

ALL STATE

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Walk Around Yourself

"What you are talks so loud I cannot hear what you say," Was Emerson right? Yes, I think so, very strongly. Do you know anyone who likes to talk about himself—his own life—his own never his bad ones? How does this egoism affect you? Does it raise or lower your spiritual life? him? Even if you do not know him intimately doesn't this sort of "bull," as we say, leave you in doubt of what he really is?

Now that you have this type of person in mind the more you know it to be compared with this type. Be fair—examine yourself as thoroughly as you can. You have examined and judged other people and criticized their faults. After casual examination, if you are satisfied with yourself, well and good; if you feel that talking about things has been your trouble, stop talking—start being what you think is best and most helpful toward forming a true character. Your friends love you not because of what you tell them about yourself but because of what you are. Someone said, "A friend is one who knows all about you and still loves you." It would be hard for a friend to love you after finally finding out that you were not what you pretended to be. Friends are priceless gifts, shouldn't we strive hard to keep them?

Let us remember the old saying, "Actions speak louder than words."

On The Advantages of Spring Fever

Springtime—a season of refreshing breezes and blue skies of temperate weather and golden sunshine, of new styles and general happiness—"It's the spirit of a young man's fancy lately turned to thoughts of love," the poet tells us and brightly smiles, being amused that youthful love-dreams should take their share of his attention. The very atmosphere that brings new life to the world of plants and growing things seems gradually to produce in the average person a pleasant terror that enfolds him in a new veil of dreams and sleep. After a long winter of his vigorous stimulant of frosty and biting winds, the cold and frosty days and low, cold nights, how fine it is to take a few days in the springtime for rest and recuperation. In the winter there is little inducement for rest or dreams by day, and it is thus only outer nature that when the goddess of spring comes rolling in on her chariot of balmy breezes a new era of life should begin in our eyes. Let the teacher, the student, the professional man in the spring, let the self-appointed critic save an hour about the relative merits to be found in working and loafing, but the fact remains that when the good old spring comes, let it come in, it comes in to stay until it is ready to leave of its own accord. The trade-off of the natural sequence of things has always seemed quite foolish to me, for if I am to be a teacher, even many animals have a certain part of the year for sleep and rest, why not man? I have loved a brief respite from the

weightier problems of life! And so it sensibly follows that spring fever has its advantages which are indeed useful and really a blessing to mankind. For when fever does fall upon a person he, if he be wise, may use it as an excuse for resting himself in both body and mind, and by entering into the true spirit of the thing may obtain beneficial results therefrom.

What is sweeter than to lie in the springtime on some grassy slope with the blue canopy of heaven above you and nature's own work all around you, and to lounge in your dream of spring fever like some careless god and dream of things as they should be, not the best of the old Epicurean ideal, the materialist is apt to cry, for men have been brought up with the idea that they should ever struggle on amid the turmoil of this earth to the final goal of a splendid achievement. And so they should, but it must not be overlooked that some resting places along the way, some brief respites from the struggle are almost as imperative for maintaining the strength and endurance necessary to carry on the fight. The world now is as this same strength for it is not necessarily be what a dunce of grinding and developing toil, but can be a very pleasant place in which to dwell, not with the help of the world, but with the help of the world, for then there are pleasant harmony of recreations and resting periods of the mind.

But stop! This little discussion is rapidly changing from a dream of the world to a dream of the Lotus-Eaters, and that is far from the purpose. It merely shows that the world is not so greatly criticized spring fever does have a good point—existence in this same strength for it is not necessarily be what a dunce of grinding and developing toil, but can be a very pleasant place in which to dwell, not with the help of the world, but with the help of the world, for then there are pleasant harmony of recreations and resting periods of the mind.

STRIKEOUTS

How time does fly here at A. P. N. It seems only yesterday when we were starting a new starter, and here we are starting a new one all over again. At the new term begins, new names appear upon the campus. To each comes a new class, not entirely new, some were here last spring. If our numbers continue to increase, Dr. Chastin will have a hard time making himself heard in chapel.

Gilbert, who found himself in something of a predicament the other day. When the Chorus was made the trip to Marine, he was placed in a car with both Mary and Bonnie Rae. He found himself accompanied by singing between them. While at Madison Mallory caused an alarm when he walked straight into the Girl's Dormitory—"P. S. It made Ed sorta hot also."

We couldn't help noticing that Henry Pickering has been paying special attention to the fair Maxine lately. Being, don't forget yourself. You are supposed to be a woman later, you know. "For a time time we heard that, 'The Indiana are coming.' We finally found out that they gave us some 'hoochie-koochie' dances and 'top-toon'-a-bernie, and some other things. The lovely Indiana maid and since the west away, he has been singing in the choir. He says, 'Believe it or not, folks, 'Tillie' Anderson has started reading. He says that he wants to have a figure like Mr. Nicholson."

"Mandy" Dunn has fallen in love at last. Bill Adams is the lucky guy, it seems. Sarah Carson just can't miss that day night date for any reason. And not to forget Lyle and Jennie, who are still going strong.

We wonder where Miss Lou has been keeping herself lately. There has been rumors that she has been preparing for a coming wedding. "Well, folks, she has the low down on a flock of folks, but we'll save it until the next time."

If it has powerful, respect knowledge and calmness of intellect, then it is the will of God.

Easter

When life in nature is slowly bursting forth and springtime in woods in gardens, in parks and along the swiftly flowing streams, then comes the holy festival called Easter, observed in many branches of the Christian church to commemorate the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The name Easter comes from the Anglo-Saxon Easter, a spring festival or spring whose festival was celebrated in April. The French, Italian and most other names of the Christian Church, languages is taken from the Hebrew Pesach, meaning Passover, as the first Christians it was considered a continuation of the feast of the Passover at which the Paschal lamb, symbol of Christ, was sacrificed.

The proper time for celebrating Easter was first disputed in the Christian church. The Christians of the East first held Easter on the fourteenth of Nisan (April), the day on which the Jewish Passover fell. The majority of the churches, however, held it on the Sunday after that day. Finally the Council of Nice, in A. D. 325, fixed Easter on Sunday, the first one after the full moon which appears on or next after March 21. By "full moon" is meant the fourteenth day of the calendar month, if the moon is full March 21, and should that day be Saturday, March 22, it would be Sunday, the earliest date on which it could fall. The latest date for Easter is on the evening of April 25, when the full moon would be the date of the moon should be full on Monday, April 24.

Many customs, beautiful and quaint, have been and still are observed in churches and in homes as an expression of purity and light. The sending of Easter eggs is a custom thought to have originated with the Persians, the eggs being symbols of new life. Coloring them red symbolized the blood of redemption. The first of Easter morning is the triumph of spring over winter.

To us Easter is one great religious festival, a day of thoughts of love, and of a new life. The dead winter has passed and Easter is the starting point of something greater and more ennobling, that is to be accomplished in the life just in front of us. It is the shining and glorious and is becoming so on.

This poem represents the life that Easter brings us in touch with.

Spring bursts today,
For Christ is risen and all the earth's at play.

Flash forth, thou Sun,
Sweet Spring is on its way, its work is done.

Winter is past,
Sweet Spring is on its way, its work is done.
Bud, Fire and Vine,
Bird, Olive, life with fruit and wine.

Break forth this morn,
In roses though but yesterday's thorn.

Uplift thy head,
A pure white Lily through the red.

Battle your dams
Leap and rejoice, you merry-making Lambs.

All Herds and Flocks,
Rejoice, all beasts of thickets and of rocks.

Sing, creatures, sing
Angels and men and birds and things.

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Of source and sure defeat
I made my battle say:
Winged sandals for my feet
I wore, and down I sped
Of weariness and fear,
Of loss, and doubt and dread,
And swift oncoming pain.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

Stories

"Molly Make-Believe"

The last month had been a miserable one for Arthur M. Russell, a young man, and especially an engaged one, hated to go out and down to the beach, and was confined to his room because of rheumatism. Nevertheless, such was the case.

Felicia Ann Prescott, his lovely fiancee, was spending the cold winter months in Florida. It is true that she had sent him two post cards and a formal letter since her departure, but to a sick man, these seemed like a cruel joke. He had met while traveling abroad. Shortly after, their engagement was annulled.

Under the double trial of illness, both physical and mental, we cannot blame Arthur for doing what he did. He was purely a victim of circumstances.

"It was in the bleak December, when a motley colored envelope was delivered to him. Arthur did not recognize the handwriting as any he had ever seen. From the first, the letter was clothed in delicious mystery. On opening it he found a gay little pamphlet, which was slightly scented, with these words inscribed:

"If sick, lonely, or wish to be amused, merely call on 'Molly Make-Believe'."

At first he considered the explicit directions carefully, and read the letter aside. Then for an hour his mind pondered over the curious little note. Finally he mailed "Molly Make-Believe."

In answer, her questions regarding himself. Arthur stated that he wished only to be amused, and have his mind diverted from his troubles.

Early the following day he received a potted plant. The card read, "Molly Make-Believe" is thinking of you.

Weeks passed and each day he was remembered in a novel way. Arthur, filled with curiosity, had tried several times to find the

everything.

All notes of Doves,
Fill all our world: this is the time of love.

—Christina C. Rossetti.

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I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of
death,
I wrote the shining mist of
I was a battle-born to blow
Across the vales of Overton.
WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

sender of his presents. On writing "Molly" as a little "babe" for a "babe" he was gently rebuked, she sent a dozen pictures of beautiful girls, instructing him to take his choice, and return the others. He returned them all, and resolved to renew his search. So fascinated was he in his imaginary sweetheart, that a note from Felicia Prescott, which engagement—"had little effect on him."

Arthur's vivid imagination pictured "Molly" as a little "babe" with soft, dreamy, brown eyes. In one of "Molly's" notes, she commanded that he stop imagining, and that she was really an old, old woman, half blind, and crippled in every way, except the shutting mist of death. She wouldn't he feel foolish?

"Molly Make-Believe" finally brought the comedy to its climax by dropping in one night to see Arthur. She was dressed in the quaintest little costume, that according to her, had been an old, old woman, half blind, and crippled in every way, except the shutting mist of death. She wouldn't he feel foolish?

She stayed only a few minutes, covered her face, the only reason she had come was to tell him that her private letter writing company had been closed. Only three days remained of the time that he had paid for. Molly brought him a cake to square the account. She was so honest, sincere, and truly beautiful, that to Arthur it was the realization of a dream. Before he was given a chance to tell her of his emotions, she had vanished from the room. During the dark, stormy night, Arthur's mad pursuit was in vain. She was gone.

It seemed that she was gone forever, for Arthur tried detective agency after detective agency in an effort to find the girl, allowing Arthur to had come out of the night, captured his heart, and fled back into the darkness with it. For months he looked, refusing all invitations to go out, breaking engagements, and forcing himself to keep himself in the seclusion of his room. He was discouraged and worn out, that his sense he was only an illusion, a trick of his vision, and that she had never come to him.

"Say It With Flowers"

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SPORTS

For the past few weeks the sport activities around A. P. N. have consisted of a series of basketball games between various and sundry teams composed of members of the student body. In a regular melee of clashes and misses fans have witnessed enough basketball to do them until next season. The Sophomore Girls were victorious over the Freshmen in their deciding game, while the Freshmen team came out winners over the Sophs. The Sophomore "Wampus Cats" conquered the inexperienced Freshmen, and in turn, were trimmed by the Debating Club.

With the Spring season coming on the next setting for the athletic contests will be the baseball diamond. We had a great football team this year, a fair basketball team, and it looks as if we shall have a baseball team that will be a great success. When Coach Alden says

"Play Ball," there will be some thirty boys for the varsity line. We have a whole flock of good material. There's Malloy, Carney, and Kemp, in the outfield; McClellan, pitcher; Derieux, Dabbs, Mayes and Suggs as basemen from the last year's nine.

Work has been started on the tennis courts of the school, and Coach Alden, those who play it will have a chance to indulge in their favorite pastime. Those who wish to learn the "racket" may do so by entering several courses in beginning tennis offered by Miss Jackson and Coach Alden. Those who consider themselves to be so wonderfully good chasing and waiting, in bouncing tennis ball will have a chance to prove their skill by entering the tennis tournaments later on.

Well, it sounds like "strike three" and an out; so we will stop till later.

Stories—(Cont. From Page 2)

at all. In fact, he became so obsessed with this idea, that he would watch at the window in the shadows for her, as a child looks for pictures in the reflection of the fire-light. He would go places afraid at scanning the face of every woman who happened to pass by. Eventually hostesses would be resent his prying at their guests, as though he were a "bait detective," as one maid with English ideas and a snide expression, it still his social position was secure, and he was enabled to attend every affair, retaining however the advances of lovely ladies, who had an eye to his youth and wealth. He thought for one moment that the young Russell was undesired, for his still unpaired physical attractiveness alone made him irresistible to the fair sex. Then, lo, his very perversity and coldness spurred them on, but to his eyes they were nothing more than faces to be briefly scanned in his search for his elusive "Molly Make-Believe."

To him, as he sat on the most carefully hidden bench in the Yon Ave gardens and watched many debutantes with their starched escorts whirl by in the annual "Dance of the Primroses" it seemed that the Divine Spirit had the God of Love or whoever lent "Molly Make-Believe" might condescend to send her back that he might dance with a heart as light as his heels. Then—

"My God! Could that be Molly? It is! But wait, it's only mine. I'm asleep!" Thus muttering and half rising from his seat, he started at a white clad figure, which was just entering the court of Primroses from the side gate. He saw the vision turn, "Did he call it to someone his kind, 'Come on, or I shall enter the 'House of Primroses' without an introduction, sister of mine—"

Only when he saw Felicia accompanying "Molly Make-Believe" did he realize that it was not a vision. The two sisters walked gracefully toward him. He heard Felicia say, "Molly, may I introduce an old friend of mine?" As he stood amazed, Felicia continued, "You see, Arthur, Molly has just returned from a year abroad. Will you introduce her to Madame Von Aye for me?"

Perhaps the only reason Felicia did not notice their confusion, was that she was intent on watching someone, a, the other end of the garden.

Arthur and Molly turned quickly to each other. Then, as if by common consent, they set off leisurely down the path, not towards the house, but in the direction of the four-ain corner.

And you are no longer to be "Molly Make-Believe," he stated. "Just as how the river apart of the water contrasts with the dark background," Molly answered.

So with vague question and answer among the two, they went off to their last and only meeting. The faithful Felicia, the faithful Felicia, together with all explanation must be for the tale, remained to phobias, while stereotyped romance comes into its own.

ALL STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Everyone is so glad to see so many former A. P. N. students back. Among those that have returned are: Jennie Beck-Stokes, Mary Alice Stoker, Addie Steele, Mary Matlock, Fred Davidson, Helen Fassel, Bowman Lovelace, Christine Webb, Edward Cartner, Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Dabbs, James Mann, Katherine Nichols, Jessie Fells, and Herbert Ward. James A. Skiles returned from Florida Thursday, March 17. All of us are glad to see him back. The loss of Mrs. Skiles, Opa Perry, Helen Cantrell, Flora B. Shelby, Nikola Walker, Bill Green, and Casey came from the student body is regretted by several Normal students and teachers and students alike. Several Normal students and teachers attended "The Passion Play" in Nashville. Among those were: Kenneth Hallway, Martha Davis, Mary Fern Harlow, Miss Evelyn Wallace and Miss Louise Jackson.

BASKETBALL FUNNY PAPER.

1. Currie Moore blushing at Cumberland University when Joe Bean made his famous "Vamping address."

2. Fannie Blisky crawling through a Murray girls' legs (limbs if you prefer) to get the basketball.

3. Lavelle's numerous and humorous speeches about "Little Oscar, the mascot."

4. Miss Lou's tap dancing whenever anyone was so lucky as to make a goal.

5. Scott's referring one of our practice games and calling those of us on Taylor. Did she get angry?

6. Buttry's attempt at telling a lie.

7. Nickell's sudden asperity to talk on an "Ernest" subject. It originated in Greenville.

8. Guplin's ability to hold on to a player and never get it called on her.

9. Rache's yelling to a player, "Well, give it here!"

10. Amanda's and Mary Lou's initiation at Murray. Also Mary Louise running around the gym at break neck speed being late at practice.

11. Where, how, when and why Nancy got the nickname, "Panties?"

12. Lyle's solemn swearing that she had never played a rough game of basketball.

13. Lemmon's and Harvill's foot-ball game.

14. Lavelle's nursing at Martin.

15. Miss Lou's using Jennie as an eraser.

16. Famous Nicknames: "Tillie," "Penny," "Red," "Panties," "Louie," "Lib's Bull," "Liz," "Cook," "Roughneck," "Pick," "Mandy," and "Cocky." Miss Lou can't guess who is who!

"I'm about all in," sighed the "tom, as the crew took another cup.

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MR. WHEELER INTERVIEWED.

Continued From Page One.

"Yes. Dad, especially. You should see how tough my hide is in spots."

What was your favorite pastime while growing up?

"Putting sacks in the teacher's seat at school."

"Why did you take up teaching as a profession?"

"They paid the teachers in those days."

Did you sow any wild oats when a young man?

"No. I was too busy sowing other crops on my father's farm."

How do you like your present position at A. P. N.?

"I like it very much."

If you were mistaken for an escaped lunatic and carried to an asylum how would you prove your sanity and obtain your release?

"An afraid that would be impossible unless friends came to the rescue."

What is your opinion of prohibition and why?

"It's a good thing, for if a man becomes unemployed, he has bootlegging to fall back on."

If you were captured by cannibals and were being prepared for a feast, what would you do?

"I would make love to the cook."

Why would you not like to be a flag pole story?

"Too much rest with not enough work."

What do you think of modern youth?

"Well, I can't say. Anyway they won't be so modern a few years hence."

What do you think of woman who you consider a model wife?

"That kind of a woman that is the salt of the earth."

If your back wages were paid by the state in dog biscuits, what would you do?

"Start a dog farm."

Would you rather die by hanging or by electrocution?

"I would choose death by poisoning and begin a long fast."

RECENT CHAPEL PROGRAM

Continued From Page 1.

The champion War Dancer, a grandson of Chief Geronimo and a full blood Indian, appeared in a beautiful buckskin costume of the natives.

The grandson of the famous Klovra Scout, I-Bee-O, was also a descendant of a white woman, who had grown up among the Indians. He was the tom tom beater to accompany the singing and dancing.

Some of the numbers on the program were:

A war dance by the Indian men with weird, rhythmic singing and tom tom beats.

A song rendered in Indian language by the War Dancer.

A hymn sung in Indian sign language by Nacomi.

The Indian Two-step Dance, The Buffalo Dance.

The content number, a dance revealing the power of the Indian in savage, rhythmic movement.

The Snake dance.

On Friday morning, March 11, the Choral club of the Normal presented a musical program radically different from that of the Indians. The Cantata, directed by Mrs. Bell, was presented for the benefit of those who had failed to hear it in the first presentation. Its title "The Building of the Ship" signifies the building of the series of songs that comprised the Cantata. Even those who had already heard it, enjoyed again the delightful musical entertainment.

Flapper Monty Harris says that this pure and sanitary air doesn't get you anywhere unless you've had lots of experience.

"I would choose death by poisoning and begin a long fast."

ing, gas, beheading, or electrocution. Why?

"I would choose death by poisoning and begin a long fast."

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