

THE PRAIRIE

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

VOL. I

CANYON, TEXAS, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1920.

NUMBER 9

LITERATURE FOR THE CHILDREN

TEACHING POETRY IN THE GRADES; A FEW GOOD COLLECTIONS

As we have previously said, we must teach children by looking out upon life through their eyes and not by trying to graft upon them our preconceived notions of how things should be done. Children are distinctly spiritual in nature, and they are vividly imaginative; they love not so much facts as spiritual entities.

Genuine poetry is the highest and most natural form of life's spiritual entities, and as such it demands a soul-response to its message. Children naturally love the best and the most beautiful in poetry, just as they love the best and most beautiful in life. And a child with perverted tastes is an evidence of wrong training somewhere. Occasionally we hear grown people say that they do not love poetry; this is a bold confession of a spiritual weakness. I may not love music or art, but to parade my lack of taste for these spiritual entities is but an acknowledgement of my own shortcomings. I always look upon such unfortunates with compassion, and I wonder if they fully realize how much of life and its beauties is to them forever a sealed book.

And yet, notwithstanding its importance and its natural appeal to children, poetry in the grades is more poorly taught than any other subject. I have known teachers who seldom if ever read over a poem prescribed in the readers for the lower grades of the public schools. As a result of this lack of preparation, the recitation became a monotonous round of blundering word-calling, ending in a disgust for the poem. Every true poem contains a great spiritual message; it is the teacher's responsibility to become possessed with this message before she attempts to give it to her class. She should study this message, and then ask herself how she can best make it function in the life of the individual child. One of the means of arriving at the significance of this message is to read the poem aloud several times, and this should be done as near the time the poem is to be presented as possible. We must believe strongly in the value of the message which is to furnish young life with its most ennobling sentiments and comforting consolation, and we must get in harmony with the atmosphere of every poem before we go before the class. In other words, we must be in tune with the sentiment of the poem, and we must have a definite plan for awakening in the child's nature a response to this sentiment.

The best medium of approach to the child's soul through poetry is the voice. This is but another argument for reading aloud the poem many times before attempting to present it to the class. We often hear it advocated that the child must be prepared for the reception of the poem; I want to insist that the teacher prepare for presenting this message. She should get hold of the central truth of the poem, and the central truth of the poem should get possession of her. She should study every detail used by the poet in building up his truth, and she should search the simple life of childhood for concrete illustrations that will enable her to function the truths of the poem in childhood emotions and thinking. I should by no means "murder to dissect"; but on this point I should advise every day, familiar discussions. The rapidity with which a given poem should be read and the tone of voice should receive careful attention.

It is difficult to give helpful advice as to how poetry should be taught to children; the unexpected questions that arise during the presentation of the poem can not be comprehended by any set of general principles. However, I believe it safe to venture that no teacher who does not love literature for children should presume to teach them poetry. She must not only know childhood interests and experiences, but she must have definite information as to the interests and experiences of the individual class she is teaching. This knowledge only will enable her to make a wise selection of poems for her class. I offer this suggestion for the simple reason that our country is being flooded with literature for children—some of it

(Continued on page 3)

The Death of a Student.

One of the students at the Normal, Corine Richards, died on the afternoon of January the twenty-eighth. She wanted so to live, to come back and do her work and enjoy the every day things all about us; and on that last day she fought hard to live—but she lost, or won, it maybe.

That is as much as we know about the thing that happened. There was something about her dying that was akin to a thing that occurred on another college campus one afternoon. A group of students stood watching an airplane ascend. At first it clung to the earth; for a few moments, it seemed half of the earth and half of the air; and then we knew it had begun its far journey into the sky. With upward-looking faces and eyes dazzled by the sunshine, we saw it lose itself in the sky.

It was with infinitely greater wonder that we watched this student-friend of ours begin her far journey out into the sky. Eyes were dazzled by the glimpse into the infinite.

As the students came in that last afternoon before they took the little human house away, a bit of loveliness from the lines of Dana Burnett seemed to express the thing that was happening:

"I have so loved the glory of the day,
From surging dawn to wondrous setting sun,
I think some light must linger in my eyes
When life is done.

I think some glow of sunset or of dawn,
Must touch the sleeping altars of my soul,
Sa they who look upon my face at last
Shall wonder of my goal.

So they who look upon my face at wet eyes,
Shall look upon my stillness, smile and go,
A little surer of their paradise,
Because I loved life so."

Student Fellowship Meeting.

Program, Jan. 30, 1920:
Leader—Dan Sanders.
Music—Viola Vetsek, Pauline Rice.
Speakers—Mary Smith Clark, Easton Allen, J. L. Duflet.
Y. W. C. A. Meetings, Winter Quarter:

"Etiquette"—Leader, Beth Buffington, February 5.

"Mrs. Temple"—Leader, Ollie Michael, February 12.

"How to Get Rich"—Leader, Mabelle White, February 19.

"Vanity Meeting"—Leader, Kathryn Carlock, February 26.

"On Being Polite"—Leader, Alma Guenther, March 4.

"The Sesames."

The Sesame girls met in room 201 Friday night, Jan. 30, and a very entertaining program was rendered. The most exciting feature of the program was the debate: "Resolved, That girls should take advantage of leap year". Affirmative: Pat McGehee and Thelma Black. Negative: Ollie Sone and Leah Amend. The affirmative won, after which the girls on the negative side whispered to the affirmative girls that they too believed that girls should take this advantage. Notice is hereby given that room 101 will be our permanent meeting place. So come again, girls, Feb. 13.—Press Reporter.

Who's Who in the Debate Try-Out.

Last Saturday at 1:30 the try-out for the Inter-Normal Debating Team was held in the College Auditorium. There were only thirteen contestants, Mitchell Jones being absent on account of illness. The debaters selected were Kenneth Burns, Grady Hazelwood, Kenneth Hunt, and Wyatt Hester. The alternates were Lem Sone and Ethridge Dockery. All the judges gave Kenneth Burns first place; Kenneth Hunt, a Sophomore, won second place. The report from the judges is that all the speeches were unusual in quality.

A Colorful Lass.

She turned her eyes of violet
And parted carmine lips—
Her gold-yellow hair shimmered
In the silver light—
Her moulded cheeks flushed
As pink as the roseate dawn—
Her white-ivory arms
Stretched toward me—
But the orchestra pit was between us.

—Cornell Window.

Patronize The Prairie advertisers.

Elementary School Compositions

The Sunset Express.

One cold morning in December Tom Davis, an orphan boy, was hunting in the mountains close to the railroad track. He was climbing the mountain when he heard a noise behind him. He looked around and saw a large rock rolling down the mountain and going toward the railroad track. He stood watching it. The big rock rolled to the foot of the mountain and lodged between the rails. The track inspector had just passed and was almost out of sight. What would he do? He gave a loud whistle, but the inspector did not hear him. He raised his gun and fired, but the wheels of the hand-car were making so much noise that the report never reached the ears of the inspector.

The boy rushed down the mountain, and, using his gun for a lever, tried to raise the rock from the track; but it was in vain. He looked at his watch. Fifteen minutes more and the express would be there! What would he do? He rushed down the track until he could hear the express coming. He was half way across the big bridge that spanned the river. He didn't have time to go on across or to go back; so he pulled off his coat and began to wave it. He waved it until the engine was almost upon him. Had the engineer seen him yet? What could he do now? for it was death to jump. He flung himself flat on his back between the rails. By the time the last coach had passed over him the express had almost stopped. The wheels were locked solid, and the engineer had reversed the engine. Tom had saved the express and many lives.

—Andrew Allen, Ninth Grade.

Fulfilling His Task.

"You must take care of Frances for a while, Ralph. I have some extra work to do." This was a task he nearly always dreaded; but since the order came from mamma, it must be done.

"Come on then; we are going outside to play," he replied, half expecting to be refused.

But mamma did not care; so the dreaded task turned to one of pleasure. Frances was always well cared for when this pleasure was granted them. They were playing beside the door when mamma came out with some food for the dog. She noticed that they were both busy; so she set the pan down and hurried into the house. Frances now looked up and started toward the dog.

"Shep, you eating your dinner this late? I guess you mad too, cause you had to wait so long," she said sadly.

The dog gave a low growl and sprang toward her. There was a horrified yell followed by the baby's scream. Then a great commotion followed. After a few moments the doctor had the stitches taken and was binding up the ear of the baby's protector.

"It was a lucky thing I did jump

between them", he was saying, "If Shep had bitten Frances, it would have hurt her."

—Grace Paul, Ninth Grade.

A Timely Act.

The fire bell rang out its shrill alarm. The fire engine came clattering down the street. "Where's the fire?" people shouted to each other. "The Grand Hotel. Every thing will go", others answered running to the scene. There seemed no chance for the hotel, a large, wooden, three-story building.

"All out?" inquired the police. "All out", reported the brawny fire chief. Glancing upward he became frozen with horror. A crippled girl was at the window of the third story, beseeching aid. In a moment he mounted the iron ladder. The heat was unbearable now. It seemed an age to the people below before he began descending, bearing the girl. As they took his unconscious burden, he dropped senseless on the pavement.

—Irene Berry, Ninth Grade.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

The train had stopped in a small village. Interested in all new passengers, I glanced up to see those who entered the car. A woman with a baby in her arms was trying to persuade a fair haired little lassie to "wait a while" for a drink. When they were seated, the little girl questioned her mother frequently. She talked of mysterious "Santie" and about when she would hang her stocking up. "Why doesn't Santie come now?" she asked. Her mother explained that Santie would have to come down a chimney. The little girl seemed to be worried about something. "But what will the poor people on the train do?" she asked. Her mother's repeated assurance that she should get home sometime that night did not satisfy the child. She still seemed sorry for us because she thought we would have no visit from Santie that night. All at once, however, she smiled and whispered her decision to her mother, who opened a worn suit-case. She gave the child a small silver star, which bore prints of the child's fingers that had made it. Laughing with glee, she tied it to the shade. She seemed satisfied then and waved her tiny hand at it when she and her mother left the train. It was now about sunset. The gaily colored skies were decked with their Christmas robes. The star of the child shone brightly, harmonizing with the Christmas skies. An old man looked across the aisle at it and smiled. A woman worn with care found comfort in the star. A little child reached out his hand for it. Out of the corner of his eyes, "Seventeen" saw it and self-consciously shuffled his feet. And I also caught a ray from that star—a star made by the hands of a little child.

—Mary Clark, English 35.

The Elapheian Society.

The aim of the Elapheian Society is to strive to develop morally and socially by planning and carrying out clean, wholesome and refreshing entertainments, parties, etc., in which every girl in the society will have an opportunity to take part, and learn to meet people in some other capacity than in the schoolroom and moving picture show, and to study good literature, the very best, thus raising our ideals and cultivating our appreciative powers.

If we lose ourselves in working out this aim, we will make "jam up" good sisters to the Antlers, and the Sesames will be kept on the run to get even a bird's eye view of us.

On Friday evening, January 30th, we had a very interesting program. We shall endeavor to have many others and "go over the top" each time.

The following officers were elected for the winter quarter:
President—Ruby Lattimore.
Vice President—Alma Guenther.
Secretary—Mabelle White.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Saxche Simms.
Press Reporter—Eva McKinnon.

Agnes Whatley spent the week-end with home folks at Groom.

Some More of our Prominent Cousins.

Some time ago, in an issue of "The Prairie", appeared the names of several former students of this college, members of the Cousins Literary Society, who have won for themselves recognition, either by accomplishing much in some great task or by helping their fellow-men. The members of the Cousins Literary Society have been drawn from many sources and walks of life, and may be found at this moment engaged in numerous kinds of duties, each working for the betterment of the human race in some particular. In addition to the very few that can be placed in these columns, there are many that are rendering a service who have not been heard of for some time, but they, nevertheless, recall the days they spent in the West Texas State Normal College and the Cousins Literary Society, and are encouraged thereby to do something more for all the people around them.

These are some of our former fellow-students and society workers:

Frank McLaughlin is one of the officers in a bank at Ralls, Texas.

Mody C. Boatright is now principal of the Elementary School in the West Texas Normal College.

Ira Younger, a member of the S. A. T. C. in this college last year, is now stationed at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii Islands, in the aviation service.

Burlson Atkins is at present in the naval aviation and is stationed at San Francisco, California.

E. B. Brown, one of the "star" chemistry students of this institution, is at the University of Texas holding the position of instructor in Chemistry.

Amos B. Griffith, once a hard-working member of the Cousins, was until recently the sheriff of Lipscomb County, Texas.

Vernon C. Parker is at this time Superintendent of schools at Friona, Texas.

Elementary School Notes.

The rapid expansion of the Elementary School has made necessary two additional rooms. Rooms 13 and 117, both suitably equipped with new desks and blackboards have recently been assigned to the Eighth and Ninth grades respectively.

Miss Mary L. Clark and Mrs. Montfort, members of the Elementary School Faculty, are absent from school this week on account of sickness.

Esther Baumgartner spent the week end with friends in Amarillo.

Bert Wilson is a new pupil in the Seventh Grade of the Elementary School.

Mr. J. C. Baker, a former teacher in the Elementary School, surprised us with a visit Thursday afternoon. He returned to his home at Eastland Saturday.

Antler Notes.

The members of the Antler Society came together for their first meeting of the quarter on Friday evening, Jan. 9. Plans for the winter quarter and for the inter-society debate were discussed.

Officers were elected for the winter quarter as follows:

A. E. Hunt, Pres.
Wyatt Hester, Vice Pres.
Law Sone, Secretary.
Paul Stewart, Treas.
Paul Foster, Prairie Representative.
Ersie Fort, Annual Representative.

Just a word to the boys of this school who are not society members; if you want to join a real society, have a big time, and get some joy out of life—join the Antlers.

Following was the program for the Antler Literary Society, Friday evening, February 6, 1920:

An Exchange of the "Spice of Life"—something to laugh about.

Each member to make a contribution.

A Visit to the Islands of the Pacific. A Mandate—Do We Qualify?—Paul Foster.

The Japanese Laborer — Buford Pond.

Craftsman of Old Japan—Everett Key.

Business.

Which is your creed: "The world owes me this, and I will take it"; or "I owe this to the world, and I must give it"?

DIGNIFIED FACULTY'S MORAL SAFETY VALVE

AS DETERMINED BY AN INNOCENT OBSERVER AT A SAFE DISTANCE

I had often wondered how the faculty members expressed themselves under the stress of great excitement; for, of course, they do not descend to the use of ordinary profanity. It is well known, however, that everyone must have some sort of safety-valve to prevent spontaneous combustion. To satisfy my curiosity, I ensconced myself in a hiding place to overhear the conversations of a faculty meeting.

Things began smoothly enough, but ere long an argument started and trouble brewed when Mr. McCarter called Mr. Reid a concave-faced duodecahedron.

"Why, you concentrated extract of sulphuretted hydrogen", replied Mr. Reid, "I have to put on a gas mask every time you speak".

"Here, here," said Mr. Duflet, "terminate this insufferable discord, you unsophisticated exponents of economic determinism".

"Oh dear", said Miss Ritchie, "such a superabundance of polysyllabic verbosity I never heard".

"Yes," said Mr. Ackerman, "they manifest the brain power of a platypodene ornithorhynchus".

"Well", answered Mr. Ives, "you haven't added much, you chronological tabulation of aridity".

"You people," interrupted Mr. Shifley, "are best characterized as insignificant iota of microscopic nonentities".

"It seems to me," remarked Mr. Mahan, "that this whole conversation is a polyglot of uninterpretable confusion".

"Yes," agreed Mr. Blaine, "it is equivalent to the undecipherable hieroglyphics of a stenographic novice".

"Oh, you people", said Mr. Terrill wearily, "you rattle on like the monotonous raspings of an eccentrically suspended buzz saw".

"Well, your criticisms," retorted Miss Bell, "are as crude as the raveled edges of an unworked button hole".

"Pianissimo, pianissimo," said Mr. Clark.

Just then Miss Graham saw me in my hiding place. "Someone," she said, "is affording a pragmatic exemplification of the power of elongation of his cervical vertebrae".

They all jumped to their feet, and as I made a hurried exit I heard Mr. Hill say, "Gee Whiz, ain't it awful, Mable?"

No Need for Despair; Nineteen-Twenty Is Yet Young.

I never knew until recently how a genuine case of "the blues" affects the appearance and conduct of well-meaning people. The other day I met a young man who, to all general appearances, seemed to be in the last stages of some dreaded disease. I inquired about his health; he said that he had no physical pain, but that a settled melancholy brooded eternally over him. His gait was slow and uncertain; and he had a far-away look in his eye. His dress lacked the usual neatness which characterizes his appearance. That night in my study his case kept insisting upon my attention, and I decided to visit him in his room. Over his door I observed, as I entered his room, this placard: "Old Bachelor Headquarters". This was the first tangible symptom I had had of his ailment, and I used it to advantage in my brief conversation with the patient. "The Prairie" was on the eve of issue, and I took the responsibility of inserting the following advertisement: "Wanted—A Positive Cure for Heart-loneliness. Apply to Room 1, Bachelor Headquarters". The next day I encountered a miracle. Three young ladies were escorting this young man into an up-town ice-cream parlor. He was dressed in the latest style, and he appeared ten years younger.

Moral: It pays to advertise in "The Prairie".

Last Wednesday night Miss Nona Baker, one of our classmates, died at the home of J. D. Key. Her death came as quite a shock to her many friends and classmates.

Miss Fay Terry, a member of our Freshman class, died Thursday morning. Her many friends sadly grieve her death.

"THE GYPSY TRAIL"

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, NORMAL AUDITORIUM

THE PRAIRIE

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

A bi-monthly newspaper published by the students of the West Texas State Normal College, under the supervision of the English department.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

For the regular session ----- \$0.75
For the summer session ----- \$0.50
For the year ----- \$1.00

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ----- Gracie Penrod
Assistant Editor ----- Edna Dyche
Business Manager ----- Kenneth Burns
Art Editor ----- Juanita Beall
Exchange Editor ----- Dan Sanders
Society Editor ----- Lizzie Kate Smith
Athletic Representatives -----
----- Frank Lohn, Alma Guenther
Fine Arts Rep. ----- Annie Beene

Senior Special.

We are going to have a treat. The next "Prairie" will be in charge of the Seniors. They have already begun working, for they have said that the Senior Special shall be the "best yet". Watch for the next number!

In this issue of "The Prairie" is outlined the plans for the "United States Army School Contests". Every public school in our country should enter this contest. Our government is entering for the first time upon the policy of universal military training. It behooves every good citizen of our country, both actual and prospective, to acquaint himself with the possibilities of this step. No better place than the public school could be found for arousing interest in this important subject. It is not a question of whether we win one of the "free trips to Washington"; but it is vitally important that we improve our citizenship. It is possible for the people of a nation to be highly intelligent, and yet be poor citizens. Good citizenship demands a highly specialized kind of training. The time has come when our country must provide for her citizens this special training.

A Good Name Is More to Be Desired Than Riches.

Coach Willy is in receipt of a letter from J. B. Wonseller, the director of athletics at the Roswell Military Institute, New Mexico, in which he praises the record of our college athletics. The following is taken from the letter: "I consider that our athletic relations with your school this year have been the most pleasant of all schools we have met on the field. May I extend my congratulations to you personally, to your administration, and to the entire student body on your athletic spirit, your sense of fair play and fine sportsmanship. Our basketball team is still lauding your school."

We fully agree with him. Our boys have played "fair and square". They have gone into the games with grim determination to win and have come out with a smile—defeated or victorious—what did it matter? They have worked hard—fought with vim this year. We are proud of them and for what they have done. Let us help them maintain their enviable record on the athletic field. Let us give them our support, encourage them to do their best. We are looking forward to a great baseball season this spring. Get behind the boys now. Show them that you believe in them. They'll do the rest.

The Professional Grumbler.

Have you met him? He walks with a dignified tread as if to say, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my mouth let no dog bark." His face lengthens out indefinitely as though it were striving for an infinity of "nothing". A saturnine countenance marks all his facial contortions, and he ends all his disjointed remarks with a "Yes, but—!" His constructive thinking never gets beyond this hyperbole of objections. He seems to have inherited his objections to ideal conditions from Adam. He usually greets you, "Say, have you heard about—?" What do you think of it? Invariably he anticipates his own opinions with, "Don't you think it would be better—?" He is a perfect antidote to all progress, and he is a living personification of egoism.

Just at this time our work may seem a little "uninteresting". We miss some of our classmates from their usual places. But shall we lose sight of our duty to them because we miss them? They have left in our care that which belongs to all of us—our school spirit—the life of the school. Let us do our very best to "keep the home fires burning" so that when they come back they may take their wonted places in a student body as well organized as when they left it.

UNITED STATES ARMY CONTEST FOR SCHOOLS

A TRIP TO WASHINGTON; ALL
EXPENSES PAID; FEB-
RUARY 20, 1920.

Here is the plan:
On April 19 next, a board of judges consisting of Secretary of War Baker, General Peyton C. March and General John J. Pershing, will announce to the awaiting juvenile world the names of three boys or girls who on February 20, 1920, wrote the best essays on the subject: "What are the benefits of an enlistment in the U. S. Army?"

Then on May 5, 1920, these three boys and girls, accompanied by parents or guardians (railroad fares and all expenses paid to Washington and return for both winners and parents), will be presented with medals by Secretary Baker himself.

Gold medal, suitably engraved, to the winner of the first prize.

Silver medal, suitably engraved, to the winner of the second prize.

Bronze medal, suitably engraved, to the winner of the third prize.

In addition, three beautiful silver cups, suitably engraved, will be presented to the winners by Secretary Baker to be carried back home by them as prizes for the schools they attend.

The contest is under the auspices of the War Department, but the newspaper, "Come Back", the official organ of the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, asked permission to purchase the prizes. This permission was granted and the school children are really competing for prizes that were provided by maimed and injured soldiers now at Walter Reed Hospital.

There is no age limit in this contest and the little seven-year-old girl in Santa Barbara, California, has the same chance of winning a prize as has the nineteen-year-old high school boy of Baltimore.

New York state has many times the number of school pupils that Nevada has, yet the chance of producing winners in each of these states is exactly the same.

Essays will be written in the classrooms Friday, February 20, 1920, from notes if desired.

No essay will be more than four hundred words in length.

Pencil, or pen and ink, may be used, but the essay will be written on only one side of the sheet.

Essays will be judged strictly on a basis of (1) originality, (2) expression, (3) sincerity.

Each school will be the judge of its own product. The principal of each school will appoint a board of three judges to select one essay as the entry from his school. He will then forward the entry, not later than February 27, 1920, to the army recruiting station nearest his school.

The District recruiting officer will appoint a board of three judges to pass on the essays submitted by the schools of his district. One will be selected as the best and will be forwarded to Washington as the District's entry.

From the entries of the fifty-six districts Secretary Baker and General Pershing and March will select three national winners. These winners may be boys or girls, of any color, of any age.

Ask your father or your brother to tell you something about our new, democratic peace time army. If they do not know, write to the nearest recruiting station for literature.

It may mean a free trip to Washington for your mother and you, with a medal for yourself and a beautiful cup for your school and you'll be envied by millions of children. It's the chance of a lifetime!

The headquarters of the El Paso Recruiting District is 218 West Franklin Street, El Paso, Texas.

The local Army Recruiting Station is room 348, Federal Building, Amarillo, Texas.

The students of The Elementary School, under the direction of Mr. Moady Boatright, are to enter this contest.

Best Short Story In English.

John o'London's Weekly: Some little time ago the Public Ledger, one of the most influential papers in America, asked some of the leading living writers what they considered to be the best short story in the English language. This is how more than a score of these writers voted: For Rudyard Kipling, thirteen votes; R. L. Stevenson, ten; Edgar Allan Poe, six; Charles Dickens and Bret Harte, five each.

Here are some of the opinions that were published:

W. W. Jacobs—I have so many friends writing stories that I decline to answer. But I will say that, to

my mind, one of the best short stories ever written is Robert Louis Stevenson's "Will o' the Mill".

Leonard Merrick—It happens occasionally that I am paid the high compliment of being told that, as a short story writer, I owe much to an attentive study of the methods of Maupassant and Anatole France. And then I have not the least hesitation in saying that I owe nothing at all to it. But I would not declare with such certainty that I owe nothing to the swirl of enthusiasm that I felt as a boy on the afternoon that I read Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw".

Owen Wister—I will choose, not perhaps on the ground of most perfect skill, but of widest and longest appeal, among the short stories with which I am familiar, that one by Charles Dickens entitled "The Cricket on the Hearth".

Here is a list of all the stories mentioned: "Lodging for the Night", "The Merry Men", "Pavilion on the Links", "Will o' the Mill", "Providence and the Guitar", "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", "Markheim". — Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Without Benefit of Clergy", "The Brushwood Boy", "The Man Who Would Be King", "Bread Upon the Waters", "Beyond the Pale", "The Maltese Cat", "The Jungle Book". — Rudyard Kipling.

"A Christmas Carol", "The Cricket on the Hearth", "The Story of Richard Doubledick", "Dr. Marigold", — Charles Dickens.

"The Gold Bug", "The Purloined Letter", "The Murderers in the Rue Morgue", "The Fall of the House of Usher", — Edgar Allan Poe.

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat", "The Luck of Roaring Camp", — Bret Harte.

"Wolfert Webber", "Rip Van Winkle", — Washington Irving.

"Heart of Darkness", — Conrad.

"The Belled Buzzard", — Cobb.

"A Munciple Report", — O. Henry.

The Bible Story of Ruth and Naomi. Rebecca and Rowena", — Thackeray.

"The Turn of the Screw", — James.

"The Man Without a Country", — Hale.

"The Jumping Frog", — Twain.

"The House and the Brain", — Lytton.

"The Ring and the Troth", — Doyle.

"Uncle Remus" (any one of the first series), — Harris.

"Marjorie Daw", — Aldrich.

"His Wife", — Whitman.

"A Journey", — Wharton.

"An Incident", — Elliott.

"The Claws of the Tiger", — Morris.

"The Stolen Story", — Williams.

"Love in the Mist", — Lyon.

"The Door in the Wall", — Wells.

The above article was taken from "The Dallas News". How many of these stories have you read? Why not read them all? Those best in a position to know say that these stories represent the highest achievements of our race in this particular form of art. These stories will repay your careful study. What in each story do you like best: the story? the central truth? the style?

A Visit to Aguiñe, Porto Rico.

Aguiñe is the headquarters of the Central Aguiñe Sugar Company. Its population is made up of Americans and Porto Ricans. The Americans have their homes on one side of the town, and the Porto Ricans on the other.

On our right hand side is the Club House where the American single men eat and sleep. As we go up a sloping hill we see on either side white picket fences enclosing the homes of the American families. These homes are surrounded by beautiful tropical foliage, such as the palm tree, cacti plants, and flamboyam trees with their gorgeous red blossoms. On up the street at the top of the hill we come to Casa Grande, the manager's home, a beautiful two-story mansion looking out on the Atlantic ocean. Then we pass by the two little school houses with their flag waving in the refreshing breeze. On down we come to the four tennis courts, where we see many of the Americans playing. They play from about five in the afternoon until the sun goes down. Now we come to the baseball ground and see the Porto Rican boys practicing baseball. This is their favorite game, and they play it the year round.

We will now visit the Porto Rican part of the town. The homes of the better class of Porto Ricans are like the homes of the Americans, except that they are a little smaller. The homes of the poorer class are small, dirty, and very pieced up. Some of them are made from the planks of large boxes, and some are made from the tin of large sized oil cans. The roofs are sometimes sheet iron, but are more often made of the leaves of the cat tail plant, such as we have in Southern Texas. The interior of their huts is usually one large room, partitioned off into small rooms by old grass sacks and rags. They use very little furniture. They usually have a bed, two or three cots, two or three rocking chairs, two or

three straight chairs, a table, and several little charcoal furnaces, or a bracer. The walls of the houses are usually lined with all kinds of pictures. We go by the Porto Rican school, and we see the general store, hospital, telephone office, general office, and many other buildings.

Now we enter the gate to the sugar mill yard. We enter the sugar mill and see the juice being crushed out of the sugar cane. This liquid goes through many other processes, and comes out a very light brown sugar. This sugar is put into large sacks by Porto Rican men, and the sacks are sewed up by others, and put into a store house.

After we finish going through the mill, we go onto the wharf. We see sugar being loaded onto large lighters; then these lighters are tugged out to the large steam boat by a little gasoline launch. These large sacks of sugar are loaded onto the large steam boat by a pulley, and are lowered into the storage. Now we get on a little gasoline launch and ride out to the large ship. We go on board and the captain says, "This is the ship that was captured by the U. S. from the Germans". Some of the large ships that come in are the "Brazos", the "Coamo", and the "San Juan".

After returning from the ship, we go to our homes for a little while and rest. We then get our bathing suits and finish our day with a refreshing dip in the Caribbean sea.

—Louise Shanklin, 8th Grade.

How It Came About.

A Virginia lad unexpectedly distinguished himself in a recent history examination.

"How and when", was the question put to him, "was slavery introduced into America?"

His reply was: "To the early Virginia colony no woman had come over, but the planters wanted wives to help them with the work. In the year 1619 the London Company sent over a shipload of girls. The planters gladly married them, and slavery was introduced into America."

—Country Gentleman.

"Say, what's the matter with that fellow?"
"Gray matter, as close as I can figger."

S. V. WIRT

—Dealer in—

Wall Paper, Glass, Paints, Oil and Picture Mouldings

Call 49 for Service Car.

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

Phone 49



Mr Pep —
The world's greatest philosopher, is going to work for 'somebody in this town'—guess who!—Watch this newspaper—don't miss an issue! Every week Mr. Pep will have a message for YOU.

Don't miss it!
IDEAL CAFE
M. A. HENSON, Prop.
Canyon, Texas

Thompson Hardware Company

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

Canyon, Texas

Kodaks, Films, Film Packs, and Supplies
THE CAMERA SHOP
East Side Square
Kodak Finishing and Enlarging
Let us make an Enlargement from your Pet Negative.
Mail Orders Solicited.
Canyon - - - Texas

DR. S. L. INGHAM

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

VARIETY STORE

Dealers in piece goods, ready-to-wear, millinery, shoes, and everything for ladies and children.

SERVICE

**FORD CARS FORDSON
TRACTORS**

AUTO SUPPLIES AND
ACCESSORIES
PHONE 7

Kuehn Garage

Canyon - - - Texas

GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

—AN IDEAL GIFT.

Engraved or Printed Calling Cards.

—FOR THE FOLKS AT HOME

The Randall County News for a year—telling all the Normal news.

Randall County News

(We print The Prairie)

Canyon Garage

SERVICE

Agency for Goodrich Tires and Tubes

General Repair Work
Work Guaranteed

Phone 169 Canyon, Texas

Gouldy Furniture & Undertaking Co.

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

Tennis Goods

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

Holland Drug Co.

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

We'll Know You

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

SODA FOUNTAIN DRINKS

CITY MEAT MARKET

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

Phone 257 Canyon, Texas

Foy's Tailor Shop

Better Clothes Less Money
Suits tailored to your individual measurement.

HIGH CLASS TAILORING

Dry Cleaning Steam Pressing

LADIES WEAR A SPECIALTY

Phone 299 Canyon, Texas

Literature for Children
(Continued from page 1)

good, but volumes of it positively harmful to children.

Not long ago I received a collection of poems for children. That night I sat down to examine it. I had not read far into the book until I said, "This author knows and loves childhood interests." I made a list of a few of the poems that appealed to me most; for each poem I wrote in condensed form the central truth. Then I asked myself with respect to each poem: "Is this truth outside of the range of childhood experiences? Does it function in the thinking and emotions of childhood?" I next examined the concrete details used in developing this central truth, and I came to the conclusion that they all belonged to the circumscribed world of childhood. But more important than all else, the author had breathed upon these childhood experiences the breath of genuine poetry.

DeQuincey boasted that he could recreate his childhood; this boast would be difficult to prove. However, I believe that a true poet can come nearer to reproducing childhood states than the average man. If this is true, one of the best ways of entering the garden of childhood beauties is through the gateway of poetry for children. No teacher should presume to teach poetry to children who has not read a great deal of poetry of this class; her nature should be saturated with the spirit of childhood melodies. She should also have a good sense of rhythm. This will come only after a thoughtful and careful study of many poems, and the constant practice of reading them aloud. No set of rules ever developed in the soul a sense of rhythm. It is the natural response of sensitive natures to the beauty of measured speech.

I wonder what are some of the universal interests of childhood—those that are somewhat independent of time and place? I have before me a book entitled "Literature for Children" by Orton Lowe. It is an admirable collection of advice, and a series of well graded poems; and it should be in the hands of every teacher of children. For the first grade I find such titles as "Who Has Seen the Wind" and "Windy Nights". Grown people are so likely to overlook the fact that the wind has a mysterious influence upon childhood; and it is a pity that natural phenomena have ceased to be a wonder to so many of us. And then I find "Bed in Summer". This contains childhood's natural plaint that many things which older people enjoy are denied it. I shall not argue the justice of the discrimination, but I submit that we give too little thought to the sorrow which the distinction brings to the child. Lastly, I mention Stevenson's "The Friendly Cow." Do you believe that the natural child thinks of the things the poet enumerates in this poem? The first stanza has in it the element of selfishness which belongs to all children. The last stanza rises to the dignity of genuine poetry for children. Nor is this statement a reflection upon this class of poetry, for I strongly

believe in its genuineness as poetry and in its value.

Below I give a list of a few good collections of poems for children, with a brief comment upon each book. Read—read—read in these books; become saturated with the spirit of the message contained in those poems you like best. Make a list of these poems; study in what way you could make their truths reach the child you teach; use appropriate ones when the right occasion arises. See that your list has sufficient variety; that it is not too narrow in its appeal. You would not wish all your poems to be about flowers, for example. Make a list of things you believe children are most interested in; try to account for the nature of this interest. Some day you may find a poem which develops your idea. How far beyond your previous thinking do its truths lead you? Life after all is but an expansion of self. The purpose of poetry for children is to bring them as soon as possible and as completely as possible into vital touch with a larger and a more beautiful life than they could know unassisted.

I submit the following books in the order of my own personal preference. You may not agree with my tastes, but there is no need for cavil here. The all important consideration is to select a long list of the poems you like best, and then read them often and carefully. We read too many poems only for the momentary emotion they awaken. This method might be well enough if we were reading for our own pleasure or profit. But if we are to transfer what we feel to others, we must know the concrete details that occasion these emotions.

Palgrave's "Children's Treasury of English Song", Published by Macmillan, New York. I give this book first place on the list because I believe that children are capable of enjoying the best in our literature if properly presented. Every selection in this volume is genuine poetry.

Wiggin and Smith's "Golden Numbers", Published by Doubleday, Page and Company, New York. This is an admirable collection of well classified poems of great literary merit. Chisholm's "The Golden Staircase", Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. This is another good collection of well graded and well chosen poems.

Burt's "Poems That Every Child Should Know", Published by Doubleday, Page and Company, New York. This collection likewise makes, apparently, literary merit the first consideration in the choice of poems. Stirring narrative qualities are also prominent.

Whittier's "Child Life", Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. This is one of the early collections of poetry for children, and Whittier was peculiarly fitted by nature and experience for his task. There is seemingly a conscious moral purpose back of each selection.

Stevenson's "Days and Deeds", Published by Doubleday, Page and Company, New York. This is an admirable collection of poems for special days.

Gilder's "The Heart of Youth, Young People's Poems Grave and

Gay", Published by Sturgis and Walton Company, New York.

Welsh's "A Book of Nursery Rhymes". "The Mother Goose Melodies" are, of course, among the first poems that should be given to children. But I am hoping that the time will soon come when parents will assume the responsibility of teaching at home practically all these melodies necessary for a good beginning.

Dodge's "Rhymes and Jingles", Scribner's Sons. For very young children.

Bryan's "Poems of Country Life", Sturgis and Walton Company. Olcott's "Story-Telling Poems", Houghton Mifflin Company.

These books will cost something like \$20, and they should be in every public school library. And the teacher who will master a hundred of the best poems in these books ought to be well prepared to teach poetry to children.

A "Regular" Tea Party.

"A tea party?" you say. Yes, and we had a jolly time too. We were a bit stiff for a few minutes, but the dainty entire "get acquainted" card soon led us into a gala of laughter and game playing. Our charming hostess, Mrs. Stafford, and her assistants, Miss Mary Isaacs, Mr. Stafford and Frank Stafford, introduced so many new things that we were led from one enjoyment to another. At last we found ourselves out in the front yard, taking pictures; and say—look for them in the annual for they are sure to be there.

When we had completely wrecked that poor kodak, we hastened into the house, for Frank had said: "Hey, everybody who wants refreshments had better come in!" Now, I have come to the "regular" part. Each girl was generously served with fragrant tea—cream or lemon—and most delicious salad, sandwiches and real "tea cakes".

While we were enjoying our tea, we discussed our Y. W. C. A., and every girl present gave her word to become a member.

Suddenly we were startled by the striking of the town clock—five o'clock! We realized that we must go. With many a "I had such a splendid time", we departed and with light hearts wended our way home.

The Tea At Huntleigh.

One of the seventeen teas in town Monday afternoon, January 26, was held at Huntleigh Hall with twenty-five in attendance and with the Misses Abbie Graham, Edna Haines, and Sadie O'Connell as hostesses.

Upon her arrival, each girl was tagged with her own name and given ten minutes to get acquainted. A prize was awarded to Miss Fairy Gazaway for correctly naming all present. Topics for conversation were passed about and discussed with a chosen partner while refreshments were served. A final chance was given for each girl to run the gauntlet of new acquaintances; after which, the merry party broke up pronouncing a good time and the desire for more such teas.

A Vote of Thanks to Mrs. Garner.

An afternoon tea with Mrs. Garner on Monday, January the twenty-sixth, is remembered with pleasure by all the guests. The games and the friendly conversation were great aids in furthering acquaintance with one another. The guests wish to give a vote of thanks to their hostess and to the Y. W. C. A.

MADALENE BENNETT
LITA WITT
ELIZABETH ELIOT
ETHEL CROWHORN
WILLIE B. CATHCART
PEARL DAVIS
DEAN HAMILTON
PEARL LUST
FLORENCE BARRIER
LILLIAN ATKINS
LOLAGE HOWARD
BETH BUFFINGTON.

Misses Rambo and Michael Entertain.

Misses Rambo and Olive Michael were hostess of Lannie Crawford, Elsie Pool, Lorene McGeehe, Dot Harris, Leona Sumner, Eva May, Agnes Whately, Ila Tomlinson, Joy Mills, Ruth Thompson, and Winnie D. Smith at a tea party Monday afternoon, Jan. 17th.

At 3:30 o'clock a card with her name written on one side and a number on the other side was pinned on each guest. After ten minutes "get acquainted" conversation, only one girl was able to write the names of all the girls. An hour later, however, we were a dozen old school friends, discussing things common to every W. T. S. N. C. student.

Several games were played, and when the wonderful tea was served at 4:30 o'clock almost the last trace of formality was gone. It would naturally be supposed that Miss Rambo could make delicious tea, but it excelled the wildest imagination. The whole affair was one glorious, golden, good time in the lives of twelve school girls.

A Japanese Tea.

On Monday, Jan. 26, twelve school girls enjoyed a trip to old Japan. At 3:30 o'clock they assembled at the Mrs. Simeon Shaw home, who, assisted by Juanita Beall, was their guide. There they made baskets of crepe paper in which they put the candy given them. Various and sundry sizes of baskets were made that day. The reason thereof is evident. Japanese games were played, spiced now and then with some "good U. S. A." and incidentally with bushels of W. T. S. N. C. sense and nonsense. The aim of the Y. W. C. A. was discussed, its meaning to the girls in school and what each girl meant to the Y. W. C. A. Soon they received orders to sail. No second call was needed. The sea was a large red blanket. But as to how they sailed—well, you'll have to guess that. I shall tell you this, however, Japanese maidens served tea impartially with the cups edge to edge. Wise maidens they were, for they knew how good it was. Japanese soup and macaroni next were served. The girls had a great time trying to eat the macaroni with chop sticks without breaking it. The merry girls vied with each other in doing the best stunt. A big candy bow was presented to the winner. Now, some might say that they sailed and sailed "Happily ever after", but as we are like George Washington we must tell you that twelve happy girls landed safely in America late that afternoon after having experienced a most delightful voyage among the Japanese.

The following were guests at an informal tea given by Mrs. Warwick Monday afternoon Jan. 25: Misses Hazel Park, assistant hostess, Marie Fronabarger, Dessie Mae Steele, Lila Simms, Esther Foy, Mildred Johnson, Ethel Kisseler, Mack Roy, Edna Orton, Alice Sanders, Mona Key, and Mrs. Warwick, the hostess' mother. The afternoon was devoted chiefly to music and war relics.

Delightful refreshments consisting of tea, sandwiches and salad were served.

Swine Breeders Resolution.

WHEREAS, the Panhandle Swine Breeders Association has just closed the most successful meeting in its history and,

WHEREAS, this has been made possible largely by the co-operation of the citizens of Canyon and Randall County.

Be It Resolved, That this Association extend its hearty and unanimous thanks to the live-wire citizens of Canyon for the kindly and generous consideration accorded it, and that we especially thank the Domestic Science Department of the West Texas State Normal for the elegant and bounteous banquet prepared by the students under the direction of the head of the department.

Be It Further Resolved, That we assure the citizens of Canyon of our published minutes and that the secretary be authorized to publish same in the Randall County News.

LON ALEXANDER,
A. L. WARD,
H. S. HILBURN,
Committee on Resolutions.

My Dog.

I keep my dog behind the barn—
Under the old tool shelf;
He was such a little fellow,
An' he came to me all by himself.

I made a little bed for him,
'Cause he uz thes one big sore
From people throwin' rocks an' things
So he wouldn't come no more.

I al'lus had to keep him tied
So he wouldn't make no noise,
'Cause Ma she never understands
That dogs is so like boys.

He must 'a knowed I hided him,
For he never made a sound,
And them sores they hurted dreadful,
They was on him all around.

I'd had him most a month or more,
An' he was growing fine—
'Ceptin that in both his eyes
That he was purt' nigh' blind.

One day when I got home from school
An' went to hunt him up,
I found his little rope untied,
But I couldn't find my pup.

And Mag, our cook, she told me
That when my dog Ma found,
She took a stick and chased him off
While I was not around.

I found him by the railroad bridge,
An' he thes looked at me an' sighed,
But when I took him in my arms,
My little dog—he died.

—Lizzie Kate Smith.

Miss Smith to student in English.
Miss Smith: "Your English papers remind me of two French cities."
Student: "Oh, Miss Smith!"
Miss Smith: "Yes, they have always reminded me of the cities, Toulouse and Toulon(g)."

WHEN IN AMARILLO GO TO

MOORE, MATHIS & CO.

AMARILLO, TEXAS

"Dorothy Dodd" Shoes for Ladies
"Betty Wales" Dresses
"Wooltex" Suits and Coats
"Justrite" Corsets
"Munsing" Underwear

Corner Polk and Seventh Streets,
Amarillo, Texas

Go to---

CITY PHARMACY

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

PHONE 32

CANYON, TEXAS

SURPRISE YOURSELF

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

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

You will never regret the resolution if you act.

First State Bank of Canyon
Canyon, Texas

Barbers - Tailors - Laundry

We call for laundry on Monday and deliver same just as soon as
we receive it from the laundry. Our days for sending laundry
are Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.

Our fine shine stand will arrive soon and we solicit the patron-
age of the ladies as well as the men. Our barbers are the best
in town and are always ready to serve you. Phone 37.

Price Bros. Props.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

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

Amarillo Greenhouses
A. Alenius, Prop.

4th and Jackson Sts., Amarillo, Texas
Amarillo's Flowerphone 1116 Night or Day

THE CANYON SUPPLY CO.

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

Trade With Us

FOR SALE

We are now booking orders for Nancy Hall, Southern Queen,
Buck Skin Yam and Black Spanish potato slips (3 early kinds).
Will have cabbage, tomato and pepper plants.

T. JONES & COMPANY,
CLARENDON, TEXAS

You Will Grade
100% Correct

With the
Ready-to-wear Service

at our store, and the moderate cost
will surely please you.

Ladies' and Misses' Ready-to-
wear and Millinery

MONTGOMERY BROS.

605 POLK STREET

AMARILLO, TEXAS

Boarding House Blues.
(By Roy V. Jones)

I sit in my room and shiver
O'er a stove that never was hot,
While my thoughts fly away to my
mother,
And my head on my knees is prop-
ped.

I think of the cat in the kitchen—
He has warmth and comfort galore;
While I sit here in my parlor (?),
Hear the blizzard moan at the door.

I strive to cut down expenses
Until my head doth whirl and throb;
While meals soar to thirty a month,
And I haven't even a job.

I study and plan and think,
While lower sinks my head
Until the lights begin to blink,
And I go to that cold, hard bed.

When A Feller's Got The Blues.
(By Roy V. Jones)

When a feller's got the blues
In a little one-hoss town,
When board is going up,
And the snow is coming down;

When the folks back home don't an-
swer

Letters written weeks ago,
While you sit and long and hunger
For the news you wish to know;
When the whole world seems con-

tented
To continue on its way,
Not giving you a second thought
If you've got the dough to pay;

When the girl wants not your com-
pany,
But a ticket to the show,—
Then it's time for me to mosey
Straight back home—and here I go.

A Joke-Writer to a Misanthrope.

You say that there is
Nothing left
To joke about,

The funny things
Have long ago

Been spoke about:
Weird Irishmen, Dutch Cheeses,
And the Fat Policeman wheezes—
All the subjects that
Hired humorists
Still croak about.

You think we should
Proceed to draw
A cloak about

All topics you've
Begun to fume
And smoke about:

Spooney folk, rubes and chickens,
Once as funny as the dickens,
Are old enough
To make you feel
Heart-broke about.

You tell us to
Be sensibly—
Awoke about

This threadbare stuff
You scold us

Writer-folk about,
And we don't (we must confess it)
Laugh so very much, unless it
Be at you who think

There's nothing left
To joke about!
—T. R. L., Delineator.

She: Did you have trouble with
your French when you were "Over
There"?
He: No, but the Parisians did.

Mabelle (a late Texas citizen): I'm
drawn on the grand jury.
Vivian (gravely): So am I.
Mabelle: Our responsibility will be
heavy.

Vivian: I realize it. What shall
we wear?

Did the Shoe Men Sing "Lover of
My Soul"?

Groups of tradespeople who at-
tended a revival meeting being held
in Pratt, Kans., at a special business
men's meeting were invited to choose
their own hymns, each group stand-
ing and singing its choice.

The grocers started off with "Help
Somebody Today". Then followed:
"Think on Thy Way", by the auto-
mobile men;

"Sweeter and Dearer", by the
restaurant, hotel, and bakery folks;
"Yield Not to Temptation", by the
lawyers;

"Wash Me Whiter Than the Snow",
by the laundrymen and dry cleaners;
"The Great Physician", by the doc-
tors;

"Does it Pay?", by the bankers;
"The Home Over There", by the
real estate dealers;

And the services closed with "I Love
to Tell the Story", by the newspaper
men present.—Ft. Worth Star Tele-
gram.

Dammit, He Died.

The six hundred students of Sim-
mons College of Abilene were in deep
mourning last week because "Dam-
mit", the bulldog mascot of the college
for many years, had gone to the "hap-
py hunting grounds", where jack rab-
bits and cats to chase about. "Dam-
mit" was buried on the college campus
with ceremonies befitting such a dis-
tinguished creature. Honorary de-
grees were conferred upon him and
orations were delivered at the grave.
A tombstone over the grave bears
this distinction, "Dammit, he died".
Advises say that "Dammit" rose to
greatness through his own efforts. As
a wee pup he came to the college and
"pronto" had his tail canned. Un-
daunted he returned time and again
until Dr. Sandifer, president of the
college, took him to his home. There,
by close application to his duties, he
became one of the "respected members
of the faculty". — Randall County
News.

Miss Gladys Shipman spent the
week-end at her home in Lubbock.
Bruno Fox of Abernathy was a
visitor of Miss Clara Jones, one day
last week.

It seems to me that the soul lives
in the worthwhile things which we
impart to the generations that fol-
low us and that will follow us thru-
out the ages.

Three year old, shopping at East
End, had just purchased a can of con-
densed milk.

Clerk—All right. Is that all today?
Three Year Old, thoughtfully.—We
need some prunes too.

Clerk—How many?
Three Year Old, reflectively—One!

PERSONALS.

Miss O'Connell shopped in Ama-
rillo, Monday.

Miss Vildred Cummings spent the
week-end in Amarillo.

Miss Ruby Lattimore and Miss
Elise Hall spent the week-end at the
Hall home in Amarillo.

Miss Cassie Mathews and Lucy
Harwell visited in Amarillo Saturday.
Miss Lolagene Howard shopped in
Amarillo Saturday.

Mrs. Swain of Paducah came Tues-
day to be with her daughter Hiatt,
who has the "flu".

Mrs. Robertson is with her daugh-
ter Agness, who has been ill several
days with the "flu".

Miss Lula Bowam went to her home
in Tulsa Wednesday night.

Arthur Gober and John Crudging-
ton of Amarillo, former students, vis-
ited friends Saturday and Sunday in
Canyon.

Miss Florence Page returned to her
home in Paducah, Tuesday.

Miss Madeline Vaughn spent the
week-end at her home in Bushnell.
Odell Carlton of Plainview visited
with friends here Sunday.

Miss Abbie Graham spent last
week visiting in Lakeview.

Ernest Atkins of Hereford, a former
student, visited chapel Tuesday morn-
ing.

Dick Thompson of Lockney visited
Miss Lucy McGee Friday of last
week.

Frank Griffith of Lockney, who is
en route to South America, visited
Miss Leona Burns Saturday of last
week.

Mrs. Swayne of Paducah is visiting
her daughter, Miss Hye Swayne.

Miss Ura Crawford, who is teach-
ing at Colorado, Texas, is visiting
home folks.

Prof. L. G. Allen, dean of the West
Texas State Normal College, is in
Austin this week, attending the meet-
ing of the educational interests which
was called by the Governor to discuss
the educational problem now confront-
ing the state.

President J. A. Hill
intended attending the meeting, but
has been sick in bed for several days.

Odell Carlton of Plainview visited
with Miss Jimmie James Bellah last
Sunday.

Miss Eris Gustavus spent the week-
end with home folks in Amarillo.

Misses O'Connell, White, and Mich-
ell were in Amarillo shopping Mon-
day.

Miss Esther Baumgartner of the
training school has been sick for the
past few days.

Cleveland Baker, a former teacher
of the training school spent the latter
part of the week among his friends
here. He is now interested in the
Alamo Oil Refining Co., at Eastland.

Miss Abbie Graham spent a part of
last week visiting schools in Floyd
county.

Lewis Pindt, a second year student,
has withdrawn from school.

Mr. Dodson Blivins, who has been
attending school here, received a tele-
gram Monday to come home. He left
immediately for his home at Quail,
near Wellington.

Miss Lois Graham left yesterday
for her home at Cleburne.

The Headlight Club went to the
creek and had a big feast last Thurs-
day evening. There were seventeen
in the party. They were chaperoned
by Miss E. Graham. It is useless to
tell how much fun they had.

Misses Stella and Madge Rusk and
Ernest Atkins, who are teaching in
Hereford High School, are at their
homes in this city. Their school was
suspended on account of the flu.

Rev. Shaw is giving a series of lec-
tures in chapel this week.

The Normal basket ball team suf-
fered a defeat at Clarendon College,
Saturday, Jan. 31st. The score was
31 to 26. The Normal boys played
under the disadvantage of having to
play on an out-door court.

The Course of True Love.

Rating—The female of the species
beholds a commendable man.

Baiting—The serpenty, enticing
ways are set in action.

Fating—The natural results come
—cabs, flowers, dances, theatres.

Prating—No explanation needed.
Both sides do it.

Relating—Such as: "You are the
very, very first, and only."

Grating—This comes when the true
natures are found out.

Hating—The "other woman" and
another man rent ties asunder.

Re-Fating—But hark! His foot-
steps seek the old front porch again.

Skating—This is put in for eu-
phony. (It must be winter time!)

Stating—The old gag, "Amo te",
Ich liebe dich, et cetera.

Waiting—He cannot sleep; diges-
tion fails him. His tread is feeble,
heavy is his heart.

Alleviating—She doctors his condi-
tion by a short "you bet!"

Machinating—She immediately
grabs his pin.

Mating—The parson gets his due.
Here endeth true love.

—Sour Owl.

Patronize The Prairie Advertisers.

Sincere and Helpful
Service

Helpful service to customers and, in fact, to
everything that stands for the betterment of this
community is our motto. We are here to serve
you and co-operate in carrying out your business
projects.

Regard this bank as "your banking head-quar-
ters"—the place where you know you'll receive not
only sincere advice but helpful service in solving
your financial problems.

Call and let us tell you more about the kind of
banking service we have to offer.

First National Bank

SEE THE SPECIALIST

the

EAST END GROCERY

for

Bulk Chocolates

Box Candy
and

Blue Books

For Best Service

Phone
234Phone
166

COATS

Fur Collar Coats Leather Coats
Young Men's OvercoatsThe greatest assortment and finest selec-
tion in the Panhandle as tailored byStein Bloch, Stratford, Elk Brand
and Campus Togs

and prices right.

THE FAMOUS

Every Inch A Young Man's Store
Amarillo, Texas

FOR NORMAL STUDENTS:

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

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

Ladies' massaging and shampooing our specialty.

The Normal Barber Shop

J. W. Collins

Drug Co.

Amarillo, Texas

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

We especially invite the faculty and
Students to our store

A Safe Place to Trade

is the store where good and reliable merchandise
is sold at the right price.

A store that protects your interest without
argument, or embarrassing cross questions.

A store that don't mislead you in a bargain
idea. A store that adjusts promptly and refunds
quickly—A liberal store.

This has been the policy of this store for near-
ly a quarter of a century—and the store is always
full of the newest and best of fashions.

Truly it is a safe place to trade.

502 Polk St. **White & Kirk** Amarillo
Texas

The Place to Buy Shoes

We Have the Goods

that are worn in New York City as they are
shown there

Trade at the Big Store where Quality and
Style reign, and prices are in reason.

Send us your mail orders. We always ap-
preciate your business, no matter how small.

We Sell Styleplus Clothes

THE FAIR

In the Heart of Amarillo

The Store that Sells for Cash Only

You Always get a Square Meal if You Eat at

THE CANYON CAFE

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

Hot Chocolate, Cakes, Pies, Chili, Candy

Rooms for rent in connection.

Chase Condrey, Manager
W. T. S. N. Student

CANYON

TEXAS

The City Barber Shop

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

We "Treat You Right"

If not satisfied—Whiskers refunded.

B. B. CLUCK, Prop.

The Largest Furniture Store in the Panhandle

CASH CREDIT
Green Bros Co
INSTALLMENT HOUSE FURNISHERS
Amarillo, Texas

Let us Furnish your Home, Cash or Credit. Our easy
terms are open to all Panhandle people

We Pay the Freight to all Panhandle Points