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THE DEBATING TEAM

CHARLES ALEXANDER

C. L. COCKE    R. B. MURPHEY

FROM BOLANOS' STUDIO
Here seems to be a common idea abroad that to make sociological research the investigator must locate in a congested district in some great city. Now I have always been a great believer in originality so when the time arrived for me to write my Thesis I decided to go about as far from the beaten paths as possible. The mountains of West Virginia offered a good wild spot and for that location I started, purposing to make an investigation into "The Causes of Poverty and Ignorance Among the Mountaineers." This, it is evident, could not be turned into the regular argument for sunshine and fresh air. Here, certainly, was a field for original inquiry.
About thirty miles from the railroad town of Whitsby was a small settlement supported largely by the prospect of a mine. This prospect was owned by a friend of my father's and at his suggestion I decided to make the district my headquarters for work. I reasoned that it would never do for me to arrive in this wild locality in clothes suggestive of civilization for then how could I hope to get a good understanding of conditions? So I procured some old mining togs, got a bad hair cut, allowed my beard to grow for a few days and thus disguised boarded the train, much, apparently, to the amusement of several of my classmates.

It was night when I landed at Whitsby. The stage for Black Gulch, so I was told, left within a few hours, "somewhar along about half past four in the mornin." This was not an exceedingly cheerful beginning but I reflected that inconveniences were not to discourage me. "Successful investigation always entails some hardship."

At four fifteen I was on hand, sleepy but endeavoring to look as strong, brusque, and independent as possible. The hotel proprietor overlooked me and remarked to a neighbor that the "sonny looked sleepy." Evidently my brusqueness had failed in its intended effect. To show my disregard of hardship I climbed up on top of the stage and sat down on the rough
board behind the driver. It might be well to question him in regard to "the problem."

He was not a great iron jawed fellow of the type which my imagination had led me to picture but on the contrary was small and skin-
ny with coarse black hair and a sneering, hard face. His clothes were a curious mixture of the most manufactured looking goods and the primitive handiwork of the man himself. I watched him as he drove along and I theorized. There was something so distant, so suspicious in the man's manner that I hesitated long be-
fore opening the conversation. When I did speak, my plan was clearly thought out. I would see now how I could lead this specimen mountaineer to talk of himself. After quite a few statements on the weather, the horses, the miserably rough road, the town (to which statements I received no answer at all) I asked, "Do you think that I can get work at Black Gulch?"

The driver turned his eyes on me for the first time. Watching me narrowly he snapped out counter questions. "Where did you come from? What can you do?"

This I had not figured on and I felt pain-
fully the weakness of my position as I hesitated, colored, then said lamely that I came from Wheeling and was a trained mine worker. The searching eyes were taken off me and I was
made to feel that the conversation was ended. After this my occasional remarks met with absolutely no response. Once only I felt the eyes of the man turned on me. He looked me over thoroughly then settled down once more into his humped position. The road which we followed wound among the mountains. It was badly washed and full of great stones. My seat under no circumstances comfortable, became unbearable and I concluded that I might as well surrender independence, for a little comfort. At the next stop I climbed down without a word to the driver and took a seat among the regular passengers in the stage.

These were two in number. One, an elderly man with a satchel. Drummer, no doubt. He seemed glad to see me and we talked quite a good deal. Throughout the conversation the second passenger, a rough looking miner, watched me suspiciously.

What could it mean? I fell to thinking. I remembered with disgust that, disguised as a common miner, I had yet been conversing freely and intelligently and in my most perfect English. No doubt this accounted for the difficulty. I must change my tactics. My plans were only half formulated when the stage came to a stop and my drummer friend called out cheerily that our journey was finished. We climbed out and the scene for my prospective research was before me.
Here was the class of town which I had imagined. The most prominent object on the landscape was the single store, on the porch of which stood the crowd of men. As I walked toward this store I figured on the connection between the protracted front porch conversations and the known laziness of the inhabitants. A close relation was at once established but there was little time for clarifying the idea. The drummer and I approached close to the crowd, though carelessly. I determined to talk freely with these men and accordingly walked up with my easiest manner and opened the conversation. All were silent save one and he answered so fully that I confined my attention from that time on to him. We talked concerning the mine and the town and I stowed the facts away, making numerous mental footnotes.

By this time the stage driver had his horses fed and he now hunched up to the crowd, uttering never a word. It was dinner time so I stepped in to get some supplies, purporting also to make my introduction complete by offering food to all the porch gang. When I returned from the store I was instantly aware of the fact that something had happened. I felt a dozen scowling looks bent on me. I presented some of the contents of a can to the man who had appeared so friendly. He refused with no
show of courtesy. I offered to others and received only a short, no, backed by a scowl. I felt most uncomfortable and asked where was a hotel? No one answered but one jerked his thumb back in the direction of the store. With thanks to my informer I left, followed by the gaze of the crowd. Scarcely was I out of hearing before the men fell to talking guardedly, though excitedly. The storekeeper informed me that he had rooms and showed me to an apartment which it is best to leave undescribed. I overcame my aversion to dirt and lay down.

It was my time for thinking. "What did it all mean?"

My bearing did not suit my disguise. I had used a ten dollar bill to pay for supplies at the store. I had made not a single error in grammar. Fool! What do they think I am? It would probably be best for me to simply go out in my college clothes and state frankly my purpose in coming to the town. But then I should scarcely get the information I was seeking. It was evident that people would not enjoy giving information which explained the causes of their own poverty." There is nothing to be done here but I can't give up the plan for I have talked too much about it."

After this self communion I lay some while thinking vaguely. Suddenly an idea, a
solution of the whole difficulty, popped into my head.

"I will go tonight to the top of one of these mountains and look about for the light of some cabin. To this light I shall go at once. Here in an isolated home, I shall find the good, wholesome mountaineers whose lot it is my purpose to improve. I can secure board and lodging with these people and in quiet make my observations on the condition of society."

My idea seemed well formed. I decided to sleep for the remaining two hours before night so that I might be fresh for my tramp.

When I awoke it was quite dark. The door closed at the moment I opened my eyes. I got up. My suit case had been moved slightly. I hastened to open it. Nothing was stolen but someone had certainly rummaged through it. I grew angry but concluded that it might as well be decided that I should take no offence at anything. The best that I could do was to leave at once the hotel-store and its locality. There was a back door to the room. Out of this I went. The moon was coming up over the mountains. I foresaw that I would have a beautiful night for my business excursion.

Following my plan, I walked boldly past the front of the store. There was a single man on the porch. He watched me narrowly. I hurried down the road a short distance, then
turned. The man who had been inspecting me was gone. The road was lined with the miners homes. No one was out but this continual inspection was wearing on my nerves and no convict could have walked more uneasily than I. Within a few minutes I was past the last shanty and relieved to see nothing save mountains ahead. I picked a high hill which rose close at hand and began to climb. Within a half hour the top was reached and I looked for the light of the honest mountaineer's cabin. Not a light was to be seen. It was growing late and no time was to be lost in climbing another and higher hill. With this end in view I started hurriedly down the slope. Suddenly on the side of the hill which I intended to climb, the same hill which I had just closely inspected, I saw plainly the light of a fire. Fortune seemed to favor me but why had I not seen this light before? I continued the descent and soon the light disappeared. This seemed strange so I climbed back to the spot where I had first noticed the blaze. There it was, plain as ever. Curiosity added more eagerness to my movement. I clattered down the hill on a run and began the climb of the next slope. Here the cedar grew so thick that I feared losing my direction. I became entangled in a thicket and jerked myself loose with an impatient exclamation, then turned,—to hear a low curse and look down the muzzle of a rifle.
In spite of my boasted will my knees smote together and it was with a faltering voice that I asked: "What do you wish?"

My captor gave me no answer but waved his hand in the direction of the mountain and started slowly toward me. "You can jest put them hands up." They went up and that right promptly.

"Now, move along."

I scrambled on through the brush, hands up, and wondered what had happened. While crossing a moonlit opening I secured a good look at the man with the gun. It was the humped, sneering stage driver. The truth of the matter, the awfulness of my position, began to dawn on me. Suddenly I turned sick and almost fell. A gun poke me in the middle of the back. I braced up and walked steadier. The light shone once more before me and in obedience to a wave of my driver's gun I directed my course toward it. The next command was for a halt. A powerful, bearded giant came from around the cliff.

"Well, you've got the———?"

The nasal tones of the stage driver answered in the affirmative.

"Carry him in."

Again came a prod from the rear and I walked forward, my mind now full of conjecture and scheming. "What did my capture mean?"
I was soon to know, for, following the big man we came in a moment to the mouth of a cave.

A strong scent of fermentation came to my nostrils and the reason for my capture was plain. I was to be subject to the treatment which a detective never fails to receive at the hands of the moonshiners. The whole case flashed through my mind: I saw nothing while I submitted to search, but never has my mind worked more rapidly.

My captors seemed surprise at finding no weapon on me. This gave me the cue for beginning my defense and eloquent I believe it was. I stated my case, gaining confidence as I went; I explained the high purpose of the study of sociology, my reasons for attempting disguise; I pointed out my careless means of approach and my defenseless condition. On these grounds I besought release. As I proceeded with my argument I felt the power of truth as I had never felt it before; when I closed I believed the big man was convinced. To the stage driver I turned hopefully. The sneer had never left his face. I knew my hopes blasted when he looked at his companion and snarled, "Bill, he lies."

The rope which he had held was now put into service, and bound hand and foot, I was rather thrown than placed against the wet side
of the cave. The two men retired beyond the fire and talked in low voices. I took a look at my surroundings.

The cave had a small opening, scarcely large enough to permit of a man's entrance. This accounted for the fact that I could not see the fire from any other place than the center of the observatory hill. The smoke from the fire went up to blacken the roof of the cave and escaped too slowly through a hole. The air was full of the smoke and heavy with the oppressive smell of fermentation. I grew sick from the sour odor. The still was arranged in the back of the cave, beyond the circle of light.

From sheer exhaustion I fell asleep; I awoke to find it daylight. The great Bill was amusing himself drumming on my ribs with his boot. I felt oppressed by a sore throat and more oppressed by the fears which I dared not think on.

It will be useless for me to give the details of the two weeks of misery which followed this day. My body, poorly nourished and aching with the grippe which exposure had brought on, could hardly be dragged around. Yet work was my lot and hard work. My hands welted and still I must chop wood for the charcoal ovens. More than once I wondered why I should not be shot, and several times I tried desperately to escape. If both men had
been big and careless and drunken as was Bill, I might have succeeded but the driver sat watching with a sneer and he touched no liquor. Once only I caught him off his guard and then in a moment I should have brought the axe down on his head, when he turned, revolver in hand. Surely then I thought my time had come. But he preferred to give me a slow death. His caution and his cruelties were redoubled.

Throughout this season of constant agony I was buoyed up by two hopes. Bill was often beastly drunk and during the second week the driver seemed ill and several times drank a little of the vile whiskey. Some day both might be drunk and then would be my chance. During all this time, too, I was not forgetful of the fact that my father was one of the most prominent and wealthy men in the state. Once I were missed every effort would be directed toward solving the mystery of my disappearance.

Several times Bill went off for half a day. On his return there would be whispered conversations and both men would look frequently at me. They seemed nervous. The fifteenth day after my capture Bill left the cave before daybreak. The driver was in a fiendish humor and the day was the hardest which I had spent. I felt now that the fever was upon me and I made up my mind to work no more after that day.
It was night when Bill returned. He and his pardner began to talk excitedly together. In the midst of the conversation the driver picked up his rifle and started toward me. Bill grabbed the gun, there was a short tussle; the gun was discharged in the air and left in Bill's hands. With an oath the driver jerked out his revolver, and Bill, half drunk, brought down the rifle over his head, knocking him unconscious. Here would have been my opportunity for escape but I was tied for the night. Bill dragged his companion to his cot and began to pour whiskey down his throat. This was followed by a bucket of water thrown over his head. Still he was as one dead. Finally he opened his eyes but with a glazed stare. Then began the most fearful delirium. The oaths, the terror of the man, was the most awful sight which I have ever witnessed. Bill grew more and more frightened and as usual sought relief in whiskey. He drank, looked at his raving pardner, then drank again—stupidly. Thirty minutes of this and he rolled over on the still warm ashes, beastly drunk.

Throughout this scene I had watched, forgetful of my own danger. As Bill rolled over I realized that my opportunity had come. Another minute and I was working at my cords. It was painful for I had no knife and
my hands were raw. For a long time I labored with feverish haste and then at last I stood a free man. I stood, then almost fell for I was very weak. My first impulse was to crawl to the side of the man with the delirium. I picked up his gun. In my fever I thought of how he had tried to kill me, why should I not shoot him? I raised the gun, then recoiled in horror at what I was about to do. Holding to the weapon, I rather tottered than walked to the opening.

It was a clear, starlit night. The cool air fanned my cheek. I braced myself against the rock and breathed. From the valley below came the deep note of a hound. Then a chorus. What did it mean? My numbed brain wondered vaguely. There was a sound of voices. Horsemen dashed out from the bushes below and at their head was,—I braced myself and looked again,—my father.

* * * * *

As I sit now in my student's room in busy Wheeling with the sounds of the street coming in through the open windows, these terrible weeks seem as a vague dream. It gives me great satisfaction to know that a storm of indignation has swept over the state. Militia and police have been at work and today fifty law breakers are in the penitentiary, all because of the originality of my sociological research.

C. L. C.
AS A LITTLE CHILD.

at er, I pass out from the fair, green fields,
My feet are set in paths I have not known.
Grant that I take with me, as forth I fare,
These childhood things to be through all my own.
The trusting heart that was Thy first great gift
Let me lose not, whatever idols fall.
The atoms come and go. With larger faith
Still may I turn from them to trust the All.
The open mind, O Lord, the will to learn,
Let me keep these, and that humility
Wherewith thyself hast dowered my child’s estate—
Let me keep these that my dim eyes may see.
The prayerful soul that calls Thee to my aid,
O may I keep it sacred, undefiled,
That simply I may lift my face to Thine
And hear Thee say, “Come unto Me, my child.”
Some treasures of my childhood’s fair, green fields
I may not take with me as forth I fare;
But these most precious gifts, O Lord who gave,
Grant that I keep them till the path ends—there.

The Tattler—Randolph Macon Woman’s College.
ANY years had passed since Father Francisco, a Dominican friar, had come over from Spain. He was a young man then, with a figure that stood out strong and straight beneath his black robe. His face under the broad-brimmed hat was full and fresh and in his dark eyes was the glow of youth.

In his quick step and restless energy too, was the mark of youth and a spirit which in another country and time than his own would have led him to measure himself with other men—and to win. But in the Spain of that day only three avocations awaited men of the hidalgo class—to love, to fight, and to pray. Yearly the best blood of the country was drained by the church and that the second sons of families, such as his belonged by right to the priesthood was a claim which none thought to question or disregard.

Thus it came about that Father Francisco had assumed the Dominican habit as lightly
and freely as a few years before he had donned his scholar's cap and gown at the great University of Alcalá. But because the blood in his veins ran fuller and stronger than did that of his priestly ancestors, or it may be because by some accident of birth there was in it a trace of that adventurous spirit which had led elder sons of the family to fight for their sovereign in strange lands and on distant seas, he was not content to remain among its indolent monks in the vine-clad cloisters of Spain. Instead he had petitioned the Bishop to send him with a party of Dominican friars just setting sail for the Philippine Islands, a country which for more than three hundred years had lured to its shores large numbers of Spanish soldiers and priests, the former in the hope of riches or glory, the later that they might gather the un-baptized heathen into the fold of the holy church.

In such a manner had Father Francisco come to his labors full fifty years before. At that time things had been different. The people still loved the church and large revenues came in. The Dominican order prospered and in the remote town to which the young priest had been sent adjoining the church stood a long rambling convent which served as a school and as a home for the half dozen friars who instructed the Filipino youth in Latin grammar.
and in the lessons of the catechism. The church itself, now falling into ruins, was then kept in repair and every morning at mass was thronged with dark-faced, white-clad worshipers.

Father Francisco had been happier in those earlier days. The Spaniard is ever half Oriental and the young Dominican had welcomed the glowing life of the tropics as something truly his own. He grew to love the burning sun, the warm, moist earth, the coal green of the banana trees, the bamboo thickets about the nipa huts, the placid sea bordered by dark palm groves along the shore. His fancy was touched by the sight of the noiseless fishermen busy among their nets, of women erect and graceful under the burden of the heavy water jars upon their heads, of naked children sprawling in the dust. The old church with its moss covered tower and tinted walks pleased his eye. He loved to stroll in the quaint patio at the rear, or in the long dark halls of the convent.

But the place that attracted him most was the great living room of the priests. The bare mahogany floor shone like a mirror. The tiny shell panes of the windows softened the glare of the sun and shed a dim light over chairs and tables of ancient design. In a recess at one end of the room was an altar above which stood a
smiling image of the Virgin. On either side of the figure was a heavy brazen candlestick where candles always burned. Beneath hung a crucifix set with jewels and on the floor at the base of the altar lay a rug from whose silken depths shone two spots worn smooth by the knees of praying priests.

A tall clock stood in the corner opposite—so old that none knew when it was brought over from Spain. Its face was higher than the head of Father Francisco, tall as he was, and the long glass door revealed the oscillations of a heavy pendulum whose ticking sounded through the room like a human voice. In the imagination of the young priest, removed as he was from the normal activities of youth and grown morbidly sensitive, the old clock at length assumed an extraordinary place in the life of the convent. When the yearly fiesta occurred and visiting brothers came from neighboring towns, a banquet table was spread in the living room around which the priests, long isolated from their kind, assembled in friendly companionship. At such times the clock seeming to share in the mirth of the feast, sang and exulted for joy, and its ticking was as loud as the laughter round the table. But when quieter days came and the brothers worked and prayed in silence, the clock, too, was subdued and its ticking was almost inaudible.
Then came the days of the plague when the school was closed and the friars labored day and night among the stricken people. Before the scourge had passed Father Antonio, himself, the superior of the convent had died and they placed his coffin at the foot of the altar above which burned the candles in their brazen sticks. The living room was darkened and the brothers moved with quiet steps. But the ancient time piece sent forth such wails of grief that Father Francisco on his narrow cot could not sleep for the sound.

So the great clock in tones of peace, or joy, or sorrow had ticked away the youth of Father Francisco. He was an old man now and the strong figure had grown feeble and bent. The face under the broad brimmed hat had become thin and pale. The eyes still shone but no longer with the glow of youth. The fire in their depths was kindled by bitterness and despair.

Other things besides Father Francisco had changed. The long smouldering insurrection had burst forth. Inch by inch the government was losing its hold upon the people. The church had long since lost their affection and now held them only by fear. A fierce resentment had sprung up against the Spanish friars. The revenues of the order were decreasing, while churches and convents were crumbling into
ruins. Friars from all parts of the Islands had fled to Manila and many were returning to Spain.

In Father Francisco’s convent changes no less great had occurred. Some of the brothers had died and were buried in the patio at the rear of the church. The places of those who had gone to Manila had not been filled. The pupils had long before departed and only one servant remained. Miguel, a dark shriveled Tagalog, was almost as old as the priest. In youth he had been his body servant and served him faithfully for many years. They had grown old together and a strong affection united them. In the poverty and loneliness that had come to the friar Miguel watched and tended him as if he had been a child. Years of solitude had added to the natural reticence of his race until he seldom spoke to the priest and seemed hardly more alive than the clock or the altar. His bare feet made no sound on the polished floors and he came and went without disturbing the long reveries of his master.

Father Francisco and Miguel dwelt alone in the convent. The rooms had been closed and the long halls were dark. Other feet than theirs seldom trod them now and the solemn echo of his own footsteps sometimes startled the aged priest.
Only the great living room remained unchanged. The smiling image of the Virgin still stood above the altar. The candles burned in the brazen candlesticks and below hung the crucifix. The rug yet lay on the floor, but the smooth spots had worn into holes and the mahogany floor gleamed through them like two mournful eyes. In the corner opposite, the tall clock stood as of yore, though it seemed to Father Francisco that the heavy pendulum swung more slowly than in former years and the ticking had a feeble, plaintive sound.

Every day he spent hours sitting in dreamy reverie before the old clock. A great gulf had opened between him and the people. He had never been so close to them as other brothers had been. He was not like Father Antonio who had toiled among them without ceasing; not at all like the good natured Tomas whose presence the very children in the streets had welcomed. No, he had always been a dreamer strangely divided between the artist, enraptured by form and color, and the ascetic praying far into the night before the time worn altar.

Of late years as he saw the feeling rising against his order he had become almost a hermit. Shrinking from those who no longer trusted him, he left the services of the church largely to the Filipino padres and seldom walked outside the little patio where the dead
brothers lay. He often stood gazing at the niches in the stone wall where they slept, half envying them their repose free from the loneliness and misery which he suffered.

It was after these walks in the patio that the old man sank into his chair before the clock and sat lost in painful thought. Strange fancies flitted through his brain. The living room seemed once more peopled with his brothers. The table was spread, mirth ran high, the old clock sang and exulted. Once more he felt in his blood the vigor of youth and the love of living. Buried memories of Spain arose; the sweet scent from the lemon groves, the long rows of houses, the narrow streets filled with people, not brown, but with faces like his own. Sometimes a woman's face appeared, her dark eyes gazing sadly into his. A terrible longing for friends, home and the youth, more than a half century gone, overwhelmed him. In despair he flung himself before the altar. Even here the fancies did not cease but their tenor changed. The rays of the sun falling on the crucifix brought out the fire hidden in the hearts of the rubies. They seemed to him to be drops of blood flowing from the hearts of his brothers, despised, insulted, cast out by the people for whom they had labored a lifetime.

In this wise did Father Francisco spend his days, growing weak from fasting and con-
finement, struggling with longing and despair, having no companions but the old time piece and the altar. The clock had long ceased to be to him an inanimate thing. It represented his past and his friends; it spoke to him in a voice more than human; its face and Miguel's were the only friendly ones he ever saw. He loved to run his hand over the worn case, the cool firm touch of which seemed to calm and strengthen him.

But for the care of Miguel the priest might almost have starved so indifferent had he become to physical things. The old servant prepared the meals and served them as ceremoniously as he had ever done when the banquet table was crowded with guests. Seeing Father Francisco's attachment to the living room, he brought in a little table and spread it there. In the evening he placed on it an ancient iron candelabrum with its dozen waxen candles, the lights of which flickered in the breeze and made strange shadows on the polished floor. Sometimes Father Francisco half roused from his dreams and peered into the dusky corners as if expecting to see long vanished faces. Then with shaking head he would turn to Miguel, bidding him sit at the table. So they ate amid the flickering lights and ghostly shadows, no longer servant and master but man and man,
drawn together by a past that haunted and a present that threatened them.

Meanwhile, conditions in the country grew desperate. Province after province was rising against Spain. Thousands of Filipinos were killed or starved, yet others rose to fill their places. Defeat only made them more cruel and savage, and the land was overrun by vandal hordes who, calling themselves insurgents, spared neither Filipino nor Spaniard. Nowhere was life or property safe, but especial violence was shown toward the great holdings of the religious orders. Haciendas were devastated, schools deserted, convents pillaged and burned; while from many towns the priests barely escaped with their lives.

"Down with the Spanish friars!" was the cry from every quarter. "For the church and for the government we must have Filipinos!"

Lying, as it did, between the sea and the mountains, and thus cut off in a measure from the rest of the province, the little village where Father Francisco dwelt had thus far escaped these lawless bands. But the terror-stricken inhabitants, daily apprehensive of attack, huddled in silent groups about the nipa huts, or set out in companies for the mountains; children, fighting cocks and household goods tumbled indiscriminately into bamboo carts drawn by sluggish bulls.
So anxious for the safety of his master and friend had Miguel become during these days that he never left the convent except to render a service to the Filipino padres in the church, or to search among the little tiendas in the neighborhood for some delicacy that might tempt Father Francisco to break his long continued fast. At night he brought his mat and spread it at the door of the priest’s sleeping room, where he lay troubled by every sound; sometimes even starting in fear at the familiar scraping of the palms on the nipa roof, or the creaking of the bananas under the brisk sea breeze.

Time and again was Father Francisco warned that he must abandon the convent as other brothers had done. “The country is no longer safe,” wrote the Bishop. “You must join the brotherhood in Manila.” To these appeals the priest sent one reply: “Where I have lived I shall die; my past is here and that they have no power to take from me.”

And so the old priest lingered on. The spirit of martyrs rose in him, and he would not leave the post he had held for more than fifty years. The end in store for him he would take when it came. If his work had not brought him affection or gratitude, still there were other things—the glowing heat of the patio and his sleeping brothers, the cool dark halls of the convent, the familiar shadows of the living room,
the altar and the clock, the humble devotion of Miguel.

Over this strange life months passed. It was the early twilight of a Saturday evening and Miguel had gone into the church to help the *padres* prepare for the Sunday morning's mass.

Father Francisco knelt at the altar, a small ebony crucifix clasped to his breast. His face was pale and worn, the hair about his tonsure thin and gray, the heavy eyes were closed and his lips moved in prayer. Through the deserted convent a deep silence reigned.

Suddenly from the hall below rushed the sound of voices and the shuffle of many bare feet. It struck the ear of Father Francisco like a blow, but he did not move. Only the crucifix was clasped more closely and a faint color overspread the wan face.

In a moment the vandals were in the room plundering and destroying. Tables were overthrown, chairs splintered, fine old pictures torn into pieces. All was noise and confusion. For a time no one approached the altar. Even these men stood in awe of the smiling Virgin and the aged priest, who might have been an image himself, except for the thin lips moving in prayer. But the gleaming, brazen candlesticks lured them on. One bolder than the rest sprang to the altar rail and tore them from
their place. The first he threw to the companions standing beyond the altar. As he lifted the second he met the burning eyes of the priest fixed upon him. Turning, he raised the candlestick as if to hurl it at the long glass door of the old clock.

"Stop!" cried Father Francisco. Holding the ebony crucifix high above him, with eyes flashing and figure towering as of old, he leaped toward the extended arm. But it was too late. The candlestick was already speeding to its mark. In its passage it struck the white forehead of the old priest.

Awed and terror-stricken the vandals fled. All was quiet once more in the great living room. Nothing was heard but the ticking of the tall clock, which echoed through the empty halls like the sound of muffled sobs.

After an hour Miguel returned. The first moonbeams coming in through the missing panes of the shell window showed him the white, upturned face of Father Francisco as he lay at length on the mahogany floor. One cold hand still clutched the ebony crucifix; the other rested lovingly against the base of the old clock which he had shielded with his life.

—Contributed.
THE ORCHESTRA

BOLANOS' STUDIO  THE BASKETBALL TEAM

BUSHMAN’S STUDIO
O, I'LL BE THERE AT THE MERRY-MAKING.

O, I'll be there at the merry-making,
Your beautiful wedding day.
'Tis I will listen the oaths you're taking,
And no one will guess that my heart is breaking,
That merry I'll be and gay.

'Tis I'll be there at the peep o' dawn
In my coat with the velvet braid.
I'll stay by the drink till the last is drawn,
I'll dance with the girls on the slope of the lawn,
And I'll sit with a few in the shade.

'Tis me with the fiddle in hand you'll see
By the light of the yellow moon,
The sweet serenade you'll be hearing from me,
And the heartiest shout in the gay shivaree,
On the night of your wedding, aroon.

Ah, 'tis I will be living forever forlorn
And weeping the dark day long.
But tho' I be wishing I'd ne'er been born,
'Tis I will be there on your wedding morn
With a laugh, and a dance, and a song!

Richard John Walsh—the Harvard Monthly.
A PROSPECTOR'S LEGACY
(Continued)

John Brant and Frank Clarey, two adventurous youths, find a note left by an old prospector, in which he tells of what he supposes to be an endless underground cave. They determine to explore it and purchasing supplies, set out on their subterranean trip. After long travel in the cavern they discover a new race of beings, spherical in shape, who receive them cordially.—Editor.

"Well Jack, I guess we are going to be presented to royalty. That globular emissary has hastened ahead, probably, to order a little champagne put on ice and to prepare a Turkish bath for us" remarked Frank as he nodded towards the retreating sphere of life.

Our guide did not seem disposed to move on; a watchful eye, however, was kept on us all the while. The burros became restless so they were unpacked, turned loose to graze, and with our impedimenta we soon formed a camp. Presently the being beckoned us over, and, moving back a fold of skin, the opening of a pouch filled with what appeared to be rock salt was exposed to view. A small portion of the crystals was dealt to each of us and then the guide placed a few in its mouth to indicate that they were food.
"Evidently that fellow understands our wants fairly well. Shall we eat some of this rock candy or not" I asked of Frank.

"Sure. Try it," he replied.

I placed a small crystal in my mouth; it dissolved as readily as a lump of brown sugar but to describe the taste of it would be impossible—it seemed to be the concentrated essence of everything good I had ever tasted. After eating about a teaspoonful of the crystals we felt as if we had dined at the Waldorf-Astoria or at the University Dining Hall where, in youth, our gustatory sense had been delicately nurtured.

"Hello. There comes Prince High-ball and his retinue" said Frank at the same time pointing to a number of beings that were fast approaching. In a few moments they were at our encampment and had saluted us as did the first. They did not pay much attention to Frank and me, however, but kept eyeing the burros and making comments in their deep guttural tones. It was not long before more strangers arrived and ere many hours had passed some forty or fifty of them were looking us over with a curiosity as evident and genuine as our own.

"Frank," I said, "those fellows are not very much struck by our appearance but the burros are making a great hit."
"Well that is easily accounted for. They imagine we are but half grown; you see we have but two legs whereas the burros have four, and then their ears are a little in advance of ours" my companion gravely answered. Seeing that it was useless to get anything but nonsense out of Frank when he was in this mood I decided to take a much needed sleep while Frank did sentry duty.

Thus matters continued for about a week at the end of which time there was something like one hundred of the new race encamped around us. It was about this time we had a very exciting adventure.

"Old Bill," a little off from the main herd of burros, was quietly grazing on the new herbage of which he was very fond, when one of our spherical spectators determined to make his acquaintance apparently, for he rolled up to within eight feet of the pack veteran and gave him a most gracious salam. "Old Bill" not at all disturbed by the compliment made him, turned his head in the direction of the gesticulating figure, threw his ears forward, and switched his tail a time or two. I presume that the would-be friend thought the switching of the tail a good omen, a friendly acknowledgement shown him, in fact a kind invitation for closer friendship. Everything was very quiet. A hundred pair of eyes were
watching the ceremony. Frank was looking on with a broad grin for he understood all of "Old Bill's" friendly vagaries. The spherical ambitions of the new being caused him to roll around in rear of "Bill," gingerly take the old fellow, in all friendliness, by the tail and—well "Bill" with his ears laid back, just passed his compliments in return on a pair of well shod heels and then quietly looked around to see how they were received.—"His Roundness" had made three complete revolutions to the rear without an instants delay. I never learned what part of the anatomy of the spherical being was located where "Old Bill" planted his heart felt regards yet it must have been a very tender spot for the being clapped his hands over the place and wept tears large as marbles. After surveying the new acquaintance for a moment "Old Bill" gave vent to one of those cheerful, long, drawn-out brays of his and then resumed his grazing. But that bray brought on an unlooked for crisis. The spherical being having somewhat recovered from his intimate contact with the burro, made a most horrible sound—half shriek, half whistle—rolled off about forty feet to one side of the burro, then hurled his round shape at the poor brute with the speed of lightning. I shouted but it was useless. "Bill" with his head turned away from the new being, unconscious of his danger,
was in the act of taking a last bite when he was struck full on the side. The poor old fellow was knocked thirty feet straight through the air and was dead ere he hit the ground—never uttering a sound. Before the carcass touched earth all around us was a hub-bub. The new beings were wildly gesticulating and making the valley ring with a din of yells that almost curdled our blood while to add to the confusion the burros charged upon our camp in their mad endeavor to reach safety. The new beings were lining up in a row on top of the hill preparatory to making a charge upon us. The one which had been kicked seemed to be directing the manoeuvre.

"If I knew whereabouts in that round body that agitator lived damme if I wouldn’t send a little leaden consternation into his trouble-making proclivities" coolly remarked Frank as he unlimbered his "forty five."

"Hold, Frank. I have a scheme to try before sending him on the 'long journey'." Motioning to the guide, who had till now remained an impassive spectator, I used Nature's universal language in my most eloquent style and apparently he understood for rolling out between our camp and the hostile line he held up a hand and all active demonstrations ceased for a time. He came back and I pointed to a
little cliff on top of which was a loose rock the size of a water pail.

"Frank, just take a chip off that rock and see how they are impressed," I said.

Frank raised the gun, the guide was watching the rock, the line of white cannon balls on the ridge were intently though silently observing everything—bang—spat—the scream of a ricocheting bullet—and ere that leaden messenger had finished his war cry, the guide was hurtling half way up the hill and the formidable array of warriors had tumbled pell-mell down the opposite side of the hill.

"Hey," yelled Frank as the guide hurdled the last twenty feet up the hill and was out of sight in a twinkling not even waving a goodbye

"Oh, ho-ho; oh, ho-ho; ho-ho"

On turning around I saw Frank all doubled-up on the ground in convulsive laughter.

"Wasn't, th-that, rich" he finally managed to gasp out.

"Maybe it was but it didn't strike me as being very funny," I retorted. Frank was beyond all understanding and I felt like doing anything other than laughing after getting out of such an ugly predicament.

Several hours passed during which we saw nothing of our assailants. Frank was lying down watching the play of the varicolored light on the big river high above us
and I was propped up against a pack where we caught sight of half a dozen of the new beings fast approaching over the trail. On top of one of them was a dark colored object which we tried to make out but could not. When the party was some quarter of a mile away one of our late spectators darted from back of the hill behind which it had taken refuge and whirled toward the new-comers. A short stop ensued and then the party advanced at a slower pace and rather cautiously.

"It's a man! That's a man I tell you Jack!" exclaimed Frank upon the nearer approach of the party and we jumped up eagerly watching them as they approached.

Sure enough it was a man sitting atop one of the spherical forms and retaining his position by clinging to the long hair. The party came up within a few feet of us, the man tobogganed off his carrier to the ground, and without a word, ran to Frank with outstretched arms, embraced him, embraced me; he was almost overcome with emotion; tears gathered in his eyes and then rolled down his cheeks and his lips quivered.

"Men! Men! At last! "he said after a few moments.

"Friends, I am Andre—"

"He who went in search of the North Pole in a balloon? How come you here?" broke in Frank in amazement.
"Yes, I am that selfsame person whom, I suppose, the world thinks dead; how I came here I shall tell you presently but first, let me introduce you to my companions—"

"I am Frank Clarey and this is John Brant, both from the United States" was Frank's hurried introduction and we again shook hands with Andre.

"This," said Andre, "is the oldest individual of this remarkable race and from him I have obtained valuable historical data. His age although unknown is, nevertheless, several hundred years. Of this I have proof—and incidentally I am not the first man to discover this inner world. When Coronado made his march westward, in what is now the United States, one of the party became separated from the rest and was pursued by the Indians. He took refuge in a cave into which a river flowed from the outerworld and, being hard pressed by the Indians, attempted to escape in a large well-provisioned canoe over this natural waterway. He thought that the river either emerged again or else flowed into a subterranean lake from which latter he hoped to escape after the Indians relaxed their vigilance. However, in the course of time the river carried him here and this individual (indicating our new acquaintance) found him. The Spaniard was nearly crazy from being so long in the dark
and was half dead for want of food. He was taken in hand, given food, and ere long had regained his usual health. He was never able to locate the stream (there are many flowing in here, you have observed) that floated his canoe from the outer world. Some of these facts I have obtained from a manuscript left by the Spaniard and others from this race-historian."

We had shaken hands with the new being while Andre was telling the above wonderful tale. The new old-fellow was very wrinkled and plainly showed great age; his demeanor and bearing were those of a patriarch. And thus Andre told us of each of the newcomers in turn until we felt we knew them, even though we were unable to converse.

"Tell me," continued Andre, "how you came here, your reasons for coming, and some of the news from the external world; then I will relate to you some of my experiences, explain some of these mysteries that now confront you and tell you what I know of these strange beings."

We invited Andre and his spherical friends into our camp circle, and Frank related the story of our undertaking and the trip. While we were thus engaged the little army that had been frightened away by the gunshot gradually regained courage and closed in around us again,
but with no signs of hostility. Our story finished, we lay back and listened to the following wonderful tale by Andre:

"My trip ended in a disaster. Everything went well until I was within a few hundred miles of where the pole was supposed to be, and then, to my astonishment, I saw that there was a gradual sloping away of the ice into what at first appeared to be a great crater. As the balloon drew more and more past the rim of this immense crater, I saw that it narrowed into an opening leading into the earth. In attempting to land, in order to explore fully this remarkable phenomenon, we punctured our balloon on the crater side. I sat down on one of the silken folds and gave myself up to dumb despair; in a wilderness of ice where I was blinded by the intense glare, in the nipping cold of this barren, lifeless region, how many hours would be allotted me to finish my life? Rescue was not to be thought of, neither was return, and Nature did not provide for man's subsistence in this dreary ice-waste. Suddenly it struck me, 'Why not go down into the opening?' Hastily constructing a shed out of the balloon basket I loaded it with what I thought might be useful and started. As I got farther along I could see a short distance into the dim opening and it appeared to be free from ice. It took hours and hours—how many I have no idea—
to traverse this weary, frozen stretch. I thought it weeks: yes, even months. The sun never set and the blinding glare of those ice fields acted strangely upon me. Although awake I was as a man in a dream. My mind seemed to come and go in the most unaccountable manner; occasionally I came to myself talking and babbling like a child. Often I was muttering and mumbling in a way that suggested the maudlin talk of a winebibber, or, else, the hilarious laughter of a madman. The intervals between these sane spells are blanks and I have no recollection of what occurred, or of the flight of time. I remember observing that the blinding glare was softening into beautiful bands of rainbow colors and then—consciousness was sunk under a deep lethargy.

"Some time afterwards, how long I know not, I came to myself and, arranged in a semicircle around me, were these half dozen beings. They have been my constant companions ever since, and I have learned to speak their language which is very simple. They are a quiet, unobtrusive race in comparison with ours, but, nevertheless, highly civilized considering their environment. Nature has dealt very kindly with this peaceful people. She has endowed them with a great affection for one another—a true brotherly love. Of their welfare she has also been solicitous; they are so formed that they
can travel at a great speed and for long distances with a minimum of fatigue. In their bodies is a pouch, much the same as a pocket in our garments, only much larger, in which is carried a compressed food made by Nature in her own factory. This food, which comes in the form of crystals, is found in scattered beds over the inner world. A sufficient amount of these crystals can be carried in a pouch to last, probably, ninety days. This is possible because it requires a very small amount per day to satisfy one's needs. War and strife of any kind are not indulged in among themselves. Of their form of government, their customs and their state of civilization, I shall not speak in detail at present. Let it now suffice to say that in this equable climate, where the bitter cold of Greenland or the scorching heat of Sahara is unknown, that in the twilight radiance of this rainbow light, life is one sweet, peaceful rest—a blissful existence of happy dreams.

"There is, however, one remarkable trait of these people of which I may now tell you, and that is their reverence for history and tradition. As they have no written language a certain number of them are chosen to commit to memory all the historical facts and traditions from the earliest times. To be chief historian is considered the highest honor that can be be-
stowed upon one of them, and that old wrinkled fellow whom I first introduced now fills that position. As day and night are unknown here they have adopted another way of keeping time; they measure their periods of it by the length of the lives of the chief historians, and events are said to occur in the early, middle or latter part of such and such an historian's life. In the traditions passed down there is one from the first chief historian that is striking. It is this: 'We know not where we come from, but there was once a time when we lived beyond the opening whence our light comes. And our first fathers say that there are two great bodies of light, one following the other. The larger one may not be looked upon because of its brightness. Besides, there are many smaller ones, as many as the drops of water in the Great River. When the greater of these two lights came forth there was a time of warmth and many strange things with life would come out of hiding, and some of them would make beautiful sounds. Tall plants, many times higher than us, stood very thick upon the ground and in these many of the strange things with life lived. When the smaller of the two bodies of light came forth all was hushed and quiet and the warmth disappeared. This must be true, for at the opening whence our light enters we can see at cer-
tain times some of the small round bodies that give light. After a time a change came over the earth. The great radiant body went on a long journey and everywhere came cold, and we were forced to move inside the opening. The cold kept coming and all the water round about us became hard and we could no longer go outside. All the strange creatures and plants were lost in the cold.' And thus, so I imagine, is told their tale of the Ice Age. The people firmly believe that a time will come when the "great light and heat" shall return and they will again live around the opening.

"And, now, as to mysteries, or as many as I have solved to my satisfaction. The world has a rough, irregular, cylindrical passageway from pole to pole—like an orange which has had a pencil thrust through its center—and that star-like bit of light which you see on your right is the opening at the other end of the passageway. This river which you see above us flows into the Arctic Ocean under the cap of crystal water at yonder opening, and this light, with its bands of rainbow colors, is the reflection from the ice. The river, however, is fed by springs whose source is on the surface of the earth. * * * It is necessary that I should return to my new home; come and stay with me while you linger in this inner world."

* * * * *
After lingering for some time with this noble hearted man, we made ready for the return to our native land. Andre had unfolded to us his plans for this people, and how he intended to teach them such of our arts as would lead them to greater comfort and happiness, but to keep back those principles that cause so much strife and hardship in our civilization. Although we entreated him to return with us he gently refused, telling us he believed his mission was to elevate the race with whom he had been so strangely cast. One last request he made was "that the nations would not overrun this one peaceful spot, nor introduce any of the barbarous customs it pleased them to follow." And thus we left Andre and the inner world—a world not swept by the fierce winds of competition nor tossed by the angry storms of war, but fanned by a gentle breeze that wafted quiet and peace in its every wake.

We returned to earth but no haunting fears overcame us on the way back. Two of the spherical beings accompanied us to the mouth of the passageway, but on sight of "the great body of light and heat" they clapped their hands over their eyes and dashed into the cavern. We never saw them afterwards, but trust they reached the land of rainbow radiance in safety.
And here let us raise a monument in our hearts to that old prospector, Jim Bowers, whose "Legacy" to mankind was the key to another world.

(END.)

J. C. H.

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AT SUNSET.

As floating, fleece-like clouds in evening haze
Are goldened by the glint of setting sun,
And mellowed by its slowly fading rays,
So shows man's spirit when life's day is done.

And if the day has been unwonted bright,
When evening comes and earth is hushed and still
Those clouds will linger in the waning light,
And of its wine-like beauty drink their fill.

So, when a man has spent life's portioned day
In saintly reverence and godly fear,
His soul is borne to heavenly realms away,
To bask in God's love-light th' eternal year.

*John McCrohan, '10—The Holy Cross Purple.*
IN THE DAYS TO COME.

It was a warm night in May; outside the wind blew with a slight moan, and the pale light of the moon shone down on the gently swaying trees. There was a dance in the “Gym” that night and I was left alone at home—alone with my thoughts. I sought an easy chair and leaned languidly back in it, noting the bizarre effect produced by the soft moonlight as it half-illumined the room, and allowing my thoughts to wander back on the now fast ending school year. My thoughts turned to my many student friends. How different was their appearance to me now from nine months before! As I mused on the changes that had taken place, objects gradually became dim; the wind died down, and I seemed to be alone in utter darkness.

But this was not for long, for the scene shifted and I thought it five years hence, and I was sitting on the lawn in front of the main building. As I looked, Charlie Firth and Norman Rose were running up the flag, Firth with that deep red necktie on and apparently still a private. Then I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs; I waited and two riders passed
rapidly by. To my surprise I recognized Dot Bennie, and Firth shouted to me that her companion was an English lord—her husband.

While I was thinking of the changes a few years make, dignified Alexander walked up with a slow step and lazily threw himself down near me. We talked of good old days at U. of A. Not one of the '07 class had yet married although things looked bright, for numerous letters were still coming from Mexico addressed to Miss Purcell. Wolflin and Croasdale, after graduating, had gone in partnership, deserting engineering work, and now owned a small poultry farm near Tucson.

Alec. also told me that he had just come from San Francisco where he had been giving illustrated lectures on "Tramp Life in the United States." He said further that he was surprised one day as he was going along one of the fashionable streets of 'Frisco to see Miss LaBarree that was, step from a carriage and hurry up the broad steps of her magnificent home. Next door to her, he continued, lived Fred Barthels and his wife. His dream had become a reality for he had married the girl of his school day love, and was now the wealthiest man in San Francisco. But fortune does not serve us all alike, for there was Fred's lackey, Jack Engle, and his chauffeur, Warren Grossetta.
That afternoon while Alexander was looking at the sights in restored Frisco he found himself at a large hospital and, to his amazement, met Florence Bennie, now become a famous surgical nurse, and in another ward ran across Felicia Smith who, likewise, had gained fame as a fever nurse. Chapin was under her care, just recovering from a long siege of brain fever. In conversation with Alexander he said he had just had a letter from Clyde Hoyt which was the most surprising epistle he had ever read. It told of the trouble that Hoyt had just gone through in winning out in his third divorce suit.

On leaving these friends Alec. went to the ferry to go to Oakland, where, to his astonishment, he met Bradstreet, who was about to sail on the new electric liner, "The Perry Thompson," for North China where he expected to do missionary work among the heathen. Brad. said he understood Rebstock was doing time in the penitentiary for trying to get wealthy too fast, and that George Kohler, tiring of structural engineering work, was now traveling over the country vending patent medicines. Shorty Mellgren, after graduating at Michigan with his E. M., had gone to Mexico where his long blonde locks quickly got him a very wealthy, but dark, bride.
For a long time we were busy with our thoughts. The silence was broken by the appearance of a broad-shouldered, bushy-haired chap, who informed us with much loud talk and frequent gestures that he was now a senior as well as captain of the University football team. Although a little puzzled at first to know who this senior was, we soon came to the conclusion that it must be Leslie Wooddell. From him we learned that Myrtle Drachman had established herself as an instructor in Christian Science, and had become famous by her success throughout the Southwest. Her chum, Stella Goldtree, was frittering her life away as Tucson's social leader. She had an increased court of admirers among whom continued the unsuccessful Burrell Hatcher.

Upon inquiry as to what had become of Pat Murphey and Lewis Cocke, Wooddell told us that it was through the powerful speech of Senator Murphey that Arizona had received the appropriation for the development of artesian water in Arizona. He had succeeded against the strenuous opposition of Senator Cocke and his adviser, Andrew P. Martin, who were desirous of using this large appropriation for improving the educational facilities of the German settlements in Texas.

Nothing had been heard of Newton since he left on his wedding trip to see the first ship
pass through the Panama canal. But Wood-dell was in a hurry, so Alec. and I were left alone again. Tiring of sitting still, we went down to the library and there found Nash, the librarian. His position had kept him more or less in touch with the old students. He told us that Foster had made his fortune by investing in mining stocks and was enjoying his happy home in Denver; that Edwardes was speculating in lumber in a little town back in Minnesota, and that Lulley had become a famous musician with a national reputation. But little Peggie—we both thought of her—Nash said every morning at six o’clock crossed the campus dressed as a typical botanist with her big can, looking for specimens.

We chatted for a time with Nash, who told us that, unlike several of the others mentioned, Dr. Babcock had not yet made that fatal move—marriage. Further, that Lynne Hazzard had now been a freshman for five years at Columbia, since he had flunked in every subject during all that time.

The scene shifts—Alec is gone and I am standing in a church yard watching a slowly moving procession draw near me. They bear a coffin to an open grave and, among the rest, I step forward to see whose face it may be. It is my own—but what is this laughing; I start;
all is dark—I had fallen asleep in my chair and the laughing of those coming home from the dance had awakened me. It is a still night in May, 1907.

—Contributed.

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ROSE OF DAWN.

See where again the dawn's pale rose
There in the East's wide garden glows,
On folded petals, faint and far,
The dew-drop of the morning star.
It deepens, it unfurls, behold!
The sudden sun its heart of gold.

M. C. S.
SAN ISIDRO'S DAY.

It was the end of May and there had been no rain. On San Isidro's day the simple, ignorant people gathered in the village church to pray for the rain which was so sorely needed. San Isidro sat in state upon the main altar and, at intervals during the service, little children brought offerings of flowers and strewed them at his feet. Was it the simple faith of these people that made the scene so touching, or was it the pitiful, drooping flowers?

A procession with the figure of the saint at the head was formed at the church door, made its way slowly and majestically across the plaza, through the streets of the town and out into the fields and orchards beyond. At first there was a sound of chanting and prayer, but, gradually, noisier groups joined the throng; here a party of young girls out for a good time, there a man with a guitar or a violin, and, at last, when San Isidro was placed on an improvised altar under a great peach tree only the older people stayed near the saint, and the young folks had forgotten the religious significance of their coming.

All day long the young people danced to the gay music of the violin and guitar. As it
grew louder, faster and faster flew their light feet over the grass, and no one thought of pausing until the musicians stopped, exhausted. Now they began again in some slow, graceful country dance, and it seemed to me this should have been a feast in honor of Dionysus, in ancient Greece, instead of a scene in Mexico in modern times. The elders, on the contrary, chanted and prayed about the altar, bringing to the saint branches upon which the young fruit was withering, shriveled flowers and blighted wheat.

Suddenly, almost without warning, great black clouds obscured the sun and a few large drops began to fall; soon the rain came down in torrents, soaking the thirsty earth and drenching the grateful trees. Had the good saint wrought a miracle? Had he answered the prayers of the faithful?

Our young people were not dismayed by the rain. They found refuge in a farm house and continued their dancing with undiminished enthusiasm. Joy was now added to high spirits, for had not the long wished for rain come at last? Still they danced, and their quick feet beat time to the patter patter of the rain, heard distinctly above the music of the guitar. At last, at midnight, the moon came out from under a cloud and they went happily on their way home in the brilliant moonlight.  

A. C. P.
The good fortune is ours to have an attractive building for the library, containing within it a choice working collection of books easy of access. This fact is more and more appreciated by our students who have come to regard the Library as the natural gathering point for serious study as well as for quiet, "intellectual cheer."

The material in the Reading Room which has been chosen on the basis of student demand, by its arrangement of "reserved books" and works of reference on the one side and popular, current magazines and daily papers on the other, of itself groups the students according to their particular interest at the time. Though the Reading Room seems for the most part to offer sufficient accommodations to meet the present demand, even now use could be made of a seminary room in addition, where students might be admitted to a selected number of books without the formality of an attendant in charge, and where informal meetings of small groups might be held. It is highly desirable further that the present freedom of the stacks be extended to all students, but a stronger student sentiment in regard to the importance of proper registering all withdrawals is necessary in order to make this practice thoroughly satisfactory.
Although from time to time the Library has been given opportunity by the Monthly to chronicle its events of the year whether of bookish or other character it might not be amiss to summarize them at this time. Perhaps the most immediately useful of our somewhat larger purchases has been the Dictionary of National Biography. After first securing fifty volumes at a much reduced price we finally completed the set at a cost of one hundred ninety five dollars, a saving of nearly one hundred dollars over other offers. As an aid to more advanced study the Berichte der Deutschen chemischen Gesellschaft is our most important purchase. This set, obtained also at an especially low figure, furnishes us with a complete file to date with the exception of the first seven volumes. We have had ten new additions to our periodical list, making a total of over one hundred in all. When the reports of other colleges show that a library of eighty thousand volumes may have a list of but two hundred periodicals it will be seen that for a library of eleven thousand volumes our expenditures in this very live direction are most liberal. Of our gifts, the Encyclopaedia Americana from Mr. Dan Angius, a former student, and twenty volumes of the Outlook from the private library of the President, have proved distinctly helpful. Our unbound periodicals are on the way to
better condition. Missing numbers for many back volumes have been secured and some complete volumes which have thus far remained stacked among the archives are now being prepared for the bindery. A gift of magazines turned in from the library of Prof. W. P. Blake has proved to contain some interesting finds for our present purposes.

A decided addition to the catalogue has been the typewritten card index to a collection of photographs of famous paintings and European views, about seven hundred in number, comprising some fifteen hundred entries in all. Both the grouping of the subjects, and the writing of the cards have been done by Miss Babcock for whose assistance in this regard, as in many others, it is a pleasure to make acknowledgment.

There has also been some little effort toward social and other related activities. The Annual Library Reception to faculty and friends was held in December when a collection of books furnished by Harvard University and supplemented by specimens near at hand was used to illustrate an historical sketch of the Art of Bookmaking in America. The Library was also represented at the Arts and Crafts Exhibit in April when some of the Kelmscott books loaned by the Newberry Library of Chicago, together with some samples of the Merton
Abbey wall papers, secured elsewhere, were presented as the background of a talk on William Morris, the great exponent of the Arts and Crafts movement. The initiative was taken by the Library in the organization of a club for the reading of modern dramas. Through the cooperation of Prof. Turrell, of the Modern Language Department, some interesting programs were planned and carried out. The reading of Phillipps' "Paola and Francisca" by Mrs. W. V. Whitmore was especially enjoyed. Other plays of importance read were Hauptman's, "Hannele", Suderman's, "John the Baptist," Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," Mackey's, "Jeanne d'Arc." Under the stimulus of this demand a modest store of plays written for the modern stage has been added to the library and also some critical and historical material relating to the subject.

It will surely be a satisfaction to the students of the University to know that an increase in the book fund has been granted for the coming year to an amount almost double the former appropriation. With these further resources in view, our patrons have every reason to expect not only better facilities for such work as belongs to the library whether in literature or science, but also the addition of some new books merely "good for reading."

ESTELLE LUTRELL, Librarian.
LIST OF FRATERNITIES AND SORORITIES.

DELTA PHI.

(Local—Founded 1900)

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alexander, Charles</td>
<td>Dinsmore, Benj. S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Barthels, Frederick</td>
<td>Doan, Fletcher M.</td>
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<td>Blades, Ernest O.</td>
<td>Edwardes, Vance P.</td>
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<td>Buehman, Albert R.</td>
<td>Hatcher, Burrell R.</td>
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<td>Chapin, Theodore</td>
<td>Wolflin, Hugh M.</td>
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FRATRES EX-COLLEGIO.

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<tr>
<td>Barker, Norman M.</td>
<td>Olney, William T.</td>
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<td>Bernard, Allen C.</td>
<td>Olney, C. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bernard, Fred Horton</td>
<td>Osborne, W. Scott</td>
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<tr>
<td>Blumenkranz, M.</td>
<td>Page, A. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cadwell, Ralph</td>
<td>Parker, George Millard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Castaneda, Henry E.</td>
<td>Pearce, Zebulon</td>
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<td>Cosgrove, Bard F.</td>
<td>Roberts, Norman J.</td>
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<td>Crable, Francis D.</td>
<td>Robinson, Newton J.</td>
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<td>Calderwood, Martin</td>
<td>Rosenberg, Leo M.</td>
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<td>Day, Courtland Francis</td>
<td>Russell, Ross Moody</td>
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<td>Gebb, J. Wesley</td>
<td>Scow, Oliver</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hollingshead, (Kimble) E. J.</td>
<td>Seitz, William K.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jones, Ernest E.</td>
<td>Stafford, E. S.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kilgore, Roy B.</td>
<td>Walker, Leland R.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Moore, Kirke T.</td>
<td>Whipple, William D.</td>
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<td>Moore, Roy W.</td>
<td>White, Edward W.</td>
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AMUN RA.
(National Preparatory)

IRIS TEMPLE.
(Installed January 14th, 1907)

Cole, Carl H. Lulley, Alex. (Gray)
Engle, John J. Maverick, Reuben
Foster, George S., Jr. Nash, Willard H.
Harwick, Ralph N. Newton, Raymond A.

The charter members of the fraternity chapter are
Brothers Engle, Foster and Maverick; while Brothers
Harwick, Nash and Newton, all of Karnak Temple,
Buffalo, N. Y., acted as installing officers. Brother
Lulley was initiated March 9th, and Cole, May 11th.
Maverick left us about the first of May for his home in
San Antonio, Texas.

The Amun Ra offers its thanks to the student body
for the kindly welcome it has received as a new fra-
ternity.

R. N. H.

PHI LAMBDA EPSILON,
(National Preparatory)

ARIZONA ALPHA.

Ballinger, Hugh H. Jones, Percy W.
Batte, B. Homer McClure, John C. E.
Gillem, Alvan C., Jr. Salazar, Urbano J.

ALUMNI MEMBERS.

Littler, A. C. (N. M. "") Steinfeld, Harold D.

FRATRES EX-COLEGIO.

Cook, Clifford Johnson, Elmer E.
Jones, Raymond
The past year has been a most prosperous one for Phi Lambda Epsilon. Four "barbs" were taken in—Ballinger, Gillem, Jones and Salazar.

In giving an account of the year's work, mention should be made of the anniversary banquet and dance given at the Santa Rita on February 16th.

Phi Lambda Epsilon will lose several of its brothers this year, but it hopes to continue to flourish for the best interests of the school and the good fellowship of its members.

P. W. J.

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

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

Brown, Rollin
Button, C. A.
Culin, J. H.
Elliott, Gordon

Henry, Malcolm
Jones, S. R.
Mason, G. K.
Strong, L. H.

FRATRES EX-COLLEGIO.

Angius, Dan
Angius, John
Emmons, Guy

Castaneda, Carlos
Cassiday, R. M.

On April 18, 1905, the first meeting of the Delta Theta Rho fraternity was held. It was organized as an auxiliary of the Delta Phi, for the purpose of promoting a more friendly feeling between the preparatory and college students. Mindful ever of its purpose, it has striven to get, and succeeded in getting, for its members those whose personality and popularity have evinced them as leaders.

The year has been a most happy one for Delta Theta Rho, and its influence has been strong and beneficent. The customary annual dance was given.

L. H. S.
Amun Ra Fraternity

Bolanos' Studio

Gamma Phi Sigma Sorority

Buehman's Studio
On February 2nd, 1907, the sorority gave a dance in Herring Hall, which was pronounced a great success by every one who attended it. During the winter there have been numerous meetings and functions at the homes of the sorority sisters, and a retrospect of the year shows it to have been a most pleasant and enjoyable one.
for jolly good times, and it is doubtful if a crowd of girls ever have had more fun. A dance at Herring Hall on May 4th crowned the year's work.

It is not thought that the Gamma Phi Sigma will lose any of its present members next year, but, on the contrary, it is believed that its present rather limited number will be increased. M. D.

GAMMA DELTA SORORITY.
(Preparatory—Founded 1907.)

Cameron, Alice F.        Purcell, Marie E.
Murphey, Elizabeth E.    Pusch, Wilhelmina
O’Connell, Mildred L.    Rider, Jane H.
Rodgers, Helen

The Gamma Delta sorority, having been organized late in the year, has had no opportunity for great achievement as a sorority, but much is expected of it next winter. Miss Ivy Purcell was pledged May 11th.
Gammas Delta Sorority

Delta Theta Rho Fraternity

Buehman's Studio
It has been said that a prophet is never without honor except in his own country, and this statement is well exemplified in the members of our Dramatic Club, who move among us day by day perhaps without being fully appreciated, for although we admire their cleverness, we are so close to them that their histrionic genius does not stand out in its
true proportions. That their merits have not passed unnoticed by the metropolitan press is proved by the following extracts from the theatrical page of the New York Planet:

"Our representative last night with much difficulty obtained an interview with the celebrated Mr. Whistler, who has been starring in the season's greatest hit, 'Matrimony.' When asked whom he considered the greatest living actor, he blushingly replied, 'Modesty forbids me to answer.'"

"Frederick Barthels, the man who has thrown new light on the character of the English valet, who has made that personage seem almost to live and breathe, is stopping at the St. Regis for a few days. Mr. Barthels is one of the few great actors who are also successful managers. He takes keen interest in educational matters, and has presented most of the larger universities with swimming tanks."

"Miss Drachman, leading lady of the Matrimony Stock Company, sailed yesterday for Paris, where she will purchase costumes for the play 'An Amateur Actor,' which her company will stage next season."

"Mr. Cocke, also of the Matrimony Stock Company, has engaged a suite of rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria, and will be pleased to deliver lectures on dramatic art to women's clubs at fifty dollars per."
"Matrimony"
“Among the passengers on the Teutonic, which sailed yesterday, was Miss Post, the celebrated actress, who intends to spend the summer in the restful atmosphere of Monte Carlo. It was of course impossible to obtain an interview with the prima donna, but in conversation with Miss Tillman, her French maid, it was learned that her favorite dish is sliced tomatoes. In regard to herself, Miss Tillman said that she never intended to marry, but, should she change her mind, the fortunate one would be an athlete.”

“The first authentic interview with R. N. Harwick ever obtained, was granted to our representative yesterday at the great actor's summer home on the Hudson. Mr. Harwick takes an active interest in reform politics. Speaking of his early life, Mr. Harwick related that an irate teacher had once knocked him senseless with a copy of Shakespeare's plays.”
Another college year is closing and with its end our thoughts naturally dwell longest on those who are to leave us by graduation, for their going is to make a gap in our circle of friends, and to place duties, this year devolving upon the seniors, in other hands next year.
Far is it from our thoughts to say any but cheery words at this time. Hence we thank the departing seniors for their faithful and disinterested discharge of work in the student offices which have at different times been theirs, and congratulate them upon the completion of their work of preparation for the arduous tasks and responsibilities of life, wishing them unbounded future success and happiness.

With the completion of its work upon the present number of the "Monthly" this year's staff relinquishes its task and makes its farewell bow to a tolerant student body.

We feel glad to be able to take advantage of this opportunity to express our deep indebtedness to those who have aided us both directly and indirectly in our efforts during the past school year. To the students and faculty as a whole we offer thanks for staunch financial support; to contributors of material, we own deep indebtedness; to the business men of Tucson, as advertisers, we express gratitude for their confidence in us, and for their support; to Mr. Kimball, our printer, we extend our thanks for his patience with us and kindness to us, and finally and especially our thanks go to Prof. Newsom, without whose kindly
criticism and generous help we should have fared ill indeed.

We wish next year's staff, of which Mr. B. S. Dinsmore will be the head, all success and trust his efforts will far surpass anything that has been accomplished this year.

One cannot look back upon the achievements of the students of the University during the year now so nearly at an end without experiencing a great deal of satisfaction at the sum total of their accomplishments. We do not deny that there are many matters about which criticism could be made—the lack of a good, true college spirit; the discord-breeding student factions, for example—but we do affirm that when the size of the institution is considered, the results along athletic, musical, dramatic and debating lines are worthy of unstinted praise.

The leaders in the various departments of athletics deserve commendation, for, if they have spent money freely on their teams, they have spent it well, and it would have come back with a generous support from the students; the male and female glee clubs are to be congratulated on a very successful year, and the debating and dramatic clubs have done especially well in the face of numerous obstacles.
Let us all resolve to be on hand for work promptly next semester, refreshed and invigorated by a relaxation from college duties, and prepared to make the year '07-'08 outdo in every way the banner year, '06-'07.
THE CENTIPEDE.

(With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe and many of them to the reader.)

Once in Arizona dreary,
While I labored weak and weary,
Labored! Yes, indeed, and sweated
As I ne'er had sweat before,
Suddenly there came a clattering,
As of many footsteps patterning,
Patterning on my study floor.
Just a centipede, nothing more.

When, my gaze upon him turning,
On the floor I saw him squirming,
Fear and trembling filled my being
And wild terror through me tore;
Then my knees they started quaking,
While my visitor was making
Circles 'round my study floor.
Making circles, nothing more.

Then I did quickly hasten
After him, armed with a basin,
With bated breath and brow perspiring,
In my soul of souls desiring
To nail him if I were able
Somewhere 'neath my study table.
He made a streak across the floor
And gaily shouted "Nevermore."

By the door at last I nabbed him
And into a quart jar jabbed him;
Then I quickly plied
Alcohol and cyanide,
Which, on going through his hide,
He gave a piteous squirm and died,
To squirm again—Ah, Nevermore.
The Debate.

The first annual intercollegiate debate between the University of Arizona and the University of Southern California was held in the Tucson Opera House on May 18th. The question under discussion was: "Resolved, That United States Senators Be Elected by Direct Vote of the People." Messrs. Clark, Williams and Clayson upheld the affirmative for U. S. C., while Alexander, Cocke and Murphey formed the U. A. team. The debate was ably conducted on both sides, the U. S. C. winning by two hundred and fifty-one points against two hundred and forty. When we consider that the U. S. C. team was composed of law students having had vastly more practice in public speaking than any of our men, and that they had the popular side of the question, the result of the debate seems quite encouraging. The historical reference set offered by the Pima County Bar Association to the member of the U. A. team doing the best individual work, was awarded to Mr. Cocke. This debate closes the
year's work of the Philomathean Literary Society. They are few in number and have received but little outside encouragement, as the most of us here are engineers with but little time for letters, but they worked hard and put a debating team in the field of which the University had no reason to be ashamed.

**Military Doings.**

The military entertainment held in the opera house, on April 13th, made a decided hit with the town people. Company movements, the manual of arms and bayonet exercise were gone through with in good style, followed by a competitive drill, which was won by Rollin Brown. The night scene in camp was very effective. Miss Drachman and Mrs. McClure gave excellent readings. Music was furnished by the University Glee Club and Orchestra. The following morning the annual inspection of the battalion was made by Capt. Alexander, U. S. A., and the same day the boys marched to Sabino Canyon for the annual encampment, where they all had a good time.

**Chicago Symphony Orchestra.**

On April 25th and 26th the Chicago Symphony Orchestra gave a series of musical entertainments at Elysian Grove. This is one of
the strongest organizations of its kind in the country, and was brought here only by a large guarantee put up by business men and music lovers of the town. The musicales were all well attended, Tucson showing its ability to support an affair of this kind. The Orchestra was assisted by the Tucson Choral Club of seventy-five voices, in which the University was well represented, organized and drilled by Prof. Hoover.

Director Fielitz, of the Orchestra, pronounced it the best Choral Club he had seen outside of the larger cities.

**Gamma Phi Sigma Dance.**

The Gamma Phi Sigma sorority gave their annual dance in Herring Hall, May 4th. The girls had the best of music, decorations, punch, etc., and altogether it was one of the best dances of the year.

**Dr. Long Speaks at Assembly.**

Dr. Long, of the Congregational church, gave an interesting talk on social problems at a recent Assembly.

**Kohler in Sabino Canyon.**

Adjutant Kohler had his troubles at the encampment. When he felt his bed starting
down the bank, he threatened to soak the guilty one with "extra duty," even if it was the Com.

Athletic Association Election.
At the annual election of Athletic Association officers, the following "reform" ticket was elected: President, Andrew P. Martin; Vice-President, Leslie Miller; Treasurer, J. C. Hoyt; Secretary, Frank Ryder; Sergeant-at-Arms, Sydney Mashbir. Managers elected for the various teams were: Bradstreet, for football; Birkner, for basket ball; Florence Bennie, for girls' basket ball; Chapin, for track; Cocke, for tennis; Newton, for base ball, and Miss Wilkerson, for social.

The Experiment Station.
Within the next few days a shipment of fifty thousand pounds of tomatoes will reach the Tucson market from the Yuma farm of the Experiment Station. Some twenty thousand pounds of onions will also be sold, through the efforts of Messrs. Mellgren and Casselman, so the farm will considerably more than pay expenses. This proves that even scientists can be practical sometimes.

Commencement Week Program.
On Sunday evening, June 2nd, Dr. Babcock will preach the baccalaureate sermon to the
graduating class. On Monday afternoon the final parade of the battalion will be held, at which commissions will be presented to Captain Martin and Lieutenants Kohler, Miller, Grossetta and Hazzard. On Monday evening the Alumni have their annual banquet. On Tuesday evening the Delta Phi annual dance will be held in Herring Hall. On Wednesday evening, June 5th, commencement exercises will be held in the Opera House. The graduating class will be addressed by Dr. Gates, President of Pomona College. The graduates, with the degrees they receive, are: Harriet Estella Brown, Ph. B.; Weda Ina Purcell, Ph. B.; Lawrence Broadhead Croasdale, B. S. in Mining; Charles Alexander, Ph. B.; Hugh Maupin Wolflin, B. S.

Prof. DeLashmutt's Departure.

We regret to chronicle that Prof. Ivan DeLashmutt, of the Department of Metallurgy, has resigned to accept a position with the Utah Consolidated Mining Co. at the Murray smelter, near Salt Lake City.

Swimming Tank.

The Dramatic Club has shown true college spirit by voting its surplus, seventy-five dollars, to be used as a nest egg for a swimming tank fund.
The Glee Clubs.

This has been an excellent year in musical lines. The Glee Club and the Orchestra are both flourishing organizations, and have on numerous occasions upheld the musical reputation of the University. They are at present preparing special music for the commencement exercises.

The Museum.

Important additions have recently been made to the Territorial Museum from the fauna of Yuma county, in the way of birds, mammals and reptiles, but notably of birds from the Colorado and lower Gila river regions. This includes almost all classes of feathered life found on the southwestern edge of the Territory. Because of lack of floor and case room a proper display of the material cannot be made, but important changes are contemplated that will in the future add much material interest to the place. The entire ornithological division will be thoroughly worked over and carefully labeled, to the end that visitors and students may be able to determine at a glance the character and family characteristics of the birds under examination. Where possible the birds will be placed in series, showing the stock, nuptial and intermediate grades in plumage. This, in some instances, is so varient as to almost hide the identity of the bird to all but those familiar
with seasonal changes. It is the intention of the curator to make the museum one of the most attractive spots about the University. The mammal and reptile departments will also be brought up to date. As a rule, these things are less attractive than their feathered kin. To some people, of course, a rat is a rat and a snake is a snake, and, as such, they are rather to be avoided than examined and admired. In the presence of such almost insurmountable difficulty the exhibit can still be made entertaining and instructive. The collection of reptiles should be a large one because of the multiplicity of species to be found in Arizona. Up to this time no great amount of work has been done in that direction, but hereafter efforts will be made to make the collection complete in all its details. The museum is purely local in its work and, for some time to come, will probably be confined to the various forms of territorial life.
Varsity Tennis.

The close of the season sees the College with only one Territorial championship out of five, the men’s double. Though it be true that we were entered in only two out of the five events, this does not change the status of the matter.

Fortunately, two excellent players have been developed among the girls, in Miss Elliott and Miss Trippel. These young ladies will guarantee us entries next year in the three events we defaulted, namely, the ladies’ singles, ladies’ doubles and the mixed doubles. It will be strange if we do not get one or two out of the three.

Among the players, Salazar seems to have a clear title in the men’s singles, and if he comes back next year he should land the singles, hands down.
A GROUP OF TENNIS PLAYERS

PARKERS STUDIO
For the doubles, a team can be picked from among the following players: Dane, Talmage, Hatcher, Gillem, Murphey, Culin and Harkwick, which should turn the trick for us next year.

Girls' Tennis Club.

The past few months have shown a very gratifying attendance on the tennis courts among the fair devotees of the game, and if next year the same interest is taken, we confidently expect the development of a new May Sutton.

At first the playing was a bit wild and possibly, erratic, but as progress was made the cut service was introduced and smashing strokes took the place of the love taps until now a very respectable game is played.

Miss Elliott and Miss Trippel have forged to the front and are easily the best players here, dividing honors about equally. Other good players who will bear watching are Miss Murphey, Miss Post, Miss Smith, Miss Bennie, Miss Jones and Miss Ryder.

Girls' Basket Ball.

Next year four teams will be in the field to contest for championship honors—the Reds, the Whites, the College and the Preps. The
make-up of the Reds and of the Whites will be about the same as last season.

On the College team will be such players as Miss Elliott, Miss Post, Miss Leslie and Miss Purcell, who, with one or two other players, will compose a team which will give the two established teams all the playing they want.

The Prep. team will probably have for players Miss Wien, Miss Baker, Miss C. Smith, Miss Rodgers, Miss Beck, Miss Estabrook and Miss Isobel Bennie.

The presence of four teams in the field will create more competition and a championship series can be so arranged as to have a game every two weeks. This should certainly arouse great interest among the lovers of the game.

**Varsity Basket Ball.**

By defeating Bisbee Y. M. C. A. so decisively, the Varsity may fairly lay claim to the Territorial championship, having defeated all local teams and Bisbee, which has swept everything clean in the South. Next year the team will be in a fair way to go to California and try conclusions with some of the crack college and Y. M. C. A. teams, and it will go hard indeed if Arizona does not win some games.
As all of this year's men plan to return to college next fall, there will be an excellent nucleus out of which to form an even stronger team. With an enlarged court in the Gym., more and better team work is expected, and some really fine ball should be played.

This year's stars, Captain Birkner, Salazar and Edgerton, may all be expected back, and all are large point winners. The weak men seem to be the guards, but these will be strengthened as soon as the season opens. With more support from the students, this branch of sport will take a front rank in next year's athletic curriculum.

**Base Ball.**

This has been a banner year for base ball and, outside of the game with Tempe, the Varsity can be proud of its record. It has defeated all the local professional nines and the strong aggregation from Tombstone.

The team has played good ball. The batting, however, was generally weak, and this is the branch of the game demanding most attention next season.

Among the players, Hatcher showed the best individual playing. He pitched fine ball, was the best base runner on the team and did good work with the stick. Gillem did well in the box, but was unfortunate in the games he
pitched. Talmage and Dane did finely on the bases, while Mellgren's work behind the bat was excellent.

Track and Field Sports.

Track work has languished in the University on account of lack of competition with outside institutions. However, a very successful track meet was held in the fall, which proved to be very interesting although no records were broken.

This year a meet will be held on the oval, May 30th, Decoration Day. Several records will undoubtedly fall and competition will be keen. Dane seems to have the best chance to break records. He is already putting the sixteen-pound shot thirty-nine feet, throwing over one hundred feet with the hammer and running the quarter well under the minute mark. Lulley is out for the half and should make the record under 2:10. Strong is vaulting over nine feet in the pole jump; Gillem did five in the high, and Ratliffe does nineteen in the broad. Steel is out for the mile and will give Blades a good run for it.
"The Yale Courant" is one of the most substantial magazines on our exchange list. The essays and stories cover a wide range of subjects. In the March number there is an essay on "The Fire-Bringer," a paper on "The Government of Yale," a one-act play—"Her Sphere," and of the stories one, "Tommy, the Volatile," deals with the adventures of a college man who undertakes to be a professional escort; another, "Taking Chances," is an exciting account of a man who staked his all upon a race—and lost. "The Domed Study" in the April and "The Mask" in the May number are well written, but they both leave a feeling of awfulness, almost of dread.

We are pleased to have "The Clemson College Chronicle" on our exchange list. It has a literary department that would be a credit to any college magazine. "The Educated Man's Duty to the State" ought to be read by every one. "The Uses of Adversity in Character Building," in the April number, is so well written that we will take the liberty of quoting the two closing sentences:
"As Shakespeare first reveals to the young poet his real riches of imagination, as Raphael first unveils to the young artist the possibilities of color, so man knows not his infinite capabilities until he has passed the storms and seas, standing before him, the one ideal in his untroubled splendor. Having Him, man would have not only a teacher and Saviour, but a Master and model fulfilling all the needs of the highest manhood and the noblest character."

We have before us the April and May numbers of the "Harvard Monthly." There is an air of refinement and good breeding about them that is refreshing, to say the least. There are no stories of the race course, of robbers, no bloodthirsty tales of the West. The stories show that the writers have a deep insight into human nature—although, as a rule, they portray to us characters of refined, cultured people, leaving those of commoner mould to be undertaken by lesser minds.

The "University of Virginia Magazine" for March, with its artistic cover, was indeed appropriate for the "Glad Easter-tide." The stories are, as usual, very good. "The Will of a Man" seems to show that the writer has a fair knowledge of Spanish. And speaking of Spanish reminds us of a little poem, "Los Pinchos." The accent marks are all in their proper places, but, perhaps the printer was at fault: there are two words, respodio and
sirven, in the last stanza that are minus an “i.” In fact, we have been quite puzzled about the rhyme scheme but have decided to quote the poem just to show what can be done with some knowledge of Spanish—and a dictionary.

LOS PINCHOS.

Dijó á la rosa la joven—
“Dígame, oh! flora modesta,
Porqué tiene estos pinchos,
Cuando U. está tan bella?”

Respondió la flora hermosa—
“Los pinchos, ah! joven querida,
Siempre sirven de protogérme
De los que envidian á mí belleza.”

“Aunt Jane's Chaperonage,” in the “Smith College Monthly,” is very well written. It is true that the plot is not very new, but, as it comes to us in a tasty new gown, we have thought it worth mentioning. There can be no doubt, however, that the sketches in the Monthly are excellent. The essays on “Myths; an Organic Part of Plato's Philosophy,” and on “The Condition of Japanese Women” are instructive as well as worth reading.

It is with pleasure that we take up “The Redwood” for March, April and May. The story, “When Ignorance Is Bliss,” is very, very sad, but we could not wish for a different ending. Then again we hear a strain of sadness in “The Call of the Spirit.” “My Novel”
is not only an original bit of work, but it is humorous—a quality often lacking in college magazines. "The Renunciation," a story of love and of true friendship, indeed carries one back to the romantic mission days of California. Such stories as this serve to give people some idea of the times and of the character of the people that first settled on the shores of the Pacific.

There are yet many exchanges that we will not even be able to mention, as time and lack of space forbid. This number brings the work of the year to an end. There will no longer be a stack of magazines that seem to cry: "Read us; indeed, we are worthy of it. Why have you neglected us so long?" No longer will the editor be forced to rack her brain for something to say, something original, if possible. Yet, in spite of the long hours of work, some of them pleasant, some of them dull and tiresome, it has been distinctly worth while.

A Western Criticism of Hamlet.

The criticism which was dated 1873 ran: "There is too much chinning in this piece. The author is behind the times and seems to forget that what we want nowadays is hair-raising situations and detectives. In the hands
of a skillful playwright, a detective would have been put upon the track of Hamlet’s uncle and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have lifted the audience out of their cowhides. The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Hamlet sasses his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation. Our advice to the author is more action, more love-making and plenty of specialties. The crazy girl scene should be cut out altogether and a rattling good song and dance substituted.”—Ex.

“‘Here you, Rastus, whar’s that can of oil I tol’ you to git?’ ‘Lor’, ma, it was so greasy it done slip my min’.’”—Ex.

Lawyer—“Do you solemnly swear that you know more than half this jury?”

His Victim—“Yes, sir, and now that I have had a good look at them, I’ll swear that I know more than all of them put together.”—Ex.

“You know,” said a “smart” young man to a girl, “some one has said that if you would make a lasting pair of boots take for the sole the tongue of a woman.”

“Yes,” replied the girl, “and for the uppers you ought to take the cheek of the man who said it.’”—Ex.
"Say, Hank, what's the difference between a marriage and a lottery?"
"Give it up."
"Why, sometimes you get a prize in the lottery." — Ex.

Isn't it Strange

That though night falls, day breaks.
That a pen has to be driven, but a pencil is lead?
That improper fractions should figure in pure mathematics?
That the fellow with a literary bent is usually broke? — Ex.

Truthful Tommy.

"Tommy," said a father to his son, "have you been at those six peaches I put in the cupboard?"
"Father," said Tommy, looking into his eyes, "I have not touched one."
"Then how is it that your mother found five peach stones in your bedroom and there is only one peach left on the plate?"
"That," said Tommy, as he dashed wildly for the door, "is the one I didn't touch." — Ex.

Flunking is not always a disgrace, yet it is never a credit to any student. — Ex.
Teacher—If coal is $5 per ton, how many tons could you get for $20?
Disturbing Element—Three tons.
Teacher—That’s wrong.
Disturbing Element—I know it is, but they will do it just the same.—Harvard Lampoon.

“What is the best way to tell a bad egg?”
“I don’t know, but I would suggest that if you have anything really important to tell a bad egg, why—break it gently.”—Ex.

It is the little things in the world that tell,” said the girl as she pulled her younger brother out from under the sofa.—Harvard Lampoon.

He—“You are the breath of life to me.’’
She—“Then why don’t you hold your breath awhile?”—Ex.

“‘This is the ‘Call of the Wild,’ ” said the keeper of the insane asylum, as he walked up and down the corridors ringing his bell.—Harvard Lampoon.

What you say goes,” he sadly said,
With eyes and heart aflame.
She glanced at the clock and turned her head,
And softly murmured his name.—Ex.
"Gee, ain't I glad I ain't an elephant," said a small boy on hearing that it took ten years to tan an elephant's hide.—Ex.

Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,
Despite his love and kisses,
For although he always hits the mark,
He's always making Mrs.—Ex.

A terror wild,
This naughty child,
A kicker and a squirmer.
When it bit her hand,
Its aunt cried, "Land!"
And grasped the terror firmer—Ex.

Said a broken down fox: "I have spent
Every dollar I had;" and he went
To a wealthy old skunk
For the loan of a plunk,
But the skunk wouldn't give him a scent.—Ex.

"What did the Dean say when you sent him those brandied peaches?"
"He said he didn't care so much for the peaches as the spirit in which they were sent.—Ex.

Davie—Did you ever notice that some barbers will ask you if you want your hair parted in the center, while others will ask if you want
it parted in the middle. Now, which is correct?
Snider—I think "middle" is correct.
Davie—Why do you consider "center" wrong?
Snider—Well, it is a barbarism.—Ex.

"What are the two chief kinds of insurance?"
"Here and hereafter."
"What do you mean?"
"Life and fire."—Ex.

There was a man from Nantucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket,
But his daughter named Nan
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.
But he followed the pair to Pawtucket,
The man and the girl with the bucket.
He walloped the man
Who carried off Nan,
And as for the bucket, Pawtucket.—Ex.

"You'll find I'm hard to discourage," said the persistent suitor dramatically. "Some day I'll make you admit you love me, and then—and not till then—I will die happy."

"I'll say it now," replied the heartless girl. "I don't mind telling a lie for a good end."—Ex.
The latest thing in frats is Eta Bita Pi, with Pap Ryder, President, Beef Trust Steele, Secretary and Treasurer, and Sleepy Rose, Sergeant-at-Arms. Profs. Medcraft and Benner are honorary members.

In ecstasy over his appointment as secretary of the A. A. A., Pap lost his head and spent fifty whole cents for a copy of Roberts’ Rules of Order.

A host of friends have visited Liberty Hall, the residence of the late Chas. A. Firth, Deacon Medcraft and Sherlock Benner alone being absent.

For a complete horoscope of your life call on Willard P. Steele, who is a pupil of the famous Edwin Galindo, mystic seer from Mexico.

The Fourth Prep table demands a rebate on Lulley’s meal ticket, on the ground that a child not yet Weened should not pay full fare.
A Future Type
Miss Ashworth to Temn, reading Mid-Summer Night's Dream: "What does 'bootless' mean?"

Temn—"Without boots."

Steele (after paying sixty cents for what he thought was thirty cents worth of figs) "My, Ratcliffe, but the West is doing me good!"

Mr. Miller, who repairs all broken furniture and ought to know, says you may say what you please about the boys, but it takes the girls to smash things.

Prof. Newsome—"Miss Ekey have you ever shot a bow?" (beau)
Alexander—"Have you ever had one?"
P. N.—"It pays to shoot one once in a while."

Francis, a sweet Swedsh Rose,
Was plucked from his mornings repose,
By a nymph full of sweetness,
Who cherished his weakness,
And spoke love in dear words of pose.

Prof. Medcraft, the mathematician
At U. A. taught triangulation,
By preps he was baffled,
By college lads rattled,
Prof. Blake says, "No tiene ambicion."
PERSONALS

Tom O'Connell has been appointed Cadet to West Point from Arizona. We hope and believe that Tom will reflect credit upon the U. A. Military Department.

Prof. Clark, for several years Horticulturist of the Experiment Station, has resigned to accept a similar position at the University of Illinois.

Director Forbes of the Experiment Station left to attend a convention of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations, held in Lansing, Mich., a few weeks ago.

Dr. Babcock, accompanied by Miss Babcock, sail from New York about the middle of June for Europe where they will spend the Summer.
Mr. Chas Alexander has been appointed Principal of the Tempe Normal School.

“Bill” Nash is going to try one more lick at Chemistry this summer at the University of California. “Heart-Smasher” Engle, his room mate, returns to Buffalo, possibly never to come back to Arizona.

Prof. and Mrs. Newsome are to go to Indianapolis, and later to Chicago for the vacation.

Prof. Turrell it is understood plans to take a trip to Spain this summer.

Miss Louise Henley left school late in April. We hope to see her back with us another year.

J. G. Holty, formerly Instructor in Chemistry is to be married early June. We wish him prosperity and happiness.
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