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CO-ED EDITION U. N. M. WEEKLY

Published by the Students of the University of New Mexico

Vol. XVIII

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, DECEMBER 7, 1915

No. 15

EL CIRCULO ESPAÑOL.

A number of enthusiastic students and members of the faculty have organized a Spanish club at the University. The first meeting was held the 20th of November and the following officers were elected:

President—Forrest Fielder.

Vice President—Katherine Chaves.

Secretary—Rosalina Espinosa.

The object of the club is to become better acquainted with the Spanish language, literature, and customs. Spanish is spoken at the meetings with

FOOTBALL BANQUET.

Last Wednesday evening at the Alvarado, Mr. John Balcomb, brother of Capt. Balcomb and warm admirer of the University's brand of football, entertained the University eleven, recent winners of the Southwestern Championship, and the Cross-Country team at dinner.

The banquet table in Taft Hall of the Alvarado was set for twenty men, including all the players in the Thanksgiving game, the track team, Manager McCanna, Coach Hutchinson

CO-EDS' DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

We are college women and of that we are proud. College does not change, it develops us. It is not the new woman we emulate, but the true woman. We shall not in the course of our lives, set to to work to trust everyone in harmony with ourselves, we can adapt ourselves to all conditions, which are not in the bonds of servitude and slavery.

We are neither a chemical formula nor an algebraic equation. We are

A WORD ABOUT EQUAL SUFFRAGE

A co-ed. weekly is expected to say something about equal rights for women. Hence these lines.

Woman should not be looked upon as an object of pity—trampled upon for so many centuries by her lord and master, Man. She should be independent and have the right to vote because she is so rare and brilliant a creature that she must use her talents to better the conditions of this cruel and dreary world.



a little English and French on the side. Membership is open to all Spanish-speaking students attending the University. The constitution is being drawn up, and the prospects for the club are very promising. The present active members are as follows:

Srtas.—

Carolina Beals.

Louisa Wilkinson.

Katalina Johnston.

Rosalina Espinosa.

Josefina S. Parsons.

Katalina Chaves.

Maria Higgins.

Srs.—

Ezikiel Chavez.

Fernando A. Gonzalez.

Jose McCanna.

Forrest Fielder.

Prof. Roscoe Hill.

Prof. Federico Nelson.

Luis Nohl.

and Floyd Lee. The table appointments were perfect, every detail being carried out in football.

The place cards were clever pictures of each of the guests drawn in some characteristic pose. The favors were miniature footballs strung with Cherry and Silver ribbons and filled with candies. The menu cards were booklets in the shape of the pigskin and the menu was printed in football terms.

Taft Hall was beautifully and appropriately decorated for the occasion. Behind each chair hung a University pennant. Suspended from the ceiling above the table hung several huge U. N. M. banners and pennants, and the football that was used in the Thanksgiving game. Behind our honored Hutch hung a huge section of pig labeled "The Bacon," which came all the way from Cruces and behind Mr.

just girls. Some of us may have evinced a desire to play with the spheres but there are occasions when we are equally contented to toy with our fan—and a man.

It must be inspiring to be addressed as "Saccharine consummation of protoplasm," but 'tis not the endearing term we would we wooed by. There are others which appeal more strongly to our nature.

Balcomb was suspended a gory forelock from which depended this opprobrium, "The Aggie's Scalp." Our heroes ate their fill of all the good things and they certainly more than earned every bite. Three cheers for the team! And three more for Mr. John Balcomb!!

People are not ready to give encouragement, appreciation and help to a girl, ambitious though she be. In spite of all the obstacles which confront her, there is always a larger and more wonderful field, lying before a girl, who possesses ambition and ability, than that which is stretched before a man.

We do not want men's pity. We want no one to say "Poor little pathetic neglected creature, let us give her the ballot." We want men to say, "Bright, wonderful, capable creature, you must have the ballot."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox expresses our idea clearly in the following:

"No, offer us not pity's cup,
There is no looking down nor up
Between us; eye looks straight in eye
Born equals, so we live and die.

Sire, when you pity us, I say
You waste your pity; let it stay
Well corked and stored upon your
shelves
Until you need it for yourselves."

U. N. M. WEEKLY

Albuquerque, New Mexico

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CO-ED. EDITION

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Junior.....DAPHNEY FORTNEY
Sophomore.....LILLIAN GUSTAFSON
Freshman.....

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1915.



CO-EDUCATION.

Confusion about women's personal rights and public duties have arisen from illogical reasoning. Because a woman has the right and should have the opportunity to make the most of herself, it does not follow that she should serve in the army, on the jury box or run a jitney. Co-education and equal rights have nothing to do with these absurdities.

The power of woman was not recognized as early as that of man and woman's opportunities for enlightenment have lagged behind those of men.

Because in the economy of our social and political life, woman must necessarily have the same educational rights as men, co-education has become the overwhelming educational policy of the country. Equal rights can be secured in no other way. It may not be necessary that women shall study the same things or recite even in the same class but they must have the right to do so. Whether women will take the right is not to be decided for them by the men. We can decide it for ourselves. Conditions and circumstances will aid in the decision by giving rewards when it is wise and inflicting failures when it is mistaken.

Co-education is not old. The first high schools in this country were

opened in 1789 for boys only. When a high school was opened for girls they came in such numbers that the mayor of the town was simply paralyzed and closed the school in despair. It took time to accustom men to the idea of co-education. But the idea had to prevail.

When Harvard College was opened men thought that women were sufficiently educated if they could spell out the recipes for puddings and pies. Later the logic of events created a demand for college privileges for women which must be met. It was met and today it is difficult to find an institution of college or university grade which is not co-educational.

Men and women supplement each other, each supplies the factors in thought and endeavor which the other lacks, and the greatest accomplishments in human society have been worked out by men and women of character working in co-operation. The greatest good of the race is to be attained through the best possible education for both.

OUR IDEAL FOR A COLLEGE.

The college has various organizations and activities which express forms of the community life and represent sections of the student body. The athletic association rallies the athletic interests, the college paper helps mold community opinion, and there are many other organizations which might be mentioned.

If the interests of any one of these activities or organizations bulks larger in the minds of the members than the interests of the college, as a whole, then the University is a collection of organizations and not a corporate body with a common purpose. There are colleges so divided into cliques that loyalty to the college is lost. There are colleges so engrossed in various interests, that even the college spirit is difficult to maintain.

Many factors help to determine the ideal of the college, but the realization of this ideal is in the hands of the students.

College ideals become actual only to the extent that they are embodied in the life of the student body. Unanimity of purpose, united conviction, patriotism expressed in that undefinable but well recognized "college spirit" is what helps lift the ideal of the college. It is from these factors that we reckon the standing of the college, and it is these factors that express the college ideal.

THE GIRLS' LUNCH-ROOM.

Where. O where can it be?
We tried Dean Hodgins' room, but some girl foolishly left a pickle on one of the chairs, and the varnish fell off—

Then we tried the Cooking room and another careless young lady dropped her glove in the sink, and forgot to wash it—the sink, of course.

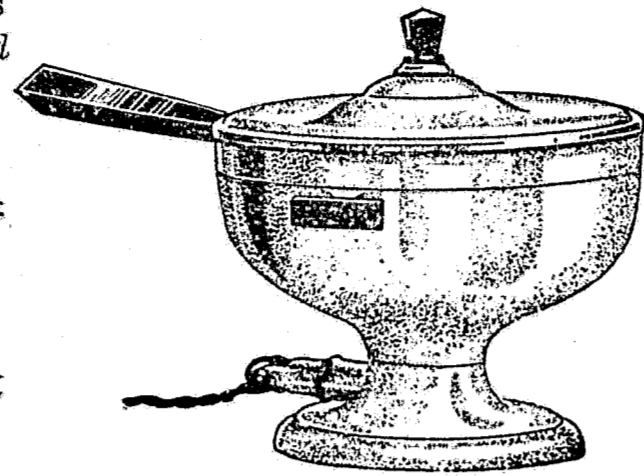
Third, we tried the back steps of Rodey Hall, and we heard the complaint that the University did not appropriate any money for sweeping away crumbs!

Then in desperation we ate our lunch in Miss Gleason's room, but slowly and sadly we vacated the place, after a severe reprimand. One of the girls had forgotten to eat an English walnut, and left it on the window sill.

Where shall we eat? At present we are wondering whether it be possible to eat our lunch on the campus during the months of December and January. Some of the co-eds are planning a dinner party on the lawn to be had January 2. You're all invited, but bring a mop and a broom.

WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN----

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SENIOR SECTION

THE SENIOR CLASS MEETING.

Miss Hickey's Room—12:30.
(Enter Myrtle and Carolyn.)

Myrtle—Well, what's this meeting for anyway? There isn't anyone here yet and I have to study.

Carolyn—Oh, well, wait a minute and see if some one doesn't come. Myrtle (walking around the room and looking at the pictures)—Hum! I think Henry VII is kinda good looking. Don't you?

Carolyn—That depends upon your sense of beauty. I can't say that I appreciate him. Here come Mr. Feather and Mr. Hunt.

(Enter, Feather and Hunt.)

Feather—Aren't there any more here than you two? It's twelve thirty now. Hunt, you'd better go find Balcomb and Bateman.

Myrtle—Everybody's always late but us.

Feather—Say, Miss Dunn, what did you get in that French test?

Myrtle—Well, you needn't think I'm going to tell you, even if I got an A. (Enter, Ruth, panting.)

Ruth—Are you all the only ones that are here? I ran all the way over from the dining-hall because I thought I was goin' to be late.

Feather—Well, Miss McKowen, now you're here we don't need any more; we can begin the meeting right now.

Frenchie (poking head through the door)—Say, Feather, when's this meeting going to start? I've got some business outside, but I'll be back in about five minutes. (Disappears.)

(Enter, Balcomb, Bateman, Hall, Hunt, Logan and Threlkeld. Seat themselves at the table.)

Feather—I guess the meeting had better come to order; we can't wait for these other folks. The purpose of this meeting is to decide whether or not it is advisable for the class to have a get-together meeting every Friday night.

Ruth—Oh, that's fine. Let's do it. Don't you all think that's a good plan? And each one of the class can entertain them in their turn.

Carolyn—His or her turn, Ruth.

Ruth—Well, I don't care; it all means the same.

Myrtle—You needn't think, just because you're trying to be an English teacher now, that you can tell us what's right and wrong.

Carolyn—All right, I'll not say another word.

Feather—You folks'll be having a quarrel before long, if you're not careful.

(Enter, Katherine, waving her arms.)

Katherine—Oh, say, people, I just saw the grandest picture! It was just simply beautiful. The whitest, fleeciest clouds were hanging down over the mountains in perfectly even layers. Oh, it was perfectly wonderful!

Logan—Speaking of pretty things, don't you want to take a look at this (pulls a flower from his buttonhole). Some one gave it to me just a few moments ago.

Ruth—Oh, Mr. Logan, who gave it to you? Isn't it a beauty! May I smell it?

Logan (handing her the flower)—Mr. Miller gave it to me. He said it was an Amote Semper. But, as you

see, he doesn't know much about botany.

Feather—Pretty bum!

Threlkeld—Well, I should say so. Feather—Well, we'd better settle this question.

Katherine—What is it?

Hunt (yawning)—Oh, somebody suggested that we have an entertainment somewhere every Friday night.

Katherine—Oh, I hadn't heard anything about that. We all want to go out somewhere and have a good time on Friday nights.

Ruth—I'll tell you! Let's have it on Thursday night because we girls in the Dorm. can't have any other dates that night.

Balcomb—But how about us football fellows? You know, Hutch won't let us stay up late nights.

Myrtle—Well, we aren't intending to have any midnight jubilees, are we? I didn't understand it that way.

Threlkeld—I think it's a good idea, myself.

Ruth—Kate, you've got too much powder on your nose.

Threlkeld—I'll tell you. Let's have a debate on the question of whether powder or the razor has been the greatest civilizing agent in the world. Katherine—Oh, what a silly question.

Threlkeld—Silly? Well, I guess not. Bateman—There isn't but one side to that question, Threlkeld. Of course, the razor has done more than powder.

Myrtle—Gunpowder?

Hall—Good for you, Miss Dunn! That settles the question right now.

Threlkeld—Oh, say, I didn't mean gunpowder. I mean talcum.

Bateman—Just the same the razor is the most important.

Balcomb—Go ahead, Sadie; I'm behind you with my glasses on.

Threlkeld—Why, Bateman, men are handsome with beards, but women wouldn't be good-looking at all if they didn't powder.

Myrtle—Here, here, Mr. Threlkeld; that's almost blasphemy.

Bateman—I'll be willing to bet that no one here is on your side.

Feather (hastily)—I'm neutral.

Hall—It's the change from the beast unto the greatest.

Balcomb—What's that you're quoting? Sounds like the Bible.

Hall (blushing)—I don't know.

Ruth (turning over a sheet of paper on the table and reading)—Just listen! There are many. One is one. This one is one. There are many. One is—

Hunt—What is that stuff, anyway? Katherine—Futurist poetry. I can't get any sense out of it. Can you?

Myrtle—Oh, I can.

(First bell rings.)

Feather—We'd better decide about this entertaining business. It's getting late.

Threlkeld (who has moved around behind Feather, pulls his hair)—I say, Adlai, you're getting bald-headed.

Feather—Ouch! Well, I guess it won't make any more hair grow if you pull out all I've got back there now.

Ruth—Oh, Mr. Feather, I know what'll keep you from getting bald. All the girls over at the Dorm. use dog-dip and their hair don't come out at all.

Hall—Phew! I smell it now.

Threlkeld—Yeah. I know all about that. I helped dip a goat once.

Feather—This isn't deciding the question.

Katherine (looking at a picture of the moon in a magazine on the table. Absently)—"Oh, bright fire maiden with white orbs laden, whom mortals call the moon—"

Ruth—When'd you learn that, Kate? Katherine—Oh, that? That's Shelly.

Threlkeld—Beautiful eyes! Katherine—Irrelevant remark. Where's the connection? (LAST BELL RINGS!)

Feather (hurriedly)—All those in favor of weekly entertainments for the class to be held on Thursday evenings say Aye.

All (rising)—Aye!

Lydia (entering, out of breath)—Aye!! What's the meeting about? Myrtle (rushing by on the way to a class)—Class entertainments every Thursday night. Your time first. (Exeunt.)

SOCIETY NOTES.

Miss Helen Vincent entertained at a series of parties at her home after Thanksgiving. The afternoons were spent in an occupation dear to every girl's heart, dressing dolls for Christmas. Some exquisite creations were produced, sartorially speaking, and the girls enjoyed themselves. Music and games were played and most delicious refreshments were served. Miss Vincent's guests were Lillian Spickard, Myrl Hope, Kathleen Long, Margaret Ylournoy, Katherine Conway, Louise Bell, Shirley von Wackenhuse, Margaret Cook, Evelyn Trotter, Gertrude and Edith Polsenberg, Leota Boag, Irene Boldt, Rebecca Horner, Miss Gleason, Ruth McKowen, Josephine Johnson, Lina Fergusson, Katherine Chaves, Marie Higgins, Martha Henderson, Mary Brorien, Ethel Kieke, Prunella Duke, Laura Colgan, Wendie Favorite, Ruth Stateson, Betty Arnot, Lois Stearns, Louise Lowber, Miss Beattie, Miss Gillham and Miss Bogue, of Captain, N. M.

Thirty Club Dance.

The fifth annual Thanksgiving dance of the Thirty Club was given Thursday night at the Odd Fellows hall. It was one of the most successful affairs of the season and particularly enjoyable. Dinner was served late in the evening in the banquet room, which was decorated with Thanksgiving favors. Miss Margaret Cook with Ira Boldt led the grand march. A large number of the University dancing contingent were present.

Greek Letter Luncheon.

Last Wednesday saw the second annual luncheon of the Women's Pan-Hellenic Association of Albuquerque. The luncheon was held in Taft Hall at the Alvarado and was attended by nearly thirty National Greek letter women representing eight fraternities. Several visiting teachers met some of their fraternity sisters while in town and the affair was a particularly enjoyable one. Miss Alice Boyd and Mrs. Leroy Peters, Kappa Alpha Thetas, were in charge of arrangements.

Miss Ethel Kieke entertained at tea Wednesday afternoon in honor of her out-of-town guests.

Miss Katherine Chaves was at home Tuesday afternoon for members of Phi Mu Fraternity.

Miss Myrl Hope entertained Saturday afternoon at her home for Miss Vida Krause of West Point, Nebraska. Her guests were the members of Alpha Gamma Sorority.

Die zweite Versammlung des Deutsche Klub war im Kimmer des Professor Nelson December 3. Der Pretzident, Herr Gruper gab "Meine Erster Tag in Amerika," an. Die nachst Versammlung werde Dienstag Abend December 14 im Hause der Fraulein Lowber sein. Die Wirtin werde Deutsche Crfrischung verlegen.



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JUNIOR SECTION

MEMBERS: ASPIRANT, JUNIOR, SENIOR, AND VETERAN. The Junior Section is a group of young women who are interested in the study of the history and literature of the Southwest. They meet every week and discuss the various topics of interest to them. The group is very active and has many projects in progress. They are also planning a number of social events for the coming year.

COLLEGE GOOSE RHINES.

For the past few weeks, the College Goose Rhines have been a topic of discussion. The group has been studying the life and work of this famous writer and has been very impressed by his stories. They are now planning to read some of his most famous works and to discuss them in detail.

The group has also been studying the life and work of the famous Southwest writer, and has been very impressed by his stories. They are now planning to read some of his most famous works and to discuss them in detail.

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THE AMOEBA.

(Dedicated to the Prof. who doesn't like the idea of this poem.)

Oh, the poor little amoeba has the blues,
He's sad as he can be,
He hasn't any brain to think,
He has no eyes to see.

Oh, the poor little amoeba has no mouth,
But always wants to eat,
He likes to run around the ground,
But hasn't any feet.

He's awful gosh darn little,
He's horribly thin,
Yet Prof. work weary days and nights
To find out what's in him.

FOUND IN STEVE'S NOTE BOOK.

My love has come from a Southern clime,
Her hair is black as coal;
Her eyes are dark as the midnight moon,
And flash with a fiery soul.

(Contributed by George Pratt.)
I ask not for the best of grades,
I care not for a "B";
From Mary Helen's face, a smile
Is quite enough for me.
The hope of glory, wealth of mines,
The treasures buried there
Would hold no glory in their glare
Were they not shared with her.

SOPHOMORE SECTION

"BE GOOD AND YOU'LL BE LONESOME."

(Fable)

Once there was a golden haired Flossie who had occupied the Amen Corner with mama so long that it had become second nature to her to obey the ten commandments. She could give a correct imitation of an angel on earth so well that you caught yourself looking for the Pinions.

Her road to Heaven was a bright and shining path with handposts along the way saying, "This way to the Pearly Gates." Her friends put her in a glass case, surrounded by a railing, and hung a card in front: "Don't touch."

Father Time kept up his galloping pace, but she was still behind the Picket Fence. Her time was spent in keeping her halo polished and her expression angelic.

One day a Sweet Young Thing came to her, and said: "Noble Dame, I faint would have a Shining Soul. Tell me how to hypnotize Saint Peter into giving me the glad hand. How can I corral a golden harp?"

The sainted one gave her several once overs from her gazelle like eyes. "Little one," she said in her melting voice, "Can that soft chatter. Take it from me, there's nothing to this goody goody stunt. It's good for a while and the applause is music to your ears, but a fireside scene with hubby and the kids is a lot more satisfying to the soul than a halo. You can be good, but believe me, you'll be lonesome. I know."

Whereupon, with many "gracias," the Sweet Young Thing left, and told the young man who had been waiting around the corner, that she guessed she would after all.

E. M.

A TRAGIC EVENT.

It was a town girl—and the same sad story, that, alas, has often been told, and checkered many a young life which had its beginning in sunshine, surrounded by luxury and the wealth of the world. Her eyes were wild and staring, her face was flushed and her hands were nervously working. She was a deeply troubled and injured woman, and we hear her saying: "Oh! cruel one, you have injured the very foundation of my being! Day by day you have tortured me, and yet I could not bear to give you up. When we first met how your ease and polish attracted me! When you became my 'own,' how my friends envied me. But your understanding is too small for my large soul. You are opposed to my advancing myself. You have injured my standing in society. If we had never met I might have walked in peace. So now begone. We part forever."

There was a moment's convulsive breathing, a gritting of teeth and a sharp sigh. It was all over. By a supreme effort she had removed her new shoe.—Ex.

THE CLASS BELL.

The old class bell, the old class bell,
Rings out its wailing sound,
Disturbing by its sudden swell
The air for blocks around.

I loose my breakfast every morn,
Compelled to hurry up,
I leave the griddle cakes untouched,
The coffee in the cup.

Across the campus in haste I fly,
Nodding to co-eds, as I go by,
Louder and louder the constant swell
Of the annoying accursed second bell.

THE FACULTY.

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|----------------|---------------|
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| | Stylish | | Resourceful |
| | Overworked | | |
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| Elucidative | Liberal | Equanimity | Impartial |
| Modest | | Linguistic | Noteworthy |
| Able | Helpful | Lingering | Worker |
| Neverfailing | Orthographical | | Amiable |
| | Diligent | | Natural |
| | Glad-handed | | Dreamy |
| Chivalrous | Intent | Notional | |
| Logical | Noble | Emotional | Worthy |
| Amusing | | Latitudinarian | Expert |
| Reassuring | | Sans Souci | Exalted |
| Keen | Heartless | Orderly | Scientific |
| | Unwearied | Nervous | Explosive |
| | Terrific | | |
| Daring | Coach | Proud | Wee |
| Industrious | Hedless | Ambitious | Obliging |
| Nervy | Illuminative | Reformer | Reverend |
| Garrulous | Noisy | Sapient | Courageous |
| Tall | Spontaneous | Optimistic | Elevating |
| Original | Off-handish | Neat | Sincere |
| Notwithstanding | Non-printable | Swift | Tactful |
| | | | English |
| | | | Respectful |

FRESHMEN SECTION

THE GIRLIES.

The girls of the class of '19 do most seriously object to being called Freshmen. The word *men* is not to be considered for a moment. In the first place we could not consider printing anything that is not of the very highest class, and in the second place we shall have little trouble in substituting a far superior word.

We might say Fresh Girls but that would be bad. Fresh men are bad enough, even though we must admit they are extremely interesting. But we do not intend to be classed as fresh. Why should we want to be fresh? People are fresh merely to attract the attention of the opposite sex and surely we have now impressed upon you that we can get along perfectly well without the inferior sex. Or again, why should we need to be fresh? Our wonderful qualities of beauty, talent and attraction are so evident that it takes no effort on our part to bring them to the notice of all.

Nor must we be called Green Girls. For green is not becoming to all of us and becomingness which we insist upon is one of the rules which the poor Men can never learn. The law of color combination will be one of our chief reforms. When we have control we shall see that people wear colors which do not hurt one's eyes. Even now we would suggest that the football and track men try to wear stockings that at least do not fight like cats, and dogs, and jerseys that do not put one's eyes out.

Bright we are, and clever, indeed; but we hate to talk our ourselves for that is a man-trait, so in order not to offend our honored upper class women, we will just modestly call ourselves "The Girlies."

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH THE LADIES

To the Gentlemen.

1. Be polite.
2. Be thoughtful.
3. Be jolly.
4. Be talkative.
5. Be stylish.
6. Be neat.
7. Never praise one girl to another.
8. Make each girl think she is the only one.
9. Don't let a girl be too sure of you. Every woman likes conquest.
10. A little mystery piques a woman's curiosity.
11. Dance well.
12. Ask for dates at least three days ahead of time.
13. Candy and flowers help.

CO-ED. DANCE.

The University girls showed their college spirit and appreciation of the Southwestern Championship team by giving a dance in Rodey Hall Friday evening to the football and cross-country teams. The co-eds. were charming hostesses on this occasion and gave the fellows a very enjoyable evening. The hall was decorated with very large Varsity pennants and very small Aggie ones, with the usual number of Indian rugs and cozy corners. Coffee and sandwiches were served later in the evening. The girls wore middy suits, no evening dress being allowed on the floor. A large crowd filled Rodey Hall and an enjoyable time was reported.

TO THE FRESHMEN.

(With apologies to G. C. O.)
Oh! theme sublime,
For prose or rhyme,
I feel my soul inspire;
I feel the muse,
Her warmth infuse,
The letters glow like fire.

Oh! noble child
Of look so wild;
Oh! may we never lose you.
Professor's skill
And daddies' bills
Will help to sopherize you.

You're always wrong,
Your stride is long,
A mile off we can spy you;
Your great big feet
Can travel fleet
When Dr. Boyd doth chide you.

Oh! Freshie, while
On this sand-pile
May health and C's content you;
When you say good-bye
With many a sigh,
Other freshies will lament you.

If Carl Brorein weren't quite so bright,
If Lyman Thack didn't carry a light,
If Squirrel once would come out of his grouch,

If George White would cease to slouch,
If Harold Miller never would talk,
If Carl Aydelotte didn't gawk,

If Lucien Hoch no horse did possess,
If where Donald's heart was no one could guess,

If Fuly always meant what he said,
If Mr. Timmons wasn't well read,
If Vioti Croft could not flirt,

If Leslie Boldt his looks could hurt,
If Joe McCanna should take a girl,
If Lee Walker didn't hate Myrl,

If Rloyd Lee should forget to boss,
If Mr. Hall didn't like Ketchy's sauce,
If Robert Barnes should run real fast,

If Frank Gains' love would last,
If Herbert Shelton wasn't everyone's friend,

If Lyman Putney no money would spend,
If Lyle Vincent himself did hate,
If Steve Dowde didn't like Kate,

If Seals Morgan no diamond would sport,
If Edward Johnson would learn how to court,
If Peg really, truly loved Alpha Gam,

If little old Shep weren't meek as a lamb,
If Bob Wigley could not kick a punt,
If anyone ever disliked Mr. Hunt,

If old Bud weren't quite so elusive,
If Ray McCanna weren't quite so exclusive,
If old Red Balcobb no rival would be,

If Jimmie Redfield didn't attend a pink tea,
If Bob Hopewell weren't so steady,
If Harold Perry weren't so ready,

If Glen Emmons should forget to smile,
If Chester Crebbs no hearts would beguile,
If Charlie and Pel were not so true,

Oh, what in the world would we girls ever do?

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VANITY VERSUS CONCEIT.

For ages women have been considered the vain sex. Men ever since the beginning of history have called women vain, and spoke of vanity as one of the faults of the fair sex. Not only do they condemn this trait but every man makes light of a pretty girl who powders her nose or fluffs her hair.

Vanity, however, is merely the harmless desire of a woman for pretty things and the desire to appear at her best. But few women are conceited. Even the women who really have just right, have no self-confidence. That is why women up till recent years have asserted themselves so little. Their timidity has held them back.

But men are the most conceited creatures in the world. What they do is right without doubt in their own minds. Every man thinks he knows it all and his main object is to impress this fact upon the women. This bluff of his used to succeed very well, but his game is now found out and every man and boy had better be pretty, downright sure that he has something back of his inflated self-confidence before he poses as an Appolo, an Adonis or a Hercules. Not only are men conceited but they possess that very fault which they condemn so in women—vanity.

A mirror is of far greater attraction to a man than to a woman. A man on entering a room in which there is a mirror will always take the seat from which he can see the reflection of his manly form. When a woman receives a compliment it goes in one ear and out the other, but a man will treasure and believe to be the honest truth every compliment or praise on his power, brains, looks or wit.

CE MEME VIEUX PROF.

Ce meme vieux Prof. n'est pas quite mort,
Il n'est pas seulement napping;
Je pense, myself, unless j'ai tort
Quelque chose is sure to happen.

A la dix heure each Tuesday morn
Vous'll hear beaucoup de laughter,
He'll gnash his dents but smiles again
About cinq minutes after.

You know que quand il est awake
Et quand il teach des lasses;
Les girlies dans leur soulders shake
And dare not pike their classes.

Ce meme cher Prof. je ne sais pas why,
Le mischiefs come across him,
Il fait believe he'll flunk us, My!
Quand we are yet a-smilin'.

Mais wait till we have class encore
Nice stories we will tell,
He'll smile as doucement as before
And whisper vous etes anges non demoiselles.

Mais wait till we have class encore
Nice stories we will tell,
He'll smile as doucement as before
And whisper vous etes anges non demoiselles.

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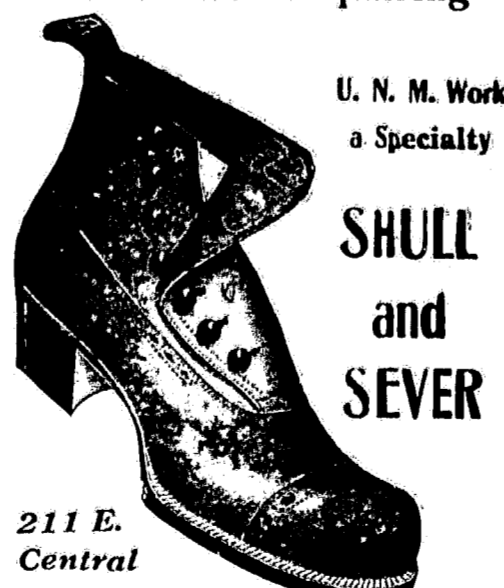
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Prof. (quoting)—The word "fail" is not yet printed in the American Dictionary.

Freshman—By Jove! I know where it is printed.

Who it is that is lean and long yet fat? Ask Kath.



NORMAL SECTION

Y. W. C. A. DRAMATICS
"GREEN BEET PLAYERS"

The greatest success of the season was the play given by the Y. W. C. A. in Rodey Hall on the night of the 19th of December. "The Lamentable Tragedy of Julius Caesar" drew the largest crowd that has ever been seen on the hill since the establishing of this University. The wonderful dramatic ability of the Y. W. C. A. girls was deeply appreciated and the play made a great hit with the audience. It was a "scream." The spectacular scenery and costuming made it the most spectacular drama ever staged in Albuquerque. Solo work and chorus work was exquisite. Each player entered into her part with enthusiasm and realism, making the great plot extremely beautiful and finished.

The first scene is a thrilling one in front of the capitol of Rome. A lion strays to the capitol, the conspirators dally plot Caesar's death, Antony pleads with Caesar to accept the crown. Caesar immediately refuses. The sooth-sayer prophecies Caesar's death. Caesar goes to the capitol, is stabbed by Brutus. The triumvirate plan revenge. The two armies clash—Caesar's foes all perish.

Miss Angelica Howden starred as Brutus. She won her way into the hearts of her audience. Her beautiful voice charmed her hearers.

Miss Evelyn Trotter was superb as Julius Caesar. Her acting was realistic and beautiful.

JOKES.

Prof. Nelson—What is the meaning of osculation?
Bright Student—A contraction of the muscles.

Miss Gleason—What product is formed in bread as a result of the growth of yeast?
L. C.—Carbonic acid (carbon dioxide).

Miss Gleason—Butter burns more quicker than other fats.

Prof. Hodgins—Now, in describing the Battle of Bunker Hill, you would not have to tell what kind of khaki suits the soldiers wore, if they wore any.

(Let's hope they wore some sort of apparel.)

Blom—When I go to bed I have to put a big pillow over my feet to keep them warm.

Smart Freshman—How peculiar! Why don't you put your appendages in the pillow?

Blom—They won't go in. Aw, shucks; you know what I mean!

TELL ME!

(By a Junior.)

How to put the question,
Teach me, humming bird—
You who win all sweetness
And never say a word.

How shall I come near her?
Teach me, wind of may—
You who toy with blossoms,
Nor brush the down away!

Shall I sing or say it?
Or do eyes tell best?
Nay, it is already
A secret half confessed.

How to win the answer—
For I'm sure she knows—
Tell me, dew and sunshine,
How shall I propose?

Some said that Mrs. Bumblebee
Had fallen in disgrace
By buzzing so familiarly
About Sweet William's face.
And then Sir Robin Redbreast—
Said the gossips at their rally—
Had been caught a singing love songs
To Miss Lilly of the Valley.

And the dainty apple blossoms
From their vantage ground on high
Waved their perfumed petal-kerchiefs
To the passing butterfly.
Even modest little Daisies
Reported with surprise
That the pretty pansy blossoms
Had been making "goo-goo" eyes.

Was there ever useless gossip
With this that could compare
And the sunflower jury answered:
"No; not any, anywhere."
For they said in solemn council
"Love is one of Nature's arts,"
And that all this talk had issued
From the sting of jealous hearts.
—C. E. H.

L. C.—If I could, I would learn the meaning of every word in the dictionary.

C. E. H.—Yes; it takes more brains than you have, Miss Colgan.

M. G.—What kind of flavor has bread?
Rose M.—A nutty flavor.

Gossip is generally understood to be woman's pastime, but if one takes a surlint at the fellows around the campus it may be readily observed that it is a man's recreation as well.

If you don't see your masterpieces of literature in print, kindly bear in mind that the editor is not a tool for you to get even with the one you hate worse than poison ivy.

Say, girlie: Are you having a ripping good time at college, or are you one of those girls who isn't rushed except by her classes? After all, honey, "having a good time," depends a whole lot on just what you consider a "good time," doesn't it?

Now, what may seem to one girl a "perfectly wonderful, glorious time" may strike another as boring and give her a severe spell of "blues." Do you know of any one who thinks he's having a swell time if he's smiling at all the co-eds and flunking in all his studies? Gee! but that sure is fun. Others think a good time is to get a gang, go down to Grimshaw's, and sit there for hours, always hoping that the other guy will take a grape-juice instead of a Peach Melba.

You never could convince the yap who shoots all his pennies in the path of swell chickens, that he couldn't make a d-minus in Math. It's just

the same with us co-eds. Some girls think sitting up half the night, six times a week gozzling refreshments, where the lights are bright and the boys are happy is just oodles of fun, but another little woman would rather be reading "Plato" or planning her fall clothes. Some folks think it's a good time to invest on books, etc., while others would hock the family tree to get some "glad rags."

It's all in the way you look at it. Rating a good time depends a lot on the guy that's paying the violinist—he's got a right to ask for any tune he wants.

A real good time is the kind of time that doesn't carry regrets with it—or flunks. Before you swell up for being called a "good fellow," take a squint at the boob who's saying it. If it's a pleasure that's going to harm you sooner or later—
It's no good time.

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LOCALS

CAMPUS NOTES.

Invitations have been issued for a dance to be given Friday night, in the Elks ball room, by the members of the Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity. The affair promises to be one of the most brilliant social events of the season.

Say, come across with that dress suit I lent you last year.

Miss Louise Wilkinson has been acting as substitute in English and History at the High School during the past week. Miss Wilkinson belongs to the class of '17.

Professor Stanley Seder has been confined at home the past week with a severe cold.

Miss Mary Evans of Roswell was a guest of Miss Josephine Johnson at Hokona Thursday and Friday. Miss Evans was on her way to Denver.

Mr. Harvey C. Smoot has enrolled in the University. Mr. Smoot graduated from Massachusetts State College and is doing P. G. work in chemistry under Dr. Clark.

Both the Misses Stewarts have been confined to Holoka for the past week under the care of a nurse.

The Rev. Hugh A. Cooper gave a splendid address at Vesper Services last Sunday afternoon.

Y. W. C. A. gave a candy sale on the campus Tuesday noon.

JOKES.

A benevolent old man, seeing a little tot weeping, went up to it and said: "Now be a good boy and stop your crying."

"I can't," sobbed the child.

"But why can't you?"

"I can't!"

"Well, here's a penny; tell me why you can't be a good boy and stop crying."

"'Cause I'm a girl!"

Helen Thacker (translating Livy)—Hannibal crossed the river in a Ford. (Hannibal vallo arnmem traiecit—Hannibal crossed the river at the ford.)

Miss Gleason (in class)—Miss McKowen, what happens to the cheese when it is cooked?

Ruth (brightly)—Why, it gets chewed up with the milk.

Josephine turned pale as death. All the blood in her heart seemed to stand still a moment, and then rush on in a frantic tide. She tried to speak, but her throat contracted with a sort of spasm.

"Wait," she said, faintly, "don't tempt me. Oh," she added with a hysterical laugh, "Allen, it is so sudden."

A good coach is one who can get a perfect play out of imperfect material.

THE CO-EDS.

Elizabeth Arnot
Laura Allen
Carolyn Beals
Beele Bech
Aline Bixler
Irene Boldt
Louise Bell
Mary Broroin
Florence Carmony
Katherine Chaves
Edith Childers
Laura Colgan
Katherine Conway
Margaret Cook
Lulu Cooper
Prunella Duke
Mary Eaves
Rosalina Espinosa
Shirley Feather
Lina Fergusson
Margaret Flournoy
Daphney Fortney
Thelma Fortney
Lillian Gustafson
Alberta Hawthorne
Mamie Hart
Abbie Heacock
Martha Henderson
Marie Higgins
Myrl Hope
Rebecca Horner
Gertrude Isenberg
Edith Isenberg
Mary Helen Jenkins
Katherine Johnston
Ethel Kieke
Lydia Kraksberger
Thelma Loudon
Louise Lowber
Rose Maharam
Alma Baldrige
Eleanor McDonough
Gertrude McGowan
Ruth McKowen
Carolyn Michaels
Miss Rahfield
Fern Reeves
Beatrice Selsor
Lillian Spickard
Ruth Stateson
Lois Stearns
A. Stewart
Hazel Stewart
Helen Thacker
Evelyn Trotter
Helen Vincent
Jessie Venable
Shirley Van Wachenhausen
Mrs. Watson
Louise Wilkinson
Lillian Williams

Special—Peach Melbas

Annabell McKinney
Salina Morgan
Victoriana Nohl
Laura McClellan
Alwyn Hopewell
Dolly McCampbell
Angelina Gouin
Lucille Thackeray

He "colored up" with bashful fright
When e'er he met his queen;
She "colored up" with poudre de ris
And finished with Carmine.

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PRETTY BOY QUESTIONS.

(Answered by U. N. M. Students.)

I.

To keep hair black and shiny—Put plenty of shinola on at night and brush for two hours in the morning.—LITTLE.

II.

To acquire permanently curly hair—Put hair up at night in kid curlers, then soak the head well in Le Page's glue. If you can get the curlers out in the morning, the hair will remain curly for some time.—DOND.

III.

To acquire Cupid's Bow mouth—Try walking around twelve hours out of the day looking as if you expected to be kissed almost any minute. If you will be conscientious your mouth will soon be a perfect Cupid's bow.—MCKINNEY.

IV.

To show off a well turned ankle—Wear trousers that end just below the knees. Some advise bright colored socks.—ZEKE CHAVEZ.

V.

Expressions which hint at great knowledge—"Aw, shucks," "Well, looky here," "I know."—FRAZEY.

VI.

What is considered appropriate in men's clothing for cold weather?—A light tan suit and white socks are both warm looking and appropriate.—AL LISON.

VIII.

To acquire an air of indifference—Glue hair to the back of collar. This will prevent bending the head in speaking.

IX.

How to look like the Vice President of the College—Part the hair in the middle, wear spectacles and always susceptible. Don't be discouraged. The only thing I can suggest is that Prunella might aid a lot.

X.

To acquire an air of "Savoir-faire"—This is a difficult subject. If you will send a stamped addressed envelope will be glad to answer this question in full.—BLOM.

XI.

To have a peach and cream complexion—Wash face in mixture of flour and milk, every night. Add tomato soup to water. In the morning wash off carefully with skim-milk. Rub gently with "Mennen's talcum powder."—FERNANDO GONZALEZ.

XII.

To grow a luxuriant crop of hair—Rinse curls in solution of borax and quinine twice a week. Rub scalp gently with lard after using the wash. Put locks in curlers to prevent their escape by evaporation. Next morning loosen and toss to the winds.—JACK LAPRAIK.

XIII.

To gain the admiration of the "fair sex"—Wear nifty ties and suits to match. Comb hair "a la Pompadour." Speak kindly to all co-eds, whether they notice you or not. Above all, be cheer leader.—FRENCHY GOVIN.

XIV.

Dear Editor—This is my Freshman year at the U. N. M. Can you answer

the following question? Will a College girl flirt? In suspense, HAROLD MILLER.

No. Of that I am quite certain; only the other day I had occasion to prove my assertion. Hazel Stewart refused to allow Sheppard to carry her books. Later I observed that Laura Colgan would not eat lunch with Pelham.

We can thank the College for this state of affairs. Women are every day improving, and their conduct towards men has at last become what it should be.

XV.

Dear Editor—Can you make haste to come to my assistance? I am slowly but surely approaching my graduation day, as is also the apple of mine eye. Will a college woman make a good wife? Do you reckon she could run a Ford or take care of bees? Ag-onizingly yours, FLOYD LEE.

Poor child! Beware of the college woman. She will slowly poison you with theoretically prepared dinners. Her disposition will become crusty and her temper will be always at red-heat over the bake-oven. As for running a Ford—well, has she tried it? You know it has been said, "Any d— fool can run one." You ought to know what kind of a woman you're getting.

XVI.

Kind Editor—My golden locks are slowly turning to silver gray—to be brief, I'm in love. How shall I make myself more attractive in the eyes of "the only woman?"—ORIE MCGARY.

Little Pet: Perhaps your attentions have been lavished oftener on a Greek or Latin proverb than upon a real co-ed. College women are sometimes susceptible. Have you spent any time and money on a Gamma? I'm sure they are susceptible. Don't be discouraged. The only thing I can suggest is that Prunella might aid a lot.

THE EDITOR.

Punctuality.

Punctual men are nuisances. Where their heart should beat they have only a clock ticking. A story is told of a doctor who was very punctual. When his wife died he went to her funeral. As the earth fell on her coffin everybody around cried. All the ungrateful wretch did was to take out his watch, look at the time, and say:

"Well, we've got her under, and it's just twenty minutes past two!"

Can anyone tell of the whereabouts of 8 glasses of jelly and several jars of fruit? Return to Room 14 and receive reward.

Looks as though the domestic science department is really practicing economy, judging from the sizes of the dresses they are making. Ask Ruth.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to express our gratitude and appreciation to those of the U. N. M. who lent such kindly aid and sympathy in our late, bitter bereavement.
MR. AND MRS. B. F. BROWN.

PATRONIZE THE WEEKLY'S ADVERTISERS