



THANKSGIVING NUMBER THE PRAIRIE

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

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NUMBER 5



THE RANGER-BUFFALO GAME

Oklahomans Take a Victory From Us
Score 14 to 7—Alva Coach
Praises Canyon Team.

The old-timers say they saw the best game ever played on the Normal field, on November 11th, when the Oklahoma Northwestern Rangers came out victors over the Canyon Buffaloes by only one touchdown and goal. In the first quarter each team held the other for downs and neither was able to cross the other's goal line. The Buffaloes received the pig-skin when the Rangers kicked off and punted it back to Smithson, the Ranger right halfback. Surface, the left halfback, made 16 yards and Sprague made 6 for Alva, then the Canyon boys gained the ball on downs. They were up against the goal-posts so Key punted it 40 yards down the field. During the remainder of the first period neither team gained very much at the time, except when Smithson received a pass from Surface making a 32-yard gain for the Rangers.

Second Quarter

The Alva boys were within 3 yards of a touchdown when the second quarter began, and Smithson carried the pig-skin over on a mighty plunge. Hamburg, the Alva left end, kicked the goal.

The Rangers kicked off, and Golden, the Buffalo left tackle, returned the ball 10 yards for Canyon. A pass from Burson to Jenkins gained 18 yards; then, after short gains by Lemon, Key, Burson, and Jenkins, on the fourth down Ira punted to Surface. The Buffaloes held the Alva boys for small gains and finally for a loss of 5 yards, and Hamburg punted back to Jenkins, who returned it 12 yards. Burson carried it 13, 3, and 6 yards; Mitchell carried it 7 yards; Key lost 8 yards on a fumble; then after one incomplete forward pass, Sprague intercepted a pass and gained two or three yards for the Rangers. On fakes and through the line, Sprague, Surface, and Smithson made only 2, 3, and 4 yards at the time for Alva, so they let Hamburg kick it. Jenkins received it alright but the ball went over on a fumble. Smithson made 3 yards; Surface made 9; Sprague carried it 3 at one time, 2 at another, then plunged the remaining 4 yards, making Alva's last touchdown. Hamburg kicked the goal, and kicked off to Canyon. After a few short gains the first half of the game ended with the score 14 to 0 in Alva's favor.

Second Half

The Buffaloes kicked off, and the entire third quarter seemed to be a punting match, both teams fought but neither of them made much headway down the field and there were no scores made in this period.

Last Quarter

In the beginning of the last quarter it seemed as if it would be a repetition of the third, but near the end of the period a feature play unequalled by any other play on the Normal field this year was pulled off, when Henry, the light-footed left end, received a pass from Burson, dodged through a mass of Rangers, and ran 50 yards, making a touchdown for the Buffaloes. The entire crowd of spectators, which was the largest to attend any football game here this year, went wild with enthusiasm when Henry made this spectacular play.

In the remaining few minutes of the game the Buffaloes gained 20 yards on a pass from Studor to Jenkins, 5 yards at one time, and 20 at another on passes from Burson to Mitchell; then Smithson intercepted a pass and when the whistle blew the Rangers were still trying to make another touchdown, and the score was 14 to 7 in their favor.

Coach Wyatt of the Alva Rangers said that the Buffalo team was the cleanest bunch that his men had played this year. He also said that there were not many teams that could get away with so much passing as the Buffaloes did against his back field.

Coach Wyatt was a Captain of Artillery in the army during the war and after the Armistice was signed he was in charge of Athletics for over-seas men at Base No. 1, St. Nazaire, France, until nearly all the troops were sent home. When he got back to the U. S. he was put in charge of shell-shocked and mentally effected soldiers at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in New York. Over 10,000 men passed through the

Hospital while he was there. He used a series of Primitive Mass Play Games to help restore their mental efficiency. He stresses the mental attitude of football players and other College athletes more than any other one thing, he says. Captain Wyatt is just now getting out a book entitled, "100 Mass Play Games." He is responsible for the Name "Rangers" becoming so well known throughout this country, for he helped them make it when, in 1914, he took a Basket ball team on a tour, of Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Nebraska, and Missouri. They played 45 games and lost only four of them. He paid all their expenses from the proceeds and had some money left.

PAMPA HIGH DEFEATS TULIA IN CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST

The swift little Tulia High football squad met their first defeat last Saturday, in Amarillo, at the hands of the husky Pampa eleven. Both teams were strong on the offense, but neither seemed to show much defense, even though they fought like tigers all the way through. The score was tied three times during the game. Tulia made the first touchdown, Pampa made the score 7 to 7; Tulia made another, and the Pampa lads made it 14 to 14; Tulia made another touchdown, but failed to kick the goal, Pampa did the same. The Tulia lads played an aerial game all the way through, but Pampa won on straight football.

When the second half of the game began the score stood 20 to 20, in favor of neither side, but the Pampa huskies seemed to have learned Tulia's aerial schemes, and began to break up their passing machine. Henry, Pampa's mighty fullback, carried the pig-skin over for a touchdown in the third quarter; and Dunkle, the left halfback, and outstanding star of the game, ran 30 yards for a touchdown in the fourth quarter. Wilson kicked the goal in each case. When the game ended the score was 34 to 20 in favor of the Pampa eleven.

The Pampa aggregation was full of pep and raring to go an hour before the game started, and from the way they played on the last, they were still raring to go when the whistle blew to quit.

LEGION POST ENTERTAINS EX-SERVICE MEN OF COLLEGE

The local American Legion Post sent invitations to all ex-service men of the College to attend the breakfast dance on November 11th at the Legion Club house. A few of the students responded to the invitation and reported a very good time. Breakfast was served at 8 o'clock. About 9 o'clock cars assembled to take the crowd to Amarillo.

Canyon had a large delegation in the parade, which began at 12:03 in Amarillo. A big dinner was served to the boys in khaki, and free admission was given to all the theaters of the town. We are grateful to the local Post for their interest in us on Liberty Day.

At 4 p. m., November the 16th, the members of the Philo Callos Club, charcoal and bags of lunch in hand, were off to the Wragge Grove for an afternoon's sketching. The fun increased as we proceeded. All were delighted that Love had not forgotten us on this occasion. Love was here; Love was there; Love was everywhere. When we reached our destination, every one went to work with a will, for Miss Fricke, Capt. John Smith-like, had said "He who works not shall not eat." After all the sketches were finished and approved by the club, the cats began to disappear. Soon there was nothing left except a sack of grapes that had been kept for Mr. Wragge. But who should present the grapes? The boys proposed to select a girl by the process of elimination, but—Miss Pool had captured the grapes and was speeding away toward the house followed by the entire group. In front of the door the group halted and gave fifteen snappy "rahs" for Mr. Wragge. As Mr. Wragge approached, Miss Pool's courage failed. She stepped back and handed the grapes to a maiden who presented them saying, "Mr. Wragge, here are some grapes that were left from our lunch."

The Club will have its next meeting on November the 24th, at which time the following program will be given. The Life of Whistler—Edith Rayzor. The Open Door—Una Brooks. Venice—Austin Love. The End—Winnie Pool.

BUFFALOES AND BULLDOGS TIE SCORE IN FINAL BATTLE OF SEASON—14 TO 14

The Canyon Buffaloes and Clarendon Bulldogs tied the score in their final grid battle of the season on the Normal field Thanksgiving Day, 14 to 14. Canyon apparently had the game won until the last few minutes of play, when the Bulldogs began to complete passes from Meads to Smalley, and Jackson carried the pig-skin over for Clarendon's touchdown, and kicked the goal tying the score 14 to 14.

Neither team was able to score in the first quarter, but each threatened the other's goal line. Clarendon had a strong wind in their favor in this period. The Buffaloes seemed to have the Bulldogs out-classed, and in the last minute of the first half, Golden, the Normal's left tackle, carried the ball over for the first touchdown of the game. Jenkins kicked the goal, making the score 7 to 0.

In the third quarter, Burson, the Buffalo fullback went through the line and ran 35 yards for a touchdown. Studor kicked the goal, making the score 14 to 0. The Buffaloes did not attempt many passes on account of the high wind in the early part of the game. Once, however, in this period they completed a pass from Scott to Henry, which gained 45 yards for the Normal. Burson followed it up with a 10 yard gain and Johnson 9½ thru the line, which with a few short gains, placed the pig-skin within 6 inches of a touchdown, where the Bulldogs gained the ball on downs.

The Clarendon boys failed to complete many passes in the first part of the game, but toward the end, when the wind began to lay, they opened up, and the Buffaloes were unable to break up their aerial machine. A pass from Meads to Lane put the ball over for Clarendon's first touchdown, and Jack-

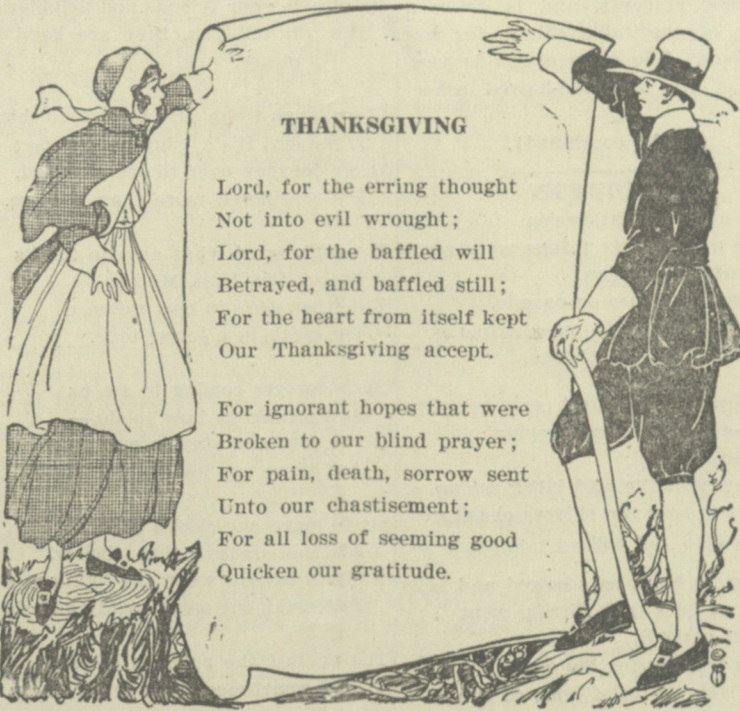
son kicked the goal. There was a peppy crowd from Clarendon rooting for the team throughout the game, and when Jackson made the last touchdown and tied the score by kicking the goal, they went wild with cheers, while shrieks and screams were heard from the grandstand.

McCarty's aggregation of Normal "Rooters" in the grand stand showed a world of pep and school spirit thru-out the game, and the entire ball park was in a continual uproar while the Huntleigh Hall boys were putting on their stunt before the game.

Coach Burton played 19 men during the game, thus giving all the first team men a chance that were able to play.

The lineups as they started:

Buffaloes	Bulldogs
Henry	Lane
Left end	
Golden	Pope
Left tackle	
Byrd	McLaren
Left guard	
Sanders	Naughtier
Center	
Bolton	Keener
Right guard	
Lancaster	Hawkins
Right tackle	
Mitchell	Smalley
Right end	
Studor	Jackson
Quarterback	
Johnson	Hallmark
Left half	
Whitacre	G. Close
Right half	
Burson	Meads
Fullback	
Clarendon substituted Mounts for Keener in the first quarter and Walker for Mounts in the third.	



THANKSGIVING

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the baffled will
Betrayed, and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept
Our Thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good
Quicken our gratitude.

SECOND TEAM DEFEATS CLAUDE

Score 21 to 6—"Little Buffalo" Team
Takes Claude High School Into
Camp, November 12.

The second team played Claude High School a hard game Saturday, November 12th, at Claude, and beat them 21 to 6. The Claude lads fought them like tigers in the first quarter of the game and they were unable to get over the goal-line. But when the second period ensued a pass from Stewart to Sone was completed, making a 20-yard gain for our "Little Buffalo" team. Then Bivens went through Claude's line for 10 yards more, and Stewart carried the pig-skin around the right end for Canyon's first touchdown. Sone kicked the goal, making the score 7 to 0 in favor of the Normal. The Claude boys could not make much through Canyon's line. They made some good gains on passes from Averytt to McClure and from Ray to Homer Corbin, but they could not gain enough to make up for the gains made by Terry, Bivins, and Sone, so they tried in vain to keep the Canyon "Little Buffaloes" from making a touchdown. Sone kicked the goal again, bringing the score up to 14 for Canyon and leaving 0 for Claude.

The feature play of the last half was made when Homer Corbin received a

forward pass from Averytt and ran 80 yards for Claude's only touchdown, while the enthused crowd shouted to the tops of their voices. Averytt failed to kick goal, so the score was 14 to 6.

Near the end of the game the Canyon boys had Claude backed up against the goal posts, and Claude held them until the ball went over, then the Claudites attempted a punt. When Hood, their center, passed the ball back to Averytt, the fullback, so that he might kick it, Averytt could not see on account of darkness, and consequently he fumbled. Then Benson and Sone fell on the pig-skin for Canyon's third touchdown, and Sone again kicked the goal.

When the game was over the Home Economics girls under the supervision of Miss Hunter, who is known to many people in Canyon, served sandwiches to all the boys, including Coach Burton.

BAPTIST STUDENTS' UNION

The Baptists of Texas are making an extensive effort to help their students over the state. One evidence of this interest was shown in the organization of the Baptist Students' Union and the annual conventions of this body. The convention was held this year on October 28 to 30, with Baylor College at Belton. Miss Elva Frona-barger, Baptist Student Secretary, Joye Mills and Paul Johnson represented our school at this meeting. Many plans are being made for the student phase of church work.

RELICS OF INTEREST COLLECTED BY HOME EC. DEPARTMENT

The department of Home Economics has recently made a collection of some valuable relics for exhibition. Among these is an exquisite point lace handkerchief loaned by Erma Dowd. It was made by Mrs. G. Dowd in Mississippi eighty years ago.

Another is a miniature shirt made in Liverpool, England, by Miss Isabel Moody about forty years ago in a contest for short stitches, in which it won the prize. It has descended through the family until now it belongs to Mrs. H. C. Dolcater, of Amarillo, Texas.

An infant dress made and embroidered by a woman near Liverpool, England, about seventy-five years ago is exceedingly interesting. It was first worn by Mr. George Tubb, and has descended through the generations until all his children and grandchildren have worn it. This dress also is in the possession of Mr. Dolcater, of Amarillo.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. is certainly on the map this year. It has not only given parties for the pleasure of the students, but it has also conducted excellent weekly programs intended for the spiritual development of the all-round girl. Anyone who passes room 105 on Thursday afternoons at 4:10 sees a group of girls in a semi-circle around the piano, which is decorated with palms and ferns. And surely the flowers are not growing more than those girls, for they are singing hymns together, praying together, thinking together and learning together how life to them, and through them to the world, can become "the more abundant life."

If the girls have needed the assistance of trained and experienced minds to direct them in their thinking, they certainly have not lacked for the very best. They have been making a study of student standards of action, and Miss Hudspeth, out of her wealth of experience and deep love for girls, presented many good ideas in the second meeting of the year, on "The purpose that should dominate a college girl." Mr. Sheffy treated the problems that arise in the readjustment to the conditions of a college community and suggested feasible solutions to these problems. Miss Bell, in a highly practical talk, presented the values of keeping an expense account, and gave plans for such an account.

On Mission day, Miss Lamb read to the girls "Geographical Adventures in Friendship," written by Miss Abbie Graham, our own one-time Secretary; and Fannie Cash, Chairman of the World Fellowship Committee, carried her audience around the world with the Y. W. C. A. The climax of all the meetings was reached in the last one, Nov. 17, at which time Rev. Osborne, pastor of the Christian Church, delivered an intensely interesting and scholarly address on "Friendships, as they arise from Christian Associations." One hundred and fifty people were present at this meeting, a goodly number of whom were boys, who came upon special invitation. This promises well for the Y. M. C. A., which is just now beginning its work. A highly appreciated addition to the program was a solo rendered by Mr. J. J. Powell.

Not the least of the attractions in these weekly Association meetings has been the social hour following. Some member of the Advisory Council has poured tea each time, and the girls have conversed in the friendliest manner over their cups. They have been learning, through this charming custom, to play as well as to work together.

SOPHOMORE

Monday, November 14, at the chapel period, the Sophomore Class met with Miss Calwell, representing the C. A. Bryant Company at Dallas, for the purpose of selecting class rings and pins for this year. A selection committee was appointed, which consulted with Miss Calwell, and selected the pins and rings. If any Sophomore wants a pin or ring and has not put in an order, he should give it to the president of the class.

The Elementary School football team showed good spirit in the game with Hereford Monday, Nov. 7th, even if they got beat 37 to 0. On Thursday, Nov. 10th, the team went to Friona. The boys hit Friona's one hundred-sixty pound back field as if they meant business, and held them to a score of 27 to 0.

TWO FIRES IN CANYON THURS.

Damage to the Extent of Nearly \$5,000 to Canyon Property on Thursday, November 17.

Fire completely destroyed a well house, garage, and windmill tower in Mrs. J. C. Cowart's yard, southwest of Huntleigh Hall, last Thursday afternoon. The fire originated in the well house, which contained a number of valuable articles, and spread to the garage and windmill tower. The windmill pumped water until the sucker-rod was burned in two, but it availed nothing as it failed to put it in the right place.

Mrs. Cowart's car was in the garage but it escaped before the fire reached that building. Her dwelling would probably have burned if it had not been for the quick action and presence of mind shown by McCarty, the College yell leader. The wind was just right to have caused the burning buildings and tower to have fallen toward the house, but he rushed in with an iron pole and called enough men to help push them away, and cause them to fall the other direction. At first the men seemed unable to shove the skeleton of the house over, but by his leadership, McCarty got them to push together and the burning pieces fell away from the house.

Mrs. Cowart is a widow, the wife of an old Confederate soldier, and an old resident in Canyon. Her loss probably amounts to a little less than \$1,000.00, but the loss sustained by her granddaughter, Miss Birdie Lee Burkhalter, cannot be measured in dollars and cents. She had a trunk containing many old relics and the only picture that she possessed of her mother, and it burned. She also lost many valuable books in the fire. Miss Burkhalter taught in the Canyon High School last year, and she is doing degree work in the Normal College this year. She is much loved by many people in Canyon.

Lightfoot Home Burns

It was not more than 40 minutes after the fire alarm sounded, at 6:45 p. m. Thursday, until T. J. Lightfoot's 6-room house near the Santa Fe depot was reduced to ashes. No one seemed to know anything about it until the whole house was aflame. The family had just finished supper. Mr. Lightfoot had gone to lodge, his wife had stepped over to a neighbor's and the children were gone. The loss will probably amount to a little over \$4,000, one half of which is covered by insurance.

The cause of the fire is uncertain, but as an oil lamp was left burning in the part of the house where the fire appeared to have started, it is believed by some than an explosion was the cause.

"YEA, WITH ALL HASTE!"

The above quotation is the answer John L. McCarty of the Antler Literary Society received from The Cousins when he asked if we were willing to meet the Antlers on the gridiron. It indicates the spirit of the Cousins Literary Society this quarter.

Only men who have not been taking football with the Buffaloes this season, or at least for three weeks, will be allowed to play in this game. The preparation on the part of each Society will be short but snappy. What the teams lack in science will be offset by the good old fighting spirit of which both Societies love to boast. The time and other minor details will be ironed out by the committees.

The Cousins are making no idle boasts, but are supported by the great number of loyal Sesames, the team is going in to win. The contest is going to be clean and hard fought; from several viewpoints the most interesting game of the season.

The program was opened with a spirited debate between six Cousins over the question: Resolved, that all Japanese Immigration to the United States Should Be Prohibited Indefinitely. The gentlemen of the affirmative won the unanimous decision of the judges, but only after a hard fight.

EVENING ON THE PLAINS

See! the golden clouds are shinnig
From out the wondrous west.
The sky has drawn her curtains,
And the sun has gone to rest.
—Hattie Mills.

THE PRAIRIE

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STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....Mody C. Boatright
Business Manager.....Frank Hill
Associate Editor-in-Chief.....
.....Eugene Devereaux
Literary Editor.....Homer Cowan
Faculty Adviser.....H. W. Morelock

STUDENT OPINION

The boys of this school do not like to be classed with the old-fashioned folk who used to take a bath only once a week, and that on Saturday night. For that reason, they want shower bath capacity sufficient to meet their need, and that need is great. There are only two showers at their disposal, and those two are wholly inadequate when forty football fellows reach the bath-room with the same purpose in mind. The same condition prevails during basket-ball and baseball season.

Is there not some way by which this situation may be remedied?

What must a fellow do with his books when he goes into the library to study? They are not allowed in the reading room, so they must either be taken home or left lying about in the corridor, on the steps or in the windows. It is out of the question for one to go home, for then all time for reading is taken up.

Of course, a new library building or increased library space will solve this problem, but in the absence of such, the students' welfare must be looked after. The students are blamed for "throwing" their books about the halls, but what else must they do? If one wishes to study his text, he must go either to a vacant classroom or the auditorium, and those serve very poorly as a place of study.

UNCLE TOM CLARK

On the evening of our last Lyceum number, between acts, when everyone was craving music, "Uncle Tom" Clark played some beautiful selections on the piano, some of which were of his own composition. They portrayed his responsiveness to nature and his interpretation of the aesthetic; they were descriptive of the inner man, and revealed the spirit of kindness and love, which helps us to appreciate more our associations with this dear old man.

Mr. Clark holds a very warm place in the hearts and affections of all who are fortunate enough to know him. He has won the admiration of every student in school by his big heartedness, sympathetic nature, broad knowledge, his sense of humor, and the cheerful manner in which he greets everyone.

It is seldom that we find a man with so many accomplishments: he plays the piano, the violin, and the horn. Uncle Tommy is also a good singer, and he can instantly drive dull cares away and make an audience see the funny side of life by his humorous readings. Yet not all of his readings are only humorous, many of his selections are deep in their meaning and applications, and they lift us up and stimulate ambition to accomplish things really worth while.

This year will make Mr. Clark's third year as Instructor in the History Department of the West Texas State Normal College, and there are few who have a clearer insight into every day problems, or a more pleasing manner of presenting methods for their solution. He won a place in the hearts of many by his talks on, "Our Language," last week, and his music between acts on the evening of the Lyceum number.

—Lester Hill.

THE SPANISH CLUB

The students of the Spanish Department met one day last week and re-organized the Spanish Club. The following officers were elected:

President—Harper Allen.
Vice-president—Louise Shanklin.
Sec.-Treas.—Gilbert Tyler.
Annual Rep.—Miss Mansfield.
Prairie Rep.—Elizabeth Reck.

The club voted to study some of the social and economical problems of Mexico; to give plays in Spanish; to learn Spanish songs; to have Spanish socials; and to use the Spanish language as much as possible.

We have already had a delightful sun-set picnic followed by an interesting hour at the Mexican Camp, where the Mexicans entertained us with stringed instruments, and songs in their own language.

Spanish students, be progressive, join the Spanish Club.

A good business woman usually drives a harder bargain than a man.

SENIORS

We, the Senior Class, have found out that we must blow our own horn, if we wish to make ourselves heard; accordingly we are going to introduce each other one by one. When we have all been introduced, you will see that ours is indeed a dignified and worthy class.

Mr. D. T. Tarleton was unanimously elected as our representative to The Prairie to take the place of Miss Myrtle Boatright, who has resigned.

Elizabeth Reck

Two great events occurred in the year 1898; one was the Spanish-American War and the other was the appearance of Elizabeth Reck on the "stage of life."

Miss Reck claims the distinction of being the only foreigner in the class as her parents are foreign-born; but she is a native of the great Panhandle of Texas. All of her school days have been spent in the Claude Public schools and the West Texas State Normal College.

After graduating from the Claude High School in 1917, and attending this normal in that summer, she spent the next two years teaching in a rural school.

In the summer of 1919 she returned to the West Texas State Normal College and has been here ever since. Last year Miss Reck was student assistant in French.

As a student she has made one of the best records ever made in this college. Miss Reck has a very attractive personality, and has a pleasant smile for every one.

She is still single, but says that it is not her fault.

J. C. Hays

Mr. J. C. Hays first saw the light of day in the "piney woods" of Bowie county, Texas. He fought mosquitoes for eighteen years before making up his mind to come west. Mr. Hays settled in Mitchell county and taught school there for several years. In 1913 he came to the W. T. S. N. C. and graduated in 1914. He returned to the school room and remained there until 1919. In the Spring of 1919 he returned to Canyon and has continued diligently his search for knowledge.

Mr. Hays takes a prominent part in all the school activities. He is modest, unassuming but can always be depended upon to do his part. He is married, too.

J. J. Powell

Mr. J. J. Powell, the singer of our class graduated from Britton Training School in Cisco, Texas, in 1913. Among his other experiences and accomplishments Mr. Powell is an experienced school man; for, he has taught five years in rural schools, he was Superintendent of secondary high schools two years, and principle of Childress High School one year. In addition to this, Mr. Powell was placed in charge of a Battalion School for soldiers at Serquex and Parnot, France, after the Armistice was signed.

He is also a military man of some experience. In July, 1918, he joined the army and after a brief stay in training camp, he sailed from Hoboken on the "Kroonland" and landed at Brest, France, on October 21, 1918. On the way to France, the "Kroonland" had three submarine attacks; one submarine was sunk and the other two disappeared. After he reached France, Mr. Powell was sent to Metz and was transferred to the 29th Division, which was being held in reserve.

On May 8, 1919, he sailed from St. Nazaire, and reached Newport News, Va., twelve days later. He was discharged at Camp Bowie on June 3, 1919. It is interesting to note that Mr. Tarleton was also discharged at Camp Bowie on June 3, 1919. The two men have known each other several years but neither knew of this coincidence until the other day.

Mr. Powell is a very popular young man; and has made many friends and attracted many admirers by his gentle manner and his personal charm.

He married Miss Eula Mitchell on June 2, 1918.

Miss Joy Mills

Miss Joy Mills is the only member of the Senior Class who is not yet old enough to vote.

She was born in Clay County, but has spent most of her life on the plains.

She graduated from Bellevue High School in 1918. Since then she has attended school here.

Last year she was Student Assistant in the Public Speaking Department; and had one of the leading parts in the Commencement play "The Prince of Liars." This play was a tremendous success and was repeated by request.

In 1920 Miss Mills received the Board of Regents Scholarship which is given to students making commendable records.

Miss Mills is not married yet.

D. T. Tarleton

Mr. D. T. Tarleton is a native of Johnson County, Texas, where he attended the public schools. After studying in Baylor University for one sum-

mer, he taught in the rural schools of Johnson County three years.

In 1910 Mr. Tarleton came to Canyon and was one of the first students to register in the West Texas State Normal College. At that time the Normal building was not yet completed, and classes were being conducted in the court house.

After having spent three years teaching in rural schools and three in high schools, he enlisted in the army and was sent to Camp Travis in June, 1918. In a few weeks he was sent over-seas, and soon found himself in the front line trenches in the Argonne Forest. On Nov. 1, 1918, he went over the top and was wounded; he remained on the battlefield twelve hours before receiving attention.

After five months in a hospital at Toul, France, he returned to the United States and was discharged June 3, 1919.

In the fall of 1919 he entered this school and has been here since.

Mr. Tarleton was one of the Inter-collegiate debaters last year. He is a man of quiet strength, sincere, and modest. He is the kind of man who can be depended upon always.

He has been married four years and has two children, a son and a daughter.

O. W. Middleton

Mr. Middleton discovered America at Cresson, Parker County, Texas, sometime during the nineteenth century. He spent his boyhood days at Fort Worth. He attended Denton High School two years. Having a desire for more knowledge, he entered North Texas State Normal and remained three years, graduating in 1914. Mr. Middleton taught school a few years in Tarrant and Wichita Counties. When the war came on, he was among the first to volunteer. He joined the first Texas Cavalry, April 7, 1917, and remained with it to the close of the war. He was disabled while in the service and, as a result of his disability, he is a Federal Vocational student.

Mr. Middleton is a strong student and has a pleasing personality and has already made many friends in Canyon.

For the benefit of the young ladies, we wish to state that Mr. Middleton is married.

Mattie Swayne

Miss Swayne entered school here in the summer of 1915, and has seasoned her school years with teaching. It is notable that she taught three successive years in the Memphis High School and was wonderfully successful. She spent the summer of 1920 in the Southern division of the University of California.

Miss Swayne has always been among our honor students, and is doing a number of creditable things for her co-laborers. The class of '22 is very proud of its only red-haired school Ma'am.

(To be continued).

HALLOWE'EN

On the night o' Hallowe'en
Strange and ghostly things were seen,
'Bout the college.

There were witches on parade,
Hants and spooks in masquerade
Beyond all knowledge.

From the dark this host came creeping
Every one the silence keeping
Like a ghoul.

And they sent the cold blood racing
Fast; they sent the shivers chasing
Through my soul.

There were black cats bowed and bent
Shades of bats that flitting went
And a devil.

Who in forking for his own
Paused for one brief hour of fun
At the revel.

There I saw a diamond ace
Keeping slow and measured pace
With an urchin.

Soft a gipsy mumbled o'er
Things we'd never heard before,
'Twas a fortune!

Some were maids in evening gown
E'en a Polk-dotted clown
Joined the frolic.

And I saw an "Uncle Sam"
With a maid from old Japan,
Come to rolic.

Caps and visors lined the wall
Armored chieftains trod the hall
With their lances.

And full many a maiden felt
That her heart was doomed to melt
At their glances.

Hark! resounding through the hall
Came a low and mirthless call
Hour of midnight!

Quick the goblins trooped away
Ghosts and witches broke their stay,
Into flight.

Corridors grew dark, suggestive;
An' the air grew dense, oppressive
Emptiness appall!

Sights that fairly froze my marrow
Noises that my dreams will harrow,
Filled the halls.

Jack-o'-lanterns hid their faces
Shadows shifted in their places,
They were seen!

Hastily I left the hall
Late the scenes of witches ball,
On Hallowe'en.

—Vivian Edith Rayzor.

KRISP KOMMENT

Edited by Lynn C. Doyle
(Copied Right 1921)

As we wish to set a high literary standard in K. K., contributors will please read Chapter 1 in Windy Willey's "Handy Book," entitled "The Way of the Transgressor in English is rocky."

Page Old "Two-Toes"

We notice with no little surprise that old "Two-Toes" is again prowling about "The Prairie." Despite the rough handling the old fellow received at the hands of the Sub-freshman last year, he seems as spry as ever. It is with joy that we read of his recent escape from the onslaughts of the First Year marksman!

As We Know It

The card-index cabinet is where one explores while some lucky Fish finds the very book we're looking for! —A. P. Kahn.

K. K. Seconds the Motion

The promiscuous reference to all local institutions as "Canyon" must stop! The practice still prevails—and yet we wonder why so many people show such astonishing ignorance about their Normal College. Wrong impressions are very hard to correct; every student must co-operate in letting the world know that our Alma Mater is "built around something greater than 'Canyon.'" Moreover, we move that the same courtesy be extended all other institutions with whom we have dealings.

Popular Courses not Catalogued

Principles of the "Rough and Tumble."—Mr. Jarrett.

Keeping the Ditch Clear on Sundays."—Miss Richardson.

How to "Crack a Good One."—Mr. Terrill.

Pour It On 'Em!

Personally, we have not forgotten the reception C. C. handed us last Thanksgiving—nor the more recent defeat on the gridiron! Our chance comes Nov. 24! What are we going to do about it? Pour it on 'em!

Brevities

More pennants in the grand stand! If we don't put them there someone else will!

The dis-ARM-ament question evidently doesn't apply to the couple we saw in the porch-swing last evening!

Dormitory Life

On the third floor at Cousins Hall
We are trying to live at ease
By pleasing our friends and neighbors;
But I'll tell you, they are hard to please.

If we laugh we're sure to disturb them,
If we cry, it's a whole lot worse;
If we journey over to see a friend,
It's considered more than a curse.

We don't mind what anyone thinks
Unless it's Miss Malone.
But when she's in our presence
We speak in a lower tone.

She's forever coming to see us
And telling us how to do,—
To be sure and stay in our rooms
And there our lessons pursue.

Or to move our chairs more quietly
And not disturb those below,
And not to talk when the lights go out
And make our steps steady and slow.

It's against the rules to car-ride,
And sometimes it's against them to walk,
And after seven-thirty—
It's against them to talk.

We must know his family history
If we ever have a date,
And when he finally gets there
To meet each matron—his fate.

If we go to Amarillo
We must have a chaperon,
For in this world of horrors
It's not safe to be alone.

We may go to the picture show
If we go in groups of four,
But when the groups start home
They can't bring any more.

If we want to leave the Campus
We have to sign our name,
And then explain to the Matron
When we erase the same.

If we entertain on Sunday morning,
He has to be our brother—
And have the family record
And a picture of his mother.

They call these suggestions—
They haven't a single rule—
But if we didn't obey them,
We'd have to pack up and leave the school.

—Unanimous.

Mr. F. E. Lewis, Secretary for State Boys Y. M. C. A. work, visited the College Monday, November 14th, in the interest of Y. M. C. A. work.

Patronize The Prairie Advertisers.

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Students who have completed the tenth grade in a classified high school of the first class are admitted to the Second Year Class. At the end of this year an elementary certificate of the first class may be awarded, valid for three years.

Graduates of classified high schools of the first class, and who present fifteen accredited units are admitted to the Freshman Class. At the end of the Freshman Year, an elementary certificate of the first class, may be awarded, valid for four years; or a high school certificate of the first class, valid for two years.

At the end of the Sophomore Year a permanent elementary certificate may be awarded or a high school certificate of the first class, valid for four years.

At the end of the Junior year a high school certificate of the first class may be awarded, valid for six years.

On completion of the work of the Senior Year, a permanent high school certificate is awarded.

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On completion of four years of college work as outlined and described in the "Annual Catalogue," the Degree of Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science is awarded.

The West Texas State Normal College is enjoying a continuous growth and prosperity. It is the only State educational institution of college grades in the Plains and Panhandle country. Last year there was a total enrollment of 1,765. This year, beginning with the summer term and including the fall term, to date, approximately 2000 students have enrolled.

Winter term opens January 2, 1922. For catalogue or other information, address J. A. HILL, President, Canyon, Texas.

EDUCATION Habc

ROTATION PARTY

The Education classes of 41, 40k, and 40m were entertained Saturday evening, November 12th in the homes of Miss Ritchie, Mr. Sheffy, and Miss Brown by members of the faculty.

All students in the High School Department met at Miss Ritchie's. Pupils of the eighth and ninth grades, directed by Miss Witt and Miss Rogers, dramatized, "Young Lochinvar," for the students' entertainment.

The intermediate section met at Mr. Sheffy's where they took a physical and mental test. The physical test, which was given by Miss Mansfield, consisted of smiling and of playing nose and toe tag. The mental ability was tested by a Geography game and by interpretive drawing. Miss Elizabeth Bailey gave each person a list of questions which were answered by abbreviations of the names of the States. Pictures were drawn interpreting the poem read by Miss Fricke.

The primary-kindergarten section met at Miss Brown's. The group took part in physical exercise directed by Miss Yocom and Miss Hibbets. Mr. Allen and Mr. Guenther were "Star Performers" in interpretive dancing. The company was divided into groups of three, and they engaged in a word matching contest.

After the entertainment of the group at the home of meeting, each group progressed to one of the other homes. When the three homes had been visited each group returned to its place of meeting where refreshments were served.

ELAPHEIANS

On November 9, twenty-four strangely clad girls gathered at the Normal exactly at 8 a. m. Their unusual appearance and promptness was due to this warning which they had received:

"You are hereby notified to present yourself for initiation on Wednesday, November 9, 1921, at 7:30 p. m. in room 105. You will heed these instructions: Initiation will begin at 8 a. m., Wednesday, Nov. 9, and will end at 10 a. m. the same day.

1. You are to wear absolutely no paint, powder, or cream.

2. Wear hair parted in the middle, skinned down slick and braided in a single tight plait, tied near the end with a yellow and white ribbon. Wear no head covering.

3. Wear all visible clothing back side in front.

4. Wear a glove on the right hand.

5. Wherever you go, you are to carry a pillow on which you must sit.

6. Don't dare refuse to carry an old member's books when told to do so.

7. Be at school by eight o'clock and spend some time in the library during the day.

8. Be able to contribute some comical part of the program, or suffer the consequences.

WOE BE UNTO YOU if this summons you do not heed, or these directions you disobey.

SECOND YEAR NORMAL

President Lee Johnson called a meeting of the Second Year Normal students in the Auditorium at 10:00 o'clock Friday, November 4th. The purpose of the meeting was to see about changing the meeting time of the class. After a snappy little speech by Miss Parker, the vote was carried unanimously to have the meeting time changed from 7:30 a. m. on the first Wednesday of every month to the chapel period of the first Friday of every month.

Senator France accuses Major Ryan, head of the American Red Cross, of fomenting the Kronstadt mutiny. That would be more than enough to make a Red cross.—Liberator.

S. O. L. CLUB PRESENTS
SCENE FROM CAMP LIFE

A patriotic celebration of Armistice Day was presented in chapel last Thursday morning by a number of ex-service men. The scenes presented, as explained by Mr. Devereux, were intended to illustrate soldier life in the army camps. The treatment of the soldiers by the different high and low officials was vividly portrayed.

The trial of Private Bolton was pushed thru in a "high handed" and illegal manner by the officer in authority, portrayed by Eugene Devereux. The participation of the officials in the "crap shooting" was humorously emphasized. The singing of war songs by Messrs. Whitacre, Sanders, Powell, Tarlton, and Graves and the dog dancing by B. C. Graves furnished the very interesting and appreciative program.

ANTLERS DOINGS

The Antler Literary Society met again Friday night, Nov. 18. Mr. Roy Baker, President of the Society, opened the program by performing a number of magical stunts. Boon Horn followed with an interesting discussion of a small boy's idea of cats.

Mr. Baker continued the program by leading in the discussion of disarmament. The text of Secretary Hughes' message to the Peace Conference was read. Our present relation to Japan was discussed by Mr. Carl Kemp.

After the program, the Society entered into a round table discussion on the question of challenging the Cousins Literary Society for a football game. Such a challenge was decided upon, and John McCarty went forthwith into the Cousins' lair to deliver the message.

Five new members were accepted by the Society.

SESAMES

On Friday night, November 18, the "fan room" was a place of mystery. Ask any brand new Sesame what happened there and the reply will be, "I became a Sesame." That's all.

"I'm glad that I'm a Sesame," were the words of forty eight new members and about the same number of old ones at the close of the very pleasant evening.

After the initiation was administered, all gathered in room 105. There, speeches were heard from new members on "My first impression upon becoming a Sesame." Miss Mansfield, one of the honorary members, lead in several lively games. Ice cream was served, and everyone left declaring that no society was so good and none so full of life and interest as the Sesame.

GAMMA CHI

The Gamma Chi Club met Wednesday, November 9, at the home of Kathleen Jennings. The afternoon was pleasantly spent. A short business session was held after the social hour, at the termination of which the hostess served delicious refreshments consisting of chicken salad, potato chips, sandwiches, coffee and mints.

MATHEMATICS-SCIENCE CLUB

The regular session of the Mathematics-Science Club promises to be even more interesting than the last meeting was, as it is expected that the program which has been arranged will be very interesting. Won't you come to room 104 November 23, at 3 o'clock and see.

The Training School basket ball team went to Happy last week. They came back in good spirits, for they were winners by a score of 18 to 2.

An hour's use daily of the piano is being given to some domestic servants in London suburbs.

Thanksgiving in 1621

BY FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

They tell us of the hard times our good forefathers had,
And picture them in high hats, with faces stern and sad;
But I myself am quite inclined to think they had some fun,
Come on with me, we'll travel back to 1621.
And when we have convinced ourselves, we'll let the neighbors know
How the Pilgrims kept Thanksgiving three hundred years ago.

THE STORY

Now when we came to Leiden Street upon that autumn day
Not even a reckless boy or girl was wasting time at play,
There was work enough for all to do you'll readily understand,
With nuts to crack and fruits to chop and clams to dig from the sand,
And marchpans and manchets and possets and pies to make,
The great brick ovens of heat red-hot, the Thanksgiving feast to bake.
Mistress Winslow stood in her door with the baby, Peregrine White,
Setting tasks for the boys and girls, and seeing they did them right.
Some were gathering purple grapes to make in jellies and jams;
Some we noticed down on the beach busily digging clams—
We recognized Love Brewster and Francis Billington,
And Bartholomew, and Mary and remember Allerton.

We saw Dame Hopkins shelling beans with the gentle elder's wife,
And Constance mincing venison under her chopping-knife.
A white-capped maid with wooden spoon, ready to beat and stir,
Priscilla looked to her mixing-bowl, and John Alden looked at her.
The echoing thwacks of the Pilgrims' ax came to us on the breeze
From where pine tables were being built under the red-leaved trees,
And we heard loud guns in the forest, for men had a fowling gone.
Oh, when we came to Leiden Street, there was business going on!

Thanksgiving morning dawned at last, golden and clear and fair,
With the autumn scent of frosted brakes and ripe fruits in the air.
The village was up with robin and wren ahead of the morning sun,
Captain Standish climbed the hill to fire the sunrise gun,
When suddenly on the clearing burst a tumult of wild cries,
And a most appalling spectacle appeared before our eyes:
With hands upon their muskets, the Pilgrim Fathers stood,
As a band of painted red men came dashing from the wood—

Ten and ninety red men came screaming from the wood!
Clad in skins of gray wolf, and fox and deer and bear,
With horns of beasts upon their heads, and feathers in their hair,
Their long, lean arms in threatening guise gesturing in the air.

But behold! they bore no tomahawks, no gleaming battle-ax,
And only empty quivers hung across their copper backs—
Ah, these then, were the friendly tribes who had the treaty signed,
Who entering the settlement, had left their arms behind.
And then we saw that Squanto and Samoset were there,
And Massasoit, with eagle plumes braided in his hair.
As we looked on, the great Red Chief came forward, bowing low,
And that was how guests arrived three hundred years ago.

Now there was great commotion: the morning prayers were said,
A fire was kindled by the brook, the tables quickly spread,
And Massasoit, the chieftain, was seated at the head.
Why never in three centuries has been a grander sight
Than when they sat together there, the red men and the white,
Besides the long pine tables in silent, friendly rows—
Governor Bradford, dignified, in doublet and in hose;
Massasoit in deerskin and shells and shining quills;
And over there the ocean, and here, the high green hills.

Bring on the chowder now, my dears, and fill the wooden bowls;
Here is a motley gathering of hungry human souls;
Heap high the pewter platters with pudding and with meat,
For men may talk and men may laugh, but men must also eat.
So flank the beef and mustard with turnips, piping hot,
And pour the good plum porridge out a-steaming from the pot.
With oysters in the scallop-shells, with barley loaves and corn,
We'll launch the good Thanksgiving feast on this November morn,
The feast that shall remembered be far longer than you know.
And that's the way they did it three hundred years ago.

Then came the games, and think you, was anybody sad?
Were not those solemn Pilgrims just great boys running mad—
Throwing balls and pitching quoits and racing down the street,
Moccasins, and buckled shoes, and bare, swift-running feet?
And then the sudden fanfare of trumpets, loud and shrill,
The roll of drums, and music, and soldiers down the hill
Marching in stately order, by their doughty captain led,
And the banner of Old England floating overhead.
"Ugh!" murmured Quadequina, at the muskets' loud report
And an answering roar that sounded from the fort.
"Have they lured us here to kill us?" Said his chieftain, "Dost not know,
There's a difference 'twixt the eagle and the thievish carrion crow?
Peace my brother; they would teach us in the way the white men know."

Three days Thanksgiving lasted. Three days the red men stayed
And feasted with the Pilgrims and listened when they prayed,
And learned to trust the white man's voice, and liked the games he played,
But Ah! we haven't told you half of what was said and done,
The things we heard—the things we saw—in 1621!
The five deer that the brawny braves came bringing on their backs,
The corn that they had learned to pop, and fetched in leathern sacks;
And all the Pilgrims freely gave from out their scanty hoard,
The very best of everything the colony did afford,
With native flowers and fruits and nuts to grace the festal board.
And how, upon the last day, after the feast was done,
The red men to their wigwams returned at set of sun,
And the little band at Plymouth did up their evening chores,
And said their prayers, and thanked the Lord, and closed their cabin doors.

Now as for me, since traveling back to 1621,
I'm sure our good forefathers had their share of fun;
And if the neighbors doubt it, speak up, and let them know
How the Pilgrims kept Thanksgiving three hundred years ago.
—From St. Nicholas Magazine.

ALUMNI NEWS

Miss Hazel Glenn Richards, a former student of W. T. S. N. C., will be married to Mr. Duke F. Kennedy at the Methodist Church of Slaton, Texas, on November 24th.

Robert Dyrel Kirk, an ex-student of W. T. S. N. C., is a student in the University at Minneapolis.

Gary Simms of Panhandle, and Carl Mauer of Friona came over to see the game played here Armistice Day. Gary has taken an active part in athletics in this School for several years. He expects to be with us again after Christmas.

Miss Ferne Bowman, who is teaching near Lipscomb, and her sister, Miss Lula, who is teaching in Lipscomb, were in Canyon last week visiting friends and relatives.

Umbrellas numbering 20,000 were left in the Paris Underground Railway last year.

On Friday, November 11, the Camp-Fire Girls entertained with a progressive forty-two party at the home of Misses Ruth and Rose Stewart. The home was artistically decorated in keeping with Armistice Day. At a late hour, refreshments were served to Misses Darlene Turner, Marguerite Dillon, Beulah and Marie Dodson, Bertie Foster, Myrtle Gill, Ruth and Rose Stewart, and Messrs. Homer Cowan, Emmett Hazelwood, Gilbert Tyler, Roy Golden, Atlas Snipes, Clyde Gordon, and Jack Foster.

Wayne B. Wheeler says that if England would drink nothing but water, she could pay us what she owes us. According to which logic as Uncle Sam drinks nothing but water he has so much money he doesn't need to collect any debts.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Germany is the only country which has formally abolished tipping.

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MY FIRST DAY IN SCHOOL

Big-eyed and wondering, I sat on a bench with a group of children whom I did not know very well, and listened to the usual type of speech, characteristic of the first day of school. The long list of rules and directions emphatically read aloud by the teacher, had no more meaning to me than the inscription written over the door; however, I was afraid to move, and sat erect, casting sidewise glances at the room about me.

The words of the inscription, which had been scrawled in chalk on the dirty, faded wall, were, "In God We Trust," a single picture, a calendar of George Washington, hung by one corner. The two worn-out blackboards were remnants of better days. Some of the work of the previous year was partially erased, and in its place was a naughty boy had drawn a horrid picture labeled, "teacher."

The old-fashioned wooden water bucket sat on a box in one corner. The rusty dipper hung over the edge of the bucket in a guileless fashion. A wet spot on the floor indicated that the bucket was no longer very substantial.

One of the long home made benches placed near the door held a row of shining dinner buckets. Opposite this the extra benches were stacked up almost to the ceiling and formed a good rack for wraps. The hats, caps, and freshly starched sunbonnets were scattered promiscuously over the benches. This formed a good protection for the little frightened kitten which was crouched down in the corner meowing pitifully.

The rusty old stove stood (on three legs and a brick) in the center of the room, and served as a waste basket, as well as a heater, judging by the number of paper wads and fragments of torn notes lying thereabouts.

There were a few desks for the older pupils, but the beginners all sat on benches. The teacher, generally classed as, "The typical Old Maid," sat on a bench behind a homely little square table, and with a ruler in her hand vehemently exclaimed: "Always raise your right hand to get permission."

There were three dirty, grimy windows in each side, and when the warm September sun found its way in through an opened window it shone on the heads of the beginners, who soon yielded to its influence and began to nod.

—L. O.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE

When the cool fall days come, I find myself thinking more and more often of a little country schoolhouse with which I was once familiar.

It stood alone near the section line—the only house for miles around. To be sure there was a tiny farmhouse about two hundred yards to the west, but it was hidden by trees and uninhabited.

The schoolhouse was a long, low wooden building painted white. Three un-curtained windows on either side admitted light and air and a surplus amount of sunshine on a hot June day. Two doors in the east and one in the west afforded a means of reluctant entrance and of eager exit for the half dozen youngsters who came to school there each day.

A vast expanse of Mesquite trees stretched away to the east, south, and west of the house. These trees gave small opportunity for climbing and games of hide and seek, yet they provided a shade for the herds of cattle that roamed over the pasture seeking grass.

A winding road emerged from the trees on the south and ran just in front of the doors. This was in no way a source of worry to the teacher, for there were no passersby, except an occasional solitary cowboy, to attract the attention of the children. A short distance to the north the road could no longer be seen from the schoolhouse. Farther on, however, it came into view, winding its way lazily across a red valley which supported no vegetation except some scattering sagebrush.

—A. C.

THE OLD BROTHER

He grew on a vine out in our back yard. He was a large watermelon which grew on a vine that had voluntarily come up in the yard.

We children anxiously watched it grow from day to day, and each morning we would run out to see if anything had harmed it during the night. One day someone remarked that, "Old Brother" was almost ripe, and afterwards it was always referred to as, "The Old Brother."

It was grown, and we thought it was ripe. One day after we children had held a consultation regarding its maturity, we decided to pull it the next

morning while it was cool. But the next morning, one of the children who arose earlier than the rest, awoke us by shouting: "Come here, quick, something ate about half of 'The Old Brother' last night!"

—L. W.

THE OLD WELL

For those of us who are not too busy living in the present, or who have not forgotten our childhood, there are many pleasant memories. Some of our memories will stand out as naturally more interesting than others. And so it is with me in the case of the old hand-dug well in our back yard.

When I was a little tot about four years old we moved to an old house in a small country town. The house was situated in the center of a large yard set with great oaks, and partly covered in grass and flowers. Out behind the house was that old well. It was never used, for it had, I was told, caved in, and was of course "no good" any more. But I must not go about it, for it was dangerous for children to get around it. And why should it not be so?

One day a neighbor's cow had slipped into the yard, and as she was accustomed to crossing a bridge, she started to walk across the platform over the old well. But that platform was not built for a bridge, and Mrs. Cow broke through and fell to the bottom. When men came with ropes and pulled her out, she was suffering from a broken leg, and was much besplashed with mud.

All this was revealed to me just as soon as we moved to the place; and naturally we children regarded the old well with awe. But many was the game we played in that old yard. Sometimes Indians or strange people of some kind stole out of that old well and attacked us. We always either killed them outright, or chased them back into the well so fast that they fell and were killed. We were sometimes mortally wounded in these battles of our imagination, but if we died we were always soon over it, and ready for the next fray.

As we, my playmates and I, grew up, so did the old well, for, feeding upon each cleanup day's trash, it grew as we did. Many of my toys and much of the dirt I used to play over went to the filling of that old well. And when I saw the old place last, the well had ceased to be anything more than a small sunken place in the hard packed earth of that old back yard.

COTTONWOOD LAKE

Cottonwood Lake is fourteen miles southwest of Roswell, New Mexico, among the hills of the Pecos River. It is one of the groups of bottomless lakes in that region.

As I neared the lake from the west, the only approach to it, the high banks on the other side caught my eye. They were almost perpendicular, and about two hundred feet high. The exposed strata of rocks in this wall were of all colors, and showed much distortion as from an internal explosion.

I walked just a few yards farther and stood on the bank of the lake, by a big cottonwood tree from which the lake got its name. The lake was almost round, and appeared to be only a short distance across, but I tried to throw a rock across it, and to my surprise I could throw no more than what appeared to be half way. The water was as clear as water could be. A small pebble thrown in it could be seen for many feet.

A few feet to my left and below me, a man sat under a small bush, fishing. He said his line was one hundred and eighty feet long, and that he was having good luck. He also told me the story of the cow that was said to have drowned in this lake and to have come up in another lake four miles to the south.

—C. B.

A SCENE IN MID-SUMMER

M. B. Horne

It was a hot, sultry day in July. The sun was scorching hot, and appeared to be stationary in the sky on this particular afternoon. White fleecy clouds were floating slowly overhead. Not a breath of air was stirring. The broad, rolling prairie lay expansionless, glittering in the heat. On distant hills indistinct mirages danced hazily about. A small herd of cattle were lying on the dead grass lazily chewing their cuds. A few horses stood in one corner of the pasture, entirely motionless, except for an idle switching of their tails at a few chance flies that persisted in buzzing about them. In a small valley, where the grass was still green, a few prairie dogs stood near their holes, and cheerlessly barked at their neighbors. A single hawk, sailing high in the air,

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occasionally gave his shrill, lonesome cry, like that of a small, lost chicken. Farther down the valley was a jack rabbit resting in the shade of a clump of bear-grass, as statue-like as if he were a part of his shelter.

ON CHOOSING A THEME SUBJECT

"Horrors! a theme to write! and in a new class, under a new teacher, in such a short time, and so much else to do."

Thus ran my thoughts the other day when I read the theme assignment. When I told my troubles to my friends, they asked, "What is your subject to be?" I answered dolefully, "Miscellaneous, Narration, Description, Exposition, or Argument." They answered, "Your trouble surely cannot be from lack of variety in subjects."

Not much help in that answer. The trouble was I had too many subjects—I could not make a choice. I began to cast vainly about for something to write about.

Narrative subjects—goodness! what a number I could think of, but the word Narration is so indefinite I could not be sure which of its many branches to take.

Description is almost as difficult. As I looked about for something to describe, I found many things, but they all seemed too trivial.

Exposition—whew! I did not know single words could include so many things. Then I had been warned not to choose a subject that was too broad for me, and I was afraid that a subject coming under this head would be.

Argument—oh! of course I could argue about whether I or someone else had the more studying to do, or who was the best Education teacher, but I feared that this was hardly the kind of argument that was wanted.

Miscellaneous—the last chance. Here I thought of my English teacher's love for flowers. Then what could please her better than a Nautre subject? But I feared that on account of her love of Nature I could not make my theme eloquent enough on this subject to please her.

Suddenly, relief from a bright thought. Why not make a theme out of these subjects? Was it not a bright thought? Perhaps not. Guess I'll find out when I see how many red ink decorations my theme gets. Anyway, it's done.

—O. D.

THE WEST WALK

It is just an ordinary strip of cement. Through its center breaks a winding crevice, green with grass kept short by the tread of many feet. It is bounded by rows of pale, drooping, weatherworn trees, alternated with holes for new ones. Down this straight white path life goes unceasingly. Now, a flock of merry kindergarten youngsters goes skipping, laughing, eyes alight; now a teacher walks sedately, or some breathless College student runs in haste for a class. Yes, it is very ordinary, but with what associations is it fixed in one's mind! It will do its work and be done; life will find it useful no more. But what of the life that it serves? No one knows. We can only look upon it and wonder.

—B. W.

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