

12-16-1913

## U.N.M. Weekly, Volume 016, No 15, 12/16/1913

University of New Mexico

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# U. N. M. WEEKLY

Published by the Students of the University of New Mexico

Vol. XVI.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, DECEMBER 16, 1913

No. 15

## TRI-ALPHA DANCE A DELIGHTFUL AFFAIR

Large Crowd Enjoys Hospitality of Fraternity at Brilliant Event on Friday Evening.

The Masonic Temple last Friday evening was the scene of one of the most beautiful and brilliant social affairs in the annals of the University. The members of the Alpha Alpha Alpha Fraternity were hosts to a large number of their friends who say that the "home-going" will prove what a delightful evening was spent.

The hall was beautifully decorated in red and black, the fraternity colors, and in pennants, while the orchestra was hidden from view by a giant replica of the fraternity pin.

A most delicious buffet supper was served late in the evening.

### FORMER STUDENT WEDS.

Miss Very Flemming, of Richmond, Indiana, niece of Professor Charles E. Hodgkin, and a former Varsity student, was married on November 26, to Mr. Albert Hindman, of Economy, Indiana.

After a honeymoon in the east, Mr. and Mrs. Hindman will make their future home in Economy, Indiana.

An interesting coincidence of Miss Flemming's marriage is that on the same evening that she was married to Mr. Hindman, another old Varsity student, Eldred V. Anspach ("Speck") became the husband of Miss Grace Grimmer, of Albuquerque.

### ONE WHO DARED.

(By James Oppenheim)

His heart was a burning whiteness,  
His spirit was spent, spent,  
For that he beheld the infamy  
Of Justice twisted and bent....

He could not endure the vision  
Of the child at work in the mill,  
Nor of women torn from the birth-bed  
By the bread-struggles that kill....

Nor of strong men sapped at forty,  
Nor fat wealth's flabby rule,  
Law in the hands of the tyrant,  
Food in the fist of the fool....

Wealth the toiler created  
Sleeking some idle son,  
And the shamed girls bold in the shadows,  
Their dark lives yet to run....

So he clothed himself in the courage,  
And he was ready to die,  
And he gave of his nearest, dearest,  
(Oh, not as you and I!)

And he offered his neck to the hangman,  
And his flesh to the powers that be—  
But his soul he gave to his brothers,  
A sword that shall set them free.  
—Ex.

### At the Alpha Ball.

Probert: "What will we do if the chaperones won't let us Boston?"  
Murphy: "Then we will just grin and Bear it."

## Y. W. C. A. GIRLS TO GIVE SALE TOMORROW

Delicious Candy and Luscious Cake to Tempt the Palates of Varsity Students on Hand.

Don't forget to bring your pennies, nickles, dimes, and dollars to school with you Wednesday. You will wish that you were a millionaire when you see the quantities of the best cake and candy ever put on sale.

Now is the time to buy your Christmas Candy—you will never find such quality in such quantities.

Don't forget that Best Girl or Best Beau. Make the Christmas spirit sweeter with a little sweetening.

Wednesday, December 17.

The proceeds of this sale goes towards the foundation of the Estes Park Fund. Let our school be well represented at the Conference this year.

## THE FALLACY OF HARD WORK.

(Contributed)

"Early to bed, and early to rise, will make a man healthy, wealthy and wise," or words to that effect, are drummed into the head of a person from the time he is able to say "da, da," and "ma, ma" until he finally closes his weary eyes in the sweet oblivion of death.

And yet, how foolish and utterly false is this all! By this same old, worn-out proverb, thousands, yes, millions and millions of persons, who believe as implicitly in its truthfulness as the heathen believes in the powers of divination, are yearly, monthly, weekly, daily, hourly and minutely wearing themselves out with weary toil, ending in nervous prostration, the insane asylum, tuberculoses, and, last but not least, the grave and forgetfulness.

Cast your eye (figuratively, of course) around you. Note all your acquaintances who are wearing themselves out in obedience to this idiotic old sinner of a proverb. How many of them are "healthy, wealthy, or wise"? Very few, you will admit. Yet, all the time we see them, ceaselessly striving, hurrying along, without time to enjoy life, always looking forward to the elusive phantom of wealth, which they never find, or, when it finally does come within their grasp, which is seldom, they have so inhibited their habits of enjoyment, that they are forced to continue with their toil until the end, which is generally not far, and they then leave their savings to their children, who squander it as fast as it will go, and are then, in their turn, forced to follow the example of their departed parents.

Take a typical instance:

The husband is a business man. He thinks only of his business and increasing it. As a consequence, he neglects his wife for business; she tends to the children, sends them to school, prepares the meals, tends to housework, wears old-fashioned clothes, hats and thin shoes, so that the old man may increase his business. He, on the other hand, hires a stenographer and bookkeeper as business grows, gets to mingle with his fellow

(Continued on Page Two)

## PHI MU LUNCHEON ON SATURDAY LAST

Miss Louise Lowber Entertains the Active Members of the Fraternity at Dainty Spread.

Miss Louise Lowber entertained the active members of the Phi Mu Fraternity at a most beautifully appointed luncheon Saturday noon at her home on South High street. The dining room was daintily decorated in pink and white carnations, the fraternity flower. The favors were hand-painted tea cups containing the future of each girl; the disclosing of these secrets brought forth much merriment. Miss Lowber's guests were Florence Seder, Mary Cooper, Helen James, Mary Bright, Jean Arnot Anna Armstrong, Ruth McKowen, Cora Greenfield and Marie Higgins.

## CORNELL PROFESSORS CAN "TEMPTATION NUMBER" EDITORS

Editor Parker and Art Editor Johnson of the Cornell Widow, the college humorous monthly, have been expelled from Cornell University because of the objectionable character of the Temptation Number of the Widow issued a few weeks ago.

The frontispiece of the "Temptation Number" depicted a charming young woman in her night robe about to go to bed, with this phrase: "Because I'm in my nightie and I am under age; O, leave me to my modesty and quickly turn the page."

The leading editorial was a roast of reformers who voted to have class banquets dry.—Ex.

## MURPHY'S ENGLISH SUIT.

There's a clothing store in town,  
Whose equal can't be found,  
For carrying English suits of every weave.  
They's vests with stripes of blue,  
And coats with buttons two,  
And some with sixteen buttons on the sleeve.

Murph went down one day,  
(Perhaps to pass the time away)  
But somehow sauntered in the "house de mode."  
He told the clothing man  
He wanted sumphin' grand  
To show the people up upon the road.

Well, the man took down a suit  
And said, "Why, here's beaut,  
Semi-Norfolk with a 'gather' in the back.

Murphy he tried it on  
And says, "My word upon"  
Bah Jove, a beastly stylish looking sack.

Well he wore the suit next day  
And sorry I must say,  
He failed to make the much-expected hit.  
"Zounds," quoth he in fiendish wrath,  
"I see I've missed the limelight path,  
Must be because the trousers were not slit."

—W. R. B., '13.

(This poem is an answer to "Brash-ear's Boil." The answer poem to this will appear in the next issue.)

## CANTATA ENJOYED BY LARGE CROWD SUNDAY

Production of "Immanuel" Reflects Great Credit on Glee Clubs and Miss McFie.

Gounod's Cantata "Immanuel" was rendered Sunday by the Glee Club at the regular Vesper Services.

The event was marked by the largest crowd attending any Vesper Service yet held here. Probably the fine showing made by the Glee Clubs during the N. M. E. A., under the direction of Miss Mary McFie, was the biggest factor in the attendance Sunday.

Promptly at four o'clock, the Glee Club and soloists marched in, and E. Stanley Seder, the accompanist, started the prelude to the Cantata. The first selection was a chorus by the whole club, then followed a soprano solo by Miss Georgia Sherman, two selections by the Vesper Choir, solos by Miss Mary McFie, Mrs. Morrisette, and R. Tullis Sewell. These were interspersed with choruses by the whole club, double quartettes and also selections by the girls alone.

Miss Sherman made a very good showing in a beautiful rendition of a difficult soprano solo. All those who are acquainted with the singing of Mrs. Morrisette know that she lived up to her reputation.

Miss Mary McFie as usual, did full justice to her part, while the old s andby, R. Tullis Sewell, even outdid himself.

The general singing of the whole club showed days of hard work and study in preparation. Indeed, the club made a very creditable showing and all the individual members are to be commended very highly.

At the close there were volumes of applause on the lips of the whole congregation, and many were the comments passed on the excellent work done by the Glee Club, under the capable, efficient espionage of the directress.

This Cantata was the culmination of less than three months' work in music by the Glee Club, and of about three weeks' work a half hour a day on the Cantata itself. It certainly shows up the Department of Music as one of the strong departments of the University, and will tend to give it many advantages which it has not had in the past.

The work of Miss McFie cannot be too highly commended, but it is no more than could be expected of her, judging from her success of last year.

### At the Side Show.

First Snake: "What do you think of the new skirt that's got an act?"  
Second Snake: "I think she's perfectly charming."

### (From a Laundress.)

Dear Madam:—  
I am afraid of the undertaking of doing up your skirt. I am thinking it will shrink considerably, so that I could not get it up to your expectations.  
Sincerely,  
MRS. N—

A Girls' Boarding House—An Institution of Yearning.—Ex.

PATRONIZE THE WEEKLY'S ADVERTISERS



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

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Florence Seder.....Contributor  
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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1913.

## REFLECTIONS OF A PROFESSOR.

New students are like freshly cut lumber: they need seasoning. And like lumber, they are much more valuable when seasoned. Like lumber in a dry-kill, some students develop season cracks, some warp, and others are attacked by a dry rot. The dry-kill brings out the defects. It is well to bring them to light before the lumber has been used in building some structure.

Lumber that is intended for the noblest purposes requires a long period of careful seasoning. So do men. Some men can not stand the drying-out of the sap of their natural greenness. It makes them like punk. A farmer will use green lumber in building a corn crib where he wants the boards in drying to recede from each other, so as to admit air. But the demand for green lumber is not great.

Stradivari made his famous violins out of woods, seasoned for years under the eye of the master himself. If a man desires to make something worth while out of himself, he must undergo long and careful seasoning.

## SUBMITTED FOR THE PRIZE.

Please accept the following, in answer to your desire for nursery rhymes for your contest.

Without waiting to know  
If an excuse was in rule,  
Some of our hard guys  
Put a lad in the pool.

Some crowds are stubborn  
Just like a mule,  
Still things of "importance"  
Wake up our school.

There were men of great note  
Each head was cool,  
But with questions of fairness  
They would not fool.

When people go in swimming  
They don't usually dress frilly,  
But the water was cool,  
So, 'course, it was chilly.

When I stood at the brink  
I felt mad, by gorry,  
But after hitting the awter  
I'll be d—d if I'm sorry.

Now they've found they were wrong,  
Enough protection for me,  
But I have no kick coming,  
'Cause I have B. V. D.

## FALLACY OF HARD WORK.

(Continued from Page One)

business men in town, and when night comes around, for recreation takes to the club, or stag parties, never thinking of the little lady at home, by whose aid and assistance, he is enabled to get along in the world.

Result: Twenty years later. Husband is a rich merchant, envied and respected by all. John, the oldest son, has finished his college career, and entered into father's business, as junior partner. Charley, second oldest boy, is now at college, getting ready to study law. Irene and Jacqueline, the two girls, are at a girls' finishing school, learning to make fudge, dance the tango, and in other ways shine in society.

Look at mother: Broken down from hard work and self-sacrifice, but withal happy.

Two years later: Charley at law school. Two girls married, and living happily, John making great success in father's business, has just announced his engagement to Imogene D'Arge-nuot, the popular society belle of the city.

Then, mother suddenly goes all to pieces at once. Doctor says it is nervous breakdown, and complication of diseases. Mother lingers along, cheerful and patient, for a month, then passes away, without ever having had any of life's pleasures or joys, and merely regarded by husband and children as a convenient machine to have around to minister to their comforts and pleasures.

Family, as a matter of decency, go into mourning for a brief time. Then, at the end of the year, father announces his engagement to Mrs. I. Amit, widow of the famous banker. Wedding takes place amidst scenes of great splendor, and the happy old folks take a brilliant honeymoon trip through Europe, visiting all the famous places, and finally return to the magnificent new residence father has built for his charming(?) spouse. Father now has servants galore, three large automobiles, a couple of coupes, and everything that he neglected to provide for his former devoted help-mate, are now at the disposal of the crafty old fortune-hunter who has this time claimed his heart.

This could be gone on with indefinitely, and numerous other instances shown of hard work's fallacy.

As a matter of fact, most people who are rich, become so through luck, or the use of their brains, and not by plain, hard digging. This is especially true of lawyers, doctors, and merchants.

So, if you want to enjoy life to its fullest capacity, the best thing to do is to take things as they come along, not worrying too much about tomorrow, trying to give everyone a square deal, and letting the future take care of itself.

And, as for that old, moth-eaten proverb, the best thing to do with it would be to order it cut from every book and other hiding place where it lurks, spreading agony, misery, sickness, death and despair on all hands with its hoary, deceiving message to mankind.

## Curses!

He stepped on her train, and he caused her much pain;

He was plowing around at a dance;  
She wanted to fuss, but she didn't dare cuss,

So she gave him a cursory glance.

It isn't often that a man has sense enough to select an affinity who has the same colored hair as his wife.

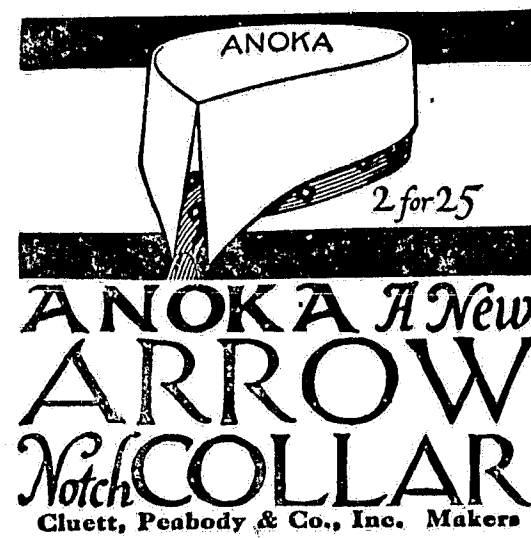
## Divorce Mathematics.

"How much alimony did she demand?"

"Twenty dollars a week more than his salary."

"How foolish!"

"Well, she said she guessed he could afford it, since he always had spent twice what he earned."—Judge.



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## MONA LISA LOST

Famous Picture Belonging to the University of New Mexico Gone From Its Place Upon the Wall.

Mystery and Suspicion Shroud the Affair in Clouds of Gloom.

Simultaneously with the recovery in Florence of da Vinci's masterpiece, comes the startling discovery that the Mona Lisa belonging to the University of New Mexico, which has all along been thought but a copy of the original, has disappeared.

But yesterday, as it were, the picture hung upon the west wall in Room 11. Today it is gone, frame and all. Evidently, the Lady of the Inscrutable Smile was taken, by some one; some one who entered the room, removed the picture from its nail, and walked out again. The sleuths put upon the case have found no finger prints upon the wall; no cigarette ash upon the floor, but as the only other entrance and exit is by means of windows, from whose sheer height a jump would be most painful, the incontrovertible deductive evidence points to the aforesaid conclusion.

Not only are the University detectives working upon the manner of Mona's taking-off, but they have also directed their keen wits toward the relation of disappearance and reappearance. Their suspicion is strongly centered around a certain University official who is known to be a connoisseur of Art. Is it likely that here in our little city we have entertained unawares a subtle abstracter of canvassed Old Masters and Old Mistresses? Is it likely that during her two years' retirement La Gioconda has smiled from the wall of Room 11?

There is proof positive that in September, 1911, only a few days after the theft of the masterpiece, there landed in New York an accomplice of the aforesaid connoisseur's, with many packages some of which escaped the customs, and that but a few days later, there was a meeting of the two now suspected. During the winter of 1911-12, what was claimed to be a remarkable copy of the original da Vinci was purchased by the University of New Mexico. With these facts as a basis, the sleuths are gradually and surely tightening the net of evidence.

But, where is our Mona? Is she in Florence or on her way home to the Louvre?

Mona is lost! Mona is found! The queen is dead, long live the queen! Meanwhile, crowds view the spot where once she hung who ne'er looked there before.

## A FALSE ALARM.

"A Harvard professor, who seems a bad guesser, is claiming that woman's becoming like man; She's losing her graces and dropping all traces Of feminine beauty as fast as she can.

Her shoulders are broader; she eats too much fodder; She walks like a pirate and soon she will shave; She's bold and athletic and not sympathetic; The old fashioned woman has gone to her grave!

Come off, Harvard teacher! You've studied some creature,

Who holds down a job in Boston Cafe!  
For women are fairer and sweeter and rarer,  
Than ever they were in this land any day!

They're better and saner and not a bit plainer,  
Than damsels who languished and knitted and swooned;  
The damsel of Cooper,—the weeper and drooper—  
Is she the fair lady o'er whom you have mooned?

Thank God for the woman, so healthy and bloomin';  
Who carries herself with a jubilant stride!  
She's far more enchanting than all of the painting,  
And smirking ladies who languished and died!"

## AUTOMOBILE LIBRARY.

The most useful automobile in Washington County, Maryland, is the one that serves as a circulating library for the remote cabin dwellers who are too hard-worked to seek literature themselves. The population of the county, outside of Hagerstown, is thirty thousand, spread over five hundred square miles. For several years, Miss Mary L. Titcomb, of Hagerstown, who conceived the idea, carried literature to out-of-the-way places in a sort of cupboard on wheels, drawn by a horse. But this outfit was small, and the horse got tired on the steep roads. So, when a train ran over the wagon and left nothing but splinters, an automobile, provided with a special library body, took its place, and books are now taken to the doors of the readers by twenty-four routes, covering the whole county. About twenty-eight hundred volumes were circulated from door to door during the last six months of 1912.—Popular Mechanics.

## HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way

With a resolute heart and cheerful?  
Or hide your face from the light of day

With a craven soul and fearful?  
Oh! a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,

Or a trouble is what you make it.  
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,

But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? well, well, what's that?

Come up with a smiling face.  
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,

But to lie there—that's disgrace.  
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce.

Be proud of your blackened eye!  
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts:

It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to death, what then?

If you battled the best you could,  
If you played your part in the world of men,

Why, the Critic will call it good.  
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,

And whether he's slow or spry,  
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,

But only, how did you die?  
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Mike: "Wrong again! You mean there's good Spirits in the Rube."

Write something for The Weekly.

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## LOCAL ITEMS

Prof.: "Fools can ask questions that wise men can't answer."  
 Freshie: "I guess that's why I always flunk my exams."

Question: "Does singing practice down town Saturday night count as a date?"  
 We hope not, and we do manifest concern.

My Darlin' Peggy:—

I met you last night and you never came! I'll meet you again tonight whether you come or whether you stay away. If I'm there first, sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it; and if it's you that's first—why, rub it out, darlin', and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trystin' place, Peggy, for faith I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're there or whether you're not.

Your own  
 MIKE.

Abrams, Riley and Butler spent half an hour a few nights ago watching a disrobing act down the line, only to find out that it was a man.

Some one might tie one of those dogs down and pull the trigger for Murph., and maybe we would be rid of 'em.

With the exception of a few sissies, every boy in the A. H. S. went on a strike a few days ago, and were promptly "canned." We dare any U. N. M. students to go and do likewise.

Dr. Silber: "Mr. Murphy, if your chair should suddenly fall to pieces under you, what would be damaged the most?"  
 Murphy blushes.

Gambling in New Mexico? Ask Swede. (Don't ask Walker.)

The newst Hokonaite—Miss Gladys Elizabeth Beans??

Treasure Hartmann left for her home in El Paso Friday night. Needless to say she will be missed.

Isabel Walker left for her home in Santa Fe last Monday afternoon. She will return on time.

Miss Dean looks 50 years younger since Treasure, Isabel and a few of the others left.

Miss French, of Colorado College, and Mr. Bert Jayne, of Queenstown, Australia, were guests on the campus Thursday, being shown the beauties of the campus and the points of interest by the efficient young guide, Marjorie Stowell.

Professor Morley says, "Great Scott, I have never seen the girl I was afraid of yet!"  
 Ask Louise about the Normal Room, Prof.

Better look wise, the editor is sore.

Just 21 more Weeklies.

Gallagher still dreams of the Girl in Blue.

Paul Butt, of Santa Fe, will register after Christmas. Is it for work, or just to get a chance to walk up the hill with his favorite?

Miss Sisler: "Ruth, why haven't you paid your electric light bill?"

Ruth McK.: "The light was so poah, I couldn't read it."

The girls made an awful fuss about "Who's Who." But this is what I heard on the stairs:

First Girl: "Oh! M——, see what they have in here. Isn't it cute?"

### A BUM COMEDY.

A Medley of Dolls.

Time: Mysterious hour of 7:28.

Place: Hokona or a Dolls' House.

Characters: Two wandering serenaders. A little million of girls.

#### SCENE I.

'Neath the balcony or verandah. Pink lights and pale music. Words of "Go Jump in the Lake" heard by the girls. Girls pull out their handkerchiefs and weep diamonds.

"Go jump in the Lake,  
 In the Lake Lake Laky,  
 Tra la la."

#### SCENE II (More Mystery).

Girls in wonder stand behind the clock. It strikes the dread hour. The wonderful serenaders serenade serenely on.

#### SCENE III.

Lights flicker and go out. A dark figure slides up the stairs and cries out into the depths below to the serenaders, "Git ye out of here!!! Be ye went"

#### SCENE IV.

Hideous green lights, curl papers, false hair, (not teeth) and cries of despair. Girls fall dead.

#### SCENE V.

The boys have went!

### DEGREE OF PH. D. AT EIGHTEEN.

Robert Weiner is an American, even if his father was born in Russia and his mother came from Missouri. They are both splendidly educated, the father being professor of Slavonic languages at Harvard. They had ideas about children's education which they proceeded to work out with their son. At a year and a half he knew his alphabet, and at three could read and write. When most boys are beginning arithmetic, at six, he had mastered geometry as well as arithmetic. Two years later he could read in Latin, French, German and Russian. At the age of ten he began chemistry and a year later entered Tufts College. When he was twelve he was a competent chemist and graduated from college at fourteen. In June, 1913, he received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard University at the age of eighteen—a thing unprecedented in the annals of the University. Most of those who receive this degree are men from twenty-five to thirty years old. While young Weiner has a mature manner, he is no prig—but normal in his tastes and friendships. —Exchange.

Prof: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Student: "No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams."

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