The Prospector, April 1918

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OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
EL PASO, TEXAS

RESOURCES                  LIABILITIES

Loans and
Investments             $6,762,499.28     Capital Stock          $800,000.00
Overdrafts               21,051.99
United States Bonds      850,000.00     Surplus and Profits    207,273.88
Stock in Federal
Reserve Bank            30,000.00
U. S. Certificates of
Indebtedness             310,000.00
U. S. Liberty Loan Bonds 243,825.37
Cash on hand and due     2,952,848.82
from other banks

$11,170,225.46

DEPOSITS:
Bank                      $1,724,442.21
Individual               7,101,505.17
United States
—Funds 326,206.70 9 152,154.08

$11,170,225.46

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Several of our boys are now at the front fighting for Old Glory. Others are now in training camps and will soon be over there. Still others are anticipating enlisting at the close of the present school term—in so doing they are giving up their chances of graduating with their classmates. If these men can do this for their country surely those of us staying at home can subscribe for U. S. war saving stamps and Liberty bonds to help out those who have so willingly gone from us to answt the call of our Country.

Three of our men who were graduated last year were drafted. These men, after a few months service, were appointed to the officers' training camp and will receive their commissions sometime this month.

It all goes to show that every T. S. M. man makes good, no matter what he undertakes.
The Devil Resigns

The Devil sat by a lake of fire, on a pile of sulphur kegs,
His head was bowed upon his breast, and his tail between his legs.
A downcast look was on his face, the sparks dropped from his eyes.
He had sent his resignation to the throne up in the skies.
"I'm down and out," the Devil said—he said it with a sob;
"There are others that outclass me, and I want to quit the job.
Hell isn't in it with the land that lies beyond the Rhine.
I'm a 'has-been' and a piker, and therefore I resign.
Our ammunition maker with his bloody shot and shell,
Knows more about damnation than all the imps of hell.
Give my job to Kaiser Wilhelm, the author of this war;
He understands it better a million times by far.
I hate to leave the old home, the spot I love so well,
But I feel that I'm not up-to-date in the art of running hell."

—Truth.
T. S. M. HONOR ROLL

The honor roll now includes LIEUTS. WALTON H. SORRELS, C. W. WADDEN, JAMES BIGGS, BAYLOR FOSTER, CLAUDIN SMITH WOMBLE, RUSSELL WORTHINGTON, WILL RACE, T. J. DYER, SERGT. LLYN POMEROY, CORP. CARROL RONAN, ELDEN RUTLEDGE, ELLIOTT CHESS, ORB WALKER, W. E. SHARP, HAROLD COLDWELL, W. R. QUILLAN, J. W. WILSON, TOM CLEMENTS, STEWART HARRIS, EARL WEISIGER, BRUNO RICHMOND, ROLFE SAMPLE, FRANK COLLINSON and KIETH DAVAY.
All the girls of Hadley College were laughing heartily over the troubles of a freshman. "Venus" Williams, a "freshie," was floating blindly around in the small lake which was at the extreme end of Hadley’s Campus. He did not seem to enjoy the trick as much, for he had been thrown in by one of the smart upper classmen. Venus, as he was called, waded out of the water and started on his way to the dormitory, never mentioning a word to anyone.

Ordinarily a college freshman is a meek little creature who humbly submits to every indignity which the older students may choose to perpetrate upon him and nothing very eventful happens to either one. But when he is embued with the spirit of revenge, then the other party must be careful.

Williams was just such a freshman. Oh, how he ached to give one of those sophomores or juniors a ducking! All he thought of was that he had been pushed into the lake by one of them and all the girls had been there giggling as he paddled around in the water. Of course Venus was a very unreasonable sort of a freshman, anyway, with his schemes against the upper classmen.

Hadley College was so situated as to afford to the boys an opportunity to become soft-hearted. Being "Co-ed," Hadley was not lacking in the main requisite, namely, girls. Venus, dripping wet, walking slowly, passed the laboratory building and walked toward the boys’ dormitory. While passing the girls’ dormitory, he saw several dressmaker’s models which the girls used. Here he got an idea.

At Hadley, everything savored of romance. If Isidore Cohn or Herbert Vacher had a more determined crease in their trousers or if one had a smooth shave, romance was the cause of it all.

Williams, however, absented himself from the dormitory for several successive nights. When the other fellows heard this they took it for granted that he was in love. An impatient "Don’t bother;
me," or "None of your business" greeted any efforts to make him disclose the name of the fair maiden. Even the ladies, who had heretofore been out to look with disdain upon the fellow's love affair, became inquisitive.

Rumors were spread, as girls alone can spread them. Some said that Williams met his love every moonlit night near the lake back of the old building. Others suggested that a tall woman, completely dressed in black, was luring him away. Fred Bailey, heretofore social and political leader of the junior class, and Williams' room mate, decided to clear up the mystery. That night Fred slept with one eye open. His vigilance was rewarded when, as the chapel bells pealed eleven, Venus noiselessly arose and dressed. When Bailey was certain that Venus was out of the building, he jumped up and struck a match. Then he hastily proceeded to dress, first looking for the cuff link which he had dropped, and to make known in violent language the fact that he had put his tie on the rack. But he did not follow Venus immediately. Instead, he rapped on the doors of his friends' rooms across the way and told them his plan. Several protested and refused to relinquish their warm beds for the chilly night air. Finally four half dressed fellows filed down the steps and out into the open.

Detective-like, they made their way in the direction of the old building. Crouching under the protection of the hedge which bordered the building and lake, the quartet looked for Venus.

"There he is," whispered Fred, pointing toward two forms silhouetted together with a maze of shrubbery against the autumn moon.

Venus jumped up quickly as one of the fellows stepped on a dry twig. Then, reassuring himself, he kneeled before the mysterious stranger.

"I've got an idea, fellows!" Then bending toward Fred, he whispered his plan to his friends. "I'll stay here and you others surround the field. Then I'll shoot off my cartridge pistol and wait for Venus or his lady to run into us. All right now, you fellows wait for the shot."

Fred waited until the others had taken their places, then—

Bang!!

The four strained their eyes to see what Williams would do.
They saw him start at the shot, then hesitate. The next moment he was struggling with his love towards the lake, only a few feet away. Then came a splash and only Venus remained on the bank.

"Help! Help! She's drowning!" he cried.

The four spies were taken aback. Two of them rushed to capture Venus, who was running wildly toward the ring-surfaced water. The others jumped in and groped for the stranger who had apparently sunk.

"I've got her, fellows," spat one of the life savers. His shout of triumph changed to a gasp of amazement as he released his grasp and let the rescued one sink into the water again. Exhausted, he made his way to the shore. When the fellows saw him stumble towards them without the lady, they inquired.

Their inquiries were answered by an angry mumble—"Let me at him! I'll show him to—"

The next day, neither the detectives nor Venus uttered a word of their adventures the night before. Yet all the fellows seemed to see a coincidence in Williams' black eyes, four very sleepy-looking ill-tempered young men and a small sign on the door of the girls' dormitory supply room, which read:

"Will the person who borrowed the dressmaker's form model kindly return same immediately."
"Love is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself."

Teachers some times break the rules,
And try not to be so schoolish,
This was the case, when one exclaimed,
"Oh, dear, I feel so foolish."

Teacher—"Do you like 'Lamb's Tales'?"
Pupil—'Don't know; I never ate any, but I am just crazy about pig's feet."

I DON'T

My parents forbade me to smoke,
I don't!
Not listen to a naughty joke,
I don't!
They make it clear I must not wink
At pretty girls, nor even think
About intoxicating drink,
I don't!
To dance or flirt is very wrong,
I don't!
Wild youths, those women, wine and song,
I don't!
I kiss no girls—not even one;
I do not know how it is done,
You wouldn't think I have much fun,
I DON'T!!

A Toast: Here's to the woman—ah, that we could fall into her arms without falling into her hands.

"Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own."
"Take care when you roast some one to see that it is not rare or too well done."
EXCHANGE FUN

What is overheard from the girls' room:

“I have never in all my—Wasn’t that exam terrible?—Then he said to me—I thought I’d die—Does any one know what the History is?—Yes, it begins at—You know—Are you crazy?—Has anyone seen an invisible hairpin?—Do you really like it, my dear?—My hair—it always is terrible—I went last night—Wasn’t it—Oh, get out, you’re only fooling—Did he really tell you?—Oh, I’ve dropped a stitch—I wish Mr. Taylor wouldn’t come today—Is Franklin out there?—Lend me your powder puff—Is the powder on straight?—My Stars! The bell already—”

SHE MAY REMEMBER THIS

Your hands were made to hold, my dear;
Your hair to lure me on;
Your eyes were made to sparkle clear;
Your face to gaze upon—
Your cheeks were made to blush, my dear;
Your waxy ears petite
Were made to catch the silver strains
Of music soft and sweet—
Your lips were made to kiss, my dear;
Your arms were made to cling;
Your voice was made to speak, my dear;
NOT TO SING!

Albany Knickerbocker Press:

THE WEAKER SEX

The weaker sex
Is that portion
Of the human race
Who goes down town
In zero weather
In a half waisted ball waist
And pumps
To buy a muffler
And woolen socks
For her husband
So he can go to work.
On the arrival of Mr. Nelson, a former T. S. M. student, we have decided to put out a baseball team. Nelson is an old hand at the game and expects to put the miners in trim, so that we will have some team. Let all of us Miners turn out and have some competition.

The Southwestern track meet comes off next month and we are going to have a team in the fray. Owing to our late start in training, and having no athletic field, we cannot turn out a perfect team, but just watch us fight to the finish.

Our athletic field has been surveyed and work will begin on it this summer. This gives all of you huskies a chance to get out and help make a team next fall.

---

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YE SCIENTIST'S LONGING

Tell me where the cyanides silently flow,  
Where the carbonates droop o'er the oxides below,  
Where the rays of potassium lie white on the hill,  
And the son of the silicate never is still;  
       Come, O come, metallic titanium,  
       Peroxide of soda and uranium.
While alcohol's liquid at thirty degrees  
And no chemical change can affect manganese;  
While alkalies flourish and acids are free,  
My heart shall be constant, sweet Science to thee,  
       Yes, to thee, Ethylamine,  
       Sulphate of iron and Secithine.

—Miner.

Your Money Invested in Third Liberty Loan Bonds Shortens the Way to Berlin.
Have You Subscribed for U.S. Liberty Bonds?
PUPILS OF THE TEXAS SCHOOL OF MINES LEARNING FIRST AID WORK THESE DAYS

First aid work under Dr. B. F. Jenness is one of the most popular classes among the students of the Texas School of Mines. This class meets every Thursday at 1:15. During the last recitation the entire time was given over to practical work. The students paired off and took time about bandaging each other. At the next meeting they expect to learn the use of splints and hope to have Jimmie, the skeleton, there to help them locate the bones.

Tom Clements, a former student, who is now in the navy, and his mother, Mrs. G. H. Clements, visited the school this week. They remained until after lunch, which they enjoyed in the dining hall at the dormitory.

John O'Keefe, Jr., is again in school after an illness of about two weeks at his home, 1104 West Main.

Frances Oppenheimer, Sarah Bridgers and Frances Smith left this morning for Columbus, where they expect to spend a very jolly weekend.

Lieut. James Russell Worthington, a former student of the school, has safely arrived overseas, according to a card recently received by Dean S. Worrell.

Miss Ruth Monro Augur, the registrar, is at present engaged in cataloging the library. The school will welcome gifts of any technical books or magazines for this department.

An Ad club is to be organized at the school next Friday at a meeting of the students called with this end in view. The object will be to advertise the school and promote school spirit.
Mine School Students Will Present Play

"The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, is the play that the Dramatic Club of the School of Mines is planning to give near the end of the school year. The characters are being selected by competition. A number of the members will try for each part and the one that interprets it best will appear in the presentation. Some who are trying are: Sarah Bridgers, for "Lady Bracknell;" Frances Oppenheimer, for "Gwendolen;" Dorothy Reorden, for "Cecily;" Franklin Williams, for "Algernon;" and Mary Heermans, for "Miss Prism." Rehearsals will begin soon, as the students are now learning their parts.

A service flag with 24 stars, of which the school is very proud, was hung in the hall above the bulletin board on Wednesday. It is expected that soon more stars will have to be added as a number of the boys are planning to join the colors at the close of the semester.

Mrs. S. H. Worrell left on March 15 for Los Angeles and other points in California, where she will spend the summer. Dean Worrell will join her in the early part of June. They will return together in the fall, when the dean's duties call him back to school, by way of the Grand Canyon.

During a lunch hour recently a picnic was enjoyed by a number of the students. As soon as the last morning class was dismissed, they climbed the mountain behind the main building and spread their tempting repast. The party included Mary Heermans, Frances Oppenheimer, Dorothy Clark, Josephine March, Frank Woodyard, Fred Bailey, Hance McKinney and Franklin Williams. Climbing this mountain is one of the most popular pastimes, so the students expect to have many of these jolly picnics while the spring weather lasts.

Earl Weisiger, a former student, who is now a lieutenant in the aviation corps, visited the school on Thursday.

Prof. J.L. Henry is able to again take charge of his classes, following a brief absence due to an accident on his ranch at Febens.

Prof. and Mrs. John Fielding, Jr., will move into the dormitory the last of this month, where they will make their home for the remainder of the school term.
THE PROSPECTOR

HUNKA TIN

You talk about your voitures,
When you're sitting round the quarters,
But when it comes to getting blesses in,
Take a little tip from me,
Let those heavy motors be,
Pin your faith on Henry F's old Hunka Tin.
Give her essence and l'eau,
Crank her up and let her go,
You back firin', spark plug foulin' Hunka Tin!

The paint is not so good,
And no doubt you'll find the hood
Will rattle like a boiler shop enroute;
The cooler's sure to boil,
And perhaps she's leaking oil,
The oftentimes the horn declines to toot;
But when the night is black,
And there's blesses to take back,
And they hardly give you time to take a smoke,
It's mighty good to feel,
When you're sitting at the wheel,
She'll be running when the others cars are broke.

After all the wars are past,
And we're taken home at last,
To our reward of which the preacher sings;
When those ukelele sharps,
Will be strumming golden harps,
And the aviators all have reg'lar wings,
When the Kaiser is in hell,
With the furnace drawing well,
Paying for his million different kinds of sin,
If they're running short of coal,
Show me how to reach the hole,
And I'll cast a few loads in with Hunka Tin.

Yes, Tin, Tin, Tin,
You exasperating puzzle, Hunka Tin,
I've abused you and I've flayed you,
But by Henry Ford who made you,
You are better than a Packard, Hunka Tin!
Savage breaks the transits by flirting through them with the girls down town.

Cohn tried to change the physics text but Cap. talked him out of it.

We had our picture taken, but the camera is no good any more. No one seems to know what is the matter with it, but we have our suspicions.

The Red Cross class has been practicing on Cap's flivver, but it will be all right in a few days.

Dick Tighe selects the tablets having pictures of pretty girls on the covers. He says that is the only way he can obtain them.

Kip has to tie his ears down before every meal so as to eliminate the embarrassment of knocking the dishes from the table.

Tighe wants to know if frog's hairs are used in transits.

Kipp has invented a new kind of leveling rod with legs. We now have the New York, Philadelphia and Kipp rods.

Vacher's nose is always running and he wonders why it is still in the same place.

We notice that Cohn has a new tie. It has been doubtful as to where he obtained it.

The first day we had field work in surveying, Vacher found out which end of the level to look through.
Dean Worrell—"Playing poker is against the rules."
Mac—"O, we were only playing for fun."
Dean—"Then why the chips?"
Mac—"The chips! Why, they are just to show how much fun we were having."

Betty—"What made those red spots on your nose?"
Cooper—"Glasses."
Betty—"Glasses of what?"

Mary—"You remind me of a flying machine."
Ray—"Why so?"
Mary—"Because you are no good on earth."

Dick—"It took me three months to learn to box."
Jim—"And what have you got for your pains?"
Dick—"Todine."

Prettyman—"Don't bother to see me to the door."
Sarah—"It's no bother. It's a pleasure."

Capt. Kidd—"I want a pair of button shoes for my wife."
Clerk—"This way, sir. What style do you wish?"
Capt.—"Doesn't matter, just so they don't button up the back."

Dear Editor: Is it permissible for a girl to kiss a boy good night? Dorothy Clark.

Answer: Only when you can't get rid of him any other way.

Blanche—"I saw you out in your new car yesterday."
Frances S.—"Yes, I was out for a trial."
B.—"Was the trial satisfactory?"
Frances S.—"Yes, to the judge. $17.50's worth of satisfaction."
BOSTON TECH.—Despite the recent addition of the Technology Block on Massachusetts Avenue to its available resources for the use of the Government Aviation Schools, the Institute has found more room imperative and will begin at once in the construction of new barracks. The building is to be of wood, 160 feet by 43 feet, the standard sizes for barracks of two hundred men, and will be completed as soon as possible. It is for the use of the Navy, whose men now crowd the Walker Memorial and the building on Massachusetts Avenue, because the school, the only one of the kind in the country, is increasing in attendance. The plans are such that still another building may be erected at right angles to this one and at the back of the Service Building.

THE RED AND THE BLACK.—Prof. F. P. McKibben, head of the civil engineering department of Lehigh University, and at present a representative of the United States emergency fleet corporation, has just returned from an 8,000 mile trip extending to the Pacific coast, the second phase of his campaign to interest college students in ship yard work both for the summer period and for employment after graduation.

THE NORMALITE.—One of the striking phases of the educational situation is the increased call for industrial instruction. The growing emphasis which is placed on these subjects in the elementary schools is leading to a larger need for teachers in Domestic Science, Manual Training, and all branches of practical science. Particular attention will be given to this work at the Summer School here.
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Who Has for His Motto

I Will Succeed

must bear in mind that personal appearance has much to do with the accomplishment of this goal. We can help you to succeed by keeping your clothes nicely cleaned, pressed and repaired.

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