

NEW SCHOOL SONG FOR COLLEGE

The monotony of chapel exercises has been greatly reduced since we have a new school song to sing. The melody is that of "Love's Old Sweet Song." Mrs. W. B. Powers, our English teacher, composed the following words:

I.

School days bring tasks for everyone to do,
Problems and heartaches, but compensations, too,
And when they've passed, how oft we're heard to say,
Bring back those happy times if but for a day."

CHORUS

Loyal songs of tribute, we will sing to thee
Dearest Alma Mater, cherished F. H. C.,
Memory's priceless treasure, may they ever be,
Days we've spent together so joyously
In our own F. H. C.

II.

Stanchest affection is the debt that's due,
From all your children, Freed-Hardeman to you,
How freely we own it, how gladly we pay,
Both debt and interest, as to you we say;

III.

Dear college home, we ever find in you,
Honor that's steadfast, ideals high and true;
Faith, hope, and charity, Christian graces three,
Service, perseverance firm, and verity.

IV.

Alithe colleges days, how swiftly you rush on!
Friends of the present to-morrow will be gone,
But there'll be memories and constant longings blue,
For years spent so happily and usefully, too.

PHILO GIRLS

ENTERTAIN BOYS

The Philomatheans at a recent meeting hit upon quite an original plan of entertainment, whereby the girls would entertain the boys with a surprise program, and on the following Monday would be entertained by the boys. The girls' program was presented on Feb. 12, and was quite a revelation, at least to the boys. We had no idea that the girls were so much unrecognized talent in our midst.

(Continued on page 4)

DRAMATIC CLUB PRESENTS GREAT DRAMA

Dramatic Club Presents

"Smiling Through"

Tuesday night, February 5, 1929, the Dramatic Club presented "Smiling Through", by Allen Langdon Marton under the direction of Miss Ima Fuchs. The following cast of characters played splendidly:

John Carteret — Virgil Hudkins
Dr. Owen Harding — Abe Pruett
Ellen — Ruby Lindsey
Kathleen Dungannon

Nell Ledbetter
Willie Ainley — James Horton
Kenneth Wayne

Bondurant Burton
Mary Clare — Jasper Hardeman
Jeremiah Wayne — Carl Droke
Moonyeen Clare — Ima Fuchs

Guests at the wedding
LaNelle Stovall, James Williams, Joel Anderson.

Act. 1—The Carteret Garden. 1914.

Act 2.—The same. Fifty years before.

(Continued on page 4)

BIBLE SOCIETY GIVES

INTERESTING PROGRAM

On Wednesday evening, January 30, the Bible Society gave a very interesting program. The best feature was a wedding enacted by the society members and arranged by Bro. C. B. Thomas. Douglas Perkins acted as groom and Arnett Dredan as bride. Edwin Shelton was bride's maid and Alton Roberts best man. The ring ceremony was used. The procedure was impressive as well as informational. The purpose of the affair was to familiarize our young preachers with the finer points in the management of a marriage program and to fortify their knowledge with necessary matters of etiquette and propriety pertaining to such an occasion.

Following this feature Bro. Woody gave us an interesting and instructive lesson on how to conduct a wedding.

MUSICAL RECITAL

Young members of the Music Department presented a recital in the Auditorium on Tuesday, Feb., 12, at 7:30 P. M. Each pupil rendered his selection splendidly. Those taking part in the program were: Doris Hardeman, Bonna Torphy, Joe Pierce Vandyke, Mary Nell Smith, Camille Hardeman, Elizabeth King, Mary Bridges, Mildred Fields, Geraldine Carter, Faye Bridges, Carrie May Bridges, Mary Madeline Terry, and Mary Frances Brigance. Two readings were given by Mary Frances Brigance and Mary Hall. The program was concluded with a chorus by all the children.

F. H. C. FIVE DEFEATS JACKSON HIGH

They came, they saw, but could not conquer. The F. H. C. cakers proved to be too much for the Jackson High Quintet, here on Monday, Jan. 21, in one of the most interesting games of the season.

Both teams were up to form and the game was closely contested throughout. At the final whistle, the score stood 16-16. During the extra period the F. H. C. boys, tossed the leather thru for four more points while the visitors tallied only three, thereby resulting in a 20-19 victory for F. H. C.

F. H. C. Lineup

Doran	F.
Freeman	F.
Hudkins	C.
Brooks	G.
Williams	G.

F. H. C. Boys Lost To Lambuth

The F. H. C. Quintet met with defeat in their invasion of the Lambuth tossers on Monday night January 28, score 39-15.

The game was slow throughout neither team being up to form. For Freed-Hardeman, Droke was high point man. Walker and White featured for Lambuth.

Line-Ups:

Lambuth	Pos.	F. H. C.
White	F.	Doran
Bowers	F.	Freeman
Harley	C.	Hudkins
Ball	G.	Brooks
Walker	G.	Williams

Subs.: F. H. C. Hardin, Burton, Hodges, Droke.

(Continued on page 4)

OUR ATHLETIC FIELD

The work of grading and leveling is now in progress on the plot of land just to the rear of the administration building. It is the aim of the management to convert those acres into an up-to-date athletic field. Along with the academic advantages that the school affords, it also hopes to encourage athletics to the extent that each student may be well developed physically as well as mentally and morally. We feel that it will be a source of real pleasure to all boosters of the school to know that we are at last going to have a playground in our own back yard, so to speak.

The students who are at all athletically inclined are waiting, with ill-concealed patience, for the thrill that comes with 'slap' of the baseball against the mitt, the "crunch" of spikes on the cinder path, and the "zing" of the tennis racket as it connects with the ball.

If present plans materialize, a diversity of outdoor sports will doubtless be in full swing ere Old Sol crosses the equator on his northward journey.

BRO. TANT PAYS VISIT TO HENDERSON

On January 26, Bro. J. D. Tant was a welcome visitor at Freed Hardeman College. He gave us a witty and excellent talk in chapel on Life. Life, according to brother Tant, is a round circle with three corners: planning, adjustment, contentment. He showed first the necessity of planning it, with the following comments, in substance: Too many people never get anywhere because they fail to plan. After the life is planned, one should begin to adjust himself to the situation. If that is impossible other plans should be made. After planning and adjusting comes contentment. Wherever we are we should learn to be content.

CHAPEL IS CONDUCTED BY STUDENT

On January 24, Chapel exercises were conducted by one of the student body, Hugo McCord. Hugo lives at Caruthersville, Mo. He is finishing the high school work here this year. The hearty applause given showed the students' estimate of his discourse.

Some of the members of the faculty have been given talks on various famous men. Hugo's talk was one of that kind, the character being Judas Macca-beus. According to his speech, the world knows very little about this man yet it is doubtful if a greater general has ever lived. When Alexander the Great was extending his power he came to the house of Mattathias. This man was a prominent Jew and Alexander thought if he would surrender, his influence upon others would be great. But Mattathias would not surrender. When he died Judas took his place. From that time Judas played his part. He fought a number of battles with the Syrians. Odds were against him, but each time he was victorious. Finally his men forsook him and he was forced to face 23,000 with only 800 men. For a while victory looked possible but the odds were too great—Judas was slain. He died defeated, but his cause was won.

HAVE YOU SEEN THOSE RINGS

"What on earth is the matter with those Seniors?" Somebody asked of somebody else one day last week. "They must think they have pretty hands—go around displaying 'em all the time!" Well, it's the truth! At last you can tell a Senior when you see one—and not by the intelligent look on his face either! It's those good-looking rings and pins they're wearing; and when you see 'em you'll have to admit—
(Continued on page 4)

ANNUAL WORK STARTS IN EARNEST

Virgil Hudkins, Editor-in-Chief
Has Strong Staff to
Back Him

For the first time in the history of the school, Freed-Hardeman is making preparation for the edition of an annual. This idea was recently suggested by some members of the faculty who have agreed to lend their assistance in securing material, subscriptions, etc.

The annual is to be a seventy-two page volume of standard size with extension cover bound on the long side. The name for it has not been selected as yet but a committee will soon be prepared to suggest suitable titles.

Virgil Hudkins was selected as Editor-in-Chief and has started to work in earnest to make the Annual a success. He has a strong staff to back him and we feel sure that each member will do his part. He has the cooperation of every F. H. C. student to make this enterprise a success but it is evident that he will have this cooperation. The staff is as follows:

ANNUAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—Virgil Hudkins
Business Mgr. — Hugo McCord
Associate Editors

—W. L. Gentry, Fred Harris
Asst. Business Mgr.

—Elam Heffington

Class Editors

Mattie Lou Reasons, Christine Lowrance, Alline Hardeman.

Literary Editors

Minnie Bee Reeves, Lanelle Stovall, Paul Simon.

Art Editors

T. D. Brooks, Jerry Lawson

Fine Arts Editors

James Horton, Florence Fletcher.

Joke Editor—Bondurant Burton
Snapshot Editors

Ailene Mock, Nelle Ledbetter.

Athletic Editor—Anne Nichols
Advertising Mgr. Sterling Hipp
Circulation Mgr.

Clyde Corner.

FORMER STUDENTS WED

Sunday, February 10, 4 P. M., two former students of F. H. C., Mr. Charles Hubert Wilkerson of Harvey, Illinois, and Miss Opal Barton of Henderson were united in marriage at the home of the bride's mother here. Though their courtship continued over some three or four years, their marriage at this time came as a surprise to many. Mr. Wilkerson is an esteemed employe of the Illinois Central Railroad Company and has filled responsible positions at different offices along their line. Miss Barton has been
(Continued on page 4)

THE SKY-ROCKET

Published Monthly by the Students
of Freed-Hardeman College

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tember 10, 1913, at the postoffice, Hen-
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3, 1897.

Editor Virgil Hudkins
Associate Editor Minnie B. Reeves
Bus. and Cir. Mgr. Sims Kenner
Asst. Bus. Mgr. T. D. Brooks
Joke Editor Hugo McCord
Athletic Editor Ann Nichols
Society Editor Jerry Lawson
Religious Editor Clyde Corner
Local Editor Alline Hardeman
Exchange Editor Mable Hendricks
Alumni Editor D. D. Woody
Faculty Adviser Mrs. W. B. Powers
Society and class reporters will be
selected by the respective organizations.

LAYCOCK, JACKSON, TENN.

A FRIEND By J. D. Bursleson

No man is useless as long as he has a friend. A real friend doubles my possibilities and halves my difficulties.

"Our chief want in life," says Emerson, "is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is a service of a friend." He is my best friend who stimulates me to the highest thought, to do the noblest deed. He is my real friend who touches my life to the noblest purpose.

What is a friend? The first person that comes into my life when all others have gone out. What is the secret of your life?" asked Elizabeth Barrett Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make my life beautiful, too."

"I had a friend," was the response.

This writer would have lain down disheartened, long before he reached his goal had it not been for the stimulus an encouragement so kindly given him by a friend whose name the world has never known.

Have you ever been touched by one of these god-like personalities, one of those lofty minds which stir deeply the nobility of your soul, that make you feel that your life has been raised to manifold possibilities?

Yes, after communing with a noble, magnetic personality, a stimulating soul, you have felt magnetized by the contact, as a piece of iron becomes magnetized by touching a great steel magnet, and you have felt yourself enlarged and entranced under the spell that failed to wear off for days. These experiences never leave us.

Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier were great friends, and when Madame de Stael was dying she said to Madame Recamier, "All that is left of me embraces you."

When Garfield attended Williams College, he was fortunate enough to win the friendship of its president, Mark Hopkins. Years later, Garfield became president of the United States. Looking back over his boyhood days he said, "If I could be a boy again and have all the libraries and apparatus of a great university, with ordinary professors on one hand and on the other a great luminous, rich-souled man, such as Mark Hopkins was twenty-two years ago, even though in a tent in the woods, I'd say, 'Give me back

my friend, Dr. Hopkins."

Is not history full of examples of the effects of friendship on Character? The friendship of David and Jonathan looms high above their surrounding and brings out the best in both of those royal souls. Would Aquila and Priscilla ever have been heard of without the friendship of Paul to develop their ability? Could Cicero have been what he was without Athleticus?

No one but Xenophon will ever know the worth of Socrates' friendship to him. The friendship of Christ for Peter, James and John—the first trio that ever walked the shores of Galilee—enabled them to write their names high on the undying pages of fame.

Where would most of us be without our friends? Those who appreciate us, who help to build up instead of tear down our self-confidence, double our powers of accomplishment. In their presence we feel strong, equal to almost any task that may confront us.

The finest art in this world is knowing how to make a friend, and how to make one's self a friend to everybody else.

Ah, there is no other stimulator, pal, or joy-giver like a true friend. Well might Cicero say, "They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from my life."

Make friends and be a friend to everybody. There is no other heritage jeweled with such a joy. TRY IT.

F. H. C. TEAMS DEFEATED

The F. H. C. boys met with defeat here Monday night, Feb. 11, when they encountered the Lambuth Tossers.

Our boys fought until the last, but were unable to break through the strong defense of the visitors. The final score was 48-24.

Line-Ups:

Freeman	F.	Bowers
Hudkins	F.	White
Hodges	C.	Haley
Shand	G.	Walden
Williams	G.	Walker

Substitutions: F. H. C.—Hardin, Burton, Brooks, Doran.

Lambuth: Overall. Referee: Norville. Scorer: Pruitt. Timer—Hipp.

F. H. C. Girls Met With Defeat

The F. H. C. sextette were defeated by the Bethel Corporals on Monday night, Feb. 11, by a score of 25-9. The game was very slow and marred by fouls.

Miss Benton, F. H. C. forward and Miss Scarborough were the most outstanding players.

Line-up:

F. H. C.		
Reasons	F.	Scarborough
Benton	F.	Gallimore
Nichols	J-C	McClellan
McCaleb	R-C	McAdams
Lowrance	G.	Parnell
N. Ward	G.	Jowers

Substitutions: F. H. C.: Weaver for McCaleb; Hoover for Lowrance; Hendrix for Ward. Bethel—Fulghum for Gallimore; Gallimore for Fulghum; Cole for Jowers. Referee—McClellan.

Brother Brigance and Brother Hardeman drove to Friendship, February 12, to preach the funeral of Mrs. Bob Watson.

STRAY SHOTS From SOLOMON

Carping Critics

Stand at the church door Sunday morning and listen to some old skinflint, who never relieved a widow's sigh, wail his complaint about the churches "begging". Some empty headed flapper will lisp about the tiresomeness of this continual talk about sinful pleasure. Then an old roue, who would be ashamed to have his wife know where he spends three nights out of six, will turn up his nose at the vulgarity and rudeness of the preacher. The majority mean to live up to the preacher's teaching, but their foot does not leave the church steps until the good impressions and intentions are forgotten. There are people who accept every word of Solomon in regard to drink, cursing and meanness generally, but who still scorch their vitals with hooch, pollute their mouths with profanity and degrade their manhood with dishonorable practices. "Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man." Quit your meanness.

Quit Him.

No decent man will be associated in business with a man who is unprincipled or dishonest. The inevitable result is loss of self-respect and honor, and usually moral degeneration. Cases of a decent righteous man reforming an unscrupulous thieving partner are as rare as those of a chaste virtuous woman reclaiming a worthless, drunken man by marrying him, and the process is more dangerous. Better work in a drain at a dollar a day, and have a "conscience void of offense" than be "clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day," and know you ought to be wearing stripes. "Whoso is partner to a thief hateth his own soul."

Chasing Shadows

To see the number of people on the dead run for the dollar, you would not believe that the gold and silver question is a dead issue on the other side of the grave. Men work for the dollar, worry for it, starve for it, steal for it, kill for it, sell themselves body and soul to get it, and it slips from their fingers. Count the men who once were called successful, who drove fine equipages and lived in lordly mansions and who now wear seedy clothes and last year's hats. After all, when a man leaves behind only a fat wallet he has made a fizzle of life. Riches are not forever, "as he came forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return to go as he came and shall take nothing of his labor which he may carry away in his hand."

Grab Game.

The reason why the millennium seems so far off is that most people have their hands so full they can't make a left-handed effort to help their less fortunate fellows. They even snatch at passing chances with their teeth. Saint and sinner seem to vie with each other in a mad rush after money until we can almost spell creed with a

"g". "Better is a handful with quietness, than both hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." Woe to the man with hands so occupied that he cannot grip some poor sinking wretch or get in a body blow on some evil that threatens the common good. It is hard to say which is worse, the dodger who lies down in a dugout while 4.7 guns of the devil are pouring their hissing shrapnel into his comrades, or the hog-eyed, pot-bellied-ghoul who gathers loot amid the cries and groans of the dying and takes himself off to gloat over his success.

Dangerous Models

The world worships success and half the time is not particular as to how it is attained. At the same time, with this modern devil-worship, there is ever a lingering consciousness on the part of the worshipper of the hideousness of the object adored. There are few who fall at the feet of the world's scoundrels who do not recognize in their foul features the lineaments of the Emperor of Hell. When you are looking for a hero eschew pot-metal gods that embody the lowest instincts of those whom God originally made in his own image.

If you want to know whether a man is worthy of emulation draw a little closer to the pedestal. Be careful of your ideals. Before you make your cast get a man for your subject or you may perpetuate the features of a thing of a devil.

The Board of Trustees of F. H. C. had a good meeting here Thursday, February 14. The results of the meeting will be announced in the forth-coming school bulletin.

JOKES

E. D. Brigance to Algebra Class: "Now watch the board and I'll go through it again."

Nathan: Do you know that your dog bit my mother-in-law yesterday?

Clyde: No, is that so? Well, I suppose you will sue me for damages.

Nathan: Not at all, What will you take for the dog?

Bob Winn: Elton, did I ever bring back your fountain pen you lent me last week?

Elton: No, you did not.

Bob: I'm sorry, for I wanted to borrow it again.

The Saxophone is the only instrument that sounds as well while you are learning to play it, as it does afterwards.

Sims: "I love you more than words can tell."

Ailene: Well, there are other ways.

Father: (To young suitor) Why Young man, you couldn't even dress her.

Jimmie: Zat so? Well it wont take me long to learn.

(Patronize our Advertisers)

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A LETTER TO ALL FORMER STUDENTS

Note: The following is a copy of the letter that is being sent to all the alumni that can be located. It is self-explanatory; read it and help us in this work. Dear Alumnus:

Knowing of your interest in your Alma Mater, we take pleasure in informing you of some matters. The enrollment for this year has exceeded that of the past several years. Since many of you were here both in the high school and collegiate departments have been put on fully accredited bases. The former is fully recognized by the State Department of Education while the latter is a member of the Tennessee Association of Colleges, the American Association of Junior Colleges, and we are about qualified for membership in the Southern Association of Colleges. The library has been greatly enlarged. Through the aid of a few of the alumni, considerable improvements were made on the laboratories last year, but more needs to be done. The number of the faculty has been increased. We will soon have a boys' dormitory completed. By the opening next fall a common dining hall and gymnasium will be built. Work will begin at once on an athletic field, which the town is donating. Some new improvements on the administration building are being planned. We had a successful summer school last summer and have prospects of a better one this year. The school is planning to publish the first annual in its history this year.

For some reason, unexplained, there had been no attempt to organize an alumni association, so far as we know, in the history of the school till the summer of 1926. The senior class of that year formed a loose organization to keep in touch with each other. In the strict sense, it was not an alumni association. May 28, 1927, during Commencement about twenty-five former students, representing the classes of four different years met and organized the first Alumni Association of Freed-Hardeman College. It was unanimously voted that each member contribute five dollars, or more, to the school during the coming year. The members succeeded in raising \$222.50 of which \$220.00 was donated to help buy some much-needed laboratory equipment. The membership was limited to those who had graduated from the collegiate department within the three preceding years. Other students became interested in the work we were doing and wanted to have a part in it. So at the last meeting of the organization, May 24, 1928, it was decided to extend the privilege of membership to all former students regardless of whether they had graduated or not, this being the general practice among colleges today.

A loyal and well organized alumni is essential to the growth and welfare of any school. All schools have them. The schools rely on alumni for one thing. The university estimates per cent of its income upon the contributions of its alumni.

ni. Some large private endowed schools place the estimate as high as seventy-five per cent. That being true how much more do we need to rally to the support of our own school!

This letter is a special personal invitation for you to become a member of the Alumni Association of Freed-Hardeman College. Many reasons might be given why you should become a member but only a few will be suggested. First, your Alma Mater needs your support. Second, every alumnus owes a debt of loyal support to his Alma Mater. Third, the school has helped you; now is an opportunity to show your gratitude. Fourth, your Alma Mater is worthy of your support: Its aims and policies are of the highest type; all funds entrusted to her have been wisely used. Fifth, you will be kept in touch with the school. Sixth, you will be able to keep up with many former students and classmates that would not otherwise.

Our objectives are to try to increase the enrollment of the student body. To help old students to keep in touch with each other. To help keep the fires of loyalty burning. And to help what we can at times in a financial way. To defray corresponding expenses and to provide entertainment at home-coming we have a general membership fee of one dollar per year. In addition to that we are asking each member to contribute five dollars, or more, if he feels able, to help pay for some much needed laboratory supplies this year. To each one who contributes to this fund a financial report will be sent about the close of the school year. Be sure that your name appears on this list. If you are not in position to send us this immediately let us know when we may expect it. You will never miss this small sum but it will mean much to the school. You can help us greatly in another way with no expense to yourself. That is, by sending us all the names and addresses of former students you know. We are trying to reach every old student possible and to find them is the greatest task. Send us some names. Do not neglect it.

Please be sure to let us hear from you soon. If you are interested in the work we want to know it. If you are not let us know so that we may not worry you with future letters. We are counting on you; your name is on the list we have selected as the best prospective members. Do not disappoint us. Do not neglect to let us hear from you.

A larger Alumni Association means a greater Alma Mater.

Yours for service,
D. D. Woody, Pres.
J. R. Endsley, Sec.

GOLF

What is this Golf?

Golf is a form of work made expensive enough for a man to enjoy it. It is a physical and mental exertion made attractive by the fact that you have to dress for it in a \$200,000 club. It is what letter-carrying, ditch-digging, and carpet-beating would be if those tasks had

to be performed on the same hot afternoon in short pants and colored socks by gentlemen who required a different implement for every mood.

Golf is the simplest-looking game in the world when you decide to take it up, and the toughest-looking after you have been at it ten or twelve years.

It is probably the only known game a man can play as long as a quarter of a century and then discover that it was too deep for him in the first place.

The game is played on carefully selected grass with little white balls and as many clubs as the player can afford. These little balls cost from 75c to \$25, and it is possible to support a family of ten people (all adults) for five months on the money represented by the balls lost by some golfers in one afternoon.

A golf course has eighteen holes, seventeen of which are unnecessary and put in to make the game harder. A "hole" is a tin cup in the center of a "green." A "green" is a small parcel of grass, costing about \$1.98 a blade and usually located between a brook and a couple of apple-trees, or a lot of unfinished excavation.

The ball must not be thrown, pushed or carried. It must be propelled by about \$200 worth of curious looking implements, especially designed to provoke the owner.

Each implement has a specific purpose and ultimately some golfers get to know what that purpose is. They are the exceptions.

After each hole has been completed the golfer counts his strokes. Then he subtracts six and says, "Made that in five. That's one above par."

Mr. Warner Perkins, of Tusculum, F. H. C. alumnus and brother of Douglass Perkins, spent the week end here February 9 and 10.

Brother and Sister Hardeman drove to Memphis, Dyersburg and Tiptonville last week-end. Brother Hardeman preaching at Tiptonville the 10th.

"LIFE AND DEATH."

So he died for his faith. That is fine,

More than most of us do,
But say, can you add to that line

That he lived for it too?
In his death he bore witness at last

As a martyr to the truth.
Did his life do the same in the past,

From the days of his youth?
It is easy to die. Men have died for a wish or a whim—

From bravado or passion or pride,

Was it harder for him?
But to live—every day to live out

All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct

With doubt, and the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,

Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived

Never mind how he died.
By E. Crosby.

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HAVE YOU SEEN THOSE RINGS

(Continued from page 1)

mit at least that the senior class has good taste. Will Shakespeare was a wise old bird, and he undoubtedly said a mouthful when he said, "The apparel oft proclaims the man." You even notice a different look on their faces. A little bit of jewelry sure does make a whole lot of difference! The pins and rings were a little late in coming, but we're here to say they are worth waiting for.

It might be added that the emblem selected by the '29 seniors is to be the standard emblem for the school henceforth. From now on, you can tell the F. H. C. alumni when you see them.

FORMER STUDENTS WED

(Continued from page 1)

librarian for the city high school here and a teacher of expression for the past few years. Mr. Wilkerson was reared near Lawrenceburg, Tenn., while Miss Barton is a native of Henderson and from one of its highly respected families. The wedding ceremony was said by Prof. J. R. Endsley, a former schoolmate of both. Immediately after the ceremony they left for Harvey, Ill., where they will make their home. Wherever they go they carry our sincerest wishes for their success and happiness.

DRAMATIC CLUB

PRESENTS GREAT DRAMA

(Continued from page 1)

Act 3—The same. 1919.

Stage managers—James Williams and Joel Anderson.

Costumes and properties—Alline Hardeman.

Book Holder—LaNelle Stovall.

Despite the very unfavorable weather conditions a good crowd attended the play. The players showed excellent training and fine work.

PHILCO GIRLS

ENTERTAIN BOYS

(Continued from page 1)

"Full many a flower was born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Don't know though . . . I shouldn't be at all surprised if Nita Floyd succeeds Ella Cinders as the feminine Will Rogers! "By the way," as if the program wasn't enough, there was an added attraction—refreshments in the form of candy. It is understood that "a good time was had by all," and the girls dare the boys to put on a better show!

F. H. C. DOWNS

JACKSON HIGH

(Continued from page 1)

Lambuth—Blanks, Walker, Baughn, Johnson.

Referee—Ray: Time-keeper, Massey: Scorer, Clark.

Girls Lose

F. H. C. girls lost to the College tossers here Monday January 21. Our

girls were unable to withstand the fast passing attack of the visitors, scoring only two points in the first half. The final score was 21-11.

Line-Up:

F. H. C.	Pos.	Bethel
Reasons	F.	Jowers
Weaver	F.	Parnell
Nichols	C.	McAdams
McCaleb	C.	McLean
Lowrance	G.	Gallimore
Ward	G.	Scarborough

Subs: F. H. C.: Benton, Hendrix; Referee, Kiser;

Timer: Pruitt; Scorer: Stovall.

SERVICE AS IT SHOULD BE

The swankier apartment hotels are now advertising super-service which includes catering for dinner parties, watching the baby of an evening, and getting the children off to school. We suggest that this thing might go a lot further:

Scene: The living room of Mrs. Harrington Osgood's twenty-ninth story apartment in the new Brandy-Hollender apartment hotel. Mrs. Osgood is discovered in conference with Esterbrook, the ace of the Brandy-Hollender's bonded staff.

Mrs. Osgood: And you have arranged for the evening?

Esterbrook: Yes, madame, a small dinner for eight.

Mrs. Osgood: How exciting! Do tell me whom you have asked.

Esterbrook: Well, first of all there are the Hinkleys.

Mrs. Osgood: Splendid!

Esterbrook: And the Carters.

The Carter Carters, that is.

Mrs. Osgood: I don't believe I know them.

Esterbrook: Charming people, madame, charming people. I'm sure you'll like them.

Mrs. Osgood: And of course, old Mr. Wellington.

Esterbrook: At the same dinner with the Carters! You are jesting?

Mrs. Osgood: Why, no! I—

Esterbrook: Ah I'm afraid not.

No no. It couldn't be. After that incident on the Aquitania, you know. Of course Mr. Wellington is getting along in years, but he has always been inclined to be a trifle—just a trifle—you understand?

Mrs. Osgood: I think I do. You can tell me the whole story some time.

Esterbrook: And to complete the party there is that charming Clark girl and Mr. Peabody. So nice to have one younger couple, I thought. Of course you know that they are as good as—

Mrs. Osgood: Clever of you, Esterbrook! Clever! Really you are perfect. I couldn't have done half so well myself. And of course you've planned the dinner perfectly. Duckling for the roast, I trust. Mr. Osgood is so fond—Why, Esterbrook, what is the matter?

Esterbrook: Duckling? Duckling for the Carters—after that?

Mrs. Osgood: For heaven's sake, after what?

Esterbrook: Do you know what the Carters are worth today?

Mrs. Osgood: No.

Esterbrook: A quarter of a million. Do you know what they were worth seven years ago?

Mrs. Osgood: "I'm sorry, Esterbrook, but I don't."

Esterbrook: A cool twenty-five million. Do you know what did it? Duck did it. Mr. Carter would have been a pauper if he hadn't got out of duck before the final crash came.

Mrs. Osgood: Esterbrook, you know everything. We shan't have duckling.

Esterbrook: (Cooly) You may be sure of that, madame.—

Here are the theatre tickets

Esterbrook: Well, I must confess it was a problem. Personally, I favored a musical play. But the Hinkleys have seen "Rio Rita" and "Hit the Deck." Miss Clark has seen "A Night in Spain" twice. Mr. Carter's been to "Manhattan Mary," Mrs. Carter to the "Desert Song," and they've all seen "Peggy-Ann." That left the "Follies" as a possible choice, but Mr. Hinkley, as you no doubt know, simply cannot stand Eddie Cantor and as he's almost the whole show—. It was almost as hard with the straight plays. You've all seen "Broadway" and "Saturday's Children." "The Spider" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan" are out, Mrs. Carter being death on melodrama and the others being uncertain. These tickets are for "The Letter" with Catherine Cornell. I took the precaution of viewing it last night and recommend it unhesitatingly. No less a critic than—

Mrs. Osgood: Esterbrook. You need not go on. I'm sure we'll like it. But, aren't these a little far back? Row J?

Esterbrook: Mr. Peabody being so near sighted? I think not—And may I remind you again that dinner will be served at seven. Mrs. Carter, you knock, is a crank on arriving at the theatre on time—Cocktails? Yes—for five. Parke Cummings in New Yorker.

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