

THE PRAIRIE

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

VOL. I

CANYON, TEXAS, MONDAY, JULY 26, 1920.

NUMBER 21

TWO NEW TEACHERS ADDED TO FACULTY

President Returned Yesterday From Trip to North—History and Agriculture Teachers Selected.

President J. A. Hill has just returned from a tour through the Middle West in search of additional teachers for the West Texas State Normal College for the next regular session. He states that there are many teachers available but that it is exceedingly difficult to find people who have just the right kind of qualifications. Conferences with teachers were held at the University of Missouri, University of Chicago, and University of Nebraska. Only two teachers were employed.

Miss Hattie M. Anderson of Norborne, Mo., will become Associate Professor of History in September. Miss Anderson holds the Pd. B. degree from the Warrensburg State Normal School of Missouri and a B. S. and A. M. degree from the University of Missouri. Her experience covers several years and touches every phase of educational work. Miss Anderson began her work as a teacher in rural schools of Missouri and was last year instructor in the University of Missouri. In all of the places where she has taught she has met with unusual success. She is an active member of the Baptist Church and identifies herself thoroughly with the community in which she lives. President Hill feels that the Normal School is to be congratulated on securing the services of this excellent woman and teacher.

Mr. Frank Phillips, graduate of North Texas State Normal College and holding the B. S. degree from the A. & M. College of Texas, has been employed as Associate Professor of Vocational High School Agriculture. Mr. Phillips has done extension work under the direction of A. & M. College in both Cherokee and Denton counties. He has also taught in the rural and high schools of Texas and Louisiana for some four or five years. For some months he was in charge of the Army Rehabilitation School of Agriculture at Camp Custer, Mich., and later in charge of War Activities for A. & M. Extension Department. Mr. Phillips has also done post-graduate work in Yale University and is strongly indorsed by a large number of personal friends of President Hill. He is a member of the Methodist Church and is thoroughly active in all community activities.

BOARDING HOUSE TOURNAMENT—LOVING CUP OFFERED

The boarding houses are contending in a play tournament for a loving cup offered by the Y. W. C. A. The loving cup is literally a boarding-house production, a graceful, ebony-mounted sugar bowl.

The play tournament is being conducted by Miss Ruth B. Rule, Y. W. C. A. secretary for rural work in the states of Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico. The first tournament was held Wednesday from 6:30 to 7:30 p. m. Boarding house parades, including many boarding house insignia, such as rolling pins, fly swatters, alarm clocks, etc., wound in and out until the games began. Newspaper races, pie eating, circle relay, and the standing broad grin were among the events. The score stands as follows:

Jenkins House	10 points
Cousins Hall	15 points
Huntleigh Hall	20 points
Block House	30 points

The tournament will be continued for ten days or more.

Thursday's results of Play Tournament:

Field Events	
Butterfield House	2 points
Cousins Hall	5 points
Faulkner House	9 points
Gatewood House	12 points
Huntleigh Hall	19 points
Jenkins House	25 points
Block House	30 points

Water Sports	
Cousins Hall	69 points
Block House	79 points
Huntleigh Hall	83 points

Play Forum

A play forum is being held at noon each day for the purpose of discussing recreation in the country schools and communities. Miss Rule, Y. W. C. A. secretary from Dallas Headquarters, is leading the discussion and giving demonstrations of indoor games.

Patronize The Prairie Advertisers

A Columbus of the Panhandle

Chris stood in the doorway of the cow-camp on the Bluebell ranch, which was now ensnared in the haze of the late October sun. Dark clouds hung over the canyon, shadowing the distant ranch-house that stood red-roofed and white-walled above the Dam on a knoll overlooking Red River. This house had been built twenty years ago as a gift for Chris' mother, the New York bride who, for love, had followed her cow-boy husband.

"Over the hills and far away beyond the purple rim." Below it flowed Red River, now muddy from the passing of hundreds of cattle; for the last round-up of the year had been finished. Cattle from distant pastures had been brought to the winter feed ground with its long rows of sheds and troughs.

But one cow was missing; she had never been gone from the home pasture before. For she was a pet. Three years before Chris had found her, a wee, deserted, frozen calf and had nursed her into life with his own hands, until now she was both beautiful and valuable.

"Father, where do you think Sally Ann is?"

"I 'spect, son, she is in the East Canyon. Tomorrow morning, you must go hunt her. High as cattle are now, she is worth a hundred and twenty-five. Go make out the men's checks and I'll sign them. Hurry, for it's getting late."

Chris took the books from the drawer and soon had the accounts made out and the checks ready for his father's signature. Putting the books back, he sighed.

"O Sally Ann! I wish you could be found as easily as the men's accounts. What made you run so far?"

Soon the men had their pay in their pockets and were eating supper in the shack. They had been rather quiet in the presence of the owner, but were laughing and talking as soon as he and Chris left for the house on the hill.

Entering the living room, Chris reached for a Geometry.

"Put up that book and go to bed. I want you to get an early start in the morn'g."

"Father, let me study for a hour! I have't looked at a book since the round-up commenced. I will set the alarm clock and get up early."

"No, go to bed, you need sleep, not books."

Silently the young man left the room. Standing by his window of his bed-room, he listened to the songs of the cow-boys, then turned aside muttering:

"All of them do something they like! It's two years since the Normal at Canyon was built. I don't believe Father intends for me to go, ever! I am seventeen—but, say! Columbus tried for eighteen years before he started on his voyage of discovery. I'll go yet! Of course I shall."

Hours longer the lights burned in the cattle-camp, for never had there been such a round-up at the Bluebell as this one. Slowly sleep came to men and beasts; but somewhere out in the canyons Sally Ann was wandering, and the thought made the young master even more restless.

Lying on his bed, Chris thought of his father—tall, strong, bronzed of face, silent, once a little "roustabout" on this very ranch. As a boy he had made up his mind to own cattle and land; to him they stood for happiness, wealth, power. Chris thought of his mother. When she was here, flowers bloomed in the white-curtained windows; the garden yielded flowers and vegetables in season; scarlet ramblers climbed the porch trellises; often the prairie people were drawn here by music and reading. His childhood passed before his mind. He remembered how, when a little shaver, his father had put him on a horse and declared he should be a ranchman. His father's wealth grew with his son, and that rapidly. And the boy was always learning, from his parents, from books and piano, from hill and valley and garden. His greatest delight at first was to count the animals on the ranch, and later to figure the cost of feed, the profit on cattle, and the men's wages. Oh, the joy when his mother let him help with the book-keeping! . . . When he was twelve years old his mother had died. . . . But she had left him not alone; for she left him stories of heroes and martyrs, of patriots and discoverers. Her favorite among these was the story of Columbus, and not even she knew the deep impression it had made upon his mind. The indomitable courage, the serenity in the face of mutinous and desperate ship-mates, the triumphant voyage

(Continued on page four.)

EXAMINATION SCHEDULE

Summer Term, 1920

Thursday, August 12

All 8:30 Classes from 7:30 to 9:00.
All 11:00 Classes from 10:00 to 12:00.
All 2:30 Classes from 1:30 to 3:30.
All 4:30 Classes from 3:30 to 5:30.

Friday, August 13

All 7:30 Classes from 7:30 to 9:30.
All 10:00 Classes from 10:00 to 12:00.
All 1:30 Classes from 1:30 to 3:30.
All 3:30 Classes from 3:30 to 5:30.

MY FIRST DATE

Two Views of a Momentous Occasion

My First Date

It was one of those bright, warm Sunday afternoons in the early summer that the event of the making of my first date took place. It was the afternoon for the regular singing at the school house in one of our rural districts in central Texas. Gay, young people and older ones from this community and adjoining communities looked forward with eagerness to the day when they could meet together and display their vocal talents in the singing class. Some, and not a few, I might add, had other reasons for coming besides singing. To tell the truth, I suspect I was of the latter class.

That which attracted me in that direction more than singing was a girl about my own age who was one of my school mates and even class mates in school. I had smiled at her often in school and had received in return smiles from her that, to me, had a very deep meaning. I had often wished to call at her home, but each time my courage to ask her permission had failed me.

She was present at singing on this particular afternoon; so was I. I had about made up my mind that I must start if I ever "got anywhere." Singing closed and the crowd began to break away; still I had not satisfied my lonely feelings. My heart was aflutter; my nerves were unstrung. She stood out from the school house by herself. I saw that my chance must soon be gained or lost. I must act, therefore I was soon by her side, but my tongue seemed half paralyzed. Finally I managed to make that stupid organ utter, "May I accompany you home this afternoon?" My, that seemed like a long sentence! But I had practiced on it—hummed it to myself—until it was almost mechanical, as far as thinking was concerned. She looked up at me blushing and answered, "Yes sir." Those seemed to me the sweetest words I ever heard.

The years that have intervened have brushed from my memory just what we said on the way home. In fact, not until we had reached the house and I had comfortably seated myself, did I realize just what I had done. Language could not express my happiness as she picked the guitar and sang to me those little love ditties that fill the minds and tune the hearts of maidens in their early "teens."

The afternoon soon passed away and the evening set in. I knew that I must not spoil what I had gained; therefore I set out early for home. I was still too happy to whistle, and my mind was too occupied to sing. I was thinking of the afternoon's events, and also what was I going to tell father when he asked me where I had been. Really, I was afraid he would not ask me—but he did, and blushing, I told him that I had been to see my girl. That was enough, for he knew the rest, I am sure.

—W. E. S.

Younger Completes Faculty

W. H. Younger Jr. was elected superintendent of the Farwell schools a few weeks ago and was authorized by the board of trustees to select his own faculty. He has chosen graduates of the Normal, all of whom are especially qualified for the positions to which they are elected. The faculty is as follows:

Miss Loree Sanders, history and English.
Miss Minnie Adams, Domestic Science.
Everett Key, Manual Training.
Miss Georgia Bolin, 5-6 grades.
Miss Mildred Redfearn, 3-4 grades.
Miss Hazel Park, 1-2 grades.
—From Canyon News.

My First Date

I was still in that Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief stage of development when this young Lechinvar of the West came into my acquaintance. He was a tall, gallant, though somewhat timid youth who, perhaps, had had as little to do with the feminine tribe as any lad of his age could have had. To say the least of it, he did at one time, a time which I shall never forget, bravely spur himself onward to the point of asking if he might escort me to a play. His pale face and trembling lips were tell-tales of the painful ordeal through which he was going while he waited for my answer. He did not wait long, however, for with my timid, faltering voice I soon answered, "Yes."

The evening was to be a perfectly lovely one. Several were going with us to the play, which was to be given at a little school house several miles distant. To make it more interesting we planned to make a hay ride of it. The crowd had gathered at my house by seven o'clock and when the time for starting came, this bashful youth and I were given the front seat with the chaperon. A regretful satisfaction came to me, and I let the chaperon do most of the talking. In fact, she did the talking for both of us, unless it was an occasional "Get Up" and "Whoa" spoken by the boy sitting by me. When we got there, no ushers were at the door to show us to our seats, and we were left to push through the crowded aisle as best we could and find the seats for ourselves. This time we were left to sit away from the others, and, oh, how thrilling it was to sit by the hero of my young dreams and try to solve the meaning of those silent glances occasionally thrown my way. The hero of the play was nothing to compare with him.

Very little was said until we started home. The chaperon chose to sit with some older, probably more talkative couple. This seemed to help matters a little since we were both thrown on our own resources for conversation. We talked of school days, our favorite sports and games, our best friends, and all the time the horses were kept at a rapid pace which was soon to bring us to our home town again. My home was the first one reached. My escort took every care in helping me out of the wagon. As soon as I had set my feet safely on the ground at the edge of the lawn, he mounted the wagon and was off without a word. I stood amazed, not half believing my eyes. A sense of humor arose within me, and I, half-consciously, murmured, "Greenhorn."

—L. H.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN

A Discovery

(Ruby Kirtly)

Two little children, young and gay,
Were sent out in the yard to play.
They hadn't played so very long
When something suddenly went wrong.

You can't imagine what I know,
Could frighten two small children so;
They stood and watched it twist and squirm,
That fuzzy, fuzzy little worm.

All Y. W. C. A. workers in the University of Texas are looking forward with paramount interest to the Rocky Mountain Student Conference which is to be held at Estes Park, Colorado, from August 17 to 27.

One Alabama school room in every three had either no teacher or a poor teacher this year! Next year threatens to be worse!

Jo Pennington and Minnie Gray Smith were in Amarillo Monday.

Dr. S. P. Brooks Speaks

Dr. S. P. Brooks, president of Baylor University, spoke in behalf of Hon. Pat M. Neff, candidate for governor, at 9:30 in the College Auditorium Saturday morning. A large number of citizens of Canyon and several hundred students were present.

The speaker was introduced by Prof. Stafford, who pointed out that the traditional policy of the institution has been one of "free speech and an open platform." Various speakers and candidates have been invited to speak before the students in order that they may have a better insight into public questions. Prof. Stafford declared that it was not the part of thoughtful students to believe unqualifiedly all that might be said from the platform; neither was it the part of wisdom to deny without giving due consideration to the propositions advanced. Students, he said, must think for themselves, and it was the policy of the school to have such questions discussed that are of vital importance to the public welfare that students may better arrive at an intelligent opinion. He presented Dr. Brooks as one of the leading college presidents of the Southwest—a man who occupied a front rank in the line of progress.

Dr. Brooks in the beginning emphasized the point made by Prof. Stafford that while we should be open to conviction, we should arrive at a conclusion by a thought process, rather than by taking the word of someone else. He dwelt at length upon the important role that teachers must play in the solution of public questions. He decried the old idea that teachers should remain aloft from politics. He said it was just as much the business of the teacher to see that competent men get into office as of any other citizen. Indeed, he declared that it was one of the first duties of the teacher was to instill proper conceptions of government and politics and an active interest in public affairs in the minds of the young.

Dr. Brooks then discussed the office of governor. He pointed out the tremendous responsibilities of that office and the importance of seeing that it was filled by the right kind of a man. He asked, "Did you ever know of a governor who used his high office as an interprise of private gain? Do you remember a governor in Texas who went about his business with a strut, contemptuous of the public welfare? Do you want such a governor?" Then, he declared we must exercise great care in the election of men for high office.

The speaker then made mention of the various candidates for governor. He said that he was liberal and fair minded enough to concede that either Thomson or Looney would make an eminent governor. "But," said he, "Pat Neff would make a pre-eminent governor." He then told how he had known Mr. Neff from his boyhood days on the farm and his career as a student of Baylor. The speaker called attention to Mr. Neff's record as attorney for his home county and of his achievements in the legislature. He defined the candidate's position on woman's suffrage, prohibition, and other issues. In explaining Mr. Neff's land plank, Dr. Brooks said that there were millions of acres of agricultural land in Texas being held in a unimproved state for speculation. At the same time there were 500,000 families in the state who own no land at all. He said that Mr. Neff was in favor of legislation that would make it unprofitable to hold such land idle, and thus force the holders to place it on the market, or else put it in cultivation.

Dr. Brooks ridiculed the idea that the Baptist church was endeavoring to control the selection of governor. He gave instances of his having taken the stump for candidates belonging to other denominations.

Robert Hester Wins Trip North

Robert Hester, a graduate of the Training School of the class of 1920, has been selected to represent Randall County on the Texas Boys' Special, an excursion train that is to make a tour of the North. On July 30, Robert Hester will leave Canyon for College Station, where he will take a short course in agriculture. From there he will leave with a party of two hundred Texas boys on an extended trip thru the North. They will visit large stock farms, implement factories, and other places of interest. Two prominent features of the excursion will be visits to Niagara Falls and Washington, D. C. Robert was selected as Randall County's representative thru a competitive examination, in which he made the highest score. He was a member of the vocational agriculture class in the Training School last year.

NORMAL PLAYS THREE GAMES

Team Wins Two More Games From Town, But Loses to Post Office Blues.

Last week showed unusual activity in baseball, three games having been played by the Normal team.

On Monday, July 12, the Normal defeated the Canyon town team by a score of 10 to 7. While this game was an improvement over the one played by the teams the preceding week, neither side showed the pep they are capable of. Several errors were committed by each side.

The Post office Blues of Amarillo succeeded in getting away with our scalp on the following Saturday. The score was 2-7. The game on the whole was good. Our boys fell below their former standards in batting. This with two or three field errors resulted in the loss of the game. Stafford did excellent pitching for the Normal.

The Canyon town team again met defeat at the hands of the Normalites on Monday, July 19. The score was 8 to 4. This was the best game that has been played here so far this season. All the scores were made in the first two innings. After that, each side tightened up and played the game to the end without a single error on either side, and what is more unusual, without a runner on either side passing second. Kinnamon, Normal pitcher, did excellent work, and Pinson distinguished himself on second.

Note Books

A note book is a very unpleasant thing in a student's life, a very necessary thing, but an odious piece of work, an unwelcome remembrance, "a perpetually recurring mortification," the ruin of a good disposition, a drain on your time, a draw back upon pleasure, a rebuke to the love of fun, the one thing needful to fail you, a triumph to your teacher, an apology to your parents.

It is known by its many and poorly written pages; for it is a product of midnight toil. The bulletin board tells you that "your note books must be in not later than July 14." This announcement comes at a very unfortunate time, but notebook work cannot be put off simply because of the fact that we have company. This work requires all your spare time, and your friends must be forgotten. The necessity for such work never comes upon your free days, but always steals upon you when it is least expected. It remembers social functions, and always appears at the same time. It exaggerates your faults in spelling and punctuation, and will always reveal them to your teacher. It insults your pride by the many red marks which decorate it.

An English note book is very closely related to a "Book," according to Ruskin's definition. A few short lines are all that are betwixt it and a great classic. Its popularity is greatly hindered however, by the persistency of the Faculty in calling it a notebook and by the slow manner of getting the copies into circulation. The system used in our schools, at the present time, is very slow and demands exceedingly hard work. If some other method of getting these works of art into print should be adopted, it would mean a great saving of time and energy for the students.

Note books are divided into two classes: the note book for the teacher, and the note book for the student. The note book for the student has one redeeming quality, which more than balances all the bad ones. In that dark and gloomy hour just before the final examinations, it is a very present help in time of trouble. But the thought of the note book for the teacher is a nightmare; its preparation a burden; and when it is handed to the teacher, you feel fairly rid of a nuisance.

—S. M. W.

Zee Foster visited at her home near Tulsa last week end.

Gertrude and Beulah Evans spent last Sunday and Monday visiting at their home near Memphis.

Miss Mary Morgan Brown visited in Amarillo during the last week-end. Miss Emma McCleskey spent Sunday visiting friends in Amarillo.

Bertha Saunders visited in Amarillo Monday.

Hannah Swearingen spent Sunday and Monday in Happy.

Mr. Granger, of the Texas Public Health Association, addressed the student body in chapel Wednesday.

THE PRAIRIE

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RURAL WELFARE EDITION

The next edition of the "Prairie" will be devoted to rural community problems. Some interesting studies are being made in this college along this line by students of sociology, rural teachers, and others interested in the work. In the next edition of the "Prairie" will be published some of the results of their investigations together with reports from demonstration agents and various rural community workers throughout this section of the state. We are eager to learn what is being done toward the betterment of rural community life all over this section. To this end we invite county agents, extension workers, and all others interested in such problems to communicate with us. Communications should reach us not later than August 1st.

THE EDITOR.

WHY NOT HOLD A TENNIS TOURNAMENT?

Tennis is a game that practically everybody plays with a greater or less degree of skill. Every evening from six till dark the tennis courts are crowded with players who take pride in their dexterity to serve hard curves and make fancy strokes. So far nobody can claim the championship, for it has never been officially determined. Why not give everybody an opportunity to establish his claims to superior ability by holding a tennis tournament?

NOTICE

If you are coming back to Canyon this fall, don't read this.

Are you interested in what the West Texas State Normal is doing? Do you have friends here whose activities you would like to keep up with? The school maintains a paper for the purpose of keeping you informed about these things.

Subscribe for "The Prairie." Watch the bulletin board for announcements.

Wasting Time

What does it mean to waste time? I am not at all sure that I know. Yet I do hope that I am not wasting time by trying to give my personal opinion as to what wasting of time means. To waste time means a different thing to each of us. I do not believe that any of us value time alike. Our value and use of time depends upon our temperament—our state of mind. I also think that training and past experience determine our estimate of time. To some people time plays a very small part, they grow old almost without knowledge of the fact; to others, time is so short and there is so much to do that they rush continually, so afraid are they that the time given them will be wasted.

A great many of us use time so that it seems a waste to others, but to us it is used in a perfectly good way. Over one-half of the people spend much time—what they call their spare time—in conversation with their friends. Now it is necessary to life to have friends, nor is all the time spent in conversing with them wasted time; but there is a limit to the time we should devote to idle conversation. Just what our limit is, just how much time we shall waste is for each of us to decide. No matter what is said or done, each person uses his time very nearly as he chooses. One person cannot advise nor prescribe definitely for another. We conserve our time as we see fit. It is an every day occurrence that students with the same amount of time and about the same amount of intellect make the biggest differences in grades. I think that some of the students who make good grades are no brighter than some of those who make the lowest of grades. The difference is in the way they spend their time. But this time, supposedly wasted by the students of lower rank, perhaps was not altogether wasted; it may benefit the student in some way. Many of the more studious students see the "corridor course" as a waste of time, but—do the on-lookers know?

—C. I. P.

Blunders and How to Make Them

Nightly for three weeks the tones of the horn across the street has ascended to the heavens in unharmonious blasts. In periods of from thirty minutes to three hours, the musician across the way had practiced upon what we thought must be his interpretation of a sonata to the hoot owl. For every night in these three weeks we had endured these bursts of "unpremeditated art" with nerves on edge but without open rebellion.

But upon the twenty-second night just as my room mate and I had seated ourselves for concentrated study, the tones of the horn quavered shrilly on the night air, and our repressed emotions broke forth.

"Maybe something is to be left for heaven," shrieked my roommate, clasping her hands over her ears, "but I don't want any horn for mine either there or on earth!"

"Nor me," echoed I ungrammatically. "Let's stop that if we have to phone for the sheriff."

"I know," she cried, "Let's go out there and mock him."

"You're a piker," I exclaimed, as I grabbed the comb from my dresser. But she was "game" and calling the two girls who were in the adjoining room, we slipped out on the dark front porch, wearing our kimono and bearing our combs.

The tones of the horn still resounded. The first three notes were produced and then there was a wild shriek of the highest note of the lost chord. It was followed by an Edison reproduction on our combs. There was a significant pause across the way and the same tones were repeated. We reproduced them exactly except that ours were accompanied by a snort from my roommate and a giggle from me. This snort and giggle were reproduced in full by our appreciative neighbors who had come to their front porch in a body in order not to miss the show.

After that first expressive pause the artist across the street continued his exertions with renewed vigor and in spite of the fact that we faithfully echoed his every tone, he made no motion to cease until eleven o'clock. At that hour the stars above witnessed a weary and drooping quartet, who with lessons unlearned crept crestfallen into bed.

"We aren't beaten yet," I managed to mutter as I crawled into bed, "I'll stop that noise or die."

The following night, when the concert started promptly at seven, we made no motion. But at eleven-thirty, after the lights had gone out across the way, we slipped out bearing a piece of card-board and two thumb tacks. When the morning sun peeped out, he lighted the following sign tacked to the post of the white house:

"Concert Begins Nightly at 7:30. Main Attraction, Sonata to the Hoot Owl (and encore). 4 to 7 hours of Jazzy Music Guaranteed. Admission Free."

During the day, I forgot all about this sign, since I became engrossed in thoughts of a job for the following winter. I had heard that Mr. Phillips, a superintendent, had just the job I wanted, so I rushed in to his office to consult with him before the vacancy should be filled.

His secretary met me at the door. "He has just gone home," she said, "But you might go and see him. He lives in that white house down the street. I believe it's just across from where you live."

I gasped and struggled for air while my eyes met a peculiar looking piece of card-board on the said gentleman's desk. It was my own sign. The secretary followed my glance.

"Some rude person," she said indignantly, "Tacked that sign upon Mr. Phillips' door last night. You know he is learning to play the flute and they were evidently trying to make fun of him. He was terribly angry."

This story ought to go on and tell how I bearded the lion in his den, and told him I had put up the sign and in the same breath asked him for a job. It ought to tell that he, admiring me for my "spunk" gave it to me with his blessing.

But just then his secretary said, "Here he comes now," and since I am not the heroine, but merely the chief blunderer of this tale, I turned on my heel and accompanied by my fading dream for a job next year, vanished into the purer air at the farther end of the hall.

We must be making progress. Every summer the panorama photographer says that this is the best looking student body he has ever seen.

The income tax is severely denounced by certain boarding-house keepers in Canyon.

It is rumored that the people of Canyon are getting ready to begin to commence considering paving the streets.

These are days that fry men's soles.

Love Lyrics

Cupid has been unusually successful among the students and ex-students of W. T. S. N. C. this year. But perhaps the harvest is not over. Who knows how many love smitten youths among us falter and remain mute and inglorious because they cannot find adequate expression for the deep emotions that fill and thrill them? In cases of this kind they turn instinctively to the muse and write a "pome." Two such poems, both anonymous, have been left in the contribution box of the "Prairie." We suggest that our columns are open to any one who may wish to express their pent up love through poetry.

Twilight

Thru the entire weary day
History and English hold full sway.
But when at eve my work is done,
And low in west is hung the sun,
And my poor brain cries out for rest,
What is the joy that pleases best?
Shall I tell, or do you know,
How heav'n is found on earth below?
When in twilight I sit with you,
Deep emotion stirs me thru;
A siren's song your presence seems
That lulls my soul to pleasant dreams.

Love

The bards have sung since songs began
Of lovely woman's virtues fair;
In every tongue and every clime
This theme has had full share;
All things pure in universe
Are liked to her in poet's verse.
To you my tribute I would pay
And tell the passion that I feel.
What is there left for me to say
My inward feeling to reveal?
My heart of hearts is deeply wrought,
My soul of souls is deeply stirred,
When on your sweetness dwells my thought,
Or your sweet whispers I have heard.

If incongruity is the basis of comedy, we must laugh when we compare the candidate as pictured by himself with him as his opponent pictures him.

It is difficult to understand why woman suffrage and prohibition were so hard to put over when every office seeker in Texas has favored both from time immemorial.

When asked by the Corridor Specialist what she thought of the third party, the Unassuming Freshman replied that that depended on who the third party was.

Story Telling Hour

The story-telling hour last week was served in two courses on President Hill's lawn, the two-course affair being due to the rain. Punch was served by Mrs. Hill on Thursday evening; the stories were told on the lawn Friday evening.

The program consisted of the following: Negro Jokes, by R. A. Terrell; The Turkey Hen's Nest, by Miss Mary Morgan Brown; The Most Embarrassing Moment of My Life, by Al Stafford; A stunt, the Tragedy in Three Acts, by the Home Economics Club; Music.

Mr. Jarrett spent a few days in Crosby County last week.

People Who Make Believe

The people who make believe are not few. In fact at some time in our life, all of us have been guilty of this particular crime. Even small children say, "you play like you're me and I'll be your big sister," and so on through life.

If you meet a friend in town about lunch time and ask him to take that meal meal with you, he hesitates, but finally, rather reluctantly, accepts the invitation, saying that he rarely ever eats more than a sandwich for lunch. However, you notice that he orders the most expensive articles of food listed on the menu card. After having eaten very heartily, he declares he can't recall the time when he has eaten so much for dinner. Very likely he can't. Neither can the man, whose wife is always at home, remember when she has been away, but if you are in town waiting for the car to be repaired, he is so sorry Louise is off on a visit, for of course no one would enjoy going into a home made cheerless by the absence of the wife. Of course he has no idea that you know Louise is at home. You know because your wife talked to her over the telephone only that morning. However, you insist upon his spending a part of the time at your country home while his wife is away. He is confused, and stammers out something about promising his mother to spend every spare moment with her, during the visit of his better half. Relieved because of the refusal to your invitation you turn away to find a hotel.

I remember very well a visit I made once. While I was there, it happened that a very distinguished visitor arrived unexpected. The best silver was in the chest and the key was lost; the nicest linens had gone to the laundry only yesterday; the help girl had deliberately walked out; and the time couldn't be remembered when so little food has been prepared for dinner. The hostess knew that I knew better, but, apparently, she had forgotten me.

Go into a millinery shop and ask to be shown the hats, and no sooner have you asked than the saleslady shows you just the hat she has made for you, or bought for you while she was at market. Nothing could be more charming or becoming. But you're not quite satisfied, and she finds another hat that is a lovely thing, and she is sure you'll like it, because she thought of you when she bought it, and so on. You finally leave with the hat that was made especially for you, even though there is a little doubt deep down in your heart.

I say people who make believe are many. But if each of us would remember to be the real self God made us, how much happier the world would be.

Beulah Wakefield visited in Amarillo Sunday and Monday.

A crowd of young people went to Claude Sunday to visit Miss Annie Beene, one of our graduates. Among the party were Ruth Cleveland, Esther Griffin, Hazel Allen, Winnie Cleveland, J. C. Payne, and Dwight Heizer.

Miss Rambo spent the week-end in Amarillo.

Jarrett Drug Co.

—The Store For—

SCHOOL SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS

ALARM CLOCKS

TOILET ARTICLES

STATIONERY IN THE LATEST STYLES

CONFECTIONS OF ALL KINDS

DELICIOUS FOUNTAIN DRINKS SERVED RIGHT

Come, meet your friends here.
Phone 174 Canyon, Texas

After careful consideration the Y. W. C. A. decided to hold its swimming contests in the natatorium rather than on the campus as was first announced.

Patronize The Prairie Advertisers.

DR. S. L. INGHAM
DENTIST
The Careful and Conservative
Preservation of the Natural
Teeth a Specialty

City Drug Store

AMARILLO, TEXAS

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

When in Amarillo, come to my place for anything that men wear. Wilson Brothers Shirts, Hosiery and Underwear.

S. L. EDWARDS, Gents Furnishings
The One Price Store 408 Taylor

MID-SUMMER SPECIALS

In every department of the house, we offer seasonable merchandise at attractive prices that will appeal to the thrifty.

Moore, Mathis & Co.
700 Polk St. Amarillo, Texas

Announcing Our First Showing of
NEW FALL SUITS
For Women and Misses

Presenting a display of new Fall Suits from creators whose originations are the results of true artist designing. Suits will be of special interest to the woman who is planning a trip or the young miss who is going away to school.

THE NEW FALL HATS

A brilliant display of charming new hats for Fall is here ready for your choosing. Included are hats of taffeta, velour and duvane. Very moderately priced.

The Ladies Store

517 POLK STREET AMARILLO, TEXAS

THE FAIRSEX SHOP

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

Just off Polk on East Sixth St, Amarillo.

VISIT OUR EXCLUSIVE

LUGGAGE DEPARTMENT

A COMPLETE LINE OF HANDBAGS, SUITCASES, TRUNKS
AND OTHER TRAVELING ACCESSORIES

HARRY HOLLAND

MEN'S STORE

510 POLK ST.

AMARILLO, TEXAS

Mail
Orders
Solicited



Visitors
Always
Welcome

SUCCESSORS TO JARETT'S

STYLE WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE
WE LINK OUR IDEAS
WITH YOUR EVERLASTING NEEDS

When in Amarillo Visit the
LIBERTY CAFE

Engman Bros.
Amarillo's Best Cafe—Cool, Clean
Comfortable.
112 East Fifth Street

MEMORIES

This winter you are going to sit by the fire and think of your friends of this summer. How much nicer it will be if you have a bunch of snap-shots. You can see the actual scenes, the faces, the incidents, just as they were. Your enjoyment will be keener if your prints are clear, and too, they must not fade with time. You will never regret bringing your picture work to

THE CAMERA SHOP

COME TO—

The Canyon Lumber Company

for all kinds of building materials.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

Amarillo Greenhouse

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

A. ALENIUS, Prop.

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

COME TO—

The Ideal Cafe

for regular meals and short orders. Prompt and courteous service.

M. A. HENSON, Prop.

Gouldy Furniture & Undertaking Co.

Furniture, Floor Coverings and Undertaking Supplies

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS

Day Phone 220 Night Phone 84
Canyon, Texas

For Your Photo Work

both Portraits and Kodaks

GO TO—

MRS. BRITTAN'S STUDIO

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

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

Thompson Hardware Company

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

Canyon, Texas

Personals

Mrs. Wilson, of Dunn, Texas, is visiting her daughters, Mary and Maggie, students in the Normal.

Miss Aiken, head of the Department of Art, who is not teaching this summer, visited in Canyon last week. From here she went in company with Miss Boulware, a member of our faculty, to Long Beach, California, to spend the remainder of the summer.

Prof. H. W. Morelock is in Austin this week on business pertaining to the institution.

President Hill returned Wednesday from a tour of the Northwest, where he went in search of teachers to fill vacancies in the faculty.

Prof. Wallace R. Clark is absent from his classes this week on account of illness.

Prof. F. P. Guenther visited in Matador last week.

A number of students and faculty members attended the political debate between Judge Underwood of Amarillo and Dr. Brooks of Waco in Amarillo Friday. Dr. Brooks represented Hon. Pat M. Neff and Mr. Underwood Hon. R. E. Thomason.

Prof. B. F. Sisk gave an interesting lecture in chapel Wednesday morning on his recent trip to Salt Lake City. Mr. Sisk's descriptions of the mountain scenery were full of interest and humor.

Mr. Vernon C. Parker, a graduate of this institution of the class of 1918, visited in Canyon Wednesday.

Gladys Clark, who has been attending the Normal, has returned to her home in Snyder.

Miss Alta Hall has just returned from Lubbock, where she visited her mother, who is in the sanitarium there.

Robert Hill left Wednesday for his home in Plainview. He is unable to remain in school on account of his health, but expects to resume his work during the regular fall session.

Exchange

Thomas Russel Garth Ph. D., former instructor at W. T. S. N. C. and now adjunct professor of psychology at the University of Texas, is giving to students in his classes some of the best and most standardized intelligence tests that have been prepared by psychologists. The purpose in giving these tests is to determine the correlation between intelligence and the ability to solve riddles. Some of the students here may remember similar tests which he gave to his students in this school.

Harvard University will offer a distinctly new feature in its curriculum. It has inaugurated a course in practical forestry which will be given on the forested land owned by the University near the town of Petersham, Massachusetts.

Last Sunday the students of Denton filled the churches with an unprecedented gathering.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A baseball in the sky:
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
—Campus Chat (Denton).

Two returned missionaries, Miss Eulah Lee Carter, from Cuba, and Miss Nancy Lee Swann from China, spoke before the Student Volunteer Band of the University last week.

I think when I read that sweet story
so rare,
Of Job who was so tempted and tried,
If he had had Latin and Trig to prepare,
He would have cursed twice and then died.
—Campus Chat (Denton).

Answering Advertisements

There is a peculiar mystery and suspense in answering advertisements that makes this profitable pastime more universally popular than any other form of newspaper correspondence. The thrilling sensation of coming into communication with one whom you have never seen, one may be a bandit or a millionaire, holds an inexplicable attraction for every one.

A peculiar thing about answering advertisements is that all who attempt this hold it in absolute secrecy. They haunt the postoffice daily, reach up to look in the box for the return answer, and see only the white dust thick in the bottom.

My first experience in answering advertisements was at the tender age of twelve. I answered a puzzle in a magazine, making a graphical representation of each answer. As a result of this, I received a fancy box of lead pencils, got my name in print, and withal felt myself a thoroughly distinguished individual.

After I found answering advertisements so profitable, I hatched up a scheme that held out such a brilliant and alluring promise that I could scarcely contain myself until I might communicate this to my friend, Mr. Bobs. Mr. Bobs was my faithful companion on long rambles thru the woods, and my sole confidant on all

matters of importance. Hence I betook myself to his little shack. I found him, as usual, reclining in the hammock with a cob pipe in his mouth. I made no preliminaries, but broached the subject of advertisements at once. I asked Mr. Bobs his opinion on advertisements, but having had little experience with them, he could not give a satisfactory answer. I then asked him rather slowly if he had ever thought of getting married; whereupon Mr. Bobs looked so doleful and discouraged, that without further questioning, I surmised that he had tried and failed. At this I wondered, for he was neither old nor unattractive; but most of the heroes in novels had at sometime had similar experiences, so why not Mr. Bobs?

After a few words of condolence, I asked him if he had ever tried advertising for a wife. But such a horrified and thoroughly chagrined look spread over his countenance that I realized that my question embarrassed him, and I did not press the matter further.

I soon decided that the only way to solve the problem was to take into my own hands the happiness of Mr. Bobs. Therefore, I went home and wrote an advertisement for a wife for my friend. In this I employed the longest and most impressive words I could command to emphasize the sterling qualities of the lonely gentleman.

The results of this plan were altogether disconcerting. Soon after I published my advertisements, I found that Mr. Bobs' sweetheart and he had "made up," and of course the ladies who answered the advertisement were unnecessary, and proved to be quite troublesome and fierce when they arrived on a speedy train and found that Mr. Bobs was already engaged.

Years have past, but Mr. Bobs, his wife, and I still laugh when we recall my little advertising scheme. But I can never feel quite the same toward advertising and answering advertisements.

Many times I look laughingly at the magazines which say: "Grow rich by a few hours work;" "Every woman can become beautiful;" but with a reminiscent sigh I refrain from all dealings with advertisements.

Clippings from Aunt Hunteleigh's Post
"We print the truth and the near truth."

Aunt Hunteleigh has her fortune told.

The fortune teller who has been stopping at the Palace Hotel came up the other day and told Aunt Hunteleigh's fortune. The following was overheard:

You are going to have fried chicken for dinner once this summer. The household will be wild about it.

There is going to be a romance in your family, possibly a wedding. The man is tall and very handsome; the girl has brown eyes.

The people who talk and giggle between 11:00 p. m. and 6:00 a. m. are all going to die young unless they keep quiet after this.

The Wretches who play the piano on Sunday afternoon are all going to be OLD MAIDS.

All Upstairs People who move their furniture about at night, or who wear squeaky shoes will have a wart on their nose before Christmas.

Bell of Hunteleigh Dies—Dies of Cuthroat—New Bell Reigning and Ringing.

The Bell of Hunteleigh died in a very ghastly manner. At first, everybody in the Hall noticed that something was wrong with her, from the croaking sound which she gave forth; but no one suspected that this was the beginning of the end.

It has not been decided whether she cut her own throat or whether she was ghastly murdered by the dining-room crew. Anyway, she is dead. She hath croaked.

The new Bell has a charming ring in her voice and no doubt will win her share of followers into the dining-room, but the low sweet tones of the former Bell were very alluring to our sleepy ears, and exceedingly unmolestation. But let us ring out the old, and ring in the new.

Beginner's Luck

American Legion Weekly: The third hitch man and the no-striper had been sent out on patrol duty in No Man's Land with strict instructions to get the sniper who had been worrying the company all day. Finally the offending Jerry was located among the branches of a tree.

With the utmost coolness the old-timer took careful aim, fired and—missed. The recruit, with teeth chattering, wobbled his rifle to his shoulder, pulled the trigger, and the sniper fell to the ground, dead.

Disgustedly the veteran of three enlistments watched the performance. "No wonder you got him," he growled. "You aimed all over the damn tree."

The builders of the G. O. P. platform used slippery elm planks.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Patronize The Prairie Advertisers

DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

AT REDUCED PRICES

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

MONTGOMERY BROS.

PREMIER BOOT STORE

607 Polk Street

Amarillo, Texas

AMARILLO CONFECTIONERY

The place for Home-made Candies.

Corner 4th and Taylor

EAST END GROCERY

SELLS

MORE GROCERIES

AND MAKES THE

BEST DRINKS

IN TOWN

234--Phone--166

ROYAL CAFE

South Side Square

GOOD MEALS

GOLD DRINKS

\$5.00 MEAL TICKET \$4.50

H. L. LONG, Owner

INTERESTING

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

Redfearn & Co.

One Price

Spot Cash

The Leaders in Dry Goods

First State Bank of Canyon

Canyon, Texas

Strength, Solidity, Stability and Security are the four corner stones upon which our bank stands.

(The only Guaranty Fund Bank in Randall County).

PATRONIZE THE PRAIRIE ADVERTISERS

"HOLLAND HAS IT,"**Everybody says**

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

NEW SODA FOUNTAIN

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

HOLLAND DRUG CO.
East Side Square

Foy's Tailor Shop**Better Clothes****Less Money**

High Class Tailoring. Ladies Wear a Specialty. We handle laundry at old prices. All work called for and delivered.

YOURS FOR SERVICE**PHONE 299****CANYON SUPPLY CO.**

for

Everything in Dry Goods, Clothing and Groceries.

D. G. Pho. 27**Gro. Pho. 25**

TRADE WITH US - - WE TREAT YOU RIGHT

Go to---

CITY PHARMACY

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

PHONE 32**CANYON, TEXAS****NORMAL GROCERY****BAKERY AND MARKET**

Fresh Groceries—Fresh Meats—Fresh Bread, All at the same time if you want it. Will deliver your goods on time, give you 30 days time to pay, and appreciate your trade.

NORMAL GROCERY**Gro. Phone 158****Market Phone 257****NO. 5238****The First National Bank****CANYON, TEXAS****Capital and Surplus \$110,782.55****WE SOLICIT YOUR ACCOUNT****C. D. LESTER, Pres.****E. H. POWELL, Cash.****The City Barber Shop**

All First Class Barber Work, Hair Cutting especially.

"TRY US OUT"**South Side Square****B. B. CLUCK, Prop.**

A Columbus of the Panhandle
(Continued from page one)
that led to a new era of progress for the whole world!

In memory he still heard her voice repeating Joaquin Miller's stirring poem with its heroic refrain:

"Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:

What shall we do when hope is gone?"

The words leapt like a leaping sword:

Sail on! Sail on! and on!

and when she died she left it to him as the watch-word of his life.

Sometimes his mother had expressed a hope of his going away to college, possibly to New York, where her father still lived. But now—she was gone; and his father considered nothing of real importance except keeping the ranch in condition to make more money.

Early next morning Chris set out to look for Sally Ann. "Take a lunch in your pocket, and if you find the cow I will get you the finest watch in Amarillo!" called his father with a laugh.

Up and down through the valleys of East Canyon he looked, but never a trace of his pet. Tired out with climbing and calling, he stopped, watered himself and horse at the spring, threw himself down on the cool ground and began to eat his lunch.

"I don't believe Sally Ann is here. She may be on Wildcat. I'll look there for her, for her—not the watch. Does father think a watch, even an Amarillo watch?" he laughed—"can make me forget school? All father thinks of is the ranch. It's cattle, cattle, always winter and summer. All Sally Ann is to father is a hundred and twenty-five dollars. But I'm going to find Sally Ann. Those wild cattle scared her. If she hears me call, she will answer."

"I'll go to Wildcat, and if I don't find her this evening, I will stay in a cave tonight and begin to look for her in the morning. Come, Ginger; we are going to Wildcat to find Sally Ann."

Darkness came, and still the search was unsuccessful. Dragging some brush to the rocky floor of the cave, Chris was about to make a fire when he noticed a light a short distance below him.

"I'll just see who my neighbors are."

He found a party of men and women out for a short stay in camp, among them Mr. Dean, who had once been pointed out to him as a teacher in the West Texas State Normal College.

Mr. Dean glanced up from frying bacon and called:

"Good evening, Stranger, come to our fire!"

Christopher, overjoyed at this chance meeting, came timidly toward the party.

"My name is Chris Henry, Mr. Dean."

Mr. Dean laughed in a pleased way and introduced his mother and the rest of the party. So Chris spent the evening with them. In the course of the conversation some reference was made to the fact that Mr. Dean had been twenty years old while scarcely above the grammar grade in school.

"Mr. Dean, is that true?" asked Chris, eagerly.

"Yes," acknowledged Mr. Dean smiling.

And Mrs. Dean, seeing that Chris was interested, told him many incidents of her son's experience in getting his education. That evening before going to bed Mr. Dean, in answer to Christopher's eager question, whether he thought Chris could enter the Normal, told him earnestly that he had no doubt of it whatever.

That afternoon at the Bluebell as Mr. Henry was pacing restlessly up and down, worried over Chris' long absence, he heard the boy's happy whistle and saw Sally Ann.

"The boy sure does set store by that cow! He is as happy as a lark. Well, I'll get him the watch."

"Hello, father! You can't guess what man I spent the night with?—Mr. Dean, the teacher of 'Math' at the Normal!"

"Son!" frowned Mr. Henry.

"Yes, I did, father! He was camping in the canyon. He worked his way through school. When you have time I want to talk with you."

"Sit down, I am not busy."

"Father, will you pay me a salary as you do the other men?"

"Haven't you all you need, Chris?"

"Father, I want to save my money and go to Canyon Normal next fall. Mr. Dean says I can enter. He was twenty before he got away to school, and yet he is the man who knows so much in mathematics."

"There is not much money in schooling, son, nothing compared to what you can make here. Someday you will be master of the Bluebell. With money you can have happiness and power."

"Father, I want education more than money; but I believe an education will help me make money. Mother thought so; she thought it would make me happier and more worth to the world. Didn't you want an edu-

cation, ever, Dad?"

"Your mother was a lady. I cared more to be rich, when I was a boy, than anything else."

"Father, I want to go to school; I believe mother would like me to go to Canyon. She talked of my going away to school."

The old man spoke reluctantly.

"Son, next fall you will be eighteen. I will pay you a salary and for every dollar you save I will give you one to spend as you wish, in school or in business. I don't see much in this schooling. You know enough to run the ranch now, it seems to me—so far as you can get it from books. But you have been a good boy and I won't stand against you."

The next September Mr. Dean enrolled Chris in the Freshman class. Many things were new, and school life was not always easy. But by the end of the spring term he had finished the Freshman course, and he returned to the Bluebell to work until fall. His father never showed any interest in his studies, and seemed wearied if Chris attempted to talk about them. Neither Chris' good record nor the esteem of his new friends could change this coolness.

Fall again—and again Chris presented himself for enrollment, and again he and his chums gathered their band together and took up the threads of school life. Chris "made" the baseball team, and worked with enthusiasm in the debating club, and he faithfully pursued his chosen course. At last a chance came that he thought might prove to his father that schooling was worth something. The Normal offered a prize of fifty dollars in gold to the student who won first place in a Junior "Math" contest to be held in the spring. The contest was open to "Sops," and Chris therefore entered. Longer hours each day he studied. When the day for the contest had passed and the names of the victors were announced in chapel, the first place was given to Christopher Henry.

Chris gained permission to go home. He found his father in the pasture, and, laying in his hand the letter containing the decision of the judges and the prize, to the boy precious pledges of future success, he was startled to see the tears come to his father's eyes.

"Son, I wish your mother was here—you are 'sailing on!' She would be so happy! And she would know—how to tell you—that this makes me happy, too."

—Written by Velma Asher and her teacher in collaboration.

In The Garden

They walked into the garden
Among the flowers rare.
Her soul o'erflowed with rapture
As she viewed the plants so rare.

"Nasturtiums sweet," she cried,
What bliss you do impart;
When feasting on your loveliness,
Transported is my heart."

"They're great," was his reply,
His emotions somewhat pallid,
"I like to look upon them;
They make delicious salad."

"Ah! Sweetpeas," she exulted.
"Their fragrance fills the air;
There'd be nothing base nor sordid
If they grew everywhere."

"The blooms," he said, "are lovely.
They form a pretty group;
And if the peas are let mature,
They make a bully soup."

(Just then a lamb came skipping).
"Ah, Look!" she cried ecstatic in her trance,
"The darling lamb, he feels the spell.
Behold him play and dance."

"I like the lamb," the man replied,
"When he so skips and hops;
Then too, he looks so fat and plump,
He'd make such tender mutton chops."

Bed Time

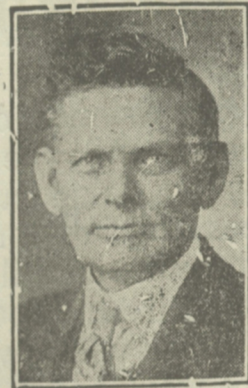
(Elsie Sluder)

As I was sitting in the garden last night
Watching the stars so pretty and bright,
Mr. Frog came along and in his gruff voice said,
"It is time that all little girls are in bed."

But I wanted to watch the big black night
Hide everything away from my sight.
For she had done this every night before
As I watched her from my bed-room door.

First the pretty posies she put in their beds,
Then a soft dewy blanket over them spread;
The last peeping prayers of the birdies were heard,
As their heads were tucked under mother bird.

Then the chorus in the pond began,
And all night long the froggies sang;
While I to dreamland crept away
And slumbered till the break of day.



There Are Values So Pronounced

—THAT YOU'LL WONDER WHY

Here's an all-wool three-piece suit, and a good design, made from a bright snappy pattern.

We are sure you'll like it, but even at that there are many, many more and your selection is not by any means limited.

In each instance the prices are moderate.

From \$30.00 upwards.

Joe Killough & Company

Where Your Dollar Does Its Duty

514 Polk Street**Amarillo, Texas****THE NEW OXFORDS**

FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR HAVE JUST COME

—and fashion says these will be the style for Women who lead in the smart set.

These new Oxfords have medium toe, military or Louis heels and are very smart looking. Ready when you come.

WHITE & KIRK

The Place to Buy Shoes

502 Polk St.**Amarillo, Texas**

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS AT THE

CANYON CAFE**MEAL OR LUNCH TICKET \$5.00****BOARD BY THE WEEK \$8.00****CHASE CONDREY, Mgr.****We Specialize**

on ladies shampooing and massaging as well as mens. We gather and deliver laundry and tailor work. Our tailor is the best. A nice place to get a shine. Come in and see us.

STAR BARBER SHOP STAR TAILOR SHOP

Phone Your Wants to 37