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## ARE CLERGYMEN THE ENEMY OF COUNTRY TOWNS?

When pastor of a country church, I looked upon the saloon keeper as our enemy. When I saw an ad in our local paper of dances, theatres, intoxicating liquors, etc., I even went so far as to remark in prayer meeting once upon a time that our editor was doing more harm thereby than I could counteract through the services of the church. Even more pernicious was the drug store "hang-out" with its subtle gambling machines, running all day Sunday, while the open, above board places of pastime for young men were closed by law.

But not until I got away from the rural pastorate and became associated with leading business men of a great cosmopolitan city, did I ever hear it suggested that the clergyman was the enemy of the country town. It was at a meeting of an organization of business men, including railroad presidents, head officers of implement manufacturers, clothing manufacturers and various other leading representatives of the industrial world, who for purely business reasons look upon the decline of country towns with alarm.

I had just made my address, outlining what I considered necessary to check the lamentable drift of cityward young men from rural communities and suggested a program which I considered most practical—one in which the various business interests could co-operate with the local communities. The meeting was then thrown open for discussion and then and there I was given a new suggestion to contemplate. For the first time I realized what the business world sometimes thinks of certain clergymen. The following was taken down in shorthand:

"What the retired farmer leaves undone in country town burial services, is completed by the country clergyman, who sees in every amusement or pastime where there may be a gathering of young people, a rival for his church. He cannot understand why his sermons do not attract the young, and he assumes that the reason must be the wasteful sin of the attraction which is operating in opposition to his prayer meetings. Out of this situation originates his antipathy toward the picture show, the billiard table, the baseball game and everything else between the mill

dam and the checker club at the corner drug store. That is where his zeal for the cause distorts his vision. He thinks he can legislate the young folk into his church, but he only succeeds in extinguishing a few additional street lamps, of which there are none too many, and when his pet hobby has been ridden to the limit of his capacity, he may wake up to the discovery that the boys and girls left town when the lights went out, that the church needs a coat of paint and that his congregation is smaller than ever. His activity in creating antagonism only adds to the impetus of the remorseless juggernaut, which has ground already beneath its wheels, during the short space of my recollection, many of the prerogatives of his former power.

"Yesterday the Presbyterian Church published the announcement that they has lost a membership of 250,000 in five years—16 per cent of their total lost, and the world's population rapidly increasing. The country clergy are unknowingly depopulating the country towns by driving the young people to the city, thereby destroying the very best we have in American youth, stultifying and dwarfing the growth of our civilization and adding to the countless wrecks of suffering manhood, contributed to city life from homes where health and joy might have otherwise ruled."

Whether or not the above opinion is an exaggeration, it is significant that, in a discussion among men representing diversified business interests of such calibre, the lack of amusements should have been given such prominence as the contributing cause of the decline of country towns. To say the least, here is a tip to the wise pastor from the "inside" of a business men's meeting, which no business man would ever think of saying directly to the pastor. Whether or not it is of value, of course, depends upon whether the pastor is one of those who are not too wise to learn and for whom every event is a teacher pointing out the way to greater efficiency in his "calling." Certainly it is high time that every pastor realized that play, like hunger or religion itself, is an irresistible instinct; and that when deprived of his favorite pastimes in wholesome surroundings, exuberant youth will seek the places and the means of his recreation elsewhere.

## SPRING SUITS

Yours should be correct in style and fabric.  
You are invited to inspect my line of Flannels, Palm Beach and Tropical Silk Suiting before placing your order.  
SATISFACTION IS THE THING.

**CHARLEY NITCH**  
The Campus Tailor

## A LITTLE STORY OF COLLEGE LIFE.

At 10 o'clock p. m. the "fish" got out his suit case, put on his civilian clothes, set the suit case down beside him, and sat down to wait for some other inquisitive "fish" to come in and ask questions. But it so happened that an "old boy" was the first to some in.

"Where are you going, 'fish?'" he inquired.

The Freshman assumed a solemn air and said, "I am going home."

"What are you going home for?"

"Well, you see, it was this way," the Freshman began. "Some of the boys bet me \$1.50 that I couldn't steal a chicken out of 'Prexy's' back yard, and I took them up. But when I tried it I got caught, and I am going home on the night train to keep from being 'canned.'"

"Ah, there is no use in your doing that," the "old boy" replied, "'Prexy' won't 'can' you for a little thing like that."

"But I am not going to take any chances on it."

The "old boy" was getting serious. He went to the captain's room, waked him, and brought him in to the "fish's" room. He related what the Freshman had told him and closed with the information, "And the 'fish' says he is going home on the night train."

"Now, see here, 'fish,'" began the captain, "there is no use in your doing a fool thing like this," and the two gave him an earnest and lengthy discourse on the value of the education that he was about to throw away.

"I can't help that," was the stubborn reply, "I think I had better go home."

"Well, if you go you will have to run over me," one of the "old boys" said. The two then divided the remainder of the night up into reliefs of an hour and a half each, and told the "fish" that they were going to sit up all night and see that he didn't leave.

"I don't mean to leave," said the "fish"; "I just wanted to have some fun with some other 'fish,' but you fellows came in first."

"You can't get rid of us that easy," said the "old boys," "we are going to see that you don't leave."

In vain the "fish" argued that he was merely joking, but they refused to believe that his statements were anything but a ruse to get away. The "fish," therefore, went to bed and left his misguided friends to watch out the night. In the morning, when he awoke, they were nowhere to be seen.

## TO MY SON.

Do you know that your soul is of my soul, such part  
That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart?  
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do;  
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember the world will be quick with its blame,  
If shadow or shame ever darken your name.

"Like mother, like son," is a saying so true,  
The world will judge largely of "mother" by you.

Be yours then the task, if task it shall be,

To force the proud world to do homage to me.

Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won,

"She reaped as she sowed. Lo! this is her son."

—Anonymous.

## PERSONALS.

Mrs. W. C. Procter of Greenwood, Miss., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Procter.

Mrs. Wooten was hostess to the Five Hundred Club Friday, April 30. Delicious refreshments were served.

Miss Ina Hale of Gatesville, after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Wert Boyett, has returned home.

Mrs. J. R. Hill has invited the Five Hundred Club to meet with her Friday, May 7.

Madge—So you feel better since you gave up dancing and devoted yourself to Red Cross work?

Marjorie—Indeed I do, dear. I've had my name in the papers nine times.—Puck.

Wise is the woman who can keep appearances up and expenses down.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Why did you say 'the late Mr. Bims?' Bims isn't dead."

"I know he isn't."

"Then why do you speak of him as your late friend?"

"Because he's never on time."—Baltimore American.

"Then you have given up the idea of taking singing lessons?"

"Yes; I find it would take me three years to learn to sing as well as I thought I sang already."—Boston Transcript.

He who coincides with God's plan succeeds; he who does not is crushed.—A. F. Schaeffer.

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