Vol. III. No. 11.

March 2, 1896.

The Student Record

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"STATE JOURNAL" PRINT, RENO.

University Bulletin.

The following regulations for examinations and for keeping the records of standings are herewith printed for the information of students from the Statutes of the University:

1. Each instructor shall keep a systematic record of the attendance, term standing, and examination.

2. The credit for term standing shall be counted one-half and the credit for examination shall be counted one-half in determining the final credit or standing.

3. All students shall be examined unless excused by the Faculty.

4. Seniors who maintain satisfactory standing may be excused by the Faculty from the final examination of the Senior year.

5. The class and the examination records shall be on the scale of ten, but the final standing shall be expressed in terms of one hundred.

6. To aid in securing reasonable uniformity in judgment, the percentages shall be thought to represent the following degree of merit: 95-100, passed with distinction; 90-95, passed with merit; 85-90, very good; 80-85, good; 70-80, passed. Below 70 the student is either conditioned or fails.

7. The regulation that recitation records shall be kept is to be interpreted in a reasonable way. It leaves reasonable freedom of action according to subjects and methods of instruction, but is understood to require that every distinct test of the student's knowledge of the subject as a recitation shall be made a matter of record, with a view to promptness and accuracy.

THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. III. RENO, NEVADA, MARCH 2, 1896. NO. 11.

THE STUDENT RECORD

Is a College Magazine Published Semi-Monthly by the

INDEPENDENT ASSOCIATION

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA.

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EDITORIAL.

IN our last issue we printed an editorial on the recent examinations in which it was stated that in a certain class, fifty-three students out of eighty who took the examination, were conditioned; and we deprecated this seemingly apparent lack of application on the part of the student. We are now informed on better authority that in the class referred to the number conditioned and the number taking the examination were respectively, twenty-three and ninety, a very much better showing, indeed, than our authority led us to believe. We are sorry that such a mistake crept into our editorial columns, although, from the number of students taking preparatory courses, since the exams. who formerly took Freshman courses, those on probation and making up back exams. the reproof was sadly needed.

OUR University has been struggling a long time with the question of fire protection. To obviate the carrying of extremely heavy insurance policies, students who were given work were required to sleep in the buildings. This necessitated the having at least one sleeping apartment in each building on the campus. Class room was needed very much and there was an advantage in having all the students housed under one roof instead of being stored away in the various cubby holes in the different buildings. Accordingly, the requirements of the insurance companies that the University authorities should have a watchman over each building was dispensed with and a fire alarm system was erected which communicated with the fire engine house in town. The alarm system worked very well for a while after it was put up, and the trial test of the engine taking water from the big hydrant in the center of the campus proved very satisfactory, and all thought that the fire protection problem had been solved. But when winter came and the wind and snow and ice caused a great many "grounds" in the wire and the firemen in the engine house in Reno had responded to a number of alarms from the University and had made their best time through the snow, water, mud, wind and cold only to find that the alarm was false, their Chief grew wrathy and cut off our alarm system. Nothing was done immediately and we slept a peaceful sleep with the rolls of cotton hose resting quietly in their places in the halls of the various buildings, never dreaming of the probability of being hustled out of bed by the cry of fire! fire! and with only those small rolls of hose with which to fight the flames. When the conflagration of November 2d, last, that storm of flame which consumed so much State and private property in such an incredibly short space of time, was in progress, it was apparent to many, that, had there been quicker service or water and appliances near at hand, our Mechanical Building and Mill would have been saved, and along with them, a

great deal of student's property. With the acquisition of a good Button and Blake hand engine, five-hundred feet of good rubber hose, which the commissioners of Reno so kindly donated, and the organization of a fire department with officers from among the boys of Lincoln Hall, the question seems to be solved. Thirty boys succeded in throwing a stream of water on the belfry of Morrill Hall, last week, from which it is apparent that when the number of volunteers that would present themselves are apportioned, a great quantity of water may be put into any building on the campus in a short time; and if a fire is discovered before any efforts are useless it can be prevented from doing much further damage. Had we been in possession of an engine at the time of the late fire in Stewart Hall, the damage done could have been reduced at least one-half.

LITERARY.

WHAT IS A GOOD STUDENT?

THE more I consider this subject, the more difficult it appears to find a good definition. If one were to judge from our school, made up of widely different individuals, it would be just as difficult to lay down a royal road which would tend to make a good student.

If a number of students were asked for a definition, each to treat the subject from his own point of view, I do not believe that any two would be found to agree, and as time passes, with its ups and downs, they would be found to vary even more than is at first apparent.

The young man who decides that he possesses only a small amount of intelligence, force or ability, and therefore is not called on to make a fight for success in school life, is mistaken. The most brilliant students have often been men of ordinary comprehension, but exerting such power as they had, to the utmost, have accomplished more than some who were more graciously endowed with mental qualifications. Everyday witnesses the triumph of patient study, and men of great intellect are surprised and compelled to acknowledge the greater success of those whom they considered almost insignificant.

Some students take no thought of the value of money till they have none, and many do the same with their time. The hours pass by unheeded till age begins to tell on them, and they begin to think of thinking. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry; lost health; by temperance and medicine; some lost knowledge may be regained by study, but lost time is gone forever. A good student should at least possess the following traits: he should be a plodder, have high ideals, be always on time, lay broad foundations, he thoroughly in earnest, plan his work and work his plan, and know that he does not know it all. He should be able to fix his mind on details and be strong in principles. One collects facts together and there they remain in a shapeless mass. Another may arrange his few facts, but will go farther and build with his material.

A good student believes in the power of truth, and in everything he does and says, and is anxious to express the whole truth. This feeling of responsibility and love of truth, will almost invariably endow him with diligence, accuracy and directness, these commonplace details of a good student, without which success may never come.

W.

MISCELLANY.

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF BOOKS.

EVERYONE realizes that friends and society are almost indespensible to happiness, but people have lived without them; however, books, good books, can be and are friends and company in one. No one ought to be lonely who has a library of books from the pens of great minds, to which to turn. Books are the truest friends; they never change, they are not all smiles one day and frowns the next, like living friends. When one is merry it is easy to

pick up a book that will be merry, too, and it seems to be so in sympathy with one. It is the same when one is sad; and if one does not care for sympathy, but wants to be cheered up, there is always the right book to be found.

Books give to us the thoughts and ideas of the greatest men of all times, and when they are at their best. While it is pleasant to be able to see the faces of our friends and to hear their voices; yet, in ordinary conversation no one tries to think profoundly and speak words worth emembering. In good books, on the other hand, are words of those who have thought deeply, and are always, worthy of being read again and again and of being remembered. The language of good books is always in the very choicest form, and cannot fail to benefit the reader; in everyday conversation, language is never of the choicest. We cannot choose our friends always, they are more often accidental. Our books we can choose, and we should be as careful in our choice of them, since there are many evil ones, as we would be in choosing our human friends, were we able to do so always.

No one need be ignorant while there are books to read. From every book something can be learned, and just to think of the many, many books of special information obtainable in this world of books!

Many people think cheap books with paper coverings are good enough, since after reading them once they are thrown aside. But Emerson says: "No book is worth anything that is not worth much, nor is it serviceable until it has been read and re-read, and loved, and loved again, and marked so that you can refer to passages in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread or flour is good, but there is bread sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book, and the family must be poor indeed, which once in their lives cannot for such multipliable barley loaves pay their baker's bill."

History and biography are expressions of truths, and are very productive of good. They set forth the nobler deeds of the world and stir up the minds and hearts of the young to similar nobleness. Fiction also is good and a great deal can be learned from books of fiction. Many noble thoughts and grand ideas have been portrayed in novels; but these should not be read to the exclusion of history and biography, as I fear they are almost always.

I believe, no better companions than good books can be found. There are so many, too, that it is unnecessary to read a single book containing evil thoughts and giving wrong impressions of life and its ends and aims. Great paintings may fade, statues crumble away, but books, the works of great authors, will remain forever, always a comfort, always a source of joy and pleasure.

"Books we know
Are a substantial world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness can grow."

M. '96.

EXCHANGE.

CUPID'S EXPLANATION.

Laughing and chatting the other day
With two or three youths, stood a maiden gay,
She was quite swell in a long fur cape,
And a black plumed hat of the latest shape.
Now there was a very fine chance, you see,
To make mother Venus proud of me.
I took up my bow and I aimed it true,
The string twanged loudly, the arrow it flew,
But where it went to I don't like to tell,
Mother Venus laughed, you'd laughed as well.
You see every part of that mean girl's dress,
Was crinolined, stiffened or stuffed, I guess,
Till she must have been two yards across
Her sleeves and skirt, so I was at a loss
Just where to aim, you had better believe,
And the arrow went through a fold in her sleeve.

—*Ex.*

A thoughtful boy in English III,
One day said, "I'll allow, sir,
I've heard a cat purr merrily,
But I've never heard a Cowper." —*Ex.*

The faculty of the Nebraska University have passed rules regulating the athletics of the University. They have created a board consisting of ten members, chosen from among the faculty and students, which has full control of all matters pertaining to athletics. Any student violating a rule or order of the board is subject to the dicipline of the faculty.—*Ex.*

The first baseball game between Yale and Princeton took place May 4, 1867, and resulted in a victory for Princeton by a score of 58 to 52. The return game at New Haven, June 27th, after a hard fight was also won by Princeton, score 19 to 18. Princeton first met Harvard, June 23, 1868 and here suffered her first defeat by a college nine. The score was 17 to 16.

BITS OF FUN.

"You seem sad, my red-skinned brother," said the missionary.

"Red-skinned brother's heart heap sad," said the noble son of the prairie. "White man shoot better, fight better, and now Injun hear college yell. He know Injun can't war whoop for sour apples. Waugh!"—*Ex.*

Teacher—You may name a mountain, Johnnie, and tell me all you know about it.

Johnnie—The Catskill Mountains, and I suppose they are the mountains that bring forth the mouse.

She, (gazing at the dying embers)—That fire reminds me of a man in love. It burns brightly at first, then gradually subsides, and nothing remains but ashes.

He—And yet it will be all right if you feed it regularly.—*New York Herald.*

TRIFLES.

The little things annoy us more
Than do the great, alack!
We'd rather step on a railroad tie
Than on a carpet tack.

—*Washington Star.*

"What makes you women kiss when you meet?"

"It's a sort of apology in advance for what we mean to say about each other after we part."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Clara—Dick, I must bid you adieu forever. Papa says we must not see each other any more.

Dick—That suits me. Let's go out into the dark.

He—Do you really believe in a hereafter?

She—Yes, you bet I do. I'm trying to think now, what I'll tell my mother when I get home.

CAMPUS.

Doctor Guinan of Carson, was on the campus, February 18th, visiting his son Guy.

S. B. Hamilton, '98, son of Lieutenant Hamilton, has been appointed alternate to G. R. Bliss, by Hon. F. G. Newlands.

According to the latest orders posted, theoretical instruction in the art and science of war and kindred subjects will be given to the Senior and Junior classes, at 11 A. M. on Thursdays, by Lieutenant Hamilton.

Miss Enid Williams who has been visiting in San Francisco has returned.

Professor Jackson, together with the Senior Mines spend all spare time at the Reno Reduction Works.

Mr. Seward, advance agent of the Lady Quartette, was on the campus February 18th. The Lady Quartette has been procured to give concerts on March 11th and 12th, for the benefit of the Gymnasium Fund.

The s. p. chapter of the T. H. P. O. conferred preparatory degrees February 17th.

J. S. Egan, ex-special, came down from Virginia, February 22, to attend the ball game.

Harlen Snare formerly a student of the U. of N. was on the campus last week.

Acting Governor Sadler and State Treasurer Westerfield paid the University a visit last week.

Higgins, Bulmer, Feeney, Woodbury, Dexter, Sielaff, Ford and Hendricks took a trip to Virginia, February 21st.

S. C. Durkee, '95, who is now superintendent of Patterson Borax Works in Northern California paid the U. of N. a visit, February 20th.

On February 21st, the batallion made a march from the campus to the court house and back, a distance of three miles, during drill period.

Some patriotic people of Reno came on the campus at 1 A. M., February 22d, and fired our cannon. It is not known who the wags are.

G. R. Bliss, Mines, '97, left for Oakland on the morning of February 24th. George goes down to take the examination for admission to West Point, which will be held at the Presidio in San Francisco on March 2d.

The Carson News in an issue of February 17th published an article concerning the T. H. P. O. which was remarkable for the number of untruthful statements made in connection with that "grand old order." Notwithstanding the article that appeared in the News, over fifteen applications for membership in the T. H. P. O. were received, many of which came from the Carson delegation.

H. E. Stewart, '98, is now assistant chemist to Dr. Phillips. This will enable the Doctor to give more time to his physical laboratory classes.

Miss Gertie Gilman, '99, who injured one of her eyes with a curling iron while curling her hair, went to Oakland, February 14th for treatment.

J. J. Bristol, '97, has left school owing to poor health. Jack expects to return at the beginning of next academic year.

The companies are now drilling in batallion formation, while the artillery have their guns out on the campus, and are becoming quite proficient in their management.

The Sophomores and Freshmen now have their regular work on the annex to the Mechanical Building. Steam was raised on February 20th for the first time since the fire last November.

The young ladies who have been rooming in Stewart Hall since last September, moved to the Cottage on February 17th. Rules for their government were drawn up by themselves, subject to the approval of the President of the University. The rooms on the second floor of Stewart Hall will now be made into recitation rooms, which are badly needed, owing to the increase in the number of students.

The University has received a fire pump and 500 feet of hose, for use on the University grounds. A fire company of the Lincoln Hall students has been formed with E. A. Powers as foreman; A. W. Cahlan, assistant foreman; M. A. Feeney, hoseman; B. T. Bulmer, first nozzleman; N. Dunsdon, second nozzleman. At a trial made on February 20th, a stream of water was thrown over the belfry on the main building.

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

The monthly social comes on Friday, March 6.

The next entertainment in the gymnasium entertainment series has been postponed indefinately.

On Saturday, February 15, a game of ball was played between the North Truckee nine and the college team. The game was more in the nature of a practice than a matched one. The result was an easy winning for the college nine.

The third and last of the Series of Lectures on Common Law was delivered by Judge Cheney, February 12.

Now that the weather permits, the series of games between the T. H. P. O. and "Down Towners" should come off.

What has become of the intended Sophomore-Freshmen game? This feature which has always been one of the most enjoyable events of the year seems to have been entirely forgotten this term. We hope, however, to see a game in the near future.

The meeting of the Freshman Literary Society for February 22d, had to be postponed on account of the girl's entertainment coming off the same evening. It would be adviseable for the Freshmen to select some other night, than Saturday, if possible.

One of the greatest steps possible, in the nature of athletics has been started by the Y. M. C. A., of the U. S. It is the founding of an athletic association which shall be composed entirely of amateurs. The association will include in its membership, all young men in the U. S. and Canada who are members of the Y. M. C. A.

The students of the University had the pleasure of listening to R. L. Fulton lecture on Trees, Plants, and the Water Supply, before General Assembly on Fubruary 19. This is the second time Mr. Fulton has addressed us. He possesses the qualities our students like in a speaker; his entertaining manner, occasional bits of humor, and power of exciting a general interest, not failing to please the most exacting. We shall be pleased to listen to Mr. Fulton again at his leisure.

At a recent meeting of the U. N. A. A., a committee was appointed to act with a committe from the faculty, which are to make arrangements for the fitting up of the gymnasium.

The Adelphi expects to soon hold their meetings in a better room than they have been compelled to of late. Stewart Hall has several rooms in it which would make splendid society rooms and the Adelphi is confident of securing one of them.

An entertainment was given by the young ladies of the University in Stewart Hall on February 22d. The purpose of the entertainment was to raise money to fit up their study hall. A large crowd was present, who gave the girls ample support, both financially and socially. The cadets are now expecting to see those dark and dreary "Infernal Regions," transformed into a "Paradise" where cupid will hold sway, and the co-eds, his worshipers.

A game of base ball was played on the campus, February 22d, between the college nine and the Wadsworth team. The game opened evenly and the crowd that had gathered to watch the players felt that it would be closely contested. The latter part of the game, however, was poor, and the score bad. The college nine came off an easy victor. The intended game with the nine of St. Mary's College, Oakland, had to be put off on account of St. Mary's boys being unable to come to Reno on the 22d. A great deal of disappointment was felt over the failure to have the game, as many people from different parts of the State intended to come and see it. We hope that at some future date we will be able to have a game with the St. Mary's team.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

"EARLY FLORA OF THE TRUCKEE VALLEY."

WITH the return of spring and its wild flowers, there comes to nearly every one an annual revival of interest in these early heralds of a new season. The violets, sand lillies, painted cups or "Indian pinks" and many other early flowers are welcomed by everyone. The flowers of summer and autumn, are perhaps as beautiful and as interesting in their way as those earlier representatives of a reappearing vegetation; but the latter are the awakeners

of feelings which, like the plants themselves, have lain dormant through the winter and then are the objects of the greater admiration.

Thus the spring naturally becomes a most propitious occasion for the study of the botany of our wild plants. Previous to last year no means for the popular study of our wild plants with respect to their numbers and classification was obtainable.

The appearance of Experiment Station Bulletin No. 24, "Early Flora of the Truckee Valley" to a considerable degree removed this difficulty and has placed before our students the means for determining practically all of the flowering plants occurring in the vicinity of the University by mid-summer. A limited number of copies of this bulletin remain, and may be obtained upon request made to the University Librarian.

A few statements relating to the use of the phamplet may not be out of place at the present time and may aid materially in its employment in plant identification.

The average student will not feel the absence of descriptions of early representatives of the grass and sedge families which are omitted in this phamplet. A few species which occur in abundance in localities but a few miles distant from Reno, are not included in the list owing to tbeir total absence in our immediate locality. With these exceptions, descriptions may be found relating to all of those plants which go to make our sage brush tracts places of scientific and popular interest.

How shall the manual be used? We will suppose the student equipped with the necessary magnifier and a specimen in hand for determination. By reference to the Key to the Orders p. V of the manual, it will be seen that a knowledge of the structure of the flower is absolutely essential to the proper identification of the plant. Thus the structure of the type flower must be understood to embrace *calyx*, *carolla*, *stamens* and *pistil*, the latter consisting of an *ovary*, enclosing the *ovules*, and a *style* surmounted by a *stigma*; also that modifications of some or all these parts may exist and must be considered in tracing the plant. For example, the number of *sepals* or parts of the *calyx*, or the *petals* the parts of the *carolla*, may vary, be variously united, or, in the latter case be wholly wanting. Likewise the stamens may vary in number and their relation to each other. One or more pistils may exist, if the former case the ovary may have one or more cells the ovules being from one to many in number and variously attached. The stigmas may vary in number and form. Lastly the ovary may be *inferior*, having the other floral organs attached about its base; or it may be *superior*, those organs being attached upon its side or top.

With these facts in mind, and a careful examination of the Key to the Orders to understand its purpose added to the experience that comes with practice the student should be able to readily place the plant under examination in its proper family.

He may then turn to this family in the text where he will find a description of the plant in question. In these descriptions effort has been made toward brevity and conciseness in expression. Technical expressions peculiar to the science employed in the descriptions, will be found in the glossary p. 83.

Several typographical and other errors occur in the work. But one of these is seriously misleading however. On p. 25, the first line of the synopsis in small type states "stamens lateral," whereas it should state stigmas lateral.

Thus it is hoped that along with the study of our wild plants for their beauty's sake, the use of the phamplet furnishing the subject of the present article may be an aid in learning something of their relationships. F. H. H.

To a Nice Young Man.

Oh, goody-goody, nice young man,
  Pure as the crystal springlets!
If ignorance were innocence
  You'd have a pair of winglets.
Don't stay out in the cool night air,
  You precious little sweet, you!
And oh, beware, beware, beware!
  Or else the cows will eat you!

—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

LEISURE MOMENTS.

A REMINISCENCE OF YALE.

AS I listen occasionally to the stories told by some of the wide-awake students who attend the N. S. U., of the pranks they play and the fun they have in doing so, there arise in my mind recollections of similar things done by the students of Yale in the days of long ago; and I cannot help but conclude that, although we pride ourselves on the great advance the world has made in every department of knowledge from the opening of the century to its close, human nature has remained and will continue to remain essentially the same.

As all know, Yale University is situated in the sleepy old city of New Haven, Conn., and is one of the oldest colleges in the United States, holding always high rank as an educational institution, and classing among its Alumni many of the most renowned men of the nation.

In the days "Befo de Wah," to bear the stamp of graduation from Yale was a much coveted distinction, and its halls were filled with representatives of the wealthiest and best families from all parts of the country, including always a goodly number from the Southern States; the blue Southern blood, the F. F. V's., the flower of Southern chivalry, deeming it an honor to be able to say in after years that they had received their education at that Northern college.

Complications of various kinds, sometimes trifling in their nature, sometimes ludicrous—in the days immediately preceding the outbreak of the Civil strife— often dangerous, naturally arose from this mingling of the North and South; but with none of these things have we to do; the story which I am about to tell, being of a diversion in which certain students took part rather to their own discomfiture in the end.

The city of New Haven,—as is the case with most cities—is surrounded with suburban towns and villages; one of the pleasantest and liveliest of these being the village of Westville, "Lov'liest village of the plain," nestling at the foot of historic "West Rock." This village was always a favorite place of resort for the college boys; owing, possibly, to the beauty of its natural scenery, to its many rivers and ponds that afforded no end of opportunities for boating and fishing, and best of all, for skating; but owing to the fact that there was situated a flourishing Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and to the fact that Westville numbered more pretty girls, according to its population, than any other suburban town or village in that or any other county of the State. Girls, too, who were as fond of flirting, and knew as much about the science of the same as any of the "new" girls of the present day; and who enjoyed nothing better than a "lark" with the college boys, more especially if their own village swains were near at hand to be rendered deeply jealous thereby. As may be imagined no event of a public social nature could take place in Westville without there being a greater or less number of students present; but while the village boys resented this, and swore eternal enmity towards each and every student that might come "poaching" on their preserves; on the other hand, the girls encouraged their coming by every means in their power.

One night late in the fifties, an oyster supper, —eating was a favorite mode of raising money in those days, as in these—was to be given in the basement rooms of the Methodist Church in Westville, and being the first given that season, great pains had been taken to insure its success. To this end all the good matrons of the parish had striven to out do each other in the variety and delicacy of the eatables they had prepared; and, when spread for the feast, the half dozen long tables presented an appetizing appearance, tempting even to men who "wasn't" in the least hungry. To this end, also, for what other could they have had in view? all the maidens of the flock, and many outside of it, came to the supper bedecked in their choicest array; while, to see that no harm should befall these fair creatures, thither flocked all the eligible, and uneligible young men of the village. Nor was it long bebore there came also some dozen or more of the college boys, under the leadership as usual, of one of the wildest young sprigs of an F. F. V.

that could well be found. This young man, Stanton by name, was by reason of his chivalrous manners, especially fine dress, and personal beauty, a great favorite with the village girls; one of whom lively, saucy, lovely Sara Neal, he condescended to distinguish by his especial marks of attention, greatly to the chagrin and disgust of rollicking Jed Sperry, her admirer and lover from boyhood.

Never had Sara looked prettier than she did this evening, and never had Stanton been so pronounced in his attentions; nor, to tell the truth, had she ever seemed to receive his attentions with more willingness than now. Jed, who had escorted her to the entertainment, naturally thought himself entitled to some share of her notice; but soon found himself utterly eclipsed by the dashing student; and during the slow progress of the meal, he watched with an ever-increasing jealousy and dislike of his more fortunate rival the fast growing intimacy between the student and the girl on whom he had set his heart; that heart which was fast filling with "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." "No wonder she likes him better than she does me," thought poor Jed, as he noted with a jealous eye the debonair air, the handsome face and figure, well set off by every detail of the tailor's art, of the student. "But I'll get even with him,————," and I'm afraid that he muttered something not exactly appropaiate to be said in a church, even though said in the basement part of it.

Stanton was indeed elaborately attired on that evening, having evidently gotten himself up "regardless of expense" with the express intention of laying seige to the fair Sara's fickle little heart. On his broad shirt front, much exposed by the low cut vest which he wore, diamonds glittered and sparkled, while another graced his hand. Light colored pants worn with black or very dark colored coat and vest, were much affected by the beaux of this time, and Stanton's nether limbs were encased in garments of a dainty lavender hue, while the most expensive broadcloth covered his upper person; kid gloves of the same tint as his pants, and a tall silk hat completing his outfit. All that he lacked was a boutonniere, and this the fair Sara must supply from the flowers on the table near them, then they would take a walk under the tall trees which overhung the church, and under the starlit skies. All this Jed overheard from his side of the table, his smothered rage and jealousy threatening every minute to explode, increased by the saucy glances Sara cast at him from time to time, and more still by the air of insolent defiance with which Stanton regarded him and the insulting remarks he made occasionally for Jed's benefit. In the meantime, the other village boys were not faring much better, for the students were all following Stanton's lead, while the girl's, like Sara, were too much occupied with the "city chaps" to take any notice of their home admirers, whose favor truth to tell, they were usually only to glad to gain. The supper, as far as the young folks were concerned, was about over, and they were making preparations to leave the building; the prettiest girls had gone for their hats leaving their student escorts standing near one of the long tables awaiting their return, while the village boys who usually escorted them had grouped around Jed on the opposite side of the table. Sara had just pinned a small cluster of flowers on Stanton's coat, he bending over her in the most lover-like fashion the while, when, as she too, turned to seek her wraps, Jed caught a most exulting glance from Stanton's proud eye. Flesh and blood could stand no more. Stanton stood, tall hat and gloves in hand, facing Jed; shirt bosom expansive, diamonds glittering. Jed caught up the most convenient missile he could reach, a thick, soft, creamy, pumpkin pie, and threw it with unerring aim plump into Stanton's insolently smiling face. The yellow mixture ran down his expansive bosom, spattered over his elaborate coat and vest, covered his lavender pants with trickling streams of yellow pumpkin mud. Dazed, blinded, for a moment he stood, then with a loud curse he sprang over the table, in a wild endeavor to reach Jed; overturning the table, however, and sprawling with the things with which it was covered on the floor on the table's other side. Rivulets of coffee, rivers of

lemonade, pools of oyster soup, islands and peninsulas of pies, cakes, sandwiches and cold meats were under, around and about him; and before he could extricate himself, or his friends, swearing vengeance on Jed and his allies, could come to his assistance, the gas was turned off by Jed or some one of the other boys who then quietly went to their homes leaving the students and the others to get out of the muss as best they might. Pretty soon some one turned on the gas and revealed Stanton standing in the midst of the ruins surrounded by his friends. But, ye gods! what a change had come over the spirit of his dream! Cleaning himself as well as he could, he slunk out of the house with his friends at his heels, followed by a hearty burst of ringing laughter from the throats of the fair ones, who stood in a group, delighting in their quandom admirers' discomfiture.

Stanton went back to the college, a sadder, wiser, madder man; and from that time no inducement was powerful enough to take him again to Westville. Poor Jed, too, had learned a lesson that night; nor could the brightest glance from Sara's black eyes ever call him to her side again. Soon after this the war broke out. Jed enlisted, went to the front, and was brought home a blackened, disfigured corpse on whom none might look without sorrow and pain.

M. S. D.

THE FIRST DAY'S EXPERIENCE OF AN N. S. U. STUDENT.

He lived in a little town and had never been away from home, so when his father told him one day late in January that he was going to send him to the University in a short time, it was no wonder he was greatly surprised and excited.

The day of his departure soon arrived. The cars stood in their places and the little engine was puffing forth great clouds of smoke, as he walked up to the little depot with his grip in his hand, and a very proud feeling in his heart. He bade adieu to all, and soon after the little train puffed out of the station with its happy passenger. As he neared his destination he was troubled lest no one would be on hand to meet him; but his fears were quickly dispelled when among the deafening cries of— "Hotel Reno, right this way! Riverside, cheapest place in town!" a boy rushed up to him, asked his name, and told him he had been sent to meet him.

He was taken to a large building, which, as he afterward learned, was Lincoln Hall, lodged in a comfortable room and left with the parting injunction, "Be sure and be on time for breakfast at 7 o'clock, sharp."

Being very tired he went to bed immediately and was awakened in the morning by the sound of a bell and the cry, "Only ten minutes before breakfast." He jumped up and was nearly dressed when his adviser of the evening before opened the door with the friendly greeting, "You'd better hurry up if you don't want the waiter in your wool." He was soon ready, and was hurried, so it seemed to his unaccustomed mind, through a labyrinth of halls, down innumerable stairs till the ground floor was reached, and thence to the dining hall.

Here, midst the buzz of voices and the clatter of knives and forks, he was conducted to a table where several others were seated. It seemed to him there was a terrible number present. Table after table of boys and girls were visible. He was so engaged looking about and watching others that his breakfast was scarcely touched, and it was only when the room was almost empty that he began to realize his business there and accordingly went to work as a hungry person should.

He was soon outside, however, and found himself confronted by a tall man with a light moustache who told him to amuse himself till 9 o'clock and then he would take him to the President's office. The President's office! What new terror was this? All sorts of visions passed through his bewildered brain. His imagination led him to see a cheerless office, furnished with hard-wood chairs, and at a desk a large man who would sternly question him on all unheard of subjects.

With these pleasant thoughts he strolled about the grounds, watching the students hurrying up

the hill. He was just wondering if one teacher had to instruct them all when he saw the tall man with the light mustache, and this brought back to mind that dreaded terror, the President's office, but he ascended the steps, bravely resolving to take his medicine like a man. He found that he had been greatly mistaken as to the appearance of the office, and when he saw before him a medium sized man with a pleasant countenance, many of his fears took flight.

After being interrogated as to his age, where he was born, etc., (questions, which happily for him, he was well posted upon) and deciding on the course of study he was to pursue, he received his assignment card and emerged from the office more alive than he expected he would be.

"And now," said the tall man, "we will go to the Professor of English." He was conducted into a room partly filled with students who looked at him as if they had never seen a boy before—by the way, they were Freshmen—and introduced to a tall thin man who wore glasses and scowled continuously. He handed him his assignment card and received it back with the addition of "T. W. C." upon its surface. He was then taken to several other rooms and introduced to other professors till his head was in a whirl trying to determine "which was which, and what one was t'other."

He was then left to his own devices. He wandered around thinking over the events of the morning. He was slightly puzzled as to why they rang the bell so often, and he didn't quite see how it was that students were out on the grounds at all hours. When he went to school at home they didn't have so many recesses. His attention was arrested by the sound of voices issuing from a door in the basement. He put his head in the door just in time to get hit by a swiftly sent geometry and retired as a rhetoric went crashing through the glass in the door. He afterwards found out that the place was called the "Boys' Study Hall," but he didn't quite see how they could study much in that noisy room.

He soon heard the sound of a horn, and thinking something of importance was going on, he hastened around the building. Imagine his surprise when he saw the boys rushing around, some with swords and others with guns. From his earliest childhood he had had a fear of such things, so thinking that a rebellion had broken out among the students, and fearing for his own safety, he started down the hill at the top of his speed. Arriving at the foot he turned and expected to see many others following his example. No one was in sight, however, and not hearing the reports of guns, he determined to retrace his footsteps and find out what the trouble was. Arriving there he saw the boys marching to the time of music, and overheard a lady remark, "How well those boys drill!" He heaved a sigh as he thought that nothing was wrong after all.

Soon after the whistles blew, the lunch bell rang and that eventful morning was past.

In the afternoon a lonesome feeling began to creep over him. Every one seemed to shun him and he was beginning to wish himself back again at the little vine covered home.

He spent the evening in the reading room where the boys read the papers, discussed the leading questions of the day, and joked at their leisure. But he took no part in this. He sat quietly in a corner engaged with his own sad thoughts till he heard the command, "Eleven o'clock. Time for the lights to be out. To bed every one of you!" He walked slowly upstairs and entered his own room. He was disgusted with everything. He thought the whole place was a sham. He crept into bed thinking of the truth of that dear old song, "There's No Place Like Home."

AS FRESHMEN WILL.

THE winter exams. had arrived. The dreaded time was here and found me unprepared for a severe quiz, the lack of preparation for which I proposed to remedy by a liberal process of "cramming." Within myself I resolved to take advantage of the time which I found at my disposal and make the best of a poor case.

On the morrow the class was to meet Professor Thurtell for the purpose of affording him the opportunity of meting out to each of us our semi-annual share of all the misery that can be put into the lapse of time between 8:30 and 11:30 A. M. Pursuant to my resolution, I repaired, soon after dinner, with my well-thumbed volume of Wentworth's College Algebra, to the reading-room. A couple of Seniors were its sole occupants. So intent were they in the consideration of things they termed sines, tangents, secants and such like, that they did not notice my entrance. Pulling a chair close up to the hearth and resting my feet on the mantle I was soon as deep in contemplation of quadratics as they were in stasics.

The hours passed quickly, nine, ten, eleven o'clock came. The two Seniors gathered up their books and papers and I was alone. This was the last I knew until I thought I heard a stealthy tread behind me. I was not mistaken. I turned my head only to look into the muzzle of a murderous looking revolver held uncomfortably close to my head. The weapon was in the hand of a big burly fellow whose features were concealed by a black mask, and whom I thought, might have selected worthier material upon which to operate, than such a poor little Freshman as I.

In a voice which was as thunder to me, though I have now not a single doubt that it was the faintest whisper, he spoke thus: "Young fellow, move a muscle, utter a sound—nay, breathe, and your brains will be scattered even as dust before a gale of wind." At these appaling words, I was overcome with terror and shrank away.

The monster was prepared to execute his awful threat. I heard the click, click of the trigger, whereat I trembled violently and became suffused with a cold perspiration. What had I done that I should die this awful death? I was about to cry out, "Mercy, good man!" when the villain pressed the weapon to my head. All hope fled. As I felt the cold steel press against my temple I leaped from my chair only to be confronted with the pleasing face and kindly voice of Supt. Brown, with "Come, my boy, isn't, it about time to retire?"

Moral—Don't cram immediately preceding an exam. to such an extent as to bring on such dreams as this.

NOT HIS IDEAL.

A minister once, in a neighboring town,
All weary with working long,
Asked of his church a month of rest
That his worn frame might be strong.

Then up rose a deacon old,
And remarked with animation,
"All have doubtless heard it said
Satan takes no vacation."

The pastor rose to make reply
And he looked at the deacon grim,
"Satan's ways have ne'er been mine,
Would you have me imitate him?"

—*S. Raymond Kitchen.*

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