

# THE TEXAN.

A SEMI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

VOL. X

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NO. 38

## SOPHOMORE VALENTINE EDITION

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HOW IT FEELS TO BE A SOPHOMORE.

The last of a freshman's year would be almost unbearable were not that blissful sophomore state just ahead. When school opens the freshman feels that he can lie low and not be known as the Pariah that he is; but as the year advances, he hears people ask who he is, and the answer always couples with his name that hated prefix. He is "freshman smith," and the intonation makes him feel the lack of the capital so strongly that the name rises before his eyes printed that way. But—as I said—there is much consolation in realizing that this is a game of "turn about."

During the following summer, he studies the catalogue and learns the Cactus almost by memory. He makes a list of Final Ball presidents and listens eagerly to any fact whose acquirement will assist in his "sophistication." If possible, he secures a freshman room-mate for the coming year upon whom this may be displayed or, as Lucrezia Borgia uses the dwarf to emphasize the symmetry and grace of her form, so will he use this green and untutored freshman to emphasize his enlightenment.

When fall arrives, he sets out to "man" to pick up the luggage and walk, what pride does he order "his freshman" to pick up the luggage and walk to clean his room, to swipe kindling, and to prepare for the application of the belt.

However, he soon comes to know that anticipation is greater than realization. With all his study, there are some facts that he has not acquired. He is unable fully to explain the Students' Council, The Rabbit's Foot, The Anglers, The Army and Navy Club, The Mag, or the Coyote. The envied sophomore state proves not so blissful. A freshman's blunders are overlooked because of his viridescence; a senior's errors are lost in his dignity, but the poor soph is always harshly criticized. "He ought to know better."

### STARS AND STRIPES

### NAILED TO SOUTH POLE.

Glory of This Matchless Achievement Belongs to Texas—Col. A. F. Claire Reaches Goal of Ages!

It is with great pride that The Texan, with its matchless news service in all parts of the globe, presents to the world the first account of the final event in man's conquest of the globe. This thrilling narrative was secured from Col. Claire himself, on board the T. U. TAYLOR, which has just arrived at the Straits of Magellan after an absence of two years. The message came by Mexican Cable to Galveston and thence direct to The Texan's private wireless. Every word is given just as it came to us. Copenhagen papers please copy.

On board Steamer T. U. TAYLOR, Feb. 9, 1910.

Texan, Austin:—Stars and stripes nailed to the South Pole! At last success is mine! And to the noble old University of Texas, which fitted out this scientific expedition, belongs the glory. As you will recollect, I sailed in March, 1908, taking with me the following equipment: 120 peadoggies for sledges; Blackstoneboner, Simpbustedme, Nowipasson, and 22 other Eskimos of the Jrlaw tribe; 237,958 portions of Chile, canned; 10 lbs. nails, and 1 hammer; one copy each of the Ladies' Home Journal and Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book; one grand piano; and Henry. A large corps of scientists, engineers, astronomers, geologists, and other high-brows from the Engineering Department accompanied the expedition.

Camp was established on the polar ice at Annadidntakeit, and on Dec. 27, 1909, after moving the whole party 200 miles farther south and spending the winter on a new island we discovered, our select party, with myself in command, set out on the final dash of 472 miles to the pole. The first day we traveled 26 miles, as the observation showed latitude 85 degrees 26 minutes South. I saw that this would never do, as no one would believe that we could have gone so fast; so I ordered the boys to take it easy hereafter. The next night things were dull in camp; so I got out the grand piano for some music. But here I discovered that I had forgotten a piano-player, and so the blamed thing was of no use. The next day I gave it to a widow with five small children who came out to see the procession go by.

The cold was terrific. In fact, it was cold as blazes. The temperature fell so fast that the mercury could not keep pace with it; so I hocked the thermometers at Jackson's and made all future temperature observations with a level and plumb-line.

The only way we could stand the cold was by taking liberal portions of chile put up by the Weilbacher-Charlie-Schutze Trust, which was a hot proposition. It was now time to send back a supporting party. No one wanted to go; so we stopped for three days and played poker—the losers to form the supporting party. On Jan. 11 we crossed the 87th parallel, or rather we held the wires apart and climbed thru. The sun and moon were both visible all day and night, and excellent observations of both were made with transit, sextant, voltmeter, and tachometer. Jan. 14 I sent back another supporting party. They asked me what they were to support, and the question worried me a bit, but I knew all first-class explorers send back supporting parties; so after a little thought I told them to support the University, as the state evidently does not intend to do so.

Jan. 24 we crossed the 89th parallel. This one was built of wire netting six feet high, so we had some trouble getting over it. The food now began to give out; so I decided that the Eskimos would have to eat the dogs, according to the usual custom in such cases. But they balked at this; so I said the dogs could eat the Eskimos, or dog eat dog, or Esk eat Esk. I left them still arguing over the matter and citing precedents, and as I never saw either dogs or Eskimos again, I presume they all ate each other up, which was a convenient way of killing two stones with one bird. I then sent the remaining scientists back in the last supporting party and pushed forward to the pole alone, accompanied by Henry, carrying a bucket of water and his little black bag, as usual. We pushed forward for three days more, and I knew we were in the vicinity of the pole at last, perhaps within speaking distance. We traveled all night of Jan. 31, pushing on in spite of incredible fatigue. Every time I fell down Henry would swab my face with a sponge of water, as is his custom. As the sun rose on the eventful morning of Jan. 32, we eagerly looked around. Eureka! There was the pole, scarcely a hundred yards ahead. I immediately gave the rattle-de-thrat yell, the hullabaloo yell, and fifteen rahs, assisted by Henry.

I am pleased to report that the pole was found in the exact position predicted by scientists. Also, as demonstrated by Duessen, it was a surveyor's pole, painted white and red in alternate bands. Probably it was left there by the original corps of surveyors who marked out the parallels and meridians on the earth. I got the hammer and nails from Henry's bag and started to nail the stars and stripes to the pole. But here I made a startling discovery. The pole is one of these new iron ones, and the nails would not penetrate it. After a moment's thought I sent Henry back to the Co-op for a bottle of glue and with it pasted the follow-

ing flags to the pole: 1. The stars and stripes. 2. The Texas flag. 3. The University pennant. 4. The Engineering Department banner. 5. The 1912 class flags. 6. The Kweehee frat flag. 7. My own private flag. 8. Weather flags indicating colder, with rain or snow. 9. Henry's shirt.

Our food was nearly exhausted, and we had to get back to camp in a hurry; so, after spending two days making all possible observations of the sun, moon, stars, planets, comets, asteroids, and nebulae, I equipped our two remaining sledges with gasoline engines, and we took a short cut across the ice fields, instead of going by the road, thus arriving in camp in two days. It is only fair to state that I gave Henry fifty yards start and beat him into camp by two sledge-lengths, going at seventy miles an hour. He has protested the race on account of delay from spark plug trouble in the engine.

In conclusion I wish to say that if my records and original data are not all right, that does not prove I have not reached the pole, because they were all worked out by Benedict and Mather, in Mather's office in the basement of the main building, before I started. I never really believed that Benny actually knew anything about it, anyway. So far I have not heard of any one else's reaching the pole, but if any one claims to have

GRAHAM'S

"You Know"

reached it I unhesitatingly denounce him as a liar, fakir, member of the Ananias Club, and Law Stude. Further particulars of this momentous trip will be furnished at \$1 per word, cable charges extra. Now open for lecture dates.

ALEXANDER FREDERICK CLAIRE, Lieutenant Colonel U. S. Engineering Department.

The equation of the curve of student cares is a regular biquadratic. It has two "mins" and one "max." The minima, text book and lectures, are of no interest. The maximum, the medical fee, is a variable of the first degree. If x represents the student enrollment, y-kx is its equation. Differentiating this, we get k. As k is constant, the regents arbitrarily fixed the value of this derivative at three dollars per session.

This solution was obtained before the measles was introduced into the University.

NOTICE.

Let the members of the class of 1913 who have decided to reform University politics and other abuses, keep a sharp lookout for the rascal who stole the head off the Victory of Samothrace. He may still be lurking in our midst.

There was a Sophomore named Grace, Who was exceedingly fair of face; A Junior was smitten, But she gave him the mitten, For a Soph stepped into his place.

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## GREETING.

Howdy do! You already know my  
name, "Sophomore Valentine Texan."  
Don't waste too much time looking at  
me. Nobody but a few Sophomores  
will care what you say about me;  
and they wouldn't if they hadn't  
been working mighty hard—what they  
call their best—to make me look as  
well as I do. I'm just one of six  
"class editions." Take me for what  
I am worth to you. Laugh over me,  
cry over me; smile at me, frown  
at me; in short, use me as your  
good sense may direct. I'm sure you  
will give me justice. I ask no more.

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from colleges all over the country, sold "Wearever" Aluminum Cook-  
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## OTHER CLASS EDITIONS.

The Freshmen Academics, in all the  
magnanimity and confidence of  
youth, have granted us permission  
to criticize their edition of the Tex-  
an. Their willingness is easily ex-  
plained in view of a good issue—  
one deserving much praise. True, it  
was so heavy, the articles were, in  
the main, too long, and there was a  
regrettable lack of humor. The cus-  
tomary witticisms were directed  
against the Dean and solid phalanx  
of English I instructors, but we can  
pass these by, since they took such  
a modest view as they did off their  
own importance, and showed such  
profound respect, in most of their  
articles, for their superiors, the up-  
perclassmen.

We liked the spirit of the paper,  
and we think the Freshmen show-  
the editor in all that he says re-  
their best in the short time given  
them. The edition undoubtedly re-  
presents much careful and well-directed  
thought and labor. Some portions  
of the editorials are particularly  
good. While we can not agree with  
the editor in all that he says re-  
garding the "True Relationship of  
Freshmen and Upper Classmen," yet  
we can not refrain from praising his  
notion of the "Purpose of Class Edi-  
tions of 'The Texan,'" and his atti-  
tude toward literary mud-slinging. He  
has raised his voice in a good cause,  
and let us hope that his plea will  
not be without effect. Other articles  
in this generally good edition we  
have spoken of in other places.

Freshmen Engineers' edition pos-  
sessed one quality that we usually  
commend—brevity. While it did not  
represent very thoroughly the do-  
ings and interest of the class, it had  
very few positively bad features.  
The editorials were of a high order.  
The article on "A Freshman Hat,"  
advocated a custom that we see little  
need of. "By their looks ye shall  
know them."

But "I pass on" to the Junior  
Laws. We have certainly heard  
some good things about their issue.  
It most assuredly has an individual-  
ity that is very pleasing. It has a  
true class tone. The lawyers need  
feel no hesitancy in boasting of their  
edition. It had its faults, of course,  
but we covet for our own issue the  
kind reception that was accorded  
theirs.

We now leave the stage to the  
Juniors. Our congratulations to  
former editors, and our best wishes  
for success to those who are to fol-  
low.

## VARSITY SONGS AND YELLS.

A professor who is not famous  
for saying things merely to tickle his  
own ears expresses the belief that  
University songs are not as widely  
known among the student body as  
they should be, and that, strictly  
speaking, we have but one Univer-  
sity song, namely, "Love Nobody But  
You Babe." He also believes that our  
yells are not at all characteristic of  
the mere important phases of Uni-  
versity life. The "U. T. A." yell, he  
says, lauds Texas' athletics—which  
in its way is well enough—but he  
hopes some higher power will pity us  
if athletics are the only thing of  
which Varsity may be proud.

We believe the criticism is just.  
Good college songs, widely known  
and lustily sung, are an unmistak-

able evidence of true college spirit;  
and an abundance of snappy yells,  
representing not athletics alone, but  
all the activities of which we as stu-  
dents are proud, would attest the  
breadth of our conception of col-  
lege life.

## HAZING.

Were ever mortals so persecuted as  
those Freshman Academics? "It wear-  
les me, you say it wearies you," to  
hear them talk about their hardships  
—at the hands of the upperclassmen.  
They do not "object to harmless fun";  
which, although embarrassing, results  
in no injury and is provocative of  
much mirth and after good friend-  
ships." What they "oppose is the  
rougher forms which sometimes cause  
serious illness." Now, we have read  
of "rougher forms" of hazing in oth-  
er colleges, and we know that some-  
times these have caused serious ill-  
ness. But how many freshmen in  
this University have petitioned the  
Dean for a leave of absence on the  
ground of disablement by hazing?  
This writer and all his classmates  
were freshmen last year, and yet  
none of us can recall any serious  
illness that we suffered because of  
hazing. Surely our freshmen friends  
must have said unto themselves,  
reasoning geometrically: "We read  
in the papers that it is the custom  
in American Universities for upper-  
classmen to employ the rougher  
forms of hazing 'which sometimes  
cause serious illness.' Now, the Uni-  
versity of Texas is an American  
university; there are no exceptions to  
the custom of which we have read;  
therefore in hazing freshmen, the  
upperclassmen of the University of  
Texas employ the rougher forms  
which sometimes cause serious ill-  
ness."

But it matters little how they  
reached this conclusion. May be it  
is the brain-sick fancy that some of  
them had before they came here,  
regarding the severity of hazing. At  
all events, we believe they shot wide  
of the mark, and are altogether un-  
just in their charges relative to an  
upper-classman's feeling for a fresh-  
man. That a freshman should be an  
"object of contempt and enmity" to  
a sophomore is absurd. If we cared  
to be sarcastic, we could say that the  
freshmen are too insignificant to de-  
serve our contempt or to move our  
enmity. But such is not the case.  
They deserve well at our hands; and  
furthermore, it would betray the  
meanest sort of a spirit in us to  
feel contempt for them. If the ac-  
cidents of age or advancement in  
studies breed contempt, an older  
brother is justified in despising a  
younger one.

Now about that spirit of brother-  
hood which does not exist in the  
University. Not ten days ago a  
freshman, who has my highest re-  
spect, expressed his surprise to me  
at the spirit of real brotherhood  
which exists here at "Texas." And  
the thing, in our opinion, which is  
increasing that spirit is the good-  
natured testing to which freshmen are  
subjected by upper-classmen. Hazing  
—as now carried on in the Univer-  
sity—is the freshman's greatest op-  
portunity for proving himself a man,  
WORTHY of the companionship and  
brotherhood of his own classmates  
and of the upper-classmen as well.

We do not believe that any fresh-  
man who wrote so deprecatingly of  
the evils of his lot, did so out of  
any improper motive. We do not con-  
sider what he said about us as  
"mudslinging." We do believe, how-  
ever, that unintentionally he mis-  
represented us, and we ask him not  
to feel affronted by what we have  
said, but rather to consider that we  
are merely exercising the right which  
he himself exercised, of stating our  
own case. We feel no contempt, no  
enmity for him, and we hope that  
he will soon discover—as many of  
his classmates have already done—  
that there is a spirit of brotherhood  
in this OUR University.

See Miss Donnan burned at the  
stake.

SOPHOMORES IN THE UNIVER-  
SITY.

Mr. William's records show ap-  
proximately two hundred and ten  
sophomore academics and sixty-five  
sophomore engineers. When you re-  
member that there are twelve class-  
es here, and only about fifteen hun-  
dred students in all, that is not  
half bad. Strength, of course, does  
not lie in numbers. Numbers help  
materially only when there is some-  
thing more cogent back of them. It  
is not of numbers, therefore, that  
we boast, and yet we do feel a con-  
scious pride in our class. We are  
proud of many of the individual mem-  
bers, and we are proud of the class  
as a whole. Last year, as you know,  
the requirements were raised. They  
were later lowered again till 1912, to  
enable the high schools of the state  
to meet them. The conditions, then,  
met by our class were harder than  
for any previous year, and for still  
another two years the standard can-  
not be raised. But in spite of that,  
we came home with our shields, not  
on them. The class room, Clark  
Field, the Auditorium, have all been  
scenes of our triumphs. Nor is the  
better half of our class the disinter-  
ested, inactive bevy of co-eds that  
you so often see. They vote and

run clubs and play basketball and  
take corridor courses with as much  
enthusiasm as Carrie Nation would  
argue the submission question.

## GIVE 'EM HELL!

Pardon the heading. It is used for  
the simple purpose of calling to your  
mind a very hurtful practice at the  
University of Texas. We are not  
preachers, most of us, nor is this a  
school for the training of preachers,  
primarily. And we do not argue that  
one's conversation should always be  
such as Aunt Sarah uses when the  
minister comes to dinner. But we  
should be gentlemen; or, if this is  
impossible, we should at least not  
betray ourselves as jackasses by our  
bray. In the gymnasium, in the  
club room, or wherever you feel at  
perfect freedom to speak as you  
please, then speak as you please.  
But for your mother's sake, and my  
mother's sake, and our sisters, and  
ourselves, and for the good name  
and welfare of dear old Texas, which  
the preachers and many of the good  
people of the state are even now  
too ready to traduce, let us refrain  
from profanity in our college songs  
and yells. It has already hurt our

(Continued On Page Five.)

## THE ELLIOTTS

Still a few are wanting in each Fraternity and only a  
short time left for the Cactus. The Elliots are  
waiting for you to finish the block

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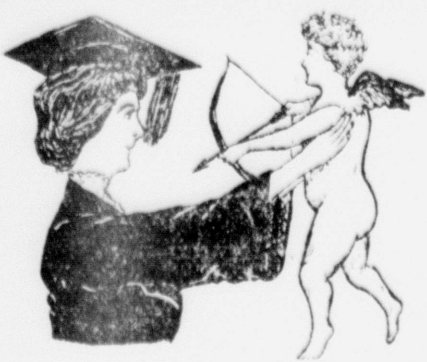
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# ST. VALENTINES

Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! great is thy name in the rubric. Like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar.

—Lamb.



Why does the maid caress the purblind child,  
And fondle him, and coax and tease him, wild  
With pleasure at his artful artlessness,  
But, blinder far than he, too blind to guess  
What all should know except Old Age and Stupid—  
That this is Valentine and he is Cupid?

But when the lad, encouraged by the play,  
Does take but of the spirit of the day,  
Shoots from his bow, fair maid, a shaft, a fleet  
Unerring arrow tipped with bitter-sweet,  
And leaves you, tho' with love, without a lover,  
Scold not the lad, but have him do it over.



## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The Romans celebrated the Lupercalia, the festival of purification and expiation, on the 15th of February. It was instituted in honor of Lupercus, the god of fertility. This day was celebrated with great ceremony and during it a number of names of young women were placed in a box and were drawn by an equal number of young men. In this way, youth and maid became partners during the festival and often during life.

It was said that birds mated on this day, and hence the unmarried people came to regard the Lupercalia as a festival in which they were very much interested—almost as much as if it had been the day for the election of the Final Ball President.

For these reasons the festival had become so popular and so thoroughly embedded in the customs of the people that the early Christian priests found it impossible to divorce them from its observance, and as they could not abolish it, the next best thing was to Christianize it, in name at least. Opportunity offered in the myrtadom of Valentines, a bishop who was renowned for his love and charity to all mankind, and who was especially beloved by the young among whom he labored. His death cast a gloom over the Lupercalia, which came on the next day, and the Fathers at once beheld an opportunity of ridding the Church of the pagan festival. They immediately made Valentinus one of the Saints, and directed that he be regarded as the patron of young lovers and that his memory be celebrated on the 14th of February.

From that day to the present, St. Valentine's day has been celebrated,

although it has degenerated very much from what it used to be. It is observed now only by children, the tumbler class in secluded districts, and in the Woman's Building. In ancient times the favor of fair ones was encouraged by presents of gloves and jewelry, which were generally accompanied with love verses. After a while the presents of value were left out and only complimentary letters or short verses were sent. There has been preserved by an ancient Greek, who once no doubt had curly locks, a short verse which runs something like this:

"Good morning to you, Dr. Bat—  
Why twist your locks without a rat?  
Two curls before and three behind,  
And then you are my Valentine."

When the art of printing came into general use, the custom of sending Valentines became a means by which offended designing persons might inflict abuse or insult without fear of discovery. The invention of chromos, lithography, and printing in colors, and the very extensive use of Christmas, New Year's, and Easter cards has helped to continue the custom of Valentine.

There were numerous ways for young people to find out who would appreciate their Valentines, and who were to be their mates. For instance, if there were a number of young men and young women together, they would write their names upon separate billets and put them into a box. After a few minutes these billets were drawn out. If the names drawn would suggest the presence of Cupid, the billets were worn for several days on bosoms and sleeves—a custom which has degenerated into the wearing of "Billetts or Muttetts" instead of billets—and this often ended in love. Another way to find out lovers was to take fine leaves—possibly clover leaves—and pin them the four corners and the middle of pillows. If the sleepers dreamed of some one, of course they would be married before the close of the year. But to make more sure of fate, sometimes eggs were boiled very hard, the yellows taken out, the eggs filled with salt, and then eaten without taking any water. A senior was required to eat two. Again, names of several sweethearts were written on slips of paper, one slip drawn and put under the pillow. If the person bearing this particular name was dreamed of, then the dreamer and that one were decreed by St. Valentine to be married.

Such in brief is the history of the curious and interesting custom of Valentine.

## TO MY VALENTINE.

A song sings itself and will never be stilled,  
'Tis singing off thee, love, singing of thee,  
Though some say the bleak winds are blowing without,  
They blow not for me, love, blow not for me,  
Though some say the sky is o'ershadowed with cloud,  
'Tis sunshine I see, love, sunshine I see.

A mist over Nature veils her as a bride,  
The veil falls apart, love, falls far apart;  
As from Heaven's chorus the thunder notes peal,  
Her happy tears start, love, her happy tears start;  
For treading so softly on snow crystal flowers,

There's warmth in her heart, love, warmth in her heart.

And Nature and I are atune in our song,  
We sing what we know, love, sing what we know,  
The crow is a linnet and winter is spring,  
And winds they may blow, love, bitterly blow,  
They serve but to fan the bright flame that ne'er flickers;  
My heart is aglow, love, my heart is aglow.

## VALENTINE DAY.

This day brings pleasure in double measure  
To country boys and girls,  
Shy Cupid's darts in beating hearts  
It throws anon and twirls.  
"Oh! Be my love, my star above,"  
The swain so humbly pleads,  
"I'll live for you, I'll die for you"—  
Naught but her lone he needs.  
The maiden shy breathes then a sigh;  
"Your love I must decline,  
I can't be true to even you,  
But I'll be your Valentine."

## MY VALENTINE.

Once upon a summer's day,  
A little bird for me did play  
Etudes for a Valentine.  
Once upon a midnight clear,  
Wandering Halley shot its sphere;  
Then I wished a Valentine.  
Now through fates of birds and stars,  
'Mid the mock'ry of life's farce,  
I've seen, yea, heard that Valentine.  
She has beauty, bearing, grace,  
Which 'twere needless to deface  
With this feeble pen of mine.  
She has wisdom, insight clear,  
So confiding, so sincere,  
That those traits which in her shine  
She nobly sees in others' hearts,  
So much higher are her parts;  
Virtue can itself divine.

## SONG OF A WOMAN-HATER.

See the dancing of the girls—  
Flossy girls!  
What a world of foolishness they chatter in their whirls!  
How they titter, titter, titter,  
In the slavish ears of men!  
While the ball-room seems to glitter,  
And to urge them all to fritter,  
Free of ev'ry discontent;  
Mocking time, time, time,  
In a sort of maddened rhyme,  
With the nonsense, nonsense, nonsense that so musically swirls  
From the girls, girls, girls, girls,  
Girls, girls, girls,—  
From the giggling and the tittering of the girls.

## SONG OF A MAN-HATER.

See the swagger of the boys—  
Sporty boys!  
What a puffed conceitedness they mix with all their joys!  
How they bluster, bluster, bluster,  
Under the cunning glance of girls!  
While the truthful loses luster  
And bemoans them as they cluster  
'Round some fancy butterfly;  
Killing time, time, time,  
In a sort of maddened rhyme,  
With the nonsense, nonsense that so fatefully destroys  
All the boys, boys, boys, boys,  
Boys, boys, boys—  
All the blustering, and the swaggering sporty boys.

Certain members of the faculty seem to have a notion that the ringing of the five-minute gong is merely a disturbance which they may regard or ignore at pleasure. In fact, this idea appears to be gaining ground; and the students, to prevent its further spread, are thinking seriously of keeping a Faculty Honor Roll, whereon to inscribe the names of those teachers who invariably dismiss their classes on the dot.

## "JOAN OF ARC."

Play to be Given by Ashbel Literary Society Tonight.

When Mr. Lemuel B. C. Josephs of New York City took up the coaching of the Ashbel play, then well on the way to completion, he exclaimed: "Your mob has attained something that Mansfield's never had!" What that something is will be seen to-night in the Auditorium. Mr. Josephs is a dramatic teacher and critic of distinction, and Ashbel considers itself fortunate to have acquired his directorship.

So long has the name Ashbel been synonymous with highly excellent acting that special mention would be superfluous but for the departure of the performance this evening from the usual class of its attempts. Schiller's "Joan of Arc"—Julia Marlowe's version is used—is decidedly the greatest drama ever attempted by the society—a stupendous undertaking for amateurs. But far from the usual fiasco resulting from the attempts at heavy work by non-professionals, the performance is a creditable proof of the hard work and real talent of both caste and coach. The Ashbel play has never been primarily a money-making institution—though many munificent gifts to the University, among them the first stained glass window for the Main Building, have been the result of the performances—but, rather, a serious study for the girls themselves and a literary and historic treat for their friends. The society has received much benefit from the study of Schiller's wonderful drama, and the work has necessarily been serious. Lovers of literature, as well as of the drama, cannot fail to be delighted with the presentation tonight.

The play is to be completely put on, historically, and the stage-settings are remarkable and beautiful, thanks to the ingenuity of the coach and caste. By the use of costumes of the period, a picturesque effect is obtained, notably in the entrance of the peasants in the first act and also in the mob-scene. The finale, the burning at the stake of Jeanne, is appropriately spectacular.

Miss Lilla Donnan, heretofore prominent in lighter parts, and probably the most popular and well known amateur actor in Austin, proves herself wonderfully versatile in the role of Jeanne. Past-mistress of stage business, she rises to the heights of the mystic and pathetic "Maid of Orleans," and, in her dramatic climax in the prison scene, she meets the requirements of her difficult role in a manner which would do credit to a professional. Indeed, there are moments when one not only forgets that she is an amateur, but is so stirred by her fervor and emotion as to listen with Jeanne to "the voices"—which is the indispensable quality of great acting.

The names of Miss Eunice Aden, Miss Mamie Searcy, and Miss Jane Woodruff need no introduction to a Varsity audience. In the double roles of Sieur de Boulement, and Charles the Dauphin, Miss Aden adds another to her long list of brilliant successes. Miss Rebecca Masterson, as Sibylle and the Tailor, has the rare faculty of sinking personality, necessary in successful character-roles. More charming peasants than Miss Grace Byrne, Miss Louise Perkins, Miss Mary Mobley, and the rest would be hard to find.

The following is the caste in full:  
Jeanne d' Arc . . . Miss Lilla Donnan  
Charles the Dauphin . . . Miss E. Aden  
Duke of Burgundy . . . Miss M. Searcy  
Duke d' Alencan . . . Miss W. Oryneski  
Marshall La Hire . . . Miss J. Woodruff  
Sieur de Boulement . . . Miss E. Aden  
Count Dunois . . . Miss Ethel Fonda  
Jac d' Arc . . . Miss Marjorie Jarvis  
Clerk of Court . . . Miss Luella Fonda  
Tailor . . . Miss Rebecca Masterson  
Boatmaker . . . Miss Louise Perkins  
Ladies of the Court.  
Lady Agnes . . . Miss Mamie Searcy  
Madeline . . . Miss Georgia Maverick

Clotilde . . . Miss Frances Walker  
Peasants.  
Sibylle, Godmother of Jeanne . . .  
Miss Rebecca Masterson  
Hannette . . . Miss Mattie Gooch  
Margo . . . Miss Georgia Maverick  
Denese . . . Miss Herma Ujffy  
Colette . . . Miss Ethel Fonda  
Lisette . . . Miss Julia Cooper  
Mona . . . Miss Louise Perkins  
Claire . . . Miss Mary Mobley  
Cosette . . . Miss Frances Walker  
Suzette . . . Miss Grace Byrne

## DER SAPIENS SOPHOMORE.

A Freshman durch campus langsam did strole,  
Et sensit se esse ganz und gar wohl;  
He thought (as they say) he was plures in uno.  
Hic errat so staltz that he fell in a hole  
Neben dem Weg.

Ex imo then called he at all passers-by  
Ihmais zuhelfen, or else there he'd die.  
A Junior and Senior passed, noch drehte sich um,  
Et ambulant by him, nor even asked why  
Is clamat tam clare.

The reason for this dicabo statim,  
Sic urssen nicht ure, darum halfen nicht him,  
But a sapiens Sophomore ere long passed dabile,  
Et audiens clamorem, looked over the rim  
To see was war los.

The poor little Freshman visit is nune,  
Und aus diesem Loche adiuvit ihm tunc,  
Er griff dessen Hande and soon pulled him out.  
Es freute the Freshman, ut diceret hunc  
Esse wisest of all.

## PATIENCE UNDER SUFFERING.

(With apologies to Archilochus.)

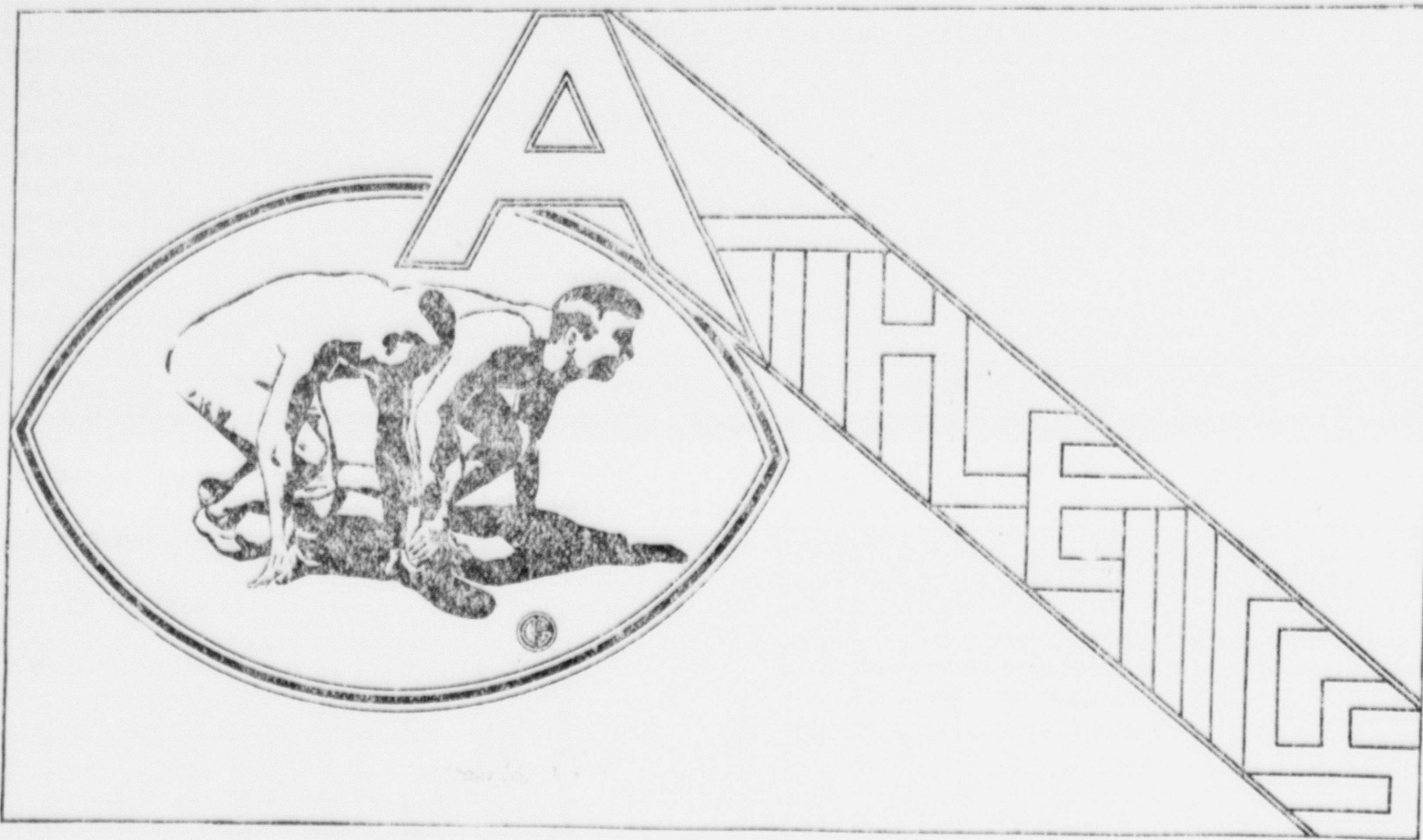
Noise! Oh, horror! in vain to seek rest instead;  
All study from the afflicted mind is fled.  
This talk and laugh in the library bursts o'er our heads, and Sounds like revelry—  
wrath swells our breasts  
With pangs unfelt before;  
but as all hopes for change  
Are vain, therefore, be content that you're not such an awful boor,  
And do the best that you can do—endure.

## THE DEAN.

Ah! little the Varsity student recks,  
As he gazes sternly o'er his specs  
(The dignified and stately Dean)  
That he was once the most frolicsome ever seen.  
Little does the student know  
How he capered 'round like a holy show.  
Holy indeed, for said he:  
"I'll be from Palestine to give sanctity  
To my undignified and peculiar acts.  
And no one will really guess the facts;  
How I wore whiskers curly and sideburns black,  
With a garb of sackcloth to cover my back,  
A sash of red and a turban green,  
The funniest sight that ever was seen."  
Thus on Monday night the Dean did prance,  
At the Varsity Club's fancy dress dance.

Football enthusiast (at Oklahoma game after Texas had made her first touchdown)—  
"Nothing could have kept those boys from going through that line after they got a start."  
Freshman (excited and catching sight of a "cop")—  
"Did the cop try to stop 'em?"





## ATHLETICS.

## Class of '12 on Gridiron, Track, Diamond, Etc.

If one looks back over the records of men for the past season in athletics, he will see that the Sophomores were represented by as good a bunch of athletes as any sophomore class ever boasted of. While we cannot boast of a "T" football man, we can boast of a bunch of light men, who played on the Scrub team; and it was this team that made such a brilliant record during the past season.

Among the Sophs who played football were Kone, the L. T. on the Scrubs, Moss, R. G., Morgan and Evans, ends, Holt and Cullum, half-backs, Christian and Standiforth, center, Moore, quarterback, Phillips, end, and Harold and Walker, utility in any of the events, they have done good work and made several second and third places. Besides those who contested in the Houston meet, several new men have qualified for the Brownwood meet and for the spring meet, and we may expect that in these contests they will compete with honor to themselves and to the class.

Among those who took part in the Houston meet, are Lipscomb, who won third place in high hurdles and second place in the high jump; Melasky, who won third place in the low hurdles and did well in the relay race; and Craddock, who did

with the Sophs, but, owing to the injuring of several of the Sophomores, the line-up had to be changed. This placing of men out of their regular position weakened the team. But it may be said with all due credit that the Sophomores were worthy antagonists of any team and school, and we are satisfied with what we got, although we would like to have had more. We are sure, however, we will get the "more" next year—the championship for the boys of 1912.

## Track.

The Sophomores so far have made a very creditable showing in track. And, although they have not been so fortunate as to win first place well in the mile race. In the cross-country run, January 8, Craddock showed himself to be the coming long distance man of the University, winning second place, and, if he had had the ability as a sprinter, he might have won first place. Besides these, the following have qualified for the Brownwood meet: Moseley in the hurdles and M. F. Hill for the 220 and quarter races. Carsner is showing up in sprinting, and Harold in weights.

## Basketball.

The Sophomores have not taken much interest in basketball. Only a few have gone out for practice, and only one has made the team. Those who have gone out for practice and played in the Sophomore-Freshman game are Popenoe, Coffee, Lawther,

usual. The sophomores aspire to greater things than these; their aim is to rise above the mediocre and commonplace; they desire to be counted with the high and mighty who have scaled ambition's cold heights to the summit. The men achieve this chiefly by their startling costumes; the women attain the same end by abstaining from strenuous exercise. Most of them refrain from joining the throng of eager aspirants for tennis honors, though a few play the game in quite a lady-like manner. We have in our midst at the present writing, only two damseis who join the squealing athletes in chasing the merry basketball. Much to our joy our girls no longer cavort, more or less gracefully, over the hockey field. It is to be hoped that in the spring they will not depart from their time honored custom and risk life and limb in the treacherous depths of the swimming pool. Athletic sports among the sophomore girls have been perverted into a more pleasing channel. The peripatos is the scene of their glorious victories, and no one will deny that they present a very pleasing appearance while snail-racing around this track.

## THE COMET.

The sunset was gorgeous, brilliant. Freshman Parvus stood gazing upon its splendor with admiration upon his countenance. Long he watched the golden shafts and crimson beams; slowly they changed to violet; then to deeper purple. Freshman, the Small, (for thus reads his Name when interpreted) sighed deeply as he gazed:

"Strange, strange, how this great University brightens and makes more lovely every Object about it. Even the Sunsets here are more splendid than they are in the Land where I dwell, and merely by beholding this Seat of the Mighty, this Home of the Wise, are they made thus. But what means that strange and foreign light. Truly the University is a wonderful Place—even the Heavens exert themselves, and strive to please the Priests of this Shrine of Knowledge."

"Yon strange and foreign Light" had appeared in the Heavens after the last bright Ray of the Sunset had faded and died. It was not a falling Star, yet it appeared thus. What was it? The bright point of light, gleaming like a great Diamond, hung pendent in the darkling Heavens. Issuing from the Star was a substance like unto a filmy Veil, narrow at its source, and widening its Whiteness like to an immense Fan. Freshman's gaze was turned thitherward. He was stupefied, nay even spellbound with wonderment. He had never before beheld or looked upon so strange a Sight.

And lo! as he stood there marveling at the wonder thereof, a Stranger of sober mein approached. Looking upon his face, Parvus beheld it to be one whereon was Wisdom stamped, yes even the Wisdom of the Sages, albeit his years were but

few. Then Freshman reasoned within Himself. "Surely this Stranger must be of the guild called Seniors, the ones held wisest of all—yea it may be one of the great teachers, who belong to a caste y-clept Faculty. He will of a surety know what this Sign may portend." And turning to the haughty Stranger, he said with fear and trembling:

"O Man of Wisdom, for such I deem thee by the emblem of the Star and Wreath upon thy breast —"

Here the Man of Wisdom broke in upon him:

"Speak thy wish, and haste, for I have little time to spend upon such as thou—O least of the lowest guild, O Freshman."

Parvus bowed himself low before Sr. Maximus. "I humbly beg of thee to give me of thy Knowledge, thou mortal blessed of Athena. Turn thine eyes westward and behold! What may That be?"

Maximus gazed upon the marvel with eyes that wavered not. Then spake he unto Parvus, his lips curling in pride and scorn. "O Parvus, thy name fitteth thee well, unto it yet should be added Stultus—Parvus, the foolish. If thou knowest not what meaneth yon Light, I pray thee ponder over it. Thou must indeed exhibit more understanding if thou wishest not forever to remain Parvus the Foolish. Fare thee well."

Freshman's head sank upon his breast. The Words of Senior Maximus had cut deeply. When he lifted up his eyes again, he saw before him a man of even broader bearing than Maximus.

"Speak, Little One, and fear not. What is it that weighs upon thy Soul so heavily? I will aid thee, for I am in possession of Knowledge which worketh marvels. Speak, Impart th troubles unto Junior Magnus."

A radiance of gratefulness shone from the Face of Parvus. "O kind Junior, give me of thy Fountain of Knowledge. Turn thine eyes westward and behold! What may That be?"

Junior Magnus smiled. "O Freshman Parvus, that is something known only to the Wise. Thou art not yet capable of understanding. Thy Soul is not yet ripe for the reception of the explanation of the phenomena of the Creator. Cease to puzzle thy small Head. When thou hast arrived at the maturity of years of a Junior, such as I, thou wilt be initiated into the Knowledge of the Wonders of the Stars. Fare thee well. Look diligently to thy Books; labor earnestly that thou, too, mayst become a Junior."

Again was Freshman Parvus disappointed. He gazed wistfully at the departing Form of Magnus. "When shall I be even as he? At what time shall I know the Portent of yonder Light?"

As he was thus lamenting and sighing, he was aware of the approach of light Footsteps. As they came nearer, Parvus was able to distinguish in the Dusk the Form of a third Stranger. He seemed comeliest of them all. A smile, as of some great and lasting Joy, played about his lips. He moved with an Ease and Grace such as Parvus had never yet beheld. He perceived that this Stranger, too, must be of some great Caste of the Wise. With hesitation Freshman began—

"O thou comely Stranger, it doth mine eye good to look upon thy comely Form. Thy Countenance, also showeth Wisdom. I humbly pray thee, impart to me the name of thy Order."

The stranger smiled once again and answered, "I am called, oh Freshman Parvus, I am called Sophomore Optimus, which is, being interpreted—Sophomore the Best. But, I pray thee, what Burden oppresses thee. Of a truth thou appearest sad and heart-heavy indeed."

"It is nothing, oh good Optimus," answered Parvus—"it is nothing that mortal Man can aid, till the time I come to the age of Wisdom and of Discretion, for thus spake unto me Senior Maximus and Junior Magnus."

"I pray thee speak, Freshman. I am confident that I can relieve thee

of thy Burden. Hesitate not, neither waver thou."

Then Freshman said unto Optimus, as he had unto the others, "Turn thine eyes Westward, and behold! What may That be?"

Sophomore gave a knowing smile and said, "It dawneth upon me why the two Strangers told thee not of the vondrous Light. Hark thee well, O Parvus, they feared to give of their knowledge. Yea, they were afraid lest it would lessen their Wisdom to impart it to others. Listen and I will tell thee what they would not. Yon lovely Light in the Heavens is One of those Members of the solar system which usually move in very eccentric Orbits, approaching very near unto the sun in their Perihelion, and receding to a vast Distance in their Aphelion. Dost thou know now, O Freshman?" And having spoken thus, he turned and would have departed, but beholding the amazement and consternation upon the Face of Parvus, at this great Knowledge and Wisdom, he stopped and smiled with great Condescension.

"Thy Understanding is indeed small, if thou comprehendest not this dissertation upon the wonders of the Firmament. If thou knowest not what I have been telling thee, then listen O Parvus, I will tell thee once again in other Words. Yon Light in the Heavens is a Comet."

Hush! "Money talks," said the alderman, winking slowly with his left eye.

"Well, if this does any talking," whispered the promoter, "it will be the last you'll ever get."—Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Mather—"Mr——, what is a vacuum?"

Freshman——, scratching his head—"Why, er—er, Doctor——." Dr. Mather—"Yes, that's it; you have it under your hand."



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ity line men. These twelve men, with the aid of one or two Freshmen, a Junior, and two Seniors, won for the Scrubs the title of Light Weight Champions of Texas.

Where will one find a team with better team work and a better record? Played five, won five; scored against once. To a great extent this record is due to the Sophs who played on the team.

After the regular season was over, the class games came on. The Sophs here again made a strong showing. A team was organized and L. Cullum, R. H. B., was elected captain. Jones, Kirkpatrick, and Feldhake were appointed to coach them, which they did with credit to themselves. The first game was between the Sophs and Freshies, which resulted in a score of 12-6 in favor of the Sophs. Throughout the whole game the Freshmen were outplayed and out-generated.

Then came the championship game between the Sophs and the Juniors, in which the Sophs were defeated. During the first half the honors were

and M. E. Davis. The representative of the Sophomore Class on the Varsity Team is Thornton Hardie. He is doing excellent work.

## Baseball.

Not much can be said at present as to how the Sophomores will show up in baseball. However, several good men have signed up, and very probably several of them will make Varsity. Among those who are coming out are Strickland and Briern for pitcher, Kone for catcher, Phillips, Cullum, McIntyre, Dealey, Popenoe, Rogers, and Highnote.

## GIRLS IN ATHLETICS.

## "Nothing Doing."

This Sophomore class has been noted for originality throughout its history. It is unique in many ways, particularly along athletic lines. Athletic prowess is the boast of the freshmen and juniors—yea, even the mighty seniors strive to win athletic laurels—but all this savors of the



## GIVE 'EM HELL!

(Continued From Page Two.)

reputation, and it is going to hurt us more. Many student bodies already in our best institutions have acted favorably upon this matter, among the most recent being our worthy neighbors in Missouri. Will Texas remain barbarian? Not for the sake of reforming the world, but simply for the good of the school, our council should be encouraged to take this matter up.

## POLITICS AGAIN.

Why is a politician so ready to condemn others of his class? And why do people whisper "graft" when you mention politics? The first question, unanswered, is answer to the second. There is really not so much evil in politics as some would have you think. But the worst harm is that of each politician's so widely advertising what little evil he can ferret out, in an effort to pose as a clean-politics statesman or an iconoclast. If those benighted individuals, who exhaust their energies with so much railing at the manner in which the other fellow beat them at their own game, would but spend the time and effort in demonstrating the good there is in politics, the bad would die from want of air.

You have had abundant opportunity this year to read about University politics. The best observations in theory are, perhaps, those in the December Magazine. But where do they lead us? The diagnosis may be correct, but what is the remedy? The most practical are possibly those in the Junior Law Texan, although they are but side-thrusts at the freshmen. The worst, in both practice and theory, are the sundry sage remarks in the Freshman Texan. We can easily pardon the freshmen for the chubby fellows can hardly be expected to gain so soon a well defined idea of politics. But we have to smile when we read that every class in the University is dominated by political bossism except the Freshman class; and, while reading, count upon the fingers of one hand the budding young bosses who, from first to last, have grabbed everything in reach in that class.

But what is the net result of all these discussions? A great big zero. When you get through, all you know is that clean politics must not be dirty, and you knew that at the beginning. The chief cry seems to be against factions. We should not vote for a man because he is in our crowd, or is a member of the Chi Omega Phone or the Iota Taka Rho, but we should vote for the man who is simply a man. That is certainly true. But, faction or no faction, every candidate for our little honors here, in forty-nine cases out of fifty, is as deserving as his opponent. And, be factions what they may, a good man is always put up, because it takes a good man to run a good race, and a good race is exactly what the faction wants to run. Personally, neither you nor I would vote for a man whom we thought unfit. And if fit, why kick about the fraternity, club, or what-not, to which he may or may not belong?

There will always be factions, because there always have been. There were in ancient Greece, there were in Rome, there were and are and will be in Europe, Asia, England, and the United States. The freshmen are going to purge us of them. "The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind makes speed to catch the tiger." But, frankly, do you regret that there are Democrats? You rather regret that there are so few. There, it seems to me, is the trouble. Unless you have personal reasons, do not worry about the man. He will be able to fill the bill. Simply take care that one faction does not stay in power too long, for there is where the rub comes in.

## ORGANIZED COLLEGE SPIRIT.

One of the gravest charges that can be brought against a University or a college is that it has a lack of college spirit. And yet some have said that this lack exists in our University. It is false. It is true that a great deal more spirit could be manifested in our various actions and in our many organizations, but I, for one, hold that this charge of a lack is untrue.

We suffer some in our "lack of manifestation" by comparison with the Agricultural and Mechanical College. But why? This is easily answered. At College Station is the A. & M. College—nothing else. The students live in close relationship with one another, bound together by the military organization to which each of necessity belongs. Their habits are the same; in fact, almost the whole life of each student is essentially the same as that of his fellow. And they have nothing to think of outside of their college affairs, no one to talk to outside of their college mates. Why, then, is this spirit made manifest? Because it could not possibly be otherwise.

At the University it is different. Here we students live, for the most part, in private houses. We see many University students, it is true, but far more people who have no connection with the University. We are not bound together by any military or similar organization, and, on the other hand, have much to occupy our minds that is not in touch with our work. Why, then, is this spirit not made so manifest? Because our natural environment causes this condition.

We have shown time and time again that this spirit is in existence. Look at the display given on last Thanksgiving Day. See how the students stood behind their team—a team that was clearly outclassed in every department of the game—see how they cheered on that band of men—men who had the honor and spirit of the University in their hearts and hands, men who preserved that honor in spite of overwhelming odds, who sustained that spirit even after that last whistle, the death knell of their hopes of victory sounded over the gridiron, and then reluctantly left the field—consider these things, I repeat, and then ask yourself whether we have the true spirit. There is but one answer. Yes. But is this spirit always made so manifest? We must answer, no; not on every occasion.

Then why don't we display it? The answer is, simply because of a lack of organization. If we, at Houston, had had the leadership that the A. & M. cadets had, we would not only have paraded in the rain, and cheered on our team with such songs and yells as are necessary for the injection of that never-say-die spirit, but we would have cheered them on to triumphant victory, and sent Carlisle Indians back to "Mother Earth" instead of College Station, and that without the gate receipts to pay expenses. We had the spirit, every man, woman, and child of us. Even "the future Capt. Duncan, too young almost to know what it meant, was heard to exclaim, with a tone of sorrow in his little voice, "Oh, Oh, Tetsas not win, Tetsas dit beat."

Yes, we have the spirit, the true spirit; let's manifest it. We can display that spirit by organization; let's do it. "Unity gives strength."

## VIRIDIS HOMO.

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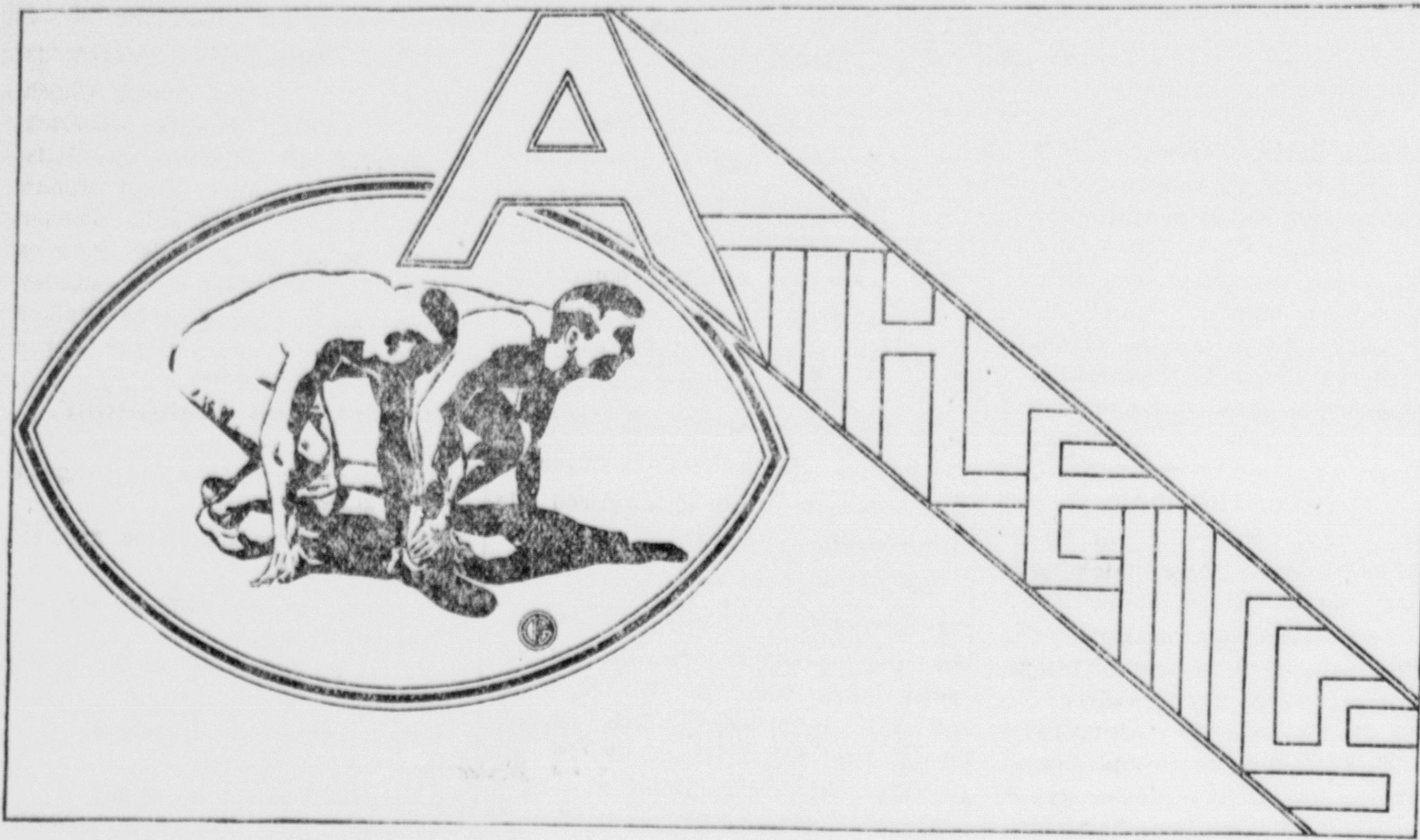
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## ATHLETICS.

## Class of '12 on Gridiron, Track, Diamond, Etc.

If one looks back over the records of men for the past season in athletics, he will see that the Sophomores were represented by as good a bunch of athletes as any sophomore class ever boasted of. While we cannot boast of a "T" football man, we can boast of a bunch of light men, who played on the Scrub team; and it was this team that made such a brilliant record during the past season.

Among the Sophs who played football were Kone, the L. T. on the Scrubs, Moss, R. G., Morgan and Evans, ends, Holt and Cullum, halfbacks, Christian and Standforth, center, Moore, quarterback, Phillips, end, and Harold and Walker, utility in any of the events, they have done good work and made several second and third places. Besides those who contested in the Houston meet, several new men have qualified for the Brownwood meet and for the spring meet, and we may expect that in these contests they will compete with honor to themselves and to the class.

Among those who took part in the Houston meet, are Lipscomb, who won third place in high hurdles and second place in the high jump; Melasky, who won third place in the low hurdles and did well in the relay race; and Craddock, who did

with the Sophs, but, owing to the injuring of several of the Sophomores, the line-up had to be changed. This placing of men out of their regular position weakened the team. But it may be said with all due credit that the Sophomores were worthy antagonists of any team and school, and we are satisfied with what we got, although we would like to have had more. We are sure, however, we will get the "more" next year—the championship for the boys of 1912.

## Track.

The Sophomores so far have made a very creditable showing in track. And, although they have not been so fortunate as to win first place well in the mile race. In the cross-country run, January 8, Craddock showed himself to be the coming long distance man of the University, winning second place, and, if he had had the ability as a sprinter, he might have won first place. Besides these, the following have qualified for the Brownwood meet: Moseley in the hurdles and M. F. Hill for the 220 and quarter races. Carsner is showing up in sprinting, and Harold in weights.

## Basketball.

The Sophomores have not taken much interest in basketball. Only a few have gone out for practice, and only one has made the team. Those who have gone out for practice and played in the Sophomore-Freshman game are Popenoe, Coffee, Lawther,

usual. The sophomores aspire to greater things than these; their aim is to rise above the mediocre and commonplace; they desire to be counted with the high and mighty who have scaled ambition's cold heights to the summit. The men achieve this chiefly by their starting costumes; the women attain the same end by abstaining from strenuous exercise. Most of them refrain from joining the throng of eager aspirants for tennis honors, though a few play the game in quite a lady-like manner. We have in our midst at the present writing, only two damseis who join the squealing athletes in chasing the merry basketball. Much to our joy our girls no longer cavort, more or less gracefully, over the hockey field. It is to be hoped that in the spring they will not depart from their time honored custom and risk life and limb in the treacherous depths of the swimming pool. Athletic sports among the sophomore girls have been perverted into a more pleasing channel. The peripatos is the scene of their glorious victories, and no one will deny that they present a very pleasing appearance while snail-racing around this track.

## THE COMET.

The sunset was gorgeous, brilliant. Freshman Parvus stood gazing upon its splendor with admiration upon his countenance. Long he watched the golden Shafts and crimson Beams; slowly they changed to violet; then to deeper purple. Freshman, the Small, (for thus reads his Name when interpreted) sighed deeply as he gazed:

"Strange, strange, how this great University brightens and makes more lovely every Object about it. Even the Sunsets here are more splendid than they are in the Land where I dwell, and merely by beholding this Seat of the Mighty, this Home of the Wise, are they made thus. But what means that strange and foreign light. Truly the University is a wonderful Place—even the Heavens exert themselves, and strive to please the Priests of this Shrine of Knowledge."

"Yon strange and foreign Light" had appeared in the Heavens after the last bright Ray of the Sunset had faded and died. It was not a falling Star, yet it appeared thus. What was it? The bright point of light, gleaming like a great Diamond, hung pendent in the darkling Heavens. Issuing from the Star was a substance like unto a filmy Veil, narrow at its source, and widening its Whiteness like to an immense Fan. Freshman's gaze was turned thitherward. He was stupefied, nay even spellbound with wonderment. He had never before beheld or looked upon so strange a Sight.

And lo! as he stood there marveling at the wonder thereof, a Stranger of sober mein approached. Looking upon his face, Parvus beheld it to be one whereon was Wisdom stamped, yes even the Wisdom of the Sages, albeit his years were but

few. Then Freshman reasoned within Himself. "Surely this Stranger must be of the guild called Seniors, the ones held wisest of all—yea it may be one of the great teachers, who belong to a caste y-clept Faculty. He will of a surety know what this Sign may portend." And turning to the haughty Stranger, he said with fear and trembling:

"O Man of Wisdom, for such I deem thee by the emblem of the Star and Wreath upon thy breast —"

Here the Man of Wisdom broke in upon him:

"Speak thy wish, and haste, for I have little time to spend upon such as thou—O least of the lowest guild, O Freshman."

Parvus bowed himself low before Sr. Maximus. "I humbly beg of thee to give me of thy Knowledge, thou mortal blessed of Athena. Turn thine eyes westward and behold! What may That be?"

Maximus gazed upon the marvel with eyes that wavered not. Then spake he unto Parvus, his lips curling in pride and scorn. "O Parvus, thy name fitteth thee well, unto it yet should be added Stultus—Parvus, the foolish. If thou knowest not what meaneth yon Light, I pray thee ponder over it. Thou must indeed exhibit more understanding if thou wishest not forever to remain Parvus the Foolish. Fare thee well."

Freshman's head sank upon his breast. The Words of Senior Maximus had cut deeply. When he lifted up his eyes again, he saw before him a man of even prouder bearing than Maximus.

"Speak, Little One, and fear not. What is it that weighs upon thy Soul so heavily? I will aid thee, for I am in possession of Knowledge which worketh marvels. Speak. Impart th troubles unto Junior Magnus."

A radiance of gratefulness shone from the Face of Parvus. "O kind Junior, give me of thy Fountain of Knowledge. Turn thine eyes westward and behold! What may That be?"

Junior Maganus smiled. "O Freshman Parvus, that is something known only to the Wise. Thou art not yet capable of understanding. Thy Soul is not yet ripe for the reception of the explanation of the phenomena of the Creator. Cease to puzzle thy small Head. When thou hast arrived at the maturity of years of a Junior, such as I, thou wilt be initiated into the Knowledge of the Wonders of the Stars. Fare thee well. Look diligently to thy Books: labor earnestly that thou, too, mayst become a Junior."

Again was Freshman Parvus disappointed. He gazed wistfully at the departing Form of Magnus. "When shall I be even as he? At what time shall I know the Portent of yonder Light?"

As he was thus lamenting and sighing, he was aware of the approach of light Footsteps. As they came nearer, Parvus was able to distinguish in the Dusk the Form of a third Stranger. He seemed comeliest of them all. A smile, as of some great and lasting Joy, played about his lips. He moved with an Ease and Grace such as Parvus had never yet beheld. He perceived that this Stranger, too, must be of some great Caste of the Wise. With hesitation Freshman began—

"O thou comely Stranger, it doth mine eye good to look upon thy comely Form. Thy Countenance, also showeth Wisdom. I humbly pray thee, impart to me the name of thy Order."

The stranger smiled once again and answered, "I am called, oh Freshman Parvus, I am called Sophomore Optimus, which is, being interpreted—Sophomore the Best. But, I pray thee, what Burden oppresses thee. Of a truth thou appearest sad and heart-heavy indeed."

"It is nothing, oh good Optimus," answered Parvus—"it is nothing that mortal Man can aid, till the time I come to the age of Wisdom and of Discretion, for thus spake unto me Senior Maximus and Junior Magnus." "I pray thee speak, Freshman. I am confident that I can relieve thee

of thy Burden. Hesitate not, neither waver thou."

Then Freshman said unto Optimus, as he had unto the others, "Turn thine eyes Westward, and behold! What may That be?"

Sophomore gave a knowing smile and said, "It dawneth upon me why the two Strangers told thee not of the vondrous Light. Hark thee well, O Parvus, they feared to give of their knowledge. Yea, they were afraid lest it would lessen their Wisdom to impart it to others. Listen and I will tell thee what they would not. Yon lovely Light in the Heavens is One of those Members of the solar system which usually move in very eccentric Orbits, approaching very near unto the sun in their Perihelion, and receding to a vast Distance in their Aphelion. Dost thou know now, O Freshman?" And having spoken thus, he turned and would have departed, but beholding the amazement and consternation upon the Face of Parvus, at this great Knowledge and Wisdom, he stopped and smiled with great Condescension.

"Thy Understanding is indeed small, if thou comprehendest not this dissertation upon the wonders of the Firmament. If thou knowest not what I have been telling thee, then listen O Parvus, I will tell thee once again in other Words. Yon Light in the Heavens is a Comet."

Hush! "Money talks," said the alderman, winking slowly with his left eye.

"Well, if this does any talking," whispered the promoter, "it will be the last you'll ever get."—Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Mather—"Mr——, what is a vacuum?"

Freshman——, scratching his head—"Why,—er—er, Doctor——."

Dr. Mather—"Yes, that's it; you have it under your hand."



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ity line men. These twelve men, with the aid of one or two Freshmen, a Junior, and two Seniors, won for the Scrubs the title of Light Weight Champions of Texas.

Where will one find a team with better team work and a better record? Played five, won five; scored against once. To a great extent this record is due to the Sophs who played on the team.

After the regular season was over, the class games came on. The Sophs here again made a strong showing. A team was organized and L. Cullum, R. H. B., was elected captain. Jones, Kirkpatrick, and Feldhake were appointed to coach them, which they did with credit to themselves. The first game was between the Sophs and Freshies, which resulted in a score of 12-6 in favor of the Sophs. Throughout the whole game the Freshmen were outplayed and out-generated.

Then came the championship game between the Sophs and the Juniors, in which the Sophs were defeated. During the first half the honors were

and M. E. Davis. The representative of the Sophomore Class on the Varsity Team is Thornton Hardie. He is doing excellent work.

## Baseball.

Not much can be said at present as to how the Sophomores will show up in baseball. However, several good men have signed up, and very probably several of them will make Varsity. Among those who are coming out are Strickland and Briern for pitcher, Kone for catcher, Phillips, Cullum, McIntyre, Dealey, Popenoe, Rogers, and Highnote.

## GIRLS IN ATHLETICS.

"Nothing Doing."

This Sophomore class has been noted for originality throughout its history. It is unique in many ways, particularly along athletic lines. Athletic prowess is the boast of the freshmen and juniors—yea, even the mighty seniors strive to win athletic laurels—but all this savors of the



## GIVE 'EM HELL!

(Continued From Page Two.)

reputation, and it is going to hurt us more. Many student bodies already in our best institutions have acted favorably upon this matter, among the most recent being our worthy neighbors in Missouri. Will Texas remain barbarian? Not for the sake of reforming the world, but simply for the good of the school, our council should be encouraged to take this matter up.

## POLITICS AGAIN.

Why is a politician so ready to condemn others of his class? And why do people whisper "graft" when you mention politics? The first question, unanswered, is answer to the second. There is really not so much evil in politics as some would have you think. But the worst harm is that of each politician's so widely advertising what little evil he can ferret out, in an effort to pose as a clean-politics statesman or an iconoclast. If those benighted individuals, who exhaust their energies with so much railing at the manner in which the other fellow beat them at their own game, would but spend the time and effort in demonstrating the good there is in politics, the bad would die from want of air.

You have had abundant opportunity this year to read about University politics. The best observations in theory are, perhaps, those in the December Magazine. But where do they lead us? The diagnosis may be correct, but what is the remedy? The most practical are possibly those in the Junior Law Texan, although they are but side-thrusts at the freshmen. The worst, in both practice and theory, are the sundry sage remarks in the Freshman Texan. We can easily pardon the freshmen for the chubby fellows can hardly be expected to gain so soon a well defined idea of politics. But we have to smile when we read that every class in the University is dominated by political bossism except the Freshman class; and, while reading, count upon the fingers of one hand the budding young bosses who, from first to last, have grabbed everything in reach in that class.

But what is the net result of all these discussions? A great big zero. When you get through, all you know is that clean politics must not be dirty, and you knew that at the beginning. The chief cry seems to be against factions. We should not vote for a man because he is in our crowd, or is a member of the Chi Omega Phone or the Iota Taka Rho, but we should vote for the man who is simply a man. That is certainly true. But, faction or no faction, every candidate for our little honors here, in forty-nine cases out of fifty, is as deserving as his opponent. And, be factions what they may, a good man is always put up, because it takes a good man to run a good race, and a good race is exactly what the faction wants to run. Personally, neither you nor I would vote for a man whom we thought unfit. And if fit, why kick about the fraternity, club, or what-not, to which he may or may not belong?

There will always be factions, because there always have been. There were in ancient Greece, there were in Rome, there were and are and will be in Europe, Asia, England, and the United States. The freshmen are going to purge us of them. "The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind makes speed to catch the tiger." But, frankly, do you regret that there are Democrats? You rather regret that there are so few. There, it seems to me, is the trouble. Unless you have personal reasons, do not worry about the man. He will be able to fill the bill. Simply take care that one faction does not stay in power too long, for there is where the rub comes in.

## ORGANIZED COLLEGE SPIRIT.

One of the gravest charges that can be brought against a University or a college is that it has a lack of college spirit. And yet some have said that this lack exists in our University. It is false. It is true that a great deal more spirit could be manifested in our various actions and in our many organizations, but I, for one, hold that this charge of a lack is untrue.

We suffer some in our "lack of manifestation" by comparison with the Agricultural and Mechanical College. But why? This is easily answered. At College Station is the A. & M. College—nothing else. The students live in close relationship with one another, bound together by the military organization to which each of necessity belongs. Their habits are the same; in fact, almost the whole life of each student is essentially the same as that of his fellow. And they have nothing to think of outside of their college affairs, no one to talk to outside of their college mates. Why, then, is this spirit made manifest? Because it could not possibly be otherwise.

At the University it is different. Here we students live, for the most part, in private houses. We see many University students, it is true, but far more people who have no connection with the University. We are not bound together by any military or similar organization, and, on the other hand, have much to occupy our minds that is not in touch with our work. Why, then, is this spirit not made so manifest? Because our natural environment causes this condition.

We have shown time and time again that this spirit is in existence. Look at the display given on last Thanksgiving Day. See how the students stood behind their team—a team that was clearly outclassed in every department of the game—see how they cheered on that band of men—men who had the honor and spirit of the University in their hearts and hands, men who preserved that honor in spite of overwhelming odds, who sustained that spirit even after that last whistle, the death knell of their hopes of victory sounded over the gridiron, and then reluctantly left the field—consider these things, I repeat, and then ask yourself whether we have the true spirit. There is but one answer. Yes. But is this spirit always made so manifest? We must answer, no; not on every occasion.

Then why don't we display it? The answer is, simply because of a lack of organization. If we, at Houston, had had the leadership that the A. & M. cadets had, we would not only have paraded in the rain, and cheered on our team with such songs and yells as are necessary for the injection of that never-say-die spirit, but we would have cheered them on to triumphant victory, and sent Carlisle Indians back to "Mother Earth" instead of College Station, and that without the gate receipts to pay expenses. We had the spirit, every man, woman, and child of us. Even "the future Capt. Duncan, too young almost to know what it meant, was heard to exclaim, with a tone of sorrow in his little voice, "Oh, Oh, Tetsas not win, Tetsas dit beat."

Yes, we have the spirit, the true spirit; let's manifest it. We can display that spirit by organization; let's do it. "Unity gives strength."

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## CLASS OFFICERS.

The Sophomores have set the pace in class politics this year. Unusual interest has been manifested in most of the elections. Much good-natured party spirit has been developed. Excitement has run high at times. But the game has been, in almost every respect, a clean one. However intense the rivalries have been, there have been no bad feelings caused, no enmities aroused. In fact, our political contests have increased class spirit, and the slight differences that existed on election days, if not forgotten, at all events retain only a humorous significance.

The officers for the year are as follows:

## ACADEMS.

## Fall Term.

Thornton Hardie, President.  
Miss Lucile Borden, Vice-President.  
H. J. Harris, Secretary and Treasurer.  
J. A. Rucker, Sargeant-at-Arms.

## Winter Term.

Z. S. Armstrong, President.  
Miss Georgia Robinson, Vice-President.  
Miss Annie Campbell, Secretary and Treasurer.  
Thornton Hardie, Sargeant-at-Arms.

## Spring Term.

J. E. Winfree, President.  
Miss Helen Lake, Vice-President.  
Miss Mamie Bowers, Secretary and Treasurer.  
Z. S. Armstrong, Sargeant-at-Arms.  
C. F. Richards, Cactus Representative.  
H. W. G. Chandler, Students' Council Representative.

## ENGINEERS.

## Fall Term.

F. W. Denison, President.  
E. K. Rowe, Vice-President.  
K. G. Howard, Secretary and Treasurer.  
J. D. Cullum, Jr., Sargeant-at-Arms.

## Winter Term.

F. P. Holt, President.  
T. H. Jarrell, Vice-President.  
W. A. Smith, Secretary and Treasurer.  
F. W. Denison, Sargeant-at-Arms.

## Spring Term.

W. R. Irvin, President.  
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J. V. Clark, Secretary and Treasurer.  
F. P. Holt, Sargeant-at-Arms.  
J. G. Hanna, Cactus Representative.  
Julian Montgomery, Students' Council Representative.

## WHAT IS THIS?

Ye gods! What have we here? What new parasite is this that has come into our University life? Help! Keep thy hand on thy pocket, young man, as long as thou art in the grasp or reach of these grafters. What is this Sigma Pi Epsilon Nu Delta? Or what has the University of Texas come to? Come tell me, young man. Did some one come easing up to your left side and ask you if you wanted to join a new Greek letter fraternity? Did he wear a pleasant smile? Did he slap you on the back and say that all the "fellows" had talked it over and would be glad to have you? Did you join? Poor boy. That five dollars Papa sent you to pay for your washing must have met a sad fate, and now, hard luck for the "Model." But come, my boy, cheer up. Learn a lesson by this. Love all your fellow classmates, join everything you get a chance to join, but never choke to death on another cold potatoe pie.

"Come on, Fatty! Let's go home. My name's N.— and I don't give a — who knows it!"

## SOME PRACTICAL WORK.

## Soph Engineers Get Busy In La Grange.

About fifty miles below Austin, situated in a very level portion of the Colorado River valley, is the town of La Grange. For many years this place has been troubled by stagnant pools and ponds of water standing for many days after an excessive rain, due to the fact that the slope was not sufficient to conduct the water to a nearby drain. In order to rid the town of this evil the city officials decided to have a map of the town made, showing the elevation of every street crossing, of two intermediate points between all street crossings. Consequently, a contract to this effect was let to Professor Bantel.

For this purpose eight Texas engineers began preparing to go on their mission. It was a short while after dark when they arrived at the depot, where they were met by several of the citizens and shown to their boarding place, which they were exceedingly glad to see; for each one was very anxious to remove that peculiar gnawing sensation which resulted from the excessive time between an early dinner in B. Hall and a late supper in some other quarters.

Several of the party went to this place for the experience and practice to be had from actual work, and here I may assure you that every one got both. The first morning's work was very pleasant; for everything was new, the sun was hidden by low, heavy clouds, and most wonderful of all were the beautiful landscapes, and the gigantic oaks bearded with a silvery gray moss hanging in long slender strands reaching nearly to the ground. But those clouds, which had made the morning so pleasant, made the evening very unpleasant by periodical showers which came every few minutes, and it seemed as if each shower grew to be some thing like twice as great as the one preceeding it. These periodical miniature floods proved to us also the great need of a drainage system, for we continued our work wading in the half knee-deep pools and lakes, and probing around in the mud to find those iron pins that had been placed there for us to find elevation of them. The work was continued in this mixture of dirt and water until finished on the following evening, with exceedingly good results regardless of the condition of the weather.

This work did not last very long, but nevertheless it well served the purpose for which several of the boys went. It placed before the mind a faint idea of the condition under which an engineer may be forced to work, it gave a clear idea of the nature of the business carried on between the contracting parties, and it showed what would be expected of an engineer in future work.

These people showed their hospitality and appreciation in various ways. The entire party was treated very kindly by every one, and entertained by the people as a whole in social affairs; consequently the trip was converted into a pleasant one as well as a business one.

## ART IN THE UNIVERSITY.

The University has an athletic department whose prestige is acknowledged all the way from a burg that the muddy Brazos will not mercifully obliterate, to Norman, Oklahoma, whither the fragments of a football team slunk after the seventeenth of November, nineteen nine.

She has a department of forensics whose very mention terrifies Missouri, and afflicts the denominational colleges of Texas with St. Vitus' dance.

She has a co-ed department that is the pride of the Varsity and that consists of the choicest samples of femininity to be found in the State.

In a word, the University of Texas is a university in the broadest and truest sense of the term, and its component parts fully deserve the envied reputation they enjoy. But these are not her only specialties. The Greek grinds know of still another department into whose precincts the Laws sometimes grope in outbursts of eloquence, and about which the Peadoggies, in their enthusiasm to domesticate the coming generation, as sidiously take notes, but which is utterly incomprehensible to the inmates of the Engineering Building. In proportion to its numerical importance, the Art Department is equipped with the most elaborate facilities of any branch of the University. The laboratory is Room 99, Main Building. For the instruction of the five ladies and the one perfectly lady-like lad registered for the work, ten large photographs, twenty feet of frieze, a half dozen casts of heroic proportions, and a score or more of trunkless heads are employed. These latter are in much demand by the freshmen in Greek classes, who employ them to wear their hats during class hours.

In all seriousness, however, the University of Texas need not pretend to true excellence until the student body becomes more imbued with a desire to develop the aesthetic side of their natures. Here there should be a place for, and encouragement given to every uplifting influence; and surely the Fine Arts rank at the very top among the products of civilization. There should be more than six out of sixteen hundred sufficiently interested in culture to take up the study of the history of Art in at least a casual fashion.

## THE LAUNDRY SITUATION.

## D. Irty Wun and Freshman Tom Give Their Views.

It's swish and swash, it's over at last,

And the rebate's ours indeed! The Students' Guard, our friends in the past, Have met our urgent need.

It seemed as if we would have to go Back home to wash our clothes. But now the Council has said,

"Oh, no; We'll end the students' woes."

It's clear for you, for us all, to see The power is held by US; And though we pay a physician's fee, We've stopped that laundry fuss.

'Twas by the Council's brain and brawn

A one cent cut was obtained, And if you bar the Freshies' "laund," Twice that rebate is claimed.

So ought we all in this fair land To shout the Council's praise; "Huzzah! Huzzah! for that brave band!"

We'll thank them all our days." —D. Irty Wun.

The following letter speaks for itself:

Dear Pat:—

I ain't got much time for seremony this week, I've been working so Much. Last night I went to a laundry meeting here. They are raisin' a lot of row about getting their clothes washed. A laundry is a hole-sail wash house that sends a man 'round in a one-horse wagon to get your clothes to wash. The man that runs it is named Boshay. They are all mad because he charges too much. He's one of these men that's always tryin' to make money off of other folks. Last week he sent a boy to my room and got my blue shirt hanging on the bed post, and

I thought it was gone for good; but in four or five days ne brought it back stiffened up some, without any buttons on it, and wanted ten cents. I wouldn't pay him nothin' and told him next time I'd wash my own shirt. Nearly all the folks here except freshmen are dudes and won't wash clothes, but I ain't got no pashience with such folks. Dr. Benedict, the man that runs a book store here, made a good speech and another feller, I think his name was McGee, talked a lot about all stick-ing together, but along at the last he brought it in about another laundry and I think he's foolin' around to get a graft. He's one of those fellers that always trin' to get a gag on somebody. They all took a vote, and I didn't understand much about it but think they are goin' to let McGee's laundry have it, but he won't get none of my clothes. I'll have to quit and write a theme. They say when we are sophs we won't have to work Much. But we don't care, we know all great men had to work! When you sell that other bale of cotton, send me five dollars to buy a new jim suit.

Your son, Tom.

## NOTES ON PROMINENT FIRST YEAR MEN.

F. S. Stamps—Lisps sweetly. Paces artistically. Wears hand-me-down trousers. Has a fair degree of feminine conceit.

F. Joekel—The teddy bear of History 2.

F. Homer Harris—Mens absens.

F. Goodhue Smith—Uses Vantine's Pink Powder. Wears an Egyptian derby. In fact, a self-made dude. Only bad habit is stretching his neck into girls' faces.

F. George Barrier—Astute politician and would-be reformer. Clique buster. Has a sober mein. Looks older than he is. Only joy in life is reading Greek.

The average First Year Man thinks of all learning as comprising but one education. However, he discovers his mistake when Miss Ima Senior glibly remarks to him that she is taking education fifteen. But the polite little fellow hides within his own breast his opinion that she must be getting pretty old by now.

Regal Hats, the \$3.00 winter styles, only \$1 at Moore & Morrison's Monday.

## NUMBER OF STUDENTS FROM LARGER TOWNS.

Every once in a while some of us wonder how many students are in the University from such and such a place—particularly from the larger towns of the state. The list below includes all towns that have ten or more students enrolled in the Main University at Austin:

Austin .....	305
Dallas .....	73
San Antonio.....	69
Houston .....	48
Fort Worth .....	34
Galveston.....	28
Waco.....	25
Belton.....	20
Paris.....	18
Temple.....	13
El Paso.....	13
Sherman.....	12
Beaumont.....	11
Cleburne.....	11
San Marcos.....	10

"The best authorities say that the peg top trouser is fame except among the college trade where its popularity is strong," remarked Mr. Morrison of Moore & Morrison. "We seldom make a straight leg trouser—the peg top has the call."

## "KING COLE."

G. W. Cole was a foolish soul With a bean where his head ought to be.

He brayed like an ass, and he crummed the whole class— Cole and his editors three.

Alec F. Claire is an angel fair Compared with the Perigrinus; Its Engineers vs. Junior Laws, So what the deuce is the use.

Simkins has a little band With livers white as snow. Where e'er they see the "T" square sign, They are always afraid to go.

What makes them love their "Perry" so? It isn't hard to guess, If "Perry" was Peelizebub They'd love him none the less.

## TO—

Last year I promised that I'd think of you

A hundred times a day or even more,

And with a clear intent I promised, too,

That I would write you letters by the score.

But struggling with each daily and quiz

Has kept my thoughts so long away from you,

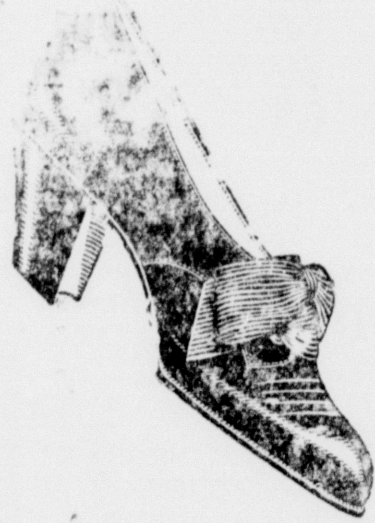
I grab my book and only say "Gee whiz!

I fairly bit off more than I can chew."

There was a professor named Parlin, Who so often with girls went a-sparkin'.

That the Dean said: "See here, You're too flossy, I fear, You'd better be papers a-markin'."

## Spring Oxfords and Pumps for Ladies



This Style in fine patent light or extension sole - - - \$3.00 and \$3.50

Suede pumps in Black Grey and Brown, the swellest yet - - - \$4.00

You ought to see them.

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and "If We Have It, It's good to eat."  
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Sundries. Periodicals. Finest Bill  
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Run Short or Want to Buy a  
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fine package candy. Fresh ship-  
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C. G. Wagner,

"The Students' Friend." Corner 24th  
and Guadalupe.

### THE 1912 ENGINEERS.

The 1912 class in the Engineering Department is an unusually small one, containing only about fifty members this year. For this reason it was decided to join the College of Arts and the Department of Education in getting out a class edition of The Texan. This has been done thru no lack of pride in our department, but rather in the hope that by united effort more could be achieved toward the glory of "1912" than either class alone could accomplish. The Engineers have more of the clan spirit, more pride in their organization and loyalty to their fellows, than any of the other departments. Yet, as we live here longer, we come to realize that there is a tie that binds us to those who came to the University in the same year with us, who have the same rank, who will be our associates for four years, and who will finally leave old Texas on the same commencement day. Year by year this class spirit grows stronger and rises above departmental rivalry. To paraphrase Burns, a Soph's a Soph for a' that.

Our class is small in numbers only. Elsewhere will be found the records of our work in various lines of college activity. It is a record that a class of several times our number might be proud of. In the minor matter of studies we manage to keep out of the E and F record pretty well, yet we are not dull grinds and boneheads, we hope. We have tried to do our part toward making this issue of The Texan a credit to the University. No Engineer has shirked his share of the work. If you think it is well done, we are glad and ask no further reward. If not, then knock it if you wish, but no harder than you must, remembering that perfection is beyond humanity's reach. With this issue of The Texan the greeting and best wishes of the 1912 Engineers go to every reader.

### HOW SHALL WE GET EVEN?

That the boys should have opposed the medical fee much more strongly than the girls seems remarkable. Probably the greatest cause of that peculiar situation was masculine stubbornness and feminine docility. But whatever the cause, certain it is that while the women hardly murmured about the fee, the men raised an extensive opposition. There were discussions in every boarding house as well as in class rooms. Perhaps two-thirds of the fellows were opposed to the innovation; and the Students' Council voted against it by nine to six.

But all opposition was useless; and the students resorted to strategy to reap the benefit of their fees. For this purpose, a man was sent to hunt up a contagious disease. He first found typhoid fever, but after careful consideration, he passed it by; for it would be "hard to catch" and would last over two weeks. He then found small pox; but on thinking, he recollected that all students are vaccinated. At last he came to a man who had measles. This was exactly what the traveler was seeking; it would spread easily, and would ordinarily keep a man in bed about ten days. He immediately made friends with the sick one; and after exposing himself to the contagion for several days, returned to the University, feeling that he had fulfilled his mission.

At first, it seemed that the scheme

would be a great success. Five boys and two girls were soon reported to have measles, and the schemers were laughing in triumph. But then came a change. The enactors of the fee were able to take care of the fund accumulated by it. Boys, girls, and measles were confined in the hospital and the contagion was soon suppressed.

Many other schemes have been planned by small bodies of students, and by pairs, and even by single students. The boarders at one house decided to starve themselves until their health should become impaired, which plan polled a heavy vote from the landlady. Several boys and girls have been seen strolling over the campus together, evidently developing heart trouble. But these minor schemes are unlikely to accomplish their purpose because of the irresolution of the participants and the insignificance of the affections; and it seems that the medical fee will be a financial success.

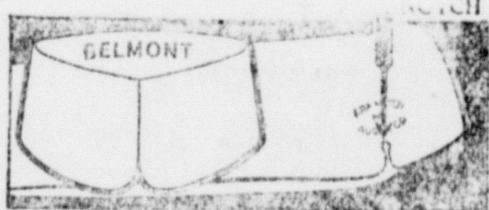
### AMBITION.

"What," may I ask, "are you fair maid?"  
"I am a Freshman, sir," she said.  
"What do you wish to be, fair maid?"  
"To be a Soph'more, sir," she said.

### THE SOPHOMORE'S CHANT.

We Sophomores say,  
As at evening we pray,  
"Help us classy Sophs to be;  
Give us patience to wait  
Till some subsequent date  
For a world without Freshmen — ah me!"

WANTED—A large, fierce bulldog till the special edition craze of The Texan is over. Moore & Morrison.



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Deposits - - - 2,500,000

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WEDNESDAY FEB. 16,  
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NICTOR MOORE, in,  
"THE TALK OF NEW YORK"  
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Seats now on sale.

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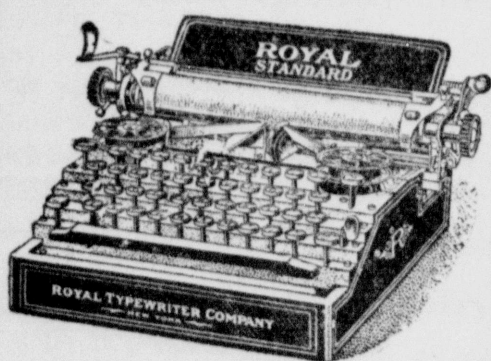
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## CAMPUS AND CORRIDOR

Dr. Baxter, Dentist, 702 Cong. Ave.

Mr. Tom Caldwell, '09, has been  
in Austin for the past few days.

Ashbel Play, Saturday, 8:15 p. m.,  
Auditorium.

Mrs. McCormick of Dallas was the  
guest of her son, Mr. Andrew Mc-  
Cormick, Monday.

Pay your subscription.

Miss Alice Higginbotham of Dublin  
spent Thursday at the Woman's Build-  
ing with Miss Lorice Higginbotham.

To students, 25 per cent discount.  
Jensen Photo Co.

Miss Sallie Belle Weller has re-  
turned from Houston.

"Joan of Arc" University Auditor-  
ium, Feb. 12th.

Play pool at the Royal Pool Par-  
lor. A. R. Smith, Prop.

Pay your subscription.

Mr. Robert Terrell of San Antonio  
will visit the Phi Kappa Psi House  
for a few days next week.

To students, 25 per cent discount.  
Jensen Photo Co.

Miss Ethel Rather of Gonzales is  
a guest at the Kappa Alpha Theta  
House.

"Joan of Arc" University Auditor-  
ium, Feb. 12th.

Mr. Alfred Smith has withdrawn  
from the University.

## ASHBEL SHOW FEBRUARY 12TH.

The Royal Tailors represented by  
A. G. Gerjes, 1610 Lavaca St.

Easter comes early this year so it  
is not a bit too early to order your  
spring suit from Oscar Robinson.

Mr. Sam Barclay was in San An-  
tonio Saturday and Sunday.

Be on time for the peasants' en-  
trance, Saturday night.

M. Born & Co., Tailors, represented  
by A. G. Gerjes, 1610 Lavaca St.

Lots of student necessities, at Mc-  
Fadden's.

Miss Lenore Alexander of Dallas  
was with Miss Stella Tompkins for  
the Masked German.

Be on time for the peasants' en-  
trance, Saturday night.

Spring and summer line now on dis-  
play at A. G. Gerjes', 1610 Lavaca  
St.

You're losing something if you  
fail to see the handsome spring suit-  
ings we are showing—Oscar Robin-  
son, 704 Congress Avenue.

M. Packard shoes the best at popu-  
lar prices at A. G. Gerjes', 1610 La-  
vacca St.

Lowney's Fine Candles, at McFad-  
den's.

Mr. Patterson, a Phi Gamma Delta  
from Missouri, is visiting Mr. Rex  
Shaw in the city.

Why pay tailor made prices for  
ready made clothes when we make  
tailor made clothes at ready made  
prices? Oscar Robinson, 704 Cong.  
Ave.

We loan Kodaks to students. Jor-  
dan, 610 Congress Avenue.

Miss Mable Taylor has returned to  
Georgetown after a few days visit  
with Mrs. Ben Barker.

## ASHBEL SHOW FEBRUARY 12TH.

Miss Gaynell Hancock of Paris,  
Texas, is visiting Miss Mary Broad  
at the Kappa Kappa Gamma House.

Look for Miss Aden as King  
Charles in the Ashbel play.

Phone 825 for club rates on press-  
ing. A. R. Smith.

Moritz Silver and Ed Allen's Bar-  
ber Shop at the Driskill Hotel. The  
finest in the state.

Miss Gladys Crow is ill with mea-  
sels at the Seton Infirmary.

See Miss Donnan star as "Joan of  
Arc."

Mira Marguerite Brown of Waco  
is the guest of her cousin, Miss  
Camille Webb, for the Arrow-Head  
dance.

Pay your subscription.

Miss Wilus McKee of Houston, will  
be with Miss Sallie Belle Weller for  
a few weeks.

See Miss Donnan star as "Joan of  
Arc."

Miss Anna Griffith of Conroe, who  
is visiting Miss Mary Agnes Wahren-  
berger, returns to her home on Sat-  
urday.

Manhattan pleated \$2.00 Shirts, no  
\$1.50, at Oscar Robinson's.

Phone 825 to have your clothes  
pressed. A. R. Smith.

See Miss Donnan burned at the  
stake.

So live through the day that you  
can look "Malvolio" in the face and  
tell him of his personal beauty.

It will be to your advantage to see  
Jensen Photo Co.

We rejoice in hearing that Julian  
Montgomery has joined a sorority.  
The Chi Omegas pledged him last Sat-  
urday night.

Have your clothes pressed at Uni-  
versity Tailor Shop. A. R. Smith,  
Phone 825.

Ashbel Play, Saturday, 8:15 p. m.,  
Auditorium.

We grieve in the loss of our class-  
mate Black Smith. He is leaving for  
Southwestern next week to study for  
the ministry.

We hate to get personal with John  
Clark, but, "John, where did you get  
those little red spots?"

The best night shirt to be had  
for 50 cents, at A. G. Gerjes', 1610  
Lavaca St.

The following young ladies of the  
Sophomore Class enjoyed the dance  
at Grace Hall Saturday night: Misses  
Helen Lake, Marguerite Stewart, Gra-  
cia Freeman, Anna Bess Moore, Ruth  
Randall, and Rebecca Masterson.

## LOST.

Keys on ring, name on plate. Re-  
ward. Mark McGee, Old Phone 786.

## FOR LEASE.

2407 University Ave. Home suit-  
able for a fraternity. Possession giv-  
en Sept. 15th. To be newly papered  
throughout and repainted. Apply 2410  
University Ave.

\$3 HATS FOR \$1.

A Novel Sale of Unusual Interest Be-  
gins Monday.

It is seldom that a cut from \$3.00  
to \$1.00 is made on a good salable ar-  
ticle in order to clear them out at  
the close of the season, but Moore  
& Morrison have all their renowned

Regal \$3.00 hats on display at \$1.00.

The sale begins Monday and lasts  
till the stock is all closed out. To  
the student whose winter hat is a  
little shabby this offer is a regu-  
lar bonanza. The best shapes will  
go first, of course, so the early buy-  
ers will be rewarded for their prompt-  
ness. This is not a 1-3 off but a  
1-3 on sale, and certainly a novel  
event.

## DESTRUCTIVE THEOLOGY.

At a chapel in Yorkshire, the pul-  
pit was occupied one morning by a  
minister from a neighboring town.  
A few days later, the preacher re-  
ceived a copy of the local weekly  
paper, and his attention drawn to  
the following item: "The Rev.—  
supplied the pulpit at the Congrega-  
tional Church last Sunday, and the  
Church will now be closed three  
weeks for repairs."—London Daily  
News.

A skillful retreat.—Things hadn't  
turned out too well with their love  
affair.

"I trust I have made myself suf-  
ficiently plain," she said.

"Well, I would scarcely go so far,"  
he answered, "It's but fair to give  
nature the credit for that." — New  
Zealand Free Lance.

## HIS POSITION.

"How iss you boy getting along in  
der colledge?"

"Ach! He is halfback in der foot-  
ball team, and all der way back in  
his studies."—Boston Globe.

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