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TUNNEL ON 400-FOOT LEVEL, HOLBROOK SHAFT, COPPER QUEEN MINE, BISBEE, ARIZONA
BLESSED by flowering things it lies,
A desert kissed by vagrant winds—forlorn—
Ungraced by Nature's beauties mid the morn;
Its canopy a robe of copper skies—
Above the sands no wheeling songbird flies
To carol vespers softly to the night.
Alone it lies in majesty and might,
Unhallowed by the grace of fireside ties,
No picture 'gainst the twilight's gleam of gold
Of mirrored green amid a silver mere;
In all its wilderness so dead and drear.
Still and haughty stretches in its free state,
And yet it is a master-piece sublime—
A picture of the emptiness of Fate.

—F. I. L.
ACK Davis was a young Easterner, who learned telegraphy when a boy. Not content with the East and its ways, he had left and come out to Arizona, where he soon learned to roll his cigarettes and drink his toddies with as much ease as a “son of the manana.” After being on the “slow” list or register of extra men for some time, the Southern Pacific had sent him to Vail Station as night operator.

“Jack at what time will forty-three pass tonight?”
“Reported an hour and ten minutes late, Dad. Why?”
“Oh, nothing. Can you keep awake?”
“Since it’s up to me, guess I’ll have to.”

This was the closing conversation between “Daddy” Man, agent at Vail, and Davis, who had been at the little station for a couple of months. “Dad” always came into the office before retiring in order to see if the “kid” needed anything. This evening he seemed uneasy, offering to take the Jack’s place if “the lad was too tired.”

But no, the “old man” must go off and not worry, every dispatch and order would be attended to with certainty.
On the morning of the day mentioned above Jack had invited me to go duck hunting with him. I hesitated, advising him to take a sleep after his night's work. He laughed, told me to come along, that he wasn’t sleepy and that there was plenty of time after we had returned, in which to sleep. Accordingly, we left the station as soon as Jack was relieved from duty, and fifteen minutes later, entering the valley, we saw a small flock of ducks flying southward. They appeared to hesitate as they flew over the lake and my companion felt sure that they would return. However, they were immediately lost to sight, owing to a sharp turn in the valley. The time passed quickly, as it always does when one is hunting successfully. Unmindful of the fleeting hours, it was four o’clock before we returned to the station. Weary and worn, young Davis had an hour and a half to sleep before going on duty again.

At half past nine “Dad” made his visit and left. The night was bitter cold, but the office was heated by a luminous coal fire. The cold penetrating wind swept past the little station, causing those protected from its fierce attacks to enjoy that contented and happy sensation which only exists under these conditions. Jack heard the wind’s piercing whistle, felt the warmth from the stove and was easy in mind. He lay down on the little office counter intending simply to rest. Several
times he was called by the chief dispatcher, who had orders to give for the various trains that would pass during the night.

Finally a lull came, no more calls were made, the little station of Vail was evidently forgotten and Jack, worn completely out with the foregoing night's strain and the day's enjoyment of duck hunting, slowly lost his senses, for in the soothing warmth of the office he had fallen asleep. Then under some strange spell even in his sleep, he heard the "CA-CA-CA" ticked away on the instrument—the chief dispatcher was calling him. Answering the imagined call, he received the following instructions: "Hold forty-three. I have orders for them. Don't let them pass." And he slept.

The four whistles of the Limited awakened him, as they called for a "clear board," signifying "no orders, clear track." Jack took his time—had not the chief dispatcher instructed him to hold forty-three for orders, and as yet no orders had come. Therefore he could not let them pass. Again the four shrill whistles sounded and by this time the young operator was at his instrument, calling for headquarters. "Forty-three is here, where are your orders?" "What orders do you mean?" came back instantly. It was a long second for Jack Davis—operator. For the first time he understood how realistic a dream may be. He was holding the Golden State Limited for no train can pass a station while
the red light shows on the “semaphore” or signal tower. Poor Jack, thinking that he must yet receive orders for the train, had not changed the red for the blue signal.

The next afternoon the unfortunate operator received this letter:

TUCSON, ARIZONA, Nov. 20, 1905.
Mr. J. W. Davis:

For sleeping at your post of duty you are hereby dismissed from the services of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

We cannot leave the safety of scores of lives in such irresponsible hands as yours.

Supt. of the Tucson Division.

—Rex.
HASSAYAMPA

By the Vulture Peak's dark shadow in the cactus and the sand,
There's an empty tent a settin', an' a prospect close at hand;
For a miner struck it lucky, an' at night they sing in camp:
"Come you back to Arizona, come you back to Hass-yamp!"

Come you back to Hassayamp,
Where the old prospectors camp:
Can't you hear their burros brayin' from Tucson to Hassayamp?
On the trail to Hassayamp,
Where the burro trains all camp,
An' a rich man ain't no better nor a miner or a tramp.

I was lost an' had no water an' was feelin' sort o' sick,
When I found the Golden Wonder—rich as all o' Crip-ple Creek;
First I seen a nugget layin' by some palo verde brush,
An' I staggered up to grab it with a crazy sort o' rush;
Nugget yellow as they mold—
An' it sure was virgin gold—
Not a dam I thought o' water when I ketched it as it rolled!

When they found me I was locoed, with the nugget in my fist,
An' my lips was burnt an' bloody for the water I had missed;
But I come back to my senses an' I recollected where
I had found the golden treasure an' I led my pardners there—
Yes, I led my pardners there,
An' it wan't no more than fair
For the gold was there in plenty an' we divvyed on the square,
On the trail to Hassayamp,
Where the old prospectors camp;
Can't you hear their burros brayin' from Tucson to Hassayamp?
On the trail to Hassayamp,
Where the burro trains all camp,
An' the moon comes up a lookin' like the Lord's electric lamp!

But that's all long ago now—months since, I left the camp.
An' there ain't no burros packin' from Broadway to Hassayamp;
An' I'm learnin' here in New York what the old prospectors say;
"If you've heard the West a callin' why you sure can't keep away."
No! you sure can't keep away
From the burro an' his bray,
An' the freedom an' the bigness an' the careless western way!

I'm sick o' rubbin' elbows on a little narrow street,
An' these pesky assault pavements makes corns upon my feet;
Tho' I've talked with lots o' people, from New England to the Kaw.
An' they talk a lot o' seein', but what have they ever saw?
Portland, Maine, to Saginaw—
Hell! what have they ever saw?
I've camped on every mountain from Pike's Peak to Chickesaw!

On the trail to Hassayamp,—
Where the old prospectors camp;
Can't you hear their burros brayin' from Tucson to Hassayamp?
On the trail to Hassayamp,—
Where the burro trains all camp.
An' the moon comes up a lookin' like the Lord's electric lamp!

Send me somewhere west of Denver, and I'll yell when I arrive
Where there ain't no fool restrictions an' a man can be alive;
For the desert winds are callin' an' it's there that I would land,
By the Vulture Peak's dark shadow, midst the cactus an' the sand!

On the trail to Hassayamp,—
Where the old prospectors camp;
Can't you hear their burros brayin' from Tucson to Hassayamp?
On the trail to Hassayamp,—
Where the burro trains all camp,
An' the moon comes up a lookin' like the Lord's electric lamp!

—B. D.

Arizona Republican.
YEARS ago people looked upon the typical western miner as a wild and woolly individual whose chief possessions were a mule, a pick, a shovel, a gold pan, a frying pan,—with which he could make flap-jacks turn double somersaults—a red flannel shirt, blue jeans, a broad brimmed hat, a six-shooter, a bowie knife, leather boots, sometimes socks, more often none, and several other articles of wearing apparel that have been omitted. In a way this is still the popular idea of the typical western miner of today, held by a majority of our eastern friends. His generous disposition and big heartedness—if I may use the word—were his strongest characteristics.

The miner of today retains the generous disposition and good fellowship of his worthy predecessor, but has been gradually moulded into an altogether different type. As placer mines have been gradually worked out in most places deep mining has taken their place. Different methods of mining and different conditions have developed another kind of miner.

Mining with the miner has become a trade which, you might say, has become an art or a profession. A first-class miner is a skilled artisan or mechanic. It is a foregone conclusion that a man who has not average intelligence
will never become a first-class miner, contrary to the old saying that a good miner should be broad between the shoulders and narrow between the eyes. There is no place where good horse-sense counts for more than it does in mining operations.

Actual mining methods have developed slowly by years of evolution. The methods in use at the present time are very little different from those used twenty years ago on the Comstock lode in Nevada. The main improvements have been in mechanical devices for cheapening the work. There is one thing to be noted, however. Methods vary somewhat in different localities, and the miner who spends all his life in one place, will probably be very local in his ideas and methods of work, while the nomad or hobo miner, who makes up a large percentage of the sum total, is, in the majority of cases, the better miner. These nomads spend three or four months in one camp, get tired or dissatisfied, go on a drunk and pull out for another camp, where they limit their stay according to the way they are treated or according to the length of time they can stay sober. This is not an argument for miners to drink, and, on the other hand, there are a great many of a roving disposition who do not drink, but it is a curious fact that these Wandering Willies are usually very good miners in spite of their unsteady habits, because they travel a lot and
see mining of all varieties, which in itself is a most valuable education.

The majority of miners drink more or less and very often this is the result of surrounding influences. Very few people realize what a monotonous existence the average miner leads. If he is married and has a home he will usually spend his days in some settled camp. However, frequently in the small, out of the way camps, of which there are a great number, there is no place where a single man can spend his time when not at work except in a bunk-house, on the streets, or in the saloons or dance halls, which infest almost every camp. The average bunk-house is not a very inviting place to while away the hours off shift, and walking the streets soon gets tiresome, especially if there is a great deal of stair climbing involved as there often is in towns having very steep streets. Miners usually like company, so the saloons and dance halls get the crowd. In the larger camps some companies have had enough foresight and real consideration for their employes to provide reading rooms and other accommodations and as a result the men are better satisfied and will remain longer in such places. Fortunately we have several companies of the type mentioned in Arizona.

At its best the work is trying and monotonous. There are few holidays to look forward to, so the roving disposition of the men has become a strong feature to contend with, but no-
body can blame them for changing their working places so often. Even working in a different mine is some change. In fact each has his favorite route such as Arizona to California, California to Utah, Utah to Montana, Montana to South Dakota, South Dakota to Colorado, Colorado back to Arizona and then, perhaps, to Cananea which has been added lately to the list. As a rule men who go the route never venture very far into the interior of Mexico.

Lazure, in the Prescott Herald, describes the situation in a short poem of which the following is a verse:

There is always something wrong in every "bloody" camp,
They're sure to find some good excuse to keep them on the tramp;
If the grub and water are all right, the air is never good,
He couldn't work there if he would, and wouldn't if he could.

When he's in Arizona's heat he'll dream of visions fair,
Of Colorado's snow-capped peaks and cool pure mountain air;
So when in Colo's snow a fierce desire will burn,
For Arizona's sunny skies his heart will fondly yearn,
Away down south in the "vinter" time he longs to be again.
With a small "road stake" he'll catch a brake upon a South-bound train.
In some warm stope it is his hope, to find a winter home,
In Arizona's copper camps, Globe, Bisbee, or Jerome.

Probably some of you will wonder why the miner always seems to live for nothing but eight hours. As an answer let me say that
very often he has practically nothing else to live for. He begins young, shoveling or running a car, sometimes several years before he is given an opportunity to work on a hammer or be a chuck-tender on a machine drill. If he becomes a timber-man he has reached the top of the ladder, unless he is bright enough or has pull enough to get a shift-boss job. Succeeding in that, he is in line for foreman or, perhaps, even superintendent. Unfortunately everybody isn’t remarkably bright, and as a rule there are not enough pulls to go around, so the miner usually stays where he is. He is laid up with rheumatism now and then; gets drunk to relieve the monotony of his existence; goes to another camp, sweats out the booze in a hot stope and begins life all over again for the time being. The radical difference between eight hours and ten hours is this: it means two more hours of daylight and rest in a life whose working schedule calls for nearly 365 days of a year’s time.

If the miner reaches sixty or seventy without having succumbed to rheumatism, miners' phthisis, or without having had his head blasted off by a missed hole, or skull cracked by a fall of ground, he is considerately put at where he began, gobbing waste in some safe stope which becomes a sort of a home for the aged, rheumatics and cripples. He is not expected to do much. The companies are kind to the old timers. At last a feeble miner ends
a most trying life, lived under the most unnatural conditions. That so many reach ripe old age seems almost marvelous.

I don't pretend to say that this little sketch actually represents the condition of every miner. There are many who have model homes and model families, and there are many single men who are not of the type outlined and are quite well to do. Some of you may say, "Why doesn't he quit mining and do something else?" A great many have, but it is a good deal like following the sea. One may quit for a time but there is a certain peculiar charm, notwithstanding the element of danger, which beckons to return. Then, again, a flat pocket book is a strong argument in its favor.

IVAN DE LASHMUTT.
Up the hill over the stony way
That winds round the mountain side,
Slowly the miners at break of day,
An army of brawn in battle array,
Are going their tasks to divide.

Heedless of ice and the biting cold
Or the slippery path of snow,
They toil along to the old change room,
Where their clothes are changed in the early gloom,
And they're ready to go below.

At the sound of the whistle the loaded cage
Begins on its daily round,
To carry them down to the levels below,
Where each to his drift, stope or crosscut will go,
To handle his portion of ground.

So he lights up his candle and gathers his steel,
And follows the drift to the fill,
Where he climbs up the manway and into the stope,
With plenty of muscle and plenty of hope,
To do his shift's work with a will.

With his starter and hammer in hand he begins
To drill a hole, straight, deep and round,
And the merry ker-whack of the old single jack
Always makes him feel joyous and glad that he's back,
For another shift down under ground.

Then he hammers away, and anon tapers off
And makes him a mop with a rope,
And he hears through the silence the clickety click-click
Of the Leyners and Burleighs, also the pick,
Way off in some neighboring stope.
ME FAMOUS TOMBSTONE STAGE

THE CARRIERS OF WATER AT ONE OF CANANE'A'S MINING CAMPS
And he hears the dull thud of the timberman's axe
As he wedges a stull 'gainst the ground;
And the steady clack-clack of the old double-jack,
The rumbling tramcar below on the track,
And the cage as it goes up and down.

So he takes up his hammer and drills some more holes,
The shift boss comes round and looks on,
And gives him some orders regarding the ore,
And tells him to "hurry and blast down some more,"
His parting salute, and he's gone.

So thus the day passes and powder time comes,
And he loads and gets ready to go;
Then he cleans up the stope, according to rules,
And drops his dull steel to the nipper of tools,
With a cherry "look out there below!"

Then he puts off his shots, climbs down to the drift,
And walks out to the shaft, where the men
Are awaiting their turn to be taken above,
And with many a push and many a shove,
He's back to the change-room again.

Here his clothes are soon changed, and he quickly walks home,
And is thankful for warmth and for light;
So he eats a square meal, reads the news of the strikes,
[And some of the editor's likes and dislikes],
And retires. Brother miner, good night!

--- Journal Miner.
The Seniors' Trip

THE annual trip of the seniors to the metallurgical and mining plants of Arizona and adjacent parts of Mexico was taken by Messrs. Meade, Begg, Clegg, Gebb, Kilgore and Moore, accompanied by Profs. Holty and Tolman, and Prof. and Mrs. De Lashmutt.

We were due to leave at 4:20 o'clock on the morning of March 31st, but one of the party, acquainted with the ways of the Southern Pacific, telephoned inquiring about the train and to his delight learned that it was reported about four hours late. Word was passed around to all except Prof. and Mrs. De Lashmutt, who arose at the creepy hours preceding the dawn, locked up their house, rushed to the depot in a cab to find that they either had to go back to their deserted home or walk the quiet streets until half past eight. They chose the latter and so were somewhat handicapped in the strenuous life that followed.

At Benson we were met by Mr. Castaneda who extended to us his hospitality at the hotel and showed that he still had a soft spot for his alma mater. The students taking the metallurgical course occupied the time between trains investigating the deserted smelter.

We arrived at Bisbee about supper time and early next morning most of the class went
on to Douglas, the smelter town, while Mr. Meade, Mr. Begg and Prof. Tolman put in a couple of days studying the geology of Bisbee, looking over the surface equipment of the mines, and going underground in the evenings. We also called on the gentlemen to whom we had letters of introduction and it was due to the kindness of these gentlemen that we were able to see so much of the important mines which have made the district famous. Mr. Walter Douglas not only gave the class transportation to Bisbee and Douglas and return, but was most kind in seeing that we had every opportunity for making underground trips through the properties of his company, Mr. Clauson, the superintendent, and Mr. Tenby one of the foremen, and every shift boss we met, were ready to do everything possible to make our trip instructive and pleasant. Mr. Kennedy, the surveyor, took a special trip underground to lead us in a search for "contacts, faults and secondary enrichment," which lasted a good share of the night, forgetful of the fact that he had to go to work again at 7 o'clock in the morning. Dr. Caven, now mayor of Bisbee, stopped in the middle of his campaign for election, to arrange for trips through the Calumet and Arizona properties, and so we had an opportunity to see the remarkable mine made by the men who had nerve enough to go down 800 feet through barren rock before striking ore. In the Junction mine we saw one of the most
powerful and best arranged pumping plants in Arizona. We were told that at the time of our visit about 3,000,000 gallons a day were being pumped from the shaft and the water is being used to irrigate a ranch and thus reduce expenses. Here our guide led us to a drift from which we heard a roaring sound which became louder as we advanced, until at the face we found a stream of water perhaps a foot in diameter spouting out of a water channel and falling with the noise of a small cataract.

Mr. Apgar of the Bisbee Bank and president of the Bisbee Camera Club, showed us some most interesting pictures of Bisbee above and underground and furnished us with the photograph which appears as the frontispiece.

Mr. Angius, a former student of the University, put himself out in every way to entertain the class and from him the reporters learned of our visit. According to one of the papers the party led by Profs. Tolman, De Lashmutt and Holty, was composed of seniors, every one of whom had made himself famous in some line of student life.

At Douglas the party spent most of the time visiting the Copper Queen smelters and Mr. Lee, the superintendent, saw that the class had every opportunity to study the plant and was most generous in furnishing blue prints of the furnaces, sampling works, etc.

The class united in Douglas and from there went to Nacozari, Mexico, on transporta-
tion furnished by Mr. James Douglas. This proved to be a most interesting and instructive excursion. The route lay through the northern edge of the great volcanic flows that cover so large a part of Mexico, and the class received a faint impression of the intensity of these volcanic extrusions of geologically recent times. At Nacozari we found an eight hundred ton concentrating plant, a power plant of gas engines which uses gas generated from wood and furnishes power and light for the mill and town of Nacozari, as well as power and light for the mine and town 7 miles away. We took the ore train for the mine, and after a delightful trip on the narrow gauge across the mountains, arrived at the mouth of a tunnel. The engine uncoupled and an electric locomotive took the train a mile into the mountain to the bottom of the main shaft, and taking the cage we were hoisted to the surface where we found a pretty little town of several thousand inhabitants. Mr. Kingdon, the superintendent, and his assistant, Mr. Stanton, were most kind in showing us this remarkable mine. Practically no timbers are used underground except in the main shaft and ore chutes. The ore stands so well that the miners can open up a great room, say a hundred feet square, and then drilling into the roof above shoot it down leaving a part of the ore lying on the floor below so that they can stand upon it for their next slice, drawing off only the excess of ore through chutes carried
up from below. In this way they carry up the stope 200 feet and then draw out the ore below into great ore bins discharging directly into the ore cars in the bottom level. After the stope is empty the miners go above ground to shoot down waste into chutes leading into the open stope until it is filled. In this way they have several years supply of broken ore on hand in the mine. At the time of our visit they were drawing the ore out of one of these big stopes and Mr. Stanton had the miners place burning waste around the room so that we could get some idea of the great chamber 175 feet high, 200 feet wide and 180 feet long.

The ore deposit itself was of great interest to the class for here we could see so plainly the two distinct operations which nature generally employes in making mineral deposits, especially those of copper. Large crystals of pyrite with chalcopyrite were deposited in the shattered volcanic rock by heated waters ascending from below, and then the copper values were gradually washed out and down from the upper part of the deposit by surface water which descending redeposited around the pyrite of crystals the rich sulphides of copper. A number of other unusual and interesting facts suggested to us that the deposit was in the throat of an old volcano (an idea that we found afterwards had been advanced by others) and it would have been most interesting could we have made
a geological map of this region and settled this point if possible.

From Nacozari the class returned to Bisbee and from there we went to Cananea where, if possible, we were shown greater consideration than before. Mr. Dwight, the general manager, showed the class a most interesting collection of minerals, and Mr. Lloyd, the manager of the smelting department, took us through the smelter and spent an evening with us until midnight giving us bits of personal experience and information about smelting practice.

We were taken through the great Capote and Oversight mines and were given a trip to Puertocitos where we caught a glimpse of beautiful mountain scenery, and saw the most interesting spot, geologically, in Cananea. Both the Cananea and Bisbee companies were very generous to us in regard to blue prints of their methods of timbering, head frames, etc., and these plans are a valuable asset to the department of mining.

On our return we stopped off at Tombstone and were especially interested in the great pumps, the old workings and methods by which the old mine filling is being uncovered, and the stamp mill and cyanide plant. Mr. Walker, the superintendent, showed us the mine maps and sections and did all in his power to make our stay pleasant, and while in Tombstone the class was welcomed and enter-
tained most royally by Messrs. Crable, Ijams, Hadsell and Brostrom, all University lads.

Our trip lasted just two weeks and in such a short time we could catch only a glimpse of the mining methods of the camps we visited. We all came home impressed with the advantages our college enjoys in its proximity to the great mining camps and the unusual consideration these companies have shown us on our annual visits and the opportunities offered to the students who wish to work their way through college and get a start after leaving school.

C. F. T.
THE SAGUARO (VOTED THE TERRITORIAL FLOWER BY THE TWENTY-FIRST LEGISLATURE)

A PAPAGO RESERVATION BELLE
A vision in the still watch of the night:
Far in a lonely land mine eyes descried
A soul 'twixt vale and mount; on either side
Were beckoning forms; majestic on the right
Stood Truth, her feet turned toward the mountain height.

Stern goddess like she seemed, a veil did hide
Her lifted face and clarion voiced she cried:
"Oh, soul, climb with me to the unshadowed light
On yon white heaven rimmed peak."
The soul, clear eyed,
Looked up and inwardly communed low:
"What pain, what abnegation must await
Him who essays such path and who can know
What face she veils? Perchance a phantom straight"

He turned toward that Other and slow passed
Into the vale. The Other followed fast.

Thus ran the vision: In a valley steep,
Darksome with strange rank shade the soul had strayed,
And Error close wove bands of dank nightshade,
And poppies breathing stupefying sleep,
And round him still her close embrace did keep;

Then sudden splendor smote athwart the glade—
Lo! Truth, unveiled; with shining upreared blade;
From the great starry eyes did lightnings leap
And beauty clothed her fair. Stirred, shuddering
The soul hath raised, then bending kissed full firm
The loathsome lips that still to his did cling;
Truth in a whirlwind passed—again did reign
Black breathless gloom—afar down the wind
A sad wail, "blind" and Echo sighed, "blind, blind!"

-A.
An Indian Funeral

ONE day while out on a pleasure trip we became very hungry and thirsty. A Papago Indian village which we were just approaching seemed a welcome sight and we went up to one of the larger huts to ask for something to eat. They soon furnished us with a substantial meal, and having rested and refreshed ourselves we again made ready to start on our journey. Suddenly our horses snorted, threw back their heads and pricked up their ears. We stopped short in amazement. What could be the meaning of this? Then the mystery was solved, for the horses who had a keener sense of hearing than we, had detected a weird and wild sound of chanting, which we now distinctly heard; it seemed to come to us in waves, now slow and mournful and then shrill and wild, ending in almost a shriek. The Indians who had given us food heard it too, and dropping everything in their haste, even to the small baby which was wrapped in a Navajo blanket, they took up the same ghostly chant and set out for the center of the village on a "dog-trot" which finally ended in a run. There was no time for words and dropping the reins of the horses we quickly followed them. Soon we approached a hut, in front of which were assembled between one and two hundred Indians. The majority of them
were singing while the rest were weeping bitterly and wringing their hands, with expressions of intense agony on their faces. Some were cooing soft words as though consoling the dead while others gave vent to fierce guttural expressions, perhaps cursing Death, who had taken one from them. Suddenly the crowd gave back, for two stalwart Indians were elbowing their way to the hut, in which they soon disappeared, only to reappear again carrying on their shoulders a rude coffin, gaudily decorated with streamers of colored paper and bright cloth. Pasted on the surface of the cloth were numbers of rude figures and symbols, representing, perhaps, survivals of their earlier pagan beliefs. Striding along with the coffin, which contained the body of a grown person, and with the chanting crowd at their heels, this crude representation of a hearse, entered, what we discovered later to be their church, an adobe building set apart from the rest and distinguished from them by a cross in front of the door. Advancing to a rude altar in the front of the church they deposited their burden on the ground and placed about a dozen lighted candles above it. The church was soon filled with the crowd who, strange to say, had ceased their chanting and remained perfectly quiet and motionless. The Mexican priest soon appeared in his funeral robes and said a prayer over the body, during which the audience kneeled and humbly prayed for their lost com-
patriot. Blessing them the priest arose and retired, and the two Indians again took up the coffin and hurried out of the church to the graveyard near-by; the crowd followed and as they reached the open air they again commenced their dreadful chanting. The grave was dug in their presence and the coffin lowered into it. Then each of the dead man’s relatives stepped forward and threw a shovel-full of dirt upon the coffin. The grave was soon filled and the crowd dispersed to their various dwellings, and soon we were horrified to hear them laughing and joking as though nothing had occurred.

BARBARA KOHLER.
ROW OF COPPER FURNACES, LA CANANEAE, MEXICO

FEIGHTERS TO THE MINE
THE TEMPLE OF THE PINES

In the sweet stillness of a summer night
Within the temple of the pines I stood,
Its walls were mountain peaks that grand and rude
Rose forest covered to the left and right,
The pines, its stately pillars, were alight
Down all the dim isles of the dusky wood
With radiance that fell in silver flood
From the great altar light the moon that wide
And wonderful over the mountain hung.
Upon the violet altar of the east
For sacred script spread wide the mystic heaven,
Whereon His name in flaming signs was graven;
Sweet incense breathed from pine boughs faintly wung,
Silence night stoled and holy was the priest.

—C. M.
The major portion of the ore smelted by the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining Co's. Smelter at Douglas, Arizona, is shipped from the mines of the company in Bisbee, Arizona. The method of loading the ore cars of the mines is as follows:

At each shaft seven railroad ore cars are left on a track under a series of chutes above which the mine cars are run on tracks leading from the collar of the shaft. Six of these cars are for the discard or ore going to the bedding pits in Douglas, the other is for the sample to be run down to assay size.

The mine cars from each level are dumped into the six railroad cars in rotation, every tenth mine car, however, going to the sample car. By this method a more thorough mixture of the ores for the bedding pits is obtained than if one railroad car was filled at a time, for this reason: If it should happen that most of the ore coming from the mine was from one stope for a given length of time it would cause the railroad car to be filled with one kind of ore; thereby making the ore in the bedding pits vary greatly in different sections as will be seen when the bedding system used has been described. In either method, however, the sample car should give theoretically a correct assay value of the ore taken from the mine.

The ore cars are made up into trains and
taken twenty-eight miles over the El Paso and Southwestern R. R. to Douglas.

All the cars are weighed upon arrival and the sample cars are cut out and sent to the sampling works. The ore is shoveled from the cars onto a platform and wheeled in barrows to the feed floor of the sampling works. It is then shoveled over a grizzly with bars set 1 3/4 in. apart, into the jaws of a 20 in. x 10 in. Blake Crusher set to crush to 1 3/8 in. The fly wheels make 248 revolutions per minute. The ore from the crusher unites with the undersize from its grizzly and falls upon a 14 in. 6-ply belt of a Robbins belt conveyor, and is carried to the boot of a bucket elevator. The malleable iron buckets measure 12 in. x 7.5 in. and are set 10 in. apart on a 14 in. 9-ply belt traveling 330 feet per minute in a steel elevator shaft.

The buckets, having 4 in. clearance, discharge their load into a steel chute which leads to a steel bin. From this bin the ore is discharged into railroad cars outside of the sampling works.

A Vezin Sampler with a 22 in. wing making 15 revolutions per minute, passes through the stream falling into the bin and cuts out one-tenth, one-fifth or one-third of the ore as desired. We will consider that a one-tenth sample is taken.

The sample is discharged into a steel chute that leads to a steel storage bin which holds
the sample until the desired amount of ore is run through the elevator.

The sample from the storage bin is then run through 16 in. by 36 in. roughing rolls making 76 revolutions per minute and crushing to \( \frac{3}{4} \) in. The crushed ore is carried from the rolls by a chute to boot of the same elevator and a one-tenth sample is cut out again by the Vezin sampler. This last sample is a one thousandth part of the ore taken from the mines of which this particular lot of ore is a sample.

This one thousandth part is sent to the vertical steel chute above referred to, leading to the feed floor where this sample is received in wheel barrows and taken to the finishing rolls which are 14 in. x 30 in. and crush to \( \frac{3}{4} \) in. The rolls make 106 revolutions per minute. From the finishing rolls the sample goes to the sample floor where it is thoroughly mixed by the circle and cone method, cut down by quartering and finished on the split sampler or the whole may be cut down automatically. The sample then goes to the bucking room where it is reduced to the proper size for assay.

The four bedding pits above referred to are lined with masonry. A steel track is in the bottom of each on which a Thew Automatic Steam Shovel travels back and forth. One pit measures 1000 ft. x 38 ft. x 11 ft. deep, and the others 800 ft. x 38 ft. x 11 ft. deep.
These pits are divided into sections each of which contains a layer of ore from each of the company's mines in Bisbee. All Copper Queen ore is dumped from the side-dump steel cars into the pits, while the custom ore received by the company is shoveled from the cars by Mexican laborers. The ridges of ore which form are leveled off by a scraper mounted on a flat car and pushed along by a locomotive. When the pits are nearly filled with ore the necessary amount of limestone, which depends upon the analysis of the ore mixtures, is spread on top. The ore, being properly bedded, is scooped up by the steam shovel which fills its bucket by beginning at the bottom of the pit and running up the face of the bed, taking a portion of ore from all layers in a vertical section.

The shovel drops one bucket full of ore and limestone (about 2300 pounds) into each charge car of a train along the side of the pit. When the train is loaded it is taken to a track beneath the coke bins where each car is given a charge of 300 pounds of coke. Special coke-weighing hoppers are used so the trains can be loaded very rapidly as there is a hopper for each car of the train. This completes the furnace charge giving each car about 2600 pounds of ore, flux and coke. From the coke bins the train of charge cars is taken up an incline track to the feed floor of the blast furnaces.
General data on the blast furnaces is as follows:

**Horizontal section at tuyeres.**
- 4 400 ton furnaces: 43 in. x 240 in.
- 5 350 ton furnaces: 43 in. x 216 in.

**Area at tuyeres.**
- 4 400 ton furnaces: 71.66 sq. ft.
- 5 350 ton furnaces: 64.50 sq. ft.

**Height from tuyeres to charge floor:** 16 ft.

**Height of water jackets**
- Top tier: 4 ft. 6 in.
- Lower tier: 10 ft. 6 in.

**Bosh on jackets from tuyeres to top of jackets:** 3/4 in. in 1 ft.

**Crucible depth:** 24 in.

**Fore Hearth, shell dimensions:** 12 ft x 20 ft x 4 ft 8 in.

**Tuyeres, number**
- 4 400 ton furnaces: 40 (double)
- 5 350 ton furnaces: 36 (double)

**Tuyeres diameter:** 4 in.

**Blast pressure, oz:** 24-30

**Charge (ore and flux) weight, lbs:** 2300

**Coke, weight, lbs:** 300

**Charge, tons per sq. ft., hearth area, tons in 24 hours:** 6 to 7

**Coke, per cent ash:** 13-20

**Coke, per cent in charge:** 12-13

**Charge, ore per cent:** 75

**Flux per cent:** 15

**Converter, slag and cleanings, per cent:** 10

**Matte, Cu., 35 to 60 per cent., average per cent:** 45

**Slag, Si O₂ and Al₂O₃ per cent:** 45

**Fe O and Ca O per cent:** 50

In the above slag the Si O₂ varies with the percent of Al₂O₃ and the Ca O with the percent of Fe O.
The converters used in the smelter are of the Bisbee or barrel type, being eight feet in diameter and eleven feet long. The converter blast pressure is from 10 to 12 lbs. per sq. in. and enters the converter charge through 16 tuyeres in the wind box.

The lining material is a low grade silicious copper and gold ore brought from Globe, Arizona, and Nacozari, Mexico. Its composition is SiO₂ 75 to 85 per cent, Al₂O₃ 5 to 10 per cent, Fe 3 per cent, CaO 1 per cent and S 1 per cent. The material is crushed to particles not to exceed one inch in diameter. It is rammed into place around the three-piece converter form by air drills adapted for the purpose. The converter cap is lined by hand with a mixture of the same ore, clay and enough water to make the mass hold together, which has previously been thoroughly mixed in a pug mill.

When a converter has been freshly lined a two half-ladle charge of matte is blown to blister copper, while at the last blow before relining, the charge averages from four to five half ladles of matte. This means that about 3.5 tons of bullion is produced from the first charge and about 7 tons from the last. The amount of lining destroyed per ton of matte treated averages 600 pounds.

After lining a coke or wood fire is started in a converter and its lining is thoroughly dried before the converter is put upon its stand. Matte is tapped from a forehearth into a matte
ladle of 80 cubic feet capacity. The ladle is carried by a 60 ton, 5 motor crane to a convertor and its contents poured. The first half ladle charge of matte is blown to white metal and skimmed. The slag is allowed to run into a slag ladle, until a rabble, which is pushed in and out of the stream shows that white metal is coming over, which is indicated by the appearance of bright, sizzling particles of metal. The converter slag ladle is carried by the crane to a furnace forehearth and its contents poured, thus allowing any matte it may contain to settle. The converter is again given a half ladle charge of matte, blown to white metal and skimmed as before. The total charge is now blown to blister copper and poured into the form of shipping ingots 26 in. x 17 in. x 3 in., which weigh about 350 lbs. each.

The products of combustion from the blast furnaces and converters are carried through large flues to a dust chamber connected with a steel stack. The stack is now 25 ft. in diameter and 200 ft. high, but a 60 ft. extension is to be added. The dust chamber is constructed of brick resting on a steel trestle work. It is on an average of 13 ft. above the ground, the top being 30 ft. higher. The dust from the chamber is discharged into vertical cylindrical tank cars, 5 ft. 6 in. high and 4 ft. 6 in. in diameter, mounted on steel trucks. These cars are taken to an elevated track over cylindrical dust bins and discharged. The dust from these bins
is allowed to trickle onto a traveling belt on which a stream of water is constantly playing. It is then discharged into a pug mill and mixed with about 30 per cent of its own weight of a clay ore and enough water to make it hold together. This mixture is discharged onto a belt conveyor and thence into a car which carries it to the bedding pits where it is mixed with the ore. About 200 tons of flue dust are made per day. This method of treatment has been found to be the most effective after a great deal of experience with nearly all the briquetting machines on the market.

The output of the plant is 275,000 to 300,000 lbs. of copper per day. The ingots, assaying 99.15 per cent copper, are shipped to the Nichols Chemical Co. refinery, in New York.

The water required for the smelter is obtained from an artesian well located just south of the plant. The water does not rise high enough to flow into the storage tank, however, so it is raised by the use of compressed air in this manner: Two pipes are in the well, one large and one small one, the latter for air. The lower end of the small pipe is bent so that it points upward into the large one. When turned on the air permeates and greatly lightens the column of water in the large pipe and the weight of the column of water outside is sufficient to cause the inner column to rise to the height of the storage tanks.

In the power plant eight Sterling water
tube boilers are used. They have a combined capacity of 4000 boiler horse-power, but only 2500 boiler horse-power is used. The plant can furnish a total of 7500 indicated horse-power, but about 4500 I. H. P. is all that is required at present.

The blast for the furnaces is furnished by nine Connersville blowers. The four large ones make 75 revolutions per minute and have a capacity of 300 cubic ft. per revolution. The others make 90 revolutions per minute and have a capacity of 200 cubic ft. per revolution. The converter blast is produced by six Nordberg cross compound blowing engines with combined capacity of 50,000 cubic feet of air per minute, up to 14 lbs. pressure per square inch.

The electrical power and light is supplied by four Cross Compound Condensing Cooper Engines direct connected to 500 K. W. 250 volt direct current generators.

Roy W. Moore, '06.
We of the mining engineering class would but express our sentiments tritely did we say that our trip through the mining camps of southern Arizona and Sonora was profitable. We gained in that knowledge and experience only obtained through individual and close inspection of the different mines, milling and smelting plants, and he were blind who could not learn when such excellent opportunities were offered by the management and master-workmen of the properties visited. We were
treated with the utmost consideration and kindness by those mine princes and the same spirit that prompted the endowments of our mechanic arts department and gymnasium, opened to us whatever we cared to see of interest to mining engineers. The great courtesy shown would lead one to believe us stockholders in the mining industries inspected. Professor Tolman has summarized the trip in detail and it only remains for us to give the U. A. yell for the liberal mine managers from Bisbee to Nacozari, at Douglas, Cananea and Tombstone.

The Glee Club is uttering sweet melody and as soon as the Mandolin Club, the Military Orchestra and Debating Societies take a turn, we shall have moved onward at an accelerated rate. Members of the Glee Club, all success!

A great disaster has befallen our sister universities of Stanford and California and we wish to extend to them our sincerest sympathy. Think of it—the art treasures of the Hopkins Institute injured, and the grand Stanford Memorial church a ruin! All this and the terrible calamity at San Francisco, make one sick at heart. Yet that catastrophe has shown what a wealth of sympathy and kindness is in the hearts of the people. Who dares upbraid this for a callous world when he reads of the thous-
UNIVERSITY HALL

QUANTITATIVE CHEMICAL LABORATORY
ands, aye millions of willing hands that have furnished succor to the stricken of California? Thank God we have lived to see the generosity of our fellow man. It is exceedingly refreshing and has lent new hope to many a doubting one. Read of old Tombstone's sacrifice of her Fourth of July funds to aid San Francisco and you grow glad. We of the University are grateful that we could add our mite.

This being a mining number we must add a word in regard to the miner. We have worked, played and eaten with him, and we have ever found him honest, courageous, manly and very courteous and considerate of his pal's feelings. In Shakespeare's vein, "Take him for all in all he is a man." To you, brother miner.
MY ARIZONA BEDROOM.

O, my Arizona bedroom
Is beneath the Milky Way,
And the moon is in its ceiling,
And the stars that tell of day,
And the mountains lift the corners,
And the desert lays the floor
Of my Arizona bedroom,
Which is large as all outdoor.

O, my Arizona bedroom
Is ventilated right;
Every wind that under heaven
Comes to me with blithe goodnight,
Comes to me with touch of blessing
And of ozone, one drink more,
In my Arizona bedroom,
Which is large as all outdoor.

O, my Arizona bedroom
Has the lightning on its wall,
And the thunders rap the panels
And the heavy voices call;
And the night birds wing above me,
And the owl sends hoots galore
Through my Arizona bedroom
Which is large as all outdoor.

O, my Arizona bedroom
It sometimes seems to me,
Is afloat in middle heaven
With each star in argosy;
And the tide that turns at midnight
Drifts us down to morning’s shore,
Floats us, stars and bed and bedstead
On the ocean of outdoor.
O, my Arizona bedroom
Is beneath the splendid stars,
And the clouds roll up the curtains,
And the windows have no bars,
And I see my God in heaven
As the ancients did of yore,
In my Arizona bedroom,
Which is large as all outdoor.

—J. WILeIAM LLOYD in N. Y. Sun.
[ The following poem evinces the spirit that has made the prospector such a power in the development of our western land.]

**OL' JOE ROGERS.**

Ol' Joe Rogers used to be  
What you'd call a mystery  
To the camp, the way he tuk  
Every dig from rotten luck!  
Never weakened; wouldn't flinch!  
Wore the shoe an' let it pinch,  
Savin': It's a stunnin' blow!  
Reckon I kin stand it, though!

When his cabin burnt las' fall  
An' he knowed he'd lost his all  
'Cept the duds upon his back,  
Never made a growlin' crack!  
Said, while watchin' of the flame:  
'I'm a loser in the game!  
Sort o' lays me pretty low;  
Reckon I kin stand it, though!'

When his pardners beat him out  
Of his claim, the Mary Stout,  
(Which I will explain the same  
Was his woman's maiden name).  
Joe remarked: 'I've worked for years  
On that hole, but it appears  
That I've got to pack and go!  
Reckon I kin stand it, though!'
When that shot went off an' knocked
Both his eyes out, we was shocked
At his sufferin', but he
Laid an' bore it nervily.
Said: "I'm gettin' old an' gray,
Ain't much use here, anyway!
Hurts like Helena! But sho!
Reckon I kin stand it, though!" — Ex.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Not for the great, unnumbered host of dead
That met a glorious end on the gray field
Of battle, and to whom, as heroes, yield
Their countrymen a love of honor bred.
Ah, not for these I mourn; their task is done.
No trumpet call disturbs their peaceful sleep.
A silent, everlasting guard they keep
Beside the shadowy stream, where neither the sun
Nor moon sends its life-giving, earth-claspt ray;
Until the dawning of the last great day,
When time shall well into eternity.
But for those, rather, who remain behind
To linger by the lonely grave, tear-blind
And dreaming of a face they cannot see.
— In the Columbia Lit.

PRETTY SOON

I.

I'll kneel beside the warm campfire,
And watch the bacon fry,
And smell the rich aroma from
The coffee pot nearby;
I'll set out with my rod and reel
'Mid waking nature's tune,
Returning with a well-filled creel,
For I'll camp out pretty soon.

II.
I'll stretch and yawn beneath the shade,
And think about the boys,
Down in the city's smoke and din,
Far from my woodland joys.
I'll lounge and smoke my briar and dream
Throughout the drowsy noon,
I could not ask for more than that,
I'll camp out pretty soon.

III.
Wrapped in my blankets, I will watch
The dying embers glow,
And hear the murmur of the stream,
The night-winds soft and low;
The moonlight streaming over all,
Will gild those nights next June,
A few more days of toil, and—well,
I'll camp out pretty soon.
—Cricket.

MY WORK.
So feebly started by an untrained hand
And scarcely better modeled at the close,
Such a poor, faulty, unimportant thing,—
Failure? Perhaps; and yet I worked, God knows!
—Smith Coll. Month.
OTHER WITS

IN ARIZONA.

A miner who lived in Tucson,
Took a beautiful lot of jucson;
He was feeling so tight he
Crawled into his nightie
And sobered, for it was lucson.
—Drovers' Telegram.

IN THE MINE.

Prof. Tolman to Begg—"Papa, please hand me that ore sack."

The Teacher—John, can you tell me how iron was discovered?
John—I heard father say they smelt it.—Ex.

Oldtimer to mine foreman—"Hello Harry, where's Joe?"
Foreman—"Underground."
Oldtimer—"Working in a stope?"
Foreman—"Nope, dead."

Willie Tuffun—"How did you guys manage to raise that disturbance without getting pinched?"
Mugsy—"Dad wus a cinch. W'enever we
seen a cop comin', de gang wud give a college yell. Den de cop wud t'ink we wus students, an' go away."—Ex.

Kilgore, in his mine duds and looking as dirty as the shift, was accosted near the collar of the shaft by a miner, thus: "Them guys, (pointing to the mining class) is bloomin' blokes from the School of Mines, studyin' mechanics."

If Eve had been as 'Fraid of snakes
As women are,
Of mice,
We'd not have had to
Pull up stakes
And move from
Paradise.
—Ex.

BUT SHE DID TELL.

Ella—"Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her." Stella—"She's a mean thing. I told her not to tell you I told her." Ella—"Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did."

Mother (teaching her child the alphabet):
"Now, dearie, what comes after 'G'?" The Child: "Whiz."

Senior: "That star up there is bigger than the earth." Freshman: "Why doesn't it keep the rain off, then?"

"Why is a pancake like the sun?" "It rises oud of der yeast und sets behind der vest."

Der vorld owes efery man a living, but vot a lot of men vas too lazy to collect der bill.—Wyoming Student.

**THE HOBO MINER**

He came from where he started,
And he was going where he went,
He hadn't had a smell of food,
Not even had a scent.

He never even muttered once
Till he began to talk,
And when he left the kitchen door
He took the garden walk.

He said: "There's no one with me,
Because I am the only one;
I might have scintillated once;
I might have scintillated some.

"I got here 'fore the other ones
Because I started first;
The reason I look shabby is
Because I'm dressed the worst."
Then I asked him where he came from,
This was just before we parted—
And he muttered indistinctly:
“Oh, I came from where I started.”—Ex.

A STUDIOUS GIRL.
A girl who could spell “deuteronomy”
And had studied domestic economy,
Went to skate at the rink,
And quick as a wink
Sat down to study astronomy.—Ex.

Teacher—“Take the sentence, ‘The pupil loves his teacher.’ What is it?”
Pupil—“Sarcasm.”—Ex.

There was once a minister’s son who had been so disobedient at the table that he was banished to a small table by himself to eat there until he should repent and reform. He could not even join in the family grace, but was told to say grace at his own table. So from his store of scripture, he chose this: On, Lord, I thank Thee that Thou has prepared a table for me in the presence of my enemies.”—The High School Student.

STAGED IN THREE ACTS.
A Wile! A Smile!
A Kiss! A Miss!
First part of every man’s life.
A Halter! The Altar!
New Creed! Two to Feed!
Second part enters the wife!
Addition! Multiplication!
Grills! Frills! Bills!
Gray hairs! A dirge! An end to the strife!
—The Queum.

F—fierce lessons.
L—late hours.
U—unexpected company.
N—nothing prepared.
K—nocked standings.

Of the “has beens” there are many;
Of the “ne’er was,” more by far;
The “going to be’s” are legion;
But how few of those that are!—Ex.

“There’s one thing about you, my pretty maid, that I’d like if it were no harm.”
“Do tell me what ’tis, kind sir,” she said, and he softly responded: “My arm.”—Ex.

If there should be another flood,
Straight to this book I’d fly,
For if all the world were water-filled
This book would still be dry.
(Written in a Latin book.)
Foreigner—What is the signification of the eagle on the American dollar?
U. S. Citizen—It is the emblem of swift flight.—Ex.

Freshie—“What part of the body is the Scrimmage?”
Sophomore—“The w—h—a—t?”
Freshie—“Well, I saw in the paper in the account of the football game that one of the boys got hurt in the scrimmage.”—Ex.

My feelings are nearly distraught
For sleep all in vain I have sought
But why I so fear
Now final is here
Is because every day I got 0.
—Student Herald.

“Girls are the sisters of boys and has long hair wares dresses and powder. The first girl was called Christmas Eve, though I never cud see why. Most every family has one girl and some of ’em that is in hard luck has two or three. We have a girl in our house who is my sister. Girls can grow older and get younger. My sister has been twenty-five for three years, and some day we may be twins. Girls play pianer and talk about each other. Fat girls want to be thin and thin girls want to be fat
and all of 'em want to marry doods. Why the Lord made girls nobody nos, but I think it was to go to church and eat ice cream. There is three kind of girls, brunet girls, blond girls, and them that have money. Girls is afraid of mice and bugs, which make it fun to put them down ther backs.” —The Advance.

**BROKE, BROKE, BROKE**

Broke, broke, broke
Are “everyday” terms you see,
But you'd better be glad that the pen won’t write
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the millionaire’s boy
As he rides in his autocar,
And feasts all day on the fat of the land
’Mid the smoke of a fat cigar.

But the “poverty struck” go on
To their haven under the hill,
And sigh from morn till eventide
For the sound of the ‘clink’ that is still.—Ex.

According to Walter Camp, Yale has $6,-
000 in the athletic fund.
The U. A. has — —
GOOD-BYE GRADUATE.

Oh, the glad day when first we met,
    Ho for the journey begun;
Sweet young faces, I see them yet,
How can I ever their faces forget,
When shall I cease those days to regret—
    Green little Prep!

Off and away with the speed of the wind,
    Sullen or sad were none;
Up where the mountain snows can find
Vent in wild torrents no bar can bind,
Down with the Cactus State behind—
    Daring young Freshman!

Without was the desert’s blinding glare,
    Many a mile to run;
Past vanishing hills or mountains bare,
Down where the cool, green meadows were,
Inside were faces young and fair—
    Rah for the Sophie!

Ho for the city fair and white,
    The goal almost won;
Days with the untold beauty bright,
Wandering thru palaces of delight,
Dream like enchantment of the night—
    Reckless the Junior!
Sigh for the parting that doth await,
  Sigh for the journey done;
Many a heart with joy-erate
Saddened now at the desert gate,
Hearts knit together must separate—
  Here's to the Senior!

Nine brave hearts in our band there be,
  'Neath Arizona's sun;
Where wistful eyes look dreamily
Back and a college campus see,
Nine bold hearts whose thoughts roam free—
  Good-bye Graduate!  

—M. & M.
The Seniors

A short biography of the school and college lives of the seniors may not be amiss. Furthermore it may be the only one that an unappreciative world will grant them. At least whether worthy or not, they shall be thus favored—it is worth something finally to have lost them.

Carobel Murphey finished her preparatory work and the freshman year here. She then attended and graduated from Cox College, Atlanta, Georgia; returning for her senior studies to the University of Arizona from which she graduates with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy.

Ida Christina Reid completed her preparatory studies at the Elora High School, Ontario, Canada. She is also an honor graduate of the Toronto Normal School. Miss Reid receives a Ph. B. degree.

Minnie Louise Wooddell's preparatory course was taken at the Phoenix High School. She has pursued the entire four years course and her degree from the University is that of Ph. B.

Chester Bennett Clegg after completing his preparatory work at the University of Arkansas took college work through his sophomore year. He then spent one year working for the government at Roosevelt, Arizona, being engaged as a civil engineer on the great irrigation project. Later he returned and finished the
VIEW NORTH FROM UNIVERSITY HALL

GREENHOUSES

DINING HALL
junior year at Arkansas. After a summer's employment in the Immigration Department of the 'Frisco Railroad he entered the University of Arizona and graduates as a Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering.

John Wesley Gebb is a graduate of the preparatory department of the South Dakota State School of Mines and has completed the four years course at the University, graduating as a Bachelor of Science. While here he has served as a member of the football team, senior lieutenant of the battalion, president of the Philomathean Literary and Debating Society, president of the Delta Phi Fraternity; for two years a member of the winning University debating team, chronicle editor of the "Monthly," president of the Students' Association, a brother in Gamma Lambda Upsilon Tau, president of the Athletic Association and present editor-in-chief of the "Monthly."

Roy Bartley Kilgore completed his preparatory work at our University and now graduates from the college department as a B. S. in Mining Engineering. He has been lieutenant and adjutant of the battalion, is a brother in Delta Phi, president of Gamma Lambda Upsilon Tau and is the esteemed president of this graduating class.

Roy Gibbons Mead's preparatory studies were taken in Colorado. He has pursued his work through the regular four years course. In his vacations from college he has served in the
capacity of mining engineer for various companies and already holds a position as superintendent of the Big Lead Mining and Smelting Company of Kelvin, Arizona. He has acted as president of the Sigma Beta Fraternity, (defunct) captain and adjutant of the battalion and commercial assayer for the University. His degree is that of B. S. in Mining Engineering.

Roy Webb Moore finished his preparatory studies at the University and has taken regular work through to completion. He has received the following college honors: Member of the football team, senior captain of the battalion, president of the Philomathean Debating Society, president of the Delta Phi Fraternity, president of the Students’ Association and present business manager of the “Monthly.” He receives a B. S. degree in Mining Engineering.

William Begg, A. B., as a post graduate receives his Master’s degree in Science. He graduated from the Brighton, Ontario, High School and then attended the University of Toronto and received his degree of Bachelor of Arts in Natural Science. This is his third year of attendance at the University of Arizona.
"YES?"

I'm a "Barb", b'gosh, and I'm proud of that,
Every homely man's dog who b'longs to a "Frat"
Makes me so dog-gone sick and mad,
When they say I'm a "Barb," gee but I'm glad.

Them low-lived Frat men go in pairs
Always puttin' on the durndest airs,
And yellin' songs 'bout the "Loyal Greeks"—
They're a bunch of grafters and dirty sneaks.

I wuz playin' pool one night at Bob's
With four of them Fraternity slobs;
Sez I, "They won't run out if they can
W'en one of their 'brothers' is low man."

So I jes' played a profeshnul game
And stuck them four cheap guys jest the same,
Tho they done their durndest to sew me up
And played close and mean as yellow pups.

If you go to a dance, they run the crowd;
If you're no frat man you ain't allowed
To dance with the swell girls. You can't butt in,
No "Knock-downs," altho you try like sin.

If the Captain of the Football Team
Belongs to a Frat, it always seems
He'll pick other brothers, good players or not
An' take a Greek from the whole durn lot.

So drink to the "Barbs," thru thick and thin
I'll stick with them till we all pass in;
To the note of the last sweet clarion
I'll sign the papers "Barbarian."
List of Fraternities.

DELTA PHI.
(Founded 1900)

FRATRES IN COLEGIO.

Barker, Norman M.
Barthels, Frederick
Bradstreet, Carroll P.
Buehman, Albert R.
Doan, Jr., Fletcher M.
Edwards, Vance P.
Gebb, John Wesley
Harwick, Ralph N.

Hatcher, B. R.
Hoyt, J. Clyde
Kilgore, Roy B.
Moore, Roy Webb
Newton, Raymond H.
Walker, Leland Ross
White, Edward W.
Wolflin, Hugh M.

FRATRES EX-COLEGIO.

Alexander, Charles
Bernard, Allen C.
Bernard, Fred Horton,
Blumenkranz, M.
Cadwell, Ralph
Castaneda, Henry E.
Chapin, Theodore
Cosgrove, Bard F.
Crable, Francis D.
Calderwood, Martin
Day, Courtland Francis
Hollingshead, (Kimble) E. J.
Jones, Ernest E.
Moore, Kirke T.

Olney, William T.
Olney, C. C.
Osborne, W. Scott
Page, C. A.
Parker, George Millard
Pearce, Zebulon
Roberts, Norman J.
Robinson, Newton J.
Rosenberg, Leo M.
Russell, Ross Moody
Scow, Oliver
Seitz, William K.
Stafford, E. S.
Whipple, William D.
GAMMA LAMBDA UPSILON TAU.  
(International)

ARIZONA CHAPTER ESTABLISHED 1905.  
Barthels, Frederick  Holbrook, H. Rollin  
Gebb, J. Wesley  Kilgore, Roy B.

DELTA THETA RHO.  
(Preparatory-Auxiliary of Delta Phi)

FRATRES IN COLEGIO.  
Brown, Rollin  Culin, J. H.  Strong, Leon Henri

FRATRES EX-COLEGIO.  
Angius, Daniel  Angius, John  Castaneda, Carlos

PHI LAMBDA EPSILON.  
(Preparatory)  
[Data withheld at request of members.—Editor.]

ALPHA kai OMEGA.  
(Local—Organized 1905.)

SORORES IN COLEGIO.  
Bennie, Florence  Rogers, Pauline  
Cook, Lillian  Roberts, Dorothy  
La Baree, Ysabel  Smith, Felicia  
Pease, Ione  Wilkerson, Mabel

SOROR EX-COLEGIO.  
Nutt, Anne
GAMMA PHI SIGMA.
(Local Preparatory—Organized 1905.)

SORORES IN COLEGIO.

Drachman, Myrtle  Leslie, Beppie
Goldtree, Estella  Pusch, Henrietta
Heney, Ruth       Wooddell, Florence

SOROR IN URBE.

Cheyney, Mary Neal
An Initiation and its Results

Jack McDougal, Jr., was seated in the most comfortable leather chair in the new observation car lazily interested in counting the telegraph poles as they rapidly disappeared one after the other down the track.

"Eight hours more of this'll kill me."

After a yawn, he picked up a magazine and was soon so absorbed in a story that at first, he took no notice of the station they had just reached. By chance he glanced out of the window and exclaimed:

"By George, Hollywood Springs, I'll just hop off to see if any of those girls I met last summer are here."

In the crowd outside, he felt someone staring at him and turned instinctively.

"Why how do you do, Miss Richards. I never dreamed of this pleasure, am so glad to see you. I thought you were still at Ocean View. What brings you here?"

"Oh, only a few days stop-over at May's house-party, on my way to spend the winter with friends in the city."

"Jolly! I am going there now to college, such a—"

"All aboard!" The train was moving.

"Good-bye, see you soon."

McDougal regained his seat after a run to reach the last car.

"Fine girl, swell. Holy smoke! there'll be
one ray of light in the gloomy—Shucks, what a fool I am. Why in the dickens didn’t I ask for her address? Don’t even know her friend’s name. A peach of a time a fellow’ll have looking blindly for a girl in a city boasting two-hundred thousand people and a dozen colleges; and I’d like to know how she could find me. Might as well send a letter to the Tech. University or the School for the Feeble Minded. Crazy, the last place is where I belong—anyway I’ll wire Tom at Pine Top Junction, that I’m coming, maybe he can help me out.”

Tom Carter, president of the Phi Delta Thetas, rushed into the fraternity house excitedly waving a telegram.

“Hey, fellows, throw down your papers and get together for a special meeting. The fraternity was called to order and the secretary read the following telegram:

**PINE TOP JUNCTION, Sep. 25, 1905.**

On my way, meet me at 8:30 west bound. 

JACK.

“Now boys,” said Tom, “It’s nearly six and we must make quick arrangements to meet the train, we’ll have to be pretty sharp and do some tall talking if we get ahead of the other fellows. Jack’s father is a Sigma Alpha Epsilon and it’s likely Jack’ll be one too, if we don’t do the proper thing. It will mean a whole lot to us to have him, for Jack’s a dandy fellow, and more generous than most million-
aires' sons. He would give us a big lift in paying for our new frat house."

Brown arose: "Mr. Chairman, I move we meet him with a carriage and have a big spread here at nine-thirty, sparing no expense."

"The motion has been moved and seconded—any remarks—if not, all those in favor say 'aye.' The motion is carried. Now, boys, get to work. The meeting is adjourned."

At eight-thirty a committee of three Thetas met the train, and Jack McDougal, Jr., held the center of the fraternity stage for several days following. Then, the Thetas breathed easy for two weeks, since they had him pledged. But their troubles were not over. How should they initiate him? The ordinary performance seemed too tame for a millionaire's son.

"Boys I have it," said Jones suddenly, "let's dress him up as a French artist, and compel him to make a house to house canvass of Bon Ton Avenue for pictures to enlarge. It'll be great humiliation for the chap, I'll wager."

An old suit, a pair of nose glasses, a false mustache and a goatee completely changed McDougal's appearance, and the boys were sure that no one would recognize the fake artist as he rang the door bells of the mansions.

Jack started out bright and early in the morning in high spirits, but before noon his suit case of pictures began to get heavy. He had made use of all the knowledge he had gained from many picture exhibits but still had
been successful in getting only two orders, and those were of house maids. However, he was determined not to give up until he had finished the street. The afternoon found him earnestly at work again. About three o'clock he rang the bell of an exceptionally fine home, and asked the maid if the lady of the house was in.

“No sir, but the young ladies are.”

“Please tell them, I should be charmed to show them something very fine in Parisian art.”

After he had waited a few minutes who should enter but Louise Richards and her friend! His first impulse was to break and run, but he coughed several times, then calmly and bravely began:

“Mesdemoiselles, I have here samples of some enlarged photographs, which are made by a new process recently discovered in Paris. The work requires infinite skill and is very tedious, but I am making a special offer for two weeks only, of two dollars a picture. I am doing this to introduce the work.” Turning to Louise, “If Mademoiselle will examine the samples, I think she will honor me with an order.”

Seeing that the girls were pleased (the samples were really fine work) he suggested that each have her picture made for the other. This last proved effective and he secured two small pictures to enlarge. Her picture! What fortune for a poor artist. Oh, no, his day’s work was not in vain.
"Well, Jack, what luck? Suppose you have enough work to keep you busy for a year," said Tom teasingly, as the two were seated in the frat drawing room that evening.

Jack replied, "'Art is long and time is fleeting,' but," seriously, "I am going to spend all of the year on one picture."

He pulled Louise's picture from his pocket and handed it to Tom.

— "This picture, and, old fellow I will not be satisfied until the original is mine for keeps."

C. Murphey, '06.
SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A little cloud afloat in the west,
  Afloat in the west when the sun dips low,
A courtier cloud in splendor drest,
  With living light aglow;
Now its dazling gold gleams bright
In a sky like to pale chrysolite,
  Then suddenly,
A curious island it seems to be
That in the deeps of an amber sea
  Drifts gorgeously.

A little cloud when the sun hath gone,
  When the sun hath passed from the west away;
Ah, cold, cold, cold! ah drear and wan
  And desolate and gray;
Alas for the banished gold and red,
  Sing drearily,
Alas for the cloud when the sun hath sped,
Forlorn as a heart when hope lies dead—
  Ah me.

A rose ablow in a garden close,
  A rose ablush in a summer bower;
Oh, perfect rose, oh, queenly rose,
  Oh, sweetest, loveliest flower.
The breeze to rock her, the sun to kiss
Her blushing beauty all day—I wis
  They love her well,
And all night in the moonlight, silvery pale,
Doth her lover the nightingale
  His passion tell.

But woe for the rose when the storm winds blow,
  When the sheen and shine of the summer are over;
Sing low for the rose when far hath flown
The nightingale her lover;
See where the withered petals fall
When the dripping skies spread a laden pall,
   Sing mournfully
For the rose forsaken, the rose storm-shaken—
   Ah me.

A butterfly poised on gauzy wing
   'Neath azure skies, mid June's sweet hours,
A living blossom fluttering
   Mid sister flowers;
Oh, the painted wonder of wings outspread—
Tyrian purple and dusky red
   And gleaming gold;
Oh, dandy reveller, drinking the fragrant wine
Of the yellow, mellow, sweet sunshine,
   So gay, so bold.

Alas for the bliss of the butterfly
   When the brief bright bloom of the season's passed
Alas for the delicate wings that lie
   In the wayside dust at last;
Woe for the butterfly's gauzy wing,
Woe for the poor, torn, gleamless thing,
   Sing wearily,
Forever stilled its fluttering—
   Ah me.

The rose, the cloud and the butterfly,
   (Hush, heart, be glad while life's in May,)
'Tis beauty and bloom and the silent tomb,
   So runs the world away;
For bliss is brief and the end comes soon,
   Sing moodily,
December weeps for the joy of June
And the black night swallows the golden moon—
   Ah me.

—A. C.
My friends and I were enjoying some of our vacation days at San Diego. That morning we were about to start for the bull-fight at Tia Juana, just across the Mexican border. It was a "personally conducted excursion" and the manager was something of a wight. "Before leaving for Mexico I advise all gentlemen to leave their pocketbooks with me—I am poor and my family needs the money. Also allow me to assure the ladies that I am the only one authorized by the American and Mexican governments to inspect lady tourists." He had made his point—provoked the crowd to laughter and logically our merry start presaged a day of pleasure and consequent satisfaction for the manager's patrons.

We were off—two heavily laden train-loads, pulled by the sturdy, puffing narrow
gauge engines. They made a great bluster, the smoke belching from their funnels and the piston-rods whirring furiously as though trying to hoodwink us into believing that we were going faster than twenty miles an hour.

In the coaches at the van, accompanied by a brilliantly uniformed band, were the matadors, banderilleros, picadores and their attendants of the bull-ring. The great Felix Robert, the only French matador, was among them.

We were enjoying to the utmost our ride thru the fresh morning breeze blowing from the great salty expanse at our right when we first burst upon his startled coltship, trotting happily beside his mother as she pulled the buggy up a steep slope.

——— He stopped short, legs spread wide, head and tail up, eyes aflame, nostrils distended. As we passed he gave one snort of astonishment and challenge and dashed after. Down the hill he came, headlong, and on the level at the bottom appeared to gain on us. Then the next hill retarded him somewhat and we pulled away. By now every passenger was aware of the race and many were the shouts of admiration and encouragement that burst forth: "Come on old fellow;" "Bully for you;" "You'll make a racer;" "Isn't he cunning!" —the last from one of the colt's feminine admirers.

On, on he came, never once pausing—
straining his utmost though he was falling far behind. Presently a hill concealed him and we thought he had given up the race and returned to his anxious mother, afar back, whom we could see was being driven hastily after her truant offspring.

But no! Up the hill he comes far to our rear but galloping bravely. Great cheers burst from the spectators. What American loves not to see grit fighting against odds? Now a curve retards our fussy engines and the beautiful colt gains and finally is trotting beside us, miles from his dam. What praise and admiration is his! We were as pleased as though we'd won a week's salary on the outcome.

Our train slows down and finally comes to a stop just before a narrow cut. The colt trots up to within a few feet of us and snorts and sniffs nervously as he trots back and forth.

"Better tie him up or he'll run himself to death," someone suggests. But there is no rope forthcoming and then too the train starts into a cut. Before we ran thru open country and beside the county road. Now we have left the rolling plain and are among the steeper hills.

In the cut there is no road, no path beside the iron rails for the colt's race course. All see at once that if he follow disaster must inevitably overtake him. He does follow, with a brave dash into the cut behind our train. Then arise cries and screams. Hundreds of
legs are thrust out from the open cars, as though to ward him from the cruel, roaring wheels. He tries to run up the steep bank—falls back—shudders and groans and smothered curses break from us as we feel the jar.

Back on the track he lies—his brave spirit quenched, his baby life crushed and mangled by the followers of the bull ring.

"Sacrificed to make a Roman holiday."

—Mex.
THE DORMITORY BUNCH.

If in after years, when we are gone
And a new crowd of students own the lawn,
Should any one ask "who once were here"
Read them this list, its plain and clear.

No one of the authors would try and tell
About every student and do it well;
So we'll name only those in old South Hall
Considering the bunch, the task is not small.

We'll follow the sudden curve of the Hall
Upstairs and down, naming them all:
On the left, as we turn, we may hear the tones
Of a sick violin. That's Raymond Jones.

"He played at dawn, he played at noon,
And did it again by the light of the moon.
He sang to a lady, (here the Muse sighed,)
And they said next morning, the poor thing died."

Take off your hats, get down in front;
We will now exhibit our keenest stunt:
Lord Most High Hoyt here lives in power,
With Majestic Thompson, "The Man of the Hour."

Here all alone in his roomy room
Is Giant Mellgren, from the "Stone of the Tomb."
A careful voice warns us from above
"Look out, he juggles the boxing gloves."

Here we find Harwick, whose delicate waist
Proves that of high life he's ne'er had a taste.
And Newton, whose bothersome lessons seem
Never to allow him time to Queen.

Across the hall is Father Pew,
He loves to sleep in the morning too.
We hope he will publish the book he's begun
"Keen Stunts Done in Dressing While on the Dead Run."
Major R. B. Kilgore rules this place,
A mischievous senior, with a girlish face.
Advanced in the art of "making eyes"
Yet the man who says "Dutch" to him usually dies.

This is Garrulous Dismore. Hear him talk!
We've heard that low hum through the whole of our walk.
If you've something to say to him, by any chance,
Write, for if you see him, he'll give you no chance.

Here we find "Mincy" Clegg the "Fashion Plate."
Tonight, as usual, he has a date;
He'd show us, if we had time to stay
A special necktie for each new day.

Next door is Drew. To raise his ire
Go up to him and say sternly "Company, Fire! !"
And this is Johnson of the curly locks.
A girl died while writing an "Ode to His Sox."

Up stairs we first find the "Pair Wot Am,"
Known to the dorm as the "Lion and Lamb."
Danny the Meek, and Cole the Wild.
Advice, "Don't get the animals riled."

Mashbir the Silent rooms next door.
The fellows wonder more and more
How the fellow who said he'd heard him speak
Could live after showing such desperate cheek.

Dale Gleason rooms with him a 'Native Son,'
Anxious to play chess with any one.
He's "great" for he didn't even turn pale
When a Jersey cow ran down the Dale.

Next door live Cannon and Benjamin Clark.
Neither of them goes out after dark.
And Cannon gets up at the bird's first peep
After which no one else can get any sleep.

Alone at last, in his glory supreme
Like a horse that never can run in team,
We find here "English Charley, the Fearful Firth,"
"Mad merry master of moonshine mirth."

'Tis sad space doesn't allow us here
To give the whole of his checkered career,
For with stabbing Mexes and worrying Prexies
Charley goes home with a bundle of "X's"

Stop for a moment, for here we are
At the room of our old friend, Salazar.
A dead game sport, yet the girls say too shy
To charm, no matter how they try.

We've come to Hosmer's room at last,
Commonly called the "Man with a Past."
On one subject he never gets a rest—
It's a five pound box of Ziegler's best.

Here live the latest, the Brothers Lord
Taking the course known as Dorm and Board
Talkative fun-loving, dare devil boys,
Largely to blame for much of the noise.

Here's Mason, the man with the childish face,
Who looks too young to live in this place.
And Button, whose many love affairs
Are discussed every day at the foot of the stairs.

The sad, past history of Ryder we'll tell,
He sure lived wisely, but not too well;
Chem. and Geom. he loved most of all
And thus came about his dreadful fall.

While pondering the whichness of the why
Forgetting the place he was passing by
Fell over. When looking for him they found
Only "Latest Math. Text Books" on the troubled ground.

Shorty Strong roomed with the deceased,
Ever since then his brow is creased
With the wrinkles of learning, he's trying hard
To live up to the "rep" left behind by his pard.
Here the Roses grow (next door in line)
Small, puny boys, sick all the time;
For their stature small and complexion white
The authors feel pity as they write.

Hush now, keep still as we near this door
Rush in, and you won't want any "Moore,"
For Gebb, and Moore too, if you please,
Live here together in mutual peace.

Remember Gebb by his French expression,
In the hall of fame he'll lead the procession;
His hair well parted, as on other days,
You know, that's the way it always stays.

San Berdue, or Sanburwon't,
San Berdidn't, or Sanburdon't,
Rummy, or Holbrook, one or all,
Thus named is Calipers across the hall.

Now we approach that boisterous man,
Mr. Begg, the wildest of all the clan.
We'll name him now as we tell the story
"The Father of his Dormitory."

Blame him not for being a ne'er do well,
'Twas his fate to room by Fred Barthels.
As a lady's man he would be a beauty
Except for the bothersome extra duty.

Next we find Bradstreet, the "Wall Street King"
Absorbed in mighty reasoning.
With "Edwards the Bashful" by his side
Otherwise known as "The Queenri's Pride."

As we near the next room, with every step
We hear the words plainer—"You gawl-durn Prep."
'Tis Ruthrauff, academy students fear
To hum a prep song when he is near.

Kuster the "Heart Smasher" lives next door,
Famed for his knowledge of old love lore.
No maiden may dare to glance his way
Without losing her heart "forever and aye."

Next door is Walker, the "Pride of the Dorm,"
Alias, the "Man with Apollo's Form."
And Hatcher whose name goes onto the slate
As "Winged Mercury, Up-to-date."

"Sling Yuen Me Much Don Tank Lee"
Is the cause of this sweet Hi Lo, Hi Lee.
An American sport with a Chinaman's name
And a love for Dutch habits just the same.

And here we find Coles, of the mighty arm,
The which, so 'tis rumored, was raised on a farm.
With Lizzard Hazzard, whose questioning "Yes?"
Has made a big story a whole lot less.

This is Kohler, the "Gentleman of Perfection"
With a moustache of his own selection.
Love ditties are sweet, but you'll hate them,
When Kohler whistles at four a.m.

"Carrots the Graceful" here we find,
"Red" Calloway we now have in mind.
Whose dainty feet and pathetic hair
Are wont to charm the girly's fair.

"Shaky" Hardicker (why so namad?)
Nobody knows, for his industry famed,
Lives here alone. Somehow it is told
That his feats make friend Dooley look painfully old.

Gadzooks! Zounds! 'Ods Bodkins! Lucifer! Now!
Heck's Pup in Confusion! Spread neck low and low,
Gosh all Hemlock! Durn it! By Blue Jupiter's Toe!
Here's Percival Jones. Name some slang he doesn't know.

'Tis said of Jones he began to propose:
"Grab, Fair one, I swear by the soft corn that grows
On mar's little toe that I love you, By Hack!"
Here the old man arrived; Jonesey never went back.
This room is Adams. Strange that fate
Should have made his locks so piously straight,
When the deeds he will do for a young lady fair
Are plenty to curl any other man's hair.

Goldring and Williams live on the corner,
For this Prof. Medcraft is the chief mourner.
For when Abe tells Issac to sweep the floor
Someone has to come up for repairs on the door.

Directly across, in the opposite door
Live the "two mess hall sharks," Carpena and Moore.
Through thick and thin these doughty pards
Go around getting souvenir postal cards.

And now that the "theme is exhausted"
And we can't say any more
We hope everybody can take a joke
And that nobody will be sore.
Forth upon the world's battlefield our alma mater sends another contingent of hopeful aspirants. They are strong in the very name of University graduates, for one who ranks low in the scale of achievers is not capable of that sustained effort required of a college graduate. There is an opportunity for reflection when it is brought to mind how few of those who start in a college course are in at the last lap to receive a diploma.
Think of the intricate mathematics that have been solved, the endless foreign conjugations and declensions mastered, the numberless themes composed, the long laboratory periods and the efforts spent in the field solving problems in engineering and you must say he who has successfully followed these studies day after day, night after night and year after year is worthy of consideration.

They have finished and those who know feel that the graduates are entitled to that satisfaction which comes from the realization that a goal long kept in sight is at last attained.

And you, graduates, are leaving a world foreign to all others—the college world where a man is cherished and esteemed for what he is and not for what he can be played.

Provided you have lived your college life in its broadest, fullest sense, granted that you have been a true student and a good mixer—then if the successes and enjoyments you will get out of your life henceforth surpass those of college days, why, more of happiness you could not ask.

Graduates, your achievements at college presage your conquests in the broader arena of the world. We wish you the fullest measure of success and would say with the pristine meaning of the word, *Adios*.

For the last time the present editorial
staff of the "Monthly" greets an indulgent public. If its appreciation of the efforts of staff and contributors has been but a fraction as keen as their enjoyment in their work, then the "Monthly" has not been issued in vain.

At this last occasion we would thank all who have in any manner whatsoever aided in the publication. The faculty and students present and past have supported the organ of their institution in admirable fashion. If you would know the business men who have aided us, look at the advertisements; we fully appreciate their assistance without which we could not publish this sheet. We wish to thank our printer, Mr. Kimball, for the consideration and many favors extended us, also his employes, our friends of the print shop, for their interest in and assistance to us in our compiling.

To next year's staff we wish unbounded successes and are confident that our own poor efforts will be far surpassed.

This has been a banner year for the University of Arizona and all concerned may complacently pat themselves upon the back. Next year will be better. Before we say good-bye, fellow students the, best fortune we can hope for you is that you may all return next semester.
THE COLLEGE WIDOW

'Twas first at a dance that I met her,
A dance at the gym I believe,
I thought from the first that she loved me,
But then I was easily deceived.
Her eyes were sparkling and shining,
Her dress was strictly in style,
But that which shall haunt me forever
Was the sweetest of sad sweet smiles.

I saw her often that winter,
And danced with her many a night,
But I couldn't confess that I loved her,
For a professor was ever her knight.
Next season, 'twas a Senior that had her,
Still she gave me many a trial
For each time, in the halls, that I passed her,
She gave me—the sad sweet smile.

I resolved that next year I would have her,
For my heart was beginning to burn.
But I saw her not much that season
For that was the Junior's turn.
The fourth year, 'twas a Sophomore courtier
Though I urged my suit without fear,
But the wonder of wonders happened
My turn came the following year.

Oh! those walks up the canyon in daytime,
Those parties and dances at night,
Those days I'll worship forever
And their memories will always be bright.
But then why is this life so uncertain?
We quarreled one night by the stile,
When we parted, as we thought, forever,
She gave me the—sad sweet smile.
My college days have long been over,
I'm getting old and my hair is turning grey,
'Tis many a year since I've seen Alma Mater,
So I took a walk over today.
The buildings are the same only older,
But not a student could I call by name.
So I strolled up the grand old canyon,
Surely it is the same.

I walked up the scarred old pathway,
Inhaling Dame Nature's perfume
When I saw a boy and a girl together,
Sitting on the moss grown flume.
I walked on a little farther,
Keeping my eyes on the ground all the while
But I shyly glanced up as I passed them,
And caught a glimpse of a sad sweet smile.

'Twas this same little flirt of a dorm girl,
Who beguiled me in days gone by
She was still just as pretty as ever
And as witty but not quite so shy.
But I'm sorry for this evergreen sweetheart,
Will she ever be anyone's bride?
For I'm afraid she's going backwards—
'Twas a prep that was sitting by her side.

—KAIMIN.
Now you exponents of college spirit display a little of that which you so lustily advocate and pay your athletic dues before leaving college. FIVE members have paid their full dues.

U. A. YELL.

O! ya! O! ya! Ee! Ee!
(deep) O! ya! Ee! Ee!
(shrill) O! ya! O! ya! Ee! Ee!
Bushwa! Arizona!
Wow ! ! !

TENNIS

The second tournament of the Arizona Tennis Association had practically the same result as the first. P. H. S. took the singles and U. of A. the doubles, Murray and Lee capturing the beautiful loving cup offered by the Tennis Association.

There were some pretty contests throughout the day, but by far the most interesting was the match between Salazar and Ficas, the P. H. S. man. The first set went to Salazar, 6-2, the second to Ficas, 6-4 and the last also to Ficas, 6-0. The trouble in the third set seemed to be that Salazar was unable to keep his opponent in the back court, his lobs falling short and giving the Phoenix man the oppor-
tunity to take the net and do some splendid smashing.

Lee and Murray were in poor form in the morning but managed to beat the Phoenix team in straight sets 7-5, 7-5. In the afternoon match with the Indians they showed an improvement over the morning's work and won in straight sets 6-2, 6-0.

U. OF A. 9, ELYSIAN GROVE 4.

The ball game between the Varsity and Elysian Grove aggregation resulted in a decisive victory for the U. of A. lads. Though it was ragged in spots and showed poor head-work at times, yet it was a fair exhibition for the first game.

Bohnstadt pitched fairly good ball though there were several lucky hits made off his delivery. Adams, behind the bat, caught like a veteran, his work being exceptionally good for his first game in that position. Newton in left cut off several hard drives and Kuster at right pulled down a difficult fly and made a long throw to third completing a double.

WHITE 24. RED 12.

In the second game between the two girl's teams the Whites won by the decisive score of 24 12. The game was fast and furious from start to finish. For the winning team Miss Pusch, at center, played the best game in spite
of the fact that she had a badly wrenched ankle. Miss Bennie, for the Reds, played her usual fast game and Miss Smith made a sensational goal from the center of the floor.

BOYS' BASKET BALL.

Two picked teams, called respectively the Hazbinz and the Neverwuzzers, played a close and exciting game on the evening of the 10th. To give the players a better chance to get their 'wind' the game was divided into three periods. The Neverwuzzers obtained a big lead in the first period, the score being 11-3. At the end of the second it was 21-15. In the last period the Hazbinz came up with a rush and tied the score. Both sides fought hard for the lead but the superior work of Brown throwing goals from fouls won the game for the Neverwuzzers in the last minute of play by the score of 29-27.

THE SHAME OF SOCRATES.

TAKEN FROM PUCK.

(Deploring the craze for collegiate athletics Dr. S. Weir Mitchell told the Pennsylvania alumni that he had "once really seen college men enthusiastic over Socrates."

What! Enthusiastic about old Socrates!
Oh foolish waste of youthful vim and spirit!
Could Socrates have pitched a curve of 45 degrees?
Or done a hundred, scratch, in nine or near it?
Could Soc, upon a muddy field have hit the line and sped
Ten yards through guard before they had him tackled?
Or on defense, have gouged an eye from out some fellow's head?
Or, "kneed" another's chin bone till it cracked?
Be candid now!—Could Socrates within a shell have sat
And pulled four miles at forty strokes per minute?
Could Socrates have caught a foul, red hot, right off the bat?
Or won a game when hits alone could win it?
Could Socrates, old Socrates, have neatly dropped a goal,
With leaping fiends before him good and plenty?
If not, then by the gods of sport what men could e'er enthuse
O'er such a two spot, dub, mut, stuff and Lizzie?
The husky Greeks in days of old the discus used to use,
But, discusly, did Socrates get busy?
Aw, ring him off! He never made one single bid for fame;
He may have made debating teams, annexed a few degrees,
And had *cum laude* added, but there's nothing in that game,
Now, fellows, ready! One-two-three! To——— with Socrates!

THREE CHEERS

Dedicated to the Athletic Association of the University of Arizona by J. M. Patton and B. F. Stacey.

Air—When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

Get ready for the Jubilee. Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our teams will fight for victory, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The girls must sing, the boys must shout,
The faculty must all turn out,
And we'll give three cheers for every vict'ry won—
    Hurrah! Hurrah! Hip-hip! Hip-hip Hurrah!
Yes, we'll give three cheers for every vict'ry won.

Once we were only "kids" you know. Hurrah!
    Hurrah!
But healthy "kids" will always grow. Hurrah!
    Hurrah!
The other fellows whipped us then,
But now we are all grown to men;
So we'll give three cheers for every vict'ry won—
    Hurrah! Hurrah! Hip-hip! Hip-hip! Hurrah!
Yes, we'll give three cheers for every victory won—

From Maine to California, Hurrah! Hurrah!
From Florida to Canada, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The Red and Blue shall honored be—

Loved banner of our Varsity—
Then we'll give three cheers for every victory won—
    Hurrah! Hurrah! Hip-hip! Hip-hip! Hurrah!
Yes, we'll give three cheers for every vict'ry won—

It will not do to simply say, Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll do our duty day by day, Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll train ourselves, and do it well,
Then meet the foe and give them—
Well, we'll give three cheers for every vict'ry won—
    Hurrah! Hurrah! Hip-hip! Hip-hip! Hurrah!
Yes, we'll give three cheers for every vict'ry won.
OUR COURSE IN FARMING.

The harvest time draws nigh with this issue, and soon our halls and buildings will be deserted. The overseers are busy sharpening their scythes and reapers, which the many tillers of the soil must soon use. Some of them, from reports, seem to have them so sharp as to deeply cut some unlucky laborer, who may be ill experienced in their handling.

We have been sowing our seeds of thought and study these nine months, and where the soil has been rich and well cultivated, students will reap their harvest of credits,—Fourth Preps a harvest of certificates and Seniors a harvest of diplomas. Those unfortunates who planted their crops too late in the season, have crops which are still green which from the weather reports of the Overseers will probably mature some time next fall. Some crops are kept green through the influence of Spring Fever, and the distracting influence of bright Spring days and delightful moonlight evenings. Other crops which were not plowed sufficiently deep, nor regularly weeded, nor cultivated with the required amount of midnight oil, will raise a crop of D's,—small and stunted, but painfully existing.

Ill experienced and light hearted farmers sowed their grain on nicely shaded lawns;
these were nearly all quickly devoured by chattering "jay-birds." But, sorry to say, some took root, and will insure our birds food for years to come. Such seed cannot perish! The remaining few fell in long halls and on extensive verandas, and may be seen 'most any day being blown aimlessly around. It is predicted they will take root about harvesting time.

**ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT AT SABINO CANYON.**

On the second day of the first week in April our brave battalion slowly trailed from the campus, and began its long practice march to Sabino Canyon. "Route step" was the order of the Captain, and everything from Alpha to Omega discussed, and from "Home Sweet Home" to "Forty Nine Blue Bottles" rang out over the desert plains. Two large trucks carried all the existence wants the camp would require for a week. After a short rest at the Rillito river, the army proceeded and reached their mountain "home" shortly after two. Tents were pitched and as darkness fell each cadet was safely tucked under warm(?) blankets for the night. Each day strict army life was observed, regular hours for work and sleep and play being set apart. Wednesday perishables ran short and a wagon was sent in for more food. As a result of the mail which the wagon bore to (loving) mothers, it returned
to camp with many dainty delicacies, among other things a half beef and several hundred loaves of bread. Thursday was a holiday, and exploring parties wandered over the mountains. Friday several visitors were at the camp, among them Drs. Long and Fox and Prof. Wilcox's physical geography class. The camp was graced by the presence of Mrs. Lt. McClure and her sister. Early Saturday morning camp was broken, and they started for town:

"With the right foot first,
And the road a slippin' past,
And every bloomin' camping ground,
Exactly like the last."

BATTALION INSPECTION.

On Thursday morning, April 12th, Major Dickman of the U. S. Army made the annual inspection of the military department here at the University. The battalion was at its best, and after a parade and review before the Major, and a few battalion maneuvers, it was marched about one-third of a mile south of the campus, and extended as skirmishers for an attack on a defended point just outside the campus. The attack was well planned and executed, and the rapid fire of blank shells was very realistic. Acting President E. M. Blake accompanied Major Dickman during the inspection, who reports being well pleased with
the exhibition and the work accomplished by Lieut. McClure, this year.

Most of the classes of the University were dismissed for the morning, and after the inspection, a jolly crowd gathered in the Gymnasium, where acting President Blake congratulated the cadets on their military appearance. His speech was followed by several rousing college yells, after which the students amused themselves for the rest of the morning in a jolly informal dance.

DANCE AT NORMAL FOR TENNIS TEAMS.

The hospitable Normal students again honored the visiting tennis teams representing the four schools which took part with a reception and dance. We appreciate their cordiality and hope to return it when the territorial tournament is held here at the University.

MINING CLASS MAKES EXTENSIVE TRIP.

The class in mining utilized the spring vacation in making an extended visit to the principal copper mines in the southern portion of Arizona and Sonora, Mexico. Accounts of what they saw appear in another portion of this issue.
ATHLETIC DANCE.

Some twenty odd couples were fortunate enough to be present at the most successful Athletic Association dance held this year. The affair was held in the gymnasium, and the music furnished by a Mexican orchestra. During the installment of the electric car line, a bus line has been running between the campus and the city. This was used to convey the jolly crowd to and from the dance. After the dance, those affected by the tempting moonlight evening, coaxed the driver to take them for a short ride.

PHI LAMBDA'S PICNIC.

On Saturday, May 5th, a tally-ho ride to Agua Caliente was given by the Arizona Alpha chapter of the Phi Lambda Epsilon Fraternity in honor of Hugo Burkner of the Nebraska chapter. A bountiful lunch was taken along so that most of the day might be spent in the vicinity of the springs. They report the springs as an excellent spot for picnics. The party reached town shortly after sunset.

HUNTING SNIPE.

The most popular sport for the boys who went on the encampment was nightly snipe hunts. The moon was shining brightly making the evenings ideal for the long tramps such
hunting requires, if it is to be successful. No snipe were caught, but plenty of “suckers” were. It was very amusing to see one particular hunter running down a steep rocky hill in ten second fashion, with a sack hugged tightly under one arm, and the other arm holding a lighted candle high overhead, only to be stopped about a quarter of a mile from camp by a sentinel and held at the point of a bayonet until he was recognized and had explained why he had left camp way in the middle of the night, without permission.

BATTALION PROMOTION.

Military Department, University of Arizona. General Orders No. 6.

1. Cadet Hoyt is relieved from duty as Acting Quartermaster.

2. The following promotions in the battalion are hereby announced:

To be First Lieut. Co. B  -  -  Cadet Hoyt
" First Lieut. & Adjutant  Cadet Hatcher
" First Lieut. & Quartermaster  Cadet Drew
" Color Sergeant  -  -  Cadet Rose, F.
" Sergeant Co. A(Vice Miller resigned)  -  -  -  Cadet Culin
" Corporal  -  -  -  Cadet Strong
" Corporal  -  -  -  Cadet Ruthrauff
" Color Guard Acting Corporals
   -  -  -  Estille & Batte
By order of Lieut. McClure,
B. R. Hatcher,
1st Lieut. & Adj.

Approved:
Kendric C. Babcock, President.

COMPETITIVE DRILLS.

The last two individual monthly competitive drills were won by Cadets Kohler and Hazzard respectively by close margins in both cases. They are now eligible in the final individual competitive drill which will take place at the end of the year. The company competitive drill for the Colors will take place in the near future. The officers of each company have been giving special attention to the improvement of their companies, and the drill promises to be very closely contested.

MILITARY HONORS.

In the official Army Register published annually by order of the Secretary of War, are printed the "names of the three most distinguished students of the military department graduated at last commencement at institutions of learning having military instructors detailed from the army, and which grade that department equally with others and make proficiency therein a requisite for securing a diploma."

The three students from the University
of Arizona whose names will appear in the
next Army Register are: Roy Webb
Moore, Senior Captain of U. A. Battalion;
John Wesley Gebb, Senior First Lieutenant
and Roy Bartley Kilgore, First Lieutenant and
Adjutant.

A BURST OF PATRIOTISM.

Several nights ago "college spirit" sud-
denly burst forth, and proclaimed itself in the
continued ringing of the large iron bell which
had been carried to the upper hall of the dor-
mitory. It kept tolling its glad peals for
several hours.

ASSEMBLY TO AID 'FRISCO SUFFERERS.

That our sympathies and generosities are
not dull, even if we have been called on a good
many times to support the undertakings we
have planned during the year, was shown in
the generous manner in which the students
opened their purses for the suffering and
stricken people of San Francisco. Their ap-
preciation of our efforts is shown in the follow-
ing letter received from Governor Geo. C. Par-
de, of California:

"Executive Department State of Califor-
nia, Sacramento:"
Roy W. Moore, Esq., Pres. Students Assn., University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona:

Dear Sir—Yours of May 7th enclosing Arizona National Bank’s draft No. 2132 on the National Bank of New York for $90, has been received at this office and the same will be transferred to Hon. Jas. D. Phelan, chairman of the San Francisco Relief Committee in due time.

I appreciate your kindness in this matter and I thank you on behalf of myself and our stricken people of San Francisco. With best wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,

(signed) Geo. C. Pardee,
Governor of California.

MIDNIGHT OIL.

The boys were just simply tired of burning midnight oil in the same old way night after night, so they went out at ten o’clock, about a week or two ago and brought a barrel of oil from near the dining hall to a place near the dormitory, and set it on fire. The blaze leaped as high as forty feet and did not die out till the wee small hours of the night. The new method proved a decided divergence. The blaze could be seen from town and caused a few to think a disastrous fire was about to start.
You should have seen the pajama rally around the fire.

**COLLEGE BOYS WILL HAVE NEW HOME.**

Beginning with next year the boys in the college department will have their quarters in North Hall, and donate all of South Hall to the preps. This is an excellent move, and a welcome one to those who will be collega men next year. The girls will occupy West Cottage now occupied by Professors Smith and Talmage.

**BATTALION ROSTER.**

V. S. McClure, 1st Lieutenant U. S. A. Rtd., Commandant.

STAFF.

H. M. Wolfkin, Captain, Assistant Commandant.
B. R. Hatcher, 1st. Lieutenant Adjutant.
W. F. Drew, 1st. Lieutenant and Quartermaster.
R. B. Murphy, Sergeant Major.
H. R. Holbrook, Chief Trumpeter.

COMPANY A

Capt., J. E. Johnson
1st. Lieut., F. M. Doan
1st. Sergt., A. P. Martin
Sergt., Steinfeld,
Sergt., Culin,
Corp., O’Connell,
Corp., Grossetta,
Corp., Rose, N.
Corp., Strong

COMPANY B

Capt., A. R. Buehman
1st. Lieut., J. C. Hoyt
1st. Sergt., George Kohler.
Sergt., Hazzard.
Sergt., Barthels.
Sergt., Rose, F.
Corp., Brown, R.
Corp., Edwards.
Corp., Ruthrauff.
Batte, Barker, L.
Brown, C. O. Brown, L.
Button, Callaway, L.
Cannon, Campbell, L.
Cole, C. H. Carpena, L.
Dannemiller, Christy, L.
Henry, Clark, L.
Hannick, Coles, L.
Hosmer, Estill, L.
Jones, C. B. Firth, L.
Kuster, Gleason, L.
Mason, Goldring, L.
Mellgren, Hardiker, L.
Moore, Jones, L.
McClure, Long, L.
Newton, Mashbir, L.
Roletti, Thompson, L.
Wooddell, Williams, L.

MUSICIANS.
Barker, L.
Huddleston, L.

ALMA MATER
Air—Marching Through Georgia.
B. F. STACEY.
Come, salute the Red and Blue and sing again our song;
Sing it till the welkin rings, with echoes loud and long;
Sing it as we ought to sing it, cheerily and strong—
True to our dear Alma Mater.

CHORUS—
Hurrah! Hurrah! The Red and Blue for me;
Hurrah! Hurrah! For our old Varsity;
Loyal hearts will turn to her, wherever they may be—
True to our dear Alma Mater.
Those with purpose strong and true, receive a friendly hand;
Welcome are all honest hearts to this fraternal band;
Pledged to help each other here, we’ll by each other stand—
True to our dear Alma Mater.

CHORUS—
Priceless is the help we gain in this familiar place;
And an unstained record leave to those who take our place—
True to our dear Alma Mater.

CHORUS—
When the parting day rolls ’round, and college joys are past,
And the cares of business life fall ’round us thick and fast,
Still we’ll give the U. of A. our homage till the last—
True to dear Alma Mater.

CHORUS—

A NEW RULING.

By order of a resolution recently passed by the Board of Regents students desiring admission to the preparatory department who live in cities of over five thousand inhabitants will have to show credentials of having finished the ninth grade. This will insure smaller classes in the prep. department, and will give the instructors and professors more time to devote to college classes.

BEAUTIFYING THE GROUNDS.
A large force of laborers has been em-
ployed for the past few weeks under the direction of Mr. Harris in grading some of the drives, mowing the lawns, and many other minor details, so as to have them in perfect shape for commencement week when we will have a good many visitors.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK ANNOUNCEMENTS

- Sunday, June 3rd, 7:30 p.m.—Baccalaureate Sermon, the Rev. Harvey M. Shields, Ph. D., of Bisbee, Arizona, Tucson Opera House.
- Tuesday, June 5th, 5 p.m.—Exhibition and Competitive Drill of the Cadet Battalion, South Campus,
  8:30 p.m.—to 1:00 Delta Phi Reception. (By invitation)
- Wednesday, June 6th, 7:30 p.m.—Graduating Exercises, Tucson Opera House.
  12:15 p.m.—Alumni Luncheon, Santa Rita Hotel.

Annual Statement by the President of the University.
Commencement Address and Conferring of Degrees.
Presentation of Certificates to Graduates of the Sub-collegiate Department.
9:30 p.m. Reception by the President of the University and the Graduating Class, Santa Rita Roof Garden.
PERSONALS

Miss Lutrell spent her spring vacation in Phoenix where she visited with friends.

The Phi Gamma Sigma Sorority spent Thursday of the spring vacation in a nice little outing in the vicinity of the Tucson mountains. As usual they report a jolly good time.

Mr. Elmer Johnson profitably utilized the week's holiday of the spring in a visit to his old home in Mesa.

The wedding of Miss Evelyn Evans and Mr. Elmer Stratton, both of whom are former University students, has been announced to take place in the early part of the fall. Their many friends wish them a long and happy married life.

Mr. Paul Murray had an old college chum, Mr. Jack Bohnstadt, visiting with him for a short time. Mr. Bohnstadt, accompanied by Hugo Burkner, who was a recent visitor of Montrose Lee, left a short while ago for Bisbee, where they have secured good positions.

Pres. K. C. Babcock accompanied the tennis team over to Tempe and remained there during the tournament.

Prof. W. P. Blake will leave in the near future for his country home in the New England states. His residence will be occupied by Drs. Livingstone and McDougall during his absence.
Prof. A. E. Douglass, of the Northern Arizona Normal School was a visitor on the campus about the middle of April.

President Babcock will deliver the graduating address at the Experimental College of New Mexico on May 30th, also the address to the graduates of the Bisbee High School on the evening of June 1st.

Mr. G. E. Hoole, former Secretary to Pres. Babcock, was here a few days ago on his way from Clifton to San Jose, California.

Lieut. S. V. McClure and wife will leave shortly after commencement week for West Point, New York, where his class will hold its tenth year reunion.

The Seniors have adopted as a class hat the high crowned, broad brimmed Mexican sombrero. It is an original idea and the girls think the hats look "cunning."

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS.

The officers of the Freshman Class are: Ralph Harwick, president; Lillian Cook, vice president; Mabel Wilkerson, secretary; William Drew, sergeant-at-arms.

ANOTHER BENEDICT.

Invitations are out for the wedding of our old college mate Ben McNelly. Miss Daisy
Francis is the bride elect. There will be a strong delegation present from the U. of A. when the important event occurs and there will be a jubilation long to be remembered.

The "Monthly" wishes to compliment the happy young couple on their good fortune and offers its heartiest congratulations and predictions of a long life and a merry one.

**ALPHA KAI OMegas ENTERTAIN.**

On the evening of May 5th the Alpha kai Omega Sorority, at the home of Professor and Mrs. Forbes, held a lawn fete that eclipsed anything of that nature ever attempted on the campus. The great verandas lighted with colored incandescents and fitted with cozy corners and punch bowls caused expectant thrills. On the lawn the merriment started with a Virginia Reel, then the revellers danced on the piazzas and made gay until the banquet table called. This was spread beneath great trees; thru the foliage the southern moon peeped, striving to be a good fellow while the sorores fratres and barbarians jested and toasted. The spread was a triumph of domestic art and would have satisfied the most exacting "glut." Too soon the early hours came.

The bunch on leaving gave some sharp, crisp yells for those "good fellows"—the queens of Alpha kai Omega.
'ROUND OUR "U"

(With apologies to Judge Mulligan.)

The moonlight falls the softest
'Round our "U;"
The summer days are warmest
'Round our "U;"
Friendship is the strongest,
Love's light glows the longest,
Yet, wrong is always worst
'Round our "U."

The sun shines ever brightest
'Round our "U;"
The breezes whisper lightest
'Round our "U;"
Plain girls are the fewest,
Maidens' eyes the bluest,
Their little hearts are truest
'Round our "U."

Orators are the grandest
'Round our "U;"
Officials are the blandest
'Round our "U;"
Boys are all the fliest,
Danger ever highest,
And professors are the wisest
'Round our "U."

The bugle notes are loudest
'Round our "U;"
The times dance on the gladdest
'Round our "U;"
Mule cars move the fastest,
Burros bray their maddest,
Rivers run the driest
'Round our "U."
Joint-statehood men are shiest
'Round our "U;"
Patriotic zeal burns fiercest
'Round our "U;"
Mountains tower proudest,
Sunsets are the grandest,
The desert is the greenest
'Round our "U."
Life's burdens are borne lightest
'Round our "U;"
Dances are the gayest
'Round our "U;"
While athletes are the keenest,
Cadets' hearts the bravest
And students are the noblest
'Round our "U."
—Mex.

BACK TO THE RANGE.

You kin talk about your mining
And your diggin' underground,
And about the heavy ore cars
For the big ore-crushers bound;
But I'd rather you'd excuse me
If I stay up on dry sand;
For I like to ride a bronco
From a wild and woolly land;
I like to go a whoopin'
O'er the prairie wide an' free;
You kin have your mines an' mining,
But a cowboy's life for me.
—Hank.
THE DREAM GOD.
The dream-god comes to-night, dear,
    His wings are on the air,
When the meercaum glows and gleams, dear,
    Like the rich gold of thy hair,
And the gathering shades are dark, dear,
    Because you are not here.
The dream-god's kiss is light, dear,
    And the dream is past compare,
For I am your true knight, dear,
    And you are my lady fair,
And the dark world-riddle is plain, dear,
    While your silken glove I wear.
The dream-god stirs the blood, dear,
    Of the youth or the wrinkled sage;
And my life is at the flood, dear,
    For I burn with an eager rage,
To struggle and win for you, dear,
    In the whirl of a restless age.
But the dream-god will not stay, dear,
    And the vision fades away,
And the fires of life burn slow, dear
    To the ashes cold and gray;
But if your glove I wore in truth,
    Who knows but the dream might stay.
—JOHN BELL.
In Univ. Virginia Mag.

THE SEA SHELL AND THE WAVE.
The winds sang low 'long the ocean side
    The surf broke quietly,
And a bright young wave in the glistening tide
Ran in from the big blue sea.

In the golden sands lay a sea-shell fair—
   Her cheeks were of rosy hue—
And the skipping wave, when he spied her there,
   Vowed that with love he should woo.

Again and again to her he ran,
   To sing with ardor bold—
As much as a lover wavelet can—
   The story so new, yet so old.

One day as the wave rushed in with glee,
   The sea shell was not there,
For a little lass took her far from the sea
   And knew not that any would care.

Then the poor wave calls, and sighs, and moans,
   And the tears do blind his eyes,
Till, falling down on the great rough stones.
   He breaks his heart—and dies!

BLUE AND BRONZE.

SAVED

You know I love you as I did!
   Why there's a rose right next my heart,
All dried and dead; the rose you gave
   To me the night that saw us part.

(Gee whizz! If she should ask to see
   That faded rose I'm in a hole!
The thing is faded without doubt.)

You don't believe I wear it yet?
   You don't believe (here's where I die!)
I've a good mind to keep it hid!
   Could I look in your eyes and lie?
"Let's see it then?" Oh, well, of course,  
If you will doubt me. You persist?  
You'll find it's badly dried and mashed—  
It has been handled so and kissed,

Oh, guardian angel, if I have  
A guardian angel, I implore  
Help me this once! This once alone  
And I—I swear—I'll lie no more!

Why don't I hurry? What's the rush?  
I can't conceive. (Now for a row—)  
My cigarette tobacco! Quick!)  
Here—here's the rose! How faded now!

So I'm a "dear?" Thought you that I  
Would part with its least petal? No!  
Though dead no other is as fair,  
So fair a rose will never blow!

(Now, that was close! What did I do  
With that real rose that time? Let's see—  
Oh, yes, I gave the rose to Belle—  
I think she gave a kiss to me.)—Ex.

THE LONE TRAIL

We knew the round-up trails that swing  
O'er sunny plains where faint winds drift,  
Up through the cañon's dusky rift  
To some hill-meadow's moss-rimmed spring,

The trails that plod through wind-smoothed sands,  
When lips are black and canteens clank,  
From bitter spring and dust-filled tank,  
Toward dim sky lines of lonely lands;

Trails drifted deep with snows that fall,  
When the last daylight flickers out,  
And, on the peaks, the storm-winds shout  
Among the pines: we know them all.

O Love, the trail today you ride  
Too fearful is for me to tread—  
The Lonely Pathway of the Dead,  
It leads across the Great Divide.  
—Out West.
Conceited weight of cap and gown,
From off thy pedestal come down,
And dwell with men of common mould,
By sense, not vanity, controlled.
Think not yet that thou hast the whole
Of wealth of mind and wealth of soul
To be acquired by mortal man,
And the horizon cease to scan
Of intellect, and leave unsought,
The ideas and continents of thought
Yet undiscovered, from whose bourne,
Bright gems, thy labors to adorn,
May come. He, who with learned look
Thinks what he knows would make a book
Bigger than that he doesn't know,
Is a fool. and you may tell him so.
Descend, take off thy cap and gown,
Open thine eyes and look around,
With mind untrammeled think, be free,
Show individuality.
—Emory & Henry Era.

Prof. Tolman in Geol. Exam—"Describe a
dinosaur."
Senior—"A dinosaur is about 30 feet long
and looks like a calf long-drawn out."

THE COMING EXES

Shuddering fear clambers over my back,
And shivers my timbers, and rattles my slats;
And the despot Terror reigns supreme,
And haunts my meals, and visits my dreams:
For the demon Exes, with sharpened axe,
Is coming the sluggards to slay;
And when he gets here, I've a well-grounded fear,
That I'll silently pass away.
But a ray of hope cleaves the gathering night
And a halo shines forth clear and bright;
'Tis the friend of the student behind in the race,
'Tis the God that keeps him from meeting disgrace.
If you’ll labor and toil, by midnight oil,
If you’ll slave as he wants you to;
The great God Cram will lend you a hand,
And manfully pull you through.—The Occident.

First senior: “Yes, if I take a p. g. course
I may need my drawings.”
Second senior; “If you wish credits for draughting better lose your drawings.”

THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE.

Fathers and mothers from all over the world—including Arizona—will put up their last cent for their son’s graduatin’ face (which in some cases will actually resemble him,) and will occupy front seats at the ceremony of pushing out the sheepskins. Immediately after these aforesaid ceremonies the Young Man will show his high, dutiful appreciation of his folks’ labors in his behalf by taking the first train for the home of his sweetheart, where the marriage will take place with great splendor, notwithstanding the fact that the 326th payment on that mortgage on the Old Folks’ place falls due on the following day.

—Inlander.

The conscientious Freshmen work
To get their lessons tough,
The Juniors flunk, the Sophomores shirk,
The Seniors?—O, they bluff.—Ex.
SOFT LITTLE THINGS.

’Twas not the sum I had to pay for board.
An neither was it clothes nor was it smoke.
’Twas not the sum I had to pay for drinks,
Ah, no, ’twas none of these that left me broke.

It was soft little things,
It was pretty little things,
It was charming little things
Called girls.

—Ex.

A rector and two ladies once went to visit the village school. A grammar lesson was in progress and one of the ladies wrote on the board, “The horse and the cow is in the field.”

“Who can correct that,” she asked.

No one spoke for a minute and then a small boy stood up and said:

“You should put the lady first!”

—Camosun

Senior—“I can get a good position as a draughtsman.”

Freshie—“Oh, I see—might use you for a fan in an ice cream parlor.

INSTRUCTION TO FRESHMEN.

Wherefore, O freshman, give ear unto the law, neither depart therefrom, lest peradvent—
The hosts of the Philistines, which is to say the sophomores, shall come upon thee like a thief in the night and smite thee hip and thigh, and defeat thee with great slaughter, for the soplùs are a brave and warlike people.

This is the law for the verdant freshman which changeth nor altereth not. Hearken and give ear lest when the bridegroom come thy lamp be not trimmed and burning.

Be meek and lowly of heart, slow to butt in, and plenteous of horse sense, neither be of a forward tongue and inclined to much babbling, lest one of the wise and holy men of Colorado college, which is to say a senior, shall send his mighty man of valor, which is to say a soph. upon thee for to chastise thee, and he shall smite thee upon the fifth rib, for the soph. loveth not the gentle freshman, and whereas thy father chastiseth thee with whips, the mighty soph. will whale thee long and lustily with a board, for he delighteth not in freshmen. A bit for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a long board for the freshman's back.

Woe unto the freshman that riseth early in the morning to fuss about the campus, that tarryeth long in the library alcove, and studyeth not, for the librarian being wroth shall descend upon thee in an hour that thou wot not and will sore punish thee.

Get thee out to all football games, neither neglect to lend that blatant raucous voice to cheer the Tigers; hike not at all to the canyons
with a young maiden for she will weary of thy childish prattle. Come, therefore, to the games, and let thy horn be exalted like the horn of a unicorn, lest the heart of the chief rooter waxeth wroth and he take counsel with a lusty soph. for to do thee hurt.

Be not wise in thy own conceit, neither seek to bluff the wily Prof. for it doth appear that he is dead on to thy babbling and will quickly give thee a zero.

Study to show thyself a good and faithful grind, neither hold good marks of slight import, for the dean knoweth the ways of the wise guy, but the bluffer and babbler shall flunk.—Colorado Tiger.

Prof. Tolman—"Gebb, have you seen any air drills in operation?"

Gebb—"Sure, thousands of 'em."

There lived a young fellow named Bohnstadt,
A frolicksome fellow and gay;
This man was so tall
That wet feet in the fall
Wouldn't give him a cold till next May.

A young theologian named Fiddle,
Refused to accept his degree,
"For," said he, "'Tis enough to be a Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle D. D."
The fellow with a girl has more trouble than anybody except the fellow without one.

Heard before exams:
Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget; lest we forget
Heard after exams:
Lord, God of Hosts, was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot.—Tiger.

Prof. Holty: “Name the different changes in matter.
Dan Angius: “Chemical, physical and spiritual.”

“A good fellow,” said she, “is known by the bad company he keeps.”

“When a pretty man,” she continues, “in a dress suit tells you about his heroic exploits, he has more courage than he knows.”

“If men,” she pursues, “realized how much of their feminine popularity depends upon their clothes, they would do one of two things.”

“A girl,” says she, “doesn’t like a queener; she likes lots of them.”

“If girls,” she goes on, “took men as seriously as they take themselves, life would be tragic.”—-Ocid. Mag.
Prof. Smith—"Explain to the class how the observation upon Polaris is made."
Gebb—"First, you set the instrument upon the horizon."

Teacher—"If you had nine apples and I took eight of them away, what would be the result?"
Pupil—"Yer finish."

COLLEGE CLASSES.

Frivolous flighty freshman from father's farm, fighting for fun, forever foraging for feeds, frequently flunking.
Swelled-up sophomores, strutting stiffly, scrapping, smashing seats, scorning superiors.
Jolly, jaunty, juvenile juniors, joking, jesting joyfully.
Sagacious, serious, solemn, sentimental, self-satisfied, seniors, sailing serenely, sometimes studying.—Evergreen.

Strong—"Professor, have you any linoleum salts, or rubber sulphide?"

MY EXAM

Dear text-books, now I say to you good-bye,
For joyful classroom hours have swiftly passed,
And that drear dreadful thing is come at last
The very thought of which can make me sigh
And push the trickling tear out from mine eye.
O! curst, relentless, and austere exam!
How many an hour for thee I'll have to cram,
That all my learning I may specify.
When on the tick of twelve I roll in bunk,
No peaceful sleep comes to my wearied brain;
But all night long a vile hag cackles, "Flunk,"
Until my feverish mind is half insane.
And morn brings such a whirligig of thought
That half I fear the furies have me caught.
—Spectrum.

Miss Ann Tique—"No man who has kissed the wine cup can kiss me."
He—"Me t' the wine cup."—Cornell Widow.

Some foxy pupils who never work,
Still make the greatest showing.
The rooster never lays an egg,
But still does all the crowing.—Ex.

"Bring me a pair of calipers,"
The haughty senior cried;
And forth to find Sir Rollin H.,
The bunch most quickly hied.

When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail;
"Well, I never!" was his comment;
"Here's a mule that's been in jail."
Ex.
She—“Did you take father apart and speak to him?”
He—“Not exactly, but he almost fell to pieces when I spoke to him.”—Ex.

“Your money or your life,” growled the footpad. “Take me life,” responded the Irishman. “I’m saving me money for me old age.”—Ex.

Professor—“How do we know Caesar had an Irish sweetheart?”
Student—“Why, he went to the Rhine and proposed to Bridget.”—Ex.

“Ikey! Ikey! Come here quick! De baby has swallowed de ink!” “Never mind, Rachel, dat is nodings; it was only a sample bottle.”—Ex.

'Twixt the optimist and the pessimist
The difference is droll,
The optimist the doughnut sees,
The pessimist the hole.

Piggy Miller has left us and gone to work for the S. P. R. R. The first day he put in hunting a half-round square; the second day they sent him after a bucket of steam, and the third day he feared for his job because he couldn’t find the sky hooks to aid in putting an engine back upon the track. This is his fourth day.
First Freshman—"Can you tell me whether there will be a moon tonight?"

Second Freshman—"I don't know, I am a stranger here myself."—W. S.

"Dear, you are all the world to me."
"Sir, you are more to me by treble:
If I am one, then you are three,
For you're the world, the flesh and the Devil."
—Harvard Lampoon.

Advice to Graduates: "Make money honestly, but—make money."—Calipers.

HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.

I married a widow with a daughter. My father visited our house frequently, fell in love and married my step-daughter. Thus my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife.

My step-daughter had also a son. He was, of course, my brother, and at the same time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter, my wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time, and, as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I am my own grandfather.—From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
Gebb—"Halt!!!! You may give them rest now."

Recitation,
Hesitation,
Pony balked,
Ruination!—Ex.

THE SENIOR.

"He's got a hat
With a great big brim,
All bound round
With a woolen string."
—Adopted from Rube Whipple in the "Old Homestead."

"This is a grave mistake," sobbed the man, when he found he had been weeping over the wrong tombstone.—Columbia Jester.

AT THE MEXICAN BORDER.

Chinese Inspector to Prof. Tolman and Kilgore—"Are you American citizens?"

It is not always necessary for a girl to learn jiu jitsu in order to know how to throw a fellow down.—Ex.

CULMINATING CALAMITY.

H. Rollin Calipers and J. Wesley Wurtz—
burger have been ostracized by the Convivial College Chumps Club for imbibing in Adam's Ale.

In a library nook, I sought for a book,
   To seek out some classic lore.
But when I got there, the book-shelf was bare,
   For someone had grabbed it before.—Ex.

This is an age of hustle, bustle and sweat.
A man hustles from early dawn until the katydids sing in the twilight for three meals a day and a place in which to lie at night. If he doesn't overwork, he goes crazy. He toils and slaves through the days of his youth so that when he grows old he can wear a silk hat and sit on the knees of luxury; but when his hair turns to snow and his whiskers grow thin and gray in life's late afternoon, he finds he has been victimized and grievously buncoed by his own calculations, and then rheumatism and poor relations have shattered all of his roseate dreams and punctured his longing hope.

PUERILITIES OF PERCIVAL DER PIE-EATER.
(The Native Son who would eat breakfast at 5 a. m.)

Whoop-bedad! By the Blue Blooded Je-hosophat! Fewdge! Son of Pickle! Gad-zooks! The All Fired Jumping Jiminy! You Moon-faced Nincompoop! Pel's Hecker! By Suds! 'Sblood! Oh, Sawdust! etc., etc., etc.
REPLY TO A CRITIC

I Point my pencil sharply fine,
    To pen a pert and pungent line,
And hear some blatant critic roar:
    "Why, Shakespeare said that thing before!"
Annoyed, I seek another theme,
    And in my cloistered recess dream
I've something new; the critic cries:
    "Why, Homer said that; here it lies."
Provoked, but still quite undismayed,
    Into the sea's blue depth I wade,
To find a pearl; cries he: "Ho! Ho!"
    Friend Shelley found that long ago!"
But now I'm comforted. For he
    Is not original, you see.
Through sources Biblical I know
    That Balaam's ass brayed long ago!
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