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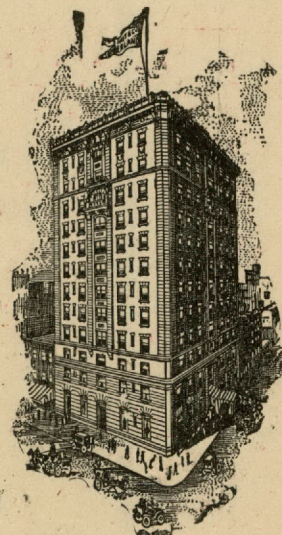
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—Tiger.

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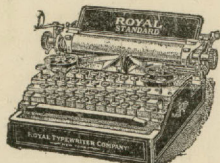
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There was a young girl named Stella
Who got stuck on a bow-legged fella.
So loving was she
She sat on his knee
And fell clean through to the cella.
—Jack O'Lantern.

There was an old toper of Luzon,
Who had a most elegant buzon;
Seven quarts of champagne
So upset his dambragne
That he got into bed with his shuzon.
—Columbia Jester.

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extends a hearty invitation to all the University Students.

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Jinks—Sure—mine changed from blond to brunette only last week.

—Chaparral.

A chic young enchantress named Maude Had a shape that was plainly a fraud.

When out walking one day

All the buttons gave way,

And the bystanders hollered "Good G—!"

—Lampoon.

"Paw, what's an A. B.?"

"One who isn't very far along in the alphabet."

"And what is a B. S.?"

"A B. S. is almost a dean."

—Exchange.

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Barber—Yes, I know; but I couldn't hold it any longer.

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If you happen to go broke, run short, or want to buy a diamond, see

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AFFINITIES.

When Benjamin wed Annie, oh!
They both were kindly fated;
It Bennie-fited him, you know,
While she was Annie-mated.

—Widow.

Which we match with the following
monody on the marriage of Ebenezer
Sweet to Jane Lemon:

How happily extremes do meet
In Jane and Ebenezer;
She's no longer sour, but Sweet,
And he's a Lemon squeezer.

The

Driskill Hotel Pool and Billiard Hall

Headquarters for University Students

The Finest Tables to be Found in the Southwest

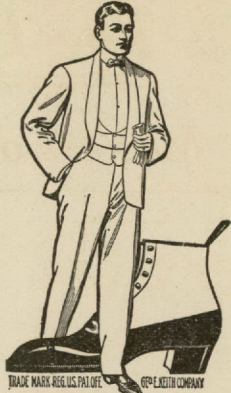
Don't miss the exposes in the March issue.

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 Our aim is to please the University stu-
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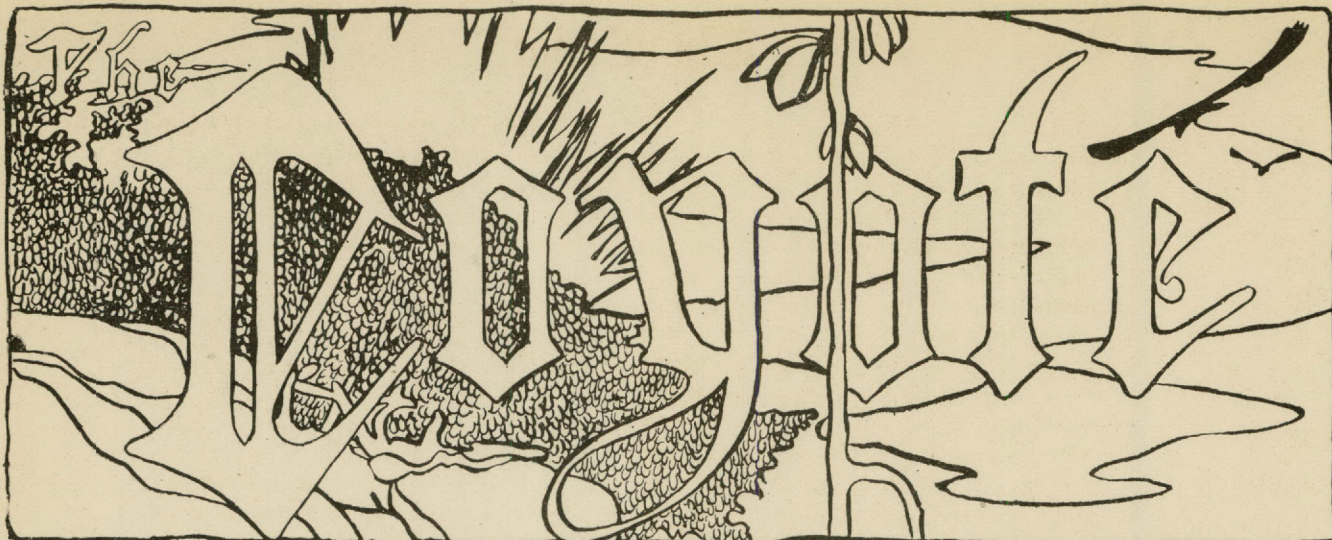
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THE TWINS.

SOME LINES TO THE ASHBARREL
SOCIETY.

Once when I gazed on Tragedy,
Sweet Comedy drew near.
That was a meeting sisterly!
Once when I gazed on Tragedy,
Who laughed and sang so cheerily,
Her sister dropped a tear----
Once when I gazed on Tragedy
And Comedy drew near.



A Humorous Monthly Magazine Published at the University of Texas by the Coyote Publishing Company
"LET THE WORLD SLIDE"

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AUSTIN, TEXAS.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager, Box 174, University Station, Austin, Texas. Literary contributions will reach the Editor in Chief if sent to Box 174, University Station, Austin, Texas, or dropped in the Coyote box in the rotunda of the Main Building at the University.

BY SUBSCRIPTION 75 CENTS THE SCHOOL YEAR.

TEN CENTS THE COPY.

Now that a lull has come in the frenzied dramatic affairs of the immediate present, it might not be amiss to reflect for a moment over their effect upon our every day mundane existence. We do not believe in fairies any more now than we did before. But we are always delighted to have anybody try to convince us that there are such things among us. Neither are we sure that the Española was the favorite dance with Elizabethan audiences—to say nothing of the dog. And as for the band concert and the Glue Club embroglio, we can only say that we have always been in favor of the suppression of useless noise.

However, if we were asked to place a bet on one of these offerings, we would doubtless stake all our money on the Cuttin Club performance as the longest to be remembered of the bunch. It was assuredly the most delightfully acted and realistically staged production of the entire fortnight's offering. (This testimonial is wholly voluntary on our part. None of our staff are members of the Club, and we all have friends among the other organizations—at least we did up to this issue.)

On the whole, we would have a quarrel chiefly with the lack of seriousness among the plays. Farces are most desirable for the society bud or the frivolous young bank clerk, but for earnest students—disciplina praesidium civitatis! (see seal of University). Are we not, after all, as so often reminded by the Mag. and by post-cards from the Dean, here for business rather than pleasure?

Let us forget, then, that sweet but diverting Jeanne d'Arc, that resplendent but Salomish Knight of the Burning Pestle, that soul-wracking band-orchestra-Glue-Club-local-talent ensemble, and hark back to the good old serious days when the Varsity Minstrel and the Baker of Bunz prevailed, and when a band concert was no more than "Jolly Students" played by Mr. Beck on his accordion in the shade of the tank. Selah!

VOL. II.
February,

The Coyote

How many of you have ever heard the cry, "Burr head on the campus?" How many of you know what it means? Very few, no doubt. In "the good old days," and not so very long ago either, it was a war cry. It meant that certain beings of Senegambian ancestry and Plutonian countenance were in an undesirable location, from which they were soon to retire to the tune of a "thump, thump, thump, like the peg-top and the pump," only the thump was not made by a pump. The baseball players used to get some fine practice "pegging to the plate." Now it means nothing.

Never would we be guilty of stirring up any strife, either internecine or externe-cine (you say there's no such word, Harold? Well, we'll make a new one). No, we would not care to stir up anything stronger than our morning coffee. If we were walking on the Perip. with our lady love and a dusky Kongonian should evince a desire to use an undue share of the road, we should obediently step aside and allow the said Kongonian to pass, for if we should swat the said Kongonian in the Coca-Cola, that would be stirring up strife, which we mustn't. But after we had passed on we would be inclined to hum to ourselves a little tune entitled "In the Land of Used-to-Be." Now do not, for an instant, imagine that this means anything it all; it is only the ravings of an infantile mind, a mind in its second childhood, perhaps; but—what's the use?

C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C

The COYOTE is pleased to have met Mr. E. S. Martin, one of the founders of the Harvard "Lampoon," now on the staff of "Life," during his recent visit to the University. Mr. Martin was good enough to drop us a few valuable hints about the humorous publication business. The visit of Mr. Martin reminds us to extend a most cordial invitation to all humorists in this part of the country to visit us.

This is no joke.

C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C

If we could only get out class editions of the COYOTE! We never would have to work at all. Of course now, young gentlemen (and ladies), we are thinking of getting out a Senior number—but that would be edited by our regular board. But O, you class editions!

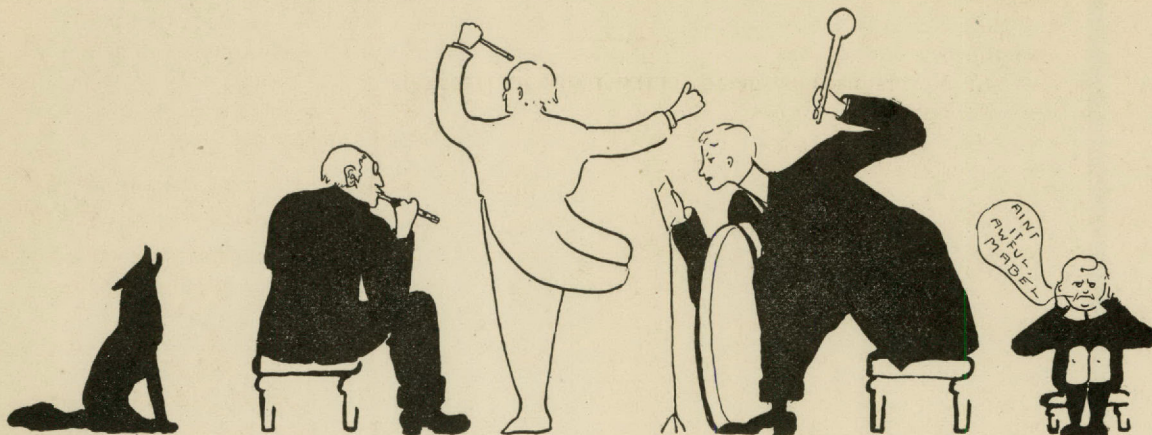
The Freshmen were magnanimous, but mistaken; the Freshman Engineers were simply anemic; the Junior Laws brilliant, but braggardly; the Sophomores cute, but petty; the Juniors scintillant, and the Seniors staid (too long). The Freshmen (we hate to do it, but they are freshmen, you know), seem to have learned less in the space of time granted them than any class for a number of years; the pseudo wit and weak puns of a high school senior were liberally spread all through their—shall we call it their effort? As for the rest of them, they were exactly what we expected, except the Junior Law advertisement. These Junior Laws, they always were a puffed-up set, but this year they are different—not that they are not puffed-up; they are even more so than ever—but they showed it in a different manner. Instead of foisting upon us a sickening account of their deeds they must shower us with myriads of tons of their own weighty wisdom (how about that for a hail storm?). So we pass on to the B. Hall edition.

It hasn't come yet. And when it has arrived it will be the first of its kind, so we won't have any criterion to judge it by, as it were. Imagine, though, gentle reader, what an edition of the "Texan" coming from "the dark depths of that den of iniquity" would be like. It is rumored that it is to be a "defensio pro suae vitae." If anything needs defense, it is B. Hall and the Faculty. Why not have a Faculty edition, and a Woman's Building edition, and a Co-ed edition, and a Boarding House edition, and a Frat edition, and a Sorority edition, and a Literary Society edition, and a Perip. edition and an edition presided over by the member of the board who has read the most advertisements in the "Texan," a Resident Alumni edition, and a German Club edition? *Rotton, rotten; get the hook.*

C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C

We are pleased to announce the election of Mr. Jack Patterson, of Missouri, as Art Editor, and Mr. D. Elmer Hume, of Houston, to seats beside the kennel door. And it grieves us greatly that Mr. Theo. Simmang has withdrawn from the board to enter the practice of law at San Antonio.

The Coyote



THE BAND CONCERT

On a night toward the middle of the month which has just about left us forever (no flowers, please) several strange and unwonted things happened in the already turbulent circles of our dear, dear student life. A large black cat was observed to run howling from the campus. There was an exodus of small boys from the front of the chili emporium across the way. All the windows of the Ladies' Building were closed and locked and the blinds all drawn at once. The ghost of Adrian Poole, the B. Hall dog, was seen over the grave of Georgetown, and the street cars began to pass the campus at the horrible speed of 4.563 miles per hour.

"Ah," said the wise bystander, "either the band or the Glue Club is about again," and boarding a Belt car he spent the evening in peace and quietude.

The wise bystander was right in his surmise. Mar-vel-ous, mar-vel-ou-u-us! Promptly at 9:57 the program announced for 8:15 began with that time-honored selection, the "Grand American Fantan," a piece that has brought applause to the band since the days of our forebears. (The ushers assisted with the cards.) It was a scream! Likewise a bellow, a roar, a crash and a pandemonium! The three auditors in the middle section, and the one on the right side of the house, were almost buried beneath the avalanche of lost notes, discords, and flying gestures that volleyed from the stage.

After this fatiguing effort the band retired for recess amid snorts of derision. During the interim some *real music* was contributed by several soloists of Austin. Toward the middle of the program, however, the band again grew restless and finally repeated "Dixie," retiring immediately in favor of Dr. Schoch, their director, who spoke for thirty-seven minutes. Following are the main points of his talk: "The band needs the money." (Repeat with variations.)

Following this lecture on the needs, hopes, purposes and general standing of the band, the Crow Brothers, Messrs. Scare and Red Raven, gave a ravishing interpretation of Yap-I-Iddy-Aye-Aye, which was the hit of the evening, and served to keep the auditors' (three in the middle and one in the side section) attention away from the poker game that had started among the ushers. This number was applauded.

At 11:49 the band finished playing the accompaniment to the Crow Brothers' song, and after again repeating "Dixie" took the audience (the three in the middle section and the one in the side) and the ushers over to the Joint for a glass of milk.

The next concert will be played (also the poker game) as soon as the 1907 subscriptions to the band fund are partially paid up.

The Coyote

OFFICIAL GUIDE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

CHAPTER III—THE LAW BUILDING

Let us next proceed to the Law Building, ladies and gentlemen. Immediately on entering you will be struck by the profusion of bulletin boards that adorn the wall before the doors. There is one for every professor and every society in the building, and it is rumored that the janitor is soon to have one for his exclusive use. To the right of the entrance is the Registrar's office, and next to that the Dean's. Our old friend Registrar Williams can regist an academ, engineer, or peadoggy, but it seems that Laws are too much for him, and the department accordingly has its own specialist in this line. In addition to a few more offices and a couple of classrooms this floor is chiefly occupied by the Main Auditorium. (Being the only one, it necessarily follows that it is the *Main Auditorium*.) It is chiefly used for Junior Law class meetings and Professor Keasby's discourses in Polit. 38.

Let us descend to the basement. Here in the east end we find the department of Public Speaking, presided over by Ed-die Boy Shooter. At the opposite end is the Smoking Room. The Law Department is the only one that boasts such a luxury, but, strangely enough, it seems to be used for little save the storage of quiz papers until called for. The furniture consists of one table, two cuspidors, three chairs, and four cigarette butts on the floor. On the south side of the basement are the Rusk and Athenæum rooms, with the law society room between to act as a sort of buffer between the rival clubs. This law society room contains the class pictures of nearly every year back to 1884. They are chiefly interesting as showing the great ad-

vance made in photography during that time. We must not overlook the room on the north side of the basement, as all the hot air, gas, and wind for which the department is famous is controlled from there.

We will now ascend direct to the top floor. On the west is the Middle and Junior class room. Occupying the entire width of the building in the center is the library. At first glance it much resembles a model evergreen nursery, but the long green rows are only lamp shades on the study tables. Is there ever any actual use for one-tenth of this immense number of tables? Why—er—really, madam, we can't answer that question. So we pass on. The seat of the real majesty of the department is found in the Senior class room, which occupies the eastern end of the floor. At the head of the stairs, on the south, is the *Sanctum Sanctorum* (whatever that may be) of the students. This is Judge Simkins' office, in which the sacred peregrinus is kept, chained to a leg of the desk and fed with treatises on Equity. Visitors are requested to step softly and speak low in this neighborhood.

Our inspection of this beautiful building is now complete, ladies and gentlemen. There are several offices on both floors, occupied by Tarlton, McLaurin, Hildebrand, Potts, Jimmie Cox, and other rising young lights of the profession, but as none of them have yet hung out shingles, we can't be certain which is which. Let us therefore make our exit and pass on to other buildings.

C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C

ECHOES FROM VAUDEVILLE.

"Soluzhuns, Capdan. I expedorazhun ad you."

"Soluzhuns, Corporal. You vill repord for peegid doody."

"Vat iss peegid doody?"

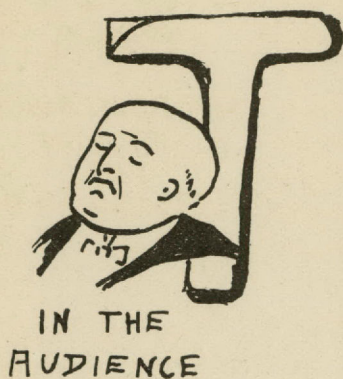
"Vell, venn you zee a bimble on der Capdan's noze, you peeg id. Dat iss vat iss peegid doody."

Angry Patron (who has been served with soup containing a fly)—"Waiter, this soup has a fly in it. Bring me some roast."

Roast having arrived, angry patron remarks: "Waiter, this roast has a fly in it. This uncertainty is ruining my nerves. Bring me some mince pie; I know there are flies in it."

The Coyote

THE ASHBARREL AT TEXAS



IN THE
AUDIENCE

THE Ashbarrel Society of the University of Texas gladdened the hearts of their fellow students during the current month with one of the happiest farces ever produced in Austin. "Jeanne d'Arc" was a riot from start to finish, the only jarring note in the otherwise wildly hilarious ragtime ensemble being the quiet dignified acting of the part of Jeanne. However, the exquisite burlesques by the other actors kept one from noticing the Maid of Orleans, and the play was dragged through *many* amusing acts to an amusing finish. As an exhibition of imitation boots and kilt skirts, it left absolutely nothing

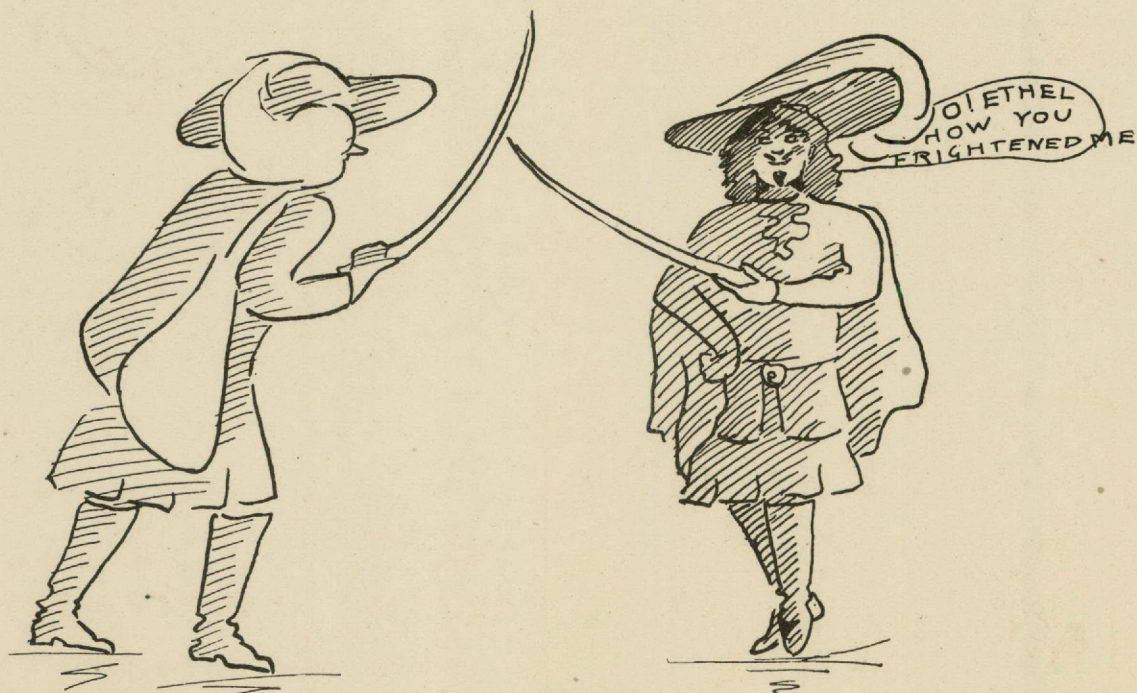
to be desired.



JEANNE

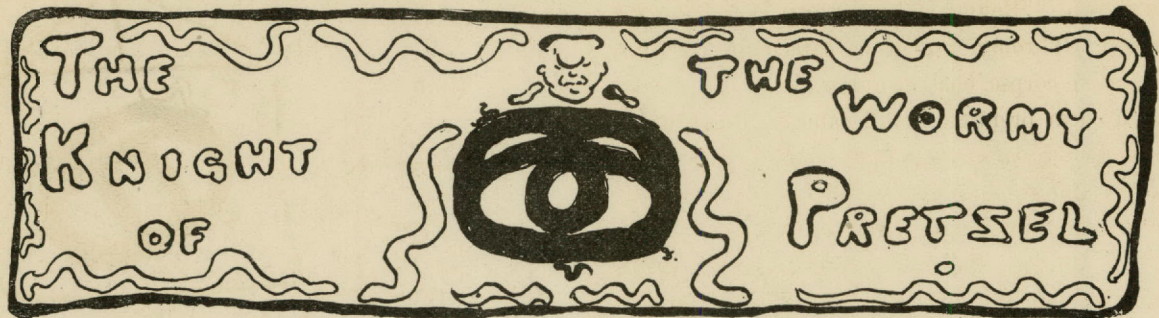
On the whole, the plot was a little vague, as comic operas and vaudeville skits are inclined to be, but the action seemed to center around a glum young woman with ideas on dress reform, who is finally jailed as a militant suffragette. The stump speech in the last scene was saved from seriousness by the ridiculously horrible moaning of the mob.

Incidental to the main action was the charmingly ludicrous first scene, where one peasant girl gave an imitation of a breathless young lady going through some Delsarte exercises, and another



THE DUEL

The Coyote



On the night of the twenty-first of February, the Cuttin Club surprised the large audience which had gathered with forebodings of ill by presenting (on the whole) a very clever and not-to-be-sneezed-at sort of an entertainment. The Coo-ed-who-goes-to-the-shows-with-me was rather disappointed at the absence of boots and kilt skirts, but she said that the scenery was all to the fritz, and was home talent besides, so it was up to me to be pleased with it. At any rate, it looked substantial enough to hold together for several hours if not ill used.

The Coo-ed didn't like the lover much. She said he made love as if he were eating a custard pie with chopsticks and was afraid that some of the juice was about to drop off on him. Personally, I thought the little fellow who acted the loveress was right there with the grapes—but of course I had to content myself with telling the Lady that the old beau acted too much like a frisky puppy on a cold day.

Speaking of frisking, reminds me that the dance given by the outsider during a change of costumes was by no means the worst phase of the show. Possibly a little more outside talent would improve the sharpness of the Cuttin Club. (See what you can do with that. I got it off on the Lady, but she only looked puzzled.)

In the matter of the music, also, the entertainment was such better than is usual with our affairs. It is a pity that several Elizabethan musicians can't be prevailed upon to furnish music for all University functions. We get so tired of hearing the orchestra play at pieces they have never rehearsed before.

I asked one of the actors to write me a little story of the play for publication. He thought a long while and then handed me the following saying it was all he could recall of the dialogue. Whether you saw the show or not, read it. It will be entirely new to your ears:

From the Cuttin Club's show we are pleased to quote the grand finale:

Persona non grata:

A wife—Quite buxom and blithe, but by no means debonair.

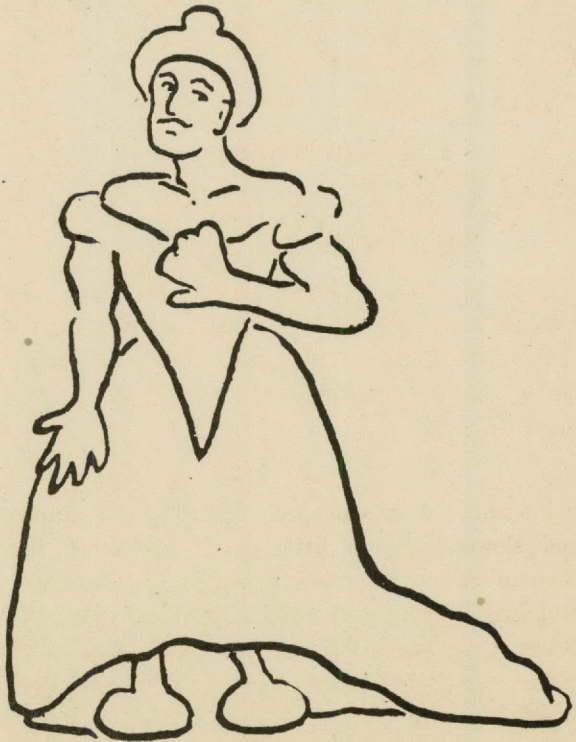
A husband—An old, henpecked, hairless bird.

An apprentice—A trifle round.

Wife: "Now, husband, let Ralph come out and die."

Husband: "So shall he, pussy love, or else I'll tear the Auditorium from over the Library. Come out, Ralph, and die."

(Enter Ralph, dressed in evening suit, holding a bottle of "Mumm's the word" in his left hand, and a letter from the Dean in his right. His eyes are bloodshot. He looks as if he had just returned from a T. N. E. banquet.)



The Coyote

Ralph (bowing to husband and wife, speaks Byronically): "Round many western islands have I roamed. Through numerous catacombs has this, my costive corpse, chased mumm(ies). Then leaving my dear prentice shop, I came to Texan wilds. There in the dark and sombre Varsity halls many valiant and warlike deeds did I perform. Look at the thousands I saved from joining the S. Pi. E. N. D. Bravely and gallantly did I escort many beautiful damsels along the Perip., lean languidly over the rotunda, or walk shamblingly with them down the stair. Yea, twenty times did I brave the greatest mortal danger—of giving Dr. Guilbert the grippe. I painted grotesque figures on the Greek gods on fourth floor; I also painted the tank; I placed Alexander Frederick Claire in his place of abode in the Hall of Fame; and last of all that great feat which nearly brought me to my grave—read all the class editions of the 'Texan.' But then somber, dark-browed death overtook me in the height of my power. He came like a thief in the night, in the shape of a B. Hall dinner, final exams., and (waving Dean's note) this particular note. Therefore, good friends, I bid you beware of notes and bald-headed men. My time has come. I die, die, die. Fly, fly, my soul to the Hall of Fame. Ah, cruel Fate. Good-bye. Oh, oh, oh." (He dies.)

Wife: "Well said, Ralph, now make your bow to the people, if you can, and let's go down to Jake's and open a bale of hay."

(Exit all, including corpse of Ralph.)

Slow curtain.

C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C

HE STAYED AT B. HALL.

Bystander (to football player who has just made a star play)—"Gee, but you've got grit."

Football Player—"Well, I guess I ought to have. I haven't had anything else to eat for two months."

C C C C C C C C C C

8 p. m.: A taxicab sped quickly up the campus and slowed down a little as it approached the Woman's Building. As it passed by the Chemistry Building it quickened speed a little, and the half-asleep, tipsy negro Pullman porter who was being taken home was heard to yell: "North Fort Worth."



At the close of the performance, I looked at the girl and smiled. She smiled back at me. Then she slid down the fire escape to avoid the jam at the door, and sauntered over toward the canteen.

"Say," I ventured, "ain't you glad we didn't go to see 'Forty-five Minutes from Broadway' instead?"

"Of course," she answered in a surprised voice, "I'd rather go to a band concert than take a chance at the Trust Theatre."

I only smiled again. She is a wise lady.

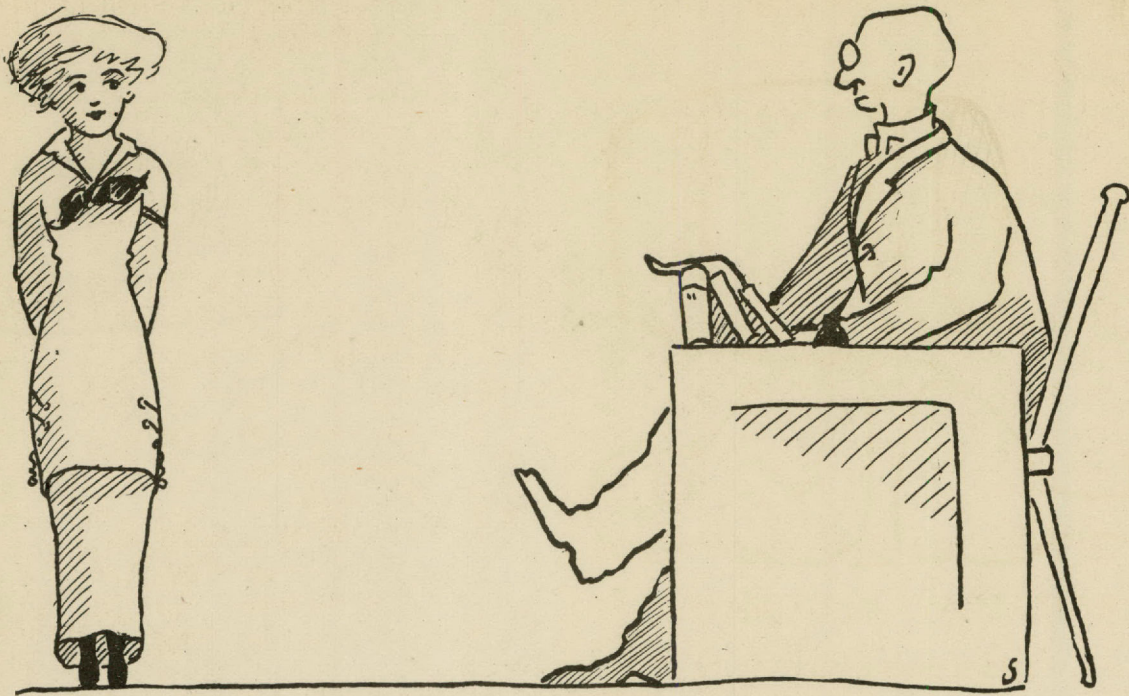
C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C

THERE ARE ANGELS AND ANGELS.

Abou Ben Addhem, may his tribe increase,
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And what should his wondering eyes behold
But an angel handling a book of gold.
He opened wide his eyes, getting a better look
Beheld his wife empty his pocket-book.
He jumped upright, and with stern voice said:
"You let my pants alone, and come to bed!"
She kept the cash all right and squelched her hub;
She went the next week to the Woman's Club—
Composed of women whom expensive hats had
blessed—

And lo! Ben Addhem's wife led all the rest.

The Coyote



QUITE SO.

Instructor—"Why does Shakespeare speak of ivy as the 'female ivy'?"

Bran Head—"Because it climbs trees."

EDITOR'S NOTE—To the one sending in the best five hundred word exposition on Tree Climbing by Co-eds. at the University of Texas we will give the choice of a \$15 scholarship to A. and M., three months' subscription to the *Magazine*, or a season ticket to the 1911 productions of the Ashbarrel Society.

C

C

C C C C C C C C C

THE UNWELCOME MS.

There was a man in our town who wasn't
wondrous wise,—
He thought he'd enter litrachoor and win a golden
prize;
And then for two long weary years he kept the
mail bags hot:
These appended sample letters show the recom-
pense he got.

"We've carefully examined the enclosed stuff that
you sent,
In futile hope that we could tell just what you
thought you meant.
The more that we've examined it, we've understood
it less;—
We're herewith *not regretfully* returning now your
MS."

"We think we've seen your kind before—you are
'the local wit.'

We have your bland assurance that this slush
would make a hit;

When we have lost what sense we've got, we'll pub-
lish such as this.

You hung fire most disastrously—we send you back
your MS."

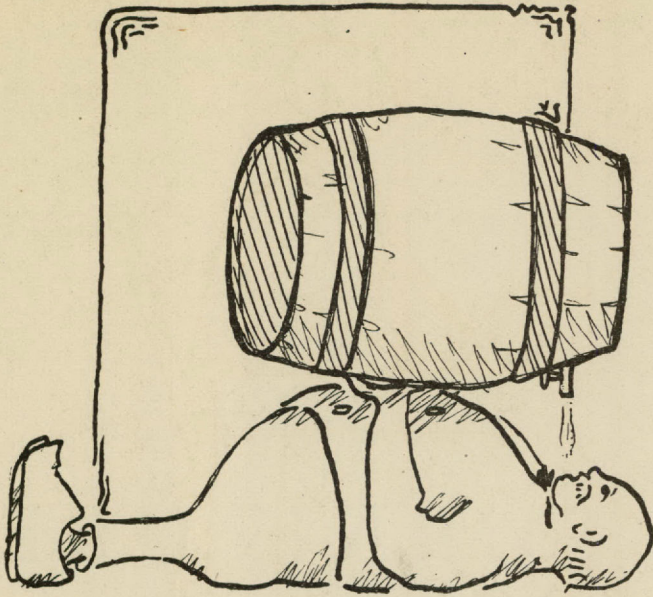
"The rot that you have shipped us is sadly out
of date;

The joke you send was Noah's friend and Moses
thought it great.

Such literary fossils seem to make us somewhat
cross,—

We are not archeologists. Enclosed you'll find
your MS."

The Coyote



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"THE EASIEST WAY"

C C C C C C C C C

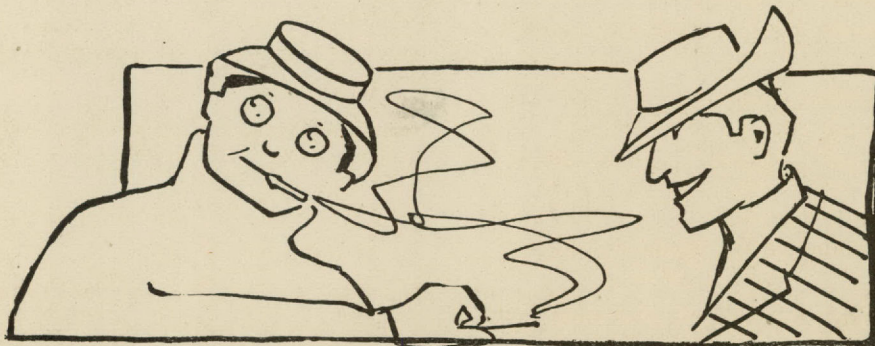
Faculty Member—"I fought all my life to keep the wolf from my door, but now I have a bigger fight—trying to keep the COYOTE out of my P. O. box."

C C C C C C C C C

Sweetheart, raise your pretty head,
Lift your bonny eyes of blue,
Let me kiss away your tears,
Hold your breath until I'm through.

Go on loving her, old chap,
Love her if you will till death;
But say, that was an awful rap
You gave her 'bout her breath.

C C C C C C C C C



AN ANEMIC JOKE.

Fool—"The early bird catches the hookworm—"
Nutt—"And takes the pellagra therefrom."

A MAUDLIN PARODY ON THAT LITTLE DITTY ENTITLED "IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT."

If you were Doctor Battle
And I were Sidney E.,
The school would not be large enough
To hold both you and me,
And I've a premonition
A new dean we should see,
If you were Doctor Battle
And I were Sidney E.

If I were Doctor Draper
And you were Coach Moran,
I'd hire an all-American—
You'd be an also ran.
My stars would hail from Trinity,
From Baylor and Add-Ran,
If I were Doctor Draper
And you were Coach Moran.

If I were William Philpott
And you were Stealthy's shade,
You and I would weep great steers
Like Bernard Temple made.
The COYOTE's fate would rile us up,
We'd weep, we'd screech, we'd grieve,
If I were William Philpott
And you were Stealthy Steve.

If you were only you, my son,
Just as now you be,
I say, if you were only you
And I were only me,
I hardly think we'd change our lots,—
We do right well, you see.
While you are only what you are
And I am only me.

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A lady once said to some boys,
"Observe a young woman of poys,"
And they laughed out loud,
For she looked like a crowd;
Perchance she meant avoirdupoys.
—Record.

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A BAD SCRAPE.

He—Don't you like my mustache?
She—No. It grates on me terribly?
—Record.

Deep wisdom—swelled head,
Brain fever—he's dead.—A Senior.

False fair one—hope fled,
Heart broken—he's dead.—A Junior.

Went skating—bumped head,
Cracked skull—he's dead.—A Sophomore.

Milk famine—not fed,
Starvation—he's dead.—A Freshman.
—Exchange.

I wonder why it is that chorus girls
are everlastingly smiling?
Well, I suppose they have to wear
something.—Yale Record.

"Did you get your shirt back from the
laundry?"
"Yes, but not the front."
—Widow.

CONCISE SHORT STORY.

Angelina Smith loved Edwin Jones.
Edwin Jones was poor.
Angelina Smith is Mrs. Robinson.
—Lippincott's.

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"Do you believe in fate?" he asked, as he snuggled closer.

"Well," answered the girl, "I believe that what's going to happen will happen."—Widow.

Said a passionate lover of Dorset, "Would it weaken my suit or enforce it if for Christmas I gave To the lady I love

A perfectly stunning new dress?" —Lampoon.

Student—I want a hair cut.

Any special way?

Yes. Off.

—Purple Cow.

P. W. McFadden,

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PROGRESS.

"This is the limit," exclaimed an irate boarder, as he extracted a piece of rubber tire from his hash.

"Oh, well, it is only another example of how fast the automobile is supplanting the horse," remarked the ever-present wit.—Tiger.

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