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U.N.M. Weekly, Volume 020, No 1, 10/17/1917

University of New Mexico

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U. N. M. WEEKLY

Published by the Students of the University of New Mexico

Vol. XX

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, OCTOBER 17, 1917

No. 1

JAMES E. HOOVER TO HEAD STUDENT BODY

Popular and Capable Student of U. N. M. to Have Charge of Student Activities for Coming Term. Other Student-Body Vacancies Filled; Vacancies on Weekly Occupied.

The first meeting of the student body of the University of New Mexico was attended by practically every student registered. The meeting was called by Dr. Boyd for the purpose of electing officers to the student body and to fill other vacancies left by officers-elect who failed to put in an appearance when school opened. After calling the meeting, Dr. Boyd addressed the students, bringing home to them the importance of the offices to be filled and the necessity of electing capable men and women to office. The next point of order was the appointment of a temporary chairman. Accordingly Leslie Boldt, secretary of the student body, '16-'17, took the chair. The meeting was called to order and the nominations were opened for president of the student body. James Hoover was then nominated for the office and the motion was seconded. Someone moved that the nominations be closed, and the motion was carried, and Hoover was unanimously declared elected.

Nominations were then in order for vice president, and the nomination of Miss Helen Vincent followed. There was no opposition and she, too, was unanimously elected. The only real contest during the election occurred after Donovan Richardson and Herbert Hickey were both nominated to fill the position of secretary and treasurer. A ballot was taken, and after the votes were counted, Donovan Richardson was declared elected, having received the majority of the votes cast.

Lyle Vincent and Earl Gerhardt, who were elected last year to fill the positions of editor and business manager, respectively, on the U. N. M. Weekly, both failed to put in an appearance on the Hill this year, so it was necessary to fill the vacancies thus left, in order to get the paper started as soon as possible.

The Weekly was the object of considerable discussion in regard to just how it should be handled. After several suggestions had been heard, it was decided that two editors should be elected, who in turn should appoint their own staff. Louise Lowber and George White were nominated and elected without opposition. Miss Lowber afterwards resigned.

After the election of officers, Professor Wood, of mathematics, who will coach the football team, made a few pointed remarks about the game and expressed his desire to see a large representation of students on the field.

There being no further business to transact, the meeting was adjourned.

Miss Lathrop is back in charge at Hokona and has a full house.

RECEPTION FOR NEW STUDENTS FRIDAY NIGHT

Each and Every Member of Faculty and Student Body Expected to Attend.

Friday night, October 19th, at 8 p. m., is the time set for the reception and dance for the new students. This is one of the annual events of the year, to which every faculty member and wife and student is expected. It is the time when everyone has a chance to meet everyone, and it is especially important that all Varsity men and women meet the members of the faculty and their wives.

The reception is in charge of J. E. Hoover, president of the Student Body, and he and his committees are planning to make the occasion a great success. Everyone will be tagged on their arrival with a card having their name, so if you see anyone you have not met, read his or her name and introduce yourself. It is the intention of the committee to see that everybody meets everybody, so that you will never hear on the campus the expression, "Who is that new student?" We want to make it a real informal, get-together affair, and after all the handshaking is over, dancing will be in order for the remainder of the evening.

Mr. Seder has consented to take charge of the musical program, so we may be assured as to the quality of that part of the entertainment. Committees have charge of decorations and refreshments, and there will be nothing lacking for a real good time.

Make your dates early, fellows, and don't forget the place—Rodey Hall, the time, Friday night at eight.

Activities in Greek Letter Circles.

The most strenuous part of the rushing season is over, and as a result quite a large number of new students are wearing the symbols, emblems of the fact that they have been pledged to one of the Greek Letter societies on the Hill.

Following is a list of the pledges to date:

Alpha Gamma—Martha Greenleaf, Jimmy Stanley, Dorothy Omart, Clara Bursum, Frances Baer, Louise Dadey, Wilma Snyder

Phi Mu — Grace Stortz, LeClair Cavanaugh, Irene Davis, Helen Mayo, Maude Rodney, Margaret Shumaker, Gertrude McGowan, Dorothy Gibbs, Winona Dixon, Katherine Angle

Kappa Delta Nu—Sarah Herrick, Selma Graff, Edna Garton, Catherine Shotwell, Bertha Welch.

Pi Kappa Alpha—Howard Buchly, Jimmie Chess, Lloyd Kellam, Ed Lighton.

Sigma Chi—Ray Walker, Phillips, McClure, Booker, Birch Foraker.

Carl Moore, class of '21, tried to run over a big car going down the Hill the other night, but found it wasn't a Ford, and is now recovering from a few bruises and cuts.

U. N. M. BACK IN THE GAME AGAIN

Varsity Pig-Skin Chasers Out to Develop Winning Eleven.

At first it seemed very doubtful if the University of New Mexico would be on the gridiron this year, on account of the loss of so many last year's players, who either joined the army or joined ranks with the soldiers of the p'ow, but after the only possible decision was reached about the question, a gang of ambitious athletes were over in the gym, fighting over the best of the football togs. When school opened there was not a last year's man back but Clark, who played center on the second team, and it looked as if the Varsity as a football possibility, was a doggone good somnambulist, but when it was found out that there was a man on the hill who could coach, a half dozen men who had played football before, and a half dozen more who could try, football was no longer an issue, but a fact.

According to the dope-artists, the Varsity cannot possibly be a contender in college football this year, but maybe a little dope will be upset before next December. At least we will be in the game, and that is a wonderful accomplishment considering the outlook at the opening of the season. The team is under the wing of Coach Wood, who knows all about football and who is going to teach the men what he knows. He expects results, and if he don't get them, something is wrong.

The team has been out for practice long enough to get a little lineup on just who is who, or about to be who, and a few of last year's high school stars promise to make the pessimists sit up and take notice.

We have quite a representation from the Deming highs, who put out an eleven of the highest water last year. McClure, who is out for full-back, is a hard-hitting line plunger. Phillips of Deming is juggling signals for the team, and shows previous experience at quarter.

From the well-known eleven of the Albuquerque high school, which cleaned up last year, we have a half-back who lives up to his name. Chavez, who is a "wooz" at nailing passes, and who scored over half of the points of the local high last year, will be spearing the long ones for the Varsity this year. From the same source we have Greenleaf, a century and three-quarters of bruising beef which is in the game until the referee blows his bugle.

"Doggie" Hoffman, who was a Varsity satellite in the fall of 1916, reports that the U. can expect him most any time. Every one knows "Doggie's" history in athletics, and if they don't they should subscribe immediately to the Police Gazette. He is the fellow who put athletics on the map. Orie McGary, who played full-back on the eleven of 1915, reports that he expects to be on the Hill this week, and when he and the "Dawg" get together, that "ever so loco" feeling will disappear from the aspect of football without the customary sign of departure.

At a recent student body meeting,

NOTED AUTHOR AT THE VARSITY

The University is proud to have among its list of students Mr. Geo. Wharton James, celebrated author, explorer and lecturer, who is now writing a book on New Mexico. Dr. James has written many books, among them be the Romantic and Beautiful, "Arizona, the Wonderland of the Southwest," and numerous others.

The two last named are among his latest works, and the work on New Mexico, on which he is now engaged, is to be a companion book to them.

Dr. James has spent over thirty years in this part of the country, and is fully familiar with every nook and corner of New Mexico, and the life and customs of its early and present inhabitants. Probably no one is better posted on New Mexico than this well known author, and his history of the state will be awaited with keen anticipation.

He is a member of almost every Indian tribe in the state, and has spent much of his time among them. It is probable that Dr. James will consent to give a series of lectures on New Mexico this year, and if so the students of U. N. M. and the people of Albuquerque will have a rare opportunity of learning more about our Sunshine State.

Vespers Sunday in Rodey Hall.

Vesper services were re-opened at the U. N. M. last Sunday, when an interesting program was offered. Stanley Seder, director of music, was in charge of the meeting, and several songs were rendered. Rev. Cooper, of the Presbyterian church, made a short talk to the assembly, after which Hortense Sweitzer sang a solo. Thoralf Sundt addressed the audience, explaining the purpose of the vesper service.

Vespers are held under the auspices of the Y. M. and Y. W. of U. N. M., every Sunday at four o'clock. The services are non-sectarian and everyone is welcome, whether they are of the University or not. The services are interesting and short. The latter quality should be sufficient to draw a large and appreciative audience.

Donovan Richardson was elected to pilot the eleven through the season. A definite schedule of games has not yet been arranged, but we will at least pull the wish-bone with our friends, the "Aggies," at Messilla Park next Thanksgiving day. While we are waiting for the big games, however, we can find plenty of amusement with our old friends, the Indians, and Menaul, with an eagle-eye peeled for Senorie when the Highs are on the hill.

We are out for football, and we are going to have a team to be proud of. With the proper support of the student body, and with plenty of co-operation with the coach, we can forget that hundred and thirty pound average and the lack of the old men.

U. N. M. WEEKLY

Albuquerque, New Mexico
Published every Tuesday through-
out the College Year by the Students
of the University of New Mexico.
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in Advance.
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1904, as second class matter.

Geo. W. White Editor
Ernest Hammond Asst. Editor
Jason Williams Manager

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1917.

THE WEEKLY—1917-1918.

The purpose of this little tune with
variations, is to explain our purpose—
what we ought to do, intend to do, and
will do. By "our," of course, we mean
the WEEKLY, and that brings up a
question. We are sick and tired of
hearing about the U. N. M. Weekly.
That isn't a very attractive title for a
live college periodical, so we're going
to change its name. If you don't like
it, for the love of Pete say so, but we
found out long ago that it does no
good to advertise for suggestions. We
haven't hit on a title we like yet, but
when we do, it is coming out, right
across the top where the old familiar,
sober heading used to stand, and if it
don't meet with approval, and enough
opposition can be raised to make us
change it, "vurry" well, we will have
to change it again, but until then, she
sticks.

Another thing, we, the Weekly, are
going to take sides when there are any
sides to be taken. Some times we are
going to be on the wrong side, but it
is going to be a tough proposition to
make us believe it. We are going to be
frank and open about what we think
and if we find out we are wrong, we
are not going to be slow to admit it.
The purpose of our paper is, the Uni-
versity of New Mexico first, last and
all the time, and if there is room for
anything else after that, all right.

As soon as possible a box will be put
up on the campus for contributions,
all of which will be gratefully received.
If any student has a complaint to make,
he is perfectly welcome to make it
through the Weekly, but he must sign
his name to it.

All kicks on the managing and editorial
department of the U. N. M. Weekly
will not be gratefully received, but
still we must invite them for the good
of the Weekly. So if you want to take
a shot at us, just go right ahead, and
if we think you are full of sawdust
we will forget about it, but if you
prove to be right, we will be glad to
straighten things out. However, if
you must criticize, for the love of
Mike, don't pick on our English. We
have all had Freshman Rhetoric, too,
but we didn't take it out on the
Weekly. Suggestions will at all times
be welcome. In fact, we probably
won't get near enough of them, so
please volunteer.

Another thing before we retire. If
you know anything, don't keep it to
yourself. The Weekly will need it and
will use it to good advantage. Keep
track of things that happen on the
campus, in classes and down town, and
put them in the Weekly box. When
you get a horse on someone, please re-
member it to the Weekly. Our motto
is, "Let the school run the Weekly,"
not—well, you know the rest of it.

FOOTBALL AND THE U. N. M.

The grand old season has opened
again, and although a little late in
opening at the U. N. M., twelve, maybe

eleven, undersized huskies are out
for the cause of the Alma Mater, to
defend her cause against the pick of
the southwest. Although somewhat
handicapped owing to the fact that
only the last year's scrub center ap-
peared as a representative of last
year's New Mexico champions, yet
wonderful spirit has been shown by
the men of the U. N. M., as has been
evidenced by the crowd on the bleachers
each evening while the coach was
struggling to make a team out of four
high-schoolsters and seven amateur
cue-students.

A stranger on the campus about 4
p. m. might observe some remarkable
physical specimens amusing themselves
smoking cigarettes and swapping
yarns, prophesying a prosperous term
for the U. N. M., and then repeating
the process; he might proceed from
there to the football field and witness
the efforts of a handful of diminutive
youths attempting mass formations
with great enthusiasm and little skill,
naking line smashes against the wind
for lack of better opponents.

Perhaps this sounds like knocking,
and maybe it is, and we're wrong, but
somebody or something is wrong with
football at the U. N. M. Laying aside
all natural prejudice, we must admit
that the University has got material
for a football team, not a football team
that can be expected to clean up the
earth, but then there are some likely
candidates on the field. Handicapped
by the loss of all the old men, it is a
tough proposition to build a winning
team out of last year's high school
men and absolutely green material, but
it can be done and should be, or foot-
ball should be dropped as a bad ex-
periment.

No coach can make a team out of
even candidates, with most of them
green material. If the University of
New Mexico wants a football team, we
must see at least twenty-two men on
the field. It makes no difference
whether they have ever played foot-
ball or whether they ever saw a foot-
ball before. A football eleven can't go
out and make touchdowns against the
wind and possibly hope for results in
a game. Nothing less exciting can be
imagined than a football team playing
without opponents. It is something
like a game of solitaire, the said game
being the king of indoor sports for in-
valids and antiquated specimens in
their second childhood.

Last Monday night we played the
Albuquerque high school. Keep the
result under your hat. We're going to
play them again with a different score.
The result of that game clearly demon-
strates the lack of men on the field for
practice. There are slackers in other
things besides war, and the U. N. M.
can boast an admirable collection of
the rarest variety. Pep, once the
watchword at U. N. M., seems to have
been lost in the same wreck in which
numerous yards of backbone were an-
nihilated.

Patronize Those Who Patronize Us.

There are certain loyal co-operative
business men down town who adver-
tise in the columns of our Weekly.
This is done partly from a business
standpoint and partly from their in-
terest in affairs at the Varsity. All
of these men have the best in their
various lines of business, and it is
only just that these men should be
patronized by the students of the U.
N. M. Therefore, keep your eyes on
the advertisements that appear in the
Weekly and know that when you pa-
tronize a man who patronizes us, you
are doing a favor to the Varsity and
to the Weekly.

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Social Events

There being no social editor of the
Weekly during the past two weeks,
no detailed account can be given of
the beautiful gowns, gorgeous decora-
tions, et cetera, that have accom-
panied the social occasions at the
Varsity.

The Alpha Gamma Sorority gave
a dance at the Country Club just be-
fore the opening of school.

Pi Kappa Alpha banqueted at the
Fullman Cafe.

Phi Mu gave a dance at the Coun-
try Club in the midst of the "rush-
ing season"

Sigma Chi suppered at the Al-
varado.

Phi Mu held open house.
Alpha Gamma held open house.
Sigma Chi danced at home

Y. W. C. A. held open meeting at
Hokona Monday night.

"Turp" and his scrap iron quartet
serenaded the Girls' Dorm.

A TREATISE ON GRUB.

(By Turp.)

Boys to me it is a mist'ry—
Darn my hide, I can't infer
How they give a bunch of huskies
Board and room on eighteen per.
Of course I know they do not do it!
How my angry hummers rise
For a platter full of beef-steak
And a pair of pumpkin pies!

Lay it on the cost of livin'?
Nix the price ain't gone up none;
I reckon here has just quit givin'
Full-sized portions out to one.
Lord, I swear that I've been hungry
Ever since I left the farm.
Would a large sized mess of sawdust
Do my stomach any harm?

Just of late I'm kinda thinkin',
That I'm gettin' kinda frail;
Guess it's caused from under eatin';
Wonder if my health will fail?
Yesterday they fed us cracker
And a tender spray of soup—
Not enough to even yodel;
Guess I'll rob a chicken-coop.

How I'd love to muss a pot-pie!
Wouldn't that be eatin' some?
Wonder if I'd help my hunger
If I'd buy some chewing gum?
How I hate the look of liver,
Lord deliver me from rice.
No such thing as cheerful giver.
Wouldn't ham an' eggs go nice?

Not enough to feed a cat on,
Haven't eaten in a week,
Not a doggone chance to fatten,
Not a fritter in my beak!
If I only had a dollar,
—Just about a half a bull,
Eat him up from hoof to collar,
Once I tell you, I'd be full.

A Rugged American.
"A belted earl once proposed to
this heiness on bended knee."
"Fancy that! I presume her family
was pleased?"
"Her mother was delighted, but her
father expressed a savage wish to bell
the earl himself."

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HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN

A Column of Reminiscences.

Pat Murphy and Oscar?

Swede Blom and the Socialist
dope?

The occasion upon which Clai-
bourne took the water cure?

Brook Brantly and Dogdamit?

The incident of Bud and Cookie,
wherein Bud acquired the title of

"Vacation Kid?"

The Coyotes?

Lee Langston's gracefulness?

Rusty Ray and his room?

Hazel and Anarrah, the tenderfoot
twins?

Professor Edington and his line of
wit?

Shep and Johnnie Causey?

John Alexander Junior Lapraik?

The Freshman Dance last year?

Sindeband's appetite?

The game with Cruces?

Swede Olds (Pardon us, he is still
here)?

Those lessons for tomorrow?

Some Dawg.

"Doggone"—No, the dog ain't
gone. Ring, the familiar old black
dog, who has been around the campus
ever since Dean Prickett came, was
bitten by a mad dog last week, and
the ultimate decision of the jury was
that Ring should die. Poor Ring was
accordingly placed in an air-tight box,
in company with a compound, high-
powered dose of chloroform, and left
to his dismal fate. That occurred
Monday morning. Tuesday a. m.,
bright and early, some of the laborers
were sent to take charge of the corpse
and to conduct the funeral exercises
—but there was no funeral. When
the death chamber was opened, Ring
jumped out wagging his tail, just as
joyously as he did when Sindeband
went to see the fight.

Legally, you can't kill a man twice,
so Ring will be given another lease
on life. He is being confined at the
end of a long chain, and perhaps, if
he behaves well for a month or so,
he will again be free for a roam on
the campus.

THE LITTLE LADY

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

General Goodwin sighed as he
turned his back upon the little Devon-
shire village. The jagged rocks and
the sea seemed more wonderful than
ever, but his backward glance was not
at either sea or rocks. Instead, his
glance was riveted on a tiny vine-clad
cottage with roses climbing in at the
casement windows and a sweet little
white-haired lady dwelling within.

At least the general supposed her to
be sweet. He felt sure that one whose
eyes met the passers-by with so friend-
ly an expression could not be other-
wise.

The general had found no way of
meeting the little lady during his stay
in Lee, and it was with heartfelt re-
gret that he made his way back to
London. But even General Goodwin,
in his sixtieth year, was not free to
travel fortune's path in his own pleas-
ure. He was inspecting troops for the
new armies while his only son was
fighting in France.

But the train went Londonward, and
with it went the general.
It was at the London railway station
that he bought the daily papers, but it
was not until he had reached his own
library that he saw her picture in the
"Sketch." His eyes lit up with frank
amazement, so curious was the coinci-
dence.

The picture of the little lady in the
cottage by the sea was called "Some-
body's Mother," and a message be-
neath it asked the readers of the
"Sketch" for information. General
Goodwin winced as he thought of the
pain perhaps in store for her. Per-
haps it was her only son who had
fallen on the battlefield, and this meth-
od was taken to secure her knowl-
edge of the fact.

He lost no time in telephoning to
the office of the daily paper. When he
hung up the receiver there was a glad
smile in his eyes. The soldier boy
in whose pocket the precious picture
had been found was lying in a Lon-
don hospital suffering from loss of
memory brought on by the bursting of
shell. His memory was a blank. There
had been others affected in the iden-
tical manner and they had recovered.

It was with this hope in his breast
that General Goodwin made the jour-
ney back to Devonshire, to the village
beside the sea.

The general's heart was not exactly
steady as he approached the familiar
cottage and went in at the white-
washed gate.

"Somebody's Mother" opened the
door herself and the general thought
he detected the very faintest rose hue
in her cheeks as she saw who her
visitor was.

"He is safe," the general said swift-
ly, anxious to save her one moment's
worry. He knew that her mind would
jump at once to grasp his meaning.

Her smile was wonderful to behold,
and it left the general slightly awk-
ward as to speech.

"It was through this photograph,"
he said, "that I have been able to lo-
cate you." He knew then that she
blushed softly. "If I had not looked
enviously in upon you among your
roses and birds I would not have
known that 'Somebody's Mother' was
you."

The little lady looked back at him
with a charmingly frank look of hap-
piness in her eyes.

"My boy is everything to me," she
said. "I want him down here when
he can be moved. Perhaps his mem-
ory will come back in the stress of his
boyhood."

"The sight of his mother would do
it," the general said with firm con-
fidence that a mother can do anything
by the mere touch of a gentle hand
or the glance of love-lit eyes. "I will
go up to London tonight and bring him
down to you—if you like," he suggest-
ed, knowing well that when the boy
was beside her she would have more
happiness than she expected and that
he, the general, had helped to give it
to her.

"Would it not trouble you far too
much?" she asked, gazing question-
ingly with those wonderful blue eyes
right at the general.

"Just you know," he said, "that it
will give me as much pleasure to bring
your brave son down here to you as it
would give you to bring mine back to
me. Put yourself in my place," he
added gently.

With that the little lady of the cot-
tage smiled and put out the slim white
fingers that tended the roses and birds
so tenderly. General Goodwin grasped
them and raised them to his lips for
after all, they both realized what the
future was holding out to them.

It was as the general had hoped.
"Somebody's Mother" brought memory
back to her son. His first rational
words were, "Mother—mother, mine!"

Down by the sea and the rocks
"Somebody's Mother" and the general
paced slowly along the cliff. It was a
scant week since the boy's return, but
after all, they both knew.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure News-
paper Syndicate.)

Sad Sacrifices.

"Even the dear little children are
hit by the sacrifices and privations
of this terrible war."

"Yes; the way tin cans have gone
up, boys can't get 'em any longer to
tie on dogs' tails."

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In 1780

The French Comte de Rocham-
beau said to the President of the
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shall act as such with you; we
shall fight your enemies by your
side as if we were one and the
same Nation."

1917

We have sent back this identical
message to the French Nation.
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Auto Service.

Phone 273.
Dodge Bros. Closed Cars.

BOOKS

Strong's Book Store

LOCALS

Patriotic Week and the carnival have come and went—also "mucho dinero."

Ain't there lots of Jimmies around this year?

Robert Shepherd, student at the Varsity in 1916, visited on the Hill last week before enlisting in the Forestry division of the army

Say! Ain't there lots of girls—and most of them unattached

The "Lyric" string orchestra is prepared to furnish music for your dances this winter. Can furnish from three to six piece orchestra. Engagements taken for piano and drums also. For particulars phone 1326-J.

The soldiers left Tuesday, and the camp, which adjoins the University, is deserted. The khaki-clad men will be greatly missed by the students, especially on the cars to town.

Floyd Lee writes from Camp Green, North Carolina, that the "Tar Heel State" isn't so worse, even if "Doggie" Hoffman, Jimmie Hoover, and Harry Lee did come from there.

Anyone desiring to see either Costin or Scruggs call Hokona.

Tex Austin and his cowboys won't be there—nor will the carnival, but there is going to be a big time in Rodey Hall Friday night.

The latest addition to the faculty is Professor James E. Hoover, of High Point, North Carolina, who has been engaged to assist Professor John Gruner, of the department of geology.

Professor Wand, who spent the summer at the reserve officers' training camp at the Presidio, has charge of the course in military training.

Don't forget "Friday Night."

Prof. Wand has a new Oakland roadster,—look out, girls.

WHO IS OLIVER?

Thoralf Sundt Leaves Varsity.

Thoralf Sundt, a member of this year's Senior class, has left the U. N. M. to join the engineers' corps of the United States army, thus adding one more name to the already large list of U. N. M. students who have answered their country's call.

"Thor" was a popular student at the University, being president of the Y. M. C. A. and manager of the Mirage, the college year book. Sundt was assistant instructor in English for the last two years.

Ralph Turpening, better known as "Little Boy Turp," goes with Sundt to serve his country. Turp and his horn will be sadly missed around the dorm.

UNIVERSITY DIRECTORY

Following is the University Directory, which will be added to, as soon as all organizations are completed.

BOARD OF REGENTS

Governor Wm. E. Lindsey...Ex-Officio
State Supt. Alvan N. White...Ex-Officio
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SECRETARY-TREASURER

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FACULTY

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Charles E. Hodgkin, B. Pd., Vice-President and Professor of Education.

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Paul Menaul, M. A., Professor of Biology.

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Walter R. Prichard, M. A., Associate Professor of History.

E. Stanley Seder, B. A., F. A. G. O., Director of Music.

A. W. Wand, B. S. in C. E., Professor in Civil Engineering.

Arno K. Leupold, B. S., Associate Professor in Shop.

Joseph B. Rosenbach, B. A., Instructor in Mathematics.

Albert S. Hunt, Registrar and Assistant to the President.

STUDENT INSTRUCTORS

Ethel Kieke, Domestic Science.

Rosalina Espinosa, Spanish.

John A. Gruner, Geology.

Miss Lay, Women's Gymnasium.

Thoralf Sundt, English.

Daphne Fortney, Assistant in Library.

Frank Anderson, Campus Foreman.

Jimmie Costin doesn't like Faltimas,—there's another brand.

Meaning of Basil.

In Italy a girl who wears a spray of basil is considered to be inviting her lover to give her a kiss, and it is consequently held in not too high reputation, though in other lands it is believed to be the plant of purity and is said to wither at the touch of her who has lost that virtue.

Asked and Answered.

Omar—Why do you call him a capital fellow, I'd like to know?

Heinie—Because he's a millionaire. I'm here to inform you.

O. A. MATSON

New Student: Say, where do you get your supplies in the way of books, etc.?

Old Student: Why, Matson's, of course.

New Student: And why at Matson's?

Old Student: Because he has been the dad of all of us for 18 years, and never fails to do all he can for us. And, too, he is sole owner now, so we feel at home at his store.

SHE SPOKE FIRST

By HARRISON CHASE.

Nancy Earle was a new-fashioned girl with an old-fashioned name. She believed in woman suffrage and the power of mind over matter. She played tennis and rode horseback. When she reached the age of twenty-five Nancy had doubts that such a thing as love existed. But that was before she knew Henry Blauvelt.

Henry was the "Son" in the firm of Blauvelt & Son, the most prosperous department store in town.

Henry was also slightly old-fashioned in regard to his consideration of the gentle sex. To him, a girl resembled a piece of priceless china which too much handling would break. And the fact that Henry Blauvelt fell in love with Nancy Earle was as much of a surprise to Henry as it was to the rest of the town.

It happened one sunny afternoon at the Country club when Henry was sitting in the cool shade of the big veranda when the club messenger strode by, announcing a telephone call for Miss Nancy Earle. The boy called so loudly that Henry spilled some lemonade on his new flannel trousers, and while he was ruefully contemplating the disaster Nancy herself came strolling by. He searched his mind whereby he might find a plan which would lead to an introduction. Newton, however, is rather a small village, and before the afternoon was half over, Henry discovered that at least ten of his acquaintances knew Nancy Earle intimately.

He decided that Bob Melvin should do the honors. Calling Bob aside, he explained that he wished to be introduced to Miss Earle, and Bob, knowing the characteristics of both Henry and Nancy, laughed loudly.

Henry failed to see anything to laugh about in his simple request. He mentioned this fact rather crisply to Bob, and the official introducer, once brought to his senses, hunted up Nancy and introduced her to Henry.

Henry held up three fingers of his right hand and muttered something about being honored.

Nancy ignored the three fingers, seized Henry's yielding hand in her own calloused one and shook it heartily.

"I'm glad to know you," she announced. "I've been wanting to speak to you about a tennis racket. I bought it in your store only two days ago, and yesterday a string broke. Do you think I can get a new one for it?"

Henry assured her hastily that he would take up the matter himself.

That was the beginning of a three-months' battle between Henry's ideals and Henry's ideal. Henry's life was a mixture of joy and gloom. Whenever Nancy smiled at him he lived for a brief moment in Utopia, and occasionally, when Nancy indifferently told him that she had already promised somebody-or-other that he might take her to a dance, Henry received a very vivid impression of what hades might be.

But when the summer had almost worn away he resolved to ask Nancy to marry him. He had long since changed his opinions regarding woman's place in the general scheme of the universe.

It was after the late summer dance at the club that Henry decided to take the step which thousands of young men had taken before him, but which is always new. It had taken him a long time to make the momentous decision, not because of any doubt in Nancy's mind. For he believed she considered him old-fashioned and out-of-date, and that she tolerated him only because of the kindness of her heart.

He was silent during the drive home after the dance, but when Nancy alighted from the car Henry followed her and stopped for a moment in the shadow of the porch.

Nancy spoke first.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked.

"I guess not." Henry had difficulty in recognizing his own voice. "I—I'd like to say something to you."

"What have I done now to displease you?" she asked.

"Nothing." There was a brief pause, and then Henry took the plunge. "I love you," he said.

And Henry, inexperienced as he was in the art of courtship, did the right thing in exactly the right way. For the first time in his life he kissed a girl. But it was perfectly fitting and proper—for they were engaged.

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Children Will Raise Chickens.

Free chickens are to be distributed to boys and girls of Lane county by the Eugene chamber of commerce as a part of a statewide campaign launched by the Oregon State Poultry association to increase the meat production in the state. President E. J. McClanahan of the state association will give the use of incubators necessary for the project, poultry men will provide eggs and others will contribute the oil necessary for operations. A penalty of some sort will be put on each boy or girl receiving the birds, as a sort of guarantee of fulfillment of the child's part of the contract.

White House Electricity.

The White House at Washington is said to have the most intricate and complete electrical system installed in any building in the United States. There are in the mansion nearly 170 miles of wires, providing for 3,000 incandescent lights, a bell system, and a private telephone system for the president and his family exclusively.

