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U. N. M. WEEKLY

Published by the Students of the University of New Mexico

Vol. XVII.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, FEBRUARY, 16 1915

No. 21

PHI MU DANCE BRILLIANT EVENT

Students and Friends of Fraternity
Enjoy Themselves at Annual St.
Valentine's Party.

The fourth annual ball of the Phi Mu National Fraternity was held last Friday night in the Masonic Temple. It was by far the most brilliant affair which has taken place in University society and an event worthy of highest commendation to the "Sorority girls" who proved themselves charming hostesses and royal entertainers during the evening.

The dance hall was artistically decorated. The profusion of the Phi Mu pennants on the walls made a beautiful picture and seemed the most appropriate decorations which could have been chosen. Four thousand pink hearts, made by the girls of the Sorority were suspended from the ceiling, while directly over the lights were immense pink butterflies.

The entrance hall was decorated with University pennants, potted palms and Navajo rugs. The cozy corners with their bright array of gorgeous sofa pillows, were extremely popular during the evening, which fact was very much in evidence at the close of every dance when those couples nearest soon filled them, while those remaining gazed towards them with eyes full of longing.

The screens which hid the orchestra from view were green lattice works covered with pink sweet peas, pink hearts, and the work "Phi Mu" in pink chrysanthemums.

By half past eight the hall was filled with the hum of talking of the arriving guests. The reception committee, consisting of the active members of the Sorority were lined up on the right of the hall and presented a picture of youth and beauty.

The grand march began at nine o'clock, and the programs which were of white suede with "Phi Mu" in pink on the covers, were distributed at the close of the grand march by little girls who were dressed in the Phi Mu colors.

Then the dancing commenced and all formality being laid aside the guests participated heartily. In the hall the punch was served, accompanied by white heart-shaped cakes, with the Sorority letters upon them in pink. The refreshments were very much in demand at the close of every dance but the supply seemed inexhaustible.

The guests departed at an early hour in the morning, voting the Sorority girls delightful hostesses and declaring the ball the event of the season.

Especially noticeable were the beautiful gowns worn by the Sorority girls and guests. Miss Alma Baldridge was attractive in a white crepe de chine, Miss Ruth McKown wore a white lace gown over messaline, with an Alice blue velvet vest. Miss Marie Higgins was a picture of loveliness in a white messaline gown trimmed in real lace and black fur. Elizabeth Simms was beautiful in a

(Continued on page five)

DEEP THOUGHTS ON SHALLOW SUBJECTS

Sophomore Philosopher Discusses
Varsity's Verdant Ones with
Keen Penetration.

The Freshmen.

A serious subject indeed.

To glance at these youngsters more than once, to notice that they consider themselves the pleni potentiary factors of this institution, to see the effects of the honors that were lavished upon them during their high-school years justifies us in our statement, a serious subject indeed.

Their importance is manifested in every movement. Resting upon the assumption that the fine showing they made during their high-school period will pull them through with highest laurels they assure themselves that



RECEPTION ROOM, "HOKONA"

they will undoubtedly some day become controllers of destiny, conquerors of the world, etc. How easily children are deluded.

Something should have been done in the beginning of the year to keep baby quiet, something to keep the little one from getting a bad start. Many a little one's precocity results in life-long howleggedness, too many sweets in childhood results in early false teeth.

One evening's work would have fixed up matters if the U. N. M. would treat the Freshies as they are treated at other colleges. We have been too lenient with the precious ones but we fear alas that little Jimmie and Katy are already spoiled. Still desiring to repair the injury which we have only ourselves to blame we the dignified upperclass co-eds of the University of New Mexico take advantage of our golden opportunity to say as we are responsible for the unsophisticated Freshies we should have Freshmen (men and women) treated as befits their place.

A Freshman should have no office which could be given to a Sophomore, Junior or Senior. He should be ex-

(Continued on page four)

"THE OLD SPANISH MISSIONS IN N. M."

Their Antiquity, Importance and Evidences of Great Force Behind Them Strikingly Discussed.

Tuesday morning's assembly was the recipient of an historical lecture of much interest and value to the audience, depicting as it did the "Old Spanish Missions in New Mexico," showing their antiquity as compared with anything similar in the United States, and also the burning zeal and desire to save men's souls actuating the old missionaries who followed along with the soldiers of Spain.

Honorable L. Bradford Prince, former Governor of New Mexico, and now a deep student of the history of the State was the talker for the morning, and the keen interest with which

his remarks were followed, as well as the applause at the end, showed how his audience appreciated his kindness in coming down from Santa Fe to deliver this talk.

Governor Prince began by telling how New Mexico had remained in ignorance of one of her most valuable possessions, which had been exploited by another state: her old missions. California, stated Governor Prince, advertises her missions to all the world, and justly so, for they are monuments to be proud of, but he declared, the missions of New Mexico were in many cases old and decayed before California's were begun. While the first mission in California was built in 1769, only seven years before the Declaration of Independence, New Mexico's antedated California's by over 150 years.

The whole story of the early missions in New Mexico, he declared, was intimately connected with the zeal and desire to save the Indians, which characterized the Franciscan missionaries. Even taking Coronado's expedition of 1540, while the primary purpose was to discover gold, yet there was nevertheless a crown of glory in

(Continued on page four)

SIGMA TAU SHOW SPLENDID SUCCESS

Third Annual "Follies" Delights All
With Splendid Acting and Charming Femininity Depicted.

Living up to their already established reputation as first-class exponents of histrionics and femininity, the active and alumni members of the local Sigma Tau fraternity put on their "Third Annual Follies" at the Crystal Theatre, the evening of Tuesday, February 9th, which was a screaming success from start to finish, without a dull moment at any time.

Where the Sigma Taus shine chiefly, however, is in their depiction of types of femininity, charming and otherwise, and the way in which some of the well-known Varsity students imitated the sweet co-eds, etc., last Tuesday was alone well worth the price of admission.

Each man carried out his part well, and there was no weakness detected in any one of them. Kenneth Balcomb as the hero had of course, the principal part, in which he was well supported by Howard Bateman, Carl Brorein, James Redfield, and Frank Gouin.

Hugh Bryan, David Lane, John Lapark, Allan Bruce and others in the cast are all deserving of the highest praise and commendation.

According to reports, the "Frat" boys reaped a pretty good harvest, and judging from the crowd in the house, this seems to be the truth.

One thing that cannot help striking us as a good sign is this: If a small aggregation of boys and men can put on such a performance and come out away to the good, what may we not expect of the annual play, with the whole University backing it?

LES FEMMES SAVANTES.

Few things are more disgusting to the feminine observer, than the haughty and superior airs assumed by men. Is it a wonder that it has caused the present revolt of woman-kind?

We have studied these mere proto-plasms, these insects called men and we have come to the conclusion that despite their widespread power and popularity, we shall soon have them trampled beneath our feet.

Whose sympathy is not aroused on seeing a clever woman excluded from an arena of fame, in which some masculine idiots and many masculine mediocrities succeed? We are fully prepared to say that here at the University are women of such ability that they would be fully capable of governing an empire or manoeuvring an army.

Disentangled from the harness in which women are held; freed from the weak and fickle influence of man; untrammelled by her household obligations, she can choose her profession and her power will be greater than man's, because she is unquestionably superior.

PATRONIZE THE WEEKLY'S ADVERTISERS

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1935

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

Modesty of manner, purity of mind, sincerity of thought, mildness of disposition, nobility of character with culture refining each characteristic, make the ideal woman.

A woman's power is for rule and her intellect for sweet ordering arrangement and decision. "Three things a perfect woman nobly planned:

To love, to cherish and command." She does not confuse station with worth, artificiality with nature, falseness with graciousness, pride with confidence.

It is indisputably true that many people are opposed to higher education for women not because they feel that women, with their minds developed by training in the arts and sciences, are less fascinating, less lovely and less womanly because of this knowledge, but seeing the effects of materialism in the loss of ideals, one fears to have (trying to be poetical) a flower without perfume, a beautiful bird without song. Power is never popular, simplicity always attractive.

"The quiet mind is richer than a crown." Is it worth while to be mentally broadened while at the same time we stunt the growth of the emotional qualities?

What are ideals and how does the lack of them affect us? Ideals may be defined as a mental conception, regarded as a standard of perfection or the reaching for an imaginary standard of excellence.

Without ideals all life would be void of that which is beautiful, charming and sympathetic. We often hear one say: "I am a practical person; what need have I for ideals—they are valueless—dreamers accomplish nothing, we do by doing and achieve naught by idle fancy. We habitate a world not a Utopia."

True however this may be, yet all our actions are the outcome of previous thought, in other words, of our ideals. The action of educated people especially is undeniably the result of their thought.

Unquestionably an ideal woman's life proceeds from her purity of thought and her kindness of speech. Hero worship even in our college days is never to be scorned at. It is much better to cherish the high

opinion of Washington's truthfulness in the cherry tree episode; of Esther's influence over her husband; and of the deeds of the vallant Judith than to deride all these sweet tales and traditions.

Although no one expects a genuine visionary existence yet such would be the natural consequences if each woman would live according to the highest ideal of what she is capable. If each woman each morning would say to herself:

"If I can live
To make some pale face brighter and to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye

Or e'er impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,

My life tho bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth will not have been in vain.

The purest joy
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine,
The millenium would be nigh.

APOLOGY.

The only apology offered by the two editresses for offended feelings, shattered hopes or blasted ambitions may be summed up in the words of Shakespeare: "Fools are my theme, let satire be my song."

A SOLILOQUY.

An E or not an E, that is the question,
As with reluctant fear we enter
Into that room wherein he sits
For whom our wearied mind submits
To days and nights of torture. If we might sleep

At least, and so in sleep forget
The horrors and the terrors which
Night and day

Do prey upon us. This is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished for. To rest—to sleep,
To sleep! Perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub,

For in that sleep what dreams may come,
When we have dropped off into sweet oblivion
Must give us pause. There's the respect

That makes calamity of all our days
For who would bear the biting criticism
Called down upon ourselves
Because of our most worthy compositions;

Or who forget the many hours
Spent previously in arduous labor,
But that the dread of something after sleep

Which makes us rather hear these ill words
Than fly to others that we know not of.

DR. KIRK ON HIKE.

Doctor Charles T. Kirk made a trip to Gallup during the last week-end for the State Natural Resources Commission. He went to investigate certain lands supposed to contain coal. On account of the extremely inclement weather there at the time, he was unable to make a definite report, and perhaps will make another trip in the near future.

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THE LEGEND OF THE "AGUAS
AMARGAS."

The "aguas amargas," or bitter waters, flow from a spring far up on the face of a cliff, and splash down into a sandy pool at its foot. Midway on its journey, the stream strikes a jutting ledge of rock that runs back into a tiny cleft into which the water washes only when the overflow pours down in the months of winter and early spring. The spring is accessible from above, but below the ledge the surface of the rock is wet and slippery, offering no chance of a foothold. Opposite the cliff a barren brown mountain rises precipitately, shutting the light of the sun from the spring except for a very few moments during the day. Around the next bend of the canyon there is a second spring which, however, bubbles up from the ground. Along the canyon bed a sandy road winds its way, the only pass through these mountains.

For several years, during the winter and spring, the waters of the first pool were bitter, and no animal, however thirsty, would stop there to drink. But in the summer, especially when there was a drought and the spring above was nothing but dry sand, the water was sweet and pure. This is the tale as one may hear it about the camp-fires of the cowboy.

There came into the canyon one evening at dusk, a solitary Mexican riding a floppy-eared mouse-colored burro. His dark face and shifty eyes bore a strange look of fear, for in the heavy leather belt fastened about his waist, at all appearances for the sole purpose of carrying his revolver, was a small fortune in gold dust which he had just panned in the Caballo mountains. As the wealth of the gold discovery there was by this time nearly exhausted, the Mexican had been exceedingly lucky.

He made his camp by the first spring whose water, although it was then the middle of winter, was clear and pure. In fact, at this time it had never been otherwise. His supper, the camper's usual bacon and "frijoles," was quickly finished and the Mexican sat down to enjoy a cigarette. Suddenly, he was aware that there was someone near. His hand crept down to the butt of his revolver before he looked up.

"I no got gun." The speaker was standing just within the flickering fire-light with one hand on the little burro's neck. The Mexican recognized him as one of the Americans who had been in the mountains for a short time during the gold rush. Satisfied that the man was not armed, he grunted assent to the other's approach. Still eyeing him suspiciously he offered the remainder of the can of beans.

The other accepted and ate in silence. He was one of the unlucky, returning from the gold camp, so that he was in a very ugly mood. The sight of the heavy belt, whose purpose he could easily guess, stirred up an evil desire to have it for his own. As he stretched himself before the fire he began to think out a way to steal the belt without danger to himself. The situation called for the use of wits, for the Mexican was armed and keenly alive to every movement of this intruder. To attempt to seize the gun was folly. He was rummaging idly in his pocket, hunting a cigarette paper, when his fingers touched a small package. A quick cough covered his grunt of surprise and satisfaction. At least part of his problem was solved for him. With the continual splash, splash of the spring in his ears he planned his action.

For a long time he lay perfectly still. The Mexican, overcome by

Domestic Science Corner

The following recipes have been successfully tried by the domestic science class and are published for the benefit of Hokonaites. Their deliciousness can be vouched for especially by Prof. Nelson and a few others who consumed them in infinite quantities without serious results:

Custard Pie.
Filling

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 pint milk, 1-8 teaspoon salt. Flavor with milk. Pastry—2 Crusts
One-half cup lard, 1-4 cup water, 1 1-2 cups flour, 1-2 teaspoon salt.

Fruit Cookies.

One and one-half cups brown sugar creamed with 1-2 cup butter and 1-2 cup lard, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon soda in 3 tablespoonsful warm water, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup

chopped nuts, 3 cups flour. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon.

Cocoanut Cream Candy.

Three cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 4 teaspoonsful butter, 1 cup shredded cocoanut, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cook as fudge, adding cocoanut before pouring into platter.

Welsh Rarebit.

One cup grated cheese, 4 tablespoonsful cream, 1 egg, 1-2 teaspoonful mustard, 1-2 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonsful butter, a pinch of cayenne pepper. Melt butter and cheese together. Add beaten egg with cream and season. Serve over crackers or toast.

Pound Cake.

One cup butter, 1 1-2 cups powdered sugar, 2 cups flour, 1-2 cup milk, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1-2 teaspoonful vanilla flavoring.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE GIRLS AT WORK

weariness, dozed with his hand still on the revolver. The American laughed softly to himself; things were indeed playing into his hands. He crawled slowly away from the sleeping man and, when once out of the range of the fire-light, rose to his feet. He had been in the canyon many times before, so he did not hesitate in choosing a place to climb up the face of the cliff. Once on top he walked noiselessly to a spot above the spring and let himself down to the ledge.

Clinging to the face of the cliff with one hand, and with one foot on the ledge and the other on a small projection, with the other hand he took the package from his pocket. He rolled it over and over in his hands, a light of wicked glee flashing in his eyes as he fondled the buckskin wrapping. At last, almost reluctantly, he opened one end of the buckskin and thrust the bag far back into the tiny cleft. At this time of the year, of course, the water was running back into the cleft and slowly trickling out again.

A glance below showed the Mexican now wide awake, leaning on one elbow and looking intently into the darkness on all sides. The American clambered down without further attempt at concealment and in answer to the other's suspicious gaze, remarked with an ugly grin that he had gone to the spring for a drink.

In silence they watched on until morning. At the first streaks of

dawn the Mexican caught his burro and then set about frying his bacon. The other waited without offering to move. Finally, the Mexican filled his rusty tin cup at the pool and drank most of it at a gulp. He made a wry face as he dropped the cup into the sand. Instead of finishing his preparations for the meal he sat slowly down. His face was becoming pale. "Las aguas amargas," he muttered. The American laughed as he rose and strode toward the Mexican who scarcely seemed to notice him. With a quick jerk he removed the belt with both revolver and gold and buckled it upon himself. Then he mounted the burro and rode quickly away, leaving the Mexican still sitting, beside the spring in an attitude of utter indifference.

A few hours later some other travelers coming through the canyon found the Mexican still muttering to himself, "Las aguas amargas."

While the newcomers were doing what they could for the sick man, one of their number took a sip of the spring water.

"Pizen," he exclaimed as he spat vigorously. "That's Injun pizen. It'll last for years. But, for God's sake, where did it come from?" The others looked blankly from him to the dying man. At midday they buried the Mexican at the foot of the brown mountain and went on their way.

For several years, as I have said, the pool was bitter when the water

PLANS COMPLETE FOR
THE WASHINGTON FETE

Excellent Vaudeville Show, Followed by Dance, Will Make Things Hum
Next Monday Night.

The student body has held several meetings lately to perfect plans for the University's annual Washington's Birthday fete. The students expect to outdo last year's affair, which was held at the old Economist building, by putting on a first-class vaudeville show and after the show an informal dance. After much discussion, it was decided to hold the fete at Rodey Hall and to charge just enough admission to cover expenses.

The fete was originated three years ago to raise money to help pay off the Athletic association debts, but during the last year the association has had such a successful season that no extra funds are needed. So the fete this year will be a purely social event, and everyone who attends is guaranteed more than his money's worth of entertainment and joviality.

A round of athletic stunts by the gymnasium class will be an interesting feature of the vaudeville show, and the audience will have an opportunity to see the high grade of training Director Hutchinson gives the students. There will also be a short minstrel show in which Messrs. Ray, Allen and Polk will entertain with larktown songs and sketches. One or two piano solos will be rendered during the entertainment by student talent, and among other acts will be a sleight of hand exhibition by one of the faculty. None of the acts will be dragged out or dry. "Short and snappy" has been the aim set by the committee in charge.

What with the show and the dance following it, a thoroughly enjoyable evening will be at the disposal of everyone desiring to come, town folks as well as University students.

HAVE YOU HEARD—

That Chef Lee brought a new skirt to the Phi Mu ball?

Worcester is recommended by Lea and Perrins?

Brenneman and Mitchell use Herpicide?

Bonnett is one of the few men who practices what he preaches?

Weese has quit using Sargol and is now chewing gum?

Hutch hocked his dress suit to pay his fare to Silver City?

Carolyn Beals is predicted as a future Ella Wheeler Wilcox?

That Tin Lizzie was the cause of Floyd Lee's arrest? These women!

Myrl Hope has been appointed president of the Bluffer's Club?

Laura McCollum and Margaret Cornell have joined Grand Opera?

Germany wants to float a war loan. Since putting on their show the Sigma Taus are considering taking the matter up with the Kaiser.

One Varsity student outside the team members saw the Varsity's last game of basketball. Too much publicity is going to affect the heads of the fellows in the team.

ran back into the cleft, but the poison was never again strong enough to kill. One summer, a flood roared down the canyon and rose so high that it swept into the cleft and whirled the little bag of poison far out on the brown water. From this time on the water of the spring has been clear and sweet, but it still retains the name of the "aguas amargas."

ALBUQUERQUE'S CLIMATE
MAKES FOR BEST EFFICIENCYDean Worcester Discovers Advantages
of Life in the "Biggest Little
City in the U. S. A."

Dean A. Worcester of the Department of Psychology has brought out evidence to convince that New Mexico's and especially Albuquerque's climate is conducive to mental and physical efficiency. His conclusions are based on the statistics of Prof. Ellsworth Huntington of Yale, and on the reports of the weather bureau. Prof. Huntington has shown that the efficiency of the workers in three large New England factories varied directly with the weather. As the employees did piecework their pay was a direct measure of their efficiency. The months of highest wages were June and November, and those of lowest January and August.

The records of the students of West Point and Annapolis correspond to a remarkable degree with those of the physical workers in the factories. A careful study of the data shows that temperature is the determining factor, although sunlight counts to some extent also. It is demonstrated that the best average temperature for mental efficiency is about 38 degrees, and to secure maximum physical efficiency, the day and night temperature should average 60 degrees.

We cannot help but be impressed by the fact that the climate of Albuquerque just about fills the temperature requirements to a tee. We do not experience extreme heat nor cold, and there is a marked daily variation between the day and night temperatures which is pleasingly invigorating.

Zoologists have shown that animal life shows the greatest activity when the humidity is low, and it is only natural to suppose the humidity has a similar effect on human beings. New Mexico, with its high altitude and humidity, should show high efficiency for the humidity factor as well as the temperature factor.

As proof of the foregoing statements about the effect of the New Mexico climate on personal efficiency, Prof. Worcester cites the case of the Santa Fe railway shops, where—according to the efficiency expert of the Santa Fe—the Albuquerque shops show an increase of efficiency of 11 per cent over the better equipped shops in Topeka.

So take heart, all ye students of U. N. M., who are having hard sledding with your studies. You could not do better anywhere else, and perhaps you would do a lot worse.

"THE OLD SPANISH"
MISSIONS IN N. M.

(Continued from page one)

it, from the fact that two Franciscan missionaries remained over after the departure of the Spaniards, to preach to the Indians. It was a wonderful case of self-sacrifice, he stated, as they knew they were facing martyrdom which was to come sooner or later.

When the Spaniards first made settlement in New Mexico, stated the Governor, in 1598, up where Chamita now stands, the very first thing they did was to build a church, the first Spanish one in New Mexico. It was not a large affair, but sufficient for their present needs. The country was then divided into seven districts and priests sent into each, who started on the church building work and in

the course of a few years there were eleven erected.

Governor Prince divided the missions of New Mexico into three classes:

1. Those that are entirely destroyed and gone forever. These have done their work and disappeared.
2. Those whose ruins are still with us and are of great interest to the student and archaeologist.
3. Those that remain and are still used.

He then went on to name and describe the missions of the three classes, together with other interesting objects and events connected with them, which lack of space prevents the Weekly from publishing.

BEWARE THE CO-ED.

'Twas a pleasant day in Autumn,
When a youngster they call Glenn
Came to tread with awe the campus
Of the glorious U. N. M.

He was young and gay and happy:
'Twas, I think, a year ago,
And a year at this old College,
Makes a man so old, you know.

He had entered with ambitions,
For himself to win some fame;
But a little co-ed won him;
Need I mention any name?

AS HEARD IN THE LUNCH ROOM.

"Pete" Baldrige: "Gee, you girls use slang to beat the Dutch around here."

Sofia Yrissari: "Darn, but you're right; we didn't do that at St. Vincent's, did we, Esby?"

R. E.: "I'll be Bumped if we did." Betty Simms: (Interrupting her) "It just provokes me to death. Guns, who in the deuce can that be?"

Kathryn Chaves: (Lifting her eyebrows) "I agree with you perfectly, girls, I think the language is simply vile, and I'll be ding busted, if I don't put a stop to it."

Ruth Staseson: (Coming in) "Holy smoke, what's all this commotion about? Time for class."

EXEUNT.

"Uncle Fuller's Idea of
WHAT A GIRL SHOULD LEARN
Before Taking the Matrimonial Step.

To sew.
To cook.
To mend.

To be gentle.
To value time.

To dress neatly.
To keep a secret.

To be self-reliant.
To avoid idleness.

To tend the baby.
To darn stockings.

To respect old age.
To make good bread.

To keep a house tidy.
To control her temper.

To be above gossiping.
To make a home happy.

To take care of the sick.
To humor a cross old man.

To marry a man for his worth.
To take plenty of active exercise.

To see a mouse without screaming.
To read some books besides novels.

To be light-hearted and fleet-footed.
To wear shoes that will not cramp the feet.

To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.
"Have a heart."

The Young Men's Bible class is proving of great interest. About sixteen were present at the last meeting.

LAST SUNDAY'S VESPIERS.

One of the most interesting Vesper services of the year was held last Sunday in Rodey Hall. These services have steadily been increasing in interest, as shown in the increased attendance. Time was that if you went to Vespers at all, it was with the feeling that you ought to go, so that the speaker might have someone to whom to address his remarks; now it is that if you cannot go for some reason you feel as if a real privilege has been taken away. We are glad to see so many visitors from town, and we hope that the lovely spring weather will be another inducement to them to come up on the hill to spend Sunday afternoon. Mr. Seder's efforts made the music last Sunday the special feature.

We are grateful to Mrs. Bradford for a beautiful solo, to Mr. Seder and Mr. Sewell for a duet. The brass quartet played a selection and after the address by Rev. E. P. Schueler, Mr. Clark and Mr. Barnes gave a duet.

The following is the program:
Prelude—Mr. Seder.
Hymn—No. 4.
Invocation.
Chant—Choir.
Solo—Mrs. Bradford.
Responsive Reading.
Duet—"Forever With the Lord"—Mr. Seder and Mr. Sewell.
Selection—Brass Quartet.
Anthem—Choir.
Address—Rev. E. P. Schueler.
Horn Duet—Mr. Clark and Mr. Barnes.
Closing Hymn.
Benediction.

FAMILIAR SIGNS AND SONGS.

"Just a Wearin' For You"—Floyd Lee.
"Sweet Rosy Ma' Grady"—Charlie Clarke.
"Peg o' My Heart"—L. J. Claiborne.
"Oh to Be Gracefully"—Anonymous.
"Oh if Love Were Only a Child's Disease"—A. S. Hunt.
"Home, Sweet Home in a Flat"—Prof. Nelson.

Alline Bixler: "In what century did Anon live?"
Irene Boldt: "Why, don't you know? During the Golden Age of English Literature, of course."

B. O. B. (Heard saying to fair blond in French class): "Si j'entrains dans le paradis saint ma chere et si je ne t'y trouvais pas, j'en sortirais."

Ruth Staseson (trying to advertise Selz Shoes): "If you want to have a fit, wear Selz Shoes."

"Oh, Kath, I swear, as I have never sworn before
That, from this hour, I shall love thee no more."

"Hum, I should worry, Bruce, but why this altered vow?"
"Cause, Kid, how could I love thee more than now?"

A MAN! STUNG!

On every pleasant afternoon
Just after we've had lunch;
We co-eds have a little dance,
Not one man in the bunch.

When almost time for singing class
We're saved as if by chance,
Across the campus comes a man
Alas! who does not dance.

And then some girls play Romeo
While more are Juliet;
But in walks Stanley as we start
To dance another set.

PUBLICATIONS BY U. N. M.
STUDENTS AND FACULTY

1. "How to Run a University"—Dean Worcester.
2. "Bringing Up Father"—Josef F. Nelson.
3. "The Art of Keeping Mum"—Della J. Slar.
4. "Hints on the Management of a Dog Fight"—R. F. Hutchinson.
5. "Some Advice to President Wilson"—Lee Walker.
6. "Cousin Mary" (A Novel)—Ruth McKowen.
7. "Chorus Work a Specialty"—Thornton Bright.
8. "The Science of Campuistry" (Illustrated)—Flgi and Treat.
9. "The Beauty of an 'E' Defined"—Proctor F. Sherwin.
10. "Ye Weather Beaten Debaters"—Higgins and Calkins.
11. "Fashions and How to Set Them"—Elizabeth Simms.
12. "Recipes for Roman Cakes"—Lynn B. Mitchell.
13. "The Art of Baking an Irish Potato"—Margaret Gleason.
14. "Translation of U. N. M. Spanish Text Books"—Rosalina Espinosa & Co.
15. "Scattered Thoughts of a Scattered Brain"—Kathryn Chaves.
16. "Lessons on Horseback Riding"—Ethel A. Hickey.
17. "Uncle Fuller; or, You See What I Mean"—W. E. Edington.
18. "Taming of Beasts"—Eleanor McDonough.
19. "Music Hath Charms to Soothe the Savage"—E. S. Seder.
20. "Bluffing as One of the Fine Arts"—Joe Frazey.

The above list of books, written by University Professors and students, and published by the Morning Journal are now on sale at Matson's, and can be purchased at the extremely low price of five cents apiece or sixty cents a dozen.

DEEP THOUGHTS ON
SHALLOW SUBJECTS
(Continued from page one.)

empt from all publicity, his name should appear in no editorial staff and should be prevented from taking place in dramatics. It is true the U. N. M. has not many students in the upper classes but these few should be officers and the Freshies the members. At a certain college in California a Freshman tips his hat when he meets a Senior; at the U. N. M. a co-ed is extremely lucky if a Freshman tips his hat to her.

Now we can say that the Freshman class this year is an exceptionally good one. They have taken part and done well in everything that has come along. A good showing they have made. Quite a number of the football squad were Freshmen, others we expect will do excellent work on the track team—while a few of the best basketball men belong to the same class. In the oratorical line the Freshmen showed up well and if they keep up as they have begun great things are anticipated for them.

All this does not alter the fact that Freshmen are Freshies and that "children should be seen and not heard."

A few minutes of a forcible kind of argument would convince the Freshies that they do not amount to much and perhaps there they will assume their proper places.

U. N. M. STUDENT
CRUELLY MURDERED!!!

Deep, Dark, Bloody and Cowardly
Deed Laid at Door of Arch-
Criminal, Weese.

Last Thursday marked the timely death of one of the new students of the University, a Mr. Thomas, of North Albuquerque. Mr. Thomas was enrolled in the biology department of the University and heroically gave up his life for the interest of science. It was desired to keep his arrival secret but someone let the cat out of the bag and the sympathies of passersby were aroused by his pitiful cries from the science hall, where he was forced to spend the night in a canary cage with only a distant bowl of "fairy shrimp" to keep him company.

Early Thursday morning Tom was gently but firmly put under a large glass bell-jar and given a generous dose of chloroform. Presently his cries ceased, he forgot his hunger, and his head nodded as he blinked lazily at the group of students surrounding him. He toppled over, lay very still and finally breathed his last.

A very successful post-mortem examination was performed by Professor Weese with the assistance of his class in animal necrology and under the surveillance of a large audience of learned professors and scientists connected with the University. Although Tom appeared to the casual observer to be a fine, large, beautiful and healthy specimen of the genus Felis, the operation brought to light several remarkable diseases which sooner or later would have ended his life. It was discovered by Professor Weese that Mr. Thomas was afflicted with a large tumor on his liver, fatty degeneration of the heart, several feet of tape-worm, and in all probability, tuberculosis of the lungs and astigmatism!

The class of embryo biologists procured samples of the various organs and pathological tissues for future work in the preparation of slides for microscopic study. After the operation, Professor Weese performed the gymnastic feat of "skinning the cat" and presented the fur to one of the girls in the class. Tom is now a muf.

Shades of Thomas! What was that?
Meeooooo!

L. L. L.

Since the episode of the cat the conversation between Dorothy Mc. and Louise L. had rather be called a catalogue than a dialogue.

MOTHER.

Her hair has wondrous beauty,
So soft, so silvery gray,
Her lips, so sweet and tender,
But gentle words can say.

Her loving arms enfold me,
Her lips to mine are pressed;
Of all the girls in all the world
I love my mother best.

Have you heard of a girl that's named
Rose

With a fellow that follows her nose?
Every hour, every day,
They love time away;
Might still be loving her, goodness
knows.

Little Miss Hope
Sat writing some dope,
Feeling so blithe and gay;
Along came monsieur
And sat down beside her
And frightened the sunbeams away.

PHI MU DANCE
BRILLIANT EVENT

(Continued from page one)

blue chiffon gown, over pink messaline, trimmed in black fur and pink rose buds.

Miss Mary Cooper presented a striking figure in a white lace gown with a crepe de chine girdle. Miss Katherine Chaves was a queenly picture in pink crepe de chine, trimmed in silver fringe, with a black velvet girdle.

Miss Louise Lowber wore old rose chiffon taffeta, trimmed in black fur.

Miss Pauline Sewell was gowned in black lace over white messaline.

Miss Katherine Johnston wore white chintilly lace over messaline and trimmed in chiffon.

Miss Ethel Kieke wore a pink accordion pleated chiffon taffeta gown.

Mrs. Edmund Ross was attractively gowned in white crepe de chine.

Among the patrons and guests were the following:

Miss Margaret Gleason wore a white lace gown over white messaline.

Miss Alice Boyd was charming in a pink crepe de chine gown.

Miss Dorothy McMillen was attractive in an accordion pleated crepe de chine gown, the waist of which was an exquisite creation of absent tulle over peau naturel.

Miss Myrl Hope was beautifully gowned in pale blue charmeuse draped with blue chiffon and trimmed in turquoise blue taffeta and tiny French roses.

Miss Lillian Gustafson wore light green crepe meteor draped with cream colored chiffon.

Miss Ruth Staseson, white creme de chine, trimmed in white chiffon and black velvet.

Miss Jessie Treat, pink crepe de chine with a black velvet bodice.

Miss Irene Boldt, gold beaded chiffon over lavender messaline.

Miss Thelma Fortney, pink crepe de chine trimmed in black messaline.

Miss Grace Sheets, pink flowered chiffon over pink silk baptiste.

Miss Agnes Childers, accordion pleated flesh colored messaline.

Miss Helen Hope, white lace over white messaline.

Miss Rose Maharam, coral colored charmeuse trimmed in black fur.

Miss Ruth Platt, pink crepe de chine with black velvet and lace.

Miss Daphney Fortney, pink chiffon over white swansdown.

Miss Julia Keleher, orange colored crepe meteor.

Miss Rebecca Horner, pink flowered chiffon over pink messaline.

Miss Shirley von Wachenhausen, pink chiffon taffeta with a lace overskirt.

Especially noticeable were the family diamonds worn by K. Chaves, the famous Baldrige pearls worn by Alma Baldrige and the crescent of rubies worn by Mary Cooper.

Miss Ruth McKowen displayed to advantage the McKowen heirloom, a beautiful pearl necklace.

RELATION BETWEEN EMBARRASSMENT AND CAULIFLOWER.

Speaking of an awkward lover, Prof. Nelson told of some of his emotions. He says the more love a man has for a girl the more embarrassed he is in her presence. He supposes the girl does not feel awkward, because he has read of girls who were so light that the grasses did not bend beneath their tread. He expresses his ideal of a girl as one who can run over a bed of cauliflower without breaking a leaf. When he was informed that cauliflower is a vegetable, he insisted that he meant calla lilies.



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LITTLE ELG'BLE COMMITTEE

WITH NO APOLOGIES TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The "Eligible" committee has come to our U to stay.
To put our names upon the list, and spoil our prospects gay,
To show the students, all around, the numerous flunks we've reaped,
To make us sad, and worry so, to make us lose our sleep.
And all the varsity students, who used to have such fun,
Just watch and watch the bulletin board, it's got us going some.
Now, students, plug and study, for there's not the least bit doubt
The committee will get you

If you
don't
watch
out!

Once there was an editor who wrote the news at night,
And when he passed the varsity hall he saw an awful sight;
The girls all heard him grumble, the boys they heard him swear,
And when the "Weekly" came again his name it wasn't there.
They searched it in the usual place, with the staff, then on the press,
They seeked it on the Varsity News, and everywhere, I guess,
But all they found was Frenchy's name so clear, and there's no doubt
The committee will get you

If you
don't
watch
out!

And one old prof, he says to us, "I'll tell you what you do,
When the night is dark and gloomy and the wind goes (boo),
And you hear the windmill turning and the moon is gray,
You're feeling awfully lazy and you put your books away,
You'd better pull them out again and study more and more,
You'd better wrie your English themes and study verbs galore;
Just cram and cram and fix your notes; just keep your wits about,
Or the committee will get you

If you
don't
watch
out!

—R. E.

KNOCKS.

Have you heard of the orator Walker?
Who is a famed for and wide as a knocker?

If he can't get another
He'll fight with his brother,
This talented orator Walker.

WARNING!!

The following fiendish mortals and desperat characters will be turned loose on the mesa after May 15. A fair and ample warning is given to the peaceful "cives" of Albuquerque or the vicinity thereof, so that they may protect their homes and their hearths. No reward is offered for their return, as they have ravaged the U. N. M. campus for four long years. They can be identified by the following descriptions:

Fritz Calkins—A short, heavy-set being with a wicked and determined look on his face. Quiet, but extremely dangerous. Can be easily captured by putting a football before his nose.

B. O. Brown—He treads softly but bites hard. Can be knocked uncon-

Personals

Katherine Chaves went to Santa Fe Sunday night to attend the charity ball on Monday night. She returned home Tuesday and reported that it was some "baile." Terpsichore is Katherine's middle name.

Ethel Kieke was confined to her home Monday and Tuesday on account of illness. No doubt the Sorority ball proved too much for Ethel.

It's too bad Chet had to leave school just when Dorothy began.

A number of the University girls have planned a mesa dinner party for Thursday. Miss Sisler and Miss Hickey have been asked to chaperon and a jolly time is expected. Pictures are to be taken during the repast, which promises to be sumptuous.

What about those two co-eds who burned the chicken one Sunday morning while working on their Domestic Science notebooks?

Miss Gleason, giving a lecture upon the necessity of absolute hygiene and sanitation, ended by saying "do not think I exaggerate when I admonish all of you to be so absolutely careful that you will not put the ice in the ice chest without first pouring scalding water over it."

Throw out your chest—here comes the ice man.

Miss Gleason tells the following story: A very modern grandmother, seeing her son about to depart for a christening for which he was sponsor, spoke to him, giving this advice: "Let no ceremony take place without first being sure the water has been boiled."

There was a young lady named Treat
As a kiddier she couldn't be beat;
She goes with a gink
Till he runs out of chink,
Then tells him to take a back seat.

Who is the angel of the faculty?
Ask Worcester.

One of the professors wields a magic Wand over all things—his quiet personality is everywhere felt.

Vivacious and pleasant to see
Is our friend Miss Rosalie E.,
She can write, she can sing,
She can do anything;
Now ain't that a nice way to be?

scious by hearing an error in English.
Should then be tied to a U. N. M. Mirage.

Mary Cooper—Could easily be enticed to the Sigma Tau house with a piece of corn bread, or by playing "Way Down South in Dixie."

Ernest Hall—The only one of his kind not yet in captivity. The art of lassoing should be tried on this specimen.

Bill Higgins—Can easily be captured by putting a U. N. M. Weekly close to his grazing place. There is no doubt to the fact that he would become so engrossed in the Weekly that he could be captured with facility.

Paul Menaul—Has a bright top and will cause no trouble in recognizing him in the back yard or on the fence, if some cheese is left on the porch step every morning.

R. E.



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