The Prospector, February 1916

UTEP Student Publications

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.utep.edu/prospector
BOYS

WE ARE SPECIALIZING IN
YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHES!

The Proper Kind for College Boys. We are Sole Agents for
Sophomore and Frat Clothes. None better in the world.

Call at our Store. You will like us, especially
Our Clothes. SOL I. BERG

Come with the Crowd!
Where You are Certain to Find Your Friends

Try our Hot Tamales with Chile Sauce
Hot Chocolate with Whipped Cream and Cake.

THE ELITE CONFECTIONERY CO.

Tels. OFFICE 1076
RES. 1885 J

HOURS 10 to 12: 2 to 5
Others by Appointment

Just to help the boys

Dr. Geo. R. Wells
OSTEOPATH

424-425 Mills Bldg. EL PASO, TEXAS
Table of Contents

Prospector Advertisers ........................................ 2
Table of Contents ........................................... 3
Editorials ....................................................... 4
Acquitted ....................................................... 5
Experiences ..................................................... 6
Attention, El Paso High ....................................... 9
Scientific Club Meetings ..................................... 10
Wise or Otherwise ............................................. 12
Athletics and Society ......................................... 14
By the Way ...................................................... 16
Knocks .......................................................... 17
Fun .............................................................. 18
Exchange ......................................................... 20

Page 2
IF YOU WILL

Take a few minutes to look through the advertising pages of this paper, you will learn something, dear reader, to your interest.

Every one of the advertisements which appears in The Prospector represents some reliable business concern of El Paso.

Standard goods, high quality work, safety and efficiency, may be expected from the house that advertises. Prospector advertisers are the leading business men of El Paso.

The management takes this opportunity to thank the following advertisers who have aided us this month:

- City National Bank
- Dr. Geo. R. Wells
- El Paso Book Co.
- El Paso Electric Co.
- Elite Confectionery Co.
- First National Bank
- Potter Floral & Confect’y Co.
- Sol I. Berg
- Troy Laundry
- W. G. Walz
- Zeiger Hotel
By the time this paper comes from the press we will be in the midst of First Semester exams. Second Semester starts the first of February and it is up to us to dig down a little harder this term than many of us have done in the past, and eliminate any chance of hooking a "D" or an "E" next June, in some subject that we just naturally have to pass or else lose out in the running.

Do not be satisfied to "kick along" in any old fashion and barely scrape thru, but show to the school and the faculty that you really appreciate the advantages that are offered you and are going to make the most of them.

Some doubts have been expressed by one of the organizations in El Paso as to whether The Prospector is of value to our advertisers. We firmly believe that The Prospector is of benefit to our advertisers for the following reasons:

The School of Mines, of which this paper is a student organization, spends annually several thousand dollars among El Paso merchants. Students attending this school add one or two thousand dollars a year more to that sum. As this school grows and attendance is increased, more money will be spent, both by the institution and by the students, with El Paso business houses. By sending out exchanges to many high schools in the southwest, The Prospector is advertising the School of Mines and helping it toward an increased attendance.

This school aids in a very material way to support El Paso merchants. The Prospector asks very little each month from these business men in way of financial support. Indirectly, if not so much in a direct way, we are of value to our advertisers.
It is not what you say,
Nor why, nor when, nor where—
It's how.

Synopsis of previous chapters—(Senor Legg, a great lover of animals, returns from South Africa. In his possession is a baby alligator which he had purchased from the illustrious chieftan, Luke Lykele. The aforesaid pet is given various and sundry liberties in the spacious home of Sr. Legg, exciting much envy, withal. Herr Kutt, a bosom friend of the party of the first part, covets the reptile, and wouldst fain acquire it.)

CHAPTER LXVI.

"Vill you sell me dot alligator?" querried Herr Kutt, after giving the matter thought.

"Bwell, I doan-no,"

"I like heem th' whole lots. Whatcha goan for to geev me?"

The robust German undid the lower seven buttons of his vest, allowing his chest to settle, simultaneously letting out seven notches in his belt, and replied unwaveringly, "Vot vill you took?"

CHAPTER LXVII.

The dusky descendant of Cortez on one side, and a bunch of Yaqui Indians on the other, was visibly thinking.

CHAPTER LXVIII

The chili picker mouthed his cigarette, blew a hexagonal ring, and spake much in this manner: "I goan toll you—I buyed dees fren for the one dollar and half a leetle time ago. Eet cost me the lots monies to breeng heem here.—You buy heem for the two dollars."

"Dot's too mutch," roared the hyphenated victim of Kultur, "You haff used him tree weeks!"

CHAPTER LXIX.

The court room was hushed as the foreman of the jury read out, "Justifiable homicide."

THE END
EXPERIENCES

And they told them to be the truth.

The Panic at the Idotel

BY "KI-SAR BEK-KAR"

"You ask what is the most peculiar experience that I have ever had?

Well, friend, many have I had, and varied. Just now that you ask me there is recalled to my mind a little incident that happened one night a few years ago when I was manager of the Idotel Mine, of the Uneda Mining Company, which was operating a tourmaline deposit on Bisskut Mountain in the State of Chi-hooy-hooy.

I had been with the Uneda Company a matter of seven or eight months. I entered their employ under a very responsible position, namely that of separating the valuable minerals from those of nonuseful character. It was here that my natural ability for quick discernment of ore from gangue was quickly brought to the attention of the General Superintendent.

He, seeing within me the dormant qualities for a successful mining engineer, took me in hand, and by his guiding influence, with his ever ready word of help and good cheer, I rapidly advanced from position to position, until within three weeks after I had entered the employ of the Uneda Company, I was promoted to the very exalted role of manager of the Idotel with a force of three miners under my direct supervision.

We were, at the time of my entering the employ of the company, using very crude and antiquated methods of mining. However those, on my taking over the management of the property, rapidly gave way to my up-to-date theories on the science of successfully operating gigantic mining enterprises.

So rapidly did we advance toward perfection in mining, under my system, that our force was increased from three to three hundred men within one month; our production jumped from one ton to one thousand tons a day, and our net profits from two hundred to four hundred and eighty thousand dollars per month.

The Experience? Oh yes! I fear that I have digressed somewhat from the subject, but such is my habit when talking of myself that all else is forgotten.
THE PROSPECTOR

However in passing there is one more bit of information which I impart to you. After witnessing the remarkable and almost superhuman efforts which I put forth in order to produce efficient management, and the tremendous tangible results which ensued with the mine under my able direction, the owners of the Idotel informed me, that but for the fact, that I was without technical training, they would relinquish all claims to their property, in my favor, being content merely to work under my regime the rest of their lives. (It was this that gave me to understand how much I could accomplish with, and gave me the desire also to obtain a technical education which I am now endeavoring to secure.)

It was near the hour of midnight. I lay awake on my couch listening to the roar of the wind, and the beat of the rain as it dashed in sheets against my tin covered house. Flashes of lightning illuminated at intervals the interior of my snug little cabin, causing the fixtures and the decorations to stand out in bold relief.

It was at a brief lull in the storm that I heard a knock at the door. Arising from my bed I opened the door to disclose, by the lightning's flash, the drenched figure of my native foreman and right hand man.

"Why, Benino," I cried, "What are you doing here this time of night, and in this terrible storm?"

"Oh Senor," he answered stepping into the room. But he seemed unable to continue.

"Out with it," I said. "What has happened?"

"Senor," he burst out, "El Diablo has taken the mine; all the men have come out from their work and none will venture to return."

"Why, what do you mean, Benino?" I replied, "How could the Devil take possession of the mine, where did you get such an absurd idea?"

"Jose Garcia, who operates the chute, the chute from the Glory Hole, at the third level, heard him, he answered. Jose was terribly frightened; all the men became panic-stricken and rushed at once from the mine."

"Come, Benino," I said, "I cannot tolerate such nonsense from the men. Come we will go to the mine."

-Slapping a poncho over my head, we sallied forth into the teeth of the gale. Up the side of the mountain, a distance of two speedometers, we breasted the storm. While Benino gave me, in snatch-es, an account of what had happened.
Arriving at the mine I found the entire force of men huddled together in the Drying Room conversing in whispers.

“‘What does this mean?’” I shouted angrily. “‘Why do you stand here like a herd of goats? Back to the mine with you.’”

“No, Senor! El Diablo!” they cried in unison.

“‘Fie on the Devil,’” I roared. “‘Show me to him.’”

Stepping into the cage I asked for volunteers to go down with me. None stepped forth, and I, determined to let nothing daunt me was ready to give the word to lower when Benino, the faithful, trembling from head to foot, joined me. I gave the signal to lower and we rapidly dropped into the depths of the earth.

Stopping at the third level, we lit our candles and started down the drift. As we approached the chute, Benino’s agitation became so acute that it became necessary for me to assist him along. We advanced cautiously until within arm’s length of the chute when suddenly a loud W-O-O-F came from within. Dropping his candle, Benino fled for his life, while I, tho somewhat jarred by the close proximity of the mysterious something, held my ground.

Grasping a stout iron bar, I pried up the door of the chute. On seeing what came forth, along with the mud and the waste, I burst forth into loud laughter. Benino, hearing my shouts of mirth, gathered up enough courage to return. Observing what had come out of the chute, his chin dropped as he exclaimed, “‘Why Senor, it is only a pig!’”

“‘Benino,’” I replied, “Your devil has turned out to be only an old sow with two of it’s young that wandered, during the storm, into the glory hole above, slid down the chute and frightened the life out of the whole bunch of superstitious children.”

The next installment, “‘The Mad Matador of Madrid.”’ by T. “Pap” De Wire, will appear in an early issue.
THE PROSPECTOR

ATTENTION! EL PASO HIGH.

BY FRED W. BAILEY

You say the Miners have conceit,
But of that I think aught.
Because the Profs. at T. S. M.,
Teach not that merry thought.

Soldiers, you say, lowered our pride,
When they beat us ONE game,
But never mind El Paso High,
We played them just the same.

And that is more than you can say,
Because you were afraid,
That if the soldiers you should play,
Into hash you’d be made.

You say Mesilla beat us too,
’Twas truly one hard game;
But when you beat the farmer bunch,
Their team was not the same.

The time you cleaned up A. & M.,
Their team was occupied,
By members of their poor scrub squad,
So before you they died,

But when you played the second game,
Their team was quite equipped;
And poor old El Paso High School,
Was very badly whipped.

But never mind El Paso High,
We’ll let you say your say,
Because you’ll need encouragement,
For some near future day.

EDITOR’S NOTE.—On reading the lines in The Tatler entitled, “School of Mines,” Mr. Bailey was incited to pen the above remarks in order to set the public aright in regard to certain chimerical comments handed out thru’ the Tatler, concerning the School of Mines.
THE PROSPECTOR

Scientific Club Meeting

On Monday evening, December 18, the club held its regular semi-monthly meeting. The meeting was called to order at 8 p.m. After hearing reports by the social committee, membership committee and officers, the meeting adjourned to partake of an elaborate feed that had been prepared by Mrs. Worrell, assisted by Mr. Kelly.

The first speaker on the program was Mr. P. O. Nafe, who gave a very interesting talk on prospecting. Mr. Nafe went into great detail to explain the full meaning of Prospecting and what one must expect, and be prepared for, when on that mission.

Following Mr. Nafe's talk, Mr. J. W. Wilson told us some of his experiences while prospecting in the Southwest, mainly in New Mexico.

Mr. H. Becker, who has spent many years in Mexico at numerous mines, contributed his share of information regarding that broad subject, discussed by the two previous speakers.

Mr. C. V. Nafe next gave a very interesting talk on his mining ventures in Alaska, United States and Mexico.

Prof. F. H. Seamon concluded the evening by a talk in which he showed clearly that prospecting was entering upon a new era and that prospectors of the future would be trained technical men who would make this phase of mining a science.

The following letter was received by the Secretary from the American Institute of Mining Engineers:

Mr. L. L. Pomeroy, Secretary,

Texas School of Mines Scientific Club,

Fort Bliss, Texas.

Dear Sir:—

Your letter of December 4, 1915, asking to be recognized as an Affiliated Student Society of this Institute, was presented at the meeting of the Board of Directors on December 22, 1915.

The Secretary was instructed by the Board to write and say that the privileges extended by the Institute to an affiliated student society would be accorded at once. The Bulletin will be sent to you with the compliments of the Institute, beginning with the January issue and the names of your officers will be published in the Bulletin and Year Book of the Institute.

We shall also be very glad to publish any interesting accounts
of your activities where it would come to the attention of your graduates and other members of this Institute.

Taking this opportunity of sincerely wishing the Scientific Club of Texas School of Mines and Metallurgy a successful and interesting career,

Faithfully yours,

BRADLEY STOUGHTON,
Secretary.

At the meeting on Jan. 17, the club transacted its regular business, hearing reports of officers, reports of committees etc.

The matter of attempting to have a Mine Rescue Car sent to El Paso by the Bureau of Mines, in order to give a short course in Mine Rescue Work, was discussed by the members. The Secy. of the club was instructed to write to the Bureau of Mines for information regarding the matter.

Following the business meeting, talks were made by the following:

Mr. H. Becker, sampling of mines as practiced by some of the leading mining engineers.

Lloyd Nelson, sampling, as performed by the Chino Copper Co., Santa Rita, New Mex.

Prof. H. Pallister, quicksilver mining and smelting, as practiced in the District. Also a brief history of the metal.

Dean S. H. Worrell made a few remarks regarding some methods of sampling which he had had the chance to observe in certain parts of Mexico.

Dean Worrell announced that the club was invited to be the guest of Mrs. Worrell at the next regular meeting. Following this welcome announcement, after a vote of thanks and acceptance, the club adjourned.

Patronize Prospector Advertisers
The question naturally arises, is the Carranza Government de facto, or de jure...

Mr. John Lind, the one armed Swede from Minnesota who made such an ass of himself and his country in his mission to Mexico, and therefore undoubtedly cognizant of Mexican conditions, says, "The massacre in Chihuahua was only to be expected." Perhaps, unknowingly he strikes the keynote of our conservative policy—"watchful expectation."

"The government is not obliged to use force to take care of its citizens," says Secretary Lansing. It is comforting to learn that China established his precedent.

Right along this line we must note that the initial letters of the alleged phrase, Secretary of State, when taken together spell S-O-S.

Nuf sed.

Now that we have recognized Mexico why should not Mexico return the favor and recognize the United States a little?

Advice to High School domestic science girls: Instead of whipping your cream use moral suasion.

The United States Bureau of Mines announces that by a new process it has cut the cost of radium from $120,000 to $36,000 a gram. This will be good news, if you haven't already laid in your full winter supply.

If you cannot spell, write negro dialect.

In Chicago, for the production of "In the Palace of the King," they advertised, "5,000 persons, 4,000 costumes." Evidently Chicago hasn't a board of censors.

Why not drop an egg or a piece of codfish skin into the Mexican situation with a view of settling it?

We know a girl who dances like a jug.
THE PROSPECTOR

It is all very well to abolish the present style of skirts, but what do you offer, if anything, as a substitute?

We wish to advise Professor Pallister and the Metal mining class that we have seen underhand methods applied to overhand stoping.

Suggested that we revise Motto No. 2007, "Not the only pebble on the beach," to read, "Not the only Little Rock in Arkansas."

We take pen in hand to congratulate the well known maiden who composed the epic, "The Miners," in the current issue of the Tatler.

Viewed from a purely literary standpoint, we have nothing but praise, for she has accomplished what all other poets have tried in vain to do—the ability to throw rhyme, rhythm, and reason to the four winds. Her versatility is well displayed, since she has used every known form of meter, from Iambic down to Dactylic, often combining them with such dexterity that the reader is left helpless under her prowess. The matter of proper number of metric feet per line is proven by her to be useless. She demonstrates that Unity and Coherence should be shelved, and Tautology and Ambiguity be substituted. She leaves no question in our mind but that Choice of Words or Thoughts Expressed have little or no bearing on the whole. When feeble laws of Grammar or Rhetoric oppose her more violent thrusts, she bowls them over, and is herself again.

Logically she is the only one who has ever successfully drawn logical conclusions from a series of syllogistic premises containing the "undistributed middle."

Scientifically—and here we find a slight fault, for according to the prophetess, we were created, shortly after the snake, etc. Palaeontology teaches us that the snake makes his appearance back in the Carboniferous, and between snake and man came a few pteridophytes, insects, amphibians, gymnosperms, angiosperms, placental mammals, etc. Perhaps we are not rated as pleasing representatives of the Quaternary,—if not we are pleased, for surely common sense comes with age.

Morally, we are flattered; for as a general rule, thieves throw rocks only at trees bearing ripe fruit.
BY THE WAY

The following extract from the E. & M. J. is sure "some tall story." We take the liberty to reprint it for the benefit of our readers. It represents part of a dialogue between two workers on the Catskill aqueduct as to deep shafts they had seen:

Finally one said: "Aw! You don’t know what a deep shaft is. Why, when I was out West I struck a town where they said there was a deep shaft, so I went to look her over. When I got to the location I found the hoist house was made of cut stone and inside it had a marble floor. I went in, and there was the biggest hoist I ever saw running like hell, and the hoist runner was sitting in a chair sound asleep. I ran over and woke him up, and I says, ‘You will be pulling the skip through the head house if you don’t stop her.’ He says, ‘What day of the week is it?’ and I says ‘Tuesday.’ ‘Oh, hell!’ he says, ‘she won’t be up till Friday.’ That’s what I call a deep shaft.”

Well I can’t get ’em up,
And I can’t get ’em up,
And I can’t get ’em up in the morning.

Never mind, Mr. Bugler, we assure you that after one treatment by the cold plunge method, you will find them all up and waiting for you.

Which is by way of saying that we now have reiville for the dormitory inmates at the Texas School of Mines. On Tuesday morning January 18, following an agreement made the night before among the students that stay at the dormitory, all of the students were on hand when the assembly call was blown by Bugler Smith at 7:05 a.m., to go through setting up exercises under the direction of Coach Dwyer.

The object of this innovation for the school, is to give those who are not taking part in any of the athletic activities, some form of exercise. The penalty for sleeping in at reiville is a plunge in the bath tub filled with ice water, for the offender, assisted by all hands, or separating themselves from five jitneys, payable to the Treasurer.
By G. E. Routledge.

After some delay the School of Mines has at last a basket ball team organized and playing regular games.

On January 5, without a single preliminary practice, the School of Mines played its first game of the year in the City League. This game was played with the Cactus Club which has at present the fastest team in the league. Considering the fact that the Cactus team has been playing together for quite a while, and that we have had absolutely no practice whatever, the School of Mines put up a very creditable showing, even if rather badly defeated.

On January 8 the School of Mines met defeat at the hands of their old enemy, High School. The game was one of the most fiercely contested battles that has been played upon the “Y” floor for some time. At times football tactics were resorted to by both sides, and numerous fouls were called upon players of both teams. Lack of practice is the only reason that can be given for the School of Mines not winning the game.

Our third game was played with the Globe Mills quintet on January 15, and as the “dopesters” would put it, “we failed to run true to form.” However, we out-classed the Millers, who like us were probably short of practice, and the game ended with the high end of the score in favor of the School of Mines. This game was minus the roughness of the preceding games. In fact the affair was conducted in a very lady-like manner.

Those who have been playing on the School of Mines team and their positions follow:

Guards—C. Ronan, R. Worthington, L. Pomeroy, C. Smith and V. Leasure.
Center—Orban Walker (Captain).
On December 23 the Scientific Club of the Texas School of Mines gave its first dance. The school auditorium was decorated with numerous pennants, palms, and various other decorations. About twenty-five couples gathered to enjoy the evening. The music, consisting of a five piece orchestra, was secured from Fort Bliss, through the kindness of Chief Musician Resta, and the quality was all that could be wished for. Punch was served, Messrs. Jackson and Jackson officiating.

The following were among those present: Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Worrell, Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Resta, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Seamon; Misses Dorothy Vollertson, Katherine Glenn, Effie Davey, Lucile Harland, Dorothy Lackland, Irene Robertson, Edna Robertson, Harriet Botteroff, Florence Bromberg, Corey Ivy, Buela Wright, Blanche Roe, Regina Rogers, Leila Bolan, Gladys Buie, Mary Smith, Mae DeCour, Margaret Harvey, Louise Welch, Ida Hunter; Messrs. R. R. Barberena, A. C. Black, H. Becker, Kieth Davey, Alves Cochran, Tom Kelly, Vere Leasure, C. M. Ney, Eldon Routledge, C. Ronan, Claudius Smith, L. L. Pomeroy, Russell Worthingdon, O. Walker, John Schaffer, W. R. Quilliam, J. W. Wilson, R. Blankenship, B. Richmond, George Johnson, P. O. Nafe, T. Dwyer, Prof. J. W. Kidd.

---

SPALDING’S

ATHLETIC GOODS

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY
THE WORLD OVER

Complete Equipment for all Winter Sports

Carried in Stock at all times. Catalogue Mailed on Request

W. G. Walz Co. 103 S. El Paso St.
FOR SALE—One copper mine which produces Lincoln pennies. Apply, “Topics” Sarrels, Louse Ring, Juarez, Mex.

“Cap” seems to think that the only way to learn Hydraulics is to get it from the Calculus Text.

Quilliam has lost faith in the Army and Navy Store because he has found out that “To Have is not To Hold.” However he still defies all the soldiers from Fort Bliss to enter his room.

“Doc” Worrell is going to ask for an appropriation to buy cots upon which Johnston and Ivy can enjoy their slumber during class hours.

There is talk of erecting a prize ring at the school, in which Becker and his adversaries can settle all disputes.

“Cocky” says that he has made seventy-five miles per hour on the County Road in his Cycle Car.—Hezza Bear.

The School of Mines can boast of one man that is making good in the movies. Jack Ivy is usher at the Grecian.

Ney’s faith in humanity was rudely shattered the other night when he found out that the telegram, supposedly sent by a New York mining company with an offer of a job in South Africa at $200 per month, was only a fake. Air castles will burst, invariably.

Barberena—Again we suggest that you move your trunk to town. This would mean a great saving in shoe leather to you.

Entire Student Body—Come out to the basket ball games and show that you have a little school spirit.
Dear Editor of the Tatler's "Who's Who:"
The lines that you have written are true.
That your jokes are quite old,
To us need not be told,
For they are the ones our grandmothers knew.

"Red"—The surest way to make an enemy of a man is to lend
him money.
"Fug" (eagerly)—You can make an enemy of me for life by
lending me $10.

Bailey—"Say, Ney, what is a loving cup good for?"
Ney—"Tut, tut, son! There are SOME things that even I
cannot answer."

"Do you know what Popjoy expects to make out of his baby?"
No," replied the other, "I did not know it was for sale."

The lights of the parlor burned low. Curled in a deep leather
chair, eyes closed, small Johnny chaperoned his sister and her beau.
The lovers thinking that Johnny was asleep began to exchange a
few kisses. At one of these pleasant junctures, father entered.
"Here, what's going on?" he demanded drily.
"We were just discussing the kith and kin of the movie actors,"
replied the frustrated daughter, "weren't we, Johnny?"
"Yeth," replied the derelict chaperon. "Mr. Smith would say,
'May I have a kith?' and Sis would say, 'You kin.'"

"What office does Boobleby hold in your lodge?"
"He is the goat."

"She dresses out of sight," said the youthful admirer.
"If she changes her mind let me know," quoth the other.

Phillip McCann is a great name for a bartender.
"Young man," said the fond father, "in giving you my daughter I have entrusted you with the dearest treasure of my life."

The young man was duly impressed and made no effort to conceal his emotion and gratitude. Then, during the few moments of impressive silence that followed he heard the patter, patter of rain against the window.

"Goodness me!" he exclaimed, "It's raining and I haven't my umbrella! May I borrow yours, sir, to keep dry while I run to the station?"

"Young man," said the fond parent, "I would not trust any one with my umbrella."

A scandal once started is the nearest approach to perpetual motion.

You can get a job on your front or through your backing, but to hold it, you've got to have it in you.

Don't get in the limelight before you have put on your make up.

A theorist is a man who thinks he is learning to swim by sitting on a bank and watching a frog.

Success is ten per cent opportunity and ninety per cent intelligent hustle.

"Well, the Red Sox won the world series."
"Yes," said the Boston girl, "we feel very proud of the Red—er—the Red Hose."

The war-aviator is not too proud to fight, though he is generally above fighting.

The more patience we have, the more folks make us use it.

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?" snorted the old man.
"Do you consider yourself financially able to do so?"
"Well," replied the suitor, "after a fellow has bought candy and flowers for a girl for a year, and has taken her to the theatre twice a week and is still not broke, I guess he can afford to get married."
The following are among the exchanges that have come to our table during the past month. We look forward with pleasure to the receipt of all our exchanges and get much enjoyment from them.

We are sending out a large list to the schools and colleges this month and we hope to receive many new exchanges for the future.

Southwestern University Magazine—Thanks for the copy that you sent. We hope to receive more from you. Your article on Interpretive Speaking is an especially interesting and instructive feature of your December number.

The Round Up, A. & M. College, Mesilla Park, N. M.—We thank you for exchanges to date. Your article on Welding, Dec. 4th, is very good.

The Wild Cat, Arizona University, Tucson, Ariz.—We read your account of Mine Rescue Work, Jan. 5th, with much interest.

Dalhí Journel, Dallas High School—Your journal is very good, albeit you have just recently added a table of contents. However, with the large enrollment which you have, we believe that you can do better.

High School News, Beaumont, Texas.—From your December issue especially, do we await your next exchange.

The Normalite, Silver City, New Mexico—A cut, such as of your football team in a recent issue, helps a paper wonderfully, but some jokes would make it more interesting.

The Corral, Simmons College, Abilene, Texas—You need some cuts and more jokes to liven up your paper a little. Speaking of finances in your exchange column, your paper looks as if it had plenty of that kind of support.

The Log, U. S. N. A., Annapolis, Md.—We acknowledge receipt of exchanges to date. Your sketches, Midshipmen I have Known, are clever.

Maroon and Gray, Dallas, Texas—We welcome you to our exchange table. Yours is a very breezy little weekly.

The Maverick, N. M. M. I., Roswell, New Mexico—You have a well printed paper which we enjoy reading. Come again.
FOUNTAIN PENS

"Waterman," "Conklin" "Cactus" etc.

$1.00 up

City National Bank

U. S. DEPOSITORY

Capital and Surplus $360,000

HOTEL ZEIGER

RESTAURANT

BUFFET

Private Dining Rooms

After Theatre parties can get up-to-date service in our dining room.

European Plan

EL PASO, TEXAS
For Efficient and Cheap Service

Electric Motor Drive

Will Give You the
Best Results

"YOURS FOR SERVICE"

El Paso Electric Railway Co.

Electric Building

Phone 2323
The Transfer Station is in front of Our Store. Wait for cars inside and incidentally enjoy THE POTTER SERVICE in Confectionery and Floral Designs

[Blank]

Potter Floral & Confectionery Co.
MILLS BUILDING

PHONES 278-297

WATCH . . .

FOR THE WHITE WAGONS OF
The Troy Steam Laundry Co.
Cleaning and Pressing Department
Perfect Combination
OF ACCESSIBILITY, SAFETY, PRIVACY

For your valuables is obtained by placing them in our
Fire and Burglar Proof Vault
Do not delay this protection
Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

The First National Bank
EL PASO, TEXAS