

THE PRAIRIE

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DR. GRIGGS DELIVERS A SERIES OF BRILLIANT AND INSPIRING LECTURES

This is no day for idle dreamers. But a man with a vision, made practical by a wealth of concrete illustrations functioning in human conduct, always has a message for his audience. A teacher without a vision has no place in the school room. Life for the average child is dull and prosaic, and needs the aid of some spiritual force to touch it into something better than it has known.

The teacher should ever grow in widening circles of spiritual content. And that man who can push back the mental horizon, or give a new meaning to that world already his own, is always a power for good to him.

Dr. Edward Howard Griggs achieved both of these ends in the series of very brilliant lectures which he gave to the West Texas State Normal College, July 7, 8, and 9. Those of us who heard him feel that life is so much richer for us because of the touchstone of the "Open Sesame" he delivered into our hands. His view of life, seemingly so simple, has for its groundwork the wisest and most wholesome philosophy of life. This distinguished man has the rare but happy gift of translating the most profound truths into terms which the average individual can understand.

Many of us had heard much of Dr. Griggs; we knew him in a way through his books; but to know him personally has now been our pleasure. We found him liberal in his views, rich in his knowledge of literature and life, and delightfully human. We have been uplifted by his visit, and we shall welcome his return to us.

Work and Play in Education

In his first chapel lecture, Dr. Griggs said that everything in education was a tool for the formation of character. Since all moral laws are natural and fundamental, human conduct is never without moral meaning. But the negative conception of life is one of the most dangerous, for avoiding evil is only one phase of a moral nature. The highest conception of this aim in education includes being able to see the best, love the best, and will the best.

Everything that a child comes in contact with moulds his character, but what he does is by far the most important factor in his development. For this reason we consider the significance of work and play in education.

There are three planes upon which we do things. On the lowest is external compulsion; higher up is internal compulsion; and the highest is spontaneous action. We usually begin on the lowest plane; but as we continue our work, we see an end in view and come to act of our own volition; at last work becomes play. "Thinking is the hardest task on earth," but by the time a student has reached college, it should be one of his greatest joys.

One of the oldest controversies in education is whether action is better morally if it comes from a sense of duty or spontaneously. It is true that the right is often hard to do; and you deserve credit for overcoming a difficulty if you go on and overcome higher and greater difficulties. But "think how pleasant it would be to live with a person who never did a kind deed except from a sense of duty." Let the duty become a pleasure and perform other duties.

If human conduct were a circle, in the beginning the small arc would be love and the great arc duty. If one worked always toward the right, the arc of love would grow and the arc of duty diminish until, at last, there would be a perfect circle of love. But both love and duty are in human life all the time, and both are necessary in every phase of education if we are going to fit the student for life.

A child's toys and games should be simple in character and few in number; they should be of such a nature as to call out activity and stimulate the imagination; and they should prepare him to be resourceful.

If human life were like a game in the kindergarten, all would be love; but "a person isn't fit to live who is not only willing but glad to do a great many things he doesn't want to do." Some things should be studied in order to round out one's whole life. But there is no use felling trees and rolling rocks in the path.

If you climb the hill and go toward the end of the path, the journey will, of its own accord, furnish plenty of obstacles.

Government in Home and School

Every educational method must be translated into guided and controlled

activity. Children are not conscious of the state under which we are all born, but of the lesser institutions—the home and the school. If we are to train children for democracy, we must train them in the home and school.

There are five principles of human living everywhere which are fundamental in home life: first, cleanliness—both moral and physical; second, cheerfulness—sullenness is a deadly blot on life; third, reasonable truthfulness—truth lived is justice; fourth, love and helpfulness; and fifth, every individual working. Free citizenship, in the home, as well as in the state, means obedience to those principles which enable everyone to act according to the best interests of the "other fellow."

The school is a specialized institution which has grown out of the home. In addition to the five principles which apply to the home, there are five others peculiar to the school: first, promptness; second, regularity; third, concentration of attention; fourth, reasonable order and quiet; fifth, again work for everyone.

If you dare risk the democracy of the state, why not apply it to the school? In the state, neither the slave nor the rebel is a free citizen. The same autocracy which causes slaves and rebels in the state produces the same types in the school and home. The docile child becomes a slave, and the strong one a rebel. Great teaching is wakening the students' mind to reckon with himself. The aim of government and discipline is never economic order, nor the teacher's reputation, nor the parents' comfort—it is always moral education.

The evolution of the race has shown that people must be prepared for an intelligent form of government. Consequently, the child should learn to obey implicitly; but when the time comes, he must know the reason why. Will and reason must always balance each other. Habit is not morality; it is only the stuff out of which you may make morality. Thus, you must educate the child to the right thing. Let him try for himself so that he will give voluntary and intelligent obedience to the laws about him. It is in this manner only that he will be able to live a life worth while.

The Weavers

Dr. Griggs began his series of lectures on the Drama of Protest with a discussion of Hauptmann's "The Weavers." In the very beginning, he emphasized the fact that the drama is that form of literary art which lies nearest to actual life, and hence is the most effective means of presenting the most perplexing problems of human life. He chose this particular play, he said, for the very reason that the scene is laid so far away and so long ago, thus enabling us to get a better perspective and to consider more justly the problem presented.

What is the problem presented by "The Weavers?" It is the old problem of industrial injustice, the problem which has always confronted the human race ever since man has earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. This problem, of course, has been a hundred-fold more insistent since the Industrial Revolution. It is still very far from a satisfactory solution, and for this reason it behooves us to study carefully any just and artistic presentation, such as Hauptmann gives us in this masterly play. "The Weavers" is a masterly play, although certain critics have declared it to be lacking in unity. One wise man, possessing more penetration than these adverse critics, dryly remarked that if the Angel of Starvation be visualized as he hovers over each scene, the play will not be found lacking in unity. "The one grim, leading motif is Hunger."

The scene of the play is Silesia; the time the 40's of the nineteenth century. It is an unusual play, in that one might almost say that it has no story. It is a "tableau play," intensely realistic, touched with the light of idealism which always shines over the work of Hauptmann. Huneke thus expresses Hauptmann's view of life and art:

"Life is a vast and awful business. The great artist sets down his vision of it, and is silent."

The weavers of Silesia, the leading characters of the play, represent of course all labor everywhere; yet the characters are individualized. The hero is "the mob."

Miss Mary Morgan Brown recently presented to the English Club the following outline of the play. She refrained from critical comment, that the

(Continued on Page Four)

MISS RAMBO VISITS "THE COUNTRY WOMAN'S CLUB"

A very progressive woman's club which was organized in April of this year at the home of Mrs. G. R. Stratton with three members, now has an active membership of fourteen members as follows: Mesdames G. R. Stratton, R. O. Allison, H. J. Kramer, C. M. Gordon-Cummings, Gus Thomas, J. W. Hancock, O. S. Brown, T. A. Dowlen, Moore, Tarpenning, Bingaman, Tuceck, A. M. Burgan.

To be a member of this club one must be a farmer's wife. Two of the rules of this club are: first, "There shall be no gossiping;" second, "No elaborate meals shall be prepared; and each meal shall consist of not more than three vegetables, one meat, and one dessert."

The club meets twice each month in all day sessions, the first and third Thursdays, at the homes of the different members. Any tedious work that the member has on hand, such as sewing, patching, and quilting, is carried to completion by the members of the club. The club extends an invitation to any one who is interested in any home-making work. July 7, Miss Rambo entertained the members of this club with some practical points on cooking and canning of meats and beans, demonstrated with the Steam Pressure Canner and Cooker with the Burpee Home Can Sealer. The club was highly pleased with the Steam Pressure Cooker. An invitation to meet with them at their next meeting was accepted by Miss Rambo at this meeting; she will give a demonstration on jelly making.

R. T. Ellis Addresses Students

Mr. R. T. Ellis, Secretary of the Texas State Teachers' Association, spoke in chapel Tuesday and Wednesday. He explained to the student-body what the Association stands for, and by concrete examples, he showed what it could do—showed its strength as an organization for the betterment of the teaching profession. He urged the students to give their support to this organization which has contributed so much toward raising the standards of the teaching profession and has so materially aided in securing better salaries for Texas teachers.

A Novelist in Chapel

Mr. Anderson, the author of "The Blue Moon," spoke to the student body Thursday, July 14, on the subject of Jene Stratton Porter. He said that Mrs. Porter is not a great artist, but has given us a good message. Most of his time was devoted to a story of the personal experiences of Mrs. Porter in Limberlost, Indiana. Mr. Anderson is also a Hoosier, and, as he said, a flatwoodsman.

A Club Ground for W. T. S. N. C.

Of course, there are needs and more needs to be found in any student body. But apparently one of the greatest needs among the students of the West Texas State Normal College is that of more room and equipment for recreation.

Some very attractive country places not far from town present themselves to our minds as ideal solutions for this problem. One of these is a most beautiful spot, within hiking distance from the college, which with its rock bottom creek, lined with beautiful trees, would make an ideal recreation ground for students. It could be fitted up with a big cheery hut, or club house, golf links, tennis courts, volley ball courts, croquet grounds and basket ball courts. These things, of course, are provided on the campus with the exception of golf; but the steadily increasing number of our students demands more equipment and more room, if we are to give each student the opportunity for the necessary social and physical development.

And the fact that this country place, although an extension of the college, would be outside of the shadow of the administration building, would add to the spirit of restfulness we would breathe there. How invigorating it would be to hike out for a few hours' recreation after a strenuous day's work in the classroom. The very nature of the place would help to soothe our tired spirits; for what could be more delightful, more refreshing, after a hard morning's study, than a hike or ride to the country and a quiet hour's fishing, followed by a "weenie roast" up the creek, or a game of volley ball, followed by a fudge party, over at the college cuisine?

We have seen how Cozy Cottage, small, and with not a tree about it or a creek near it, has added much to the social life of the students. Then, what could a large, cheery, kitchen, nestled near the foot of the high hill at North Creek, and surrounded by the necessary play equipment, do for our students?

Student Council Conducts Chapel Exercises

Chapel Exercises were conducted Monday, July 11, by the Student Council. The purpose of the mass student meeting was to bring the idea of the organization of County Ex-Student Clubs before the student body.

Talks were made by Messrs. Fertsch, Baucum, Cox, and Mrs. Bone, Misses Goad and Baumgartner.

Camp Fire Girls in the Movies

The girls of the Shahundowa Camp will give a moving picture show Saturday. The purpose of the picture is to show the activities of the Camp Fire organizations.

The Plains

(Canyon, Texas, July 8, '21)

Wide circle of plains stretching away,
The rim rising up to touch the sky;
Illusory mountains, majestic and white,
Formed on the circle's rim,
By great masses of changing clouds;
Intense light, pouring down from the sun

On the green and brown flat land.
Gathering clouds, and the passing threat of a storm;

The massed clouds breaking and drawing away;

The sunset glory turning them
To a wonder of red and gold.

An hour of twilight, and the rush of chill evening air;

The night and a cloudless dome of sky,
Filled with a marvel of brilliant shining stars:

Such is the changing day and its beauty,

In the great, wide sweep of the high and limitless plains.

—Edward Howard Griggs.

English Club Has Interesting Meeting

On Wednesday, July 6, the English Club had a very interesting meeting. As a preparation to Dr. Griggs' lectures, Miss Mary Morgan Brown gave in an interesting way the story of Hauptmann's "The Weavers."

The Devereux Players are to be here July 29 and 30. For the next two meetings the English Club will discuss the three plays which this company is to present: Lytton's "Richelieu," Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew," and Ibsen's "Ghosts." The Club voted to invite the people of the town to listen to these discussions.

Tennis Courts Repaired

The unkept condition of the tennis courts has, for the past year, been the cause of much unfavorable criticism on the part of the students. However, that cause is now removed, for the tennis courts are all in shape to be used. Under the management of Mr. Reid, they have been cleaned and leveled, and we now have twelve courts in good condition. Besides opening the way for the students for recreation and enjoyment, these repairs have added materially to the attractive appearance of the college grounds.

Miss Marjoria Wall and Clark Anderson of Wellington were married Sunday, July 3. They left immediately for a trip to Colorado. Mrs. Anderson was a student of this institution in 1918 and has since been teaching in the Wellington schools. The many friends of these young people join in wishing them the greatest happiness.

Many students were glad to get an opportunity to buy flowers to brighten their rooms, when the Y. W. C. A. sold both pot plants and cut flowers Friday, July 15, in the College halls. The boys were not entirely inactive when it came to presenting their best girls with posies.

Mrs. Morehead of Meadow, Texas, is here visiting her daughter, Frances. Curran Shaw, son of Rev. Simeon Shaw, has returned home from China, where he has been in the United States Navy. He will enter school this term.

Thursday evening a group of young people chaperoned by Mrs. Guenther, went to North Creek on a moonlight picnic. The following guests were present: Misses Brigham, Clark, White, Yoakum, Elsie, Erna, Alma, and Anndel Guenther, and Armine Parks.

Miss Bertha Bartz will leave Monday for her home at Rosebud, Texas, where she will spend a short vacation. She will then return to this part of the state and teach in the Silverton High School.

The girls of the Y. W. C. A. sold home-made candy before the lecture Friday night, July 8. The great demand for it was evidence that this attempt at service was appreciated.

Mrs. J. M. Davis and Mrs. J. M. Shinn, mother and sister of Mrs. Hill, are here on a visit. Mrs. Shinn is thinking of taking some special work in the College next term.

Vergil Dodson became suddenly ill Sunday and was taken to the sanitarium in Amarillo. He was operated on for appendicitis and is now reported to be recovering rapidly.

Miss Alma Guenther attended a house party last week-end in Amarillo at the home of Miss Clara Rush, a last year's student of the Normal.

Mr. and Mrs. Morelock gave a dinner in honor of Dr. Griggs, July 8. The other guests present were: Miss Davis, Mrs. Hanscom, and Mrs. Bone.

The College orchestra played at the Carnival given by the American Legion Friday night.

PRINCE OF LIARS IS REPEATED

Large Audience Enjoys Farce Comedy
By Department of Public Speaking.

Yielding to urgent requests for a repetition of "The Prince of Liars," by Sydney Grundy, the Public Speaking Department presented it again on the evening of July 2, as an additional number of the blanket tax ticket. This performance was perhaps more brilliant than the original presentation at commencement, the young actors being more at home in their respective roles.

Among the difficult scenes that were splendidly presented, three love scenes—between Mr. and Mrs. Hummingtop, Ralph and Daisy and Joshua and Rosa,—and the fainting scene at the end of Act II, are especially deserving of favorable comment.

Hubert Hamill, in the title role, exhibited to an unusual degree for a young student that rare farce-comedy quality which indicates a fine sense of proportion, and causes the actor to overstep to just the right extent the limits of probability, without offending the taste of a cultured audience. Miss Joye Mills, as the fault-finding mother-in-law, achieved a complete characterization which was never lost or slackened for one moment during the play,—a notable achievement. The character of Rosa, as acted by Miss Carlotta Cheney, was brilliant and daring, giving those who had seen Miss Cheney in other character portrayals a fine impression of her versatility. Miss Frances Ramsey, in the role of the young wife, was convincingly affectionate, fearful or indignant as the situation demanded. Deskins Wells' work in the attractive character of Ralph Ormerod, was sincere and adequate, and the opposite role of Daisy Maitland was charmingly acted by Miss Edith Eddins. Joshua, one of the most difficult parts, was played by William Archie Jordan, whose physical response was exceptionally good. Barbara and Dobson, played by Miss Marie Dodson and Robert G. Hill, the small parts, were well sustained, and added greatly to the success of the production.

Student Council Discusses Housing Conditions

The Student Council met at the home of President Hill, July 5. The business of the last meeting was taken up, especially the housing conditions. A motion to organize County Clubs in the Counties, composed of present students and ex-students, was carried and work toward that end is being done.

The School Spirit

Although much has been said and written of the value of getting into the spirit of our work and into the spirit of the school, many of us are prone to regard the atmosphere of the institution as an abstract something with which we may or may not come into contact and which is of very little importance. To hold such an attitude, however, is a mistake, for a school has just as much individuality as a person. And no one would think it possible to appreciate the fine qualities of a friend without knowing something of the ambitions and purposes that dominate his life. The same thing is true of a school. About every institution of learning, there are great purposes and lofty ideals, built up by the conscientious efforts of both faculty and student-body. If we as students, either old or new, fail to get in touch with these principles and to contribute our best efforts to their preservation, we are missing a great opportunity for self-improvement as well as shirking a duty which every student owes to his school.

Shahundowa Girls

The Camp Fire girls, accompanied by a number of their friends, went on a hike to the creek north of the campus, Monday, July 11.

On Wednesday evening, July 6, Miss Mary Baumgartner, a '20 graduate of this institution, and Mr. Everett Mickey were married at the home of the groom's uncle, Elder C. W. Smith. The couple will spend a few weeks in Floydada before they go to their home in New Mexico.

Miss Emma Hardin is in Amarillo at the sanitarium, where she was operated on for appendicitis a few days ago. She is recovering nicely and will soon be able to resume her school work.

Mrs. Dick Ball of Krume is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barnett. Mrs. Ball will be remembered as Ida Barnett. She graduated from the Normal in 1917.

THE PRAIRIE

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CORRIDOR COURTESY

It does not take much time or much work to be courteous, but it does take some thought, especially for those people who are not accustomed to being courteous. We do not think enough about the respect we owe to other people and how that respect, if properly paid, will make us the better person and the more agreeable fellow student.

Corridor courtesy is something that the summer students sometimes forget. We walk up and down the halls of the College building entirely engrossed in our own interests, our own selfish ideas, with no thought whatever for the other occupants.

We are discourteous. We speak sometimes, when spoken to, and then generally in a very indifferent manner. Our regard for others is so small that we entirely block passages through which it is necessary to pass, and then feel insulted if asked to step aside. We consider that we are granting a special favor to that person who must pass and has kindly asked to be allowed to do so. Not only are the halls so blocked, but sometimes we find stairways so occupied with those people, who have nothing else to do but stand around, that you have to be discourteous in order to push them out of your way.

We stand outside of the class room doors, entirely forgetful of the presence of people on the inside, and laugh and converse at will. We do this to the extent that those people who are trying to work, must stop and ask us please to defer our social gathering or at least move it down the hall.

We show no respect for the presence of people who are our superiors. We address them as our inferiors. No regard is shown for their suggestions, except so far as we feel that it will be best for ourselves. Is this the right attitude and right spirit for people in a position such as ours to show?

Is it because we have taken no time to think, or is it because we have not cared? It takes little work and time; so let us put some thought into our actions and have some respect for the people, with whom we associate. Let us display a little courtesy in our school as well as in our homes and social gatherings. Keep corridor courtesy on the mind for awhile and see if that will help.

SAVE TIME AT THE BULLETIN BOARD

Our bulletin board is a great help to the students and to the members of the faculty, but there is one quality of a good bulletin board that it lacks, and that is a neat and orderly arrangement of the announcements and posters that are placed upon it. To remedy this defect would require very little time upon the part of the people who put the notices up. It would be just as easy to place these announcements in their proper places and in orderly rows as it is to clutter up the board as is now done. Another thing that detracts from the appearance of the bulletin board is that many of the notices are allowed to remain after they are out of date. This practice has another disadvantage in that it wastes the time of the busy student, for it forces him to read numerous announcements that are of absolutely no value to him. Thus we see that the appearance and usefulness of the bulletin board is impaired through carelessness.

Exchanges

A great many family trees are started by grafting.—Fort Wayne News and Sentinel.

If Mexico can prove that she hasn't any oil left, perhaps she can keep her sovereignty.—New York World.

Now that they're going to publish a list of the profiteers, we predict another paper shortage.—Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Some people think they're worth a lot of money, because they have it.—Exchange.

List of Students by Counties

Summer Session, 1921 West Texas State Normal College.

Archer	2
Armstrong	8
Bailey	4
Baylor	8
Bell	2
Borden	6
Bosque	1
Bowie	1
Briscoe	7
Brown	5
Burleson	1
Caldwell	1
Callahan	6
Carson	11
Castro	2
Cherokee	1
Childress	9
Coke	5
Clay	20
Coleman	7
Collin	1
Collingsworth	22
Concho	2
Comanche	10
Cooke	4
Coryell	14
Cottle	11
Crocket	1
Crosby	16
Dallam	8
Dallas	4
Dawson	22
Dickens	16
Denton	3
Deaf Smith	18
Donley	7
Ellis	1
Erath	2
Eastland	30
Falls	3
Fannin	1
Fayette	1
Fisher	16
Floyd	22
Foard	5
Gaines	6
Galveston	1
Garza	8
Grayson	6
Glasscock	3
Gray	12
Hale	41
Hall	38
Hamilton	6
Hansford	3
Hardeman	16
Harrison	1
Hartley	10
Haskell	13
Hemphill	5
Hill	2
Hockley	1
Hood	1
Hopkins	2
Howard	9
Hunt	3
Hutchinson	2
Jack	5
Johnson	5
Jones	22
Kent	5
King	1
Knox	5
Lamb	5
Lamar	1
Limestone	3
Lipscomb	8
Lubbock	37
Lynn	12
Martin	6
Matagorda	1
McLennan	2
McCullough	1
Milam	1
Mills	1
Mitchell	5
Montague	12
Moore	3
Motley	8
Nolan	11
Oldham	4
Ochiltree	9
Palo Pinto	12
Parker	9
Parmer	11
Pecos	1
Potter	18
Rains	1
Robertson	1
Roberts	2
Rockwall	1
Runnels	7
San Augustine	1
Shackelford	1
Shelby	1
Somerville	2
Smith	3
Scurry	40
Tarrant	12
Terry	3
Taylor	24
Throckmorton	5
Tom Green	3
Stephens	3
Sterling	1
Stonewall	5
Sherman	7
Swisher	12
Upshur	2
Valverde	1
Van Zant	1
Wichita	32
Willbarger	10
Williamson	2
Wise	10
Wheeler	11
Wood	3
Yoachim	5
Young	8
Randall	125

Other States Than Texas

Alabama	1
Arkansas	1
Colorado	2

Georgia	1
Louisiana	1
Missouri	1
New Mexico	7
Oklahoma	18
Summary	
Total enrolled	1244
Male	226
Female	1018
Counties represented	129
States other than Texas	8

Value of Ex-Student County Clubs

The West Texas State Normal College has for some time had County Clubs. The students have enjoyed the social element of the organizations and, no doubt, desire to continue doing so. But we want to extend this activity so that in every county represented in the College there will be organized a County Club consisting of ex-students of the Normal.

Those students who have belonged to a County Club know how much pleasure can be got out of the organization. Someone coming here, entirely unknown, to enter school can be made to feel at home if he knows he is with his own people. Through the County Club he becomes acquainted with his fellow-students and grows to have a greater appreciation for people other than his immediate family.

Of course we have all heard the slogan, "It pays to advertise." And here again the Ex-Student County Club can help. When you go out to a community to secure a position, usually the first question asked you will be, "Where did you receive your training?" If you can, in your reply, refer to a college whose merits are widely known, you need little other recommendation. Through our County Clubs we can give our College publicity by our expressions of loyalty and appreciation of its merits that will increase its prestige. If our college is known throughout Texas and other states, there will be more people who want to come here.

This achievement will react on the spirit of the College. It will become broader in its views by having so many different types of people in attendance. And who is going to make the name of the West Texas State Normal College if not the ex-students? Then in so much as we build up our school, we will build up our counties. Every person's character reflects in some way upon the county in which he lives. Our counties are made up of individuals; and as high as the individuals of a county aim just so high will be the ideals and aims of that county.

We can educate our counties to higher things by advertising our College through Ex-Students County Clubs. Let's organize them.

Effects of Favorable Criticism

There are always favorable criticisms that may be offered, a few of which are far-reaching in their effect. Say the best things possible about the institution of which you are a part from a selfish motive, if for no other reason. Favorable criticism will get you out of the habit of knocking, a thing which unfits you for the best citizenship in any place. Besides making you a desirable person in the institution, it will give you value in return. No member of the faculty or of the student body will be unwilling to assist you if you try to find the best.

Favorable criticism will not only aid you as an individual, but it will have its effect upon those about you. Let a few begin to hold up the best things about the institution, and in a short time the entire student body will be in perfect accord, working toward a common end.

In addition to helping you as an individual, and creating a better student body it will have its effect on the institution. It will tend to create a more wholesome college spirit which not only functions now but will carry over into the future. A loyal student body does much to perpetuate the good name and influence of the institution, thereby causing it to serve its purpose now and in the future as well.

A Friend's Return

Dear little birdie,
How do you do?
Where have you been,
The long winter through?

I've waited and watched
For you day and night,
And now you've returned
From your long, long flight.

Your song is so sweet,
And your dress so gay;
I hope, dear birdie,
You've come to stay.

While you were singing
Away off there,
Here, the north wind blew snow,
And the trees were all bare.

When I am grown,
And can do as I please,
I'll follow that birdie
And see what he sees.

—Nettie Cobb.

The Turks are complaining about the inhumanity of the Greeks, and they ought to know inhumanity when they see it.—Columbia (S. C.) Record.

The Six Day Week and The Two Term Session

Mary and Ann were earnestly discussing the six day school week and from the scattered bits of conversation that reached my ears I realized that each had a bad case of the "blues."

"I haven't time to study one half of my lessons. I haven't time to wash or press. I've quit answering letters. It's just run, run all of the time. They are going to make old maids of all of us this summer," wailed Mary in a distressed manner.

"I surely think this is some introduction to college life—no rest, all study—Mary, I thought we would have parties, shows, good times quite often," and with a sad change in her voice, "I thought we could go home some week-end—I wish I could go home and get one day's rest. All work, what's that saying? I know how it ought to be—all work and no rest is making a dull student of me."

After this conversation the girls applied themselves to their studies, but soon Ann continued her complaint in a more serious tone.

"Mary, we have long, difficult lessons, and the time flies by so fast I can't keep my note book up to date. I know those teachers have many more papers than they can grade. Perhaps they are not to blame for being unable to give us more careful attention."

Awhile after the Summer Session closed, Mary and Ann were talking of their work. Mary remarked happily, "Ann, I'm almost clear of all my Sophomore work. That arrangement of classes and terms enabled me to do more work than ever. I can get my 'permanent' next year. And money, honestly, Ann, I spent fifty dollars less this summer than I usually do. I guess it's because I didn't have time to go so much. Miss Jones was telling me that she left at the beginning of the second term. She is wild about it. It enabled her to take only the two subjects she needed to get her certificate and it also saved time and money for her."

"It's not so bad—I just didn't know what work was. I believe I received more real pleasure from working than I could possibly have from anything else, and Mary, I had a wonderful summer," Ann commented in an apologetic manner.

J. L. M.

The Ink Blotter

One day I asked my twelve year old brother what was his greatest help in writing a theme, and his instant reply was, "My ink blotter." Perhaps his answer did not touch upon that which really is the greatest help of a good writer, but it showed the high regard which a clumsy little boy who scatters ink profusely over the paper has for an ordinary ink blotter.

I do not know the origin of the ink blotter. Ink itself was first used about 2500 B. C., and I think that the first ink users left their work to dry in the sun. One thing we know, however, the ink blotter has played an important part in the dramas of the world. It has been present at all the great peace conferences; at the declarations of war; the marriages of kings and queens; the deaths of great statesmen; at the signing of the declarations of man's rights, even at that of our own Declaration of Independence. It has been the constant companion and helper of poets, novelists, biographers, and historians. Though a friend of great men, the ink blotter is not too proud to stoop to lowly men or to lowly things. The school-boy has it, and uses it every day; the peasant lad, writing crude expressions of an undying love to his sweetheart, uses it; the small business man uses it; in fact, it is used by people in every walk of life.

But an ink blotter is only a blotter, and despite its many virtues it has one bad fault. It is a silent, though everlasting gossip; and to the prying eye it reveals one's most secret messages (provided one has good taste and writes them with ink). On the whole, however, the virtues of the ink blotter outnumber and exceed its faults, and this is all that can be said of any friend.

—B. W.

High Water

"The Dam" is an interesting place when the Spring Rise occurs.

Great, yellow tree trunks, and jagged stumps, stolen from the headlands by the thieving high waters, are forced over the dam. For several moments they are hidden from view by the murky water. Suddenly they reappear among the powerful eddies and back-currents, which boil up from the bottom. They swirl around dizzily for a moment, only to be flung again under the powerful fall of the dam. They keep up this monotonous action for many days; then the high water comes and bears them down the river, to become debris for the next high water, or to slide on to the great Mississippi.

—H. H.

What the Stars Tell Me

The stars are linguists. I know, for often they speak to me, and my friends tell me that they speak to them too. The language of the stars is consoling, uplifting and inspiring. My little heavenly friends were having a coming-

out party the other night and I had an invitation to peep at them through my window, after I had said my prayers.

After I had gazed at them a long time, one little star began to whisper to me. I learned from him that in this life we mortals had always to keep looking up if we did not wish to lose sight of the beautiful, the bright, the pure, and the lovely. That was an uplifting thought and I pondered long on it.

Soon another one told me that it was true that we must always keep looking up, but that if we looked up long enough we would see something else. We would see that little stars are alone always, but their loneliness did not dim their brightness and their loveliness. That was a slight rebuke from my distant friend.

My favorite star blinked at me and spoke in a soft undertone. He taught me that it was well to look up and to

learn to forget ourselves, but he considered it much better to think of God. I thanked him in my heart and in a moment of inspiration I saw the kind, loving, forgiving, and sympathetic smile of God Himself.

The River

The men stopped the boat in mid-stream, and set about examining the trot-lines anchored there the evening before. I turned and looked back down the river.

The water, calm and unshadowed, held the gold and blue of the sky. From the north bank, dark-bodied elms trailed their leaves in the water, and mingled them with the lily pads. On the opposite side, a wall of clay partially concealed its harsh yellow and red behind dainty-leaved ferns that twined down its sides. To the east, across the bend of the river, a hill covered with mesquite trees caught the light of the late afternoon sun.

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The Little Coyote and Mitzi

The coyote on the book-case looked eagerly at the southwest window. It was partly open and the Spirit of the Wind had called and waited all day around the walls of the library. For the first time in years Little Coyote felt the quiver of life run along his stiffened muscles. It grew stronger and stronger. Even his voice was coming in borne along with other cries by the strong, kind wind. His lungs were strangely filled and his eager gaping mouth could almost utter a cry of joy. "O to be alive once more! And to run with the wind—out—out on the prairie on and on until you lay down panting from the sheer joy of it."

Little Coyote could hardly keep still. He thought how startled that stupid crowd, that pored over dry books all day, would be if he should suddenly snap his jaws or wink one eye. He must be still while the wind spirit blew back into his being the breath of life, so long ago taken away.

The last person had gone. The li-

brarian had said as she closed the door. "How the wind has blown! It has almost seemed to have a voice today." Little Coyote sprang lightly to the floor and ran across the room toward the Prophets on the opposite wall. "Will one of you not come and run with me out into the moonlight? I can not go if a human being does not open the door and take me." I wait in peace," said Isaiah, "until the wall shall lie down with the lamb." "I am here till the end of days," said Daniel; the others kept silent, they had become philosophers. "Egyptian, lay your chisel down and come with me. We will see rocks that will make you think of your pyramids," pleaded Little Coyote. "Why should I leave such important work as carving for future generations to read? Besides I can't leave my bride alone, she would be frightened." The Indian had laid down his writing and was leaning far out of the frame. He said, "O little brother Coyote, all day the wind has called to me from out yonder. I want

to run on the plains and feel the fresh sweet night air against my face. I will open the door and go with you."

Mitzi, the Indian, climbed to the floor, slung his quiver across his shoulder, stepped to the door and said,

"Spirit of wood, to thee, I cry
Open the door. Let me pass by."

The door slowly opened, Mitzi and Little Coyote went down the long hall to the entrance of the building.

"Spirit of wood, to thee, I cry
Open the door. Let me pass by."

The great door swung outward. With Mitzi holding to Little Coyote's hair they ran out into the night, on, on they sped into glorious freedom. They passed two people walking in the edge of the village. "It is getting colder," she said, "and the wind has a voice tonight." "It has howled like a wolf all day," he replied, as he drew her coat closer about her. "There is a rumor that a child from a neighboring town was lost in the canyon today. I hope it is not true."

Little Coyote and Mitzi ran on and on breathing deeply of the life-giving air. They interrupted an owl, who was sitting with his mate near a prairie-dog hole, to ask him the way to the cave of the wolves.

"Straight on to a hollow tree near the road then turn to the left into the canyon and follow the trail. Here's a feather from my wing when you need any help, blow on it three times and you will know what to do."

"Thank you, wise owl," said Little Coyote, for he had learned to be polite from association in the library. Mitzi stuck the feather in his hair and on they ran.

When they came to the hollow tree a coon was just coming out. He greeted them saying, "Great doings at the cave tonight!" "What is that?" asked Mitzi. "Don't ask too many questions," answered the coon and sneaked away. They crept over the edge of the canyon and down through the broken moonlight, back of rocks and following the trail of wild things.

"How can I get into the cave?" thought Mitzi. He, remembering the feather, blew upon it three times. There on the feather in Indian writing were the words,

"One acorn cup of water drink,
And you will shrink, and shrink,
and shrink."

He called to a squirrel in an oak near by to throw him an acorn. When they came to a spring near the path Mitzi told Little Coyote what he intended doing and drank the water. He shrank smaller and smaller until a little ground squirrel stood where Mitzi had been.

They slipped into the cave and being early crept into the darkness on one side to watch. Silently, stealthily the wolves gathered. Wolves of all ages were there, coyotes and lobes and one old timber wolf. They sat in a circle with their faces upturned towards the moonlight that came through a hole in the roof of the cave. Once in a while a demoniacal laugh could be heard.

Presently an all white wolf came in. They bowed low before her as she stepped into the center of the ring where the moonlight turned her fur to shining silver.

"O, wolf brethren," she said, "we have come together tonight to decide what we shall do with a boy we found today." A growl from the wolves and their fangs gleamed, white. "He is our enemy. Every year hundreds of us are sent out into the great silence. Not only we are sent but our fur kindred. Men hunt us until our days are full of terror and we skulk about at night, afraid of our own shadows, hardly daring to challenge the dogs in yonder village. This child was found today and Sharp-Claw kept him in his cave until we could decide what to do with him. He will grow into a man if we let him alone." A growl went around the circle. "Bring him in," they said. In came Sharp-Claw dragging a little child by the belt of his suit, until he was in the circle near White Wolf.

The boy was too frightened to cry and was so astonished at seeing the white wolf, he said, "Please, White Wolf, take me to my mother." "Please, White Wolf, take me home." "What is your decision?" roared the white wolf. "He must die," growled the timber wolf; "He must die," snarled the lobes. "We shall keep him," said a little grey coyote, "and he will grow into a wolf boy, who can help us hunt his brothers." "Better get rid of him," advised the oldest one.

Little Coyote and the ground squirrel were worried. Little Coyote thought of all the little children who came into the library and admired him; sometimes they had wanted to stroke his back and even run their hands into his great mouth; some had wanted him to play with them. He had always liked the children in the years of patient standing on the book shelf.

Mitzi thought of his own boyhood. This was another boy, even if he were white, a boy, a human being, whose part he must take against animals. He slipped the owl's feather from the quiver, which he had belted around the coyote's neck, and blew upon it three

times. In Indian language it said,

"Two flints are right behind.
Dry mistletoe you soon will find.
Let the flame mount higher and higher."

Wolves are afraid of fire."

How glad Mitzi was that he could read! He found the flints and the mistletoe near, then whispered to Little Coyote his plans. Little Coyote was not afraid for he had already passed beyond the Great Fear. The ground squirrel struck the flints together. There was such a growling and disputing about the fate of the boy that the extra noise was not heard. As soon as the flame caught the dry mistletoe it blazed into a great bright light and the little squirrel ran with it into the circle. All scrambled for the entrance and disappeared into the night, leaving the child behind. The squirrel again blew on the owl's feather three times. It said in Indian language,

"An acorn cup of water throw,
And you will grow and grow and grow."

This he did, immediately Mitzi, the Indian was back again.

He comforted the little boy and tied him on Little Coyote's back. Out into the night again they ran, for they had many miles to go and must be home by daylight.

They left the little boy asleep on his own front porch in the neighboring village. Just as the east began to grow a faint pink, they came into the room and took their places given them by man. The Spirit of the Wind had passed on and everything was quiet in the great library.

—Harriet W. Kritser.

Wasteful Helen

Once upon a time in a faraway country there lived a little girl named Helen. She was very beautiful, with long golden curls, pink cheeks, and the bluest blue eyes imaginable. Being the only child, Helen was rather selfish. Her greatest fault was wastefulness. She never ate all she took on her plate, she never had enough spending money, and she never had enough time to prepare her lessons.

One day she was having lunch in her room. She took a crisp brown bun and when she broke it open, she was greatly astonished to see a little fairy shining with the golden luster of ripe grain step out on the table. It was also the shape of a bundle of wheat. In its hand was a wand which appeared to be made of some delicious pastry.

"I am the Food Spirit," said the fairy. Why do you waste food? When mortals do as you do, I can not fulfill my mission."

Helen was so astonished at seeing the fairy that she could not reply. The fairy moved the wand and there appeared before Helen many, many hungry people. What a host of them! She closed her eyes to shut out the unwelcome sight.

"Look!" commanded the fairy. "Take this money and buy food," said Helen, taking up her purse.

At this a jolly, round little fairy who resembled a dollar more than anything Helen had ever seen came right through the side of the purse. In fact, on his breast was the eagle as it is on the dollar. On his shining wand was the word, "Liberty."

At a wave of his wand other people joined the hungry group. These newcomers were ragged and dirty and they shivered as if from cold.

"Oh," said Helen, "I did not know there were so many people in the world who needed food and clothes. But one little girl like me can not help."

"Oh yes you can," said both of the fairies together.

Food and money are not the only things you waste," said a brazen voice which seemed to come from the little brass clock on Helen's table. "You waste time. Wasted time can never be regained."

The scene before Helen changed and she saw multiplied, unprepared lessons, many tardy marks on a school record and many other things.

"Has my wasted time amounted to this?" asked Helen incredulously.

"This is your record as the Time Spirit has kept it," said the fairy. Then both fairies vanished.

That night when her mother was tucking Helen into bed, she threw her arms around her mother's neck and said, "Mother I have learned many things today. You will not have to scold me for wastefulness any more."

And Helen kept her promise faithfully and well and was a much happier little girl than before her encounter with the fairies.

Peace is now more than two and one-half years old, and there is very little of it for its age.—New York World.

There are 35,000 divorce suits pending in the courts of Paris. Is the world getting Americanized? — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I've been thinking the livelong day Of that English "31a"; Shall I make it, or shall I flunk? I feel like a pebble that's already sunk. —C. K.

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(Continued from Page One)

minds of her audience might be the more open to the interpretation which Dr. Griggs should bring.

"Act I. presents the struggle between manufacturer and weavers. The scene is a large room on the ground-floor of the manufacturer's house, where the workers come to receive their pay. All meet rebuff in one way or another—a rough word from Pfeifer, the manager, for bringing inferior work,—receiving less money than they expected, or else denied some small favor for which they beg. All are wretched alike. The manufacturer, Dreisiger, is called in to overawe Becker, a weaver bolder than the rest. Dreisiger looks severe, and stares at Becker: 'Oh, indeed! Becker. Is he the man?'

"Yes, Mr. Dreisiger, yes! This is the man. And (pointing at him) 'that's a man, too.'

"After more hot words, Becker is discharged, at which he announces boldly, 'It's all the same to me whether I starve at my loom or by the roadside.'

"Diversions is made by the fainting of a boy—the cause, starvation. Dreisiger harangues at length in defense of himself, and with some truth, too; but at the end of the act he shifts the responsibility of dealing with the most troublesome cases to the hard hearted Pfeifer.

"Progress towards a climax is suggested in the last line of the act, spoken by Baumert, one of the oldest and most highly respected of the weavers—'Has it come to that?'—meaning a still greater reduction of wages.

"Act II. shows a family gathered at supper, to partake of a delectable dish,—the little family dog; so extreme is their destitution. Jaeger, just returned from military service, incites them to protest. The final speech is, 'We'll stand it no longer! we'll stand it no longer, come what may!'

"Act III. introduces still another group of characters—in a public house. Antagonism between the weavers and the police is shown. Becker and Jaeger are active in inflaming the weavers to rise. At the end the publican says, 'To think that even old fellows like him are goin' right off their heads!' He is speaking of Baumert; and Hornig, the rag-dealer, answers, 'We all set our hearts on something!'

"Act IV. shows the Dreisigers at home, where Pastor Kittelhaus as guest, urges the manufacturer to 'shake off the dust and burden of the day, Mr. Dreisiger; forget it in our company.' But strains of the 'Weavers' Song' outside render them all uncomfortable. Weinhold, the tutor to the boys of the family, tries to excuse the people, 'For, after all, they are hungry, and they are ignorant. They are giving expression to their dissatisfaction in the only way they understand.' Whereupon Weinhold is promptly dismissed.

"The mob makes a raid upon the house, and the family and guests barely escape. The final speech of the act is significantly given to an old half-mad weaver, Ansgore, 'If you take my house, I take your house! Forward! Forward!'

"In Act V. the scene is the work-room of Old Weaver Hilse—an ex-soldier, and a patient, God-fearing man. The scene opens on the pitiful spectacle of the old man conducting family prayer, pleading for patience to bear the chastening of his God. He withstands all temptation to join the weavers in their uprising, yet the irony of fate decrees that the innocent shall be the victim when the soldiers are driven to action by the mob, and begin to fire.

"The room is now emptied, save for the dead man lying across his loom, his little granddaughter, frightened, with her finger in her mouth, crying softly, 'Gran-father!' and the old blind and almost deaf wife quivering, 'Come now, father, can't you say something? You're frightenin' me!'

Such is the play. Dr. Griggs showed that in this drama, simple as it is, all elements of the industrial struggle are presented. The recent invention of the steam loom, and the consequent loss of work to thousands of weavers, and lowering of wages throughout the entire industry—these are the sources of the weavers' destitution and despair.

Dr. Griggs emphasized the fact that, then and now, manufacturers were not and are not responsible for such a situation, but only for ignoring the human elements involved, and taking unwarranted advantage of the helpless. What Dreisiger says is all right—he states admirably the position of the employers; but what he does is all wrong—he takes on two hundred new men, and lowers the wages below a living standard. The natural result, of course, is revolt. Human nature can be oppressed just so far, and no farther. The revolt of these poor weavers will end in a victory for the manufacturers; but they will have done their tragic part in teaching the world a hard lesson which must be

learned before peace shall prevail in the world.

The play shows, as Dr. Griggs pointed out, class consciousness and class prejudice. The infinite pity of our society, Dr. Griggs declared, is that each of us sees our own social group from the inside, and all other groups from the outside, with the natural result that no group is just to other groups. Our only hope lies in educating ourselves and the rest of humanity to a broader view of the world as a social unit. There is no other solution than the Golden Rule.

The weavers were unreasoning and servile, but their unreason and servility were due to penury; the manufacturers were hard and narrow, but their hardness and narrowness were due to lack of vision. Moral recklessness on the part of the weavers bred poverty; but poverty, on the other hand, bred moral recklessness. It was—and is—a vicious circle. The one hope for labor, for capital, is education, resulting in breadth of view, human sympathy. The "laissez faire" doctrine of political economy is false. There is no place for it in decent modern society.

Dr. Griggs pointed out the fact that "The Weavers" illustrates, by the attitude of various groups of individuals, the only possible human reactions to human misery.

1. It is Fate. Accept it.
2. It is due to the injustice of wicked men. Fight them.
3. It is the will of God. Submit.

There is no solution for our industrial problems except our recognition of the fact that power imposes obligation. Humanism must be substituted for exploitation; anticipatory justice for belated charity.

—S. E. D.

The Protest Against Making Criminals —Galsworthy's "Justice"

The second lecture of Dr. Griggs' series of the Drama of Protest was Galsworthy's "Justice" delivered Friday evening, July 8. Dr. Griggs, in a very scholarly manner, transmitted to his audience the great social message of the play, enriched by his own charming personality, his broad experience and his intimate knowledge of social problems.

In the beginning Dr. Griggs called attention to the conviction of the playwright that the judicial and penal systems rather than curing crime and thus protecting society actually made criminals out of all offenders of the law. This drama, he said, was the outgrowth of this conviction, and might properly be termed a protest against making criminals.

Falder, a weak but respectable character, is led by lofty and unselfish motives to commit forgery. The trial scene shows the mechanical grinding of the judiciary. Dr. Griggs pointed out that the modern judicial systems, not only of England but of America as well, are mechanical and impersonal. Breaches of the law are considered in the abstract, without reference to the personal qualities of the offender or the motive that prompted him to the action. The same punishment, he said, for a given offense is meted out to all classes with the idea that a certain act should carry with it a certain punishment to avenge the wrong against society or to deter others from committing crime.

The results of such a system are portrayed in the prison scene. The resentment of the inmates toward the society that placed them in confinement is manifested in a number of ways—the pounding against the walls, the speech of O'Leary, etc.

When Falder is released, it is only to find that he cannot obtain employment because he has been a convict, the news of which presently follows him from place to place. As a last desperate resort, he forges recommendations, and again falls into the clutches of the law. Falder's tragic death in the end is not such a tragedy as would have resulted from his return to confinement.

Dr. Griggs held that courts of justice and penal institutions exist for only two reasons: to cure the morally infirm and in cases where this is not possible, to remove those who menace society. He emphasized the idea of the playwright that under the existing order it was next to impossible for a law breaker after serving a sentence to become anything other than a hardened criminal.

A Protest Against Yielding to Fate—Calderon's "Life Is a Dream"

On Saturday evening Dr. Griggs concluded his series of lectures with "A Protest Against Fate," a scholarly discussion of Calderon's "Life Is a Dream."

According to Dr. Griggs, this drama exemplifies the two great divisions of a man's life: the period of planning and the period of achieving. This play makes a special appeal through the universality of the character of its hero, young Sigismund. The action of the king in carrying out what he thought to be the decree of the gods a unbending the youth a helpless prisoner among the mountains, was the cause of the prince's rebellion against the fate that seemed to hold him pow-



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THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS
(WE PRINT THE PRAIRIE)

erless. The drugged sleep that preceded his first elevation to the throne was the type of that time in a man's experience when he has not yet awakened to the realization of a worthy purpose. After Sigismund had recovered his senses and found himself surrounded with the pomp and ceremony of a ruler with the power of life and death at his disposal, every instinct of nature tended to fill him with a desire to punish those whom he considered instrumental in withholding from him his kingdom. But no sooner was the deed of vengeance attempted on the faithful Clotilde than the drugged cup was again pressed to the lips of the prince and he lapsed into the stupor from which he had so lately awakened. Thus was the first chapter of life hidden between two great chapters of darkness.

But he who had tasted of power roused himself again in those sordid surroundings of a lonely prison and came to believe that his experience had been only a dream. Then a noble purpose moved the soul of Prince Sigismund, and the glory of life and power was again his. Fearing that the bonds of sleep still held him, but determining to bear himself bravely, the hero conquered fate through freedom, and attained that position to which the destiny of man ever leads.

Personal Items

President Hill and Mr. Shaw left Saturday for Austin to support the Normal's appropriations for the coming year.

Tony Vaughn of Kress was a visitor in Canyon Sunday.

Ralph Jones of Claude is in Canyon visiting friends.

Mr. Sisk and Mr. Hayes chaperoned a group of students on a trip to the canyons Sunday.

Mr. Wilson of Wichita Falls is visiting Miss Lois Woodward.

Marie Dodson spent the week-end in Amarillo with her brother, who is in the sanitarium.

Nolan Wood of San Antonio has been visiting his sister, Zela Wood, a student of the Normal.

Mr. Morelock and Mr. Guenther took Dr. Griggs on an outing in the canyons while he was here.

Miss Lillian Smith, a 1916 student of the Normal, was in Canyon visiting Miss Virginia Ellis last week end.

Mr. Stafford has been ill for a few days, but he is improving and will soon be back in school.

Judge Palmer of Canadian is here visiting his wife and daughter.

Miss Elizabeth Reck has returned to her home at Claude, where she will remain until the beginning of the fall term of the Normal.

Deskins Wells is leaving this week for his home at Wellington. He will not be in school the last term of the summer quarter.

Miss Kate Gentry left Saturday for Decatur, where she will spend the remainder of the summer with home folks.

Miss Dean Dunlap is leaving this week for her home at Hereford.

Miss Elise Hall, a 1919 graduate of the Normal was visiting at the College Friday.

Davis Hill went to Amarillo on business today.

Miss Esther Rudolph is leaving today for her home at Stratford. She will return to Canyon in September and teach the seventh grade in the Canyon Public School.

The little red school house is better than the little red citizen.—Boston Herald.

Little Roy—We've been playing school, mother.

Mother—Well, I hope you were well behaved during the school hours.

Little Roy—I didn't need to be, because I was the teacher.—New York Globe.

Citizen—Judge, I'm too sick to do jury duty; I've got a bad case of the itch.

Judge—Excuse accepted. Clerk, scratch this man out.—Widow.

Somehow we wish Harvey had been an Admiral, too.—Dallas News.

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