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AGGIES TAKE BOTH GAMES

N. M. AGGIES TAKE BOTH GAMES OF
DOUBLE-HEADER FROM VARSITY

Lobos Lose by Narrow Margins in Two Basketball Games Played at Las Cruces Last Monday and Tuesday. Return Games Here Later in Season.

STOWELL, JONES AND BRYAN STAR FOR U. N. M.

Fighting on a foreign court, the New Mexico basketball team, on Monday and Tuesday of last week, went down before the Aggie squad at Las Cruces. It was a bitter dose to have to bow before our old rivals in both games, especially as this was the first basketball that has been played between the two schools in the last four or five years. However, the disappointment is partly lessened by the remembrance of the close scores and the knowledge that the Lobos will have another crack at them later on the home court.

Both games of the series were played in the gymnasium at the Agricultural College. The first night, in spite of the fact that the Lobos were handicapped by a strange floor they started off with a rush in the first half and for a time it threatened to be a U. N. M. walkaway with the score standing 13 to 3 in favor of the visitors. However, the Aggie guards then tightened up at the same time that the Aggie forwards broke away and ran up the tally until the whistle for half time caught the score tied at thirteen. In the second half, the Aggies' first rush of overconfidence had worn off and the game was nip and tuck for a while until the Aggies gradually drew away and the game ended, 28 to 20 with the Lobos holding the short end of the tally. Captain Brookshire, Hines and Wilfley starred for the Aggies the first night, while Stowell and Jones were the outstanding men on the Varsity team. Bryan also did some fine guarding. The lineups were:

Aggies (28) New Mexico (20)
Hines R. F. Jones
Wilfley L. F. Hammond
Martin C. Betts
Brookshire (C.) R. G. Stowell (C.)
Wesley L. G. Bryan
Field goals, Las Cruces Aggies—
Martin (4), Hines (3), Wilfley (3),
Brookshire (1). New Mexico—
Stowell (2), Jones (2), Betts (2),
Hammond (2). Free throws, Ag-
gies—Hines (4 out of 6), Martin (1
out of 3), Wilfley (1 out of 3); New
Mexico—Stowell (3 out of 6), Jones
(1 out of 3). Substitutions: New
Mexico—Hyder for Betts. Horgan
for Hyder.

The second night, the game was in question throughout, with the lead shifting from side to side. The Agricultural College team was without the services of their captain, Brookshire, and another star player, Wilfley who were suddenly and unexpectedly declared ineligible after the first game. However the brand of play that New Mexico displayed the second night was also superior to that of the first encounter. The first half was practically even—at half-time the score stood, 9 to 7 in favor of the Aggie team, and though the lead shifted repeatedly in the second period the Aggies managed to squeeze through a victory in the last minute or so when Martin tossed the ball back over his head for the winning score. In the second half, several changes were made in the New Mexico lineup, Stowell going forward while Jones took his place at guard. Stowell showed up very well at forward during the time that he played that position, bringing the galleries to their feet several times with his long shots, and was altogether the star of the New Mexico aggregation. For the Farmers, Hines, last year All-State High School forward from Las Cruces, and Martin were the shining lights and brought in most of the Aggie scores. The game ended 23 to 21 in favor of the down-state team.

The lineup:
Aggies (23) New Mexico (21)
Hines R. F. Jones
Martin L. F. Hammond
Boone C. Hyder
Wesley R. G. Stowell (C.)
Miller L. G. Bryan
Field Goals: Aggies—Martin (5),
Boone (3), Hines (1). New Mexi-
co—Stowell (4), Hammond (3),
Jones (1), Hyder (1). Free throws,
Aggies—Martin (4 out of 9) Hines
(1 out of 2).

Speaking of candy—one very blond fellow expressed his sentiments very sweetly in that way. (Really it isn't very long until grades come out.)

(3 out of 6). Substitutions: Aggies—
Buell for Miller.

The games both nights were very rough and more resembled a football game than a basketball game, but the Lobos express themselves as being well satisfied and eager for the chance to play the return games which will come off in Albuquerque later in February.

VARSITY PRACTISING
HARD FOR GAMES
WITH ARIZONA

Scrimmage With Harwood Sat-
urday Night. Loss of Jones
and Hammond Causes
Considerable Shift in
Lineup of Team

Since the double defeat at the hands of the New Mexico Aggies last week, Coach Johnson has been working the basketball team at a fast pace, preparatory to the two game series which will be played with the University of Arizona team at Tucson, on the 12th and 13th of February. The games at Las Cruces discovered several decided weaknesses and the coach is attempting to remedy them as soon as possible. The lack of sufficient scrimmages has been one of the factors working against the Lobos and accordingly Coach Johnson is attempting to secure practice games with the various town teams before the time that the team leaves for Arizona. The first of these outside scrimmages will be played with the speedy Harwood school team on the Harwood court Saturday night. The Harwood team has time and again proven its reputation as a fast bunch and are hard to beat so that the Varsity players will be pushed to the limit to win. It is also probable that games will be played with the High School and the Bankers.

At this time, Johnson's worst difficulty is finding two men to take the place of Jones and Hammond who are at present ineligible and liable to continue so for several weeks as a result of semester exams. Of course, there are Horgan and Benjamin who have both played the forward position and have been practicing steadily throughout the year. They are in good condition and could be run. Another prospect is Jerry Marshall who has just registered the second semester and in early practices has already shown considerable promise as a possible successor to Jones. There is also another possibility of lineup if Stowell were shifted to forward, and the coach would have Bryan take running guard or find another man for that position. At any rate the team will be in readiness for the game with Arizona and the later ones which will be played with the Aggies here.

Negotiation for games with the New Mexico Military Institute and the Texas School of Mines are still at a standstill and nothing is known as to whether the Lobos will play them or not.

LARGEST PIPE ORGAN
IN WEST TO BE PLACED
AT COLO. UNIVERSITY

Boulder, Colorado.—First shipments of material have arrived and construction has begun of what is said to be the finest pipe organ of the west in Macky auditorium of the University of Colorado. The instrument will be larger than the famous one at Salt Lake City.

GREAT MYSTERY SOLVED

Strange Sounds Traced to Source
Quite the most melodious bunch of jazz sounds heard around these parts for some time are the "Collegeians," who have gained considerable fame as dispensers of cruel music in the three or four engagements they have played since their organization a short time ago. The personnel of the fame destined harmony dispensers follows: Piano, Nelle Hess; Solo, Pat Miller; Drums, Louis

Hyder. Substitutions—Freshmen: Sha-

THREE SENIORS GRAD-
UATED FROM INSTITU-
TION AT MID-YEAR

Gerhardt and Bursum Graduated
from College of Arts and
Sciences; Huffine Takes
Degree in Engineering

At the end of the first semester this year, three Seniors completed their courses and graduated from the University of New Mexico. Two of them, Earl A. Gerhardt and Claire Irvin Bursum, graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences, while one, Clarence Huffine, took his degree in the College of Engineering. This is the largest number of mid-year graduates that the institution has had for some time.

Earl A. Gerhardt, who majored in Economics with a minor in Spanish has already left for Harvard University where he will enter the School of Business Administration, continuing the course that he started here. Gerhardt was a very prominent man on the campus, being identified with many student activities, especially in Dramatics and the local Y. M. C. A.

Miss Claire Bursum, who has attended both this University and the University of California was graduated with a double major, with both English and History. Miss Bursum, who is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma and well-liked in University circles, has returned home to Socorro, where she will remain for some time. It is probable that she will later go East.

The College of Engineering graduated its first man for two years in Clarence Huffine. After an absence of a semester, Huffine returned to finish his course here at the University. He is at present at home in Alaton, and has as yet no definite plans for the future.

In spite of the fact that these Seniors have left, the Senior class is still the largest in years, and exemplifies the steady growth of the institution that bids well for the future.

BY WAY OF COMMENT

Judging from the somewhat acrid remarks in a story in the Socorro Chieftain of recent date, it would seem that our friends, the Miners, are a trifle peeved over the alleged manner in which the Lobo basketball team failed to take advantage of the invitation extended to them to attend a dance given in their honor after their game with the Mines quintet at Socorro. The article deplores the fact that no social function was staged for the Miners when they visited Albuquerque for a return game the following week, then branches out and pours vituperation on the City of Albuquerque in general, a little off the subject, to be sure, since the City of Albuquerque cannot be held responsible for the alleged negligence of our Lobo athletes in social matters, but pretty much in line with the general run of the story, nevertheless.

Some of our Lobo hoop artists were present at the festivities arranged for their benefit in our sun-kissed little sister city to the southward; others were not, but their absence from the ballroom can easily be explained. Of less robust constitution than some of their fellow athletes, and having neglected to provide themselves with armor plate, they suffered more or less painful concussions on various and sundry portions of their bodies in attempting to play basketball as it is played in Socorro, and at the very moment when more fortunate athletes who had emerged from the melee unscathed, or nearly so, were shaking a mean ankle, these battered hoopmen were applying arnica to their bruises, the while they bemoaned the cruel fate that kept them away from the scene of terpsichorean activity.

Regarding the entertainment of the Miners after the game played in Albuquerque the following week, the Lobos must plead guilty to negligence. They did not provide a dance for the visitors, as perhaps they should have done, and as the Miners evidently expected them to do, but the blame should rest with the student body of the University, not with the City of Albuquerque, as the Chieftain would have one believe. In some of our smaller sister cities of the southwest it may be possible to turn out the whole town in welcome to visiting basketball teams, but desirable as such a demonstration may be, it is impracticable in a city of

U. N. M. WEEKLY NOW
28 YEARS OLD

"The Cactus," the First Student
Publication, Made Its Debut
in 1895.

The fact that this student publication which makes its appearance weekly is much older than many of its student readers and that it has been published with but few lapses since 1895, is not realized by many of the students who glance over its columns. Back in 1895, inspired by that ever-present pioneering spirit of the American, the students of this institution, then but three years old, conceived the idea they needed a student publication. This publication was called the "Cactus," and under the editorship of Floyd J. Gibbons and the management of Norman S. Sterry was published monthly. Volume 1, Number 1, appeared in April of 1895, just about twenty-eight years ago. The Cactus was a neat little four-page paper, which had at its head the Latin motto, "Per Aspera ad Astra." The only known copy of this first number is in the possession of Vice President Hodgins, who prizes it very much.

From this point on, covering the years from 1895 to 1898, there is a gap in the records and it is not known if the Cactus continued in active existence during these three years. In December of 1898 appeared Volume 1, Number 1, of the Mirage, the name now given to the U. N. M. annual, in the form of a monthly. This monthly was edited by Douglas W. Johnson and Hertzford G. Fitch was the business manager. This monthly form continued for four years. Miss Elizabeth Hughes edited volume 2 and Louis Becker and John Terry were the business managers. Later Mala B. Tway, Raymond Nielson, and Minnie E. Craig were at different times in charge of the editorial work, while Lawrence R. Smith, Herbert Fielder, and Linus Shields handled the business end.

Beginning with the first issue of Volume 6, published November 15, 1902, the Mirage changed from the monthly issue to a weekly publication. This change was made under the editorship of J. Ralph Tascher, who died several years ago, and with Kirk Bryan as Business Manager. The name of the paper was changed in the following year by W. R. Wroth, editor, and J. Wilkert Sebben, manager, from the Mirage to the U. N. M. Weekly, the name that the paper still bears. Agitation from time to time has not shaken this name and, unfortunately, it still hangs on. From this time on the paper appeared regularly every year and did not fail

The editors and business managers given to date are:

Douglas W. Johnson, editor, and Hertzford G. Fitch, manager; Elizabeth Hughes, editor, and Louis Becker and John Terry, managers; Mala B. Tway, editor, and Lawrence Smith, manager; Raymond Nielson, editor, and Herbert Fielder, manager; Minnie E. Craig, editor, and Linus Shields, manager; J. Ralph Tascher, editor, and Kirk Bryan, manager; W. H. Wroth, editor, and J. Wilbert Sebben, manager; Lillian Huggett, editor, and Clarence E. Heald, manager; Thomas S. Bell, editor, and Rupert F. Asplund, manager; Edmund Ross, editor, and Frank Alvord, manager; Elwood Albright, editor, and Walter Allen, manager; Frank C. Light, editor; David R. Lane, editor, Charles S. Lemke, manager; Kirk Bryan, editor; R. W. Baldwin, editor; Grover A. Emmons, editor; Hugh M. Bryan, editor; J. W. Miller, manager; A. R. Sedor, editor, and Ira V. Boldt, manager; E. S. Sedar, editor, and C. M. Weber, manager; Erna Ferguson, editor, and W. C. Cooke, manager; Clifford Nichols, editor, and Ed Doran, manager; W. J. Higgins, editor, and Fred M. Calkins, manager; L. C. Murphy, editor, and G. S. Butler, manager; Lee W. Walker, editor, and Floyd W. Lee, manager; Ray McCanna, editor, and E. E. King, manager; George White, editor, and Jason Williams, manager; Ernest Hammond, editor, and J. M. Scruggs, manager; Clyde Morris, editor, and John M. Scruggs, manager; George S. Bryan, editor, and Howell S. Faw, manager; George S. White, editor, and Robert Cartwright, manager; Fred T. Wagner,

FLYING CIRCUS SHOWS
THOMPSON IN NEW ROLE

Varsity Flyer Demonstrates Con-
siderable Ability as a Stunt
Flyer in Competition With
Other Aviators in the
Flying Circus

With the advent of the "Flying Circus" in Albuquerque, Tommie Thompson, our well-known Varsity airman, has once more taken to the air and in another capacity has been showing the city and University and every one in general just what he can do in the realm of aeronautics. And what is more, in all the stunts and exhibitions that have been pulled off during the "Flying Circus," Tommie has taken a back seat for no one, but has equalled the visiting flyers in all that they did, if not going them one better at times. In conjunction with Captain Yerex, the British ace, Diavolo, the wingwalker who takes delight in acrobatics on top of a plane, several thousand feet in the air, and two other aviators, Thompson on the last two Sundays, has been pulling off a series of stunts that astonished even the blasé university students.

As a result of his first work and competition with the other fliers, Thompson has issued a challenge to Captain Lowell Yerex one of the visiting flyers, for a twenty-five mile race. In preparation for the race, Thompson has been busily employed in installing a new engine in his plane, and in overhauling the ship in general. With these improvements, he is confident of victory, even though Yerex's plane is the more powerful. Tommie will rely mainly on his skill as a flyer and his wide experience of over six years to overcome this handicap, and if good wishes and moral support can afford any aid, certainly he will win out, for the Varsity is behind him strong.

Not long ago, Tommie featured largely when he took a lady who had missed her train here to Gallup in time to catch it there and continue her trip to the Coast with her baggage and the rest of the party. Then again last Sunday, he was summoned by telegram to take a lady back to St. Paul, Minnesota so that she could get there in time for her sister's funeral. However, both because his plane was not in shape to make the trip at that time and furthermore on account of the season which might cause some trouble, especially in the Rockies, Tommie was forced to refuse the offer.

Thompson enjoys, in addition to his laurels, the unusual record of being one of the few flyers who have never had an accident in their careers of aerial navigation. Of course, it is not wise to boast on such matters as no one knows when Lady Luck may change, but that fact in itself is pretty good evidence that Tommie is a flyer of more than usual ability and care, in addition to his capacity for daring and stunts.

WELL KNOWN CAMPUS QUEEN
PASSES FRENCH I.

The stubborn youth, immortalized by Longfellow in his more or less famous "Excelsior," had nothing on one of our fairest co-eds when it comes to reiteration. For three days after a certain memorable French examination the young lady in question staggered aimlessly about the campus, dolefully and dazedly addressing every passerby thus: "I flunked French."

After receiving the glad tidings that she had passed the course with flying colors and a D, her campus peregrinations became more animated, and she ruthlessly pounced upon every unsuspecting victim who came within striking distance, excitedly delivering the following speech, emphasized by a well directed solar plexus blow:

"I passed French."

Exact figures on the number of times the aforementioned remarks were hurled at the ears of more or less sympathetic listeners are not available, but a fairly accurate approximation places the total at a

students who were in attendance during the matches, it would appear that the University in a body was thinking of taking up the game.

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Contributions received at all times
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personnel made by show of earnest
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1923

QUALIFICATIONS OF A COLLEGE EDITOR

A college editor should be a super-
man, endowed with the patience of
Job, the editorial ability of Horace
Greym, the managing and directing
ability of Charles Schwab, the di-
plomacy of Woodrow Wilson and the
judicial qualities of former Chief
Justice Marshall; he needs the keen
humor of Lincoln, the dignity and
philosophy of Socrates, the religion
of John Wesley, and the agnostic
tendencies of Ingersoll; he should
have the literary ability of Shake-
spere and the lack of conscience to
perpetrate the atrocities of Amy
Lowell. In addition to these few
qualifications he needs the physique
of Jack Dempsey, the nerve of a
hold-up man and Edison's ability to
do without sleep. His brain should
be constituted that he could absorb
the essentials of a twenty-credit
course by means of the best perusal
of the subjects therein contained
and to pass the final exams with
honors so that the faculty will re-
spect him and allow him to remain
in school. He should be absolutely
foreign to the needs of rest, sleep,
eating, recreation, the love of so-
ciety, the inclination for glory in
athletics, school activities and in
love. Having these few requirements,
he should be able to qualify as a
fairly competent editor, and there
is a possibility that he would not be
hailed on the faculty as being more
than once a week and kicked by the
student body in general more than
once a day.—Idaho Argonaut.

And the editor of the U. N. M.
Weekly humbly ventures to suggest
There is a joke—at least it used to
be a joke that when all the Cadillac,
Hudson, Packard, etc., car owners
went to Heaven, Saint Peter met
them and sent them to perdition, be-
cause they had had their Heaven on
earth, but when the poor Ford owner
appeared he was taken in with open
arms for he had had his Heaven on
earth. So, surely, if the poor, be-
dragged editor of the college paper
ever gets as far as Heaven, he will
receive his reward for "he had his
hell on earth."

MAKING TEACHING ATTRACTIVE

"Young people of today are dis-
couraged from entering teaching as
a profession, because there are more
opportunities open to college graduates.
Glowing pictures of power, influence,
wealth and fun painted, and the
young student, filled with ambition,
resigns all thought of becoming a
professor and enters the business
world."

Deplored the present tendency of
business and professional groups to
belittle academic life as a career.
President L. D. Coffman, in his ad-
dress before the Association of Urban
Colleges, in session for their eighth
national convention, cited the paying
of higher salaries than Universities
can afford to pay, as one of the
means employed to attract college
graduates to the business world.

Through a concentration of the
financial forces now exerted by busi-
ness and professional groups for the
carrying on of research and the pro-
duction of this paper behind the Uni-
versities, results could be multiplied with-
out added expense.

Not only would such a procedure
be beneficial to the University, but
that the institution would retain its
best instructors and research men,
but to the community as well
through an added development and
a reduced expense for research pro-
jects. Where an expenditure of be-
tween \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000
annually now is made for research
in the field of engineering, a con-
centration, through the building of
a research institute at the urban uni-
versity, would make possible not
only larger salaries for capable mem-
bers of the University's staff, but a
lessening of duplication in work done.
It is only through co-operation be-
tween the community and the urban
University located within the com-
munity.

done. The benefits of such co-opera-
tion will be manifested in better and
less expensive results in the case of
community projects and in better
and more stabilized and well-
teaching forces in the University.—
F. M. B.

NEW JERSEY TEAM HANGS UP INQUIRY RECORD IN BASKETBALL ACHIEVEMENTS

Well may Passaic High School of
Paterson, New Jersey, boast about
its basketball team for under its
coach Robert Scott, it has hung up
a record that but few, if any other
teams, in collegiate, high schools, or
professional circles, have ever match-
ed even halfway. Not long ago, by
virtue of a victory of 9 to 33 over
St. Mary's Academy near there they
set a record of one hundred straight
victories in basketball in the past
four years. Another notable thing
about that game was the fact that
the thirty-eight points that St.
Mary's hung up was the highest
score that has been made against
Passaic for some time.

And they have played no easy
schedule to gain those one hundred
straight victories. It means for one
thing that they have won the high
school basketball championship of
New Jersey for three consecutive
years passing through district, sec-
tional and state tournaments with-
out a defeat in that time. The year
before this victorious run they lost
but one game in the finals in the
state championship tournament.
With the exception of that one de-
feat, Passaic's record in basketball
for six consecutive years is not mar-
red by a defeat—giving them a total
of one hundred and forty-two games
won and one lost in that time. They
have also gone outside of the state
in their victories, beating such
teams as New York University
Freshmen, Reading and Binghamton,
championship teams of Penn-
sylvania, and a quietest corner of
the state, the University of Penn-
sylvania. In all this time Passaic
has piled up a total of over nine
thousand points compared to the
total of about thirty-five hundred
for their opponents.

How do they do it? Ringers? No.
They are all players developed there
in the school, and not one of them
is an outsider. Each year, they lose
one or more of their star players,
but somehow there is always some
other that appears to fill the place
as well as or better than his prede-
cessor. Where will it end—and
where—and by whom? Time will
tell.

BASKETBALL IN OTHER SCHOOLS

Basketball results in college cir-
cles brought little new this week
with the top teams remaining on top
and the others in the same relative
position as before. In the East
there were no great changes in the
big Princeton, Yale, Cornell, etc.,
with but a few scattering contests.
Princeton came closer to upset-
ting the team that has had for some
time when they ran up against Syracuse
on the latter's home floor. The
game ran along practically even until
the last few minutes of play, the
Princeton forwards cut loose and
overcame a slight Syracuse lead,
winning 28 to 23. In other eastern
games, Penn State walloped Lebanon
valley, 43 to 13. Navy beat George
town by a close tally, 37 to 33 and
Army cut loose on Colgate, taking
the game, 32 to 27. Rutgers had
an easy time with Muhlenberg, 40
to the tune of 45 to 23. Grove City
swamped West Virginia, 38 to 9,
and Pennsylvania beat Mercer 37 to
13.

In the Big Ten Conference, no real
development came to light in the
race for the title with the exception
of the defeat of Northwestern at the
hands of Iowa University at Iowa
City. The game was pretty much of
a draw and took affair until the last
few minutes when Iowa managed to
get away for the necessary points,
winning 29 to 22. This practically
eliminates the Northwestern five in
the title race, though they have al-
ready won from Ohio State and other
conference teams. Michigan sent
Ohio State still further toward the
cellar position, taking their game in
easy fashion, 49 to 25. Purdue took
another step toward repeating on
last year's Conference championship
when they beat Chicago 32 to 23.

Roly—A hold-up man knocked me
senseless about a year ago.
Poly—Why don't you see if some-
thing can't be done about it?

—Bo Pachent.
The following reply to a dun was
actually received by a New Jersey
firm:

Dear Sir:
I received your letter about what
I owe you, now be pachent, I ain't
forgot you and as soon as folks pays
me, I'll pay you.
If this was judgment day and you
no more prepared to meet your God
than I am your account, your God
going to hell.

—Wise Hubby.
"Does your husband ever live to
you?"
"Never!"
"How do you know?"
"He tells me that I do not look a
day older than I did when he married
me, and if he doesn't lie about that,
he's a liar."

CO-ED REFLECTIONS

Many are the laws of shift and
change—we noticed some of them
at the results of the semester ex-
am were known. We grieve the
passing of those who are no longer
with us.

It is funny how some girls have
all the luck—most of them can only
get a fraternity pin but one that we
know of got a great big beautiful
sparkler out of it.

And thereby hangs the tale of how
another boy drew the royal rasp-
berry, where he expected something
far different.

Queer—how many of the students
are getting sick about this time—
probably the after-effect of the exams
is too much for some people.

Another dance in Rodey Hall this
week end. I suppose that we should
rejoice—but the thought of the floor
is almost too much.

Talk about the famous fourteen
points that ended the Great War and
the basis of the peace treaty, the peace
treaty was worked out—have we not
our own equally famous twelve
points here at the University of New
Mexico. Let us hope that they ac-
complish more than did Brother
Woodrow Wilson's.

LOST—Somewhere between the
girls' dorms and the campus, one
mouthful of hair and several smud-
ges of paint, some time about seven-
thirty.—D.

FOUND—Somewhere in the same
place, some articles, at about the
same time.—H.

Speaking of famous lists of vic-
tims in history—how about the black
list published by the Faculty Com-
mittee on Admission and Student
Standing? It seems to have effec-
tually cut off—or out—several er-
rant members of the student body.

Inevitable.
A hotel keeper at an old-fashioned
crossroads house in Arkansas had a
clerk who suddenly developed klep-
tomaniac, systematically stealing from
the guests until complaint became
general.

The proprietor was at his wits'
end, but because of the scarcity of
available help he daunted his depre-
cated clerk except for this slight
failing, he hesitated to part
with him. Finally he solved the
problem. Over his desk in the of-
fice he wrote his valuations with the
clerk. He'll get them anyhow."

Right Back at Him.
An opulent-appearing man drove
up to the curb in a car that was not
his, and was accosted by a small boy:
"Watch yer auto for a nickol,
mister."

"Bawt it, kid, this machine won't
run away."
"Now, but I could call you when
it starts to fall apart."

The Better 'Ole.
A bad fire broke out in a garage
on the main automobile route be-
tween New York and Boston and
apparatus from half a dozen nearby
small towns was rushed to the scene.
When the chief of the first appar-
atus to arrive dashed in, he was amaz-
ed to see the proprietor sitting on a
chair in the middle of the flaming
structure.

"For Pete's sake, get out quick!"
bellowed the chief. "This place is
full of gasoline and it'll be blown
sky-high any second."
"Can't leave," calmly retorted the
proprietor. "A guy said he'd drop
around in ten minutes and pay me
five dollars he's been owing me for
a month."

And Marriage Offender.
He—There must be a great many
lovesome marriages being performed
now.
She—What makes you think so?
He—Haven't you heard the old
saying that love comes but once to
every man?

Derbies and Derbies.
"That mare I just imported," said
the millionaire horse owner proudly,
"once won the Derby."
"I commend and his friend af-
ter a close inspection of the animal,
"English or brown?"

Sort o' So-So, Altogether.
Doctor—How do you do today?
Caller—Pretty well—fer me.
How are all the folks?
"Pretty well—considerin'."
Anything new in your section?
Well, no—nothing very. "Spose
you heard ole Aunt Libby was dead?"
No, I hadn't. She must have died
surely.

Well—yes. Kinda sudden—fer
her.
We hear that the man with the
laugh, now in California has just
died. He was probably the original
native son.—Life.

As for beer and light wines, it is
moved and seconded that we put the
matter on the table.

On New Year's Eve the world was
in a daze, and the world was in a
daze.

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PITFALL AND GIN

United States Senator Myers
of Montana recently delivered our
most expounded to the student
in a convincing manner on the un-
developed resources of our State.
Pitfall and Gin thought the Senator
was stalling, more or less, and just
filling up his time. But, if you
know what is meant. Nevertheless,
Pitfall and Gin made a hurried voy-
age through certain phases of our
undeveloped resources and captured
a couple of prizes. The Senator's
assertions, conclusively. Pit-
fall and Gin offers his prizes in-
dorsed (without recourse).

Exhibit A.
One of the High Schools of the
State recently installed a radiophone
and the patrons had gathered to hear
the first concert. An old citizen
gathered closely around the appar-
atus and studied it attentively for
almost an hour. Noting his deep in-
terest, one of the teachers asked
him what he thought of it. He re-
plied: "Pretty dern good, Professor;
how many records hev ye got fer
it?"

Exhibit B.
In the mountain country to the
south an old mountaineer and his
wife were suffering seriously ill with
Central fever poisoning and from the
nearest city for medical at-
tention. While they were in town,
under the care of a physician, some
kind friends brought their eighteen-
year-old daughter down from the
hills for a visit. After a short stay
with her parents the girl returned
to her home. To her mountain
friends she expounded as follows:
"You know, there's a awful in maw's
and paw's room at town that's tied
to the ceiling with a string, and
makes as geeder light as any lamp
ye ever seen—and maw and paw
can both work it!"

Stude: "Betcha you don't know
who my girl is."
"Noher Stude: "Bet I do. She's
redheaded and lefthanded."

"Does your girl smoke?"
"I dunno; guess I never got her
that hot."

In 1923.
Young man to prospective father-
in-law: "You said that you and I
were going to get married, and I'll
match you to see whether you are invited
or not."

Clarence: "They's a lot in the pa-
pers about this maternity aid busi-
ness."

Oswald: "Yes, it's a creature of
evolution. During the war, if you'll
remember, the government started it
by regulating the birth-rate on the
railroads."

Wag: "See where Baylor Univer-
sity is working to beat hell."

Wagner: "How's that?"
Wag: "They gave three days off
from classes to a revival on the cam-
pus—and what's more they held a
6:30 a. m. prayer-meeting."

"Step on it, Kid, Smirked Sir Wal-
ter Raleigh to the Queen."

"The Height of Imagination."
A man diving off the Woolworth
tower with a lighted cigar in his
buttonhole pretending he's Haley's
comet.

"The Height of Ignorinity."
A man wearing pink ribbons on his
nightie to fool the baby.

"Things That Make Us Tired."
3-hour examinations.
Hikers.
Setting-up exercises.
High heels.
Flippers.
Mathilde McCormack.

Ophelia's Weakly Poem.
I work 8 hours, and all men should;
I sleep 8 hours or so.
But what I do with 8 hours more,
I'll never, never know.

Gone, but not—forgettable:
The memory of her lives forever-
more,
And wherever men or women gather
The remembrance still brings
A little laugh.

Her kittenish ways—so queer,
A man she pawed and played about
Like a cat with a piece of catnip
Nudging, patting, pawing, chasing,
A merry game.

Man crazy—oh, never that—
You see, she'd passed that stage;
I think it I were naming it,
Without much hesitation, I'd call it
Boy daffy.

An author has made the statement
that life consists not in holding good
cards, but in playing a bad hand well.
Good aren't some of us under awful
handicaps.

When Louis talks to Nell, one is
forthly, oh, very forcibly, reminded
of Milton's telling phrase: "Linked
sweetness long drawn out."

Some new! Chuck Barber, erst-
while Varsity football player, is
spending of candy—one very blond
fellow expressed his sentiments very
sweetly in that way. (Really it isn't
very long until grades come out.)

embarked on two new ambitions.
He is falling in love with one of the
ladies as a fitting supplement. We
so very hard to find a several have
already performed the same stunt,
but won't attempt to say how far
you will fall as some have been
known to fall clear on through. For
the second, we have no comment.

Upon very good authority, we have
it that the days are getting longer
and longer and the mornings lighter.
Alas! how erroneous this statement.
The days are getting darker and more
bleaker, darker, chillier and more
forbidding than they now seem at
seven-fifteen when I am obliged to
drag my weary carcass from its night-
ingale's nest and prod it to early
morning activity. And the contrast
to vacation, however short, makes
it harder.

Wonder if a Freshman, newly ar-
rived, or, rather, one doesn't feel
more or less like the first verse of
the 16th Psalm: "Preserve me, O
God, for in Thee do I put my trust."

The only trouble with Coach John-
son's system of giving each of two
identical hygiene theses one half of
the grade that the paper would nat-
urally draw is that sometimes one
pays a high price for considerably more
credit than he deserves at that.

Willie had got into a fight after
leaving the club that night and the
mother thing he explained it to his
mother thus: "When I came in last
night, I stumbled over the rug be-
fore the door and fell and hit my
eye on the doorknob and the side of
my head on the jamb, and that got
me so dizzy that when I got in the
living room, I fell again and hit my
ear against the side of the table and
then got so tangled up in my coat
that I had to tear off my collar in
order to breathe."

Of all sad shots of a gambler's wit,
The saddest are these, "I might
have hit."

On the Mirage bloters: "The
Book of Memories." What — of
things done, or things dreamed?

Has any one noticed the big, new
diamond sparkler on the campus?
Evidently this is beyond the frat
pin stage.

A POEM (Apologies to the Dial!)

Everything is what it seems.
Young sport sits in the classroom
grinning, eyeing each and every girl
as she enters the room.
Which one will he choose
To sit by
and make eyes at
say soft, cooling words?
he is not handsome, no
far from it.
But he is a male
rusher.
He rushes each and
every one.
And thinks feminine
hearts go pit-a-pat—
But they don't!

DARK-LIGHTS

Midnight strikes the air and leaves
a quivering silence—an uneasy
calm which is always present as the
birth of the new day settles on the
waiting world. Only one light pier-
ces the darkness and the mysterious
figures leave everything shrouded
in darkness. Silence—the soft
scrape of a key in the lock—the
creak and groan of a door opened—
the key turns again. A rush of feet
flitting figures enter a car which
glides slowly at first, then picks up
speed as it leaves the Campus—down
the hill—surely it must be for some
reason, for the darkness and the mys-
terious figures have ventured forth.
They are well chaperoned too. Undoubtedly
something is wrong—a kind of fur-
tive silence seems to envelop the
car.

Ab, the mystery is solved. The
car stops in the downtown district
in front of a Hot Dog stand! Thus
is higher education awarded.

During the past week, Miss Mar-
garet Brooks has been confined at
the Phi Mu house with a severe at-
tack of influenza. Her mother, Mrs.
Fred Brooks arrived from Dawson
last Thursday evening in order to be
with her daughter.

Gracie May McNiel, Province
President of Epistol Province of
Alpha Delta Pi, is visiting the local
chapter, Alpha Nu, for a few days.

Beta Xi of Sigma Chi announces
the pledging of Gerald Marshall of
Peru, Indiana; Edward Cartwright,
of Albuquerque, New Mexico; and
R. B. Fuller, of Coffeyville, Kan-
sas.

Friday night the patronesses of
Kappa Kappa Gamma are entertain-
ing the local chapter at the Albu-
querque Country Club.

Speaking of Dry Spells
"Yes, we do have some pretty long
dry spells here," said the old desert
rat to the inquiring tourist. "Fact
of it is that after some of them we
have to teach the fish to swim again,
but what makes it sad is that so
many of 'em drown learnin'."

There is no success for the
MAN—
Who vacillates.
Who is faint-hearted.
Who shirks responsibility.
Who never dares to take risks.
Who thinks fate is against him.
Who is discouraged by reverses.
Who does not believe in himself.
Who expects nothing but failure.
Who is always belittling himself.
Who always anticipates trouble.
Who waits for something to turn
up.
Who complains that he never had
a chance.
Who is constantly grumbling about
his work.
Who never puts his heart into
anything he does.
Who blames circumstances or
other people for his failures.
Who can do a poor day's work
without a protest from his con-
science.
Who assumes the attitude of a
victim whom everybody is bent on
"doing."
Who expects to eliminate from his
work everything that is disagree-
able or distasteful.
Who is forever wishing that he
were doing something else instead
of the thing he is doing.
Who clings tenaciously to old
ideas and old ways of doing things
and is a slave of precedent.
Who shuts himself within his own
little life so completely that he can
not take interest in anything out-
side of it.
Who thinks the times are always
out of joint, and that he was not
born in the right moment, or in the
right place.—Success.

Status
Barr: "Did you say he is a bosom
friend?"
"More than that; he's a hip
friend."
Teacher: "James, who was the
greatest man in the world?"
James: "Mamma's first husband."

No?
"Pop, I got in trouble at school
today and it's all your fault."
"How's that, my son?"
"Well, you remember when I asked
you how much a million dollars
was?"
"Well I remember."
"Well teacher asked me today,
and 'helluva lot' isn't the right
answer."

A Kansas editor announced he
would try for one week to print the
truth, and he is still in the hospital.
The following item appeared in Mon-
day's issue and now the boys are
getting out the paper. This is what
he said:
"Married, Miss Sylvia Rhode to
James Cannaman, last Sunday eve-
ning at the Baptist Church. The
bride was an ordinary town girl,
who didn't know any more than a
rabbit about cooking and never help-
ed her mother three days in her life.
She is not a beauty, but very mean
and has a gait like a duck. The
groom is an up-to-date has-been
lofer, living off the old folks all his
life, and don't amount to snuicks no-
more. They will live together, sac-
red Heart Review.

Pat made a bet with Mike that he
could carry a hot full brick up
these ladders to the top of the build-
ing with Mike sitting on the top.
The ladders were on the outside of
the building.
On the third ladder Pat made a
mistake but caught himself in time
to save Mike from falling forty feet
to the sidewalk. Arriving at the
top, Pat said:
"Begorra, I've won the bet."
"Yes," replied Mike, "but when you
slipped I thought I had ye."—Ex-
change.

Speaking of Dry Spells
"Yes, we do have some pretty long
dry spells here," said the old desert
rat to the inquiring tourist. "Fact
of it is that after some of them we
have to teach the fish to swim again,
but what makes it sad is that so
many of 'em drown learnin'."

LOVE DONE UP IN STATISTICS
A German statistician has calcu-
lated that in the case of proposals
of marriage 36 per cent of the pro-
posers press the hand of their beloved,
24 per cent conclude their speech
with some kind of a kiss, 2 per
cent kiss the hand, 2 per cent
fall on their knees and 30 per
cent swallow nervously before they
declare their passion.

Ten per cent open and close their
mouths without being able to utter
a single word and 2 per cent make
their proposals while standing on
one foot. With regard to the women,
on the other hand, 60

LOCALS

Clifford Barnhart, who has been in Santa Rosa since last spring, has returned and enrolled in the University again. Sarah could have graduated at the mid-year, but preferred to skip that semester and return to graduate in the spring with the majority of his class. He may be found most any time at the Pi Kappa Alpha house, unless he is downtown seeing a certain young alumna of the University.

After an absence of a semester in resting up, our dear friend, Pat Pugh, has returned to the fold and is once more favoring the campus with his company.

Miss Josephine Chacon was unexpectedly called home last week on account of the sudden illness of her mother, who is reported to be quite seriously ill.

Miss Alletta Fisher, who was a student here at the University last semester, has found herself unable to return on account of illness in her family which will force her to remain in Topeka.

Thursday, Dr. David S. Hill left for Santa Fe for a short business trip. The matter of the appropriation for the University is now pending and he is attempting to secure a sufficient grant to enable the school to continue at its present rate of progress.

In the departure of Thelma Lyman, better and preferred known as Billy Louden, the University lost one of its seniors and one of the most popular girls on the campus. Billy has gone to Arizona, where she will attempt to complete her course this coming spring.

Dr. John S. Clark, Dean of the Graduate School, was sick for several days immediately following registration the past week. It is reported that his illness was caused by the bitter memories occasioned by the sight of some Frosh who flunked Chemistry I.

When it comes to expert maneuvering for an advantageous position in Dean Mitchell's waiting line at registration time, we nominate for the Hall of Fame one auburn haired maiden, familiarly known as Polly Bolins.

Tommie Thompson, erstwhile shave tail in the aviation corps, later stunt flier, and still later student of U. N. M., featured prominently in last Saturday's "monster flying circus," doing the tail spin, the falling leaf, the loop the loop, the Argentine tango and various other hair raising stunts, with his customary sang froid. All Tommie needs to make him notorious is a wicked name like Diavolo, Enchilada, or something equally hot.

Katherine Owens and Ruth Bursum, returning from a week-end visit at the Owens home, report everything on the boom down Los Lunas way, and they have plunged into the work of the second semester with the avidity that has always characterized their academic activity.

Registration went off like clock-work last Tuesday, and the student body has settled down to work again, slightly battle scarred from last week's examinations, but in pretty good condition for another hard semester's work, nevertheless.

Among new registrants are Zim-rude Hext; Ruth McFadden of Roswell; Marjorie Cleve of Roswell; Marian Grunfeld of Albuquerque; Helene Jackson of Aztec; Jasmine Fairly of Portales; Ed Cartwright of Albuquerque; Jerry Marshall of Peru, Indiana; Rice Fuller and Charles Pierce, of Coffeyville, Kansas; Robert and Charles Burgess, of Santa Fe, and Otto Gilliland from Columbia Military Academy of Tennessee. Hext, Cleve and Jackson are former U. N. M. students who are re-registering after an absence of some time.

Mary Willson blew in on No. 10 Monday night, after a short visit to the old home town, and once more is making the campus brighter with the sunshine of her smile.

Eddie Mapes, a member of last year's Lobo squad, has re-registered. Eddie got mixed up in a log jam last spring and emerged from the fracas considerably the worse for wear, but is just about as good as new again.

Claire Bursum and Ruth Daugherty will not be back this semester. Claire is a mid-year graduate, and Ruth will stay out of school a semester, and re-enter next fall.

Charles Sullivant, who attended the University the first semester, left Sunday night for his home in Williams, Arizona, where he intends to work during the next few months preparatory to re-entering next fall.

Fritz

University, as he intends to leave within a short time for Cleveland, Ohio, where he will enroll in Western Reserve University.

Indifferent.

Sam, a colored "slicker," sold Mose a mule. A few days later Mose told Sam the mule was blind. "What makes yo' think dat dat mule am blind?" "Why, I turned him loose in a field, and he ran right into a tree." "Mose, dat mule ain't blind. He just don't give a dam."—Judge.

Story of the Fishman's Twins.

They asked how he could tell his twins apart and he said, "Well, Sor, if ye put your finger in Pat's mouth and he bites you, then you know it was Mike."—Bindery Talk.

"Niggah, shoot yoh dollar, and give us a little Ford action." "Boy, what do you-all mean by Ford action?" "Shake, rattle and roll, niggah; shake, rattle and roll."—Naval Air Current.

Get Him, Tige.

Dean Mortimer E. Cooley of the University of Michigan had an old bachelor friend who suddenly "up and got married" without a bit of notice to his colleagues. They were discussing it one night, says the Dean, and one fellow in particular was lamenting it as a poor match. "Whom did he marry?" asked the wag of the crowd. "Oh, some widow named Elizabeth who has two children." "Well, you're right then," exclaimed the wag, "for all he got was a second hand Lizzie and two runabouts."

Neither Sambo nor Rastus could tell the time of day—or anything else—but Sambo had a nice big Ingersoll which he exhibited with a great air of superiority. "What time am it?" said Rastus. Sambo hesitated and then extended the timepiece saying, "Dar she am." Rastus looked at it carefully and said: "Dam if she ain't."

Saving Him Pain.

Boy (to his Dad)—Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes shut? His Dad—Certainly. Boy—Well, then, shut your eyes and sign my report card.

His Annual Bath.

Once a year the newsboys of London are given an outing some place on the Thames River, where they can swim to their heart's content. As one little boy was getting into the water, his little friend said: "Johnnie, you're pretty dirty!" "Yes," replied Johnny, "I missed the trip last year."—Store Chat.

A Regular.

Judge—Now I don't expect to see you here again, Rufus. Rufus—Not see me here again. Judge? Why, you-all ain't a-goin' to resign yo' job, is you, judge?—B-C-A News.

Wig Wag.

Bilkens showed up with a set of hand-carved features that resembled the field after Chateau-Thierry. "Pete's sake!" gasped a friend. "What happened to your face? Been in an accident?" "None," returned Bilkens sadly. "A deaf and dumb barber shaved me and he was feeling chatty."

Practice Needed.

There wasn't a much tougher outfit in the whole State of Wyoming than the Flying V, and it was with some surprise that the cowboys had gathered together and heard the boss proclaim:

"I want you fellows to get out yer guns and practice up a bit." "What fer?" demanded the chorus. "Well, we're going into Chicago with a train of cattle in a week or so, an' we wanta be able to at least hold our own."

Up In the Air.

"An' phwat did the judge say to your Mickey?" says Mrs. Murphy to Mrs. O'Leary. "Sure, he let him down with a suspended sentence," says Mrs. O'Leary to Mrs. Murphy. "Och, is it after hangin' the poor lad he is then?" says Mrs. Murphy to Mrs. O'Leary.

A Best Seller.

As the boy who attended the newsstand, was absorbed in reading a book, I hunted around until I found the magazine I wanted, and then approached him. When I spoke to him he did not raise his eyes from the page, but held out his hand for the coin and dropped it automatically into the till. I said:

"Where's the change?" "What did you get?" he replied, still without looking up.

I told him, "How much is it?" he asked. I said I did not know. "Can't you read it on the cover?" he inquired crossly.

Thus admonished I searched the cover until I found the price mark tucked away in the hair of the pretty girl picture. When I told the newsdealer he tossed the change over the counter. One of the coins rolled on the floor, but I recovered it while the boy read on.

Curious to learn the nature of the book he was reading I glanced over his shoulder at the title.

On The Safe Side.

A man from Arizona on returning home was telling of the crookedness of card playing, as practiced in Montana.

"I was settin' in a little poker game with a bunch of fellers up there when one guy parks a cud of chewin' tobacco in the middle of the table. Well, I don't say nothin'. Then pretty soon another feller parks his. Still I don't say nothin'. But when a third does the same thing, I gets fretful.

"Say, I says, 'what's the big idea?' " 'Pardner,' one of the fellers says, 'you don't think we're going to take no chances by turnin' our heads, do you?'"

The Information Bureau.

A guest hurried up to the hotel clerk's counter. He had just ten minutes to pay his bill, reach the station and board his train. "Hang it!" he exclaimed. "I've forgotten something. Here, boy, run up to my room—No. 427—and see if I left my pajamas and shaving kit. Hurry, I've only five minutes now."

The boy hurried. In four minutes he returned out of breath. "Yes, sir," he panted. "You left 'em."

Swedish Dialogue.

"Hello, Olaf, where you bane so long?" "I ban got married." "That's good." "Not so good; my wife's got two children." "That's bad." "Not so bad; she got \$10,000." "That's good." "Not so good, she wouldn't give me the money." "That's bad." "Not so bad, she built a house." "That's good." "Not so good, the house burn up." "That's bad." "Noot so bad, my wife burn up in house."

A Cheerful Giver.

A colored revival was in full blast, and one old fellow was exhorting the people to contribute generously.

"Look what de Lawd's done fo' you-all, brethern!" he shouted. "Give Him a portion of all you has. Give Him a tenth. A tenth belongs to de Lawd!"

"Amen!" yelled a perspiring member of the congregation, overcome by emotion. "Glory to de Lawd! Give Him mo'. Give Him a twentieth! Give Him a twentieth!"

Whaddya Mean, Hard Luck.

The colonel had heard of two recent disasters in the family of his colored orderly and was surprised to find him as cheerful as ever when he returned to duty after a brief furlough home.

"Well, Sam," said the colonel sympathetically, "I hear you have had some hard luck."

"What, me, suh? Nossuh, Ah ain't had no hard luck."

"Why, wasn't that your brother who was killed in a railroad wreck recently and wasn't that your wife that was hurt in an automobile accident?"

"Oh, yassuh, yassuh—but dat's deir hard luck—not mine."

Boycott Them.

"Now, children," beamed the Sunday School teacher, "who can suggest the lesson we are taught by the downfall of Samson. Well, well, Georgie."

"Don't patronize women barbers, ma'am."

Checking Up.

One morning a Negro sauntered into the office of a white friend. "Good mawnin', Mr. Withrow. Kin I use yo' phone a minute?" he asked.

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"Why, certainly, Sam." Sam called his number, and after a few minute's wait said, "Is this Mrs. Whiteside? Well, I seen in de papeh where you'all wanted a good culled man. Is you still wantin' one? Then the man youse got is puffedly satisfactory, and you doesn't contemplate makin' no change soon? All right, ma'am. Good-bye."

Mr. Withrow called to Sam as he left the phone, "Now that's too bad, Sam, that the place is filled."

"Oh, dat's all right, Mr. Withrow. Ise de nigger what's got de job, but Ise jest wantin' to check up."—Judge.

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Imported and Domestic
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We Deliver

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Choice assortment of Nut and Fruit Chocolates. On the Box is a picture of an Indian pueblo house at Zuni.

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