

THE PRAIRIE

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

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NUMBER 15

DISTRICT MEET IS HELD WITH LARGE NUMBER PRESENT

HEREFORD WINNER IN CLASS A; McLEAN IN CLASS B.

Wilmoth Gamble and J. D. Gamble to Go to Austin as Winners in the Declamation Contests.

The district meet was held Friday and Saturday with an exceptionally good attendance from the schools all over the district.

Canyon will have two representatives at Austin in the final state contest. Wilmoth Gamble was winner in the Junior Girl Declamation and J. D. Gamble was winner in the Junior Boy Declamation.

The debating team from the Canyon high school, composed of Edward Gerald and Herschel Coffee, went to the finals where they were defeated by the Clarendon high school.

The track team of the Canyon high school, which was counted to be a strong contender after the two brilliant showings in the Plainview and Amarillo invitation meets, got off wrong in the district meet and did not land in a single first place.

The following was the results of the meet:

Winners in Literary Events:

Boys' Debate: Stephen Russell and James Patton, High School, Clarendon.

Girls' Debate: Lela Wolfelin and Lucile Astracan, high school, Amarillo.

Senior Girls Declamation: Ruth Abramson, high school, Amarillo.

Senior Boy Declamation: Raymond Knippling, high school, McLean.

Junior Girl Declamation: Wilmoth Gamble, Canyon.

Junior Boy Declamation: J. D. Gamble, Canyon.

Rural Senior Girl Declamation: Ila Fay Davis, Oldham county, Wildorado School.

Rural Senior Boy Declamation: Carl McDowell, Moore County, Balwin school, Dumas.

Rural Junior Girl Declamation: Edna Galle, Castro county, Cleo school, Dimmitt.

Rural Junior Boy Declamation: Roy Axford, Carson county, Liberty school, Panhandle.

Essay: Class A school: Gray county.

Essay: Class B school: Roberts county.

Essay: Ward school: Potter County.

Essay: Rural school: Swisher county.

CLASS A. TRACK

120 Yard Hurdles: Dixon, Hereford; Jackson, Hereford; Witherspoon, Hereford, Tadlock, Amarillo. Time 19 4-5 seconds.

100 Yard Dash: Dixon, Hereford; Bennett, Amarillo; Patterson, Hereford; Cobb, Pampa. Time 10 4-5 seconds.

1 Mile Run: Smith, Hereford; Carroll, Hereford; Sanders, Clarendon; Campbell, Amarillo. Time 5 minutes 29 seconds.

220 Yard Low Hurdles: Bennett, Amarillo; Dixon, Hereford; Holt, Dalhart; Witherspoon.

220 Yard Dash: Bennett, Amarillo; Patterson, Hereford; Holt, Dalhart; Sadoris, Amarillo. Time 25 1-5 sec.

440 Yard Dash: Richey, Dalhart; Smith, Hereford; Patton, Pampa; Lively, Amarillo. Time 58 seconds.

880 Yard Dash: Williamson, Dalhart; Campbell, Amarillo; Jackson, Hereford; Patterson, Hereford. Time 2 minutes 34 4-5 seconds.

One Mile Relay: Dalhart, Hereford, Amarillo. Time 4 minutes 8 seconds.

FIELD EVENTS—CLASS A

Pole Vault: Richey, Dalhart; Wynn, Dalhart; Wilson, Hereford; Teed, Amarillo. Height 9 feet, 6 inches.

Running Broad Jump: Dixon, Hereford; Holt, Dalhart; Patterson, Hereford; Williamson, Dalhart. Distance 19 feet.

Running High Jump: Tadlock, Amarillo; Beavers, Hereford; Richey, Dalhart; McQueen, Amarillo. Height 5 feet 6 inches.

12 Pound Shot Put: Smith, Clarendon; Herrington, Amarillo; Wiggins, Amarillo; Boyd, Hereford. Distance 41 feet, 10 inches.

Discus: Smith, Clarendon; Dixon, Hereford; Wiggins, Dalhart; Sadoris, Amarillo. Distance 98 feet 5 1-2 inches.

Total Points: Hereford 57; Dalhart, 37; Amarillo, 33; Clarendon 12; Pampa, 3.

Dixon, the big athlete from Hereford was high point man with a total of 21 points.

Class A made better records than did Class B in only four events: 100 yard dash; shot put; 220 yard dash; and the high jump, and Class B excelled in the

other eight events.

CLASS B TRACK

120 Yard Hurdles: Bell, Love; C. Wise, Quitaque; F. Carter, Higgins; 4th man disqualified. Time 19 1-5 seconds.

100 Yard Dash: Corbin, Claude; Wilson, McLean; Back, McLean; E. Wise, Quitaque.

One Mile Run: Hill, Lipscomb; Thomas, Love; Turner, Canyon; Robinson, McLean. Time 5 minutes 15 seconds.

50 Yard Dash: Wilson, McLean; Wilford, Lelia Lake; Key, Canyon.

220 Yard Dash: Wilson, McLean; Beavers, Perryton; Key, Canyon; E. Wise, Quitaque. Time 25 2-5 seconds.

440 Yard Dash: Gamel, Perryton; Bagwell, Claude; Thomas, Love; Back, McLean. Time 57 3-5 seconds.

880 Yard Dash: Hill, Lipscomb; Robinson, McLean; Bogan, McLean; Martin, Canyon. Time 2 minutes 27 seconds.

One Mile Relay: Perryton; Love; Lipscomb; Friona. Time 4 minutes, 5 seconds.

FIELD EVENTS CLASS B

Pole Vault: Reynolds, Spearman; Hale, Lipscomb; Drake, Kress; Randolph, Ochiltree. Height 10 feet, 3 inches.

Running Broad Jump: Powell, Higgins; Tate, Dimmitt; M. Price, Panhandle; Randolph Ochiltree. Distance 19 feet 7 inches.

Running High Jump: Foard, Union Hill; Reynolds, Spearman; Wheat, Kress; Reynolds, Texhoma. Height 5 feet, 4 inches.

This event was finished in the gym because of rain.

12 Pound Shot Put: Bell, Love; Stroup, Quitaque; Reynolds, Spearman; Dyer, Farwell. Distance 39 feet 1 inch.

Discus: Armstrong, Panhandle; Reynolds, Texhoma; Reynolds, Spearman; Thompson, Vega. Distance 109 feet, 9 inches.

Total number of points: McLean, 22; Love, 18; Lipscomb, 15; Perryton, 13; Spearman 11; Quitaque 9; Claude, 8; Canyon, Higgins, and Panhandle 7 each; Union Hill 5; Texhoma and Kress 4 each; Dimmitt and Lelia Lake 3 each; Farwell 2; Friona, Ochiltree and Vega 1 each.

Wilson of McLean was all around man, winning a total of 13 points.

Armstrong of Panhandle broke last year's state record in Class B when he hurled the discus 109 feet 9 inches.

The feature of the meet was the Class B mile run won by Hill of Lipscomb, when he sprinted the last 200 yards and passed both Turner and Thompson. It will be remembered that Thompson beat Hill by a few feet in the mile race last year and the race this year was just reversed.

TENNIS

Boys' Doubles: McLean, represented by Knippling and —

Boys' Singles: B. Axtell, Amarillo.

Girls' Doubles: Claude, represented by Moore and Smalley.

Girls' Singles: Philpott, Miami.

Two teams were entered for Volley Ball. Follett won three straight games from Canyon High.

MISS HAINES ON PROGRAM OF INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN

Miss Haines, head of the Primary and Kindergarten Department of our College, spent last week in Louisville, Kentucky, attending a meeting of the Inter-National Kindergarten Union. Miss Haines gave to the members of this association the report of the work being done by the Texas branch of this Union, of which she is president.

"BRING HER HOME"

The West Texas Intercollegiate Track Meet will be held here the 12 and 13 of May. The following schools will be in the contest: West Texas State Normal College, Roswell Military Institute, Abilene Christian College, and Clarendon Methodist College. Last year the Methodists took the cup from us by a few points. "My motto is 'bring her home,'" says Coach Burton.

MOTHER'S DAY

The idea of a National Mother's Day originated with Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia and the second Sunday of May was chosen by Congress for the observance of this day.

What is our attitude towards Mother's Day? To me it is the most beautiful of all our holidays. For individuals of a nation to show filial respect, reverence and remembrance to their mothers expresses idealism. We have all felt the hallowing touch of mother's love, a love so near like the divine. So let us all express our gratitude for our mothers. Let us on this day multiply acts of kindness in the home, write a letter to mother far away; or if she has gone to the land of rest we can in loving remembrance of her, be kind to somebody's mother

Buffaloes Defeat Wildcats in Three Hot Contests

The Wildcats invaded the Buffalo territory April 17, for a three-game series. Despite the weather's being a little disagreeable for the first contest, each team appeared on the field with eager expectancy.

Miller of the Buffaloes was sent to the mound in the first frans and hurled a good brand of ball throughout the game, holding the visitors to only three hits. Hill of the Wildcats also showed fine form, but proved ineffective in the pinches. The game was a pitcher's battle until the seventh inning when a hit and two walks coupled with several errors of the Wildcats netted the Buffaloes a 6 to 0 victory. Miller was credited with twelve strikeouts; while Hill succeeded in slipping the pill by ten. Batteries for the Buffaloes were Miller and Johnson; for the Wildcats, Hill and Curtis.

In the second game April 18 the Buffaloes again smothered the Wildcats in the hottest contest of the season by a score of 2 to 1.

Whitacre was chosen to deliver for the Buffaloes, and Kingery for the Wildcats. Kingery proved no less effective against the Buffaloes than Hill had the day before. Until late in the game each team found it hard to connect safely. The Wildcats succeeded in crossing the rubber once in the fifth inning of the battle. The sixth was three up and three down for the Wildcats. In the lucky seventh, again the Buffaloes arose to the occasion, when Terry, the Buffalo's second baseman, sent a crashing three-bagger to center field. Hill bunted, and when the dust cleared up, Terry had scored and Hill was safe at first. Graves singled to center and Hill scored when Mitchell sacrificed for the second out.

Batteries for A. C. C. Kingery and Smith; Canyon: Whitacre and Johnson.

The third game was more or less a batting bee, both teams hitting at will, getting 13 hits each. The Buffaloes ran true to form, however, and oozed out ahead. At first it was doubtful as to the outcome of the game, but when Hill of the Buffaloes smashed out a homer and Graves knocked a three-bagger with two men on bases, things began to brighten up. The game ended with a score of 13 to 6. Batteries for the Buffaloes were Graves and Johnson; for the Wildcats, Forrester and Smith.

COLLEGES ARE INVITED TO ATTEND TENNIS MEET

Tennis Manager Byrd Ray Lewis mailed letters to twenty-five southwestern colleges and universities last week containing invitations to the Tennis tournament which is planned for the first of May.

Texas Christian University is the only College which now has in an application for a place in the meet. Several other colleges had entered but circumstances forced them to withdraw. —The Optimist.

PRAIRIE REPRESENTATIVE TO PRESS ASSOCIATION

Frank Hill, representative of the Prairie staff attended the Press Association held at Amarillo Friday and Saturday, April 21st and 22nd. One hundred and twenty five editors and their wives were present. Two luncheons, one banquet, and a theater party were given in honor of the guests. Along with the business accomplished, Mr. Hill reports a good time socially.

TO FEDERATION MEETING

The Canyon delegation to the Seventh District meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs left this morning for Plainview where the annual meeting is being held today and Friday.

Mrs. B. A. Stafford is official representative of the Woman's Book Club, which is a member of the Federation.

Others who are attending from Canyon are: Mrs. C. W. Warwick, Mrs. John S. Humphreys, Mrs. J. A. Hill, Mrs. S. L. Ingham, Mrs. J. B. Gamble, Mrs. L. V. Reeves, Mrs. C. R. Burrow, Mrs. L. T. Lester, Mrs. L. Angel.

President J. A. Hill, H. W. Morelock and Wallace R. Clark are on the program for addresses. Misses Brigham, Clark and Brewer are on the program for musical numbers.—Randall County News.

Mrs. Lula Hedge, who is teaching near Tulia, brought some students to enter the League Meet.

Ruth Jordan, a former student who is teaching in Gray county, was here to enter the track meet.

Payne and Hill Winners of Inter-Normal Debate

On Wednesday of last week Messrs. A. D. Payne and Lester Hill, representative debaters of the Canyon Normal, accompanied by L. F. Sheffy, left for Denton where they met the debating team of the Denton Normal on Friday evening.

The question for debate was: Resolved, "That a law should be enacted embodying the principles of the Towne-Sterling bill creating a Federal department of education and appropriating national funds for educational purposes." The team from the Canyon Normal upheld the negative side of the question. The Denton team, represented by Messrs. Lemens and Davis put up a strong fight on the affirmative, but they were not able to successfully cope with the arguments of their adversaries and when the decision was rendered it was one for the affirmative and two for the negative.

Both the team and the student body at the Denton Normal proved themselves to be good losers and took their defeat in a very sportsman-like manner. After the debate, was over the literary societies gave a reception in honor of the visitors which was a very enjoyable affair. The team returned Sunday having had a very pleasant as well as a very profitable trip.

PHILLIPS VISITS TWELVE SCHOOLS OF PLAINS

Canyon, April 21.—Professor Frank R. Phillips head of the vocational agriculture department of the Normal has just returned from the following schools where he met with the school boards and the senior classes of the schools: Olton, Lockney, Floydada, Cone, Ralls, Crosbyton, Dickens, Spur, Lorenzo, Lubbock, Abernathy and Hale Center.

Most of the schools expect to put in vocational agriculture next year. The instructor will teach agriculture one half of the time and spend the rest of the time as principal or superintendent.—Amarillo News.

RADIO ATTRACTING MUCH ATTENTION

The new Radio phone just installed by the Arnold & Potter Electric Co. is attracting much attention. The old Garage building between Foy's Tailor Shop and Atkin's Furniture store, which is being used as a station, is visited nearly every night by many enthusiasts. It seems very queer to listen to an Orchestra playing in Denver, Colorado, does it not? Go see for yourself. The principle stations heard from are Denver, Dallas, Detroit, Pittsburg, and Pine Bluff. From these stations the fans are entertained by orchestra selections, speeches, opera singers, weather reports, and the standing of the stock market. You are missing something if you haven't been down.

THE LOTUS FLOWER

Come gather around me children,
Tis time for the story hour;
I will tell you a story this evening,
Of the beautiful lotus flower.

Long ago a pale-face maiden

Was stolen from home, you know;

Was stolen by Indian Warriors,

To their camp was forced to go.

By day she was watched in a wigwam,

By night their camp-fire she kept;

She longed to return to the homefolks,

Of bowed down her head and wept.

One night all the camp was quiet,

Even the guards were asleep;

And over the sands of the desert,

She softly began to creep.

Only a maiden lost in the darkness,

On the desert's broad, sandy sweep;

Oh, God of the earth and the heavens,

Thy watch o'er the lone maiden keep!

She struggled all night 'til the dawning

O'er sands and the cactus thorn;

At last down she sank in the desert

Sorrowful, panting, outworn.

The sun climbed high in the heavens,

Parching and hot grew the sand;

Far in the distant horizon

She espied an Indian band.

Blindly the maiden struggled onward,

Thirsty, and tired, and afraid;

"Oh, God, they are coming! Oh save me!"

She sank to her knees and prayed.

The Great Spirit to her prayer did listen.

When the warriors reached the place

Instead of the maiden, a lotus flower

Toward heaven lifted its face.

HIGHER INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING

(Excerpt from address by President Hill before the Texas Educational Survey committee, April 21, 1922).

What "unnecessary duplications," if any, exist at the present time in the work of Texas institutions of higher learning?

So far as the Normal Colleges are concerned I do not think there is any "unnecessary duplication." Of course, there is practical uniformity in courses of study, standards of admission, graduation requirements, etc., but as we understand it this is just what the State desires and expects; and certainly it is what the State needs.

With reference to the other institutions of higher learning I hesitate to speak; first, because I am not as familiar with their practices as one should be to discuss this subject wisely; second, because my opinions may not be altogether orthodox. However, because you have a right to ask my judgment and have done so, I have no right to withhold it and for this season I give you the following which I hope my associates will receive in the spirit in which it is given.

As I understand it there are three institutions in the State attempting to do extension work in Home Economics—A. & M. College, the University, and the College of Industrial Arts. I believe that this is unnecessary and wasteful duplication of effort. As our educational system is now organized I believe that this work should be centralized and that the logical place for such centralization is at the College of Industrial Arts.

I know full well the arguments of the other side, and some of them seem plausible; but if we are to follow the principle of "Major and Service lines," I think there can be but one conclusion in this case.

Again, at Denton there is the North Texas State Normal College—one of the largest and best Normal Colleges in the whole country. Like other Texas Normal Colleges it is devoted, body and soul, to the training of teachers. In the same city is the College of Industrial Arts, created for the purpose of training young women in the science and art of home making and for such industrial work as women may be adapted to. Yet, this college, too, is laying no little emphasis upon teacher-training. It seems a little odd that the State would be willing to maintain two teachers' colleges in the same city. Economy in administration would seem to demand that the teacher-training activities of the College of Industrial Arts should be transferred to the North Texas State Normal College.

In this connection I may say that the charge has frequently been made that the Normal Colleges have invaded the fields of other institutions, forsaking, in a measure, the single purpose for which they were created. In reply to all such I wish to say that I think the Normal Colleges must have forgotten this reputation from the fact that there is no truth in it. Such statements are predicated upon utter ignorance of the facts. The truth is, there is not an institution of higher learning in Texas today, state or denominational, that has not been given the charge or the privilege of training teachers. Run down the entire roster and see if you can find an exception. The State has turned the entire herd into our pasture and has bidden them help themselves. She has then closed the gate to prevent our escape and is now complaining that we are eating other people's grass. We do not seriously object to sharing our grazing with our neighbors, since there is more than we can all eat, but we do not enjoy being punched and lashed for consuming the other fellow's hay which we have never so much as scented even afar off; and when, after growing fat in our pasture, they turn upon us and horn us, we ought to be excused by impartial judges if we bow our necks with some defiance and below occasionally in protest. So much for "unnecessary duplication."

COUSINS HALL

GIRLS ENTERTAIN

The Cousins Hall girls were at home to their friends, Thursday, April 19, from four o'clock to six o'clock. The lady members of the faculty, and wives of the men of the faculty were invited, and, in addition to this, each Cousins Hall girl invited some lady friend in town.

A color scheme of yellow and white was effectively carried out in decorations and refreshments of brick ice-cream and cake.

During the social hour the guests were entertained by music furnished by Misses Brigham, Guenther and Mesdames Shirley and Clark.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR GIVES BENEFICIAL PROGRAM

Sunday afternoon, April 23, the Union Christian Endeavor Society held a rally at the Presbyterian Church. Members of the Amarillo, Hereford, and Friona Societies were expected, but because of the rainy weather, only Amarillo was represented. Mr. I. E. Walker, of Dumas, President of the Panhandle District Christian Endeavor, and Mrs. Mitchell of Amarillo, the former president, were present. An interesting and beneficial program was given despite the rain and hail and the fact that the Amarillo members had to leave early.

HAVE YOU BECOME INTERESTED?

Interested in what? Why, the inter-society debates. There is nothing during the school year that creates such an interest and so much enthusiasm among the student body as the annual debates between the Elaphean and Sesame Literary Societies, and between the Cousins and Antler Literary Societies. You may not know why there is so much enthusiasm aroused. This is the reason: There are two loving cups to be given away, one to the girls society that wins and one to the boys. If the cup is won for three years in succession by a society, it then becomes a permanent possession of that society.

Some of the members in each society are working on the debates now. If you want to share in the glory of a victory, do your part.

One of the loving cups was presented by Mr. C. W. Warwick of Canyon: the other one by a member of the faculty, who has requested that no name be mentioned. The members of the four societies wish to take this means of expressing their thanks and appreciation to both Mr. Warwick and the "Unknown Person" for their interest in the work.

Full particulars as to the time for the debates and the subjects to be discussed will be given in the next issue of "The Prairie."

WANT ADS

More Ritchies—Dan Sanders.
How to get Joy.—Key.
Some one to run errands.—Miss Edds.

A Byrd that can sing.—Walta Luttrell.

A Hart that is steady.—Morgan Knowles.

A winning team for the remainder of the base ball season.—Coach Burton.

A Carr.—Burns.

A Big Ben.—Miss Watkins.

Assistance with a Reck.—Mody C. Boatright.

A woman who likes Lemon crush.

Applicants apply to Huntleigh Hall for particulars.

A boy to open oysters with references.

Another porch swing for the Block House.—"Doc" Moss.

An experienced Weaver.—W. D. Cox.

A system of distinguishing the Hills.

A home for a Butler.—"Toots" Wilson.

An abundance of Grace.—Deb Bivens.

A few more safety Razors.—Vada Baldwin.

A car load of Steel.—Virginia Morgan.

A Paige.—Lewis Hill.

A new sign for McQueen Drug Co.

Felix Phillips knows by this time that "McQueen Has It."

A lesson in Art.—Mr. Phillips.

To know why Clyde Whitacre is so good to the County Judge.

To know why Hazel McQueen is interested in Law.

A CHILD'S PLACE

I.

Happy little sea-shell,
Lying on the shore,
You don't have to study—
Oh, it's such a bore!

II.

Happy little toad-stool
By the river's brink;
Lucky little toad-stool,
You don't have to think.

III.

Pretty little daisy,
You would never smirk;
Lucky little daisy,
God ne'er meant for work.

IV.

But you, little toad-stool,
Little daisy, too,
Pretty little sea-shell—
Listen! all of you.

V.

I can see and hear and think,
Ride and walk and run;
You can only linger there,
Silent in the sun.

—Nida Martin.

Literature for Children.

Miss Florence Barrier of the Vega High School brought her students to Canyon to enter the meet.

THE PRAIRIE

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Our campus has been greatly improved in the last few weeks. Mr. Guenther and Mr. Williams have worked diligently in the improvement of side walks, flower beds, lawns, hedge, and the trimming up of the trees. We, the student body, are proud of our campus and proud of the improvements they have so carefully made. We feel sure it will be very beautiful this summer, and we hope they will continue the good work as long as the Legislature will permit. Therefore, let us show our appreciation, to them, to President Hill, and to the Legislature, by helping to keep the campus beautiful.

Twelve years as a student of college foot ball have taught me many things about the game, the most important of which is that the game is not played by eleven men who actually don the moleskin and encounter the rival team on the gridiron, but by the entire institution which these men represent, the faculty, the alumni, students and friends. Until the winning spirit invades the campus and fastens itself upon every one connected with the college very few games or other contests will be won. In too many instances the students have been taught to be good losers instead of glorious winners. I know two schools of the same State, with the same rank, the same financial support and in every way the same opportunities. One taught its students to win (fairly of course), and every man or woman representing that institution in any kind of a contest felt that the eyes of the whole school were upon him and that nothing but the very best effort on his part would be acceptable. The other institution taught its students never to enter a contest unless they could lose with good grace. The first school was seldom defeated; the second met defeat on every hand. After leaving school the students of the first institution met success almost invariably while those of the second filled the secondary positions of the community. Why was this? One had been taught to win, to put forth every effort and not be satisfied with the losers share; while the other had been taught to accept the lesser things in life and do it with good grace. Now the question comes will we satisfy ourselves with the lesser things in life, or will we fight for the winning positions?

The standing of our foot ball team next fall is a matter that concerns every one of us. The responsibility of the mental and physical condition of the men who will represent you cannot be shifted entirely upon the coach. The question is often asked, "Should I inform the coach if by chance I should see a member of the team break the training rules?" Coach Heisman of the University of Pennsylvania has this to say: "A man who fails to report such an act is as guilty of treason as is the man who will break training and then offer himself as a man physically fit to enter the contest. I believe that there are men who break training who do not realize the seriousness of it. He is not only doing himself an injustice, but is doing every man and woman connected with the school a grave injustice. He may be the cause of a play's failing which will upset the whole season's work of coaches and team." I look at the matter in very much the same way as does Coach Heisman, yet I believe that it is as much the duty of the student body and others connected with the school to enforce the training rules as it is the duty of the Coach. I believe that there are men who will break training that could not be induced to sell the signal code to the opponents. But is there any difference in the gravity of the offense? Only in the minds of those would-be supporters of the team. I have no patience with the man who will encourage a player to break training and then the next day go to the game and yell himself hoarse for the team he has been instrumental in debasing. Neither have I any patience with the college "flapper" who will encourage the player to stay up late and listen to her soft

cooings that do not mean anything and then go to the game the next day and yell herself hoarse in the face for the team she has helped to weaken. When the students of this or any other college reach the point where they demand the very best there is in a man who represents them on the athletic field or on the platform; then the school will come into its own and will be a winner. It is easy for a player to stay within the bounds of the training rules if he feels that it is expected of him by every one from the senior on down; while it is a very easy matter to break training if he feels that all the student body will shield such an act from the coach.

Now I want to make this appeal to every man who will try for a place on the team next fall. Begin now to get yourself in physical condition for the fight that is to come. Do not wait until training starts, for the team will virtually be picked within the first three weeks. And unless you are in good condition you will not be doing justice to yourself. Then I want to urge every student who wants a winning team next fall to use his influence with the men who will try for places to the end that they will be physically fit to give the school every ounce of fight that is in them. Let them know that it is the man who is willing to make the sacrifice that you are willing to back and not the man who tries to get by with his vices instead of honest training.

ALLOW ME TO SUGGEST—

That East End and the Buffalo Confectionery offer degrees.

That all students make it a practice to take care of state property.

That all talkers keep out of the library.

That the Literary Societies "boost" their debating teams a little more energetically.

That a hamburger trust be organized in Canyon.

That we begin now to "Bottle up pep" for the next ball game.

That the parlor at the Block House be enlarged for Harry, Deb, W. D., Claire and the Ritchey rivals.

That Cupid be chased out of the corridors during the recitation period.

That Harry Chenoweth refrain from "tooting" his horn so much.

NEWS NOTES

Miss Elva Fronabarger accompanied by Misses Lillian Brian, Beulah Dodson and Imogene McIntire attended the Baptist High School Convention at Plainview April 21st and 22nd.

Bob McGuire, who has been ill for the last week, was taken to the Lubbock Sanitarium April 25th for an operation.

Gary Simms of Panhandle visited in Canyon Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Pauline Davidson and Wallace O'Keefe of Panhandle were in Canyon Saturday.

A jolly bunch of the ninth grade Training School boys and girls gathered at the home of Mrs. L. C. Jenkins Tuesday night to wish Miss Leona Bader much joy and happiness in her future home in Iowa. Games were played until 9:30 when refreshments were served. Miss Rogers acted as chaperon and Misses Pat Lewis and Mildred Root were the hostesses.

Friday afternoon, April 21st, a group of teachers and students packed their camping outfits and started for the Baptist Encampment grounds. The truck carrying their supplies lost its way and was only by accident recovered. Those in the party were Misses Mansfield, Watkins, Margaret and Alma Guenther, Carmen Brewer, and Messrs. Hendricks, Winkelman, and Leo Guenther.

Mrs. Leonard Curry, formerly Miss Myrtle McGinley, who received her diploma from this college, is a candidate for County Superintendent of Public Instruction of Nolan county.

Coach Burton has received word from Clarendon that the baseball games which were to have been played Thursday and Friday are postponed until next Monday and Tuesday.

Earl Sparks, a former student of this college, has recently been elected to a position in the Department of Sociology and Economics in the University of Texas.

Miss Brown, Head of the Expression Department, who has been out of school the past two weeks on account of illness, has returned to her work. We are glad that Miss Brown is better and are rejoiced that she is able to resume her work with us.

CITIZENSHIP

A patriot first in his own country, In whom his friends find a neighbor. Conscious of his heritage in the past, With a vision of progress for the future;

Who neither winks at the present Nor foolishly plays the reformer; From whose lips, sincerely spoken, Words are true as if on parchment; Who honors God by living honorably— He, and only he, is worthy of being called a citizen.

—O. E. H.

Chickens—both varieties—are great things, but in both instances should be kept at home.

Exchange Column

A RADIO BALLAD

Sadie O'Grady and Timothy Brady Sure were an up-to-date pair; She was a pretty and witty young lady He was a lad debonaire. They were a couple of radio sharks, So when they'd part for a while Tim would express his concluding remarks After this manner and style:

"Sadie O'Grady, Oh Ring me by radio, Call me up often, my own; You are lady, Oh Sadie O'Grady, Oh Ring me by radiophone.

But Sadie would say, "Sure your nerve you are bringing To ask me to call you. For shame! If anyone's gonna be radio-ringing It's you should be doing the same! I'll be at home in the evening, my dear, Patiently lingering there; You can be sure I'll be waiting to hear When you call me up through the air.

Timothy Brady, Oh Ring up your Sadie; Oh Call me by radio often, my own! Bright days or shady O, I'll be your lady O. If you'll just call me, O Timothy Brady O, Call me by radiophone.

The boys of the training school, who are under the direction of Mr. Phillips, spent Thursday morning in gathering experience in cement work. They went out and assisted the men in building the sidewalks in front of the building during their regular recitation period. —Buffalo Rider.

Scientists say the old earth is tipping to the north one foot a year. The answer is that she has been in low gear for some time and is gradually slipping into high through neutral. Give her more gas.

NUPTIAL KISS IN AIR HEARD BY RADIO FANS

New York, April 24.—A nuptial kiss planted five thousand feet in the clouds above Times Square was broadcast from the cockpit of a speeding aeroplane to the ears of thousands of radio fans late today, when Miss Sarah Cokefair, Brooklyn nurse, and B. P. Schaske, athletic director of the Veterans' Mountain Camp, became man and wife.

Lieut. Belvin W. Maynard, the "flying parson," performed the ceremony. Lieut. Bert Acosta piloted the party in a biplane and at the appropriate moment, affixed his signature to the marriage document and turned his back on the bridal kiss.

Each detail of the ceremony, except the blush, was transmitted to radio fans by apparatus on the plane.

It is much more important to do right than not to do wrong; further, the one is possible, the other has always been, and will always be, impossible.—R. L. Stevenson.

A Boston girl found that she had traveled 25 miles while dancing five hours, by pedometer count. And yet Marathon runners fall in a heap after running 25 miles. What's the answer?

"DID YOU PASS?"

What do you think the daisies said— The laughing, swaying mass,— To-day as from "exams" I came, "Louisa, did you pass?" Then all the clover blooms called out, Like children in a class, And these were just the words they said, "Louisa, did you pass?"

Out rang the winds, out sang the birds, Out spoke the tall June grass, The merry brook paused just to ask, "Louisa, did you pass?" I hurried home to shut them out, And there I found—alas— Mamma and grandma, and they said, "Louisa, did you pass?"

"Prairie" readers, the following is a list of the merchants who deserve your patronage. They appreciate the W. T. S. N. C., as shown by their advertisements, and are making possible the publication of this paper:

Amarillo Greenhouse
Amend's Store
Buffalo Confectionery
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City Pharmacy
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First National Bank
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Hyden's, Jeweler, Amarillo
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Help these merchants! They help you! There would be no "Prairie" if it were not for them.

A QUESTION

I thought that foreign children Lived far across the sea Until I got a letter From a boy in Italy. "Dear little foreign friend," it said, As plainly as could be; Now I wonder which is "foreign," That other boy, or me? —Junior Red Cross News.

THE TOAD

Editor's Note: This little poem (which is a great deal better than those some grown-ups write!) is the work of a ten year old boy, a fourth grade pupil of Miss June A. Kellep, Ramsay, Mich.

As I went along the road, I met a great, big, ugly toad. He winked his eye, As I passed by, And I knew that he Could easily see That I was not a bumblebee, But just a boy, That's full of joy, And would not harm— Not for a farm— A poor old toad That sat in the road.

No thoughtful man ever came to the end of his life and had time and a little space of calm from which to look back upon it, who did not know and acknowledge that it was what he had done unselfishly and for others, and nothing else, that satisfied him in the retrospect, and made him feel that he had played the man. That alone seems to him the real measure of himself, the real standard of his manhood. And so men grow by having responsibilities laid upon them, the burden of other people's business. Their powers are put out at interest, and they get usury in kind. They are like men multiplied. Each counts manifold. Men who live with an eye only upon what is their own are dwarfed beside them—seem fractions while they are integers. The trustworthiness of men trusted seems often to grow with the trust—From Woodrow Wilson's "When a Man Comes to Himself.

A PARADOX OF NATURE

Nature works in circles, Everyone agrees; Trees grow out of doors— Doors are made from trees. —Pathfinder.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields, the poppies grow Between the crosses, row on row, That mark our place; and in the sky The larks, still bravely singing, fly, Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Some days ago We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved and were loved; and now we lie In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe! To you from falling hands, we throw The torch. Be yours to hold it high! If ye break faith with us who die, We shall not sleep, though poppies blow In Flanders fields.

Lieut.-Col. John McCrae was born in Guelph, Canada. In civil life he held the position of lecturer in pathology and medicine at the Medical School of McGill University. Early in 1914, McCrae, who was in London at the time, cabled to the Canadian authorities, offering himself for service. He was at once accepted and appointed surgeon to the First Brigade of Canadian Artillery.

He was with the guns in the Ypres sector for fourteen months and there found the inspiration for his poems. His health was undermined by the strain of constant duty and he died in France from pneumonia, January 28, 1918. "In Flanders Fields" is the best known of the war poems.

MY POETRY

My poetry has a soothing effect, Like a satisfied woodland stream, The rhyme, the meter, and all are correct— But, O! where is the central theme? —O. C.

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The officers of the First National Bank are always glad to extend counsel and banking service to ambitious students who are looking and planning ahead.

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Summer Session: First Term June 7 to July 17.

Second Term July 18 to August 26.

Summer Normal June 7 to August 10.

Summer Normal Examinations August 7, 8, 9, and 10, 1922.

All indications point to a large attendance in the Summer Session. The following letter has been received: "You can figure on at least four or five hundred more students next summer than were there last summer, due to the growing interest in the school and to the extreme heat in other parts of the state last summer."

For reservation of room in Cousins Hall, write to Secretary Travis Shaw. For catalogue or Summer Normal bulletin, address Registrar J. S. Humphreys.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE SUMMER NORMAL

Summer Normal: June 7 to August 10.

Textbooks: Summer Normal Students will have free access to the library, but will be expected to make the library deposit fee. State adopted text books will be furnished free of charge. Students may purchase other necessary books and supplies from the college book store.

Review subjects will be offered leading to the various classes of State Certificates.

The fees for the Summer Normal students are the same as for the Summer School students.

NOTE: SUMMER BULLETIN WILL BE OUT NOT LATER THAN APRIL 1.

For further information write

J. A. HILL, President,
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THE DESERTER

The warm mid-afternoon sunshine flowed through a tiny-paneled window and fell upon the furrowed cheek of a woman who sat sewing with quick, uncertain fingers. The material upon which she worked spread in the same pure white as the threadbare shawl about her stooped shoulders, and her silvery hair. Her hands moved noiselessly in keeping with the silence which pervaded the log-walled room and was interrupted only by a tall, heavy-faced clock standing in the farthest corner. As the minutes passed the woman worked on. Once or twice she looked quickly toward the closed door. Presently a sound of footsteps entered the room. The floor vibrated with the noisy pounding of heavy knocks. Her needle trembled and her fingers and lips quivered, but she said in a voice low and steady, "Come in!"

The door opened swiftly and three soldiers in confederate uniforms stepped across the threshold. The man who entered first strode across the room and towered over the woman. In a closet, hard voice, he demanded, "Where is Cass Neeks, the deserter? He is close about here. You his mother, know where?"

The woman placed her hands under the garment and looked up calmly into the meager, bright eyes peering down at her from out a growth of shaggy eyebrows and black, bushy beard.

"You well know that Cass followed his older brothers into the army six months ago. He no more than a child, grew restless and eager to fight along with his brothers, but he was all I had and he could not leave me. When the South began to lose, I could keep him no longer. He went away, and he has not deserted now; he could not!"

The soldier turned and said to the man who had followed him across the room and was standing close by his side, passing his hand up and down the smooth surface of a bayonet.

"Search this room first, Bot. Duncan, this is the only outside door; guard it."

Having made a swift fruitless search of the little house, the two men returned to their companion. The black-bearded soldier stood looking keenly about the room.

"Three o'clock," he said, and turned toward the door.

Suddenly he paused, turned back again, and strode across to the cum-

brous old clock. The man with the bayonet followed, and together they pushed the clock away from the wall. Within the unstained rectangle lay the clear outline of a little door. The woman half arose from her chair, clutching tightly the garment in her lap.

"Stay just where you are," flung out the bearded soldier as he thrust open the door. With difficulty he, followed by his companion, clambered through the opening and up the steps which it revealed.

The man left standing at the threshold noted the quick, passing change on the woman's face and stared thru the little window. The woman took up her needle and began to sew, moving her stiff fingers with careful swiftness. The soldier turned toward the open door.

Outside, the sky stretched calm and blue over the tall tops of the oak trees. A sparrow sat swinging on a little scrubby bush by the gate. There came no sound except the muffled echo of footsteps moving here and there overhead. These ceased presently and gave way to a mumble of indistinct voices. Then came a crash of hurried struggle, a sharp cry, and a sound of heavy falling against the ceiling. The soldier at the door did not move. Soon foot steps echoed again.

The man turned away from the door. The bright sunshine still gleamed in upon the woman by the window. Her hands gripped tightly the snowy folds that lay in her lap and fell about her on the floor. The threadbare shawl had slipped away from her stooped shoulders. From the dark ceiling hung above a scanty stream of blood trickled and fell in sparkling crimson drops upon her white hair.

—Allie Merle Dunaway.

THE ENCHANTING CALL OF THE MOVING PICTURE THEATRE

The old fairy tales read eagerly in childhood were stories full of magic and enchantment. Always there was a mysterious power that created from an atom or from nothing magnificent things—animate and inanimate. Like unto those old fairy stories is the voice of the modern moving picture theatre. The faint tones of that voice were first heard sometime after 1893. It has grown steadily in volume and fascination until today street-cries, flaming bill-boards, little weekly papers, and the great dailies of the nations interpret the voice. Statistics, furthermore, proclaim the marvelous attention given it. The New International Encyclopedia records that the United States paid for three hundred and

nineteen million admissions in 1913, and had invested four hundred million dollars in moving picture theatres by 1915.

A glance into the theatres of various cities and villages would tell a caller from another planet that the people were bewitched by the call of the "movies." He would see gray-haired men, who had answered the siren call, surrounded by groups of young people obedient to its sorcery. Scattered among the audiences, he would see tired men and women relaxed, intently watching the marvel to which the friendly voice had guided them. He would discern fashionably dressed people, whose jewels gleamed in the semi-darkness, paying their homage to its magic. In some of the theatres he would observe children clothed in festive attire, blissfully spending the climax of a joyous party in the rapture of fulfilling a promise which the voice had made them. The moving picture calls to the fifty thousand dollar man and the five hundred dollar man, to the wise and the stupid, to the grandparent and the primary child, in sweet beguiling tones.

No wonder there is such a response to the voice. Marvelous sights its followers behold: picture plays—plays that have thrilled a race, Yes! a World—scenes of life from the cold land of the mid-night sun to the earth-quake-proof town of Guatemala, and on to the gigantic icebergs that choke the way to the south pole; copies of life below the water and above the earth; paintings of the great achievements of men and fantastic dreams of play-wrights; graphs that feed the love of adventure and romance, and the beauties of nature and of art. This is a list of some of the things the voice confers on its cosmopolitan adherents.

The voice knows when brains and hands may leave their toil. Listen: as it calls to hours of its work, hours that fall in the afternoon and the forepart of the night. For these are the hours, it considers its own, these hours it graciously invites the world to come and share with it.

The voice amply pays its devotees for their devotion. It gives to many their sole means of recreation. It makes it possible for the stay-at-home to catch a glimpse of the beauty and grandeur of distant places. It helps the student, whether in school or out, to increase his knowledge.

The earnest voice has permitted no financial bar to obstruct the path leading to its magnificent treasure, but it has put the admission within the means of the poorest, so that even the least may answer its call.

—V. A.

MY OPINION OF MYSELF

In giving my opinion of myself, I do not expect the general public to agree with me. It seldom does, on any subject, least of all on a subject so near to my heart as this one is.

In the first place, I have a very high opinion of my ability as a scholar. I do my work wonderfully well. My daily work is of high quality. My exams are quite wonderful. All my written work is above reproach. Still, my instructors seem not at all impressed with my unusual abilities, and seem to write on my class ticket, "Term Grade, B," with no compunction of conscience.

Then, I am sure that I possess unusual power as a conversationalist. I can talk on such a variety of subjects, from the lightest to the most profound, that surely no one can fail to be interested. I can say such witty things when they are most needed, or I can be so much in earnest when the occasion demands. Yet, no one seems to be praising this power of mine to the world at large.

And, surely I have a right to the opinion that I possess, in no small degree, personality, charm, and attractiveness. Surely, the world is not so blind that it overlooks those much-to-be-desired qualities. But, so far, I've had no sonnets written to me. No; nor have I even been nominated for any college celebrity.

And last, there is that quality of heart and mind known as "goodness." My opinion is that I am broad-minded, unselfish, forgiving, meek, gentle, and kind to all; that I obey the command to love my enemy (though I find it hard to understand how any one could be my enemy); and that I return good for evil, always. Do I not give more help to my friends than I receive from them? My opinion is that I do, but could I hear the comments of my fellow students, they would probably run like this: "Yes, I like her, but she's not——— etc.

Can it be possible that I have the wrong opinion of myself?

"Boys, I am expecting my nephew from Buffalo tomorrow. He's a green-horn; treat him right."

"Is this man Sarah's brother?" inquired Bill McKinney as a keen look of interest swept over his face.

"Yes, and that's what brings him here."

The next day about two o'clock a man on horseback appeared coming toward the house. The boys stood looking in astonishment as a square-built, tall, handsome, muscular man stalked up to the porch.

"Is uncle Fred about?" inquired the man as he stepped up.

After a short interview with his uncle he had a conversation with Bill. "Mr. McKinney, you——"

"Call me Bill, please Sir." Interrupted McKinney.

"I suppose you knew a girl by the name of Sarah; she was my sister."

"I did and she would have been my wife if the Indians hadn't taken her in spite of me about twelve years ago." Bill's eyes were now fixed on the ground and a bitter look crept over his countenance. "I'd give a leg to see that peach blossom again."

"Then red devils would never have got her if it hadn't been for this," said Bill as he opened his shirt and showed a huge scar.

"Bill would there be any chance to find her?" inquired Bob, as he fell into deep thought.

After a hearty handshake the men began a series of plans.

"Comanche Indians!" reported one of the lone riders as he came in at full speed.

"A big hunting trip," began Bill as he and Bob saddled their horses. The Indians were sighted in a little valley eating their morning meal. Bill stood gazing down and suddenly pulled his pistol. A shot rang out upon the still morning air. A scene of confusion followed and the Indians were defeated. Bill was found near the foot of a small hill unconscious. An hour later he awoke and said, "I got the big buck." At this moment he sighted Sarah in Bob's arms.

—J. D. Amend.

A SANDSTORM

There was a momentary lull, and then the wind, carrying with it sand in unstinted measure, hurried out of the West as though it were in wild pursuit of someone. The wind, howling madly, gathered speed; the windows rattled; the screens slammed against the houses; even the electric lights, which were turned on at three o'clock, looked dim and uncertain; and all the while the red sand grew denser in the fury of the mad wind. We were unable to see the houses across the street and were almost stifled by the sand-laden air of the room. When the wind quieted down for a few minutes, a dull, pale yellow ball was seen where the brilliant, shining sun had been visible only a short half-an-hour before. The wind gathered more force and rushed to a yet fiercer attack, in its wild fury, shrieking its wild, piercing war-cry.

—B. C.

"SPRING IS COME!"

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Nothing will insure the success of your plans quite so certainly, as a well-formed saving habit. An account at the bank, no matter how small, is an incentive to further saving. There is a satisfaction in watching your account grow, because it will in time be big enough to secure for you the things you have planned for. Our bank is a good bank for you.

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BUSTER BILL

"Whoopie! whoopie! whoopie! hook-em cowboy! whoopie!" came the yell down the quiet streets of Canyon. Bang! bang! bang! crash! went lights and windows. "Whoopie!"

"Lookout," yelled a strange masculine voice, "Buster Bill is in town," and he ducked behind a counter.

"Hey, you locoed gents, sling a red-eye out here! Pronto!" yelled a shrill voice of an over grown boy.

There was shuffle and then silence.

"If your hoofs are too sore I'll come in, —you"—with a yell he drew his mustang up and into the saloon.

"Rush now" came the order with a volley of shots.

At that moment a tall dark figure stepped into the door. With a curse Buster Bill whirled.

"Duck, Jim, duck; its Buster Bill. He has been after you all day. Duck I say," yelled the saloon-keeper.

"Naw, I ain't afraid of Buster Bill," drawled a cool southern voice.

"You —Son of a coyote, I'll shoot you full of shot and hang you on a cactus. You've been to see Mary again ain't you?" With this he sprang from his horse.

"Oh! come off your high horse, kid: you're drunk," soothingly came from Jim.

Jim was the best friend Bill had. He was always patient with him.

With a volley of oaths Bill lunged for Jim. Jim side-stepped, knocked his gun to the floor and kicked it behind the door. Jim tightened his arms around Buster Bill. His knees slowly pressed into his abdomen. Buster Bill struggled and cursed. He suddenly became still and silent and grunted, "calf rope."

"Now, kid you consarned Buffalo, come alive. Have some sense. Wake up, man; it's Jim."

Bill looked up, grunted and said thoughtfully; "Say Pard, I hope to die if I ever drink agin."

THE UNEXPECTED

They say that the unexpected is always happening, and I believe it. One time I went fishing and the unexpected happened. The unexpected that time was a rain storm. It broke up our fishing trip, frightened us nearly to death, and gave us a cold.

The other day I went to a class recitation, and instead of that, found some examination questions on the board. The unexpected then wasn't the exam. for teachers are always giving them. It was the questions. I didn't know them.

This morning I waked up with an immense fever blister on the side of my nose. That was rather unexpected, but the way I looked wasn't. As soon as I discovered that I had developed a one-sided nose during the night, I knew just how ugly I would look.

But I'm afraid you will think that the unexpected is always the unpleasant, which really isn't true. Quite often it is the very opposite. Last week I was sent a box of candy, and this morning some beautiful red carnations. Now I think those were two of the pleasantest things that could have happened, and they were quite unexpected.

But what is the use of going on with this discussion? Probably the best way to prove that it is the unexpected that happens is to do the unexpected, and stop.

—F. F.

HOEING CORN

There was a big dew on the ground one morning; and as I had cut my foot, Daddy gave me permission to stay at the house until the dew dried. It was along about 10 o'clock in the morning, therefore, when I shouldered my hoe and went down the path to the corn-patch.

The old sun must have been angry, for he was sending down his rays while they were red hot. Not a sound could be heard except the thud of the falling corn and weeds. There was only a faint breeze, and it seemed directly off the equator. The sand under my feet was hot and dry, while here and there a green backed lizard furrowed its way across it, making cold chills run up and down my spinal cord. There was only one shade in the entire field. It was a half-dead peach-tree that my grandfather had planted. I went to it and filed my hoe. By the time I had done that, the rest were half way down the rows. I "took my row," very angry. Then, to increase my anger, my row was almost covered with Johnson grass. I cried and hoed, I wept and hoed. I almost wished that I had cut my toe "clean" off, so that I would not have had to hoe at all. Very much disturbed in spirit, I quit for dinner. That afternoon when Daddy went to town, I went too.

—E. F.

MOTHER'S SWITCH

It seems to me now that mother's switch must have been my guardian Angel in my childhood, but at that time Brother and I thought it a demon rather than an Angel. We acknowledged its guardianship, but we did not altogether approve it. We were forever thinking, "How blissful life would be without that switch!"

Acting in accordance with this thought, we attempted the destruction

of this thing whose efforts to vex us were so indefatigable. One day we succeeded in slipping it to the barn. There we carefully stowed it away, our hearts bubbling over with joy. Yet there was a twang of not-uncalled-for fear mixed with our joy. Now we were free to act as we pleased. Of course, with this newborn freedom, we acted in a way that necessitated the use of the switch. When Mamma inquired about the missing argument, all we could say was, "Why—No, Maam, we haven't any idea where it is."

Unreasonable as it seemed, Mother was able to find another, and then—woe to the culprit that hid that switch! Brother and I accordingly decided without much parleying that the most advisable procedure would be to produce that switch. And we did!

—L. A.

THE OLD CROSSING

Viewed from a distance, the old river crossing appears to be a mass of large trees; but from a point near the south bank, a narrow opening discloses a beaten trail, which cuts across the steep banks and then through the thicket of pecan, elm, and mulberry trees on the opposite side.

The shallow water moves lazily over the rocky crossing and jumps into the deep adjoining hole. A net-work of roots protruding from the bank above this hole forms a comfortable seat for the "fisher boy." A small bed of quick sand, lying on the other side of the trail, challenges the intruder to accept the invitation of the low hanging grape vine swing.

Tiny patches of sunshine slip thru the overlapping branches and paint queer pictures on the greenish blue water.

—J. T.

CALENDARS

As I was sitting in my room this morning someone called and asked what day of the month this was. I went to the calendar and told her.

The daily theme eye could never "pass up" an article containing so much information as the calendar. The calendar, what is it; what does it do, and how do we use it? It tells us the day of the month; it tells us whether the moon will be full or only partly full on any given night; and it gives us forecasts of the weather. Many people would lose all trace of time without the calendar; they might not even know when Sunday came. A calendar is a little thing, but think how important it is.

—D. Y.

THE LENON GRAVEYARD

Beside a narrow country road, just where a brook has washed a shallow depression, a family graveyard lies neglected. To the south and west extends the well-tilled family farm. Immediately surrounding the graveyard fence, wild thistles, sunflowers, various tall grasses, and low weeds grow at will.

The same paling fence, which was built around the plot by the ancestors of the dead buried there, is tumbling down and decaying. Around each grave a warped and rusted iron fence still lingers. Within the fences crumbling tombstones lean forward in sadness. Around them rude weeds grow on the flattened, forgotten graves and sway in the wind above them. Near the center of the small plot, a dwarfed cedar tree stands alone, the last of the shrubs and flowers of the garden.

—T. C.

THE FIRST SNOW FLAKES

Tiny, fleecy snow flakes
Dancing in the air,
Floating, flitting, frolicing,
Lighting everywhere.

Peeping into windows,
Banked against the ledge,
Festooning the housetops,
Covering the hedge;—

Snow balls will be flying
Thru the wintry air;
Hear the children shouting
Yonder, here, and there.

Beaming happy faces,
Full of mirth and fun—
Look out for that snow ball;
You had better run!

HOW IT USUALLY GOES

I've been thinking, thinking, thinking,
And blinking, blinking, blinking,
And scratching, scratching, scratching;
But not a thought have I been hatching.

The night goes quietly, quietly, quietly,
My head nods slightly, slightly, slightly,
The lights grow dimmer, dimmer, dimmer;
But of thought, there's not a glimmer.

I'm getting weary, weary, weary,
The page looks bleary, bleary, bleary,
The wind is stilled, stilled, stilled;
But not one line have I filled.

I am sleepy, sleepy, sleepy,
The room looks creepy, creepy, creepy,
The hour is late, late, late;
And this verse is going to have to wait.

—C. H.

Patronize Prairie Advertisers.

COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are offering this year the most complete assortment of Commencement invitations it has ever been our privilege of presenting to the high schools of this section.

We want your class to see these announcements before you place an order. The prices are right.

Always get our prices before placing your order for school printing.

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS
CANYON, TEXAS

BREAKFAST FOR GOVERNOR AND BOARD OF REGENTS

On May the first Governor Neff and party, the Board of Regents consisting of: A. C. Goeth, Martin O. Flowers, Robert J. Eckhart, A. B. Watkins, J. J. Bennett, Miss Margie Neal, and H. A. Turner, were entertained at breakfast by the Home Economics Department. The dining room was artistically decorated with the college colors in sweet peas and carnations. Covers were laid for twelve guests with placards, which were designed by the Art Department, showing our state flower, the Blue Bonnet.

The following is the menu:
Puffed Rice and Strawberries
Sugar Cream
Waffles Maple Syrup Honey
Breaded Lamb Chops
Potatoes Maitre d' Hotel Baked Apples
Plain Muffins Butter Marmalade
Coffee Sugar Cream

SOURCE OF MATERIAL

The game of April 19 furnished me the material for this bit of verse.

Our team won two scores for each of the first two innings. They lost the next two innings, while Abilene's team gained in these innings five scores and one score respectively.

Our team appeared discouraged, and those in the stand seemed to lose heart. At that stage of the game, Mr. Condre came forward, drew Mr. McCarty aside, talked with him a few seconds, and then assisted, whole-souled, in leading the yells. The team caught the trust, slowly gathered its force, and fought every minute, winning all the scores from then on.

I have since wondered who was the greatest factor in the victory, Mr. Condre, the students who cheered, or our team. I have tried to put my wonderings into verse form.

Co-Operation

Can I do it?
Yes, I can.
If you help,
Which does more,
You or I?
None can say.
My work fits,
If yours is right.
Part of my work is lost,
If yours is wrong.
Your work can't be complete,
If mine is amiss.

—V. A.

WHEN A YOUNG MAN FALLS IN LOVE

This falling in love is something new, and yet it is one of the oldest things on the earth. It is always new and yet old; there is always something more to be learned about it, just like any of the great sciences. We are all wise and yet ignorant on this subject.

When you see one of your young men friends that has always been noted for his cool temper, walk up and push his best friend in the eye, just say that he is in love and don't be surprised. Or if you see one of the most cowardly sort of fellows walk right in front of a freight engine, don't be surprised; he's in love. And if your "roomie," you find with his arms around you some night, just smile your own little smile and murmur, "He's in love." It is not only the young men that fall in love either; from this disease no one is immune. I do not mean to say that old men will fall in love; O, no, but I do mean to say that young men from sixteen to one hundred will.

If you see your most dignified friend walk out in the middle of the street with his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes on some night, toss up his hat, throw a kiss at the moon, and shout, "Oh! Georgiana," don't be surprised; he's in love.

When you hear one of the gallants, say, "You can't live with them and you can't live without them," you may just say that some winsome lass has changed his brain to a handful of loose screws, and don't be worried; he's in love.

Hollywood, Illinois, a little suburb of Chicago, has become so upset over the scandals reported in Hollywood, California, that a group of citizens has started a movement to change the name of the place.

REPORT OF THE HOME ECONOMICS CLUB DELEGATE

The Home Economics Club met for its regular session Wednesday at four o'clock. After the usual business was finished, the Club proceeded with the program for the afternoon which was the interesting report of the Club's delegate, Miss Birdie Lee Burkhalter, to the annual convention of the Seventh District of Texas Federated Clubs which was at Plainview April 21-22.

Miss Burkhalter left Canyon Thursday on the night train and during the journey met with several delegates from neighboring towns. They were met at the train and graciously entertained in the homes of Plainview Club women. Early Friday, they went into business sessions at one of the large churches. As the Seventh District has just been organized it is known as the Baby District, but now that it is a district in its own right, problems and interests peculiar to the people of the Plains can be more fully appreciated and solved by those who have these interests at heart.

The Home Economics Club was one of the seven new members of the Federation, and as Miss Burkhalter states, the Seventh District is much pleased that the Normal College is near and that through the Extension Courses very valuable educational work can be extended beyond the College walls, to the Club women. Miss Burkhalter had the pleasure of hearing the addresses of Messrs. Morelock and Clark, each of whom was representing the work of his respective departments in regard to the Extension Courses offered to the Clubs.

Miss Burkhalter encouraged the club very much when she reported that our Constitution and By-laws were highly commended by the Parliamentarian, as were our plans for future programs. Even though the members are only students now, the club has for its purpose their training for future leaders in social welfare work of the particular community in which they happen to be.

Wild horses, in bands of 200 or more may be found in Southern Idaho, especially along the Snake river in the more arid and isolated sections. These animals are as wild as deer and have no owners. It is said they have a habit of enticing domesticated horses from ranches.

DR. INGHAM

DENTIST

A GOOD PLACE TO EAT

CANYON CAFE

Chase Condre
Mgr.

ROOMS FOR RENT

STUDENTS

We are prepared to test your eyes by the most modern methods and grind glasses in our own shop to meet your special requirements. Glasses delivered within 24 hours after examination.

Nine years in Amarillo; thousands of satisfied customers our best references.

HYDEN'S

Exclusive Optometrist and
Opticians

620 Polk St., Amarillo.