

HOT-DOGS HILL PARAGRAPH

Boys Entertain F. H. C. Girls

As daylight faded and the moon came up Monday the fourteenth, the Freed-Hardeman boys greeted as their guests the girls. Down in the athletic field, in place of the familiar tennis net and baseball regalia, wood-fires were crackling, long forked sticks were ready and interesting baskets of supplies near by. The hosts and guests rushed to the attack; the armor was taken up, the weiners were captured and passed through the fiery ordeal. Then surrounded by a guard of buns and pickles, they were dispatched with great gusto and speed. Weiner followed weiner in the onslaught and then that course was done, soft snowy marshmallows replaced them. Picture the eager faces, the burned fingers, and tongues, the disappearing confection!

And even then the party wasn't over, two big circles were formed and the crisp October night was filled with merry shouts and much commotion resulting from the games of various kinds from "dropping the handkerchief" to "Lemonade." Bro. Endsley was the victim of many falls. The fun went on in high gear until nine, when the crowd dispersed, well-fed and happy.

JUNIORS ORGANIZE

Class Officials Elected

The first year college class met in room F. October 4, for the purpose of organizing. We have the largest class in school, and our object is to make it the best. The following officers were elected:

President ----- Hugo McCord
Vice-President --- Arnett Dreden
Secretary --- Christine Lowrance
Treasurer ----- Douglas Perkins
Sponsor ----- D. D. Woody

A Committee of three was appointed, with Ruth Boswell as chairman, to make plans for some social events for the coming year.

Do business problems worry you, or are you a golfer?

Unquenchable optimism seems to be one of God's gifts to fools.

School's Greatest Contributor Dies

SKY-ROCKET STAFF AP- POINTED

Improvements Suggested For
Its Success

On Tuesday, Oct. 8, the Sky-Rocket Staff was announced by the faculty and subjected to the ratification of the students. Editor-in-chief, Rubye Lindsey, who was selected has attended Freed-Hardeman College all of her school-days, with a fine record in scholarship and attendance throughout. Under her guidance it expects to improve the Sky-Rocket. It has been suggested that many items of interest will be added. It is proposed to have permanent column headings and designs for the several departments connected with this school. The staff has had little time as yet to organize itself and arrange all matters previous to this issue, but with the co-operation of the staff and students our paper is destined to be a very successful publication.

STUDENTS AD- DRESSED BY HALL AND KEEBLE

Brother Samuel Hall who is a fine writer and efficient minister from Nashville, Tenn., spoke to the student body and town friends at chapel on Wednesday, the 15th of October. Brother Hall's remarks were titled "God's Man," centering his points around the scripture which says, "Be thou strong therefore and show thyself a man," by David to his son Solomon just before his death. "The qualities," said Brother Hall, "of a good man are strength, character, and backbone, and the man who does not give up after many failures but keeps on try- (Continued on page 8)

Bro. Hardeman Attends Funeral

"Paul R. Gray, 62 years old, president of the Gray Estates Company and a leader in Detroit's business and civic life, died suddenly early yesterday at Harwichport, Mass., where his Cape Cod summer home is located."

"The son of John Simpson Gray, one of the Ford Motor company's original stockholders, Mr. Gray won a place for himself in the city's business circles without the aid of his father's wealth, which he inherited in 1906. Succeeding to the presidency of the Gray, Toynton, & Fox Confectionery Manufacturing Firm, Mr. Gray became its general manager and was instrumental in bringing it to the fore as one of Detroit's leading business institutions."

"Mr. Gray also became president of the Gray Estates company, a Director of the Griswold First State bank and a director in several real-estate firms and other companies. Despite the multiplicity of his business interest, however, he found time for civic enterprises. For 12 years, Mr. Gray was a member of the Detroit library commission and for a time he was a member of the Detroit Symphony orchestra's board of directors. In earlier life he served with the Michigan Naval reserve and received an honorable discharge at the end of a three-year enlistment. He was also prominent among donors to the Detroit Community fund and other charities."

"Born in Detroit, July 24, 1867, Mr. Gray was one of the three sons of John Simpson and Anna Hayward Gray. He had one sister, Mrs. William R. Kales. After attending the Detroit public schools, Mr. Gray went to the University of Michigan where he was graduated in 1890 with an A. B. degree."

"Mr. Gray was a member of Psi Upsilon fraternity, the Detroit club, the Detroit Athletic club, the University Club, the Detroit country club, the De- (Continued on page 8)

THE SHILOH PILGRIMAGE

Shiloh Church To Serve Lunch

By the time the Sky-Rocket goes to press arrangements for our annual visit to Shiloh National Military Park will be complete. This trip is a most interesting one and is a regular feature of Freed-Hardeman educational program. The battle of Shiloh, one of the critical points of the Civil War, has clothed the banks of the Tennessee River at Pittsburg Landing with an intense historical interest. Relics and traditions abound. The National Cemetery, the "Hornet's nest," "Bloody Pond," the Albert S. Johnson tree, the Magnificent Monuments, will be viewed and studied. The sightseers will enjoy the hospitality of the Shiloh Church of Christ whose good ladies have generously invited the student body to be their guests for the noon meal on the day of the pilgrimage. Buses and private cars will convey the students to the battle-ground—only an hours' pleasant drive from Henderson—over a road through fertile river bottom, by the massive Savannah bridge, now under construction, and in sight of the beautiful winding, Tennessee River.

SIGMA RHO SOCIETY

The Sigma Rho Society elected officers last Monday for the coming month. Bro. Maner was elected president to direct us in the work for the coming month. Bro. Heffington, our former president, set a high standard by which to be guided.

We feel sure that we have splendid talent in many lines as has been manifested in our programs thus far. We believe that no other society has in it better material than has ours.

Keep your eyes on the Sigma Rho and see it lead,

Yours for a better society,
Reporter.

Being sick is twice as depressing if your ailment has an ugly name.

That they may have a little peace, even the best dogs are compelled to snarl occasionally.

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LOCALS

Normine Ward went to Lexington October 10.

Lloyd James spent the week-end October 5-7 in Memphis.

Mr. Oliver Jones was a visitor in Chapel October 9.

Zilpha Hopkins spent the week-end of October 5-7 at her home in Miss.

Bro. Rivenbark and Miss Pearl Pratt made a business trip to Jackson October 17.

Prof. N. B. Hardeman attended the funeral of Paul R. Gray in Detroit September 30th

Anne Nichols spent the week-end of October 5-7 in Alamowith her parents.

Martha Neal Riddick spent the week-end October 5-7 with Miss Elsie Files, at Union University.

Miss Lois Henderson had as her guests Miss Martha Canfield and Mr. Charles A. Smith, Jr., of Memphis, Tennessee the week-end of October 5.

Misses Lois Henderson and Miss Sue McBride spent the week-end of October 5-7 in Memphis with Miss Henderson's parents.

Paul Henderson and George McCormick were in Brownsville, October 6-7.

L. E. Hackworth spent the week-end of October 5-7 in Sheffield, Ala., with homefolks.

Bro. L. L. Brigrance preached in Bruceton, Sunday October 13.

Byron Tucker, of Paducah, spent Thursday, October 10, with his brother Buford, here.

Harlan Thomas was in Selmer the week-end of October 6.

Bro. Hardeman had a very successful meeting in Lexington, Tenn., concluded October 10, and is now engaged in holding a meeting for the church at Selmer.

Misses Lula Allen, Ruby Caldwell, Pearl Winstead and Mrs. C. M. Foy were in Jackson as shoppers, Monday, October 17.

Misses La Nell Stovall, Christine Lowrance, Jasper Hardeman, Worley Ward, and Nell Ledbetter were Jackson shoppers, October 17.

Quite a number of students are attending Bro. Hardeman's meeting in Selmer.

Nell Stricklin recently accepted a position in Nashville.

Misses Pearl and Montez Winstead spent the week-end, October 12-14 in Martin, Tenn.

Bro. Hardeman preached two sermons Sunday October 13, dedicating the new church of Christ in St. Louis, Mo.

Nell Stricklin recently accepted Monday October 13-14 in St. Louis.

JOKES

Douglas—"I'll tell you, dad, Areta is a bright girl. She has brains enough for two."

Mr. Perkins—"Then she's the very girl for you, my boy."

Mrs. Brigrance—"My husband has had dyspepsia dreadfully lately."

Mrs. Woody—"I'm so sorry, but I had no idea you were without a cook."

Doctor—"Have you any organic trouble?"

Bro. Hardeman—"No, sir, I'm not a bit musical."

A gum-chewing girl
A cud-chewing cow
There is some difference
I must allow.

What is the difference?
I have it now!
The thoughtful expression
On the face of the cow!

Bro. Woody—"How are you?"
Bro. Rivenbark—"Oh, I'm about even with this world."
Bro. Woody—"How's that?"
Bro. Rivenbark—"I figure that I owe about as many people as I don't owe."

"Your father is an old crank," said Elam, who was told by her father that it was time to go. Her father overheard the remark. "A crank is necessary in case of the lack of a self-starter," he retorted.

Alton—"Kind to animals?"
Buford—"Why, I should say so, when he found the cat insisted on sleeping in the coal-bin he immediately ordered a ton of soft coal."

Mack—"Oh, doctor, I feel funny inside."

Doctor—"What have you been eating?"

Mack—"That's the trouble doctor. I ain't had nothing to eat for a week could you spare a copper?"

A single fact will often spoil an interesting argument.

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES

We have been studying the Bible quite a bit lately, and hope to be able to tell people what is in it when we get through. About thirty-four classes meet each week to study the Bible. All of us should make it convenient to be in one or more of these classes each day. We can never expect to know what God has in store for us if we do not study and try to find out. If we read the Bible enough we will come to a verse where Paul told a young man to study. (2 Tim. 2:15) If Timothy was told to study, what do we need to do? There is no doubt that we need the same thing.

Some very interesting talks have been presented in Chapel by the teachers of the different departments. Bible subjects have been the main line of discussion and have been profitable. In fact the real worth of these exercises will not be made known until in the "Sweet by and by." The students who are not present at these exercises miss a great opportunity. We insist that all students be present at these Chapel meetings and receive their share of the blessings.

We are glad to announce that the Bible Society is being organized and will be active within a few days. We are looking forward to a big time and some sharp clashes in debate, along with other things of interest.

Bro. James White, our beloved Indian brother, spoke for us on Sunday morning and evening, September 29th. Sunday morning the sermon was on Inspirational things, Namely: "The True Church." Sunday evening was devoted to his travels and experiences among the Indians during this summer vacation period. He presented the report in an interesting manner and it did us all good to know that he has been working faithfully among his race and intends to continue his efforts in that great field, which is "ripe unto harvest."

The first month has passed and several of the young preachers are beginning to make appointments for future work with congregations in this part of the country. The work is a great one and we should all keep busy expounding the way of the Lord.

Nowadays people apologize if they own only one automobile.

If you wear a vest what's the sense of buying four-dollar neckties?

F. H. C. STUDENTS
EXPRESSES SENTIMENTS

Surprising, but it's true; we have poets in school, real poem producers. Messrs. Henderson and Hackworth, residing in Gray's Hall, are "it". Below we give samples of the ability of both. If you like them, inform the staff and we'll ask the gentlemen to give us more of their artistic production.

Incidentally, they are room-mates. —Significant?

THAT'S THE WAY I AM

If I think a thing, I just
Have to say the thing, I must.
That's the way I am.
Though it chances to offend,
I must be a candid friend.
That's the way I am.
If I think you're looking ill,
I will tell you, yes I will,
Though it makes you sicker
still
That's the way I am.

I am not a coward; no,
I am frank where'er I go.
That's the way I am.
I tell you very clearly that
I'm appalled by your new hat,
That's the way I am.
Yes, if you are looking worse
Than any victim for a hearse
I tell you, I am not averse
That's the way I am.

I detest hypocrisy;
Falsehood's alien to me,
That's the way I am.
Hence it is my mission to,
I'll reform the world and you
That's the way I am.
If you think that I awaken
Victim of this stand, very
lonesome and forsaken—
That's the way I am.
—James Paul Henderson.

I'VE ALWAYS

I've always had a hankering for
studying,
When study I am told to do.
I've had a hankering for learn-
ing.
When learning there is to do.

I've never wanted to raise a
racket in the halls
For I know it's against the
teacher's rule
I've never wanted to raise a
racket a'tall
Especially when I'm in a school.

I've always wanted to do the
thing I'm told
And always when I'm told.
I've always wanted to be my
classmate's friend,
And keep myself on the honor
roll.

I've always tried my level best
To keep myself out of any
trouble.

I've always believed if your
mind is on your books,
Your name will swell as quickly
as a bubble.

—Lo Edward Hackworth

Bro. Stockard—"I'm a self-
made man."

Bro. Woody—"You knocked
off work too soon."

L. L. Brigrance—"Well, I'd be
ashamed if I had as bald a head
as you. Look at my head of
hair."

E. D. Brigrance—"I just want
to ask you one question."

L. L. Brigrance—"Yes?"

E. D. Brigrance—"Did you
ever see grass growing on a
busy street?"

He, "will you marry me, my
pretty maid?" "How many
cylinders has your automobile,
sir?" she said.

Haven't you found that the
quick, glad borrowers are slow,
sad payers?

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Mrs. Maner—"So your son's
in college, eh?" burning the mid-
night oil?"

Mrs. Gerrard—"Well—er—
yer—er mid-night gas I guess.

"She says her husband can't
keep her in pin money."

"I know, but she buys
diamond pins."

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THE SKY-ROCKET

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LAYCOCK, JACKSON, TENN.

EDITORIAL

WHO SAID SO?

One of the greatest components of wisdom is obedience. It is said that when one has learned to be obedient to both his individual will and the will of others; he is well on his way to success. If one will call to mind all the great men whom he has read about or met, he will find that before any of them were able to gain renown; they had to cultivate their will-power by making themselves obedient under all circumstances. Remember how Theodore Roosevelt had to struggle to gain the position that he finally attained. How Herbert Hoover had little backing as a young man? And how Alfred Smith, his opponent, as a lad peddled papers in New York to gain his start? Is it not probable that these men of world-wide fame had to struggle to make their wills obedient unto themselves? The answer is undoubtedly in the affirmative. Every mortal that was ever on the earth had to conquer his will almost everyday that he lived.

As a matter of training for later responsibilities and realities, and that all may be done decently and in order; Brother Hardeman, and other faculty members have proposed rules of obedience to be practiced in the school building, on the campus, and in the dormitories. They are sensible, moderate, reasonable, and as such are worthy of our deepest respect and strictest observance.

A court house in Massachusetts has on its side these words: "Obedience to law is liberty." The principle is significant. The more faithfully we obey, the more latitude we shall be granted. To him that hath—and profiteth by what he hath—more shall be given. Let's stand by our school, by its traditions, its ideals and its rules.

WHO WILL SOLVE IT?

There are always some problems that are very difficult to solve. If one has ever had an algebra problem dealing with two unknowns and fractional equations, then it is probable that he has had trouble at least in a mathematical sense. But mathematical difficulties are not the largest ones that we have to contend with in the world.

At Freed-Hardeman College there is one problem that neither the faculty nor the students have solved satisfactorily, and it is of major importance. Where shall the students meet for their weekly social hour and at what time is it most appropriate for this function? Thus far, it remains a puzzle and is not definitely arranged. Nevertheless, it must be settled to suit the majority of students, since it is impossible to please all. After the lobby of the boy's dormitory is furnished with the splendid furniture that has been purchased for it, then it might be possible to have the students use the lobbies and porches of both dormitories for about two hours on Sunday afternoon. Of course, boys, it is well to remember that this will not mean that the girls will have to make the dates if they want to come to the boy's dormitory, because it will not be leap year until January, 1932.

There is yet another suggestion—suppose the campus west of the administration building and north of the girl's dormitory is enclosed in glass and heated for the winter, and then on the terraces might be placed several "chute-the-chutes." How does that suit? Well, regardless of that, it is a problem to think about, as Brother Hardeman has already stated. Give the question a few spare moments of thought.

BE ON TIME!

Do you realize that a good number of us are tardy every day? Do you happen to be among this number? There are very few reasons for being tardy and in eight cases out of ten it is merely a habit. It isn't because one sleeps later or has work to do, but that he does not care whether he gets to school on time or not. He says "well, I don't care whether I get there in time for chapel or not. I can start in tomorrow and get there on time." Maybe it doesn't matter so much that day but the chances are that something—be it only a word of value is missed and undoubtedly the tardy habit has added another

link to the chain with which it binds the will.

Habits are hard to leave off and if you don't begin now, later in life the task will be harder. If you practice being tardy now, you will do the same in the commercial world.

In business, employees are dismissed for being late more than perhaps for any other reason. Do not be a sluggard but as one who is prompt and who is always at the right place at the right time. It is not necessary to be late. So much is lost by tardiness—a good beginning, part of the lesson, the class's respect, one's own self-esteem—and so much is gained by promptness—a better grasp of the lesson, improvement in grades, and invaluable habit.

A stylish-stout is grateful for anything that ruins her appetite—even bad news.

Is any feeling finer than that which comes from doing a hard job particularly well?

Some people never appreciate the convenience of modern devices and systems.

The poor man who can least afford to lay off work to deliver a signed paper to a public utility corporation or a lawyer seems unable to learn that he could slip the paper or the application in an envelope, affix a two-cent stamp, and have it delivered by the government.

Today I observed a barber make preparations to deliver an application for gas service. He was as nervous as a bridegroom. In his absence from the shop he probably lost a dollar or two in trade.

There is really very little business that cannot be transacted by mail or telephone, if one maintains a checking account at the bank. Goods can be ordered, bills paid, sales solicited, complaints registered, compliments bestowed. A cripple, unable to walk, could conduct a dynamic business.

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"FROM THE PHILOS"**Henderson Features in Chapel Program**

On Saturday, Morning, the fifth of October, the student body and faculty were entertained by a program from the Philomathean Society. The regular song was led by Herman Gore. The scripture reading and prayer were said by Hugo McCord. After that Paul Henderson gave a most fascinating and vivid account of his travels to various parts of the world, and brief descriptions of the high places that he visited in Europe. The last number on the program was a piano solo by Miss Montez Winstead. We have had the privilege and honor of giving the first student-program of the year.

The society is progressing steadily. New interest and enthusiasm are being manifested weekly. All members try to do their part and so far we have not had any to say, "Mr. Chairman, I'm sorry but I can't give the number I'm supposed to." We are discovering that our new members have talent of different natures and we are proud of all of them.

**F. H. C. PROFESSOR
CONFESSES TO
DOUBLE MURDER**

Foul Play Suspected

In our own F. H. C. we have a murderer, a confessed killer. Prof. E. D. Brigance, prominent in mathematical affairs at Freed-Hardeman, has turned aside and been trapped by the wily and subtle tricks of His Satanic Majesty. The aforementioned faculty member has given a complete and unreserved confession of the gruesome act—a double killing.

It happened in an automobile garage. According to his confession, late at night—when remaining Henderson was revealing in silent slumber—he swiftly and purposefully made a silent path to a garage (he requests we withhold the owner of the car-shed). Entering with no show of nervousness and with complete self-confidence, he immediately began the prosecution of his premeditated evil plan. Two persons were present—a man and woman. Without hesitation the professor began his awful deed by unmercifully choking, strangling, the unresisting and undefended woman. She gasped several times, but on went the terrible deed, the hardened teacher showing no kind-

ness. He choked and choked; finally, a last sound was uttered; the woman was dead. Prof. Brigance instantly turned upon the man, who had calmly stood by, watching the first crime. With the same tactics, the man was attacked—and so great and strong was the professor that he was from the first in complete control. He slowly choked the man, who resisted little more than did the weaker of the sexes—at length, a low, guttural sound was heard, and the man, too, gave up the fight in death. The gruesome double-murder was committed. Bro. Brigance, in his statement, states he is not sorry nor penitent in the least; also, he says he was not influenced to murder by other parties, but that he had personally and privately planned this act, believing it to be to his interest to commit the deed.

We forgot to mention in the above that those who were so cruelly choked, suffered not at all. The woman was Miss Elizabeth Ford (a product of Ford Motor Car Company) and the other victim was a Mr. Dodge (sold by the Dodge Brothers Motor Car Company). Bro. Brigance had been sent to kill the engines of these cars, which the owner had left running.

**BASKETEERS PLAN
UNIFORMS**

**Practice Expected To Begin
About The Middle Of The
Month**

On October 8th, the girls of Freed-Hardeman College who were interested in basket ball were called for a meeting with Brother Woody presiding. The purpose of this meeting was to discuss new uniforms for the basket ball season. The schedule too was discussed.

Miss Pearl Winstead who is the coach, appointed the following committee to select the uniforms: Misses Anne Nichols, Martha Neal Riddick and Christine Lowrance.

The following Wednesday, October 9th, the boys were called for a meeting in order to select their uniforms. Brother Woody presided over this meeting also. A committee was selected consisting of Stoy Pate, James Williams, and Carl Droke to select their uniforms.

Practice is expected to begin about the middle of the month and there is indication of unusually strong teams for this year with the co-operation of the student body they are certain to have great success.

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SLEEPING BEAUTY MODERNIZED

In a palace secure on a dark blue hill —

A lovely, bright Princess slept,
And billowed about with fleecy clouds,

The moonlight down over her crept.

Once a Fairy came by its still pale glow—

And sat by her side and wept.

She tickled her nose with a gossamer breeze,

And flickered her face with dew.
But the Princess never opened an eye—

(She's slept her whole life through.)

So the Fairy mounted her fire fly—though

She didn't know what to do.

I'll find a Prince who will climb that hill

On a dashing and charging steed—

She'll wake for a Prince—at least I can try!

(It's the way the story-books read.)

I'll see if there isn't some fanciful youth

Who'll relish this fanciful deed.

So out in a grim and hard-boiled world,

She scurried about in vain.
No Prince to her taste did she manage to find—

For what could she offer as gain?

"I can't ride a swift horse—said the youth of today—

And give me a wide-awake jane."

Then the poor Fairy learned (to her lasting regret)

That beauty's no longer the prize.

"Can she dance? Can she swim?
What's her line and her speed?

Will she pet? every lad of them cries—

She must be a dumb-bell to slumber away—

My girl never closes her eyes."

Then the Fairy returned to her house on the hill

And the world hasn't seen her since.

And Romance is scorned, while the Hard Facts of Life

Are sought for with never a wince.

But the Princess still sleeps under smiling moonbeams—

Awaiting her Old-Fashioned Prince.

Some people go through life touching red hot poker to see if they will get burned.

'Twixt a glutton and a starving man

There's a difference rather neat.
The first is one who eats too long

While the other longs to eat.

Bro. Roland—"Is there any connection between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?"

Carl—"Yes, Sir, Hash."

Joel—"How did Bro. Rivenbark happen to fall down stairs?"

James—"Why, Miss Pearl said, 'Now, Joe, be careful,' and as he is not the man to be dictated to by a woman, down the stairs he went.

Bro. Roland—"Why is your wife looking so happy?"

Bro. Woody—"She's got something to worry about again."

An Irishman, mourning his wife, remarked: "She was a good woman. She always hit me wid the soft end of the broom."

Mrs. Thompson — "These apartments are entirely too dark."

Nathan—"They are no darker than the average."

Mrs. Thompson—"Yes, but we want to do light house-keeping."

Leon—"Did your late uncle remember you when he made his will?"

Howard—"I guess so — for he left me out."

It is easy enough to be happy
When life is a bright, rosy wreath,

But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When the dentist is filling his teeth.

"John," asked Mrs. Powers, "What is a synonym?"

"A synonym," said John, "is the word you use when you can't spell the other."

Mrs. Powers — "Christine, what is the highest form of animal life?"

Christine—"The giraffe."

In the parlor there were three
She, the parlor-lamp and he,

Two is a company, no doubt
So the little lamp went out.

ESKIMO PAPA — "Great Scott, Mabel—is that Sheik gonna stay all night? He's been here two months already!"—Life.

It was a dark night and a traveler was lost. Presently he saw a sign on a post by the side of the road. He walked over to it, and struck a match to have a look. It read: "Wet Paint."

Arch Optimist: "The movie fan who started studying Swedish because some day he hoped to marry Greta Garbo.—Life.

There was a young fellow named Sid,

Who kissed a girl on the eyelid,
She said, look here, young lad,
I think your aim is pretty bad,
You should practice awhile, so he did.

Speaking of dumbness, there's the Co-ed who is so dumb she thinks "It" is a pronoun.

The rain is raining all around:
It rains on roads and streets,
On highways and on boulevards,
On those in rumble seats.

And then there was the freshman who sent his pants to the Associated Press.—Judge.

Then there was the Scotchman who was so close that he got slapped.

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THE DAY WILL BRING SOME LOVELY THING

The day will bring some lovely thing—

I say it over each new dawn.
Some gay adventurous thing to hold
Against my heart when it is gone,
And so I rise and go to meet
The day with wings upon my feet.

I come upon it unawares—
Some sudden beauty without name,
A snatch of song—a breath of pine,
A poem lit with golden flame,
High tangled bird notes, keenly thinned
Like flying color on the wind.

No day has ever failed me quite;
Before the grayest day is done
I come upon some misty bloom
Or a late line of crimson sun.
Each night I pause, remembering
Some gay, adventurous, lovely thing.

—Selected.

"HE'S AWFULLY BRIGHT"

"Now Milton, tell the lady what your name is. Go on, Milton."

"Three years old."

"No, Milton, that's your age. Tell her your name like a good boy."

"Twenty-six Elm Street."

"Milton, I'm surprised at you. Listen Milton, tell the lady what it is your popper does."

"What?"

"Tell the lady what it is your popper does. Speak up now."

"He swears at mommer."

"Why, Milton! You naughty boy! Take your thumb out of your mouth and tell Mrs. Weems what your popper's business is,

Quick!"

"He's a policeman."

"The very idea! Whatever has got into that child today. He knows very well his father isn't a policeman. Now you come right here and tell the lady what your popper's business is. Otherwise Cousin Minnie won't take you to the circus. Now then, what's popper's business?"

"He's a lawyer."

"That's right. Isn't he bright, Mrs. Jones? Everybody says it's remarkable. Only three years old, you know. Milton, will you tell the lady what you say when you want to go for an automobile ride?"

"What is it you say when you want to go automobiling?"

"Mooley cow."

"You're very obstinate today, Milton, and Cousin Minnie doesn't like it. When you want to go for an auto ride you always say 'honk honk wagon' and you know very well you do. Now stop chewing that cuff and tell us what those animals are that you see in the park every day."

"Motorcycles."

"Dear me, that child is so stubborn today. He's really awfully bright, you know. Milton, you're not acting nice at all. Now, for Cousin Minnie's sake tell the lady what are the animals you see in the parks. The ones that go 'Baa-baa'."

"Robins."

"No. Think hard, Milton."

"Turtles."

"No, the little white wooley ones that go 'baa-baa'."

"Sheepses."

"That's right. Isn't he bright. Only four, you know. Now, Milton, just one more question: When you grow up what is it you are going to be?"

"I wanna ice cream soda."

"Now, Milton, stop pulling the fringe on that pillow and tell us what you are going to be when you grow up."

"A horse and carriage."

"Milton, you're not thinking."

"An elephant."

"Milton, I'm not asking you what you want for Christmas. I'm asking you what it is you wish to be when you're a man. Speak up or Cousin Minnie will be ashamed. What is it you are going to be?"

"A pussy cat."

"Dear me! Milton, you're a naughty, bad boy. He's not at all like that as a rule, you know, Mrs. Jones. Awfully bright child! He's just obstinate, that's all. Milton, don't you dare stick your tongue out at me!"

Secretly all of us think that our personal wages and profits are a little below normal, while prices are way above normal.

It's funny how people can be as peaceful as turtle-doves one minute and fighting like tigers the next.

It's discouraging to do your best and then find out it isn't good enough.

SHIPS

Have you ever gazed from a headland's reach
Far out, into the blue,
To glimpse, at first a flashing mote,
That to a tall ship grew?

A full-sail ship on the great, broad sea,
Heel down and bearing home
All the romance from Homer's days
To now, across the foam?

For, purple-white in rippling dusks,
Or edged with sunset's fire—
Behold, each ship is a phantom ship
That bears the worlds desire!
—Selected.

Some of us might find happiness if we would quit struggling so desperately for it.

Lass: "Oh, you are just too slow."

Lad: "I'm afraid I don't grasp you."

Lass: "Yes that's just it."

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SCHOOL'S GREATEST CONTRIBUTOR DIES

(Continued from page 1)

troit Boat Club and clubs in the south and east. In recent years, he passed his winters at his Florida home and his summers at his Cape Cod home."

"As an heir to Gray estate, he was an appellant with other former Ford Motor Company stockholders in the suit through which the government endeavored to collect \$30,000,000 addition income taxes on the sale of stock to Henry Ford and Edsel Ford in 1919. The Government lost the case in 1928."

"Funeral services for Mr. Gray will be conducted Monday afternoon. The hour will be determined later."

The above was taken from the Detroit Free Press of September 28. Bro. Paul Gray was a member of the Plum Street Church of Christ at Detroit. He was the school's greatest benefactor in a financial way in that he donated \$50,000 to build Gray's Hall. Bro. Hardeman went to Detroit immediately after hearing the sad news to attend the funeral on Monday, September 30th, Bro. Gray's untimely passing is a source of the deepest sorrow and regret to Freed-Hardeman College. He has left with us a wonderful effect and serviceable memorial by which his name and memory will be perpetuated and cherished.

STUDENTS ADDRESSED BY HALL AND KEEBLE

(Continued from page 1)

ing is the person that is always found at the top today." Several more of the highlights of his speech were, "Be sure students, to make use of the opportunities of this school," another was "Egotism is not a paying practice," and likewise, "God is looking for able men now as he did in the past."

Immediately after Brother Hall, Brother Keeble, the greatest colored preacher of the South, gave us a short talk on "God's Spiritual Manufacturing Plant." Brother Keeble's definition for manufacturing is "taking things and making things out of other things." He compared God's plant to a saw-mill and foundry, likening Christ to the saw in the mill, and the general inspector in the foundry.

Brother Hall dined with us for lunch and visited several of the Bible classes during the forenoon. We certainly are fortunate in having the privilege of meeting such men.



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