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# U.N.M. Weekly, Volume 016, No 12, 11/25/1913

University of New Mexico

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# WELCOME! N. M. E. A.!!

# U. N. M. WEEKLY

Published by the Students of the University of New Mexico

Vol. XVI.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, NOVEMBER 25, 1913

No. 12

## THANKSGIVING SERVICES GIVEN BY Y. W. C. A.

Interesting Meeting Held and Fine  
Talk Given by Miss Florence  
M. Seder.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association Thursday noon, a short Thanksgiving service was held. After the Scripture reading and prayer, Amelia McFie read a Thanksgiving Meditation from the Association Monthly. Following this, the leader, Florence Seder, discussed the importance of Thanksgiving as a "festival for optimists." College girls have many reasons for being happy and cheerful, although these are not always perceived. Troubles that are really serious do not as a rule come until later in life. The woes of college life are usually either imaginary or greatly exaggerated, and so there is little excuse for the college "grouch." The right sort of 'Varsity spirit adopts for its slogan "perennial optimism"—the kind of cheerfulness that lasts all year and every year, and is not downed by disappointments.

As an example of a brave spirit that conquered real trouble and affliction, Robert Louis Stevenson was mentioned, who (like Heine) "made his little songs out of his great pain"—who, with a man's strength of character, kept the heart of a child; and among greater and more important writings, gave us that well-known and naive epitome of good cheer: "The world is so full of a number of things,  
I am sure we should all be as happy  
as kings."

## EXTENSION DIVISION TO BE INAUGURATED

With the coming of Professor C. F. Bonnett, who is in charge of the Department of Sociology, Economics and Political Science at the University, the Institution will soon start its Department of University Extension, under the direction of Professor Bonnett. Those For Whom Intended.

This work will be of special value to teachers who desire to advance themselves in their work, and to the ambitious person in general, who is anxious to increase his store of knowledge.

### Credit Given.

University credit will be given for such work, the amount of which will be determined by Professor Bonnett, after correspondence or a personal interview.

### Value of Correspondence.

Correspondence study, in many respects, is fully the equal, and in some cases, the superior of class room work. In correspondence, the student recites the whole lesson to the professor, and must do all his studying so as to include a full knowledge of the subject, which is not always the case in oral recitations in class.

### Bulletin to Be Issued.

A Bulletin, giving a full description of the courses offered, credit given, etc., will be shortly issued and mailed to those interested.

## VESPERS STILL MEET WITH GREAT FAVOR

Large Audience, With Many Outside  
Visitors, on Hand Sunday After-  
noon for Services.

The attendance at last Sunday's Vesper Services was record-breaking. Besides the University folks, there were noticed Mr. Alvan N. White, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; Miss Nancy Hewitt, Principal of the Albuquerque High School; Mrs. Ada Bittner, of Albuquerque; Mrs. John R. McFie, of Santa Fe; Mrs. E. C. McKowen, of Mayhill, and many other visiting teachers, including a number of former University girls, Miss Grace Cassatt, Miss Claribel Goodner, Miss Vida Pinney, and others; besides a large number of interested towns people.

The address of the afternoon by Honorable George S. Klock was one of the best examples of patriotic appeals ever uttered within Rodey Hall, and met with the hearty approval of all present. Mr. Klock always appeals to his audiences, and everyone who was fortunate enough to hear him felt well repaid for the effort put forth to make the visit upon the Hill Sunday afternoon.

The program for the Services last Sunday was as follows:  
Prelude—E. S. Seder.  
Anthem—Glee Clubs.  
Invocation—Rev. H. P. Williams.  
Solo—Mary McFie.  
Scripture Reading.  
Lord's Prayer.  
Violin Solo—Miss McKee.  
Address—Hon. George S. Klock.  
Anthem—Girls' Glee Club.  
Postlude.

How about getting some Varsity scrap books, pillow tops, pennants or posters? See Frank Gouin.

## ELDRED V. ANSPACH TO BE A BENEDICT

Popular Young University Graduate to  
Wed Miss Grace Grimmer  
Wednesday Evening.

A marriage of considerable interest to University students is that of Grace Grimmer, of this city, and Eldred Vernon Anspach, of Long Beach, California.

The wedding will take place Thanksgiving eve., at the home of the bride's parents, and will be witnessed by the intimate friends of the couple.

Mr. Anspach is a graduate of the University, having taken his B. S. degree from there last June.

Miss Grimmer is well known and popular among the Varsity students, having been a resident of Albuquerque for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Anspach will make their home in Metcalf, Arizona, where the groom holds a responsible position with a large copper and mining company.

Miss Grimmer has been the honoree at many delightful affairs during the past week.

## N. M. E. A. HOLDS INTEREST OF CITY

Most Enthusiastic Meeting in History  
of Association Now in Pro-  
gress Here.

The New Mexico Educational Association is holding forth in Albuquerque now, and is in the limelight before everything else. Fully 1,200 teachers representing practically every school of any importance in New Mexico, are in the city, and the greatest enthusiasm prevails.

The University is as usual doing its part to make things interesting for the educators. We have a splendid booth at the Armory, designed and in charge of Professor Charles T. Kirk, which elicits favorable comment from all who see it.

The two Glee Clubs are also doing their part in the entertainment line. The Varsity has every reason to feel proud of its musical organizations, which reflect great credit on Miss McFie, the directress, and speak volumes for the thoroughness and efficiency of her training.

One of the chief items of interest for the University will be the Inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest, to be held at the Elks' Opera House tomorrow evening. Three Institutions will be represented, the orators to deliver their addresses in the following order:

New Mexico Military Institute, first; The University of New Mexico, second; and the New Mexico Normal University, third.

Fred M. Calkins will represent the University this year, and the students are backing him to deliver the goods, and bring home the bacon for his Alma Mater. He will have a large bunch of enthusiastic rooters to cheer him on, and with their aid and encouragement, it is felt that he will make a creditable showing for us.

## H. H. CONWELL TO WED MISS MAY ROSS

Two Former Varsity Teachers to Em-  
bark Upon Matrimonial Sea in  
the Near Future.

Another wedding of more than passing interest to Varsity students and others connected with the Institution as well as a large number of residents of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and elsewhere, will be that of Miss May Ross, former instructor in Oratory at the U. N. M., and at present holding that position in the New Mexico Normal University, at Las Vegas, and Hermon H. Conwell, for several years Head of the Department of Mathematics at the University of New Mexico.

Both teachers were well known and popular and their many friends wish them every success in their matrimonial venture, begun under such auspicious and pleasant circumstances, at the University.

Silver and Red,  
So it is sed,  
Makes Arizona  
All the same ded.

## ALL READY FOR THE GAME WITH ARIZONA

Varsity Squad Putting Forth Best Ef-  
forts, and a Spirit of Confidence  
Reigns on the Hill.

With the Agricultural College game gone and forgotten, the team, during the past few days has been putting in hard licks to round out in proper condition for the game with Arizona on Turkey Day. Coach Hutchinson, while sticking to the same style of game as formerly, has given the team enough changes in plays, and enough new additional plays to warrant the assertion that the game with Arizona will be of a different nature than the last one played with the Farmers.

Comparative scores between the two combatants for honors on Thanksgiving Day indicate a very close game. The State College beat Arizona 12 to 6, while the U. N. M. was defeated 13 to 0 by the Farmers. The Arizona boys are said to be much heavier than New Mexico, all signs thus pointing to a slight advantage in favor of Arizona.

Varsity dopsters claim, however, that the advantage is not as great as at first appears. They point to the fact that Arizona must meet the Varsity on their home grounds. Moreover, they claim that should the University have met the College with the men in good condition, the score would have been much different.

The Varsity squad at present is in fine physical condition with plenty of "pip" and there is a general feeling of optimism, on the hill, for, while expecting a hard game, the University expects to open up in a manner that will put their heavier opponents far behind.

In point of experience, the Varsity supporters also claim a slight advantage. Arizona has five of last year's men on the team, while New Mexico has seven. Anyone familiar with the game knows that experience is one of the greatest factors in football. Arizona has also to face a hard trip.

All in all the "dope" seems about even. At any rate, the game will be a hard-fought one, worthy of anyone's time and money.

The game will be called at 3 o'clock. Frank V. Lanham will officiate as referee. The other officials, as yet, have not been chosen.

### ARIZONA!!!

Arizona, our neighbor state,  
Kindly listen to your fate.  
We want it told  
That we can hold  
You, and make you eat  
The very cinders at your feet.  
We know you're hard to beat,  
But that's the kind we eat.  
And when that whistle blows  
We will smear you in the nose.  
From the first second to the last  
We will not let you pass.  
We will beat you, we will fight  
We will hold you, hold you tight.  
We will hammer, we will pound  
'Till your 'leven hits the ground.

Say, Irish Bolt, give me a piñon.

Remember the Thanksgiving Day Football Game!



## U. N. M. WEEKLY

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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.

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

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W. F. Goulin, Assistant Editor  
Jean Arnot, Society Editor  
M. Higgins, Athletics Editor  
A. S. Hunt, Exchanges Editor  
Treasure Hartman, Locals Editor  
Florence Seder, Contributor  
E. S. Seder, Contributor

## BUSINESS STAFF:

Fred M. Calkins, Business Manager  
Harry M. Frank, Circulation Manager

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1913.

## CHEER THE TEAM.

Every loyal student of the Varsity will be on hand with bells on Thursday afternoon, to watch the U. N. M. put it over Arizona, and bring home their goat.

This is a "hunch" which is going to come true.

The way the boys have been practicing every afternoon and evening is a "caution" to those who have watched them, and it is no idle dream to say that Arizona is going to get "hers" on Turkey Day.

Sell all the tickets you can, bring all your friends, and after we have "licked" Arizona, you can go home and enjoy the rest of the day with a clear conscience, and the sense of having done your duty.

Everybody out and watch Varsity turn the trick!

## PITY THE EDITOR.

An editor there was, named Bill,  
That Hokona said "was a pill,"  
He threw 'em in a rage  
With his "Who's Who" page,  
So all these sweet ladies  
Wish him in Hades.  
Now listen you may  
And hear what they say:  
'He's a bum and a crook,  
Deserves only a black look,  
The lack of his knowledge  
Would bankrupt a college,  
His edits are punk  
He writes 'em when drunk,  
We shed many a tear  
For he'll be here all year,  
If he'd only quit,  
We'd be happy for it,  
But he's too dumb  
To leave U. N. M.  
But won't we cheer  
At the end of the year,  
When he'll be with us no more,  
For which we won't be sore.  
So let us hope and pray  
For that blessed day."

—A HOKONAITE.

## OH! YOU GAME!

Water and mud,  
A kick and a thud,  
Blood and gore,  
Tired and sore,  
Knocks and thumps,  
Sore spots and bumps,  
A lunge and a fall,  
Dirt and a sprawl,  
That is our all,  
Good old football,  
But I love you withal.

## PITY HIM, PLEASE!

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Please don't think I am bold when I ask you a simple question. I know you won't when I tell you that I have been away from home two long months.

At first I was happy. But then I did what I had never done before. Since then I have repeated the act twice. In three weeks three times have I done what boys call "fall in love," each time with "the dearest girl in the world," only with a different girl each week.

You see, it was this way: On my way to the library three weeks ago I met an old pal of mine walking along with a peach of a little blonde. (I'd never cared for blondes until then.) Well, before I knew it I heard those stiff, yet welcome words, "Miss X—, this is Mr. Z—." That night I went to the Crystal, but not alone. Every actress in the picture was a blonde. I could see no other type. This was Tuesday. The following Sunday I went to church. She said she was a Methodist, and so was I. There I met her—she was a friend of hers. I had thought she was the only girl until I met her friend. Then I knew I had made a mistake. After all, brunettes are lovely. This one was some classy; she reminded me of George—I mean, Maxine—Elliott.

All went well. I lived for her and her alone until yesterday, when a charming vision of a co-ed (I know not whether she was a blond or a brunette, because she had on a huge black hat) sauntered up to me and softly said: "Sir, can you tell me which building the biology laboratory is in?" I mumbled something about it being over there by the windmill, and came to only to find that I had again lost my heart. Then I suddenly realized that I didn't know what "love" was.

Webster defines it as "affection," etc., but I would thank some older and more experienced reader for a definition which will hold good longer than a week, and be truer to life.

Sincerely yours,  
PERPLEXED FRESHIE.  
P. S.—Please rush the answer before the Teachers' Association ends. As ever. P. F.

## "I REMEMBER."

(All due apologies to Thomas Hood.)  
I remember, I remember,  
The place where we did eat,  
The barn-like room, the barren walls,  
'Twas beauty incomplete.  
Three times a day, morn, noon and night,  
We wore a fitful grin,  
Till Olds threw wide the door,  
And bade us enter in.

I remember, I remember,  
The soup which we did eat,  
The wriggly worms, the drowned flies,  
With mystery replete.  
Then came the meat and cabbage,  
Enough for stout and tall,  
And if it were a lucky day  
Banana pie for all.

I remember, I remember,  
The Swede who served the hash,  
His smiling face, his gracious mien,  
And then a sudden crash.  
'Tis only 'twirl the platter!"  
Our youthful Treasure spoke—  
Miss Dean looked on in silence—  
Our pent-up mirth outbroke.

I remember, I remember,  
The days that quickly past,  
The witty words, the laughing eyes,  
Oh, that fun could ever last!  
But school days soon are over,  
We bid you kind adieu,  
Our teachers, friends and comrades,  
But cook, "Here's to you."

—SANDY.

Miss Goodner, Miss Brown, Miss Cassette, Miss Lawrence and Miss Nuckles are all in the city. The Hokona girls of last year are delighted to see them.



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## WHEN THE GIRLS PLAY BASKET-BALL.

I.  
When the girls play basketball,  
On each Thursday night,  
Every fellow on the campus,  
Must hustle out of sight.  
'Cause there's sure to be something doing  
When the girls play basketball.

II.  
There are girls of all description,  
Some are stout and some are lean,  
Then there are some just in between.  
Some are short, others tall,  
But you ought to see each of them work,  
When the girls play basket ball.

III.  
Ed Doran is the referee,  
And coach of them all,  
He's there to blow the whistle,  
When a foul he does call.  
Ed says, "There's lots amusing  
When the girls play basketball."

IV.  
The Captain, Mary Bright,  
Calls, "Treasure, throw the ball,"  
Then Treasure gives a mighty heave  
And it rolls towards Rodey Hall.  
Still, there's always trouble brewing  
When the girls play basketball.

V.  
Next night a fellow wonders,  
Why he's not allowed to call,  
But the answer is apparent,  
Since the girls play basketball.  
—"NONAME!"

## THE SCRUB.

When you're lost in the heap, and  
You're soared as a sheep,  
And fear looks you bang in the eye  
And you're sore as a holl, it's accord-  
ing to Hoyle  
You might as well quit and not try.  
But the code of Football says: "Fight  
all you can."  
And self-dissolution is barred.  
In dust and woe, oh! it's easy to  
blow.  
It's the big, heavy half backs that  
are hard.

"You're sick of the game!" Well, now,  
that's a shame!  
You're young, and you're brave, and  
you're bright,  
"You've had a raw deal!" I know—but  
don't squeal.  
Brace up, do your damndest, and  
fight.

It's the plugging away that wins you  
the day.  
So don't be a piker, old pard!  
Just draw on your grit, it's so easy to  
quit;  
It's the keeping your chin up that's  
hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten—  
and die.  
It's easy to crawl and crawl;  
But to fight and to fight, when hope's  
out of sight!  
Why, that's the best game of them  
all!

And, though you come out of each  
gruelling bout  
All broken, and beaten and scarred,  
Just have one more try—it's dead  
easy to die,  
It's the keeping on fighting that's  
hard.  
—F. L.

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!  
EVERYBODY READ THIS!  
AND QUIT KNOCKING!!!

If you have a bit of news,  
Send it in;  
Or a joke that will amuse,  
Send it in;  
A story that is true,  
An incident that's new,  
We want to hear from you—  
Send it in;  
Never mind about your style,  
If it's only worth the while;  
Send it in;  
Of some patient labor done,  
Of some glorious victory won,  
Of some good you may have done—  
Send it in;  
Will your story make us laugh?  
Send it in;  
Will it make a paragraph?  
Send it in;  
If some good your words can teach,  
If some distant reader reach,  
If you have a glowing speech—  
Send it in. —Ex.

## BRASHEAR'S BOIL.

There's a pretty spot in Ireland  
(So I've been told)  
There was also one on Brashear's  
neck,  
'Twas lovely to behold.  
'Twas luscious, juicy, shiny, red.  
Brash, said that it was—well,  
He pulled some complimentary stuff  
That I refuse to tell.

The boil, he was a healthy brute;  
He grew, and grew, and grew,  
Till Brashear to a doctor went  
To see what he could do.

The sawbones said: "My boy," said he,  
"The only thing to do  
Is to bore a hole in the bloomin' thing  
And let out all the goo."

Brash, groaned, and swore, and  
cussed, but knew  
That doc had told the truth;  
So he set his teeth and closed his eyes,  
And the doc, took off the roof.

The boil looked sick, and Rex WAS  
sick,  
'But to give Brashear his due,  
He shook his fist at the boil and said,  
"Now that's how I love you."

I know some more about this boil  
but Rexie does decline to let me tell  
it, so here I cease thus stringing  
phrases into rhyme. But if you aren't  
satisfied, and simply must know more  
just ask Brashear. But easy, now!  
Remember questions make him sore  
And a boil's a tender subject, too.

## Inspired by the Pic Counter.

Some are born with a silver spoon  
In their mouths, if reports are true;  
But to judge by the way,  
They eat every day,  
They were born with a knife there,  
too.

"Yes," said the severe bachelor  
maid, "the word 'mule' is only 'male'  
spelled wrong."

"I suppose so," replied mere man,  
"but according to the Latin dictionary,  
a woman is 'mulier'." —Ex.

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Visitor on Campus: "Nice track team you have here. Which individual holds the most medals?"

Coach: "I guess it's the pawn-broker down town." —Ex.

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## LOCAL ITEMS

There was a water fight  
 At Hickona one night!  
 The girls were a sight!  
 Here! Here! Here!  
 Put out the light!

Callagher hasn't been late for breakfast for a week.

Howard and Olive were also seen on the campus together for the last month of Sundays.

If Helen James is sixteen, Adelaide Shields twelve, how old is Anne?

Prof. Weese is getting his jelly pants ready for another quiz.

The Sophs have not organized, but they are all here, believe me.

Six single girls in Salem, Ohio, recently raised \$10,000 for the Salem Hospital by dispensing kisses at \$1,000 each. This might be a suggestion for the Athletic Association.

We should expect anything from these co-ed organizations now. The Y. W. C. A. announces that it is in the market for a peanut roaster and a red lemonade machine.

The Weekly predicts a co-ed President of the Senior Class within the next four years.

Many speakers can tell you that it takes a strong line and hard hitting to succeed, but it takes Coach Hutchinson to get real forceful about it.

Please try to get an occasional inspiration and hand in some "dope" for The Weekly. It's sure some tough job trying to make the paper representative of the University, without getting the aid of those who know about different things. If something doesn't get in that you think ought to, why next time it happens, write it up and hand it to the Editor.

Mrs. E. C. McKowen of Mayhill, N. M., arrived in the city last week to visit her daughter, Ruth, at the University and to attend the sessions of the N. M. E. A. Mrs. McKowen, who graduated in the class of 1912 from Louisiana State University is now teaching at Mayhill.

Mrs. Claribel Goodner, a former student of the University, now teaching in San Marcial, is in Albuquerque attending the Teachers' Convention.

Mrs. S. A. Bright was a campus visitor Sunday afternoon.

Hugh Bryan, '10, has returned from his work in the Jemez Forest and was on the Hill Sunday afternoon. While abroad as a Rhodes scholar for the last three years Mr. Bryan gave special attention to the study of forestry.

A. R. Seder, '11, a former editor of the U. N. M. Weekly, now principal of the Clovis High School, is in town for the Teachers' Association Convention.

Queen was noticed sauntering around the campus Sunday. Queen is a welcome visitor to the school.

Anne Cox has taken advantage of this week's vacation and is visiting her aunt and uncle near Socorro.

Reginald Q. Craig, the champion horseshoe player of Eastern Albuquerque, is passing the Thanksgiving vacation in Espanola. He intends to return the latter part of the week to resume his duties at the Varsity.

Someone told us the other day that he saw Red buying a drawing pencil. We won't vouch for the truthfulness of this statement.

Mrs. McKowen, mother of Ruth McKowen and Mrs. Shields, mother of Adelaide Shields, are visiting their daughters at Hickona this week.

There was a young man named La-  
 prague  
 Who was very handy of legue;  
 When out playing quarter  
 He looks kind of surter  
 As if he were dancing a jig.

There was a young pirate call Shuffle.  
 Who talked thru his hat something  
 off.

Till his nose long and thin,  
 Hooked over his chin,  
 And served as a sort of a muffle.

From Colfax County there came a  
 mail.

Whose chief cognomen was Adelaide.  
 For a wee bit of knowledge,  
 They sent her to college,  
 Which was a mistake, I'm afraid.

A coach there was named Hutchinson.  
 Who trained the squad like a son of a  
 gun.

Till the boys all grew rummy  
 From hitting the dummy,  
 Which you all will admit is some fun.

There once was a lad named Chet Lee,  
 Who journeyed far over the sea.  
 And his bold tales of Siam,  
 Of savage Hawaiian,  
 Make one think that he's been on a  
 spree.

Pennants, pillow tops, and posters  
 of any school you want. See Frank  
 Gouin.

Prof. Morley: "Yes, I shall hold  
 classes Monday and shall count you  
 absent if you stay away, but if you  
 haven't your lesson don't come, I don't  
 want you."

Poor Little Varsity Lad: "Well,  
 what does he mean?"

### TO YOU, MAGGIE!

I picked up a popular novel,  
 Which I thought was some frivolous  
 skit:

I was looking for something light-  
 mannered  
 And gentle, to cheer me a bit.

But I shuddered to find that the hero  
 Was a cannibal chief in disguise  
 For I read: "When Marjorie entered  
 He devoured her with his eyes."  
 —Grantland Rice, in the  
 Nashville Tennessean.

### SHAKESPEARIAN FOOTBALL.

"Down !down!"—Henry VI.  
 "Well placed."—Henry V.  
 "An excellent pass."—The Tempest.  
 "A touch, a touch, I do confess."—  
 Hamlet.  
 "I do commend you to their backs."  
 —Macbeth.  
 "More rushes! more rushes!" —  
 Henry IV.

Bible Study Class to Start.  
 Arrangements are being completed  
 for the girls' Bible Study class. A  
 large number have enrolled for this  
 course. The class is to meet for half  
 an hour each week, at a time to be  
 announced later. A competent teacher  
 will be secured.

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