Texas School of Mines

The Prospector

1915
72452

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Dedication

To Dean S. H. Worrell, who, by his excellent management, his efficient leadership, and his unyielding efforts, has so successfully carried the Texas School of Mines through its initial year, this first annual edition of The Prospector is sincerely dedicated by The Prospector Staff of '14-'15.
# Contents, July, 1915

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>New Installations for the Coming Year</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faculty</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why the Kaiser Left Mexico</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Suede Slipper</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y. M. C. A.</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As It Might Have Been</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main Building T. S. M.</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dormitory T. S. M</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Golden Assay</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Years in Mexico</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pat's Prank</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additions to the Faculty</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Smelter</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Concentrating Mill at the Practice Mine</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletics</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Squad</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knocks</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fun</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Public Library</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Santa Rita Trip</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mining Engineering as a Vocation</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some Mineral Facts About Texas</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The New Catalogue</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mining Club</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Texas School of Mines
New Installations for the Coming Year.

A generous appropriation by the legislature makes possible a number of new installations in the way of equipment for next year. Probably the most important of these will be the new testing plant or mill for the double purpose of giving students instruction in ore dressing and milling and also for investigating some of the metallurgical problems that may confront the mine owner and prospector. The usual college installation will not be followed in that the mill will not be a collection of disconnected units of machinery but a continuous operation from rock-crusher to tailings sampler.

The assayer takes about a tablespoonful of ore and from this tells you that a car load of it is worth a certain sum of money if your sampling was properly done. It is just as logical to take a thousand pounds of ore for a test treatment run and then say your ten or twenty or fifty ton mill with the same treatment will save a certain per cent of the values with the same proviso, namely that the thousand pounds is an average of your ore.

Instead of being on a large scale, the units in the mill will be of small capacity, treating on the average about 200 pounds per hour and the unit of treatment will be 1,000 pounds of ore for a test. The results that can be obtained in such a mill should be able of duplication in a large capacity mill for actual treatment.

The mill will be equipped with crusher, sampler, scale, screens, classifiers, jig, stamp mill, amalgamation plate, concentrating table (laboratory size), and slime table for ore dressing. It will also have a cyanide plant and tanks for testing by any leaching process. It will also have a roasting plant (but not continuous), and electric and magnetic concentrators. The flow sheet of the mill will appear in the catalogue of the School to be issued about the last of June.

Power for the mill will be supplied by a nine horse power gasoline engine.

Another new installation will be the new power plant, which will also form the heating plant for the several buildings. This will consist of a thirty horse power boiler and fifteen horse power engine to be used to drive an electric generator for light and power. This power plant along with that of the mill will be installed not only for power purposes but also arranged with the additional purpose of being used for student instruction in connection with the courses in Applied Mechanics, Thermodynamics, Hydraulics and Air Compression. Other installations with the new appropriation will be a storage battery, a hydraulics laboratory with centrifugal pump, pelton wheel with glass sides, weirs, meters, etc., an air compressor and accessories for testing purposes, a new physics laboratory with all necessary apparatus, a complete assay laboratory with furnace capacity of 100 assays daily, and a fifty burner gas generator for the chemical laboratories.

The following is quoted from a booklet issued by Center College, Kentucky.

"A small student body? Yes, to the immense advantage of every student enrolled in the college and for the following reasons: Every student has the advantage of immediate contact with the head professor in each department. He is not relegated to the care of cheap assistants, the common condition in institutions with large student bodies. He enjoys the personal contact, advice and friendship of his professors. His instruction is personal and directly supervised from day to day. The small student body means a genuine democracy. The individual is not submerged in the mass, but knows his college fellows as a whole, finds his plane in the general activity and life of the college and plays his part in its rivalries, literary and athletic, and in such contact finds free play for the development of his individuality in the contests and compositions of a student body he knows and is known."

Page Seven
The Prospector

Faculty

A. K. ADAMS, B. S.
PROF. OF GEOLOGY AND COAL MINING

S. H. WORRELL, B. S.
PROF. OF MINING AND METALURgy

V. LEASURE
STUDENT ASSISTANT IN CHEMISTRY

Page Eight
Faculty

J. W. KIDD, B. S.
PROF. OF ENGINEERING

R. R. BARBERENA
INSTRUCTOR IN SPANISH
Why the Kaiser Left Mexico

BY VERE LEASURE

We called him the Kaiser. He was not, as Cap would say, "a real sure enough Kaiser," but had received the name on account of his nationality. He was the owner of a rich pay streak, known as the Fusilado mine, and also owner of the principal store in the pueblo of Navarro.

The bandit, Captain Torres, was indeed a real sure enough bandit, a Mexican bandit of 45 caliber, and a leader under Victoriano, who on latest reports was still the greatest leader of the greatest revolution in all Mexico. By this do not infer that all captains are bandits, or all bandits are captains for that matter. Some are colonels and generals, while others are only privates.

Colonel Castro, who by the way, was a leader in the opposition to Victoriano, was badly in need of supplies and especially shoes for his men. The little town of Navarro was but a few kilometers out of his line of march and there in the store of the rich gringo, he could out fit his men and comissariat complete, with but the expense of half a day's march and a worthless receipt. Accordingly the next morning Señor Castro headed his army for Navarro and supplies.

Our bandit Torres, not at all strange to say, was also short on supplies and other necessities of revolution. Navarro being the nearest and richest pueblo, he too, turned his men in that direction and on the very same morning chosen by Señor Castro for his little expedition.

As the whistle on the shaft house was screeching out the noon hour to the little town below, Torres halted his men in front of the Kaiser's store. Entering with three or four of his followers he went back to the bar in the rear of the store and ordered enough "vino" to wash down the alkali dust that lined his throat, a result of the morning's march. On satisfying his thirst the bandit walked up to the front of the store where the Kaiser was and explained to him what he wanted and that he wanted it quite pronto. The Kaiser hastily put out on the floor all that was demanded, then turning to Torres, he said: "Will you sign this receipt for the goods." "Sign nothing" replied Torres, "you gringo, I'll give you an ounce of lead for a receipt if you want one." Upon saying which, our rude bandit ordered his men to gather up the provisions and marched out, leaving the Kaiser poorer but no wiser.

Half an hour later Colonel Castro and army stopped outside of the Kaiser's store and taking a few men with him inside, he too first washed out the alkali dust before proceeding to business. Here he first learned of his enemy's presence in the camp and of his having been in the store but half an hour before. He straightway laid plans for the capture of Torres before that unworthy could leave the camp. Turning to the Kaiser he said: "My men need shoes, will you let them go into the patio in the rear to put them on?" "Certainly," replied the Kaiser, "and take all you want." "And now" said Castro, "I am going to get that dirty bandit Torres and I want this yard to execute him in, if you don't let me use it I'll take you out there in his place." "Do I get it?" "Si Señor," replied the Kaiser, "use it for anything you want to, go shoot your grand-
mother there if you like." "Bueno," said Castro, and gathering up his army he marched it into the "patio" in the rear.

Fifteen minutes later our bandit returned to the store, leaving three of his men on guard outside. Banging his fist on the counter he shouted: "Give me a coat like my colonel wears." Castro, who was in a rear room drinking beer with some of his men, walked out on hearing Torres in the store and advanced to meet him. "Hello Torres" said Castro, "come back and have a bottle of beer with me." Torres, seeing no one else about, could but accept the invitation. On stepping into the room Torres saw the half-dozen men that Castro had concealed there, and realized that he was trapped.

It was too late to back out however and he reached for his revolver. At the same time Castro grabbed him and there ensued a scuffle for the gun. Castro ordered his men to stay off and leave the fight to him. Both men were evenly matched and the fight went round and around the room, breaking up the chairs and table and finally through the partition into the next room. Here Castro managed to get the gun and to knock Torres down. He was soon tied and the men then went to the front and brought back the three that Torres had left on guard. Taking the four of them into the "patio," Castro stood them up against the wall to face the firing squad. When the round was fired, all fell, and Castro, revolver in hand, walked up to each giving them a kick to see if any still lived. Satisfied that all were dead, he gathered up his men and left the camp.

About dark some of the Torres men came to the store and demanded that Torres be released, not knowing that he had been shot earlier in the day, but thinking that the Kaiser was holding him a prisoner inside. The Kaiser told them that Torres had left and they went away doubtful but satisfied for the time being. Shortly afterwards the Kaiser went out to the patio to take a look at the executed men. On going up close to Torres he noticed that the bandit was lying in a different position from what he was earlier in the day. He stooped down to turn him over and see if he really was dead. As it happened Torres had been only slightly wounded when the shots were fired, but he had very cunningly fallen down with the rest and was waiting for night time to make his escape.

As the Kaiser touched Torres he jumped up and grabbed the Kaiser around the body, which so took Kaiser by surprise that Torres very easily threw him to the ground. Reaching for a broken gun stock that was near, Torres hit him over the head, which instead of killing that hard headed individual, merely put him to sleep for a few minutes.

Thinking that Castro was still in the camp, Torres did not wait to finish the Kaiser but hurriedly made his getaway. In a few minutes the Kaiser came to life, with his head ringing like a dozen church bells out of tune, and crawled back into the store. Half an hour later, a little crippled muchacho that the Kaiser had often befriended, limped into the store and said: "Go Señor they are coming to get you. Señor Torres has learned that Señor Castro has left the town and they are coming to rob the store and will kill you."

Grabbing up a blanket, a sombrero, and his shot gun, the only weapon that Castro had left in the store, the Kaiser headed for the hills. When he arrived at the top of the pass above the mine, he stopped behind a large rock to rest and here he determined to make his stand. Looking back down the trail he
saw Torres with ten of his followers coming. The sky was clouding up and a fine drizzle had set in. By the time the party was within shot gun distance of the rock it had become too dark to distinguish which was which. At this point Kaiser decided a little discretion and less valor would be of more help. He slipped out from behind the rock that sheltered him and squatted down a few feet off the trail.

When the party reached the top of the trail they scattered out to look for the Kaiser. Putting a couple of small stones in his mouth to disguise his voice, the Kaiser, who was dressed like the Mexicans, joined in with them in a search for himself. It was fifty miles to the nearest federal garrison there the Kaiser knew that he would be safe. Torres knew that the Kaiser would head in that direction so he followed that trail and the party searched along on either side for the Kaiser, and the Kaiser searched the hardest of all. For eight hours they kept up the search, getting all the time nearer to the garrison, but there remained but a short time longer of darkness and the Kaiser knew that his chance of escape depended upon how close they would get to the garrison before daylight came. At last there remained but one hill between them and the town. Would he be able to escape? Making a wide detour from the path as if in search for the hunted Kaiser, he got as far away from the party as possible. Torres dared go no nearer the garrison, so halted his men near the top of the hill. He called all the searchers together, and the Kaiser, seeing that he could carry his bluff no longer, took the stones out of his mouth and shouted back to Torres and his men “good-bye amigos, thanks for your escort” and disappeared over the top of the hill in a shower of bullets.
The Suede Slipper

Herbert sauntered along. His small gray hat with its wide red band was turned down on all sides and rested on the back of his head. He whistled a merry tune as he walked, although he was slightly bored. Herbert's attitude towards those of his age was of the superior kind, a little amused, very sophisticated. The boys at the school hailed him as a "dreamer of dreams," a "romantic sort of chap," you know. He was nineteen, a dashing youth, with trousers neatly creased and pretty neckties, good natured, and his pockets jingled with nickels. It is needless to say that he was somewhat of a "dandy" and a general favorite among the girls. Perhaps this was the reason that he was inclined to like all girls about the same. There was no "special one." He often declared, however, that he would like to find one who was entirely different.

This afternoon was decidedly dull. Herbert reflected. A Saturday afternoon with no football in town was enough to make a fellow say something.

"Oh the dickens, I might as well go round and see what's on at the matinee. I reckon." The place was unusually crowded. Herbert finally detected a spot where he thought he would be safe from the push of the crowd.

"Don't see what so many people want to come here for anyway," he muttered as a big woman with a big hat rushed by and almost knocked him over.

The children clapped, the boys whistled, at last the orchestra tuned their instruments, eventually the curtain went up.

Herbert was absorbed in the play; but as he leaned back and rested his hand on the step, he felt something soft and warm. For a moment it startled him, and then, as it dawned on him what it was, he smiled. He lifted it up in order that he might inspect it more closely. It was a slipper, a girl's slipper. It was a dainty little thing, made of black suede and ornamented with a tiny pearl buckle. The smile deepened into a broad one. He looked around to see to whom it could belong. There was no one to whom it could possibly belong around there. He tucked it into his pocket.

"Here's where I have some fun."

He carried it safely home, placed it on the most conspicuous shelf in his room. Then, he walked off and bestowed admiring glances upon it.

"The girl who wears a shoe like that sure must be a stunner. She's the girl for me. I'll find her and I'll have her, too!"

The next day he read the want ad column carefully. On the next day he also read it. He threw it aside with a disgusted air, picked up his hat and walked down the street. He viewed each passerby critically, thinking he might detect the owner of the shoe. On the third day he read the paper again. Suddenly his face grew radiant with smiles. He whistled one long shrill note.

LOST—Slipper, at matinee. Please return to Avenue O and First street; receive reward.

"Reward! Well I guess!" It had never occurred to Herbert that she could belong to anyone, but a beautiful, fascinating young girl.

At first he decided that he would write a piece of poetry to her to make the thing more mysterious and thrilling, poetry something like this.

"This slipper new, I'll return to you."

But on second thought he decided to take it himself. So with the "fated slipper" he set out in search of his "Cinderella."

After a long walk he came to the house which bore the number. It was a small house covered with vines. Herbert hurried up the walk, as he ascended the steps he squared his shoulders and looked exceedingly dignified until he reached the top step, where he stumbled. On the porch sat a prim little woman in white. Her hair was drawn securely in a
neat little knot on top, a pair of keen eyes
surveyed him critically.

"Well?"

"Er, I—" helplessly. His face turned
crimson. He dug his fist down in his pocket,
drew forth the crumpled slipper.

"Land sakes, so you are the one who took
my shoe. Didn't think that I knew where I
had put it? Yes, it hurt me just a little so
I took it off for a minute, and then, when I
turned to get it, it was gone. Suppose you
got some romantic notion in your head when
you took it. Young fellow, next time you
leave things that don't belong to you alone.
Here's a quarter for your reward."

The boys say that Herbert has changed of
late; that he is no longer a "dreamer of
dreams," he is awake.—A. C. B.
As it Might Have Been
BY CIYDE NEY

(With apologies to American history)

Christopher Columbus, discoverer of America, was born in Genoa, Italy, about the year 1436. He was named for the town of Columbus, New Mexico, where he spent his childhood. Christopher and Topic Sarrells went to different schools together, which was the cause of neither of them learning anything.

The greatest ambition of Columbus was to be a missionary, to convert the kingdoms of Oriental paganism. His next best idea was to trade with these people and cheat them out of everything they had. The former scheme was not favorable with Topics but the trading proposition struck him about right. Sarrells wanted to strike out across the dark Atlantic Ocean to the land of those people who invented the Chinese laundry check, so he asked his father to finance the trip, and to the poor boy's surprise he was given the money.

Of course Columbus had to finance half of the expense, so he went to the powers of Europe for help, but they all refused him, until he, at last, went to Raul Ramon Barberena, the imperial ruler of Spain, and a power never before equaled by the crowned heads of Europe in wealth or wisdom, gave the poor man the help he wanted so much, provided Raul was to get all of the oil lands that might be discovered.

The preparations were made and they set sail on Friday, August 3, 1492, half an hour before sunrise, leaving Palos, Spain, with three small vessels and one hundred and twenty men.

These missionaries, explorers or grafters, which ever one would choose to call them, got their own terms; to have the presiding power over the journey and to have all of the treasure they might find, except the oil. The journey was a long and trying one, but they stuck to it and on Friday, October 12, at two a.m., Columbus saw land while standing on deck.

He got credit for the discovery, as Topics was down in the kitchen of the boat studying PHYSICS.

The discovery was only Watling Island, an island in the Bahamas, so, as Topics could find no opium smokers and Columbus could find no Chinese restaurants, they became discouraged and returned to Europe where they died in poverty.

Later John Cabot, a Venetian, accompanied by Speedy Nelson, a Swede discovered the main land of America on the 24th day of June in the year of 1497. This is the date that Cabot gave, but Nelson said it was 1494, however, Cabot's word is generally supposed to be right, for Miss Harper, of the El Paso High School, baked biscuits for Nelson two weeks before, putting in Red Seal Lye instead of K. C. Baking Powder, and young Nelson has been so effected by that lye that he has not been able to tell the truth since.

We will now jump to the settlement of this country—the white man and the Indian. The Indian thought the white man a messenger from God and treated him likewise until he found his mistake, then he acted accordingly. The Indian, like some people of today, could return good for good, but knew absolutely nothing about returning good for evil, on the contrary would usually return the evil for evil with interest compounded semi-annually. But the Indian never forgot to admire bravery, for don't you remember when Vere Leasure, whose historic name was Capt. John Smith, was leading an exploring expedition to find the South Sea and Leasure was captured by the Indians, the Chief ordered his warriors to knock the lad's brains out, but as usual—Pocahontas, the Indian name for Mabyl Madison, ran out, put her arms around the poor prisoner's head and saved his life.

Let us turn over a few pages in American history and take up the life of the man whose
name is honored by all who ever heard of him—George Washington. I had a talk with George a few years ago and he told me some of the things that history failed to record.

"Yes," said Washington, "I appointed Soc Race my assistant because he was fearless and I knew that he would make a great Revolutionary leader. He put up a wonderful fight at Concord Bridge, between El Paso and Jaurez, and that put him high in my mind as an ideal."

There was Eldon Routledge, whose former name was Ben Franklin, named for the Franklin Mountains, the delegate from Texas. He was the greatest orator of the day. Eldon represented the athletic body of the Texas School of Mines as a snake cut into pieces with the motto "Unite or Die," which really meant "United we stand, divided we fall." Pug's best work was called "Poor Richard's Almanac," which he published for many years. Some of the sayings of this wonderful paper were: "Diligence is the Mother of Good Luck."

"Do Others Before They Have a Chance to Do You." "There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men, Which Taken at the Flood, Leads on to Marriage," etc.

By this time the taxes from England became unbearable, and after long debates, speeches, and oration by such prominent students as Black, Becker, Davy, and Kell, it was resolved to fight it out and to become free and independent states. Pomroy offered this resolution in Congress, "resolved, that these colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent." Goodale seconded this resolution and on July 4th, 1776, Jack Ivy signed the Declaration of Independence in such a bold hand writing that he could hardly read it himself.

Another declaration was passed which read something like this, "we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our honor to prepare ourselves to hold down the best mining jobs in the world." This declaration was signed by each student in the school, then Orb spoke up and said, "The world will pay the price, if we can just deliver the goods."

So the fight is on. Cornwallis drove Soc across the Delaware, but on Christmas night, 1776, Soc and Washington, I named Soc first because he was the trainer of the army, recrossed the Delaware, which was full of floating ice, and surprised a body of Hessian soldiers, taking a thousand prisoners and a large quantity of arms and ammunition. Cornwallis and Soc had another fight near Ft. Bliss which will never be forgotten. Soc knew that he had to fight, and not only to fight but to win, or he would lose his small army. The British were well dressed, well fed, and had plenty of arms and ammunition. There were his men, poorly fed and dressed, and only about one tenth the number of the opposing forces, but he knew what he was fighting for and said to his men, "We are fighting for liberty, your liberty and mine. Not only that but for the freedom of your children and your children's children, and on down through the line of ages." Calling to his men to follow him, he rode up to within thirty yards of the British force and stood exposed to the fire on both sides. He was, for some time, completely hidden by the smoke of battle and both sides expected to find him dead when the smoke cleared away, but not so, for when the view was clear they could see their brave leader sitting on his horse, calm, serene and unmoved. Our men, inspired by his bravery, defeated the enemy who suffered a great loss.

Next summer A. K. Adams, a French nobleman of nineteen years of age, under the name of Lafayette, sent word that he would help
the colonies with men and money; but as things were rather dry then, the Silvery Rio Grande was being used as a wagon road, the real question was to get the French gun boats up the river. Here is where Capt. Kidd made himself famous by carrying a bucket of water from his home in Arkansas and dumped it into the Elephant Butte Dam, filling it so full that there was enough water to irrigate southern New Mexico and West Texas. (This was the water that wet the soil, this was the soil that raised the wheat, and this is the wheat which makes the flour, which makes the Southwest grow.) Not only this, but there was enough water left to fill the river so that the steam boats could run and Adams could bring fighting Frenchmen.

Later a British expedition from Canada started down to cut off New York State. S. Ross Simpson, one of the heroes of Bunker Hill, started out to meet the enemy; pointing to the red coats, he said, “See them boys! We beat them today or the Missus is a widow.” But we all know that “The Missus” had no occasion to wear mourning. Simpson went back to Soc and said, “Your highness, I cut the feet off of about fifty red coats today.” “Oh fiddlesticks!” said Soc, “Way didn’t you cut their heads off.” Whereupon Simpson replied, “Some one was there before I got there and did that.”

About this time Black quit his speeches and sent the famous bunch of roughriders, composed of Sharp, Greer, Ronan and Richman, to the front. Any of these fellows could ride a horse without falling off—if the horse would only walk.

Dean S. H. Worrell was trying to collect money for this war, but got stranded in South Carolina. He was on the verge of starvation when he walked into Steele’s Tavern and asked for some food. Mrs. Steele heard him say that he was tired, hungry, alone and penniless, but she soon had a hot dinner before him, (and if any one can cook a good meal, Mrs. Worrell can, for that is her name now), after which she carefully closed the door and drew a bag of gold and silver from under her apron. Handing it to her guest, she said, “Here, take this. You need it and I can get along without it.” It is such noble hearted women as this that makes the world go round: and they shall have the honor as long as history lasts.

Adams, the Frenchman, and Soc, the revolutionist, surprised the British at Yorktown and after seven days of solid shot and shell (the bullets flew so thick they hid the sun), the British surrendered. But it was not ’til a very peculiar thing happened; Soc did not know that he could make Cornwallis surrender, so he tied the cannon on the backs of the army burros, so if he had to run, he could fight as he went, but this was really the cause of the end of the war, for after the sixth day Soc thought he would make firing more effective. He put double charge into the cannon, and when the cannon went off, well off went the cannon, the load and the burros right into the camp of the enemy. Cornwallis rushed out and said, “We surrender. We can stand your shot and shell but when you go to firing those Mexican burros at us we play quits.”

This ended the war. It made freedom for you and me, now and forever.
"A mine, eh?"—the crafty promoter looked up from his desk—"a gold mine." He smiled loftily, "my dear man, do you mean that you wish to buy an entire mine? Or, just some stocks, perhaps a controlling interest?"

"An entire mine" repeated the other, firmly, "Very likely you will understand me better when I explain who I am." From an inner pocket he drew a card, which he passed to his companion, "that is my name, Mr. Amhurst—my reasons"—but he was interrupted.

"L. Donald Brighton, eh? I thought you were an Englishman. Special envoy from his majesty perhaps?" But despite the levity of his words he looked keenly at the man.

"Indirectly, yes," came the quiet answer. "And now, Mr. Amhurst, if you've decided to take me seriously, let's look at the business side of this."

The promoter was all interest, immediately. "A thousand pardons," he exclaimed "my humor was ill placed. But now if you'll state your exact business, no doubt we can serve you."

Mr. Amhurst's eyes glittered, but his manner was superbly indifferent as he replied. "Why yes, Mr. Brighton, to go right to the point. I think we have just what you want. Have you just arrived in New Mexico? Or have you just arrived in the States?"

"I landed only last week, and have not let the city," responded the prospective buyer.

Well, New Mexico is one of our southwestern states—both rich and beautiful. For the last six or eight months, in fact nearly a year, this company has been operating a most productive mine there. We call it the "Mexican Queen." It is ideally situated as to railroads, just five miles from a small town called Paloma and with a branch connecting it with the Santa Fe which runs through there.

"You say it is in operation now?" asked the Englishman.

"Most certainly," declared Mr. Amhurst. "I should like to see it then," promptly demanded the other.

The promoter did not hesitate. "Excellent," he cried, "I've been planning to go out myself. Can you be ready to leave the day after tomorrow? You will be my guest, of course. We'll take my car, and can live in that, no decent hotel out there; and have a fine cook who'll take good care of us. We have traveled with me for years. It's settled then? Good! And as it's nearly one let's drop the subject and have luncheon." So saying the two men left the office and passed into the busy street.

In the meantime things were not looking very rosy at "the most productive mine." The young engineer in charge was filled with despair. For nearly a year he had toiled and
directed the work, but little gold had been found; nor any other metal of value. It was his first position and fresh from college, he had taken to it all his boyish enthusiasm and vigor. On this particular April morning as he stood in the doorway of his tiny shack, he felt unusually despondent. Tall, lithe, gray-eyed he looked the symbol of progress, as he gazed on the fair country about him. He wore the usual blue flannel shirt thrown open wide at the throat. Khaki trousers and high boots. His short blonde hair had a half hidden gold light in it; his parted lips displayed even, white teeth. The soft spring morning seemed to beckon to him with a thousand alluring gestures, but his worried eyes saw them not.

"Worthless," he exclaimed under his breath. "All my months of planning and labor for nothing." And as thus he mused the events of the past year seemed to come crowding about him. His graduation from College, the months of pleasure at his father's camp in the Adirondacks and the meeting of the "only girl"—then the offer of this position from a nearby camper, whom he knew as a power in financial circles; the trip west with all its new delights, and finally the mine itself. He had loved it all—the very atmosphere, coupled with the wonderful mountain country; and even the rough workmen—all now his fast friends. For the first month he had not worried over the small profits, but as time passed he realized that the mine was a failure. He had written thus to his employers and they had only wired him to "continue." But he did it lifelessly, feeling that his work was wasted. The girl's letters were his one pleasure. Gay and sincere, he felt their unspoken sympathy, and always she added 'I'll wait for you, dear.' For not till he made good would he go to her. And this she knew, and loved. Gene Meredith was to her the manliest of men. But the months had seemed very long, and early that April she had persuaded her Aunt that she needed a trip West. Her letters had told nothing of it, as she meant to come upon Gene at work, unconscious of her nearness. And so happy surprise awaited the discouraged man. But there in his doorway he knew not a sign of it, and a young boy just arrived from Paloma handed him a letter which only deepened his worry.

It was from Amhurst, short and to the point, merely stating that he was leaving for the west, and would stop at Paloma, riding out to the mine on horseback. Also, that in anticipation of a sale, the mines were to be operated at full strength for the ensuing week. That was all, but it set Gene's blood boiling. "Wants to give a false impression," he declared, "all machinery and men and no gold here, well, he can count me out, and I'll not let him sell his old mine to some poor unsuspecting fool. "Oh, the devil," and with an angry shrug he strolled out into the sunshine to take up the day's work.

The next week Amhurst's private car was switched off at Paloma. The odd little town was full of interest to the Englishman who could scarcely wait to prowl about it. So the first morning he was up and out early and readily accepted his host's words, when he told him he was going to a near ranch to arrange for horses for their use. But he went to the "Mexican Queen" instead, where he soon found Meredith.

The two men shook hands with every appearance of friendliness, but Gene's thoughts were far different. He accepted a cigar, and after a few light remarks, the older man started to speak—hesitated—then plunged boldly into his business.
“I’ve a man over at Paloma, Gene—wants to buy this mine, but isn’t there some place we can talk quietly?”

Without a word the young engineer led him a few paces out of camp where a slight rising of ground threw a shade at that hour; at the base of it was a single tree, just budding into leaf. Before them stretched the mines and shacks of the men, to the left and right purple mountains; while at their backs rose tiny hills, obstructing further view.

Seating himself on the ground beside Gene, the promoter, after an embarrassing pause, began.

“So you don’t think much of the ‘Mexican Queen,’ eh?”

“I do not” was the heated reply, “I’ve written you my opinion often enough, Mr. Amhurst, but you chose to ignore it. How do you expect to sell this?” with a scornful gesture toward the mine.

“With your help,” coolly answered Amhurst.

The young man flushed angrily.

“Never,” he exclaimed, “never if I know it. And just exactly what do you mean by that remark of yours?”

“Calm yourself my dear boy,” retorted Amhurst, “no need to fly to pieces like that. It’s a gold mine, isn’t it?”

“Supposed to be,” muttered Gene.

“Well, then, what harm in selling it as such? I’ll tell you now that that’s the only reason we’ve been operating it—to give a good impression to buyers. But as the engineer in charge you’ll naturally be questioned. Now, I have an Englishman over here in Paloma, anxious to buy. I expect to bring him out tomorrow. He’s offering a most tempting sum. Of course you’ll get what you consider a fair part, providing you give the ‘Mexican Queen’ a rich estimate.”

He stopped as he saw the light in Gene’s eyes, some subtle sense warned him he had said too much, had misjudged his man. With a smothered exclamation the young engineer sprang to his feet, and the full torrent of his anger was loosened on the half-cowed man before him.

“In other words, what’s my price, eh?” he roared, “Well neither you nor your whole company have enough to meet it. You fool! So that’s the kind of a man you judge me to be, a weak, money mad simpleton. Well, you’re wrong, and if you don’t get out of here pretty quickly I’ll impress it on you a little differently. But, no—you’re too much of a coward to hit, only DESPISE you, loathe you. Do you understand that? I’ve wasted a whole year on your rotten mine because I thought maybe I was at fault; but now I know. You’re a bunch of thieves, of swindlers. There’s your horse, now beat it.”

“But you’re discharged,” yelled Amhurst, purple with rage.

“Oh, no—I resigned about ten minutes ago,” Gene was the cooler now. “And these men working here have gotten disgusted too, and only stayed because I have; the minute I go, so will they, so I guess you won’t sell this time.”

Too furious to speak, thwarted and disappointed, the promoter mounted and rode into town, while the young engineer sank on the ground and buried his head in his arms.

“A failure,” he cried broken heartedly, “how can I ever face the girl?”

But Peggy was nearer than he thought. She had arrived the same night Amhurst had, and the next morning had likewise started on horseback for the mine; but not until he was well on his way. Drawing up at the back of a slight rise, she heard voices and hesitated. Amhurst’s voice reached her, “of course you’ll

Page Twenty-two
get what you consider a fair part, providing you give the ‘Mexican Queen’ a rich estimate.’ And then close upon them came her lover’s angry retort. Bright eyed, red cheeked, she had heard it all, and her heart thrilled at his just rage and quick answer.

“He is true, he is brave, he is honorable,” she murmured, and as Amhurst rode off in the distance she left her horse and slipped quietly to Gene’s side. He sat with his head buried in his arms, and did not hear her till she placed her hand on his shoulder and said softly:

“Gene, please don’t.” With a cry he was on his feet.

“Peggy, dear, when did you come?” And then “The Girl” was in his arms.

“Just now, Gene, and I heard it all. Oh you are wonderful.”

But at the mention of the incident he released her, and his face showed his despair.

“Oh, Peggy, I’m a failure—can’t you see, I can never take you? My mine here is worthless, and he tried to bribe me. What sort must I be?” But his words choked him, and he stopped.

“A failure?” The girl before him in her grey carduroys and black boots, her dark eyes aglow, her soft brown hair about her temples seemed to gasp the word. “Gene, darling, you’re a hero! Oh, can’t you see that no man who does his best is ever a failure? And don’t you know that for this year you’ve given your all to the work here? And that bribe, I’m sure that money must have been a big temptation, yet you scorned it royally! Not many could do that. Listen dear,” she took a step toward him, and slipped her hand in his, gazing deep in his troubled eyes.

“This isn’t the only mine in the world. Father owns a big interest near Rockton, and they want you for chief engineer. It’s a much bigger thing than this, Gene, and the men are clean and fine. Now isn’t that good news?”

“The best ever,” the man’s tone was eager, “and Peggy, you really think I have not lost? That perhaps I’m not such a failure after all?”

“Lost” Peggy’s voice rang with scorn.

“Why dearest you’ve won all that means most—your stainless manhood. You’ve stood by your principles through it all and now you are the victor.”

His last doubt swept aside, his conscience clear, and eyes alight with purpose, and joy once again, Gene took the girl in his arms, and his voice was vibrant as he said, “But best of all I’ve won you dear,” and out of the scene of his trials, seemed to rise the spirit of coming successes as he kissed her.—A. C. B.
"Well, well, if it isn't Chonito," exclaimed a voice in Spanish, and I turned to see my old friend Don Juan.

"Hello, Don," I cried, as I dismounted and shook his hand, "so this is your place, is it? I am tired and so is the horse. What are the chances for something to eat?"

Food and rest were ours without the asking for the Don was a friend of the family. He knew my parents in Monterey before I was able to walk. On each visit to El Paso he would call on us and repeatedly asked me to visit him on his ranch in Mexico, but I had never had the opportunity. While we walked toward the adobe house he explained to me that this was New Years Eve and following the custom of all the people of that section of the country in entertaining on that date, it was his turn to give a celebration and I was just in time to be the guest of honor.

I told him of my business in the country and how I happened to pass his place. I was hunting some ranch lands in Mexico for an El Paso real estate firm.

His wife and daughter rushed out to meet me and introduced me to the guests. While the mozo tended my horse I washed up a bit to get ready for the dinner.

The dining room was oddly decorated; the walls, ceiling and floor were completely covered with dead leaves and flowers, dried greasewood and mesquite, while a cool, sweet odor filled the room. A long table was set for the guests, the plates among dried rose leaves and petals.

On the opposite side of the room was a large fire place upon which stood a clock, a hammer and a bottle of wine!

Everyone stood at their places while the host toasted all present.

The meal consisted only of fruits, berries, nuts and wine. Everyone talked and enjoyed themselves, some of the grizzly old ranch men told stories of the Old Mexico of Diaz' time. Time passed quickly while the musicians played Spanish airs, and young girls danced to La Paloma.

Finally the Don rose and walked to the fireplace, gathered the strange objects in his hands and beckoned us all to follow him.

We passed through a long narrow hall which led to the patio in the center of the house; in a dark corner was an old well where the Don stopped and I saw that he passed the bottle of wine to a guest who tasted it and passed it to some one near. Everyone tasted the wine and the Don then threw the bottle and remainder of the contents into the well. He held the clock aloft, where all could see it, and as the hands pointed to midnight he dealt the clock a smashing blow with the hammer and it followed the wine bottle into the well!

The old year had passed. We heard music coming from the room we had left and went back to it, but found out that the music came from the room across the hall. We entered and found it a beautiful contrast to the other. In place of dead flowers and leaves this place was full of flowers and plants in full bloom with vines covering the walls. Here was the New Year, this room, full of beautiful flowers, music and happiness!

On one side of the room a long table groaned under the weight of a feast for a king, not a mere lunch of fruit and nuts, but a real meal of turkey, lamb, pork and many other delicacies.

A new bottle of wine was opened and all tasted as they had the other, and then the feast began! Bottle after bottle of the delicious collection from the cellar of one of the best connoisseurs were opened and all drank freely. Hoary old men attempted to sing, while the usually quiet old ladies laughed gaily.

After the meal the gay crowd was seated around the room to await the dancers, who
presently came tripping out in gay attire and proved to be Carmelita, the Don’s elder daughter. She danced the Spanish fandango that she and I had so often danced together when children.

At the third encore the dancer was supposed to be joined by her lover to finish the dance, but she had always been a quiet girl and although very pretty had never entertained the young men. I began to wonder who was going to dance with her when to my surprise she danced in front of me and bowed gracefully to the floor.

She slowly raised her head and at the deep appeal in those sorrowful brown eyes, and the barely audible whisper, “Come,” I jumped to the floor, forgetting the audience and their half smothered laugh and we danced!

That ended the entertainment and everyone went home.

The next morning the Don rode with me to the gate and I noticed that he appeared a little quiet. He had something on his mind. He rode off from the path and I followed to see what he would do. We rode upon the summit of a hill and there below us, laid out like a map, was the plantation. The workmen were going out into the fields to work.

“No,” said the Don, “I will not sell you my land for your firm in the states, but, my boy, all this,” he said as he waved his hand toward the green fields and slapped me on the back, “is yours. It all goes with my daughter’s hand.”

“I am sorry, old friend,” I said, “but it is too late. My heart is already promised to a senorita in El Paso.”

“I, too, am sorry,” he said, “but I always was unlucky.” And I turned and rode away.

Pat’s Prank

Pat was by far the prettiest, most popular girl in the “Westlake School for Girls.” Her hair was a mass of waves and ringlets of red—no, not red, for one would think her hot-tempered, which she was not indeed—but of beautiful auburn. Her eyes were of the deepest blue into which one might look to see that she was lovable and well, say wonderful as was possible. With auburn hair and deep blue eyes, complexion like a child and fairy like proportions as to stature. She made a picture that any artist would like to paint. No one in the school took more interest in trying to do as her teachers wanted her to. As a result she was a leader of her classes as well as in athletics.

One day when the Board of Trustees was making one of their monthly visits, the gymnasium class was going thru an Indian club drill for their benefit. They were doing wonderfully when Pat suddenly dropped one of her Indian clubs. What had happened? Pat had never done anything like that before. Only Pat and one of the young trustees knew. While going thru the drill, accidentally their eyes met. Who had ever dreamed of a young, good-looking man being on the Board of Trustees of a girls’ school. This was why she was so startled and stared at him. Her beauty made him stare at her. Being waked up from her dream by the Indian club banging on the floor, she was dismissed from the class. Nothing came of this but that she was deprived of her usual spin in the new car her uncle had given her.

One afternoon as Pat was driving along in her car several miles from the city, the machine slowly came to a stop. While looking around wondering what she could do, she heard the sound of an automobile approaching. Before many minutes it had stopped immediately behind hers. The driver sprang from the seat to see if anything was wrong. As Pat turned around she found herself face to face with the young trustee. Each noticed the sudden change in the other’s face.


“I don’t know. My mule’s balked and I don’t know what’s the matter.”

“We’ll find if we can’t move him in a few seconds. Well, I’ve found it already. No gasoline.”

“That’s so. I did forget to give him a drink. Wonder if there’s a water trough near.”

“I think I can supply you with enough to get to town.”
It took a very few moments to get the car in running order.

"I'm glad that I could help you, Miss-a-"

"Stanhope. Listen, aren't you one of the trustees of the 'Westlake School for Girls'"?

"Yes, and you are one of the pupils. My name is Jordan, Wm. Jordan—Billie for short. Mayn't I ride along with you to see that your mule doesn't forget to go?"

After receiving consent, Mr. Jordan drove his car along by the side of her's all the way to town. They arrived at the school just as the sun was sinking below the horizon. As they were about to say good-bye, he hesitatingly asked if he might call. She consented and it was fixed for Wednesday night of the following week.

Weeks and months had passed since that had occurred. Pat and Mr. Jordan had enjoyed most every kind of amusement together—operas, dances, tennis and motoring. It was the last day she was to be at the "Westlake School for Girls." To-day was her graduation day. The exercises were over. Billy had sent her a huge bunch of American Beauties and on the card had invited her to go to the theatre that night. Never before had she looked quite as pretty. Her face was radiant with the happiness that she could not help but show. As they were returning home, slowly driving along, the expression on her face changed. She would be leaving tomorrow for the home of her uncle with whom she lived.

"I will surely miss all the girls and teachers, and—well, everything."

"Pat, do you think you will miss me just a little?"

"Yes, a little more than a little!"

"How much?" intensely.

"Well, so much I can't tell about it all."

"Really!" and he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

When she reached home she was wearing a beautiful diamond ring on the ring finger of her left hand.

She reached her uncle's home about noon the following day.

That evening as Pat and her uncle were sitting in the library reading he casually glanced at her and suddenly noticed the flash of a diamond ring. His anger rose.

"Patricia!"

She knew then that he had seen it because he never called her Patricia unless he was fearfully angry.

"Haven't you a diamond ring on?"

"Yes, unkie, I'm engaged to the nicest man."

"But, unkie—"

"That will do. I mean just what I say."

What should she do? She just knew that if Uncle Bob knew Billie he would never say a word. He was just the dearest, sweetest thing in the world. I mean Billie. How should she arrange it. Ah! a happy thought.

Next morning, sitting at her desk, with tears streaming down her cheeks and Uncle Bob attentively watching, she wrote Billie a note telling him that her uncle had objected and she must break their engagement. Enclosed in it was the ring.

When uncle reached the office he sent a messenger to deliver the note. When he arrived Pat handed him three envelopes. One was the note to Billie that Uncle Bob had watched her write, the second a note to Billie telling him to meet her at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, the third an invitation she had written to herself to attend a tea given by Ethel Ware Tuesday afternoon. The messenger was to deliver the former two, to mail the last one.

That evening she showed her uncle an invitation to a tea given by Ethel Ware that she had received through the mail that afternoon. Uncle Bob was very pleased and sincerely hoped she would enjoy herself.

Tuesday afternoon finally came and at two-thirty Pat was dressed. She first got her mother's wedding ring and then left to meet Billie. At three sharp he was there, anxious to know what the two notes meant. It was soon explained. They were to go to her uncle and pretend they were married, then see if his heart did not soften and he would give his consent. She put the wedding ring on her finger and then started toward her uncle's home.

They arrived a few moments after dinner was over. Uncle Bob sat in the library, reading, when Pat and Billie entered.

"Uncle Bob, this is my husband, Mr. Wm. Jordan."

"Why, howdy Billie. I've had you picked out for a long time for my little Pat. If I had known it was you I wouldn't have said a word. Why didn't you tell me who it was, Pat? Well, anyway, I'm as happy as you two are. I guess you'd better celebrate tonight by taking in the best opera there is and I'm to pay the bills."

Not many minutes later Pat and Billie stood facing each other.

"What shall we do?" both asked at the same time.

"Oh! I know," exclaimed Pat, and she whispered something in Billie's ear.

"Fine."

About an hour later Pat and Billie stepped into Uncle Bob's car.

"To the minister's, James!"
The first new name in the catalogue under the heading "Faculty" is that of H. D. Pallister, Professor of Geology and Mining. Professor Pallister has for the past four years been on the faculty of Pennsylvania State School of Mines. He is a graduate of Case School of Applied Science, class of 1906. His experience in mining and metallurgical work ranges from Copper Cliff, Ontario, to Brewster county, Texas, where he was employed in mining and "smelting" quicksilver ores for two years. Although he comes from the East, he is experienced in Western conditions.

The next addition is F. H. Seamon, E. M. (Missouri School of Mines), who will be Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy next year. Professor Seamon has had an extended and varied experience in metallurgical work in Mexico. He was ore purchasing agent for the A. S. & R. Co. for three years. For the past number of years he has been in charge of the Seamon Assay Co.

He is well known all over the Southwest as an efficient chemist and assayer. Although Professor Seamon has been in commercial work for a long time, he has never lost the research instinct, characteristic of the real chemist. The students of the School of Mines may feel sure that when they leave Professor Seamon's laboratories they will be proficient analogists as assayers.

T. J. Dwyer, who last year coached the football team so successfully, will be Instructor in Engineering this year. He is a graduate in civil engineering from Texas A. & M., class of 1912, and has been engaged in engineering work ever since. He will again have charge of the football squad and that insures a winning team for 1915. He will give instruction in Drawing, Surveying and Mathematics.

The School of Mines of Texas has inaugurated a plan which is believed to be new in mining schools, namely, the plan of having a corps of technical lecturers composed of men not engaged in the business of teaching but in the practice of their respective professions. These men are on the payroll, and will not deliver casual off-hand talks on "general interest" subjects, but will deliver a carefully prepared series of lectures on special topics. It is believed that this will prove to be a very valuable feature of the work of instruction. In some law schools and medical schools the plan is being carried out successfully.

The first lecturer will be Mr. L. H. Davis, mining editor on the El Paso "Times," who will deliver a series of lectures on Mining Law. Mr. Davis has made a special study of this subject, and practiced mining law for several years in Arizona. Perhaps no man in the Southwest is more familiar with the mining camps of this section than Mr. Davis.

The lecturer on "Lead and Copper Smelting" and the lecturer on the "Cyanide Process" of gold extraction have not been selected as yet, but if the services of the men wanted for these two places can be secured, the School of Mines will be fortunate.

Mr. Bignell, in charge of the ore dressing machinery division of the local house of the Mine and Smelter Supply Company, has been secured to deliver a series of lectures particularly on jigging and table concentration, ore classification and the laws governing the theory of these processes. Mr. Bignell has had an excellent opportunity to study these subjects.

Mr. D. A. Carpenter, of Carpenter & Co., will give several lectures on "Internal Combustion Engines." He is a graduate in mechanical engineering of Colorado A. & M. College. The lectures will be along the line of the historical development of the internal combustion engines, with the more recent developments in this important source of power.

The subject of air compression applied to water lifts will also be covered by a series of lectures by an efficient and experienced engineer, who has not yet been secured.

The superintendent or assayer in a mining camp often has to play the part of physician as well, particularly in remote localities. The life of a fellow worker sometimes depends on his knowledge of "first aid to the injured." A course in this subject should be given by every school or college, but particularly a mining school. A series of ten or more lectures will be given by Dr. M. B. Wesson. Dr. Wesson is a graduate of the University of Texas (Academic Department) and of the Medical Department of Johns Hopkins University.

All the above lectures are open to the public and anyone may attend them, whether he be a student in the School of Mines or not. Attendance is required of the students taking the courses of which these lectures constitute a part.
THE SMELTER
Our first year in athletics was in many respects very gratifying. To be sure, we did not have a single winning team, but we had good sport and a fine spirit.

On account of the late date of our opening, we were at a serious disadvantage as regards training and schedules. Two of our strongest rivals—Mesilla and the El Paso High school—had actually played a real sure enough game before we were out for our first practice.

Finally, when we had started in, we never had more than fourteen candidates on the field on any particular day. We could boast of some good individual players, and along with them were those of mediocre ability, and a few that had no idea of the game prior to their appearance for their first practice.

During the football season we played five games, in which we won two and lost three. When the coming season has ended, we expect to show quite a different record, and will doubtless do so if it is possible for the coach to get it into the players' heads that they cannot play football and disregard the common rules of training.

In basket-ball we do not deserve the credit that we merited in football. In the first place, we had a full quintet of players of recognized ability, but a belief that systematic practice, and a disregard for the ordinary rules of training, coupled with indifferent team work, was responsible for our winning but a single game; while we should easily have been the victors in at least sixty per cent of our contests in this line.

As for baseball and track, while we had some good individual men in both sports, we made no material effort during the past year to accomplish anything in either. With a larger attendance during the coming year, we were looking forward to close contests in these branches of athletics.

When we remember that last year was our first in existence, and that we had no support from any source whatever we have no regret for the year's record. Provision is now made for a good coach for the entire next year, and while at this time the appointment has not been made, it is hoped that we may be so fortunate as to have with us, throughout the year, as able and clean a guide in our athletic matters as we had during the football season of last year.

We have two games already arranged for the next season—Mesilla and High School; so it is up to every human to keep in training and be on hand at the call of the coach in September—"cause" we are going to make somebody sit up and take notice this year.

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Full Line to Choose From
A. G. Spalding & Bros.
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The Prospector

Knocks

Cob—We realize that the sand is deep between the school and Fort Bliss, but “Motor Age” desires to know if it is deep enough to necessitate running this distance in low gear or if it is a requirement of the Fort Bliss officials.

Goodale—Perhaps you would be able to honor us with your presence at class at an earlier period if you would follow Mr. Barberena’s excellent example of wearing a dainty little wrist watch.

Ney and Soc—School is out—how about settling your grievances?

Orb—Your dainty epithets, your choice selection of words, your unique ways of expressing yourself at all times are lost on the students of T. S. M. We assure you they would be duly appreciated by the inhabitants of Angry Town.

Cap—A great and learned man is in our midst, viz., Capt. John W. Kidd, who really admits that the source of his great knowledge and learning are the intimate association with such famous characters as Sharpe, Jack Ivy and Topics Sorrels.

Whiskey—Who was the irresistible attraction that lured you from the pleasant haunts of the draughting room?

Pug—Why develop so suddenly into a woman hater? Has some fair one thrown you over?

Goodale is a mining engineer under construction. Rather poor construction, judging from his “massive” Framework.

Red—Why are you so opposed to having our worthy dean called “Cob”? Don’t you know that a rose by any other name would smell just as sweet?

Barberena—If you would leave your “fair one” just a little earlier there would not be so much danger of breaking your back while climbing in the window.

Brick—Why the little trips in the “Flivver” during noon hour? Cap says next time you go, you might take him along—he likes to ride.

Adams—Easy with that stuff of taking the “Fair ones” to Cruces for dinner on “Schoolights.”

Cap—We are indeed sorry that we are not in the habit of using “Boot Jack.” Some of us might change our brand to accommodate you.

Leasure—“I think Black lived most of his life in some country where the wind blew continually from the East.”

Nelson—“What makes you think so?”

Leasure—“His head is always leaning to the left.”

Who said the School of Mines did not have a graduating class this year? For any information on this subject, see Capt. Kidd.

Wanted—Information as to why Prof. Kidd hangs around the Mills building.

FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

Biggs—“Who wants to play catch?”

Topics—“Now, if I had been there—”

Soc—“Whee do you get that old stuff?”

Whiskey—“Ain’t she a queen?”

Cap—“I’m learning something.”

Becker—“Hoch der Kaiser.”

Ney—“You boys will have to make less noise; I want to study.”

Foster—“Sure, we can beat them.”

Adams—“Note books must be in Monday?”

Goodale—“Let’s play Spanish Fly.”

Leasure—“Aw, Nuts!”

Black—“Huh?”

Pug—“You tell ’em.”

Cob—“All bills must be paid by the first.”

Pug—“Did you ever hear about the three brothers that were all named George?”

Smitty—“No; what about it?”

Pug—“Well, they were all named George except John, and his name was Pete.”

Smitty—“Gee, what humor!”

Pug—“Why speak of the hot place?”

Smitty—“What hot place?”

Pug—“Yuma.”

Page Thirty-two
Saturday, May 8th, Professor Adams and Messrs. Leasure, Nelson, Ney, Simpson, and Pomeroy left El Paso on a general inspection trip to the Santa Rita Mining District, New Mexico. The party arrived at Santa Rita, 161 miles away, in eight hours of running time. The afternoon was spent with Robert Kirchman, Pit Foreman, who explained the geology and steam shovel methods of this deposit in a general trip through the "Hearst Pit." The open cut is a huge amphitheater with four or five steps or benches each fifty feet high. On each elliptical step are steam shovels and small cars, the shovel on one track, the cars on another parallel track. The ore cars are hauled to a coarse crushing plant and the ore crushed to four inch size, then dumped into a large steel gondola cars and hauled 12 miles down the creek to the mill at Hurley, the mill treating 65,000 tons daily. The ore in the cuts is shot down by blasts of powder in vertical holes 30 feet deep, about 5,000 tons of ore being loosened by one shot of 350 pounds of powder. A general study was made of the rock alterations, the ore minerals, and their association.

The Hurley mill was visited later and during this trip the course of the ore through the mill was followed and each machine used in treating the ore was explained, even to the recently installed experimental flotation plant, which when completed on a large scale will increase the extraction or recovery of the copper considerably.

At night, through the courtesy of Mr. K. A. Strand, the party went through the Empire Zinc Company Mine at Hanover, where ore deposits of the "replacement type" can be seen to very good advantage, large bodies of limestone being changed to solid zinc carbonate. Various ores of zinc and lead, with cave deposits of gypsum, were studied in the mine, detailed examinations being made in certain places. A little time was spent looking over the magnetic iron ore deposit of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. near Fierro, and also a small copper mine near Hanover. The party then motored back to El Paso via Hurley, Faywood and Deming, stopping over night at Deming, thence over the Borderland Route to School, arriving home Monday afternoon after an interesting and profitable trip. A similar trip is being planned for the coming Saturday, the objective point being Elephant Butte Dam.

—L. Pomeroy.
Mining Engineering as a Vocation

The following is abstracted from an article with the above title in the December, 1913, number of "The Student Engineer."

"The graduate mining engineer may choose his life work from a varied assortment of activities. He can earn good wages as an assayer and chemist, a deputy mineral and land surveyor, as a draughtsman, on the geological staffs of the railroad and mining companies, in the mineral classification work of the Government Forest Service, or in the Geological or Coast and Geodetic Survey (and now in the Bureau of Mines) in state geological surveys, in mining, milling, and smelting operations.

It is possible to some extent for the graduate in mining to choose his environment.

It is comparatively easy for a mining engineering student to secure remunerative employment immediately after graduation. This is because so many lines of work are open to him.

The financial returns on an investment in a course in mining engineering are extremely satisfactory. It is doubtful if a worker in any other profession is as well paid at the beginning.

The work is interesting. There is an element of chance in many mining operations that appeals to the majority of men. Also the mining engineer usually travels extensively in his own land, and often in other countries.

A mining engineer may be his own boss. At first he will fill subordinate positions perhaps, but if he command a little capital, he may engage in leasing or prospecting immediately after graduation.

The field is not overcrowded. Work for the mining engineer is found the world over."

You sometimes hear it said: "There are a lot of mining school graduates running air drills in the western mines."

Yes, and there are a lot of L. L. B.'s pounding typewriters in the big law offices, and a lot of E. E.'s climbing telephone poles, and an awful lot of A. B.'s looking for any old job.

"More mines fail from lack of management than ever fail from lack of ore." The Dean has said that so often that he has begun to think it originated with him.

Mark Twain said: "A mine is a hole in the ground whose owner is a liar." It does not follow that all liars are miners. A few are reputed to have entered the practice of law and one or two are now working as war correspondents in Europe and Mexico.

Not every man with a slide-rule in his pocket and candle grease on his "pants" is a mining engineer, although the West is well sprinkled with candle grease "experta."

As far as can be determined from government reports and college catalogues, the Texas State School of Mines has the largest enrollment ever held by a western school of mines in its initial year.
Some Mineral Facts About Texas

Few Texans know that the value of the Mineral Products of Texas for 1913 was for the same year about 60% of that of Colorado; about 60% of that of Utah; nearly equal to that of Nevada; about 50% more than that of Idaho; about 50% more than that of Nevada; about 50% more than that of Alaska; nearly double that of New Mexico; nearly double that of Washington; about two and one-half times larger than that of Wyoming; about two and one-half times larger than that of Wisconsin; about 4 times larger than that of South Dakota; about 10 times larger than that of Oregon; about 30 times larger than that of North Dakota.

And yet nearly every Texan thinks of the above states as great mineral producing states with the exception of Texas and probably Tennessee. Each of the above states (omitting Alaska) has a State School of Mines.

Few Texans know that the value (reported by an official of the U. S. G. S.) of the coal and lignite in sight, unmined but known to exist, is given at $34,000,000,000.00 for the state of Texas. This is about five times the value of all of the farm products of Texas together with all value of all horses, mules, cows, sheep, goats and hogs in the state. ("Mineral Resources of Texas"—W. B. Phillips.)

Dr. Phillips naively adds that "about the year 5000 A. D. we Texans may feel a shortage of fuel."

THE NEW CATALOGUE.

It is out, and contains some new and interesting features. Among them there are announced seven new courses. They are electives, some open to Freshmen as well as upper classmen. Two new outlines of courses of study are offered. One is a special one-year course, designed particularly for the coal miner who wishes to perfect himself on some of the theoretical phases of the subject. The other is a course in prescribed reading and private study intended for the man who is unable to come to college. It is designed particularly for coal miners, and it is hoped will prove to be a popular course. The expense is small and the opportunity for accomplishing an elementary education is excellent. It is not a "correspondence" course. The successful completion of either of these courses will entitle the man taking it to a certificate.

THE MINING CLUB.

A club will be organized this fall, composed of the upper class men and the Faculty, which will be a student branch of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. It will meet fortnightly and its program will consist usually of a talk by an engineer on some subject of interest to the student body of the School of Mines. Some of the "old timers" in the mining business in the Southwest can tell some very interesting stories from their personal experiences. A few have promised to contribute to our entertainment in this respect.
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