as social needs developed.

We know that he is a Telling Child, a Making Child, an Investigative Child, an Observing Child, a Playing Child, and a Wonderful Child.

To satisfy the first need, —Telling, he has been guided from day to day in free conversation about those daily experiences in which he is most vitally interested. The subjects discussed have run the whole gamut of childish interests and activities, from the buying of a new cap to working in the harvest fields. His love for making has been met in modeling, cutting and construction. His observation and his investigative tendencies have been developed in the study and collection of nature material—grasses, insects, stones, etc. The feeling of wonder has grown and developed into a kind of reverence thru nature work, and discussions of natural phenomena. Directed games (Continued on page two.)

Hon. Annie Webb Blanton Speaks

Hon. Annie Webb Blanton, State Superintendent of Education, spoke to the student body at the chapel period Friday, July 30. Miss Blanton discussed the educational situation in Texas, calling attention to some of the serious defects of our educational system. The speaker characterized the present situation as a serious crisis that demanded the best thought and statesmanship that the people of Texas can give.

According to Miss Blanton's statistics 50,000 children in Texas were without a teacher last year. Thirty-one per cent of the teachers of Texas left the profession. In the city schools the average number of pupils to the teacher was ninety. This necessitated the pupils' being taught in two shifts, each shift attending school only one half day. Eighty per cent of the rural teachers were under twenty-one years old. Nine per cent of the people of Texas are illiterate. Twenty-five per cent of the children of Texas do not advance beyond the fourth grade. The average advancement made before leaving school is the sixth grade.

Two years ago the Russell Sage foundation ranked Texas 36 in education. This year we were ranked 39. The two determining factors in assigning Texas such a low rank were the small number of days attended by students and the low salaries paid teachers.

Miss Blanton assigned three main causes for the low salaries paid teachers: 1. Teachers who teach temporarily and do have the professional spirit; 2. The fact that teachers are paid from public funds; 3. The lack of professional solidarity among teachers.

Miss Blanton said that we sometimes lost sight of our obligations with respect to education in complacent contemplation of what our forefathers have done. Texas has the largest permanent school fund of any state in the Union; it is first in size, first in agriculture, second in oil, and second in wealth. With such a legacy from the past and such natural resources, Texas should rank first in education, the speaker declared. The people of Texas, she said must be awakened from their lethargy and made to see the seriousness of the situation.

Miss Blanton declared that unless the constitutional restriction on the amount of local taxes that a district may levy for school purposes is removed, the school system will collapse. The legislature, she said, will not continue to appropriate money to maintain schools in communities that will not help themselves. She urged that all interested in education do their utmost to secure the passage of the amendment.

Miss Blanton Speaks to Country School Group

Miss Blanton met with Country School group and talked with them about the kind of country schools she wanted in Texas. She explained by describing a rural school in Texas that is doing unusual work. The school is not only doing excellent work in school-room subjects but is reaching out into the community and bringing the people into the school activities, making of the school a real community center.

President of International Kindergarten Union Visits Normal

Miss Nina C. Vandewalker, head of the Kindergarten Department of the Milwaukee State Normal College, Wisconsin, visited in Canyon Monday and Tuesday, and addressed the student body at chapel Tuesday morning. She stressed the need of increased training for grade teachers, also the need for higher wages and less strenuous work. Miss Vandewalker is the president of the International Kindergarten Union, and was in charge of that department in the N. E. A. She is a pioneer of the Kindergarten Movement and is doing a great work in that line.

### Monday Afternoon Tea

Monday afternoon Miss Lula Bowman entertained several of her friends with a tea. After the guests were assembled, each was called upon for a stunt; several delightful readings and musical numbers were rendered. Misses Hazel Allen and Pauline Rice entertained the guests with several especially pleasing piano selections.

While at the recent meeting of the National Educational Association at Salt Lake City, Mr. Allen was chosen to represent Texas on the committee on nominations. Since Texas has only one representative on the committee, it was a signal honor, both to Mr. Allen and the institution from which he was chosen.

## DR. VIRGIN DELIVERS SERMON SUNDAY

Summer Session of Normal Will  
Close Next Saturday,  
August 14.

Doctor H. W. Virgin, Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Amarillo, Texas, brought to our student body on Sunday morning one of the greatest messages we have heard in many days. He took for his text: "This one thing I do—I press towards the mark of the high calling of God."

He emphasized Paul's delight in using figures based upon the arena of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Following this he pictured a scene in which the goal ahead was the only ambition of the aspiring youths. Continuing, he said, "This youth had an unwavering aim. To this end did he train; for this purpose he denied himself. Let me remind you that the successful man is a man with an unwavering aim."

"O, the power of a great purpose! It has changed the face of the world." Dr. Virgin cited a number of instances from the life of Napoleon as proof of this vital truth. "He did not dally with his purpose," said the speaker; "there was no turning to the right nor to the left. No dreaming away time in building air castles; but for him there was only one purpose—forward, onward, upward, straight to the goal. The secret of his power was in concentrating his powers upon one single point. Concentration and consecration of life upon one purpose should be the dream of every heart."

The speaker next pointed out the objectives in life that young people should strive to attain. "What is your goal?" he said. "Is the commercial world so alluring that you can think of nothing else? Some people live in a stream of commodities. To such man's life consists in the abundance of his bank account. And whosoever argues to the contrary is impractical, a mere idealist, an impractical dreamer likely always to be poor."

"Books," continued Doctor Virgin, "are my friends—my true, unchanging, reliable, familiar friends. They grow dearer to me as the days go by, and I find them an unfailing source of comfort and strength. Dreams! All progress, I grant you, is postulated upon dreams. But he who dreams but dreams for their own sake may find pleasure and profit in them, but he who strives not for the mark of the high calling in Christ Jesus."

Doctor Virgin then spoke of the pleasure to be derived from music and art and nature, but pleaded that these do not bring to the soul its highest pleasures. He held up Christ as the only goal that would satisfy. "Be ye perfect as I and my Father," said Doctor Virgin, "was Christ's goal."

"I am wondering," continued the speaker, "if you have purposed that Christ shall be your goal. Loyalty to Christ means devotion to his person. Across a chasm of 1800 years Christ makes of every one—He asks for the human heart. Loyalty to Christ means, also, that you must accept his teachings and propagate them. Morley says 'It is better to bear the burden of impracticalness than to stifle conviction and to pare away principle until it becomes mere hollowness and triviality.' There is nothing gained by promise." Doctor Virgin applied the principle of compromise to present day religion and politics and insisted that all this temporizing meant ruin in the end."

Dr. Virgin closed his admirable address by pointing out that God is a constant observer of the race we run and the goal towards which we are striving. He enforced this truth with the very appropriate and happy story of a boy who had been the constant companion of his old blind father. But the day came when the boy won honors on the athletic field at college and was chosen by his school to represent it in a contest with its most successful rival. But just before the day set for this contest the boy received word that his father lay at death's door. The boy reached the bedside of his dying father just in time to bid him goodbye, and then returned to college and begged that he might still represent his college. "He fought," said Doctor Virgin, "as no one ever fought before and won for his school. When the contest was over, one of the Professors questioned him as to his strange conduct. He wondered why (Continued on page two.)



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### The Value of Brevity in Writing or Speaking

Webster says, "Brevity is shortness of time or duration." Perhaps few of us ever consider the great value of brevity. Most of our thoughts whether written or spoken, if we would only take the time and trouble to condense them, could be expressed by a considerably less number of words than is ordinarily used. This would conserve the reader's or listener's time, and in the end make more effective our words.

Take for example a book. If it is condensed so that a great deal of thought or fact is given in a very few words, the book is interesting and effective. It gives us food for thought and is not nearly so tiresome as if every thing were given in detail. Again, compare the public speaker who condenses his speech into clear, brief statements and the man who gives long winded discussions. By such comparisons as these we may easily see the value of condensing our own thoughts. In making the effort to put our own thoughts into fewer words we get excellent practice in the selection of appropriate words. After several attempts at condensing we find that when we have the exact word only a very few words are necessary to express each thought. The advantages of a paragraph given in clearcut, concise and exact language, are many and evident.

—G. W. M.

### The Boarding House Tournament

The recent boarding house play tournament refutes the statement one sometimes hears that there is no pep during the summer session.

If there has not been as much pep during the summer as during the regular sessions, it is because there has been no adequate outlet for it. Students in the regular session have had more opportunities to participate in and witness various activities than have the summer students. This is especially true of athletics. For example, our baseball team this summer has made an excellent showing; but owing to our inability to play play other institutions, there has been little enthusiasm manifested.

The boarding house tournament has done for the summer session what intercollegiate athletics does for the regular session. Every large boarding house has been represented, and practically every boarder has represented his house in one or more contests. The diverse nature of the events has given everyone an opportunity to exhibit his talents, whether they be in the direction of mumble peg or baseball.

It is to be hoped that a similar tournament will be held next summer.

Country driving by unchaperoned parties of students is unconventional and likely to lead to serious consequences; yet, who could expect people to drive on the streets of Canyon?

In a recent motion picture show the hero was represented as a poor but ambitious young man working his way thru college. He appeared in a silk shirt!

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous heat, or to remove our coat and expose an unlaundered shirt.

There are several ways to flunk in mathematics, but perhaps the easiest is to take a thorough course in Jitneyology.

### The Rural Point of View

Miss G. in Rural Education—Mr. S., Discuss the teaching of music in the country school—Is any equipment necessary? Mr. S.—One thing you need to teach music with is a pitchfork. You have to have a pitchfork.

Dean L. G. Allen left Tuesday for Nashville, where he will represent this institution in a conference of Southern Colleges.

### Mrs. Hanscom Discusses Methods in Primary Education

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and plays, with other regular graded physical exercise have helped to make him a better "animal" than when he entered, and satisfied his play instinct. Much of his work has been disguised as play.

The children have been given much liberty in proposing and carrying out plans. The success of any man or woman depends upon ability to plan and purpose wisely and then to carry these plans into execution. The chief defect in the old type of education was, and is, to leave the child helpless in the face of a practical situation. In these conditions of social strain come opportunities to learn to play the game of life. The child must learn this from practice. As Scott says, "If we would train the child for a democracy, we must train him in democracy." We have tried to use every opportunity to throw on the child the responsibility of choice. If we are training for life, this must be, as our lives are determined by the choice we make. We do not hesitate, however, to help the child to a wise choice.

In allowing children to make choices, and to work out their own, not the teacher's—projects and plans, they are helped to stand on their own feet with perfect honesty of conviction. Only in this way can we come in contact with the realities of a child. If this liberty is barred, the teacher blinds herself to the real capacities of her children, loses one of the most attractive things about teaching and robs herself of most the joy of her work.

The honest, purposeful act is the typical unit of a worthy life in a democratic society; so also should it be made the typical unit of school procedure. This conception strikes a step in advance toward the ideal that "education is life, not preparation for life."

We have tried to make our room conditions such that they have approximated conditions in adult life, because we believe the child is happier in such an atmosphere. We believe this leads him to involuntary study, in which he becomes so interested that he insists upon knowing more about a thing. The best thought in this new education is that a child learns much faster in an atmosphere like this, tho' there may not be the "pin drop" order of the old regime. There usually will not be such quiet. The room is more like a work-shop, with the ordinary noise that a busy workman might make. But there is happiness, joy, development of respect for others and one's self, and, incidentally, about as great and often a greater mastery of the "tool studies."

The children have been made to feel a social responsibility,—that they are part of a group, and must subordinate their own impulses when conflict with the comfort or desire of the group. A child's love for companionship keeps this from being too difficult. The only punishment needed has usually been to exclude a child temporarily from the group. No child can readily be educated alone, and this is one of the most valuable lessons any one can learn. "Infringement on the right of others gives opportunity to teach appreciation of law."

Little traditional seat work has been given—seat work with no motive except to keep children quiet. Things of this kind present a rather attractive appearance to the casual observer but have little or no educational value. Instead of this kind of work the children have been free, within bounds, to select the materials with which they work, and the little projects they wish to work out. Sometimes they have chosen group work, some times an individual task.

There has been little work from books. The interesting conversations in language have furnished most of the material for the reading lessons.

We have been much interested in the attitude of the observing teachers, and hope that the work has been such as to inspire them to a greater determination to teach first of all, children, and not books.

### Dr. Virgin Delivers Commencement Sermon

(Continued from Page 1)

the boy wished a place on the team under such circumstances. 'Why,' said the boy, 'don't you understand? I wanted to win. This is the first time my father has ever been able to see me; he was looking down on my efforts.'

### I Know—I've Been There

No school can be successfully taught without the co-operation of the people in the community is secured. One of the best methods in securing this co-operation is by organization. It may be a literary society, a Mother's Club, or an athletic organization.

Last year I organized an Economic Club in a rural school in Texas. There was very little interest at first,

Only six women promised to attend and take part in the club; but I was delighted to have six to start with.

I found out the things that they were most interested in, and we made them the subject of our discussions. Of course I had literature from the Cornell Extension Department, including "The Reading Course for Farm Women;" suggestions for club programs from Miss Helen Higgins, Rural Welfare Department of Extension, College Station, Texas; and all of the literature that I could get from Miss Amanda Stoltzfus, Rural Welfare Extension Service, Austin Texas. Many of the suggestions found were adapted to our needs.

The most vital problem among these women was not so much the canning of vegetables, making of butter, producing a better grade of chickens, or infertile eggs, but—how to keep their young people from going to a nearby city to the public amusements on Sunday afternoons.

There was not an attractive spot in the community. The school-house, which was the center of community activity, was old and disreputable in the extreme. The interior was black, bare and ugly. Broken and scarred desks, old home made benches, and table, a rusty stove, and a black board made by painting the wall, was the extent of the equipment. Planks had rotted out of the porch floor and the steps were torn off. Weeds grew all over the treeless yard. Accordingly I suggested that we make that school house an attractive social center. I gave several parties at that school house where old and young played "Poor Pussy," "Three Deep," "Partner's Tag," "Numbers Change," "Suit-case races," etc. Then I suggested that since we had had demonstrations in gardening and canning, we have a booth at the county fair and make enough money to buy school yard equipment. "I had by that time induced the men to mow the weeds, set out some trees, and the school girls had several flower beds). None of the women had ever entered anything at a fair and were afraid to undertake it, but I insisted and persisted until they began work.

The day that the fair opened there was not a man or woman in the community who had not been to "their" booth with something. I have never seen people work harder or derive more pleasure from work. They won second place with a prize of \$100. They gave the products to me and the farm demonstration agent, who with our Chamber of Commerce secretary, carried them and the products of the first prize booth, to the Dallas Fair and won third place with a prize of \$300.

The women were so proud of their attainment that they decided that they would demand a three room brick school house before they used their \$100, and additional money that they hoped to make, on their school yard.

—J. D. P.

### One Way

As a rule the performance of my task is in some manner accomplished, if "Duty" but whisper "Lo, thou shouldst;" but before I attempt to write a composition, "Duty" needs shout, "Lo, thou must!" And even then the soul does not reply, "I can," but in desperation answers, "I'll try." I do try, and ere I finish my task I realize to the fullest the meaning of the word try. It is then that I find Webster's unmodified definition of the word sadly inadequate; its common usage is applicable only to my efforts for the first few days following the assignment.

If the instructor gives me a subject, I go about wondering—aloud—how she expects me to write anything sensible on "such a subject." Vain,

conceited, wonderer. The instructor entertains no such hopes of you. If the teacher fails to assign a subject, to that omission will certainly be attributed my downfall. I declare that I never can write on a subject of my own choosing, and in my desperate mood, I say that I will not do it. It is not only the wise man who changes his mind, for I soon begin my search for something about which to write. My friends, at my earnest solicitations, suggest subjects, none of which I use. I then procure a book from the library or elsewhere, containing a list of theme subjects. I begin to read the list, but stop suddenly crying "Eureka!" The entire household rejoice at this exclamation. They breathe a sigh of relief, while I seize my ill-fated pencil, and proceed to ruin the first of at least fifty sheets of paper. My out-burst over that particular subject, which brings temporary peace to the household and short lived hope to me, is occasioned by the dawn of what I considered a brilliant idea. This inspiration I frame "admirably," and write it; but alas, it starts no train of thought! Not only do no more ideas follow, but the secure thought is as incapable of being expanded (by my intellect), as if it were a problem in College Algebra, of which I profess absolute ignorance. I go through this one idea process with at least a dozen subjects. My supply of paper is now rather short; my pencil is even shorter. If you are one of those nervous, excitable people who in your agony of spirit chew your finger nails, you know how my pencil has fared.

My room-mate keeps insisting that I come to bed. She has never written a composition, and declares that she never will, although she is quite sure she could have written fifty while I have written "not even one." Lucky woman! But alas, she knows no more of my position than the sons of William Hohenzollern know of the disabled soldier whom courage and patriotism had driven to the enemy's line. She sympathizes with me somewhat as Louis XIV would have sympathized with the "Toil-worn Cotter."

Sheer exhaustion forces me to retire. Then follows a night "devoid of ease." Not, however, a night such as the poet sang of, for to me comes no "music of wonderful melodies." With the dawning of the day, return the thoughts of my "one idea" attempts. I then wonder if the instructor knows the little couplet that goes something like this:

"But one idea, known to be thine own,

Is better than a thousand gleaned from fields by others sown."

I also wonder what she thinks of the philosophy therein contained. It occurs to me, however, that my few ideas previously presented and those of the instructor, were somewhat at variance; and I resist the temptation of "handing in" an effort of the evening before.

I purchase another quantity of paper and a new pencil. Oh, that some related ideas might also be bought! But the paper is nearly due. To quote a speaker at the Farmer's Convention, "The time has arrived when something must be did."

Preparatory to my final effort, I dismiss the list of subjects. I attempt no more flights of fancy. I decide that such subjects as "Blind Optimism," "On Taking Thought for the World," "The Futility of the Practical," and "Mental Precipitates" are beyond me. I have reached out, but I failed to obtain a "grasp." The unexpressed thought which I was so eager to pen, loses its identity when I give it voice. I mentally "portrayed the sun;" I verbally portrayed the flame of a tallow-dip. I must come back within my sphere—a nar-

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School courses of study given special attention.

We have furnished commencement announcements to more than 20 schools during the past year. See us before ordering next spring.

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Headquarters for student-visitors. Let us show you our Eastman Kodaks, Kodak Albums and various toilet articles.

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—Our Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department

is rapidly being stocked with new wearables for the coming season. Also a result of years' of experience, the makers of this class of merchandise have been chosen with much care and thought for their ability to make clothes for women that embody both style and quality at reasonable costs.

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700 Polk St.

Amarillo, Texas

## FINAL SUMMER CLEARANCE

ON ALL WASH DRESSES, BLOUSES, SKIRTS AND MILLINERY

Here's an event that successfully ends up a busy season's selling and aims a well directed blow at high prices at one time. It offers marked reductions on all classes of Summer Apparel. Some Fall stocks are in already; others are coming. And these new arrivals ought to be displayed in the space this Summer merchandise occupies, hence our desire to clear it out.

## CLEARANCE ON WASH FROCKS

With their sheer fabrics and delicate colorings they defy their wearers to be anything but comfortable and cool.

Values up to \$49.50. Choice of entire lot at.....\$14.75  
One lot of Organdie, Voile and Linen Dresses. Values up to \$25.  
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## WASH SKIRTS

Handsome Wash Skirts. A few Taffetas in Fancy Colors. Others of Crepe de Chine and Georgette. All go in this sale at Half Price.

## The Ladies Store

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## THE FAIRSEX SHOP

Ladies and Misses Ready-to-wear, Smart styles in garments that are stamped with originality and distinction. Coat Suits, Dresses, Blouses, Coats and separate Skirts.

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ARRIVING FOR FALL  
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Reasonable Prices

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Yours for Education, Physical Comforts and Amusements.

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both Portraits and Kodaks

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where you get the best work, best service, and always the Latest Creation in Mountings.

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

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

Canyon, Texas

lect a subject from among the common-place—some vivid occurrence that is a mere sequence of events, a narrative such as a child could write unaided. Or my subject be exposition, I attempt explanations such as the "way faring man . . . ." need not err in attempting to deliver. During the process of these simpler attempts, my pencil is safe, and I waste only half (approximately), as much paper as I wasted on the previous trials. I am relieved of that anguish of spirit which accompanied my efforts until I returned to my level. The main "item" now, is time; for however ideal the conditions under which I labor, my mind "grinds slowly." Regardless of how early I begin, the electric lights are extinguished long ere my task is completed. What a burlesque to associate my productions with midnight oil! Nevertheless, I light my lamp and work until I can no longer remain awake.

The probability of a tomorrow dawns on me (not, however, until about 12:01) and I postpone the copying of my theme until "morning." Another night "devoid of ease" would be in order, but I forget the ultimate fate of the theme in the soothing knowledge that the "deed is done."

—B. B.

### The Trail of Romance

"Ho! This promises to be interesting. Listen!"

Dear Doctor Halstead,

I am a scout twelve years old. I seen in Boys Life that you wuz a great scout leader and wuz interested in injun things. There is a lot of curus looking things on our ranch. I wisht you would come see them.

From Johnnie James.

As Dr. John L. Halstead finished reading he looked up with his boyish smile.

"Where did that drop from?" asked Fred, his stenographer.

"From away out in the Panhandle of Texas. Every since I was a kid I've wanted to go to Texas and be a desperado, and I'm going."

The Doctor was an archaeologist of national note, a war veteran of some fame, and a dissatisfied bachelor. His friends said he had two passions, one for relics of other days, the other for boys. He said real, live boys were his antidote for the melancholy produced by delving in the past. He was employed by the Archaeological Society of New York and had been on various tours of search but never had he heard of anything of interest in his line from Texas. And here before his eyes was a curt invitation to become acquainted with his two loves in that interesting state.

"My vacation is coming and I shall do a little private nosing. Want to go with me, Fred?"

"Yes sir-ee. I was already making my plans that way. I have a cousin who lives down there among the horned frogs and screech owls."

"All right, my boy, we shall be right off like a jug handle," said the Doctor and at once he was all boy on the alert for excitement, and he met it.

It was near the fourth of July when Dr. Johnnie, as he was affectionately called, and Fred reached the plains. The velvet scroll of variegated expanse unrolled miles and miles before them. Here the rich, dark green of the alfalfa, there the golden brown of the ripening grain, yonder the emerald of the maize and kafir and over all the blue, blue sky. As the men looked upon this wonderful beauty and drank in the delicious western air, Fred asked:

"Where are the cowboys? We've come thousands of miles and never a gun have we seen."

The other replied, "Oh! the futility of dreams."

A few days later the travelers had pitched their tents on the edge of Palo Duro canyon. A short distance away was the ranch home of Johnnie James, the writer of the letter. The two Johnnies had become fast friends and the exploration of the curious things had begun.

About half way down the side of the canyon Johnnie No. 2, pointed out an arrow head scratched on a slab almost buried beneath the mosses and grasses. Farther on they found a crude picture of a man cut in the bark of a huge cotton-wood tree. Beside a cool dripping spring was a pile of small rocks which had a slight resemblance to a fish. Up the walls again they went to a rocky cave where three flint arrow heads were hidden.

"I begin to see the light. Lead on, son," said Johnnie No. 1.

"There's lots more. I've followed this here trail a dozen times, but it goes on miles and miles." Johnnie No. 2 eagerly led the way on and on, up and up, and down again across a little stream of water until he reached three mounds.

"I've dug around some myself; I found the skeleton of an Injun baby and a dog, I guess, right in here," said the boy. While he and Dr. John were busy digging into the mounds,

Fred who did not enjoy handling bones, wandered back into a nook. While sitting upon a fallen log, his eyes fell upon the corner of something protruding from a rocky crevice just above his knee. He gingerly pulled it out and found a small, brown book; on the fly leaf of it was written—Felice Walpole, Dec. 25, 1837. The book proved to be the diary of a sixteen year old girl. The last entry read like this:

"The convent is locked tight and guarded. The Indians are on the war path and we are forbidden to leave the house. If I am captured I shall take this diary with me and if the worst comes I will hide it somewhere and maybe somebody will find it. I hear—"

The young man of the present day sat dazed for a moment as he almost felt the presence of the girl of the past, then quickly left his resting place and without a word handed his find to the Doctor. Johnnie No. 2 stood with wide open mouth and eyes as Johnnie No. 1 glanced through the message from other days and read the last words.

"Well, that is great," he said. "Children, we are on the trail of romance."

Soon their vacation days were over. Dr. Halstead carried back to his home, material which vastly enriched the Archaeological Society of New York. In the hurry of the return Felice's pathetic diary had been neglected, but at the close of a busy day the Doctor's soul was hungry for something which he had not, and his mind turned to her story.

"Walpole, Walpole, that name haunts me. I'm going to advertise for people of that name." As a result of his cogitations the following advertisement appeared in many news papers.

Important information for someone by name of Walpole.

Address

L. L. H. care Arch. Club, N. Y. Soon every mail brought some kind of reply and picking some of the most promising, Johnnie No. 1 answered them. One from La Messa, Texas, was especially tantalizing, since it was signed Felice Walpole Hunter.

Sudden whims had often carried our friend into difficulties and so now his boyish nature dared him to follow this trail of romance. He never refused a dare; so leaving no trace of his whereabouts he soon found himself again in soul expanding Texas.

As he stepped from the train at La Messa his eyes fell upon a slender young miss in riding toggery, gracefully controlling the impatience of a wiry cow pony. Again and again his eyes returned to the picture, and the word Felice, rang in his ears.

He sped away in an auto to the Hunter ranch. The same young lady raced by in a whirl wind and again the word "happy," sounded in his ears.

A few minutes later he stood in the presence of Miss Felice Walpole Hunter, great great niece of the Felice of 1837, and Dr. James L. Halstead, noted archaeologist, thanked his lucky stars that he was such. The famous war veteran was heard to murmur, "I am done for," and the dissatisfied bachelor no longer existed. This is a telegram which flashed across the wires: Scout Johnnie (No. 2) James, Wayside, Texas.

Thanks to you I have found the rarest and most excellent specimen of my life.

Johnnie No. 1.

### Rural Exercises

A teacher in Rural Education asked this question—"How would you teach ethics in a country school?"

A boy wrote out this answer—"You can't teach ethics in a country school. First, on account of the weather. The roads get so muddy in the winter that it is hard for the children to get there. Then you do not have the equipment in a rural school that is necessary in teaching ethics."

Of course the boy was camouflaging his ignorance; but did he not give the chief excuses that rural schools use for not making progress—bad weather and roads, and lack of equipment? As these are not valid excuses for the failure to teach ethics, so also are they not valid excuses for failure of rural schools to accomplish greater things.

Last week the appearance of the campus was greatly improved by volunteer workmen from the student body. Due to the shortage of labor, the campus had had little care during the summer. The volunteer workmen cut the weeds and gave the grounds a general cleaning. The Y. W. C. A. was there with its customary desire to do service. They cut and raked and served—pink lemonade. After the days labor, the occasion was immortalized by a group photograph.

Patronize The Prairie Advertisers

## DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

AT REDUCED PRICES

Just the things you will need for your vacation, can be found in our store.

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GOOD MEALS

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\$5.00 MEAL TICKET \$4.50

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## INTERESTING

Nothing is more interesting to us than our friends and acquaintances. Confidence is the dynamic substance by which our social and financial existence is made possible. Confidence, if merited, comes from acquaintance. To be alone among strangers is, indeed, depressing. To discover old friends when among strangers is a great joy. To make new friends is storing new joys for yourself. **Lets Get Acquainted.** Make our store your store and tell us your wants.

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## "HOLLAND HAS IT,"

Everybody says

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

### NEW SODA FOUNTAIN

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

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Better Clothes

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

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Fresh Groceries—Fresh Meats—Fresh Bread, All at the same time if you want it.

Will deliver your goods on time, give you 30 days time to pay, and appreciate your trade.

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All First Class Barber Work, Hair Cutting especially.

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### "A Boy Who Did Not Like School"

Laurie never did like school. He thought all the teachers had pets, but he never was fortunate enough to be one of them.

"Well Laurie," said Professor Irvin, "this is the last time. I cannot forgive you. You are too quick tempered. It was your fault, and I think you are a prize fighter instead of a student."

Laurie walked slowly out of Professor Irvin's office.

"No one sympathizes with me. Aunt Minerva and Uncle Tom will not. And to tell Sammie, it was all my fault would be out-rageous. She would not understand, even if I did get whipped; and she would think it was my fault that I did not whip," he talked to the air.

"I think I'll hit the trail. I hate to wear a panama and a necktie, having the spinsters calling me 'Laurance, Dear.' I am going to the west. El Paso is too dull for me," thought Laurie.

He walked home thoughtfully, and went in his room. He donned his roughest clothes, then strolled down to the station.

The first west bound train was carrying a boy scarcely seventeen, to a land he had not seen in seven long years.

Two weeks later found Laurance Edwards in Arizona, riding out from town with one of the boys of the "M. I. T."

"I wonder if they really want a hand, or was this boy playing a joke on me," earnestly thought Laurie, for he remembered how the boys used to tell how many jokes they had played on people. Soon he saw an old man riding toward them. As he rode up by them, he spoke to the cowboy, and nodded to Laurie.

"Is this the boy you would like to work with, Colonel?" asked the cowboy.

"Oh well, I'm willin' to give any feller a fair chance," replied the old man. "Hunting a job boy?"

"Yes sir. You are correct," answered Laurie.

"Well, You go on to the mess-house, and have the cook to scare you up some supper. Now, boy, take a good night's sleep; then I guess you can go to work for the "M. I. T." early in the mornin'," replied the old man as he rode off.

Laurie liked his work exceedingly well. It was such a contrast to the past seven years. But as time passed, the days lengthened, and he got tired before quitting time came.

One evening in October, he rode into the corrals about sundown. All of the boys except Shorty, the old man and Laurie had gone with the wagon. Of course these three men had much work to do.

Laurie's afternoon task was fixing fence, also riding to a windmill, to see if there was plenty of water. When he got the fence fixed, it was late. He started for home in a long gallop, when from behind him a coyote trotted by. What a long, delightful chase they had.

Unfortunately the coyote led the wrong direction. Therefore, Laurie forgot all about the windmill.

As Laurie rode up to the saddle barn, the old man was unsaddling his horse.

"Was the windmill running good—plenty of water I guess?" asked the old man.

Laurie did not know what to say. The next thing he remembered, he heard himself trying to explain, but all of his efforts were in vain.

"The idea of a cowboy shirking his duty! I'll never stand for that, no sir, not while I'm boss of this here outfit. You understand what I mean," said the old man.

"Yes, I understand I am fired—guess that's what you mean," replied Laurie.

He went to the bunk house and got his things. After being paid off, he hit the path. He was thinking hard.

"I wonder how many lonesome boys have trodded up this trail, and perhaps were thinking of their home back east, and also thinking of a little girl they had left behind, as I did. My dear little Sammie, she has forgotten me long before now, I am sure, also aunt Minerva and uncle Tom, too," thought Laurie.

By this time he had reached a small ravine. There was an old log. Not thinking of what he was doing or that he should be going on, he sat down there. His thoughts drifted back several years, when Sammie and he were kids. They used to play in her playhouse, wade in the creek, or fish with bent pins for minnows. Then lately when he carried her books home from school, also when the grammar was difficult, she always helped him.

Well, he must not think of that home he had left behind. Left all of them, didn't even say goodbye, nor had he written home.

But that laugh sounded familiar, and suddenly he was awakened from his trance. He got up and looked around. His first glimpse was a car. The people were getting out. These people proved to be none more or less than Sammie, her mother and

father, also Aunt Minerva and Uncle Tom.

After a pleasant evening spent together, Laurie decided to return and enter school again.

—Myrtle Miller, Ninth Grade.

### Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge

There is a story in the June "Atlantic Monthly" which every country school teacher ought to read—"Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge." The story is written by Margaret Prescott Montague. The scene of the story is laid in the West Virginia mountains.

The postmaster tells the newspaper reporter the story of the patriotism of the old farmer of Freedom Ridge. From a recent interview with President Wilson, the reporter quoted these words of the President about the story: "That lady has written a story which breathes of a patriotism so pure and wholesome as to make other things of life seem of little consequence. I wish that every person that questions the benefits of humanity that will be guaranteed by the League of Nations might read it."

The June "Atlantic Monthly" is in the Library files. This story has also been published in book form by Doubleday, Page & Company.

### Exchanges

A new degree is to be established at the University of Texas, that of Bachelor of Music.

The National Board of the Y. W. C. A. has prepared health inventories, or lists of questions concerning diet, dress, exercise, bathing and personal habits, as part of the health movement of the association. They are for women who have not the opportunity to visit association health centers, where careful examinations are given, and, if honestly answered, show the individual how to preserve or secure good health habits.

Of the four hundred girls attending Crecent College, in Eureka Springs, Ark., for the past five years one hundred and twenty seven have registered from Texas.

Doubtless, before long we will hear complaints from Canyon wash-women concerning the income tax.

### No Brains

John's father had always told him that he had no sense and that he was ashamed to take him to town where people would see him.

But when the old man took a load of apples to town, John was allowed to go upon one condition—that he was to keep his mouth shut. When they arrived in town the father went to the post office, leaving John in charge of the apples. Pretty soon a bunch of boys came by and asked if the apples were for sale. John said nothing, whereupon the oldest boy said, "come on boys, he's a fool." When the father returned, John said, "Father I never said a word and they found out I was a fool anyway."

### Picket Fence Methods

"Yes, sixty quarts of my beans spoiled, and I canned them by government methods, absolutely," announced the farm woman.

"Tell me," asked the farm demonstration agent, "just how you canned them. Did you sterilize the jars well?"

"Indeed, I did," she answered, rather indignant that her method should be questioned. "I boiled the jars for two hours and then put them on the picket fence for a week. And then they spoiled."

Mrs. L. G. Allen returned last week from an extended trip to Paris, Texas, where she visited relatives.

### The Silver Joker

Denver News: Senator Pittman put one over on the country. It has just been discovered that what is known as the Pittman law contains a joker, designed to boost up the market value of silver. For every dollar melted up the Treasury is required to buy an equivalent amount of bullion at the fixed price of \$1 an ounce. As a consequence, we are now purchasing silver bullion at a big advance on the price in the world market and far in excess of all requirements for coinage.

Senator Pittman hails from Nevada. Silver is plentiful in Nevada. He is a Democrat. His joker is legalized graft. It should be eliminated from the Pittman law when Congress reassembles.

### Maine's Swedes

Kenebec Journal: New Sweden, in Aroostock, had a big celebration July 23 in honor of the semi-centennial of its founding. New Sweden is populated almost entirely by he descendants of Swedish settlers. They are prosperous and New Sweden is one of the most thriving towns in Aroostock, being in the midst of the famous potato belt. The celebration was an elaborate affair.

We see the Germans have been ordered to destroy their guns again. If this keeps up those guns will soon be a total loss.—Barber County (Kansas) Index.



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