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1918-04-25

The East Texan, 1918-04-25

East Texas State Normal College

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THE EAST TEXAN

Motto: "Ceaseless Industry, Fearless Investigation, Unfettered Thought."

VOL. III.

COMMERCE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1918.

NO. 22

Real Beauty.

Physical beauty is to be admired. It is one of God's good gifts. But it is often overrated. It is not lasting. At the first, it comes in its fullness, and with the coming of old age it completely withers. The beauty that never fades finds lodgment in the heart.

An angel was sent down from heaven one day to bring back the most beautiful thing on earth. He hunted long and carefully, saw a bed of full-blown American Beauty roses, lovely beyond compare, and gathered an armful and started to return to his home above. As he soared into the air he saw a lady's smile, and, filled with rapturous admiration at the sight, returned to take it too. By its side he discovered a mother's love, and with all three in his arms mounted to the place beyond the sky. Just outside the pearly gates the spirit paused a moment, and lo! the roses had withered and were dead, the lady's smile had vanished, but strong as ever the mother's love remained; and he cast the others aside and took this and laid it at the Master's feet as the most beautiful and lasting thing on earth.—Sam Jones.

Some one has said that "beauty is the final form of expression." Even in religion, final things are things of beauty. John, in his revelation of the new Jerusalem, uses a wide range of words, phrases and figures to give us an idea of its perfect beauty. Christians look forward to a final form of existence which in its very essence is beauty itself. Heaven is unmarred beauty. If, then, this, be the end of all things, the perfect consummation of God's plan for man, ought we not try continually to portray that beauty in every act of our lives, looking forward to the time when our efforts shall be transformed into accomplishment, when we will be like the beautiful Lamb of God?

Girls Literary Society

Re-organized.

The former members of the Girls Literary Society and several new students met with Misses Johnson and Mihills last Friday for the purpose of reorganizing the Literary Society. Before the girls enrolled Miss Johnson made a talk on "The Importance of the Literary Society" and, as a result nearly every girl present signed up as a charter member of the new organization. Another inducement was the prize which Miss Mihills offered to the girl who in the opinion of the Society, has rendered the most effective work in the society.

No new officers except a president were elected. Miss Effie Watkins was chosen for that important position and she is very enthusiastic over the future outlook.

After the business was finished the following interesting program was rendered:

Song, "Keep The Home Fires Burning"—Miss Werra Gill.

Story, "A Merry Jest of the Arms" —Miss Dorrice Covel.

Book Review—Miss Mihills.

Song, "Laddie in Khaki"—Miss Lois Bludworth.

Will M. Gibson is at Great Lakes Ill. in the radio work.

Overcome by Kindness.

The Rev. J. Stuart Holden relates the following story: I was in Egypt some years ago, holding a commission among some soldiers as a big sergeant in a Highland regiment, who was as bright and shining for the Lord as it is possible for a saved soldier to be, how he was brought to Christ? His answer was: "This—There is a private in the same company who was converted in Malta before the regiment came on to Egypt. We gave that fellow an awful time. The devil got possession of me, and I made that man's life a positive hell to him. Well, one night, a terribly wet night, he came in from very dry, and before getting into bed, he got down to pray. My boots were heavy with wet mud and I let him have one on one side of the head and the other on the other side; and he just went on with his prayers. Next morning I found those boots beautifully polished by the side of my tent. That was his reply to me; and it just broke my heart, and I was saved that day." The man who met the test, like a true soldier of the great Captain, had his reward—Selected.

My Purpose.

I purpose to live a clean, temperate, industrious and economic life.

I purpose to take the same religion into politics that I take into the church.

I purpose to hate cant and Sunday whining, and to love frankness and bravery.

I purpose to sing just as sweetly at home as I do in the prayer-meeting.

I purpose to read the Bible with the same common sense that I read other books.

I purpose to pray more for the approval of God than for the compliments of men.

I purpose not to talk about the inconsistencies of Christians until I am very sure that I am nearer the standard of Jesus Christ than they are.

I purpose to hate with the same intensity, and to treat with the same contempt, all snapping, snarling and growling in the biped as in the quadruped.

I purpose to open my mouth when I believe I can do most good by so doing; to shut it on other occasions.

I purpose to pay my grocer before I make any great display over the contribution box.

I purpose to bear the disgrace of my own mistakes without trying to throw it on some one else.

I expect to make mistakes and failures enough to give people a chance to say many hateful things; but whatever they say, I purpose to go straight forward in faith, hope and love.

So help me God!—N. B. Sargent, in the Congressionalist.

There will be two ball games with Burleson College this week, one on Thursday at the City Park and one on Friday at Greenville. Our boys are showing up fine and Burleson will have to do some playing to make any show at all with them. Spark Mitchell and Currie are among the best on the team and Dennis is the star of the season when it comes to batting.

Proverbs and Things.

Don't kick a man when he is down. A lift will be much better.

You must pay the price of victory if you expect to win.

You will come nearer winning if you have only one definite purpose, one goal, and work toward that.

Have a mind of your own. Don't sit on the fence. Get on one side or the other.

Burn your bridges behind you. Don't try to go back. It's the man who goes forward that succeeds.

No matter how bad the past has been for you, you can not change it now. Let it go and move forward, determined to make the future better.

If you have a bad habit, break it. If you don't break it, it will break you.

Procrastination is the oldest and safest thief, yet he has never been arrested.

If you are prepared for defeat, you will surely lose. If you are prepared for victory, you will very likely win.

Decide wisely and stand firm, regardless of what people may think or say.

Don't be afraid of spending too much time in preparation. You can accomplish much unless you are prepared.

The person who sails through this world on floods of ease will likely find some thorns in the next.

If you sow seeds of envy, hatred, malice and jealousy, you will never reap a rich and golden harvest.

Don't trouble those troubles that never trouble you. Remember they will take care of themselves.

Kind words don't cost very much. Every person is able to keep a good stock of them. They pay fine dividends.

Being good may be a lonesome job, but it sometimes pays to be lonesome.

Never fail to appreciate the smallest kindness, and be sure to express your appreciation.

Never fear to abandon wrong-doing, corrupt politics and unjust legislation. It is your duty as a good citizen.—Leonard Guerin

Play the Man!

Play the man!
With your body, keep it fit,
By the highest use of it,
For the service of the soul,
Every part in full control.
Strong for labor, swift to do,
All that is required of you—
Play the man!

Play the man!
With your mental powers free
From all narrow bigotry,
Search for truth, that it may bless
All your days with happiness;
Thus may brain and brawn agree,
Make you that you ought to be—
Play the man!

Play the man!
Keep your inmost soul as pure
As your mother's virtue. Sure
If within no evil dwells,
There's no power in all the bells
Strong enough to drag you down.
Rob you of your manhood's crown.
Play the man!

Play the man!
Like God's will
Like Camp Travis visited
his brothers, A. E. and Wayman,
last week.

Red Cross Benefit.

For days preceding Thursday, April 18, every person who didn't have his card bearing the sign of approval "O. K." pinned on in a conspicuous place was hauled on all sides with "Have you a ticket to the Red Cross Benefit?" They are only 50c, let me sell you one and help the Red Cross do its work. Thanks. Here is your O. K. card." So the enthusiasm spread.

Thursday afternoon and evening the rains descended, and the floods came, but we were pleasantly surprised to see such a large crowd.

The program was in charge of the music and drawing department, directed by Misses Marrie, Woodson and Fichel.

The first part consisted of famous paintings, posed by members of the drawing classes. Among the most popular ones were: "The Gleaners," "Innocence," "Machiavelli Brewing," "Song of the Lark," "Dances of the Flowers" and the statue "Joan of Arc." This was quite successfully done. Miss Woodson and her classes deserve a great deal of praise for the original and realistic means they employed to vividly portray to the audience these famous old masterpieces of art.

The second part in charge of the music department was equally novel and interesting. Many scenes of the activities of the girls during the war were shown, accompanied by the excellent pianist thrown on all screens. The soldierettes, a steele khaki clad girls were called, gave us a most excellent demonstration of their ability in taking military training as well as in singing. The new method of communication with the girls, wireless, was demonstrated. Woman has been known through the ages as a creature capable of meeting any emergency.

Thursday evening they revealed some of the means of communication they would use if they were separated from him. If telephones were unsuccessful, and they often are for "one never knows when a Hun or some member of one's own family is listening on the line," some other means as sending up various colored balloons at stated intervals, use of wireless, the time honored carrier pigeon with his note written in a secret code.

The Glee Club appeared as the "Knit and Knitters," in women's attire with their knitting and sang some quite clever selections. Every one present agreed that the club had accomplished their aim—to look and act the part of their new rivals in the political world. We yield the palm to them for their ingenuity.

There were many other numbers that I shall not mention because those who were there know what they are and those who were not there must not know what they missed. You should have seen it.

P. S.—Result, checker holds \$178.50.

Capt N. A. Costen of Camp Bowie was here today enroute to his old home at Colton. Capt Costen will be remembered by many of the old timers here as a former E. T. N. C. boy, who graduated with high honors. "Judge," as he is better known by his friends, is with the regular U. S. Army and says that he enjoys his work fine.

THE EAST TEXAN.

Entered as second-class matter Jan. 12, 1917, at the office at Commerce, Texas, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published on Thursday of each week during the regular session by the student body of the East Texas State Normal College, Commerce, Texas.

Subscription price \$1.50 per year. Advertising rates furnished on application.

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Subscribe for The East Texan.

Buy a bond and help keep the glow in Old Glory.

The German navy was built to be a "standing" menace.

Bonds mean bread for France and lead for Prussia. Buy them.

There isn't much peace in Ireland even during a state of war.

One man "denounces" the Kaiser, and another "evokes the wrath of heaven upon the Hun," but the only way to win this war is to pitch in and fight or buy bonds.

We all want everybody to do without things except ourselves.

Lawyer Hency is searching the Chicago stockyard for somebody's goat.

As a result of its thinking part in the war, Japan is thinking of acting.

Things change so fast in Russia that it takes a snapshotky to snap Trotzky.

Chaos reigns in Russia says a dispatch. Yes, chaos never reigns, but it pours.

Kaiser Bill Hornswoggler's acknowledgment of congratulations from Carranza is worth as much as any of his other "scraps of paper."

To the Germans the kaiser may be the all highest, but Hindenburg is the all firelest.

The greatest food conservators are the Tibetans, who even keep butter for generations.

Those army uniform profiteers seem to be the familiar old cleo's men, magnified 10,000 diameters.

The president has raised the price of wheat. It's now up to the farmers to raise the wheat.

What a happy world this will be when Washington's birthday becomes an international festival.

As we have a nonsinkable ship of state, it seems the part of wisdom to extend the principle to smaller craft.

There is but a single drawback to the fate foretold for the Kaiser. He'll never be able to observe a headless Monday.

The reported increase in the British population in 1916 is enough to make a noble Hun airplane bombardier give up in despair.

Strawberries are on the market, but are not Hooverized. Their price protects them.

Old Doc Garfield would divide American industry into four classes, unmindful that there are only two—those who work and those who don't.

The more one thinks about it the more apparent becomes the fact that Precinct 6 will be disgraced if it fails to raise its quota of bonds.

Russian dances appear to be less popular than formerly, although the army is still making one-night stands in the provinces.

It Is Up to You.

Growl, and the way looks dreary;
Laugh, and the path is bright;
For a welcome smile
Brings sunshine, while
A frown shuts out the light.

Sigh, and you rake in nothing;
Work, and the prize is won;
For there's no chance
With backbones can
By nothing be outdone.

Hustle, and fortune awaits you;
Shirk, and defeat is sure;
For there's no chance
Of deliverance
For the chap who can't endure.

Sing, and world's harmonious;
Grumble, and things go wrong;
And all the time
You are out of rhyme
With the busy, hustling throng.

Kick, and there's trouble brewing;
Whistle, and life is gay.
And the world's in tune
Like a day in June
And the clouds all melt away.
—Unknown.

Who Will Be May Queen?

The student body will nominate and elect the May Queen for the May Festival, which will be given in May by the Physical Education Department. This queen should be the most beautiful and also the most stately girl in school. Therefore it is time for the students to decide who she is.

A. S. Blankenship, who was for a long time Rural School Lecturer of the University of Texas, and County Superintendent of Coryell county, and who is now taking his A. B. from Cornell, will move to Commerce in the near future and will be connected with the Educational Department here next year.

Miss Louise Lehning, Mrs. Binion's niece, from Paris, visited Mr. and Mrs. Binion last week.

PREPAREDNESS

for Business. This should be your motto. This means preparedness against failure in your undertakings and preparedness for a future of success and pleasure. When it is worth so much to you, won't you decide to PREPARE?

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Queen this year?
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♦♦♦♦♦ "EVERYMAN" IN THE
WAR. ♦♦♦♦♦

This is the story of a woman who converted a food slacker into an ardent missionary of food production and conservation. It is the story of a woman who would not allow a neighbor, by indifference or laziness or greed, to hamper the food program of the Nation and thus further imperil the life of her son who is fighting in France. It is an example that can be followed by "every woman—everywhere."

The experience was told to Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Clarence Ousley not long ago, when he was touring the South to present the Government's urgent message to the cotton country—a request of vital importance, that the South feed itself this year, and be not lured by high-priced cotton into such increases of cotton acreage as will mean diminution of food-crop acreage. Mr. Ousley explained that the Government is not asking the South to reduce its cotton acreage; it is not attempting to suggest the amount of acreage to be planted—but is only urging, with the earnestness inspired by a conviction that this means much in winning the war, that the South insure its own food and feed supply first, and then plant such cotton acreage as it chooses. Without food from us, he said, your allies must fail. If they fail all the vast burden of the war falls upon us—and what that might mean no man dares predict.

"And so," added Mr. Ousley, "the farmer who knows that, knows his failure to produce food jeopardizes his cause, and yet for greed and selfishness and in order to fatten his own pocketbook, plants cotton and expects the rest of the Nation to send him food—that man is a profiteer in the blood of your sons!"

After that speech a woman sought Mr. Ousley. In her voice there was a quiet determination; in her face a supreme, sublime courage, a subtle something of the soul—the same spirit shown so gloriously by the women of France—by the women of all the un-Franzianized and never-to-be-Franzianized world. If the Hun had the imagination as well as the cruelty of the savage, if he could lift his sord-

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P. W. MALONEY
DEALER

id eyes beyond a rigid mental horizon of rules and formulae, he would see here something he could not understand and therefore something he would fear. He would see the adamant answer to his hope of world subjugation—that look in the eyes of the women of this land. For men of such mothers will never be defeated; they can not but be victorious.

"I am glad you said that," began this woman in whose eyes was the light that has always flamed when war is waged for freedom. "I have a son who is now in France. And I have a neighbor who has not been following the Government's requests either in food production or in food conservation. This family lives on a fine farm, and neither the woman in her kitchen nor the husband in his fields has changed the accustomed way of living. The man has been planning to put most of his land in cotton. Their table has had as much food as it ever did, and upon all days, because they seem to think that since they produced the food they need not conserve."

"Finally I could stand it no longer. Not long ago I went to this woman—for I knew if I could make her understand, the husband also would be changed. 'You are trying your best to kill my boy,' I said to her. 'I'm sure you haven't realized that this is the effect of what you and your husband are doing, but it is the effect just the same, and you must understand what it means. If my boy must be killed I want the enemy only to bear the burden of responsibility for his death. I want to know that he died for his country, truly. I don't want my own neighbors, the people who pretend to be my friends, to help kill him. I am glad and proud for him to fight for humanity; but I am not willing for him—to suffer—and sacrifice in order that gluttons may be gratified and greedy misers increase their gains. I think you will

change your way when you understand that your conduct may sacrifice my boy whom you have known all his life—ever since he was a baby with curly hair, toddling around and trying to learn to wally. I don't think you want to join the Germans in fighting him. And you've got to change, now that you do understand, now that I've told you what it means."

"And she did change. She was in tears before I finished. I am afraid I wounded her very deeply, but it had to be done. She is conserving food now—no one in the county is more ardent than she, and her husband is going to put in some food and feed crops and not plant all his land in cotton. I don't know what I would have done if they hadn't changed," she admitted with a little smile, "but I'm sure there is some way, and I have found it and I would have done whatever was necessary to do."

"You have done the thing that is stronger than the Government, because it is the Government, because it makes the Government," said Mr. Ousley.

"You have created public sentiment if in every community in this country there is created a sentiment of scorn and contempt for those who do not now sustain our country, there will be very few offenders, for to be despised by one's neighbors would make life unbearable. When we have everywhere a public sentiment such as you have helped make it, so the food slacker, either in production or conservation, will be loathed and looked down upon; the thoughtless and the selfish will perform their full duty."

Have you a neighbor who is failing to sustain the Government's food program? Have you a son, a relative, a friend fighting in France? That neighbor, then, may cause the death of your son, your relative, your friend. Will you tolerate that?

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EAT NUTS AND SAVE MEAT

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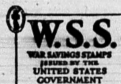
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EAST TEXAS STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

Announcement of
SUMMER SCHOOL AND SUMMER
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Commerce, Texas, 1918.

GENERAL INFORMATION: SUMMER SCHOOL:

Opens June 11, 1918.
Closes August 17, 1918.

SUMMER NORMAL INSTITUTE:

Opens June 11, 1918.
Closes August 24, 1918.

WORK OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL:

The summer school offers a splendid opportunity to progressive teachers who are prevented by force of circumstances from attendance on the regular nine months term. Practically all courses offered during the regular term are offered during the summer term. It is, therefore, possible for student-teachers to complete a full year of work in three summer sessions. The buildings have been completely overhauled and ren-

ovated. All rooms are cool and well ventilated. A large faculty, each member a specialist in his own line, has been selected. There will be room and accommodations for all.

Some of the regular teachers will be away during the summer on leaves of absence doing advanced work in northern and eastern universities. Strong men and women will be here to take the places of those who are absent.

SUMMER NORMAL INSTITUTE.
Work preparing students for examinations for all classes of certificates will be offered in accordance with the rules and regulations of the State Department of Education. Textbooks used will be those recommended by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Regular teachers of the college will teach in the summer normal. In addition to these teachers, a number of leading public school men of the State have been secured for both regular college and summer normal work.

Examinations in the second series only are offered and the full ten weeks of review will give time for thorough comprehensive work. A number of courses are so arranged that students may receive credit hereof, and at the same time secure sufficient review for the summer normal examinations.

EXPENSE.

A matriculation fee of four (\$4.00) dollars is paid by all students; two dollars of this is returned to the student upon withdrawal from school provided all books loaned students are returned to the library in good condition. There is no charge for tuition. The fee named admits the student to all classes and to both summer normal and college classes. All students may therefore enter school and attend both college and summer normal classes and receive free use of all textbooks for a minimum charge of two dollars. Board is reasonable, being offered at eighteen dollars per month up.

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The Tale of a "Shavetail" Sweater.

When the war began, remember, it was April, not November. For our wars begin in April. And the ladies—was it folly? Thought 'twould be so awful joy To be knitting for the soldiers, Tho' they'd never knit before! Think—they'd never knit before!

So those sisters, ever knitting, Street car, steam car, standing, sitting; Socks and helmets, wristlets, sweaters. Think—they'd never knit before! Tell, oh tell me, love-born maiden—Lap with yarn and needles laden, Is there never rest from knitting, never till the war is over? And the needles clicked—I heard them— For their answer, "Nevermore!"

One fair maiden—I had met her— Thought to knit for me a sweater; That it was, behind, before— For the yarn was scarce, she told me. But she thought it would unfold me If I'd eat a little less, instead of more. But my appetite was stronger, tho' the sweater grew no longer, And I gorged at merrily as in the days of yore. Ate and gorged and thought of stopping— Nevermore!

Once I crept into that sweater, When it rained and I got wetter. Then it shrank till like a letter It had squeezed me more and more. Squeezed and pinched me more and more. Now with painful memories darning From my dreams I wake up starting. For I know there'll be no parting— And my form from out that sweater shall be lifted— Nevermore. M. B. W.

Red Cross Notes.

Much to the surprise of the town people, the Collage Red Cross completed the amount of work that was required. For one time this season every student made an earnest effort to do his part in helping do the Red Cross work.

Just because these one thousand bandages, two hundred fifty pads, five hundred tampons and two hundred fifty applications have been finished is no excuse for stopping work. Make your weekly visit to the Red Cross room as usual.

Reporter.

The E. T. S. N. C. Quartet sang for the unveiling held at the cemetery in Commerce last Sunday. Mr. Fling of the educational department made the most interesting talk on that occasion.

What Would You Take?

What would you take for that soft little head Pressed close to your face at time for bed; For that white, dimpled hand in your own held tight, And the dear little eyelids closed down for the night? What would you take?

What would you take for that smile in the morn, Those bright, dancing eyes and the face they adorn; For the sweet little voice that you hear all day Laughing and cooing—yet nothing to say? What would you take?

What would you take for those pink little feet, Those chubby round cheeks, and that mouth so sweet; For the wee tiny fingers and little soft toes, The wrinkly little neck and that funny little nose? No, what would you take? —Good Housekeeping.

Miss Bruce has entered school here this week. She has been teaching with her father in Dallas county this past year. Mr. Bruce will be in school in a few weeks.

NOTICE

To our patrons we have just installed the cleanest and most sanitary—

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