

# The Student Record.

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All communications to be addressed,

**STUDENT RECORD, Reno, Nevada.**

## EDUCATIONAL SUBJECTS

**I**N your last issue you extend the Alumni a special invitation to favor the RECORD with essays on educational subjects; and thinking you might be short of copy, I respond.

While reading the last RECORD I was very pleasantly struck with the progress and prosperity of our University. The accounts of your football games, your stirring appeals to the laggards in the literary society, your endeavor to stimulate the college spirit, all carry me back to the time when I was one of you and looked forward with boundless hope to my advent into the busy world; which I was sure would mark an epoch, at least, in the history of our country. If a couple of months after graduating, when one's feet have again touched the earth, he finds himself in charge of a flock of "educational subjects," varying in years from six to eighteen, he will be surprised to learn that his education has just begun. Arriving on the scene of action a day or so before school opens, procuring the key to the school house and strolling over to view the cradle of his fame, while setting before the long rows of ink-stained desks he hears from the entry door a piping voice that dispels his dreams, asking "Are you the new teacher?" He looks up, and rather ashamed to acknowledge the fact, because "teacher" is the name of the person who has been playing the role of heavy villain in the memory drama just enacted, blushing stammers "Yes." The possessor of the voice slides in along the wall followed by half a dozen other urchins with mouths and eyes wide open. He proceeds to win their little hearts with some simple question delivered in a musical tone and engaging manner, but is somewhat surprised and disappointed at the result. Down go seven heads and into each mouth go two or more inches of a tiny hand. They twist

their juvenile bodies from side to side for an instant, poke each other, all giggle then scramble of a short distance to hold an excited consultation. This little incident suggests that teaching is not an easy task and is one requiring diplomacy as well as thought. Confidence returning he dismisses the idea of failure with a complacent shrug and again gives himself up to dreams of his future greatness.

The fatal day fixed for opening school having arrived he sits waiting the hour of nine which is to mark his first step to glory. The gathering throng of subjects outside crowds to the doors and windows and then retires to change opinions. It is nine. The bell is rung. There is a grand rush. The teacher is paralyzed and when he recovers fifty pairs of bright eyes, each surmounting a broad grin, meet his gaze. He is dumb, for the little opening speech he has prepared is gone. Stammering something about being pleased to see so many bright faces, etc., which produces a titter, he calls the roll from the former teacher's register, getting half the names wrong, to the high glee of his auditors, and then tries to think what comes next. Oh, yes, he remembers! Lessons must be assigned the classes. After some explanations it is understood what is meant by such and such a class. At intervals, when he can be heard, each class is called up in turn and assigned a lesson. At last the chart class is called, when up come fifteen of the shortest of the "educational subjects," but short subjects are sometimes the most difficult to manage. They swing their feet gaily to and fro from their perch on the recitation bench and smile. Having suppressed a riot in the back part of the room, the teacher gazes on their cherub faces and inadvertently asks, "Where was your last lesson?" The smile on each little face broadens into a grin, then a bold little fellow blurts out "Didn't have nun." A little ashamed of the mistake the teacher says "Well let me see your book." The smiles broaden again and the spokesman comes forward with, "Haint got nun." The result of this last remark causes an unsuspecting pupil to receive a slap, that the teacher's frustration may not be seen by the school and that he may gain time to think. Going to the blackboard and writing "a cat" he tells them that that is a cat, when they all laugh, and the bold boy says, "No taint." Declaring the youngster out of order he explains that it is not the picture of a cat but the words "a cat," to which explanation none of them listen. Still having the fag end of his conceit he struggles on for a few minutes endeavoring to kill time until he comes to his wit's, when school is dismissed for noon with the remark that as this is the first day we will take

a few minutes extra nooning. At the close of this memorable first day he feels more like a defeated football rusher than an aspirant for the presidency. Things mend a little in the course of a week, but at the end of that time he beholds his once colossal conceit a heap of ruins. From this time on, through these "educational subjects," their parents, the trustees and the word in general, his own education proceeds in earnest.

ALUMNUS.

### The Tennis Maud Muller.

Having come to the conclusion that Maud Muller has raked hay long enough and that she is justly entitled to some amusement we have taken the liberty of teaching her to play tennis.

Maud Muller on a summer's day  
At tennis whiled the time away.

Singing she played and her merry song  
The umpire echoed with visage long;

But when she glanced at the coming Lawford,  
A quiet prayer she quickly offer'd;

The sweet song died and a vague unrest,  
And an aimless longing filled her breast;

For some stroke better than she had known,  
To make a return so swift, alone.

And her speed increased and the dust arose,  
Till off the court she quickly goes;

And into the fence that high doth rise,  
She gracefully runs with laughing eyes;

While into the court exultantly goes,  
The precious tally, why, no one knows,

The Soph came quickly down the alley  
In this swift and sudden rally.

He drew his racket close to the ground,  
And over the net the ball came with a bound;

She stooped where the round ball bounded low,  
And level'd at it a decisive blow,

"Thanks," said the Soph, "A heavier belt  
From a fairer hand was never felt."

She served them right and served them left,  
Till he of his courage did seem bereft.

The ladies smiled that afternoon,  
When a stroke on the court so sudden and soon,

A tremendous smash that settled the fate,  
Of a desirable point in a critical state,

But who is this to the rear so quickly turns,  
And the lobbed ball so neatly returns?

The ubiquitous Junior, long of reach, is there  
His Beeckman racket explores the upper air;

A crash in the heavens sudden and loud,  
And the tennis ball is in the crowd;

A wild return and a piercing scream,  
A moment doubtful, a ball in the stream.

The Soph. looked back as he climbed the fence,  
And his look of disgust was simply immense.

For he left Maud Muller standing still,  
With the Junior, conversing at will.

They talked of the playing and wondered whether,  
The cloud on Mt. Rose would bring foul weather;

He spoke of the courts and rackets and net,  
Of the frequent faults and fortunate lets;

And Maud forgot her double faults,  
And her playful runs and graceful vaults;

At last like one, who tired of play,  
Seeks a good excuse, and walks away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed, Ah me!  
That I the Junior's bride might be.

Alas, the maiden too long had tarried,  
For the Junior's o'er young to be married.

She wedded a man whose name's not Dennis  
Who amassed great wealth playing tennis.

And oft when the summer sun shone hot,  
On the new wet ground in the tennis lot,

And she heard the sound of the tennis ball,  
"Into the net, into the net, I fall, I fall."

On the direful page of the scorer's book,  
For that point in vain, she'll look, she'll look.

For all sad words that we regret,  
The saddest are these, "It's in the net."

But sadder than this is the gleeful shout  
Of your awful opponent, "It's out, just out."

Then pity them both and pity us all,  
Who vainly the blows of our racket recall,

Ah well, for us all some sweet hope lies,  
When the year rolls round we'll be nearer his size;

And in the hereafter the Junior may  
Take the championship from its owner away,

But let us say before we part,  
It is no part of our tennis art,

To forget Maud Muller, pretty and clever,  
With all thy faults we'll love thee ever,

## SHOULD CLASS DESTINCTION BE ENCOURAGED IN COLLEGES?

THIS question is receiving considerable attention from the oldest and best educational institutions of our land. Class distinction has, for many years, been encouraged in our Universities and Colleges. Of late it has reached such a magnitude that its evil results are clearly perceived. Class distinction should not be encouraged in our seats of learning, because it prevents students from obtaining the education for which they should strive. What benefits can be derived from the "class rushes" of which we read? They do not cultivate the better faculties of the student, but on the contrary work an everlasting detriment to him socially and morally. While the student is engaged in this way he is neglecting his scholastic duties, and defrauds himself of that measure of intellectual training which he might otherwise have. "Hazing" is often the cause of severe physical injury. The reader, no doubt, remembers the case at ——— last Fall in which a young man was forced to swim a canal several times. Such instances of brutality are not uncommon. West Point is the scene of many class combats. A young man's first year in the academy is sometimes made so disagreeable, by upper classmen, that it causes his resignation.

Class distinction is a detriment to our colleges, and should not be encouraged but suppressed. As the United States extends more privileges to its people than any other government its colleges should be first in abolishing, from their halls, this evil of caste. K.

## INFLUENCE OF ASSOCIATION.

WE are, to a certain extent, creatures of imitation, and our habits are formed largely after the model of our associates. The human race requires education, the greater part of which must be obtained through association. This is especially true respecting character and habits. Between individuals there is a constant pulling. Each unconsciously tries to make the other like himself. The weaker, of course must give way. The boy will act like the man. Witness the urchin seven years old ape his elders in folly, by smoking the cigar stumps they have cast aside. Through the influence of others we sink more easily than we rise. Many men whom I have known, were thus degraded. Their aims were good but through the evil influence of stronger minds they were dragged into vices that entailed their ruin. V.

A song for our banner, the watchword recall,  
Which gave the Republic her station;  
"United we stand—divided we fall!"  
It made and preserved us a nation.

—Geo. P. Morris.

## A Deserted Mine.

THE *Arizona Citizen* says:—"The Silver King mine of Pinal county, in its time one of the greatest silver properties in the world, is now probably abandoned. Former miners of the property know where good veins are yet untouched, but generally they are impracticable to reach. Often they are behind waste stored in unused chambers, instead of being taken to the surface and thrown out on the dump. The King mine made several men rich and kept a large force employed for years. The mine was practically all developed with its own contents, no outside capital going into it. In the great hollow depths of the mine, where one may wander for hours, is a whole forest of timber. A former miner estimates that a million dollars' worth of timber is buried in the Silver King. It is hardly worth the removal, however. The same is the case with the engines, their removal would almost offset their value.

## Wire as a Strengthenener.

THE method of strengthening copper steam pipes by means of coiled metal wire has been quite generally adopted in the Italian navy. The practice is to serve the tubes with one or two layers of wire wound under tension. The method is not considered applicable to other than straight tubes. The wire is of sufficient strength to carry the full load of steam, and the tension used in winding is about one and one-half tons per square inch. The wire is put on in two or three independent spirals, and the ends of each are independently fastened to the flanges.—*Safety Valve*.

WE often hear people make use of that time worn expression, "I never had a chance," as an excuse for meagre success in life. They evidently forget that many of our most noted men began life as poor boys who had to make a chance. Anyone who determines to be something above the average must apply himself to do something above the average. One may make noble resolutions but what will they avail if not put in practice? The world takes little notice of half-way people. They are too common. The masses are quick to discern the difference between a thorough man and one who only assumes the role of thoroughness. To reach the top one must climb earnestly, perseveringly, patiently. Hard, vigorous work is the price paid for success. Q.

Be just and fear not;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
Thy God's and truths. —Shakespeare.

# THE STUDENT RECORD

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# Editorial Comment.

WE suggest that the cadets adopt white collars and cuffs as a part of their uniform. This would add much to the appearance of the company.

\* \* \* \*

THE plank walk between the University and Seventh street is in a very bad condition. Would it not be well for the proper authorities to make the needed repairs?

\* \* \* \*

THE readers of the RECORD will please note the fact that the neat form and beautiful typographical appearance of our paper are due to the artistic work of the Job Department of the Reno *Journal*.

\* \* \* \*

FROM time to time complaint has been made of students taking books and magazines from the library without leaving a record of them. In some cases the books have been returned, in others they have not. The rules governing the library are very liberal, and we shall not hesitate to give the names of the offenders, if we can learn who they are.

\* \* \* \*

OWING to the inclemency of the weather there was no General Assembly last Friday. It was not so stormy, however, that the boys could not play baseball. This reminds us of a story we once read about a small boy who, carrying a fishing rod on a rainy day, was asked if he were going to school. He replied that it was too wet to go to school but just right to go fishing.

\* \* \* \*

THANKSGIVING has again arrived. We extend to the readers of the RECORD our best wishes and trust that they will all enjoy their Thanksgiving turkey. This occasion should be one of gladness. The beneficent author of our mercies should be gratefully remembered. We would say to all, be kind to the poor, extend sympathy to the sorrowing, don't hug misery, look on the bright side and the day will be one long remembered for its good cheer.

THE great importance of light artillery in land engagements has long been known. By its use, infantry has, in many instances, been protected. Should the United States become involved in war the necessity of instruction in artillery would be just as great as instruction in infantry. The fact has been recognized by many colleges which have, in addition to an infantry organization, a light battery. Some field pieces would be a valuable acquisition for our University. From their use not only would valuable knowledge be obtained but the monotony of infantry drill would be broken. In the latter part of the Academic year the cadets seem to lose some of their interest in military affairs, whereas, if infantry and military drill were alternated they would take a deeper interest in these matters.

\* \* \* \*

## THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM.

HEARING this subject frequently discussed, I venture to give my opinion. The faculty of a College decides on the course of study which, in its judgment, is best suited to the student's need. To the latter, however, a number of the required studies may, in view of the calling or profession he proposes following, appear unsuited to him. If the student has entered upon a regular course, he is obliged to do the required work in order to graduate. In this way much precious time is devoted to subjects that profit him little. The elective system gives one the privilege of taking the studies that he deems most suitable. He can, by this system, pursue such branches as will best fit him for his life work. If one is compelled to study a subject to which he is averse he usually works just hard enough to pass the examination. Why not make such provision a will enable him to make the choice that suits him best?

The reason that some Nevada students attend Stanford is, that they may elect the studies best suited to their need. If we want a large number of students in our State University, the elective system ought, by all means, to be adopted. If at least four out of five studies were elective, a greater interest would be taken in them, and more practical benefit would be derived.

SATIS.

Capt. H. E. Stewart has chosen the following men to play in the Varsity nine:

J. S. Egan c, A. W. Cahlan p, J. Higgins 1st b, J. M. L. Henry, 2nd b, C. Loder 3d b, H. E. Stewart ss, L. Osburn lf, L. C. Stephens cf, F. Cunningham rf.

The position of players and men are subject to change.

We acknowledge the receipt of Station Bulletins Nos. 20 and 21. We especially compliment Prof. Hillman on the novel plan of Bulletin No. 21.

The patriot's boast, where e'er we roam;  
His first best country ever is at home.

—Goldsmith.

## THE DEPARTMENT OF MECHANIC ARTS.

IN accordance with the act of Congress, approved July 2, 1862, establishing the so called, "Land Grant Colleges," in which is distinctly stated that "the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life," the department of Mechanic Arts was established in the Fall of 1891.

A frame building, formerly used as a stable, was moved to the present site and remodeled for the purpose. Late in the Fall term work was begun in the principles of wood working, with eight pupils in attendance and Mr. Richard Brown superintendent. While this shop was constantly filled and supplied with the best of tools, it was soon found inadequate for the accommodation of the increased number of applicants for admission, so popular had the course become. Plans were soon perfected for an addition and in June, 1892, the new building was completed, most of the work having been done by the students. Ample space was now afforded for the fitting out of a machine shop. Machinery was put in and a 6 H. P. gasoline engine furnished power, but with the increasing demand of the work, and the addition of more and heavier machinery the 6 H. P. was found to be practically useless. A 20 H. P. engine and boiler was purchased at a mere nominal figure from Mr. Theodore Winters, who kindly donated a machine lathe at the same time. This engine was sadly out of repair, but the students soon had it completely rebuilt and refitted, and it is to day as smooth running an engine as one often sees. During the past Summer much new and improved machinery has been added, and the shops, both wood and iron, are well fitted to the needs of the institution. A complete blacksmith shop has been added where all the principles of that trade are thoroughly taught. The shops are being run on a practical basis and are consequently of much benefit to the institution, all the fittings used for class room work, such as desks, book cases, shelving, drawing tables and stands, and many things for the laboratories are made here by the students.

To the student who faithfully performs his work, is careful, and uses his mind in connection with his hands, the benefit derived from the course here given is of inestimable value. He begins with the fundamental principles of mechanics and passes up through all the stages of the work, and on completing the course is a competent mechanic for work in either iron or wood. There are at present thirty-four students working regularly in the shops, and as it is one of the most popular as well as practical courses in the institution the number is likely to become much larger. We hope some day to see a foundry department added which will greatly increase the scope of the work.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Professor Ring was on the Campus last week.

Several students have been sick with La Grippe.

H. C. Cutting, B. A., '91, of Candelaria, is in Reno.

E. E. Hardache has been doing some work in the S. M. L.

Prof. Storey of Gold Hill visited the University this week.

Joe Madden of San Francisco, an ex-student, was on the Campus a few days ago.

Prof. Church has beautified his class room by decorating its walls with historic pictures.

Prof. Jackson, who has been sick for several days, is again well and has resumed his duties.

Lew Sessions, a former student, who has been living northern California, visited the College last week.

On account of bad weather the members of the Geology class have postponed their proposed excursion.

Some of the boys of the School of Mines went to see the new smelter in operation at the Reduction Works.

The Sophs must shave their mustaches, so say the Juniors who have given them a limited time in which to do it.

The last Wednesday of each month has been designated as the day for general inspection of the Cadet Corps.

The second year Commercial class met on the 22d inst. Committees were appointed to choose a pin and class colors.

The young ladies of the Normal School were excused, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, that they might attend the Institute.

One of the boys, while riding a bicycle down University Avenue a few days since, collided with a young lady. Fortunately neither was hurt.

Able addresses were delivered at the Teachers' Institute by the following members of the Faculty: President Jones, Professors Miller, Hillman, Emery, Lewers, Cowgill and Thurtell.

A week ago last Friday the Cadet Corps took a seven-mile march on the Virginia road. Owing to the unfavorable condition of the weather they did not march as far as on former occasions. The cadets are required to take a march of this kind each term.

The Junior Liberal Arts, believing that they had too many studies, have asked the Faculty to lighten their work. The request was considered and hereafter the lessons in physics will be shortened. The Sophomores, who also think themselves overworked, will ask the Faculty for a like favor.

## Bits \* of \* Fun.

### A Midnight Confidence.

I am a Jersey 'skeeter and revel by the sea,  
A-biting dudes and common folk in the manner bold and  
free;  
To-day I'm full of English blood; to-morrow every  
vein  
May hold the bluest, richest gore that ever came from  
Spain.  
Another day I'm like as not to sing, "Die Watch am  
Rhein,"  
From having bit a German when perchance I came to  
dine;  
And there are times when, reeling on my happy daily  
ways,  
I take a nip that's Paris bred and hum the "Marseill-  
aise."

Oftimes I am a Russian from my wing tip to my bill;  
Oftimes I hold the richest blood you'll find on Murray  
Hill;  
Sometimes I take a mixture but I find it does not pay,  
Unless I wish to suffer pain for many an anxious day.  
For I have found that when I've biten a Briton and a  
Celt,  
I'm pretty sure to suffer in the regions of the belt;  
And when a Frenchman I have nipped, of German I  
keep free;  
I do not want a battlefield down in the mist of me.  
From which I think 'tis evident, while seeming free  
from care,  
I have to keep a watchful eye upon my bill of fare;  
And that is why I stick to you, my fiend, the livelong  
night;  
I'm dieting—and if I may, I'll have another bite.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

Boston version of "Old Mother Hubbard:" The  
ancient maternal progenitor of the well known family  
whose cognomen is Hubbard, repaired to the usual re-  
pository of surplus viands in order to secure an osseous  
morsel for her hungry canine companion. On arriving  
at said repository the maternal lady perceived that it was  
devoid of sustenance and the poor canine was forced to  
forego the expected banquet.—*Once a Week.*

"How did your son do at college last year, Mrs.  
Wilkins?" "Very well indeed. He did so finely as a  
freshman that he got an encore." "A what?" "An  
encore. The faculty have requested him to repeat the  
year."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A.—What do you think of the new electric lights?  
B.—I haven't thought anything about them. They  
are a light matter anyway. X. Y. Z.

Lady (to little boy caressing a dog)—That's right little  
boy, be kind to dumb animals.

Little boy—Yes'm, I'll have a kettle hitched to his  
tail as soon as I get him quiet.—*Household.*

Tufft Hunter (of London England)—Is it—aw—twue  
that youah Amewican Indians—aw—cawnt raise mous-  
tache dontcher know?

Tony Adams (of Nebraska)—I don't think they can,  
but what's the matter with some of the fine heads of hair  
they raise?—*Truth.*

No marriage engagement should be more than six  
months long; the most ardent lover gets tired of living  
up to his girl's ideal any longer than that.—*Atchinson  
Globe.*

Why should the University begin the manufacture of  
pottery? Because it has a large quantity of Cahlan  
(kaolin).

### Serious Thoughts.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost  
little.

Things don't turn up in the world until somebody  
turns them up.

Only what we have wrought in our characters during  
life can we take away with us.

Of all the delicate sensations the mind is capable of,  
none perhaps will surpass that which attends the relief  
of an avowed enemy.

It is often those things that appear most excessively  
plain and self evident to ourselves that are for that  
very reason the most difficult to explain to others.

Nine times out of ten a bad habit is overcome more  
easily by relinquishing it at once than by gradually  
breaking away from it. Compromise is not complete.—  
*Montreal Star.*

§ AID the Turkee to the Carpenter:—"If Hjul take  
me to the North to escape this Flood, by the  
Powers' I'll never come back Egan." The Car-  
penter conducted him to MackHenry, where a Bassman  
threw him in a Bramble bush. Tattered and torn he  
Tuck his baggage and started out Egan, when a second  
Flood overtook him. He got to Werrin over his fate in  
this Barbarous world and died in Cahland, where the  
Saxton buried him. X. Y. Z.

Students and friends of education, throughout the State, are requested to procure subscriptions for the RECORD, and in this way assist in placing it on a firm financial basis, thus securing its permanency and aiding to make it in every respect a worthy advocate of the cause that it represents.

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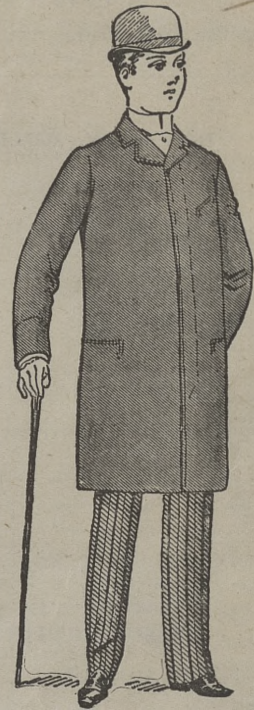
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