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Sophomore Edition!!!

U. N. M. WEEKLY

Published by the Students of the University of New Mexico

Vol. XVI.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, FEBRUARY 17, 1914

No. 22

GREAT THINGS FOR THE WASHINGTON FETE

All in Readiness for the Wonderful,
Incomprehensible, Conglomeration
of Mighty Mysteries.

Guess that Washington Fete is going to be classy. No? Well I should say so. How about it, Oscar?

Prof. A. O. Weese has finally secured the use of the old Economist Building for Saturday, the 21st and things will surely hum there. The building, although not as large as the Armory on one floor, has the advantage of having two floors and a half, making the total space quite a bit larger than that of any other building that could be procured.

All of the booths and side-shows will be on the first floor, which will be more than ample space for them. The Sub-Freshmen will have two booths wherein ice cream cones, soft drinks, and all the other things that go to make up a soda dispensary will be sold. The fan fares of the Normal Class have complete charge of the sale of candy, which will be sold, raffled, and even given away—just anything to get rid of it. They do say that these girls make mighty fine candy. While the third and last branch of the edibles, i. e., sandwiches, cake, and coffee, will be sold by the Junior and Senior class who will have tables arranged around the vaudeville stage where the diners may have full view of the performance.

In the line of entertainment comes the other organizations. The climax of all these will be furnished by the Sophomore class who will have a full fledged motordome. Kid Newman and Daredevil Deke will ride to victory on their powerful motorcycles with the throttles wide open. The riders who conducted a motordome at the State Fair will do well to take some pointers from these daring Sohps. The Freshman class are intending to have some little side-show, but they haven't decided what it will be, yet.

The Phi Mus, from all indications, will be right in the front row as far as class is concerned. They intend having something great, but are keeping it quite a secret.

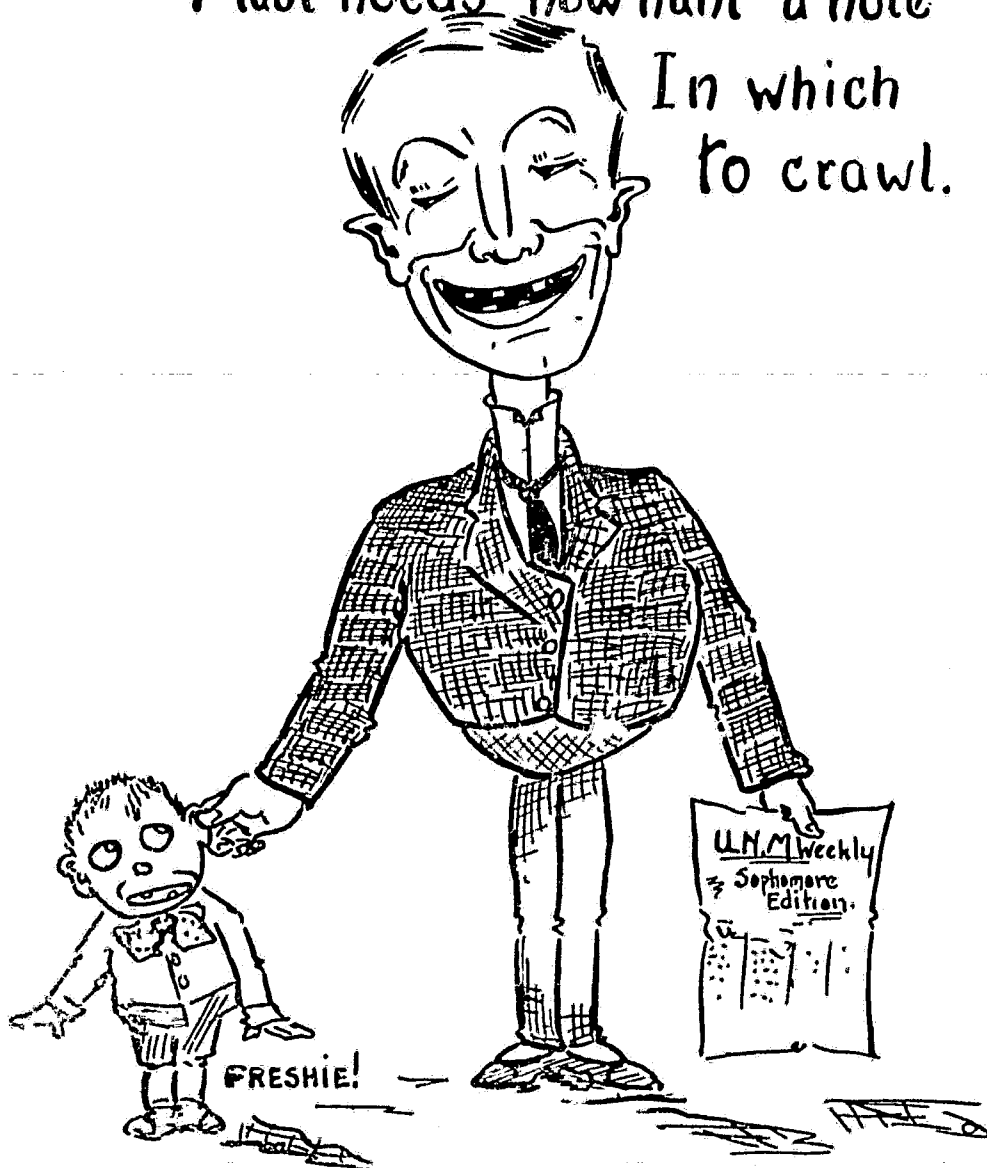
The Sigma Taus have worked up a fine set of vaudeville acts which will be put on as done in the order of a regular vaudeville house. The Coyote Club will have a side-show of paleolithic wonders having as a nucleus such phenomena as A. H. S. Hunt, Pat Murphy, and Michael Claibourne. The Tri Alphas have also decided on a side-show. Freaks will be the feature of the evening.

But the sun of the whole evening around which all the other attractions will be but satellites is the continuous vaudeville participated in by the whole school. This will be presented on the main stage and each organization is expected to contribute at least one number to it during the course of the Fete. Miss McFie and Coach Hutchinson have charge of this and judging from their success of last year it will be a scream from start to finish.

To top off the evening all the side-shows and vaudeville acts will close about 8:30 and dancing will be indulged in until midnight. The third floor of the building will be used for

Come, come, little one
Peruse this sheet,
No newsy Rag on this old Bubble
Has it beat.

The one's who've chided our first class class
With voicy bawl,
Must needs now hunt a hole
In which
to crawl.



FORMER STUDENT IS EDITING SANTA FE TRAIL MAGAZINE

A matter of interest to all persons connected with the U. N. M. is the information that David Reddick Lane, a former student of the Varsity, and one time editor-in-chief of the U. N. M. Weekly, is now editing the Santa Fe Trail magazine, published at Albuquerque, and devoted to the advancement of New Mexico.

Mr. Lane has for several years past, been prominently connected with newspapers work in New Mexico, and his latest venture into the magazine field is a matter of interest to his many friends in the state, all of whom are confident of his success in this new field, knowing as they do, his talents and energies in the literary line.

WHAT NEXT?

The number of medical colleges in the United States has decreased 14, and the number of graduates 500 in the year 1913 compared with the year 1912.

this purpose and a fine orchestra will be provided. Taking it all in all anyone missing this had better get off the earth. Being in Frisco in '15 will be no better than attending the Washington Fete.

TEN GREATEST INVENTIONS OF OUR MODERN TIMES

"What are the ten greatest inventions of our time?" asked a scientific journal recently. It has awarded the prize to the contestant sending this list: The electric furnace, the steam turbine, the gasoline automobile, the moving picture, the aeroplane, wireless telegraphy, the cyanide process, the induction motor, the linotype, the electric welding process. And all this was accomplished in a quarter century. Can you name off-hand seven of the inventors?—Power.

TO MY VALENTINE.

If I were Hans Bergmann, with long and flaxen hair,

Perhaps Louise Holland would not greet me with an icy stare,

Perhaps sweet Annie Laurie would greet me with a smile

If I were Patrick Miles, O'Dad, a Lord of Erin's Isle.

But, Alas! I'm not Hans; also, not Pat,

But only a Western lad, and a tough old one at that.

So I'm sending them this Valentine,

And closing it with a song,

And autographed, (as you can see)

By their old friend,
I. LONG.
(With apologies to Eugene Field.)

CHORAL CONCERT IS A SIGNAL TRIUMPH

Large Audience Delighted With Work
of Glee Clubs and Splendid
Solo Performances.

Monday night, at their concert in the Presbyterian church, the men's and women's glee clubs of the University, with the efficient and capable assistance of local soloists, scored one of the most signal triumphs of any musical organization which has ever appeared in this city.

Much credit for the success of this concert must be given to Miss Mary McFie, the directress of music at the U. N. M., through whose untiring energy and perseverance the success of Monday night was made possible.

A splendidly-sized audience was on hand and liberal applause greeted the performers at all stages of the concert. Every number on the program was enthusiastically encored again and again and all present were thoroughly delighted with the evening, and but the highest praise could be heard at the affair's conclusion.

A good shares of praise for the success of the concert is due to the local soloists who were so kind as to give their assistance to the event: Mrs. Ada Pierce Winn, Mr. I. J. Tello, Mr. Charles J. Andrews and Mr. Edwin Stanley Seder.

The following is the program for the evening:

Part I.

1. "Awake with the Lark"...De Reef
U. N. M. Chorus.
2. Violin Solo.....Mr. Tello
3. Chanson Provinciale....Del Agua
Mrs. Winn and Girls' Glee Club.
4. Vocal Solo.....Mr. Andrews
5. Intermezzo (Cavaleria Rusticana) Mascagni
Vesper Choir.
Violin Obligato, Mr. Tello.

Part II.

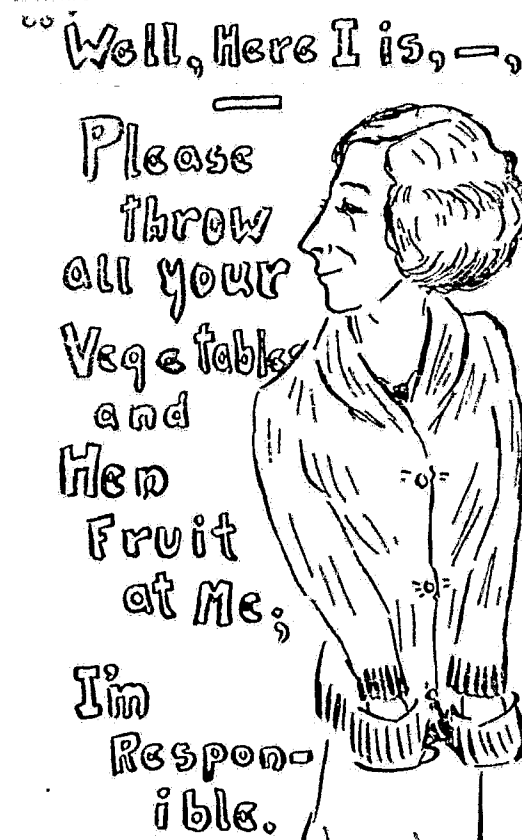
1. Organ Solo.....Mr. Seder
2. Duet....Mrs. Winn, Mr. Andrews
3. Carry Me back to Tennessee.
..... Parks
Men's Glee Club,
4. Violin Solo.....Mr. Tello
5. On the Sea.....Dudley-Buck
Girl's Glee Club.
6. Vocal Solo.....Mrs. Winn
7. Sextette (Lucie Di Lamarmoor) Donizetti
Mr. Andrews, Mr. W. R. Brashler
and Chorus.

The soloists of the evening were Mrs. Ada Pierce Winn, Soprano. Mr. Charles J. Andrews, Tenor. Mr. I. L. Tello, Violinist. Mr. E. Stanley Seder, Organist.

HOW NICE!

Six hundred upperclassmen at the University of Virginia have pledged themselves not to play poker with innocent Freshmen, as the result of an agitation against gambling. The question is why? Is it out of a pure desire to frustrate big coups among the freshies themselves, or so restrict gambling that the freshies will tire of playing among themselves, or because so many of the uppermen have been skinned to an extent that the shame is greater than the pecuniary loss?

PATRONIZE THE WEEKLY'S ADVERTISERS



U. N. M. WEEKLY

Albuquerque, New Mexico

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Address all business communications to Business Manager, U. N. M. Weekly.

Comments, criticisms, etc., should be addressed to the Editor U. N. M. Weekly. All such matter will be gratefully received.

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A. S. Hunt.
W. F. Gouin.

BUSINESS STAFF.
Fred M. Calkins... Business Manager
Harry M. Frank... Circulation Manager

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1914.

EDITOR'S EXPLANATION.

It is my desire to state that I only am to be held responsible for any complaint attached to whatever material appears in the Sophomore Edition of the U. N. M. Weekly.

Therefore, if anybody has any fault to find with this edition, let him or her, (as the case may be) address or bring them to me personally, and to no other person.

WM. J. HIGGINS,
Editor, U. N. M. Weekly.

DEBATE DRAGGING ALONG.

The debating team that is to represent the Varsity in the annual contest with the farmers this year, is still dragging along in the same way as usual, showing about as much enthusiasm as a night owl on a bright, sunny day.

If anybody knows of anything calculated to put life into a bunch of (apparent) victims of mental paralysis, he will confer on inestimable eternal, never-to-be-forgotten favor by telling same to Professor C. E. Bonnett, who is attempting the very difficult and thankless job of trying to whip a team of three never-was-at-all debaters in shape to go against the farmers, the first week of next month.

GREAT MYSTERY SOLVED.

After an interview with Dr. Kenneth Cyrus Balcomb, Ph. D., A. B., Soph., D. D., well known biologist and bacteriologist of the University of New Mexico, we are at last able to announce the cause of the recent serpentine edition of the U. N. M. Weekly.

Dr. Balcomb stated that while on a field trip several days ago, the attention of himself and party was attracted by a peculiar chirping sound. On closer investigation, Dr. Balcomb discovered that this disturbance was issuing from a bunch of dry leaves, which had been tossed by the wind against a small Russian thistle. Scrapping the leaves aside with his hand he was astonished to find nothing visible to the naked eye. Calling for his most powerful lens, the doctor proceeded to make further investigation.

Bending over the lens, Dr. Balcomb perceived quite a number of very, very peculiar little insects, cavorting around displaying signs of great joy. On even closer investigation he discovered a small sign on one of their backs. This sign bore the words "Class of 1917." Dumfounded, utterly amazed, the professor reflected a moment. "Had not the school been running in good order with full attendance?" "Could this be a part of the Vegas Normal contingent?" No, kind reader, far be it from this, for on questioning one of these larvae, Dr. Balcomb was able to clear up the great mystery of that aforesaid edition of the U. N. M. Weekly.

It was learned that these insects on the evening of Tuesday, January —, broke into the Journal office and unknown to the editorial staff, went to work in an attempt to really print an edition of the U. N. M. Weekly. This edition, of course, as we know, was labeled "Freshman Edition of the U. N. M. Weekly." From these circumstances we are glad to announce to the school that that edition was printed quite unknown to the editorial staff, and we beg to apologize for its appearance.

Now, in the future, we would advise the members of the school, i. e., SOPHS, Seniors, Juniors and faculty, to exercise more care in their walks over the campus, so as not to crush, disturb or perhaps mutilate these kind little insects, as we know them to be quite harmless.

PROSPEROUS YEAR

Solemn Silverstein, the popular Second street merchant at the sign of the three balls, says: "I ain't seen such good times for many years. I haff more University patrons den effer before."

Figi Neuman, the taxi man, when interviewed by one of our reporters said: "I am doing such an enormous amount of taxi work up and down the hill that I really haven't had enough time to spend more than two or three hours a day in keeping my machine in condition."

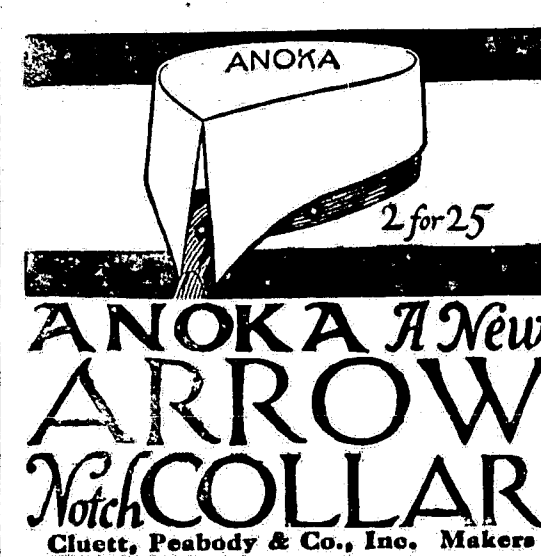
Hairy Frank, the smiling faced collector, although a very reticent man outside of working hours, was heard to say, "There's nothing to it. Busy? Why shaw! I've worn out three pairs of shoes in the last month."

We interviewed E. H. Doran, the man who put the rage in Mirage. He says he is thinking of enlarging the advertising capacity of that book, as he positively hates to turn down applicants for advertising space.

L. M. Harkness, of the McFie-Harkness omnibus line, has announced that cut rates will go into effect the first of next month. This is surely an announcement of prosperous times.

Myron Calkins stole publicity man for a well known magazine, on his return from Belen Saturday, stated that he had no trouble at all in getting any number of subscribers.

A. O. Weese, advance agent for the Washington birthday was so busy we couldn't get an appointment with him. This speaks well for the Fete.



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O. A. Matson & Co.

DRUGS BUTTS SAYS:- SODA

We believe in our University. We believe that a graduate of the U. N. M. will be President of the United States some day. And We Know that the First Lady of the Land must be a U. N. M. Graduate. For They Know.

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JUDGE RODEY SPEAKS AGAIN LAST TUESDAY

Excellent Address on Porto Rico and Panama Proves of Much Interest and Value to All Present.

Last Tuesday, Hon. Bernard S. Rodey delivered his second talk to the students and faculty of the University, choosing his subject this time as "Porto Rico and Panama."

Like the former talk on "Alaska," this lecture of Judge Rodey's was deeply interesting and instructive.

The judge spoke on his impressions and observations on Porto Rico, telling of the richness and possibilities of the country, and describing at length the work and modes of living of the inhabitants.

He also spoke of the great fondness for politics shown by all the peoples of the island; of their great and prolonged meetings, with speeches and harangues from as many orators as choose to talk, and of the intense partisan feeling exhibited on election days. He told of the difficulties which the Americans had in insuring fair and impartial elections, and of the amusing incidents connected with election day in the island.

The judge spoke of the love-making and courting in Porto Rico, which, according to his description, was carried on in a way that would not be pleasing to our modern American young peoples.

He then spoke of the injustice the United States had heaped on these proud and intelligent people, in depriving them of Spanish citizenship, which they had previously enjoyed, and not substituting American citizenship in its stead. According to Judge Rodey, giving them American citizenship would be a great thing for the people, and insure their absolute and whole-hearted devotion to America in the future, but as it now is, they are citizens of neither America or Spain, but rather dependents of the United States, which they resent with all the spirit of their proud and haughty race.

From Porto Rico Judge Rodey then turned and spoke a few brief words on Panama and the canal, stating, as one of his convictions that the United States had not only the right, but it was its duty, in order to protect its own interests, to see that American coast trade went free through the canal, while foreign ships were made to pay toll. This, the Judge stated, was necessary for the protection of American trade, which otherwise would have to compete with and give way to cheaper foreign-made goods.

The judge spoke of the great difficulties with which the United States had had to contend in order to build this canal, and stated that as they had made it, it was their privilege to protect their own vessels passing through the canal, and tax those of other countries.

Judge Rodey's talk was listened to with deep interest, and all who were present on the former occasions are awaiting the opportunity of again hearing the judge's lecture on the occasion of the University's twenty-fifth anniversary, which will occur on the 27th of this month, at which time the judge will be the principal speaker.

SOPHOMORIC WISDOM!

Two members of the Sophomore class of the University of Michigan put over a new hazing stunt on a 1917 man recently. Representing to be from the Sophomore Insurance Association, they sold the Freshman a two-dollar policy entitling him to roam at any time in any and all places without danger of being harassed by 1916 men.

HIGH SCHOOL FRATS

HAVE WEIRD RITES

Initiations in Sororities and Fraternities of Atlantic City Being Investigated.

Startling disclosures in sorority and fraternity initiations in the high schools of Atlantic City, have given rise to a movement by the board of education of that municipality to investigate and probably abolish all secret orders connected with educational institutions of the city. This is the result of the branding of nine boys as a token of their admission to "The Bones."

A young social leader was induced to part with the greater portion of her beautiful golden curls as a requirement of her admission into one of the exclusive sororities. Another dashing blonde, a favorite of the ballroom, was forced to dance barefooted upon a floor strewn with beans until she was unable to stand. Her only regret was that she was unable to attend her sorority dance a few days later.

Boys of the Phi Delta Sigma shaved the heads of their "goats" in a recent initiation. The "goats," as a require-

TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS FOR ALL COLLEGE STUDENTS

According to the Most Accepted Version, as Translated Into the Best English.

1. DON'T THROW THE BULL. That pastime may be alright for Spanish and Mexican matadores but it don't go in the classroom—unless it be in Political Economy and Philosophy.

2. LEAVE THE LADIES ALONE. They can take care of themselves. This is a new age. The time of the clinging vine is up. The only place a man need support a woman now is on the stage.

3. GET WISE TO YOUR BOOKS. Contrary to all dope, books contain more than the pedigree of the author and the publisher's preface. "Knowledge," once said James Jeffries, the famous authority, "is the ability to use books." And President Elliot of Harvard agrees with him, and thus promotes the sale of his FIVE FOOT SHELF.

4. DON'T WEAR LOUD CLOTHES. The fellow who needs his clothes to talk for him will never make much of a success at anything but a "showy win-

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION HOLDS ANNUAL ELECTION

L. B. Lackey, President, W. H. Probert, Secretary, and L. M. Harkness, Track Manager.

Last Thursday morning the regular annual election of the officers of the U. N. M. Athletic Association was held, in compliance with a notice issued by former President, Fred M. Calkins.

The offices of Baseball Manager, Football Manager, Vice-President, and lady faculty member of the Athletic Council having only one candidate for each, the following were elected for these offices by acclamation:

Baseball Manager—Arno K. Loupold.

Football Manager—Harry M. Frank. Vice-President—Luice B. Alexander. Lady Member, Athletic Council—Miss E. A. Hickey.

The voting was then taken on the offices of President of the Association, Secretary, and Track Manager, with the following results:

President—L. B. Lackey. Secretary—W. H. Probert. Track Manager—L. M. Harkness.

The President and Secretary then took their offices, succeeding Calkins and Lackey, after which, after some discussion of the Washington Birthday Fete, the meeting adjourned.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truth of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art; to hate all villainess, and to respect others as himself.

Such a man and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education."—Thomas Henry Huxley.

THE COLLEGE FRESHMAN.

As tall and slim as a bean pole
The College Freshman stands;
The youth a spuzzy one is he,
With soft and tender hands,
And the muscle of his slender arms
Are weak as tissue bands.

His hair is soft, and slick, and long,
His face is never tan;
His brow ne'er wet with honest sweat.

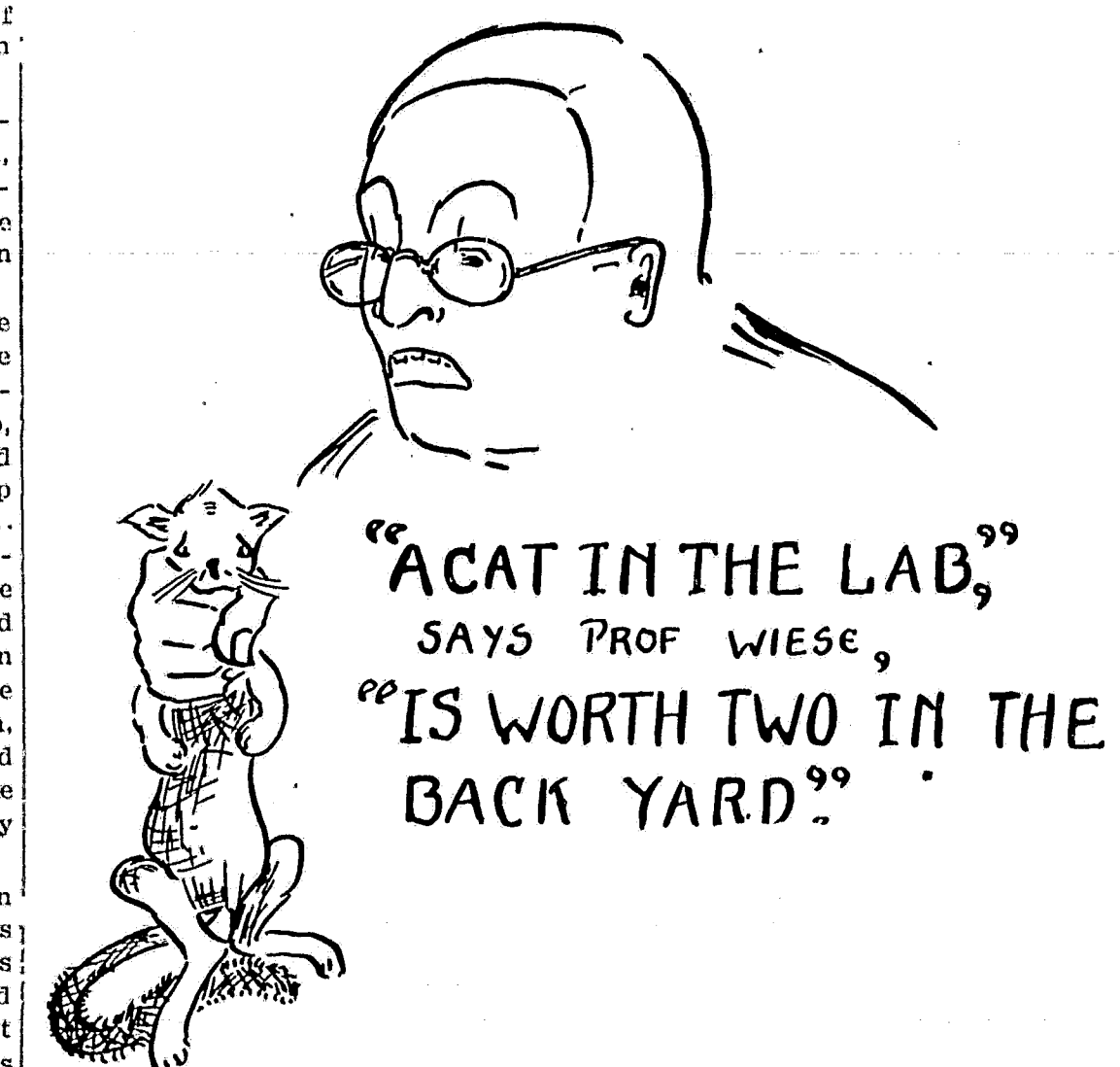
He does who'er he can,
And dares not look you in the face,
For he owes 'most every man.

Loving—flirting—scrapping
Onward thru school he goes;
Each autumn sees some case begun,
Each springtime sees 'ts close—
Nothing accomplished, nothing done,
But money from him flows.

SURE INDIED.

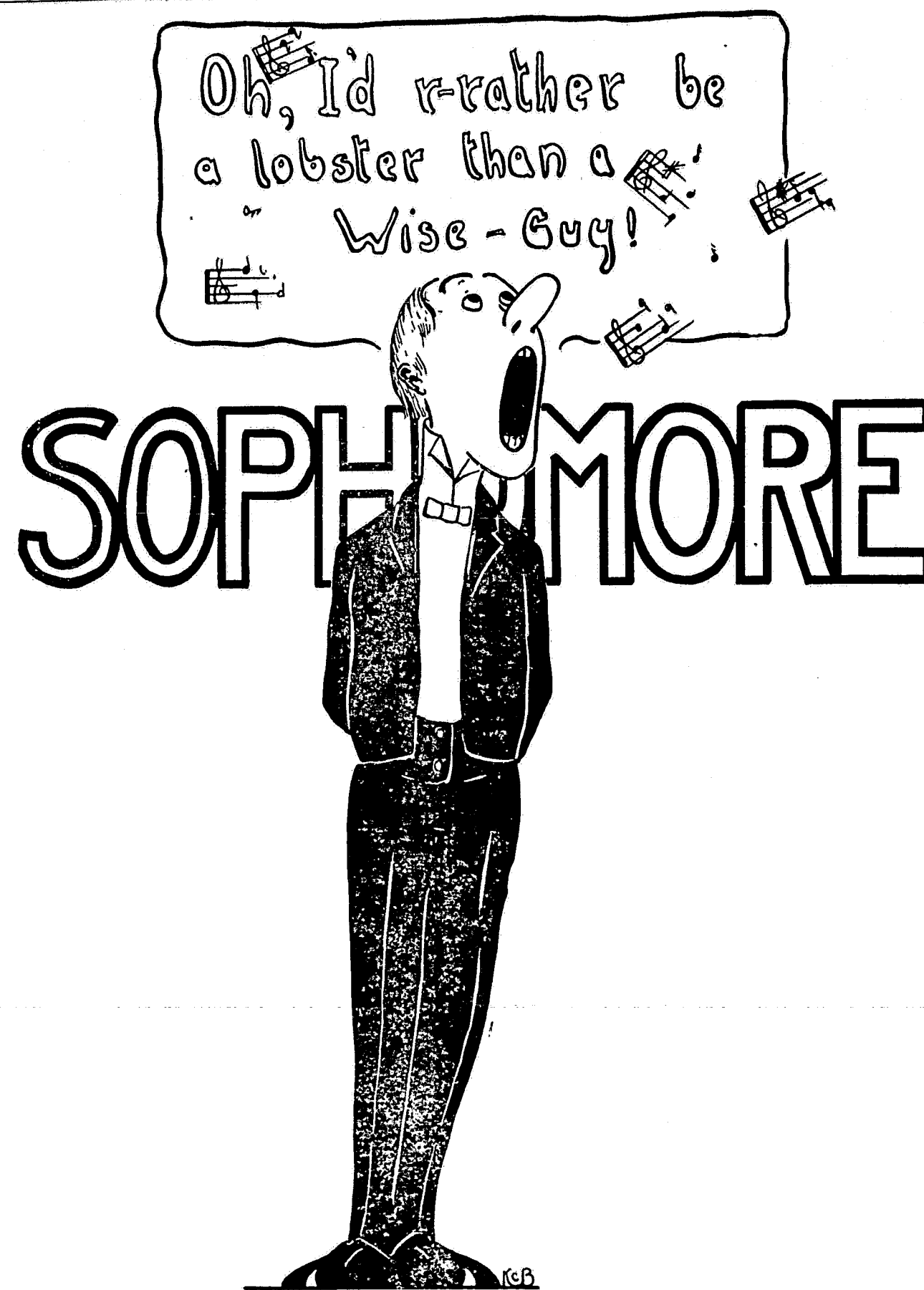
"I'm not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can subtract some of a man's physical energy, divide his thoughts when working, add to his troubles, and deduct from his chances of success."—Ex.

A.T.E. If you ever do anything wonderful, you will not have to advertise it. The newspapers will be only too glad to "write you up" and boost their circulation by the hundreds of copies you will buy.—Walton Francis Ross.



"COLLEGE GLOSSARY."

Prexie—
Mr. Prickett.
Hot dog or just plain dog;
Sausage or most any kind of meat.
Gladys Irene Beanz—
It, you know. What'd you ask me for?
Masher—
Any young thing that calls on the ladies.
Fusser—
See Masher above.
Coffin Nails—
Cigarette, tailor-made or home-made.
Pill—
See Coffin Nails above.
Snappy—
Quick, short.
Weed—
Cigar of any sort, kind, brand or flavor.
Joy Pole—
Synonymous with "Glee Club."
Coin—
Cash, ready money.
Buzz Wagon—
Any automobile that does not offer a student a lift.
Nice Machine—
Any automobile that offers a student a lift, no matter what it looks like.
Sand—
Sugar.
Sweetness—
Honey.
Hen Fruit—
Eggs.
Bullrun—
Soup.
Ich ki Gobble—
I should worry.
Piffel—
Zounds, curses.
Skirt—
Any girl or woman.
Hen House—
The girls' dorm.
Ivory Top—
One whose understanding is shakey.
Glad-rags—
The only decent looking clothes you own.
Biscuit Shooters—
The waiters in the dining hall.
Queening—
See Fusser; one who is a fusser is given to Queening, that is calling on the ladies.
Shiners—
Any biscuits except "Daddy Bells."
Liquified Cow—
Milk (even if it is half water).
Knobby—
Up to date, the last word in fashion.
Head.
Dome—
Kicks—
Shoes.
Catalog—
Comparative anatomy.
Bugology—
Anything under Professor Weese.
Oh, you Squab—
This phrase is applied to people who are stout, corpulent, thick-set, stormy, lusty, etc. (See Webster, under stout).
Chuck House—
The dining hall.
Soused—
Intoxication by spiritous liquids, the state of being drunk (or pickled).
Beanery—
See Chuck House above.
Loaded—
See Soused; pickled.
Go Soak—
Term applied to people given to worrying their associates, or to weak-minded ones.
Soft Pedal—
Sotto-voce.
Sop—
One who is soused. Sop is a perfectly good word. See Webster or Pilgrims' Progress.
Gold Fish—
Salmon.
Sky Juice—
Water.
Hash House—
See Beanery.



No thank you, rather walk—
Used when an auto has left you eating dust; it means go to the d—l.
Socialist—
Ed Doran, Hall and Brown.
A Little Walk—
Any distance from walking to the mountains or to the postoffice.
Dialing—
Dallying, to trifle away time, to loiter, to toy with, to waste time in frivolous talk. See Webster under dally.
Campus—
See Dallying above.
Doll—
A pretty nice looking girl.
Classy—
See knobby; also, Spuzzy or Spiffy.
Bugology—
See Doll or Skirt.
Fussy—
See Classy.
Janc—
See skirt. (Unmarried skirt usually).
Simp—
All the same Mutt.
BUG—
A ninny. See Simp. (See nobody in Webster).
Bone—
See Bug, Nut, Mutt, Simp.
Bean—
See Dome.
Wing—
Arm.
Varsity—
U. N. M.
A BEAR—
Anyone who is good in any line of athletics or studies.
Rag—
Any dance except the waltz or two-step.
Nifty—
See Spuzzy.
Boob—
See Mutt.
Eats—
A box from home, no matter what it contains.

Punk—
Bread.
Scenery—
Coery.
Crawling—
A severe scolding, don't you know.
Goat—
To be the tool is to be the goat thereof.
Pike—
An absence from class.
Cut—
See Pike.
Off—
Mistaken.
Nuts—
See Off.
Sport—
Breaking rules.
O-o-e-la—
Most any old thing. (Good to use instead of swearing when ladies are present).
Pipe—
Anything easy is a pipe. To pipe anything is to look at it and take it in.
Lamp—
Eye, cigarette.
O. P.—
Applied to tobacco, meaning Other People's.
Wop—
Dago, Spaghett-eater.

AUGUSTUS BECOMES CURIOUS TO KNOW.

NOTE—The following free translation of the great find of a Latin verse depicting, in a vivid and realistic manner, the playing of golf in the great and historic days of Augustus Caesar, has been made by an authority in ancient Latin, and was translated for the sole use of the Sophomore Edition of the U. N. M. Weekly. The eyes of the world are called to the following. Behold it!

I.
"The other day you said, Octavius,

that you would go
With me to see the links, where
sun doth shine and wind doth
blow.
And we delight so much to swat that
hard, high-flying pill.
Old top, tell me, is't just to gaze
you'd go, or will
You take a try at that elusive pill?
II.
I chinned the Emp, but 'twas for
naught
He would not budge at all, me-
thought.
I took my balls, my bag, my clubs,
and went away.
While the sun was shining, I
thought I'd make some hay.
But scarcely had I gone away with
entreating weary
When Caesar, too, as fellows spoke,
with voice all teary:

III.
"War, fire, plunder and murder, all
concerns of state
Receive not a thought from these
bugs of late.
Wine, woman and song, all these
they've ditched.
This new, accursed game has them
all bewitched.
For mine, I'll take the White Sox, the
Movies, Bridge.
You'll ne'er see me to chase that
little pill
O'er valley, mountain, river and hill."

IV
A minute or two he sat still as the
dead,
Then up jumped he. "Here, boy,"
he said,
"My motorcycle bring. I'll discover
wotinell
They're doing there all day. Fare-
well!"

This is the English translation;
watch for the original Latin version
next week!

From Porto Rico to
the Canary Islands

(Contributed)

When one has spent eleven days in a steamer 24 years old, with the state-rooms in the stern, one is glad to land almost anywhere, and much more in such a pleasant corner of the earth as the Canary Islands. The Cataluna, so the Galician deck-steward said, had by long custom acquired the habit of rolling and pitching, so that she kept it up in the calmest sea. Otherwise the passage would have been a very smooth one, for the South Atlantic, even in mid-winter has a benignity which the North Atlantic seldom knows. On leaving the West Indies the eastern trades blow hard with their warm and showery breath; then very gradually they die away, the air becomes cooler and drier, and a distinct chill is felt after sundown. During the first part of the voyage, when the port-holes were closed for the spray, I spent two nights very comfortably on deck, wrapped in a blanket; later it would hardly have been practicable.

There were only about fifteen first cabin passengers on the Cataluna to grumble at the vessel and enjoy the hot tropical days, fleeting showers and brilliant sunsets. They were a cosmopolitan lot from Porto Rico, Bogota, Guayaquil, Chile and Spain. One evening there was a four-handed game of dominoes where one player spoke Catalan, another Genoese, another French and the last English; a most amusing Tower of Babel, for Catalan and Genoese are two languages the mere sound of which is a cause for merriment, and the other players seemed to regard English as still more laughable. Needless to say, all could meet on the common ground of Castilian.

Two dogs were kept on board to chase the rats, which were said to make their homes in the boats hung from the davits over the water. The lady who took morphine declared that one night a huge rat, black and sleek and large as a full-grown tabby ran out twice in front of her, to her great alarm. She said a doctor had once told her that rats would eat sleeping persons, blowing all the while with their nostrils so as to produce local anesthesia and prevent the victim from feeling the bites. The other passengers seemed not to be alarmed.

It was a solitary trip. Christmas Day passed with nothing to distinguish it from the others of the week. Not a boat of any kind was sighted all the way from Porto Rico, Sunday, to the very harbor of Santa Cruz, on Wednesday of the next week. One never crosses the Atlantic without feeling increased admiration for the bravery of Columbus, that great sailor, and this time, traversing the ocean in his very path and meeting as few sails as he, one could appreciate more than ever the unexampled doggedness of him who followed no guide but his own vision across an endless waste, and who forced his reluctant helpers to their undesired glory. We were added by steam and certainty of goal, and yet everyone was glad to find, on waking Wednesday morning that the boat was passing between the islands of La Palma and Hierro. The latter was long considered the westernmost land in the world, and longitude was reckoned from it. Next we passed close to the south shore of Gomera, whose steep reddish-brown cliffs appeared incapable of supporting life, but here and there was a group of white houses, either tucked in an unsheltered cove or perched on an exposed hill. All the islands are volcanic, and their sides rise out of the ocean with bewildering suddenness. Harbors are very scarce, and the two important ones, Santa Cruz de Tenerife and Las Palmas, owe

their value almost entirely to breakwaters constructed by man.

It was toward three o'clock when we began running along the south end of Tenerife, the largest and highest island of all. Could the Peak be seen?—that was the first thought. But the famous Peak was shrouding the upper half of its 12,192 feet in a heavy mantle of clouds, rolled up against it by the breeze. The land visible below the clouds was in itself a singular and striking sight, betraying at once its Plutonic origin. A broad sheet of old lava miles in extent sweeps in a steep slope from the mountains to the sea, but the otherwise smooth surface is broken by a multitude of rounded humps, some of imposing size, and some much smaller. These are fumaroles, vents for the tremendous forces which just now are lying dormant. The last recorded eruption in Tenerife was in 1798.

Just as we were rounding the south-east corner of the island the first glimpse of the Peak was obtained, the mists began to melt away, as is their habit toward sundown, and disclosed at more and more frequent intervals the towering summit, streaked with deep lines of white where snow lay in the gullies. Is there on earth a more imposing mountain than this? It reaches its great height within eight horizontal miles of the sea, and the sides of the final cone of 5,000 feet rise at an angle of 28 degrees. Humboldt calculated that the smoke of its eruptions must have been seen from the African coast, 220 miles away. On this "mountain conical as a cylinder," says Herodotus, Atlas supported the heavens, and the aboriginal inhabitants supposed it to be the residence of the deity. Although the height of the mountains immediately in front of it prevents one from realizing its full height from the south side, the Peak seen between flying wreaths of mist, which change their shape at every instant, is an inviting presage of the charms of the islands which it governs.

The Cataluna, in her haste to make Santa Cruz before nightfall, sped along the coast at the dangerous rate of 12 knots. There had been days when she made less than ten. But her efforts were in vain, the quarantine officials refused to bestir themselves so late, and we passed the night idle in the harbor. Early next morning our troubles began. All boats proceeding from a Central American port are objects of suspicion, and this one more than most, for an unhappy inmate of the steerage had died in Ponce of some sort of fever; and though he was properly buried in San Juan and the authorities there had given us a clean bill, the Spanish doctors would not be satisfied without fumigating the luggage of such as disembarked.

The manner of the cleansing was solemn and the result a farce. Our bags and boxes were taken into custody by the officials, and transported (at our expense) to the quarantine headquarters, on the shore three miles outside the city. Thither we repaired, by such conveyance as we might possess or obtain. Those who went early, as instructed, waited all the morning. I arrived at one, and found a motley crowd, chiefly from the steerage, waiting outside a long whitewashed building. In about half an hour a shirt-sleeved functionary smoking a pipe appeared and threw open the doors, disclosing our luggage on the floor of a large warehouse which had evidently been used to store coal, for it was filthy with coal dust. He then began the process of separating clothes which might contain microbes from those

which might not. It was an amusing sight to anyone who was not paying a cab by the hour during the performance. Opening a trunk, the employee abstracted whatever appeared to him suspicious and laid it aside. White was the deadly color to him; he never pardoned it. As a safeguard against infection the proceeding was of course utterly futile. In my case, he made a fairly representative collection of undergarments, stripped off a white shoe bag and left the shoes, chose a white hot-water bottle cover and overlooked some dirty black socks, took a steamer rug and disdained an overcoat. The offensive articles being wrapped in the rug, the bundle was placed on the grimy floor with those of the rest. And what of the germs which might be scattered in all directions? Apparently we were all considered immune.

Toward the close of the day the board of health physician, an elderly gentleman wearing blue glasses, sauntered in as a silent spectator. When the selection was over, the bundles were placed together in a sort of large oven, and steamed. Later, at the hotel, we received our goods, warm, wet and steamy, by messenger.

We might have had a much worse fate. If a case of yellow fever or smallpox had appeared on board during the voyage (and there were said to be 2,000 cases of the latter in Caracas at that time), then good-bye to the blue Canary isles, and Cadiz and Barcelona! Straight away to Marseilles they would have carried us, there to pass our forty days in cold and trembling at a lazaretto (also at our expense). Relief at having missed that adventure soothes the annoyance of a Spanish disinfection.

A SOPHOMORIC TRAGEDY.

A spuzzy gent was he, was the Sophomore. No idle thoughts ever entered his noble head. He loved the girls. Ah, how he rushed the ladies! One bright and sunny night (he thought that the sun never went down) he went to call on her. His name might be mentioned—it was Pom-de-tierre. Her's was Petite Marie. Ah, they were the two young and foolish ones for you. Yes, they were Rudolph. Well, to get back to Mr. Tierre, he took her walking on the mesa. Ah, how gently did he throw his arms about his head when telling her how much he adored the country! How sadly did she cry out on his shoulder to shoulder strife with the buffonish Freshman. Arm in arm (they walked with the professors. Heart to heart talks they had. Ah, their frivolity was supreme. One day a nifty Freshie stubbed his cigarette (and tipped his ear to the fair Sophomore damsel. He told her of his great love for her advice. Their friendship grew and one day they were led to altar in a little church. Yes, led to altar their plans for a Sophomore late that Freshman up. Our hero was none other than Pom, old sport. He grabbed the fair Petite by the inch of his life and ran away off the track with her.

GLASS HOUSES!

We hear so much about the terrible tongue-twisting and jaw breaking names of the foreign languages. Just imagine a foreigner trying to get over one of these words: photospectrohelio-graph, photochromolithograph, and electrophotomicrograph, although they may look comparatively easy to us.—Ex.

Freshie Injured! Warning to the Innocents.

While Little Riley was playing on the campus with a bunch of the baby Freshies he fell down and broke out two of his toofies. We contend that these children should have a Matron to care for them as it is absolutely impossible for the Proctor to give the infants proper attention.

ON THE JOB.

Hello, Town Talk.
Will you please give us a write-up on the Washington birthday fete? Thank you. To begin with, there'll be a lot of booths.
No-o-oh! I wish it was, but it's h-o-o-t-h-s.
It's for Athletics.
No. The money derived from the fete.
Oh no, it doesn't cost much to get in. It costs more to get out.
In charge of it are Professor Asa Orin Weese—
He's professor of biology.
Perhaps that accounts for it.
And Prof. V. A. Suydam.
Sure. S-u-y-d-a-m, accent on the last syllable.
No, you needn't call attention to that.
Yes, he's one of them.
You bet, now the ice is broken.
Guess we'd better. Where were we? Oh yes. There'll be continuous vaudeville.
Certainly, only the legitimate stage.
Oh, lots of time. Gossip is the spice of life.
Yes. And a Cafe Chantante in connection.

Yes, everything good to eat.
Only coffee.
And the dance afterwards. Be sure to get the dance.
We must be dignified, you know.
There'll be all sorts of stunts in the side shows.
Yes, thank you, very much. That will be great advertising. Everybody reads Town Talk.

SCHOOL PAPERS NEED FREEDOM.

College and university newspapers would be of a great deal more worth to their respective communities if those in control of the institutions were not so critical about the news they print, according to Talcott Williams, head of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, of Columbia university. Dr. Williams speaks from personal experience. Some forty years ago, when he was managing the sheet of Amherst College, he printed a report of the financial condition of the school and brought down all the wrath of the "powers" on his head. Now, however, the faculty of Amherst has gotten bravely over its fright and prints its report bravely every year. "I tell young college journalists that they deal with too many petty things on the campus. I advise them to go out and find what's wrong and print it. But, of course, I realize their hands are tied and they are not free to do it."—Kansas City Star.

NEW AND OLD PALINDROMES.

A druggist would say:
"Red root put up to order."
When Adam introduced himself to Eve, he said:
"Madam, I'm Adam."
Napoleon was supposed to say:
"Able was I ere I saw Elba."
If you were attending dental college and preparing to be a dentist your instructor probably would say:
"Traw pupil's lip upward."
A Frenchman would say:
"Na'a-t-elle pas ote cet os a Pelle-tan."
Perhaps the longest reversible word on record is the German word "Reliefpfeiler," meaning "relief columns."
Other words that are reversible are repaper, rotator, reviver, redder, Anna, Hannah, eye, Eve.—New York Times.

NECROMANCY.

A little iron—a cunning curl.
A box of powder—a pretty girl.
A little rain—away she goes.
A homely girl with a freckled nose.
—Exchange.

FAMOUS TENOR WILL SING AT NEXT VESPER

Leon Rice, New York Singer, and Herbert Hezlep, Great Speaker, To Be Sunday's Features.

The Vesper Services, held every Sunday afternoon in Rodey Hall, will be unusually interesting this coming Sunday, Feb. 22. Miss Mary McFie, directress of music in the University, has arranged to have Mr. Leon Rice, one of the world's famous tenor soloists, as a special feature of the musical program.

Mr. Rice and his wife are en route from the Pacific Coast to New York, filling a number of regular concert engagements in larger cities. Considering the fact that Mr. Rice ranks among the great concert singers of the world, and has enormous guarantees at every place where he sings, we find that we are very fortunate in having him at our services.

Mr. Rice has sung at Trinity chapel, New York City, for the past three years. In addition to this famous tenor, we are also fortunate in having Rev. Herbert Hezlep, a Pennsylvania man, as a speaker. Mr. Hezlep is a powerful speaker judging from his sermon at the Presbyterian Church, last Sunday, and we are anxious to hear him.

As this program promises to be the best we have yet attempted to arrange, every Varsity student will be expected to be present at the services Sunday afternoon.

PLAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

The University of the United States, an educational ideal cherished by President Washington, has begun to take a practical and important place in the thought of educators. It is planned to make this a great national university which will make free use of socially derived income for raising the standards of popular intelligence. At the National Association of State Universities, which met recently in Washington, Doctor W. O. Thompson, president of the Ohio State University, was appointed on a committee of three to draw up plans and policies to be submitted to congress for its approval. A bill will be presented asking for \$500,000 as the first step in the organization of the school. It is significant that the state universities, enlisted in the cause of free education to their own democracies, are sponsors for the movement.

FOR SOPHOMORE EDITION.

The Sophomore class of U. N. M.

Is here to make a name,
Each member but a synonym
Of honor and of fame,
And to impress
With utmost stress
On supercilious Senior,
On Junior boob
And Freshman rube,
Respect and good demeanor.

So heed the roll
And watch our goal,
With steady eye and fixed mien,
For we shall climb
The heights sublime
The class of nineteen sixteen.

—MIKE ROBE.

REPORTING.

Complaints have reached us lately that we do not print all the news. If you wish to have any articles inserted, will you please write them up and turn them in to one of the Weekly reporters, or let them know of it in some way. We wish to have as complete a record as possible, but unless somebody tells us of these smaller, though not less interesting, affairs we have no way of finding them out. A reporter must have an assignment to work on. Make yourself an honorary reporter, and send in your ideas to the Weekly.

THE SONG OF Mlle. THERESA

Theresa turned her ugly, red-scarred throat to the mirror of the portable dresser. As she studied it, her quick-moving Gallic features flashed through disgust, pain, and then, an unutterable despair. She dashed both hands across her eyes, disarranging her white maid's cap.

"Dieu!" she sobbed. "If it were only with me now, as with her, out there!" Unconsciously dramatic, she stretched both arms toward the rough backs of the canvas scenery. From beyond, on the stage, came the closing duet of "Aida." The tenor and the famous French Soprano had out-starred even themselves tonight, Latins that they were, in this dream of a great Latin master. Theresa, behind the scenes, knew it well, and was desperately agitated by it. For was not she, Theresa, one with them, too?

She dropped her head on the chair-back, her cap falling to the floor unnoticed. Yes, Providence had cradled them both: she and the fortunate one beyond the canvas. Those were happy days for Theresa. When the ring of her songs held the neighbor peasants to listen, as she milked the cows and hoed the vines. Then, too, that proud day when the notary's brother came back from Marseilles and had singled her out from the little church choir. "Saprite! a nightingale!" he had said, to the proud little choir-master. "See that she sings with care—yet the whole mass is but play to her! She will make our village famous one day, Pierre!"

Theresa sighed, arose, and picked up her cap. It had been the following week she had fallen, with a boiling kettle, and scalded the throat with the nightingale's voice to a scarred, stiffened thing whose only sound was a husky croak.

The applause from the auditorium surged back upon the stage. Theresa tightened her lips. It was torture to her, and yet it was ecstasy. Mechanically, she took up a light cloak and threw it over the prima donna's shoulders as that lady entered, limp from the trying scene.

"We sang well tonight, Theresa," she announced, gleefully. "I can see it in you!" Then, in pity, as she noted the tear-stains—Theresa!—mou pauvre enfant!"

Theresa lay awake in her berth far into the night, watching the starlit landscape fly past. The glow in her mood had faded, leaving only the restless, weary wretchedness. Sometimes her hands wandered across her throat, pressing its tight-stretched, welled surface, again, she moaned aloud, tossing restlessly. A country of quiet fields and stone fences came near—it was a bit like Provence, Provence, where as a child, she had sung—

She sat upright, seizing her throat as though to tear away its restriction. Then, there seemed to come, slowly, bit by bit, the words—

"I fain would sing—ah me! — for many songs I know—"

They rang peculiarly in the brain of Theresa. And—what! There was a lovely, wistful melody to them—almost as the Madame were singing—It seemed as one with them!

Again it came—

"I may not sing—ah, why hath God ordained it so?"

With wide, extended eyes Theresa threw back the covers. She listened a moment to her mistress' calm breathing, then opened the music portfolios. For a long time she wrote, as the choir-master had taught her, long notes and setting down the words as they came. Then she slept, happier than for years.

The tour of the famous French soprano closed, and there rose to its height the opera season in a large eastern city. For Theresa this meant heavier work, and the dressing of many different roles. But, in the long waits, while the play went on outside, Theresa had a companion behind the scenes. Child of her bosom, her song

grew to maturity. Now she would alter a phrase—now a fresh impulse urged her onward—now she sat in silent adoration of this thing so completely hers, and yet not hers at all.

It was thus the diva found her one night. The act closed suddenly, and Theresa was taken unawares. Her mistress was irritable.

"Theresa! My Cloak!" she snapped. "And my chair—where is it?" Then, with childish curiosity, and equally childish craftiness—"Now, now, Theresa—leave me alone for a moment. I want to be alone—quite alone!"

Theresa waited outside in silent agony. Would her mistress find the music? Would she discharge her? Or—worse—would she tear it to bits?

After a long half-hour she was recalled. A man with there, beside her mistress. Both looked at her curiously, and the diva's eyes were shining and wet. To the intense relief of Theresa, her manuscript lay where she had left it, apparently unnoticed.

The opera went on as usual the next night, save that Madame, if anything, was better than usual. She seemed excited. But she was not irritable. She was very, kind to Theresa.

At the close of the last act an announcement was made which brought forth wild applause. Theresa sat listening, wondering why her mistress did not come. Several pieces of the orchestra were playing, softly. The strain seemed suggestive of something familiar.

Theresa darted out to the wings. Madame had just stepped forward, and Theresa heard, with a thrill, the restful pathos of her exquisite voice: "I fain would sing—ah me—for many songs I know—"

I may not sing! Oh, why hath God ordained it so?"

Theresa listened with streaming eyes, shaken by a sublimity of joy and pain. In the boxes, a woman was weeping softly. A monacled gentleman was whispering to another, and gesticulating excitedly. The girl hid her face.

In the uproar at the song's ending, Theresa heard her mistress' footsteps, running.

"Come, Theresa!" she cried. "They want you!" Gasping, Theresa stepped back, with a gesture of dismay.

"Come, ma chere!" cooed the great lady, softly. "Just as you are. This is your night—the first of many, many nights to come!"

OVERHEARD.

Now—I wonder what a box seat will cost at the Orpheum.

All's fair in love and politics.

Put on some ragtime records, I despise that Madame Tolstoy and Mr. Schumann-Frank stuff.

I'm going out and make my fortune selling "HiDri."

Brooms are as scarce as hens' teeth about this dorn.

ASERVO SYSTEM AT THE FETE.

One interesting and pertinent fact connected with the Washington Birthday Fete, next Saturday, is that the Aservo System tickets will be given to all persons making purchases on that night.

Thus, by purchasing things at the Fete, one can also gain the benefits connected with this remarkable and valuable system.

Baseball Practice at U. of Va.

Spring baseball practice has started at the University of Virginia and about forty men have reported and are working out.—EX.

SIGMA TAU DINNER A SPLENDID SUCCESS

Fraternity House the Scene of Much Gaiety and Happiness, With Good Time All Around.

Last Friday the Sigma Tau fraternity house was the scene of an informal dinner, given by the fraternity to members of the faculty and their wives and to mothers of Sigma Tau members. Places were laid for thirty-two. A tasty dinner was served by certain members of the fraternity, whose lot it was to wait.

After dinner music was the chief entertainment. The fraternity orchestra and quartet started things with some popular music and they offered their best. Mrs. Barton, wife of the professor of mathematics, sang a number of beautiful selections, among them "My Laddie," and "La Matinata." Mrs. Barton has a rare voice and sings with great feeling and charm. Stanley Seder then played two numbers, his rendition of Dvorak's "Humoresque" being specially appreciated. Robert Sewell then sang, and Rex Brashear followed, both choosing Carrie Jacobs-Bond songs. The closing selections were of a lighter vein, Rex Brashear's "Barber Shop Cord," with guitar accompaniment will be remembered.

The invited guests were Dr. and Mrs. Boyd and Miss Boyd, Professor and Mrs. Hodgkin, Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Professor and Mrs. Suydam, Professor and Mrs. Morley, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Walker, Mesdames Sewell, Higgins, Shuffelbarger, Lane, and Mr. Emory Davis. The guests report a most pleasurable evening. Congratulations are due the fraternity house mother, Mrs. Frazer, for her pretty though simple dining room decorations and excellent dinner.

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MISS DEAN GIVES US GIRLS A FINE VALENTINE PARTY

Delightful Time Enjoyed by U. N. M. Girls at Hokona Parlor Last Saturday.

St. Valentine's day on the "Hill" was indeed a very gay one, especially for the girls of the Varsity. Hokona, the chosen place for the gayety, looked its best. Big Navajo rugs were thrown over the polished floors of the parlor and hall. Red roses and white carnations were used as decorations in the parlor. In the hall cozier corners were built out of mounds of cushions. During the first part of the delightful affair St. Valentine took possession of the girls, taxing their wits to answer such questions as these: "What was his name?" "Where did he meet her?" "What was her name?" "Where did she live?" "Who was the bride's maid?" All these questions and more were answered in music played by Miss McFie. An attractive toy was awarded to the girl lucky in guessing all answers correctly. Miss Marie Higgins and Miss Fern Reeves delighted the girls with their piano playing. Miss Mary McFie also sang very beautifully. In the course of the afternoon a heart winning luncheon was served. The luncheon room was decorated in hearts and cupid, the tables were adorned with hearts and red and white carnations. The rest of the time was taken up in visiting, taking pictures and singing. It was close to dinner time when the last merry girl left the "Hill." Miss Dean, the delightful hostess looked very charming in white with a corsage of violets.

No Rake Off For Princeton.

No Rake Off For Princeton.

No Rake Off For Princeton.

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No Rake Off For Princeton.

No Rake Off For Princeton.

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No Rake Off For Princeton.

No Rake Off For Princeton.

No Rake Off For Princeton.

SOPHISTICATED SOPHISTRY.

In a few words as possible,
And to do it well,
A short history of each
We'll endeavor to tell.
We'll give you their best,
And guess at the rest,
And put in a side issue as well.

Bill Probert, the fat and the flighty,
With a heart like that of an ox,
Needs goods (enough for a nighty)
To make him one pair of socks.
He swells up with gusto
Till you'd think he would busto,
And his head is the shape of a box.

The addition from Santa Fe Toots,
With the nick name Amelia McFie,
From her hair to the toe of her boots,
Is as neat as you ever did see.
She dabbles in singing—
Specializes in "winging,"
And is invited to every pink tea.

Ike Littrell, the intrepid masher,
With his graceful gestures of hand,
And his authoritative position as cashier,

Is surely some little man.
In six months, maybe eight,
The top of his pate
Will be as bald as the side of a ham.

A southern maid is dear Ruth,
From Louisiana direct;
And she sticks up for her heath like
The deuce,
Even to dialect.

She lets her R's drop,
So they hit with a flop,
And will dance when Miss Dean
Don't object.

The bandy and curvy legged Jack,
As he strides down the street surely
Feels
As he gracefully humps up her back,
That he's the cutest thing on two
Wheels.

He's not much of a singer,
But he thinks he's a dinger.
When you hear him your blood just
congeals.

It's a wonder to some that our Brighty
Thornton, so lengthy and slim,
Is not carried away on some flighty
Impossibly foolish whim.
He looks so skinny
That a big horse's whinny
Might totally obliterate him.

Bashfulness is here at a premium,
Hardly a blush ere touches face;
It's as scarce as the rare metal Helium
And is feared by all girls in the
place.

And so Aunt Bateman,
The demure and sedate one,
Snubs Susie and Lizzie and Grace.

The wizard, P. Dieckmann,
Who's a hard nut to crack,
Shows the self-same expression,
In front as in back.

But under his stare
And pink head of hair
Is a headful of wisdom and knack.

He's as neat and as trim,
Is Lawrence B. Lackey,
As the point of a pin,
And that's going some, by cracky.

He brushes his hair
Has a fine line of hot air,
And sports round in the McFie hackey.

Some say Albert S. Hunt is a dead one.
But we don't think so in the least.
He's made the mezzuma by what he
has done,
Such as peddling of Fleichman's
yeast.

Some in the school
May thing him a fool,
But he gets by as if he were greased.

Uncle Fiji, the wonder of ages,
Has a rifle and some motor bike,
And his stories will cover pages
Of daring and such of the like.

And I don't give a darn,
At what kind of a yarn
He can beat all the rest on the pike.

As a treasurer our El Paso Kid
Has surely lived up to her name.
With her red suit, sweater and little
black lid,
And with the grace which she carries
the same,
Says she "The campustury
course
Should be put into force,
And all should get into the game."

The name of Gouin is not lengthy;
It and its owner just fit,
And its hard from the size of young
Frenchy,
To believe he will make a big hit.
But he swells out his chest,
As big as the best,
And makes you think he's just it.

By all great physiologists said,
When studying fine points of our
system,
That the iron in the hair makes it
red
And also signifies wisdom.
But the case of one boob
They sure misconstrued,
And that's that four-flusher, Red Balcomb.

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CUSTOM OF THE VARSITY.

When College Boy Meets College Girl.

Were You ever the Hero or Heroine
in a Melodrama of this sort. Goes
something like this:

ACT I.
Scene 1.—Young man's boudoir.
The "hombre" is brushing his pompadour. Survey his angelic form in the mirror. Puts on hat and coat. Exit.

Scene 2.—Young lady's boudoir(e)
(fem.). The "Mujer" using "Eudunt's Preparatory." Adjusts "sky-piece".

Scene 3.—Young man rings Hokona's bell. Young lady appears "all dolled".

ACT II.
Scene 1.—Box office, Crystal Theater. Young man fishes in "jeans" for necessary "dinero". They are seated.

Scene 2.—Butts'. Young lady orders coffee, sandwiches, ice cream and grape juice. Young man retaliates with Coco-Cola, and fondles the check the dispenser hands him.

ACT III.
Scene 1.—Road to the Varsity. Couple "campustrating" up hill. (Very, very slowly). (Soft music, Oscar).

Scene 2.—Middle entrance to Hokona. Time—10:29 P. M. Young man displays wonderful endurance. Fingers. (Sounds of the key striking an alarm clock in adjoining "zimmer"). (Look it up. It means room in German.) Young man's endurance still holds out.

Scene 3.—Well known head emerges from adjoining window. (Bloody). Young man exits himself. (Curtain)

Material at U. N. M.
A new organization has been formed at one of the big Eastern Colleges. It is named the "Collegiate Camels." The leading requisite for membership is that the candidate must be able to go a long time without water.

What She Did.
She: "What do you suppose I did when fa'her told me you were here?"
He: "Oh, I suppose you colored up a little bit."
She: "Sir!" —EX.

May Exchange Professors.
Harvard and the University of Chile are considering an annual exchange of professors, to be begun next year. —EX.

Tulanians to Learn Business.
Tulane has instituted a school of commerce, under the direction of Professor Aldrich, of the Department of Economics. —EX.

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LOCALS and EXCHANGES

First Burro—"I like this book very much."

Second Burro—"Why?"

First Burro—"It tells all about Donkey Oaty."

Stung!

Miss Dean went for a walk at noon one day,

And, up the street not far away, She SMILED at a MAN she thought she knew,

And this I positively know to be true, For I seen her when she done it.

Websterian!

The correct illustration of a rank failure is a Sophomore that does not know at least three times as much as any Freshman on the campus.

My heart beat true

When I was with you, And fondly drew you to me.

But it skipped a beat

As I took a back seat, When you coldly overthrew me.

Miss Hickey played golf on the University's links Monday afternoon, and from all reports, bids fair to put to shame the male contingent of the Varsity's faculty. Miss Hickey refuses to state her view of the case.

M. H. (on seeing Prof. Bonnett about to walk up to the Varsity)—"Are you going up to the University, Professor?"

Prof. Bonnett (anticipating a ride)—"Why, yes, Miss H."

M. H.—"Well, I'm not going up now, then."

One Sophomore (let alone nine) Is worth ten Freshmen, any old time.

Isn't it a strange trick of the human mind that prompts us to call Miss Sisler "Miss Sizler," when she gets angry?

A Problem in Thermodynamics. She melted him with an icy stare, And froze him with a wilting glance.

First Freshman—"Did you ever see a porcupine prick up his ears?"

Second Freshman—"I don't see the point to that question."

A (Hot Air) Filler.

We are unquestionably and without room for a single fraction of doubt the most brilliant class that pretends to pervade the campus at present date. Alike in class room and out, there are within our midst the most creditable conglomeration of wisdom and brilliancy that has ever been assembled into a body and called an organization.

So, when we smile and are glad, the mere magnetism of our personalities compels gladness to prevail about us. But lo, do not cross us. Such intellect cannot but know when to strike and strike hard and so, Say Gerald, you fat head, lean off of that bell, you'll awaken the infant.

God made the Freshman and the Freshman made E.

God made the Sophs, and the Sophs made D.

God made the Juniors and the Juniors made C.

And God made the Seniors and the Seniors made B.

Cheer, boys, there's a da-ay coming by-in-by.

Nerve.

He—"Darling, for, me, the sun shines only through you."

She—"Don't get fresh, it's all the style.—Ex.

Sad.

There was once a political chump, Who lost both legs in a jump.

He couldn't give much, Of a speech from a crutch, So he did all his work on the stump.—Ex.

The University of Michigan has an annual tag day to raise money to send her band to the various football games.—Ex.

Treasurer—"Professor Bonnett, it is a good thing, is it not?"

Prof. Bonnett—"What's that, Miss Hartman?"

Treasure—"That there ain't any ivory hunters in this country."

Dutch Leopold—"It took me three months to learn the motorcycle."

Probert—"Well, what have you for your pains?"

Dutch Leopold—"Liniment."

"NO WONDER."

A woodpecker sat on a Freshman's head, And settled down to drill, He drilled away for a year and a day, And finally broke his bill.

Alry Work.

"I hear you have a position in a bank."

"Yes."

"Are you the cashier?"

"No; I'm the draft clerk."

"Is that right?"

"Yes; I open and shut the doors and have charge of the ventilators."—Stanford Chaparral.

On the Face Of It.

The editor received this letter from a youth:

"Kindly tell me why a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her."

The editor replied:

"If you will send us your photograph we may be able to tell you the reason."—Yale Record.

Students on Water Wagon.

The total abstinence societies are making much progress along the line of discouraging student drinking in the universities of Europe.—Ex.

Hard on Frats at Texas.

Fraternity men at Texas University who flunked last term are required to leave the chapter house if they do not make good this quarter.

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